‘Disciples of Flora’

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Gardens in History and Culture

Edited by

Victoria Emma Pagán, Judith W. Page
and Brigitte Weltman-Aron

Cambridge
Scholars
Publishing

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This book first published 2015

Cambridge Scholars Publishing

Lady Stephenson Library, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 2PA, UK

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN (10): 1-4438-7756-5
ISBN (13): 978-1-4438-7756-5

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PREFACE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

VICTORIA EMMA PAGÁN, JUDITH W. PAGE, AND BRIGITTE WELTMAN-ARON

The "spatial turn" in philosophy and critical studies has been widely documented. With their emphasis on space as lived experience or as producing meaning (Lefebvre 1991), such studies demonstrate the extent to which a place is socially and existentially apprehended even as it is theorized. In that view, space is increasingly conceptualized as intricately intertwined with human intervention and reflected on as a "social hieroglyph" (Mitchell 1994). This volume explores, through a diversity of approaches, disciplines, and historical periods, the place and vitality of gardens as cultural objects, repositories of meaning, and sites for the construction of identity and subjectivity, gardens being an eminent locus where culture and nature meet, converging and differing at the same time. Diverse writers and artists have used the subject matter of gardens, landscape, and plants to educate their audience, to enter into political and cultural debates particularly around issues of gender and class, and to signal moments of intellectual and spiritual insight (Page and Smith 2011) as well as transformation (Pagán 2006). Gardens are both real places and textual and visual spaces to be read and interpreted for oneself and others; they both use the "materials of the organic world" (Hunt 1986) and invest them with modes of sociability and sets of aesthetic and ideological patterns that vary widely across time and places. Gardens can be both retreats *from* the world as well as protected vantage points for engagement and expression of one's status and aspirations *to* the world (Page and Smith 2011). Their pictorial representation may also buttress social status and privilege at home and legitimize the subject's relation to nature, thus naturalizing social conventions and practices of the upper classes (Bermingham 1986). Likewise, numerous studies have shown the extent to which landscape discourse was bound up with the discourses of Western imperialism (Mitchell 1994) and the reflection on national identity (Weltman-Aron 2001). Furthermore, the status of the garden is particularly relevant to contemporary debates about sustainability and ecology and to the notion of a "Third space" (Clément 2004), whose political and ethical

stakes make it imperative to invent and implement policies transcending national territories, such that the connection between the human and the natural is carried to a planetary scale: several chapters in this volume relate the history of the garden to these most pressing contemporary issues.

Landscape is an established interdisciplinary academic focus. In general, research has dealt with a historical genealogy of designs associated with nationally marked styles such as the Roman garden, the Italian Renaissance garden, the French formal style, the English landscape movement, or the Chinese garden. Such studies may examine formal features of each style, as well as its social and cultural reception. The dark side of the landscape originates in its rationalization and naturalization of others' space for the purposes or enjoyment of the elite or imperial classes (Barrell 1980). Studies about gardens as "lived space," the multifaceted sociology of which is appraised, abound, along with essays about the ideological, philosophical, or political worldview that gardens implicitly underpin. The connections between gardens and other arts, particularly painting, but also music and literature (with high genres, such as poetry, being well represented, along with other genres such as travel writing) have also long been established. More recently, concerns with climate change, uncontrolled urbanization, and acute demographic pressures have contributed to further interrogations about space and landscape (Conley 2012).

This collection engages with such studies and contributes to a revision of histories of gardens: in particular, we broaden the scope of inquiry to include a long history from ancient Rome to the present, in which contesting memories delineate new apprehensions of topography and space; we draw attention to alternative landscapes or gardening practices developed by women writers and painters; and we recall the ways in which spaces have been invested with an affective dimension that has itself been historicized. These issues inform different modes of social inhabitation of landscape that several of our contributors bring to the fore.

Our volume begins with the Prologue by Elizabeth Helsinger, "Inviting the Indoors Out: Gardens and Other Arts," in which she poses the question what gardens *do* when the human and nonhuman worlds come together in the enclosed natural space created by humans. Helsinger puzzles over the observation that although there are many visual depictions of gardens throughout history, there are in fact very few images of visual artists working in gardens. In contrast, one finds a tradition of representing the

arts of poetry- and music-making in the garden. Through close analysis of paintings and texts from various periods, but with particular attention to the Victorians, Helsinger concludes that poetry and music cultivate “lyric time” and thus thrive in and complement the garden’s ceaseless process of change through the seasons of the year and of life.

Following the Prologue, which invites our readers out into the garden as active participants, we divide our volume into two sections: the first essays focus on issues of gender, so significant in recent studies, and the second set on the conceptual garden. We have used these basic organizing principles, although we acknowledge the productive overlap and synergy among the essays in each section as well as between sections. We imagine our collection as creating more of a network than a rigidly divided structure, and we invite our readers to form many connections and draw for themselves the lines of influence and affinity.

As the essays in part I (“Gender”) illustrate, the dynamics of gender and women’s participation in the history and culture of the garden occupy a centrally important place. In Western art and literature, the metaphorical association of women and flowers perpetuated a system in which women’s power as agents was easily denied: if women were like roses (delicate, sweet, beautiful but fleeting), how could they have the strength and power to cultivate their own gardens? Women writers, thinkers, and artists take up this question and reframe the language of flowers, gardens, and landscapes. From conceptions of space to the practical concerns of women gardeners to the struggles of women artists and the representation of gardens and landscape, the question of gender arises as a powerful category of analysis and a lens through which to view the shaping of garden history. Our contributors acknowledge the shifting dynamics of gender across different historical periods, within various genres of art, and in terms of the multiple ways we perceive and organize the natural world.

In chapter 1, “Women’s Land as Garden History: Art, Activism, and Lesbian Spaces,” Lisa L. Moore traces the roots of the forty-year history of women’s land in the United States through the ideas of second-wave feminism, in relation to the environmental movement, within the rich history of lesbian traditions in literature and art. Moore looks at the example of the Michigan Womyn’s Music Festival (founded in 1976) as the most prominent example of a lesbian back-to-the-land movement, as well as the practice of contemporary lesbian artists who cultivate the emblem of a home garden. Moore grounds her reading of contemporary

women's land in her knowledge of the sister arts and the emblematic gardens of eighteenth century England, of which she has written at length in *Sister Arts* (Moore 2011).

In chapter 2, "Dora Carrington's 'Phantom' Geography and the 'Crisis' of her Landscapes," Elise L. Smith recovers the vibrant artistic and emotional life of painter Dora Carrington, who struggled not only with the formalist context of Modernism but also with the personal constraints of her experiences in the Bloomsbury circle. Instead of the Post-Impressionist style that was popular with many Bloomsbury and Slade artists, Carrington focused on the visual "crises" of the landscapes near her three adult homes. Her paintings served as both a way for her to control the space around her and an attempt to order the emotional turbulence of her life. Like Lily Briscoe's painting in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, Carrington's paintings became "a balance between the emotions and the intellect, between Vision and Design" (Woolf 1940, 245). In focusing on several little-known paintings, along with the artist's correspondence and diary, Smith analyzes Carrington's relation to the land as a reflection of her personal achievements and insecurities.

In chapter 3, "Gardening for Women: Frances Garnet Wolseley and the Rise of the Professional Woman Gardener," Judith W. Page shifts the focus to women's role in the practical history of gardens at the end of the nineteenth century and in the early years of the twentieth century in England. She argues that women's increasingly educated place in the garden mirrors the growing professionalism of the women as workers and the rise of the New Woman in popular culture. Echoing Virginia Woolf's "Professions for Women," Page argues that Frances Garnet Wolseley, a writer and practitioner who founded two gardening schools for women and advocated for "lady" gardeners as professionals, exemplifies the shift from the earlier nineteenth century when gardening was largely seen as an extension of women's domestic space and existence. Now, women writers and gardeners not only asserted their professional role, but they also aligned themselves with those who argued for the need to preserve the vitality of rural England in the face of the increasing pressure of industry and urban life.

In chapter 4, "Marie-Antoinette, Wertmüller, and Scandal of the Garden-Variety: Portraying the Queen at Petit Trianon," Melissa Lee Hyde traces the history of the reception of Adolf Ulrik Wertmüller's ill-fated portrait of the queen (1785), favored by Marie-Antoinette herself but disparaged as

unfitting a queen by just about everyone else. Hyde argues that the painting, which represents the queen as a Rousseau-like “natural” woman against the background of the *jardin anglais* at Trianon, reinforced the interpretation of Trianon as a site of political disorder and helped to solidify negative perceptions of the queen and court. Criticism of the painting soon became conflated with criticism of the queen and her carefully constructed private image of Rousseauian nature and the garden she created in Rousseau’s image.

The four essays of part II (“The Conceptual Garden”) take as their starting points four garden-parks in the United States, France, and Scotland, to explore the processes of reception and transformation across time. Chapter 5, “Decline and Fall: The Roman Garden of Louise du Pont Crowninshield,” by Katharine von Stackelberg serves as the fulcrum of the volume, for it investigates a distinctly American reception of the ancient Roman garden—by a woman. The garden of Louise du Pont Crowninshield, at Hagley in Delaware, is a remarkable site, unique in its marriage of industrial America with classical Rome. Louise du Pont Crowninshield was a leading figure in the Garden Club of America; under her direction she repurposed the industrial site on the slopes of the Brandywine River to create a garden that mediated between ancient and modern empires. Although it is difficult to determine whether the subversive aspects of the garden represented a conscious decision on the part of Louise du Pont Crowninshield, it is nevertheless clear that her decisions about design provoked unease among the men who served as trustees of her estate and perceived her vision of the garden as anachronistic and inappropriate. Thus, the themes of gender from part I continue to resonate in the conceptual garden.

Chapter 6, “Form, Image, and Process in the Parc du Sausset,” by Amanda Shoaf Vincent, examines the Atelier Corajoud’s design of an urban park close to Paris in the late 1970s. She shows that the site was envisioned to include a variety of landscapes modeling the surrounding chaotic urban environment, open to all social categories, and perceived as a flexible and open-ended project in its uses and capabilities. Vincent analyzes the “minimal program” of the competition project on the part of the landscape architects, which allowed, however, for a distinctive creative design, before turning to the ways in which the surrounding residents and visitors to the park have adopted and transformed it for their own pursuits.

Chapter 7, "Gaulish Defeat as Site of Memory: The MuseoParc of Alesia," by Brigitte Weltman-Aron, examines the architect Bernard Tschumi's recent project of the MuseoParc, which was built on the location where Julius Caesar's Gallic war ended. The chapter examines the ways in which the architectural design contributes to the historical and cultural pedagogy of the MuseoParc. The museum displays archaeological findings of the site that date back to the Iron Age and presents the ways in which French culture has transformed the historical Gaulish defeat into a mythical illustration of patriotic resistance. Weltman-Aron argues that the MuseoParc reflects thus on the elaboration of history and its relation to collective memory.

In chapter 8, "The Afterlife of Little Sparta," Victoria Emma Pagán analyzes the fourteen references to the Roman poet Virgil in Little Sparta, the Scottish garden of the late Ian Hamilton Finlay, to gage the degree of interpretability that governs one's experience of the garden. Some references are in English only, some in both English and Latin, and some in Latin only, and all are removed from their original contexts within the *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Aeneid*. Plucked from the page and made to sit under unforgiving Scottish skies, Virgil's timeless beauty is subjected to the cruel march of time. Finlay does more than "invite the indoors out"; he exposes the fragility of both his excerpts and his medium. Gardens reinforce temporality.

This temporality is lionized in Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, a play that takes place in a room on the edge of a garden, where the garden's capacity for conflicting time and space is brilliantly portrayed. Theater is an ephemeral art form, and so, like gardens, it is designed to live and breathe. A performance belongs in the moment and can never be replicated. Likewise, a garden changes from season to season, and even day to day, so that one never really experiences the same garden twice. Thus, both the theater and the garden are kinetic evolutions. In the Epilogue, "Staging Stoppard's *Arcadia*," Sidney Homan speculates on performance and temporality and defends his choices as director of a staged reader's-theater performance of Stoppard's *Arcadia*. Homan operates under Bertolt Brecht's assumptions: directors and actors should consider a play not as a self-contained entity but as part of a larger historical and cultural context; and an audience, in turn, is at once involved with and yet standing outside a performance. Just as Helsinger's Prologue invites our readers out into the garden as active participants, so Homan's Epilogue confirms the primacy of the audience in the creation of meaning. In reprising seven scenes in Stoppard's play that

he considers most relevant to our themes, Homan contextualizes the symbolism of the garden as it is portrayed in the “world” of Stoppard’s *Arcadia* within the larger context of our investigations into gardens.

Acknowledgments

We are grateful to Cambridge Scholars for their commitment to this volume and for helping us to make it a reality. We are especially indebted to the support and expertise of our editors at Cambridge Scholars, first Carol Koulikourdi and then Sam Baker, and to their responsiveness to our vision for this project. We also thank the scholars represented here for sharing their insights and knowledge with us and for reminding us that gardens lead us down many unexpected (and illuminating) paths.

Closer to home, we thank our supporters at the University of Florida: the Center for Humanities and the Public Sphere, the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the Office of Research, the Harn Eminent Scholars Chair in Art History, the Center for Women’s Studies and Gender Research, the Department of Classics Rothman Distinguished Lecture Series, the Department of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures, and the Department of English.

At the George A. Smathers Libraries at the University of Florida, John Van Hook and John Ingram were always generous with their time. Also at the University of Florida, we have depended on the skillful help and commitment of Donna Tuckey, Tina Williams, Kelly Korman, and Michelle Harris Heeg. We are grateful to Lisa Jerry for her copyediting and Abraham Wolpert for his expertise in formatting the illustrations.

Finally, we thank and fondly remember our colleague Scott Nygren, who spent a wonderful afternoon with us at the Samuel P. Harn Museum of Art, bringing the history and culture of the Museum’s Asian gardens to life. In honor of Scott’s passion and commitment to learning, we dedicate this volume to his memory.

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PROLOGUE

INVITING THE INDOORS OUT: GARDENS AND OTHER ARTS

ELIZABETH HELSINGER

When my children were young we discovered a story called *The Man Who Took the Indoors Out* (Lobel 1974). Or more precisely, the story of a man who took pity on his sofas and tables and lamps and chairs (cooped up in the house, day in, day out) and invited them outside. But the sofas and tables and chairs were not happy. Out-of-doors they did not know what to do. They limped back to the empty house at last, bedraggled and tattered by wind and rain, bruised and battered by rocks and trees. Stubbornly pursuing their lives as things, tables and chairs could not imagine modes of being other than furniture. They did not make gardens where they might have explored the virtues of the other life they found out-of-doors. Nor did they know how to cultivate *in* gardens the arts of living as tables and chairs.

This essay is about what humans do in gardens. What goes on in a garden where, in Robert Pogue Harrison's happy phrase, the human and the nonhuman natural world are "conjugated" in the same space and time (Harrison 2008, 56)? What happens where the matter and form, sense and spirit, bodies and souls of persons and their gardens are temporarily, if uncannily, conjoined? A very long tradition of visual and verbal representation, found in both East and West, insists on strong affinities between the cultivation of gardens and the cultivation of certain human, often sociable arts. Whether gardens are, in Harrison's terms, "open" to the city and to history or "closed" (97, 108)—separated sharply from these as places of contemplation, devoted to the worship of a god or a prince or an idea—they seem to be made in part by and for the human arts practiced within them. This may be particularly obvious when one thinks of the

many arts through which the outside is invited in: as the view from the window but also as arrangements of indoor plants or as images on carpets, tapestries, embroidery, wallpaper, garden murals or landscape paintings. Through these arts, rooms become gardens where the sociable arts may be comfortably practiced. But outdoor gardens are no less frequently the settings for social arts, a way of inviting the indoors out that does not depend on the adaptability of the furniture. Think of the poetry composed and recited in Chinese scholar gardens, of the sharing of poetry, wine, food, and love in Persian and Mughal garden pavilions, of music and desire in medieval ladies' bowers of courtly love, and of reading, conversation, and love, sacred as well as secular, in Renaissance gardens. Recall too how often, in poems, paintings, and novels, the landscape parks and gardens of the great British country houses are the settings for the political, polite, or amorous conversation of that nation's ruling classes. By the nineteenth century, greenhouses and conservatories (and parlors full of potted palms)—half house, half garden—became sites for home musical performance and conversation for the domestically minded Victorians. Toward the end of that century, Arts and Crafts garden designers and architects revived outdoor garden "rooms" for poetry, talk, and song, first at William Morris's Red House and later in gardens designed by Gertrude Jeckyll and Edwin Lutyens, magnificently realized, in the early twentieth century, by Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicholson at Sissinghurst. Why are all these gardens represented so often as the settings for music, poetry, reading, and conversation but only rarely for drawing or painting?

Lest you doubt this last claim, consider the evidence from two rightly praised recent studies, Harrison's *Gardens: An Essay on the Human Condition* (2008) and Debra N. Mancoff's *The Garden in Art* (2011). Harrison writes about gardens, both real and textual, by drawing on the rich literatures of at least four languages and his own nongardener's experience of one particular overlooked garden on the Stanford University campus. In her very different book the art historian Debra Mancoff assembles an extensive collection of painted gardens from multiple traditions, including European, Persian, Chinese, and Islamic examples. Both Mancoff's pictorial collection and Harrison's reflective essay take note of the historicity not only of gardens themselves but of human ways of inhabiting them. Harrison's book is centrally concerned with gardens as places for being, becoming, or remaining human: the classical garden schools of Plato and Epicurus; Renaissance civic and private gardens as they fostered philosophical dialogue, the revival of classical scholarship, or the exchange of stories; the earthly paradises of both Christian and

Islamic texts with their contrasting imaginations of what activities might constitute human happiness. In all of these philosophical, literary, or sacred gardens, Harrison is interested in states of mind (or soul) created through and as gardens. Conversation and the sharing of poems or stories figure importantly in his garden texts. Painting or drawing—as something done in gardens or as a mode of documenting gardens—does not. Mancoff's book, however, offers plentiful evidence for artists' long interest in gardens of all kinds; she finds paintings of famous gardens, pleasure gardens, working gardens, public gardens, artists' gardens, closed gardens, home gardens. Many of the paintings she reproduces show gardens in which people read, sing, or talk to one another. But Mancoff shows no images of painting or drawing in gardens—even when a few such images can be found. Evidently certain arts, and not others, have a special place in the kinds of things people are imagined to do when they move outdoors into gardens, whether they paint or write about them. Is there something particular to the verbal or musical arts that lend their practice more readily than that of making or viewing pictures to the conjugation of the human and nonhuman natural world in a garden? What can the presence or absence of representations of an art practice tell us about how we think about gardens?

I begin with the art whose actual practice is strangely absent in Mancoff's representations or Harrison's discussions. The work of a visual artist has much in common with that of the gardener: like gardeners, most painters and sculptors work with their hands on the messy or obdurate material of paint, clay, metal, stone, wood, or soil, rocks, and roots. Both visual artists and gardeners wrestle willful materials into designs through line, shape, and color. Claude Monet, like other artist-gardeners, thought of his painting and his gardening as parallel practices. Working out of doors does present challenges for both artists and viewers (lugging materials, setting up easels, adjusting to the changing conditions of light and weather), but these obstacles have not stopped artists from working out of doors. Sketching and drawing out of doors have a very long history, yet we find few representations of artists drawing or sharing their work in gardens. Painting outside is a relatively modern practice that seems to have first arisen in the West in the late eighteenth century, although it took nearly another century for critical opinion to accept the informal *plein-air* picture as itself a work of art. Beginning in the nineteenth century there are, however, images of painters working out of doors. Yet these images very rarely show the artists painting in gardens: most pictures of *plein-air* artists place them at work in nature that has *not* been cultivated as a garden.

The practice of the visual arts may be missing from representations of what people do in gardens for conceptual as much as practical or historical reasons. As places designed for the senses, beginning with sight, gardens are already in some respects works of visual art. Anyone who has ever gone looking for paintings of gardens discovers that it can be very hard for the viewer to tell whether she is looking at an image of a garden or of the natural world outside it. Both are land-scapes: shaped land, with its biological life selected, molded, and framed, whether by the gardener or by the painter. To recognize the hand of the human gardener behind the hand of the painter, we need the clue of a title, or at least a bit of wall, a fountain, a glimpse of raked paths or planted borders, or a view of men and women admiring those arrangements while sharing a meal or a conversation, listening, or reading out of doors. We might even say there is something faintly tautological about pictorial art in a garden: the representation competes for visual attention with the garden itself (a point René Magritte wittily made in a number of his pictures).[1]

Gardens, thus, demand aesthetic attention in their own right. Pictures and gardens are at once too much alike as aesthetic experience and not alike enough. Harrison insists that gardens are not works of art at all (2008, 39). They have different relations to both time and authorship. They are less fully under the control of their human makers. Gardens are, he notes, not a good means to immortality: they grow old and die. To create a garden is certainly an art, yet while a garden unfolds over time, like poetry and music, the temporal event of a garden is at once much longer (reaching the maturity envisioned by a garden's designer can take years) and less lasting than these other temporal arts. A garden is never the same from one moment to the next or one day to the next, and you cannot go back and revisit its earlier temporal forms despite the cyclical returns of daylight or the seasons. To survive at all a garden requires daily care, a constant struggle to readjust aesthetic design in the face of growth and decay, storm and drought, predatory insect and animal life. More than other works of art gardens are thus always collaborations between human and incompletely predictable nonhuman agencies working across time. To capture in a painting these elements of change and multiple authorship intrinsic to a garden—driving the garden into ontological instability as both the product of art and yet not a work of art—is perhaps impossible. Monet, the most famously obsessed and successful gardener-painter in modern times, extended the single picture first to a series and finally to an entire circular room, a continuous band of water lilies painted under gradually changing light surrounding the viewer. Yet even then, Monet's painted recreation of

one part of his garden at Giverny, while it wondrously captures continuous slow shifts in light and atmosphere across a day or a year, cannot show us the growth and decay through which a garden shape shifts across many years.

A picture of a garden, though in some ways more fully a work of human art, is nonetheless art of a second order: it depends upon the artful garden's existence. To display the picture in the garden underlines the painting's limits in the face of the complexities of garden time and authorship. Perhaps it is true, as Walter Pater wrote, that all art aspires to the condition of music (Pater 2010, 124). Some painting, however, aspires to the condition of the garden. It is no wonder, then, that garden painters should prefer to keep their work out of the garden. Monet's *Water Lilies* are not displayed at Giverny. Like an ekphrastic poem, a drawn or painted garden is art in one medium about art in another medium, and its designers suffer the fears and anxieties no less than the euphoric hopes of such cross medial recreations.[2] Putting a garden into a picture is an extraordinary challenge; depicting an artist depicting a garden introduces a deceptive semblance of repetition that blurs just those distinctions that stretch a painter's art toward something new.

What, then, about other arts: particularly poetry and music? Why have the activities prompted by these arts (reading, writing, listening, singing, or playing a musical instrument), like the related verbal arts of conversation, so often been made to take place in gardens when gardens are represented in other works of visual or verbal art? What is it that makes them so much more likely to recur in garden art and literature, as if only these arts could signify our human presence in a garden?

Sappho's second fragment is probably the least known of her few surviving almost-complete lyrics. It may be the earliest garden poem in the Western tradition. "Garden" is not entirely accurate: this is a song about a natural grove that becomes a garden because it is seen: discovered and dedicated to the celebration of Aphrodite and enclosed, described, and shaped by the poet into the Sapphic stanzas of a song. Here is the fragment in Anne Carson's lovely recent translation (the brackets indicate lost words in the manuscript):

]
here to me from Krete to this holy temple
where is your graceful grove
of apple trees and altars smoking
with frankincense.

And in it cold water makes a clear sound through
apple branches and with roses the whole place
is shadowed and down from radiant-shaking leaves
sleep comes dropping.

And in it a horse meadow has come into bloom
with spring flowers and breezes
like honey are blowing
[ ]

In this place you Kypris taking up
in gold cups delicately
nectar mingled with festivities:
pour.
(Carson 2002, 7)

The composition of this natural grove into a poetic place, or *topos*, might be a model for any gardener. Note how carefully the poet fits the setting to each human sense: water is "cold" and "makes a clear sound"; apple branches and roses "shadow" a meadow of spring flowers through "radiant-shaking leaves." Breezes "like honey are blowing." Apple trees promise fruits to taste. To the lure of these verbally evoked sensory pleasures, Sappho's song adds the music and the rhythmic, patterned dance of language, appealing to eye, ear, and haptic senses as the poet and her companions invite the Goddess of Love into the place prepared for her celebration. "Come" is the missing address that most poet-translators supply at the opening of the poem.

The *sound* of running water evoked in Sappho's poem is crucial to the peculiar sense of time to which both poem and grove provide access. Water sounds time. Lyric time, whether metrical or "free," like garden time moves differently from ordinary time—at a different pace as well as with less mechanical regularity. Time *slows* within the garden, Harrison writes, separating phenomenologically our experience inside it from our lives as lived outside its domain (2008, 54). Lyric time slows, too. In a garden, the sound of water in a still place demands our heightened perceptual attention to other signs of the natural world's slow temporal unfolding, its

transience-in-presence. Such perceptual attention expands, by filling, each moment. Harrison aptly points us to Andrew Marvell's "The Garden:" snared and felled by the sensory fullness of the garden, the poet's "mind, from pleasure less, / Withdraws into its happiness."[3] Taken into the expanded attention of the perceiving mind, the garden blots out thoughts of the unquiet world of human passions and ambitions to finally satisfy its hungers, at rest in the green aura of the garden's remembered pasts and imagined futures: "Annihilating all that's made / To a green thought in a green shade" (46-47).

A lyric poem offers a similar time out of time: a revisitable place where time is made to move to a different rhythm, if we are willing to meet the poem's demands for perceptual and imaginative attention. Within a poem all verbal relations may count, and any language-mediated sensation contributes to the unfolding poetic event. Images, thoughts, and feelings are evoked through the combined play of meter and language, through figures of sound, and through the visual design of lines and stanza down a page. Like the garden or the musical song, the lyric depends on establishing its difference—formally, typographically, performatively—from what surrounds it. It invites us to sink ourselves deeply into an experience whose duration is at once compressed to fit a defined form and expanded in our sense of its eventful fullness. And like songs and gardens, poems extend their temporal reach with memory and anticipation. The echoes and returns of a lyric's formally structured language, its rhythms and cadences, its figures of sound and sense, resonate both internally and externally: we recall other words, other phrases, other poems; and we remember and expect both our own and others' readings of this poem. Gardens, unfolding on a much vaster temporal scale, need visitors attentive to those slow rhythms of growth and change to suggest a past that cannot be revisited; they also need visitors who will anticipate what is yet to come. Poems and songs, both because they can be read or sung again and because their language resonates in individual and cultural memory, also possess that aura of an expanded temporal life that corresponds to the green shadows of memory and anticipation in Sappho's and Marvell's garden poems.

The garden's power to slow but not arrest time while expanding by filling our perceptual experience may, then, be one reason why poetry, music, and gardens have so often been made to figure one another. But why is the sharing of these arts important to our idea of the garden? Marvell's poem celebrates solitude: "When we have run our passions' heat, / Love hither makes his best retreat" (25-26). Love has not, however, been left behind:

the solitude is seemingly less a turn away from Love than a turn away from the frustrations of either love or ambition. For Marvell, the garden is a place for Love without the difficulties introduced by a Beloved. The garden satisfies the sensuous and spiritual desires love stimulates. It is a place that fosters poetry like the poem Marvell shares with his readers: the soul's music. After the mind "retreats into its happiness," "annihilating all that's made / Into a green thought in a green shade," then

> Casting the body's vest aside,
> My soul into the boughs does glide:
> There like a bird it sits and sings. (51-53)

Sappho's lyric too evokes the garden-grove as Love's place, but she sings to summon Kypris (or Aphrodite) to her "festivities." A social ritual of song and dance binds celebrants of this goddess's power not only to awaken but also to fulfill desire. Embodying her beauty in her sacred grove, as the lyric does, both summons and celebrates her presence through an art conceived as social: song performed with and for an audience. While Marvell's garden poem praises solitude and Sappho's imagines festivities, both celebrate Love as the garden's presiding emotion. And both, of course, do so in arts that link their poets to others in performance and writing.

Poets in the nineteenth century wrote with such garden memories green in their imaginations. For poetry, language is the living shade in which thoughts resonate beyond the present moment of the single poem. I could easily turn to beloved nineteenth-century poems that elaborate these inherited associations of garden space and garden time with love, with poetry, and with song. In Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," the wings of poesy transport the listening poet to a hidden grove where both the nightingale and the poet sing. For Keats, as for others who wrote about the garden in the nineteenth century, the near prospect of death intensifies the passionate perceptual pleasures of listening, singing, looking, and loving in a garden. This is also true for a different group of less familiar works—paintings as well as poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, and Edward Burne-Jones, and the reflections these provoked from two poets associated with them, Christina Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Their works might be thought of as contributions to an extended conversation among friends about poetry, music, and the visual arts on the shared ground of the garden.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti began the conversation with two sonnets on Renaissance paintings he had seen at the Louvre, "For a Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione" and "For an Allegorical Dance of Women by Andrea Mantegna." The poems were published together in the short-lived Pre-Raphaelite journal of 1850, *The Germ* (to which Christina also contributed), where they were later read eagerly by the young William Morris, Edward Jones, and Swinburne, students at Oxford in the mid-1850s. The paintings that occasioned Rossetti's picture-poems, especially the first (now thought to be by Titian and Giorgione and known as the *Fête Champêtre*), are firmly lodged in European imagination.[4] Rossetti's sonnets reimagine the events in each painting as multisensory affective experiences:

> Beyond all depth away
> The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
> Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
> That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
> Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
> Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
> And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
> Is cool against her naked side?
> (Rossetti 2003, 183, "For A Venetian Pastoral," 4-11)

The intensity of the imagined experience represented in the poem is achieved through taking up what Rossetti called an inner standing point. The poet has projected himself imaginatively into the painted scene in the place of one of the nude women in the *Fête Champêtre.* From this inner standing point he can not only see but also hear and feel "the viol-string / That sobs," "the shadowed grass ... cool against her naked side." Similarly, in Mantegna's *Parnassus*:

> Scarcely, I think; yet it indeed may be
> The meaning reached him, when this music rang
> Clear through his frame, a sweet possessive pang,
> And he beheld these rocks and that ridged sea.
> But I believe that, leaning tow'rds them, he
> Just felt their hair carried across his face
> As each girl passed him; nor gave ear to trace
> How many feet; nor bent assuredly
> His eyes from blind fixedness of thought
> To know the dancers.
> (Rossetti 2003, 184, "For An Allegorical Dance of Women," 1-10)

He imagines himself with the standing figure of Apollo in the painting, feeling how "this music rang / Clear through his frame" while the dancers' "hair carried across his face." Moreover, sensation conveys feeling in a second sense: as emotion, a sensation of being affectively moved prevails. The figures in the Giorgione pause "sad with the whole of pleasure"; the musician in the Mantegna, leaning toward the dancers, withdraws (like Marvell's poet) into "blind fixedness of thought" where he "may" grasp the "meaning" of this Parnassian scene: "It is bitter glad / Even unto tears. Its meaning filleth it" (10-11). The tears, the sadness, the bitterness of pleasure in both these pastoral painting-poems suggest another meaning to the shadows that haunt garden lyrics, from Sappho to Marvell to Rossetti. The pleasures of the senses and of love itself are intensified by thoughts of change and death that can never be far away in a garden. Music, dance, and the listening, gazing, leaning figures remind or invite us to fall, as Marvell would have it, into the garden and there to be moved, as music moves the dancers and listeners, by feeling and the senses into the garden's green thought in a green shade.

The mood of introspective abstraction—absorption into green thoughts in a green shade—is also captured in one of Rossetti's watercolors a few years later, *The Wedding of St. George and the Princess Sabra*, 1857,[5] where a pair of curiously detached lovers listen while musicians play in their garden room. In 1860 such garden rooms were realized in Morris's utopian house and gardens in Kent, a short train ride from London. The house and its outdoor living spaces became, for a few brief years, the place where the friends gathered on weekends and in summers to paint, design, write, sing, and read together. Burne-Jones's watercolor *Green Summer* captures something of the Red House gardens' magical atmosphere.[6] Seven women, seated on grass starred with daisies, listen while an eighth reads aloud, their figures, draped in loose, flowing dresses gathered at the waist, lightly woven together by both gesture and the shared green of their robes and setting. *Green Summer* is less a transcription than, like Rossetti's poem, a response that incorporates the sensory and affective feelings evoked by the green scene with its figures of female friends absorbed in the shared pleasures of reading and listening. Another version of the same scene formed part of the decoration Burne-Jones painted on his wife's piano at about the same time. It shows the group of women making and listening to music; beyond the garden gate, however, appears the figure of Death, about to pull the cord of its bell. Garden time slows but does not stop. Within the garden's green enclosures, cultivating these human arts deepens, extends, and fills the garden's lived moments by poetry and song.[7]

Rossetti's sister Christina did not participate in the long weekends at Red House. But in the same years when her brother and his friends were turning to medieval models for uniting work and play, indoors and out, she wrote a series of poems commenting indirectly on their dream of life in a garden. Her poems are about gardens we must leave. In "Shut Out," dated 1856 in her notebook, and "From House to Home" (November 1858), the poet struggles to accept exclusion from her own version of an earthly garden paradise.

> The door was shut. I looked between
> Its iron bars; and saw it lie,
> My garden, mine, beneath the sky,
> Pied with all flowers bedewed and green.
> (Rossetti 1979, 56, "Shut Out," 1-4)

When she pleads with the "shadowless spirit" who guards the locked gate for some tokens of her former home, the silent spirit offers no explanations but builds a wall to shut out even the sight of the garden that had been hers. The poem ends by noting sadly that there are still violets and larks on this side of the wall,

> And good they are, but not the best;
> And dear they are, but not so dear.
> (Rossetti 1979, 57, "Shut Out," 27-28)

The gardens of "Shut Out" and "From House to Home" have the beguiling homeliness of personal possession quite different from anything we have looked at so far. These are not gardens where Love and Beauty fulfill every imaginable human desire; they are dear because they are particular—the poet's own gardens where the trees and flowers and singing birds, the small beasts and reptiles and insects, all closely observed and lovingly described, are familiar companions:

> Woodpigeons cooed there, stockdoves nestled there;
> My trees were full of songs and flowers and fruit,
> Their branches spread a city to the air
> And mice lodged in their roots.
> (Rossetti 1979, 82-83, "From House to Home," 25-28)

> All caterpillars throve beneath my rule,
> With snails and slugs in corners out of sight;
> I never marred the curious sudden stool
> That perfects in a night.
> (Rossetti 1979, 83, "From House to Home," 37-40)

There is a beloved companion in this homely garden, too—and where there is love in a garden, as we've come to anticipate, there is music. "One like an angel" "walked with me":

> We sang our songs together by the way,
> Calls and recalls and echoes of delight;
> So communed we together all the day,
> And so in dreams by night.
> (Rossetti 1979, 83, "From House to Home," 53-56)

Those "calls and recalls and echoes of delight" form Rossetti's version of Marvell's or Keats's soul-song or the music by and for lovers in Giorgione's or Mantegna's paintings and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems about them. Amplifying the lyric's rhymes, the repetitions of internal assonance and alliteration in these lines ("We sang our songs," "calls and recalls and echoes") embody the responsive mutuality of music as a shared creation, a stychomythic poetic exchange, the expressive shape and motion of conversation between friends and lovers that we find, once again, inseparable from the idea of the garden.

The hard lesson of Christina's garden poems, however, is that when one is most at home in a garden, one is not yet home, but bound to what is temporary and fragile. Just as the garden of "Shut Out" is suddenly walled up and the poet cast out, so one night the loved companion of "From House to Home" turns his back and leaves. "Stunned with pain" (89), the poet and her garden are "destroyed … like an avalanche" (81). The rest of the poem is an horrific account of trials, both painful and tedious, that make up the remainder of a life shut out from any earthly garden, sustained, only barely, by the vision of a promised "distant land" (76) where a "new song" (169) may be sung. But that distant land lies "miles and miles" beyond (73).

Christina's gardens form a rather grim contrast to her brother's early poems and to the revived fantasies of love and art in a medieval garden at Red House. But the harshness of "Shut Out" and "From House to Home" is somewhat softened by her gently corrective supplements to the Genesis account of Eve's expulsion from the garden of Eden in a poem from December 1855. "An Afterthought" rehearses Eve's lament only to interrupt it with Rossetti's own efforts to think her way—rather as her brother had done with Mantegna's Apollo and Giorgione's nude musician—into the particularity of Eve's feelings:

> Oh lost garden Paradise:—
> Were the roses redder there
> Than they blossom otherwhere?
> Was the night's delicious shade
> More intensely star inlaid?
> Who can tell what memories
> Of lost beloved Paradise
> Saddened Eve with sleepless eyes?
> (Rossetti 1990, 242, "An Afterthought," 1-8)

But, the poem continues, Eve doesn't lose Adam: "Sure she kept one part of Eden / Angels could not strip her of" (29-30). And then the poem wonders, rather unexpectedly, whether the garden missed Eve:

> What became of Paradise?
> Did the cedars droop at all
> (Springtide hastening to the fall)
> Missing the beloved hand—
> (Rossetti 1990, 243, "An Afterthought," 37-40)

The dearest, most missed gardens are not, Rossetti suggests, those whose "green perfection" can "stand / Unmoved" (41-42) but those for which we have cared, in the double sense to which Harrison directs our attention (2008, 5-13). Green perfection may await us in Paradise when life and time have ended: "Eve now slumbers there forgiven," the poet assures us (45). Yet the gardens we love are those we cultivate: whether by the gardener's care or in the poet's song. Christina Rossetti's poems confirm a fundamentally humanistic view of the garden, despite or perhaps because of her Christian belief that one must leave earthly gardens to gain heavenly ones.

Swinburne's response to the dream of life in a garden was very different. "The Forsaken Garden," first published in 1876, more than a decade after the friends left Red House, most immediately recalls Swinburne's earlier happiness with his cousin in a family garden on the Isle of Wight. But Swinburne had also been a guest on Red House weekends in the early 1860s. He was particularly close to Burne-Jones then, to whom he dedicated his brilliant, scandalous *Poems and Ballads* in 1866. In London in those years, Georgiana Burne-Jones later recalled, Swinburne dropped in almost every day at their rooms on Great Russell Street, conveniently opposite the British Museum, where Burne-Jones, Morris, and Rossetti pored over a fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript of *Le Roman de la Rose*, another story of love in a rose garden (G. Burne-Jones 1904, 1.215).

Swinburne read his new poems aloud while Burne-Jones painted and Georgie played her piano. Swinburne knew the early versions not only of *Green Summer* but also of Burne-Jones's *Le Chant d'Amour*, which also began from a painting on Georgie's piano before it became a watercolor and finally an oil painting.[8] Both images recalled those long weekends at Red House. Indeed, in his dedicatory poem to Burne-Jones, Swinburne wonders whether there is room for his own poems—many of them inspired by the Marquis de Sade rather than the *Roman de la Rose*—in Burne-Jones's painted "world of delight," a garden land

> Made green with the running of rivers
> And gracious with temperate air;
> In the fields and the turreted cities,
> That cover from sunshine and rain
> Fair passions and bountiful pities
> And loves without stain?
> (Swinburne 2004, 137, "Dedication," 59-64)

Swinburne's own garden is much bleaker:

> In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
> At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
> Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
> The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
> A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
> The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
> Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
> Now lie dead.
> (Swinburne 2004, 158, "A Forsaken Garden," 1-8)

Reached by a "dense hard passage … blind and stifled / That crawls by a track none turn to climb" (17-18), this "strait waste place that the years have rifled / Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time" (19-20) is a wilderness of rocks and "wind-shaken" weeds (23), slowly crumbling into the vast expanse of the sea. It is also, of course, forsaken.

> Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
> Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
> Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
> Years ago.
> (Swinburne 2004, 159, "A Forsaken Garden," 37-40)