Samuel van Hoogstraten, the First Dutch Novelist?

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The universal art of Samuel van Hoogstraten (1627-1678): painter, writer, and courtier

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25 Samuel van Hoogstraten, *The Tuscan Gallery*, oil on canvas, 133.3 x 113.8 cm, Innes House, Elgin, Morayshire, Sir Iain Tennant.


29 Bennett 2009, 264.

30 ‘De Heer Povy, een overgroot liefhebber tot London, en schatmeester van den hartog van Jork, was by yder een vermaert om zijn wonder wel geordineert en konstigh versiert huis, en noch meer om zijn behaglijken ommegang: maer ik bemerkte eens, hoe bequaem hy in ’t ordineeren was: want my de eer aengedaende van, nevens vier of vijf heeren van de Royal Societeit, te gaste te nooden, zoo wiert’er tot vijmael toe aengerecht. Als nu een van ’t gezelschap zeyde, dat hy geloofde dat dit nu’t laetste was: Zoo gaf hy met een aerdich woort te kennen: dat wy eeven ter halver baen waren. Alzoo wiert’er tot tienmael afgenommen en opgezet, en alles zoo sierlijk, veranderlijk, en ordentlijk, dat het te verwonderen was; ook niet overkonstlijk, en nochtans liet hy ons van vier-en-twintigderley soorten van uitheemse wijnen proeven’, *Inleyding* 188.


35 ‘De Tas van Faxhall gaf ons tot London een zoete zotterny, vermits we om den uitlech van Renjans Reliquien staetig aerdige geesten bijeen kreegen, daer van dingen gerept wierd, daer ons leven te kort toew zouw zijn, om aen alle te gedenken, ik zwijg uit te vinden. Maer deeeze is met onzez eeuwich bewegvinder Kalthoff, ik meen zoeker, in stilheit verdweenen’, *Inleyding*, 207. Caspar Calthoff, a Dutch engineer, assisted Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worchester, with mechanical experiments at Raglan which included a hydraulic system to raise water for irrigation.


37 Translation by T. Weststeijn.
Samuel van Hoogstraten wrote two books that can be called novels, *Beautiful Roselijn, or the Steadfast Love of Panthus* (1650) and *The Punished Abduction, or the Victorious Reparation of the Youth Haegaenveld, Illuminated with the Curious Adventures of the Dutch Nymphs* (1669) [Figs. 76 and 77]. Written in an idiosyncratic Dutch, rich in detail, plot sidetracks, and even some engravings, they feature Dordrecht youngsters whose amorous escapades eventually involve Finnish shamans, Ukrainian cossacks, African elephants, and a high priest devoted to Isis.

In a 2002 lecture, the Amsterdam historian of literature, Marijke Spies, put forward the thesis that Van Hoogstraten was the first Dutch novelist: his two books inspired various similar works among his Dordrecht friends that adumbrate the eighteenth-century writings of Betje Wolff (1738–1804) and Aagje Deken (1741–1804), who are generally regarded as the founders of the genre in the Netherlands. This chapter shall explore Professor Spies’ striking statement and determine the place of Van Hoogstraten’s books in the early history of the Dutch novel.

In fact, contemporaries indeed esteemed Van Hoogstraten as a writer. Arnold Houbraken wondered whether his master was better at poetry than at painting. Lambert Bidloo (1638–1724) even included Van Hoogstraten among his ekphrastic portraits of Dutch writers, the *Panpoeticon Batavum* (1720), as having reached the level of Pieter Cornelisz Hooft (1581–1647). Maybe he deemed the painter’s tragedy concerning a siege of Dordrecht (*anno* 1084) comparable to the latter’s monumental *History of the Netherlands*; yet Hooft also wrote drama with a pastoral setting, shared by Van Hoogstraten’s novels. Writing in 1833, finally, the Dordrecht lawyer and amateur poet Peter Schull (1791–1835) asserted that Van Hoogstraten’s literary qualities greatly surpassed his talents in the figurative arts: his poetry, even though ‘not free from the old roughness of versification’ was ‘noble and grand, often even sublime and brave’. Schull’s remark suggests that at least in Dordrecht, the master’s writings remained well known more than a century after his death. None of these statements, however, explained what exactly was worthy of praise in Van Hoogstraten’s writings.
In some respects, the two novels confirm Peter Thissen’s and Celeste Brusati’s cogent thesis that much of the painter-poet’s work expressed his ambitions to fashion his professional career. In effect, Van Hoogstraten dedicated his writings to people for whom he also made portraits, and he asked authors from the same group of contacts to write poems in praise of his work. Even though the novels illustrated Van Hoogstraten’s self-assurance as a literary author, he also emphasized that his actual work was visual art – the main difference between the two activities being that you could earn a living by painting and not by writing poetry. Thissen thus called attention to how the books functioned in Van Hoogstraten’s commercial network, without, however, discussing their content.

To answer the question whether Van Hoogstraten was the first Dutch novelist, we need to address three main points. Which novelistic works were written in Dutch and what was their intention? What, precisely, are Van Hoogstraten’s books in terms of genre and content? Finally, what was their impact?
Pastoral writings and novelistic works in Dutch

The chronology of determining what was the first Dutch novel is obfuscated by a number of translations, adaptations, and fragments. Novels, in the seventeenth century, chiefly meant imitations of the kind of narrative pioneered by the Italian author Jacopo Sannazaro (1457-1530), featuring civilized shepherds – ‘pastoral courtiers’ – who recount their amorous adventures in a setting reminiscent of ancient Arcadia. North of the Alps, Sannazaro’s main followers were the Frenchman Honoré d’Urfé (1568-1625) and the Englishman Philip Sidney (1554-1586). These two authors were in turn imitated in the Netherlands. Yet the first writings on the pastoral theme in Dutch were plays, namely Theodoor Rodenburgh’s *The Faithful Batavian* (1617) and Hooft’s *Granida* (1615), the latter, eventually, the basis for various paintings.9

As early as 1625, part of d’Urfé’s book *L’Astrée* was published in Dutch: the translator had apparently taught ‘dainty Diana to speak Dutch’.10 Various episodes were published individually before the book appeared in full, in five volumes between 1644 and 1671.11 Two excerpts from Sidney’s *The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia* (1590-93) also appeared.12 The main figure among the translators was Johan van Heemskerk (1597-1656). This vernacular author envisaged to write an original work in the novelistic manner, the first in Dutch aiming at a mixture of romance and history with a didactic intent, which resulted in his *Introduction to a Project for a Batavian Arcadia* (1637).13

Yet, as many have observed, the *Batavian Arcadia* was not the first Dutch novel. To the literary historian Jan te Winkel, writing in 1924, ‘Van Heemskerck’s work has from the pastoral novel nothing more than the title, the designation of the characters as shepherds and the alternation between prose and songs and small poems.’ As Alison Kettering remarked more recently, ‘By the time the book was published, it had evolved beyond the original amorous theme into a didactic and nationalistic discourse on Dutch history and politics; this was especially true for the second edition (1647) in which pastoral aspects were drowned in antiquarian observations, local history, and digressions on the Dutch Indies.’ The title reveals its didactic intent: *The Batavian Arcadia, in which is Discussed, Under the Foliage of Caresses, the Origin of Ancient Batavia, the Batavians’ Freedom, The Freedom of the Sea, Findings from the Sea, Those who have Found Hidden Treasures, the Forfeiting of Goods, the Extraction of the Truth through Torture, the Calamities following from the Slowness of Judicial Procedures, with the Causes of These and the Remedies Against them, and Other Similarly Serious Subjects.*16 Many of the scholarly notes in the text’s margin were written in Latin by the Amsterdam humanist Caspar Barlaeus, and other passages from writers in English, French, and Italian were added, thus hampering the novelistic intent of a lay public’s narrative to be read from cover to cover. Yet it became highly popular and had a dozen reprints up to the nineteenth century, some of them illustrated; in fact, Van Hoogstraten’s *Inleyding* refers repeatedly to it.17

Van Heemskerck’s book became the basis for an extensive series of *Arcadias* in Dutch. Most, however, had an even more explicitly antiquarian subject matter, intended at highlighting the history of the Dutch Republic.18 By contrast, Van Hoogstraten’s two books can more properly be called novels.
**Intention**

As Kettering has argued, pastoral writings were a marker of social class: they were imported to the Netherlands by those who had made an educational tour to Italy, France, or England and thereby demonstrated the author's enthusiasm for foreign literature. Many authors held political offices that partly explained their wish for raising the status of the vernacular culture. Hooft was sheriff of Muiden, Van Heemskerck a wealthy alderman in Amsterdam (he appears twice as ‘Raetsheer [Councillor] Heemskerck’ in Van Hoogstraten's *Inleyding*).

Van Hoogstraten may likewise have wished to express his international outlook and social ambitions through his first novel and, through the second one, to reinforce his rise to public office as master of the Dordrecht Mint (in 1656). According to Kettering, the writing of pastorals ‘satisfied a social need’ as these texts professed to be ‘for and about [the author’s] own class of people’: portraying courtly manners in writing revealed one’s own refined habits. In Van Hoogstraten’s case, this ambition was obviously an instance of wishful thinking. As Thissen has stated, the painter’s intellectual ambitions were handicapped by his lowly origins, even though in literary terms he communicated on the same level with the oligarchs of the Dordrecht magistracy. It seems that he turned his handicap into a token of special talent when the books highlighted his status as a painter. His writing, then, became a theme in the ‘letter-rack’ paintings that depict copies of his publications.

That civilized exchanges provided the context for Van Hoogstraten’s literary texts appears in the dedication of *Hagaenveld* to the princesses Elisabeth Maria van Nassau Portugal and her sister Emilia Louisa, two scions of an impoverished branch of the Nassaus, related to the banished Portuguese royalty: the family belonged to Van Hoogstraten’s painterly clientele in The Hague. The princesses’ residence serves as the starting point for Van Hoogstraten’s narrative. When *Roselijn* was followed by Van Hoogstraten’s second book, his abridged translation of a French treatise for courtiers, *The Honest Youth, or the Noble Art of Making Oneself Loved among the Higher and Lower Classes* (1657), it was even more explicit that the author wanted to be like his readers.

Finally, when Van Hoogstraten portrays the ‘Dutch nymphs’ mentioned in the title of *Hagaenveld*, speaks of ‘The Hague’s Goddesses’, and describes local garden goddesses (*Tuyn-godinnen*), he presents contemporaries in the guise of nymphs and pagan deities: this calls to mind the popularity of *portraits historiés* in the seventeenth century that, in turn, reflected a practice of staging tableaux vivants and short plays. In *Roselijn* one of the protagonists literally dresses up ‘in pagan fashion’ for the diversion of her friends: this echoed events in the Dordrecht circle – Van Hoogstraten’s play *Courtly Quarrel* (1669), for instance, involves marriage guests dressing up as an array of pagan figures including Bacchus and Cupid.

Yet other elements in Van Hoogstraten’s books contradict the view that he merely wanted to create an imaginary realm in which his readers saw themselves favorably reflected. It is these other elements that make *Roselijn* and *Hagaenveld* idiosyncratic creations.
What are these books?

Van Hoogstraten’s two books are in some aspects similar to the international ‘Arcadian’ texts: *Haegaenveld* refers directly to Sannazaro and Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538–1612), another pastoral dramatist whose writing was the basis for one of the most prestigious paintings in the Stadholder’s collection in The Hague (by Anthony van Dyck, Fig. 78). Furthermore, a dedication poem in *Roselijn* states that with this book Van Hoogstraten has surpassed d’Urfé: now ‘Roselijn can teach Astrée, however French she may be, the art of love in a most civilized manner’. 

The innovative character of d’Urfé’s and Sidney’s works was to some extent a matter of genre: a combination of prose, poetry, and song lyrics. Van Hoogstraten demonstrates that he appreciated this new hybridity, not only introducing lines of poetry, but even incorporating fictional letters in their entirety as part of the narrative. In the two novels, moreover, there are frequent changes of narrator’s perspective. Most of the story is told from the viewpoints of the different Holland youngsters recounting their adventures in love (often rendered literally in reported speech). This leads to many stories-within-stories, the interwoven ‘layers of fiction’ known from Italian prose from Sannazaro onward. Yet, more idiosyncratic and maybe more properly novelistic is that the author directs himself to the reader in little asides. As the narrator reveals himself as a Dordrecht native and a painter, this suggests Van Hoogstraten himself speaking. When he calls on the Muses to enliven his description of a battle, there is little originality; however, uniquely for the early Dutch novel, he even refers to his painterly experience to explain features of the narrative. He writes that his pen falls short in describing an especially vivid scene involving the beauties of various ‘nymphs’, which he would rather have painted. He also relies on his occupation as a painter to excuse himself for any imperfections: ‘If even that great Poet who polished his hymns all day long was not flawless, how then should I, who, having served another goddess [i.e., Pictura] all day long, cannot turn to Roselijn until bedtime, be free from error?’ 

Finally, he expresses the hope that his painting might yield enough income to leave more time for his literary pursuits, being ‘bound to a different Muse, who rewards her servants better than Poetry’. This means that in *Haegaenveld*, as Brusati has claimed, ‘it is less the narrative than its self-conscious devising that commands the reader’s attention’. Sometimes, however, there is just great clumsiness – Van Hoogstraten ends an account of storm and shipwreck abruptly by stating that his ‘throat becomes sore from such a heavy tone’, and turns back to his Dordrecht nymphs. 

We should note, finally, that the author was an unabashed self-plagiarist. The second novel copies verbatim many passages from the first one: the same stories are now told by different protagonists at different moments in the narrative. This may remind the modern reader of the ‘vanity publishing’ of our present age; speaking against such a simple motive for Van Hoogstraten is that he did not ask his brother Frans to publish the books, as he did with the *Inleyding*, but approached others, Jasper Goris (1658–1669) from Dordrecht and Baltes Boekholt (1656–1689) from Amsterdam, thus, it seems, tapping into different expanses of his network.

By contrast, the sets of illustrations of the two books differ in their content and execution; Jan Blanc has therefore concluded that although the seven images in *Roselijn* were made by Van Hoogstraten, those in *Haegaenveld* were not.
Van Hoogstraten’s two books differ from the internationally successful novels in their explicitly Dutch vantage point. Instead of in an idealized, Mediterranean-style Arcadia he situates his protagonists in Holland: the narrative starts in settings recognizable by his circle of readers, identifying Dordrecht, The Hague, and Amsterdam and soon continuing to Naarden, Muiderberg, the river Lek, the Betuwe area, Rosendaal, and Arnhem [Figs. 79 and 80]. Beginning the book with genteel youngsters on a leisure journey, he took his inspiration from Van Heemskerck’s works. These focused on local historical details, especially the ancient Batavians, presumed forefathers of the Dutch, who provided the classical basis for the province of Holland’s cultural and political predominance. Yet Van Hoogstraten omits most of the historical references, only singling out the ancient Roman fort constructed at the beach at Katwijk, known as the Brittenburg, that seventeenth-century scholars related to the Batavians.  

The first authors of pastoral poems and plays in Dutch, such as Hooft, had tried to
remedy what they perceived as the backward state of their own vernacular literature, training themselves by translating the classics. Van Hoogstraten’s energetic use of the Dutch language reinforces the idea that he wanted his readers to identify with his protagonists, giving them fanciful names that are, however, decidedly Dutch and refer to local flowers and crops (Hageroos, Klaverpruyk, Korenare, Lelybandt, Matelieve) or have other pastoral associations such as Lam-merveld (Lamb-field), Lauwervelt (Laurel-field), Lelygaert (Lily-garden), and Starrewit (Star-white). The introduction to *Roselijn* explains how these figures inhabit the ‘Garden of Holland’, which was a popular metaphor for the Dutch Republic. Though the Southern European countries had first imitated classical literature, now it was up to the Dutch: ‘The proud Spaniard envies the Roman glory, and the French poet challenges the one from Mantua …. Likewise, the great Lion, Protector of Holland’s flourishing Garden, pulls snowy-white Swans in her safe Pond.’ Van Hoogstraten explicitly aspires to vie with no one less than Virgil and Homer, invoking those Muses ‘whose exertions embrace the vernacular’.

In *Roselijn*, his political motive is
explicit, calling on the ‘proud Muse! who transposes Holland in Latium ... at once gird your loins, and let Bato’s people [i.e. the Batavians] hear poems in their own Language and true monuments to honor our State’.  

The love story in Roselijn sets out in a kind of vernacular Arcadia that would be all too familiar to Dordrecht readers: instead of under pines and olive trees, the protagonist Panthus meets Roselijn on the ice. The story of Actaeon seeing Diana is transported to an unlikely Dutch backdrop, where the waters around the city’s walls have frozen and the icy sheets have drifted into piles. It is Panthus speaking here:

when the sun’s meridional course had run its end and the nights were at their longest (the cold froze everything there was) it happened that, through mere coincidence, I was walking along the city’s walls where the dreadful ice floes, which had drifted against the piers in the storm, lay as high as a man ... there I met the distinguished Roselijn, clad in splendid and ornately draped garments. How my heart pounded with confusion! Like the tired, perspiring huntsman, gasping for breath when suddenly seeing the Hunting Goddess naked and to her waist in the water of a spring, stood surprised and amazed: just so, her radiant eyes pierced my mind with rays of lightning.

Despite these shared vernacular feelings, Van Hoogstraten differs in terms of intent and format from Van Heemskerck. For one, he keeps contemporary politics out of his novels. Only Haegaenveld has a short reference to a current issue, the Anglo-Dutch wars, complaining that ‘Alack! These wailings will not end, nor will the heated neighbours stop destroying each other, before the white swan of the Merwe river [i.e., Admiral Tromp] swims in the Thames and pulls out the enemy’s feathers; and a new Perseus on Pegasus will show Medusa’s head to the South and East Saxons [i.e., the English]. Elsewhere, the author uses a contemporary metaphor when comparing a youngster’s courageous deeds to a merchant’s vessel, menaced by Dunkirk pirates off the English shore, which, rescued by three war galleons from Zeeland, has its revenge by firing its full load on the fleeing ships. For suspense effects, however, Van Hoogstraten clearly prefers more exotic locations and battles than the United Provinces’ wars with Spain and England: the northern and eastern fringes of Europe.

As to scholarship, philology, history, and law – the ‘serious topics’ that are such a prominent feature of Van Heemskerck’s books – Van Hoogstraten strays even farther from his predecessor. There is next to nothing in his two novels that recalls the didactic and scientific intentions that determined, for instance, the bellettristic works of fellow Dordrecht author Lambert van den Bos (1610-1698). Perhaps one passage in Haegaenveld may even be interpreted as an implicit criticism of the scholarly asides in contemporary writing. The protagonist Vrederyk meets a hermit who treats him to a nineteen-page-oration about God and the cosmos. But the hero is rather annoyed than interested.
Horror, magic, and violence

The overview history of early Dutch novels, by Jan te Winkel (1924), only mentioned the 1669 Haegaenveld, ignoring Schone Roselijn and therefore denying Van Hoogstraten his pioneer position. Moreover, the author dismissed the painter’s literary qualities, identifying Haegaenveld ‘among the most curious creations that an unbridled fantasy has been able to bring forth’ and adding that ‘with the many adventures of its plethora of un-Dutch characters, who yet bear far-fetched Dutch names and most of whose escapades take place in The Hague and at our sea beaches, the novel offers such a gaudy mixture of events that it is difficult to render its story in a few words or even make it in any measure insightful.’ Te Winkel, however, may have been biased towards this painter who did not fit the traditional literary categories: he read little of Van Hoogstraten’s book and suggested erroneously that it was inspired by a French novel, The African Sophonisba (1661). In fact, Haegaenveld seems inspired only by Roselijn.

Yet, we cannot deny that Van Hoogstraten’s novels certainly make a hard read. They testify to the verbal incontinence that also characterizes to some extent his treatise on painting: his convoluted plots vary in speed and many sideroads turn into dead ends. As another literary historian mistakenly notes, ‘the most silly and odd events, the most wondrous and fantastic adventures are said to take place in The Hague’s forest’: in reality they move quickly from the Stadholder’s court to a Ukrainian battle zone and an Ottoman harem. This, indeed, is what sets the two books apart from the incipient novelistic tradition in Europe and from Van Heemskerck’s book in particular. In Roselijn, what begins like a romance ends in blood and gore. Besides trysts with sorceresses and visionaries, the novels include virulent drama extending from premarital sex to suicide, patricide, duelling women, shipwreck, and intercontinental war [Fig. 81]. What is more, the reader who makes it to the end is told that the author, if only his painting obligations allowed him more free time, would ‘tell even stranger and more unheard-of things’. Van Hoogstraten’s books are profoundly nonclassical in this respect, and the author seems to be closer to the Amsterdam dramatist Jan Vos, who was infamous for confronting his audience with violence such as babies thrown on the stage from balconies, than to the classical poetical theory he quotes in his treatise on painting. Van Hoogstraten’s initial description of civilized youth may be deemed to accord in a generic sense to the polished portraits he made clients in The Hague. Also some of his genre paintings exude a similar refined atmosphere, focusing on the tendres passions rather than the grandes passions of heroic histories. But there is no parallel in his painted works, or even in his drawings, for the exoticism in the novels.

To explore Van Hoogstraten’s ‘unbridled fantasy’, we may focus on three passages illustrating respectively horror, magic, and violence. Yet it is difficult to capture in English the neologistic fervor of the original, evidently the work of someone unhampered by much schooling in the classics.

Roselijn presents the small towns of Naarden and Muiderberg on the Zuiderzee (present-day IJsselmeer) as the dwelling of Tymon – part clochard, part visionary – who rubs shoulders with elves and ‘wise women’. One of the Dordrecht damsels, the temperamental Kommerijn, visits him to bring back her lover (who has been seduced by her rival, Starrewit). Tymon, at first
unsettled by his client’s anger, soon reveals his powers to her and sets his magic to work, invoking the elements of nature:

Where the Zuiderzee plants Amsterdam full with masts and fills the brackish IJ with ships, running past Naarden and Muiderberg – there, Kommerijn raged to and fro, and her terrible curses made Tymon shiver in his cave…. Rising from the hole, he swung the sand from his grey hairs, just like when a wild seal, coming ashore after swimming, flaps its ears …[Kommerijn’s] enraged senses drove the smoke of her burning intestines out of her mouth. She shouted: ‘Can your magic arts do anything, oh Tymon, and work against love? … I am consumed by heated rage and burning desire, and cannot mollify my lover
with any prayers…’. Tymon, startled by her frightening mien, watched her seething eyes and black manes glow ice-cold in the moonshine. ‘I see and understand’, he said, ‘all the magic of the Elves and spectres of the night. I study the turns of the will-o’-the wisps, and I grasp everything I need to know from the deeds of the wise women.’ Tymon opened his eyes wide, turning them to the heavens, and threw three handfuls of dust towards the moon. He raged strangely and cursed so loud that the stars shuddered. Invisible chains dragged slowly over iron floors. The sky, veined like marble by the burning sea, was gruesome to behold. Thin figures roamed in a circle. And flickering lights floated around in the air.

This is amorous literature from a different category than d’Urfée’s civilized conversations under mostly cloudless skies. In Haegaenveld, featuring the same protagonists, the story ends with a swordfight at the beach between the two rivals, Kommerijn and Starrewit, ‘panting like post horses’: the latter finally beats her opponent, already bleeding steadily, down the dunes, ‘thrusting and hitting until Kommerijn lay nose down in the sand.’ The book even illustrates the scene in print. The women, apparently, have active roles in Van Hoogstraten’s fiction; elsewhere a damsel on horseback takes her gun to separate two fighting men. Thinking of the books’ protagonists as idealized reflections of their readers, we are reminded that Dordrecht’s lively climate allowed many dilletantes to flower – not only a socially ambitious painter, but also women: Van Hoogstraten engraved a portrait of one of them, Margareta van Godewijck (1627-1677).

Yet Van Hoogstraten’s stories also move briskly to scenes of more exotic visual impact. Introducing boreal Scandinavia as a place of mystery, Roselijn describes one of the hero’s mental efforts in terms of shamanism: ‘Just like the fortune-telling Laps, and magic-doing Finns …. drive their soul out of their body with wondrous rituals and chase it over the sea: then when their breathless bodies have fallen to the ground, after some time they come back to themselves, as if from a far journey’. Both novels feature a story told from the perspective of a sorceress who learns her magic from Hecate in the hour of the latter’s death. It may make us reconsider our vision of Van Hoogstraten as a ‘classicist’:

Where the Tartar opens his empty jaws to the stars, and the magicians make the cold Lapland tremble and the snowy wildernesses of the Finns, commanding the winds and tying them down: that’s where I was born. I have no mother or father … until my seventh year I belonged nowhere; but afterwards my mind had the invisible element as its home, and the sharp rocks, or the seat of the water gods. Thus I rambled many years through earth and hell, and through the heavens on a winged ass, rising to the glowing candle-bearers or the flaming arms of Orion; sometimes I would go on a fiery dragon’s wagon to the frosty North Pole, where the ice balls bombed down like wooden blocks in a swirling
jetty, piercing all the earth’s hiding places; … until I heard … [Hecate’s] moaning voice … I saw her (but in the shape of a monster) almost moribund, sucking in the last air, and burning with desire for her art I jumped into the deep hole, dashing to the materials and a thousand manuscripts from Hecate’s own hand. ‘Oh mother of the arts’, I said, ‘now I shall fulfil my duty and acknowledge the good that you have done to me, when I, riding a broomstick, joined the dance of cats at the Iron Mountain — when I, having forgotten my magic lesson, ended up alright through your help, while a thousand night crickets chirped.’ But I realized that she did not hear what I said, as her spirit flew out through the nose and mouth, which made the whole mountain rumble.

Although Van Hoogstraten’s world view, as his painting treatise suggests, is still in some measure rooted in a pre-modern conception of science (presenting a view of artworks as ‘acting at a distance’ and even describing gems and other curiosities of nature in terms of their presumed supernatural powers), the fictional passages in his novels are of a different nature. Rather than looking backward to an age of superstition, they seem to herald a taste for adventure more commonly associated with eighteenth-century English novels.

Even harder to accommodate to the taste of the Develstein damsels are the descriptions of a battle at the fringes of Eastern Europe. In Rosellijn, one of the protagonists, Vrederyk (whose name, interpreted as ‘Peace-reign’, connects him to Frederik Hendrik of Orange) finds no more glory in the Low Countries. He therefore travels eastward until he encounters burning villages at the Polish border. Soon he volunteers in a tremendously chaotic battle. Van Hoogstraten seems inspired by an actual event: the 1649 Battle of Zboriv, part of the ‘Khmelnytsky Uprising’ when the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth fought Cossack rebels, involving more than 100,000 men. Rosellijn renders this into a war between Europe and Asia involving a plethora of troops.

To understand Van Hoogstraten’s version of the fray, one should realize that the account alternates the viewpoint of the two groups constantly — virtually after each statement. Vrederyk’s cause is led by the Polish King Jan II Casimir (supported by Germans, Lithuanians, Scandinavians, and Tartars). The enemy is led by the Cossack leader Bogdan Khmelnytsky (supported by Croats, Hungarians, Romanians, and Russians). Moreover, in a strikingly novelistic technique, the author shifts from the past to the present tense halfway through the account and keeps alternating tenses afterward:

[T]he iron thousands … glemmed like waves of water against the sun. … The troops of Khmelnytsky, head of the Cossack rebels, … let fly at the Masovian army; a hail of Scythian arrows dripped in poison rained down on them, frightful to behold. The fast Tartars on their light horses, in the service of Casimir, sallied and penetrated the harnassed groups that stood like bulwarks, scattering Khmelnytsky’s battle array: Ottoman, the Prince of Romania, who had come to the Cossack’s help with six hundred turbaned heads, all brave marksmen, lost his head when he ran into the fleeing Scythians; the Masovian and Sarmatian bands continue their victory and flash their scimitars like lightning around the
recoiling enemy’s heads: thousands die in the jostle of those running away, and drown under the horses’ hooves in streams of blood. Khmelnytsky’s left wing, …. when it attacks, encounters a hedge of German pikes that, planted against cavalry, skewer man and horse: …. the Croat, pushed from behind, jumps half raging towards the certain death of iron pikes …. Radsevil, the Lithuanian Chancellor, attacks from the side with a thousand firearms: it cuts off the Muscovian reinforcements and sweeps entire ranks of Hungarian soldiers in that direction.

To a favorable critic, these sentences have the cinematic qualities of a sequence that highlights the confused clash between a great many people: it zooms in on different details (protagonists, swords, hooves) rather than providing a panorama shot for a clear overview. Van Hoogstraten calls upon the Muses for sustaining him in introducing new weapons and ethnic groups, until the last bits of orderly narrative explode in a burst of heavy artillery:

But, oh Muses! refresh my spirits, so that I may sing of this battle to the end: the heaven and earth seemed to crack, and from the chasm seemed to erupt mountains and rocks with a thundering roar, turning the earth's crust upside down with frightening noise, when the two armies of Prince Casimir and Khmelnytsky clashed with each other like two fleets of ships: the martial Walachs, and Dacian warriors, the Serbians … the leading Cossack groups, a thousand Greek riders, and countless auxiliaries, all surrounded their warlord. …. The squadron of noble Poles, Casimir's only consolation, already stood in full battle array, ready to welcome the army: the cavalry, hidden behind the long pikes, breaks into gallop against the enemy and braves a hailstorm of bullets. The Cossack, unable to withstand that attack, breaks down and makes his groups fall away to the right and left. But just as if when the chasm of the hollow Tartar world opens and spews terrible fire and flames and great rocks to the sky, so the cannon began, which were deliberately hidden behind the troops, thundering dreadfully, crushing whole ranks with every blow: devouring man and horse, they seemed more dreadful than hell. Riders, choking in smoke, trample on the defeated soldier who does not know where to hide and falls in the slipperly blood: so that the moaning of the wounded drowns out the battle clarions. 68

It is, of course, possible that Van Hoogstraten copied his account from a newspaper report or even from another novel – his friend Lambert van den Bos usually incorporated translated fragments in his own texts. 69 However, as the painter repeats verbatim this long account from Roselijn in Haegaenveld, it seems that he was proud of a piece of his own writing. The only artwork that comes to mind is not one of Van Hoogstraten's paintings or drawings but, perhaps, Rembrandt’s Polish Rider of 1655 – which is, however, more than a work of fiction: an accurate representation of authentic costume. 70

Is there, then, a way to connect the themes in Van Hoogstraten’s two novels with those in his art? Even the master's extant drawings, as identified by Werner Sumowski, concern mainly
Old Testament scenes and studies of everyday life and do not reflect the novels’ exoticism. Only when Haegaenveld features a pleasure ground, filled with casts of Roman statues, there seems to be an echo of the airy courtyards in Van Hoogstraten’s English paintings: he mentions the Villa Medici’s *Latone and her Children*, the Vatican Belvedere’s *Laocoön*, Michelangelo’s *David* and *Night in Florence*, and Giambologna’s *Rape of the Sabine Women*. The painter had seen these in Italy, but they were otherwise known through prints and travel accounts: he presents objects known to his audience. Yet even this peaceful setting soon turns out to be animated with mechanical devices and fountains, triggered when one takes a bridle from the hand of a sculpted goddess. Somewhat further the author introduces a set of paintings displaying monsters, personifications, and scenes from Aesop, which have no relation to his own art.

One indication that novels were, for Van Hoogstraten, a domain for experimentation rather than adherence to classical standards comes from his treatise on painting. In the *Inleyding*, he quotes Philip Sidney and Van Heemskerck only to illustrate his concept of beautiful ugliness (*aerdige leelykheid*). This was, in effect, a new element in the theory of painting, not addressed by predecessors such as Van Mander and all but ignored by successors such as De Lairese. The *Inleyding* compares Van Heemskerck’s description of a rustic landlady to a painting by Adriaen Brouwer: ‘Behold a beautiful ugliness, which would cost Brouwer quite a lot of effort to emulate her unseemly semblance’:

> Her eyes which, as if she had not had a full night’s sleep, oscillated with a loose dullness, shone with a redness … hemmed by a rim of curdled wax, which made all eyes look away, not different than from Medusa’s head …. Here and there between the clefts in her coarse folded lips lay the drops of the muddy thick beer with which she, when first waking up, was wont to refresh greedily her throat-hole thirsting after the liquid: which had swelled her entire body, and especially her flabby bosom, with such a helpless fatness that the one looked like a fat-bellied beer barrel and the other an overfilled cow’s udder. This pleasant landlady, a tobacco pipe in her mouth and a rummer in her hand, staggered towards the wagon and began, in a hoarse voice and a blinking eye, to invite the sweet company on the wagon to a little pipe of smoke and a sip of consolation-water; words that so provoked the shepherdesses’ chastity and the shepherds’ modesty, that they ordered the driver to get away from that hole of uselessness without delay.

Van Hoogstraten’s own novels, which describe not so much ugliness, but the exotic and adventurous, may be deemed to take the concept of the ‘picturesque’ to another level. He did not explore in his novels the Viennese court and Italian states where he would travel in 1651 (as G.J. Hoogewerff has remarked, he was an ‘Arcadian’ writer already before going to Italy). Rather, he chose exotic locations that he knew merely from hearsay: Scandinavia, the Ottoman Empire, Eastern Europe. He seems to have wanted to get away as far as possible from classical Rome in terms of geographical location as well as subject matter and style. Vying with Homer and Virgil in the vernacular Dutch context, apparently, also meant introducing ‘rare and unheard-of things’:
maybe we can denote these with Van Hoogstraten’s term schilderachtig or picturesque, rather than deploying essentially anachronistic concepts such as romantic or novelistic.

**Impact**

As Marijke Spies argued, the importance of Van Hoogstraten’s novels stems from the fact that after *Roselijn* appeared, some among Dordrecht’s like-minded literati set about mastering the ‘Arcadian’ genre. Two of his friends, likewise intimate members of the Develstein circle, published three such works in rapid succession, all dealing with love and related to the pastoral theme.

The first was Adriaan van Nispen’s (1633–1694) *The Greek Venus, Showing the Famous Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe, Ismenias and Ismene, Leander and Hero* (1652). Van Nispen, scion of an honorable family who studied Latin and Greek and later law at the university of Leiden, was one of Van Hoogstraten’s oldest contacts in the Dordrecht literary circle.

The dedication praises a key text of the Dutch effort to recreate ancient prose: Joost van den Vondel’s famous translation of Virgil from the Latin. Van Nispen now apparently set out to ‘teach the Greek Venus to speak Dutch’. A liminary poem on *Ismenias and Ismene*, written by Johan van Someren (1622–1672), one of Van Hoogstraten’s other literary contacts, compares the protagonist to a local Dordrecht girl: because of the translation, ‘Ismene has been changed into a Damsel / wearing Dutch dress instead of Greek attire’.

Faithful to the classical works, the love stories are predicated on sensuous innuendo but lack the fantasy and violence that Van Hoogstraten was so fond of. Aside from its pride in the vernacular, Van Nispen’s book is therefore very different from those of Van Hoogstraten.

Closer to the painter’s novels are two works by one of his best friends, Lambert van den Bos. They are creative compilations of other texts, novelistic and otherwise, most of them translated from the Spanish, Italian, and French. Van den Bos’s first book of 1662, *Dordrecht Arcadia, Containing Old and New, both Local and Foreign Stories, Shot Through with Explanations, Politics and Philosophy, the Arts of Love and Poetry, Delight and Teaching, etc.* features two Neapolitan noblemen, Ambrosio and Eustacchio – *bien étonnés* to find themselves duelling at Zwijndrecht – whose stories fill the main part of the book. Yet the title, with its references to political and philosophical matters, betrays the author’s interest in Van Heemskerck’s example. At times Van den Bos’ intent approaches the former’s antiquarian and didactic outlook. Indeed, talking of ‘wijskunde’ (philosophy), the book discusses at length the chemistry of the British philosopher Sir Kenelm Digby (1603–1665; this author was apparently popular among the Dordrecht literati as his optical theory also features in Van Hoogstraten’s *Inleyding*).

A year later, Van den Bos wrote *The South Holland Thesalia, Containing Ancient and Mod-
Like Van Heemskerk’s *Arcadia*, this features a leisurely trip by young men and their girlfriends through the province of Holland. Van den Bos’s many stories nested in other stories made Te Winkel typify them as ‘Arcadian frame narratives’ and call them, in contrast to Van Hoogstraten’s works, worthy of more study.

The synergy between Van Hoogstraten and Van den Bos certainly merits our attention. The painter and the poet were well matched in terms of versatility of style and subject matter. The latter, after 1655 deputy headmaster of the Latin school at Dordrecht, practiced all literary genres and, in addition, made a great many translations. Just one of his feats was the first Dutch *Don Quixote* (1657), which Van Hoogstraten read. Imitating the painter, Van den Bos too made a Dutch translation of a courtiers’ manual. Most of his other publications testify to his wish to propagate his pride in Dutch culture and history. His epic poem *The Batavian Aeneas*, for instance, deals with the adventures of Bato, presumed forefather of the Batavians, presented as a sequel to Livy’s account of Aeneas’s travels. Such works were a very literal application of literature to cultural politics – in Van Hoogstraten’s words, monuments for ‘Bato’s people … to honor our State’.

Although Van Hoogstraten’s own novels refer only rarely to local history, he echoes his friend’s approach by portraying his protagonist Haegaenveld as a descendant of the Batavian hero, Claudius Civilis (he obtained his curious name after slaying a giant in The Hague, Fig. 78).

Not only did Van Hoogstraten and Van den Bos write various liminary poems for each other’s publications, the affinities between writer and artist finally gave rise to a collaborative project, a 500-page *Guide to Italy: Description of the Lands and Cities of Italy, their Beginnings, Rise, Progress, Government and Curiosities, Including the Main Routes to Travel from one Place to the Other and Thus through All of Italy* (1657). Van Hoogstraten probably provided his friend, who never crossed the Alps, with detailed information about his own travels. He also wrote an extensive introductory poem (reproduced and translated on pp. 177-179 of this volume).

At least as explicitly patriotic as Johan van Heemskerck, Van den Bos’ agenda throws some light on that of Van Hoogstraten, for whom, as we have seen, the vernacular is also an important factor. Yet Van den Bos lacks his friend’s fervor when it comes to horror, magic, and violence. As we have noted, moreover, the painter stands out for not having the historical, antiquarian, and scientific digressions that were introduced by Van Heemskerck.

Thus, speaking of any impact of *Roselijn* on later authors, one should realize that Van Hoogstraten, Van Nispen, and Van den Bos had very different working methods and ambitions (a fantastic, philological, and didactic one, respectively), making it implausible to group them together as so-called ‘Dordrecht novelists’.

**Conclusion**

Was Samuel van Hoogstraten the first Dutch novelist? The answer to this question is a qualified yes: it depends on what definition of the novel is used. Van Heemskerck’s *Batavian Arcadia* was published earlier and it was definitely more influential, but it may be too much of an antiquarian-
patriotic hybrid to be called a novel. Van Hoogstraten stands out for ignoring his predecessor's didactic drift. Even his friend Lambert van den Bos professed to write in part for his audience's benefit, according to the title of the *Dordrecht Arcadia*. By contrast, *Roselijn* and *Hagaevoeld* are aimed solely at their readers' delight. Van Heemskerck would not have appreciated these two works: his *Arcadia* explicitly condemned stories of witchcraft and superstition, desiring that his readers tell their children about the glorious history of the Dutch Republic instead.

If we decide on calling the painter-poet's books 'novels', then they are idiosyncratic ones indeed. The combination of pastoral scenes with horror, magic, and violence brings these adventures closer to English novels at the time than to Dutch ones – most striking among them are those by Margaret Cavendish, with whom Van Hoogstraten has once been associated. Cavendish's works are, if anything, more extravagant and even include what may be the first science-fiction novel in English: like Van Hoogstraten, this author depicted the high North as a backdrop for wonder and adventure. The British duchess had lived in The Hague for some time before the painter bought a house there; what is more (as Michiel Roscam Abbing makes clear in the present book), Van Hoogstraten must have had considerable knowledge of English literature. His position as a successful painter seems to have given him a similar licence to experiment and a desire for literary self-fashioning as the aristocrat and autodidact Cavendish in The Hague, Antwerp, and London. In any account, as a novelist Van Hoogstraten was definitely closer to 'Mad Madge' Cavendish than to Betje Wolff and Aagje Deken. The latter two authors are of a wholly different caliber, standing at the origin of Dutch confessional literature that, with its highly personal outpourings, has had a high profile on the European literary stage up to the present age.

Finally, the question remains: who among the three Dordrecht 'novelists' took the initiative? Adriaen van Nispen may well have undertaken his Dutch versions of three ancient Greek novels some time before the date of publication, perhaps already during his years at the Dordrecht Latin school – and thus may have inspired Van Hoogstraten and Van den Bos in their more amateurish works. It is possible that Van Nispen's unprecedented, intellectually demanding, and ambitious endeavor on a European scale sparked his friend's less lettered, but no less eye-catching efforts to 'transpose Holland in Latium'.

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APPENDIX


**Fragment 1 (pages 23–25):**

Daar de Zuyderzee, den Amsteldam met masten, en het brakke Y, met schepen belommert, langs Naarden, en de Muyerbergh, henen spoelt, vloogh [Kommerijn] heen en we`er, en dé met ysslijke besweringen, Tymon in sijn hol zidderen ... Tymon rees uyt`et hol, en slingerden het zant uyt sijn grijse hayren, even, gelijk een ruyge waterhont, vant`t swimmen te lant komende, klaapoor ... `er verwoede sinnen, dreven den rook, van het brandende Ingewant, ten mont uyt; sy riep: kunnen u tooverkunsten wat uytrechten? ô Tymon ! en in de min werken? … ik ben door hitsige rasery, en vlammende min ontsteken, en kan mijn minnaar, met geen gebeden vermoren. … Tymon schrikten, van haar vervaarlijke mynen; en sagh haar glimmende oogen, en zwarte manen, in de Maneschijn, ysslk blinken. Ik door sie, seyd`hy, al`t spookten der Alfen, en nachtschimmen: en neem acht, op het drayen der stalkaarsen: en kan al wat ik wete wil, door den handel der witvrouwen af sien ... Tymon sparde sijn holle oogen ten hemel, en wierp, dry handen vol gruys, tegen de Maan, tierden wonderlijk, en swoer, dat `t gestarnte lilden; onsichtbare ket-tingen sleept, langhsaam, langhs yser vloeren. Den hemel, van Zee-brandt gemarmelt, was vreeslijk aan te sien. Linne beelden sworven in een kringh. En trippelende lichjes, dreven rontom den hemel.

**Fragment 2 (pages 14–15):**

[Da]aar den Tarter ... sijn holle kaken, tegen de starren opent, en de tooverkonstenaars, het koude Laplant, en besneeuwde wildernissen der Finnen, doen rammelen, de winden dwingen, en vast knoopen, ben ik geboren; ik ken Moeder noch Vader … tot mijn seven jaar hoorden ik nergens t’huys; maar naderhant, had mijn geest het sienloos element, of de scherpe rotsen, en zetels der Watergøön, ten woningh; soo sold’ ik menigh jaar, door aard’, en hell’; en hemel, op een gew-ieken Esel, aan de glimmende toortsdragers, of vlammende armen des Orions, dan we`er op een yverige Draakwagen, aan de ysslk noorspil, daar de yskogels, als balken in den gudsenden draaypoel, bomden; en de schuylhoeken der aarden doorboorden; dan we`er, met koele wolken, plots’lingh in den hollen Hekla; … tot ik op’t lest ... een klagende stem hoorden ... Hecate, die als een Godinne ge-eert was, op `t lest de hant reyken, en de oogen luyken; of de erfgenaam van mijn grootse konsten, mijn naam ... Ik sagh haar (maar als een monster) vast zieltogen, en de leste lucht insuygen, en yveuri gnae de kunst, sprongh ik in’t diepe hol, en vlamde op den huys-raat, en duysent geschreve boeken, van Hecatees eyge handt. O kunstmoeder, riep ik, nu sal ik noch eens mijn plicht komen in’t werk stellen, en erkennen de deught die gy my dé, doen ik op een besem rijdende, den kattendans, aande Yserbergh vermeerde; als ik, mijn les vergeten hebbende, door u behulp, onder `t gesnor, van duysent nachtkrekels, te recht quam. Maar ik merkte wel, dat se niet verstont wat ik sey, want`er geest vloogh ten neus, en te mont uyt, dat de gantsche berg kraakte.
Fragment 3 (pages 146-149):

[De yse reuytenden, die als water-golven tegen de Soen glistender, den rook der brandende
vlekken, et 't stof der Ruyteren, dat met woken tusschen aard' en hemel hinghe te zien ... Nau-
wijks was het grouwaaam gevecht aangegaan of de Moldavise Volken, met beslage stengen ge-
wapent, stieten de Russen, die met bonte vachten geharnast, en voor uyt schermutsen in de
vucht. Gladiïer de de Volken van de Rivier Proosa [sic] aanvoerde, ... sneuvelden in den eersten
storm; schoon hy self het hoofd van den jongen Ragotski, aan den Thoren van Gresna hoopten
ten pronk te steken. De troeoen van Chimelenski, het hoofd der Kasakse rebellen ... vielen de
Masovisen Oorloghs-man op't lijf; daar sich a hagel van Scytse pijlen, met fenijn bestreken,
onde storten, dat vreselijk was om aan te zien. De geswinde Tartars, op lichte Paarden geseten,
besold van Kasimier, vielen tussen de geharnaste benden, die als Bol-kerken pal stonden, uyt; en
verstroooyden de orden van Chimelenski: Ottaman, Prince van Romanien, die met ses hondert
Tulbanden, al-te-maal brave schutters, den Kasak was te hulp gekomen, schoter den bek in; soo
hy tegen de vluchtige Scyten in viel: de Masovise en Sarmaatsche benden vervolgen hun zege, en
blesanen met kromme Sabels de deynsende vyant om d'ooren: duysenden sneuvelender doort'
gedraghe der vluchtelingen, en verdrinken onder de Paarde-vooten van't vlieteende bloedt. De
slinker vleugel van Chimelenski ... invallende, steken op een hegge van duytse Pieken, die tegen
Ruytery geplant, Man en Paart door-rijgen: hier gelt'et koppen, de Kroaat van achter aangedo-
ngen, springht half werman tegen de gewisse doot en yse spitsen in ... Radsevle Litauers
Kacelier, valt er met duysent Vye-roers ter zijden op in: slaat de Moskovise hulp-troepen in
route, en eeght heele ryn Hongerse soldaten daar heen ... Maar ó Sangh-heldinnen! laaf mijn
gesten, op dat ik dese slagh tot den eynde magh uyt singen: den hemel en aarde scheen te
barnen, en den afgront bergen en steenrotsen met donderslagen uyt te braken, en myts
hetier den Aardbooom om te keeren: doe de groote Legers van Prins Kasimier, en Chimelens-
ski, als twee Scheeps-vloeten op malckander stieten: de strijdtbare Walachen, en Dacise krijgers
de Servy, die aan de Vloedt sou wonen, de Kasakse Hoofb-benden, duysdent Griekse Ruyters,
ondtallijke hulp-troepen, omringhden haar Veld-heit. Vorst Kasimier daar-an-en-tegen, met de
Poolse Heyr-kracht, glom int geharnaste Velt, en bralde met uyt-gelese benden, die van yver
rasende, den vyant aangielen: de Daenen, Noren, Sweden, en bonde Russen, hadden de voor en
achterhoede: Vrederijk onder de Ruytery blank in't Harrenas... Het Esqaudron gebore Polen, den
eenigen troost van Kasimier, stont alre in volle slagh-orde, gereet om den vyant te verwelkomen:
het Paarde-volk achter de lange Pieke verborge, rendt met volle loop den vyant tegen, en dringht
door een hagel van kogelen heen; maar den Kasak, niet machtygh dien aan-loop af te slaan,
scheurt in tween, en doet zijn bende ter rechter en slinkerhant af wijken; maar even gelijk den
afgrond van den holten Tartar sich opent, en afgrijnschier vyer en vlam, en groote steenen tegen
den hemel spuwht: soo begon het geschut, met vooroacht achter de troeoen verborge, vreselijk te
Donderen, en slagh op slagh heele gelederen te verplette, Man en Paart te verslinden en yslijker
dan de hel sich op te doen, den Ruyter verstikt in den rook, en trapt op de verslagen oorloghs-
man, weet sich niet te berge, en tynmel in het gladde bloet: soo dat 't gekarm der gequestste,
den klank der Trompetten verdooft.
Notes


2. A. Houbraken, De groote schouburg der Nederlandische kunstborders en schilderessen, Amsterdam 1718-1721, II, 156.


5. On Schull’s status as poet in the Dordrecht literary circles cf. A.J. van der Aa, Biographisch woordenboek der Nederlanden, Deel 17, Haarlem 1874, 523-524.


7. This is also argued by Van Mander on the grounds that painters ‘must eschew Rhetoric, the art of poetry, with its lovely ways, desirable and charming though it may be’, because it will not earn them any money, K. van Mander, Grondt der edel-vry schilder-const, in: Het schilderboeck, Haarlem 1604, I, 47, f. 5.

8. The term is Alison Kettering’s.


10. ‘Dijse deftighe Diana, ... heeft leeren Duyts spreken’, [H. d’Urfé], Minne-plicht, ten toon gestelt inde vrij-agië van Diana en Filandre (transl. J. van Heemskerk), Amsterdam 1634. An earlier publication with ‘novelistic’ elements, but leaning more towards adventure and travel literature, was Wonderlike avontuer van twee goelieven: een verhaal uit 1624, uitg. door een werkgroep van Amsterdamse neerlandici onder leiding van E.K. Groote, Muiderberg 1984. The book, originally printed in Leiden in 1624, had only 36 pages and cannot be called a novel; the editors speak of ‘a highly idiosyncratic unicum’ (p. 9) and situate it in the context of collections of anecdotes, novellas, and pamphlets.

11. First to appear were [H. d’Urfé], De Historie van Damon en Madonthe, overgebost wyt Aströ, Hoorn 1634, and Toetsen der liefde, verboont in de historie van Celidea, Thamire ende Calidon, Amsterdam 1636.

12. [H. d’Urfé and P. Sidney], Den engestadigen Hylas, de veranderlycke Stella, de lichtverdigen Pamphilus, De
van Hoogstraten also presents himself as a painter writing about civility, pointing out that princes and kings, when they want to demonstrate their knowledge in art, have to speak to ‘us’, i.e. painters; S. van Hoogstraten, Den eerlyken jongeling, of de edele kunst, van zich by groote en kleyne te doen eeren en beminnen, Dordrecht 1657, 26.

‘[M]omden’er… opsen Heyens’, Roselijn 14; S. Van Hoogstraten, Hof-krakkeel, tusschen Pan, Kupido, en Uranius .... tot bruiloftsvermaek opgeoffert aen ... Kornelis Hoorens, en ... Hester Terwe ... den eersten september 1669, The Hague 1669.

‘Een Roselijn kan hier Astré, hoe Fransch zij is, op ’t hooflykst leeren vryen’, Lambert van den Bos, liminary poem in Roselijn, no pagination.

One example is a letter from Panthus to Roselijn in Roselijn 50–51.

One example is Vrederijk’s meeting with an old woman in a foreign land, who turns out to be Roselijn’s former wet nurse. Her long monologue quoted in full; inbedded in her story is Roselijn’s account of how she was kidnapped, Roselijn 154ff.

‘The brush would succeed better than my pen in depicting the specific beauty of each Nymph’, Haegaenveld 183.


‘Want ik begin te twijffelen of my ook al dit schryven ergens toe dient, daer ik aen een andre Konstgodinne, die hare Dienaers beter als de Poezy beloont, verbonden ben’; Haegaenveld 270.
Before opening his own shop, Frans worked in Abraham Andriesz’ printing house. 

On the engravings in 'k [H]eb strafs genoeegh geleden mijn Ingewant wier gereten, en in tween gescheurt, als de Son haar [E]ven, als een gelade Koopvaarder, op de Engelse Kust van Duynkerkers, of plundersieke Biskajers [T]rotse Zangheldinnen, die in moedertaal gelijkerhand aanspannen', C. Brusati, The introductions to both books are very similar, but not identical. Part of Roselijn’s introduction, however, is repeated verbatim in Haegenaerveld p. 28ff. The Khmelnytsky Uprising occurs in both books, Roselijn 146ff, Haegenaerveld p. 75 ff. The story of the Muiden visionary Tymon is repeated in Haegenaerveld, 27–32. Stories that are embedded in other stories in Roselijn, become part of the main narrative in Haegenaerveld: the wet nurse’s story in Roselijn is given to the protagonist Vrederyk in Haegenaerveld, 85 ff. In Haegenaerveld, moreover, Tymon holds the monologue about Hecate’s magic, that is given to one of the Dordrecht youngsters in Roselijn, 8.

Before opening his own shop, Frans worked in Abraham Andriesz’ printing house. 

On the engravings in Roselijn see J. Blanc, Peindre et penser la peinture au XVIIe siècle: la théorie de l’art de Samuel van Hoogstraten, Berne 2008, 399-400, nrs G12/1-7. Two sets of the prints are kept in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, and Fondation Custodia, Paris. As Brusati 1995, 279, has noted, some of the prints in Roselijn appear again as illustrations in Alonzo Castillo Solorzano, Het leven en bedrijf van de doorslepen bedrieger, Amsterdam 1669.

Roselijn, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 respectively.

‘t Brittaanse wachthuys’, Roselijn 93. The fort’s remnants finally disappeared in 1954.

Kettering 1983, 27; for an overview of pastoral plays and poems, pp. 20–31.

‘De trosse Spangjaart benijt de Roomse glory, en de Franse dichter tart den Mantuaan … Soo trekt de trotse Spangjaart benijt de Roomse glory, en de Franse dichter tart den Mantuaan … Soo trekt de deftige Roselijn met prachtige gewaden omhangen, en cierlijk uyt-gestreken, Hoe klopte mijn harte van hoog lagen, wandelden; en de ongestuymige vloedt haar glase schrijven hoorde klateren, daar gemoeten ik ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schriklijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen anderens Perseus op Pegazus ’t hooft van Meduze aen de Zuit en Oostsaxons vertoone’, F. de Soucy, Sieur de Gerzan, Het leven en bedrijf van de doorslepen bedrieger, Amsterdam 1669.

Roselijn 23, 25, 27, 28, 29 respectively.

’[T]rotse Sangheldinnen, die in moedertaal gelijkerhand aanspannen’, Haegenaerveld, unpaginated.


‘ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen zuyder loop den eynde was en de nachten op’t langst, (de kou al bevroos wat’er was) quam’t, by geval, dat ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen hoogh lagen, wandelden; en de ongestuymige vloedt haar glase schrijven hoorde klateren, daar gemoeten ik ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen zuyder loop den eynde was en de nachten op’t langst, (de kou al bevroos wat’er was) quam’t, by geval, dat ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen hoogh lagen, wandelden; en de ongestuymige vloedt haar glase schrijven hoorde klateren, daar gemoeten ik ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen zuyder loop den eynde was en de nachten op’t langst, (de kou al bevroos wat’er was) quam’t, by geval, dat ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen hoogh lagen, wandelden; en de ongestuymige vloedt haar glase schrijven hoorde klateren, daar gemoeten ik ik, aan de voet van de Stadt, daar de schrikelijke ys-schorsen, met storm op de hoofden gedreven, mannen...
For a sample of red-blooded *enargeia* in Van Hoogstraten’s writings, we may explore his description of a battle elephant slipping in the mud: ‘The animal, somewhat frightened by its fall, looked over its shoulder once, and twice; and noticing its blood-covered haunches (for in the heat of the fight when the black blood gushed over dunes and fields, the kinglike animal slipped and landed on its rear so that the gore stuck in clotted lumps to its simply skin) – now thinking it was itself hurt, it stamped its paws and roared so frightfully that the people, filling the narrow pass, ran with all their might’, *Roselijn* 162–163.

There seems to be a connection to the Amsterdam Theatre, which Van Hoogstraten presents as his example in presenting emotions: both novels refer to Joost van den Vondel, ‘Amstels Treur-poeet’, for describing the conflicting emotions of someone who has just killed his lover’s father (*Roselijn* 60, repeated in *Haegaenveld* 291). In the *Inleyding*, Van Hoogstraten quotes not only Vondel but also refers to authors of ‘classical’ doctrine such as Scaliger and Vossius.

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See Appendix, fragment 1. The same passage is repeated in *Haegaenveld*, 28–29.

‘Starrewit dreef se die vast bloed ten duin af ... en stiet en sloegh zoo langh, tot Kommeryn met de neus in’t zand lagh’, *Haegaenveld* 232.

‘Vremder en ongehoorder dingen vertellen’, *Roselijn*, 336.


Another description of a sorceress mixes references to ancient heroines with a local Dutch one to the ‘Dulle Griet’: ‘Dus dravende door de diepe modder naderde hy een brandende fakkel, ghevoert in de vuist van een andere Ceres, zoo als Zy Prozerpyn plagh te zoeken, of een Circe zoo alsze, haer toverzap toestellende, met haar draken langs de Kerkhoven omwoey, een handigh wyf wast, dryvende twee starke paerden voor een prachtige jachtwagen, haer een hant zwoey de toorts en dander den toom, zy droegh een hoed vol zwarte plumadien op’er hooft, en om de schouderen een geborduirde Reismantel; haer boezem, door het ryghlijf gheperst, vertoonde zich als twee gezwolle duivekroppen, voorts, van gedaente en toerustingh scheenze een Amazone, maer van weezen dolle Griet zelf’, *Haegaenveld* 152.

Van Hoogstraten’s ‘Chimelenksi’ probably refers to the leader of the major Cossack rebellion which lasted from 1648–1657. Hetman Bogdan Khmelnytsky was allied with the Crimean Tatars and local peasantry against the southeastern part of the Commonwealth (the Masovia Voivodeship in modern-day Ukraine).
I have not been able to identify this earlier work. Perhaps it was related to the detailed discussion of the Cossack uprising, foregrounding Khmelnitsky, in the anonymous report ‘Relation des Cosques’, published in M. Thévenot, Relations de divers voyages curieux qui n’ont point esté publiées, ou qui ont esté traduits d’Hautoty, de Purchas, & d’autres voyageurs Anglais, Hollandois, Portugais, Allemands, Italiens, Espagnois, & de quelques Persans, Arabes, & autres auteurs orientaux, Vol. I, Paris 1661, 1-13. The report is allegedly ‘tirée d’un manuscrit’; author, date, and original language are not mentioned. It may well have come from the Netherlands, like many of Thévenot’s other sources: Christiaan Huygens and Isaac Vossius provided Thévenot with François Caron’s description of Japan, Joan Nieuhof’s as yet unpublished account of China, and a text by a sixth-century traveler to India. Te Winkel’s suggestion that Van Hoogstraten copied from the Afrikaensche Sofonisba is unfounded. (On another note, irrelevant to the present argument: the battle Van Hoogstraten describes was also the object of a novel of much later date that likewise sides with the Polish, Henryk Sienkiewicz’s With Fire and Sword, 1884).

See Appendix, fragment 3.

See Zdzisław Zyguński, Jr., ‘Further Battles for the “Lisowczyk” (Polish Rider) by Rembrandt’, Artibus et Historiae 21/41 (2000), 197–205. Van Hoogstraten reportedly painted ‘Hungarian or Polish figures’, a work that was sold in Dordrecht, July 11, 1663, see Roscam Abbing 1993, nr. 8, p. 90.

‘Haer oogen, die, als ofze haer volle slaep niet gehad hadde, met een losse loomicheyd heen en weer draei-den, flonkerden van roodicheit: En die roodicheit, bezet met een rand van gestremt was, maekte dat alle oogen, niet anders, dan van het hooft van Meduza, haer daer van afkeerden. ... Tusschen de kloven van hare grove omgeslagen lippen, lagen noch hier en daer de druppelen van’t drabbich dikke bier, daerze, op’t eerstte ontwaken, haer natgierig keelgat gulzichlijk mede gewent was te laeven: en dat haer gansche lijf, en voor al haren vadzigen boezem, door een onvermogen vetticheit, zoo hadde doen zwellen, dat het eene een dikgebuikte bierton, en het ander een overladen koe-uyer geleek. Deze aerdige Hofmeesterinne, met een Tobakpijp aen de mondt, en een kan in de hand, trad al slingervoetende na den wagen, en begon met een schorre stem, en een pinkend oog het zoete geselschap, op den wagen zittende, te nooden tot een pijpje smooks, en een zoopje zoenwater, woorden die de eerbaerheit der Harderinnen, en de bescheydentheit der Harderen zoo tergden, dat zy de voerman bevalen ... zonder uitstel van dat hol der onnutticheden afte scheyden. Zie daer een aerdige leelijkheit, daer Brouwer werks genoeg mede gehad zouw hebben, om hare ongave begaeftheden t’overtreffen’, Inleyding 67.

When Van Hoogstraten uses the term schilderachtig, it may also be to denote ‘relating to painting’ in a neutral sense. For instance, he contrasts ‘true schilderachtig knowledge of musculature’ with the anatomy of medicine, Inleyding 52; cf. 123, 218, 263.


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80 L. van den Bos, Dordrechtsche Arcadia: bevattende oude en nieuwe, soo binnen- als buitenlantische geschiedenis-
Van den Bos 1662, 332–364.
82 L. van den Bos, Zuyd-hollandsche Thessalia, begrijpende oude en hedendaegsche geschiedenissen, lustige vertel-
lingen, rymery en dieregelijke stoffen, Gorinchem & Dordrecht 1663.
83 L. van den Bos, Den verstandigen vroomen ridder Don Quichot de la Mancha, Dordrecht 1657; quoted in
Inleyding, 67. Haegaenveld was brought out by the same printer.
84 B. Castiglione, De volmaeckte bovelinck (transl. L. van den Bos), Amsterdam 1662.
85 In his trilogy consisting of the Triodon, the Thebaid and the Belgia, the first two parts are translations
of Statius’ account of the Theban wars; he complements these by a ‘sequel’ relating the wars of the Dutch
Republic.
86 L. van den Bos, Batavias, of Batavische Æneas, Amsterdam 1648.
87 ‘Batoos Landt-volk haar eygen Taal-gedichten ... recht geheugh-merken onse Staat te eeren’, Roselijn,
unpaginated, no. 4.
88 Haegaenveld 101.
89 Van Hoogstraten wrote liminary poems on Van den Bos’ translations of the Quichot and L.A. Seneca, Ag-
amemnon, Dordrecht 1661. Earlier, Van den Bos had written a liminary poem for Roselijn, unpaginated. L.
van den Bos, Wegwijzer door Italien: Beschrijvinge der landen en steden van Italien; hun beginselen, opkomst,
voorgang, bestieringe en seltsaemheden, mitsgaders de bequaamste wegen om van de eene plaats op den ander, en
alsoo door geheel Italien te reysen, Dordrecht 1657.
90 This was concluded by Hoogewerff 1950, 109.
91 Cf. M. Cavendish, The Description of a New World, Called The Blazing-World, London 1666. Van Hoog-
straten’s Perspective with a Woman Reading a Letter, now in the Mauritshuis, has previously been identified
as a portrait of Cavendish. Cavendish and Van Hoogstraten shared an involvement with members of the
Royal Society in London. The two authors’ aims seem to have been similar too: they used literature and sci-
ence to reinforce their social status and promote the image of themselves as equals to those with university
educations.
92 Even Vincent van Gogh’s and Anne Frank’s writings, arguably among the most influential works of Dutch
literature, have been interpreted as coming from this tradition that foregrounds confessions about personal
life.