Against Arcadia: English Mock-Pastoral and Mock-Georgic, 1660-1740

by

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Abstract

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Against Arcadia: English Mock-Pastoral and Mock-Georgic, 1660-1740 is a study of the receptions of the ancient Greek and Roman genres or modes of pastoral and georgic in the British nations and Ireland by poets of the Restoration and early eighteenth century, in particular Andrew Marvell, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, Jonathan Swift, John Gay, and Alexander Pope. It argues that the traditional and still-dominant literary history of pastoral and georgic in English, which sees these poetic forms in terminal decline after the deaths of the "last Renaissance poets," John Milton and Andrew Marvell, is mistaken, and seeks to reconfigure that history.

In the case of pastoral, most readers have proceeded from a mistaken belief that arcadian or soft pastoral, marked by idealizing, sentimental, romance conventions, was the traditional nature of this poetic form and that the waning of poetry of this kind after 1660 thus represented the decline and fall of pastoral. This study argues on the contrary that such arcadian accretions to the main trunk of Graeco-Roman and medieval pastoral in fact date primarily from the widespread popularity of Jacopo Sannazaro's *Arcadia* and other "soft" pastoral Renaissance texts, and that Rochester, Swift, Gay, and Pope, by their vibrant retrieval of the thematic and contextual reference of ancient pastoral, especially its paradigmatic practitioners Theocritus and Vergil, reactivate the traditional nature of the genre: pastoral had in fact always been highly ironized, philosophically skeptic, and often scabrously sexualized, surprisingly "modern" almost two thousand years before modernity.

In the case of georgic, this study argues, a similar misprision has traditionally led literary history to suppose that the earnest true georgics of the eighteenth century (didactic and landscape-descriptive poems by Philips, Somervile, Thomson, Dyer, Grainger, Jago) were the direct descendants of Hesiodic and especially Vergilian georgic. In fact, this study argues, it is the mock-georgics of Marvell, Rochester, Swift, Gay, and Pope that lay the best claim to that identity, marked as they are not only by ancient georgic's irony, skepticism of ideas of natural innocence and ease, and consciousness of the dislocations and losses of civil and foreign war, in sharp contrast to the earnest, naturalist or optimist,

and progressive themes of eighteenth-century true georgics (which are not in this sense "true" at all). Instead, informed in Marvell's case by the experience of the defeat of the republican and Whig cause at the Restoration, and in the case of Swift, Gay, and Pope by the aftermath of the Stuart dynasty's major reverses in 1688 and 1714, they imagine and satirize a landscape, and cityscape, that are gradually descending to political and cultural ruin.

in piam memoriam

Herley Sterling Boyd and José Ascensión (Chon) Muñoz

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INTRODUCTION

Against Arcadia: English Mock-Pastoral and Mock-Georgic, 1660-1740

> Man, *n*. An animal so lost in rapturous contemplation of what he thinks he is as to overlook what he indubitably ought to be.
>
> Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*

> *I* envy the countryman, *you* the city-dweller.
> Whoever admires another's surroundings dislikes his own;
> Yet each is a fool to blame the place, which doesn't deserve it.
> The mind is the real culprit – it never escapes from itself.
>
> Horace, *Epistles* 1.14 (trans. Niall Rudd)

> Swift certainly did not write… with a copy of Virgil in front of him, but the modern critic must painfully present an array of detail in order to trace something which was once the very stuff of thought. Works that in the past flourished in the minds of men as green and living presences have to be restored to our twentieth-century minds before an argument about particular design and effects can even begin.
>
> Margaret Anne Doody

The untold story of English mock-pastoral and mock-georgic in the Restoration and earlier eighteenth century is a curious lacuna in literary history. Critics have hitherto devoted only glancing attention to these surprising, suggestive, and highly entertaining modes. Annabel Patterson's pan-European survey *Pastoral and Ideology, Virgil to Valéry* (1987) for instance devotes eight pages, a *précis* of the Pope/Philips controversy, to British pastorals of the Restoration and early eighteenth century, and none to the mock-pastorals; Paul Alpers' more closely analytical *What is Pastoral?* (1996) contains just two brief citations of Pope, and does not mention the pastorals, mock- or otherwise, of Rochester, Swift, Gay, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The mock-georgics of the Restoration and early eighteenth century, meanwhile, languish in comparable obscurity. John Chalker's *The English Georgic: A Study in the Development of a Form* (1969), though it allows fifteen pages to Gay's *Trivia*, devotes barely a page to Swift's "City Shower" and otherwise omits the period's mock-georgics, to focus on earnest neo-georgics like *Windsor-Forest* and *The Seasons*; while Anthony Low's *The Georgic Revolution* (1985) sets itself a chronological limit in the death of Milton, just as the better part of a century of mock-georgic and mock-pastoral florescence was getting under way.[1]

[1] Annabel Patterson, *Pastoral and Ideology, Virgil to Valéry* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1987), 206-14; Paul Alpers, *What is Pastoral?* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1996), 10n, 268; John Chalker, *The English Georgic: A Study in the Development of a Form* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969), 163-78; Anthony Low, *The Georgic Revolution* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1985), 296-352.

It is precisely this dynamic period and its vibrant mock-pastorals and mock-georgics that are the focus of this study, an attempt to set these parodic genres within a systematic account of Restoration and Georgian receptions and transformations of the Graeco-Roman topographic genres in Britain and Ireland.[2] It is my hope therefore that the conclusions reached by this study will deepen and broaden literary history 1660-1740, and rebalance it by tracing a vital continuity from Renaissance pastoral and Civil War georgic through the Restoration and on into the eighteenth century, two periods of British literary history usually treated as sharply discontinuous. Beyond its intended readership in English studies, moreover, I hope that it will assist classicists working on early modern receptions of Graeco-Roman poets and genres. Partly for this reason, I have attempted catholicity and holism in this study, not only of method but also of medium, so far as scholarly possible. Restoration and early-eighteenth-century visual culture and musical culture are seamlessly joined in time and place with the mock-pastorals and mock-georgics, and often by the artistic collaboration of their respective creators (the Philips/Handel birthday ode for Queen Anne, to cite an earnest instance). Both mainstream painters and engravers like Hogarth (*A Harlot's Progress*, *The Four Times of the Day*) and marginal or scandalous printmakers treat themes taken up in Swift's mock-georgics or Montagu's mock-pastorals for instance and in a few cases engage with the poems themselves.[3]

This study nevertheless has its center of gravity in analysis of poetic texts, English mock-topographies written and published 1660-1740, with some attention to earnest neo-pastorals and -georgics (Dryden's 1697 Vergil translations). The intention is to give a comprehensive account of their transforming reception of the Graeco-Roman genres and the namesake medieval and Renaissance modes that grew out of them.[4] Such an account must, I believe, rest on close inductive study of the mock-topographies' diachronic relations to their poetic pretexts (travesty, translation, *etc*.) and their synchronic relations one to another – rather than on deductive analysis of genre definitions, or "theory" that determines rather than grows from inquiry, or some other unsatisfactory method. Touching genre, incidentally, this study also suggests a working theory of genre and

---

[2] I use the provisional term *topographia* in its root sense, place-writing, to refer collectively to pastoral and georgic, two genres or modes that depict country places shaped by animal husbandry and agriculture.

[3] Swift wishes for Hogarth's collaboration against political enemies in the Irish House of Commons at the end of *A Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion Club*, 219-28: "How I want thee, humorous *Hogart*? / Thou I hear, a pleasant Rogue art; / Were but you and I acquainted, / Every Monster should be painted; / You should try your graving Tools / On this odious Group of Fools; / Draw the Beasts as I describe 'em, / Form their Features, while I gibe them; / Draw them like, for I assure you, / You will need no *Car'catura*." Harold Williams (ed.), *The Poems of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 3 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958), 839. *Legion Club* is in one sense a pastoral poem too because the targets of its rage voted in favor of landowners who, to Swift's mortification, resisted paying pasturage tithes to the Established Church. See P. J. Schakel, "Virgil and the Dean," *Studies in Philology* 70 (1973), 427-38.

[4] The positive precursors of the mock-topographies 1660-1740 are primarily ancient, as the mock-pastoral and mock-georgic turn is essentially a return to sources, a recuperation of the ironized Theocritean and Vergilian strain – but medieval and Renaissance pastoral texts, especially in arcadian mode, are also *negative* precursors; Restoration and Georgian mock-topographers, especially the Scriblerians, create by reacting against them.

mode for pastoral and georgic building on the accounts of Alastair Fowler and others, to reach conclusions about what I provisionally call the "polyphemean" or "polyphemic" modes of pastoral and georgic: modes themselves mutually intermixed from their ancient origins as I explain in chapter 4 to form what might be termed "agro-pastoral," and which are in the literal if not literary-critical sense *satura*, farrago or mixture, that Roman genre most famously practiced by Juvenal, the ancient satirist whose influence looms largest in the poets studied here and whose *saturae* themselves received pastoral and georgic ironically.[5]

I take my cue for "polyphemic" from the archetypically pastoral Polyphemus, more famous as the Cyclops of the *Odyssey* and Euripides' satyr play, whose *buffo*/*serio* (in operatic terms) personality and discourse are central to Theocritus' *Idylls* 6 and 11 and to Vergil, *Eclogue* 2, where he is modified to Corydon (and in miniature to Silenus in *Eclogue* 6). Strictly speaking *poluphēmos* means much-spoken or much-reported, thus "famous." But of course Polyphemus himself does not speak strictly. Like his archenemy Odysseus, who is *polutropos*, a man of many turns famous for prevaricating, Polyphemus is frequently ironic, though where Odysseus' irony is usually verbal, saying one thing and meaning another, Polyphemus' is often situational and dramatic; he is more ironized that ironic. His personality, now gentle, now savage, and his speech, which is earnest and ironized by turns, set the tone for pastoral poetry's multifarious and often ambiguous reference, both interextual and contextual, from its very beginning, a complexity and plurality that are if anything even more marked in agro-pastoral Vergilian georgic. I therefore suggest polyphemic over the better-known "polyphonic" because it is pastoral's and georgic's plural *speech* or signification, rather than their plural *voice* or tone, that has crucial interpretive consequences.

This study, however, though it begins with close textual and intertextual analysis, does not end there. If a concise isolation of the critical question is, how and why are the ancient genres of pastoral and georgic transformed – and renewed – in British reception 1660-1740, newly broad and deep scholarship on the mock-pastorals and mock-georgics must analyze poetic forms, thematic contents, and historical contexts all at once. Thus a careful, systematic study will lead *from* form *through* theme *to* context, a way on which each stage is necessary yet not sufficient for a comprehensive conclusion, one which cumulates insights from all three. In this study, therefore, technical questions of form and intertext (What are the ancient and medieval genres imitated by Rochester's mock-pastoral "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay"?) and substantive questions of content and context (What are the relations of Gay's town georgic to the sexual culture of Hanoverian London?) are critical categories that can be distinguished in theory but are never separated in practice. Each entails the other, and in literary historiography aiming at any depth or complexity they cannot usefully be isolated.

From the formal and intertextual point of view, one of the mock-topographies' chief identities is their shared status as what Pat Rogers has called parapoetry: imitative writing that, however mocking or irreverent with its precursor texts, depends on leaving intact and not absorbing them, giving a measurably different version and thereby assuring

[5] Alpers, *What is Pastoral?*, ch. 2, "Mode and Genre," 44-78; Alastair Fowler, *Kinds of Literature: An Introduction to the Theory of Genres and Modes* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1982), 77-82, 106-11, 202-06.

its own alterity and separate existence. Such parapoetic imitation, insisting on the historical specificity of both itself and its precursor, is fundamentally opposed to metaphrase, "which gives the literal sense and in a way replaces the original," such that in "modern intertextual references… the new text absorbs its predecessor… The key element here is an idea of transference or transformation."[6] In parapoetic mock-pastoral there is none of the synthesizing, totalizing energy of, say, *Lycidas*, where an ambitious attempt is made to internalize the entire pastoral poetic tradition in Milton's individual talent.

What for taxonomic convenience's sake we label mock-pastorals and mock-georgics, moreover, share another deep identity: heterogeneity truly such. For despite titles advertising descent from Theocritus or Vergil the mock-topographies are mongrelized: they are born of pastoral or georgic but have been fertilized by multiple genres. (Pastoral is already a sophisticated genre in Theocritus, and has certain georgic elements admixed, and Vergilian georgic in turn contains pastoral elements, as I explain in chapter 4.) They are polyphemic, plural-voiced, *buffo*/*serio* texts, a modality which sets them apart from older, "purer" genres in Graeco-Roman antiquity (epic, lyric, *etc*.) which are also mixed but not on this scale. "The Lady's Dressing Room" for instance semaphores pastoral genre-markers but Swift is heavily indebted to the erotic lyric of Ovid's *Remedia amoris* (itself a species of transferred georgic), and the poem also stirs into the mix medieval beast fable, *donna ideale* troubadour song, and other literary kinds. And in sheer gendered contempt for an enemy, up to and including hitting her with fat jokes, an eclogue like Montagu's "Monday: Roxana, or the Drawing-room" calls up not so much Vergil or even Theocritus as Juvenal, whose own *sui generis* poems are also a farrago of other, older kinds, seethed over the satirist's righteous indignation to make *satura*.[7]

Indeed, Juvenal and *satura* as mixed mode, farrago or medley, are key to understanding the formal and structural norms of satiric pastorals and satiric georgics. For the discontinuous qualities the mock-topographies share as a body – their parapoetic intertextuality and their generic polyphemism – make them paradigmatic *satura*. Indeed, in Alastair Fowler's phrase, "satire catalyzes generic mixture."[8] There is mixture without assimilation; the various precursor texts and the influences they shed are held in suspension rather than solution. And the paradigm case of this parapoetic intertextuality and generic polyphemism is Juvenalian Swift, in Ricardo Quintana's neat formulation

> the great master of what we might call the comedy of discontinuity:
> things are *not* the same clear through; when the surface is broken open,
> when the outer layer is peeled off, when the beau is stripped of his fine

[6] Rogers, "Swift the poet," in *The Cambridge Companion to Jonathan Swift*, ed. Christopher Fox (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2003), 186-87.

[7] While *satura* and the satiric mode in Latin literature are as old as Lucilius, it remains true that Juvenal was the first Roman author to exploit its possibilities fully. The tempered, almost decorous satires of Horace or Persius for instance do not begin to approach *saeva indignatio* as a tonal matter, and in any case are not *saturae* as a taxonomic matter.

[8] Fowler, *Kinds of Literature*, 188.

> clothes, when the woman is flayed, we are impressed to find that the inside differs so curiously from the outside.[9]

Quintana is talking about the themes of Swift's satire but this is true of his forms and structures too. For what is more discontinuous than a mixed genre, a composite mode? Pastoral and georgic, distinctly cut or adulterated ancient genres 1660-1740, are things not the same clear through in Quintana's terms. They are *saturae* truly such, which is only fitting since, as I argue in chapter 5, Juvenal's satires contain prominent elements of mock-pastoral and mock-georgic.

Yet paradoxically another key to understanding Restoration and Georgian mock-pastoral is the fact that it is also a return to generic sources, a recovery of Theocritean and Vergilian origins. To appreciate this we must bracket the conventional signification of "pastoral" in English. Even literary historians have mostly failed to distinguish between "hard" and "soft" versions, so that "pastoral" in a literary, musical or plastic art context typically signifies works whose tone and subject-matter are tranquil, romantically idealized, vaguely dreamy (with the result that for the last two or three centuries the adjective "pastoral" has been applied mostly to landscapes rather than the people living in them, *pastores*, people who herd livestock).[10] Such "soft" pastoral is usefully termed arcadian, and its dilutions, filtrations, and mixings of the "hard" Graeco-Roman classics is widespread in the Italian and later the English Renaissance.[11] There are of course numerous "hard" Renaissance pastoral texts, in no way arcadian or soft: Mantuan's ten *Adolescentia* eclogues for instance, or closer to the subject at hand William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613, 1616), which protest sharply against improving landowners' abuses of tenants. Nevertheless, Sannazaro's *Arcadia* (1504) and cognate works set the tone for much Renaissance pastoral, against which Marvell, Rochester, and the Scriblerian satirists react.[12]

In the evolution of the georgic 1660-1740, by contrast, different processes seem to be at work. Since georgic as framed by Vergil was already a polyphemic and mixed genre (where ancient pastoral had been, for early modern literary theorists, notionally

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[9] Quintana, *Swift: An Introduction* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1955), 51-52.

[10] It should be noted that the hard/soft distinction is distinct from and does not map on to the neo-classic/rationalist debate of Rapin and Fontenelle and their British champions in the reign of Anne. Indeed both parties to this debate miss the pointed social realism shot through Theocritus' and Vergil's pastoral while loudly claiming its paternity, as do Crabbe and other Crabbe-y polemicists against what they imagine is Vergilian pastoralism later in the century.

[11] On the evolution of the Latin eclogue from the end of the Western Empire through Petrarch and Boccaccio, see Helen Cooper, *Pastoral: Mediaeval into Renaissance* (Ipswich: D. S. Brewer and Totowa, NJ: Rowman & Littlefield, 1977), 8-46. On the development of vernacular pastoral genres such as *bergerie* during this period, see Cooper, 47-99. There were also medieval survivals of pastoral eclogue in the Eastern Empire, especially during the Photian Renaissance and the Palaiologan revival. See e.g. J. B. Burton, "The Pastoral in Byzantium," in *Brill's Companion to Greek and Latin Pastoral*, ed. Marco Fantuzzi and Theodore Papanghelis (Leiden and Boston: Brill, 2006), 549-79.

[12] On Sannazaro's decisive role in creating Renaissance pastoral convention see Ernst A. Schmidt, "Arcadia: Modern Occident and Classical Antiquity," in Katharina Volk (ed.), *Oxford Readings in Classical Studies: Vergil's* Eclogues (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), 17 and *passim*.

monophemic and homogeneous) British neo-georgics' polyphemy and generic mixture are not startling transformations of Graeco-Roman precursors, though the introduction of a satiric energy in the mock-georgics is novel.[13] Gay's *Trivia* for instance introduces an ironic strain mostly absent from Vergil (though important dramatic and situational ironies are present in the *Georgics*, e.g. Orpheus' futile piety and Eurydice's final loss). Mock-topographic appearances, then, are deceiving: genre-labels are nominal, and a particular poem's tone and theme veer sharply from them, then back without warning. Take the mock-georgic "City Shower," in which Swift's astonishingly suggestive Fleet Ditch, as I argue in chapter 3, is the lowest place in the city where all sorts of *disiecta membra* come together, and is itself a figure for the poem's genre: a novel composite where bits of this literary kind and that suffer a river-change into something if not rich then certainly strange.[14] Like the poem's Tories and Whigs yoked by the rain's violence together under one shed, genres in "City Shower" jostle cheek by jowl, brought together in uneasy composition by Swift, but by no means resolved or dissolved. It is Swift's satiric mixing of genres, figured by his *pot-au-feu* Fleet Ditch, that confuses the unwary critic, who is unsure whether he is dealing with georgic, pastoral, or exactly what – and what better basal genre to employ than georgic, mixed kind par excellence, neither epic this nor didactic that, one of its central themes the cuts and mixture of grafting?

It is therefore precisely their generic polyphemism that unites the mock-georgics, or the mock-pastorals, one to another, an identity persisting through stylistic, tonal, thematic and contextual changes 1660-1740. Yet the mock-topographies' fundamental unity as groups must not be overstated. The critical urge to synthesis and system reaches a limit in the irreducible differences between poems. I propose no simple collective identities of form, still less function, between mock-topographic poems by different authors, or even between those by the same author written on different occasions and addressed to different audiences. When Gay writes a bright, good-humored mock-amoebean eclogue like "Monday; or The Squabble" in *The Shepherd's Week*, his project is like but distinct from Swift's darker "Pastoral Dialogue" between Dermot and Sheelah, and it has little in common with Montagu's acidly cynical "Wednesday: The Tête à Tête" in the *Town Eclogues*. Likewise, when Gay writes the "Newgate pastoral" *Beggar's Opera* late in his career, there have been sharp changes of technique, tone, and theme from that same "Monday; or The Squabble" -- and both these ironized texts are at a pole opposite from Gay's earnest pastoral *Acis and Galatea* (the 1718 masque with music by Handel). Both intra- and inter-author, there is much diversity within the mock-

[13] The *Georgics* were not the only generic precursor available. Hesiod's *Works and Days* in the archaic period, Aratus' *Phaenomena* and Nicander's *Theriaca* and *Alexipharmaca* in the Hellenistic, Varro of Reate's late Republican *Rerum rusticarum*, Columella's tenth book of *De re rustica* on gardens, Oppian's *Halieutica* and Nemesianus' *Cynegetica* in late antiquity are all instances, along with Gargilius Martialis' third-century *De hortis* and the *Cynegetica* of pseudo-Oppian, and Palladius' fifth-century treatise (book 15 on grafting), though not all of these texts were known to scholarship 1660-1740. With minor exceptions such as Diaper's translation of Oppian, however, these other Graeco-Roman georgics go mostly unimitated 1660-1740. (Hesiod was translated by Thomas Cooke in 1728; Cooke's replaced Chapman's 1618 rendering as the standard English version.)

[14] Rich and strange, if disgusting, compositions often fix Swift's imagination, for instance the substance Strephon finds in Celia's dressing room combs, "A Paste of Composition rare, / Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair."

topographies as groups, though this study of course contemplates the persistent unity under the diversity.

I propose in this connection a fundamental continuity from Caroline and Civil War *topographia* to Restoration, in both pastoral and georgic, underlying the surface changes to their internal and external reference in the middle third of the seventeenth century.[15] A distinction however must be drawn between pastoral and georgic here: this diachronic identity is more pronounced in the case of pastoral, which was thoroughly widespread, if often decadent, in the literary culture of the later English Renaissance,[16] while "true Georgics," in James Turner's phrase, were by contrast thin on the ground before 1660 and so evince less continuity with Restoration satiric versions.[17] In Turner's formulation:

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[15] I propose that there is more for literary history to learn in the continuities from pastoral mode poet to pastoral mode poet, from the Renaissance into the Restoration and the early eighteenth century, than in the breaks or endings. Pastoral is so ancient and capacious a mode not merely of poetry but of thought or experience itself – in Helen Cooper's phrase, "an optic on the nature of art, on art and nature" – that it can comfortably contain within itself all the versions hitherto written in Western literature, including mock-pastoral and even anti-pastoral. Pastoral is a house so large it has a mansion even for that least likable version, arcadian, with its lack of human sympathy and evacuation of countrymen from the countryside, a version which has what aesthetic vigor it has only by proxy from "harder" versions.

[16] Making the analysis of pastoral in early modern Britain difficult are terminological obscurities traceable ultimately to antiquity. Graeco-Roman pastoral in the Hellenistic and late Republican periods, as is well known, nearly always takes the form of idyll, elegy or eclogue, each with attendant generic repertoire; and early Imperial imitators such as Calpurnius Siculus adhere closely to Vergil's eclogic model in outer form if not theme or tone. In late antiquity, however, classification becomes harder. While Nemesianus' pastoral poems are eclogues, Ausonius' topographic *Mosella* is a version of pastoral but not eclogic; and a prose fiction like Longus' *Daphnis and Chloe* (nominally lengthy *ekphrasis* of a painting) is even less clearly tied to a classic genre, though it too is clearly some version of pastoral. By the end of antiquity, then, pastoral is evidently a mode as well as a genre, and this is certainly the case in the medieval West where a variety of vernacular genres – *bergerie* texts, *pastourelles*, the shepherd plays of the Wakefield Cycle – are written in pastoral mode, contemporary with neo-classic Latin eclogues by Theodulus, or Martius Valerius, or later Petrarch and Boccaccio. This continues to be the case in the Renaissance – compare Mantuan's Latin eclogues, contemporary with Sannazaro's vernacular *Arcadia* – when pastoral and its many genres in Britain are a full-blown mode, often formally tied to classic genres (the eclogic *Shepheardes Calender*) but as often decoupled from these (Herbert's "The shepherds sing"), and on occasion combining two or more of them (*Lycidas*' juxtaposition of pastoral elegy to Protestant eclogue).

[17] L.P. Wilkinson, *The* Georgics *of Virgil: A Critical Survey* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1969, rev. and updated Niall Rudd, Norman, OK: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1997), 273-90, tabulates a precious few georgic texts written between the fall of the Western Empire and Politian, largely Carolingian. These include Walafrid Strabo's *Hortulus*, Wandalbert of Prüm's *De mensium XII nominibus*, and a long-disused Roman Rite blessing of candles for Holy Saturday, with eulogies of beeswax alluding to *Georgics* 4. And while more numerous in the Renaissance, neo-georgics are still far outnumbered by their pastoral cousins. Paradigmatic are Politian's *Rusticus* (1483), Pontanus' *De hortis Hesperidum* (1505) on citrus growing, Vida's *De bombycum cura et usu* (1527) on silkworms, Fracastoro's *Syphilis* (1530), Charles Estienne's *De re hortensi* (1536), Alamanni's *La coltivazione* (1546), Ronsard's Virgilian imitations and Rapin's *Hortorum libri IV* (1665), translated into English by John Gardiner (1706). English instances were Fleming's 1589 Vergil translation, Thomas Moffat's *The Silkwormes and their Flies* (1599), modeled on Vida, and the elephant in the room, Dryden's 1697 Vergil translation. Country-house poems, usually elaborations of the "happy man" retirement topos that elide or hide agricultural labor, lie outside the mainstream of georgic and are peripheral to the research I propose.

> Seventeenth-century literature has lost any sense of the countryside as a "field full of folk". Virgilian pastoral thrives, but true Georgics are hard to find. The world of work is no longer thought fit for poetry, except in eccentric and popular verse.[18]

It is precisely into this arcadian waste land that Rochester and, later, Swift, Gay, and Pope step, copies of Vergil and Theocritus in hand. If early on in the Restoration Marvell's "Mower against Gardens" can truthfully say that "'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot; / While the sweet Fields do lye forgot," just a year or two after his author's death Rochester would begin to redress the imbalance and pay fascinated and sympathetic attention to female swineherds and nymphs of the city. Rochester and Gay, in particular, begin to restore the folk to their imaginatively-cleared fields, especially Gay, whose *The Shepherd's Week* is as close as English poetry has come to capturing something of the essence of Theocritus' bright, good-tempered, though not naïve *Idylls*, with their evident pleasure in depicting, if through the mediation of topoi and conventions, real agro-pastoral folk living and working on the land.

This study thus also focuses intently on the Restoration and Georgian satirists' ancient "sources" themselves, and to these satirists' dynamic, often irreverent, always surprising receptions of them. For Theocritus, Vergil, Ovid, and Juvenal were much more to these early modern poets than mere "sources" as many twenty-first century readers think of them: distant, inaccessible, hieratic marble eminences, unreadable in the original and known if at all only in English translation. On the contrary they were in Margaret Anne Doody's phrase "green and living presences" to the elite-educated 1660-1740, at least as familiar and close to second nature as Shakespeare and the King James Bible in the vernacular vein. What Doody has shrewdly observed of Swift is true, with varying import, of Marvell, Rochester, Gay, and Pope as well:

> Swift certainly did not write… with a copy of Virgil in front of him, but the modern critic must painfully present an array of detail in order to trace something which was once the very stuff of thought. Works that in the past flourished in the minds of men as green and living presences have to be restored to our twentieth-century minds before an argument about particular design and effects can even begin.[19]

Only once Swift's reader, and Marvell's and Rochester's and Gay's and Pope's, has performed this patient, attentive labor of tracing and restoration will the satirist's references, intertextual and contextual, become clear.

Bringing to bear insights from both English studies and classical studies, therefore, and grounded in a careful reconstruction of how and for what purposes Marvell, Rochester, and the Scriblerians received ancient pastoral and georgic, this study

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[18] James Turner, *The Politics of Landscape: Rural Scenery and Society in English Poetry 1630-1660* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1979), 185.

[19] Margaret Anne Doody, "Insects, Vermin and Horses: *Gulliver's Travels* and Virgil's *Georgics*," in *Augustan Studies: Essays in Honor of Irvin Ehrenpreis* (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press and London and Toronto: Associated Univ. Presses, 1985), 148.

will argue that by stripping off two hundred years of arcadian accretions traceable in great part to Sannazaro's *Arcadia* (1504) and going back to the ironized, scabrous, avant-garde sources, Rochester and the Scriblerians are eminently pastoral and georgic precisely *because* they are ironized, not in spite of the fact, *pace* Frank Kermode's famous preface to English pastoral, discussed below, and critics who have reproduced its periodization since. Restoration and Georgian mock-pastorals and mock-georgics are in fact true pastorals and "true Georgics," in Turner's phrase. Not only do they reactivate and reenergize their ancient models thematically – Theocritus' high-gloss pseudo-crudity and ironized eros, Vergil's equally high-gloss ironized eros and skeptic moralism – but they reactivate them formally as well. Sticking closely in most cases to eclogue, amoebean dialogue, (mock-)elegy, and other "true" kinds, they do paradoxical work worthy of paradoxical, neoteric predecessors: a calculated move *ad fontes* in genre and theme, to write satires whose contextual reference is sharply "modern" satire of vice in religious, political, and literary culture (though in fact such critique is as old as Theocritus and Vergil themselves, not to say Juvenal).

Curiously, however, literary historiography has not yet seriously considered the claims of mock-pastoral to inherit the mantle of hard Renaissance pastoral, and medieval satiric aeglogue or "goat-song," by its creation of a sharply modern idiom that, paradoxically, returns to ancient sources, the ironized tones and tempers of Theocritus and Vergil.[20] That is, arcadian pastoral was always a deviation from the generic norm; pastoral's diachronic identity is ironized and often hard. Indeed most critics have hitherto supposed that the pastoral in English had gone to seed by the end of Charles II's reign, enlivened by only a few late blooms (Oldham's *Lament for Bion*, Pope's anodyne *Pastorals*). Frank Kermode's classic anthology and critical introduction, *English Pastoral Poetry from the Beginnings to Marvell* (1952), for instance, put a period to the genre with the titular poet, judging correctly that earnest "true pastorals" are fairly inert after his death in 1678:

> With Marvell the story really ends, for the later Pastoral lived in a quite different atmosphere, and in a quite different relationship to its readers… the true impulse of rustic Pastoral petered out; it was something the Giant Race had understood.[21]

This is sound so far as it goes: the *Pastorals* of "Namby Pamby," say. But earnest pastoral is far from the whole story 1660-1740, with a remarkable flourishing of satiric pastorals and satiric georgics alongside great numbers of earnest topographies. We need

[20] The impulse to reduce and flatten the multifarious pastoral poetry written in English in the sixteenth and earlier seventeenth centuries to "Renaissance pastoral," by which is meant arcadian or soft pastoral, can trip up even experienced readers. Thus in Raymond Williams' Marxist account of the reception of pastoral in sixteenth-century Britain, the "achievement, if it can be called that, of the Renaissance adaptation of just these classical modes [hard and soft] is that, step by step, these living tensions are excised, until there is nothing countervailing, and selected images stand as themselves: not in a living but in an enameled world." Williams, "Pastoral and Counter-Pastoral," in *The Country and the City* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1973), 18.

[21] Kermode, *English Pastoral Poetry from the Beginnings to Marvell* (London: George G. Harrap & Co., 1952), 42.

only think of the Theocritean wit and libido in Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, or the Vergilian skepticism and urbanity of Montagu's *Town Eclogues* to see that Kermode's formulation is too neat as literary history. Indeed, Rochester and the Scriblerians in particular understood the Giant Race and "the true impulse of rustic Pastoral" better than anyone since the Giant Race themselves, and even Marvell's pastorals, and his neo-georgic Mower poems, were evolving in the Interregnum into the new mock mode (though not published until the 1681 Folio). Old habits of mind keep him tethered to the Renaissance but new structures of feeling post-Civil War are pulling his *topographia* into the Restoration's dominant tone, satiric.

Kermode does concede that the "eighteenth century excelled in the mock-Pastoral," but then makes the rather Spenglerian comment that this learned, witty, and fresh reception, indeed renovation, of pastoral "is a kind of pantomime following the great play."[22] Yet to pigeonhole bravura performances like Rochester's "Faire Cloris in a pigsty lay" or Swift's "Pastoral Dialogue" as The Decline of the Pastoral because they are amusing (in Swift's case outright funny) is to miss the crucial point that pastoral becomes more, not less, pastoral in the eighteenth century by reactivating its scabrous, skeptic and frankly sexualized Graeco-Roman energies. So any anatomy of pastoral in which the genre is born in antiquity, has a medieval adolescence, and lives salad days as Renaissance mode, only to senesce in the Restoration and die in the Age of Johnson, cannot be inductive literary history.[23]

Lest it be thought the chronology I propose merely reacts against the criticism of sixty years ago, contemporary scholars such as Helen Cooper and Sukanta Chaudhuri continue to follow Kermode's periodization, and literary history has yet to improve on the supposition that the "old [pastoral] poetry, and everything that gave it its peculiar richness, had been largely forgotten by the time Johnson expressed his rational objections to *Lycidas*."[24] Again, the recourse is too easy. Johnson himself writes a version of pastoral, the *Journey*'s account of Highland drovers around Loch Ness, about the same time as his local judgment that *Lycidas*' conventions were "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting" (special pleading, transferred contempt for Milton's politics), and indeed

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[22] Kermode, *English Pastoral Poetry*, 42.

[23] Mock-pastoral of the Restoration and eighteenth century is quite equal to Renaissance pastoral in philosophic depth and political verve but, in a paradox characteristic of satire, it fashions something sharply new by a return to ancient sources, creatively jarring their stricter genre conventions against forms and themes from other genres.

[24] Kermode, *English Pastoral Poetry*, 42. See also Cooper, *Pastoral: Mediaeval into Renaissance*, 7 ("The debate about the nature of pastoral that raged in the early years of the eighteenth century shows how completely any sense of the mode as a dynamic idea had been lost… Dr Johnson gave pastoral its death-blow with his characterization of it as 'easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting.' Pastoral had lost its focus: the sharp perspective it had given on society, its unique value as an optic on the nature of art, on art and nature, were forgotten."); Chaudhuri, *Renaissance Pastoral and its English Developments* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), 6 ("Such a substantial line of [pastoral] development can never be said to end; but Milton and Marvell provide a good stopping-point. The formal pastoral of later generations is a conventional shadow of its old self; while the vital inner concerns of the mode are conveyed through new types of nature-poetry and country literature which, though associated with formal pastoral and in many ways genuinely akin to it, are essentially different and in some respects opposed. The end of the Renaissance also marks the end of a long course of development in pastoral.").

thirty years earlier his own breakout success was the masterfully counter-pastoral *London* (1738), an imitation of Juvenal, *Satire* 3.[25]

Most anthologies and critical introductions since Kermode's, moreover, such as John Barrell's and John Bull's *The Penguin Book of English Pastoral Verse* (1974, now out of print) have contained only a sparse scattering of mock-pastorals, one each by Rochester and Swift for instance. And as Kermode's canon-forming and appreciating criticism compels him to ignore mock-pastoral, so zeal for Marxist critical commitments betrays the Penguin editors into reductions and flattenings of the evidence. Their polemical "Glossary of Pastoral Terms" for instance defines georgic as a "didactic version of Pastoral, in which the intention is to idealize country life," which conflates two genres with distinct formal and thematic repertoires, and in any case cannot account for the frequently clinical, even gloomy, view of agricultural labor in most georgic poems from Vergil on down (including the mock-georgics).[26] But the Penguin editors' worst sin is, like Kermode's, one of omission, to ignore 80 years of pastorals and georgics in English simply because they are satiric and complicate a tidy taxonomy of often paradoxical and, from the Graeco-Roman beginning, polyphemic genres. This study by contrast aims to help return pastoral and georgic, and Anglo-Latin literary culture more broadly, to the center of literary history of the Restoration and earlier eighteenth century, following the lead of scholars such as Kevis Goodman, Juan Christian Pellicer, Stuart Gillespie, and others who have done much to rebalance the literary history of the later eighteenth century and the Romantic period to take account of the lively persistence and fascinating transmutations of pastoral, georgic, and other ancient genres after 1740.[27]

As touching theme, meanwhile, this study grounds itself in analysis of the shared philosophical – and nominal religious – commitments of the mock-topographers.[28]

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[25] Nor are the bitter anti-pastorals of a Goldsmith or a Crabbe a sign that pastoral is dead by the later eighteenth century. Their anti-pastoral poems receive the mode as urgently and vitally as any arcadian idyll, indeed more so. In fact pastoral, suitably transformed, is alive and well into the nineteenth century – Wordsworth's *Michael*, Shelley's *Adonais* elegy for Keats, Arnold's *Thyrsis*, and William Barnes' delightful eclogues in *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844). It persists into the twentieth century, in poems such as Roy Campbell's caustic "A Veld Eclogue: The Pioneers," and is even alive in the twenty-first, though this is beyond the present project's scope.

[26] John Barrell and John Bull (eds.), *The Penguin Book of English Pastoral Verse* (London: Allen Lane, 1974, repr. New York: Penguin, 1982), 10.

[27] See e.g. Goodman, "The *Georgics* and the cultivation of mediums, 1660-1712," in *Georgic Modernity and British Romanticism: Poetry and the Mediation of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 10: "My conviction is that georgic is most influential, if less well understood, not as a relatively short-lived Augustan genre but when and where it persists afterwards as a subtle underpresence and discipline"; Juan Christian Pellicer, "Pastoral and Georgic," in *The Oxford History of Classical Reception in English Literature,* vol. 3 (1660-1790), ed. David Hopkins and Charles Martindale (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2012), 287-321; Stuart Gillespie, "Receiving Wordsworth, Receiving Juvenal: Wordsworth's Suppressed Eighth Satire," in *English Translation and Classical Reception: Towards a New Literary History* (Chichester, West Sussex: Wiley-Blackwell, 2011), 123-49.

[28] The degree to which long-eighteenth-century Britons' political and philosophical commitments were a function of their nominal religious confession (private conviction is more elusive) is often underestimated: late modern scholars, even those professing a scrupulous historicism, perceive long-eighteenth-century social phenomena through late modern categories – Marxists' structure and superstructure, neoliberals' rise

Broadly speaking, the mock-pastorals' secret thematic sharing is their valuation of embodied particularity and pragmatic common sense, in a thematic analogue to their formal parapoesis and polyphemism. They are aligned against metaphysics and totalizing speculation. Yet this is not an appeal to naïve philosophic naturalism. With few exceptions, the mock-pastorals attack naturalistic notions of a utopia, or rather eutopia, located in the past – this can be a personal or a social past, one lover's youthful erotic innocence or all men's cultural primitivism – and they most often frame this rejection of natural innocence as satire of arcadian pastoral's cherished norms and values (Philips' Rousseauism *avant la lettre*), by a revived emphasis on ancient pastoral's satyric and ludic elements. Importantly, this skeptic rejection of natural innocence and pseudo-pastoral eutopia is an attack on the philosophic foundations of soft primitivism both secular and Dissenting Protestant: there is no ideal society in a soft primitive past when autonomous individuals lived innocently outside institutions, whether religious (Dissenters trying to recover a pre-clerical Church when all were pastors) or secular (radicals and New Whigs trying to recover an "ancient constitution" of pre-aristocratic liberty).

In both cases the mock-pastoral poets attempt, by their return to the skeptic, scabrous, and sexualized Theocritean and Vergilian origins of pastoral, to blow apart arcadianism's idealizing retrospect.[29] This is to be done not by "rationalistic" faux-verism, actually idealizing, as in Philips or Dyer but by the skeptic irony of Rochester, Swift, or Montagu. The mock-pastoral project is to return pastoral, and poetry at large if possible, to a Theocritean ethic of given, embodied sociality: a reductively "neo-classical" literary culture (the pedant Bentley, Addison, Philips, and according to Rochester and Swift, even Dryden) is to be forced out of idyllic retirement in arcadia, back into the public world of flawed human institutions here and now. This anti-naturalism thematic spans a spectrum from Rochester's sociable (pre-conversion) atheism to Swift's touchy Anglicanism, includes the commitments of the mock-pastoral poets philosophically in between, and can even be attributed to one who otherwise seems an exception, the improbably Whiggish Montagu.

The mock-pastoral thematic can also be defined negatively. Ahistoric naturalistic pastoral, like Ambrose Philips' "polite" bucolics – for Parnell, "The tender Philips lines, who lately tryd / To plant Arcadia by the Severn side" – marked the revival not of Spenser's and Milton's hard-hitting Puritan eclogues and elegies but of escapist Caroline pastoral, which had muffled or elided the rural world of quotidian labor and the sharp ironies, unruly aggression, and sexual frankness that attended it (Lovelace's *Love Made*

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of the middle class – but these categories are as historically situated and conditioned by "ideology" as the early modern belief systems and structures of feeling they propose to explain. Such methodological skewing must be allowed for and, ideally, corrected in any historical study, including this literary one, for "The sin of anachronism in historical method is a mortal one… it rearranges the ideas and values of the past in ways which make past actions inexplicable except as attempted anticipations of the present. The historian is always condemned to see the past through a glass, darkly; the introduction of anachronistic categories turns that glass into a mirror." J.C.D. Clark, *English Society 1660-1832: Religion, Ideology and Politics during the Ancien Régime*, second edn (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2000), 13.

[29] Philosophic (not artistic) naturalism as an account of human experience is ahistoric and idealist; in practice, a society in which human action is motivated only by "natural" private desires, unregulated by "artificial" social norms, would be a Hobbist war of all against all and in fact has never existed.

in the First Age: To Chloris).[30] For reasons different from yet oddly similar to those of Caroline pastoral the new "Whig pastoral," exemplified by Marvell's *Upon Appleton House* though not by his ironized agro-pastoral "Mower" poems, as I argue in chapter 1, also idealizes and neutralizes the countryside and those living in it. It too is polemical *topographia*, though by a neat reversal the polemic is no longer royalist, Laudian and autocratic but parliamentarian, Latitudinarian and oligarchic. The polite structure of feeling behind this idealizing pastoral becomes a contender for cultural authority with Addison, Steele, Tickell, and allied literati in the reign of Anne, but it had struck roots earlier:

> The ideal of politeness had first appeared in the Restoration, where it formed part of the latitudinarian campaign to replace prophetic by sociable religiosity. This campaign is carried on by Addison, a sound churchman by the new Whig standards, whose supreme achievement we see as the advancement of a polite style, and so of a politics of style accompanied by a morality of politeness... Politeness and enlightenment were irenic, established, and oligarchic ideals, capable of being employed against Puritan, Tory, and republican alike and of making them look curiously similar.[31]

And it was not only capable of but successful in making them look similar. The Tory Wit-dominated mock-pastoral mode, while it has later-eighteenth-century outliers like Charles Jenner's acerbic "Town" or "London" *Eclogues*, is withered after Johnson's *London* (1738) by the rise of sensibility and sentiment, which are a modern modulation of Sannazaro-style arcadianism; the new taste in pastoral would lead to poems like Southey's *Botany-Bay Eclogues* (1794), which imagine convicts transported to Australia morally regenerated by wild surroundings. Against this rising tide of polite arcadian pastoral, with its feigned idyllic primitivism or fair-sexing erotic innocence, the mock-pastoral poets deploy all their skeptic, scabrous, and sexualized ironies, laughing out of court the notion of utopia in a national or personal past that never was (Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, Swift's *Strephon and Chloe*). It is the inner logic and unfolding of this broad thematic unity in the mock-pastorals, and the meaningful differences of one poet from another within it, that form a major component of the readings and interpretations of the satiric eclogues, dialogues, and elegies in this study.

What of the mock-georgics? As with their mock-pastoral cousins, their most decisive shared thematic is valuation of the discontinuous, of embodied particularity, but with an important difference. While the mock-georgics too are aligned against metaphysics and totalizing speculation, the naturalistic utopia or eutopia that comes under their attack is located not in the primitive past, national or personal, but in the rural present or the progressivist future. The satirized nostrum of arcadian georgic is its

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[30] Thomas Parnell, "An Eclogue," 103-04, in *Collected Poems of Thomas Parnell*, ed. Claude Rawson and F. P. Lock (Newark and London and Toronto: Univ. of Delaware Press and Associated Univ. Presses, 1989), 403. On the latter point see Turner, *Politics of Landscape*, *passim*.

[31] J. G. A. Pocock, "The varieties of Whiggism from Exclusion to Reform: A history of ideology and discourse," in *Virtue, Commerce and History: Essays on Political Thought and History, Chiefly in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985), 236.

idealizing location of virtue – transvalued to freedom from labor – in agrarian peripheries or among noble savages (the Houyhnhnms as hero-worshipped by Gulliver, Behn's *Oroonoko*), or in the population at large as shortly to be freed from labor, economic or moral, by projects premised on speculation and scientism (mathematic Hobbism or Lockeanism, fractional-reserve central banking and a funded public debt to finance European war). In this, interestingly, Restoration and Georgian mock-georgics sit uneasily beside earnest georgics by the same authors, which stray near the borders of natural-innocence arcadianism (Gay's *Rural Sports*). By contrast, a mockery of georgic and its values of self-denial, thrift and autarchy is Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, with its unmistakable satire of *Georgics* 4 and good Roman bees.

Against this nostrum of arcadian georgic, the doctrine not of natural innocence but of natural ease, the mock-georgic poets attempt a return to a Vergilian and Hesiodic ethic of concrete, embodied labor by renovating the ironized, skeptic, and pietistic modes of the ancient genre.[32] Georgic, and its literate readers and writers, are to be shaken from dreams of effortless self-aggrandizement by shallow trendiness (Rochester's foppish "*Whore*, in understanding," *Gulliver*'s Lagado academics) and crooked projectors' schemes (Wood's Irish-exploiting halfpence, Peachum/Walpole's fundraising expedients in *The Beggar's Opera*) and brought back to mere laborious reality. Speculation, in both senses, imagines a human condition of natural ease in the rural present or the progressive future but Marvell in his "Mower" guise, Rochester, and the Scriblerians sabotage it by a skepticism of "sense," a socially-constituted way of knowing *how* rather than *that* as I argue in chapter 2, which insists on the discontinuity between human wishes and human achievements and the consequent reality of labor, both economic and ethical. For the mock-georgic poets there are only local, contingent improvements of self and those whom one can directly influence, and by a law of unintended consequences that frustrates good intentions, almost none of society at large, an ethic Claude Rawson has characterized in Swift's case as "settling, flatly, for small mercies, a piecemeal self-conquest by grubby means."[33] And again, as with the mock-pastorals, this skeptic thematic in the mock-georgics spans a spectrum of individual commitments, from Rochester's cheerful (pre-conversion) materialism to Swift's dubious orthodoxy. There is also a cognate implied target in each case, epistemological idealism: disembodiment of the human subject over against an objective world from which he is isolated, but invested with potentially limitless power over, by an epistemology of mathematic measurement abstracted from sense (the *ignis fatuus* that captures the imagination of each of the poets studied here, *Gulliver*'s Laputians cutting their food into Euclidean figures). The pretensions of quantification – numerology gone mainstream – and those unwisely invested in it come under heavy attack.[34]

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[32] For a primer on Vergil's remoteness from soft pastoral sentimentalism, see Richard Jenkyns, "Virgil and Arcadia," 79 *JRS* (1989), 26-39.

[33] Rawson, "Revolution in the Moral Wardrobe: Mutations of an Image from Dryden to Burke," in *Satire and Sentiment 1660-1830: Stress Points in the English Augustan Tradition* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994, reissued New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2000), 178.

[34] For a *précis* of the early stages of this process see *e.g.* C. S. Lewis, "New Learning and New Ignorance," in *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century Excluding Drama* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1954), 3-5. A more searching philosophical account is Heidegger's "Modern Science, Metaphysics and Mathematics,"

As with mock-pastoral 1660-1740 it is the presence of strong skeptic energies that measure mock-georgic's tonal and thematic fidelity to the ancient models – though not, as in the case of pastoral, because the Hesiodic and Vergilian precursors are strongly marked by irony. Rather the likeness is the pervasive undermining or calling into question in the mock-georgics, as in the *Works and Days* and *Georgics* themselves, of concepts of scientific naturalism and social and political progressivism (*The Dunciad*'s "Mad *Mathesis*," Gay's *Trivia* brokers and lawyers).[35] It is true that the mock-georgics, Gay's *Trivia* in particular, are more ambiguous than Hesiod or Vergil on naturalism, but unlike John Philips' earnest imitation *Cyder* for instance these satiric neo-georgics bear a clear thematic relation to the Graeco-Roman models. By writing frank sexuality and violent aggression into *Trivia* for instance, Gay only reactivates themes and redeploys registers present in the Vergilian original.[36] The mock-georgic mode does not, however, long survive Swift and Gay in English topographic poetry; the first installment of Thomson's *Seasons* in 1726 inaugurates a long line of arcadian neo-georgics strongly marked by scientific naturalism and social progressivism, which mostly elides or idealizes working agriculture and in any event depicts it from a vantage of separation and observation (Smart's *Hop-Garden*, Dyer's *Fleece*).[37] And when scholarship has been brought to bear on the neo-georgic this putative "true" variety has exhausted attention. The untold story of mock-georgic's paradoxical renovation of the mode by return to ancient sources, therefore, its reproduction or rather transplantation of Hesiod's and Vergil's sense of ironic distance, of the discontinuous as well as the harmonious character

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repr. in *Martin Heidegger: Basic Writings*, ed. David Farrell Krell (New York: HarperCollins, 1977), 271-305; see also Karsten Harries, "Power and Poverty of Perspective," in *Infinity and Perspective* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2001), 20-124.

[35] While skepticism of scientific naturalism and skepticism of political progressivism 1660-1740 are distinct commitments, both are species of principled detachment or self-distancing from a fallen Nature; both skepticisms call into question the mastery over the material world and one's destiny (increasingly conceived as epiphenomenon of mechanical forces in that world) advertised by purveyors of philosophical modernity. The inscrutable natural world, unruly sexuality and violent aggression depicted in the *Georgics* are however transposed by Gay's ironic bathos from quasi-epic Vergilian register to a low mimetic suited to satire; they are domesticated as sex farce and street fisticuffs in *Trivia*.

[36] The *Georgics*, for all their *laudes Italiae* and episodes of Lucretian empircism, are capped and imaginatively dominated by the Aristaeus epyllion of book 4. In the poem's final impression, natural science cannot explain or stop the bees' dying-off; inscrutable divine persons must be appeased and blood sacrificed – *cultus* in an expanded sense – to regenerate apiculture. Any "Harvard school" or "pessimist" reading of their putative political valence aside, the *Georgics* are not all fruitful grafts and peaceful farmsteads; just as prominent are themes of the destructive power of sexual love (*Geo*. 3.258 ff.) and bloody political disunion (the late Republican civil wars deplored at book 1's end).

[37] Cf. Williams, "Pleasing Prospects," in *The Country and the City*, 120-21: "A working country is hardly ever a landscape. The very idea of landscape implies separation and observation… The self-conscious observer [is] the man who is not only looking at land but who is conscious that he is doing so, as an experience in itself, and who has prepared social models and analogies from elsewhere to support and justify the experience: this is the figure we need to seek: not a kind of nature but a kind of man."

of human experience, forms a major part of my readings and interpretations of the satiric topographies.[38]

In broader historical context, finally, the mock-pastorals' and mock-georgics' shared thematic investment in embodied particularity, for polyphemic as against univocal narratives of nation, and alignment against totalizing speculation, translate as external textual reference into defense and shoring up of the discontinuous, quasi-autonomous institutions of private society, badly damaged by the Civil Wars of religion in the 1640s and the Commonwealth in the 1650s: a patronizing aristocracy, cathedral clergy with prebends, colleges, city corporations and gilds with commissions to offer. This contextual reference has a rhetorical, formal analogue in the mock-topographers' mistrust of earnestness both as to poetic speaker and poetic addressee, which prevents the kind of outwardly-confident utterance characteristic of Caroline *topographia*, whether Puritan (*Lycidas*), royalist (*Coopers Hill*) or merely arcadian (Lovelace's *Love Made in the First Age: To Chloris*). What is new in the Restoration and Georgian neo-pastorals and neo-georgics as opposed to most Renaissance antecedents is speakers' and authors' ironic distance not only from satiric targets but from natural objects of affection, the institutions lying intermediate to individual and state – aristocracy, episcopate, city corporations, even the premodern people at large – that traditionally underwrote their literary culture. These institutions' interests are threatened by political developments after 1660, especially William and Mary's accession in 1688-89 and George of Hanover's in 1714, and the mock-topographers bring satire to bear in their defense. Yet they are also an unstable locus of loyalty, and in some cases are damaged in the very act of being defended, wittingly or unwittingly (Swift's defense of the Anglican Church in *A Tale of a Tub*).[39]

For then as now, many otherwise perceptive literati were so intent on the high-gloss artifice of "Augustan" poetic forms that they were blinded to these forms' sharply oppositional thematics and contextual reference, which keep them from being in any easy or simple sense "Augustan." Even Dryden's putative Augustanism, attributed to him (not as a compliment) by those rough and ready versifiers Rochester and Swift, and by some

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[38] An important and suggestive exception, on whose foundation I propose to build, is Margaret Anne Doody, "Insects, Vermin and Horses: *Gulliver's Travels* and Virgil's *Georgics*," in *Augustan Studies: Essays in Honor of Irvin Ehrenpreis* (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press and London and Toronto: Associated Univ. Presses, 1985), 145-74.

[39] On the rise of the modern state see e.g. Robert A. Nisbet, *The Quest for Community: A Study in the Ethics of Order and Freedom* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1953), 101-02: "The [pre-modern] State was hardly more than the king himself, at most a limited *vertical* relation between king and subject. The powerful competing allegiances of Church, class, and economic association rendered the political tie, for a long time, a relatively tenuous one in the lives of most people in a national area… The State begins to reach its most revolutionary influence when, as in France at the end of the eighteenth century, it ceases to be merely a vertical relation of power between king and subject and becomes a kind of *horizontal* relationship among individuals, with power made immanent in the Nation, with rights and duties made dependent upon the Nation… The contemporary State cannot be limited to a mere superstructure of power. It is an increasingly popular and ever more cohesive *mass relationship*." For an account of the cross-pollination between this socio-political shift and the seventeenth-century growth of New Scientific doctrines of laws of nature and social contractarian doctrines of natural rights, see *e.g.* Francis Oakley, *Natural Law, Laws of Nature, Natural Rights: Continuity and Discontinuity in the History of Ideas* (London and New York: Continuum, 2005), *passim*.

twenty-first-century critics, is hard to support on the evidence of his own views. As Josiah Osgood and Susanna Braund have recently reminded us, Dryden implies in the *Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* that harsh, oppositional Juvenal is "the acme of Roman satire," and casts himself as a primarily Juvenalian satirist rather than a Horatian or Persianic one.[40] And Marvell after the Restoration, Rochester at all times, and the Scriblerians at most times following the events of 1688 (especially after 1714) are even more implicated in an oppositional, often crypto-Jacobite "Augustanism" or "neo-classicism" than has been suggested in studies by Howard Erskine-Hill, Murray G. H. Pittock, Jonathan Clark, and other scholars who have pioneered the study of this subject. It is my hope therefore that, building on their firm foundation, this study will permanently lay to rest the idea that Restoration and Georgian pastoral and georgic are earnest and decorous, or dutiful and dull, genres opposed to satire and political critique, when in fact the best of them *are* satire and political critique, as they episodically were for Theocritus and consistently were for Vergil.

Indeed the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics*, according to Vergil's elaborate design, were not only highly-ironized intertextual reflections of Theocritus, Hesiod, and an array of Hellenistic texts, but contextual reflections *on* the civil wars and constitutional crises of late Republican Italy and the Roman imperium. Of course the existence of Calpurnius Siculus and other decadent Vergilian imitations, and the cruder sort of late antique and medieval allegorical readings, show that even before the triumph of Sannazaro-style arcadian pastoral in the Renaissance, it has always been difficult for most readers to use interpretive tools sufficiently fine to disentangle the tissues and nerves of this subtle body without hopelessly mangling them, to leave only a lifelessly reductive reading of a dead "classic." The problem, as Philip Hardie has observed, is that

> [T]he dramatic form of most of the *Eclogues* is an obstacle to any simple access to the poet's meaning, world-view, or dreams… Pastoral song is thus rarely if ever the unpremeditated expression of inner feelings and desires; devices of game-playing, framing and quotation ensure that irony, mediation and polyphony are an integral part of the reading experience.[41]

The fault, however, was not in Vergil, but in his readers themselves, that they were reducers. When ironic readers, Marvell, Rochester, and the Scriblerians, came back to the fore the Sannazaro-style arcadian accretions could be stripped off, to reveal the gleaming, surprisingly modern Vergil who had always been there. In Seamus Heaney's formulation:

> [A] pastoral poet does not need constantly to prove that his reality principle is in working order. He and his audience know that eclogues which make no explicit reference to reality as it is actually experienced

[40] Osgood and Braund, "Imperial Satire Theorized: Dryden's *Discourse of Satire*," in *A Companion to Persius and Juvenal*, ed. Susanna Braund and Josiah Osgood (Malden, MA, Oxford, and Chichester: Wiley-Blackwell, 2012), 409-35.

[41] Philip Hardie, *Virgil* (New Surveys in the Classics 28) (Oxford: Classical Assoc./Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 26.

> are every bit a clued in to it as ones that do. Virgil's *Eclogues*… are a kind of Crystal Palace, beautifully structured and strong because of inner relationships and symmetries; the author in late Republican Rome, like the engineer in Victorian England, was fully aware that artificial conditions were being created, but he was also proud of his extraordinary ability to contrive the transparent tegument. In each case the art asks us to see through it… a *locus amoenus* where you can choose to remember or forget the legions or the locomotives, depending upon how much reality you are ready to accommodate or are accustomed to bear.[42]

This Vergilian "transparent tegument" is refashioned to structure the mock-pastorals and mock-georgics written after the Restoration (but not in the event renewal or renovation) of the monarchy in 1660. The enhanced self-consciousness and ironic distance of *topographia* after that date, in great part a function of the imperfectly-healed psychological scars of the Civil Wars and their aftermath, dovetail with the mock-topographers' thematic alignment to embodied particularity and animus against totalizing speculation. Their net result, a subtle but throughgoing anti-naturalist and anti-progressivist politics, is not merely an urbane *nil admirari* posture; despite the restoration of organic institutions like monarchy and episcopacy, all is not the same clear through any more in post-1660 Britain, like Swift's stripped beau or woman flayed. Now the seams or rather scars in the structures of society and the structures of feeling show, figured in Marvell's dream vision of "ghastly *Charles*," who "turning his Collar low, / The purple thread about his Neck does show" to his namesake son, reminding him that uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.[43] And the mock-topographers are as painfully conscious of these scars, dislocations, and fault lines as anyone in the Restoration and early eighteenth century. Some authors, such as the Addisonian literati and Thomson in *The Seasons*, tactfully overlook the scars or apply a cosmetic of optimist Whig history to disguise them, but they are there, and writers unwilling or unable to gain political or social preferment by feigning they are not – Marvell, Rochester, Swift, Gay, Pope – turn them to satiric advantage.

In fact to the large subset of mock-topographers who are Scriblerians, in particular, the rise of the modern centralized state, whose pressure on subsidiary institutions of society they dislike, and the natural-rights individualism that both underwrites and is underwritten by this rise, look like the political and religious ascendancy of their enemies, clients or adherents of Williamite and Georgian ministries, where from the vantage of the present they look like the rise of Lockeanism or Hobbism, as they did not to the political actors of the period. The mock-pastoral and mock-georgic

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[42] Seamus Heaney, "Eclogues *in extremis*: On the Staying Power of Pastoral," address to the Royal Irish Academy, 6 June 2002, repr. in Katharina Volk (ed.), *Oxford Readings in Classical Studies: Vergil's* Eclogues (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), 252-53.

[43] Marvell, *The last Instructions to a Painter* 921-22, in *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, third edn H. M. Margoliouth, rev. Pierre Legouis and E. E. Duncan-Jones, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 171. On Marvell's densely-suggestive purple scar image see James Grantham Turner, "From Revolution to Restoration in English Literary Culture," in *The Cambridge History of Early Modern English Literature* (The New Cambridge History of English Literature) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2003), 818.

poets' reaction against the growth of this newly-prominent, newly-powerful "imagined community" of the state as against tangible communities of confessional identity, locality, or kinship is inchoate and partial, because contemporary with that growth, but it is there. And so the reaction against naturalism observed in the mock-pastoral and mock-georgic poems at the level of form (there is no innocent or pure topographic form, always already parapoetically intertextual and polyphemic) and at the level of theme (there is no arcadian eutopia in the primitive past, or in the agrarian peripheral present, nor yet in the progressive future) can also be observed at the level of context. In twenty-first-century retrospect, it takes the form of rejection of state-of-nature political theory and the bogus "rational" and rationally self-interested actors such theory assumes, along with its social practices, liberal individualism at the micro level and the administrative warfare state at the macro – Rochester's *Satyre against Reason and Mankind* where "Hudled [*sic*] in dirt the reasoning Engine lies," Marvell's "Mower" poems ironizing landlord moves to rationalize land use by turning tenant farms into graze.[44]

The satiric topographers central to this study indeed – Marvell, Rochester, Swift, Gay, Pope – won the battle of the books, still studied and anthologized as they are, but it was the earnest topographers (the two Philips, Diaper, Anne Finch, Ramsay, Dyer, Thomson) who won the battle of the culture.[45] Holdouts like Goldsmith and Crabbe notwithstanding, in the decades and now centuries after 1740 the aesthetically-victorious versions of pastoral and georgic in English have been not those with satiric contents (again, thematically and tonally closer to Graeco-Roman models) but soft pastoral and soft georgic, thematically transvalued to arcadian idyll even if they occasionally wear classic conventions on the surface.[46] And critical scholarship in English literature has

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[44] Cf. Nisbet, *The Quest for Community*, 107-08: "[T]he very centralization of monarchical and State power could not help but create the conditions for a growing interest in personal equality. For, in the interests of its own aggrandizement, the State was forced to restrict sharply the authorities of medieval classes and estates. In so doing it could not help but partially level these ranks and, by its growing stress upon the impersonality and equality of law, to create a scene in which many traditional medieval inequalities had to be diminished… New inequalities of both a political and economic sort were being created, and the old ones were slow to dissolve. But the net effect of the State in history, as such students as Tocqueville and Halévy have emphasized, is nevertheless leveling." See also Jonathan Clark, "State Formation and National Identity: The Case of England," in *Our Shadowed Present: Modernism, Postmodernism, and History* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 2003), 59-86; Martin van Creveld, *The Rise and Decline of the State* (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 126-88 and *passim*; Mark Kishlansky*, A Monarchy Transformed: Britain 1603-1714* (New York: Penguin, 1997), 308-10.

[45] Pope is a difficult case and so makes bad law; *Windsor-Forest*, as I argue in chaper 5, floats fascinatingly between the two camps and requires the subtlest interpretation. The *Pastorals*, being in earnest, cannot enter into a calculation of mock-topographic bona fides, but *The Dunciad*, while clearly a version of mock-epic, is also significantly mock-pastoral and mock-georgic.

[46] Briefly, the place made of commonplaces which arcadian pastoral and georgic poets write 1660-1740 is the germ of the "England's green and pleasant land" subsequently written by most picturesque and then Romantic poems, and still quietly presiding over popular imagination of the British countryside in the twenty-first century. In Donna Landry's phrase, "the [arcadian] countryside packaged as a literary phenomenon, a reading experience for urban audiences, had come into being by the very beginning of the eighteenth century." Landry, *The Invention of the Countryside: Hunting, Walking and Ecology in English Literature, 1671-1831* (Basingstoke, Hampshire and New York: Palgrave/Macmillan, 2001), 16. In fact the process had been under way for more than half a century before that, germinating and striking roots as early as the Personal Rule, the civil wars and the Interregnum. See Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, *passim*.

mostly followed authors and readers on this tangent, to the detriment of literary history. I therefore propose, like Goldsmith and Crabbe, to redress the imbalance and restore a realistic sense of the genres, to "paint the cot, / As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not" but without the animus against Theocritus and Vergil, since in the case of true pastoral and true georgic, ancient and modern, "when t'examine ev'ry Part he came, / *Nature* and [poem] were, he found, the *same*."[47]

[47] Crabbe, *The Village* 1.53-54 (1783), in *George Crabbe: The Complete Poetical Works*, ed. Norma Dalrymple-Champneys and Arthur Pollard (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988); Pope, *An Essay on Criticism* 134-35 (1709), in *Alexander Pope: Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (London: Methuen and New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1961), 254-55. The original, where Pope is describing Vergil, is "But when t'examine ev'ry Part he came, / *Nature* and *Homer* were, he found, the *same*."

CHAPTER 1

Haymakers, whore-writers and "happy men": the labor of love in Marvell's topographies

Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth.

Epistle of St James 5:4

How happy might I still have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thistles sow'd!
But now I all the day complain,
Joyning my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Sythe cut down the Grass,
Yet still my Grief is where it was.

Marvell, "Damon the Mower"

Let those possess the land and only those,
Who love it with a love so strong and stupid
That they may be abused and taken advantage of
And made fun of by business, law, and art;
They still hang on.

Robert Frost, "Build Soil: A Political Pastoral"

Marvell is after Milton the most self-consciously Latinate poet in English, if one who wears his Latinity lightly, but in his topographic poems the most sustained formal engagement is interestingly not with Vergil but Theocritus. This is most clearly the case in the Mower poems, especially "Damon the Mower," a fascinating pastiche of *Idyll* 11 (and therefore *Eclogue* 2), but Marvell's reference to and reworking of Theocritus are also key to the longer quasi-pastoral, quasi-georgic *Upon Appleton House* as I will argue. Oddly, this engagement with Theocritus, essential to Marvell's pastorals and georgics, has been mostly passed over by critics. An otherwise thorough study like Donald Friedman's *Marvell's Pastoral Art*, for instance, mentions Theocritus only a handful of times and then only in passing, nor does it read any particular topographic poem in light of Marvell's reworking of material from the *Idylls* (and the *Eclogues*).[1] The chapter that follows will attempt to redress this imbalance.

Thematically and contextually, meanwhile, Marvell's topographic poems have two abiding and related concerns. The first is the enclosure of self in private subjectivity,

[1] Donald M. Friedman, *Marvell's Pastoral Art* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1970). One minor exception to this rule has been J. B. Leishman, *The Art of Marvell's Poetry*, second edn (London: Hutchinson, 1968), 137, 140, 260, 295. Leishman does not however sustain engagement with the Theocritean pretexts of particular passages in Marvell but confines himself to noting intertexutal reference and then moves on to other critical concerns.

especially as this is inflected by domestic erotic complications, and they often investigate the process by themselves enacting it, utilizing a subject-centered perspective to see persons primarily as individual agents rather than members of great households, village communities or other kinship groups, "families" in the extended, premodern sense.[2] The second is the enclosure of common in severalty, with consequent engrossment of estates and the nascent growth of a market in land, in response to agricultural improvement.

There is a paradox here, however: Damon, the haymaker of the chapter title and titular voice of the Mower poems, consistent spokesman for self-enclosure in subjectivity and the enclosure of common in severalty (except, importantly, in "The Mower against Gardens"), is ironized as a naïf and even satirized by Marvell. Yet Marvell dedicated his career, first as tutor, then as bureaucrat, finally as Member of Parliament, to promoting the cultural and political values of the Commonwealth and Restoration new class invested in the rise of domestic subjectivity and landowning severalty; owing their advancement to the weakening of the historically social and public character of both family membership and landholding in the British nations and the consequent emergence of a free market in affective and economic relations alike, they exemplify the sociological evolution identified in Maine's famous proposition "that the movement of the progressive societies has hitherto been a movement from Status to Contract."[3] Indeed the rise of this new class is best seen not in Restoration Britain but Restoration North America, where there were few if any impediments to its reconstruction of the polity on lines congenial to itself. The 1670 colonization of South Carolina by Marvell's ally Shaftesbury, for instance, with a Fundamental Constitution drawn up by Locke, divided the territory geometrically into counties of equal size, each county into equal-sized parcels. The number of parcels owned by a given man was to be determined not by grant for military services rendered, occupation and improvement, or some other premodern criterion but by Shaftesbury and his co-proprietors, whose allocations were enlightened by rational, utopian principles – for instance self-interest, which led them to allocate most of the parcels to themselves as "seigneurs," fewer still to "caciques" or "landgraves," and fewest of all to mere "leet-men," with poor whites to have no political rights and African slaves to have the legal status of chattel.[4]

Marvell's most sustained engagement with these themes of domestic subjectivity and landowning severalty is not however in the Mower poems but *Upon Appleton House*, in which the chief marker of the incipient rejection of the feudal law of family membership and landholding is young Mary or Maria, whom Lord Fairfax made his heir at Appleton by breaking the entail. This rupture, earning Marvell's sustained poetic praise, is a reflection of contemporary pressures in the law of property in Britain to

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[2] James Turner, *The Politics of Landscape: Rural Scenery and Society in English Poetry 1630-1660* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1979), 78, notes the literal, optical analogue of this process at work in *Appleton House*, where "the obliquity of the poem's imagery works like the separate prisms of the Paris perspective… properly grouped, they reveal a single person where a cluster once appeared."

[3] Henry Sumner Maine, *Ancient Law: Its Connection with the Early History of Society, and Its Relation to Modern Ideas* (London: John Murray, 1861; repr. Ithaca, NY: Cornell Univ. Library, 2010), 208.

[4] See Robert M. Weir, *Colonial South Carolina: A History* (Columbia, SC: Univ. of South Carolina Press, 1997), 47-74.

weaken conditional tenures (fee tail, life estate and the like) in favor of fee simple absolute ownership and free alienability and devisability of land, with the consequent rise of a relatively liquid land market.[5] These thematic and contextual significations of Marvellian topography, moreover, are organically fused with its formal reference, intertextual relation back to Theocritus (and less directly Vergil): Marvell renovates the ancient pretexts' rural realism, frank sexuality and distinctly disillusioned engagement with love in topographic poems like "Damon the Mower," while in others, especially *Appleton House*, he cleverly reuses Theocritean or Vergilian forms or rhetoric while evacuating their thematic content, transvaluing these ironized precursors to earnest early-modern idyll to produce what is arguably the best, and most vexing, arcadian pastoral poem in English.

To do this in *Upon Appleton House* Marvell resorts to a kind of historiographic *pornographia*, daringly writing "whore" and worse across the Cistercian nuns who owned and cultivated the poem's titular estate for centuries before his patrons the Fairfaxes bought it up at the Henrician Dissolution. Paradoxically however he also writes "whore" across, if in Damon's voice, the agricultural improvers and landscape gardeners of the 1650s whose "culture" of new, improved hybrid crosses is symptom and emblem of their broader efforts to turn the land to more "rational" and more aesthetic uses, uses which threaten to uproot and supplant the older agricultural order of common land use, secure tenantry and small freeholding represented by Damon as mower. For these "happy men," ironically Horatian down to their affiliation, Alfius-like, with emerging London and provincial commercial and financial interests, men who include Marvell's learned patron Fairfax, cannot help but catch the poet's sharp eye for paradox, even when he reports on what he sees through the parodic filter of Damon. Though Marvell is officially committed, for pay or from partisanship, to praising the improving efforts of these "happy men" in *Appleton House* in particular, he cannot quite bring himself to collapse into one unitary, rationalized perspective all perspectives on the land, especially the venerable perspective of the unhappy men whose rural protest, faint but persistent, is an English poetic tradition going back to *Piers Plowman* and beyond.

Thus the elaborate stage machinery of arcadian pastoral, complete with inverting mirrors and other technical dazzlers, does not succeed in reducing our impression of these unhappy men solely to *Appleton House*'s subject-centered perspective of optimist modernity; though seen only silent in the background in *Appleton House* they move to the foreground in the person of Damon the Mower who, when not otherwise engaged lamenting his unlucky loves, gives the rural dispossessed a voice. Though "[i]n the seventeenth-century imagination all these perspective arts had a single purpose – the

[5] On Fairfax's breaking the entail see Rosalie L. Colie, *"My Ecchoing Song": Andrew Marvell's Poetry of Criticism* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1970), 222. For an overview of the broad trends in real property law during the Interregnum and Restoration that encouraged the rise of a free market in land see A. W. B. Simpson, *A History of the Land Law*, second edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986), 208-69. It had been in great part Charles I's attempts to bypass Parliamentary taxation by reviving disused feudal duties, especially those touching title to land (royal forest and concealed Crown lands fines, fees in the Court of Wards, distraints of knighthood) that were cited by Parliamentary apologists to justify armed resistance to the king in 1642. See Kevin Sharpe, *The Personal Rule of Charles I* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1992), 105-30; see also Conrad Russell, *The Fall of the British Monarchies, 1637-1642* (Oxford: Clarendon Press and New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1991), 1-14, 519.

construction of a visual world on geometric principles, applied to the structure and continuity of human life," and though Marvell exploits these to the full, Damon breaks free of the geometric simplifications that reduce *Appleton House*'s mowers to an aspect of the poet's landscaping perspective. Despite his creator's official story that all contradictions are resolved, Damon nevertheless manages to tell the paradox of his rural world.[6]

1. "LET OTHERS TELL THE *PARADOX*": *UPON APPLETON HOUSE* AND PROTESTANT PARTHENOGENESIS

Marvell's *Upon Appleton House* is from one angle a species of retirement poem, grounded in the topos of the *beatus ille* or "happy man," a lineal descendant of Horace's *Epode* 2 Alfius, minus the irony of being a usurer. The topos assumes a courtier or other powerful city-dweller who retires to the country to cultivate not crops but leisure, and notionally wisdom. This happy man topos is, however, conflated by Marvell with that of the hermit, the late antique and medieval solitary monk. This is clearly a misprision, as the two types were distinct historically. For eremitic or contemplative monasticism had first been framed not as scholarly retreat from the world but practical labor, both spiritual and manual, to help it.[7] But the English Renaissance mostly knew hermits only by reputation, though in Ireland the Culdees were active as late as 1541, and Protestant poets in particular therefore readily imagined a false dichotomy of "contemplative" or eremitic monasticism versus "active" or coenobitic, the type most familiar to it through the Dissolution.[8] Marvell's misprision of the happy man as hermit is nevertheless poetically

[6] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 79.

[7] St Antony of Egypt, whose fourth-century *Life* by St Athanasius is the paradigm text of Christian monasticism, supported himself by weaving baskets, exchanging them for necessities with visitors to his cell; St Arsenius, sometime courtier and tutor to the emperor Honorius, was renowned in Egyptian reclusion not for great learning but austere fasting. Since the demons were thought in the Patristic period to frequent not cities but wild places, the hermits' move to the desert was not to evade a fight but to go looking for one, a conscious embrace of labor and struggle. The learned, retired monk thus descends not from the Desert Fathers but rather St Jerome, that earlier, orthodox Milton (Latinist, Hellenist, Hebraist) who retreated to the Syrian desert to cultivate the mind as much as the heart. See Athanasius, *Life of Antony* 53, in Jacques-Paul Migne (ed.), *Patrologiae Cursus Completus, Series Graeca*, vol. 26, cols. 835-976 (Paris: Imprimerie Catholique, 1857); *The Sayings of the Desert Fathers: Arsenius*, in Migne (ed.), *Patrologiae Cursus Completus, Series Graeca*, vol. 65, cols. 87-108 (Paris: Imprimerie Catholique, 1864); J. N. D. Kelly, *Jerome: His Life, Writings, and Controversies* (New York: Harper & Row, 1975), 46-52. For a differing view see Michael O'Loughlin, *The Garlands of Repose: The Literary Celebration of Civic and Retired Leisure; The Traditions of Homer and Vergil, Horace and Montaigne* (Chicago and London: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1978), 166-76.

[8] In Ireland eremitic monasticism followed closely on the fourth-century flowering in Egypt, Palestine and Cappadocia, and direct correspondence between Near Eastern and Celtic monasticism is attested, including seventh-century settlement in Ireland and perhaps Iona by Egyptian monks. See Robert K. Ritner, "Egyptians in Ireland: A Question of Coptic Peregrinations," *Rice University Studies* 62 (1976), 65-87. On the *céli Dé* (Culdees) and Irish anchorites see Westley Follett, *Céli Dé in Ireland: Monastic Writing and Identity in the Early Middle Ages* (Woodbridge, Suffolk and Rochester, NY: Boydell & Brewer, 2006), 171-219; see also Donnchadh Ó Corráin, "Ireland c. 800: Aspects of Society" in *A New History of Ireland, vol. 1: Prehistoric and Early Ireland* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005), 605-08.

useful for it allows him to expand topographic genre in new directions, while simultaneously setting up straw men, or rather straw women in the case of his gibes at Nun Appleton's vanished Cistercians, for Protestant polemic against monastics as rapacious and indolent (Spenser's subtle Archimago is an Elizabethan precursor).[9] As will be argued, this false dichotomy between arcadian "pastoral" contemplation, mere leisure, and hard-headed "georgic" action, sheer labor, is central to structuring *Upon Appleton House*'s rhetoric of Fairfacian virtue versus monastic and clerical (and so by implication royalist) vice, such that Marvell's history in verse of the 1530s also serves to make sharp points about current events in revolutionary England of the 1640s and 1650s.

Upon Appleton House is also nominally a country-house poem, generically distinct from either prospect-poem *topographia* or true georgic. High-gloss Metaphysical paradoxes brighten the poem's thin coating of scientism and meliorism, which itself overlies thick Protestant and Parliamentarian apologetic for the Dissolution and, later, the victorious side in Britain's civil wars, but the poem is thoroughly georgic in one sense, however. Like the Roman plowman of *Geo*. 1.493-97 who will one day turn up bones of civil wars past, which are still current events as Vergil writes, Marvell's speaker exhumes history buried 120 years, the Dissolution of the Cistercian nunnery of Appleton and other monastic foundations by Henry VIII and his minister Thomas Cromwell.[10] He chooses however to falsify that exhumation and history; inverting Vergil's plowman, he reburies the estate's communal georgic past in private pastoral idyll. He does this by selectively forgetting confiscation and enclosure at Nun Appleton over the preceding century to imagine a virgin countryside at the Dissolution, gallantly rescued for productive exploitation by the Fairfaxes from evil Spenserian nuns who, in defiance of the historical record, expropriate rather than suffer expropriation:

> 'Hypocrite Witches, hence *avant*,
> 'Who though in prison yet inchant!
> 'Death only can such Theeves make fast,
> 'As rob though in the Dungeon cast.[11]

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[9] As an historical matter this polemic's social function is often as rhetorical fig-leaf for lay speculators who profited handsomely by the Dissolution. The monastic foundations' and chantries' social function in England, Scotland and Ireland in the decades leading up the Dissolution included provision of medical care, poor relief, hospitality and even public works, in addition to intercessory prayer and spiritual counsel, roles rarely played by early-sixteenth-century nation-states, including Henrician England. See Eamon Duffy, *The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional Religion in England 1400-1560*, second edn (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2003), 367-68, 454 ff.; Mark Dilworth, *Scottish Monasteries in the Late Middle Ages* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Univ. Press, 1995), 57-74; Brendan Bradshaw, *The Dissolution of the Religious Orders in Ireland under Henry VIII* (London and Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1974), 8-38. On the pre-Dissolution history of Nun Appleton in particular see "Houses of Cistercian nuns: Priory of Nun Appleton," in *The Victoria History of the County of York: Volume 3*, ed. William Page (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell & Brewer, 1974), 170-74.

[10] Kevis Goodman, *Georgic Modernity and British Romanticism* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 1 and *passim* notes "Virgil's generative pun" on *versus* as "both the furrows of the field and lines of verse on the page."

[11] *Upon Appleton House* 205-08 (stanza 26), in *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, third edn H. M. Margoliouth, rev. Pierre Legouis and E. E. Duncan-Jones, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 69. Marvell here purports to be quoting a soliloquy by William Fairfax.

Clear recollection of the Dissolution is therefore indispensable to reading Marvell's subtle play with pastoral and georgic motifs and values, and with historical fact, in *Appleton House*. Like the civil wars and "Roman Revolution" of the late Republic, Henry's and Cromwell's collectivization of the monasteries in the 1530s made drastic top-down changes to land ownership, a shock just short of social revolution in overwhelmingly agrarian Britain. Though by some accounts tenancies on the confiscated estates were not wholesale altered by new landlords, who unlike Hythloday's in *Utopia* did not immediately "cut their tenants to the quick by raising rents,"[12] the Dissolution indubitably represented a massive transfer of wealth in Britain and eastern Ireland from the monastic orders, which in theory operated for public benefit and distributed large sums in charity, to the Crown and thence to the nobility and gentry, which did not.[13] Henry publicly justified the Dissolution as Church reform and redistribution of wealth for the general welfare but in the event "schemes to endow preachers, schools, colleges, hospitals, Greek and Hebrew studies, poor relief, highways, etc. were dropped… there was little to suggest that Henry's Reformation had much to do with spiritual life, or with God."[14] It thus met with bitter popular opposition, especially in the Pilgrimage of Grace, a mass rising in Yorkshire and throughout the north; protesting the Dissolution as an attack on rural laborers and the Catholic faith, the Pilgrims came near to triggering regime change in 1536, and were only put down with military force and mass executions.[15]

The Yorkshire priory of Appleton therefore, bought up by a forebear of Marvell's patron Sir Thomas Fairfax, was squarely in the middle of the religious and social upheaval of the Henrician Reformation and its belated sequel, the civil wars of the 1640s (Marston Moor, where Fairfax commanded Parliamentary cavalry, is just ten miles north).[16] Its history, pious, genteel and bloody by turns, is at stake in the poem, and so by implication is that of the rest of the landed estates held by Fairfax and other

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[12] "*colonos augendibus reditibus ad uiuum usque radunt*." Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, book 1 (1516) in *The Complete Works of St. Thomas More*, vol. 4, ed. Edward Surtz, S.J. and J. H. Hexter (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1965), 62. The line could also be rendered "scrape their tenants to the skin" or perhaps "fleece them bare." Robynson's prolix 1551 translation of *Utopia* has it both ways: "their tenauntes I meane, whom they polle and shaue to the quycke by reysing their rentes." *The* Utopia *of Sir Thomas More*, ed. J. H. Lupton (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1895), 45-46.

[13] Within a decade of the first confiscations in 1536 the Crown had alienated more than three-fourths of the seized estates, and within just a few years spent all the money raised by its selloff. See Joyce Youings, *The Dissolution of the Monasteries* (London: George Allen & Unwin and New York: Barnes and Noble, 1971), 117-31. For a fluent synopsis of the Dissolution see David Knowles, *Bare Ruined Choirs: The Dissolution of the English Monasteries* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1976), *passim*.

[14] John Guy, "The Break with Rome," in *Tudor England* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1988), 148.

[15] See Anthony Fletcher and Diarmaid MacCulloch, "The Lincolnshire Rising and the Pilgrimage of Grace," in *Tudor Rebellions*, rev. fifth edn (Harlow, England: Pearson/Longman, 2008), 28-53.

[16] Nun Appleton, though it had already paid large "fines" to the Court of Augmentations receiver for Yorkshire in exchange for letters patent protecting its foundation, nevertheless made a "voluntary" surrender Dec. 5, 1539. Youings, *The Dissolution of the Monasteries*, 50-51.

Commonwealth oligarchs, whose title Marvell feels obliged to vindicate obliquely. And so this history must be reimagined as a version of arcadian pastoral; Marvell's song is not that of *Eclogue* 1's dispossessed Meliboeus but that of entitled Tityrus, having some peace in his bee-loud glade. For to make us believe his idyll of Nun Appleton as a blissful Commonwealth present with innocent past and bright future, Marvell must imaginatively clear the land not only of monastic owners before the Henrician Reformation (thought to be about thirty nuns) but of manual laborers after it.[17] So "the land is cleared of its troublesome natives and planted with a new and more loyal population": personified natural forces, dutiful animals, and a teenaged Maria Fairfax with a *dame aux licornes* power to make the subhuman creation labor effortlessly.[18] But true to Marvell's love of paradox this arcadian idyll theme takes the form of ironized georgic: the speaker's pseudo-practical reflections on communal monastic landholding before the Henrician Reformation (bad) and private lay landholding after it (good). Indeed, as will be shown, Marvell also subtly casts the poem as an implied quiet-title action at common law, in an attempt to make good his Fairfax patrons' title to land they hold dubiously.[19]

Marvell rhetorically structures his legalistic idyll with counterposed tropes of waste and productivity, specifically of Nun Appleton's thwaites – both Isabel Thwaites, who became mother to Sir Thomas' line after being seized from her guardian the prioress, and thwaites lower-case, parcels cleared of virgin forest or reclaimed from waste land (from Old English *þwitan*, to cut or cut off).[20] The punning is not just a quibble; William Fairfax's seizure of "the blooming Virgin *Thwates*" in 1518 preceded by just twenty years Cromwell's seizure of Nun Appleton's blooming worked thwaites, worth about £73 per year at the Dissolution.[21] And just as it is essential to the poem's praise of

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[17] David Knowles and R. Neville Hadcock, *Medieval Religious Houses, England and Wales*, new ed. (London: Longman, 1971), 275. I use the term "Henrician Reformation" in this study to distinguish Henry's changes to the institutional Church in England, Wales and Ireland from the rather different changes made by the Protestant Reformation in Switzerland, the German states, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and Scotland, and from the still different changes made by the Catholic Reformation in the rest of non-Orthodox Europe (codified by the decrees of the Council of Trent after 1563).

[18] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 185.

[19] For accounts of Marvell's strategy to justify Fairfax possession, without my emphasis on topographic genre and legal discourse, see Patsy Griffin, "'Twas no Religious House till now': Marvell's 'Upon Appleton House,'" *SEL* 28 (1988), 62-67; Gary D. Hamilton, "Marvell, Sacrilege and Protestant Historiography: Contextualising 'Upon Appleton House,'" in Donna B. Hamilton and Richard Strier (eds.), *Religion, Literature and Politics in Post-Reformation England, 1540-1688* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1996), 161-86.

[20] The vignette of the hewel, "who here has the Holt-felsters care" by felling rotten trees in stanzas 68-70, is a poetic analogue of contemporary Hartlibian and Blithian pressures to clear more waste in aid of agricultural improvement. In the lines where the hewel fells "the tallest Oak," with its strong Britannic and Stuart dynastic overtones, which "he mark'd… with the Ax" and which "fall[s] by such a *feeble Strok*'!" because its "tainted Side" has been rotted by the "*Traitor-worm*, within it bred," there is a clear undertone of regret at the execution of the king just two years prior. Marvell has like most serious poets a Whitmanesque tolerance for local political self-contradictions. Margoliouth (ed.), 79-80.

[21] Knowles and Hadcock, *Medieval Religious Houses*, 272.

Fairfax that his ancestress Isabel Thwaites be in untouched state prior to appropriation, so it is essential that the Cistercians' thwaites be the same. So Marvell pretends, briskly parting company with fact, that before the Dissolution they were not thwaites at all but waste:

> But Nature here hath been so free
> As if she said leave this to me.
> Art would more neatly have defac'd
> What she had laid so sweetly wast;
> In fragrant Gardens, shaddy Woods,
> Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods. (*Upon Appleton House* 75-80)

Four centuries of ownership by the Cistercians, and four centuries of cultivation, timbering and ditching by their tenants, are papered over with Dame Natura, whose title to the land (and so her right to convey it to the Fairfaxes) derives not from grant or adverse possession but from her artless, effortless landscaping. Nun Appleton's countryside, we are told, was waved into being in the late 1530s, four hundred years of charters, wills, and pastoral letters to the contrary notwithstanding, and before that entries in Domesday Book.[22] In fact of course it was the Dissolution that "laid so sweetly wast" Nun Appleton, or its monastic buildings at least, and in any case the countryside Marvell sees from the big house in 1651 is the product of centuries of piecemeal manual and animal labor; even in 1518 it could have seemed a wild or picturesque "landscape" only from a poet's physical and emotional distance and through his speaker's rose-colored glasses.

But like a shrewd common lawyer Marvell argues for the nuns' bad title in the alternative. Assuming the Cistercians' holdings *weren't* uncultivated wild before the Henrician Reformation, they were still being allowed to go to wrack and ruin – waste in the technical, legal sense – and so the nuns deserved their expropriation. Thus when William Fairfax abducts Isabel the reader is told:

> Thenceforth (as when th'Inchantment ends
> The Castle vanishes or rends)
> The wasting Cloister with the rest
> Was in one instant dispossest. (269-72)

Marvell unsubtly hints at demonic possession and spellbinding, and the evocation of Spenserian enchantresses and castles in the air reactivates his outburst at the "hypocrite witches" in lines 205-08;[23] there is a gendered "white-hot resentment" here akin to that in Milton's divorce tracts, though in Milton's case ignited not by aristocratic consorts of

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[22] Dedicated to St Mary and St John the Evangelist, the priory was founded *c*. 1150 by Eustace de Merch and his wife Alice de St Quintin. For a summary of charters, bequests, archiepiscopal letters and other documents pertaining to Nun Appleton before the Dissolution see Page (ed.), 170. Entries in *Domesday Book* (1086) concerning Appleton Roebuck, immediately adjacent to the soon-to-be Nun Appleton, appear at 329r, 374r and 379v. See *Domesday Book, Vol. 30: Yorkshire*, ed. Margaret L. Faull and Marie Stinson (London and Chichester: Phillimore, 1986), 329a, 374a, 379d.

[23] Colie, *"My Ecchoing Song"*, 226 points out that the apt precursor in Spenser is Britomart's forced dissolution of the House of Busyrane in *The Faerie Queene* 3.12.36-37, 42-43. (Colie's text incorrectly cites 2.11.43.)

Christ ("'Each Night among us to your side / 'Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride," 185-86) but of Charles II.[24] Surely no one could object to the seizure of a "wasting Cloister" from *Macbeth*-style witches? Yet as already noted neither Nun Appleton's cloister nor the thwaites surrounding it were still part of the unbuilt environment in 1518 or at the Dissolution. So Marvell slips mid-assertion into a different charge: the nuns' use of the land was "waste" in the common-law sense of tenant damage to the value of a freehold estate, specifically, cultivation or building or other use of a piece of land that diminishes its monetary value.

Yet in fact it was not the nuns of Appleton but Court of Augmentations bureaucrats who were legally responsible for such waste, breaking up the confiscated estate in the late 1530s and selling the assets to the Fairfaxes for ready money, in the manner of "rightsizing" corporate raiders today. Marvell himself interestingly concedes as much elsewhere. Reflecting in 1651 on the manor house where he tutors Maria Fairfax, and on the old abbey falling down nearby, he says "And all that Neighbour-Ruine shows / The Quarries whence this dwelling rose" (lines 87-88), with "Quarries" as much helpless prey as sources of stone. Indeed Nun Appleton's cloister and subjoined lands were not "in one instant dispossest" but were "wasted" over time: first the nuns were dispersed (Cromwell's ministry providing the sub-prioress and eighteen nuns token pensions),[25] then tenant rents redirected from order and papal treasuries to Fairfax fisc, and finally the cloister itself broken up for building stone, leaving behind a pseudo-old Gothic ruin – a genuine prototype of the sham cloisters and hermitages put up on fashionably-medievalizing estates around Britain in the next century.[26]

Marvell, despite his idyllicizing project, is nevertheless compelled obliquely to acknowledge the power of this non-fictional history, in an imitation of John of Gaunt's great "this England" speech: "Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle / The Garden of the World ere while… What luckless Apple did we tast, / To make us Mortal, and The Wast?"[27] Momentarily, responsibility for the creation – and destruction – of Nun Appleton's green and pleasant land, and England's at large, is put back into history from Arcadia, a laborless pre-Dissolution past of spontaneous generation that never was. On the whole the recent civil wars and contemporary unrest in 1651, radical and royalist

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[24] *Upon Appleton House* 185-86 (stanza 24), in Margoliouth (ed.), 68. James Grantham Turner reads Samson's "sexual fury" against Dalila and his "emotional attacks on his countrymen" in *Samson Agonistes* as a literary "transference of blame [for the Restoration] to evil women and backsliding compatriots" by Milton, whose Samson combines "the white-hot resentment of the divorce tracts with contemporary misogynist hatred of the royal mistresses." Turner, "From Revolution to Restoration in English Literary Culture," in *The Cambridge History of Early Modern English Literature* (The New Cambridge History of English Literature) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2003), 808-09.

[25] Knowles and Hadcock, *Medieval Religious Houses*, 275.

[26] See e.g. John Dixon Hunt, *The Figure in the Landscape: Poetry, Painting, and Gardening during the Eighteenth Century* (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1976), 2-9, and Kenneth Clark, "Ruins and Rococo: Strawberry Hill," in *The Gothic Revival* (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), 46-65.

[27] *Upon Appleton House* 321-28 (stanza 41), in Margoliouth (ed.), 72; Shakespeare, *Richard II* 2.1.1, ed. Peter Ure, in *The Arden Shakespeare*, ed. Richard Proudfoot, Ann Thompson, and David Scott Kastan (Walton-on-Thames, Surrey: Thomas Nelson, 1998), 677.

alike, are minimized in *Appleton House*, or when notice is inescapable they are obscured by metaphors that invert the causal relation of politics to topography (stanza 57's "naked equal Flat, / Which *Levellers* take Pattern at"). But these historical events suddenly pop into focus in Marvell's plangent "dear and happy Isle" apostrophe, intensified by its intertextuality with *Richard II* and *Genesis* (the lethal "luckless Apple").

Marvell uses not only a theory of waste, however, but a theory of productivity to underwrite *Appleton House*'s legal argument – for such it is, if diffuse and implicit – that the Fairfaxes rightfully own the titular edifice and the land around it. Just as the cloistered virginity of "Thwates," as Marvell mostly refers to Isabel, or rather her virgin cloister, is a "wast" of reproductive capacity, so the untapped potential of Nun Appleton's thwaites, allegedly untouched or inefficiently exploited by their Cistercian owners, is a "wast" of productive capacity. This analogy is rhetorically reinforced because "Thwates," which reduces Isabel to a mere bloodline for crossing with Fairfax, is painfully close to the English monosyllable for the female genitals, well-known in Marvell's time and exploited by him accordingly.[28] The crude punning is not a one-off flourish but part of a motif; William Fairfax's "rise" to penetrate "through the Wall" of "th'unfrequented Vault," for instance, where he takes possession of the "Jewels" of "truly bright and holy *Thwaites*," also sounds crudely genital ("holy" in context implies its homophone). Thus she "weeping at the *Altar* waites" (258-64) not for the marriage rite but for ravishing, recalling Hecuba's daughters huddled around house gods in burning Troy, waiting for the Greeks to force entry. At poem's end, meanwhile, where Maria Fairfax is said to be merely marking time studying Latin and Greek "Till Fate her worthily translates, / And find a *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*" (747-48), the low punning underlines the thematic implication that fair fax, ideally reproductive, are thwates' proper office in life, just as Nun Appleton's thwaites only come into their own and produce properly once Fairfax exploits them.

Indeed virginity in *Appleton House* is not only the property of cloistered heiresses and the nuns who guard them, "*Virgin Amazons*" in ascetic warfare, and of their thwates, nor is genital sexuality the only means of reproduction. Marvell imaginatively transfers the nuns' virginity to their cloister as well, which disconcertingly reproduces by parthenogenesis, spontaneously generating growth with no sowing of seed and delivering with no labor. Speaking of the "Progress of this Houses Fate," and playing on "house" as both edifice and the great family who occupy it, Marvell quips that "A *Nunnery* first gave it birth. / For *Virgin Buildings* oft brought forth" (84-86). Indeed the "*Suttle Nunns*" sexual innocence or experience is so unstable a marker that it alights not only on their cloister but their minds, "Whence in these Words one to her [Isabel] weav'd, / (As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd" (94-96); this turns a conceit into a conception, and meditation on it into a literal brooding, gestation or pregnancy, but again one with no genital intercourse and fertilization.

So the poem's tropological dichotomy of waste/production extends from common-law property actions to female sexuality and back again. Indeed Marvell's

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[28] The *Oxford English Dictionary*, second edn (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1989), *s.v.* "twat" cites, contemporary with Marvell, the anonymous ballad *Vanity of Vanities, or Sir Harry Vane's Picture* (1660) for the anti-Catholic rhyme "They talk't of his having a Cardinalls Hat, / They'd send him as soon an Old Nuns Twat."

implied quiet-title action hinges on a case against female love in the absence of marriage, which is again argued in the alternative. Either the nuns are wicked because their same-sex love is not productive of offspring, as they

> lye as chast in Bed,
> 'As Pearls together billeted.
> 'All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
> 'Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm (189-92)[29]

or else they are wicked because their opposite-sex love is all too productive, of secret bastards. So William Fairfax's voice is used to write whore across these celibate Cistercians, in a tone that makes a virile young ravisher sound like a dowager prude:

> 'I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
> 'When they it think by Night conceal'd.
> 'Fly from their Vices…
> 'Fly from their Ruine. (219-23)

Of course the first prong of this *pornographia*, an imputation of lesbianism disguised as georgic or horticultural aspersion, requires Marvell to ignore the nuns' legitimate production: social goods, indirectly through their tenants and directly through their hospitality, almsgiving and intercessory prayer, brutally dismissed as "[w]hile the disjointed *Abbess* threads / The gingling Chain-shot of her *Beads*" (253-54). Thus the nun's rhetorical question to Isabel "What need is here of man?" (183) is double-edged; she teaches with St Paul the superiority of celibacy – an offense to Marvell's Hartlibian or Blithian ethic of improving productivity – but she is also made to imply that no men, or lay women, lived at Nun Appleton before the Dissolution, when in fact a great many lived there, most of them leasing and cultivating monastery land. This false implication is again essential to Marvell's fiction that Nun Appleton's thwaites were inefficient, fallow or even virgin land before the Henrician Reformation – certainly not the case, as prior argued. It has the effect of imaginatively clearing the land, clearing the way for the Fairfaxes' lay appropriation at the Dissolution, as effectively as if its tenants had been physically dispossessed and ejected.

But there remains Marvell's alternative argument: the nuns are wicked because their opposite-sex love grows secret bastards. So by a jarring reversal Isabel Fairfax's blooming bud, a moment ago wrongly withheld in favor of same-sex love, becomes "the mortal fruit" through which the nuns "boyl / The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl." The implication is illicit copulation and pregnancy, reinforced by ringing the changes on "dying" to imply male orgasm – "And that which perisht while we pull, / Is thus preserved clear and full" – and so blooming Thwates and her cherry-ripe "mortal fruit" (173-76) are plucked and hurried into reproductivity, much as Nun Appleton's thwaites at the Dissolution, virgin land in Marvell's imagining. This mortal fruit is not however the same as the blooming bud of Maria Fairfax, upon whose virginity, not pregnancy,

[29] On the institution of marriage in the Interregnum and Restoration as inflected by the Parliamentarian poets especially see James Grantham Turner, *One Flesh: Paradisal Marriage and Sexual Relations in the Age of Milton* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1987), *passim*.

evidently, the fecundity of the estate's lands depends; though Marvell does admit that one day she will marry, this is only to carry on the family line.

Maria's maidenly virginity, indeed, and the virginity of Appleton's vanished Cistercian nuns are a Roman Catholic ghost haunting Marvell's poem of Protestant parthenogenesis, fittingly for a poet whose youthful conversion to Catholicism was intense if impermanent. *Appleton House* must therefore come to terms with the paradigmatic *hortus conclusus*, Mary the Mother of God, fertile yet ever-virgin, her labor productive yet painless. Marvell's strategy is deftly to naturalize and secularize her to virgin thwaites that spontaneously bear under young Mary Fairfax's smiling gaze.[30] This rhetorical shift moreover is a figure in small for an underlying shift isolable in the élite culture of 1650s Britain: incremental creep from the premodern, Christian metaphysics of special creation, nature as the product of God's labor, to an early modern metaphysics of the eternity of the world, nature as self-existent product of no labor, Graeco-Roman concepts reemergent in the natural philosophy and new science of the Interregnum. Where in the premodern *Weltanschauung* nature *was* art, with fixed beginning and fixed if distant and unknown end, certain strands of the new science, even ostensibly orthodox works like Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, were introducing concepts of cosmic mechanism and so, it was feared, the eternity of the self-existent world: nature in the post-Newtonian but pre-relativity sense.[31]

A ready corollary of this reemergent naturalism in mid-seventeenth-century physics and metaphysics, moreover, and one clearly in evidence in *Appleton House*, was the religious and social concept of natural innocence, not only in passages such as "But Nature here hath been so free" (stanza 10) but also, improbably, in passages framed by the high artifice of masque and court painting metaphor:

> This *Scene* [of the mowers] again withdrawing brings
> A new and empty Face of things;
> A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
> As Clothes for *Lilly* strecht to stain.
> The World when first created sure
> Was such a Table rase and pure.
> Or rather such is the *Toril*
> Ere the Bulls enter at Madril. (441-48)

That Marvell louchely concedes special creation only underlines the essential naturalism of the sentiment. The social world is a *tabula rasa* (years before Locke made the phrase famous) rationalized by man's erasures and rewritings of himself in his own image, a circular logic of neverending self-fashioning that will make all social actors as smoothly

[30] On the *hortus conclusus* in medieval Western literary culture see Stanley Stewart, *The Enclosed Garden: The Tradition and the Image in Seventeenth-Century Poetry* (Madison, Milwaukee and London: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1966), 31-59. Biblical pretexts for the Marian walled garden symbology, incorporated into the readings for great feasts of the Mother of God (Nativity, Presentation, Annunciation, Dormition), include *Gen*. 28:10-17, *Ex*. 3:1-6, *Song of Songs* 4:12-15 and *Ezek*. 44:1-3. For an explication of this symbology see e.g. Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, trans. Willard R. Trask, new intro. Colin Burrow (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1953, repr. 2013), 197-200.

[31] See Michael Hunter, *Science and Society in Restoration England* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1981), 186.

identical as raked parallels in the sand. Thus if the external world at Appleton had always just been this way, so that productive fields could be abstracted to a landscape fashioned by "nature" rather than centuries of agricultural labor, so too had the human world, a tidily self-generated, polite and commercial society, evacuated of agricultural dirt, blood, toil, sweat, and tears, and of course of embarrassingly-premodern feudal holdovers like aristocratic nuns and impolite peasants. There was, contrary to the facts of recorded history, no act of violent primeval creation; no losses or sacrifices were necessary to cultivate and build Nun Appleton and the fortunes of the polite Parliamentarians who possess it in 1651, so adept at spiritual georgic that though rich and powerful they are improbably poised to thread the needle and enter the kingdom of heaven: "For [Fairfax] did, with his utmost Skill, / *Ambition* weed, but *Conscience* till" (353-54).

It comes then as no surprise that this self-creating estate, a secular *hortus conclusus* sprung from materialist parthenogenesis, and the inward turn of epistemology and ethics that is its élite-culture context, find themselves strikingly figured in *Appleton House* by the pervasive trope of the mirror image, which ultimately is not true to the thing represented but rather inverts it. Its brilliant unreality in turn figures Marvell's own ingenious but fictional historiography. The River Wharfe for instance, like Damon's scythe in "Damon the Mower," reflects back not objective reality but what the speaker wants to see: himself, his patron and their political interest in a flattering light, in the case of *Appleton House*. (In keeping with Marvell's reflexivity motif "Wharfe" itself derives from Old English *hweorfan*, to turn or come back.[32]) Thus the speaker sees Nun Appleton and its troubled past through a glass brightly, but upside down: men who ravish nuns or collectivize their property are heroic patriots; their descendants who profit by civil war and tenant labor are philosopher-hermits whose daughters make the crops grow by smiling.[33]

Appleton House is thus a case of art holding up the mirror to artifice: its arcadian idyll, in addition to dissembling real, historic enclosure, enacts and valorizes its heroes' self-enclosure in a narrative of natural innocence, public and private. The fact that the poem was (posthumously) published in 1681, just as Marvell's Whig colleagues in Parliament were squaring off against Charles II over Exclusion, is here instructive. For Nun Appleton's Protestant parthenogenesis, Maria Fairfax's virginal power to make the land produce without labor, are themselves a mirror, in poetry, of the post-Civil War rise of entrepreneurial elements, both urban and rural, within the governing class, eagerly reading about favorable views of itself in texts such as *Appleton House*, such that "all things gaze themselves, and doubt / If they be in it or without" (637-38). These elements' values oblige Marvell to feign that capital and salable surplus on the estate he celebrates and draws his salary from grew spontaneously from the Fairfaxes' innocent, polite profit-seeking rather than from the husbandry of centuries of Cistercian tenantry and even now (in 1651) mostly-invisible laborers on the land. The highly-polished representation of

[32] *Oxford English Dictionary*, second edn (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1989), *s. v.* "wharve."

[33] The incident of Isabel's "rescue" from the nuns by William Fairfax is apparently Marvell's own invention. See Derek Hirst and Steven N. Zwicker, "High Summer at Nun Appleton, 1651: Andrew Marvell and Lord Fairfax's Occasions," *HJ* 36 (1993), 247-69. A contemporary poetic recollection of the Dissolution, which unlike Marvell's looks back in anger, is Sir John Denham's *Coopers-Hill* 112-56.

messy agricultural and social realities in the poem, a textual "*Chrystal Mirrour* slick," is such that "[t]he estate as Marvell interprets it is 'one perfect peece'; every part of it contributes to the prospects of the Fairfax dynasty. Local materials are built up into an integral structure, expressing the virtues of its occupants; it is a model of *oeconomia*."[34] This highly-polished representation, omitting expropriations past and tenants present, thus reflects primarily the speaker's own idyllicizing sensibility, anticipating the "watry Landskip of the pendant Woods" in *Windsor-Forest* where, in Pope's excursus on the river-nymph Lodona, the pastoral *eidullon* inverts reality to the arcadian taste for subjectivity and self-absorption: "Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies / The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies" (637-38).[35] Marvell's pastoral landscape (not countryside) is more Meliboeus than Tityrus: he can't see the impoverishment for the improvement.

In this self-enclosure in a narrative of natural innocence, where Marvell's speaker looks into the poetic glass and sees that he and his patrons and their new class have power to assume a pleasing shape, the georgic base of the agrarian economy is mostly invisible beyond the frame of *Appleton House*. It is therefore no coincidence that, as James Turner has observed, the word "'House' is the common denominator of [Marvell's] imagery, in all its permutations. As the poem progresses… outdoor scenes are presented more and more as domestic interiors."[36] The mowers for instance appear only briefly, at lines 385-440, and function mostly as pretexts for elaborate battle metaphors, their victims the grass and the hapless rails (in an early instance of "green" sentiment for all animal species but man). Their village – if indeed they have one, for as Christopher Kendrick has pointed out they may well be a hired gang rather than local tenants of the manor – is moreover pushed to Nun Appleton's margin and hidden; and this is done to make room for an idyll not of trade or even manufacturing but finance: the arcadian dream that the means of life may be produced and value added not on the land or even in exchange but on paper.[37] In Marvell's case the paper is the text of *Appleton House*, which had it been published contemporary with its composition in 1651 would have constituted, like commercial paper, a negotiable store of value. As patronal praise of the man who in 1651 was the most powerful in Britain after Cromwell, *Upon Appleton House* could have been readily exchanged for political goodwill, of the kind that secured Marvell's appointments in 1653 as tutor to Cromwell's prospective son-in-law William Dutton and, in September 1657, as Latin Secretary to the Council of State with Milton. This arcadian wish for paper productivity, interestingly, which papers over a violent georgic past of Dissolution and Civil Wars with a peaceful superficies, and is poetically exemplified by *Appleton House*, became public policy just a decade after the Folio's

[34] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 79-80.

[35] Pope, *Windsor-Forest* 211-13, in *Pastoral Poetry and* An Essay on Criticism, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (London: Methuen and New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1961), 169.

[36] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 80.

[37] Kendrick, "Agons of the Manor: 'Upon Appleton House' and Agrarian Capitalism," in *The Production of English Renaissance Culture*, ed. David Lee Miller, Sharon O'Dair, and Harold Weber (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1994), 24-25.

publication during the Nine Years' War in the form of fiat money and permanent public debt created in the Bank of England, which permanently "shifted the balance of power in London from commerce to finance," since "in a world at war, the security of funded debt was more prudent than the risk of overseas trade."[38]

In more than one sense, therefore, *Upon Appleton House* is a poem of paper production, a text which exhumes only to rebury upside down the estate's laborious feudal past and georgic present with an idyll of faked "wild" fields and woods, a landscape (not a countryside) which exists only on Marvell's pages and in the minds of readers whose perceptions they overwrite. The poem thereby sets the pattern for later arcadian topographies such as *Windsor-Forest*, where self-felling trees jump in the Thames to enlist in the navy, and *The Seasons*, where Thomson's animate fields produce automatically with almost no labor input.[39] The paradox of Marvell's beautiful but illusory vision of Protestant parthenogenesis at Appleton, therefore, is that the rural world past and present is rendered with sparkling clarity and indeed elegance, but precisely upside down: the consumers look like the producers, and the real producers are mostly invisible. But this particular strategy is, as argued above, only an aspect of larger trends in the religious and legal culture of contemporary Britain toward the subjectivation and privatization of both the experience of living in a family and of working the land, the emergence indeed, with the benefit of historical hindsight, of a political economy in which public and social functions would occupy an ever-shrinking share of the life and loyalties of increasingly private individuals. Indeed, ultimately "[t]he Fairfaxes must reconcile themselves to what Marvell celebrates – a world where the only prospects are domestic ones."[40]

2. "AND IN THE CHERRY HE DOES NATURE VEX": HORTICULTURE AND WHORE-WRITING IN "THE MOWER AGAINST GARDENS"

By virtue of its titular laborer "The Mower against Gardens" is quasi-georgic but it is bleakly counterpastoral (arcadian varietal) by theme. In it Marvell takes up the parthenogenesis trope of *Appleton House* but transforms it, now making his speaker rail against rather than rhapsodize sexless reproduction or spontaneous generation. The

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[38] Mark Kishlansky, *A Monarchy Transformed: Britain 1603-1714* (New York: Penguin, 1996), 310. The Bank was chartered in 1694 as one of William's fiscal expedients whereby England financed and supplied the Protestant crusade against Louis XIV's France. See e.g. Steven C. A. Pincus, "A Revolution in Political Economy?" in Maximilian Novak (ed.), *The Age of Projects* (Toronto, Buffalo, and London: Univ. of Toronto Press, 2008), 115-40; John Brewer, *The Sinews of Power: War, Money and the English State, 1688-1783* (New York: Knopf, 1989), 153-54; P. G. M. Dickson, *The Financial Revolution in England: A Study in the Development of Public Credit, 1688-1756* (London: Macmillan, 1967), 48-49, 52-57.

[39] *Windsor-Forest* 219-22, 385-88, in Audra and Williams (eds.), 169-70, 189; Thomson, *Summer* 1452-56, in *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*, ed. James Sambrook (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), 77: "Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled / Against the mower's scythe. On every hand / Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth; / And Property assures it to the swain, / Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil."

[40] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 84.

Georgics as Vergil himself conceded had no fifth book on horticulture, a deficiency not quite supplied by Columella's *De re rustica*, book 10, and no wonder, for in "The Mower against Gardens" man's flower gardening, unlike nature's or God's, is leisured and voluptuous, and it operates by staining pristine surfaces the color of blood:

> With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint.
> And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
> The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek;
> And learn'd to interline its cheek. ("The Mower against Gardens" 11-14)

These fragrant roses with their "taint," the ruddy "Flow'rs" and "Tulip, white" that "interline[s] its cheek" have an unsubtle genital and menstrual charge, while the "strange" quality of the scent, the tainted beauty and painted cheeks imply whorishness. In context therefore horticulture's graphic markings on flowers by forced crosses are a kind of *pornographia*, whoreticulture as it were. Flower gardening writes illicit sexuality across nature, or more precisely gardening causes culture, here figured in small by grafting, with its cuts, splits and other unnatural acts, to be internalized by nature and then reproduced automatically (though it is crosses truly such that generate mixed breeds capable of natural procreation). Thus "The Mower against Gardens" in its explication of gardens and their flowers as women and their cosmetic surfaces is a kind of ecphrasis, and in Marvell's extended metaphor the canvas happens to be a painted lady's cheek, as in the graphic design of Wycherley's vampish Lady Wishfort or Swift's sluttish Phillis. Indeed throughout the Mower poems there is a submerged but persistent thread of painting imagery, cognate to the one explicit in *Last Instructions to a Painter* and to the one implicit in *Upon Appleton House*, yet different.

As grafting and horticulture in "The Mower against Gardens" are provisional and adulterate unions, moreover, a bastard simulacrum of lifelong one-flesh marriage to procreate new flora naturally by insemination and fertilization, it is no surprise that the chief force animating the *hortus* and its feminized culture is illicit reproduction, and even sterile or perverted coition:

> His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too;
> Lest any Tyrant him out-doe.
> And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
> To procreate without a Sex.
> 'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot;
> While the sweet Fields do lye forgot. (27-32)

Here Marvell ingeniously aligns dilettante horticulture with unclean practices like concubinage and castration (the "green *Seraglio*" with its "Eunuchs") and even pathic masturbation and anal penetration (the "enforc'd… Fountain and the Grot"); again there is a strong implication that horticulture is essentially whoreticulture. The forced spurting of the fountain and the tunneling into the dingy "Grot" by "luxurious Man" contrast sharply with his disuse of "the sweet Fields." These once-fertile furrows are now left unplowed and unseeded in favor of, one fears, a probing digit or *graphium* used to "Nature vex" in her "Cherry" so that, perversely, reproduction may be triggered without natural insemination and fertilization. Marvell here follows *Ecl*. 5.36-39, where Mopsus

says that since the death of Daphnis the *genius loci*, Apollo and the Italian pastoral goddess Pales have deserted the fields:

> *grandia saepe quibus mandauimus hordea sulcis,*
> *infelix lolium et steriles nascuntur auenae;*
> *pro molli uiola, pro purpureo narcisso*
> *carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis*.
>
> From furrows we have have often trusted with large barleys
> Are born unlucky darnel and the barren oat.
> For the soft violet, for radiant narcissus,
> Thistles spring up and paliurus with sharpened spines.[41]

Vergil's life-giving "furrows" formerly yielding barley now produce only sterile weeds and wounding thorn-flowers, and so does Marvell's "green *Seraglio*," grain fields that have been turned into unproductive if pretty gardens and (comparatively) sterile pasture growing only grass. These lines tempt the reader to engage in biographical criticism, to see in them a cryptic hint at Marvell's own rumored sterility and possible impotence, which may have been the result of surgical castration after a bout of venereal disease, and perhaps at the persistent rumors, all probably discountable, of his repressed homosexuality.[42]

At the literal, historical level moreover, "the sweet Fields" (line 32) signify not only pleasant but arable land, as opposed to pasture in which grass growth gradually turns the soil acidic. Even worse for the georgic countryside, the reader infers that the poem's titular mower has probably been ejected from his lease if a copyholder, and reduced to wage labor as a hired hand, by his landlord's economically-rationalizing shift from arable to sheep or cattle graze and the consequent need to farm hay. The "Tyrant" landowner has also, we note, wasted time and land cultivating a fussy, tricked-out garden while letting *agri cultura* go to wrack and ruin, along with those who formerly earned a living doing the *cultura*. Just as flowers with red graphed on their petals by horticulture are unnatural simulacra of roses, and experienced ladies with rouged cheeks are unnatural simulacra of blushing virgins, so *trompe l'oeil* gardens that please the eye but bear no fruit – and pastures that grow only inedible hay, or dotted with sheep raised not for local meat but export wool – are unnatural simulacra of "the sweet Fields" that formerly grew food but now "do lye forgot," their human caloric value per acre gutted. The landscape of former farms in which the Mower finds himself is enervated, almost barren, its natural relations of production and reproduction turned upside down; this quasi-waste land can only be cured by organic re-fertilization, a quasi-sexual program of the kind recommended by Robert Frost's Tityrus to his Meliboeus:

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[41] Vergil, *Ecl*. 5.36-39, in Wendell Clausen (ed.), *Virgil: Eclogues*, text with intro. and commentary (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1994), 14. The translation is by Guy Lee in *Virgil: The Eclogues* (London: Penguin, 1984), 65.

[42] On this see Nigel Smith, *Andrew Marvell: The Chameleon* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2010), 277-78, 341-43. In rejoinder to Marvell's Parliamentarian *The Rehearsal Transpros'd* Samuel Butler anonymously wrote *The Transproser Rehears'd*, in which he imagines "a sexual liaison between Milton and Marvell in the Protectorate Office of Foreign Tongues." Smith, 278.

Plant, breed, produce,
But what you raise or grow, why feed it out,
Eat it or plow it under where it stands
To build the soil. For what is more accursed
Than an impoverished soil pale and metallic?
What cries more to our kind for sympathy?[43]

Gardens and pastures, which are "accursed" and "impoverished" and indeed unnatural uses of the land in "The Mower against Gardens," therefore go well beyond mere salutary neglect. If not physically violent the "Tyrant" landlord nevertheless tangibly harms his tenants by economically and aesthetically rationalizing their farmsteads, transmuting them into an estate and into a landscape. As James Turner has observed, "Luxury, stagnation, doubleness, pretence, forbidden dealings, tyranny and vexation – all these are forms of violence against nature, and violence forms the crux of the argument and pivot of the poem."[44] This violence against nature, especially premodern communalist human nature, a wrenching change effected by economic and erotic individualism that rationalizes older, inefficient forms of human organization, ultimately pushes the Mower to turn outward from the contracting (both senses) world of self into the expansive world of labor to create meaning there. To adapt Empson's phrase in *Some Versions of Pastoral*, the ideal simplicity in Marvell, or at least in "The Mower against Gardens," is therefore actually approached not by resolving contradictions but by putting them in dynamic equipoise; the paradox, of a lush, sexually-charged field of flowers that frustrate rather than fulfill man's basic needs, is kept seesawing on the fulcrum of the Mower's never-quite-undone "tough reasonableness." The Mower's resentment of and quiet resistance to nascent improvement, enclosure, commodification and gardenism in mid-century British agriculture, in sum, could be briefly put (again in Frost's formulation) as the conviction that "To sell the hay off, let alone the soil, / Is an unpardonable sin in farming. / The moral is, make a late start to market."[45]

3. "NOR AM I SO DEFORM'D TO SIGHT": "DAMON THE MOWER" AND THE LABOR OF SELF-LOVE

"Damon the Mower" strongly calls up Vergil: its "Nor am I so deform'd to sight" (line 57) quotes Corydon's plaint at *Ecl*. 2.25, *nec sum adeo informis*, and the funnily fatuous line "I am the Mower *Damon*, known / Through all the Meadows I have mown" reactivates Daphnis' quaint boast *Daphnis ego in siluis, hinc usque ad sidera notus* (*Ecl*. 5.43). These echoes of the *Eclogues* aside, however, "Damon the Mower" is most vitally

[43] Robert Frost, "Build Soil: A Political Pastoral," in *Robert Frost: Collected Poems, Prose, & Plays*, ed. Richard Poirier and Mark Richardson (New York: Library of America/Penguin, 1995), 295.

[44] Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 118.

[45] Empson's fourth chapter of *Some Versions of Pastoral* (New York: New Directions, 1974) is entitled "Marvell's Garden: The Ideal Simplicity approached by Resolving Contradictions." It was Eliot who observed in his essay "Andrew Marvell" that the broadest commonality of Metaphysical poems is a shared "tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyric grace." For Frost, see Poirier and Richardson (eds.), 294.

animated by Marvell's close work with Theocritus, *Idylls* 11, 6 and 4, though the poem's title also invites the reader to think of the *Georgics* and of Theocritus' georgic *Idyll* 10, the dialogue of the reapers Milon and Bucaeus. And the poem's generic hybridity is a symptom of its thematic and contextual, as well as formal, dynamism. For Marvell, though still writing pastoral partly in the arcadian Renaissance tradition in the 1650s, is on the cutting edge of a topographic transvaluation. There are no faceless swains as in, say, Mildmay Fane (Thomas' Fairfax's brother-in-law oddly enough), where mowers are in James Turner's phrase "fully automatic reaping machines," no livestock that helpfully report for slaughter as in Carew's *To Saxham*, but instead a particular individualized mower, if carefully stylized; "Damon" tells the reader to recall his Theocritus and Vergil and in so doing to think simultaneously of real British agricultural laborers, ancient topographic realism reactivating modern.[46]

At a formal level the thread of painting imagery from "The Mower against Gardens" is picked up again in "Damon the Mower," where out in the hayfield "ev'ry thing did seem to paint / The Scene more fit for his complaint" (lines 3-4). This painted "Scene," which strongly suggests that Damon's monologue is theatrically stylized, includes not only the inanimate creation and plant life in the landscape but its animals too; "the Snake, that kept within" which "[n]ow glitters in its second skin" and the chameleon that keeps its skin but changes its color are instances of painting by nature (lines 15-16, 34-36). Nature's painting is not however the same thing as naturalistic painting. Marvell's haymaking landscape and Damon himself have none of the realistic particularity of, for instance, high Renaissance paintings like Bruegel's *Haymaking (July/August)* in which, although the rendering of the mowers is somewhat mannered, it is nevertheless "the struggles and miseries and scarce animal pleasures of their lives which really absorb [Bruegel], and dictate the character of his landscapes," with their "rich accumulation of incidents."[47]

Marvell's chief engagement in "Damon the Mower," by contrast, is not thematic or contextual but intertextual. Nature's painting in the poem therefore yields a landscape, and figures in it, composed chiefly of topoi, and is more Poussin than Bruegel. The shedding snake in particular figures the source of those topoi, the ancient pretexts, Theocritean idyll and Vergilian eclogue; these are recovered in bright seventeenth-century skin by "Damon," while the chameleons, which are among the strange gifts Damon offers Juliana in lieu of a flower-basket, figure Marvell's ironized contribution to late Renaissance pastoral, in a tone pathetic and prickly by turns:

> To Thee the harmless Snake I bring,
> Disarmed of its teeth and sting.
> To Thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
> And Oak leaves tipt with hony due. ("Damon the Mower" 35-38)

[46] On Fane and Carew respectively see Turner, *The Politics of Landscape*, 148-49, 162-63.

[47] Kenneth Clark, *Landscape into Art* (London: John Murray, 1949), 28-29. Bruegel's *Haymaking*, in its lower left-hand corner, anticipates "Damon" by depicting a mower seated on the ground absorbed in tinkering with his scythe, probably keen to avoid the kind of self-injury inflicted by Damon.

For "Damon" is itself at first defanged of open satire, seeming to be wise as serpents and innocent as doves – then it jumps mode too fast for the eye to follow, and its satirical irony is sharper than a serpent's tooth. At line 35 the snake which at line 16 was figuring sexually-charged ancient idyll and eclogue, rearing proudly in its new Marvellian skin, is suddenly neutralized to a passive biteless tube; then the chameleons change hue as though blood were rushing to or from the skin, the seen nervousness of a blushing maid or an impotent rake respectively; and the superficially chaste "Oak leaves tipt with hony due" take on a frankly genital coloring, like Aphra Behn's "fragrant leaves" that conceal a clitoral snake in "The Disappointment." So these gifts of Damon's seem to castrate and feminize him, possibly explaining Juliana's scorn – he also notes in passing that "Fairyes take [him] oft," and "in their Danses soft" alarmingly "contract their Ring" about him (61-64) – but more importantly they figure Marvell's hermaphrodite relations with arcadian pastoral (or is it georgic in disguise?) in the poem. Is he a passive recipient of the idyllic tradition? An active appropriator for whom satiric turnabout is fair play? Both and neither, thanks to the glittering play of ironies on the ancient snake's "second skin": the chameleon hues of Marvell's pastoral, Damon and his loves seen now through rose-colored arcadian glasses, now through clinically-clear mock-pastoral ones, are too mercurial to pin down.

In the poem's wimpy snakes and fainting chameleons, moreover, Marvell sets up a pathetic fallacy of Damon's misfortunes mirrored in animal nature, then slyly makes it serve as satire of his earnestness. The *locus classicus* of animals sad and subdued in noonday heat, emblems of a poetic speaker burned by unhappy love, is *Ecl*. 2, where pining Corydon takes solace in the fact that when he goes out in the midday sun the grasshoppers keep to the *arbusta* and even the lizards, though tough Sicilians, hole up in the shade. This is neatly reworked by Marvell so Damon, who sings insistently and cuts grass, is in a clever prolepsis figured, like Corydon, by "the Grass-hopper [that] its pipe gives ore," even imitating its bent-legged hopping when he lames himself with his scythe. He is also prefigured by "hamstring'd Frogs [that] can dance no more," which with the grasshoppers retire to the brook and green shades like so many amphibian and insect *beati illi* (lines 11-14). The poem is rhetorically structured, indeed, by an antithesis of fire and water, or heat and coolness, which is in turn aligned with Juliana and green nature respectively: "sun" appears six times in eleven stanzas along with many cognate images ("*Juliana's* scorching beams," "the Fires / Of the hot day, or hot desires"), while images of water or liquids made from water are comparably numerous ("brook," "gelid Fountain," "no moisture but my Tears," "Icy Breast," "hony due," "my Sweat," "cowslip-water" and finally "Blood," 24-26 and *passim*). At the level of interpretation, meanwhile, this fire imagery is a figure of Marvell's sympathy for Damon's very real if histrionic pathos, while the water is a figure of his simultaneous detachment from Damon's also very real mock-pastoral ludicrousness.

But it is painting that remains the poem's master trope. Even more strikingly than nature's snake and chameleon canvases it is Damon's "whistling Sythe," which flashes "while thus he threw his Elbow round, / Depopulating all the Ground" (lines 73-74), that becomes a canvas on which he narcissistically paints his own image. Marvell's wit flashes almost as fast; like Damon, he "paints" his own image on what he sees, using the text of Theocritus as a mirror to reflect his own seventeenth-century concerns. The intertextual refraction of the imagery is dizzyingly suggestive: *Idyll* 6's Polyphemus

looking approvingly at his own picture in nature's mirror, a calm sea, and through him *Ecl*. 2's Corydon, looking approvingly at his as he reflects on his homoerotic passion, are deftly transformed to Damon gazing fascinated on the hard steel of his curved tool, with the keystone lines *kai gar thēn oud' eidos echō kakon hōs me legonti* and *nec sum adeo informis* themselves mirrored in Marvell's inimitable English:

> Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
> If in my Sithe I looked right;
> In which I see my Picture done,
> As in a crescent Moon the Sun. ("Damon the Mower" 57-60)[48]

In the scythe, emblem par excellence of cultivation, culture holds up a more or less distorting mirror to nature ("if in my Sithe I looked right," 58), and Damon therefore makes himself a painter on whose subjective perception the representation's attractiveness depends ("in my Sithe" is also heard as "in my sight"). If in his own scythe or sight Damon looks right, however, and sees his picture done it is only because he reflects the sun's rays, "*Juliana's* scorching beams" of sexual desire (24); the astronomy simile is finely worked so that not only the scythe's shape but its gunmetal grey suggest the crescent moon and its reflected sunlight, waxing gibbous like Damon's tumescent pride in his looks.

But pride goeth before a fall and suddenly Damon's cool reflection vanishes, as Juliana's bright scorn rebounds on him just as he seems about to overcome love with the labor of mowing. The scythe recurves on him and slices his ankle, in a neat refashioning of *Idyll* 4's turning-back heifer, curved crook and hamstrung cowhand:

> CORYDON Look, that one's going back.
> I wish I had a hooked stick, to give you a good poke!
> BATTUS Zeus! Look at this, Corydon – *I've* just got a poke
> From a thorn, here below my ankle. These thistles are
> Everywhere. Damn that heifer, it was her I was gaping at
> When the thorn speared me. Can you see it?
> CORYDON Yes… yes, I've got it between my nails. And here it is!
> BATTUS What a tiny wound, and what a mighty man it has tamed.[49]

In Theocritus Battus is abruptly feminized, first penetrated with a sharp pain as he passively "gapes," then patiently lets the aggressive Corydon, who only a moment before was wishing for a hooked stick to poke heifers, probe his wound. (Theocritus' Corydon is thus no antecedent of Vergil's; Vergil's Corydon, like Battus, reacts passively to his mistreatment by Alexis.) So too in Marvell the penetrative thorn, recast as Damon's steely tool and the narcissism it literally reflects, ironically becomes the instrument of Juliana's emasculating contempt. Thus cut and de-blooded, Damon "there among the

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[48] Theocritus, *Idyll* 6.34: "Καὶ γάρ θην οὐδ᾽ εἶδος ἔχω κακόν ὥς με λέγοντι," in *Bucolici Graeci*, ed. A. S. F. Gow, corr. ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958), 28; Vergil, *Ecl*. 2.25: *nec sum adeo informis*, in Clausen (ed.), 6.

[49] Theocritus, *Idyll* 4.48-55, in Gow (ed.), 20. The translation is by Anthony Verity in *Theocritus: Idylls*, notes and intro. Richard Hunter (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2002), 17.

Grass fell down, / By his own Sythe, the Mower mown" (79-80), a couplet that itself chiastically mirrors the first stanza's "Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was, / And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass" (7-8) and thereby brings the poem's imagery full-circle, textually and conceptually.

There is nevertheless more to the poem than its deft intertextuality with Theocritus and Vergil and its immanent reflections on painting and narcissistic sexual desire. Marvell's rhetoric is on the one hand heavily pastoral by virtue of his open borrowing from the *Idylls* and *Eclogues*, but pastoral truly such; there is no trace of the idyll, lower-case, of arcadian pastoral in "Damon the Mower." Yet Marvell chooses not a shepherd but a *georgos* to speak this and the several other Mower poems. This is still in keeping with the ancient pastoral pretexts. It is worth remembering that in *Ecl*. 2 for instance the shepherd Corydon is alone to wander and sing the blues only because the crew of *messores*, mowers putting up hay nearby, is breaking for lunch, cooked by a woman named Thestylis (the name Marvell gives his female farmer in *Ametas and Thestylis Making Hay-ropes*); he may be a shepherd by trade but he is not very diligent to ply it.[50] So in a neat inversion of Corydon's defensive boast at *Ecl*. 2.21 that he grazes a thousand lambs, itself an imitation of Polyphemus' at *Idyll* 11.34, Damon asserts that agriculture is superior to the grazing culture of "the piping shepherd," his rival:

> This Sithe of mine discovers wide
> More ground than all his Sheep do hide.
> With this the golden fleece I shear
> Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
> And though in Wooll more poor than they,
> Yet am I richer far in Hay. ("Damon the Mower" 51-56)

And it is this explicitly georgic valence that is key to understanding the poem's contextual reference, oblique though it is. Notably, Damon mows not a village commons but "all these Closes" (54); in the poem's fictive but historically-inflected world enclosure is a known and operative economic force. Damon's complaint therefore feels like a real one because, in 1650s England, landowners who enclosed arable common and turned it into graze were unlike Damon "richer far in" wool than they had been before in hay, or cereals and other food crops. They were certainly "richer far in" coin of the realm than the copyholders and larger tenantry whose interests in open lands or common lands they extinguished to clear the way for grazing sheep, ominous ovines like Hytholoday's in *Utopia* that "be become so greate deuowerers and so wylde, that they eate vp and swallow down the very men them selfes," though mere agents of the unscrupulous landlords who "leaue no grounde for tillage; they enclose all in pastures; they throw downe houses; they plucke downe townes; and leaue nothing stondynge but only the churche, to make of it a shepehowse."[51]

Agricultural enclosure in Marvell is a figure, in fact, for broader movements in the legal and political culture of the 1650s toward enclosure of private selves from social

[50] Vergil presumably borrowed the name from Theocritus, *Idyll* 2, where Thestylis is a slave-girl who assists her mistress Simaetha in casting a spell to bring home Delphis, Simaetha's unfaithful lover.

[51] Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, book 1, trans. Ralph Robynson (1551), in Lupton (ed.), 51-52.

institutions lying intermediate to them and the state, that is, to rationalize not only land tenures but the political subjects holding them.[52] For private persons were increasingly being imagined in British legal culture of the Interregnum and Restoration as subjects of natural rights who constitute the nation-state by contract according to elective affinities; on this view private persons are immediately subject to its unlimited sovereignty, without the interposition of mediate polities and societies or legal authorities that had exercised subsidiary sovereignty at common and canon law (e.g. urban corporations, gilds, commissions of the peace, manors and great households, Church courts).[53] A representative instance is *Leviathan*'s contemporary (1651) assertion that human sociality before or outside the state is necessarily anarchy: "During the time men live without a common Power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called Warre; and such a warre, as is of every man, against every man."[54] Such reductions were crucial not only to Hobbist but to radical plans to hasten the rule of reason by discrediting and weakening the subject's loyalties to social entities not the state, and simultaneously making the subject-state tie an increasingly monogamous one; especially dangerous to these nationalist or individualist projects to rationalize politics were the Church and its clergy, who in denying that postlapsarian man is a rational animal and therefore capable of secular rationalization were as Christopher Hill observed "the main threat to the authority both of Hobbes' sovereign and Winstanley's Christ in man."[55]

And Damon is a type of this self-enclosed private individual, absorbed in domestic erotic complications with Juliana and oblivious to sociable concerns as he is. His recourse *in extremis* to Death the Mower for a cure to Juliana's wound, indeed, is an erotic analogue of Hobbes' political doctrine that "Men have no pleasure, (but on the contrary a great deale of griefe) in keeping company, where there is no power able to over-awe them all."[56] Damon's affective self-enclosure thus reactivates the egoism of soft pastoral's lovestruck swains, first typified by Theocritus' Bucaeus in *Idyll* 10, as distinct from the communalism of hard georgic's hard-headed reapers, typified by *Idyll* 10's Milon, for whom there is time to sing only *Ascraeum carmen*, Hesiodic song, as he gets about daily labor on the farm. Damon's hope then is for the self-gratification of an external change, Juliana's relenting, rather than the self-abnegation of an internal change, ascetic labor to cut the roots of his passions. His attitude to agricultural labor as well is distinctly not that dominant in Hesiod and Vergil, where it is normatively a tough-love gift from *pater ipse*. For Damon, recalling the language of God's sentence of fallen mankind to sweaty toil, and fallen womankind to hard labor of a reproductive kind, in *Genesis* 3, it is something to complain of:

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[52] For a synopsis of these movements see e.g. "The Great Disembedding" and "Modern Social Imaginaries" in Charles Taylor, *A Secular Age* (Cambridge, MA: Belknap/Harvard Univ. Press, 2007), 148-211.

[53] On the canon-law courts after Henry VIII's break with Rome see R. B. Outhwaite, *The Rise and Fall of the English Ecclesiastical Courts, 1500-1860* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007).

[54] Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ch. 13, ed. Richard Tuck (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1991), 88.

[55] Hill, *The World Turned Upside Down: Radical Ideas during the English Revolution* (London: Maurice Temple Smith, 1972, repr. London: Penguin, 1991), 388-89.

[56] Tuck (ed.), 88.

But now I all the day complain,
Joining my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Sythe cut down the Grass,
Yet still my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Sythe and Woes. ("Damon the Mower" 67-72)

Since the reader hears "Sythe" as "sigheth" or "sighs," Damon as good as says that sighing only makes sighing worse, in a sharpening of the scythe motif's reflecting and recursive valence; this is an inverted image of the precedent in Theocritus, whose proem to *Idyll* 11 tells Nicias that poetic song is emphatically a remedy, indeed the only remedy, for unhappy love. Marvell's irony and paradox here are a small wonder of late Metaphysical conceit, and have the allusively-dense effect (the Biblical text was probably unknown to Theocritus)[57] of making Damon's pride in his good looks and macho mowing go before a fall, literally. In a nice bit of *contrapasso* it is his own scythe, which pictures his narcissism (also literally) and his worldly vanity, that finally cuts him down. But it is his "joyning my Labour to my Pain" in mowing the new close, rather than the old common, that hurts the most. Had he attached his affections to a social unit larger than the erotic couple, to a team of reapers like the one that forms the ironic backdrop to Corydon's idleness in *Ecl*. 2, Damon might have avoided his solitary drudgery – and the necessity of hiring out for wages from a private landlord rather than owning outright a small but meaningful share of his cooperative labor with neighbors, and a share of the land underlying it. This is a pain that, barring a drastic revaluation of the agrarian ideal of widely-distributed small-scale landholding, is not to be relieved, in the event not even by much-later socialist expropriations of large landlords, which historically have tended to perpetuate concentrated, large-scale land ownership though transferring legal title from the landlords to the state, with the net effect on the political economy of landholding fairly small.[58]

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[57] It is in principle possible that Theocritus, living and working in Alexandria during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (*c*.283-246 B.C.), who by tradition commissioned the Septuagint translation in 282, had access to the Jewish scriptures in Greek. See Sidney Jellicoe, "Septuagint Origins: The *Letter of Aristeas*" and "Modern Theories of Origin" in *The Septuagint and Modern Study* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), 29-73. Even if he did, however, it is unlikely that he would have read them given his evidently orthodox cultural assumptions as a Hellenistic Greek poet. See Marco Fantuzzi and Richard Hunter, "Theocritus and the bucolic genre," in *Tradition and Innovation in Hellenistic Poetry* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 133-90.

[58] This irony was characterized by Chesterton, leading spokesman for the Distributist movement in Britain in the early twentieth century, as "the Socialist says that property is already concentrated into Trusts and Stores: the only hope is to concentrate it further in the State. I say the only hope is to unconcentrate it; that is, to repent and return." Chesterton, "On Peasant Proprietorship," in *What's Wrong with the World* (1910), repr. in *The Collected Works of G. K. Chesterton*, vol. 4 (San Francisco: Ignatius, 1987), 224. With exceptions such as Distributism, or the late-nineteenth century Granger, Farmer's Alliance and Populist movements in the United States – the Populists captured many state and federal offices and nearly made William Jennings Bryan president in 1896 – the macroeconomic trend of the modern British Atlantic world has been from agrarian to commercial and then industrial agriculture, with consequent mechanization and ever-greater concentration of landholding in ever-fewer hands. The consequent rural depopulation, and the decline of the economic and political power of the agricultural sector relative to first the industrial and then the service sectors, may be seen in the fact that most agriculture in the U.S. in the 1990s, measured by

"The Mower's Song" also strongly calls up Theocritus and Vergil. Once again the poem's speaker, Damon says that since unhappy love for Juliana is about to kill him the meadows themselves, as cut grass, "shall now the Heraldry become / With which I shall adorn my Tomb" (lines 27-28), a renovation of *Ecl*. 5.40-44 where the shepherds in Mopsus' song are told to scatter *foliis* on the ground and raise an inscribed tomb for Daphnis. (Marvell is also broadly indebted to *Idyll* 1, especially lines 139-41, which supplies the prototype of pastoral swain done to death by love.) Thus Damon, who casts himself as Daphnis and figures himself as cut grass (Juliana, he says, "What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me"), is made to say that his tomb will weirdly be decorated with his own *disiecta membra*, a bloodless vegetative reworking of Daphnis' heavy Orphic overtones.[59] These scattered Orphic limbs, moreover, in Marvell's updating mown leaves of grass, figure discrete units of poetry that perpetuate the dead or dying singer's memory, as in *Geo*. 4.525-27 where Orpheus' severed head still sings "Eurydice!" as it floats down the Hebrus. Thus at the end of each stanza of "The Mower's Song" Damon swings his sharp refrain ("and She / What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me") and cuts short that particular green thought; each of these *disiecta membra* is thus an individual flower ("not one Blade of Grass you spy'd, / But had a Flower on either side") re-collected by Marvell in the poem's brief "anthology" – literalizing the root meaning as a flower-gathering or bouquet.

Again, however, as in "Damon the Mower" and "The Mower against Gardens" the poem's master trope is painting or depiction, specifically by mirror images, and the master thematic is again self-enclosure in privacy and subjectivity. So the Mower's song opens on a properly neo-Platonic note, in a Marvellian variation on a theme by More, Cudworth and their Cambridge colleagues in texts contemporary with Marvell's:

> My Mind was once the true survey
> Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
> And in the greenness of the Grass
> Did see its Hopes as in a Glass. ("The Mower's Song" 1-4)

The formal reference of this opening stanza is heavily spiritualized as well: the grass is openly emblematic, in Damon's reading at least, and the venerable old pathetic fallacy lets him think that the grass and the natural world first hope and then grieve with him. His pathos is also intertextually enriched by a Christian symbolism of cut grass

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economic output, was undertaken on a contract basis for agribusiness corporations by large (if mostly single-family owned and operated) farms. See R. Douglas Hurt, *American Agriculture: A Brief History* (Ames, IA: Iowa State Univ. Press, 1994), 387-90; David B. Danbom, *Born in the Country: A History of Rural America*, second edn (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 2006), 253-70; Paul K. Conkin: *A Revolution Down on the Farm: The Transformation of American Agriculture since 1929* (Lexington, KY: Univ. of Kentucky Press, 2008), 147-74.

[59] Cf. *Ecl*. 5.29-31: *Daphnis… instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi / et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas*. Clausen (ed.), 14.

unavailable to Theocritus and Vergil.[60] But Marvell's irony lets the reader affectively detach from Damon to see that he is fooling himself; the "Glass" again only mirrors back his subjective wishes. Thus by a sharp irony it is again the titular singer who, as in "Damon the Mower," lays himself low: just as he cuts down the green grass, in which his "Mind," not his eyes, saw "its Hopes as in a Glass," so he undercuts himself by alienating Juliana, who is evidently perceptive enough to see that Damon's attraction to her is self-aggrandizing need-love, not self-overflowing other-love.

Indeed Juliana, though nominally the object of Damon's desire (it's really himself – he desires to be desirable) is actually the irruption of objective reality into his narcissism and self-enclosure. The intractable pain, the surd really, of her rejection shatters his easy assumptions of self-sufficiency and self-mastery, by disrupting the closed circuit of *libido dominandi* that runs outward from self to green nature, to Juliana, and (he wishes) back into self. Damon betrays this solipsism by incredulously asking the "Unthankful Meadows" how they can bloom so fair when he is unhappy, and then, like a child who would rather smash a toy than have to play gently with it, threatening to wreak "Revenge" on them, "And Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all, / Will in one common Ruine fall" (lines 20-22). This bit of pygmy bluster, making a virtue of necessity (he's being paid to mow anyway), is comical at the same time that it exposes his real ailment: not exclusion from communion with another or community with plural others, but self-enclosure in a prison of his own making.

"The Mower to the Glo-Worms," by contrast, is less openly indebted to the ancient pretexts, omitting to receive them directly with a couple of notable exceptions. Marvell's elegant "The Nightingale… Her matchless Songs does meditate" (lines 2-4) for instance is a glance at *Ecl*. 1.1-2, *Tityre, tu… siluestrem tenui Musam meditaris auena*, and the nightingale that "does sit so late, / And studying all the Summer-night" to preside over Marvell's crepuscular scene is a topos in Theocritus, where the bird or its haunting song appears four times, not counting a reference in the spurious *Idyll* 8. There is also a pretext in the *Lament for Bion* where the nightingale is a prominent pathetic-fallacy mourner for the titular deceased.[61]

It is the Glo-Worms and their flickering fire, however, that are the poem's master trope. Damon says that they are an "officious Flame" to show the right way to "wandring Mowers" who "in the Night have lost their aim, / And after foolish Fires do stray" (lines 9-12). In light of Damon's open admission that Juliana's scorn has cost him his wits ("She my Mind hath so displac'd / That I shall never find my home"), it might seem that the glo-worms' "officious Flame" is the light of reason and the "foolish Fires" the unstable blaze of his desire for Juliana. In fact however the "officious Flame" of the Glo-Worms is merely itself, a cigar being sometimes only a cigar; it calls Damon back, without success, to the hard, bright world of external objects from his cobwebby, backlit

[60] Cf. *Isa*. 40:6-7: "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh *is* grass, and all the goodliness thereof *is* as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the LORD bloweth upon it: surely the people *is* grass." Cf. also *Matt*. 6:30: "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?"

[61] *Idylls* 5.136, 12.6-7 and 15.121-22 (and possibly 7.47-48) and "Moschus," *Lament for Bion* 9, 38, 46, in Gow (ed.), 26, 47, 61 and 140-42.

subjectivity. The "foolish Fires" in turn are the blips of Damon's self-regarding reason, delusively reflected back from the green mirror of the external world, where he should perceive other self-existent creatures vegetable and animal whose lives in no way depend on his, but where instead, as in "The Mower's Song," his mind again sees only "in the greenness of the Grass… its Hopes as in a Glass." Indeed Juliana dis-places Damon's mind by forcing it out of the realm of *topoi* and commonplaces, where a lover's constancy ultimately wins over a cold mistress, and makes him confront the Vergilian truth that love conquers all, and not in the Christian sense of never-failing charity, that even his *labores* cannot alter love and so he like all people must submit patiently, that is, seek an internal change of heart rather than external change of circumstances.[62]

This reading of "foolish Fires" as the delusions of self-enclosed reason, in abstraction from the objectivity and sociality of sense, can be supported with striking parallels in texts contemporary to "The Mower to the Glo-Worms." Marvell's "foolish Fires" for instance uncannily anticipate Milton in *Paradise Lost* 9.634-42, where Satan, crest blazing as he leads deluded Eve to the tree, is figured "as when a wand'ring Fire… Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way / To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool, / There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far." A decade later, the "foolish Fires" reappear in Rochester's metaphor of reason as *ignis fatuus*:

> Reason, an Ignis fatuus [*sic*] of the Mind,
> Which leaving Light of Nature, sense, behind;
> Pathless and dangerous wandring wayes it takes,
> Through Errours fenny boggs and thorny brakes…
> Huddled in dirt the reasoning Engine lies,
> Who was so proud, so witty and so wise.[63]

Rochester's use of the figure here, with "wandering ways" echoing Marvell's "wandring Mowers," is in turn sharply different from Hobbes' use in *Leviathan*, which published in 1651 was contemporary with the writing of the Mower poems.[64] There, Hobbes deploys "foolish Fires" in a simile that paradoxically attacks metaphor as such: "The Light of humane minds is Perspicuous Words… Metaphors, and senslesse and ambiguous words, are like *ignes fatui*; and reasoning upon them, is wandering amongst innumerable absurdities."[65]

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[62] *Ecl*. 10.64-69: *non illum nostri possunt mutare labores… omnia vincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori*. Clausen (ed.), 28.

[63] Rochester, *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, 12-15, 29-30, in *The Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Harold Love (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1999), 57-58.

[64] On possible connections between Rochester's poem and Hobbist philosophy see K. E. Robinson, "Rochester and Hobbes and the Irony of 'A Satyr against Reason and Mankind,'" *Yearbook of English Studies* 3 (1973), 108-19.

[65] "Of Reason, and Science," in Tuck (ed.), 36. Hobbes' sharply modern literalist semantics can be contrasted instructively with Aristotle's, who remarks at *Poetics* 1459a that among the types of "naming" used in poetry metaphor "is the most important by far. This alone cannot be acquired from someone else, and is an indication of genius. For to make metaphors well is to observe what is like." *Aristotelis de arte poetica liber*, ed. Rudolph Kassel (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1965), 38. The translation is by Richard

In the "foolish Fires" of "The Mower to the Glo-Worms," then, Damon turns a corner on Hobbes' and his own earlier assumptions about the desirability and even the possibility of rationalizing language, let alone human being, calling into question the confident inward turn toward private experience, lived as domestic subjectivity and landowning severalty, that Marvell proposes in *Upon Appleton House* and, in Damon's voice, elsewhere in the Mower poems. But this halting start to a self-criticism is Damon's and therefore Marvell's last topographic word on the subject. Marvell's explorations of these themes in neo-pastoral and neo-georgic mode mostly cease after the early 1650s; the later odes to Cromwell, the public poems of the Dutch wars, the texts of political and religious opposition (*Last Instructions to a Painter*, *The Rehearsal Transpros'd*) occasionally glance at them but sustain no meaningful engagement. Nor are they taken up by his confrère Milton, who in his post-1660 writing, especially *Samson*, like Marvell offers no immanent critique of the inward turn to follow the rationalist "wand'ring Fire" but rather embraces it even more fiercely, like "Samson [who] is chained first literally and then metaphorically, in the prison of his own self-pity and anger against God."[66] Of the major Restoration poets therefore only Rochester, whose brief output coincides with the half-decade on either side of Marvell's death in 1678, has left anything like a corpus of topographic poems thematizing the enclosure of self in private subjectivity and the enclosure of common in severalty, and in particular the ramifications of these religious and social changes for those who live on the land, and so it is to these mock-pastorals and mock-georgics that we now turn.

Janko in *The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism*, ed. V. Leitch *et al*. (New York: Norton, 2001), 111.

[66] Turner, "From Revolution to Restoration," 808.

CHAPTER 2

"And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love": libertine sociality as mock-pastoral in Rochester

> …soe greate a disproportion t'wixt our desires & what it [nature] has ordained to content them.
>
> Rochester, letter to his wife[1]
>
> *Notre instinct nous fait sentir qu'il faut chercher notre bonheur hors de nous. Nos passions nous poussent au-dehors, quand même les objets ne s'offriraient pas pour les exciter… Et ainsi les philosophes ont beau dire: «Rentrez-vous en vous-mêmes, vous y trouverez votre bien», on ne les croit pas et ceux qui les croient sont les plus vides et les plus sots.*
>
> Pascal, *Pensées*[2]
>
> And tis this very Reason I despise.
> This supernatural Gift, that makes a mite
> Think hee's the Image of the Infinite;
> Comparing his short life, voyd of all rest,
> To the Eternall, and the ever blest…
> This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures,
> Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
>
> Rochester, *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind*[3]

In *A Ramble in St James's Park*, Rochester's longest and best-known mock-pastoral, the central question is the nature and value of "imitation," a word dense with meaning for both Restoration and contemporary literary culture. At the thematic level it means for Rochester an unreasonable abdication of free will and slippage into an artificial identity, by the rambler's mistress Corinna and her fop lovers, who "Convert[] Abortive imitation / To Universal affectation." At the structural level, however, "imitation" signifies that most Restoration of texts, the creative reception of one or more, usually Graeco-Roman

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[1] *The Letters of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Jeremy Treglown (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1980), 241-42.

[2] Pascal, *Pensées* 133, in *Œuvres Complètes*, vol. II, ed. Michel Le Guern (Paris: Gallimard, 2000), 589. In the translation of A. J. Krailsheimer, *Blaise Pascal, Pensées* (London: Penguin, 1995), 44: "Our instinct makes us feel that our happiness must be sought outside ourselves. Our passions drive us outwards, even without objects to excite them... Thus it is no good philosophers telling us: Withdraw into yourselves and there you will find your good. We do not believe them, and those who do believe them are the most empty and silly of all."

[3] Rochester, *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind* 94-97, in *The Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Harold Love (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1999), 59-60.

poetic precursors. Such "good" imitation, in the *Ramble*'s case of Vergil and more importantly Theocritus, and episodically Lucretius and Ovid, requires active engagement with pre-reflective facts (the ancient texts) and reasonable as opposed to rationalist reflection on the subject's relation to these facts. This good imitation is implicitly contrasted with "Abortive imitation," mechanical conformity to a mathematic ideal of the libertine assumed by Corinna the "*Whore*, in understanding" who with her fops "feels, and smells, sits down and walks; / Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rote," like Swift's Lagado academics carving food into Euclidean figures. Aiming at maximum self-assertion, these abortive imitators ironically end up merely identical with one another and reduce themselves to the level of "*Dog-drawn Bitch*" or even inert matter, subhuman and radically depersonalized. Rochester implies that sought *ad infinitum* their libertine sense impressions become senseless, literally and figuratively: physically deadened by compulsive repetition, and serving no useful purpose. In the *Ramble* sense experience endlessly repeated, like its cognate "experiment," can amass information but is incapable of asking whether that information should be amassed and to what end; there is a great gulf fixed between a fop's knowing *that* and Rochester's knowing *how*: "But [he] wanting common Sence, th'ingredient, / In choosing well, not least expedient, / Converts Abortive imitation, / To Universal affectation."[4] Thus Rochester, in using mock-pastoral as pedagogy, *i.e.* pastoral as such, with its scabrous, sexualized and often satiric Graeco-Roman energies restored, tracks the elite teaching culture of late-seventeenth-century Europe, where schoolboys began their apprenticeship to the classics, and so at that period education as such, with Vergil's *Eclogues*.[5]

The "Universal affectation" of the would-be libertines, perhaps uncritical students of *erotodidaxis* in "some lov'd fold of *Aretine*" or other early-modern pornography, is the target of Rochester's "travesty of that late Renaissance genre, the erotic Elysium" in the *Ramble*.[6] He turns the weapon of mock-pastoral on the genre and on the Abortive imitators, who fornicate by formula in an arcadian idyll of *eros* as calculus, "loves by Rote," at once rationalism and naïve empiricism applied to sexual culture. St James' Park is the physical embodiment of the fops' arcadian *topographia*: St James' fields were re-designed by Mollet and Charles II to be an ideal space, an Elysian Fields of souls already liberated from labor in this life, an ersatz countryside for the elites of London. Made from a real pastoral place that had to be creatively destroyed and turned, like Wren's planned London (and Evelyn's and Hooke's and others') into a single

[4] Rochester, *A Ramble in St. James's Park* 55-58, in Love (ed.), 77. The classic account of the inevitably-tacit dimension of human knowledge, which cannot be "objective" but is always knowledge by persons, who know more than they can tell, is Michael Polanyi, "Skills," in *Personal Knowledge: Towards a Post-Critical Philosophy* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago; London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1962), 49-65.

[5] On this see Andrew Wallace, "The Poet as Schoolbook," in *Virgil's Schoolboys: The Poetics of Pedagogy in Renaissance England* (New York: Oxford, 2010), 35-77.

[6] James Grantham Turner, "Rochester and Oldham: 'Heroic' Pornography in the Shadow of Aloisia," in *Schooling Sex: Libertine Literature and Erotic Education in Italy, France, and England 1534-1685* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2003), 268.

rationalized space, the Park was a microcosm of the new centrally-planned metropolis with its grid of regularized boulevards, uniform piazzas, and the like.[7]

And in broader social context the fops' idyll of standardization, *eros* and *polis* as calculus, is an index of incipient liberal individualism and the modern nation-state in Restoration Britain, attempted applications of then-élite epistemologies to practical social life.[8] In the 1670s one theoretical program among many, not the dominant global political narrative of today, liberal individualism and the nation-state were already forming a stable core beneath varying Hobbist, Harringtonian, Nevillean and Lockean speculations, to which Rochester's poetry can implicitly react: all human subjects, imagined as disembedded from social contexts, share natural equality and Mandevillean egoism, and so being conformable and calculable may be reorganized like post-Fire London and St James' Park, into increasingly-large, increasingly-centralized economic and political units with self-conscious uniform identity, like that the fops exhibit in small.[9]

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[7] Adrian Tinniswood, *His Invention So Fertile: A Life of Christopher Wren* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2001), 150-61. See also Tinniswood, 54 on the planned new city as an homage to mercantilism (but compare Tinniswood, 157 on expedience and pragmatism in London's rebuilding winning out over Wren's ideal city). It has been argued that post-Fire rationalization of London's topography, projected as it was by establishment partisans of Church, monarchy and aristocracy, was politically traditionalist. See e.g. Mona Narain, "Libertine Spaces and the Female Body in the Poetry of Rochester and Ned Ward," *ELH* 72 (2005) 553-76, 557-58 ("The planners sought to control and appropriate the errant city of Roundheads that had so staunchly withstood the royal forces in the early years of the Civil War and to restore it in the image of the divine monarch who issued [*sic*] the first impetus himself."). This view is mistaken, however. As central planning to produce a uniform city of regularized individual citizens, it was politically revisionist in inspiration and effect, aligned with Dissenting, parliamentary and mercantile values; and its embrace by Charles and his courtiers in particular is evidence that the Restoration English state, in its increasing power and size as measured by the monarchy-in-Parliament's growing regulatory and fiscal reach, was itself revisionist.

[8] Rationalistic or empirical inquiry did not of course exhaust the prestigious epistemologies of the Restoration British nations and Ireland; this was also the heyday of Cambridge Platonism, and more or less orthodox Protestant confession bounded the speculations of all but a handful of openly deist and atheist thinkers. At the vernacular level popular ways of knowing continued to make room for a fair amount of superstition and "magical thinking," as documented in Keith Thomas' still-influential *Religion and the Decline of Magic* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1971), *passim* and in more recent historiography expanding on Thomas. For an analysis of the rise of rationalism and empiricism as social and political phenomena from the disciplinary perspective of philosophy see e.g. Charles Taylor, "The Great Disembedding" and "Providential Deism," in *A Secular Age* (Cambridge, Mass. and London: Harvard Univ. Press, 2007), 146-58, 221-69.

[9] Locke's *First* and *Second Treatises of Government* were evidently written in 1680 and 1679 respectively, while the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* was begun as early as 1671; all three were published in 1689 (in the *Treatises*' case printed with a 1690 date), while the Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, drawn up for Locke's patron Shaftesbury, date to 1669. On the complicated genealogy of political individualism and the modern nation-state and their relation to rationalist and empiricist epistemologies see e.g. Jonathan Clark, "State Formation and National Identity: the Case of England," in *Our Shadowed Present: Modernism, Postmodernism, and History* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 2004), 59-86; Martin van Creveld, "The state as an instrument: 1648 to 1789," in *The Rise and Decline of the State* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 126-88; Martyn P. Thompson, "A Note on 'Reason' and 'History' in Late Seventeenth Century Political Thought," *Political Theory* 4 (1976), 491-504. For the utopian dimension in the political thought of Hobbes, Harrington, Neville and Locke, and its relation to a mathematic or scientific speculative method, see J. C. Davis, "Utopianism," and Blair Worden, "English

But such speculation and its judgments, in abstraction from the "sense" of pre-reflective physical and social experience and dismissing their claims, are rejected by Rochester in the *Ramble*, and in other mock-pastorals such as "*Faire Cloris*" and "Antient Lover" as will be seen. The young lady and her Antient Lover in the latter poem exhibit "Sense," which is both physical *aisthesis* and everyday prudent judgment, akin to *homo mensura*, as it is in *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, an Erasmian praise of folly in vernacular register:

> I own right reason, which I would obey;
> That Reason which distinguishes by Sense,
> And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence:
> That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
> To keep them more in vigour, not to kill. (99-103)[10]

This is far from askesis, but with its pragmatic acknowledgement of "Rules of Good and Ill" and its specifically Epicurean wish to "bound[ ] Desires with a reforming Will," Rochester's stance is hardly naïve hedonism.[11] While not so pious, it proceeds from the same structure of feeling as that behind Pascal's contemporary maxim "*Le cœur a ses raisons que la Raison ne connaît point*," an epistemologically-sophisticated conviction with antecedents in the *docta ignorantia* of Nicholas of Cusa and Bonaventure, the apophatic theologians and, remotely, Pyrrhonist skepticism.[12] Totalizing abstract reason divorced from "Sense," rationalist or empiricist, is for Rochester a flawed epistemology, Humean "false philosophy" that leads only to mistaken certainties and aporias as "Pathless and dangerous wandring wayes it takes, / Through Errours fenny boggs and

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republicanism," both in J. H. Burns and Mark Goldie (eds.), *The Cambridge History of Political Thought, 1450-1700* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1991), 329-46, 443-78; see also Frank E. and Fritzie P. Manuel, "Topsy-Turvy in the English Civil War," in *Utopian Thought in the Western World* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard Univ. Press, 1979), 332-66. On Winstanley's utopianism see Timothy Kenyon, *Utopian Communism and Political Thought in Early Modern England* (London: Pinter, 1989), 193-224.

[10] Jonathan Kramnick, *Actions and Objects from Hobbes to Richardson* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 2010), 100 argues that Rochester in the *Satyre* "outlines a version of epiphenomenalism in which states of mind either lag behind or are indistinguishable from the machinelike workings of the body," but the opposite is in fact the case. As I have argued in this chapter, Rochester on the contrary assumes the existence of a socially-conditioned, embodied, and commonsensical reason that is both distinct from and causally prior to bodily functions. For a detailed critique of Kramnick's argument, see Samuel C. Rickless, *Notre Dame Philosophical Reviews* (2011.04.17), available at http://ndpr.nd.edu/news/24689-actions-and-objects-from-hobbes-to-richardson/.

[11] Compare C. S. Lewis' Heideggerian rhetorical question "Is it, then, possible to imagine a new Natural Philosophy, continually conscious that the 'natural object' produced by analysis and abstraction is not reality but only a view, and always correcting the abstraction?" *The Abolition of Man* (1944), repr. in *The Complete C. S. Lewis Signature Classics* (New York: HarperCollins, 2007), 729. On the influence of Erasmus and the Catholic humanists on early modern satires of reason, with special reference to Cervantes, see e.g. Carlos Fuentes, *Don Quixote: or, the Critique of Reading* (Hackett Memorial Lecture) (Austin, TX: Univ. of Texas Inst. of Lat. Am. Studies, 1976), 2-3.

[12] *Pensées*, 423 (277), in Krailsheimer, 127.

thorny brakes."[13] Such bogus reason, a pseudo-objective faculty actually grounded in subjective speculation, is in Rochester's Juvenalian metaphor an inversion of head and tail. Indeed a pattern of cognate inversions runs through the poem: head/tail, human/animal, natural/unnatural. Rochester's "right reason" by contrast, like that of his contemporary Pascal, is a calculated rejection of Cartesian or other unreasonable rationalisms, and of jejune positivism, let alone an ambitious Hartlibian or Comenian *pansophia*. It is an intelligent but intuitive faculty whereby

> [o]ne must know when it is right to doubt, to affirm, to submit. Anyone who does otherwise does not understand the force of reason. Some men run counter to these three principles, either affirming that everything can be proved, because they know nothing about proof, or doubting everything, because they do not know when to submit, or always submitting, because they do not know when judgment is called for. Sceptic, mathematician, Christian: doubt, affirmation, submission."[14]

Corinna and the fops, however, skew and warp this Rochesterian "right reason," particularist and pragmatic by its very nature, into unnatural rectilines; they rationalize a variety of intermediate social identities – member of household, village or parish, guild, embryonic social class – into a single uniform "libertine" or liberal individual subjectivity.[15] They thus appear as one of the very earliest literary instances of mass-man in the modern nation-state: a political subject with expanding scope of private action (Corinna's license to copulate with multiple strangers in St James' Park) and contracting scope of public (political individuals, created by the modern state's disaggregation of social orders, are increasingly subject to its direct, unmediated power). And in their methodical, businesslike whoring to acquire social and financial capital from a libertine reputation, Corinna and the fops are an outrage not only to Rochester's patrician values but to plebeian as well. The mock-pastoral catalogue of flowers who grow in "this All-sin-sheltring *Grove*" includes not only "Great *Ladies*," an "*Heiresse*" and "great *Lords*" but the "*Rag-picker*," "*Carr-men*," "*Prentices*" and "*Gaolers*" whose group socialities are also threatened by the professionalizing, rational-actor libertinism of Corinna and the

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[13] *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind* 14-15, in Love (ed.), 57. For the Humean dialectic of pre-reflective customary opinion/false philosophy/true philosophy, in which the last stage more resembles the first than the second, see e.g. Hume, "Of the antient philosophy," in *A Treatise of Human Nature* 1.4.3, second edn P. H. Nidditch (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1978), 222-23: "[W]e may observe a gradation of three opinions, that rise above each other, according as the persons, who form them, acquire new degrees of reason and knowledge. These opinions are that of the vulgar, that of a false philosophy, and that of the true; where we shall find upon enquiry, that the true philosophy approaches nearer to the sentiments of the vulgar, than to those of a mistaken knowledge." For an explication of these three stages as a process of Pyrrhonist skepticism see Donald W. Livingston, "The Dialectic of True and False Philosophy," in *Philosophical Melancholy and Delirium: Hume's Pathology of Philosophy* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1998), 17-52.

[14] Pascal, *Pensées* 159, in Le Guern (ed.), 601 (translation Krailsheimer, 53-54).

[15] For a précis of the decline of the guilds and livery companies, and of the weakening of the ward system, in Restoration and Georgian London see Roy Porter, *London: A Social History* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard Univ. Press, 1994), 148-49.

fops, Lockean *tabulae rasae* who continuously wipe their identities clean and rewrite them from new sense impressions. Importantly, it is not collective identity or personal heteronomy as such that triggers Rochester's allergy, but *mass* collective identity, the modern urban order incipient in 1670s London where the sheer size of the population makes a sociality of heterogeneous groups difficult, and mutual recognition and solidarity are displaced by real or imagined contract relations with other, anonymous individuals and with the state.[16]

1. "WHEN NEITHER *HEAD* NOR *TAIL* PERSWADE": *A RAMBLE IN ST JAMES'S PARK* AS GENRE AND INTERTEXT

A Ramble in St. James's Park, model instance of Rochester's pastoral of the social, is recognizably mock-eclogue and mock-idyll at its core when layers of other genres are peeled back.[17] The poem's speaker, a jilted libertine lover, is a modern metropolitan Corydon, though unlike the speaker of *Ecl*. 2 robustly heterosexual. This unnamed rambler takes to the Park instead of the Sicilian hills to reflect on lust and love, and his inset digressions evoke any number of earnest pastoral swains for both pathos and laughs, especially the Polyphemus of Theocritus, *Idylls* 3 and 11. Polyphemus is Corydon's and all complaining shepherds' precursor and his double aspect of *buffo*/*serio* is the rambler's aegis throughout Rochester's poem.[18] The figures of fun are not however limited to

[16] Cf. Ortega y Gasset's 1930 definition of late modern mass-man: "*No se entienden, pues, por masas, sólo ni principalmente* «*las masas obreras*»*. Masa es el* «*hombre medio*»*. De este modo se convierte lo que era meramente cantidad… en una determinación cualitativa: es la cualidad común, es lo mostrenco social, es el hombre en cuanto no se diferencia de otros hombres, sino que repite en sí un tipo genérico*. [By masses… is not to be understood, solely or mainly, 'the working masses.' The mass is the average man. In this way what was mere quantity… is converted into a qualitative determination: it becomes the common social quality, man as undifferentiated from other men, but as repeating in himself a generic type.]" *La rebelión de las masas* (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1930, repr. Madrid: Espasa Calpe, 1993), 76, trans. as *The Revolt of the Masses* (New York and London: Norton, 1932, repr. 1993), 13-14.

[17] The *Ramble* also has mock-georgic elements, for instance the ironized *descriptio* of the Park's penile woods and the semi-didactic passage in lines 43-74 that teaches the reader how to recognize different species of fop (Whitehall blade, Gray's Inn wit, Lady's eldest son). For a recent acknowledgment that, as I argue in this book's introduction, pastoral and georgic are hybrid "converging genres" and "interlaced traditions" in Restoration and Georgian poetry, see Juan Christian Pellicer, "Pastoral and Georgic," in *The Oxford History of Classical Reception in English Literature,* vol. 3 (1660-1790), ed. David Hopkins and Charles Martindale (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2012), 287-321, esp. 289 and 305-09.

[18] Renaissance and Baroque textual, plastic and musical treatments of Polyphemus and Galatea naturally formed part of the horizon of expectations of elite-culture Restoration readers. Luís de Góngora's *La fábula de Polifemo y Galatea* (published 1627) was widely read and admired. Plastic-art treatments of the subject include Raphael's *Triumph of Galatea* (1512) in the Villa Farnesina, and immediately adjoining it Sebastiano del Piombo's *Polyphemus*; Giulio Romano's *Polyphemus* in the Sala di Psyche (c. 1526) of the Palazzo del Te, Mantua; Agostino Carracci's *The Cyclops Polyphemus* (1600), which shows the rejected lover about to crush Acis with a rock after discovering him in Galatea's arms; Poussin's intellectualized *Landscape with Polyphemus* (1648), now in the Hermitage; François Perrier's rather cloying *Acis, Galatea and Polyphemus* (c. 1650); and Claude's *Acis et Galatée* (1657), now in the Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister, Dresden. In musical culture noteworthy treatments are Lully's opera *Acis et Galatée* (1686), the *zarzuela Acis y Galatea* by Antonio de Literes (1708), and Handel's masque or "little opera" *Acis and Galatea* (1718) with libretto by Gay.

fictional shepherds only. The "Antient *Pict*… Deluded of his Assignation" for instance, almost certainly pastoral as a literal, socioeconomic matter, becomes a "Poor pensive *Lover*" in the best arcadian sad-shepherd tradition, his narcissism leading to onanism, "Frigg[ing] upon his *Mothers* Face" (*A Ramble in St. James's Park* 14-18).[19] The now-despised mistress Corinna, meanwhile – perhaps a stalking horse for the *beau monde* prostitute Sue Willis, also attacked in "Against the Charms our Ballox Have"[20] – descends mediately from any number of arcadian shepherdesses gone wrong but ultimately from Ovid's poetic mistress Corinna, and this is important as the *Ramble* is in one sense an earnest prescription for *remedia amoris* as will be seen.

All the same the *Ramble*, in which a libertine speaker samples and rejects private *eros* in favor of sociable *aphrodisia* and camaraderie, is drawing primarily on the detached Theocritus. It is not that the *Idylls* are overtly satiric, as Rochester's mock-pastorals are; rather, by virtue of Theocritus' strictly objective rendering of his shepherds' (and Cyclops') loves the reader is consistently made to see them from an ironic distance. As T. G. Rosenmeyer observed,

> unlike the 'subjective,' 'confessional' lyricism of the archaic poets, the mood of the Theocritean pastoral is public; the authorial reticence is comparable to what we find in drama and epic, and, more appropriately perhaps, in philosophy… personal sentiment without personal reference, via the neutral agency of the third person.[21]

In this Theocritus' pastoral contrasts strongly with Vergil's; in the even-numbered *Eclogues* at least the tone is mostly engaged and earnest, and when these are expositions of heartbreak or other erotic complications, even sympathetic. (As a caveat, the ironic nevertheless lurks in the earnest in Vergil, for instance Corydon's affecting pathos in *Ecl*. 2, which has just the faintest tinge of self-parody from its very insistence and plangency.)

Thus the real father of Rochester's mock-pastoral is Theocritus, not Vergil. Though Vergil writes nothing like the romanticizing arcadian pastoral that dominates (at least in critics' retrospect) the high Middle Ages and Renaissance, not even in the quite earnest *Ecls*. 4 and 10, his Hesiodic emphasis on the virtue of labor leads his shepherds and poets, having loved and lost, to engage in a therapy of desire, to try to heal the passions rather than avoid them altogether, for example the Ovidian catharsis proposed to

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[19] At the *Ramble*'s date of composition (1673) large-scale pastoralism had mostly retreated to the "Celtic fringe" in Britain and Ireland, where beginning in the sixteenth century a class of professional drovers annually drove lean cattle to summer feed lots and fattening pastures; these were located primarily in the counties near London but there were also major cattle fairs and markets in the Scottish Lowlands, Yorkshire and Norfolk. See K. J. Bonser, *The Drovers, Who They Were and How They Went: An Epic of the English Countryside* (London and Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1970), 122-213; Terry G. Jordan, *North American Cattle-Ranching Frontiers: Origins, Diffusion, and Differentiation* (Albuquerque: Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1993), 51-54.

[20] So Love (ed.), 412, n. to line 34.

[21] Thomas G. Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1969, repr. London: Bristol Classical/Duckworth, 2004), 63.

Gallus in *Ecl*. 10.[22] This therapy is in the end unsuccessful, and we must submit to love or rather Amor/Eros, the inscrutable demiurge who in female guise as mother Venus is according to Lucretius the prime mover of the world. But there is no such call to submit in Theocritus and it is ultimately absent from his imitator Rochester too. In Rosenmeyer's terms, Vergil's pastoral is anatomy and a critical reflection; Theocritus' pastoral is (almost) only mimesis, and in its detached *hesychia* it is free from *tarache*, including *eros*, and therefore faintly amused by the histrionics of a Polyphemus or a Bucaeus, for

> Love's volatile nature is at cross purposes with the immobilizing instinct [of pastoral], with the original impulses that embrace the noon peace… Hence the mocking quality of love in Theocritus. A Polyphemus and a Satyriskos display a passion and a devotion which beg not to be taken seriously… [W]e are made to sense their naïveté more directly than their sufferings.[23]

In this detachment Theocritean pastoral is the direct ancestor of the *Ramble* and other Restoration and eighteenth-century mock-pastoral. The neo-pastoral, actually paleo-pastoral because *ad fontes*, of Rochester (and of Swift, Montagu, Gay) also aims by its irony not so much wonderfully to mend the world, or a broken heart, as to refuse to accredit the arcadian vision of *eros* as natural innocence and improving passion. Like the *Idylls*, mock-pastoral aims not to therapize desire but to vaporize it. It is not that there is no trace of *hypocrite renversé* validation of chaste love, however faint, lurking behind the mock-pastorals' skeptical view of *eros* as risible self-interest, for there is such a trace:

> You that cou'd make my Heart away,
> For Noise and Colours, and betray,
> The Secrets of my tender hours,
> To such *Knight Errant Paramours*;
> When leaning on your Faithless Breast,
> Wrapt in security, and rest… (*Ramble* 125-30)[24]

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[22] The terminology of "passions," "affects" and the like which dominated ancient, medieval and Renaissance philosophy and theology is used here and throughout this study to avoid usually-anachronistic talk of "emotions," still in their terminological infancy in the later seventeenth century. On this see Thomas Dixon, *From Passions to Emotions: The Creation of a Secular Psychological Category* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2003), 62-97; see also Susan James, *Passion and Action: The Emotions in Seventeenth-Century Philosophy* (Oxford and New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1997), *passim*.

[23] Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet*, 78-79.

[24] Cf. Juvenal, *Satire* 6.206-10: "*si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni* / *est animus, summitte caput ceruice parata* / *ferre iugum*. *nullam inuenies quae parcat amanti*. / *ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis* / *et spoliis*." *A. Persi Flacci et D. Iuni Iuuenalis Saturae*, rev. ed. W. V. Clausen (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992), 78-79. Niall Rudd translates this as "If your love for your wife is pure and simple, and your heart is devoted / to her alone, then bow your head and prepare your neck / for the yoke. No woman has any regard for the man who loves her. / She may be passionate; still, she loves to fleece and torment him." *Juvenal: The Satires*, trans. Niall Rudd and ed. William Barr (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1991), 44.

Rather, in the *Ramble* and cognate poems the reader has to infer this ephemeral ideal of chaste love from satire of the actuality, which is anything but, and in any case the rambler (and the reader for whom he is proxy) must first take a course of Lucretian or Ovidian *remedia amoris*, purgatives to get the mistress and *eros* out of the system by dwelling on their nauseating and hilarious qualities.[25]

Unsurprisingly therefore it is not lucid Hellenistic pastoral but pensive Roman elegy that furnishes Rochester with a name for the whorish mistress; she derives from the Corinna of Ovid's *Amores*. There is a corollary tonal darkening in Rochester's poem, where the rambler moves from a posture of witty cynicism about *eros*, to arcadian self-pity and the wish that his love were returned. But by poem's end he has moved back and sees it from an ironic distance. This is to be expected; in neither ancient pretext nor early-modern imitation is the tone univalent. *Ecl*. 2 for instance, which infuses elegiac flavor into a version of Theocritus' ludicrous Polyphemus, nevertheless makes Corydon's pathos teeter on the edge of self-parody, while Rochester's thoroughly modern rake, superficially jaded and cynical, implicitly appeals to an ideal of monogamous one-flesh union (his nostalgic evocation "And Reason lay dissolv'd in love"). As nearly always in ancient pastoral monologue and its Restoration imitations, the ironic is latent in the earnest and the earnest in the ironic, in keeping with the roots of both in now-poignant, now-funny Polyphemus, whose speaking name dramatizes his equivocal talk about *eros*.

The *Ramble*'s chief departure from its ancient pretexts is therefore not formal but thematic, and so the Park Rochester depicts in 1673 has a pastoral past in the extratextual as well as intertextual sense. From 1531 to 1536 the land that would become St James' Park, then a tract of marshy ground subject to flooding by the River Tyburn, was surrendered by Eton College, the Hospital of Burton St Lazar and other holders to Henry VIII, a footnote to the king's Dissolution land-grab, and enclosed as a deer park.[26] James I drained and landscaped the tract but as late as 1710 a German traveler reported cattle grazing in the Park, where one could buy fresh milk at the "Lactarian."[27] And long before the Dissolution the site had been neither park nor palace but a hospital for women lepers under the patronage of St James the Less, in the fields west of Charing village: pastoral in the Christian sense, as ministry to the sick. This kind of pastoral made a

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[25] For the course of purgatives see *Lucreti De rerum natura libri sex* 4.1141-84, second edn Cyril Bailey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1921), no page; *P. Ovidi Nasonis Amores, Medicamina faciei femineae, Ars amatoria, Remedia amoris*, corr. ed. E. J. Kenney (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1995), 221-61.

[26] "The Bailiwick of St James," in F. H. W. Sheppard (ed.), *Survey of London*, vols. 29 and 30 (London: Athlone, 1960), 21, available online at http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=40542.

[27] Emily Cockayne, *Hubbub: Filth, Noise and Stench in England, 1600-1770* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2007), 100. The River Tyburn, in its lower reaches now incorporated into the London sewer system, is the confluence of two streams rising in the Hampstead hills. One has its source in Shepherd's Well, fittingly enough; like Fleet Ditch in Swift and Pope, the Tyburn in Rochester brings the literally pastoral or georgic into the literary pastoral or georgic. It evokes the working countryside that underlies and outlies the city and gives the poem a serious foundation for its satirical superstructure. Rochester also puts in play the Tyburn's and the Park's ready associations for a Restoration readership with violent crime and squalid death, for instance in the motif of the mandrakes. These were thought to grow from human blood or semen and so under gallows, according to a folk belief that hanged men suffered involuntary ejaculation. See Love (ed.), 411, n. to line 19.

spectacular reappearance at Tyburn in 1678-1681, when multiple Roman Catholic pastors (and laymen) including Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, were hanged, drawn and quartered for alleged participation in the Shaftesbury-engineered "Popish plot": *semen est sanguis Christianorum*, a saintly analogue to the semen of hanged criminals as seed of mandrakes and so, imaginatively, the Park's priapic trees. Like Evander's pastures in *Aeneid* 8, once cow-grazed but in the poem's time built over as the Forum and Rome's fashionable Carinae district, St James' Park is seen double by Rochester in the *Ramble*. Its earnestly pastoral medieval past and mock-pastoral modern present are both present and neither perspective controls the other, much as Swift's "Town Eclogue" makes London's recently-rural past legible on the palimpsest of the city's squares and roads, including Tyburn Road.[28]

There is therefore, in addition to the *Ramble*'s Polyphemean plurality of voice, leading the reader in circles on the question of *eros*, a closed-circle quality to the Park's history and present and the rambler's circuit through them, a Faulknerian sense that its past is never dead, it's not even past. This is fitting, for the poem as satiric, historically-conscious urban topography, completing a thematic circuit, goes back intertextually to Juvenal. The rambler chooses to open his poem with a vision of the pastoral and georgic past beneath urban superficies, the palimpsest London just mentioned:

> There by a most incestuous *Birth*;
> Strange *Woods*, Spring from the teeming Earth
> For they relate how heretofore,
> When Antient *Pict*, began to Whore…

This recalls and sharpens *Satura* 3 where Umbricius, Mr Shady perhaps, looks askance at what anciently was the sacred grove of Numa, Egeria and the Camenae with its clear spring and antique Roman rites, now (in Juvenal's time) rented by Jewish immigrants as a place to sell food by the Porta Capena.[29] King Charles' or rather André Mollet's straight rows of trees in the Park, planted over the pastures of St James' leper hospital, with their pornographic valence ("And Nightly now beneath their shade, / Are *Bugg'ries*, *Rapes*, and *Incests* made") are like Umbricius' prostituted grove in which every tree "has taken to begging" because it "is obliged to pay its rent to" the state.[30] And the medieval Tyburn, diverted into the Park's rectilinear canal, echoes Juvenal's spring of the Muses, anciently set aside as holy water for the Vestal Virgins but now modernized with a

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[28] Simon Bradley and Nikolaus Pevsner, *The Buildings of England: London 6: Westminster* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2003), 594-601. By the time the leper hospital was granted to Eton by Henry VI in 1449 it was being used as a convent; after Henry VIII acquired it in an exchange of lands with the Provost of Eton he rebuilt it as the Manor of St James. On Vergil's image of the pastoral past under Rome's urban present see Roger Rees, "Revisiting Evander at *Aeneid* 8.363," *Classical Quarterly* 46 (2009), 583-86; see also K. W. Gransden, introduction to *Virgil: Aeneid, Book VIII* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1976), 26-29. The image recurs at *Aeneid* 9.386 ff. where Nisus runs "past the places later known as Alban, / Latinus' high-fenced cattle pastures then," in Robert Fitzgerald's translation.

[29] Depending on how *Satura* 3.14 is construed. On this obscure passage see E. Courtney, *A Commentary on the Satires of Juvenal* (London: Athlone, 1980), 158-59; John Ferguson (ed.), *Juvenal: The Satires* (London: Bristol Classical, 1999), 137, n. to line 14.

[30] The translation is from Rudd, 15.

marble surround to replace green turf and the natural tufa, "a grotto / Unlike the real thing" in Rudd's translation.[31] In Juvenalian Rome and Restoration London, ancient or medieval *pastio* and *cultus* give way to disenchanted rationalization and commoditization. As Roy Porter noted, "[a]t St James's, as everywhere else, speculators proved essential" in financing and building houses on desirable Park-adjacent land, in this case let by Henry Jermyn, Earl of St Albans, a royal crony turned real-estate developer.[32]

Indeed the *Ramble*, a loose imitation of Theocritean idyll and Juvenal's ramble through Rome, takes imitation itself for one of its themes. The penile woods of the Park for instance, which like "Rowes of *Mandrakes* tall did rise, / Whose lewd Tops *Fuck'd* the very Skies" – the image inverts the ancient topos of paternal sky inseminating maternal earth – are not born of procreative fertilization and germination. Rather these priapic plants, which establish a pattern of images of inversion in the poem – head/tail, human/animal, natural/unnatural – are produced by "Abortive imitation" of procreation, in a series of regressive, self-absorbed or infertile acts (incest, masturbation, sodomy), circles closed to the transmission of healthy life: the "Antient *Pict*" ejaculating in mother earth's face, the bent branches anally penetrating "some lov'd fold of *Aretine*." The Pict and through him Charles, who as Stuart heir is a plausible "Antient *Pict*," and by extension Mollet, St Albans, and other gardenists, improvers, and projectors of the day, are thus mock-georgic, sowing where they will not reap and gathering where they have not sown (sterile genital pleasures, profits from land development). Their literal botanic plantings in the Park are fruitless and decorative only, mere *agri picti*, the agricultural analogue of the Pict's masturbation, and such human seed as is sown is wasted on the stony ground of "*Bugg'ries, Rapes,* and *Incests*."

Imitation procreation, imitation cultivation, imitation pastoral piety: thus "though *St. James* has the honor on't, / 'Tis consecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*" (lines 9-10). Because it is itself bad imitation of various literally pastoral pasts, the Park is a likely scene for Corinna's mechanic whoring, for (in the view of the *Ramble*'s speaker) it is *not* an artificial landscape with a history, the product of choice, but a phantasmagoric eternal world, the product of mechanism. Life here is generated not by special creation or procreation but, in a closed incestuous circle, by a Gaia-like "teeming Earth" unnaturally fertilized by her son, the "Antient *Pict*… who Frigg[s] upon his *Mothers* face," whence trees spring up like mandrakes "[w]hose lewd Tops Fuck'd the very Skies." Frank Ellis and Harold Love note the close parody here of Waller's 1661 poem on Charles II's improvements to the Park, designed by André Mollet and themselves "Abortive imitation" of the Claude Mollet and Hilaire Masson gardens at Versailles. I suspect a lampoon of the earth's bringing forth plants in *Paradise Lost* 6, as well as a discreet jab at the king, who as Stuart dynast is a plausible "Antient *Pict*" and, per Evelyn's diary entry for 4 March 1671, used the Park as a place to talk and enact *porneia* with Nell Gwyn

[31] Ferguson (ed.), 137, n. to line 13; Rudd, 15.

[32] Porter, *London: A Social History*, 105.

among others (this does not surprise, as the king comes in for sexualized mockery elsewhere in Rochester's poems, e.g. the "Satyr on Charles II").[33]

In the Park's theatre of involuntary reproduction the "lewd Tops" penetration metaphor switches mid-stream from nature to culture, however: "Each imitative Branch does twine, / In some lov'd fold of *Aretine*" (lines 21-22). The Park, a place common to upper-class rioter and working-class whore alike, is written intertextually from the commonplaces, *loci communes*, not only of Greek and Roman pastoral and *satura* but those of Italian Renaissance pornography as well. It is an anti-*locus amoenus*, seen not in itself but through the spectacles of Rochester's dirty books. The lewd Tops or rather trees are thus a legible landscape because the speaker or the reader has already textually experienced Aretino's *Ragionamenti* (or Marcantonio Raimondi's, to put picture and text in ecphrastic order).[34] Rochester gives a further turn to the screw by making "each imitative Branch… twine / In some lov'd fold of *Aretine*," suggesting digital penetration of Aretino's mistress and Aretino sodomized; these textual trees are akin to the pseudo-Rochester's *cacata charta* derided by Oldham in "Upon the Author of the Play Call'd *Sodom*" which will "bugger wiping Porters when they shite, / And so thy Book itself turn Sodomite."

These penile pencils that write *porneia* across the sky are in a word already cultural, for they have appeared in print before. They are not *really*, after all, spontaneous generations of a chthonian mother earth, or the fruit of seed-sowing by the Antient Pict, but sophisticated graffes, cultural interference with the order of nature in the Tyburn's soggy bottom by Charles and Mollet. In this they are like Attic herms or the Priapic sundials of Roman gardens. (Hermes was not only an apotropaic phallic deity but god of commerce, fitting for shady St James' where principals and agents are busy about the skin and housing trades.) The frigging Pict's and the kinky trees' invert sexuality, moreover, anticipates that in later Restoration and Georgian mock-classic texts, for instance *Rape of the Lock* 4.47-54 where another excessive passion, spleen, also gives rise to weird prodigies of parthenogenesis and male pregnancy: "Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works, / And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks."

Indeed, though the Park's mock-pastoral cityscape draws on *Satura* 3, the rambler's dominant image of Corinna, who "turn[s] damn'd abandon'd *Jade* / When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade," imitates *Satura* 6.301. There the Roman lady who roisters in the streets after midnight, drunkenly pissing on the image of the goddess Chastity for a lark, *inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit* ("can't tell her head from her groin").[35] This topos of head and tail inverted, which structures the *Ramble*'s

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[33] Frank Ellis (ed.), *John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester: The Complete Works* (London: Penguin, 1994), 331, n. to line 20. On the gardens of Versailles generally see Ian Thompson, *The Sun King's Garden* (New York: Bloomsbury, 2006), *passim*.

[34] For a reading of the *Ramble* with close attention to the Aretino pretext see Turner, *Schooling Sex*, 267-73.

[35] Clausen (ed.), 82. Dustin Griffin, "Rochester and the 'Holiday Writers,'" in *Rochester and Court Poetry* (Los Angeles: Clark Library, Univ. of California, 1985), 60, sees in this connection a precursor for Corinna's "lew'd *Cunt*, [that] came spewing home, / Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*" in Juvenal's Messalina, who cuckolded Claudius by working overtime in a brothel from which "*tristis abit… adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine uoluae*, / *et lassata viris necdum satiata recessit*, / *obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae* / *foeda lupanaris tulit ad puluinar odorem*." *Sat*. 6.128-32, in Clausen (ed.), 76. This

imagery throughout, is used to great effect by other Restoration satirists, for instance Swift, whose fatuous modern ladies strain "To pass for Wits before a Rake," in particular the "Tell-tale out of School… You'd think she utter'd from behind, / Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind," and Butler, who makes the inversion into political allegory:

> For as a fly, that goes to bed,
> Rests with his tail above his head,
> So in this mungrel state of ours;
> The rabble are the supreme powers;
> That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
> A jadish trick at last, and throw us.[36]

Doubtless the head/tail topos is a staple of mock-pastoral and mock-georgic texts because it figures the genres themselves, which invert and put in Bakhtinian play the putative hierarchy of "classic" elite ancients over "derivative" demotic moderns.

But the Juvenalian Corinna is almost literally anatomically a whore in understanding:

> One [fop] in a strain 'twixt Tune and *Nonsense*,
> Cries, *Madam*, *I have lov'd you long since*,
> *Permit me your fair hand to kiss*:
> When at her *Mouth* her *Cunt* says yes. (*Ramble* 75-78)

Rochester's iteration of the topos is brutal even by Restoration satire standards. Owing to the inversion and indeed equation of mouth and vagina she goes well beyond Swift's Tell-tale out of School, who breaks wind orally in a stream of vain, mendacious words, the proverbial lot of hot air. For Corinna's orifice commits not only a sin of emission, aligning her with the fruitlessly onanistic "Antient *Pict*," but also a greater sin of ingestion, the "vast *Meal* of Nasty Slime; / Which [her] devouring *Cunt* had drawn / From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*" (118-20). As James Grantham Turner has noted, the rambler is not revolted by sharing Corinna sexually with other men.[37] (He does object to their social status, which is middling, proto-professional and polite.) Rather the provocation is her unreasonable, unsociable desire to center everything in herself like a Cartesian *res cogitans*, and her "deprav'd Appetite" to engross as many sexual experiences as possible like a naïve empiricist, accumulating more sense-data (or lands or capital) than she can use, as I have argued.

Rochester's animus against this rationalism and empiricism run amok, the bogus reason twitted in the *Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, is moreover not less for being

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"wise fool" topos of head/groin inversion is at least as old as Aristophanes' *Clouds*. When the old farmer Strepsiades asks what Socrates' "Thinkery" students are doing bent over with heads to the ground, he is told they are studying the underworld; when he asks why their anuses are peering at Heaven, he is told they are learning astronomy. N. G. Wilson (ed.), *Aristophanis Fabulae*, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2007), 144.

[36] Swift, *Strephon and Chloe* 267-82; Butler, *Hudibras* 3.2.1609-14.

[37] Turner, *Schooling Sex*, 273.

implied rather than stated. Explicit didaxis is a Drydenesque pedantry against Rochester's grain. In any case, prolixity is precisely Corinna's and the fops' unsociable vice, a case of oral/vaginal logorrhea like that censured by Oldham in "Upon the Author of the Play call'd *Sodom*" which, inevitably, also uses the head/tail inversion topos:

> Thy Muse has got the Flowers, and they ascend
> As in some greensick Girl, at upper End.
> Sure Nature made, or meant at least t' have don't,
> Thy Tongue a Clitoris, thy Mouth a Cunt.
> How well a Dildoe would that place become,
> To gag it up, and make 't for ever dumb![38]

Bogus "reason," not only discursive but garrulous and self-referential too, offends against sociability. Like Rochester's in the *Ramble*, Oldham's graphic image notably wishes not for his or a third party's penetration of the offending orifice, but for masturbatory self-invasion, which underlines the self-centered quality of the reason-monger's "rational" discourse. The punishment is to fit the crime.

Rochester's Juvenalian strain is not limited to the head/tail topos, however. His prosodic master-stroke "Such nat'rall freedoms are but just, / There's something gen'rous in meer Lust," and the extended figuration of Corinna as sex-crazed mare invaded by the wind, also owe something to *Satura* 6's blistering attack on Roman wives and mistresses:

> *hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque uenenum*
> *priuignoque datum*? *faciunt grauiora coactae*
> *imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant*.
>
> Why should I tell of philtres, spells, and deadly concoctions
> given to stepsons? Women commit more serious crimes
> at the *bidding* of sex; lust itself is the least of their sins.[39]

Hippomanes or "mares' madness," vaginal secretions of a mare in heat or a growth taken from the forehead of a newborn foal, was used in witches' brews, including an aphrodisiac thought to excite libido of equine proportions. There are multiple ancient antecedents, notably Ovid and Vergil, and obliquely Apuleius.[40] However, it is Juvenal's aphoristic *faciunt grauiora coactae / imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant* that is the strongest thematic precursor of Rochester's

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[38] "Upon the Author of the Play call'd *Sodom*" 28-33, in *The Poems of John Oldham*, ed. Harold F. Brooks and Raman Selden (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 343. The play was, ironically enough, ascribed to Rochester by Oldham.

[39] *Sat*. 6.133-35, in Clausen (ed.), 76; the translation is Rudd, 41. There is a related reference to the Arcadian herb coltsfoot, said to drive mares and foals insane, at *Idyll* 2.48-49, where the jilted Simaetha hopes that her lover Delphis will be stung into similar madness by her spell and return home. *Bucolici Graeci*, ed. A. S. F. Gow, corr. ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952, 1958), 11.

[40] Ovid, *Amores* 1.8.7-8 and *Medicamina faciei femineae* 38; Vergil, *Geo*. 3.280-84. Apuleius' *Golden Ass* is the novelistic story of Lucius' impious curiosity and lust, which lead to his transformation into an ass. Juvenal alludes to Caligula's being driven mad by a hippomanic aphrodisiac in *Sat*. 6.615-16, "*ut auunculus ille Neronis*, / *cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli* / *infudit*." Clausen (ed.), 95.

> Such nat'rall freedoms are but just,
> There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.
> But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Jade*,
> When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade;
> To be a *Whore*, in understanding,
> A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in.
> The *Devil* plaid booty, sure with thee
> To bring a blot on infamy. (*Ramble* 97-104)[41]

Thus the adjacent lines "Nor ever thought [I] it an abuse, / While you had pleasure for excuse": it is not Corinna's and the libertines' promiscuity as such that offends, but its propensity to propel them on to unsocial self-absorption. This ancient mare topos is reinforced by "damn'd abandon'd *Jade*" which at the *Ramble*'s date of composition was not yet dead metaphor; jades, literally broken-down old work-mares, were in 1673 a common sight in both city and country, laboring at pulling carts or plows. Corinna is not only physically worn out by mechanic sexual labors but in her foolishness as "damn'd abandon'd *Jade*" invaded by the north wind is reduced by crude metonymy to the equine vagina; she is the proverbial horse's arse, cruelly literalized. Again, it is not whoring in body but whoring in understanding that most inverts tail and head, Corinna's being a "Passive *Pot*" for superfluous inputs, wind or fools' semen or uncritical Baconian sense data, and her Cartesian illusion that subjectivity is enhanced rather than overwhelmed by referring all experiences to private judgment.

Coordinate with this Juvenalian strain, the Crabbe-y antipastoral strain of mock-pastoral, *i.e.* writing against Arcadia and the essential solipsism of erotic experience, is noticeable in the *Ramble*. An instance is the brief intrusion of the actual pastoral world into the fops' imagined one by Rochester's reference to Banstead Downs, a sheep-pasture then fifteen miles south of town in Surrey. This intrusion gives a fleeting glimpse of real shepherds, pointing a contrast with one of Corinna's city swains in particular, the "Whitehall blade" – probably a thinly-disguised Charles Blount, future author of the atheist bombshell *Oracles of Reason*[42] – who abortively imitates what he's told is Charles II's love of Banstead mutton (because this is Rochester "mutton" is also slang for "loose women," which the painfully literal blade is too dull to infer). Rochester's subtle injection of the working pastoral countryside into the arcadian landscape of the Park as imagined by Corinna and Blount – an erotic or at least sexual Elysium – reinforces the implication that not only Corinna and her swains but the mostly-deracinated genre of Baroque pastoral are engaged in "abortive imitation" of both actual pastoral life and the classic models, the skeptic cast of both of which is to be distinguished from "rationalist," Fontenelle-style ersatz verism.[43] Like Corinna and the fops, most of these Baroque

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[41] Rudd, 41.

[42] On the identity of the Whitehall blade see Love (ed.), 412, n. to lines 45-62. On Blount see Richard Hunter, "The Crown, the Public and the New Science, 1689-1702," in *Science and the Shape of Orthodoxy: Intellectual Change in Late Seventeenth-Century Britain* (Woodbridge, Suffolk and Rochester, NY: Boydell, 1995), 163.

[43] See Ellis (ed.), n. to lines 49-50, 332.

pastorals are painfully literal copies, not imaginative imitations, and in its inability to take wing their language, though technically poetic, is John Wilkins-esque or Spratian plain style, rationalized discourse which never means more than it says. Protestant horror of *eidololatreia* is secularized to fear of figuralism in language.[44]

The accusation of bad imitation is leveled in particular at disliked contemporary poets, especially Dryden, derided in the *Allusion to Horace* for ineptly aping Rochester's "mannerly Obscene," much as Corinna (Sue Willis?), Blount and the other fops are abortive imitators of Rochester's more than semi-autobiographical rambler. Indeed Dryden's "Abortive imitation" not only of Rochester himself but of a classical or Augustan style (a concept generated by historicist Renaissance classicism, as against the syncretist medieval classicism that persists in Swift for instance) and unthinking replication of the Poet Laureate by lesser poetic lights is precisely why Rochester rejected such a style in favor of "the harsh cadence of a rugged line," as Dryden faint-praised the dead Oldham's prosody.[45] Moreover, though Rochester did not live to see and lampoon the full-scale *Eclogues* and *Georgics* translations of 1697, Dryden's earlier "Abortive imitations" of Graeco-Roman texts, on Rochester's view petrified replicas which reduce and flatten plural-voiced poems to a rationalized "classical" style, go hand in hand with Wilkinsian rationalization of English prose, proposed by Dryden in his 1679 dedication to *Troilus and Cressida* and more famously by Bishop Sprat (like Rochester affiliated with Wadham College) in his 1667 *History of the Royal-Society*. The wish, parodied by Swift in *Gulliver*'s Lagado linguists, is for a return to discursive Arcadia, to be expedited by the Society's

> constant resolution to… return back to the primitive purity and shortness, when men delivered so many things almost in an equal number of words… a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness, bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can…[46]

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[44] On Wilkins, a Royal Society fellow whose *An Essay Towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language* (1668) proposed, like works by Comenius, Leibniz, and numerous others, "a new universal language using the criteria [of] simplicity, generality, modesty of expression, vitality, and brevity" see D. E. Mungello, "European philosophical responses to non-European culture: China," in *The Cambridge History of Seventeenth-Century Philosophy*, vol. 1, ed. Daniel Garber and Michael Ayers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 93, 95-96; see also Manuel and Manuel, 208.

[45] Dryden's putative Augustanism, attributed to him by Rochester and by some twenty-first century critics, is hard to support on the evidence of his own views. As Josiah Osgood and Susanna Braund have recently reminded us, Dryden implies in the *Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* that Juvenal is "the acme of Roman satire," and casts himself as a primarily Juvenalian satirist rather than a Horatian or Persianic one. Osgood and Braund, "Imperial Satire Theorized: Dryden's *Discourse of Satire*," in *A Companion to Persius and Juvenal*, ed. Susanna Braund and Josiah Osgood (Malden, MA, Oxford, and Chichester: Wiley-Blackwell, 2012), 409-35.

[46] Dryden, "Dedication" to *Troilus and Cressida*, in *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. H. T. Swedenberg *et al*. (Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: Univ. of Calif. Press, 1956-2002), vol. 13, 222-24; *The History of the Royal-Society of London, For the Improving of Natural Knowledge*, repr. as *Sprat's History of the Royal Society*, ed. Jackson I. Cope and Harold Whitmore Jones (St Louis: Washington Univ. Press, 1958).

There is unsettling prolepsis here of Orwell's *1984*, in which Party drudges are busy reducing and flattening English and its organic idiosyncrasies to Newspeak, a scientific language for a pseudo-scientific dictatorship. Dryden's Edenic "nakedness" and "closeness" give rise to some penetrating words, but not for Rochester in a good way. For him Dryden's rationalized "Augustan" prosody, which reduces the organic rhythms of English and creative versification to mathematical formula, is "a drye bawdy bobb, / And thus he gott the name of Poet Squobb" (*An Allusion to Horace*, 75-76). Rochester aligns Dryden's semiotic dysfunction with sexual; it is the verbal analogue of the "Antient *Pict*" repetitively frigging upon mother earth's face or criminals at Tyburn involuntarily ejaculating when hanged, or of the twitching automatism in *The Imperfect Enjoyment* where the rake speaker suffers premature ejaculation and then, he admits, "Trembling, Confus'd, Dispairing, limber, dry, / A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly."[47] In both cases the problem is one of inartful, lifeless mechanism, poetry as pudding scum or dried blood:

> Or have you seen the *Daughters* of *Apollo*,
> Pow'r down their rhyming *Liquors* in a hollow *Cane*?
> In spungy *Brain*, congealing into *Verse*;
> If you have seen all this, then kiss mine *Arse*.[48]

Like bodies passive under inertia in the Restoration new physics (classical mechanics, from a twenty-first century vantage) Dryden and the classicizing imitators churn out inorganic reproductions of ancient Greek and Latin texts, the literary equivalent, in Rochester's metaphor, of inability to ejaculate or *coitus interruptus*. They are industrious but sterile versifiers-by-number, mere word-producing machines: "Five hundred Verses every morning writ / Proves you no more a poet than a Witt."[49]

Rochester's implied ideal, by contrast, is a procreative reproduction of the ancient texts, imitation as fertile organic adaptation rather than "Abortive," mechanic imitation. "Mechanic" moreover is a term that cuts two ways since Rochester considered Dryden like most Restoration poets his social inferior, about which I shall shortly say more. As with bodily procreation, such good imitation of Vergil and Theocritus, primarily mock-pastoral and mock-georgic in the Restoration, leads over time to a change of outer forms and colors from parents to offspring, but the names and moral values persist.[50] In the *Ramble*'s case for instance the genre tag "pastoral" and the ironized, skeptic thematic of Hellenistic idyll and Roman eclogue both persist, though metrical and stanzaic forms change and tone color sharpens. Mechanic, automatic imitation by contrast is the

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[47] Love (ed.), 14.

[48] "To all curious Criticks and Admirers of *Meeter*" 13-16, in *Appendix Roffensis*, in Love (ed.), 270.

[49] Love (ed.), 73.

[50] Mock-pastoral and mock-georgic as practiced by Rochester, like that practiced by Swift, Gay and the other Scriblerians, did not mock the ancient topographic genres, but rather updated and ventriloquized them to mock various aspects of incipient early modernity. Genuine parody of the ancient genres is found in texts such as Cotton's *Scarronides* (1664), but these are taxonomically distinct from mock-pastoral and mock-georgic, and usually thematically opposed to them.

necessary consequence of head/tail inversion, which at the philosophical level is elevation of the order of the material over that of the mental or spiritual. It is the particular working, in Dryden's texts or Corinna's sex practices, of the Cartesian and Gassendist laws of nature expounded by Walter Charleton, Boyle and other Royal Society virtuosi of the 1660s and 1670s.[51] Human beings who act like arsy-versy mares in heat are perhaps as irrational as it is possible to be, but their actions, Rochester implies, are what one may reasonably expect given the new physical and metaphysical doctrines.

2. "AND DISOBEDIENCE CEASE TO PLEASE US": THEME AND CONTEXT IN *A RAMBLE IN ST JAMES'S PARK*

Indeed the *Ramble*'s hippomanic imagery, token of the tail-over-head "reason" of determinist materialism, emphasizes that the London landscape Rochester writes is profoundly Graeco-Roman not only in an imitative, formal sense but in a thematic sense: "But though *St. James* has the honor on't, / 'Tis consecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*" (9-10). Unlike Juvenal's Umbricius, however, Rochester's rambler does not idealize the numinous past beneath his capital city's artificial pleasaunce. On the contrary, when the Celtic and Germanic antiquity buried under St James' Park is exhumed it is seen not, as by Macpherson, Percy and the eighteenth-century antiquaries, as noble and romantic but monstrous and nightmarish. The *Ramble* undoes the work of Milton's Protestant pastoral *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, where not only antique satyrs and nymphs but pagan gods of all kinds are ushered out of the landscape. The evocation of this antiquity makes of the Park a sacred grove not like Numa's Mediterranean *locus amoenus* but one in the Druid or *völva* sense, evoking a northern antiquity of ritual sexual orgy, physical cruelty, and horror when captives were hanged in trees to Wodin and slave-girls sacrificed in ship burials on the Volga.

Importantly, the grove of Prick and Cunt is still a sacred place, perhaps the last in the pre-theist Rochester's desacralized world, a stubborn exemption from new-scientific laws of nature that declared all space homogeneous and all time secular. What Corinna

[51] The Royal Society virtuosi, for all their public disagreements with Hobbes, Spinoza, and other putative rationalists also accepted their methodological premise of mathematism, if not their deductive and geometric methods, as did Cambridge Platonists such as More and Cumberland who used a systematic deductive method in ethics, but proceeded from altruist rather than egoist axioms. For a useful conspectus of "the mathematisation of nature" in elite thought of the seventeenth century, see Michael Mahoney, "The Mathematical Realm of Nature," in *The Cambridge History of Seventeenth-Century Philosophy*, vol. 1, ed. Daniel Garber and Michael Ayers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 702-23. Indeed, despite the decisive influence on Restoration philosophy that Newton and empiricism have assumed in retrospect, until well into the eighteenth century it was usually Descartes and Cartesian method that were cited as authority by partisans of the moderns, for instance the young Addison, whose 1693 "Oration, in Defense of the New Philosophy" (at the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford) claimed that Descartes "more accurately measure[d] this vast Machine, a Machine fit for Mankind to philosophize on, and worthy of the Deity, that first framed it." Antoine le Grand's 1672 popularization of Descartes, *Institutio Philsophiae*, meanwhile, widely-used as a university text and appearing in English as *An Entire Body of Philosophy, According to the Principles of the Famous Renate Des Cartes* (1694), was "arguably the grandest publication associated with the new science in this period." Its subscribers included the Royal Society historian and arch-modern Bishop Sprat, evidence that, for the lord bishop at least, rationalism and empiricism were of a piece, or at least not enemies. Hunter, *Science and the Shape of Orthodoxy*, 157-59, 164-66, 162.

does in routinizing and commoditizing sexual intercourse there is thus profanation ("*And may no* Woman *better thrive*, / *That dares prophane the* Cunt *I Swive*"). Or even sacrilege: like the Norse goddess Frigg, whose proper name is legible in Love's and other Rochester texts that honor the manuscripts' capitals and italics, Prick and Cunt really are deities or at least daemons; they thus resemble their ithyphallic and fertility precursors Priapus and Aphrodite, on-stage, speaking characters in the paradigmatic pastoral, Theocritus' *Idyll* 1, and the "*saeuus Amor*" of Vergil's *Ecl*. 3, birthed on flinty rocks by the mountains themselves and crueler even than Medea, whom he drove to infanticide.[52] Corinna and her fops would turn these sacred pagan organs into workaday, run-of-the-mill early modern machines. Against desacralized rationalist or new science cosmology the rambler, however, suggests that human perception necessarily invests nature and indeed the body with symbolic or spiritual meanings; there are *genii loci* willy-nilly, if not via the cult of the saints via the cult of sex, and he writes his landscape accordingly. The Park's penile "Strange *Woods*" and "All-sin-sheltring *Grove*" are therefore not only theatres for but embodiments of sexual urges: anciently Pan, Venus Genetrix, Priapus but now reduced in the economical modern way to Prick and Cunt. This has the effect of converting otherwise self-existent objects, trees as well as sexual partners, to mere aspects of the libertine subject's deified *libido dominandi*, an analogue to the modern pantheism that makes the rambler see the Park's biota (from Rochester's ironic distance) as spontaneous self-generations. This evacuates the social and unitive content of sexuality to let the private and isolative rush in, the process underlying the first enraptured then embittered narcissism of Marvell's Damon.[53] That is,

> Rochester sees St James' Park not as a fashionable place for assignations, but as a sacred grove where we are tormented and humiliated by sexual compulsions which there possess us. It is a vision of man, and indeed all nature, possessed by Dionysian frenzies.[54]

In the Park's re-enchanted microcosmos the frigging Celtic Pict is thus engaged in *cultus*, syncretic after Britain's medieval Viking invasions, of the Norse queen of the gods Frigg, of Friday fame, patroness of sexual intercourse, and probably of Freyja, as the two goddesses may originally have been identical. (The two share attributes that are combined in Aphrodite/Venus, invoked by Lucretius as "you and only you [who] are nature's guide / And nothing to the glorious shores of light / Rises without you, nor grows sweet and lovely").[55] As Freyja may have been only an aspect of a hermaphrodite deity embracing her brother Frey, god of fertility who mated with the earth-giant Gerd

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[52] Theocritus, *Idyll* 1.81-91 (Priapus) and 1.97-98 (Aphrodite); Vergil, *Ecl*. 3.43-50.

[53] On the first-person perspective in desire see e.g. Roger Scruton, *Sexual Desire: A Philosophical Investigation* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1986), 82-88.

[54] David Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry* (Totowa, New Jersey: Rowman and Littlefield and London: Bell & Hyman, 1978), 106-08.

[55] *De rerum natura* 1.20-22, in *Lucreti De rerum natura libri sex*, second edn Cyril Bailey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1921), no page. The translation is Ronald Melville's in *Lucretius, On the Nature of the Universe* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1997), 3.

(*Das Rheingold*'s primordial Erda), this would make the Pict's frigging on mother earth's face *cultus* in both senses, worship and field-tending.[56] In the Park's "All-sin-sheltring *Grove*" the daemonic "Strange *Woods*" block the light of empirical experience and extinguish the "Ignis fatuus of the Mind," rationalist reason, by whose "wand'ring fires" Dryden was "long misled," and substitute a return to the dark supernaturalism of Graeco-Roman antiquity or the medieval North, with no pagan or Christian humanism to buffer the cruelty.[57] The *genii loci* Prick and Cunt are far from the pallid river nymphs of *Windsor-Forest* or the lubricious fauns and nymphs of the *Mower* poems, nor do they descend from the frisky Silenus of *Ecl*. 6 or the cranky Pan of *Idyll* 1; Prick and Cunt, and the rambler and Corinna when possessed by them, are unsmiling monsters ready to rip flesh from bone.

The definitive proof that the rambler's "libertine" sexuality is slipping from sunny arcadian scientism or geometrized deduction into unreasoning compulsion, is the *buffo*/*serio* curse on Corinna, which concatenates the *Ramble*'s images of heads/tails, mares and the pagan pastoral past into coherence. As often in the poem a Juvenalian topos, the asinine arriviste – in *Satura* 8.157 literally asinine, a muleteer who worships Epona, Romano-Celtic goddess of the stable and horses – is the connecting link between ancient pastoral and modern: the "Three *Knights*, o'th'Elbow, and the slurr, / With wrigling Tails" with whom "away [Corinna] flew; / And with these Three confounded *Asses*, / From *Park*, to *Hackney-Coach*, she passes." Appalled at her and their loss of control, and belatedly at his own in acquiescing in her multiple sex partners, the rambler grasps at half-remembered straws of Platonic or Stoic or Christian morality – the nervous snarl about "deprav'd Appetite" – as he is overwhelmed by the resurgence of Frigga, divinized genital urge. Damning Corinna to be a mare in heat "mad for the *North-Wind*" and "To have him Bluster in your *Cunt*, / Turn up your longing Arse to th'Air," with the head/tail inversion now literal,[58] "And perish in a wild despair" as punishment for her "deprav'd Appetite" (*Ramble* 138-42) – his language is more Pauline than libertine now – he evokes Norse fertility rites in which Freyja's devotées don horse-masks and roam about impersonating "night-mares" or succubi.[59] (These rites' Celtic analogues in honor

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[56] On the identification of Frigg and Freyja see John Lindow's encyclopedic yet concise *Handbook of Norse Mythology* (Santa Barbara, Denver, and Oxford: ABC-Clio, 2001), 129-30.

[57] Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther* 1.72-75: "My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires, / My manhood, long misled by wandring fires, / Follow'd false lights; and when their glimps was gone, / My pride struck out new sparkles of her own." The highly suggestive figure also appears at the close of the great age of satire, in Johnson's imitation of Juvenal, *Sat*. 10, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749): "Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by ventr'rous Pride, / To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide; / As treach'rous Panthoms in the Mist delude, / Shuns fancied Ills, or chases airy Good" (7-10).

[58] There is in Rochester's mare a prolepsis of Swift's *A Tale of a Tub* in which hundreds of Dissenter preachers are imagined to stand in a suspicious ring-like formation, inflating one another anally with bellows, and then to belch their prodigious wind into their disciples' mouths or noses, which I discuss in chapter 4, section 2, in the context of analyzing Gay's town eclogues.

[59] On the genealogy of Frey and Freyja see Lindow, 121-28. There may be an echo here of Juvenal, *Sat*. 6.332-34, where the whorish devotees of *Bona Dea* resort to the nearest male bystander to gratify their lusts: "*hic si* / *quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam* / *quo minus inposito clunem summittat asello*" (in Rudd's translation, "If *he* is sought in vain, and no human aid is forthcoming, / then she'll dispose her rump to take the weight of a donkey"). Clausen (ed.), 83; Rudd, 48. Love notes Graeco-

of Epona or Rhiannon have a vestigial survival in the south Wales *Mari Lwyd* or Grey Mare, a midwinter wassail; revelers accompany a person in equine disguise, complete with horse skull, house to house singing for food and drink.) In a sharp anti-arcadian turn the wind-penetrated mare, Corinna whose "lew'd *Cunt*, came spewing home, / Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*," inverts the *hortus conclusus* and *fons signatus* imagery of the Song of Songs and secular pastoral drawing on it, where the north and south winds, types of the Holy Spirit, are urged to blow upon the garden. Unlike the ever-Virgin Mary, *hortus conclusus* in whose womb reason, the order of nature, is dissolved in love by God the Word's taking flesh as a baby, Corinna and the larger Park which she figures are *horti patentes* and *fontes rupti*. In Corinna and St James' Park, reason is dissolved in love only by mindless multiple ejaculations and post-coital torpor, and the sealed fountain of Marian pastoral is downgraded in Rochester's Juvenalian bathos to the lewd streams issuing from Corinna and to the Tyburn itself, polluted (at least in principle) with the blood and semen of hanged men and, as already noted, destined literally to become a sewer for London.[60]

Indeed Frey(ja)'s hermaphrodite nature suits Rochester's purposes, for Corinna's indiscriminate copulation, her equine "deprav'd Appetite," is threatening to erode stable, opposite sexes and even species to re-inaugurate the polymorphous perverse, with mortal peril to Apollonian libertinism. The rambler had supposed that he held the reins in the relationship but learns that it is he who is hag-ridden, literally: Corinna assumes the contours of the night-mare, the witch who takes horse joy-rides in the night (though despite the homophony, the mare or Old Norse *mara* that is a succubus is not, without more, the modern English mare that is a female horse). In yet another head/tail inversion, this time of the gender of sexual aggression, she threatens to mount the rambler, to turn *him* into a whinnying mare as she looms, like Psyche over sleeping Cupid, over his passive post-coital body, as the slippery, tail-over-head syntax of "When leaning on your Faithless Breast, / Wrapt in security, and rest, / Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move" allows us to infer.

Roman precursors for mares impregnated by the north wind (Pliny, *Nat. hist.* 4.35, 8.67; *Iliad* 20.221-25) though he omits Vergil, *Geo*. 3.266-83, which also discusses *hippomanes*. Love (ed.), 414. An ancient precursor in which male lust is punished by asinine transformation is Apuleius' second-century *The Golden Ass*. In view of the rambler's invocation of the "Antient *Pict*" and the Norse Frigg, however, Celtic and Germanic mythology are also apposite sources. On the pre-Christian rite of installation of the high king at Tara, described in Gerald of Wales' *Topography of Ireland*, which featured the king's ritual copulation with and then slaughter and eating of a white mare embodying Rhiannon, equine goddess of sovereignty, see John J. O'Meara (ed.), *Topographia Hibernica*, in *Proc. Royal Irish Acad.*, vol. 52, sec. c, no. 4 (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. and London: Williams & Norgate, 1949), 168. This rite probably descended, like the Roman *Equus October* sacrifice to Mars and the Vedic *ashvamedha*, from Indo-European horse sacrifice and burial cult. The most ancient text available to Rochester to make equine or rather asinine lust proverbial is *Jer*. 2:24, where it figures Judah's spiritual whoredom: "A wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure; in her occasion who can turn her away? all they that seek her will not weary themselves; in her month they shall find her."

[60] *Song of Solomon* 4:12, 15-16: "A garden inclosed *is* my sister, *my* spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed… A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." On the typological reading of this passage see Northrop Frye, *Words with Power* (San Diego, New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990), 202.

Thus what the rambler initially defended as rational freedom of choice, license whether and with whom to gratify sexual impulses – "[S]uch nat'rall freedoms are but just" – he now despises as irrational bondage of the will; Corinna's bogus reason has deserted its post as gatekeeper between stimulus and response, inverting matter over mind. Bestially, she no longer chooses at all but is helplessly ridden by her passions, as a whining "*Dog-drawn Bitch*" by "her poor *Curr*." Here, in a model instance of mock-pastoral's generic hybridity, Rochester reactivates *De rerum natura* 4.1201-07 where Lucretius, noting *eros*' inevitable tendency to upset *ataraxia*, rejects it, to the chagrin of libertines who suppose themselves Epicureans:

> *nonne vides etiam quos mutua saepe voluptas*
> *vinxit, ut in vinclis communibus excrucientur?*
> *in triviis quam saepe canes, discedere aventes*
> *diversi cupide summis ex viribu' tendunt,*
> *cum interea validis Veneris compagibus haerent!*
> *quod facerent numquam nisi mutua gaudia nossent*
> *quae iacere in fraudem possent vinctosque tenere.*
>
> Do you not see how pairs whom mutual pleasure
> Has bound are tortured in their common chains?
> Dogs at a crossroads often you may see,
> Wanting to part, pull hard with all their might
> In different directions, while all the time
> By the strong couplings of Venus they are held fast.
> This they would never do unless both felt
> Pleasures which lead them astray and hold them bound.[61]

Corinna's involuntary Lucretian copulation is Rochester's parody of the Christian ideal of marriage as making husband and wife one flesh, with a twinge of *hypocrite renversé* regret that it is not so.[62] Marriage is implicitly normative, as it is the target of the rambler's sociological vandalism:

> But my revenge will best be tim'd,
> When she is *Marry'd* that is lym'd;
> In that most lamentable State,
> I'll make her feel my scorn, and hate. (*Ramble*, 153-56)

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[61] Bailey (ed.), no page. The translation is Melville, 134. There is an eclogic echo of these "strong couplings of Venus" in Vergil, *Ecl*. 8.77-78 where the spellbinder in Alphesiboeus' song tells her slave-girl Amaryllis to tie three colored yarns into three knots, intoning "*Veneris… uincula necto*" ("I tie the bonds of Venus"), ties meant to bind her wayward lover Daphnis. Rochester's facility with Lucretius is more famously attested by his translations of *De rerum natura* 2.646-51 and 1.1-4. Love (ed.), 108-09.

[62] On the complex history and significations of the one-flesh trope in Latin Patristic and Western theology and literature through the period of the *Ramble*'s composition see James Grantham Turner, *One Flesh: Paradisal Marriage and Sexual Relations in the Age of Milton* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 38-95, esp. 62-71. For a précis of Greek Patristic and Eastern theology on Paradisal sexuality and marriage see Hieromonk Damascene (Christensen), "Created in Incorruption," in Fr Seraphim Rose, *Genesis, Creation and Early Man: the Orthodox Christian Vision*, second edn (Platina, CA; St Herman of Alaska, 2011), 695-97, 721-22.

By figuring revenge on Corinna as getting her stuck in bird lime, Rochester underlines the literal adhesiveness of one-flesh union to point his scorn. This close bond is ironic for Corinna, who tries via promiscuity to isolate sexual pleasure from its social context of marriage and its biological context of procreation, but is forced by dictatorial nature to form one flesh willy-nilly, at least temporarily, during intercourse. Indeed it is only chance, or perhaps recourse to contraception or abortion, that has prevented her and the rambler from making one flesh in the literal sense: conceiving a child, as Rochester and his real-life mistress, the actress Elizabeth Barry, did in 1677.[63] Desire, intercourse and childbearing are seen as aspects of plasmic, protean forces that scramble calculation and quantification, throwing sexuality back to its ancient awe and inscrutability. Irrational nature has its "age of reason" revenge; despite a Spratian or Hartlibian faith in self-improvement by experiment or rational reflection, Corinna has in fact descended to subhuman level, as the Lucretian dog and bitch imagery makes clear (the cognate mare in heat imagery is also in Lucretius).[64] Indeed she has lowered herself still further, to the level of inanimate objects. A body helpless under stimuli, her responses are merely chemical or mechanical and on course toward inert matter, like the body of the dead rationalist, now irremediably unreasonable, scorned in *A Satyr against Reason and Mankind*: "Hudled [*sic*] in dirt the reasoning Engine lies, / Who was so proud, so witty and so wise" (*A Satyre against Reason and Mankind* 29-30).

Thus Rochester's rake, despite initial investment in liberty to do as he likes, is in the end like a good Epicurean appalled by the spectacle of the passions unhinged from the will's control. He slams Corinna and her pack of partners as "proud *Bitch*" and "humble *Currs*, the Amorous rout; / Who most obsequiously do hunt, / The sav'ry scent of Salt-swolne Cunt," a crescendo of revulsion at the tyranny of the itching, ingesting, excreting body – but stops short. Recalling that wrath is a passion as bestial as lust, he reaches instead for *ataraxia*, invoking something above the passions to break the passions' chain of stimulus and response: "Some Pow'r more patient now relate / The sense of this surprizing Fate" (lines 87-88), that is, Corinna's and the fops' inversion of head and tail.

This couplet is the tonal and thematic hinge on which the *Ramble* turns. The rambler himself becomes this "Pow'r more patient," *patiens*, suffering the passion of *eros* and outlasting it to reach a sociable self-irony in the curse on Corinna and the fops, still mechanically driven by their passions, and thereby transcend them. (That the curse is simultaneously cruel, even savage, is not evidence against its sociability; the *buffo*/*serio*, Polyphemean polysemy of lines 133-66 is the very essence of satire in general and mock-pastoral in particular.) Taking "Pow'r more patient" over himself, he repents tolerating Corinna's whoring when, he tells her, he was "content to serve you up, / My *Ballock* full, for your *Grace Cup*." Like Theocritus' Daphnis' refusal of Aphrodite, the rambler's rejection of *eros* is not the fruit of chastity "but an assertion of his freedom against what he regards as an illicit compulsion. He does not consider love wrong; he wishes to

[63] Antonia Fraser, *The Weaker Vessel* (New York: Knopf, 1984), 437-38. Rochester took enough interest in this daughter, christened Elizabeth Clarke, to remove her from Mrs Barry's custody at one point on grounds of her mother's lack of "discretion" in bringing her up, and left her £40 in his will.

[64] *De rerum natura* 4.1197-1200.

choose his love, of the kind and in the manner that he elects."[65] *Eros*, by removing sexuality from sociality and subjectivizing it in proprietary privacy, at the same time removes sense from sexuality, but the rambler now reclaims it in a twist of "surprizing Fate."[66] The "sense" or meaning of this "surprizing Fate" is literally *con-sensus*, fellow-feeling, the socially-constituted judgment of what is sensible, and what senseless, in human sexuality. For Corinna's night-mare promiscuity has undone the rambler's lofty "rational" libertinism and its premise that radically-unconditioned, contingent elective affinities are key to self-actualization. Her mindless frenzy of copulation, *cultus* to personified genital urges, Prick, Cunt, Frigga, is not self-actualization but self-extinction; it looks backward to the Bacchae and forward to Freud, shredding any would-be "Age of Reason" scientization of sexual desire.

Paradoxically therefore, by demystifying sexual intercourse, from the order of the spiritual to the order of the mechanical, Corinna brings not more but less rationality to *eros*, auguring for the "liberated" modern subject a materialist bondage of will to body far more exacting than any Platonist, Stoic, or Christian bondage of body to will. When her betrayal was unknown, "Soft kindness all [the rambler's] pow'rs did move, / And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love," but this was a dissolution devoutly to be wished because the Reason in question was the ersatz, *ignis fatuus* variety without "Sense." This reasonable liquefaction of reason, making of the two one flesh – more *con-sensus* – had given relief from the passions of the increasingly sovereign private subject, with its "tense straining, coupled with frenzy and distress, for sexual satisfaction," the Epicurean definition of *eros*.[67] Now, with Corinna fornicating uncontrollably through the Park and across London, reason is again dissolved in love but in a Vergilian rather than Pauline sense. Love as acquisitive genital enterprise conquers all, including the sociable rationality of one-flesh sexuality, communally-ordered as it is, and the rambler is aghast, invoking the supernatural to ward off the subnatural: "Gods! that a thing admir'd by me, / Shou'd taste so much of Infamy" (*Ramble* 131-32, 89-90).[68]

So Rochester's writing of the Park as rationalized modern space resolving back into animist ancient *topos* underlines another of the poem's thematics: Corinna and the fops are to be scorned and chastised because they do not live up even to the libertine moral code, which in demanding that sexual acts remain freely above the realm of private property, in a communally-ordered sociality, is as stringently anti-egoistic as the orthodox Christianity it rejects.[69] This moral code is not conventional but it is a code; it is not the ethical relativism supposed by post-structuralist readers eager to project late

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[65] Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet*, 80.

[66] The analysis here and following draws on concepts in Wendell Berry, "The Body and the Earth," in *The Unsettling of America: Culture & Agriculture* (San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1977), 117-18.

[67] The phrase is from Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet*, 81.

[68] Cf. Vergil, *Ecl*. 10.69: "*Omnia uincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori*."

[69] That is, sexual intercourse is licit only within the context of sacramental marriage uniting one man and one woman for life, and then only when the intercourse is open in principle to the transmission of human life. On the sociality of the sexual act see e.g. Scruton, *Sexual Desire*, 305.

modern concerns onto Rochester. (If a taxonomic tag must be put on the philosophy of the pre-conversion Rochester, who on the evidence of the *Ramble*, *A Satyr against Reason and Mankind* and other poems scorned totalizing systems, vitalism or existentialism would be more apt.) Yet the rambler's stance is often mistaken for advocacy of "natural" lust, that is, sexual desire as a putatively mechanical drive without more; and indeed he says "There's something gen'rous in meer Lust."

It is worth underlining Rochester's full couplet, however: "Such nat'rall freedoms are but just / There's something gen'rous in meer Lust." The implication is that the *freedom*, a liberty taken, or not, by conscious choice, is man's deepest nature, not the lust, which is only a stimulus to take that liberty; and that lust remains a generous "meer Lust" only if freely, sociably indulged rather than compulsively, privately gratified. "Lust" at medieval root, like its modern German cognate, signifies pleasure and what is compulsory is not pleasurable, at least to a libertine. Indeed Corinna no longer has a choosing mind to be the seat of "meer Lust" or pleasure at all, for she has reduced hers to epiphenomenon of genital functions. The rambler curses her because she cannot sufficiently control the sexual compulsion to make herself distinct from it, and so like himself achieve a sociably ironic distance from self and satirize it; in Farley-Hills' phrase she is "neither satisfying her tail (her sexual drive) nor her head (her liking for someone intelligent, but also her sense of the ridiculous)."[70]

And yet, when Corinna turns "damn'd abandon'd *Jade*, / When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade," she is also paradoxically *too* voluntary, "living, loving, by Rote": sexual attraction, let alone the sexual act, is no longer in any way the involuntary change of *ek-stasis*, being beside oneself, that is, experiencing a force beyond a Cartesian or Hobbist or Lockean subject's measurement, calculation and control, such as altruistic love or other spontaneous orders. Like his great preceptor Juvenal, Rochester "cannot abide the woman who assesses the profit, and coolly / commits a hideous crime," in this case breaking faith owed to a spouse or lover in order to acquire another, more profitable one.[71]

This explains why Corinna's betrayal of personalized, particular relationship and coterie or group sociality stokes the rambler's anger so fearfully. Though he may, as James Grantham Turner suggests, have derived perverse sexual satisfaction from sharing Corinna physically with other men (though not with "whiffling *Fools*") he now hates her sang-froid at breaking social bonds; better to stick together in slimy solidarity "drawn / From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*" than no solidarity at all, the aridity of Corinna's and the fops' individualism.[72] The essentially other-directed experience of ejaculation, bodily outflow that takes even the solipsist willy-nilly out of himself, is thus

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[70] Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry*, 109.

[71] The phrase is Rudd's translation of *Sat*. 6.651-52, "*illam ego non tulerim quae conputat et scelus ingens / sana facit*." Clausen (ed.), 96; Rudd, 60.

[72] On the rambler's "evidently deriving a homoerotic pleasure from the situation into which he 'dissolves," at least before Corinna betrayed him with the fops, see Turner, *Schooling Sex*, 273. The image of the hated woman's vagina as public sewer, pornography become topography, magnifies that in "On Mrs Willis," where "[h]er Belly is a Bagg of Turds, / And her Cunt a Common shore," presumably Fleet Ditch where all the spent filth of the City comes together in Swift's "Description of a City Shower" and, later, the *Dunciad*.

set up as a polar opposite to the radically subjective experience of copulation for Corinna, whose "devouring *Cunt*" mechanically ingests one "vast *Meal* of Nasty Slime" after another and still rages for more. Like a good rationalist intellect, she relentlessly reduces all phenomena and experience of them to interiority, aspects of herself and her private experience: *comedo ergo sum*.[73] It is this solipsism, rather than the socially-low quality of Corinna's lovers, and its absurd pretensions to objectivity and impersonality, that fuel the rambler's rage.[74]

Against this libertine-*manqué* modern subjectivity, simultaneously solipsist and mass, the sociable, unrepeatable, voluntarist Rochester rebels. While it would be teleological fallacy to read the *Ramble* and other anti-rationalist poems as stages on the way to Rochester's late transfer of allegiance to theism, there is nonetheless a secret sharing between the two parts of his career: contempt for and denial of unfreedom of the will. In Christopher Hill's formulation:

> The escape which [Bishop Burnet] offered Rochester from his materialist scepticism was by the experience of feeling 'a law within himself.' The argument of his which carried most weight with Rochester was that libertinism was anti-social.[75]

Rochester's "Right reason, which [he] would obey; / That Reason which distinguishes by Sense" is voluntarist and inherently social, and unlike Hobbist or Lockean or even

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[73] Swift's *A Tale of a Tub* hack also noted this likeness: "*Cartesius* reckoned to see before he died, the Sentiments of all Philosophers, like so many lesser Stars in his *Romantick* System, rapt and drawn within his own *Vortex*." *A Tale of a Tub*, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 108.

[74] Hobbes for instance, "having read 'in himself, not this, or that particular man; but Man-kind,' asked his readers to confirm his results by doing the same, 'for this kind of Doctrine, admitteth no other Demonstration.' So even though he wanted to devise an ethical system which would ensure demonstrative certitude, he could provide no other sanction for the validity of his axioms than the claim that they were founded on 'experience known to all men and denied by none." Jill Kraye, "Conceptions of moral philosophy," in *The Cambridge History of Seventeenth-Century Philosophy*, vol. 2, ed. Daniel Garber and Michael Ayers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 1305. That is, his ostensibly objective ethical method of geometrized deduction is in practice an introspective dive into subjectivity, self-consultation by individuals for validation of their private judgments.

[75] Christopher Hill, *The World Turned Upside Down: Radical Ideas during the English Revolution* (Maurice Temple Smith, 1972, repr. New York: Penguin, 1991), 412. Four years after giving Rochester this principled advice, Charles' sometime chaplain went over to the Williamites after falling out of favor at court. He was rewarded with the see of Salisbury in 1689. See e.g. Sir George Clark, *The Oxford History of England: The Later Stuarts, 1660-1714*, second edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1956, repr. with corr. 1992), 156, 380 (Burnet was "lacking in tact and taste, [but] a good historian and a warm-hearted man"). His violent Whig partisanship in later years led Swift to publish a rebuttal of the introduction to Burnet's *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, and led Parnell to write "On Bishop Burnet's Being Set on Fire in His Closet" (1713). In a turn of the screw on his family name the lord bishop, burning the midnight oil, nods off over one of his anti-Catholic polemics, unhappily setting himself ablaze, and not with zeal. See *Collected Poems of Thomas Parnell*, ed. Claude Rawson and F. P. Lock (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press, 1989), 592-93.

Cambridge Platonist reason, it is meta-epistemological.[76] Having passed through the Humean dialectic of true and false philosophy already mentioned, which disables speculative reason as a source of universally-valid norms, it wins through (or returns) to knowledge constituted and validated in social experience rather than private reflection or experiment.[77] Instead of getting mired in arguments about epistemologies, "Pathless and dangerous wandring ways… Through Errours fenny boggs and thorny brakes," right reason in the *Ramble* and Rochester's other mock-pastorals moves past abstract knowledge to embodied wisdom, or second-order questions of ethics: what knowledge is worth seeking and why, as opposed to what knowledge is possible and how.[78] Against Corinna and the fops' pastoral of the self, in which imitation produces knowledge only as sterile reduplication and standardization of experiment, Rochester writes an ironized pastoral of the social, offering a libertinism truly such in which textual and social imitation is elective, and selective, reproduction of experience validated by "Right reason," with real diversity between variations on the theme, and the Baconian claims of subjective experience to deliver knowledge of self and world are pruned sharply back.[79]

A Ramble is therefore a critical rejection of the arcadian idea, explicit in libertine practice and implicit in naturalistic accounts of ethics, that sexual desire is a predictable mechanical drive that, like greed in Mandeville, and later Smith, can be anatomized by reflection or rationally regulated to the public good by private choice. It is rather, Rochester implies, an inscrutable passion, daemonic possession by Prick and Cunt, and

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[76] For a literary-historical argument that Rochester's poetry, and the philosophical positions it variously and episodically takes, owe little to Hobbes and Hobbist ideas see e.g. Richard Hillyer, "'*Absurd and Foolish Philosophy*': Hobbes and Rochester," in *Hobbes and His Poetic Contemporaries: Cultural Transmission in Early Modern England* (New York and Basingstoke, Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan, 2007), 103-32.

[77] In discrediting epistemic subjectivism and totalizing speculation, Rochester was not valorizing moral quietism or relativism; rather he was, as J.G.A. Pocock has described Burke, "an enemy of rational reform only insofar as it threatened to substitute the active intellect for the social order of which it was part." Pocock, intro. to *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (Indianapolis: Hackett, 1987), xlvii.

[78] As Hume did not publish the *Treatise* until 50 years after Rochester's death, "Pascalian dialectic" may be a better term for the process by which Rochester's "Right reason" transcends philosophy. Pascal, who wrote and was published, eight years after his death in 1662, prior to Rochester's flowering, anticipates Hume's dialectic of true and false philosophy and his *coincidentia oppositorum* of ignorance and great learning. See e.g. *Pensées*, 77: "*Ceux d'entre deux, qui sont sortis de l'ignorance naturelle et n'ont pu arriver à l'autre, ont quelque teinture de sotte science suffisante et font les entendus. Ceux-là troublent le monde et jugent mal de tout.*" Pascal, in Le Guern (ed.), 566.

[79] The term "pastoral of the self" is the title of Renato Poggioli, *The Oaten Flute: Essays on Pastoral Poetry and the Pastoral Ideal* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard Univ. Press, 1975), ch. 8, 166-81. Poggioli notes that Bacon, in the first book of *The Advancement of Learning*, compares philosophizing empiricists like himself to contemplative, retired shepherds, pastoral Abels in God's favor as against disfavored georgic Cains, ordinary mortals whose need to work and live their experience denies them Baconian leisure to isolate it in empirical abstraction. Poggioli, 185-86. For the exact figuration see *Francis Bacon: The Major Works*, ed. Brian Vickers (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2002), 150. Bacon sits at the left hand of Charles II's bust in the rather ham-fisted frontispiece to Sprat's 1667 *History of the Royal-Society*, surrounded by a welter of measuring devices as he gestures portentously. With the self-dramatizing "shepherd" of the pastoral of the self cf. "The Artist in Isolation" in Frank Kermode, *Romantic Image* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1957; new ed. 2002), 3-36.

only episodically controllable by social disciplinaries and therefore potentially anarchic and destructive; this skepticism calls into question the sustainability of *eros*, which presupposes a view of human sexuality as a set of private choices rather than a culture of public relationships (friendship, wedlock, parenthood). Foreshadowing his arguments in *A Satyr against Reason and Mankind*, Rochester insists on seeing the compulsive body beneath the rational skin, and his pathology of private reason literally upends their priority, in a pitch-perfect version of Juvenal's *inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit*:

> One [fop] in a strain 'twixt Tune and *Nonsense*,
> Cries, *Madam*, *I have lov'd you long since*,
> *Permit me your fair hand to kiss*:
> When at her *Mouth* her *Cunt* says yes. (*Ramble* 75-78)

As Farley-Hills notes, sound imitates sense in these couplets such that "[t]he bad rhyme is an inspired way of revealing the anatomical distortion required."[80] But it is their thematic economy that is truly inspired. At one stroke Rochester literalizes "whore in understanding" by locating Corinna's genitalia in her head and her *logos* in her genitalia, transforming the misogynist topos *vagina dentata* into the anti-rationalist topos *vagina loquens*, which in Swift is desexed to *culus loquens*. "When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade" – in the rake's skeptic diagnosis neither a calculating subjectivity nor its fractured motive to rationalize private appetites as public goods counts as reason, either in Corinna and her asinine sex partners or in mankind generally. For Rochester man is calculator always, rational fitfully, wise never: man is rational*izing* animal, *capax rationis* at best as in Swift: "I'de be a Dog, a Monky, or a Bear. / Or any thing but that vain Animal / Who is so proud of being Rational" (*A Satyre against Reason and Mankind* 5-7).

Thus in the *Ramble* "[t]he sardonic humour constantly reminds us of the incongruities between our ideals of love and the obsessive quality of our sexuality… the difference between our dream of love and the actuality of our lust."[81] Yet despite the poem's rejection of the possibility of polite rationalization of sexual desire, Rochester leaves the matter at derision, not despair, of human possibilities. The ghost of an ideal of chaste monogamy, surviving Corinna and the fops' "Abortive imitation" of involuntary affinities and the spontaneous social orders that grow from them, haunts the *Ramble*, hidden behind Rochester's mannerly obscene. The speaker's anger at Corinna for breaching libertine decorum (*de rigueur* for the posture of rake cool) is thus also a displacement of hurt at her betrayal. If he were a thorough libertine, wholly cynical, the betrayal would merely be grist for his mill – but he is not a self-sufficient ego and so the emotional wound festers ("Ungrateful! Why this Treachery / To humble fond, believing

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[80] Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry*, 111. In addition to *Sat*. 6. 301, Rochester may be recalling *Sat*. 10.321-23: "*quid enim ulla negauerit udis* / *inguinibus, siue est haec Oppia siue Catulla*? / *deterior totos habet illic femina mores*." Clausen (ed.), 132. In Rudd's translation: "For what will any woman deny / To her clammy crotch? She may be an Oppia or a Catulla, / But when she's rotten, *that* is the centre of all her conduct." Rudd, 96.

[81] Farley-Hills, 110.

me?), finally exploding in the bitch-and-mare curse. But in the end, even the hatred is ironized, by its own pyrotechnic excess; the rambler smiles at himself for imagining the Park an arcadian retreat, and for imagining his fleeting dissolution of "Reason" with the egoist nymph he found there an escape from the labor of sociality. There is no such place or thing, either in the City or out, he discovers, and so the curse in particular and the poem in general, while sincere in their contempt for Corinna and her ilk, grow beyond it into finely-tuned satire of self-regard, at least partly.[82]

Sensible, sociable reason in the *Ramble* is thus corrupted into egoist subjectivism not by *aphrodisia*, which in principle cannot be jealous, but its ostensibly rationalizable metastasis, *eros*. As a private passion to be desired by another, it cannot survive the inevitable onset of *aphrodisiai* for others in the lover; only one-flesh monogamy, based not on private emotional satisfactions but public duties to children and the larger society, can do that. Paradoxically, on Rochester's account, multiple liaisons with unrepeated partners at least keep the subject turned outside himself and anchored in a sociable world, while *eros* interiorizes and sujectivizes, which shifts normative human sexuality from *aphrodisia* channeled into publicly-useful marriage and procreation, letting them marry rather than burn, to *eros* channeled into privately-gratifying (for a time) love affair. The ancient pastoral lyric strategy of, if not quite satirizing, then at least coolly distancing romantic love by insisting on seeing *aphrodisia* beneath *eros*, a strategy as old as Theocritus, *Idyll* 1, where Aphrodite herself does a lot of the insisting, thus goes haywire in the *Ramble*, as the rambler lets *aphrodisia* for Corinna get stuck in an eddy of elective affinity – and turn into possessive *eros* while she copulates on untroubled.[83] He begins as an apostle of true pastoral, neutralizing erotic love by parody of its pretensions in others, but imperceptibly slides into a tormented version of what Poggioli called the pastoral of the self, arcadian idyll gone very bad, in the foaming curse on Corinna whose fury is only partly mitigated by self-irony.[84] Rochester's authorial distance from his speaker allows a measure of autobiographical satisfaction in the curse (again, perhaps, aimed extratextually at Sue Willis) while insulating him from its damning admission of personal vulnerability.

Willis, Blount and other thinly-disguised contemporaries are not, finally, the only subject of the *Ramble*'s literal, historical reference. There is beyond the thematic froth about Corinna and the unreasonable modern subject, who "turn[s] damn'd abandon'd *Jade* / When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade," some allied contextual reference, casually oblique as befits a libertine speaker. The mock-flower catalogue of "when pigs fly" impossibilities that decorates the curse on Corinna includes the disgusted snort "[when]

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[82] In this partial victory and partial defeat the rambler closely tracks his precursor, the Daphnis of *Idyll* 1, whose "scorn for Eros masks a deeper sense of jealousy without making him any less subject to Eros' power." Clayton Zimmerman, *The Pastoral Narcissus: A Study of the First Idyll of Theocritus* (Lanham, MD and London: Rowman & Littlefield, 1994), 53.

[83] In distancing the narrative frame of *Idyll* 1 from the poem's central character, the narcissistic Daphnis, Theocritus also distances his pastoral poetic from the reflective introspection of lyric, and from the self-concern and hedonism that underwrite such introspection. See Zimmerman, *The Pastoral Narcissus*, 47-73.

[84] In the foregoing I closely follow Rosenmeyer, *The Green* Cabinet, 80-82.

disobedience cease to please us," and as Harold Love notes the Parliament that met on 6 February 1673, as the *Ramble* was being written or first circulated, indeed defied Charles on the issue of the Established Church. Its "disobedient" new-class majority successfully demanded that the king revoke his 1672 Declaration of Indulgence, meant to relieve Dissenters and Catholics of legal disabilities, and they also secured passage of the first Test Act, requiring Crown office holders publicly to receive Anglican Communion and swear an oath denying transubstantiation.[85] The disobedient reversal of normal subordinations in body natural and body politic is at once amusing and obnoxious, being physically comic egalitarian politics or no. The isomorphism of bodily and political inversions, implicit in the *Ramble*, is explicit in *Hudibras* 3.2.1609-14: "For as a Fly, that goes to Bed, / Rests with his Tail above his Head: / So in this Mungril *State of ours*, / The Rabble are the Supream Powers. / That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us / A Jadish trick at last, and throw us."[86]

In Rochester, however, it is not proletarians but the incipient bourgeoisie who have begun to unhorse their betters and install an asinine individualism atop the hierarchy of values, for instance the army officers-*manqués* in the mock-georgic *Tunbridge Wells*, whose tatty fripperies and crude self-promotion prompt another equine simile and aphorisms against "reason" in the envoi:

> So the beargarden Ape on his Steed mounted
> No longer is a Jackanaps accounted
> But is by vertue of his Trumpery then
> Call'd by the name of the young Gentleman.
> Bless me thought I what thing is man that thus
> In all his shapes he is rediculous:
> Our selves with noise of reason wee do please
> In vaine; Humanity's our worst disease.
> Thrice happy beasts are, who because they be
> Of reason void, are so of Foppery.
> Faith I was so asham'd that with remorse
> I us'd the insolence to mount my horse
> For he doing only things fitt for his nature
> Did seem to me, by much, the wiser Creature. (*Tunbridge Wells* 174-87)

As Corinna and the fops put on the rambler's outward show and are hailed libertines by themselves and other fools, so the "Captain" and "Collonell," mere "Cadetts that seldome can appeare" at fashionable Tunbridge Wells because "Dam'nd to the stint of Thirty pounds a yeare," pass for the military aristocracy who once earned their rank by

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[85] Love (ed.), 414, n. to line 150. Shaftesbury's support for rescission of the Declaration of Indulgence and passage of the Test Act led to his dismissal as Lord Chancellor and the beginning of his first period in the political wilderness. See Mark Kishlansky, *A Monarchy Transformed: Britain 1603-1714* (New York: Penguin, 1996), 247-48, 255-56.

[86] Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, ed. with intro. and comment. John Wilders (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), 276. See now Michael A. Seidel, "Patterns of Anarchy and Oppression in Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 5 (1971) 294-314, 313: "Hudibras [is described by Butler] as the very embodiment of the Rump Parliament, the ass [*sic*] end of the rabble." Seidel cites *Hudibras* 1.1.289-92 where Butler literalizes the head/tail inversion: "Our Knight did bear no less a Pack / Of his own Buttocks on his back: / Which now had almost got the upper- / Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper."

dangerous service in the kingdom's wars. The passage is a lateral echo of the *Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, where the speaker says if he were a spirit free to choose his animal body, "I'de be a Dog, a Monky, or a Bear. / Or any thing but that vain Animal / Who is so proud of being Rational," and is a prolepsis of the end of *Gulliver's Travels*, where Gulliver, convinced that man is a Yahoo and the Houyhnmhnms angels, also upends the normal subordination of horse to man and refuses to ride. The "beargarden Apes" of *Tunbridge Wells* are thus close analogues of Corinna and the fops, and the larger class of self-improving, social-climbing frequenters of the Park, who espouse the new philosophy and its socio-political coordinates not because they think these true or even genuinely progressive, but because these underwrite their economic, social, and political aggrandizement.

Like the arcadian landscapes mirrored back to Damon the Mower and the speaker of *Upon Appleton House* by their reflective subjectivity, therefore, the Park is an extratextual as well as intertextual closed circle. As physical topography it reflects what Charles, via the pathetic fallacies of Waller's sycophantic poem on the Park, and the improving new class who frequent it want to see: themselves in a spurious *locus amoenus*, a place for pleasing introspections like those of the Sun King and his courtiers in the *galerie des Glaces* (opened 1684 at Versailles).[87] The Park's walled garden is not the Theocritean bower with its neutralization of the passions and *ataraxia* however, nor a Vergilian *locus* where the sensitive reflect on transitory life and shed *lacrimae rerum*, but a Juvenalian circuit in which the passions, especially lust and anger, are intensified by scrutiny of social pathology and finally explode in pyrotechnic *satura*, in all its many-splendored, generically-hybrid glory. Mathematized rational inquiry, which had predicted that its function would be enhanced by legalizing and domesticating the passions, is overwhelmed by them; the passions alone are still standing, and shouting at the top of their lungs, at the end of the poem (though, because of the rambler's *buffo*/*serio* Polyphemean polyphony, he is at the same time ironically self-distanced, overhearing his own studied shouting and watching with amusement).

Rationalism's gnostic dissolution of body in mind, therefore, a Hamlet-esque wish that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into *res cogitans*, is rejected in the *Ramble* in favor of "orgasmic fusion of mind and body, when 'Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.'"[88] Rochester's reason is an embodied, sensible faculty conditioned by and exercised in sociality rather than detached speculation, that "Ignis fatuus of the Mind" emerging in 1673 as both cause and function of the modern self in isolation. But the naïve empiricism of ersatz libertinism, which taken *ad absurdum* dissolves mind in body, is also found wanting. Like rationalism it too is a totalizing narrative that flattens the particularities and textures of social knowing, which is never "objective" but always

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[87] Visitors to the Hall of Mirrors, brightly lit from within like the Cartesian *res cogitans*, saw more than the body natural pleasingly reflected; the Hall's ceiling is painted with *trompe l'œil* panels of the Sun King overawing and defeating a variety of enemies in France's wars of the 1660s and 1670s – the Dutch, Spain, the Empire – along with creaky allegories of *la Paix et de l'Abondance, Renommées et Victoires* and the like.

[88] On this see Turner, *Schooling Sex*, 272; see also Marianne Thormählen, "Dissolver of Reason: Rochester and the Nature of Love," in *That Second Bottle: Essays on John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Nicholas Fisher (Manchester and New York: Manchester Univ. Press, 2000), 30.

by persons in the Polanyi sense, to reductive abstractions, and finally subverts itself by rendering Corinna insensate and subhumanly inarticulate, unable to furnish a critical account of her own realism – a cardinal sin for Rochester, whose philosophical skills are not less formidable because he exercises them in *poiesis* rather than *dialexis*. Thus, instead of delivering self-transcendence, achievable only in sociality (the dissolution of Reason in Love), libertinism in the end paradoxically delivers only self-immanence, iron internal compulsions in place of the external it was intended to break. As it proceeds by "Abortive imitation" to become quotidian practice for the masses, "Universal affectation," the irony of radical autonomy is that it issues in not in diversity and freedom but in uniformity and conformism. Indeed by making capital-crime sexual deviance, "*Bugg'ries, Rapes,* and *Incests*" (summit frissons for the post-ethical ego in 1673, saving homicide, as in Monmouth's contemporary recreational murder of a beadle) the stuff of scientistic speculation and polite professionalism two centuries before Freud, Corinna and the fops commit the one offense capable of outraging the pre-theist Rochester: turning mortal sin into a boring chore.[89]

3. "A SONG (*FAIRE CLORIS* IN A PIGSTY LAY)"

What Rochester does in large in the *Ramble*, mocking the pretensions of bogus "reason" and satirizing *eros* for its tendency to seal off the individual from sociality, he does in exquisite miniature in "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay." In spite of its superficial mock-pastoral novelty the poem has more than a little antecedent in Theocritus and Vergil.[90] The poem's close association of lusty herd animals with their herders' sexual deviance, whether in jeering imagination or actual fact, is pure Theocritus, for instance *Idyll* 5 where the herders Comatas and Lacon each gibe that the other is thieving, bare-arsed, a sorry musician *and* a sodomite. This barnyard sexuality is more muted in Vergil, where *Ecl*. 3 gamely tries to imitate *Idyll* 5's slanging match but fails to make either the aggression or the livestock lewdness very convincing; the effect is something like Dryden's crying Cunt to Rochester's scorn in *An Allusion to Horace*, though Vergil's Menalcas and Damoetas do up Theocritus' ante of deviance to malicious mischief and bestiality. *Ecl*. 6 is an apt precursor; its satyric bondage routine, veined with menace and humor at the same time – Chromis and Mnasyllos bind the drunk Silenus in his cave and threaten him, but perversely he enjoys it – and Silenus' smiling threat to rape the boys' collaborator Aeglë furnish a pretext for Cloris' dream of being raped in a cave and the poem's hints at bestiality (from "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay, / Her tender herd lay by

[89] This is borne out by Rochester's scornful aside "The *Devil* plaid booty, sure with thee, / To bring a blot on infamy," which in Love's explication implies "a conspiracy between Corinna and the devil to defraud the fools by bringing infamy into disrepute"; they add insult to injury by making sin banal as well as bad. Love (ed.), 413, n. to line 103. On the Monmouth incident and its significance for "the concept of 'careless invasion' or 'handsome ill'" see James Grantham Turner, *Libertines and Radicals in Early Modern London: Sexuality, Politics and Literary Culture, 1630-1685* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2002), 231-32.

[90] "A Song (*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay)," in Love (ed.), 39-40. On the ancient genre of the erotic dream poem and its early modern receptions see Hugh M. Richmond, *The School of Love* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1964), 50 ff.

her" it is but a step to "laid by her"). In Rochester however the Graeco-Roman goats and satyrs are downgraded to pigs and "swaines" – the one who forces stinging entry to Cloris' cave recalls the Polyphemus-like rural *komast* in *Idyll* 3, who says to his Galatea-like mistress "O to be that buzzing bee, and fly into your cave, / Slipping through the ivy and fern you hide behind." And the pigs grunting and moving happily beside Cloris reactivate the pathetic-fallacy fauns and wild animals and even oak trees swaying in rhythm to Silenus' song in *Ecl*. 6 (itself a lofty précis of *De rerum natura*'s creation story, materialist yet haunted by Orphism and *Venus genetrix*).[91]

At the level of lateral intertextuality or self-emulation meanwhile the pig and gate imagery of "*Faire Cloris*" closely parallels *The Imperfect Enjoyment*, where Rochester curses his impotent penis as the

> Worst part of me and henceforth hated most,
> Through all the Town a Common Fucking Post,
> On whom each Whore Relieves her tingling Cunt
> As Hoggs on Gates doe rubb themselves and grunt.[92]

Indeed, despite the misleading impression of simplicity created by the poem's rolling, often conversational diction, it is rather intricate; in a mere forty lines dramatic foreshadowing and a mannerly obscene allegory create a satiric pastoral drama in miniature. The news in Cloris' dream that her "Bosome *Pigg*" is stuck and "now Expires hung on the gate / That leads to younder Cave" foreshadows the incipient dream-rape and waking masturbation; the penis is also in crude slang a "hog" and the plump, pink "Bosome *Pigg*" that is "hung" on Cloris' "gate / That leads to younder Cave" is an emblem of either "her Love Convicted Swaines" penetrations or her own. Yet "though a poem could hardly be more sexually outspoken the tone is both comic and serious. It is certainly not pornographic."[93]

On the thematic level, therefore, that "Shees Innocent and pleas'd" among her pigs after masturbating makes Cloris one of those who suffer the ecstasy of the animals and sit in the sty of contentment, but for Rochester, unlike Eliot, such swinish sensuality is not only funny but morally good. As Marianne Thormählen notes "*Faire Cloris*" is one of only two Rochester poems in which orgasm is depicted "as being entirely enjoyable and having no bitter aftertaste," though it leaves Corinna quite alone except for the pigs.[94] Yet the last image of the poem is not the isolating, antisocial quality of the sexual act (odd since masturbation is the solitary vice) but rather its production of cheerful sociality, that of Corinna with her pigs and, one thinks, all the subhuman world. Corinna's masturbation, by rapidly dispersing the nightmare of erotic union with one of the "Love Convicted Swaines" and returning her to the public world of pigs and labor,

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[91] *Idyll* 3.12-14, in Verity's translation; Vergil, *Ecl*. 6.31-73; Lucretius, *De rerum natura* 5.432-533.

[92] *The Imperfect Enjoyment* 62-65, in Love (ed.), 15.

[93] Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry*, 66. Farley-Hills also cites numerous sixteenth- and seventeenth-century uses of "gate" as crude slang for the vulva or hymen from Spenser to Shakespeare to Marvell (e.g. the "Iron gates of Life" in *To his Coy Mistress*).

[94] Marianne Thormählen, *Rochester: The Poems in Context* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1993), 55.

paradoxically releases her from subjectivity into objectivity, appropriate to the detachment of satire and to the herding of animals whose origins and behavior are independent of human wishes. This "happy" outcome would not have been possible had the narration been other than third-person; as Thormählen briskly observes, "Rochester never wrote a first-person poem in which sexual passion is a subject of merriment."[95] Rochester was at this stage a libertine but hardly a cheerfully well-adjusted hedonist; the true hedonist is unreflective and never writes his experiences (this wastes precious time better spent gratifying urges). Rochester, intensely reflective despite cool postures to the contrary, seems far more interested in reflecting on lust than actually experiencing it, and Farley-Hills is right to note that there is nothing voyeuristic or salacious about the keen gaze fixed on Cloris. At most, Rochester intends like an Epicurean to confine himself to *aphrodisia* and avoid getting mired in *eros*. Yet in poem after poem his speaker makes the dismaying discovery that his *aphrodisia* leads inexorably to *eros*, with consequent loss of *ataraxia*. But as elsewhere in the Rochester corpus, in "*Faire Cloris*" the libertine sexuality of third parties holds no such perils; it is a gateway not into the anguish of erotic subjectivity but out of it, for the poem's satiric distancing of Cloris from *eros*, and of speaker (and reader) from her squalor, brings catharsis and restores *ataraxia*.

"*Faire Cloris*" is, finally, remarkable on the contextual level, for despite its salacious irony it shows what no earnest Restoration neo-pastoral, "rationalistic" in Fontenelle's sense and quite unreadable, will show: a genuine swineherd, and a female one at that. Rochester even shows Cloris, through a parody-arcadian filter of "snowy Armes" and "Ivory pailes," dreaming about picking bits of pig swill out of the muck and putting them in her bucket "with buisy paines." Whether like the Prodigal Son she is hungry and fain would fill her belly with these bits – she would then be her own Merciful Father by running out to meet her "Bosome *Pigg*" to save his "Deare Lov'd life" – or is just being thrifty with pig feed, Cloris makes sharply visible the drastic economy imposed on Restoration swineherds, perhaps the poorest of all agricultural laborers. They were also the herders most likely to graze their animals on common, especially forest waste where acorns were freely available, and so were especially vulnerable to enclosure and other Restoration rationalization and commoditization of land tenures. Country pig-raisers moreover were increasingly at a competitive disadvantage relative to the urban distilling industry. Favored by Parliament, which encouraged their purchase of grain to prop up commodity prices, the distillers could raise pigs on plentiful waste grains more cheaply than country growers could on traditional feeds like beans and peas, and by the mid-eighteenth century these urban producers had essentially taken over the market.[96] It is not necessary that great literature be socially realistic but in "*Faire Cloris*" it is and Rochester, like Shakespeare in *As You Like It* or Scott in *Ivanhoe*'s Gurth and Wamba

[95] Thormählen, *Rochester: The Poems in Context*, 52.

[96] See Joan Thirsk, "Agricultural Policy: Public Debate and Legislation," in *The Agrarian History of England and Wales*, vol. 5, part 2, ed. Joan Thirsk (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985), 336-37. For a concise overview of urban pigkeeping in this period see Cockayne, *Hubbub*,192-93.

episodes, nimbly manages the trick of classic pastoral, botched by arcadian imitators: being most contextually realistic precisely when most intertextually conventional.[97]

Oddly, moreover, it is not only Cloris' herd that is "tender" but the poet who describes it. Rochester, amused by a country laborer sleeping and masturbating among her pigs, radiates genuine interest in and even sympathy for this person whose very remoteness in caste terms makes her, momentarily at least, a kindred spirit and even an object of affection ("Shees Innocent and pleas'd" is ironic, but there is a trace of sweetness all the same). Because of Rochester's Theocritean distance from his material there is in Cloris and her *habitus* none of the sentimentalizing and romanticizing that disfigures images of agricultural laborers and their folkways in earnest, usually arcadian, neo-pastoral contemporary with "*Faire Cloris*." "Rarely if ever was a pastoral artifice so deftly yet so crudely parodied," but of course it is arcadian pastoral that is parodied rather than the genuine article. For it is this true pastoral, *Idylls* 3 and 5 and the like, which furnishes the ironized tone and skeptic temper of Rochester's modern reception of the genre, not to say many of its topoi and images.[98]

4. "SONG (A YOUNG LADY TO HER ANTIENT LOVER)"

As he does in "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay," Rochester also ironizes the conventions of arcadian pastoral and erotic lyric in "A Young Lady to her Antient Lover," but transposes diction and tone into a warmer key. Indeed the poem's strongest first impression is Marvellian: formally in the elegant but strong cantabile of the prosody; thematically in the effortless balance of irony and earnest, recalling the high civilization of the Mower poems. Given the theme of age and youth, precursors in Theocritus are the pederastic *Idylls* 12, 29 and 30 (not pastoral despite their presence alongside the bucolic poems), and with its refrain and what Farley-Hills terms its "lullaby" quality the poem also recalls the spell sung in *Idyll* 2 by Simaetha, also trying to reawaken *eros* in a recalcitrant lover, the unfaithful Delphis, though not literally genitally as in Rochester's song. More interestingly, the Antient Lover and the Young Lady reactivate the Silenus and Aeglë of Vergil's *Ecl*. 6 where the young Naiad has the dirty old satyr under control, though in Vergil it is exercised to humiliate rather than titillate. At a deep level they also reactivate Polyphemus and Galatea, who in *Idylls* 6 and 11 uses her teasing or scorn to keep the querulous one-eyed monster in hand.[99] Thanks to Rochester's deft polyphemism, moreover, there is a strong echo of the old man of Juvenal in *Sat*. 10.204-08, whose

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[97] Gurth and Wamba, Saxon churls, note that when pigs are on the hoof and require manual labor they are called by a Saxon word (swine) but by a French (pork) when they are on the plate and consumed, along with their English herders' labor, by Norman overlords.

[98] The opinion is that of Dustin Griffin, *Satires Against Man: The Poems of Rochester* (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London: Univ. of California Press, 1973), 103.

[99] Howard Erskine-Hill also argues, on the evidence of Rochester's correspondence with Henry Savile, that "Antient Lover" alludes to Shakespeare's Falstaff plays, in particular the *buffo*/*serio* exchange between Sir John and Doll Tearsheet in *2 Henry IV* 2.4.258-69. Erskine-Hill, "Rochester and Falstaff," in *That Second Bottle: Essays on John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Nicholas Fisher (Manchester and New York: Manchester Univ. Press, 2000), 43-44.

"shrunken tool, with its vein enlarged, just lies there, / and, though caressed all night, it will continue to lie there."[100]

Rochester takes these sources, little paeans to pederasty or versified dirty jokes, and lifting them out of unpromising contexts stands erotic initiative, and the valence of female sexual dominance, on their heads. In "Antient Lover" it is not an adult pederast but the young beloved who sings the encouraging song, and the beloved's sex is also reversed. More than sex changes, however; surprisingly, and crucial to the poem's freshness and verve, she is gendered both female and male. Rochester gives her the task of fertilization and *cultus* of her feminized Antient Lover's body, a sere waste land, at the same time making her powerfully feminine in the *Venus genetrix* vein, an *alma mater* who rises above mere fertility principle to a numinous level. Importantly, however, the Young Lady and her procreative *cultus* are a world away from Corinna's devouring Dark Age sexuality in the *Ramble*. Though both women are sexually-aggressive and identified with the fertility principle, further comparison shows only differences. The young lady, at a pole opposite Corinna, has eyes only for her "Ancient person, for whome I / All the Flutt'ring youth defie" (lines 1-2); she is neither whore in body nor whore in understanding. Her attributes slyly echo *Paradise Lost*'s opening gloss on *Genesis*: "Brooding kisses I will power / Shall thy youthful heate restore," in which the homophony of "pour" and "power" slurs syntax to make the couplet hit the ear like incantation. In the Antient Lover's "wither'd Lips and dry / Which Like barren furrowes Lye" meanwhile (lines 7-8) there is a neat lateral intertextuality with the blasted farmland of "The Mower against Gardens," where "'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot; / While the sweet Fields do lye forgot."[101]

Indeed, the young lady performs the rooted labor of sexual georgic, rather than ranging pastorally over the Park grazing on first one fool and then another as Corinna does. She plants "Brooding kisses" on the old man's "wither'd Lips and dry / Which Like barren furrowes Lye," and the fact that "Such kinde showers in Autumne fall / And a second Spring recall" aligns him with female earth, her with Jove-like male fertilization of the receptive "furrowes." In this the young lady closely tracks the imagery and even the wording of Rochester's *Upon his leaving his Mistresse*, with two sharp inversions: in "Antient Lover" not the mistress but the titular old man is the supine, passively-receptive earth; and the young lady is monogamous where Caelia, titular Mistresse of the other poem, is radically promiscuous:

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[100] *Sat*. 10.204-08: "*nam coitus iam longa obliuio, uel si* / *coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice neruus* / *et, quamuis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.* / *anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri* / *canities*?" Clausen (ed.), 128. In Rudd's translation: "He has long forgotten what sex was like; if one tries / to remind him, his shrunken tool, with its vein enlarged, just lies there, / and, though caressed all night, it will continue to lie there. / As for the future, what can those white-haired ailing organs / hope for?" Rudd, 93.

[101] Griffin, *Satires Against Man*, 117 argues that "[t]the lover's age is no doubt exaggerated; he is apparently not yet 'old.' But it is unclear to what condition 'continue as thou art' refers, and whether the lady goes on to speak of what she will do in his old age, or what in fact she does now." Thormählen, *Rochester: The Poems in Context*, 50 suggests that the young lady's ministrations to her Antient Lover, still sexually potent and not yet "Aking, shaking, Crazy, Cold," are only imagined and in the future. Even if only proleptic the young lady's actions and the relationship that frames them remain unsettling, however. The phrase "Aking, shaking, Crazy, Cold," interestingly, anticipates Robinson Crusoe's description of his dog in its old age.

Whilst mov'd by an Impartiall Sense
Favours like Nature, you dispence,
With Universall Influence.
See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
To ev'ry Graine, affords a Birth,
On her noe Show'rs unwelcome fall,
Her willing Womb, retaines 'em all;
And shall my Cælia be confin'd?
Noe; live up to thy mighty Mind,
And be the Mistresse of Mankind.[102]

There is always the possibility that this is ironized. Caelia "the Mistresse of Mankind," earth-goddess *manquée*, is described in terms that parody the Gospel maxim that God sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust; in keeping with Rochester's fierce free-thinking before his conversion to Christianity, the unjust *are* the just. In earnest, however, her broadcast seminal receptivity draws directly on *De rerum natura*'s atoms, mechanist seeds of all things. This positive is no surprise given Rochester's penchant for Lucretius, on display in the translations of *De rerum natura* 2.646-51 and 1.1-4, a Venereal exordium to vitalist *élan*, and Caelia's "Graines" are indebted to those

quae nos materiem et genitalia corpora rebus
reddunda in ratione vocare et semina rerum
appellare suemus et haec eadem usurpare
corpora prima, quod ex illis sunt omnia primis

These in the language of philosophy
It is our custom to describe as matter
Or generative bodies, or seeds of things,
Or call them primal atoms, since from them,
Those first beginnings, everything is formed.

They also recall, oddly, the rural gods' blessings invoked on seed-sowing by the proem to the *Georgics*.[103] Caelia, like the Antient Lover, functions at the level not of the human, the animal or even the vegetable but of the mineral; while they may grow vegetable loves, she and the old man are themselves mere fertile earth or furrows to hold, warm and nourish seed. Still, her "willing Womb" (an approved inversion of head and tail, unlike Corinna's in the *Ramble*) and her "mighty Mind" suggest that, at least locally, Rochester is prepared to grant that Caelia's massive promiscuity is consistent with free choice and rationality, a claim he rejects for Corinna in the *Ramble*.

But again, in the young lady's song, he transfers this *Venus genetrix* quality to the Antient Lover, which inverts genders but more importantly chastens and monogamizes the Venus. It may not be too strong to read the young lady's song as (lightly ironized) wish-fulfillment for a monogamous and affectionate, if not precisely wedded, union and

[102] *Upon his leaving his Mistresse* 12-21, in Love (ed.), 17-18.

[103] *St Matt*. 5:45; *De rerum natura* 1.56-61; *Geo*. 1.21-23 and *passim*.

thus as counter-programming to the *Ramble*, as some critics have done.[104] The old man is notably not the young lady's husband but her lover, though evidently he does not pay her, and she avers that

> All a Lovers wish can reach
> For thy joy my Love shall teach
> And for thy pleasure shall improve
> All that Art can add to Love ("A Young Lady to her Antient Lover" 21-24)

implying a kind of sexual georgic or erotodidaxis that while dutiful and humble is nevertheless hedonist, and hardly implies Hesiodic values. Nevertheless the poem, by staging a moral ambiguity and declining to take a stand on it, reinforces the moral imagination as such. It resists pat rationalizing; we are allowed to idealize neither the young lady, whose benevolence though genuine is self-interested and in any case hardly a corporal work of mercy, nor her Antient Lover, for though his decrepitude excites generalized pity for the inevitability of human decay, he still strikes the reader as a dirty old man. In Farley-Hills' formulation, "[t]he song is not a deeply serious poem, but it does raise the uncomfortable problem of the relativity of feeling as well as of our intellectual judgments."[105] Indeed, that Rochester raises this problem at all, in a Restoration social context of progressive natural philosophers and theologians who contemplated the swift application of classical mechanics to ethics, is telling. Though he is not at this stage of his career a moralist and the poem is primarily a *jeu d'esprit* (it *is* comic, despite or rather because of the grottiness) it is nevertheless sensitive to the inevitability and laborious quality of moral judgment, whatever its ultimate content.

Indeed the poem can be styled a moral georgic, which teaches a kind of casuistry or at least weighing of competing goods by itself enacting the process; the young lady is self-consciously cultivated, *cortigiana* in both senses. As always with libertines worthy of the name, *libertas* is the thing; wise or foolish there must be choice and neither the young lady nor her Antient Lover (nor yet the reader) is allowed to take refuge in a specious determinism, *à la* Corinna in the *Ramble*, to avoid it. The Antient Lover's very vigor despite his age, and the lady's sensitivity and tact (literal as well as figurative) despite her youth, belie the notional determinism of time and self-interest, respectively. The two are humane to each other, and humanistic for us, throwing a money wrench in the gears of rational calculators. Again on Farley-Hills' reading, "[l]ike so much of Rochester's work ["Antient Lover" suggests] the limitations of human responses, the ultimate failure of the human mind to make things add up."[106] The young lady and her ancient lover are a vision of reason on a human scale, pegged to "Sense" and indeed tact, against a Cartesian or Hobbist faith in reason as deduction proceeding geometrically from axioms, remorselessly adding and subtracting quantities, and against a new scientific faith in reason as induction trying to measure human nature exhaustively, uncritical

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[104] Notably Reba Wilcoxon, "Rochester's Sexual Politics," *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture* 8 (1979), 146-47 and Thormählen, *Rochester: The Poems in Context*, 50-51.

[105] Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry*, 60.

[106] Farley-Hills, *Rochester's Poetry*, 61.

realism, which have for a voluntarist libertine the unfortunate effect of making man a determined machine.

In "Antient Lover" then, as in the *Satyre against Reason and Mankind* and *Upon Nothing*, and indeed in the mock-pastoral *A Ramble in St James' Park* and "Faire Cloris," Rochester offers a vision of the limits to the emerging Restoration elite consensus on "reason" as speculative deduction or uncritical induction, a faculty in abstraction from social praxis, community consensus, natural law, or other transpersonal indices. Corinna and the fops, and their unsociable, indeed antisocial egoist perspective on the world, are seen with peculiar clarity through the prism of erotic relations, a prism Rochester satirically reverses because its bowl is biased to the subject, and are laughed at (and harshly condemned) because their "Abortive imitation" of libertine freedom leads only to "Universal affectation," faceless uniformity and self-regimented conformism. Paradoxically, their mechanic abdication of free will exalts the individual to a bad anti-social eminence while debasing him to a point at which he or she becomes a "*Dog-drawn Bitch*" or worse, unable to resist physical compulsions. And because of this not solipsistic but rather subjectless metaphysics, the transubjective ideal of dissolving reason in love – given the irreducible sociability of love, sexual relations and even mere coterie conviviality – becomes finally impossible, which makes of the fops' would-be erotic Elysium in the Park a blasted mock-pastoral wasteland, of a kind that would require a young lady of Antient Lover type to revivify into *locus amoenus* by her georgic labor. Libertinism began for Rochester as a forceful turn outward into experience, rejecting external authority to choose new sensuous (and sensual) *frissons*. But given the "disproportion 'twixt our desires and what [Fate] has ordained to content them,"[107] it seems to lead him, especially in the mock-pastoral *Ramble* and allied poems, with their philosophical view of the exhaustion of even scandalous and abject sensations, to a place he is unwilling to go: mechanic obedience of the urge to shock and mortify, at first the respectable classes and finally one's own body. The obscene is no longer mannered, and has become merely mechanical, in both senses of the term – in Christopher Hill's term, anti-social. Rochester, however, died young at the height of his powers with the 1680s barely under way, and could not pursue this thread of satiric inquiry as, one imagines, he would surely have done had he lived. For a fuller view of the brave new Restoration world of nymphs of the City like Corinna, therefore, and their mechanic, and in some cases literally mechanical, obscenity, and what these mean for the philosophical and political culture of the British nations and Ireland in the last two decades of the century and the first two of the next, we must turn to the mock-pastoral and mock-georgic of Swift.

[107] Treglown (ed.), 241-42.

CHAPTER 3

"But how shall I describe her Arts / To recollect the scatter'd parts": Juvenalian pastoral and Ovidian georgic in Swift

> But how shall I describe her Arts
> To recollect the scatter'd parts?
> Or shew the Anguish, Toil and Pain,
> Of gath'ring up herself again?
> The bashful Muse will never bear
> In such a scene to interfere.
> Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
> Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.
>
> Swift, "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed" 67-74

> To see some radiant Nymph appear
> In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
> You think some Goddess from the Sky
> Descended, ready cut and dry:
> But, e'er you sell your self to Laughter,
> Consider well what may come after;
> For fine Ideas vanish fast,
> While all the gross and filthy last.
>
> Swift, "Strephon and Chloe" 227-34

Though only a handful of Swift's poems are now widely-read or anthologized, these enjoy a fame disproportionate to their number and brevity, including as they do "A Description of the Morning" (1709), "A Description of a City Shower" (1710), "A Town Eclogue" (1711), "The Progress of Beauty" (1719), and late "excremental" poems such as "The Lady's Dressing Room" (1732) – also the occasion for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's famous "The Reasons that induced Dr S[wift] to write a Poem call'd the Lady's Dressing room" – and "Strephon and Chloe" (1734), "Cassinus and Peter" (1734) and "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed" (1734).[1] Interestingly, the majority of this well-known handful are mock-georgics and mock-pastorals. The latter term should be preferred to better-known but underbroad terms such as "town eclogue," "urban pastoral," or "city georgic" which have traditionally done duty in Restoration and Georgian literary history; "mock pastoral" for instance is broad enough to account for satiric eclogues such as "A Pastoral Dialogue" (1729), set in the Irish countryside but ferociously anti-arcadian. Indeed the mock-pastorals of Swift, Montagu, and Gay might simply be called "pastoral" since they refer to and restage "hard" pastoral themes from

[1] With the exception of "A Town Eclogue" all of these are included in the Norton Critical edition of Robert Greenberg and William Piper, *The Writings of Jonathan Swift*, widely assigned at university level since 1973. They are also included in the more recent Norton edition of Claude Rawson and Ian Higgins, *The Essential Writings of Jonathan Swift* (New York: Norton, 2009). "Nymph," with its overtones of Ovidian erotodidactic, is pretty clearly a mock-georgic, as is suggested by the London publisher's prefixing to it an epigraph from *Remedia amoris* 1.334 ("*pars minima est ipsa puella sui*").

the Theocritean and Vergilian precursors (frank sexuality, urban and rural poverty, private and public violence). This nomenclature is more than just logic-chopping; carelessness with terms has led to persistent critical errors, for instance the supposition that Swift's mock-pastorals (or Montagu's or Gay's) satirize the ancient genre they imitate, when on the contrary they satirize some aspect of modernity, usually the arcadian effusion of a poet straining to write the English *Aminta* or *Il pastor fido*.[2]

Critical opacities of this kind are not the only problem. The mock-topographies are often glanced at in speculations about Swift's attitudes to women, the excremental body, or some other thematic but have not been analyzed as a class, with specific reference to their conscious renovation of Greek and Roman *topographia*.[3] In many cases this omission is born of a healthy fear to tread where firm grounding in ancient pastoral and georgic is lacking. But just as it would now seem one-sided to analyze Swift's poems only in terms of form and structure, after a generation of critical fixation on literature's socio-historical contexts, so it would be one-sided simply to omit study of form and structure, especially the intertextual relations that are interfused with the poems' thematic and contextual reference; the intertextual and extratextual reference of Swift's mock-pastorals and mock-georgics may be distinguished in theory but are never separated in practice. They are a seamless garment, so this study's approach is a flexible and pragmatic focus on both, aiming "to combine the insights of formalism and historicism without falling into either error."[4] Swift and the other mock-topographers' receptions of ancient texts -- "imitations," to the elite literary culture of the time -- are no mere mannerism for perfunctory notice en route to meatier critical concerns. On the contrary, they are a dynamic set of continuous, complicated intertextual relations ranging from jeering burlesque to respectful quotation, and they have a variety of intended and unintended thematic and contextual consequences as I will argue.

1. SWIFTIAN MOCK-PASTORAL: "A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING" AND JUVENALIAN *DESCRIPTIO*

"A Description of the Morning" (1709) draws in part on the *Georgics*, especially 1.445 ff., but is usually classed a modern pastoral. Its title of course suggests the Graeco-Roman trope of *descriptio*, or *ekphrasis*, about which I shall shortly say more. The finest taxonomy would call it an aubade for its morning-song quality, satirically inverted; the creaky topos of Aurora leaving Tithonus' side becomes, in Swift, Betty slipping from her

[2] This is not always true of other Restoration mock-classic genres. *Paradise Lost* 6's battle sequences, for instance, have been read as self-conscious mock-epic or indeed self-parody. Critics must beware anachronism, however; the horizon of expectations of the typical academic Milton critic at present includes distaste for martial themes and Graeco-Roman epic tropes that to most of Milton's seventeenth-century readers were respectable and often congenial.

[3] One exception is Carole Fabricant, *Swift's Landscape* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1982, repr. Notre Dame, IN: Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 1995) which is thorough within the parameters it sets itself but touches only incidentally on the mock-pastorals and mock-georgics, to focus instead on the geographical, historical landscapes, "internal" and external, imaged in Swift's poetry and prose.

[4] James Turner, *The Politics of Landscape* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1979), 187.

master's bed to discompose her own. Swift achieves his strikingly original effect, however, by drawing on pretexts in several other genres. One, in character for a priestly poet, is Scripture, the first chapter of Genesis, as David Vieth argues, while for the schoolboys lagging with satchels in hand Irvin Ehrenpreis cites Shakespearean drama, Horatian *sermo*, and Juvenal 10.[5] Ehrenpreis' *Quellenforschung* invites more sustained attention, however, for "Morning" actually recasts in miniature not *Satire* 10 but *Satire* 3, itself an unstable mix of genres.

A tabulation of *Satire* 3's echoes in the "Description" is striking evidence of cognate Juvenalian and Swiftian disgust at the corrupt metropolis. *Satire* 3.232-314 and its *tableaux vivants* of urban squalor need only a little reworking to make them plausible as London in the reign of Anne. Juvenal's litters, vehicles for the wealthy that shut out the noise and dirt of the streets, become hackney coaches in Swift. The tradesmen whose impedimenta (pole, beam, wine-jar) smack Umbricius and whose feet kick up mud and step on his toes are echoed in Swift's "Slipshod Prentice" who pares dirt from master's door, doubtless into the pedestrian's way, in Moll who "whirl[s] her Mop with dext'rous Airs" – the adjective is ironic – and in "the Youth with Broomy Stumps" preparing to sweep the kennel-edge.[6] Juvenal's harried slave-boy toting heated food, meanwhile, the solitary figure in the Roman scene picked out for sympathy, is echoed by the satchel-carrying schoolboys in the "Description"; their lagging elicits the only touch of good humor from Swift's speaker.[7] The satiric narrator in both Juvenal and Swift is literally and figuratively pedestrian, and is georgic to the extent that he has to move through and touch dirt and soil at ground level. It is the fate of those who have to walk, rather than ride, through the city's streets to get dirty, stamped on and, in Juvenal's more dire imagining, which Swift omits to imitate, crushed by a falling load, drenched by an emptied chamber pot, or robbed by a drunken thug. Like agricultural labor, making one's way through London's 1709 streets is dirty and often dangerous, far from arcadian bank-lounging. Indeed there is more than a little anticipation of Gay's *Trivia*, which takes Swift's hints about the hazards of walking the streets of London and runs with them.

The "Description" departs sharply from *Satire* 3, however, by evacuating almost all passion or affect from the cityscape; Juvenal's indignation is deftly suspended by Swift but so is his good humor. Where Umbricius had described the metropolis hot with irritation, with the occasional flash of humanity (for example the cooing doves, an incursion of country into city), Swift's unspecified speaker is icily poised. His distaste must be read between the lines, his irony trace: "The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees, / Duly let out a Nights to Steal for Fees" (15-16). In this thoroughly modern version of pastoral, the *pastor* herds felons who, roaming by night and penned up by day, neatly invert the sheep of eclogue. (The corruption of the criminal judicial system is something

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[5] Vieth, "*Fiat Lux*: Logos versus Chaos in Swift's 'A Description of the Morning,'" *Papers on Language and Literature* 8 (Summer 1972) 302-07; Ehrenpreis, *Swift: The Man, His Works, and the Age*, 3 vols. (London: Methuen, 1962-83), vol. 2, 250.

[6] "A Description of the Morning," in *The Poems of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 1, ed. Harold Williams (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958), 123-25.

[7] Juvenal, *Satura* 3.232-314, in *A. Persi Flacci et D. Iuni Iuuenalis Saturae* (the Oxford Classical Text), rev. ed. W.V. Clausen (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1992), 57-60.

of a commonplace in Swift and his literary peers; Gay's "Newgate pastoral" gangsters have prison officials on the payroll, and the Anglican ordinary of Newgate, a pastor who exhorts Moll Flanders to repentance, is a drunk who apparently profits by supplying death-row confessions to publishers.[8])

Absence of overt condemnation, however, is not neutrality. The narration lacks affect not because Swift's speaker reacts purely intellectually to London's streets, but because he studies to restrain distaste and mostly succeeds. Single adjectives and adverbs here and there hint at moralizing, and word choice betrays irritation: the "Slipshod" prentice, Brickdust Moll "Scream[ing] through Half the Street," the turnkey's felonious flock "Duly let out a Nights to Steal for Fees" (5, 14, 16). He can afford to be understated; the literary-cultured Swift reader of 1709, whose horizon of expectations included the conventions of arcadian pastoral *descriptio*, would take the banality, disorder and crudity of London street life in the poem at face value. Their juxtaposition to the conventions is necessarily diminishing, and the satiric effect is therefore enhanced.[9]

For while the poem is more than an exercise in scourging modern by implying ancient, it nevertheless would be a misreading to conclude that "[f]or all the impartiality of the tone, affection for London infuses the language" and that "although pastoral expectations are regularly provoked and disappointed, the observations themselves are witty and full of life, implying a loving attentiveness." While these premises are sound enough, the conclusions do not follow. The attentiveness of Swift's speaker is that of an entomologist to a particularly icky insect, and a cryptic celebration of the urban mercantile economy seems an unlikely effort for Swift. On biographical evidence it is improbable that he directed "loving attentiveness" to the poem's subjects: unglued social hierarchies, restless motion in aid of commerce, and other high Anglican *bêtes noires*.[10]

Yet Swift in the "Description" as in his other writings cannot be pigeonholed a neo-classicist, simplistically pledging allegiance to the ancients in the battle of the books. Roger Savage, in his influential article on the poem, correctly locates its philosophical center of gravity in something like sheer bloody-mindedness, a Swiftian wish for a plague o' both your houses:

> Tradition is weighed in the balance with 'the representation of vile things,' and it is the balance which animates the poem. Both sides have things to be said in their favour, but

[8] While one would expect a Dissenter novelist to paint an Anglican cleric in lurid colors, Defoe had a particular axe to grind against Paul Lorrain, Ordinary of Newgate from 1698 to 1719. In the "it takes one to know one" vein, Defoe also profited financially from the criminal justice system. According to George Starr: "As an agent for John Applebee, a publisher who specialized in Newgate biography, [Defoe] is thought to have interviewed and written about various criminals between 1719 and 1726." Defoe, *Moll Flanders*, ed. G. A. Starr (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1971), 390, 393, notes to pp. 277, 288.

[9] Cf. Erich Auerbach in another context: "[T]he tone of seeming seriousness… insinuates, without a word of moral, aesthetic, or any other kind of criticism, exactly how the occurrence is to be evaluated… If instead [the author] had [been literal and explicit], this procedure would not only have been much clumsier but the moral atmosphere, which cannot be exhausted by any number of adjectives, would not have come out with anything like the force it now has." Auerbach, "Frate Alberto," in *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, trans. Willard R. Trask (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1953), 221.

[10] Ehrenpreis, vol. 2, 250.

> both are found wanting... Swift both chafes at the classical ideal because it seems so little relevant to the reality he sees in the Strand, and is drily ironic about the reality he sees in the Strand because it will not live up to the standards set by the classical ideal.[11]

This seems correct so far as it goes; much of Swift's perennial appeal to common readers and critics alike lies in his unapologetic mixture of motive, his adherence not to party line but to the implied maxim "my nerves, right or wrong."[12] Yet even Savage's analysis, though sensitive to Swift's elusive tone, goes astray by positing a "classical ideal" for *descriptio* or aubade which, even assuming only a classical *pastoral* ideal is meant, is still overbroad and therefore misleading. The arcadian pastoral conventions quietly twitted in the "Description," being almost wholly absent from Theocritus and Vergil, cannot usefully be called the classical ideal, and pastoral episodes in other ancient genres, such as Homeric epic, look arcadian or idyllic only taken out of context. Indeed one would have to recur to distinctly non-classic ancient pastoral to find anything approaching idyll in the non-technical sense: Calpurnius Siculus, perhaps, or *Daphnis and Chloe*. Swift is specifically reacting against not a "classical ideal" but the norms of arcadian pastoral of the Renaissance and seventeenth century, pastoral denatured by filtration through romance conventions.

In short, Swiftian mock-pastoral shows that pastoral truly such, hard Theocritean or Vergilian pastoral as opposed to its arcadian metastasis, is not readily domesticated. In Swift's hands the genre does not as Ehrenpreis suggests neatly assimilate itself, still less its culturally-specific models in Theocritus and Vergil, to "loving attentiveness" to early modern English urbanism. Here, as often with Swift's poetic practice, an observation of Pat Rogers' is illuminating:

> Swift has an ambiguous place in the long history of transforming genres. He established a new form, technically, with the urban pastorals… But these poems rest on the authority and primacy of the serious pastoral, and never escape its clutches.[13]

This seems just so, if one harps on the term "serious pastoral." If by it one understands, correctly, not rhetorically-earnest but philosophically-skeptical poetry, then Swift's mock-eclogues indeed defer to the authority of hard pastoral like Theocritus' and Vergil's and reactivate their ironic distance from poetic subjects. Indeed it is precisely in rejecting the earnest and idealizing norms and themes of soft pastoral, pastoral in its modernity, that poems like the "Description" are *mock*-pastoral as such. As Rogers stresses, "the jolt which the reader experiences [reading mock-pastoral] is directly tied to the felt absence of norms which retain their authority."[14]

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[11] Savage, "Swift's Fallen City: *A Description of the Morning*" in *The World of Jonathan Swift: Essays for the Tercentenary*, ed. Brian Vickers (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1968), 185.

[12] Florence King, "Author's Note," in *Reflections in a Jaundiced Eye* (New York: St Martin's, 1989), 2: "Unstrung Americans are found in both political camps, and our common motto is: 'My nerves, right or wrong.'"

[13] Rogers, "Swift the poet," in *The Cambridge Companion to Jonathan Swift*, ed. Christopher Fox (Cambridge, 2003), 188.

[14] Rogers, 189.

The relation of the "Description" and Swift's other neo-pastorals to the Graeco-Roman models is thus opposite to that of the earnest neopastorals of the period. For the earnest neopastorals are not parapoetic, to use Rogers' term, but entail by contrast "the creation of an autonomous form, which exists by the act of transgressing the rules of its predecessors so comprehensively that it makes them obsolete."[15] An example of these would be Ambrose Philips' *Pastorals*, in which the idealizing and romanticizing of rural life are so complete that, having scrubbed away all trace of even plain Theocritean jeering, let alone gossamer Vergilian irony, the poems retain nothing of their ancient antecedents but a generic label. Paradoxically, therefore, by restoring to pastoral its hard ancient themes of frank sexuality, the lives of the rural (and occasionally urban) poor, and interpersonal aggression, Swift's mock-pastoral is an order of magnitude more pastoral – and indeed neoclassical – than the labored verisimilitude of earnest eclogues produced by contemporaries like the "rationalistic" Philips.[16] And while it is pastoral as such, in its originary form, Swift's pastoral is also much else, a generic hybrid: georgic of a kind, as noted above, and in inspiration and external reference as much Juvenalian as Vergilian, with *saeva indignatio* suspended but not sublimated, and no love lost between the speaker and a London he scarcely regards with "loving attentiveness."

2. A SHORT EXCURSUS ON *EKPHRASIS*: SWIFT'S "DESCRIPTION" AND HOGARTH'S *THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY*

To amplify what has been said about Swift's "Description," something must be said here about the Graeco-Roman trope *descriptio*, or *ekphrasis*. Often said to begin with Homer's word-picture of Achilles' shield in *Iliad* 18, *ekphrasis* in Greek and Roman poetry usually follows the Horatian dictum *ut pictura poesis* such that its verbal de-scription, or writing-about, brings to mind as vividly as possible a clearly delimited, sharp-contoured plastic object or image, Quintilian's *energeia*.[17] Although in late antiquity *ekphrasis* was strictly the textual explication of a picture of some object or scene (Longus' *Daphnis and Chloe* purports to be an extended instance), it is more

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[15] Rogers, *op. cit.*, 189. As discussed in this book's introduction, the mock-topographies' deep identity formally speaking is their shared status as what Rogers calls parapoetry: imitative writing that, however mocking or irreverent with its precursor texts, depends on leaving intact and not absorbing them, giving a measurably different version and thereby assuring its own alterity and separate existence. See also Kathryn J. Gutzwiller, *Theocritus' Pastoral Analogies: The Formation of a Genre* (Madison: Univ. of Wisc. Press, 1991), 10.

[16] An overbroad term like "ancient" or "Graeco-Roman," which sweeps up Imperial and late antique writers like Calpurnius Siculus and Nemesianus with Hellenistic and Republican pastoral poets, can be excused only on grounds of brevity. What is meant here is specifically Theocritean idyll and Vergilian eclogue, with their usually "hard" pastoral themes and high degree of self-conscious formal sophistication. One may contrast Ambrose Philips' *Pastorals*, say, with their usually "soft" pastoral themes and which affect to be naïve, naturalistic transcriptions of British rural life in the reign of Anne.

[17] *Institutes* 8.3.88-89. For a systematic history of ενέργεια (*energeia*) and allied concepts from their origins in Aristotle through Aquinas and Gregory Palamas, see David Bradshaw, *Aristotle East and West: Metaphysics and the Division of Christendom* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 54 and *passim*.

broadly a textual explication of that object or scene itself, without the intermediation of engraved shield, wall painting, sculpture or the like. For present purposes, therefore, the English "ecphrasis" denotes this broader category of inset, digressive poetic description, while the Greek *ekphrasis* is reserved for the narrower category of textual explication of a plastic art image.[18]

One of the perennial and most varied species of ecphrasis or *descriptio* in antiquity and into the Middle Ages and Renaissance is that of literal, physical places on the land, natural or built: *topographia*. Indeed the places (*topoi*) of ancient landscape writing were often purely rhetorical convention (as also in medieval writing: "*locus est*…" and the like). And ecphrastic *topographia* however realistic is, by virtue of being textual, always at least one remove from reality, even when describing an historical place on British soil; indeed its synonym, drawn from Puttenham, is "Counterfait Place" in Richard Lanham's widely-read *A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms*.[19]

How does ecphrasis figure in Restoration and Georgian textual and visual *topographia*? A useful test case is the mass-produced print. Hogarth's 1738 series *The Four Times of the Day* postdates Swift's "Description" by three decades but the prints, crackling with visual interest, all recall elements of Swift's London mock-topographies, *Morning*, plate 1 most strikingly so. Hogarth shows a City street, the piazza outside St Paul's, Covent Garden.[20] The print shows close parallels to the "Description": by the clock on the church pediment it is 6:55 in the morning, and not one but two Betties, having just slipped from masters' beds and discomposed their own, are being fondled by beaux in the street. In the background, outside a rather grand townhouse are several tradesmen and tradeswomen who answer to the couplet "Duns at his Lordships Gate began to meet, / And Brickdust *Moll* had Scream'd through half the Street" (13-14). The most nearly exact parallel: two diminutive "School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands" or rather slung over their shoulders, watching a cabbage seller tote a load on her head. (This neatly reverses Juvenal's image of Umbricius lagging to watch a boy tote a load of heated food on his head, which had been incorporated by Swift into his eclectic "Description.") The Betties' and beaux' antics are meanwhile watched by a beanpole prude from behind her fan, with mixed dread and fascination. Bony-chested and pointy-nosed, she recalls Swift's Phillis:

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[18] See Claire Preston, "Ekphrasis: painting in words," in *Renaissance Figures of Speech*, ed. S. Adamson, G. Alexander and K. Ettenhuber (Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007), 115-29; Andrew Laird, "*Ut figura poesis*: Writing art and the art of writing in Augustan poetry," in *Art and Text in Roman Culture*, ed. Jaś Elsner (Cambridge Univ. Press, 1996), 75-102; Don Fowler, "Narrate and Describe: The Problem of Ekphrasis," *JRS* 81 (1991), 25-35.

[19] Richard A. Lanham, *A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms*, second edn (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: Univ. of California Press, 1991), 153. "Realistic," now mostly evacuated of meaning, is an adjective critics usually reserve for their own methods; in practice it typically means accentuating mercenary motives for human actions while ignoring benevolent ones, a tendentiousness itself exempted from the "realist" dictum that perception is selection.

[20] Interestingly, Swift's preceptor and fellow Hogarth-inspirer Samuel Butler is buried at St Paul's, as are Grinling Gibbons and Thomas Arne. See St Paul's, Covent Garden (Anglican) parish website: <<http://www.actorschurch.org/content/parish/parish.htm>>.

> In Church you heard her thrô the Crowd
> Repeat the Absolution loud;
> In Church, secure behind her Fan
> She durst behold that Monster, Man.[21]

In short, while Hogarth's *Morning* does not seem to be explicitly based on the "Description," it is nevertheless in a meaningful sense ecphrasis of Swift's poem; it speaks about or expands on its subject matter.[22] In fairness Hogarth expanding on Swift is in the strict sense ecphrasis in reverse: *Morning* is a case of the visual explicating the textual, reversing the temporal priority of plastic over verbal art in ancient models (Dido's temple frieze in *Aeneid* 1, the painting that constitutes *Daphnis and Chloe*'s narrative frame). What seems counter-intuitive, however – that Hogarth's prints can be ecphrasis of poems – is not, for the prints are themselves already robustly textual. In Ronald Paulson's formulation:

> I cannot emphasize too greatly the difference in the *reading* of a Hogarth print and the *seeing* of a Hogarth painting... Everything in the print is directed toward reading and verbalization; and this precludes 'style'... The engravings are so readable partly because their focus is multiple, their emphases weak, their tonal contrasts not sharp, and their lines distinct -- as on a page of printed text; unlike these relatively unsubordinated structures, the paintings of 1730-1740 are all subordination, with only a few crucial figures and their expressions standing out. The prints define, the paintings suggest.[23]

Paulson's insight that the prints' focus is multiple, their lines distinct, is suggestive. In Wölfflin's still-useful terminology this is because Hogarth's prints are draftsmanly, emphasizing objective, three-dimensional volume and extension, but the paintings are painterly, depending for their effect on light and shade as seen by a subject-centered perspective, *pittoresco* or picturesque in the literal sense. And while these prints' draftsmanly style may be merely fortuitous, the accident of an engraving technology unable to reproduce painted types accurately, their textual analogue in Swift's "draftsmanly" poems is not.[24]

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[21] *Phillis, or, the Progress of Love* 9-12, in Williams (ed.), vol. 1, 222.

[22] *The Four Times of the Day* is also ecphrasis in its own right, independent of any relation to a text: it is a species of *ekphrasis chronon*, rhetorical and stylized description in praise of the seasons, though probably unconsciously. This remains true in spite of the intended social realism and journalistic particularity of Hogarth's "modern moral subject," for each of the characters or scenes in the prints is nevertheless a hoary old type (beau, prude, bawd, and so on). Ancient and medieval instances are tabulated in Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, trans. Willard R. Trask, new intro. Colin Burrow (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1953, repr. 2013), 194, n. 18.

[23] Ronald Paulson, *The Art of Hogarth* (London: Phaidon, 1975), 40-41.

[24] The durable antithesis draughtsmanly/painterly is from Heinrich Wölfflin, *Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe* (F. Bruckmann, A.-G., 1915), trans. M. D. Hottinger as *Principles of Art History* (G. Bell and Sons, 1932, repr. Dover, 1950), 18-72 and *passim*. The English "picturesque" derives from the Italian *pittoresco*, "painterly" or "after the fashion of painters."

Thus Hogarth's (for Paulson) "unsubordinated," multiple-focus, linear prints are, like Swift's poems, heterogeneous character sketches that employ plural focalizations to organize the narrative, setting up multiple vantage points on the landscape imaged. (Using "focalizations" for the points of view from which we read Hogarth's print, interestingly, reliteralizes a metaphor central to narratology, itself drawn from visual perception and optics.) This "unsubordinated" Covent Garden landscape in *Morning* feels oddly premodern, almost emblematic, lacking as it does a dominating subject-centered perspective. In having an organizing perspective everywhere and so nowhere it violates the principle of spatial organization of most post-Renaissance pictures, which are constructed as an ideal, mathematical space abstracted from psychophysiological space, in Panofsky's classic analysis.[25]

Mathematical space is precisely what is absent from Hogarth's prints and Swift's "Description" (though as Paulson notes it is imaged in Hogarth's paintings). Or rather mathematical space is restored in the prints to psychophysiological space, the discontinuous congeries of persons and objects that human vision actually apprehends – perception in depth – in "the mechanically conditioned 'retinal image' which paints itself upon our physical eye."[26] And what is true of the prints visually, or textually in the case of Swift's cognate poems, is also true thematically: the characteristic modern singleness of eye and mind, the *idée fixe* which determines that even the most innocent perception will be selection, is absent. It is not that Hogarth's prints and Swift's poems do not have a point of view in the metaphorical sense.[27] Rather they do not have a strong point of view in the literal, ocular sense, and because of this the reader (to insist on Paulson's diagnosis of the prints as legible) sees each person and thing in Hogarth's prints and Swift's poems objectively, without the overt organizing of perceptions by a judging subject.

Other satiric writers of the long eighteenth century, however, do not defer to this modification of *ut pictura poesis*. An instructive example is Fielding, who in his preface

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[25] Post-Alberti "Renaissance" or modern perspective in visual representation is by no means physiologically, still less aesthetically, necessary. In Panofsky's formulation: "Exact perspectival construction is a systematic abstraction from the structure of... psychophysiological space. For it is not only the effect of perspectival construction, but indeed its intended purpose, to realize in the representation of space precisely that homogeneity and boundlessness foreign to the direct experience of that space... perspective transforms psychophysiological space into mathematical space." Erwin Panofsky, *Die Perspektive als "symbolische Form"*, in *Vortrage der Bibliothek Warburg 1924-1925* (Leipzig and Berlin, 1927), 258-330, trans. Christopher S. Wood as *Perspective as Symbolic Form* (New York: Zone, 1997), 30-31.

[26] Panofsky, 31. The "reading" beholder's felt lack of a stable point of reference is only strengthened by the reflection that Hogarth's original oils were reversed in the horizontal dimension in the process of being engraved: the mass public saw the print's subjects quite oppositely from those relative few who saw Hogarth's original oil.

[27] On the lubricious as well as moralizing impulse in Hogarth's mass-market prints, for instance, see James Grantham Turner, "'A Wanton Kind of Chace': Display as Procurement in *A Harlot's Progress* and Its Reception," in *The Other Hogarth: Aesthetics of Difference*, ed. B. Fort and A. Rosenthal (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton Univ. Press, 2001), 38-39.

to *Joseph Andrews* (1741) tilts the advantage in witty, "Comic" or "Ridiculous" representation to the textual:

> Let us examine the works of a Comic History-Painter, with those Performances which the *Italians* call *Caricatura*; where we shall find the true Excellence of the former, to consist in the exactest copying of Nature… Whereas in the *Caricatura* we allow all Licence. Its Aim is to exhibit Monsters, not Men; and all Distortions and Exaggerations whatever are within its proper Province.
>
> Now what *Caricatura* is in Painting, Burlesque is in Writing; and in the same manner the Comic Writer and Painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that as in the former, the Painter seems to have the Advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the Writer: for the *Monstrous* is much easier to paint than describe, and the *Ridiculous* to describe than paint… He who should call the Ingenious *Hogarth* a Burlesque Painter, would, in my Opinion, do him very little Honour…[28]

Fielding's strictures postdate Swift's mock-pastorals and mock-georgics by several years, but throw light on the poems' modus operandi all the same. The key for Fielding is exaggeration; too much, and one has mere caricature or burlesque, amusing but not witty and probably vulgar. He is among other things laying claim to new scientistic naturalism, "the exactest copying of Nature," and its literal methods of depicting or reporting its findings. So it is no surprise that Hogarth in 1743 published a print to illustrate the difference between "characters" and "caricaturas" announced in *Joseph Andrews*, implying that he (Hogarth) drew the former.[29] Swift, however, is mercifully free of such academic gentility, not being married to a court painter's daughter or needing Lyttelton's patronage, and can be as high-art stylized – and street-life earthy – as he wants to be.

3. SWIFTIAN MOCK-GEORGIC: "A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER" AND *EKPHRASIS*

The paradigm instance of Swift's mock-georgics is "A Description of a City Shower," first published October 1710 in the *Tatler*.[30] Ehrenpreis is surely correct that the storm prognostics of *Geo*. 1.424-63 are a model but that "[w]hile there is an element of satire in the poem, it is directed not against Virgil, of course, but against his English imitators, especially Dryden." And indeed Ehrenpreis' linking of particular storm-watching tips in "City Shower" to lines from Dryden is persuasive.[31] But his remark *en passant* that "Virgil's *Georgics* [were] brilliantly translated by Dryden" suggests the weak point of the reading.[32] Brilliant as Dryden's versions are they are not translations, at least not faithful

[28] Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, ed. Douglas Brooks-Davies, rev. Thomas Keymer (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1999), 5.

[29] Sean Shesgreen (ed.), *Engravings by Hogarth* (New York: Dover, 1973), plate 49, no page.

[30] "A Description of a City Shower," in Williams (ed.), 136-39.

[31] Ehrenpreis, vol. 2, 384 and 385, n. 1.

[32] Ehrenpreis, vol. 2, 384.

ones, and this is not a taxonomic pedantry but of the critical essence. For Dryden's versions embroider Vergil heavily, at numerous points sentimentalizing his working georgic landscape into arcadian pathos, and Swift reacts with travesty. In a move unremarked by Ehrenpreis, he reaches past Dryden's versions to the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid* themselves for topoi to write his dirty cityscape,[33] and indeed he reaches even further, across genre boundaries, to recall the anti-urban polemic of Juvenal's Umbricius in *Satire* 3.

The reader must therefore identify Swift's sources more precisely than citing only Dryden's Vergil to explain "City Shower" fully, for there is much more than "an element of satire in the poem" as Ehrenpreis puts it. There is almost nothing else. (The absence of Swift's usual octosyllable meter should not mislead; heroic couplets, from *Absalom and Achitophel* at least, make ready vehicles for satire.) The poem's external reference, a counter-georgic cityscape, is blithely mocked along with its internal reference, Dryden's Vergil, already a target of Swift's derision in *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*.[34] Just as rainfall from various wards and quarters of London converges in the "Description" on one physical place, presumably Fleet Ditch where all the spent filth of the City comes together in the *Dunciad* (in Rochester's term from "On Mrs Willis" a "Common shore"), so Dryden's decorous balance of didactic and description in his *Georgics* translation is crazily tilted by Swift to make the various commonplaces of lines 1-52 (parody prognostics, social portraits, mock-epic simile) slide down textually and tonally to the final stanza, where the poem abruptly picks up metrical speed ("Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow") and overflows its Vergilian and Drydenian precursors, becoming a rapt, fascinated *descriptio* of kennels and Fleet Ditch in flood.

Most conspicously in the topos of a rubbishy river in flood, "City Shower" twits Dryden's arcadianizing version of two *Georgics* set-pieces: the storm and flash flood in harvest time (*Geo*. 1.316-34) and the overflowing River Po, a pathetic fallacy prodigy at Caesar's death (*Geo*. 1.481-83). The crux of the first is lines 324-27:

> *…ruit arduus aether*
> *et pluuia ingenti sata laeta boumque labores*

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[33] These are usefully tabulated in Brendan O Hehir, "Meaning of Swift's 'Description of a City Shower,'" *ELH* 27 (Sept. 1960), 194-207.

[34] In *The Battle of the Books* (1704), "the renowned *Dryden*" is challenged to single combat by the effortlessly superior Virgil. When the late poet laureate lifts his helmet, however, "the brave *Antient* suddenly started, as one possess'd with Surprize and Disappointment together: For, the Helmet was nine times too large for the Head, which appeared Situate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobster, or like a Mouse under a Canopy of State, or like a shrivled Beau from within the Pent-house of a modern Perewig. And the voice was suited to the Visage, sounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long Harangue soothed up the good *Antient*, called him *Father*, and by a large deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related… but when it came to the Trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount." Swift, *A Full and True Account of the Battel Fought last Friday, Between the Antient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library*, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 158. Dryden's "Head… Situate far in the hinder Part" assimilates him to satiric butts who invert tail over head, and his inability to mount recalls his textual emasculation as "Poet Squobb" in Rochester's *Allusion to Horace* 74-76, where "To frisk his frolick Fancy hee'd cry Cunt" while himself capable only of giving "the Ladyes a drye bawdy bobb." Love (ed.), 73.

diluit; implentur fossae et caua flumina crescent
cum sonitu feruetque fretis spirantibus aequor.

The second:

proluit insano contorquens uertice siluas
fluuiorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnis
cum stabilis armenta tulit.[35]

In the first case Dryden translates Vergil's four lines with six, with anaphora and a triplet to enact the driving of the rain:

The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown.
The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising Rivers float the nether ground;
And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boiling Seas rebound.

Then, in the Po vignette, his alliterative prosody is oddly medievalizing:

Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods
Rusht thro' the Forrests, tore the lofty Woods,
And rolling onward, with a sweepy Sway,
Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.[36]

These pathos-laden arcadian streams, in turn, are conflated, tonally inverted and urbanized by Swift as the final and most arresting image of "City Shower": the freight of sewage, offal, dead animals and vegetable bits rushed along by rain-swollen Fleet Ditch. Its place in the poem's envoi would guarantee attention but Swift still goes out of his way to flag it. The noisy triplet capped by a chunky alexandrine, a trick he elsewhere deplores, signals mockery of Dryden, who (Swift said) overused it:[37]

Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down the Flood.

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[35] *Geo*. 1.324-27 and 1.481-83, in *Virgil: Georgics*, ed. with comm. R.A.B. Mynors (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1969), xxix, xxxiv. In L. P. Wilkinson's translation: "Down headlong falls the sky / In sheets; the glad fruits of the oxen's labours / Are washed away; dykes fill, low river-beds / Swell to a roaring torrent, and the sea / Forams with the seething of its estuaries" and "Eridanus, king of rivers, burst / His banks in violent spate and washed away / Whole forests over all the countryside / And cattle with their stalls." *Virgil: The Georgics*, trans. L. P. Wilkinson (London: Penguin, 1982), 67, 72.

[36] Dryden, *Georgics* 1.439-43, 1.649-52, in *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. William Frost and Vinton A. Dearing, vol. 5 (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1987), 171, 177.

[37] Swift, letter of 12 Apr. 1735, cited in Pat Rogers (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: The Complete Poems* (New York: Penguin, 1983), 642, n. to "City Shower" 61-63.

Interestingly *Noon*, plate 2 of Hogarth's *The Four Times of the Day*, parallels this image with its own dead cat in a kennel, also destined to come tumbling down Fleet Ditch in the next city shower.

Swift's subtle dig at Dryden's *Georgics* on technical grounds, moreover, betrays a larger dislike of his thematic elisions and additions. Swift's speaker, for instance, is like Vergil's acutely conscious of the messy agricultural labor that underlies the manmade environment even in the city, where the decorous Dryden is not. The sometime poet laureate abstracts Vergil's drowned oxen – to small farmers, irreplaceably-expensive beasts of burden – to "herds," an arcadian noun one might find floating beside Edward King in *Lycidas*. Yet these are *armenta* (*Geo*. 1.483), not beef cattle on pasture but draft animals for field work, so the English-only reader gets from Dryden the mistaken impression that the flood wrecks a natural, grazing environment rather than a manmade, farming one: less agrarian tragedy, more wilderness romance. Dryden does make explicit the "lab'ring Hinds" implied in Vergil but he then elides the *Georgics*' earthy stables, washed away with the oxen, in favor of sanitized "houses." Most of all, he embroiders on Vergil's plain, grim *tulit* – what the river did to drowned oxen and stables, through cropland now ruined by flooding – to give "rolling onward" and "bore… away," which are elegant variation at best (and though Dryden had no way of knowing it, to the American reader incongruously suggest *Old Man River* and *Shenandoah*). Swift by contrast points up rather than hides the labor underlying the *disiecta membra* borne away by Fleet Ditch: the urban labor of butchering, shown proximately by the dung, guts and blood, and at further remove the rural labor of pasturing and droving before the cattle and sheep arrived at Smithfield for penning and slaughter.[38]

Missed by critics hitherto, moreover, with the perspicuous exception of Brendan O Hehir, is another precursor for the storm-raised river carrying agricultural refuse through a landscape: the epic simile at *Aeneid* 2.302-08 figuring the noise of Troy's burning, heard by Aeneas from the rooftop. That Swift had the *Aeneid* in mind here is strongly suggested by his careful elaboration of a Trojan horse simile later in "City Shower," about which more below.[39] In Mynors' text (not the seventeenth-century Ruaeus text evidently used by Dryden) the passage is:

> *excutior somno et summi fastigia tecti*
> *ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto:*
> *in segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus Austris*
> *incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens*
> *sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores*
> *praecipitisque trahit silvas; stupet inscius alto*
> *accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor*.

[38] In the Vergilian original the broken livestock carried away by the flood are a prolepsis of *Geo*. 4.520-22, where pastoral Orpheus' severed head is washed down the Hebrus (his other *disiecta membra*, strewn through nearby fields, will shortly have followed).

[39] What is striking about Vergil's original is the locus of its pity: not defacement of a landscape for a contemplator outside it, or even the washed-away crops and trees (one notes the absence of drowned animals in the original), but the waste of *boum labores* and the *labores* of the men who plowed behind them, and consequently those men's ruined livelihoods.

I shook off sleep, I climbed to the roof top
To cup my ears and listen. And the sound
Was like the sound a grassfire makes in grain,
Whipped by a Southwind, or a torrent foaming
Out of a mountainside to strew in ruin
Fields, happy crops, the yield of plowing teams,
Or woodlands borne off in the flood; in wonder
The shepherd listens on a rocky peak.[40]

Dryden rendered this with not one but two triplets for emphasis, doubtless to Swift's mortification, and embroidered on Vergil's taut sublimity by strewing rather a lot of dead livestock around for pathos:

Fear broke my Slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the Terrass, thence the Town survey,
And hearken what the frightful Sounds convey.
Thus when a flood of Fire by Winds is born,
Crackling it rowls, and mows the standing Corn:
Or Deluges, descending on the Plains,
Sweep o're the yellow Year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's gains:
Unroot the Forrest Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey:
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far,
The wastful Ravage of the wat'ry War.[41]

Again Dryden makes explicit what Vergil had only implied, the Peasant whose "gains" are swept away by the flood. His sin for Swift however is not hiding or eliding agricultural labor but arcadianizing it, and what is worse monetizing it: he makes Vergil's personified, mystic *sata laeta* into Bank of England-era "Peasant's gains," not living food destroyed but a store of value liquidated.

The flooding-river topos is so powerful a figure in Vergil's imagination that he repeats it two hundred lines later, with slight variation, at *Aeneid* 2.496-99.[42] And this *Aeneid* passage is especially apt as precursor for "City Shower" because it figures Aeneas as highland pastoralist, looking down on a ruined georgic landscape – much like Swift's speaker looking on the sometime Moorfields, perhaps. His position is similar to that of Vergil's shepherd – who *hears* faraway flash floods, not sees as in Dryden – as detached prognosticator or naturalist observer is stressed: "Careful Observers may foretel the Hour / (By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r" (1-2), and with it the incipient overflow of Fleet Ditch.

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[40] *Aeneid* 2.302-08, trans. Robert Fitzgerald (New York: Random House, 1983), 44.

[41] Dryden, *Æneis* 2.403-14, in Frost and Dearing (eds.), 391. Dryden's picturesque tableau here closely resembles Rubens' *Landscape during a Thunderstorm* (c. 1620) with its dead ox wedged in a flooding river's debris. It also oddly anticipates that in Juan Rulfo's *Es que somos muy pobres* (1953), in which a flash flood carries off a Jalisco peasant family's cow and calf, to their financial and moral ruin. Rulfo, in *El llano en llamas*, ed. Carlos Blanco Aguinaga (Cátedra: Madrid, 2012), 52-56.

[42] For more on Vergil as *aemulator sui*, see Gordon Williams, *Technique and Ideas in the Aeneid* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1983).

Further evidence that Swift is following Vergil directly and twitting Dryden's arcadianizing version is his move to personify natural forces so as to humanize the natural world.[43] Like Vergil Swift figures natural phenomena in human terms, rather than taking the Romantic tack of making man part of nature; to the contrary he makes nature part of man as it were. The black raincloud about to discharge its excess of water in "City Shower," for instance, is startlingly figured as a drunkard about to vomit (13-16).[44]

There is thus no question of opposing Swift's realism or literalism of description in "City Shower" to merely conventional classicizing topoi. In this case Graeco-Roman poetic topos has for practical purposes become literal topography; to build on Pope's critical dictum about Homer, Nature and Vergil are the same in "City Shower," or rather Vergil and the London built environment are the same (with Dryden's dead-animal pathos exaggerated into caricature by Swift, who chops the cattle into guts and blood, component bits, to achieve the effect).[45] As in the original *Georgics*, in "City Shower" the implied positives of rural labor, even when its translation to the metropolis issues in dung, guts and blood, include its function of sustaining urban consumption and even luxury; indeed the metropolis' economic function to alienate, commoditize and consume that rural labor, and to use up and discard its products in broken bits, is the objective correlative of its spiritual or philosophical dysfunction, as I argue in chapters 4 and 5 it also is in *Trivia* and the *Dunciad*.

Ehrenpreis' reading of the poem, therefore, presses too hard on the evidence in asserting that

> Sewer stenches, aching teeth, drunken vomitings, meet us throughout the *City Shower*; yet they add up not to an indictment but to a cheerful acceptance of the urban scene. It is as if Swift were declaring he knows all these nuisances exist but he loves the structure of energy, change, potentiality, that underpins them.[46]

A cryptic celebration of urban modernity, however, seems an unlikely effort for Swift. On biographical evidence it seems improbable that he felt much "cheerful acceptance" of

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[43] Gordon Williams observes, in the context of contrasting Vergil's and Lucretius' strategies for depicting sick or dying animals: "The cattle in Virgil [*Geo*. 3.515-30] are treated in human terms, not because he devises a poetic treatment that will accommodate them in those terms but because there is no difference in grade between various forms of life… both are poetically apprehended in the same terms… The emotional force [of Vergil's description] is that, without artifice or self-consciousness, it treats animals as beings in no essential way different from humans. This objectivity… achieves pathos by making no attempt to express or work up emotion itself." This strategy contrasts with the "subjectivity" of *De rerum natura* 2.352-66. Williams, *Tradition and Originality in Roman Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), 677-78.

[44] Perhaps the best-known of Vergil's figurations of natural phenomena with human is the epic simile of the roaring storm at sea, calmed at Neptune's word, likened to a Roman mob quieted by a commanding orator in *Aeneid* 1.148-53.

[45] *An Essay on Criticism* 135, in *Alexander Pope: Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (London: Methuen and New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1961), 255.

[46] *An Essay on Criticism* 386.

unglued social hierarchies, restless motion in aid of commerce, and other Tory *bêtes noires*; his speaker's nearest analogue is not Moll Flanders but Matt Bramble in *Humphry Clinker*, whose askance look at City health hazards, food and drug pollutions, and ambient filth also suggests that his author feels the opposite of love for "the structure of energy, change, potentiality that underpins them."[47] Indeed Ehrenpreis' adjoining observations, that the poem's "ending drags the agricultural countryside up to town" and "All the life of the farm appears here, decayed to garbage, yet all still in action," themselves militate against his conclusion that "City Shower" is a good-natured endorsement of 1710 London's squalor and disorder.

For figured in miniature by the *disiecta membra* of its produce, the georgic countryside, drained by the city's consumption, is indeed an implied good in "City Shower." In its Roman pretext *Geo*. 1.315-337 the ruin of harvest and *rus* is caused immediately by the rain storm itself, while in Swift the disintegration of georgic productivity is mediated; enclosure, urbanization and low commodity prices take place offstage, and the reader is reminded of them only indirectly by the urban waste of animal and vegetable fragments hurtling toward Fleet Ditch. The contrasting Vergilian positive, careful, laborious conversion of the unbuilt environment (nature) into a productive, pleasant *rus* is reaffirmed by "City Shower," but *hypocrite renversé*-style, to avoid the disfiguring blemish of ordinary decency. As so often, the mock turn that Swift gives his ancient model actually reactivates its thematic and ideological positives, and the unwary critic, himself often a modern urbanite, is led into mistaking solemn mockery of modernity for earnest praise – making a false positive of what, on biographical evidence, is pretty clearly a Swiftian negative. Indeed, like Vergil's citadel of Evander in *Aeneid* 8, Swift's Fleet Ditch and environs are urban space built over rural places with a pastoral or georgic past, in some cases a fairly recent one.[48]

Thus the conclusion that "only an admirer could have gathered together the sharp observations of street life which crowds these lines" does not necessarily follow, and seems also to stem from incomplete *Quellenforschung* that does not give "City Shower" its Juvenalian due. And the complex allusions in "City Shower" should be read as designed to evoke georgic landscape's epic and public qualities, rather than its domestic and private ones as Dryden's version had, by showcasing a surer grasp of the *Georgics* and indeed the *Aeneid* than Dryden.

4. "A TOWN ECLOGUE"

"A Town Eclogue" is excluded from the Swift canon by Harold Williams and others, but Pat Rogers' argument for inclusion is persuasive.[49] The poem marks a middle stage on Swift's way from the more genre-conscious and impersonal *descriptiones* of "Morning"

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[47] Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, ed. Lewis M. Knapp (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), 119-22.

[48] See e.g. Pat Rogers, *Grub Street: Studies in a Subculture* (London: Methuen, 1972), 23-24.

[49] See Rogers, notes to "A Town Eclogue," in *Jonathan Swift: The Complete Poems* (New York: Penguin, 1983), 643-44.

and "City Shower" to the generically-blended, personalized "The Progress of Beauty" and the Stella birthday poems. Indeed "A Town Eclogue" is Swift's mock-pastoral and mock-georgic practice in transition between an earlier topographic concern, in the *descriptiones* of London cityscapes, to a later andrographic and gynographic concern: *ekphrasis* of individual persons, increasingly likened to and even identified with works of plastic art, beginning in "Stella's Birthday, 1721." In this decades-long trajectory from focus on places to focus on persons, Swift's career presents an inverse image to Pope's; Pope's juvenilia and early poems, notably the *Rape of the Lock*, are strongly concerned with sharply-etched individualized portraiture – Belinda painting herself – then lead through *Windsor-Forest*, a topographic par excellence, to the *Dunciad* where portraiture of individual dunces, though memorable, is subordinated to writing Grub Street, a Georgian Waste Land that eventually spreads out to infinity, as I argue in chapter 5.

"A Town Eclogue" is formally structured as a dialogue between Corydon and Phyllis, the latter a recurring favorite of Swift's. Raising expectations in his Virgil-reading audience with "Corydon" of a scandalous homosexual monologue, Swift promptly dashes them: Corydon, though his name recalls *Eclogue* 2, turns out to be a robustly heterosexual law student and seducer. Swift's tactic, invoking a conventional horizon of expectations with genre markers then warping it, is the very essence of making tradition serve the individual talent, and he doubles down on it in Phyllis' chiastic couplet: "Ah Corydon! Survey the 'Change around, / Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found" (11-12). This transfers the setting from the soft or arcadian countryside to London, specifically the City, but Swift does not rest content, as a lesser poet would, with the simple inversion. He quickly inverts the inversion to conjure up London's rural past, only thinly buried beneath its modern urban surface; the images are oddly pretty, though Corydon is quite insincere:

> When I forget the favour you bestowed,
> Red herrings shall be spawned in Tyburn Road,
> Fleet Street transformed become a flowery green,
> And mass be sung where operas are seen. (20-23)

A high Church nostalgia haunts the last line, and its half-wish for sacred over secular song recalls Shakespeare's not so crypto-Catholic Sonnet 73 ("Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang").[50] At the poem's publication, 1711 in the *Tatler*, most readers would presumably have thought of the opera house in the Haymarket -- though two decades later, when Handel was producing operas in John Rich's new Theatre Royal house, they would probably have thought of Covent Garden and the convent garden it was before the Dissolution.[51] As to the larger topos of the country beneath the city, however, the lines' reference is not to a pastoral or georgic text *eo nomine* but to *Aeneid* 8.359-61, in keeping with the eclecticism of Swift's topographia. There the narrator,

[50] It also recalls, or rather anticipates, H. L. Mencken's pronouncement that "Opera is to music as a bawdy house is to a cathedral."

[51] The garden's forty acres were owned in fee by Westminster Abbey, but from the late 1300s its Benedictine proprietors were rentiers rather than direct cultivators. See *e.g.* Gerald Harriss, *Shaping the Nation: England 1360-1461* (the New Oxford History of England) (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005), 235.

describing Evander's cow-grazed citadel, jars the reader out of the distant past by abruptly noting that this spot will one day be (is now, in Vergil's narration) the intensely metropolitan locus of the Forum and Rome's Carinae district.[52]

Corydon's double vision of city and country, analeptic blurring of London present and London past, has not only a heady aesthetic effect but an historic too. The rural labor and land on which London's trading prosperity is built, literally in the case of the land, is suddenly flashed before the reader's eyes, and neither rural past nor urban present – itself underwritten by a rural present – overrides as master frame. This historical juxtaposition of present and past, and of present and present, is an analogue of Swift's literary juxtaposition of ancient source and modern imitation which Rogers terms parapoetry, where the imitation depends on but does not wholly incorporate the Graeco-Roman precursor. In the process either a formalist or a historicist reading, it becomes apparent, would be reductive; neither the fiction, patent in the Greek names Corydon and Phyllis, nor the history, patent in the City place-names, controls. Rather the two are so organically intergrown as to be functionally fused.

Just as important formally, and consequently thematically, are Swift's echoes of Rochester. When Phyllis laments that she is increasingly less able to attract buyers of her wares (sexual services, we learn) Corydon shows the broadminded libertinism of the speaker of *A Ramble in St James' Park*. Not denying to Phyllis liberties he himself takes -- shades of Rochester's "There's something gen'rous in meer Lust" -- he places her above the level of servility and automatism where her peers (he implies) drudge:

> So Phyllis does appear,
> In playhouse and in park, above the rest
> Of belles mechanic, elegantly dressed. ("A Town Eclogue" 44-46)

The force of this lefthanded gallantry from Corydon, learned-professional whoremaster, to his favorite working girl is blunted by the ingestive similes he then uses, comparing Phyllis to ripe red peaches, iced plum-cake and other delights for sale in the market (41-44). And though he purports to treat her as an equal – which on a liberal-individualist, free-market account of human sexuality she would be -- and assumes her full personhood and free will, the mechanist register of the physical returns with a vengeance. Phyllis is pregnant with Corydon's child for a second time. Like her fictional colleague Moll Flanders she has "placed" their first child at Wapping, though it appears he is better treated than Moll Flanders' unfortunate infants, whom the reader suspects are destined for infanticide by starvation, exposure, or worse, like so many historical children disposed of by such arrangements. Phyllis' son has been directed plums, a teething coral, a frock and shoes, and even a few shillings (57-60). Once again, Swift refuses to hide the messy, difficult labor that underlies Corydon's polite urban pleasures – the labor of Phyllis' gestation and childbirth, and whatever difficulties their infant son undergoes merely to live. As so often, Swift retrieves the Theocritean and Vergilian tradition of admitting labor to the picture, in this case "free love" for hire and its heavy human costs.

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[52] *Aeneid* 8.359-61: "*talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant / pauperis Euandri, passimque armenta videbant / Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.*" Pat Rogers notes the striking resemblance of Corydon's lines to *Rape of the Lock* 4.116-17, suggesting that they were a source for Pope.

Corydon then invites Phyllis back to his rooms in Lincoln's Inn for supper, and doubtless more. Here, Swift most strongly signals his intertextual concern by making the envoi of "A Town Eclogue" an unmistakable reference to the close of *Eclogue* 1. In Vergil Tityrus invites Meliboeus to lodge in his cottage and share a supper of fruit, chestnuts and cottage cheese:

> *Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem*
> *fronde super uiridi; sunt nobis mitia poma,*
> *castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,*
> *et iam summa procul uillarum culmina fumant*
> *maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae*.
>
> However, for tonight you could rest here with me
> Upon green leafage: I can offer you ripe fruit
> And mealy chestnuts and abundance of milk cheese.
> Far off the roof-rops of the farms already smoke
> And down from the high mountains taller shadows fall.[53]

In Swift Tityrus' charitable motive for hospitality is satirically inverted, becoming merely the itch of Corydon's lechery, as are the simple fresh foods, which turn into a rich meal of pork roast, wine, and biscuits (61-64). Also transformed is Vergil's hushed, shadow-fallen countryside at dusk, which becomes a less lovely but equally compelling landscape of City streets at closing time. The effortless sketch at lines 65-68 shows Swift's inimitable balance of dense verbal concentration and naturalistic diction:

> And now on either side, and all around,
> The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
> Each ready seamstress slips her pattens on,
> And ties her hood, preparing to be gone. (65-68)

The Vergilian prettiness *fronde super uiridi*, meanwhile, where Meliboeus will lie down to sleep, is exploited mercilessly by Swift: Phyllis' name is Greek for "leafy branch," so when Corydon falls asleep tonight doubtless it will also be *fronde super viridi* if he is the selfish, artless lover we suspect, sluggish with wine and roast.[54] No arcadian loveliness here, only the pathos of a rather desperate woman who has always depended on the kindness of strangers (and this has to be repaid), landless and placeless in the new urban order, like Meliboeus dislocated from his ancestral place by Caesarian expropriations and resettlements.

5. "THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY" AND "STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1721": PASTORAL COMPLIMENT REMODELED

[53] *Ecl.* 1.79-83, in *Virgil: Eclogues*, intro. and comment. Wendell Clausen (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994), 5. The translation is Lee, 35.

[54] Strictly, "Phyllis" is the Latinized form; the original is (ἡ) φυλλάς.

In "The Progress of Beauty" (1719), a burlesque of arcadian pastoral compliment, the poem's relation to ancient precursors is more tenuous than in "A Town Eclogue" but the relation to contemporary works in other media is correspondingly more firm. A little more than a decade after its appearance, for instance, Hogarth published the bestselling *A Harlot's Progress* (1732) which closely reflects "The Progress of Beauty" in several particulars, and in turn is itself closely reflected by "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed" (1734). And since it takes Strephon and Celia as subjects the "Progress" is also a prequel to "The Lady's Dressing Room" (1732). Indeed, reflection is the master trope of "The Progress of Beauty" and it works itself out in some dizzying ways, as representational art takes itself, and its own interpretation, for subject. There is a rich ekphrastic mutuality, or transitivity, of these items of Georgian textual and visual culture, a fascinating reflexivity or mirroring in their sequence of texts and images: of Roman erotic lyric by Swift, of Swift by Hogarth, and then Hogarth by Swift, and even of Swift by Swift.

In the first four lines Swift's ready alchemy with Greek and Roman sources creates some sparkling effects. Diana, chaste goddess of the moon and the hunt, is allegorized in "The Lady's Dressing Room" as "Vengeance, goddess never sleeping" who punishes Strephon's peeping, but in "The Progress of Beauty" she is the lowest kind of Aphrodite Pandemos, Ovid's slatternly Corinna or Horace's nauseating *Epodes* mistress: "Vapors and Steams her Looks disgrace, / A frowzy dirty colour'd red / Sits on her cloudy wrinckled Face" (2-4). But as the reader begins to swell with pride, scenting a nascent allegory, Swift pricks it by flat-out telling him: "'Twixt earthly Femals and the Moon, / All Parallells exactly run" (9-10). Like the narrator of *A Tale of a Tub*, the poem's speaker forecloses interpretation by immediately supplying the terms of and explaining the allegory; the titular progress is a narrative which, telling rather than showing, does not invite the interpretation integral to *ekphrasis* or *descriptio*. Diana, the moon, figures the poem's titular beauty, Celia, and that is that.

Two quatrains are textually and conceptually central to the poem, and despite Swift's preemptive strike invite interpretation:

> But Celia can with ease reduce,
> By help of Pencil, Paint and Brush,
> Each Colour to it's Place and Use,
> And teach her Cheeks again to blush.
>
> She knows her Early self no more:
> But fill'd with Admiration, stands,
> As Other Painters oft adore
> The Workmanship of their own Hands.[55]

Celia, who (we infer) is gazing at a mirror, is fascinated by the possibilities of what has portentously been called self-fashioning: making herself up, as she goes along. She paints on the canvas of her face, *autographia* in the manner of Ovid's *Medicamina* and *Remedia amoris* ladies (and of *De rerum natura*'s odorous mistress and Horace's *Epodes* 12 hag painting herself with dye made from crocodile feces). In teaching her cheeks to

[55] "The Progress of Beauty" 45-52, in Williams (ed.), 225-29.

blush, moreover, is a strong georgic valence. There is more than a little horticulture to the whoreticulture that puts the roses back in her cheeks, given the readily dual sense of the pencil, which is easily assimilated to a graffe or *graphium*; her new blooms, simulating youth and health, are grafts onto her old stock. Indeed Celia rather neatly figures Swift himself: no longer the fashionable litterateur bursting onto the London scene at the turn of the century but, five years into the Hanover accession, a sadder, wiser rusticate to Ireland laboriously tricking out old surfaces with new paint, trading more on perspiration than inspiration. And in adoring the painted work of her own hands Celia also neatly anticipates the palette-wielding subject of Hogarth's 1758 self-portrait, *The Artist Painting the Comic Muse*, an artist more famous for painting harlots (like Celia), rakes, and their progresses.

Most of all, in her fascinated mirror-gazing Celia anticipates her opposite number and beau Strephon, who takes up this very glass or one much like it thirteen years later in "The Lady's Dressing Room": "When frighted Strephon cast his Eye on't / It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant" (61-62). The cartoonish picture of Strephon aside, this is fine irony because Strephon is in fact a midget, mentally and morally, but most interesting is his naïf materialism about the image in Celia's prosthesis (not what we understand today by "magnifying glass" but rather a magnifying mirror). Strephon forgets that the glass is only a medium that gives a more or less distorted image of reality, like the first Astronomer Royal Flamsteed's telescope in "The Progress of Beauty" (99-100), or like Gulliver representing the Brobdingnag nurse's nipple out of all proportion (his *splendide mendax* exaggerations demand corrective calculus by the reader).[56] Celia may be a whore in body – so much is implied by mercury treatments and syphilitic nose loss (109-12) – but Strephon is even worse: what Rochester calls a "*Whore*, in understanding" who falls witlessly into a false collective identity (here, that of fair-sexing beau).[57] And if not careful, the reader can fall into Swift's trap too, goaded into chivalrous or first-wave feminist pique at the speaker's posture of judging Celia on her appearance. For the poem itself is a species of Gilbert Highet's "distorting mirror," a text reflecting only the Celia and Strephon, and their attendant Georgian socio-historical "realities," that suit Swift's satiric purposes, chief among them the arcadian convention of the idealized mistress. That the reader should fail to see, in Strephon's partial and distorted vision, his or her own is not surprising; per Swift's preface to *The Battle of the Books* "Satyr is a sort of *Glass*, wherein Beholders do generally discover every body's Face but their Own."[58]

Celia by contrast, though she uses microscopy for prosaic ends like squeezing worms from her nose, still assumes *mulier mensura*, unlike Strephon who is fooled by media images, or the reader tricked into Strephon's view by satire's distorting mirror. She does not take her reflection at face value, using the grossly-exaggerated image to analyze it into pores, moles, and hairs; her intentionality, "fill'd with Admiration," sees

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[56] Swift, *Gulliver's Travels* 2.1, in David Womersley (ed.), *Gulliver's Travels*, in *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 16 (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2012), 130.

[57] Rochester, "A Ramble in St James' Park" 101, in *The Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. Harold Love (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1999), 59-60.

[58] "Preface" to *A Full and True Account of the Battel Fought last Friday, Between the Antient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library* (1704), in Walsh (ed.), 142.

the organic whole that her painting has wrought. If Hamlet ironically tells the players that art simply holds up the mirror to nature, Celia knows that nature is always seen through the mirror of art, including deceptively "naturalistic" media like mirrors. And it takes Swift's satire, Highet's distorting mirror, to see these things aright; naturalistic portraiture, or the arcadian attempt to idealize the imperfect, can only introduce biases, warps and distortions of its own. For importantly, the mirror image of nature despite its hallucinatory realism is not real, and certainly not persistent, destroyed the moment Celia looks away. Rather it takes a plastic medium or, in Swift's case, a textual one to fashion and fix Celia's image; no duration without representation, as in Stella's "Case," which is forever fixed at thirty-six by Swift's 1721 birthday ode, nearly three centuries after her death. For Celia too is shallow and superficial, as shown by her devotion to the mirror, which for all that she is (left-handedly) praised is burlesqued as a species of vanity and consumerism: like Belinda at her ocean-spanning, import-laden dressing table, exercising only the phantom freedom of consumer choice while being passively, mechanically constituted by *Rape of the Lock*-style material effects (literally in the case of cosmetics and other bodily aids). Indeed despite her efforts at *autographia* Celia's face ends up an analogue of the London landscape of "City Shower"; at her chin is a sort of Fleet Ditch running with grot ("Progress" 37-40).

And Swift neatly ties up loose ends begun in "Progress," with an attention to craftsmanship breezily denied him by superficial critics (and by Dryden, who reportedly said "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet"). In "The Progress of Beauty" the speaker interjects "Poor Strephon, how would he blaspheme!" (line 16) if he could see Celia before she makes up. In "The Lady's Dressing Room" thirteen years later, the progress not of beauty but of fair-sexing beau is complete, so that "If Strephon would but stop his Nose; / (Who now so impiously blasphemes / Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints and Creams..." (136-38), about which he now knows the truth. Vergil-like compositional precision in closing the rhetorical circle aside, these lines also show Swift's shift in the later Strephon/Celia poem to a noticeably more intrusive, archly self-referential speaker, evidence of the general trend of his mock-pastorals and -georgics over time, as already suggested, from topographic *descriptiones* to gynographic ones, narrative character studies of women, most interestingly ecphrases of living works of art like Celia in "The Progress of Beauty" and Corinna in "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed."

The titular "progress" is of course ironic (its processional meaning aside). Swift mocks the progressivist values of contemporaries like Addison and Philips, who supposed their texts the highest point yet reached in English literary evolution, and the Walpolian "Robinocracy" they panegyrized after 1714 the highest in political, by implying that flashy surfaces will not save shallow trendies like Celia who, having built their images on foundations of sand (presentist poetic fads, the flesh and blood of the human face) are progressing only toward decay and oblivion, in epitome

> Two brightest, brittlest earthly Things
> A Lady's Face, and China ware…
> For sure if this [to wane] be Luna's Fate,
> Poor Celia, but of mortall Race
> In vain expects a longer Date
> To the Materialls of Her Face. (63-64, 105-08)

Celia, whose name suggests heaven, looks for it in her mirror and finds it correspondingly fleeting.

Stella's Birth-day, 1721, by contrast, expresses the positives of *autographia* and self-consciousness, written by Swift *in propria persona*, though not complimentary per se. It may owe something to Theocritus Polyphemean *Idyll* 11, especially to its dramatic ironies, or the *paraklausithyron Idyll* 3 to Amaryllis, but the proximate target is Elizabethan, Caroline, and Restoration arcadian pastoral compliment.[59] The poem is a birthday ode but Esther Johnson, now thirty-six – actually forty as Pat Rogers notes[60] – is by deflationary distancing compared to the sign of the "Angel-Inn." So the poem is also *ekphrasis* of a work of plastic art, however homely: the sign's "Painting grows decayd" – and the overtone of cosmetic enhancement will shortly be to Swift's poetic purpose – but it remains beloved as ever by those who know interior qualities. Then the focus of the implicit metaphor shifts to its tenor: "Now, this is Stella's Case in Fact; / An Angel's Face, a little crack't" (15-16).[61] Stella's "case" is not only her particular position but also the thirty-something skin that contains her body, and despite the octosyllabic lightness and playful assonance ("An Angel's Face, a little crack't") her poetic name suggests not only Sir Philip Sidney's poetic mistress but, rightly for a high-Church poet, *maris Stella*, whose "Angel's Face" in the few frescoes and other pieces of Marian visual culture to survive Protestant iconoclasm in Britain was frequently "a little crack't."[62] Or the more secular angels of the Renaissance or *putti* may be the appropriate analogue: Swift's memoir, begun the night of Stella's death, remembers that even in her teens she was, though pretty, on the chubby side.[63] "Could Poets or could Painters fix / How Angels look at thirty six" also benefits from subtle punning: "fix" is not only to repair but to make fast, permanent, and though even painters' surfaces will finally crack and decay, the poet's text will not. And it is important that Stella *looks at* – transitive – thirty-six, that is, she regards her physical reflection from a cool distance like Celia in "The Progress of Beauty," because she reflects mentally on its inevitable fading; "how Angels look at thirty-six," if they are inner angels as well as outer, is with wry humor. Swift's implied question is thus answered in the affirmative by the poem itself, which can and *has* fixed for the ages how Stella looked – intransitive – at thirty-six: an outwardly

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[59] It may even owe something to the pastoral compliment paederastic *Idylls* 12 and 29, though this possibility is more remote.

[60] Rogers (ed.), *Complete Poems*, 766.

[61] "Stella's Birth-day," in Williams (ed.), 734-36.

[62] The best account of the Protestant iconoclasm in Britain is Eamon Duffy, *The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional Religion in England 1400-1580*, second edn (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2005), 377-477 and *passim*.

[63] Claude Rawson observes of the memoir's opening lines: "The touch of romance jargon in [Swift's praises of Stella's youthful beauty] is not at all devalued by the insertion of 'only a little too fat' in the middle. The example illustrates the force of his commitment to literal truth, and his guardedness even with those stylistic sublimities to which he wants to give literal value." "Swift's Poems," in *Order from Confusion Sprung: Studies in Eighteenth-Century Literature from Swift to Cowper* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1985), 183.

attractive woman also inwardly attractive, electing to meet aging with poise rather than paint compulsively on a superficies that will finally crack beyond repair.

Importantly, therefore, Stella's fixity of body is achieved not in reality but only in representation, a fact reinforced by her conventional Sidneyan name. The Esther Johnson of history is not a reparable object but a union of mind and body who will go gray and learn to live with "a furrow'd Trace / On ev'ry Feature of her Face"; in a kind of coporal georgic, time plows furrows on the face, like Celia's Fleet-like running channels of sweat in "The Progress of Beauty." (It is an affecting dramatic irony that Stella, who died seven-odd years after Swift wrote the poem, probably did not live to see odious furrows in her face.) For Stella is no sluttish Doll, mechanically painting up "a newer Face / Nail'd to her Window full in Sight" and passively receiving all comers. Nor is she an indiscriminate Cloe, at whose dive anyone "with Scraps and Leavings [may] be fed," a line that looks forward a decade to Celia's dressing room and its "filthy Bason" for "the Scrapings of her Teeth and Gums," and also to Swift's speaker's advice to Strephon that "'Twere better you had lickt her Leavings" than learn too late that Cloe urinates and defecates. Rather, Stella is a person in full whose erotic appeal depends, in addition to an angel's face, on the possession and exercise of conscious choice (here, to react with dignity to the aging process).

The contrast of Stella with Cloe could not be sharper; in an ingenious mixed metaphor or synaesthetic amalgam of figures, Swift tells Cloe that "No Bloom of Youth can ever blind / The Cracks and Wrinkcles of your Mind." A superficial reading suggests that the reader supply "us to" or a similar phrase at the line break, but a more imaginative one takes the poem's syntactic cracking and wrinkling as Swift's conscious design. The shift mid-assertion, at the enjambment, from imagining spectators blinded to Cloe's epidermal cracks by her youthful Marvellian glew, to imagining the cracks as flaws in her mind, and, weirdly, these notional wrinkles as themselves blinded by the transitory bloom on Cloe's cheek – this bloom evidently arcadian *flos campi* rather than the labored horticulture of Celia's cheeks in "Progress" – jolts the figure out of the commonplace. This curious figure also fills in cracks or gaps in the lines' logic, conceptual cosmetic as it were: the mind itself is also a canvas for composition, like Cloe's and Celia's faces, which recall the face of Ovid's Corinna with her *composita venena*; and it is also a work for Swift's ecphrasis.

The import of this ecphrasis is that only foppish men and mechanic women respond to external, superficial appearances reflexively. Stimulated by a pretty face or nubile body, attracted like a bird to foil where there is only surface and no depth, unlike "All Men of Sense" who confronted with Cloe "will pass your Dore / And crowd to Stella's at fourscore." As often Swift makes a key word do lexical double duty. "Sense" is not only prudent judgment but visual *aisthesis*, empiricism enriched by sociable reflection and conscious choice, like Rochester's sensible "right reason, which I would obey; / That Reason which distinguishes by Sense" in the *Satyre upon Reason and Mankind*. A "*Whore*, in understanding" may conceive of the erotic reductively as merely sensuous stimulus and response – the Eliotic pneumatic bliss of Cloe's mindless parts – but Swift broadens the category to include inner as well as outer life. In this premodern unity of body and mind, in which surface and depth are complementary not contradictory, Swift affirms the opposite of the Cartesian divorce of *res cogitans* and *res extensa*, or the Hobbist collapse of the order of perception into the order of rationcination. And there is

therefore a limit to *ekphrasis* as to empiricism; depending as it does on visual or other physical investigation of appearances, it is a reliable narrative about its subject only insofar as it limits itself to that subject's outer or upper surfaces, which Stella's "Case" demonstrates is not the end but the beginning of a woman's (or man's) human being, in a positive analogue to *A Tale of a Tub*'s "Woman flay'd," also not the same all the way through, or the "Carcass of a *Beau*… stript."

6. "A PASTORAL DIALOGUE"

Appearances are also deceiving in "A Pastoral Dialogue" (1729), in which below the formal and thematic surface pastoral is georgic and Irish-baiting fascinated and even sympathetic sociology. Twenty years and Swift's rustication to Ireland have intervened since the town eclogue's heyday, and the setting is literally rustic, Sir Arthur Acheson's estate at Market Hill in Armagh. But the influence of Graeco-Roman eclogue is more tonal than formal; while Dermot and Sheelah's sexually-charged banter and controlled aggression recall the slanging herdsmen of *Eclogues* 3 and 6 (and through them the herdsmen of *Idylls* 4 and 5), there is no third party to judge a singing match or sing a story to the competitors, respectively.[64] Instead the poem is a dialogue truly such with only the slightest narrative frame, deliberately arcadian, to set the scene tongue-in-cheek: "Sing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain, / The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain" (7-8), like "Namby Pamby" in his sixth *Pastoral*, lines 61-64. Nor does Swift moderate the irony with the elevated turn that Vergilian pastoral dialogue sometimes takes mid-way through. The "Dialogue" stays in low register throughout, refusing to rise to anything like the lyric of *Ecl*. 3's allusive singing match, or the quasi-epic of *Ecl*. 6's majestic cosmogony (which itself lacks a clear antecedent in Theocritus and is instead Lucretian).[65] Swift builds on the ironization in these eclogic models to increase the reader's distance from his nymph and swain. So to nudge the reader into the right posture of light contempt (and good-humored sympathy) for these Irish weeders, the dialogue does not vividly personalize them or their troubles. The from-the-life quality of *Ecl.* 3's surly Damoetas and Menalcas, or of *Ecl*. 6's raffish Chromis and Mnasyllos, is absent from the somewhat two-dimensional Dermot and Sheelah.

There is also an interesting tension set up between the poem's genre in theory (the titular pastoral) and in practice. While the "Dialogue" strongly echoes the structure of several Theocritus idylls and Vergil eclogues, as do several of its tropes and images, Dermot and Sheelah themselves are georgic. They till the earth, if unglamorously, by weeding the built environment of Acheson's stone-paved court. Yet in other respects the poem delivers on its titular promise, more in the tradition of the *Eclogues* than the

[64] For an argument that "bucolic" should always be used rather than "pastoral" in discussing ancient bucolic poetry in hexameter verse see e.g. Ernst A. Schmidt, "Arcadia: Modern Occident and Classical Antiquity," in Katharina Volk (ed.), *Oxford Readings in Classical Studies: Vergil's* Eclogues (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), 17.

[65] Robert Coleman proposes *Idyll* 6.6-19 as a Theocritean source for the poem's first, jocose section; Silenus is thus modeled on Polyphemus and his "charming rustic comedy." *Vergil: Eclogues*, ed. with comment. Robert Coleman (Cambridge, 1977), 182.

Georgics by keeping civil society and political life in the background, engaging them by allusion rather than direct reference. Acheson as quasi-patron is honored Pollio-like, indirectly, by elegant substitutions ("*Gosford knight*," line 2), while his Scottish pedigree and consequent distance from his Catholic tenants in religion and rank are implied by Dermot's "No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg shall rake: / (I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur*'s sake" (17-18). Formally there is also an odd persistence of eclogue topoi in the "Dialogue"; Dermot and Sheelah have a singing match of sorts, though Swift makes the capping and replying sink immediately to bathos. And dispersed through the faux-genteel compliments of the singing match is a catalogue of flowers, transposed to burlesque key: nettles, docks, briars, thistles and rushes (11-19).

But strictly speaking the "Dialogue" is *sui generis* because Swift alloys his "converging," in Juan Christian Pellicer's term, genres of pastoral and georgic with other Graeco-Roman kinds to burst arcadian pastoral's bounds.[66] While the poem is classically eclogic in depicting Dermot's and Sheelah's private as well as public lives, it goes beyond any one *Eclogue* in its sharp realism. In representing the Irish peasantry's personal hygiene, sexual proclivities and working conditions, it goes beyond Vergil to reactivate the realism of *Idylls* 4 and 5, where Theocritus gives the impression of capturing actual conversations between actual rural laborers, rough and jeering as they are good-humored. Indeed, with its gleeful images of sore backsides, head lice, bared buttocks, and other sordid incidents to life in the body the "Dialogue" thematically transcends even Theocritus, where frequent sexual explicitness is mostly kept above the literally genital or excremental register (an exception is Lacon's and Comatas' jeering about sodomy). Swift's at least cultural Christianity (a minimum Augustinian assumption that *inter urinas et faeces nascimur*) and his belatedness as a synthesizer of traditions allow him to create a kind of Rabelaisian or neomedieval charivari that outrages the style codes even of notionally uninhibited pagan pastoral.[67]

So the "Dialogue" is an amalgam of kinds, Alastair Fowler's "generic mixture," specifically its strong variant, the hybrid.[68] To enrich his pastoral eclogic model Swift also mines the amused disgust of speakers of late Republican and Augustan erotic lyric: in Sheelah's wet petticoat, Dermot's bottomless breeches and Tady's lice (there is a strong hint that they infest more than his locks) are echoes of Horace's repulsed fascination with his aging mistress' pudenda (*Epode* 8); Catullus' amusement at Furius' fecal obduracy (*Carmen* 23); the recovering lover's catalogue of disfigured parts and unhygienic effluvia in Ovid (*Remedia amoris* 403-36). No polite delicacy occludes human sexuality from the Roman lyric poets' gaze, and Swift brings their sensibility to

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[66] On pastoral and georgic as "converging" genres in the early modern period see Juan Christian Pellicer, "Pastoral and Georgic," in *The Oxford History of Classical Reception in English Literature,* vol. 3 (1660-1790), ed. David Hopkins and Charles Martindale (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2012), 288.

[67] See Curtius, *European Literature*, 433-35.

[68] "The most obvious sort of generic mixture is the outright hybrid, where two or more complete repertoires are present in such proportions that no one of them dominates." Alastair Fowler, *Kinds of Literature: An Introduction to the Theory of Genres and Modes* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1982), 183. Fowler's other species of generic mixture is modulation: "Generic mixtures need not be full-blown hybrids. In fact, it is more usual for one of the genres to be only a modal abstraction with a token repertoire." Fowler, 191.

his agro-pastoral poem: diffused through a medieval carnivalesque filter, but in its foursquare realism and clarity Roman all the same.

At the thematic level indeed Sheelah reactivates the resourcefulness and sexual aggression of Theocritus' country girls. Homosexual or rather polymorphous perverse lust, depicted as cheerful opportunism in the *Idylls*, for instance Comatas' sodomizing Lacon, 5.41 ff., had in Vergil been domesticated and intellectualized as homoerotic love (Corydon's for Alexis in *Ecl*. 2); and heterosexual desire is mostly stylized and perfunctory in the *Eclogues*, their female characters pallid or two-dimensional with the exception of Gallus' destroying mistress Lycoris in *Ecl*. 10 (and even she is long on convention and short on individualized portraiture). But Swift's Sheelah restores the tough, self-reliant rural girl to the pastoral scene; absent are the decorative or decorous women of Puritan pastoral, *Comus*' crystalline yet swooning Lady or the chaste dead Dido of "November" in *The Shepheardes Calender*. Instead Sheelah gives as good as she gets, and better. She seizes for herself the male prerogative of tumescent vegetable love, all but waving her proud figuration in Dermot's face: "My Love for gentle *Dermot* fasters grows / Than yon tall *Dock* that rises to thy Nose" (13-14); and angry at his kissing "the dirty Bitch" Oonagh, she threatens him with a painful penetration: "*Dermot*, how could you touch those nasty Sluts! / I almost wisht this Spud were in your Guts" (39-40).

Yet for all its funning the "Dialogue" is also a sort of earnest pastoral, just as a hard pastoral precursor such as Vergil, *Ecl*. 1 or Theocritus, *Idyll* 5 is earnest yet not without satiric edge. For as Dryden hypothesized in the *Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* Vergil could have written satire as effective as Juvenal's, on the strength of *Ecl*. 3.26-27, the lines used by Gay as epigraph to the mock-georgic *Trivia*; it has mostly been Romantic and neo-Romantic scholars, some of them classicists, who have carelessly read the *Eclogues* as painting a rural idyll, fictional Arcadia.[69] The levity that animates *Eclogues* 3 and 6, to take two examples, is both sexual and socio-political. Again in Rogers' terms, Swiftian mock-pastoral is "parapoetry" rather than assimilative metaphrase, such that the "Dialogue" inhabits what on superficial reading would seem mutually-exclusive rhetorical spaces: it satirizes pastoral, the soft kind with its norms and themes of arcadianism, and yet in another sense merely *is* pastoral, the hard kind, specifically neo-Vergilian eclogue, instinct with rural realism that shows something of the Catholic peasantry in Georgian Ireland. In both cases the separate existence and authority of the Graeco-Roman genre are preserved, the modern imitation's generic hybridity notwithstanding. At the contextual level, therefore, the reader is prevented from leaping to the reductive conclusion that Swift is merely disdainful of his subjects' Irishness. The swain and nymph cannot themselves refrain from little touches of Irish stereotyping; Sheelah's lefthanded endearment "My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows / Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose" (line 13-14) all but tells Dermot to his face that he is unpoetically short. Swift, in the manner of Rochester in "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay," despite his unrelenting irony depicts with interest and even some guilty sympathy people otherwise absent from Georgian pastoral and georgic, even those in earnest mode and ostensibly Fontenelle-style rationalist: Irish Catholic farm laborers, teased but shown as human beings in the round.

[69] On this see generally Richard Jenkyns, "Virgil and Arcadia," 79 *JRS* (1989), 26-39.

Swift's persistent and unpredictable mixing of social and political sympathies, neatly captured in the astringent banter of "A Pastoral Dialogue," is the thematic correlative of his persistent and unpredictable mixing of literary kinds and modes. None of the satiric topographies better illustrates this improvisatory practice better than "The Lady's Dressing Room," in which generic repertoire is figured by "A Paste of Composition rare" (23) and "A nasty Compound of all Hues" (41) that are found in the titular lady Celia's combs and "filthy Bason" (37). Like Gay's mock-eclogues in *The Shepherd's Week* and his mock-georgic *Trivia*, and like Pope's *Dunciad*, Swift's poem is *satura* in the strict sense, a medley or mixture of generic and modal repertoires; like most Scriblerian satiric poems it is heavily polyphemic, with distinct pastoral, georgic, and erotic elegiac voices among others. Gilbert Highet for instance found precursors of Swift's Celia not only in orthodox satires like Juvenal, *Satura* 6.461-73, where the nauseating housewife smears her face with bread and lotions, but also in contexts not usually thought satiric, for instance *De rerum natura* 4.1173-84 where Lucretius' speaker, as an aid to cultivating Epicurean freedom from disturbance (*ataraxia*), hallucinates a mistress' searing flatulence and the way it triggers hilarity in her maids, revulsion in her lover.[70]

Under its mock-pastoral aspect, "The Lady's Dressing Room" is structured as a parodic catalogue of flowers, or in its own terms an "Inventory" of the absent Celia's clothes and personal effects by Strephon, who has stolen into her empty chamber to pry; the deceptive mistress and deluded fop reprise their roles from "The Progress of Beauty." To rehearse the Inventory Swift employs an unidentified speaker, who fitfully apostrophizes Strephon as the actual voyeur and source of incriminating information: "Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest? / And must you needs describe the Chest?" (69-70). This speaker retails not only information nominally from Strephon, who acts as a visual prosthesis for the speaker, but also direct observations of Strephon's actions and reactions during the snooping: "But oh! It turn'd poor Strephon's Bowels, / When he beheld and smelt the Towels… No Object Strephon's Eye escapes" (43-44, 47). The "grand Survey" yields a piquant list of unwashed clothes and other paraphernalia, including Celia's "reeking Chest" and its contents, dilated on for forty lines that include a witty ecphrasis of this well-wrought urn. Unhinged by this last revelation, Strephon flees the scene; the speaker archly professes astonishment at such prudery, declaring that he sees not dissembled filth and censurable hypocrisy in Celia but, in the famous phrase, "Order from Confusion sprung" (line 143), heavy with mockery of Dryden's "Ode for St Cecilia's Day" (1687), where order begins "From harmony, from heavenly harmony."

"Strephon" and "Celia" announce Swift's anti-arcadian pastoral purpose: a woman named Heavenly bodes ill for probity, and while "Strephon" is a common enough pastoral name its Greek root suggests one who turns back or flees, a shrinking violet. And indeed turning or being turned is the poem's central kinesis. Inspecting Celia's dirty smock, "*Strephon*, the Rogue, display'd it wide, / And turn'd it round on every Side" (13-14), and there is the involuntary reaction of his stomach turning: "But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon*'s Bowels, / When he beheld and smelt the Towels, / Begumm'd, bematter'd,

[70] Gilbert Highet, *The Anatomy of Satire* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1962), 226-27.

and beslim'd" (43-45), a nausea like that triggered by seeing Corinna in "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed." The poem's most elaborate rhetorical turn, moreover, is a mock-epic simile figuring Celia's use of her "reeking Chest," in which filth turns back on its source:

> If from adown the hopeful Chops
> The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
> To stinking Smoak it turns the Flame
> Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came. (103-06)

To literalize the turn, careless defecation turns Celia's buttocks and underclothes into vectors of foul odors. Thematically, meanwhile, the poem's direst turn is Strephon's, into a sniffing, muttering madman when confronted with the realities of Celia's life in the body.

All these turns are analogues to Swift's fundamental reversal in "The Lady's Dressing Room": arcadian pastoral with its fair shepherdesses and loyal swains is counterprogrammed with broad scatological twitting of these topoi: "Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* shits!" (118). Swift's heavy strokes are a sharp contrast to the light brushwork of what might be termed English Renaissance mock-pastorals, the two famous replies to Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd (Ralegh's, whose nymph rejoins with the proleptic skepticism of age, and Donne's, who also sends up the Shepherd's earnestness, but gently so, in "The Bait").[71] And Celia's dressing room is like Lady Wishfort's and Belinda's filled with the consumer goods – cosmetics, snuff, magnifying mirror – of a nascent international trading economy and is palpably a modern setting, probably Dublin or London as in Swift's earlier city eclogues; in its fetor and clutter we are far from idyll. As often, Swift here sabotages the easy conflation of the urban with the urbane, the nostrum of his Whig literati enemies whose political base was the "polite" cities. Then too, the catalogue of Celia's dirty effects seems a mocking echo of the courtly compliment, often paid part by part, to the *donna ideale* of the troubadour and *amour courtois* traditions, the poetic mistress who receives praise, unmoved, from a devoted gallant, though this tactic would shift the poem in the direction of mock-romance.

Yet while "The Lady's Dressing Room" plays with arcadian topoi it is not simply mock-pastoral. It is also mock-georgic in the transferred or broad sense, didaxis and description. Strephon for one learns the faulty logic of inferring unseen ladies from dirty garments or bad smells:

> His foul Imagination links
> Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks:
> And, if unsav'ry Odours fly,
> Conceives a Lady standing by:
> All Women his Description fits,
> And both Idea's jump like Wits. (121-26)

[71] Ralegh, "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," in *Sixteenth-Century English Poetry and Prose*, ed. Paul Delany et al. (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1976), 186; Donne, "The Bait," in *John Donne's Poetry*, ed. Arthur L. Clements (New York: Norton, 1992), 29.

His survey of Celia's paraphernalia meanwhile is also a mock-georgic "Description" (125), in keeping with Swift's move in the later poems from formal *topographia* of exterior landscapes to interior, gynographic and andrographic ecphrasis. Indeed by its most sustained engagement with a single ancient pretext, "The Lady's Dressing Room" is best classed that most satirically promising species of transferred georgic: erotodidactic. For Swift draws heavily on Ovid's *Remedia amoris*, a versified didaxis: how the unlucky in love can cure themselves by judicious use of psychosomatic song and other treatments. Importantly, moreover, the *Remedia*'s genre is itself mixed, not only elegy but agro-pastoral, georgic grafted onto pastoral, which from its earliest beginnings had also taken as theme the medical or magical remedies for pains of love; the paradigms are Theocritus, *Idyll* 2 (Simaetha's spell to draw back Delphis) and Vergil, *Ecl*. 8 (Alphesiboeus' song of the spell on Daphnis). Ovid's passages on his poetic mistress Corinna's cosmetics and toilet, in particular, are closely imitated by Swift. (In "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed" Swift transcribes the proper name "Corinna" into his own poem, as will be seen, and dilation on the mistress' cosmetics and other artificial enhancements is even more sustained and carefully-worked out than in "Dressing Room.") Swift's meter and stanzaic form however accent a fall-off from ancient to modern. Ovid wrote the Diana and Actaeon passage in the dactylic hexameter and verse periods of epic. Swift's octosyllable couplets, clanking closed with pat rhymes, are structural signals that the aim is bathos. Celia in "The Lady's Dressing Room," like that other Celia in "The Progress of Beauty" and Corinna in "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed," also echoes the ladies of *Medicamina Faciei Femineae*, in which Ovid makes explicit the georgic metaphor often implicit in painting on faces and writing a self: face is arable, cosmetic is georgic.

There are several senses in which the *Remedia* is georgic. In subject-matter it splits the difference between the "epic" dignity of solidly Roman public themes (how to cultivate Stoic *apatheia* and tough autarchy) and the "pastoral" frivolity of Hellenizing private ones (how to defeat sexual arousal by attending to a mistress' unwashed bits). *Remedia* as transferred georgic retroactively assimilates and transcends what might be termed the soft pastoralism in Ovid's early erotic poems, the *Amores* and *Ars amatoria* (also erotodidaxis but strictly, if classed by meter, elegies). Indeed, in addition to being a species of georgic, lower-case, *Remedia amoris* also contains a mini-*Georgics*, upper-case. In the context of prescribing getting back to the land as balm for a wounded heart, Ovid deftly miniaturizes Vergil's four long poems into just thirty lines (*Remedia* 169-98, "*rura quoque oblectant animos studiumque colendi… debilibus pinnis inritus exit Amor*"). This epitome is a genial nod to Vergil's precedence but at the same time carefully inscribes him in Ovid's own version of georgic, erotodidactic. Unlike Swift's parapoetry on Ovid, "The Lady's Dressing Room," in which the pretext remains self-existent and even authoritative, Ovid's intertextual references to Vergil are metaphrase or allusion as swallowing up, more or less total transformation by in-scription.[72]

Ovid's *Remedia* speaker, now cured of the erotic engagement he felt in *Ars amatoria* by self-induced affective distance, addresses quasi-medical didactic to the lovelorn, again a sort of transferred georgic, of which "The Lady's Dressing Room" is a

[72] The term is from Brian Breed, *Pastoral Inscriptions: Reading and Writing Virgil's* Eclogues (London: Duckworth, 2006), 63 and *passim*.

version. The advice, implied in Swift but explicit in Ovid, is a variation on "physician, heal thyself":

> *curabar propriis aeger Podalirius herbis*
> *(et, fateor, medicus turpiter aeger eram):*
> *profuit adsidue uitiis insistere amicae,*
> *idque mihi factum saepe salubre fuit…*
> *proderit et subito, cum se non finxerit ulli,*
> *ad dominam celeres mane tulisse gradus.*
> *auferimur cultu; gemmis auroque teguntur*
> *omnia; pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*
> *saepe, ubi sit, quod ames, inter tam multa, requires:*
> *decipit hac oculos aegide dives Amor.*
>
> Like Podalirius my own drugs cured me,
> The doctor sick! I grant it to my shame
> It helped to harp on my girl-friend's shortcomings;
> That often made me better, as I learnt…
> It will help too to pay a sudden visit,
> Early, before she's put on her disguise.
> Dress sweeps us off our feet: in gold and jewels
> All's hid; the girl herself's her smallest part.
> Among so much you wonder what you're loving;
> Love's armour thus deceives the eyes and heart.[73]

As A. A. R. Henderson points out this passage is a case of Ovidian self-imitation, reprising in miniature *Ars amatoria* 3.207-50.[74] But while the same material it is redeployed in *Remedia amoris* for the opposite purpose: an ironic distance now separates Ovid's older, wiser speaker from his youthful lusts. And this ironic distance has an analogue in the didactic realism of transferred georgic, which requires affective detachment from its objects to prevent distortion in measurement. This analogy or congruence is concentrated in Ovid's suggestive *cultu*, the thing that sweeps us off our feet. Rendered by Melville as "dress" this is really only synecdoche, for dress is but one part of Corinna's artificial persona. Henderson observes that "*cultus* never means 'mental culture' in Ovid [but] always the care lavished on hair, complexion and adornment of the person," but the patterns worked on the mistress' body are legible as sociological signals, pointing to some of the same structures of thought or feeling that appear more explicitly in "mental culture."[75]

A more literal translation than Melville's of "*subito, cum se non finxerit ulli*" might be "suddenly, when she hasn't yet fashioned herself for anyone." *Fingere*, to

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[73] *Remedia amoris* 313-16, 341-46 in *P. Ovidi Nasonis Amores, Medicamina Faciei Femineae, Ars Amatoria, Remedia Amoris*, ed. E. J. Kenney (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1994), 238-39. The translation is by A.D. Melville as *The Cures for Love* in *Ovid: The Love Poems* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990), 160.

[74] *P. Ovidi Nasonis Remedia Amoris*, ed. and comment. A. A. R. Henderson (Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1979), 84.

[75] Henderson (ed.), 85.

fashion or shape, is most familiar in its past participle, *fictum*, and it is precisely as fiction in the broad sense that Corinna inscribes a persona on the canvas of her body. In Swift's updating the white surface of the mistress' lead paint is a primed canvas: Celia in "The Lady's Dressing Room" uses "Paints" (35) and "Daubs" (138) and even makes "Marks" (52) with "stinking Toes." The lines and grounds she makes with this *scriptio*, while not literally discursive or pictorial, nevertheless send clear signals, while her more tangible *ficta*, jewelry and gems, may indeed be a cameo or ring with a motto perhaps. The *autographia* of Celia's public persona is not transcription of nature but fictional inscription, however artless-seeming, recalling not so much Ovid as Horace, where *ars est celare artem*.

The Ovidian/Swiftian mistress' gems, gold and cosmetics create a play of colors, noises, and textures that excite eros, but her more abstract "Marks" become a sign system and begin to appeal to the lover's mind as form (by way of his eyes, already the most distanced of the five senses), and in reflection the bond of affective engagement is broken. Swift's Celia begins to write with "Marks" on stockings and her smock – which reactivate Rochester's shock "Or when the *Smock*'s beshit" in "By all *Loves* soft, yet mighty *Pow'rs*" – and these inscriptions do not attract Strephon as her painting did, but repel him. Ecphrasis now triggers catharsis, not eros. "*saepe, ubi sit, quod ames, inter tam multa, requires / decipit hac oculos aegide dives Amor*" – a more literal translation than Melville's might be "often you will ask where the thing you love may be, among so many things / with this shield [*cultus*] Love deceives the eyes." And the *cultus* is often close to literally georgic *agri cultura*; Strephon finds

> The various Combs for various Uses,
> Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
> No Brush could force a way betwixt.
> A Paste of Composition rare,
> Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;
> A Forehead Cloth with Oyl upon't
> To smooth Wrinkles on her Front;
> Here Allum Flower to stop the Steams,
> Exhal'd from sour unsavoury Streams. (20-28)

The dirt-filled combs are like harrows clogged with clods, and the "Wrinkles on her Front" are time-plowed furrows or *versus*, "in Virgil's generative pun," as Kevis Goodman has aptly termed *Georgics* 1's play on verses and plow-lines, while the "Steams / Exhal'd" from putrid matter in Celia's "unsavoury Streams" are isomorphic with the miasmas that ascend from Fleet Ditch and other sewers in *The Dunciad* and, in many cases, light up as *ignis fatuus* to guide London's dunces and hacks.[76]

Ovid's ecphrasis of Corinna's painted canvas (herself) rises to a negative climax as his speaker learns to read her signs correctly. Now that he has cracked the code it is not the heart but the gorge that leaps up:

> *tum quoque, compositis sua cum linit ora venenis,*
> *ad dominae uultus, nec pudor obstet, eas:*

[76] Kevis Goodman, "The *Georgics* and the cultivation of mediums, 1660-1712," in *Georgic Modernity and British Romanticism: Poetry and the Mediation of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 1.

pyxidas invenies et rerum mille colores
et fluere in tepidos oesypa lapsa sinus.
illa tuas redolent, Phineu, medicamina mensas;
non semel hinc stomacho nausea facta meo est.

So go to see her face (and have no scruples)
When on her cheeks she's smearing dope and drugs.
You'll find a thousand colours, pots and boxes,
And ointments dripping down on her warm dugs,
Greases that more than once have turned my stomach,
Stinking as foul as Phineus' filthy fugs.[77]

Again, she writes (*linit*) on her face *compositis venenis*: the ingredients of her cosmetics are composed, not natural. They are mixed, cut, hybrid, and indeed toxic. And what is true of cosmetics is true of mores; in her artificial, calculating urbanity Ovid's Corinna is already half-foreign and politically suspect, as signaled by her toiletries' ostentatiously Greek names (*pyxides* and *oesypa*). (With Corinna one can compare laterally Horace's *Epodes* 12 Egyptian hag with her crocodile-dung dyes, and compare prospectively Catholic Belinda at her toilet in *The Rape of the Lock*, along with Eliot's exotic "nymph of the city" at her *art déco* dressing table in *The Waste Land*.) And the marks inscribed on Corinna's false cheek are, importantly, not just *composita* but *composita venena*. They are literally poisons by their very nature because based on powdered lead or other toxins, like those Swift's own Corinna and his Celia use (as witness that "Paste of Composition rare, / Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair"), and if not toxic disgusting, like the "Puppy Water, Beauty's Help / Distill'd from *Tripsy*'s darling Whelp (31-32), dog urine used as a skin tonic. But they are also metaphorical poisons because culturally infecting, decadently Greek; they excite sexual desire and even now, in memory, threaten the *apatheia* of the recovered lover, now satirically detached.

These poisons, moreover, are emetic. Again, when the *fictum* of the body's surfaces is read ironically rather than earnestly, ecphrasis triggers catharsis. In Strephon's case *descriptio* of the tainted parts or the effects they are clothed in (his 'strict Survey" and "Inventory") self-induces vomiting, which is the objective correlative of expulsion of the troubling affection or desire. This is evident in the closing couplet of "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed," where the dire alternatives for the nameless speaker are puking or poisoning. His last potted pronouncement is that anyone who sees Corinna before she puts on her face and prosthetic parts will spew, presumably life-savingly early before he catches a venereal disease, *i.e.* gets close enough to smell her and so "be poison'd" ("Nymph" 74).

Importantly, Ovid's speaker identifies poetry itself as anti-venereal medicine, drawing on Apollo's double brief as god of healing and of song; Swift's does the same, with a downgrade: "to make the Matter clear, / An Inventory follows here" ("Dressing Room" 9-10). But poetry's healing power is not simple supernaturalism; rather the lover must change his tune and *metanoia* will then lead to psychosomatic healing of the body:

et sanum simula nec, si quid forte dolebis,
sentiat, et ride, cum tibi flendus eris…

[77] *Remedia amoris* 351-56, in A. D. Melville, 160.

quod non es, simula positosque imitare furores:
sic facies vere, quod meditatus eris…
intrat amor mentes usu, dediscitur usu:
qui poterit sanum fingere, sanus erit.

Pretend you're well, so she won't notice if you're
Wretched; and laugh when you should want to weep…
Feign what you're not; pretend the frenzy's finished;
Thus what you've feigned and faked in fact you'll be…
Love comes by habit, habit too unlearns it;
If one can feign one's cured, one will be cured.[78]

So *fictum* is a two-edged sword; what the lover formerly misread as desirable is, once he knows the code, repugnant and turns him against eros as it does Strephon (whose name, again, is essentially "he who turns"). Virtue, following the Aristotelian dictum, is learned by doing though the doing is initially shamming; Ovid's *simulatio* is analogous to Corinna's *fictio* but is constructive rather than destructive.

And to round out the *composita venena* of its genres, "The Lady's Dressing Room" has in addition to mock-georgic elements of mock-epic; subject-matter and imagery are absurdly inflated to heroic dimensions. As this study is focused on Swift's reception of ancient pastoral and georgic, a detailed study of the poem's mock-epic elements is not feasible here. Attention should be paid, however, to Swift's reworking of epic simile. What in Ovid is a stately comparison of Diana's blush to clouds at sunset or dawn, shrinks in the *ekphrasis* of the chamber-pot – rhetorical *descriptio*, as witness "And must you needs describe the Chest?" (70) – to this:

As Mutton Cutlets, Prime of Meat…
If from adown the hopeful Chops
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To stinking Smoak it turns the Flame
Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came…
So Things, which must not be exprest,
When plumpt into the reeking Chest;
Send up an excremental Smell
To taint the Parts from whence they fell.[79]

The "Mutton Cutlets," Celia's buttocks, reactivate Rochester's "Banstead mutton," slang for loose women, much beloved of Charles II in *A Ramble in St James' Park*. Despite Strephon's idealizing Celia is sexually promiscuous, possibly a prostitute. She is no lady in the *embourgoisé* sense, though she may be in the literal, aristocratic sense; she has a Betty to serve her (6), though this is not dispositive without more. The metaphorical "stinking Smoak," literally an "excremental Smell" meanwhile, reinforces the "Steams / Exhal'd" from putrid matter in those "unsavoury Streams," analogues of the "Vapours" that rise from Fleet Ditch and other sewers in *The Dunciad*. The other mock-epic simile

[78] *Remedia amoris* 493-504, in A. D. Melville, 164.

[79] Cf. the pretext in Ovid: "*qui color infectis aduersi solis ab ictu* / *nubibus esse solet aut purpureae Aurorae,* / *is fuit in uultu uisae sine veste Dianae.*" *Met.* 3.183-85, in *P. Ovidi Nasonis Metamorphoses*, ed. R. J. Tarrant (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2004), 70-71; Swift, "The Lady's Dressing Room" 99-112.

in "The Lady's Dressing Room," meanwhile, which likens Celia's chamber-pot to Pandora's box, is doubly parodic since the analogy is to an object which in Hesiod was already a literate joke, a bathetic metaphor for mankind's loss of the Golden Age.[80]

This ecphrastic ode on a Grecian urn, updated to the Georgian metropolis, is Swift's scabrous "neoclassical" poetic practice in a nutshell: at once learned display of allegiance to the Ancients and beating the Moderns at their own game, race to the bottom. Celia's well-wrought urn is thus also akin to the "china" of Restoration comedy, cant for the male erection in *The Country Wife* and other plays. This china is a beau's or fop's fragile, easily-shattered luxury, and by extension a lady's too, as witness Belinda's eldritch scream when the Baron cuts off her lock, which Pope says is like that "when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high, / In glitt'ring Dust and painted Fragments lie!" (*Rape of the Lock* 3.159-60).[81] Swift's choice of image was scandalous for many readers, then and now; his anonymous detractor in the pamphlet *Chloe Surpriz'd* earnestly censured what he took for a breach of decorum by an Anglican hierarch:

> What, the D— look in Closestools instead of the Bible!
> And write on poor *Caelia* so dirty a Libel;
> How well must he preach the Word of the Lord,
> Whose Texts are a Shift, stinking Toes and a T—d?[82]

But for a polemicist who fights fire with fire the reproach has no sting.

While it is the chamber-pot that excites most notoriety for "The Lady's Dressing Room," it is the magnifying glass that represents its interpretive crux, and indeed figures a fundamental thematic concern: perspective, who sees and what. Visual "Survey" bordering on scopophilia is the poem's master trope: the words "eye," "sight" and close cognates appear fully sixteen times in it. Thus the poem's most exegetically suggestive as well as funniest moment comes when Strephon looks in Celia's magnifying Glass: "When frightened *Strephon* cast his Eye on't / It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant" (61-62). As the Glass is also a mirror, the hideous "visage of a Gyant" that Strephon sees is of course his own. Like the disgusting "Worm in *Celia*'s Nose" to which he is metonymically joined, Strephon is small and low, and the glass which blows him up to

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[80] *Works and Days* 77-105, in *Hesiodi Theogonia, Opera et Dies, Scutum, Fragmenta Selecta*, ed. Friedrich Solmsen, R. Merkelbach, and M. L. West (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), 52-53. Interestingly, though probably coincidentally, the Swiftian theme of an impious man prying into female mysteries and punished by a goddess echoes an older version of the Pandora and Epimetheus myth in which man's, not woman's, curiosity releases the "sudden universal Crew / Of humane Evils." According to Robert Graves this obscure tradition is attested only in Apollodorus, Lucian, and Hyginus. It personifies the actors as Demophon, returning to Athens from the sack of Troy, and his bride Phyllis, the goddess of vengeance as Pandora (under the name of Rhea). Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, 169.i- j and n. 3 (New York: Penguin, combined ed. 1992), 711, 714.

[81] See Cleanth Brooks, "The Case of Miss Arabella Fermor," in *The Well Wrought Urn: Studies in the Structure of Poetry* (San Diego and New York: Harvest, 1947), 80-104.

[82] "An Epigram upon the Lady's Dressing-Room," in *Chloe Surpriz'd, or, The Second Part of the Lady's Dressing-Room. To which are added, Thoughts upon Reading the Lady's Dressing-Room, and the Gentleman's Study. The former wrote by D—N S—T, the latter by Miss W—*, London and Dublin, 1732, listed in H. Teerink, *Bibliography of Swift*, ed. A. H. Scouten (1963), 354.

gigantic proportions operates ironically, like the Queen of Brobdingnag's looking-glass in which Gulliver sees himself from a giant's perspective, contemptibly puny.[83] In classic pastoral fashion, Strephon reflects *Idyll* 6's Polyphemus, *Ecl*. 2's Corydon, and Marvell's Damon, three other self-deluded lovers so busy about the narcissist labor of looking in the mirror that they fail to learn the truth about their beloveds (Galatea, Alexis, Juliana) until it is too late.

In Strephon's case, his distorting and distorted arcadian perspective is decisive. Seeing through Celia's glass darkly is the opposite of seeing through a softening, sentimentalizing Claude glass; Celia's hardens and coarsens perception by blowing up small flaws to great, a distortion that Strephon mistakes for enhanced naturalism. "The Lady's Dressing Room" has in turn suffered at the hands of generations of critical Strephons, who fail to see how partial and selective Strephon's vision is, and in reductive and superficial reading mistake it for the speaker's point of view or, even more improbably, Swift's. Several of Swift's fictional speakers and narrators, especially Gulliver, use the technique of extreme close-up, but Strephon's supercharged empirical investigations of Celia's material effects, of his own face in the mirror, represent New Scientific curiosity carried to unreasonable extreme, a Swiftian *bête noire*. His obsessive compulsion "to make the Matter clear," like that of the Lagado academician who strains human feces to extract food, only muddies the waters and reduplicates effort. Strephon's compulsive "peeping" is an inhumane distortion of empirical investigation, like Gulliver's pseudo-learned inquiry into the Houyhnhnms, which expands a fund of knowledge but gains no wisdom, and finally betrays its *devotés* into grotesque madness.

Curiously, this madness is linked in "Dressing Room" with male impotence or castration. Celia is associated with Aphrodite, Queen of Love, foam-born of the "stinking Ooze" formed when Cronus cast his father Uranus' severed genitals into the sea, and Strephon is unmanned by discovering that "Things, which must not be exprest" are dropped by Celia into her domestic sea; a controlling male neutralized, the unclothed goddess is free to rise from the ooze. So the fair-sexing speaker's rhetorical question "Should I the Queen of Love refuse, / Because she rose from stinking Ooze?" is not rhetorical at all; its ironic charge and self-revolting vocabulary demand the negative answer. "Refuse" also does duty as a noun here, so that Love is syntactically slurred into garbage or offal. In a harsh meiosis, Venus' birth from divine sea-foam is downgraded to "she rose from stinking Ooze," vitiating her honorific title. As personified lust she is a kind of noxious vapor rising from seething genitalia, like "The Vapours" that "flew from out the Vent" (91) and the miasma rising from London's bogs in the *Dunciad*, as I argue in chapter 5, to create the *ignis fatuus* of the dunces' bogus inner light or subjective reason. Swift also uses innuendo here, which accents the irony of idealizing sexual desire as the narrator claims to do: a pun on "rose," which has often functioned in poetry as metaphor for the female genitalia.[84] This dense layering of sexual imagery is directly to Swift's purpose: making the narrator seem lascivious despite the literal chivalry of his

[83] *Gulliver's Travels* 2.3, in Womersley (ed.), 151.

[84] It so functions at least as early as the Winning of the Rose scene in *The Romance of the Rose* 21583-21775, trans. Charles Dahlberg (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1995), 351-54. It continues to appear in modern verse as well; compare Pablo Neruda's "*las rosas del pubis*" in "*Cuerpo de Mujer*" 12, in *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*, trans. W.S. Merwin (New York: Penguin, 1976), 2.

words. The "foul Imagination" and "vicious Fancy" (121, 127) he attributes to Strephon are really his own, and Swift implies that he is both fair-sexer and misogyne, the result of too engaged a spectatorship of another's inner emotional life (the secret sharing between de Sade and Wordsworth, say).

We therefore get double-entendres like "To him that looks behind the Scene," nominally the speaker's earnest advice to see past Celia's persona and self-staging, which anticipates the potted advice in the mock-pastoral (and mock-epithalamion) "Strephon and Chloe": "Since Husbands get behind the Scene, / The wife should study to be clean" (137-38). Even Statira, Alexander's proverbially lofty bride, would if intimately inspected reveal herself a "pocky Quean," a prostitute with syphilitic scars (134). Moreover, because this diminishing equation or rather *pornographia* (writing whore across Statira) is immediately subjoined to the couplet about Venus, the predication cannot help but overflow onto "the Queen of Love." The effect is a blurring of the Queen of Love into the Quean of Love, implying that mercenary attitudes to sexual acts are not the exclusive province of prostitutes; venereal vice lurks in Statira, Aphrodite and perhaps all idealized beauties, and certainly in the beaux and fops who idealize them (and their own lusts).[85]

All this literal and metaphorical dirt, of course, culminates in the famous couplet that is the poem's climax: "Such Order from Confusion sprung, / Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung." Here in epitome is Swift's most surprising, and critically overlooked, georgic theme in "The Lady's Dressing Room": Celia is a worker in earth, and the hard-won crop she raises is herself. Seeing her "Lace, Brocades and Tissues" and carefully painted superficies one could hardly credit her natural, pre-toilet earthiness (Strephon clearly did not, until self-disabused of illusion) but it is there all the same. *Gē,* earth, and *ergon*, work, are the roots of *georgos* – and in speaking of a word's "roots" one sees how even the most abstruse linguistics are intertwined with practical agriculture, and in fact *poiesis* is at root an action conceived broadly enough to embrace composing verse and working in earth. As a *georgos*, a worker in earth, therefore, and indeed a poet in the broad sense, Celia is like Swift himself, who takes what seem pedestrian, even foul materials and, patiently working them with poetic techniques ancient and modern, raises a hybrid satiric flower: "Such Order from Confusion sprung, / Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung." It is in this sense that "The Lady's Dressing Room" is a transferred georgic, like *Remedia amoris*: satire as cure for love, one part Epicurean (Swift's wit) and one part Stoic (his skepticism).

Strephon never mean to "fowl his Hands in Search of *Hope*," like Catullus, *Carmen* 23's dry fastidious Furius, whom he recalls, or to go "thro' thick and thin" (80), a double-entendre Pope uses three times in *The Dunciad* with similar meaning, but Celia and Swift do, and getting their hands georgically dirty they get things done socially and poetically. Even in the poem's envoi couplet, for instance, Swift cannot resist scatological and genital double-entendres, lest his satiric theme, the rebuke of human

[85] Graves points out that Hesiod, first to collect the myth of Aphrodite generated from sea-foam made by Cronus' casting his father Uranus' severed genitals into the sea (*Theogony* 188-200, 353), was a Cadmeian. These non-Hellenes carried the myth with them from eastern Asia Minor. Aphrodite's cult proper had spread to mainland Greece via Cyprus and Crete from Syria and Palestine, where she was worshipped as Ishtar, the Ashtoreth of the Bible. Graves, *The Greek Myths*, 38-39, 49-50.

pride and idealization of fallen man, wax too earnestly high-minded. The "Order" is a homophone for ordure, which brings Dryden's heavenly harmony of ordered confusion (*A Song for St Cecilia's Day*) crashing back to earth; the "gaudy Tulips," meanwhile, are homophones for two lips, a graphic anatomical usage, and seeing them "raised from Dung" implies a voyeur's perspective, from an intrusively close distance, on the Augustinian fact that *inter urinas et faeces nascimur*.

Despite the official baroque desideratum of *concordia discors* in the poem's envoi, therefore, which looks back ironically to *Windsor-Forest*'s hopeful opening, the overtone is one of lewd medical examination, a gleeful rubbing the reader's nose or rather eye in it, which forces him to dwell on the pride-killing reality that underlies both Celia's "Lace, Brocades and Tissues" and Strephon's polite fair-sexing, itself a species of self-flattery (i.e. that he is a *bourgeois gentilhomme* by virtue of being a man of feeling).[86] Again Swift reinforces the classic moralist topos: pride humbled in the dust, or in this case mud, as in Rochester's *A Satyr against Reason and Mankind* where "Hudled [*sic*] in dirt the reasoning Engine lies, / Who was so proud, so witty and so wise," and in Gay's *Trivia* where "down falls the shrieking Beau," and "Black Floods of Mire th' embroider'd Coat disgrace, / And Mud enwraps the Honours of his Face." But in 1730 as now, "The Lady's Dressing Room" encountered readers whose density, deliberate or otherwise, obliged them to read the poem not as humanist satire of man's pride but libel of some particular Celia, and possibly all women similarly situated, and in some cases to respond textually.

8. "THE REASONS THAT INDUCED DR S[WIFT]": LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU AND WHIG MOCK-PASTORAL

One of three anonymous replies to Swift's poem, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "The Reasons that Induced Dr S[wift] to write a Poem call'd the Lady's Dressing room" appeared in 1734, apparently via a vanity publisher.[87] A bit underwhelming as poetry, it nevertheless rises above dilettantism and throws important light on its Swiftian pretext, and on the politics of sexuality in warring Whig and Tory mock-pastorals. Montagu's poem is like Swift's written in the Hudibrastics of low-register Restoration and Georgian satire, but the pat rhymes ("band… hand," "street…meet"), unvaried tetrameter, and sparse figuration in its first few lines signal a perennial weakness of "poetry that has a palpable design on us": a heat of personal and partisan animus that sublimates technical finesse and so polemic impact.

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[86] Cf. Yeats' Crazy Jane talking with the bishop: "But Love has pitched his mansion in / The place of excrement; / For nothing can be sole or whole / That has not been rent." "Words for Music Perhaps" 6.15-18, in *Yeats's Poetry, Drama, and Prose*, ed. James Pethica (New York: Norton, 2000), 112.

[87] Robert Halsband's Oxford text prefers this title, which appeared above Lady's Mary's autograph drafts; the pamphlet version was published as "The Dean's Provocation For Writing the Lady's Dressing-Room." While "[t]he exact circumstances of publication are unknown… Lady Mary probably arranged for it. For unlike the other replies, which are wretchedly printed in flimsy little pamphlets, hers is a stately folio set in handsome type." Halsband, "'The Lady's Dressing Room'" Explicated by a Contemporary," in *The Augustan Milieu: Essays Presented to Louis A. Landa*, ed. H. K. Miller, E. Rothstein and G. S. Rousseau (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), 225-26.

Montagu immediately signals that mock-pastoral is intended. Not only are Strephon's lady and dressing room, already distanced from arcadian pastoral in Swift, downgraded to a prostitute and rented room, but Montagu calls a "Bower" the thoroughly manmade space occupied by Betty, which is a deliberate misprision for "Celia" (line 8). The invocation of the *hortus conclusus* is doubly ironic. As it is Betty's trade to admit all comers the *hortus* is really always *apertus*, and the Marian overtones of the bower and walled garden, that high medieval allegory of chastity and indeed ever-virginity, underline how deeply wrong it is for a high Church clergyman to hire prostitutes.[88] Compounding his sins, in lines 2-4 "the Doctor," displaying showy gold and jewels, is already guilty of avarice and pride.

The latent mock-Marianism of the *hortus* allegory is developed further. In lines 21-24 the Doctor advances with a "Destin'd Offering" and, "in a paradise of thought," bows low to "the Dame / Who smileing heard him preach his Flame." This is pointed burlesque of high Anglican or Roman Catholic liturgy, or even Orthodox perhaps, familiar to Montagu from her time as an ambassador's wife in Constantinople: celebrant in procession toward the altar bearing the unconsecrated Eucharistic elements, pausing to venerate and cense an image or icon of the Virgin Mary while chanting prayers ("preach his Flame"). Lady's Mary's choice of imagery, agreeable to a mostly Protestant Whiggish readership, is polemically shrewd. The mock-liturgy of the Doctor advancing into Betty's bower "in a paradise of thought" skillfully puts the reader in mind of Swift's ecclesiastical politics, in addition to travestying medieval poetic pastoralism.[89] Formally, the phrase calls up Marvell's imagined Epicurean *hortus* and its eponymous poem, with the mind in retirement "Annihilating all that's made / To a green Thought in a green Shade," an ironic counterpoint given what the decidedly passionate Doctor is up to, but apt for Montagu, whose Old Whig and anti-Stuart commitments echo the sometime MP for Hull's.[90]

Specifically, in lines 21-24 the Whig-allied Montagu, like Hogarth in the *A Harlot's Progress* print of Moll Hackabout circumvallated by Dr Sacheverell and Macheath, manages a series of fallacious but effective rhetorical slides: this hypocrite who hires whores and writes to revenge sexual impotence is Swift; Swift is a Tory and high Churchman; Tories and high Churchmen are Jacobites and Catholics; Jacobites and Catholics are Nonjurors (Anglican clergy and laity who refused to swear allegiance to William of Orange because they had already sworn it to James II and VII), recusants, and rebels against the Hanover monarchy and so traitors; therefore Swift and Tories and high Churchmen are treasonous and morally vicious to boot. And easing his secret shame of impotence with a whore, the high-Church Doctor also writes for mercenary motives,

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[88] For a book-length study of the *hortus conclusus* see Stanley Stewart, *The Enclosed Garden: The Tradition and the Image in Seventeenth-Century Poetry* (Madison, Milwaukee and London: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1966).

[89] In the historical walled gardens of high medieval Britain, of the convent kind at least, grafting was ordinary agricultural labor. Piers Plowman for instance says, by way of autobiography, "I was sum tyme… the couentes gardyner… for to graffe ympes." Langland, *Piers Plowman* B. v. 137 (1377).

[90] Marvell, "The Garden," in *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, third edn H. M. Margoliouth, rev. Pierre Legouis and E. E. Duncan-Jones, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 52.

which suggests that he is one himself. It is *pornographia* of the deftest kind; the denigrations operate by implication rather than statement, as in Hogarth's pictorial slur on Sacheverell in *A Harlot's Progress*, and so are as plausibly-deniable as they are scathing.

Yet Montagu gets away with conflating *porneia* and Toryism, and male sexual impotence with poetic incompetence, because of the sheer bravura of the effrontery. She makes Betty ask fiendishly, in the poem's printed text (the lines are absent from the manuscript):

> What if your Verses have not sold,
> Must therefore I return your Gold?
> Perhaps you have no better Luck in
> The Knack of Rhyming than of – [91]

The self-enacting clumsiness of the second couplet, bumptious and plosive, is a rhetorical coup. It is not Betty and her earthy female body (the malodorous close stool, smock and toes that so offended the author of *Chloe Surpriz'd*) that deprive the Doctor of sexual potency but his own poetic performance anxiety. Never able to boast of physical prowess and so forced to trade on his reputation – literally, since money to hire Betty comes directly or indirectly from publishing earnings – the Doctor unexpectedly has his chief source of pride, the litterateur's superior mental endowment, snipped off by Betty's sharp remark.

Montagu's increasingly close alignment of the textual with the sexual in the poem comes to a conceptual and rhetorical climax in the final couplet. To the Doctor's threat to paint her dressing room in such lurid colors that "The very Irish shall not come," Betty rejoins what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed: "She answer'd short, I'm glad you'l write, / You'l furnish paper when I shite" (88-89), a line that reactivates Oldham's sneer at Rochester's Catullan *cacata charta* in "Upon the Author of the Play Call'd *Sodom*," which will "bugger wiping Porters when they shite, / And so thy Book itself turn Sodomite," and laterally echoes the *Dunciad*'s Jove in the jakes, signing "bills / Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils."[92] Betty the prostitute's contempt for the Doctor's textuality, the cordial detestation one profession naturally feels for another, brackets the poem's action neatly. For at the outset the Doctor had tried to get inside her "Bower" by writing jokes, puns and witty accounts of his glory days in high politics ("Oxford's Schemes in days of yore") but her body is not moved by mere words, though "Jenny her Maid could taste a Rhyme," which graphically physicalizes reader response to text and poetic form as Betty graphically physicalizes Swift's text, indeed reduces sensory stimuli and response to them almost to brute chemical or mechanical reaction.

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[91] "The Dean's Provocation For Writing the Lady's Dressing-Room" 84-87, in *Essays and Poems and Simplicity, a Comedy*, ed. Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy, rev. second edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993), 276.

[92] "Upon the Author of the Play call'd *Sodom*" 52-53, in *The Poems of John Oldham*, ed. Harold F. Brooks and Raman Selden (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 344; Pope, *The Dunciad* 2.91-92.

In *A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed*, much of the poem's thematic burden is precisely such reaction by a uniquely Swiftian variation on the Rochesterian "mechanic" mistress, who lives and dies (increasingly the latter as the poem progresses) by external appearances, and the male "*Whore*, in understanding," also passive machine, who patronizes her. The poem can be analyzed in terms of a variety of literary precursors, imitated either straight or ironically. It is unmistakably mock-pastoral: there is a mock-catalogue of flowers (here the Nymph's prostheses) and her naiadic dwelling beside a river, in this case "*Fleet-Ditch*'s oozy Brinks, / Surrounded with a Hundred Stinks" (47-48), which affiliates her with the hack publisher Curll's "Corinna," Elizabeth Thomas, in *The Dunciad*, a street-fouling demimonde type who no doubt also "Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams" (41) even after becoming Curll's mistress. She is moreover a woman "For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain" and who lives in a "Bow'r" up four flights of stairs (2, 8). But Corinna is also the poetic mistress of Ovid's speaker in the *Amores* and by implication in the *Remedia amoris*, first called by name in *Amores* 1.5. ("Corinna" persisted in twentieth century popular culture as name for a slattern mistress, cropping up in 1940s Texas swing for instance.[93]) It is also, like "The Lady's Dressing Room", though in a different way, a mock-georgic of the transferred kind as will be seen.

Other precursors are temporally proximate to Swift, such as Restoration comedic *grandes dames* (Lady Wishfort falling to pieces at her dressing-table), and Belinda at her toilet in *Rape of the Lock* canto I. There is also a more outré precursor that nicely suits Swift's satiric purposes in *Nymph*: the thirteenth-century troubadour *dompna soiseubuda* or composite lady, now best known from Pound's elaborately casual imitations of Bertran de Born and the Provençal poets. The Italian term for this conventional lady of troubadour imagining, *donna ideale*, expresses the poems' matter in a nutshell. The speaker, rejected by the heartless lady despite singing her praises, consoles himself by fashioning a perfect imaginative mistress in verse, "borrowing" the most golden hair from this lady, the slenderest waist from that, the longest legs from the other, and so on, in a reversal of Orphic dismemberment. *Dompna soiseubuda* song remembers, and reassembles, *disiecta membra*, as Corinna herself does: "The Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight, / Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite" (65-66).[94]

It is this *donna ideale* to whom the distinctly non-ideal Corinna of *Nymph* answers. Her modern, even modernist, clutch of inorganic parts, and the speaker's transferred georgic didaxis on how to disassemble and then put her back together again, has more about it of Frankenstein's monster than the arrogant, perfected *châtelaine* of romance, but she is recognizably that lady, seen through a glass darkly. The Ovidian erotic elegiac tradition, expanded by the troubadour genre and its topoi, is sent up by *Nymph*, and enriched by Swift's generic grafting with burlesque of arcadian pastoral, and the immanent satire of their romance conventions (praise of the real lady part by part before the rejection, construction of the *donna ideale* part by part after it) is fairly

[93] The classic recording is Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys, "Corrine, Corrina" (Okeh Records 06530, Apr. 15, 1940).

[94] This seems a rare case of *soi-disants* Foucauldians' "discursive construction of the body" getting textual traction.

straightforward. It proceeds by implied diminishing juxtapositions: "artificial Hair," a syphilitic's expedient, to soft natural tresses; "a Crystal Eye" to organic ones, doubly funny because Swift is re-literalizing the metaphor (by convention most poetic mistresses have eyes clear as crystal or bright as the sun, at least until Shakespeare);[95] and "from her Gums / A Set of Teeth completely comes" juxtaposed to even pearly-whites just glimpsed through parted lips. There is thus a sense in which Corinna's various medical therapies and prostheses are literally *remedia amoris*, because it is her loveless sexual intercourse for hire that has necessitated medicines and aids.

It is not the mere presence of prostheses and mechanical aids, however, that makes Corinna a mechanic person. By this criterion the category is so broad as to be useless; anyone using eyeglasses or a splint would fall under it. Rather, it is how and why Corinna uses her artificial parts that make her mechanic. The *how* is her clockwork shut-down "at the Midnight Hour," that of an automaton locking moveable parts, a Mars rover retracting solar panels for the night. Indeed, several of Corinna's artificial parts are mechanical in the strict sense, actual simple machines such as screws and pulleys, suitably miniaturized: she "Untwists a Wire; and from her Gums / A Set of Teeth completely comes," and "the lovely Goddess / Unlaces next her Steel-Rib'd Bodice; / Which by the Operator's Skill, / Press down the Lumps, the Hollows fill." That steel-ribbed bodice – not even whale-bone, but steel – with its skilled operator filling hollows suggests to a twenty-first-century reader a backhoe belching smoke. Even without anachronistic associations, however, the lines are startlingly modern; their vivid depiction of woman gradually turning into machine retains power to shock. But worst of all Corinna's natural body, her organic parts, have themselves become a "survival machine" for genetic material not her own: "immortal coils" of pox or syphilis and, in the running sores and issues kept purulent with "Issue-Peas" (quite possibly the botanical kind), a variety of other bacterial and perhaps viral infections.[96] Her "artificial Hair" implies baldness caused by toxic mercury baths for the pox, and the "Shankers, Issues, running Sores" are self-explanatory. One is convinced that when Corinna "to each applies a Plaister" and "takes a *Bolus* e'er she sleeps," she is doing little to ease those "Pains of Love" – venereal in the medical sense, as Swift again reliteralizes the stock romance metaphor. This is the most abject reduction Corinna suffers from person-in-full status: to fleshly "Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in," cells and systems taken over and turned into disease machines by the infections those fools carried.[97] In a perverse sense Corinna herself, who lives "Four Stories" up stairs in a mock-pastoral "Bower," has become a bower, a walled or rather unwalled garden taken over by noxious germinations; she epitomizes fallen man, his passionate nature a *Hamlet*-esque unweeded garden.

The *why* of Corinna's use of her prosthetic parts also argues that she is mechanic, for they are made to snare sexual partners indiscriminately. Swift's speaker, at least before his sharp change of tone at the final couplet, holds Corinna up for implicit ridicule

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[95] Cf. Sonnet 130: "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun…"

[96] See Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*, ch. 4, "The gene machine" (London: Oxford, 1976, new ed. 1989), 46-65 and *passim*. The quoted terms are analytically useful in context, but their use is in no way an endorsement of the reductive religious and political positions taken by Dawkins.

[97] Rochester, *A Ramble in St James' Park* 102.

because, unlike the deceased Stella, she takes all comers without reflection ("Corinna… For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain" – "Or, by some faithless Bully drawn, / At some Hedge-Tavern [she] lies in Pawn"). Indeed she is geographically spasmodic, unable to control her own movements, at least in wakeful fantasy ("Or to Jamaica seems transported, / Alone, and by no Planter courted") – in this unlike her fictional contemporary the sometime whore Moll Flanders who, self-transported to Maryland to avoid worse in England, is courted and indeed married by a planter, her brother.

Yet it is not only her artificial or cyborg parts that make her "mechanic," but her socially passive rank. For once the asking price for a sexual act is met, Corinna will allow any to plug part X into orifice Y and hum along briskly until, stimulus triggering response, spasmodic motion ceases and, parts disengaged from connections, all bodily systems return to nominal. Even the remaining natural parts of her body are used instrumentally like a machine by this working girl:

> [She] must, before she goes to Bed,
> Rub off the Dawbs of White and Red;
> And smooth the Furrows in her front,
> With greasy Paper stuck upon't. (33-36)

The literal reference here is to removing cosmetics and treating wrinkles on the forehead. Since Corinna, however, inverts tail over head like her namesake in Rochester's *Ramble* and, like the lust-inflamed men who treat her like an object, *inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit*, the "Dawbs of White and Red" may not be on her face; Swift's gift for fiendish punning makes smoothing the "Furrows" (one word heard as two) genital as well as facial cleansing, deeply abject mock-georgic labor. The speaker's seemingly pitiless irony has however a humanist and perhaps Christian valence, a reminder that in the free-market demimonde of Georgian London or Dublin real Corinnas used flesh and blood as raw material to which were added labor, a bit of capital, and a lot of entrepreneurship: the trade in sex acts, turning tricks to turn profits, which unethically reduces human beings and their bodies from ends to means. (Again unlike Moll Flanders, Corinna is earning a living without stealing and may yet avoid a life of theft ending in Newgate.) In "Nymph" organic flesh and blood, that most socially-unconditioned part of human nature, is itself beginning to turn mechanic, which Hobbes and his crypto-materialist Restoration and Georgian acolytes had said it was, and Corinna into a cyborg.

Oddly, though, the poem's turn at line 57, when organic nature reenters Corinna's life with a vengeance, is not reassertion of the hale, hearty and clean, or arcadian innocence. That would be the office of a poetic turn in the youthful Shelley; this is a Swift poem, so there is no soft primitivism but only Tennyson's nature red in tooth and claw, or Sade's, yearning with all her heart for the furtherance of cruelty (the leering "A Dreadful Sight! / Behold the Ruins of the Night!"), which comes in the dark and upsets the world of artifice. Yet while the Disney-esque whimsy and humor of the creatures that share Corinna's crib cannot quite cancel out the nauseating quality of Swift's mock-aubade, neither does nausea quite cancel out whimsy and humor:

> *Corinna* wakes. A dreadful Sight!
> Behold the Ruins of the Night!
> A wicked Rat her Plaister stole,
> Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.

The Crystal Eye, alas, was miss't;
And *Puss* had on her Plumpers p---st.
A Pigeon pick'd her Issue-Peas;
And *Shock* her Tresses fill'd with Fleas. (57-64)

As with the martyred mouse, his hide turned *post mortem* into Corinna's false eyebrows, only the deadest pedant could take the "wicked Rat" seriously; the anthropomorphism of giving "him" the vice of thievery is comic genius, as is his tiny greed in dragging home an edible too large for his hole. The pigeon that picked the issue-peas is included for a bumptious alliteration of "p"s to underline the coarse humor of the "Issue-Peas." The domestic animals have a similar function, less threatening than rats or pigeons since they are in nature but not of it, being partly socialized and so funnier. Line 62 on Puss, which benefits not only from ponderous Old English alliteration of "p" and "h" but from the ingenious onomatopoeia of repeated "s," is a sibilant hiss that approaches *Paradise Lost* 10.507-09 for sound echoing sense ("On all sides, from innumerable tongues / A dismal universal hiss, the sound / Of public scorn"), though unlike Satan haranguing the devils Swift's line is a negative sublime, given what Puss has been up to. Shock for his part puts the reader in mind of *Rape of the Lock* 1.115-16, where Belinda is wakened by her Shock dog with only slightly less septic ministrations, with worse ones fiendishly hinted at. So Corinna is the *dame aux licornes* inverted; her moral impurity gives the animal creation power over *her*. The thematic burden of the lines on Corinna's creatures, in short, is that even vitalist nature – especially vitalist nature – is no standard of goodness or innocence that can be straightforwardly opposed to mechanist materialism, either in theory or fact, or indeed straightforwardly opposed to early modern urban culture, here dubiously represented by the grotty domestic animals Puss and Shock.

Indeed cyborg Corinna, becoming more and more machine as worn-out natural parts are replaced by artificial ones, is paradoxically not the person whose actions most approach the mechanic order of stimulus/response. That person is the reader implied by Swift's speaker, who after relating the night's events with verve and humor suddenly turns and deflates the narrative and himself with the potted final couplet, which clangs shut with a childish rhyme: "*Corinna* in the Morning dizen'd, / Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd." The poem's tone *has* been playful if contemptuous throughout – who has painstakingly skinned the dead mouse (13-14) and cut plausible eyebrows from the hide? But the final couplet is flat and leaden, and falls jerkily on the ears, a twitch of poetic automatism. This may be a textual locus where Swift's invention gave out and he absently applied a patch, a sententious pseudo-moral that sprang to mind (and that oddly cuts against the rest of the poem's grain).

This formulaic quality is in keeping with the poem's rhetorical structure: three discrete units of extended *ekphrasis* or *descriptio*, including invocation of the technical term "describe" from rhetoric, and the ritual adynaton that *descriptio* is inadequate to the scene witnessed. Corinna's body is itself a surface on which she paints and clay which she sculpts; her white-lead face is a primed canvas on which she pastes eyebrows and paints in red to simulate healthy blood circulation, and prodding and squeezing her flesh into pleasing shapes makes her a self-sculptor (the "Plumpers… That serve to fill her hollow Jaws," the "Steel-Rib'd Bodice" that presses down lumps and fills hollows, the "Bolsters that supply her Hips"). Thus the speaker's *descriptio* of Corinna is *ekphrasis* in the narrower technical sense too: verbal mimesis of two- or three-dimensional plastic art,

itself literally a pale imitation of a healthy young female body. Corinna's "Arts" are thus suitable for *ekphrasis*, Swift's transformation of her self-sculpture and self-painting into text:

> But how shall I describe her Arts
> To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
> Or shew the Anguish, Toil, and Pain,
> Of gath'ring up herself again?
> The bashful Muse will never bear
> In such a scene to interfere.
> *Corinna* in the Morning dizen'd,
> Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd. (67-74)

Yet of course the bashful Muse has borne to interfere, indeed reveled, "In such a scene," namely last night's prelude to this mock-aubade. Strictly, however, Swift's speaker does omit to rehearse Corinna's reassembly of parts; this is not merely paralepsis.

Like "The Lady's Dressing Room," moreover, "Nymph" is also a transferred georgic. Corinna's self-husbanding "Arts… Of gath'ring up" her "scatter'd parts" sound like binding wheat into sheaves or raking hay into windrows, shades of Marvell's Damon mowing himself. Thus the "wicked Rat" who steals Corinna's Plaister and the pea-picking pigeon (it too is a harvester) reactivate the vermin and pests that menace the harvest in *Georgics* 1.184 ff. Corinna also recalls *Geo*. 4's Orpheus whose head and other parts are torn from him by Maenads, scattered through the fields like seed in a kind of Dionysiac fertility rite; like Orpheus' *disiecta membra* Corinna's, with their lead-paint superficies, are also white, cold, and lifeless.[98] And again her having to tend to the double-entendre "Furrows in her Front", like Celia's plucking her eyebrows like weeds in "The Lady's Dressing Room," is eminently georgic labor, if abject. Corinna also engages in abject sowing, planting peas under her own skin; here in particular she herself is *ager*, and her various therapies and cosmetics *agri cultura*. Like the seed-scattering "Antient *Pict*" in Rochester's *Ramble*, or the sterile gardenist of Marvell's "The Mower against Gardens" who misuses the land's fertility by building "the Fountain and the Grot; / While the sweet Fields do lye forgot," Corinna is wasting seed on sterile soil and decorating a barren *ager*; she will not raise healthy new life but only a Vergilian (and Biblical) crop of weeds.[99]

It is in the end ironically not mechanical Corinna, who tries to make herself up as best she can, that reacts like Pavlov's dog to the stimulus of sexual relations for hire but rather the faux-prude narrator, who ostensibly vomits at mere sight and smell of Corinna. (Taking a leaf from Montagu's "The reasons that induced Dr S[wift]," the biographical critic would wonder how "The bashful Muse" gained admittance to this "Scene" if not by picking Corinna up.) As often in Swift, just as the reader is getting comfortable the speaker, or in the prose fiction narrator, becomes a blockhead and as he or she is nodding in approval of the easy moralizing Swift pulls the satiric rug out from under, lest the

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[98] For an agrarian reading of the death of Orpheus in the Aristaeus epyllion of *Geo*. 4, see Llewelyn Morgan, *Patterns of Redemption in Virgil's* Georgics (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 230-35.

[99] Vergil, *Ecl*. 5.36-39 (following Daphnis' death, the Italian *ager* grows only weeds and thorns); *St Matt*. 13:3-9 (Christ's parable of the sower).

reader slip uncritically into some false collective identity or another: in this case, that of fair-sexing beau or fop, abortively imitating polite arcadian texts (Philips' *Pastorals*, *The Conscious Lovers*, and the like) in real life.

Like the Nymph herself therefore, who "tho' in this mangled Plight, / Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite," each of Swift's readers is tasked to perform the georgic work of gathering the poem's disparate generic and thematic parts and bringing in a meaning; or under the poem's mock-pastoral aspect, the task of collecting flowers (*anthologia*) into a coherent if gaudy bouquet. "To recollect the scatter'd Parts" of Vergil, Ovid, the troubadour poets, and Pope in *The Dunciad*, plus Swift's own inventions, is not optional *Quellenforschung* but the only stable foundation on which the reader can build the parts into a thematic and contextual whole. In Margaret Anne Doody's apt formulation, cited in the Introduction and well worth quoting again:

> Swift certainly did not write… with a copy of Virgil in front of him, but the modern critic must painfully present an array of detail in order to trace something which was once the very stuff of thought. Works that in the past flourished in the minds of men as green and living presences have to be restored to our twentieth-century minds before an argument about particular design and effects can even begin.[100]

Only once Swift's reader, and Marvell's and Rochester's and Gay's and Pope's, has performed this patient, attentive labor will the satirist's *composita venena*, in the case of "Nymph" Ovidian mock-georgic and Juvenalian mock-pastoral, resolve themselves into legible *scriptio* rather than merely disgusting, discrete "Dawbs of White and Red" and other dirty scrawls across the female face – in "Nymph" the *pornographia* is straightforward, unfussy, because literal *porneia* is Corinna's occupation – or mere *coprographia* that is the textual working-out of a ponderous "Excremental Vision."[101] On the contrary, misogynic treatment of women as sex objects and gratuitous exposure of anal, genital, and other body functions are precisely targets of the satire: Corinna is a figure of fun, if abject, because she emblematizes a trend nascent in the society of Georgian Britain and Ireland toward individualization, exhibition, and commodification of human sexuality, and that sexuality's consequent isolation from public contexts of marriage, child-rearing, and extended kinship community. There would be no Corinnas to supply the market, Swift implies, if private demand were not tolerated by public institutions; no man, or woman, is clean. This is not misogyny nor yet misandry but misanthropy truly such, skepticism of and disillusion with the fallen *human* condition, even episodically hatred of it, well-illustrated in prose by Swift's profoundly Rochesterian statement to Pope that "[P]rincipally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I hartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth… I have got Materials

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[100] Margaret Anne Doody, "Insects, Vermin and Horses: *Gulliver's Travels* and Virgil's *Georgics*," in *Augustan Studies: Essays in Honor of Irvin Ehrenpreis* (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press and London and Toronto: Associated Univ. Presses, 1985), 148.

[101] On Swift's ostensible "excremental vision" see Norman O. Brown, *Life against Death: The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan Univ. Press and London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1959), 179-201.

Towards a Treatis proving the falsity of that Definition *animal rationale*; and to show it should be only *rationis capax*."[102]

10. "STREPHON AND CHLOE": JUVENALIAN CITY GEORGIC

The titular characters in "Strephon and Chloe" follow Swift's semi-systematic nomenclature: Strephon reprises the frantic muttering lover who digs up dirt on Celia in "The Lady's Dressing Room," while Chloe recalls the superficial trollop who compares poorly with Stella in the 1721 birthday ode. As usual Swift, with the advantage of temporal belatedness relative to his models, blends genres in the poem. The topos of scatological mistress, or rather wife – Chloe is another mock-pastoral "So beautiful a Nymph" (3) but in this poem, alone among Swift's mock-pastorals, she and her swain get married – ultimately derives not from Ovid or even Catullus but that otherwise well-adjusted materialist Lucretius. He describes a "Dame" whose "unsav'ry Odours fly" like Celia's, albeit in more elliptical or euphemistic terms than the graphic ones of "Dressing Room":

> *nempe eadem facit, et scimus facere, omnia turpi,*
> *et miseram taetris se suffit odoribus ipsa*
> *quam famulae longe fugitant furtimque cachinnant...*
> *[amator] si, iam admissum, venientem offenderit aura*
> *una modo, causas abeundi quaerat honestas,*
> *et meditata diu cadat alte sumpta querela,*
> *stultititaque ibi se damnet, tribuisse quod illi*
> *plus videat quam mortali concedere par est.*
>
> still, as well we know,
> She does things which the plainest women do.
> She fumigates herself, poor wretch, with odours
> So foul and evil-smelling that her maids
> Keep well away and alugh behind her back…
> But [the lover], once admitted, one whiff would promptly make him
> Seek some polite excuse to take his leave;
> His fond complaint, deep-seated, long-rehearsed,
> Would turn to nothing, he'ld damn his stupid folly
> In placing her above all mortal women.[103]

As remarkable a difference from Swift as Lucretius' relative bowdlerism, moreover, is his speaker's humorlessness about the mistress' flatulence and consequent human frailty; where Ovid, who takes up these themes in *Remedia amoris*, uses a speaker who feels worldly amusement at such foibles, Lucretius' is fussy, persnickety, almost prissy. That is, while in "Strephon and Chloe" and other Swift poems the fair-sexing fastidiousness satirized by the speaker is located in the character, here the naïf bridegroom Strephon,

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[102] Swift, letter to Alexander Pope, 29 Sept. 1725.

[103] *De rerum natura* 4.1174-84, in *Lucreti De rerum natura libri sex*, ed. Cyril Bailey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1921), no page number. The translation is by Ronald Melville, *Lucretius, On the Nature of the Universe* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1997), 133.

again a "humbled Swain" (91) as in "The Lady's Dressing Room," in Lucretius it is located in the speaker himself.

Also remarkable in "Strephon and Chloe," besides their domestic life together, is Swift's move to preclude or rather determine generic taxonomy. Lest the reader be a Bentleyan dunce, the speaker intones, immediately following husband and wife's mutual disillusion on the wedding night:

> Adieu to ravishing Delights,
> High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
> To Goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
> Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
> To silver Meads, and shady Bow'rs,
> Drest up with *Amaranthine* Flow'rs. (197-202)

It is this and cognate passages in Swift's and his colleagues' mock-pastorals that have led so many unwary critics, even ones otherwise careful, subtle, and tactful, to pronounce the pastoral in English dead in Scriblerian times, because they mistook blighted arcadian limb for healthy trunk, ancient but for that reason deeply-rooted in Western literature and sturdily unkillable, whatever unorthodox shapes healthy limbs are bent to. The disillusion Swift decrees here is as old as the rose-colored glasses thrown away by *Idyll* 11's Polyphemus and *Ecl*. 2's Corydon; pastoral from the beginning manufactures its own antibodies against latent arcadianism. It is not, as ever in Marvell's and Rochester's and the Scriblerians' mock-pastorals, pastoral that is under attack in "Strephon and Chloe"; Swift, as Doody correctly notes, was steeped in his Vergil and at least tinctured with Theocritus, so he would hardly have made the mistake himself. Rather, the Philips and Tickells and Steeles and all the rest are under Swift's fire, and it is not really a fair fight since the other side is unarmed.

The poem is also, surprisingly, in part an earnest transferred georgic. Swift's local variation on the Vergilian model is, like many transferred georgics ancient and modern, poetic didaxis or a versified how-to manual, in this case, fascinatingly, on the married life. First, however, Swift must proceed *hypocrite renversé*-fashion through the stages of mock-georgic, lest the poem be blemished by too much earnestness and stray near the borders of self-importance and self-satisfaction, those perennial minefields ready to blow up even a skeptical satirist. The poem's satire therefore follows the program of city georgic. Swift paints a Juvenalian cityscape, where Strephon "bravely drove his Rivals down / With Coach and Six, and House in Town" (42-43), like the self-important arrivistes of Rome in *Sat*. 3 whose litters and litter-bearers elbow the humble aside in the streets, and in the marriage market. And in "so nice, and so genteel" (9) but dirty Chloe there is an echo of *Sat*. 6's Roman ladies who appear in the streets at night and, drunkenly rioting, defile the goddess Chastity's altar with urine:

> Now *Ponder well ye Parents dear*;
> Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer;
> And make them ev'ry Afternoon
> Forbear their Tea, or drink it soon;
> That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
> They may discharge it ev'ry Sup;
> If not; they must in evil Plight
> Be often forc'd to rise at Night. (115-22)

Swift may also be glancing back at Gay's "The thoughtless Wits shall frequent Forfeits pay, / Who 'gainst the Centry's Box discharge their Tea" (*Trivia* 2.298-99), which itself (in 1716) looks forward to *The Dunciad*'s sardonic fixation on the crudities of Georgian London's sanitation, as exemplified by Fleet Ditch and other open sewers.

As in Gay and Pope, Swift's cityscape and the *beau monde* who live in it are examined for their cleanliness and lack of it, not merely for the sake of puncturing arrogance and pride, but to make a larger cultural and political point, as I argue in chapter 5: duncery and hackery in the Hanoverian metropolis are led on by *ignes fatui*, private religious "inner light" and pseudo-objective "reason," which are ignited miasmas or vapors rising from the decomposition of (agri)cultural *disiecta membra* in the city's dirty streams. "Strephon and Chloe," with Swift's habit of turning topography into gynography and andrography, makes these streams and their miasmas corporal, as perspiration, urination, flatulence, and defecation. The speaker for instance archly praises Chloe, feigning that

> No Humours gross, or frowzy Steams
> No noisom Whiffs, or sweaty Streams,
> Before, behind, above, below,
> Could from her taintless Body flow…
> Her dearest Comrades never caught her
> Squat on her Hams, to make Maid's Water. (11-18)

He cannot keep a straight face, however, and soon has to tell the truth:

> Twelve cups of Tea, (with Grief I speak)
> Had now constrain'd the Nymph to leak.
> This Point must needs be settled first;
> The Bride must either void or burst.
> Then, see the dire Effects of Pease,
> Think what can give the Colick Ease,
> The Nymph opprest before, behind,
> As Ships are toss't by Waves and Wind,
> Steals out her Hand by Nature led,
> And brings a Vessel into Bed. (163-72)

So Chloe and Strephon, importantly, do not let these streams' miasmas or vapors ascend to the brain, as the Dissenter preachers in *A Tale of a Tub* and Pope's *Dunciad* hacks and dunces do. By voiding them in the proper way, they are laughable but avoid the fate of the pridefully puffed-up

> Tell-tale out of School [who]
> Is of all Wits the greatest Fool;
> Whose rank Imagination fills,
> Her Heart, and from her Lips distills;
> You'd think she utter'd from behind,
> Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind. (277-82)

The newlyweds are arriving independently at the insights contained in contemporary mock-medical treatises such as *The Benefit of Farting Explain'd* (1722), a tract whose success suggests that Swift's scatological wit in "Strephon and Chloe" is only what oft

was thought, but ne'er so well-expressed, by other Georgian satirists.[104] He may moreover have a particular "Tell-tale" in mind here, one particularly despised by him and by Pope for her literary pretensions and patronage of poetasters, and neglect of Gay:

> Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
> By ev'ry Coxcomb, but her Lord?
> From yonder Puppet-Man inquire,
> Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire;
> Shews *Sheba*'s Queen completely drest,
> And *Solomon* in Royal Vest;
> But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
> Or strung on Pegs behind the Door;
> Punch is exactly of a Piece
> With *Lorraine*'s Duke, and Prince of *Greece*. (283-92)

The "handsome Wife" who "Is of all Wits the greatest Fool" is Queen Caroline, or "*Sheba*'s Queen" in Swift's unflattering allegoresis, "ador'd / By ev'ry Coxcomb" from Pope's nemesis Lord Hervey on down; her husband George, Pope's "Dunce the second" in *The Dunciad*, is of course ironically shadowed by wise "*Solomon* in Royal Vest." The "Puppet-Man" is then Walpole, "Who wisely hides his Wood" (a glance back at Wood's Irish half-pence stopped in its tracks by Swift's *Drapier's Letters*), pulling the strings of the royal clown who is also "*Lorraine*'s Duke" or "Prince of *Greece*," in 1731 trivial or non-existent lords, i.e. the contemptible Elector of Hanover. This reading can be strengthened by using innuendo, in its sense of decoding strategy, to interpret Swift's otherwise inexplicably-abstruse figuration of wives' losing husbands' interest after marriage:

> They take Possession of the Crown,
> And then throw all their Weapons down;
> Though by the Politicians Scheme
> Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r supreme,
> Those Arts by which at first they gain it,
> They still must practice to maintain it. (261-66)

Having possession of the crown, then throwing all one's weapons down, is very close to a précis of James II and VII's status and actions in December 1688, and a fair description of James III and VIII over the course of the 1715-16 Jacobite rising. The "Politicians Scheme," then, will be Marlborough's return to power at the death of Anne in 1714, and/or Walpole's engrossing to himself what amounted to "Pow'r supreme" in 1721, and holding on to it by hook or by crook ever since, at the poem's 1731 date.

Oddly, though, crypto-Jacobite or at least oppositional Patriot attack on the royal wife and her negligent husband seems merely an aside, ancillary to the speaker's main

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[104] The full title of this tract is a bravura performance in itself: *The benefit of farting explain'd, or, the fundament-all cause of the distempers incident to the fair sex, enquir'd into : Proving a posteriori most of the dis-ordures in tail'd upon them, are owing to flatulencies not seasonably vented / wrote in Spanish by Don Fartinando Puff-indorst, professor of Baumbast in the University of Crackow and translated into English at the request, and for the use, of the Lady Damp-fart of Her-fart-shire by Obadiah Fizzle, groom of the stool to the princess of Arsimini in Sardinia*. It was ostensibly printed in "Long-Fart (Longford in Ireland)" by one "Simon Bumbubbard, at the sign of the Wind-mill opposite Twattling-Street."

purpose in the poem, which is to satirize and then, improbably, to praise an everyday urban wife and her all-too assiduous husband. His decisive disillusion comes when Swift intrudes an improbable arcadian stream into the text, to sharpen the contrast with the domestic one flowing in Strephon's Dublin or London townhouse:

> *Strephon* who heard the fuming Rill
> As from a mossy Cliff distill;
> Cry'd out, ye Gods, what Sound is this?
> Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe* ------? (175-78)

The wit and humor here require no comment, but the scene's thematic burden does. Strephon, like his namesake in "Dressing Room," has made the shocking discovery that Chloe, like Celia, uses a "Fair Utensil, as smooth and white / As Chloe's skin, almost as bright" (173-74). But crucially, unlike that other Strephon, he does not lose his tiny mind. While the new husband indeed "smelt a noysom Steam / Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream" (179-80), like the miasmas rising in "Dressing Room" and from Cloacina's precints in *Trivia* and from the Fleet in *The Dunciad*, the vapors do not go to his head, as they go to the heads of other Scriblerian fops, beaux, dunces, and hacks, there to ignite as *ignis fatuus*. Instead "He found her, while the Scent increas'd, / As *mortal* as himself at least" (185-86); Choe is, like himself, merely flesh and blood (though they are also more than this), and this dawning realization will help to make husband and wife one flesh in the Pauline sense, rather than just two individuals who may or may not continue to have elective affinities for one another. Strephon's human and humane discovery reinforces the elementary humanist lesson he has recently learned by looking in the mirror, exactly the opposite of the mistaken lesson learned by Polyphemus, Corydon, Marvell's Damon, and their cognates: "For, as he view'd his Person round, / Meer mortal Flesh was all he found" (75-76). What saves this Strephon from his "Dressing Room" namesake's low-prestige madness, and from the Bentleyan dunces' and Walpole-connected hacks' high-prestige madness in *Trivia* and *The Dunciad*, is the garden-variety virtue humility, not at a premium in Georgian Dublin or London, or in any other city or country known to history. Yet Strephon acquires it, slowly and painfully as most uncommon skills or strengths are acquired:

> How did the humbled Swain detest
> His prickled Beard, and hairy Breast!
> His Night-Cap border'd round with Lace
> Could give no Softness to his Face. (91-94)

This is as careful a poise and counterpoise of *buffo* and *serio* as is found in Swift's mock-pastorals and mock-georgics. The speaker teeters right on the edge of calling Strephon Polyphemus, for so he is, in shaggy form and fantastic mixture of absurdity and pathos – but with the crucial difference, again, that Strephon survives the encounter with the mirror to see himself without idealization, and yet with compassion. He is, after the home truths of his wedding night, a cheerful ancient pessimist rather than a depressed modern optimist.

And his bride Chloe learns the same lesson, improbably enough, from having to see herself as Strephon sees her, as "On Box of Cedar Sits the Wife" (207). A satirist of the second rate would have tried to express humor from wedding night sexual burlesque –

Swift knows better. By choosing the high road of misanthropic scatology, wedding night excretory burlesque, he achieves a level of wit and humor not seen elsewhere in his poems, yet despite this, or rather because of it, also achieves a rare constructive project. "Strephon and Chloe" uniquely among Swift's major mock-georgics contains a generous admixture of earnest, if witty and good-natured, admonitions on how to cultivate and enrich a good marriage, as in the poem's final eight lines:

> On Sense and Wit your Passion found,
> By Decency cemented round;
> Let Prudence with Good Nature strive,
> To keep Esteem and Love alive.
> Then come old Age whene'er it will,
> Your Friendship shall continue still:
> And thus a mutual gentle Fire,
> Shall never but with Life expire. (307-14)

The guiding light in a wise marriage, which is based on *amicitia*, that eminently Ciceronian and humanist desideratum, is a sociable "mutual gentle Fire." It is in sharp contrast to a modern *ignis fatuus* such as enlightened self-interest, still sharper to an insubstantial elective affinity like romantic love, which burns bright and then flames out. This is Juvenalian city georgic, but with a surprise ending: Swift's speaker is just as disillusioned as Juvenal's in *Sat*. 6, the pitiless satire of Roman wives, yet unlike this precursor he manages to raise gaudy tulips from the dung. Unlike the envoi of "The Lady's Dressing Room," the envoi of "Strephon and Chloe" leaves the reader with the sneaking suspicion that there really could be order from confusion sprung.

11. "CASSINUS AND PETER": LUCRETIAN TOWN ECLOGUE

"Cassinus and Peter" is a mock-pastoral dialogue between the eponymous "College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth," subtitled "A Tragical ELEGY" by a straight-faced Swift. Peter's name recalls the eldest, allegorically Roman Catholic brother in *A Tale of a Tub*, while "Cassinus" implies hollowness or vacuity, and more faintly a cheese (Latin *cassus* and *caseus*), just as Strephon's speaking name in "The Lady's Dressing Room" telegraphs themes of squeamish turning away even before the poem is under way. In his vacuous self-absorption, and what in contemporary though not Georgian parlance is called cheesiness, Cassinus deserves his name; as a mock-type of the dying shepherd he is the pastoral commonplace *par excellence*, though this is exactly to Swift's parodic purposes as will be seen.

Cassinus the "Swain" (39, 66) descends proximately from hackneyed dying shepherds in arcadian Renaissance and Restoration pastoral, for instance Oldham's ambiguously masculine Bion/Rochester. Ultimately however he refers the reader back to the archetypal drowned Daphnis of Theocritus, *Idyll* 1, given a fall by Love, along with Daphnis and Gallus in Vergil, *Ecls*. 5 and 10. Swift's close work with his models, and unexpected reworking of them, are evident if we compare Vergil, *Ecl*. 5.41-44

> *pastores (mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis),*
> *et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen:*
> *'Daphnis ego in siluis, hinc usque ad sidera notus,*

formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse.'

and *Eclogue* 10.31-34

> *tristis at ille 'tamen cantabitis, Arcades,' inquit*
> *'montibus haec uestris; soli cantare periti*
> *Arcades. o mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,*
> *uestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!'*[105]

with Cassinus' campy imagining of his own interment:

> Advice in vain you would apply –
> Then, leave me to despair and dye.
> Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn
> These Elegies and Sonnets burn,
> And on the Marble grave these Rhimes,
> A Monument to after-Times:
> "Here *Cassy* lies, by *Cœlia* slain,
> And dying, never told his Pain." ("Cassinus and Peter" 71-78)

Swift squeezes the two *Eclogues* passages to extract the pathos of both, which he then ferments into vinegary satire of fair-sexing Georgian fops and also, just *en passant*, the dying shepherd topos. The imitation is very close, and only the deft inversion of tone gives the irony away, creating a very funny effect exactly opposite that of Vergil's lines for dead Daphnis and dying Gallus. The lines are also a marvel of tight economy, typical of Swift poems; "grave" in line 75 is also a noun that imports the *tumulus* from *Ecl*. 5 to add mock-pathos to the Urn, for instance, and in the elite-educated reader's horizon of expectations would have called up paintings like Poussin's mid-1630s *Arcadian Shepherds*, now in the Louvre, depicting Vergilian *pastores* finding a Daphnis-style tomb inscribed "*et in Arcadia ego*."[106]

Swift's speaker himself meanwhile, ostensible source for Cassinus' "Elegies and Sonnets" (74) and transcriber of "grave these Rhimes" – line 75's syntax actually allows "grave" to do triple duty, here as adjective – is implicitly one of the "kind *Arcadians*," rustic poets who artlessly sing a wronged swain's sad story. Swift in his parched antiromanticism clearly enjoys the dissonance between this conceit of artless song and his lines' ponderous allusiveness. Another species of this gap between rhetoric and reality, Cassinus' paralipsis (in fact he *does* "tell his Pain," at some length), while not intended by him is clearly intended by Swift for comic effect: aspirant beaux and fops are, despite what they think, hardly the strong, silent type. "Cassy" seems more Cassandra than Cassinus, an overwrought self-pitier secretly pleased to prophesy impending doom.

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[105] In Guy Lee's translation: "Shepherds, (that such be done for him is Daphnis' will), / And make a mound and add above the mound a song: / *Daphnis am I in woodland, known hence far as the stars*, / *Herd of a handsome flock, myself the handsomer*" (*Ecl*. 5.41-44); "But sadly he [Gallus] replied: 'Arcadians, will you sing, though, / Of these things to your hills? You are supreme in song, / Arcadians. O how softly then my bones would rest, / If only your reed pipe hereafter told my love!'" (*Ecl*. 10.31-34). Lee, 65 and 103.

[106] See Erwin Panofsky, "*Et in Arcadia Ego*: On the Conception of Transience in Poussin and Watteau," in *Philosophy and History: Essays Presented to Ernst Cassirer*, ed. R. Klibansky and H. J. Paton (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1936), 223-54, repr. as "*Et in Arcadia Ego*: Poussin and the Elegiac Tradition," in *Meaning in the Visual Arts* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1983), 295-320.

Cassinus' lethal grief at being stripped of arcadian illusions about Celia, moreover, is doubly ludicrous because she is transparently not any beau's lady love but a prostitute, as he perhaps knows. He concedes, like the speaker of Rochester's *Ramble*, that there's something generous in mere lust: "Friend Peter, this [sluttishness] I could excuse; / For, ev'ry Nymph has Leave to chuse" (63-64). Indeed Celia's name, and her suddenly-discovered defecating, suggest she may be identical with the titular lady of "Dressing Room," in which case Cassinus has been sharing Celia sexually with Strephon and, no doubt, many other men, as Rochester's Rambler had to share Corinna. Like Strephon he seems to have lost his wits, stricken with repetition compulsion. We last see Strephon "repeating in his amorous Fits, / Oh! *Celia*, *Celia*, *Celia* shits!", a line reproduced by Swift to close "Strephon and Chloe," but it is evidently even worse for Cassinus, who also seems to have internalized the trauma of the chamber pot – literally, as the narrator's coy vagueness makes the reader suspect coprophagy: "The Leavings of his last Night's Pot / On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot" (27-28). Swift closely conjoins this vessel with "His Jordan" (21), which may be identical with "my Urn" (73) on which "kind Arcadians" – presumably hack Grub Street poets, whose day job is to be paid at one or two removes by Walpole – will "grave these Rhimes, / A Monument to after-Times" that "Here *Cassy* lies, by *Cælia* slain," syntax that slyly assimilates Cassinus to the contents of his jordan (72-76). In keeping with the broad pattern of imagery in Swift's, Gay's, and Pope's mock-pastorals, inspiration for the dunces or hacks who will sing Cassinus for pay rise in the form of miasma or vapors from putrefaction of excreta or rubbish, material and (metaphorically) cultural.

It is not only Cassinus who comes in for mockery, however. Naïf young fops, at least those of the genteel fair-sexing class, are under fire as a group. Peter, finding his chum despondent, is made to utter this precious nonsense:

> Why, *Cassy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate:
> What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
> The Finch, the Linnet and the Thrush,
> Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Bush:
> And, I have heard thee oft salute
> *Aurora* with thy early Flute.
> Heaven send thou hast not got the Hypps.
> How? Not a Word come from thy lips? (29-36)

Though Peter then gives Cassy some "familiar Thumps," college-hearty fashion, the overall effect here ("Heaven send thou hast not got the Hypps") is that of Restoration comedic beaux, Wycherley's Sparkish or Congreve's Witwoud, or the effete thespians Keanrick and Mossop in the *Black Adder* episode "Sense and Senility." The comic nucleus of "Cassinus and Peter" however is the mock-aubade Swift gives Peter, whose affectation makes little feathered monks of birds squawking at daybreak. The image of grotty Cassinus saluting the Homeric "rosy-fingered goddess" with his early Flute moreover – Swift fiendishly makes it sound like morning masturbation – utterly punctures his arcadian fatuity, not least since the only instruments lying to hand in his anti-bower are half-smoked pipe and chamber pot. Peter's avian *aubadistes* seems to be a faint echo of Shakespeare, Sonnet 73, where winter tree branches allegorize the despoiled Henrician chantries, "Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang": Swift may be enjoying the irony of monastic birds singing matins in proverbially Puritan

and Dissenter Cambridge, though the topos was staple and need not recall a particular precursor.

In his contempt for the affected arcadianism and strained neoclassicizing of these "two College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth," Swift's speaker anticipates Johnson's caustic observation about *Lycidas* and those other pastoralizing Cambridge "College Sophs," Milton and Edward King: "It [*Lycidas*] is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions… We know that they never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten."[107] Perhaps indeed Cassinus and Peter are King and Milton by innuendo, though Swift as Anglican Trinity man had a standing motive to satirize stereotypically Dissenter (in 1734) Cambridge; foremost in mind, especially in writing a poem that sides with Ancients against Moderns, would be Bentley, Master of Trinity and partisan of the Hanover accession, who had been embroiled in litigation against his fellows and the university for twenty years. Swift's contextual reference in "Cassinus and Peter" is not so pointed as it is in "Strephon and Chloe," where Walpole and George II and Caroline are readily perceived through thin allegory, but it is there. "Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks, / Where Echo sits, and list'ning mocks" (107-08), Cassinus says to Peter of Cælia's peccadillo, but Swift is Echo, revoicing ancient pastoral, georgic, and satire to mock Cassy and Petey and their sentimental, man-of-feeling modern postures; hearing their self-indulgent plaints he "list'ning mocks," in pitch-perfect mimicry of their shrill tone, lame diction, and rationally self-interested preoccupations. The poem is imitation of the ancients and imitation of the moderns, the former affirming if irreverent, the latter deftly, sardonically parodic.

Irony indeed is allegory for Swift's secular age; in both modes, poetic speakers say one thing but mean another, and so what they say requires careful interpretation.[108] In this sense Swift's parodic and other ironized poems, as a practice, preserve and renew medieval and ancient literary theory, which posited plural levels of textual meaning. There is a secret sharing of Swift's low-mimetic early modern satiric pastorals and georgics with the romances of the high Middle Ages: a joint resistance to the purely denotative semantics of the Lagado School of Languages and its literally infantile linguists, who have a Spratian plan to reduce all verbal reference to gestures at objects by way of mathematic Hobbist method.[109]

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[107] Samuel Johnson, "Milton" (1779), in John H. Middendorf (ed.), *Samuel Johnson: The Lives of the Poets* (vol. 21 of *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*) (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2010), 99 and ff.

[108] The secularism of early modern Britain, however, is only relative to that of the high Middle Ages and the Renaissance. As J.C.D. Clark and others have persuasively argued, as late as Catholic emancipation and the Reform Act the chief source of social identity in Britain, and thus the chief engine of political controversy, continued to be religious confession rather than social rank, material economic conditions, or even incipient nationalism, though these "secular" categories to a greater or lesser degree informed such religious confession (or lack of it). See Clark, *English Society 1660-1832: Religion, Ideology and Politics during the Ancien Regime*, second edn (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2000), 14-42 and *passim*.

[109] Hobbes' deductive argumentation, ostensibly based on the axiomatic method of geometry, was criticized by Restoration mathematicians such as Wallis as flawed on its own terms. See Michael Hunter, *Science and Society in Restoration England* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1981), 178-79.

The two rhetorical modes, irony and allegoresis, are not mutually-exclusive of course; Swift effortlessly operates in both in *A Tale of a Tub* for instance, which is indeed in great part a parody *of* allegory. Thus one of the sharpest contrasts between the ironized pastorals and georgics of Swift and the earnest *topographia* of his contemporaries is the degree to which the latter means only what it says, often gruesomely earnestly, and therefore needs little interpretation. In the case of Ambrose Philips, for example, the *Pastorals* approach the nadir of earnestness at the opposite pole from the zenith of irony, sarcasm, where what is meant is precisely the opposite of what is said (Antony's "And Brutus is an honorable man" and the like). In between these poles are a wealth of possible coordinates, the most interesting among them perhaps those of political allegory, whereby Swift is able through symbolism, innuendo, and other figurations and turns to write texts that are literally unimpeachable and yet, read between the lines, are powerful satire of powerful men, often in aid of crypto-Jacobite political points.

Reading between the lines, what Ian Higgins has said of Swift's political writings and prose fiction is also applicable, if not quite as neatly, to his mock-pastoral and mock-georgic poems: in "*A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift can be understood as saying what Tory extremists and Jacobites were saying on affairs of state."[110] Whether because he was unable, or because he was unwilling, he made no attempt to follow up these such ambitious, large-scale crypto-Jacobite or radically Oppositional satires with analogues in verse. This task would fall to his much younger Scriblerian collaborator and sometime ministerial protégé, the country boy-cum-courtier-*manqué* John Gay, to attempt, and to succeed in going away, in the satiric eclogue-book *The Shepherd's Week*, a multifarious clutch of town eclogues, and the one-off masterpiece *Trivia*, a *Georgics* recast, remade, and remodeled for the Georgian metropolis. It is to Gay therefore that we now turn.

[110] Ian Higgins, *Swift's Politics: A Study in Disaffection* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994), 95 and *passim*. A more recent elaboration of this position, i.e. that the traditional view of Swift's political views as Old Whig or non-Jacobite Tory is mistaken, is Higgins, "Jonathan Swift's political confession," in Claude Rawson (ed.), *Politics and Literature in the Age of Swift: English and Irish Perspectives* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 3-30.

CHAPTER 4

"Court Clowns, or Clown Courtiers": pastoral panegyric and georgic satire in Gay

> The tender Philips lines, who lately tryd
> To plant Arcadia by the Severn side;
> And Gentle Gays that happily explore
> Those British Shepheards Spencer sought before.
>
> Thomas Parnell, "An Eclogue" 101-04
>
> Verily, as little Pleasance receiveth a true homebred Tast, from all the fine finical new-fangled Fooleries of this gay Gothic Garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their Court Clowns, or Clown Courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent Citizen journeying to his Country Farms, should he find them occupied by People of this motley Make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly Folk; such as be now Tenants to the Burgesses of this Realme.
>
> Gay, "Proeme" to *The Shepherd's Week*
>
> Who can the various City Frauds recite,
> With all the petty Rapines of the Night?...
> O! may thy Virtue guard thee through the Roads
> Of *Drury*'s mazy Courts, and dark Abodes.
>
> (Gay, *Trivia* 3.247-48, 259-60)

Of all the Restoration and Georgian mock-pastorals and mock-georgics it is John Gay's that are longest overdue a revival of critical attention and use as classroom texts, and Gay himself upgrade from mere "favorite of the Wits," a foothill on the way to the *eminences grises* Swift and Pope.[1] While a certain number of articles and book chapters on Gay have appeared over the decades, and in 1995 David Nokes' critical biography, only one anthology on *Trivia* has been published, and only one monograph with a chapter on Gay's reception of pastoral and georgic.[2] Work on *The Beggar's Opera* since Empson,

[1] The trivializing title was bestowed by Dr Johnson in his *Life* – "Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect." John H. Middendorf (ed.), *Samuel Johnson: The Lives of the Poets* (vol. 22 of *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*) (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2010), 791. It is taken up by older studies such as W. H. Irving, *John Gay: Favorite of the Wits* (Durham, NC: Duke Univ. Press, 1940). One hopeful sign for Gay: a new Oxford World's Classics edition of *The Beggar's Opera* and *Polly*, edited by Hal Gladfelder, was released May 8, 2013.

[2] The most noteworthy are William Empson, "*The Beggar's Opera*: Mock-Pastoral as the Cult of Independence," in *Some Versions of Pastoral* [1935] (rev. ed. New York: New Directions, 1974), 193-250; Alvin Kernan, "The Magnifying Tendency: Gay's *Trivia; or The Art of Walking the Streets of London*," in *The Plot of Satire* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1965), 36-50; Peter Lewis and Nigel Wood (eds.), *John Gay and the Scriblerians* (London: Vision, 1988 and New York: St Martin's, 1989); David Nokes, *John Gay: A Profession of Friendship* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1995); Dianne Dugaw,

moreover, has given only cursory attention to its all-important mock-pastoral dimension.[3] Sensitive critics, meanwhile, have taken *The Shepherd's Week* as subversion "used to unmake the [pastoral] convention itself," and indeed it spoofs contemporaries and predecessors like Ambrose Philips and Spenser, disliked for their Dissenting politics, and reactivates pretexts in Theocritus and Vergil (and Juvenal).[4] But in fact *The Shepherd's Week* does not so much unmake as remake the convention, by returning pastoral to its ironized Graeco-Roman roots, and the varying scabrous, sexualized and skeptic tones and themes which this implies.[5] The poem, and Gay's *Town Eclogues*, refuse to accredit the arcadian conventions of Philips' *Pastorals* or *The Shepheardes Calender*, of which Gay

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"Virgil Upended: Literary Tradition, Mock Pastoral, and Social Rank," in *"Deep Play": John Gay and the Invention of Modernity* (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press and London: Associated Univ. Presses, 2001), 92-117; Clare Brant and Susan E. Whyman (eds.), *Walking the Streets of Eighteenth-Century London: John Gay's* Trivia *(1716)* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2007). There is also a brief excursus on *Trivia* in Cynthia Wall, *The Literary and Cultural Spaces of Restoration London* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 130-33. A carefully-observed commentary is Adina Forsgren, *John Gay, Poet "of a Lower Order": Comments on His Urban and Narrative Poetry*, vol. 2 (Stockholm: Natur och Kultur, 1971).

[3] An exception is Isaac Kramnick, "John Gay – Beggars, Gentry and Society," in *Bolingbroke and His Circle: The Politics of Nostalgia in the Age of Walpole* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard Univ. Press, 1968), 223-30. When this study on occasion reaches conclusions similar to Kramnick's about Gay's politics, however, it does so for reasons other than Kramnick's orthodox Marxism and gives them different valuations. On Kramnick's method see J. G. A. Pocock, "The varieties of Whiggism from Exclusion to Reform: A history of ideology and discourse," in *Virtue, Commerce and History: Essays on Political Thought and History, Chiefly in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985).

[4] Margaret Anne Doody, *The Daring Muse: Augustan Poetry Reconsidered* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985), 105. Doody, Claude Rawson, and other critics, including the late Johnson scholar Donald Greene (his 1970 undergraduate primer, *The Age of Exuberance: Backgrounds to Eighteenth-Century English Literature* needs no explanation), have largely rehabilitated Restoration and Georgian poetry from the Romantic and Victorian *idée reçue* that it is prosy, staid, lifeless, *etc*.

[5] Some readers refuse to call Theocritus' bucolic *Idylls* and Vergil's *Eclogues* "pastoral," preferring to speak only of bucolics or eclogues and reserving "pastoral" for ancient texts such as Longus' novel *Daphnis and Chloe* and Renaissance derivatives like Sannazaro's *Arcadia*. David M. Halperin, *Before Pastoral: Theocritus and the Ancient Tradition of Bucolic Poetry* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1983) for instance claims, as Kathryn J. Gutzwiller puts it, that "Theocritus coined *bucolic* as a technical literary term to refer to all his hexameter *Idylls* as a subspecies of epic" and "the original meaning was lost after the time of Vergil and the term came to be applied only to the pastoral poems," but "it argues against Halperin's view that a contemporary and acquaintance of Theocritus [Callimachus] was writing similar poetry [to *Idylls* 22, 24, and 26] to which the label *bucolic* was never applied." Gutzwiller, *Theocritus' Pastoral Analogies: The Formation of a Genre* (Madison: Univ. of Wisc. Press, 1991), 7. For more recent arguments that there are bucolic *Idylls* distinct from the non-bucolic, and from other Hellenistic poetry, see Paul Alpers, *What Is Pastoral?* (Chicago and London: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1996), 147 ("[T]he most important weakness in Halperin's argument is his failure to explain why Theocritus called his poems 'bucolic.' The term comes from *boukolos* (cowherd) and appears prominently in poems that appear 'pastoral' to us."). See also Mark Payne, *Theocritus and the Invention of Fiction* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007), 9-10 ("Bucolic poetry… may be less about demonstrating an oppositional response to epic by portraying low-class or marginal figures in the meter (hexameter) that had been the preserve of their betters, and more, as the name suggests, about creating a new fictional genre whose characters are herdsmen (*boukoloi*).").

says in the "Proeme" to *The Shepherd's Week* that its "Shepherds Boy at some times raised his rustick Reed to Rhimes more rumbling than rural," a comment that not only criticizes but parodies Spenser's neo-medieval prosody and the quaint diction of "E.K."[6] This playful aside, part of Gay's self-conscious reflection on the nature of pastoral, advertises that the poet comes down firmly on the side of thematic realism but verbal sophistication. Of all the Restoration and Georgian receptions of Graeco-Roman pastoral and georgic, it is Gay's that receive the ancient modes with least static in transmission and best qualify as imitations, paraphrases such as Dryden's 1697 translations not excluded.[7]

For *The Shepherd's Week*, as the first section of this chapter will argue, is like its models in Theocritus and Vergil profoundly what I have been provisionally calling polyphemic or polyphemean in form. That is, it exhibits a *buffo*/*serio* plurality of tone; neither cheerful cynicism nor somber skepticism is allowed to dominate. Each is given a hearing, but both are kept under the discipline of wit and diffused through a fundamental good temper, at least in poems written before Gay's hopes of political patronage were blighted by the Walpole *apparat*, which never forgot that *The Shepherd's Week* was dedicated to Bolingbroke.[8] The poem is also polyphemean in its plurality of verbal reference, as epitomized by irony, allusion, and allegory; Gay reminds would-be Spratians that semantics cannot be reduced to mathematic measure because language means more than it says. Finally, *The Shepherd's Week* is polyphemean in its plurality of rhetorical form; ancient pastoral, georgic, and satire converge in its eclogues, in a unique modal hybridity. This hybridity, however, it itself traditional, going back to Theocritus and Vergil, whose pastoral poems already contain many georgic elements, and vice-versa in Vergil's case. Like his Graeco-Roman precursors, Gay uses language that has

> too much of the Country to be fit for the Court; too much of the Court to be fit for the Country, too much of the Language of old Times to be

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[6] Gay, "Proeme" 54-55, in *John Gay: Poetry and Prose*, ed. Vinton A. Dearing and Charles E. Beckwith, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), 91. I do not mistake *The Shepheardes Calender* for a naïve or idealizing work. Rather, its arcadianism consists in its meliorist and (proleptic) modern religious and political commitments, which assume the natural innocence of the individual outside Church or state.

[7] See *e.g.* Richard Jenkyns, "Pastoral," in *The Legacy of Rome: A New Appraisal*, ed. Richard Jenkyns (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1992), 153: "[T]he Renaissance critics did have an ancient source for their idea of pastoral, but it comes from late Antiquity, not from the classical period of Latin literature." Jenkyns uses "pastoral" to refer to the subspecies that this study terms arcadian pastoral. Gay himself blurs the taxonomy. *The Shepherd's Week* is subtitled "in Six Pastorals," while in the "Proeme" Gay boasts archly that no poet in Britain "hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of *Theocritus*, before this mine Attempt. Other Poet travailing in this plain High-way of Pastoral know I none," and the poems are called "mine Eclogues fair" in the dedicatory "Prologue" to Bolingbroke. Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 90, 95. In this chapter, I will refer to Theocritus' bucolic *Idylls* and Vergil's *Eclogues* as pastoral for simplicity's sake; a fuller discussion of pastoral, georgic, genre, and mode is found in this study's introduction.

[8] After George I's death in June 1727 Gay was finally offered, through the influence of Princess (now Queen) Caroline, the post of gentleman usher to the two-year-old Princess Louisa, worth £150 a year, but declined it. Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 398-401. After Walpole forbade production of *Polly*, the sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, in December 1728 Gay was permanently excluded from political patronage.

> fit for the Present, too much of the Present to have been fit for the Old,
> and too much of both to be fit for any time to come.[9]

Rejecting the idea that literature can be straightforwardly "realistic," and that it is straightforward evidence of anything other than itself, Gay limns a paradox that animates most Restoration and Georgian mock-pastorals. Pastoral of permanent value, such as Vergil's and his own, inevitably comes together (*con-ventio*) in sociable dialogue with precursors of permanent value: because those precursors and their conventions are a frame of reference intelligible to both poet and audience, the poet's unique voice is first audible as earnest or ironic parody (*para-oide*, song-alongside) of his precursors'. In Richard Jenkyns' formulation, "there is so much scope for misunderstanding or distorting Virgil that fidelity to precedent, ironically, has been one of the chief causes of pastoral's odd and accidental history," or in Kathryn Gutzwiller's "what we should look for in Theocritus' pastorals are those qualities that allow them to be 'misinterpreted' by generation after generation of readers, and so to stand at the head of a genre that has been active for thousands of years."[10]

The Shepherd's Week is also thematically polyphemean. The *buffo* is clear enough: like Theocritus, though unlike (on the whole) Vergil, Gay includes a great deal of humor in his eclogues, which in the original 1714 text and editions based on it is often greatly enhanced by Louis du Guernier's illustrations. The *serio* is a bit more elusive. The agro-pastoral farm folk of *The Shepherd's Week* (they are as georgic as they are pastoral) have lifelike touches possible only to a sympathetic Devon-born observer, though Gay's use of innuendo and hint steers clear of the graphic earthiness in, say, Mantuan's neo-Latin eclogues. Yet Gay's ironic distance from the scenes he relates – with the exception of *Monday* and *Friday*, amoebean eclogues, each *Shepherd's Week* pastoral is narratively framed by a nameless speaker – has the same effect as Theocritus' proems to Nicias, or Vergil's to Pollio and Varus. This distance prevents the reader from drawing simple conclusions about the poet's attitude toward the people and landscapes he writes, as do the exaggeratedly-earthy names (Hobnelia, Bumkinet). There is no question of "rationalistic" realism. Gay's strategy is, in Pat Rogers' phrase, one of "bring[ing] pastoral down to earth by exaggeration of the naïveté of Philips' poems, pushing their realism into awkward bucolic language and scenes."[11] In Gay as in Swift and Pope, a core aim of mock-pastoral and mock-georgic is satire not of the ancient genres themselves, or of Georgian farm folk and London laborers, but of contemporary cultural aberrations like Philips, Tickell, and the Addisonian literati, who have crazily skewed those genres and their values, poetasters whose "theory might be called the tranquillizing or soporific theory of the pastoral."[12] Yet more so than in Swift or Pope, much more so than in Marvell or Rochester, the people and landscapes in Gay's satiric poems are

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[9] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), "Proeme" 72-75.

[10] Jenkyns, "Pastoral," in *The Legacy of Rome*, 174; Gutzwiller, *Theocritus' Pastoral Analogies*, 8.

[11] Rogers, *s.v.* "*The Shepherd's Week*," in *The Alexander Pope Encyclopedia* (Westport, CT and London: Greenwood Press, 2004), 269.

[12] Doody, *The Daring Muse*, 100.

consistently objects of affection. They are much more than objects of fascinated disgust or counters to be moved in high-stakes games with the poet's personal and political enemies (this is less true of the mock-georgic *Trivia*, which reactivates Juvenalian disgust at the wicked city).

The Shepherd's Week, finally, also closely tracks the contextual reference of its *Idylls* and *Eclogues* pretexts by its open bid for political patronage. As Theocritus praised and was patronized by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and Vergil by Pollio and Octavian, Gay in the "Prologue," which is heavily indebted to Vergil, *Ecls*. 1 and 9, compliments and courts the favor of Bolingbroke and through him Queen Anne. Anne indeed, as will be seen, is in a meaningful sense the emotional center of the poem and its most important contextual reference; in a daring alignment of high and low, the queen is imaginatively assimilated to several of the eclogues' female characters, especially Blouzelinda, in a kind of satiric panegryic. Thus *The Shepherd's Week*, while not as pointedly partisan as many of Swift's poems, or as noticeably Jacobite as some of Pope's, makes subtle contextual references of two main kinds.[13] The first as is well-known is satire of the House of Hanover and the "Robinocracy" of Whig oligarchs under Walpole, which draw oblique but persistent criticism in Gay's work, most famously in *The Beggar's Opera*.[14] About a second, related concern of Gay's, however, less has been said: emergent change in the economic and social life of ordinary Britons caused by this disliked new order, especially of farm folk, as reflected in the distorting mirror of *The Shepherd's Week*. In the "Proeme," for instance, Gay says that "a true homebred Tast" in English poetry will receive no more pleasure from the "Court Clowns" of rationalistic Ambrose Philips-type pastoral than

> would a prudent Citizen journeying to his Country Farms, should he find them occupied by People of this motley Make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly Folk; such as be now Tenants to the Burgesses of this Realme.

[13] On oblique Jacobitism in Pope's poetry see *e.g.* Howard Erskine-Hill, "Pope and the poetry of opposition," in *The Cambridge Companion to Alexander Pope*, ed. Pat Rogers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007), 134-49; Douglas Brooks-Davies, *Pope's* Dunciad *and the Queen of Night: A Study in Emotional Jacobitism* (Manchester and Dover, NH: Manchester Univ. Press, 1985); John M. Aden, *Pope's Once and Future Kings: Satire and Politics in the Early Career* (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press, 1978). Ian Higgins, *Swift's Politics: A Study in Disaffection* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994), 95 and *passim* argues that the traditional view of Swift's political views as Old Whig or non-Jacobite Tory is mistaken, and that in his political writings and in "*A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift can be understood as saying what Tory extremists and Jacobites were saying on affairs of state." A more recent elaboration of this position is Higgins, "Jonathan Swift's political confession," in Claude Rawson (ed.), *Politics and Literature in the Age of Swift: English and Irish Perspectives* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 3-30.

[14] On Gay's personal politics see *e.g.* J. A. Downie, "Gay's Politics," in *John Gay and the Scriblerians*, ed. Peter Lewis and Nigel Wood (London: Vision, 1988; New York: St Martin's, 1989), 44-61; Bertrand A. Goldgar, *Walpole and the Wits: The Relation of Politics to Literature, 1722-1742* (Lincoln and London: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1976), 64-86 and *passim*.

Gay means that Philips' pastoral countryside is peopled by ersatz countrymen, in whom exaggerated rusticity and elegant manners are yoked by violence together.[15] The less obvious meaning, however, is that those who live and work on the land in Britain increasingly lease that land not from feudal lords and country gentlemen, themselves resident in the country and dependent on agriculture for wealth, but from urban "Burgesses," self-made cits looking to buy gentility in the country. Or indeed they may lease from that new bird, the aristocrat or squire invested in commercial schemes like the South Sea Company (conceived as a Tory counterweight to the Whig East India Company), and so no longer a binary opposite to burgess or minister but increasingly involved in business and even personal dealings with him.

Gay's town eclogues, meanwhile, can be distinguished on several counts from those in *The Shepherd's Week*, as this chapter's second section will argue. At the level of form they are *jeux d'esprit*, lacking the six *Shepherd's Week* eclogues' length and careful structure, though they too are sustained imitations of Vergil's *Eclogues* and Theocritus' *Idylls*. They also feature heavy lateral intertextuality: with Swift's mock-pastorals and satiric prose, with Restoration comedy and *The Rape of the Lock*, with Rochester, Denham, and even Marvell. Thematically they are concerned, like Swift's and Lady's Mary's town eclogues, with the London *beau monde*, and therefore sharper in tone than the *Shepherd's Week* eclogues; and as satires of urban vice they outdo mock-georgic *Trivia* in astringency. And their contextual reference is correspondingly muted, with Gay, in the decade after publication of *Trivia*, still working to get patronage primarily from Princess Caroline and so, perhaps, reserving politically-topical comment to deniable allegory in his first collection of *Fables* (published 1727), dedicated to Caroline's young son William, Duke of Cumberland.

Nevertheless, while the post-Stuart dispensation seen through Gay's mock-georgic is not one-dimensionally "country interest," *Trivia* is implicitly cool to the Hanover accession and explicitly cold to the ministry and its client groups. It assimilates the beset urbanite of Juvenal's *Sat*. 3 to the *Georgics*' tiller of the soil, ingeniously connecting them by their shared labor in dirt. Juvenal's wicked city becomes Gay's, with London like Rome the moral nadir of the empire, a status neatly figured by a topographic lowness whose epitome is the kennels and Fleet Ditch, the ubiquitous Scriblerian waterway. Also following but expanding on his Roman model, Gay introduces an analogy that reaches full flower in *The Beggar's Opera*, between the petty criminals who make life difficult for the London walker, and the great who do the same thing at a higher level of organization. In the end Gay's mock-georgic leads the reader to believe that the early modern city, or rather those who profit by and control it, is aesthetically pedestrian and ethically trivial, in contrast to a virtuous English *rus* and its people, episodically

[15] Dr Johnson, *Rambler* 37 (24 July 1750) makes the same point more astringently, in criticizing Spenser's marriage of polite sentiments to rustic language: "Other writers, having the mean and despicable condition of a shepherd always before them, conceive it necessary to degrade the language of pastoral, by obsolete terms and rustick words, which they very learnedly call Dorick, without reflecting that they thus become authors of a mingled dialect which no human being ever could have spoken, that they may as well refine the speech as the sentiments of their personages, and that none of the inconsistencies which they endeavor to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarseness of diction." W. J. Bate and Albrecht B. Strauss (eds.), *Samuel Johnson: The Rambler* (vol. 3 of *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*) (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1969), 202-03.

present in the city by fragments of agro-pastoral commodities and the labor that produced them. Still, though Devonshire-born and -raised Gay spent three years as a silk-mercer's apprentice in London, so while City corruptions and foibles are satirized, and country virtues implicitly normative, an unfussy benevolence colors the depictions of London laboring men and women, a coloration very faint in Swift's "City Shower," and absent from *A Ramble in St James' Park*. *Trivia* is a perfect equipoise of *buffo* and *serio* in tone and theme.[16]

This equipoise is made possible by *Trivia*'s sparkling formal invention, which makes it the opposite of aesthetically pedestrian. Like *The Shepherd's Week* the poem is generically polyphemic, mixing and hybridizing several ancient and modern literary kinds, primarily Vergilian georgic, Juvenalian satire, and a *tertium quid* of epic and other genres. Unsurprisingly, Gay also owes a major intertextual debt to Swift, especially "A Description of a City Shower." The coming together or *con-ventio* of these kinds at a generic *trivia* or crossroads sets up a typically Scriblerian paradox: by selecting topoi from a variety of genres and reassembling them in new combinations, *Trivia* is most innovative precisely when most traditional.

This paradox is pursued in Gay's choice of themes. *Trivia* is concerned with trivia, the daily lives of London walkers and those who give them grief; indeed the titular goddess Trivia personifies the virtuous pedestrian and his literally down to earth common sense and practical wisdom. She is set up as a guiding light through the maze of London's literal and moral darkness, in implicit contrast to the *ignis fatuus* of ersatz reason, a subjective faculty that as in Rochester and Swift leads the self-confident to grief. For in London's streets after dark, as in those of Juvenal's Rome, the walker is accosted by petty versions of the grasping merchants, crooked lawyers, and peculating ministers who beset him by day. And like his *Shepherd's Week* cousins outside London, he is placed at a disadvantage by it: those who labor in earth, whether in country or city, sustain the metropolis materially but gain little in return. *Rus* and *urbs* are increasingly separated, with the former present in the latter mostly as *disiecta membra*, country commodities (livestock, fuel, food crops) visible as chopped-up parts or waste. This separation is figured in the epyllion of Doll the decapitated fruit-seller; the avulsion of head from body figures the avulsion of city from country, and relatedly of reigning dynasty from the people of the British nations and Ireland.

It is *Trivia*'s epyllia, perhaps, that most closely affiliate it to the *Georgics*. Besides the Doll epyllion, which imitates the episode of Orpheus and Eurydice, Gay includes one on the milkmaid Patty and the god Vulcan. A whimsical etiology for pattens, it also does more serious work, modeling Gay's typically Scriblerian classicism, which is vibrantly syncretist rather than pedantically historicist, against the intellectual fashion of "philologers" like Swift's old antagonist Richard Bentley. *Trivia*, like *The Shepherd's Week* a late, prize-winning entry in the Battle of the Books, smoothly

[16] Cf. Ashley Marshall, *The Practice of Satire in England, 1658-1770* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 2013), 176-77, 179-80: "Gay has a disconcerting tendency to present unhappy social truths with merry exuberance. He is undoubtedly conscious of the social issues he raises in his early satires, but the literary contexts in which he presents them are such, generically or tonally, as significantly to undercut them... The conflict between the sobriety of Gay's allegations and the joviality with which they are presented is jarring, but the effect is not at all like the difficulty posed by Arbuthnot's ambiguities… Neither is it like Swift's vexing irony."

integrates Roman past into English present, most impressively in Gay's effortless adaptation of *Satire* 3's dirty, dangerous Rome to 1716 London. Yet where Juvenal alludes to sewage and other dirty liquids only episodically, Gay makes London's kennels and especially its "Common shore," Fleet Ditch, and the moral abjection which they figure the dominant symbolism of the poem, varying a theme that is a satiric staple from Rochester's "Mrs Willis" to Johnson's *London*. This symbolism is wittily articulated in the Cloacina epyllion (not in the first edition, but added in one of 1720): Fleet Ditch is the most physically abject place in the city, the city the most morally abject in the body politic. Yet London's filthy fluids also have a positive valuation, for they are instruments for humbling the pride of beaux and other arrogant arrivistes who plague the honest walker. Scenes of the humbling of the arrogant, who are brought literally back to earth by falling into a kennel or penal dunking in a miry pool, suggest that the streets, while daily the scene of cheating, exploitation, and injury of virtuous walkers, are also paradoxically where all ranks, high, middle, and low come together (*con-ventio* again) in enforced community, despite the socially disintegrative tendencies of the early modern city. Gay thus reinforces the venerable satiric teaching that no one person or rank of people has a monopoly of virtue, or vice (though brokers and lawyers understandably come in for the walker's special contempt). This is taught most compellingly in *Trivia*'s scenes of funeral and city conflagration, which make the thoroughly anti-arcadian point that the greatest *con-ventio* of all people of all ranks is in death, both individual and, anticipating *The Dunciad* perhaps, cultural.

Yet in the end Gay's mock-topography, carefully imitated from the Ancients but thoroughly Modern in concern, remains paradoxical and plural-voiced. Gay, like Polyphemus notionally a countryman who sings funny songs, is in fact a highly-wrought artist whose pastoral and georgic make use of sophisticated polyphony; he also wrote the libretto for Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, itself a treatment of the Polyphemus mythos. *Pace* Dr Johnson, the "favourite of the… wits" deserves something closer to critical parity with his "play-fellows" than he has traditionally enjoyed. If Gay's versification is unequal to Pope's, or his inventiveness to Swift's, his bright Theocritean temper and Vergilian breadth of sympathy exceed that of either. The versions of pastoral and georgic they animate, moreover, are unique slices of Georgian life, as well as salvoes in the early-modern culture wars. Nowhere is this more true than in *The Shepherd's Week*; in Richard Jenkyns' formulation, the poem "would remind us again that mock pastoral is itself a species of pastoral, even if Gay had not found himself drawn beyond satire into a genuine affection for country matters."[17]

1. IDYLLS OF THE QUEEN: *THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK* AS SATIRIC PANEGYRIC

The six "affectionate" eclogues of *The Shepherd's Week* are generically polyphemean (Gay says he omitted "*Sunday* or the *Sabbath*, Ours being supposed to be Christian Shepherds, and to be then at Church worship"). They exhibit strong generic hybridity, a convergence of pastoral and georgic signaled in the first couplet of the dedicatory "Prologue" to Bolingbroke: "Lo, I who erst beneath a Tree / Sung *Bumkinet* and

[17] Jenkyns, "Pastoral," in *The Legacy of Rome*, 169.

Bowzybee." The allusion is to Vergil's *Georgics sphragis* where the poet in propria persona, recalling his callow pastoral-writing, dedicates the poem to Caesar thundering in war by the Euphrates (Octavian, soon to be Augustus). Gay goes on to say that Bolingbroke, Maecenas to Queen Anne's Octavian, "told me on a Day, / Trim are thy Sonnets, gentle *Gay*, / And certes, Mirth were to see / Thy joyous Madrigals… Imprinted fair, and well y-bound."[18] This is a crisp reference to *Ecl*. 6.4-5 where Apollo tells "Tityrus," locally Vergil himself, to graze fat sheep but sing a fine-spun song, lines which themselves recall Callimachus' *Aetia* 1.23-24, paradigmatic for the Roman neoterics, where Apollo tells the poet to feed the sacrificial victim fat but keep the Muse slender. (In Theocritus, *Idyll* 7 this topos becomes Lycidas' poetically-programmatic "I hate the craftsman who strives to build his house / As high as the topmost peak of Mount Oromedon, / And I hate those Muses' cockerels who crow vainly / To no effect against the singer who comes from Chios," that is, epic poetasters who try and fail to imitate Homer.[19]) The telescoping reference allows Gay to display his ease with Vergil and is also an ironic apology for the thematic and prosodic slightness of his poem, also an *Eclogues* topos.[20] Poetic trimness is actually a desideratum; as Gay makes Bumkinet say in Friday: "*Hang Sorrow*! Let's to yonder Hutt repair, / And with trim Sonnets *cast away our Care*" (lines 15-16).

And the technique of hybridizing genres is integral to Gay's writing of "trim Sonnets" in *The Shepherd's Week*. The technique is much used by Vergil, who includes georgic touches in the *Eclogues* and pastoral elements in the *Georgics*.[21] Ultimately however Gay's use of it reactivates Theocritus, in whose *Idyll* 7 convergence of the two genres, or rather the georgic latency in pastoral, is first modeled.[22] *Idyll* 7, the bulk of

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[18] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), "Prologue" 79-84.

[19] Theocritus, *Idyll* 7.45-48, in *Bucolici Graeci*, ed. A. S. F. Gow, corr. ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952, 1958), 31. The translation is by Anthony Verity in *Theocritus: Idylls*, intro. and notes Richard Hunter (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2002), 26.

[20] See Robert Coleman (ed.), *Vergil: Eclogues* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1977), 177: "[T]he mock-modesty of Vergil's *recusatio* of epic themes and style is revealed by the contemptuous implication that epic *carmen* is not *grande* but *pingue*."

[21] Georgic touches in the *Eclogues* include 5.34-39, where the departure of Pales, a patroness of shepherds, is blamed for the failure of grain crops and the growth of noxious weeds. *Virgil: Eclogues*, intro. and comment. Wendell Clausen (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994), 14. *Georgics* 3, in turn, centers on the breeding and raising of livestock. Many of its precepts are literally bucolic, concerned with cattle-raising (3.49-71, 123-78), many literally pastoral, concerned with keeping sheep and goats (3.295-403, 440-77). Literary pastoral is explicit in the *locus amoenus* at 3.322-38, where Vergil steps into the poem and says first-person that he will lead flocks to water over the course of a hot day. *Virgil: Georgics*, ed. and comment. R. A. B. Mynors (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990), lxiv-lxv. Aristaeus, elliptically invoked in the main proem (1.14-15) and protagonist of the *bugonia* epyllion (4.315-558), is called *Arcadius magister* (4.283) and *pastor Aristaeus* (4.317), though neither he nor his epyllion is arcadian in the literary-critical sense. Mynors (ed.), *op. cit.*, xix, lxxxii-xci.

[22] The thematic hybridity or intermixture may be older than Theocritus. Hesiod's mostly georgic *Works and Days* discusses care and use of sheep, milk-goats, "a scrub-grazed cow," and "a chattel woman… who could follow the herds," as well as of plow-oxen (lines 234, 590-92, 405-06), which implies, for local poetic purposes at least, a mixed farming or agro-pastoral economy. *Hesiodi Theogonia, Opera et Dies, Scutum, Fragmenta Selecta*, ed. Friedrich Solmsen, R. Merkelbach and M. L. West (Oxford: Clarendon

which is songs by the poem's speaker, the cowherd Simichidas, and the goatherd Lycidas, is textually framed by Hesiodic piety. It opens (lines 1-4) with Simichidas and two other men walking to a Coan village for a harvest-home, at which their friends Phrasidamus and Antigenes offer first fruits to Demeter; it closes with Simichidas' sexually-suggestive prayer (lines 156-58) that he will once again "[p]lant the great winnowing-fan in her [Demeter's] heap of grain, / While she smiles, her hands laden with poppies and sheaves."[23] In the middle of *Idyll* 7, meanwhile, is the *locus amoenus* thought by arcadian poets and critics to be of the pastoral essence – but in Theocritus' paradigmatic pastoral, the *locus amoenus* is Phrasidamus' farm, and while there is a good deal of Mediterranean nature at Phrasidamus' (bubbling spring, cicadas, larks and finches, bees) there is also by implication a good deal of georgic labor: couches of fresh rushes and vine leaves, prepared no doubt by household slaves, and apples, pears, and plums on the orchard grass, precursors of the fresh fruit that delights the speaker of Marvell's *Hortus*.[24] This foundational literary intermixture of pastoral and georgic, moreover, is analogous to the mixed or agro-pastoral farming of classical and Hellenistic Greece and of late Republican and early Imperial Italy.[25] Transhumant stock-raising distinct from settled agriculture did exist in the ancient world, but "the Greeks and Romans improved animal nutrition… mostly through greater integration of livestock into arable farming." Appropriately, therefore, not only are literary pastoral and georgic intertwined from the very beginning, but pastoral and georgic folkways as well.[26]

Press, 1970), 59, 75, 67. The translations are by M. L. West, *Hesiod: Theogony. Works and Days* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1988), 54, 49.

[23] Gow (ed.), 35 (translation in Verity, 29). Theocritus may have had Hesiod in mind in writing *Idyll* 7. As Richard Hunter notes, Lycidas' sudden appearance and lofty smile may suggest that he is divine (as may his name, which possibly derives from *lykios*, a title for Apollo), and the gift of his staff to Simichidas alludes to Hesiod's investiture as a poet by the Muses in *Theogony*, 22-32 when, according to Hesiod, he was herding lambs on Mount Helicon. *Theocritus: A Selection (Idylls 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10, 11 and 13)*, ed. and comment. Richard Hunter (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 147-49.

[24] Theocritus did not simply transcribe bucolic or agricultural folkways as he observed them in his Sicilian youth or after. The bucolic *Idylls*, written by a sophisticated Alexandrian orbiting the Ptolemaic court, are highly literary and in no way primitive or primitivist as Anglophone criticism from Dryden onward, especially Romantic, has often supposed them. See Roberto Pretagostini, "How Bucolic Are Theocritus' Bucolic Singers?", trans. J. Hanink, R. Packham, and T. D. Papanghelis, in *Brill's Companion to Greek and Latin Pastoral*, ed. Marco Fantuzzi and Theodore Papanghelis (Leiden and Boston: Brill, 2006), 53-73.

[25] The prevalence of mixed farming, agro-pastoral domestic economy, seems to be registered in *e.g. Ecl*. 3.111 (shepherds irrigate a cultivated pasture) and *Geo*. 4.34-37, 517, 530-32. There is a learned debate on whether pastoralism is properly part of agriculture in Varro of Reate, *Rerum rusticarum* 1.2.12 *et seq*. I owe this last insight to Sumi Furiya.

[26] Geoffrey Kron, "Animal Husbandry, Hunting, Fishing, and Fish Production," in John Peter Oleson (ed.), *The Oxford Handbook of Engineering and Technology in the Classical World* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), 181. Kron argues that a "careful reading of the Roman agronomists… seems to prove that they fully understood and applied the principles" of convertible husbandry, or ley farming, which closely and labor-intensively integrates stock-raising into agriculture to maximize the productivity of both. For a detailed argument that large-scale, long-distance Roman transhumant pastoralism was relatively rare and mixed farming the rule see M. S. Spurr, *Arable Cultivation in Roman Italy, c.200 B.C.-c.A.D. 100* (*JRS* Monographs 3) (London: Soc. for the Promotion of Roman Studies, 1986), 117-26. On the prevalence of

This georgic latency in pastoral is reactivated by Gay throughout *The Shepherd's Week*. In the amoebean song-contest *Monday; or, the Squabble*, for instance, which imitates *Idyll* 5 (and the since-deemed-spurious *Idyll* 8) and *Eclogues* 3 and 7, one of the "contending Louts," Cuddy, also retails mock-georgic weather signs:

> From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the Skies,
> To know when Hail will fall, or Winds arise.
> He taught us erst the Heifers Tail to view,
> When stuck aloft, that Show'rs would strait ensue (lines 23-26).

This barnyard humor is paired with the pseudo-scientific prognostic "That pricking Corns foretold the gath'ring Rain" (line 28), an echo of Swift's identical sign in "A Description of a City Shower," line 9. More saliently, Cuddy and his sweetheart Buxoma work together making and putting up hay (line 65), georgic labor at the opposite pole from arcadian leisure; their Graeco-Roman precursors are *Idyll* 10's hard-working Milon and his fellow reaper Bucaeus (strictly, cutting grain rather than grass) and the crew of *messores* in *Ecl*. 2 seen at a distance by the moping Corydon.

Tuesday; or, the Ditty is also fully hybridized pastoral-georgic, in theme if not in form. Its plaintive speaker Marian apostrophizes her faithless lover: "*Colin Clout*, untoward Shepherd Swain… If in the soil you guide the crooked Share, / Your early Breakfast is my constant Care" (lines 47, 51-52), suggesting that local metrical requirements dictate Gay's word choice in particular lines, and that he registers poetically the sociological fact that many if not most country folk grow crops *and* raise stock, with one activity or the other predominating. Colin is also said to "strow the Grain," and Marian calls him "my Thresher." Marian herself, who like Corydon in *Ecl*. 2 and Polyphemus in *Idyll* 11 milks livestock and makes butter and cheese (lines 13-16), and brings food and drink to the threshers and helps to "Sieve the Barly Mow" (lines 12, 56-62), is also the parson's daughter (line 10).[27] Thus her father's living is small enough to make it necessary that she, and presumably he, do a certain amount of agricultural work to make ends meet. Yet only a certain amount; in her leisure to complain Marian, like Corydon and indeed Polyphemus, is exempt from pressing labor. Amusingly, she dilates for 77 lines on how hard she worked for Colin while doing no work at all – stopping only in the poem's funny last quatrain, "When Goody *Dobbins* brought her Cow to Bull," where after seeing "the Cow well serv'd" she dries her eyes "and took a Groat." The reversal is like the one which ends Horace's *Epode* 2, when we abruptly learn that the

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mixed farming in classical and Hellenistic Greece see S. Hodkinson, "Animal Husbandry in the Greek Polis," in C. R. Whittaker (ed.), *Pastoral Economies in Classical Antiquity* (*PCPhS* Suppl. 14) (Cambridge: Cambridge Philol. Soc., 1988), 35-74.

[27] That Marian's neighbors seem to grow more barley than wheat (Bowzybeus crashes on a sheaf of the latter in *Saturday*, line 126) suggests their village is located in cool upland with poor soil, perhaps Exmoor in Devonshire, not far from Barnstaple where Gay was born and raised. In *Friday* Bumkinet says that he and Blouzelinda used to work together bringing in the barley sheaves (lines 77-78). On the agronomy and sociology of barley culture in Tudor times, and the culture of rye and oats on yet poorer soil, see Eamon Duffy, *The Voices of Morebath: Reformation and Rebellion in an English Village* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2001), 2 and *passim*. On the historical agronomy and sociology of Exmoor more generally see Mary Siraut, *Exmoor: The Making of an English Upland* (London: Phillimore, 2009), *passim*.

praise of country life has been spoken by the city usurer Alfius, but Gay's effect is also funny; Marian, for all her pathos, is ludicrous too. In this she answers crisply to *Ecl*. 2's pathetic yet irritating Corydon, and ultimately to the paradigmatic pastoral speaker, *Idyll* 11's Polyphemus; like him she is poly-phemic, her words at once *serio* and *buffo*.

There are also visual correlatives to *Monday's* and *Tuesday's* humor in *The Shepherd's Week* as originally published, in the Louis du Guernier illustrations. Gay's scholarly editors do not reprint these, but hopefully a future edition aimed at the reading public and undergraduate surveys will; they are integral to the poem's comic effect. The illustration facing *Tuesday*, which depicts the scene in the poem's last quatrain, exemplifies Gay's poised *buffo*/*serio*. Goody Dobbins has a pointy nose and chin that curve together, like Maria in Joyce's *Clay*, giving a witchy impression enhanced by her conical hat, and as Margaret Anne Doody has noticed, her hair is drawn so as to suggest a second, Janus-like face at the back of her head.[28] Marian's milk cow, meanwhile, a cranky Paulus Potter-looking bovine, has kicked over her bucket; drawn almost half the size of the cow herself, it is manifestly too large and gives the scene a faintly Brobdingnagian quality. In the distant background, a pennant flying atop a turret is just perceptible: armigerous aristocrats, perhaps lords of the manor to Marian's village, unlike the "Burgesses" with tenants solemnly mocked by Gay in the "Proeme." Marian herself, meanwhile, is the funniest of all. Mourning her loss of Colin Clout to Cicely, she gestures forlornly with left hand, thumb up and index finger extended. Thanks to the perspective – her bull stands in the background, tail to the viewer – her hand conceals its testicles (clearly there since she "saw the Cow well serv'd") while pointing directly at them; her thumb, upturned under its tail, appears poised to do even worse. The visual humor underlines Marian's various textual innuendoes, such as "But since, alas! I grew my *Colin*'s Scorn, / I've known no Pleasure, Night, or Noon, or Morn" (lines 83-84). The effect is like that of Hogarth's print *The Four Times of the Day: Evening*, in which a henpecked dyer, freshly arrived in Sadler's Wells with brood of children and large, pregnant wife, is shown with his head blocking our view of a milk cow's, whose horns appear as his own. Marian's simultaneous concealment and revelation is a figure for Gay's: in their irony, they say one thing and mean another, in a kind of referential hybridity analogous to the generic doubleness of *The Shepherd's Week*.

This agro-pastoral quality of *Monday* and *Tuesday*, a hybridism in which outer forms are pastoral but many thematic elements georgic, is also apparent in the other *Shepherd's Week* eclogues. In *Wednesday; or, the Dumps* another bereft maid, Sparabella (her name suggests not only a sparable but Arabella Fermor, overwrought victim of the *The Rape of Lock*) "Lean'd on her Rake" to interrupt hay-making and sing her lament, and recounts being accosted in a wood by the squire, who goes beyond the expropriating veterans in *Ecls*. 1 and 9 in demanding not only rent but Sparabella's body too. In *Thursday; or, the Spell* Hobnelia recalls when her faithless beau "*Lubberkin* to Town his Cattle drove," a suitably pastoral task, but on another occasion "With his keen Scythe behind me came the Youth," which is included for sexual innuendo but also to mark that he has been mowing hay (lines 11, 34). Hobnelia herself spins wool and sells eggs in "the faithless Town," an echo of *Ecl*. 1.34's *ingrata urbs*, to make ends meet

[28] Doody, *The Daring Muse*, 105.

(lines 73-74, 88, 119-20), and just possibly sells sexual favors too (lines 121-22).[29] There is meanwhile eminently English horticulture in *Friday; or, the Dirge*, where Bumkinet says that "Now the squeez'd Press foams with our Apple Hoards," and recalls gathering hazelnuts and pasturing hogs on acorns with the dead Blouzelinda, whom he also remembers slopping the hogs with whey (lines 8, 49-54, 64-66), in a passage which so closely tracks details of "*Faire Cloris* in a Pigsty lay" that one wants to believe Gay had read Rochester's poem. Bumkinet and Blouzelinda also worked together threshing and sieving barley, as well as bringing in the sheaves (lines 69-70, 77-78), and Grubbinol's song confirms that the village parson is engaged in stock-raising or at least keeps a milk-cow, when he says that Blouzelinda's tomb was fenced with wicker rods "Lest her new Grave the Parson's Cattle raze, / For both his Horse and Cow the Church-yard graze" (lines 147-48). There is an equipoise of pathos and humor here that Gay, uniquely among the Scriblerians, is skilled at producing, as he does in several *Shepherd's Week* passages, a tonal analogue of the poem's generic equipoise of pastoral and georgic.

In *Saturday; or, the Flights*, finally, the unnamed speaker who narrates Bowzybeus' singing – alone of *The Shepherd's Week* eclogues, *Saturday* contains no direct quotation – sets a Bruegel-esque georgic scene:

> 'Twas in the Season when the Reaper's Toil
> Of the ripe Harvest 'gan to rid the Soil;
> Wide through the Field was seen a goodly Rout,
> Clean Damsels bound the gather'd Sheaves about,
> The Lads with sharpen'd Hook and sweating Brow
> Cut down the Labours of the Winter Plow (lines 7-12).

In Gay's word-picture of reapers, as in Bruegel's *Haymaking (July/August)*, it is "the struggles and miseries and scarce animal pleasures of their lives which really absorb [the artist], and dictate the character of his landscapes," with their "rich accumulation of incidents."[30] The effect is more late medieval or high Renaissance realism than idealized Claude- or Poussin-style landscape fashionable before Gay's time, or after it, say, Gainsborough's *Mr and Mrs Andrews* (1750), in which stylistic realism is married to thematic idealism, with evidence of rural labor politely evacuated from the landscape. Sheaves are stacked in the reaped field at right, and sheep are penned in the distant background, but the titular landowners, who occupy half the picture, are the only people visible. Gay's Bruegelesque scene in *Saturday*, by contrast, shares the reverent, almost mystical affection for farm labor that permeates the *Georgics*, yet because of his deft calibration of generic and modal inputs, the scene appears in the context of a pastiche of *Ecl*. 6.

At the purely thematic level, meanwhile, *Idyll* 7 provides Gay a model for what is central to his purpose in *The Shepherd's Week*: humor, a quality, unlike wit, as a rule absent from Vergil.[31] It is embodied in *Idyll* 7 chiefly by Lycidas: his fragrant goatskin

[29] So Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 531.

[30] Kenneth Clark, *Landscape into Art* (London: John Murray, 1949), 28-29, on Bruegel's *Haymaking*.

[31] An exception is Vergil's depiction of animals that will take up residence in a badly-built threshing floor (field mice, moles, ants) in *Geo*. 1.181-86; the humor is quiet, and blended with sympathy, but it is there. In general however the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* lack humor, hardly a reflection on Vergil since it was rarely

tunic, his teasing Simichidas about inviting himself to another man's dinner or wine-bibbing, and his "grinning" and twice-mentioned "cheerful laugh." Of course humor is modeled in other *Idylls* too: the overwrought country *komast* in *Idyll* 3 threatening to throw himself off a cliff if Amaryllis won't pay attention; *Idyll* 5's slanging match, in which the goatherd Comatas and the shepherd Lacon each call the other a thief, a bum, a bad musician *and* a pathic;[32] Bucaeus' ineptitude in love with the unattractive girl Bombyca, whom his co-reaper Milon in *Idyll* 10 calls "a skinny insect to cuddle in the night" (line 18); and of course Polyphemus in *Idyll* 11, with his physical grossness, absurd self-admiration, and dramatic irony in volunteering that, for Galatea, he could even stand to have his eye burned out (lines 52-53).[33] Bucolic humor of this kind is picked up by Gay's physical humor, for instance a funny line about sheep-worrying (*Wednesday*, line 93), a staple of herders' mutual insult at least since Vergil, *Ecl*. 3 where it is not amusing, only vile.

The du Guernier illustrations, meanwhile, enhance this humor visually, often going one better on an already-humorous poem. Chosen for illustration in *Saturday*, for instance, is the moment when Bowzybeus, shown as not only a drunk but a triple-chinned, moon-faced hearty, is coming to, hung over but looking spry because two Rubenesque maids are giving him a sardonic kiss on the cheek; the effect is like that of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (or in Verdi's eponymous opera) pretending to flirt with Falstaff. As in the *Tuesday* illustration, the armigerous aristocrats' pennant is flying in the middle distance, seen clearly atop a turret; in the far distance are high mountains which, with a prominent windmill, make the scene atypical of the English countryside but not of the Continent. Du Guernier, drawing perhaps on remembered French landscapes, assists Gay's project of making *The Shepherd's Week*, on one level a thoroughly English poem, visually European as well, in keeping with its close textual engagement with the Eliotic "classic of all Europe," Vergil.

But much of *The Shepherd's Week*'s humor is an endemic British type, verbal wit, with innuendoes, double-entendres and puns in plenty. A thorough list would fill several pages, but a few must be enumerated, not because they are funny (though they are) but because they illustrate Gay's sensitivity to and celebration of the polyphemy and polysemy of language, especially poetry, and most especially pastoral poetry, heavily allegorized as it had been for much of its (in 1714) 2,000-year history. Gay's polyphemy and polysemy are a literary rebuke to the increasing literalism of English prose in the aftermath of Sprat and Wilkins, and of English poetry in the age of the "rationalistic" Philips and the Addisonians (the prosody of *Cato*, for instance, is almost unreadably flat). So Gay's wit is not just humorous, but makes a point of cultural politics: verbal

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to his purpose. The poems are marked by judicious wit of course, and Dryden conjectured in the *Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* that Vergil could have written satire as effective as Juvenal's, on the strength of *Ecl*. 3.26-27, the lines used by Gay as epigraph to the mock-georgic *Trivia*. For Lycidas' humorous attributes, see *Idyll* 7.15-26, 42-43, 128.

[32] "Don't you remember the time I battered your bum? / How you scowled and wriggled and clung to that oak! / No, I don't recall it – but Eumaras once tied you up / And gave you a good beating here. I remember that." *Idyll* 5.116-19, in Gow (ed.), 25-26 (translation in Verity, 21).

[33] *Idyll* 5.116-19, in Gow (ed.), 25-26 (translation in Verity, 21).

polyphemy and polysemy are, whether as irony, allegory, or allusion, at the core of intelligence and learning, as against dull modern literalism. There is Lobbin Clout's mock-aubade scene-setting in *Monday*, "No chirping Lark the Welkin sheen invokes, / No Damsel yet the swelling Udder strokes" – the innuendo is like that in Swift's "Cassinus and Peter," where Cassinus salutes the rosy-fingered goddess with his early Flute. There is the extended metaphor in *Thursday; or, the Spell*, where Hobnelia addresses the absent Lubberkin:

> Two Hazel-Nuts I threw into the Flame,
> And to each nut I gave a Sweet-heart's Name.
> This with the loudest Bounce me sore amaz'd,
> That in a Flame of brightest Colour blaz'd.
> As blaz'd the Nut so may thy Passion grow,
> For 'twas *thy Nut* that did so brightly glow (lines 61-66).

Gay's scholarly editors delicately gloss "nut" as "the glans penis," omitting other sexual significations. Of course if Gay's meaning, here and in other *Shepherd's Week* innuendoes, were made explicit the wit would vanish, and this makes a Scriblerian cultural-political point: more than just a technique of wit, innuendo, like irony, allegory, and allusion, enforces awareness of language's richly non-literal reference, and of the logical as well as cultural poverty of merely literal reference and semantics. This fact had practical political as well as cultural-political consequences in Gay's time, consequences easily forgotten in a twenty-first-century Anglosphere in which political speech is ostensibly free. Innuendo referred in 1714 "to both a technique of writing which conceals dissident meanings within a literary work and a technique of reading for the recovery of such meanings," a technique used by Whig prosecutors in the show trials of Dr Sacheverell in 1710 and Bishop Atterbury in 1723. Innuendo was thus a two-edged sword for the Scriblerians, which could cut enemies to the (almost) libelous quick but also turn state's evidence as forensic tool in the political prosecution of dissidents.[34]

The Shepherd's Week, therefore, also makes its share of oblique contextual reference. In reading for this reference I am mindful that the poem is not straightforward evidence of anything other than itself, that what Philip Hardie has said of Vergil's *Eclogues* is also true of Gay's:

> [T]he dramatic form of most of the *Eclogues* is an obstacle to any simple access to the poet's meaning, world-view, or dreams… Pastoral song is thus rarely if ever the unpremeditated expression of inner feelings and desires; devices of game-playing, framing and quotation ensure that irony, mediation and polyphony are an integral part of the reading experience.[35]

[34] On innuendo's two senses see David Womersley (ed.), *Gulliver's Travels*, long note *s. v.* "Inuendo," in *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 16 (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2012), 454-59.

[35] Philip Hardie, *Virgil* (New Surveys in the Classics 28) (Oxford: Classical Assoc./Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 26.

Nevertheless, in Gay's case reading for contextual reference is helped by his dedicatory "Prologue" to Anne's chief minister, "my good Lord of *Bolingbroke*," Henry St John, at the poem's publication (April 1714) still Secretary of State. As *The Shepherd's Week* eclogues do not include a sustained imitation of Vergil's "political" *Ecls*. 1 and 9, this Prologue goes some way to making up the absence.[36] Like Vergil's studied dedications to the consul Pollio in *Ecls*. 4 and 8, and unlike Theocritus' perhaps more occasional gestures to Ptolemy Philadelphus (implicit in *Idyll* 14, explicit in the panegyric *Idyll* 17), Gay's dedication praises Bolingbroke for presiding over peace after civil strife, fought by proxy in foreign war: "For Trading free shall thrive again, / Nor Leasings leud affright the Swain" ("Prologue" 73-74).[37] This valorizes trade rather more than does *Ecl*. 1's vision of the grasping city squeezing profit from shepherds, and much more than *Georgics* 2's vision of sea-borne trade as a root of evil. There is a doubleness in Gay's vision. He dedicates a poem that affectionately depicts English farm folk and their labor to the leader of the "country" interest in Parliament, by praising his skillful diplomacy in aid of Whiggish commerce and foreign trade:

> Rather than Verse of simple Swain
> Should stay the Trade of *France* or *Spain*,
> Or for the Plaint of Parson's Maid,
> Yon Emp'ror's Packets be delay'd;
> In sooth, I swear by holy *Paul*,
> I'd burn Book, Preface, Notes and all (lines 91-96).

Gay was in 1714 only a few years removed from working in the linen trade, not far from St Paul's, and this, and the fact that increasing numbers of Tory landowners were finding it advantageous to invest, if only indirectly, in urban and foreign commerce, including the transatlantic trade, goes some way to explain otherwise odd matter for panegyric. Even Lobbin Clout wagers a "*Tobacco Pouch*" in *Monday* (line 35) and Sparabella says of her rival Clumsilis that "Her blubber'd Lip by smutty Pipes is worn, / And in her Breath Tobacco Whiffs are born" (*Wednesday*, lines 39-40), showing that these farm folk are integrated into the Georgian nascent mercantile economy, doing their small part to enrich the newly-minted "tobacco lords" of Glasgow.

Perhaps the strongest echo of *Ecl*. 1 in *The Shepherd's Week* is not textual but visual: du Guernier's frontispiece illustration, depicting a scene which is not described in *The Shepherd's Week* but should have been.[38] In it, villagers dance round a maypole on the parish green as a bareheaded artist, seated on the ground, looks on sketching; meanwhile a musician, seated Zacchaeus-like up a tree, plays what looks like a rackett (a

[36] "Proeme" 62-63, "Prologue" 1-2, 6, in Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 92-93.

[37] Vergil's book of *Eclogues* was published by Vergil himself as a poetry collection, though one or two of them may have circulated earlier on their own, while this is not the case of Theocritus so far as is known; this would suggest that Vergil's arrangement of the *Eclogues* in their published order and his decisions to invoke an array of dedicatees was much more careful and significant than Theocritus'. I am indebted to Mark Griffith for this insight.

[38] A facsimile of the 1714 first edition, including du Guernier's illustrations, is *John Gay, The Shepherd's Week, 1714* (Menston, Yorkshire: Scolar Press, 1969).

double-reed wind instrument similar to a bassoon). Shaded by the ancient tree's leafy canopy, the musician is a transferred Tityrus, *patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi* / *siluestrem tenui Musam meditaris auena* (*Ecl*. 1.1-2), and a casual reader might write off the scene as arcadian genre piece. But there are differences: the parish church dominates the high background, its bell tower and Gothic buttresses somberly non-idyllic, and at left one of the dancers is glancing flirtatiously over her shoulder at two men drinking beer outside a tavern, one of whom raises a tankard appreciatively toward her large buttocks. The maypole (a symbol not only of "old England" but of royalism, as maypoles had been restored along with Charles II in 1660) and the drinking suggest a church ale, and recall the *Book of Sports* for Sundays and feasts promulgated by James I in 1618 as a finger in the eye to Puritans. Perhaps, Sunday being the first day of the week, du Guernier's maypole scene makes up for the eclogue Gay didn't write, and to emphasize that for Scriblerians like Gay, church ales and Sunday sports are not only old England but good anti-Dissenter politics. The musician and artist, therefore, nicely figure *Ecl*. 1's Tityrus and Meliboeus, and indeed Gay and Ambrose Philips. The musician, though above and not strictly part of the country fun he orchestrates, is nevertheless integrated, Tityrus-like, into the community, with his head sensibly covered like a native son. The rather wan-looking artist, meanwhile, sits apart with his hat on the ground right-side up, which is bad luck (only men laid out for burial have their hats so placed, a mistake no countryman would make). No doubt he will soon leave the village and, like Meliboeus, never return.

Gay's "Prologue" also imitates Vergil's panegyric of Octavian in *Ecl*. 1, which is tastefully distanced by being voiced through Tityrus, in a quatrain that exemplifies the larger poem's archly Spenserian diction:

> So forth I far'd to Court with speed,
> Of Soldier's Drum withouten Dreed;
> For Peace allays the Shepherd's Fear
> Of wearing Cap of Granadier.

Like Octavian, who for Tityrus "*erit ille mihi semper deus*," Anne as Stuart heir (her half-brother James III had the senior claim) is guarantor of peace and her ministers guarantors of plenty, for instance Oxford, in April 1714 still three months from dismissal as Lord Treasurer, "Who for our Traffick forms Designs, / And gives to *Britain Indian* Mines."[39] This may refer to Spain's grant of the Atlantic slave-trade *asiento* pursuant to the Peace of Utrecht, or as Gay's scholarly editors note "the new safety of trade with Spain and Portugal" in English woolens – an intrusion of literal, socio-economic pastoralism into literary – and possibly "to Oxford's establishing the South Sea Company in 1711."[40] But it is worth underlining Gay's use of "Britain" here, as he elsewhere highlights the particularity of Anne's dominions: "*Leek* to the *Welch* [is] dear, / Of *Irish* Swains *Potatoe* is the Chear; / *Oats* for their Feasts the *Scottish* Shepherds grind," as Lobbin Clout says in *Monday* (nearly two hundred years after the Spanish *entrada* in Peru, the potato is thoroughly assimilated to Irish food culture).[41] The fragile parliamentary Union of

[39] Gay, *The Shepherd's Week*, "Prologue" 45-48; Vergil, *Ecl*. 1.7; Gay, "Prologue" 67-68.

[40] *The Shepherd's Week*, n. to "Prologue" 68, in Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 520.

[41] "Monday" 83-84, in Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 97.

Scotland with England was only seven years old when *The Shepherd's Week* appeared, and Gay's readers well remembered that in Anne's kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland William of Orange's accession in February 1689 had triggered a civil war. Fought most famously at Killiecrankie and the Boyne, it had been a civil war in which, like the Roman one to which Vergil's shepherds react in *Ecls*. 1 and 9, the defeat of James II and VII's forces was followed by proscriptions or killings of defeated legitimists such as the Massacre of Glencoe, followed by land confiscations and political persecution.[42]

In *Ecl*. 1 Tityrus sees Octavian's victory over Antony in the civil wars as a blessing because peace has returned and his lands have been restored, while Meliboeus at the same time sees it as a disaster because his lands have been confiscated and he is departing into exile. It is thus an apt model for *The Shepherd's Week* prologue, which is concerned at once to celebrate the "Augustan moment" of Anne's reign ("knowing no Age so justly to be instiled *Golden*, as this of *our Soveraign Lady Queen ANNE*"), and to deprecate losses of life, land, and liberty in the civil and foreign wars of William and the Marlborough Whigs.[43] But unlike Vergil, who indirectly praises Caesar for foreign wars against the Parthians and the Germans, Gay praises Anne for ending Britain's involvement in the War of Spanish Succession by the Peace of Utrecht: "That Queen… to whom we owe / Sweet *Peace that maketh Riches flow*; / That *Queen* who eas'd our Tax of late." These lines echo Pope's *Windsor-Forest* couplet "Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains, / And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns," and refer to the hated land-tax that had financed William of Orange's Nine Years' War and, under the Marlborough-run ministry earlier in Anne's reign, the Allied campaigns against France.[44] Gay also credits Arbuthnot with Britain's well-being, for "He sav'd the Realm who sav'd the Queen." Anne had survived a dangerous illness at Christmas 1713, though in the event the realm was only reprieved rather than saved; upon her death in August 1714 and James III and

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[42] On the Union of 1707 see Alvin Jackson, *The Two Unions: Ireland, Scotland, and the Survival of the United Kingdom, 1707-2007* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2012), 121-81 and *passim*. On the civil wars of 1689-92 and their aftermath see Daniel Szechi, *The Jacobites: Britain and Europe, 1688-1788* (Manchester and New York: Manchester Univ. Press, 1994), 50 ("For nearly a decade [after 1691] Ireland was, almost literally, an occupied country, in which semi-military *coloniae*, such as the Huguenot veterans settled at Portarlington and Lisburn, were planted, and the religious and economic activities of the conquered natives watched and circumscribed."), 67-68 (expulsions of Scottish episcopalian clergy from their livings and "King William's seven ill years"). What Catholic, usually Jacobite, landholding remained in Ireland after the Williamite confiscations was gradually worn down by the Penal Laws, including the 1704 and 1709 acts that forbade Catholics to buy land and otherwise penalized their ownership of it. See also Éamonn Ó Cíardha, *Ireland and the Jacobite Cause, 1685-1766: A Fatal Attachment* (Dublin and Portland, OR: Four Courts Press, 2004), 52-111; J. G. Simms, *The Williamite Confiscation in Ireland, 1690-1703* (London: Faber and Faber, 1956; repr. Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1976), 21-29 and *passim*.

[43] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), "Proeme" 16-18. As Pope saw it thirty years into Hanoverian rule, half of them under George II Augustus, Augustus' principate had been remarkable for its civic unfreedom and the servility of its literary culture: "The *Aeneid* was evidently a party piece, as much as *Absalom and Achitophel*. Virgil [was] as slavish a writer as any of the gazetteers." Pope, quoted in Joseph Spence, *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*, *Collected from Conversation*, ed. James M. Osborn, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), I, 229-30.

[44] On this see John Brewer, *The Sinews of Power: War, Money and the English State, 1688-1783* (New York: Knopf, 1989), 199-206.

VIII's failure to claim the throne (for Jacobites and many Tories he had been *de jure* king since 1701), Bolingbroke's government fell and was replaced with a Whig by George of Hanover.

Anne in fact, or rather the political hopes which she symbolized for Tories and Jacobites after 1710, is the poem's affective center of gravity and its contextual cynosure. Not only is Gay's dedicatory "Prologue" to Bolingbroke, which sets the political agenda for the poem, concerned overwhelmingly with the Queen and her health, but the female characters of the eclogues share many of her attributes. Each of the speakers of *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, and *Thursday* (Marian, Sparabella, Hobnelia) is without a husband or children; Anne was widowed by George of Denmark's death in 1708 and none of their six children born alive survived to adolescence. Marian, Sparabella, and Hobnelia are deserted by faithless lovers; Anne, *de facto* Stuart heir, saw her half-brother James III and VIII and their family forsaken by Parliament (not the British political nation, still less the people at large) in the 1701 Act of Settlement. Hobnelia in *Thursday* removes a "Garter" from Lubberkin and bestows her own, blue Garter on him (Susan in *Saturday* "feign'd her Coat or Garter was unty'd"). Her song wishing for his return, moreover, is analogous to the Jacobite "lost lover" ballads widespread in plebeian culture of the time. It may not be coincidence that the aegis of a wan-looking queen presides over the emblems prefixed to *Monday* and *Wednesday* in the 1714 first edition.

But it is Blouzelinda who has the most striking resemblances to the Queen, appearing as a kind of secret sharer or *Doppelgänger* for Anne. Some of the similarities are superficial: Blouzelinda, like Anne, is no longer young, physically large and plain in her looks, but chaste and admired for her sobriety and piety. A more important similarity is a sort of *dame aux licornes* power over nature. While "The Poultry there will seem around to stand, / Waiting upon her charitable Hand" (*Friday* 71-72) has a literal reference, the scene is also emblematic, iconic, like Giotto's of St Francis preaching to the birds. And in "Waiting upon her charitable Hand" the poultry remind us of the crowds of people who surrounded Anne when she touched for the king's evil, including Dr Johnson, who as a boy of three was taken to London to be touched in 1712.[45] In Gay's depiction Anne is more compelling than in *The Rape of the Lock* 3.7-8, where Pope cannot resist the urge to bathos: "Here Thou, Great *Anna*! whom three Realms obey, / Dost sometimes Counsel take – and sometimes *Tea*." In *The Shepherd's Week* the Queen is an exalted being with semi-mystic powers not only of healing but maternal procreative renewal, as in Jacobite lost lover literature about her younger half-brother the "Old Pretender," James III and VIII.[46]

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[45] It could be said that Gay is making political and other contextual points, here and throughout the poem, parabolically. Nevertheless, "[p]arables are not allegories; we have no right to expect an exact correspondence, point by point, between the story and its message." John R. W. Stott, *The Cross of Christ* (Downers Grove, IL: InterVarsity, 1986), 217 (drawing the distinction in the context of Protestant Biblical exegesis).

[46] On this see Paul Kléber Monod, *Jacobitism and the English People, 1688-1788* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1989), 66-67: "The stilted rural merry-making of [the Jacobite poem "Imitation of the Fifth Ode of Horace"] prefigures the idealist rusticity of John Gay, which has been linked with the nostalgic political writings of Bolingbroke. Through poets like Gay, elite literature reclaimed the 'lost lover' theme in the eighteenth century, and reinfused it with classical allusions."

The panegyric effect is only heightened by the daring alignment of the Queen with Blouzelinda; indeed the alliance of high and low against the pretensions of polite middle was a staple of Tory and Jacobite polemic. Yet Whig literati also entered the traffic of court compliment when it suited them. Even the negligible Philips wrote a birthday ode for the Queen in 1713, set to memorable music by Handel. One-upping Tory panegyric in hyperbole, it assimilates Anne's advent to Christ's in praising "[t]he day that gave great Anna birth, / who fix'd a lasting peace on earth," and draws on *Isaiah* 11 and perhaps Vergil, *Ecl*. 4.21-22 for lions and livestock that "in friendly consort meet" (though there is no mention of God, only a deistic invocation of "Eternal source of light divine"). Philips' arcadian animals living in *égalité* and *fraternité* show that this is not primarily praise of queen and country but an idyll of secular progress, which cannot resist the gravitational pull of international commerce: "United nations shall combine, / to distant climes the sound convey / that Anna's actions are divine, / and this the most important day!" – a slight exaggeration that proleptically suggests Wilsonian internationalism.[47]

The illustration facing *Friday; or, the Dirge*, which illustrates Blouzelinda's burial, only enhances the impression that Gay's project is a kind of proleptic elegy (at *The Shepherd's Week*'s publication the queen had only four months to live). It is atypical in being more *serio* than *buffo*. Consciously or not, it echoes *et in Arcadia ego* paintings such as Guercino's and two by Poussin, in the later of which (1639) country folk – considerably more idealized and classicized than du Guernier's – ponder mortality beside a shepherd's tomb bearing the titular inscription.[48] All such scenes, of course, visual or textual, descend from Vergil, *Ecl*. 5.41-44 in which shepherds raise a tumulus and inscription over the dead Daphnis, and so ultimately descend from Theocritus, *Idyll* 1 in which the dying Daphnis is visited by country folk, as well as by Hermes, Priapus, and Aphrodite. Like them, Blouzelinda/Anne and her burial in the churchyard, just steps from the green where the maypole dance occurred (perhaps she was the flirtatious dancer), are a *memento mori*, a reminder that *serio* is always near allied to *buffo* not only in *The Shepherd's Week*, and in Graeco-Roman pastoral, but in all human life. Thanks to Gay's (and du Guernier's) polyphemy, however, the scene is not lugubrious. In keeping with the varieties of communal experience, villagers of all ages, ranks and conditions surround the coffin, which is about to be lowered into the ground. Some grieve, some are simply enjoying an afternoon off from work, or the chance to wear a big hat to church, and the coffin's inscription "Blouz 1714" leaves out the euphonious "linda," falling well short of Poussin's somber Latin. Again, as in the frontispiece "*Sunday*" illustration, the dominant visuals are more medieval than classical. The gaze of the parson, and the lines of the bell tower behind him, are strongly vertical (oddly, du Guernier has moved the tower to the front of the church from the back, where it stands in the frontispiece), though the coffin itself, and the shovel just laid aside by the gravediggers – the speaker of "*et in Arcadia ego*" might as well be Labor as Mors – are earthily horizontal. The church itself,

[47] A detailed study of the ode is James Anderson Winn, "Style and Politics in the Philips-Handel Ode for Queen Anne's Birthday, 1713," *Music and Letters* 89 (2008), 547–61.

[48] On this see Jenkyns, "Pastoral," in *The Legacy of Rome*, 159: "Death's grim warning has been transmuted [in Poussin] into an elegiac nostalgia; a new convention is formed, apparently classical, but actually no such thing."

meanwhile, with its Gothic buttresses is a strong contrast to neo-classic architecture such as, say, Inigo Jones' "*Covent-garden*" church (St Paul's) praised in *Trivia*. The classicism of *The Shepherd's Week*'s illustrations, like the classicism of its text, is syncretic and medieval, more carnivalesque Holy Roman than Augustan Roman. And Anne, despite the implicit *Eclogues* parallels, is more a Romanesque *donna ideale*, fertile but chaste, than a martial Roman *dux femina*.

It is also illuminating of Gay's careful panegyric of Anne – he is no Swift firing broadsides, avoiding explicit anti-Whig or anti-Hanover statement – to revisit *Saturday*. Near the end of his song Bowzybeus, who has ranged over subjects from popularized New Science to shiny manufactured goods to old ballads, turns into a drunken nationalist lout: "He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, / *Lilly-bullero* and the *Irish Trot*" (lines 115-16). It is not unusual for an Englishman of 1714 (or now) to sing songs about Welshmen or Scots when drinking. When combined however with the Whig political puff *Lilliburlero* (endlessly whistled by *Tristram Shandy*'s tender-hearted chauvinist Uncle Toby, a zealous soldier in the Nine Years' War), and the fact that "he was seiz'd with a religious Qualm, / And on a sudden, sung the hundredth Psalm" – like Bunyan's compulsive repetition of Scripture in *Grace Abounding*, or the Dissenters' homiletic wind-breaking in Swift's *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* – Bowzybeus' song suggests that he is a smug Dissenter.[49] In theme his song is not unlike Blackmore's monumentally dull Lockean epic *Creation: A Philosophical Poem* (1712), or in the prose vein the youthful Addison's paean to Descartes. Perhaps, indeed, Bowzybeus is the village Whig, eager for the Hanover accession and disliked by his Anglican neighbors. If *The Shepherd's Week* village is in Devon or elsewhere in the West Country, or in the North, most of its inhabitants lean Tory, and indeed one of the female onlookers in the poem's illustration stares at him angrily, arms akimbo (though a simpler explanation may be that she is his wife). As already noted "the giddy Clown" is depicted by du Guernier as a jowly, almost porcine lout; the illustration is black and white but in the poem's last line Gay says that the sunset is "ruddy, like his Face."

In this Bowzybeus resembles George of Hanover, who in a portrait by Kneller or his studio done the same year as *The Shepherd's Week* illustrations (1714) is shown ruddy-cheeked with a round, doughy face. This turnip-like coloration, purplish above, pasty below, unhappily suggests the George of Jacobite polemic after August 1714, in which the Elector is a fat booby hoeing turnips when news of his accession reaches Hanover; one ballad, "The Bed-Tester's Plot," imagines him and his mistress, the formidably Teutonic Melusine von der Schulenburg, breaking through a bed in the midst of adultery, and George blaming the mishap on a Jacobite plot.[50] Thus Cicely and Dorcas in du Guernier's illustration remind us of von der Schulenburg and George's queen, Sophia Dorothea of Celle (herself caught in adultery in 1692 and placed under house arrest for the rest of her life), or perhaps Sophia Charlotte von Kielmansegg, an illegitimate half-sister at the center of George's London court and, in popular rumor,

[49] Gay's scholarly editors note that *Lillibulero* was said by its writer, Thomas Lord Wharton, to have sung James II and VII out of three kingdoms. Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 539.

[50] Monod, *Jacobitism and the English People*, 58. George created von Schulenburg Duchess of Munster from 1716, of Kendal from 1719.

another mistress.[51] The accession was correctly thought by most to be imminent, given the queen's failing health, and sharply polarized the people of Britain and Ireland; any publicly-published or attributable text critical of "Geordie Whelps" (another of George's nicknames in Jacobite song, playing on his Guelph surname) had to be oblique or cryptic, as *The Shepherd's Week* is.

Yet for all this explicit and implicit panegyric, Anne and her court were less effective a focus for Gay's poetic compliment than, say, Charles II and his court had been (however ironically) for Rochester's, let alone for political and religious loyalty or personal affection:

> She understood that the Crown could no longer compete with factional publicity. She therefore kept her court frugal, hierarchical, and sober, like an Anglican household, but never made it the nerve centre of high culture. Nor did she try to lead a High Church reaction, which would have deeply alienated the Whig aristocrats and merchants on whom the machinery of the state depended.[52]

Gay's Anglican piety is genuine enough, though he was not demonstrably devout, and he was certainly not an atheist like Bolingbroke (calling him "Full stedfast both to Church and Queen" in the "Prologue," line 76 is unintentionally ironic). There is also no reason to doubt the sincerity of Gay's monarchism, shared by the overwhelming majority of Britons and Irish in his time. In these stances as in so much else, he imitates Theocritus and Vergil, whose piety in official religion is unimpeachable, whatever their private convictions, and whose compliment of reigning monarchs is fulsome (Ptolemy Philadelphus and Augustus Caesar, a king in all but name). Nevertheless Gay's high-wire balancing act in *The Shepherd's Week* of satiric panegyric, of striking at once the poses of skeptical Scriblerian satirist and complimentary Anglican courtier, was

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[51] Satire of the royal mistresses was not only a Tory or Jacobite exercise. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu turns a gimlet eye on them in her *Account of the Court of George I*, and Horace Walpole in 1788 recalled meeting Sophia Charlotte, created Countess of Darlington in 1722: "Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my Mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent & ample as the Duchess [of Kendal] was long & emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed & was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays – no wonder that a child dreaded such an Ogress, and that the Mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a Seraglio!" Walpole, *Reminiscences*, ed. Paget Toynbee (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1924), 29-30. The contrast between polemical strategies in the reign of Charles II, when Milton and other dissidents moralistically attack the royal mistresses as whores, and in the reign of George I, when plebeian Jacobite and elite Whig alike satirize them as unsightly laughingstocks, is an index of the secularization of political polemic in the interim.

[52] Paul Kléber Monod, *The Power of Kings: Monarchy and Religion in Europe, 1589-1715* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1999), 295. A book-length study is R. O. Bucholz, *The Augustan Court: Queen Anne and the Decline of Court Culture* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 1993), *passim*. James A. Winn, *Queen Anne: Patroness of Arts* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2014), scheduled for release 1 July 2014, may reassess Bucholz's conclusions by "approaching the life and reign of this popular and successful monarch through her knowledge and patronage of the arts." See <http://www.gf.org/fellows/17331-james-a-winn>.

ultimately unsuccessful, and not only because the poem's publication in April 1714 was followed by the Queen's death just three months later (though it was an act he again attempted in complimenting Princess Caroline and her children). Like Swift's attempt in *A Tale of a Tub* to enlist satire in the cause of high Church politics and personal patronage, Gay's attempt to ingratiate himself was frustrated, not least because of *The Shepherd's Week*'s dedication to Bolingbroke, who fled to France in March 1715 and, following impeachment by the House of Commons on June 10, became Secretary of State to James III and VIII.[53] It is perhaps for this reason that, when Gay next comes to write a full-blown mock-pastoral, "The Toilette" in 1716, the contextual reference is toned noticeably down, and along with all but one of the other mock-pastorals Gay would subsequently write, it is a town eclogue taking the *beau monde* for subject.

2. "THE TOILETTE," "THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE," AND GAY'S TOWN ECLOGUES

"The Toilette" (published without authorization by Curll in 1716) is, as its title suggests, concerned with what transpires in a lady's dressing room.[54] Lydia, a faded belle of thirty-five mooning at her mirror, laments "false *Damon*" whose eye has been caught by Chloe, a chit of a girl: "She doubly to fifteen may make pretence, / Alike we read it in her face and sense" (37-38). The eclogic names are not Gay's only reference to ancient pastoral. Lydia, like Theocritus, *Idyll* 6's Polyphemus admiring his reflection in calm sea, sits "at the dumb devotion of her glass, / She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs, / And fancys youthful dress gives youthful airs" (16-18). Her overwrought pet over Chloe, however, in which she waspishly enumerates her own good qualities and Chloe's bad ("I own her taper shape is form'd to please. / Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!" – shades of Swift's beautiful young nymph going to bed), is more like Corydon's homosexual heartbreak over Alexis in Vergil. Indeed Lydia's "Nor am I yet so old" (50) is a near-calque of *Ecl*. 2.25's famous tag "*nec sum adeo informis*," itself homage to Theocritus, *Idyll* 6.34's *buffo*/*serio* "And I'm not as ugly, you know, as men say I am," lines imitated more famously, as already noted, by Marvell's "Nor am I so deform'd to sight" in "Damon the Mower."[55]

Lydia's perjured Damon, however, is more like *The Rape of the Lock*'s Baron or indeed the cynical beaux of Restoration comedy than he is callow Corydon or laughable Polyphemus. Like Belinda's Baron, he seems to have got Lydia accustomed to picking a whole mock-pastoral catalogue of "flowers" of Georgian commerce. Her "wonted range" is not, like Corydon's, sheep-dotted Sicily but "Through ev'ry *Indian* shop, through all

[53] A post he was ejected from the next March after the failure of the 1715 Jacobite rising.

[54] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 181-85. Montagu wrote a town eclogue with the same title, probably in collaboration with Gay and Pope, with whom she was still on good terms at the time; only 43 lines of Gay's "Toilette" agree word for word with Montagu's. See Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy (eds.), *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Essays and Poems and* Simplicity*, A Comedy* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993), 198-200.

[55] Theocritus, *Idyll* 6.34: "Καὶ γάρ θην οὐδ᾽ εἶδος ἔχω κακόν ὥς με λέγοντι," in Gow (ed.), 28. The translation is in Verity, 24.

the *Change*," where "careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd, / Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold" ("The Toilette," 55-56). And like Restoration comedic beaux Damon appears, in giving Lydia "the tall jarr [that] erects his costly pride," to have been "the cause of all my smart" (53, 61) in a literal, physical sense:

> But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
> The shiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground;
> Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
> Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love. (63-66)

Gay's witty syntax in "shiver'd China," proleptic dropping upon the ground of the frail present, suggest that Damon's "gift" was, as it is in *The Country Wife* and other plays, slang for his erect penis, already shaky with impotence like Rochester's Antient Lover, and liable to elicit screams of dismay like Belinda's at *The Rape of the Lock* 3.159-60, "when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high, / In glitt'ring Dust and painted Fragments lie!"

Lydia herself, with a litany of complaints about the falsity and betrayal of erotic love, first strikes the reader as a toned-down version of Rochester's titular Rambler in St James' Park, whom I have discussed in chapter 2, section 1, and indeed the opening couplet of "The Toilette" sets the scene as "Now twenty springs had cloath'd the Park with green, / Since *Lydia* knew the blossom of fifteen." But unlike the rambler, who for all his witty irony is genuinely hurt by Corinna's betrayal, and whose vicious invective is driven by moral outrage, Lydia is a calm cynic. Gay, like Horace at the end of the *beatus ille Epode* 2, has prepared a surprise ending. "Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd" (99) – then, her maid appearing with ribbons and lace, burbling empty compliments, "Strait *Lydia* smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks, / And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box" (105-06). Like the "Friday" louts in *The Shepherd's Week*, who turn from mourning Blouzelinda to fondling Susan without missing a beat, Lydia and her blithe play-going (doubtless to pick up another Damon) owe more to the opportunistic *aphrodisia* of Theocritus' herdsmen than to the disillusioned *eros* of Vergil's shepherds.

Also more Theocritean than Vergilian is Gay's "The Birth of the Squire" (1720), published along with the town eclogues "The Tea-Table" and "The Funeral" and the Quaker eclogue "The Espousal." Subtitled "An Eclogue. In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil," its form and structure only loosely imitate the messianic *Ecl*. 4 (an exordium to the Muses for "loftier strains," a *locus amoenus* that grows barley and hops). Its subject-matter of randy country adolescents and aggressive sports, its andante rhythm and bright tone, recall Theocritus' bucolic idylls. That "With frothy ale to make his cup o'er-flow, / Barley shall in paternal acres grow" (19-20) – the "paternal acres" are borrowed from Pope's "Ode on Solitude" – suggests a higher-elevation, poorer soil of the Exmoor kind, as barley-culture does in *The Shepherd's Week*, perhaps locating the squire and his lands in Devon, Gay's own paternal acres.

This uniquely English setting emphasizes the uniquely English character of Gay's satire. While Vergil and Theocritus are models, there is no real analogue to the titular landowner, except in later satiric depictions of the Georgian squirearchy: Fielding's Squire Booby in *Shamela*, his bluff Squire Western in *Tom Jones*, and the one-off *Blackadder* character Sir Torbert Buxomly. Like them, Gay's squire is an unflattering caricature, and no help to the farm folk living on the land, in contrast to Vergil's golden

child, whose birth to Antony's and Octavia's dynastic union will bring (a hope not realized) an end to civil war and an era of peace and plenty. "[T]he pleas'd tenants" bring gifts of food to the squire's birth, but their generosity is not reciprocated:

> No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
> No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
> Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
> Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
> Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
> Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game. (81-86)

This squire seems to be one of the new, improving sort eager to empark, enclose, and improve their lands. By restricting traditional rights of entry for tenant hunting and fishing, up to and including prosecution for trespass and theft – at this period sometimes punishable by death – the squire can rationalize production on his "paternal acres" (the term is ironic since he is commercial, not paternal) and integrate them into the nascent free market in land. Perhaps he is also invested in the South Sea Company or other commercial schemes.

His vices, moreover, include lechery and drunkenness as well as greed. Like the nameless squire in *Wednesday*, who rides up to Sparabella in a wood and tries to force himself on her, and possibly succeeds, this squire has his way with "The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)… *Priscilla*." She conceives a child but "the young Squire forestall[s] a father's name" (51-60), perhaps by marrying her to one of his liverymen, a solution proposed to Sparabella in *Wednesday*. And, in a scene that anticipates Hogarth's 1733 *Midnight Modern Conversation*, the squire is depicted in the hall having drunk his retainers under the table, literally dead drunk: "Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires, / In copious gulps of potent ale expires" (107-08). The effect of all these unflattering scenes is to remind the reader that Gay, though firmly in the Scriblerian camp by 1720, is nevertheless an honest satirist first and a political partisan second. If *The Shepherd's Week* eclogues are full of Devon farm folk loyal to Queen and Church, in epitome "Friday" and pious, hardworking Blouzelinda (Anne's *Doppelgänger*?), and if *Trivia* is full of grasping, shoving Whig merchants, then "The Birth of the Squire" and its stereotypical Tory backbencher, who "in late years [will] be sent / To snore away Debates in *Parliament*" (75-76), remind Gay's readers that he censures vice, and seizes comic opportunity, where he finds it.

"The Tea-Table" by contrast is a town eclogue, and contains witty self-reflection about pastoral as genre. The scene is set in the *beau monde*: "*Saint James*'s noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd, / And coaches to the Patron's *Levée* roll'd, / When *Doris* rose" (1-3). An amoebean eclogue, it is a sort of song contest between Doris and Melanthe ("honey-flower," ironic since she has an acid tongue) and owes something to Vergil's *Ecl*. 3 shepherd slanging match. At another remove, it recalls Theocritus' mime *Idyll* 15 and its shrewish duo Praxinoa and Gorgo, Alexandrian or, strictly, Syracusan ladies who lunch, buy consumer goods, and deprecate husbands, though Theocritus' ladies, unlike Gay's, also attend a public festival sponsored by Queen Arsinoe, where they admire an exquisite Adonis tableau and listen to a skillful song or poem.[56] "The Tea-Table" is also

[56] I am indebted to Mark Griffith for this reading of *Idyll* 15.

laterally intertextual, with echoes of *The Rape of the Lock*: "And now through all the room / From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume," and "the hour was set; / And all again that night at *Ombre* met" (3-4, 99-100).

Its most sustained lateral engagement, however, is with Rochester, or at least with ideas and terms prominent in his mock-pastorals, especially *A Ramble in St James' Park*. Instead of abusing each other in the traditional song-contest way, Doris and Melanthe take turns abusing two absent friends, in the manner of Rochester's Artemiza in *A Letter from Artemiza in the Towne to Chloe in the Countrey*. Sylvia is abused for her easy virtue, Laura for her hypocritical prudery (the abuse only stops when they drop by unexpectedly at poem's end, to be received with hypocritical cheer). The first is more than a little like the *Ramble*'s Corinna: "*Sylvia* the vain fantastic Fop admires, / The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires" (13-14), and like Corinna tearing off in a coach with her three fops "*Sylvia* be sure defies the town's reproach, / Whose *Deshabille* is soil'd in hackney coach" (45-46).[57] In Doris' gravely ironic telling, she is quite at home in the Park after dark:

> What, though young *Sylvia* love the Park's cool shade,
> And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
> Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her Spark,
> That innocence is weak which shuns the dark. (67-70)

Her very name identifies her with "the Park's cool shade" and "secret glade," or what Rochester had called its "Strange *Woods*" and "All-sin-sheltring *Grove*" which like "Rowes of *Mandrakes* tall did rise, / Whose lewd Tops *Fuck'd* the very Skies." Yet Sylvia is hardly natural. Like Lydia in "The Toilette" or Swift's Celia in "The Progress of Beauty" or Lady Wishfort, she needs cosmetic to disguise nature's decay: "Like those her face defys the rolling years, / For art her roses and her charms repairs" (37-38). Indeed Gay has Doris lampoon Sylvia, in a metacritical flourish, for arcadian pastoral playacting:

> Last *Masquerade* was *Sylvia* nymphlike seen,
> Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
> An am'rous shepherd led her through the croud,
> The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd… (21-24)

Of course the fop protests too much; she is neither pastoral nor innocent. In fact, as "Her favours *Sylvia* shares among mankind, / Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd" (91-92), she not only resembles Corinna, in whom "Such nat'rall freedoms are but just, / There's something gen'rous in meer Lust," but another of Rochester's poetic mistresses, Caelia, who:

> Whilst mov'd by an Impartiall Sense
> Favours like Nature, you dispence,

[57] Gay elsewhere makes Rochester's poetry the very type of titillating smut. In "To a Young Lady, with Some Lampreys" a prude aunt scolds the titular lady for accepting the speaker's gift of lampreys, wondering "Wherefore had not the filthy fellow / Laid *Rochester* upon your pillow? / I vow and swear, I think the present / Had been as modest and as decent" (33-36). Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 248.

> With Universall Influence…
> And shall my Cælia be confin'd?
> Noe; live up to thy mighty Mind,
> And be the Mistresse of Mankind.[58]

Here in particular, the verbal parallels are so close that one wants to think Gay is consciously quoting and conflating lines from *A Ramble in St James' Park* and *Upon his leaving his Mistresse*.

Laura by contrast, her name suggesting a distant Petrarchan *donna*, is said to have a Collier-like horror of "the licence of the modern stage," but only when it is sexually explicit; "nauseous Comedy ne'er shock'd her ear" and, Swift-like, she "laughs at jests that turn the Box demure" (27-32). Thus "If affectation show a beauteous mind, / Lives there a man to *Laura*'s merits blind?" (43-44), which again recalls Rochester's fops, who "Convert[] Abortive imitation, / To Universal affectation."[59] Unlike Corinna, however, whose taste in lovers runs to aspiring barristers and courtiers, "Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame, / Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?" (51-52). Yet unlike Sylvia's "*Cynthio* [who] can bow, takes snuff, and dances well, / *Robin* talks common sense, can write and spell" (59-60), and in private at least "*Laura* for her flame has no pretence; / Her footman is a footman too in sense" (71-72); his Rochesterian common sense aligns him with the down-to-earth walkers of *Trivia*. Interestingly, Laura sees through "Universal affectation" in others though she falls into it herself, at least in public: "*Sylvia*'s vain fancy dress and show admires, / But 'tis the man alone who *Laura* fires" (61-62).

No such secret earnestness animates "The Funeral," an amoebean eclogue between Sabina, who is grieving the loss of Fidelio, and her shrewd maid Lucy. A witty send-up of arcadian conventions of lovers' constancy, "The Funeral" features, like "The Toilette" and "The Tea-Table," a sharp Horatian turn at poem's end. After a hundred lines of posture about resisting Myrtillo's advances, Sabina swerves mid-sentence: "to morrow throw my Weeds away, / Yet let me see him, if he comes to day!" ("The Funeral," 109-10). It is not a total surprise. The reader is told in the first line that "Twice had the moon perform'd her monthly race" since Fidelio's death – the old topos of *mutabilis sicut luna*. Indeed Sabina says that if she stops mourning Fidelio, "May *Lydia*'s wrinkles all my forehead trace, / And *Celia*'s paleness sicken o'er my face" (27-28). This recalls not only the faded belle of "The Toilette" but Swift's "Progress of Beauty" (written 1719, published 1728), where Celia's aging face is figured by the cloudy, cracked moon in her phases. "The Funeral" also owes something to Juvenal, *Satire* 6's arraignment of Roman wives, and indeed Sabina's name, with its austere overtone of Republican Rome, ironizes her moral levity and fluctuating values.

The maid Lucy by contrast sees things with steady Juvenalian skepticism. Following Lucretius' and Ovid's advice to cure love by dwelling on the beloved's absurd, annoying, or dirty habits, Lucy tries these *remedia* on Sabina: "Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace; / That easy air was then an aukward pace" (41-42) and similar

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[58] *Upon his leaving his Mistresse* 12-21, in Harold Love (ed.), *The Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1999), 17-18.

[59] Rochester, *A Ramble in St. James's Park* 57-58, in Love (ed.), 77.

demystifications. Lucy's name is also ironic, with its Christian virgin-martyr and Roman goddess of childbirth associations; the reader feels that her street smarts about sexual scandal derive from personal experience. It is no surprise therefore that Lucy is polyphemean, lower-case, but not so much *buffo*/*serio* as literally equivocating: "Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd, / With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd" (13-14). She is also master of garden-variety double-entendres, for instance saying of Myrtillo that "All well may judge, what shaft has *Daphne* hit, / Who suffers silence to admire his wit" (51-52). The patent meaning of Myrtillo's shaft is Eros' arrow but the latent is clear enough.

The doubleness of Lucy's voice, moreover, has an analogue in the poem's doubleness of perspective. Like Vergil's Tityrus and Meliboeus in *Ecl*. 1, and more remotely Theocritus' reapers Bucaeus and Milon in *Idyll* 10, Sabina and Lucy see the same social reality but each perceives it oppositely. Sabina thinks Fidelio was earnest and plain, and Myrtillo a cad; Lucy thinks Fidelio was a clod and a slob, and Myrtillo a catch. Gay also echoes *Ecl*. 1's "catalogue of impossibilities" or world-turned-upside-down topos. In Vergil the useful Caesarian idiot Tityrus says that stags will feed in the sky, or Parthian drink the Arar, before he forgets Octavian's godlike benevolence. Lucy modifies this in "The Funeral" to

> Sooner shall Cits in fashions guide the Court,
> And Beaus upon the busy *Change* resort;
> Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
> And Fops apartments smoak with *India*'s weed,
> Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunn'ry grates,
> Than recommend the flame *Sabina* hates. (55-60)

Of course this is sharply ironic; she has done nothing *but* recommend the flame Sabina hates, or affects to hate. Lucy's catalogue of impossibilities echoes Corydon's in Swift's "A Town Eclogue" (1711), who tells the prostitute Phyllis "When I forget the favour you bestowed, / Red herrings shall be spawned in Tyburn Road… The wealthy cit, and the St James's beau, / Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego,"[60] and in a cognate porneic vein one spoken by Rochester's Rambler, who swears

> But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant,
> *School-Boys* to Frigg, Old *Whores* to Paint;
> The *Jesuits Fraternity*,
> Shall leave the use of *Buggery*;
> *Crab-Lowse*, inspir'd with Grace Divine,
> From Earthly *Cod*, to *Heav'n* shall climb;
> *Physicians*, shall believe in *Jesus*,
> And disobedience cease to please us
> E're I desist with all my Pow'r,
> To plague this *Woman* and undo her. (*A Ramble in St James's Park* 143-52)

Lucy's choice of metaphor also reactivates Marvell's Cistercian abbess in *Upon Appleton House*, who says that the bars of the monastery paradoxically enclose not it but the

[60] "A Town Eclogue" 20-25, in Pat Rogers (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: The Complete Poems* (New York: Penguin, 1983), 115.

sexually-aggressive men outside, so that "The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates, / And, from us, locks on them the Grates" (stanza 13). Like the endlessly-punning, polyphemic Marvell, Lucy may mean by her "nunn'ry grates" what Marvell famously calls the "Iron grates of Life" in "To His Coy Mistress" ("grates" is a variant reading for "gates," as I noted in chapter 1, section 3). The implication is that if Lucy were, nunnishly, to advise chastity to Sabina she would be engaged in Rochesterian or Swiftian head/tail inversion, turning upside down the "real" world of incipient anthropological materialism: out of the abundance of the genitals the mouth speaketh.

That "the nation" – people not place – will sooner be free from snuff and "smoak" from "India's weed" than Lucy turn pimp, finally, reminds the reader, as does *Wednesday* in *The Shepherd's Week*, that the nation's or rather empire's farthest fringes are not pastoral Celtic highlands but georgic Chesapeake frontier. "The Funeral" is a satiric sign that trade in its tobacco, and other overseas commodities, is enriching the urban elites (and a few main-chance landowners) who extrude the thin film of *beau monde* atop agricultural Britain and Ireland. This is also implied by Sabina's simile in which the "perfume" of Fidelio's "rosy lips" is "Fragrant as steams from Tea's imperial bloom" ("The Funeral," 66) (though "imperial" tea was picked from the first flush, or new spring shoots, of the plant).[61] These steams are equivocal with the benefit of hindsight: compare Swift's later "Vapors and Steams [Diana's] Looks disgrace" in "The Progress of Beauty," or the "noysom Steam / Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream" smelled by the titular swain in *Strephon and Chloe*, miasmas which as I argue in chapter 5, section 5 are a potent symbol for Pope of material and cultural rot that fuels the *ignis fatuus* leading London's hacks and dunces to grief. Even on their own terms however they are equivocal. Like *The Rape of the Lock* and *Windsor-Forest*, and Gay's own "The Tea-Table" where "flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume," "The Funeral" dwells with particular fascination on tea, a commodity brought not from transatlantic "*India*" but East India, doubtless by the eponymous Whig company. Its hot, fragrant steams epitomize at once the vapid consumerism of the new urban elites and Scriblerian poetic speakers' keenness to seem at home at court or in "Fops apartments" where tea is conspicuously consumed, along with other shallow-trendy status markers: "*China* jars," fashionable card games, ladies' reputations. "The Funeral," for all its satiric brio, is polyphemic; Gay briskly satirizes Sabina, Lucy, and their inanities, yet his affect toward the *beau monde* they inhabit is, like the poem's structuring dialogue, uneasily equivocal.

Gay's final town eclogue, "The Espousal," lampoons a group conspicuous in City manufacturing and overseas trade, the Quakers. Gay's scholarly editors see a pretext for the amoebean dialogue between Caleb and Tabitha in Theocritus, *Idyll* 27, a "come live with me and be my love" bucolic (now deemed spurious by classicists). Its chief intertextuality, however, is with popular anti-Puritan satire of the Restoration. Gay had bruited the theme of sectarian sexual vice lurking under pious show before; in the *Saturday* eclogue of *The Shepherd's Week*, Bowzybeus varies his drunken rendition of old Dissenter favorites with Sir John Denham's "News from Colchester," sung

[61] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 591, n. to line 66. An historical study of this thin but influential film is Hannah Greig, *The Beau Monde: Fashionable Society in Georgian London* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2013), *passim*.

appropriately enough to the tune of *Tom of Bedlam*.[62] Denham's topos for the triumph of irrational subjectivity, Juvenalian head/tail inversion, also appears in contemporary texts such as *Hudibras* 3.2.1609-14 and later texts such as Rochester's *A Ramble in St James' Park*.[63] Gay reactivates it 60 years later:

> *All in the Land of Essex* next he chaunts,
> How to sleek Mares starch Quakers turn Gallants;
> How the grave Brother stood on Bank so green.
> Happy for him if Mares had never been! (*Saturday* 109-12)

Lest there be any doubt what he means, Gay's footnote to these lines cites Vergil, *Ecl*. 6.45-60, Silenus' excursus on Pasiphae and her literal inversion of tail over head with a bull.[64] Perhaps, given Rochester's *Ramble* curse on Corinna as sex-crazed mare penetrated by the wind, the Quaker's bestiality is a case of one irrational creature trying wordlessly to communicate private "inspiration" to another.

This all-excusing, all-consoling inspiration leads Caleb and Tabitha to call their subjective feelings, whatever their content, holy: "But now I feel the spousal love within, / And spousal love no sister holds a sin" ("The Espousal" 31-32). Caleb's ineffable tickles, beyond good and evil, recall the literal, anal *in-spiratio* of Swift's Dissenter preachers in *A Tale of a Tub* (1704), swollen with piped-in wind and eager to discharge it into their passive disciples. Indeed Quaker and other Dissenter devotions, with their self-conscious excitement and bodily trembling, are suspiciously like exhibitionism and arousal:

> When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
> The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
> How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
> Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree. (59-62)

Perhaps Tabitha has revealed more than her yearnings at the meeting; double-entendres on lips and cherries go back through Marvell and the Cavalier poets at least to Shakespeare, who has Pyramus and Thisbe ring changes on the pun in *A Midsummer*

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[62] So Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 538, n. to line 109. The poem's full title is "News from Colchester: or a Proper New Ballad of Certain Carnal Passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt at Horsly near Colchester in Essex." It was originally published in 1659 as a broadside under the more explicit title "A relation of a Quaker that to the Shame of his Profession Attempted to Bugger a Mare near Colchester."

[63] Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, ed. with intro. and comm. John Wilders (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), 276: "For as a Fly, that goes to Bed, / Rests with his Tail above his Head: / So in this Mungril *State of ours*, / The Rabble are the Supream Powers. / That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us / A Jadish trick at last, and throw us." See now Michael A. Seidel, "Patterns of Anarchy and Oppression in Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 5 (1971) 294-314, 313: "Hudibras [is described by Butler] as the very embodiment of the Rump Parliament, the ass [*sic*] end of the rabble." Seidel cites *Hudibras* 1.1.289-92 where Butler literalizes the head/tail inversion: "Our Knight did bear no less a Pack / Of his own Buttocks on his back: / Which now had almost got the upper- / Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper."

[64] Not cited by Gay is *Aeneid* 6.24-26 on Pasiphae and her offspring the Minotaur, "a monument to her polluted passion," in Allen Mandelbaum's rendition of "*Veneris monumenta nefandae*."

Night's Dream. The physical isomorphism of Dissenter religious practice and arousal and orgasm is a satiric gift that keeps on giving for Swift and Gay:

> When Ecstasie had warm'd thy look so meek,
> Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
> With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
> How did thy words provoke the brethrens' sighs! (63-66)

This high blood pressure and eye-rolling is very like that of Dissenter preachers "forming and working up the *Spirit*," in reality psychosomatic self-suggestion or demonic delusion, in *The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* (1704); Gay's ideas and images of the aroused Quakers are so close to Swift's as to appear citations. For Swift and Gay, the Quakers' quaking, like Dissenter inspiration more broadly, is not the Spirit descending from on high but the gonads welling up from below. Swift even specifies that their rapid breathing and snuffling, bagpipe-like tone is owing to their lack of noses, destroyed by syphilis; a similar noise was made by James Naylor's women disciples "in the fantastic spectacle of his triumphal entry into Bristol… the women strewed garments before him and alternately hummed, cooed, and shouted his praises."[65] In yet another allusion to "mares' madness" *The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* compares them to Darius I's horse in Herodotus' story, which got its master chosen king by portentously snorting before other horses could (Darius' slave had slyly rubbed its nose with *hippomanes*).[66] The eclogue therefore ends with the lovers hurrying off to consummate their wedding before it is celebrated, since in Tabitha's view "Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence, / For secret love can never give offence" (105-06). That Gay means the reader to smile not only at arcadian convention frustrated but at the pair's fornication is suggested by his allusion to the last lines of *Paradise Lost*: "Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw. / *True love is nature unrestrain'd by law*" ("The Espousal" 107-08).

Like Lucy in "The Funeral," moreover, Tabitha and Caleb each offer a "catalogue of impossibilities," variation on the world-turned-upside-down topos. In their case, this telegraphs not lust but pride. Tabitha orates that she would "Sooner like *Babylon*'s lewd whore be drest / In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest, / Or make a curtsie in Cathedral pew" (75-77) than betray Caleb, though he has seen her kissing Josiah, from whom she has accepted a gold watch. And Caleb vaunts that

> When I prove false, and *Tabitha* forsake,
> Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
> Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
> And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed. (79-82)

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[65] Gordon Rupp, *Religion in England 1688-1791* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986), 147. The Interregnum government punished this blasphemy, parody of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, with branding and whippings.

[66] Swift, *A Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, sec. 2, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 182. Walsh notes that the reference is to Herodotus' *Histories* 3.85.3-3.86.2; Swift owned a copy of *Herodoti Halicarnassei historiarum libri IX* (Geneva: Paulus Stephanus, 1618). Walsh (ed.), 525.

Caleb's lofty contempt for mince-pies, and the Christmas feasting and dancing they represent, contrasts with the attitude in *The Shepherd's Week* frontispiece, where laughing villagers dance round the maypole, and with the London walker's love for the holiday; the walker delivers a eulogy of "the joyous Period of the Year" (*Trivia* 2.440), outlawed in the 1640s by the great-grandfathers of men like Caleb.[67] And his looming beaver hat, never taken off in respect for another, aligns him with another prideful character in *Trivia*, where

> The Broker here his spacious Beaver wears,
> Upon his Brow sit Jealousies and Cares;
> Bent on some Mortgage, to avoid Reproach,
> He seeks bye Streets, and saves th' expensive Coach. (*Trivia* 2.277-80)

Perhaps Caleb is, if not this same broker, then one of his business partners; Quaker families, Barclays, Lloyds, and others, became prominent in the banking industry.[68] The upshot of the Quakers' studied plainness, Gay suggests, is pride, a worse sin than the sexual ones they practice in secret, adding hypocrisy to their tally of vices. And their subjective inner light, *ignis fatuus*, is the religious analogue of secular rationalism, a do-it-yourself affair that in temporal parochialism refuses dialogue with predecessors and, making a virtue of necessity, scorns to read the Ancients as ignorant of Modern advances. It is pride, indeed, that constitutes Gay's and the Scriblerians' foremost satiric target (it is the deep target of most post-classical satire, often under other names), and nowhere is this more prominently in evidence than in *Trivia*, where pride is the peculiar vice of those who, in contrast to the poem's pedestrian speaker, do not walk the streets of London but rather ride smugly above them, risking a literal and metaphoric fall.

3. UNTO DUST THOU SHALT RETURN: *TRIVIA* AS JUVENALIAN GEORGIC AND GEORGIAN POLITICS

Trivia is subtitled "the *Art* of *Walking* the Streets of London" and so, as Juan Christian Pellicer observes, "plays against Horace's *Ars Poetica* and Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, as well as its primary model, Virgil's *Georgics*."[69] The poem also imitates heroic and didactic epic themes and tropes from Homer, Lucretius, Vergil and Ovid, in a network of allusions that has been explored by Susanna Braund.[70] What has not been systematically

[67] In January 1645 Parliament, in the midst of the first Civil War, created an Orwellian "Directory of Public Worship" abridging free exercise of religion in England and Wales. It forbade celebration of Christmas, Easter, and other "festival days, vulgarly called Holy Days, [which] having no warrant in the Word of God, are not to be continued." The mandate was unpopular and difficult to enforce, and like all Parliamentary legislation enacted 1642-1660 was declared null and void at the Restoration.

[68] Rupp, *Religion in England*, 149-50.

[69] Juan Christian Pellicer, "Pastoral and Georgic," in *The Oxford History of Classical Reception in English Literature,* vol. 3 (1660-1790), ed. David Hopkins and Charles Martindale (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2012), 305.

[70] Susanna Morton Braund, "Gay's *Trivia*: Walking the Streets of Rome," in Brant and Whyman (eds.), 149-66.

studied, however, is *Trivia*'s close work with Juvenal, especially *Satire* 3, and the influence of this intertextuality on its thematic and contextual reference. For like Juvenal's Rome, Gay's London is the lowest point in the commonwealth morally speaking. In its hectic mix of misaligned physical spaces, social ranks, and cultures, the community of walkers, who are nominal addressees of Gay's *ars*, is taken advantage of and dispossessed by greedy merchants, arrogant professionals, and criminal underclass (*Trivia* is no paean to the proletariat as will be seen). Gay also means us to align his community of walkers, in constant contact with the earth by treading on it and getting soiled with it, with Vergil's tillers of the soil. This is suggested by the apostrophe beginning "O ye associate Walkers, O my Friends, / Upon your State what Happiness attends!" – an unmistakable imitation of Vergil's "*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint*" praise of the farmer's life at *Geo.* 2.458-74.[71] The anti-community of callous city arrivistes, by contrast, who do not labor in the earth in either country or London streets, are represented iconically by the "brib'd Lawyer," beaus, and *grands bourgeois* who ride off the ground in carriages, coaches, and sedan chairs, "The soft Supports of Laziness and Pride" (*Trivia* 2.262). London's status as moral nadir, moreover, is suggested by repeated images of the city as topographic nadir: the streets' kennels, and in epitome Fleet Ditch, the most abject if not literally lowest place in the City, as it is in Swift's city georgics and Pope's *Dunciad*.

And by making explicit what was implicit in Juvenal, the functional identity of petty criminals who walk the streets and polite criminals who are carried above them, *Trivia* (1716) tries out a theme that reaches full flower in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728).[72] Macheath and fellow gangsters like Bob Booty transparently figure Robert Walpole and other "Robinocracy" grandees making vast fortunes from peculation and influence peddling, but their prototypes are in *Trivia*:

> There flames a Fool, begirt with tinselled Slaves,
> Who wastes the Wealth of a whole Race of Knaves.
> That other, with a clustring Train behind,
> Owes his new Honours to a sordid Mind.
> This next in Court Fidelity excells,
> The Publick rifles, and his Country sells. (2.581-86)

A contemporary reader would not have missed Gay's ringing changes on "Court" and "Country" in the last two lines. Under a post-legitimist monarchy and latitudinarian Church, *Trivia* suggests, whose elites increasingly make totems of rational self-interest and private moral judgment, one has to expect the aesthetically pedestrian and the

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[71] *Trivia* 2.501-02. The full apostrophe is 2.501-22. Cf. Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 207: "'Walking' becomes what agriculture was for Virgil, a purposeful activity, equally beneficial to individual and society, which serves as a metaphor for social cohesion."

[72] Gay's "brib'd Lawyer" answers directly to Juvenal, *Sat*. 1.32's crooked lawyer Matho, so grossly fat that he takes up a whole litter built to carry two: "*causidici noua cum ueniat lectica Mathonis* / *plena ipso*." *A. Persi Flacci et D. Iuni Iuuenalis Saturae*, rev. ed. W. V. Clausen (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992), 38. *Sat*. 7.130 supplies the lawyer Tongilius, who also careens around Rome in an oversized litter, flashily dressed in Tyrian purple. The scholarly edition of *The Beggar's Opera* is *John Gay: Dramatic Works*, ed. John Fuller, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1983), vol. 2, 1-66.

ethically trivial, from literary culture (hacks like Ned Ward and Charles Gildon, dunces like John Dennis), from politics ("Thus would you gain some fav'rite Courtier's Word; / Fee not the petty Clarks, but bribe my Lord," 3. 319-20), and from philosophy, as in Gay's deadpan parody of Leibnizian optimism:

> Has not wise Nature strung the Legs and Feet
> With firmest Nerves, design'd to walk the Street?
> Has she not given us Hands, to groap aright,
> Amidst the frequent Dangers of the Night? (3.241-46)

The question is rhetorical in the technical sense only, inviting a resounding Juvenalian "no," and a georgic rejoinder: "So shall our Youth on healthful sinews tread, / And City Cheeks grow warm with rural Red" (3.265-66). Besides being sociable topography of Georgian London and affectionate play with the Greek and Latin classics, therefore, *Trivia* is also a skeptic *ars culturae*: how to tell art from kitsch, honest men from criminals, and common sense from the specious "reason" of speculators, peculators and philosophers.

Trivia's implied readership of 1716, most of it trained to a greater or less extent in those Greek and Latin classics, would have noticed immediately that, although it is ostensibly an *ars* or didactic poem, its motto and epigraph quote not Vergil's *Georgics* but *Eclogues* 9.1 and 3.26-27 respectively. Thus from the very outset the reader is alerted to generic mixture in the poem. Gay associates *con-ventio*, coming together, with the juxtaposition of different songs, like Menalcas' programmatic lines at *Ecl*. 5.1-2 ("Why don't we, Mopsus, as we've come together, both of us good men, / You to blow the light reeds, I to recite songs, / Sit here beside each other among elms mixed with hazels?").[73] The poem's subtitle "the *Art* of *Walking* the Streets of London" is immediately followed by the *Eclogues* 9.1 quotation, then an "Advertisement" that says "I owe several Hints of it [*Trivia*] to Dr. Swift," which is itself followed by the *Eclogues* 3.26-27 quotation. The poem thus pledges generic allegiance to didactic, ancient bucolic, modern city georgic, and ancient pastoral again, all before the poem has begun. Having raised such expectations, Gay does not disappoint. *Trivia*, though primarily a fluent parody of the *Georgics*, reminds its implied Latin-educated reader of Horace's *Ars Poetica* and Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* by its subtitle and its censures of Grub Street hacks and field guide to prostitutes, and as has been noted this reader is expected to register the allusions to Homeric, Lucretian, Vergilian and Ovidian epic. *Trivia* is also laterally intertextual, repeatedly alluding to Swift's poems. It is especially indebted to "A Description of a City Shower," for instance repeating its opening epithet "Careful Observers" (*Trivia* 2.285); *Trivia* is like the "Description" tonally if not formally Theocritean in "delight[ing] to place the beautiful and the passionate in opposition to the grotesque, the unattractive, and the low."[74] In selecting and highlighting particular aspects of Swift's urban georgic landscape – "When dirty Waters from Balconies drop, / And dextrous Damsels twirle the sprinkling Mop" (2.421-22) – *Trivia* helps to set up a mock-georgic

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[73] "*Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo, / tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere versus, / hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos?*" Vergil, *Ecl*. 5.1-3, in Clausen (ed.), 13.

[74] G. O. Hutchinson, *Hellenistic Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988), 148.

topology or set of motifs which finds expression in the anti-pastoral cityscapes of Pope's *Dunciad* and Johnson's *London*, and even in *The Waste Land*.[75]

Nevertheless, the most important formal *con-ventio* in *Trivia* is the coming together of a master pretext, the *Georgics*, with Juvenalian satire and a *tertium quid* of epic and other genres. In this sense *Trivia*, like the ostensibly ignorant Damoetas of *Eclogue* 3, is *in triviis*, in three ways at once. Three generic strains meet at the poem's crossroads and proceed together, like the human walkers whose solidarity Gay repeatedly invokes: "If the rude Throng pour on with furious Pace, / And hap to break thee from a Friend's Embrace, / Stop short" (3.87-89). And by consistently inflecting its Vergilian stem with Juvenalian endings and the occasional Homeric enclitic *Trivia* is paradoxically at its most novel when most conventional. Like other Restoration and Georgian mock-georgics, it reassembles the *disiecta membra* of ancient poems in fresh combination, putting to new use a variety of Vergilian, Homeric, Ovidian, Lucretian, and even Sophoclean topoi (3.215-24 is an epitome of Oedipus' meeting his father "[w]here three Roads join'd"). Greek and Roman georgic, epic, erotodidactic, and tragedy are made to fertilize a new crop of satiric georgic, their topoi still singing though ripped from original context, like Orpheus' head and parts scattered by Bacchae across fields and rivers.[76] Or, to resume the metaphor that structures my reading of *The Shepherd's Week* in section 1 of this chapter, *Trivia* exhibits a polyphemean plurality of genre and tone, *buffo*/*serio*. It thus reactivates the generic polyphony of the *Georgics* themselves, which among other admixtures contain pastoral (*Geo*. 3.322-38, the Vergil-as-shepherd passage), epic (by anticipation, at the opening of *Geo*. 3), and the Aristaeus epyllion, epic in Callimachean miniature.[77]

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[75] There is an echo of Gay's description of Cloacina's son the shoe-shine boy, who "musing stood, / And view'd below the black Canal of Mud, / Where common Sewers a lulling Murmur keep" (*Trivia* 2.171-73) in Eliot's "While I was fishing in the dull canal / On a winter evening round behind the gashouse / Musing upon the king my brother's wreck." *The Waste Land* 189-91, in *T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays* (London and Boston: Faber and Faber, 1969), 67. Eliot was also recalling, consciously or unconsciously, Pope's incandescent lines on Cloacina and her votary Curll, the Grub Street bookseller: "Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call, / From her black grottos near the Temple-wall… Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit, / She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet." *Dunciad* 2.97-102.

[76] *Geo*. 4.520-22: "*spretae Ciconum quo munere matres* / *inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi* / *discerptum latos iuuenem sparsere per agros.* / *tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice reuulsum* / *gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus* / *uolueret, Eurydicen uox ipsa et frigida lingua,* / *a miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente uocabat:* / *Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae."* Mynors (ed.), n. 21 above, lxxix-xc. In L. P. Wilkinson's translation: "But Thracian women, / Deeming themselves despised by such devotion, / Amid their Bacchic orgies in the night / Tore him apart, this youth, and strewed his limbs / Over the countryside. And so it was / That as the river of his fatherland, / The Hebrus, bore in the middle of its current / His head, now severed from his marble neck, / 'Eurydice!' the voice and frozen tongue / Still called aloud, 'Ah, poor Eurydice!' / As life was ebbing away, and the river banks / Echoed across the flood 'Eurydice!'" Wilkinson, 142. "*disiecta membra*" appears to derive from Horace, *Satires* 1.4.62, where it is said that if one chops up and rearranges a verse of Ennius one still finds "*disiecti membra poetae*." For a reading of this passage as having an agricultural dimension see Llewelyn Morgan, *Patterns of Redemption in Virgil's* Georgics (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 230-35.

[77] A close study of the Aristaeus epyllion, which takes it as key to an interpretation of the *Georgics* as a theodicy of pagan Providence that ultimately vindicates Octavian's civil-war bloodshed as constructive, is Morgan, *Patterns of Redemption*, 105-49 and *passim*.

At the thematic level, meanwhile, Gay's scholarly editors begin by assuming that *Trivia* as poem title has no reference to the word's common twenty-first-century sense, "things of little consequence."[78] Gay, however, begs to differ. At *Trivia* 2.301 he pauses after a long verse period and addresses the reader: "Yet let me not descend to trivial Song, / Nor vulgar Circumstance my Verse prolong," a bit of punning brio which suggests that, in the walker's mind at least, trivial Song and vulgar Circumstance are not disjunctive but conjunctive. In fact Gay is being more than usually ironic, for the poem's core theme *is* vulgar Circumstance, in the traditional sense of "vulgar," of the common people. Indeed Trivia, invoked as tutelary goddess by Gay, personifies these common people who populate the crossroads and streets of London, who by practical example and companionable guidance teach Gay how to walk, and therefore live, in the early modern city: "By thee transported, I securely stray / Where winding Alleys lead the doubtful Way" (1.7-8).

In this Trivia, personification of walkers, is a guide sharply different from that "Ignis fatuus of the Mind" mistrusted by Rochester, false reason. Gay's walker, rather than speculate in abstraction about London or privately experiment with its potential dangers, relies on communal experience of the city, knowledge taught and learned in social interactions. This knowledge is traditional, prudential, skeptical:

> Let constant Vigilance thy Footsteps guide,
> And wary Circumspection guard thy Side;
> Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous Night,
> Nor need th' officious Link-Boy's smoaky Light. (3.111-14)

The Link-Boy, now officious rather than well-looked as in Rochester's (possibly imaginary) recollection, and his dim light figure the flickering, untrustworthy guidance of private judgment, which optimistically thinks that its partial, limited cognitions give access to an expansive, universal knowledge. Instead

> a dim Gleam the paly Lanthorn throws
> O'er the mid' Pavement; heapy Rubbish grows,
> Or arched Vaults their gaping Jaws extend,
> Or the dark Caves to common Sewers descend.
> Oft' by the Winds, extinct the Signal lies,
> Or smother'd in the glimm'ring Socket dies. (3.335-40)

This easily snuffed-out light, predictably, leads the proud in their coaches first to the inescapable "common Sewers," and eventually to Milton's Satan-style ruin: "In the wide Gulph the shatter'd Coach o'erthrown, / Sinks with the snorting Steeds; the Reins are broke, / And from the crackling Axle flies the Spoke" (3.342-44). This recalls the end of *Georgics* 1 where the charioteer yanks at the reins in vain, his horses racing dangerously out of control, and anticipates Hogarth's *Night*, which shows the wreck of "The Salisbury Flying Coach," a scene also lit by, among other things, a porter with a one-candle lantern and a link-boy blowing his torch to flame.

The untrustworthiness of this light is underlined by the walker's warning against being "tempted by the Link-man's Call," aligning him, Siren-like, with the "Ignis fatuus

[78] Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 549, n. to poem title.

of the Mind" that leads the unwary to disaster: "Yet trust him not along the lonely Wall; / In the Mid-way he'll quench the flaming Brand, / And share the Booty with the pilf'ring Band" (3.139-42). The lines also look forward to *The Beggar's Opera*, where Bob Booty (a thinly-disguised Walpole) and Peachum's other thieves allegorize the Robinocracy who plunder the British and Irish fisc and, when satirized for it in the *Opera*, *Polly*, and other media, impose censorship to put out the light shone on them. The irony, of course, consists in Walpole's and his colleagues' pose of lighting the way to progress and prosperity with the torch of Whig liberty. There is thus fine, dry sarcasm in Gay's ostensibly earnest eulogy of George's neo-Juvenalian capital:

> Happy *Augusta*! Law-defended Town!
> Here no dark Lanthorns shade the Villain's Frown;
> No *Spanish* Jealousies thy Lanes infest,
> Nor *Roman* Vengeance stabs th' unwary Breast;
> Here *Tyranny* ne'er lifts her purple Hand,
> But Liberty and Justice guard the Land;
> No *Bravos* here profess the bloody Trade,
> Nor is the Church the Murd'rer's Refuge made. (3.145-52)

This would pass censor's muster as boilerplate English Protestant polemic, with its implied dismissal of the Catholic James III and VIII and his court, which at *Trivia*'s publication (26 January 1716) still included Gay's *Shepherd's Week* patron Bolingbroke. The fitful signification of Augustus aside, as discussed in section 1 of this chapter – for the Scriblerians, the valence of the *princeps* and so of "Augustan" depends on whose cultural ox is being gored – Gay repeatedly warns elsewhere in *Trivia* against a variety of villains, jealous people, vengeful people, and bravos, some even carrying darkened lights, who make "Law-defended Town!" whistling past the graveyard if meant in earnest. It is not, however. Nor, as Gay's allegory of petty criminals for state comes into focus, is the encomium of "Liberty and Justice" – not for Bolingbroke or Oxford, impeached *ex post facto* for negotiating the Peace of Utrecht, or for Jacobite insurgents, most plebeian but some patrician like the charismatic Earl of Derwentwater, executed for rising in 1715 because, by their lights, Parliament's exclusion of James III and VIII from the throne was precisely "*Tyranny*" or rather usurpation, an Augustus-style coup displacing the legitimate order in state and Church.[79] The Church is a plausible "Murd'rer's Refuge," meanwhile, in the person of bishops in the House of Lords who voted capital punishment for Derwentwater (carried out 24 February 1716) and other titled insurgents, and along with lesser pro-Hanover clergy connived at it for lower-ranking ones.[80]

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[79] Derwentwater was a subscriber to Pope's *Iliad*, which began to appear in May 1715, as were a considerable number of other titled and non-titled Jacobites "out" in the 1715 rising, or who gave it clandestine support. For the surprising extent and density of Pope's "many private links with those most centrally involved in the Jacobite movement," see Pat Rogers, *Pope and the Destiny of the Stuarts: History, Politics, and Mythology in the Age of Queen Anne* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005), 119-20.

[80] According to Lord Hervey, *Memoirs* 2.66, Walpole was offered £60,000 to secure clemency for Derwentwater, who had been impeached on 19 January (a week before *Trivia*'s publication), but he advised George to refuse *pour encourager les autres*. After the earl's estates were forfeited title was transferred to Greenwich Hospital, whose trustees later sold the remainder interest in a "job" connived at by Walpole.

Thus not modern rationalism but ancient wisdom is Gay's guiding light to the "Law-defended Town," actually wicked city, especially in the third, nighttime book of *Trivia*, where Juvenal, *Satire* 3 is followed closely. Like Rome under Domitian, London under George is difficult to navigate for the honest walker, especially by night, when the metropolis' moral darkness is matched by its physical. It is of particular importance therefore that the goddess Trivia, as Susanna Braund reminds us, is not really the Roman patroness of highways and byways but another name for the demonic Hecate, who haunted crossroads (*trivia*) by night.[81] Thanks to Gay's generic blending in his city georgic, there is sound Theocritean precedent for Hecate, though not bucolic or pastoral; she is invoked in *Idyll* 2 by the lovelorn Simaetha, whose witchcraft is meant to bring back her faithless lover Delphis, seduced by someone in the city. Delphis is echoed in turn by the Devon cowman seduced and robbed by a city whore (*Trivia* 3.285-306). In generic mixture Gay calls him a "Yeoman," but "thirst of Gain" made him drive "his num'rous lowing Herd" to London. Instead of being content with the modest profits of mixed farming on "*Devon*'s Plain" he turned speculatively to specialized stock-raising, but the price of turning commercial is robbery by sharper dealers, including the "fraudful Nymph," who "leads the willing Victim to his Doom, / Through winding Alleys to her Cobweb Room," and gives him a "social" disease that breaks his social bonds back home: "Thy ruin'd Nose falls level with thy Face, / Then shall thy Wife thy loathsome Kiss disdain, / And wholesome Neighbours from thy Mug refrain" (3.304-06).

The Devon yeoman, lured to the city and there exploited like Tityrus in *Ecl*. 1.33-35, is an emblem of another of Gay's themes: those who work the English countryside, and indeed its fishable waters and subterranean mines, sustain the metropolis materially but receive scant profit and little thanks by it. Like William Jennings Bryan's great cities, resting upon the Midwest's broad and fertile prairies, Gay's London rests upon the productivity of the market gardens, truck farms, grain fields, fisheries, forests, quarries and mines that outlie it (and in the case of coal, paving and building stone, and earth for brick underlie it).[82] Gay does not allow us to forget this however because this countryside and the people who live and work there make repeated incursions into the city in *Trivia*. The reader is indirectly but insistently reminded of cattle-raising (by meat, tallow and hides that become shoes and leather goods); sheep-raising (by mutton and wool that becomes clothing and other textiles); timbering (by trees that become everything from canes to lumber); even mining and quarrying (by coal for fuel and stone for paving and building), two rural activities absent, as gardening mostly is, from the *Georgics*.[83] Horses however, raised in the country, are directly present as they labor at

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[81] Braund, in Brant and Whyman (eds.), 149. See also Pat Rogers, "Why *Trivia*? Myth, Etymology, and Topography," in *Documenting Eighteenth Century Satire: Pope, Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot in Historical Context* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars, 2012), 77-100.

[82] For a conspectus of the city's early modern market-gardening and truck-farming economy see Roy Porter, *London: A Social History* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard Univ. Press, 1994), 133-35.

[83] *Trivia* 1.29-30, 2.40-41, 2.367-68 (cattle-raising); 1.41-60, 2.543-44 (sheep-raising); 1.61-78 and *passim* (timbering); 1.11-12, 135-38 and *passim* (mining and quarrying). Except for the digression on the Corycian gardener at *Geo*. 4.125-48, where Vergil paraliptically sketches a treatise on gardening, the task of teaching about gardens is left to another writer; the task is taken up by Columella in the tenth, verse book of *De re rustica*.

pulling vehicles of every kind; whipped coach-horses excite the walker's pity for "the gen'rous Steed" (2.234), but he elides the tons of manure they deposit, unlike Swift in "City Shower," where it is part of the mixture borne along the overflowing kennels. In this attention to the presence of the country in the city, Gay follows Juvenal, *Satire* 3, with its numerous commodities (and laborers) brought to Rome from the Italian countryside and distant lands, though the topos of the country present in the city via its commodities is as old as Theocritus' urban mime, *Idyll* 15, where the shrew Praxinoa and her friend Gorgo, going to a festival in Alexandria, chatter about the soda, red dye, fleeces, and other goods they buy and consume. Indeed, *Satura* 3 is itself a sort of georgic or didactic, an *ars* for recognizing annoyances, hazards and criminals in the metropolis, and how to mitigate or avoid them.

The increasing social and economic severance of city from country in Georgian England is figured in *Trivia*'s episode of Doll the fruit seller, a *buffo*/*serio* parody of the Orpheus and Eurydice narrative in the *Georgics*. During the great freezing-over of the Thames Doll, a strolling vendor who carries a fruit-basket through the frost fair, is killed in a freak accident as "The cracking Crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes, / Her Head, chopt off, from her lost Shoulders flies" (2.389-90).[84] Of course Doll's head being severed in icy January cannot but remind 1716 readers of the execution of Charles I, who in Marvell's *Last Instructions to a Painter* is imagined with his head grafted onto body natural along a purple scar, a figure for the imperfect graft of Charles II and monarchy back onto body politic. Doll's fantastic decapitation however is permanent, and figures the severing of the body politic's nerve center, London, from its life-sustaining trunk, the English countryside. For a while it still behaves as if part of the organic whole, but the head's only words, tellingly, are sales-talk: "Pippins she cry'd, but Death her Voice confounds, / And Pip-Pip-Pip along the Ice resounds" (2.391-92). The city with its mercantile narrative is increasingly cut off from the country whose raw materials it uses and whose cultural capital it draws down, as Doll's pippins are cut off from their tree and her head from its life-giving trunk. Indeed as already suggested such English countryside as is present in London, in the form of rurally-produced commodities, is disintegrated into component parts: small-coal, the heifer cleft to steaks, the "wither'd Turnip Tops" that boil to the surface when Cloacina emerges from Fleet Ditch (2.35-36, 251, 196), the last image imitating the turnip tops that come tumbling down the flood in the last line of Swift's "City Shower." The turnips, which are also hurled at criminals in the pillory (2.224), reminded Gay's Tory and Jacobite readers in particular of King George, who in the Jacobite *Turnip Song: A Georgick* was hoeing the titular vegetable when news of his accession reached Hanover. In keeping with *Trivia*'s implicit "country" against "court" thematic, and Gay's and most non-Whigs' dislike of the turnipy princeling brought to London from provincial Brunswick, Doll's decapitation, and the bit of royal-purple flesh adhering to the base of cut "wither'd Turnip Tops," therefore also figure the avulsion of the *de facto* head of state from English body politic (evinced by his extended residence in Hanover and his pidgin English), and the detachment of George's Whig ministry from the country interest, represented in default of anyone more plausible by the Tories ejected from government at the death of Anne.

[84] *Trivia*'s Doll episode echoes, probably unawares, the *vita* of St John the Baptist in which Salome, after receiving the saint's head on a platter, was banished by Herod to northern Spain; while crossing a frozen river there, she fell through and was decapitated by the ice.

This macabre epyllion contrasts with the rather twee Patty and Vulcan epyllion (1.223-82), which gives an amusing etiology for pattens, those most literally and figuratively pedestrian articles (seamstresses slip them on at workday's end in Swift's "Town Eclogue"). Gay makes Patty, its protagonist, the daughter of a Lincolnshire yeoman and his wife Martha; she is a "bloomy Maiden" who milks the cows and, like Blouzelinda in *The Shepherd's Week*, feeds the poultry. Despite such gestures at realistic particularity, however, the epyllion is patently fictive and literary. Gay shows Patty when "Her cleanly Pail the pretty Huswife bears, /And singing to the distant Field repairs" (1.235-36), an unrealistic pastoral prettiness (cows are milked in barns or otherwise confined), and not even a philologist like Bentley could take the Vulcan machinery for literal reference. Like the scenes of Cloacina and the invocations of Trivia/Hecate, Vulcan's appearance in the poem is highly tongue-in-cheek. Yet the heterogeneous effect is not awkward or unbalanced. By mixing Roman mythology, local English color, and Biblical allusion – "*Martha* (her careful Mother's Name) she bore, / But now her careful Mother was no more" (1.227-28) – Gay gives the epyllion the tone and feel of medieval imitations of ancient pastoral and georgic, in a syncretist rather than historicist classicism, which keeps the ancient texts vital by accretion and addition rather than entomb them in marble. (Of course, lumping together generically-diverse Greek and Latin poems written from the 270s B.C. to the 100s A.D. as "classical" is the essence of critical laziness, as I have noted elsewhere, and it is not contemplated here.) Gay's imitation of Greek and Roman texts is not neo-classicism but simply "classicism," an unbroken literary tradition in western Europe from the fall of the Western Empire, in its early modern stage; *Trivia*, like *The Shepherd's Week*, belongs to that large class of Anglo-Latin and Latin-dependent literature in English that postponed the "rise of the vernacular" well into the eighteenth century and possibly later.[85] In Gay as in Swift "the critical learning of the moderns – that is to say, philology – is once again shown to be largely destructive, barren of all practical consequence and above all trivial."[86] Like Swift in *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*, he takes sides in "the rivalry…

[85] That Latin literary culture continued unbroken, if idiosyncratic, through the Middle Ages is elementary to professional classicists but needs frequent restating in other reading communities, ideally in mass media for the benefit of "common readers" who are told otherwise. See *e.g.* Colin Burrow, review of Stephen Greenblatt, *The Swerve: How the Renaissance Began* (*Guardian*, 23 Dec. 2011), http://www.theguardian.com/books/2011/dec/23/the-swerve-stephen-greenblatt-review: "It was common for 14th and 15th-century scholars to claim that there was a destruction of classical learning in the middle ages, or, as Greenblatt calls it, 'a Great Vanishing'… Was this story really true? It more or less works for *De Rerum Natura*… But the story that the renaissance suddenly began with a great rediscovery of the pagan past does not work so well in relation to other classical authors. Virgil, Ovid and Aristotle were more or less continuously read from antiquity until the age of print… To have a 'renaissance' or rebirth of classical learning, you have to imagine that it died. As well as sharing the humanists' passion for antiquity, Greenblatt shares their prejudice against medieval Christianity, which he portrays with the vividness but also the crudity of a cartoon." On Anglo-Latin literary culture and the "rise of the vernacular" see J. C. D. Clark, "The Vernacular and the Classical," in *Samuel Johnson: Literature, Religion and English Cultural Politics from the Restoration to Romanticism* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994), 11-23 and *passim*.

[86] Joseph M. Levine, *The Battle of the Books: History and Literature in the Augustan Age* (Ithaca, NY and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1991), 114.

between the two classical forms of paideia, the one rooted in classical rhetoric, the other in classical philology and science."[87]

This easy, second-nature integration of Graeco-Roman past with English present in *Trivia* is, perhaps, most evident in Gay's close work with Juvenalian *satura* in articulating the topographic nadir/moral nadir analogy. Gay's walker, like Swift's "City Shower" speaker, and like *Paradise Lost*'s cit on a walk in the country, is annoyed when

> Ungrateful Odours common Sewers diffuse,
> And dropping Vaults distil unwholesom Dews,
> E'er the Tiles rattle with the smoaking Show'r,
> And Spouts on heedless Men their Torrents pour (1.171-74).[88]

The "smoaking Show'r" recalls Juvenal's image of the unwary Roman getting chamber and other pots emptied or dropped on his head (*Sat.* 3.268-77), an image given visual treatment in Hogarth's *The Four Times of the Day: Night*, in which a chamber-pot is emptied from the upstairs window of a "bagnio" onto the head of a drunk Freemason below. The "unwholesom Dews" dripping from City vaults, in turn, which liquefy soot, suet and other grot laid on by domestic and industrial smoke, owe something to Juvenal's Porta Capena dripping aqueduct water (*Sat*. 3.10).[89] And these are not the only liquids that dirty city walls and streets: "The thoughtless Wits shall frequent Forfeits pay, / Who 'gainst the Centry's Box discharge their Tea" (*Trivia* 2.298-99), reactivating Juvenal, *Satura* 6.301 where the Roman lady who, rioting in the streets late at night, drunkenly urinates in the goddess Chastity's lap and *inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina nescit* ("can't tell her head from her groin"), a case of head/tail reversal like Corinna's in Rochester's *Ramble* as I have argued in chapter 2, section 1.[90]

Gay's "common Sewers" meanwhile are a vivid metaphor for moral abjection across the spectrum of Restoration and Georgian poets. Rochester and Johnson for instance, widely separated in time and temperament, both reach for it at moments of supreme contempt. In Rochester the hated Mrs Willis' "Belly is a Bagg of Turds, / And her Cunt a Common shore," while in Johnson the vile place where all the scum of the Continent drains is

> London! The needy villain's gen'ral home,
> The common shore of Paris and of Rome,
> With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,

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[87] Levine, *The Battle of the Books*, 120.

[88] The image is in a simile at *Paradise Lost* 9.445-49: "As one who long in populous City pent, / Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire, / Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe / Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes / Adjoynd…" Gay quotes this passage in *The Shepherd's Week* "Proeme." Unlike Swift and Gay, however, Milton uses his city walker seriously, to figure Satan winding through the Garden when he catches sight of Eve.

[89] The *aqua Marcia*, built 144-140 B.C. and "funded with the booty obtained from Rome's defeat of Corinth and Carthage in 146 B.C.", crossed over the Porta Capena. Andrew I. Wilson, "Hydraulic Engineering and Water Supply," in Oleson (ed.), 297.

[90] *A. Persi Flacci et D. Iuni Iuuenalis Saturae*, rev. ed. W. V. Clausen (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992), 82.

Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.[91]

Johnson takes Rochester's image of Corinna's "lew'd *Cunt*," which "came spewing home, / Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*" in *A Ramble in St James' Park*, and expands it a thousand-fold. Now, the whole of London is one great sewer and its xenophile inhabitants, a corporate "*Whore*, in understanding," are culturally-speaking "A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in."[92] If anything, the rage is hotter and the satire keener when Johnson uses the metaphor; unlike Rochester he keeps obscenity under the discipline of innuendo.

This sewer imagery is the dominant figuration in *Trivia*; now explicit, now implicit, it runs right through the poem. By synecdoche the entire city is a "Common shore," and in the analogy of body natural to body politic it is the anus of the realm, the most abject place in the new Britain, indeed in Europe in Johnson's *London*, penetrated by French and Italian "villains" and, like Corinna's "devouring *Cunt*," gripped by an "eager thirst" for more. The Cloacina epyllion (*Trivia* 2.99-216), nominally an *aition* of shoe-shine boys, is the wittiest and most sustained expression of this metaphor. Cloacina, a sewer-goddess, is a numinous version of Rochester's Corinna in *A Ramble in St James' Park*. Taking "the black Form of Cinder-Wench," which recalls Rochester's "Oyster, Cynder, Beggar, Common whore," she "Indulg'd the modish Flame; the Town she rov'd, / A mortal Scavenger she saw, she lov'd" (2.117-18), as Corinna and her fops search St James' Park for casual sex.[93] Like them, Cloacina treats sexual intercourse as private elective affinity rather than public procreation and childbirth. After nine months of pregnancy, "Alone, beneath a Bulk she dropt the Boy" (2.140), which recalls Rochester's "*Whores* of the *Bulk*, and the *Alcove*" in the *Ramble* and anticipates Hogarth's *The Four Times of the Day: Night*, in which orphan children huddle together for warmth under just such a bulk.[94] Also like Corinna and the fops, Cloacina cannot control her sexual urges: "Swift the Goddess rose, / And through the Streets pursu'd the distant Noise, / Her Bosom panting with expected Joys" (2.126-28). Paradoxically, she has least dominion of her body when social regulation is at a minimum; Gay, like Rochester, sees helpless nature worship of Prick and Cunt beneath the veneer of "rational" self-determination.

Like the *Georgics* Aristaeus epyllion it modifies, the Cloacina epyllion also amplifies the theme of country *disiecta membra* in the city. For instance, the gifts given to Cloacina's boy (he is nameless, in keeping with the newly-impersonal urbanism) include a boar's-bristle brush, "fetid Oil / Prest from th' enormous Whale" – actually from even further afield, the sea – and soot, of which there were vast quantities in wood-

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[91] Johnson, *London* 93-96, in E. L. McAdam, Jr. and George Milne (eds.), *Samuel Johnson: Poems* (vol. 6 of *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*) (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1964), 53.

[92] Like Juvenal's jaded urbanites, Gay's Londoners have acquired a taste for luxurious but vile delicacies. "Blood stuff'd in Skins is *British* Christians Food, / And *France* robs Marshes of the croaking Brood"; they also enjoy smelly mushrooms "And in the *Soupe* the slimy Snail is drown'd" (*Trivia* 3.201-04).

[93] *The Imperfect Enjoyment* 50, in Love (ed.), 15.

[94] *A Ramble in St James' Park* 26, in Love (ed.), 77.

and coal-burning Georgian London (2.157-66). Fascinatingly, country people or animals or plants that are pleasant in organic pastoral or georgic context turn obnoxious when disintegrated and rationalized into city commodities: "On Doors the sallow Milk-maid chalks her Gains; / Ah! How unlike the Milk-maid of the Plains! / Before proud Gates attending Asses bray, / Or arrogate with solemn Pace the Way" (2.11-14). Or they lose their way, literally and figuratively: "Here oft the Peasant, with enquiring Face, / Bewilder'd, trudges on from Place to Place" (2.77-78) until, like the Devon yeoman, he is led to grief by a Moll Flanders type "with delusive Smiles," a human version of Rochester's *ignis fatuus*, as a prostitute picked up in the Strand almost led the young Boswell, newly-arrived from Scotland.[95] Cloacina's boy, indeed, nameless and deracinated as he is, is emblematic of these and other rural people who now live in London but still labor in earth, that is, are still literally georgic:

> The Youth strait chose his Post; the Labour ply'd
> Where branching Streets from *Charing-cross* divide;
> His treble Voice resounds along the *Meuse*,
> And *White-hall* echoes – *Clean your Honour's Shoes* (2.213-16).

By laboring at one of London's busiest crossroads, using quotidian materials – boar's bristle, "fetid Oil," soot – to make the pedestrian shine ("I see the walking Crew / At thy Request support the miry Shoe, / The Foot grows black that was with Dirt imbrown'd"), Cloacina's boy stands for all Londoners who get a living by honest work, in implied contrast to those just down Whitehall who get one dishonestly by selling influence, or bleeding sinecures from the public fisc. It is eminently to Gay's political purposes therefore that Charing Cross' *trivia* (like Hogarth's *Night*) is presided over by the equestrian statue of Charles I, a standing rebuke to Whig grandees just down the street running George of Hanover's ministries. Cloacina's boy also neatly figures Gay himself: the ex-shop boy whose labor turns trivia into shiny Vergilian imitation, which earned him £43 for the copyright, bought by Lintot, and perhaps £150 in subscriptions.[96] Gay even jokes that Lintot should let *Trivia*'s pages be read for free at the book-stall, "So shall the Poor these Precepts *gratis* know, / And to my Verse their future Safeties owe" (2.567-68).

Like Prick and Cunt in *A Ramble in St James' Park*, and more remotely Aristaeus' mother Cyrene in the *Georgics*, Cloacina and Trivia are *genii locorum*, as is "hoary *Thames*, with frosted Oziers crown'd" (2.259) who, as "*Thames*' full Urn rolls down his plenteous Waves" (2.402), reprises his role in *Windsor-Forest*.[97] Cloacina, in a

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[95] James Boswell, *Journal*, 25 November 1762: "I picked up a girl in the Strand; went into a court with intention to enjoy her in armour. But she had none… I gave her a shilling; and had command enough of myself to go without touching her. I afterwards trembled at the danger I had escaped [venereal disease]. I resolved to wait cheerfully, till I got some safe girl or was liked by some woman of fashion." *Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763*, second edn Frederick A. Pottle (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2004), 49-50.

[96] Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 200.

[97] Cf. Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 215: "This incongruous deity [Cloacina], herself a kind of literary detritus, made up, like so much of Augustan 'culture,' from wastes and scraps of art and nature, becomes the poem's animating force."

gratifying bit of local color, is girt "Around her Waste" (a fine double-entendre) with "a circling Eel" (2.199).[98] Like Rochester, Gay cannot rid himself of the impulse, part ancient poetic topos, part medieval Christian piety, to personify forces and places in the landscape, though elsewhere he affects, tongue-in-cheek, a pedant scientism and standard-issue Protestant caricature of saint-cult: "Let not such vulgar Tales debase thy Mind; / Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the Clouds and Wind" (1.187-88). But Cloacina and Trivia, unlike the daemonic Graeco-Roman (and medieval pagan) deities in Rochester, answer to Juvenal's Egeria, *genius loci* of the spring of the Camenae, who consorted easily with Numa (*Sat*. 3.12-20), like Cloacina who trysts with her dustman in a "dark Alley" (*Trivia* 2.133). The tone of the Cloacina epyllion is humorous, but as always with Gay and other Scriblerians, its function is not to satirize the ancients and their religious or poetic conventions but the modern "professionals" who get these wrong: Addison in his wooden *Cato*, or the philologist Bentley, alive to the letter of Greek and Roman texts but dead to their spirit, whose spectacularly-bad *Paradise Lost* emendations showed that, when push came to shove, he relied on subjective conjectures in airy abstraction from reality, like Swift's rationalistic spider whose "materials be nothing but Dirt, spun out of [its] own Entrails (the Guts of *Modern* Brains)" so that "the Edifice will conclude at last in a *Cobweb*."[99] Making the divinized sewer the theme of *Cloacina*, and this epyllion the imaginative gravamen of *Trivia* (as Vergil does with *Aristaeus*), Gay implies a larger Swiftian point: the modern city, epitomized by its sewer, is *anus mundi*, a dystopia of unpleasant noises, foul odors, unsightly waste, and biohazard filth, but because modernity has inverted tail over head in philosophy (subjective over objective), in economics (commerce over agriculture), and in politics (city over country), its "*Whore*, in understanding" partisans take it for utopia.

Yet Gay is making another Swiftian point, related but different, with all these dirty liquids, epitomized by Fleet Ditch and its *genius loci* Cloacina. Like the urine, feces, offal, soot, and other waste for which they are vector, *Trivia*'s filthy fluids force idealistic and optimistic Londoners, and the reader if he is similarly situated, to remember that dirt, disease, decay, and finally death are inescapable, no matter what rational precautions or scientific improvements they undertake. "I've seen a Beau, in some ill-fated Hour, / When o'er the Stones choak'd Kennels swell the Show'r" – again a near-verbatim borrowing from "City Shower" – smirking at pedestrians in the rain from his "gilded Chariot," the walker reports (echoing Juvenal, *Sat*. 10.36-40 where a praetor at the races, in gold-encrusted tunic and Tyrian toga, lords it over the proles from his flashy chariot). Suddenly a dustman purposely drives his cart "With Mud fill'd high" against

[98] Eel is still typical London food, in jest at least; in *Fawlty Towers* the hotel's Spanish waiter Manuel informs Terry, the East Ender cook, that "paella is a fish dish," not "Cockney stinking eel pie."

[99] Swift, *A Full and True Account of the Battel Fought last Friday, Between the Antient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library*, in Walsh (ed.), 152. On Bentley's howler edition of *Paradise Lost* see "Bentley's Milton," in Levine, n. 84 above, 245-63, and more tactfully L.D. Reynolds and N. G. Wilson, *Scribes and Scholars: A Guide to the Transmission of Greek and Latin Literature*, third edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991), 186: "[His] insistence on logic, without consideration of poetic and other forms of literary licence, mars Bentley's contributions to the emendation of leading authors that he edited… and the same is even more true of his attempt to restore the works of Milton to what he supposed to be their original state before a putative interpolator imposed on the blind poet with a series of alterations of the text."

the beau's wheels, overturning the chariot and breaking glass everywhere, as in Hogarth's *Night*. Since pride goeth before a fall, "down falls the shrieking Beau," and "Black Floods of Mire th' embroider'd Coat disgrace, / And Mud enwraps the Honours of his Face" (2.523-38), in a parody of Milton's Satan cast down from heaven and roiling in the lake of fire. Gay's black floods of mire – washing over beaus in the gutter, filling the mouth and eyes of a thief "plung'd in miry Ponds" by an angry crowd (3.75), burbling down Fleet Ditch, dripping patiently from city walls – thus have a double and not easily harmonized valence. They are signs of the moral corruption of Londoners like the beau, whose material wealth is built on the processes that generate the waste, and yet they are also fitting instruments for liquidating these people's pride, in which they imagine that newly-acquired knowledge allows them to despise the earthiness of mere *georgoi*, whose desires are sensibly bounded; speaking of simple food and used goods, the walker says "Hence may'st thou well supply the Wants of Life, / Support thy Family, and cloath thy Wife" (2.549-50). Gay's further comparison of the wrecked beau to the god-punished Phaëthon, whose splendid chariot was no protection against crashing to earth, confirms the satiric point: for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return, sometimes with an assist from a cart full of muck.

Thus the beau cast down to earth is a figure for the most important physical *conventio* in *Trivia:* the social coming-together of Londoners of high and low rank in the streets. They are implicitly contrasted to the polite middle rank who are rarely seen in the poem, shut up as they are in their sedans or their shops, except for occasional glimpses when they exploit or abuse one of the community of walkers, by "Mak[ing] my Knee tremble with the jarring Blow" of a chair-pole (3.164) or selling him worthless goods. The upper rank by contrast are often in the nature of patrician rioters:

> Now is the Time that Rakes their Revells keep;
> Kindlers of Riot, Enemies of Sleep…
> Who has not heard the *Scowrer*'s Midnight Fame?
> Who has not trembled at the *Mohock*'s Name?
> Was there a Watchman took his hourly Rounds,
> Safe from their Blows, or new-invented Wounds?[100]

This kind of "handsome ill," if not usually as violent as Monmouth's recreational murder of a beadle in Rochester's time, is strangely what unites impolite uppers with impolite lowers, by a sort of sociological law of the excluded middle.[101] This is in keeping with *Trivia*'s Juvenal pretext, in which the capital is a city where social-climbing foreigners, and the urban elites they cater to, get ahead in the new imperial economy but non-elite and rural Romans do not, where the answer to Umbricius' question "Does it count for nothing at all that I, from earliest childhood, / Breathed the Aventine air and was fed on the Sabine berry?" is painfully obvious.[102] In Vergil's time it was possible, at least for

[100] *Trivia* 3.321-28.

[101] On the Monmouth incident and its significance for "the concept of 'careless invasion' or 'handsome ill'" see James Grantham Turner, *Libertines and Radicals in Early Modern London: Sexuality, Politics and Literary Culture, 1630-1685* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2002), 231-32.

[102] "*Usque adeo nihil est quod nostra infantia caelum* / *hausit Auentini baca nutrita Sabina*?" *Sat*. 3.84-85, in Clausen (ed.), 52.

the *Georgics*' poetic purposes, to suppose that the rise of principate and empire would benefit the "old Rome" of peasant smallholders, if only by ending the late Republic's civil wars, but 125 years on, an honest skeptic like Umbricius finds otherwise: "There is no room in the city / For respectable skills… and no reward for one's efforts. / Today my means are less than yesterday; come tomorrow, / The little left will be further reduced."[103] Juvenal here echoes *Ecl*. 1, where Vergil's Tityrus squeezes a living from cheese-making for the *ingrata urbs*, and is in turn squeezed by that *urbs*, whose middlemen cheat him of a fair return.

This theme of dispossession and exploitation is echoed in *Trivia*'s cheerful indictment of City sharpers, high, middling and low. Unlike many theorists in his time and since, Gay refuses to locate unique virtue in the rich, the middling sort, or the poor; the line that divides virtuous from vicious runs, Solzhenitsyn-fashion, not between social ranks but through individual hearts. So the walker archly advises those who need directions: "Ask the grave Tradesman to direct thee right, / He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't" (2.71-72). Yet lying for profit is also a habit of the vicious powerful – "Thus would you gain some fav'rite Courtier's Word; / Fee not the petty Clarks, but bribe my Lord" (3.319-20) – and of the vicious poor:

> The lurking Thief, who while the Day-light shone,
> Made the Walls eccho with his begging Tone:
> That Crutch which late Compassion mov'd, shall wound
> Thy bleeding Head, and fell thee to the Ground.[104]

Those who naively judge by appearances, and whose optimism leads them to assume that everyone reciprocates their benevolence, are particular targets of Gay's satire. It is an implicit rebuke to the incipient social scientists of Georgian London, early economists and sociologists like the proto-Smithian Mandeville; easy generalizations about mass identities, "the poor," "the rich," and the like are shown, as in Rochester and Swift, to be the last refuge of a lazy thinker.

Nevertheless, the incipient commercial and finance economy in 1716 (the Bank of England and publicly-funded debt had been created in 1694) is a special target of Gay's satire. The broker, soon to be emblematic of dishonesty on the grand scale in the South Sea bubble, is singled out twice: "In sawcy State the griping Broker sits, / And laughs at Honesty, and trudging Wits" (1.117-18), a line worthy of and perhaps indebted to Juvenal, *Satura* 1.74, where "honesty is praised – and shivers." Later he is found outside his plush coach or chair ostentatiously wearing his "spacious Beaver" (2.277); Gay makes it sound as if an entire dead animal is perched on his head. Doubtless the fur for the hat came to London from the forests of North America, possibly on one of Captain Coram's Massachusetts ships, or from trans-Ural Russia via the Muscovy Company; perhaps it is complemented by "Handkerchiefs that *India*'s Shuttle boast" (3.258). It suggests great expense, yet the broker is mean as well. Like "The scolding Huckster" who, when a walker falls and upsets his stall, will "Pence exact for Nuts and Pears

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[103] *Satura* 3.21-24, in Clausen (ed.), 50. The translation is from *Juvenal: The Satires*, trans. Niall Rudd and ed. William Barr (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1991), 15.

[104] *Trivia* 3.135-38.

o'erthrown" (3.125-26), the broker skimps on coaches to squeeze yet more from his bottom line. Gay, unlike Mandeville, Addison, and other trade triumphalists, does not see such miserly saving and usury as a cure for poverty but, in a distinctly premodern holdover from medieval canon law, its cause:

> Proud Coaches pass, regardless of the Moan,
> Of Infant Orphans, and the Widow's Groan;
> While Charity still moves the Walker's Mind,
> His lib'ral Purse relieves the Lame and Blind.
> Judiciously thy Half-pence are bestow'd,
> Where the laborious Beggar sweeps the Road. (2.451-56)

This comes in the context of a eulogy of Christmas, "the joyous Period of the Year" (2.440), outlawed in the 1640s by the great-grandfathers of the men the walker satirizes, as I have noted. "If e'er the Miser durst his Farthings spare," Gay says, ironically he "With Heav'n, for Two-pence, cheaply wipes his Score, / Lifts up his Eyes, and hasts to beggar more" (2.461, 465-66). The better course, the walker says, is "Whate'er you give, give ever at Demand" (2.457); there is no room in his moral imagination for Hobbist calculation about civil association, or Lockean contracting about who is his neighbor. Elective affinities, the marker of modern sociality, do not create his community, but rather the organic relations of parochial proximity.

And the most organic such relation, the fact of life that brings people of different ranks into the closest proximity, is human mortality. Strangely insistent under the satiric gaiety, this *memento mori* theme, implicit throughout *Trivia* in the sewer topos, especially in the beau cast down to earth, is given explicit treatment in the funeral procession scene, and in the fiery City conflagration that ends the poem. Gay's moralizing on mortality is gravely Horatian and Vergilian rather than mordantly Juvenalian, and its diction is studiously Biblical:

> Contemplate, Mortal, on thy fleeting Years;
> See, with black Train the Funeral Pomp appears!...
> No: The Dead know it not, nor Profit gain;
> It only serves to prove the Living vain.
> How short is Life! How frail is human Trust!
> Is all this Pomp for laying Dust to Dust? (3.225-26, 233-36)

In addition to *Ecclesiastes* and the Psalms, *The Shepherd's Week* echoes in the reader's mind, especially the elegiac *Friday* eclogue, in which Blouzelinda is remembered and, in du Guernier's illustration, laid to rest. But *Friday* has a sudden humorous turn at the end; the louts turn from mourning Blouzelinda to fondling Susan in an ale-house, which is not unlike Gay's turning from praise of Anne in 1714 to compliment of Caroline after the Hanover accession. *Trivia* has no such turn. Instead, saving Gay's *Georgics*-style sphragis, a brief envoi that looks Horace-like but with self-irony to poetic immortality, the poem's last image is the scene of City conflagration. Alluding to Juvenal, *Satire* 3's nighttime Roman conflagration, and perhaps to Pliny the Younger, he assimilates the London fire, and specifically detonation of barrels of gunpowder to collapse burning houses and create a firebreak, to a final conflagration of Naples, destroyed this time not by Vesuvius' eruption and debris but by earthquake and subsidence into "the sulph'rous Lake" of lava: "Earth's Womb at once the fiery Flood shall rend, / And in th' Abyss her

plunging Tow'rs descend" (3.390-92). Powerfully monitory, the scene echoes Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis* and perhaps *Paradise Lost* 1, and certainly Apocalyptic fire at the end of time for the wicked.[105]

This City conflagration and its allusions to *Annus Mirabilis* and *Paradise Lost*, and through them Scripture, suggest that *Trivia* is also centrally if obliquely concerned with the effects of rebellion against a reigning monarch and a bid to usurp his throne (ultimately successful, in William of Orange's and George of Hanover's case), and with fiery Divine punishment for it. In *Trivia* the punishment occurs in the imagination rather than in history. Nevertheless, Gay's London conflagration scene is heavily indebted to Dryden's vision of the historical Great Fire as retribution for the regicide of Charles I, and to the Prophet Joel's and St Peter's visions of history's end, which will bring the restoration of Christ the King:

> The Heav'ns are all a-ablaze, the Face of Night
> Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful Light;
> 'Twas such a Light involv'd thy Tow'rs, O *Rome*,
> The dire Presage of mighty *Caesar*'s Doom,
> When the Sun veil'd in Rust his mourning Head,
> And frightful Prodigies the Skies o'erspread. (3.375-80)

The death of "Caesar," like James II abruptly removed from power by trusted intimates, occasions portents like those at the death of Christ, amplifying the imagery to ear-splitting level. Gay also concentrates on the "Fire-man" who boldly defies the hellish flames:

> Mov'd by the Mother's streaming Eyes and Pray'rs,
> The helpless Infant through the Flame he bears,
> With no less Virtue, than through hostile Fire,
> The *Dardan* Hero bore his aged Sire. (3.365-68)

The Tory and Jacobite reader, in particular, would think of James II's queen Mary of Modena, spirited out of hostile London with the infant James III and VIII in December 1688. Aeneas, destined to be Rome's rightful ruler, who carries "his aged Sire" Anchises into exile from falling Troy and leads his little son Ascanius/Iulus through the flames to safety, strongly suggests the royal family's flight to France following William of Orange's invasion and, on a Jacobite and high Tory view, treason within the gates; it also suggests, at *Trivia*'s publication, James III and VIII, the "helpless Infant" of 1688 and his court in exile who in 1716 were temporarily peripatetic (in 1719 they would settle at the Palazzo Muti in Rome). Indeed after the failure of the "Fifteen," James Francis Edward was increasingly seen by his loyalists in the British nations and Ireland, at least those who read Vergil, as figured precisely by wandering Aeneas, or Odysseus, also a king prevented from returning home to reclaim a usurped throne.[106]

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[105] *Joel* 2:30-32; *2 Peter* 3:10-13; *Rev*. 20:7-15.

[106] On this Aeneas symbolism, usually coded for political safety, see Murray G. H. Pittock, *Inventing and Resisting Britain: Cultural Identities in Britain and Ireland, 1685-1789* (Basingstoke and London: Macmillan, 1997), 35-37. A further study of cryptic Jacobite iconography and discourse by the same author is *Material Culture and Sedition, 1688-1760: Treacherous Objects, Secret Places* (Basingstoke, Hampshire and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013).

In this light Gay's excursus on umbrellas, for instance, at literal level merely a bit of realistic particularity that furnishes a pretext for ecphrasis, is also cryptic criticism of the pompous, luxurious court that has replaced the sober, frugal one headed by Anne Stuart:

> Let *Persian* Dames th' *Umbrella*'s Ribs display,
> To guard their Beauties from the sunny Ray;
> Or sweating Slaves support the shady Load,
> When Eastern Monarchs shew their State abroad;
> *Britain* in Winter only knows its Aid,
> To guard from chilly Show'rs the walking Maid. (1.213-18)

George is a plausible "Eastern Monarch" given Hanover's geography, and also a metaphorical one given his taste for pomp and splendor, on display the year after *Trivia*'s publication in his royal progress on the Thames serenaded by Handel's *Water Music*. The "sweating Slaves" who "support" this top-heavy king would then be ordinary Britons and Irish who disliked his accession enough to riot against it, and later to protest the fiscal exactions of his Parliament and ministers; calling the oversexed, overweight monarch "the shady Load" is a stroke of satiric genius. His foreign crudity and grossness point a contrast with the walker's emphatic Britishness:

> Not that I wander from my native Home,
> And (tempting Perils) foreign Cities roam.
> Let *Paris* be the Theme of *Gallia*'s muse,
> Where Slav'ry treads the Street in wooden Shoes;
> Nor do I rove in *Belgia*'s frozen Clime,
> And teach the clumsy Boor to skate in Rhyme. (1.83-88)

Belgia is not Hanover, but it is not physically or imaginatively distant from it, and its "clumsy Boor" sounds suspiciously like the turnip-hoeing booby of the "Turnip Song: A Georgick" and other anti-Hanover doggerel.

The suspicion is enhanced when Gay turns from terrestrial monarchs to celestial; "great *Jove*" is ironic to say the least, and "grown fond of Change" economically suggests the new ruler's lechery, supplanting of the old dynasty, and core of support in the City:

> Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of Change)
> Of old was wont this nether World to range
> To seek Amours; the Vice the Monarch lov'd
> Soon through the wide etherial Court improv'd. (*Trivia* 2.107-10)

In *Trivia*'s Oedipus excursus, meanwhile, rebellion against hereditary right and dethroning a rightful king are unusually treated almost purely *serio*:

> Where three Roads join'd, he met his Sire unknown;
> (Unhappy Sire, but more unhappy Son!)
> Each claim'd the Way, their Swords the Strife decide,
> The hoary Monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd!
> Hence sprung the fatal Plague that thinn'd thy Reign,
> Thy cursed Incest! And thy Children slain! (*Trivia* 3.217-20)

The "three Roads" seem to shadow England, Scotland, and Ireland, where "his Sire unknown" is perhaps the *de jure* king, James III and VIII, of course unrecognized by the *de facto* George I, and James II and VII overthrown by his "unhappy Son" (in law) William of Orange. In 1688 and again in 1714 "Each claim'd the Way" in official proclamations, and the next year "their Swords the Strife decide" by the eventual defeat of Jacobite forces. Alternatively, the walker may allude to George's bitter estrangement from his son George Augustus, the future George II. In that case "The hoary Monarch" is the philandering George I, and the adjective's homophone meant to suggest his lechery, with "Thy cursed Incest!" an unsubtle reference to his alleged unnatural relations with Sophia Charlotte von Kielmansegg, illegitimate half-sister at the center of his London court and, in popular rumor, a mistress.

Thanks to this absence of a *de jure* monarch and the distastefulness of the *de facto* one, *Trivia* unlike *The Shepherd's Week* thus has no explicit dedication to a princely or even ministerial patron. With the death of Anne in 1714 and Bolingbroke's consequent fall and flight to the Stuart court in exile, Gay does not have one available. Instead William Fortescue, an attorney friend and future go-between during a brief, abortive rapprochement of Pope and Walpole, is invoked like Maecenas at *Geo*. 2.39-41 to accompany the speaker on his walk (*Trivia* 2.475-80), and there is praise of the Earl of Burlington for his elegant townhouse, tasteful art collection, and patronage of Handel (2.493-500).[107] Unlike Vergil, however, who can raise an imaginary temple to Augustus in the proem to *Geo*. 3, Gay has to make do mid-poem with "the flying Game" of winter football (parody of *Geo*. 3.367-75's winter deer-hunt) "Where *Covent-garden*'s famous Temple stands, / That boasts the Work of *Jones*' immortal Hands" (*Trivia* 2.343-44), a locus once literally georgic, the convent garden for Westminster Abbey.[108] Unlike his rivals Philips, Tickell, Addison, and company, Gay cannot join the crowd lined up to eulogize George of Hanover and his chief ministers: "Where the Mob gathers, swiftly shoot along, / Nor idly mingle in the noisy Throng" (3.51-52). This is on the surface practical advice to avoid Moll Flanders-like thieves who mingle in such crowds "Lur'd by the Silver Hilt," "thy Flaxen Wigg," pocket-watches, or "thy late Snuff-Box." But the Mob and noisy Throng, besides being the poetasters who flatter the new regime, are also the disliked crowds, especially in heavily Whig London, who welcomed the Hanover accession, unlike the mostly-plebeian Jacobite mobs in the Midlands and North who rioted for the "Old Pretender" in fall 1714 and summer 1715.[109] In the end therefore, in contrast to *The Shepherd's Week*, where Anne as dedicatee (via Bolingbroke) is emblem of English identity, *Trivia* is implicitly dedicated to the community of walkers in London, and by extension to their rural English analogues, who take Anne's place since the

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[107] For the identity of Fortescue and the allusion to Maecenas see Dearing and Beckwith (eds.), 563, n. to line 475. On the curious episode of the Pope-Walpole "rapprochement" see Howard Erskine-Hill, "Pope and the poetry of opposition," in Rogers (ed.), *Cambridge Companion to Pope*, 134-49.

[108] The garden's forty acres were originally owned in fee by Westminster Abbey, but from the late 1300s its Benedictine proprietors were rentiers rather than direct cultivators. See *e.g.* Gerald Harriss, *Shaping the Nation: England 1360-1461* (the New Oxford History of England) (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005), 235.

[109] Monod, *Jacobitism and the English People*, 173-92.

German-speaking George of Hanover cannot be a focus of loyalty. Perhaps he and Sophia Charlotte are glanced at in Gay's disdainful reference to a flashy chariot owned by "That Wretch, [who] to gain an Equipage and Place, / Betray'd his Sister to a lewd Embrace" (2.573-76).[110] Gay's contempt for George's court and mistresses, shared with many if not a majority of English and Welsh, Scottish, and Irish people in 1716, may also be encoded in lines that on superficial reading have only literal, innocuous reference, such as "Mind only Safety, and contemn the Mire. / Then no impervious Courts thy Haste detain, / Nor sneering Ale-Wives bid thee turn again" (3.130-32).

This disgusted anti-court overtone harmonizes with an undertone of "country" affection: "But more, my Country's Love demands the Lays, / My Country's be the Profit, mine the Praise" (1.21-22). Gay's "Country," importantly, is not the incipient modern nation-state of Great Britain, just nine years old when *Trivia* was published, but the older, semi-sacred dynastic polity; for him as for most contemporaries, "the most effective intellectual matrix which contained [English] collective consciousness from the medieval period to the age of revolutions was a dynastic one the chief components of which were law and religion."[111] In this he diverges from Vergil. The *laudes Italiae* in the *Georgics* provide a model for Gay's eulogy of the English countryside, which is indirectly present in London as agricultural commodities, but Vergil's overt praise of the soon-to-be Augustus and Principate is inimitable as George of Hanover is distasteful and praise of James III and VIII politically out of the question; Gay as I have argued does not clearly evince Jacobite sympathies as Pope and Swift do, relying instead on hint, innuendo, and parable or allegory. The Julian *gens*, said to descended from Venus through Aeneas and Iulus, were as patrician and indigenously Roman as it was possible to be, unlike the jumped-up House of Hanover, and indeed Octavian/Augustus himself strongly promoted an ideology of *antiqua virtus*, himself as *pater patriae*, and the idea of *res publica restituta* after decades of constitutional crisis and civil war, ostentatiously memorialized among other places in the *Res Gestae*; even Maecenas, Vergil's Bolingbroke, was supposedly descended from Etruscan royalty. The Hanoverians, in supplanting the old order in Britain and Ireland, were much more blatantly outsiders than the victorious Caesarians. Yet, because Gay's dynastic sympathy did not apparently rise to the level of dynastic loyalty, he chose to seek patronage from the future George II's wife, then-Princess Caroline, and even got it as has been noted, rather like the farm given to Horace by Augustus and Maecenas even though he had supported Brutus in the civil war against Antony.[112] Gay could have followed the model of Juvenal rather than Vergil who, writing a century and more after the *Georgics*' qualified endorsement of Octavian's new order, deplores Rome's decline from virtuous agrarian republic to decadent commercial empire; for him the presence of Greeks, Egyptians, Jews, Syrians and other foreign peoples in "Numa's city" is a necessary, if undesired, corollary of Rome's

[110] This chariot is drawn "With *Flanders* Mares," which while not exactly big German workhorses recall Henry VIII's contemptuous reference to his German bride Anne of Cleves, imported to England like George of Hanover for Protestant-succession reasons, as "the Flanders mare."

[111] Jonathan Clark, "State Formation and National Identity: the Case of England," in *Our Shadowed Present: Modernism, Postmodernism, and History* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 2004), 61.

[112] I am indebted to Mark Griffith for these analogies.

occupation or rule of those peoples' homelands. *Trivia* too, like its pretext in *Satire* 3, is implicitly anti-imperial in its scorn for foreign corruptions and affection for "little England," as is *The Shepherd's Week*, oblique panegyric of Anne's stop to William's and the Marlborough Whigs' European wars. Thus the English "Country" and people themselves, epitomized by the agro-pastoralists of *The Shepherd's Week* and *Trivia*'s down to earth walkers, are *faute de mieux* the focus of loyalty and affection in Gay's mock-pastoral and mock-georgic.

The most important *con-ventio* of *Trivia* and *The Shepherd's Week*, then, beyond formal *con-ventio* of ancient genres and the thematic of social ranks coming together in village or London street and finally the dust, is the coming together of ancient poetic commonplace and early modern social reality, the congruence of Theocritus' libidinous *chora* and Vergil's virtuous *rus*, and Juvenal's corrupt city, with the English countryside and Georgian London. Like their Hesiodic and Vergilian precursors, and like their rural analogues in the British nations and Ireland, the virtuous laboring folk of 1716 London work in earth and so are literally *georgoi* (earth-workers). In some cases they work in it directly: the "sturdy Paver" who "thumps the Ground, / Whilst ev'ry Stroke his lab'ring Lungs resound," and the street-sweepers and dustmen who join the "Scavinger" in clearing the streets of refuse and hauling it away (*Trivia* 1.13-15). In other cases they work in the earth indirectly, by laboring at warehousing, distribution, or sale of foodstuffs and commodities that a short time ago were growing in the earth or buried beneath it, in the case of the men selling small-coal. Or they are, at minimum, earthy because they get their hose or wigs spattered with mud and rainwater, keeping them humbly "down to earth."

Thus Gay's biographer's summary judgment of *Trivia*, while eloquent, is only partly correct:

> Gay's final irony is that, in writing a mock-classical poem, he is actually only bringing another perishable commodity to market; like the boot-black boy he is a scavenger of the literary sewers and alley-ways of Olympus to create a decorative ornament for his own consumer society.[113]

In fact *Trivia* is not a decoration for the emergent consumer society (hardly "his own" in any case) but a witty critique of it. The best metaphor for Gay's earthy poetic labor is not commercial production but agricultural; scattered classical topoi are used to fertilize a new crop of satiric georgic, a strain not cultivated before Gay. Neither does Gay, nor the boot-black boy, derive novel tools and materials from modern sewers and alleys, but traditional ones from ancient pastoral, georgic, and satire, and the countryside they valorize; the early modern city has fragmented these (agri)cultural inputs but Gay reassembles them in fresh combination. Like the *georgoi* he depicts as affectionately in *Trivia* as *The Shepherd's Week*, if less directly, Gay does not work in dirt for its own sake but for what can be raised from it: animal protein and crops to nourish body, ancient-modern poems to nourish soul.

Of all the poets analyzed in this study, Gay is therefore the closest imitator of Theocritus and Vergil. He most consistently reactivates both poets' interest in rural

[113] Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 216-17.

people and their folkways and mores, while he also imitates their treatment of these "low," realistic themes in highly-ironized, highly-wrought form (and while, like Vergil, learnedly and systematically alluding to a pastoral-poetic predecessor).[114] Yet despite his quiet, sustained partisanship for "country interest" poetics and politics, Gay does not and cannot, perhaps, contemplate a literal, historical return to the land, for himself or for other city dwellers. Not least because he had no reason to think that the land's relative depopulation and decline were beginning; it is anachronistic to suppose that Gay or anyone else in 1716 envisioned the rise of the commercial and industrial society, a handful of fevered futurists like Mandeville excepted. In any case, advocating such a return would verge on belief in meliorist or utopian notions of an ideal past which can be recovered, akin to the Modern dogma that man has progressed from ancient and "medieval" (the adjective begs the progressive question) ignorance or barbarism to modern enlightenment; both are arcadian illusions that *The Shepherd's Week* and *Trivia* are keen to discredit. His stance is thus, like Theocritus', Vergil's, and Juvenal's, complicated. Gay's walker, for all his witty censure of London, stays there, like his *Satire* 3 precursor who praises Umbricius for returning to the countryside but himself remains in Rome.

The only "return" to the land or places on it that Gay's mock-pastorals and mock-georgics contemplate, therefore, is the return to the common-places of the rural poetic tradition, *ad fontes* to Theocritus and Vergil, who in their skepticism, scabrousness, and sexual frankness were already "modern" two millennia before modernity. Yet there is, after all, one return that Gay's satire insists on in the end: the inevitable return of every man, urban sophisticates not excepted, not to the land but to literal earth, in the form of ashes or dust. In the heartbreaks and deaths of *The Shepherd's Week*, especially Blouzelinda/Anne's, and in *Trivia*'s mortality of men and cities and finally, by implication, of cultures, Gay as a neo-ancient satirist insistently limns the *serio* that shadows the *buffo*. His fundamental good cheer, however, or perhaps his relatively short life (he himself returned to earth unexpectedly in 1732, not yet fifty) prevented him from carrying poetic imagination of the fallacies of hope, individual and cultural, to its logical conclusion. It remained for Gay's "playfellow" and younger, as is often forgotten, collaborator Pope to realize that ambition, in the abject sublimities of the mock-pastoral and mock-georgic *Dunciad* (for as will be seen the poem grows as much from those genres as from mock-epic). It is to Pope therefore that we now turn.

[114] Nokes argued that *The Shepherd's Week* allusions to Thomas D'Urfey's and other popular ballads are "[o]ffered in parody of the rarified bucolic style of pseudo-Virgilian pastoral" and "represent the authentic poetry of peasant life," and that "it was the rich tradition of popular ballads, which D'Urfey preserved, that inspired Gay's imaginative rejection of the pseudo-bucolic inanities of courtier-pastoralists like Philips and Tickell." Nokes, *A Profession of Friendship*, 148, 153. But while D'Urfey is singled out for *buffo*/*serio* praise in *Wednesday* 9-18, and the tone of *The Shepherd's Week* eclogues is often genuinely vernacular, Gay's main inspiration in rejecting "the pseudo-bucolic inanities" of the Addisonians is in fact ancient pastoral itself, and his surer grasp of imitating it in English.

CHAPTER 5

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams / Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames": Jacobite georgic and Grubstreet pastoral in Pope

> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world…
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.
>
> Yeats, "The Second Coming" 7-8
>
> Another age shall see the golden Ear
> Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
> Deep Harvests bury all his Pride has plann'd,
> And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
>
> Pope, *Epistle to Burlington* 173-76

On a superficial reading *Windsor-Forest* appears a straightforwardly earnest neo-georgic, and so to lie beyond the scope of a study of Restoration and Georgian mock-georgics (again not mockery *of* georgic but ironic critique of modernity *by* georgic). Its earnest elements, its qualities of panegyric and prophecy, are prominent enough and must be accounted for in analysis of the poem, as they have been in Pat Rogers' magisterial monographs published over the last decade.[1] Nevertheless *Windsor-Forest* is, like all allegorical poems, thoroughly ironized and indeed even satirical in places, as this chapter will argue. Like its ancient precursors, chiefly the *Georgics*, and like its mock-topographic contemporaries it is generically and thematically polyphonic, with pastoral and satiric as well as georgic voices. Yet also like those polyphemean precursors and contemporaries, it orchestrates these voices as *concordia* rather than *discors* to make a coherent stylistic and philosophical impression, "Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd, / But as the World, harmoniously confus'd," in the manner of archetypical Polyphemus himself, who like most satiric speakers says hilarious and horrible things by turns but ultimately imparts a unified, if monocular, vision of bad to be censured and good to be (indirectly) praised.[2] *Windsor-Forest* is full of plangent panegyric and prophetic passages, richly steeped in heraldic, Stuart masque, and emblematic visual and literary culture as Rogers has shown, in epitome Father Thames, the personified river that is the poem's master trope. But *Windsor-Forest* is also marked by mordant irony,

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[1] Rogers, *The Symbolic Design of* Windsor-Forest*: Iconography, Pageant, and Prophecy in Pope's Early Work* (Newark, DE: Univ. of Del. Press, 2004); *Pope and the Destiny of the Stuarts: History, Politics, and Mythology in the Age of Queen Anne* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2005).

[2] *Windsor-Forest* 13-14, in *Alexander Pope: Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (London: Methuen and New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1961), 149.

brought to bear on what Pope saw as the greed and warmongering of William of Orange, the Marlborough Whigs, and their medieval and Renaissance prototypes, and the segments of the British and Irish populations that had supported them. The constructive aim of this negative energy is crypto-Jacobite celebration of the Stuart dynastic past and (proleptically) its future beyond the death of Anne, who at the poem's publication on 7 March 1713 had little more than a year to live. At once pessimistic in brooding over tyrants' bloodshed and martyrs' sacrifice, and triumphalist in its vision of these losses leading to a restoration of sacred monarchy in Britain, *Windsor-Forest* answers crisply to its great model in the *Georgics*. Yet Pope deftly grafts this didactic and pietist rootstock with other genres and thematic repertoires both ancient (epinician ode, bucolic, Ovidian *aition*) and modern (Metaphysical lyric, Miltonic epic), in daring and unexpected combinations, to grow a thoroughly traditional, thoroughly novel *Windsor-Forest*.

In the *Dunciad* by contrast, which is unambiguously, defiantly satirical, a somewhat different intertextual dynamic with the Greek and Roman precursor texts – and contemporary English-language mock-pastorals and mock-georgics – is set up. The master trope of the *Dunciad* is, like that of *Windsor-Forest*, the river. But instead of the royal Thames and its several emblematic tributaries, the *Dunciad* concentrates on the Fleet, early modern London's most notorious open sewer. Just as the "musing Shepherd" in *Windsor-Forest* sees himself and his bucolic surroundings reflected back in the waters of the Loddon, so the hacks, dunces, and soft-core pornographers of Grub Street see *disiecta membra* of themselves and their ephemeral productions (Jove's "bills / Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils") in the waters of the Fleet. The analogy is unstable, however, since the Fleet is so full of sewage, rubbish, and mud that it has literally lost the power of reflection. The Grub Street moderns, therefore, who have figuratively lost the power of reflection and are capable only of "Abortive imitation," see only objective correlatives in the Fleet. Linguistically literal and philosophically materialist in practice if not in theory, they are descending to the order of inert matter like Corinna in Rochester's *Ramble*, as the Fleet itself is gradually slowing and thickening to sludge. These cultural *disiecta membra*, meanwhile, figured by the literal organic waste of country commodities flowing into London's waterways, naturally decompose and give off an unhealthful miasma, vapors which when ignited becomes *ignis fatuus*, the falsely guiding light of self-centered "reason" (the dunces and hacks "Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn, / See all in *Self*, and but for self be born," 4.479-80), and which left to themselves gradually spread out from their epicenter in the great mother goddess Dulness, finally engulfing London and the rest of the world.

And as the dunces and hacks peer intently into the depths like Aristophanic astronomers, and find only themselves, like Marvell's Damon pleased to see himself in his shiny scythe, they invert their heads and tails, so that genuine, socially-conditioned reason is thrown down and self-absorbed ego, figured by the libidinous tail, is set up to rule so that *natura versa est*. Pope accordingly deploys a network of ape or monkey imagery to figure Abortive imitation, reactivating Rochester's habitual monkey-metaphor for vainly "rational" man (in *Tunbridge Wells* he is "the beargarden Ape on his Steed mounted," while the speaker of the *Satyre against Reason and Mankind* says "I'de be a Dog, a Monky, or a Bear. / Or any thing but that vain Animal / Who is so proud of being Rational") and of course the simian Yahoos of *Gulliver's Travels*. Servile to political power like, according to Pope, Vergil, the dunces and hacks are also caught up in lifeless

paraphrase or metaphrase of the classics, when they should instead practice free and creative Drydenesque imitation (again according to Pope). The multiple voices of the dunces, moreover, unlike those marshaled and successfully orchestrated by Pope and his Scriblerian colleagues, are not polyphony but cacophony, in which voices crash into each other as *discors* without *concordia* to make an incoherent stylistic and philosophic impression, "*Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd." Their inarticulate, noisy discourse is epitomized by the asslike braying of the epic poetaster Blackmore, whose asinine noise is like the Dissenter preachers' bagpipe droning in Swift's *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* (1704) and Gay's Quakers' sighing and cooing in "The Espousal," and resembles Rochester's Corinna's *Ramble* mare-whinnying as she is penetrated by the wind and becomes "A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in." And, no surprise in a poem that all but identifies Cibber, "Dunce the second," with George II and imperial Dulness with his queen Caroline, the *Dunciad* displays, like *Windsor-Forest*, not only Opposition but complex crypto-Jacobite structures of feeling, but this time not aglow with the hope of James III and VIII's restoration that animates the poem of 30 years before; Pope did not live to see the Jacobite rising of 1745, led by James' magnetic son Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," come within an ace of success in Scotland and England.

In reading for oblique contextual reference in *Windsor-Forest* and the *Dunciad* I am mindful once again that literature is not straightforward evidence of anything other than itself, and crude assumptions that it is have led to crude, even historical factually-mistaken misreadings of Pope. I therefore propose a method something like that used by Howard Erskine-Hill in his pioneering study of political reference in Pope's poetry: a critical "concern, less with systematic political parallels in literary texts, than with the more frequent, subtle, glancing, or multiple allusion," a method which "seek[s] proximate historical evidence for the better understanding of literary texts which make political allusion, while at the same time remembering that in history everything is on the move, and, at times of political crisis, rapidly and bewilderingly so."[3] Nowhere is such a flexible, pragmatic method needed more than in Pope's subtle, glancing, innuendo-driven *Windsor-Forest*, written in response to an impending political crisis more searching for the British nations and Ireland, especially for their oppositional Jacobite and Roman Catholic populations, than any event since the traumatic Civil Wars of the 1640s, and possibly more searching than any since: the impending death of Queen Anne and with it either a definitive end to rule by the Stuart dynasty and importation of a foreign one from Germany, or, history in prospect being as radically contingent as in retrospect it looks inevitable, its renovation in a "Second Restoration" of Anne's half-brother James III and VIII Stuart, in 1713, like Pope himself, only twenty-four and full of promise.

1. "AND FLOATING FORESTS PAINT THE WAVES WITH GREEN": FORM AND INTERTEXT IN *WINDSOR-FOREST*

Even in the last four years of Anne's reign, however, when the Tories held all major levers of government, it was impolitic and technically illegal to hail the king over the

[3] Howard Erskine-Hill, *Poetry of Opposition and Revolution, Dryden to Wordsworth* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996), 5.

water, requiring Jacobite speakers and writers to adopt ironized methods, especially innuendo and allegory, to avoid censure or prosecution meted out to men like Dr Sacheverell. It is therefore natural that, like *The Shepherd's Week*, which it preceded in publication by a year, *Windsor-Forest* is generically and thematically polyphemean or polyphonic. This is true in two major senses. First, at the fundamental rhetorical level, *Windsor-Forest* is two-voiced or ambivalent because it is in considerable part an earnest neo-georgic, with irony absent and sincere constructive project underway. Nonetheless, this earnest voice is accompanied by a faint ironic one, making itself heard episodically and making the poem in another respect profoundly mock-georgic. Second, under this mock-georgic aspect the poem incorporates several literary kinds, including panegyric, satire, and in greatest part what I have provisionally been calling agro-pastoral. That is, Pope consciously makes use of both ancient pastoral and georgic conventions, though *Windsor-Forest* leans more to georgic (as *The Shepherd's Week* though generically mixed is still more pastoral than georgic), and part of its subject-matter is agro-pastoral in a socioeconomic sense, since the poem depicts both arable-tilling and stock-raising, usually practiced by the same person. So Father Thames, in his panegyric of Anne's Britain and the impending (in March 1713) Tory Peace, predicts that "Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain / Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain" (369-70). The "conscious Swain" however, as he is called in line 90, appears much less frequently than in Gay's eclogues and, when he does, Pope's characterization is perfunctory and anonymous, unlike Gay's, whose richly-named farm folk in *Shepherd's Week* have personalities in the round.

Nevertheless, Pope's polyphemism guarantees a more sophisticated reprise of motifs and images he had first used in his rather anodyne *Pastorals* (1709). His most suggestive borrowing from Theocritus is the topos of the well-wrought urn. *Idyll* 1's goatherd offers the shepherd Thyrsis a newly-carved wooden cup, figured with pastoral scenes, if he will sing the story of Daphnis' unfortunate death. Pope modifies this in *Windsor-Forest* to the hermetic urn on which Father Thames reclines, and from which his waters allegorically come:

> Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
> His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes;
> The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,
> And on their Banks *Augusta* rose in Gold.
> Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,
> Who swell with Tributary Urns his Flood. (333-38)

This is followed by a catalogue of home-county streams that flow into the Thames. Pope's description of Father Thames' urn owes something to *Geo*. 3.26-29's ecphrasis of the doors of the imagined temple that Vergil raises to Augustus (an allegory for the future *Aeneid*), with their carvings of Gangetic and Nilotic hordes up in arms. It owes more to *Geo*. 4.363-73, where Aristaeus visits the bottom of the monstrous world and witnesses, in a rush of onomatopoeia, the hidden birth of rivers:

> *Phasimque Lycumque*
> *et caput unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,*
> *unde pater Tiberinus et unde Aniena fluenta*
> *saxosusque sonans Hypanis Mysusque Caicus*

et gemina auratus taurino cornua uultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
in mare purpureum uiolentior effluit amnis.[4]

Vergil again emphasizes the Po's terrible power to flood and destroy *culta*, as at the end of *Geo*. 1. Pope's river god, however, is more pacific and calls to mind Bernini's *Fountain of the Four Rivers* in the Piazza Navona, its brawny, august Ganges a good objective correlative for Father Thames and his "rev'rend Head" (line 330).[5]

Theocritus' and Vergil's shepherds dying young, in turn, are ingeniously transformed to English and Scottish farm lads who needlessly die on foreign soil in the Nine Years War and the War of Spanish Succession, for the glory and profit of Whig warlords:

No more my Sons shall dye with *British* Blood
Red *Iber*'s Sands, or *Ister*'s foaming Flood;
Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain
Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain. (367-70)

The drowned shepherd topos of Father Thames' sons "dye"-ing the shores of Spain and "*Ister*'s foaming flood," the Danube, are a deft pastoral elegiac touch. Cowley is apostrophized, moreover, with direct reference to Theocritus' and Vergil's deceased Daphnis, and obliquely to Edward King in *Lycidas*, with a touch of pathetic-fallacy arcadianism:

O early lost! what Tears the River shed
When the sad Pomp along his Banks was led?
His drooping Swans on ev'ry Note expire,
And on his Willows hung each Muse's Lyre. (273-76)

In fact the ancient pastoral evoked here is not so much the *Idylls* and the *Eclogues* as overripe texts like the *Lament for Bion* or the eclogues of Calpurnius Siculus.

This and similar passages are rich amalgamations of ideas in Theocritus and Vergil, including *Geo*. 1.509-11, where late Republican Rome is turned upside down by impious war, and decay of farmland and agricultural production are blamed on diversion of men and metal to wars in foreign lands, including those watered by "*Ister*'s foaming Flood." The "little England" non-interventionism and autarchy that Pope's lines imply, however, are not easily reconciled with his eulogy, fifteen lines later, of the Royal Navy and a potential extension of British prestige and influence to the four corners of the

[4] *Virgil: Georgics*, ed. and comment. R. A. B. Mynors (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990), lxxxiv-lxxxv. In L.P. Wilkinson's translation: "Phasis and Lycus, / The source from which the deep Enipeus bursts, / Whence Father Tiber, whence the Anio's streams, / The rocky, roaring Hypanis, Caïcus / Of Mysia, and bull-faced, with gilded horns, / Eridanus, than which no other river / More violently through fertile farmland flows / To join the dark blue sea." *Virgil: The Georgics*, trans. L. P. Wilkinson (London: Penguin, 1982), 136-37.

[5] The iconography and symbolism of Father Thames and his tributary streams in *Windsor-Forest* is discussed in detail in Rogers, "The Poem of the River: 'Father of the British Floods,'" in *Symbolic Design*, 113-37.

earth.[6] The contradiction is explainable in part by the openness of Britain's dynastic future in 1713 (a notionally-objectionable system of political economy may be passable if a Stuart reigns), in part by Pope's baroque technique of *concordia discors*, with opposites unreconciled but made to cohere. It would take the passage of thirty years, with their dashing of Jacobite and Tory hopes for a Stuart restoration or the fall of the Whig ministerial machine, to bring Pope to the *Dunciad*'s fully Vergilian skepticism about the limits of human benevolence and wisdom.

Despite Pope's obvious debts to Theocritus, and to the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, any account of Pope's reception of Vergil must address his opinion, expressed to Joseph Spence in 1739, that Vergil's proem to *Geo*. 3 with its panegyric of Caesar and its

> triumph over the Greek poets… is one of the vainest things that ever was written… the grossest flattery to Augustus that could be invented. The turn of mind in it [is] as mean as the poetry in it is noble.[7]

While this dictum postdates *Windsor-Forest*'s publication by a quarter-century, it seems likely that the taste underlying it had been formed by 1713, when Pope was already a well-connected, published author of twenty-four; he had been reading Vergil and other Roman and Greek authors since he was child (tracking the syllabus of most elite-educated Europeans from the first century to the nineteenth).[8] It must however be balanced against another made at the same time, that "Virgil's great judgement appears in putting things together, and in his picking gold out of the dunghills of the old Roman writers… 'Tis difficult to find out any fault in Virgil's *Eclogues* or *Georgics*."[9] These pronouncements are between them a thumbnail guide to *Windsor-Forest*'s program of Vergil imitation: avoid the flattery, imitate the heterogeneity.

Pope's problem is to achieve in his own work *translatio studii*, the notional migration of high culture ever westward from Greece through Rome to the Atlantic world, while avoiding *translatio stultitiae*, the dullness that in the *Dunciad* also creeps steadily westward toward cultural sunset, a Georgian *Untergang des Abendlandes*.[10] For

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[6] Rogers has convincingly argued that it is a mistake to read this (proleptic) eulogy of the Royal Navy's extension of British power as celebration of the East India Company's political preeminence in South Asia. As he points out, this is a historical solecism, back-dating the rise of British dominance in India by at least fifty years. Rogers, *Pope and the Destiny of the Stuarts*, 237-38.

[7] Joseph Spence, *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men, Collected from Conversation*, ed. James M. Osborn, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), I, 229-30.

[8] See Andrew Wallace, *Virgil's Schoolboys: The Poetics of Pedagogy in Renaissance England* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 2010).

[9] Spence, 229-30.

[10] The ideas of *translatio studii* and *translatio imperii* in the British nations date at least to Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain* (1136), which names the first British king as Brutus, legendary grandson of Aeneas. They are affirmed in the opening lines of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, among other texts, and continued to be popular in the Renaissance, being held as late as George Herbert, who supposed the *translatio* would proceed from Britain to America. See Karlheinz Stierle, "*Translatio Studii* and Renaissance: From Vertical to Horizontal Translation," in Sanford Budick and Wolfgang Iser (eds.), *The Translatability of Cultures: Figurations of the Space Between* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press,

the *Dunciad*'s stance of organic continuity with Graeco-Roman high culture is in tension with its strand of anticlerical "dark ages" rhetoric. Pope's (plausibly deniable) caricature of medieval Western learning as monkish obscurantism reactivates the strain of Renaissance humanism that saw the thousand years after the Visigoth sack of Rome in 410 as a middle age, separating a "classical" antiquity from its "rebirth" in the Renaissance West. It would be simplistic of course to attribute these sentiments flatly to Pope. The harshest critcisms are voiced through Settle, in his capacity of underworld mock-Anchises to Cibber's mock-Aeneas. Speaking of the preexistence of Cibber's dull soul, he wonders "How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid? / How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?" (*Dunciad* 3.51-52), and encapsulating medieval Western history he advises Cibber:

> See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
> And all the western world believe and sleep.
> Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
> Of arts, but thundr'ing against heathen lore;
> Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
> And Bacon trembling for his brazen head. (3.99-104)[11]

Even allowing for its voicing through Cibber, this takes Pope near the borders of a philosophy of history that believes in enlightenment and progress, and so uncomfortably close to his Whiggish butts and enemies in the *Dunciad*, whose self-esteem is built on the corollary notion that the Moderns have surpassed the Ancients, an entertaining but false story repeatedly told, and repeatedly debunked, in the West since the fourteenth century, as I suggested in chapter 4.[12]

Indeed, while *Windsor-Forest* looks forward with hope to a Stuart future, it is not a one-dimensional Jacobite or high Tory polemic in verse. Pope was glad to write panegyric for the *de jure* dynasty – in epitome "Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains, / And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns" (41-42) – but flattery was out of the question, as it was for the post-1688 Dryden who praised Juvenal over Horace because the latter was "a well Manner'd Court Slave" to a *de facto* monarch, like Settle to William III.[13] Anne Stuart, and implicitly James III and VIII, were Christian monarchs

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1996), 55-67; see also Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, trans. Willard R. Trask, new intro. Colin Burrow (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1953, repr. 2013), 28-30.

[11] James Sutherland (ed.), *Alexander Pope: The Dunciad*, rev. third edn (London and New Haven: Methuen and Yale Univ. Press, 1963), 324-25.

[12] See e.g. R. N. Swanson, *The Twelfth-Century Renaissance* (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1999), *passim*; Marcia L. Colish, *Medieval Foundations of the Western Intellectual Tradition 400-1400* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1997), 42-55, 175-82. Charles Homer Haskins' classic 1927 study *The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century* (Cambridge, MA and London: Harvard Univ. Press, 1971) still repays reading in its eighth edition. In a mass-media vein see Colin Burrow, review of Stephen Greenblatt, *The Swerve: How the Renaissance Began* (*Guardian*, 23 Dec. 2011), http://www.theguardian.com/books/2011/dec/23/the-swerve-stephen-greenblatt-review.

[13] It does not require very robust allegoresis to see Dryden in the *Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satyr* (1693) as Juvenal, and Elkanah Settle (who had succeeded him as Poet Laureate) and lesser lights eager to please William of Orange, as Horace: "[A] Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a Zealous

and so emphatically not to be deified and worshiped, as Augustus is by prolepsis in the proem to *Geo*. 3 (and as Julius Caesar is, in the guise of Daphnis, in *Ecl*. 5). Pope moreover as a crypto-Jacobite and specifically Roman Catholic author would be trained to think of the institutional Church as equal in the Church-state partnership, and in theory senior. (It was precisely such prioritizing that had led James II and VII's core supporters, the Tory peerage and gentry, to desert him on a wide scale in 1688, putting loyalty to the Anglican Church above loyalty to James, whom they perceived to be disestablishing it.) This is again a sharp departure from Roman precedent. Not only were official religion and state closely intertwined in the late Republic and early Empire, but Augustus himself assumed the title of *pontifex maximus* in 12 B.C., a few years after Vergil's death, at which point "church" and state were one.

Another of Pope's noticeable departures from the *Georgics* is the near-total absence of agricultural didaxis from *Windsor-Forest*. Where Vergil had centered his four books of poetry, ostensibly at least, around practical advice on grain crops, viticulture, stock-raising, and bee-keeping, Pope has almost nothing specific to say about how the "conscious Swain" goes about, or should go about, his business. (Pope's generality should be contrasted with Gay's Devon-bred specificity in the "true georgic" *Rural Sports* or, in the ironized vein, the eclogues of *The Shepherd's Week*, contemporary with *Windsor-Forest* and something of an historical resource for rural folkways of the time.) The biographical critic is tempted to speculate that this is because the Pope family was City in origin and though *in* the Berkshire countryside not *of* it – Alexander Pope senior had retired young in 1688 on a fortune made in the Flemish lace trade, and owned among other financial instruments French annuities – while Vergil was a Po Valley countryman by origin, and both cared about and knew whereof he spoke in the *Georgics*. It is probably more accurate to say that Pope consciously omits the conscious Swain's daily life and work from *Windsor-Forest* because they are not to his purpose, and that the poem incorporates only those elements from Vergil that are (description of the countryside, deprecation of civil war, panegyric of virtuous monarchs). Indeed not even in the *Dunciad*, where Pope's poetry engages with realistically particular objects and people in a sustained way, is there anything like Swift's or Rochester's lingering focus on body parts or bodily functions for comic effect, much less Gay's delighted attention to the speech, dress, and working conditions of his *Shepherd's Week* farm folk and *Trivia* town-dwellers.

Windsor-Forest's departure from the *Georgics* in omitting agricultural didaxis may also be attributed to the influence of what Howard Erskine-Hill has called Pope's "chief poetic model, Denham's *Cooper's Hill*."[14] While this study is focused on Pope's

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Vindicator of Roman Liberty; than with a Temporizing Poet, a well Manner'd Court Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of Laughing in the right place: Who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile." *California Dryden*, vol. 4, 65.

[14] Howard Erskine-Hill, *Poetry of Opposition and Revolution, Dryden to Wordsworth* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996), 67. The definitive, variorum edition is Brendan O Hehir (ed.), *Expans'd Hieroglyphicks: A Critical Edition of Sir John Denham's* Coopers Hill (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of Calif. Press, 1969). The poem is carefully analyzed in O Hehir, 163-256, and James Turner, *The Politics of Landscape: Rural Scenery and Society in English Poetry 1630-1660* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1979), 49-61 and *passim*.

reception of Greek and Roman pastoral and georgic, the English topographic or landscape-descriptive poem, especially Denham's visionary royalist version, is unquestionably a powerful influence on *Windsor-Forest*, as Erskine-Hill, Pat Rogers, and others have shown.[15] In fact any very clear separation of English and Latin influences on the poem, or on Pope and his contemporaries generally, is a historical solecism. *Coopers Hill* was part of the vibrant Anglo-Latin literary culture of Restoration and Georgian Britain and Ireland – it was published in 1676 as *Coopers Hill Latine Redditum* – and through it a broader seventeenth- and early-eighteenth-century European Latin literary culture.[16] Interpretively therefore the local, English strain and the ecumenical, European strain are at one in *Windsor-Forest*, if only by *concordia discors*. Indeed one of Pope's most aesthetically and politically potent strategies is to reactivate memory of the pre-Henrician past, especially the reigns of virtuous kings such as the saintly Henry VI ("Let softer Strains Ill-fated Henry mourn, / And Palms Eternal flourish round his Urn. / Here o'er the Martyr-King the Marble weeps," 311-13), when the British nations were religiously and, if a generation or two delayed, culturally continuous with western Europe, and to imply the possibility of Father Thames rejoining the main European stream by the restoration of James III and VIII, who as native-born Stuart dynast that embraced the Catholic faith (and alliance with Catholic and Orthodox powers on the Continent rather than Protestant) combined the local and ecumenical in his own person.[17]

Windsor-Forest, therefore, is a reflection of the *Georgics* and ancient pastoral but through a glass, darkly: Vergilian heterogeneity and panegyric without the flattery and, as it were, caesaropapism (the despised heresy that powered Henry's Dissolution). Its refracted mirroring quality is figured by Pope's "musing Shepherd" who gazes into the waters of the River Loddon. In the nymph Lodona's eponymous stream, he

> Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
> The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
> The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
> And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods;
> In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,
> And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green. [18]

The figure in this landscape is eminently pastoral, reactivating Theocritus' sea-gazing Polyphemus (and Marvell's mirror-gazing Damon), as well as the Polyphemus of Ovid's

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[15] On *Windsor-Forest*'s substantial debt to *Coopers Hill* see e.g. Rogers, *Symbolic Design*, 178-79; Rogers, *Pope and the Destiny of the Stuarts*, 278-83.

[16] On this see O Hehir (ed.), 257-60.

[17] A good account of James III and VIII's attempts to engage Russia in the Papal, French, and Spanish entente against the House of Hanover, and the prominence of Jacobite exiles in Russian military service, is Rebecca Wills, *The Jacobites and Russia, 1715-1750* (East Linton, East Lothian: Tuckwell, 2002), 68-96 and *passim*.

[18] *Windsor-Forest* 211-16, in *Alexander Pope: Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (London: Methuen and New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1961), 169.

clever gloss on *Idyll* 6, a passage translated by Pope, ostensibly at age fourteen.[19] His intent gazing into the water also recalls the virgin naiad Syrinx chased by Pan in *Met*. 1.689-712, which along with Ovid's episode of Daphne and Apollo is Pope's main pretext for the Lodona episode.[20] But "the musing Shepherd" also echoes or rather reflects *Geo*. 1.322-27's speaker recalling a flash-flood in harvest time, and at 1.481-83 the River Po (Eridanus) in flood bearing along "floating Forests," uprooted trees, and indeed "Flocks," though in Vergil these are drowned *armenta*, their loss disaster to the poor farmers whose plowing depends on them, and *Aeneid* 2.305-08's shepherd (agro-pastoral again) who *stupet inscius* on a high rock, hearing a far-off flash flood that drags away whole forests. Pope's mirror of the agitated *Georgics* passages, appropriately after an interval of 1,700 years, reflects its pretext calmly, as the Loddon the English landscape. If Milton uses Vergil as "the spectacles of books" Pope uses him as a *pittoresco* Claude glass, softening and darkening the sharply-etched, vividly-lit *Georgics* landscape; he receives the Campanian flash flood and River Po bursting its banks as a limpid English stream. Pope in his youthful *Pastorals* may have unintentionally lapsed into arcadian topoi and tones that do not answer to anything in the *Eclogues*, but in *Windsor-Forest* he deliberately focalizes the narrative as from the shepherd's idealizing eye; this is a local expedient, providing a textual *locus amoenus* after the breathless sprint of Pan's attempted rape of Lodona.

Pope is figured, perhaps, by "the musing Shepherd," who sees himself as a self-conscious figure in the landscape, not as a livestock herder in a working countryside, who would be too busy laboring and living in his environs to conceive them as a whole distinct from and perceived by himself. Pope's figure in the landscape uncannily reflects Marvell's in *Upon Appleton House*, who sees a highly-polished representation of the Fairfax estate in the River Wharfe's "*Chrystal Mirrour* slick" that mostly reflects his own idyllicizing narcissism, an *eidullon* that inverts reality to his arcadian taste for subjectivity and self-absorption.[21] Pope's "musing Shepherd," in seeing himself as a

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[19] "Polyphemus and Acis: Out of the thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses," in Audra and Williams, 363-73. At *Met*. 13.840-41 Polyphemus is very positive that "*certe ego me noui liquidaeque in imagine uidi / nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma uidenti*," and enumerates his good looks with gusto, while Theocritus' Polyphemus and Vergil's Corydon will only say that they are not as bad-looking as people think. *P. Ovidi Nasonis Metamorphoses*, ed. R. J. Tarrant (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2004), 404. Indeed Ovid's Polyphemus is thoroughly buffo, with little of the epic gravitas he has in *Odyssey* 9; he seems to descend from the Polyphemus of Euripides' *Cyclops*, a satyr-drama in which the titular villain is still hideous and aggressive but also played for laughs, for instance being cheap about wine with Silenus. On satyr play as a form of "middlebrow" Greek drama, neither tragedy nor comedy but not tragicomedy, see Mark Griffith, "Greek Middlebrow Drama (Something to do with Aphrodite?)," in *Performance, Iconography, Reception: Studies in Honour of Oliver Taplin*, ed. Martin Revermann and Peter Wilson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), 73-79.

[20] Tarrant (ed.), 27-28. The name of the saving river in Ovid, interestingly, is the Ladon, so the Loddon and "Lodona" are close to quotation of the Latin pretext. Pope is also close to metaphrase of the formula of Diana easily confused with her nymph: "*ritu quoque cincta Dianae / falleret et posset credi Latonia, si non / corneus huic arcus, si non foret aureus illi*" (*Met*. 1.694-96) becomes "Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known, / But by the Crescent and the golden Zone" (*Windsor-Forest* 175-76).

[21] *Upon Appleton House* 636-40 (stanza 80), in *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, third edn H. M. Margoliouth, rev. Pierre Legouis and E. E. Duncan-Jones, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 82.

figure in a landscape *as* landscape, that is, not a variety of discrete places on the land but unitary space that is the subject-matter of plastic art or its textual ecphrasis, and yet actually living in that landscape or rather countryside, suggests the critic's predicament in approaching *Windsor-Forest*: how to navigate between the poles of formalism, which posits a poem or painting of landscape autonomous of history, and historicism, which posits the same poem or painting subsumed by history. Pope's program rewards neither. He openly advertises *Windsor-Forest* on the one hand as an attempt to intervene in the religious and political disputes of Anne's reign, not least with the poem's dedication to Granville, who had along with several others been created a peer by the Queen specifically to ensure passage of the Treaty of Utrecht in the Lords.

Yet on the other hand the form and content of *Windsor-Forest* owe at least as much to the poem's highly-polished mirrors of pretexts in Theocritus, Vergil, Ovid, Denham, Marvell, and other poets, as to the contingent personalities and events of the last full year of Anne's reign. And "the musing Shepherd" seeing his native forests in the water, flickering and upside down, is perhaps a figure for the young Pope beginning to suspect the fleetingness and the fictiveness of the private arcadia, the retrospective idealization of one's childhood or personal past, as Pat Rogers has suggested.[22] While Pope in *Windsor-Forest* is beginning to think his way through the aesthetic power and ethical weakness of the "idyll of childhood," he does not, however, mistake the working countryside of the Forest and its villages for the landscape of arcadian idyll. From beginning to end the poem is aware of and engages with the fact that these are the result, not of materialist "nature" or happenstance but a long history of human use and misuse of the land, punctuated at intervals by violent changes imposed from above by proud or avaricious tyrants (William the Conqueror, Edward IV, Henry VIII).

Pope's shepherd gazing into the water thus evokes an even more important precursor than Polyphemus or Vergil's nameless stupefied shepherd: Aristaeus, dubious protagonist of his own epyllion in *Georgics* 4. Like Pan chasing Lodona in *Windsor-Forest*, and indeed chasing Syrinx in *Metamorphoses*, Aristaeus is a would-be rapist who tries to run down Eurydice and fails only because she steps on a snake in the grass and dies of its bite. As Aristaeus' mother, the sea-nymph Cyrene, tells him, he must hold on tight no matter what freakish shape Proteus takes, and only then, when Proteus is grudgingly confined in one form, will hidden truth be revealed (in Aristaeus' case, the reason for his bees' die-off). Vergil calls him *pastor Aristaeus*, though in *Georgics* 4 his most important occupation is not herding but apiculture.[23] This has interpretive consequences because Proteus, who provides Pope a model for Father Thames, is an unpredictable shape-shifter whom Aristaeus has to force into fixity. Father Thames has strong overtones of Vergil's Proteus, though in Pope his aggression and aquatic mammal stink are cleaned up and he is made into a more decorous Poussin-style neo-classical deity:

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[22] Rogers, "Pope in Arcadia: Pastoral and Its Dissolution," in *The Cambridge Companion to Alexander Pope*, ed. Pat Rogers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007), 105-17.

[23] Aristaeus, elliptically invoked in the *Georgics* main proem (1.14-15) and protagonist of the *bugonia* epyllion (4.315-558), is called *Arcadius magister* (4.283) and *pastor Aristaeus* (4.317), though neither he nor his epyllion is arcadian in the literary-critical sense. Mynors (ed.), *op. cit.*, xix, lxxxii-xci.

> High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,
> (His Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)
> The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure Eyes
> Where *Windsor*-Domes and pompous Turrets rise,
> Then bow'd and spoke; the Winds forget to roar,
> And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore. (lines 349-54)

Vergil's louche, choleric water-spirit is not only made more decorous, he becomes a full-blown "God" endowed with Christ-like powers to still winds and waves. In Pope the *genius loci* keeps some of his Graeco-Roman features but also takes on the bright coloring of the medieval English or Irish saint.

Indeed in a strange way Aristaeus figures Pope himself, who wrestles with the protean genres (ranging from epinician ode to bucolic to Ovidian *aition*) of *Windsor-Forest* but, by exertion of tight tonal and thematic control, compels them to assume one stable if exotic form. Pope deliberately uses some voices of Vergilian georgic (natural description, panegyric of land and ruler) and silences others (agricultural didaxis) to create his polyphemic composition, something like Handel's *Ode for the Birthday of Queen Anne*, which was celebrated just a month before publication of *Windsor-Forest*. Or, in the landscape painting metaphor that Pope uses throughout, as Rogers and others have shown in detail, the canvas is chiaroscuro.

2. "THE FIELDS ARE RAVISH'D FROM THE TH'INDUSTRIOUS SWAINS": *WINDSOR-FOREST* AS JACOBITE GEORGIC

One of the main *oscuro* themes in *Windsor-Forest* is, of course, its brooding on the losses and dislocations of conquests past. And the fact that *Coopers Hill* is, as Erskine-Hill points out, centrally "concerned with the idea of conquest" makes it a natural partner for Pope's other "chief poetic model," the *Georgics*, which are concerned throughout with attempted conquests of different kinds – of the natural world, enemies foreign and domestic, even the self – and these attempts' dubious prospects of success.[24] Maynard Mack concurred, characterizing conquest in *Windsor-Forest* as "the central hunter-becomes-hunted metaphor of the poem."[25] The natural consequence of successful hunting is, of course, bloodshed, and the poem is underwritten by a submerged theme of refreshment of sterility by blood, associated with sacred kingship and sacrificial death, especially of the martyred kings Henry VI and Charles I, and implicitly those of Christ. The motif of blood, fainting or paleness (the draining away of blood), bruising (subcutaneous bleeding), and purple or crimson dye, with attendant punning, occurs at least 25 times in the poem.

It derives in great part from *Geo*. 4, where the deep cause of the bees' die-off is an originary sin, Aristaeus' attempted rape of Eurydice and her consequent death, and the deep cause of their regeneration is blood sacrifice, the cruel *bugonia*, by Aristaeus. This ritual suffocation and beating to death of a bull calf, and the wonder of bee regeneration that they accomplish, are the shocking climax to a *Georgics* that has already limned

[24] Erskine-Hill, *Poetry of Opposition and Revolution*, 67.

[25] Maynard Mack, *Alexander Pope: A Life* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1985), 69.

bloodshed and death, human and animal, in several arresting passages.[26] Vergil openly associates the *bugonia*, and its ritual shedding of innocent blood to appease the divine Eurydice and lift the curse from apiculture, with Octavian's therapeutic violence in ending Rome's civil wars.[27] It is therefore a ready precursor of Pope's careful implication of pious, patriotic, and (self-)sacrificial deaths in *Windsor-Forest*: those of Dissolution abbots, of Charles I, of Catholic clergy and laity executed in the hysteria over the Shaftesbury-engineered Popish Plot. In a less violent key sacrificial death provides a symbolic model for the (in Jacobite polemic) self-abnegation of James II and VII's voluntary flight in 1688 to avoid the bloodshed of civil war in England. And then there are the deaths of young English, Scottish, and Irish soldiers, both at home in the islands and abroad in Europe, who enlist or are conscripted in the wars of William of Orange and the Marlborough Whigs.

Indeed one of the most remarkable features of *Windsor-Forest* is the prevalence of bloodshed in the poem, despite its official program of celebrating the Tory Peace and Anne's pacific reign. The poem is filled with scenes of animals and men being shot and depicted bleeding; the stag is the noblest of these, and is heavily indebted to Denham's allegory of Charles I as hunted stag in the second draft of *Coopers Hill*.[28] Pope like Vergil shows humane concern for the lives and welfare of animals, perhaps owing to shared background assumptions of Stoic and Christian *cosmos*, which contemplates an ideal of the ultimate brotherhood or affiliation of all creatures – and indeed for the lives and welfare of Forest-dwellers who hunt for food rather than sport, who were in danger of prosecution and even capital punishment if found "stealing" deer, in particular under the notorious "Waltham Black Act" of 1723.[29] In the *Georgics* this most prominently takes the form of sympathetic attention to the lives and deaths of faithful horses and oxen

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[26] On ritual violence and the sacred see René Girard, *La violence et le sacré* (Paris: Grasset, 1972), trans. Patrick Gregory as *Violence and the Sacred* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1979); Girard, *Des choses cachées depuis la fondation du monde* (Paris: Grasset & Fasquelle, 1978), trans. Stephen Bann and Michael Metteer as *Things Hidden since the Foundation of the World* (London: Athlone and Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 1987); Robert Hamerton-Kelly (ed.), *Violent Origins: Walter Burkert, René Girard, and Jonathan Z. Smith on Ritual Killing and Cultural Formation* (Stanford, CA: Stanford Univ. Press, 1987).

[27] On Vergil's ostensible endorsement of Octavian's reasons of state, and the *Georgics*' ostensible implication that Octavian's end of *pax Romana* justified his means of ruthless proscriptions, warfare, and autocracy, see e.g. Llewelyn Morgan, *Patterns of Redemption in Virgil's* Georgics (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1999), 105-49 and *passim*.

[28] The trope of the royal stag hunt remained prominent in oppositional poems through the 1730s, when Patriot partisans such as William Somervile and Rochard Powney praised Frederick, Prince of Wales as a royal hunter. See e.g. Christine Gerrard, *The Patriot Opposition to Walpole: Politics, Poetry, and National Myth, 1725-1742* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994), 217-23.

[29] On the question of Pope's potential connection, through his brother-in-law Charles Rackett, to the Blacks, with special reference to the arguments of E. P. Thompson in *Whigs and Hunters: The Origins of the Black Act*, see Pat Rogers, "Blacks and poetry and Pope," in *Essays on Pope* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1993), 168-83.

dying of the Noric plague.[30] These and similar *Georgics* episodes, in which the animal (and human) populations of a countryside sicken and die, are echoed in *Windsor-Forest*'s depictions of the English countryside cleared of livestock, tenants, and crops by William the Conqueror and Henry VIII, then afforested for recreational hunting or sold off to speculators and turned into graze, respectively.[31] Pope's reactivation of Vergil's animal humanity can be compared laterally with Gay's *Trivia* walker's pity for needlessly whipped and overworked horses pulling heavy loads through London streets, and contrasted with Rochester's contemptuous references to "jades," worn-out old mares put to draft work in city or country.[32]

But the most suggestive, and vivid, depiction of bloodshed in *Windsor-Forest* is that of the shot pheasant:

> See! From the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;
> Short is his Joy! He feels the fiery Wound,
> Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.
> Ah! What avail his glossie, varying Dyes,
> His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,
> The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold;
> His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold? (111-18)

As Pope's early critic Warton noted, this remarkable passage echoes *Geo*. 3.525-26, where Vergil asks rhetorically of the plow-ox dying of the plague "What good can his

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[30] *Geo*. 3.498-514 (horses), 515-30 (oxen). Vergil depicts the dying oxen as hard workers that drink water and eat simple food, fundamentally like the farmers who plow with them. Gordon Williams, contrasting this technique with the "subjectivity" of Lucretius' depiction of the bereaved cow in *De rerum natura* 2.352-66, argued that "The cattle in Virgil are treated in human terms, not because he devises a poetic treatment that will accommodate them in those terms but because there is no difference in grade between various forms of life… The emotional force [of Vergil's description] is that, without artifice or self-consciousness, it treats animals as beings in no essential way different from humans. This objectivity… achieves pathos by making no attempt to express or work up emotion itself." Williams, *Tradition and Originality in Roman Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), 677-78. On ancient ideas of the ox as man's particular partner, *socius hominum*, and the anger and horror that killing oxen could trigger, see Morgan, 108-16.

[31] Of course the monastic foundations had themselves modified prior land use in the British nations and Ireland, beginning especially in the twelfth century, and even before the Dissolution practices of leasing and partition often altered the larger pattern of monastic landholding and agriculture. See e.g. "The Grange and the Dissolution of the Religious Houses," in Colin Platt, *The Monastic Grange in Medieval England: A Reassessment* (London, Melbourne, and Toronto: Macmillan, 1969), 118-37.

[32] Rochester treated his own body like the proverbial ass, and consciously wore it out with libertine sexual and other excesses – he told Bishop Burnet that "for five years together he was continually Drunk" – something like St Francis' asking forgiveness at his death of poor Brother Donkey, his body, worn out with fasting and other austerities. In both cases instrumental use of the body as means to a higher good, pleasure or purification, is in contrast to rational-calculation attitudes to the body and health. See Gilbert Burnet, *Some Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester* (1680), repr. in David Farley-Hills (ed.), *Rochester: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1972), 50.

loyal service do him now / And all that heavy ploughing?"[33] (Vergil's image is also reactivated by Juvenal, *Sat*. 10 where it improbably becomes even more pathetic: Priam is likened to "a worn-out ox, / which is scorned by the ungrateful plough after all its years of service / and offers its scraggy pathetic neck to its master's blade.")[34] On one level the pheasant, with his royal "Purple Crest" and gorgeous apparel, suggests Charles I, who received a "fiery Wound" on the scaffold, at which moment the martyred king's soul "mount[ed] exulting on triumphant Wings" to heaven, in Jacobite and pious Anglican belief. He may also suggest James II and VII, who was hounded from his royal "Brake" by baying London mobs and rebel peers and gentlemen who declared for William of Orange, and "panting beat[] the Ground" in French exile. But "pheasant" is also heard as "peasant," and the homophony may be a noteworthy case of Pope's episodic irony in *Windsor-Forest*, that is, saying one thing and meaning another. There is no one-to-one correspondence of pheasant to peasant, but rather allegoresis or symbolism; he becomes part of a subtle network of images of innocent, and guilty, blood shed in the poem.[35]

The passage immediately preceding that of the pheasant, for instance, uses an epic (or *Georgic*) simile to compare the netting of partridges to the situation

> When *Albion* sends her eager Sons to War,
> Some thoughtless Town, with Ease and Plenty blest,
> Near, and more near, the closing Lines invest;
> Sudden they seize th'amaz'd, defenceless Prize,
> And high in Air *Britannia*'s Standard flies. (106-10)

This passage is usually taken as enthusiasm for British victories in the War of Spanish Succession, for instance the capture of Gibraltar.[36] But Pope is not so simple. The Spanish or German town is "with Ease and Plenty blest," like those in Queen Anne's kingdoms where "Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns" – if Pope is able to muster sympathy across the human-animal divide, he is well able to muster it across the English Channel. The "Prize," which sounds more mercenary than martial, is "defenceless," which evacuates any sport and indeed chivalry from the conquest, and of course Western Christian just-war doctrines, Catholic and Protestant alike, prohibited combatants from intentionally harming civilians (though regrettably these were not always observed). The suspicion is strengthened by the reflection that Pope, like many anti-war Tories and especially British Catholics, would particularly have regretted the deaths of Catholic

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[33] Wilkinson, 116. *Geo*. 3.525-26: "*quid labor aut benefacta iuuant*? *quid uomere terras* / *inuertisse grauis*?"

[34] *Sat*. 10.268-70, in Clausen (ed.), 130. The translation is by Rudd, in Rudd, 95.

[35] There was another politically-potent avian metaphor available to Pope, though untouchable in public print: the Wild Geese, the 12,000-odd Irish Jacobite soldiers who, after James II and VII's *longbriseadh* in Ireland, had flown abroad in 1692 to fight in Stuart and French service against William of Orange's armies and (after 1714) George I's and George II's. On the Wild Geese, and their less-prestigious analogues the "rapparees," guerilla fighters who remained in Ireland after the Treaty of Limerick, see Éamonn Ó Cíardha, *Ireland and the Jacobite Cause, 1685-1766: A Fatal Attachment* (Dublin and Portland, OR: Four Courts Press, 2004), 86-88 and *passim*.

[36] So Audra and Williams, 161, n. to line 110 (citing Pope's Victorian editor A. W. Ward).

soldiers and (occasionally) civilians in Europe at the hands of William of Orange's and the Marlborough Whigs' forces, and by strong implication the deaths of Irish loyalists killed 1689-92 fighting for James II and VII.

Thus *Windsor-Forest*'s "clam'rous Lapwings" and "mounting Larks" – Pope's imagination is arrested by the poignancy of birds winging their way to the sky, only to be shot down to earth – suggest not only English and Scottish farm lads killed in action overseas, but also the European farm lads killed in action in their own backyards, in a breadth of Vergilian sympathy:

> With slaught'ring Guns th'unweary'd Fowler roves,
> When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves…
> He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye;
> Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky.
> Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,
> The clam'rous Lapwings feel the Leaden Death:
> Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
> They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air. (125-34)

The pathetic birds anticipate Wilfred Owen's Great War soldiers rushing forward only to be cut down by bullets, whom God caught even before they fell.[37] Pope's explicit sense in this passage is the killing of upland birds with shotguns, but the "Tube" and its "short Thunder" are also cannon and other artillery, and soldiers ordered to charge at enemy lines also "skim the Heath," for a moment, before they are killed by artillery fire (in 1713, this often took the grisly form of grapeshot and other anti-personnel charges). They "leave their little Lives in Air," a reminder of their youth, humble rank, and perhaps the consolation of their souls' departure to heaven; Pope has supplied an answer to his earlier "if small Things we may with great compare" (105). It is easy to understand how warm, well-fed Whig warlords in London, like home-front strategists before and since, readily rationalized disposing of the lives and deaths of soldiers, especially if themselves strangers to combat, but it is harder to understand how the physically-unfit 24 year-old Pope, himself a stranger to combat and even, on biographical evidence, hunting, succeeds in doing so. Pope's poetry has often been dismissed as lacking feeling or human sympathy, but these and cognate passages of *Windsor-Forest* say no; he has gone, not to the ant, but to the pheasant and lark, and learned from them.[38]

Since "small Things we may with great compare," the avian bloodshed in the poem suggests patrician as well as plebeian losses, and Charles I, under the sign of the bleeding pheasant, with his royal "Purple Crest," is not the only martyr-king *Windsor-Forest* calls to mind. Henry VI, pious scion of the Lancastrians, who was murdered in

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[37] Wilfred Owen, "Spring Offensive": "Of them who running on that last high place / Leapt to swift unseen bullets, or went up / On the hot blast and fury of hell's upsurge, / Or plunged and fell away past this world's verge, / Some say God caught them even before they fell."

[38] Perhaps Pope was only practicing what he had heard preached, or read, at Mass or in catechism class. The verse immediately preceding "Go to the ant" in the Vulgate, *Proverbs* 6:5, is "*eruere quasi dammula de manu et quasi avis de insidiis aucupis*" (in the Douay-Rheims translation approved for English Catholics, "Deliver thyself as a doe from the hand, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler"). On Pope's boyhood studies at Twyford and at the grammar school of Thomas Deane in exurban London see Mack, *Life*, 48-52.

the Tower in 1471 on the orders of the usurping Edward IV, began to be venerated as a saint in the decades after his death, and indeed the cult of Henry VI, centered on his tomb in the Chapel Royal at Windsor, was overtaking St Thomas Becket's in popularity in the years leading up to the Dissolution.[39] There is also oblique reference via Charles I to his son James II and VIII, whom Pope honored cryptically, in a literal sense: the grotto at Twickenham had

> [o]ver its entrance… engraved stones of the Crown of Thorns and the five Stigmata. Between the stones, immediately above the Stigmata, is a stone with this inscription cut into it: JR 1696. Maynard Mack suspects that this refers to James II, *Jacobus Rex*, and that the date alludes to the Jacobite assassination plot against William III of that year.[40]

For Pope the ready associations of the falsely-accused and lawlessly-executed King of Kings, and his promised return, with Charles I and his younger son, are close to explicit in the crypt's carvings, and they remain cryptic but legible enough in *Windsor-Forest*.

This thread of bloodshed imagery also brings out the violence latent in grafting: cutting and often destroying two existing growths to forge a single, new one, as in *Geo*. 2.80-82: "*nec longum tempus*, *et ingens* / *exiit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbos*, / *miratastque nouas frondas et non sua poma*" ("Presently / Up shoots a lofty tree with flourishing boughs, / Marveling at its unfamiliar leaves / And fruits unlike its own").[41] Such mixing includes by Pope's unsubtle implication the 1603 union of the Scottish and English crowns in the person of James I, and the two kingdoms' enforced Parliamentary fusion under Anne in 1707.[42] The most prominent instance of this is a "blood grafting" motif in *Windsor-Forest* 319-28, which explicitly invoke "sacred *Charles*'s Tomb." These lines contain what seems a direct response to Marvell's *Last Instructions to a Painter* image of a purple scar where the severed head of state is imperfectly regrafted onto the king's other, politic body, but only after Albion "saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire" in "a dreadful Series of Intestine Wars, / Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars." (The passage's "sacred domes involved in rolling fire" also embroider on Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis* image of St Paul's Cathedral desecrated by Puritans and cleansed by the Great Fire of 1666.) The "dreadful Series of Intestine Wars, / Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars" (325-26), meanwhile, clearly refer to the Civil Wars of

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[39] Eamon Duffy, *The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional Religion in England c. 1400-c. 1580*, second edn (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2005), 195.

[40]Douglas Brooks-Davies, *Pope's* Dunciad *and the Queen of Night: A Study in Emotional Jacobitism* (Manchester and Dover, NH: Manchester Univ. Press, 1985), vii (citing Maynard Mack, *The Garden and the City*, 287). On the widespread devotion to the Five Wounds of Christ in the decades leading up to the Henrician break with Rome, popularized by the Carthusians and Brigittines, see Duffy, 238-48.

[41] The translation is from Wilkinson, 79.

[42] On the tensions and dislocations of the unpopular (especially in Scotland) Union of Parliaments, see e.g. Colin Kidd, "History, national identity and the Union of 1707," in *Subverting Scotland's Past: Scottish Whig Historians and the Creation of an Anglo-British Identity, 1689-c. 1830* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1993), 33-50.

the 1640s and the "purple Deaths" of line 323 to the Great Plague of 1665; as Erskine-Hill has noted, "Inglorious" is specifically a sarcastic glance at "the Glorious Revolution," favorite Whig epithet for the events of 1688-89.

It is clear therefore that under its aspect of mock-georgic *Windsor-Forest* is ironic in the classic sense, consistently saying one thing and meaning another, most frequently by political and religious allegory. In addition to the avian bloodshed passages, this is also evident in Pope's extended allegories of William the Conqueror for William of Orange, and of Henry VIII's Dissolution of the monasteries for William's erastian attacks on Anglican establishment and his post-1689 land confiscations targeting Catholics (though the Dissolution is hated in its own, literal right as well). Putting faith in and practicing *mos maiorum* Pope thus plays a role similar to that of Vergil's *Georgics* speaker, who nods to Lucretius and mechanist materialism as one approach to the natural world but then says that

> *fortunatus et ille deos qui nouit agrestis*
> *Panaque Siluanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.*
>
> He too is blessed who has known the farm gods
> Pan and old Silvanus and the sister Nymphs.[43]

The analogy breaks down there, however, for Vergil's *beatus ille* is also unconcerned with the glitter of courts and the drama of foreign war and high diplomacy, as Pope so evidently and effectively *is* concerned in *Windsor-Forest*.

The Forest and its environs are a peculiarly apt setting for Pope's reflections on the Henrician Dissolution of the monasteries. The ruined Benedictine abbey at Reading lay a few miles west of the Pope house at Binfield, "a thirty-acre precinct of broken columns, bits of tracery, decaying vaults and spandrels, rubble."[44] (By one of history's many ironies Reading Abbey was founded by Henry I, originally as a Cluniac house, in aid of the salvation of the soul of his father William I, hated villain of *Windsor-Forest*.) Numerous other dissolved houses also lay not far from Binfield, in various states of conversion to Anglican or secular use: to the north along the Thames the Benedictine priory of Hurley and the Augustinian priory of Bisham, in Pope's time a manor house (at present, in keeping with late modern devotions, it is a National Sports Centre), while

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[43] *Geo*. 2.493-94, in Mynors (ed.), lii.

[44] Mack, 60. One of Thomas Cromwell's preferred strategies for taking control of monastic foundations was to cajole, threaten, and on occasion bribe abbots and other superiors into surrendering houses and properties, by the legal fiction that the superiors owned and so had a right to alienate them. Reading's last abbot, Hugh Cook, refused to enter into the farce of "voluntary" surrender to the Crown. Like his brother abbots of Glastonbury and Colchester, who also refused to surrender their houses, Hugh therefore had to be charged with high treason; he was sentenced to death by hanging, drawing, and quartering at the abbey gate in September 1539, and Reading's house and lands forfeited to the Crown by attainder. See David Knowles, *Bare Ruined Choirs: The Dissolution of the English Monasteries* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1976), 260-61; P. H. Ditchfield and William Page (eds.), *A History of the County of Berkshire: Volume 2* (The Victoria County History) (London: Archibald Constable, 1907), 62-73, avail. at http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=40057#n88. What is left of Reading Abbey today, mostly rubble cores of walls defaced for building stone, lies in the center of Reading town, near the confluence of the Thames and "The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd" (*Windsor-Forest* 341).

further up the River Kennet were the former Augustinian houses of Poughley and Sandleford, and just across the Thames in Buckinghamshire the abbey of St Mary the Virgin at Burnham, a house of Augustinian canonesses. These "bare ruin'd choirs" in the Thames Valley, like hundreds of others scattered around England and Scotland in 1713, were concrete reminders to the Pope family and other British Catholics of the Henrician revolution, which had inaugurated two hundred years of legal persecution and civic disabilities.[45] Just as important for Pope's rhetorical strategy in *Windsor-Forest*, they were also emotive symbols of the Dissolution's judicial murders, destruction of sacred objects, and seizure of endowments by centuries of testators, which had helped fund the religious houses' hospitality, almsgiving, intercessory prayer, and of course large-scale employment of agricultural and domestic laborers. But now

> The Fields are ravish'd from th'industrious Swains,
> From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes:
> The levell'd Towns with Weeds lie cover'd o'er,
> The hollow Winds thro' naked Temples roar;
> Round broken Columns clasping Ivy twin'd;
> O'er Heaps of Ruin stalk'd the stately Hind;
> The Fox obscene to gaping Tombs retires,
> And savage Howlings fill the sacred Quires.
> Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
> Th'Oppressor rul'd Tyrannick where he *durst*,
> Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his Iron Rod,
> And ser'vd alike his Vassals and his God. (65-75)

At least since Elwin and Courthope's Victorian edition of Pope commentators have thought that this passage, referring unmistakably to William the Conqueror's depopulation of villages and farms to make hunting ground in the New Forest, also alludes to Henry VIII and his Dissolution, which are read intertextually by *Windsor-Forest* through their powerful indictment by Denham in *Coopers Hill*.[46]

This reading can be strengthened, however. Pope's "Fox obscene" who "to gaping Tombs retires" probably allegorizes the Elizabethan Puritan John Foxe, whose *Actes and Monumentes*, hagiographies of Protestants executed by Henry VIII and during the Catholic restoration under Queen Mary, was a staple of Dissenter folk memory and political polemic. Foxe's "book of martyrs" furnished ready-made narratives and tropes for use against British and Irish Catholics (and Anglicans accused of being too soft on them), for instance during the Exclusion Crisis of 1679-82 but also in the last years of Anne's reign, when Dissenters and Anglican Whigs decried the Catholic James III and VIII's potential restoration. For Pope, Foxe's attacks on Mary and the Marian Church, and by implication the majority of English people who apparently welcomed the queen's

[45] On Catholics' and other marginal groups' landholding and legal disabilities after 1688 see e.g. Murray G. H. Pittock, *Inventing and Resisting Britain: Cultural Identities in Britain and Ireland, 1685-1789* (Basingstoke, Hampshire and London: Macmillan and New York: St Martin's, 1997), 44-49.

[46] See Audra and Williams (eds.), 156, n. to lines 68 *ff*.

restoration of traditional usages and doctrines, would have been "obscene."[47] The "gaping Tombs" would then be reliquaries and shrines of saints vandalized and destroyed during Henry VIII's and Edward VI's reigns, in churches now converted to Protestant use, where Foxe and fellow Puritans met for services of preaching and hymn-singing that, to Pope's hostile ear, would be "savage Howlings" in "sacred Quires" that had once echoed to plainchant and polyphony. (The echoes of Shakespeare, sonnet 73, whose "bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang" cryptically hint at the dissolved chantries, are therefore probably conscious.)

This remarkable passage on William/Henry, in which Pope unearths the low-intensity English civil war of the 1530s and 1540s (which on occasion flared up violently, as in the Pilgrimage of Grace rebellion), reactivates the passage at the end of *Georgics* 1 where Vergil says that

> *scilicet et tempus ueniet, cum finibus illis*
> *agricola incuruo terram militus aratro*
> *exesa inueniet scabra robigine pila,*
> *aut grauibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanis*
> *grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris*.
>
> Surely a time will come when in those regions
> The farmer heaving the soil with his curved plough
> Will come on spears all eaten up with rust
> Or strike with his heavy hoe on hollow helmets,
> And gape at the huge bones in the upturned graves.[48]

In *Windsor-Forest* the *grandia ossa* that Pope unearths are, literally, the architectural "bones" of the despoiled religious houses, freestanding as at Reading or overbuilt as at Hurley. Figuratively they are the larger-proportioned religious and political dispensation that existed before the 1530s, when the British kingdoms were integrated into Europe (though not of course into each other) by shared religious *Romanitas* and high-cultural Latinity, and by shared social structures such as Church, feudal aristocracy, and gilds with claims rival to the state's. Pope's poetic labor is thus like that of the Anglo-Saxon poet of *The Ruin*, fascinated and a bit frightened by the bones of Roman buildings scattered through ninth-century England, beyond his society's skill to imitate in lasting stone (the Old English for "build" was, tellingly, *getimbran*). It also resembles Rochester's labor in *A Ramble in St James' Park* where, as I have argued in chapter 2, a forgotten ancient and medieval past of Celtic and Germanic nature-worship is exhumed in the heart of fashionable London, and its ritual sexual aggression and bloodshed

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[47] On the widespread popular support for Mary's partial restoration see Eamon Duffy, *The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional Religion in England c. 1400-c. 1580*, second edn (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2005), 524-64.

[48] Mynors (ed.), xxxiv-xxxv. The translation is by Wilkinson, 72. For a conspectus of English literary-historical engagement with *Georgics* 1's image of the Roman farmer turning up bones of the past while plowing, see Kevis Goodman, "The *Georgics* and the cultivation of mediums, 1660-1712," in *Georgic Modernity and British Romanticism: Poetry and the Mediation of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2004), 1-3.

reenacted (if mostly in will and imagination) by Rochester's speaker, Corinna and the fops, and other inhabitants of the London demimonde.[49]

The *grandia ossa* passage is a strong precursor of *Windsor-Forest*'s memory of Stuart dynastic crises, moreover, because it comes in the context of Vergil's *Georgics* 1 list "of the fearsome portents which marked the divine anger at the assassination of Julius Caesar, [and] the guilt of Rome which is punished by civil war."[50] Pope doubtless intended its echoes in the execution of Charles I and in James II and VII's ouster from power, preceded and followed as they were by "A dreadful Series of Intestine Wars, / Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars" (325-26).[51]

It is important however to remember that the traumas and dispossessions of Catholic and Jacobite Britons and Irish unearthed in *Windsor-Forest* were not only in the Tudor past. In 1713 they were vividly in the present too. As I have argued in chapter 4 in the context of analyzing Gay's *Trivia*, while the "Glorious Revolution" drove James II and VII from the throne with little bloodshed in England, in Scotland and Ireland his ouster and William of Orange's accession in February 1689 triggered civil war, in which the defeat of loyalist forces was followed by proscriptions and killings such as the Massacre of Glencoe, and inevitably by land confiscations and political persecution.[52] "The Fields are ravish'd from th'industrious Swains, / From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes" (65-66) is not just intertextuality with Vergil's first *Eclogue* and a précis of Anglo-Norman and Tudor history. It is also a snapshot of Pope's childhood and adolescence, in which Anglican Nonjurors, British and Irish Catholics regardless of

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[49] It is no surprise that *Windsor-Forest* and the *Dunciad* should show the influence of Rochester. Pope's library included a 1696 octavo edition of Rochester's poems published by Tonson, several of which he marked with a cross, including *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, which shows annotations in Pope's hand. Maynard Mack, *Collected in Himself: Essays Critical, Biographical, and Bibliographical on Pope and Some of His Contemporaries* (Newark, DE: Univ. of Delaware Press and London and Toronto: Assoc. Univ. Presses, 1982), 437-38. Pope's juvenilia include imitations of Dorset and Rochester, such as the poem *On Silence*, which try out satiric motifs and themes that would appear decades later in the *Dunciad*. See John M. Aden, *Pope's Once and Future Kings: Satire and Politics in the Early Career* (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press, 1978), 57-61.

[50] Jasper Griffin, "Virgil," in John Boardman, Jasper Griffin, and Oswyn Murray (eds.), *The Oxford Illustrated History of the Roman World* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1988), 214.

[51] On coded Aenean and Augustan symbolism in a variety of Jacobite texts see Pittock, *Poetry and Jacobite Politics*, 10-11, 38-40.

[52] On the civil wars of 1689-92 and their aftermath see Daniel Szechi, *The Jacobites: Britain and Europe, 1688-1788* (Manchester and New York: Manchester Univ. Press, 1994), 50 ("For nearly a decade [after 1691] Ireland was, almost literally, an occupied country, in which semi-military *coloniae*, such as the Huguenot veterans settled at Portarlington and Lisburn, were planted, and the religious and economic activities of the conquered natives watched and circumscribed."), 67-68 (expulsions of Scottish episcopalian clergy from their livings and "King William's seven ill years"). What Catholic, usually Jacobite, landholding remained in Ireland after the Williamite confiscations was gradually worn down by the Penal Laws, including the 1704 and 1709 acts that forbade Catholics to buy land and otherwise penalized their ownership of it. See also Éamonn Ó Cíardha, *Ireland and the Jacobite Cause, 1685-1766: A Fatal Attachment* (Dublin and Portland, OR: Four Courts Press, 2004), 52-111; J. G. Simms, *The Williamite Confiscation in Ireland, 1690-1703* (London: Faber and Faber, 1956; repr. Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1976), 21-29 and *passim*.

political activities, and all Jacobites of whatever religious or political persuasion were targeted by William of Orange and, early in Anne's reign, the Marlborough Whig government for legal disability, economic harm, and in many cases capital punishment as "rebels" by government soldiers or executioners.

Windsor-Forest is thus doing a paradoxical work. While Pope is ostensibly coming not to praise Britain's cultural past but to bury it, as *Windsor-Forest* is most notably panegyric of a glorious and hopefully Stuart future, he is in fact digging up bones, exhuming the relics, holy and unholy, of monarchs past and exhibiting them to advantage in a poetic attempt to shape the political future for British and Irish Tories, Jacobites, and especially Catholics. Indeed, England's and Scotland's Catholics in 1713 had for the better part of two hundred years buried their religious practice, especially their Christian "Lares" of devotional statuary and crucifixes, in murky secrecy, going underground to avoid the snooping of state spies and police (sometimes literally, in the case of priest-holes and secret chambers where Mass was celebrated illegally).[53] For the Pope of *Windsor-Forest*, the past in 1713 is not dead, it is not even past.[54] Pope though young could personally remember the persecutions and disabilities meted out to his coreligionists and Jacobites by William of Orange, and grew up at Binfield and in the Forest because his City family were like all Catholics banned from London by William and Mary's Ten Mile Act. In the *grandia ossa* of the ruined abbeys and monastic houses of his Berkshire boyhood, moreover, Pope frequently saw the literal, architectural framework of England's Catholic past unburied, and never forgot.

The normal consequence of successful hunting is, as has already been noted, bloodshed – but by the operation of irony sometimes the blood that ends up being shed is that of the hunter rather than the hunted. Pope begins with this elemental reflection, exemplified by the deaths of William II Rufus and William of Orange in hunting accidents (Jacobites said in the case of "the cursed usurper" that it was no accident but Divine Providence), and had he stopped at this *Windsor-Forest* might be read as a highly-aestheticized bit of moralizing. But by poem's end he has gone on to suggest that the contingency of history has not only confounded conquering Williams' politics and frustrated their knavish tricks in the medieval and recent past, but will do so again at the death of Anne, in the form of the accession of James III and VIII and the political nation's disregard of the (to Jacobites and most Tories unconstitutional) 1701 Act of Settlement.

3. *THE DUNCIAD*: GRUBSTREET PASTORAL AS PATRIOT POLEMIC

The closing lines of *Windsor-Forest* look with hope to a Stuart future for the British kingdoms and Ireland, one that will "bring the Scenes of opening Fate to Light" (426).

[53] These persecutions were not, as is sometimes thought, confined to the "cold war" atmosphere of Elizabeth's reign, when hysteria over Spaniards under the beds, real and imagined, led to wholesale arrest, imprisonment, and execution of English Catholics. As late as 1678-1681, multiple Roman Catholic clergy and laymen, including Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn for alleged participation in the Shaftesbury-engineered "Popish plot."

[54] William Faulkner, *Requiem for a Nun*: "The past is never dead. It's not even past."

The English landscape seen by the young Pope of 1713 is blessed with ripening grain, rosy-cheeked sports, and above all a Stuart monarch presiding over peace, if still haunted by the Dissolution's cultural vandalism and religious persecution, and shadowed by the rise of Whiggish mercantilism and empire. But the mature Pope of 1743, when the final, four-book *Dunciad* was published, sees this landscape altogether differently. Thirty years of political opposition and cultural erosion have taken their toll, and Pope darkly reverses his line in Settle's prophecy to Cibber: "Now look thro' Fate! Behold the scene she draws!" (3.127), as Dulness' minions rise orc-like from a blasted British earth. The *Dunciad* depicts the literal countryside, or rather cityscape, covered over by London's dirty, crime-wracked slums; the clear, lordly streams of *Windsor-Forest* in turn become the open sewer of Fleet Ditch. And the cultural landscape closely follows the literal:

> See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
> Behold, and count them, as they rise to light…
> Not with less glory [than *Magna Mater*] mighty Dulness crown'd,
> Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
> And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce. (*Dunciad* 3.129-38)

Yet for all its pessimism the *Dunciad* is satire, often very funny satire, and the *buffo* voice is at least as strong as the *serio*, even if the latter has the last word textually.

The master trope of the *Dunciad* is, like that of *Windsor-Forest*, the river. But instead of the royal Thames and its several emblematic tributaries, Pope now concentrates on the Fleet. In Roman and into medieval times it had been a flowing river and the western limit of the old city, outside Lud Gate, navigable as far north of the Thames as the present Holborn Viaduct (then the site of a bridge). By the early eighteenth century however it was effectively London's most notorious open sewer or, in Rochester's terms, a "Common shore." Clogged with hogwash, butchers' and tanners' waste, and other animal, vegetable, and mineral detritus, its flow was also impeded and lowered by wharves and mill diversions.[55] In Pope's time, the Fleet emptied this *lanx satura* of rubbish and filth directly into the Thames, into which it flowed at the present site of Blackfriars Bridge (and still does, in attenuated sewer-system form, beneath the north end of the bridge).[56]

The *Dunciad* however amplifies the Fleet's noxiousness by assimilating it to the rivers of hell. During the mock-epic games of Book 2 Smedley, a parody Hylas or Aristaeus figure ravished by "Mud-nymphs" named Nigrina and Merdamante, rises from the Fleet and "the wonders of the deep declares." He

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[55] See Cockayne, 194: "London's Field Lane ran parallel to the Fleet Ditch and in 1720 was described as 'nastily kept,' by virtue of 'being inhabited by Butchers and Tripe Dressers on the East side, by reason of the benefit of the Ditch that runs on the back side of their Yards and Slaughter Houses, to carry away their Filth.'" (internal citation omitted)

[56] To be precise, the stretch of the Fleet between Holborn Bridge (now Viaduct) and Fleet Street had been bricked over in 1737, after the first *Dunciad* of 1728 was published, though the river's terminus between Fleet Street and the Thames was not covered until 1765. Sutherland (ed.), 308. See also Pat Rogers, "Artery of Dulness," in *Grub Street: Studies in a Subculture* (London: Methuen, 1972), 145-66. Rogers' classic study is currently set for reissue 3 March 2014 in the Routledge Revivals series.

> Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
> A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
> That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
> And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
> (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice
> Bear's Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
> Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
> Intoxicates the pert; and lulls the grave… (2.330-44)

Three of the *Dunciad*'s core themes are here in miniature: death (Styx), dullness (Lethe), and filth (those "wafting Vapours"). There is a parody of *Geo*. 4.363-73, in which Aristaeus is borne beneath the waves to the sea-nymphs' world and sees rivers rising, including the Eridanus or Po, whose floods loomed as large in Vergil's boyhood memory as the glassy Thames in Pope's. The hellish waters flowing into the Thames are imaginatively assimilated to a handful of state-of-the-art London sewers that moved sewage underground "As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice," and then "Pour[ed] into Thames" directly. They give the dunces and hacks who imbibe "the mingled wave" the worst of both worlds: the grave who drink it lack all conviction, while the pert are full of passionate intensity.[57]

Importantly, moreover, the Fleet in the *Dunciad* contains, as it does in Swift's town eclogues and Gay's "city georgic" *Trivia*, the discarded refuse of livestock and other animals, food crops, and minerals brought into London from around England, Scotland, and Ireland, processed into commodities, then consumed. As Swift describes the Fleet's tributary kennels in the last three lines of "City Shower":

> Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,
> Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
> Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down the Flood.

Emblematically, then, the Fleet discharging its load of these country commodities' *disiecta membra* into Father Thames, still a "silver flood" upstream in the country round Windsor-Forest, is the City's cultural pollution of the larger kingdom, via the nascent mass media of the prostituted hacks and dunces, who produce turgid poems, gazettes, and newspapers for ministerial hire. Pope receives this image from Swift and concentrates intently on one element of it, the pathetic drowned puppies, which he makes larger and more repugnant. Now

> Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
> The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood. (2.271-74)

This discharge carries infection that increasingly drains the realm of light and brings on darkness. London is early-modern Babylon, the great whore that sitteth upon many waters, who has committed fornication with the kings of the earth, especially the illegitimate George I and George II, who is also a plausible "King of dykes" with his

[57] On underground sewers as expensive high technology in the early eighteenth century, see Cockayne, 200.

fondness for barge-borne progresses up and down the Thames, "the silver flood" that he blots by his usurping (on the legitimist view) presence.[58] She is figured by the great mother Dulness, whose creeping darkness wins final victory over order, or in Eliot's version of the *Dunciad*, three hundred years after the first: "Unreal City… Unreal City… Falling towers / Jerusalem Athens Alexandria / Vienna London / Unreal."[59]

4. "TEACH THOU THE WARBL'ING POLYPHEME TO ROAR": GENRE AND INTERTEXT IN *THE DUNCIAD*

The metaphor of the "mingled wave" cuts another way, however, as to genre and mode. The *Dunciad* is, like most Scriblerian satires, aggressively generically hybrid. Pope's summation of the dunces' chaotic genre-practice could be applied, with positive spin, to his own: "How Tragedy and Comedy embrace; / How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race" (1.69-70). The poem's heavy debt to ancient epic, especially the *Aeneid* and the Homeric epics, has been well documented, not least by its meticulous editors.[60] There is also a consistent pattern of allusion to English epic, especially Milton.[61] The *Dunciad*'s reworking of ancient pastoral and georgic, however, is also systematic as I will argue.[62] And crucially, the poem relies heavily not only in tone but in form and theme on Juvenalian satire. Pope is popularly best-known, perhaps, for his 1720s and 1730s cycle of Horatian imitations, but the *Dunciad* transcends them in imaginative scope, philosophic heft, and invective power (not to say prosodic invention). It is the apogee of Pope's satiric poetry, and Georgian poetry's only rival to *Gulliver's Travels*.

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[58] See *Rev*. 17:1-2: "And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters: With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication."

[59] *The Waste Land* 60, 207, 373-76, in *T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays* (London and Boston: Faber and Faber, 1969), 62, 68, 73.

[60] On the *Dunciad*'s close work with the *Aeneid* see e.g. Brooks-Davies, 46-66. James Sutherland edited the revised third Twickenham edition, vol. 5 in the series (London and New Haven: Methuen and Yale Univ. Press, 1963). Pat Rogers has produced a modern-spelling Oxford Authors edition with notes and biographical dictionary (1993). Valerie Rumbold has also produced an edition, based on Sutherland's B text and heavily annotated, for Longman Annotated Texts, *Alexander Pope: The Dunciad in Four Books* (Harlow, Essex and New York: Longman and Pearson, 1999).

[61] On the *Dunciad*'s systematic allusion to *Paradise Lost* see e.g. Brooks-Davies, 66-80. For a reading of the *Dunciad* as a kind of sequel to *Paradise Lost* see Aubrey L. Williams, *Pope's Dunciad: A Study of Its Meaning* (London: Methuen, 1955, repr. Hamden, CT: Archon, 1968), 131: "From Pope's parodying of Milton results a tacit suggestion that the *Dunciad*, like *Paradise Lost*, is about a war between good and evil. Milton's devils appear to revive in a new context, there to prosper so well – as dunces – that they carry to conclusion the work of destruction introduced by Satan: the *Dunciad* ends when the 'dread Empire' of Chaos is 'restored.'"

[62] An exception to the rule that studies of the *Dunciad* mostly ignore its reception of the *Georgics* is Brooks-Davies, 12-33.

The poem's debts to ancient pastoral are noteworthy. Polyphemus makes his customary Scriblerian appearance, in Settle's ironized praise of Italian opera to Cibber: "Teach thou the warbl'ing Polypheme to roar, / And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!" (3.305-06). Cibber's recently-published autobiography – precious, smug, self-adoring, and deftly mocked by Fielding in *Shamela*'s dedication "To Miss *Fanny*, &*c*." by "Conny Keyber" – eminently fit the bill as warbling, roaring, and screaming oneself, like *Idyll* 11's Polyphemus eyeing himself appreciatively in the water or, like the Polyphemus of *Met*. 13 or Euripides' *Cyclops*, boasting that he is, in fact, quite a looker:

> Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
> Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
> But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
> Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint. (4.533-36).

The mention of Polypheme is also a gibe at Cibber for botching the "Noman" or, in Robert Fitzgerald's translation, "Nohbdy" quibble of *Odyssey* 9, in Cibber's translation of *Polifemo*, a melodrama by Nicola Porpora with libretto by Paolo Rolli. Cibber, Pope snickers, has no Greek and small Latin, and is sadly a Monopheme. Jonathan Smedley's sinking beneath the surface of the Fleet (2.291-94), meanwhile, parodies the drowning of *Idyll* 1's celibate Daphnis and, if he died by drowning, Vergil's Caesarian Daphnis in *Ecl*. 5.[63] Pope also adapts Vergil's version of Hylas pulled under by the nymphs in *Ecl*. 6, when Smedley reappears from the mud to report that, deep beneath London, the rivers of hell flow into and pollute the Thames (*Dunciad* 2.331-46).

Silenus and his *Ecl*. 6 song of creation in particular fascinate Pope, as they had fascinated Gay, whose *Shepherd's Week* Bowzybeus and his song are another version of them, as I have argued in chapter 4. Pope reworks Silenus' cooling, condensing heavenly bodies emerging *prima ab origine* (and perhaps the opening lines of *Metamorphoses*) in the scene of Dulness watching hack poems and plays emerge from Chaos, where "Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet, / And learn to crawl upon poetic feet" (*Dunciad* 1.61-62). The drunken, unreliable satyr is also used to figure the deist Matthew Tindal (4.492), whose *Christianity as Old as the Creation* (1730) and other writings were a provoking affront to the orthodox.[64] The scene of Cibber's tasteless stage machinery and special effects, meanwhile, with their laugh-making simulations of cosmic origins, whirling planets, and the like, further reworks the *Ecl*. 6 pretext, with the added interest, in a production of Theobald's forgettable *The Rape of Proserpine*, that

> Hell rises, heavn' descends, and dance on Earth:
> Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

[63] Jonathan Smedley was an Irish Whig clergyman, dean of Killala, 1718, and of Clogher, 1724, who attacked Swift. His name and Irish clerical career make him an uncanny *Doppelgänger*, inverted, of the famous Dean Jonathan S.

[64] Pope's condemnation of deists, however, could make exceptions when the offender in question was sufficiently eloquent; the dubious Anglican clergyman Conyers Middleton, pretty clearly deist if not atheist, earned Pope's praise for his English style. For an enthusiastic appreciation of Middleton in the sarcastic, scoffing style of Middleton himself see Hugh Trevor-Roper, "From Deism to History: Conyers Middleton," in *History and the Enlightenment* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2010), 71-119.

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. (*Dunciad* 3.237-40)

The world is turned upside down, in the microcosm of its aesthetic standards, with "Hell rises" reinforcing the infernal currents welling up to infect Father Thames, and "'Till one wide conflagration swallows all" a harbinger of the catastrophe to come in the poem's last line, when "Universal Darkness buries all."

But the most striking mock-pastoral borrowing, and almost *sui generis*, is the episode of Jove in the jakes. Cloacina stands at his side, reprising her role as sewer-goddess and female lead in Gay's *Trivia*, and places a petition from her votary Curll, the Grub Street bookseller, "next him."[65] Opening with the hackneyed arcadian formula of *locus amoenus* ("A place there is…"), nothing in ancient literature quite prepares for its poker-faced innuendo, excepting perhaps Catullus' and Ovid's gossamer wit in staging dramatic ironies. Moments of comic invention blow up the fire of generic mixture, so Pope borrows tone and theme from Old Comedy and neoteric lyric too: Jove in the jakes and Cloacina's manual ministrations recall Aristophanes' gleeful exposure of excretory embarrassment and Catullus' lighting fires with Volusius' *cacata charta*.[66] The outhouse also owes something to Juvenal's pitiless probing of urban sanitation, but it is Pope's endlessly-deferred gratification of the literal that keeps the humor going:

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils. (2.83-92)

Laterally the only comparison is to Oldham's "Upon the Author of the Play Call'd *Sodom*," a text which will "bugger wiping Porters when they shite, / And so thy Book itself turn Sodomite," or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "The Reasons that Induced Dr S— to write a Poem call'd the Lady's Dressing room" ("She answer'd short, I'm glad you'l write, / You'l furnish paper when I shite"), where obscene or inane texts like

[65] *Dunciad* 2.97-102: "Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call, / From her black grottos near the Temple-wall… Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit, / She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet." Pope's incandescent lines on Cloacina and Curll retroactively intensify Gay's description of Cloacina's son the shoe-shine boy, who "musing stood, / And view'd below the black Canal of Mud, / Where common Sewers a lulling Murmur keep" (*Trivia* 2.171-73). Both Pope's and Gay's images, meanwhile, are reactivated by Eliot's "While I was fishing in the dull canal / On a winter evening round behind the gashouse / Musing upon the king my brother's wreck." *The Waste Land* 189-91, in *T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays* (London and Boston: Faber and Faber, 1969), 67.

[66] Catullus, *Carmen* 36. The conceit of the poem is that Catullus' mistress has pledged to burn the worst poem of the worst poet in sacrifice to Vulcan and Venus, in this case an historical epic by Volusius.

Curll's also furnish welcome toilet paper.[67] But in Pope the wit is wittier, the satire more cutting, because no dirty words are used or body parts named. Innuendo does the heavy lifting, and the ingenious turn of the screw that Jove not only uses but "returns the bills / Sign'd," making him an emblematic Grub Street writer or printer, is apparently unique to Pope.

The *Dunciad* is however in dialogue with ancient didactic at least as consistently as with ancient pastoral. One negative precursor that has been little remarked is *De rerum natura*, though it should be given Pope's criticism of Lucretius, voiced by "a gloomy Clerk," stalking-horse for the theologian Samuel Clarke, or possibly John Toland, author of the deist polemic *Christianity not Mysterious* (1696), to Dulness:

> Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
> Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
> Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
> Regardless of our merit or default. (*Dunciad* 4.483-86)

The *Dunciad*'s opening scene, where the goddess Dulness presides over the spontaneous generation of "nameless Somethings" from Chaos, is probably mockery of *De rerum natura*'s exordium, where Venus as personified lust-principle is said to cause and preside over the emergence of beings onto the shining shores of light.

On the positive side of ancient didactic, by contrast, are the *Georgics*. The *Dunciad* shares with Vergil's poem the superficial, possibly coincidental, isomorphism of being written (in Pope's final draft) in four books, but several passages are unambiguously conscious references. Prominent among them is *Dunciad* 2.181-84, which adapts the *Georgics* scene of the Po in flood to describe Curll's virtuoso performance in a pissing contest:

> So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
> Eridanus his humble fountain scorns:
> Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn;
> His rapid waters in their passage burn. (2.181-84)

The river-god horns mark Curll's cuckoldry, and his "rapid waters" burning "in their passage" signal venereal disease. But there is also a serious side to the reference. In *Windsor-Forest* the horned river-god had been Father Thames in august, royal aspect, emptying "th'exalted urn" into clear streams and presiding over clean-living country lads who go out on the ocean to bring the benefits of *pax Britannica* to a welcoming globe. In the *Dunciad* by contrast the Thames is physically polluted by urine like Curll's and feces like those of "Curl's Corinna" Elizabeth Thomas ("Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop / Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop," 2.71-72), not to say the "Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood" washed into it via the Fleet in

[67] "Upon the Author of the Play call'd *Sodom*" 52-53, in *The Poems of John Oldham*, ed. Harold F. Brooks and Raman Selden (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 344. Pope's Jove in the jakes is also a prolepsis of an unpublished scene in *The Waste Land*. A preliminary draft had included heroic couplets on a Mrs. Fresca who defecates while reading Pope on the toilet, but Eliot discarded them after they were zeroed out by Pound, who commented in the margin that unless Eliot could write couplets as well as Pope, he ought to leave them out.

Swift's "City Shower," *disiecta membra* of dead cattle like those carried by the flooding Po in Vergil. And metaphorically burning with upsurges from Styx and Lethe (not Phlegethon, curiously) the Thames will then carry darkness and dullness abroad into England and beyond to the whole world.[68]

Pope also explicitly echoes *Geo*. 3.43-45, where the baying and shouting of hounds and hunting echo through the forest, with *Dunciad* 2.259-68, where the braying of the blowhard Whig poet Sir Richard Blackmore's is echoed, reechoed through the City as "Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again," and even beyond, as "In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze, / Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze." By these long-eared brethren are meant Enthusiast preachers, whose voices sounded to Pope like donkeys' braying, as they sounded to Gay and Swift like nasal twanging or bagpipe droning. As the Thames spreads the Fleet's contamination beyond the City to the broader world, so Blackmore's turgid, prolix epics and George Whitefield's booming Methodist sermons are broadcast beyond England's shores, even reaching America, where Whitefield enjoyed a Great Awakening vogue, literalizing the *translatio stultitiae* to the west that Pope fears. This unpleasant echo and reecho of the sounds of Dulness, moreover, is a prolepsis of the final, catastrophic reverberation in *Dunciad* 4.605, where the great mother's mighty yawn spreads gently out over London in concentric rings, gradually propagating itself through the rest of the universe, bringing on the silence, sleep, and darkness of Chaos' final triumph.

5. "MAD MATHESIS ALONE WAS UNCONFIN'D": CULTURE-COLLAPSE AND THE METASTASES OF "REASON"

The poem's most suggestive appropriation of the *Georgics*, however, is in two different passages that use the metaphor of bee-swarm. In *Dunciad* 3.27-34 the preexistent souls of the dull, taking the form of Grub Street books, swarm up from the underworld in their millions to be born, "As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly, / As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory" (John Ward, a convicted forger expelled from Parliament, or the hack writer Ned Ward). Pope himself footnotes *Aeneid* 6.309 ff. here, where the souls waiting for Charon's ferry are as many as frost-touched leaves that fall in autumn forests, a figure closely imitated by Dante and Milton in their own epics. For present purposes, however, it is *Georgics* 4 and its rich association of bees with descent to and ascent from the underworld that merit attention. Eurydice, whose wrath at *Arcadius magister* for causing her death leads her to curse his bees, goes down to Hades but (thanks to Orpheus) cannot come back up. In a poignant juxtaposition, Aristaeus *can* return from the watery underworld where he finds and interrogates Proteus, and so too can his bees rise from the dead, as it were, once Eurydice has been appeased by the *bugonia*. The *Georgics* pretext helps Pope to point a sharp irony: the swarming bees in Vergil, which signal renewal of life and the return of rural prosperity, in epitome *pastor Aristaeus*' apiculture, in the

[68] I owe the insight of Pope's omission of Phlegethon to James Turner.

Dunciad signal the City's blighted physical and cultural landscape and the coming extinction of life.[69]

Dunciad 4.79-80 meanwhile adapts *Georgics* 4's *parui Quirites* as masses of head-down, tail-up dunces who cluster centripetally around Dulness, so thick that "Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen / The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen." The concentric circles of bees parallel the concentric waves of braying that spread across London from Whig epics and Dissenter sermons, and they anticipate the concentric waves of Dulness' final, universal yawn that propagate out to engulf all thought and life. They also strongly suggest the *beau ideal* of geometry, the "conglob'd" sphere or circle itself, the figure on which all circumferences or points are drearily, uniformly equivalent, as the dunces and hacks are, and on which the only possible motion is endless recursion to self. Thus, in the scene of the arts and sciences in chains at the foot of Dulness' throne:

> Mad *Mathesis* alone was unconfin'd,
> Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
> Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
> Now running round the Circle, finds it square. (4.31-34)

"Mad *Mathesis*" running riot is the culmination of the metastases of "reason" in Restoration and Georgian satire, personified by Rochester's Corinna the "*Whore*, in understanding" who with her fops "feels, and smells, sits down and walks; / Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rote," or Swift's Lagado academics who obsessively carve food into Euclidean figures.[70] Thanks to Greek and Roman comedy and satire, in fact, "Mad *Mathesis*" is the culmination of 2,000 years of the wise satirizing the knowledgeable. She descends directly from the Socrates of Aristophanes' *Clouds*, where the sensible *georgos* Strepsiades is the measure by which to gauge the solemn insanity of intellectuals who measure flea-feet, or from the dimwit sophisters of Lucian's satiric dialogues, whose later-assigned titles – "The Carousal," "The Lover of Lies," "The Eunuch," "Hermotimus" – speak for themselves.[71]

Fittingly, therefore, in their centripetal rushing "closer, orb in orb" *Dunciad* 4.79-80's bees suggest the purely notional whirling of a Cartesian vortex, or some other nifty but non-accurate account *de rerum natura*. Dulness realizes the dream of Descartes, who per Swift's *Tale of a Tub* hack "reckoned to see before he died, the Sentiments of all

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[69] Aristaeus, elliptically invoked in the *Georgics*' main proem (1.14-15) and protagonist of the *bugonia* epyllion (4.315-558), is called *Arcadius magister* (4.283) and *pastor Aristaeus* (4.317), though neither he nor his epyllion is arcadian in the literary-critical sense. Mynors (ed.), *op. cit.*, xix, lxxxii-xci

[70] An accessible overview of "the mathematisation of nature" in elite thought of the seventeenth century is Michael Mahoney, "The Mathematical Realm of Nature," in *The Cambridge History of Seventeenth-Century Philosophy*, vol. 1, ed. Daniel Garber and Michael Ayers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 702-23.

[71] Already in the fifth century B.C. it would seem that Aristophanes uses the literally georgic, most memorably Strepsiades in *Clouds*, as an implied norm of common sense and earthy wisdom; perhaps the earliest instance in Western literature of using georgic to mock shallow intellectual and literary trends, as Rochester, Swift, Gay, and Pope use it?

Philosophers, like so many lesser Stars in his *Romantick* System, rapt and drawn within his own *Vortex*."[72] Her voracious subjectivity, like Corinna's in Rochester's *Ramble*, gives the fevered appearance of reason but in fact extinguishes it:

> *Wit* shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
> As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
> The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain…
> See skulking Truth to her old Cavern fled,
> Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
> *Philosophy*, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
> Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more..
> See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
> In vain! They gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die. (*Dunciad* 4.633-48)

Rationalism's proverbially-mad attempt to square the circle, literally by mathematical calculations endlessly repeated, figuratively by reducing the plurality of experience to a single axiom or principle, is thus metaphor for the productions of the Grub Street dunces and Walpolean hacks, who reduce poetry to prose and political life to the dichotomy state/individual.[73] They are epitomized by Cibber, whose "Prose and Verse [are] much the same; / This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame" (1.189-90), and for whom crying "Dulness! Whose good old cause I yet defend" (1.165) is more or less the same as crying fair (republican) Liberty and the good old cause of Cromwell.

These dull souls then, as Winnie the Pooh said in another context, are the wrong sort of bees. They are only ascending from the underworld to light so that Dulness may use them as minions to hasten this world's darkening.[74] They are not the *Georgics*' good Roman bees, living in vertically-integrated society, disciplined to the agricultural labor of pollination, harvesting, and food production, and to the social labor of self-denial for body politic. Rather, like Cibber himself, who consumes other writers' texts by plagiarism – Pope recalls "How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug / And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug" (1.129-30) – these are bees from *The Grumbling Hive* and *The Fable of the Bees*, noisy, self-interested consumers, and uselessly busy, like Rochester's Corinna and her fops, about "Abortive imitation" of one another, standardizing themselves to interchangeable parts of a machine. Dulness' Mandevillean bees are imaginatively assimilated to other annoying, menacing insects of Scriblerian satire such as Swift's Irish colonial villain "Dick, a Maggot," the Whig politico Richard

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[72] *A Tale of a Tub*, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 108.

[73] On the philosophical underpinnings of this passage see W. B. Young, "'See mystery to mathematics fly!': Pope's *Dunciad* and the critique of religious rationalism," *Eighteenth-Century Studies* 26 (1993), 435-48.

[74] *Winnie the Pooh*, a classic of children's literature, has also become a classic in the strict sense, joining the select fraternity of English works translated into Latin, under the (slightly barbarous) name *Winnie ille Pu*.

Tighe.[75] Unsurprisingly, therefore, the lines are also a veiled gibe at the recently-deceased "dusky Queen" Caroline, surrounded by circles of flattering drones like Hervey, who in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* is "this Bug with gilded wings, / This painted Child of Dirt that stinks and stings; / Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys" (309-11).

It is of course Proteus in *Georgics* 4 who tells Aristaeus the secret of his bees' die-off and how to reverse it through *bugonia*, and Proteus as metaphor and the protean as theme are prominent in the *Dunciad*. This merits attention because the problem of the protean, in genre and mode as well as theme, is one that the *Dunciad* not only satirizes in Pope's enemies but itself faces. In satirizing a rich variety of targets in several registers, high to low, and in recalling and adapting hundreds of mutually-dissimilar intertexts, tropes, and topoi from two millennia of literature, there is risk of incoherence or at the very least dissonance. The children of Dulness run the protean risk and fail:

> Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
> Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town…
> There motley Images her fancy strike,
> Figures ill pair'd, and Similies unlike.
> She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
> Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
> How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
> How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race. (1.37-38, 65-70)

These generic and thematic "Monsters" are let loose from Grub Street and Bedlam, the location of the great mother's "Cave of Poverty and Poetry," onto an unsuspecting London, where Pope and the rest of the non-dull remnant wonder

> How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
> Less human genius than God gives an ape,
> Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
> A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
> 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
> Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. (1.281-86)

Pope makes Cibber's and Theobald's theatrical productions sound like re-soled shoes. He is walking a nervous tightrope, however. Each time he or Gay or Swift writes a mock-pastoral or mock-georgic text, or indeed any neo-ancient poem or play, Pope too is attempting an "old, reviv'd, new piece," gingerly mixing multiple volatile inflammables – low and high, ancient and modern, British and European – while trying not to blow his own head off as the dunces do.

Pope and his friends, however, run the protean risk and succeed, managing to set up a polyphemic *concordia discors*. In the footraces of Dulness' mock-epic games for instance

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[75] On the complex patterns of insect imagery and symbolism in Restoration and Georgian satire, see Margaret Anne Doody's shrewd, suggestive "Insects, Vermin and Horses: *Gulliver's Travels* and Virgil's *Georgics*," in *Augustan Studies: Essays in Honor of Irvin Ehrenpreis* (Newark: Univ. of Delaware Press and London and Toronto: Associated Univ. Presses, 1985), 145-74. See also Paul Fussell, "'The Vermin of Nature': Hierarchy and Moral Contempt," in *The Rhetorical World of Augustan Humanism: Ethics and Imagery from Swift to Burke* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), 233-61.

> Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
> He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
> So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
> Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. (2.127-30)

Gay, in *The Shepherd's Week*, his town eclogues, and especially *Trivia*, is like Pope in the *Dunciad* presented with the *disecta membra* of Greek and Latin pastoral and georgic, remembered in discontinuous parts like Orpheus floating on the Hebrus and scattered through the fields, or the bull-calf beaten to death in the *bugonia*. But he deftly recombines these in satiric mode, breathing new life into the ancient genres, just as Abortive imitators like Philips or "Joseph Gay" (a pseudonym used by Curll for some of his no-name authors) are mummifying Theocritus and Vergil into "classics," draining away vital scabrous, sexual, and skeptic themes to leave only a shriveled arcadian corpse.[76] Gay, and by implication his friend and (younger) mentor Pope, can like Aristaeus force Proteus to assume a stable "nobler shape" and say something coherent. Curll and his hacks by contrast wrestle with the demon but come up only with a weak, mewling puppy ("Namby Pamby"), or, Rochester-style in *Tunbridge Wells*, a gibbering, mocking ape (Cibber in his autobiography).[77] And no wonder, for their polyphemism is unlike Pope's merely *discors* without *concordia*, worse even than the devils' universal hiss in *Paradise Lost* 10, which was at least symphonic:

> Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
> The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
> 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
> And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
> Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
> And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart. (2.235-40)

It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, as when Dulness invites her journalist and poetaster minions to

> 'Sound forth my Brayers, and the welkin rend'…
> So swells each wind-pipe; Ass intones to Ass,
> Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
> Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
> High Sound, attemp'red to the vocal nose;
> Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
> There Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine. (2.246-58)

There is more than one wind-pipe in the human body, and since Pope's dunces and hacks invert tails over heads like Rochester's Abortive imitators, the reader guesses that it is not the trachea. Ass is not arse, in Pope's time or ours, but the homophony is intentional, and as each intones to each in a seamless ring of imitations and all "bellow," the reader is

[76] On "Joseph Gay" see Sutherland, 111.

[77] "So the beargarden Ape on his Steed mounted / No longer is a Jackanaps accounted / But is by vertue of his Trumpery then / Call'd by the name of the young Gentleman." Rochester, *Tunbridge Wells* 174-77, in Love (ed.), 53-54.

made to think of Swift's Dissenter preachers anally inspiring one another with bellows: "At other times were to be seen several Hundreds link'd together in a circular Chain, with every Man a Pair of Bellows applied to his Neighbour's Breech, by which they blew up each other to the Shape and Size of a *Tun*."[78]

It is no surprise therefore, given Pope's (good) protean project, that in addition to ancient pastoral and georgic the *Dunciad* notably reactivates tones, topoi, and themes from ancient satire. As the poem is satire not of an individual or a taste or a profession, or even a whole people, but the metastasis of all modern culture, the Horatianism of the *Moral Essays* is insufficient to Pope's task. (The first three-book *Dunciad* was published in May 1728, but Pope made continuous changes throughout the 1730s as he was writing his imitations of Horace, up to and including *The New Dunciad*, the long fourth book that appeared in March 1742, and the definitive *The Dunciad, in Four Books* published 29 October 1743.) The moral scale and polemical intensity of the *Dunciad* require the use of Juvenal. Indeed, although the *Dunciad*'s most consistent formal or structural debt is to the *Aeneid*, the *Iliad*, and other texts of ancient epic, as has been well established, it has mostly escaped analysis that the *Saturae*, especially *Sat*. 3 (the wicked city), *Sat*. 7 (the preferment of dunces and hacks over the solidly learned), and *Sat*. 10 ("the vanity of human wishes") are the strongest tonal and thematic precursors of Pope's last, greatest satire.

Of course Juvenal himself, at the beginning of the second century, had already begun to amalgamate satire with pastoral, or bucolic, and georgic, in keeping with satire's ancient and modern tendency to engross other genres into itself. Roman satire's programmatic metaphor was the *lanx satura*, or full platter, a dish of first fruits or one containing a bit of everything, so that what Quintilian defined as a "completely our," *i.e.* non-Greek, genre beginning with Lucilius was explicitly theorized as a diverse thematic as well as generic assemblage.[79] *Sat*. 3's narrative frame, for instance, of Juvenal in dialogue with his friend Umbricius, who is departing to the countryside for good, echoes *Ecl*. 1's between Tityrus and Meliboeus, the one happy to be staying on his land, the other dispirited and going into exile. And *Sat*. 9 is a scathingly funny dialogue between an unnamed speaker and Naevolus, a male prostitute, which parodies *Ecl*. 2, even quoting Corydon's self-absorbed lament "Ah Corydon, Corydon!"[80] Naevolus himself has to engage in literal, abject mock-georgic, rhetorically asking Virro, the *cinaedus* who pays him (but not much) for penetration:

> *an facile et pronum est agere intra uiscera penem*
> *legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae*?
> *seruus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum*

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[78] *A Tale of a Tub* sec. 8, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 100.

[79] For an accessible conspectus of the *lanx satura* topos see Llewelyn Morgan, "Satire," in *A Companion to Latin Literature*, ed. Stephen Harrison (Malden, MA and Oxford: Blackwell, 2005), 174-75.

[80] Frederick Jones, *Juvenal and the Satiric Genre* (London: Duckworth, 2007), 124-27. On Juvenal's use of an ironic *persona* as speaker, rather than himself, in *Sat*. 9 see Susan H. Braund, *Beyond Anger: A Study of Juvenal's Third Book of Satires* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1988), 130-77.

quam dominum. (*Sat*. 9.43-46)

> Do you think it's nice and easy to thrust a proper-sized penis
> Into a person's guts, encountering yesterday's dinner?
> The slave who ploughs a field has lighter task than the one
> Who ploughs its owner.[81]

The fall-off from Vergil's *Georgics* 1 farmers digging up *grandia ossa* of the Roman past, or scattering seed in fertile earth to grow new crops, is steep. Like Rochester's "Antient Pict" in the *Ramble* who sterilely "Friggs upon his *Mothers* Face," Naevolus is sowing where he will not reap; *pace* Swift, no gaudy tulips will be raised here.[82]

Pope for his part reactivates *Sat*. 3's Codrus, the destitute urban poet who lives in the second-century Roman equivalent of Grub Street; when Curll is abashed at his failure to catch John Gay, Dulness in pity gives him "A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread / On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed" (*Dunciad* 2.143-44). Indeed Pope like Juvenal is called on to produce cryptic histories in verse satire, since the Muses, including History, are also in chains at Dulness' feet

> But sober History restrain'd her rage,
> And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.
> There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
> Had not her Sister Satyr held her head. (4.39-42)

Pope, like Juvenal, or Persius or Tacitus, lives in an age when it is dangerous for comedy (Thalia) to criticize the *princeps* and his venal ministers directly, or to write and publish a candid "sober History" of one's own times. The alternative is to wait until he has been assassinated, in the case of Domitian, or thinly disguise him as "Dunce the second" and his consort as the great mother Dulness, in the case of George II and Caroline.

But only thinly. Thanks to innuendo, that sharp two-edged sword of Restoration and Georgian discursive practice (an allegorical way of speaking or writing *and* of reading, which got Dr Sacheverell and Pope's friend Bishop Atterbury into hot water), the wasp of Twickenham manages to sting even through a thick text.[83] Anticipating the mock-*locus amoenus* of Jove in the jakes which will shortly follow, he ends *Dunciad* book 1 on a high note which makes the royal dunce, and his stalking-horse Cibber, look very low indeed:

> So when Jove's block descended from on high
> (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
> Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
> And the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save King Log!" (1.327-30)

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[81] Clausen (ed.), 117 and Rudd, 81. Rudd gives "ploughs" for "*foderit*" to take advantage of English idiom but the literal meaning is "to dig" or "to ditch."

[82] Rochester, "*A Ramble in St*. James's Park" 14-18.

[83] For the dual senses of innuendo see David Womersley (ed.), *Gulliver's Travels*, long note *s. v.* "Inuendo," in *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 16 (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2012), 454-59.

Even the painfully literal, like John Wilkins or Bishop Sprat, or Bentley, could not miss the ironized scatology here, which outdoes Swift's in "The Lady's Dressing-Room" because there we are told that what Celia drops "must not be exprest" (both senses), but then is.[84] In Pope nothing is explicit, everything deniable. Jove is raining down boons, answering prayers directly without the mediation of Cloacina and paper "bills / Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils." The Grub Street frogs have croaked for a king, as the Whigs and Dissenters did in 1688 and 1714; the *Georgics*' *pater ipse*, who gives his Roman farmers hard work, gives the English Cibber, and George of Hanover.

The thundering "bog" or jakes (still British slang for the American "toilet," as "jacksies" for buttocks) reminds us that, in early modern London, residents whose sanitation was advanced enough to include an outhouse often built it out over a waterway, such as Fleet Ditch, with predictable results for public nuisance and public health.[85] Like Ben Jonson, who penetrated up the Fleet by boat, if only in poetic imagination, in his "On the Famous Voyage," and saw outhouses fouling the waters with waste that then dispersed out to the rest of the city, Pope's speaker follows the dunces and hacks to the banks of London's "Common shore," where he turns their insanitary practices into fertile metaphor:

> As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
> One circle first, and then a second makes;
> What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
> Like motion from one circle to the rest;
> So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
> Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads. (2.405-10)

Pope, with his painstaking Vergilian care to make the poem's structure and system of symbols echo themselves internally, uses this ripple of witless nodding to ring changes on the orbs or circles of bad Grub Street bees, conglobed courtier-like around Queen Dulness, and to foreshadow the poem's end, when concentric waves of the great mother's yawn, which the dunces abortively imitate as they do everything else, bring on the "Universal Darkness" that swamps London, England, and the rest of the world.

Jonson's poem, unlike the *Dunciad*, is searingly graphic about the Fleet and its contents and punchy with four-letter words, which perhaps explains its historical obscurity. They both report satirically, however, on the physical and cultural bog they find there, though with the difference that Jonson's speaker returns to tell the tale while

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[84] On Wilkins, a Royal Society fellow whose *An Essay Towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language* (1668), advocated "a 'noise'-free, pure system of words or signs," see Goodman, 24-26. See also D. E. Mungello, "European philosophical responses to non-European culture: China," in *The Cambridge History of Seventeenth-Century Philosophy*, vol. 1, ed. Daniel Garber and Michael Ayers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998), 93, 95-96 (Wilkins' *Essay* proposed, like works by Comenius, Leibniz, and numerous others, "a new universal language using the criteria [of] simplicity, generality, modesty of expression, vitality, and brevity").

[85] Emily Cockayne, *Hubbub: Filth, Noise and Stench in England, 1600-1770* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 2007), 200: "Most human excrement did not enter the basic sewage system because it was collected in cesspits to be removed by night-soil men for spreading on fields, but some solid human waste did reach the fluvial currents."

Pope's, of course, is caught up in the final catastrophe.[86] Curiously, the *Dunciad* is a sort of early-modern *Heart of Darkness*, two hundred years *avant la lettre*: a voyage of exploration on a dark river, physically and culturally polluted by the greed, lust, and cruelty of exploiters and exploited alike, toward a fabled but fundamentally dull (if evil) *genius loci*, where the modern subject makes the dismaying discovery that by eagerly seeking himself, following an *ignis fatuus* (fame, wealth, power, ersatz "reason") deep within, he has only reached a great emptiness, where the light flickers out and he is totally isolated from his fellow men, and finally himself.

Importantly, both the individual bogs or jakes and the larger, municipal bog of Fleet Ditch into which they empty discharge raw sewage into the London environment, inevitably causing a variety of unpleasant effects, not least epidemiological; the Fleet and other open sewers played at least an indirect part in the Great Plague of 1665, which may have killed between 75,000 and 100,000 people, by providing ready food for rats and other plague vectors.[87] The most important such effect for present purposes, however, is the methane and other sewer gases produced by rotting organic matter: not only sewage but the vast quantities of refuse washed into the Fleet, Thames, and other waterways from the kennels, or thrown into them directly from slaughterhouses, grocers' shops, tanneries, pigsties, and multiple other sources, not to say the vast quantities of animal dung from thousands of horses and other draft animals (when not collected for sale as suburban fertilizer), and livestock and poultry driven to Smithfield and other locations for slaughter.[88] It is these volatile bog gases or miasmas, and their propensity to ignite as *ignis fatuus*, moreover, that furnish the *Dunciad* with one of its core themes: the flickering, untrustworthy "inner light" of religious Enthusiasm and bogus speculative reason.

Pope refers to the London bogs' miasmas euphemistically in the scene of the mock-epic diving contest, where Smedley relates what was told him by Nigrina, Merdamante, and the Fleet's other "Nut-brown maids": the rivers of hell percolate into London's waterways from below, along with "wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams" (2.335-46). The "wafting Vapours" are at once literal and figurative: malodorous gases given off by rotting City waste, and hazy fantasies of personal, political, and cultural eminence and progress. But because the Fleet is also being "tinctur'd" with waters from Styx, river of the dead, and Lethe, river of forgetting, these are false dreams. For the Grub Streeters are morally inert, taking the Walpole *apparat*'s money to write against whomever they're told (this mercenary cynicism makes them

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[86] On Jonson's "[n]ot exactly satiric… species of whimsical mock-heroic: daringly contrived, but not altogether successful," see Rogers, *Grub Street*, 160-61.

[87] A contemporary eyewitness account to complement Pepys' diary and Defoe's much-later (1722) *Journal of the Plague Year* is *Loimographia: an Account of the Great Plague of London in the Year 1665* (London: Shaw, 1894), avail. at http://pds.lib.harvard.edu/pds/view/7337307. It was written by a physician named, ironically enough, William Boghurst.

[88] Not all early-modern London animal, vegetable, and mineral rubbish was simply discarded and wasted, however. In seventeenth-century London "goungefermours," or grunge-farmers, scavengers and muckrakers, were employed at public expense to keep the streets clear and clean of rubbish and filth, at least in theory, and saleable commodities such as horse manure were if possible salvaged and "would be transported by barge to fertilise fields and market gardens" surrounding the city. Cockayne, 184.

contemptible even to readers who may not share Pope's Opposition, Catholic, and crypto-Jacobite scorn for their Whig and Dissenter values). And they are culturally amnesic, Moderns deliberately, smugly ignorant of the Ancients. The underworld sends up both true and false dreams, as Pope knows from *Aeneid* 6, and the hacks and dunces' are false, as their preexistent souls swarming up beelike from the underworld (also through the gates of ivory no doubt) are lost.

These vapors recur at two crucial points in the poem. The first is at the opening of Book 3 when Dulness appears with "th'Anointed head" of Cibber "repos'd" on her lap – a poor contrast to James III and VIII and the elegant Mary of Modena, still poorer to the *Pietà*. "Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue," which suggests that she has filled the room with flatulence, and immediately "raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, / Which only heads refin'd from Reason know" (3.3-6). Cibber, whose head and tail are like all dunces' inverted, has "the seat of sense" in his seat, and Pope makes "raptures… o'erflow" sound scatological; at all events his head or mind is "refin'd from Reason," the sociable, Rochesterian kind, and turned subjectively inward like his mother, who is "in her Temple's last recess inclos'd" (3.1). The utopian vapors fill Cibber and others and, ignited as *ignes fatui*, guide them to grief:

> Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
> The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
> The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
> And Poet's vision of eternal Fame. (3.9-12)

The second recurrence of the vapors is at the poem's catastrophe, the propagation of Dulness' vast yawn:

> Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
> Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
> The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
> Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept" (4.613-16).

Pope here emphasizes the Arendtian banality of modern evil. In the age of Walpole (sardonically figured as Palinurus the *Aeneid* helmsman) and Whitehall bureaucracy, darkness and chaos come in the form of profiteering prime ministers, bloviating Parliamentary committees, and Foreign Office timeservers, so that the Stuart dynasty, Anglo-Latin literary culture, and light and life themselves, end not with a bang but a whimper.

It is worthwhile here to recapitulate the *Dunciad*'s emblematic trajectory. The outputs of Britain's agriculture, and figuratively its "country" literary culture, are appropriated, commodified, and consumed by the City, which emits material and cultural waste products in return, that cannot be neutralized and assimilated back into the earth as they can in the country. Yet the same animal, vegetable, and mineral *disiecta membra* (Swift's "Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood," turnip tops, and coal ash) that are noxious pollutants when expelled into the densely-populated, built environment of the city, are harmless, useful fertilizer when composted, burned, and/or plowed into rural soil, or in the case of vegetable refuse, pig feed: valuable biodegradable assets. A great deal of them are dumped or washed into the Fleet, figuring the cultural *abiecta* emitted by the Grub Street dunces and hacks. Pope hints at the analogy of literal

to cultural waste and pollution in the scene of Dulness' "black troop" in procession "Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet," emitting as they go:

> 'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
> In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
> So clouds replenished from some bog below,
> Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow. (2.359-64)[89]

Once in London's waterways these wastes, literal and cultural, decompose and give off miasmas, some of which ignite as *ignes fatui* that, winking in the night, lead the naïve deeper into spiritual darkness and finally to grief, as Dulness' suffocating "Vapour mild" snuffs out what are left of the genuine cultural lights:

> *Religion* blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares *Morality* expires.
> Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
> Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*! (4.649-52)

Things have gotten so bad, that not even the "*private*" Flame of religion and morality "dares to shine"; it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness, especially in Pope's (crypto-)Jacobite grotto and Marian garden, but even that solace is now denied the virtuous.

With *ignis fatuus* and "wafting Vapours" Pope is extending and deepening a satiric topos that Marvell, Rochester, Swift, Gay, and others had deployed before him.[90] In Marvell's "The Mower to the Glo-Worms," Damon says that the titular insects are an "officious Flame" to show the right way to "wandring Mowers" who "in the Night have lost their aim, / And after foolish Fires do stray" (lines 9-12). A decade later, the "foolish Fires" and their generative bogs reappear in Rochester's metaphor of pseudo-objective reason as *ignis fatuus*:

> Reason, an Ignis fatuus of the Mind,
> Which leaving Light of Nature, sense, behind;
> Pathless and dangerous wandring wayes it takes,
> Through Errours fenny boggs and thorny brakes…
> Huddled in dirt the reasoning Engine lies,
> Who was so proud, so witty and so wise.[91]

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[89] On the procession of the dunces as influenced by Pope's recollections of Lord Mayors' processions and other City pageantry, see Pat Rogers, "The *Dunciad* and the City of London," in *Documenting Eighteenth Century Satire: Pope, Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot in Historical Context* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars, 2012), 263-97.

[90] The topos is a staple not only of satire. *Paradise Lost* 9.634-42, where Satan, crest blazing as he leads deluded Eve to the tree, is figured "as when a wand'ring Fire… Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way / To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool, / There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far."

[91] Rochester, *A Satyre against Reason and Mankind*, 12-15, 29-30, in Love (ed.), 57-58.

Gay for his part uses the dim light of a single lantern in *Trivia*, as I have argued in chapter 4, to figure the unreliable guidance of private judgment (a common name for *ignis fatuus* is jack-o-lantern), which imagines that its partial, limited cognitions are actually exhaustive, universal knowledge:

> a dim Gleam the paly Lanthorn throws
> O'er the mid' Pavement; heapy Rubbish grows,
> Or arched Vaults their gaping Jaws extend,
> Or the dark Caves to common Sewers descend.
> Oft' by the Winds, extinct the Signal lies,
> Or smother'd in the glimm'ring Socket dies. (*Trivia* 3.335-40)

The "Winds" are of course simply that commonest of gases, air, in motion, and one suspects that when the "dim Gleam" that "smother'd in the glimm'ring Socket dies," it is the "Vapour mild" (*Dunciad* 4.615) of Dulness that is responsible, rising from "the dark Caves [that] to common Sewers descend." It both creates delusive light, *ignis fatuus*, and then, when a naïve individual has taken it for his private guide, extinguishes it. Both are created by the rotten cultural productions of hacks and (learned) dunces, as one philosophic, political, or poetic fad after another flares up, only to be extinguished by another, and so on in turn. Swift, of course, fiendishly unites miasma and wind in the same figure, to devastating satiric effect, for instance in the literal, anal *in-spiratio* of Dissenter preachers in *A Tale of a Tub* (1704), swollen with piped-in wind and eager to discharge it into their passive disciples.

Pope is playing with fire, however, in using the *ignis fatuus* and allied topoi. Pope must keep a complex system of emblems or symbols spinning in the *Dunciad*, giving each a quick turn and hurrying round the circle; on occasion one looks as though it will fall. In Cibber's tongue-in-cheek prayer to Dulness for instance he figures Wit, that most prized Restoration and Georgian commodity, in terms uncomfortably like those used for the dunces' and hacks' "foolish fire" of subjective reason and inner light:

> And lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
> Secure us kindly in our native night.
> Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
> Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
> Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
> And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! (1.175-80)

Wit too is a moving, flickering light, so Pope must be at pains to suggest that it, unlike *ignis fatuus*, is not self-generated from within by rotting waste. It must not lead to glistening conjectures in airy abstraction from reality, like the "curious cobweb" of Swift's rationalistic spider whose "materials be nothing but Dirt, spun out of [its] own Entrails (the Guts of *Modern* Brains)" so that "the Edifice will conclude at last in a *Cobweb*."[92] Pope's "coxcomb mak[ing] pretence" to Wit but barricaded away from "Sense," meanwhile, reactivates Rochester's *Ramble* fop who "wanting common Sence,

[92] Swift, *A Full and True Account of the Battel Fought last Friday, Between the Antient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library*, in Marcus Walsh (ed.), *Jonathan Swift: A Tale of a Tub and Other Works* (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 152.

th'ingredient, / In choosing well, not least expedient, / Converts Abortive imitation, / To Universal affectation."[93]

Unsurprisingly, given this Sense-less subjectivity ("Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find / Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind," 3.251-52), Pope's dunces exhibit another quality of Rochester's fops and their *Ramble* exemplar Corinna: a Juvenalian inversion of head and tail. Thus "bold Arnall, with a weight of skull," competing for an ingot of lead and a bundle of "Weekly Journals" in Dulness' Fleetside diving contest, shoots headfirst into the mud

> With all the might of gravitation blest.
> No crab more active in the dirty dance,
> Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
> He brings up half the bottom on his head,
> And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead. (2.315-22)

It is quite natural for him to bring up half the bottom on his head, for his bottom *is* his head. Like other hacks who enthused over the "liberty" of the Walpole administration for pay – he billed the government £568 for "writing and printing *Free Britons* and for writing some miscellaneous pamphlets" over a three-month period in 1731-32 – Arnall is causing not only journalistic but moral standards to sink slowly into the mud (thus Pope's earlier, prose satire *Peri Bathous*), "Downward to climb." And with their endlessly-repeated shallow bromides about Hanoverian "enlightenment" and "progress," developments actually leading to the dumbing-down of higher learning in the British nations and Ireland, and to the growth of an increasingly powerful, invasive state apparatus, he is going "backward to advance."[94]

With their bone heads down and their dirty tails up, indeed, these crabwise scuttlers epitomize that broadest category of *Dunciad* villain: the wise fool, a venerable satiric topos whose pedigree can be traced to the Socratic flea-measurers and anal astronomers of Aristophanes' *Clouds*.[95] There, shallow-trendy Socrates tells the skeptical, sensible *georgos* Strepsiades that the unholy trinity who preside over fifth-century B.C. Athens' new learning are "great Chaos, the Clouds, and Bamboozle."[96] These heavy, impenetrable, and above all disordered deities are remote but direct ancestors of *Dunciad*'s Dulness, who descends from them by way of medieval allegories of Stultitia, Erasmus' Moria (though unlike Pope's queen of night Moria is on the side of light after all), and other goddesses. The votaries of these vaporous Clouds, meanwhile,

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[93] Rochester, *A Ramble in St. James's Park* 55-58, in Love (ed.), 77.

[94] So Sutherland, 428. Arnall "seems to have been the most highly rewarded of all Walpole's hacks."

[95] When the sensible old farmer Strepsiades asks what Socrates' "Thinkery" students are doing bent over with heads to the ground, he is told they are studying the underworld. When he asks "Then why the arsehole peering at the sky?" he is told that it is "[l]earning astronomy on its own." *Clouds* 191-94, in N. G. Wilson (ed.), *Aristophanis Fabulae*, vol. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2007), 144, ed. and trans. Jeffrey Henderson, *Aristophanes: Clouds, Wasps, Peace* (Cambridge, Mass. and London: Harvard Univ. Press, 1998), 33.

[96] The translation is by William Arrowsmith, in *Aristophanes: Three Comedies* (Ann Arbor, MI: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1969), 38.

anticipate Dulness' Lagado Academy-style linguists and "philologers," who read ancient texts (and modern, in Bentley's case) closely but upside down with

> The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit, [which]
> Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
> How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
> Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
> When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea. (4.233-38)

Dulness' radically-positivist textual critics, including the Bentley collaborators named by Pope, painstakingly catalogue and dissect the trees but entirely miss the forest. Pope is no doubt emulating himself in the *Essay on Man*, where the speaker tartly asks

> Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
> For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
> Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
> T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heavn'n? (1.189-92)

There is also a close analogy in "the critic Eye" and "the microscope of Wit" to Swift's jaundiced view of Royal Society experimentation in *Gulliver's Travels*, where Lagado stalking-horses for Hooke, whose *Micrographia* had magnified fleas' "whole frame" to monstrous proportions, get *scientia* exactly backwards, like the idyllicizing speaker of *Upon Appleton House* who says of cattle on pasture that

> They seem within the polisht Grass
> A Landskip drawen in Looking-Glass.
> And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
> As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
> Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
> In Multiplying Glasses lye.[97]

That last "lye" is not only "to be located" but "to say the thing that is not"; that is not how fleas actually look, before the distortions of prosthesis. These wise fools, Swift and Pope imply, should do as Gulliver himself and cast a "critic Eye" on the Brobdingnagian "hairs and pores" that mar human moral character, and treat these first, before devising ingenious technologies Socrates-fashion to measure flea-feet. Such exercises are fascinating but unnecessary, and to the extent they displace and even obviate humanist learning "rooted in classical rhetoric" rather than "in classical philology and science," affirmatively harmful.[98]

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[97] *Upon Appleton House* 457-62 (stanza 58), in Margoliouth (ed.), 77. On Hooke and *Micrographia* as outlining a program for the empowerment of the senses rather than the mind, and Margaret Cavendish's, Locke's, and even Bentley's uneasiness about a freakishly-sensitive "microscopic eye", see e.g. Goodman, 22-23, 43-47.

[98] Levine, 120. On the fertile cross-pollination of the *Dunciad* and Swift's verse and prose see Dustin Griffin, *Swift and Pope: Satirists in Dialogue* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 148-57.

Not surprisingly, the next generation find it easy to tune out "classical" learning of this kind, and instead embrace the sottish "sentimental education" of the Grand Tour. In Pope's exemplum, a spoiled English lordling abroad in Jove-like fashion

> Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
> Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
> All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
> And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound! (4.319-22)

The "*Air*" is the aria of Italian opera, which on Pope's cranky Menckenesque view teaches only bad taste and bawdry, but in a *Dunciad* context it necessarily suggests the miasmal *in-spiratio* of Dissenter religion and the insubstantial puffery of the new learning.[99] Or else they internalize the classics in all too literal a fashion, as when "Annius" the pedant numismatist (probably the virtuoso Sir Andrew Fountaine) ingests a hoard of Roman coins to avoid being robbed of them, with predictably fruitful results for allegorizing interpretation, and for comedy:

> "Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
> (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
> Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
> Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
> To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
> Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
> There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
> And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand." (4.387-94)

Comment here would be gilding the lily, except to observe that this is a very bad retrieval of the Greek and Roman past indeed. As with Cibber in Cloacina's "black grottos near the Temple-wall… Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit, / She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet" (2.98-102), the hard impact of Pope's almost clinical scatology is only multiplied by "soft" implication of manual anal penetration.

Pope's good retrieval of the Greek and Roman literary past in *The Dunciad*, by contrast, has a literal analogue in contemporary retrievals of the ancient material past in Britain. During 1676 dredging to deepen the increasingly clogged Fleet Ditch, workers found

> at a depth of fifteen feet… coins… of silver, copper, and brass… At Holborn Bridge, thrown away by spoilers or dropped by thieves, were two brass Lares (about four inches high), one a Ceres, the other a Bacchus, both covered with a petrified crust.[100]

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[99] Mencken: "Opera is to music as a bawdy house is to a cathedral."

[100] "The Fleet River and Fleet Ditch," in Walter Thornbury, *Old and New London: Volume 2* (1878), avail. at http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=45112. As already noted, what was in the Restoration Holborn Bridge has since become Holborn Viaduct, crossing east-west over Farringdon Street, which becomes Farringdon Road north of Charterhouse Street; from the Viaduct south to the Thames, Farringdon Street and New Bridge Street closely follow the channel of the now covered-over Fleet. Thanks to the vicissitudes of demographics Clerkenwell, adjoining (then) Fleet Ditch and (now) Farringdon Road on the east, has in recent years been "gentrified" after being primarily an industrial area in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, becoming a desirable address for urban professionals.

The workers also found other Roman and Saxon artifacts in what had been, a thousand years and more before, a free-flowing river. Their amateur early-modern archaeology is a literal fulfillment of the prophecy at the end of *Georgics* 1, where Vergil says that a time will come when the *agricola* or *georgos* (literally earth-worker) will turn up rusty evidence of violence serenely covered over, including helmets empty of heads, and dig up the bones of civil wars past. Of course the *grandia ossa* and ancient spears and helmets that Pope figuratively unearths in the *Dunciad* are primarily ancient Greek and Roman texts, including Theocritus, Vergil, and Juvenal, which he then miniaturizes and ironizes to suit the pettiness and vice of Cibber, Settle, Curll, and the rest of the dunces and Grub Street hacks.[101] The effect is akin to that achieved by Swift in *The Battel of the Books* where he depicts Dryden, in his attempts to imitate Vergil, as a tiny head in a huge helmet, "even like the Lady in a Lobster, or like a Mouse under a Canopy of State, or like a shrivled Beau from within the Pent-house of a modern Perewig."[102]

But Pope also moves obliquely to unearth the literal, material past beneath the City and its "King of dykes" in the *Dunciad*, as I have argued in chapter 2 Rochester unearths another such past beneath St James' Park. The climate of political speech is much chillier in 1743 than in 1713 for oppositional figures of course; the *Dunciad* can not be so outspoken as *Windsor-Forest* about the evils of the Henrician Dissolution and the civil wars, low- and high-intensity, that followed it for 200 years, and would not finally be over until the year after Pope's death when the 1745 Jacobite rising failed (narrowly) to restore Stuart rule in Britain and Ireland. That an image of Ceres had been unearthed from the once-rural, now-urbanized Fleet in Charles II's reign may well have been unknown to Pope (he and Swift made a point of lampooning numismatists and other antiquaries, unless they were friends or patrons).[103] It does however give special point to his agrarian prediction in the *Epistle to Burlington* that

> Another age shall see the golden Ear
> Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
> Deep Harvests bury all his [Timon's] Pride has plann'd,
> And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.[104]

Ceres, or Demeter, had a rather literal valence for most Roman and Greek *devotés*, including no doubt the Roman Briton who lost the image of her dug up in Fleet Ditch. She was efficient cause of the growth of crops, as in the invocation of and throughout *Georgics* 1, and a practical appeaser or sender of hunger, as in *Metamorphoses*' tale of

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[101] For a conspectus of English literary-historical engagement with *Georgics* 1's fertile image of the Roman farmer turning up the bones of the past while plowing, see Goodman, 1-3.

[102] *A Full and True Account of the Battel Fought last Friday, Between the Antient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library* (1710), in *A Tale of a Tub and Other Works*, ed. Marcus Walsh (vol. 1 of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*) (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2010), 158. For a discussion of Swift's satire of Dryden as praise of Vergil, see chapter 3.

[103] See Pat Rogers, "Pope and the antiquarians," in Rogers, *Essays*, 240-60.

[104] *Epistle to Burlington* 173-76.

Erysichthon and the oak. (Our more allegorized sense of Ceres is influenced by Romantic and Victorian treatments such as Keats' "To Autumn" and Tennyson's plangent *Demeter and Persephone*.)

But in *Windsor-Forest* and the *Epistle to Burlington*, where Timon's sterile gardens and parks revert to *laetas segetes*, Pope gives Ceres overtones of the Christian Blessed Mother, especially by juxtaposing her to the virgin Diana and the chaste Queen Anne.[105] Such cryptic devotion to the Virgin Mary and the proscribed religious and political *ancien régime* with which her cult was associated in 1713 may find an objective correlative in the layout of Pope's garden at Twickenham, as Malcolm Kelsall has suggested.[106] (Pope's correspondence and other biographical evidence do not neatly confirm or deny his personal devotion.)[107] What is more, it may contain hints of devotion to another exalted Mary: the Jacobite queen mother, Mary of Modena. At *Windsor-Forest*'s publication she was alive and well at the exile court in St Germain and, if Jacobites and many Tories from Oxford and Bolingbroke on down (and France, Spain, the Papacy, and most other European powers) could realize plans for James III and VIII to succeed his half-sister Anne, she was poised to resume her throne as first lady of the British kingdoms and Ireland.[108] There is an implicit contrast with the great mother Queen Dulness, who unlike *Windsor-Forest*'s chastely fruitful Ceres and Queen Anne, and by innuendo Mary of Modena and the Virgin Mary, is life-stifling and may be infertile (Cibber may be her son by adoption or spontaneous generation rather than birth). Pope's persistent agricultural fertility imagery, moreover, is of a piece with a whole system of coded Jacobite political allusion, widely used in a variety of often plebeian and, importantly for political safety, unattributable opposition media.[109]

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[105] On the dense network of Britannia/Astraea/Venus/Ceres/Virgin Mary imagery and symbolism in Dryden's post-1688 Vergil translations, well-known to Pope, see Murray G. H. Pittock, *Poetry and Jacobite Politics in Eighteenth-Century Britain and Ireland* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994), 27-28 (citing Stephen Zwicker, *Politics and Language in Dryden's Poetry: The Arts of Disguise* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1984), 120, 202, 253).

[106] Kelsall, "Landscapes and Estates," in *The Cambridge Companion to Alexander Pope*, ed. Pat Rogers (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2007), 166: "The climactic feature of the garden was (ultimately) an obelisk dedicated to the memory of Pope's mother, *matrum optima*… Pope had written about constructing a cathedral from trees, and Serle's [Pope's gardener] diagram resembles the floor plan of a Palladian church (hence Roman Catholic) with columnar aisles, central dome, and either lady chapel or high altar marked by the obelisk. *Matrum optima* may allude to another mother, blessed among women. Catholics were forbidden to erect places of worship, but here A. Pope has built his church to Nature's God."

[107] On the elusiveness of Pope's private devotional life see Mack, 62-65.

[108] The twenty-four year old James was still single in 1713, not marrying until 1719, when he wed the Polish princess Clementina Sobieski in Italy. For a narrative account of this troubled union see Frank McLynn, *Bonnie Prince Charlie: Charles Edward Stuart* (London: Pimlico/Random House, 2003), 3-22 and *passim*. On Tory ministerial negotiations with James III and VIII, which broke down in March 1714 shortly before Anne's death, see Daniel Szechi, *Jacobitism and Tory Politics 1710-14* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 1984), 182-93.

[109] On agricultural fertility imagery in Jacobite media, see e.g. Paul Kléber Monod, *Jacobitism and the English People, 1688-1788* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1989), 62-69. See also Murray G. H. Pittock, *Material Culture and Sedition, 1688-1760: Treacherous Objects, Secret Places* (Basingstoke, Hampshire and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013).

The return or restoration of the blessed mother and her premodern agricultural piety, who is unstably exemplified by Anne, Ceres, and even the Virgin Mary, cryptically, is a key motif running right through Pope's work, from *Windsor-Forest* through the *Epistle to Burlington* to the final version of the *Dunciad*. While the motif is Vergilian and perhaps Theocritean, and ultimately Hesiodic, it finds what is for present purposes its most suggestive ancient expression not in pastoral or georgic but in Juvenal, *Sat*. 10, where the underlying country breaks through and at last breaks up the city. The context is Juvenal's monitory observation that

> *patriam tamen obruit olim*
> *gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido*
> *haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae*
> *discutienda ualent sterilis male robora fici,*
> *quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris*.
>
> Often states have been ruined
> By a few men's greed for fame, by their passion for praise and for titles
> Inscribed in the stones protecting their ashes – stones which the boorish
> Strength of the barren fig-tree succeeds in splitting part;
> For even funeral monuments have their allotted life-span.[110]

The last line in particular sounds like a sardonic rejoinder to Horace's design for a poetic monument *aere perennius*, but the passage's importance for present purposes is its remarkable image of the country in and undergirding the city, a quiet but persistent reality also animating Rochester's *Ramble*, Swift's mock-georgics, and Gay's *Trivia*, as I have suggested in chapters 2, 3, and 4. But in *Sat*. 10, however, as it does with Timon's tacky and indeed arcadian parterre in the *Epistle to Burlington*, the country has the last laugh, as forces largely inscrutable to *homo calculans*, which he is able to harness and to use or misuse, but not replicate (the growth of trees and grain from seed), cover over and destroy his proud works, gradually transforming them not to empty ruins but *laetas segetes*, ripening fruit, grazing livestock, and, pollinating the crops, humming bees.[111]

Indeed a core theme of the *Dunciad*, as of other mature satires by Pope, Swift, Gay, Rochester, and others, is that no human endeavor, private or political, including virtuous living according to norms inherited from medieval Christian civilization, can guarantee against possible suffering and, for the individual, certain death in the end (though there is always the hope that family, village, and at the broadest scale Church or culture will perpetuate themselves and survive). This humanist commonplace, ancient, medieval, and early modern, has in the interim become unfamiliar in dominant Western ethical and political narratives, so that it needs retrieval and restatement to make the *Dunciad* and peer satires comprehensible to twenty-first-century Western readers. Analyzing the *Georgics*' shared assumption with *Gulliver's Travels* that man and beast have in this world "no continuing city," in the context of Vergil's sympathetic attention

[110] *Sat*. 10.142-46, in Clausen (ed.), 126. The translation is by Rudd, 91.

[111] On the similarity of the imagery and language in this passage to contemporary Jacobite balladry and popular poetry on Prince Charles Edward as restorer of fertility to British and Irish earth, see Pittock, 83.

to the faithful, hardworking plow ox and his melancholy death, Margaret Anne Doody has shrewdly noted that

> It is ironic that the simple, wholesome "natural" existence does not save the animals from Nature herself, nor can such an existence be counted upon as insurance for man. The life of the flesh involves susceptibility to inexplicable and undeserved pain, disease, and death… the final point of Virgil's irony is that even a life of exercise, vegetarian diet, abstinence from wine, and freedom from mental stress – an ideal that the poet ironically suggests can best be discovered in the life of a domesticated animal – affords no protection against suffering.[112]

If man (and beast) have in this world no continuing city, they nevertheless have no continuing country or *rus* either; that would be arcadian error, and Pope does not commit it, despite the tempter's blandishments in his youthful *Windsor-Forest*. The slums of Grub Street and the sewer of Fleet Ditch, not to say Timon's sterile parterre and parks, were like Rochester's St James' Park once livestock graze and water, or land under *agri cultura*; they will be again, the mature Pope reflects, in a kind of reversal of *Aeneid* 8's vision of the Forum and Rome's posh Carinae district as, once upon a time, Evander's cow-pastures. But there is no guarantee that they will not, at some yet more distant point in the future, become slums and sewers and indeed parterres again, and so on in turn, in a vicious circle worthy of Dulness' conglobed bees. The *Dunciad*, for all the darkness of its vision of higher culture in ruins, at least offers Pope, and the reader, the consolation of *some* sense of an ending, however somber. Perhaps apocalypse may with any luck herald the eschaton, *kairos* and an end to *chronos*, and so escape from a nightmare even worse than apocalypse: the possibility that history really *is* just one damned thing after another.

[112] Doody, 168-69.

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The benefit of farting explain'd, or, the fundament-all cause of the distempers incident to the fair sex, enquir'd into : Proving a posteriori most of the dis-ordures in tail'd upon them, are owing to flatulencies not seasonably vented / wrote in Spanish by Don Fartinando Puff-indorst, professor of Baumbast in the University of Crackow and translated into English at the request, and for the use, of the Lady Damp-fart of Her-fart-

shire by Obadiah Fizzle, groom of the stool to the princess of Arsimini in Sardinia (London: 1722).

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