

'A Different World': Dorothy K. Haynes's Domestic Horror

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Abstract

Throughout Dorothy K. Haynes's work Scotland is presented as a different world, infused with the supernatural and tied to the ballad tradition. Although Haynes published widely in the middle decades of the twentieth century, and her work was republished in two 'best of' collections in 1981 and 1996, her stories remain underexamined. At her best, Haynes might be thought of as Scotland's answer to Shirley Jackson; her work is characterised by a prevailing sardonic humour and matter-of-fact approach to supernatural events. Haynes, however, approaches her Scottish setting in two very distinct ways. In her historical stories, often centring on witch trials, the physical landscape is richly described, and at times appears to have a dark(?) agency of its own. Her modern stories, on the contrary, focus primarily on domestic interiors. In many of these stories, such as 'Double Summer Time', 'The Nest', and 'The Wink', the natural world is an intrusive, disruptive force. Examining such stories alongside more famous tales of the everyday supernatural, including 'The Peculiar Case of Mrs Grimmond', reveals the complexity of Haynes's approach to the supernatural, which breaks down conventional boundaries between familiar and unfamiliar, natural and supernatural and interior and exterior. Haynes's work reshapes the Scottish environment to show the instability of modern civilisation, and the prevalence of older forms of storytelling and enmeshment in the natural world.

Dorothy K. Haynes's autobiography, *Haste Ye Back* (1973), begins with a scene of return that echoes the haunting opening of Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* (1938). Unable to decide where to spend their wedding anniversary, Haynes and her husband travel to the Aberlour Orphanage, in Banffshire, where they originally met, unsure if it still stands. The journey is postcard-perfect: the hills around

Pitlochry are 'sifted with snow, as if an inexpert cook had sugared her cakes to hide their imperfections', while 'beautiful deer started at the noise of the train'.¹ On their initial approach they find the orphanage appearing as 'a dream, those awful poignant dreams of wish-fulfilment', beautiful and stately, like a fairy-tale castle. As they investigate further, however, they find that the East Wing is 'a ruin'.² They are consoled by finding a memorial plaque to the Rev. Wolfe, the former dean of the orphanage whose portrait, rather than one of Haynes, appears on the back jacket of the volume; having seen the memorial, they know that they have come home.

This scene of nostalgic return, wrapped in legend and memory, illuminates much of Haynes's writing- physical space is constructed through imagination and story, and is an index to character. In her works, which are filled with orphanages and displaced children, the natural world is often domesticated and, conversely, the domestic world made wild. Most importantly, her fiction is suffused with an often uncomfortable longing for a home that is both central and removed.

A prolific writer of horror and gothic stories, as well as two novels and a collection of Lanarkshire vintage postcards, Haynes's short fiction was widely anthologised in the mid-twentieth century, but despite the publication of 'best of' collections in 1981 and 1996, has received virtually no critical attention to date. Although there are similarities between her work and that of Elspeth Davie and Muriel Spark, both of whom she anticipates, her work has relatively few analogues in twentieth-century Scottish writing. Her use of ballad traditions, and focus on lonely children, calls to mind Elspeth Barker's *O Caledonia* (1991), while her interest in what might be termed domestic surrealism is reminiscent of stories by Sheena Mackay, Janice Galloway, and Candia McWilliam, as well as more recent writers such as Helen McClory and Kirsty Logan. Haynes might also be considered as Scotland's answer to Shirley Jackson; her work is similarly characterised by a

prevailing sardonic humour and matter-of-fact approach to supernatural events.

It is, however, a distinctive liminal approach to the Gothic supernatural, and the natural and domestic settings that accommodate it, that characterises Haynes's stories. In her recent work on nature and space in more contemporary Scottish literature, Camille Manfredi cites Eric Prieto's concept of the 'entre-deux' to argue that the Scottish literary canon is filled with images of 'a land that is perceived as being wrong, depreciated and disused'. In contrast, contemporary writers and artists, she argues, attempt a 'cautious rediscovery, creative reclamation and remediation' to create 'a productive and inclusive in-between'.³ This in-between condition is central to Haynes's work. Most modern critical accounts of Scottish literature, and particular Scottish Gothic, rest on a set of oppositions, whether G. Gregory's division between 'actuality' and 'the horns of elfland and the voices of the mountains' in his 1919 definition of the 'Caledonian anti-syzygy', or different configurations of the nation and its 'others' in the work of Cairns Craig and Ian Duncan.⁴ In Haynes's work, on the contrary, the sense of opposition is replaced with an emphasis on integration. The demonic and the domestic, the past and the present, the fantastic and the familiar all coalesce in a composite, complex world. Haynes's Gothic landscapes, whether interior or exterior, are marked by a sustained attention to the local and the familiar, so that the fantastic and the 'real' must be seen with new eyes as in-between spaces.

More than any of the writers mentioned above, Haynes's work is almost entirely based in Scotland, specifically in the areas around Aberlour and Lanark where Haynes herself lived. Haynes approaches her local setting in two distinct ways. In her historical stories, often centring on witch trials, the physical landscape is richly described, and at times appears to have an agency of its own. Her modern stories, on the contrary, focus primarily on domestic interiors. In many of these stories, the natural world is an intrusive, disruptive force. Examining these narratives alongside more famous tales of the everyday supernatural, including 'The Peculiar Case of Mrs Grimmond', reveals

the complexity of Haynes's approach, which breaks down boundaries between both natural and supernatural and interior and exterior. Haynes's work reshapes the Scottish environment to show the flaws of modern civilisation, and the prevalence of older forms of storytelling and their enmeshment in the natural world. Her work typifies the tropes of '(otherworldly) displacement' that Monica Germanà views as central to the 'fantastic revival' in the following generation of Scottish women's writing, while at the same time retaining a focus on everyday domestic situations.⁵ Like Jackson, too, she moves 'within a critical discourse that positions belief, myth and folklore, and individual psychology as virtually inextricable'.⁶ There is, fundamentally, no separation between folklore and lived experience in Haynes's work: the two co-constitute each other. As Davie herself writes, in a review of Haynes's collection *Peacocks and Pagodas* (1981), Haynes displays an 'instinctive awareness that imagination and down-to-earthness go together'. [CITE] Haynes's work combines elements of ballads and folklore with domestic realism to create a composite genre, which resists categorisation.-

Haynes's destabilisation of conventional ideas of domesticity can be seen in the early story 'The Head', one of the few texts Haynes mentions in her autobiography. The story is one of the clearest examples of the presence of 'moments of redemptive kindness' mixed with 'real savagery and bitterness' that Douglas Gifford sees as characterising Haynes's work, in the only contemporary critical discussion of her writing besides Angela Cran and James Robertson's excellent introduction to the 1996 edition of *Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch to Live* (1949).⁷ The central, unnamed figure is a thief, chained to a church wall as a form of penitence, who has the head of an Englishman placed on a spike next to him. The horrific spectacle of the Scottish prisoner and the dead Englishman first draws a crowd, 'bringing their children, and pointing upwards at the gory thing'; they soon drift away, however, in search of 'more pleasant things to see'.⁸ The historical, if unspecified, setting, and the spectre of long-standing, unresolved national rivalries might hint at the 'Grim Presence' of 'the

frequently disastrous Scottish past' that Alan Bold, for instance, argues 'explains the abundance of grotesque characters and Gothic events' in twentieth-century Scottish literature.⁹ Yet the story turns, just like the crowd, away from that past, and away from horror. The thief finds, in their joint exposure to ridicule, a form of kinship with the Englishman. His attention turns to a curtain-twitching woman nearby – the curtains potentially an intentional anachronism – and senses

the furtive interest, the curiosity, the disgust and perhaps the pity. He wanted to think about her, to dream of her, cool in her clean house, calm and kind and feminine; but his mind would not obey him. His interest was all bound up in the head.¹⁰

The story thus seems to indicate a divide between the world of women, which is located in the home, and associated with kindness, and that of men, which is filled with violence and dread: women live in a timeless sphere that is kept at a distance from the brutalities of history. At the end of the story, however, these two spheres collide. The woman, at the close of day, brings the man a basin of water so he can wash his face when he is freed; he instead washes the face of the dead man. The interior space clearly identified with the domestic feminine is transformed into an outdoor space, where care and pity, in turn, become associated with masculine behaviour. This is not a moment of reconciliation, for the Englishman remains dead and the pity extended is only momentary, but it is a moment of human care that transcends typical gender roles. The story supports Bart Verschaffel's argument that '[I]inking femininity and domesticity or house can only come down to a simplification and limitation when one presupposes that the house is simple, and that domesticity is simple'.¹¹ In fact, domesticity is never simple in Haynes's work: it appears alongside the grotesque in such a way that each transforms the other. The surprise of 'The Head' is that it uses its historical imagery, Gothic and grotesque, to reflect on everyday life: the story moves from historic spectacle to portray a form of care.

Haynes returns to ideas of national rivalry in 'On Tintock Tap', which takes its title, and plot,

from a popular Lanarkshire rhyme. As Robert Chambers explains, the rhyme discusses a 'kist', or a large stone on the top of the mountain, with a hole in its upper side, 'which the country-people say was formed by the grasp of Sir William Wallace's thumb, on the evening previous to defeating the English at Boghall': the listener is invited to take up the 'caup', or the water collected in the hole and drain it, a feat clearly impossible.¹² In Haynes's story a Scottish family, sometime in the 1920s, decides to climb Tintock, here called Tinto, with their visiting English relations: 'The English were to us an alien race, dastardly, according to our history books, but posh.'¹³ The narrator, a boy, first sees a fairy, which does not surprise him, as his father has always told him there are fairies in the area, and it looks '[e]xactly like the pictures in my books, which made it all the more convincing'.¹⁴ Reaching the top he finds not a depression in the rock filled with water, but a shining goblet filled with golden liquor, which disappears when the English visitors arrived. Although it is the English Uncle Bert who speaks the rhyme at the story's end, for the English it is only a rhyme, a charming and childish anachronism. For the Scottish children, however, the verse is a vindication, not only in accounting for what they have seen, but also in changing their ideas about their place in the world:

I even lost my illusions about the English. I still loved them, but they weren't posh any longer, or if they were, it was only because they visited us. *We* were the posh ones, living in Scotland, a different world, a land of mountains and mist and legends...¹⁵

The fantastic world can be verified by its relation to books and to rhymes, but is only available to the Scottish population, while the English dismiss both texts and imagination equally. While these questions of national identity are relatively rare in Haynes's work, they gesture towards the idea that there is something true in the ballad tradition that underpins the world.

The apparent simplicity of these two stories is revealing. While, as Carol Margaret Davison notes, Scottish Gothic at the end of the nineteenth century 'frequently exposed the dark underbelly of British paternalism' and in the late twentieth century – especially in Scottish Female Gothic –

'critique[d] the loaded and problematic conception of a feminised, "castrated" Scotland', Haynes's work avoids both poles, and rarely has a sense of political engagement at anything other than an individual level.¹⁶ Although Scottish Women's Gothic is often positioned in terms of critique and a resistance to dominant hierarchies, Haynes's work is more playful, and more accepting of categorical differences.¹⁷ In stories such as 'On Tintock Tap', and more horrific instances such as 'The "Bean-Nighe"', she establishes folkloric tradition as a necessary foundation for understanding Scottish life. Scotland is a place apart, but it is one that has been revealed through myths and fairy tales; even Haynes's work in a more realist mode moves in and out of balladry and folklore. As such, her work stands in important contrast to a politicised reading of Scottish Gothic: instead, it takes part in a much longer storytelling tradition. Haynes's regional or local focus reinforces this approach: her stories rarely speak to a generalised notion of the nation, but rather to particular customs and vistas with their own distinct cultural heritage. Although the narrator of 'On Tintock Tap' frames the story in terms of national divides, and between youth and maturity, the resonance of the supernatural elements is entirely local: the mystical vision at the end could only be had at that precise location, revealing a complete circle around a place and the stories told about it.

In many of her more recognisably Gothic tales, Haynes questions any firm separation between supernatural and everyday life. 'Changeling' memorably opens:

The witch had been sitting on the gargoyle all day. Moreen had watched, saying nothing, while mother combed her hair and tied the ribbon and said, "There! Now stand quiet at the window till mummy gets ready." She had kept quite still, crushing flies under the curtain, and sometimes looking at the people in the street; but always she looked again at the gargoyle where the witch sat drowsing, with her hair like nettle blossom, and her shoulders hunched high like wings.¹⁸

The figure of the child who can perceive the supernatural world around her is reminiscent both of earlier ghost stories such as Margaret Oliphant's 'The Library Window' (1896) and later works of the fantastic such as Emma Tennant's *Wild Nights* (1979). The dispassionate tone, in which witches and flies are both part of the protagonist's perceptual world suggests, as in 'On Tintock Tap', that there is nothing particularly extraordinary here: if this is the world of fairy tales, perhaps the adult reader has dismissed them too easily. Likewise, the appearance of leprechaun-like visitors in 'Paying Guests' or an imp in 'Dorothy Dean' may cause confusion to adults, but are presented without particular malice. Although Haynes's work was often published in horror anthologies, one of its most distinctive features is that events, or characters, are rarely presented as horrific in themselves. Even the supernatural events of 'Changeling', where Moreen is abducted by a witch and taken to the little people, who want her to entertain them, are muted in comparison to her uncanny return home. The world of the little people is filled with life: '[d]og-roses and vetch bloomed bright among the green, and the road smelt of nettles and cow-dung and honeysuckle. These were strange things to her, but safe and comforting'.¹⁹ If it is a fairy-tale world, it is nevertheless rooted in the familiar. When Moreen is brought back to the human world, however, what is most alarming is how non-descript it has become: 'Where – what place? There was an emptiness, a shabbiness about it, but the line of houses was the same. [...] The house at the corner had its windows misted over with damp, and there were lace curtains, and geraniums gasping for air against the panes. She did not want to go to that house.'²⁰ The home is now, quite literally, unhomely: if the idea of home is associated with 'stability, oneness, and security', here it is now alien, degraded, and unwelcoming.²¹ Rather than a more traditional divide between the comforts of home and the terrors of the supernatural world, then, Haynes creates stories where the supernatural may be comforting, and the domestic is a source of fear, or impossible return. Witches, even if they abduct you, can be familiar presences; strangers in your home can be more fearful.

Where Haynes's work becomes particularly interesting, however, is in her treatment of women. 'The Peculiar Case of Mrs. Grimmond', like Agnes Owens's later story 'Arabella' (1980), is notable in its combination of apparent witchcraft and domestic drudgery. Mrs Grimmond, at the story's opening, mentions her ostracization from the community on account of an unspecified dead baby, as well as her black cat Deil and her equally unspecified companion Nicky, suitably devilish names, and yet resents being called a witch by the 'pretty girls from a youth club': 'I thought all that bigotry had gone out with the middle ages. That was how they treated silly old women who cherished a pet instead of a child.'²² Grimmond accepts that her physical appearance and her loneliness mark her as witch-like, but insists that this is common to older women. If she is not a witch, however, she still possesses a supernatural familiar. Nicky is originally brought in by Deil, and is an almost indescribable being: 'It was no mouse, it was like nothing I had ever seen, black, very black, all curly like a poodle, but harder, without the warmth of flesh'.²³ Reflecting that the creature is as black as Old Nick, and as frightening, Grimmond names it Nicky, and yet takes pity on it. When the creature first fastens on her wrist to drink her blood, she accepts that all creatures require nourishment, even though this causes her own discomfort. The creature grows more voracious, and when Grimmond is asked to care for a neighbour's infant, she suffocates it in her panic. She describes 'sobbing as he sucked, sobbing helplessly, and above the sound of my sobs came the cries of the baby'; the only way to lessen the commotion is to kill the child. Nicky is 'company' for her – 'in some queer way he belonged to me now – or was it that I belong to him' – while the infant is an intruder.²⁴ The cat, Deil, pays the price, and is kicked to death, but Nicky remains: 'He is just *here*, in answer to my desire, and he is ravenous'.²⁵

The story thus works at three levels. Like Jackson's tales, it is a story of everyday horror: a woman branded as a witch effectively becomes one. It is a story of both domestic abuse and maternity: a male figure takes residence in a domestic space, sucking the life out of its female

occupant, but cannot be abandoned. And it is, more peculiarly, an odd form of love story, where Nicky, because he needs Grimmond, is able to form a symbiotic relationship with her. The story as a whole functions as a gothic parody of domesticity. The trinity of family, home, and community is central to many accounts of domestic life. Witold Rybczynski argues that domesticity, defined as 'family, intimacy, and a devotion to the home', depends 'on the development of a rich interior awareness [...] that was the result of the woman's role in the home'.²⁶ Likewise, Moira Munro and Ruth Madigan highlight how '[i]deas of what constitutes a "proper" family have shaped the ways in which individuals relate to one another in the intimacy of their domestic life'.²⁷ Nicky is a child, pet, and husband, unwanted and necessary, and transforms the domestic space. He is, Grimmond reflects, evil, and yet he completes the family unit. Haynes's story demonstrates the absurdity of the connection between family and home by creating a family structure and home that are horrific at the same time they are utterly familiar.

The sense that the domestic sphere is always already a place of horror is heightened when the natural world intrudes. 'The Wink', for instance, occupies a place between the psychological terror of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's 'The Yellow Wallpaper' (1892) and the mushroom-infested ~~kitchen~~-domestic settings and the sinister mundanity of ~~in~~Janice Galloway's *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* (1989) and *Blood* (1991). A young couple, Jean and Robert, marry without any great affection; Robert has 'the name of being a woman-hater' in the village, although he does nothing worse than wink at Jean, and tickle her against her will.²⁸ In their kitchen Jean finds a crack, or 'scar', filled with stinging nettles. The nettles are immediately anthropomorphised, and masculinised: 'They had become strong and virile, thrusting out aggressively, in a great clump, and the edges of their leaves were like large teeth, grinning at her.'²⁹ The nettles are simultaneously reflective of Jean's mental state, as she grows increasingly dissatisfied with her situation, and of masculine violence. The nettles, which 'grin with their green teeth', mimic Robert's own 'demon king

laughter'.³⁰ The story, while simple, is easily interpretable as a representation of sexual violence. Haynes here reverses the long-held association between women and nature, however. If female corporeality, as Stacy Alaimo notes, 'has been so strongly associated with nature in Western thought that it is not surprising that feminism has been haunted [...] by the spectre of nature as the repository of essentialism', here the 'natural' is portrayed as fundamentally intrusive.³¹ Jean's body is associated with the domestic interior: both are subject to continual attack, and there is no safe space.

Haynes uses a similar narrative arc in 'The Nest', where the ambiguous notion of 'home' references, a few postwar Scottish writers did, –the experience of the Polish community near Glasgow, such that what appears to be a universal story is also place-specific. The story begins ominously: 'Nobody knew how long the nest had been there; a long time judging by the look of the house.'³² Both the house and nest have passed through multiple occupancies, and are somewhat untethered: the house has sheltered both refugees and soldiers, and now hosts a Polish school; while there are likewise many different species of birds that fly around the house, the nest is unoccupied at the start of the story, although the school's cook imagines it must belong to 'one crow, the very incarnation of evil'.³³ The horror of the nest ultimately lies not in imagination, but memory. When the nest finally falls to the ground, both a Polish woman and a Scottish boy are dismayed to find broken eggs and one baby bird. While the boy treats the situation practically, the woman screams: "'The poor little dead babies, like my babies in Poland. They lie just like that, when they bomb the house.'"³⁴ Although the Scottish characters dismiss her concerns, the associated horror remains.

Both 'The Nest' and 'The Wink' set up a gendered relation between interior and exterior space, but the nature of that relationship is very different. Nature represents forms of masculine control, but it is not easily aligned with feminine experience. Instead, the stories reveal the

impossibility of approaching the domestic sphere as a space of safety. Houses are comforting only in memory and imagination, but rarely in terms of lived experience. The claustrophobic setting of the stories reinforces this dynamic: none of these stories include a description of landscape, and indeed the female protagonists rarely venture outside at all. Instead, the natural environment manifests inside, in one constricted form that cannot be controlled. When the protagonists do venture outside, however, the situation is not improved. In another story, 'Miss Poplar', a young girl receives an invitation to tea from her rich and eccentric neighbour, Miss Poplar, but on arriving finds her host has vanished. The apparent normality of the scene, symbolised by the neighbour's garden, which the girl finds 'all very fine, with gaudy pink and purple blooms in the greenhouse', is shattered by the image of the neglected pond, 'is beneath the water of which lurks 'a sodden bundle, the grey skirt, the grey hair, all streaked with the disturbed green weed'.³⁵ The narrator never learns why Miss Poplar has killed herself, but chooses to remember the house as a place where she might have been accepted. As with many of Haynes's orphan or neglected child protagonists, the idea of 'home' is at odds with the monstrous image of the woman swallowed up by her weed-infested pond. In all three stories home is a place of comfort and belonging, associated with femininity, but there are always weeds and nests: the imagined world is more vibrant than the lived one, and some form of personal trauma always intervenes.

The instability of home and landscape are best represented in 'Double Summer Time', referring to the period from 1941-45, and again in 1947, where clocks were not put back an hour at the end of summer, so that British Summer Time was two hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time. The setting is, again, reminiscent of *Rebecca*: an isolated mansion, 'as quiet as if the house had been enshrined on a tinted postcard', approached by a long road edged with rhododendrons and nettles.³⁶ Despite the Gothic setting, the events are mundane: Mrs Bird, the elderly lady of the manor, finds herself at a loss after the war, and the death of her son, and tries to entertain a group

of visiting Girl Guides. She finds some form of succour in a fairy-tale landscape, caught in between the world of the living and the dead:

Here, by the stream, the nettles were better nourished, tall and black, in loose thrusting bundles. [...] And here, edging the path, were wild rose bushes, thorny and green. There was no sun now, only a clear daylight which seemed as if it would never fade, and in this colourless light, the green seemed more luminous, the flowers more pale and pure. There was something unreal about them [...]. For a moment she could not understand the dead white light shining so late, and then, looking at the flowers, she remembered her own words to her husband; double summer time, the queer miracle that war and adversity had forced upon the people, an extra hour of sunshine, a free gift of light.³⁷

This moment of suspension, where Mrs Bird is caught between past and present, between a vibrant natural world and a disquieting sense of death or loss, leads to an attack, after which she is kept inside, waking in fear as she realises that the late sunset is correlated with a late sunrise, and she has 'doubly deceived herself', for 'there is no such thing as double summer time'.³⁸ The story is filled with expressions of horror and loss, and yet for all its Gothic trappings is remarkably calm. The natural world is both disquieting and peaceful, while the domestic space is both a place of community and family and one of isolation. Haynes's landscapes are haunted by their proximity to the human, and human dwellings are haunted by their proximity to the wild: there can be no resolution, but only a continual in-between.

Unlike her contemporaries, and many of the other authors explored in this issue, Haynes does not establish a binary between the human and the wild, between past and present, between folklore and experience, or between different political perspectives. Although her work is mostly set in and around Lanark, the place itself is rarely named, and almost all of her stories are set in a single location, usually an interior into which the exterior may slowly creep. Throughout her work, Haynes

emphasises an often-claustrophobic locality combined with a desire for an imagined home that is never quite achieved. This principle of equanimity, or in-betweenness, is remarkably consistent across her work: if her stories rarely have an epiphanic resolution, they also suggest a sense of continuity across place and time. Women are often exiled from society, by virtue of age or class; home is rarely a comfort, but is still desired; the outside world is often threatening, but is still beautiful. Haynes's stories, if overly neglected, represent a critical moment in Scottish Gothic writing: their emphasis on the domestic, and their revelation of its small-scale horrors, highlights the instability of any modern claim to civilisation.

¹ Dorothy K. Haynes, *Haste Ye Back* (London: Jarrolds, 1973), p. 12.

² Haynes, *Haste*, p. 13.

³ Camille Manfredi, *Nature and Space in Contemporary Scottish Writing and Art* (Cham: Palgrave Macmillan, 2019), p. 13.

⁴ G. Gregory Smith, quoted in Margery Palmer McCulloch, *Modernism and Nationalism: Literature and Society in Scotland 1918-1939: Source Documents for the Scottish Renaissance* (Glasgow: ASLS, 2004), p. 6.

⁵ Monica Germanà, *Scottish Women's Gothic and Fantastic Writing: Fiction since 1978* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2010), pp. 8, 3.

⁶ Shelley Ingram, 'Speaking of Magic: Folk Narrative in *Hangsaman* and *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*', in Melanie R. Anderson and Lisa Kröger (eds.), *Shirley Jackson, Influences and Confluences* (Abingdon and New York: Routledge, 2016), pp. 54-75 (p. 54).

⁷ Douglas Gifford, 'Contemporary Fiction I: Tradition and Community', in Douglas Gifford and Dorothy McMillan (eds), *A History of Scottish Women's Writing* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1997), pp. 579-603, pp. 591, 584.

⁸ Dorothy K. Haynes, *Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch* (Edinburgh: B&W, 1996), p. 3.

⁹ Alan Bold, *Modern Scottish Literature* (Essex: Longman, 1983), p. 164.

¹⁰ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 3.

¹¹ Bart Verschaffel, 'The Meanings of Domesticity', *Journal of Architecture*, 7.3 (2002), 287-96, p. 288.

¹² Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 3rd ed. (Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers, 1870), p. 246.

¹³ Dorothy K. Haynes, *Peacocks and Pagodas and the Best of Dorothy K. Haynes* (Edinburgh: Paul Harris, 1981), p. 146.

¹⁴ Haynes, *Peacocks*, p. 147.

¹⁵ Haynes, *Peacocks*, p. 151.

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- ¹⁶ Carol Margaret Davison, 'Monstrous Regiments of Women and Brides of Frankenstein: Gendered Body Politics in Scottish Female Gothic Fiction', in Diana Wallace and Andrew Smith (eds.), *The Female Gothic: New Directions* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2009), pp. 196-214 (p. 199).
- ¹⁷ Timothy C. Baker, 'Companion Animals in Contemporary Scottish Women's Gothic', in Ruth Heholt and Melissa Edmundson (eds.), *Gothic Animals: Uncanny Otherness and the Animal With-Out* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2020), pp. 291-306 (pp. 292-3).
- ¹⁸ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 59.
- ¹⁹ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 65.
- ²⁰ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 67.
- ²¹ Doreen Massey, *Space, Place and Gender* (Cambridge: Polity, 1994), p. 167.
- ²² Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 218.
- ²³ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 219.
- ²⁴ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 224.
- ²⁵ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 227.
- ²⁶ Witold Rybczynski, *Home: A Short History of an Idea* (London: Pocket, 1986), p. 75.
- ²⁷ Moira Munro and Ruth Madigan, 'Negotiating Space in the Family Home', in Irene Cieraad (ed), *At Home: An Anthropology of Domestic Space* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1999), pp. 107-17 (p. 107).
- ²⁸ Haynes, *Peacocks*, p. 96.
- ²⁹ Haynes, *Peacocks*, p. 97.
- ³⁰ Haynes, *Peacocks*, pp. 101, 99.
- ³¹ Stacy Alaimo, *Bodily Natures: Science, Environment, and the Material Self* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2010), p. 5.
- ³² Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 144.
- ³³ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 144.
- ³⁴ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 149.
- ³⁵ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 192.
- ³⁶ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 195.
- ³⁷ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 200.
- ³⁸ Haynes, *Thou Shalt*, p. 202.