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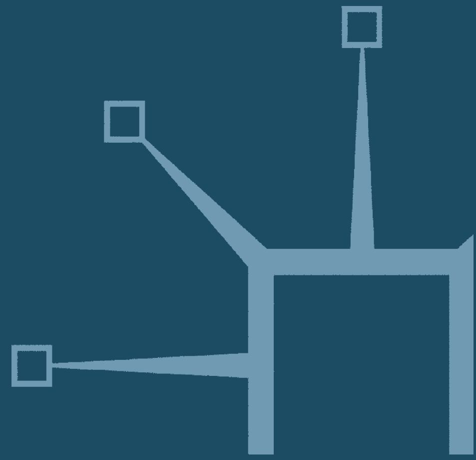
John Twyning



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John Twyning
University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, USA

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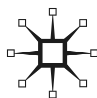

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To Amy, my love, my life, my critic

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Introduction: Reproducing Englishness

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs
With skirmish and capricious passagings
Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "The Nightingale"[1]

A ruined seat of hereditary authority provides a landscape through which the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge looks to reshape meaning, history, sensibility, and our affective bonds to place. Transformed from Milton's "'Most musical, most melancholy' Bird!," Coleridge gives us a communicative and inquisitive bird: a "merry Nightingale / That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates / With fast thick warble his delicious notes" (ll. 13 and 43–5). In the grove, night-time becomes a canvas for the imagination, a space to see with different senses. Worship and devotion are brought out of doors and given to wild nature. Coleridge's speaker's somewhat polemical stance on the aesthetics of the past nevertheless uses and incorporates the material forms and the discursive products of preceding generations. The poem asks us to re-organize our senses and rethink our associations, to close our eyes so that we can "perchance behold [the nightingales] on the twigs" (l. 65) and to forgo the mannered appropriation of the natural world. That these signature

elements of the Romantic revolution lie "hard by" the fragments and ruins of past institutions tells us something, ultimately, about the way that national consciousness and national identity cohere over generations and eras, absorbing discontinuities, and weaving a stable sense of ethnic nationhood out of disparate threads. Coleridge's empty castle, the ruins that belong to times gone by, the monuments that memorialize a different age, histories' fragments, whether they be artifacts intact or broken, whether they be texts lost or continually passed from one generation to another, are strewn throughout any succeeding era. Often they mark historical discontinuity but they may also be yoked to the contemporary moment through a more or less harmonious re-interpretation. Making things signify something else, or even maintaining the meaning they have borne over time; these are the active processes by which, this book argues, English culture constructs itself.

Not by any means a survey, the following pages examine the role of "the Gothic" in the making of English consciousness, how it functions, even against fact and official record, as a marker and touchstone for a receding but recoverable "authentic" English style. Such a found, "true," English consciousness, serves in turn to rearticulate the nature of the Gothic. Chapter 1, "In Pursuit of the English Style: the Allure of the Gothic," recounts the ways that heterogeneous Gothic architectures are reconstructed, both actually and virtually, in ecclesiastical renovations and aesthetic discourse, as a proto-national and crypto-national style. The chapter examines the successive and sometimes competing aesthetic Gothic revivals beginning in the late eighteenth century and progressing through the nineteenth century without conceding their claims to the discovery of a true English style. Instead of seeking to unearth England's architectural past to discover an origin for its own version of the European-wide Gothic order, this chapter observes and analyzes the discursive products of such excavations. Beginning with the collapse of Hereford Cathedral's west tower in 1786 and its subsequent renovations, we follow the cathedral's quixotic Dean, John Merewether, in his pursuit of the building's original architectural core. In consequence, we find ourselves in the midst of a national and historical debate between restorers and preservers of ancient structures. Preservationists like William Morris, John Ruskin, and Thomas Hardy, ostensibly opposed to alterations of the extant state of ancient buildings, vilified the practices of restorers who sought to unify the aesthetic face of such structures by replacing outcroppings of other orders with the features of a chosen coherent style. While preservationists venerated heterogeneity as authenticity, restorationists sought authenticity

in the reconstruction of a homogeneous structure rooted in either the most prominent architectural order or in that which was deemed the most intentioned. What neither camp could comfortably settle was the question of a so-called origin precisely because such monumental edifices exist as aggregates that resist any secure determination of their origins. A Norman building might form the core of an early Gothic structure, though the eventual completion of that structure might see it finished in the radically different aesthetic and form of the so-called Decorated Gothic style. To the annoyance of many and perhaps to Hereford Cathedral's peril, Merewether's search for the Cathedral's original style, had it not been arrested, could have proven to have been more disastrous than merely a fool's errand. Unstopped, the dean's tunneling behind walls and under floors in search of the building's origins, heedless of structural consequences, promised at least a bad end for the cathedral's structural integrity. The more permanent work produced by the wave of Gothic revivalism to which Merewether's restorationist efforts and desires belong, however, was the (re)construction of an equation in the national consciousness between a multifarious Gothic and a cohesive Englishness.

Architectural historians of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries have produced intricate studies of the variations of Gothic styles both in the history of English architecture and European architecture. Some of this work has been dedicated to discovering the exact moment when English Gothic architecture parted ways with, especially, French Gothic architecture to become a particular national style. Valuable contributions to the study of Gothic architecture as they are within the frameworks of their discipline, such an endeavor runs into problems of how to deal with racial identification implicit in the search for origins of national styles. My own archeological quest draws upon the rich work of influential scholars, antiquarians, and architects while discounting the nationalistic project that formed the very categories they deploy. For instance, one of Gothic architecture's seminal figures, Thomas Rickman, whose *Gothia Architectura* supplies the nomenclature for different versions of the Gothic style still in use today, is hardly shy about claiming Gothic architecture for the English. He gives us the following anatomization: "the Norman style"; "the Early English style"; "the Decorated English style"; and "the Perpendicular English style." All those named "English" correspond to what Rickman deems Gothic. It is not difficult to see the permanence of this identification in something like the over-determined title of Niklaus Pevsner's mid-twentieth-century Reith lecture series: "The Englishness of English Art." A foreign import himself, Niklaus Pevsner

became the ubiquitous voice that spoke of English architecture to the post-war English for many generations. Pevsner's "Englishness" lectures recount a dialectical struggle between the features of the Decorated style of Gothic architecture, which are characteristically English, and those of the Perpendicular style, which are dissimilar but still characteristically English. In Pevsner's tale all the antitheses and syntheses are intrinsically and characteristically English. The purpose of this chapter is not to dismantle such identifications between Englishness and the Gothic but to understand how both are produced as mutually defining, to illuminate how Gothic architecture becomes the proof of a peculiarly English national identity and ethnic consciousness at the same time that the aesthetic discontinuities that are elided in the category of the Gothic are held together through reference to their Englishness.

Chapter 2, "Gothic Adaptations and Reprisals," revisits the issue of the Reformation's impact on English history, art, literature and culture, and considers various sets of *misperceptions* that are produced at different moments as successive generations rebuild the history of the Gothic. Countless empty niches, the absent faces and bodies of carved and painted saints, clear glass windows where once were translucent images, all the broken, gouged, and scarred traces of the nation's statuary, and the rich decoration of Gothic cathedrals and churches memorialize the lost artifacts and ornamentation that once existed in English ecclesiastical buildings. Such an abrupt and wholesale destruction of material culture was, we know, a severe blow, and it is difficult to know how much the loss itself and how much the political, social, and ideological upheaval it signified was the essence of the trauma. The ruins of Gothic architecture and art undoubtedly testify to a profound historical rupture, and the excesses of the waves of iconoclasm in England make a distinct break with the medieval past difficult to refute. However, too often the stories told about the Reformation's effect on English art and architecture imagine an alternative history of an uninterrupted, unadulterated, organic continuation of Gothic creation to be the true destiny of English artistic development. The Protestant Reformation, ironically, one of the most nationally defining events in English history, is often figured as a kind of alien usurpation of the nation's cultural character in those histories that treat its acts and consequences as destroyers of a properly English Gothic style.

St. Mary's Parish Church of Fairford, with the glory of its pre-Reformation stained-glass windows, which were almost entirely undamaged by reformist iconoclasts, offers a challenge to this vision of a particular English artistic history that "would have been." An example of the Perpendicular

Gothic style, St. Mary's also has a number of architectural peculiarities, including the unique design of its windows. Their individual lights and arrangement around the church gesture toward movement, narrative progression, and realism against the kind of iconographic display so reviled by many Reformers. Consequently, this chapter argues, their survival both indicates a new direction in English artistic style and belies the alternative version of history in which a virtual Gothic England still persists despite the actual events of its history. To indict the Reformation and later Puritan iconoclasm for its destruction of a retrospectively constructed "true" English art and architecture, which is rooted in Gothic tradition, is also to preserve an England and an English national identity that is somehow aloof from its politics and history. Against this partial version of Englishness, Chapter 2 concludes with an examination of early Tudor artistic and architectural production. At stake was Gothic's emerging arch-rival neoclassicism; that set the site for a contest over which form's aesthetics accorded with the politics of the state's representation. As Henry VII attempted to consolidate his place in history through a radical form of Gothic revival, his successor, Henry VIII, became determined to build an aesthetic of power by appropriating neoclassical forms, which were seemingly more durable as they were made to be outside or even beyond some versions of history.

Chapters 1 and 2 observe the discontinuities elided in various histories of the Gothic. Chapter 3, "Tracing the Wild Man in Shakespeare's England," picks up the threads of a number of significant folk traditions broken not so much by the Reformation but by subsequent art and architectural historiographies that emphasize the Reformation's cataclysmic effects. While the major waves of iconoclasm destroyed so many English cultural artifacts, what remained undamaged offers another story of aesthetic congruity, one that attends to the everyday life of vernacular culture. Without a doubt, the visible traces of Reformation destruction in Ely Cathedral's Lady Chapel, where Chapter 3 begins, arrest the viewer. However, the richness and delight of what has not been destroyed is equally astonishing and indicates something of the way the traces of the Gothic energized the Elizabethan stage, which itself became, and remained, a recycling canvas for the imagination after the destruction of so many of the nation's images. At Ely, we can still witness the intricately detailed foliage as it drapes and clings to delicately traced, arched niches that once sheltered the statues of saints. Although the replicas of human divinities have been eradicated, all manner of animate life peeks from underneath leaves, perches ready to spring from vines, and

pulls grotesque faces at our spectatorship. These are the imps, the green men and wodewoses, and various other hybrid figures of pagan lore. The effect is a dizzying interplay between the matter of the mind's eye and that which is still visible. The ruined chapel has the quality of a "dialectical image,"[2] asking not just to be read historically but to be granted the power to rewrite history. According to the historical narrative in which England's Gothic aesthetic development was cut off in its prime by Reformers' violence, Ely's Lady Chapel testifies to that crime. The ruined chapel evokes the splendor of the Decorated Gothic style that flourished so vigorously in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and we are primed to respond by discounting what remains, as if the prime religious targets of iconoclastic violence were somehow more essentially English. However, the beings that appeared all over the nation's churches, in the manuscripts and literature of the twelve and thirteen hundreds and remained to tumble and jape around the ghosts of saints in the fifteen hundreds belong to an older race whose ancestors also inhabit the forests of Shakespeare's plays and the England of the Elizabethan cultural imagination. Primarily focusing on the "wild man," or *die wilde jagd*, legends of Northern European folklore, this chapter traces the genealogy of the wodewose through the pageants of Tudor England, Shakespeare's green world, and the artisanal decoration of medieval ecclesiastical architecture, including pictorial and plastic art and in particular semi-concealed misericord carving. Without contending that the style of building and crafting deemed the Decorated Gothic style should be considered apart from the later Perpendicular style, nevertheless this chapter identifies the vernacular, artistic, and cultural traditions that appear in a wide variety of forms over centuries but which get obscured by the categories pertinent to official art and architectural eras. By thinking through the dynamics of those cultural traditions, especially the use and depiction of the spritely wild man, new ways of reading Elizabethan drama become available—in particular through the texture of Shakespeare's Romantic comedies. More than any other contemporary writer Shakespeare recycled adaptations and derivatives of the wild man, employing them to affect late Elizabethan political discourse and iconography as it anticipated a transition to a Jacobean monarchy.

Although the satyrs and nymphs who roam the landscapes of post-Elizabethan country house poetry come from classical antiquity and not from the race of wild men that populated the woods of England in the vernacular imagination, Chapter 4, "The English Country Estate and the Landscape's Nation," examines the labor to rewrite Englishness

onto the landscape and through the country home in the seventeenth century. Despite various Tudor enterprises that sought to link nationalism and ecclesiastical architecture, grand church building continued to diminish in its significance as a site for staging political power. From the sixteenth century onwards, and in the face of neoclassical influences as well as a post-Reformation ambivalence concerning divine representation, the construction of religious architecture no longer provides a home for an English national consciousness, which, consequently, must then find another place to recuperate and be reconstructed. "The English Country Estate and the Landscape's Nation" takes the opportunity occasioned by Andrew Marvell's "Upon Appleton House" to reconsider the generic identity of the country house poem and to reconstruct the poem's historicity. Efforts to fit "Upon Appleton House" into the genre of the country house or the estate poem usually require or result in the poem's truncation. For instance, G. R. Hibbard, whose article, "The Country House Poem of the Seventeenth Century," is largely responsible for the definition and delineation of the genre, deems the "greater part" of Marvell's poem "outside" of his "scope."[3] My investigation thoroughly reconsiders the poem as a whole and its relationship to the poetry that precedes it. This includes a survey of the Romance that recounts William, Lord Fairfax's winning of Isabel Thwaites away from the convent that originally stood on the site and of the epic representation of the Fairfax Appleton estate. These very different aspects expose the poem's struggle to recapture the England envisioned in the tradition of the country house poem. The poem, "Upon Appleton House," is deeply cognizant of the fact that the vision of England as Paradise so seamlessly achieved in the earlier country house poem has, after the Civil War, faded from view. At the same time, the poem recognizes and envisions England's landscapes as, albeit, paler copies of Paradise that simultaneously restore the country estate's value and memorialize its lost eternal presence.

Prior instances of the genre, such as Ben Jonson's magisterial "To Penshurst," are seen to depict the English country estate as just such an eternal place, an allusion to Eden virtually beyond the exigencies of the fall. Marvell's poetic interventions cannot ignore the Civil War and his poem needs to rebuild east of Eden. Outside of paradise, "Upon Appleton House" allegorizes the architectural history wherein the original convent left vulnerable by the Dissolution is mined for materials to build the first manor house (which is later vacated in favor of a second manor house), rewriting that story to map the Commonwealth into the course of English history. The poem's Romance deconsecrates and transfers the

symbolism of Catholic ritual to the Fairfax-Thwaites dynasty, which in turn positions the contemporary Lord Fairfax, the military hero of the Civil War, as the rightful heir to England's spiritual destiny. However, precisely because it must write history in order to place a new, rather than an eternal, England in the environs of the country house poem, it cannot hold the generic conventions together. The poem's length and its speaker's notable failure to return from the estate grounds to the house, features that have been alternatively criticized or ignored, denote the poem's struggle to achieve the Edenic vision that is the genre's raison d'être. Without rhetorically succeeding at reestablishing that identity between the English countryside and Eden, the poem nevertheless shifts the location of English national identity from the Cathedral and the parish church to the private enclosures of the country estate. "Tak[ing] Sanctuary in the Wood," Marvell's speaker is among the first to make Englishness a private affair achieved in the contemplation of landscapes that will go on to territorialize England and its poetry for many, many years.

"Upon Appleton House" does not simply relocate the site of Englishness in the landscape but figures the landscape as the site where the English soul has always lived. The grounds of Nun Appleton become the theater of all human history not unlike the manner by which Genesis becomes the story that contains the beginning, middle, and end of history in *Paradise Lost* Marvell's epic. While the Marvell's poem is not directly involved in the mutual formation of the Gothic and Englishness, a study of the fate of the Gothic after the Reformation and an archeology of the Gothic revivals that span the period from the late eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth century meet in the English landscape as it is constructed in poetry and in fact. If Marvell's poem does not specifically lament medieval aesthetics, it continually repeats the trauma of historical rupture as the failure to find a suitable building to house the nation. At the same time, its retreat into the landscape creates a historical precedent for later writers, who search the past for a suitable version of authentic English identity.

Self-consciously grasping the threads of past excursions into the English countryside with references to Shakespeare's green world, landscape painting, and estate poetry, Thomas Hardy creates a version of national authenticity out of parish life and stands it against what he paints as the voracious and destructive spirit of capitalist modernity. Although Hardy the architect's assistant participated in the restoration and modernization of medieval churches, Hardy the novelist attempts to preserve the organic social existence he finds emblematized in the

Gothic parish church. The plots of his novels set in that supreme ground of England, "Wessex," restage the conflict between the modernizing spirit that underwrites restoration work and the preservationist desire to freeze architecture in its extant state in search of a version of English country life that evolves without falling prey to the enticements of novelty that foretell the destruction of community. Contemplation of the fates of parish churches, for Hardy, is a meditation on an endangered way of life. Chapter 5, "Thomas Hardy's Architecture of History," argues that his writing attempts to preserve this way of life by rendering the village and its inhabitants as monumental as the Gothic architecture that once used to anchor it. In his novels, Hardy is able to write a perspective that "organis[es] resistance to the enthusiasm for newness"[4] and preserve a subjectivity that does not embrace change for its own sake. At the same time, however, one can chart Hardy's increasing pessimism by tracking how the action of successive novels move increasingly farther from the medieval buildings of the community's past.

In *Under the Greenwood Tree*, the comedic structure borrowed from Shakespeare along with the title is made possible or at least signaled by the vitality of the parish church. The novel begins at a pivotal moment in the life of the village, a moment already in the past when it was written: the decommissioning of the choir in favor of the installation of a harmonium. The struggle between the choir, which both represents and contains the village inhabitants, and the new parson, who is one of Hardy's irresponsible restorers, is both the substance of the novel's realism and its allegorical vehicle. Because the choir is a living symbol of the community's cohesion, its fate is both literally of concern to and an emblem of the village's vitality. Though inaccurately criticized as nostalgic, Hardy's early novel is not opposed to change and development. Instead, its happy ending is conditioned upon community continuity in the face of change. The choir does give way to the harmonium, but the village does not cede the community's fate to the alien value system the parson attempts to import. *Under the Greenwood Tree* celebrates the virtue of "living memory:" a shared store of knowledge that negotiates change and holds the vital thread of continuity between past and present.

The rural community envisioned in *Under the Greenwood Tree* is capable of bearing Hardy's vision of a durable English spirit, however, because it has not been subject to the cyclical evacuation and repopulation that Hardy narrates so poignantly in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which explores, by contrast, the danger of nostalgic fantasies about ancient origins and their degenerative threat, a theme also explored in the

peculiar *A Laodicean*. Attempting to produce where it cannot discover a subject capable of judicious preservation and change, Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd* narrates the arduous and painful labor involved in producing community continuity against the inroads of modern forces. It is the most cautiously hopeful version of English life. That this is also a novel that ruthlessly criticizes the follies of youth, however, renders suspect the value of locating an English future on the site of an English past.

The place of the Gothic in the nineteenth-century historical imagination extends beyond the nation-defining efforts of John Ruskin, Thomas Rickman, Thomas Hardy, and A. W. N. Pugin to delineate and standardize Gothic style. If the plasticity of Gothic architecture is a virtue for Ruskin (as discussed in Chapter 1), it is the variability of its signifying potential that appealed to Victorian culture at large. Arguing that a strand of the era's interest in medieval architecture is better understood as "Gothic Tourism," Chapter 6 offers a new perspective on the relationship between the much critiqued *Dracula* and the historiographical uses of Gothicism. The internal tourism invented by the Victorians disseminated the protocols of landscape viewing and architectural observation that formerly belonged to painters, stonemasons, art historians, and poets. Chapter 6 attends to the little-noted structural importance to Stoker's novel of such sightseeing practices and their counterparts in the journals and postcards of vacationers. Although the Transylvanian nobleman is often treated as the paradigmatic Other by the novel's characters and critics alike, understanding Dracula as an associate of the growing tourist industry reminds us that he is also rooted deep in the English imagination. The repressed Catholicism of English history, the excesses of feudal social relations, and the general youth-sapping breath of the past are all embodied in Dracula. My argument is that Stoker's brilliant novel both extols and anatomizes the forces of that embodiment. What *Dracula*'s vampire symbolizes cannot be isolated from the recognition that he is far more a teasing promise than an invasive threat. Following the procedure of conventional vampire behavior, Dracula arrives on the threshold of the English cultural imagination because he was implicitly and tacitly invited. Figured as the quintessential Englishman, Jonathan Harker approaches Dracula as a prospect seen through the eyes of a tourist doing some picturesque sightseeing on his business trip to the Carpathians. Later, with Jonathan out of the picture, Dracula beaches on the shores of Whitby as a figure in Mina Murray's sightseeing journal. When Mina first, unknowingly glimpses sight of him, he is barely distinguishable from the tricks of light and

shadow played by the moonlight on the windows of a much-visited Gothic parish church. The modern-day crusaders who eventually chase him back across Europe do so along the route of the newly introduced Orient Express. As a product of the tourist industry, Dracula can be identified with the potted versions of history packaged for the sightseer. He is the whisper of the ghost echoing across the standing walls of ruins like those of Whitby Abbey whose promise entices the tourist—and who to this day continue to arrive in droves.

In turn, the crusade against Dracula gives purpose to the errant modern subject who is refined to its essence in Dr. Seward's patient, Renfield. Often thought to provide empirical evidence for Dracula's presence, upon closer reading Renfield's ontological insecurity not only fails to do this but the indecipherable nature of his subjectivity comes to haunt the entire text. Dracula, it transpires, is found at every point of epistemological crisis, not as its cause but as its solution. Renfield's mania (as well as Dr. Seward's failure to unlock its secret) presents the paradox of modern subjectivity. Without any belonging in history, *Dracula* presents the modern subject's identity as entirely dependent on the passing of time. Renfield's life only has brief, ephemeral purpose in the successive moments of consumption. If Dracula finally gives Renfield a place not utterly dependent on the moment, however, it is not because he represents a specific history. Instead, in *Dracula* and in the contest between Dracula and the protagonists, the past is reduced to a series of artifacts and instruments arbitrarily identified as utilitarian apparently because of their aura of historicity. The most obvious instance of this is Van Helsing's profane use of the Host as a kind of chemical repellent. *Dracula*, then, writes the Gothic into historical tourism where it becomes a traveler's cheque capable of supplying any need whatever. To secure Englishness, Dracula, like his cousin defeated by St George, appears as threat *manqué*, a mutable yet withering force continuously resurrected and destroyed whenever meaning and belief in England needs to be reassigned or reaffirmed.

Hardy's imagined journey back through time to "the invention of the Perpendicular style" in "The Abbey Mason" ends by instructing the reader to visit Gloucester Cathedral. J. M. W. Turner generated an echo of Walter Scott's direction that "If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,/ Go visit it by the pale moonlight."[5] John Constable painted vision after vision of England's most iconic ecclesiastical edifice, Salisbury Cathedral, in an effort to define the relationship between the Anglican Church and the English nation. The twentieth-century search for an authentic English style likewise turns to the Gothic. Niklaus

Pevsner's conviction that all forms of the Gothic express Englishness is shared by the British Heritage industry, which invites tourists to Gothic Cathedrals, decayed cloisters, or ruined choirs. Instead of considering the truth or the rightness of the identification of Englishness with the Gothic, my goal is to follow English consciousness as it visits and revisits the Gothic and recount some of the processes by which the Gothic is made to express a continuous national identity. This study does not seek to dig through the layers of historical strata to discover either an original Gothic reality or an authentic English subjectivity but rather notes the ways in which Gothic revivals form part of the substance of those varying strata. In tracing the production of this stratification, I remain dedicated both to the singularity and integrity of its texts, art, and architecture, and to readings that deepen rather than bruise our understanding of them. *Forms of English History in Literature, Landscape, and Architecture* offers a history of the production and re-production of Englishness but it also looks to rediscover the fullness, intricacy, and significance of its literary and cultural texts.

1
In Pursuit of an English Style: The Allure of Gothic

Shaky foundations

On Easter Monday in 1786, the western tower of Hereford Cathedral collapsed and demolished two bays of the nave and the whole of the building's west front (Figure 1.1). Of course, various parts of England's churches fell down with some regularity, but the downfall of Hereford's west end and the ensuing reconstruction shifted a local architectural casualty into a national argument. Contention about the appropriate way to repair a church eventually became linked to larger ideas rooted in an English cultural consciousness. Not least among those ideas was a renewed and growing interest in Gothic architecture as an enduring form of national expression, and its reconstruction as a specifically English genre. By the late eighteenth century, cracks were clearly becoming visible in the dominance of the culture-wide neoclassicism that had characterized both state and architecture earlier in the century. As debates about the practices of architectural restoration were sparked by the repair/rebuilding at Hereford, and the restoration/demolition at Salisbury Cathedral around the same time, interpretation of the meaning of Gothic intensified and expanded. As that interpretation and its consequences began to secure an equation between Gothicism and Englishness, the publication of Thomas Rickman's architectural taxonomies, in the years that followed, sought to make that link unbreakable.

A generation after the dilapidation and subsequent repair of Hereford Cathedral, Rickman published what was the first of many editions of *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of English Architecture from the Conquest to the Reformation*. The book attended to stylistic difference and the transitions that accompany the chronology of architectural development. Through hundreds of engravings meticulously drawn from sites all over

Figure 1.1 James Wathen, *N. W. View of Hereford Cathedral*, 1789. By permission of the British Library.

England covering each particular feature of Gothic architecture—doors, windows, pillars, capitals, arches, fonts, and so on—Rickman determined that "English architecture may be divided into four distinct periods, or styles, which may be named,"

> 1st, the Norman style,
> 2nd, the Early English style,
> 3rd, the Decorated English style, and
> 4th, the Perpendicular English style.[1]

The production of discernibly distinct styles requires the Gothic to be a form of architectural continuity as well as marker of difference. In Rickman's catalogue, after the Norman period (which ends with Henry II's accession), all Gothic is an English style, no matter its influences, builders, or designers. And however much Rickman's categories for style, character, periodization, and especially Englishness have been

subsequently challenged, they remain in wide circulation to this day. The task of this chapter is not to question anew Rickman's discriminations with a view to finding some way to disprove them. Rather, it is to trace the process whereby Englishness and the Gothic came to be mutually defining.

That the western tower of Hereford Cathedral collapsed should not have been a surprise to anyone familiar with the building's serried architectural formation (Figure 1.2). Purportedly founded in the seventh century, the church as it stood in the eighteenth century was begun just after the Conquest, in the eleventh century. It was constructed in the then new Norman style: Romanesque. Since then, it had been more or less continuously added onto and re-remodeled right up until the Reformation. By the time the Decorated Gothic west tower tumbled through the Norman nave, extant architecture in the church ran the gamut from the Romanesque across all of Rickman's categories up to

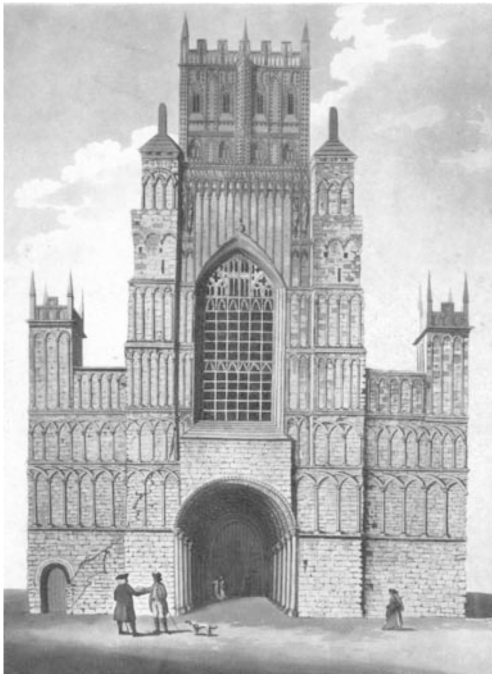


Figure 1.2 James Wathen, View of West Tower and Front of Hereford Cathedral, 1788. By permission of the British Library.

and including the Perpendicular English style. Historical records at the Cathedral show a steady procession of people seeking architectural influence, whose bids for legacy fueled regular building and re-building campaigns. As each architectural feature was steadily added, the substructures became increasingly stressed. As steady as the sound of those calling for additional construction, though hardly reaching a clamor, came the voices forecasting the dangers of such building practices. Recognition of the precarious state of both the church's towers and the walls that insufficiently supported them sound a continuous note through the church's records: petitions to the fabric funds, architectural surveys, and so on. It would be some forty years after the destructive collapse of 1786 that the extent of the building's structural problems would be fully revealed when Dean John Merewether, and his architect, Lewis Nockalls Cottingham, surveyed the cathedral's fabric for an estimate of work needed to refurbish the Lady Chapel. They discovered, among other things, that the remaining central tower was in imminent danger of collapse.

Poorly rewarded by posterity, James Wyatt was the architect charged with the task of rebuilding the west end (which began in 1788), and he seems to have been well aware of and hamstrung by the building's general structural problems. Wyatt's extensive reparative work on the cathedral consisted of shoring up the building's Gothic shell with flying buttresses, lowering the pitch of the gabled roofs together with other efforts to secure the entire remaining structure: shortening the nave, and reconstructing the west end wall without the tower which had stood there hitherto. In carrying out this work, the problem that impinged upon all the structural difficulties with which he had to deal was the poor construction of the central tower. Although Wyatt was charged with the task of patching up the collapsed west end and doing some minor work on the rest of the building, the central tower's bulk continued to exert lateral pressure on the Cathedral's walls, which were unable to bear it. Lowering the height and pitch of the roof, and then tiling it with slate instead of lead was one of Wyatt's attempts to reduce somewhat the stress on the walls. Shortening the nave was in part necessitated by damage done when the tower's collapse had truncated it. At the time, locals appreciated the elegance and efficiency with which Wyatt had essentially made the best of a bad job, and they seemed pleased by the repairs' accord with the rest of the church's exterior. By most accounts, Wyatt's rebuilt west end was one of the few structurally sound architectural features of the building as it stood in the mid-nineteenth century (Figure 1.3).[2]

Figure 1.3 Hereford Cathedral, south west view with Cloisters, engraved by B. Winkles from a study by Benjamin Baud, depicting James Wyatt's initial repair following the collapse of the West Tower. By permission of the British Library.

However, Wyatt's rebuilding of the west end of Hereford Cathedral became an exemplar of "restoration" in a climate that was changing its views on how to treat renovations and repairs of high profile and ecclesiastical building. Of building practices like those conducted by Wyatt, John Ruskin would say later that "Restoration, so-called, is the worst manner of Destruction."[3] Falling under the general heading of "restoration" were practices that usually involved removing any structures or furniture deemed to be additions to the original building (around the same time, Wyatt famously demolished the bell tower at Salisbury Cathedral, destroying the fourteenth-century clock face). Fabrication or reconstruction of the original building's features deemed to have been lost or, in some cases, features thought to have been intended for the structure but never fabricated as part of the original building, were also considered a form of restoration. Opposed to these practices were those who championed "historic preservation" or the maintenance and conservation of an historic edifice intact as it was at the given moment of its preservation. Over a century after Wyatt's reconstruction of the west end, but long before Oldrid Scott's radical restoration of 1908, A. Hugh

Fisher's castigation of Wyatt's work at Hereford was underpinned by a historical preservationist perspective on the building work carried out there.

For Fisher, what Wyatt had done at Hereford amounted to one of the country's "irreparable deeds of vandalism," claiming that "he altered the whole proportion of the building, shortening the nave by a bay of 15 feet, erected a new west front on a 'neat Gothic pattern', and availed himself of the chance of removing all the Norman work in the nave, above the nave arcade substituting a design of his own."[4] Fisher goes on to charge that Wyatt lowered the roofs to make up for the subsequent loss of height after he had removed the lead-clad spire of the central tower. Many of the architectural features produced by the necessary structural changes were construed by Fisher as part of a deliberate move on Wyatt's part to assert a unified architectural style. Such reconstruction was deemed to be a threat to the features of the building that would be dear to a historic preservationist. In short, Wyatt was guilty of erasing the building's historical heterogeneity in favor of a more coherent or idealized historical vision. Especially horrifying for Fisher was his conviction that Wyatt had deliberately effaced the nave's Norman features. In casting Wyatt as the embodiment of restoration fervor, Fisher claimed that the architect had been impatiently waiting for an opportunity to root out what he could of the Norman architectural style and consequently had "availed himself" of the first "chance" he got so to do (Figure 1.4).

The philosophical distance between Wyatt's work and its critique by men like Fisher within the context of nineteenth-century debates over restoration and historical preservation indicates a deeper problem. It was a rift torn open by the fall of Hereford's west tower in that both the concepts and practices of restoration and historical preservation rely upon necessarily ever-shifting, continuously elusive ideas of a building's authenticity. What the collapse at Hereford exposed was that the discovery of an original cathedral structure was as destructive in practice as it was illusory in theory. While the building is a catalogue of successive medieval architectural styles, composed of Romanesque, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular parts, these do not exist in the whole building as different, clearly defined or discrete strata. There were no significant breaks in the ongoing building of the cathedral. There was no moment when it was completely begun or finally built.

It was, therefore, beyond difficult to determine which architectural style should dictate repairs and reconstruction at Hereford, or anywhere else for that matter. In the latter years of the eighteenth century and the

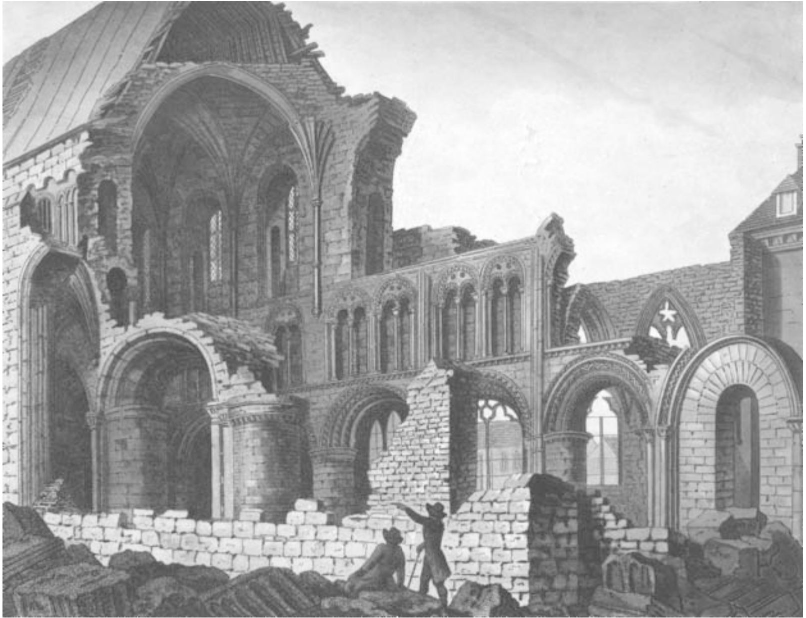


Figure 1.4 James Wathen, *West End View of Hereford Cathedral*, revealing the Romanesque, or "the Norman Style," of the nave. By permission of the British Library.

early years of the nineteenth century, various trappings of the protestant religion were removed without much thought or concern. However, when it came to its heterogeneous medieval architecture, there could be no simple peeling back of the layers. Those committed to historical preservation could not, with any integrity, find in Hereford a clear original style to which they could be faithful. The fallaciousness of a purely preservationist approach to the repair of Hereford are somewhat comically embodied by Dean Merewether, one of its key adherents. In the mid-nineteenth century, Merewether took up the apparent ongoing responsibility of inspecting the fabric of the church and proposing repairs. He produced a working document, *Statement of the Condition and Circumstances of the Cathedral Church of Hereford*, which led to a proposed plan "divested at once of all visionary innovation, and unprecedented alteration, and all unnecessary and exorbitant expenditure."[5] In the report, Merewether diligently records his extensive activities concerning the inspection of the cathedral's structure. Attempting a simple

yet quixotic march back through history, he searches for the original features of the cathedral and confidently reports on the destruction he leaves in his wake. He begins with the "whitewash and plaster" of the seventeenth-century Commonwealth era, which he calls, "the plague spot, the spreading plague, which mars the beauty of our ecclesiastical fabrics."[6] Merewether continues to detail a process of uncovering for which there could be no logical end. The more he discovers, the more there seemed to be something worth discovering. With no point at which to stop, Merewether began deep tunneling in the crypt under the Lady Chapel, releasing what at the time Canon John Clutton reported as "damp and pestiferous vapors" which interfered with morning prayers.[7] Eventually, in acknowledgment of his critics, Merewether notes: "I am aware that it has been thought by some that more of the cathedral has been dismantled than was necessary."[8] In some sense, though, this superb understatement is a profound admission of failure because his zealous pursuit of the original cathedral in order to preserve it could well have ended in a large pile of rubble.

In sum, those involved in either the repairs or the reconstruction at Hereford did not, could not, agree upon a vision of what it was that needed to be discovered in order for it to be held as the model for rebuilding the dilapidated cathedral. What all seemed to share was the tacit assumption that the building should be reconstructed in keeping with whatever might be deemed its original style. Agreement that this architectural style was definitely not modern helped to form a vague coherence that it belonged somewhere to the medieval past. Indeed, both restoration and historical preservation are two different answers to the same basic problem. Fundamental to both architectural philosophies is the belief that the medieval past manifest in the Gothic should be made a visible and foundational part of the English nineteenth-century historical imagination.

What that attraction to the medieval/Gothic held for the nineteenth century appears to have something to do with an incipient and perceptible instability in English national consciousness, in the notion of Englishness itself. England's troubled imperial campaigns and their fallout, the violent suppression of the Irish and Welsh, were all deemed to be a drain on national self-confidence.[9] Charles Darwin's report on his discoveries in the Galapagos Islands challenged traditional views of religion, history, and the worldly sovereignty of human beings. The industrial revolution and the rearrangement of politics, power, and wealth continued to stress long-standing customary social relations. Various forms of political progressivism, agitation for expansion of the

franchise, social unrest related to economic depressions, and the forced internal migration demanded by industrial practices exposed the decrepitude of some ancient institutions of government. In the midst of these social, political, and cultural upheavals, the English firmly embraced Gothic revivalism. More than a hankering for the old days, though, or an escape into a kind of nostalgia, the Gothic revival imaginatively reconstructed the principles of architecture as a move to consolidate, without necessarily delimiting, English national consciousness.

Defining English style

In order to locate ourselves in that national debate, we need to elaborate on the nomenclature and styles that formed the basis of Rickman's seminal terminology. He begins with the pre-Gothic backdrop of the first category; named the "Norman style," one that "prevailed to the reign of Henry II."[10] Despite its name, it did not arrive in England with William the Conqueror; and might be better understood as continentally influenced Romanesque architecture before the turn to continentally affected Gothic. The most salient features of the Romanesque style are semicircular arches and spherical pillars, often quite substantial and with relatively simple capitals. Prime examples of the Norman style in England can be seen at the cathedrals of Durham, Norwich, Peterborough, and, of course, what's left of the nave at Hereford. Imported from France, the Gothic makes its first appearance in England as what we dub the "Early English style," and, according to Rickman who framed his terminology in relation to English monarchs, it reached "the reign of Edward I [and is] distinguished by pointed arches, and long narrow windows without mullions."[11] Sometimes called the "First Pointed," or even "Lancet," the shape of its windows and arches distinguishes the Early English style even though the dates that bracket it are less easy to discern. Despite the earnest endeavor of antiquarians like Rickman, it is easier to point to examples at the centre of a particular Gothic style rather than determining the precise instances of its inception or the moment it became redundant. Prime examples of what we have come to understand as the Early English style can be identified at Canterbury Cathedral in the choir, in the transepts and nave at Wells Cathedral, and, of course, Salisbury Cathedral. But for my money, Gothic tourist that I am, the best place to get a sense of the Early English style is to stand in the ruins of the great Cistercian abbeys of the north at Rievaulx and Whitby.

The third of Rickman's categories is the "Decorated English" style, which he claims "is distinguished by its large windows, which have

pointed arches divided by mullions and tracery in flowing lines [or] forming circles, arches, not running perpendicularly; its ornaments numerous, and very delicately carved." Later architectural historians would stress the double S curve of the ogee, the layered or encrusted quality of the decoration, and the complexity and quantity of the window tracery, as its signature features. Exemplars of the Decorated style can be found throughout England including Lincoln Cathedral's east end ("Angel Choir"), the nave and chapter house at both Lichfield and York cathedrals, and the Lady Chapel at Ely Cathedral. Although Rickman coined the term "Decorated English" to categorize a style that flourished for half a century on either side of 1300, he had trouble fixing with any precision the parameters of its deployment. The previous, Early English, style had reached the end of Edward I's reign (1307), yet Rickman later appends examples of architecture featuring characteristics of the "Decorated" style much earlier in Edward's reign. Closing the style seems equally difficult as he claims that it reached "to the end of the reign of Edward III, in 1377, and perhaps [sometimes] from ten to fifteen years longer."[12] Further taxonomic problems arise when determining or defining the start of Rickman's next style: "Perpendicular English." Identifying the moment of transition from the Decorated to the Perpendicular has occupied architects and historians—including Thomas Hardy, as we will see in Chapter 5—for a number of reasons. Any assessment of that transition moves beyond the debate about architectural definitions, periodization, and style, or about this kind of tracery or this type of carving, into a discussion about the instantiation of a true English Gothic. Is the Perpendicular style the most English of Gothic forms, or is it a continuation (or a diminution) of the Decorated style in which some see, despite the French influences, a kind of mystical quiddity of the English character?

Having launched the term "Perpendicular English," Rickman seems to be as troubled by an end date for it as he is unconvinced about the style itself. "This last style," he notes, "appears to have been in use, though much debased, even as far as 1630 or 1640, but only additions" to existing structures.[13] For Rickman, even earlier examples than those of the seventeenth century often seem to suffer from a stylistic or structural flaw:

> The name clearly designates this style, for the mullions of the windows and the ornamental panellings run in perpendicular lines, and form a complete distinction from the last style; and many buildings of this are so crowded with ornament, as to destroy the beauty of the design.[14]

To which he adds by way of a positive conclusion: "the carvings are generally very delicately executed." Part of the problem here is that this last of all the categories, the Perpendicular Gothic, has to cover the greatest amount of historical ground, not in years so much as in form and sociopolitical change. Because the term runs from the end of the Decorated, which is vaguely designated as the moment when the Perpendicular begins (let us say the latter half of the fourteenth century), and runs until Gothic architecture peters out under the pressures of an incipient neoclassicism, it suffers (or benefits) from its own categorical and stylistic succinctness. If its ethos is rectilinearity, then any edifice that embraces right angles and vertical lines could be designated as Perpendicular Gothic. Thus the rough and ready Perpendicular forms, which appeared in the late fourteenth century as a result of the decimation of carvers due to the massive outbreaks of plague, where simple vertical mullions replaced complex tracery, could be bracketed by a term that also includes the magnificently well-resourced Perpendicular of the later fifteenth century, such as the rich and complex fan vaulting and geometric patterns of Henry VII's Lady Chapel. As we will see in the next chapter, certain exemplars of later fifteenth century Perpendicular architecture could in fact take very different forms, depending upon the source of its funding and the purpose for which it was built. In terms of the questionable continuity of the Perpendicular style, we should not forget that the period was characterized by complex internecine and national strife. During the wars of the fifteenth century against France and the ensuing civil war between York and Lancaster, ecclesiastical building and concomitant art suffered considerably. Large-scale cathedral and abbey building, and even renovations and additions, tailed off sharply in the late fourteenth century. Not until the late fifteenth century, which brought the construction of the great chapels, did ecclesiastical building reach anything approaching the pre-war and plague vigor of the mid-fourteenth century and earlier. It is difficult to imagine that the Perpendicular style could stand for and disseminate a consistent set of ideas across that politically and socially unsettled period of a hundred years or more. Furthermore, it is unlikely that any style of Gothic, let alone the Perpendicular, could possibly have meant the same after the Reformation as it did before. Yet, Rickman's catchall "Perpendicular English" necessarily remains in circulation both despite and because of the variables of a style that need to be embraced as English Gothic architecture of the late fourteenth century, through the late fifteenth century, into the late sixteenth century and beyond.[15] Implicit in the last term, Perpendicular, is the fruition of earlier developments in national

architecture: the idea of an enduring English Gothic, and that was an important consideration and consequence of Rickman's publication.

Still working by and large within the categories and nomenclature of English Gothic that emerged from Rickman's taxonomic enterprise, recent scholars of art and architecture have analyzed in some detail medieval architecture in Europe in the search for the definitive moment when English architecture became English architecture, and thus somehow distinct from European architecture. It is a search that tends to focus on the first expression of an Englishness that cannot be folded into or seen as a subset of a continental European artistic endeavor or style. One of the best studies in this vein is *The English Decorated Style: Gothic Architecture Transformed, 1250–1350*, by the noted French architectural historian Jean Bony. Bony sets out to answer the question of what it was that caused the "shift in artistic inventiveness that transferred the position of leadership from northern France, which had held it for generations, to England."[16] In what seems like a counter-intuitive move, he begins with an analysis of a form of French Gothic architecture known as the Rayonnant style. Bony demonstrates that it was precisely this style's uniform aspects, its aesthetic singularity and its systematic and logical character, that were rejected by the English. And it was through that process of rejection that the Decorated style was forged in England at the Chapter House and cloisters of Westminster Abbey. At once adapting and rejecting the total Rayonnant aesthetic, the style that purportedly emerged, the Decorated Gothic, has been claimed to represent the apex of English architectural invention. As a seemingly idiosyncratic "English reaction," Bony articulates why that particular French style was not adopted wholesale by the English. Among other things:

> at Westminster these new motifs of tracery were at variance with the rest of the building, which belonged to the preceding style, the one we call High Gothic, still intent on the plastic accentuation of piers and arches, on a clear separation of storeys and on a certain sense of weightiness. [...] In such an ambiguous context, the Rayonnant forms at Westminster appeared as showpieces of modernity, but they failed to transmit the image of a new coherent system.[17]

That the formal singularity of the Rayonnant style was at odds with the prior versions of English Gothic produces, in Bony's analysis, a problem in conceptualizing the Decorated as a distinguishing national style. To overcome the issue of a residual Foreign influence, of a style tainted by

its hybrid qualities, it becomes necessary to posit a racial and national character before it can be discovered as lying at the bottom of a national style. Bony then discovers an imago of national character to unify what he acknowledges are disparate referents for the term Decorated:

> The Decorated must be viewed as a developing movement, as a dynamic impulse, that spread through the English milieu in answer to a disrupting but exalting revelation. That it manifested itself in two distinct stages is almost secondary: what matters behind the duality of the formal systems is the essential continuity of inspiration.[18]

And the mainspring of that enduring inspirational essence is the rejection of another nation's system. Architectural eclecticism and hybrid forms that attend English Gothic edifices acquire are deemed to be signs that the Decorated style is thoroughly saturated with Englishness.

In *The Decorated Style, Architecture and Ornament 1240–1360*, Nicola Coldstream retraces Bony's argument noting that the Decorated style was the adaptation and absorption of French ideas until they superseded their continental progenitors. The nave of York Minster, for Coldstream, is just such a trump and "demonstrates how the architects, even if they had a specific French building in mind, produced a general notion rather than an identifiable copy."[19] Englishness in architecture, then, is to be found at an almost ineffable point of departure from and translation of the work of foreign architects.

> Although the essential Englishness of the Minster is betrayed in many details, from mouldings to its wooden vault, the elevation as a whole is deliberately French. Its source, however, is a mystery—the cathedrals of Strasbourg, Clermont Ferrand, even Cologne, have all been suggested—and this exemplified the English mason's method of merging ideas from many sources to achieve the desired, specific result.[20]

An Englishness that is somehow evident in the details, one that fends off French intentions, and draws on forms that have unknown continental origins, emerges from the hand and mind of English craftsman. Despite claims to empirical evidence, it still seems difficult to point to a particular feature and say with surety that it is English. Architectural historians who seek a positive and historical resolution to the question of the origins of an English national style inevitably get caught in a trap that has been set since the nineteenth century. Its setting, as we shall see, took place through a complex, and sometimes mysterious,

enjambment of nominalist and universal concepts. In the search for definitive and objective instances of architectural styles variously calibrated as English, Rickman's *Gothia Architectura* leans towards a nominalist argument. Englishness emerges at the departure from the "Norman" and is found in the different forms that can be identified thereafter. A universal Englishness is consequently found but remains unexplained in observational architectural categories.

In 1948, the BBC inaugurated the Reith Lectures with the deliberate goal of enriching the intellectual and cultural life of a nation in the process of reformation. Early lectures, like Robert Birley's "Britain in Europe," and Sir Oliver Franks' "Britain and the Tide of World Affairs," explored Britain's place and identity after the war. It was within this still-changing if not yet fragmented context that Niklaus Pevsner, a popular art historian and architecture maven who was later knighted, delivered the Reith Lectures in 1955 entitled "The Englishness of English Art." At the heart of Pevsner's influential work on Gothic architecture is an almost agonistic battle between the Perpendicular and the Decorated. On the one hand he posits the Perpendicular Gothic, a style whose exemplars are "completely and profoundly English"; and on the other the Decorated Gothic style whose serpentine signature provides a continuous thread that sutures the art of England together; from thirteenth century illuminated manuscripts, to the ogee in medieval architecture, to Hogarth, to Blake, and right on through the English landscape garden.[21] Pevsner plays out these tendentious characterizations of the different styles until the categories of English Gothic architecture become actors in a Hegelian drama of and for the English national character.

According to Pevsner, when the Early English style surpassed Norman architecture it achieved a singularity of aesthetic purpose, which he phrased a "nausea of perfection." Consequently, in his progressive account, the "Decorated style must be understood as a reaction against the noble clarity of the Early English, the style of the thirteenth century, the style of Lincoln and Salisbury."[22]

> Windows instead of being noble groups of lancets or possessing the classic French tracery with simple foiled circles develop the weirdest tracery, shapes like the leaves of trees, like daggers, like kidneys, like bladders, bounded by lines like flames or like waves. Flowing tracery is indeed what this type of decoration is called.[23]

This flowing, "flaming," line amounts to the core principle of the Decorated Gothic style, claimed Pevsner. It could be found lodged in the

heart of the English conscience, and was ultimately responsible for the "British philosophy of liberalism and liberty."[24] But, if the Decorated style and the flaming line articulate the healthy "irrational elements in British art,"[25] then the "downright and direct"[26] Perpendicular style was also needed to shore up a kind of rationality built on the sound principles of rectilinearity. "England's preference for walls meeting at right angles,"[27] is the *sine qua non* of English rationalism precisely expressed in the Perpendicular. Squareness and matter-of-factness, then, "are very much of England," notes Pevsner:

> [T]he Perpendicular style has in its details not even a remote parallel abroad, so much so that it lasted for nearly two hundred years. This has been adduced as a sign of conservatism, but it is really a sign of Englishness.[28]

Finally, we have the polygonal "English chapter-house, without question an English speciality," whose "classicity, the sense of final achievement which they convey, is the outcome of a synthesis of French and English—the happiest throughout the history of English art."[29] So what is the Englishness of English Gothic: noble clarity, liberal curvilinearity, moral rectitude, or a polygonal transnational synthesis? At any point in these accounts, we could take issue with Pevsner's gloss of architectural categories, but it would be fruitless because his argument only ostensibly depends upon a logical and empirical narrative. In fact, he posits essential English qualities that exist beyond historical contingencies, which he then frames through architectural form. Pevsner's thinking was an enduring consequence, a revivalism if you will, of a nineteenth-century quest for a sense of authentic Englishness to be found in Gothic architecture.

As the history of Hereford Cathedral demonstrates, from the collapse of the west tower to the completion of a new west front in the early twentieth century, the essential design of an original English style is best defined in advance of a search for the same. Without any retrospective sense of what constitutes the dimensions of an English style, any search is likely to be infinite, inconclusive, incomplete, and, as Dean Merewether's quest proved, potentially destructive. To search for the origins of English national consciousness is to prefigure a palpable and discoverable break from that which is not European, no matter the architectural elisions. In that search, though, there is no escaping the production of a myth of an organic national mode of expression, a harmonious and unmediated cultural production growing from a distinct

racial character. For the most influential revivalists, the philosophical and historiographical representation of the Gothic was precisely an opportunity to produce such a myth. Rather than seeing such histories of English architecture as discovering a national distinctness and continuity, we need to see them as recovery and reconstruction projects, works on paper that belong with works in stone during the nineteenth-century Gothic revival.

Educating observes, producing English subjects

Rickman's move to apprehend the correct principles of Gothic architecture pushed beyond antiquarianism into an attempt at architectural science. Not only did he profoundly influence nineteenth-century Gothic revivalism, but as noted above, many of the terms he coined are still in current use. Deliberately didactic, his treatise announces itself as having a precise, immediate, and practical function: to be used by architects like himself in the construction of public buildings. In the preface to *Gothia Architectura*'s compendia of the "antique, or Grecian and Roman" orders and "the English or Gothic" styles is a call for the remediation of public building in England. Rickman writes:

> [I]t will be proper to make a few remarks on the distinction between mere house-building, and that high character of composition in the Grecian and Roman orders which is properly styled Architecture; for though we have now many nobly architectural houses, we are much in danger of having our public edifices debased, by a consideration of what is convenient as a house, rather than what is correct as an architectural design.[30]

"Mere house-building" has "convenience" as the primary motivation for its design, whereas for true architecture, the motivation is a totality of design to which "all other arrangements must be made subservient."[31] Rickman means that his dissertation on architectural orders and styles should become the sourcebook for a revival of *architecture* in public works. However, while Grecian and Roman buildings count as true architecture, Rickman is unambiguous in his choice of the Gothic as the proper style for English architecture, past and present. He laments the fact that Christopher Wren as "a man whose powers, confessedly great, lead us to regret that he had not studied the architecture of his English ancestors with the success he did that of Rome."[32] Rickman's *Gothia Architectura* is not just an architectural handbook, it is an

instrument to be used by the *English* architect whose taste it deliberately seeks to educate.

John Ruskin's magisterial *The Stones of Venice* also has a similar educative function. In his examination of Gothic architecture Ruskin sought more deeply than any other writer to present and understand its essence as an English national philosophy. Discussing "The Nature of the Gothic," he explicitly aims to re-educate the taste of the English people as students and observers of architecture rather than producers of it. As the reader progresses, it becomes apparent that the work has an ambitious construction project of seeking to imbue the Gothic with a spirit he claims for English racial and national character, and restructuring Englishness through the didactic pleasures of architectural appreciation. In outline, Ruskin's essay has some of the trappings of an architectural primer in so far as he breaks down the Gothic into six signature elements that he describes in their depth and variety: "savageness," "changefulness," "naturalism," "grotesqueness," "rigidity," and "redundance." He also makes a gesture to link his analysis of the Gothic to scientific inquiry, thereby producing a tenuous analogy between the chemist and the architectural analyst, which will be discussed later. Fundamentally, though, Ruskin's consideration of the Gothic is far more a project of forging a national character and consciousness than it is a rational, empirical study of architectural style.

The two rhetorical moves that initiate Ruskin's consideration of "the Nature of the Gothic," combined, constitute a masterstroke of interpellation. First, he insists that that which is true Gothic is more than the sum of its parts. He argues that there is a Gothic spirit and a Gothic intent that must be apprehended beyond the given elements or particulars that constitute Gothic architectural forms. It is difficult, Ruskin writes, "to make the abstraction of the Gothic character intelligible, because that character itself is made up of many mingled ideas, and can consist only in their union." Although the Gothic character can only emanate from the various proportional relationships of its design features, that which is peculiar to its architectural form, Englishness cannot be found simply in the particularities of certain equations of proportion and form—nor can the Gothic. For Ruskin, even "pointed arches, do not constitute Gothic, nor vaulted roofs, nor flying buttresses, nor grotesque sculptures; but all or some of these things, and many other things with them, when they come together so as to have life."[33] This near ineffable and elusive "life" is that with which we have to come to terms in order to understand the mutually affective relationship between Englishness and Gothic.

To explain this, Ruskin introduces an interesting, albeit false, analogy between the chemist and the minerals he studies and the architectural expert and Gothic architecture. Thanks to its elusive qualities, the intangible, the extra-sensible esprit that makes the Gothic more than its mere plastic forms, the Gothic is like "the rough mineral" submitted to "the chemist." Consequently, the "chemist defines his material by two separate kinds of character; one external, its crystalline form, hardness, lustre, and so on; the other internal, the proportions and nature of the constituent atoms." In "exactly the same manner," Ruskin continues, "we shall find that Gothic architecture has external forms, and internal elements. Its elements are certain mental tendencies of the builders, legibly expressed in it; as fancifulness, love of variety, love of richness, and others. Its external forms are pointed arches, vaulted roofs, and so on."[34] Ruskin substitutes mental tendencies for atoms: the latter, invisible but nevertheless formal qualities of the mineral; the former, though they may express themselves in the forms of Gothic architecture, are not of the same order of materiality as atoms. Nevertheless, the analogy is productive in so far as it enables Ruskin to cast the spirit of the Gothic as foundational to its form. Just as an atom of a mineral will determine its crystalline structure, so does the spirit of the builders and artisans govern the arches, vaults, and ornamentation of Gothic architecture. Like an alchemist, Ruskin appears to be resolving the spiritual essence of the Gothic from its architecture. Harnessed to this rhetorical maneuver is Ruskin's claim that the true spirit of the Gothic cannot be definitively understood unless his necessarily incomplete remarks on architecture resonate with an English readership. "I shall only endeavour," writes Ruskin, "to analyze the idea which I suppose already to exist in the reader's mind."

> We all have some notion, most of us a very determined one, of the meaning of the term Gothic; but I know that many persons have this idea in their minds without being able to define it: that is to say, understanding generally that Westminster Abbey is Gothic, and St. Paul's is not, they have nevertheless, no clear notion of what it is that they recognize in the one or miss in the other, such as would enable them to say how far the work at Westminster or Strasbourg is good and pure of its kind; still less to say of any nondescript building, like St. James's Palace or Windsor Castle, how much right Gothic element there is in it, and how much wanting. And I believe this inquiry to be a pleasant and profitable one; and that there will be found something more than usually interesting in tracing out this grey, shadowy, many-pinnacled

> image of *the Gothic spirit within us*; and discerning what fellowship there is between it and *our Northern hearts*.[35]

Inviting his readers to find the Gothic spirit in themselves as they read his exploration of that very Gothic spirit in the forms he will discuss is crucial to the work that Ruskin is doing with his treatise on "The Nature of the Gothic." Studying Gothic architecture opens a window onto the eternal, unchanging character of "the Northern heart," if one only knows how to read it correctly. Accordingly, Ruskin's essay ends by placing the ultimate aesthetic judgment in the hands of his readers. As he begins to close his essay, believing that his analysis of Gothic architecture has provided "a sufficiently accurate knowledge both of the spirit and form of Gothic architecture," he recognizes the need for a few summary rules. These are to be used by the observer of architecture to decide whether or not the building is good Gothic "of a kind which will probably reward the pains of careful examination."[36] "Thenceforward, the criticism of the building is to be conducted precisely on the same principles as that of a book"; he says, "and it must depend on the knowledge, feeling, and not a little on the industry and perseverance of the reader, whether, even in the case of the best work, he either perceive them to be great, or feel them to be entertaining."[37] In this analysis of Ruskin's use of the Gothic to (re)construct a version of an English national character, my argument is that its success, and the success of Gothic revival architecture in the nineteenth century, has more to do with its imaginative reproduction of the Gothic as an archive of Englishness, a heterogeneous record, rather than a fixed empirical monument of a single national character—even though this was the ostensible motive of many a Victorian architect.

The first and most important of Ruskin's "moral elements of Gothic" is "Savageness," and the "Mental Expression" at the center of this primary principle is "Savageness or Rudeness."[38] Ruskin begins his disquisition on this subject with an acknowledgment and even an acceptance of any derogatory intent. "It is true," Ruskin avers, "greatly and deeply true, that the architecture of the North is rude and wild; but," he continues, "it is not true, that, for this reason, we are to condemn it, or despise."[39] Never short of a table-turning move, Ruskin responds to the pejorative implications of the term by noting that it stems from the judgment of the "fallen Roman, in the utmost impotence of his luxury, and insolence of his guilt."[40] Savageness and rudeness are expressions of the potency of the Northern builder: "with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he

has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall."[41] Such hyperbole sets up the purveyors of Mediterranean classicism as an obvious counter to the Northern builder. Being devoid of such rugged rigor, the Southern builder barely engages in any labor: "he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths [*sic*] with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky."[42] It is hard to understand this moral and aesthetic condemnation of Greco-Roman architecture, sculpture and culture. In making his point about the puissance of the English mason, such language has earned Ruskin the deserved charge of othering and orientalizing Southern European peoples.[43]

To understand the work of Ruskin's discussion of savageness, we must reconsider the function of its appreciable diatribe against what could be called a Fordist organization of industrial labor. It is true that Ruskin's discussion of industrialized labor echoes much of Marx's description of the alienation of the worker in the labor process and its dehumanizing effects: to "make cogs and compasses" of men is to wither their souls; "if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool."[44] However, as much as Ruskin seems invested in "the individual value of every soul,"[45] there is his peculiar assertion that "men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free."[46] Shockingly, it seems, to bend workers to the task of producing architectural ornament that is perfect and uniform is "to smother their souls within them." Ruskin declares that any English person who values their room's "accurate mouldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel" is essentially a slave-master. Curiously, he concludes that there "might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lord's lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of the fields"[47] provided that architectural labor is not bent to uniformity.

How are we to understand the difference that Ruskin is claiming between this vexed husbandman and the worker employed in the perfect execution of a uniform plan, which apparently makes the individuality of the laborer disappear in that which he produces? In mentioning the feudal lord, Ruskin himself is calling to mind a power structure in which the farmer is not autonomous, in which the fruits of the farmer's labor will go to others, and in which the farm laborer is alienated. A charitable explanation for this apparent contradiction would be that Ruskin is

simply indulging in a particular kind of nineteenth-century nostalgia that repaints rural life as the idyllic past from which the English see themselves as having traveled too far. This is an issue I will explore more extensively in a consideration of Hardy in Chapter 5. But for Ruskin, the key difference between the farmer and the architectural laborer lies in what they produce and how that product is or is not legible and interpretable. Ruskin's emphasis is always directed at the way in which architecture excites or dulls the *observer*'s consciousness in terms of its belonging to a tradition and to a nation.

By instructing the reader in how to read architecture, how to see slavery in perfection and uniformity and freedom, honesty, and Christian humility in the rough-hewn and rude, Ruskin is essentially teaching the reader how to see himself as part of an English race and part of a nation over and above his membership in a particular class. In certain ways, Ruskin appears to be addressing the upper classes: those readers who have the status to influence the production, the construction or reconstruction, of public buildings. Ruskin places Gothic at the potential divide between aristocratic and bourgeois tastes, offering Gothic style as a racial and national manner that transcends its specific character as a (once) Catholic ecclesiastical style. Along the way, Ruskin instructs the upper classes in how to think of and deal with the lower classes. For Ruskin, there is a kind of honesty or moral imperative in the imperfection, in the savageness and rudeness, of the Gothic style. It obeys Christianity which exhorts "every spirit": "Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame."[48] As a result, "the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labour of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole."[49] Ruskin then transfers this architectural principle into an exhortation for his readers:

> But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still, more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults. Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labour, there are some powers for better things; some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there

> are, even at the worst; and in most cases, it is our own fault that they *are* tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honour them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our laborers; to look for the *thoughtful* part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it.[50]

Ruskin goes on to translate these ideals into the act of observing or reading Gothic architecture. He instructs his readers to "go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors: examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone." They embody "a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure." A freedom which "it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children."[51] To see the individual workman in the forms of Gothic architecture is to embark upon the Christian socialist project. At once addressing the upper classes, Ruskin is also reinterpreting Gothic architecture as a sign of a symbiotic past in which all labor and only labor was valued to be read and identified by the laborer.

The question of why an examination of Gothic became, for Ruskin, the occasion for a reconstruction of national consciousness was both important and pertinent in terms of defining Englishness. As he was writing *The Stones*, for example, with some deliberation the British chose to (re)build the Palace of Westminster in the Gothic style; and, in so doing, rejected neo-classicism. In his discussion of "redundance," Ruskin seeks to integrate a national philosophy and history through the "moral elements of Gothic." Ruskin uses the term redundance to mean superfluity, excess, ornamentation rather than repetitiveness; it is opposed to rational necessity, the subordination of part to whole, anything pertaining to the monolithic or the monological. Unmistakably referring to classical and neo-classical architecture, Ruskin denigrates architecture in which redundancy cannot be found.[52]

> No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple; which refuses to address the eye, except in a few clear and forceful lines; which implies, in offering so little to our regards, that all it has offered

> is perfect; and disdains, either by the complexity or the attractiveness of its features, to embarrass our investigation, or betray us into delight.[53]

In this incredibly bold and provocative statement, Ruskin deems architectural perfection a moral failing and unable to address the viewer through any kind of aesthetic integrity or with respect. More importantly, such architecture is tyrannical and antisocial because it rejects the necessity to address all manner of men. The "very first requirement of Gothic architecture," for Ruskin, is "that it shall both admit the aid, and appeal to the admiration, of the rudest as well as the most refined minds."[54] Redundancy, then, is a catholic principle: it is meaningful to all men; it is the collective expression of a whole community.

Attending this communitarian principle is another prime virtue of Gothic architecture: its availability to multiple readings. Ruskin articulates its value through his discussion of the Gothic principle of "changefulness," during which he takes issue with the concept of uniformity. Taking care not to reject completely the virtues of orderliness and regularity, Ruskin nevertheless indicates that they do not belong to true architecture, or literature. Due to the regularity and uniformity of recent architecture, Ruskin states that, "the idea of reading a building as we would read Milton or Dante, and getting the same kind of delight out of the stones as out of the stanzas, never enters our mind for a moment." Gothic is literary in way that classical perfection is not. Though poetry has a "rhythm [...] quite as strict as the symmetries or rhythm of architecture," poetry does not only consist of this kind of duplication and uniformity: "verses were neither made to order or to match." Blaming the "last two centuries," in effect the long Augustan epoch, he implores his reader to shake off this period and with "common sense" to consider

> that great art, whether expressing itself in words, colours, or stones, does *not* say the same thing over and over again; that the merit of architectural, as of every other art, consists in its saying new and different things; that to repeat itself is no more a characteristic of genius in marble than it is of genius in print; and that we may, without offending any laws of good taste, require of an architect, as we do of a novelist, that he should be not only correct, but entertaining.[55]

Ruskin locates the essence of Gothic architecture in its redundancy and changefulness. He also simultaneously locates the Gothic in the ability

of the active observer to read into the forms he sees as the truths of an English national consciousness—which is made all the more unifying for being left undefined. Behind the visible and formal components of Gothic architecture lies the hitherto unrevealed essence of the Gothic which is the English national character. Ruskin's philosophy, in which an active, participatory, interpretative viewership locates "the Gothic spirit within us," is both more sophisticated and more viable than Rickman's detailed inventory in its production of Englishness. It also incorporates without being crippled by the attempt to distinguish the precise moment, or the particular form, when Gothic became English Gothic. Finally, his concept of the Gothic means that the very issue that troubled both restorationists and preservationists, that of identifying a coherent architectural pattern in any particular ecclesiastical building, in terms of defining Englishness proves to be a virtue. Architectural hybridity or the blending of styles, far from being an aesthetic or national problem, is quintessential to the Gothic. What matters is whether the church as a whole is properly Gothic, and that is determined by an alignment of the Gothic mind and the Gothic spirit in the "Northern hearts" of those engaged in the pursuit of Englishness as much as it is determined by architects and builders.

2
Gothic Adaptations and Reprisals

Surviving "Emblematic Wit" at Fairford

There were approximately seven to eight thousand churches standing on the eve of the Reformation in England. Not one of them remained wholly unscathed by the iconoclastic fervor that followed. Most were damaged quite extensively. Pictures, statues, images, and altars were especially targeted by the reformers. Consecrated in 1497, St. Mary's, the Parish Church of Fairford in Gloucestershire, is as architecturally remarkable as it is historiographically anomalous (Figure 2.1). Unlike the vast majority of the churches extant when it was built, virtually all of its twenty-eight magnificent windows have their full complement of original stained glass, despite the near ubiquitous effects of the Reformation. This highly unusual circumstance has attracted the attention of many visitors, and inspired at least two seventeenth-century poems. In *Upon Faireford Windowes*[1] (1630), Richard Corbett, Bishop of Oxford, provocatively inquires of the sixteenth-century iconoclasts why they failed in their endeavors. The poem begins with this rhetorical question:

> Tell mee, you Anti-Saintes, why glasse
> With you is longer liv'd than brass?
> And why the Saintes haue scap't their falls
> Better from Windowes, then from Walles?

Teasing Puritans for an apparent lack of iconoclastic consistency, Corbett zeroes in on the remarkable fact that St. Mary's windows are still intact despite clear evidence that the sixteenth-century reformers had not altogether handed the church a pass. Still visible today, the gouge

Figure 2.1 St. Mary's Church, Fairford, Gloucestershire, 1497. Photograph by John Twyning.

marks made by the reformers in the engraved brass not only support Corbett's observation but also explain when and why all the church's statuary was removed and destroyed. It is likely that particular form of destruction happened during the Edwardian period when, Kenneth Munn speculates, it was at this time "that the heads and shoulders of Christ and the two thieves in the east window were smashed?"[2] Aside from such minor damage, St. Mary's remains a superb example of a fifteenth-century "wool Gothic," Cotswold parish church constructed in a grand parochial version of the Perpendicular style.[3]

For Alec Clifton Taylor, the various iconoclastic onslaughts amount to nothing less than a national tragedy. With modest hyperbole, he claims that the "wholesale destruction of medieval stained glass was the greatest calamity that has ever befallen English art."[4] True or not, the essential logic of such destruction could not have been more clear. In 1547, a series of Injunctions were issued in the name of Edward VI to reform the church. These Injunctions set out to change, *fundamentally* change, access to religious faith, and sought to eradicate the practices and forms of representation upon which the Catholic Church had come to rest.

It was a massive cultural revolution, an attempt to annihilate history and change national consciousness, as this edict states.

> Also, that they shall take away, utterly extinct, and destroy all shrines, coverings of shrines, all tables, candlesticks, trindals, and rolls of wax, pictures, paintings, and all other monuments of feigned miracles, pilgrimages, idolatry, and superstition, so that there remain no memory of the same in walls, glass windows, or elsewhere within their churches and houses; preserving nevertheless, or repairing both the walls and glass windows; and they shall exhort all their parishioners to do the like within their several houses.[5]

Iconoclasm was one of the primary means by which Catholicism was to be extirpated from English life and culture. Altars were broken up and sold off; pictures were burned; books were mutilated or censored; statues defaced, decapitated, or destroyed; tapestries ripped up; acres of stained glass were smashed; and wall paintings were scraped off or covered with lime wash. Masterminding this massive act of erasure were Archbishop Cranmer, Bishop Latimer, and Bishop Ridley. While iconoclasm was a patchier affair on the continent; in England it was conducted with ruthless efficiency. A brief lull in the destruction took place when Edward VI's short reign came to an end and he was succeeded by Mary I, a Catholic. However, the violence that had accompanied reform did not stop. Mary's reign may have been shorter than her predecessor's, but it oversaw the revengeful execution of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. A year after "Bloody Mary's" death in 1558, Elizabeth I, her successor, reinstated the majority of the 1547 Injunctions. Although iconoclasm henceforth remained the official policy of the new Elizabethan Church, in practice, its vigor declined as the sixteenth century wore on. Elizabeth's Protestant position became more secure, and the new English church became more firmly established.

Though the majority of iconoclastic "reform" took place in the mid-sixteenth century, another wave of destruction swept through English churches a hundred years later. Some of those later reformers, like the indefatigable Puritan and member of Cromwell's parliament, William Dowsing, kept precise data on the daily destruction. Dowsing's exhaustive accounts reveal that the focus of his reformation energies included breaking down "superstitious pictures," "crosses," "popish inscriptions," and "leveling [...] the steps in the chancel."[6] Not every parish church in the country witnessed the kind of industrious zeal brought by William Dowsing, but most that were visited by him, or men like him, have the

particular sparseness and lack of adornment that is so characteristic of churches in England. A high price was paid for those sober ecclesiastical aesthetics. According to Andrew Graham-Dixon: "virtually all medieval art in Britain was destroyed between 1536, when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries, and 1658 when Oliver Cromwell died, effectively bringing the long process of the Reformation to a close."[7] Fairford's famous windows, then, endured two vigorous phases of iconoclastic reform: the first before Corbett's poem in the 1540s and 1550s, and the second, which was conducted by the likes of William Dowsing, in the mid-seventeenth century.

Although the survival of Fairford's windows provides the occasion for Corbett to write a satirical assessment of Puritan integrity, he ultimately fails to provide a satisfactory answer to his own opening question. For all the pertinence of Corbett's insight of how the glass saints "scap't," his mock answer draws heavily upon stereotypical notions of the Puritan's character: that they were, not to put too fine a point on it, hypocrites. Corbett's argument, serious or otherwise, is that as a matter of some kind of self-interest they were reluctant to destroy the glass because they had been involved in its production ("the Brethrens fires Maintaine a Glass-house"). There was a long history of this kind of charge leveled at Puritan craftsmen: that they railed against the very extravagant things that they produced for a sportive aristocracy: hats, clothes, and furnishings. Corbett's rhetoric goes on to lay claim to a more inveterate hypocrisy lodged in the Puritan soul.

> Or is't because such painted ware
> Resembles something that you are,
> Soe py'de, soe seeming, soe unsound
> In manners, and in doctrine, found,
> That, out of Emblematick witt,
> You spare your selves in sparing it?[8]

Throwing back onto the Puritans the common language of their invectives, Corbett suggests that they recognize through the analogizing operations of "Emblematick witt" portraits of their own false piety. Any practice of dressing up, extravagant behavior, make-up (painting), and, other forms of faking or feigning became the target of Puritan diatribe—especially prostitution and acting. Corbett levels the charge of "painted ware" (slang for a prostitute) against the Puritans and also draws the analogy between the Puritan and the fool with his choice word "py'de" which, meaning parti-colored, is an apt description for

the garb of a preacher as well as of a harlequin. In saving the images in the windows, he deems, they are also preserving the "seeming" that disguises their own "unsound […] manners" and "doctrine." Corbett concludes that St. Mary's windows were "preserved from the bane […] of Puritane" because the medium itself is emblematic of the Puritan: "The Inside drosse, the Outside Saint." Perhaps the notion that the Puritans' recognition of their own humbug saved St. Mary's windows is a satisfying conceit, but it is not finally a viable argument, not least because it relies upon a significant level of introspection, humility, and honesty on persons Corbett has painted as incapable of such. Although he captures certain simplistic aspects of iconophobia associated with Puritan ideology, he nevertheless fails to grasp some of the subtleties of the cultural energy that coalesced to produce the Reformation in England. Corbett was not alone in tarring all reformers with the same brush.

Explanations of the windows' unique survival rarely account for special or specific dynamics that attend Fairford's church. Of particular note is that the arrangement, form, and function of the windows and the design of the church were markedly different in comparison to earlier churches. Virtually a complete rebuild on the site of an existing structure, the church floor plan did not replicate the cruciform style of the building it replaced. Instead, its design was more simply rectangular, a feature that privileges the sequencing of its windows. Moreover, the tower at St. Mary's is located in the east center of the church, and this placement also allows for the continuous circuit of windows around the church unimpeded by major structures such as transepts. With the tower also dividing the nave and chancel, the impact of the rood screen, which was usually erected to separate nave and chancel, was much diminished. Roods, and their attendant screens and lofts, were a prime target for the reformers and were systematically dismantled and destroyed. William Shakespeare's father, John, was a party to this kind of activity at the Holy Trinity in Stratford. His accounts in 1563 read: "Item payd for defasying ymages in y[e] Chappell ij[s]." Two years later another two shillings was paid for "takynge doune y[e] rood loft in y[e] Chappell."[9] If parishioners like John Shakespeare were coerced into such acts of destruction, the church officers who did the dismantling were often paid for their efforts. The rood loft was the space above the rood screen, a place where, on occasion, the choir might sing. Perhaps Shakespeare invokes the consequences of his father's participation in church reform when he speaks eloquently and longingly of the "Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang" in Sonnet 73. Around

most medieval roods, rood lofts, and screens could be found some form of representation of the Doom. It was a way of presenting those in the nave, as they looked forward and eastward, with an image of eternal salvation (the Passion) framed by the Last Judgment.

At Fairford, however, it is the Great West Window at the back of the nave that depicts the Doom (Plate 1). By far the largest window in the church, this is one of the most vivid and dynamic medieval representations of the Last Judgment anywhere in England. Being located so far from the rood, and for that matter the Passion, this depiction of the Last Judgment occupies a somewhat different symbolic space, one that was not quite as integral to the rood and its loft as was common with earlier churches. That said, at least some parts of the window were considered unacceptable by Puritan reformers and hidden from view by lime wash.

However, neither lime wash nor the temporary removal of the windows explains why the windows as a whole escaped harm. We know from Corbett's verse, and another mid-seventeenth century poem, "On Fayrford Windows" by William Strode, that not only could the stained glass images be seen in the 1630s, but that it was a matter of some wonder that they had survived sixteenth-century reformation activity. It seems highly unlikely that they were fully blanked out or removed in the sixteenth century and then restored to visibility before the writing of the poems. There is no point between the 1550s and 1630s at which it would have been possible to expose or reinstall art that had been so assiduously targeted throughout the whole of England. It is also difficult to imagine that Corbett and Strode (a discussion of whose poem will come later in the chapter) would have written the kinds of poems they did if, within the time of their memory and knowledge, the glass had been removed and reinstalled. Perhaps the most compelling evidence that the windows remained in place throughout the sixteenth century is the small amount of damage actually done to the glass by reformers. "The selective destruction of Christ's head and those of the thieves in the Crucifixion scene in the east window cannot be attributed to accident," argues Keith Barley, "nor can the loss of the original head of the transfigured Christ from the central light window 7."[10] Barley reports earlier observers' notice that certain faces had been defaced as if the paint had been "scrubbed off."[11] This relatively gentle and selective iconoclastic activity was highly atypical and seems devoid both of the dispassionate and systematic destruction of particular items, or the uncontrolled zeal that cut down swathes of religious art in churches throughout England.

The pedagogical image

William Strode's "On Fayrford Windowes" goes beyond the easy taunts of Corbett's poem and offers a deeper insight into the nature of the windows and what might have contributed to their survival. For Strode, the key stylistic quality of the glass was its verisimilitude.

> Those Images so faythfully
> Report true feature to the eye
> As you may thinke each picture was
> Some visage in a looking-glasse

Strode sees the lifelike complexion of the images as that which animates the glass. Window 9, for example, displays the miraculous draught of fishes as described in John 21:6: "Cast your net on the right side of the ship" (Plate 2). Typical of the style at Fairford, the scene works across two lights and features a richly drawn landscape full of vibrant colors, shading, and careful limning, giving the scene depth and perspective. Jerusalem makes up the background, and the foreground features a detailed rocky terrain with two prominently placed fish; although these symbolize Christianity, they are drawn and painted with some realistic fidelity to their fleshly substance. Simon Peter and the other fishermen demonstrate physical effort as they struggle to haul in their loaded net. Strode points out the pedagogical possibilities of the window and its theme.

> When with a fishing rodde the clarke
> Saint Peters draught of fish doth marke,
> Such is the scale, the eye, the finne,
> Youd thinke they strive and leape within;
> But if the nett, which holds them breake,
> Hee with his angle some would take.

The instructive potential of the realistic qualities of the glazed images merge with the ostensible lesson of the Biblical story. Not only are the fish depicted vividly enough to break the net, but the net is drawn substantially enough to hold them: "Even though there were so many, the net was not torn."[12] The picture translates scriptural word to biblical image. Picking up on the educative potential of the scene, Strode specifies that the clerk's fishing rod used by clerics to indicate images as they talked about the relevant passages in the Bible might be able

to catch the very fish they pointed to because they look so real. At the same time, he supposes, the reader-viewer might be hooked by the parable. From Strode's account we know that fishing rods were used as an educational aid in the teaching of the glass in the seventeenth century. It proved to be an enduring practice as later sketches show fishing rods still employed by clerics in the nineteenth century. For Strode, the "easy phrase" of "the catechising paynt" of the windows enabled the gospels to be read faithfully. The windows provided a language by which even "the weake may reade" the gospels truths.

Strode's explicit assumptions about the uses of the pictures to teach scripture to an illiterate laity is at odds with an understanding of these kind of images as iconic. That "paynt" is here understood as a kind of phrasing is a sign that Strode was also drawing a connection between Fairford's windows and the *Biblia Pauperum*: a pictorial version of the Bible that depicts Christian history. What exactly the *Biblia Pauperum*, "The Poor Man's Bible," was, as a genre, or a religious intervention, remains something of a mystery. "Despite the popularity of the *Biblia Pauperum*," according to Albert Labriola and John Smeltz, "the origin and use of the blockbook—as well as the source of its title, particularly the appellation "poor man"—are matters of conjecture."[13] Likewise, Tobin Nellhaus notes: "Despite extensive investigation, we know little about who produced the *Biblia Pauperum*, who used it, what its purpose was, or how it was used."[14] Among the speculations concerning its use and purpose are that it might have been "produced both for poor clerics and for the moderately wealthy laity," that it was used as "propaganda against a Cathar heresy," that it functioned as "a memory aid for preachers," that it was "a Bible for the lesser clergy," or that it was an instrument for "personal meditation."[15] "Perhaps the book was designed by friars and other clergy who sought to educate the poor and illiterate folk in the unity of Scripture," suggest Labriola and Smeltz; or perhaps "the *Biblia Pauperum* was produced rapidly and inexpensively because of the entrepreneurial instinct of printers and booksellers who found a market for their products."[16] Some of the speculations, as these scholars admit, have more merit than others, though none of them fully account for the circulation, dissemination, or development of what was, arguably, one of the earliest and most popular printed books—one which swept through northern Europe in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries.

Though scholars have not agreed upon the exact purpose of the *Biblia Pauperum*, it seems to have no single form of development. Its use at Fairford is in keeping with the book's adaptation and integration of

scripture and the devotional image. Leaning on the culture of illuminated manuscripts, the *Biblia Pauperum* developed into a typological blockbook,[17] which came into view in the Netherlands in its printed form in the fifteenth century.[18] With as many as forty pages, the book mixes both biblical texts and images in a typological format that depicts key moments of the redemption of mankind through Christ, including various prophecies and antecedents of salvation. Usually framed by architectural features, as if the reader-viewer were wandering through an abbey's cloisters, the images were arranged in a cruciform pattern. The basic block print was often hand colored to various degrees of sophistication. Each page of the *Biblia Pauperum* consists of a central image, the *antitype*, drawn from the New Testament (the Annunciation above center), which is flanked by two *types* taken from the Old Testament: Eve's temptation redeemed by Mary's victory over sin; and Gideon's petition to God leading to a triumph over Midian (see Figure 2.2). Pairs of prophets appear above and below the central picture of Eve and Gabriel, each framed like a statue, yet animated by their spoken prophecies. Facing each other, the prophets invoke the Old Testament image/incident on their respective side of the picture. Written in Latin, the text in the top left corner can be translated thus:

> Genesis 3: 14 We read in Genesis, chapter 3, that the Lord said to the serpent, "Upon your breast you shall go," and in the next verse we read about the serpent and the woman, "She shall crush your head, and you will lie in wait for her heel." For indeed this event is fulfilled in the Annunciation of the glorious Blessed Virgin Mary.[19]

As an embodiment of this prophetical biblical quote, Isaiah appears in the top left arch saying "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." Below, in the corresponding arch (bottom left), Ezekiel 44: 2 says "This gate shall be shut, and it shall not be opened". Eve's sinful body is finally saved and secured by the corresponding event of the Annunciation. The caption below the temptation of Eve reads: "The serpent is ruined, the maiden giving birth without pain."[20] With the story of Gideon and the Fleece on the right-hand side of the picture, the effect produces a triptych with the Annunciation as the central panel. This is reinforced by having the prophets of Eve and the Serpent and those of Gideon's Fleece facing each other giving a strong vertical axis to the design of the page; thereby gathering biblical citations and exegetical texts, images, and the overall pattern together in a unified moment of salvation and redemption. The typological design of the blockbook works

A

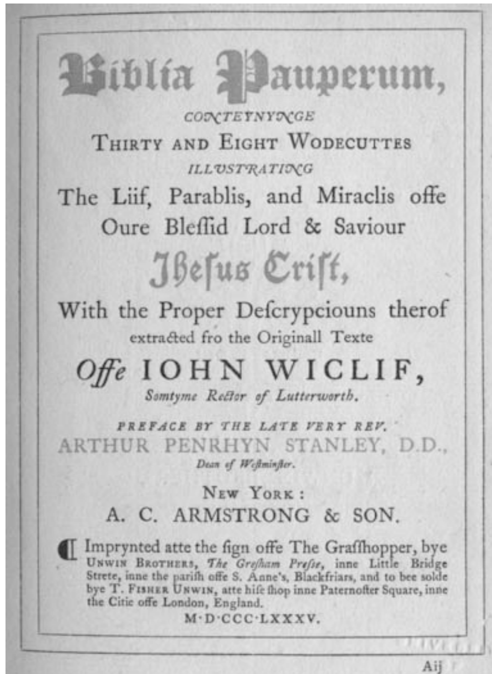
ANNUNCIATION

Figure 2.2 *Biblia Pauperum*, Annunciation, circa 1454.

to align the Old Testament and the New Testament in and through a life-of-Christ allegory. "As a resource or reference work to combat heresy," Labriola and Smeltz note, "the *Biblia Pauperum* affirms doctrinal orthodoxy" by using "visual depictions, biblical proof-texts, and interpretive commentary."[21] Each page follows the same basic pattern, conceptually discrete yet still an integral part of the allegory of redemption that constitutes the book as a whole. Page or book, the effect is powerfully synchronic. The origins of mankind through Eve; the birth and death of Christ; Doomsday, Salvation (the last page: "The Rewards of the Righteous," where Isaiah and Ezekiel are still speaking), and the end of time are all fused in order to fix and transfix the viewer-reader in the moment of meditation upon his or her own salvation. Although its uses throughout Europe are unclear, undoubtedly the *Biblia Pauperum* could have been disseminated to affirm doctrinal orthodoxy. Equally, though, it could also be read as an innovative document that privileges the scripture of the gospels.

One of the more compelling accounts concerning the use of the *Biblia Pauperum* comes from Nellhaus, who sees the blockbook produced on the cusp of orality and literacy. For Nellhaus: "oral and literate culture interacted (and often struggled), especially around the issue of how to organize thought and preserve it for the future. In the process, writing became both a mnemonic device and a guarantor of the authenticity of objects, people, and events; thus through writing the world consisted of signs."[22] How those devotional signs were organized and who had the authority to do so was to become increasingly fraught during the fifteenth century. Cutting across the interaction between oral and literate culture is the issue of the vernacular. Archbishop Arundel's *Constitutions* of 1408 were an attempt to stifle Wycliffe's texts and control the preaching, instruction, and translation of the texts of Holy Scripture into English. Although early copies of the *Biblia Pauperum* used Latin, the official language of the Catholic Church, texts in later versions also appeared in vernacular form. Given its varied forms (always hybrid), the era of its rise, and the range of its circulation, the *Biblia Pauperum* could be seen as a way to reconcile or articulate certain ideas and concepts which, when in conflict, energized the Reformation.

By the nineteenth century, the *Biblia Pauperum* had become sufficiently associated with the gospels and vernacular scripture that a mocked-up special edition (three hundred and seventy-five copies) of it could be bought "*With the Propere Descrypciouns theroff extracted fro the Originall Texte Ofe John Wiclif, somtyme Rector of Lutterworth*" in 1885 published by Unwin Brothers (Figure 2.3).[23] Featuring a simple arrangement



Biblia Pauperum,
CONTEYNYNGE
THIRTY AND EIGHT WODECUTTES
ILLUSTRATING
The Liif, Parablis, and Miraclis offe
Oure Bleffid Lord & Saviour
Jhesus Crist,
With the Proper Defcrypciouns therof
extracted fro the Originall Texte
Offe IOHN WICLIF,
Somtyme Rector of Lutterworth.
PREFACE BY THE LATE VERY REV.
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.,
Dean of Westminster.
NEW YORK:
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.
¶ Imprynted atte the fign offe The Graffhopper, bye UNWIN BROTHERS, *The Gresham Presse*, inne Little Bridge Strete, inne the parifh offe S. Anne's, Blackfriars, and to bee solde bye T. FISHER UNWIN, atte hife fhop inne Paternofter Square, inne the Citie offe London, England.
M·D·CCC·LXXXV.
Aij

Figure 2.3 Biblia Pauperum (1885), title page, special edition ascribed to John Wycliff. By permission of John Twyning.

of the four canonical gospels, the provenance of the text and its illustrations (woodcuts) are unclear. That the fourteenth-century Lollard, John Wycliffe, could be cast as the author reveals how, for some, the *Biblia Pauperum* was understood as an instrument of religious reform. It also shows us that, with so many versions of the *Biblia Pauperum* produced in so many times and places, and circulated in different ways, we should be wary of homogenizing its meaning and interpretation.

Sometimes the *Biblia Pauperum* was produced as anything but the poor man's Bible. Housed in the British Libary,[24] a later version of the text has been dubbed "Golden *Biblia Pauperum* because of the opulent technique of its pictures," according to James H. Marrow. Less orthodox, the individually illuminated manuscript produced for a wealthy client (possibly royal) "departs from all earlier copies of this text in its format and layout, the colours of its script, the luxurious techniques of its illustrations, their subjects, sequence, expressive style and iconography."[25]

Scene Seven, depicting Christ driving the moneychangers from the temple, is stylistically typical (Plate 3). We can see that the customary (cruciform) architectural template has gone, as has any sense of vertical or hierarchical movement. Although the figures correspond to those depicted in earlier blockbook versions, here they seem to be pushing at the bounds of their frame, moving beyond the formal limits of the picture. The crucial affective function of the Golden *Biblia Pauperum*, argues Marrow in "The Shape of Meaning," is that it "is iconographically innovative," meaning that its pages are less iconographic than prior versions. He notes that many "of the simple scenes of earlier traditions of the *Biblia Pauperum* are recast and expanded in this copy so as to elaborate their narrative and expressive content in new ways."[26] In this form, there is a dynamic energy within and between the sequence of pictures. For Marrow, the "effect of all these means of elaborating the narrative of individual scenes and of establishing visual links within or across individual ensembles of miniatures, is to augment the anecdotal content of the illustrations in this copy of the *Biblia Pauperum*, if not also to endow them with new historical density and resonance."[27] To say that "such devices" of the images "enhance their capacity to draw the viewer into the life and meaning of the events they portray"[28] is to identify a shift in the pedagogical function of the images from that built into the design of the earlier versions of the *Biblia Pauperum*. The Golden *Biblia Pauperum* takes full advantage of the interpretative flexibility that arises when words and images interact to present biblical characters and events.

These various adaptations and the complex circulation of the *Biblia Pauperum* provide a useful context for reading and analyzing Fairford's stained glass. At St. Mary's, the windows in the eastern third of the church, and the Great West window combine the visual typology of the earlier *Biblia Pauperum* with the more textual, linear style of the Golden *Biblia Pauperum*. Fairford's windows do not exactly replicate the textual dimension of the *Biblia Pauperum*, as there is no overt interaction between word and image. The speaking prophets, crucial to the typological impact of the *Biblia Pauperum* page, are here relegated to the tracery lights and are somewhat mute. But where the New Testament image would usually form the center around which other images cluster, the windows at Fairford put the pictures in linear and chronological progression, as if moving from one page or frame to another .

Consider Window 1 (see Plate 4) wherein Eve's temptation, depicted in the first light on the left, corresponds to the opening page of the *Biblia Pauperum*. Successive scenes in St. Mary's lights continue on a horizontal

plane with Moses and the Burning Bush; Gideon and the Fleece; and the Queen of Sheba before Solomon—all drawn from the Old Testament and framed sequentially in the window. They are not set within the usual typological framing of this event in the *Biblia Pauperum*: the Annunciation, the Nativity, and the Epiphany. Although these are depicted elsewhere in the windows, the strong typological arrangement of the blockbook version of the *Biblia Pauperum* has been rearranged at Fairford to reflect a more consistent biblical-historical chronology. With a few exceptions, this linear timeline of the life of Christ, and Mary, winds clockwise around the chancel through the west end of the church. Shifting the emphasis from the typological to the chronological radically affects the way in which the images would have been understood and interpreted. Christ's representation in the windows is considerably less iconic, less static, because of the active arrangement of the images along a storyline. At the same time, the visual and the scriptural depictions become more formally interconnected. That the windows, although intensely visual, were understood as having a scriptural ethos would have been of profound importance to early modern Puritans and reformers who sought to replace icons with scripture.[29]

Similar to other churches, the East window at Fairford, Window 5, features the Passion (Plate 5). Through a spectacular sense of action and drama, this most significant of all Christian representations is a departure from earlier iconic versions depicted in glass in other churches. It does not privilege a hierarchical design, common to treatments of this scene. With the figures less discretely contained by the mullions (vertical posts), the ten lights that comprise the window are divided horizontally into two large wide pictorial rectangles of five lights each. In the lower frame, each of the panels shows a major event preceding the Crucifixion: the Entry into Jerusalem; the Agony in the Garden; Christ before Pilate; the Flagellation; and the Carrying of the Cross. Like the Eve window, the use of complementary color, form, and style encourages us to see the events connected via a narrative sequence whereby each frame articulates a segment of a continuous story. In addition, the combination of realism, perspective, and movement produces extraordinarily animated and tactile figures that seem to jump out of the window. This form of representation also creates in the audience more of a sense of a palpable intimacy rather than a veneration of the aloof. Christ, for example, is positioned before Pilate so that we too can share his perspective. From the bottom of the dais, we can see over Christ's shoulder and feel the collective mockery and condemnation of the authorities as his crucifixion is ordered by the hand-washing

figure of Pilate. Christ, in these scenes, appears to be more everyman than icon.

Staged across all five lights of the upper register of the window, the Passion at Fairford is a masterpiece of Northern Renaissance art. Cousin to the great East window at King's College Chapel, it is full of kinetic energy; with horses moving this way and that, angels and a devil flying about, as Mary collapses in distress. Many of the figures are moving within the scene, horses turn and jockey about, and banners stream in the air. Although Christ and the thieves appear in separate lights, the sense of movement throughout the scene enables the picture to work as a whole—as if this lively biblical tableau were being viewed through the transoms and mullions of the complete window.[30] By proportion, the Crucifixion is also the broadest picture in the church, according it a panoramic quality that helps to link the semiotics of this window, the narrative centerpiece of the church, to all the other windows.

Moving clockwise from the Passion, and in keeping with biblical teleology, the next window depicts the Deposition and Entombment, and the Harrowing of Hell. Built into a narrow south-facing wall to the right of the altar, Window 6 is also artistically audacious and innovative. Making use of its height and narrowness, each of its three lights contains, respectively and chronologically, the events that follow the Crucifixion. Squeezed into the lights, the subject matter is integrated with the church's architecture. The center panel, for example, contains a precipitous scene that cascades from a distant Golgotha, with large black birds wheeling around the starkly bare crosses, straight down to a man hauling Christ's legs into a coffin. The malevolence of Golgotha, however remote and mythical, bears directly upon the pain and practicalities of the labor necessary to remove Christ from the cross and lower him into a coffin. The move from myth to the mundane, makes Fairford's painting of *The Deposition* one of the most remarkable depictions of Christ in Northern Europe. Christ is brought down from the cross folded over the arm of Joseph of Arimathea; his arms and legs limp and lifeless (Plate 6). Christ's body appears heavy, elongated, sinewy, and those who carry and receive him register his "heavy substance"[31] in their effort. Bearing the weight of the incipient history of the Christian church is a Christ who is material, palpable, weighty, common, and real. Christ's dead and dangling arms seem to be reaching down to receive and be received by the up-stretched arms of Nicodemus, thereby enhancing both a sense of his actual earthly body and the agency of his divine purpose. Most representations of Christ's Deposition, at the

time, were heavily influenced by the works of the Italian Renaissance, wherein Christ is often painted idealistically. Artists of the so-called Northern Renaissance, like the Flemish painter Rogier van der Weyden in his *Descent from the Cross* (1440), were so affected; and, without doubt, Fairford's glass also registers these Renaissance influences, as can be seen in the previous panes of the Crucifixion. Yet, in the portrayal of the limp and heavy Christ, his carrier wearing the nail-removing tongs tucked into his belt, we can also see the anticipation of another form of Netherlandish art: genre painting, a kind of visual vernacular that depicted scenes of common people in everyday life.

Strode surmised that it was literally this down-to-earth portrayal of Christ that had protected the window from the iconoclasts' stones.

> see
> His body taken from the Tree:
> Had ever death such life before?
> The limber corps, besullyd ore
> With meager palenesse, doth display
> A middle state twixt Flesh and Clay:
> His armes and leggs, his head and crowne,
> Like a true Lambskinne dangling downe,
> Who can forbeare, the Grave being nigh,
> To bring fresh oyntment in his eye?
> The wondrous art hath equall late,
> Unfencd and yet unviolate:
> The Puritans were sure deceivd,
> And thought those shadowes movde and heavde,
> So held from stoning Christ

In the window, Strode sees a Christ who inspires worldly compassion, one whose body has heft and presence, is evident, is self-evident, and wondrously mundane. Christ is not made into a monument, not cast as a graven image or idol, nor depicted as an abstract or superstitious icon. For all his implicit condemnation of the Puritans' action and beliefs, Strode shares them to some extent. The somatic vitality and materiality of Christ, which underwrites Strode's eulogy of the windows, is a concept that appealed to many of those designated Puritans. Perhaps "The Puritans" were not so much fooled as convinced by the non-iconic, non-idealistic, value of the "wondrous art."

"Protestantism," as Patrick Collinson succinctly states, "was a religion of the printed book, its devotees people of the book in a sense

that traditional Catholics had never been."[32] Consequently, there is a consensus that if "the English Reformation was nothing else, it was a massive onslaught on the concrete apparatus of that kind of religion, an iconoclastic holocaust of imagery."[33] And it is the acceleration of the post-war reassessment of Reformation goals and practices that underwrites that consensus. As contemporary scholarship continues to break up a singular or monolithic notion of the Reformation, or to examine and more deeply analyze its complex processes, Collinson looks to "some revisionary adjustments" in the dichotomy that sees a Catholicism hostile or indifferent to "the principle of Scripture," and ever in favor of the image; and a Protestant zeal for the vernacular word born out of a rabid iconophobia. My argument is that the parish church at Fairford provides the grounds for thinking about such an adjustment in our perception of Reformation religious aesthetics and dynamics. As stated above, the images in the windows at Fairford were, near uniquely in English terms, based on the *Biblia Pauperum*, which itself was rooted in the Gospels. Like the *Biblia Pauperum*, the design of Fairford's windows was also strongly influenced by the art of the Low Countries: a culture that continued to produce paintings, including some with religious themes,[34] throughout the intense period of the Reformation in Europe by using a colloquial style. The church at Fairford in which the Flemish influenced windows were housed was built by John Tame; a wealthy clothier, an upwardly mobile bourgeois, and just the kind of man who might have had sympathies with various proto-Protestant ideas. His church certainly does—with its rectangular shape and an eschewal of so many prior ecclesiastical and architectural forms. With few niches, and thus fewer statues, it is possible that the church provided less fuel for Cranmer's "jolly musters"[35] of the 1540s. As argued earlier, the status and effect of the Rood and its screen, which was so important in many other churches, was softened by the architectural design at Fairford. Although built with fine materials, and aside from the windows, decoration at St. Mary's also seems muted by the standard of the late Middle Ages. And in those windows, in their form, subject, and purpose, we may find what Collinson cites as "the spirit of all Protestant literature in the principle that Janel Mueller has called 'scripturalism.'"[36] In summation, the magnificent windows at St. Mary's along with its sober architecture are signs that reform was not only felt and anticipated but actually built at Fairford. As it stands, the structure challenges the way in which we might understand the "iconoclastic holocaust of imagery" that has overwhelmed our understanding of the Reformation in English cultural history.

A future that never was

In his provocative and ground-breaking national biography, *A History of British Art*, Andrew Graham-Dixon takes us to The Lady Chapel at Ely Cathedral to show us the "end of art" evident in the monumental iconoclastic attack that the Reformation inflicted on the statuary, pictures, and sculptures of the building. Like many others, this ruined chapel "is now a bare and grey place, starkly daylit, although it was not always so."[37] As a climacterical event in the life of the Cathedral and nation, the Reformation is correctly held accountable for this destruction, and for decisively severing "Britain's links with Continental Europe."[38] Near the conclusion of the chapter, "Dreams and Hammers," in which the enormity of Reformation destruction is cited, Graham-Dixon proceeds with a longing look at "the most beautiful dream of heaven to survive in all British art." He is referring to the *Wilton Diptych*, which he shows isolated in the "Renaissance wing of the National Gallery" standing all alone it seems for "the future that never was."[39] In making a claim to tell a more reliable tale about the "gaping holes punched in the fabric of its past by those radical, muscular acts of censorship and abolition which lie at the heart of the history of British art," we run the risk of propagating another kind of obfuscation. Although there is no doubt that iconoclastic forces trashed the chapel at Ely and many other churches throughout England, or that the exquisite beauty of the *Wilton Diptych* is beyond doubt, the attempt to redress the "willed amnesia" concerning the large-scale destruction that is signed "the Reformation" perpetuates other lapses in cultural memory and further elisions of history.

English culture, from a generation or so before the *Wilton Diptych* (1395–9), a painting thought by many including E. H. Gombrich to be the work of a "French master,"[40] struggled to produce painting and statuary that could equal or rival that generated by Continental artists. Aside from carvers who worked in materials like wood and alabaster, artists working in England, especially painters it seems, were pretty thin on the ground for many years after the Lady Chapel had been built and decorated at Ely.[41] In an attempt to redress what had appeared to be an historical oversight of the art of that particular period, and thus claiming to being the first major exhibition of its kind, the Victoria and Albert Museum staged "Gothic Art for England 1400–1547" in October, 2003. The exhibition was boldly billed as a display of the hitherto neglected art of England in the late Middle Ages. The title—Gothic Art *for* England (my emphasis)—was well chosen. Following the *Wilton Diptych* (painted *for* King Richard), many of the signature pieces of the

exhibition were not the work of English artists, and not even produced in England. The *Donne Triptych*, the work of the Flemish master, Hans Memling, was painted in Bruges; Pietro Torrigiano's sculptures from Henry VII's Lady Chapel in Westminster Abbey are no more English than they are Gothic; the magnificent *Dynham Tapestry* is probably Flemish; the *Withypool Altarpiece* was produced by the famous Venetian artist, Antonio da Solario; Window 7, *The Appearance of the Risen Christ to the Virgin Mary*, at Fairford, is of Flemish origin; and the *Jane Seymour Cup* was drawn by the Bavarian artist, Hans Holbein the Younger. Noticeably, then, it appears that as the English ruling class was fighting the French and among itself for national sovereignty, its art was being sourced abroad in a way that thoroughly elides what we mean by English or British art. What many of the signature pieces of the V&A exhibition reveal, ironically perhaps, is the extent to which the Gothic art being purchased by the English was art that was increasingly influenced by the Italian Renaissance or by the more subtle impact of Flemish realism or the Northern European Renaissance. "More closely than ever," Nicola Coldstream observes of the period immediately prior to that covered by the exhibition, "the courts of Europe shared artistic tastes and attitudes: not only did they emulate each other, but they employed the same artists."[42] And after the late fourteenth century these same artists were less and less likely to be English. Put bluntly, there is no easy claim to a seamless and vital tradition of English art emerging from the late Middle Ages only to be cut down in its prime by the Reformations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Reformation destruction too easily becomes a historical catch-all that disguises the fact that the fabric of English art was rent, or patched and interwoven by colonized or adopted foreign artists. This is evident all the way from the Frenchman who painted the *Wilton Diptych*, to the German born and European trained Hans Holbein, and on through the go-to Flemish court painter of the seventeenth century, Anthony van Dyck. We can argue about the difficulties of finding an appropriate way to define "English art" during this period, but we need to be careful about obscuring the paucity of indigenous artistic production in order to fit a cultural narrative about the meaning of the Reformation in English national history, including our notion of the concept and consistency of Gothic art in England.

Somewhat paradoxically, the idea of Reformation destruction as a sixteenth-century cultural earthquake along with its successive aftershocks helps to instantiate the myth of a unified form of English artistic expression manifest in Gothic architecture. It should be noted that major cathedral and abbey building petered out in the fourteenth century,

followed by a brief flurry of fabulous church and chapel construction in the late fifteenth century just ahead of the Reformation, after which we see the rapid wane of English Gothic architecture and art until the later revivals post-eighteenth century. As my argument above demonstrates, the church at Fairford augured a different possible direction for art in England and English ecclesiastical building. This direction was not consistent with the logic of the great decorative effusions manifest at Ely that so motivated the reformers. Indeed, just after Fairford's windows were installed, another, grander building in the Perpendicular style was having its glass made along similar pedagogical and scriptural designs. At King's College Chapel, glass reflecting "'the old law and the new law', that is the Old Testament and the life of Christ,"[43] supplanted an earlier design, possibly of "single figures and heraldic schemes."[44] This new design was originally drawn up by the King's Glazier (for both Henry VII and Henry VIII), Barnard Flower, a German or Flemish artist whose "hand may be traceable at St. Mary's, Fairford."[45] Flower died in 1517 after only four of the windows were completed. The rest were finished by others, including the man who succeeded him as the King's Glazier, Galyon Hone from the Netherlands. According to Hilary Wayment, the glazing of the College Chapel took place in three phases from 1515 to the end of Henry VIII's reign. Its windows, which Woodman reckons to be "the finest collection of sixteenth-century glass in England and one of the best in Europe,"[46] also survived the Edwardian iconoclastic activity and that which continued into Elizabeth's reign, as well as its resurgence during the English Civil War. The windows at King's College Chapel even survived the indefatigable William Dowsing who wrote an order in his Journal: "1643, King's Colledg, Dec. 26. steps to be taken, and one thousand superstitious pictures, the ladder of Christ, and theves to go upon, many crosses, and Jesus writ on them."[47] Not only were Dowsing's instructions ignored, but Woodman notes that the glass was even repaired "on no less that [*sic*] eight occasions between 1643 and 1650."[48] With so little escaping Dowsing and his ilk, it is reasonable to conjecture that, as at Fairford, iconoclastic reformers could at times be discerning—especially when encountering images that clearly did not agitate them. We cannot understand the forces of the Reformation without understanding some of the nuances of that energy, and coming to terms with what was and was not destroyed and why. Nor should we avoid coming to terms with the decline of English indigenous painting and sculpture at the close of the Middle Ages up to the Reformation by glossing discontinuities in English Gothic art, or filling in the gaps with art from the Continent.

Two Henrys

As we saw in Chapter 1, what has come to be understood as the essentially English nature of Gothic has been variously revived and rebuilt so that Englishness and Gothic have become reciprocally identifying. It would be hard to find a figure who used the Gothic as a way to articulate an innately English style in service of a national identity with himself at its heart more than Henry VII. Although he defeated by arms Richard III, the rightful Yorkist wearer of the crown, Henry Tudor's claim to the throne was weak. Henry's paternal grandfather, Owen Tudor, had had a secretive relationship—which may or may not have been a marriage—with Catherine of Valois, the widow of Henry V. Catherine and Owen produced Edmund Tudor, half brother to Henry VI (the son of Henry V and Catherine). For Henry Tudor the bloodline back to the Lancastrians, or even to the House of Plantagenet, was thinner than the Yorkist scion he had defeated. Not surprisingly, Henry VII's reign was spent consolidating, legitimizing, and securing his position within the English state, the success of which was no less important to the establishment of the House of Tudor than was his military victory at Bosworth. Along with political maneuvering, at which he was as ruthless as he was skilful, Henry rapidly developed the Lancastrian-Tudor craft of manipulating his public image. It was for this political purpose that he funded the glass at Fairford. His master glazier, Barnard Flower, produced complex designs devised by Richard Fox, Henry's trusted advisor and Lord Privy Seal. Fox and Flower used a typological template to weave political portraits into the biblical narrative such that, at Fairford, a number of likenesses of Henry's family were embedded into the design of the glass, including one of the king himself on a stairway to Heaven.[49] It was a daring and economical way of linking the old law with the new. Not only do these "hidden portraits" give the Tudor-nouveau unimpeachable credentials in relation to biblical and Christian authority, but they alter the nature of religious imagery, making it more overtly and contemporaneously political, something his granddaughter, Elizabeth, would do so skillfully as she appropriated Marian iconography after the Reformation. Along with fixing himself in the depiction of the salvation, Henry also secured the loyalty of fellow arrivistes like the wealthy wool merchant, John Tame, builder of St. Mary's. Henry Tudor became highly adept at using architecture for overtly political purposes and set the standard for others to follow.

In terms of its ideological impact and the move to construct an edifice of national power and legitimacy, the Lady Chapel at Westminster has

Figure 2.4 In the foreground, left, a section of the wall of Henry VII's Lady Chapel, Westminster Abbey; in the background, on the right, is the Palace of Westminster. Photograph by John Twyning.

few equals (Figure 2.4). Still today a site of patriotic pilgrimage, Henry Tudor's mausoleum sought to redefine our understanding of English history and of his place and that of his House in it. David Howarth writes that "Henry VII pondered his death because it was a vital aspect of his future; the tomb was an elaborate form of autobiography."[50] What Henry lacked in blood, he made up for in semiotic and symbolic manipulation as he ensconced himself into the Lancastrian claim to the throne, which had brought him (to) England. To achieve these ambitions, he had initially planned to rest forever beside the last Lancastrian king, his half-uncle: Henry VI. Howarth indicates how he reshaped that strategy:

> Henry had intended to be buried at Windsor; a burial which was to have been preceded by the internment of the remains of his uncle Henry VI, to whom he was devoted, and about whose person an aura of sanctity had developed within a few years of what had probably been his murder in the Tower of London in 1471. But then Henry VII had abandoned the idea of locating their tombs at Windsor when

> persuaded by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster that it had been his uncle's intention to have himself laid to rest at Westminster.[51]

Adopting his uncle's idea, but leaving him at the now revamped Windsor, Henry requisitioned Westminster for his own final resting place. In so doing he proceeded to authorize one of the most audacious and significant architectural interpolations in English history. Work began on razing the existing Lady Chapel at Westminster Abbey, which had been built by the Plantagenet Henry III, whose grand vision had been behind the Abbey's extensive (re)construction, begun in the thirteenth century. Built on the easternmost end of the Abbey, Henry Tudor's chapel not only took a larger footprint than Henry's but was, and remains, one of the most spectacular Gothic buildings constructed at the end of the Middle Ages in England. It was described in 1545 by the traveling antiquarian John Leland as the "wonder of the entire world";[52] and Francis Bacon noted that Henry VII "lieth buried at Westminster in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe."[53] Few since have disagreed; and although its architect may be lost to time, the Chapel lays claim to being the finest building in the Perpendicular style ever to be constructed.

As England's coronation church since the last Anglo-Saxon king, Harold II, Westminster Abbey stands as the *sine qua non* of legitimate and perpetual English sovereignty. Henry VII's new Lady Chapel effectively rearranged and redesigned the Abbey's political, religious, and historical space and significance. Immediate entry to the Chapel is through and from Henry V's chantry, whereupon twelve broad black marble steps take you up toward the mausoleum that contains Henry VII's tomb where he rests alongside his Queen, Elizabeth of York. In eternal repose, this inaugural Tudor monarch comfortably affiliates himself with that most stellar and authentic of Lancastrians and Englishmen: Henry V. It was Henry V who had wiped away the stain of usurpation from his father's reign and legitimized the House of Lancaster; and it was Henry V who, legendarily, united England even as he (re)captured large chunks of France; and, of course, it was Henry V who had been married to Henry VII's grandmother. Above all, though, it was Henry V who defeated the now properly foreign French at the Battle of Agincourt, ballads and chronicles of which became increasingly popular during the rise of the Tudors. Building an extension of this popular English hero was part of a significant architectural realignment within the Abbey to cement the legitimacy of Henry VII's rule. A direct line runs from the High Altar and the Coronation Chair, the spiritual heart of Westminster

Abbey, through the tomb of Edward the Confessor, the much revered, sainted, and unimpeachable Anglo-Saxon king, on through the tomb of Henry V, upwards in line with the burial chamber of Henry VII and Queen Elizabeth of York, and then onwards to the Altar of Our Lady and eastwards toward the Holy Land and to God. Henry VII's renovation of Henry III's chapel deliberately appropriated and reconstructed history, constructing him as rightfully part of a Lancastrian, Plantagenet, pre-Conquest lineage. Henry materially, symbolically, and ideologically grafted himself onto English rootstock and English history, all the while trying to ensure his access to the divine. Throughout the Middle Ages, Lady chapels were built as a form of intercession for salvation that was mediated by Christ's mother, and were understood to be an especially English characteristic.

Not least of the factors contributing to the reputation of Henry's Lady Chapel is the spectacular fan vaulting that became one of the signature features of the late grand Perpendicular Gothic (Figure 2.5). Geometrically complex, the ceiling deploys a series of pendants, which

Figure 2.5 Westminster Abbey, Lady Chapel Interior. Photograph by permission of Eric Parker

anchor the intricate carving that "spread that branching roof / Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells."[54] Sited in this celestial magnificence, within the trefoil and quatrefoil designs, were the badges and images that represent Henry's sovereign, secular, dynastic claims and status. Howarth cites the details of Henry's will, which shows how much care he took to ensure that a barrage of "Ymagies, Armes, Bagies and Cognoisaunts, as is by us redily divised"[55] were richly represented. These include three secular badges, which encapsulated the mainspring of Henry's (earthly) power: the fleur-de-lys indicating his claim to the throne of France; the portcullis, an emblem associated with his mother's grandfather, John Beaufort, the (illegitimate) son of John of Gaunt (Duke of Lancaster), which strengthens as it reveals Henry's tenuous connection to that House; and finally, the rose emblem, which heralds the so-called merger of the Houses of Lancaster and York, and the beginning of the Tudors. Also festooned with political emblems is the screen that shields Henry's tomb, which has, along with the portcullis and the rose, symbols of his origins: the greyhound of Richmond, and the Welsh dragon.

In style, the tomb screen of Henry's chapel is in keeping with the building's interior and exterior. In other words, it is a grandiose and intricate masterpiece of Perpendicular Gothic architectural carving. However, a shock awaits anyone who moves inside the screen to see the tomb itself, which has been constructed in a completely different style. In an instant we move from the acme of Perpendicular Gothic, which deliberately reached back to the architecture of the feudal past, to what was in the early sixteenth century a contemporaneous example of Italian Renaissance art. As Howarth puts it, the "tomb of Henry VII was the most triumphant collaboration of the visual arts in the entire English Renaissance."[56] The final resting place, then, of Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York was produced by the pugnacious and brilliant Florentine sculptor, Pietro Torrigiano,[57] and is commonly understood to be the finest Renaissance tomb north of the Alps. It is certainly not Gothic. In marble and gilded bronze, the ornate and magnificent carving of the tomb features sumptuous pairs of putti holding Henry's accumulated coats of arms. Badges and emblems are carved into the pillars and entablature. Most memorable are the marble effigies carved by Torrigiano at the top of his game. Howarth observes that "the first of the Tudors and his consort lie awake and robed, hands piously clasped in prayer."[58] The personal features of their faces are rendered in the idealized and humanistic aesthetic of Renaissance art. Both figures are clothed in rich material, carved as if draped over their recumbent

bodies. The folds create contrasts and depth: shadows, highlights, and texture. The complex arrangement of their garments suggests a flow of energy from the incarnate figures they barely shroud. Elegantly posed, and meticulously sculpted, Henry reclines without a crown, looking like an Italian Renaissance prince in momentary repose. However splendid, he also looks utterly incongruous in his surroundings—like "Ovid," say, "among the Goths."

But this is not the tomb that Henry wanted! Despite leaving detailed plans, the extant design of his tomb arose out of an ideological struggle over the meaning of Tudor iconography. In fact, "Henry VII enjoined his executors to provide a tomb which has been described as a monument of traditional Gothic character, apparently quite unaffected by either French or Italian influence," writes Howarth, and this "in turn was rejected by Henry VIII and finally between 1512 and 1519, at the fourth attempt, Torrigiano went on to create the monument to be seen in the Abbey."[59] Henry VII, the first Tudor, wanted to be represented in the same elegant and attenuated manner as those English kings near to him, those he deemed to be his predecessors. So rather than inhabiting a tomb that connected him in iconic perpetuity to his historical forefathers, and to the whole architectural and national structure around him, Henry VII's tomb by Torrigiano, however magnificent, stands as a radical departure from that history. What irony.

For his son, this deceptive move was far from ironic. The neoclassicism that Henry VIII perpetrated upon his father is an index of his own aspirations and ideological methods to establish the state. Henry VIII may have been the first English monarch to use neoclassical art and architecture to demarcate his reign, to provide a clear statement of a new order, but he would not be the last.[60] More than merely modish, Henry VIII's neoclassical aesthetics assert control over the past, its uses, and the sources of its legitimacy. Through his Gothic interventions, Henry VII wanted to place himself as the ordained and inevitable consequence of a monarchical and lineal logic, which stretched back to the House of Plantagenet and beyond. Henry VIII, on the other hand, sought to lay claim to an older, more mythical past manifest in the iconography of antiquity. He also, as Howarth reveals, wanted to supersede his father, requiring Torrigiano to make his own tomb "one fourth larger"[61] than that which he had commissioned for Henry VII. Despite his plans for a superlative tomb, after his death Henry VIII fell victim to his own grave practices. Although he left many of the bits and pieces half-made ready for his tomb, none of his offspring appeared to have the will or inclination to carry out their father's wishes. Eventually, the

various components of his tomb were sold off in Cromwell's time, and Henry VIII remains buried under a plain slab of marble in St. George's Chapel.

Tomb building may not have been Henry VIII's forte, but possessing contemporary structures of power and status certainly was. In terms of architectural edifices, Henry is mostly known for building military fortifications, and appropriating palaces, houses, and land from others, especially from Cardinal Wolsey and the Catholic Church. Forts aside, we tend to think of Henry as an acquirer rather than a builder, yet what could be deemed his greatest construction project has almost slipped out of our sight. In 1538, six months after the birth of his much anticipated son, Edward, Henry ordered work to begin on one of the most extraordinary buildings ever constructed in England: Nonsuch Palace. He oversaw the design of this fantastic monument wanting it to be a grand gesture of departure from the era we now call the Middle Ages—a departure in which he was already playing no small part. Henry looked to brand the Tudor dynasty by breaking ground for what was arguably the single grandest secular, non-military, building erected in England up until that time. In the midst of a cultural revolution, one that saw church building wane, and with the forces of iconoclasm on the move, Henry pursued the same kind of radical redefinition of the aesthetics of English rule and culture that he had begun at Westminster with his father's tomb. With meticulous care, he built a structure that "none-such" had been seen before (Figure 2.6). Rather than colonizing English history like his father, the stylistic swagger of Nonsuch was an attempt at another kind of cultural appropriation. Having broken with Rome and a pan-European Catholicism, and ever seeking an excuse to square off against the French, Henry made a bid to annex Renaissance art in the form of a "hunting lodge," one that would cost a staggering 50 per cent more to build than the mighty Hampton Court Palace, which he had already taken from Cardinal Wolsey's estate.

Nonsuch's most remarkable stylistic feature was the mass of sculpture, stuccoes, and painting covering the walls. Serious full-scale excavations to determine the dimensions and character of Nonsuch were only started in 1959. With a lower floor constructed of stone, the upper stories were built in wood: the "timbers of which were invisible, encrusted with plaques of carved and gilded slate, but they held three registers of *stucco duro* panels, moulded in high relief."[62] In effect, Nonsuch was a giant neoclassical picture book in relief-paneled form: black slate borders, which framed stucco panels approximately 54 by 36 inches in size. From the archeological excavations, and from the pictures by Hoefnagel

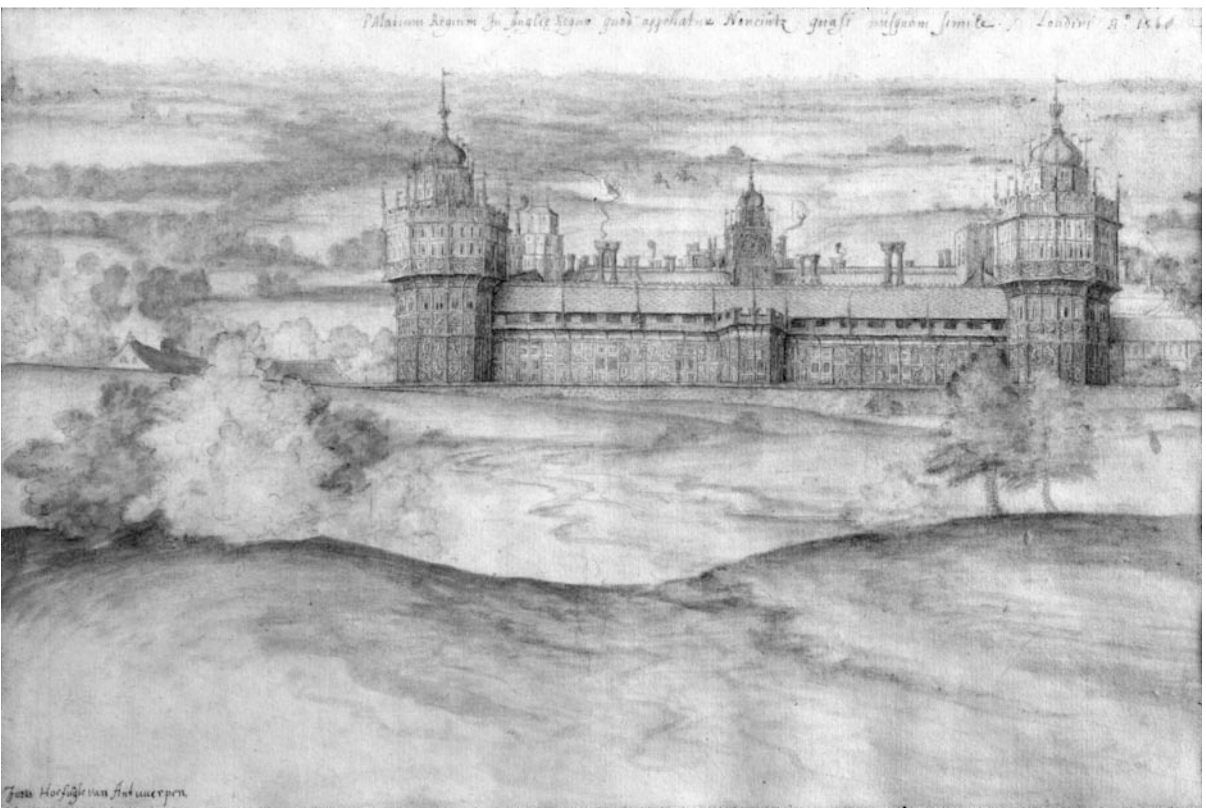


Figure 2.6 Joris Hoefnagel, Nonsuch Palace (1568), begun by Henry VIII in 1538. By permission of the Bridgeman Art Library.

and Speed, Martin Biddle calculates that the overall decorative scheme covered an area of about 900 by 24 feet minimum, around 21,600 square feet. Although it is difficult to determine the exact parameters of the decorative program from the fragments and remains, it seems to have run the gamut of neoclassical art and orders; including "representations of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* [...] figures of the Roman emperors from Julius Caesar to Aemilianus [...] the life of Hercules from the cradle to his death on Mount Œtna."[63] A variety of classical gods and goddesses were also depicted, and situated among the Greco-Roman deities could be found Henry, his wife and son.[64]

With even less subtlety than his father's interpolations at Fairford, Henry and Prince Edward appeared on the walls at Nonsuch as icons of antiquity: classical, beyond the vagaries of history, and at one with the gods. Nonsuch was "a vaunting of the Tudors, and a talisman for the dynasty."[65] According to Biddle, the fragments found "show that Nonsuch decorations were in the mannerist fashion [...] keeping abreast of developments both stylistic and iconographic that were taking place at Fontainebleau in the 1540's."[66] Without doubt, Nonsuch was an attempt to imitate and outdo Henry's European rival, Francois I, the king of France. But Nonsuch also sought to redefine the relationship between aesthetics and power, which had hitherto been largely accorded to Gothic art and architecture. How telling that at the very moment Henry was suppressing, seizing, and demolishing all the monasteries in England—hundreds of religious houses, many the finest exemplars of their particular Gothic style—he was devising the grandest and gaudiest display of neoclassical art in Northern Europe. For a while, then, it looked like the early Tudors were set to embrace classical art and architecture as their particular brand of political settlement. Such a monumental investment in neoclassical art went way beyond the flirtation with the so-called International Style of the previous century. The art of Nonsuch was, like the usurpation of Henry VII's tomb, a massive attempt to re-imagine the source of English sovereignty beyond or outside Gothic history.

With the state encouraging, licensing, and mandating the destruction of Catholic-Gothic artifacts through the 1540s, the legitimacy with which Renaissance forms could now be endowed must have seemed safe, logical, and attractive. Following Henry's death in 1547, and at the height of Reformation iconoclastic activity, the most powerful man in England was, arguably, the Duke of Somerset (Edward Seymour): uncle and Lord Protector to the very sick and very Protestant Edward VI. In 1549, to cement his political status, Somerset built Somerset Place (Old

Somerset House) on the bank of the Thames between Westminster and the City of London. Albeit no Nonsuch, it was still by anyone's standards a grandiose structure built in the new neoclassical style deploying both doric and ionic orders. If Nonsuch is set aside, Somerset Place could well claim to be the first major building in a full-blown Renaissance style built in England. Somerset echoed Henry's architectural aesthetic as he attempted to adhere to his power and influence. However, a precipitous fall from grace was usually final in Tudor politics, and in 1552 Somerset was executed for treason. How ironic that among his allegedly treasonous acts was the aggressive acquisition of materials from the demolition of chapels, churches, and cloisters in the area including some buildings connected to St. Paul's. Somerset Place was built during the time when the most substantial material assault on the fabric of medieval art and architecture was ongoing. Somerset Place and its inspiration, Nonsuch, represent the high point of Tudor neoclassicism as a form and style by which national power and political order were given form, a habitation, and a name.[67] Neither building has survived. The Lady Chapel at Westminster, however, endures as a premier site of Gothic tourism and influenced the retro-Gothic design of the Houses of Parliament.

3
Tracing the Wild Man in Shakespeare's England

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang[1]

Out of the woods

Standing in the Lady Chapel at Ely Cathedral, it is hard not to be overwhelmed by the structure that confronts you (Figure 3.1). The scope and intensity of the iconoclastic destruction is matched, over matched, by the wonder produced by that which has survived. What was it like when all the brilliantly painted statues were still in place; when the walls were completely colored in patterns of red, green, and gold; when the windows displayed a kaleidoscope of figures and color; when all the stone wall carving and statuary in its marvelously innovative detail was still intact; when beautiful paintings still covered the walls; when the magnificently carved and decorated altar dedicated to the Virgin, framed by the huge window, caught the eye? Whatever the affect on the fourteenth-century viewer, the senses must have been saturated by the layers of decorative riches. Such musing is now possible and demanded both by what remains and by the visible effects of the fear and fury, and vigor, of the destruction. Empty unadorned windows, with incongruously complex window tracery, shed plain light upon a kind of massacre. All the free-standing statuary has been abducted: the missing bodies marked by scores of empty niches. Of the figures carved into gabled arcade, most every head has been hacked off. Architectural forensics clearly reveals the line and depth of the gouges that trace the ferocity of the blows by hammer and chisel as they deface or obliterate their target. A plain refectory table stands in place of the missing altar. Completed in the mid-fourteenth century, the building was an artistic

Figure 3.1 Ely Cathedral, Lady Chapel, c. 1349, with arches scoured and defaced by sixteenth-century Protestant reformers. Photograph by John Twyning.

tour de force dedicated to the life and worship of the Virgin Mary. With so much missing, the arcade has become the signature feature that runs around the whole of the ground floor featuring complex and multidimensional ogee arches, leaning out from the wall, below their ornate gables. The Chapel is the apotheosis of what, after Rickman, we call the English Decorated Gothic style. Once detested by religious zealots, it has become beloved by mavens of Gothic architecture since the late eighteenth century. One wonders, though, with our reformed sensibility, whether as contemporary viewers we would have thought the original a bit gaudy and cultish (Plate 7)?

In the face of such loss and destruction, it seems easy to condemn the philistinism of those responsible for the despoliation that was unleashed during the Reformation. The Lady Chapel at Ely offers in palpable and concentrated form a glimpse of what happened to thousands of other religious houses throughout England. To view this once magnificent edifice now stripped and scoured is to sense the trauma and discontinuity of the past. Clearly an extraordinary form of social and artistic energy was unleashed here, and English history and culture would necessarily be called upon to process and gloss its consequences and ruptures. Although the Virgin Mary's function in English architecture

had waxed through the Middle Ages, Ely stands as a monument to her apotheosis and decline. But Ely does not merely represent all that is or was lost. Forms of expression that were missed or ignored by the iconoclast's hammer, chisel, and gouge, and etiolated by time, began to take on new life and meaning.

At first glance, that which remains on and around the arches and sculpted into the spandrels and capitals on the walls at Ely, is a parade of ghostly figures immersed in and surrounded by a detailed landscape of foliage and dense organic material (Plate 8). Such deep and textured carving was the epitome of the decorative force that gave this style of Gothic its name. Oak leaves, acorns and cups, ivy, tendrils, leaf crockets and crops, flowers, buds, and other vegetation, are all arranged with extraordinary complexity to form a luxuriantly crowded green background. As the eye searches for discernable form in the mass of interwoven leaves and textures, other carefully half-disguised figures emerge to catch the viewer by surprise. Careful study reveals small animals, snails, goblins, grinning and grotesque faces, miniature dragons, griffins, wyverns, hybrid human-animal creatures, devils, and, more prominently featured, faces of the green man characteristically wreathed in foliage, which emerges from his mouth and forms his brows and hair. Occasionally a curved leaf will hint at another form, or a small bestial figure seems disguised by its foliate curves. Sometimes where you expect to see a clump of leaves, carved into a cusp, say, instead you find a small grotesque face looking at you (Figures 3.2a–3.2f). Wittily carved, the figures, once noticed, jump out at you like the pranksters and hobgoblins that were deemed to inhabit England's ancestral woods. Hundreds of these peculiar creatures and hybrid forms are featured not just in the Lady Chapel but throughout Ely Cathedral. Even though some of the wild and bestial faces were carved onto the apex of the arch's cusps at a point where they were clearly easier to knock off than to leave, the Puritan reformers appear to have ignored these residual pagan figures and the wooded world that they inhabited. It was a world, though, that not only remained to bear some of the cultural energy bound up with the missing iconic figures, but one which had an extensive history and a complex cultural genealogy.

Although by the end of the fourteenth century, "cathedrals lost their leading role in English architecture,"[2] and the style of mass decoration seen at the Ely Chapel had already come to a close, the figures and landscape embedded in the carved arches of the arcade can be found in many other locations, often semi-hidden, throughout English ecclesiastical art and architecture of the late Middle Ages. All of the motifs

(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

(e)

(f)

Figure 3.2a–f Ely Cathedral, Lady Chapel, figure-foliage (detail). Photographs by John Twyning.

and figures cited here are consistently featured in misericord and stall carvings, roof bosses, and, earlier, in the margins of illuminated manuscripts and bestiaries. In fact, these goblins, grotesqueries, and green men, often crowd the marginal and interstitial places and spaces of the church: under seats, on the roofs, and in the walls. Misericords were designed as hinged seats that could be tipped up to offer relief for infirm monks as they stood up for prayers, and the underside provided a semi-discrete place for all kinds of carving: figures and creatures from the bible, burlesques, folk mythology, clerical satires, everyman-style morality scenes, proverbs, and heraldry. They began to appear consistently in England during the thirteenth century, flourished in the fourteenth century, and continued to be carved until the Reformation. As a form, they are predominantly "found in the colder countries, north of the Alps: Switzerland, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, and England."[3] Stylistically speaking, many of them, without doubt, confirm Ruskin's sense of a "rude and wild" North. As the form developed in England, misericords became especially dramatic and structurally complex. According to Christa Grössinger,

> A certain misericord design developed in the thirteenth century that was unique to England in that it differed from Continental forms. It consisted of a principal carving in the centre with subsidiary carvings in the supporters, emanating from either side of the bracket.[4]

Installed in the fourteenth century, Hereford Cathedral boasts a spectacular range of this kind of English misericord. One of which shows a wild man grappling with a lion located in the central position under the seat (Plate 9). It is designed in the form of a triptych with the centerpiece under the shelf-seat being connected by curvilinear stays to smaller panels of oak foliage: emblematic of the woods that is the scene's context. Carved in semi-relief, the composition is surprisingly detailed given the toughness of the oak and the irregularity of its grain. There is extraordinary dynamism, drama, and tension in the contest presented. As the wild man grabs a hunk of the creature's haunches to control it, he puts his other hand on its shoulder in order to tame it. His strength is displayed clearly as he engages in combat with such a famously fierce animal. "No beast, no matter how mighty or savage is ever secure against a wild man's perpetual aggressiveness," notes Richard Bernheimer in his account of the wild man in the Middle Ages.[5] Carving like this at Hereford undoubtedly displays a kind of rude and complex elegance, and it was at Ely that misericords further played with the

form of "expanded narratives in the supporters."[6] The triptych pattern enabled intricate and complicated scenes to be enacted, and fostered "a reading of the stories across the whole body of a misericord, as if moving the eye along the margin of a Book of Hours."[7] During the fourteenth century, English misericords increased in sophistication: both in their technique, through an intricate elegance of semi-relief carving; and in style, through an enhanced symbolic and narrative repertoire. Not only were figures used in imaginative and witty ways, but they increasingly appeared in complex dramatic arrangements: scenes of woods and trees, architectural settings, ships, and various other contexts. Always stylized, misericord depictions can be understood as a form of landscape and/or theatre; offering versions of parables, morality tales, or biblical stories carved in a kind of vernacular.

One figure came to be featured with extraordinary prominence across a whole range of carvings and other media: the wild man and his derivatives, the most common of which was the green man. Many forms of the wild/green man can be found throughout Ely Cathedral. In fact, very few cathedrals or churches in England, especially those that have had some remodeling in the thirteenth century or afterwards do not have a green man or two tucked away under a seat, up in the roof, hidden in the capitals of a pier, or the spandrels (Plates 10a–10b, Figures 3.3). Usually depicted with a hybrid face, part foliage and part man, the green man is both figure and landscape: man and wood or

Figure 3.3 Hereford Cathedral, ceiling boss, green/wild man. Photograph by John Twyning.

tree. The symbolic economy of the green man's representation made it a signature Gothic characteristic. Ruskin's maxim tells us, "If there be no foliation anywhere, the building is assuredly imperfect Gothic."[8] The green man, and a whole compendium of devils, imps, and other figures who have their roots in wild man mythology, taps into the idea of a Gothic-forest belt that runs across Northern Europe reaching as far as the Carpathians. This European forest has been a consistent if uneven resource for the racial and historical imagination and a prime site for the exploration of shifting structures of belief, including the hybrid green man.[9] In many ways, green man figures are somewhat anachronistic or out of place in a Christian church especially, as at Ely, located within a Lady Chapel dedicated to worship of the Virgin. According to Bernheimer, the wild man "belongs to the pre-Christian world and thus to that large group of figments of native religion to which the church learned to extend limited toleration after having failed to exterminate them."[10] Limited toleration does not quite come to terms with the range and durability of the wild/green man figures as symbols of a pagan or folk tradition in England. With the increasing embellishment of ecclesiastical buildings with wild man figures and its ancillaries after the thirteenth century we are able to bear witness to the wholesale adoption of foliation in Gothic decorative art and structure from the late thirteenth century onwards as an extensive colonization or cooption of folk beliefs and emblems.

As a crypto-pagan figure, the wild man begins to appear in literature and art around the mid-thirteenth century, though "the period of his great popularity does not begin before the second part of the fourteenth century."[11] For Bernheimer, his increased appearance within this time frame is marked by a diminution of his pagan religious status, and that his aura "dissipated once his uncouth figure began to appear in drolleries and pageants."[12] Ironically, then, the price of the wild man's survival appeared to depend upon his increasing visibility and popularity as a theatrical device or performer.

Having once flourished in England in various forms of late medieval carving and on the pages of manuscripts, the wild man also appeared in popular street pageants, and thence worked his way as a theatrical character on to the stage, frequently turning up at festivals from the beginning of the early sixteenth century. Early instantiations of the wild man in his dramatic persona depict him as an accessory to royal entertainments and aristocratic pageants. A wheeled pageant for Prince Arthur's wedding entertainment in 1501 included three wodewose (wild men of the forest), one in front and two behind. Later in the

century, as the wodewose became a regular feature of civic pageants such as the Lord Mayor's Show of 1575, Robert Hillis Goldsmith notes that "wild men were hired to walk before the procession, scatter their fireworks into the crowd, and keep the way clear for the pageant which followed."[13] Although he cites many appearances of the wodewose in aristocratic pageants and entertainments, Goldsmith cannot quite explain the durability or popularity of this figure. "In the English revels of the time, records show that the wodewose had no very prominent or dramatic role to perform," he notes, being "nothing more than a porter in grotesque clothing."[14] Whether this is accurate or not, as we get to the Shakespearean stage, characters like "Puck, *or Robin Goodfellow*" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (*MSND*), enter as versions and vestiges of the ubiquitous wild man of earlier English seasonal festivities.

Akin to their sculpted and painted counterparts, the dramatic wodewose were commonly attired in green moss, ivy, and other foliage (sometimes stylized through green silk), and often carried a club that consisted of, traditionally, a whole uprooted (oak) tree. For the person playing the part of the wild man, Bernheimer notes that "the original meaning of such disguises seems to have been that the performer regarded himself and was regarded as the living recipient of the wild man's power, indeed as the living wild man himself."[15] This power was rooted in the concept of "the Wild Hunt or the Wilde-Horde—that spectral chase known as the Furious Host—which races in certain winter nights through the valleys and deserted villages, destroying every living thing it meets in its way."[16] However much clearing the way for civic pageants or keeping order at aristocratic entertainments was a diminished version of the torrential force of the Wilde-Horde, Goldsmith's work on the theatrical representation of the wild man does reveal how popular this figure was at English public festivities and later on the Tudor stage.

"To trace the forests wild" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

One of the reasons why Shakespeare's dramatic recycling of the medieval wild men, wodewose, green men, or their derivatives, goes relatively unnoticed is that they are rarely depicted in his plays in any kind of straightforward manner.[17] Instead, as in plays like *MSND*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It* (*AYLI*), the drama is interpolated with a variety of mixed wild man motifs, partial characterizations, and adaptations, often cryptically, in a manner not structurally dissimilar to the carving

at Ely or their representation in medieval romances. What this means is that multifarious aspects of the wild man are woven throughout the play, thereby providing a dense and interconnected text and context, which can be, and is, overwritten by, or mixed with, other texts and forms (Figures 3.4a–3.4b)

The intractable set of social circumstances that underwrites the drama of *MSND* produces a dilemma for the ruling patriarchal order, one that is linked to female autonomy and political and governmental authority.

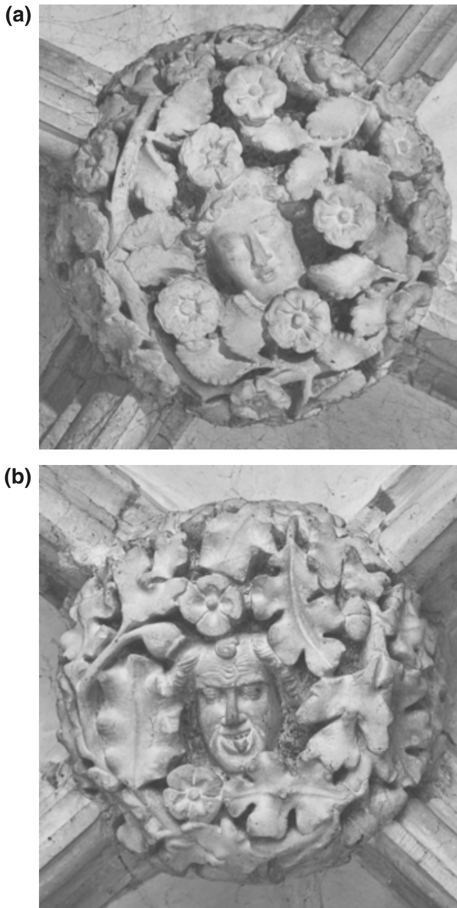


Figure 3.4a–b Hereford Cathedral, ceiling boss, wild nobleman in the woods. Photograph by John Twyning.

Looking for a political settlement following the defeat of the Amazons, Theseus, the Duke of Athens, aims to gloss and secure his control of their queen, Hippolyta (literally, an untamed mare), through marriage and an accompanying pageant. Obstructing this process is Egeus's frustration with his apparently untamable daughter, Hermia, because she will not marry the man of his choosing: Demetrius. Hermia would rather marry Lysander, a decision that would not only be against her father's will but, as said father is quick to note, against the traditional patriarchal laws of Athens. If the law is upheld as Egeus demands, then Hermia will be consigned to exile or execution, which would hardly be a productive augury for Theseus' new political settlement secured as it is through marriage. If Hermia accedes to her father's wish, her socially bruising subjugation by the law would taint the royal settlement and expose the political motivations of aristocratic love while compromising the ensuing revelry necessary for the viability and stability of the ruling order in Athens. Paradoxically, then, Hermia's autonomy, her choice, places her in direct conflict with Hippolyta's apparent, albeit taciturn, quiescence after being "woo'd" with Theseus' sword.

To escape "sharp Athenian law," the lovers, Hermia and Lysander, flee to "the wood" outside Athens. They are pursued there by the jilted Demetrius, and the jilted Helena whom Demetrius had loved before transferring his affections to Hermia. In crossing the threshold of the wood, the four lovers enter a cultural landscape that is not solely an archetype, dubbed as such by Northrop Frye who termed it a "green world,"[18] but a crucible of folk mythology, social history, and a complex cultural repository. It is also the domain of the wild man. The wood was not merely his abode, but, as the embodied form which the green man signifies, his habitus. It was in the woods that those bereft of their wits found a medium that matched their temperament. In medieval romances lorn lovers or men slighted by the demands of or betrayal by the object of their love invariably ended up in the woods "expressing their sadness and degradation by leading the life of a wild man."[19] Similarly, for those socially disenfranchised, ideologically disoriented, ontologically troubled or emotionally agitated, the wood was deemed to be the natural place to dwell. Being in the wood, then, covered a wide range of the various social forms of dispossession, especially when being deprived access to or excluded from the community to which you belonged or should belong. Sophisticated medieval representations of the green man that depict a disturbed, agitated, and frenzied face that is dynamically hybrid—simultaneously man and beast and flesh and foliage—encapsulate this state of being. Sometimes the image appears

as an agitated man's face fettered by stems and foliage, or consumed by forces that appear organic and natural. In pursuing Hermia and Lysander, and being pursued by Helena whose advice brought him to the wood, Demetrius begins to take on the characteristic state of the green man or wodewose and vice versa.

> Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood;
> And here I am, and wood within this wood
> Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
>
> (*MSND*, II, i, 191–3)

Demetrius borrows the homonym "woo'd" from Theseus to indicate his enforced wooing by Helena, as he also deploys the slang term[20] "wood" to express his desire for Hermia. At the same time, in the phrase "wood within this wood," he embraces older meanings of the word: that the Middle English "term for 'wood' had a homophone *wode*, 'mad'" as William Sayers notes.[21] For Demetrius, the phrase "here I am, and wood within this wood," locates him in a place that corresponds to his social and emotional state, thus he becomes a kind of man-wood hybrid similar to the green man, who is often depicted angry, trapped, and distraught. Unable to have the woman who should be his bride by patriarchal right and the law of the state, Demetrius, then, joins a long list of noblemen depicted as quite beside themselves and forlorn, wandering in the woods and there becoming increasingly feral as his threat to Helena indicates: "I'll do thee mischief in the wood." In fact, both Demetrius and Lysander become more violent when they enter, and are affected by, the wood.

Eventually, it is the later dramatic reshaping of Demetrius's consciousness, which occurs as a result of his breakdown and reconstitution in the woodland realm, that paves the way for the Athenian aristocracy socially and politically to get "out of the woods." The trials of the four lovers within the woods outside Athens is a riff on the German medieval romance, *Der Busant*, in which eloping royal lovers flee to a forest to avoid a political marriage, become separated when they sleep, whereupon the prince becomes wild and disoriented (and yet, like Hermia and Helena, the princess is much less affected by the wood) and is later captured by a Duke who is out hunting. Later the couple becomes reconciled with all appropriate pomp and revels once the wild man-prince has been rehabilitated. In the harmonious versions of this tale, the social and political restoration of the wild man is essential for the resolution and reconstitution of the ruling order.

Working toward a corresponding socio-political resolution, in *MSND*, are a number of denizens of the wood; all of whom are representations of or are connected to the wodewose or wild man, even though they come from a variety of cultural sources and texts. In the first scene set in the wood, we encounter "*a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.*" Wandering "everywhere" decorating nature, the Fairy is a somewhat benign vestige of the ubiquitous natural force that stems from the wild man: the productive force of nature. Puck, on the other hand, represents a somewhat more malevolent aspect of the wild man, that which is associated with tempest and destruction; a "wicked wight," one who brings nightmares, "evil spirits, / Fairies, weasels, rats and ferrets."[22] Here, though, he is more the prankster as represented in the highly popular *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests. Full of honest Mirth; and is a fit Medicine for Melancholy*.[23] Such tricksters consistently turned up in church decoration and architecture in the late Middle Ages, and we can see that early modern drama leans on an ecclesiastical art that had assiduously adopted and domesticated the wilder and more threateningly diabolical and pagan aspects of the wild man. Consequently, later versions of the wild man "assumed roles that personified cynicism, merriment, and holiday; and in England this path led him to become Robin Goodfellow, Robin Hood, and even Father Christmas."[24]

Sprites and little devils popped up all over England from the end of the thirteenth century onwards. One of Robin Goodfellow's cousins, the Lincolnshire Imp, according to local legend, was turned into stone by an angel as he was smashing up furniture in the local Cathedral. To this day, the Imp can be seen in Lincoln Cathedral clad in leaves and surrounded by foliage sitting in the spandrel atop a pillar overlooking the chancel (Figures 3.5a–3.5b). Like many a hobgoblin, the Lincolnshire Imp became embedded in the fabric of the church and the community, no longer marauding the country and disrupting the church. Instead he has been brought inside the official edifice to adorn, endorse, and even add presence to the local habitation whose name he bears. Appearing later as figures in English parochial parades, the antisocial and aggressive behavior of pranksters like Robin Goodfellow became channeled into a form of crowd control. Eventually this role of keeper of the order became further translated "into a more auspicious part, the master of the ceremonies [...] the presenter, the leader who took the acting troupe from house to house, asked permission to perform, and introduced the characters."[25] We encounter Puck in *MSND* as an echo of the wodewose of earlier pageants: he functions as the jester, clears the way for Oberon before he gets involved in the action,

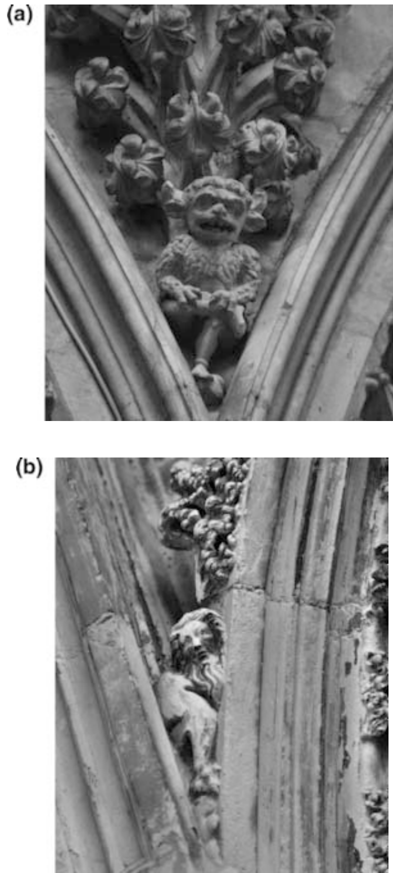


Figure 3.5 (a) Lincoln Cathedral, The Lincolnshire Imp carved in spandrel. Photograph by John Twyning; (b) Ely Cathedral: Manticore carved in spandrel. Photograph by John Twyning.

and finally, as MC, he gives us the epilogue before sweeping up. In the play, his work as dramatic organizer and gofer is vital. As Oberon's "*lieutenant*," Puck, or Robin Goodfellow as he is also called, provides the vital interface between the Athenian aristocracy and the world of the wood. By acquiring the source for Oberon's "magic," and then deploying it, he also effects the interaction between stage and audience—all the while pulling the theatrical troupe of "rude mechanicals" into the fairy world and the conflict between Oberon and Titania. In conjunction with Puck or Robin Goodfellow, and other forms of the wodewose,

the acting troupe ("rude mechanicals") in the play offer the audience a retrospective glimpse of the heyday of Elizabeth's reign—a reworking of material used a generation or so earlier. The lavish summer entertainments staged at country estates throughout England during the middle to latter part of Elizabeth's reign worked assiduously, with no expense spared, to define the Elizabethan state and everyone's place in it. As a queen who adapted the aura of the eternal virgin, Elizabeth appropriated the iconic purity and cultural energy that had been the preserve of the Virgin Mary in her grandfather's time. Those hosting and attending the festivities adorned themselves as her privileged subjects. They dug into myth, romance, and the past to find material for staging lavish pageants in her honour. Few entertainments invested as much in that political drama than those held at Kenilworth in 1575 by the First Earl of Leicester. "[I]n *A Midsummer Night's Dream*," Stephen Greenblatt suggests that in staging the play, "the playwright's imagination drew on the scene at Kenilworth in crafting a gorgeous compliment to Elizabeth."[26] Leicester's massive party included hunting, banqueting, a wide variety of theatrical presentations and processions, all of which took place in a very expensive remodeling of the old medieval castle. At a structural level, then, the entertainments at Kenilworth castle and the play *MSND* feature classical forms situated within the ambience and ethos of the wild English wood. Capturing a moment of dramatic and historical reflexivity, Shakespeare's play is built on the tension between a fashionable and incipient classicism, and the Gothic and pre-Gothic pagan forms still embedded in English culture.

If *MSND* is a dramatic echo of 1575, it is neither a simple exercise in cultural nostalgia nor a sop to the dynamics of Elizabeth's rule. The play boldly restructures and rewrites some of the ideological work that informed Leicester's massive pageant. One of the legendary events at the Kenilworth festivities occurred when Elizabeth, upon returning from the first hunt, was startled by a wodewose, all covered with foliage and brandishing an uprooted oak tree as a weapon (Plate 11). Though the confrontation was scripted to some degree, the dramatic event designed to thrill its aristocratic participants purportedly went awry. In a moment of melodramatic submission, the wodewose was supposed to break his club, the emblem of his power, over his knee before her majesty. To ensure the completion of his task, the wodewose's performance was so vigorous that the snapping tree startled the horse of the royal personage. According to the received story, this episode provided Elizabeth with an opportunity to demonstrate her horsemanship, her composure, her bravery, and the power of regal forbearance for a loyal,

but enthusiastic, subject who must have been deeply exercised about the consequences of scaring the queen's horse and endangering the queen. Not only does this particular incarnation of the wild man submit to Elizabeth, which means the submission of all the cultural energy symbolically encoded within the role of wodewose, but she also gets to frame her masculine prowess embodied in its iconic feminine form. By holding in reserve her monarchial power to punish the unfortunate wild man, Elizabeth effectively defines the power she has so to do, as well as neutralizing the idea that she, the Queen of England, might be scared by a wodewose. Not to overreach here, but much of the basic pattern of this Kenilworth incident shadows Shakespeare's play—most notably in the way that a theatrical event becomes an occasion for the staged invigoration of royal authority.

Half a generation later, the Elizabeth-wodewose incident had acquired legendary status. The ideological efficacy of the Kenilworth drama likely underwrote John Lyly's contribution to Lord Montague's entertainment for Elizabeth at Cowdray in 1591. Elizabeth stayed there while on her progress to Portsmouth where she looked to check on England's defenses against a perceived threat from Spain.[27] Before facing such a danger to England, she encountered what had become by then a pathetic self-defeating wodewose who formally appears as the character designated to deliver the speech of welcome. Clad in ivy, the wild man tames himself even as he extols Elizabeth's virtues. Loving a high-born woman through the pain that accrues from her exalted qualities, the stuff of much poetry of the 1590s, neatly becomes a cure for madness rather than its cause, as the self-diagnosing creature explains:

> my vntamed thoughts waxe gentle, & I feele my self civility, a thing hated, because not knowen, and vnkowen, because I knew not you. Thus vertue tameth fiercenesse, Beauty madnesse. Your Maiesty on my knees will I followe, bearing this Club, not as a Saluage, but to beate down those that are.[28]

In various genres, then, taming the wodewose was ineluctably bound to the configuration and security of the state, and these examples, and the many others played out in Tudor England, are both deployed and assayed in *MSND*. The play appears to be acutely aware of the way in which Elizabethan ideology manipulated the pageantry that had preceded it without simply surrendering to the gloss provided by pomp, triumph, and reveling.

For sure, the context of the wood, and the actions of Puck and Oberon, styled as the lord and lieutenant of the hunt, advertently and/or inadvertently, enable all the Athenian marriages to take place. The relationship between the myths of antiquity, European folk traditions, fortune, or fate, and the role of the playwright comingle in the action of the play. Although Oberon is happy to pair up the aristocratic lovers who come his way, his main goal is to seize control of the "little changeling boy" from Titania, in order to make him a "Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild." Married to the lord of the hunt, Titania must either accede to her husband Oberon or break her vow to look after the boy when his mother, a "votress" of her order, died in childbirth. In many ways, there are precious few degrees of separation between Elizabeth's socio-political position and the mystical roles that she often embodied and their multifaceted reflections in various women of the play. The thwarted sexual desire of Helena and Hermia correspond to the queen's difficulties in making any public show of courtship or demonstration of nuptial love for any man. Were she to marry she might, under patriarchal law, find herself in Hippolyta's position: vanquished, muted, and with diminished autonomy. Titania and Elizabeth are symbolically aligned through the figure of Diana, who, "later in the Middle Ages, became the Latin eponym of the wild woman as mistress of the Wilde Horde."[29] It was as Diana, goddess of the hunt, the virgin huntress, that Elizabeth appeared vested at Kenilworth—and in many other instances in literature and art. In what must have been somewhat of a bold move on Shakespeare's part, Elizabeth is cited in the play as "the imperial votress" a characterization that, although it compliments her as a sublime virgin who can evade even the arrows of the gods, eventually leads to the restructuring or a realignment of devotion in the play. That Elizabeth might have been offended, but for political expediency decided not to be, is an issue written into the play—though how critically is difficult to determine. Overt, or even oblique, criticism of early modern English monarchs by writers or anyone else was a foolhardy and even dangerous enterprise. Yet one of running gags surrounding the "rude mechanicals" play concerns their elaborate anxiety about giving offense or frightening their royal audience. The Prologue's painstaking caveat includes a (barely) cryptic reference to the author:

> If we offend, it is with our good will,
> That you should think, we come not to offend,
> But with good will.

Is the playwright mocking the effects of staging any kind of drama for an autocratic ruler? Perhaps this is the reason why Elizabethan

romantic comedies have titles that suggest capitulation to the whims of those members of the audience who have the power to hurt: *AYLI*, *What you Will*, *Much Ado About Nothing*—self-mocking titles that purport to be inoffensive and enjoyable. Cutting against this by demonstrating its consequences is the absurdly staged version of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, a theatrical event that seems to offend only Hippolyta's artistic sensibility. On the other hand, if all of the political significance of Oberon and Titiania as a parable for Elizabethan power was fully understood then those involved might well need more than good will. Any interpretation of the play, then, has to decide the way in which and how much the playwright repositions sovereign power (on and off the stage), and how much the monarch was willing to be symbolically manipulated for the sake of the drama and its political message.

Like a number of wodewose derivatives, Spenser's "wyld man" in the *Fairie Queene* (Book VI, canto iv) is an expert in the herb lore of "the greenewoods." And it is Oberon's expertise in this field that gives him a key advantage in his quarrel with Titania for the changeling boy. As he reflects upon the history of a powerful female monarch, back to the time when the "imperial votress / In maiden meditation" narrowly avoided marriage, Oberon recalls that moment when Cupid took aim "At a fair vestal, throned by the west, / And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow / As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts." Such a mythical miss by the pre-Christian god of love and beauty gets to the heart of her political representation. Elizabeth was the exemplary virgin queen who was to be wooed but never won—a constantly manufactured dichotomy that kept everyone enthralled and in their proper place. She was both engine and object of a cult of the virgin, one that produced and transfixed "a hundred thousand hearts." What appeared to be an effective ideological strategy in the early and middle years of her reign came to be less so as she wore on. Toward the end of her time, anxieties about her succession increasingly trumped the practice of vying for her favor by worshipping her cultic and virginal status. Elizabeth's reign had positioned itself as a stable one that had emerged out of the turmoil of the Reformation. Heightened fears about Catholicism and conflict characterized the last years of her reign, and the beginning of James's. Rarely made explicit, the shifts in the mass of cultural energy associated with the decline of Elizabeth carried over into turn of the century drama and literature. These include the complex fantasies of harmony set up by Elizabethan Romantic Comedies, as well as the extravagant misogyny that deconstructed (literally sometimes) the virtues and character of

the high-born or autonomous women of Jacobean Tragedy and City Comedy.

Oberon's vision and herb lore are forms of maneuvering within these shifts of cultural energy. As "Cupid's fiery shaft," his "love-shaft," fails to penetrate the enthroned "fair vestal," the symbolic essence of her desire and the collective desire for her becomes instantly embedded in "a little western flower." Like a High Renaissance or even Mannerist painter, Shakespeare presents this allegory of Elizabethan ideology's engagement with the over-ripe cult of the virgin in perhaps the only way it could be safely represented. However you read it, in effect, the purple potion is the distillation of the love of Elizabeth that had, in so many ways and for so long, stabilized her subjects. So powerful was essence of Liz that when placed upon the eyes it completely altered that person's perception, instantly subjugating him or her to whatever he or she next beheld. Told by Oberon to apply "juice" to the eyes of Demetrius so that he will fall in love with Helena, Puck, by mistake, applies it to Lysander's eyes. As Lysander wakes and immediately "loves" Helena, the four lovers then embark on a carousel through the woods: Hermia loves Lysander loves Helena loves Demetrius loves Hermia. This merry-go-round is, perhaps a parodic invocation of aristocratic ring dances. The *rondel* also calls to mind the broken "ringlets" of Titania and Oberon in Act II, as well as pagan fertility rites and festivities, like maypole dancing or morris dancing with which Robin Goodfellow and other incarnations of the wild man were often associated.[30] At first the ring dance in the woods is both amorously and socially disjunctive, as each lover chases what the Athenian patriarchs would deem to be the wrong person. But the seemingly endless and potentially sterile circuit eventually becomes realigned into two couples by the application and removal of the love juice. Demetrius reflects, "I wot not by what power—But by some power it is" whereby his love for Hermia melts and his love for Helena returns. And, whatever that power is, it appears to work strongly in favor of the Duke of Athens, Theseus. Now, instead of Hermia's banishment or death to mark his nuptials, Theseus can claim, on the threshold of the green world, "Away, with us, to Athens: three and three, / We'll hold feast in great solemnity."

Just prior to this moment of "gentle concord," Oberon, having secured the "changeling child" while "the fairy queen" Titania was under the effect of the potion, chooses to release her. As Titania starts to regain her perception, Oberon stifles any potential conflict by commanding her "Silence awhile" and calls quickly for "music" whereupon they dance "new in amity." This harmonious dancing

does not signal a return to the status quo either in the wood or the city. The resolutions that take place in the green wood have shifted power relations within and between both worlds. With his acquisition and control of the changeling, Oberon's patriarchal position in the fairy world has been strengthened at the expense of Titania and her feminine "order." Outside the wood, the realignment of power within the Athenian ruling order is fairly radical. When Theseus endorses the post-woods marriage arrangement of the four lovers, he not only overbears the will of Egeus, he extenuates the law of Athens—allowing it to be broken, something that he deemed impossible when instructing Hermia at the beginning of the play. In whatever sense the woods expressed and encapsulated the various forms of the wodewose—from Demetrius, to Oberon and Puck, to the green plot of the stage itself—they have been employed to serve the interests of the realignment of power and ideology in Athens. Due to the rearrangements that take place in the greenwood, the "ancient privilege of Athens" is now solely within the purview of the Duke. Now indeed does the hungry lion roar!

Although the complex set of dramatic interactions that constitute the cultural landscape of the woods generate the conditions whereby Hermia gets the husband of her choice, they also contribute to the eventual re-synthesis of monarchical and patriarchal power. Moreover, the reformulation of Elizabethan iconography, her status as the Virgin Queen, through the extract of Love-in-idleness is seen as essential to a heterosexual resolution and to the strengthening of Theseus's rule. The play, then, offers a way by which a system of rule that was based upon an ideology that intimately attended to Elizabeth's personal and political circumstances, could make a smooth transition to another style of rule: to a man like James I, whose government would continue to pursue more absolutist tendencies. To what extent *MSND* offers a critique of (very) late Tudor political and social arrangements, or seeks to exploit anxieties concerning the imminent change in the ruling order, or maybe actively works to stabilize and/or modify certain cultural forces and perceptions, is difficult to say. Likely it works through all these, not least because the play often appears to undercut the ideas it seems to present. For example, as Puck squeezes the juice onto Lysander's eyes he utters what could be the play's manifesto:

> Jack shall have Jill;
> Nought shall go ill;
> The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

Mare taming (Hippolyta), which suits the "man" and produces a common wellbeing, may be cited as the central plot of the play. It is not necessarily the play's ethos, as its political and dramatic unconscious is there to be glimpsed and understood by the court skeptic and audience. We should not forget that as Puck sings this ditty, he is purportedly juicing the eyes of the wrong Athenian youth.

Puck's actions remind us how unstable a reenactment of the green world could be, a situation that the play recognizes is intrinsic to the theatre. The greenwood in *MSND* is in part an adapted and a mediated version of the pagan realm of the Wild Man and its many pageant forms commonly performed in the sixteenth century. Midsummer had long been associated with various pre-Christian festivities including bonfires (bone-fires), dancing, and mummers' plays, while St. John's Night was a special time to gather herbs and flowers.[31] Using the feast of St. John the Baptist to celebrate midsummer was a tactic of the Christian Church to colonize pagan festivities and grow its own religious authority. Mummers' plays were fancy cousins to the Wild Man festivals. Not entirely destroyed by the Puritans, many of these festivals "continued throughout the British Isles on such days as May Day and Plough Monday, the Monday after Twelfth Night when farm work resumed,"[32] and other days later co-opted by the Church's calendar. Both the Wild Man rituals and the mummers' plays are connected to fertility rituals and involve wearing various masks and costumes. As well as the leaves, fur, and skins worn by some versions of the Wild Man, mummers often wore animal heads like a stag or an ass. Although the sources for the play *Pyramus and Thisbe* can be found in Ovid and Hyginus, the play put together by the "rude mechanicals" on the outskirts of Athens has much in common with English mummer's plays, which have their counterparts in central and Northern Europe. Taming the Wild Man and his habitus became instrumental to the restructuring of social organizations from the Middle Ages onwards. But when the wodewose and his successors were tamed or domesticated, as Shakespeare's plays indicate, they lost much of their vital cultural energy.

Pursuing the wild man in *Twelfth Night*

Curiously, the French masquerade, *Valentin et Orson*, has not been considered by scholars as a significant textual source for Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Apart from comments upon the names of the first two characters, "Orsino," and "Valentine," listed as *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ* in the play, there seems to be virtually no interest in analyzing any

connections between the texts or their histories. Variously called *The Masquerade of Valentine and Orson*, *Valentijn en Nameloos*, *Valentin und Namelos*, or *The Wild Man*, the story became something of a hit across sixteenth-century Europe. Appearing in romance form as part of the Charlemagne cycle, a hard copy of the text could be found as early as 1489 in Lyons. According to Arthur Dickson, all "English versions of Valentine and Orson are directly or indirectly derived from the version by Henry Watson published by Wynken de Worde about 1510."[33] From Worde's press, the text was widely circulated in England, becoming popular in a variety of forms. In 1547, for example: "on the pageant at the great conduit in Cheap were persons representing Valentine and Orson, who spoke."[34] A registry entry of the Company of Stationers recorded "An enterlude of Valentyne and Orsson, plaid by hir maiesties Players" in 1595; and "A famous history called Valentine and Orsson played by her maiesties Players" was licensed in 1600.[35] Anthony Munday and Richard Hathwaye received five pounds from the wily and pecunious Henslowe in 1598 for "a Boocke called vallentyne & orsen".[36] Both Sir Philip Sidney, in *A Defence of Poetry* and Edmund Spenser in the *The Faerie Queen* draw allusions from *Valentine and Orson*.[37] Other variants of the story, perhaps earlier versions, include *Jean de l'Ours* (Jean of the Bear) and *Rosaura de l'Os*, both of which derive from the ritualistic capture and beating of the bear featured in European fêtes around Candlemas.[38]

Contributing to the circulation of the story was its appearance in pictorial form. Pieter Bruegel the Elder featured *Valentine and Orson* as part of the liturgical calendar in his painting: *The Fight Between Carnival and Lent* (1559). A few years later, in 1566, an anonymous woodcut after Bruegel featured a similar version of that particular theatrical scene (Figure 3.6).

Beginning with the Carolingian romance, the nub of the story[39] is as follows. The Emperor of Constantinople's twin sons are abandoned in the forest by their mother, falsely accused of not being true to her husband. One of the boys, Orson (whose name is derived from *ursus*, the bear) is raised by a bear and becomes a wild man, with a hairy body covered in foliage, and is intimately acquainted with the forest and its denizens. The other, Valentine, is found and adopted by his uncle, King Pippin, and is raised as a nobleman at court. Some years later when the boys have grown up, the king is wounded by the wild man/ Orson while out hunting. Valentine then goes into the wood to hunt him down. When they meet, Valentine fights, defeats, and captures the wild man, who is then brought back to the court, cleaned up and

Figure 3.6 The Masquerade of Orson and Valentine, anonymous after Pieter Bruegel the Elder.

civilized. Eventually, the estranged brothers are reconciled, and later go on a series of adventures together. Bruegel may even have borrowed his depiction of the king (far left, holding the scepter) from an engraving by Albrecht Dürer's portrait of Charlemagne and incorporated it into his distillation of the French and other versions of the tale. In the German/ Netherlandish version, *Valentin und Namelos*, the brothers encounter a maid called Rosemund who, though she is sitting under a tree with birds singing around her, is being held captive by a nearby giant. In the process of rescuing her, Valentin is wounded, whereupon Nameloos kills the giant and is given a ring by Rosemund which makes him invisible. After a tussle with her father, a Greek Duke, Nameloos and Rosemund are married. Later, the couple find themselves estranged and Rosemund resolves to find her husband who resides at King Pippin's court. Disguised as a minstrel, she finds Nameloos who publicly claims to be loyal to Rosemund. For her part, minstrel-Rosemund is upset with the attention that he pays to her companion, Isabelle. Eventually, Rosemund sings a song of her past, which ends with her self-revelation and their reconciliation, whereupon they go off to rule Hungary together.

All the variants of *Valentine and Orson* are intimately linked to the wild man rituals and a number of carnival customs of Northern and

Central Europe. Other versions feature "a bear, a man dressed as a girl, and a group of hunters."[40] The girl, sometimes called Rosetta, is used as a decoy, a prospective mate, in order to catch "the bear." In Bruegel's picture, "marriage is implied by the feminine mask holding out a ring to the wild man, who follows her in awed fascination," and, according to Bernheimer, "no matter whether the masculine role is played by a wild man or by a bear, the mating of the two protagonists is an essential part of the ritual."[41]

Separation of twin boys is one of the most prominent features of the Orson and Valentine stories. It was an attractive and economical device that enabled ontological concepts to intersect with social issues. Valentine and Orson, who are essentially the same being, are separated by mistrust or some type of real or imagined deception, and an overarching force of preordination (like Fate or a Divine power). These actions, then, literally fragment the security of the feudal family, disrupt its lineage, and threaten the future harmony and boundaries of the wider community. Through whatever mechanism, once he is separated from his secure place within the bounds of the social order, Orson becomes a dysfunctional wild man and a threatening outsider. In the tale, achieving a return to political stability requires a dissipation of mistrust and the redeployment of Fate so that it works to harmonize rather than atomize. Most importantly, the wild man has to be tamed, brought out of the woods and re-ensconced within the world of the family and the ruling order.

Nameloos, the man without a name, or bearing one which associates him with a wild animal, is first tamed by two activities central to noble culture: fighting and hunting. Full reconciliation of the twins occurs through their courtship of a woman like Rosemund, another important component of aristocratic ideology. Significantly, the wild man is lured into a world of civilization and love through acts of deception or theatricality; or both, depending on how the story is read. The wild man's rehabilitation is the occasion for threatening values or forces to be pressed into service for the good of the community.

Versions of the wild man tale, like the Orson and Valentine story, were adapted by a range of European cultures. In various ways it was often used as a medium by which core values of aristocratic identity were tested under pressure and redefined, or as a way of assuaging or vanquishing particular cultural anxieties. What made the wild man stories so durable and ubiquitous was their use as transitional vehicles for so many forms of cultural expression. Not least of these was the shift from popular practices like carnival and folk rituals to other forms of

art such as painting, tapestries, literature, music, and, of course, theatre. Elizabeth's dramatic encounter with a wodewose at Kenilworth was but one instance of a widespread affair that the European aristocracy had with the wild man. A variety of tapestries, carvings, and paintings from fifteenth and sixteenth-century Germany, France, Switzerland, and the Netherlands depict the aristocracy engaged in hunting or fighting the wild man. One fifteenth-century Burgundian tapestry "shows men and women in the most fantastic getup imaginable, some in the usual court costume, most of them however in animal furs, and wearing over them rich embroidered coats,"[42] as they dance and play music.

On Twelfth Night in 1515, Henry VIII brought the wild man into the court's festivities:

> Lykewyse on the twelve night, the kyng and the Quene came into the hall of Grenewyche, and sodaynly entered a tent of clothe of golde and before the tent stode foure men of armes, armed at all poynctes and swerdes in their handes, and sodaynly with noys of trompettes entered foure other persons all armed, and ran to the other foure, and there was a great and a fearce fight, and sodainly came out of a place lyke a wood eight wyldemen, all appareiled in grene mosse, made with slyved sylke, with Uggly weapons and terrible vysages, and there foughte with the knyghtes eight to eight, and after long fyghtyng, the armed knyghtes drave the wylde men out of their places, and folowed the chace out of the hall, and when they were departed, the tent opened, and there came out syx lordes and syx ladyes rychely appareyled, and daunsed a greate tyme : when they had daunsed their pleasure, they entered the tent agayn and so was conveyed out of the hall, and then the kynge and the Quene were served with a right sumpteous banquet.[43]

Operating like the figures of disorder in an antimasque, the wild men are chased out of the baronial great hall, the literal and ideological epicenter of the aristocratic estate, and consequently vanquished. The fight between the eight knights and the eight stylized wild men (their green moss was made of silk) provided the occasion by which the king and queen could be valiantly defended while not being directly threatened, simultaneously proving the knights' loyalty and their martial prowess. Not only did the display emphasize the young king's security, the appearance of the wild men also brought the factional fighting at court to a stop. In the ensuing defeat and banishment of the wild men, therefore, the bounds and bonds of the ruling order are defended,

defined, and stabilized. The mock fight generated a secure space for the symbolic progenitors of the courtly class: six pairs of lords and ladies. As they disport themselves, they are free to tap into the energies of folk culture and enact a stylized version of the boisterous carnival dancing that characterized Twelfth Night celebrations.

Henry's courtly extravaganza at Greenwich adopted popular folk rituals and customs, and turned them into an elaborate Tudor proto-masque in which the aristocratic figure and the wodewose operated together to support and endorse a particular kind of political order. In commandeering carnival rites, Henry and other rulers tapped into forms that had already been appropriated and recycled. As we saw in the Lady Chapel at Ely, and in many of the earlier churches of the so-called Decorated Gothic period, the late medieval church had systematically integrated pagan and wild man forms with the Christian calendar, especially the Twelfth Night festivities. According to Bernheimer:

> most of the wild-man rituals are held in the time of Carnival and thus at the period of the year which can be interpreted as terminating the winter as well as opening the door for the new season. If slain in January or February, the wild man is usually not brought to life, for he and his equivalent, the bear, are declared to be personifications of the Carnival itself, whose execution is meant to signify the removal of the period of exuberance.[44]

Thus the capture and demise of the wild man, or bear, signifies the death that is integral to the process of renewal and fertility. In the English mummers plays such as Plough Monday, which ritually inaugurates the agricultural year on the first Monday after Twelfth Night, Alan Brody notes two elements that all of them share: they "are all seasonal and they all contain a death and a resurrection."[45] Often this ritual is depicted as a fight between a protagonist and an antagonist whereupon one falls in battle and is revived by a third character, often a doctor. In the Orson and Valentine stories, the resurrection that follows the death is commuted into rehabilitation—often staged as a complete ontological restructuring or renewal. Throughout Britain and Europe, the wild man in carnival was closely aligned with the bear, and nowhere more so than in those rituals and festivities connected to Twelfth Night. By the sixteenth century, wild man and bear were theatrically synonymous.[46]

Although no overtly simplistic figure of the wild man can be identified in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night: or, What You Will*, even a cursory reading of the Orson and Valentine story, or its many variants and wild

man precursors, reveals a considerable investment in the circulation of the tales' idioms within the play. But to what purpose and to what effect does Shakespeare adapt the elements of the *Orson and Valentine* story? Readings of the play often get bogged down when Duke Orsino is too simply taken at his word: that (his) over-indulgence can be cured by surfeiting the appetite (for love) and this necessarily leads to a kind of catharsis and resolution. It is difficult to see how the play bears this out. Instead I would argue that we first encounter a ruler, Orsino, easily recognizable as being in a state of wode: "So full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high fantastical." Like madmen and poets, according to Theseus, a lover's imagination is frenzied, frantic, apt to play tricks; even a bush could be "suppos'd a bear!" With Theseus's rhetorical help we can see how Orsino's condition traces the meaning of "wode." Sayers' etymological study of the word is illuminating.

> To return to Middle English *wode*, now in the sense of "mad," it has long been recognized that its antecedent Old English *wōd* "mad, raging," is one of a cluster of words descending from, a putative Indo-European root **uāt-*, *uōt-* with a meaning that I would identify as "heightened emotional state." As well as producing words meaning "fear-inspiring," it also formed a basis for terms descriptive of the resulting state, that is, fear, terror. Other heightened states such as poetic frenzy also are gathered under this lexical rubric.[47]

Induced by a heightened emotional state that is ostensibly generated by his love for Olivia, Orsino sees himself as hunted because he is a hunter: "O, when my eyes did see Olivia [...] That instant was I turned into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, E'er since pursue me." In this moment of self-pursuit, he is the fearsome hunter and the terrorized object of that hunt, rendering him both subject to and the agent of his fears. That Olivia will not receive or return his love produces a condition whereby Orsino is, in effect, both Orson and Valentine: both hunted wild man-bear and courtier-hunter. This unresolved dual emotional conflict, generated by Orsino, who projects his desires onto Olivia, produces a political crisis in the Duchy of Illyria. The *Orson and Valentine* story cannot therefore play out in its customary way. Orsino's appetite can neither sicken nor die, the wild man/bear cannot be vanquished or tamed. And given that the play is in some sense working through the dynamics of the political unconscious of the later Elizabethan nation state, Olivia's acquiescence to Orsino's desires would not really be an option even if it were it possible, nor would it produce

an adequate resolution. Although not a direct representation, Olivia stands as a kind of understudy to Queen Elizabeth in the sense that she is courted by the men around her, but is constantly unavailable to them. She reserves her beauty and, like Elizabeth, withholds her reproductive potential. With a near sixty-year-old queen on the throne, by the time *Twelfth Night* hit the stage, the succession of the English ruling order was clearly not going to be found in a viable and productive marriage of its monarch—though that could not be said out loud. We can see, then, that the crisis produced around aristocratic desire in the Illyrian court, a crisis that renders its government moribund, shadowed the late Tudor court. Elizabethan ideology had, by the late 1590s, become overblown. The old moon, Diana, was waning, and her courtiers found both their political desires lingering unproductively and themselves in a state of ill-defined discontent. Embodied in its upper class, Orsino and Olivia, Illyria is depicted as a dysfunctional state, unable to reproduce itself, either politically, socially, or sexually.

In *Twelfth Night*, it is our good Will who reshapes the dramatic narrative of the *Orson and Valentine* by bringing Viola and Sebastian to the shores of Illyria in order that they might begin the process of breaking the state of political impasse they unknowingly encounter. For the twins, though, their arrival in the Duchy is also the moment of their own estrangement, and the resolution of Illyria's courtly problems becomes intimately bound to their reconciliation. As one of the primary actors in the ensuing resolution, Viola's performance is not unlike the minstrel/Rosemund/Rosetta figure found in many versions of the earlier story. Emulating the wild man rituals in carnivals, in many of the entertainments, and in Bruegel's pictures, the actor who often lures Orson from the woods is a boy/man who clearly masquerades as a girl/woman. Doubling down on the fact that boy actors played women on the English stage, in *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare flips this pattern and has Viola, who plays a man, Cesario, woo Olivia on behalf of Orsino. Such perception and misperception of the various layers of Viola-Cesario's guise and disguise, by different characters and the audience, is structural to the process of the play. Once he-she gets to Orsino's court, Cesario-Viola cannot but help operating as a dynamic theatrical device, a cipher of multiple representations of multiple texts. Occasionally, Viola hints at a disavowal of her Cesario-Viola form—"I am not that I play," and "I am not what I am"—but as such she can no more operate authentically as herself than control how she is read and understood. This complex theatrical dilemma often underwrites the opening of Act III and is sometimes thought to be simple, diversionary, dramatic filler that allows time

for more important plot devices to develop. In the witty intercourse between the Clown and Viola, both know that she is not who she represents but neither can escape their theatrical purpose, function, role, or reception. As the incarnation of festival, Feste, the Clown hints at Cesario-Viola's dramatic inauthenticity but cannot call her out because he, more than most figures on the stage, is quintessentially a theatrical device, one that only exists in a certain place and time.

Another way in which Cesario-Viola operates is to set up the dramatic possibilities and the theatrical space for her twin brother. In effect, Viola creates a cipher that her brother will eventually need to inhabit. After all, it is Sebastian's arrival from the wilderness that will eventually enable a social resolution, familial reconciliation, and a theatrical conclusion to take place. Without Olivia being able to marry a Cesario/Sebastian character, there could be no aristocratic harmony at the end of the play. Sebastian's fortuitous arrival, including his immediate acceptance of Olivia's proposal, may look like providence but is underwritten by the, albeit improbable, fictions of the play—of which an adaptation of *Valentine and Orson* is one. And no matter how much fun Sebastian had hanging out with Antonio outside of town, their relationship was, in terms of what the play is trying to do, socially and politically unproductive. The play makes it clear, though, that the consequence of the political settlement accruing from Olivia's nuptials is the rupture of Sebastian's former friendship with Antonio. Ripping asunder the powerful bond between Antonio and his social superior builds in a profound commentary on the resolution of the play. Antonio's "willing love," of course, hints at an illicit union, but it also invokes an ideal feudal relationship so important to aristocratic values and, from that class's point of view, social cohesion. Sebastian's sudden marriage and abandonment of his friend to fulfill the terms of the script in which he is an actor can be seen to compromise the integrity of the class that the marriage was designed to uphold.

Still another improbable fiction in the play is also put to the service of aristocratic redemption and to maintain social distinction and hierarchy. When Olivia's "*waiting-gentlewoman*," Maria, designs a "device," to foster and expose Malvolio's desire for the "*countess*", she not only discredits his social ambition but secures her own status by marrying Sir Toby. In effect, Malvolio, the puritan, the upstart, the "*steward*," is vanquished by three things: one, the little dramatic device that is scripted and directed by Maria; two, his misinterpretation of a text (Olivia's letter); and three, his wholesale mockery orchestrated by the Clown. The agonistic relationship between the Clown and Malvolio is easily

recognized as one of carnival versus Lent. And the mockery is presented as a stylized form of bear baiting: a pack of protagonists attacks, worries, baffles, and blindfolds Malvolio, who is wounded and then defeated. Killing the bear, as noted earlier, is a ritual connected to carnival festivities early in the year, and Malvolio's social death is seen as vital to the drama of aristocratic renewal and reinvigoration. This renewal even allows for a productive marriage of the carousing drunkard, Sir Toby, and Olivia's maid, Maria—a union that indicates if not an assumption of his social responsibilities then at least the beginning of Lent. Of the aristocrats in the play, only Sir Toby's drinking companion, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, remains unmarried. He is, perhaps, a pointed reminder and parody of the sterile drones who hung about Elizabeth's court in her waning (and certainly unfertile) years, a vision of what Orsino would have become had he waited for Olivia in her mourning. Maria's little drama gives us a sign of the wider use of the theatre, including the very play that the audience is watching. Dramatic fictions could be deployed to redeem and harmonize a dysfunctional aristocracy because of rather than despite their improbability. Does Maria stand for her author, Shakespeare? Perhaps, but that is for you to determine, *what you will*. Whatever your assessment, the play's complex adaptation of texts like *Valentine and Orson* makes a compelling argument that the theatre was understood as a medium whose ambitions included making political and social interventions.

Because they are rooted in the history and circulation of the *Valentine and Orson* story, the dramatic effects of the Cesario-Viola characterization, then, not only lie outside the actor who inhabits the costume, but also beyond the capacities of the various *dramatis personæ* to control them. As both Orsino and Olivia begin to get caught up in the theatrical matrix that is Cesario-Viola, they also begin a process of renewal that depends upon their being drawn away from previously conflicted and unproductive positions and identities. As a character who is ostensibly trying to follow Orsino's request that Cesario operate as an agent in his wooing of Olivia, Viola can only see herself as an instrument producing more problems than solutions as she says in a soliloquy: "O time, thou must untangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'untie." In Viola's wonderful phrase, full of puns, allusions, and wordplay, we see that it is not linear time characterized as "I" but the cipher-like "O time," cyclical time, seasonal time, festive time, the period of Twelfth Night, which can unravel and decipher her characterological disorder and the problems of the Illyrian court. Cesario-Viola is both player and element of carnival time in a way that Viola, as a specific *dramatis persona*, who

sees disguise as "wickedness," is not. Along with a well-scripted play, the dynamics of carnival bring the dysfunctional and dispossessed ruling class, who are variously separated from their own culture, back into the fold. Duke Orsino, the bear-king, is caught, tamed, and re-educated. No longer is his mind "full of shapes" of "fancy," of a frantic obsession with Olivia—a form of madness (*wōd*). Instead he sees with the kind of stable political logic that can not only determine his "mistress [...] his fancy's queen," but also use his imagination to perceive her in "other habits"; in other words as Viola, rather than the complex hybrid character that stands before him. Orsino is a new man, rescued and reconstructed by the complex theatre of which he was a part, not from the satiation of the excesses of his own heightened appetite, imagination, and desires, or for that matter from any kind of abstinence. Olivia marries the cipheric Sebastian, created by Cesario-Viola, because there is now no place in the new Illyria for a self-governing, dysfunctionally desired, high-born woman, any more than there is for a loyal manservant with improper desires for his lord. Shakespeare's theatre at the end of Elizabeth's reign stages its own curtain call on the very drama from which it was eventually to draw its name: Elizabethan Romantic Comedy.

Obscured in the circle of the forest

Nowhere in Shakespeare's dramatic landscape is the leitmotif of the wild man deployed with more variety and texture than in *AYLI*. Through hints and allusions to various types of the wild man found in England and across Europe, and through the twisting and fragmentary use of old tales, folk mythology, classical antiquity, and English chronicles, the playwright fashions an extraordinary dramatic conglomeration from a variety of histories and past forms to present to, and for, late Tudor culture. In visual terms, the play reworks the elaborate depiction of the woods, its denizens, and, often, the aristocracy, which can be found in carvings like those at Ely and in European and Rhenish tapestries of the time. *AYLI* recognizes that such uses of the past are to be found rooted in the woods and *wása* that make up the forest of Arden.

With broad hints that the drama has adopted characters and themes from *La Chanson de Roland*,[48] the play begins with Orlando remembering his father, whose patronage has been usurped and degraded by his brother Oliver.[49] Adam, a long trusted servant to Sir Rowland de Boys (*de bois*, "of the woods"), begs the young men not to fight: "For your father's remembrance, be at accord." Through their interlocution, we learn that another pair of brothers is in a state of altercation: Duke

Frederick has usurped the throne from his older brother, Duke Senior, and banished him to the "Forest of Arden." As a consequence of the new Duke's attempt to eradicate any potential opposition, his autocratic actions drive Rosalind, his niece, and Celia, his daughter, along with Oliver and Orlando, from the court. Similar to the situation in *MSND*, one way or another, a prominent contingent of the ruling class, including its younger generation, flees or is banished to the forest. *AYLI*, then, is launched by a failure of *noblesse oblige*, and this demise of customary aristocratic practices is a synecdoche for a statewide failure of patriarchy and an abrogation of feudal principles. Much is at stake, then, in the location designated to resolve this social and political crisis.

By hearsay we learn that Duke Senior, upon banishment, has resorted to the woods. Charles, Duke Frederick's wrestler, notes:

> They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and
> a many merry men with him; and there they live
> like the old Robin Hood of England. They say
> many young Gentlemen flock to him every day,
> and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the
> golden world.

As described by Charles, the forest is a dense cultural matrix that enables the layering of many texts, traditions, and places. The "Forest of Arden" pulls together the Ardennes in Northern Europe (a massive and dense forest), the site of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (Mad Orlando), as well as the ancient Warwickshire woods with which Shakespeare's mother's family is eponymously linked. These references are cross-hatched with the multifaceted Robin Hood, Robin Wood, Robin Goodfellow, Robin Wode (to name a few) of English folklore and history, and the golden world: the site of the pastoral in antiquity free of work or laws.[50] Such a mix of profoundly different sources was not merely the stuff of Tudor aristocratic entertainments, similar conglomerations and cultural juxtapositions also characterized the Tudor estate and house. Although a certain neoclassicist mood had been in vogue since around the time Nonsuch had been built, few places were built or refashioned in a singular architectural style. Buildings, texts, and the theatre were often a peculiar mingled medley of form, language, style, and genre. During Elizabeth's reign, many an English country house, including the mighty Penshurst, adopted neoclassical cladding (like Kenilworth) to cover their Gothic bones. French style gardens were added, including an "orchard" akin to the one in which Oliver and

Orlando meet. Even the neoclassical purpose-built Elizabethan trophy houses such as Hardwick Hall or Burghley House have a rectlinearity that, according to Niklaus Pevsner, owes much to the Perpendicular Gothic style that preceded them. In literature, adaptations of pastoral themes were among the most important and visible signs of the influence of classical forms on English culture. Exploring the vicissitudes of love and life through the depiction of a bucolic world inhabited by shepherds and sheep in a manner that shadowed authors of antiquity found vital expression the literature of writers like Spenser and Sidney. Following them, we should add the name of Thomas Lodge whose overcooked and reworked pastoral, *Rosalynde,* was further recycled in *AYLI*. Whether Shakespeare, in the play, is carrying on the tradition set by pastoral writers and their ancient forbears or staging a kind of "carry on" pastoral is not always easy to determine. But whatever its sources, recirculation, traditions, or history, the pastoral was understood as a place that had the capacity to resolve or at least provide an escape or retreat from certain socio-political crises.

Because she is the outlawed Duke Senior's daughter, Rosalind is banished by her uncle, Duke Frederick. Celia, Frederick's daughter, in solidarity with Rosalind announces that they will both seek her uncle, Duke Senior, "in the Forest of Arden." Before finding him they arrive at a place that Rosalind claims to be "the Forest of Arden," and, depending upon its location, two shepherds show up as if from the Golden Age. This strange anachronism is akin to any neoclassical edifice being placed in the middle of a northern European wood. Taken with their situation, Celia and Rosalind get involved with the lives of the shepherds. From Corin, the elder, they quickly discover that the world of the shepherd is far from golden, being one of palpable financial hardship and, for him, mistreatment by his master, all of which points to a severe decline in hospitality—the play's *leitmotif*. It transpires that Corin is not his own man: he works for wages that he receives from a man "of churlish disposition," this poverty being the reason why he cannot offer succour to Celia and Rosalind. With the sheep and land that provide Corin with his living "now on sale," Rosalind takes pity on the old shepherd and buys the "cottage, sheepcote, pasture and flock," thereby enabling him to continue his existence. Pleased that Rosalind's patronage has secured the pastoral fantasy, Celia comments," I like this place, and willingly could waste my time in it." Clearly, Celia's expression of approval for an idealized Arcadian fantasy is meant to be at odds with her cousin's perception of the harsh realities that underpinned the rural economy of late Tudor England. According to Richard Wilson, the landscape in *AYLI*

encodes a variety of social tensions that arise from acts of enclosure, the privatization of common land, and the stress caused by capitalistic practices upon land designated as "forest."[51] It seems that neither version of the pastoral, Arcadian or actual, is able to provide a solution for the social, political, or dramatic problems that put the play into action. Instead, Corin's plight seems to be an index of a wider cultural malaise that is encoded in the fraternal crises which open the play.

As both a chimerical and ubiquitous figure of English culture, Robin Hood was refashioned by the Tudors to suit their version of the past. Simon Schama notes that, "by the reign of Henry VIII, Robin Hood had become a wholly acceptable part of official Tudor culture."[52] Curiously, the received notion of the greenwood as a site of liberty and loyalty, presented as the Forest of Arden, lacks the dynamism of the location associated with the radical royalist, Robin Hood. Although we encounter a tapestry of lively Tudor characters in the forest, the Duke's domain specifically lacks any catalytic force—quite unlike the energetic "green world" space in, say, *MSND*. As a stand-in for Robin Hood, Duke Senior lacks luster and appears to preside over a woodland court of political inertia that exists in cultural limbo. His "many merry men" are, mostly, more content than festive; and, despite being dressed "*like outlaws*," do very little either directly to right wrongs (Robin Hood's *raison d'être*) or generate the conditions whereby the political crisis of that which directly affects them can be resolved. Despite massive social dislocation, they seem to be somewhat satisfied by the roles assigned to them by history and myth, like a relaxed troupe of refined pageant figures. A peculiar air of resignation and stasis hangs over the greenwood: "I would not change it," says Amien about their state to Duke Senior; "Happy is your Grace, / That can translate the stubbornness of fortune / Into so quiet and sweet a style." That style, for Duke Senior, means living in the wood as if it was the court rather than operating as old Robin Hood, Robin Goodfellow, or any other such derivative of the wodewose.

Contributing to a sense of helpless inaction within the greenwood court is the now infamously melancholic Jaques: a charismatic character with whom the Duke seems peculiarly engrossed. Although Jaques' contemplation is so melodramatic that it easily makes him the most wood within the woods—the one exiled in the forest in a heightened emotional state—his effete affectations somewhat undercut the dynamic potential associated with the wodewose. Like many Elizabethan melancholic figures, of which he is a paradigm and a parody, Jaques is unaware of the source of his malaise or, indeed, of its cure. It would usually be the task of the fool either to redeem or vanquish such a figure, but it is

hard to see Touchstone being effective in either case. Notably, Jaques is disaffected with courtly life in a way that Touchstone is not, and eventually chooses not to return there as the play reaches its denouement, preferring to "neglect the pompous court." Although Touchstone, as the fool, is typically witty in the play, he appears to have no more of a viable future at the decaying court than the melancholic courtier. Jaques and his instantly adopted boon companion, the "motley fool," increasingly appear in the play as terminal characters on this Elizabethan stage, especially in Shakespeare's later drama. It is important to consider what kind of cultural valences contributed to their demise.

Overly excited by his first meeting with Touchstone, Jaques reports to the Duke: "A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest, / A motley fool: a miserable world!" Jaques' surprise is often misunderstood in vaguely commonplace terms as representing his concern about the place and purpose of folly in the world (Figure 3.7). But his repetition of the descriptor "motley," and Jaques peculiar ambition to *be* a fool and to wear a "motley coat," point us to a deeper understanding of who and what the fool represents. One of the more fascinating and significant cultural translations of the wild man took place in Carolingian France, about the time when the *Valentin et Orson* romance acquired a widespread circulation. When the "wild man was lost sight of in the course of the Middle Ages," says Bernheimer, his "place as the leader of the dead was taken by the Germanic demon Hellekin—or Herlekin, Herlechin, Harlekin."[53] The mixture of fur and leather, often with bits

Figure 3.7 Ripon Cathedral: Upside-down fool/wild man in the woods. Photograph by permission of Amy Twyning.

of plant matter, that constituted the wild man outfit or bear suit became increasingly stylized in costumes across late medieval Europe. In time these motley animal skin patches were translated into a pattern of rags and tassels. The "wild men who performed their revels in Basel in 1435 wore green and red tufts" much like the enigmatic fool at the centre of Bruegel's *The Fight Between Carnival and Lent*,[54] the same picture that contains a version of the drama *Valentin et Orson*. Sometimes, the fool's costumes would have each leg in a different color underscoring the hybrid or motley nature of the figure invoked. Animal heads, which were often worn on early fool/wild man outfits (especially those of asses, bears, deer, and pigs), became the small pointed ears that formed part of the standard fool's costume as he emerged from the Middle Ages. By the sixteenth century, the vestigial garb of the "Hellekin" turned into the harlequin's costume of a diamond pattern in motley colors (often red and green: animal and plant) now common throughout Europe. Nuremberg's Shrovetide *Schembartsbuch*, the record of the fifteenth and sixteenth-century Schembart Carnival, demonstrates that many of the variegated costumes of the fools allude to the demarcations of heraldic design. As Jaques fantasizes about inhabiting the guise of the motley fool, he inhabits and adapts the history of the wild man and the larger forces of which he is a vestige: the wilde horde, that has "as large a charter as the wind, / To blow on whom I please, for so fools have." Echoing the famous carnival speakers at the Schembart Carnival, who mocked the ranks of the rich and powerful, Jaques moves from the savage and demonic into the virtuous and moralistic:

> Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
> If they will patiently receive my medicine.
>
> (*AYLI*, II, vii, 58–61)

Part of the joke is that in his manic state Jaques' tries to muscle in on Touchstone's territory. Celia, too, hints at a growing crisis for the fool and his social and dramatic occlusion, putting it thusly: "For since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wisemen have makes a great show" (*AYLI*, I, ii, 82–4). Operating as an indispensible device of carnival and theatre, the fool had long occupied a place in the feudal aristocratic household, and fools and clowns were licensed and patronized by their owners. In terms of his dramatic presence, Shakespeare kept

the medieval fool on the Elizabethan stage longer and more comprehensively than any of his contemporaries. In English culture, his plays contain the most significant remnant of the European medieval fool. With neoclassicism and the baroque as the emergent styles of the seventeenth century, the Gothicism intrinsic to the fool of wild man descent became less and less fashionable. By the time of the Stuarts, the fool's social or cultural habitus became much simplified and circumscribed. This decline in the role, space, and time of the fool without doubt contributed to the remarkable wane of Shakespeare's popularity in Caroline and Restoration England. When his plays did reappear in the late seventeenth and the early eighteenth century, they were often butchered or radically altered, and, unfortunately, the clown or fool rarely survived the cuts or changes.[55] In a 1723 version of *AYLI* entitled *Love in the Forest*, Touchstone was expunged. From the early seventeenth century, fools in other plays increasingly shared the same fate. It would take the revivalisms of the nineteenth century, and an attention to the idea of the fidelity of the original text, before the Shakespearean fool made a dramatic comeback. By then, of course, within the forms of narrative and realism, the fool's meaning and function had changed markedly.

Returning to the end of the sixteenth century, we can see that *AYLI* anticipates the decline in the fool's fortune, and appropriately with no small sense of mockery. The Forest of Arden bears witness to his swan song. Somewhat preposterously, even to the character himself, Touchstone courts and marries Audrey the "*goat-herd*." So incongruous is his situation that he likens himself to "honest Ovid [...]among the Goths," being a pointedly funny reversal by which to frame their union. That Touchstone's ontological and cultural roots are to be found in forests of feudal Europe, and that Audrey emerges from the site of classical antiquity and of the Mediterranean pastoral, adds to the tragic absurdity of their marriage rather than any possible harmony.[56] As one of a number of marriages that close the play, that between Touchstone and Audrey signals the ultimate moment of the domestication of the fool. In recognition of his own bestial origins, Touchstone bows out with a series of resignations fashioned to his peculiar situation: "the ox hath his bow [...] the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells." Clowns and fools are dramatic and symbolic characters, who have a half-life intimately connected to the temporal determinants of the carnival rituals that bring them into existence—they quite simply cease to be when their time's up. Coming from such a different time and place, they inevitably function differently on the stage than other characters. Clowns, as fools, cannot have domestic, personal or continuous lives,

anymore than can an allegorical figure such as Hymen or a fairy like Puck. After Touchstone, foolery on stage was more likely to exist as a trait in another character, a characteristic, rather than as a fully embodied dramatic essence.

Neither the greenwood nor the pastoral, nor, for that matter, their awkward mingling, can bring about a resolution to the feudal family crisis that sets up the play. To achieve that we need the cross-dressing and hybrid figure of Rosalind-Ganymede. In Rosalind-Ganymede, Shakespeare creates a character who goes well beyond being a manifestation of Elizabeth's transvestite political role expressed as an encryption of feminine desires. Unlike Viola-Cesario in *Twelfth Night* who, unwittingly for the most part, contributes to the resolution-through-marriage of the play, Rosalind-Ganymede is a much more self-aware and a self-directing actor in that process. In a world where one's status is subject to the whims of a despotic rule, where an entreaty of love delivered through bad poetry could be "the very false gallop of verses," where, especially in matters of love, the innate truth and quality of men is suspect, Rosalind-Ganymede finds a clever way to assay the character of her lover, Orlando. By encouraging Orlando to pretend to woo her, she gets to woo him. Recall Bruegel's engraving where a man dressed as a woman holds up a ring tempting the wild man to love and marriage. In such representations, the cross-dressed woman "was used as a decoy to lure the wild man in to an ambush."[57] In *Van der wilden Man*, a Dutch poem of the period, can be found lines that capture both the sentiment and quality of Orlando's situation: "I was wild, now I am caught / And brought into the ties of love; / A maid has done this to me."[58]

Not the smallest part of Rosalind's theatrical and socio-political success derives from her ability to manipulate, and have manipulated for her, various aspects of wild man stories— especially its *Valentine and Orson* version. The Rosalind-Ganymede character embodies a number of the principle dynamics of the story. As the courtier hunting the wild man who threatens the ruler, it is Ganymede who goes into the woods after Orlando, who, as we will see, can also be identified as a wild man type, tames him and brings him back to court. Rosalind is able to pull off her *coup de theatre* because she operates as a complex masquerade. As Ganymede, she clearly draws a connection to Greek mythology and that figure's erotic ambiguity and his pursuit by the powerful Zeus. She may well be Ganymede to the pastoral players like Corin and Phebe, but to Orlando she is, even dressed as a man, Rosalind—a name which, like Rosamund, was linked to the old Germanic word *hros*, for horse. In Old English 'lind' meant lime-tree or shield, so both Rosamund (horse-protector), and Rosalind (horse-shield)

are names that encapsulate the ethos of chivalry.[59] Rosalind stands as a device that embodies the resources necessary to save and protect the horse-born class and its ideology. The widespread appeal of the name Rosalind in the sixteenth century stems from its ability to do double duty. Rosalind links the concept of chivalric protector with Tudor emblem of the state: the rose. In addition, Shakespeare draws Rosalind's connection to the wild man and the woods by establishing her seemingly strange claim to have, "since I was three year old conversed with a magician," and, later, to declare "I am a magician." Shakespeare uses Lodge to retrace the folkloric understanding that forests were the place in which to find magicians and necromancers. Orlando's take on Ganymede is that not only was he Rosalind's brother but that he was also "forest born," having been tutored by his "uncle" whom he reported was "a great magician, / Obscured in the circle of this forest." Despite these assumed and ascribed fantastical and mythological attributes and the histories they invoke, Rosalind-Ganymede's powers, to "do strange things," depend more on her ability to manipulate her masquerade and the theatrical context in which she situates herself: the green plot, the Forest of Arden, the stage.

Rosalind's theatrical abilities require and receive further assistance in order to achieve their goals. Rosalind-Ganymede's testing of the quality of Orlando's ardour might well stall but for the engagement of the two brothers in the wood. When Rosalind hears of Orlando's near-death experience there, it instantly undermines her sense that men are all faithless and provides a graphic opportunity for his love for her to be considered authentic beyond dispute. It also fixes her love for him. The event that produces this moment of truth is another skilful adaptation of the *Valentine and Orson* tale: estranged brothers, one wild one courtly, dueling in the woods. Initially pursuing the rustic Orlando into the woods to capture or kill him, Oliver loses his way and becomes a wild man himself: "A wretched ragged man, o'grown with hair." In this degraded state, Oliver becomes susceptible to attack by a "green and gilded snake," and, potentially, from a "lioness, with udders all drawn dry." Difficult to interpret, this peculiar tableau, including Orlando's ensuing fight with the lioness, is a form of ekphrasis that draws upon a range of representations of the wild man in late medieval northern European art, from tapestries, paintings, woodcuts, engravings, and, as we saw earlier, misericord carvings.[60] Giving the *Valentine and Orson* story another twist, Shakespeare stages a reversal in the scene, not only turning Oliver, the courtier/hunter into the (tamed) wild man, but changing Orlando, the rude, uncouth, wrestler, into a natural nobleman

who can vanquish the beasts of the woods. A number of things accrue from this scenario: one, Oliver is converted from his nefarious ways; two, the brothers are reconciled as Orlando's "kindness," proves "nobler than revenge"; and three, it brings to an end the wooing of Rosalind game, along with her doubts about Orlando's fidelity and martial prowess. The events in the wood also precipitate the near inexplicable love between Oliver and Aliena-Celia. In consequence the two sons of old Rowland de Boys, those Carolingian sons of the wood, and the two daughters of the ruling house of the Duchy are productively paired up. When Rosalind retires Ganymede by divesting herself of that role, she secures her marriage to Orlando and further produces, through a rudimentary bait and switch move, the marriage of Phebe and Silvius. Such a dramatic unveiling, then, produces a near-forced union between a shepherdess named after the "goddess of the moon" and a shepherd whose name means "of the woods." Could this be a symbolic reenactment of, and a belated reconciliation between, Elizabeth's "Diana" (goddess of the moon) and the wodewose at Kenilworth?

Without an understanding of the role played by the forest itself, and of Shakespeare's use of the wild man stories and traditions, then, the four marriages which accompany Rosalind's disclosure would seem to overstress the plot. Similarly, the play's denouement, one that would necessarily have to bear responsibility for its social and political resolution, needs to address the actions of the usurping Duke Frederick and those he has usurped. Toward the end of Act V, the usual socio-political settlements and realignments that accrue from marriage in Elizabethan Romantic comedies are in place: the Jills have their appropriate Jacks, however preposterously their unions were contrived. But even with the nuptials complete, the situation for Robin 'Duke Senior' Hood and his now happy entourage appears to be far from promising. Faced with an increasingly rebellious aristocracy, Frederick, in role similar to that of Sheriff of Nottingham, musters a "mighty power" to crush the merry men and put Duke Senior to the sword. Of a sudden, we get the unexpected message that Frederick has had a completely unpredictable moment of sagacity. We are told that

> to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
> Where, meeting with an old religious man,
> After some question with him, was converted
> Both from the enterprise and the world,
> His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
> And all their lands restor'd to them again

That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Typologically prefigured by Oliver's change of heart, Frederick's abrupt *volte face* has troubled, baffled, or irritated audiences, actors and critics for some time. Even Jaques de Boys, bearer of the news, has to back the delivery of this highly unlikely information with his life. Various explanations over the years—religious or moral conversions, lazy writing, or the all-purpose concept of *deus ex machina*—do little to account for Frederick's actions within the context of the play. If Frederick's conversion does not emerge from the play's dramaturgy, then the text is compromised in some way. My argument is that this moment needs to be understood as part of the fabric of the whole play that redeploys a variety of cultural forms relating to wild man of European folklore to articulate a story about the Tudor state.

Frederick's move to execute a dynastic conquest, one which would clearly destroy the future of the duchy's ruling class, is arrested on the skirts of the wild wood. Upon that threshold, he encounters the complex matrix that makes up the wild wood on the Shakespearean stage, including multiple editions of the wild man, recycling the Tudors' investments of the Robin Hood myth, and the adaptations of the many *Orson and Valentine* stories that circulated in Northern Europe. Whatever their source—folk tales, popular rituals, myth, or romance—at heart, many of these stories deal with the courtly class's concerns about the bounds and integrity of its community: estranged outsiders need to be reconciled; dysfunctional and destructive people and forces need to be rehabilitated or neutralized; external threats need to be productively vanquished; the ruling order needs to be able to reproduce itself. Of course, such stories appear to deal with the anxieties that herald rather than facilitate the smooth running of a particular ruling system. Given feudal culture's investments in both its foundational relationship between the community and the land, and its martial ideology, then it is not surprising that the figure of the wild man—half man, half nature—was compelling; especially when existential issues might need be resolved by fighting. It is not surprising that many heraldic devices from the late Middle Ages featured wodewoses, wild men, and green men. Knights and wild men, thanks to the many versions of *Valentine and Orson*, were after all brothers.

Upon coming to the wild wood, Frederick is confronted by a context in which he is a profoundly aberrant force: an autocratic ruler who has abused *noblesse oblige* and ruptured proper family relations. As he comes

within the purview of the wood, we learn that he has ceased to be a threat to the peace, stability, and the right order of the family and the state. Although the text is seemingly imprecise about Frederick's point of contact, the "old religious man" allusions to him abound. Was he akin to Rosalind's "old religious uncle," who, in her masquerade as a man, she claims taught her to speak? Or is he Ganymede's "great magician," who is "Obscured within the circle of this forest?" In medieval art literature and culture, it was supposed that wise men, wild men, prophets, and magicians could well inhabit a wood like the Forest of Arden. Perhaps Shakespeare fuses *Merlinus Ambrosius*, King Arthur's famous magician, with *Merlinus Caledonicus* from Geoffrey of Monmouth's twelfth-century epic poem: *Vita Merlini*?[61] Merlin, or *Myrddin*, goes in to the woods when in a crazed or frenzied state, takes to watching wild animals, becoming both a wild man and mysterious soothsayer. In that sense he is a figure not unlike the melancholy Jaques, another who is wood within the wood, one who follows Frederick after his conversion, claiming "There is much matter to be heard and learn'd." Precisely what that is remains unclear. What we do know is that as he stood on the skirts of the wood, Frederick did indeed "let the forest judge."

4
The English Country Estate and the Landscape's Nation

The English country house and its grounds

When considering the development of secular architecture and the reorganization of the perception of landscape through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a means of expressing national ideas, we need to confront particular generic models and conventions. As we saw in Chapter 1, Niklaus Pevsner's highly influential Reith lecture for the BBC in 1955 entitled "The Englishness of English Art" was an attempt to identify specific fundamental traits intrinsic to the nation that were manifest in certain forms of cultural production. During that special moment of national reconstruction after WWII, Pevsner argued that distinctive and enduring characteristics of English art such as "the Flaming Line" and the profundity of Perpendicularity were, across centuries, written and built into the national consciousness. A year or so after Pevsner's lecture, G. R. Hibbard began his formative article, "The Country House Poem of the Seventeenth Century," by drawing another line.

> Through the poetry of the early seventeenth century there runs a thin but clearly defined tradition of poems in praise of the English country house and of the whole way of life of which the country house was the centre. Once the line is recognized, there emerges a homogenous body of poetry which is not only a considerable achievement in its own right, marked as it is, by strong ethical thought and by a certain sobriety and weight of utterance, but which is also of peculiar interest to all who are concerned about the relation of poetry to the society from which it springs.[1]

By aligning the particularities of the whole way of life of the English country house with a now identifiable literary tradition Hibbard neatly constructs an historical and generic continuity, one that looks to determine a national ethics and character. The poetic tradition to which he lays claim is inaugurated by Ben Jonson's "To Penshurst," with each of the successive poems engaging with it, finally coming "to an end in Marvell's *Appleton House* which begins from well within this tradition, though it ultimately grows into something very different from any of the other poems."[2] Finding poetry or other texts outside this bracket, or problems with the timeline, or issues with generic homogeneity, important as they are, do not really compromise the main thrust of Hibbard's argument concerning the significance of the site of the country house and its place in English landscape and consciousness. What follows is an attempt to revisit poem and place in order to re-chart nationalistic formations purportedly embedded in the English landscape.

With acute insight, Alastair Fowler has focused on something fundamental and relatively simple about Hibbard's inscription of a genre that is somehow missed or ignored by critics: "'country house poems', so called, are not about houses."[3] Country house poems, he continues, "mention architecture only in asides, making a virtue of unostentatious simplicity, but concentrating on garden-art."[4] Fowler prefers the term "estate poems."[5] And the term works better in so far as it captures the way poems such as "To Penshurst," Thomas Carew's "To Saxham," and the many others with similar subject matter, themes, and conventions, extend their encomia to the grounds, the forests, the fruits, the tenants, and all the other artifacts of the estate evoked synecdochally by the name of the master's house. In fact, the peculiar unimportance, or even near absence, of the house in so-called country house poems is betokened by the effort it has taken many critics to task themselves with an all-engrossing reconstruction. This effort often includes exhaustive virtual archeological activity that works to unearth the various phases of building at Penshurst by peeling back each layer of its architectural development and assessing its impact on Jonson's experience and observations; or to pore over the metaphorical blueprints of the particular edifice out of three possible buildings at Nun Appleton that Andrew Marvell has ostensibly chosen to celebrate in "Upon Appleton House."

As compelling an activity as this kind of archeology seems, if we see the *estates* that these poems describe as being simply the grounds around the houses that give them their name, we run the risk of replacing one literalism with another. In so doing we would demolish the literary

ambitions of the poems. In claiming that the Mount at Penshurst Place is that "to which the Dryads do resort,"[6] we must understand, Jonson is making much more of the grounds than they are in actuality. So too does Carew as he explains the wealth of game birds at Saxham's table:

> Or else the birds, fearing the snow
> Might to another deluge grow,
> The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
> Flew to thy house, as to the Ark.[7]

Over the course of the seventeenth century, the era identified as that of the country house or estate poem, a parade of muses, dryads, satyrs, Israelites, pilgrims, and saints transformed the English countryside into a theater of time and its grand houses into the home of the cosmos.

A major feature of this genre is its description by negation. Leaning on the georgic tradition of didactic description of place, Jonson opens his address to the house by stating "Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show" (l.1). Marvell's Appleton House[8] is presented as the "Work of no foreign architect" (l.2). Much of Carew's description of Wrest concerns the virtues of what it does not sport: "not" being constructed of "carvèd marble, touch, or porphyry," having no "foreign gums [...]volatile spirits" or "sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone," being "Devoid of art," are all the (absent) marks of Wrest's "hospitality," its warmth, its "useful comeliness"[9] (ll. 15, 20–4). In Robert Herrick's "The Country Life, to the Honoured Master Endymion Porter, Groom of the Bedchamber to His Majesty," the limitations of Porter's home are his "own dear bounds" for he "knowst 'tis not the extent / Of land makes life, but sweet content."[10] Richard Corbett's praise of Warwick Castle under the ownership of Fulke Greville, meanwhile, is set up as a complex balancing between the building's martial attributes and the "orchards, gardens, rivers, and the air"[11] that amounts to a tacit negation of its former life as a jail.[12]

Yet the idea that such negation is a rhetorical strategy designed to cover a multitude of sins motivated by the love of a patron or of patronage to console the owner for the estate's dearth of ornament or amenity is itself misleading. If that were the strategy, it does not seem to account for the varying purposes to which it is put. It may be true that Jonson's description of Penshurst, that it has not the refinements of "polished pillars" or a "roof of gold," (l. 3) nor the pretentious display of glass, is as much a rejection of the Elizabethan prodigy house aesthetic as it is praise of Penshurst. Yet as Jonson's negative rhetoric strips the value from the ornamentation of opulent architecture, in effect it also peels

back the layers of Penshurst Place. Indeed, the opening lines of the poem could be read as its own particular kind of archeological excavation, digging through the more recent (ostentatious) accretions in search of a more substantial and intrinsic, if less elegant, core.

Like so many great houses and, as we saw at Hereford, like so many Cathedrals, the building at Penshurst, now known as Penshurst Place, is composed of multiple architectural strata. Originally owned by Sir Stephen de Penchester in the thirteenth century (whose tomb can be found in the church), the baronial hall was built later by John de Pulteney, merchant and Lord Mayor of London, around 1341. When built, the Gothic Great Hall showed touches of the emergent Decorated Gothic style especially in the tracery (Plate 12). Clearly, the upwardly mobile de Pulteney wanted something spectacular as well as contemporary and, to confirm his legitimacy, something formally aristocratic. After de Pulteney, the place changed hands several times, and each new owner tweaked or added to the structure until Penshurst was gifted to Sir William Sidney by Edward VI in 1552. Aside from the Great Hall, much of the character of the building presented to Jonson would have been the alterations and additions carried out by the Sidneys in the various and successive English Renaissance styles that were common to the Elizabethan and Jacobean period. For those disposed to perceive it as such, Penshurst Place in Jonson's time was a modestly grand late Gothic edifice wearing a variegated but fashionable neoclassical overcoat.

Within the poem, then, Jonson is not setting up a comparison of like with like: contemporary Penshurst with buildings of the same era that differ in style. In the poem, the sole directly *positive* description we get of Penshurst, the country house, is that it is "an ancient pile" (l. 5). Pitted against the flamboyance of other buildings this core reference is not so much Penshurst as it is the antiquity to which it can lay claim. That is, to call Penshurst an "ancient pile" is to describe not the building itself but to dictate the proper affective relationship that the reader should have to its historic rootedness. Paradoxically, the value of this inherent history is to be found in its generic virtuality. To call Penshurst an ancient pile is to give it the air of something original, something that dates back beyond time immemorial, something almost primeval, without having to trouble with the details of Penshurst's uneven lineage and checkered architectural record. What this means is that any contemporary cladding that might be construed as building for envious show is not so much hidden by the rhetoric as necessary for the rhetorical establishment of the house as an ancient pile.

Once Jonson strips Penshurst down to its historical essence, he then turns to its environs: the gardens, fields, forests, and walks. From this

location, then, beyond the ephemera of the house, the poem works to make visible the aura that attends the latent ancient pile. The poem moves swiftly outdoors and, in the consideration of the landscape, interweaves the gardens and landscape of Penhurst and the antique mythological loci of satyrs and Dryads. Penshurst becomes the place "Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made, / Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade" (ll. 11–12). Legible, perhaps, as encomiastic hyperbole, this intermixing of milieux should be understood as more than the blandishments of a classical scholar.

> There, in the writhèd bark, are cut the names
> Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
> And thence, the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
> The lighter Fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.
>
> (ll. 15–18)

To place the Satyrs in the same environs as the trees on whose bark common English peasants carve the names of their loved ones goes beyond metaphor. It is not simply that present-day romantic conquests are being characterized through the figures of antiquity. Instead, Penshurst becomes a location where different moments in history and literature commingle in one eternal space and time, rather than a single albeit revered classical world.

Understandably, its idealization of the country estate has earned "To Penshurst" censure for mystifying the structurally antagonistic relations between landlord and laborer. It is a fair point: there can be no doubt that conflict on the English agrarian estate at the time was both visible and broadly understood. Both town and country were replete with proof and precedent of those who were dispossessed as a consequence of a whole range of land management policies, including acts of enclosure. Jonson's encrypted assertions take this into account:

> And though thy walls be of the country stone,
> They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan:
> There's none, that dwell about them, wish them down;
> But all come in, the farmer, and the clown,
> And no one empty-handed, to salute
> Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
>
> (ll. 44–50)

The representation of labor as such is further buried in the poem's treatment of the estate's bounty. Even the livestock and game cannot begrudge Penshurst its enjoyments: "The painted partridge lies in every field, / And, for thy mess, is willing to be killed" (ll. 29–30). In similar vein, the estate's fish "run into the net"; its eels "leap on land / Before the fisher, or into his hand" (ll. 33, 37–8). Not only is this an Edenic idealization of animals sacrificing themselves for God's most valued creatures, it is also a vision that omits the labor by which partridge, fish, and venison appear on the lord's table.

That being said, my argument is that rather than being the actual purpose of the poem, the erasure of structural class conflict is part of a larger enterprise to reconstruct in the poem an ideal version of feudal society for a specific national purpose. For sure, it would be misleading if not reckless to say that socio-economic life at Penshurst and throughout England was still modeled on earlier feudal relations and political organization. But it is Jonson's effort to rework or refit a feudal vision of England by concentrating on the Great Hall that is significant for our comprehension of the poem. Within the economy of manorial culture, it is the Great Hall that forms the ideological, social, spatial, and logistical center. It was the locus of estate administration, dispensation of justice, entertainment, feasting, wedding celebrations, holiday festivities, the place to bring the harvest, and sometimes to sleep. Central to the Hall, symbolically and practically, is the open hearth (Figure 4.1).

It was in and through the Great Hall that the parameters of the manorial community were made, maintained, supervised, and staked out. Jonson treats Penshurst's Baronial Hall as a stage for an estate pageant, as each person who services the manor enters the structure to pay tribute to "lord and lady," (l. 50) bearing the riches of the estate's natural bounty. Treated as one great gathering in the poem, the procession of devotees actually spans time on the estate in the form of a never ending annual. Nuts, apples, pears, early cherries, and later plums, domestic livestock, and wild game, do not come altogether but belong to a seasonal cycle, and "each," as the poet recognizes, "in his own time doth come" (l. 42). This ritual harvest is part and parcel of the poem's timeless reconstitution of Penshurst Place, a reconstruction meant not to rival but to underwrite Robert Sidney's improvements. Although in many ways the poem is not strictly about the architecture of the place, it is all the while constructing the house out of the materials of its landscape. Even in the passages that deal explicitly with Penshurst's outdoors, there is a direct line back to the Great Hall via representation

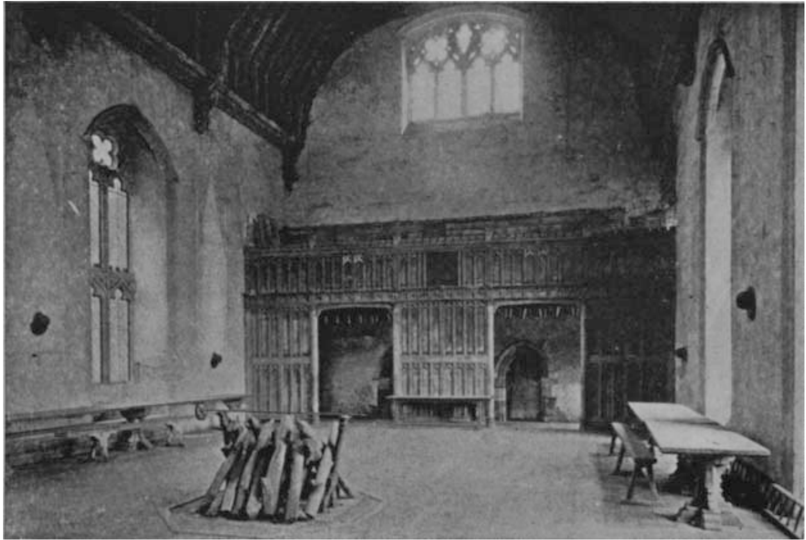


Figure 4.1 Penshurst Place, Great Hall.

of the land. What comes in with the farmer and the clown and the peasants' daughters is the fabric of the land itself.

> Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
> Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
> The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
> By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
> This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
> An emblem of themselves, in plum, or pear.
>
> (ll. 51–6)

In each line of the poem that visits the outdoors there are continual reminders of the Great Hall. Animals or fruits are associated with the householders and take up their appropriate place in the Hall.

> Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
> That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,
> When thou wouldst feast
>
> (ll. 19–21)

And:

> Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops,
> Fertile of wood, Ashore, and Sydney's copse,
> To crown thy open table, doth provide
> The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side
>
> (ll. 25–8)

Jonson's treatment of the social harmony fundamental to and marked by the fact that "all come in" (l. 48) bearing tributes that come from the natural bounty of the estate's land is also a subtle way of enclosing the landscape within the walls of the Great Hall.

While the poem's energies may seem to derive from a kind of nostalgia, more accurately they are directed to reposition the essence of the country estate in the Jacobean present. Many critics have noted the coincidence between the estate poems of the early seventeenth century and the proclamations made by King James for the gentry to leave London and return to their country estates. The ostensible reason for this was that the city was overcrowded and corrupting and, by staying there, the aristocracy was letting its households and land fall into disrepair and become unprofitable. Directed at "noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of quality," James's Proclamation of 1622 insisted that they "repair to their mansion houses in the country, to attend to their services, and keep hospitality, according to the ancient and laudable custom of England, on pain of being disabled from serving, the King, and punished for contempt."[13] English identity, then, in the eyes and hands of the ruling class, is understood to be inextricably linked to a particular version of English history that is underwritten by the feudal values. The rosy picture that "To Penshurst" paints of those values is the starting point for its deeper purpose.

James's regulation of the aristocracy was, not surprisingly, more phatic than enforced, and many of these royal Proclamations were far more honored in the breach than in the observance. With gentlemen of quality abjuring his orders, James took to poetry: "An Elegie written by the King concerning his counsell for Ladies & gentlemen to departe the City of London according to his Majesties Proclamation."[14] And, like much regulatory advice written at the time, it predominantly targeted women. Although James is not the worst writer to sit on the English throne, his Elegy does little for its own stated cause. Offering more ineffective stick than persuasive carrot, he admonishes those who stay in London in hackneyed moral terms telling women that the "world hath not a more

deboshèd place." Women "that doe London loue so well" are already at risk due to their "owne propension" even without the "excesse of Luste's provocatives" in which the city is so saturated. Put like that, any return to the country would appear to be an admission of a moral guilt, or at least a propensity to it. James's rhetoric might have been more convincing had some of the "provocatives"—that he alleges such women "dream on"—not been the "visers, maskes & playes" sponsored and enacted by the king himself and members of his family and court. More preposterous was the suggestion that to make the neglected estate more profitable, the lady's "coatch-horse" should be put in harness for the "thrifty plough." Whatever effect he intended in writing such a diatribe against the wasteful and wanton women deemed to circle his court and in so doing dangerously drain the resources of their estates, his writing seems to have convinced few to return to the country. By contrast, the town, with its fashions and entertainments, came to look increasingly more attractive than learning how to spin at home or visiting the "sicke and needie." In short, James's poetry seriously undermines its own claims to the attractions of the country and the ethos of the estate. Clumsy poetics aside, the king does seem motivated by an anxiety about the role and identity of an aristocracy that increasingly appeared to be removed from the intrinsic value of the land and its stewardship. Underlying the frustrations that produced his proclamations was an anxiety about the cohesion of the state itself, often manifest in tensions between the court, the city, and the country.

It is hard to reconcile the notion that "To Penshurst" is simply an earlier yet more sophisticated version of James's calls for his courtiers to "departe in peace" "& in the Country live in good esteeme." This would be difficult to do given the fact that the poem praises the virtues of Penshurst so assiduously in the light of its master's absence. The last third of Jonson's poem, in which he praises the "hospitality" (l. 60) that animates the king's concept of what is expected of the English aristocracy is pointedly developed around an incident that occurred when James and his son happened by during a hunting excursion and found the Sidneys not at home. Instead of depicting this as an unfortunate but embarrassing moment, Jonson treats the incident as a triumph of the Lady's and Penshursts's hospitality: the estate's "good lady" "reaped / The just reward of her high housewifery";

> To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
> When she was far; and not a room but dressed
> As if it had expected such a guest!
>
> (ll. 84–8)

Jonson's substantial reconstruction of the incident of the king's visit seems to invite a reading of the poem that it was an awkward or disappointing situation for the Sidneys; one which the poet needed to gloss in order to sustain the feudal fiction he has set up. Such a reading accords with a general view that "To Penshurst" was eloquent propaganda for the royalist position, to which the Sidneys were integral. But even if the poem can be read as doing that, it does so to provide cover for the idea that the absence of the landlord is in some way *fundamental* to the poet's vision of the essence of the estate.

With the owners away, Jonson figures Penshurst as far more than an example of a well tended and ideal country house. It becomes the nation's country house not in itself but in the poem. Everyone within the bounds of Penshurst has a place and is welcome to partake of all the delights and comforts that it offers. Before describing the reception of King James and the Prince, Jonson praises his own experience of the hospitality that he has received and goes on to cite himself as a surrogate for all men. Penshurst is first depicted as a place "where comes no guest but is allowed to eat, / Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat" (ll. 61–2). But in the lines that follow it is clear that any guest might become the poet.

> Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine
> That is his lordship's, shall be also mine;
> And I not fain to sit (as some, this day,
> At great men's tables) and yet dine away.

A little further down, Jonson continues:

> Nor, when I take my lodgings need I pray
> For fire, or lights, or livery: all is there,
> As if thou, then, wert mine, or I reigned here.

Coupling "there" and "here" finesses the relationship between those outside and those within. Comprehension of that state of mind enables the reader (you), to partake of the hospitality of the poem as an experience that positions you at Penshurst as its guest-poet-lord. Getting to poem-Penshurst translates you into an appropriate reader who is thus inherent to its qualities. As owners, the lord and lady in and of themselves do not so much define those qualities as to be inhabited by them. It is the affective relationship between the poem and the estate that provides a locus where an English consciousness may securely reside and rest. Had James arrived when Lord and Lady Sidney were

there, in the mind of the reader he might risk being treated as a mere guest. As it is, English sovereignty, and its future, are interpellated by the place of the "ancient pile" like any other reader-guest. The place:

> found King James, when hunting late this way,
> With his brave son, the prince, they saw thy fires
> Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
> Of thy Penates had been set on flame
> To entertain them; or the country came,
> With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
>
> (ll. 76–81)

The literal impossibility of the royal hunting party being able to see the fires on every hearth is transformed into an invocation of the Penates, the "inner ones," the Roman household gods who are connected to the hearth. It is, then, the idea of the hearth, the continuous desire of the inner ones, which effectively pulls King James and his heir into the Great Hall, the visible edifice of the "ancient pile."

The absence of the Sidneys from Penshurst and the description by negation that open and close the poem are complementary. As written by Jonson, the essence of Penshurst is its eternally historic quality and not its specific material structures or architectural features. Whatever takes place there belongs to time immemorial, which is ever present at Penshurst. Penshurst is then and now and forever. Penshurst is here and there and everywhere. In any place, at whatever season, and in whatever capacity, anyone can read the poem and *dwell* at Penshurst, and in so doing embrace and be embraced by all of the possible relationships that connect the estate, the family, and the nation. By inhabiting Jonson's magisterial poem, then, one could live in London, or anywhere else for that matter, and *be* at Penshurst at the same time. In order to achieve that condition, it seems that all the reader need do is to accede to the poem's rhetoric and theory. Yet after years of reading Jonson I am of a mind, if indeed it is my mind when I read him, to believe that "To Penshurst" strives both to generate longing and deny choice. From Jonson's point of view, if you are not inherently a party to the poem then you will exist forever outside its hospitable world. Me? I am always there … at least when reading the poem.

The problem of history

In "To Penshurst," the Gothic Great Hall enabled the poetic reconstruction of an ideal edifice to be somewhat natural, not least because the structure

was actually there—albeit tucked behind the fancily remodeled front of the manor house. Had Marvell wanted to follow precisely the same kind of pattern at Appleton House, it was not available to him. In "Upon Appleton House," Marvell creates an Appleton House that only exists in the poem, a necessary marriage of its buildings and histories. Noting that Marvell "amplifies the continuity of the houses," Alastair Fowler points out that there are "at least three houses" to which the poet might be referring: "(1) the religious house of Nun Appleton; (2) a substantial (not temporary) house built in the 1550s or 1560s, probably of stone from the nunnery; (3) the 'new house' begun in the 1630s or 1640s, and completed, partly to designs (c. 1650) drawn by John Webb."[15] The poem's reference to the nunnery distinguishes Marvell's Appleton House from the nunnery as a building. The nunnery that is said to have given "birth" to the present Appleton House is that which Marvell calls the "neighbour-ruin" standing for "the quarries whence this dwelling rose" (ll. 85, 87–8).[16]

The literal question of whether Appleton House is the older house or the newer one built by Thomas Fairfax, which may have already been completed by the time Marvell writes the poem, is more difficult to decide. At the beginning of the poem, it seems as if Marvell is describing the older house. But after praising the modesty of the house's proportions and the modesty of its master for living within these bounds contentedly, Marvell moves on to what seems like an implicit apology for the need to construct a grander building. Taking up the point of view of the house itself, Marvell considers its strain:

> Yet thus the laden house does sweat,
> And scarce endures the Master great:
> But where he comes the swelling hall
> Stirs, and the square grows spherical;
> More by his magnitude distressed,
> Than he is by its straitness pressed:
> And too officiously it slights
> That in itself which him delights.
>
> (ll. 49–56)

Such is Marvell's ingenious way of turning the master's desire for a larger and more illustrious home into a mercy toward the older building. To construct a new building, then, is to rescue the older building from its labor and from its own sense of shame at being inadequate. It would not make sense for Marvell to describe the newer building in this fashion.

Its disproportionate relationship to the grandness of its master would be a failure. So, it would seem that the poem's extant Appleton House is the older manor house built from the stone of the deconsecrated convent, even as the poem is also conscious of the newer building or at least plans for a newer building.

Rather than being some kind of poetic misjudgment, error, or a failure to be clear about the various buildings, much of the work of "Upon Appleton House" is best understood as precisely the work of yoking the nunnery to the manor house in the imagination. Of the poem's treatment of the marriage of William Fairfax and Isabel Thwaites, heiress of the land of Nun Appleton according to conventions of medieval romance, Patsy Griffin argues that it is part of the poem's larger project to transfer the sanctity of the convent to the manor house. The drama that Marvell invents around the marriage of William Fairfax and Isabel Thwaites is inserted between the poet's contemplation of the house and his journey through its grounds. He recounts a tale of Isabel's seduction by "the subtle nuns" who entice her to join them in the convent, thereby inducing "the unjust divorce" of the couple (ll. 94, 236). Voicing the belief that the nuns' interest in Isabel is motivated by greed and not divine solicitude ("'Tis thy 'state, / Not thee, that they would consecrate"), William Fairfax struggles valiantly to acquire Isabel, to obtain legal entry into the priory, before finally removing her by force (ll. 221–2). Throughout the stanzas in which the nuns speak, Griffin argues, Marvell builds a "dichotomy between false and true religious houses,"[17] as well as between falsely and truly virtuous purposes, by painting the nuns as whited sepulchers. Although the nuns lay claim to a kind of holiness that protects the sanctity of their retreat from the world, within the poem they appear to be quite worldly. It is not until the convent becomes the seat of the Fairfax family and houses Isabel and William[18] that it becomes truly what it once purported to be: "Though many a nun there made her vow, / 'Twas no religious house till now" (ll. 279–80).

For Griffin, the transfer of sanctity onto the manor house from the nunnery is a maneuver akin to whistling in the dark. Despite the freewheeling and wholesale looting of ecclesiastical properties licensed by the Dissolution, Griffin argues that there was a pervasive superstition regarding the use of deconsecrated property. She claims: "To live in a former monastery or build on the site of one was widely regarded as sacrilege."[19] It is possible, she argues, that "Marvell's reconstruction of the Fairfax legend suggests an effort to relieve Fairfax's fears that Providence was acting against him or would do so because he assumed and retained the Nunappleton property."[20] Whatever the probability

of Fairfax's being subject to such a superstition, it seems too localized a purpose to account for all the effort to blur the distinctions between buildings and their histories.

Not simply working to supplant the former religious order's claim to the land and the soul of the place, Marvell's review of the history of the buildings and grounds that make up Nun Appleton skillfully integrates the Commonwealth era with the nation's past. This process is well underway before the struggle between the nuns and Fairfax reprises Catholic and Protestant arguments over true faith. Exorcising the nunnery's claim to any kind of historical priority begins with the poem's adoption of the convention of description by negation. Around a discourse on the proper architectural proportions for a house, the poem establishes a dichotomous series between natural and unnatural, Vetruvian proportionality and artificial grandeur, and, finally, Englishness and foreignness. It is possible to speculate that Marvell had some specific foreign architect or architectural style in mind, but the function of the opening stanza of the poem is mainly to set up a generic binary between self (Appleton House) and an alien Other. The Other need not be clearly defined because the purpose of the poem at this stage is to posit an as-yet-undefined country house aesthetic that it will go on to develop. Being "work of no foreign architect," Appleton House is decidedly not a monument to vanity and pride that upsets the mental balance of the architect for the base ambition of raising eyebrows. As a result, Appleton House is also not culpable for the rape of nature "that unto caves the quarries drew, / And forests did to pastures hew" (F ll. 3–4). It does not matter to which actual "marble crusts" of foreign architects Marvell might be referring (F l. 21). Drawing upon our previous discussion of Penshurst, the presentation of such encrustations is a matter of establishing an affective dichotomous relationship with Appleton House. That the house is not the property of boastfulness or of excess prepares the reader to feel an affinity with it before it is materially presented.

At the same time, an equation has been established wherein "foreign" architecture is unnatural, both in the sense that it unduly drains natural resources and in the sense that it takes a tortuous mental effort to devise it. Added soon to foreign architecture will be the implied charge of impiety. Stanza IV, the counterpart to the negations of the opening stanza, gives us Appleton House as the perfect opposite to these attributes of foreign architecture.

> But all things are composed here
> Like Nature, orderly and near:

In which we the dimensions find
Of that more sober age and mind,
When larger-sizèd men did stoop
To enter at a narrow loop;
As practising, in doors so strait,
To strain themselves through heaven's gate.

(ll. 25–32)

These last couple of lines echo Christ's teaching against wealth, that it is harder for a rich man to enter heaven than it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.[21] In its more natural modeling, wherein "beasts are by their dens expressed" and "birds contrive an equal nest," proportions according to which "bodies measure out their place," Appleton House is both humble and pious (ll. 11–12, 16).

The equation between the natural and the pious already prefigures the claim that Fairfax marshals against the religious order for the property of Nun Appleton. It prepares us to recognize that the nuns are impious in so far as they do not follow the natural, that is, animal, order of existence because they do not procreate. In its first presentation of the connection between Isabel and the nuns, the poem poses them as a threat to nature; the "gloomy cloister's gates" overshadow "the blooming virgin Thwaites." From this moment on, the nuns' discourse is punctuated by images of a thwarted or perverted nature (F ll. 89–90). In trying to make an appeal for the value of the cloistered life, the nuns' sophistry makes the claim that it "hedge[s] our liberty about" (S. l. 100). In the midst of a predictable presentation of so-called idolatry comes a more pointed criticism of artificiality.

Someone the Holy Legend reads;
While all the rest with needles paint,
The face and graces of the saint.
But what the linen can't receive
They in their lives do interweave.

(ll. 122–6)

Religious inspiration that ought to come from an inner light and give expression to itself in devotional art is missing here. Instead, the life of devotion experienced by the nuns is presented as an overflow of artifice. Also, if Marvell is not playfully hinting at lesbian activity in the line, "the rule itself to you shall bend,"[22] then throughout the nun's discourse he clearly suggests that convent life peculiarly and perversely

offers all the pleasures of married life. Thwaites is promised: "'Each night among us to your side / Appoint a fresh and virgin bride'" (ll. 185–6). Homosexual practices aside, the nuns are presented as queer and quaint in relationship to what is deemed natural in Marvell's time and place. Over the course of its treatment of the nunnery, then, "Upon Appleton House" establishes the edifice as unnatural, as impious, and, ultimately, as some kind of foreign growth. Most important is the implication that the nunnery never had a true claim to its place at Nun Appleton.

Marvell's presentation of the Fairfax-Thwaites union falsifies the nuns' authority and their prior claims to the convent, and therefore Fairfax's preordained possession of the land. Echoing Christ's intercession on the part of the Roman soldiers, the poet beseeches the nuns who keep Fairfax at bay: "Ill-counseled women, do you know / Whom you resist, or what you do?" By implication, the ancestral line that will begin with Fairfax and Thwaites is the fulfillment of prophecy (ll. 239–40). Consequently, the military triumphs of their son, Thomas, his sons, and the present Lord Fairfax, are thus being thwarted by the nuns. In the poem's history, though, the Civil War is the inevitable fate against which the nuns are setting themselves; and their defeat in that conflict proves to be another instance of the unbreakable link between a proper English Christianity and the Commonwealth. Through this somewhat anachronistic maneuver, the poet manages to co-opt the Catholic history of the property. The dissolution of the monasteries and the expurgation of Catholicism marked a profound distinction between English and European history. Henceforth England was no longer part of a pan-Catholic Europe. And yet, Marvell is able to make it appear as if the inheritors of the changes that resulted from England's religious and cultural revolution, cultural revolutionaries themselves, are part of a long English tradition against which actual English history is posed.

But the poem does not, cannot, simply purge the nunnery's claims, or rewrite the history of the place so as to extirpate their presence. For the integrity of the text, and the viability of English history, the poet has to provide an account that does not leave the nunnery, and everything for which it stands, a lurking threat. As the ruined nunnery becomes a quarry from which the manor house drew its stone (thus allowing Marvell to maintain the distinction between the Appleton House he constructs in the poem and the work of foreign architects), Marvell's imaginative reconstruction of these historical scenes provides material for the ideological fortification of the Fairfax estate. Even though, from William Fairfax's perspective, Isabel's sojourn in the convent is an "unjust divorce," her time there is crucial to establishing the

righteousness of Fairfax's rights and claims. While at the convent, Isabel can become the "truly bright and holy Thwaites"; she is sanctified as a holy virgin (l. 263). At the same time, the poem's suggestion that she is already married to Fairfax establishes his rights to her. When he breaks into the convent to "rescue" her, he gains possession of both his legal wife and of the essence of the convent. In Fairfax's arms, Isabel is no longer an emblem of the contest between different epistemologies, religious beliefs, and philosophies; rather she is invested with all the holiness to be gained in the convent. When Fairfax finds her "weeping at the altar," her tears signifying both "tears of grief" at being parted from him and the religiously inspired tears "with which calm pleasure overflows," he is reuniting with his own and Christ's bride (ll. 264, 113–4).

Their union provides a resolution to Fairfax's moral dilemma when faced with the convent's refusal to honor his rights: "What should he do? He would respect/ Religion but not right neglect" (ll. 225–6). He has been granted the right of forcibly breaching the convent's security and retrieving Isabel: he has "the lawful form," but this is not sufficient for his conscience and his sense of honor. Here, the poem introduces the idea that he, Fairfax, is on the side of history and prophecy, that the consummation of his marriage and its issue are the future of England. However, this is a future that, as yet, does not have the backing of the past. It is still a revolutionary act intimately tied to the revolutionary drama of the Civil War; and the poem has still to respond to a suspicion that it is simply might that makes right. Marvell's writing skillfully engages this unacceptable principle. The future produced by the Thwaites-Fairfax union and the abrupt assertion of martial power that brings it about are retroactively legitimized because Thwaites is a product of the convent, its only holy inhabitant.

Writing the ruins of the country house poems

In Marvell's words, the Fairfax-Thwaites narrative establishes a relatively secure provenance for the manor house at Nun Appleton. That the poem is built around a historical romance could be seen as compromising its formal connections to earlier exemplars of country house or estate poetry. Fair enough, but what of the rest of the poem? Hibbard's early and enigmatic assessment, that Marvell's "Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax [...] begins as a country house poem though it then grows into something new and different," also requires explanation. Tantalizingly, that novelty, that difference, that growth, begins after stanza IX; and henceforth for Hibbard, the "greater part" of Marvell's

poem lies "outside" his "scope."[23] Since then, scholars have struggled to survey that outside territory and find appropriate meaning there in relation to the tradition that appears to motivate Marvell's writing.

A brief catalogue of the differences between Marvell's poem and earlier country house or estate poems raises important questions regarding its place within the so-designated genre. Nigel Smith explores certain differences, though he also looks to point out the fundamental similarities between "Upon Appleton House" and the country house poem as exemplified by Jonson. For one, he notes, Marvell "eschews the festiveness evoked by Jonson." Furthermore, "where Jonson's natural world is the object of sumptuous production, M[arvell]'s is the opportunity for contemplation." Finally, Smith observes that "Jonson's poem returns to the house itself, whereas M[arvell]'s stays in natural contemplation."[24] These and other differences between Marvell's poem and the country house poems of earlier in the seventeenth century have been seen as "innovative" or in some other way consummative of the form,[25] and even as an instance of the fracturing or decay of the specific poetic traditions. Brian Patton, for example, sees "Upon Appleton House" as revealing under stress the ideological cracks already inherent in the country house poem: "that the genre's inherent contradictions should be most in evidence in Marvell's poem is appropriate given the circumstances under which it was produced," namely, "England in the wake of the wars that culminated in the trial and execution of its monarch."[26] Whether claiming the poem as an evolution or devolution of the form, what such examinations of "Upon Appleton House" seem almost doggedly to insist upon is its continuity with the earlier country house or estate poems. Taking aim at Hibbard, Raymond Williams cautions us with regard to "the critical folly of assimilating all country-house poems to a single tradition, as if their occupants were some kind of unbroken line."[27] Williams articulates another rationale for the poems: that they reflect or react to the extraordinary political, social, and economic changes of the seventeenth century. In this sense, "Upon Appleton House" is a transitional poem, one that navigates the move from monarchy to Commonwealth. We need to lean hard on that idea, though, in order to explore what kind of cultural work the poem actually *does*, or tries to do, especially in relation to the landscape, beyond reflecting and articulating socio-historical change.

Without doubt, it is useful to think of the differences between "Upon Appleton House" and poems like "To Penshurst," Carew's "To Saxham," and others, as responsive to the very political, cultural, and epistemological crises that Patton names. As readers, though, we have no reason

to assume that Marvell blindly employed a form that could not hold together under the pressure of contemporary turmoil, especially since, given their ideological sympathies, the poets producing its best examples could hardly be considered his political kindred. Even if Marvell did engage in such an act of poetic futility, such an extraordinary enterprise would surely need to be demonstrated by the text. I argue against this reading of "Upon Appleton House" as a self-conscious demonstration of political and poetic failure. Furthermore: that such a reading is there to be had needs also to be addressed. Sure, Marvell was a moderate yet dedicated Parliamentarian, and most of the earlier estate poets—Jonson, Carew, Herrick, for example—were Royalists of some stripe, but to expend such intellectual energy upon a failed literary model begs important questions. Would he have adopted a form that was so heavily invested in a kind of politics that he sought so assiduously to change, only to have it collapse? We are bound to consider the poem's anticipated reception and imagined circulation. Would Marvell have deliberately sought the failure of his poetry to make a partisan point, and, having done so, dedicate it to his patron, Thomas Fairfax, and his student, Mary Fairfax? Would poetic and epistemological failure be understood as support for his country and the revolution? In short, then, we need an account more attuned to the poem's connection to and departure from earlier estate poetry, and an argument more sensitive to the issues that attend those links.

To inspect some of the configurations and parameters of the country house poem in Marvell's "Upon Appleton House" is to uncover another ruined structure that the poet visits in the course of his quest for an interpretative matrix that addresses historical and poetic needs. Both the extent and visibility of the effort to unify the different buildings and historical eras that constitute Nun Appleton in "Upon Appleton House" cannot be simply, for Marvell, a matter of playing with the architectural and environmental cards with which he was dealt. The Penshurst that Jonson visits, for example, has many more architectural strata, more than a few built by its venerated owner, than his emphasis on the Baron's Hall would suggest. Yet there is no apparent compulsion or noticeable need in Jonson's poem to unite the strata and resolve their distinctions in a genealogical account of their filial relationship to the Great Hall. Nor can it be, at Nun Appleton, that the convent's ruins are too visibly separate from the manor house for Marvell to elide the two buildings. There are plenty of elisions in the poem—of seasons, of places, and, probably, of the two manor houses—that make evident the poem's willingness to depart from mimetic fidelity. Instead, it is

the historical identity of the building that most threatens to compromise the representational unity of the estate. The newer renovations and building at Penshurst have no more architectural, philosophical, historical, or political unity with the older parts of the house than exists between the buildings at Nun Appleton. The difference that the ruined nunnery makes, however, is its ability to cite, to call to mind, a profound historical break, a radical disjuncture between past and present. In the aftermath of the Civil War, the ruined nunnery too starkly reminds the visitor to Appleton House of the destruction from which the current ruling order now profits and the relative newness, and therefore, precariousness, of its power. In his perusal of the ruins of the convent, then, Marvell is surveying the ruins of the country house poem. Within the larger drama of historical usurpation, the portion of the poem that reconstructs life at the nunnery contains several signature elements of the earlier country house poems—albeit seen through a looking-glass darkly.

Missing from the rest of the poem and its contemporaneous present, yet found at the convent, is the harmony between individual and community, the providential plenty, the complementarities of labors, and the invagination of inside and outside that are characteristic of country house poems written heretofore. It is first important to note that, with one exception, the only building in which the reader is allowed access, and where others *dwell*, is the nunnery. The single peek at the interior of the manor house serves to prove this rule. Early in the poem, in Marvell's anthropormophic image of the house laboring to contain her master's bounty and "sweat[ing]" with the effort, we get what is arguably a glimpse of the house from the point of view of one on the inside: "But where he comes the swelling hall / Stirs, and the square grows spherical" (ll. 49, 51–2). This could also just as easily be an image seen from the exterior of the house, as it were. But whether a perspective is generated from inside the house or from without, it produces the same sense that there is little room and no hospitality for the reader. This is quite different from the sense of the interior that we get from "To Penshurst," wherein the very purpose of the vast baronial hall is that it accommodates everything and everyone.

More like Penshurst provided to us by Jonson's poem, however, is the nunnery, given to us in the voice of one of the nuns:

> Within this holy leisure we
> Live innocently as you see.
> These walls restrain the world without,

But hedge our liberty about.
These bars inclose that wider den
Of those wild creatures, callèd men.
The cloister outward shuts its gates,
And, from us, locks on them the grates

(ll. 97–104)

This performance of the nuns' specious rhetoric is itself subtle in its own expressive strategies. Through the mouths of the nuns, Marvell voices a sophistic argument in favor of what purports to be liberty but is, instead, imprisonment. The nuns twist the typical relationship between inside and outside, between living within the confines of boundaries and being at large in the world. Enclosure creates liberty; whereas to live outside the convent walls is to be condemned to a fate controlled by men. Indeed, the convent walls do not even enclose the nuns; rather they circumscribe the larger wilderness of men. Casuistry though this may be, this glimpse of "holy leisure" is seductive because it is the first time the reader is invited to occupy a space in the poem. In this dwelling we enjoy the aura of ideal communal living. The "subtle nuns" create an image of common purpose: likening themselves to "virgin Amazons"; in the collective spiritual labor signified by "hourly trim[ming]" their "chaste lamps" and joining in "incessant prayer"; and in devotional work (S ll. 106–10):

When we have prayed all our beads,
Someone the holy legend reads;
While all the rest with needles paint
The face and graces of the saint.
But what the linen can't receive
They in their lives do interweave.
The work the saints best represents,
That serves from altar's ornaments.

(ll. 121–8)

It is the division and complementary quality of labor that fuels the community's existence. Such communal industry is likewise realized in a celebration of nature's plenty, not unlike the scenes of feasting that characterize other, earlier, country house poems. In "To Penshurst," there is a kind of perpetual feast that, though it might be (falsely) criticized as rapaciousness, is imbued with the character of a sacrament. Animals keenly sacrifice themselves to enable the community to feast

on the altar of the hearth. All consumption is couched in the form of a symbolic ritual. Carew, in similar vein, treats Saxham's table as an altar:

> The willing ox, of himself came
> Home to the slaughter, with the lamb;
> And every beast did thither bring
> Himself, to be an offering.
>
> (ll. 23–6)

And, as food for "weary pilgrim[s]," the estate's plenty is rich with Christian significance (l. 38). Such scenes of feasting are well glossed by the nuns' claim to live in a harmony between the spiritual and natural world where "here pleasure and piety doth meet; / One perfecting the other sweet" (S ll. 171–2). In an image of preserving fruit, the nuns present a distilled version of the sacramental quality of these feasting scenes:

> So through the mortal fruit we boil
> The sugar's uncorrupting oil:
> And that which perished while we pull,
> Is thus preservéd clear and full.
>
> (ll. 173–6)

It is an image of transubstantiation that encompasses the feasting of earlier poems.

Though likened in Marvell's poem to an evil "enchantment," the convent nevertheless partakes of the same alluring quality of the estates in other poems (S l. 269). "To Penshurst" evokes a fantastic space, a transworldly bubble in which satyrs and dryads wander the same grounds as lords and ladies, in which all the seasons exist at once in a timeless and endless cornucopia, and in which all existence is the commingling of spiritual and material life. Tucked away under the snow, the inhabitants of Saxham might enjoy a similar miraculous plentitude, protected by a charm.

> Thou hast no porter at the door
> To examine or keep back the poor;
> Nor locks, nor bolts: thy gates have bin
> Made only to let strangers in:
> Untaught to shut, they do not fear

> To stand wide open all the year,
> Careless who enters. For they know
> Thou never didst deserve a foe;
> And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
> They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.[28]

At the magical world of the nunnery, in Marvell's poem, plenitude is lost and sanctuary is fractured once Fairfax breaks through the walls of the convent. Nuns that once appeared divine to Thwaites become "like gypsies that a child had stol'n" (l. 268). Immediately, the intact building becomes "the wasting cloister"; the worm crawls out of the bitten apple (l. 271). The nuns' spell at Nun Appleton is broken, their time there at an end.

From Marvell's perspective, the ugliness and evil that is masked by this enchantment is the pursuit of worldly wealth and personal aggrandizement. Such a corrupt vocation he deems is motivation for the nuns' seduction of Isabel, so it is easy to see certain strategies behind Marvell's efforts to disenchant. Monasteries and churches that have already been conquered provide an earlier and less volatile example of what the monarchy and ruling aristocracy were to the revolutionaries. Indeed, there is an interesting elision between convent and castle in the moment when Fairfax disperses the magic of the nunnery.

> Thenceforth (as when th'enchantment ends,
> The castle vanishes or rends)
> The wasting cloister with the rest
> Was in one instant dispossessed.
>
> (ll. 269–72)

Griffin points out the historical sleight of hand achieved by this equation between the nunnery's dispossession and the breaking of an illusion; writing "that the cloister is immediately 'dispossest' is figuratively true and literally false, for it was only in the next generation that it came into the Fairfax family."[29] Conflated, too, with convents and monasteries are the homes of princes and kings.

'Paradise's only map'

To abstract from the previous section: "Upon Appleton House" addresses but does not fully belong to a continuous development of the country house poem. Instead, Marvell deploys it as a broken form: a form that

cannot contain an idea of a total English society built on everlasting hospitality complete with ever-open doors and unlocked gates. Of "Upon Appleton House," Rosalie L. Colie has noted that it is a poem that "insists on its brokenness."[30] Even more insightful is her illuminating claim that "the poem is framed with questions; the questions are left hanging."[31] Not just through a reader's sense of the poem's ineffability, this insight is also literally true. When Marvell turns into the grounds of Nun Appleton, he frames two questions:

> Oh thou, that dear and happy isle
> The garden of the world ere while,
> Thou Paradise of foúr seas,
> Which heaven planted us to please,
> But, to exclude the world, did guard
> With wat'ry if not flaming sword;
> What luckless apple did we taste,
> To make us mortal, and thee waste?
>
> (ll. 321–8)

And:

> Unhappy! Shall we never more
> That sweet militia restore,
> When gardens only had their towers,
> And all the garrisons were flowers,
> When roses only arms might bear,
> And men did rosy garlands wear?
>
> (ll. 329–34)

No longer can England be an Eden that denies the Fall. No longer can England be a place exempt from history. For this is the key to the enchantment of earlier country house poems: that in them there is no history, all exists in a sacred and eternal time before the cycles of the seasons were portioned out in labor and death. Unlike the forms of representation in "Upon Appleton House," in many of the poems that follow "To Penshurst," there is no establishment of a timeline and historical linkage.

Marvell's poem works to establish a historical continuity between the various buildings at Nun Appleton, wherein the violation of the nunnery is refigured as the virgin birth, and Appleton House, therefore, as the anointed. And precisely through the work of establishing that

continuity, the buildings remain signs of history itself. This explains what Nigel Smith notes as the difference between "Upon Appleton House" and earlier country house poems, that "Jonson's poem returns to the house itself, whereas M[arvell]'s stays in natural contemplation."[32] Smith's observation can be seen fully when we understand the poem's relationship to earlier country house poems as a re-visitation of an ideology in ruins rather than a continued attempt to ignore the loss of confidence in that ideology. In other words, Marvell's poem turns to the landscape in fain to seek the trick of the country house poem and find the magic words that reveal eternity in the here and now. Upon presenting the failure of this quest, the poet finds he cannot simply terminate "natural contemplation." For the sake of its legitimacy and epistemological security, Appleton House cannot use a ruin to make a historically authentic provenance for itself, all the while ignoring history in order to become a vision/version of Eden. Historical time, and therefore an account of history, for the poem are chief among the consequences of the Fall. Put starkly, when you have history, you cannot have Eden: and when you have lost Eden, you need history.

Initially, it seems, the poet looks to the gardens at Nun Appleton to offer the best opportunity for finding Eden and England again. They present a space in which the hurt of history, that is the Civil War and the loss of the "royal throne of kings," can be absorbed. The gardens enable Marvell to defuse and dissipate the current and pressing effects of the Civil War through the compression of history: linking the present Lord Fairfax's retirement there to the retirement of the "original" Thomas Fairfax, son of William Fairfax and Isabel Thwaites, the very hero whose birth was almost thwarted by the nuns. This first Thomas Fairfax, "Who, when retirèd here to peace, / His warlike studies could not cease," laid out his gardens in regimented fashion (F ll. 283–4). Marvell's description of these gardens continues to construct a playfully metaphoric relationship between the gardens and a military encampment. For example:

> See how the flowers, as at parade,
> Under their colours stand displayed:
> Each regiment in order grows,
> That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
>
> (ll. 309–12)

In retirement at Nun Appleton, the true Edenic state that lies behind appearances might, it seems, be discovered. The historical might perhaps

be absorbed by the eternal. In a barely perceptible transition, Marvell places the present Lord and Lady Fairfax and their daughter, Mary, in the same gardens in which the martial seeks absorption by the natural.

Unfortunately, in that process of absorption the metaphoric relationship reveals its thorns. If nature lends a trans-historical quality to current events, then current events open a perspective on nature that threatens to tear the illusion. When night falls on the garden as encampment, the darkness's ineluctably symbolic qualities recall the confusion of the poet's world in the midst of which things may happen that were unbidden. A king's head may be cut off, for instance.

> Then in some flower's belovèd hut
> Each bee as sentinel is shut;
> And sleeps so too: but if once stirred,
> She runs you through, nor asks the word.
>
> (ll. 317–20)

Despite the poet's neat conceit, metaphor fails to secure the boundaries of Nun Appleton from the encroachments of historical consciousness. Such an enchanted organic illusion does not, and cannot, hold. In consequence, Marvell turns to framing questions in regard to England's fall into history. What is it that caused us to lose the ability to see paradise in England, England in paradise? And how will we ever get that happy, national, illusion back?

In his discussion of "To Penshurst," Williams reads its "procedure of definition by negatives"[33] as evidence of a repressed consciousness of the exploitative relationships that constitute the estate economy. Consequently, if Penshurst enjoys harmony among the classes, it is an exception. Granting that there were "such houses and such men," Williams reminds us that "they were at best the gentle exercise of a power that was elsewhere, on their own evidence, mean and brutal."[34] That is, behind and beyond the particularities and vagaries presented at Penshurst or Saxham, there is encrypted in the use of negatives a veiled recognition of the reality of contemporary social relations that might be more visible elsewhere. For Williams, this marks a change from earlier poems in the tradition in which the elsewhere is specifically "the court and the city."[35] As we saw earlier, though, this description by negation has another effect beyond simply sketching out a specific, contemporary opposite against which such a poem defines its own morality. Its effect also *renders its boundaries virtual*. Penshurst and Saxham do not have real or literal

markers that define their bounds. The poems' acts of exclusion are only there, paradoxically, to encompass everyone who can inhabit the ethics and morality that, in the will of the poem, define England. Consequently, and conveniently, through an engagement with the poem, one can be *at Penshurst*, not simply as a visitor or even as a resident, but in the most viably embedded way possible without physically going there, or even leaving the court or the city despite the king's injunction. To read the poem is not to observe but to exist intrinsically within the ethos of the estate.

By contrast, in "Upon Appleton House" England is the elsewhere distinct from the country estate. The poem cannot forge the synecdochic links in which the country house is England is paradise, a relationship in which that equation can be expressed in any order. The poet laments the loss of paradise where:

> The gard'ner had the soldier's place,
> And his more gentle forts did trace.
> The nursery of all things green
> Was then the only magazine.
> The winter quarters were the stoves,
> Where he the tender plants removes.
> But war all this doth overgrow:
> We ordnance plant and powder sow.
>
> (ll. 337–44)

Set against this growing blight is Marvell's consideration of Fairfax in his retirement, at his estate. He is distinctly not tending England as a garden because his own gardens are distinguished from England. So extensive is this rupture that he relinquishes the attempt to repair the rift, rewrite the equation, between estate, England, and Eden.

The loss of this equation leaves its traces and trauma in the poem's imagery. Putting military matters behind him and with them the effort to include the nation as a whole, Marvell enters "the abyss" of the landscape and spends the rest of the poem there searching for a unifying and encompassing symbolism (l. 369). Over the course of Marvell's ensuing ramble about the grounds, the reader gets given glimpses of biblical history, English history, classical literature, the Civil War, and other paradigms suggested by features of the land, its creatures, and its laborers. Tellingly, there is little rhyme or reason to the allegorical procession as such. Wielding scythes, Fairfax's estate harvesters can become in Marvell's peripatetic point of view enigmatic mowers cutting the "unfathomable

grass" who are likened to Israelites crossing the Red Sea (l. 370). Suddenly, the symbolically loaded scene is further saturated with meaning as one of the strong-armed mowers unfortunately and unknowingly kills a corn-crake that was nesting in the grass, and Marvell is reminded, peculiarly it seems, of Thestylis feeding the reapers. From there the scene returns to its original allegorical trajectory and likens the "untimely" harvest of corn-crakes to God's provision for the Israelites in the desert: "Rails rain for quails, for manna, dew" (ll. 399, 408). At the end of the mowing, finally, the scene of newly cut grass reminds the poet of a battlefield, where the "mower now commands the field" and where, "as the meads with hay, the plain / lies quilted o'er with bodies slain (ll. 418, 421–2). The fragile grass is now imagined as ephemeral flesh, a specter of the traumatic events of the Civil War that recalls Isaiah 40:6.

It is the cycle of the seasons and the rhythms of farming and tending the estate that dictate the procession of allegorical and mythical connections through the scenes they evoke in the poet's mind's eye. What in earlier estate poems was the timeless space of paradise becomes in "Upon Appleton House" the construction of nature as a container for history. Through multiple perspectives of the grounds of Nun Appleton, the poet can read any and all historical events, and cannot deny the fall into history. This I would argue is measured by the loss of metaphor; seemingly so helpful earlier, in the passages that recreate historical events in the landscape. For such recreations, Marvell relies almost exclusively on simile to make meaning out of the landscape. Making history of the hay-ricks dotting the mown ground, Marvell renders the image as "like the desert Memphis sand, / Short pyramids of hay do stand" (ll. 437–8). Or:

> And now the careless victors play,
> Dancing the triumphs of the hay;
> Where every mower's wholesome heat
> Smells like an Alexander's sweat.
>
> (ll. 425–8)

Each swing of the scythe connects the English mower's wholesome labors to Alexander the Great's liberation of Egypt from the control of the Persian Empire. But though the similes compress history and ground it in the landscape, in drawing parallels they prevent the crossing of signification or any easy transference of meaning. What are we to make of the relationship between the exertions of the estate's mowers and the perspiring warrior Alexander? These scenes call to mind

other scenes of history and myth; they are *like* other scenes but are not identical. This form of invocation is part of the poem's continuous attempt to hold together two different readings of the country estate in general and of Nun Appleton in particular: the estate as retreat from the world or the estate as synecdoche for the world. Is Lord Fairfax shirking his duty to England, or is he cultivating England in a different way? The two options for understanding "retirement" are fragments of the illusion of the enchanted estate that had been created in earlier country house poems. Retirement is a post-Lapsarian concept. Adam and Eve tend the Garden of Eden, but it is not labor, not work from which you can retire. In the same way, the enjoyment of the country estate in earlier poems is not retreat from the world, or what amounts to the same thing: England. The world is England is paradise is the country estate; there is no outside from or to which to retreat. Again, though, England is the elsewhere in relationship to Nun Appleton. Therefore, Fairfax is retiring from England. So the question with which the poem has to wrestle is how to figure that retirement as labor for England by other means?

Marvell engages the allegorical possibility located in the story of Noah as he considers, through various similes, the estate's fields and pastures, and the way that floods continuously scour these lowlands. He wittily depicts such a flood, one that would otherwise be a hell-like, topsy-turvy world:

> How boats can over bridges sail;
> And fishes do the stables scale.
> How salmons trespassing are found;
> And pikes are taken in the pound.

Having so done, Marvell deliberately retreats from its problems of representation and leaves "others" to "tell the paradox" (l. 173). Whereupon his contemplation deepens as he turns to the woods to look for material for a fallen counterpart to paradise in the image of the woods-as-sanctuary and as ark.

> But I, retiring from the flood,
> Take sanctuary in the wood;
> And, while it lasts, myself embark
> In this yet green, yet growing ark;
> Where the first carpenter might best
> Fit timber for his keel have pressed.

And where all creatures might have shares,
Although in armies, not in pairs.

(ll. 477–80)

To retreat to this sylvan sanctuary alone would be a private solution to the troubles of the world. But Marvell rewrites the woods in order to reconfigure them as a specific kind of refuge: a retreat from the troubles of the world that preserves its goodness for another generation.

Through the connection between ark and wood, Marvell is finally able to rebuild something like the kind of enchanted space of the country house poem. Though we enter the wood via simile, as it were, that is, the forest is like the ark, once there metaphor returns. This is a positive sign. Landscape as measured in terms of the natural world has become a space of more secure and sacred meaning. Pigeons, nightingales, herons, and storks can all be seen as the living versions of their religious symbolism. Musing on a fallen oak, Marvell is able to naturalize the historical crisis of the king's execution. The woodpecker fells the oak because it was rotten—all part of a cycle of death and rebirth.

Nor would it, had the tree not fed
A traitor-worm, within it bred.
(As first our flesh corrupt within
Tempts ignorant and bashful Sin.)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the hewel's young.
While the oak seems to fall content,
Viewing the treason's punishment.

(ll. 553–60)

Although this is not the same as returning to Eden, Marvell has at least found a way to give the estate a symbolic and spiritual signifying force. It may not be paradise, but he has made it "nature's mystic book," a place that, if contemplated and interpreted properly, will tell its English readers all the secrets of the world.

Knowing that it was not fully possible, Marvell never achieves the symbolic closure and estate enclosure enjoyed in prior country house poems. He cannot convincingly return to the house. What he does achieve, however, prophesies the significance that real landscapes will hold in the renovations of country estates to come. In his penultimate stanza, Marvell produces another version of the image of the estate

as "nature's mystic book" that closes the chapter of English poetry in which the country estate, England, and paradise are identical.

> 'Tis not, what once it was, the world;
> But a rude heap together hurled;
> All negligently overthrown,
> Gulfs, deserts, precipices, stone.
> Your lesser world contains the same,
> But in more decent order tame;
> You, Heaven's centre, Nature's lap.
> And Paradise's only map.
>
> (ll. 761–8)

This reorientation is the culmination of a kind of pilgrimage that has taken us through the poem's contemplation of the landscape in all its moments and guises.

Marvell offers several images of the landscape as a cipher. With every change in the face of the landscape at Nun Appleton, Marvell establishes the landscape's ability to transcend, if briefly, the gap between the estate's real place and time and the transcendent quality it once had. In viewing the cattle grazing on the freshly mown grass, "They seem within the polished grass / A landskip drawn in looking-glass" (ll. 457–8). This layered image is a complex entanglement of different mimetic practices. Immediately prior to these lines, the cattle have been associated with a painting of the world at the Creation.[36] The cattle are already painted as images that refer to other images that refer to the Creation, and therefore offer a line back to paradise. But Marvell's image is also a *mise en abyme*. Now, they are imagined as cattle seen in the reflection of a mirror that has been painted to copy the landscape. In these two infinitely reflecting and multiplying pictures, the actual landscape, in this case the "polished grass," is the only thing that anchors the relationship between the here and now and the eternal. It is the beginning and end of this series of reflections.

Though paradise has been lost and the estate is no longer an enchanted space, the landscape is nevertheless figured as the only means of translation between the broken nation and the New Jerusalem. Yet, there is no clear key to deciphering it: "Nature's mystic book" is still mystifying. And what does it mean for the estate to be "Paradise's only map"? The citing of a map, here, is a perfect example of Marvell's infamously ambiguous style, further characterized by the notion that early landscape drawing or engraving was sibling to cartography. Is "Paradise's

only map" a diagram that directs our steps—a guide to Paradise? Or is it a sketch, a copy in outline of Paradise? A map, as the *Oxford English Dictionary* notes could be defined as an "embodiment or incarnation *of* a quality, characteristic, etc.; the very picture or image *of* something."[37] Marvell, then, brings us to a hopefully confused state, whereby we wonder whether to stay and continue to read Nun Appleton and the signs that attend it, or return to the world with its image in mind? Questions like these, as Colie says, are "left hanging." Fittingly readers of "Upon Appleton House," including this reader, will return again and again to seek answers to its mysteries just as those looking for a sign of England will return again and again to the landscape to look for the secrets that Marvell has promised it contains.

Coda: In the looking glass

As he turned to the landscape of the English estate to hold the world together after finding the poetry of the country house in ruins, Marvell encoded the site and the terms for much artistic exploration to come. From the seventeenth century onwards, the image of a figure of contemplation or one on a quest wandering around the countryside searching for a discoverable truth or a point of view has become something of a durable national motif—particularly in literature. With English pictorial art still floundering much as it had been since the fifteenth century, Marvell's extraordinary investment in landscape imagery as a place to configure meaning was adopted on a grand scale following the accrual of various political settlements during and after the Civil War. As the Glorious Revolution hastily paved the way for the formation of a Whig oligarchy, landscape and poetry, and their interconnections, became consistently important in expressing nationalistic ideals.

Begun in the early eighteenth century, the estate at Stowe in Buckinghamshire "embodies some of the most influential habits of thought in the Georgian era." Graham-Dixon describes the estate as successively designed by a who's who of English landscape gardening: Charles Bridgeman, William Kent, and Lancelot "Capability" Brown.

> Stowe inaugurated a revolution in the history of British gardens and it remains the most perfect instance of the kind of artfully 'natural' landscape which that revolution produced. It is a place of wide grassy vistas, mazy, serpentine lakes and informally planted stands of trees, which are punctuated by grand triumphal arches, obelisks, follies and temples designed to resemble the buildings of classical

> antiquity in miniature [...] This is a landscape that has the character of a dream made gently real. It is perhaps the British Eden, although it is not an innocent place because every one of its green and peaceful corners aims to insinuate a meaning or provoke reflection [....] The layout of Stowe as whole encourages the visitor to meander, to drift irresponsibly through its planned views and to explore its subtle hidden corners.[38]

Although this may seem very similar to the sensibility that Marvell engenders and grapples with in the grounds at Nun Appleton, the stakes and effects are profoundly different. While Marvell's political purpose and poetic ethics demanded an engagement with English history following the Civil War, at Stowe such encounters are minimized or, as Graham-Dixon suggests, indiscreetly hidden. Neither the ruling Whigs, nor the Hanoverians who suddenly found themselves on the English throne simply because they were Protestant, had much desire or standing to call overtly upon the past for legitimization. Neither were they in Marvell's position of attempting to put the world back together after such a national calamity as the Civil War, with all its effects and consequences. Faced with such an ambivalence concerning the past, the Whig-Hanoverian political coalition ramped up Henry VIII's aesthetic move by turning to an older, apparently timeless, form of authority: one that accrues from the world of antiquity. Whig politics pressed on, but drew the sting from, the Parliamentary zeal of the previous century and translated this into a "form of soft Republicanism"[39] to which the Georges succeeded and acceded. We can safely say that during the first half of the eighteenth century, art and politics in England were more broadly classicist than they had been since the departure of the Romans. Stowe, as "the *gesamtkunstwerk* of eighteenth-century Whig liberalism,"[40] affirmed as it proselytized the new Augustan age.

If Stowe was not always the work of foreign architects, it certainly drew most of its inspiration from Continental art and culture. Pope's famous advice on building—"In all, let *nature* never be forgot. / Consult the *genius* of the *place* in all"—was critical if one wanted to create "a Stow."[41] Whatever or whoever Sir Richard Temple, and later Viscount Cobham, actually did consult, the Stowe that they built and which Pope validated made the old medieval manor house redundant and set up in its place neoclassical edifices that attempted to self-consciously stand for England. Its landscape gardens, however, were inspired by two French painters, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain (often referred to as "Claude"), who provided, in large measure, the images that reconfigured

the landscape in Europe during the seventeenth century (around the time that the country house poem was conceptualizing the manorial estate in England). Spending much of their time in Rome, both painters were heavily affected by the *Roman Campagna* and its associated Pastoral forms (Plate 13). So influential were Poussin and Claude that many a wealthy Englishmen "decided to model the pieces of nature they called their own, the gardens on their estates, on Claude's dreams of beauty"; says Gomrich, adding that, in "this way, many a tract of the lovely English countryside should really bear the signature of the French painter who settled in Italy and made the programme of the Carracci his own."[42] The English ruling class, it seemed, desired to be continuously on the Grand Tour. Still today, it is virtually impossible to imagine English landscape design outside of the patterns produced by the translation of these Franco-Roman painters into English "gardens."

To walk through the gardens at Stowe is to catch oneself continuously encountering a Whig ruling class's vision of itself, and of the nation and its purportedly mystical origins. Not the least of Whig aspirations was to quell the anxieties with which Marvell wrestles in "Upon Appleton House." Tucked away in a corner of the garden, is the Temple of British Worthies, designed by William Kent, and erected in an area of the garden called the "Elysian Fields" (Plate 14). Those chosen to stand for English political and military history are Alfred the Great, the Black Prince, Elizabeth I, William III, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, John Hampden, and John Barnard. It is a collection that legitimizes Protestant history and succession through quiescence and omission. The two pre-Reformation, pre-Protestant, figures are the Anglo-Saxon Alfred who fought the Vikings, and the Black Prince, a famous Plantagenet who did not become king because he spent his life, literally, fighting the French in France thereby becoming forever quintessentially English. Most tellingly we have Hampden, seen as a man of modesty and determination in the face of monarchial tyranny (rather than John Eliot, John Pym, or even Oliver Cromwell) standing in for the revolution that had cleared the way for the Whigs to come to power. Such modesty-cloaked majesty reveals itself in the particular architectural arrangement in the Elysian Fields. Directly opposite the British Worthies, across the Serpentine Lake is the Temple of Ancient Virtue, containing Greek heroes of liberty and democracy: Epaminondas, Socrates, Lycurgus, and Homer (Plate 15). With the semi-circular Temple of British Worthies facing and embracing the Temple of Ancient Virtue a closed circuit of liberal value is set up in which each temple endorses the other. It is an attempt at a rational self-referential enclosure that

tries once again to secure a vision of order outside time and beyond the vagaries and messiness of history.

But, as Graham-Dixon observes, "the set-piece vistas are only temporary visual harmonies, transient moments of order and classical perfection, that dissolve into and are reclaimed by the shapelessness of an English landscape."[43] Pevsner would later see something fundamentally English in that shapelessness that produces, or is manifest in, "the winding path and the serpentine lake," as continuous with that "long, gentle, double curve which dominates one kind of English art from the Decorated style in architecture to William Blake and beyond."[44] Despite citing evidence from the thirteenth century onwards, though, Pevsner's teleological account is as much a removal from history as such neoclassical edifices. At Stowe, which physically rebuilt the concept of estate poetry, history is hidden in the landscape. As a classicized version of the countryside, Stowe seeks to express an ideal of Englishness, but something is also to be found in its hidden corners, in those points which it "pleasingly confounds, / Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."[45]

Tucked behind the Temple of British Worthies is the Gothic Temple, a folly that catches your eye as you get to the end of Elysian Fields. It is also situated as a counterpoint to its architectural antithesis: the Palladian Bridge (Plate 16). Was it a coincidence that this incongruous Gothic edifice was built as the influence of Sir Robert Walpole, that great architect of Whig policy, began to wane? The peculiarity of its Gothicism adds to its haunting effect, a feeling generated by the sense that so much of what it represents has been expunged from the garden and buildings. However odd the Gothic of the Gothic Temple appears to be, that it was built at all at Stowe was an indication that a different kind of English engagement with history and architecture was coming into view.

5
Thomas Hardy's Architecture of History

Tales of old mortality

Addressing William Morris's Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings in 1906, Thomas Hardy concluded his lecture by giving some perplexing and contradictory advice to architects: "If I were practising in that profession I would not, I think, undertake a church restoration in any circumstances."[1] Equally puzzling, especially for an ex-architect, was his nomination of "a retired tinker or riveter of old china, or some 'Old Mortality' from the almshouse" who "would superintend the business better."[2] Hardy's peculiar judgment is founded on the impact and culmination of two somewhat divergent strands of thought in his 1906 "Memories of Church Restoration." In these reflections, Hardy develops a predictably conservative argument regarding the philosophical quandary of church preservation. Finding an appropriate way by which to deal with England's dilapidated old buildings had become a highly vexed issue that emerged, as we saw in Chapter 1, from debates on church repairs in the eighteenth century. Hardy confronts the still uneasy issues around the concept of preservation and is decidedly against the radical renewal of ecclesiastical architecture, generally called "restoration," such as "the case in which a church exhibiting two or three styles was made uniform by removing the features of all but one style, and imitating that throughout the new work"[3] or carrying repairs to damaged portions too far by making "look as good as new" even undamaged portions.[4] Taking a stand against any kind of restoration could lead to the extreme idealism of a preservationist position whereby a building should be left entirely alone. Such a stance deemed that even a faithful and earnest copy of an arch, a capital or tracery, at risk of imminent loss, could never reproduce the original.

As Hardy explains: "the old form inherits, or has acquired, an indefinable quality—possibly some deviations from exact geometry (curves were often struck by hand in mediæval work)—which never reappears in the copy, especially in the vast majority of cases where no nice approximation is attempted."[5] More than concerns about the stone and craft that are impossible to replicate in new construction or in repairs, Hardy claims a "spiritual" dimension that inhabits the very material of ancient buildings. "[R]eplacement," no matter how carefully executed, "damage[s]" the "sentiment of association."[6]

> The protection of an ancient edifice against renewal in fresh materials is, in fact, even more of a social—I may say a humane—duty than an æsthetic one. It is the preservation of memories, history, fellowship, fraternities. Life, after all, is more than art, and that which appealed to us in the (may be) clumsy outlines of some structure which had been looked at and entered by a dozen generations of ancestors outweighs the more subtle recognition, if any, of architectural qualities. The renewed stones at Hereford, Peterborough, Salisbury, St. Albans, Wells, and so many other places, are not the stones that witnessed the scenes in English Chronicle associated with those piles. They are not the stones over whose face the organ notes of centuries "lingered and wandered on as loth to die."[7]

Hardly needing to borrow Wordsworth's eloquence, Hardy elegantly sets out the particular socio-architectural ethics that underscore his version of a preservationist manifesto. It is this spiritual dimension stated above that most argues for the preservation of all extant architecture, furniture, and fabric. That said, Hardy is not blind to the problems of such a position: "what is to be done in instances of rapid decay to prevent the entire disappearance of such as yet exists?" He queries: in the name of preservation of an edifice, is it appropriate to "allow it to remain untouched for the brief years of its durability, to have the luxury of the original a little while, or sacrifice the rotting original to [install] at least, a reminder of its design?"[8] Paradoxically, a total preservationist philosophy is effectively a commitment to inevitable decay. Aware of this dilemma, Hardy considers the idea that it may be more authentic to allow a building to be restored rather than freezing it in time:

> [For] those designers of the Middle Ages who were concerned with that original cared nothing for the individual stone or stick—would not even have cared for it had it acquired the history that it now

> possesses; their minds were centered on the aforesaid form, with, possibly, its colour and endurance, all which qualities it is now rapidly losing.[9]

Hardy's conflicted resolution that it is best not to take up a project of church restoration is an inevitable one because repair and replacement on even the minutest scale alters the edifice irrevocably, and yet to do nothing is to throw away entirely that which should not be altered. The project of church repair gives birth to an insoluble "conflict between the purely aesthetic sense and the memorial or associative." Consequently, the "artist instinct and the care-taking instinct part company over the disappearing creation." Worse, "if the architect have also an antiquarian bias he is pulled in two directions—in one by his wish to hand on or modify the abstract form, in the other by his reverence for the antiquity of its embodiment."[10]

Within Hardy's ruminations emerges the suggestion that these contrarieties are only a dilemma when seen from the point of view of the professional architect for whom it is an *abstract* problem. We need not, therefore, see his proposal that the project be managed by some "Old Mortality" or some "tinker" as necessarily facetious.[11] Together these two everyman figures represent a perspective on the problem of reparation consistent with congregational and functional necessity and complemented by a craftsman's, rather than a professional's, sensibility. Hardy's concern with the loss of history that occurs when changing the church or replacing any of its materials is not a matter of preserving antiquity for antiquity's sake. Changes in materials, for him, represent a "rupture of continuity" in the community.[12] By illustration, Hardy recounts a story of two brothers who had returned to their native village after several years of absence in order to attend their father's funeral. He hears them arguing over the exact location concerning "where the family pew had stood in their younger days." One brother remembers "studying Sunday after Sunday the zigzag moulding of the arch," while the other remembers their pew to have been in the nave. Eventually the problem of their misperception is solved by the realization that it is not a fault in their memory, but that reconstruction had altered the footprint of the church so that what used to be the nave had become the north aisle. Upon discovering this, one of the brothers vows: "'Then I'm drowned if I'll ever come into the paltry church again, after having such a trick played upon me.'"[13] Hardy refers to this incident when noting that replacing original stones with new ones, no matter how faithfully they copy the originals, constitutes a loss of community continuity and a disruption

of what was for him the generative notion of *living memory*. It is not just significant church reconstruction that breaks the tether between church and congregation, but even the replacement of individual stones.

The argument between the brothers, however, reveals a deeper problem with which Hardy's preservationist philosophy struggles. The very moment that the question of church restoration becomes an abstract issue, much of the value of preservation is already undermined. Where does one locate the "sentiment of association" without a vital, self-renewing congregation? In the beginning of "Memories of Church Restoration," he puts the competing impulses that need to be considered in the problem of church preservation in slightly different terms: the incompatible demands of aestheticism and antiquarianism begin as the contradictions between antiquarianism and utilitarianism.

> In respect of an ancient church, the difficulty we encounter on the threshold, and one which besets us at every turn, is the fact that the building is beheld in two contradictory lights, and required for two incompatible purposes. To the incumbent the church is a workshop; to the antiquary it is a relic. To the parish it is a utility; to the outsider a luxury. How unite these incompatibles? A utilitarian machine has naturally to be kept going, so that it may continue to discharge its original functions; an antiquarian specimen has to be preserved without making good even its worst deficiencies. The quaintly carved seat that a touch will damage has to be sat in, the frameless doors with the queer old locks and hinges have to keep out draughts, the bells whose shaking endangers the graceful steeple have to be rung.[14]

To find a way in which church preservation could proceed as a harmonious and gentle process of renewal in relationship to need, Hardy comes up with an almost perfect analogy. It is "the actual process of organic nature herself, which is one continuous substitution," he says, she "is always discarding the matter, while retaining the form."[15] This account of a natural process does not work when it comes to Gothic architecture, however, because it is "a dead art"; there is no possibility for its organic renewal because the culture in which Gothic art might have had that characteristic has passed; the end of Gothic art has intervened. Through this depiction of an organic quality to architecture we perceive a difference between Hardy and Ruskin. As detailed in Chapter 1, Ruskin had already addressed the "dead art" argument by putting together an organic conception of Gothic that functions through an ethnic interpretation of its forms.

For Hardy, though, most practical or theoretical solutions would inevitably be at odds with the continuity of community, which he places as the highest value and the very reason for preservation; or, alternatively, the only version of a community imagined that lies in a shared vision of the past through the remembrance of a common origin. The practical impossibility of church conservation, then, is not an abstract problem of competing ideals, between aestheticism and antiquarianism but a socio-historical problem. The congregation and the community that could be imagined to dictate repair and authorize alteration, according to necessity and even to fashion, are not there to submit the problem to an ultimate judgment in which utilitarian concerns are tempered by the sense of what is essential to the identity and purpose of the building. In the absence of such a community, the church must be absolutely preserved as a super-sign in case its lost members return and seek to pick up the thread of their origins. In an ideal world, though, preservation and renewal should instead be part of a community's process of continuous use.

In *Far From the Madding Crowd* (*FFMC*), Hardy provides an example of precisely this sense of unbroken use as a supreme form of preservation: in the sheep-shearing scene in "the Great Barn." As described, the barn "on ground-plan resembled a church with transepts" and "it not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity." What makes the barn unique among historic buildings is the perpetual manner of its use:

> One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, akin to it in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time.[16]

Most importantly, the barn is not subject to the incompatible desires of the antiquarian and the utilitarian; or at least, in the barn, those desires are not incompatible. All that need happen to preserve the barn is for it to be continually used for the purpose for which it was built. Change itself need not be resisted as long as it is judiciously managed by a member of the community for which the barn has meaning. Consistent with his attitudes detailed in "Memories of Church Restoration," Hardy's aesthetic appreciation of the barn is derived from its historic utility: "the fact that four centuries had neither proved it to

be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical military compeers."[17] The barn is strangely privileged as the site of labor related to what serves, here, as a universal and timeless set of activities:

> The lancelote windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.[18]

In the sheep-shearing scene covered by these principles, it would be incorrect to read a nostalgically tinged rejection of change. Rather, through the description of this most ancient of practices that Hardy presents us with the community's ability to absorb change. The sheep-shearing ritual marks a significant moment of transition within this domain whereby Bathsheba is depicted as the effective owner and manager of the farm that had once been the preserve of her uncle. As a woman, an unmarried woman, Bathsheba's decision to run the farm herself rather than replacing the former bailiff (dismissed for theft) is a serious challenge to the traditions and habits of Weatherbury. Her announcement of this change brings from the assembled men "an audible breath of amazement."[19] As she enters the market at Casterbridge, the novelty of her position is deliberately marked:

> Among these heavy yeoman a feminine figure glided, the single one of her sex that the room contained [...] She moved between them as a chaise between carts, was heard after them as a romance after sermons, was felt among them like a breeze among furnaces.[20]

By the end of the day, however, she is one of them. During the sheep-shearing scene, the logic of her acceptance is clarified and manifested. She is different than other farmers because she is a woman, but in terms of the customary social structure she is a farmer and has a place in the community through her occupation. Most importantly, had she not taken over the farm, we are invited to believe that a greater risk to the community might have resulted. The sheep-shearing scene affirms her absorption into the social structure. After they are shorn, the sheep are stamped with the initials "B.E."; same sheep, different name. Thus the

barn represents a historical continuity that enables, abets, and sometimes even necessitates, change.

What Hardy mistrusts is change unmediated by community interest: change generated from without rather than from within. "The bulk of the work of preservation," he writes:

> lies in organising resistance to the enthusiasm for newness in those parishes, priests and churchwardens who regard a church as a sort of villa to be made convenient and fashionable for the occupiers of the moment; who say, "Give me a wide chancel arch—they are 'in' at present"; who pull down the west gallery to show the new west window, and pull out old irregular pews to fix mathematically spaced benches for a congregation that never comes.[21]

But who will organize resistance to the enthusiasm for the new, and what form will it take? While thinking through those questions Hardy abandoned his career as an ecclesiastical architect. To discover his responses we need to turn to Hardy's novels, whose narratives rehearse the successes and failures of carefully mediated change and experiment with forms of representation and storytelling that might restore agency to the communities whose passing he laments.

A rural painting …

Under the Greenwood Tree (*UGT*) has its own priest of the new who, if not as bad as one who treats the church "as a sort of villa," is definitely committed to the rationalization of irregularities in a highly disruptive way. Newly arrived in the Village of Mellstock, Parson Maybold has come with plans to introduce a harmonium into the church, thus doing away with the traditional "Mellstock Quire" of the novel's original title. In his 1912 preface to the novel, Hardy's lament over the passing of such choirs echoes his concern with church renovation. He writes:

> Despite certain advantages in point of control and accomplishment which were, no doubt, secured by installing a single artist, the change has tended to stultify the professed aims of the clergy, its direct result being to curtail and extinguish the interest of parishioners in church doings. Under the old plan, from half a dozen to ten full-grown players, in addition to the numerous more or less grown-up singers, were officially occupied with the Sunday routine, and concerned in trying their best to make it an artistic outcome of

> the combined musical taste of the congregation. With the musical executive limited, as it mostly is limited now, to the parson's wife or daughter and the school-children, or to the school-teacher and the children, an important union of interests has disappeared.[22]

It is this "union of interests" that the choir both embodies and symbolizes.

Replacing the choir with a new harmonium turns out to be the latest of a series of "improvements" perpetrated by Maybold. Along with changes in church etiquette, according to Mr. Penny, he tried "altering the church," that is, its fabric, until the "matter o'cost" was discovered. Given that Hardy's own participation in such restorations in his early life as an architect haunted him all his days, it is hard to imagine that the author is disposed to embrace Maybold's modernizing labors. By the time the harmonium arrives, we have become both well acquainted with, and invested in, the Mellstock choir and its homely virtues. Each person is individuated and yet equally valued. Each person has a different function that cannot be eliminated. Thanks to the choir, for example, Thomas Leaf, who might too quickly be glossed as the village idiot, belongs to Mellstock in a way that is personally and structurally unique. Apologizing for Leaf to the vicar, Rueben Dewy begs, "I hope you'll excuse his looks being so very thin," he explains, but "tisn't his fault poor feller. He's rather silly by nature, and could never get fat; though he's a' excellent treble, and so we keep him on."[23]

Received critical wisdom has seen that over the course of Hardy's revisions of the novel, the choir's loss of place became gradually less central than the drama of Dick and Fancy's courtship. It is a view that is coupled with regret for the relatively anticlimactic retiring of the choir. Surely a nostalgic Hardy, whom criticism has constructed as a staunch opponent of change, should have made more of the displacement of the traditional choir by the new-fangled harmonium. The perceptions that attend this approach to Hardy's work are rooted in an understanding of the novel that privileges the integrity of its plot, or the integration of its plots, rather than its articulation of Hardy's complex theory of preservation. In fact, *UGT* even satirizes the hysterical championship of traditional string instruments, poking fun at the notion that "Clarnets were not made for the service of the Lord" and are "gateway" instruments, that open the way for the harmonium.[24]

For Hardy, the loss of such parish choirs is lamentable in and of itself. Yet although Hardy is not at all indifferent to the fates of such institutions, what is more important for him is the maintenance of the

relationships and distinctions that they embody. From its position in the gallery, a raised platform situated at the back of the church, the choir "looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity."

> Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying Amen; that he had a dust-hole in his pew; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs Ledlow the farmer's wife counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson; all news to those below, were stale subjects here.[25]

What the choir sees are all the deviations from the officially sanctioned activity of church congregants. For the most part, the people in the nave cannot see each other, certainly not with the perspicacity of the choir's vantage. Each person or family is closeted from the others. Presumably, each individual imagines the rest to be behaving according to the accepted practices of church attendance while that individual herself is not doing so. Or, each individual is indifferent to the actual practices of others as long as no one's practices are submitted to exposure and scrutiny. What brings the community together is a structured collective activity that makes possible the individuation from that perceived collectivity. From its point of view, the choir renders the fiction of collectivity real, by bringing together the heterogeneity of the community in a single body that produces something unique.

Despite apparent similarities, the scene Hardy paints here is fundamentally anti-panoptic.[26] Not only can the choir be seen, but it is heterogeneous in itself and thus does not embody a disciplinary principle nor does it make any normalizing judgments. Most importantly, it represents the very collectivity that the Panopticon is understood to impede, giving a communal dimension to a heterogeneous collection of individuals pursuing their own ends. As such, the choir is agent, exemplar, and witness of the community it sees. Had Maybold been successful in removing the gallery, the very vantage point that makes this kind of diverse collective possible would have been lost. That which remained would have been only the relative isolation of congregants who, we already know, would not have been re-unified in attendance to the service and

Parson Maybold. Thus Maybold represents a corrosive force at Mellstock not simply because he brings change or novelty, and not merely because his changes alter community relationships, but because his changes fundamentally alter the forms of the relationships that constitute a community. Maybold's modernizations dismantle the "peculiar" structure of the community and expose it to anti-community logics.

Maybold's threat to the value system by which such a discreet community lives is exposed by his persistent habit of thinking in terms of comparative value. Consider Maybold's somewhat Darcy-esque proposal to Fancy.

> I have loved you for more than six months. Perhaps my late interest in teaching the children here has not been so single-minded as it seemed. You will understand my motive—like me better perhaps—for honestly telling you that I have struggled against my emotion continually—because I have thought that it was not well for me to love you. But I resolve to struggle no longer: I have examined the feeling, and the love I bear you is as genuine as that I could bear any woman: I see your great charm: I respect your natural talents, and the refinement they have brought into your nature—they are quite enough, and more than enough for me. They are equal to anything ever required of the mistress of a quiet parsonage-house—the place in which I shall pass my days, wherever it may be situated. O, Fancy, I have watched you, criticized you even severely—brought my feelings to the light of judgment, and still have found them rational—and such as any man might have expected to be inspired with by a woman like you.[27]

In his struggle to resolve a conflict between his feelings and values, Maybold is not simply questioning the permanence or quality of his attachment. As he wrestles with his proposal, he considers whether a man *like* himself should love a woman *like* Fancy. Introduced into such a consideration of any bond, then, is the question of exchange and interchangeability. Maybold takes into account his position as *a* parson and Fancy's potential as *a* parson's wife. The issue of propriety operates as a system of arbitration that is both larger than and antithetical to the local community. Maybold thinks of people as belonging to identity categories and thereby subjects the inhabitants of Mellstock to forms of relationship beyond local and familial bonds.

Maybold's disintegrative values culminate in his plan to leave the village as a consequence of their marriage. He tells Fancy that he has

"had for a long time the offer of an *exchange* of livings with a friend in Yorkshire."[28] Yorkshire, here, exhibits no other quality to distinguish it from Wessex other than it is appropriately away from Mellstock. Having ousted the choir and replaced it with a harmonium, Maybold would also spirit away the only person who can play the instrument, while at the same time deprive the village of its schoolteacher. This gutting of Mellstock is the telos not so much of Maybold's introduction of the harmonium but of the value system of exchange and interchangeability that motivates it. Harmoniums are the fashion, nationally. Its installation converts *the* local community into *a* local community. Even the timing of the introduction of the harmonium demonstrates Maybold's indifference to local values. Heading the delegate of the choir (which consists of almost the entire choir), Mr. Dewy asks Maybold if they can hold their tenure until Christmas:

> All we thought was that for us old ancient singers to be choked off quiet at no time in particular, as now, in the Sundays after Easter, would seem rather mean in the eyes of other parishes sir. But if we fell glorious with a bit of a flourish at Christmas, we should have a respectable end, and not dwindle away at some nameless paltry second-Sunday-after or Sunday-next-before something, that's got no name of its own.[29]

Dewy is proposing that the retirement of the choir and the introduction of the harmonium be marked by the traditions of the church and community, such an occasion as follows the seasons and ceremonies of the village and rural life. This is not the rejection of the new but a plea for a correct transition from one era to another. A nameless day in a world whose transitions are governed by such days erases the choir's past importance to Mellstock. Once the less venerable but nevertheless meaningful date of Michaelmas is negotiated between Dewy and Maybold, Dewy is happy to "make room for the next generation."[30] Of course, were Maybold to have his way, the next generation might not be such a vital resource for the community.

More than a personal decision concerning her spouse, in a very direct way Fancy's choices are central to the community's continuing vitality. For the village, Fancy is not *a* harmonium player or *a* teacher; she is *the* harmonium player and *the* teacher. More importantly, though, the question of whom Fancy will marry is also the question of whether or not the community will be able to renew itself successfully and ensure that the succeeding generation will preserve traditions while being able

to introduce any necessary new practices. The renewal of Mellstock's community and traditions are played out around the matter of Fancy's value and her singularity.

We could see in one of the novel's concluding assessments of Fancy Day a moral dimension, as we are given another look at "those beautiful eyes of hers—too refined and too beautiful for a tranter's wife, but perhaps not too good." The suggestion that they are perhaps "not too good" is most obviously related to the imperfect honesty she has shown in relation to the man she has married. Dick believes the reason they "are so happy is because there is such full confidence between" them, though we know that there is one little "secret she would never tell," that being Maybold's proposal and her momentary acceptance of it. However, the suggestion that she is "not too good" to be a tranter's wife is also a pronouncement of the final triumph of village cohesion over the insidious and deleterious value system that would asset strip such a community. The notion of Fancy's being *too good* is the version of her value that makes it logical and inevitable that she should leave Mellstock. To Maybold's way of thinking, she is good enough to be a parson's wife anywhere and therefore too good to be a tranter's wife or a Mellstock inhabitant. Likewise, Fancy's father Geoffrey Day rejects Dick's suit for Fancy's hand on the basis that his daughter is too good for him, though this does not also mean that she is too good for the community. Day envisions that the man his daughter would want to and should marry will be a local landowner or farmer. Nevertheless, Day's assessment of Fancy's refinements does place her in a different sphere of comparison that is not just a matter of class but also one of locale. He chides Dick for imagining that "Fancy picked up her good manners, the smooth turn of her tongue, her musical notes, and her knowledge of books, in a homely hole like this."[31]

It is, however, only an outsider's perspective that cannot see how Fancy belongs in the community *because* of her distinctions. Our glimpses of the individuals of Mellstock show us a collection of distinctions. Tranter Dewy walks with his toes carefully pointed out. Mr. Penny is shorter than Mrs. Penny would have liked. We have seen how differently people behave during the church service. Outwardly, Mellstock's denizens are often depicted and detected by their step or their manner of whistling, and each time we meet them they reveal more of their distinctive qualities of character or function, intellect, physical attributes, and temperament. These are the signs of a highly individuated and collectively functioning community that Hardy's carefully drawn picture of the choir exemplifies. To read the texture of Hardy's Mellstock denizens

is to envision them as constitutive of a whole community rather than well-drawn characters against the backdrop of a Wessex village.

The distinctions that attend Fancy are, eventually, to be seen no differently than those of anyone else in Mellstock. To see her beauty as beyond Mellstock is to see her through Maybold's eyes. Fancy's qualities are as democratically peculiar as the others, rather than superlative and transcendent. She is better looking than the other girls of her age in the village mostly because, to complement her other pretty features, "her nose was well shaped—which is saying a great deal when it is remembered that there are a hundred pretty mouths and eyes for one pretty nose."[32] We are therefore to see her as a "young maiden who showed amidst the rest of the dancing-ladies like a flower among vegetables."[33] Dick and Maybold both initially see her as an "angel," and to some extent, a prize. In the end, however, Tranter Dewy's understanding of women comes to cover Fancy as well; "she's as good as any other; they be all alike in the groundwork: 'tis only the flourishes there's a difference," a philosophy that in Mellstock covers both sexes.

One of Fancy's particular flourishes is her vanity, and this aspect of her personality is cast as her own particular relationship to the community. At the same time that Fancy definitively becomes one among the community by marrying Dick, her vanity also becomes public property as much a thing to be discussed in open conversation as Thomas Leaf's frailty or Mr. Penny's ability to identify everyone via an examination of their feet. Getting dressed for the wedding, Fancy hears the men downstairs recounting the congregation's reaction to the publishing of the banns. Everyone of the group understands Fancy's interest and they begin teasing her with a dramatic account of how "there was a terrible whispering piece of work in the congregation." This is communicated by Dewy, who spoke "very loud to Mr Penny" "in order to be heard in the room above." Taking up his cue, Penny responds with equal volume, "'I never can mind seeing such a whispering as there was,' [...] 'And such sorrowful envy on the maidens' faces—really, I never did see such envy as there was!'"[34] Just to be sure she is allowed to take this as a mark of her and Dick's distinction, she suggests "with assumed indifference, 'it was only because no religion was going on just then?'" For her gratification, the reply is: "'O no: nothing to do with that. 'Twas because of your high standing in the parish.'" Capping this farce and showing that they all know Fancy and that Fancy must know that they know, Mrs. Dewy prods her: "'Well, if you will make songs about yourself my dear, you can't blame other people for singing 'em.'"[35] The novel ends with a harmonious marriage of old and new. Fancy accedes to the habits

of procession to the church and promenading after the ceremony, giving up on the ways newly fashionable, deciding: "'I think I'd rather have it the way mother had it.'" Yet, she hasn't relinquished all her ideas in the face of tradition. At the wedding reception, we are told:

> The propriety of every one was intense, by reason of the influence of Fancy, who, as an additional precaution in this direction had strictly charged her father and the tranter to carefully avoid saying "thee," and "thou" in their conversation, on the plea that those ancient words sound so very humiliating to persons of newer taste: also that they were never to be seen drawing the back of the hand across the mouth after drinking,—a local English custom of extraordinary antiquity, but stated by Fancy to be decidedly dying out among the better classes of society.[36]

Interpretations and comments about the novel's two titles has also fuelled the idea that the juxtaposition of apparently different storylines—*UGT* (the lovers), and *The Mellstock Quire: A Rural Painting of the Dutch School* (the choir's disbandment)—have produced a certain narrative disjuncture or an unsatisfactory resolution. Through the window of Hardy's preservationist theory of history, these issues are much less contradictory no matter what you think of the writing. *As You Like It*, as we saw in Chapter 3, gives us an enigmatic heroine, Rosalind, who, operating as both insider and outsider, is able to resolve any conflict that has arisen from an act of inappropriate social displacement. While I would not want to force this mechanism lock, stock, and barrel through Fancy onto Hardy's novel, there are enough matching components between the texts for the use of Shakespeare's quote to provide some interpretive value. Fancy's role, though, is just as important in the consequences that arise from the significance of the (now) subtitle, *Mellstock Quire: A Rural Painting of the Dutch School*, itself a dual title and somewhat enigmatic. It is a mystery that invites us to consider the affective relationship between Dutch painting and Hardy's writing.

Of the Dutch School

We may assume that Hardy, in his use of the term "Dutch School," is referring to what we know as the incipiently nationalistic style of painting that attended the period when the Netherlands began in earnest to shed the colonial Spanish yoke, which eventually led to the formation of an independent Holland in the seventeenth century. Considered

a forerunner to modern concepts of realism, this Dutch art, after Bruegel of the sixteenth century, tended to focus either on secular landscape painting that included various kinds of settlements or the world of everyday life, the folk, or both. *UGT* is structured around Dutch-style landscape and genre scenes: packed domestic interiors, cottages, village life and street views, rural activities, and wedding dramas. This is true whether seen through its seasonal frame, "Winter," "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," or its chapter topics and various descriptions of "Mellstock Lane"; "the Tranter's cottage"; "The Interview with the Vicar"; the "next scene" featuring the so-called "witch," Elizabeth Endorfield; or the "ancient tree," under which Fancy and Dick get married. Perhaps because of their production of a national ethos or style, paintings of the Dutch School have often been seen as sentimental or nostalgic; and many, no doubt, delivered those qualities. However, there are complexities embedded in this style of painting. The highly sophisticated work of the grand master Pieter Bruegel the Elder, for example, is arguably diminished by his being dubbed as "Peasant Bruegel." Hardy, too, for his interest in writing about rural folk has suffered similar denigration. Occasionally such dispraise has been delivered through back-handed compliments about the quality of his realism, as if his writing consisted only of the marvel of verisimilitude. Long ago Raymond Williams commented upon the downright insults that depreciated Hardy; such as Somerset Maugham's charge that he had "a strange look of the soil" about him, or Henry James' condescension in calling him "the good little Thomas Hardy."[37] Countering these views, Williams argues that Hardy "is the educated observer, still deeply involved with the world he is watching"; and that his work is "not merely illustrative," but more "a central kind of learning."[38] What Williams says of Hardy could also be said of artists like Bruegel, Jacob van Ruisdael, or Jan Steen.

Central to Hardy's reflections and latent pedagogy, and built into his first published novel, *UGT*, is that the organic interchange between what is traditional and what is new could no longer be accomplished through his erstwhile profession, church conservation. Of the toll taken on rural ways by the various encroachments of capitalism, enclosure, rural migration, rotten boroughs, mechanization, and so on, Hardy was as deeply aware as anyone. His responses to that toll may be paternalistic or unfocused at times but he was certainly not ignorant of the difficult and complex social dynamics that had affected the folk about whom he wrote. For Hardy, writing was not the place for the construction of picturesque pastoral dioramas nor for a stubborn adherence to the habits of a passing generation (as found in an extreme

preservationist stance), but a way of exploring the various dialectical forces that constitute a community: unity and discord, belonging and dividuation, and tradition and change. That these in many ways are similar to the concepts that concern Netherlandish art after Bruegel is likely what caught Hardy's attention.

An important stylistic feature of much Dutch School genre painting is the way in which it encrypts social tensions by staging a kind of ongoing present that enables the formation of a whole community within a single picture. One of Bruegel's later paintings, the famous *Peasant Dance* (c.1568),[39] far from being either an example of nostalgic realism or, as critics often figure, a kind of moralistic exemplum about the follies of the world, actively encourages us to consider a range of complex tensions that stress the community in question (Plate 17).

Edward Snow's reading of the painting is illuminating. He notes that "the whole painting, in spite of its massed look, is organized in terms of pairs."[40] Each pair plays out some aspect of an indeterminable set of relations that, in sum, provide both tension within, and the cohesion of, the world of the village.

> Consider all the reaching, arching, yearning, extending out, holding on, pulling back, and shrinking in that are woven into this scene's incredibly varied kinesis: the painting at this level seems to be about the way people relate across and through spaces they maintain, and about the distances—never merely physical—they have to bridge. The bulky peasant forms unite, reach out, miss their mark, resist as best they can, inhabit casually or hunker obstinately in their own impermeable worlds. Gazes try to catch up, attract, come close, cross over, fend off, or else lose themselves in reverie, blindness, melancholy, or sheer uncomplicated joy. Connectedness and disconnectedness are rendered with each stroke.[41]

In structural terms, this account echoes Hardy's writing of many scenes in *UGT*, not least those that feature dancing. For Snow, the couple in the doorway under the flag is "in many ways paradigmatic of the whole scene."[42] Is the man pulling a resisting woman into the total world of the village dance, or is the woman pulling a reluctant man into the privacy of the house? As we do not know the relationship or motive of either, it is impossible to make a judgment, social, moral, or otherwise. But setting aside our imaginative curiosity about the latent impulses and valances that determine their actions is also not a choice for the painting's viewer. What we do know is that the couple set up a dynamic

range of possibilities between them that, to various degrees, contest a variety of thresholds or boundaries in relation to the social world of the picture. It is this complex kinetic structure that ensures the picture is not a frozen moment of a receding past but the active and continuous production of a present, one that is changeable and social rather than fixed by universal principles.

The entering couple, who are prominently featured, arrive on the threshold of the community, not yet part of the village dance, yet inevitably heading into it. We are invited to think about the kind of pair-dynamics that the couple will bring into the village. Is he more enthusiastic to join the throng, and therefore pulling her along; or is she speeding up as he is slowing down? What is their connection? "Hands," as Snow observes, "which elsewhere in the painting focus both the value and the tenuousness of relation, do not even show here."[43] Will they stumble into the dance: her left foot, unrealistically it seems, is about to collide with his left foot? With her fresh face, and sporting a full purse and dangling key, is she inappropriately younger and wealthier than him? Almost unaware that he has a partner in tow, he seems to be distractedly connected as he looks in the direction of the canoodling couple. On the ground beneath them is a straw cross (a sign of the church, upon which he nearly treads depending on whether he is stopping or moving forward), and a pot handle (symbol of something whole that is now irrevocably broken) that they may or may not be hurdling. I could go on, but the issue is not about making a specific assessment of the viability of the couple, no more than any other in the picture, or their impact on the community and vice versa. In the process of considering the incredibly complex and indeterminable set of forces that *in toto* constitute the village dance, Bruegel holds us, as "educated observers," in an affective relationship with that community. Our engagement with the painting is such that we cannot solve it, ignore it, or dismiss it as merely a lively slice of village life. We are embraced and possessed by it. What matters is not so much how the couple joins the community, but the fact that they do, and we do.

Although Hardy does not duplicate the particular dynamics that saturate Bruegel's painting, he borrows from the wider strategies of the Dutch School that seek to make the viewer of the picture an active participant in what he or she sees. He does this by rendering, time after time, throughout many scenes in *UGT* what "he intended to be a fairly true picture, at first hand, of the personages, ways, and customs which were common among such orchestral bodies in villages of fifty or sixty years ago."[44] This intention was distilled into Hardy's original title of the novel: *The Mellstock Quire: A Rural painting of the Dutch School*.

Chapter III, "The Assembled Quire," could easily be a scene taken from a seventeenth-century Dutch painting. What we see are the special characters who make up the choir beginning with the older generation, William Dewy and Old James, cited as Dick's grandfathers. They are presented in some detail. Their characteristics are both particular to them and part of the community rather than being presented through portraiture or caricature. With features like "a warm and roughened bloom upon his face," William's physiognomy reminds "gardeners of the sunny side of a ripe ribstone-pippin," giving grandfather Dewey a sense of fulsome vitality as well as being a kind of cultivar of a stable community. Old James is shaped and defined by the accoutrements and vestments of his trade, a mason, with his "very stiff fustian coat having folds at the elbows and shoulders as unvarying in their arrangement as those in a pair of bellows: the ridges and the projecting parts of the coat collectively exhibiting a shade different from that of the hollows, which were lined with small ditch-like accumulations of stone and mortar-dust." As well as having distinctive characteristics, being a "miser," and "rather slovenly in his habits," while carrying all the fixings for his meals in his pockets, Old James wears his trade as the embodied sediment of his social labor. In keeping with the value of local knowledge and a person's particularities within it, Mr. Penny, the cobbler, "clawing at something in the depths of a large side pocket," draws "forth a last," which attracts the eyes of the choir members. As readers, we too focus on the object. We are aligned with and know no more than the choir. "Now whose foot do ye suppose this last was made for? It was made for Geoffrey Day's father, over at Yalbury Wood," says Penny according the object a lineage and a location within the community. Penny builds on the artifact's foundation and provenance by pointing out that the additions to the last—"a lump of leather bradded to the toe ... a patch nailed to the side"—were made later to accommodate the son's foot. Geoffrey's mishaps, a childhood bunion and a horse stepping on his foot, are moments of his personal history whose register is their addition to his father's last. Not only is the last a tally of the Days' place, history, and adventures in the locale, it is a perfect example of Hardy's preservationist philosophy, whereby a viable piece of community architecture is preserved and changed by current necessity and use. Neatly, the telos of the scene, and the novel, is the proper footing for Fancy's boot, being the next object placed on the table beside the Day last. Although not made by Penny, the boot both stands as an impression of the as yet absent Fancy and of the wearer's familial connection to Mellstock. As Penny expatiates on Fancy's boot, noting that its occupant is "just husband-high,"

he claims that "a man in the trade can see the likeness between this boot and that last [...] 'tis father's voot and daughter's voot to me as plain as houses." Whatever the extent of Penny's mysterious skills in this regard, we realize that they are intimately dependent upon the collective choir's "living memory,"[45] of which Penny is a contributor and custodian, and of which the Day last is both substance and cipher. Presented to the reader and the assembled choir, we come to realize that our new schoolmistress's boot, Fancy's boot, has arrived ahead of its occupier. Already being properly identified and in the process of repair, the boot has begun to take its logical place in the history, happenings, and memory of those in Mellstock. This scene and the novel pose the same question: will the owner of the boot's foot do the same?

As we have seen above the answer is not necessarily within the will, personal psychology, or even the desire of Fancy herself. To belong appropriately to the place, she needs to understand and be understood within its terms. Hardy dramatizes the difficulty of this in the moment when we all meet Geoffrey Day's daughter for the first time on Christmas Eve as the choir, traditionally, going around the village playing and singing carols. Fancy appears in an upper window before their "thirty concentrated eyes:"

> a young girl framed as a picture by the window architrave, and unconsciously illuminating her countenance to a vivid brightness by a candle she held in her left hand, close to her face; her right hand being extended to the side of the window. She was wrapped in a white robe of some kind, whilst down her shoulders fell a twining profusion of marvelously rich hair in a wild disorder [...] Her bright eyes were looking into the grey world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness....[46]

In the middle of Mellstock, Fancy incongruously and fantastically appears in the form of a Pre-Raphaelite portrait. Hardy had a long and lively interest in pictorial art. He often visited the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum and was personally acquainted with many well-known painters at the time, including John Everett Millais and Lawrence Alma-Tadema. In assessing Hardy's use of pictorial art and its history, Alastair Smart doubts whether "any other English novelist...possessed so intimate a knowledge of the visual arts."[47] A couple of years before *UGT* was published, the doyen of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, exhibited a painting called *La Donna della Fiamma* that might well have prompted Hardy's depiction

of Fancy—though almost any of Rossetti's female portraits would have been applicable (Plate 18). Framed in this pure, elevated, and singular, Fancy looks unreal, like "rale wexwork," ethereal, "near a thing to a spiritual vision," idealistic, iconic, definitely not part of Mellstock's hurly-burly life or the palpably "grey world outside."

Whatever Hardy may have thought about individual painters or even particular paintings, his preservationist theories are contrary to the principles of Pre-Raphaelite art. Rossetti and company were avowedly on the side of restoration. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood sought to reconstruct the past as if history, the generations of human activity, did not exist. In its ethos, the Pre-Raphaelite portraiture of the style in which Fancy is presented is deeply antithetical to the arrangements of rural paintings of the Dutch School that seek to represent the customs, practices, people, and objects that have been affected by their collective past—whether it is the Tranter's cottage, William Dewy and Old James, Geoffrey's last, or the "ancient tree" on the outskirts of Yalbury Wood. Unlike Fancy's boot, then, which is hallmarked by personal, family, and communal history, Fancy herself initially appears in a form that radically separates her from the choir, Mellstock, and even from history. Her vision may have transfixed Dick at their first meeting, as he wanders off in a state of thrall to her image, but his father and grandfather quickly shake off the spell with the tranter's earthy call to "replenish our insides." Through a series of rural paintings that trace a year, the customary span of bucolic life, Fancy becomes more locally embodied and incorporated into the genre that characterizes Mellstock. This begins when Fancy enters the heart and hearth of the social world of Mellstock's choir: "The Tranter's" cottage. During "The Tranter's Party," another scene that could be attributed to the Dutch School, Fancy goes from being someone with the "artistic properties of the lively goddess," to a "romping girl," one "touchable—squeezable—even kissable." Dick's education has also begun.

The tenor of their way

In citing Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," Hardy signals *FFMC*'s project of representing and symbolically rehearsing a worldview that could "organize resistance to the new," a project undoubtedly more difficult than that presented in *UGT*. In Gray's "Elegy" the reader is persuaded to see an eternal village scene emerge from any fragment of it left behind in the progress of time. The poem is an engine of evocation. By concentrating on the forward momentum of the homily,

and being then captivated by the poem's delicate imagery, it is easy to set aside the realization that all we actually "see" in the poem, beyond the fourth stanza, is in the mind's eye of the speaker. Sound becomes the medium of exchange between the sights still visible in the growing dark and the imagined worlds in which most of the poem takes place.

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea

In these first two lines of the poem, sound and sight are equated: we hear the bell that signals the time for the extinguishing of the lamps as the late twilight is envisioned; we hear the herd "lowing" as we see them moving across the pasture. Sights and sounds are naturally linked—the same phenomenon is experienced simultaneously by the two senses. As the site of "glimmering landscape" fades, the viewer's sensibility is transferred more fully to sound:

> Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Despite the falling darkness, the scene is now held and maintained by sound. Buzzing beetles and the movements of the bellwethers evoke the activity in the landscape around the speaker, as the activity itself becomes unseen. By the third stanza, that which is conjured in the mind's eye of the speaker appears more speculative.

> Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
> The moping owl does to the moon complain
> Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
> Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Although the owl is still part of a potentially visible landscape, she occupies a liminal space between the potentially visible and the constitutionally invisible. As a sovereign and nocturnal creature whose life depends upon conditions that make her practically invisible, and whose actual location, even, is "secret," envisioning the scene that might accompany the owl's "complaint" works somewhere between recalling previously experienced scenes, such as reproducing the visible, and imagining, or producing, the invisible. Within the domain of the invisible owl, the imagination is brought to bear, to view, the graves of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet."

From those graves, we return to daytime and scenes of everyday life but are now thoroughly in the region of the speaker's imagination. Significantly, abstract logic tells us that we have been placed in a different time, a remote past, yet the stuff of the images is continuous with the present time of the speaker. Stanza six, for example, with its "blazing hearth" fire and "lisp[ing]" children, is such a stock, clichéd image of sentimentalized domesticity as to be practically devoid of historical specificity.[48] With no historicizing clues, it is easy to rearrange Stanzas one, five, and six to reconstruct a full day in an eternal life of the community. The workday begins with "the breezy call of incense-breathing Morn" (l. 17), and it ends with "the curfew toll[ing] the knell of parting day" (l. 1). Whereupon we follow "the ploughman" as he "homeward plods his weary way" (l. 3), ending the day with him at his "blazing hearth," basking in the glory of a "busy housewife ply[ing] her evening care" (ll. 21–2). Remaining focused on the landscape and the long-standing traditions and patterns of rural life enables Gray to pick out a thread of continuity from the eighteenth century back through to the vanishing point of time immemorial.

Returning to Hardy's novel, it is not difficult to imagine *FFMC*'s hero Gabriel Oak as "some mute inglorious Milton" (l. 59) or some potentially great but unsung common man keeping "the noiseless tenor of [his] way" (l. 76). After all, Hardy uses this image in his catalogue of "The Dorset Labourer," Oak repeatedly refers to himself as "an every-day sort of man."[49] Gabriel Oak, as his deliberately prosaic name suggests, embodies all the time-honored English traditions that have structured rural life for generations.[50] He is the image of constancy. He remains true to his oath to Bathsheba: "I shall do one thing in this life—one thing certain—that is, love you, and long for you, and *keep wanting you* till I die."[51]

Gray grants value to the labors of the common man, chiding: "Let not Ambition mock their useful toil" (l. 29). These labors are nearly raised to the level of heroism by analogy.

> Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
>
> (ll. 57–60)

But for their circumstances, the deeds of some field hand or shepherd may have been akin to the hero who withstood the tyranny of a king like Charles I. Also, the greatness worthy of fame or infamy may have

lain as potential in the souls and characters of the "every-day sort of man." For Gray, though, such men are almost better off because they have not been challenged by great moments of history, and so the circumstances that may have "circumscribed alone / [t]heir growing virtues" have also "their crimes confined" (ll. 65–6).

In telling the story of Gabriel Oak's life, however, Hardy does more to honour what Gray deems "the short and simple annals of the poor" (l. 32). If Gray argues that some anonymous men could have made history were their lives not confined to the spheres of the rural poor, Hardy makes history the story of anonymous men and women. In Gray's poem, the Gabriel Oaks of the world are imagined to sojourn "along the cool sequestered vale of life," whereas *FFMC* opens to the reader's experience the real tenuousness of such a life and the heroic effort it takes for a poor oak to remain standing (l. 75).

Simply to achieve his brief status as "Farmer," which Oak has at the beginning of the novel, took struggle. The reader learns that he had to work his way up from being the son of a shepherd through the various positions that would prepare him for being a sheep farmer in his own right. Farmer Oak does not long enjoy the success he has achieved at that point; as he soon becomes the subject of his own "pastoral tragedy" when his new dog, who has been maladroit at learning his duties, chases nearly all of his herd over a precipice. Gabriel discovers them there: "The ewes lay dead and dying at its foot—a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more."[52] This is a dreadful stroke of fate. After his first reaction, which was to "pity" "these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs," Gabriel realizes "another phase of the matter:"

> The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly for ever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.[53]

As if in direct response to Gray's "cool sequestered vale," Gabriel's fortunes are summed up: "He had sunk from his modest elevation as pastoral king into the very slime-pits of Siddim."[54]

All the progress that Oak does make from this moment to the close of the story, getting a place on the farm Bathsheba inherited from her uncle,

gaining respect and even a slightly elevated place in a new community, becoming the confidante of Farmer Boldwood and the caretaker of his farm, and so on, should be understood as rather less inevitable than the stolid permanence of rural life painted by Gray. The Farmer Oaks of the world, Hardy makes sure we understand, are fewer and farther between than sentimental visions of rural life might indicate. It is Oak's peculiarity that "there was left to him a dignified calm he had never before known, and that indifference to fate which, though it often makes a villain of a man, is the basis of his sublimity when it does not."[55]

Oak's personal tragedy is not the only crisis in rural life depicted in the novel. There are the ubiquitous crises of husbandry, as ewes and lambs and cows and calves are ever in jeopardy. Beyond the hazardous nature of keeping livestock, many of the novel's signature events appear as near disasters. Gabriel and Bathsheba meet again while he is on his quest for a position on a farm over the accident of the fire that threatens to consume "the main corn produce" of Bathsheba's farm.[56] Later, Bathsheba's flock gets into a clover field and would have all died were it not for Gabriel's intervention as the only man in the community with the skill to puncture their bellies and let out the gas without piercing vital organs. Gabriel is again on the scene to rescue Bathsheba's farm when a thunderstorm threatens her wheat ricks, which had been neglected by her wastrel and ill-fated husband, Sergeant Troy. However, the folk in *FFMC* are not simply fighting cosmic forces or the caprice of nature. In each case, the threat of a natural occurrence is exacerbated by some kind of neglect, and each of the crises represents other possible trajectories of contemporary rural life.

Some of these other possible courses are embodied by Bathsheba Everdene,[57] who appears initially to stand in for the numerous dispossessed peasants and rural laborers who have been forced by circumstances beyond their control to become itinerant workers and seasonal wanderers. When Bathsheba is first introduced, she arrives at Norcombe in the way that so many could in the rural world of industrial England around that time, as flotsam, a collection of odds and ends, often uprooted from some other place. Oak catches sight of her for the first time, a "girl on the summit" of a wagonload of a dismantled household "surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an oak settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary—all probably from the windows of the house just vacated."[58] The effect of this condition on dispossessed rural subjects is emblematized in a little vignette that should not simply be filed under the heading of Bathsheba's incipient pride. Gabriel spies

her as she covertly removes a vanity mirror from its packaging and examines herself. Whereupon he remarks to himself that "there was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass." Tellingly, he ascribes to her a motive that came from his own (mis)perception: concluding that "she simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in the feminine kind."[59] It is not that Bathsheba was not capable of such an act of self-absorption—we find out later that she was—but her status as itinerant is the key to his, and our, misrecognition. As Bathsheba looks at her own reflection in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings, she establishes for herself a sense of security that is not dependent upon locale. She erects a virtual home around herself. The narrator notes that the act is strange for its "change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act—from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors."[60] By the same token, the act transforms the out of doors into a safe haven even though it requires a self-sanctification and indemnification that immures her.

For Bathsheba, belonging rests solely in her own person, and the consequence is her imperfect recognition of her connection to others. Much of the mischief unwittingly perpetrated by Bathsheba can be attributed to this: her misrecognition. The valentine she sends to Farmer Boldwood is one that has far-reaching effects. Boldwood first comes to Bathsheba's notice for his failure to pay the proper homage to her beauty, a fact that is otherwise universally recognized by the other men in the corn market on her first market day. This bothers Bathsheba because her sense of place and propriety is tied to her own person and her power to attract. Whether spurred on by Boldwood's inattention or simply by the whim of a moment, Bathsheba decides to send him a valentine as a joke. This act, "so very idly and unreflectingly" done, profoundly disturbs Boldwood, who cannot then avoid living out the consequences of an unrequited love for Bathsheba that in turn threatens the health of the larger community. This act stems from thinking that is much like Parson Maybold's. Bathsheba does not think of Boldwood as *the kind* of man she would marry and cannot therefore imagine that Boldwood might form an attachment to her. Interestingly, Boldwood's lifelong grief is initiated by a market object; the valentine belongs to a class of new commodities that are almost purely without utility.

The misconceived valentine sets off a destructive chain of events. To ascertain the letter's anonymous writer, Boldwood asks Oak if he knows the handwriting, which he immediately identifies as Bathsheba's.

So when Farmer Boldwood comes to propose to Bathsheba, Oak knows of the valentine. He learns from Bathsheba that she is not in love with Boldwood and is compelled to tell her that her "conduct" "is unworthy of any thoughtful, and meek, and comely woman."[61] For his frank advice, she fires him. With Oak no longer employed at the farm, Bathsheba's sheep wander into the clover and eat themselves sick. Tension mounts as it appears uncertain whether Bathsheba will ask for Gabriel's help or stick to the resolve of her outraged pride. And so, belatedly conscious of the consequences of her actions on those around her, Bathsheba eventually agrees to consider Boldwood's proposal out of a sense of duty. In turn, though, this becomes just another incident in the series of events that sweep through the community when Bathsheba meets the inherently careless Sergeant Troy. Troy's introduction paints him as the very enemy of community stability.

> Idiosyncrasy and vicissitude combine to stamp Sergeant Troy as an exceptional being. He was a man to whom memories were an incumbrance, and anticipations a superfluity. Simply feeling, considering, and caring for what was before his eyes, he was vulnerable only in the present. His outlook upon time was as a transient flash of the eye now and then: that projection of consciousness into days gone by and to come, which makes the past a synonym for the pathetic and the future a word for circumspection, was foreign to Troy. With him the past was yesterday; the future, to-morrow; never, the day after.[62]

Already having made his mark on Weatherbury by seducing and abandoning Fanny Price, a servant of Bathsheba's deceased uncle, his destructive potential expands when Bathsheba marries him.

When they marry, the pregnant Fanny is definitively cut off from her place in society, and Troy's entry into the economic life of Weatherbury is as detrimental as his effects on its social life. Bathsheba leaves to him the care of the harvested wheat, whereupon he casually neglects it while carousing with the farmhands after the "harvest home" feast. Were it not for Gabriel working away to secure the wheat from the wind and rain, a significant loss to the farm's assets would have occurred, a point Hardy emphasizes by describing the mounds of harvested wheat as "heaps of treasure in grain" and "pile[s] of wealth."[63] More habitually, Troy is ever close to gambling away or squandering all of the farm's resources.

Beyond his immediate threat to Bathsheba's estate, the marriage to Troy also breaks Boldwood's heart. In consequence, Boldwood's own

"heaps of treasure" are now vulnerable. Having secured Bathsheba's produce, Gabriel encounters the jilted Boldwood on the road and discovers that he has "overlooked the ricks this year."[64] Gabriel's reflection on this fact identifies Troy with the imminent dissolution of the community.

> All the night he had been feeling that the neglect he was labouring to repair was abnormal and isolated—the only instance of the kind within the circuit of the county. Yet at this very time, within the same parish, a greater waste had been going on, uncomplained of and disregarded. A few months earlier Boldwood's forgetting his husbandry would have been as preposterous an idea as a sailor forgetting he was in a ship.[65]

Note that it is Boldwood as himself rather than "a farmer" or even "a man like Boldwood" of whom Oak has such expectations. Albeit different from Oak, Boldwood is another emblem of Weatherbury's cohesion and now endangers its endurance. Troy is an external threat to Weatherbury's weal, the dysfunctional Boldwood is one from within. They both strain or disjoin the customary sinews and the productive social bonds that accrue from affective relationships, a set of connective relations that constitute what Williams would call "structures of feeling."[66]

On the morning of his return to Weatherbury, Troy contemplates the restoration of Bathsheba's creaky Elizabethan prodigy house. Troy's view is "that sash-windows should be put throughout, and these old wainscoted walls brightened up a bit; or the oak cleared quite away, and the walls papered."[67] Gabriel responds that "it is a nice old house."[68] Of course, clearing the oak away is a deliberate pun as Troy is well aware of Gabriel's devotion to his wife. In so far as Gabriel's surname already bears its allegorical quality, though, the pun reads as a nonchalant promise to get rid of everything sturdy and enduring. Troy adopts a restorationist's point of view, and the dialogue rehearses an argument established in Hardy's "Memories of Church Restoration."

> A philosopher once said in my hearing that the old builders, who worked when art was a living thing, had no respect for the work of builders who went before them, but pulled down and altered as they thought fit; and why shouldn't we? "Creation and preservation don't do well together," says he, "and a million of antiquarians can't invent a style." My mind exactly. I am for making this place more modern, that we may be cheerful whilst we can.[69]

Perhaps more than anything that has happened heretofore, it is the last sentiment that damns Troy. His interest in restoration might not be problematic in and of itself, but the problem is that Troy imagines sweeping away all of the artifacts of the past for the briefest moment of pleasure. This is quite different from the mindset of architects and builders who alter the style of preceding generations as part of a natural, organic process, one that we will see later in the discussion of Hardy's poem "The Abbey Mason." Contrary to his hubristic claim to sound architectural philosophy, Troy is not talking about the invention of a style; he is talking about following the momentary dictates of fashion. We should note the way his so-called stylistic improvements, in his reckless "enthusiasm for the new," are framed as demolition more so than construction.

While Troy shuns all connections to the community and to history, many of Bathsheba's accidentally destructive actions arise from her failure to see how her life *is* woven into the fabric of the community. Her regular refrain is that she is friendless and that everyone is against her. The eternal thorn in her side is her uncertainty of others' regard. When in trouble, often of her own making, she complains of her state as a lone and defenseless woman. Stuck in a dilemma over what to do about her love for Sergeant Troy (and in a torrent of first person singular pronouns) she cries:

> Dear, dear—I don't know what I am doing since this miserable ache o' my heart has weighed and worn upon me so! What shall I come to! I suppose I shall get further and further into troubles. I wonder sometimes if I am doomed to die in the Union. I am friendless enough, God knows![70]

To Bathsheba, dying alone in a workhouse is the epitome of social disjunction, and yet acceptance into such a place, set up by the Poor Laws, marks the limit of belonging to a parish, as we see in the case of Fanny Robin. To excuse herself to Boldwood for not being able to love him, she laments that "an unprotected childhood in a cold world has beaten gentleness out of me."[71] Boldwood challenges this argument by forcing her to admit that she is actually in love with Sergeant Troy and tries to force her to consider the consequences of her thoughtless actions to himself and others. Nevertheless, at this stage Bathsheba is not able to see herself beyond her original state as dispossessed, as a nomad.

These fears of loss lurking at the edge of Bathsheba's consciousness are also the signs of the world that lies beyond and that threatens

Weatherbury. Weatherbury is presented as a bastion that helps the past offer some resistance to enthusiasm for the new in the midst of a rapidly changing world. The stability of Weatherbury is therefore in peril unless Bathsheba takes full responsibility for her place in it. Set up by the novel, if Bathsheba fails to do this she will be responsible for the fragmentation and discontinuity of the Weatherbury community.

> In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris ten years, or five; in Weatherbury three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these Wessex nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present futurity.[72]

It is passages like this that contribute to the idea that Hardy is a nostalgist who cannot abide change and thus makes of the rural past a sanctuary, one that might easily be breached by Williams' analysis:

> The Industrial Revolution not only transformed both city and country; it was based on a highly developed agrarian capitalism, with a very early disappearance of the traditional peasantry.[73]

That Hardy offers communities like Weatherbury, or Mellstock, as special hold-out places where the effects of change are slowed is a recognition that this is not the case elsewhere. Moreover, the novels do not present Weatherbury and Mellstock as patterns by which people could simply live against the grain of history anymore than country house poems were lifestyle advice for estate owners. Instead, these places and the novels in which they appear attempt to create a kind of mediate space for the reader in relation to the forces of history.

Organizing resistance to an enthusiasm for the new

In *FFMC*, the interpersonal drama bears most of the social and historical symbolism, while in *UGT* the demise of the choir as both a social institution and a medium of individual participation shares the critical task with the love story between Dick and Fancy. The primacy of the characters and the plots they enact in *FFMC* are testament to Hardy's more strenuous

efforts to represent the contemporary state of the rural world with some accuracy. *UGT* begins with an intact and thriving rural community endangered by a single individual, who is meticulously depicted as someone who neither belongs to the community nor is equal to its collective strength. Moreover, the threat posed to Mellstock by Maybold is one that will largely concern the next generation: will the community succeed in regenerating itself? Harking back to Hardy's discussion of church conservation in "Memories," we could say that *UGT* coincides with the *ostensible* historical problem: that the whims of priests and churchwardens alter the fabric of their churches and consequently alienate their parishioners. *FFMC*, on the other hand, exposes the true historical problem as encapsulated by the brothers who returned to their childhood church: that parishes are already becoming increasingly fragmented for reasons that have been serially documented in literature and economic philosophy and are mostly rooted in capitalism's adverse effects on rural and urban life. In *FFMC*, the community has already been traversed and marked by the forces that are changing the countryside. The condition of the parish church registers those forces. We learn that "the little gallery door," which formerly would have admitted a choir like that of Mellstock, is not only "quite disused" but "that a sprig of ivy had grown from the wall across the door to a length of more than a foot, delicately tying the panel to the stone jamb."[74] As we have seen, much of the story is underwritten by the deleterious impact of outsiders on the stability of local institutions and people. If those who are part of the local community do not take care of these threats, and this is no easy task, then the mortal dangers that they face symbolize the existential danger to the whole.

Because the community is still intact in *UGT*, the threats to a rural existence that might withstand and resist the reorganization of long-standing social structures by the encroachments of a capitalistic economy can be signified as a threat to the choir. Or, the choir can represent the community because the whole is intact. In *FFMC*, Hardy takes on the much more difficult problem of reconstructing a sense of a whole, a sense of a community, out of the dynamics, relationships, interactions, and transactions that are at once the living perpetuation of a fading organization of rural existence and the co-opted elements of new associations. That is, Hardy takes up the problem of rendering palpable the whole that continuously faces its fragmentation and socio-economic threats to parochial responsibilities and the structural integrity to rural life. "Organizing resistance to an enthusiasm for the new" is the same as creating a sensibility that is not subject to the vicissitudes of fashion or the commodity organization of material and social existence.

Bathsheba's story, along with that of the long and sometimes tortuous courtship of Gabriel and Bathsheba, constitute the narrative vehicle for this reinscription of a whole that might "organize resistance to an enthusiasm for the new." Bathsheba is driven by an internally contradictory impulse to have her value realized. She recognizes in herself, especially in her beauty, education, and refinement, her market value, as it were, or the qualities that would enable her to transcend her local value as *the* community beauty and enable her to become *a* beauty; perhaps she is good enough to be a parson's wife in Yorkshire. And yet, the very thing that gives Bathsheba her sense of extraordinary value is the specificity of her place in relationship to others, and so, to transcend the locale would be to discard the context that defines her worth in all its forms.

This she discovers through the painful lesson of her marriage to Troy. As we have seen, Troy is only capable of contingent appreciation. Having no notion of the past or the future, Troy is incapable of husbanding his emotions or attachments. This is the allegorical import of the scene in which he offers Bathsheba his father's watch on the occasion of their second meeting. The watch is the one thing that counts as an inheritance and comes from a recorded lineage that is all Troy has in the way of connection to the past, even though it is not precisely his heritage that it represents. Yet, he urges Bathsheba to accept it on the whim of a passion that he calls love. Briefly, at the moment of their marriage, we may be persuaded that Troy's whimsical attachment has become a more permanent and rooted one. Fanny's resurfacing and subsequent death are proofs against this, however. As he stands over the corpses of Fanny and his child, Troy's words expose the illusion of Bathsheba's value for him.

> This woman is more to me, dead as she is, than ever you were, or are, or can be. If Satan had not tempted me with that face of yours, and those cursed coquetries, I should have married her. I never had another thought till you came in my way. Would to God that I had; but it is too late![75]

It should be noted that this is patently unfair to Bathsheba. We already know that Troy's own mercurial temper had impeded his marriage to Fanny. Fanny had mistakenly awaited Troy at the wrong church on the appointed day of their marriage and finally arrived at the correct one too late. Note that this is a tragedy of errors that would not have happened had they been getting married in their own parish. His pride wounded, Troy dismisses Fanny and refuses to marry her the next day. A similar fit of pique prevents Troy from saving Fanny or at least comforting her on

her deathbed. He waits for Fanny at the appointed spot a day after they reencounter each other, but Fanny, being too ill to leave the almshouse, does not arrive. Instead of searching for her, he goes off to gamble at Budmouth and returns home after she is already dead. Nevertheless, Troy's self-defense simultaneously articulates the essence of the value system Bathsheba uses as an index for her own worth and exposes its ephemerality. What brings Bathsheba to Troy's attention is also disposable. And though Troy's diatribe against her is uttered in bad faith, it does articulate a different kind of attachment that even Troy recognizes as having more value. In her marriage to Troy, Bathsheba finally realizes that she has become the victim of her own self-objectification and "taking no further interest in herself as a splendid woman, she acquired the indifferent feelings of an outsider in contemplating her probable fate as a singular wretch."[76] Although this is an important and necessary step, at best she has simply put down the mirror. For the sake of her integrity and the stability of Weatherbury, she needs to see herself within the world of which she is a part.

Beauty is not the problem, rather it is the sense that beauty demands its own frame, and the mobility of the single portrait proves to carry such a destructive sensibility. As an alternative to the mobile and decontextualized portrait, the novel gives us scenes of recognition and belonging in which the meaning of the visible is inalienable from occasion and locale. In our very first description of Gabriel, his is not a static face in repose, a portrait, but a face in the act of smiling, described thusly: "the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun."[77] There is a kinetic quality about this image similar to that used by Bruegel who was more concerned with representing relations between figures rather than their individual isolation. In Hardy's description, we likewise get Oak's character as contingent on the perception of others: "when his friends and critics were in tantrums, he was considered rather a bad man; when they were pleased, he was rather a good man; when they were neither, he was a man whose moral colour was a kind of pepper-and-salt mixture."[78] Similarly, it is not until Gabriel begins to play his flute at Warren's malthouse on the eve of his arrival in Weatherbury that those men who saw him in Casterbridge are able to recognize him.

> "Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd," said Henery Fray, criticizing Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune.

> "Yes—now I see 'ee blowing into the flute I know 'ee to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man's—just as they be now."[79]

This recognition, coupled with the recognition of the features of his father and grandfather by older men in the malthouse, a recognition something like Mr. Penny's ability to read Fancy's lineage in her boot, enables a smoother entry into Weatherbury society.

Hardy opens *FFMC* with sound as an important element in the creation of a distinct sense of place.

> Between this half-wooded half-naked hill, and the vague still horizon that its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds from which suggested that what it concealed bore some reduced resemblance to features here. The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by wind in breezes of differing powers, and almost of differing natures—one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of humankind was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chaunted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.[80]

The writing is Hardy at his best; and for me, as good or better than his best poetry. Its supreme achievement lies in its invention of a mode of perception to accompany the monitory plot. Hardy emphasizes the mutual inextricability of all sensation and knowledge in order to create a kind of total immersion in the locale, a local habitation. Hardy seems fond of attuning his readers' senses in order to increase their contemplation. Chapter II begins with an extraordinary description of Norcombe Hill that condenses history, nature, geography, philosophy, humankind, and the cosmos. Embedded within the landscape, in fact indistinguishable from it, we sense Gabriel Oak:

> Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in the place up against the sky. They had a clearness which was to be found nowhere in the wind, and a sequence which was to be found nowhere in nature. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.

> The tune was not floating unhindered into the open air: it seemed muffled in a way, and was altogether too curtailed in power to spread high or wide. It came from the direction of a small dark object under the plantation hedge—a shepherd's hut—now presenting an outline to which an uninitiated person might have been puzzled to attach either meaning of use.[81]

But Hardy has drawn us in: the initiation has begun.

The turning point for Bathsheba, the moment that begins her recovery from the self-destructive mood in which she flees her home after Troy has revealed his stronger attachment to the dead Fanny, is marked by her being able to see and hear as one who is intimate with the wholeness of the place. Having run out in the dark, it takes Bathsheba a little time to discover her location. Soon she realizes that "she had seen it by daylight on some previous occasion, and that what appeared like an impassable thicket was in reality a brake of fern now withering fast" that will become her shelter for the night. There "she lighted on a spot sheltered from the damp fog by a reclining trunk, where she sank down upon a tangled couch of fronds and stems." Later, she awakens as one who can perceive the specificities of the world around her with a local consciousness; "she became conscious of some interesting proceedings which were going on in the trees above her head and around":

> A coarse-throated chatter was the first sound.
> It was a sparrow just waking.
> Next: "Chee-weeze-weeze-weeze!" from another retreat.
> It was a finch.
> Third: "Tink-tink-tink-tink-a-chink!" from the hedge.
> It was a robin.
> "Chuck-chuck-chuck!" overhead.
> A squirrel.
> Then, from the road, "With my ra-ta-ta, and my rum-tum-tum!"
> It was a ploughboy. Presently he came opposite, and she believed from his voice that he was one of the boys on her own farm.[82]

In what might sound like a cacophony to an outsider, Bathsheba can distinguish the individual voices of the woodland choir. This turns out be a further instance of her growing insight as she also becomes capable of separating the harmful from the healthful. At first, she is attracted to the vision of the swamp not far from her makeshift bower; whereby she perceives the "magnificent silvery veil" created by the mist that

floats above it.[83] Reading through the "hazy luminousness," she quickly recognizes that the place is "a nursery of pestilences small and great, in the immediate neighborhood of comfort and health."[84] This marks the moment when Bathsheba becomes a proper subject of the community, one who neither embraces nor rejects all.

Soon after Bathsheba's integration with the landscape comes the heavily symbolic chapter: "The Gurgoyle: Its Doings." And it is here that the medieval ecclesiastical architecture of the parish church virtually comes to life to pass judgment on Sergeant Troy. The day after Fanny is interred, Troy spends Bathsheba's money to erect a gravestone for Fanny, which reads: "Erected by Francis Troy in Beloved Memory of Fanny Robin."[85] He also plants her grave with blossoming flowers. Offended by the monument, the church itself spits its contempt onto his handiwork: "the persistent torrent from the gurgoyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the grave" and "the flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their bed," many being finally washed onto the path below the churchyard.[86] Troy's response, upon discovering this, is to abandon Fanny's grave and Weatherbury. Bathsheba's response, when Gabriel shows her both her husband's work and the gargoyle's, is to replant the flowers and have Gabriel refill the holes in the soil of the grave. At the end of their labors, Bathsheba asks Gabriel "to get the church-wardens to turn the leadwork at the mouth of the gurgoyle that hung gaping down upon them, that by this means the stream might be directed sideways, and a repetition of the accident prevented."[87]

A minor alteration to the fabric of the ancient church, the redirection of the waterspout's flow exemplifies the form of mediation between past, present, and future that Hardy contemplates in the preservationist dilemma he outlines in "Memories." A strict preservationist position, that Hardy usually adopted, would not allow for the alteration of the direction of the spigot, as even this minor adjustment could unseat someone's memory and break the continuity between past and present. But Hardy's theoretical view of medieval buildings as "chronicles in stone" is tempered with the understanding that a building can be adjusted to the needs of the community that it serves. The rightness of this renovation upholds the living members of the parish.[88] At the same time, the value of the community's historical continuity is not a matter of indifference. Troy's flowers are not allowed to take root until they are replanted by Bathsheba, a person who now belongs by virtue of recognizing her belonging, a belonging that is mutually affirmed by her care for Fanny's memorial.

Though the actual architecture presented in the novel does not receive as much attention as farm labor, landscape, and human drama, the gargoyle's revenge reminds us that *FFMC* is preoccupied with the historical crisis so important to Hardy in his contemplation of the preservationist dilemma. *FFMC* offers a more deliberate and cautiously optimistic investigation of the moments before a parish church or a decaying Elizabethan house becomes merely an aesthetic object—be it a ruin that evokes melancholy over the things lost or an occasion for fashionable restoration. The novel improves on the representational strategies of Gray's "Elegy" and harnesses the power of its memorializing imagination for the perception of a world, a locale available to the educated reader that is still alive and above ground … at least in places.

History, Hardy, Gothic

And till, long having played its part
The curtain fell on Gothic art

Surprisingly, given Hardy's ambivalent if not caustic relationship to his former career, and the fertile national debate about Gothic revivalism, which exercised many in the nineteenth century, he often seems strangely indifferent to the essence of the Gothic. In *A Laodicean*, however, we can see that for Hardy Gothic revivalism was ultimately about a stance on history and historical consciousness rather than Rickman-esque architectural taxonomy; and, much like Ruskin's position, was considerably preoccupied with a vision of English consciousness.

Though *A Laodicean* lacks the range, depth, and descriptive richness of Hardy's other Wessex novels, it bears some consideration for the way it reveals the historical project that lies at the heart of the nineteenth century's Gothic revival. For a novel that is ostensibly about the preservation of a sample of medieval Gothic architecture, "The Castle of the De Stancys," it appears to be fundamentally indifferent to the fate of the castle itself. Heiress of a railway magnate, Paula Power has inherited De Stancy castle from her father, who bought it from a bankrupt aristocrat, Sir William De Stancy. Paula is sensitive to the responsibility of preserving the house as much as possible in the face of the necessity for restoring it to make it livable. She recognizes that "[p]eople hold these places in trust for the nation."[89] In this, she follows her dead father's lead. Power had discovered the castle when he was building a railway, and "the railway was diverted a little on its account."[90] Paula, and her admirer, an architect named George Somerset, choose a design

composed by him (though the plans are stolen and then fraudulently submitted by his rival for the commission). The design's "originality lay partly in the circumstance that Somerset had not attempted to adapt an old building to the wants of the new civilisation." Instead, "he had placed his new erection beside it as a slightly attached structure, harmonising with the old; heightening and beautifying, rather than subduing it." The result is the design for "a palace, with a ruinous castle annexed as a curiosity."[91] This is a virtual blueprint of the harmonious, yet impossible, preservationist solution Hardy briefly imagines in "Memories." He writes, "If the ruinous church could be enclosed in a crystal palace, covering it to the weathercock from rain and wind, and a new church be built alongside for services (assuming the parish to retain sufficient earnest-mindedness to desire them), the method would be an ideal one."[92] And yet, once this solution is practically achieved in *A Laodicean*, Hardy is content to see both the old and the new structure burned to the ground.

A Laodicean is best understood as a treatise, approximately Socratic in style, on the proper formation of a contemporary consciousness, one that has a correct relationship to the past, and consequently, a judiciousness with respect to modernity. The Laodicean to which the title refers is Paula Power, and her Laodiceanism, though nominally related to her lukewarm commitment to her father's Baptist religion, consists in her mixed feelings toward the ancient and the modern. The image that best sums up Paula's ambivalence is discovered by George Somerset when, by accident, he first happens upon Stancy Castle. Having lingered too long in the unfamiliar countryside in which he was studying examples of Gothic architecture, Somerset, finds himself unsure of the way home with darkness approaching. He soon detects a telegraph wire and follows it, thinking it will lead him back to the town in which he has lodgings. Instead, he finds that the wire's terminus is somewhere behind an "arrow-slit" in the ancient tower of Stancy Castle. Paula Power, we discover, is at once the owner and operator of a modern telegraph and caretaker and conserver of a moldering medieval fortress.

The other protagonists in the novel are lay figures who perform before Paula the logics and consequences of choosing and committing to some clear disposition toward the past. The dispossessed daughter of the hapless Sir William, Charlotte De Stancy, has no sense of being usurped by her friend Paula and no interest in the line of her ancestry. In a considerably less destructive way, she is like Sergeant Troy: "the past is no more to her than it is to a sparrow or robin." According to Paula's account of her friend to George Somerset, "the joyous freshness of her

nature, which precludes her from dwelling on the past" is evidence that Charlotte "is scarcely an instance of the wearing out of old families."[93] On the other hand, her brother, Captain William De Stancy, is a stock figure of aristocratic degeneration. His moral laxity, his weakness of will, and his sex addiction are signs of what Dare, Captain De Stancy's illegitimate son, appropriately calls being part of "a worn-out old party."[94] In their own fates and their effects on Paula's well-being, these antithetical positions with respect to the value of the past are all equally rejected by the narrative. Criticism of what Charlotte represents is milder in so far as the position she occupies is nebulous and ineffectual. That is, there is nothing definitively bad about Charlotte except that her goodness is feckless. In the end, Charlotte ends up retiring to a Protestant convent, the ultimate sign, and aristocratic standby, as we have seen in "Upon Appleton House," of an insecure morality and wasted fecundity. Captain De Stancy, spurred on by Dare, an even more degenerate figure, stands for all that is insalubrious in Paula's self-effacing attachment to "hoary mediæval families with ancestors in alabaster and primogenitive renown."[95] A marriage between Paula and De Stancy would complete the surreptitious plans of Dare: returning the De Stancys to their ancestral home, and, presumably providing him with some much needed legitimacy. It is even considered likely that there was a "warp given to [Paula's] mind [...] by the mediævalism of that place,"[96] but this is the conjecture of the Baptist minister, Woodwell, who worries that "those Stancy towers and lands will be a curse to [Paula]" because "the spirit of old papistical times still lingers in the nooks of those silent walls, like a bad odour in a still atmosphere."[97]

However much or little we can assume Hardy credits the sentiments that Woodwell utters, the narrative design is such that many of the representatives of the culture and values of the past have a deleterious effect on the present. This is most obviously the case with William Dare, who is so obsessed with being a De Stancy that he ruthlessly pursues the reinstallation of his father there, to the harm of almost everyone, through his marriage to Paula. In the end, Dare even destroys the heritage upon which he is fixated. When his plans are finally thwarted, as a result of Paula's knowledge that Dare is De Stancy's son, Dare makes a bonfire of all the old family portraits in the castle gallery. This then consumes most of the edifice on the eve of Paula and George's return from their honeymoon: "as much as could burn that night was burnt, while some of that which would not burn crumbled and fell as a formless heap, whence new flames towered up."[98] This is the end result of Dare's attempt to undo contemporary changes and return to the traditions of

an older time. What would be the motto under this emblem of the last bastard of a hereditary line setting aflame his ancestral seat?

Is the answer to be found in the Somersets' decision "not to attempt rebuilding the castle unless absolutely compelled"?[99] Instead of rebuilding the castle, they decide to "make an opportunity of a misfortune, and leaving the edifice in ruins start their married life in a mansion of independent construction hard by the old one, unencumbered by the ghosts of an unfortunate line."[100] George reassures Paula: "We will build a new house from the ground, eclectic in style. We will remove the ashes, charred wood, and so on from the ruin, and plant more ivy. The winter rains will soon wash the unsightly smoke from the walls, and Stancy Castle will be beautiful in its decay."[101] The lesson would seem to be to leave the past to take care of itself and begin anew, and that attempts to revive a connection with lost times is dangerous, which is somewhat of an about-face from the lessons of *UGT* and *FFMC*. And yet, the concluding solution is not very much different from the initial plan to "plac[e] his new erection beside it as a slightly attached structure, harmonising with the old; heightening and beautifying, rather than subduing it."[102] That is, the plan was never to restore the old building, never to counterfeit those parts of it that needed attention and make them look "as good as new."

The architectural key to the situation lies in the stylistic project of the new house after the castle has burned, in its eclecticism, but not for the merits of eclecticism itself. Actually, Somerset's plan to build a new structure in such a way as to appear continuous with the old is a kind of forgery, a historical revisionism not diametrically opposite to William Dare's desire to erase his grandfather's and father's dispossession by the new *Powers*. Because he has studied Gothic architecture and has created his design after careful study of Stancy Castle, Somerset's plan dupes the eye into seeing a continuous structure and the mind into seeing an uninterrupted historical continuity. Meanwhile, Hardy takes great delight in considering various jarring juxtapositions caused by Paula's modern presence in the ancient building. She is "the modern flower in a mediæval flower-pot."[103] George laments her growing "romanticism," her "veneration for things old, not because there was any merit in them, but because of their long continuance," because she is losing her original identity as "a personification of the modern spirit, who had been dropped, like a seed from the bill of a bird, into a chink of mediævalism."[104] The plan to prop up this illusion also threatens to consume that which is positive about the contemporary world. The alien images of Paula in her medieval home have an ominous quality.

The seed dropped into a chink of ancient stone may not find enough nourishment in order to flourish. The modern accoutrements of her own room at Stancy Castle have a similarly threatening tone: "These things, ensconced amid so much of the old and hoary, were as if a stray hour from the nineteenth century had wandered like a butterfly into the thirteenth, and lost itself there," perhaps to die in the unwholesome atmosphere.[105] The new house next to the ruin of the old castle is not only itself eclectic in style but creates an eclectic mix of old and new. There is no dissembling about things lost and the differences between then and now.

Another lost architect

Hardy's ultimate indifference to the actual architectural edifice, so long as it has created a proper sense of the past, is illustrated in his enigmatic poem: "The Abbey Mason, or The Inventor of the Perpendicular Style." The poem belongs among the works of Ruskin, Rickman, Pevsner, and others in its imaginative return to the creators of Gothic architecture as a source for the construction of an English national consciousness. Hardy's speaker in poem is "The Abbey Mason," who imagines the forgotten life—not so much a "rude forefather" ("Elegy" l. 16) but certainly a person lost to the loftier annals of the renowned—of the mason who was responsible for the invention of the Perpendicular style in the construction of the Choir and South Transept of Gloucester Cathedral. The "master-mason" for the Benedictine Abbey at Gloucester struggles to resolve what is presented as a stylistic incongruity in the architectural design of the windows (l. 16).[106] In response to the dullard aesthete, "Abbot Wygmore," the mason claims that the contemporary "long-vogued style is now quite outworn! / The upper archmold nohow serves / To meet the lower tracery curves" (ll. 36–8). Failing to find a style to smooth the connection between the window tracery and the arch, the mason is plagued night and day, asleep and awake.

The master-mason, that is, shoulders the responsibility of supporting the weight of the church structure while effecting a transition out of the Decorated style of Gothic architecture and into the Perpendicular. As for Constable, later, the appropriate matter for the harmony of the English church is a matter of the right form. Responding differently to the Decorated Style than Ruskin and, later, Pevsner, Hardy's abbey mason deems the ornamental profusion of the earlier style to have run its course and created what he considers to be a structural and a stylistic problem in the upper window tracery. Causing him considerable

distress is the assessment that "The ogees bend too far away / To give the flexures interplay" (ll. 39–40). It is imperative that "New forms be found to supersede / The circle when occasions need" (ll. 43–4). The mason perceives the ogee to be an extravagant extension and abstraction of the circles that had earlier filled the space above multiple lancet structures, including those of the Early English style.

Following another restless night and sleepless morning, the mason is gifted by Providence. Studying his drawings, seemingly to no avail, while the "chalk-scratched draught-board faced the rain," the Perpendicular solution to the problem is discovered to him it seems by the work of nature (l. 70). Freezing drops of rain have "deformed the lines" of his sketches (l. 71):

> So that they streamed in small white threads
> From the upper segments to the heads
> Of arcs below, uniting them
> Each by a stalactitic stem.
>
> (ll. 73–6)

The conceptual breakthrough is the revelation that the mullions should run straight down from underneath the arch to the base of the window. This architectural epiphany, as recounted in the poem, stands for the moment when the Perpendicular style was invented. Running a series of vertical and parallel lines down through the window had a profoundly regulatory and segmental effect on any arches or curved tracery that the mullions encountered. Decorated tracery and curvilinear forms, if they survived, were continued or truncated: "ogee arches transom-topped" or the "tracery-stalks by spandrels stopped" (ll. 209–10). In the new style, window tracery was superseded by simpler geometric and reticulated patterns. In short, whether it really was a problem or not, the "ogive riddle had been solved" (l. 88) at Gloucester Abbey, in the heart of England (Plate 19).

Crucial to the poem's effect is the ambiguity surrounding the question of the style's "invention." Hardy dramatizes an imagined power struggle between the ingenious merit of the abbey mason and staid orthodoxy of Abbot Wigmore over the creation of the new style. With the cunning that accords to power, the abbot casts it as a struggle between the vanity of men and the supremacy of God, even though masons and others think differently. Following the abbey mason's reworking of the tracery diagrams, the speaker recounts his growing fame, how builders promise

to "honour him and his great mind," and attribute the invention of the Perpendicular style to the mason's "craft-wit" (ll. 100, 98). Worth noting is that this "craft-wit" is the saving sensibility Hardy imagines in "Memories of Church Restoration." Haunting the works at the abbey, the abbot who, initially, had not seemed much concerned over the aesthetic problem comes to resent the mason's celebrity. Finally, the mason reports to his wife the abbot's charge that he "pride[s] himself too much." "Surely," argues the Abbot, it was "the hand of God […] and only His" that had disclosed the invention, whereas the mason merely "copied, and did not create" (ll. 109, 111–12, 116). Despite passionate support from his wife and the larger community, the mason deems the abbot's perspective just; he discounts his own ingenuity and credits the hand of Providence.

Eventually, living memory fades as "workmen died, and young ones grew," and "the old mason sank from view," his name becoming forgotten (ll. 153–4). The poem goes on to recount a later moment when a new abbot, Abbott Horton, reverses the opinion of Wigmore and deems the abbey mason worthy of memorial. All to no avail, the mason becomes and remains anonymous from the moment he renounced his fame. Horton vows to rediscover his name, although we are told that "he never did" (l. 188). With no community to remember him so ends the abbey mason, whom Hardy's speaker can imagine for us, inviting us to find his signature in the consequential traces of his "visionings" from the place in Gloucester Cathedral where the "choir and transept interjoin" (ll. 216, 206).

Contemplating "the Inventor of the 'Perpendicular' style" becomes the occasion for a different kind of history lesson, one in which we are taught to see what has been lost, to imagine what is no longer there, those victims of both the natural progress of time and deliberate erasure or revision. The mason's name is never to be recovered, but his anonymity must be remembered. More than a monument to the mason, Gloucester Cathedral and, indeed, churches across the land stand as monuments to anonymity itself. The speaker directs the reader to go "seek the quoin/ Where choir and transept interjoin" in Gloucester Cathedral, the birthplace of the Perpendicular, and "muse that some minds so modest be / As to renounce fame's fairest fee" (ll. 205–6, 213–14). This is a call to contemplate the individuals who were not "mute inglorious Miltons" but who did express their greatness and to see those lives figured in the churches, and the fields, and the farms, and the homes, and the workhouses. If Hardy does not believe that "such a living power in architectural art"[107] can ever be equaled in the present-day, he believes that a spirit as great may be cultivated. For Hardy, as for Ruskin, it goes without saying that the cultivation of this spirit begins with a study of the Gothic and a turn to literature.

6
Dracula and Gothic Tourism

> *The spirit of old papistical times still lingers in the nooks of those silent walls, like a bad odour in a still atmosphere.*
>
> Thomas Hardy, *A Laodicean*

A lonely cloud

"Ages ago a savage mode of keeping accounts on notched sticks was introduced into the Court of the Exchequer," noted Charles Dickens, referring to a common method of recording debt that had been used since the Middle Ages. Employed especially in agrarian taxation, the split tally stick had finally, in 1825, given way to modern forms of record keeping using pen, ink, and paper. By 1834, these sticks and stocks constituted a vast accumulated archive that was no longer required and had to be destroyed.

> It came to pass that they were burnt in a stove in the House of Lords. The stove, overgorged with these preposterous sticks, set fire to the panelling; the panelling set fire to the House of Lords; the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons; the two houses were reduced to ashes; architects were called in to build others; we are now in the second million of the cost thereof.[1]

So Dickens fulminated in a speech on administrative reform at Drury Lane in 1855. The fire, which started as an attempt to clear the clutter of the past, produced a chain reaction that destroyed the Palace of Westminster, one of the oldest and most iconic buildings in London.

The fire also caught the imagination of the public and one of England's premier artists, J. M. W. Turner (Plate 20). In water-color sketches and in

larger oil paintings, Turner produced many versions of *The Burning of the Houses of Parliament* (1834). All of the variants have an extraordinary fluid and atmospheric quality, as if the past is dissolving before the viewer's eyes. Turner depicts the event as a thrilling national tragedy, with massed spectators surrounding the scene with the banks, bridges, and river providing makeshift galleries and balconies. Center stage in the unfolding drama is the Gothic silhouette of the old palace's west end, still bravely upright despite the catastrophic force of the white heat from the fire that looms over it. Closely behind stand the two towers of Westminster Abbey looking like a durable mirage at once threatened and yet stable. The Abbey appears framed between the overwhelming destructive power of the blaze and the ominous shadows that haunt the buildings, which lean out into an area of darkness just beyond our view.

In effect, the 1834 fire gave the English an opportunity to clear out even more of the past than originally intended. The nation was suddenly confronted with an unexpected need to represent itself in a way that such public architecture is uniquely positioned to do. A reconstruction of the home of the English political system cannot help but express some form of the contemporary social imaginary. Toward that end, and in pursuit of a national consensus, the style of the next Houses of Parliament, still to be known as the Palace of Westminster, was to be determined through competition rather than by fiat. Around ninety-seven submissions were considered by the Royal Commission, which had been appointed to review the process. After vigorous national debate and lengthy deliberations, the Commission announced two finalists: one was in a neoclassical style (known then as Elizabethan); the other, the winner, was the Gothic design of the building we know today (Figure 6.1). With England's choice to cleave to a medieval past, the Victorian Gothic Revival was officially ratified.

In Chapter 1, we saw how Gothic architecture provided a rich terrain for defining or redefining what Englishness was and could be. Ruskin's remodeling of Gothic architectural motifs to frame an inclusive English ethnicity is an exemplary case. Yet many of the Gothic buildings that attracted the attention of the nineteenth-century revivalist's eye evoked dark and divisive chapters in English history. A fascination with the dilapidated and scoured ecclesiastical structures that inhabited the English countryside never fully acknowledged the internecine warfare to which so many ruined medieval buildings attest. For instance, Tintern Abbey became a picturesque location, its shell part of the "green pastoral landscape,"[2] even as its broken walls and empty windows stood for the massive cultural upheaval called the Reformation (Figure 6.2).

Figure 6.1 The Palace of Westminster, built 1840–70. Photograph by John Twyning.

Figure 6.2 Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, S. Wales. Photograph by John Twyning.

That ruins have a story to tell about political history and not just about the progress of time and nature is more difficult to deny from the early nineteenth century onwards. More than simply according long withheld rights or removing legal prejudices, the process of Catholic Emancipation could not help but unravel history in a way that was enormously uncomfortable for those who had wittingly or unwittingly effaced England's religious past, especially those who were the beneficiaries of that effacement. In turning to the Gothic, nineteenth-century English culture inexorably ramped up a long-standing and often encrypted contest for the heart and soul of the nation.

With the incipient lifting of Catholic suppression, the equation between the Gothic and Englishness became less simple. John Constable, for example—Tory, Anglican, and staunch opponent of Catholic emancipation—inadvertently captures the difficulties involved in the use of Gothic style for a nationally unifying aesthetic. In 1823, Constable was commissioned by the Bishop of Salisbury to paint the Cathedral—that most English of cultural edifices.

Typical of Constable's work, *Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Grounds* situates the Cathedral enclosed and framed by trees set against a cloudy sky (Plate 21). Although the edifice may look like an English irenic icon, its Gothic arboreal arch blocks it from the heavens, and dark cumulus clouds gathering over the chancel have a discomforting premonitory whiff about them—a sense noticed by the arriving couple on the left, who lead us into the picture. Conspicuously muted, nonetheless, Constable had been worried that the "dark cloud" might affect the painting's reception at the Academy and displease the Bishop. The Bishop's nephew had written to Constable expressing his uncle's doubts and suggested that the painter "leave out his black clouds!"[3] The following year, the Bishop asked Constable to repaint the sky. Unable to comply, Constable produced another complete painting with sunnier skies and opened the trees at the top so that the noble English spire could appear to point upwards without impediment (Plate 22). No one ever spoke cloud as well as Constable.

The new picture proved to be very popular. But even diehard Tories like Constable knew that the Church of England fantasy achieved by effacing the storms' clouds could not expunge their representational purpose, which was to hint at the social and political changes that, from an Anglican point of view, threatened the foundation of the church and the state. Constable's "black clouds" were saturated with his fears that Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act would enfranchise "the rabble and dregs of the people, and the devil's agents on earth."[4]

"Every gleam of sunshine is blighted to me in the art at least," he wrote: "Can it therefore be wondered at that I paint continual storms."[5] In his last crack at Salisbury Cathedral, *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows* (1831), Constable shrouds the cathedral in a giant storm (Plate 23). In the foreground is pictured an enduring symbol of the continuance of everyday life: a horse-drawn wagon labors through the rising flood. Adjacent to the cathedral, a large tree, the organic earthly compliment to the church's spire, leans precariously away from the upright. England in 1829, from certain viewpoints, was in peril: mired, stalled, and in danger of toppling.

To represent the Anglican Church and Englishness itself as endangered by the enfranchisement of Catholics in a painting that depicts one of England's most quintessential Gothic cathedrals is to tangle the representation in a historical-semantic Gordian knot. Every medieval Cathedral was, at the time of its building, designed to express contemporary Roman Catholic beliefs, ethos, aesthetics, and trans-European scope. All the forms of "original" Gothic architecture and decorative art were designed to articulate a completely different mindset and culture than that which existed in nineteenth-century England. For all his intellect, dedication, faith, and architectural skill, even Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin could not fully replicate a contemporary medieval cathedral. Sure, he could build a simulacrum, but he could not capture the complex religious energies and cultural tensions that came into play when the buildings he reproduced were originally constructed. As he sought to reconfigure an eternal form of Gothic for the English, Pugin's architectural imagination could not escape contemporary pressures that included a suspicious Protestant/Anglican point of view caught between watchfulness for Catholic encroachment and a ceaseless colonization or co-optation of the forms and artifacts of England's (Catholic) past. This nineteenth-century perspective sets up an avid yet anxious viewer of the churches and cathedrals of England, which became premium sites to catch a glimpse of English history: a kind of durable magnificence-in-residence, complete with many shadows of a darker past. In one of those glimpses we can see the complex and layered settlements that took place after the various phases of the Reformation, the effects of the Counter-Reformation, and the compromises that followed the Catholic Relief Act (1829).

Consider the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. John the Baptist (begun in 1884) whose architect was George Gilbert Scott, son of the famous Gothic revivalist Sir George Gilbert Scott. Funded by the Duke of Norfolk, the building is a deliberate act of restoration, not only of

Figure 6.3 Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, Norwich, 'complete' with empty niches. Photograph by John Twyning.

Catholicism but also of the Early English architectural style, built apparently because there was no adequate surviving example in the region. For all the intent, one would be hard-pressed to see a more complete edifice of reconstructed post-Reformation medieval Catholicism. The building even comes complete with empty niches, pre-Reformed, built for statuary that was "removed" yet never properly in place (Figure 6.3). Purportedly a medieval monument, the cathedral is a contemporary nineteenth-century creation, which compresses and elides rather than fully represents six hundred years of English history.

A trip to Whitby: Tourism and *Dracula*

Generally remembered as a sensational novel of incident, Bram Stoker's *Dracula* has much to do with the energies set in motion and the epistemological quandaries exposed by nineteenth-century Gothic

Figure 6.4 Whitby Abbey. Photograph by permission of Frank Twyning.

revivalism. In many ways, Dracula's coming to England's eastern coast at Whitby is virtually a literal fulfillment of Constable's omen in *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows*. Initially unrecognized by those engaged with the view, Dracula arrives in the midst of "one of the greatest and suddenest storms on record," as reported in Mina Murray's clipping from the local *Dailygraph*.[6] The *Dailygraph*'s "Correspondent" self-consciously styles his reportage on the model of a Turner or a Constable as he paints the skyscape in detail.

> The approach of sunset was so very beautiful, so grand in its masses of splendidly-coloured clouds [....] Before the sun dipped below the black mass of Kettleness, standing boldly athwart the western sky, its downward way was marked by myriad clouds of every sunset-colour—flame, purple, pink, green, violet, and all the tints of gold; with here and there masses not large, but of seemingly absolute blackness, in all sorts of shapes, as well outlined as colossal silhouettes.[7]

Painting the massing of the storm in words, the Correspondent does not miss its effect on fellow artists and imagines that "doubtless some of the sketches of the 'Prelude to the Great Storm' will grace the R[oyal]

A[cademy] and R[oyal] I[nstitute] walls in May next."[8] It is a storm that works through Constable's anxieties, one that deposits actual artifacts of Catholicism and other superstitious beliefs in its wake. Bearing Dracula to England is a ship called the Demeter (the earth mother), whose captain is found with "his hands, tied one over the other, to a spoke of the wheel. Between the inner hand and the wood was a crucifix, the set of beads on which it was fastened being around both wrists and wheel, and all kept fast by the binding cords."[9] Whatever the scope of the mystery that is about to emerge, it certainly begins with the signs of Catholicism returning to an ancient Gothic site. Initially, we could hypothesize that Dracula is the materialization of a repressed history, a kind of revenge of Catholicism. However, in the narrative that incorporates him into life in England, inviting him in so as to vanquish him, Dracula's Gothic reprisal rather responds to and enables an affective relationship with the past that is best understood as an avid form of Gothic tourism.

In many ways, Dracula coalesces from the hints, partial memories, and stifled facts of the history that Gothic architecture necessarily memorializes and that picturesque tourism tends to screen. When Mina arrives at Whitby, she brings the eye of the sightseer; and is as practiced in composing a tableau as the *Dailygraph*'s reporter. In the second sentence of her first journal entry, she embarks on a detailed description of the "lovely place."

> The little river, the Esk, runs through a deep valley, which broadens out as it comes near the harbour. A great viaduct runs across, with high piers, through which the view seems somehow further away than it really is. The valley is beautifully green, and it is so steep that when you are on the high land on either side you look right across it, unless you are near enough to see down. The houses of the old town—the side away from us—are all red-roofed, and seem piled up one over the other anyhow, like the pictures we see of Nuremberg.[10]

In capturing the two landscape vistas visible on each side of the Crescent, and by choosing an appropriate prospect while mentally mapping out other possible points of vantage, Mina approaches Whitby in the manner of a well-trained tourist. Like any informed traveler, she is able to recount a snippet of the Abbey's history:

> Right over the town is the ruin of Whitby Abbey, which was sacked by the Danes, and which is the scene of part of "Marmion," where the girl was built up in the wall. It is a most noble ruin, of immense

size, and full of beautiful and romantic bits; there is a legend that a white lady is seen in one of the windows.[11]

In the style of the increasingly numerous travel guides, Mina's potted and eclectic biography of the Abbey is a text that, despite its apparent declarative surety, works to encrypt more than unearth (Figure 6.4).

While it is true that the Abbey was "sacked by the Danes," this historical fact has little to do with the "noble ruin" that stands before her, and which she describes. As Nina Auerbach and David J. Skal note, "Whitby Abbey was founded in 658 and, along with the surrounding district, destroyed by the Danes in 867."[12] However, after remaining untouched until around the time of the Norman Conquest, the Abbey was rebuilt in 1078 by the Benedictine monk Reinfrid—whose name is uncannily close to Renfield, Dr. Seward's disturbed patient, a character we will meet later. After the eleventh-century reconstruction, the Abbey underwent different eras of building and re-building until the Dissolution of the Monasteries Act around the late 1530s. So Mina's stated historical facts occlude the visible Abbey's past, yet continually invoke its hidden history. Not only are the 658 foundations of the Abbey not visible, perhaps buried under later Gothic architecture, but, despite the implication that the dilapidated state of the monastery was the work of invading foreigners, the ruination was really an inside job perpetrated by the English themselves. In 1539, the crown's commissioners seized the Abbey, and it was quickly sold to Richard Cholmley, popularly known as the great black knight of the North. By citing Walter Scott's *Marmion; A Tale of Flodden Field*, in place of this Reformation history, Mina shades one aspect of national strife with an allusion to another. Seen through Mina's touristic frame, we see in the details of the description of the Abbey a strategy that in the process of picturesque veiling works to invite the viewer/reader to see something it will not show you. To see the wall and the window (an empty space within the wall) is not to see Marmion's walled-up girl or her tenuous cohabitant, the legendary white lady, even though, thanks to Mina's account, we know they are there.

As her husband, Jonathan Harker journeys through Transylvania, sightseeing likewise becomes an eerie exercise in unseeing all those things that do not fit the frame of the determined tourist's desires and preconceptions. We immediately come to know Harker as an educated nineteenth-century viewer. Stopping in the capital of Hungary on his journey eastwards, he notes, after a "little walk" and a "glimpse," that Buda-Pesth is "a wonderful place."[13] He is confident in his judgment of the quality and "noble" dimensions of the Danube's bridges; and

his aesthetic compass is so fine-tuned that he is able to determine the precise moment that "we were leaving the West and entering the East," and being able to detect which bridge will take "us among the traditions of Turkish rule."[14] As he records his progress eastward, Harker, like Mina, perceives the world through the composition of landscape tableaux. Harker's point of view is governed by nearly two centuries of his nation's investment in the landscape as a place in which to see Englishness. By the time of Dracula's publication, Victorian culture had a good idea of what constituted the picturesque, a term that had been popularized over a hundred years earlier. Since the eighteenth century, especially after the Napoleonic Wars closed the continent for the purpose of the Grand Tour, domestic picturesque tourism increasingly became a national pastime as people travelled the length and breadth of the country framing it within the "rules of picturesque beauty."[15]

How to become such a viewer of landscape had long been a subject of public conversation and novelistic interest. Henry Tilney, in Jane Austen's Gothic adventure, *Northanger Abbey*, takes it upon himself to educate Catherine "on the picturesque."[16] In order to disabuse her of "her want of knowledge" or an inability to view "the country with eyes of persons accustomed to drawing" and forming pictures, Henry "talked of fore-grounds, distances, and second distances—side screens and perspectives—lights and shades."[17] Catherine "was so hopeful a scholar, that when they gained the top of Beechen Cliff, she voluntarily rejected the whole city of Bath, as unworthy to make part of a landscape."[18] With her usual mix of irony, insight, and parody, Austen indirectly exposes the greater difficulties of picturesque sightseeing:

> Delighted with her progress, and fearful of wearying her with too much wisdom at once, Henry suffered the subject to decline, and by an easy transition from a piece of rocky fragment and the withered oak which he had placed near its summit, to oaks in general, to forests, the inclosure of them, waste lands, crown lands and government, he shortly found himself arrived at politics; and from politics, it is an easy step to silence.[19]

Commenting on the same passage, Malcolm Andrews, in *Landscape and Western Art*, shows how the picturesque and its principles hide the political qualities of landscape in plain sight.

> The cult of the Picturesque, with its mix of jargonized connoisseurship, cultivated sensibility and development of sketching skills,

> opened opportunities for women to involve themselves in aesthetic debates about landscape. It was part of a young gentlewoman's acquisition of accomplishments, hence Catherine's eagerness to learn, and Henry's willingness to instruct. The appraisal of landscape, principally in terms of its formal; and affective qualities, excluded appraisal of it in economic or political terms.[20]

Evident in the different accounts of Andrews and Austen, is the way in which the "Picturesque aesthetic" is a site of contest between "the natural order and the social order."[21] And a good deal of nineteenth-century landscape painting can be identified as a form of art that seeks to own and control the objects and scenery that it depicts.[22] There were three main strategies in the development of such control: one, educating the viewer in the aesthetic by which landscape should be viewed; two, defining the particular modes of visual rhetoric that depict the control of nature; and, three, developing strategies to hide, mask, or erase, elements or forces that challenge the harmony thus presented. However, as the scene in *Northanger Abbey* shows, these ideological strategies are not only a kind of open secret, but are always potentially unmanageable. As Henry's disquisition declines from aesthetics to politics, his silence arrives to close an indeterminate list of forces embedded in the picturesque landscape that he has begun impossibly to decode.

Harker's venture across Europe reveals a similar tension between the picturesque composition and the myriad cultural forces that inevitably lurk in every scene. Bent on seeing things only in terms of the picturesque, Harker continually paints landscapes in a mind's eye that hides from his sight the signs of different realities. Notwithstanding the fact that his library research has turned up some extraordinarily disconcerting information—"I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool"—Harker's move eastward into the "wildest and least known portions of Europe"[23] is given the appearance of a reassuring landscape.

> All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods.[24]

Harker composes picturesque landscapes and tableaux of everything he sees. Ancient buildings off in the distance help give the scenes a generic

sense of place; hills, valleys, and rivers provide movement for the eye across the canvas. What he clearly will not see is anything stirred by the turbulence of an "imaginative whirlpool."

When it comes to the people in these scenes, Harker is confronted again and again with the inadequacies of his conventional modes of perception. Harker looks to submit the people he encounters to the protocols of landscape painting, portraying them as generic "figures." On his travel through increasingly less familiar places, he makes note of the "crowds [...] in all sorts of attire."[25] Peasants from France or Germany, who are more familiarly dressed, do not register as much as "others" who "were very picturesque."[26] As he goes on to describe the people he passes along the way, those he finds alien he wrestles into forms and conventions that agree with his way of seeing.

> The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who are more barbarian than the rest, with their big cowboy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are very picturesque, but do not look prepossessing.[27]

Eventually, as even the customs and codes of the picturesque are forced to their limits, Harker turns to other styles of representation in order to keep indigenous people at arm's length where they can be viewed appropriately.[28] He frames them through the formal qualities of melodrama concluding that "on the stage they would be set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands."[29]

As he moves toward the Borgo Pass in the remote Carpathian Mountains, Harker's ability to maintain the protocols of landscape viewing cannot help but erode as he finds himself increasingly overwhelmed by the knowledge, traditions, and histories of different cultures. In his interactions with the landlord and landlady of the Golden Krone Hotel, Harker begins to realize that he is part of a story and operating in a different context than that which he had imagined. The landlord and lady "crossed themselves" when he mentions Count Dracula, and plead with him not to continue on his journey. Or, at least, they beg him

not to go on that particular day. Putting his common-sense Anglican position under stress, the landlady tells him that what he takes to be simply "the fourth of May" is for them "the eve of St. George's Day" and "that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway."[30] She asks him: "Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?"[31] The answer, of course, though he does not know it, is that he going to the dragon's lair, or to the lair of the "son of the dragon." Instead of taking a business trip, the hapless bourgeois Harker finds himself in what proves to be a version of a medieval romance: the tale of St. George, and the Dragon, and the Lady. As Harker hears disconcerting confirmation of his landlady's warnings in the whispers from other passengers who utter "queer words" such as "'Ordog'—Satan, 'pokol'—hell, 'stregoica'—witch, 'vrolok' and 'vlkoslak' both of which mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Servian for something that is either werewolf or vampire"[32] he struggles to find his own frame of reference.

Seeking refuge from these ancient and ominous traditions, Harker returns obstinately, and with no small measure of upper-lipped rigidity, to self-denial and the arrangement of rural paintings. In desperation, he subordinates the signs of danger in order to generate a picture.

> I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the inn yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard.[33]

Thriving oleander and orange trees appear to hide the multiple crossings in a deliberate mode of obfuscation. Despite claiming he would "never forget" the image, the image itself becomes a tool for erasing the more disturbing aspects of the scene, and Harker "soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as [they] drove along."[34] Once again, the picturesque tableau absorbs Harker.

> Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry, and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it swept

> round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hillside like tongues of flame.[35]

Harker's journey to the castle provides us with layer after layer of this kind of landscape description. He dresses the "lofty steeps of the Carpathians themselves"[36] in the picturesque. He loses himself in contemplation of "all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags"[37] until a fellow traveler wakes him to the local lore surrounding the place. When the stranger tells him the place he is looking at is "Isten szek" or "God's seat,"[38] local traditions intrude upon his revision of the surrounding landscape only to create further elisions. Despite the "many crosses" by the side of the road, despite passing "a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine," despite the fact that his travelling companions "all crossed themselves," none of which are part of the codes of the nineteenth-century English landscape, Harker refocuses on that which is quaint but not entirely unfamiliar to him: the "hay-ricks in the trees" and "beautiful masses of weeping birch."[39] The conventions of landscape viewing, however, turn out to be but dubious proof against the incursions of an alien tradition into Harker's English consciousness. These conventions themselves inevitably lead back to their own roots in the very tradition that Harker assiduously tries to avoid seeing. The "beauty of the scene" may soothe his anxieties, but the landscape is also the very repository of his "ghostly fears."

In traversing the Borgo Pass, the limitations of viewing as a tourist and of the aesthetic consumption of otherness are signaled by "dark, rolling clouds overhead" and "the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder."[40] The atmosphere is pregnant with all that Harker has been trying to ignore, as ominous as Constable's clouds in his painting of Salisbury Cathedral. Dracula emerges out of this laden air in much the same way he will materialize from the storm at Whitby. The combination of an inability and a refusal to read the signs that insistently interrupted his landscape tableaux has placed Harker in a world that he finds impossible to navigate effectively. Doggedly seeing things with the eyes of a modern tourist and English businessman, Harker finds himself enveloped in a queer feudal and Catholic world beyond the cusp of west and east, one with faint traces to and echoes of English history.

In his engagement with Dracula in Transylvania, Harker is confronted with the traditions, institutions, and energies that attend

Gothic architecture, and which became the subject of English popular interest, including debates about restoration and preservation, and the guides for tourists like his fiancée Mina and her friend Lucy Westenra. Despite Franco Moretti's assertion that "Count Dracula is an aristocrat only in manner of speaking,"[41] Dracula's role and presence cannot be understood outside of his function as a feudal lord, and the nineteenth century's digestion of feudal ideology. Having asked Dracula to tell him about "Transylvanian history," Harker notes:

> In his speaking of things and people, and especially of battles, he spoke as if he had been present at them all. This he afterwards explained by saying that to a *boyar* the pride of his house and name is his own pride, that their glory is his glory, that their fate is his fate. Whenever he spoke of his house he always said "we," and spoke almost in the plural, like a king speaking. I wish I could put down all he said exactly as he said it, for to me it was most fascinating. It seemed to have in it a whole history of the country.[42]

As the embodiment of feudal principles, Dracula is inextricably part of his house, race, and country. We understand, then, that Dracula is speaking as if he had been actually there during events that had happened generations and generations ago, with the implication that he may very well have been present; and, of course, in a feudal sense, he was. As often noted, the novel draws some of its characterization of Dracula from the history and mythology of the infamous Wallachian prince, Vlad the Impaler, but without ever clarifying Dracula's age or the era of his inception. It is a version of history and myth seen from a dynastic point of view, as expressed by its prime exemplar. Dracula's manner of speaking, too, articulates a feudalistic sense of blood as metaphysical, ontological, tied to an eternal notion of kinship: the blood that runs in one's veins[43] is one's ancestral lineage, is one's identity. By dint of which Dracula still commands the loyalty of a local gypsy tribe, "a band of Szgany," "who attach themselves as a rule to some great noble or *boyar*, and call themselves by his name."[44] Harker, though noting the traditional and hereditary nature of this tie, nevertheless misunderstands the depth of such a feudal connection and tries to buy their services, futilely giving them money to post his letters in secret.

The ambiguity of such moments, when it is not clear whether Dracula is speaking as one who was present at certain moments of the past or is speaking in the way the feudal subject would speak about his ancestors' presence at such events, does more than just identify Dracula as a feudal

lord. Dracula's vampirism and his belonging to an ancient ancestral line are presented as indistinguishable. Van Helsing recites histories of his family: "The Draculas were, says Arminius, a great and noble race, though now and again were scions that were held by their coevals to have had dealings with the Evil One."[45] The Dracula who lives in the late nineteenth century, then, is only one of a number of scions who have taken up the diabolical traditions of his family. Feeding on blood to conquer the "mere passing of the time"[46] is one way to understand the maintenance of a dynasty; living individuals are consumed in order to perpetuate a single identity; each individual's actual blood becomes part of a single bloodline. Even aristocratic marriage practices, proximately consanguineous spouses, children arranged as spouses to secure land and wealth, widows being coerced to marry their husband's vanquishers, could be seen, through the eyes of the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie as somewhat vampiric and tied to the cause of protecting blood lineage and the landed estate. Dracula's relationship to the very soil of his home—he ostensibly arrives within a ship named "earth mother" carrying crates of earth from his homeland—is rooted in the imagined mystical and timeless bond between family (blood) and the land. Most feudal aristocratic titles are, or were originally, intimately connected to their eponymous estates. If Dracula must have earth from his ancestral seat in order to live elsewhere, then Dracula is absolutely not a modern, capitalist subject who is perpetually mobile and whose self-determining individuality constitutes his identity. He must bring some essence of the feudal world in which he has meaning and value with him. He avowedly has little enthusiasm for the artifacts and arrangements of the contemporary: Dracula tells Harker, "to live in a new house would kill me."[47]

At times amusing, Count Dracula is drawn as a caricature of a haughty and decadent feudal gentleman, one seen through the eyes of bourgeois satire and fantasy. Dracula lives in "a vast ruined castle," and, in appearance at least, his hospitality is "courteous."[48] He is surrounded by artifacts of "immense value"; and furnishings that are "centuries old."[49] Harker likens them to those at "Hampton Court,"[50] the former residence of Cardinal Wolsey who, as *legate a latere*, was the Pope's highest representative in England—a position designed to ensure the unity of the Catholic faith. From Harker's observation, the furniture at Castle Dracula is not "worn and frayed and moth-eaten"[51] as that at Hampton Court. Harker, then, finds that he has stepped into a world in which the feudal past seems more totally present than anything he might see in England, but with little of the attending infrastructure. Despite

being surrounded by fabric of such "fabulous value," for example, there seems to be no household servants at Dracula's castle. Yet, like Caleb Balderstone, servant to the impoverished Master of Ravenswood of Walter Scott's *The Bride of Lammermore*,[52] the Count gamely attempts to keep up appearances by providing a full board all by himself. Why, we are never quite sure and are never told: its purpose being to add to the farcical version of feudal hospitality, a caricature that deepens and darkens as the Count's vampiric characteristics emerge. According to Van Helsing, despite Dracula's being so alien that he is "not of nature," he still has to observe etiquette: he "may not enter anywhere at the first, unless there be someone of the household who bid him to come."[53] This rather strange and precise limit to his phenomenal powers is, we are informed, linked to the fact that "he is not free" and cannot go where he likes.[54] In the long history of the struggle between the competing ideologies of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy, the concept of freedom has been the most effective weapon aimed at feudal practices: freedom from servitude, from the yoke of tyranny, and, of course, from "motley feudal ties."[55] From a bourgeois enlightenment mindset all feudal relations look similarly archaic, unproductive, and, fundamentally, unfree. For example, Dracula's predation of Lucy Westenra after she has received her proposals of marriage, from a bourgeois mindset, might easily be interpreted as a critique of the feudal *ius primæ noctis* or *droit de seigneur*.[56] Consequently, Dracula's existence within his own domain, where he is "noble […]*boyar* […]master" could be pejoratively imagined as that of a dissolute lord living parasitically off of the villagers around him; literally sucking the lifeblood of "the common people."[57]

Dracula can also be understood as the embodiment of a past that refuses to remain buried. After several days at Dracula's castle, Harker finally finds it impossible to block out the signs of an ancient force and is compelled to conclude that "the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere 'modernity' cannot kill."[58] We come to realize that Harker held the assumption that modernity could/should have had the power to kill the past. Dracula's ability to materialize out of dust, moreover, suggests that he is a kind of contemporary distillation of the past against which modernity necessarily finds its limits. Van Helsing claims that Dracula can "come on moonlight rays as elemental dust,"[59] which Harker witnesses indirectly in an encounter with the three female vampires in the castle. As he sits at the window, "some quaint little specks floating in the rays of the moonlight" come to his attention: "they were like the tiniest grains of dust, and they whirled round and gathered in clusters in a nebulous sort of way." Watching

them, Harker struggles against the effect of the vision, realizing: “I was becoming hypnotized! Quicker and quicker danced the dust, and the moonbeams seemed to quiver as they went by me into the mass of gloom beyond.”

> More and more they gathered till they seemed to take dim phantom shapes. And then I started, broad awake and in full possession of my senses, and ran screaming from the place. The phantom shapes, which were becoming materialized from the moonbeams, were those of the three ghostly women to whom I was doomed.[60]

Though they take substance from the moonbeams, the sense that they are the tangible form of the history with which the castle’s very stones, furniture, and drapery are saturated is strongly suggested. The first time Harker meets these women, they seem to grow out of a fantasy in which Harker sees himself surrounded by a scene of “bygone days.” He writes, “Here I am, sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love-letter.”[61] He drifts off to sleep “where of old ladies had sat and sung and lived sweet lives whilst their gentle breasts were sad for their menfolk away in the midst of remorseless wars.”[62]

As much as Dracula may be a figure for the past’s revenge against a forgetful or falsifying modernity, he is nevertheless avidly sought and invited by the modern English tourist. England of the nineteenth century witnessed sharp acceleration in domestic tourism, facilitated in no small way by the increase in rail travel. It was certainly possible to get from London to Whitby, or indeed London to Istanbul, by train when *Dracula* appeared. Then and now, English tourists enjoyed visiting architectural ruins. An old dissolved Abbey or Priory could put a town or village on the map for the new national traveler. Such Gothic tourism encouraged a recycling of the viewing visitors’ sensibility. Sightseeing boats could be seen constantly chugging up and down the river Wye for their passengers to see the remains of Tintern Abbey, an echo of the experience that Wordsworth records in his “Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.”[63] Pleasure steamers took people like Mina and Lucy (as well as our author, Bram Stoker) from Whitby to Robin Hood’s Bay and back.

Such sightseeing underwrites Walter Scott’s *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, as he urges the visitor to seek the standing ruins at Melrose Abbey: “If thou would’st view fair Melrose aright,/ Go visit it by the pale moonlight.”[64] Scott’s *Lay* instructs the would-be sightseer that the

"gay beams of lightsome day" obfuscate, obscure ("Gild"), and "flout" a true perception of "the ruins." Turner's 1822 painting of Melrose Abbey deliberately evokes Scott's instructions to the viewer (Plate 24). Turner depicts a vast empty window of the dilapidated Abbey with a tiny solitary observer taking up the proper vantage point and affective relationship with what he sees. Moonlight streams through the complex and broken tracery. Ruins, things seen in half-light and in shadow, gather the imagination and evoke the romance of the past or frame it as romance without necessarily imposing the true record of history onto the scene. It is this gap between history and romance that the novel, *Dracula*, profoundly exploits.

Missing and broken walls, glassless windows, roofless ruins; the breaks in the historical consciousness that stimulate the imagination provide avenues for Dracula's entry, open invitations, as it were. Invoked by Mina's reading of Scott and local mythology, the ghost, the "white lady" seen in a window of the ruined Abbey becomes part of the living world when Dracula is able to lure a sleepwalking Lucy to the churchyard. As Mina goes in search of her, she looks for a "sign of the white figure," a phrase that echoes the legend, as well as prosaically portraying Lucy in her nightdress. Mina's description of the scene in which she discovers Lucy does a lot to render her as part of the larger site of the ruined Abbey, though strictly speaking she is found slightly closer to the parish church, St. Mary's, next to the Abbey.

> There was a bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade as they sailed across. For a moment or two I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church and all around it. Then as the cloud passed I could see the ruins of the abbey come into view, and as the edge of a narrow band of light as sharp as a sword-cut moved along, the church and churchyard became gradually visible. Whatever my expectation was, it was not disappointed, for there, on our favourite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on light almost immediately, but it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell.[65]

Mina runs down the steep slope and up the eastern cliff on which St. Mary's and the ruined Abbey stand to get to Lucy. As Mina gets

close, she reports: "As I entered, the church was between me and the seat, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her."[66] These peek-a-boo glimpses of Lucy, sometimes obscured by the shadows and sometimes revealed by the moonlight, sometimes blocked by the walls then suddenly visible to Mina, translate her into the legendary ghost and, at the same time, allow the ghost access to and to be perceived by contemporary life.

In similar fashion, Dracula emerges out of the spectral reflections, refractions, and illusions that give Gothic ruins their aura, so richly depicted by nineteenth-century writers and painters. In the description above, Dracula "appears" as a solid patch of blackness among shadows, an ineffable form of non-signification in the midst of an array of indeterminate signs. Though she does not know it, early on Mina sees Dracula in a picturesque landscape framed by a window:

> It was brilliant moonlight, and the soft effect of the light over the sea and sky—merged together in one great, silent mystery—was beautiful beyond words. Between me and the moonlight flitted a great bat, coming and going in great, whirling circles.[67]

Supposing it "frightened" at seeing her in the window, she watched it "fli[t] away across the harbour towards the Abbey."[68] The next day, Mina and Lucy see Dracula, "a dark figure seated alone," sitting on their churchyard bench.

> I was quite a little startled myself, for it seemed for an instant as if the stranger had great eyes like burning flames; but a second look dispelled the illusion. The red sunlight was shining on the windows of St. Mary's Church behind our seat, and as the sun dipped there was just a sufficient change in the refraction and reflection to make it appear as if the light moved.[69]

Both armed with and disarmed by the perspectives of landscape painting, especially schooled in the experiments of light and shade by painters like Turner and Constable, Mina dismisses this as simply a "peculiar effect" of the sunset.[70] Through her denials and invocations, the reader is lured into making sense of her partial perception. *Dracula* both describes and enacts a kind of Gothic tourism, whereby we are invited to make sense of the novel by continuously reconstructing the past out of fragments of different points of vantage that produce differently authorized texts.

Dracula and the realignment of the past

Dracula could be a rudimentary caveat to the over-adventurous tourists who flirt with the dark shadows of the past as they are cast by Gothic ruins were it not the case that it proves to be particularly useful for the stability of the nineteenth-century English subject, as represented by the novel's young men and women. Within the England set up by the story, the state of matters before Dracula arrives does not necessarily suggest a stable world threatened either from aliens without or even by problems derived from a repressed history. Because readers have initially been privy to Harker's journal, by the time we meet the little society in Whitby, it is easy to read Dracula as the primary author of their troubles. Long before the knowledgeable Van Helsing finally reveals his suspicions regarding the causes of Lucy's illness, readers have been mentally substituting her mysterious symptoms with their knowledge of the vampire. For the puncture wounds on Lucy's neck, discovered after her sleepwalking visit to the ruins of Whitby Abbey, Mina blames herself, thinking, "I must have been clumsy in my anxiety and pinched or pricked her with"[71] her cloak pin, although the reader already suspects the vampire's bite.[72] Lucy's sleepwalking can likewise be attributed to a compulsion to seek Dracula after she falls under his influence. Of course, the vampire's feeding is to blame for Lucy's inexplicable loss of blood despite numerous transfusions. Easily forgotten, however, is that many of Lucy's symptoms existed before the vampire's arrival in England. Lucy's sleepwalking is an "old habit," one that is apparently hereditary since "Lucy's father had the same habit."[73] A comment about Lucy from Mina that predates the advent of Dracula indicates a history of weakness and ill health. Mina notes that Lucy "is a trifle stouter, and her cheeks are a lovely rose pink" and that "she has lost that anæmic look which she had."[74]

What Lucy truly "suffers" from before Dracula arrives is an undefined modern womanhood. Immediately before the scene in which Lucy is lured out and bitten by Dracula for the first time, and in what initially seems like a curious diversion, Mina disavows the "New Woman" three times in a brief journal entry, the sole purpose of which is to air some anxieties about the so-called New Woman. This moment is the only time that such a figure is ever mentioned in the entire text, and it is used in contradictory fashion. Mina and Lucy have been out walking the length of the shore along Robin Hood's Bay and have a substantial tea in town, after which Mina reflects that they "should have shocked the 'New Woman' with [their] appetites."[75] This first reference to the

New Woman invokes the stereotypes of their anti-feminine austerity. Next, though, when contemplating Lucy's even greater beauty in sleep, Mina imagines that doubtless, "some of the 'New Women' writers will some day start an idea that men and women should be allowed to see each other asleep before proposing or accepting."[76] Mina draws upon the stereotype of sexual promiscuity, a putative voluptuousness that contradicts the austerity implied by the first reference. Adding to her complex ambivalence toward the latter's implications, which include clearer hints of female autonomy, Mina cannot help but trust that, if in future the New Woman "will do the proposing herself," at least she will do it well.[77]

As Mina's contradictions indicate, this disavowal of the New Woman is a matter of protesting too much, as well as being a reflexive attempt to manage Lucy's potentially transgressive behavior. Even the walk itself is an attempt to tire her out so that she will not dream or have the excess energy to walk in her sleep. It is important to note that the social disturbance Lucy presents is not, initially, related to promiscuity or sexual assertiveness. The real "problem" is Lucy's assumption of sexual equality. In their pursuit of her as an object of feminine desirability, each of her suitors discovers that she is worthy of friendship. At the same time, she is capable of recognizing and sympathizing with them to the point of transcending her own personal preference. This equality, however, threatens Victorian sexual mores. It leads Lucy to the question: "Why can't they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save all this trouble?"[78] Uttered by Lucy, who is "sweet," and "honest-hearted," and unimpeachably moral and rational, and decidedly not a New Woman (or so Mina asserts), this is a sentiment far more dangerous than mere wantonness.

Lucy's sensitivity and sensibility are the very qualities that leave her vulnerable to Dracula, and in turn, her open-mindedness is reduced by the text to impressionability and vulnerability. Once she is undead, Lucy's ability to recognize the qualities of all good men is near seamlessly re-inscribed as sexual deviance. In the transition between her death and her transformation into a vampire, Lucy asks Arthur to kiss her in a "voluptuous voice," such as had never been heard in her before.[79] Having mingled his blood with Lucy's in a transfusion, Arthur deems himself already married to her in spirit; but if this is so, points out Van Helsing, then they have all married her and she is a "polyandrist."[80] The "Lucy Westenra [...] yet how changed" that they all encounter as they wait outside her tomb is one whose "sweetness was turned to adamantine, heartless cruelty" and whose "purity to

voluptuous wantonness."[81] She horrifies Arthur with her attempt at seduction. Coming forward to him "with a languorous, voluptuous grace," she invites him: "Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you."[82] As a living and complexly reflective woman, Lucy Westenra had rejected her speculation on the possibility of marrying as many men as want her, deeming it "heresy." At the moment of its utterance, the word is strangely out of place, an exaggeration. Once she becomes Dracula's creature, and therefore liable to charges of consorting with evil, if not the devil himself, her ideas are converted and thereby rendered, precisely, *heretical*. In this context, a potentially progressive idea is now uttered as apostasy. Once it is permissible to revile the Lucy who has desires, as the un-dead Lucy, she can be destroyed. Upon her proper death, with her promiscuity laid to rest, the Lucy they all loved can return to them as a spiritual ideal that unifies rather than divides them.[83] Dracula is not so much the agent here as the instrument that allows the drama of "how you solve a problem like Lucy" to be enacted. That Lucy's conditions have their roots in a time before Dracula, it should be noted, cannot be a mistake on the author's part because they are too contextually detailed. As we shall see in the case of Renfield, such ontological conditions reinforce the integrity of the text's epistemological and literary structure, which survives the occasional lapses in its continuity.

Dr. Seward's patient, "R. M. Renfield, aetat 59,"[84] presents another inexplicable collection of symptoms for which Dracula's arrival in England retroactively provides a disease and, at the same time, a cure. Unfortunately, as with Lucy, the cure does not come in time to rescue him. Renfield's story becomes the socially symbolic equivalent of the experimental subject he is for Seward. As with Lucy, once they all realize that Dracula's "hiding-place"[85] is the London manor house adjacent to Seward's insane asylum, the vicissitudes of Renfield's condition receive an explanation. His unpredictable mood swings and behavior become "a sort of index to the coming and going of the Count."[86] Renfield even credits Dracula with "send[ing] the flies when the sun was shining"[87] and, therefore, nourishing him and his obsession. However, Seward's first entry on his patient predates Dracula's arrival.[88] Dracula, therefore, can only be belatedly linked to the mental illness that Seward names a "zoophagous"[89] mania, a term he coins on July 20, over two weeks prior to the storm at Whitby. After Dracula arrives in England, Renfield's plan to "absorb as many lives as he can" cumulatively by giving "many flies to one spider and many spiders to one bird" and so on[90] becomes a peculiar version of vampirism. Renfield's compunction becomes legible

as a perversion of Catholic communion based on an aberrant notion of transubstantiation where the consumption of blood leads to the literal immortality of the communicant, an immortality of the body rather than the soul.

Prior to Dracula's arrival, Renfield represents a less tangible modern "problem" than Lucy's incipient autonomy. Renfield is the absolutely "free" modern subject, whose relationship to the world has been stripped of all "superstition." Of Renfield, Seward claims: "he has evidently some deep problem in his mind, for he keeps a little notebook in which he is always jotting down something."[91] Seward is not wrong to link the reflexive recording of information to a troubled mind, but his diagnosis, if that it be, is erroneous. It is precisely not a "deep problem." In fact, the nature of Renfield's mental illness is indicated by the depthlessness of his obsessive jottings down. "Whole pages of [the diary] are filled with masses of figures, generally in single numbers added up in batches, and then the totals added in batches again," Seward notes. Having sedated him to smuggle away his diary, Seward discovers that this rudimentary form of accounting is no more and no less than a record of consumption. "My homicidal maniac is of a peculiar kind," Seward dictates.

> I shall have to invent a new classification for him, and call him a zoophagous (life-eating) maniac; what he desires is to absorb as many lives as he can, and he has laid himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. He gave many flies to one spider and many spiders to one bird, and then wanted a cat to eat the many birds.[92]

Seward traces this to what he imagines is the pattern's logical conclusion and "wonder[s] at how many lives he values a man, or if only at one."[93]

If Seward's question, which is not at all straightforward, means, how many lives is one man worth, then it is both the right and the wrong question for unlocking the mystery of Renfield's mania. Seward is asking a question about quality and relative value, concepts that depend upon abstract comparison. The question is one whose answer must draw on some form of "superstition" in so far as it requires the presence of suprasensible qualities, the ghosts of tradition, of hierarchy, of one form of value or another. Renfield is absolutely incapable of processing such a question because he is only capable of quantifying moment by moment, in single instances, that which is purely material.

Hand in hand with this is Renfield's simultaneously selfless and selfish devotion to his own animal existence. Seward tries to measure

Renfield's level of threat to himself and others. He considers Renfield "a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men caution is as secure an armour for their foes as for themselves." Seward continues:

> What I think of on this point is, when self is the fixed point the centripetal force is balanced with the centrifugal; when duty, a cause, etc., is the fixed point, the latter force is paramount, and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.[94]

In Renfield these different forces are combined. Seward reports on his "selfishness, secrecy, and purpose."[95] His purpose or cause, the thing to which he is zealously devoted, is his own immortality, but he can only think of this in terms of the continuing consumption of other lives. His immortality, therefore, is an ever-receding horizon, completely unavailable to symbolic satisfaction or to what Seward refers to as some "mentally-accomplished finish."[96] His identity is completely and continuously ephemeral. Once Renfield's devotion is transferred to Dracula, who becomes his "lord and master," Renfield's pursuit of the life's blood of other living creatures can again make sense, because it is received into a symbolic framework.

Thwarted in his desire for a cat to continue the series, Seward notes that Renfield "has closed the account most accurately, and today begun a new record."[97] Seward then wonders: "How many of us begin a new record with each day of our lives?"[98] Drawing such a close connection between diaries, records, accounts, and the in/stability of identity is interesting given that the entire novel is comprised of the "little notebook[s]" in which Mina, Harker, Dr. Seward, and the other characters are "always jotting down something." If Renfield's ability to open a new account each day is linked to his utter self-absorption, as well as indicating the tenuousness of his subjectivity, then what is the status of the others' journals?

A look at the different journals, diaries, and records that comprise the text of the novel reveals them to be symptoms in the same way that Renfield's "pocket-book" is a symptom. In their different ways, each points to the fragility of a relentlessly modern subjectivity. We can begin with Seward's because the phonograph diary in which he records his study of Renfield so closely resembles Renfield's own keeping of accounts. In its own way, Seward's diary reflects a similarly ongoing disconnection from the past and its consequent crippling of current understanding. Despite the fact that Seward thinks almost constantly

of causes in the early entries of his journal, reflecting upon Renfield's "unselfish cause" and contemplating the righteousness of allowing Renfield's madness to play out to its end "if there were only sufficient cause,"[99] he never thinks about *causality*, antecedent or otherwise. He never hypothesizes about the causes of Renfield's mental illness. What stands in for a diagnosis is actually not a true diagnosis (and, here, I do not mean that it is not an *accurate* diagnosis). Diagnoses decode symptoms and hypothesize about the illness that causes them. In lieu of a diagnosis, Seward simply invents a name for the symptoms as they appear on the surface, making no estimation or conjecture as to what they signify. That this is not a true diagnosis is made clear by Seward's proposed so-called treatment of Renfield. His plan is to observe Renfield and see what happens next. Had he been given a cat, Seward wonders, "What would have been his later steps?" He thinks, "it would almost be worth while to complete the experiment."[100] Indeed, the question of the telos of Renfield's behavior—his "cause," or the thing to which he is devoted— has completely displaced the question of its cause, or the source of his illness. Seward never asks Renfield about his past and is himself locked into Renfield's interminable consumption. Just as Renfield must continuously consume blood because the immortality he desires is not capable of symbolic translation and affirmation, so must Seward continuously consume Renfield's symptoms. Perhaps this is inevitable given that what Seward is trying to diagnose is the essentially protean nature of the utterly disconnected, asocial subject. The Seward-Renfield dynamic, which might be seen as a dramatic sidebar to the events in the novel, is in fact vital to our understanding of Dracula's role and presence. In the story, the vampire is called into existence by the ontological crisis set up between Seward and Renfield. Dracula is a response to, an explanation (not an agent) of, the kind of subjects produced by capitalism in the late nineteenth century.

Jonathan Harker's journal similarly exposes the fragility of the "nineteenth century up-to-date" subject in confrontation with the power of the past. We have already seen how his tourist's eyes made him blind to a very different set of realities visible in landscape. It is worth also looking at his socio-psychic investment in modern technology and how it fails him. Armed with a new form of writing, Harker makes the mistake of thinking that Pitman's shorthand[101] is more than a technique. As his misgivings increase, he turns to his shorthand diary as a talisman. He writes: "I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse; but now I am glad that I went into detail from the first, for there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot

but feel uneasy."[102] In a state of turmoil, Harker writes: "I turn to my diary for repose. The habit of entering accurately must soothe me."[103] Somehow, recording everything is meant to combat the strangeness of his surroundings. Like many of his contemporaries, he is devoted to "facts—bare, meagre facts, verified by books and figures."[104] At the same time, he is incapable of grappling with facts that testify to a reality he cannot credit. He relies upon the act of recording to shore up his sanity, which either stands for or renders unnecessary analysis or interpretation. But the act of recording itself cannot render the writer sane or dispel what may be hallucinations or even misperceptions.

Harker is finally forced to recognize that his shorthand diary is no match for the situation in which he finds himself. When he concedes that "the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere 'modernity' cannot kill," it is an assertion that comes immediately after his assurance that his diary is "nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance."[105] These statements are a profound index of ontological insecurity: not so much a reduction of his faith in a modern epistemology but rather a loss of unfaith in all that he deems superstitious or quaint nonsense. Throughout his journey, Harker has clung not to a set of definitive modern notions but to a content-less position of superiority to and aloofness from anything that is not nineteenth-century up-to-date. Harker has turned to his diary as if the writing technology and its ability to process experiences for touristic consumption could in and of itself master the forces that have shaken his sense that "mere 'modernity'" can somehow inscribe the end of history.

Both Seward and Harker represent the modern bourgeois subject in its purest form—one that does not have antecedents. Neither has a frame of reference outside of his own professional protocols. Remember, Harker consents to stay at Castle Dracula, even though he knows he is already a prisoner there, because "it was Mr. Hawkins's interest, not mine, and I had to think of him, not myself."[106] From the text's point of view, this is not so much an untenable position but an unproductive one. In order to make progress, the modern bourgeois subject must quarry the past. This is most clearly articulated by Van Helsing when he attempts to convince Seward that the Lucy they buried is now un-dead and a vampire. "You are a clever man," Van Helsing grants him, "but you are too prejudiced. You do not let your eyes see nor your ears hear, and that which is outside your daily life is not of account to you."

> Ah, it is the fault of our science that it wants to explain all; and if it explain not, then it says there is nothing to explain. But yet we

> see all around us every day the growth of new beliefs, which think themselves new; and which are yet but the old, which pretend to be young.[107]

This is slightly more than the admonition that one's ignorance of history may doom one to repeat it. This is a lesson in the development of one's profession, arguing for a method of incorporating all forms of knowledge into one's practice. The model for this is, of course, the perpetually qualified "Abraham Van Helsing, M.D., D.PH., D.LIT., Etc., Etc."[108]

This is not to say, however, that the novel is implicitly arguing for a preservation of tradition and a "resistance to the new" (*à la* Thomas Hardy). Dracula's arrival at Whitby also precipitates the silencing of that which might be understood as the voice of the true past. As a custodian of living memory, the old sailor who befriends Mina and Lucy, Mr. Swales, takes a considerable amount of the romance out of the site of St. Mary's churchyard. He tells the actual truth about the dead buried there and debunks the legends that attract tourists to the spot, deeming them to be promotional claptrap. With some irony, the connection between Mr. Swales' death and Dracula remains unclear, mysterious, as he is found dead on the very seat over the grave whose legend he so assiduously demystifies. With Swales' account no longer available, the vital thread between the present and the actual past is cut. Instead, the relationship to history that is championed in the collection of texts that make up the novel is one in which the past is rendered productive for the bourgeois subject.

In effect, the construction of such a progressive history is the primary function of Dracula. He is not a representative of something like an authentic history in contest for space with the promotional legends of Gothic tourism. Nor does he simply appear as an encryption of various traumatic events in English history such as the Reformation, Catholic suppression, or a cipher for the feudal past. Dracula is much more a version of the "fool-talk" designed to drum up tourist trade, one of the "bans an' wafts an' boh-ghosts an' bar-guests an' bogles" invented by "railway touters."[109] Dracula is a version of the past that haunts the present in which that past is refashioned as modernity's Other, the struggle against which enables it to measure and validate its own progress. If the disconnectedness of the bourgeois subject is problematic, it gains in comparison to the caricature of feudal subjectivity. Consider the way that the occult power of the hereditary bloodline is literalized as vampirism; and the priority of family property over the desires of the individual manifests itself as the necessity of carrying coffins full

of native soil on every jaunt. Moreover, as the past embodied, Dracula becomes the occasion for a thriving bourgeois enterprise. The work of hunting Dracula "was to be taken as gravely, and in as businesslike a way, as any other transaction in life."[110] They are assured of foiling Dracula's plans because they are confident that "Judge Moneybag will settle the case!"[111] As its appointed antagonist, Dracula gives this Trust license to dispossess him of the properties he has acquired in England, unproductive properties representing the enemy to industry by being literally graveyards. Equal to Dracula's supernatural strength and power, Van Helsing endorses the constitution of bourgeois puissance:

> We have on our side power of combination—a power denied the vampire kind; we have resources of science; we are free to act and think; and the hours of the day and the night are ours equally. In fact, so far as our powers extend, they are unfettered, and we are free to use them. We have self-devotion in a cause, and an end to achieve which is not a selfish one.[112]

This reads like a manifesto of the spirit of modern industry and progress.

The productivity of Dracula as a foe is most legible in the ontological effects of the vampire hunt on Harker. Once Van Helsing affirms the factuality of Harker's experiences in the Carpathians, Harker gains a new hold on life. Mina reports: "He was never so resolute, never so strong, never so full of volcanic energy, as at present." Unlike his first encounter with Dracula, in which he succumbed to a condition of morbid sensitivity, in pursuit of the count he rallies and is "full of life and hope and determination."[113] He confesses to Van Helsing: "I was in doubt, and then everything took a hue of unreality, and I did not know what to trust, even the evidence of my own senses."[114] By the time he joins everyone at Seward's home, however, he is a man "full of energy" and "great nerve" while also being a "quiet, business-like gentleman."[115] Although masked by the excitement of the chase, Harker even begins a peculiar set of exchanges with Dracula. In the scene in which Dracula forces Mina to drink his blood, Harker is depicted laying asleep with "his face flushed and breathing heavily as though in a stupor."[116] Albeit less obscene, this is an echo of the image of Dracula asleep in his coffin before he travels to England. His "skin seemed ruby-red underneath"; "it seemed as if the whole awful creature were simply gorged with blood; he lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion."[117] Laying in a similarly exhausted sleep while his wife drinks Dracula's blood, it is

as if Harker is receiving some of Dracula's power. With each mile's passing as they drive Dracula back to his castle, Harker gains more strength as the vampire weakens. Upon catching him, we bear witness to a phallic "sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife," as Dracula is cut "shear through the throat," in the final act of (dis)engorgement.

Chased by the group of friends who have sworn a "solemn compact"[118] to fight Dracula, the hunted vampire leaves London by ship, "*The Czarina Catherine*," on a three week sea journey, landing at Varna in the Black Sea on the way to his castle in Transylvania. His followers are able get "to the same place in three days" because they travel by modern means overland, by rail. The route they follow is that of the Orient Express, which opened in 1883 and quickly became a popular tourist trip to the "mysterious East." Hundreds of years earlier, the same route was taken by Northern European crusaders, and this inspires Van Helsing's styling of the contemporary Dracula hunters: "we go out as the old knights of the Cross."[119] Earlier references to Harker as an errant solicitor/modern St. George who takes on the dragon/Dracula increase in resonance during the chase. Probably brought back by crusaders, the St. George and the Dragon tale was quickly incorporated into medieval romances. Commonly featured in the many representations in art and literature are a variety of St. Georges killing various incarnations of a dragon—a creature that can represent anything the particular culture would like vanquished with a spear or sword. Also depicted is some version of a princess or high-born lady, who represents all the virtues of the culture for which St. George is fighting. More interesting than the various correspondences or adaptations that appear in the text are the uses to which Georges and their respective dragons are put, and for what purpose. In *Dracula*, Dracula becomes the occasion for the characters to forge their own associations with history through the re-enactment of a popularly circulated version of the mythical or ancient past.

As a consequence of this particular mixing of the various forms of history—a replica crusade, reverse tourism, a modernized medieval romance—that constitute the text, powerful ideological realignments are able to take place. Harker's growing strength is matched by an increase in his social power, changing from a somewhat subservient novice solicitor to a leading lawyer in an Exeter law firm—not to mention his role as dragon slayer and contemporary embodiment of England's patron saint. Adding to the improved circumstances of the questing middle class is Mina Murray, whose socio-economic rise is matched by her friend's tragic fall. At the beginning of the novel,

the wealthy, beautiful, eligible, and highly prized Lucy Westenra becomes engaged to Arthur Holmwood, who, mid-novel, becomes Lord Godalming. Without Dracula's intervention, this marriage would have taken place and thereby consolidated aristocratic wealth and the lineage of Arthur's family in the traditional manner. A different kind of history would have been inscribed by a different social class. Even though we subsequently learn from Harker's "note," written seven years after their quest, that Godalming is "happily married," this does not emerge from the dynamics of the texts that constitute the novel, which point to a far less optimistic future for the family. With more than a nod to Spenser, Lucy is set up by the text to play the role of "Duessa."[120] As Lucy's "sweetness was turned to adamantine, heartless cruelty, and the purity to voluptuous wantonness," and her "pure gentle orbs" now "blazed with unholy light," we are more moved to a prurient horror and moralistic censure than we are to a durable sympathy. Most troubling to the men when they see her as one of the un-dead, insatiable, diabolical, full of sexual menace, is that she appears in that guise, like Duessa, as her true self. Seward's remarks, "at that moment the remnant of my love passed into hate and loathing; had she then to be killed, I could have done it with savage delight," reveal his latent misogyny and a murderous thrill. The perception that Lucy's easy succumbing to Dracula's seductions, albeit unconsciously, has underwritten many a representation of her as morally weak if not somehow complicit and hypersexual. This is as much opprobrium against her class as her gender, though it does clear the way for a new princess, one who seems to put more effort into protecting herself. In the novel, killing Lucy provides the occasion and the ritual by which the men can band together—"Each in turn, we took his hand, and the promise was made"—and so begin their crusade. Lucy's "conversion" to being one of the un-dead is coded as one to Catholicism; made evident not only by her subjugation to vampirism, but by the fact that she, too, now accedes to the effects of the "wafer-like biscuit," "The Host," that which to Dracula is the "most sacred of things."[121] In stark contrast, Mina's valiant and Protestant resistance to the power and seductions of Dracula becomes an integral part of the crusade.

By the end, Mina becomes more than a Protestant princess. As the self-styled errant knights finally confront the vampire within sight of his castle, she records how the sinking sun and a return to darkness might provide a victory for Dracula. But, having been stabbed by Harker and Morris, Dracula appears to reverse the process by which he had arrived at Whitby. Rather than dying, in "that moment of final

dissolution" he no longer remains visible, and no longer embodies the historical and cultural forces that produced him.

> It was like a miracle, but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.[122]

It has since become a cinematic trope to represent the rapid decompression of time by depicting a body somehow encapsulated in such a manner to return to the "atoms of the mist." Van Helsing notes this in his memorandum concerning the beheading of the "Un-Dead" vampire women who had threatened Harker:

> For, friend John, hardly had my knife severed the head of each, before the whole body began to melt away and crumble into its native dust, as though the death that should have come centuries agone had at last assert himself and say at once and loud "I am here!"

Through the disintegration of their bodies, linear historical time reasserts itself, albeit by disappearing before our eyes. Dracula had no shadow because he was not of their time; rather he is the shadow of his time. Having vanquished the menacing past, Mina sees "a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there." This all takes place during a beautiful sunset, a counterpoint to the ominous late-day storm witnessed by Mina at Whitby. At Castle Dracula, foreboding and the unholy give way to purification and consecration, as Mina observes and blesses the men around her. With his last breath, matching the vampire's, Morris points at Mina, and she recalls his dying words: "It was worth this to die! Look! Look!"

> The sun was now right down upon the mountain top, and the red gleams fell upon my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one impulse the men sank on their knees and a deep and earnest "Amen" broke from all as their eyes followed the pointing of his finger.[123]

Mina's visage was now unblemished by the events of the past and could be worshipped by proven Englishmen—godly and protestant. If the force which Dracula embodied has gone, then the "curse has passed away."

As a materialization of the dust of Gothic ruins, Dracula and the crusade against him together constitute a productive version of the ancient

past in so far as they create a use for the remnants of Catholic liturgy: using the host, the crucifix, making the sign of the cross, invoking the help of God in talismanic Latin phrases. At different times in English culture, association with any one of these could have brought disenfranchisement, imprisonment, or death. Although these Catholic tools work because they bear the same significance as they had hitherto, and because they have sacred meaning, their use is carefully circumscribed so that, by the end, the novel has not endorsed their sacred quality. In effect, they work because they are part of *Count Dracula's* world rather than that of a proffered version of nineteenth-century England. When Van Helsing discusses the use of the communion wafer to re-sow the earth in Dracula's coffins, he explains:

> We must sterilize the earth, so sacred of holy memories, that he has brought from a far distant land for such fell use. He has chosen this earth because it has been holy. Thus we defeat him with his own weapon, for we make it more holy still.[124]

Beyond the metaphysical puzzle of how something can be made more holy, this makes sense only because this is a belief structure that Dracula inhabits. What seems like religious courtesy for Catholic practices nevertheless carries the implication that their power is one of superstition. We learn earlier from Van Helsing regarding "things sacred" that "in their presence he take his place far off and silent with respect."[125] Van Helsing, however, is not so inspired by this respect that it stops him from grinding the host into a paste to caulk the gaps around the door of the crypt. Note the fact that the communion wafers of which Van Helsing has quite a supply are never ingested by any of the characters. No one is required to *believe* in the religious doctrines that give these artifacts their magical quality; they are always wielded *against* Dracula not in support of the wielder. Therefore, their utility comes to an end with Dracula's destruction.

Gothic tourism

To one who charts the movement of first Jonathan Harker and then the band of crusaders as they harry Dracula, a fairly direct connection between *Dracula* and tourism becomes apparent. Their eastward journey shadows the famed Orient Express. One expects, then, to read the novel as another exercise in nineteenth-century orientalism.[126] To be sure, Harker's first travelogue reads like a case study for Said's use of

the term in the imperialist perspectives he brings to bear on the local people and their customs. Ultimately, however, the text's production and consumption of otherness has more to do with time than region. Instead of embodying "the East," as we have already seen, Dracula soon comes to stand for "the Past." Ostensibly, Dracula comes to England to buy a piece of the past, an English country house ("Carfax Abbey"), an ambition not dissimilar to many successful bourgeois professionals of the day. But, strangely it seems, in Transylvania Dracula has already acquired many of the artifacts of Englishness. This is manifest in Harker's detailed account of Dracula's library. If Dracula's furniture reminds Harker of Hampton Court, his library transports Harker to the heart of English civil life.

> In the library I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. A table in the centre was littered with English magazines and newspapers, though none of them of very recent date. The books were of the most varied kind—history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law—all relating to England and English life and customs and manners.[127]

And, to Harker's professional delight, there was even "the Law List." Here, at the end of his long eastward journey, he had found a man who was a peculiar reflection of himself, one who likes facts all assembled and "verified by books and figures." It is as if Harker has travelled to Transylvania to find England, and that Dracula, located at the center of this collection, is somehow as much an English gentleman as he is a *boyar*. From there the novel subtly shifts the touristic gaze inward, producing England and its past as the site of romance, thrill, horror, and heroic triumph. The touristic gaze, then, necessarily pursues and looks to appropriate traces of an apparently vanishing history, including all things feudal and its effects.

Just as Dracula is but a caricature of the feudal lord, as indeed is many a (nineteenth-century) bourgeois English gentleman, the English past at the other end of the tourist's gaze is not the product of an authentic effort at setting the historical record straight. Instead, the English past is a heterogeneous collection of elements disconnected from their living context and arrayed for the contemporary subject's consumption. This heterogeneous collection is infinitely available for multiple stories about the past because the sole criterion for these stories is that they satisfy the tourist's momentary desire to visit history and to experience

a sense of the past, any past, in the visual and imaginary consumption of ruins and ancient artifacts.

In the particular romance that is *Dracula*, it is neither Catholicism nor the repressed history of the Reformation nor Anglican superiority nor the Gothic itself that gains ground in the cultural imaginary; it is, instead, the lure of Gothic tourism that triumphs. Ultimately, the novel validates the nonsense of its claims to authenticity. Preceding the novel is what we take to be an editorial note, which explains:

> How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of later-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past things wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.[128]

Notice that this preface reiterates without solving the problem of the verifiability of immediate eye-witness accounts. The implication of the preface's claim that recollections have been edited out in favor only of direct accounts of experiences, accounts created at the same time as the experiences, is that such experiences are only mediated in memory and that the sense impressions of the individual are immediate, unmediated, despite the fact that the characters' attentions appear to be divided between having the experience and simultaneously recording it. This is then a restaging of the problem of a modern subjectivity founded on self-referentiality. Likewise, in proclaiming the text's authenticity, it advocates invention over investigation. In effect, the story's truth lies in its ability to accommodate the different experiences of individuals—"the standpoints" and "range of knowledge" of the group—not in its confirmation of or coincidence with other narratives, among them, perhaps, a more verifiable version of history. What replaces other kinds of truth here is the authenticity, as it were, of the Gothic tourist's experience. The brilliant conceit of *Dracula* is convincing us that the entity that is Dracula is a unified and stable force that, *without any clear convincing reason*, comes from the edge of eastern Europe to engage with some hostility a relatively disparate group of English men and women. Whereas, in effect, he is the made-manifest cipher that enables their heterogeneous accounts to cohere as they necessarily take him on.

The complex arrangements that constitute the impulses of Gothic tourism afford us a different perspective on the equation between

Englishness and the Gothic that underpins the nineteenth-century Gothic revival. Harking back to Ruskin's treatment of the Gothic in Chapter 1, we recall his attention to, or rather his strong reinterpretation of, the Gothic as a heterogeneous architectural style. "Changefulness," "rudeness," "redundancy," (by which Ruskin means exuberance and excess in direct opposition to rational austerity) these are all qualities that articulate an architectural style with gaps, with interruptions and with incongruities. Any given element, then, promises a wholeness or unity that is not realized in the actual fabric of the edifice, and so, like the ruined structure of a Whitby, a Tintern, or a Melrose, is capable of building the national imagination. Ruskin's appreciation of Gothic architectural style articulates it as material upon which the Gothic tourist's imagination can go to work. Regardless of what that tourist discovers, it is, according to Ruskin, bound to be English. This is a particularly adaptable form of history and durable construction of a national consciousness, and is a state of mind that is repeatedly performed and consolidated in the search for it. In this respect modern English consciousness, Englishness, isn't any one thing as much as it is the performance of a relationship between the contemporary and a romantic version of the past: the perpetual enactment of Gothic tourism.

Notes

Introduction: Reproducing Englishness

1. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "The Nightingale," in *Wordsworth and Coleridge: Lyrical Ballads*, eds. R. L. Brett and A. R. Jones (London and New York: Routledge, 1991), pp. 84–8, ll. 49–59.
2. Susan Buck-Morss's *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project* elaborates upon Walter Benjamin's "dialectical image," the notion that the juxtaposition of contradictory images or of contradictions within a single image can itself be pedagogical; see especially, "Natural History: Fossil" (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press, 1991).
3. G. R. Hibbard, "The Country House Poem of the Seventeenth Century," *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* 19, no. 1/2 (January–June, 1956): 159–74.
4. Thomas Hardy, "Memories of Church Restoration," in *Public Voice: The Essays, Speeches, and Miscellaneous Prose*, ed. Michael Millgate (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), p. 253.
5. Walter Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in *The Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott; with a Biography and His Last Additions and Illustrations*, vol. 1 (New York: Connor and Cooke, 1833), p. 324.

1 In Pursuit of an English Style: The Allure of Gothic

1. Thomas Rickman, *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England, From the Conquest to the Reformation: With a Sketch of the Grecian and Roman Orders*, ed. John Henry Parker, 7th edn (London: John Henry Parker, 1848), p. 37.
2. Robert Willis, *Report of a Survey of the Dilapidated Portions of Hereford Cathedral in the Year 1841* (London: Minet, 1842).
3. John Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849; reprint, London: Century, 1988), p. 194.
4. Alfred Hugh Fisher, *The Cathedral Church of Hereford: A Description of Its Fabric and a Brief History of the Episcopal See*, eds. Gleeson White and Edward F. Strange (London: George Bells and Sons, 1898), p. 21.
5. John Merewether, *A Statement of the Condition and Circumstances of the Cathedral Church of Hereford in the Year 1841* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. and Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1862), p. 4.
6. Ibid., p. 7.
7. John Clutton, 7031, Hereford Cathedral Archives. Quoted in David Whitehead, "The Architectural History of the Cathedral since the Reformation," in *Hereford Cathedral: A History*, ed. Gerald Aylmer and John Tiller (Ohio: The Hambledon Press, 2000), p. 268.
8. Merewether, p. 15.

9. See Daryl Ogden, "The Architecture of Empire: 'Oriental' Gothic and the Problem of British Identity in Ruskin's Venice," *Victorian Literature and Culture*, vol. 25, no. 1 (1997).
10. Rickman, p. 43.
11. Ibid., p. 44.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.
15. Nikolaus Pevsner, *The Englishness of English Art: An Expanded and Annotated Version of the Reith Lectures Broadcast in October and November 1955* (New York, 2002), p. 292.
16. Jean Bony, 'The Impact of the Rayonnant Style in Gothic England,' in *The English Decorated Style: Gothic Architecture Transformed, 1250–1350* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1979), p. 1.
17. Ibid., p. 4.
18. Ibid., pp. 1–2.
19. Nicola Coldstream, *The Decorated Style: Architecture and Ornament, 1240–1360* (London: British Museum Press, 1994), p. 35.
20. Ibid.
21. Pevsner, *The Englishness of English Art*, pp. 81–146.
22. Nikolaus Pevsner, *Pevsner: On Art and Architecture*, ed. Stephen Games (London: Methuen Publishing Limited, 2002), p. 212.
23. Pevsner, *The Englishness of English Art*, p. 118.
24. Pevsner, *Pevsner*, p. 232.
25. Pevsner, *The Englishness of English Art*, p. 116.
26. Ibid., p. 117.
27. Ibid., p. 85.
28. Ibid., p. 83.
29. Ibid., p. 93.
30. Rickman, p. 1.
31. Rickman, p. 2.
32. Rickman, p. 5.
33. John Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice Volume II: The Sea-Stories* (1886; reprint, New York: Cosimo, 2007), p. 152.
34. Ibid., p. 153.
35. Ibid., pp. 152–3. Emphasis added.
36. Ibid., p. 228.
37. Ibid., p. 231.
38. Ibid., pp. 153–4.
39. Ibid., p. 155.
40. Ibid.
41. Ibid., p. 157.
42. Ibid.
43. Daryl Ogden, pp. 109–20.
44. Ruskin, pp. 161–2.
45. Ibid., p. 159.
46. Ibid., p. 162.
47. Ibid.
48. Ibid., p. 159.

49. Ibid., pp. 159–60.
50. Ibid., pp. 160–1.
51. Ibid., pp. 162–3.
52. He may well have been thinking of the spare Georgian boxes of the eighteenth century, as much as the geometric houses of Venice.
53. Ibid., p. 207.
54. Ibid.
55. Ibid., p. 174.

2 Gothic Adaptations and Reprisals

1. Richard Corbet, "Upon Faireford Windowes," in *English Seventeenth-Century Verse, Volume II*, ed. Richard S. Sylvester (New York: The Norton Library, 1974), p. 194.
2. Kenneth Munn, "Fables and Facts: The Sources for a History of Fairford's Stained Glass," in *Life, Death and Art: The Medieval Stained Glass of Fairford Parish Church, A Multimedia Exploration*, eds. Sarah Brown and Lindsay MacDonald (Gloucestershire: Sutton Publishing Limited, 1997), p. 71.
3. The Great West window survived the Reformation but not later weather damage or nineteenth-century restorations.
4. Alec Clifton-Taylor, *English Parish Churches* (London: B. T. Batsford Ltd, 1974), p. 141.
5. Henry Gee, *The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion, 1558–1564* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1898), pp. 54–5.
6. William Dowsing, *The Journal of William Dowsing: Iconoclasm in East Anglia during the English Civil War*, ed. Trevor Cooper (Suffolk: The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, 2001), pp. 215 and 219.
7. Andrew Graham-Dixon, *A History of British Art* (Berkley: University of California Press, 1999), p. 34.
8. Corbet, p. 194.
9. Joseph William Gray, *Shakespeare's Marriage, His Departure from Stratford and Other Incidents in His Life* (London: Capman and Hall, originally published 1905), p. 103.
10. Keith Barley, "Conservation and Restoration: From the Reformation to the End of the Eighteenth Century," in *Life, Death and Art: The Medieval Stained Glass of Fairford Parish Church, A Multimedia Exploration*, eds. Sarah Brown and Lindsay MacDonald (Gloucestershire: Sutton Publishing Limited, 1997), p. 113.
11. Ibid., 113.
12. *The World English Bible* (American Standard, 1997), John 21:11.
13. Albert C. Labriola and John W. Smeltz, *The Bible of the Poor [Biblia Pauperum]: A Facsimile and Edition of the British Library Blockbook C.9 d.2* (Pittsburgh: Duquesne University Press, 1990), p. 5.
14. Tobin Nellhaus, "Mementos of Things to Come: Orality, Literacy, and Typology in the *Biblia pauperum*," in *Printing the Written Word: The Social History of Books, circa 1450–1520*, ed. Sandra Hindman (Ithaca: Cornell University Press), p. 293.
15. Ibid.
16. Labriola and Smeltz, p. 5.

17. Requiring incredibly skillful woodcutting techniques, a blockbook is made by carving words and/or pictures in relief into a single block of wood so that it may be used to print onto paper or vellum.
18. Some eighty versions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, complete or fragmentary, survive from Southern Germany to the Northern Netherlands.
19. Labriola and Smeltz, p. 99.
20. Ibid.
21. Ibid., p. 5.
22. Nellhaus, pp. 317–18.
23. T. Fisher Unwin, "Mr. Unwin's List," *The Antiquarian Magazine Advertiser*, 6, no. 36 (1884): iv.
24. c. 1395–1400. *King's MS 5, f.5. British Library Catalogue N. Netherlands (The Hague).*
25. James H. Marrow, "The Shape of Meaning: Word and Image in a 15th Century Book," in *Painting in the Age of Artificial Intelligence*, ed. David Moos (London: Academy Group Ltd., 1996), p. 40.
26. Ibid., p. 44.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid., p. 45.
29. Judith Weil, "Herbert's 'The Elixir,'" in *A New Companion to English Renaissance Literature and Culture, Vol. Two*, ed. Michael Hattaway (West Sussex: Blackwell Publishing Limited, 2010), p. 400, and, Patrick Collinson, "English Reformations," in *A New Companion to English Renaissance Literature and Culture, Vol. One*, ed. Michael Hattaway (West Sussex: Blackwell Publishing Limited, 2010), p. 398.
30. This effect is assisted by the Perpendicular style of the windows, which usually have less tracery than those in the Decorated style.
31. William Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of King Lear*, ed. R. A. Foakes (London: The Arden Shakespeare, 2007), p. 330.
32. Collinson, "English Reformations," p. 398.
33. Collinson, p. 398, referencing Eamon Duffy, *The Voices of Morebath: Reformation and Rebellion in an English Village* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006), and Margaret Aston, *England's Iconoclasts: Laws Against Images* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988).
34. See, for example, Joachim Patinir and Pieter Bruegel the Elder.
35. Jolly musters was the name adopted by reformers for the ritual burning of iconic religious statuary and other artifacts.
36. Collinson, p. 400; referencing Janel Mueller, *The Native Tongue and the Word: Developments in English Prose Style 1380–1580* (Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1984).
37. Graham-Dixon, p. 14.
38. Ibid., p. 39.
39. Ibid., pp. 39 and 42.
40. Ernst Hans Gombrich, *The Story of Art: With 398 Illustrations*, 12th edn (New York: Phaidon Publishers Inc, 1972), p. 163. Even if the *Wilton Diptych* was painted by an English painter, it was painted in what is called the International Style, or International Gothic, a style that flourished on the Continent rather than Britain.

41. Nicola Coldstream, "Art and Architecture in the Late Middle Ages," in *The Context of English Literature: The Later Middle Ages*, ed. Stephen Medcalf (New York: Holmes and Meier, 1981), p. 196.
42. Ibid.
43. Hilary Wayment, *King's College Chapel Cambridge: The Great Windows Introduction* (Cambridge: The Provost and Scholars of King's College, 1982), p. 6.
44. Francis Woodman, *The Architectural History of King's College Chapel and its Place in the Development of Late Gothic Architecture in England and France.* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1986), p. 245.
45. Wayment, p. 6.
46. Woodman, p. 245.
47. Dowsing, p. 179.
48. Woodman, p. 247.
49. Munn, pp. 70–88.
50. David Howarth, *Images of Rule: Art and Politics in the English Renaissance, 1485–1649* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), p. 156.
51. Ibid.
52. John Leland, *Walsingham in Literature and Culture from the Middle Ages to Modernity*, eds. Dominic Janes and Gary Waller (Surrey: Ashgate Publishing Limited, 2010), p. 179. Quoted in William Richard Lethaby, *Westminster Abbey Re-Examined* (London: B. Blom, 1972), p. 156.
53. Howarth, p. 159. Quoting eds. James Spedding et al., *The Works of Francis Bacon*, 14 vols (London: Houghton Mifflin, 1858), vol. vi, p. 245.
54. Wordsworth's description of fan vaulting in "Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge." William Wordsworth, *Selections from Wordsworth* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1888, originally published 1822), p. 244.
55. Howarth, p. 157. Quoting Thomas Astle, *The Will of King Henry VII* (London: Thomas Payne, 1775), pp. 5–6.
56. Howarth, p. 159.
57. Pietro Torrigiano purportedly broke Michelangelo's nose in a fight.
58. Howarth, p. 159.
59. Ibid., p. 158.
60. George I succeeded the last of the Stuarts and inaugurated the Hanoverian dynasty. Satisfying the need for a Protestant successor, his claim to the throne was even more tenuous than Henry Richmond's had been. The Hanoverians are inextricably linked to a neoclassicist style, which made Gothic redundant and looked beyond English history, to antiquity, for a sense of timeless value rational political legitimacy.
61. Howarth, p. 162.
62. Martin Biddle, "The Stuccoes of Nonsuch," *The Burlington Magazine*, 126, no. 976 (1984): 411.
63. Ibid., pp. 412–17.
64. See Otto Kurz, "An Architectural Design for Henry VIII," *The Burlington Magazine for Connoisseurs*, 82, no. 481 (1943): 80–3. Before the Ewell excavations, Kurz published a picture that purports to be a design for a section of wall at Nonsuch Palace. The sketch shows the Royal Arms and the Tudor Rose intermixed with classical figures and scenes. If this is correct, then it tells us much about what the inside of Nonsuch would have looked like.

65. Biddle, p. 417.
66. Ibid., p. 412.
67. Although Henry and Somerset differed on their reform agenda, they still were both reformists.

3 Tracing the Wild Man in Shakespeare's England

1. "Sonnet 73," by William Shakespeare, in *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, ed. Katherine Duncan-Jones (London: The Arden Shakespeare, 1997), p. 73.
2. Rolf Toman, ed., *Gothic: Architecture Sculpture Painting* (Kèoln: Ullman and Könemann, 2007), p. 148.
3. Christa Grössinger, *The World Upside-Down: English Misericords* (London: Harvey Miller Publishers, 1997), p. 15.
4. Ibid.
5. Richard Bernheimer, *Wild Men in the Middle Ages: A Study in Art, Sentiment, and Demonology* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1952; reprint New York: Octagon Books, 1970), p. 11.
6. Grössinger, p. 15.
7. Ibid.
8. John Ruskin, "On the Nature of Gothic Architecture: and Herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art," in *The Stones of Venice* (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1854), p. 46.
9. Simon Schama, *Landscape and Memory* (New York: Vintage, 1995), see especially Part One, *Wood*, pp. 23–240.
10. Bernheimer, p. 21.
11. Ibid., p. 22.
12. Ibid.
13. Robert Hillis Goldsmith, "The Wild Man on the English Stage," *Modern Language Review*, 53, no. 4 (1958): 483.
14. Ibid., p. 482.
15. Bernheimer, p. 50.
16. Ibid., p. 24.
17. Goldsmith, p. 490.
18. Northrop Frye, *A Natural Perspective: The Development of Shakespearean Comedy and Romance* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995), p. 141.
19. Bernheimer, p. 14.
20. See the use of "wood" in Sonnet 128.
21. William Sayers, "Middle English *wodewose* 'wilderness being': A Hybrid Etymology?," *ANQ* 17, no. 3 (Summer 2004): 13. See also, *Henry VI*, part I, IV, vii, p. 35.
22. Phyllis Siefker, *Santa Claus, Last of the Wild Men: The Origins and Evolution of Saint Nicholas, Spanning 50,000 Years* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2006), p. 84.
23. William Chappell, ed., "The Mad Merry Prankes of Robin Good Fellow," in *The Roxburgh Ballads*. Vol. 2 (Hertford: Ballad Society, 1874), pp. 80–5.
24. Siefker, p. 79.
25. Ibid., pp. 79–80.
26. Stephen Greenblatt, *Will in the World: How Shakespeare Became Shakespeare* (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 2005), p. 47.

27. Jayne Archer, "Contesting Terms: Loyal Catholicism and Lord Montague's Entertainment at Cowdray, 1591," in *The Progresses, Pagents, and Entertainments of Queen Elizabeth I*, ed. Elizabeth Heale (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), p. 189.
28. Goldsmith, p. 485. *Quoting the Complete Works of John Lyly*, ed. R. W. Bond (London: Clarendon Press, 1902), p. 472.
29. Bernheimer, p. 132.
30. See image of Robin Goodfellow, Siefker, p. 85.
31. Hence St. John's Wort.
32. Siefker, p. 88.
33. Arthur Dickson, *Valentine and Orson: A Study in Late Medieval Romance* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1929), p. 3.
34. Cited in Dickson, p. 286.
35. Cited in Dickson, pp. 287–8.
36. Cited in Dickson, p. 288.
37. Dickson, pp. 124 and 1.
38. Claude Gaignebet, "Le Combat de Carnaval et de Carême de P. Bruegel," *Annales. Histoire, Sciences Sociales*, 27, no. 2 (1972): 330–1.
39. For a full account of the different versions and variations, see Arthur Dickson.
40. Bernheimer, p. 54.
41. Ibid.
42. Ibid., p. 68.
43. Edward Hall, *The Lives of the Kings: Henry VIII* (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1904), vol. I, p. 143.
44. Bernheimer, p. 56.
45. Alan Brody, *The English Mummers and Their Plays: Traces of Ancient Mystery* (Philidelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1970), p. 3.
46. In *Schembartsbuch* can be found one of the central figures of the Schembart Carnival in Nuremberg, which flourished from the late fifteenth century: a man dressed as a bear, sporting a wooden pig's head mask, and carrying a bunch of leaves in one hand and a miniature harlequin in the other. Along with their elaborate costumes and music, and copious food and drink, the Schembart Shrovetide festivities were also famous for their political satire. Its mocking of the rich and powerful, as well as the carnival's infamously riotous behavior, was a contributory factor to being shut down in 1539.
47. Sayers, p. 14.
48. Pierre Jonin, *La Chanson de Roland* (Paris: Gallimard, 2005).
49. All three names of the de Boys family—Rowland, Orlando, and Oliver—appear in *La Chanson de Roland*. Orlando is a Spanish variant of Old German Ronald.
50. See Lisa Hopkins, "Orlando and the Golden World: The Old World and the New in *As You Like It*," *Early Modern Literary Studies* 8, no. 2 (September 2002), 1–21.
51. Richard Wilson, "'Like the Old Robin Hood': *As You Like It* and the Enclosure Riots," *Shakespeare Quarterly*, 43, no. 1, (Spring, 1992): 1–19.
52. Simon Schama, p. 152.
53. Bernheimer, p. 64.
54. Ibid., p. 83.

55. Charles Johnson, *Love in a Forest. A Comedy: As It is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, by His Majesty's Servants*. Nostra nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia. By Mr. Johnson (London: Cato's Head, Convent-Garden, 1723), p. 78.
56. The marriage is an allusion to the *The Wedding of Mopsus and Nisa* from Virgil's Eighth *Eclogue*, and treated as *De Vuile Bruid, or The Dirty Bride*, by Pieter Bruegel the Elder, ca. 1566.
57. Bernheimer, p. 136.
58. Vaderlandsch Museum voor Nederduitsche Letterkunde, Oudheiden Geschiedenis, II (Ghent, 1858), p. 96. Quoted in and translated by Bernheimer, p. 139.
59. Connected to the French word *chevalier* meaning a horseman, mounted soldier, knight (*OED*).
60. Timothy Husband, *The Wild Man: Medieval Myth and Symbolism* (New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1980).
61. Geoffrey of Monmouth, *The Vita Merlini*, ed. John Jay Parry (Urbana, IL: The University of Illinois, 1925).

4 The English Country Estate and the Landscape's Nation

1. G. R. Hibbard, "The Country House Poem of the Seventeenth Century," *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* 19, no. 1/2 (1956): 159.
2. Ibid.
3. Alastair Fowler, *The Country House Poem: A Cabinet of Seventeenth-Century Estate Poems and Related Items* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1994), p. 1.
4. Ibid., p. 1.
5. Ibid.
6. Ben Jonson, "To Penhurst," in Fowler, pp. 53–6. All subsequent quotations of this poem are from this source.
7. Thomas Carew, "To Saxham," in Fowler, pp. 86–8.
8. Except when it is necessary to differentiate the specific buildings that are mentioned in the poem, I will use the term Appleton House as Marvell does to denote the virtual building that "Upon Appleton House" constructs.
9. Thomas Carew, "To My Friend G. N. from Wrest," in Fowler, pp. 89–93. All subsequent quotations of this poem are from this source.
10. Robert Herrick, "The Country Life, to the Honoured Master Endymion Porter, Groom of the Bedchamber to His Majesty," in Fowler, p. 113.
11. Richard Corbett, "Iter Boreale," or "[Warwick Castle]," in Fowler, p. 80.
12. Fowler, p. 81.
13. Mary Anne Everett Green, ed., "Vol. CXXXIV. November, December, 1622," in *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, James I. 1619–1623, Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office* (London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts, 1858), p. 462.
14. King James VI of Scotland, *The Poems of James VI. of Scotland*, ed. James Craigie, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: The Scottish Text Society, 1958), pp. 179–81.
15. Fowler, pp. 294–5.
16. Andrew Marvell, "Upon Appleton House, To My Lord Fairfax," in *The Poems of Andrew Marvell*, ed. Nigel Smith (New York: Pearson Education Limited, 2003), pp. 216–41. All subsequent quotes are from this source.

17. Patsy Griffin, "'Twas no *Religious House* till now': Marvell's 'Upon Appleton House,'" *Studies in English Literature, 1500–1900* 28, no. 1 (Winter 1988): 65.
18. Griffin points out that this is a convenient elision of historical detail; the property did not come into the hands of the family until 1542, then given to Isabel's and William's sons. But Marvell suggests it was the original site of the family's beginning.
19. Griffin, p. 62.
20. Ibid.
21. Matthew 19: pp. 23–4.
22. Smith, p. 221.
23. Hibbard, pp. 169 and 171.
24. Smith, pp. 210–41 and 212.
25. Ibid., p. 212.
26. Brian Patton, "Preserving Property: History, Genealogy, and Inheritance in 'Upon Appleton House,'" *Renaissance Quarterly* 49 (1996): 824–39 and 837.
27. Raymond Williams, *The Country and The City* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. 58.
28. "To Saxham," Fowler, p. 87, lines 49–58.
29. Griffin, p. 66.
30. Rosalie L. Colie, *"My echoing song": Andrew Marvell's Poetry of Criticism* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1970), p. 182.
31. Ibid., p. 270.
32. Smith, p. 213.
33. Williams, p. 29.
34. Ibid.
35. Ibid., p. 28.
36. Smith, p. 230.
37. *Oxford English Dictionary*, online edn, s.v. "map."
38. Andrew Graham-Dixon, *A History of British Art* (Berkley: University of California Press, 1999), pp. 89–90.
39. Ibid., p. 89.
40. Ibid., p. 88.
41. Alexander Pope, "Epistle to Lord Burlington," in *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Volume 3* (London: F. J. Du Roveray, 1804), pp. 179–80. Emphasis mine.
42. Ernst Hans Gombrich, *The Story of Art: With 398 Illustrations*, 12th edn (New York: Phaidon Publishers Inc, 1972), p. 309.
43. Graham-Dixon, p. 89.
44. Nikolaus Pevsner, *The Englishness of English Art: An Expanded and Annotated Version of the Reith Lectures Broadcast in October and November 1955* (Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd, 1964), p. 174.
45. Pope, p. 179.

5 Thomas Hardy's Architecture of History

1. Thomas Hardy, "Memories of Church Restoration," in *Public Voice: The Essays, Speeches, and Miscellaneous Prose*, ed. Michael Millgate (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), p. 253.

2. Ibid., p. 253.
3. Ibid., p. 242.
4. Ibid., p. 246.
5. Ibid., p. 251.
6. Ibid., p. 251.
7. Ibid., p. 251.
8. Ibid., p. 252.
9. Ibid., p. 252.
10. Ibid., p. 252.
11. Ibid., p. 253.
12. Ibid., p. 253.
13. Ibid., p. 243.
14. Ibid., p. 242.
15. Ibid., p. 250.
16. Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, ed. Robert C. Schweik (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1986), p. 113.
17. Ibid., pp. 113–14.
18. Ibid., p.113.
19. Ibid., p. 64.
20. Ibid., p. 73.
21. Hardy, "Memories," p. 253.
22. Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, ed. Simon Gartrell (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), p. 3.
23. Ibid., p. 82.
24. Ibid., p. 31.
25. Ibid., p. 42.
26. See Michel Foucault's critique of Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon in *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, trans. by Alan Sheridan (New York: Vintage Books, 1975), chapter 3, pp. 195–230.
27. Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, p. 171.
28. Ibid., p. 172; my emphasis.
29. Ibid., p. 84.
30. Ibid., p. 88.
31. Ibid., p. 153 The novel concludes with Fancy's marriage to Dick at that homely hole.
32. Ibid., p. 51.
33. Ibid.
34. Ibid., p. 183.
35. Ibid., p. 183.
36. Ibid., p. 193.
37. Raymond Williams, *The English Novel: From Dickens to Lawrence* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970), pp. 99–100.
38. Ibid., pp. 109 and 116.
39. This painting is often paired with *Peasant Wedding*, which enhanced Bruegel's nickname of "Peasant Bruegel."
40. Edward Snow, *Inside Bruegel* (New York: North Point Press, 1997), p. 45.
41. Ibid., 44–5.
42. Ibid., 45.
43. Ibid., 52.

44. Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, preface, p. 3.
45. Ibid., p. 11.
46. Ibid., p. 34.
47. Alastair Smart, "Pictorial Imagery in the Novels of Thomas Hardy," in *The Review of English Studies*, New Series, Vol. 12, No. 47 (August, 1961): 262–80 and 263.
48. Thomas Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature: Volume I*, ed. M. H. Abrams, 6th edn (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1993), pp. 2458–61. All subsequent references to this poem are cited from this book.
49. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, p. 26.
50. See Simon Schama, *Landscape and Memory* (New York: Vintage Books, 1995); chapter three, section iii, "Hearts of Oak and Bulwarks of Liberty," pp. 153–74.
51. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, p. 29; Hardy's emphasis.
52. Ibid., p. 33.
53. Ibid., p. 33.
54. Ibid., p. 34.
55. Ibid., p. 34.
56. Ibid., p. 39.
57. Everdene, literally, means perpetual (wooded) valley, and would be, then, initially ironic.
58. Ibid., p. 9.
59. Ibid., p. 10.
60. Ibid.
61. Ibid., p. 105.
62. Ibid., p. 130.
63. Ibid., p. 191.
64. Ibid., p. 198.
65. Ibid.
66. Williams, p. 113.
67. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, p. 184.
68. Ibid., p. 183.
69. Ibid., p. 184.
70. Ibid., p. 154.
71. Ibid., p. 159.
72. Ibid., p. 114.
73. Raymond Williams, *The Country and the City* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. 2.
74. Ibid., p. 152.
75. Ibid., p. 231.
76. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, p. 249.
77. Ibid., p. 7.
78. Ibid.
79. Ibid., p. 55.
80. Ibid., p. 12.
81. Ibid., p. 13.
82. Ibid., p. 232.
83. Ibid., pp. 232–3.

84. Ibid., p. 233.
85. Ibid., p. 246.
86. Ibid., p. 242.
87. Ibid., p. 246.
88. Hardy, "Memories," p. 241.
89. Thomas Hardy, *A Laodicean, or, The Castle of the De Stancys*, ed. John Schad (1881; reprint London: Penguin Books, 1997), p. 57.
90. Ibid., p. 27.
91. Ibid., pp. 122–3.
92. Hardy, "Memories," p. 242.
93. Hardy, *A Laodicean*, p. 78.
94. Ibid., p. 372.
95. Ibid., p. 294.
96. Ibid., p. 379.
97. Ibid., p. 54.
98. Ibid., p. 378.
99. Ibid.
100. Ibid.
101. Ibid., pp. 378–9.
102. Ibid., p. 122–3.
103. Ibid., p. 32.
104. Ibid., p. 242.
105. Ibid., p. 31.
106. Thomas Hardy, "The Abbey Mason," in *Satires of Circumstance* (New York: Macmillan, 1914), pp. 210–21; subsequent citations of this poem reference this edition.
107. Hardy, *A Laodicean*, p. 18.

6 *Dracula* and Gothic Tourism

1. Charles Dickens, *Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens* (New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 1870), p. 47.
2. William Wordsworth, "Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13, 1798," in *Lyrical Ballads 1798 and 1800*, eds. Michael Gamer and Dahlia Porter (Toronto: Broadview Editions, 2008), p. 147.
3. Ronald Brymer Beckett, *John Constable and the Fishers: The Record of a Friendship* (London: Routledge and Paul, 1952), pp. 123 and 144.
4. Ronald Paulson, *Literary Landscape: Turner and Constable* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982), p. 144.
5. Ibid., p. 145.
6. Bram Stoker, *Dracula: Authoritative Text, Contexts, Reviews and Reactions, Dramatic and Film Variations, Criticism*, eds. Nina Auerbach and David J. Skal (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1997), p. 75.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., pp. 78–9.
10. Ibid., p. 63. Stoker had visited Nuremberg and, of course, Whitby.

11. Ibid.
12. See Stoker, Nina Auerbach and David J. Skal; editors of the Norton Critical Edition provide valuable annotations on the historical references of the text. They acknowledge the work of preceding editors and scholars, Leonard Wolf, Raymond McNally and Radu Florescu, George Stacie, A. N. Wilson, Maurice Hindle, and Marjorie Howe.
13. Ibid., p. 9.
14. Ibid.
15. William Gilpin, *Observations of the River Wye, and Several Parts of South Wales, etc. Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty; made in the Summer of the Year 1770.*
16. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*, ed. Marilyn Butler (New York: Penguin Books, 1995), p. 106.
17. Ibid., pp. 106–7.
18. Ibid., p. 107.
19. Ibid.
20. Malcolm Andrews, *Landscape and Western Art* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999), p. 166.
21. Ibid.
22. John Berger, *Ways of Seeing* (London: British Broadcasting Corporation and Penguin Books Ltd., 1972).
23. Stoker, p. 10.
24. Ibid., p. 11.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
28. See Edward Said, *Orientalism* (New York: Vintage Books, 1979). Jonathan Harker has an orientalizing gaze, which is entertained but then denied by the novel as a whole.
29. Stoker, p. 11.
30. Ibid., p. 12.
31. Ibid.
32. Ibid., pp. 13–14.
33. Ibid., p. 14.
34. Ibid.
35. Ibid.
36. Ibid., p. 15.
37. Ibid.
38. Ibid.
39. Ibid.
40. Ibid., p. 16.
41. Franco Moretti, “Dialectic of Fear,” in *Signs Taken for Wonders: On the Sociology of Literary Forms* (New York: Verso, 2005), p. 90.
42. Stoker, p. 33.
43. Dracula displays his own arms triumphantly as those in which the blood of Attila runs.
44. Stoker, p. 45.
45. Ibid., p. 212.
46. Ibid., p. 211.
47. Ibid., p. 29.

48. Ibid., p. 23.
49. Ibid., p. 26.
50. Ibid., p. 25.
51. Ibid.
52. Walter Scott, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, ed. J. H. Alexander (London: Penguin, 2000).
53. Stoker, p. 255.
54. Ibid.
55. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto* (New York: International Publishers, 1930).
56. The right of the first night: the right of the lord to take the virginity of the virgins on his estate.
57. Stoker, p. 26.
58. Ibid., p. 44.
59. Ibid., p. 211.
60. Ibid., p. 48.
61. Ibid., p. 40.
62. Ibid., p. 41.
63. William Wordsworth, p. 147.
64. Walter Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in *The Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott; with a Biography and His Last Additions and Illustrations*, vol. 1. (New York: Connor and Cooke, 1833), p. 325.
65. Stoker, pp. 87–8.
66. Ibid., p. 88.
67. Ibid., p. 90.
68. Ibid.
69. Ibid., p. 91.
70. Ibid.
71. Ibid., p. 88.
72. Nineteenth-century readers had been familiar with the characteristics of vampire fiction since John William Polidori's *The Vampyre* (1819); and a series of mid-century "penny dreadfuls" entitled *Vamey the Vampire; or the Feast of Blood* by James Malcolm Rymer.
73. Ibid., p. 72.
74. Ibid.
75. Ibid., p. 86.
76. Ibid., p. 87.
77. Ibid.
78. Ibid., p. 60.
79. Ibid., p. 146.
80. Ibid., p. 158.
81. Ibid., p. 187.
82. Ibid., p. 188.
83. See Bram Dijkstra, *Idols of Perversity* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986).
84. Stoker, p. 62.
85. Ibid., p. 199.
86. Ibid.
87. Ibid., p. 244.

88. The Norton Critical Edition, which is based on the original 1897 publication, leaves the date of Seward's first diary entry as "25th April." The date must have been intended to be May 25, however, because Seward refers to Lucy's rejection of his proposal as "my rebuff of yesterday" and Lucy's letter describing the same is dated May 24. Nevertheless, this entry predates the arrival of Dracula on August 8.
89. Ibid., p. 71.
90. Ibid.
91. Ibid., p. 69.
92. Ibid., p. 71.
93. Ibid.
94. Ibid., p. 62.
95. Ibid., p. 69.
96. Ibid., p. 62.
97. Ibid., p. 71.
98. Ibid.
99. Ibid.
100. Ibid.
101. Launched in 1837 by Sir Isaac Pitman, his popular shorthand techniques underwent a number of revisions into the twentieth century.
102. Stoker, p. 30.
103. Ibid., p. 41.
104. Ibid., p. 35.
105. Ibid., p. 40.
106. Ibid., p. 37.
107. Ibid., p. 171.
108. Ibid., p. 106.
109. Ibid., p. 65.
110. Ibid., p. 210.
111. Ibid., p. 290.
112. Ibid., p. 210.
113. Ibid., p. 202.
114. Ibid., p. 168.
115. Ibid., p. 199.
116. Ibid., p. 246.
117. Ibid., p. 53.
118. Ibid., p. 210.
119. Ibid., p. 278.
120. See Edmund Spenser, *The Faerie Queene* (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Co., 2006).
121. Ibid., pp. 193 and 186–7.
122. Ibid., p. 325.
123. Ibid., pp. 320–1, 325 and 326.
124. Ibid., p. 260.
125. Ibid., p. 212.
126. Edward Said, *Orientalism* (New York: Vintage Books, 1979).
127. Ibid., p. 25.
128. Ibid., p. 5.

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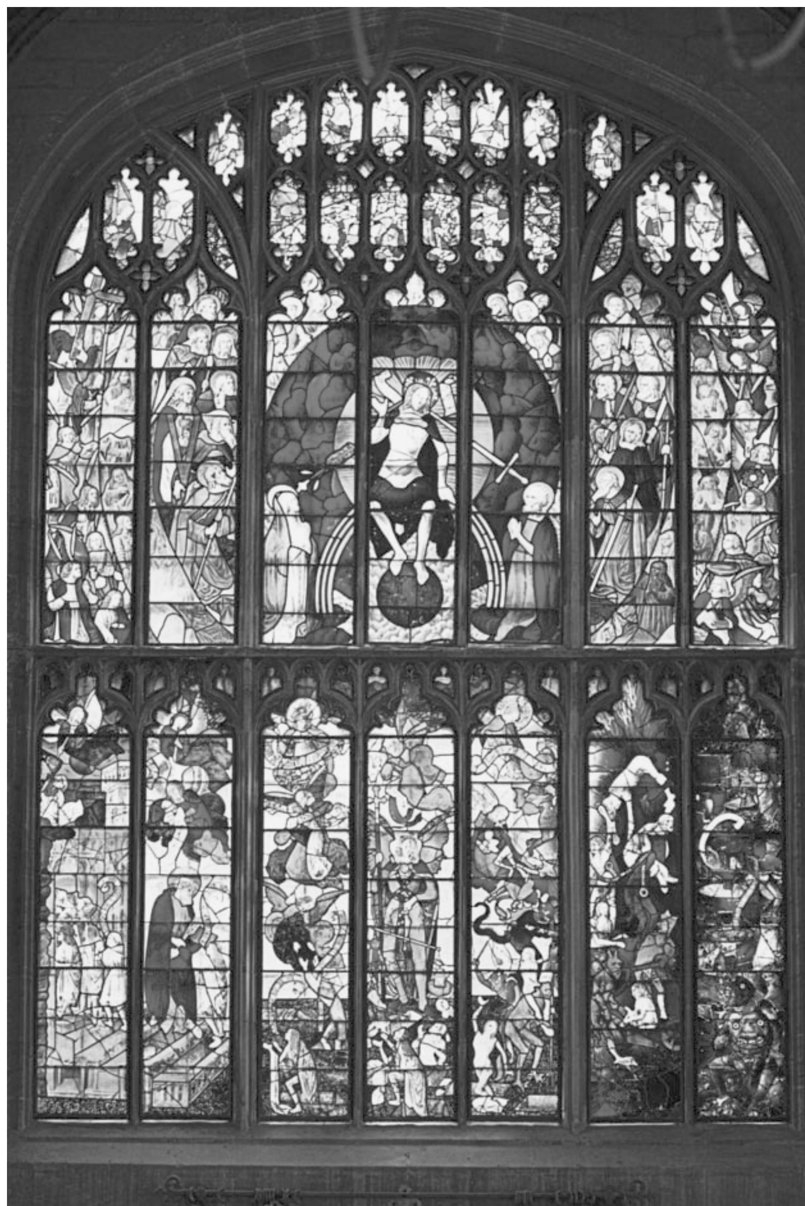

Plate 1 The Great West Window, St. Mary's, Fairford. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 2 St. Mary's, Fairford, Window 9, detail depicting John 21:6. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 3 Golden *Biblia Pauperum*, scene seven, Christ driving Moneychangers from the Temple. By permission of the British Library.

Plate 4 St. Mary's, Fairford, Window 1, the lower lights. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 5 St Mary's, Fairford, Window 5, the Passion depicted in the East Window. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 6 St Mary's, Fairford, Window 6, detail depicting the Deposition, Christ's descent from the Cross. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 7 Ely Cathedral, Lady Chapel, gouged and destroyed niches absent their statuary. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 8 Ely Cathedral, Lady Chapel, Drama of the Life of Mary (detail) surrounded by complex carving of woodland and foliage. Photograph by John Twyning.

Plate 9 Hereford Cathedral, misericord, wild man or wodewose grappling with Lion. Photograph by John Twyning.

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Plate 23 John Constable, *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows*, 1829. By permission of the National Gallery, London.

Plate 24 J. M. W. Turner, *Melrose Abbey*, 1822. By permission of the Sterling & Francine Clark Art Institute.