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G.K.CHESTERTON.
THE WHITE HORSE. FROM THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE.

Before the gods that made the gods
Had seen their sunrise pass,
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale
Was cut out of the grass.

Before the gods that made the gods
Had drunk at dawn their fill,
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale
Was hoary on the hill.

Age beyond age on British land,
Aeons on aeons gone,
Was peace and war in western hills,
And the White Horse looked on.

For the White Horse knew England
When there was none to know;
He saw the first oar break or bend,
He saw heaven fall and the world end,
O God, how long ago.

For the end of world was long ago –
And all we dwell today
As children of some second birth,
Like a strange people left on earth
After a judgement day.

For the end of the world was long ago,
When the ends of the world waxed free,
When Rome was sunk in a waste of slaves,
And the sun drowned in the sea.(8. – P.166-167).

.....

And all the while on White Horse Hill
The horse lay long and wan,
The turf crawled and the fungus crept,
And the little sorrel, while all men slept,
Unwrought the work of man.

With velvet finger, velvet foot,
The fierce soft mosses then
Crept on the large white commonweal
All folk had striven to strip and peel,
And the grass, like a great green witch’s wheel,
Unwound the toils of men (8.- P.240-241).

TH.HARDY. STONEHEDGE. FROM TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

They had proceeded thus gropingly two or three miles further when on a sudden
Clare became conscious of some vast erection close in his front, rising sheer from the
grass. They had almost struck themselves against it.
The wind, playing upon the edifice, produced a booming tune, like the note of some gigantic one-string harp. No other sound came from it, and lifting his hand and advancing step or two, Clare felt the vertical surface of the structure. It seemed to be of solid stone, without joint or moulding. Carrying his fingers onward he found that what he had to come in contact with was a colossal rectangular pillar; by stretching out his left hand he could feel a similar one adjoining. At an indefinite height overhead something made the black sky blacker, which had the semblence of a vast architrave uniting the pillars horizontally. They carefully entered beneath and between; the surfaces echoed their soft rustle; but they seemed to be still out of doors. The place was roofless. Tess drew her breath fearfully, and Angel, perplexed, said –

“What can it be?”

Feeling sideways they encountered another tower-like pillar, square and uncompromising as the first; beyond it another and another. The place was all doors and pillars, some connected above by continuous architraves.

“A very temple of the Winds”, he said.

The next pillar was isolated; others composed a trilithon; others were prostrate, their flanks forming a causeway wide enough for a carriage; and it was soon obvious that they made up a forest of monoliths grouped upon the grassy expanse of the plain. The couple advanced further into this pavillion of the night till they stood in the midst.

“It is Stonehedge!” said Clare.

“Yes. Older than the centuries; older than the d'Urbervilles! Well, what shall we do, darling? We may find shelter further on.”

But Tess, really tired by this time, flung herself upon and oblong slab that lay close at hand, and was sheltered from the wind by a pillar. Owing to the action of the sun during the preceding day the stone was warm and dry; in comforting contrast to the rough and still grass around, which had damped her skirts and shoes...

...In the far north-east sky he could see between the pillars a level strek of light. The uniform concavity of black cloud was lifting bodily like the lid of a pot, letting it at the earth's edge the coming day, against which the towering monoliths and trilithons began to be blackly defined.

“Did they sacrifice to God here?” asked she.

“No”, said he.

“Who to?”

“I believe to the sun. That lofty stone set away by itself is in the direction of the sun, which will presently rise behind it.”...

The band of silver paleness along the east horizon made even the distant parts of the Great plain appear dark and near; and the whole enormous landscape bore that impress of reserve, taciturnity, and hesitation, which is usual just before the day. The eastward pillars and their architraves stood up blankly against the light, and the great flame-shaped Sun-stone beyond them; and the Stone of Sacrifice midway. Presently the night wind died out, and the quivering little pools in the cup-like hollows of the stones lay still (9. – P.501-504).

PETER ACKROYD. STONEHENGE. FROM HAWKSMOOR.

When we came to the edge of this sacred place, we tethered our Horses to the posts provided and then, with the Sunne direct above us, walked over the short grass, which (continually cropt by the flocks of Sheep) seemed to spring us forward to
the great Stones. I stood back a little as Sir Chris. walked on, and I considered the Edifice with steadfastness: there was nothing here to break the Angles of Sight and as I gazed I opened my Mouth to cry but my Cry was silent; I was struck by an exstatic Reverie in which all the surface of this Place seemed to me Stone, and the Sky itself Stone, and I became Stone as I joined the Earth which flew on like a Stone through the Firmament. And thus I stood until the Kaw of a Crow roused me: and yet even the call of the black Bird was an Occasion for Terror, since it was not of this Time.

Master Jones says it is erected on the Cubit measure says Sir Chris. coming after me and taking out his pocket-Book, and do you see, Nick, its beautiful proportions?

It is a huge and monstrous Work, I answered standing straight, and it has been called the Architecture of the Devil.

But he paid no heed to me: they must have used tall trees for Levers, he continued squinting up at the Stones, or they discovered the art of ordering Engines for the raising of Weights.

Some said Merlyn was the Father, I replied, and raised these Stones by the hidden Mysteries of Magick…

…Then the Rain fell in great Drops, and we sheltered beneath the Lintel of one great Stone as it turned from gray to blue and green with the Moisture. And when I leaned my Back against that Stone I felt in the Fabrick the Labour and Agony of those who erected it, the power of Him who enthralled them, and the marks of Eternity which had been placed there. I could hear the Cryes and Voices of those long since gone but I shut my Ears to them and, to keep away Phrensy, stared at the Moss which grew over the Stone. Consider this, I told Sir Chris., the Memphic pyramid had stood about three thousand and two hundred years, which is not as long as this Edifice: but it was continually working upon it. How many laboured here, and for how long? …It was Evening now, and the sloping Rays of the Sun shine on the ground beyond the Stones, we could easily distinguish the sepulchral Tumuli which lie in great Numbers around there; and this Phrase occurred to me as I looked upon them: the banks where wild Time blows. At the sight of the Shaddowes which stone-henge now cast upon the short Grass, Sir Chris. cleared up his Countenance: Well you see nick, says he, how these are Shaddowes on a known Elevation to show the equal Hours of the day. It is easy to frame the pillars that every Day at such Time the Shaddowes will seem to return, he continued, and I am glad to say that Logarithms is a wholly British art (5. – P.59–63).

Notes:
Peter Ackroyd – contemporary British novelist (b. 1949).
Sir Chris. – here Wren, Sir Christopher (1632 – 1723) – great British mathematician and architect.

R. KIPLING. ON THE GREAT WALL. FROM PUCH OF THE POOK’S HILL.

Of course, the father north you go the emptier are the roads. At last you fetch clear of the forests and climb bare hills, where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been. No more pretty girls; no more jolly magistrates who knew your father when he was young, and invite you to stay with them; no news at the temples and way-stations except the bad news of wild beasts. There’s where you meet hunters, and trappers for the Circuses, prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves. Your pony shies at them, and your men laugh.
The houses change from gardened villas to shut forts with watch-towers of grey stone, and great stone-walled sheepfolds, guarded by armed britons of the north Shore. In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on – and the wind sings through your helmet-plume – past altars to legions ans Generals forgotten, and broken statues of Gods and Heroes, and thousands of graves where the mountain foxes and hares pee at you. Red-hot in summer, freezing in winter, is that big, purple heather country of broken stone.

Just when you think you are at the world’s end, you see a smoke from East to West as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theatres, barracks and granaries, trickling along the dice behind – always behind – one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the Wall!

...Along the top are towers with guard-houses, small towers, between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast, from guard-house to guard house. A little curtain wall, no higher than a man’s neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance you see the helmets of the sentries sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the wall, and on the Pict’s side, the North, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tyres of wheels joined by chains. The Little People come there to steal iron for their arrow-heads.

But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the South side, and no one was allowed to built there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-bating, horse-racing town from Ituna on the West to Seledunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather, woods and ruins where Picts hide, and on the other, a vast town – long like a snake, and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall! (9. – P.170-174).

R.L.STEVenson. HEATHER ALE (A GALLOWAY LEGEND)

From the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in a blessed swound
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote Picts in battle,
He hunted them as roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strews the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell;
But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children’s
On many a mountain head,
The Brewers of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.
  The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer day;
  And the beds hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way,
  The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
  To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.
It fortuned that the vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath,
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke;
A son and his aged father –
Last of the dwarfish folk.
  The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
  And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink –
  “I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink.”
There stood the son and the father,
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear;
“ I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.
  “Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing,
  I would gladly sell the secret,”
Quoth the Pict to the king,
His voice was small as a sparrow’s,
And shrill and wonderful clear;
  “ I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.
  “ For life is a little matter,
And death is nought to the young;
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take him, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep;
And it's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep.”

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten;
And there on the cliff stood the father;
Last of the dwarfish men.

“True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without a beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale.” (6.- P.474-480).

W.SCOTT. CONINGSBURGH CASTLE . FROM IVENHOE.

The mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps, so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower, by which the adventurous antiquary may still, or at least could a few years since, gain access to a small stair within the thickness of the main wall of the tower, which leads up to the third story of the building – the two lower being dungeons or vaults, which neither receive air nor light, save by a square hole in the third story, with which they seemed to have communication by a ladder. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all four stories, is given by stairs which are carried up through the external buttresses (12. – P.479).

W.SCOTT. A SAXON HALL (FROM IVENHOE).

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to devide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fire-place at either end of the hall, but, as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.
... the floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and interior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique Colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts as tapestry or embroidery, executed with brilliant, or rather gaudy, colouring. Over the lower range of the table, the roof...had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were places two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honour, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them (12. – P.31-32).

W. SCOTT. A SAXON LADY’S ROOM (FROM IVENHOE).

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid beam of oak, led ...to the apartment of the Lady Rowena...the walls were covered with embroidered hangings, on which different-coloured silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, had been employed, with all the art of which the age was capable, to represent the sports of hunting and hawking. The bed was adorned with the same rich tapestry, an surrounded with curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was accommodated with a footstool of ivory, curiously curved.

No fewer than four silver candelabras, holding great waxen torches, served to illuminate this apartment... The walls of the apartment were so ill finished and so full of crevices, that the rich hangings shook to the night blast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended to protect them from the wind, the flame of the torches streamed sideways into the air, like the unfurled pennon of a chieftain. Magnificence there was, with some rude attempt at taste; but of comfort there was little, and, being unknown, it was unmissed (12. – P.60).

W.SCOTT. SAXON’S DRESS. FROM IVENHOE.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever – a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is be-
lieved, of the skin of the grey squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close
dress of scarlet which sate tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they
did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet
had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and se-
cured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a
broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About the waist he wore a
richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword, with a
sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his
seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials,
richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he
chose to go forth. A short boar-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also re-
clined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for
the purposes of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might requier (12. –P.33).

Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful
and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided na-
ture. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the
noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was at-
tached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round the neck. She wore bracelets
on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-
green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which came down, however, very little
below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest
wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which
could be, at the wearer’s pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the
Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.(12. – P.45).

WASINGTON IRWING. HENRY VII CHAPEL. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh’s chapel. A flight of steps leads
us to it through a deep and gloomy but magnificent ark. Great gates of brass, richly
and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if profoundly reluctant to
admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate
beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, en-
crusted with tracery, and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and
martyrs. Stone steps, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its
weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with
a wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly
carved in oak. On the pinnacles of the stalls are fixed helmets and crests of the
knights, with their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the
splendour of gold and purple and crimson with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In
the midst of this grand

Mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder – his effigy, with that of his
queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb – and the whole surrounded by a superbly
wrought brazen railing (1. – P.18).

Notes.
The Knights of the Bath - English military order, derives its name from the ceremony of
bathing at the initiation of the Knights.
WILLIAM GOLDSMITH. FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

I am just returned from Westminster-abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonades, and dark ceilings. Think then what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round the walls filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead (7. – P.81).

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706).
FROM DIARY, 25 AUGUST-7 SEPTEMBER 1666.

27th. I went to St.Paul's church, where with Dr.Wren, Mr Prat, Mr May, Mr Thomas Chichley, Mr Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the general decays of that ancient and venerable church, and to set down in writing the particularities of what was fit to be done, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the main building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Chichley and Mr Prat that it had been so built ab origine for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height; but I was, with Dr Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it; we plumped the uprights in several places. When we came to the steeple, it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repair it only on its old foundation, with reservation to the pillars; this Mr Chichley and Mr Prat were also for, but we totally rejected it, and persisted that it required a new foundation, not only in regard of the necessity, but for that the shape of what stood was very mean, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace…

...The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower street, Fen-church street, Gracious street, and so long to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St.Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly, the configuration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from another; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, carrying out to the fields. Which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both
people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! Such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near 50 miles in length... (1. – P.33-34).

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706). FROM DIARY

Sept. 2\textsuperscript{nd}. This fatal night about ten, began the deplorable fire near Fish street in London.

3\textsuperscript{rd}. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower street, Fen-church street, Gracious street, and so along to Bainard Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly, the conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to sane even their goods; such a strange consternation was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and lengths, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the material to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, everything....All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it... The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near 50 miles in length. Thus I felt it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. ... London was, but is no more! (7. – p.55)
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERY. HOGARTH’S “MARRIAGE A LA MODE”
(FROM THE ENGLISH HUMORISTES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY)

The famous set of pictures called *Marriage a la Mode* contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He was to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet – as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs, on his lordship’s very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman’s chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward is negotiating between the old couple, their children are together, united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while the bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket handkerchief and listening to the rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue. The girl is pretty, but the painter with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father, as in the young Viscount’s face you see the resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man) with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, Madam has now the Contess’s coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to the dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs in her room, while the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, makes amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the Alderman of the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral: don’t listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors; don’t marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money; don’t frequent foolish actions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don’t have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn (1. – P.43-44).
CAMILE PISSARO
IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON. FROM THE LETTER TO WYNFORD DEWHURST.

In 1870 I found myself in London with Monet...Monet and I were very enthusiastic over London landscapes. Monet worked in the parks, whilst I, living at Lower Norwood, at that time a charming suburb, studied the effects of fog, snow, and springtime: we worked from Nature, and later on Monet painted in London some superb studies of mist. We also visited the museums. The water-colours and paintings of Turner and of Constable...have certainly had influence upon us. We admired Gainsborough, Lawrence, Reynolds, etc., but we were struck chiefly by the landscape painters, who shared more in our aim with regard to plain air, light, and fugitive effects. Watts, Rossetti, strongly interested us amongst the modern men. About this time we had the idea of sending our studies to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Naturally we were rejected (7. – P.180).

ALFRED TENNYSON. THE BEGGAR MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angels grace,
In all that land had never been:

Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!' (13. – P.119).

PART 2

STONEHENGE (C.1900 B.C. – C.1400 B.C.). FROM NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, VOL.117)

Nowhere in Western Europe can be found a monument quite like it. Stonhenge has two settings of sarsens, a 97 and 1/3 foot-diameter circle that once held 30 columns, overlaid with a continuous lintel and an inner horseshoe of even grander blocks, some 200 feet tall and weighing more than 40 tons apiece.

Among these sarsen formations stand a secondary circle and horseshoe of bluestones.

No one can look up at this ponderous blocks without wondering how a primitive people with scant engineering knowledge could have brought them to this lonely spot and erected them. Antiquarians believe that as many as 1500 men could have laboured for ten years transporting all the immense stones across Wiltshire.
Even so more purplexing questions occur. What about the fashioning of Stonehenge’s collonades? How did men who never knew steel shape this tough, dense sandstone? And shape they did? For the tall sarsens are not only cut into regular oblong columns, but are capped by lintels, joined to the uprights by tenons and mortises, and the heavy lintels themselves are joined by a crude tongue— and— groove bond.

Notes:
Lintel—horizontal piece of stone forming the top of the structure
Tenons and mortises— the lintels were secured to the uprights in the following way: cup-shaped depressions on the undersides of the lintels (mortises) lifting over projecting tenons on the tops of the uprights (1. – P.13).

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Shortly after the Norman Conquest William I decided to build a new fortress, as there was no strong castle for the King to live in, only an old fortress near the river where the Tower now stands. This fortress he pulled down, and on its place began building a great castle for himself, and on its place began building a great castle for himself, and it is that which has grown into the Tower.

The Tower was not built at one time. Like nearly all famous buildings, it is a record of history, each part telling its own story of the King or great man who built it. William the Conqueror began building the keep. The citizens were at first annoyed by the mighty stronghold rising there, because they feared the power of the King, and they did not at all like having a part of the City wall pulled down to make way to it. Before it was finished, William died, and his son, William Rufus, went on with it. The square building in the middle of the present Tower, with the four little corner towers, is this building made by the two first Williams (1078 – 90); it is called the White Tower, though it is not white now at all, and it has been very much altered. Its exterior was restored by Sir Christopher Wren, but the Norman work of the interior was altered. It rises 90 feet, and its walls are 15 feet thick.

William Rufus began the inner bailey, with thirteen towers, twelve of which remain, but the large part was remodelled by other kings. It was under Richard Coeur de Lion that the moat was made, though it was principally done under the orders of his brother John, who tried to make himself King while Richard was away in the Holy Land. It must have been a difficult work digging out that deep and wide moat. So bit by bit the Tower grew, sometimes one King and sometimes another adding a part, until as we see it now it looks like a number of buildings of all ages, sizes and sorts encircled by a deep ditch.

The present Tower covers an irregular hexagonal area and is surrounded by a ditch, now dry. It is a concentric castle with two limes of fortifications (from Saracenic models) which enclose the inner bail. The rectangular keep of four storeys stands in the centre of the inner bailey, surrounded by a wall with twelve towers, which is, in its turn, enclosed by an outer bailey wall and wall with eight towers and the encircling moat.

The Bailey Wall, the inner of the two lines, was built at the same time when the keep was being built. The twelve towers rise from from it at intervals, in one of which, the Wakefield Tower, the Regalia or Crown Jewels are kept. The chief entrance to the fortress is through the Middle Tower on the west, across the bridge over the moat, and through the Byward Tower. The Lion Gate under the Middle Tower took its name from a Zoo kept here from Norman times until 1834. On the south, giving entry from the river through St. Thomas Tower and the Bloody tower, is the famous Traitor’s
gate, by which prisoners of high rank entered. The chief historical interest of the Tower lies in its associations with such prisoners (2. – P.77-79).

THE TOWER OF LONDON (AFTER W.H.AINSWORTH)

In 1078 the Tower of London was founded by William the Conquerer, who appointed Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, principal observer of the work. By this prelate, who seems to have been a god specimen of the church militant, and who, during the progress of his operations, was lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London, a part of the city wall adjoining the northern banks of the Thames, which has been much injured by the incursions of the tide, was taken down, and a ‘great square tower’, since called the White Tower, erected on its side.

Some writers have assigned an earlier fate to this edifice, ascribing its origin to the great Roman invader of out shores, whence it has been sometimes denominated Caesar’s Tower, and the hypothesis is supposed to be confirmed by Fitz Stephens, a monkish historian of the period of Henry II, who states, that “the city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong Palantine Tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts. But, though it is not improbable that some Roman military station may have stood on the spot antiquities having being found by the workmen in sinking the foundation of the Ordance Office in 1977 – it is certain that no part of the present structure was erected by Julius Ceasar; nor can he, with propriety, be termed the founder of the Tower of London.

Forteen years afterwards, in the reign of William Rufus, who, according to Henry of Huntington, “piled and shaved the people with tribute, especially about the Tower of London”, the White Tower was greatly damaged by a violent storm, which among other ravages, carried off the roof of Bow Church, and levelled above six hundred habitations with the ground. It was subsequently repaired and an additional tower was built on the south side near the river.

Strengthened by Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, and fourth constables of the fortress, who defended it against the usurper Stephen, but was, nevertheless, eventually compelled to surrender it greatly extended and enlarged in 1190, the second year, of the reign of Richard Coer de Lion, by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of realm, who, encroaching to some distance upon Tower Hill, and breaking down the city wall as far as the first fate called the postern, surrounded it with high embattled walls of stone, and a broad deep ditch, thinking as Stow observes, “to have environed it with the river Thames” – the Tower of London was finished by Henry III, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the citizens, and other supernatural warnings, if credit is to be attached to the statement of Matthew of Paris, completely fortified it (4. – P.18-20).

THE GOTHIC STYLE IN ENGLAND (FROM ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART)

Gothic architecture is characterized by the use of ribbed vaults, buttresses and flying buttresses; it is also identified by the systematic use of the pointed arch (rather than the round arch) and by new decorative forms.

The system of construction that gave use to the Gothic style was developed in ecclesiastical edifices. Ribbed vaults were raised above various kinds of sapcoal divisions in the ground plan; high piers and flying buttresses provided a new method of support for the vaulted roof. In this system the weight and thrust of the vault were car-
ried without heavy supporting walls. As a result the walls became screen of masonry consisting of many openings. In outstanding Gothic buildings, such as the cathedrals of Chartres, Amiens and Reims, or in St. Chapelle in Paris, the eye is chiefly conscious of the brilliantly coloured surfaces of stained glass filling the skeletal structure of the soaring architectural elements. The exaggerated elongation of the supporting members, which rise to pointed arches, seem to nullify the pull of gravity, and the deep, glowing reds, purples and greens of the windows appear unrelated to any natural source of light. Thus the Gothic interior creates the impression of something miraculous. Gradually the exterior came to achieve similar effects.

The appearance of the Gothic style in England cannot be adequately explained by the penetration of French influences. Occasionally some important English Gothic buildings, such as the choir of Canterbury Cathedral (1174) or Westminster Abbey (1245), exhibit very close and definite connection with contemporary French works; but always there are insular modifications. The majority of English Gothic buildings do not look like on the least French.

When English masons became aware of what was happening in northern France, it was almost inevitable that they should interpret those developments in harmony with their own predilections. That is, they saw Gothic art not as an alternative system of construction but rather as an alternative system of decoration. But precisely because of this peculiarity they created another type of Gothic which in many ways anticipated the later Gothic styles of the Continent.

The period of 1290 – 1330 was perhaps the most brilliant in the whole of the Middle Ages in England. The complicated series of works at wells, and the great octagon at Ely are essentially impressive. The name Decorated style is sometimes applied to the highly decorated works of this period.

The most typical feature of Perpendicular style was the widespread use of rectangular panels of tracery. The first works seem to have been on a comparatively small scale, for example chapels. Meanwhile, fan vaulting, the final constituent of Perpendicular, had been evolved. They became increasingly popular, and magnificent examples are to be found at Bath Abbey (1501), Henry VII’s Chapel in Westminster Abbey (1503), and King’s College Chapel in Cambridge (vaulted 1508). The vaults in Westminster are the most elaborate in the whole of English medieval architecture. The fans are suspended from ribs like a series of pendants. Unbroken rows of statues in wall niches and elaborate choir stalls complete an interior of sumptuous magnificence. This chapel formed a fitting climax to English Gothic architecture (1. – P.16-18).

Notes:
Supporting members – walls, piers, columns
Wells cathedral – built in the city of wells, Somersetshire.
Ely cathedral – famous for the vaulting of the great octagonal division in the ground plan of the building.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

The cathedral was first founded in the eleventh century at the fortress of Old Serum, but in the thirteenth century it was decided to build it on a new site. The present cathedral stands close to the river, on the south side of the city. The cathedral church of St. Mary is an unsurpassed example of Early English architecture, begun and completed save its spire and a few details within one brief period(122-1266). It was consecrated in 1258 in the presence of Henry III.
The principal architect was probable Elias de Derham, canon of the cathedral (died in 1245). The beautiful upper tower was added in the first half of the fourteenth century and the spire, the highest in England, was heightened in 1334, it is now 404 ft high and a landmark over miles of Wiltshire county. With only the light arches at the crossing to bear the weight of the tower and the spire, they were a source of anxiety and made it necessary to build flying buttresses and the great internal girders at the crossing during the fifteenth century, and, in 1697, a competent strengthening of the whole structure by Sir Christopher Wren. In 1798 Wyatt was employed on a general scheme of 'restoration' that included not only the demolition of the two Perpendicular chantries flanking the Lady Chapel, and of the detached bell-tower that is seen in the old engravings, and the destruction of the remaining stained glass. On no other cathedral did the hand of this stucco-Gothic admirer fall more heavily; James Wyatt was responsible for so much destruction of renaissance work in cathedrals that Pugin called him 'the Destroyer', while the spurious Gothic which he inserted reflects his lack of understanding of the true principles of Gothic architecture. But the work of foundation was by no means completed, and in 1862 came Sir George Gilbert Scott, with an elaborate programme of works that left the interior in its present state.

However, the exterior largely escaped the restores, and today the building appears much as it was left in the mid-fourteenth century, its surroundings that are the most beautiful of any English cathedral. The close is in itself an epitome of English house design at its best periods.

The cathedral consists of a nave of ten bays with aisles and a lofty north porch, main transepts (it has double transepts) with eastern aisles. Choir with aisles, lesser transepts, presbytery and Lady Chapel. The sacristy is near the south choir transept. The west front shows in its ornamentation sign of the transition to the Decorated style. The retro-choir behind the high altar forms a single composition with the small eastern Lady Chapel, the earliest part of the building. The western part is the latest. The cloisters, south of the church, date from 1263-1284. The chapter-house is of the time of Edward I, a very fine octagonal example. The principle building material is grey freestone (2. – P.107-108).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey derives its name from being the Minster in the West in contrast to St. Paul’s, the Minster in the East. For over 700 years Westminster was an abbey or monastery. Because of its nearness to the palace of Westminster it always had close royal associations. The Abbey Church was the scene of William I’s Coronation as it has been of all subsequent coronations, and many kings and queens are buried within its walls.

THE WESTERN TOWERS. Designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor they were completed in 1745 and are 225 feet high. At coronations an annexe is built out from the west door to enable the processions to be marshalled before they enter the Abbey Church.

THE NAVE. The east end, transepts and choir were built between 1245-1269. The nave was added, in the same style, between 1365 and 1528. It is one of the loftiest in England. The vaulting and the great marble pillars are notably beautiful.

THE SOUTH TRANSEPT (Poet’s Corner). Here are the graves and memorials of poets and writers. The earliest is Chaucer and there are memorials to Wordsworth, Dr. Johnson, Shakespear, Burns and others. The murals (c.1290) represent St. Christopher and the Incredulity Of St. Thomas.
THE SEDILIA. These seats for the clergy were erected c.1300. At the back are painted full length portraits of kings, probably representing Henry III and Edward I. In front of the sedilia is buried Anne Nevill (d.1485), queen of Richard III and daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

THE NORTH TRANSEPT. This is so called the Statesmen’s Transept for it contains memorials to Chatham, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, Asquith and other statesmen. The rose windows (13th-century) in the two transepts are the largest in England. The glass with figures of the Apostles dates from 1722.

THE CHOIR STALLS. The present stalls date from 1847 replace those erected in 1775 after the original 13th-century stalls had been wantonly destroyed. The black and white marble pavement was the gift of Dr. Richard Busby, the celebrated headmaster of Westminster School 91639 – 95).

ST. EDWARDS SHRINE. Completed in 1269, it is Italian Cosmati work made by Peter the Roman, and was formerly covered with mosaic of which traces remain. Unlike most other English shrines it still contains the body of the saint. Some stones are worn by the knees of pilgrims.

THE CORONATION CHAIR. Made in 1300 to enclose the Stone of Scone captured from the Scotts in 1296, every English sovereign since 1300 has either been anointed or crowned in this chair except Edward V and Edward VIII.

NORMAN REMAINS. The Norman Abbey Church was surpressed by the present church, but some of the 11th-century monastic buildings remain such as the dark Cloister. In the cloister is the Abbey Museum (14. – P.3-26).

Notes:
Hawksmore, Nickolas (1661-1736) – famous architect, worked in Barroque style, was one of Sir Christopher Wren’s pupils.

TUDOR STYLE (1485 -1558)

The character of the style, which, in ecclesiastical architecture, was similar to the Perpendicular, was modified, because it was used for domestic rather than for ecclesiastical buildings. It was a combination of the late Gothic or perpendicular with the revived Roman style, which originated in Italy in the fifteenth century. Typical features in domestic buildings of this period were squareheaded mullioned windows, ornamented g fireplaces with heraldic carving, gables with carved pinnacles and high moulded chimneys and carved finials (2. – P.20).

ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE (1558 – 1603)

The reign of Elizabeth witnessed the establishment of the Renaissance style in England. Elizabethan architecture, which followed the Tudor, was a transition style with Gothic features and renaissance detail. This architecture was secular rather than ecclesiastical in its nature. Powerful statesmen, successful merchants, and the rich gentry required mansions suitable to their new position. The great houses throughout English countyside displayed many new combinations of features. Towers, gables, parapets, balustrades and chimney-stacks produced an effective skyline, and walls were enlivened by oriel and bay windows with mullions and transoms. Mansions were set in framework of formal gardens in which forecourts, terraces, lakes, fountains, and yew hedges of topiary work combined to make the house and its surroundings one complete and harmonious scheme (2. – P.24).
Christopher Wren was one of the three or four greatest Englishmen. This eminence is due as much to the amazing sweep of his intellect as to any single aspect of his work, for the creator of the dome of St. Paul's is fit to rank as an artist with Shakespeare; while Wren's own greatest contemporary, Sir Isaac Newton, reckoned him among the three or four best geometers of his day, and for the first thirty of his ninety years he was exclusively a mathematician and astronomer.

Wren was born in 1632, and died in 1723. He came to manhood during the Civil War, Newton was born in 1642, and both he and Wren became members of the Royal Society, founded in 1662, and still one of the great scientific societies of the world; both men became its president, Wren in 1670 – 1682, and Newton from 1703 to his death in 1727. Before taking up his architectural career he had already been successively Gresham professor of Astronomy in London and Savilian Professor at Oxford, retaining his post until his architectural practice in London took up so much of his time that he had to resign.

His first building was the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, begun in 1664, and given to the University by Archbishop Sheldon as a suitable hall for conferring of degrees and similar ceremonies. Since the purpose of the building was for solemn public acts, Wren chose a classical amphitheatre as the basic form, and adapted the plan of the Theatre of Marcellus in Rome. The Theatre of Marcellus had no roof, but the sun was kept off by an awning of canvas. This was obviously impractical in the English climate, and Wren had therefore to find some way of putting a ceiling over a seventy-foot span, and to do this he turned to a course of lectures given in 1652 by Dr John Wallis, his colleague. Wallis had discussed the problems of a Geometrical Flat Floor; Wren simply took his system of supports and turned them upside down, hanging a flat ceiling from a system of roof-trusses, and thus securing to the marvel of his contemporaries, a clear span of seventy feet totally unobstructed by any supports. The complete the classical allusion, the ceiling was painted to represent the sky with the cords and awning of its prototype. In this, his earliest work, we have already the combination of practical ingenuity and aesthetic feeling expressed in terms derived from classical civilization, which is the hallmark of Wren as an architect.

The turning-point in his career came with great suddenness in the years 1665 and 1666, the years of the Great Plague and the Fire of London. Wren went to France in the summer of 1665, and spent eight months in Paris. Probably the most important event of his journey was Wren's short meeting with Bernini, the greatest architect of the day, who was in Paris to design the new palace of the Louvre. And it is not possible that this brief interview convinced Wren that architecture was an occupation fit for genius, and by no means lacking in material rewards. The status of an architect in England was still far below that attained in Italy and France, and it needed a great intellect, such as Wren's to make possible the whole atmosphere of the eighteenth century when architecture took its place among the professions.

Notes:
Gresham, Thomas (1519 – 1579) – English merchant and financier who in 1579 founded college for the delivery of lectures by seven professors, on law, divinity, medicine, rhetoric, geometry, astronomy and music.
Savil. Henry (1549 – 1622) – secretary of the Latin tongue to Queen Elizabeth, who established Savillian professorship of geometry and astronomy at Oxford.
The Theatre of Marcellus was constructed by Emperor Augustus in honour of his nephew Marcellus (c. 43-23 B.C.). The theatre seated about 10000 spectators.

Dr John Wallis (1616-1703) - English mathematician, one of the greatest of Isaac Newton’s precursors (1. - P.31-32)

**ST. PAUL’S. AUGUSTUS HARE. WALKS TO LONDON.**

The exterior of St. Paul’s consists throughout of two orders the lower being Corinthian, the upper Composite. The upper order is nothing but a screen to hide the flying buttresses carried across from the outer walls to resist the thrust if the great vaulting.

In the south-west pier of the dome a staircase ascends by 515 steps to the highest point of the Cathedral. No feeble person should attempt the fatigue, and, except to architects, the undertaking is scarcely worth while. An easy ascent leads to the Library. At the corner of the gallery, on the left, a very narrow stair leads to the Clock of enormous size, with a pendulum sixteen feet long, constructed by Langley Bradely in 1708. Ever since, the oaken seats behind it have been occupied by a changing crowd, waiting with anxious curiosity to see the hammer strike the bell, and tremulously hoping to tremble at the vibration.

Another long ascent leads to the Whispering Gallery, below the windows of the cupola, where visitors are requested to sit down upon the matted seat, that they may be shown how a low whisper uttered against the wall can be distinctly heard at the other side of the dome. Hence we reach the Stone Gallery, outside the base of the dome, whence we may ascend to the Golden Gallery at its summit. This last ascent is interesting, as being between outer and inner domes, and showing how completely different in construction one is from the other (1. – P.34).

**CONVERSATION PICTURES.**

*(FROM ROBERT WARK TEN BRITISH PICTURES 1740-1840)*

These attractive little pictures, which were very popular in England during the eighteenth century, normally represented members of the same family or close friends shown together in an informal fashion, having tea, playing cards, or simply talking to one another. The figures were usually portrayed at full length, but very much under life size. Francis Hayman’s *Gascoigne Family* and Arthur Devis’ group of the Lyttleton family are both excellent examples of what is meant by the term.

The conversation piece had its immediate origins in early eighteenth-century France, although group portraits of a more general type were very popular in seventeenth-century Holland. The idea was brought to England about 1720 by artists of French training and extraction. It was a type of picture that had particular appeal for the English and was developed by them to a position of importance far beyond anything that it ever attained on the other side of the Channel. Hogarth himself was, with little doubt, the most distinguished exponent of this type of painting in England. Many reasons – social, economic and artistic – have been advanced for the popularity of the conversation piece. It is an art form associated largely with the middle class, a part of society that came much to the fore in early eighteenth-century England, and which doubtless found this informal, domestic style of portraiture congenial. The idea of obtaining a group of portraits on one canvas rather than playing for a whole series of single figures may also have appealed to the thirty instincts of the self-made businessmen. But much more important is the fact that the conversation piece is an art form entirely typical of the style of the epoch that produced it – the rococo. Certainly the con-
versation piece does not exhibit the concern with playful and often mildly erotic themes that are important component of continental rococo art; but the painter’s arrangement of the figures, his handling of colour, and light and shadow, as well as his generally decorative intension, are all in accord with the style (1. – P.45-46).

Notes:
Hayman, Francis (1708-1776), Devis, Arthur (1711-1787) – English portrait painters.

WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697 – 1764).
WILLIAM GAUNT. A CONCISE HISTORY OF ENGLISH PAINTING

William Hogarth was unquestionably one of the greatest of English artists and a man of remarkably individual character and thought. It was his achievement to give a comprehensive view of social life within the framework of moralistic and dramatic narrative… He observed both high life and low with a keen and critical eye and his range of observation was accompanied by an exceptional capacity for dramatic composition, and in painting by a technical quality which adds beauty to pictures containing an element of satire or caricature…

The fact that he was apprenticed as a boy to a silver-plate engraver has a considerable bearing on Hogarth’s development. It instilled a decorative sense which is never absent from his most realistic productions…

His first success as a painter was in the ‘conversation pieces’ in which his bent as an artist found a logical beginning. These informal groups of family and friends surrounded by the customary necessaries of their day-to-day life were congenial in permitting him to treat a picture as a stage. He was not the inventor of the genre, which can be traced back to Dutch and Flemish art of the seventeenth century and in which he had contemporary rivals… A step nearer to the comprehensive view of life was the picture of an actual stage, the scene from The Beggar’s Opera with which he scored a great success about 1730, making several versions of the painting. Two prospects must have been revealed to him as a result, the idea of constructing his own pictorial drama comprising various scenes of social life, and that of reaching a wider public through the means of engraving. The first successful series The Harlot’s Progress, of which only the engraving now exist, was immediately followed by the tremendous verve and riot of The Rake’s Progress, c.1732; the masterpiece of the story series the Marriage-a-la-Mode followed after an interval of twelve years.

As a painter of social life, Hogarth shows the benefit of the system of memory training which made a self-discipline. London was his universe and he displayed his mastery in painting every subject of its people and architecture, from the mansion in Arlington Street, the interior of which provided the setting for the disillusioned couple in the second scene of the Marriage-a-la-mode, to the dreadful aspect of Bedlam. Yet he was not content with one line of development only and the work of his mature years takes a varied course. He could not resist the temptation to attempt a rivalry with the history painting, though with little success…

The quality of Hogarth as an artist is seen to advantage in his sketches and one sketch in particular, the famous Shrimp Girl quickly executed with a limited range of colour, stands alone in his work, taking its place among the masterpieces of the world in its harmony of form and content, freshness and vitality (1. – P.39-41).

JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723 – 1792)

In Reynolds’ day society portraiture had become a monotonous repetition of the same theme, with only the most limited of variations permissible. According to the
formula, the sitter was to be posed centrally, with the background curtain, pillar, chair, perhaps a hint of landscape) disposed like a back-drop behind; normally the head was done by the master, the body by a pupil or “drapery assistant”, who might serve several painters. Pose and expression, even the features themselves, tended to be regulated to a standard of polite and inexpressive elegance; the portraits told little about their subjects other than that they were that sort of people who had their portraits painted – they certainly gave nothing away beyond the summary description of the features…

It was Reynolds who insisted in his practice that a portrait could and should be also a full, complex work of art on many levels; he conceived his portraits in terms of history-painting. Each fresh sitter was not just a physical fact to be recorded, but rather a story to be told (or sometimes, one suspects, a myth to be created). His people are no longer static, but caught between this movement and the next, between one moment and the next. Their minds and bodies exist on the brink of various possibilities, and they are essentially involved in the weather of life.

Reynolds was indeed a consummate producer of character (whether they bore much resemblance to the originals, the raw stuff from which they were created, is another, academic matter; in point of fact, the catching of a convincing likeness was not his forte), and his production methods reward investigation. For them he called upon the full repertoire of the Old Masters; in Italy, as a young man, he had studied the Old Masters of all schools, not so that he could ape their individual works, but in order to win a similar mastery of the effect which they knew how to achieve: to rival them in their own language but not to pastiche them. In the building up of the picture in light and shade, his handling to composition, he also paid homage to Rembrandt.

Reynolds painted portraits, group pictures and historical themes. His sitters included the socially prominent people of the time and when the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, he naturally became its first president.

Among his best works are those in which he departs from the traditional forms of ceremonial portraiture and abandons himself to inspiration, as in The Portrait of Nelly O’Brien, which is aglow with light, warmth and feeling (3. - P.91-92).

JOSHUA REYNOLDS’S THINKING

As a thinker, Reynolds descends directly from Shaftesbury. He inherited Shaftesbury’s sense of social responsibility of art. He believed in the primacy of serious subject matter, and the duty of the artist, if he could to pursue ‘history’ – subjects taken from the Bible, classical mythology or literature. Other ‘branches’ of the business were necessarily inferior: portrait, landscape, genre (scenes of everyday life), animal painting and still, life were progressively less capable of seriousness. This hierarchy was dependent on a concept, derived from literary criticism, that certain works of art embodied supreme spiritual grandeur, and could raise the mind to contemplate things far above the mundane. The 18th century defined this, the Sublime, in endless ways. Edmund Burke in a famous Philosophical Enquiry contrasted it with the Beautiful, but attributed our awareness of both to psychological states: we find beautiful what we desire, sublime what is life-threatening. ‘Whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling.’ Burke’s theory opened up the discussion of Beauty and Sublimity to the consideration of natural as well as human phenomena. In the course
of the 18th century, despite Reynolds, landscape painting gradually asserted itself as a primary expressive form.

Central to Reynolds’s thinking was the idea that great art must generalize. ‘the most beautiful forms [in nature] have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection’, he said; ‘by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common… the painter… learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike any one object. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artist calls Ideal Beauty, is the great leading principle, by which works of genius are conducted.’ Reynolds faced a dilemma: for what was his chosen profession of portraiture if not the representation of the particular? The key to an understanding of his achievement is an appreciation of his stratagems for resolving the puzzle.

He believed that the Old Masters were an infallible source of inspiration… Reynolds would take a figure from Corregio or Raphael and present it with a clever twist as the portrait of a contemporary. The process invested portraiture with a dignity it couldn’t otherwise aspire to…

There was further reason for the stratagem. While his male sitters could very well be presented in their own personas as statesmen, lawyers or generals, with the paraphernalia of their rank or office, women enjoyed no self-evident standing. Their role was largely passive, to bear children and to be social ornament. Mythology and history provided a wonderful dressing-up box with which they could be disguised as goddesses, nymphs or vestal virgins. So Mrs Musters becomes Hebe, the actress Sara Siddons the Tragic Muse… At the same time, he could deploy an enchanting sense of humour. In his picture of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, with her Daughter, Lady Georgina Cavendish (1784) the interplay of mother and infant is captured with relaxed indulgence; splendid as it is, the portrait presents the sitters as though Reynolds were a doting godfather, delighted by their mutual happiness. A childless bachelor, he was inspired by children to some of his most attractive works (15. – P.77-79).

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792) AND THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788)

Both painters had a manner that must have been pleasing to their models, but they differed greatly in their approach. In a memorable analysis of their portraits, Edgar Wind not only pinpointed these differences but connected them with two basic attitudes of human behavior formulated by David Hume on the one hand and by Samuel Johnson, James Beattie, and Edmund Burke on the other.

The basic conflict was alluded to in Reynolds’ eulogy of Gainsborough after his rival’s death. Ending years of mutual coldness, if not hostility, they had recently made peace, since each could not help recognising the other’s genius; Reynolds, conscious of his responsibilities as president of the Royal Academy, felt obliged to temper his praise of Gainsborough with a warning to his students. Gainsborough, he said, had seen the world “with the eye of the painter, not the poet.” This was a clear allusion to Horace’s dictum that painting should follow poetry. Reynolds was deeply convinced that art was only worthy of the name if it poetically transfigured reality. In his own portraits he followed the “grand manner” of the French academicians, heightening the effect through the addition of fitting formal or iconographic elements. Military heroes were rendered in dramatic light and heroic poses; actors were shown in favourite roles; and ladies were disguised as goddesses, saints, or vestal virgins if their social activity did not make a Thais or a Danae appropriate. He also paid his respects to tradition by quoting”, more or less literally, from the ancients and the masters of the
Renaissance. Thus one lady holding a child might strike the pose of a Raphael Madonna, while another might evoke Salvati’s Allegory of Chastity, Mrs Siddons, famous as a dramatic actress, was modelled after Michelangelo’s prophets on the Sistine Ceiling when Reynolds painted her as the tragic Muse, enthroned between Pity and Terror.

All this was alien to Gainsborough’s temperament and conception of art. Living in London only reluctantly, averse to all intellectual ambitions and pretensions, happiest when outdoors in nature or making music with friends, Gainsborough aimed at an art that could be described as “natural” in the sense in which Hume used the word. Just as to Hume the “natural” attitude of man was that which avoids both excessive pride and humility, so Gainsborough’s models never posture or strut, and never pose as anything other than what they are – or what he felt they should be. For just as the Caroline society was probably quite unlike what Van Dyck made of it, so the ladies and gentlemen posing for Gainsborough were hardly beings in Gainsborough’s canvases. Like Van Dyck, whom he worshipped, Gainsborough stressed slender proportion, elegant costumes, and a charming negligence of pose. Despite these similarities, Gainsborough’s figures can never be mistaken for anything but members of the fashionable society of eighteenth-century England. It is probably fair to say that Gainsborough’s interpretation contributed more to shaping the historic image of the society than Reynolds’ flashier portraits. And just as Watteau may have influenced the social behavior of eighteenth-century Frenchman, Gainsborough’s figures may have made an important contribution to the overt manners of English aristocracy; if nothing else, they shaped its popular image.

Thus, when Gainsborough painted Mrs. Siddons, he made no reference to her profession. Immaculately groomed and dressed with dazzling chic, she sits quietly on a chair, patiently posing for a painter who seems to have enamoured of the play of light on her stripped dress, the soft undulations of her powdered hair, the extravagant silhouette of her plumed hat, but who did not give a farthing that his model was a celebrated actress. Gainsborough’s portrait of his friend Dr. Schomberg nowhere hints that this gentleman briefly stopping on a stroll in the country is a physician; and whereas Reynolds appears in his self-portraits either as the professional painter – once even borrowing an outfit like Rembrandt’s – or as the president of the Royal Academy, Gainsborough’s self-portraits are in no way different from his other works.

Gainsborough’s increasing success as a fashionable portraitist was bought at a price, as may be seen in the contrast between his portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews of about 1749 and the picture known as the Morning Walk of 1785. Obviously the late work is the result of skilful planning; the young couple walks in unison, and even the dog is in step. The execution has the shimmering lightness, the mercurial touch characteristic of Gainsborough’s last year. The early work, by comparison, looks somewhat disjoined and unbalanced. And yet the young Andrews couple is real, and the scenery is part of a real English landscape. Gainsborough had begun his career by studying Dutch masters, and something of Dutch plainness still reverberates in the picture. Confronted with the unassuming solidity of the Andrews couple the pair in the Morning Walk look as insubstantial as the landscape behind them. Toward the end of his life Gainsborough worked in this ethereal vein when painting landscapes and rustic genre scenes, the so-called “fancy pictures” to which he devoted much time and thought (3. – P.141-143).
Gainsborough turbed to the Old Masters, especially to Van Dyck. To this study he brought an innate genius for drawing that Reynolds never possessed, and a sensuous delight in colour and movement that seems at times to amount to almost an intoxication with them. No other painter has thus caught, at his best, the essence of silks and lace in motion, nor the tremulous flicker of the eyelash. In contrast to Reynolds’, the essence of his genius was intuitive, the touch of the brush getting ever lighter, the atmosphere ever more aerial. The particular discovery of Gainsborough was the creation of a form of art in which the sitters and the background merge into a single entity. The landscape is not kept in the background, but in most cases man and nature are fused in a single whole through the atmospheric harmony of mood. It is no accident that in the works of Gainsborough’s late maturity the figures blend with the background to such an extent that they become almost transparent. This effect was possible only by situating the figures in the background, not in order to add an element to the portrait but with the sole purpose of achieving the greatest possible degree of spontaneity. It was at the same striving for spontaneity which prevented Gainsborough from portraying his society people in historical costume or striking attitudes. This was a distinct innovation at a time when the whole tradition was to extol an ideal and historical concept of beauty, to abandon nature and embrace artificiality.

Each of Gainsborough’s portraits is distinct and individual, even though taken as a whole, they depict an entire society in its significant manifestations. Gainsborough’s truthful and subtle rendering of character is typical of his portrait painting. His special insight into the psychology of women make him essentially the woman’s painter.

One of the most fascinating of his works is the study of his “Two Daughters”. In its unfinished state it is an exquisite study of young girlhood. Its light colour scheme of blues and yellows belongs to his early period. Later he enriched his palette, but he invariably kept his scheme cool, preferring blues. In such a masterpiece as the glorious “Mrs. Siddons”? The prevailing colour is blue, but it loses nothing in richness against any work in more intimate colour. There is a kind of English reserve about Gainsborough’s blues, which belong essentially to his spirit.

Gainsborough’s painting is not overburdened by too scrupulous an observance of rules and percepts. The immediacy and spontaneity which are present in nature are present also in his work, to the extent of giving the impression that the artist’s supreme ability entirely natural and spontaneous.

Emphasis is nearly always placed on the season in both the landscape and the portraits, from the time of Gainsborough’s early works until the years of his late maturity. In the most famous early painting Robert Andrews and Mary, His Wife Gainsborough shows the pleasure of resting on a rustic bench in the cool shade of an oak tree, while all around the ripe harvest throbs in a hot atmosphere enveloped in golden light. In his late work “The Market Cart”, painted in 1786-1787, that is shortly before Gainsborough’s death, the season is autumn, and the picture is penetrated throughout by the richness and warmth of colour of this season, by its scents of drenched earth and marshy undergrowth.

Contrasts of light and shade in a context of flowing, curved and broken lines, produce an impression of animation and mobility which is the characteristic of Gainsborough’s art. This mobility is directly connected with the technique of seizing an effect in a rapid stroke, so that a beauty of form emerges from his bold execution and
masterly technique. A mobile and weightless quality is found also in the background details and the draperies, where vibrant patches of light have a fluid translucent consistency which recalls the manner of Rubens and anticipates Goya. The formal elements of the painting – colours and lines – thus become expressive in their own right (3. – P.92-94).

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Like Reynolds, from whom as a creative personality he could hardly be more different, Gainsborough was a born experimenter. He evolved a virtuoso way with the brush, effortlessly evoking soft flesh, satins, and background landscape. After he moved to a smart address in London in 1774, his method of painting became ever freer. He would tie his brush to a cane and so paint at long range, as it were. Reynolds admired ‘his manner of forming all the parts of his picture together; the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner as nature creates her works.’ Gainsborough’s great patrons relished the easy elegance that he conferred on them. The ‘liquefaction’ of his draperies carried echoes of Van Dyck. In his Blue Boy (c.1770) he dressed his young sitter in fashionable ‘Vandyck’ dress to salute that inspiration...

Gainsborough’s penchant for experiment was most intriguing in the matter of landscape. He was given to muttering that he would gladly give up portraits altogether and paint landscape only. Of course portraits paid far too well. Most of his landscapes were imagery. Even his view in The Mall (1783), with fashionable - and indentifiable – couples strolling under the trees, has more in common with the courtly fantasies of Watteau than with late 18th-century London. He was disinclined to the ‘idle affectation of introducing mythological learning in any of his pictures’, though at the end of his life he made a large oil sketch of Diana and Actaeon, a ravishing rococo homage to Titian, in which nude figures are grouped in a purely imaginary woodland landscape (15. – P.94-96).

WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake (1757 -1827)... is the best-known of the late 18th-century history painters today. We don’t think of his as a history painter, perhaps, but is precisely what he was... but he avoided the usual grandeur of scale, preferring watercolour, or an invented ‘Fresco’ of his own, a sort of tempera made using carpenter’s glue, which tended to darken severely over time. He also evolved a unique printing technique that had been revealed to him by his dead brother in a vision. Here are further manifestations of the fascination with technical experiment so typical of the age. Oddly, Blake’s watercolour technique is less adventurous than that of many of his contemporaries, but he uses it powerfully for his own purposes.

Blake’s historical subjects are from the bible to Milton...Fuseli famously observed that ‘Blake is damned good to steal from.’ But he also illustrated his own stories, legends from a complicated mythology expounded in a series of long poems issued in his ‘Prophetic Books’, published (in tiny editions, for private circulation) from the 1790s to the 1820s. On their pages, long and dense texts are couched in richly imagined illuminated borders in which he cast of idealized characters, spirits and fairies come irresistibly to life.

Blake’s visual language is highly personal, and to some eyes shares the absurdity of his heroes Barry and Fuseli. It is essentially the same as theirs: exaggerated gestures, distorted poses; but his work has an intensity, partly the result of its rela-
tively small scale, that gives it an altogether different romance. It is based on an idea of pure outline that Blake elevated into a philosophy. He praised the ‘distinct, sharp and wirey bounding line’ as the essence of powerful expression…

Like most painters of history, Blake could not attract many patrons. All his career he was obliged to undertake hack reproductive engraving for livelihood…

Whether in line or stone Flaxman’s art is cool, the epitome of classical restraint, while Blake’s is at variance with the afflatus of true inspiration, which he claimed to derive from his nightly visions of the great and good of past ages. Despite its often sophisticated invention, his work also has an almost childlike quality which echoes that of his lyric poetry: the author of ‘Tyger, tyger burning bright / In the forests of the night’ cannot be accused of empty pretentiousness. Blake’s prophetic passion, with its accompaniment of ‘visions’, was often accounted lunacy, and when in 1809 he mounted an exhibition of his paintings, mostly in his experimental ‘Fresco’ medium, it was dismissed as the ravings of a madman. In some ways he was at a distant remove from the age of scientific rationalism; one of his most famous images shows Sir Isaac Newton crouched at the bottom of the sea of materialism, futilely measuring what can never be measured. Blake can better be understood as a pioneer of Romanticism (15. – P.111-114).

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER. BY M. BUTLIN AND E.JOLL

Turner, Joseph Mallord William (1775 – 1851) presents us with one of the many paradoxes of English Romantic art. He was essentially self-taught, but was also a fervent and lifelong supporter of the Royal Academy; he felt instinctively drawn to classical antiquity, and yet the colouristic basis of his art tended to subvert the neo-classical aesthetic of his day; he led an essentially solitary, social recognition and royal patronage; in some ways a rough-hewn cockney humorist in the tradition of English satirical art, he also brought to English painting – its most sustained sense of the tragedy of landscape.

The son of a London barber, Turner passes his adolescence as the humble assistant of printsellers and architectural draughtsmen. He entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1789, began exhibiting topographical watercolours in 1790 and his first oil, a marine, in 1796. Turner established his reputation and fortune early through topographical commissions for publishers and private patrons. He quickly developed a prominent position in the art life of the capital: he was Professor of Perspective at the Academy 1807 – 1837 (although he only lectured 1811 – 1828); from 1807 to 1819 he published his work in a superb series of engravings entitled Liber Studiorum , after both new and existing designs, and classified according to a rather spurious range of landscape and marine types. In 1804 he opened his first private gallery, and in the late 1820s, perhaps through the stimulus of his friend, the architect Sir John Soane, he conceived a plan to leave the contents of his gallery and studio to the nation, together with almshouses and aged landscape artists. Complications in the will prevented this plan from being realised, but the opening of the Clore Gallery on Millbank should go some way fulfilling these intentions.

Turner was always a dedicated traveller; he visited many parts of Britain in the 1790s and in 1802 made the first of several trips to the Continent (France and Switzerland). Holand and Germany were visited in 1817 and Italy two years later. Towards the end of his life he made repeated excursions to Venice and to Switzerland, and his last foreign tour was in Normandy in 1845. He was always especially at-
tracted to the sublime scenery of mountains and to those river, lake and coasted sites which allow him to explore the broad and luminous effects of sky reflected by water.

Turner never lacked for patronage, but from the 1820s he began seriously to assemble a comprehensive section of his major works himself, sometimes buying them up in the saleroom, for preservation in what he hoped would be his Turner Gallery. This applied to oils; watercolours he took less seriously, and yet it was the procedures developed for making extensive series of watercolours after... He would lay in a large number of designs at the same time and work them up simultaneously until they were finished, abandoning many in various stages of completion along the way. Thus his bequest to the nation includes many works which were never finished, and these include many of his popular canvases like Yacht approaching Cast (c.1840; Tate) and Norham Castle, Sunrise (c.1845; Tate). The procedures of oil and watercolour were, indeed, intimately related throughout Turner's career; and, in more general terms, the effects of the small-scale book-illustrations of the late 1820s and 1830s (such as the vignettes for Samuel Rogers' Italy of 1830) may be felt in many oils of the last 2 decades of Turner's life, and especially in the series of small canvases of the early 1840s, of which Peace; Burial at Sea (1841-21; Tate) is perhaps the best-known example.

Turner's reputation was, as it is, based on his extraordinary capacity to evoke the nuances of natural and artificial light; yet his ambitions led him constantly into the study of history, mythology and natural philosophy, and to embody these studies in his art. Only recently has attention been redirected to his subject-matter, to his extensive knowledge of the art of the past, and to the literary aspects of his mind and production, aspects to which it is fair to say we owe both his astonishing range of themes and the peculiar intensity which he brought to subjects of sublime nature (4. – P.132-134).

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775 – 1851)

Bashful, awkwardly aware of his social shortcomings, he was nonetheless convinced of his genius as a painter, and cast himself, tacitly, as a national hero with a national hero with a mission to place British painting on a par with the Italians and the Dutch. More, he would place landscape painting on a par with history. He was a student at the Academy Schools by the age of fourteen, sixteen when he listened to Reynolds' final Discourse in 1791. Reynolds remained a hero and model for him all his life, and to understand his art we need to recognize his origins in the Reynoldsian school of grand generalization.

It was integral to his ambition that he should be a Royal Academician, part of the body that represented his profession at its most august. He embraced the idea of the Old Masters as exemplars of all that is greatest in painting. His own art would continue that tradition. He claimed it was the sight of a print after a seascape by Van de Velde that 'made me a painter', and his reputation for the Dutch marine artists. His love of ideal landscape equally originated in historical precedent. One day, looking at a Claude that belonged to the banker J.J. Angerstein, he was so overcome that he burst into tears. 'Mr Angerstein enquired the cause and pressed for an answer, when Turner said passionately, “Because I shall never be able to paint anything like that picture.”

That sense of rivalry with the best spurred Turner all his life. In so far as it was a matter of professional competition, it was a political emotion in the spirit of the age. But it was also a private, creative urge. Turner's art, with all its Academic tendencies,
its emulation of the Old Masters, is quintessentially the art of a Romantic. In any case, it cannot be summarized in terms of one set of ideas. If ‘Turner imitated his predecessors, and, despite his own misgivings, eventually did manage to out-Claude Claude, he was also a Wordworthian, a meditator on the power and beauty of nature.

He began his career as a watercolour topographer, training as an architectural draughtsman even while he attended the Royal Academy’s drawing classes. In the 1790s, he experimented with watercolour, forging it into an unprecedentedly powerful medium, able not only to vie with oil in evoking sublime grandeur, but to catch every nuance of landscape and atmospheric effect. His understanding of watercolour was enriched by experiments with oil at this time, and in due course of painting became for him a translation of watercolour practice: the two disciplines cross-fertilized one another. He applied Reynolds’s dicta about high seriousness to landscape painting, seeking examples in the work of his older contemporaries… Without that 18th-century point of reference, Turner would have been quite a different artist (15. – P.118-119).

TURNER’S FOLKESTONE FROM THE SEA

This work of outstanding excellence reveals every gift and hints at every promise of Turner’s genius. The cloudscape is very varied, and yet so essentially has the castled hill been made part of the design that the artist has achieved triumphant pictorial unity. The figures in the boats are a revelation of Turner’s scrupulously conscientious methods. The study of them is like the study of a poem of many exquisite verses. Great is the research and observation that must have gone to the making up of this group. The costumes are as convincing in their accuracy as they are felicitous in their juxtaposition. All the figures are grouped with rare skill on the craft, which has been placed in the sea and not upon it by a master whose keels are as solidly set in the waves as are his most firm-set buildings on rock foundations. Turner at his greatest is far beyond the breath of challenge (11. – P.4).

JOHN CONSTABLE. AFTER R.B.BECKETT

Constable, John (1776 – 1837) has generally been regarded as the paradigm of the English landscape artist. Even in his own lifetime and in spite of his general lack of recognition, he gave his name to that small tract of the Stour Valley in Suffolk, between East Bergholt, and Dedham, which provided the subjects for so much of his painting. The son of a wealthy miller in Bergholt he was a slow developer, and always suffered from his family’s disapproval of his vocation as artist. Although he joined the Royal Academy Schools as a student in 1799, he at first owed little to that institution except a belief in the supreme virtues of nature, as expounded by Reynolds (a painter he always profoundly admired), and a love of the art of the past, especially Gainsborough, Claude, Ruisdael and Rembrandt.

From 1802 until 1820 his art was based on an obsessive involvement with the scenery of his native place, translated into pictures chiefly through the procedures of sketching in oils, which had been in vogue among young English landscapists since before 1800, but which were developed by him into a tool of unsurpassed range and refinement. Not only sketches, but also a number of exhibited works of the 1820s seem to have been the products of outdoor painting. The crowning achievement of this Suffolk-based phase of constable’s works is his most famous picture, The Hay-wan, which he showed at the Royal Academy in 1821 under the characteristic title of landscape: Noon.
This 6-foot canvas was, however, painted in the studio, the third of a series of large Stour scenes designed essentially for exhibition, and specially related to Constable’s tardy recognition by the Royal Academy, of which he was elected an Associate only in 1819. From then onwards he based himself in London, and Hampstead, and although he continued to paint many subjects from Stour Valley sketches, his interests broadened to include many other parts of England, as well as much more purely aesthetic and even scientific problems related to landscape art. The 5-foot canvases of the 1820s came to be worked out with the help of full-size compositional sketches; and work on this scale concentrated Constable’s attention as never before on purely painterly considerations. By the mid 1820s topography and even verisimilitude had ceased to play a determining role...His private income ensured him a living, and he seems, like Turner, to have planned a museum to house his collection. In the event, the bulk of his studio, including an incomparable series of oil sketches, was presented in the 1880s to the Royal Academy.

In 1829 Constable was made a full Academician, and the last years of his life were largely spent in consolidating his reputation, by the publication of a series of mezzotint engravings by David Lucas (1802 – 1881) after his work, *English Landscape Scenery*, somewhat on the model of Turner’s *Libert Studiorum*, but with ample commentaries by the artist himself. He also took to lecturing on the subject of the history and practice of landscape.

Although Constable was never a popular painter until after his death, and was rarely commissioned to paint anything but portrait and even religious works. It is an irony that a painter who prided himself on never travelling abroad, and who despised modern art on the Continent, should have had an important following in France, from the early 1820s, and even in Germany from about 10 years later. Leslie’s picture of a benign and dedicated ‘natural painter’ shaped the reception of constable until very recent research (notable the full publication of the correspondence) revealed a much more aggressively ambitious personality. Renewed attention to the late work has served to emphasise the importance of academic thinking in Constable; and studies like Ernst Gombrich’s *Art and Illusion* (1960) have, indeed, undermined the very notion of ‘natural’ painting (4. – P.149 – 151).

DANTE GABRIELI ROSSETTI

Rossetti was always the odd man among the PreRaphaelites... He based his work not on guaranteed personal observation like his fellows PHBs but on his own imaginings...The doings of the heroes from a misty, half-real past were mere important to him than the present day which, like Carlyle, Pugin and Ruskin, he thought tainted by corrupt and exploitative capitalism. His associate in a number of enterprises, William Morris (1834 – 1896), was a committed socialist whose projects, whether for book design or for a Guild of Art-Workers, were driven by a combined need to return in spirit to a more honest past and a desire to make the arts expressive of a whole community rather than a small privileged class. His principle activities were in the applied arts, but in the 1850s he was a painter, in a decidedly Rossettian version of Pre-Raphaelitism.

As for Rossetti himself, his art became more and more introspective. His concentrated watercolours and pen-and-ink drawings of scenes from the life of Dante, especially concerning Dante’s idealizing love for Beatrice, were largely autobiographical, expressing his own yearnings and aspirations. But in spite of the spirituality
of his inspiration he was a highly sensual personality, stirred by strong feelings for women. By the end of the 1850s he had begun to paint portraits of his inamoratas, idealized and increasingly shorn of the constraints of normal portraiture. They appear, in close-up, staring out languishingly and framed in cascades of red-gold hair. A woman tending and combing her loose hair, like Lady Lilith in Rossetti’s picture of 1863, is engaged in an act that is a metaphor for caressing the body, in rapt reverie, as though preoccupied by erotic thoughts...During the 1860s and 1870s Rossetti painted and drew innumerable portraits of this type. Lady Lilith refers to ‘Adam’s first wife’, as he put it in a sonnet on the same theme: she is the original temptress responsible for the Fall of Man – these women are dangerous. Beata Beatrix (1864 – 1870) returns to the Dante and Beatrice motif, and shows Rossetti’s wife, Lizzie Siddal... as Dante’s beloved in ecstatic prayer. A haloed bird brings her a white poppy. But that poppy symbolizes death. this is a picture about death, the death of both Beatrice and Lizzie herself, who had taken an overdose of laudanum in 1862. The figure, both actual sitter and imagined subject, is both alive and dead: the exact moment of transition is portrayed. These thoughts of death are shot through with a powerful eroticism: the often-mentioned parallel between death and orgasm inevitably comes to mind.

In pictures like this Rossetti anticipates developments that were to gather momentum in European art over the next decades, and would find literary expression in poetry – his own, and that of his friend Algernon Charles Swinburne, and several Franch writers, notably Charles Baudlaire. Love and death are perennial themes, the woman-monster, seducer and destroys a recurrent image. The culminating formulation of this international movement, variously known as ‘Symbolism’ or ‘Decadance’, is Sigmund Freud’s work on dreams and the working of the unconscious (15. – P.172 – 173).

**SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES**

Many people felt disorientation and desolation in the wake of Darwin’s terrible revelations. If the world we know had evolved slowly by chance over many millennia, and men were descended from apes, was there room for God? Christianity began to seem vulnerable, illusory. Hardly surprisingly, the Christian art of the late 19th century breathes of pallid ghosts. The supreme image-maker in this period is Edward Burne-Jones, who is inseparably associated with greyish, etiolated figures, their pale thin faces staring unfocused into nothingness.

He began more robustly as a dedicated follower of Rossetti, producing neurotically intense drawings and watercolours of subjects taken from medieval ballads and Christian legend. He designed stained glass for Morris’s firm, Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., with bold simplified forms and strong colour. His work of the 1800s is strange, beautiful and highly personal. After about 1870s he responded to public acclaim with larger pictures, executed sometimes in a form of tempera, sometimes in a dry scumbled oil technique. Both methods have the effect of interposing a membrane between the viewer and the image, the mirror-glass between us and the world of dreams.

In the late 1860s Burne-Jones began work on a series of four pictures showing the story of Pygmalion and the Image. The artist, Pygmalion, falls in love with his own creation. The loved object is both alive and not-alive, a statue given breath by the goddess of love. The refinement and cool restraint of composition and colouring belies the suppressed eroticism of the series. Burne-Jones took up the theme again in King
Cophetua and the Beggar Maid (1884), based on a poem by Tennyson, in which the king’s love transforms the beggar girl into a queen. The suggestion of egalitarianism appealed to Morris and Burne-Jones’s other socialist friends, but it is less a political than a romantic statement of the power of love to transcend all barriers. Cophetia was acclaimed at the Paris Exposition Universallie in 1889. Burne-Jones was imitated in Belgium by Fernard Khnopf, in Vienna by Gustav Klimt, in Spain by the youthful Picasso. The Continental links were emphasized when in 1877 Sir Coutts Lindsay founded the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, where British and Continental painters and sculptures showed work side by side (15. - P.175-176).
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Козырева Мария Александровна

ИСТОРИЯ КУЛЬТУРЫ ВЕЛИКОБРИТАНИИ

Часть 2

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