



On (Not) Going Dutch





Utrecht University

DD Month YYYY



MENU



Universiteit Utrecht

Zoek medewerker



English

Bewerken



Medewerkers

Organogram



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Transcomplex

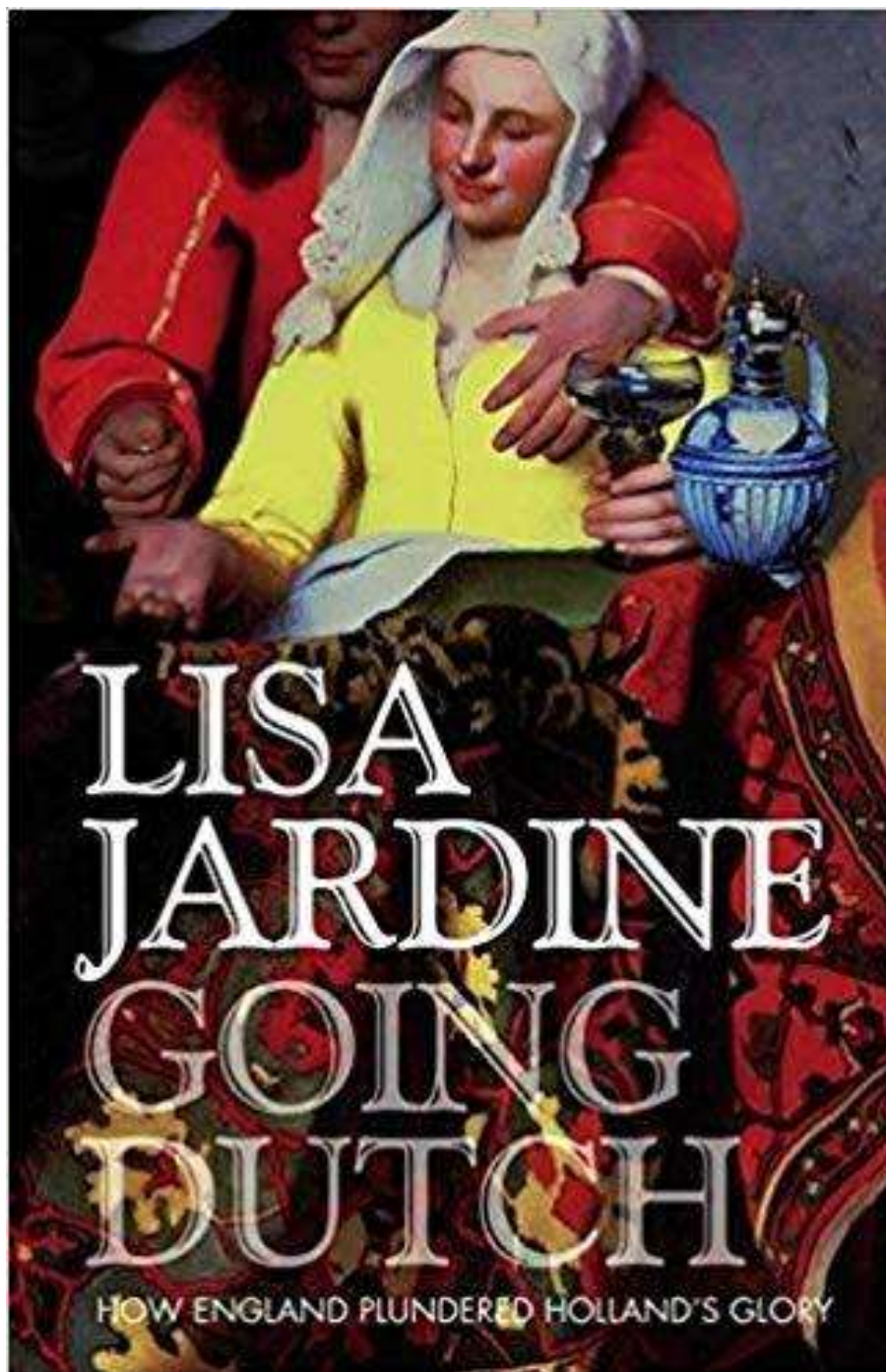
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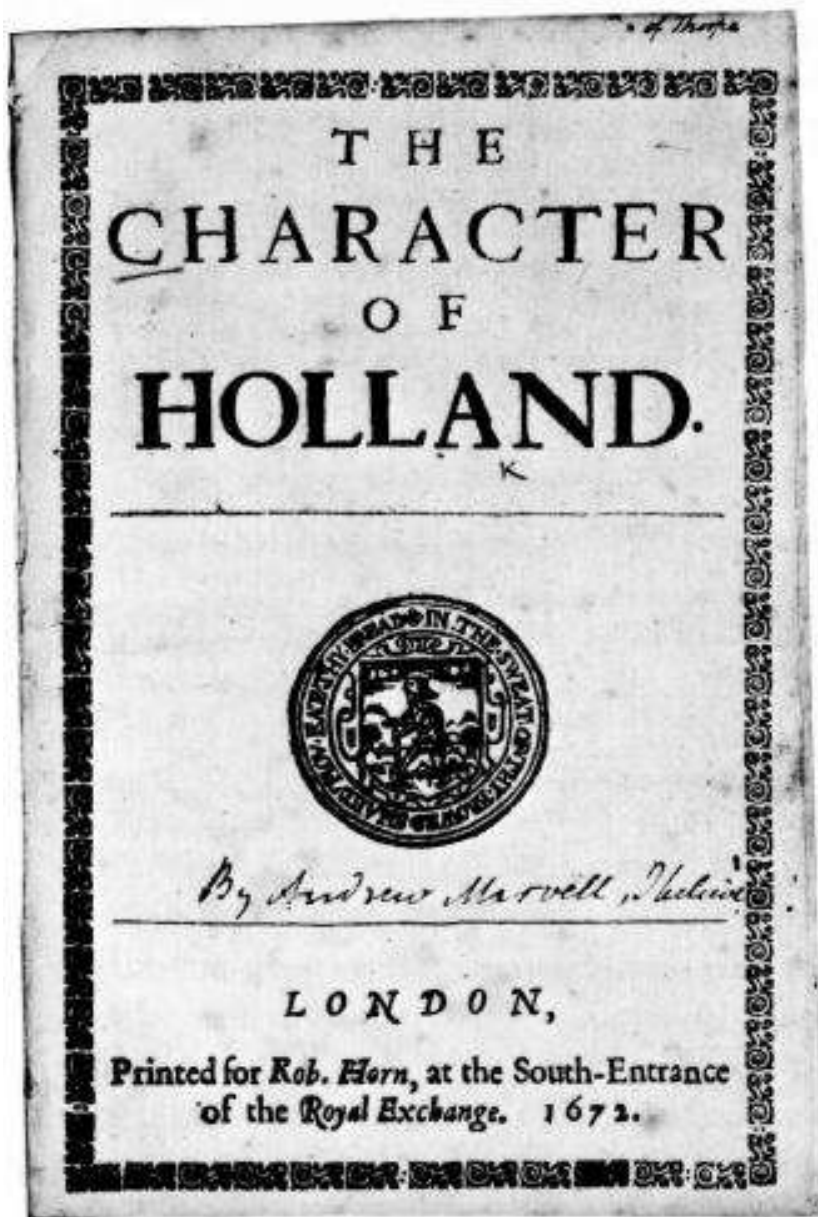
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'Dutch'

Characteristic of or attributed to the Dutch; often with an opprobrious or derisive application, largely due to the rivalry and enmity between the English and Dutch in the 17th c. Often with allusion to the drinking habits ascribed to the 'Dutch'; also to the broad heavy figures attributed to the Netherlands, or to their flat-bottomed vessels. Sometimes little more than = foreign, un-English.

Andrew Marvell
(1621-1678)





Holland, that scarce deserves the name of *Land*,
As but th'Off-scouring of the *Brittish Sand*;
And so much Earth as was contributed
By *English Pilots* when they heav'd the Lead;
Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the Sea
Fell to the *Dutch* by just Propriety.
Glad then, as Miners that have found the Oar,
They with mad labour fish'd the *Land* to *Shoar*;
[...]

Or what a Spectacle the Skipper gross,
A Water-Hercules Butter-Coloss,
Tunn'd up with all their sev'ral *Towns of Beer*;
When Stagg'ring upon some Land, *Snick and Sneer*,
They try, like Statuaries, if they can,
Cut out each others *Athos* to a Man:
And carve in their large Bodies, where they please,
The Armes of the *United Provinces*.

[...]

No but all ancient Rights and Leagues must vail,
Rather then to the *English* strike their sail;
To whom their weather-beaten *Province* owes
It self, when as some greater Vessel tows
A Cock-boat tost with the same wind and fate;
We buoy'd so often up their *sinking State*.

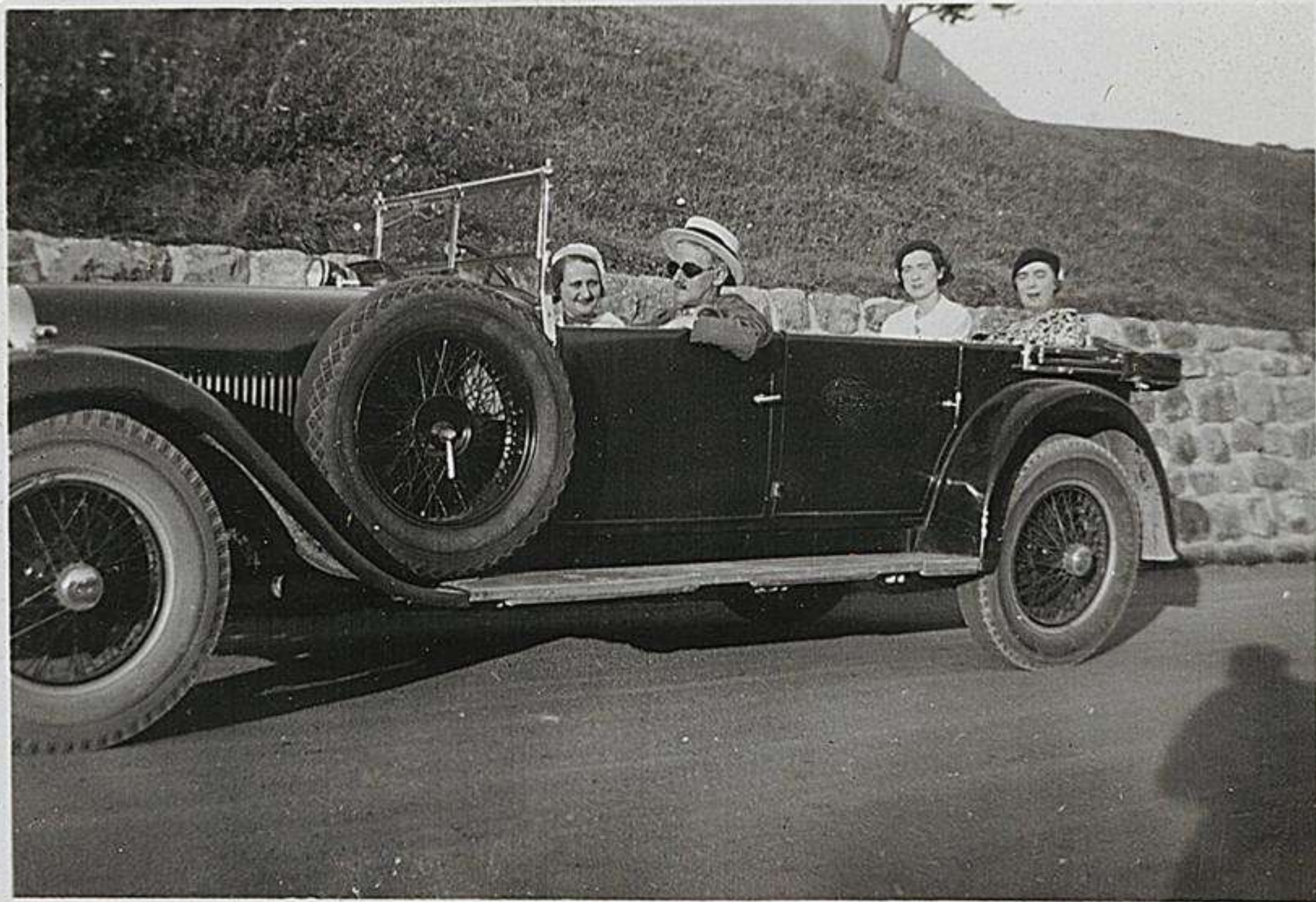


the *Spanish Nether-land* ... had alwayes been
considered as the natural Frontier of *England*.



*The Joyce family in Paris in
1924: Joyce, Nora, Lucia and
Giorgio*





by
JAMES JOYCE

1042 -149 by William Coffey Williams
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NOVEMBER, 1923

transition

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JJ to Michael Healy, 1 July 1927

we had a pleasant time in Holland. They have reduced work to a minimum there. They seem to be simple, polite and dignified folk. Well set up men and girls and women who laughed all the time, though perhaps my presence there explains their mirth. To see 600 of them in a Square eating silvery raw herrings by moonlight is a sight for Rembrandt. They put drugs from their Indies into everything—cinnamon in cauliflower, spice in spinach, curry which they call kerry—in the gravy and give you ginger and cheese (very good) as soon as they think you have your mouth open.



I never got such a fright in my life, says poor blind Joyce. [...]the dog's master and mistress had a full quarter of an hour's work to beat the animal off. His master repeatedly got him down and hit his head but the animal, pretending to give in, slunk around and made for me again.

SCHEVENINGEN



Aan het Strand heb ik
gezeten,
Nooit zal ik het vergeten
Toen heb ik aan U gedacht
Daarom wordt U deze Kaart
gebracht

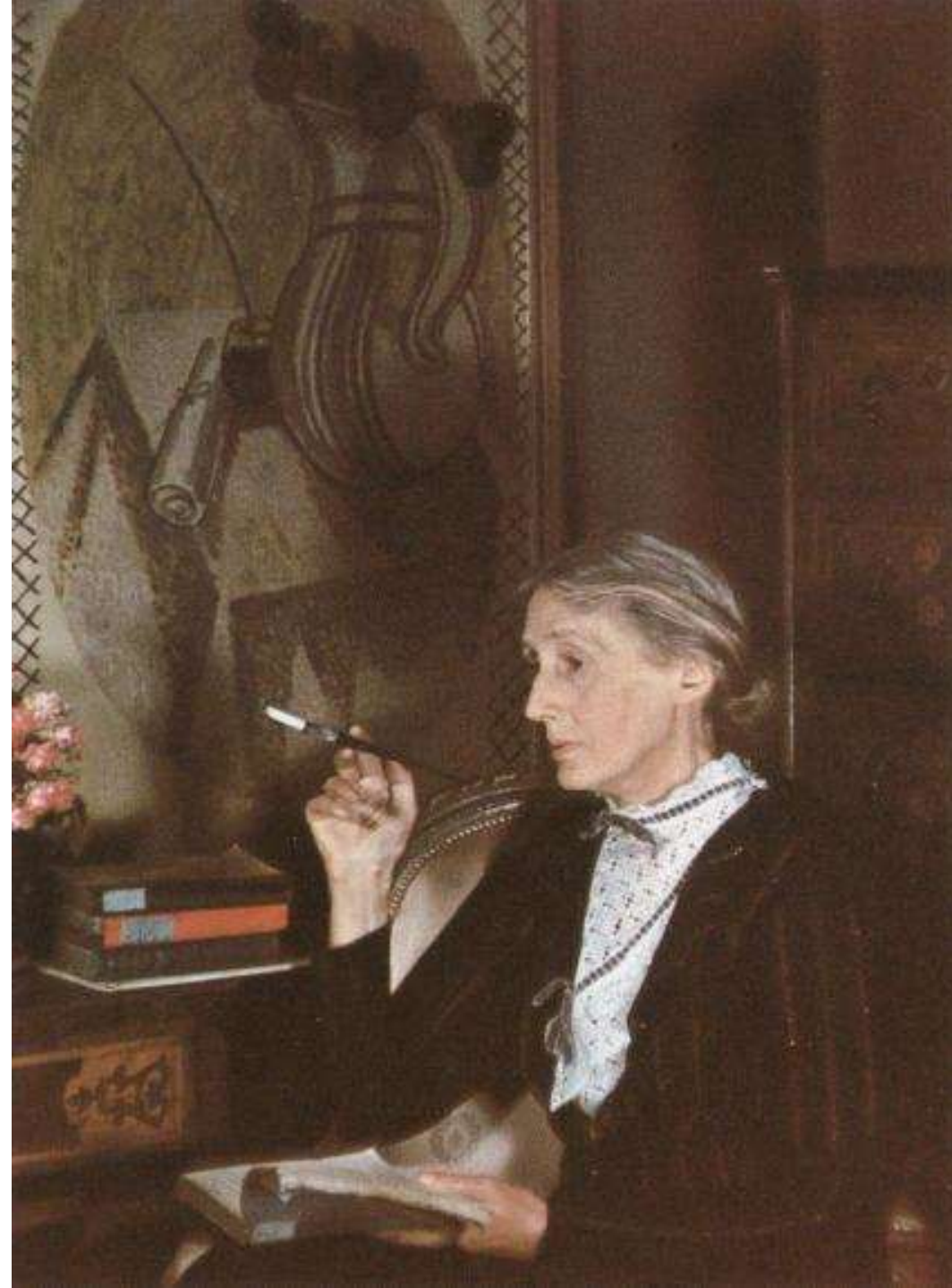
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SCHEVENINGEN

Sáy, ain't thís succéss fool aúthor
Jést a dándy páradox,
Wíth that sílvier béach behínd him,
Hówling: Hélp! I'm ón the rócks!

BAEDEKER'S
RHINE

Baedeker's
RHINE





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DD Month YYYY

Zutphen, 6 May 1935: Woolf's Journal

As for Holland: in the first place the cows wear coats; then the cyclists go in flocks like starlings, gathering together, skimming in & out. Driving is dangerous. Towns are large. They are also strung out, mile on mile. We are back in 1913. Everywhere there are shops full of clothes, food, books. The people are dressed in perfect respectability. Sailors wear felt hats. From 10 to 25 the girls are elegant, dove grey, slender, skimming on their cycles in & out. From 30 to 50 they amass vast bodies. But always the bodies are tight, spruce, shoes elegant hair beautifully done (& there I've dropped cigarette ash on the perfectly clean sheets of this modest empty hotel). Every street is 16th or 17th century, with curved apricot coloured awnings. As we say, the houses are the glory of Holland—the richly carved big windowed houses; some lean a little, others are peaked; but each is a solid spruce perfectly self respecting house, in which last night I saw the Sunday diners, old men old women sitting round with children, cactuses; a cat & a dog.

Towns too big of course: Amsterdam a swollen stone monster, shaved off like a ruin on the side of the marsh: our first lunch at the Hague had 20 courses. Very expensive. Meals very early. People immensely respectable. No sign of crisis or war; The man on the ferry, said like all the rest, they wished they had gone off the gold standard. No visitors. Trade with England ended. Oh but the carved doors, the curved white façades, the, lilac trees: the air of swept & garnished prosperity, antiquity, air, cleanliness



Utrecht, 7 May 1935: Woolf's Journal

The plan of a Dutch town is: a bridge a canal: under an arch into a street: pointed, stepped houses; orange & green awnings; 1620: on brand new garages: a great red brick tower, then a vast church, shut up. The caretaker, a respectable rather invalidish man lives opposite. Some frescoes on whitewashed walls. Empty & magnificent. Very Protestant. Flights of cyclists. Immense profusion of highly civilised shops—flower shops, shoes, bicycles, books, everything the more solidly placed wealthy but not frivolous citizen can eat or wear or use: all shining spick & span. English, French German books equal to Dutch. Shops upon shops. People pullulating. Not a beggar, not a slum. Even solid wealth. Angularity. A feeling that Holland is a perfectly self respecting rather hard featured but individual middle aged woman. Conventions of 1913. No women smoking or driving cars. Only one man smokes a pipe in the streets.

[...]

A very cold day. I am (this is copied from pencil notes) sitting in a teashop where 3 Dutch are having horns filled with cream. The nice girl smiles at me. L. is getting letters. (There were none, because of the Jubilee). The two children are eating cakes. Hoolarja, Dutchaboch!—it sounds like that. They dont have tea. A very spick & span shop. They laugh. I pretend to write postcards.

Utrecht, 7 May 1935: Woolf, Letter to Vanessa Bell

Here we are in the middle of Holland. So far it has been perfect—blazing sun, until today no accidents, except killing one hen, but it was the hen's fault. It is extremely difficult driving however, as the streets are very narrow, and there are millions of cyclists—like flocks of swallows, and innumerable racing cars. Even Cousin Thea would cycle if she were a dutchwoman. We have been to Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Zutphen and Haarlem. Its all next door—I mean towns are only across 6 fields. The great point about it is the beauty of the architecture; and the awnings, which are all colours, and the canals, and the tulips, and flowering trees, weeping their reflections into the water—can such a thing be said? I'm so cold, and my face burns like a flayed herring [...] Its very expensive here, and I think we have spent more in one week than in 3 elsewhere, and there is not much human beauty, but every virtue—cleanliness, honesty and so on: bad coffee; delicious biscuits: the cows wear brown holland coats; and its amazingly lovely—the streets and the water and the marshes and the barges and the.....but I will stop this sentence, for the plain fact I cant form my letters only I must say you ought to paint the tulip fields and the hyacinth fields all laid out flat with about 20 miles of water in and out, 18 sheep, 6 windmills, sun setting, moon rising.

[...] Tomorrow we start for Germany: but I don't think we shall be interned, owing to Mitzi. We are received everywhere like film stars, generally there is a crowd of 20 round the car when we stop. All the children come running; old ladies are sent for: they always end by offering to show us the way or do anything for us—such is their love of Apes (please consider this)





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Pinka the dog and Mitz the marmoset













'Tis goed. Het best.'

Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

(256:16)

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