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No Man's Elizabeth: Frances A. Yates and the History of History¹

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"Shall we lay the blame on the war?"
Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

Elizabeth I didn't like women much. She had her female cousin killed, banished married ladies-in-waiting (she had some of them killed, too), and dismissed the powers and potential of half the world's population when she famously addressed the troops at Tilbury, "I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king."² Of course, being a woman was a disappointment from the day she was born: it made her less valuable in her parents' and her nation's eyes, it diminished the status of her mother and contributed to her downfall, and it created endless complications for Elizabeth as queen, when she was long underestimated as the future spouse of any number of foreign princes or opportunistic aristocrats and courtiers. Elizabeth saw from a very early age the precarious path walked by her father's successive wives. Under such circumstances, who would want to be female?

Feminist scholars have an easier time with figures such as Marguerite de Navarre, who enjoyed a network of female friends and believed strongly in women's education; Christine de Pisan, who addressed literary misogyny head-on; or Margaret Cavendish, who embodies all our hopes for women and the sciences.³ They allow us to imagine and establish a transhistorical feminist sisterhood. Elizabeth I, however, forces us to acknowledge the opacity of the past and the unbridgeable distance that divides us from our historical subjects. But this has not stopped us: the extent and range of feminist scholarship on Elizabeth illustrates how productive scholars have found placing her in a feminist context, and using feminist vocabulary to analyze her life.⁴ As feminism has evolved, it has expanded to include the problematic cases such as Elizabeth.⁵ And women's history does not confine itself to the silent, the submissive, the assimilable. Nevertheless, the

case of Elizabeth throws into relief the limitations of such a contemporary concept as feminism. Feminism is predicated on an assumption of rights and of equality—equality between men and women as well as equality among women. For Elizabeth, these assumptions would be utter nonsense.

One of the most influential studies of Elizabeth was produced by a woman who also had very little to say to feminism: Frances A. Yates. Published in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* in 1947, and reprinted in the 1970s and 1990s, Yates's article, "Queen Elizabeth as Astraea," describes



Figure 12.1 Photograph of Frances A. Yates. Reproduced by courtesy of the Warburg Institute.

the iconography of Elizabeth as Virgin Queen. It draws on the traditions of classical literature, European literature, drama, and the history of art and architecture, as well as religious history, to explain the literary and artistic processes by which, as she puts it, "the unmarried state of the Queen is exalted into a symbol of the imperial virgin Astraea which fills the universe."⁶ Whereas previous studies of Elizabeth were confined to narrative history (from the prurient to the celebratory, and including, somewhere in the middle, the Victorian "girlhood" variety), Yates used "visual devices as historical documents in their own right."⁷ Yates's methodology seems commonplace today: Renaissance scholars do not think twice about moving within and between disciplines; a knowledge of art, literature, music, and any number of other fields is not only *de rigueur* but necessary. In the 1940s, however, it was revolutionary. Yates's "Astraea" offered an early account of the intricacies of what the New Historicists called "representation," shaping not only Renaissance studies as a whole, but also the wave of feminist studies on Elizabeth that have emerged in the past two decades.

Yates would have shuddered to hear her work, much less herself, described as feminist. Although she was a member of the first generation of middle-class women to attend university, she did not see herself as participating in, or even representing, any kind of political struggle. She did not identify with women; she did not regard her work as a contribution to feminism; she did not go out of her way to mentor female students or cultivate friendships with other woman scholars. Instead, like so many female scholars of her time, such as the Shakespearean Muriel Bradbrook (1909–93) and the medieval historian Helen Maud Cam (1885–1968), she simply ignored feminism. Yates's intention was not to offer an account of what, today, we might call Elizabeth's gender trouble. For Yates, "Astraea" was an idea from the classical past that was pressed into the service of what she called "The Imperial Theme": an artistic and discursive system of monarchical representation that justifies the Reformation as well as England's nascent imperialism.⁸ In "Astraea," virginity is an issue, as is Elizabeth's sex, but these issues are not regarded as part of a larger argument concerning ideologies or representations of gender. Feminism doesn't come into it at all.

Nevertheless, "Queen Elizabeth as Astraea" has had a profound influence on feminist scholarship on Elizabeth. Even as they proclaim their distance from Yates, scholars acknowledge the centrality of both her methodology and her claims.⁹ For readers today, Yates explains how a public intensely conscious about having a queen processed and reformulated the problems posed by her gender—her femininity, her marriageability, and eventually her unmarried status—turning, after the feminist fashion, lemons into lemonade. For some, this may be a misreading of Yates's intentions. And it is possible that "Astraea" has since been read differently because apparent praise of empire is no longer acceptable. Nevertheless, just as literature is reconfigured as it is reinterpreted in different periods, so is criticism.

Yet we have lost sight of the original contexts in which the "Astraea" work was produced and read: the overwhelming losses of two world wars, the long interregnum between the first-wave feminism of the suffragettes and the bluestockings and the second-wave feminism of the 1970s, and the imposing legacy of Queen Victoria. Returning to the personal and historical events that shaped Yates's "Astraea" illuminates not only Yates's contribution to Renaissance studies but also our present interests and agendas. Like Elizabeth I herself, Frances Yates poses a challenge to the feminist scholar, requiring us to reexamine our current assumptions as well as our ideas about the past.

Et in Arcadia Ego

The Second World War had been over for about five months. Parts of London were rubble, and with rationing, power cuts, and other hardships, it still felt like war. Amidst the chaos of postwar London, the distinguished Renaissance scholar F. S. Boas invited Yates to give the Elizabeth Howland Lecture under the auspices of the Elizabethan Literary Society and the Streatham Antiquarian Society. Originally intended as an annual sermon, the Elizabeth Howland Lecture had been endowed by a great admirer of Elizabeth I's contributions to the Protestant cause.¹⁰ The audience that gathered on November 17, 1945 for Miss Yates's lecture, an early version of the "Astraea" article, wanted to hear about the queen. Gathered in a hall that "was still suffering from the war and tattered blackout," they probably looked forward to reliving, via quotations of poetry, England's Golden Age. They wanted to hear about the Elizabeth of "merrie olde" England, identified with an optimism and certainty that, in the months immediately following the war, must have seemed a distant, though longed-for, ideal. They may even have wanted to indulge a collective fantasy about the current Princess Elizabeth, the heir apparent, who was expected to herald a return to national security and strength.

It was not well received. Recalling that evening, Yates put the problem down to interdisciplinarity: "it was an absolutely unheard-of thing in those days to use pictures in connection with a talk on poetry (poetic imagery having then absolutely no connection with pictures in the minds of the literary)."¹¹ Yet even if the audience did not mind her slides, Yates's learned formulations, linking Elizabeth to a wide-ranging collection of representations of chastity, would have sounded like an arcane, if not entirely foreign, language: "the just virgin is thus a complex character, fertile and barren at the same time; orderly and righteous, yet tinged with oriental moon-ecstasies" (33). Showing much-loved images of Elizabeth to be a mere assemblage of borrowed motifs and classical references, Yates was verging on sacrilege. Gesturing towards a bigger picture of elite, educated, and polyglot internationalism, Yates was also verging on the offensive. "Astraea" focused on

English culture, yet part of Yates's larger argument was that the French and the English constructed virtually interchangeable patterns of representation for their monarchs.¹² To an audience whose wartime suffering had been justified by a nationalist rhetoric, no one wanted to hear Yates deconstructing Queen Elizabeth *avant la lettre*, or implying that she had anything to do with the French. Even worse, Yates described Elizabethan paeans and praises as "propaganda": a word with associated with England's enemies across the Channel, and certainly not with its own monarchy.¹³

Yet Yates's intention was to be anything but divisive. Composed during the war, as she commuted from Surrey to the Warburg and British Libraries, "Astraea" is the product of research pursued in spite of air raids, ambulance volunteering, and other wartime dangers and stresses. As Yates recalls, in the unfinished autobiography she was working on when she died, "I was determined that Hitler should not prevent me from writing . . . I went on working at it whenever possible."¹⁴ Describing the process of constructing national identity and illustrating the importance of images in politics, "Astraea" is motivated by ideals of peace and unity. From its first paragraph, it accentuates the positive and eliminates the negative. Beginning with the catalogue of names for Elizabeth recited in Thomas Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, Yates writes, "over Pandora as a name for Elizabeth we will not linger, but the Virgin Queen as Astraea is the subject of this essay" (29). Yet this optimism is superimposed on the inevitability of decline, as Yates recounts the appearance of Astraea in Ovid's account of the four ages: "War came, and brandished in its bloody hands the clashing arms. Piety lay vanquished, and the virgin Astraea, last of the immortals, abandoned the blood-soaked earth" (30). As Yates demonstrates the classical roots of the Astraea image, she also signals her own, more personal investment in Astraea as a figure for peace after war, and for unity after division. Yates expresses this longing to return to a Golden Age after a time of great destruction and hardship (or as she puts it, quite simply "the idea of sunshine after storms") in her little pamphlet, "Allegorical Portraits of Queen Elizabeth I at Hatfield House," which appeared in 1952.¹⁵ Quoting Sir John Davies's *Hymns to Astraea*, she writes:

Verses by the poets on Elizabeth as Astraea usually introduce the idea that she is restoring to England an eternal spring like that of the Golden Age . . . Here the connection of the flowers of spring in the golden age with the spring, or golden age, of 'our state,' the state of England, is clearly made.

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The idea of returning to a Golden Age is at once deeply nostalgic and intensely optimistic: the past becomes a pattern for reforming the present. Yates had personal reasons for idolizing the past. Her childhood seems, by

all accounts, to have been quite close to perfection. Her family was remarkably unified and harmonious: her father was a successful naval architect; her mother presided over a well-organized household. Yates recalled that they lacked nothing. Although her father's salary was not large, her mother was frugal, and they had just enough for all the trappings of middle-class life: books and music, pets, parties, holidays. Most importantly, her family valued education: they sent Hannah to Girton College, Cambridge, Ruby to the Glasgow School of Art, and James to Hertford College, Oxford. As the youngest by eleven years, Frances was indulged by the entire family: her 1916 diary describes with great passion and detail the refurbishment of an old desk, which was installed in her very own "room of one's own" in the attic, which she dubbed "the studio," where she pursued her writing, painting, and photography.¹⁶

Yates's scholarly longing for unity constitutes a personal reaction to the First World War. As she recalls, "the 1914-1918 war broke our family; as a teenager I lived among the ruins."¹⁷ As a 15-year-old, Yates confided to her diary:¹⁸

My brother at this time was a school-master at St. Bees School in Cumberland. He was greatly beloved by the boys and when he left the school to join the army, the whole school house came to the station to see him off. He was a 2nd lieutenant in the 3rd Royal West Kent Regiment and was stationed at Chatham for training. My mother and I went down and stayed near him for more than a month. Soon after this he went out. He was killed on the 8th October 1915 whilst leading a bayonet attack. I shall not do more than state the bare facts of this event but of course it is a deep and lasting sorrow to all of us.

A much-loved schoolmaster and a published poet (a collection of his poetry was republished posthumously as *War Lyrics* in 1919), James Yates was filled with promise. With his sisters, he had enjoyed an excellent education, numerous professional opportunities, a loving and supportive family, and a complacent sense of certainty in his world and ambitions.

It has become something of a cliché to associate James's generation with the end of an era: a generation sacrificed along with an entire way of life. Many view the First World War as destroying a pan-European culture that, for all its faults and inequities, had been evolving since the Renaissance. The squalor of trench warfare overwhelmed the ideals of civilization and society with which soldiers on both sides had been raised. For Yates, the death of James was the death of childhood. Her diary laments, "It may seem to be a very selfish way of looking at it but why oh why, when I was just becoming more developed and when he would have been such a perfect companion & brother, when I was beginning to realize his real character, was he taken away?"¹⁹ James's death also heralded the beginning of a kind of extended childhood. Frances and her sisters never married, never left their

parents' household (although Ruby spent many years as a missionary in South Africa). The family remained frozen, as they were when James went off to war. As a result, Frances was able to pursue her scholarly life unhindered by marriage, childrearing, and housekeeping. She remained forever the baby of the family, with her sisters caring for her after their parents died. Frances's scholarly career, moreover, was a family enterprise: her parents went so far as to name their house in Surrey "New House" in honor of an admiring *TLS* review of Frances's first book on John Florio, which said that it cast "new and lively" light on the subject.²⁰ In this way, Frances replaced the promising, literary son that they had lost.

Yates was born in the penultimate month of the nineteenth century: a time when, as she described it, "The British Empire was at the height of its power and glory, the British Navy second to none in the world."²¹ Taken outside for the first time on New Year's Eve, 1899, Yates felt as if she had experienced at firsthand a Golden Age of Innocence:²²

It seems to me now the Golden Age, in which the security and stability of the Victorian era were still intact and seemed the natural state of affairs which would continue for ever (though in a less severe and easier form). It was not, of course, a Golden Age for all, but for me it was a time of perfect safety and happiness when I first put down roots of experience and inquiry in a world which made sense.

Given her disciplined religious upbringing, the biblical structures of innocence and experience, and perfection and fall, come naturally, and are easily superimposed on Hesiod's notion of the Golden Age, which includes the inevitability of decline. Her account of hearing the news of the sinking of the *Titanic* crystallizes the sense of a threatened perfection that provides the motivation for her work.²³

We stood outside near the gate into the lambs' field whilst he told us about the *Titanic* disaster. In view of the kind of news which we were soon to hear and would continue to hear in unbroken crescendo throughout life, the loss of the *Titanic* might seem relatively unimportant, and yet it retains its impressiveness because it was the first piece of Frightful News, the first revelation that the whole rich world of 'modern civilization' was not so safe as it seemed, that things could go badly wrong.

The loss of the *Titanic*, the declaration of war (and the deeply symbolic crash of the gold sovereign), and, most tragically for her family, the death of James, cast a shadow over the Victorian solidity of Yates's domestic world. They prompted her scholarly efforts to recover and recuperate lost, and better, worlds: as she described it, "to return to idealism after it has been crushed; a desire for unity after dissension."²⁴

"Astraea" emerged from the research that became *The French Academies in the Sixteenth Century* (also published in 1947). In what is considered to be one of her best books, Yates argues that the French academies that inspired Shakespeare's *Love's Labours Lost* contained a "whole encyclopedia," a vast pool of knowledge that was subsequently broken down into specialist subjects: "thus illustrating the breakup of the European mind into separate disciplines."²⁵ Her preface reads:²⁶

It is a book which ought to have been written in Paris, instead of from such sources as were available in war-time and post war-time London. Its excuse for appearing in the present form, without waiting for further findings from more detailed research in France, is that the conditions under which it was written, unsatisfactory from the scholarly point of view, were from the spiritual point of view perhaps not unrevealing. It might be difficult to recapture the atmosphere in which the French Academies of the sixteenth century first presented themselves as a steadying subject for contemplation in a disintegrating world.

Published in the same year as *The French Academies*, "Astraea" shows this ideal academy in action, revealing the mutually reinforcing disciplines and discourses of "music, art, rhetoric, or what you will." For Yates, the division of scholarly disciplines was symptomatic of a larger, almost metaphysical, division; in her work, she sought recovery and reunion. She wanted to return to the academy before disciplines, which she associated with an almost prelapsarian unity.

The Warburg Institute allowed her to replace her lost, happy childhood home with another. Established by Aby Warburg in the decades before the war, and moved from Hamburg to London in 1933, the Warburg offered a safe space for the pursuit of interdisciplinary scholarship before there was such a word. Ernst Gombrich's description of Warburg's "original vision of a unitary *Kulturwissenschaft*" illustrates how the Warburg answered Yates's psychological as much as scholarly needs.²⁷ Warburg's desire to assemble a library "uniting the various branches of the history of human civilization where [the student] could wander from shelf to shelf," and the library's flight from the Nazis in 1939, with the arrival, from Hamburg, of 60,000 volumes in a container ship on the Thames, resonated with Yates's longing to return to a scholarly utopia, and to reclaim a lost and threatened past.

As a result, Yates took deep, personal offense at any observation of disciplinary boundaries (a quality which disqualified her from the many academic posts for which she applied and, unfailingly, did not win). Sydney Anglo, who studied with her in the 1950s, recalls: "You did not dream of saying to her, 'Oh, but that's not History: it's French, or English Literature, or Italian, or Philosophy, or Science, or Medicine, or Magic,' or whatever. No boundaries, other than those of time and energy, were allowed to limit

research."²⁸ Another distinguished former student, Sir Roy Strong, recalls her impatience with any expression of limitation: "When confronted with a thesis on Elizabethan Pageantry as Propaganda I said, 'I can't do that, it's English literature,' to which the reply came, 'A trained mind can do anything. You take the book from the shelf and read it.'"²⁹ Today it is fashionable, even ubiquitous, to call one's research "interdisciplinary," but at a time when disciplinary boundaries were honored, Yates would have nothing to do with them. She writes in the preface to the reprinting of *Astraea*:³⁰

My aims have hardly been conscious but I think that one of them has been crossing frontiers, crossing national frontiers in studies overlapping different national cultures, and crossing frontiers between disciplines, those artificial divisions between disciplines. I think that I have concentrated in history of ideas on ideas which cross frontiers and belong to mankind as a whole. One such idea which I have studied is that of 'universal harmony.'

Queen Bee

Like Elizabeth I, Yates's domestic life was surrounded by women, and her professional life spent talking with men. In her work on John Florio and Giordano Bruno, and her daily life at the Warburg, with friends such as Perkin Walker, Ernst Gombrich, J. B. Trapp, Fritz Saxl, and illustrious students such as Sydney Anglo and Roy Strong, Yates was in daily contact with important men, both dead and alive.³¹ And she by no means deferred to them: as Strong recalls, "she ate bright young men, as you know."³² And finally, like the apocryphal legend of Elizabeth dressing as a soldier to address the troops at Tilbury perhaps, there was a masculine aspect to Yates's appearance. Strong describes how "in attitude and appearance she . . . fits neatly into a gallery which includes Dorothy L. Sayers and Muriel St. Clare Byrne. To be intellectual was equated with the affectation of a certain mannishness."³³ Yates illustrates a phenomenon some feminists call "the Queen Bee": a woman who has enjoyed advantages enabled by her feminist predecessors, yet one who refuses to engage with or support feminism.

In Yates's papers I have found only one sidelong glance at the subject of feminism. Describing her father's relatively easy social mobility, Yates ventured: "though the injustice of discrimination between the sexes is (in my opinion) enormously over-emphasized to-day, there can be no manner of doubt that the Victorian Boy was in an unfairly strong position as compared to the Victorian Girl."³⁴ Yates's father's aspirations were possible because he was male, and exceptional; for him, as Yates put it, "a chink in the system appeared."³⁵ As a result, he could offer his daughters an education. Yates was a member of the first generation of middle-class women to attend university, and her experience as a correspondence student at University College,

London, does not seem to have produced the same sense of exclusion and rejection famously symbolized by boiled beef and stewed prunes in Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*.³⁶ Although her comment tacitly acknowledges it, Yates did not dwell on "the injustice of discrimination between the sexes." She had the education her mother longed for, and universities had been closed until quite recently to most boys as well as girls of her social class. Not wishing to appear ungrateful, and eager to get on with it, Yates does not dwell on the issue. Like Elizabeth, she simply wanted to be one of the boys.

Despite repeated accounts of past unity and high hopes for future harmony, Yates had little interest in overcoming specific social differences. Her work focuses on elite culture, the productions of an extreme minority of educated men and royalty. As she moved from "Astraea" and her studies of imperialism in the 1950s, to writing on the occult and Rosicrucianism in the 1960s and 1970s, her work became more and more concerned with rarified worlds. Her later books, such as *Giordano Bruno*, *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, and *The Occult Philosophy in the Elizabethan Age*, explore the magical systems that sought a return to the Golden Age. Whereas the imperial argument of "Astraea" was concerned with idealized representations of royalty in the interests of political unity, combining mysticism with a naïve, Kiplingesque sense of the benevolence of empire, her subsequent studies sought to recreate little islands of enlightenment in which more and more arcane forms of knowledge were pursued in the face of an increasingly worldly anti-intellectualism.³⁷ Towards the end of her career, she no longer even held herself accountable to reality. She writes in the Preface to *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*:³⁸

The subject is fundamental because, basically, it is concerned with a striving for illumination, in the sense of vision, as well as for enlightenment in the sense of advancement in intellectual or scientific knowledge. Though I do not know exactly what a Rosicrucian was, nor whether there were any, the doubt and uncertainty which beset the seeker after the invisible Rose Cross Brothers are themselves the inevitable accompaniment of the search for the Invisible.

Yates's greatest hatred was for the barbarians at the gates. Her greatest attraction was to intellectual utopias that were threatened, unattainable, or virtual. Perhaps alluding to the lyrics of Ivor Novello's popular song "The Land Called Might Have Been," J. B. Trapp said, "Frances Yates was always at her best and most exciting when describing what might have been."³⁹

This is not to say that Yates was entirely blind to social problems. In her account of her Victorian (and Edwardian) childhood, she grumpily anticipates a critical response by her imagined reader:⁴⁰

I hear in my mind's ear the mutterings of an angry reader. These oppressed grimy coalmen and patronized cooks and housemaids were the products

of a bad system. I was living, grows this reader, in a little island of bourgeois snobbery in one of the worst periods, and one of the worst areas, for the capitalist exploitation of the poor... I am not saying the system was not bad; it was bad: I am only trying to write an account, as honest as I can make it, of a family living in times which I can remember.

In her autobiographical fragments, Yates consistently and rhapsodically returns to this prewar period, which is inextricably tied to memories of her brother. This "little island of bourgeois snobbery" is, for Yates, a space of love and revelation and, as a result, she recalls it with intense nostalgia.⁴¹

I remember a primrose, newly opened, exquisitely pale and slender. My brother said, 'Look', so we looked at it... I have had the experience of looking at a primrose with a poet in an utterly unpolluted world. That primrose always comes to me with Vaughan's line, 'They are all gone into the world of light.'

Insulated from the Dickensian world of "grimy coalmen," Yates's childhood world was nevertheless defensible particularly because it was ideal and because it is lost forever. However legitimate a critique of Victorian class stratification and social injustice may be, this period, Yates implies, offered the vision of an "utterly polluted world." It was better than what followed. Moreover, as she conducted her research in the Warburg Institute, an organization that politics and prejudice had made unwelcome, Yates was reminded on a daily basis of the crisis in Enlightenment values that produced both world wars, and she believed that this kind of aggressive and appetitive barbarism destroyed (but also, as she later came to believe, crucially enabled) the Renaissance academies.

The women's movement also stalled between the wars. Alison Light's *Forever England* points out that an intense nationalism, which fueled an ensuing conservatism, derailed the process of advocacy for women's rights that was initiated in the latter half of the nineteenth century.⁴² Yates's extreme idealism and reluctance to engage politically reflect this particular historical moment. Nevertheless, it seems counterintuitive that Yates's intellectual and professional craving for freedom should not dovetail with a commitment to feminism, with its overarching concern for self-determination. Yet with a temperamental hatred of restrictions, and a tendency towards mysticism, Yates would have been impatient with the primacy that first- and second-wave feminists placed on identity. As Diana Fuss explains, in *Identification Papers*, the process of identifying as one thing or another constitutes a form of longing for an absent and impossibly concrete and stable identity.⁴³

Identification is a process that keeps identity at a distance, that prevents identity from ever approximating the status of an ontological given, even

as it makes possible the formation of an illusion of identity as immediate, secure, and totalizable. It is one of the central claims of this book that it is precisely identity that becomes problematic in and through the work of identification.

Given Yates's historical experience, and her personal inclination to the ideal and the abstract, the idea of political action predicated on a particular form of identification would have seemed ill-advised, if not simply dangerous. Identities, from English or German to Jewish, feminist, lesbian, or Korean-American, can get people killed. Personal experiences with two world wars showed Yates that identities were less a source of power than a cause for division.

As a result, Yates's "Astraea" implicitly calls into question any kind of essential identity, as it traces how Elizabeth's identity as Virgin Queen was constructed by outsiders and consumed publicly. It shows how the shaping of identity is a process that has very little to do with individual agency: Elizabeth herself plays a role in her self-fashioning, but she is at best participating in a centuries-long conversation with learned men about queenship and power. Looking back, in the 1970s, on the contributions of "Astraea," Yates tiptoes around the idea of feminism, without committing herself to it:⁴⁴

The Tudor reform of the Church, carried out by the Monarch, allowed the propagandists of that reform to draw upon the traditions and symbolism of sacred empire for the glorification of the Queen. The image of her as Astraea, the Just Virgin of the Imperial Reform, was built up during her reign in the complex symbolism used of her, which incorporated the legend of the Trojan descent of the Tudors with the religious imperialism. This propaganda accustomed the public to think of a purified Church and Empire as a woman.

Elizabethans drew on an existing pattern for associating a spiritual empire with female power: like a cut-out dress for a paper doll, it was simply attached to the queen. Yet the cut-out does not come from a book about queens, or even women, but from a book about religious reform and imperialism. In a neat, almost sleight-of-hand way, Elizabeth's sex fades into the background, even as her gender (as the performance of queenship) is mobilized into a compelling political argument.

In Yates's day, however, sex and gender had yet to be split. While Judith Butler's lessons about gender performativity in the 1990s made the internal and external idea of "Woman" and the complexities of self-representation more of a conceptual issue, first-wave feminism hinged on identification. It concerned processes that required "identification" in the material, bureaucratic sense: the vote, labor, and property ownership. But Yates was more of

a mystic than a utopian: she genuinely believed she was "living," through her scholarship, in the Renaissance. She was not concerned with how one might, in a political sense, achieve freedom or equality, or with imagining a social structure that would ensure that certain identities no longer produce deprivation or unjust privilege. She believed, instead, in the erasure of identity attendant on mystic union with the past. In her comments on her historical method, Yates describes the experience of absorption in archival work:⁴⁵

It has been life itself, the thing that makes life worth living because it increases life, enables one to live in many times and periods, instead of only one life in one period. The outlook of any one period is restricted, and can only be enlarged through absorption in outlooks of other times.

Even in her mysticism, Yates was first a scholar.

It might seem strange, then, to suggest that the example of Frances Yates has something to teach us about our students today. Feminist scholars proverbially lament the antifeminism (perhaps afeminism) of our students, who, for all of their desires and ambitions, refuse to attach themselves to feminism. They are, as Fuss would put it, resisting identification, refusing to align themselves with a feminist identity. But in post-millennial postmodernity, identities have come to be viewed as a virtual, superficial, occasionally cynical, and fundamentally protean act of manipulation. Like Yates, our students feel that any process that would identify them in a particular way, especially something they believe would undermine the endlessly inventive masquerade of femininity play that they enjoy, must be suspect. "Feminist" is particularly suspect as an identity as it is perceived (however incorrectly) as incommensurate with other, more porous opportunities for identity play, closing off such alternatives as diva, porn star, or soccer mom. Even worse, feminism has the temerity to critique these roles, spoiling the game entirely by apparently taking them all at face value, dismissing or disregarding the irony with which young people enjoy inhabiting (and discarding) roles. At a time when they are no longer children or even teenagers, they are motivated more by the opportunity to explore themselves as individuals. Given the restrictions of the Victorian society in which he was raised, James Yates did not send his daughters to university so that they could partake of a collective process; but so that they could develop as individuals.

No man's Elizabeth

Shekhar Kapur's film *Elizabeth* (1999) concludes with a striking scene in which Elizabeth, looking girlish and fragile, has her hair shorn by a weeping lady-in-waiting. Depicted, at the beginning of the film with flowing tresses and dewy blushes, Elizabeth now smears her face with stark white makeup,

assuming the attitude of detached imperiousness which, Kapur implies, will define the next forty or so years of her reign. Kapur makes a very clear statement: that by remaining single, the queen preserved England's political autonomy. To this point, the film has traced the development of her touch-me-not empowerment through a string of rejected suitors. After breaking with the cross-dressing Duke of Anjou, Elizabeth returns to her banquet, Terminator-like, where she breaks with her English suitor, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, because she is shocked to learn that he is married. At this point Elizabeth proclaims, to all present, that she will have one mistress and no master. And that she is, in a wonderful turn of phrase, "no man's Elizabeth!"

Kapur's treatment of history has been criticized for the rather Shakespearean liberties that it takes: Elizabeth's pronouncement comes too early in her reign, and it is presented as a revelation rather than an unfolding process of *faute de mieux*. Nevertheless, Kapur's film constitutes an imaginative account of the construction of a familiar public mask. It offers a narrative prehistory of our image of Elizabeth as Virgin Queen, an image foregrounded and anatomized by Frances Yates's "Astraea."

As I have shown, Yates's account of Elizabeth as "Astraea" is the product of a complex history that includes two world wars, the death of a brother, and the exodus of a priceless library. Her reconstruction of the iconographical machinery deployed by poets and artists to represent Elizabeth constitutes a process of recuperation that says as much about the history of the twentieth century as it does about the Renaissance. Yet the image of Elizabeth that comes out of Yates's work is very different from the image of Elizabeth that Yates herself grew up with. Yates's "Astraea" not only expresses nostalgia for the Victorian period, it reacts sharply against it. Perhaps Yates was more in tune with feminist optimism about the potential of modernity than many of her statements would lead us to expect.

Each age, it seems, has its own image of Elizabeth. It is possible that the image of "Astraea" that informed feminist studies of Elizabeth in the 1990s is now giving way to the waif-Elizabeth, celebrated in David Starkey's recent account of her life before she became queen.⁴⁶ When Frances Yates was a girl, the dominant image of Elizabeth was that of a solitary old woman, surrounded by courtiers, and horrified by her own mortality. The story that captured the Victorian imagination concerned Elizabeth's destruction of all of the mirrors in the palace (much as the story of Elizabeth's speech at Tilbury has captured ours: we love the idea of a cross-dressed, martial Amazon). As Nicola Watson explains, it was Augustus Leopold Egg's portrait, *Queen Elizabeth Discovers She is No Longer Young*, that started the trend. Highly praised from the moment it was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1848, its "realism" inspired a succession of unflattering Elizabeth portraits. For Watson, these images offer a potent antitype to the fecund domesticity (as mother of ten) that dominates representations of Victoria: it emphasizes the

temporal nature of Elizabeth—and hence the Elizabethan age—by contrast to the ideals of a universal and eternal Victorian empire (on which the sun, proverbially, never sets). Watson observes:⁴⁷

So obsessed did mid-Victorian culture become with the figure of the old queen, indeed, that Kingsley could observe ruefully in 1855 that 'it is much now-a-days to find anyone who believes that Queen Elizabeth was ever young, or who does not talk of her as if she was born about seventy years of age covered with rouge and wrinkles.' For the first time since her death, Queen Elizabeth was regularly pursued into the privacy of her bedchamber, to be triumphantly discovered in unflattering undress, all wrinkles and no rouge.

What was so threatening about Elizabeth? Whereas the Victorian period invested its successes as an empire in the maternal productivity of its queen (with the commonwealth figured as a "family"), the Elizabethan period had tied its imperial might to virginity, with marriage to anyone but England understood as a kind of national capitulation. The challenge Elizabeth represented to Victoria meant repressing the heady combination of youth, beauty, and virginity that produced "Astraea," and replacing it with the Elizabethan body in all of its moral "truth" (as Falstaff puts it, in a play that many like to believe was written for Queen Elizabeth, "old, cold, and withered").⁴⁸

Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* (1928) perfectly illustrates the barren grotesquerie of the Victorian Elizabeth. Woolf describes Elizabeth as the resentful aged admirer of the male Orlando, whom she spies kissing another woman in the corridor. Orlando's experience of Elizabeth focuses on fetishized body parts and accessories, expressing all of the horror evoked by the Victorian portraits:⁴⁹

It was a memorable hand; a thin hand with long fingers always curling as if round orb or sceptre; a nervous, crabbed, sickly hand; a commanding hand too; a hand that had only to raise itself for a head to fall; a hand, he guessed, attached to an old body that smelt like a cupboard in which furs are kept in camphor; which body was yet caparisoned in all sorts of brocades and gems; and held itself very upright though perhaps in pain from sciatica; and never flinched though strung together by a thousand fears; and the Queen's eyes were light yellow . . .

Woolf figures the queen as animalistic, monstrous, half-bird (with skinny, claw-like hands), half-cat (with yellow eyes and fur). Elizabeth's adorned, caparisoned body, stiff with pain, represents the artificiality of the old world, with all of its physical and psychological restraints. Woolf was particularly

drawn to the idea of the old furs, which she uses in her account of Orlando having sex with Elizabeth:⁵⁰

she pulled him down among the cushions where her women had laid her (she was so worn and so old) and made him bury his face in that astonishing composition—she had not changed her dress for a month—which smelt for all the world, he thought, recalling his boyish memory, like some old cabinet at home where his mother's furs were stored.

This masochistic experience, with Elizabeth as an aging Venus in furs, represents Orlando's immersion in and enslavement to an old world from which he must break free. The first in a series of sexual and romantic encounters that take place throughout history, Elizabeth represents the confinement in all senses (gendered, social, emotional) that Orlando flees. Woolf also associates Elizabeth with confinement in *A Room of One's Own*, in which she contrasts the power and optimism Elizabeth's reign offered Shakespeare and his contemporaries with the limitations it imposed on women. She imagines the life of "Shakespeare's sister," Judith. Equally talented (if not more so), Judith runs away from an unhappy and restrictive home to join the London theater scene; she ends up pregnant, alone, and suicidal: buried, eventually, in an unmarked grave in Elephant and Castle, a place "where the omnibuses stop."⁵¹ The scenario that Woolf sketches, in her leisurely fashion, anticipates Yates's more terse comment on the respective lives of the Victorian Girl and the Victorian Boy.

Woolf uses Elizabeth as a marker for the Victorian period. Her descriptions of Elizabeth in *Orlando* draw on the conventional Victorian portraits—the *déshabillée*, the wrinkled skin, the cushions—which resisted and undermined the formality of sixteenth- and very early seventeenth-century portraits of Elizabeth, which depicted her, if anything, as more-than-dressed, in highly stylized and iconographically meaningful gowns. Using an ostensible realism to counter the idealized pretensions of their predecessors, the Victorian portraits accentuate the negative, just as Victorian biographies of Elizabeth draw out as much scurrilous speculation as possible, alleging sex, and lots of it, incest, and even an illegitimate child or two. As a result, the portraits tell us more about the prurience of the Victorian mindset than they do about Elizabeth. Woolf's Elizabeth thus associates the aging body of Elizabeth with a Victorian mentality obsessed with toppling Elizabeth from her pedestal, so menacing did it find an unmarried and childless queen. This is an age so threatened by female sexuality, that it had to fetishize it with furs.⁵² *Orlando* rebels against the Victorian period by associating the body of Elizabeth not only with sexist social constraints, but also with its own sexual obsessions and repressions. The polymorphous Orlando pursues, instead, a pleasure-seeking and exploratory modernity. The rejection of Queen Elizabeth allegorizes Orlando's rejection of a past self; her aging body the antithesis of his androgynous future.

As near-contemporaries (Woolf was seventeen years older than Yates), Yates and Woolf would have shared experiences, such as working at the British Museum or attending an Oxbridge luncheon party, which Woolf describes in *A Room of One's Own*. They walked through the same Bloomsbury, and immersed themselves in the same London world.⁵³ Yet they saw Elizabeth very differently. Whereas Woolf uses the Victorian inheritance of the aging "private" Elizabeth in opposition to her modern feminist hero and heroine, Yates returns to the public image of Astraea to express her own desire for peace and harmony, wedded, of course, to great learning. As politics, ultimately, comes down to competing images, Yates's iconographic account renewed appreciation for the queen. It is curious, then, that the triumphant image of Elizabeth as "Astraea" should come from outside feminism, while Woolf's smelly old bird is bequeathed to us from one of feminism's patron saints. Yates, by bringing out what some might call the "goddess within," set the stage for feminist re-readings of Elizabeth as Amazon, as author, even as CEO. Yates's "Astraea" also reminds us where we came from, and how close we remain to the painful fragmentations of early twentieth-century history. Illustrating the power and vulnerability of optimism, as well as the peculiar beauty of nostalgia, Yates asks us to imagine the dissolution of all boundaries.

Notes

1. I would like to thank James Carley, Terry Goldie, Dorothea McEwan, Charles Hope, Ruth Morse, Stephen Orgel, Elizabeth Pentland, and J. B. Trapp for guidance and help. Clare Hall, Cambridge, and the Warburg Institute Library provided the ideal conditions for researching and writing this chapter.
2. *Queen Elizabeth's Speech to the Troops at Tilbury, 1588* in *Elizabeth I: Collected Works* ed. Janel Mueller, Leah S. Marcus, and Mary Beth Rose (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 200), 288.
3. For feminist discussions of Marguerite de Navarre, see Carla Freccero, "Patriarchy and the Maternal Text: The Case of Marguerite de Navarre," in *Renaissance Women Writers: French Texts/American Contexts* ed. Anne Larsen and Colette Winn (Detroit: Wayne State University Press), 130–40; "Voices of Subjection: Maternal Sovereignty and Filial Resistance in and Around Marguerite de Navarre's *Heptaméron*," *Yale Journal of Law and the Humanities* 5 (1993): 147–57; and "Marguerite de Navarre and the Politics of Maternal Sovereignty," *Cosmos* 7 (1992): 132–49. On Christine de Pisan, see *Christine de Pizan and the Categories of Difference* ed. Marilynn Desmond (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1998); Susan Schibanoff, "'Taking the Gold out of Egypt': The Art of Reading as a Woman," *Feminist Readings in Middle English Literature: The Wife of Bath and All Her Sect*, ed. Ruth Evans and Lesley Johnson (London: Routledge, 1994), 221–45. On Margaret Cavendish, see Eve Keller, "Producing Petty Gods: Margaret Cavendish's Critique of Experimental Science," *ELH* 64 (1997): 447–71; Sujata Iyengar, "Royalist, Romancer, Racialist: Rank, Race and Gender in the Science and Fiction of Margaret Cavendish," *ELH* 69 (2002): 649–72; Rosemary Kegl, "'The World I have made': Margaret Cavendish, Feminism and *The Blazing World*," in *Feminist Readings of Early Modern Culture: Emerging Subjects*, ed. Valerie Traub,

- M. Lindsay Kaplan and Dympna Callaghan (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996), 119–41; Bronwen Price, "Feminine Modes of Knowing and Scientific Enquiry: Margaret Cavendish's Poetry as Case Study," in *Women and Literature in Britain, 1500–1700*, ed. Helen Wilcox (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996), 117–39.
4. These include Helen Hackett, *Virgin Mother Maiden Queen. Elizabeth I and the Cult of the Virgin Mary* (London: Macmillan, 1994); Susan Frye, *Elizabeth I: The Competition for Representation* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997); Katherine Eggert, *Showing Like a Queen: Female Authority and Literary Experiment in Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1999); *The Myth of Elizabeth*, ed. Susan Doran and Thomas S. Freeman (New York: Palgrave, 2003); Julia M. Walker, *Dissing Elizabeth: Negative Representations of Elizabeth I* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1998) and *The Elizabethan Icon 1603–2003* (New York: Palgrave, 2003); Michael Dobson and Nicola J. Watson, *England's Elizabeth: An Afterlife in Fame and Fantasy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002).
5. Helen Hackett perfectly sums up the conundrum faced by Elizabethan scholars: "Feminist writers have generally had a somewhat more ambivalent attitude to Elizabeth, often finding themselves initially drawn to her as an attractive figure of female autonomy, only to become disappointed as they find out not only how little she did personally for other women, but also how little the very fact of having a woman on the throne changed the status of women in general." Hackett, *Virgin Mother Maiden Queen*, 240.
6. See Frances A. Yates, "Queen Elizabeth as Astraea," in *Astraea: The Imperial Theme in the Sixteenth Century* (London: Routledge, 1975 rpt. 1999), 29–87; 59. All references to this text are to this edition.
7. See the preface to *Astraea*, xii
8. Yates describes, "The Tudor reform of the Church, carried out by the Monarch, allowed the propagandists of that reform to draw upon the traditions and symbolism of sacred empire for the glorification of the Queen. The image of her as Astraea, the Just Virgin of the Imperial Reform, was built up during her reign in the complex symbolism used of her, which incorporated the legend of the Trojan descent of the Tudors with the religious imperialism. This propaganda accustomed the public to think of a purified Church and Empire as a woman." Frances A. Yates, *Shakespeare's Last Plays*, Selected Works, Vol. VI. (London and New York: Routledge, 1975 rpt. 1999), 4.
9. Hackett's *Virgin Mother Maiden Queen* distances itself from Yates (arguing that Yates's support came mostly from elegies rather than being produced in Elizabeth's time); nevertheless, her methodology and premise reflect her profound debt to Yates. Susan Frye criticizes Yates for a lacuna that is precisely the opposite of her claims. She writes, "Frances Yates saw the Queen's vitality, for example, as a 'powerful political weapon' without noticing that it was a weapon not always in Elizabeth's hands." See Frye, *Elizabeth I: The Competition for Representation*, 2. I have not found in Yates's work any suggestion of Elizabeth's agency: for Yates, Elizabethan representation is an impersonal process in dialogue with the past. Julia Walker's introduction to *Dissing Elizabeth* also observes the unwillingness of so many feminist scholars to acknowledge Yates's influence.
10. See Frances Yates, "The Genesis of 'Astraea', Autobiographical Fragments," in *Ideas and Ideals in the North European Renaissance* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984), 321.
11. Yates, "Genesis of 'Astraea'," 321.

12. "The sacred One Ruler of these Catholic imperialist writers became in the hands of imperialist Protestant Elizabethan theologians the sacred One Virgin whose sword of Justice smote down the Whore of Babylon and ushered in a golden age of pure religion, peace, and plenty. The fact that Astraea for Dante is a symbol of imperial reform and is also the name of Elizabeth is more than a merely literary parallel." See *Astraea*, 47.
13. See OED. sv. "propaganda."
14. Frances A. Yates, "The French Academies," in *Ideas and Ideals*, 316.
15. "Allegorical Portraits of Queen Elizabeth I at Hatfield House," *Hatfield House Booklet* no. 1, 1952, London; reprinted in *Astraea*, 215–19; 218.
16. Warburg Library Archive, "Frances A. Yates Papers". Family Papers. Frances Yates Diary. MS.
17. Warburg Library Archive, Frances A. Yates Papers. Collected Essays. Unused Essays Autobiography TS. See also Yates, "Early Life," *Ideas and Ideals*.
18. Warburg Library Archive, Frances Yates Papers. Family Papers. Diary entry, April 24, 1916. MS.
19. Warburg Library Archive, Frances Yates Papers. Family Papers. Frances Yates Diary. June 5, 1916. MS.
20. Frances A. Yates, "English Actors in Paris During the Lifetime of Shakespeare," *Review of English Studies* 1 (1925): 392–403.
21. Yates, "Early Life," *Ideas and Ideals*, 278.
22. *Ibid.*, 291.
23. *Ibid.*, 295.
24. In her acceptance of the Premio Galileo Galilei, awarded by the Rotary Italiani for a distinguished contribution to Italian studies, "though I have lived all these years in England, and in the same house, I am a citizen of the world through the Warburg Institute . . . To the best of my limited ability I have tried to work towards European understanding." See "The Acceptance of the Premio Galileo Galilei, Pisa, 8 October, 1978," in Frances A. Yates, *Renaissance and Reform: The Italian Contribution*. Collected Essays, vol. II (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1983), 1–5; 5.
25. See Yates, "The French Academies," in *Ideas and Ideals*, 318. Yates's friend and colleague J. B. Trapp makes the following comment: "The tragedy—as Frances Yates felt keenly—was that once again Europe betrayed itself. Academic knowledge, thought and activity, bringing all the concerns of mankind into a harmonious whole, might have worked towards peace and toleration, but were thrust aside by the zealots and the politicians in the wars of religion. The academic ideal endured, however. It was active in the proliferation of academies in the seventeenth century, among the *philosophes* in the eighteenth, with their quest for the achievement of intellectual liberation and religious toleration through the dissemination of an encyclopedia, and finally in the nineteenth, when the creation of the Institut de France brought the academies, the arts and the sciences once again together." See J. B. Trapp, Foreword to Frances A. Yates, *The French Academies of the Sixteenth Century* (London and New York: Routledge, 1988), v.
26. Frances A. Yates, Preface to *The French Academies of the Sixteenth Century* (London and New York: Routledge, 1988), vii.
27. Gombrich continues, "Every section of the Library still reflects Warburg's original conviction that the responses of primitive man in language and imagery can lead to what he called 'orientation' in religion, science, or philosophy, or be degraded into magic practice or superstition; that the historian of literature and of art must

reflect on the nature of these responses in language and imagery; that no 'frontier police' should deter him from crossing these conventional borders of 'academic fields' " (323). See E. H. Gombrich, *Aby Warburg, An Intellectual Biography* (London: The Warburg Institute, 1970), 323.

Saxl describes Warburg's goal: "To give the student a library uniting the various branches of the history of human civilization where he could wander from shelf to shelf was his resolve." See Fritz Saxl, "The History of Warburg's Library," in Gombrich, *Aby Warburg*, 325-38; 326.

28. *Frances A. Yates, 1899-1981. A Memorial Volume*, ed. J. B. Trapp (London: Warburg Institute, 1982), 26.
29. Roy Strong, *The Roy Strong Diaries* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1997), 306. Strong writes, "While one's contemporaries at the Institute of Historical Research seminars were slogging away at recusants in Cheshire, MPs in the parliament of 1581 or who did or did not pay Ship Money in Buckinghamshire in 1636, I was in full flight on triumphal arches, chariots, masques and ballets, and, even more, leaping through them into music, theatre, poetry, history of images and ideas, political and religious history, any tack to which the evidence led. The boundaries of knowledge widened dramatically. I was taught to think horizontally." Strong was Yates's student at the Warburg Institute in the fifties, and his books acknowledge his intellectual debt to her. See Roy Strong, *The Cult of Elizabeth* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1977) and *Gloriana: The Portraits of Queen Elizabeth* (London: Thames & Hudson, 1987).
30. Warburg Library Archive, Frances Yates Papers, "Notes on *Astraea*" (1975) TS.
31. The notable exception to the rule is Gertrud Bing, who was the director of the Institute and married to Fritz Saxl. Yates dedicates *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* to her.
32. See Strong, *The Roy Strong Diaries*, 287.
33. *Ibid.*, 306.
34. Warburg Library Archive, Frances Yates Papers, "Memorial 1982" TS.
35. On the career of James Yates, see "From Wooden Walls to Dreadnoughts in a Lifetime," ed. Ruby W. Yates. *The Mariner's Mirror*. The Journal of the Society for Nautical Research 48 (1962): 291-303.
36. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own and Three Guineas*, ed. Hermione Lee (London: Chatto and Windus/The Hogarth Press, 1984).
37. "By claiming for the national church that it was a reform executed by the sacred imperial power as represented in the sacred English monarchy, the Elizabeth symbol drew to itself a tradition which also made a total, a universal claim - the tradition of sacred empire. The extravagant language used of Elizabeth need not necessarily imply that Elizabethan hopes went so far as to expect a world empire for the queen. The arguments for sacred empire—that the world is at its best and most peaceful under one ruler and that then justice is most powerful—are used to buttress her religious rights as an individual monarch. The monarch who is One and sovereign within his own domain has imperial religious rights, and he can achieve the imperial reform independently of the Pope. The lengths to which the cult of Elizabeth went are a measure of the sense of isolation which had at all costs to find a symbol strong enough to provide a feeling of spiritual security in the face of the break with the rest of Christendom" (*Astraea*, 58-9). Yates here is quite sensible on the distinction between a worldly and a spiritual empire; however, one cannot read this passage without thinking of England in the Second World War.

38. Preface, *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1972 rpt. 1979), xiv.
39. See comments by J. B. Trapp in *Biographical Memoirs of Fellows*, vol. II. *Proceedings of the British Academy* 120 (2003), 538.
40. Yates, "Early Life" *Ideas and Ideals*, 287.
41. *Ibid.*, 295.
42. See Alison Light, *Forever England: Femininity, Literature and Conservatism Between the Wars* (London: Routledge, 1991).
43. Diana Fuss, *Identification Papers* (London: Routledge, 1995), 2.
44. Frances Yates, *Shakespeare's Last Plays*, *Selected Works*, vol. VI (London and New York: Routledge, 1975 rpt. 1999), 4.
45. Frances Yates, "On Historical Method," Warburg Library Archive, Frances Yates Papers, TS.
46. See David Starkey, *Elizabeth: The Struggle for the Throne* (London: Chatto and Windus, 2000). Starkey's starting point also looks back to the Victorian tradition of "girlhood" literature.
47. See Nicola Watson, "Gloriana Victoriana. Victoria and the Cultural Memory of Elizabeth I," *Remaking Queen Victoria*, ed. Margaret Homans and Adrienne Munich (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), 73–104; 85. See also *England's Elizabeth*, 147–78.
48. Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* V.v.154. *The Riverside Shakespeare*, ed. G. Blakemore Evans et al. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974).
49. Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (Leipzig: Tauchnitz, 1929), 19. For further discussions of Virginia Woolf and the Renaissance, see Juliet Dusinberre, *Virginia Woolf's Renaissance: Woman Reader or Common Reader?* (London: Macmillan, 1997); and Sally Greene, *Virginia Woolf: Reading the Renaissance* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1999).
50. Woolf, *Orlando*, 21.
51. Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, 105.
52. Woolf clearly places the body of Elizabeth as a representation of History: "And as the first question had not been settled—What is Love?—back it would come at the least provocation or none, and hustle Books or Metaphors or What one lives for into the margin, there to wait till they saw their chance to rush into the field again. What made the process still longer was that it was profusely illustrated, not only with pictures, as that of old Queen Elizabeth, laid on her tapestry couch in rose-coloured brocade with an ivory snuff-box in her hand and a gold-hilted sword by her side, but with scents—she was strongly perfumed—and with sounds; the stags were barking in Richmond Park that winter's day" (*Orlando*, 85).
53. Cf. "London was like a workshop. London was like a machine. We were all being shot backwards and forwards on this plain foundation to make some pattern. The British Museum was another department of the factory" (*A Room of One's Own*, 25).