

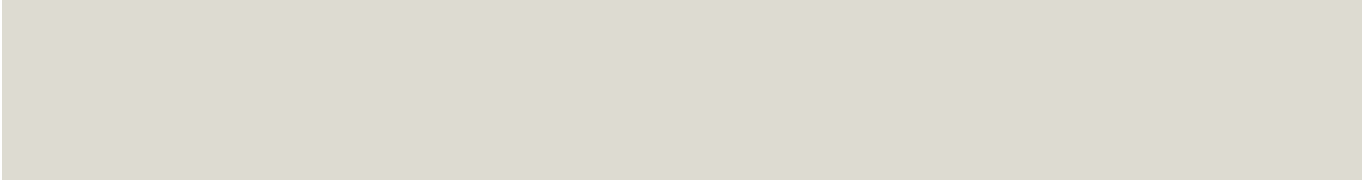
Cloaking and Hiding: Dressing up in Robert Louis Stevenson's 'The Master of Ballantrae'

By Susan Oliver

According to Jean Baudrillard's now classic 1970s definition, a fetish is a fabrication. As a metaphor, an artifact and a social hieroglyph it is based on signs and appearances. The fetish attracts belief and worship. While some may have a phenomenal existence, the consciousness with which such phenomena are endowed is false, or deceptive. The fetish must be decoded if it is to be understood.¹ More recently, Bruno Latour has argued that for moderns, belief is not so much a state of mind as an activity resulting from the need for relationships between people.² We are social creatures needing to believe in others in order socially to exist, but are compelled to explain away the strangeness of a worship that we cannot objectively justify. As such, believing is itself a form of fetishistic behaviour. Even Latour's agnostic is obsessed with explaining the apparent disjunction between a willing belief in what is irrational and a desired counter-belief in a material world understood as factual and therefore real. The implications of these theories for literary fiction can be explored through their relevance to a novel that focuses on a master of deceptive

new disguises. To the dismay of his younger brother Henry, he is an expert in keeping up appearances of the kind that fascinate everyone who meets or reads about him. Manufacturing a cult of personality, the Master of Ballantrae transforms his appearance from a Jacobite hero with a white cockade in his hat

containing the bones of his ancestors. The mouldering coffins are dressed in the remains of tattered velvet.⁵ Beneath the Romantic shabby chic of Ravenswood's cloak and family past is a man who lives on impossible dreams. The following three examples demonstrate the agency of his clothing:



survival *as a hero*.

Meanwhile, Ballantrae is never what he appears to be or what most people believe him to be. But what does this say about Scotland, its obsession with its own literary traditions, and its fascination with reinvention through metaphors of clothing?

At opposite ends of the nineteenth century, Scott and Stevenson employ tropes of dressing up as a narrative device that impels the wearer ever further away from ties with the earthy fabric of the land they call home. Both Masters end their lives with a return to the soil, but in alien locations where conventional commemoration is rendered impossible, or at least problematic. In other words, their cloaking finally slips to reveal a profound homelessness at the same time that it makes national tales out of their displacement. In Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, Edgar does not join his ancestors in a vault in the aisle of a disused chapel, but disappears into the shifting quicksand of the Lothian shore. A black feather floats ominously on the tide. There is no body. *The Master of Ballantrae* ends his life with a double burial in North America, no longer wearing fine clothes but wrapped in a buffalo skin. A stone commemorates his accomplishments, but also states that he 'Lies here forgotten', in a grave shared with the brother identified as 'his fraternal enemy'.⁹ In both cases, the real memorials are the stories themselves, authored out of sewn-together and recirculated fragments of narrative, to be told and retold in ways that perpetuate their myth and belief in the Romance of Scotland.

Let us look more closely at two of Ballantrae's appearances. One involves clothing associated with the cultural excesses of libertinism or dandyism, while the second signifies the opposite and is altogether more primitive.

The first example occurs midway through the novel. In November 1756, James Durie returns home to Scotland, apparently from exile in France more than a decade after being celebrated as a martyr at the Battle of Culloden. As with Scott's Ravenswood, no body was found and the romance surrounding the story had fed the myth. Evidence of vampiric behaviour emerges as the family's estates steward Ephraim Mackellar confides in the reader, 'for the seven years this bloodsucker had been drawing the life's blood from Durrisdere'.¹⁰ The more mundane fact behind the disturbing gothic excess of the Master is that he has

been extorting so much money from the family estate that land has had to be sold to support his lavish lifestyle. In order to pay off a monster, there has to be belief in its existence. Mackellar shows a fascination with the creature that now stands before him, along with a sense of its inappropriateness:

I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance [] a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes [] were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger.¹¹

The Master's taunting of Mackellar raises the matter of authorial responsibility: I divined these very clothes upon your hand of writing, Mr. Mackellar [] You may call me Mr. Bally: it is the name I have assumed. Mackellar wrote the letters that ensured the Master's cash supply described as blood money to keep him from returning to Scotland. He believes that in doing so he has created the being that now, to return to Carlyle, torments his soul. But has he? For Bally James Durie the Master the Bonnie laddie he has many names has simultaneously been extracting income from other sources, including the B

make a new life. But the Master is already there, setting up in business as a tailor with the intention of embarrassing his brother into supplying more money. The trope of sewing is more than a plot device; it draws attention to the theme of fabrication that is at the heart of novel. For the Master is a dab hand at altering clothes: he had acquired some quickness with the needle — enough, at least, to play the part of tailor in the public eye.¹² Busily stitching, he plans his final adventure: the recovery of his earlier, hidden pirate fortune, buried in the mountains above Albany. The map of the treasure's location had been drawn in his own blood on the inside of his hat. But we know by this point that the Master's blood has a habit of disappearing. The question that has to be asked is whether he is a real being, or merely the bloodless projection of the fantasies of those around him. The treasure is never found.

In the final chapter, the Master and his brother (who has planned his murder) head still further from home, deep into the North American wilderness and winter. A man named Mountain, representing the backwoodsman archetype of American literature, leads James's party into the forest. Native Americans raid their camp at night, murdering and scalping members of the party. All are afraid for their lives. Stories abound. The difficulty of distinguishing fiction from fact, romance from anthropology, adds to the thrill of the denouement. The servant Secundra Das overhears the plan to murder his Master and introduces an old trick from India that requires the ultimate —

focus on the westward extension of the frontier in North America. The Master dies cloaked in a signifier of American primitivism and the frontier. By the time of Stevenson's novel in 1889, the North American buffalo had gone the way of the old-style Scottish Jacobite hero: it was virtually extinct, while still admired for its noble grandeur. Its prairie habitat was being lost to farming and the cultivation of pastoral America. Even the forests were being stripped of old-growth trees by a lumber industry that was industrial both in scale and practice. Mountain men, the old native forest, Buffalo, and Indians had become an essential part of the growing western myth, icons of belief in an ideal: that is, in the sanctity of a vast and primitive land, which in actuality was being changed beyond recognition. In other words, all had acquired the characteristics of the fetish.

The Master of Ballantrae ends with an excess of fetishism that celebrates Scotland's transnational agency. That the Master's story is summarised — written in stone in the American wilderness far from home marks his success, rather than his demise. It gives him an Emersonian overlay of decorum that, as with Scott's *Master of Lammermoor*, ensures his metamorphosis into a Scottish literary legend. But it does more. Stevenson's post-Scott export of Scottish storytelling raises questions for Baudrillard's fabrication fetishists and Latour's modern agnostics: does the limned space between a desire to go on believing in magic and the reliance on earthy materialism engender any greater understanding of the trauma that underpins the glamour of Scotland's literary and cultural tradition? Is that liminal space a junction where the concept of a Scottish fetish ultimately turns into an object of self-referential reverie? Or, do those possibilities displace a tormented soul and leave ongoing critical enquiry as the only way forward?

References & Further Information

¹ Jean Baudrillard, *Fetishism and Ideology*, in *For A Critique of the Political Economy of the Sign*, transl. and Intro. Charles Levin (St. Louis: Telos Press, 1981), pp.88, 89; 95-98.

² Bruno Latour, *On the Modern Cult of the Factish Gods* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2009). p.x.

³ Peter Logan, *Victorian Fetishism*, (Albany: SUNY Press, 2009), pp.43-44; Ralph Waldo Emerson, *The American Scholar*, in *Ralph Waldo Emerson: the Major*

Prose, ed. Ronald A Bosco and Joel Myerson (Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press, 2015), p.101.

⁴ For example see Franco Moretti's reading of *racula* in *The Dialectic of Fear in Signs Taken for Wonders: Essays in the Sociology of Literary Forms* (London: Verso, 1988. First published 1983), pp.83-108.

⁵ Walter Scott, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, ed. J. H. Alexander (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 1995), p.20.

⁶ *Ibid.* p.52.

⁷ *Ibid.* p.77.

⁸ *Ibid.* p.120.

⁹ Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Master of Ballantrae*, ed. Adrian Poole (London: Penguin Classics, 1996), p.187.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p.33.

¹¹ *Ibid.* p.40.

¹² *Ibid.* p.142.

(c) *The Bottle Imp*