And that, of course, is why I keep on bothering to counter the fancies. When even one person listens, it makes the effort of telling worthwhile.

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MEDIEVAL ART AS NOSTALGIA FOR THE FUTURE

I had occasion recently to muse on my nostalgia for the past as I put together a collection of my articles on medieval stained glass, published over the last thirty years. In bringing these studies together for the first time, I realized the extent to which my research on glass paintings had concentrated on the original arrangement of fragmentary and dispersed windows, and their setting in the Romanesque and Gothic buildings of Europe for which they were made. The overwhelming majority of panels I had investigated were in collections, many in the United States; only two essays—the earliest and the latest in order of writing—were entirely devoted to glass still installed in European monuments. In the introduction I will offer the following assessment, among others, of my penchant for re-joining fragments and reconstructing programs.

Identification with the object: the fragment as metonymy

Ultimately, I suspect my fixation with fragments as imaginary field for something whole is not just grounded in archeological training. It seems that, throughout the process of studying dislocated objects, I—like many historians of material culture—have always been personally dislocated. My art historical career began in 1960 as a student abroad, a grateful recipient of a Leverhulme scholarship from the British Institute in Paris where I was placed in the care of the French *Corpus Vitrearum* team, who were preparing a volume in that series (at that time, still patronized by UNESCO as part of their post-Word War Two project to document European cultural heritage). I was to be trained to do the same kind of work for British patrimony. My teachers and mentors were Jean Lafond, exiled to Paris from Normandy as an amateur art historian, and Louis Grodecki, an expatriate Pole. Grod was still so little appreciated in his country of adoption that he was serving as curator of the Musée des Plans-Reliefs in Paris (a museum of urban models for military use), even though he was acknowledged

internationally as the leader of stained glass studies. Their *Corpus* project was the volume on the splendid early fourteenth-century windows of the chevet of Saint-Ouen of Rouen; I was assigned subjects to research and report on, such as the Italianisms in the architectural representations of the clerestory windows.

Jean Lafond, an anglophile with very positive memories of studies in England (but also as ex-patriate Norman), proposed an Anglo-Norman topic for an independent paper, the first I was ever to write in art history (published a few years later in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes)*: the life of the last Anglo-Saxon king of England, Edward the Confessor, painted in a window of the Abbey Church in Fécamp about 1308. Apparently my colleagues in France, and later in the United States, expected me to have a privileged position in relation to things English. When I emigrated to the US, a detailed study of a window from Hampton Court that is now in Boston was commissioned by Jane Hayward, head of the US *Corpus* team, just as Edward the Confessor was conferred on me by Jean Lafond.

Re-allocating fragments to their place of origin might be seen as a psychological displacement of separation anxiety. The fragment is then a metonymy for personal displacement. Perhaps at some deep level I did identify with these fellow-travelers in a strange land, but intense pursuit of archeological truths effectively suppressed such notions. I rarely allowed myself to think about "our" repatriation, contenting myself instead with textual rehabilitation for the object in question. Indeed, for a variety of reasons, the buildings in Canterbury and Hereford, or in Braine, Mantes, Paris, Reims and Soissons, can no longer house their scattered glass panels; they are domiciled elsewhere, assimilated into new contexts where they are co-opted by very different political and social ideologies. At some point of no-return (when my parents were both dead? When Thatcherism began to dismantle socialist Britain?) the same happened to me. This is what I want to say here.

Fragments joined: feminism and medieval art

The urge to depart from the relatively untroubled arena of studying medieval stained glass, on which I had built a thirty-year career, was political. In the Reagan-Bush years I felt progressively alienated from my country of adoption, and aware that Thatcher's England was no home to return to. Educated over there in schools and colleges for girls, I had (also) learned something of women's history, and came to maturity during the struggle for legal abortion. Over here, when I had completed a doctorate at Harvard I was given a place in the Radcliffe Institute, and taught part-time at a women's college to pay for baby-sitters. Early in my career I became the first female chairman of an academic department at Tufts University, and recruited female art history faculty in the seventies merely by picking the best applicants.

About the time I began to teach a course in the Women's Studies curriculum (with two daughters just beginning their careers), the US was plunged into conflict over an individual woman's right to decide whether to interrupt her pregnancy. The Washington marches, and long cold mornings picketing to keep the Boston birth control clinics open, combined with teaching new courses from an ever-expanding number of exhilarating texts, made me realize what it might be to bring all one's life's convictions to bear on research, to no longer be a woman well taught to think like a man, severing historical questions from politics.

Nostalgia for the physical settings and the material beauty of medieval works of art has lessened with age, but not my fascination with new interrogations. I feel as though I am answering a new call, one that is difficult and costly and immensely rewarding at the same time. Some feminists have called for help from historical work to dislodge the false unity of "women." Medieval case studies are ideally suited for this, because the dominant notion of sexual difference (the one-sex model as Laqueur has called it) allowed great variation in the construction of masculinities and feminities. And the canon of art history needed changing, not just by adding women and stirring (as artists, as images etc.), but to subvert our patriarchal discourses; in the basic art history survey course, for example, I now depart from the textbook to discuss Hildegard of Bingen's text and image in *Scivias* of ensoulment occurring just as the fully-formed child is ready to enter the birth canal (at that time, the pope who examined her work must have agreed that the soul did not enter the womb at conception). More than feminists, the young in the US need to know that truth claims do ideological work, and to recognize their workings in late capitalism. Enlisted in this project, research/teaching, academe/the "real" world, are no longer binaries that I have to choose between. Nostalgia for the past and longing for the future are the same.

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JOAN OF ARC: MANEUVERABLE MEDIEVALISM, FLEXIBLE FEMINISM

Medievalism is a new transdisciplinary realm of cultural studies inherited from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.[1] While the nineteenth century fostered medievalism aesthetically, as well as intellectually, in architecture, crafts, painting, and even certain literary genres, we of the late twentieth century have dispensed with the various filigrees and ogees in our more urgent search for origins, identities and reassurances of continuity at all levels. Our medievalistic pursuit has become what Paul Zumthor characterizes as "not a stylistic device, but an intellectual necessity."[2] Like nineteenth-century