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Architecture and nostalgia in the British modern novel

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ARCHITECTURE AND NOSTALGIA IN THE
BRITISH MODERN NOVEL

by

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A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
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ABSTRACT

**Architecture and Nostalgia
in the British Modern Novel**

by

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This dissertation focuses on Modern British literary culture and the construction of literary sites of nostalgia through architecture and landscape. The project considers examples from D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, and Evelyn Waugh, and examines how these authors employ presentations of architecture in their narratives to portray the irrevocably altered landscape of modernity.

The introduction presents the notion of national consciousness and literature, moving from Lukacs' conception of the historical novel to Victorian art critics John Ruskin and Walter Pater and their writings on national identity and architecture. Twentieth-century European culture responded to the trauma of the Great War with an outpouring of artistic production examining the transformations of the modern era. The importance of commemoration and the preservation of cultural images influence the creation of culturally nostalgic spaces within the novel. Beginning with John Ruskin's architectural theory in *The Stones of Venice* and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and Walter Pater's aesthetic interiors in *Imaginary Portraits*, I highlight ideas of architectural

topography embodying national identity. I trace this theory through the modern novel and responses to the Great War and cultural nostalgia.

Chapter One “The Domestic Ravages of War: D.H. Lawrence and the Home Front,” examines the way in which the industrial post-war era intersects with architecture and social space in the work of D.H. Lawrence. Ruskin’s influence pervades Lawrence’s work, particularly in descriptions of the domestic postwar landscape. I consider portrayals of homes and landscapes of rural England in *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, *The Virgin and the Gypsy* as well as Lawrence’s early short stories. Chapter Two, “Woolf and the Familial Structure of Mourning,” focuses on how the Victorian conception of nostalgia is transformed in post-WWI novels of Virginia Woolf. Pater’s interiors and aesthetic responses influence Woolf’s portrayals of family homes and mourning. Using *Jacob’s Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, *The Waves*, and *Carlyle’s House and Other Sketches*, I highlight Woolf’s use of familial sites to express emptiness, displacement, and pain reflective of a fragmented post-war culture.

Chapter Three, “Ford Madox Ford’s and the Dismantling of England,” explores Ford’s tetralogy *Parade’s End* as a chronicle of the demise of English heritage through the physical destruction of its homes and gardens. Chapter Four, “The English Country House and Evelyn Waugh: Mourning Modernity,” explores Waugh’s use of domestic architecture in both the early novels, including *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, and *A Handful of Dust* as well as the later nostalgic works, *Put Out More Flags* and *Brideshead Revisited*. His novels blend the Ruskinian notion of architecture as national identity and Paterian attention to nostalgia and interiors; they use architecture to both mourn the onslaught of modernity and foreshadow the decline of English culture.

My conclusion highlights the ways in which these modernist writers craft a collective nostalgia within their texts based on architectural referents. It also points to the legacy of architecture and memory in post-modern writers like Kazuo Ishiguro and Penelope Lively, who continue to develop the signifiers provided by cultural landscape and architecture to explore history, memory, and nostalgia in a century of violence. Finally, I draw a link the communicative properties of the legacy of English literary interiors in post-colonial fiction. Tayeb Salih's *Season of Migration to the North* is an example of contemporary writers addressing their colonial relationship and identity with England through the use of interior spaces and architectural topography.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| ABSTRACT..... | iii |
| ACKNOWLEDGMENTS..... | vii |
| INTRODUCTION MODERNITY, WAR, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE AS NARRATIVE | 1 |
| CHAPTER 1 THE DOMESTIC RAVAGES OF WAR: D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE HOME FRONT | 28 |
| CHAPTER 2 WOOLF AND THE FAMILIAL STRUCTURE OF MOURNING..... | 93 |
| CHAPTER 3 FORD MADDOX FORD AND THE DISMANTLING OF ENGLISH HERITAGE | 153 |
| CHAPTER 4 THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE AND EVELYN WAUGH: MOURNING MODERNITY..... | 200 |
| CONCLUSION ARCHITECTURE AND POST-MODERNISM..... | 242 |
| WORKS CITED | 253 |
| VITA..... | 265 |

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INTRODUCTION

WAR, MOURNING, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE AS NARRATIVE

This study traces the legacy of nineteenth-century architecture theory in the British modern novel and highlights ways in which the physical structures in fiction create topoi of nostalgia in post-war England. It focuses on modern British literary culture and the construction of social memory, and it explores responses to the Great War and modernity through the derogation of England's physical landscape. I consider the work of D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, and Evelyn Waugh as examples, certainly not unique, of how architecture continues to function in literature as a reflection of culture in post-war narratives. Drawing connections between the development of architecture and an English cultural aesthetic in the Victorian era, I emphasize this adapted continuous tradition in the fiction of the Great War and inter-war years as a way to reflect on the altered landscape.

Twentieth-century European culture responded to the Great War with a variety of physical monuments and organized public mourning. The importance of commemoration and the preservation of cultural images in the Modern era reshape Victorian textual memory and create of a commemorative space within the novel. Modernism here is defined widely; as David Ayers posits, modernism studies are quite naturally spread

across literature, theatre, music, and art in the first half of twentieth-century Europe: “Indeed [they] ought really to reach back into the nineteenth century, to the poetry of Baudelaire or the music theatre of Wagner” (ix). Like Ayers, I adopt a more restricted focus, limiting myself to a selection of English writers in a single period—the era of the Great War and the inter-war period. However, the approach here does span the arts—specifically architecture and interiors—and looks back to the ideas of city landscape as cultural identity. This identity focuses on a shared Englishness, the portrayal of which is inextricably linked to post-war transformations and the evolving topography of England. Modernity wrought significant changes on both the country and the city; this work traces representations of these changes in topography: private and public architecture, the traditionally pastoral countryside, and public monuments.

Reinterpreting the Victorian aesthetics of John Ruskin and Walter Pater, the writers presented here each draw from their predecessors’ works on architecture as national identity and interiors and memory to create literary topoi of nostalgia for England’s rapidly fading traditions. In addition to looking back to the Victorians, I view twentieth-century considerations of national identity as they arise in other fields and cultures as inextricably important in the formation of textual nostalgia. Georg Lukacs’ approach to the aesthetic text and its historical or social “context” as a new form—the historical novel—and a new type of consciousness—the experience of historicity, has in hindsight been illuminating (Jameson 1). Lukacs argues that the French Revolution, for the first time, made history a *mass experience* (23). As the Great War irrevocably altered the landscape of modernity and industry, so too is this alteration experienced and reflected in the cultural works of the time. Lukacs describes the mass experience of

history as a link between ideas of national sensibility and social transformation, a process which creates an increasing consciousness of the connection between national and world history (25). Nowhere is this more evident than in the British Modern Novel.

Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project reflects an early twentieth-century philosophical interest in architecture as socio-cultural memory and national identity. The work is wide and arguably unfocused, being largely a collection of observations spanning decades, and is obviously only concerned with the architectural development of Paris, but it reflects the important connection between architecture and national culture. Benjamin is particularly interested in the covered arcades of Paris, which develop in the early nineteenth century as centers of commerce and end thus: ". . . the *passage* is a city, a world in miniature" (3). Citing Baudelaire as the first writer to make Paris a subject in its own right, Benjamin suggests that the poetry of place is the opposite of all poetry of the soil; Baudelaire's gaze on the city reflects a profound alienation (21). Citing concern for the rapid modernization of Paris in the works of various authors including Baudelaire and Hugo and Poe, Benjamin suggests that the fantasies of the decline of Paris are a symptom of social reluctance to accept technology. The literary visions of the decline of Paris are bespeak a "gloomy awareness that along with the great cities have evolved the means to raze them to the ground" (97). The idea of the city as the site of cultural identity and memory is easily applicable to all significant sites of heritage, as is the translation of fear and mourning through architecture and its decline or destruction.¹

Pierre Nora's "Between Memory and History," the introduction to the anthology *Lieux de memoire* (1984), touched off the contemporary scholarly boom in memory studies. Nora suggests that in the modern day there are sites of memory because there are

no longer real environments of memory (7). While traditional collective memory resided in what he terms “peasant culture,” this culture fundamentally collapses in the movement toward democratization and mass culture on a global scale (7). Nora is interested in distinguishing between memory and history, but his ideas of collective memory are the foundation of modern approaches. He says, “Memory is a perpetually actual phenomenon, a bond typing us to the eternal present [and . . .] takes root in the concrete, in spaces, gestures, images and objects” (8). These sites of memory are remains or embodiments of a memorial consciousness, and include museums, archives, cemeteries, festivals, monuments—boundary stones of another age, and illusions of eternity (12). The novels presented here make specific and thorough use of sites of individual and collective memory; they are *topoi* with which a profound nostalgia is associated in the modern era.

Nora specifically addresses the role of architecture in memory as well. Relevant here is his distinction between monumental memory-sites and architectural sites alone:

Statues or monuments to the dead, for instance, owe their meaning to their intrinsic existence; even though their location is far from arbitrary, one could justify relocating them without altering their meaning. Such is not the case with ensembles constructed over time, which draw their meaning from the complex relations between their elements: such are mirrors of a world or period, like the cathedral of Chartres or the palace of Versailles.

(22)

Recently there has been an outpouring of work on the former. The ways in which cultural mourning have been expressed in response to the Great War are wide, but tend to center on soldiers and the loss of life. The latter suffers in terms of its emotive importance in the

literary realm. The two types of sites cannot be considered separately—they are, in fact, different constructions that are used to the same purpose in the post-war era.

Two paradigmatic works that discuss the types of studies in memory and public spaces in relation to war are Jay Winter's *War and Remembrance in the Twentieth Century* and *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning*. These works lay out the historical precedence of the culture of memorialization and the shift in approach to dealing with cultural grieving in the wake of the Great War. In *War and Remembrance*, Winter defines "the public" as the group that produces, expresses, and consumes the "bits and pieces of the past" (6). By this definition, writers of all genres who take as their subject the loss and pain of war, either directly or by marginalizing it, contribute to the commemoration of the past. Europe saw "a proliferation of monuments, understood as literary, visual, or physical reminders of twentieth-century warfare . . . most [of which] go beyond state-sponsored triumphalism to the familiar and existential levels were many of the effects of war on the lives of ordinary people reside" (8). Winter argues that although the men and women who contributed to the collective memories of the war and trauma shared personal experiences, grief and mourning, "their decisions to act in public—by creating associations, by writing memoirs, by producing films, by speaking out in a host of [other] ways" brought their private matters into a social framework (9).² As a result, wars, soldiers, and war victims have been memorialized via ceremony, ritual, in stone, in film, in verse, in art; in essence a wide variety of narratives.³

Winter's second book, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning*, (7-8).⁴ Winter's central contention is that the preoccupation of writers, artists, politicians, soldiers and everyday families during this period reflected a backward gaze, one which reflects the

universality of grief and mourning in Europe from 1914 (223). These reflections draw on a complex tradition of linguistic mourning distilled from classical, romantic, and religious forms. The catastrophe of World War one was culturally encoded in three ways: visually, through images of the dead and their return; in prose and poetry, that tended to “see” the dead among the living; socially, in which cultural encoding was expressed through organized social action usually on a local level (225). A close study of the literary texts in the present work will show that the visual and social codes appear as an alternative narrative in post-war fiction to create and express a nostalgia for the conceived and actual spaces that have been rewritten by the trauma of war and modernity, incorporating the three encoded cultural responses in one medium.⁵

J. Hillis Miller’s *Topographies* is to date the pinnacle work of physical landscape and authorial intention. Positing that landscape and cityscape give verisimilitude to novels and poems, Miller claims that topographical setting connects literary works to specific historical and geographical time, which in turn established a cultural and historical setting within which the action of the novel takes place (6-7). There are, of course, different ways within specific works that topography becomes atypical: a place everywhere and nowhere. These differences, of course, are unique to the author; the physical (often incorporated or adapted from a real place) locations, however, are sufficiently detailed in the works examined here to show that topography, and specifically constructions of architecture, function as more than just setting—they are places defined and understood by the experiences they embody or connote. Miller notes that, “Every narrative, without exception . . . traces out in its course an arrangement of places, dwellings, and rooms joined by paths or roads” (10). The reader, in fact,

implicitly maps out these arrangements as they read the novel. While Miller looks at various works in which this mapping occurs, particularly in dialogue with philosophical ideas of culture and location, I assume his argument sufficiently ingrained in literary criticism to use it as a departure point. Rather than look at the actual mapping or narrative structural influence, I connect the specific portrayals of architecture by the authors of this study to a thematic response to modernity. This nostalgic representation relies heavily on the association of architecture and national identity directly from the Victorian tradition and reshapes it in response to the perceived radical cultural break that modernity wrought.⁶

Victorian art criticism and theory permeates the modern novel and offers an intellectual connection to non-traditional artistic production and cultural commemoration. These authors use the architectural space of the home to capture the past of their characters' experience; nostalgic longing for the past and its cultural and economic ways of life dominates the texts. Ruskin's architectural theory and Pater's aesthetic interiors illustrate nineteenth-century ideas of architectural topography and how it embodies British national identity. Constructions of Englishness and modern nostalgia in the twentieth-century stem directly from this tradition.

Mathew Arnold's work in the mid-nineteenth century is a logical point of departure for this study. His work leaves a strong mark on criticism in which the authors in this study were intellectually schooled. Arnold's work, primarily "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" (1865), and *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), shapes the intellectual conception of literary criticism for the moderns. Arnold, followed later by Ruskin, moves from the study of art and aesthetics into society and politics. In "The

Function of Criticism at the Present Time,” Arnold argues that genius can only develop within a structured order of ideas, and this order can only be provided by a criticism whose goal “in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, [is] to see the object as in itself it really is” (3: 261). Arnold believed it was possible to find an area of middle ground between involvement and detachment, arguing that total involvement in the world’s miseries, far from enabling one to see them clearly, deprives one of perspectives that mature with moral poise and intellectual distance. The moderns presented here seek to engage in a social dialogue about the changes inflicted by modernism and particularly the decline ushered in by war. Their struggle to affect a view of the internalization of the war experience through literary mourning is realized through representations of interiors, architectural exteriors, and landscape—specifically the oft eulogized English countryside—and the decline of these socio-cultural centers of Englishness.

While Arnold outlines the fundamentals for the development of literary criticism, the origin of modern memory and mourning comes more specifically out of mid-to late-nineteenth-century art critics and their literature on painting and sculpture. Of these, John Ruskin and Walter Pater, as authorities on nineteenth-century aesthetics, provide the hereditary groundwork for the modern writers in this study. These two art critics lay the foundations for literary mourning in their own works, which explore links between architectural (and interior) expressions of identity in terms of nationalism and nostalgia. Ruskin’s influence on modern literary mourning is primarily in his descriptions of landscape, architecture, and their relation to national identity. Lawrence, Woolf, Ford,

and Waugh incorporate ideas of the contribution of national architecture to a “collective spirit.”

The two main characteristics that thread throughout the body of Ruskin’s writing are memory and architecture.⁷ Ruskin’s *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) addresses the bond between memory and architecture. Initially interested in the tendency of modernity to unite technical and imaginative elements to the detriment of the “purity and simplicity of the reflective,” Ruskin sets out to establish the main principles of architecture as a first of the arts (by which he means the foundations from which everything else rises) (4, 6). His determination of the need for a clear view of these fundamental principles stems from the tendency of materialism to outgrow and overgrow the aged. Ruskin concludes that there are two separate lines of argument when studying the intent (and the moral virtue) of architecture: “one based on representation of the expediency or inherent value of the work, which is often small and always disputable; the other based on proofs of its relations to the higher orders of human virtue . . .” (9). The question of a work’s value, particularly an architectural work, is further developed in relation to its contribution to community memory.

Ruskin’s work is arranged into categories that are specific to his interests. He arranges architecture under five heads: Devotional, which includes all buildings raised for religious honors or services; Memorial, including both monuments and tombs; Civil, including every edifice raised by nations or societies, for the purposes of business or pleasure; Military, including all private and public architecture of defense; and Domestic, which includes every rank and kind of dwelling-place (1). Although Ruskin specifies the usage for architecture in each category, he focuses on existing historical structures. By

the turn of the twentieth century, these divisions become necessarily conflated. For example, devotional buildings can also house memorial and civil sculptures or art; memorial structures are raised with increasing frequency in the twentieth century by the military and the nation for various purposes; and finally, civil buildings are used for all of the other categories in times of necessity. The always-evolving landscape must shift to accommodate both new structures and new intent. Thus modern writers, while familiar with the fundamental architectural theory Ruskin laid out, also saw the changes wrought on the land of England, on its buildings and parks, as part of the modern architectural (both civil and military) response to mourning and memorialization. Their works incorporate the structures on and of landscape as visual referents that speak, that express the pain, loss, and injuries inflicted upon it in the twentieth century.

Ruskin argues for a national duty towards the construction and presentation of monumental and civil architecture to this end. He insists that not a single ornament be included on a civic building without some intellectual intention (334). The reason for this, he states, is that in modern times, the representation of history has been met by difficulty (of expression); an architect using a bold, imaginative treatment and frank use of symbols might vanquish such obstacles to enable the sculpture to become a “grand and expressive element of architectural composition” (334). In other words, it does not matter as much whether the monument or structure is satisfactory as it does how that sculpture communicates or commemorates the historical story it represents. This legacy is a necessary one, as men can benefit those who come after them (as opposed to being able to teach or benefit their contemporaries); Ruskin argues that the greatest glory in a building is in its age, and its sense of voicefulness, even of approval or condemnation,

that one feels in its walls. A nation must attend to its architecture as a tool for instruction and inspiration, as a means of spiritual functionality in the future based on the lessons of the past. This very principle contributes to modernist writers' portrayal of homes, memorials, and city landscapes as powerful narrative elements.

Ruskin views the transmittal of history through architecture as a nation's duty. This is because ". . . of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave" (338). In other words, communication of the past of the importance of one's duty, honor, et cetera, is most powerful from those generations who have come, and struggled, before. The purpose of national/civic monuments is to increase a sense of fellowship amongst a nation's people, to cement a bond of patriotic union, and to confirm their willingness in all things to submit to laws that advance the interest of the community (380). Monuments and memorial structures, which construct the civilian landscape, draw on the nation's past experiences and struggles to unite its people against the common foe—a foe which changes as a nation's government sees fit. The overriding conveyance of patriotic duty and loyalty communicated through architecture is a valuable and important part of a nation's community fabric.

Although the moderns outwardly rejected Ruskin, they embraced Pater's work. In the 1890s and after, modernist writers read Pater on art, form and style. It is from the restrictive politics of Ruskin (and his idea of culture being bound up with national and personal salvation) that Pater and Wilde develop "theories of art to formulations which see modernism's emphases on form, experimentation, and disjunction" (Brake 53, 58). The legacy of childhood memory evolves into a textual way to explore the shared

experience of loss. Walter Pater, inextricably linked to the heritage of art aesthetics to which Ruskin contributed, approaches the incorporation of art and architecture into his essays from a parallax perspective. Like Ruskin, Pater's interest in memory dominates his work, in which he adds portraiture to architecture and a way to translate cultural memory and identity.

Pater opens his "Preface" to *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry* with a direct allusion to Matthew Arnold. Referring to Arnold's "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," Pater cites Arnold's famous phrase: "To see the object as in itself it really is" as a way to enter into his own discussion about art appreciation. Pater claims that seeing the object as it is offers perhaps the most true aim of criticism, and that the first step in aesthetic criticism is to "know one's own impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly" (17). One's impressions are important due to the very nature of the objects with which aesthetic criticism deals; Pater lists these as music and poetry. Linda Dowling explores, in part, the nature of the influence of visual arts analogies for literature during Pater's period. She argues that such analogies, evident from *Marius the Epicurean* to Pater's 1889 essay "Style," most clearly reflect Pater's "larger Aestheticism inheritance from German aesthetic idealism," which prefaces a distinctive stress in idealist aesthetics on the importance of form in beauty (113-114). The aesthetic critic in fact must regard all objects and works of art with which he comes into contact as powers or forces that produce what Pater terms as sensory:

... pleasurable sensations, each of more or less peculiar and unique kind .
.. the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book,
La Gioconda, the hills or Carrara, Pico of Mirandola are valuable ... for

the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. (18)

Pater connects art and architecture to memory, arguing that each individual work—whether it be a portrait, a landscape, or even a literary account of an individual—has the ability to arouse a sense of pleasurable connection unique to that work and the viewer or reader’s impression of that work. The twentieth-century writers presented her use this technique, but juxtapose the emotion it elicits. In their works, interior architecture and art collections draw connections of loss and mourning from the reader.

For Pater, the aesthetic critic’s duty is to “distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the course of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced” (18). In other words, the objects of art convey special meaning to the viewer or reader, and the special meaning must be interpreted to ascertain from whence the sentiment stemmed. The later modern writers incorporate textual descriptions of paintings, sculpture and architecture using the same premise in juxtaposition; art shows, harbors, or commemorates pain and loss instead of pleasure. For example, modernists like Woolf and Joyce use political statuary that mark the London and Dublin landscapes to frame the political discourse they present. Lawrence paints the landscape and human architecture of the Midlands amid industrial corrosion. Ford emphasizes the dismantling of England’s stately homes—the parceling off of paintings, furniture, and art treasures—to show the lack of sentiment for England’s cultural heritage. Waugh uses what he sees as horrifying interpretations of beauty by modern architects to show the scars of modernity on the surface of England itself. The

literary use of works of art, therefore, seek to impose on the reader a sense of Pater's impression, but rather than of pleasure, the markers of modernity cause pain and arouse a sense of nostalgia for what has been lost.

Pater's interest in memory and history also influences the writers presented here. Carolyn Williams' *Transfigured World: Pater's Aesthetic Historicism* explores the pervasive historicism that characterizes Pater's essays. Williams identifies the work of "high-modernism" as one infused with historicism, and includes Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Joyce's *Ulysses*, and Woolf's *Orlando* as illustrative of the discipline of "new literary history." Williams views aestheticism and historicism as:

. . . strategies of epistemological self-consciousness and representation, and as such both offer systematic programs for what to look at and how to look . . . but even more than by virtue of its negative reaction, aesthetic historicism is decidedly post romantic by virtue of its positive and thorough absorption of romantic techniques of self-consciousness. In a fierce yet wistful embrace of necessity, Pater acknowledges from the beginning that the simplest act of perception is an aesthetic act. (2-3)⁸

Williams asserts that both aestheticism and historicism begin with a strict attention to unique particularities of the object—the specific, unrepeatability nature of each event—and both move beyond that intense concentration on particularity towards an uneasiness of form in general (4). Primarily interested in Pater's attention to the comprehensive function of retrospection, she argues that personal memory provides an overarching structure for the "vagrant and evanescent moments of consciousness," a structural

analogy between personal memory and historical retrospection that reaches to the core of Pater's aesthetic historicism (10).

Although their foci are quite diverse, the seeds of literary memory are evident in the work of John Ruskin and Walter Pater through the unique symbolism of architecture, painting, and portraiture. This symbolism provides both an education in the communicative aesthetics of art and a means by which to explore them in literary work. Modern authors, classically educated, enjoyed exposure to these pinnacle works and absorbed, processed, and applied or rejected the same methods in their own works of fiction. The present examination of these authors follows the various manifestations of memory and mourning embedded within the text. Often outside the central narrative yet pressed against the very interior space of the novels, these narratives are explored in works by D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, and Evelyn Waugh. These modernists are able to explore the pervading sense of melancholy and loss shared by a nation in apathetic shock after the Great War. Although the various manifestations of Ruskin and Pater in the works of D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, and Evelyn Waugh are diverse, they show the development of a nostalgia that relies heavily on the connections between architecture and national identity. The moderns, in response to their surroundings, found a variety of ways to paint the modern landscape to accommodate the sense of nostalgia that pervaded the 1920s and set the tone for a more grim and politically oriented literary body in the 1930s.

The first chapter, "The Domestic Ravages of War: D.H. Lawrence and the Home Front," examines the way in which the industrial post-war era intersects with architecture and social space in the work of D.H. Lawrence. Ruskin's ideas of public architecture and

national identity pervade Lawrence's work, particularly in descriptions of the domestic postwar landscape. It considers portrayals of homes and landscapes of rural England in *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The Virgin and the Gypsy* as well as Lawrence's early short stories. Lawrence uses architecture and landscape, particularly the unhealthy changes to these, to reflect what he sees as a general decline brought about by modernity. For Lawrence, modernity is embodied by the mechanization and deadening of society through mass production. The disease of modernity spreads itself across the Midlands and rural England, suffocating the last vestiges of wholesome country life—a life pure and free from the corruption of industrialization. Lawrence's works emphasize the crushing of England's spirit through the ugly transformation of its landscape and buildings.

Chapter Two, "Woolf and the Familial Structure of Mourning," focuses on how the Victorian conception of nostalgia is transformed in the post-WWI novels of Virginia Woolf. Pater's interiors and aesthetic responses influence Woolf's portrayals of family homes and mourning. Using *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, *The Waves* and *Carlyle's House and Other Sketches*, I highlight Woolf's use of interiors to express emptiness, displacement, and pain reflective of a fragmented post-war culture. I situate Woolf's reflection of modern mourning in the disruption of the familial structure. For Woolf, the effects of modernity are a permanent and devastating rent with the past; the Great War, which hovers in the margins of all her fiction, shatters the security of familial life and cultural identity. The loss of sons, represented in each of her major novels, is a cultural experience shared by all families who sacrificed in the name of

England. The empty spaces and neglected objects of the familial center form nostalgic sites of memory for her characters.

The third chapter, “Ford Madox Ford and the Dismantling of England,” examines the physical and emotional dismantling of English culture in Ford’s tetralogy *Parade’s End* as a chronicle of the demise of English heritage through the physical destruction of its homes and gardens. Faulting neither war nor modernity but rather the faithlessness of the Englishman to his cultural heritage, Ford traces the downfall of respectability in the modern era. In a satirical and often conflicting portrayal of Englishness, Ford’s characters situate their national identity in their architectural interiors and their landscapes, both of which suffer mauling and irreparable harm through the violence of modernity. Ford’s most famous character Christopher Tietjens, the last true gentleman in a rapidly modernizing culture, eventually rejects all hope of living a respectable life in society and retreats to the country. Not only does he reject his title and hereditary estate, but he turns his love and knowledge of antique English furnishings into a profitable enterprise—he goes into trade, stripping England’s stately homes and selling its heritage to wealthy Americans after the war. The fragmenting of England’s cultural inheritance is reflected in its rapidly disappearing interiors.

The fourth chapter, “The English Country House and Evelyn Waugh: Mourning Modernity,” explores Waugh’s blend of Ruskinian architectural criticism and conception of national identity with Paterian nostalgia and interiors. Waugh’s use of domestic architecture is presented in two distinct stages. The early novels, represented by examples from *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, and *A Handful of Dust*, reflect a disdain for the Bauhaus style modernizations, largely represented by the defacing of stately homes with

chrome modifications. Hereditary homes are viewed as fiscal encumbrances and abandoned for the comforts of urban residences and modern luxuries. They are sold and hideously transfigured, or adapted to more practical usages. Waugh's later, more nostalgic works, represented here by *Put Out More Flags* and *Brideshead Revisited*, use architecture to both mourn the decline of English culture. The homes in these works are neglected and viewed as archaic burdens. They are occupied by armies, sold and divided into flats, and defaced in a variety of other ways. Waugh reveres the memory of the English country house in the later novels as the last vestiges of English heritage, and mourns the neglect of these cultural sites in the modern world.

The conclusion highlights the ways in which these modernist writers craft a collective mourning within their texts through architectural referents. It points to the legacy of architecture and memory in post-modern writers like Kazuo Ishiguro and Penelope Lively, who continue to develop the signifiers of cultural landscape to explore history, memory, and mourning. Finally, the conclusion points to the communicative properties of English interiors in a post-colonial writer, Tayeb Salih, who addresses colonial identities as intertwined with English interior topographies.

Overall, the field of literary nostalgia is both diverse and rich. A generation profoundly affected by the Great War, the moderns could not separate the tragedy of the war and of modernism from their work. Each of the authors presented in this study seeks to create topoi of nostalgia through narratives that heavily intertwine manifestations of architecture and identity. Their familiarity with and imbued use of architectural spaces draws directly from the Victorian tradition and aesthetic, and the connection between architecture and cultural identity is strong in their works. By looking at the ways in which

each author uses domestic space to reflect mourning, one sees a pattern that securely joins the moderns to both their literary predecessors and their inheritors.

¹ This study began with the idea of “collective memory,” which comes from French sociologist Maurice Halbwachs’s work. He produced two major works on memory, *The Social Frameworks of Memory* (1925) and the posthumously published *The Collective Memory*. In these, Halbwachs develops a partly experiential, partly literary-critical base for his idea that individual memory can only be recalled in the social framework within which it is constructed. He distinguishes (collective) memory from (historical) recollection: memory is considered continuous, unbroken, and always available, whereas recollection is defined as the act of recovering that which has been forgotten. For Halbwachs, collective memory maintains the lived experience of individuals within groups because individuals cannot reflect on their experiences without referring to a shared context. His ideas, as well as those of other scholars doing similar work, have been tenuously argued over for decades by academics. Here, architecture is a shared context through which collective memory of the past is embodied in the modern British novel.

² Winter also points to German art historian Aby Warburg’s theory of social memory. Warburg went beyond *Geistesgeschichte* (a school of thought) by directly concerning himself with the transmission of ancient forms and motifs to Renaissance art, noting that the task of social memory is “through renewed contact with the monuments of the past” (quoted in Winter, 21). The object is encountered and transmitted through the creative work of the artist or scholar; the artists embed their sensitivity or message in the artifacts they create, and it then becomes accessible to a larger, consuming audience. Warburg set

up a library as a laboratory of memory, to serve as “a collection of documents relating to the psychology of human expression” (22). This experiment, drawing on all the resources of all disciplines, exemplifies the essence of *Kulturwissenschaft*, a part-positivist, part-romantic mediation on the explosive power of works of art (22). To Warburg, the memory of images constituted social memory because a work of art is the result of a collaboration of individuals, and thus a symbol that does not allow for the separation of form and content. He viewed art history as the study of the style and meaning of artifacts created in specific historical periods, reflecting essentially and expression of *Geistespolitik*, or the politics of the spirit of an age (22). Winter reinforces this idea by defining “remembrance” specifically, and differently, than previous terms relating to collective or shared memory. Identifying groups of “survivors” with social and experiential bonds as “fictive kin,” Winter classifies their activity of “remembrance,” i.e., the construction of the narrative as a liminal contribution that occupies and flourishes in the space between individual memory and the national theatre of collective memory choreographed by social and political leaders (41).

³ As Winter’s detailed notes explicate, the “iconography and social geography” of Great War memorials are well established (see footnote 37 on p. 55). A direct example of this Winter provides in several pages devoted to Käthe Kollwitz and her response to her son Peter’s death in the Great War. Kollwitz’s art prominently foregrounded historical and epic themes, often familial in scope and emblematic of collective suffering. Winter recounts Kollwitz’s desire from early in the Great War to create a war memorial for her son and his generation. Although the sketches for the monument began as two parents holding their dead son, eventually the son became detached and disappeared. The end

result is two separate sculptures of two parents unable to console each other, on their knees in grief. Entitled “The Grieving Parents,” the sculptures look out on the soldiers buried in Vladslo, mourning for this lost generation. Rather than focus on one family’s loss, the memorial emphasizes how much more terrible the loss of so many young men proved; although individual losses were mourned by families, this loss was one shared by most families who were united in grief. Winter uses this example to illustrate what he terms “fictive kinship,” which is the widening of kinship bonds [from 1914 on] through a process of informal or figurative adoption (59). Winter nods to the wide array of work by historians on the iconography and social geography of war memorials to the 1914-1918 conflict, choosing to emphasize instead how these forms of official commemoration grew from a rich tapestry of cultural mourning in unofficial forms.

⁴ Although Winter decries the idea of this work being a comprehensive study of Great War mourning in Europe, limiting himself to Britain, France, and Germany, he does suggest that his international comparatives are valuable because they reveal convergences in the experience of loss and the search for meaning in all combatant countries (11). . . . Again using the idea of “fictive kinship” to categorize community efforts to commemorate their losses, Winter offers some remarks on the ways commemoration and mourning were inextricably bound after the Great War. While war memorials serve as collective symbols, i.e., symbols that represent the loss of many rather than the glorification of an individual or cause, commemoration by families, through the preservation of possessions and photographs (as personal signatures of the dead), also served as commemoration on a more intimate level (50-51). This intimate level is

highlighted in post-war texts that marginalize the war dead, and serves as an alternative narrative of grief and the struggle to preserve memory.

Winter devotes a chapter to war memorials as foci of rituals, rhetoric, and bereavement ceremonies, pointing out that the significance of this aspect of memorials has been overlooked by scholars in this field. Traditionally, attention to war memorials centers on the embodiment of political ideas or justifications of the call to arms by glorification of the cause. Winter also notes that art and architectural historians have contributed to a general understanding of character and form of war memorials as objects of public sculpture (78-79). Citing the historical centrality of war memorials to European culture, from the Acropolis to the Arc de Triomphe, Winter asserts that despite their importance as symbols of national pride, they also carry a meaning as much existential as artistic or political for the generation that lived through the trauma of World War One. More than just commemorative art, memorials were sites where people grieved both individually and collectively. Memorials inhabit three distinctive spaces that Winter delineates and explores in this work: scattered over the home front before 1918; in postwar churches and civic sites in the decade following the Armistice; and third, in war cemeteries (79). Winter's work builds an understanding of how communities mourning together during and after the Great War.

⁵ *Modernism and Mourning*, edited by Patricia Rae, explores the recent and ongoing preoccupation with mourning as a way of revisiting literature produced between the First and Second World Wars. Rae points out that the "work of mourning," or more precisely the resistance to the work of mourning, played a central role in the literature of the interwar era, contributing to the themes and formalist experiments of this medium (13).

However, she attributes the value of the essays in this collection to the exploration of the phenomenon of the resistance to mourning in literary modernism. In fact, the current study will show that mourning enjoyed not only attention from canonical writers, but that this attention diverged from traditional narrative form. It blossomed during the post-war era in response to the variety of trauma and grief expressed both individually and culturally. Rae does acknowledge that the terms modern and modernist are no longer synonymous, and that “modernist mourning,” as she defines it, is a category shift in meant to reflect the recent institutionalization of the field of modernist studies (15). The scope of this field is interdisciplinary and international, taking art and literature produced between the First and Second World Wars into historical and discursive context (15). Rae too distinguishes between kinds of mourning that other theorists and critics have explored, including Benedict Anderson and Judith Butler, such as public mourning encouraged by the state. Rae’s collection is primarily interested in linking the ways in which literary mourning can affect a contemporary reflection of tragedies like 9/11. The premise of a shared cultural expression of mourning, however, is relevant to the current study.

Paul Fussell’s seminal work *The Great War and Modern Memory* set the standard twenty years ago for investigations into memory relating to war. Fussell’s work is restricted to the British experience on the Western Front from 1914-1918 and the way that experience has been memorialized, conventionalized, and mythologized in literary works (ix). He freely acknowledges that although the contemporary idea of “the Great War” is, for better or worse, primarily based on the images of the French and Belgian trenches; it is this area his explores, largely ignoring the Mediterranean and Asian

theaters as well as air and naval warfare. Fussell focuses on the craft of literature, its intersections with real-life experience, and the political and historical overtones that characterize much of Great War literature. Particularly interested in the use of satire, myth, and the creative process involved in the communication of the war experience, Fussell's work is limited by the examination of soldier combatants; it completely excludes home front literature and non-literary art. While these deficiencies have fueled two decades of scholarship on the oversights in Fussell's work, the present text aspires to streamline the cross-sections from interdisciplinary studies of the Great War and to contribute a new perspective in the reading of home front literature that sought to contextualize and represent the sense of public loss and mourning in its works.

Julia Kristeva's *Black Sun: Depression and Melancholia* (1989) also engages in the discussion of trauma in literature. Although this study is specifically interested in exploring varying forms of depression, Kristeva does address some basic principles that are applicable to the type of mourning studied here. She writes that literary creation is the output of the body's witnessing types of trauma. Literature reproduces the testimony of experience, transposing affect into signs and forms (22). These symbolic forms become communicable imprints of an affective reality that are perceptible to the reader (22). Addressing the century of violence that contributes to the experience of trauma and expression, Kristeva outlines a crisis of representation. In literature and art, value is located in the invisibility of the crisis, affecting the "identity of persons, morals, religion, or politics" (222); crises of signification exist in the illogicality and silence of literature. In the context of the modern novel, the effects of war trauma manifest in the silence of

characters (or an author's direct attention to the war) or the "illogical" disappearance of homes, characters, and cultural ways of life.

⁶ The Victorians' fascination with memory, propelled by the development of technological mediums like photography and journalism, contributed to the development of a cultural nostalgia. The development of photography and continued through the advent of cinema to reshape the ways in which memory and image were culturally transmitted. Natalie Houston's article "Reading the Victorian Souvenir: Sonnets and Photographs of the Crimean War" presents the rise of cultural memorialization in the mid-nineteenth century. While she give a thorough treatment of the Victorian sonnet, which tended to "focus on descriptions of landscape and especially scenes of travel; portraits of famous people, friends, and family; moral or political reflections on specific events or issues; and moments from everyday life" (353), Houston also makes a strong argument for the advent of war in textual cultural memory. She begins by citing William Davies's 1873 essay, in which Davies concisely expresses the two main functions of the sonnet form underlying all popular Victorian subgenres as description and memorialization (353). Houston goes on to read the Victorian sonnet and Victorian poetry as analogous technologies of representation, arguing that the modernity of the Victorian sonnet enables us to read it like a photograph, or a commodified moment of perception (354).

Houston draws specifically from texts and discourse surrounding the Crimean War, which she posits can be understood as the first truly modern British war, despite the chivalric conduct and pomp of its officers. Houston rightly suggests that the Crimean War became a "grand national spectacle" that was observed through Russell's report

writing, and the audience became involved in that war although some had no direct personal ties to the soldiers (354). In response to the rapid increase of public interest, British poets and artists fashioned a great amount of patriotic work dealing with the Crimean conflict. The popularity of media coverage increased the numbers of people who wanted to remember momentous public events, and photography and poems prompted a shift in the work of cultural memory from public institutions (the statue and the museum) to private space and practices (the scrapbook) (370). Most significant to this work is Houston's groundbreaking work in the area of war and public mourning/experience. Although this essay focuses on the channeling of public spectacle into private experience, the public discourse of war and memory is certainly relevant and important as the foundation of similar and expanded instances that accompany the Great War and post-war fiction.

⁷ As Peter Nicholls posits, despite Ruskin's ensconced position in the visual arts, his reputation has declined in literary Modernism (*Ruskin and Modernism* xi). In part this has been deemed a natural reaction to Ruskin's "virtual dictatorship of more than thirty years" (xii); Nicholl's collection of essays concentrates on the way Ruskin's influence exerts itself in the interstitial realm between writing and the visual arts (xiii). He points out that despite a "shared cultural amnesia" amongst modernist writers for whom the relation to Ruskin was conflicted and awkward, his influence is evident in the coloration of the modernist way of thinking about aesthetics (xiv). This influence is but one among several: the Modernists' fascination with myth echoed Ruskin's; Ruskin's historical sense offers a powerful model for modernist readings of the past; Ruskin's preoccupation with

cultural heritage and personal memory is frequently echoed in the aesthetic of the new century (xv). The modernist writers here make plentiful use of these influences.

⁸ “Both begin in skepticism, questioning the very possibility of knowledge, and both turn that epistemological doubt against itself in a dialectical revision of the grounds of knowledge. In this respect, Pater’s aesthetic historicism is in the mainstream of the Victorian reaction against romanticism and the consequent attempt to reconstruct a sense of objectivity” (3).

CHAPTER 1

THE DOMESTIC RAVAGES OF WAR: D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE HOME FRONT

For D.H. Lawrence, modernity and total war is the penultimate manifestation of humanity's self-destruction. The Great War was a colossal waste of resources and life; this apathy for the useless misdirection of man's energies surfaces in Lawrence's novels in a variety of forms. Lawrence's body of fiction shows, in myriad ways, an overarching theme of juxtaposed despair and rejuvenation. He centers the evils of modernism in the decline of rural England, a victim of industrialization and all its dehumanizing accoutrements. Stephania Michalucci rightly argues that "Lawrence's social criticism, the vehement denunciation of industrial degradation, mechanical work and plutocracy which pervades all his works" clearly echo Ruskin (189). Although Lawrence is notoriously difficult to work on because he saw many contradicting sides to the problem of modernity and civilization, his work reflects a disdain for modern industrialization and its effects on the life of the common man—including the outbreak of international war, whose underlying cause is a power struggle for the natural resources of the African colonies.

Lawrence's novels are full of mourning for simple life. He views war as a manifestation of modernity and industrialization. His characters lament the blitz of destructive forces that accompany modernity and search for meaning outside the present,

turning back to the idealistic primitivism in which Lawrence saw a hope for the salvation of modern man. His body of literature is prolific with reference to the burden of war and memory. Lawrence's fiction echoes the earlier work by Matthew Arnold; in fact, they share a similar concern for the mechanization of the modern world. In *Culture and Anarchy*, Arnold concentrates on the function of the individual within a newly developing industrial "mass" society. Arnold argues that the point of culture is the study and pursuit of perfection, of which beauty and intelligence are the main characteristics (48-49). It is clear, he says, that culture, rather than being a frivolous and useless thing, has a very important function in the modern world, a world which is to a much greater degree than ever before is mechanical and external (33).

Arnold's interest lies in the disjointed adjustment of contemporary society, the *unharmonious* development of human nature during its rapid industrial expansion (and its acclimatization to the institutional changes that resulted from that development). The rapid industrialization of England is also a preoccupation for modernist D.H. Lawrence, who sees the representation of the individual and memory devastated by total war. The integration of industry and technology was not smooth, but rather clashed with traditional and often pastoral English life. Modern literature reflects this struggle to adapt and/or resist the rocky transition.

Despite his contemporariness with canonical modern writers like Joyce and Woolf, his work occupies a distinctly different space, often examined by scholars from a perspective of sexuality.¹ Yet in addition to Lawrence's predilections for intrinsic human sexuality, all of Lawrence's work bears the imprint of the war in some way. This chapter investigates the means by which Lawrence presents the social effects of the war;

England's rural places are sites of nostalgia for a bygone era. Unlike his contemporaries, Lawrence focuses intently on the human (or psychological) aspect of the post-war landscape. For Lawrence, the changed landscape includes people of all social classes, as well as the mines, villages, churches, and the birds and trees that are part of their environment. It is the combination of these elements in the domestic landscape that paint a full and grim picture of the shades of life irrevocably altered by the destructiveness of the war. Expressions of mourning in Lawrence's works begin with an idealized nostalgia for the past and the frustrated confusion of modernity evident in his early novels. Much of the architectural description is laden with Ruskinian influence and privileges the sanctity of past glory over the productivity and advancements of modernity. Moving throughout his stories and later novels, the larger issues of domestic recovery become more central, and Lawrence consistently advocates a philosophy of complete cultural reformation through his characters' rejection of industrialized modernity.

Lawrence has enjoyed a recent resurgence in attention related to the Great War. Among the many scholarly works,² Sarah Cole's *Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* devotes a full chapter to Lawrence and the aftermath of war. Citing the central focus of the essential problems of war—loss, injury, mourning, and death—as occupying a critical place in British life during the 1920s, Cole links this dominant focal point to its Victorian roots (185).³ While Cole's chapter focuses on Lawrence's fascination with and responses to the uncomfortable territory of post-war male friendship, it makes remarkable strides on the subject of Lawrence and the First World War in other ways as well. She argues for the need to shift the conception of Lawrence's work from its current place into the focus of a wider cultural panorama: a landscape marked by war.⁴

As Anne Fernihough has noted, Lawrence's view of modernity must be viewed in terms of the German philosophical tradition in which he was versed, a tradition described by Fernihough as "the romantic anti-capitalism and anti-technology" prevalent in Germany both before and after the Great War (3). This influence is central to Lawrence's view of modernity and his privileging of the pre-industrial, rural purity over the moral corruption of modernity. While Lawrence sees the problems characterizing pre-war industrialization and society as an inevitable outbreak of war, he continues to engage in expressions of social problems that resulted or continued after the war. The recent volume entitled *Modernism and Mourning* also devotes space to Lawrence; Marlene A. Briggs' essay, "D.H. Lawrence, Collective Mourning, and Cultural Reconstruction after World War I," explores what she terms the author's "extensive analyses of postwar social problems" (198). The attention Lawrence gives to the affective, political and religious implications of the war encompasses fiction, nonfiction, and poetry.

Lawrence articulates an agenda for cultural reconstruction, privileging a social restructuring over economic returns, and articulating a textually tangible mourning that laments the onslaught of modernity and all its accoutrements. Lawrence merits renewed attention, Julia Briggs suggests, as a "modern thinker alert to the complex facets of collective loss after historical trauma" because he highlights the cultural work of mourning as a critical component of social regeneration after massive violence (198-99). In Lawrence, mourning is an important part of the regenerative process. From *The Rainbow* to the posthumously published *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, Lawrence's fiction deals with the facets of mourning and recovery after the Great War in terms of the

domestic landscape: the physical terrain, including both natural and man-made landscape (architecture), and the lives of the people living on the land.

Most writers of the 1920s were preoccupied with finding ways to express the horror and trauma of the Great War. Cole categorizes this attraction as an “incessant rewriting and reconceptualizing of the ways that exhaustively exhorted readers to assimilate and internalize and experience that was manifestly inconceivable for non-combatants” (191). Rebecca West’s *Return of the Soldier* (1918) is one of many works that explores shell-shock on a decommissioned soldier, a popular approach to war fiction. Other modern writers like Woolf also developed symbolic language to communicate and render the condition of these returning men. In all ways, the post-war years saw a dramatic concern with the state of these men in society; different writers approach their presence in different ways, but all of them integrate the fracturing of clear class strata. Other writers take different approaches in representing the war; they are concerned with domestic spaces and effects resulting from the war. Lawrence, particularly adept at sketching realistic characters from the working classes, highlights the post-war social and economic stasis that pervaded England. John Worthen credits Lawrence as the first to grasp the importance of the historical moment in culture, consciousness, and modern memory: the war damaged his belief in his country and his age (150). The war changed the way Lawrence viewed the past, and his sense of nostalgia for the “beautiful, wonderful past” generates a sense of community that sustains him (166).⁵

It is essential to understand how Lawrence viewed war in the context of modernity—he linked them inextricably as an evil that threatened the integrity of English life. Lawrence’s novel *Kangaroo* (1923), accepted as a thinly disguised autobiography of

Lawrence's time in Australia, articulates the author's views of the war. In Chapter XII, "The Nightmare," the narrator introduces very specific vocabulary to address to conflict. Phrases like the "sudden presence of murder in the air . . . an old spirit, waiting for vengeance" highlight the domestic bullying and criminal living spirit he holds responsible for the moral decay of the country. Lawrence writes:

From 1916-1919 a wave of criminal lust rose and possessed England, there was a reign of terror, under a set of indecent bullies . . . [and when returning soldiers] came back covered with outward glory and inward shame, then there was the price to pay . . . the years when the world lost its real manhood. (215-17)

Lawrence equates the primal inevitability of war as something criminal, like a disease that infects an entire people. Those who embrace the jingoism, the national causes espoused, and the political justifications of the war see nothing wrong with the change in social behavior. Yet the years of fervent militarism, for Lawrence, subvert the humanity and livelihood of man. The pressure applied on those who rejected the rhetoric of war, like the author, suppressed the rights of the individual in England. Lawrence sees the war as an emasculating social experience both individually and collectively.

The aftermath of recovery became an era in which "the industrialism and commercialism of England, with which patriotism and democracy became identified . . . insult a man and hit him pleasantly across the mouth" (217). Lawrence saw the end of civilization in the war:

It was in 1915 the old world ended. In the winter 1915-1916 the spirit of the old London collapsed; the city, in some way, perished, perished from

being a heart of the world, and became a vortex of broken passions, lusts, hopes, fears, and horrors. The integrity of London collapsed, and the genuine debasement began, the unspeakable baseness of the press and the public voice, the reign of that bloated ignominy, *John Bull* . . . We hear so much of the bravery and horrors at the front. Brave the men were, all honour to them. It was at home the world was lost. We hear too little of the collapse of the proud human spirit at home, the triumph of sordid, rampant, raging meanness. “The bite of a jackal is blood-poisoning and mortification.” And at home stayed all the jackals, middle-aged, male and female jackals. And they bit us all. And blood-poisoning and mortification set in. (220-21)

Lawrence’s exemption from active duty allowed him to view the domestic front as a landscape fraught with despair and hardship—he is a witness to the physical decline of England. He sought ways to symbolize the moral and spiritual decay and abandonment of humanity that he attributed to modern civilization in the landscape and architecture of his fiction. Lawrence’s work also delves into other aspects of architecture and culture not related to the war.⁶

The intellectual inheritance of Ruskin in Lawrence’s work has been well explored, and the connections between landscape and architecture are relevant here.⁷ Lawrence named his first travel book *Twilight in Italy*, which sounds like an allusion to Ruskin’s *Mornings in Florence*. Machelucci argues that the contrast between the works is significant: Ruskin celebrates Florence as a great center of Christianity and culture, linking the city’s blossoming to the opportunities existent in contemporary London.

Lawrence, on the other hand, sees the journey south into Italy as one descending into a decadence rapidly enhanced by mechanization. While Ruskin finds in Christianity a great spiritual force that is poised to revitalize European culture, Lawrence attributes responsibility for the presence of decadence in Europe to this very force (Machelucci 187). Yet both men see in art and architecture the expression of man at his finest; Ruskin sees spirituality in Florence, while Lawrence sees the houses, monuments, paintings and statues as a reflection of the human impulse to glorify earthly beauty and man's creativity (187). Both men emphasize the importance of the community and the shared expression, not individual genius, as the spirit of place.

The Rainbow, published in 1915, does not reveal obvious undertones of the war in its story. Yet it is a destructive work, filled with connections between individual human cruelty and the international conflict of war (Wussow 21). In his personal correspondence, Lawrence explains the correlation between the characters in *The Rainbow* and the First World War, saying that although the novel was all written before the war, he knew that the shadow of war hung over it. The ontological questions Lawrence attends to in *The Rainbow* stem from the concerns of social life that dominate the "modern world," including the expansion of suburbs into the countryside, technological progress destabilizing social tenants, gender roles being radically reconstructed, and the rise of materialism over spirituality (Sanderson 198). Lawrence frames the invasion of modernity and corruption largely in architectural terms in this first novel. Ruskin is mentioned several times in the text itself, and his literary style pervades the descriptive passages of cathedrals and religious art that characterize the novel as one concerned with the aesthetics of spiritual faith.⁸ Lawrence's Ruskinian interest in art,

religious painting, and churches is initially separate from the devastation of the war, but comes to represent a reverence for the collective creativity of the past that is lost or subverted by the mechanization of modernity.

Will Brangwen is an avid admirer of churches and church architecture; reading Ruskin has stimulated in him an interest in medieval building and art (Lawrence 107). His fragmentary, half-inarticulate speech about “church after church, of nave and chancel and transept, of rood-screen and font, of hatchet-carving and moulding and tracery . . .” carries young Anna away (107). She is thrilled by Will’s knowledge and interest in such things, and through his eyes she sees the landscape in a new light. His enduring fascination with illuminated books and works of paintings in churches in Italy, England, France and Germany, however, becomes a type of competing emotional force with his wife, who eventually resents the power that the beauty of art holds over her husband: “She too was overcome, but silenced rather than tuned to the [cathedral]. She loved it as a world not quite her own, she resented his transports and ecstasies. His passion in the cathedral at first awed her, then made her angry” (193). Will instead passes on his reverence for medieval architecture to his young daughter Ursula. Giving attention to the local gems of architecture in the English countryside serves as a contrast to the urban sprawl that the author (and various characters) sees as a poison.

Traveling with his young wife to London on occasion, Will marvels as he thinks of how England’s early settlers had evolved into a people that built up and created the massive thoroughfares of Oxford Street and Piccadilly. He thinks of London as a “ponderous, massive, ugly superstructure of a world of man upon a world of nature! It frightened and awed him. Man was terrible, awful in his works” (184). The city is

represented as an awful creation that is at odds with its natural environment and strangles the beauty out of the natural (pre-developed) landscape. The modern world is a great mass of activity that holds no attraction to Will; he lives only for Anna and his children, and searches himself for something else, something more that can give him absolute being.

Ursula's relationship with churches is less aesthetic than her father's; she admires the mystery of the architecture of the church, and feels "as if the church itself were a shell that still spoke the language of creation" (265). Yet she does not harbor the same reverence for the sanctity and peace of the cathedral, viewing it as a sort of isolated, magical world which offers a haven from the grim reality of outer life. It also offers her a place in which she can explore the physicality of her attraction to the young Strebenky; Ursula is initiated into love in the darkened aisles of the church. Ultimately, however, Ursula adopts the same view of modern architecture that her father holds, one of disgust and disappointment.

Lawrence's integration of architecture in the spiritual governance of humanity underscores his views of modernity and war. One example of this is when the Brangwens move out of the house the family shared. Ursula's things are left behind, the parents irked at her marrying Birkin with one day's notice. As she and Gudrun go to pick up her things, they feel quite strongly against what they term, "The little grey home in the west" (374). Birkin terms the Beldover house a ghostly situation, to which Gudrun dissents, arguing that, "These houses don't have ghosts—they've never had any personality, and only a place with personality can have a ghost" (374). The home is not old or a part of the land.

It is without personality because it is modern, useful rather than sentimental. The family easily abandons it.

The house also represents the traditional conformity of familial structure that Gudrun and Ursula rebel against. The house echoes the violence of the rift in the Brangwen family; it is hollow, not a vessel of cheerful family moments but rather the most recent battlefield. The idea of a home, of not being free to move at a whim to the continent or other, more exciting locals is like death to Gudrun and to Ursula in a lesser extent. They both reject the idea of conventionality in favor of the unknown, which is subject to the will of the individual. This particular break with a traditional social tie is not one Lawrence deems a harmful effect of modernity, but rather a necessary breach in order to be free to explore what each character desires for themselves.

Another way Lawrence addresses the intertwining of architecture, social landscape, and the relation of art to war is in the forthright discussion of the function of art between Gudrun and Loerke. The artist is commissioned to do a large exterior frieze for a factory in Cologne. The frieze, to be executed in granite, is a representation of a fair, “with peasants and artisans in an orgy of enjoyment, drunk and absurd in their modern dress, whirling ridiculously in roundabouts, gaping at shows, kissing and staggering and rolling in knots . . . a frenzy of chaotic motion” (423). The fair is a community event steeped in rural tradition—a heritage that is the center of English country life—the suggestion of hedonistic abandon, peasants and artisans in a frenzy of chaotic motion, privileges the sensual and earthy living that Lawrence so frequently emphasizes as “real life.” Yet it is almost artificially imposed on a structure built for mass production, a fusion of the old and the new.

The decoration is not freestanding; it must be understood as a part of the structural whole. Loerke explains that the frieze is part of the whole architecture of the factory:

Sculpture and architecture must go together. The day for irrelevant statues, as for wall pictures, is over. As a matter of fact sculpture is always part of an architectural conception, and since churches are all museum stuff, since industry is our business, now, then let us make our places of industry our art—our factory-area our Parthenon—ecco!” (424)

This is an important explication of Lawrence’s view of the function of art in the modern age, which echoes Ruskin’s meditations on the same subject. Freestanding statuary is meaningless without a context; working in conjunction with its environment, however, a sculpture can take on additional layers of meaning or become part of that environment. Churches are filled with statues that illuminate the history of Christianity, and that usually commemorate saints who have dedicated and often literally given their lives for their beliefs. The influence of industry has supplanted religion in modern man—as such, Loerke’s exhortation to “make our places of industry our art” suggests that commerce has surpassed spirituality in England.

Loerke believes that the realities of modernity need not be so visually unappealing. He argues for an integration of art and industry that would stave off the crushing of art and creative expression by the rapid mechanization of society. Loerke’s idea is that “Art should *interpret* industry, as art once interpreted religion” (424). Yet Loerke sees work as the only important aspect of modernity, saying that there is nothing but work. His frieze of the fair is showing man “fulfilling the counterpart of labour—the machine works him, instead of he the machine” (242). As Ursula points out, there must be more to life than

work. Loerke, however, is absorbed by the permeation of industry in modern life—he cannot see beyond it. Therefore, while his ideas are interesting, they are not a solution to the peaceful integration of art, architecture, and modernity. Lawrence does not suggest a space in which the two can coexist and harmonize their production, but rather a return to individualism that rejects the atmosphere of modernity and mechanic stagnation.

Loerke's lecture echoes some of Ruskin's views on the duties of national architecture. Ruskin believes that the point of our knowledge of the past is to profit from it, or to draw strength or patience from it. In *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, he outlines the two duties of national architecture as rendering of contemporary architecture historical and preserving past ages (324-25). Ruskin's Sixth Lamp of Architecture is memory; he writes: "for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings; and this partly as they are, with such a view, built in a more stable manner, and partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning" (325). For Ruskin, national and civil architecture (as well as domestic architecture, discussed below) transmit historical memory. National architecture functions as a history book for a country's citizens; they represent the inspiration, or memorialize the causes, for which a nation's people struggle.

This function is not limited to the physical structures themselves, but also to the details of decoration. The sculptural and decorations on public buildings or monuments, "afford a means of expressing, either symbolically or literally, all that need be known of national feeling or achievement" (333). They present eternal (until they are removed/destroyed) visual reminders for their causes. National sentiment is called to mind, for example, every time a monument arrests an individual's attention. Public

ceremonies make use of monuments and memorial structures to remind the public of why they go to war and struggle against religious or political oppression. Thus Loerke's design attempts to blend tradition with modern industry. Because Lawrence leaves this specific discussion without follow up—aside of suggesting the Loerke is an out of touch and misunderstood modern artist—one can only speculate whether or not this fusion of industry and art is feasible progress or artistic expression gone awry.

The Boer War substitutes for the Great War in the text—it allows Lawrence to portray irrational illusions about war, partially in architectural terms and setting, through Ursula's experience. Her lover Strebensky is an engineer in the army corps; when the war comes, he sees going off to war as an adventure, saying that “. . . it would be exciting. If there were a war I would want to go” (298). Ursula attempts to understand the point of going to war, of building railways and bridges that will only be pulled down again; the rapid and temporary constructions are not meant to last, to be part of the land on which they sit. She likens these preparations to a game. To Strebensky, fighting is the most serious business there is—it supercedes concerns about the environment, the need for other buildings, and any civil or social concerns connected to armed conflict. Ursula does not see the “greater cause” and observes, “. . . when you're dead it doesn't matter anymore” (298). To Ursula, nothing that happens in Africa matters to her or her love affair; she, like Lawrence, sees the individual life as more important than national honor, politics, and the economy. Strebensky lectures her on the importance of fighting for the nation, his duty as a citizen to fight the nation's fights; he makes no distinction between what he wants and what the nation's government decides is necessary. This first

conversation ends with mutual exasperation and is revisited when war is declared and Strebensky ships out.

To Strebensky, the war is a necessary evil. He sends Ursula a box of chocolates and goes about his duties in enthusiastic submission. Yet he too is bothered by the war, and his disillusionment by the reality of the war is total: "At the bottom of his heart his self, the soul that aspired and had true hope of self-effectuation lay as dead, still-born, a dead weight in his womb" (315). The war forces him to put his life, his career, and his love on hold; the language here suggests it even aborts his life. He must balance his desire to be with Ursula against his belief that his own needs are unimportant in the face of the nation's call. He views himself as "just a brick in the whole great social fabric, the nation, the modern humanity," and he must subvert his entirely subsidiary personal movements (315). Strebensky sees the war effort in terms of an important building under construction; each brick is needed to bear its allotted weight in the whole. He too struggles with the idea of the highest good of the community, unable to see that this ideal is no longer the highest good of even the average individual (316). He submits to this ideal and his sense of duty, overcome by a sort of nullity, while Ursula feels the hopelessness and sense of disaster impending.

Strebensky serves his country and comes back from the war, setting up house with Ursula in London for several weeks. On a trip back from Paris, Ursula insists on stopping in Rouen, and their experience of the town and cathedral cement the demise of their relationship. To Ursula, the ancient town is magical and enfolds her in its protective embrace; the town and its buildings are more important than her lover:

She did not want him. The old streets, the cathedral, the age and the monumental peace of the town took her from him. She turned to it as if to something she had forgotten, and wanted. This was now the reality; this great stone cathedral slumbering there in its mass, which knew no transience nor heard any denial. It was majestic in its stability, its splendid absoluteness. (442)

The quiet, stone security of the ancient town offers something that Strebensky cannot—survival through time. His war experience, his position as a man who believes in the nation, removes him from the peaceful idyllic life that he and Ursula had idealized. She experiences an absolute in Rouen's architecture; it shows her a new life that encompasses the dark of reality and the light of religion and architecture. The quiet town has the opposite effect on her lover. Strebensky only sees the opposite of Rouen's beauty when he returns to London. His ability to enjoy life and love has been extinguished by his war experience.

Strebensky smothers under the grim reality of London life. Modern life and the urban pulse take on the aura of death for him. His view of the city has become a juxtaposition of thriving industry and progress: "Then the cold horror gradually soaked into him. He saw the horror of City Road, he realized the ghastly cold sordidness of the tram-car in which he sat. Cold, stark, ashen sterility had him surrounded" (442). It is as if through Ursula's eyes, through her appreciation of the simple beauties in life, he is transported into the lifeless reality of the present. Without Ursula's presence, common life is unmasked, and Strebensky is appalled by the lifelessness of existence:

The horror of the brick buildings, of the tram-car, of the ashen-grey people in the street made him reeling and blind as if drunk. He went mad. He had lived with her in a close, living, pulsing world, where everything pulsed with rich being. Now he found himself struggling amid an ashen-dry, cold world of rigidity, dead walls and mechanical traffic, and creeping, spectre-like people. The life was extinct, only ash moved and stirred or stood rigid, there was a horrible, clattering activity, a rattle like the falling of dry slag, cold and sterile. It was as if the sunshine that fell were unnatural light exposing the ash of the town, as if the lights at night were the sinister gleam of decomposition. (442)

The bustling transportation, efficient housing, and miserable people drudging through their daily lives are an anathema to him. He has gone from a sensual, all consuming tranquility with Ursula to a less pleasant reality. He now sees the world with a different pair of eyes—the modern world is dour, deathly cold and miserable. The urban landscape is one of ashes, lacking real life. This grim awakening for Strebensky kills his soul—“The whole being of him had become sterile, he was a spectre, divorced from life . . . Day by day the madness accumulated in him. The horror of not-being possessed him” (443). He now sees what he articulates as the lack of roundness or fullness in the world, everything a “dead shape metal arrangement, without life or being” (443). As Strebensky realizes the futility of modern life, he turns to drink, and secures a post in India as a way of escaping the horror of London life.

The novel ends with Ursula seeing, in the “horny covering of disintegration,” the promise of a new, regenerative life force. The rainbow symbolizes to her the earth’s new

architecture, which would sweep away the “old, brittle corruption of houses and factories,” and build up a living fabric of Truth (481). The offending landscape and architecture of modernity, however, is an image that Lawrence continues to develop throughout his work, concentrating on what he sees as the spiritual deal of mankind and the regeneration possible in a return to individualism and nature. As Ursula looks out her window, she sees what becomes Lawrence’s typical post-war landscape:

She saw the stiffened bodies of the colliers, which already seemed enclosed in a coffin, she saw their unchanging eyes, the eyes of those who are buried alive: she saw the hard, cutting edges of the new houses, which seems to spread over the hillside in their insentient triumph, the triumph of horrible, amorphous angles and straight lines, the expression of corruption triumphant and unopposed, corruption so pure that it is hard and brittle (480)

The people, architecture, and landscape are swallowed by the industrial demands of modern life. Industry—an essential force and motivation for the coming war—has sucked out the individual soul and the potential for happiness, peace, and love. Lawrence sees modernity as a triumphant evil, one that must be rejected, overcome, swept away in favor of a more wholesome and vital existence. The rainbow, perhaps the most symbolic religious image in the novel, promises of a new beginning. Lawrence sees the beauty of nature as the rescuing entity here, a symbol that will “quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration . . .” (480). Of course, before the world can begin anew, total devastation must be experienced; like the Flood, the Great War scarred all facets of the landscape of England. Lawrence dealt more directly

with the war that for him resulted from the evils of a mechanized modernity in his next novel, *Women in Love*.

The continuing story of the Brangwens, *Women in Love (WL)* follows the two sisters, Ursula and Gudrun. In his Forward to *WL*, Lawrence address the influence of the Great War on the novel, saying: “. . . it is a novel which took its final shape in the midst of the period of the war, though it does not concern the war itself. I should wish the time to remain unfixed, so that the bitterness of the war may be taken for granted in the characters” (485). As in *The Rainbow*, the violence of modernity is a larger concern than the outbreak of war and equally damaging. *WL* addresses the death of happiness and tranquility through the landscape of England and its people. The industrialization and mechanization that characterizes all of Lawrence’s novels consistently suggests modernism as a disease that chokes the countryside. The coldness of modernity also manifests itself in the characters that occupy the central focus of the novel; the mourning of modernity is imprinted on each characters’ spiritual quest.

Lawrence views the era in which he lives as a period of crises, in which “Every man who is acutely alive is acutely wrestling with his own soul. The people that can bring forth the new passion, the new idea, this people will endure. Those others, that fix themselves in the old idea, will perish with the new life strangled unborn within them. Men must speak out to one another” (Appendix I, *Women in Love* 486). Arguing through his work for a spiritual recovery, a return to the individual spirit and creation, Lawrence puts his characters through the search he himself experienced; the characters who define themselves and what they want, pursuing it against tradition, survive the period of crises. The violence that threatens to destroy the self and others is evident in the characters (xvi).

Those who cannot identify and articulate their individual needs suffocate; this happens both to individual characters and to societies as a whole that struggle under the yoke of industrialization.

Ruskin's belief in the interdependence of architecture and memory seem to inform Lawrence's use of memory and the land in *Women in Love*. In "The Lamp of Memory," Ruskin suggests that although we may live without architecture and worship without her, we cannot *remember* without her: "How cold is all history how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another!" (169). Ruskin argues that the two "conquerors of the forgetfulness of men" are poetry and architecture; he says, "[T]here are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate; the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages" (169-70). Ruskin summarizes: "for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings . . . partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning" (170).⁹ The embodiment of history and social meaning, or the disappearance of it in industrialized rural England, plays out in Lawrence's work.

In *Women in Love*, the Brangwen sisters return from their work experiences away from home at the beginning of the novel; the return home is not tranquil or rejuvenating. Instead, it is like a funeral to the girls who have experienced alternative possibilities, and their longing for a physical and emotional escape from the stifling drudgery of the modern world shadows them throughout their stay in their parents' home. This nostalgia

for a freer, more natural existence colors their views about life in mining country. While neither sister is sure what she wants specifically, they define their survival against what they see as the death of the country folk. Gudrun articulates the misery she sees stamped on the landscape:

‘It is like a country in an underworld . . . The colliers bring it above-ground with them, shovel it up. Ursula, it’s marvellous, it’s really marvellous—it’s really wonderful, another world. The people are all ghouls, and everything is ghostly. Everything is a ghoulish replica of the real world, a replica, a ghoul, all soiled, everything sordid. It’s like being mad, Ursula.’ (11)

Gudrun uses language that suggests a type of hell above ground; the people are shells of themselves, their spirits morose, and this casts a pall on the life of the colliers en masse. The imagery is one reminiscent of a post-war landscape—while society still functions, it does so hollowly, and the shock and horror is palpable in every aspect of life. As in Eliot’s *The Waste Land*, people move as ghosts or ghouls; they fail to register the catastrophic loss and ruin of the national spirit. It is a decidedly grim depiction that suggests anguish, sorrow, and a state of constant suffering. This madness, as Gudrun terms it, has paralyzed modern society.

Gudrun is not alone in feeling this bitter nostalgia for old ways. In a conversation with Birkin, he criticizes the process of public mourning. Birkin thinks that the idea of mourning conjures up an imposed sorrow; he feels that “When people are in grief, they would do better to cover their faces and keep in retirement, as in the old days” (197). The process of sharing one’s grief, or making it public, is somehow shamefully personal,

putting the observers in the uncomfortable position of sharing a grief they perhaps don't feel. Gudrun agrees with this position, asking, "What can be worse than this public grief—what is more horrible, more false! If *grief* is not private, and hidden, what is?" (197). Gudrun's language suggests distaste for public emotion, as if it is for show rather than a genuine sorrow. The effusion of war memorials after 1919 was no doubt distasteful to Lawrence's sense of decorum. The individual expression of mourning is at question here; while these characters feel that individual loss should be kept to oneself, the complications of public loss are not part of the characters' discussion.¹⁰

Lawrence's post-war works continue closer examinations of the previous concerns of mining and urban sprawl, but also turn to farmland and other domestic spaces to explore the fractures and violence of modernity. Lawrence's short story collection *England, My England* (1922) provides a variety of pre and post-war scenarios in which the man-provider is absent or returns to the home front to find post-war reality a cruel shock. Most of these stories share one important contextual aspect: they are all grim portrayals of the disquiet and upheaval of social norms and the seeds of apathy from the war.¹¹ Moving from *Women in Love* to shorter sketches of England's post-war landscape, Lawrence develops each story around the air of change in the domestic landscape. Although the war is always present in the margins of the stories—in returning soldiers, "forgotten" war service, and discussions of freedom from the complications of national duty—devastation is reflected in the landscape in some way. In these shorter works, Lawrence continues molding characters that tenuously reassert themselves in the reshaped and often scarred landscape. Architecture in the short fiction is subverted to the emotive and symbolic power of the land and nature.

In the story "England, My England," Lawrence incorporates his interest in social constructions of masculinity and the effects of war on the spirit of man, represented by his affinity towards a peaceful existence in the beautiful gardens of the countryside. It also vaguely foreshadows the general framework Lawrence returns to in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* several years later. Winifred and Egbert begin their married lives together in Winifred's own house, which her father purchases for her; in every aspect the descriptions of gardens and nature fit the Lawrencian paradigm, as does his narration of their relationship and sexual attraction. However, relevant here is the way in which the local landscape functions in post-war memory. Although the couple's story takes place during the ten years preceding the war and ends with Egbert's death on the front, the domestic terrain provided by Lawrence shows the natural landscape as a narrative of memory and mourning.

The town in which the couple resides, Crockham, is untouched by time: "The spear of modern invention had passed through it, and it lay there secret, primitive, savage as when the Saxons first came. And Egbert and she were caught there, caught out of the world" (11). Egbert is happy there, and thinks nothing else is worth worrying about but the serenity of the cottage and the maintenance of his gardens; in fact, he wholly surrenders himself to the local environment, without any interest in or need to find employment, to become the financial provider (replacing his benevolent father-in-law). The attraction is in the stability and tranquility of the past:

The timbered cottage with its slopping, cloak-like roof was old and forgotten. It belonged to the old England of hamlets and yeomen. Lost all alone on the edge of the common, at the end of a wide, grassy, briar-

entangled lane shaded with oak, it had never known the world of today.

Not till Egbert came with his bride. And he had come to fill it with flowers. (8)

The house itself is stuck happily out of time and reminds Egbert of simpler days. Its isolation, and the protection of the briars and oaks, help to keep the cottage pure and unmodernized. In fact, the house is described as ancient and uncomfortable, but Egbert has no desire to alter it, feeling it “marvelous to sit there in the wide, black, time-old chimney, at night when the wind roared over-head . . . “ (8). Egbert’s gardening talents enhance the beauty of the place; he makes the cottage “flame with flowers, in a sun cup under its hedges and trees” (8).

For the first few years, the couple is quite happy here. Egbert is described as having “. . . a passion for his old enduring cottage, and for the old enduring things of the by-gone England. Curious that the sense of permanency in the past had such a hold over him, whilst in the present he was all amateurish and sketchy” (12). Essentially, he revels in a natural existence that Lawrence so frequently incorporates to distinguish between modernity and the more tranquil past. Egbert is enraptured with the idleness of peaceful existence at Crockham Cottage, and has no desire to leave his gardens. His lack of motivation causes the luster of his relationship with Winifred, built on youthful and idealized passion for each other, to wear off.

Egbert is not an eager volunteer or staunch nationalist when the war comes. In fact, Egbert’s instincts are completely against war; it strikes him, however, that the war is unavoidable. He does not take sides and is not interested in why war is declared, but feels obligated to consider supporting his country, as war is an enormity that cannot be

ignored. He thinks that the distinction between German and English is not for him; the distinction is the same as if between flowers or animals. Egbert believes that a man is “good or bad according to his nature, not according to his nationality. Egbert was well-bred, and this was art of his natural understanding . . . He had, however, the one deepest pure-bred instinct. He recoiled inevitably from having his feelings dictated to him by the mass feeling” (33). He consults Winifred and his father-in-law; his wife reminds him that he has three children dependent upon him and refers him to her father, who says that enlisting is “the best thing [Egbert] could do” (34). He joins immediately.

While the issue of Lawrence’s feelings about the war and the conscription process are well documented,¹² Egbert lacks any sort of conviction or even interest, an apathy for current events and modern politics that one might expect in a simple country man. The war takes Egbert out of his gardens and into the less colorful and less peaceful world of modernity. He is drafted into the light artillery and becomes externally transformed; the sense that his inner peace and happiness is squelched under ugly khakis and a forced routine and occupation. Winifred takes a loose interest in Egbert again when he enlists at the outbreak of war, his removal from the gardens to the parade ground having imbued him with (in her eyes) a sense of purpose and pride. Having lost the bond of passion when their inner sanctum expanded to accommodate their children, for Winifred the marital passion is revived by new duty: the “duty of a wife to a husband who is himself performing his duty to the world” (34). She develops a respect for Egbert as a man—a respect the peaceful tending of gardens never aroused in her.

While her interest rekindles, the military steadily snuffs out Egbert’s soul, embittering him to the once simple joys of life. His military life is mundane:

He went back again to camp. It did not suit him to be a modern soldier. In the thick, gritty, hideous khaki his subtle physique was extinguished as if he had been killed. In the ugly intimacy of the camp his thoroughbred sensibilities were just degraded. But he had chosen, so he accepted. An ugly little look came on to his face, of a man who has accepted his own degradation. (34-35)

Egbert is literally and spiritually smothered in the uniform, a symbol both of conformity and modernity. While before the war he is virile and vibrant in nature (and spiritually content), the metaphorical clothing after his leaving Eden is a mark of shame for Egbert: he has neither conviction nor desire for the war, and the weight of modernity kills him in every sense.

The description of his war experience, like his pre-war contentment, is couched in terms of the local landscape. The wailing of the shells and the shrieking of men and are described in language apocalyptic and grim, and provides a stark contrast with the blooming, vibrant gardens in which Egbert thrived at the beginning of his marriage. Lawrence presents Egbert's time in pre-war gardens and war-time landscape. Sent to Flanders, he is wounded superficially twice and hovers in stasis waiting for something to unfold. Before the action, the landscape here is undisturbed: "The country was all pleasant, war had not yet trampled it. Only the air seemed shattered, and the land awaiting death" (36). Egbert is not insensitive to his surroundings; his calm view of the landscape before the battle creates a suspension of reality:

The gorse bushes on either hand were dark, but a few sparks of flowers showed yellow. He noticed them almost unconsciously as he waited in the

lull . . . Before him, below, was the highroad, running between high banks of grass and gorse. He saw the whitish, muddy tracks and deep scores in the road, where the part of the regiment had retired . . . The place where he stood was still silent, chill, serene: the white church among the trees beyond seemed like a thought only. (36-37)

In his observation, the foreign landscape offers subtle beauties that do not escape Egbert's eye, but he is no longer able to engross himself in the cultivation of beauty. He waits to participate in its destruction. Surveying the road he can see the marks of man, cutting into the muddy land, a reminder that troops have passed through. The church in the background is surreal—although it physically exists, its symbolism is suppressed, or ignored, by the soldier waiting to fight. The landscape has become a background only to Egbert, whose affinity to nature has been suspended in his new role.

This anticipatory silence is broken by sudden sharp orders and intense activity, including the discharging of machine guns towards an unseen enemy. Egbert responds with “pure mechanical action” at the guns, his soul “unburdened, brooding in the naked darkness” (37). The inhumanity of war has made Egbert subvert his own will and become an empty instrument of destruction. The faint whistling of shells advance into “a piercing, tearing shriek that would tear through the membrane of life;” the life here is both the physical landscape and the men destroying it and each other. He hears the hoarseness of the shell's explosion, but does not turn to look; rather, “He only noticed a twig of holly with red berries fall like a gift on to the road below” (37). Egbert's detached observation of bushes splintered by the blasts is followed by the sight of another shell “swoop[ing] to early, into the rocky bushes on the right, and earth and stones pour[ing] up into the sky”

(37). The shells, in one instance compared to a “dark bird flying towards him,” tear up the once tranquil landscape and make it a graveyard of destruction. Men, horses, equipment, trees and earth all thrown violently together, their vitality snuffed out together, in a churning upheaval of the landscape.

In a landscape demolished by warfare, Egbert cannot survive. He still sees the natural beauty of the land; it pains him to see the wounds inflicted on it. His own injury is received with the same detachment that characterizes his earlier observations. He notices “the dark bird flying towards him, flying home this time. In one instant life and eternity were up in a conflagration of agony, then there was a weight of darkness” (38). Egbert is struck by shrapnel, presumably, and covered in earth. Wounded in the head and disoriented, Egbert’s final moments are spent in what Lawrence terms an “unutterable sick abandon of life” (38). As he acknowledges the severity of his wound and briefly thinks of all he has left behind, Egbert’s thoughts about the cost of war are bleak; he mourns for the life he had, the life interrupted, destroyed by the war:

There had been life. There had been Winifred and his children. But the frail death-agony effort to catch at straws of memory, straws of life from the past, brought on too great a nausea. No, No! No Winifred, no children. No world, no people. Better the agony of dissolution ahead than the nausea of the effort backwards . . . To break the core and the unit of life, and to lapse out on the great darkness. Only that . . . Let the will of man break and give up. (39)

Egbert is transported from the blooming fields of prewar England to the pock-marked and demolished fields of France. His soul cannot survive the transplant. His closing internal

monologue is a statement of distain, by Lawrence, for the pointlessness and waste of war. The closing line of the story links Egbert's death to the churned land: "The Germans heard a slight noise, and started. Then, in the glare of a light-bomb, by the side of the heap of earth thrown up by the shell, the saw the dead face" (40). Egbert has become part of the ruined terrain, interspersed with the charred and overturned earth. Death, individual or on a massive scale, stamps itself on the post-war landscape.

Other stories in this collection highlight the problem of the returned soldier as the central concern, or destructive/destroying space on the home front, and the domestic fractures that result from the war. For example, in "Wintry Peacock," a soldier-husband returns to his wife, parents, and life on the farm when the war has ended. The conflict evolves around a mystery letter from his Belgian mistress, who begs to join him in England and bring him the illegitimate child he fathered. The wife is disillusioned in her husband's character and has no doubt that he has been faithless and irresponsible. He has disrupted the familial harmony with his homecoming. The conflict between Alfred and his wife is not only a sexual power struggle, but an effort to readjust after the bitter separation of war and Alfred's return home. Their battle plays out on the farms frozen fields, in a violent and pointless struggle between the apathetic husband and his wife's favorite pet, a peacock.

The setting of the story is in post-war England, and the wintry landscape is a mixture of harshness and beauty. The story opens with an appraising view of the landscape, one that seems fresh and clear; "Thin, crisp snow on the ground" is complimented by a blue sky (91). The odd appearance of three peacocks arrests the narrator's attention—he is struck by their curiousness and admires their nonchalance. Out

of place, their bodies “moved with slow motion, like small, light, flat-bottomed boats.” While initially a passing visual curiosity, a cold wind catches up the three peacocks and “open[s] their feathers like ragged sails. They hopped and skipped with discomfort, to get out of the draught of the wind” (91). They turn off the road to seek shelter in an open shed. The oldest peacock, Joey, was brought to the farm by Goyte’s wife from Oxfordshire. Her attachment to the bird, an unusually affectionate thing that follows her around like a dog, provides a conflict between the husband and wife.

The narrator, a neighbor passing by who is asked to read and translate a letter from Goyte’s Belgian lover (for Goyte’s wife), is drawn into an unseemly situation. He is compelled by a sense of comradeship to mask the husband’s infidelity, but the wife is uncomfortably astute and guesses quite accurately the true nature of the situation. This initial encounter provides the narrator with an unseemly glimpse at the subtle domestic injuries caused by the war. It also shifts the narrator’s appreciation for the landscape, as if the harshness of the war’s effects has somehow tainted or erased the countryside’s beauty the next morning. When he awakes the day after this first encounter, he finds

. . . the house darkened with deep, soft snow . . . the valley all white and ghastly below [him], the trees beneath black and thin looking like wire, the rock-faces dark between the glistening shroud, and the sky above somber, heavy, yellowish-dark, much too heavy for this world below of hollow bluey whiteness figured with black. (98)

The change is not in the weather or the season, but in his manner of viewing it; it has been coloured, and darkened, by his firsthand knowledge of Goyte’s faithlessness. The subsequent descriptions resonate with language of the battlefield—the narrator feels as if

he is in “the valley of the dead,” senses he is “a prisoner,” and sees the valley, utterly motionless, as “beyond life, a hollow sarcophagus,” perhaps because he is privy to unpleasant personal information that he feels obligated to withhold from Mrs. Goyte. As the narrator lounges around his house, he thinks about the half-buried farms about the valley, or Tible in the snow, and of the astute Mrs. Goyte, and reflects that “the snow seemed to lay bare [the] influences [he] wanted to escape” (98). The harsh realities of the post-war landscape and the bitterness that invades domestic harmony are emphasized by the winter snow, and remind the narrator that there is no escape from the profligacy and waste of war.

The narrator’s reverie is interrupted by the sight of a struggling bird in the snow; upon exploration he finds Joey, the grey-brown peacock with the blue neck, snow-wet and spent. He staggers towards the bird, who “looked so pathetic, rowing and struggling in the snow, too spent to rise, his blue neck stretching out and lying sometimes on the snow, his eye closing and opening quickly, his crest all battered” (99). The narrator carries him with difficulty back to his home, where he dries Joey off, makes him a bed, and tries to feed him. The next morning Joey is better, has eaten, and is perched on an armchair, so the narrator decides to carry him back to Tible (The Goytes’ farm), where Mrs. Goyte is relieved to have her pet back. He has been scared off by the return of Alfred, her philandering husband, who later confesses to having “a shot at him” (106). The narrator shares the information from the letter with Alfred. The relief he experiences at revealing the secret contained in the letter is expressed through the land; the “wind blew fine and keen, in the sunshine, across the snow” after the men’s exchange (106). He

is able to run down the hill, back to his home, shouting with laughter at Alfred's animosity towards the bird, which Alfred promises to "do in."

Lawrence's 1923 novella *The Fox* also examines the domestic landscape of war. Set on a rural farm taken over by two young single women, March and Banford, the story possesses the attributes of a typical Lawrencian tale full of burgeoning sensuality; the arrival of Henry at the end of the war precipitates a sexual rivalry with Jill Banford for Nellie March's love. During the war the girls take over the farm, intending to work it themselves raising poultry. Their venture is not a success; in addition to the unfavorable war-time conditions for poultry-keeping, they are plagued by a series of other small misfortunes that suggest the women are not hearty enough to sustain the farm on their own.

Although the triangle of lovers and the girls' sanctuary from war-time society on Bailey Farm foregrounds the tale, Henry Grenfel's experience as a soldier is pivotal to the setting; the sense of uncertainty and gloom created by the war permeates everyone's lives in some aspect. The aggressiveness of Henry's wooing of March is attributed to his soldierly experience—he is capable of great and calculated violence, including Banford's calculated death (and removal). Yet his experience with war has also garnered in him apathy for what he sees as a dying culture; England is effectively strangled by its inability to allow constructive social change. Instead he chooses to retreat to Canada/West, become a self-made man, and forge an independent existence based on his brawn rather his birth.

Henry arrives at the farm unannounced, grandson to the previous owner (who has been dead several years). Returned home from his military service, Banford decides that

she and March ought to offer Henry shelter, saying to him: "It's no bother, if you like to stay. It's like having my own brother here for a few days. He's a boy like you are"(26). Banford's sentimental protection is based entirely on the idea of shared experience. Her feelings change quickly when Henry proposes to March; Banford worries about Henry attempting to marry March and live on the farm, and she tirelessly discourages the match motivated by her own fear of solitude.

The wooing is aggressive and sensual; March eventually overcomes Banford's vocal objections and consents to marry Henry at Christmas. Henry must return to his camp on Salisbury Plain until he is officially decommissioned; then he plans on marrying March and taking her back to Canada¹³ with him. Henry tells March that he's got "a job and a good wage waiting for [him], and it's a nice place, near the mountains"(76). This decision is not whimsical; Henry twice leaves England to strike out West and make his own fortune. Although the reader is not privy to his initial decision to leave England, his vehement dislike of his native land and his desire to leave it again are iterated towards the end of the story. He is impatient to return to the West, which for Henry symbolizes a world free of the social constraints and falsities he (and Lawrence) feels have poisoned England. He thinks to himself:

He was aching almost in torment to leave England, to go West, to take March away. To leave this shore! He believed that as they crossed the seas, as they left this England which he so hated, because in some way it seemed to have stung him with poison, she would go to sleep . . . And then he would have her at last . . . There would be no more of this awful

straining. She would not be a man any more, an independent woman with a man's responsibility. (104-5)

For Henry, England is corrupted by the rigidity of social convention. He is a self-made man and can only flourish in the West where men earn their positions in society, instead of being born into them. Henry is oddly attracted to March's independence, her running around the farm in breeches carrying a rifle, and sees in her a woman smothered in the modernity and false sense of independence that the war has encouraged. In Lawrencian fashion, Henry intends on making March wholly dependent, emotionally and financially, on him in their new home; he views her as something he has won and someone who will make him proud and happy.¹⁴

First, however, he must win March decisively. He seizes the unlikely opportunity presented—as he visits the farm the women are working on chopping down a tree, and Henry steps in to complete the task. He skillfully fells it so that it lands on Branford, breaking her neck:

He looked away, up at the weak, leaning tree. And as he looked into the sky, like a huntsman who is watching a flying bird, he thought to himself: "If the tree falls in just such a way, and spins just so much as it falls, then the branch there will strike her exactly as she stands on top of that bank." He looked at her again . . . In his heart he had decided her death . . . No one saw what was happening except himself. No one heard the strange little cry which the Banford gave as the dark end of the bough swooped down, down on her. No one saw her crouch a little and receive the blow

on the back of the neck . . . The inner necessity of his life was fulfilling itself, it was he who was to live. (94-6)

The violence of this scene is palpable; he harnesses the landscape, which has offered March and Branford some measure of spiritual solitude, to brutality remove his rival in March's affections. He is like a hawk attacking the field mouse; Branford's death is achieved quickly and guiltlessly, and the obstacle she presented to his happiness is instantly removed. March, after this traumatic loss, is wholly dependent on Henry's attention and company.

The post-war setting allows for this sort of violent reclaiming of individual destiny. All parts of society are askew due to the war: women working a farm on their own; soldiers billeted but waiting to be decommissioned and looking to the often bleak future; the clash of the old ways of pre-war culture versus the recreated England. Henry sees his future as being productive and fulfilling outside of his homeland. England is a bitter wading pool for him, staid and unproductive, forever marred by the war. Although the novel ends with Henry and March waiting to leave, the suggestion is quite clear that they do go to Canada, a land capable of providing Henry a fair shake and March a fresh start and new freedoms. They carve a new and presumably happy life out of the untamed Canadian landscape, which has not been tainted by rapid industrialization, and whose farms are not economically strangled.

Of all Lawrence's novels, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928) is the most firmly in a bleak post-war landscape. While other modern authors like Joyce and Woolf include war veterans as liminal or peripheral characters in their work (in no way diminishing their significance), Clifford Chatterley's war wounds occupy the center of the story. They are

not, however, the only way in which Lawrence comments on post-war sterility. Using Oliver Mellors, another war survivor, as a foil to the antiquated class system that Clifford represents, together with a Dickensian portrayal of the mines and their workers and a Ruskinian attention to the uses and reflections of architecture, Lawrence skillfully portrays a multi-variant landscape of mourning almost a decade after the Great War ended.

Lady Chatterley's Lover opens with a grim summation of post-war society. The narrator presents the era as “essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we are among the ruins, we start to build up new little habitats, to have new little hopes” (5). These opening lines are laden with architectural references through which to view the post-war generation’s reflection and recovery in the 1920s. Suggesting that because the age is truly tragic, society is unwilling to acknowledge the full weight of its losses, Lawrence nevertheless firmly situates this novel after what he terms a cataclysm. His story is set “among the ruins” of what had once been a civilized society. Although society rebuilds “new little habitats” in which to live and to form “new little hopes,” this is “rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future: but we must go round, or scramble over the obstacles. We’ve got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen” (5). While there is a sort of obstinate hope in these opening lines, Lawrence’s tale is one fraught with fallen skies, shattered hopes, and a grim future. He paints his landscape as one not just of oak trees and dilapidated buildings, but of people and their lives; the workers of the Tevershall mines are as representative of post-war production and modernity as Wragby.

It is in this disconsolate world that Constance Chatterley finds herself after the war. The war had “brought the roof down over her head. And she had realized that one must live and learn” (5). Married to Clifford in 1917 when he was home on leave from the war, he returns to Flanders and then back “to England again six months later, more or less in bits.” Clifford’s loss of the use of his legs is not the most tragic aspect of his war wounds, but rather his virility and inability to produce an heir. The Chatterleys are stuck; unable to really live and participate in the national regeneration and rebuilding in the sense of having a family, they are in stasis in the post-war English Midlands at Wragby Hall, the “rather forlorn home of the Chatterleys” (5).

Elevated to heir by the death of his brother Herbert, the bleakly oppressive duties of a “son of Sir Geoffrey and child of Wragby, the family house” hang over Clifford and Wragby, creating a sense of melancholy and anxiety that overshadows the Chatterleys’ marriage (11). The first chapter ends with an emphatic repetition of the post-war tone: “But early in 1918 Clifford was shipped home smashed, and there was no child. And Sir Geoffrey died of chagrin” (12). The pervasiveness of mourning and grief is palpable before the real narrative begins and carries on throughout the novel until Lady Chatterley breaks free of the pall of war by conceiving a child and a new life outside of her social class.

Clifford’s wounds cast a bitter shadow over the novel that serve as a parallel to England’s war experience. They are also described in terms of the industrialized landscape. Although he is mobile in his motorized chair and active in his literary aspirations, the darkness of his loss is at the forefront of his daily life. It affects his relations with his wife, verbal as well as physical. Connie sees this change in her husband

as a change in the landscape; she reflects that he seems “. . . alert in the foreground, but the background was like the Midlands atmosphere, haze, smoky mist. And the haze seemed to be creeping forward” (49). Although Clifford puts on an independent front, the trauma he has sustained is not easily subverted. Connie articulates the presence of this general apathy thus:

And dimly she realized one of the great laws of the human soul: that when the emotional soul receives a wounding shock, which does not kill the body, the soul seems to recover as the body recovers. But this is only appearance. It is, really, only the mechanism of reassumed habit. Slowly, slowly the wound to the soul begins to make itself felt, like a bruise which only slowly deepens its terrible ache, till it fills all the psyche. And when we think we have recovered and forgotten, it is then that the terrible after-effects have to be encountered at their worst. (49)

Clifford's wound is England's wound—although post-war rebuilding, industry, and cultural production resume and in some areas excel, this output masks a bruised foundation. Lawrence uses Clifford's trauma to parallel that of England. Although life appears to have resumed after the war, society is in fact functioning in a state of shock, ignoring its wounds rather than treating them. The mechanism of reassumed habit is merely the comfort of routine; it allows people to return to a life they consider “normal;” in fact, for Lawrence, there is no returning. The terrible after-effects of the war are as strong as they were ten years earlier. The souls of mankind have not healed—Lawrence emphasizes this through Clifford's at first stunted and then misguided regeneration.

Attentions shift to other problems, future expectations, and ignore the damage still residing in the land and the people of England.

Ruskin's meditations on individual residences seem to influence Lawrence's architectural descriptions of Wragby and the miners' homes. Ruskin lectures on the importance of individual/residential dwellings. He is skeptical about the power of domestic buildings (versus civic and monumental architecture) to inspire men, and sees harm in single generation residences (homes built to last only one generation). Ruskin ascribes a sanctity in a good man's house that cannot be "renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins;" in other words, the virtue of a good name, and of property attached to that name, goes much farther when it has historical (or at least aged) roots (*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 325). He argues that men associate their earthly abodes with their honour, their gladness, and their suffering; in addition to their sentimental sympathies, their material things provide a record of their lives (326). The idea that these items they had "loved and ruled over" are swept away after their demise would cause most good men to be grieved; it shows a lack of respect and affection by their children. For although there may be a monument or headstone in the church, he writes, "[T]here would be no warm monument in the hearth and house to them." For Ruskin, this type of dismissal is feared by a good man; furthermore, a good son, a noble descendent, would fear disrespecting his father's house in this way (326). Lawrence plays with reverence for the communicability of respect and inherent goodness through domestic architecture is played early in his literary career.

In *John Thomas and Lady Jane*, the second version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, according to Machelucci, Lawrence shows himself both under the influence of Ruskin's

ideas while fighting on a multiplicity of levels with him (186). Lawrence decries the systematic destruction of England's heritage by mechanized works on the one hand, and exposes Sir Clifford's attempt to recreate a "degenerated Ruskinian lifestyle" on the other. In the published version of the novel, Lawrence has liberated his characters from sexual repression and taboos in the early draft (notably in Parkin, the gamekeeper's, abhorrence of his wife's pubic hair), proof of their conversion to the religion of Nature. Clifford, in contrast, manages his time between "the economic exploitation of his mines and a collection of abstract paintings (sterile, over-intellectualized art for Lawrence) through which he tries to exorcize the ugliness of the world outside his property" (186). Machelucci points out that Lawrence's struggle with Ruskin's influence was directed against both the social reformer and preacher (despite the fact that Lawrence was his direct heir), and also against the art critic who emphasized basic aesthetics rather than Lawrence's ideal of art: the creative possibilities in the primeval energies of nature (187).

In the first published version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, these struggles between the primeval energies of nature and the ugliness of the modernized world are still central to the story's landscape. The second chapter opens with a full description of Wragby, suffering from the blight of modern industry that fuels the Midlands.

Wragby was a long, low old house in brown stone, begun about the middle of the eighteenth century, and added on to, till it was a warren of a place without much distinction. It stood on an eminence in a rather fine old park of oak trees: but alas, once could see in the near distance the chimney of Tevershall pit with its clouds of steam and smoke, and on the damp, hazy distance of the hill the raw straggle of Tevershall village—a village which

began almost at the park gates, and trailed in utter hopeless ugliness for a long and gruesome mile: houses, rows of wretched, small begrimed brick houses with black slate roofs for lids, sharp angles and willful blank dreariness. (Lawrence, 13)

Wragby is not a magnificent specimen of architecture. Rather, a dingy, sprawling construction reflects the inconsistencies of contribution over the ages. While the Chatterleys feel with an enormous amount of pride and distinction and the importance of the family line, the house in fact reflects a truth about the stunted family line. The proximity and bleakness of the mining pits and the village, which contains its workers and their families, mars its view. Wragby's view of the surrounding landscape is blemished by the chimney of Tevershall pit, a grey and odorous reminder of the fuels of modernity. The workers' houses are small and wretched, begrimed and dreary; they reflect the drudgery of the miners' lives and work, byproducts of industrial progress.

The coal and iron pits also invade Wragby's rooms. From the interior of the house, the "rattle-rattle of the screens at the pit, the puff of the winding-engine, the clink-clink of shunting tracks and the hoarse little whistle of the colliery locomotives" are audible; many days the "house was full of the stench of this sulphureous combustion of the earth's excrement"; on the dark ceiling of cloud at night, "red blotches burned and quavered, dappling and swelling and contracting like burns that give pain" (13). The gloom and refuse of modernity and modern industry persistently smother the life within Wragby's rooms. When Connie first arrives at Wragby to begin her married life, the furnaces "fascinated [her] with a sort of horror: she felt she was living underground"

(14). This imagery, one that parallels the countless dead of the war, contributes to the melancholy of the landscape and the Chatterleys' post-war lives.

The woods outside Wragby have also been mauled by the war; the physical landscape's recovery, facilitated by Clifford's determination to bring the estate back to its pre-war splendor, is a long and arduous process as well. The wood is no longer teeming with life; it is motionless, a casualty of the war: "A jay called harshly; many little birds fluttered. But there was no game—no pheasants. They had been killed off during the war, and the wood had been left unprotected, till now Clifford had got his gamekeeper again" (41-42). The pheasants are not the only casualty of the war though; the trees, cut during the war to provide trench timber, are noticeably absent. To the human eye, "the whole knoll, which rose softly on the right of the riding, was denuded and strangely forlorn. On the crown of the knoll where the oaks had stood, now was bareness . . ." (42). The trees, felled by Sir Geoffrey for the war effort, are a conspicuous wound in the land itself. The marred landscape "always made Clifford curiously angry. He had been through the war, had seen what it meant. But he didn't get really angry till he saw this bare hill. He was having it re-planted" (42) He explains to Connie that the wood must be preserved as a part of the old England; Connie observes that the wood must be preserved against the new England, one who no longer sees the need for the wholesomeness of the country and its landscape. Clifford believes that the preservation of pre-war England relies on the country's landscape rather than its people. The violence of the war on the land also affects the people living on the land, however.

Ruskin also comments on the hastily constructed domestic dwellings that characterize tenement housing, and contribute to an image of industrialization and its

unorthodox and dehumanizing effect on the working-man. These types of homes, which he refers to as “pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields,” lack every type of element important in architecture (327). Hastily constructed out of materials modern and economic, they are not built to serve generations of a family, but rather provide single generation shelter with little sentimentality or heritage attached. The “gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar,” are all that Ruskin is adamantly against in modern architecture, but reflect the industrious and efficient attitudes of a modern capitalist society (327). These houses are purely functional and space efficient, and have lost any potential beauty of construction as well as heritage and goodness. They isolate man by creating individual and identical, but distinctly separate, private houses; a sense of community is not fostered. In addition to offending his eye, Ruskin sees these temporary dwellings as a threat to the stability and heritage of the family hearth.

Lawrence seems to illustrate Ruskin’s disdain of tenement housing. The Tevershall pits and its inhabitants are an integral part of Lawrence’s post-war landscape. They reflect the same grim circumstances as the pits they work in and live near. To Connie, the people are “as shapeless, haggard, and dreary as the countryside, and as unfriendly” (14). They do not welcome the Chatterleys back, nor do they have any sort of communication with Wragby. Connie sees the disparate relations between the classes as problematic; Clifford is less sympathetic. She reflects on their homecoming, and “how little connection [Clifford] really had with the people. The miners were, in a sense, his own men: but he saw them as objects rather than men, parts of the pit rather than parts of

life, and crude raw phenomena rather than human beings along with him” (15-16). Their bitter ongoing struggle for existence is one that continues throughout the novel, at times on the periphery and at times occupying Connie or Clifford’s full attention for various reasons.

The miners’ subsistence is riddled with obstacles, just as the Chatterleys’ and England’s livelihood requires adjustments. Connie views the post-war landscape as one that is ineffectual and barren. As the colliers at Tevershall talk of striking, Connie sees their restlessness as “not a manifestation of energy, [but] the bruise of war, that had been in abeyance . . . The bruise was deep, deep, deep—the bruise of the false and inhuman war” (50). She recognizes that the process of recovery will take years and that the psychological and physical wounds cannot be ignored. As she returns to Wragby from a village visit, Connie is overcome by the palpability of the forlorn people she has seen: “All the great words, it seemed to Connie, were called for her generation: love, joy, happiness, home, mother, father, husband, all these great dynamic words were half-dead now, and dying from day to day” (62). This realization for Connie signals the end of her willful blindness; she cannot continue to ignore what she feels is the nothingness of her life and her future. The war has scarred the people of England in many ways; the bitter loss of faith and hope in the future, a direct result of the Great War, has no quick or tangible solution. Instead, the sense of hopelessness and general malaise pervades the post-war landscape. Although the collieries had a boom during war, their post-war existence is uncertain and strained. The livelihood of the Midlands mining industry, at once a product and a victim of modernity, functions as a pivotal point in Lawrence’s post-war landscape.

Connie attributes the ugly toughness of the post-war landscape to modernity. As she is driving into town, she views the surroundings as “the England of today . . . producing a new race of mankind, over-conscious in the money and social and political side, on the spontaneous intuitive side dead, but dead” (153). With such specimens for the industrial masses and the upper classes, Connie feels that there is no hope for any of them. When she asks Clifford to explain who has “taken away from the people their natural life and manhood, and given them this industrial horror,” Clifford reveals himself to be unsympathetic to her portrayal of their plight, saying that the miners are responsible for the ugliness of Tevershall, and that to them Tevershall is beautiful and satisfactory (182). The disparate views of the local landscape held by the Chatterleys contribute to their estrangement; Connie seeks the serenity and beauty of nature over the ugliness and efficiency of modern production.

While Clifford proves himself one of the old ruling class who sees industrialism as a way to rule the working classes for their own good, Mellors is not one of the mindless children who work the mines. The gamekeeper sees the fate of mankind as one bound to go south; he tells Connie that this is their natural path, and a result of modernity:

“Their spunk’s gone dead—motor-cars and cinemas and aeroplanes suck the last bit out of them. I tell you, every generation breeds amore rabbit generation, with indiarubber tubing for guts and tin legs and tin faces . . . — just killing off the human thing, and worshiping the mechanical thing.”

(217)

Mellors is a pure part of nature and humanity, living outside of the modern world. He is not subject to the rules of society, but chooses to live apart from society by living off the

land. His position as gamekeeper is one that allows him to thrive as part of nature, not of society.

Mellors' war experience is minimized in the novel, but it is no less significant than Clifford Chatterley's experience in terms of the struggle for post-war recovery. Oliver Mellors has come back from the war bitter and broken as well. Thinking about his life as a soldier in India and Egypt, his memories are wrapped up in "his own narrow escape from death: his damaged health: his deep restlessness: his leaving the army and coming back to England to be a working man again" (141). His body, permanently weakened from the pneumonia that almost killed him, drains with any exertion. Mellors chooses to return to England, and to the woods, because he thinks he will be safe, alone and quiet, all he wants after his experience in the war. His melancholy existence, albeit self-imposed, is one that thrives on solitude and the natural world. His native place, the Midlands, allows him to ". . . go on in life, existing from day to day, without connection and without hope. For he did not know what to do with himself"(141). Among the trees and the birds, he is content to abstain from the socio-economic drains of post-war life. His position as gamekeeper is one that allows him to live in a pre-war state, rejecting industrialized society for the serenity of the fields and trees.

Just as Wragby is the embodiment of Clifford's sterility, the keeper's cottage encompasses all of the sullen tendencies of Oliver Mellors. To Connie, the "ancient melancholy [of the old wood was] somehow soothing to her, better than the harsh insentience of the outer world"(65). This is exactly what appeals to Mellors; the woods offer a retreat from the real world, which is rife with the unpleasant mechanizations of modernity. His cottage is austere and reflective of his desire to maintain a solitary

existence. Connie's first view of the keeper's domicile reveals it as "... a rather dark, brown stone cottage with gables and a handsome chimney, looked uninhabited, it was so silent and alone" (65). The cottage is quiet and dark, well hidden in the woods and not easily accessible or welcoming to outsiders or visitors. Although his work as gamekeeper takes him all over the Chatterleys' property, Mellors' habitat is his sanctuary: "His recoil away from the outer world was complete. His last refuge was this wood" (88). Here he is able to hide from all of the aspects of his life that plague him: his harassing wife, his awkward return to his native village, his weakened strength, the persistence of industrial development. By becoming a part of the land, Mellors rejects modernity and embraces a traditional and wholly separate existence.

The effect of coming to live at Wragby takes a toll on Connie. As she absorbs the post-war melancholy that characterizes the landscape and its inhabitants, she begins to reflect the stale and stifling atmosphere in her physical person. As her health declines, she finds herself beginning to "be afraid of the ghastly white tombstones, that peculiarly loathsome whiteness of Carrara marble, detestable as false teen, which stuck up on the hillside under Tevershall Church, and which she saw with such grim plainness from the park" (76). The tombstones are an inappropriate public symbol of mourning—one that hangs gloomily over an otherwise healthy landscape. To Connie, the tombstones make her see existence at Wragby in the Midlands as slowly draining her life-force; there is nothing, no joy, no prospect, for her to look forward to. She bitterly resents the remoteness; her desolation and immutability is representative of England's post-war disease.

Connie sees the hill under the church “with a grisly kind of horror. She felt the time not far off when she would be buried there, added to the ghastly host under there, under the tombstones and the monuments, in these filthy Midlands. She needed help, and she knew it” (76). Appealing to her sister to rescue her, her letter brings Hilda down to confirm her unnamed ailment. Connie knows that she suffers in contrast to her sister; although both sisters “had the same rather golden, glowing skin and soft brown hair and naturally strong, warm physique,” Connie has suffered from her residence at Wragby and “was thin and earthy-looking, with a yellowish neck that stuck out of her jumper” (76). Hilda blames Wragby, “This wretched place!”, and insists on whisking Connie away from the Midlands and out of England. The post-war environment is poisonous to Connie, who has yet to begin living.

The novel ends with Connie breaking free of the post-war stagnation and melancholy by rejecting her social class and embracing Lawrence’s self-ascribed religion of nature. By immersing herself wholly in her sexuality and her love for Mellors and their unborn child, Connie is able to move on with life and actually live in the most tangible sense: she reproduces and carries life on in a way that other survivors of the war are unable. Mellors absorbs Connie into his life as his recovery; he learns to rejoin the natural course of life and to care and love again. Clifford finds his own sort of healing; his fascination with industrial production and the advances he sees possible “[gets] his pecker up”(107). He throws himself into the rejuvenation of the coal-mining industry, reviving his interest in living and contributing something of himself to society, leaving a metaphorical legacy (in his anticipated renovations) rather than a biological one. Lawrence’s post-war society is one permanently damaged, though. Each of his characters

must acknowledge and work through their grief to regain some sense of purpose and desire. Clifford's purpose is to become a machine himself and contribute to the ongoing mechanization of society. For Connie and Mellors, that purpose is to regain a vitality and enjoyment in life. Leaving their respective positions to create new ones elsewhere gives them back their lives and helps them move on from the depression and crushing losses brought by the war.

Lawrence's posthumously published novel *The Virgin and the Gipsy* also incorporates the social-economic architecture of post-war England, although this is primarily relegated to the periphery in favor of the burgeoning sexuality of Yvette. However, Lawrence uses architecture to incorporate the struggle between modernity and tradition. Written after the war had ended and the economic and social structure had undergone minor adaptations, Lawrence explores in this work a social reinvention that involves a rejection of tradition in favor of a life of independence and self-imposed exile. The mourning in this last novel is of a distinctly different kind; it is not a lamentation of the scarred modern landscape, but rather of the failure of modernity to recognize and embrace individualism. Two of the men in the story, Major Eastwood and the gipsy, choose to reject the "civilization" of modern society in favor of a more unorthodox and primal existence; this is reflected in their domestic abodes, which in turn contrast sharply with the rectory life to which Yvette is accustomed. Their reshaping of their post-war identities and lifestyles are accompanied by other minor events that work together to show the callous waywardness of modernity, embodied by the self-pleasuring youngsters who are at odds with the old fashioned restrictions imposed by the adults of the rectory.

The central focus of the novel is of course Yvette's sexual maturation under the hypnotic tutelage of the gipsy. The stain of modernity for the rector and the elder members of the family is the flagrant sexual openness embraced by the younger generation. The girls' mother, She-who-was-Cynthia, abdicates her marital vows and familial obligations in favor of passion; although she betrays her family in the worst sort of way according to society, Lawrence does not condemn her absent character; rather, her surrender to sexuality takes on a mythical quality that becomes an enchanting mystery for Yvette. Yet in all ways the shadow of the war, and for Lawrence the gloom of modernity, hangs over even the smallest of towns in the English countryside.

Yvette's home is gloomy and at odds with her youthful and curious world view, which is unformed in the beginning of the novel, but develops via a comparative empiricism with Englishmen outside her social class. The Papplewick rectory is a mausoleum to the past, and it embodies and safeguards the (in Lawrence's view) outdated, stale traditions of English moral code. It starkly contradicts the vitality of the sisters:

The rectory struck a chill into their hearts as they entered. It seemed ugly, and almost sordid, with the dank air of that middle-class, degenerated comfort which has ceased to be comfortable and has turned stuffy, unclean. The hard, stone house struck the girls as being unclean, they could not have said why. The shabby furniture seemed somehow sordid, nothing was fresh. (13-14)

Having just returned from a trip abroad, everything about their new home repulses the girls. Its cold stone is grey, and the air it encloses is stale; Lawrence equates the decaying

environment as one suited to a dying, degenerated class no longer comfortable in its ways. The house, and everything in it, smothers the girls' youth.

Papplewick itself, a remote and quiet English village, also bears examination. It is not contextualized with the same staid disdain that the rectory is; Lawrence shows admiration for the heritage and the countryside:

The country, with its steep hills and its deep, narrow valleys, was dark and gloomy, yet ha a certain powerful strength of its own. Twenty miles away was the black industrialism of the north. Yet the village of Papplewick was comparatively lonely, almost lost, the life in it stony and dour.

Everything was stone, with a hardness that was almost poetic, it was so unrelenting. (14-15)

Although the countryside Lawrence describes is not cheery, it is solid, impervious to the perils of time or modernization. It is close to the ugly blackness of industrialization, but a bit removed and even protected from the mining industry by its hills and valleys. Its isolation also factors in to its immutability; Lawrence describes it as "almost lost," which has enabled it to hold out against the modern world. The stony silence of the village survives the waves of change that inevitably shape societies. But this environment is not one that appeals to two young girls who have tasted life outside of their small village. For Yvette in particular, the ways of the miners and working men are far more fascinating than the "determined old maids and obstinate, stupid elderly men" of Papplewick, whose company she studiously avoids (15).¹⁵

Lawrence offers two different perspectives of life to Yvette in the characters of Major Eastwood (and his Jewess) and the gipsy¹⁶, both of whom have chosen lives

outside the traditional social circle. These choices are emphatically reflected in the homes they make for themselves. The first of these Yvette encounters is the gipsy's caravan, by nature a transient homestead that offers freedom from social constraints. Out driving with her sister and two boys, they come upon a different terrain:

They were on the top of the world, now, on the back of the fist. It was naked, too, as the back of your fist, high under heaven, and dull, heavy green. Only it was veined with a network of old stone walls, dividing the fields, and broken here and there with ruins of old lead-mines and works. A sparse stone farm bristled with six naked sharp trees. In the distance was a patch of smokey grey stone, a hamlet. In some fields grey, dark sheep fed silently, somberly. But there was not a sound nor a movement. It was the roof of England, stony and arid as any roof. Beyond, below, were the shires. (32)

This description contrasts the rectory and its surrounding landscape in several ways. It is, in elevation, higher than the villages at the base of its hill. The higher elevation in a sense lifts the homestead and its inhabitants up out of the coldness and the greyness of the ravines and crags that populate Papplewick. Its physical situation makes it brighter and more open (naked) and cheerful despite the coldness of the winter day. The old stone walls mark the land with a spidery pattern both charming and rustic; the connotation is strikingly different than that of the dank, decaying stone of the rectory. The silence here is tranquil; the grey stone of the hamlet is warmed by the smoke coming from within; the surrounding fields are populated with grazing sheep. Described as the "roof of England,"

is it nature's house. The gipsy's surroundings are very much aligned with and built into nature instead of standing out against it in discord.

The description of the caravan itself is also pointed. The group comes upon it suddenly, tucked into a deep recess in the side of the road:

They had suddenly come upon a disused quarry, cut into the slope of the road-side, and in this sudden lair, almost like a cave, were three caravans, dismantled for the winter. There was also deep at the back, a shelter built of boughs, as a stable for the horse. The grey, crude rock rose high above the caravans, and curved round towards the road. The floor was heaped chips of stone, with grasses growing among. It was a hidden, snug winter camp. (35)

These caravans, like the picturesque hamlet they encountered earlier, are also smoking, which suggests the snug warmth of the camp in the closing line of the description. The gipsies have used the stark rock to provide shelter from the elements as well as to enclose their little camp. The term lair suggests that, like wild animals that roam the midlands, the gipsies are completely free and untamed. They use the boughs of trees for roofing and stones to cover the frozen ground. Nature provides everything they need to build a winter camp, and they are in harmony with it, living off the land in the most primal sense.

The Eastwoods, who Yvette meets by happenstance at the gipsy's camp on another visit, are an odd, unconventional couple determined to wait out their social ostracism (living together outside of marriage and away from the Jewess' husband). It is because of her rebellious spirit and interest in the unknown world that Yvette mixes with the Eastwoods and has little regard for their particular social situation. Her disregard for

social conventions allows her to see glimpses of other peoples' lives and to garner some sense of value from them. Her relationship with Major Eastwood and his pretty Jewish lover, the soon-to-be ex-Mrs. Fawcett, gives her an honest view of love. Major Eastwood has left his career in the military and is being kept by his lover, who has thrown over her husband and her social position for her passion with the Major.

The couple lives in a "small modern house near the moors and the hills, doing their own housework" (96). The modern exterior is only briefly mentioned; it is the interior that defines the Eastwoods. An eclectic little household that is untraditional, but not modern in the sense that Lawrence disdains. The Eastwood's interior is cosmopolitan—it reflects the old, the worldly. The moors suggest a remoteness that guarantees the Eastwoods' privacy. They ensure this by not employing staff to look after their domestic needs, although Mrs. Fawcett could certainly afford to hire help. Although the cottage was hired furnished, Mrs. Fawcett brings additional pieces with her that contribute to the picture of the Eastwoods.

It was a funny little household . . . [she] brought along her dearest pieces of furniture. She had an odd little taste for the rococo, strange curving cupboards inlaid with mother of pearl, tortoiseshell, ebony, heaven knows what; strange tall flamboyant chairs, from Italy, with sea-green brocade: astonishing saints with wind-blown, richly coloured carven garments and pink faces (96)

The most striking feature of this description is the eclectic cosmopolitanism of the interior; the Jewess and her Danish lover are quite out of place in England. They bring with them not only the excitement of pure sexual magnetism (which she proudly

declares), but trinkets that illuminate the exoticism of their situation. The rococo style is dark and ornate, like the woman herself; the cupboards are inlaid with various precious stones used in expensive and ornate carved works that are not common. The Italian chairs allude to a cosmopolitan air about the couple; they have traveled and are rather worldly, compared to Yvette. The images of saints are slightly paradoxical, as Lawrence has attributed to collection of odd furniture to Mrs. Fawcett; yet these are an important connection to the idea of spirituality in the face of a seemingly contradictory reality. Altogether, the house is a unique and colorful tapestry that provides a romantic backdrop for the self-exiled couple.¹⁷

While honest, loving people like the Eastwoods are safe in their nests, the hypocritical and stale world that Lawrence portrays in the rectory is wiped away by the forces of nature at the end of the novel. As if claiming that such archaic and insularly existences cannot withstand a spiritual evolution, Lawrence destroys the rectory in a fantastic Biblical flood; the significance of a flood is paramount in the context of Lawrence's view that society must move beyond their post-war, stale lives. Left alone with the Mater in the house, Yvette is saved by the gipsy, who sees the impending danger and races to warn her. As he is running towards the house shouting, Yvette looks round behind her: "And to her horror and amazement, round the bend of the river she saw a shaggy, tawny wavefront of water advancing like a wall of lions. The roaring sound wiped out everything" (129-30). Dragging each other to the safety of the house, clawing their way through the rush of water that knocks them down and up the garden terrace, Yvette and the gipsy make it to the top floor to wait out the flood.

From this vantage point, the gipsy looks out on a terrible scene. He sees, “Through the awesome gap in the house he saw the world, the waters, the chaos of horrible waters, the twilight, the perfect new moon high above the sunset, a faint thing, and clouds pushing dark into the sky, on the cold, blustery wind” (136). The landscape below is completely flooded, and the “chaos of horrible waters” suggests a Biblical cleansing; above it, in the closing light of day, the heavens are bright and the moon shines. The contrast is pointed—nature has a way of ridding itself of things that are no longer viable or productive. The rectory and its steadfast arbiter of morality are swept away to make room for a new existence. Lawrence uses nature as a purifier, via the failing of a man-made levee, to reject what he views as England’s social sterility in favor of an independent living such as the Major and the gipsy embrace.

Major Eastwood and the gipsy have chosen to structure their post-war lives in peace—they isolate themselves from the society they disdain by taking refuge in the vast and semi-primitive countryside. Lawrence highlights the self-propelled recovery that he saw as vitally important to those domestic survivors who sought a meaningful purpose in life. Only by rejecting the callow characteristics of polite society can man regain his sense of purpose and self worth. The gipsy proves his inner worth by rescuing Yvette from the flood and escaping in time to preserve her virtue and honor, caring nothing for his own. He is motivated by kindness, not self-gain, and promptly disappears, choosing to move his caravan on after the flood rather than withstand undesired attention from the town for his heroism.

Lawrence constantly illustrates the superiority of a reversion to pre-industrialized life. The onslaught of modernity and the stain of war is tangible in his novels. Lawrence

is acutely aware of the complexities of collective loss after historical trauma, highlighting the cultural work of mourning as an essential process of social regeneration after the war (Briggs 198-99). In Lawrence, mourning is a vital and natural part of regeneration; his fiction emphasizes nostalgia for the simplicity and purity of the pre-war era. Lawrence's body of work consistently engages in the public space of nostalgia, which is related as much to modernity as to the Great War—for Lawrence, interchangeable horrors. Evident in the broad landscape of Midlands England, a landscape that includes people and places, modernity strangles individual growth and liveliness. Not limiting himself to any one way of depicting what he viewed as a dying society, Lawrence expands his writer's eye to view the imprint of modern industry (to which war is inextricably linked) to include vivid portrayals of domestic post-war life. Much like Virginia Woolf, Lawrence uses imagery of ghosts, underworlds, and dilapidated communities to highlight the rupture in the physical and spiritual health of the era and Lawrence's work hovers around the unquenchable pall of nostalgia for a healthier and happier time.

¹ Paul Sheehan notes Lawrence's puritanical upbringing, overturned by his reading of Schopenhauer, informed his exploration of the "metaphysics of love," or the revitalizing properties of sexual candour. Lawrence saw and wrote about natural sexual activity as restorative, the remedy for a decadent civilization (92).

² Paul Delany's slightly aged book, *D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare: The Writer and His Circle in the Years of the Great War*, builds from the large body of correspondence and memoirs of an extensive acquaintance. Its wide breadth seems for modern scholarship unfocused and cyclical; however, it does draw together a picture of the immediacy of

concern and focus on the consequences and involvement of the Great War. Peter Fjagesund's more recent *The Apocalyptic World of D.H. Lawrence* explores the underlying current of apocalyptic aspects of Lawrence's work. Emphasizing Lawrence's close attention to the study of history during important periods of his life, Fjagesund states that Lawrence necessarily regarded history as a dramatic encounter of human aspirations and non-human forces. Fjagesund terms Lawrence a spiritual revolutionary who called for fundamental and far reaching changes which was destined for doom and destruction (4). Lawrence considered England and its people adrift in corruption, particularly during the war, and abandoned his homeland to seek personal salvation beyond the social and cultural barriers he saw in Britain (6).

³ The Victorian history of organizing intimacy, although mottled, still retained a foothold as part of the English culture's capacity for understanding and processing the trauma of war, and Cole posits that no one was more concerned with these shifts and movements than Lawrence; the connections between war and masculine intimacy haunt his work (Cole 185).

⁴ Her central examination is of Lawrence's "rescript[ing] the post-war reckoning with male community and male love," and the ways in which Lawrence confronted the very question confronting the culture: how to comprehend, reabsorb, and assimilate the millions of men returning from the trenches (186). Images of decommissioned soldiers permeate the literature of the post-war years; Cole posits these figures of pathos as simultaneously alone and associated with lost (male) community.

⁵ Helen Wussow's *The Nightmare of History: The Fictions of Virginia Woolf and D.H. Lawrence* firmly situates Lawrence (and Woolf) in the rhetoric of war. Stating that these

two authors exemplify Foucault's assertion that war is the basic structure of human existence, Wussow argues that both Woolf and Lawrence portray the dynamics of war as "informing all human activity, whether linguistic, domestic, recreational, or emotional" (15). Although she admits that at first it seems unusual to link these two authors, since their works are often viewed in diametrical opposition regarding attitudes toward gender and class, Wussow posits that Lawrence and Woolf's opinions about organized conflict and violence generally complement each other. Both, for example, perceived themselves as outsiders, excluded from the language of war due to status (female and medically unfit). Using Bahktin's assertion that social situation determines the structure of utterance, Wussow argues that the very act of writing fictional representations of violence creates discursive situations that both reflect the surrounding violence and also provide new sites of conflict and aggression in their work (16).

⁶For example, *Sketches of Etruscan Places and Other Italian Essays* and *Twilight in Italy* (also called "Italian Sketches," the first parts of which were begun in 1912-13, and extended and revised for book publication in 1915) bear striking resemblance to Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*. While he was heavily influenced by a Ruskinian attention to the communicative abilities of architecture, the work Lawrence did in this area, entirely in Italy, is considered distinctly separate from the focus of this work.

⁷ Lawrence's connection to Ruskin is explored by Stepania Michelucci in her essay "Laying the Ghost: D. H. Lawrence's Fight with Ruskin." Citing the tangible presence of Ruskin in Lawrence's early works, Michelucci approaches the examination in sections, including literary motifs like flowers and architecture, as well as intellectual influences that addressed Ruskin's religious philosophies and travel writings. Lawrence's landscape

descriptions combine quasi-scientific accuracy and an idyllic quality that resonates of Pre-Raphaelite influence, and is particularly arresting in flower imagery. Michelucci points out that while these passages reflect, on the one hand, a “profound and genuine love for Nature, which Lawrence romantically sees as the seat of the divine, on the other hand they also manifest a bent for aestheticism” (181). Only one of Ruskin’s works is specifically mentioned in Lawrence’s works, although references to Ruskin appear in *The Rainbow*; *Sesemes and Lilies* plays a pivotal role in the short story “Goose Fair.”

Michelucci emphasizes the central role Ruskin’s book plays in the story: “. . . it becomes almost the symbol of a world of romance the heroine is attached to and cherishes in her dreams, but which she has to leave behind in order to face reality,” a reality suggested by the fate of the book, which is about education and the role of women in society, and is crushed beneath the weight of the heroine’s mother (182). Lawrence’s story is close to Ruskin’s novel both in setting (about 1870) and in theme: it presents a negative image of industrial and economic progress in the modern world.

Machelucci also examines Lawrence’s knowledge of Ruskin’s work in relation to architecture. Although his direct knowledge of and exposure to Ruskin’s works was limited, numerous other sources influenced Lawrence indirectly, particularly the work of William Morris. Ruskinian figures appear in *Sons and Lovers* (Walter Morel) and *The Rainbow* (Will Brangwen), sensitive, artistic men “imbued with a Ruskinian feeling of the spiritual élan pervading the stones of the old churches” (184). While Machelucci is primarily interested in the way Lawrence connects ideas and intellectual issues to personal relationships, and to all the psychological and emotional problems they

encompass, the thorough exploration of the ways in which Ruskin's indirect influence pervades Lawrence's texts proves valuable nonetheless.

⁸ The repetitive religious imagery and spiritual questioning, set against humanism, is very much a part of modern apathy that occupies the central investigation of several works including Paul Polplawski's *Promptings of desire : creativity and the religious impulse in the works of D.H. Lawrence* and T. R. Wright's *D. H. Lawrence and the Bible*.

⁹ Ruskin distinguishes between Architecture and Building, the latter to which he assigns churches and houses.

¹⁰ While the sisters' disdain for public displays of mourning are articulated here, Lawrence also laments the crushing hand of industry at large, which surfaces in the lives of the colliers and Gerald's relation to them. Gerald is a symbol of modernity; he turns his intellect to the rapid modernization of the mining industry, seeing himself as a "godlike medium" in the mechanization process. In seeking to create "a mechanism so subtle and harmonious in its workings that it represents the single mind of man," he is inspired with "an almost religious exaltation" (228). Yet Gerald's ambitions to streamline and modernize the mechanized process of mining is not celebrated by Lawrence, and he is rather likened to the Grim Reaper than the deity to whom he aspires. Gerald's "modern" interest in labor efficiency and production is cold and calculated; he does not see the colliers as men with families, but rather as rusty parts that must be replaced. He is decidedly more fiscally successful than his father, but roundly hated by the colliers as an uncaring and unfeeling manager. Gerald's inability to be sensitive to the needs of his people causes a rift that is indicative of the natural course of modernity in Lawrence's view.

¹¹ There are ten stories in the first published edition of *England, My England*. Brief examples of the first several stories are discussed here for brevity's sake; Lawrence's short fiction in the wake of the Great War could well be the sole subject of another study.

¹² John Worthen's 2005 *D.H. Lawrence: The Life of an Outsider* devotes a chapter to the outbreak of the war in 1914 and Lawrence's initial concerns and penned responses.

Worthen writes that the first two weeks of the war had a profound impact on Lawrence. He predicted with vivid accuracy the important role mechanized weaponry would play, and felt "nothing but 'immense pain everywhere' [writing] . . . 'The war is just hell for me . . . I can't get away from it for a minute: live in a sort of coma, like one of those nightmares when you can't move'" (quoted in Worthen, 150). Although it took Lawrence years to understand the ferocity of his feelings in 1914, Worthen emphasizes that he was one of the first to grasp what an extraordinary moment it was, in culture, consciousness and modern memory; his very belief in English civilization was at stake (150). Worthen traces the literary residue of the trauma of war in Lawrence early work.

¹³ Henry tells the women that when he lived at Bailey Farm with his grandfather, they didn't get along well, and he ran away to Canada. He joined the military there and planned on returning to settle, although he was stationed in Greece during his tenure as a soldier.

¹⁴ The obvious struggle for sexual power and domestic dominance is secondary here and therefore untreated.

¹⁵ Lawrence contextualizes war memory (and the social duty to and respect for the dead) in a stained glass window in the rectory. Aunt Cissie has set her heart on raising a stained glass window in the church as a memorial to the fallen from the parish. Of those who

gave their lives in the war, however, “. . . the bulk of the fallen had been non-conformists, so the memorial took the form of an ugly little monument in front of the Wesleyan chapel” (45). Undeterred, Cissie actively canvasses for donations, organizes bazaars to generate money, and makes the girls put on amateur shows to raise funds for her stained glass window.

¹⁶ The gipsy, although serving primarily as an oracle of sexual awakening in this novel, is also an interesting character. Although he initially represents nothing more than the sexual thrill of a dark, mysterious outsider to Yvette, the details of his life are brought out in snippets of conversation. When the Eastwoods stop at the gipsy camp to warm themselves, interrupting Yvette’s visit to the gipsy, the men converse separately as the women get acquainted. The Major talks to the gipsy “man to man” although the disparity in their heights is noted to emphasize the awkwardness of their conversation. They talk about the war; the gipsy had served with the artillery teams, in the Major’s own regiment (90). Major Eastwood later says of him, “That gipsy was the best man we had, with horses. Nearly died of pneumonia. I thought he *was* dead. He’s a resurrected man to me” (107). Life during the war was overshadowed by death; that the gipsy has survived is something of a miracle to the Major. Yet the war has irrevocably altered the way the Major views life. He considers the gipsy, despite their financial and social positions, an equal, based on his shared war-time experience.

¹⁷ The Eastwoods are drawn together by their desire and form an odd pair to Yvette. She sees the Major as a “strange wintry bird, so powerful, handsome,” but like a bird, having a “curious indignation against life, because of the false morality” (97). His war experience has reshaped his worldview, and his interests and passions are aroused by

what he perceives as injustices in the post-war world, one rife with immorality due to the war. Lawrence reveals that in the Major, “That powerful, athletic chest hid a strange, snowy sort of anger. And his tenderness for the little Jewess was based on his sense of outraged justice, the abstract morality of the north blowing him, like a strange wind, into isolation” (97). He has returned from the war a changed man, with a different perspective on life and an embedded resentment against the damaging social effects of the war.

Charles Eastwood’s rejection of his career and society’s acceptance is indicative of Lawrence’s final pronouncement against the war—in order to truly heal and move on from the terrible social fractures caused by the war, one must reject modern society altogether in favor of individual passion. The Major in fact cautiously counsels Yvette along these lines. When Yvette confides in the Eastwoods her attraction to the gipsy, the woman is horrified, but the Major posits, “. . . desire is the most wonderful thing in life. Anybody who can really feel it, is a king, and I envy nobody else” (106). He even goes so far as to suggest that while her desire may be the real thing, she need not marry to indulge in it. After being buried in the snow for twenty hours and nearly dying, saved by accident, the Major has radically adjusted his view of what is really important in life, and his passion with Mrs. Fawcett supercedes any other life he might choose. He calls himself a resurrected man, and subsequently lives his life in a completely different way after his experiences in the war.

In this aspect, he and the gipsy have a commonality. Although the gipsy served honorably as a horseman in the war, his ethnicity is presumably a barrier to his inclusion of respectable English society. Although it is unclear if he might have been able to maintain his army position and life among the English, the gipsy clearly embraces the

nomadic lifestyle of his heritage. The gipsy, despite his participation in the war and in army life, is living in a self-imposed exile paralleling that of Major Eastwood's.

Lawrence portrays the gipsy's self-imposed exile as a type of moral strength inherent in his race. For these returning soldiers, post-war society offered nothing; they each choose a life that insulates them from what they view as a damaged or immoral world.

CHAPTER 2

WOOLF AND THE FAMILIAL STRUCTURE OF MOURNING

Always an enormous event, a divider between the past and the present, the First World War affected Woolf's work in one significant way: the process of mourning, of accepting and dealing with emotional after of war, permeates the author's major works. Julia Briggs acknowledges, "The Great War was the defining moment, the line that separated the past from the present, always seen as an abyss or a watershed" in Woolf's work (*Cambridge Companion* 72). Citing Woolf's impatience with conventional history, which tells the lives of great men and ignores the impact of history on women and the "obscure" people of society, Briggs suggests that Woolf constantly worked against this traditional model (78). While Woolf shifts her focus to the obscure, and the typical family in particular, she adopts the Victorian portraiture method to represent the influence of the war in her fiction. Drawing on the literary legacy of Walter Pater, Woolf mimics the use of interiors as repositories of communal memory and childhood. She translates these familial interiors into spaces of mourning.

The experience of mourning, both communal and individual, is elevated above all other experiences in Woolf's major works. The novels portray a *mélange* of English society both before and after the war, but concentrate on the public and private process of

mourning. Public mourning hovers in the margins, expressed by Victorian ideals of national pride and sacrifice; private mourning, within individual families, is reflected using a Paterian style of portraiture to create a nostalgic child-filled home rent apart by the death of a son. Thus the families' mourning, and indeed England's post-war mourning, is both literally and figuratively a mourning for lost sons. This struggle with death occupies a central focus in each novel. The works examined here, *Jacob's Room* (1922), *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), and *The Waves* (1931), all show the intrusion of war on the lives of these families. The violence of war presents an abrupt and unnatural end to the familial structure, truncating the potential of sons and forever scarring the remaining family. This chapter shows how the violent infringement on families through the war itself shatters the secure interiors in Virginia Woolf's novels. While Woolf's characters meditate briefly, if at all, on the aftermath of war, the losses of war resonate both personally and communally. Woolf expresses the trauma of war via absence and silence, yet it is visibly imprinted on the social landscape, permeating private homes and public spaces.

The intersections of Woolf and the Great War have been explored from other perspectives. Karen Levenback's work *Virginia Woolf and the Great War* focuses on Woolf's war consciousness and how her awareness of the rhetoric of war news media and print shape the development of characters in her fiction, essays, and personal writings. Levenback's readings of *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *The Years* show that Woolf herself understood that modern war was total war, with no immunity from its destruction, even for civilians. Levenback's work opens up further explorations of

Woolf's position as a war novelist and thinker by tracing her war consciousness and securing Woolf's place in the canon of war novelists.¹

Patricia Laurence's *The Reading of Silence: Virginia Woolf in the English Tradition* concentrates on the unsaid, unspoken, and unsayable in Woolf's work, and the use of silence as a literary technique. Laurence suggests that, "To understand the riddle of silence in Woolf's novels is to enhance one's interpretation of other layers of fictional and historical silence" (3). Her approach to reading silence in narration aims to engage in the multiple levels and meanings of silence present in Woolf's novels. Laurence is ultimately interested in showing how Woolf as a novelist is interested in finding narrative methods to represent thought and feeling (19). In a similar vein, Howard Harper's *Between Language and Silence: The Novels of Virginia Woolf* also explores Woolf's use of silence. Arguing that Woolf's novels are a continual process of discovery and naming through which the reader experiences the evolution of a language, Harper examines the narrative consciousness in each of the novels (2-3). Harper believes that the way a story is told makes it unique; Woolf's telling is concerned with the phenomenology of perception and expression (5).

Rebecca Walkowitz presents Woolf's negotiation of time and life through what she terms evasion; this can be interpreted as another type of silence. Rather than rectify what Woolf sees as invisibility, Walkowitz argues that she emphasizes the social conditions of blindness. By purposely excluding significant events, including the massive loss of life in the Great War, Woolf highlights the echoes, tangential effects, and memories of the war (121). This chapter connects these evasions, the liminalization of war deaths, to the public and private terms of mourning. Conforming to the socially

expected behavior and reaction to the losses of war, Woolf's characters collaborate unconsciously to create a public space of mourning. The intermingling of death in the midst of life, and the preservation of an individual's memory in the minds of many, occupy much of Woolf's work.

Julia Briggs notes in the recent *Reading Virginia Woolf* that several of Woolf's novels are, in some sense, elegies. Woolf is concerned with the types of things that serve as containers or repositories of memory; these items, like Jacob Flanders' boots, silently and unconsciously mourn the life they once held (142).² Briggs cites the First World War as an incident that "... came to stand for the unspeakable, the unspoken, exerting its silent pressure on the texts of *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway* and even *To the Lighthouse*" (RVW 165). A fundamental aspect of this negotiation for Woolf is the intersection of the struggles with life and with death. Although Woolf devotes attention to death in a variety of forms, the majority of the deaths in her works are from the war. I agree with Briggs that Woolf's novels are elegies; yet while elegies are traditionally devoted to individuals, I suggest here two additional options. First, Woolf uses the individual as a symbolic figure that applies to the whole; in other words, the representations of the loss of a son are meant to be understood collectively, by all families who have lost sons—thus the text presents a space through which all families can mourn and remember their sons. Secondly, Woolf's novels are themselves textual spaces of communal mourning and nostalgia and draw on the properties of interiors Pater popularized in his *Imaginary Portraits*.

Woolf's ability to convey the unspeakable in seemingly benign narratives is greatly enhanced by her familiarity with Victorian literary tradition. Her early journals

show an interest in the preservation of the past, and a stylistic familiarity with the portrait sketches of the late Victorian era, particularly that of Walter Pater. In *Carlyle's House and Other Sketches*, excerpted from her recently discovered 1909 journal,³ Woolf shows curiosity about the ways in which architecture functions as memorial. Several of the sketches are on locations that house some sort of cultural or individual memory. Visiting Carlyle's marital home, now a "forcibly preserved" building in a spoiled Cheyne Row, Woolf remarks on the curious sense of cold voyeurism that propels visitors. Imagining Mrs. Carlyle's portraits watching visitors, Woolf hypothesizes that the former prioress would view visitors as unwelcome strangers with no right to intrude (3). Woolf mediates on the depths of Mrs. Carlyle's eyes, which gaze out from several portraits in both traditional form and late photographs, speculating about the happiness of the woman. Woolf remarks that the house is "light and spacious, but a silent place, which needs much imagination to set alive again" (4). Her mediations on the communicative abilities of the house, and about its transmission of memories of its inhabitants, set up a tangible structure from which Woolf builds her novels.

Another essay entitled "Cambridge" is Woolf's account of the Darwins' house, and it conveys similar interests. Focusing her introductory paragraphs on the interior space, Woolf discusses the types of ornaments that "one associates with Dons, and university culture" (6). These include prints from Holbein drawings, bad portraits of children, indiscriminate rugs, chairs, Venetian glass, Japanese embroideries, and so on. Woolf pronounces this room and its décor dull because the effects of subdued color and incoherence suggest that there is no regard for what she terms scheme (6). Yet Woolf considers the Darwins' house an ideal exhibition of English family life, the embodiment

of humor, tolerance, heartiness, and sound affection. The interior of this domicile again speaks volumes to visitors about the lives of the inhabitants. Woolf attempts to create spaces here that reflect the personalities of their inhabitants, an early step toward the use of interiors to convey mourning. An atmosphere, Woolf concludes, is produced by the minds and characters of its inhabitants (9).

Woolf does a closer study of interior space and its inhabitants in an essay about the Misses Case entitled "Hamstead." This domicile is inhabited solely by women, and the house reflects an eclectic "old maid" atmosphere that differs significantly from the feel of the room in "Cambridge." The women live on the ridge of the hill and have a pleasant view of the valley below; the house, although not old, blends in with the surrounding town, a judgment on Woolf's part that is not complimentary. Inside the house, however, the women manage to keep the air fresh, presumably by keeping out the depressing external atmosphere.

The rooms are slightly shabby and punctuated with random pieces of beautiful old furniture and crockery, and in them the rooms are hung with photographs from old masters and filled with "solid works and . . . Greek archeology" (10). The Misses Case "themselves are of a piece with the house; one of them, that is, is pale and fresh, and rather shabby, like the furniture, and the other seems to represent the fine and rather austere intellect, tempered by suburban residence . . ." (10). Their conversation is what Woolf terms sane, altruistic, and competent, comparable to the conversation of members of parliament. The overall sketch is one of respectable gentility, emphasizing the intellectual equality of the spinsters; Woolf's interest in the interaction between the

inhabitants and the environment, and their contribution to the atmosphere of the residence, is again central.

This early interest in the emotive qualities of domestic interiors developed in most of Woolf's later novels, here highlighted in relation to expressions of mourning after the Great War. Woolf's narratives are primarily positioned as familial narratives, and the importance of memory for the families, like that of society, is paramount after the Great War and an era of national mourning. Woolf conflates her own family's trauma with the pain of the war to participate in a collective mourning that all readers can understand. The rationale behind this approach is evident in a few examples from Woolf's essay "Sketches of the Past" (1939). Although this is written after the works examined here, she lays groundwork for the painful deaths of her mother and brother in the architecture of her childhood homes. Woolf articulates her childhood as a Cathedral space (15), with her mother in the center. The notion of a Cathedral—a term generally only applied to large Catholic churches—as a structure for childhood is interesting. Architecturally, a cathedral is God's hour; its walls are a sanctuary from the varying evils and hardships of the outside world. The "owner" of the house is the guardian of all who dwell within. So too does her mother, the very center of her "Cathedral space" of childhood, represent an all-powerful, protective parent who loves unconditionally and exists to shield and nurture the family. In memory, her mother is "dispersed, omnipresent, [... and] the creator of that crowded merry world which spun so fairly in the centre of my childhood" (19). In a sense, she is not central, but the creator of the center of the interior.

Discussing her writing of *To the Lighthouse* as a cathartic exercise of familial trauma—losing her mother at a young age—Woolf situates her mother at the architectural

center of her childhood. Mrs. Stephens is “the whole thing; Tallyand House was full of her; Hyde Park Gate was full of her” (17). Her mother is identified within the family’s homes, as being an immovable part of the structures themselves. Everything in them is a reflection of her in some way. Yet Woolf’s memory of her mother is also blurred; she put this down to her mother busily keeping her “panoply of life—that which we all lived in common—in being” (17). Woolf remembers her mother in a white dressing gown on the balcony as one of her earliest memories, again in relation to a part of the house (15). Every part of the house, and her room, is associated with her mother in some way.

She remembers her mother’s death largely in terms of the final scene of parting, with her mother lying in bed still warm. Woolf remembers, “. . . the long looking-glass;; with the drawers on either side; and the washstand; and the great bed on which [her] mother lay” (19). The furniture seems an odd thing to remember; but the items of life are intimately associated with her mother and her own previous visits to the room. Her first and final memories of her mother are situated in interiors and colored by the material surroundings that remind one of the departed’s life. Woolf makes abundant use of this imagery in her novels, most particularly in *Jacob’s Room* and *To the Lighthouse*, in which the inhabitants’ “things” speak volumes about their lives and habits.

The function of the home in Woolf’s childhood associations is strong. Woolf recalls the summer her family spent in Cornwall; all of her impressions are of the house and the landscape around it:

Our house, Talland House, was outside the town; on the hill [...] a square house, like a child’s drawing of a house; remarkable only for its flat roof, and the railing with crossed bars of wood that ran round the roof. It had,

when we came there, a perfect view—down the hill, little lawns, surrounded by thick escallonia bushes, whose leaves one picked and pressed and smelt: it had so many corners and lawns that each was named: the coffee garden; the fountain; the cricket ground; the love corner, under the greenhouse (28)

Woolf remembers her vacation home and the landscape in considerable detail. The areas of the garden are named according to the activities taking place in each. Thus, the landscape has been marked in her memory and associated with symbolism and meaning that she retains well into her adult life.

Woolf uses the microcosm of the family structure as a metaphor for society after the war; their individual losses and expressions of grief and mourning are England's. Her third novel⁴, *Jacob's Room* (1922), tells the tale of a middle-class English family before the war; the last chapter reflects on the family's loss, and the home of the Flanders, including Jacob's bedroom, as a disrupted unit after the Great War. The novel effectively searches for its title character in the various spaces, places, people and objects that once held him (*Reading Virginia Woolf* 142), a technique that appears in later works as well. The novel itself serves as an empty container that records the traces and imprints of Jacob's life as he disappears, "the representative of a whole generation of young men lost in the killing fields of Flanders" (142). *Jacob's Room* is a novel about what its central figure will never become because his life, and all his opportunities, are cut short by his death the war. Vincent Sherry terms the one narrative thread in *Jacob's Room* "the long advent and quick consequence of the war" (270). The use of foreshadowing in the novel predictably leads the reader to an inevitable conclusion about Jacob's life.⁵

Set on the eve of the First World War, *Jacob's Room* evokes, Sue Roe posits, the halcyon days of pre-war innocence. Poised on the brink between Edwardian and Modernist form, it is about “thresholds, brings, and the layering in of character, in life and in the literary work” (xi).⁶ Woolf uses the internal living space of the title to juxtapose Jacob's growth and development with his abrupt and seemingly inexplicable death in the war. The last chapter of the novel, a single page long, offsets the preceding thirteen chapters that trace Jacob's youth. The death itself is only referenced after the fact. Yet the sense of mourning, the memory of Jacob and his life, are embodied in the material effects of his living environment. Rather than the death, which takes place on foreign soil, the tangible collections of life are the repositories of memory. Jacob Flanders' mother and his friend Bonomy mourn together, and the space is an uncomfortable one laden with reminders of what Jacob could have become.

Pater's collection *Imaginary Portraits* reflects his attempt to capture memory using the techniques of a painter. The visceral yet visual conveyance of memory through art is exactly what modern writers strove for in their fiction. Memory, or the mourning of a better time, shades each of the works examined in this study. In *Imaginary Portraits*, Pater meditates on the pleasures of reminiscing about one's home and writes several tales about the experience of memory and the home. Pater's own autobiographical sketch, “The Child in the House,” is a paradigmatic text of Victorian nostalgia for childhood and stability. Pater likes to fondly remember the house in which he has spent his childhood, particularly the individual rooms, and seeks to bring these interiors fully back to life by considering what it is to occupy the spaces of the home: in other words, how their physical being has related to the walls and windows of childhood (125). Pater uses

various architectural images and details to describe his literary personality building, which attempt to return to the pleasurable memories of childhood. Woolf uses this method to paint a portrait of Jacob—his empty room shelters all of his childhood ambitions, his interests, long after he is gone. The room is a shrine to his lost innocence.

Sensory experience is inextricable from memory in Pater's sketches. He emphasizes the influence of the pleasures of memory and their contribution to our emotional maturity. In "The Child in the House," he writes,

Out susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well remembered place in the material habitation . . .and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions . . . [and] become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound. (226)

For Pater, the memory of random but poignant experiences from childhood attach themselves to tangible things in the house; once the mental association has been made with a room or piece of furniture, for example, then that room or item becomes a constant, tangible reminder of the past. In a house in which none of the rooms are redecorated and none of the furniture replaced, these memories can quite literally remain in the house and with the child throughout his or her life. Whether or not the material structure to which memories are associated physically remain, the items/rooms themselves become "a material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment" that live on in memory. In turn, these symbols "interweav[e] [themselves] through all our thoughts and passions";

in other words, our memories build on these material symbols. They become part of “the great chain wherewith we are bound,” or become part of the very fabric of personality, and thus inseparable through time and space.

Jacob’s life story is told in a framework of his (and his various lovers’) residences and the interactions that take place within them. His own room is described more than once; in fact, two of the descriptions of his rooms at Cambridge are identical. The room is always described in its occupant’s absence. Its contents are not extraordinary; a round table and two low chairs, a photograph of his mother, cards, notes, pipes, an essay in progress and books all give the reader an impression of a student’s quarters. The reading material is widely varied, with nods to classic works like those by Austen, Dickens, Spenser, as well as books on the Italian painters of the Renaissance. Despite the myriad contents, however, the room is patently described as empty. Woolf tells the reader, “Listless is the air in an empty room, just swelling the curtain; the flowers in the jar shift. One fibre in the wicker armchair creaks, though no one sits there” (*JR* 31). The absence of life in the room is emphasized as if, though the air flows, is it scarcely enough to sustain a leaf. The quiet rumblings of the contents are almost like that of a ghost story; the essence of spirit is there, but vague and hollow without the presence of life.

References to the coming war are carefully threaded throughout the novel, and impinge on the tranquility of Jacob’s youth. Jacob’s surname, Flanders (the name of the infamous battlefield immortalized by the Trench Poets), suggests an immediate and decidedly grim connection to Jacob and the war. Roe points out that this is just the beginning of Woolf’s careful strokes to incorporate a succession of hints in the narrative (xxxv). As Jacob returns to his rooms from Simeon’s room, the bell tower strikes the

hour, muffled in a thick fog that blankets Cambridge and its bright young minds from the outside world, perhaps:

The stroke of the clock even was muffled; as if intoned by somebody reverent from a pulpit; as if generations of learned men heard the last hour go rolling through their ranks and issued it, already smooth and time-worn, with their blessing, for the use of the living. Was it to receive this gift from the past that the young man came to the window and stood there, looking out across the court? It was Jacob. (36)

The significance of the clock, of time passing, is overt. Yet the sound of the bell is acquainted with something more sinister, like a death knell muffled in grief by the darkness. It also holds the sway of authority, as if its call comes from the weight of duty, be it spiritual, political, or social. The “generations of learned men” are described in ranks, much like soldiers who answer to the call of duty and the call of death. The sound itself is “Smooth and time-worn,” as if previous generations have heard and answered its call; now it is “for the use of the living,” which implies that the generation of the present must also heed its call. Jacob answers the call of the toll here by going to the window, expectant to see perhaps some road or path in his future, which is also his end.

The tranquility of one afternoon during Jacob’s holiday in Cornwall is broken by a cry from shore. The landscape in Jacob’s view takes on a different tone: “But imperceptibly the cottage smoke droops, has the look of a mourning emblem, a flag floating its caress over a grave. The gulls, making their broad flight and then riding at peace seem to mark the grave” (39). The smoke is like the smoke on a battlefield, signaling a loss or reason for mourning. It marks, like a memorial flag, a spot that should

be noted, called to attention. Birds swirling around the site recall images Yeats used two years earlier to signal the coming war, a circling indicating prey below. The paragraph continues to suggest that while other nations might take a bit of excitement in the forthcoming event, that the Cornish hills project a lovely sadness. The chimneys and coast guard stations and little bays with breaking waves, the narrative states, “. . . make one remember the overpowering sorrow. And what can this sorrow be?” (40). The tranquility of a peaceful cove is juxtaposed with the impending violence of the war, a conflict that disrupts happy idleness and serene provincialism. The peace exemplified by the surroundings is a fragile one, soon to be broken by overpowering sorrow and a permanently changed view of the land. Similarly, Jacob’s tranquil youth is about to be disrupted and truncated by the adult responsibilities of national duty and service.⁷

A substantial block of description of war actions intersects a conversation by a few people about Jacob Flanders, again linking his youth and vitality to the coming tragedy. As battleships on the North Sea, train their guns on targets, in response and “With equal nonchalance a dozen young men in the prime of life descend with composed faces into the depths of the sea; and there impassively (though with perfect master of machinery) suffocate uncomplainingly together” (136). This routine of complacent murder is bracketed by references to gentlemen in clubs and Cabinets, and the actions of modernity—commerce, science, politics—which “oar the world forward.” The effect of war is also traced on the landscape: “Like blocks of tin soldiers the army covers the cornfield, moves up the hillside, stops, reels slightly this way and that, and falls flat, save that, through field-glasses, it can be seen that one or two pieces still agitate up and down like fragments of broken match-stick” (136). Whether the soldiers or the cornstalks they

trample through are agitating “up and down like fragments of broken match-stick,” the sense of their movement is described as a swarm of destructive beings, like locusts descending on crops. Those who remain standing, either literally or figuratively, are only part of the whole, fragments of a broken stick.

Jacob himself is not unaware of the impending war. In the drawing rooms of society (and here in the Durrants’ drawing room), life goes on as usual. This apparently surprises General Gibbons,⁸ who asks “Where are the men? [...] Where are the guns?” (137). Mrs. Durrant too is expecting to see some visual confirmation of the impending conflict. The conversation is about the potential war, and the narrative tells of the overarching topic of discussion—Germany—at the Durrants. In this atmosphere, Jacob, “driven by this unseizable force” (the desire to be governed by an orderly and timely, militaristic force) departs the drawing room gathering and walks rapidly away, down Hermes Street.⁹ Later dining with the Williams’ (he is in love with Sandra Williams), he is left brooding in the smoking room and finds in his gaze the Square of the Constitution (Syntagma Square).¹⁰ The historical association of Athens’ physical landscape dominates Jacob’s view, presaging the coming war.

The war itself is treated briefly and indirectly in the narrative. In a somewhat journalistic tone, the events of world politics are related impartially, briefly, and then dismissed.

Five strokes Big Ben intoned; Nelson received the salute. The wires of the Admiralty shivered with some far-away communication. A voice kept remarking that the Prime Ministers and Viceroy spoke in the Reichstag; entered Lahore; said that the Emperor traveled; in Milan they rioted; said

there were rumors in Vienna . . . Papers accumulated, inscribed with utterances of Kaisers, the statistics of rice-fields, the growling of hundreds of workpeople, plotting sedition in back streets, or gathering in the Calcutta bazaars, or mustering their forces in the uplands of Albania, where the hills are sand-coloured, and the bones lie unburied. (151)

The relation of this information is matter-of-fact, informative, and the most direct treatment of the political events of the war Woolf provides, although chronologically it is out of order. The Admiralty is at work, preparing for war, possibly already engaged. The meeting in the Reichstag is one that took place on August 4th, 1914, at which war is presumably declared. The Emperor's (Franz-Ferdinand) assassination on June 28th, 1914, while visiting Serbia, gave the Austro-Hungarian empire legitimate reason to invade Serbia and quell what had been rumblings of malcontent. The rumors in Vienna are most likely of the impending war.¹¹ Woolf also alludes to labor troubles, colonial uprisings, and other minor contributories to the cracks in the shell of the British Empire. The detached style of communication trivializes human loss while emphasizing the great machine of history and state making; this is another way Woolf uses silence to emphasize the loss and mourning that is marginalized (except when conveniently paraded) by society.

The subsequent paragraph in the text devolves to political figures, the "great men" whose biographies are the making of history. The problem in the state of world events is laid before the Cabinet by the Prime Minister; then the sixteen gentlemen ". . . decreed that the course of history should shape itself this way or that way, being manfully determined, as their faces showed, . . . to control the course of events" (151). Their

decision to enter the war is marked by a visible reminder of the potential greatness of government men: "Pitt and Chatham, Burke and Gladstone looked from side to side with fixed marble eyes and an air of immortal quiescence which perhaps the living may have envied, the air being full of whistling and concussions, as the procession with its banners passed down Whitehall" (151-52). The lives of their political predecessors, deemed distinguished and successful by the annals of history, lend an air of mock solemnity to the passage. The momentousness of the decision they are undertaking, to "control the course of events," is one that may not be looked kindly upon by history. The usefulness of this passage to the present study is to emphasize the disjunction between national power brokers and the hoards of young lives actually sacrificed to the cause.

Woolf's point here is that the men making the decision to control the course of events, to mark themselves in the history books, are not the men sent off to fight. While the outside environment is one of enthusiastic celebration, of banners and processions, Woolf suggests that history would not view with equal felicity the entrance of England into the Great War. Woolf quite patently condemns the Cabinet for their day's decision making: ". . . altogether they looked too red, fat, pale or lean, to be dealing, as the marble heads had dealt, with the course of history" (152). The suggestion in this section's summation is that these men fail to protect the interests of their constituents. They are unfit to lead and protect the nation and its people; they are physically poor specimens of gentlemen and leaders, and led astray into a grievous war.

The final scene, of his friend and his mother standing in the empty room, is the overwhelming crux of the novel. In the closing lines of the preceding chapter, Betty Flanders is awakened by the sound of guns or the pounding waves of the sea on the shore,

“as if nocturnal women were beating great carpets” (154). She thinks of the men she has loved and lost, as well as those still fighting: “There was Morty lost, and Seabrook dead; her sons fighting for their country” (154). These memories and concerns are for those far away; Betty is overtaken by concerns for the present—the chickens, someone moving downstairs, Rebecca with a toothache. Yet this mysterious sound that awakens Betty, the sound of war and the heralding of violent disruption, transitions the reader into the final, one-page chapter that announces Jacob’s death.

The link between Woolf’s use of children and Pater’s fondness for nostalgia and the joys and memories of childhood become evident if one reads Pater’s *Imaginary Portraits*. In “The Child in the House,” Pater describes a sense of oneness and security with his childhood house. He writes,

. . . [My] sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child’s soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place ‘inclosed’ and ‘sealed.’ But upon this assured place, upon the child’s assured soul which resembled it, *there came floating in from the larger world without*, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, *the sentiments of beauty and pain*. (Italics mine, Pater, 228).

A child’s world is “inclosed and sealed” to strangers; a child’s parents decide who is allowed in the home and into the child’s life. Yet, no matter how retired the estate desires to be, life “float[s] in from the larger world without” in the form of experience and maturity. The “windows left ajar unknowingly” signal curiosity or education, things of natural disposition and course. Thus the curtain of the window in Jacob’s room flutters;

the world without is invading the sanctity of the child's bedroom. Nothing is disturbed but the occupant, who is lost to war.

When Bonamy enters Jacob's room in the last chapter, he is astounded that his friend has left everything just as it was before he left for the war. He exclaims, "Nothing arranged. All his letters strewn about for any one to read. What did he expect? Did he think he would come back?" (155). The room is filled with Jacob's things; it looks as if he might walk in at any minute. This reflects a disjunction from the reality of war; the possibility of death does not accompany his enlistment. He expects to live through the adventure much as a child would—and it is this childish innocence that is cherished and memorialized in the disorderly array of Jacob's bedroom. Again Woolf describes the listless air of an empty room, the gentle swelling of the curtain, the flowers in the jar. The wicker arm-chair again creaks, although no one sits in it. Outside, life is in full swing—omnibuses foul up traffic, engine propelled vehicles cut off horse drawn carriages. Bonamy cries out (not unlike Mr. Ramsay's later abrupt calls) Jacob's name, as if calling to him out the window, out in a world that thrives.

Pater also discusses a variety of ways in which memory materializes in tangible objects. Woolf makes the tangible object here Jacob's empty boots. Betty bursts into the room, exclaiming the confusion everywhere, in the street and in their lives, holding out a pair of her son's boots. She asks Bonamy, "What am I to do with these?" (155). The boots are the empty receptacle that once held Jacob himself; they have been molded to his feet; they are quite useless to anyone else. Roe points out that it is with these boots that Woolf makes her final modernist gesture, saying ". . . not in any gesture of momentary heroism, nor in the embrace of some woman, nor indeed in any of the

'biographies of great men'—that Jacob has made his imprint, the unmistakable mark of his inimitable human form" (xxxvii).

Woolf's next novel is less individualized in terms of mourning; instead, Woolf strives to convey the intangible sense of public mourning in the years immediately after the war. *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925) is different from her other works in that the title character is not part of the family bereft by war; rather, she is surrounded by others' losses. Clarissa Dalloway's London world is a cityscape overshadowed by loss: memories of the war, mourning for loved ones lost, mourning for the past and the war things were. Yet all of these emotions are suppressed, both by individuals struggling internally with their grief and by society at large, so that the mourning is participated in through ceremonies and the construction of or new meaning attributed to memorials. The war is a tangible presence in post-war London, evident in the martial parades, the wounded veterans returned home, and in the grief of the mothers who actively mourn their sons. The frantic, enforced gaiety of the social season works like an unconscious conspiracy to dine and dance away the gloom, working against the death hanging over the survivors. This getting on with life is laden with guilt and formality.

As Mrs. Dalloway sets out in the morning, she is exhilarated by the beauty of the June day, loving the high singing of the aeroplanes overhead and the hum of activity all around. Yet she cannot help but think of the war:

The War was over, except for some one like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin; or Lady Bexborough who opened a

bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite,
killed; but it was over; thank Heaven—over. (5)

Clarissa differentiates between those who have lost loved ones, sons, in the war, and herself. The obvious pain of Mrs. Foxcroft and Lady Bexborough is represented as an uncomfortable anomaly in an otherwise thriving and merry post-war summer. While their homes are broken, Clarissa's home plans for a party, contributing gaiety to kindle and illuminate the summer. These preparations are shadowed throughout the novel by liminally visible signs of trauma hovering in the background.¹² The cityscape is redrawn in a manner; the shadows of war must be overcome by an enforced revitalization that matches the resilient summer day.

Clarissa's walk is punctuated by the sense of mourning that impinges on her day. As she thinks of the people she knows and loves who survive, she tries to put a finger on her imaginative ramblings as she window shops, thinking to herself: "What was she trying to recover? What image of white dawn in the country . . ." (9). Clarissa tries to remember a time before the war when the guilt of survival did not taint an otherwise lovely day. The war, "this late age of the world's experience had bred in them all, all men and women, a well of tears. Tears and sorrows, courage and endurance . . ." (9). She thinks with admiration of Lady Bexborough's resolve in opening the bazaar despite her telegram, noting that woman's proper display of perfectly upright and stoical bearing. This stoical bearing is exactly what people like the Dalloways value—an internal and controlled process of mourning that does not project onto others.

In this novel, the sense of national pride is inextricably linked with war mourning, to the extent that (for at least those of Clarissa's class) pride in one's country justifies the

losses as a necessary part of the glory of Empire. Clarissa, exemplifying her social strata, believes in the necessity of such symbols, which readily mark the city's landscape. One significant instant of this is aroused at the sight of a car with an unidentified member of the royal family. The passing of the car causes a formidable and emotional pause by the people who see it: ". . .strangers looked at each other and thought of the dead; of the flag; of Empire . . .and seemed ready to attend their Sovereign, if need be, to the cannon's mouth, as their ancestors had done before them" (18). The pride in tradition overwhelms any individual analysis of the necessity of war in this passage—although interestingly, the sight of the royals is automatically linked to the trauma of war and the sacrifices involved in maintaining the Empire.¹³

Scenes like this, reminding the reader of the "reason" for nationalism and for the horrible losses of the Great War, appear frequently in the novel. Peter Walsh spends a good part of his day crossing London or napping in parks; he too sees the war's presence in the streets. As he is thinking about his old friends and how his career diverged from what it might have been, his thoughts are overcome by a martial pattern of drums and a parade follows the thudding in his ears. In a public display,

Boys in uniform, carrying guns, marched with their eyes ahead of them, marched, with their arms stiff, and on their faces an expression like the letters of a legend written round the base of a statue praising duty, gratitude, fidelity, love of England . . . they wore on them unmixed with sensual pleasure or daily preoccupations the solemnity of the wreath which they had fetched from Finsbury Pavement to the empty tomb. (51)

The ceremony of the wreath memorial for the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier impresses upon Peter several things: first, the sense of honor and duty that is imbued with military service; and second, a sense of somberness and gravity for the ritual that impresses on the reader the seriousness with which the war fallen are honored. Traffic sees and gives way to the procession; delivery vans stop for a presumable moment of silence in respect to the honor of the fallen. This public parade, a slice of activity in the busy daily lives of post-war London, is not only performed but watched, participated in via the silence and temporary halt in activity by observers, who both acknowledge the needs of state and mourn their individual losses.

To Peter, the uniform will be exhibited in the mechanical and rhythmic activity of arms and legs in motion signals something else. The unity of movement highlights the complete subjection of individual will to the orders at hand; this action parallels the unquestioning support and patriotism that fueled England's fighting forces in the Great War. Seeing these young boys march, Peter thinks "life, with its varieties, its irreticences, had been laid under a pavement of monuments and wreaths and drugged into a stiff yet staring corpse by discipline" (51). The solemnity that characterizes military service is one of death, of memorials, of unquestioning execution. The participation of these young men in the military has effectively commuted life; they have become communal bodies ruled by discipline. This too is a legacy of war. The group of soldiers marches past "all the exalted statues, Nelson¹⁴, Gordon¹⁵, Havelock¹⁶, the black, the spectacular images of great soldiers stood looking ahead of them, as if they too had made the same renunciation . . . and achieved at length a marble stare" (51). Although Peter respects the marble stare, it is not something he desires himself. He chooses to focus on life, on the "troubles of the

flesh” that the young soldiers are too young to know and likely will never know as their lives are truncated by the war.¹⁷

In *To the Lighthouse* (1927), Woolf leaves off a strictly post-war view and instead adopts a larger framework, encompassing both sides of the war in the Ramsay family. The war itself receives attention only in the “Time Passes” section. While the novel contains sketches of Woolf’s own family and takes as its theme the passage of time, of life, and the struggle against time (for more life), the idea of mourning is strongly represented in it through nostalgia. The way in which the violence of war invades the lives of the Ramsays is expressed in distinct ways in the novel. The fragmented insertions of Tennyson’s poem “The Charge of the Light Brigade” and William Cowper’s “The Castaway” into Mr. Ramsay’s (and later Cam’s) speech, seem to echo the breakup of family. The former poem, perhaps one of England’s most well-known war elegies, expresses a strong message about the folly of war; Cowper’s poem echoes the despair of life among the waves/water of life. Second, the “Time Passes” chapter of the novel, which brackets events from the main syntax, deals with the loss of Andrew (and Mrs. Ramsay) specifically. Finally, Lily Briscoe’s unsuccessful attempts to capture the livelihood of the family at its summer home on canvas emphasize the broken home of the post-war Ramseys. The rendering of atmosphere is not easily expressed on canvas; indeed, it is only captured by centering the absence of life.

Tennyson’s poem “The Charge of the Light Brigade” flashes through Mr. Ramsay’s thoughts, providing war imagery connected to the family’s own trauma. Certainly one of England’s most famous war elegies, Tennyson’s work is also one of the first “modern” anti-war poems, and it conveys a strong, multi-layered message. The

poem uniquely glorifies the honor and courage of England's troops in a grim battle while simultaneously condemning the folly and useless blunders of inept command. The glorious failure that Tennyson immortalized is easily transposed on the Great War, whose catastrophic losses characterize all associations with the war.

Frequently in "The Window," Mr. Ramsay bursts into fragmentary speech that, out of context, makes little sense in his surroundings; yet lines from the two poems constantly appear throughout the novel and reflect the trauma of war and the subsequent mourning in Mr. Ramsay's daily life. These outbursts serve both as foreshadowing of the coming war and as a reminder of the senseless predictability of history; they memorialize the Great War in the novel. Tennyson's poem appears first, scattered throughout the first book; Mrs. Ramsay's picture browsing is interrupted thus: "Suddenly a loud cry, as of a sleep-walker, half roused something about 'Stormed at with shot and shell' sung out with the utmost intensity in her ear, made her turn apprehensively to see if any one heard him" (21). The line signals an oncoming attack, a rain of bullets and mortars. Indeed Mr. Ramsay disrupts Lily Briscoe's concentration by nearly upsetting her easel as he storms by muttering to himself—one might surmise that the onslaught of knowledge, of a sense of history, is as disrupting as a philosopher barreling about.

The line that appears most frequently, "Someone had blundered," also multiple interpretations. The line refers to the military command's inept strategy during the Crimean War—a charge easily transferred to the unprepared and unsuccessful leaders during the Great War. On a personal level, the line might confer blame on "someone else" for the death of Andrew and the subsequent break-up of the Ramsay family. As Mr. Ramsay storms about glaring at his wife's guests and making them uncomfortable,

“Someone had blundered” runs through his thoughts. Mrs. Ramsay considers this problem—“gaz[ing] steadily until [Mr. Ramsay’s] closeness revealed to her (the jingle mated itself in her head) that something had happened, someone had blundered. But she could not for the life of her think what” (35). Mrs. Ramsay, understanding his words literally, cannot understand who has blundered because her concerns are centered on the familial and feminine; she is wrapped up in the lives and happiness of her eight children and the comfort (and courtship opportunities) of her guests.

Yet Woolf seems to be implying that the concern that “Someone has blundered” is primarily a concern of history (and therefore a masculine concern); women are unable to put the sense of war, and the accompanying loss of life, into perspective in the grand schemes of politicians and national ambition. Mr. Ramsay, on the other hand, is almost traumatized by possibilities of the nature of reality. He is positively consumed by it:

He shivered; he quivered. All his vanity, all his satisfaction in his own splendour, riding fell as a thunderbolt, fierce as a hawk at the head of his men through the valley of death, had been shattered, destroyed. Stormed at by shot and shell, boldly we rode and well, slashed through the valley of death, volleyed and thundered—straight into Lily Briscoe and William Bankes. He quivered; he shivered. (36)

This description of his demeanor while walking across the lawn is such that Mr. Ramsay is out of touch with the current reality; he is absorbed by history and the past. Perhaps he also imagines his intellectual forays as an adventure of epic proportions; his thought processes are interrupted, bombarded, by the shots and shells of life—a life that is

constantly in motion and represented by his children. As Mr. Ramsay bears down and then retreats, Lily Briscoe is struck by her own perception of the nature of reality:

“ . . . how life, from being made up of little separate incidents which one lived one by one, became curled and whole like a wave which bore one up with it and threw one down with it, there, with a dash on the beach” (53). The water imagery, which certainly is a vital focus in the “Time Passes” section, is also the central metaphor for William Cowper’s poem “The Castaway,” which dominates Mr. Ramsay’s post-war (and post-Mrs. Ramsay) reality.

Just as the journey to the lighthouse works against the wind, water, and nature herself, so too does the “Time Passes” section tell of a journey through violence and hardship against time and nature. Briggs discusses Woolf’s adoption of the imagery of wind and storm to suggest the coming war much in the way Yeats had done in his poems on the Irish Civil War. The “Time Passes” section decenters the losses of the family by creating a vacuum in which the losses of the Ramsey family are commingled with larger losses and voids. Briggs styles these “dreaming selves of the night,” and their preamble to the shore, witnessing a violent storm that compresses the experience of the ferocious war years into a single night (74).¹⁸ The passing years are represented in language that mimics the ferocity of tempestuous nature:

The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend their leaves fly helter skelter until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths. Also the sea tosses itself and breaks itself . . . no image with semblance of serving

and divine promptitude comes readily to hand bringing the night to order
and making the world reflect the compass of the soul. (140)

The nights in the “Time Passes” section represent the years of the war and the separations that effectively split the Ramsay family. Setting the tone in the darkness of night suggests both fear (of the unseen) and death. Wind, a powerful force of nature that can be as destructive as the sea, sweeps in and damages the land. It assaults the trees like a military barrage, stripping life from the trees’ limbs; so too did military assaults rush across troops and blow their limbs from their bodies. The imagery of the leaves plastering the lawn, lying in gutters and choking the pipes, is a graphic description that might easily be applied to a battlefield—like bodies, the leaves are the shredded and separated soldiers that are littering the fields of France; the gutters and pipes of the same shape as the trenches on the western front, filled with the dead and dying.

The sea in this passage too is tempestuous and has a powerful and destructive nature, one that man may struggle against unsuccessfully. The wrath of nature is unguided by a divine hand or sense of higher order; the night, or the war years, cannot be brought to order. The sea is described as having a “purplish stain upon the bland surface . . . as if something had boiled and bled, invisibly, beneath” (146). The image of seeping blood, perhaps across the ground as well as in the streams and rivers of France and Germany, is one that reflects the turmoil of the war as a violent loss, now dulled by the rhythm of the waves, which tend to obscure and wash away painful memories. Yet it is “difficult to overlook them, to abolish their significance in the landscape; to continue, as one walked by the sea, to marvel how beauty outside mirrored beauty within” (146). So too is it difficult to let the passage of time heal the wound of the war, to forget how the

war has reshaped the landscape, to be able to see the beauty and joy in nature in the wake of so much destruction. This smooth, reflective mirror the sea once provided is broken; contemplation was unendurable (146).

The house itself in the “Time Passes” section also reflects the dilapidation and mourning that characterized the post-war years.¹⁹ The physical structure is the repository of memories, particularly of the Ramsey family as a whole. Returning to the house later, the family is trying to return to a time in which the family was whole and happy; the time that separates the present from the past makes that impossible, as the family is not whole after the war. This too is a technique of Pater’s; the house harbors painful memories as well. In *Imaginary Portraits*, Pater highlights “some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things, or Weltschmerz . . . in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seems to lie heavily on [memory]” (229). Pater details “the sentiments of beauty and pain,” ascribing to beauty “recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them,” and to pain “the sorrow of the world” (228). While the house serves as a place of nostalgia for the era of childhood, it also incorporate a “pleasurable pain” that man recognizes and revels in. For Florian, “sudden, severe pain [...] too brought its curious reflections” (233) and vivid sensorial memories. In addition to the memory and association of pain is the experience of “pressure upon him of the sensible world” (233). Pater affirms that these sensations all contribute to the intertextual personalities that each individual possesses. When the Ramseys return to the house after the war, they are attempting to regain the past through the “pleasurable pain” the house encompasses.

As in *Jacob's Room*, Woolf uses the changed landscape of the family's home, and its emptiness, to illustrate a respectful sense of mourning for the way of life, and the lives, lost:

So with the house empty and the doors locked and the mattresses rolled round, those stray airs, advance guards of great armies, blustered in, brushed bare boards, nibbled and fanned, met nothing in bedroom or drawing-room that wholly resisted them . . . What people had shed and left—a pair of shoes, a shooting cap, some faded skirts and coats in wardrobes—those alone kept the human shape and in the emptiness indicated how once they were filled and animated . . . Nothing it seems could break that image, corrupt that innocence, or disturb the swaying mantle of silence which, week after week, in the empty room wove into itself the falling cries of birds, ships hooting, the drone and hum of the fields, a dog's bark, a man's shout, and folded them round the house in silence. (Woolf 140-142)

Time is portrayed as an advancing army that sweeps in unimpeded; only the tangible belongings of the family are left to hold their place and memories in the house. The items the family has worn, shoes, caps, skirts and coats serve as memorials to their respective owners' lives. Like Jacob Flanders' shoes, these items are lifeless without their owners and hang uselessly awaiting the return of those who filled them. Silence becomes a death shroud, swaddling the house in peace, making the house evermore part of nature, subject to its creatures, its sounds, having none of its own.

Occasionally the silence of the house is disturbed. While the sun shines in on the empty rooms, Mrs. McNabb, in her efforts to prepare the house for the return of the remaining Ramsays, disturbs the dust, breaking in to lurch about and sweep the cobwebs away. Later in the summer, which one places in 1914, came “ominous sounds like the measured blows of hammers dulled on felt, which, with their repeated shocks . . . cracked the tea-cups. Now and again some glass tinkled in the cupboard as if a giant voice had shrieked so loud in its agony that tumblers stood inside a cupboard vibrated too” (145). The description here of the ominous sounds of summer match the sounds of the battlefield—the blows of hammers not unlike the thud of artillery; the tinkling of glass and the trembling tumblers, like shop windows and the shops patrons, resonate in the aftermath of the loud shrieking agony. The disruption of the war in the summer of 1914 was one that left ripples, like waves, on the minds and in the souls of its survivors, as if the tremors could be felt everywhere, and created a general feeling of unease and unsure stability.

Andrew Ramsay’s death in the war is bracketed (as are Prue Ramsay’s death in childbed and Mrs. Ramsay’s death in the night). The understated placement of the events, catastrophic to the family, and on a larger scale the nation, draws focus to them. Even Andrew’s death is not individual, but shared with other young soldiers: “[A shell exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France, among them Andrew Ramsay, whose death, mercifully, was instantaneous]” (145). Andrew’s life is one of many lost to the war; the only individualizing feature of this passage is that the reader is assured that, unlike many other unfortunate soldiers, Andrew Ramsay had the blessing of an instant death that was not drawn out by injury and terror. Mrs. McNabb, who

remembers the family together and happy at the now empty house, acknowledges his loss among the others:

[Mrs. Ramsay] had a pleasant way with her. The girls all liked her. But dear, many things had changed since then (she shut the drawer); many families had lost their dearest. So she was dead; and Mr. Andrew killed; and Miss Prue dead too . . . but every one had lost some one these years.
(148)

The war years have left a swath of dead; everyone has lost a loved one in the war, or during the war, so that the years of the war are characterized by an impounding sense of loss, anguish, and emptiness. The Ramsays are to be pitied only in the way that so many others are; their losses seem large, but their experience is not unique. Their story is shared by thousands of others in England. The portrayal of their mourning is meant to be understood and shared by all families who have lost loved ones in the war.

The remaining family and acquaintances come together again at the home on the bay in “The Lighthouse” chapter, which opens to a world that is bare and empty, with what Briggs terms a hole at the centre corresponding to the gap at the centre of Lily’s painting (*RVW* 150). Among them, Lily Briscoe returns with her paints. Lily’s painting, or attempt to paint, in “The Window” (a space between the interior of the home and the outside), is a frustrated effort to capture the tranquility of Mrs. Ramsey against the backdrop of the house, filled to the brim with life. Her early version of the painting is one that makes her upset, disappointed, and despairing of her talent. As she steps back to look at her work, she is overcome:

She could have wept. It was bad, it was bad, it was infinitely bad! She could have done it differently of course; the colour could have been thinned and faded; the shapes etherealised; that was how Paunceforte would have seen it. But then she did not see it like that. She saw the colour burning on a framework of steel; the light of a butterfly's wing lying on the arches of a cathedral. Of all that only a few random marks scrawled upon the canvas remained. (54)

Lily tries envision the Ramsay family as a whole. She sees Mrs. Ramsay and the children, their life force, as color set against a steel framework, presumably that of family. Their lives are illuminated, inextricably woven together, thriving off of each other. Lily likens Mrs. Ramsay's essence, an ethereal property, as like a butterfly's wing, intricately patterned, made more beautiful on observation, and particularly enhanced in the natural light. The cathedral, the home as a structure offering sanctuary, morality, and fulfillment, is only a backdrop to the other-worldly quality that Mrs. Ramsay exudes.

Woolf develops the cathedral as home metaphor in "Sketches of the Past." In Lily's mind, the architecture of the church is identical to that of the home—Mrs. Ramsay has attempted to provide her family with protection from the world by isolating them from the unpleasant realities that hover on the periphery, like her husband's selfishness and insensitivity. As a mother she has tried to instill moral principles and teach her children how to be good and caring individuals. She has also endeavored to help her children achieve personal fulfillment by encouraging of their interests. Yet the home she built and the efforts to nurture her family she undertook only provide one facet, to Lily, of Mrs. Ramsay's awesome power.

Lily is never able to really capture this essence during her first visit, and she gives up the painting. Years later, however, she is still curious about her own fascination with the Ramsays, and returns upon invitation to revisit the summer that is burned into her memory. Initially she feels displaced, detached—she feels no relation to the place or the house. To Lily, the link has been cut, and the memories and people bound by the link now float around at random. She thinks to herself, “How aimless it was, how chaotic, how unreal it was, she thought, looking at her empty coffee cup. Mrs. Ramsay dead; Andrew killed, Prue dead too—repeat it as she might, it roused no feeling in her” (160). The deaths have less impact on Lily because she is looking out the window thinking that the day is beautiful; life goes on despite the Ramsays’ losses. Yet the war has affected her too, “drawn the sting of her femininity” (174).

In “The Lighthouse,” the journey is finally taken. On the morning they are finally to make the journey to the lighthouse, Mr. Ramsay repeats lines from William Cowper’s “The Castaway.” For Mr. Ramsay, the fragmented family weighs heavily on his thoughts. The lines of the poem echo Mr. Ramsay’s losses, particularly against the backdrop of the house, and his life, on the water. For Mr. Ramsay, carrying parcels to the lighthouse for its residents, the journey allows him to “. . . take part in those rites he went through for his own pleasure in the memory of dead people . . .” (180). His wife had knitted and sewn for the lighthouse residence; he sees himself making her happy by carrying on her charity. Cam and James are coerced into accompanying him; their sibling bond of resentment, one that Mrs. Ramsay quelled when she was alive, is still strong against what Cam terms the tyranny of their father. Mr. Ramsay sees himself as the castaway of the poem, relishing a new type of heroism in his later years. The opening stanza of the poem

includes the lines, “When such a destined wretch as I,/Washing headlong from on board,/Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,/His floating home forever bereft” (Cowper, lines 3-6).²⁰ The sense of loss and mourning that Mr. Ramsay is consumed with matches the narrator of Cowper’s lines; Mr. Ramsay, a destined wretch, is bereft of friends and of hope; his home by the bay, such as Mrs. Ramsey made it, is forever lost.

Mr. Ramsay’s tendency to shout out lines of poetry at will startles those around him; in “The Lighthouse,” Cam and James are disrupted by his recitations. The first of these manifests as old Macalister turns to throw his line overboard; Mr. Ramsay cries aloud, “‘We perished,’ and then again, ‘each alone.’” Followed by his “usual spasm of repentance or shyness,” Mr. Ramsay tries to interest Cam and James in their house on the shore: “See the little house [?]” he asks. Cam looks up reluctantly, but is unable to distinguish their house from the rest. She can, “no longer make it out, there on the hillside, which was their house. All looked distant and peaceful and strange. The shore seemed refined, far away, unreal” (180). The house blends into the general outline of the landscape; as part of the hillside, it is indistinguishable from the rest. From the sea, the shore and the house is distant, just as it is in time. The memories of the family in happier days is “far away” and “unreal.”

With the loss of members, the Ramsay family is unidentifiable from its former structure. As Cam views the shoreline, she notes that the little distance they have already sailed has put them far from the house and given it “the changed look, the composed look, of something receding in which one has no longer any part” (180-1). It has become blended into the fading landscape of the past, just as the family’s landscape is blurred and artificially composed. It is remote and unmoving—something one is no longer a part of.

The family has broken up with the passing of Mrs. Ramsay and Andrew; the unit is no longer whole or close, and the memories of the once-happy family are gradually receding.

Disappointed in their lack of interest, Mr. Ramsay returns to his own thoughts and self-pity. His second quote is more subtle; he murmurs, ““But I beneath a rougher sea,”” lost now in reflection; “He had found the house and so seeing it, he had also seen himself there; he had seen himself walking on the terrace, alone. He was walking up and down between the urns . . .” (181). He remembers his family in happier times too; the remoteness of the garden and terrace that he once paced is palpable. He sees himself walking between the decorative stone urns that mark the terrace out of habit. Mr. Ramsay is consumed by self-pity—his losses are also Cam and James’ losses, yet he is only concerned with the disruption to his comfort—lost in his thoughts, dwelling on the feminine sympathy he can imagine as suitable solace for his suffering. Even his view of the house is remote and untenable; once a site of happier times and a close-knit family, time has wrought changes to the home and the land. It is no longer the center of the Ramsay family, the shelter in which all of them were protected and loved.

As Mr. Ramsay takes pleasure in the thoughts of how sympathetic women would soothe and sympathize with him if aware of his personal tragedies, he completes his stanza. Sighing, he recites the final lines of the poem “gently and mournfully, ‘But I beneath a rougher sea/Was whelmed in deeper gulfs than he,’ so that the mournful words were heard quite clearly by them all” (181). This overtly indulgent emission outrages Cam; she is not as sympathetic and indulgent with Mr. Ramsey as her mother had been. Cam is angry that her father views the family’s losses as only his, rather than those of

whole family. Her momentary indignation is distracted by her father pointing out the island they were approaching. While Mr. Ramsay is excited by the sight, Cam is preoccupied with nostalgia for the family's happier days;

Cam could see nothing. She was thinking of all those paths and the lawn, thick and knotted with the lives of they had lived there, were gone: were rubbed out; were past; were unreal, and now this was real; [...] Thinking this, she was murmuring to herself 'We perished, each alone', for her father's words broke and broke again in her mind (182)

The lines of the poem, like waves hitting the shore, break upon Cam's thoughts; for she too has suffered the losses, mourns her brother and her mother. She looks at the shore where her family used to enjoy summers and sees only the absent; their former lives are gone, rubbed out, past, and unreal. She has only the memory of her family, of their lives together, to cling to; yet this too is distant. This line is repeated by Cam or Mr. Ramsay throughout "The Lighthouse," as if each of them is trying to make sense of their now solitary lives.

Of the lighthouse itself, as a structure, we have little description. Architecturally, of course, most lighthouses look the same. Functionally, their purpose is to warn incoming ships of dangerous shoals and light their way though to port. To the Ramsay family it is a symbol of the failure of Mr. Ramsay to fulfill his promises. Presented as an adventure on the sea and a rare day of attention from their otherwise irascible father, the Lighthouse becomes a bitter promise that is not kept. Even as Cam and James accompany him out to the Lighthouse years later, it looms on the horizon as something shrouded in sea mist. The attraction of adventure on the sea is no longer there for Cam and James.

They now have no wish to spend the day with their father. The Lighthouse is associated too with painful memories of their mother. Mrs. Ramsay's charity to the inhabitants of the lighthouse is a reminder to the children of her loss and their lives without her protection and love.

As Mr. Ramsay rushes around the house preparing things for the trip to the lighthouse, muttering "Alone" and "Perished," Lily tries to make sense of his words. To her, ". . . like everything else this strange morning the words became symbols, wrote themselves all over the grey-green walls. If only she could put them together, she felt, write them out in some sentence, then she would have got at the truth of things" (161). She tries to "read" the house for an explanation of events. The house's empty parts whirl around with the people present; putting them together, Lily feels, will explain to her the great unknown. These parts, for Lily, are articulated as objects in a picture: foreground and background. Making sense of everything is a matter of putting those masses into relation with each other. Taking up her brush, "the one dependable thing in a world of strife, ruin, chaos," Lily tries to put the elements of that past summer together (164). Her memory, however, is clouded by the strife and ruin imposed on the Ramsay family. The war has claimed young Andrew, thrown his plans into chaos (as well as his mentor's); the family nucleus is ruined by war.

While Lily focuses on the painting in front of her, she is able to lose consciousness of her surroundings; mentally, however, the landscape is marked. Scenes, names and sayings, and memories and ideas, are thrown up from her mind's depths, "like a fountain spurting over that glaring, hideously difficult white space, while she modeled it with greens and blues" (174). All of these thoughts and memories, for Lily, fail to

answer the question about the meaning of life. This question is never answered; she must create her own. Lily is unable to paint the present; for her it is marked by the memory of the past, of people who are no longer present. She thinks, “ Oh the dead! [...] one pitied them, one brushed them aside, one had even a little contempt for them. They are at our mercy” (190). Yet she cannot stop herself from having imaginary conversations with Mrs. Ramsay, telling her that life has changed completely, that she was wrong about marriage, and so forth. The lawn, the house, the bay, and all the other memories associated with the departed are not brushed aside as Lily surmised—they engage the present and the living.

Lily’s reflections on Andrew Ramsay’s death in the war are the most complete the reader has. They are more specific than Mrs. McNabb’s brief meditations; they also elaborate the impact of an individual death on an individual living, as opposed to the generality of loss that society suffered. As Lily sees old Mr. Carmichael sitting on the lawn, she feels that he seems to share her thoughts (210).²¹ She recalls that someone told her that when Mr. Carmichael “had heard of Andrew Ramsay’s death (he was killed in a second by a shell; he should have been a great mathematician) [he] had ‘lost all interest in life’” (211). Lily tries to imagine Mr. Carmichael’s loss of interest in life; she cannot imagine his grief, and cannot picture how he reacted to the loss, yet “she felt it in him all the same” (211). She feels his grief through his silence, as a sense of loss or emptiness in him, although they do not talk about Andrew or the war. This is the collective sense of grief that to Mrs. McNabb is familiar and shared by those who lived through the war. This is contrasted by the effect Andrew’s death has on Mr. Carmichael, a loss he feels personally.

Lily's perspective on "knowing people" is one way Woolf creates a space of mourning. Lily thinks that to know people is to know the outline, not the detail; to "sit in one's garden and look at the slopes of a hill running purple down into the distant heather" (211). This description suggests a panoramic view of history—one views events unfold from their home/perspective; the landscape on which history unfolds is vaguely shaped, and while the hills and trees and fields of heather are distinguishable, their details are not. They are absorbed visually en masse, as part of one large landscape scene. Lily understands Mr. Carmichael in this way, in a general sort of outline, but without really communicating with him about his feelings, his sorrows and disappointments.

This is eventually how Lily understands the Ramsays and their losses—although its colors are blurred, its lines run up and across. It is an attempt to understand them, their family unit, in the larger scheme of life. As she surveys her day's work, "She looked at the steps; they were empty; she looked at her canvas; it was blurred. With a sudden intensity, as if she saw it clear for a second, she drew a line there, in the center. It was done. It was finished" (226). The house is devoid of meaning without its inhabitants. The line Lily draws, separating the balance of the picture, splits the halves of the frame. This is the same separating effect the Great War had on European society, as well as on the Ramsays and Mr. Carmichael through the loss of Andrew. Lily's initial struggles to capture this familial tranquility, the social ideal, are thwarted until modernity and the forces of nature conspire to fragment the family—loss is then expressible. Through the sense of mourning that pervades the post-war Ramsays and their summer home, Lily is able to capture and memorialize the summer at long last.

Woolf again broaches the issue of communal nostalgia in her later novel *The Waves* (1931), which again makes war its central fissure. Woolf extends the familial structure to one of self-formed families—close-knit friends. Composed of the soliloquies of seven (six after the war) friends throughout their lives, the elusive seventh figure, Percival, links the characters' personal crises and self-evaluations together through his absence.²² This loss occurs squarely in the middle of the text, at the juncture that the respective characters move from a cheerful adolescence into adulthood. Similarly to *Jacob's Room*, it is not immediately apparent that Percival's demise is an extension of the war—his loss is consistently presented as senseless. At times it is contextualized as one in millions, at others a unique and dramatic death that deprives future generations of the benefits of Percival's greatness. Throughout the second half of the text, the remaining characters examine their self-worth in relation to Percival's demise, individually and collectively mourn his loss, and set their memories within the redbrick walls of Hampton Court Palace as the final repository of their last point of happiness. Hampton serves as the architectural home of happy times, and is the location of their memories and mourning.

Neville's soliloquy is the first to introduce Percival's loss, which is inglorious at best—he falls from his horse; it trips, he is thrown, and he dies where he falls. Neville remembers his friend on the streets of the city; he retraces the steps of a city walk he and Percival²³ had taken earlier; now those places they passed are forever etched on Neville's mind as places haunted by Percival. He passes through the Park to the Embankment, along the Strand to St. Paul's, and so forth. As he passes by Trafalgar Square, “. . . by the lion seen once and forever,” Neville remembers wondering to himself whether the happy days of friendship can last. He revisits his past life, scene by scene:

“. . . there is an elm tree, and there lies Percival” (129). Neville values his life as one that is only full with Percival in it. The room in which their lives intertwined is a repository for Percival’s memory; Percival himself suggested this at one point, asking Neville whether he didn’t feel that, “Outside lines twist and intersect, but round us, wrapping us about. Here we are centred. Here we can be silent, or speak without raising our voices” (130). The security of their relationship is contained within the room itself. The shielding, silent structure again echoes of the cathedral of family that Woolf touches on in “Sketches from the Past;” the center of support is one that isolates them from the world outside. Neville’s room forever preserves the memory of Percival and haunts his friend with its emptiness.

Bernard’s reaction expresses similar grief and confusion. Again linking the imagery of sons lost to war in a familial structure, Percival’s loss is juxtaposed with the birth of Bernard’s first son. The “incomprehensible combination” of events creates a complexity of emotions: “My son is born; Percival is dead. I am upheld by pillars, shored up on either side by stark emotions; but which is sorrow, which is joy?” (110). He, like Neville, looks outside to see a world that continues without Percival—butchers deliver their goods, men stumble along the sidewalk, birds fly about. The senselessness of war, the detached commitment of young lives to lost causes, lies solely in the hands of the government.²⁴ He makes a mental note to harbor contempt “for those who inflict meaningless death” (111). Bernard’s thoughts suggest resentment against an incompetent administration and a system that privileges national glory over individual lives.

Despite Percival’s physical absence, Bernard searches to find a space in which the friend still exists and a way in which they might still communicate. He visits the National

Gallery, hoping to find a way to remember Percival through art. It is in the interior of the national Gallery that Bernard is able to escape the sequence of things, the events of life, and exist in a space that extends beyond the present. Bernard translates the symbolism of the paintings into a space for his memory of Percival. The individually interpretative nature of art allows him to extrapolate personal meaning:

Here are pictures. Here are cold madonnas among their pillars. Let them lay to rest the incessant activity of the mind's eye, the bandaged head, men with ropes, so that I may find something *unvisual* beneath. Here are the gardens; and Venus among her flowers; here are saints and blue madonnas. Mercifully these pictures make no reference; they do not nudge; they do not point. Thus they expand my consciousness of him and bring him back to me differently. I remember his beauty. (my italics, 112)

In art, Bernard seeks for a distraction and erasure of the visual images he has of Percival's last moments—the bandages, the primitive medical treatment and the removal of his body. The representations of the madonnas are symbolic; representations of the mother who lost her only son and can share, therefore, Bernard's grief. These do not help him subvert the painful images he has. He turns to mythological Venus and to other innocuous saints whose images do not encompass aspects of death and loss. They do not force Bernard to see the reflection of Percival's death, and he allows his mind to conjure a different image of his lost friend, one of Percival in life, happy, instead of alone and broken.

Surrounded by pictures in the Italian room at the National Gallery, Bernard is able to come to terms with Percival's loss. He makes a habit of dropping in the National

Gallery occasionally to remember Percival: “Madonnas and pillars, arches and orange trees, still as on the first day of creation, but acquainted with grief, there they hung [... Here] we are together without interruption” (195). The space of the National Gallery, like a cathedral, provides a meditative location for Percival’s memory. The images in the portraits are set amongst eternal marble pillars and arches—in their own architectural space—in their own space of mourning. Bernard finds solace in art, creates a space in which he can remember Percival as he was in life.

Bernard attempts to make sense of Percival’s loss by seeking the council and comfort of the rest of his circle of friends. He finds that, “All had their rapture; their common feeling with death; something that stood them in their stead” (197). Each of the friends has imbued Percival’s loss with a greater meaning or nobility of sacrifice that rationalizes his departure; they have, in a sense, mourned successfully and put Percival’s ghost to rest. Bernard, however, does not see the loss of his friend in this manner or in terms of national sacrifice; he is haunted by the memory of a life cut short. Everywhere he goes, there is no escaping the memories of good times, of conversations; Bernard remarks, “It is strange how the dead leap out on us at street corners, or in dreams” (203). Although the intervals of time between memories of Percival lengthen, the memories themselves become a part of the streets, the homes they occupy, and the now empty places Percival (and others) no longer fill. He is memorialized to Bernard in the landscape of the city and his life resonates in the buildings and on the streets.

Rhoda’s reflections on Percival’s loss are also viewed in terms of the unforgiving cityscape. She likens Percival to a figure once robed in beauty, now clothed in ruin (115). For Rhoda, the world is disrupted by Percival’s senseless death:

Now I will walk down Oxford Street envisaging a world rent by lightning;
I will look at oaks cracked asunder and red where the flowering branch
has fallen . . . Look at the street now that Percival is dead. The houses are
lightly founded to be puffed over by a breath of air. Reckless and random
the cars race and roar and hunt us to death like bloodhounds. I am alone in
a hostile world. The human face is hideous. This is to my liking. I want
publicity and violence and to be dashed like a stone on the rocks. (115)

His loss is stamped on the landscape of the city in such a way that anything is capable of senseless, dramatic and sudden extinction. The houses, normally secure and familial comforts, are described as lightly founded and capable of being blown over by the lightest wind; cars take on the guise of hunters, pursuers, like death itself. Rhoda likes the effect on her perception of society after the war and after Percival's death—the violence of the world she lives in is more real if she can see its effects in person, instead of imagining them in the abstract, or in a far away land like India.

Percival's death casts a permanent ugliness on the city's landscape. Sick of prettiness and privacy, taking a liking to the factories and cranes that mar the city, Rhoda attributes her awareness of the harsh upsets of modern life to her friend's death. She says, "Percival, by his death, has made me this present, has revealed this terror, has left me to undergo this humiliation—faces and faces . . . coarse, greedy casual . . . ogling, brushing, destroying everything, leaving even out love impure, now touched by their dirty fingers" (115). The harshness of modern life, the crowded cities, dirty workers, the invasive nature of it all are revealed to Rhoda, forced upon her by the reality of Percival's death. It forever stamps out the possibility of an ignorance or idyllic existence. This constant

disruption is reflected in the landscape; Rhoda looks at her world now, and says, “This is Oxford Street. Here are hate, jealousy, hurry, and indifference frothed into the wild semblance of life. These are our companions” (116). Modern life is not tranquil, but filled with hate, jealousy, hurt, and indifference. She mentions Louise’s soothing indifference to Percival’s death and his tendency to smooth over things to make them fit the order of things; this is not agreeable or acceptable to Rhoda—later in the novel, she gives her own life in the Thames in a rejection of the ugliness the war has brought.²⁵

The friends come together, after Percival’s death, to attempt to recapture their closeness and to mourn their friend. The closeness is impossible to regain without Percival, who is viewed by the many as the one who held the group together; without him, they have nothing in common but his memory. Yet they all mourn his loss together. The group gathers at Hampton Court Inn for their first meeting in what is presumably years. Neville’s opening remarks are thus:

Now sitting side by side, at this narrow table, now before the first emotion is worn smooth, what do we feel? Honestly now, openly and directly as befits old friends meeting with difficulty, what do we feel upon meeting? Sorrow. The door will not open; [Percival] will not come. And we are laden. (155)

Despite the various paths their lives have taken, they attempt to come together once more out of respect for Percival. What unites them all is their sorrow over Percival’s loss. Again using the microcosm of family, Woolf alludes to English society at large—while the ways in which communities mourn may vary in method and depth, the shared experience and particularly its locations are the crux of memorialization.

At this meeting the soliloquies are more deftly spliced together to mimic a conversation about the meaning of life now, without Percival. Bernard likens life to a red carnation like the one that stood in the vase on the table of the restaurant the last time they dined with Percival; the flower has become a six sided flower, made of six lives now instead of seven (168). Louise searches for death but cannot find it; the things that surround them are alive—stupid, ugly, but alive (169). Rhoda's commentary is much like the others; she expresses the loss in terms of the landscape, particularly trees, and juxtaposes the noises of mechanized modernity with the haunting shadows of death:

‘A weight has dropped into the night,’ said Rhoda, ‘dragging it down. Every tree is big with a shadow that is not the shadow of the tree behind it. We hear a drumming on the roofs of a fasting city when the Turks are hungry and uncertain tempered . . . Listen to the trams squealing and the flashes from the electric rails.’ (169)

Rhoda sees the shadows of departed souls as shadows behind every tree, looming out, watching the living go on with their busy modern lives. Abstract figures that seem as tall as trees break off to conform to regular human shapes as they near, and pity returns as they emerge into the light,

relics of an army, our representatives, going every night (here or in Greece) to battle, and coming back every night with their wounds, their ravaged faces. Now light falls on them again. They have faces. They have become Susan and Bernard, Jinny and Neville, people we know. (170)

Like D.H. Lawrence, Woolf transforms the social landscape into one that reflects all the pain, the confusion, the ravages of war on the faces of its ordinary citizens, those who have participated in the horror of war by sacrificing their loved ones.

The war in *The Waves* occupies its traditionally liminal space in Woolf's narrative, yet it claims a member of the family at the novel's center. Each of the surviving friends are affected by Percival's profound loss, which they struggle to express and make sense of. The landscape of the city, on which their memories of Percival are stamped, is haunted by the continuous hum of modernity that continues despite the death.

Individually the friends are unable to make much sense of Percival's absence; coming together they are able to share their memories and to mourn in a space that is full of memories of the family as a happy group, when Percival is alive. Woolf does not portray this coming together as a necessarily healing juncture—Percival's death is senseless, and his loss to the group, as well as the individuals that make up the group, is profound. No amount of explanation, or communication, or heroification of the fallen can make sense of the horrible losses of the war. The memory of the fallen echoes on the streets and in the minds of the family left behind. These deaths stay with and shape the lives of those who live; the familial structure is forever shattered, however. The space of mourning, experienced by so many, is reflected in landscape of the city and the spaces they once habited together.

Woolf's novels portray views of English society both before and after the war, but concentrate on the private process of mourning, often as representative of public mourning. Just as Lawrence highlights spaces of England as sites of nostalgia and change, Woolf represents grief in the landscapes and interiors of her works. While most

of Woolf's characters rarely devote significant attention to the war, and never first-hand, the losses of war resonate both personally and communally throughout her narratives. The nation's mourning is visibly imprinted on the social landscape, permeating private homes and public spaces. Grief resonates everywhere: in Woolf's use of silence, in empty rooms and homes, in the terrible power of nature, on the landscapes of city and country.

¹ Vincent Sherry's seminal work *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* focuses on the public culture of the war in England. His study recovers the historical cultural setting for the great artistic innovations of Virginia Woolf, T.S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound. By combining the approaches of political journalism and popular intellectual culture with complementary visuals, Sherry offers framework for further interpretations of Woolf (and others) within this historical context.

Paul Sheehan's *Modernism, Narrative, and Humanism* (2002) also devotes significant exploration to Woolf and a human experience shaped by war. Sheehan's main contention, that Modernism presents a major form of critique of the fundamental presumptions of humanism, puts Woolf into dialogue with literary concerns in the 1920s. Pairing key Modernist writers with philosophical critics of the humanist tradition, he explores how Lawrence, Woolf and others sought to ascertain humanism's inhuman potential. Positioning Woolf in direct opposition to Conrad and Lawrence and their depictions of human expropriation via the dispossessive forces of machine technology, Sheehan explores the ways in which he believes Woolf restores human experience to the forefront of novelistic practice, arguing that the novelist's concern was "less to humanize time than to shower human performance in negotiating time's vicissitudes" (127).

² Woolf's integration of mourning as an individual act in her novels has been well explored. Briggs notes two important instances of this; "The scene of Mrs. Flanders writing on the beach which begins *Jacob's Room* is the novel's primal scene of writing, but it is also a scene of mourning, for Betty Flanders is writing about her dead husband Seabrook, and weeping, her tears blurring her vision as she writes . . . In her own way, Betty too is writing an elegy, rather like Lily Briscoe as she remembers, mourns for and celebrates Mrs. Ramsay through her painting—or even like Woolf herself as she remembers her brother Toby through Jacob Flanders, and her mother through Mrs. Ramsay" (*RVW* 142-43). These instances of mourning are excluded from the current examination for two reasons: 1) they deal with personal loss and mourning rather than of that related to the Great War; and 2) they have been thoroughly explored by several key Woolf scholars.

³ The 1909 notebook was not included in Mitchell A. Leaska's 1992 edited collection of *Early Journals (1897-1909)*. It had been given to Teresa Davies, nee David, by Leonard Woolf, to be transcribed with her holographic notebooks, her diaries and her letters. Shortly after this last delivery, Leonard Woolf became ill and died. The notebook was stored and forgotten about until the Davies recently moved and rediscovered it (Bradshaw xxviii).

⁴ *The Voyage Out* (1915) was composed by 1913; although the climate of war, particularly in the context of imperialism and British expansion, influences the entire work, it is excluded in this study because it does not deal with the collective response to the Great War in the way that Woolf's later works do. Similarly, *Night and Day* (1919),

finished just weeks after the armistice, is set before the war and is unique in its complete disregard for the author's contemporary realities.

⁵ Brigg's highlights this failure (of Jacob to become something) by pointing out the clichés about the lives of great men throughout the novel, providing a recurring theme exemplified in his Cambridge essay, 'Does History consist of the Biographies of Great Men?' (*RVW* 143-44).

⁶ Roe points out that Woolf gives the reader access to Jacob's room, assuming that is what the reader wants; however, despite being able to note the contents and sample the atmosphere, Jacob's room cannot necessarily tell us what we want to know about Jacob (xii-xiii).

⁷ The war's toll on relationships is also alluded to in Rose Shaw's story about Helen Aitken and a lad named Jimmy. They are both, the narrative claims, beautiful and inanimate, separated by the oval tea-table of polite social conventions. Helen and Jimmy are likened to ships adrift; they share a desire, but their timing is off, slow, and as a result of patience and timidity they wait too long for happiness. The war intervenes: "And now Jimmy feeds crows in Flanders and Helen visits hospitals. Oh, life is damnable, life is wicked, as Rose Shaw said" (83). The lament is that (like Jacob and Florinda's fledgling romance) Jimmy, in the flower of his youth, falls in battle and becomes nothing but fodder for scavenger birds; Helen takes up charity work as a way to fill the emptiness of her life, and her lack of family life. The war has conspired to prevent the two young lovers from enjoying their opportunity for happiness, effectively truncating Jimmy's future. Rose's recurrent cry that life is detestable and wicked attests to the senselessness of chance, of politics and war, and of missed opportunities.

⁸ General Gibbons' name here is perhaps a nod to the historian Edward Gibbons, who wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The allusion, then, is that enthusiasts of war are the catalysts that propel the downfalls of empires and nations.

⁹ The choice of street name here is not accidental either; Hermes was clever, tricky, and a thief, and, with his awakening or sleep conferring wand (*rhabdos*), the original sandman. In Homer's *Odyssey*, he was conferred with the job of messenger of the gods. Given Woolf's love of the classics, Hermes here probably alludes to the message being delivered in the drawing room, that war is coming.

¹⁰ Syntagma Square (The Square of the Constitution) is one of Athens' most prominent political stages. With a long history, the square is a public forum, with most of Greece's major events being mourned or celebrated there. It has held some of the world's largest political rallies; it was particularly instrumental as a political stage during WWII. Its significance here though is no less; its history is one of conflict, mourning and celebration.

¹¹ Sue Roe analyses this paragraph in the endnotes of *Jacob's Room*; therefore, they will not be treated in full here.

¹² Miss Kilman's character is a unique one; her loss of social position is a different sort of war casualty. Although she certainly thinks a good bit about the injustice of English society, and her ostracism for not being mindlessly swept up in patriotic fervor, she is generally unable to articulate her outrage and grief. It manifests itself in her dress, her manner, and her general air of disgruntled hostility and religious righteousness, but she says very little about the wrongs of the war. Unable to turn her back on German friends and a country she loves, her loyalty to England becomes suspect and her potential career

dispatched with a phrase. Her experience is two sided: she is turned out of Miss Dolby's school, the proprietress suggesting that Miss Kilman might "be happier with people who shared her views about the Germans" (123). At the same time, she loses a brother, killed in the war fighting for England. The compounded loss propels Miss Kilman to seek religion, which she does with a vengeance.

Miss Kilman is barely civil to Clarissa, although she has great hopes for her daughter Elizabeth. Miss Kilman does not attempt to make herself agreeable to her employers (the Dalloways among others); she never forgets her place as a hired tutor, valued for her "knowledge of modern history [, which] was thorough in the extreme" (125). She struggles "with that violent grudge against the world which had scorned her, sneered at her, cast her off . . ." (129). Her indignant righteousness sits on her like a fiery backdrop, and she particularly dislikes Clarissa, as emblematic of her cold, emotionless class. Miss Kilman does manage to speak to Elizabeth on occasion about things connected to the war. Miss Kilman is one of the few characters not in silent admiration of the sacrifice and loyalty inspired by nationalism. She tries to impress upon Elizabeth that there are, after all, ". . . people who did not think the English were invariably right [about the War]. There were books. There were meetings. There were other points of view" (130). Elizabeth absorbs very little of this, being interested in Miss Kilman's religious zeal, yet also desirous of being her own person, and not shaped into an ideal by Miss Kilman or her mother.

¹³ Roland Barthes discusses the historical foundations of myth, terming myth as a type of speech chosen by history: "Speech of this kind is a message; it is by no means confined to oral speech. It can consist of modes of writing or of representations; not only written

discourse, but also photography, cinema, reporting, sports, shows, publicity, all these can serve as a support to mythical speech” (110).

¹⁴ The 56m/185ft high Nelson Monument, or Nelson's Column, looks down on the busy activity of Trafalgar Square. On the base of the monument are four bronze reliefs, cast from French cannons, depicting Nelson's victories at Cape St Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar and bearing his famous words: “England expects every man will do his duty.”

¹⁵ Major General Charles George “Chinese” Gordon served in the Crimean War, participated in surveying the Russo-Turkish frontier, and served in the second Opium War. He remained in China, reorganizing the ‘Ever Victorious Army’, and leading it to a series of brilliant victories over the Taipings. He held several military commands, colonial postings and commissions thereafter, but served most notably as governor of Equatoria (1873-6) and governor-general of the Sudan (1877-9 and 1884-5), gaining acclaim for his efforts to suppress the slave trade. In 1888 a statue of Gordon was erected in Trafalgar Square, London, removed in 1943 and in 1953 relocated to the Victoria Embankment.

¹⁶ Major-General Sir Henry Havelock was a British general who is particularly associated with India. He was noted for his recapture of Cawnpore from rebels during The Indian Mutiny of 1857. The plaque on the plinth of Havelock’s Trafalgar Square memorial statue reads: “To Major General Sir Henry Havelock KCB and his brave companions in arms during the campaign in India 1857. Soldiers, your labours, your privations, your suffering and your valour, will not be forgotten by a grateful country.”

¹⁷ The most visible of Woolf's soldier characters, Septimus Smith, quite literally haunts the streets, unable to express his sorrow and apathy after the war. His death occurs after his return to society; he has survived the war, but cannot survive the peace. Septimus matches Clarissa's walking about the cityscape, but his walk is one of vivid trauma, the painful loss of his best friend, and the despair in humanity that makes him unable to articulate his sense of mourning—a repression that leads to his suicide in a final effort to be heard. A veteran of the war, Septimus has a classic case of shell-shock and is consequently unable to reconcile the horrors he has seen with the horror of English domestic life. Septimus is described with “hazel eyes which had that look of apprehension in them which makes complete strangers apprehensive too” (14). His unsettled state is quite evident to those who cross his path, and the sight of him is troubling to those passing by. His wife, Rezia, cannot make the doctor understand that something is horribly wrong with him. She tries to get him outside to enjoy the fresh air, but their forays frequently end up with Septimus “. . . sitting in his shabby overcoat alone, on the seat, hunched up, staring” (23). He is haunted by visions of his friend Evans, coming towards him in the moment before he is killed by a mortar as well as scenes of the devastation of the battlefield. The blending of Septimus' realities, both past and present, make him a withdrawn, fearful man.

Septimus' disconnect with society is a real one: he has been so thoroughly conditioned by the horrors of war that he has lost the ability to *feel*. He remembers the moment this condition was revealed; when his friend Evans was killed, Septimus, “far from showing any emotion or recognizing that here was the end of a friendship, congratulated himself upon feeling very little and very reasonably. The War had taught

him” (86). His survival in the war depended on desensitization; in the post-war atmosphere, he cannot reconcile himself to his behavior. Septimus’ conversation, such as it is, in and out of the present and the coherent, represents the struggle to articulate the horror of his war experience. He talks aloud to himself, trying to verbalize a moral lesson from the war, unable to formulate or articulate meaning from his experience.

To Septimus, the world must change, and the killing of men, chopped down like trees in the fields, must be prevented. He makes notes to himself so that he may share this message with others; he also employs Rezia as a scribe to his thoughts. Their “. . . table drawer was full of those writings; about war; about Shakespeare; about great discoveries; how there is no death” (140). Yet to Rezia, while some things Septimus says are beautiful, others are sheer nonsense. The desperate frustration with which Septimus tries to communicate, to talk out and make sense of his experience, often makes him an object of fear, of apprehension, and of pity; yet society as a whole, in its urgent need to live again, chooses not to hear these pleas.

Sir William, the dubiously competent doctor who correctly evaluates Septimus Smith’s breakdown, is one of the contributors to the upper classes’ stoic silence, and his functions are cast in no uncertain terms. His job, to make England prosper, is accomplished as he

. . . secluded her lunatics, forbade childbirth, penalized despair, made it impossible for the unfit to propagate their views . . . Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William’s will. He swooped; he devoured. He shut people up. It was this combination of

decision and humanity that endeared Sir William so greatly to the relations of his victims. (99)

Sir William's job appears to be to cart off the unpleasantness that threatens to force some response from society, or some other visible acknowledgment of understanding and grief. The proverbial stiff upper lip is of paramount importance for post-war London. Sir William's impressed will is that of a society in denial, in desperate need to suppress and justify the overwhelming grief that is shared by all and expressed by few. The phrase in the above passage: "He shut people up" is not just his physical removal of traumatic or difficult figures from polite society, but quite literally a quieting of them—he prevents them from verbalizing their distress, thereby saving the rest of society from unpleasantness and confrontation.

Septimus' suicide is his final attempt to communicate. Unwilling to allow Sir William to stifle his attempts to communicate, to tell the world of the horror of war and to spread the message that the killing, all killing, should end, he throws himself from an upper story window. He is not just taking his own life; he is ending his own small family, and has not provided a child (this is an alternative truncation of childhood). This final act brings death into Clarissa's party, a party thrown to cast off the gloomy shadows of the war and its memory. Yet Clarissa is in the end glad of it; she feels as if she understands Septimus' message: "She felt somehow very like him—the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away . . . He made her feel the beauty; made her feel the fun" (186). Clarissa's understanding of mourning is to appreciate the life one has, despite the inability to express the feelings of affection, love, and loss.

¹⁸ Briggs corresponds the Great War to the end of the romantic vision of nature (by the moderns) as a response to the human world, or working in harmony with the world; in the wake of the War, nature came to be regarded as a strange and incomprehensible foreign force (*RVW* 149).

¹⁹ Briggs notes that “‘Time Passes’ brings together the transition from consciousness to unconsciousness, from life to death, from peace to war, and from the cultural values of the nineteenth to those of the twentieth century . . .” (*RVW* 149-50).

²⁰ The parallels between Mr. Ramsay’s losses and the poem’s narrator are interesting and show that Cowper’s work is well suited to the novel. The narrator’s loss, upon leaving the safe shore, is termed as the loss of two individuals, one male (Andrew) and one female (Mrs. Ramsay): “He loved them both, but both in vain,/Nor him beheld, nor her again” (Cowper, lines 11-12). The closing lines of the poem also shadow Mr. Ramsay’s losses; life is a storm is imagery repeated throughout the novel and particularly central in the “Time Passes” section; the absence of God in the storm/Mr. Ramsay’s life (one might view this as the burden of intellectuals, philosophers and the moderns) also suggests that for him, there is no saving grace, no light at the end of the tunnel: “No voice divine the storm allayed,/No light propitious shone,” (lines 61-62). These are just a few of the lines that do not feature in the text of *To the Lighthouse*, but that modern readers might be familiar with.

²¹ In the “Time Passes” section, Mr. Carmichael’s success as a poet is explained: “Mr. Carmichael brought out a volume of poems that spring, which had an unexpected success. The war, people said, had revived their interest in poetry” (*TTL* 146).

²² It bears mention that again with Woolf (as in Lawrence) the Germanic intellectual heritage suggests itself through a character's name. Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* is a tale of a young and naive boy determined to be a knight for Arthur (the modern equivalent of a hero and soldier); he succeeds only through dumb luck. Woolf's Percival is not as lucky; he is lost through an accident that can only be viewed as dumb luck.

²³ There is strong suggestion from Neville's reflections that he and Percival were lovers. Bernard too refers to Neville's love for Percival matter-of-factly, as if he is likely the one suffering more than Bernard himself at Percival's loss.

²⁴ Later in the narrative, Bernard reflects that with the passage of time, the pain of the loss dulls, and is put into perspective: "Soon one recovers a belief in figures: but not at once in what they put on their heads. Out English past—one inch of light" (167).

²⁵ While Rhoda and Bertrand and Neville feel the loss of Percival individually, others in *The Waves* view his death in collective terms. Louise's only reflection on Percival's death is one that compartmentalizes it within the broader strokes of life. Louise sits in his small attic reflecting on the progression of the lives of his circle of friends, and think of Percival thus: "Percival has died; (he died in Egypt; he died in Greece; all deaths are one death)" (123). For Louise, Percival's death is qualified as one in many; he has died away, on foreign soil, as many others have—all deaths in the war are one in the cause, and are mourned as such rather than individual losses. Jinny's reflections on Percival's death are also in terms of one loss in the grand scheme of millions. She sees all life being drawn towards one inevitable end, and views life and death in militaristic terms and imagery. Life, she says, is ". . . the triumphant procession; this army of victory with banners and brass eagles and head crowned with laurel-leaves won in battle" (141). She is part of that

triumphant march, and after a moment takes deliberate steps to “march to victory with the band” (142). Jinny has survived the war when others have not; it is her duty to go forward, to continue living, in a celebration of life. The home space (England) is one in which the memory of the fallen is honored as a collective, not by individuals.

CHAPTER 3

FORD MADOX FORD

AND THE DISMANTELING OF ENGLISH HERITAGE

Despite the rumors of Ford Madox Ford being neglected by modernist scholars, Max Saunders points out that his two best-known novels, *The Good Soldier* (1915) and *Parade's End* (1924-28) have remained continuously in print since World War Two (133). Ford Madox Ford is primarily noted for his body of criticism in the fields of art, literature, poetry, politics, and history. As an editor for the *Transatlantic Review* he published some of his era's most important and critically acclaimed authors. His most famous novel, *The Good Soldier* (1915), is an important modernist text for its aesthetic impressionist rendering.¹ His *Parade's End* series, which includes four novels released from 1924 to 1928, is hailed by his contemporaries as the finest World War One novel ever produced.² Ford's work engages with both the legacy of nineteenth-century art criticism and the trauma of the Great War, and it highlights the dying of an era, seen most prominently through the rise and fall of Christopher Tietjens, "the last English Tory," through the decline of his hereditary estate and his home. Tietjens' decline parallels that of the Edwardian age; integrity and nobility are compromised, sold, and often casually discarded in the modern era.³ Ford sees this decline as a loss to English civilization. He ties the cultural elements of traditionalism to the interiors and rural landscapes of

England in a Victorian tradition. The adaptation, auctioning off, and in some cases outright theft of furnishings in Ford's fiction reflect what he sees as a piecemeal disintegration of English heritage.

The grandson of painter Ford Madox Brown and the nephew of William Rossetti, Ford grew up surrounded by artists and strove his whole life to be one of them (Stannard 106). The influence of Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites remain a constant influence on Ford's criticism, his poetry, and his fiction.⁴ Ford began his career as a Pre-Raphaelite reviewer; his early poetry is inspired by their subjects and frequently echo their verse (Bickley 59). His Pre-Raphaelite identity was firmly shaped by his work both in reviews and book-length studies. Ford wrote introductory notes for and reviews of exhibitions, obituaries, and full length articles on major Pre-Raphaelite figures, presupposing the significance of the movement (59). His early criticism includes much on turn of the century poetry as well as literary portraits. Pamela Bickley notes that Ford's critical and autobiographical writing on the Pre-Raphaelites, while artfully disingenuous, actually draws attention to the values of Pre-Raphaelism. In the context of his fiction, this influence supplies a comparative framework that illumines Ford's central focus (64). In a variety of ways, the legacy of the nineteenth century permeates Ford's post-war fiction.

This chapter highlights the ways in which Ford portrays the death of English culture through the dismantling and destruction of its landscape and interiors. Seamus O'Malley cites one element of Ford's Pre-Raphaelite inheritance as the use of the pastoral mode, which usually comments on the dichotomies of seasons and experience (160). O'Malley suggests that while some see it as a nostalgic desire for a feudal order, in fact, Ford is aware of the inherent irony in the pastoral mode and uses it to its utmost

powers (162). I agree that Ford makes use of the irony of the pastoral mode; while the simplicity of rural life is often idealized, it does not offer his hero the inner peace he hopes for. Rather, Tietjens is stuck in between landscapes: he is a city gentleman with refined tastes, who is impersonated and stripped of all he holds dear; a self-exile into England's picturesque countryside, he pursues a career that involves the stripping of furnishings from England's great homes. He seems to suggest that true appreciation for the cultural heritage of England is only possible in a gentleman, despite efforts of lesser men to mimic the displays of wealth and culture. The dismantling of these interiors is the story's tragic end; the only man of incorruptible character turns his back on his heritage and sells it off. Ford's portrayal of the destruction of landscape and interiors parallels his view of modernism—England's moral worth is dismantled bit by bit through corruption, greed, and war.⁵ Like Lawrence, Ford views modernity as a corrupting force, but highlights the city rather than rural England as the center of decay.

While all of the recent scholarship on Ford has actively sought to explore the many ways in which he engages with modernism and the influence of the war, I argue that the destruction of the home, a literal dismantling and a moral decline, is part of the necessary cognizance and mourning of modernity in Ford's work. Ford sees the decline of the English cultural life as symptomatic of a greater downturn. He incorporates the mechanization of society Lawrence represented through government bureaucracy; like Woolf he represents a family broken by modernity; he treats the popular literary figure of the decommissioned soldier.⁶ Ford also traces corrupting modernity through an increasingly ambitious and dishonest socio-political system of advancement, one in which a real gentleman has no place. It is the gradual disappearance and damage to the

traditional system presented here, represented in the fields and drawing rooms of England's last gentleman of worth. By highlighting the ways in which modernity and its accoutrements have corrupted English society, Ford eulogizes the traditions and the aesthetic values of the previous age.

Ford's participation in the war marked him for life, and the experience overshadowed his post-war years and most of his work. Like Lawrence, with whom he was frequently (albeit tensely) close, Ford articulated his ideas about the functions and manifestations of mourning outside of his fiction. In an unpublished typescript of *Years After* (1929), Ford ruminates on the nature of war memorialization on foreign soil. Commenting on the "little and pretty" nature of the tablet commemorating England's one million dead in Paris' Notre Dame, Ford approves its marginalization:

And somehow, oddly, it is good that the memorial should be obscure and little and pretty and mostly ignored. Because, if it were an immense, vainglorious mass of stone, it would be less a symbol of the better world that those deaths and those unchronicled heart-searchings and sufferings have given us. (*War Prose* 276)

Ford suggests that "immense, vainglorious" monuments to the fallen are vain and self-indulgent, and diminish the sacrifice of the fallen. He too prefers that mourning be private, demure, and performed individually by those who have suffered in different ways. The subtle dedications are more respectable and authentic than bombastic and/or community displays. Ford strives to show the quiet, personal, and earthy nature of mourning in his novels by muting and marginalizing the violence of modernity. Narrating

modernity, which Ford interprets as the moral decline of society, he encapsulates this decline, in satiric eulogy, through its domestic interiors and landscapes.

Selections from Ford's early essays show a decided attention towards the aesthetics of architecture and landscape and the emotive connotations they can attribute to memory.⁷ Yet it is in his post-war tetralogy that Ford's intimate appreciation of the Victorian modes of nostalgia really come into their own. Criticism on *Parade's End* makes up a substantial body of the work on Ford and World War One. John Coyle suggests that Ford saw himself as the inheritor of Proust's Ruskinian sense of vainglorious writing to an uninterested audience (114). *Parade's End* marks and mourns the passing of an age, despite contemporary disinterest in its transitory decline. Max Saunders suggests that one can view the tetralogy as an exploration of precisely where human violence originates, and that Ford concludes that violence is everywhere and in everyone (135). The novel as a whole treats the war-time suffering of Christopher Tietjens through an amalgamation of marital troubles, shell-shock, and the Civil Service that employs the central character.⁸ To find meaning after the war, Tietjens abandons the past in a variety of ways: he sheds his feudal duty by rejecting his hereditary estate and he abandons modern life in favor of a simple existence; he also participates in the break-up of England's heritage once he's exiled himself from "society." It is a bitter and satiric portrayal of the end of "civilization."

The novels that make up *Parade's End* offer a cynical view of the decline of the "English gentleman," which is discernable through the architecture and landscape of the novels.⁹ Tietjen's downfall is brought about by a variety of factors, yet the conflation of his marital troubles, his war injury, and his ostracism from a promising career in Civil

Service are all reflections of modernity. Ford presents England in the late teens and early twenties as a country bereft of honor, honesty, and compassion. His wife Silvia is an unsympathetic, self-involved shrew who abuses Tietjens out of boredom and dissatisfaction with her life. He enlists to serve his country in the war and his memory loss—more traumatic than his physical wounds—affects his once legendary memory and breadth of knowledge. He is disillusioned by the dishonesty and manipulation in the Civil Service, and cannot hold his tongue to save his position and career.¹⁰ The evils of self-interest in the modern era overwhelm Tietjens and break down his faith in the fabric of England.

This extended breakdown is clearly represented in the houses, the city landscape, and the English countryside.¹¹ In the first novel, *Some Do Not*, Tietjens frequently lends august support and recommendations to the accomplishments of the poor Scottish dependent Macmaster. Macmaster idealizes the old England that birth excludes him from and strives, through a studied projection and mimicry of culture, to join that hallowed group. Tietjens is a leader in society by birth; although he cares little for it, his tastes and manners reflect his pedigree. Macmaster is frequently drawn into raptures by glimpses of the authentic heritage to which he aspires. His ideal home is the country estate of the Rev. Mr. Duchemin, a clergyman of considerable wealth and cultured taste; Macmaster so idealizes this conception of refinement and respectability that he marries the widow the day after Duchemin dies. Ford gives extensive attention to the setting and interior of the home as one encapsulating all that is respectably English; Tietjens admires respectfully while Macmaster covets:

The rectory itself, a great, warm looking manor house of very old red brick, was abutted on to by one of the largest tithe barns that Macmaster had ever seen; the church itself, with a primitive roof of oak shingles, nestled in the corner formed by the ends of the rector and tithe barn, and was by so much the smallest of the three and so undecorated that but for its little belfry it might have been a good cow-byre. All three buildings stood on the very edge of the little row of hills that looks down on Romney Marsh; they were sheltered from the north wind by a great symmetrical fan of elms and from the south-west by a very tall hedge and shrubbery, all of remarkable yews. It was, in short, an ideal cure of souls for a wealthy clergyman of cultured tastes, for there was not so much as a peasant's cottage within a mile of it. To Macmaster, in short, this was the ideal English home. (Ford 51-2)

The construction of the buildings is in traditional red brick rather than a modern substitute. The old roof is lined with oak shingles rather than clay, in harmony with the pastoral setting. The church is austere and functional, with none of the "papacy" that Tietjens views (even in his wife) as the bane of modern England and a threat to the goodness and forthrightness of England's citizenry. The whole estate is a reflection of what is good and irreproachable in English heritage.

The landscape (or grounds) of the estate are part of this idealized home. The gardens are simple yet harmonious and open to view from Mrs. Duchemin's drawing room. In addition to the traditional buildings, the landscape is a complement to the elegance and prestige of the estate:

Three long windows gave on to a perfect lawn, on which, isolated and grouped, stood standard rose trees, symmetrical half globes of green foliage picked out with flowers like bits of carved pink marble. Beyond the lawn was a low stone wall; beyond that the quiet expanse of the marsh shimmered in the sunlight. (52)

The view is spectacular because it is one unbroken by modernity; there are no houses, no farmers in view, only rolling hills lined by elms, hedges, shrubbery and yews, all of which traditionally demarcate privacy and private property. The open lawn suggests a distance with the locals, a covetous and protective border from the vulgarity of the outside world. The Duchemin estate is impervious to modernizations and isolated from the contamination of the outside world.

The interior of the rectory is also described several times to emphasize the elegance, exclusiveness, and idealized gentility of the respectable estate. Macmaster is impressed with Mrs. Duchemin's "perfectly sympathetic" drawing room: "The furniture of the room was, as to its woodwork, brown, old, with the rich softnesses of much polishing with beeswax. What pictures there were Macmaster recognized at once as being by Simeon Solomon . . ." (52).¹² The home is well maintained, and the collections in the common rooms are respectable, although not the Reverend's best, which are in his private rooms. The breakfast room, too, is a showpiece:

The eighteenth-century room was very tall and long; paneled in darkish wood. In the centre of each of the four of the panels, facing the light, hung pictures, a mellowed orange in tone, representing mists and the cordage of ships in mists at sunrise. On the bottom of each large gold frame was a

tablet bearing the ascription: 'J.M.W. Turner.' The chairs, arranged along the long table that was set for eight people had the delicate, spidery, mahogany backs of Chippendale; on the golden mahogany sideboard that had behind it green silk curtains on a brass-rail [was a buffet] . . . mosaic chafing dishes, silver epergnes piled with peaches in pyramids, and great silver rose bowls filled with roses, that drooped to the damask. (80)

The furnishings of the Duchemins' home are impressive to Macmaster; the Chippendale is genuine, the Turner paintings respectable, the heavy silver vases and tableware connote wealth and elegance that lend a sense of solemnity to the breakfast. Ford seems to suggest that the display of the Duchemins' art and furnishings are calculated to impress rather than chosen for personal preference or quality. The elegance of Mrs. Duchemin, above all, represents to Macmaster as the finest in modern culture—as belonging to the bygone era of old money and respectability that he ardently engages with as an art critic and connoisseur.

Tietjens' austerity sharply contrasts with Macmaster's tastes and ambitions. Although he frequently travels and lodges with Macmaster, they have very different ideas about architectural comfort and interior décor. One instance occurs early in the novel; lodged at an inn of Macmaster's preference, Tietjens' room is described as having, "a sloping roof outlined by black beams, which cut into squares the cream coloured patent distemper of the walls . . . This was one of those restored old groups of cottages that it was at that date the fashion to convert into hostelries" (43). Macmaster, being "in search of the inspiration of the past," chose what to Tietjens is a garish accommodation. Tietjens accepts the arrangements out of deference to his friend's "culture," but would have

preferred to go to a comfortable, modern hotel, which he considers “less affected and cheaper” (43). Accustomed to what he terms, “the grown oldnesses of a morose, rambling Yorkshire manor house,” Tietjens dislikes being among cluttered, pitiful bits of the past; they are artificially constructed to mimic the real thing. These “antique” lodgings appeal to the ambitions of the bourgeoisie, who are willing to pay for accommodations they view as being part of the unattainable cultural past. Ford laments the confusion of clutter with culture in modern society that betrays those born to wealth and those who apishly mimic it.

For Tietjens, the interior décor is often as offensive as the exterior structures. In the present example, Tietjens distastefully views, “a four-poster bed, a corner cupboard in black oak, and many rush mats on a polished oak floor of very irregular planking” (43). Tietjens is consciously disdainful of the inauthentic recreations because he is raised among original and quality pieces. The places Macmaster prefers are repugnant to Tietjens largely because they are crammed full of furniture that he considers, “disinterred and waxed relics of the past” (43). Macmaster wanders around such lodgings, “running his finger tips along the bevellings of a darkened piece of furniture, and would declare it genuine ‘Chippendale’ or ‘Jacobean oak’ . . . seem[ing] to gain an added seriousness and weight of manner with each piece of ancient furniture . . .” (43). Macmaster views the gentleman’s culture to which he aspires as being embodied in these aged lodgings and furnishings. As an outsider, he indiscriminately approves of any trappings that he associates with old wealth and upper-class tastes. To one born into this station, however, the carefully crafted impressions fail to masquerade as genuine antiques. Tietjens interrupts Macmaster’s reveries by declaring about a random chair or desk that one “[can]

tell the beastly thing was a fake just by cocking an eye at it . . .” (43). Tietjens’ innate skill with antique furniture is one Macmaster is only able to mimic after decades of close and laborious study.

Tietjens’ unorthodox views on comfortable living are influenced by the urbanization that parallels London’s growth. The dramatically changing landscape of gentry holdings at the turn of the century contributed to this urbanization and the accompanying social shifts. Ford points to this change in the novel, citing the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s assertion of pressure on great landlords of the time. The landlords reply by, “. . . cutting down their establishments and closing their town houses—not to any great extent, but enough to make a very effective gesture of it, and so as to raise a considerable clamour from footmen and milliners” (154). Tietjens in fact predicts this change several years before the war, telling Sylvia that a European conflagration would take place, shutting up half the houses in Mayfair and begging their inhabitants (155). Although initially inconvenienced, Sylvia recognizes in the third year of the war that it is “very convenient to have a dwelling, cheap, comfortable, almost august and so easy to work that you could have, at a pinch, run it with one maid . . .” (156). The Tietjens’ modern accommodations in town are a reflection of the decline of Edwardian England and of the radically shifting economical and social prioritizations brought on by the Great War.

Sketches of Tietjens’ London rooms, although modest, nonetheless reflect the highest quality and taste. The Tietjens’ residence is described in detail:

They had two floors of a great building, and that gave them a great deal of space, the breakfast-room, in which during the war they also lunched, was

an immense room, completely lined with books that were nearly all calf-backed, with an immense mirror over an immense carved, yellow and white marble mantelpiece, and three windows that, in their great height, with the spideriness of their divisions and their old, bulging glass—some of the panes were faintly violet in age—gave to the room an eighteenth-century distinction . . . Above, [Sylvia] had a great white drawing-room, with fixings that she knew were eighteenth century and to be respected . . . with the white panels, the Chinese lacquer screens, the red lacquer and ormolu cabinets, and the immense blue and pink carpet and Sylvia knew, that if only for the three panels by a fellow called Fragonard, bought just before Fragonards had been boomed by the late King, that her drawing-room was something remarkable. (151-52)

There are two aspects of this description of the Tietjens' rooms that contrast with residences Macmaster favors: size and color. The terms *great* and *immense* are repeated more than a half dozen times in this brief passage to connote spaciousness and size. The overwhelming emphasis of light colors and natural light are an enormous contrast to the black oak furniture and dark wood floors favored by Macmaster. Tietjens decorates these rooms himself, and visitors are always suitably impressed with his skill and taste. This is one of the attributes that Ford imbues in Tietjens to locate him solidly in the tradition of the eighteenth century, a bygone era of political and cultural respectability lost in the modern era.

Ford also uses interiors to trace the decline of respectability. Tietjens becomes more disillusioned and embittered about the corruption and naked self-interest of modern

society and government. His separation from the ethics of his government office is reflected in the carefully crafted “culture” of his friend Macmaster’s residence and career. Unlike Tietjens, Macmaster is unburdened by the ethics that plague his friend. After years of hard work and careful study, as well as an advantageous marriage to the widowed Mrs. Duchemin, Macmaster has carved a niche in the intellectual strata of London society. His success is reflected in the elegance of his residence—measured in comparison to Tietjens’.

It was indeed a beautiful room; it had become so during the years. It was long and high—matching the Tietjens’. A great cut-glass chandelier from the rectory hung dimly coruscating in the centre, reflected and re-reflected in convex gilt mirrors, topped by eagles. A great number of books had gone to make place on the white paneled walls for the mirrors, and for the fair orange and brown pictures by Turner, also from the rectory. From the rectory had come the immense scarlet and lapis lazuli carpet, the great brass fire-basket and appendages, the great curtains that, in the three long windows, on their peacock-blue Chinese silk showed parti-coloured cranes ascending in long flights—and all the polished Chippendale arm-chairs. Amongst all these, gracious, trailing . . . moved Mrs. Macmaster—also from the rectory. (245)

Ford points out that whereas Tietjens’ domestic furnishings represent the innate taste of his station, Macmaster imports everything he coveted from Duchemin’s rectory, including the widow. In marrying Edith Ethel Duchemin, Macmaster is able to acquire a collection of valuable art and furnishings that embody his ideal of taste. While the

structure of the room is long and high, like Tietjens', the furnishings are not personally selected, but rather moved en masse from the rectory. Nevertheless, it is a respectable and tasteful collection, one that creates a suitable environment for their Friday salons and contributes to their social cache in intellectual circles. Indeed, Ford ends the description of the room with: "Macmaster had achieved his desire, even to the shortbread cakes and peculiarly scented tea that came every Friday morning from Princes Street" (245-6). His success at mimicry is complete; his home rivals that of his betters.

Yet Macmaster's success has come at the expense of Tietjens in several ways. Macmaster has no qualms about fabricating statistics for the War Office, and his career rises as his Tietjens' plummets. Tietjens refuses to falsify information for propaganda purposes, and as a result his residences become more and more shabby, paralleling his self-imposed exile from society, throughout the novels. It is possible to read Macmaster's flexible moral compass in his surroundings; as he shows himself willing to provide whatever sort of work the War Office requires, his material comfort and social cache rise. The chandelier and gilded mirrors are ostentatious and aspire to a type of delusion of self-importance. The books that Macmaster lived in and makes his reputation by—being an authority on Raphaelite poetry and art—are gradually removed and replaced with paintings designed to garner name recognition. The ornate parlor accoutrements, brightly colored curtains and rug, and the polished Chippendale chairs all reflect moral betrayal, not just in his office, but in his adulterous relations with Edith Ethel (before he marries her) and the absorption of her husband's collection.

Thus, just as Tietjens' residence reflect his station and impeccable taste—something one expects in a true English gentleman of old family—Macmaster's

luxurious new home reflects the morally nefarious means through which he advances professionally and socially. The juxtaposition of these two men, the old (Tietjens) and the modern (Macmaster), show the moral decline of England; by failing to run an honest government, the corruption of modernity is endemic and infects all levels. The only escape from this is in the countryside, which changes at a much slower rate, and is (in non-industrial areas) largely unaffected by the rapid changes of the early twentieth century.

Landscape, traditionally a reflection of the peace and tranquility of rural life, is infused with the violence of modernity. Ford's use of literary landscape echoes of Pater's approach; a reverently described English countryside as idealizes the best of country life:

. . . some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home-countries . . . precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just perceptible monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is for Englishmen at least typically home life. (227)

For Pater, the true landscape of England is its fields and gardens; Kent and Surrey are competitively renowned for being the "Garden of England." The non-urban setting and retired pace of life characterize a dignified existence removed from the more modern and fast paced city. In the country, red brick buildings are covered in ivy and shaded by trees and foliage. The "just perceptible monotony," or simple routines of quiet life, present in "subdued order," is a noticeable contrast to London. This subdued monotony is what Pater suggests gives the country "its distinguishing note" and acknowledges that it is just such an environment that Englishman consider a typical "home life." The landscape of one's home can also embody nostalgia and memories.

During his various social, marital, and financial trials, Tietjens is constantly struck by the tranquil and rewarding restorative qualities of the English countryside. On a walk with Valentine Wannop, surveying an untrimmed quicken hedge and hawthorn blossoms just beginning to blacken at the edges, Tietjens thinks to himself: “This [...] is England! A man and a maid walk through Kentish grass fields: the grass ripe for the scythe” (105). They are in harmony with nature on their walk—they know the names of the birds that pipe and the grasses that bow:

Chaffinch, greenfinch, yell-ammer [...], garden warbler, Dartford warbler, pied-wagtail [...] Marguerites over the grass, stretching in an infinite white blaze; grasses purple in a haze to the far distant hedgerow; coltsfoot, wild white clover, sainfoin, Italian rye grass . . . In the hedge: Our Lady’s bedstraw, dead-nettle, bachelor’s button (105)

This passage largely serves to enhance and romanticize the unlikely courtship of Christopher and Valentine. His correction of names or additions of little local dialect trivia serve as flirtation—yet the intricate knowledge of the landscape and the flora and fauna distinctly place Tietjens in a bygone era; his appreciation for the rusticity of the countryside is out of place with his government position. His admiration of the landscape puts him at odds with the bustling modernity that encloses his professional life.

Tietjens prefers a quiet, simple life to the burdensome duties of modern city life. He frequently compares the quality of others’ living according to the surrounding landscape. Tietjens reflects on the suitability of his sister’s home in terms of environment: “The moors were like enough to those above Groby to make them happy” (186). He considers the rural landscape of his childhood home as superior to the

environment of London. Her sister and her parson husband live in a “bare, grim farmhouse, [drink] great quantities of buttermilk and [eat] great quantities of Wensleydale. It was the hard, frugal life of his desire and his mind was at rest” (186). Out of the hectic pace of city life, Tietjens is appreciative of the simplicity of rural life.

During this visit Tietjens reflects that the coming war is a threat to this peaceful and simple way of life. Much of the reason for Tietjens’ patriotic love of his country is due to the landscape with which he associates good living. As he reflects on the assassination and the inevitability of the outbreak of war, he views the country before his eyes:

He loved this country for the run of its hills, the shape of its elm trees and the way the heather, running uphill to the skyline, meets the blue of the heavens. War for this country could only mean humiliation, spreading under the sunlight, an almost invisible pall over the elms, the hills, the heather, like the vapour that spread from . . . oh, Middlesbrough! We were fitted neither for defeat nor for victory (186)

For Tietjens, the landscape of the English countryside is what makes it a loveable place. Its hills, trees, and wildflowers contribute to a harmony with the sky. He sees the possibility of war in England as a certain death for the picturesque countryside; its threat hangs over the trees and hills like an ominous cloud that threatens contamination.

In fact, Tietjens’ anxiety about the violence of war manifests itself in some physical abuse of England’s fields as well. Thinking about the fields in front of him as, “God’s England! . . . Land of Hope and Glory!” Tietjens reflects that England’s climate is the best in the world; in fact, everything from the distant bugles to the smell of pipe

tobacco and an attractive woman's figure in the distance contribute to his conception of tranquility in the English countryside (106). The impingement of modernity, even in his thoughts, breaks this mood, however. Thinking of the corruption of church, state, ministry, and army, Tietjens pauses and "aim[s] with his hazel stick an immense blow at a tall spike of yellow mullein with its undecided, furry, glaucous leaves and its undecided, buttony, unripe lemon-coloured flower. The structure collapsed, graceful, like a woman killed among crinolines!" (106). The thought of the abuses of state and power make Tietjens violent, and he takes out his anger on the countryside.

It is not just the failure of modern state offices, but the decline of social morality as well that arouses Tietjens' ire. Surveying the damage he has inflicted on the mullein, he reflects, "Now I'm a bloody murderer!" (106). He immediately acquaints the "Green stained with vital fluid of innocent plant" to the decline of virtue in England: "Not a woman in the country who won't let you rape her after an hour's acquaintance!" (106). As he ponders what he terms the rotten governing class, "He slew two more mulleins and a sow-thistle! A shadow, but not from the sun, a gloom, lay across the sixty acres of purple grass bloom and marguerites, white . . ." (106). The idea of a rotten and corrupt ruling class sickens Tietjens, as it goes against everything he believes in as a relic of England's Tory past. The shadow that hangs over the land, the gloom, is a combination of the state of modern politics and government and the impending war. The war directly overshadows the prosperity and tranquility of the countryside, which to Tietjens is the last pure vestige of Englishness.

Tietjens sees the domestic effects of war in terms of architecture as well. Explaining that the Department wanted to rub into their allies that their losses by

devastation had been nothing to write home about to avoid sending reinforcements, Tietjens points out that the manipulation of figures for political purposes completely misrepresents the very real devastation to the country:

Well, if you took just the bricks and mortar of the devastated districts, you could prove that the loss in bricks, tiles, woodwork and the rest didn't—and the figures with a little manipulation would prove it!—amount to more than a normal year's dilapidations spread over the whole country in peace time . . . House repairs in a normal year had cost several million sterling. The enemy had only destroyed just about so many million sterling in bricks and mortar . . . So, if you ignored the lost harvests of three years, the lost industrial output of the richest industrial region of the country, the smashed machinery, the barked fruit trees, the three years' loss of four and a half-tenths of the coal output for three years—and the loss of life!—we could go to our allies and say: "All your yappings about losses are the merest bulls . . ." (253).

This manipulation of statistics by the government, done to misrepresent to the public and the county's allies the true state of the war, so disgusts Tietjens that he refuses to participate in a deliberate distortion of facts and resigns his post. He cannot continue to work for a government agency so dishonest and disinterested in the good of the English people.

What is particularly interesting in this passage is not just the deliberate misrepresentation of statistics, but that the losses are in terms of building and agriculture. Damage from the war, not just physical damage but long term economic damage, cannot

be gauged solely in terms of rebuilding costs. The lost harvests will drive up the cost of food for England's citizens; the lost industrial output of the region will ripple from the local economy and jobs to the rest of the country. Machinery that farmers depend on to adequately harvest and supply crops is expensive and is not automatically replaced. The appropriation of a percentage of an industry's coal supply to the war machine affects the industry's capability and production levels. All of these factors are in addition to the loss of life; the long term ramifications of the war, and its debilitating effect on the rural areas of England, is far too important to the fabric of the country's post-war viability to falsify or minimize.

Tietjens tells Valentine, "We ought never to have come into this war. We ought to have snaffled other peoples' colonies as the price of neutrality . . ." (238). To her this appears to be a betrayal of loyalty to one's country; his violent disparaging of the government's management of England inspires Valentine to ask him how can so hate his country. He replies with great earnestness, "Don't say it! Don't believe it! Don't even for a moment think it! I love every inch of its fields and every plant in the hedgerows: comfrey, mullein, paigles, long red purples . . ." (238). Tietjens despises the government for what they are prioritizing in the world; their failure to appreciate the true value of life, as he sees it in the unspoiled countryside, is their failure to guard the interests of the people.

After the war, Tietjens must find a place for himself in a society he is at odds with. He decides against returning to his wife, and she strips their once renowned house of its furnishings, selling off most of the valuable furniture and art just to spite him. He opts for an austere country living. The new life is not one concerned with respectability,

appearances, and moral right, however; it is one shorn of all vestiges of wealth and title, and includes Valentine Wannop as a lover and partner. Rejecting all traditional means of occupation, Tietjens starts up a furniture business with an American, parceling and profiting off England's now defunct architectural history. Christopher feels that the most honest way to live is to secure the essentials of life by his own talents. He knows that, "His only available and at the same time marketable talent was his gift for knowing genuine old furniture" (744). He secures an American partner and together they set about helping wealthy Americans to strip European households of "old stuff."¹³

The Tietjens' new residence is modest; it is no more than a pair of thatch shelters. Yet it has an impressive view of the surrounding countryside, and offers its residents the best of pure country life. *The Last Post* opens with a description of Mark's view:¹⁴

The garden was all uphill. Mark looked across the grass up at the hedge . . . Half round, he looked across the famous four counties; half-round, the other way on, he could see up a steep grass-bank to the hedge on the main roadside. Now he was looking uphill across the tops of the hay-grass, over the raspberry canes at the hedge that Gunning was going to trim. (679)

His family means for Mark to be able to enjoy the views and keep an eye on the comings and goings of the groundskeeper and themselves. They keep the hedge low so that Mark can see passersby, rather than let it grow up and block the outside view of the orchard (680).

With a high roof, small windows sunk deep into the grey stone of its walls, and a paved semi-circular court in front of the door, the cottage offers Christopher the privacy and simplicity he has long idealized (711). The small yard is, "extravagantly green, and

sunk in greenery and the grass . . . was filled with hiding profusions of flowers that were turning to seed” (711). The view is majestic; it takes its observers’ breath away: “The four counties swept away from under [the viewer], hedges like string going away, enclosing fields, to the hills on the very distant horizon; the country near at hand wooded . . . As great a view as above Groby, but not purple and with no sea” (711, 713). It reminds young Mark Jr. of the moors above Groby, which are covered in stunning purple heather. The landscape functions as all the comfort Christopher needs in his new life—he has fully rejected the modern age for the pastoral.

Groby estate’s decline and change in the face of modernity occupies much of the last book. Much like Evelyn Waugh’s later focus on the significance of the decline of the country estate in England, Ford emphasizes the breakdown of tradition through the Tietjens’s family estate. During the novel the estate and its responsibilities become a repudiated ecumbrance. The Tietjens have failed to produce sons to continue the line—only Christopher has an heir (of questionable parentage). They both resent and reject the hereditary feudal duties associated with the managing of the estate. Groby is handed over to an avaricious wife, rented to an American woman who vandalizes the estate with her “renovations,” and partially dismantled in a final death scene. The fall of the Groby estate pantomimes the death of England; it provides a powerful sense of post-war mourning for a cultural inheritance strewn aside, the end of tradition and integrity.

Groby’s age and respectability set the standard by which others’ homes and furnishings are judged. Groby itself is a large house with substantial grounds. Built by Tietjens’ great-great-grandfather, who “liked privacy and didn’t want the house visible by vulgar people on the road” (143), the estate is a town unto itself. Silvia remembers:

The immense old place was not so immense because of its room-space, though, as far as she could remember, there must be anything between forty and sixty rooms, but because of the vast old grounds, the warren of stabling, wells, rose-walks, and fencing. . . . A man's place, really, the furniture very grim and the corridors on the ground floor all slabbed with great stones. (421)

The extensive grounds of Groby—the parks, rose-walks and stables—create a surreal boundary to Groby that keeps the outside world out. While this suited its builders perfectly, and Christopher fondly remembers the quiet and tranquility of Groby, in the modern day running the house is a ridiculous burden. When Silvia decides she wants to live at Groby, she realizes quickly that, “although she was a pretty wealthy woman, she was not wealthy enough to live at Groby and keep it up” (421). The successful managing and running of an estate the size of Groby is difficult at best without a fully functioning tenantry system and a substantial residual income. The costs alone are enough to cripple a decent income. While these responsibilities of the Groby estate were once attributes that lent to its prestige, in the twentieth century the estate has become a monstrous economic burden—it is in danger of being completely dilapidated for want of means.

The first blow to Groby's heritage is the failure of its heirs to be interested and realize their feudal responsibilities. Mark happily tries to give Groby over to his younger brother, having no heir; Christopher has no interest in maintaining a position in a defunct and corrupt social system—he outgrows the sense of obligation and public responsibility associated with his birthright. Mark wishes that his brother would “take that immense, far-spreading, grey, bothersome house and the tree and the well and the moors and all the

John Peel outfit” (735). While initially Christopher puts off taking over the management of Groby due to its inconvenience and expense, he in fact comes to see the entanglements of such an estate as a burden that he chooses to avoid entirely. He realizes that he “was never going to live at Groby. No more feudal atmosphere! He was going to live, he figured, in a four-room flat, on top of one of the Inns of Court” (633). Christopher determines not to be burdened by the obligations of duty and position that have hitherto made his life fairly miserable.

Mark, as the elder son, is the first to shirk his duties:

He had always been tired of the tenantry and Groby. He had been born tired of them. That happens. It happens particularly in old and prominent families. It was odd that Groby and the whole Groby business should so tire him . . . It came from the solitude maybe, on the moors, the hard climate, the rough neighbors—possibly even from the fact that Groby Great Tree overshadowed the house . . . At a very early age he had decided that he would chuck the country-gentleman business. He didn’t see that he was the one to bother with those confounded, hard-headed beggars or with those confounded wind-swept moors and valley bottoms. One owed the blighters a duty, but one did not have to live among them or see that they aired their bedrooms. It had been mostly swank, that, always; and since the Corn Laws it had been almost entirely swank: Still, it is obvious that a landlord owes something to the estate from which he and his father have drawn their income for generations and generations. (736-37)

Mark sees the duties and obligations associated with the Groby estate as a tiresome burden. He decides at a young age that the various responsibilities involved with Groby—the tenantry, the farmers, the parish living—should devolve to someone who appreciates the atmosphere of the Yorkshire estate. Mark considers himself beyond the antiquated estate and eschews all sorts of tangible participation in Groby’s upkeep.¹⁵

Yet the failure of Groby’s heirs to maintain their estate is not the only assault on tradition. Groby itself is physically wounded when Sylvia, no longer interested in living at Groby, decides that letting a renter into the house would perhaps aggravate Christopher even more than her living there. Indeed, this deed is perhaps the first of Sylvia’s that genuinely strikes at Christopher’s heart. His reaction is both physical and emotional:

Christopher had nearly jumped out of his skin—that is to say he had sat as still as a lump of white marble—when he had gathered that Sylvia and, still more his own heir, wanted to let Groby furnished. He had said to Mar, over Sylvia’s first letter: ‘You won’t let ‘em?’ and Mark knew the agony that was behind his tallowy mask and goggle eyes. . . . Perfectly white around the nostrils he went—and that was the sign! (760)

In contemplating Christopher’s appeal, Mark decides that his brother is not in fact asking Mark not to allow Groby to be let, but merely seeking information as to how far Mark would, “let the degradation of the old place go” (761). Mark, in turn, lets Christopher know that Groby might be pulled down and replaced by a terra-cotta hotel before he would stir a finger (761). With the brothers arguing over which of them “owns” Groby and both refusing to take responsibility for the estate, it is likely that, “probably the place would fall to pieces if Sylvia would turn it into a bawdy house” (761). Both brothers

consider themselves heart-broken: Mark because Christopher won't accept Groby from him, and Christopher because Groby is suffering. Yet they are stuck in their own stubbornness, and as a result Groby does indeed suffer.

The final blow to Groby, a symbol of England's ancient and illustrious heritage, comes through an American. Ford saw the arrival of wealthy American women as a threat to the dignity and preservation of England's country estates.¹⁶ Like Waugh, Ford views the remodeling and modernizations to hereditary estates as detrimental to their integrity. The American woman who arrives and announces her intention of renting Groby is an apish figure with a talent for condescension. Mrs. Millicent de Bray Pape first addresses Mark on the subject of Groby's maintenance. She views the degeneracy of Groby as the fault of lazy aristocrats like Mark and Christopher who do not appreciate the cultural value of such estates. Mark does not disagree with her. Mistaking his silence for disdain, she lectures him on the nobility of her intentions:

“You are probably too haughtily aristocratic to speak to me, Sir Mark Tietjens. But I have in me the soul of the Maintenon; you are only the fleshly descendant of a line of chartered libertines. That is what Time and the New World have done to redress the balance of the old. It is we who are keeping up the status of the *grands signeurs* of old in your so-called ancestral homes.” (718)

The Tietjens' male line has unequivocally failed to preserve the physical grandeur of Groby, and its reputation is at the mercy of those who can afford to live in antiquated splendor. Mark agrees as she speaks that, “The old families of his country were a pretty inefficient lot . . .” and he is thankful to have done with them (719). He is truly a modern

Englishman, not to be bothered with the humdrum of show and reverential memory. To Mark, Groby has become nothing but an aging and unwieldy showpiece deserving of someone who appreciates the hassle.

While Mark is complacent and uninterested in Groby's rener, Ford represents this artificial preservation of England's heritage by outsiders as one of no value. Mrs. de Bray Pape intends, "to keep up at Groby a semi-regal state—of course with due domestic modesty" (720). She approves of having powder-wigged footmen and tenants' children kneeling down when she drives out in a coach and six—which she intends to use for local visits. Her embracing of antiquated rituals and assumed noble entitlement is a mockery of Groby's heritage. The estate takes on a macabre death masque under the occupancy of Mrs. de Bray Pape, who values the materialistic and prestigious show more than the inherent relationship between the land and the people over whom she lords.

Mrs. de Bray Pape's destructive residence is shown on the landscape as well. In one instance, she trudges through the high hay outside of Christopher's cottage. Mark Jr., following her, sees her shortcut as one that threatens the livelihood of the neighborhood. As he scurries behind her, "Every fibre of his country-boy landowner's soul [is] outrage[d] as he [sees] the long trail of satiny grey . . . How were his father's men to cut hay that had been trampled like that?" (712). The American woman's very presence on the land is destructive. Although this instance is arguably innocent and passive, her decision to fell Groby's tree is more decisively violent. The death of the tree is the final death of Groby and the family who has occupied it for centuries. It becomes a dead institution.

Although Silvia and Mrs. de Bray Pape agree that a tree overshadowing a house is a detraction to renters and unsanitary as well, in fact the tree is something of a figure in the neighborhood. Silvia proposes that her tenant cut down Groby Great Tree out of sheer malice; she knows that it is the heart of Groby for Christopher. Mark reflects, on Sylvia's proposal, that one, ". . . couldn't cut down Great Groby Tree. But the thought that the tree was under the guardianship of unsympathetic people would be enough to drive Christopher almost dotty—for years and years" (733). Mark is not far off base; the value of the tree to the estate and the community is immeasurable. Mark himself considers Great Groby Tree the symbol of the Tietjens; he remembers that,

For thirty miles round Groby [couples] made their marriage vows by Great Groby Tree . . . On special occasions—he could not himself be bothered to remember what—they would ask permission to hang rags and things from the boughs . . . Christopher set great store by the tree. He was a romantic ass. Probably he set more store by the tree than by anything else at Groby.

He would pull the house down if he thought it incommoded the tree. (733)

Groby Great Tree is a part of the landscape, a mutually owned and revered symbol of the age and greatness of the land. The surrounding areas all concede that Groby's tree and well are the tallest and deepest in Riding, respectively, and this is evidence of the estate's greatness.

Despite the Tietjens' feelings, at Sylvia's urgings Mrs. Bray de Pape does indeed contract a company to pull down Great Groby Tree. In the process of hauling out the stump, the woodcutters inadvertently bring down two-thirds of the ball-room exterior wall, and "that vast, gloomy room, with its immense lustres was wrecked along with the

old school-rooms above it” (801). Christopher’s boyhood bedroom has practically disappeared as well. The damage to the house is extensive; repairs will cost the Papes a fortune. Christopher returns from a trip to buy furniture, hears about Groby, and immediately goes to see for himself. He returns from Groby in shock, holding a bicycle and a lump of wood, and stands at Mark’s bed to tell him, “Half Groby wall is down. Your bedroom’s wrecked. I found your case of sea-birds thrown on a rubble heap” (835). Christopher is in shock at the destruction of the house; his face is white and his eyes bulge as he tells Mark the news. Christopher also brings back a piece of wood, like a trophy or keepsake of an estate forever gone from the landscape of England, sawed, presumably, from the felled trunk of Great Groby Tree. Its destruction represents the final break with a revered past, with the Tietjens legacy, and with the Yorkshire land that is in Tietjens’ blood.¹⁷

Ford’s *No Enemy* (1929) explores physical and spiritual reconstruction after the war. The fictional Gringoire, whom one assumes a stand in for Ford, presents a poet’s attempts to get back to the business of living after the war. The book is divided into two parts, entitled “Four Landscapes” and “Certain Interiors,” respectively. The majority of the narrator’s reflections are couched in terms of gardening and cooking; extended references to the ravages of the war on local agriculture and domestic housing abound. As the majority of these examples are in the surrounding French countryside, where Gringoire has retired from the violence of modernity and seeks individual peace through food and flowers, they are only mentioned here to show the potential of further explorations of Ford’s use of architecture and landscape to articulate post-war recovery.

The pretense of the book is the narrator's friend, a Gallophile and poet, and his recovery after the war. The book, the narrator explains, is the story of Gringoire just after Armageddon (the Great War). It strikes the writer that, "you hear of the men that went, and you hear of what they did when they were There. But you never hear how It left them. You hear how things were destroyed, but seldom of the painful processes of Reconstruction" (9). By a series of interviews with the reclusive poet, settled in Flanders, the writer (both the fictitious writer and Ford himself) strives to show the distorted outlook and world-view that the retired soldier holds—a view of lamentation and disgust for the modern world.

Gringoire specifically categorizes his experiences of the war as experiences of landscape. Wondering if his experience of "landscape during the war" has been that of many people, he explains that before August 1914 he lived through his eyes more than any other sense; in consequence, the power of scenery had a special power of emotion (21). But from the moment the war began, aspects of the earth no longer existed for him; they changed in anticipation of the coming destruction:

The earth existed, of course. Extending to immense distances of field-gray; simply colored in singularly shaped masses, as if the colors on Mercator's projection had been nearly washed out by a wet brush. Stretching away, very flat, silences, in suspense, the earth—*orbis terrarum veteribus notus*—seemed to await the oncoming legions, gray too, but with the shimmer of gold standards that should pour from [a] little gap . . . and should obscure and put to shame all the green champaign lands of the world (21-2)

The colors and textures of an invading army are superimposed over those of nature in the passage. Rather than existing as a part of the life cycle, it becomes a battleground for its antithesis—the destruction of life. The earth is a flat expanse that is hanging in suspense, waiting for the coming destruction of its fields and trees. The coming of troops in gray (notably a blend of black, the absorption of all colors, and white, the absence of all color), pouring through an opening in the landscape (“near a place called Gemmenich”) and threatens to erase all the sparkling green fields and cover them with clay, mud, and metaphorical darkness. With the announcement of war, the nooks and sweet corners of the earth cease to exist; there are no assured homes, countries, provinces, kingdoms or races: “All the earth held its breath and waited” (22). The anticipation of the arrival of war is one of destruction of the land—not people.

Gringoire explains this anticipation further. He wonders if others felt, as he did, that what one should fear for was the land, rather than the people, for the earth and its familiar aspects were menaced by imminent destruction (26). This fear takes two parts: fear for the physical landscape and architectural damage. For Gringoire, the coming war enhanced these fears. They are linked in the most obvious sense, but seem to occupy places in a hierarchy in his mind. He recollects:

Just as trees and fields appeared to dread the contamination of alien presences, so with buildings. Only with buildings—and more particularly with houses—the feeling was very much enhanced. They seemed to dread not only contaminations, but pains, violations, physical shames, and dissolution in fire. (168)

The war is an impingement on the existence of all things that stand in its way. Perhaps people are excluded as it is their presence and their actions that cause the damage; civilians suffering are physically dislodged from their homes and farms, and in this way are part of the suffering of the landscape.

He speculates that perhaps this is just a want of imagination on his part: that he could not, “perhaps figure the feelings of ruined, fleeing and martyred populations” (26). Instead, he is only able to concern himself with what he terms, “the humiliation of desecrated herbage and downlands” (28). The feelings of dread that overwhelm Gringoire are those of pain for the land:

. . . the feeling of dread that those gray-blue, motionless trees under the high sky might, under heavens more lowering, feel that final humiliation—that feeling was so strong that I remember it still as a pain. Nay, in the remembrance, I feel it so strongly that it is still a pain, like that of an old, deep cicatrized wound. For of course, it would have connoted that the broad and the small fields, copses, spinneys, streams and heaths, stretching away to the quiet downs and ultimate sea, would have felt that tread of mailed and alien heels. (28)

The humiliation of nature, or more specifically, the careless and senseless desecration of natural fields and foliage under the heavy foreign heels of soldiers, is in a sense the greatest offense possible to Nature. This is an nineteenth-century privileging of the power of the natural world whose contrast is poignant here: it contrasts the reverence of the Romantics for nature with the mechanized and evermore destructive modern era. The wounds inflicted on the landscape take, in some cases, more than a generation to recover.

Gringoire also illustrates the destruction of war through the ruined architecture that dots the war-torn landscape. Again claiming a detachment from the reality of human suffering, he recollects being struck more in Pont de Nieppe by the ruined houses:

. . . the feeling of abashment that seemed to attach to furniture and wall-paper exposed to the sky—not to the sufferings of the civilian population, who seemed to be jolly enough . . . No! what struck me as infinitely pathetic was lace curtains: for there were innumerable lace curtains, that had shaded vanished windows, fluttering from all the unroofed walls in the glassless window-frames. They seemed to me to be more forlornly ashamed than any human beings I have ever seen. (27)

While this is a retrospective assessment of the damage of war on the residences of the townspeople, as opposed to a study of the process of destruction, it nevertheless highlights the importance of architecture as a means of mourning. Gringoire's sense of loss and chaos here is for the physical residences that house and shelter mankind. The curtains, possibly a metaphor for people, are the victims of war: they are exposed to the elements with their windows broken; their functions are now moot and they flutter purposelessly; their presence is an embarrassment to landscape, as everything around them is in ruins and they have survived unharmed. Thus the purpose of the hollowed out homes is not simply a portrayal of war landscape, but a transference of mourning for the destruction of war.

Despite the predominantly French setting, Gringoire experiences several landscape visions during the war that are indeed English and are directly tied to a sense of mourning and nostalgia. Gringoire maintains that during the four years of the war, he had

only noticed four landscapes and birds only once—in a cognitive sense—for themselves (23). These four landscapes represent four moments in four long years in which, for a very short time, the strain of the war lifted itself from Gringoire's mind. These were, he explains, like intermissions of the spirit, and were exactly like gazing through rifts in a mist (24).¹ While he is presumably serving outside of England during the war, it is important to note that these landscapes are a) English, b) juxtapositions of wartime and times of peace, and c) manifestations of nostalgia for pre-war space. The first of these is a day in 1915 when Kensington Gardens suddenly grew visible; the second is the flat lands of Essex. These landscapes, which appear to Gringoire as daydreams of fantasies, are directly tied to his experience of war.

The appearances of these landscapes to Gringoire are described like visions or daydreams. An unseen mist clears and a foreign (or other) landscape is revealed, like a snapshot or memory of another place of time, and appears as real—or perhaps more real—than the viewer's actual physical locality. Then, like a curtain, the mist falls back down and the landscape of the vision fades into the present reality. The first of these is Gringoire's Kensington Garden landscape, which appeared on a day in 1915. The narrator describes its arrival:

There were motor transport wagons going cautiously down the Broad Walk—parts of the familiar train of war. And then, suddenly, there were great motionless trees, heavy in their summer foliage, blue-gray, beneath a very high sky; there was the long quiet part of the palace; the red brick, glowing in the sun, the shadows of the windows very precise and blue . . . Then the curtain closed again; the weight once more settled down. The

trees again became the foreground there was the feeling Gringoire could never get away from—that they would be personally humiliated, shamed, abashed (25-6)

Gringoire is constantly weighted with a sense of inescapable failure for the war, and sorrow for the destruction it causes. The appearance of Kensington Gardens, an idyllic and highly symbolic public area of London, is an interesting one. While one might argue that the gardens remind Gringoire of the country he is representing and fighting for, the body of the text discounts this possible sentiment. It is rather more likely that the vision of the royal gardens are nostalgic: they are a protected area of the city, preserved for man's enjoyment, a happy blend of England's history—represented by the red brick glowing in the sun. London is not the stage of the Great War, and therefore its fields and flowers and trees are safe from the humiliation of war and the tread of troops. The sanctity of nature is guarded here, and as such the gardens are a nostalgic memory combined with Gringoire's mourning for the opposite and destructive state of France.

The second landscape appears as Gringoire is sitting in a waiting room unoccupied. The flat lands of Essex materialize, stretched out, undistinguished beneath a dull sky (34). Looking at what he assesses as a foreign, unsmiling land, Gringoire's thoughts turn to his garden in Kent. This landscape is agrarian production: "He speculated on the crops; on the labor it took to the acre to put in those cabbages; on the winds that must sweep across the comparatively hedgeless spaces. The ground looked like a good clay" (34-5). Essex is not Gringoire's native Kent, so he ruminates on the differences of the vitality of the soil and crop potential. He decides to try growing potatoes from seeds, and "the Essex flats became again, slowly, visible land, planted with

war-food” (36). This landscape serves to lift the weight of the reality of war for Gringoire by occupying him with gardening (his main post-war occupation); it is connected to peace time, when crops will not be requisitioned for war supplies, but can regain an independent existence. Gringoire looks forward to returning to his own garden, one unimpeded by the war.

Gringoire’s “fifth” landscape, an additional moment he shares with the narrator, is also one of home. He remembers this incident as a fifth (outside of the four he originally set out to share with the narrator) during a walk round some heath. The official end of the war has been announced, and Gringoire describes the landscape:

‘I assure you, on my honor, that the whole landscape, the commonplace, friendly landscape of elms, rather backward wheat, heather, gorse, and park-wall suddenly changed. It was as if the focus of the camera had suddenly clocked, readjusted itself—as if it grew—though before one hadn’t known it for anything but all that was possible of tranquility, breadth, security, and peace—grew quieter, calmer, broader, more utterly secure and inviolable. English country!

I don’t know: There’s nothing to it, really. A spray of dog-roses; a whitethroat dropping over the hedge; some gorse; the long, rolling land; the high skies and the clouds above the downs . . . Well, it is one stage more toward a forever of security, of that being forever inviolable that one prays may be its portion. A great stage forward.’ (40-1)

Gringoire’s landscape here is one that takes on a soothing aspect. The common-place scenery of the present is replaced with a vision of itself in peacetime. It expands, takes on

details of the English countryside: dog-roses, whitethroat, and gorse on the rolling landscape become quieter, calmer, broader, and more secure. The beauty of the landscape is enhanced by its inviolable security against violence and war. The hope and promise of peace is embodied by the tranquility and protection of the countryside.

It is only years after the war that Gringoire can again begin to “see” the landscape and the natural beauties that were obliterated by the war. These glimpses are small and hidden, and only occasionally reveal themselves: “. . . the tiniest of hidden valleys, with a little red stream that buries itself in the red earth beneath the tall green of the grass and the pink and purple haze of campions, the occasional gold of buttercups, the cream of meadow-sweet” (22). Nature has recovered from the onslaught of modern war and the devastation wrought on the landscape, but Gringoire is only infrequently able to recapture views of tranquil beauty. The vitality of nature is buried, often hidden, and sometimes in bloom in full view. Gringoire’s *ability* to see the landscape without the impingement of aspects of war is what has been damaged here. He tells the narrator:

The plants in the garden wave in stiffness like a battalion on parade—the platoons of lettuce, the headquarters’ staff, all sweet peas, and the color company, which is of scarlet runners. The little old cottage is under a cliff of rock, like a gingerbread house from a Grimm’s fairy tale; the silver birches and the tall pines confront it; the sunlight lies warmer than you could imagine in the hollow, and a nightingale of midsummer that has abandoned the deep woodland and runs through the garden . . . (22)

The plants in the garden become images of marching soldiers; the vegetables become officers’ housing, the sweet pea blossoms the troops’ colored banners. The silver birches

and tall pines are confrontational with the quiet old cottage. It is as if Gringoire has lost his ability to see nature as a beautiful thing—an ability he once prided himself on. Now, rather, he sees everything in the shape of the war. The sunlight, a literal life-giver, lies low in hollow nooks as if it is afraid to come out. Birds abandon their homes and come out, closer to danger, for food. All of the aspects of tranquility that nature traditionally offers have been muted or altered in some way.

There is much else in *No Enemy* that translates post-war recovery to the land: farming via discussions of agrarian adjustment and recovery, cooking via discussions of Gringoire's garden's health and viability in the post-war soil, and so on. While the landscapes presented above highlight Ford's own inextricable connection between the land and mourning, there are several other possible explorations of the complicity of landscape and memory or national identity in Ford's work. His intimate interest in architecture, painting, and the interaction of man and his environment is evident in the majority of his fiction—and are distinctly to the traditions of the nineteenth-century.

¹ No study of Ford's fiction can proceed without acknowledgment of the contribution of his novel *The Good Soldier* (1915). In it Ford develops an early study of Englishness, a study he continues to explore particularly during the aftermath of the Great War. The central English figure, Edward Ashburnham, is a representative of all that is good in English life: he is a landowner, a soldier, and a gentleman (Henstra 179). Yet for several reasons this novel is not considered in the present study. Most importantly, it does not take place in England. While Ashburnham is indeed English, the setting and the tone of the characters' conversations reflect their Italian and French surroundings, and not those of England. It is also set before the war's end, which makes explorations of comprehensive cultural mourning impossible. Finally, it is an impressionist portrayal of moral corruption and infidelity, a theme dear to Ford personally but not influenced by the trauma of the Great War.

² Ford's "master narrative" of the First World War is his tetralogy *Parade's End* (1924-28). Published separately as *Some Do Not* (1924), *No More Parades* (1925), *A Man Could Stand Up* (1926), and *The Last Post* (1928), the work follows Christopher Tietjens through what Sarah Haslam terms domestic, emotional, political and moral crises that are held to be typical of the age (49). The focus of the readers' attention is on the painful and slow process by which Tietjens becomes "consciously aware that the conventional life of Edwardian society no longer embodies the principles that it professes . . ." (Mitzener 499). The first book opens on Tietjens in the midst of a very successful career in civil service. He serves in the Great War as an officer and suffers from shell-shock. Although the injury to his brain is painful, it pales compared to the cruelty of his wife, Sylvia, who returns from an elopement with a lesser man to torture him, resenting his goodness and

patience. He falls in love with a young suffragette but is unwilling to consummate their relationship on moral grounds; he rejects his hereditary duties to Groby; he rejects a promising Civil Service career because he cannot stomach the corruption. Tietjens' recognition of change in post-war England is marked by grief and lamentation; Ford uses Groby and the English countryside to highlight this mourning.

³ Ford uses Tory in the traditional sense: a member of a political party in Great Britain from the late 17th century to about 1832 that favored royal authority over Parliament and the preservation of the existing social and political order. This group was succeeded by the Conservative party; Tietjens is, therefore, a conservative from a bygone era.

⁴ The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, founded in 1848, was a group of painters and poets who, influenced by John Ruskin's praise of the artist as profit, strove to create art suitable to the modern age in a variety of ways: 1) Testing and defying all conventions of art; 2) Precise, near photographic representation of all objects, which violated conventional views of both proper style and subject; 3) Following Ruskin, they attempted to transform the resultant hard-edge realism (created by 1 and 2) by combining it with typological symbolism; 4) Believing that the arts were closely allied, the PRB encouraged artists and writers to practice each other's art; 5) Looking for new subjects, they drew upon Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson (Victorian Web).

⁵ Other critics have dissected influences on Ford's writing. Saunders explores the importance of the city—and the synonymous association of urbanity with modernism—in "Ford, The City, Impressionism and Modernism." While most of this essay concentrates on Ford's early twentieth-century writings, Saunders convincingly argues that the importance of the cityscape in Ford's writing as a whole has been underestimated.

London is central to Ford's Edwardian novels of contemporary metropolitan life, and continues to be important in later fiction, including *Parade's End* (76). Ford also planned a book that was never completed, envisioned as a book of "Portraits of Cities" examining cities in America, as a companion volume to his *Providence* and *Great Trade Route* (77). Ford never underestimated the influence of modernity's metropolitan centers. The city, and its buildings, function as a vital part of his fiction.

Saunders argues that in "The *Marsden Case*" Ford is concerned with retrospective narration and the way this technique functions as a reconstructive act (137). In several of Ford's novels, the characters reach back "over the debris of the war to try to reconstruct [their] pasts in the last era of peace" (138). Ford's war prose reflects this concern. On the topic of the Great War, Ford wrote reminiscences, short stories (in addition to his novels), and prefaces to other authors' works on the war, as well as sketches of England's early responses to the war, the enlistment process, shell-shock, the Western front, illness and regeneration, and the effects—both immediate and after—of the war on the mind, literature, and society.

⁶Although this is part of Tietjens' service, he is never accorded the rank he should hold as a gentleman. Although his service is viewed as an ironic and humiliating experience, Tietjens is an efficient and uncomplaining administrator.

⁷ Selections from Ford's memoirs show an early attention and sensitivity to domestic architecture and aesthetics. In "The Pines, Putney," Ford describes visits to his guardian in the context of the physical residence:

The Pines, Putney, as its name shews, was no place for the stabling of Pegasus. It was, upon the whole, the most lugubrious London semi-

detached villa that it was every my gate to enter. It was spacious enough, but, built at the time of the 1850-60 craze for Portland cement, its outer surfaces had collected enough soot to give it the aspect of the dwelling of a workhouse-master or chief goaler. (68)

Ford attention to construction fads and the resulting unattractive displays reflect the importance of domestic architecture in cultural settings. Here naming both the decade and the material fad, he paints his guardian's residence as one gloomy and unhealthy, a veritable contradiction of its tranquil sounding title. The construction material is unsound, allowing for the accumulation of soot—generally recognized as dirty and unhealthy. As a result, the residence looks like something out of a Dickens' novel, housing a slave-driver or goaler rather than a kindly guardian.

Despite the foreboding exterior of the house, which Ford suggests is “poverty-stricken” in appearance, the interior too warrants description. He insists that the interior of the residence reflected the prosperity of Mr. Watts-Dunton, a successful lawyer:

. . . the windows and furniture [were] always kept at a high pitch of polish, the cut-steel fire implements always shining . . . I imagine the walls must have been covered with brown paper in the proper aesthetic fashion of the advanced of the day and that drank up the light . . . At any rate the rooms of The Pines, Putney, were always dim (68)

The house is arrayed with the most modern and comfortable furnishings for its time, and despite the building material and what Ford considers the lamentable decorative fashion of the era, it is indicative of the care and detail with which Ford surveyed and attributed to one's residence.

Ford's impression is not limited to the house, but also extends to the garden. He describes how, "In the sooty garden grew a single fir that, in my time at least, could have gone as a Christmas-tree into the villa's dining-room. In the next garden there had been another that had died" (68). The presence of nature is dampened and even made unhealthy (as the neighbor's deceased tree) by the sooty and unhealthy coat that gathers on the concrete of the house. The modern, cost-efficient residence has in fact caused harm to its natural environment. While his guardian's tree lived in Ford's time, the neighbor's did not—one need only imagine how difficult it is to poison or otherwise cause the death of a large pine. Ford suggests that the building itself is an offence to the environment.

In another essay entitled "The Gloom of London," Ford remembers and vividly describes London of the 1890s. As the title suggests, Ford's impressions of the city at the turn of the century is not cheery. He views the city as a type of landscape on which the enthusiasm or creativity of the times is reflected. Fancying that "the physical gloom of London adds to the heaviness of [his] memory of those days," he traces the reasons for the pall over his memory. He describes London as, "a city whose streets are illuminated only by the flicker of rare street-lamps [that] seems almost darker than one not lit at all" (80). This gloom extends to the city's interiors as well. Ford complains, "[that] the corners of rooms are always filled with shadows when the sole illuminant is a dim oil-lamp or a bluish gas flame" (80). For him, the poorly lit city is dull and always stuck in a winterish season. He connects the visual gloom of the city to the economic "Hard Times" that brooded over England in the 1890s. The reflection shows that Ford is acutely

sensitive to the influence of a city's appearance over the memory of an individual and even over a culture.

⁸ Eve Sorum explores Ford's portrayal of life after war in the last novel of the tetralogy, *The Last Post*. Sorum suggests that *The Last Post* broaches the question, ". . . of how to write a postwar novel that both commemorates the war and allows the narrative to progress beyond it—the same tension between remembering and forgetting that British society in general struggled with during the 1920s" (154). In Ford's effort to carry out this portrayal, he presents both a crisis of modern British life and a crisis of genre (154). The attempt to accurately portray post-war mourning in his tetralogy does indeed characterize the tone of Ford's work. *The Last Post* is successful in a perverse way, Sorum claims, because it represents the difficulties of remembering and moving on in post-war England through a text that is stuck in deadly silence. Ford's attempt to find a narrative form that will convey the nation's attempt to mourn the losses of war highlights the ways in which these mourning practices fail (160).

⁹ While all four novels are outstanding in their own ways, for the narrow focus of this study only the first, *Some Do Not*, and the fourth, *The Last Post*, are presented. The second novel takes place entirely in the field tents of France, and the third is largely Valentine Wannop's story on the domestic front.

¹⁰ Tietjens works for the Department of Statistics. Early in the novel he is asked to supply figures that would fit the governments recommendation for war. He refuses to fabricate data for such a reason—or any reason. McMasters, his companion, takes it upon himself to use Tietjens' numbers and twist them for the office's use, and advances his own career while pushing past Tietjens and his morality.

¹¹ Tietjens is the younger son of a Yorkshire family of landed gentry—the Tietjenses of Groby-in-Cleveland—and a member of the Ruling Classes. He enters civil service and works for the Imperial Department of Statistics. Yet scandal, government dishonesty, and social hypocrisy contribute to Tietjens' disgust with modernity. One of the most interesting and poignant commentaries Ford makes about the decline of the noble classes and the feudal structure of England is Tietjens' walking away from the duties of his hereditary estate.

¹² Solomon is a pre-Raphaelite painter; in addition to the traditional literary paintings typically produced by the pre-Raphaelites, Solomon also took as subject scenes from Hebrew, Biblical and genre paintings depicting Jewish life and rituals.

¹³ There is an inherent problem with Ford's condemnation of the breakdown of modern England here—Tietjens, after abandoning all hope of finding an honest place in post-war England, is essentially participating in the breakdown of the traditions of England by helping to strip its homes of their antiques. It is almost as if he vengefully sets about assisting in the ruin of an institution that has let him down. Despite the appearances of this "honest living" and the application of his inherent talent with antique furniture, Tietjens is a willing participant in the breakdown of England's hereditary architecture and landscape.

¹⁴ Mark is essentially an invalid in the last book, losing his power of speech to a stroke—ostensibly brought on by work stress. Since both brothers have rejected their birthright and its responsibilities, Christopher has decided to provide a simple country life more suited to both their emotional needs. He buys the property and "rents" the second

structure to Mark and his mistress (whom Mark finally marries as a type of deathbed penance).

¹⁵ Mark is happy to pass on Groby to Christopher and his son—despite the fact that the paternity of this son is in question at several points during the novel, and his mother is a Catholic little loved by anyone in the family. Early in the novel, while describing his beloved Groby to Valentine Wannop, it plagues Christopher suddenly that he may not actually be his son's biological father. He reflects, "[that] he wasn't perhaps the father of the child who was actually the heir to that beloved place over which generation after generation had brooded" (143). Christopher agonizes intermittently over Silvia's infidelity, viewing the failure of their marriage as equally his fault for failing as a husband. The paternity of the boy comes up again as the question of what to do with the boy in the event of Christopher's death. He reveals that he has spent "... a great deal of money on tracing the movements of [Silvia] and Drake before [his marriage to her]" (176). He decides that the boy must be his by calculating the time in months and days, ultimately pronouncing: "But it would have made no difference: a child born in wedlock is by law the father's, and if a man who's a gentleman suffers the begetting of his child he must, in decency, take the consequences" (176). These consequences are the responsibility for and the sheltering (from scandal) and proper education of the child, who is at no fault for his questionable parentage.

In another blow to the legacy of Groby, Christopher decides that given his likely death in the war, his son will be raised as a papist by his mother. While discussing household and financial arrangements before he ships off to the front, Christopher tells Silvia that, "... while I was certain that I was going to be here to keep him straight and

an Anglican I fought your influence over him” (174). Her referring to his probable and imminent death in the war makes Christopher concede that adjustments must be made in the boy’s future. Announcing to Silvia that the boy is heir to Groby despite the existence of two uncles in more direct line, Christopher tells her that she may bring their son up as a Roman Catholic, provided he understands that as heir to Groby he must “respect old women always and old family servants in particular” (175). Silvia believes that this change of heart on Christopher’s part will take the curse (of misfortune) off of their house. He disagrees, but concedes that it may redeem her and perhaps Groby (175).

¹⁶ See Austine Riede’s “The Decline of English Discourse and the American Invasion in *The Good Soldier and Parades End*” in *Ford Madox Ford and Englishness* (IFMFS 5).

CHAPTER 4

EVELYN WAUGH AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE:

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND

Ford is not the last modernist author to see an inherent interaction between landscape, architecture, and the devastation of the Great War. The nineteenth-century tradition of landscape and architecture as translators of history and identity pervade interwar fiction. The Victorian's study of the communicative powers of landscape and architecture, as well as the childhood home as a nostalgic signifier, provide a visual documentation of the decline of English gentry in the inter-war novel. Evelyn Waugh, who expanded Ford's view of moral bankruptcy in modern England, also viewed the Great War as a watershed event that closed a door on the glory of England's heritage and history. His exploration of the decline highlights the immorality of the post-war generation, and although purposely comical, the decline of England's great homes highlights the death of nineteenth-century ideals and social order.

Although chronologically the latest author, Evelyn Waugh is perhaps the most retrospective. His early criticism is grounded in the late nineteenth-century tradition of Ruskin, Pater, and the legacy of architectural history informs his works in general and several characters specifically. His novels embrace the Victorian approach to the English novel by replicating the country-house as the focal point of social interaction; for Waugh

this is corruption and decay. Waugh rejects the lightness and frivolity that dominated English society after the Great War. Perhaps the most entertaining critic of his time, his novels focus on the decaying morality and the threadbare fabric of Englishness that he saw as a direct result of the aftermath of the Great War. Waugh's literary production continued into the Second World War; his later novels reflect and engage in this second European conflict with a nostalgic lamentation of the "final collapse" of the glorious England of the nineteenth century.

This chapter explores the ways in which Waugh uses architecture in two distinct phases. In the early novels including *Decline and Fall* (1928) and *A Handful of Dust* (1934), Waugh frames moral downfall of modern society. Lamenting its depravity, he portrays modern morality through the hideous architectural refashioning of several country-homes. In his later novels *Put out More Flags* (1942) and *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), the function of the country-house changes for Waugh; the tradition and stability of English gentry has eroded, and the homes are partitioned and requisitioned in the war effort (WWII). The English country-house thus takes on new function, useful to society only for its vast space. Ties to the land and community are abandoned for government imposed billeting orders. By the time Waugh writes the *Sword of Honor* trilogy in the 1960s, the English country-house has ceased to exist except as a tourist attraction, and the landed-gentry way of life he so admired as the moral core of England has all but disappeared.

Looking at Waugh in the tradition of the country-house novel is apt. An important genre of the English novel since Richardson and Fielding, Paul Goetsche observes that the country house has historically offered writers the "... opportunity to discuss

economic, agricultural, and social problems, class differences, the manners and morals of a closely knit community, and questions of taste and culture” (15). A long-standing and tangible product of English culture, the country house embodies the continuity between past and present. Goetsche argues that the estate and the big house invite literary investigations into the mentality, strength, and responsibility of England’s political and social elite (16). Malcolm Kelsall notes that the country house functions as a national symbol in England’s history; the “English System,” written on the countryside in great house and church, embraced the entire nation—the system can be read in the architectural language of the city and its villages (3). The houses of England transmit more than what Kelsall terms a hierarchical snobbery of an exhausted social order; they are carriers of culture (4). The decline of the country house and estate during the late Victorian and Edwardian ages was a result of a combination of factors: the agricultural crisis of the 1870s damaged the economic foundations of property; death duties and heavy taxation burdened the system; the Great War shattered the last remnants of feudal community and service. Today, ruined houses are merely archaeological markers of a departed order (155). Yet these problems of the burdened country estates led to what Goetsche labels a “final flowering” of country-house literature, particularly in the field of fiction (16).

Recently there has been a renewed interest in the function of the country house in the novel, and these studies necessarily include Waugh’s *Brideshead Revisited*.¹ David Rothstein’s examination of the historicization of memory in Waugh’s novel situates the author in the tradition of Pierre Nora’s discourse on memory and history. Rothstein’s central interest is in how *Brideshead Revisited* is preoccupied with the preservation of Catholic identity and Catholic memory. He discusses, “how the novel is about the decline

of a family tradition of memory and the emergence of an historical subjectivity that prompts individual characters to recapture their past by ‘revisiting’ or remembering those ‘sites of memory’ containing a family history and identity” (318). Nora’s sites of memory function as tangible locations with intangible, but shared, ideas of belonging. This novel, for Rothstein, is about tracing one’s history through a study of the remnants and sites of memory that provide the seeker with a sense of historical identity. In fact, this approach can be applied to most of Waugh’s works; his novels lament the modernized world by situating their cultural glory in the rapidly disappearing historical architecture.

Simon Joyce’s *The Victorians in the Rearview Mirror* devotes a chapter to what he terms the politics of nostalgia and the function of the country house in literature. Exploring what he calls conservative modernism, he links E.M. Forster and Waugh as the end posts for a stage of literature that is redolent with longing for the values of the past, claiming that simultaneously they stage self-reflexive discussions of the benefits and dangers of nostalgia (41). Joyce writes that the most immediate context for these discussions is war—for Forster, the Great War loomed large on the horizon, and for Waugh the Second World War still raged as he composed *Brideshead Revisited*. Wartime generally inspires a respect and nostalgia for one’s homeland, and images of England, typically painted in pastoral language and emphasizing a transhistorical landscape, create a perceptual connection to the national past (42). Joyce argues that while conservative modernism did not aspire to a full-fledged Victorian revival (excluding areas of fashion and furnishing), it did seek to redefine the complex dialectic between heritage and the modern (42). Despite the bitter cynicism and often comic tragedies that Waugh expounds

in his novels, he is very much in tune with the functions of architecture and its symbolic transformations from the Victorian age to the modern.²

Waugh addresses the function of the home in *Brideshead Revisited* in the 1959 Preface to the revised edition. He called the novel a “panegyric preached over an empty coffin,” recognizing that the age of tradition and English glory had passed. He reflects:

It was impossible to foresee, in the spring of 1944, the present cult of the English country house. It seemed then that the ancestral seats which were our chief national artistic achievement were doomed to decay and spoliation like the monasteries in the sixteenth century. So I piled it on rather, with passionate sincerity. Brideshead today would be open to trippers, its treasures rearranged by expert hands and the fabric better maintained than it was by Lord Marchmain. And the English aristocracy has maintained its identity to a degree that then seemed impossible.

(“Preface” 2)

Waugh’s conception of the country house as “ancestral seats which were our chief national artistic achievement” is a vital one, inextricably linked to England’s Victorian heritage. Although the physical structures survived the modern era, they no longer serve their conceptual and community obligations. They have become de facto museums, repositories of memory that are open to tourists, but are no longer identified with ancient families. The spirit of the structure, as it were, has died.

While critics have explored Waugh’s sourness towards a society that embraced modern decay, they have perhaps not sufficiently explored the late Victorian influence of architectural nostalgia as an alternative narrative in Waugh’s fiction.³ In satirizing the

society he disdains, Waugh takes an overarching structure from the paradigmatic texts by Ruskin and Pater. The attention to and appreciation of historic architecture and the importance of childhood nostalgia and historical appreciation as the moral fiber of a good Englishman is evident in his works. Waugh uses architecture and “remodeling,” always code for cold, unattractive alterations in historic buildings, to trace the decline of Englishness. The gutting and artificial improvements to country houses in Waugh’s novels parallel the plummeting moral standards of the era; Waugh uses architecture to mourn the passing of an age.

Decline and Fall (1928), Waugh’s first novel, shows the author’s early sensibilities regarding architecture and the disturbing trends of modernity. The story of the decline and fall of Paul Pennyfeather is also the decline and fall of gentlemanly decorum and social respectability.⁴ Starting and ending at Scone College in Oxford, Paul’s adventures take him through three main phases contextualized by architecture. Forced to seek employment, Paul accepts a post at Llanabba Castle as a master, engaged to teach fields he knows nothing about (including private organ lessons). The setting of the school, in a converted country house, explores one fate of disused country estates in rural England. The imposing structure sets the tone Paul’s tenure at Llanabba:

Llanabba Castle presents two quite different aspects, according as you approach it from Bangor or the coast road. From the back it looks very much like any other large country house, with a great many windows and a terrace, and a chain of glass houses and the roofs of innumerable nondescript kitchen buildings disappearing into the trees. But from the

front—and that is how it is approached from Llanabba station—it is
formidably feudal. (18)

Although the buildings are intact and many of them still used, the fundamental purpose of the estate has fallen to the wayside. Filled with dubious masters and children from a range of social classes, the estate no longer harbors the county's landed gentry. While its size and isolation make it ideal for a boarding school, this conversion has changed the landscape of the area. It is no longer a feudal estate working in cooperation with the surrounding farmers and village folk; economically, it is no longer serving its traditional function. Unlike Lawrence, Waugh is not particularly interested in the impact of this conversion on the county. It is important to notice, however, that this type of "disrepair" has long reaching effects on the agricultural community and the local social system.

Pennyfeather's tenure here is neither unpleasant nor fulfilling. He accepts an invitation from Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde to come tutor her son at her estate, King's Thursday, for the holiday. Margot Beste-Chetwynde is a well-off divorcee and an ambitious society lady.⁵ Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde's real crime is the renovations she makes to King's Thursday, her country house. Part II begins with an introduction to King's Thursday, Beste-Chetwynde's country house:

Margot Beste-Chetwynde had two houses in England—one in London and the other in Hampshire. Her London house, built in the reign of William and Mary, was, by universal consent, the most beautiful building between Bond Street and Park land, but . . . No single act in Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde's eventful and in many ways disgraceful career had excited

quite so much hostile comment as the building, or rather the rebuilding, of this remarkable house [King's Thursday] (151).

There are two important aspects evident from this passage. Fashionable remodels included comfort upgrades and modern conveniences as offered in the newer London residences. The introduction of lifts, plumbing, and electric lighting to buildings in the early twentieth century encouraged many wealthy families to modernize their rustic country seats with all the new essentials, many of which greatly increased the home's comfort. Second, Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde has made a name for herself on the society pages; the reference to her disgraceful career suggests that she is in fact sexually notorious. It is no accident that a woman of such notoriety dictates the tasteless modernizing of a respectable old estate—Waugh deliberately equates modern morality through its changing physical landscape.

For three centuries the family seat of the Earls of Pastmaster, King's Thursday, is the pride of Hampshire. Despite initially being considered “rather a blot” on the progressive county, the house gradually becomes something of a social novelty, which remains “Quite unspoiled” by the inversions of modernity (152). The poverty and inertia of the Pastmaster family, “. . . had preserved its home unmodified by any of the succeeding fashions that fell upon domestic architecture. No wing had been added, no window filled in; no portico, façade, terrace, orangery, tower or battlement marred its timbered front” (151). This passage highlights the hidden virtues of a county having impoverished gentry—they are unable to indulge in whims and fancies of architecture, like the Gothic revival (which Waugh attacks in *A Handful of Dust*) that mars the historic faces of England's grand country houses. There are no unseemly extensions, no exterior

alterations, no fashionable gardens, and most importantly no Gothic additions like tower or battlement to deface the original beauty of King's Thursday.

Lord Pastmaster does not appreciate the quaintness of his estate and decides to sell it in favor of hot-water taps and gas rings and electric ovens. The neighborhood is upset and unsuccessfully attempts to save King's Thursday as a historic monument by raising money to buy it. This fails, and Lord Pastmaster's rich sister-in-law, Margot Beste-Chetwynde, purchases the estate, commenting in an interview with a reporter, "I can't think of anything more bourgeois and awful than timbered Tudor architecture" (155). She promptly brings in an unheard of but promising young architect, Otto Friedrich Silenus, to make "Something clean and square" of King's Thursday, and leaves him to it while she travels abroad (156).⁶ The young architect, starving resignedly in Bloomsbury, tackles the project while journalists and neighbors keep a steady interest in the progress of the reconstruction. Silenus tells a reporter, "The problem of architecture as I see it . . . is the problem of all art—the elimination of the human element from the consideration of form . . . I do not think it possible for domestic architecture to be beautiful, but I am doing my best" (159). His best involves a surprising creation of ferro concrete and aluminium.

Paul's introduction to King's Thursday happens in April, when the countryside is in bloom. He thinks to himself as he gazes out onto the "dreaming ancestral beauty of the English countryside" that surely ". . . these great chestnuts in the morning sun stood for something enduring and serene in a world that had lost its reason and would so stand when the chaos and confusion were forgotten" (165). Paul's view of the countryside is as an unspoiled, pure part of English life untainted by the disruptions of modernity (war,

modernization, immorality, and corruption). He expects the solid foundations of civilization and social structure to go on impervious to the rapid changes of the city, changes he terms “chaos and confusion.” His reverie, “. . . in the spirit of William Morris that whispered to him . . . about seed time and harvest, the superb succession of the seasons, the harmonious interdependence of rich and poor, of dignity, innocence, and tradition,” is truncated by the abrupt appearance of the house, which stops Paul’s thoughts in their tracks (165). The building is not in harmony with its surroundings; it does not inspire fancies of the harvest and the seasons—it is a blight on the landscape that shows the permeation of modern corruption in the heart of the country.

Margot Beste-Chetwynde is not unduly upset by the neighborhood’s hostile reaction to the house and even encourages her son to be nice to Otto, who has “real genius.” Yet Silenus is less kind to himself, telling the new arrivals, “I hate and detest every bit of [the house] . . . Nothing I have ever done has caused me so much disgust” (167). What, then, makes King’s Thursday a monstrosity? Paul walks across a floor of bottle-green glass in the entryway. There is an aluminium lift to transport one to the second and third floors; half finished mosaics dot the terrace, and the half-finished pavement of the terrace is silver and scarlet and lined by a polished aluminium balustrade (a low parapet or barrier). A great colonnade of black glass pillars reflects the moonlight in the garden (168). The house is filled with pneumatic rubber furniture; there are porcelain ceilings and leather-hung walls” (185). A tank of octopuses is a prominent feature of the drawing room (190). Overall, the odd combination of new materials and unconventional designs is striking, and while all who view it marvel in wonder, it is, as Grimes declares on a visit to Paul, “Not to every one’s taste” (185).

Visiting for the weekend, Sir Humphrey (the future Lord Metroland) declares Margot's odd desire to build the monstrosity a result of the idle rich friends with whom she now associates as a rich divorcee. He thinks the best way to cull gossip about her situation is to take on a husband to "stabilize her position" (174). His suggestion is that women are easy prey for ludicrous fashions and expensive wastes of effort and time; in fact, the current chapter ends with a mention that King's Thursday will be rebuilt again in the near future. The propensity of the idle rich to senselessly remodel is emphasized again during a dinner conversation. Margot mentions several things during dinner conversation about matters of daily interest that reveal just how much property she has. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings was demanding a guarantee that she would not demolish her castle in Ireland; her villa at Cannes is abandoned by the keeper, and she worries about having to go out there to manage it; her London house is being completely rewired because of fear of fire; Bobby Pastmaster, the former owner of King's Thursday, is trying to extort money from her on the grounds that she had misled him when she bought his house, and that if he had known she was going to pull it down he would have made her pay more (180). These are substantial managing interests. Sir Humphrey is not wholly chauvinistic when he mentions Margot's need of a husband; left to her own devices, she squanders ridiculous amounts of money on pay offs and remodeling that is unsatisfactory to her undefined tastes.⁷

In *A Handful of Dust* (1934), Waugh shows how rustic folk like Tony Last are slaughtered by modernity. Tony Last is the inheritor and occupant of another old estate, Hetton Abbey, which he lovingly preserves and restores with the bulk of his income for nostalgic reasons. While Goetsche rightly points out that Tony's attachment to Hetton is

absurd (22), he is not a bad person, much like the maligned Christopher Tietjens. Tony Last and Christopher Tietjens are gentlemen whose ideas about honorable behavior are antiquated, and neither understood nor appreciated by his wife nor the governing class to which he belongs (23). The importance of tangible memory and nostalgic representations of youth, physical yet idealized descriptions of the house and grounds, and an invading modern discomfort from the outside world are all pivotal in Tony Last's fall in *A Handful of Dust*. Tony's love of Hetton and his nostalgia essentially trap him in a disappearing past; unable to navigate the perils of modernity, his dream for restoring his ancestral home to glory doom him to failure and heartache.

Tony Last lives in the past, clinging to the symbolism of the hereditary seat he possesses and sacrificing a colorful social life in favor of a rural, genteel sort of existence that is "quaint" but boring (for most of the men of his age). The English Gothic architectural style is Waugh's specific target in this novel.⁸ Ruskin is particularly interested in Gothic architecture as an authentic and pure (simple) form that has avoided the defacing advances of technology, devoting entire sections to this particular style. In "The Nature of Gothic," as he is discussing the *Grotesque* as an element of the Gothic mind, Ruskin insists that "every reader familiar with Gothic architecture must understand . . . that the tendency to delight in fantastic and ludicrous, as well as in sublime, images, is a universal instinct of the Gothic imagination" (173). Some of the attributes of Northern Gothic architecture, which he differentiates from the Southern, are the reflection of strength of will, independence of character, resoluteness of purpose, and the individual deed against destiny (175), prove analogous to later authors' use of

architectural description to convey an admiration for an outmoded existence, particularly Waugh.

Satirizing his contempt for the architectural “fads” that deface the stolid landscape of England, Waugh’s country house setting in *A Handful of Dust* has fallen prey to the terrors of Gothic style. The reader is introduced to the setting by an “excerpt” from the county’s guide book: “*Between the villages of Hetton and Campton Last lies the extensive park of Hetton Abbey. This, formerly one of the notable houses of the county, was entirely rebuilt in 1864 in the Gothic style and is now devoid of interest*” (Waugh 13). One can easily detect Waugh’s disdain for the once fashionable Gothic style. The house and grounds remain extensive, but the nobility of the house and family, as the title suggests, are only what remains of its previous glory. Once the house was “one of the notable houses of the county,” suggesting that its grandeur was a source of pride for the surrounding towns and villages; now, after its remodeling, the house is “devoid of interest,” having ceased to be of historic and architectural value to England (13).

Yet the current heir to Hetton Abbey and its environs does not feel the sting of the guide book’s condemnation. Tony Last’s love of Hetton is farcical in the novel; his only identity is tied up in the garishly remodeled country house. Waugh’s detailed brush strokes of Hetton Abbey echo of Paterian nostalgic and sentiment. Waugh’s description resonates along almost identical lines as Pater’s description of his own childhood home in “A Child in the House.” As Tony thinks of Hetton, he reflects:

But there was not a glazed brick or encaustic tile that was not dear to Tony’s heart . . . But the general aspect of atmosphere of the place, the line of its battlements against the sky; the central clock tower [...]

ecclesiastical gloom . . . all these things with which he had grown up were a source of constant delight and exultation to Tony; things of tender memory and proud possession. (14)

As in Pater's story, architecture and landscape figure predominantly. The red brick houses are reminiscent of the previous century, symbolizing stability, warmth, and a certain amount of prestige. Waugh highlights the "line[s] of [Hetton's] battlements against the sky; the central clock tower [...] the ecclesiastical gloom" as being, to Tony Last, "A source of constant delight and exaltation" (14). The battlements proudly proclaim their age and era, while the central clock is a reminder of time, constantly running yet preserved in a tower for all to watch. The ecclesiastical gloom mocks the seriousness with which the estate and its owner take the ritual of show and circumstance. For both Pater and Waugh, the country estate, epitomized by brick and ivy, cast a quaint and homey atmosphere that an English gentleman would certainly identify with and appreciate.

Pater attributes enormous value to the "environment of early childhood" and traces the "capricious attractions and associations" they create. He writes that ". . . the smooth warm of our ingenuous souls, giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise (226). Pater links rooms in childhood homes to the emotional development of the child, believing that the experiences of feeling stay with adults as they mature, and connecting the experience of different emotions to the physical locations in which they occur.

Waugh similarly attributes “things of tender memory and proud possession” (14) to Tony’s childhood room, named Morgan le Fay. Tony has created a type of eternal museum to his revered youth. The reader is told, “[Tony] had taken nothing from the room since he slept there, but every year added to its contents, so that it now formed a gallery representative of every phase of his adolescence” (15). Tony quite literally preserves his childhood by not giving up his room, and he continues to surround himself with favorite memories.⁹ This is emblematic of what Pater calls a “seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of *tyranny of the senses* over him” (Pater, 231, italics mine). By vehemently adhering to the days of his past, he is essentially unable and unprepared to deal with the realities of modernity.

Showing weekend guests the house, the reader tours Hetton Abbey. Although Tony admits to a guest that he knows “it isn’t fashionable to like this sort of architecture now,” he is rather proud of the place (Waugh 43). The house:

. . . was a huge building conceived in the late generation of the Gothic revival, when the movement had lost its fantasy and become structurally logical and stogy. They saw it all: The shuttered drawing room, like a school speech-hall, the cloistral passages, the dark inner courtyard, the chapel where, until Tony’s succession, family prayers had been daily read to the assembled household, the plate room and estate office, the bedrooms and attics, the water-tank concealed among the battlements

(44)

The language of the description mirrors the tone of the guidebook—it is not only unfashionable, but awkward, dark, and antiquated. Its structure is unsuited to modern life

and almost devoid of modern amenities such as heating, modern plumbing, and electric lighting. The house itself seems to be clinging to a bygone era, and Tony's tour is like that of a museum curate trying to convince his guests of the value of the objects they behold. Ironically, Tony's beloved wife cannot stand the estate despite what it means to her husband. She tells John Beaver, when asked about Hetton,

“Me? I *detest* it . . . at least I don't mean that really, but I do sometimes wish that it wasn't *all*, every bit of it, so appallingly ugly. Only I'd rather die than say that to Tony. We could never live anywhere else, of course. He's crazy about the place” (45)

This disparity of appreciation is a fundamental one—while Tony is happily lost in his architectural monstrosity, his wife feels trapped and haunted by it. The upkeep takes all their monthly income, and there is little left over for the introduction of convenient modernizations.

In his son, Tony's hopes for the future reside in force. Early in the novel Tony reflects that although the hollowed battlements of Hetton were not in the current fashion, “the time would come, perhaps in John Andrew's day, when opinion would reinstate Hetton in its proper place” (14-15). Tony in fact believes it his duty to preserve Hetton in its fading splendor for his son without introducing the outside world. When Brenda comments on the pointlessness of having a large house if one does not intend to entertain, Tony replies:

Pointless? I can't think what you mean. I don't keep up this house to be a hostel for a lot of bored to come and gossip in. We've always lived here and I hope John will be able to keep in on after me. One has a duty

towards one's employees, and towards the place too. It's a definite part of English life which would be a serious loss if (19)

Tony hopes to raise his son as he himself was raised; the tradition of the house, and the Lasts' symbolic duty to their parish, is one Tony hopes to pass on.

Waugh's Paterian approach to nostalgia enables him to aesthetically satirize a generation in whom he saw declining moral values. By using a hyper-aesthetic model of wistful Victorian reminiscence, Waugh sets up the complicated degeneration of a genteel country family. A preternatural nostalgia for the tradition of heritage and social status in the face of a rapidly modernizing world, as well as the collapse of marriage in domestic sanctuary, the home, proved both compelling and intrinsic for Waugh. Tony's ideology displaces reality and persons, and this fallacious (or insubstantial) faith allows the marauding present to charge in and destroy his childish existence, as well as his home.

The mock-grandeur of Hetton is offset by the parceling of living space in London then gaining fashion. The modern convenience of having a small flat in town for shopping trips, in no small way connected to the rank materialism Waugh condemns throughout the narrative, appeals to Brenda last as an escape from the gloomy solitude of country living. She meets Mrs. Beaver to view possible locations—Mrs. Beaver (and her son John) come to symbolize all that is shallow, immoral, and materialistic in modernity. Waugh seems to use Pater's materialist model to set up the readers' introduction to Mrs. Beaver and her son, John. The "visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things" in Pater appears as the avaricious accumulation heralded by Mrs. Beaver, who quite literally crams peoples' homes with "must have items." John Beaver too is in constant pursuit of a more material existence, although he, like a woman who is husband hunting, waits to

secure it through means other than employment. The Beavers' social aspirations are calculated in material terms, and they effortlessly fit the unspoken "tyrannous element" of modernity.

Mrs. Beaver is remarkably in tune with the type of accommodations required by the modern set with which Brenda becomes quickly caught up. She is eager to tell Brenda last all about the maisonette she is refitting: "What people want, she said, was somewhere to dress and telephone" (52). To accomplish this (at a tidy little profit):

She was subdividing a small house in Belgravia into six flats at three pounds a week, of one room each and a bath; the bathrooms were going to be slap-up, with limitless hot water and every transatlantic refinement; the other room would have a large built-in wardrobe with electric light inside, and space for a bed. (53)

Mrs. Beaver claims that *everyone* will be wanting one, and tells Brenda if she hopes to secure one she must do it quickly. In fact Brenda does take one of the flats; this enables her to stay the night in London when she travels up to visit her sister and shop and see the bonesetter. Brenda's little haven away from Hetton turns into a launching pad for her re-entry into fashionable society.

The furnishing of the flat is reflective of the hollowness of modern life. It does not require much attention; Brenda chooses the color of the paint and a few pieces of furniture: a bed, a carpet, a dressing table and chair. There is not room for more, although Mrs. Beaver attempts to sell Brenda additional décor including a wide variety of items, like an electric bed warmer, needlework pictures for the wall, a bathroom scale, a fridge, and antique grandfather clock, and so forth (73). All of these items are useless to Brenda,

who initially does not plan to set up residence in the flat. Mrs. Beaver, while disappointed in Brenda's lack of decorating enthusiasm, is not resentful because "she was going very well on the floor above with a Canadian lady who was having her walls covered with chromium plating at immense expense" (73). Chrome walls, an odd thought at best, perhaps present a distorted reflection of modern life—they are certainly the antithesis of a warm, homey environment.

Mrs. Beaver's atrocious redecorating style eventually invades Hetton as well. Brenda brings down a party from London consisting of Mrs. Beaver, Polly, Daisy, and "the one they called Veronica." There is discussion over what Mrs. Beaver terms "an appalling room," to which Brenda replies: "What I thought was that I must have *one* habitable room downstairs. At present there's only the smoking room and the library. The drawing room is vast and quite out of the question. I thought what I needed was a small sitting room more or less to myself" (105-6). While none of the ladies disagree with her, they do support her desire for remodeling by commenting on the shortcomings of the room in general. It is described as having the wrong shape, a pink granite chimney piece, horrible plaster work and that dado; Daisy pronounces, "*Everything's* horrible. It's so *dark*" (107). Veronica claims that she would "... blow the whole thing sky-high" rather than try to improve it. Mrs. Beaver's idea—to disregard the limiting structure altogether and to "find some treatment so definite that it *carried* the room"—consists of white chromium plating and natural sheepskin carpet (107). Tony, unable to bear the conversation (perhaps on several levels) leaves the ladies to it.

Waugh turns the house of Tony Last's happy childhood into one of adult misery and disjointed modernity. At Hetton, antiquated Victorian ideals are besieged by change.

When Brenda decides she has tired of marriage and prefers London, and Tony chooses Hetton over his wife, holding onto Hetton in the divorce proceedings. Their son is thrown from a horse and killed; there is no longer a son to bequeath Hetton Abbey to; the estate is entailed. In order to “buy” Mr. Beaver for Brenda (the materialistic and sponging young man with whom Brenda has begun an affair), who won’t marry her for nothing, Brenda’s lawyers decide to sue for 2,000 pounds a year in alimony. Tony calls Brenda to make sure she understands exactly what that means for him:

‘And you know exactly how my money stands don’t you? You know it means selling Hetton, don’t you?’

‘Tony, don’t make me feel a beast. Everything has been so difficult.’

‘You do know just what you are asking?’

‘Yes . . . I suppose so.’

‘All right, that’s all I wanted to know.’ He hung up the receiver and went back to the smoking room. His mind had suddenly become clearer on many points that had puzzled him. A whole Gothic world had come to grief . . . (209)

Tony refuses to give up Hetton for Brenda. Brenda is not at all nostalgic about the house—she cannot appreciate why Tony spends the majority of his income on its upkeep. She is modern and sees the country house way of life as antiquated and stale; thus, she abandons the house, the land, and the people who make up the fabric of the Last family heritage.

For other Englishmen, the old country estates have become a burden that they happily shed in favor of modern homes with updated plumbing and electricity. The

upkeep on an old country house is both expensive and time consuming; either one modernizes the house or lives in hardship and discomfort. During the botched divorce negotiations, Brenda's brother Richard tries to persuade Tony that a cumbersome house is undesirable for a bachelor, saying, "Well I gave up Brakeleigh, and I assure you, my dear fellow, I never regret it. It was a nasty wrench at the time of course, old association and everything like that, but I can tell you this, that when the sale was finally through I felt like a different man, free to go where I liked" (206). But Tony's sense of identity, social position, and purpose are tied up in the rambling old estate. Without Hetton he is lost, and he clings to Hetton's symbolism and memories. Tony's nostalgia for the cloistered, vanishing lifestyle that Hetton represents is only retrospectively admirable; in refusing Brenda the divorce and alimony, he saves the hereditary estate for the impoverished Lasts on whom it is entailed.

In his later work, Waugh moves away from critiquing the failure to preserve social and moral respectability in the modern era. The Second World War shattered any possibility of Europe returning to its civilized heyday, and Waugh's later novels are blatantly nostalgic and mourn the passing of an era that cannot be revisited. The country-house in these later novels becomes a ghost of a former age. In *Put Out More Flags* (1942), wartime necessities find new uses for England's old country houses: as hospitals, barracks, and refugee stations. Largely the failed coming of age story of Basil Seal, it explores what might be termed the slow death of the English country-house through Basil's sister's estate, Malfrey. Other references to the closing of large houses reinforce a sense of finality to the era of estates and gentry. The peaceful country life is ushered out by the Second World War.

Basil Seal, the foundering young gentleman of the novel, succinctly summarizes the conflict of modernity and tradition while lamenting his own lack of suitability for war-life. He says,

“It’s an odd thing [...] that people always expect the upper class to be good leaders of men. That was all right in the old days when most of them were brought up with tenantry to look after. But now three-quarters of your officer type live in towns. I haven’t any tenantry.” (62)

Basil is unsuited to “the officer-type” being recruited by the military because the social structure of the gentry has slowly but perceptibly altered the landscape. The closing and/or selling of country estates in favor of more modern or more economical residences in London, for example, deprives self-pitying young men like Basil from learning the essential qualities of a gentleman: responsibility, leadership, and fiscal administration. He has inherited the title of gentleman, but is ill equipped to do anything with it because he is a product of his generation. Just as Basil is in a sense disinherited from his traditional social role, so too are the English country-houses as a way of life.

The demise of the country-estate is a gradual process. The smaller manor houses and larger rectories are bought up by retirees from the cities or abroad, and, “houses that once had been supported on the rent of a thousand acres and a dozen cottages went with a paddock and a walled garden, and their life subsisted on unsupported pensions and savings” (142). Magnates with land to spare would sell off outlying farms for development to the dismay of the modest landholders, to whom the “rural character of the neighbourhood was a matter of particular development” (142). These gradual changes are not restricted to homes, however. In addition,

The tribute of Empire flowed gently into the agricultural countryside, tithe barns were converted into village halls, the boy scouts had a new bell tent and the district nurse a motor-car; the old box pews were taken out of the churches, the galleries demolished, the Royal Arms and the Ten Commandments moved from behind the alter and replaced with screens of blue damask supported at the four corners with gild Sarum angels

(142-3)

The modernization of the countryside is gradual, efficient, and slowly erodes at the community of the country-estate by expanding the villages into their own self-sustaining areas. As farms disappear, the buildings are converted for practical usage; the church is no longer segregated by class but opened up for all attendees and revamped to accommodate the more common population. The gradual transformation of the English countryside corrodes the fundamental components of the country-estate, relegating it to superfluity.

Basil's sister Barbara marries well, to a gentleman still in possession of a country-house, and seems to relish the sense of duty and pride of rural life. The Sothill estate, Malfrey, is the setting for much of the novel, and is described as a country jewel:

. . . other lovely houses maintained a virginal modesty or a manly defiance, but Malfrey had no secret from the heavens; it had been built more than two hundred years ago in days of victory and ostentation and lay, spread out, sumptuously at ease, splendid, defenseless and provocative—a Cleopatra among houses . . . The road under the limes led straight to the village; the park gates of elaborately wrought iron swung on

rusticated stone piers, and the two lodges, formed one side of the village green; opposite them stood the church (4-5)

Malfrey has not been modified or remodeled by the current generation, nor any generation before them. It maintains “a virginal modesty” untroubled by chromium plating or sheepskin covered walls. Malfrey stands defiant in the face of a changing landscape and is an honest, open part of the land. It is “splendid, defenseless and provocative” because it is a rare beauty now; other houses have failed to hold up in the same glory.

The park itself is still enormous and privately owned, a “‘beauty spot,’ justly but reluctantly famous” (5). The village right outside the park is quaint, with two inns, the vicarage, the shop and a row of grey cottages making up the central area. It is untouched by time. Barbara loves the land; she feels that across the sea, “a small and envious mind, a meanly ascetic mind, a creature of the conifers, was plotting the destruction of her home” (4). The coming war is a threat to the existence she cherishes, both the house and the community. The first infringement from outside comes in the form of resentful, displaced Birmingham women. Barbara is the billeting officer for the district, and must arrange for the accommodations for (and handle the complaints of) the northern evacuees.

Fifty families evacuated from the industrial and munitions center are sent to the country. The town is expected to do their share for the war effort by billeting the displaced families. Barbara takes five families in at Malfrey and disburses the rest to the surrounding villages and farms. This is an uncomfortable arrangement for all parties: the locals are disrupted and cramped; the servants at Malfrey abandon it for various reasons, including being too weak for the added work and the desire to go and make aeroplanes,

which they find preferable to cleaning up after the Birmingham women (6). The transplanted families too are frustrated and defiant, arguing that they can't be kept against their wills, and "[They] won't stay where [they're] not wanted" (7). The intrusion of the war is acutely felt throughout the village, and particularly at Malfrey.

The first winter of the war is hard, and the estate is forced to economize to deal with fuel and labor shortages. Rooms are closed and comfort eschewed:

The Grinling Gibbons saloon and the drawing-rooms and galleries round it were shut up and shut off, carpets rolled, furniture sheeted, chandeliers bagged, windows shuttered and barred; hall and staircase stood empty and dark. Barbara lived in the little octagonal parlour which opened on the parterre; she moved the nursery over to the bedrooms next to hers; what had once been known as "the bachelors' wing" in the Victorian days, when bachelors were hardy fellows who could put up with collegiate and barrack simplicity, was given over to the évacués. (90)

There is no longer need for entertaining and the trappings of formality are put away. The luxurious space of Malfrey becomes a burden, as their heating system is "all or nothing" and consumes cartloads of precious coke daily. It is shut off until Freddy comes home on leave; at all other times the house is intensely cold (90). The house takes on a ghostly silence, a shadow of its former and potential splendor. Barbara lives in a smaller space to make the cleaning easier. The wing once reserved for weekend guests is given over to the évacué families. The house is put to functional use in wartime, but this is in essence a death of sorts.

This is not the only way in which the sanctity of Malfrey is invaded. Freddy's yeomanry moves home and set up at Malfrey, despite Barbara's objections. All over the park, "dispersed irregularly under the great elms, tents sprang up; and the yeomanry officers set up their mess in the Grinling Gibbons saloon; and Barbara had Colonel Sproggin and Major Cathcar to live in the house . . ." (179). The tranquility of the lawn is broken up by the troops' tents, and they invade the silent house by setting up their kitchen and supply room in the once grand saloon. Freddy does make "an agreeable sum of money out of the arrangement" (180), which suggests that country-houses were commandeered for such purposes rather frequently. The opportunity to both reside in one's own home and be compensated by the army for the convenience is a double good turn of luck for Freddy. The convenience (or lack thereof) to Barbara is negligible; her brother Basil, who has been hanging about assisting her with the billeting of some rather offensive and difficult children (and making an agreeable sum of money for removing them from local farms) is forced to return to London, whose houses are also changing.

The change to the country-house is to a lesser degree mimicked in the stately town homes in London. Waugh offers two examples of the changing domestic landscape in the residences of Lady Margot Metroland (a returning favorite) and Angela Lyne, Basil's tormented mistress. As people who had abandoned London (in response to air raids) hurriedly returned the town fills. Margot Metroland shuts up her home and moves into the Ritz, then back home and then back to the Ritz (presumably a more exciting hub of events and social activity). The second time she shuts up her home, unbeknownst to her, it is forever: "No servant ever folded back the shutters from the long windows; they remained barred until, later in the year, they were blown into Curzon Street; the furniture

was still under dust sheets when it was splintered and burned” (146). The air-raids of London during the war did enormous damage; all manner of historic buildings, stately homes, and national treasures were irrevocably altered. The very landscape of London and parts of the English countryside were permanently defaced.

Other large residences are put to functional use. Cedric and Angela Lyne’s country-home also have land, and a water garden that Cedric is excessively fond of. He collects grottos from across Europe to decorate the grounds in the years before the war. When war erupts, the family home is “given over to empty wards and an idle hospital staff” (214). Cedric (Angela’s estranged husband) and Nigel (her son) move into the barn, which Angela fits up with furniture from the house before she moves to her London flat (214). As Cedric is commissioned to go to France, he comes to take leave of his house and speak his wife. He talks about the house, telling Angela he hopes she will keep on to it, “even if anything happened to him; he thought he saw some glimmerings of state in the boy; he might grow to appreciate it” (220). Angela is inattentive, happy in her London flat without the burden of husband and child. Cedric is in fact killed, and although Waugh doesn’t return to the Lynes’ country-home, it is easily surmisable that it is sold off without regard for Nigel’s future or birthright.

Brideshead Revisited often enjoys discussion as the highpoint of Waugh’s work. It is a museum of tradition and culture; yet this house too, at the beginning and the end of the novel, hovers in a hollow, empty and haunted by memories of the past. Charles Ryder, the narrator, proclaims: “My theme is memory, that winged host that soared about me one grey morning of war-time” (225). Ryder unexpectedly returns to Brideshead twenty years after his dealings with the family there as part of WWII army maneuvers.

The house is requisitioned for army training—converted to a more practical usage. The frame of the story has Charles Ryder and his company stationed at the empty family seat of the Catholic aristocratic family he once knew. Paul Goestch describes Ryder as “fully aware of what the war is doing and might still do to the estate,” yet still able to think fondly of the past when he interacted with the Flytes at Brideshead (26). Ryder recalls his connections with Brideshead elegiacally and sentimentally in the main part of the novel. Brideshead remains, even empty and outdated, a tangible memorial to the “vital hours of a lifetime” for Charles (Waugh 225). The Flytes’ country-house embodies the memories and spirit of the happiest times of his life. The fall of Brideshead, like the fortunes of the Flytes, happens gradually over several decades beginning with the Great War. The demise of the family and their estate mirror the moral corruption of the evolving modern world.

The Great War forms an important point of decline for the Flytes, an ancient family going back into centuries of English history. Lady Marchmain, Sebastian Flyte’s mother, has outlived her brothers, all of whom lost their lives in the Great War. For a noble house, the importance of sons and property legacy supercede all other concerns. Lady Marchmain had three brothers, all of whom died serving England, and this sacrifice elevates her to near sainthood in English society: “Everyone was exceedingly sorry for Lady Marchmain whose brothers’ names stood in letters of gold on the war memorial, whose brothers’ memory was fresh in many breasts” (142). She wields a respect (for these and other, less clear reasons) that bends society to her will. Although she has married and provided male heirs, her children are not part of the Flyte line, which ends with her brothers.

Brideshead functions here in a very literal manifestation of memorial architecture. In *The Stones of Venice* (1851) Ruskin divides architecture into that of practical duty and that of pleasing appearance; he subdivides the practical duty into two branches, that of acting and that of talking. Acting is simply performing the most elemental function of architecture: shelter. Talking, Ruskin describes, is “the duty of monuments or tombs, to record facts and express feelings; or of churches, temples, public edifices, treated as books of history, to tell such history clearly and forcibly” (29). In essence, he claims that architecture is able to communicate history, emotion, and memory to its audience. The idea of architecture as a shelter for memory abounds in much of Ruskin’s work. Richard Stein argues that, “*The Stones of Venice* can be read as a catalogue of damaged or destroyed artifacts, neglected monuments and tattered paintings . . . a scrapheap of its past greatness” (4). Ruskin sought to read the remains of buildings and the items of furniture, art, and so forth used by their tenants as a historical text. He applies the bulk of analysis in this text to reading, as such, the unfortunate decline of the once mighty ducal power of the Venetian state.

Ruskin’s elemental approach is an important one here; the suggestion of communicating history through sculpture and monuments is one tangibly viable by the early twentieth century. In many ways, the use of architectural ruins as a way to track the wayward and/or decaying morality and civilization is one directly inherited by modernist writers, particularly Eliot and Waugh. Many of the passages in Ruskin’s work reflect his obsession with evidence of decay and disease, centering on paths to tombs and the subsequent “morbid contemplation of decline and fall.” Stein links Ruskin’s “hieratic images of past art and the confusing motion of living beings” to T. S. Eliot’s portrayal of

London as the “Unreal city” of modernity and the inevitable confrontation of the city with the forces of modernity (6-7). While Ruskin concentrates on the past glory of Venice, the elements of memorialization that he continues to develop in *The Stones of Venice* further contribute to the intellectual legacy of national mourning later explored by the moderns. Nowhere is a house more the embodiment of past glory than in Waugh’s nostalgic novel.

Charles meets the family at their country house; Brideshead in many ways is the last of its kind. The approach by car is impressive:

Wrought-iron gates and twin, classical lodges on a village green, an avenue, more gates, open parkland [...] and suddenly a new and secret landscape opened before us. We were at the head of a valley and below us, half a mile distant, prone in the sunlight, grey and gold amid a screen of boskage,¹⁰ shone the dome and columns of an old house. (34)

The estate awes all who approach it; the majesty of the landscape and the splendor of the historic house are rich with heritage and cache. Brideshead is a land unto itself, and one of the last of its kind. As Charles is led up to the central dome of the main block of the house, he travels up wide elm stairs, through passages covered by linoleum, and by many minor staircases and rows of crimson and gold fire buckets (35). The view from the nursery is picturesque: the fountain, the lakes, the temple, and a glittering obelisk dot the landscape (35).

The inside of the house is not less impressive than the grounds. Sebastian shows Charles the dark rooms, filled with “vast, twin fireplaces of sculptured marble, [a] covered ceiling frescoed with classic deities and heroes, gilt mirrors and scagliola pilasters . . .”

(38). Although the house is shut up for the season and islands of sheeted furniture haunt the dark rooms, the ornate décor is a testament to the wealth accumulated by the family. Brideshead stands as a museum to the generations of family who have inhabited it. The generations have attempted modest additions to the house as well. Sebastian takes Charles to see the chapel, which he declares “a monument of art nouveau” (38). The interior has been gutted and elaborately refurnished and redecorated in the arts-and-crafts style of the 1890s: “Angels in printed cotton smocks, rambler-roses, flower-spangled meadows, frisking lambs, texts in Celtic script, saints in armour, covered the walls in an intricate pattern of clear, bright colours” (38-9). The chapel was a wedding gift from Lord Marchmain (a protestant) to his wife. The ill-fitted redecorations have removed Catholicism from the chapel, just as the various architectural renovations remove the history of England from its landscape.

Sebastian is immune to the charm of the house and all its contents; he is a spoiled son in pursuit of drink and freedom from his mother and his religion. To Charles, however, who spent his childhood bicycling around neighboring parishes, rubbing brasses and photographing fonts, Brideshead is a treasure. He remarks, “I have nursed a love of architecture, but though in opinion I had made that easy leap, characteristic of my generation, from the Puritanism of Ruskin to the Puritanism of Roger Fry, my sentiments at heart were insular and mediaeval” (81-2). His time at Brideshead converts him to the baroque; he passes through arches and broken pediments to pillared shade, and spends hours watching the enormous fountain, “. . . as though the water that spurted and bubbled among its stones was indeed a life-giving spring” (82). Spending holidays at the house is

what he terms an aesthetic education. Wandering from room to room, Charles takes the history in:

. . . from the Soanesque library to the Chinese drawing-room, adazzle with gilt pagodas and nodding mandarins, painted paper and Chippendale fret-work, from the Pompeian parlour to the great tapestry-hung hall which stood unchanged, as it had been designed two hundred and fifty years before (80)

Brideshead is a repository of art history. Every aspect of its exterior and interior architecture reflects a stage in the development of design. The wealth of its collection is reflected in the exoticism of its collection; the interior of Brideshead reminds one of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

Its exterior is as impressive to Charles; the fountain itself has been the subject of scholarship. Charles describes the terrace as the final consummation of the house's plan, standing on massive stone ramparts above the lakes. Flanked by two arms of the colonnade, it looks out beyond the pavilions' groves of lime trees into the forested hillside (Waugh 80-1). Part pavement, part flower-beds and arabesques of dwarf box, the terrace is surrounded by a wide hedge interspersed with statuary. The center of the terrace is dominated by a fountain that reminds Charles of a specimen one might expect to see in an Italian piazza (in fact, Lord Marchmain found the fountain in Southern Italy, purchasing and importing it to Brideshead) (81). Sebastian tasks Charles with drawing the fountain¹¹, which the latter deems an ambitious subject for an amateur:

An oval basin with an island of formal rocks at its centre; on the rocks grew, in stone, formal tropical vegetation and wild English fern in its

natural fronts; through them ran a dozen streams that counterfeited springs, and round them sported fantastic tropical animals, camels and camelopards and an ebullient lion all vomiting water; on the rocks, to the height of the pediment, stood an Egyptian obelisk of red sandstone. (81)

This description of the fountain equates it with what Simon Joyce terms an inauthentic facsimile of antiquity like the Gothic revivalist Hetton in *A Handful of Dust* (60). The admiration and subsequent exportation of the fountain from its natural habitat to Brideshead offers an indictment, Joyce claims, of the nineteenth-century Marchmains as the “prototypical purveyors of a form of cultural tourism that Waugh negatively associates with the Victorians elsewhere in the novel” (60). More importantly, the fountain suffers the neglect and disrespect of the subsequent generation and represents the decline of the aristocratic way of life; Charles reflects on its state when he returns to Brideshead twenty years later.

When Charles leaves Brideshead for the last time, he feels that he is leaving part of himself behind and that wherever he goes afterwards, “[he] should feel the lack of it, and search for it hopelessly, as ghosts are said to do, frequenting the spots where they buried material treasures without which they cannot pay their way back to the nether world” (169). The life Charles has been exposed to at Brideshead, artistically, religiously, and culturally, makes a life-long impression. He views his time there as surreal; his exile is like coming to the surface, into the light of common day, after “long captivity in the sunless coral palaces and waving forests of the ocean bed” (169). In leaving it behind he also leaves a part of himself, which he speculates as his youth, his adolescence, his romance. He settles on having left behind illusion—he sees the life at Brideshead as one

not part of the modern world and one not understandable or enjoyable to outsiders. The aristocratic circles of England have shrunk since the Great War; daily life has changed, become harder and more commercial. The Flytes are in a sense encased in their country-house like butterflies in a display case, relics of a bygone age.

Charles leaves Oxford in his second year for Paris to pursue art. His limited artistic ability is suggested earlier in his sketch of the fountain at Brideshead, given as a gift to nanny, and his painted landscape mural in the drawing room at the country-house, to which he gradually adds on subsequent visits. His first commission is given to him by Brideshead, Sebastian's older brother. Lady Marchmain has passed away, and her estranged husband is having Marchmain House in London pulled down to make way for a block of flats (217). Marchmain House is described as one of the "remaining perhaps half a dozen London houses which could be called 'historic'" (179) in the years following the Great War. Brideshead asks him if he would like to paint the house: "A picture of the front, another of the back on the park, another of the staircase, another of the big drawing room? Four small oils; that is what my father wants done for a record, to keep at Brideshead [...] Julia said you specialized in architecture" (217). While Brideshead is not particularly impressed with the house, terming it rather ugly, he hopes that Charles' pictures will make him appreciate it in a different light.

Thus Charles embarks on an interesting career as an architectural painter, something no one else at the time was attempting to do—he has become a chronicler of the ancient country houses of England. He particularly enjoys buildings that grow silently through the centuries over the work of great architects because he believes they catch and keep the best of each generation (226). As Laura Coffee points out, Charles incorporates

into his work a notion that history is invested with the weight of national identity. In painting these houses, he is participating in the collective enterprise of ancestral collaboration. Thus he becomes himself a site of memory, as it is, “through his imaginative vision and interpretation that the memories of others are validated and preserved” (Coffee 64). The economic slump of the period, which left many artists unemployed, enhanced Charles’ success, which was also a symptom of the decline.

Charles is commissioned to all parts of the country to make portraits of houses that, “were soon to be deserted or debased; indeed, [his] arrival seemed often to be only a few paces ahead of the auctioneers, a presage of doom” (Waugh 227). He publishes three “splendid folios” during his early career: *Ryder’s Country Seats*, *Ryder’s English Homes*, and *Ryder’s Village and Provincial Architecture* (227); the titles are reminiscent of post-war works by Ralph Dutton and Frederick Gibberd, who enjoyed success publishing works that viewed country-houses as architectural sites with new historical function (Coffey 59). Simon Joyce argues that Charles, as an architectural painter, directly benefits from the progressive modernization that threatens such estates. Charles is commissioned to sketch them before they are demolished, “seeking to preserve or even enhance the cultural capital they possess—as opposed to their dwindling economic capital—by converting them into aesthetic artifacts . . .” (62). Charles reflects that it is only in the last decade of their grandeur that Englishmen seem to become conscious of the value of historic and increasingly rare architectural specimens (Waugh 226).¹²

Returning to Brideshead in charge of a company of soldiers during the Second World War, Charles is flooded with memories of his time there and struck by the ghastly changes wrought on the estate and surrounding landscape. His initial orders are to clean

up the house for Brigade; the CO tells Charles that Brideshead is, “The worst place we’ve struck yet” (345), with no facilities, no amenities, and the Brigade right next to them. The CO remarks that despite the unfavorable situation, “The valley has great potentialities for an assault course and a mortar range” (345). Lady Julia Flyte, the owner of Brideshead,¹³ is abroad in women’s service. As Laura White reflects, “Brideshead has been wrecked, its aesthetic treasures mutilated” (188). This is largely the fault of the occupying British troops, who have “made an absolute hay of it; [which is] rather a shame” (Waugh 347).

Charles’ tour of Brideshead at this time is quite different from his first introduction to the house and grounds. The quartering commandant takes him around to show him what needs “cleaning up.” The QC describes the house as “a great warren of a place,” but says that they have only requisitioned the ground floor and half a dozen bedrooms (346). The rest of the house remains private property, mostly crumpled with furniture, with a caretaker and a few servants living at the top. The tour of the echoing rooms does not take long. The walls and fireplaces have been boarded up to protect the valuable old work underneath. The tapestry room is useful for conferences; the drawing room used for the brigadier’s office. Here too the wall murals are covered up, but the soldiers have gotten through them and caused damage. The drawing room that Charles himself painted twenty years earlier has also suffered. Used as the signal office, it has been trashed by the soldiers and Charles’ paintings, which the QC describes as “modern work but [...] the prettiest in the place,” have been vandalized (346). Thus the house suffers from the occupation much in the way the landscape does; it is converted to be functional with little appreciation for its inherent value.

The park itself is also abused by the occupying troops. The QC tells Charles that the park used to be cut off from the front, but that they've "laid the road through the trees joining it up with the main drive," which he describes as "unsightly but very practical" because of the constant transport coming in and out, which "cuts the place up, too" (347). One careless soldier drove right through the box-hedge and carried away the balustrade with a three-ton lorry. The damage to the park is viewed as necessary and unremarkable, but to Charles the grounds have been mutilated and distorted. The splendid Neapolitan fountain, too, is a victim of the occupation. Cited as a "rather tender spot with our landlady," The QC tells Charles that the young officers used to "lark about in it on guest nights and it was looking a bit worse the wear" (347). His solution was to wire it in and shut the water off to remove the temptation for bathing and frolicking. However, this does little to improve its appearance—it now functions solely as a repository for the drivers cigarette butts and discarded lunches. The wire meant to protect it from the soldiers has made it impossible to clean up.

Talking with one of his men, Charles reflects on the use of architecture. Hooper doesn't understand how one family could occupy a house so large; he asks what the use of it is. When Charles replies that Brigade are finding it useful, Hooper replies, "But that's not what it was built for, is it?" (350). Visiting the chapel, which has been reopened by the soldiers,¹⁴ Charles reflects that builders don't know the uses to which their work will descend:

They made a new house with the stones of the old castle; year by year, generation after generation, they enriched and extended it; year by year the great harvest of timber in the park grew to ripeness; until, in sudden frost,

came the age of Hooper; the place was desolate and the work of all brought to nothing; *Quomodo sedet sola civitas*. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. (351)

The property gradual expands as needs arise for space, structures, and modifications, even modern conveniences. Harvesting the surrounding landscape for building materials enabled the house to ripen. Its growth and its beauty is halted by the arrival of war and of men like Hooper. They are unable to appreciate the history, the art, and the memories embodied in the house and park, and destroy it in careless haste and functionality. A few weeks of ignorant destructiveness debase the value of the decades of contribution. Waugh seems to suggest that the art and the richness of the house are nothing more than vanity; yet the artifacts and the building itself are the fabric of history, and an aspect of cultural heritage that is dwindling to nil.

Waugh saw the decline of Englishness in the onset of modernity, and particularly after the onslaught of two world wars. Modern trends like divorce, atheism, and degeneracy rent families apart and fragmented the social structure. His fiction is full of nostalgia for the age that has passed, and the new, foul era of war and destruction in which England is enveloped. His use of architecture to frame the dissolution of the aristocracy is notable in all his work. Environment is a solid reflection of the times. By tracing the remodeling fads and the changing uses of England's historic country-houses, Waugh shows the gradual erosion of an era of England's history.

¹ Ulf Schoenberg also examines architecture and the physical environment of Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, looking closely at the thematic significance of the fountain in front of the castle, as well as other aspects of the environment of the novel that contribute to Waugh's thematic statements, which use natural symbolism (water, stars, the sky) to trace the move of characters from innocence to experience and from aestheticism to faith (84-84).

² Laura Coffey has linked Waugh's central interests: memory, history, and Catholicism, in a recent article that traces the author's view of England's disinheritance from sound social values—a problem he traced to the loss of aristocratic heritage after the Second World War (59). She argues that, while traditionally read as a sentimental novel, *Brideshead Revisited* in fact can be read as a document of post-war societal reorganization in which the country house figures as a pre-eminent site of memory and heritage (59). While Coffee explores Waugh's interest in the reconstruction of a Catholic aristocracy, which she claims is motivated by the changing identity and function of the country house in England after the war, the attempt to re-contextualize Waugh against the emerging post-war discourses of history and memory is invaluable.

³ By depicting modern architecture as “despicable because it annihilates man's noble passions, memories and horizons,” Waugh frames his attack on contemporary decadence and a critique of the whole tradition of English religious and social life, which he considered bankrupt via the Protestant, Romantic nature of England that cut away from the true source of ethical and religious behavior in Roman Catholicism (Platon 2).

⁴ It seems plausible that the title here is a play on Edward Gibbons' monumental work *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

⁵ When first introduced, Margot is accompanied (at the school sports exhibition) by a black man named Mr. Sebastian Cholmondley (Chokey). Chokey's interest in the surrounding cathedrals and country architecture is the subject of a brief conversation—as is his “position” with Margot. When asked which of the cathedrals he liked best, Chokey replies, “they were all fine, just fine. When I saw the cathedrals my heart just rose up and sang within me. I sure am crazy about culture” (103). Chokey equates the fine old stones of the cathedrals as a cultural manifestation superior to his own cultural output (jazz). Proclaiming Salisbury full of historical interest, he declares York Minster more refined. Chokey's ability to discuss the architectural heritage of England puts the rest of the company out of sorts. They cannot comment with any depth on architecture; they turn the conversation to education.

⁶ Otto's very Germanic name suggests the Bauhaus movement, in architecture characterized by stark, simplistic, and boxy structures devoid of personality.

⁷ In *Vile Bodies* (1930), Waugh focuses on the immoral behavior of the Bright Young Things who perhaps embodied the free thinking, free drinking ton in the decade after the Great War. There is very little architecture used; one important “scandalous event” occurs at 10 Downing Street, where quiet and mousy Miss Brown invites the fashionable set after hours, one of whom also writes for a tabloid. The party is embellished in print, and Mr. Brown, the newly elected Prime Minister, is shamed out of office almost as soon as he is voted in for the questionable moral character (found only in the stain of association of his daughter's after hour friends). The residence of the prime minister has a symbolic and revered myth about it; it is a public office, and therefore should serve as a moral and economical example to the public. While an interesting snip at the quickly and

constantly shifting governments of the era, it is a tangential use of architecture and morality that does not draw the focus of the novel itself.

⁸ Brat's Club is perhaps the best example of Waugh's satirical portrayal of the "old school" Englishmen clinging to tradition and unable to modernize. Although the club is new, it has an "air of antiquity" derived from its "elegant Georgian façade and finely paneled rooms" (9). Despite its attempt to legitimize itself with the trappings of tradition, it is in fact a new type of club, one more "modern" in which young men can "straddle across the fire and be jolly in the card room without incurring scowls from older members." In its short life, though, the founders are themselves becoming the older members, and transforming into pudgier, balder, and less healthy exemplars of English gentlemen.

⁹ As James Nichols points out, the room in a sense hampers Tony's emotional development. His conduct bears out the impression his room gives of his character; when Brenda stays in London, he visits and has a drunken outburst reminiscent of fraternity house behavior; his journey to South America when the divorce proceedings stall is also the action of a romantic juvenile (54-55).

¹⁰ A growth of trees or shrubs.

¹¹ Ulf Schönberg devotes several pages of analysis to the connotations of meaning in the fountain's description that diverge from the present study. (See Note 1)

¹² These homes are torn down to make way for newer buildings, shops, and apartments. Celia Ryder tells her husband on his return to England that there is a lot of work waiting for him in this vein; she has promised Lady Anchorage that he will paint Anchorage

House, which is also coming down to make way for, “—shops underneath and two room flats above” (232).

¹³ Lord Marchmain, returning to England to die, disinherits his son Brideshead and leaves the estate to Julia, whose beauty matches the beauty of the house.

¹⁴ The chapel was dismantled when Lady Marchmain died. She was the family’s strongest proponent of Catholicism, and her husband built the chapel for her as a wedding gift.

When she died, so too did the religious center of the family; the chapel was closed out of respect for her memory.

CONCLUSION

SITES OF NOSTALGIA AND POST-MODERNISM

The influence of late-Victorian art critics John Ruskin and Walter Pater, who articulate links between architecture and memory as nationalism and nostalgia, respectively, greatly influenced D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, and Evelyn Waugh. Each author reinterprets the function of architecture in the modern novel to create topoi of nostalgia in the aftermath of the Great War. Drawing on Victorian notions of architecture as cultural inheritance, these authors incorporate forms of the conception, reshaping, and decline of architecture as an alternative way of expressing nostalgia in the modern era.

Lawrence sees modernity as a detrimental result of industrialization, and the Great War as a dreadful effect of mechanized society. For him, modernity itself is a cause for intense mourning; the devastation of a pure hearted English life requires a collective rejection of a dehumanizing era. Woolf too sees mourning and the changes the war has wrought on the classes both in national and artistic senses. The central point of her mourning is positioned in the home. To Woolf, the war's casualties are England's families; each of her novels explores the home as an architecturally delicate structure shattered by war.

For Ford, the catastrophe of war is a recurring imperialistic plague. He traces the slow but tangible decline of the glorious empire through Christopher Tietjens, who witnesses what he views as the total corruption of modern society, emphasized by changing domestic landscapes throughout the tetralogy. Waugh too sees the modern era burdened with self-inflicted decline. Waugh laments the religious and moral corruption of the modern world. He uses the greatest symbol of English nobility—the country-house—to trace the passing of his country’s moral integrity. Centralizing the spiritual corruption of marriage, and the fading sense of cultural heritage, Waugh presents the symptoms of sickness that loom over post-war society.

By tracing the idea of nostalgia as a process of public memory, this study shows how the Victorian literary heritage of cultural nostalgia is reinterpreted in the wake of the Great War. The importance of architecture and landscape and their mnemonic functions takes on new significance in the context of this legacy. John Ruskin and Walter Pater’s studies concentrate on expressions of personal and cultural memory through artistic production. From this foundation, similar emphases on architecture and cultural nostalgia in the works of Lawrence, Woolf, Ford, and Waugh follow. These authors adapt this connection between memory and architecture and landscape to create literary topoi of nostalgia in their works.

The authors presented here are only a sample of moderns who engage in and reinterpret Victorian literary tradition and architectural heritage. Rebecca West’s *The Return of the Soldier* (1914) draws heavily on the pastoral to create a pre-war nostalgic environment in which her shell-shocked soldier is happy—when he is cured of amnesia, the happy childhood home is destroyed by reality and becomes a painful and hollow

space from which he cannot flee soon enough. Christopher Isherwood's *The Memorial* (1946) is set in the aftermath of World War I, and follows the Vernons, a traditional English family whose happiness is broken up by the war. Eric Vernon struggles to find his identity and sets it as one in-between two spaces:

Chapel Bridge and Gatesley were like the two poles of a magnet. Chapel Bridge—the blank asphalt and brick village, his village, clean, urban, dead—he called the negative pole. Gatesley—their village, lying so romantically in the narrow valley, its grey stone cottages surrounded by the sloping moors—that was the positive pole. (173)

The modernized and efficient village from which Eric comes lacks the charm, the heritage, the sense of identity that he sees embodied in Gatesley. The architecture in the excerpted passage is the means by which identity is framed, and represents the same disjuncture between the “authentic” English tradition and the more modern environment. So too does E. M. Forester engage in this exploration of a dying age; *Howard's End* portrays the rural heritage of England—and its homes, represented by Howard's End itself—being encroached upon by the rapid expansion of London into the suburbs. The influence of architecture as a site of English identity, and the changes wrought by modernity on traditional cultural spaces, is one that is evident through much of post-war literature.

Post-modern and contemporary novelists continue to engage in adaptations of cultural mourning and architecture, moving beyond the Great War and into the Second World War and the Empire. Kazuo Ishiguro also takes an avid interest in the effect of war on memory and cultural identity; *The Remains of the Day* (1988) draws on the English

tradition of the English Country house to highlight the breakdown of English identity and pride in the post-war years. Ishiguro revisits the nineteenth-century genre of the English country-house novel, and like Waugh places a great deal of history and memory within the walls of Darlington Hall. He draws on both travel narratives (of landscape) in addition to architecture. The novel itself is structured as a Baedeker guide, and the chapters are counties through which Stevens passes on his way to Cornwall. Venturing out on a leisure trip, Stevens sees “. . . the English landscape at its finest [...] possesses a quality that the landscape so other nations, however more superficially dramatic, inevitably fail to possess” (28). Its rolling hills, green fields, and pleasant country folk are what makes Britain *great*. While the landscape provides a structural style and draws on the difference between rural scenes and people, Darlington hall plays a pivotal role in Stevens’ identity—and in Ishiguro’s portrayal of the death of an age of glory.

The glory of Darlington Hall is in its heritage, represented by its traditional role in national politics and as a site of English aristocratic culture. Presented through the nostalgic descriptions of the narrator, Darlington Hall is a part of history: negotiations and alliances preceding World War Two are formed there; its staff legendary for their superior service (in the oldest tradition); the Darlington name of prestigious and ancient lineage. In the narrator’s post-war present, however, the legacy of Darlington hall is forever changed. The Hall is purchased by an American who views it as a cultural artifact; it is toured as a relic of old England, its stone arch doorframes impugned, its family maligned (122-23). With the end of the family at Darlington Hall, its identity is hollowed-out. It is a showpiece, a memory of the pre-war era and aristocratic culture—it

is a space of mourning to those who see their own identities intertwined with the house's social function and importance.

Penelope Lively's *Moon Tiger* (1987) makes a compelling use of Egyptian landscape to discuss the ways in which time and human interference erase material markers of culture. Set during the Second World War, the facets of memory and truth are intermingled and identified by tangible markers of the land. Many of the descriptive scenes in Lively's *Moon Tiger*, for example, foreground Egyptian architecture as a dominant feature of the landscape of Claudia Hampton's life. The monuments and sands of Egypt function both as concrete memories and impervious observers of history. Ancient Egyptian architecture, decorating both the cover of the physical book and the tapestry of Claudia's life, plays both active and passive roles in *Moon Tiger*. Claudia tells the reader that Egypt is a "complacent indestructible force that has perpetuated itself" in the public mind (80). The carved stone pyramids, familiar papyrus paintings, and fragments of ancient Egypt are recognizable virtually the world over: "Egypt is not then but now, conditioning the way we look at things. The image of the Sphinx is familiar to those who have never heard of pharaohs or dynasties . . . Like anyone else, I knew Egypt before I ever went there" (80). Because the familiar monuments appear indestructible to the elements and time, they function in the present and contribute to a general, unavoidable consciousness about history.

Although this architecture is a constant presence, the meaning attached to the different monuments, architectural styles, and surrounding landscape vary by an individual's own perceptions. Various interpretations are set up throughout the book. Claudia contrasts herself to tourists, both Victorian and modern (post WWII), the soldiers

who occupy Egypt during the 1940s, and to the modern reader as well who certainly has ideas about the landscape of Egypt. For Claudia, the pyramids and archeological wonders that she toured with Tom have sentimental meaning; when she visits them again 40 years later, she sees not the buildings but the interaction and conversations she had about them. To the annoying American tourist, however, the monuments are simply picture worthy as souvenirs. The soldiers and journalists with whom Claudia interacts during the war likewise view the man-made landscape of Egypt differently; the buildings serve as indications of location and signs of urban relief from the desert warfare. By juxtaposing Claudia's own reactions to living memory with the experiences and (admittedly seemingly uninformed) interpretations of others, Lively utilizes a variety of forms to create memory and poses the idea that buildings and monuments serve as more than functional structures and historical relics, but as participants in collective cultural history and individual emotional history.

In this novel, landscape is not restricted to man made structures here. The wondrous physical constructions against a barren backdrop of sand and heat create a surreal vision that I would argue is similar to that of a dream or mirage. The concurrence of green vegetation bordering the Nile and stark, unending sand that surrounds the valley makes Claudia feel that "There [is] no chronology to the place, and no logic" (89). Similarly, Claudia approaches the history of her life and the history of the world with the same idea; chronology is artificially constructed according to human description, and humans need to see the pattern impose logic upon history. The narrative of her life events rejects this artificial imposition by skipping sections the reader might consider vital to understanding Claudia's personality, instead concentrating on events vividly

immortalized in her own conscience as the focal points of her existence. Lively's narrative structure, organized not unlike a fragmented dream, is versatile in this vortex landscape; just as the physical scene defies logic and time, so too does Claudia's construction of her life, and with her life her history of the world.

Claudia calls Egypt "a continuous phenomenon . . . [where] past and present do not so much co-exist in the Nile valley as cease to have any meaning" (80). This analogy also mirrors Lively's approach to memory in the text. The idea that past and present have no meaning in traditional terms, but instead exist in public imagination, is an interesting view. Claudia suggests a comparison of the "eternal, deliberate cycle of the [Egyptian] landscape—the sun rising from the desert of the east to sink into the desert of the west, the spring surge of the river, the regeneration of creatures" to her own cycle of life and her own changing history (81). Reflecting on her emotions upon returning to Egypt decades after her life there with Tom, she finds herself "confronted at last with the mirage—with the shining phantom of that other time—[she] was surprised to find that it was [her]self that was the poignant presence" (88). The segments of history that Claudia divulges to the reader are not parts of the past, but part of the structure of her memory that remains always in the present. Only her physical presence is mutable.

This particular focus in the English literary tradition extends beyond the work of English authors. Adaptations of architecture and national identity are evident in post-colonial narratives as well. Tayeb Salih's *Season of Migration to the North* (1969) explores the hybridization of national identity in a Sudanese man educated in England. His identity as a Sudanese is muted in England: all African culture is blurred to Europeans, exoticized but not understood. The complex dichotomy of his character is

best illustrated in his two homes. Mustafa Sa'eed's London bedroom is a crafted misrepresentation of his African heritage. His English life is carefully guarded in a mausoleum-like vault in his village house. The use of architecture is vital to the narrative of post-colonial identity and is in distinct English tradition. The novel itself is a reinterpretation of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the quintessential novel of empire and human nature. Despite its original composition and publication in Arabic, it is heavily engaged in the English literary tradition.

In London, Mustafa Sa'eed's bedroom is carefully crafted illusion. It is filled with artifacts from across the African continent, none specifically Sudanese or linked to Sa'eed's own cultural heritage. The room is not a reflection of his interests or his culture: it is calculated to exoticize his otherness and his sexual prowess—a reverse colonization through sexual dominance. He describes his house as a “den of lethal lies” deliberately built up to emphasize his otherness (146). He has orientalized his own home, knowingly incorporating a random and meaningless collection of artifacts designed to delude and impress his English women. The air is heavy with sandalwood and incense; the room is decorated with:

. . . ostrich feathers and ivory and ebony figurines; the paintings and drawing of forests of palm trees along the shores of the Nile . . . camel caravans wending their way along sand dunes on the borders of Yemen, baobab trees in Kordofan, naked girls from the tribes of the Sandi, the Nuer and the Shuluk, fields of banana and coffee on the Equator, old temples in the district of Nubia; Arabic books of decorated covers, written in ornate Kufic script; Persian carpets, pink curtains (146)

Sa'eed's decorations are an amalgamation of African cultures, but none are specific representations of his native Sudan. He emphasizes the exotic, the stereotypical, the tribal; a blend of cultures, regions, and scenes, Sa'eed's home is one carefully calculated to project and encapsulate an artificial identity. While the reader understands that this is a cynical show put on by Sa'eed for English women who are attracted to his African identity, the English women with whom Sa'eed has affairs embrace the setting as one authentic and fascinating.

The traditional English library Sa'eed builds in his Sudanese village house is also an anachronism. Authentic to the armchairs, fireplace, and framed photos of his English life and English women, the secret room functions as a shrine to the life Sa'eed's English half. He does not leave his English life behind when he returns to Africa—he goes to great expense and trouble to import the furnishings in secret, to preserve the memories and pleasures of his English life in the Sudanese desert. When the narrator enters the secret room after Sa'eed's death, he is “met by dampness and an odour like that of an old memory” (135). The scent is that of sandalwood and incense—the same heavy aroma of the London room of his youth. The room is a repository of Sa'eed's English half. Hidden from his neighbors and family, the room preserves his education and experience:

... the four walls from floor to ceiling were filled, shelf upon shelf, with books and more books and yet more books . . . How ridiculous! A fireplace—imagine it! A real English fireplace with all the bits and pieces, above it a brass cowl and in front of it a quadrangular area tiled in green marble, with the mantelpiece of blue marble; on either side of the fireplace were two Victorian chairs covered in a figured silk material, while

between them stood a round table . . . The ceiling was of oak and in the middle was an archway, supported by two marble columns of a yellowish colour, dividing the room in two. . . . (136-38)

The books are arranged in categories on economics, history and literature, zoology and geology, mathematics and astronomy. The list of authors takes a full page; they are all in English. The narrator realizes that, “[there is] Not a single Arabic book” (137). The room is a shrine to his years in England, first as a student and then as a lecturer. The knowledge is not limited by his own field (Economics), but spans a full range of studies. The furnishings are authentic and ornate: a settee of blue velvet with cushions of swansdown, a long dining table of dark wood, bordered by five leather-upholstered chairs (138). It is not just the contents—marble has been imported to recreate an authentic interior, with Georgian columns, an expensive wood ceiling, an ornate fireplace in the middle of the desert (138). The room is, “A graveyard. A mausoleum. An insane idea. A prison. A huge joke. A treasure chamber” (137-38). Sa’eed has enshrined his English identity in a room hidden from his village neighbors and even his wife, in whom he claims to trust completely. The room is not just a repository of youthful experience and English identity (through language and culture); it is a place of mourning for what he has left behind. By preserving knowledge through his library and culture through the samples of the furnishings and structure of an English library, he has created a space of memorialization and mourning for the intellectually stimulating life he abandons (after a short imprisonment for murdering his English wife).

Natural and architectural landscapes play a pivotal role in social (and national) consciousness and public memory. While man-made constructions serve as reminders of

culture, art and history, the earth's natural landscapes also serve as a barrier to human experience and contrast the human sense of history as chronological with nature's timeless endurance. Both World Wars—and their post-colonial legacy—continue to engage and compel contemporary readers and writers. Intertwined with national identity, family history, and physical memorialization, the violence of the twentieth century has left a distinguishable mark on global literary culture. As decolonialization continues to fracture stability and engender genocidal atrocities in parts of the Middle East and Africa, the relevance of finding ways of exploring social and national expressions of mourning continues and has different issues. Placing them in a firm tradition of literary heritage and national constructions of identity and culture is essential to understanding and transmitting their narratives to future generations.

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