

VIII Self-portrait in Ruins

Leptis Magna is not the only imported Roman ruin in Britain. In London, the catacombs of Sir John Soane's Museum display statues, altars and fragments of architecture, piled in the shadows as if they had been excavated hours before. Light trickles into the subterranean labyrinth from skylights high above; there are no windows, so there are no views of the modern city outside. As soon as the front door closes the visitor is no longer in central London but, rather, inside the imaginative world of the museum's founder. The great architect died in this house at No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1837, and the interiors have not been altered since. The museum was created as a form of autobiography, and its collection has been described as 'treasures salvaged from a shipwrecked dream'. I worked there for five years, and it required five years to begin to understand John Soane's obsession with ruin. Few architects have better understood the illusions and ironies of their medium. And no man has ever been more distrustful of posterity than Soane.

Born the youngest son of a bricklayer in 1753, Soane rose to rival John Nash as the most successful architect of Regency London. He was an architect of genius who designed some of the most beautiful interiors in Britain, and in his professional practice he was punctilious, efficient and

worldly. In his private life, however, he was introspective, melancholy and quarrelsome. Soane was the first architect to bring to the world of bricks, mortar and property development the *Sturm und Drang* of the Romantic movement, as personified by the painters Henry Fuseli and Benjamin Robert Haydon. Inspired by Rousseau and by Goethe's *Young Werther*, this generation of artists of the 1780s invented the idea that creative genius was identified with uncompromising self-expression – and that the consequence of the refusal to compromise was misunderstanding, persecution and failure. In the painter's garret this idea had its charm, but Soane was architect to the Directors of the Bank of England, the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister. He had to hang his Romantic cloak in a cupboard.

The tensions between these two sides of his personality were expressed through the metaphor of ruin. This first appeared when in 1795 he rebuilt the Stock Exchange, which was then a circular domed hall within the Bank of England complex. He celebrated its completion by commissioning a painting from Joseph Gandy, a young architect who had been studying in Rome until Napoleon invaded. Gandy immediately demonstrated a genius for painting perspective representations of his master's designs, and remained Soane's visualising amanuensis for the next thirty years. Each year the paintings were exhibited at the Royal Academy's annual exhibition.

The week after Gandy painted the Rotunda intact, he presented Soane with a second painting in which he imagined the same structure in ruins. The City of London is suddenly a wilderness, a desolate landscape as *disabitato* as Rome in the Dark Ages. The caryatids which supported the



View of the Rotunda of the Bank of England in Ruins by Joseph Gandy, 1798. John Soane's assistant, Gandy, imagined the Bank of England when London was a wasteland.

lid of Soane's dome are silhouetted against a menacing sky, silently watching the *calciatori* who are pillaging marble to burn into lime. Soane's Bank was demolished in 1925 and photographs in *The Times* have an uncanny similarity to Gandy's vision, even down to the demolition men swinging their pickaxes. As ever, posterity is a dab hand at dramatic irony.

But why was the painting made? It was not exhibited at the Royal Academy until Soane retired more than three decades later. It might have been motivated by the public criticisms of the design of the new Rotunda; certainly, ruins came to express the architect's sense of persecution. An anonymous poem called 'The Modern Goth' ridiculing the design of the Stock Exchange was read aloud to great



Gandy's prophesy came true when the Bank was demolished in 1925, as pictured by *The Times* on 1st May.

hilarity at a dinner of the Architects' Club held in Soane's absence: his innovation of decorating a surface with incised patterns of abstract lines, for example, was described as 'pilasters scored like loins of pork'. Soane sued for libel, unsuccessfully. In his *Memoirs* he presented the episode as evidence of how 'a *corps collectif* was organised against me', a group which – so he claimed – continued to persecute him until the end of his life. Soane was the first British architect to insist upon a recognisable, personal style of design, what journalists call 'signature architecture' today. It was not an issue of marketing in Soane's case, however, but the Romantics' belief in individual self-expression.

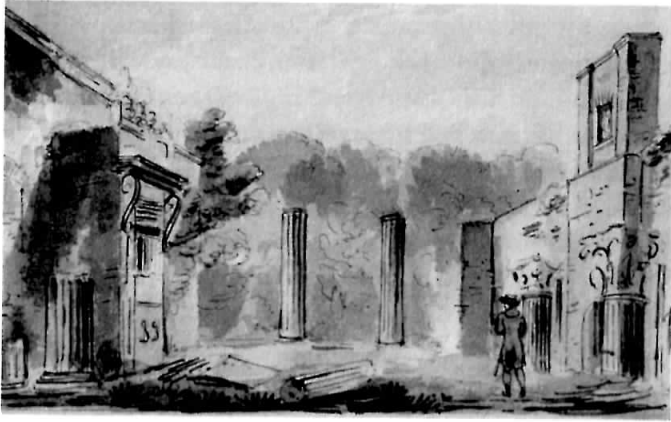
The artist Gandy shared Soane's visionary approach to architecture, and also his refusal to compromise. Yet he lacked his master's ability with clients and lived and died in graceless penury, often relying on hand-outs from Soane in order to feed his children. As Soane grew older, he commissioned Gandy to paint increasingly fantastic visions of London as a 'new Rome' with a procession of arches, columns and palaces advancing from Kensington Gore to Whitehall. It is almost as if Gandy was an expression of one side of Soane's personality: like Dorian Gray's portrait in the attic, he was nurtured and fed in order to keep alive the patron's ideal of his profession.

In 1830 Gandy painted one of the finest architectural drawings ever made in Britain, a bird's-eye view of the entire complex of the Bank of England in ruins. The drawing celebrated Soane's completion of the complex after forty-five years as an architect, in which time the Bank had become a city in itself with a fortified perimeter wall pierced by gateways designed in the form of triumphal arches. Now he retired, telling the Directors that the project was 'the pride and the boast of my life'.

But why present his life's work as a ruin? It is a puzzle. First, is this indeed a ruin? It might be seen as a type of drawing called 'a cutaway axonometric', a device to lift the lid of a building and expose the ingenuity of its ground-plan and the quality of its construction. In the words of Daniel Abramson, 'a combination of plan, section and elevation – the totality of Soane's achievement is represented: interior and exterior, construction and decoration, substructure and superstructure, all publicly revealed like a model on a table-top'. Soane was particularly proud of the mighty stone walls,

designed to resist the assaults of French soldiers or British revolutionaries. As a lecturer on architecture said at the time, the Bank was 'massive and noble, its construction of genuine brick, iron and stone. When London is fallen ("and such as Memphis is, London shall be!", *Old Play*) this building along with those of Wren, and the bridges, will be almost the only ruins left to indicate its present greatness.' Peering closely at the drawing, we see that its mood is very different from the earlier view of the Rotunda: each column is upright, no stone is mouldering, and except for the trees in the Governor's Garden there is not a whisper of menacing vegetation. The site is as pristine as a desert excavation. If the ruins of London were to be uncovered by archaeologists of the future the flimsy brick-and-stucco terraces flung up in Regent's Park by his rival John Nash would have disappeared into oblivion, but the remains of the Bank would be as impressive as those of classical antiquity.

In addition to commissioning these fantasies, Soane also built two artificial ruins: Gothic in Lincoln's Inn Fields, classical at his country house in Ealing, Pitshanger Manor. When he was forty-seven years old he built Pitshanger as a country refuge for the family. The choice was a deliberate act of autobiography, however: his first job in the architect's office had been to assist in the erection of a new wing at the old manor house, and this extension was the only block he did not demolish after buying the estate. Two years later, in 1802, he announced to the press: 'There has lately been discovered in the manor of Pitshanger at Ealing the remains of a very ancient Temple, which for the satisfaction of all lovers of antiquity I shall describe': the ruins of a colonnaded structure behind the kitchens, with an altar that



View by George Basevi, one of Soane's pupils, of the ruins at Pitshanger Manor, 1810. At his country house in Ealing, Soane created a classical ruin which he pretended was a Roman temple discovered while constructing the kitchen block, visible at the left.

suggested the site of a Roman temple, and 'in clearing away a part of the ground a large Horn was discovered which makes me conclude the Temple was consecrated to Jupiter Ammon'.

The ruin was, of course, a hoax, and this manuscript a pastiche of the type of article which antiquarians regularly contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A semicircular colonnade and a sunken archway faced the back wall of the kitchen, in the centre of which was a blocked doorway flanked by fluted Corinthian columns. These forms were couplets and quatrains of classical architecture, quotations fractured from the original text, as in Wyattville's folly at Virginia Water. And like Wyattville, Soane depended upon his audience's imagining that the site had been submerged by the debris of previous centuries. But that by itself was too

simple for Soane. If the doorway rested upon the ground, why were the columns buried so deeply? His trick was to choose as his model the temple at the sacred spring of Clitumnus, near Spoleto, exceptional in Roman architecture as having a doorway at first-floor level, leading to a balcony from which 'Priests or Magi delivered their exhortations or oracles to the people below'. The buried columns were therefore the ground floor, and the doorway the balcony above.

These 'finds' were presented to friends who came for the three days of Ealing's summer fair in 1804, and who were invited to suggest their own reconstructions of the tumbled fragments hidden under brambles. It was a parlour game, and Soane later admitted that 'one of my objects was to ridicule those fanciful architects and antiquarians who, finding a few pieces of columns, and sometimes only a few single stones, proceeded from these slender data to imagine magnificent buildings'. But what was built as a *jeu d'esprit* in the prime of life acquired a sinister aspect in his old age. He had hoped that the environment he created at Pitshanger would inspire his teenage sons to become architects and that John, the elder of the two, would be the first of a dynasty of Soanes to reside there. But after ten years he accepted defeat and sold the estate. John Jr did train as an architect but was idle and passionless, and did very little with his life before succumbing to tuberculosis in 1823. Happening to pass through Ealing shortly afterwards, Soane took the opportunity to revisit Pitshanger. 'Oh John, John, what has idleness cost you!' he wrote in his diary that evening. In hindsight, his disappointment focused on the ruin. When John was an undergraduate at Cambridge 'I recommended

to him to restore the ruins of Pitshanger, an idea with which he expressed great satisfaction, and I flattered myself that on his return from college I should have seen his sketches and ideas on the subject. In this I was disappointed.' The non-appearance of the drawings was the first indication of the tepidness of his son's enthusiasm for architecture. We can only speculate on the psychological implications of the exercise: a puzzle whose only correct solution is locked inside his father's mind.

The new owner of Pitshanger demolished the ruins and built a coal-store in their place. In a final codicil to the story, two years before his death in 1837 Soane published a volume of views of the estate in which he pretended that the site had been excavated to reveal a mosaic pavement and battered statues. The disappearance of the folly enabled him to embellish what had actually existed behind the kitchens, adding columns, urns and sculptured bas-reliefs. These additions were copied from the façade of the house itself, tempting us to wonder if he is visualising his former home as a ruin. Soane had designed its façade to be 'a picture, a sort of self-portrait' of an architect and connoisseur at the height of his success. Are these views made thirty years later a self-portrait in ruins?

The second artificial ruin Soane built survives in a courtyard at the rear of the museum at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The 'Monk's Yard' is one of the oddest spots in London, a Gothic cloister and tomb which connect to the Monk's Parlour and Cell, two small rooms illuminated by stained glass and decorated with Gothic souvenirs. The sequence of spaces has been described by Helen Dorey, the historian of the Museum, as a 'Gothic novel in miniature'. In the guide-

book he wrote Soane pretended that he had discovered the remains when digging the foundations of his new house: in medieval times, he explained, this had been the hermitage of a monk named Padre Giovanni. In fact, he had assembled the ruin from pieces he had salvaged in his role as architect to the old Houses of Parliament, once the medieval Palace of Westminster, which was subsequently destroyed by fire. The arches of the cloister were thirteenth-century window-frames from the House of Lords, while a projecting canopy once sheltered a statue in its niche on the façade of Westminster Hall. Although the ruin was built in 1824, Soane continued the Picturesque tradition of the eighteenth century in knocking together the fragments of various centuries in order to create a stage-set; indeed, he had visited Lenoir's Jardin Elysée in Paris. The tomb itself is inscribed *Alas Poor Fanny!*, as if Padre Giovanni had withdrawn into seclusion because of a broken heart. But Fanny was Mrs Soane's beloved pet dog, and its tiny coffin still lies in the Monk's Grave. Soane was satirising the contemporary hysteria for the Gothic, as Jane Austen had done in *Northanger Abbey*. But he was also concealing a genuine sadness. Soane's beloved wife Eliza had died two years after he built the house, and he lived alone for the last two decades of his life. Padre Giovanni is 'Father John', and the hermit in his cell became an *alter ego* of the lonely old architect.

Soane's most astonishing image of ruin is in a manuscript he wrote entitled 'Crude Hints Towards the History of My House', in which he imagines an antiquarian of the future picking over its ruins. 'Crude Hints' was never published, and has been described as the oddest document in the

history of architecture. The manuscript ends in a splutter of exclamation marks, and is inscribed with three dates – 30 August, 7 September and 22 September: it was written in three spurts of rage during the summer of 1812 when his new house at No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields was under construction.

Soane imagines that after his death his house is occupied by lawyers, and then falls into disuse. It is supposed to be haunted, and for several centuries no one enters, until a curious antiquarian pushes open the door. The pieces of Soane's collection were a trail of clues as to the purpose of the building. 'A Votive hand and foot indicate this building to have been a temple – and the *cornu ammonis* designates it as dedicated to Jupiter', the archaeologist writes on discovering the statue of the god Jupiter and the horn-shaped fossil which still stand in one of the courtyards of the museum today. However:

The Columns describe a Colonnade of a kind almost peculiar to Convents, and as these Columns are of the Ionic or feminine order it is reasonable to conclude from thence that it had been a convent of Nuns, & not a Heathen Temple. The Sphinx, The Griffon & Lamb carry us very far back into Antiquity – & the flat vaulted Ceiling of the great Crypt is in itself so truly Egyptian that –

A halt; the exploration is erratic. Soon the antiquarian is wondering whether it might have been 'the residence of a magician', and if a prominent statue is 'this very necromancer turned into marble' as a punishment for his

audacity. There is no staircase, and peering into the black depths of the well he wonders if this is where Vestal Virgins were buried alive.

There was no staircase when Soane wrote, because No. 13 was under construction. Half-built became half-ruined in his eyes as a consequence of a series of events that summer which caused his persecution complex to return. The first hint as to what really happened is when the antiquarian relates a legend of how the design of the façade caused such offence to 'lovers of pure architecture' that 'an officer yclept the district Surveyor . . . boldly entered his veto against this particular work'. Soane is referring to what we call a planning dispute today. Two weeks before he began writing, the district surveyor had knocked on the door and instructed him to demolish the stone verandah which projected 3 feet 6 inches beyond the building line specified by the Building Acts. Soane refused, and took his case to the High Court. He won, but simultaneously he was suspended from his post of Lecturer in Architecture at the Royal Academy. He had attacked a rival's design for the new opera house in Covent Garden, and it was against the rules to criticise a fellow Academician in a lecture. Soane's sense of isolation was reflected in the fictional antiquarian's conclusion: the ruin in Lincoln's Inn Fields was not a temple, convent, or magician's lair but the home of a persecuted artist, who 'from a pure love to promote the interests of Art . . . raised a nest of wasps about him sufficient to sting the strongest man to death'. Did he ever – wonders Helen Dorey, who has transcribed the manuscript – picture himself buried alive in the basement catacombs? Soane finished his first draft as follows:

he saw the views of early youth blighted – his fairest prospects utterly destroyed – his lively character became sombre – melancholy, brooding constantly over an accumulation of evils brought him into a state little short of mental derangement, his enemies perceived this – they seized the moment – they smote his rock & he fell as many had done before him and died as was generally believed of a broken heart.

But why ‘a broken heart’? In the last version the ending placed more emphasis on the failures of his children:

What an admirable picture to show the vanity & mockery of all human expectations – the man who founded this place fondly imagined that the children of his children would have inhabited the place for Ages & that he had laid the foundation of an establishment which would daily gain strength and produce a race of Artists that would have done honour to their Country – Oh what a falling off do these ruins present – the subject becomes too gloomy to be pursued – the pen drops from my almost palsied hand.

The broken heart was caused by his younger son George, whose delinquency coincided with the disputes at the High Court and the Royal Academy. George had more spark than his brother John, but refused to become an architect. Determined to be a playwright, he had joined Bohemian society and was continually pestering his parents for money. On the third occasion Soane refused and George was consigned to the debtors’ prison. He never forgave his

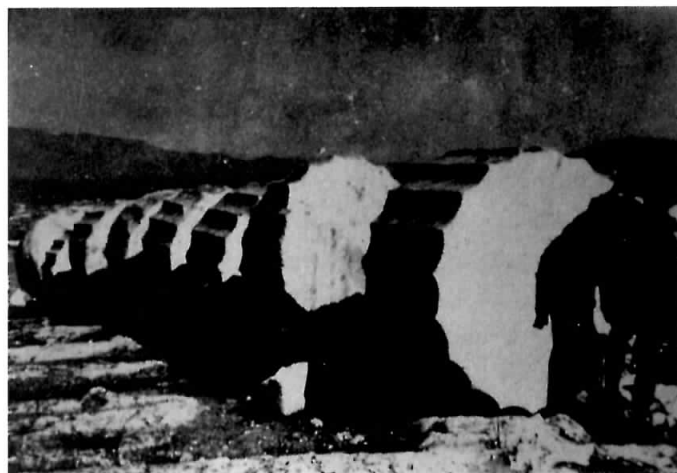
father and three years later, in 1815, penned two anonymous attacks on ‘Soanean’ architecture in a London newspaper named *The Champion*. Eliza Soane was ill when she read the article but rose to exclaim, ‘This is George’s doing. I can never hold up my head again. He has given me my death blow.’ Six weeks later she died, and afterwards George was exposed as the author. Soane pasted the *Champion* articles on to a blackboard which he placed on display in the house. Its label was a piece of wood as heavy as the proverbial blunt instrument, inscribed with the words *Death Blows Given by George Soane*.

Father and son did not speak again, and the quarrel cast a shadow over the remaining twenty-two years of Sir John Soane’s life in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. At the age of eighty, in 1833, he gave his house and its collection to the government by an Act of Parliament. One clause specified that the curator ‘shall keep it as nearly as possible in the state in which Sir John Soane shall leave it’. His chair has not moved from the fireside, and the clock still ticks on the mantelpiece, as if your host has just stepped out for a moment. Indeed, Soane opened his house to the public on Sundays and it is not too fanciful to imagine him concealed in the shadows and listening to the whispered speculations of visitors; it was his chance to eavesdrop on the judgement of posterity. The museum remained closed, however, on ‘wet or gloomy’ days: its magic depended upon a blue, Mediterranean sky.

The moment the Act became law Soane placed a marble bust of himself in the Dome of the museum. The image – as imperious as Caesar, promised the sculptor – commanded centre stage, asserting the permanency of his bequest. However, the fragments of classical architecture and



Soane's bust presides over a scene of suspended ruin displayed in the domed space at the centre of his museum at No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields.



Like Soane at Agrigento, many young architects have measured themselves against the giants of the classical world. This photograph of Le Corbusier (Charles Edward Jeanneret) in the Acropolis, studying a fluted column, was taken by his friend Klipstein in 1911.

sculpture surrounding the bust give the irresistible sensation of imminent ruin – or ruin perhaps momentarily suspended. The contrast between fragility and permanence illustrated the unresolved dialogue in the founder's mind: having no deep religious conviction, he based his hopes of immortality on architecture. And yet, architecture was so flimsy . . .

My mind always returns to an image in the lectures he gave to the students at the Royal Academy, when he analysed the Greek temple of Jupiter Olympian at Agrigento in Sicily. Its Doric columns were the second biggest in all antiquity and by way of illustrating their vast girth, Soane described how a man could lie inside one of their grooves. He had arrived in Agrigento in the winter of 1779, a

scholarship student travelling with three close friends. It was perhaps the happiest time of his life. Tired of wandering through the columns which lie scattered in the dust like giant, chopped celery, the tall, skinny youth stretched out inside a flute to rest. For the next fifty years his life was a heroic struggle to measure himself against the grandeur of antiquity.

IX

The Ozymandias Complex

To the Royal Academy audience in 1830, Soane's picture of the Bank of England in ruins was a prophecy of the end of London. For, as we have seen, travellers to the ruins of antiquity were not only contemplating past greatness but also considering the future of their own societies. Babylon and Memphis, Mycenae and Troy, Athens, Carthage and Rome: why not London?

Soane's view of the Bank shared the walls of the Royal Academy exhibition with a multiplicity of designs by architects proposing the reconstruction of London as a city as magnificent as ancient Rome. Neo-classical splendour befitted a city which was the richest and largest in the world, the capital of a nation which had been victorious at Waterloo in 1815. It was in the years after the defeat of Napoleon that Nelson's Column was erected in Trafalgar Square, triumphal arches rose on Constitution Hill, and a colossal bronze of Wellington in the guise of a naked classical warrior was erected in Hyde Park. The wealth of this new Empire flowed from trade and navigation: the Bank of England and Royal Exchange were as monumental in their design as the Roman Forum, and in many of the architects' designs we see merchantmen unloading the tribute of the globe on quays ornamented with marble colonnades, bronze statues and mighty flights of steps. In *The Golden Bowl* (1904) Henry

Notes

The place of publication is London, unless otherwise stated.

I *Who Killed Daisy Miller?*

Michiel Sweerts is one of the most enigmatic and admired Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, the subject of several studies by Rolf Kultzen. Born in Brussels in 1618, his training as an artist remains a mystery but by 1646 he was recorded as living in Rome; on his return from Brussels in 1656 he opened a life-drawing academy and at the same time began to reveal his religious fanaticism; it is this, I imagine, which explains the painting in the Rijksmuseum. Sweerts joined a party of Catholic missionaries travelling through Syria to the Far East, and he died in Goa in 1664.

For the disappearance of classical Rome, the *disabitato*, and the appearance of the ruins to Christian pilgrims in the early Middle Ages, see Richard Krautheimer, *Rome: Profile of a City, 312–1308* (New Jersey, 1980). Rodolfo Lanciani (1847–1929) drew his conclusions in *The Destruction of Ancient Rome* (1906) and his letters to the fine arts journal *The Athenaeum* were published as *Notes from Rome*, edited by Anthony L. Cubberley (British School at Rome, 1988). These are the best eye-witness accounts of excavation in the years after unification; Lanciani was one of the leading archaeologists of the period, but had an eye to the

Picturesque beauties which have since disappeared. *The Eagle and the Spade* by Ronald Ridley (Cambridge, 1992) is a vivid study of the first systematic excavations in the Forum, those made during the Napoleonic occupation of Rome from 1809–14. Ridley (p. 141) describes the French plan of 1812 to turn the Forum into an ‘English garden’, referred to in Chapter Six.

For a narrative of visitors’ reactions to the Colosseum in visitors’ eyes, see Peter Quenell, *The Colosseum* (London and New York, 1973), which also includes an anthology of their descriptions; for a study of its design, G. Cozzo, *The Colosseum* (Rome, 1971).

Among the biographies of Edgar Allan Poe the best analysis of the poem ‘The Coliseum’ and its relationship to *Politian* and *MS Found in a Bottle* is Kenneth Silverman (*Edgar Allan Poe*, 1992), pp. 92, 115. The letter to a friend relating to ‘man’s advance towards perfection’ written in 1844 is quoted in Jeffrey Meyers, *Edgar A. Poe* (1992), p. 293, as are D. H. Lawrence’s observations on the author. Meyers discusses the background to *Politian* (p. 77), extracts from which Poe published after his appointment as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* in December 1835.

Chateaubriand published the final volume of *Mémoires d’outre-tombe* in 1850, and it was translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos in 1902 (Freemantle).

Alex Scobie’s definitive book *Hitler’s State Architecture* (Philadelphia, 1990) studies all aspects of the dictator’s interest in classical architecture, and reveals his obsession with ruins.

Doré’s image of the New Zealander appeared in *London*,

a book of his views of the modern city published in 1872 and accompanied by text by Blanchard Ferrol. The metaphor was conceived by Thomas Macaulay in his review of Von Ranke’s *History of the Papacy* published in *The Edinburgh Review*, October 1840.

II *A Perverse Pleasure*

For the aqueducts, see *The Waters of Rome* by H. V. Morton (1966). Beckford’s descriptions of Rome are in *Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents*, a travel book which he published in 1779 but soon after suppressed; Robert Gemmett edited a version (New Jersey, 1971).

III *Haunted Houses*

The poem of the soldier’s return is translated by Arthur Waley in *170 Chinese Poems* (London, 1923). Several of the poems chosen by Waley have ruins as their subject and he notes that by the T’ang dynasty (618–905 AD) the re-visiting of a ruined city or old home is an established literary trope.

Emily Ruete, Princess Salme of Zanzibar and Oman, wrote her *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess from Zanzibar* in German; a translation was recently published by the eccentric and wonderful Gallery bookshop in Stone Town, Zanzibar.

The best study of Byron at Newstead aside from Leslie Marchand’s standard biography of 1971 is the catalogue edited by Haidee Jackson for the exhibition held at Newstead Abbey in 1998, ‘Ruinous Perfection’.

IV *Ephesus without an Umbrella*

Richard Holmes’s study of the Baths of Caracalla and

Prometheus Unbound is in *Shelley: The Pursuit* (1974), pp. 489–509.

Flaubert's letter on Thebes was written to Louis Bouilhet on 2 June 1850 and is published in *Selected Letters*, ed. Geoffrey Wall (Harmondsworth, 1997), p. 149.

The rebuilding of Noto is the subject of an excellent book by Stephen Tobriner (1982).

The Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius (1821–91) were translated into English by Mrs Gustavus Hamilton in 1911.

V *An Exemplary Frailty*

The relationship between architectural decay and human mortality is analysed by Dr Roger Bowdler in 'A Sad Prospect to the Soul' in *The Cult of the Ruin*, the Proceedings of the Georgian Group Symposium of 1998 (2001: to be published). The discussion of the seventeenth century is based on Bowdler's work.

The Tate's picture of Hadleigh Castle is a full-size sketch, and the final version which he exhibited at the Royal Academy is in the Paul Mellon Center for British Art, Connecticut. The episode is described in *The Later Paintings and Drawings of John Constable* by Graham Reynolds (Yale, 1984), pp. 199–202. The castle is on the Thames shore, near Southend-on-Sea.

For Walter Scott and Williamina Forbes I paraphrase A. N. Wilson, *A Life of Walter Scott* (1996 edn.), pp. 60–64.

VI *Time's Shipwreck*

Goths and Vandals by M. S. Briggs (1952) remains the best overview on how attitudes to medieval buildings have

changed in the centuries since their Dissolution, and is particularly vivid on the sixteenth century; he quotes the letter from Lewes.

It would be tedious to list all the examples from which I tried to construct a composite, but I would mention a few. John Aislabe of Studley Royal also built a house overlooking the ruins of Waverley Abbey, Surrey, which he landscaped, and he collaborated with John Vanbrugh on the campaign to save the Holbein Arch on Whitehall (see C. Woodward, 'A Pre-History of Conservation', in *Transactions of the Society for Studies in the Conservation of Historic Buildings*, 1995). Rev. William Gilpin found the gable ends of Tintern Abbey too 'regular' and suggested that a 'mallet judiciously used (but who durst use it?) might be of service in fracturing them'. This was not done, although the stone pulpitum across the nave was removed in the nineteenth century in order to open the vista. The only examples of the smashing of window tracery in order to enhance a vista are at Guisborough Priory and Kenilworth Castle: see Joe Mordaunt Crook's introduction to the reprint (Leicester, 1970) of Charles Lock Eastlake, *A History of the Gothic Revival*, 1872. Examples of the re-erection of Gothic ruins are at Shobdon in Herefordshire, and the removal of pieces of Netley Abbey to Cranbury Park in Hampshire (see C. Woodward, 'Ruins as Follies', *Country Life*, 8 October 1998).

Great Romantic Ruins of England and Wales by Brian Bailey (New York, 1984) is a gazetteer of historic ruins of all types, including abbeys, illustrated with excellent photographs by his wife Rita. For a thorough study of twentieth-century attitudes to the preservation of ruins by archaeologists, see Gill Chitty, 'A Prospect of Ruins' in

Transactions of the Society for Studies in the History of Conservation, 1993, pp. 43–60.

There are many books on eighteenth-century gardens but the most eloquent and incisive overviews are *The Picturesque* by David Watkin (1982) and Mavis Batey and David Lambert, *The English Garden Tour* (1990). Watkin explains the fictive way of seeing, Batey and Lambert the visitors' participation in its delights.

Sir John Vanbrugh's letter is transcribed in *The Complete Works of Sir John Vanbrugh*, ed. Geoffrey Webb (1928), pp. 29–30. For a brief account of the Woodstock Manor episode, see *The Work of John Vanbrugh* by Geoffrey Beard (1986), pp. 37–50.

There is a literary analysis of John Dyer and a succinct biography in Belinda Humphrey, *John Dyer* (Cardiff, 1980). *Grongar Hill* was reprinted by Stourton Press in 1983 with illustrations by John Piper.

The best single studies of individual ruins are of the folly at Fawley Court by Geoffrey Tyack (*Country Life*, 20 April 1989) and by David Adshead, 'The Design and Building of the Gothic Folly at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire' in *The Burlington Magazine*, February 1998, pp. 76–83. The suggestion that the latter castle was built to celebrate the fall of a 'Gothic' political order was made by David Stewart in *The Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians of America* (1997).

The Rev. Clubbe as antiquarian and wit is the subject of 'John Clubbe and the Antiquities of Wheatfield' by Alison Shell in *The Book Trade and its Customers 1450–1900*, ed. Arnold Hunt (Winchester, 1997). Stuart Piggott wrote the biography of William Stukeley (2nd edn., 1985).

Bacon's metaphor of 'Time's Shipwreck' is in *Advancement of Learning*, II, section 1. The metaphor is that of Vossius in *De philologia liber*, 'Antiquities are the remains of ancient times, similar to the debris of a shipwreck'.

For the Jealous Wall at Belvedere see the chapter on 'Ruins and Eye-Catchers' in *The Follies and Garden Buildings of Ireland* by James Howley (New Haven, 1993), and *Titles* by Leo Daley (1981), pp. 42–67, for an accurate account of the scandal.

VII *Serious Follies*

Virginia Water is studied in Jane Roberts, *Royal Landscape: The Gardens and Parks at Windsor* (New Haven and London, 1997), pp. 457–61, and the most detailed study of the stones from the archaeological point of view is by G. E. Chambers, 'The "Ruins" at Virginia Water' in the *Journal of the Berkshire Archaeological Society*, 1953–4.

The catalogue of an exhibition, *Visions of Ruin*, which I curated at Sir John Soane's Museum in 1999, with essays by David Watkin, Helen Dorey and myself, studied English 'follies' in greater detail.

The artificial ruin in the Duke of Urbino's park at Pesaro – long vanished – is described and illustrated in Antonio Pinelli and Orietta Rossi, *Genga Architetto* (Rome, 1971), pp. 246–51. The unexecuted project of c.1730 for the backdrop to the Trevi Fountain is recorded in a drawing in the Kunstbibliothek, Berlin, reproduced in Bruce Boucher, *Italian Baroque Sculpture* (1998), p. 107.

The ruin room at Sta Trinità dei Monti is on pp. 103–12 of Thomas McCormick's monograph on the artist, *Charles-*

Louis Clérissseau and the Genesis of Neo-Classicism (Cambridge, Mass., and London, 1990).

William Chambers was the subject of a monograph by John Harris (London, 1970), and the mausoleum for the Prince of Wales and the Kew Gardens are discussed on pp. 23–4 and 32–9.

For German follies, including Schloss Löwenburg, see Günter Hartmann, *Die Ruine im Landschaftsgarten* (Worms, 1981).

The late Jean de Cayeux was the authority on Hubert Robert, on whom there is no good study in English; his daughter Mme Roland Michel has the archive at her gallery in Paris and is the continuing expert on dating his pictures. De Cayeux's biography (1989) is published by Fayard, and in 1987 he studied Robert's complex role in the design and recording of Picturesque gardens in *Hubert Robert et les Jardins* (Editions Herscher), a book which also describes Ermenonville and illustrates the garden of the Petits-Augustin. The Musée de Valence has a great holding of Robert's work, and in 1989 they studied his enigmatic response to the Revolution: *Hubert Robert et la Révolution* (Valence, 1989). Marie-Catherine Sahut curated the exhibition *Le Louvre du Hubert Robert* (Paris, 1979), which is the definitive discussion of the 'Louvre in Ruins' pictures. Mlle Stephanie Thuilliez is writing a PhD on Robert at the Sorbonne which will explore these ideas further, as in her article 'La poétique de la variété: les ruines et la terre' in *Bulletin de l'Association des Historiens de l'Art Italien* (Paris, 1996). Diderot's review of the Salon of 1767 is published in Diderot, *Salons*, ed. Jean Sez nec and Jean Adhemar (Oxford, 1963), pp. 228–9. I am grateful to Janine Barrier

of the Sorbonne for her introductions to French *ruinistes* at a memorable dinner in Paris.

For the Hugos at No. 18 Rue des Petits-Augustins see Graham Robb, *Victor Hugo* (1997).

VIII *Self-portrait in Ruins*

See *Visions of Ruin* (1999), which includes 'Crude Hints Towards a History of My House' transcribed and interpreted by Helen Dorey. Daniel Abramson's discussion of the 'Bank in Ruins' is in his PhD thesis on *The Building of the Bank of England 1731–1833* (Harvard, 1993), pp. 425–9. For more on the tomb and its relationship to posterity, see the article by R. Bowdler and C. Woodward in *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians* (1999).

IX *The Ozymandias complex*

For Thomas Coryate and his *Crudities* see Michael Strachan, *Thomas Coryate* (Oxford, 1982). Like Macaulay (1953), Strachan discusses the confusion between Priam's Troy and Alexandria Troias, a misunderstanding which continued into the nineteenth century owing to the impreciseness of ancient geographers such as Strabo and the absence of any visible remains at the real site. Julian (332–63) visited Troy before he became Emperor, and his description of Troy is in *The Works of the Emperor Julian*, translated by Wilmer Cave Wright (Cambridge and London, 1990).

The continuing potency of religious imagery in eighteenth-century England is demonstrated by Terry Friedman in 'The Eighteenth-century Disaster Print' in *Proceedings of the Symposium of the Society of Architectural Historians* (1996), in which he discusses how the

destruction of churches by fire or structural collapse was interpreted by reference to the Bible. The revival of Apocalyptic imagery during the French Revolution is explored in David Bindman, 'The English Apocalypse' in *The Apocalypse*, ed. Frances Carey (1990), the catalogue to the British Museum exhibition.

For John Martin's imaginary reconstruction of Babylon see Henrietta McCall, 'Rediscovery and Aftermath' from *The Legacy of Mesopotamia* (Oxford, 1998), pp. 184–213.

H. G. Schenk, 'The Mind of the European Romantics' (1966, pp. 30–45) discusses the foreboding of future ruin in post-Waterloo Europe, and it is he who argues that 'it would seem that the spirit of foreboding has never been so widespread' at that period. Wetzel's vision of goblins was in *Magischer Spiegel* of 1806, while the remarks of the Bavarian scholar Schlichtegroll (p. 32) on Iceland were recorded by Atterbom. Professor David Skilton has suggested in correspondence that we can plot a correlation between political unrest and imagery of ruin throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Britain, and will publish this in due course.

The relationship between the Temples of Modern and Ancient Virtue at Stowe and Joseph Addison's dream was revealed by George Clarke in 'Grecian Taste and Gothic Virtue' in *Apollo* (1973), pp. 568–9. For Charlemont on the Acropolis, see the *Travels of Lord Charlemont in Greece and Turkey, 1749*, ed. W. B. Stanford and E. J. Finopoulos (1984), pp. 134–5. His biography is by Cynthia O'Connor (Cork, 1999).

Horace Walpole's letter to Horace Mann, his correspondent in Florence, was written on 24 November 1774.

For Gibbon, see Harold Bond, *The Literary Art of Edward Gibbon* (Oxford, 1960). Ralph Willett, FSA, published *A Description of the Library at Merly in the County of Dorset* (1785); it was Tim Knox who drew attention to the lost peculiarity (*Apollo*, July 2000).

In the catalogue to his controversial exhibition of Richard Wilson at the Tate Gallery (1982), pp. 217–18, David Solkin argued that the artist's Arcadian landscapes were commissioned by conservative landowners who wished to show that ruin was the inevitable consequence of an increase in trade and 'Luxury'. This is true, although one would add that mercantilists such as Ralph Willett also used the same ruins to illustrate their contrary arguments.

As regards America: see Matthew Baigell, *Thomas Cole* (New York, 1981) who proposes the idea of an American School of Catastrophe, represented by the preachers Lyman and Bigelow and Cole's friend William Cullen Bryant whose poems 'The Ages' and 'The Earth' alluded to America's destruction. Cole's thoughts on *The Course of Empire* are recorded in Louis Legrand Noble's nineteenth-century biography, reprinted by the Harvard Press in 1964. Cole never painted New York, a telling point made in a recent exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum which examined New York's conception of itself as an imperial city: *Art and the Empire Setting*. The catalogue is edited by Catherine Voorsanger and John K. Howat (New York, 2000).

Nicholas Biddle's journal was published as *Nicholas Biddle in Greece*, ed. R. A. McNeal (Philadelphia, 1993).

Mussolini's self-projection of himself as a classical hero is discussed in 'Rome Reclaims Its Empire' by Tim Benton in *Art and Power* (1996), pp. 120–39.

X Dust in the Air Suspended

The story of the Millennium Cross for Dresden was told by Christopher Kenworthy in the *Telegraph*, 28 November 1998. Michael McMahon's visit to Oradour is in the *Telegraph*, 3 June 2000.

David Fraser Jenkins explains Piper's war in his superb catalogue to the exhibition at the Imperial War Museum: *John Piper: The Forties* (2000). Fraser Jenkins also wrote the catalogue to the 1984 exhibition on Piper at the Tate. Piper's essay 'Pleasing Decay' was in *Buildings and Prospects* (1948).

The final chapter of *Ruins* by Michael Felmingham and Rigby Graham (1972) has very good material on the wartime and post-war period.

Dennis Creffield's paintings of Orford Ness were published in a catalogue to the Connaught Brown exhibition in 1995, with an introduction by Jeremy Musson.

XI The Novelist, the Fisherman and the Prince

There are two biographies of Rose Macaulay, by her relation Constance Babington Smith (1972) and by Jane Emery (1991). Babington Smith printed the short story 'Miss Anstruther's Letters' for the first time, and chose extracts from *Pleasure of Ruins* for a book of photographs by Roloff Beny (1964).

David Gilmour has written a biography of Lampedusa which is intelligent, witty, and quite perfect (*The Last Leopard*, 1988). *The Siren* and *Places of My Infancy*, translated by Archibald Colquhoun, were published in *Two Stories and a Memory* (1962).

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For Michael and Isabel Briggs

In Ruins

Christopher Woodward



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For I know some will say, why does he treat us
to descriptions of weeds, and make us hobble
after him over broken stones, decayed buildings,
and old rubbish?

Preface to *A Journey into Greece*
by George Wheeler (1682)

In Ruins