Connotations

A Journal for Critical Debate

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Connotations wants to encourage scholarly communication in the field of English Literature from the Middle English period to the present. It focuses on the semantic and stylistic energy of the language of literature in a historical perspective and aims to represent different approaches.

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ARTICLES

DISCUSSION

John Skelton on *Connotations*

I, calling to mind the great authority
  Of poets old, which full craftily,
Under as covert terms as could be,
  Can touch a truth and cloak it subtilly
  With freshe utterance full sententiously,
Diverse in style, some spared not vice to wyte,
Some of morality nobly did endite;

Whereby I rede their renown and their fame
  May never die, but evermore endure.
         . . .
        The Bouge of Court

      Scribble thou, scribble thou, rail or write,
      Write what thou wilt, I shall thee requite!
             Poems against Garnesche

Doctor Faustus: Death of a Bibliophile

PAUL BUDRA

Immediately after signing the contract pledging his body and soul to the devil, Dr. Faustus asks Mephostophilis, "where is the place that men call Hell?" (2.1.505)[1] Mephostophilis truthfully answers Faustus' inquiry, "Hell hath no limits" (2.1.510), but Faustus rejects this as "trifles, and meere old wives Tales" (2.1.524). Failing to recognize true information, Faustus requests sensual gratification in the form of a wife. The devil can only provide a woman devil (he cannot deal in the Christian sacrament of marriage) and Faustus is again unsatisfied. Critics of *Doctor Faustus* have been quick to underline the point: Faustus receives very little in exchange for his soul.

But few critics have noted the way in which the demon assuages Faustus' disappointment; he does it with a gift: a book which will allow the doctor to control the weather and call up armoured guards. Faustus promises to keep the tome "as chary as my life" (2.1.551), but he is not entirely satisfied; he wants another book: "Yet faine would I have a booke wherein I might beholde al spels and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please" (2.1.551.01-02). Mephostophilis replies that this information is also in the book he holds in his hand, and the devil turns to the appropriate page. Frustrated, Faustus asks for yet another book that will show "al characters of planets of the heavens" (2.1.551.04-05). "Heere they are too," Mephostophilis replies, turning the page. The scene becomes funny:

> *Faustus.* Nay let me have one booke more, and then I have done, wherein I might see al plants, hearbes and trees that grow upon the earth.
> *Mephostophilis.* Here they be.
> *Faustus.* O thou art deceived.
> *Mephostophilis.* Tut I warrant thee.   *Turne to them.* (2.1.551.08-13)

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Impossibly encyclopedic, this particular book itself would seem to be magic, anticipating Faustus' desires and transforming itself to fulfill them.[2] It shows what ever the reader wants, a magical cipher that may, in fact, be filled with blank pages on which the reader projects his desire.[3] Faustus is torn between wonderment at its scope and frustration that such a book robs him of the excuse of owning two or three books instead of the one.

This remarkable scene highlights a little-recognized fact about the play: *Doctor Faustus* is as much about books—the physical objects—as knowledge and its use. More than any other English drama of the 16th century, *Doctor Faustus* revolves around the text, the reader's manipulation of it, and its manipulation of the reader. Faustus enters the stage with books in hand and leaves it with books on his mind; in between he both transforms and is transformed by the printed word. His tragedy is largely a failure to raise this relationship from physical possession and mere technique to the complex dialectic of faith that is the proper response to sacred text.

I

The book is established as the dominant object of the play in the first scene. The Chorus prologue introduces Faustus as "this the man that in his study sits" (Chorus 1.28), but the opening direction, *"Enter Faustus in his study,"* suggests a walk-on entrance. Presumably he enters, or is "discovered in," the inner stage, and, over the course of his 90 line monologue, moves forward so he can command his servant Wagner to fetch the magicians Valdes and Cornelius.[4] The location of "his study" is conveyed to the audience by the simplest of portable props: books. Faustus quotes from Aristotle (and Ramus?),[5] Galen, Justinian, and the Bible, indicating the presence of four books.[6] He looks for specific quotations with the asides, *"Galen* come," "where is *Justinian?"* and *"Jeromes* Bible *Faustus*, view it well," obvious clues to the actor to pick up the books, flip through them, and slam them shut impatiently. The A text does not allow for an inner stage, so unless a rudimentary set (say a book-laden table) is in place, the actor would have to carry his books on with him.[7] The image of the Faustus

burdened by books would alert the largely illiterate audience to his scholar's status.

The library Faustus carries contains classical authors who represent the great academic pursuits of philosophy, medicine, and law. It also contains the Vulgate, at least the New Testament. This small collection, then, is a bringing together of the best of the classical wisdom and Christian truth. Faustus' use of this marvelous source of knowledge is revealing: he dismisses the classical authors with an abruptness which indicates that his ultimate decision to pursue magic is actually a foredrawn conclusion. His misreading of the Scriptures (Rom. 6:23, 1 John 1:8)—the one book all his audience would recognize[8]—would have been clear to the audience if the other logical errors[9] of the soliloquy proved too obscure.[10]

This flippant disregard for the contents of his books contrasts with Faustus' love of books as physical objects, a love first revealed us near the end of his opening monologue[11] when he turns to what the Good Angel calls "that damned booke" (1.1.97). Putting aside the Bible, he picks up the fifth and last book and declares

> These Metaphisicks of Magitians,
> And Negromantick bookes are heavenly.
> Lines, Circles, Signes, Letters, and Characters,
> I these are those that *Faustus* most desires.
> O what a world of profite and delight,
> Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
> Is promised to the Studious Artizan?
>
> (1.1.75-82)

The "heavenly" is ironic, and the speed with which the first books were dismissed is emphasized by the time spent on this particular tome.[12] It is significant that he does not, as he did with the previous books, quote its content. It captivates his imagination because of its nature as a *physical* object.[13] Book in hand, Faustus lists the things that he will accomplish once he is indoctrinated in the black arts: he will command the elements of nature themselves. Owning the right book is, for Faustus, synonymous with immediate knowledge and, therefore, power.

When Valdes and Cornelius learn of Faustus' plan to pursue magic, they tell him that "these bookes, thy wit, and our experience, / Shall

make all Nations to Canonize us" (1.1.146-47). *"These* bookes" presumably refer to volumes that Valdes and his partner carry. Wit and experience, however, end up having little to do with the process of becoming a magician. The magicians, like Faustus, jump from physical possession of the books to omnipotence. Valdes summarizes the necessary apprenticeship in five lines:

> Then hast thee to some solitary Grove,
> And beare wise *Bacons,* and *Abanus* workes,
> The *Hebrew* Psalter, and new Testament;
> And whatsoever else is requisite,
> We will informe thee e'er our conference cease.
>   (1.1.180-84)

Cornelius has to remind Valdes that Faustus must be instructed in certain rudiments before he can begin, but this tutelage takes only one evening, excluding the time that Faustus allots for dinner (1.1.190). That same night, Faustus calls up Mephostophilis.[14] Significantly, Valdes proposes four volumes, the number of books Faustus has just rejected. *This* library, however, will not be dismissed; rather, it will be consulted with precision for "names of holy Saints, / Figures of every adjunct to the heavens, / And Characters of Signes" (1.3.238-40) when Faustus carries them on stage in 1.3.

By the end of Act 1, then, we may have seen as many as nine books carried about the stage: Faustus' magic book and the four he rejects, as well as Valdes' four. The image of the scholar carrying books has appeared four times: at Faustus' entrance in 1.1 and 1.3, and in the persons of Valdes and Cornelius. In 2.1 Mephostophilis gives Faustus the miraculously complete book of spells and arcane facts.

In 2.2 the devils repeat the pattern of distracting Faustus from true knowledge with the gift of books. Faustus demands from Mephostophilis the name of the creator of the universe. The devil cannot repeat it, and Faustus perceives that he has been cheated. He calls on Christ to save his distressed soul, but his prayer is cut short by the appearance of Lucifer and Beelzebub, who frighten Faustus into a paradoxical demonic repentance: *"Faustus* vowes never to looke to heaven / Never to name God, or to pray to him, / To burne his Scriptures" (2.2.648-50). The latter promise is telling: Faustus naively

believes that the destruction of physical text will effect the scope of Christian faith. Lucifer now distracts Faustus with a Spenserian parade of the Seven Deadly Sins (including Envy, who would have all books burned because he cannot read) and then makes Faustus the gift of a book: "peruse this booke, and view it throughly, / And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt" (2.2.717-18). Faustus repeats the words of thanks he gave to Mephostophilis—"This will I keepe as chary as my life" (2.2.719)—and he does put the information in this book to use. Later in the play he will change his body so that he can be dismembered and decapitated without harm, and so he can eat entire cartloads of hay.[15]

This last book confirms Faustus in the devil's way until near the end of the play. But the image of the scholar and his books is kept before us: when Faustus flies to Rome with Mephostophilis to peep at the Papal court, he ironically condemns the Cardinal's "superstitious Bookes" (3.1.893). After he and the devil play their sophomoric tricks on the Pope, the Friars enter with bell, book, and candle to curse their unseen tormentors. Faustus makes fun of the curse: "Bell, Booke, and Candle; Candle, Booke, and Bell, / Forward and backward, to curse *Faustus* to hell" (3.2.1074-75). And yet when Mephostophilis gave Faustus the first magic book, the devil was himself dressed as a Friar. We must note, if Faustus does not, this image of the ostensible holy man carrying the superstitious book, and, as John Cutts points out, this image is in fact a mirror of Faustus himself.[16]

II

These props, images, and references raise two points. The first is the fallacy William Barrett called the illusion of technique: the assumption that the application of specific processes to any appropriate realm of the human experience will create consistent, predictable results.[17] What Faustus desires is the ultimate self-help book—a book that will make him omnipotent and omniscient in ten easy lessons.

This fallacy is graphically illustrated for us in the clown scenes. Robin steals one of Faustus' conjuring books, and his friend Dick chides his presumption: "'Snayles, what hast thou got there, a book?

why thou canst not tell ne're a word on't" (2.3.730-31). But Robin can spell out the sounds of the words if he takes the time to break them down by letters: "*A per se, a, t. h. e. the: o per se, o, demy orgon, gorgon*" (2.3.727-28). Bare literacy turns out to be sufficient to call up Mephostophilis himself, whose anger is testament to the power of even Robin's spells:

> You Princely Legions of infernall Rule,
> How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes?
> From *Constantinople* have they brought me now,
> Onely for the pleasure of these damned slaves.
> (3.3.1116-19)

With one book—not even the four Faustus is told to use—a clown can command supernatural forces; with the right book, wisdom and experience are unnecessary.

The second point is more complex. At the play's opening Faustus held books that represented the best of Western civilization, but he edited them to suit his own ends, transforming their texts in a way that undercut their wisdom and denied their truths. He changed them to satisfy his immediate wants, employing false technique to justify his desire for more "practical" information, pure technique, symbolized for him by the physical object of the book itself. The book Mephostophilis gave him worked at a more sophisticated level: it changed itself to satisfy its reader's desires; it provided technique, any technique, to keep its reader enthralled. Finally, Lucifer's book completed the circle: it changed the reader; the final self-help book, it provided the techniques Faustus had been seeking. The reader manipulated the text; the text manipulated itself; the text manipulated the reader.

III

In the last act of the play, technique and transformation, book and scholar come together. When Faustus, on his last evening, begins to contemplate his imminent damnation, he phrases his regret in terms of books: "Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty yeares, O would I had never seene

Wittenberg, never read book" (5.2.1841-42). But *reading* too much has never been his problem. Before beginning his career as a magician, Faustus dreamt of conjuring spirits who would resolve him "of all ambiguities" by reading him "strange Philosophy," presumably from other occult books that he would no longer have to read himself, merely own. And he managed to ignore the message written in his own blood—"*Homo fuge!*" (2.1.470)—when he was signing the contract with Mephostophilis.[18] It is his predisposition not to read, but merely to possess, that has led him to this predicament.

Faustus trusts the book *as object,* and Mephostophilis exploits this devotion in his final conversation with Faustus. The devil has to ensure that Faustus' despair is complete so that he will not attempt, or will fail at, any repentance. Mephostophilis does this by talking about books:

> I doe confesse it *Faustus,* and rejoyce;
> 'Twas I, that when thou wer't i'the way of heaven,
> Damb'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the booke,
> To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves
> And led thine eye.
> What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late, despaire, farewell,
> Fooles that will laugh on earth, must weepe in hell.
>   (5.2.1885-91)

This is the one comment that is sure to break the man: to tell him that he has been betrayed by that which he most covets.

In the play's closing monologue, Faustus returns to the blend of classical and Christian wisdom that he rejected in the first scene of the play. He quotes Ovid and Pythagoras; he sees Christ's blood streaming in the firmament, but he is unable to reach the half a drop that would save him. The knowledge he rejected is no longer open to him; he cannot transform it now to suit his ends. Nor can he transform his situation—the text of his final hour on earth. He wishes

> That time may cease, and midnight never come.
> Faire natures eye, rise, rise againe and make
> Perpetuall day: or let this houre be but
> A yeare, a month, a weeke, a naturall day,
> That *Faustus* may repent, and save his soule.
>   (5.2.1930-34)

He asks that his damnation last a thousand years, a hundred thousand, so long as it is not eternal (5.2.1961-63). Finally, he wishes to transform himself:

> This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd
> Unto some brutish beast.
> All beasts are happy, for when they die
> Their soules are soone dissolv'd in elements,
> But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
> (5.2.1967-71)

"O soule be chang'd into little water drops, / And fall into the Ocean, ne're be found" (5.2.1977-78). But all three levels of transformation now fail. All technique now proves illusory; there are no recipes for the faith he needs. The thunder sounds and the devils enter.

Faustus has not grasped the difference between the possession of books and knowledge, between technique and the transformation of faith. But Marlowe provides us with the character of the Old Man to make the point clear. On the two occasions when Faustus calls up the ghost of Helen of Troy, the Old Man comes forward to deliver a sermon of Christian truth. The Old Man encourages Faustus to repent, explains the eternal suffering of hell, and predicts God's mercy:

> I see an Angell hover ore thy head,
> And with a vyoll full of pretious grace,
> Offers to poure the same into thy soule,
> Then call for mercy, and avoyd despaire.
> (5.1.1730-34)

This angel is not a "spirit" visible to the audience, such as the form of Helen that Faustus lies with; it is a Christian perception of the unity of things expressed, necessarily, in metaphor, a metaphor inspired by faith. The Old Man is confident that this faith shall triumph over "vile hel," just as the truth of the Scriptures Faustus pledged to burn will triumph over the destruction of the physical text. The Old Man carries no book; unlike the magician or superstitious Catholic, his faith is not dependent upon the object. Faith cannot be manufactured through technique; it can only be realized in the reader as the interior—not physical—self is transformed by the sacred text.

Faustus never comes to this realization. He transformed the text and was in turn transformed himself, into a grotesquerie, an eater of hay, a prankster, a damned man. Yet in his very last moments, he clings to the illusion of technique and tries a final gambit. In preparation for death, Faustus had willed to his servant Wagner his "wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two thousand duckets ready coin'd" (5.1.1675-76), everything but his books. This is a marked departure from the *Faustbook* in which Faustus passes his books on to Wagner with the caveat "that thou wouldst not let them bee common, but vse them for thine owne pleasure, and studie carefully in them."[19] Now, as the devils approach, he cries out his last desperate words: "I'le burne my bookes; ah *Mephostophilis*" (5.2.1982). The ultimate offering, his dearest possessions, and in Faustus' mind the source of his predicament. But burning the books will no more save Faustus than burning the Scriptures will destroy the faith of Christians like the Old Man; all it will do is turn his study, the room he sought to escape through magic, into a miniature inferno, a preview of his ultimate destination.[20] In the end, the bibliophile is carted off to hell and the books remain. This last desperate technique has failed, and Faustus' final transformation will last forever.

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NOTES

[1] All references to the text cite *The Complete Plays*, ed. Fredson Bowers, 2nd ed., 2 vols. (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1981), vol. 2.

[2] This is Marlowe's invention. In the *English Faustbook* Mephostophilis merely gives Faustus a book "of all maner of diuelish and inchanted artes": P. M. Palmer and R. P. More, eds., *The Sources of the Faust Tradition from Simon Magus to Lessing* (New York: Oxford UP, 1936) 148.

[3] John P. Cutts misreads this passage and posits several books that Faustus later rejects as "slender trifles": *The Left Hand of God* (Haddonfield, N. J.: Haddonfield, 1973) 114; Harry Levin makes a similar error and interprets Faustus' "O thou art deceiued" as an exclamation of despair at having sold his soul so cheap: *The Overreacher* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1952) 118. The stage direction "turn to *them*" (my emphasis) must refer to the plural subjects of Faustus' interest, not the singular "a [or one] book" Faustus desires. To interpret Faustus'

final comment as despair instead of delighted incredulity ignores his reaction to books throughout the play.

[4]H. W. Matalene III argues that the actor playing chorus—possibly the same actor who plays Wagner—remains on stage for the first speech: "Marlowe's *Faustus* and the Comforts of Academicism," *English Literary History* 39 (1972): 501-02.

[5]Critics who have pursued the Petrus Ramus reading of the "*Bene dissere est finis logices*" quotation include Michael Hattaway, "The Theology of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*," *Renaissance Drama* ns 3 (1970): 56; and A. N. Okerlund, "The Intellectual Folly of Dr. Faustus," *Studies in Philology* 74 (1977): 262-63.

[6]Even if we accept the Ramus reading of "*bene dissere . . . ,*" the line is uttered by Faustus as he contemplates the "*Analitikes,*" and is presumably a memorized tag; he does not hold a book of Ramus' teachings.

[7]Matalene 503.

[8]R. W. Ingram, "'Pride in Learning goeth before a fall': Dr. Faustus' opening soliloquy," *Mosaic* 13.1 (1979): 73.

[9]Okerlund has the best short analysis of the logic mistakes in the opening soliloquy: 264-65.

[10]Hattaway reminds us that the scriptural argument concerning everlasting death that Faustus truncates was repeated in the Homilies read every Sunday throughout England: 57.

[11]And perhaps also by his name. Levin points out that one of the earliest printers bore the name Johann Fust: 109.

[12]Wilbur Sanders, *The Dramatist and the Received Idea* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1968) 225.

[13]Ironically, the book would almost certainly *look* little different from the ones rejected: although *Henslowe's Papers* list such *Faustus* props as "Hell mought," "the sittie of Rome," and "dragon in fostes," no "magic book" is mentioned: Walter W. Greg, ed., *Henslowe's Papers* (London: A. H. Bullen, 1907) 116, 118. Henslowe does, however, list books he has purchased for the theatre (see, for example, 121); presumably the books the actors carry on stage would have been snatched from this collection.

[14]Roy Eriksen argues that the conference with Valdes and Cornelius takes place in the morning, and by "dinner" Faustus means lunch: "'What resting place is this?' Aspects of Time and Place in *Doctor Faustus* (1616)," *Renaissance Drama* ns 16 (1985): 55. But Faustus' last comment of the scene, "For e're I sleep . . . This night I'le conjure" (1.1.192-93), is suggestive of the more thematically appropriate evening setting.

[15]In the *Faustbook*, Faustus uses this power immediately: "hee looking vpon [Lucifer's book], straight waies changed himselfe into a Hog, then into a Worme, then into a Dragon, and finding this for his purpose, it liked him well." Palmer 165.

[16]Cutts 128.

[17]See his book, *The Illusion of Technique* (Garden City, N. J.: Anchor, 1978).

[18]Douglas Cole, *Suffering and Evil in the Plays of Christopher Marlowe* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1962) 227.

[19]Palmer 222.

[20]In "'Infinite Riches in a Little Room': Closure and Enclosure in Marlowe," *Two Renaissance Mythmakers*, ed. Alvin Kernan (Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1977), Majorie Garber describes Faustus' conjuring circle as the "encapsulating artifact" of the play (17), but surely his study is the work's dominant image of confinement. He begins his career in it, and after reaching a peak of circling the Earth "Even to the height of *Primum Mobile*," he spirals back to it through a series of ever-diminishing spaces: Europe, the Pope's palace, the Emperor's court, the Duke's estate, and finally the study again.

Mnemonic Criticism & Renaissance Literature: A Manifesto

William E. Engel

I. Surveying the Terrain

Over the last thirty years the instrumental role of memory in humanist theories of knowledge and pedagogy has received intermittent scholarly attention.[1] The results of that research have been as fruitful as they have been provocative, and so it is surprising to me that so few literary historians have chosen to pursue the implications of what was surely commonplace to jurists, notaries, scholars, doctors, divines, teachers, and merchants from the fourteenth through sixteenth centuries. From Cicero to Descartes the memory arts were vital to the study and application of rhetoric and composition. It enabled the practitioner to devise and elaborate topics of invention. One had only to imagine a recognizable structure—such as an animal, man, room, theatre, house, or city—and superimpose onto it a striking image designed to trigger its easy recollection. We have ample evidence to conclude that the *ars memorativa*, the artificial memory scheme, provided a quick and easy way to organize, recall and use information.

In the first part of this essay I will suggest that it is in the interest of Renaissance scholarship to recover some of the assumptions underlying an on-going tradition involving mnemonic thought and practice. Among the benefits of such a line of inquiry is that it provides fresh insight into the period by focussing on the writings of those who were familiar with and who, whether intentionally or unwittingly, incorporated the arts of memory into their work. Before moving to more particular applications of mnemonic criticism, let me clarify what was meant by the art of memory in the Renaissance. The most popular of the English proponents was John Willis.[2] In his

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Mnemonica, sive Reminiscendi ars, Willis explained how a system for enhancing "local memory" worked.[3]

> [E]xperience teacheth, that *Places* and *Idea's* do much conduce to faithful remembrance of things; particularly as to *Places*, their usefulness doth hence appear, that if a Traveller observe any remarkable thing in a cross-way, or some noted place of his journey, returning the same way, he doth not onely remember the place, but calleth to mind what soever he had seen there, though at present removed. The same thing often happeneth in *Repetition* of *Idea's*; for the mind as it were walking through the same *Places*, in which formerly it had disposed *Idea's*, and carefully marshalled them in order, with purpose of perusal, by occasion of the *Places*, is much assisted in recalling *Idea's* to mind there placed: So Printers by Distribution of their Letters into several Boxes, do without any hesitation fetch them thence upon occasion, extending hands to the right Box.

It was so natural to practice an artificial system of memory that printers, among others who may well have been ignorant of classical rhetoric in which *memoria* figured prominently, came by its fundamental principles on their own. Similarly, Renaissance writers who may not have studied elaborate systems of memory training nonetheless might find its principles and patterns creeping into their own practices.

John M. Steadman noted that the issues raised by Frances Yates in her landmark study *The Art of Memory* are important not only for analyzing the artistic method of writers like Dante, "but also for the topical arrangement of figures—exempla and personifications—in other medieval and Renaissance poems."[4] He goes on to observe that symbolic gardens and buildings "frequently serve as topical frameworks, like the general 'headings' in commonplace books." Close readings of various poems from medieval and Renaissance literature bear out that this way of organizing material according to designated headings both permeated and gave shape to numerous works.[5] Once readers have acquired knowledge of the internal logic by which such a work of literature is governed, then they are more likely to discern additional and resplendent shades of its meaning.

What has been claimed for medieval poems holds as well for many Renaissance works, ranging from the numerological shell of Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella* to the chiastic structure of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.[6] But before a movement in literary studies devoted to examining the applications of such aesthetic principles that are based on Renaissance

notions of mnemonics can find a more receptive audience, we must first consider the nuts and bolts with which these literary programmes were constructed.

In the sixteenth century memory in general and *anamnesis* in particular had special and instrumental roles in the emblematically oriented aesthetic so characteristic of the period, especially in the light of the Platonic maxim "knowledge is based on remembrance."[7] For example Ben Jonson, who remembered well the method of composition taught to him in his early school-days, often set down in prose the images he hoped to translate into poetry. The same sort of process applied to Francis Bacon, who began his *Essayes* from a collection of his compiled *sententiae* or classical citations.[8] Because the prose in the early modern era, following Montaigne's lead, shows signs of the author's effort to reproduce something of his initial conception both in the content and the form of his discourse, Montaigne's *Essais* are an ideal point of departure for such a study. After examining some of the essential elements of invention, memory and composition in Montaigne, we can expand the scope of inquiry (always with caution) to include other monuments of Renaissance and Baroque prose. A representative example of such a study can be found in the diptychal design of Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* and *Garden of Cyrus*.[9]

At some point in the development of this area of inquiry, more attention will need to be directed toward the way *sententiae* (classical and aphoristic citations) served the essayist as a special kind of memory, as a place-holder which supplied him with points of reference and places to return to later for further literary flourishes and inventions. The arrangement of select *sententiae* in the essay parallels the placement of the image in the art of memory. Therefore the apparently ambling and self-reflexive prose of Montaigne, and by extension that of Robert Burton and Thomas Browne, supplies us with significant points of orientation. Moving out from the literary architecture and idiosyncratic embellishments associated with particular structures, some subsequent areas of investigation might well include the mnemonic architecture and mythological figures as they pertain to the ornaments typically found in rooms of an imaginary "Memory Palace" and also those in actual palaces and country estates.[10] Closely associated with this, we will need to explore how memory palaces

made possible the design of memory theatres, and how actual theatres in turn borrowed from the available stock of memory images.

Mnemonic criticism as I have been outlining it has still other closely related applications. By investigating the popular emblems of death and accompanying doggerel, designed to remind the viewer of his or her ultimate end, we can rescue from obscurity some of the commonplace images and moral saws known to Catholics and Protestants alike. After all, with its explicit commemorative injunction to reflect on the motto "Memento Mori" [Remember your Death], the death's head is a focal emblem of the Renaissance. Treating the *Book of Christian Prayers*, better known as Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, in terms of mnemonic criticism enables us to elucidate the relation of the visual and textual properties of this popular work in ways never before attempted. Such an approach permits us to address the rationale behind the series of moral messages along the margins of this book which are conveyed by hieroglyphic memorials of man's transience and of God's grand design. Looking at the home prayer book in this way, at its messages and its method for conveying them, will make accessible to contemporary readers the ways the *ars memorativa* was expressed through and, in some cases, gave shape to contemplative texts. This in turn will enhance our understanding of rhetorical and homiletic displays of prominent churchmen like John Donne and Lancelot Andrewes—in the light of the arts of memory, which is to say, in the same way they viewed them.[11] Perhaps the most instructive, because most explicit case of the *ars memorativa* functioning both as a topic of discussion and structuring principle for homiletic discourse is Daniel Featley's *Clavis Mystica* (1636).[12] Featley served as chaplain to Charles I. Although his sermons are by no means the apogee of the genre, his work exemplifies the commonplace attitude toward the interplay of mnemonic emblems and admonitory sermons in the seventeenth century. The text of his thirty-fifth sermon, based on Exodus 28, dwells on the arrangement of the twelve precious stones ceremonially worn by Hebraic high priests. Each stone is a rich "place of invention," and provides Featley with a seemingly endless chain of intertextual readings of the Old and New Testaments.[13] He acknowledges as much when he says: "and because the rowes and stones in them may serve for *places* and *Images* in artificiall memory,

to imprint more firmly in our mind some remarkable story of the
Patriarchs, whose names were engraven in them, I will observe some
congruities between them" (501). And he does so for five folio pages.
He then notes the following, which provides insight into the aesthetic
and epistemological assumptions common to emblems and the arts
of memory:

> Artificiall memory . . . consisteth of images and places. We need not goe
> farre for them, we have them both in my Text, *places*, Ver[se]. 17. *Thou
> shalt set it full of places for stones; & images* most resplendent in the Verses
> following: and very happy were I, if as here I have the names, so I had
> naturall effects attributed to some of these jewels: . . . I may build not *hay
> and stubble*, but *gold, silver, and precious stones*, such as shine in my Text;
> which I divide according to the foure rowes into four parts. (506)

Taking each stone and its place, he reconstructs his discourse on the
arrangement of the precious stones with respect to their correspon-
dences to aspects of God's divine scheme. For example, the ruby, he
asserts, "hath a perfect colour of flesh, whence it is called in Latin
Carneolus; but with a lustre and resplendency farre above the nature
of flesh. What fitter embleme of the rayes of divine majesty shining
in the flesh of our Saviour?"

But this reference to a lapidary emblem shading into one of
Christianity's chief paradoxes (the Incarnation), in conjunction with
the mental image evoked by the twelve stones arranged in four rows,
strains his rhetorical device to its metaphorical breaking point. And
yet, because of Featley's recognition of the commemorative value both
of the subject of his discourse and his way of conveying it, he
translates his image into words and ultimately into his audience's
mind's eye.

Such a discursive use of emblems parallels Giordano Bruno's earlier
descriptions and decidedly Neo-Platonic interpretations of emblems
in his *Heroic Frenzies* (1585).[14] Despite their differences in mystical
and poetic orientation, both Bruno and Featley seem to have been
aware that their representations of the divine majesty, concealed within
worldly things, are indebted to the mnemonic quality of emblematic
devices. Featley goes so far as to acknowledge that his oratorical
technique as well as his sermon's shape and structure are all grounded
in the arts of memory; and, moreover, that his procedure derives from

that practiced by the divinely inspired authors of Holy Scripture and of the psalms.

> THat the second Speaker, that sweet singer of Israel, whose ditty was, *Awake, & sing ye that sleep in the dust*, made (according to my Text) *a row*, or *Canticum graduum, a Psalme of ascents* or *degrees*, I cannot but even in a duty of thankfulnesse acknowledge, for the help of memory I received from it: had not he made a *row*, that is, digested & disposed his matter in excellent order, I should never have bin able to present to you the jewels set in this row, which are all (as you see) most orient. (512)

Featley's pun on "row" (a way to organize a song, and the disposition of the stones in Aaron's breastplate) is nuanced further by an understanding of the chief assumption of an artificial memory system: namely, that the orderly arrangement of symbols standing for what one wanted to recall provided a quick and easy way to organize, preserve for future use, and, if need be, to transform and transmit information. The principles of organization which lead to spiritual benefits as they were described and used by clerical orators like Featley become evident in the light of mnemonic criticism. And what is more, a sustained analysis along this line of inquiry provides a key to unlock the mnemonic mysteries of the emblem book tradition.

Emblem books and related literature (including dances of death, fête-books, collections of moral emblems, *imprese* and heraldic designs) were popular from the mid-1530s until the middle of the seventeenth century.[15] They catered to and reinforced the emblematic *mentalité* of the day. Books of moral emblems were composed by men with such disparate views as Calvin's successor, Theodore Beza, and the recusant English Catholic priest Henry Hawkins, and the anonymous author of *Ashrea*. This latter text follows a strict mnemonic pattern for contemplation that is similar in kind although different in degree from St. Ignatius's "Spiritual Exercises." *Ashrea: or the Grove of Beatitude, Represented in Emblemes: And by the Art of Memory* . . . defines the way a "local memory system" is said to apply to the eight beatitudes covered in the book.[16]

> LOCAL MEMORY depends on several places dispos'd at a certain distance one from the other, purposely consign'd to quicken the *Memorative power*. And this is wrought, by presenting one thing to it by the representation of some other, accompany'd with a reason, why that other was there placed.

> By this means, Remembrance, or Reminiscence (which is an attendant to Reason) presents us with that which we had otherwise forgotten . . . . To render what hath been said the more easily comprehensible example; My place (which, like the first matter, stands in an indifferency as to all forms, or as soft Wax, susceptible of all impressions) shall be, *Jonas* swallowed up by the Whale, which I seem really to behold.

The other English emblem book that explicitly used a mnemonical design was Henry Hawkins's *Parthenia Sacra* (1633). The entire work is conceived as a "Garden of Memory" because the visual, poetic, and symbolic illustrations of the topical themes involve the natural and artificial things located in or near a garden: roses, violets, bees, irises, nightingales, as well as a house, hen, dove, fountain, and mount. The first plate titled "THE PLAT-FORME OF THE GARDEN" depicts a garden, and it sets the scene, or rather provides the background upon which Hawkins places objects commonly found in any garden.[17] On the opening page the reader is told to enter

> into the large, spacious, and ample GARDEN of our SACRED PARTHENES, and there behold those specious, and most delicious Obiects; al, so wholy consecrated to her seruice, that they seeme as borne to expresse her prayses. . . . Goe, I say; suruey her GARDEN, beset with the bashful ROSE, the candid LILLIE . . . . (sig. A7)

Hawkins's plan for the reader to enter a "Garden of the Sacred Parthenes" depends on and legislates a way of looking at and of gaining instruction from images and symbols within an elaborate allegorical design that recalls the classical *Table of Cebes*.[18]

To prevent the reader from misapprehending the memorable matter arranged within his garden, he included a detailed and elaborate discourse about the contents of the Garden of Memory. Hawkins's method of composition—consisting of devices, mottoes, pictures and poems—induced the reader to become aware of divine mysteries revealed through ordinary and commonplace images, all of which were situated within an encompassing mnemotechnic design.

> But soft, my *Genius*; ere thou leade thy Reader into the Maze or Labyrinth of the beauties therin contained, pause heer a while, to consider how to behaue thy self . . . . First then shalt thou presente him with the Symbol it self, set-forth in manner of a *Deuise*, with an *Imprese* and *Motto*, expressing the allusion to the SACRED PARTHENES herself, in some mysterie of hers,

> or attribute belonging to her . . . . Then looking back with a fresh reuiew on the Symbol itself, by way of an *Essay*, shalt thou make a fuller *Suruey* therof, discoursing on the *Paragon* herself, to match, compare, and paralel them togeather, to find out some *Elogies* or other, in prayse of our SACRED PARTHENES . . . . And after al, shalt thou inuite him to Apostrophize with the Paragon PARTHENES herself, vnder the Symbol so handled, being the vtmost scope, and ful fruition of the whole; and so conclude the peece with some boone or suite, correspondent to the present occasion, in euerie one. And this method would I haue thee keepe in al.   (sig. A7v-A8v)

If nothing else, this overly-wrought method of meditation and edification (at once emblematic and mnemonic) provides a litmus-test for mnemonic criticism, and it attests to the diversity and the curious popularity of Memory Palaces in the Renaissance.[19]

II. Apology for the Memory Arts

I stand in a long line of those who have attempted to vindicate the arts of memory. Simonides of Ceos was perhaps the first to advocate a "place system" for remembering; his involved arranging items—people—neatly around a table.[20] This is the same Simonides who, according to Plutarch, first equated poetry's methods with those of painting.[21] Therefore, the legendary beginning of the arts of memory developed out of the artistic practices of a man who saw poetry, painting and mnemonics in terms of intense visualization.[22] The same sort of intense visualization—whether involving the orderly arrangement of topics in rooms and connected buildings, on stages appointed with properties, or within a well-planned garden—contributed in large measure to the fantastic, and at times overly-ingenious literary architecture of the Renaissance. My aim in rehabilitating the forgotten mnemonic programs is not to argue for or against the merits of any visualization schemes, but rather to indicate the extent to which the artificial memory persisted well into the seventeenth century and informed the literary works of the day.

Renaissance apologies for memory, which anticipate the usual objections to complicated "local memory systems," frequently appear at the beginning of mnemotechnical treatises. For example, John Willis attempts to reverse "what the prejudice of many has long proscribed"

by arguing that the use of images in a mnemonic system based on places is nothing more than a kind of internal picture writing.[23] Not all of the mnemonic treatises are as straight-forward as Willis's and, I must confess, some are so complicated and idiosyncratic that they are virtually useless—then as now. And yet we cannot afford to dismiss an intellectual and textual tradition as being inconsequential to the literary life of the age in which it evolved simply because some of the works are abstruse. The fact remains that books on the cultivation of topical memory systems (like Peter of Ravennas's *Phenix*, Raymond Lull's *Brevis Ars*, and Guglielmo Gratoroli's *De Memoria*), and those touching on memory in general (ranging from Gerard's *Herbal* to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*) all had a wide readership. Sometime during the seventeenth century, however, the arts of memory ceased to be considered a serious area of study, and the application of mnemonic aids to organize knowledge in convenient ways became little more than tricks for schoolchildren to con their declensions.

It is noteworthy therefore that at the opening of the eighteenth century, Giovanni Brancacci attempted a vindication of the entire tradition.[24] He stood as if atop a mountain and surveyed the entire history of contributions to the art of memory. Today, his obscure text stands as a reminder of the genre which had once been enormously popular and which had interested the leading men of letters during the Renaissance. Many of the works mentioned in Brancacci's long list of treatises have not survived into our own time. This explains in part why we have lost sight of the writings on the instrumental role of memory and the schemes designed to enhance recollection and also to preserve the acts and deeds of prominent men and women. But this is not the sole cause. Many fine scholars who have come into contact with this branch of Renaissance rhetorical training have either ignored or scoffingly dismissed mnemonic schemes in general and along with them the often complicated emblematic networks they generated. This is a grave loss to scholarship, among other reasons because the chief schemes catering to an English speaking audience were all composed and, presumably, used during the time of Shakespeare.

The history of scoffing at the art of memory is as long (though perhaps more venerable) as that of vindicating it. The Lullian system

of wheels within wheels that Rabelais makes sport of in Gargantua's letter to Pantagruel, like the popular method of recalling items by imagining them situated in ordered stalls which Webster jests about in his Induction to Marston's *The Malcontent*, each attests to the abuses of systems obviously familiar enough to their original audiences to have elicited a chuckle. But what of the other, the more serious and less extravagant mnemonic systems, and what of Renaissance views of memory in general? Can we consign the entire tradition to oblivion and dismiss outright Lull's, Bruno's, Camillo's and Kircher's efforts to arrange in a mental filing system all knowledge of the natural world as they understood it?

Unfortunately many today who have already written off the literary merits and scholarly value of the role of the memory arts in Renaissance studies are perhaps unfamiliar with the classical accounts concerning the efficacy and faculty of memory, the Patristic and medieval commentaries on them, as well as what contemporary historians have discovered about their revival during the Enlightenment.[25] Few will doubt that, among the methods of organizing material and of subsequently organizing literary texts, Renaissance writers relied to a large extent on rudimentary forms of the memory arts and attendant practices—particularly by keeping commonplace books and reciting in rhymed couplets important information so as to assure easy recollection. What I am suggesting is hardly novel; in fact, it was so much a part of the thinking and literary activity of the Renaissance that we have all but stopped remarking on its properties and provenance. It is high time we remembered memory. Mnemonic criticism can help us in this endeavor because it taps into already existing modes of analysis and brings to prominence the formal assumptions and literary design of works in the early-modern era. "Lastly," to close this apology for the memory arts with the words of my intellectual forbear John Willis, "if any man ask what cause moved me to divulge this Art, my answer is, that having diligently read over all the books . . . and bestowed much labour . . . I did heartily desire to raise this excellent Art out of the thick fogge wherein it was inveloped."

III. Imagining the Body & Its Place in the Art of Memory

Let me begin the final section of this manifesto of mnemonic criticism with the maxim attributed to Protagoras (as transmitted by Sextus Empiricus): "Man is the measure of all things, of things that are, that they are, and things that are not, that they are not."[26] During the early Renaissance the first part of this sentence came to be associated with Vitruvian principles of order and arrangement.[27] Man was taken to represent the universal *metron* by which all things were to be assessed and against which they were compared.

Not only did this have ramifications for the way man conceived his place in the world, but the reverse as well: the very act of imagining his place in the world involved the internalization of his own figure—quite literally—as a way to keep in mind the objects of his scrutiny. For example, as I will discuss in what follows, according to the conventional operations of an artificial memory scheme, especially the "local" memory palace, the human figure was used as a place-holder from which the practitioner could get his or her bearings. One was to imagine himself placed in a city, palace, room, or theatre and to look around; this was the basic principle for visualizing and recollecting various symbols and private hieroglyphics which previously had been deposited each in its "place."

Let me clarify this procedure by using an example from contemporary computer jargon. The role of the human figure in such a system is like a cursor in a document one is in the process of creating, and to which he may well return later for further additions and alterations. The human figure in a local memory system is like a cursor in that it stands out from the rest of the configured letters, symbols, and images, which thus permits movement from one part of the newly created text to another. As the cursor, he indicates—by a trace—from where he has come; further, he provides (and is himself) a convenient place to review or advance toward any other part of the document.

With this in mind, man's place in the Renaissance Memory Theatre can be said to exist at the threshold between what is and what is not, between what is demonstrably real and what is hypothetically and symbolically present; as such, it provides an ideal way to chart the intellectual movement within an imaginary construct so much a part

of the life and letters of the Renaissance. With the hope of opening up to scrutiny the implications of these and related issues, this part of the essay seeks to recover and bring together the textual trace of this commonplace procedure of mental gymnastics which used the human form as a key element in mnemotechtonic schemes.

The fundamental principles of architecture according to Vitruvius are Order (*taxis*), Arrangement (*diathesis*), and "Proportion and Symmetry and Decor and Distribution which in Greek is called *oeconomia*."[28] These features of Vitruvian architecture provide convenient categories for discussing the fundamental aspects of the internal architecture by which men and women in the Renaissance sought to represent and respond to knowledge—especially where memory was concerned. In the following exposition of these components, Order ("the balanced adjustment of the details of the work") will be seen to correspond to the topic of Memory; Arrangement ("the fit assemblage of details") to Emblems. And, although it is integral to my larger project, I mention *oeconomia* only in passing.[29]

Order is the primary term, not only in the building of material artifacts, but also in the building of imaginary ones. Classical rhetoricians advocated strolling through an imaginary building as a way of composing, recalling, and delivering a speech.

> The first thought is placed, as it were in the forecourt; the second, let us say, in the living-room; the remainder are placed in due order all round the impluvium . . . all these places are visited in turn and the various deposits are demanded from their custodians, as the sight of each recalls the respective details.[30] (*Inst. Or.* XI.ii.20)

Consistent with this aspect of the classical rhetorical tradition which Quintilian anthologized in his study of oratory, Hugh Plat explained to his Elizabethan readers:

> YOu must make choice of some large edifice or building, whose Chambers or Galleries bee of some reasonable receipt, and so familiar vnto you, as that euerie part of each of them may present it selfe readily vnto the eyes of your minde when you call for them. In euerie of these roomes you must place ten seuerall subiectes at a reasonable distaunce one from the other, least the neerenesse of their placing shoulde happen to confound your Memorie.[31]

Basically, an artificial memory system involves choosing a site with distinct places which may be impressed easily upon the mind. What can be done with the most common sort of memory plan, "a spacious house divided into a number of rooms," Quintilian relates, "can equally well be done in connexion with public buildings, a long journey, the ramparts of a city, or even pictures" (*Inst. Or.* XI.ii.18-21). Classical uses of the memory arts were aimed at juridical and political oratory, the Latin Middle Ages revived these arts for the study of rhetoric and grammar, the Dominicans used them to order and recall the Bible and commentaries, and the Jesuits to organize and teach the truths of the religion and natural science. All of these uses were recognized in the Renaissance English version of Peter of Ravennas's celebrated memory treatise, *The Phenix*; the title page advertises that the art of memory is "profytable to all professours of scyences, Grammaryens, Rethoryciens, Dialectyke, Legystes, Phylosophres & Theologiens."[32] Even though the oratorical and scholastic uses of memory systems may not have been as prevalent in Plat's day as they were in Quintilian's or Thomas Aquinas's, in an age when paper was still quite expensive to produce, the average Elizabethan had many uses for such mnemotechnical devices. Secular and commercial uses of the artificial memory supplanted the previous sacred and solemn ones. In his critical assessment of John Dickson's plan for an artificial memory, Plat demonstrated admirable common-sense:

> I must of necessitie confesse, that although it doe neither answere his great promises, nor the expectation of those his Schollers, whose good opinions he did entertaine so long with such golden hopes in the bettering of their weake memories, that yet notwith-standing the same is verie sufficient to procure an assured and speedie remembrance of any 10. 20. 30. or 40. principall thinges more or lesse, . . . as also for the remembrance of all such pleasant tales and histories as shall passe in table talke, from conceipted wits. (*Jewell House* sig. N2v-N3, pp. 84-85)

Whether used to recall "pleasant tales and histories," or to recollect, in sequence, the verses in the gospel of St. Matthew, the names of the Caesars, or a list of things to do once you arrived at the marketplace, the art of memory consisted of backgrounds and images. The most widely used and enduring of the memory treatises, the *Rhetorica Ad Herennium*, succinctly defines these components and

reiterates the importance of sequentiality in the disposition of diverse images.[33]

> By backgrounds I mean such scenes as are naturally or artificially set off on a small scale, complete and conspicuous, so that we can grasp and embrace them easily by the natural memory—for example, a house, an intercolumnar space, a recess, an arch, or the like. An image is, as it were, a figure, mark, or portrait of the object we wish to remember . . . . We should therefore, if we desire to memorize a large number of items, equip ourselves with a large number of backgrounds, so that in these we may set a large number of images. I likewise think it obligatory to have these backgrounds in a series, so that we may never by confusion in their order be prevented from following the images—proceeding from any background we wish, whatsoever its place in the series, and whether we go forwards or backwards—nor from delivering orally what has been committed to the backgrounds. (*Ad Her.* III.xvi-xvii)

The linking of the places to be visited is an essential aspect of this type of artificial memory system; according to Quintilian "we require, therefore, places, real or imaginary, and images or symbols, which we must, of course, invent for ourselves" (*Inst. Or.* XI.ii.20-21). He qualifies what he means by "images" by quoting Cicero: "we use places like wax tablets and symbols in lieu of letters . . . . We must for this purpose employ a number of remarkable places, clearly envisaged and separated by short intervals" (*Inst. Or.* XI.ii.21-22).[34] To use such a memory system then, one must invent backgrounds (or "places") and arrange within them a series of striking images. Ravennas explained that the places were like "cardes or scrolls or other thynges for to wrytte in. The ymages be ye symylytudes of the thynges that we wyll retayne in mynde."[35] These similitudes were part and parcel of a visual short-hand which, in the Renaissance, were expressed as emblems and other symbolic images whose meanings were assigned to them sometimes quite arbitrarily and idiosyncratically. For example, John Plat, after suggesting a list of images suitable for placement within a mnemotechnical background, including a dunghill, tub, night-gown, and ape, concludes that any such image is apt for devising subjects "wherein you may place all such thinges as you woulde remember, and as Maister Dickson tearmed it, to animate the *umbras* or *ideas rerum memorandarum*. But heerein euerie man may best please his owne witte and memorie" (*Jewell House* sig. N1v, p. 82).

The mnemonic images that were arranged in imaginary rooms might well have been taken from anthologies of visual commonplaces, like the emblem books of Alciati and Aneau, or Valeriano's celebrated *Hieroglyphicorvm Collectanea*. To facilitate easier and more rapid access to the information contained in such volumes, indexes were added to later editions of Alciati and Valeriano and the images were classified by topical headings (virtues, vices, liberal arts, humors and so on). Such texts and indexes were as valuable to the jurist and merchant as they were to the poet and playwright. For example, in his account of the various images and words that could be used within a typical memory theatre, John Willis suggested that his readers use all available varieties of emblems.[36]

> The first kind of compound Idea's, is of them which consist partly of a Direct Idea, partly of a Scriptile. Of this sort are, an history painted in a faire table, with verses vnderneath explaining it; a libell or Epigramme, made vpon some thing done, supposed to be written in a paper, and pasted vpon the opposite wall, and the thing done expressed in action vpon the stage; An armed Knight bearing his Scutcheon and imprese written therein; and the like.
>   The second kind . . . is of them which consist partly of a Relative Idea, and partly of a Scriptile. Of this sort are innumerable examples in Emblemes, written by *Beza, Alciat, Peacham,* and others. For in all Emblemes, the picture occupying the vpper part of the table, is a Relatiue Idea; and that which is written vnderneath, a Scriptile.[37]

I would call attention here to the emblematic quality of memory images and the mnemonic quality of emblems which men and women of the Renaissance would have taken for granted. By the same token, we can see how this principle of arrangement in the internal architecture of mnemotechtonics is analogous to that in the external architecture described by Vitruvius.

The stage was ideally suited to serve as a popular artificial memory system, because, after all, it was the place where people were used to hearing memorable words repeated over and over and to seeing memorable deeds played out again and again. Building on previous spatially oriented mnemonic schemes, Willis explains the commonplace understanding of how to use such a complex device:

> THe Art of *Memory*, which we now treat of consisteth of *Ideas*, and places, wherein we will first handle the *Reposition of Idea's* . . . . *Reposition of Idea's*

is, when things to be remembred, are charged upon *Memory* by *Idea's*, disposed in certain places of a *Repository* . . . . A *Repository* is an imaginary fabrick, fancied Artificially, built of hewen stone, in form of a *Theater*, the form whereof followeth; suppose the Edifice to be twelve yards in length within the walls, in breadth six yards, and in height seven yards, the roof thereof flat . . . lying wholly open to view, without any wall on that side supposed next us: Let there be imagined a *Stage* of smooth gray Marble, even and variegated with a party coloured border . . . and raised a yard high above the *Level* of the ground . . . Let all the walls, that is, the opposite wall, & two ends be wainscotted with *Cypresse* boards, so artificially plained and glewed, that the joynts be indiscernable . . . .[38]

It was within such a theatre that various memorable images were placed so that, at a glance, one could reconstruct an entire speech, play, or agenda. Willis's curious, almost ludicrous attention to the details of this setting for mnemonic aids indicates that part of the efficacy of such an artificial memory theatre resided in the fabricator's ability to make the artifice appear as "natural" as possible. The theatre within his mind must coincide at every point with one that could come into his view in daily life. And yet, as the seamless joining of the floor planks suggests, and as is the case with any of the mimetic arts whose value is gaged by its relative likeness to the original, attention must not be allowed to settle on its obviously constructed nature.

Within the vocabulary of valid memory images used to find a place in such an imaginary construction, as in the structuralist conception of language, there are only differences. Although relations based on similarity are certainly allowed, if the memory image is too similar to what it is said to represent, or too close (whether in proximity or in meaning) to another memory image, then it ceases to be singular and distinguishable on its own, and becomes unrecognizable and therefore useless to this system. Consequently, memory treatises are preoccupied with the issues of recognizability and difference. This appears to have been a response to the threat that images might blend in too well with those around them, and cease to be distinguishable. Without sufficient distance between the images placed in the memory theatre and without adequate differences between them (both with respect to their definitive shapes and also to what they are meant to signify), the whole tableau might well degenerate into a chaotic stream of unintelligible words and images.

William Fulwood, in his English version of Grataroli's celebrated memory treatise, voices this concern about the decorum of the internal arrangement of memory palaces—a concern first expressed in the *Rhetorica Ad Herennium*:

> And therefore I take or choose a great and emptie house, to the which you muste not go often but seldome, and appointe or sette the fyrste place which is at the doore, three foote distant from the doore. Let the second place be twelue or fyftenne foote distant from that . . . . Let ẙ thyrd place be distant from the seconde euen as many or twelue foote . . . . But yet remember that the dystaunce whyche is geuen is moderate and conuenyent . . . .[39]

By the same token, the relation of the background to the image, which is to say the orderly arrangement of the designated symbolic images or emblems, is of central importance to the artificial memory system. Thus Plat cautions:

> In euerie of these roomes you must place ten seuerall subiectes at a reasonable distaunce one from the other, least the neerenesse of their placing shoulde happen to confound your Memorie. Your subiectes must consist of Decades, whereof the first is a man, and the fifth a woman, or rather the wife of that man which beginneth the Decade. And by this meanes your first your fift, your tenth, your fifteenth, and your twentieth subiect, &c. Both forwarde and backewarde is easily brought to minde. (*Jewell House* sig. N1-N1v, pp. 81-82)

And in the *locus classicus* of the memory arts we are told:

> We shall need to study with special care the backgrounds we have adopted so that they may cling lastingly in our memory, for the images, like letters, are effaced when we make no use of them, but the backgrounds, like wax tablets, should abide. And that we may by no chance err in the number of backgrounds, each fifth background should be marked. For example, if in the fifth we should set a golden hand, and in the tenth some acquaintance whose first name is Decimus, it will be easy to station like marks in each successive fifth background. (*Ad Her.* III.xviii)

Designing and appropriately appointing a viable memory theatre was made easier by ready access to a host of treasuries of emblems and epigrams (thesauri and other books of commonplaces) which served to supply inventions and to suggest ways of embellishing those already conceived. Therefore, after setting up the background, marking

off sections, and finding suitable emblems and symbols to deposit in the prepared places, it remained for the practitioner to see himself (perhaps reduced in scale) placed "inside" the imaginary construction. The entire memory theatre was "built" to fit the dimensions of one's body, and, once the mnemotechnician was "inside," he needed to keep all additional objects and their placement with respect to one another sufficiently "realistic" so as not to disrupt the orderly placement, retrieval and repossession of signs and symbols. This process is analogous to effectual "dream-work" as discussed by psychologists. And further, the creator (who was both the subject of and an object within such a system) had to make certain that the entire construct conformed to the rules of the mnemonic game. At times the stakes in this ludic operation were mortally serious, especially when used in the courts and pulpit. In the cases of Bruno, Kircher, and Camillo, the stakes were nothing less than the acquisition and transmission of the full range and extent of human knowledge.

From here it is a short step to seeing how such mnemonic schemes functioned in the other direction as well. The extension of such schemes from the mind and into the world came in many forms. For example, the most outstanding example in England is the Great Hall of *sententiae* built by Nicholas Bacon.[40] And there are examples of other stately homes of the period decorated with *sententiae* as well as with emblems and *imprese* so that a visitor to such a room felt as if he had entered an emblem book. For example, the lacunar ceiling of the "Haute Galerie" of Dampierre-sur-Boutonne, with its sixty-one emblems, is a typical manifestation of such an ornamental interior design.[41] The Oratory of Lady Anne Drury is a more subdued English version of the same.[42] Each vertical row of emblems in this chamber had a topical Latin heading, reminiscent of the commonplace book with its headings designating the areas of one's potential arguments or themes for future contemplation and elaboration. As Norman Farmer has astutely observed, it is "something like a memory theater employed for the recall and contemplation of particular truths."[43] Such a design for the arrangement of *sententiae*, with or without accompanying emblems, is consonant with the decorum of artificial memory schemes of the period.

It has been the aim of this manifesto to convince you that the fluid movement of emblematic conceits and mnemonic devices between the realm of the purely symbolic and the material world deserves further scholarly attention and analysis. Let me conclude by emphasizing what I believe characterizes this circuit of signification within and out from the Renaissance Memory Theatre. Above all else, the artificial memory operated always with respect to the image of oneself as both the subject and the object of the design. Further, emblems which functioned as mnemonic devices were the realization of conceits (of *concetti*, of thought-images), and as such were the shadows of bodies of thought in the Renaissance imagination.[44] Mnemonic criticism provides a way for Renaissance scholars to recover some of these shadows because it enables us once again to see the source of the light, and to contemplate how these commonplace images were conceived, projected, and viewed.

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NOTES

[1]Paolo Rossi, "Immagini e memoria locale nei secoli XIV e XV," *Rivista critica di storia della filosofia*, Facs. II (1958): 149-91 and "La construzione della immagini nei trattati di memoria artificiale del Rinascimento," *Umanesimo e simbolismo*, ed. E. Castelli (Padua: CEDAM, 1958) 161-78; and also Rossi's book-length study which brings together the topics of his previous articles, *Clavis Universalis: Arti della memoria e logica combinatoria de Lullo a Leibniz* (Bologna: Mulino, 1983); Frances A. Yates, *The Art of Memory* (London, 1966; rpt. Penguin Books, 1978); Jonathan D. Spence, *The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci* (New York, 1984; rpt. Penguin Books, 1986).

[2]In addition to giving the English their first memory theater designed for every-day use, Willis is credited with devising the first practical and widely used system of shorthand writing. His system captured the interest of his contemporaries and, evidently, was widely studied. At the time of Willis's death in 1628, his *Art of Stenographie, or Short Writing by Spelling Characters* (first published in London, 1602) was in its ninth edition. By the mid-century, it was in its fourteenth edition, had been translated into Latin, and had generated a companion text, *The school-maister to the art of stenographie* (1622, 1628, and 1647).

[3]John Willis, *Mnemonica, sive Reminiscendi ars* (London, 1618), sig. B3-B3v; the translation is by Leonard Sowersby, *The Art of Memory* (London, 1661) sig. A3v-A4.

[4]John M. Steadman, *The Lamb and the Elephant: Ideal Imitation and the Context of Renaissance Allegory* (San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1974) 145; see also 132-33 and 144.

[5]For a good survey of some of the more prominent texts which come under this category, see Richard Kelly, "The Mnemonic Structuring of Mediaeval Literature," *The Oxford Literary Review* 3.1 (1978): 13-19.

[6]For a good introduction to this theme in general, see Alastair Fowler, *Triumphal Forms* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1970). On Sidney, see Thomas P. Roche, "*Astrophil and Stella*: a Radical Reading," *Spenser Studies* 3 (1982): 139-91 on Sidney, and more recently his *Petrarch and the English Sonnet Sequence* (New York: AMS Press, 1989); and on Milton, Galbraith Miller Crump, *The Mystical Design of "Paradise Lost"* (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1975).

[7]See William E. Engel, "Anecdote, Aphorism, and Anamnesis in Montaigne and Bacon," *Montaigne Studies* 1.1 (Winter 1990).

[8]Sir Francis Bacon, *The Essayes or Counsels, Civill and Morall*, ed. Michael Kiernan (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1985) xxxi-xlvii.

[9]Frank L. Huntley, "Sir Thomas Browne: The Relationship of *Urn Burial* and *The Garden of Cyrus*," *Studies in Philology* 53 (1956): 204-19.

[10]The connection between the *ars rhetorica* and the *ars memorativa* has been fully appreciated by Daniel Martin in his ground-breaking studies. See "Pour une lecture mnémonique des *Essais*: une image et un lieu," *Bulletin de la société des amis de Montaigne*, 5th series, 31-32 (1979): 51-58; and his later two-part exposition of this theme in "Démonstration mathématique de l'architecture des *Essais* de Montaigne" and "L'Idée du Théâtre de Camillo et les *Essais* de Montaigne" in *Bulletin de la société des amis de Montaigne*, 6th series, 7-8 (1981): 79-96. Martin regards the divisions of the essays themselves as rooms within a memory palace and demonstrates convincingly the parallel structure of *Essais* II, 16-22 and the seven "planetary stations" in Camillo's celebrated Memory Theater.

[11]A. M. Guite, "The Art of memory and the Art of Salvation: The centrality of memory in the sermons of John Donne and Lancelot Andrewes," *Seventeenth Century Studies* 4.1 (1989): 1-17.

[12]Daniel Featley, *Clavis Mystica: A Key Opening Divers Difficult and Mysterious Texts of Holy Scripture; Handled in seventy sermons* . . . (London, 1636). All citations from the thirty-fifth sermon, on Exodus 28:15-21, "Foure Rowes of Precious Stones. A Rehearsall Sermon preached in Saint Maries Church at Oxford, Anno 1610," follow the Huntington Library's edition [#19969], and will be identified by page number in parentheses.

[13]On topics of invention, as I am discussing them here, see Joan Marie Lechner, *Renaissance Concepts of the Commonplaces* (New York: Pageant Press, 1962) esp. 70, 137, and 150-52; Miriam Joseph, "Topics of Invention," *Rhetoric in Shakespeare's Time* (New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1962) 308-353.

[14]See Frances A. Yates, "The Emblematic Conceit in Giordano Bruno's *De gli eroici furori* and in the Elizabethan Sonnet Sequences," *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* 6 (1943): 101-21, esp. 103-105; and also Paul E. Memmo, Jr., "Giordano Bruno's *De gli eroici furori* and the Emblematic Tradition, Romantic Review 55 (1964): 1-15.

[15]On the rise of emblem-oriented literature, see the *Harvard College Library Catalogue of Books and Manuscripts*, Part 1, vol. 1, ed. Ruth Mortimer (Cambridge, Mass: Belknap Press, 1964) 352. The literary implications of this much-recognized cultural phenomenon were first analyzed by Elbert N. S. Thompson, "Emblem Books," *Literary Bypaths of the Renaissance* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1924) 29-67; Rosemary Freeman's study remains unsurpassed in its perspicacious treatment of the emblem and the "taste for allegory" in the Renaissance, *English Emblem Books* (1948; rpt. New York: Octagon Books, 1978). More recently the work

of Peter Daly has dominated this field of study, especially his *Literature in the Light of the Emblem: Structural Parallels between the Emblem and Literature in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Toronto: Toronto University Press, 1973); and, also relevant to my observation about the popularity of emblem-oriented literature, see Karl Joseph Höltgen, *Aspects of the Emblem: Studies in the English Emblem Tradition and the European Context* (Kassel: Edition Reichenberger, 1986) 26.

[16]E. M., *Ashrea* (1665); facsimile edition, ed. John Horden (Menston, Yorkshire: Scholar Press, 1970) sig. A11-A12.

[17]Henry Hawkins, *Parthenia Sacra* (London, 1633).

[18]On the exposition of the Table of Cebes as a memory theatre constructed out of a picture consisting of various icons and mottoes "hung vp before the doore of the Oratorie, containing very many strange, and vncouth resemblances," see Io. Healey, *Epictetvs "Manuall." Cebes "Table." Theophrastvs "Characters."* (London, 1616) sig. F5 and following.

[19]See Spence, *The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci*, esp. 1-23, "Building the Palace."

[20]See Yates, *Art of Memory* 17; Harry Caplan, "Memoria: Treasure House of Eloquence" (1955) reprinted in *Of Eloquence: Studies in Ancient and Mediaeval Rhetoric* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1970) 222-23; Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Discoverers: A History of Man's Search to Know his World and Himself* (1983; rpt. New York: Vintage Books, 1985) 480-81.

[21]Today the formula "ut pictura poesis" is associated more frequently with Horace than with Simonides. See also Rensselaer W. Lee, *Ut Pictura Poesis: The Humanistic Theory of Painting* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1967).

[22]Yates, *Art of Memory* 43.

[23]Presumably the same prejudices still held in 1661 which Willis had sought to combat in 1618 and again in 1621. See Willis, *Mnemonica* (1618) sig. B2-B3; and Willis, *Art of Memory* (1661) sig. A3v.

[24]Giovanni Brancacci, *Ars Memoriae Vindicata* (Panormi, 1702). (I am grateful to the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, for making this text available to me.)

[25]On the importance of the arts of memory in Renaissance culture, see Boorstin 480-87; and for the suggestion that later men of action, like Wellington and Napoleon, may well have practiced some version of the theatre of memory, see John Keegan, *The Mask of Command* (New York: Viking, 1987) 139.

[26]See Plato, *Theaetatus* 152, 166c; Diogenes Laertius II.ix.51-53. On this translation, see Martin Heidegger, *Nietzsche*, vol. 4, trans. Frank Capuzzi (New York: Harper & Row, 1982) 90.

[27]Frances A. Yates, *Theatre of the World* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1969) 20-59.

[28]Vitruvius, *De Architectura* I.2. This citation follows the edition translated and edited by Frank Granger (1931; rpt. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1983).

[29]This is the theme of a related essay, in which memory is treated as the correspondent term for Vitruvian "Proportion," the suitable display of details in their context, also known as *oeconomia* (given the classical and Renaissance connotations of this term, it suggests also the management of one's household, or those elements constituting one's true character).

[30]This and all future quotations from Quintilian's *Institutio Oratoria* follow the text of the Loeb Classical Library edition, translated by H. E. Butler (Cambridge,

Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: Heinemann, 1922; rpt. 1979), and will be identified by book and section number.

[31]Hugh Plat, *The Jewell House of Art and Nature* (London, 1594) sig. N, p. 81. See Bent Juel-Jensen, "Some Uncollected Authors, XIX: Sir Hugh Plat (?1552-?1611)," *The Book Collector* 8 (1959): 60-68: "Plat's writings are fascinating documents of the everyday life of an inquisitive and versatile man" and his *Jewel House of Art and Nature* is a "compendium of good advice on every conceivable topic."

[32]Ravennas, *The Art of Memory, that otherwyse is called the Phenix* (1548?). The first edition, *Phoenix, siva artificiosa memoria* was published in Venice, 1491. A good, brief survey of Ravennas's importance in the promulgation of mnemotechnical methods to the extent that in the Renaissance he was considered an authority along with Cicero, Quintilian, and Thomas Aquinas, see Yates, *Art of Memory* 119-21.

[33]Future citations from this treatise, attributed to Cicero in the Latin Middle Ages, follow the Loeb Classical Library edition, translated by Harry Caplan (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1954), and will be identified by book and chapter numbers.

[34]See Cicero, *De Oratore* II.lxxxvi-II.lxxxvii.

[35]Ravennas, *The Phenix* sig. A2v-A3.

[36]Willis, *The Art of Memory* (London: W. Iones, 1621). See sig. B10v-B12, pp. 34-38, for a discussion of the use of the four kinds of "scriptile Ideas" in a memory system.

[37]Willis, *Art of Memory* (1621) sig. C5-C5v, pp. 47-48; and see also Willis, *Mnemonica* (1618) sig. G3, p. 101.

[38]Willis, *Art of Memory* (1661) sig. E2v-E3, pp. 52-53.

[39]William Fulwood, *Castel of Memorie* (London, 1573), sig. F7v-F8r.

[40]See Elizabeth McCutcheon's translation and outstanding study of "Nicholas Bacon's Great House *Sententiae*" in *English Literary Renaissance Supplements* 3 (1977).

[41]See Maria Antoinette de Angelis, "Emblems and Devices on a Ceiling in the Chateau of Dampierre-sur-Boutonne," *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* 46 (1983): 221-28 (illustrations on 32-35), 222.

[42]See Norman K. Farmer, Jr., *Poets and the Visual Arts in Renaissance England* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1984), chapter 7 "Lady Drury's Oratory: The Painted Closet from Hawstead Hall," 77-105.

[43]Farmer, *Poets and the Visual Arts* 78.

[44]See Robert Klein, "La Théorie de l'expression figurée dans les traités italiens sur les *imprese*, 1555-1612," *Bibliothéque d'Humanisme et Renaissance* 19 (1957): 320-41, esp. 337.

The Head and the Hands on the Rostra:
Marcus Tullius Cicero as a Sign of Its Time

DALE B. J. RANDALL

> *The Common-wealth is ful of tumors,*
> *And each day repugnant humors*
> *Threaten the downfall of this frame. . . .*
> (*Marcus Tullius Cicero*, B2ʳ)

Harking back to Jonson's *Catiline* (1611) and reminding us that that work was the most frequently cited earlier play in mid-seventeenth-century England, *Marcus Tullius Cicero* (1651) is a carefully crafted, Senecan-flavored, politically oriented work that emphatically fulfils Jonson's call for "truth of argument" in a tragedy.[1] In *Catiline* Jonson had praised Cicero as

> . . . the *Consul*,
> Whose vertue, counsell, watchfulnesse, and wisedome,
> Hath free'd the common-wealth, and without tumult,
> Slaughter, or bloud, or scarce raysing a force,
> Rescu'd vs all. . . .
>   (5.304-8)

Forty years later, *Marcus Tullius Cicero* provided a similarly laudatory view of a post-consular Cicero. The play opens with Julius Caesar's ghost (as *Catiline* opens with Sylla's[2]) and thence proceeds to depict with reasonable historical fidelity the course of Cicero's final months. Though it has long been submerged in the flood of publications that poured forth from the mid-century presses and probably has been lost the more readily because its author chose to remain anonymous, *Marcus Tullius Cicero* is a good play to read and know about.[3] As one comes to see that it tells Cicero's story with gravity, dignity, and skill, one senses that it also may be read as an expression of the anti-monarchic feeling of a much later time.

After the assassination of Caesar on 15 March 44, the Cicero of history became head of the republican party that decried the rapid rise to power of Marcus Antonius. During the following fall, winter, and spring (between 2 September 44 and 21 April 43), he wrote a series of orations attacking Antonius, somewhat facetiously calling them his *Philippics* because of their similarity to Demosthenes's speeches against Philip of Macedonia. The *Philippics*, which are specifically named three times in *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, were a major means of warning Rome about the dangers of Antonine ambition. Regarding the killing of Caesar, in which he himself had played no part, Cicero acknowledged that "everybody who did not want to be a slave gained thereby, but"—and here was the rub—"particularly you [i.e., Antonius]; for not only are you no slave, you are a monarch" (*Philippics* 2.35). Cicero claimed that "Your abominable crimes make Catiline look tolerable in retrospect" (13.21). "What is there in Antonius," he asked, "save lust, cruelty, insolence, audacity? He is wholly compact of these vices" (3.28). Understandably, Antonius and his newly confederate triumvirs, Octavius Caesar and Lepidus, called for the proscription of Cicero. He was assassinated on 7 December 43, and by order of Antonius his head and hands were displayed in the Forum. Not far from the senate house and the Temple of Concord, they were nailed to the rostra, the platform from which orators addressed the people.

The seventeenth-century English play that dramatizes this story is highly literate in every sense. It devotes some of its lightest as well as its most serious moments to remarks on the character of Stoics, Epicureans, Pythagoreans, and Academics (that is, followers of the New Academy, such as Cicero himself). It brings in references to Herodotus and Sallust, to Homer, Pindar, and Ennius, and to "*Anser*, . . . who sings the praise / Of *Antony* in verse" (C1'). Most important, the central character himself is both a statesman and a man of letters; the full title of the play is *The Tragedy of That Famous Roman Oratour Marcus Tullius Cicero*. Almost of necessity, then, the words and thoughts of this "great *Patritian* of the speaking Art" (B1') are not merely presented but also discussed in the play. One minor character asks another, for example, "How does my fellow *Academick*? canst / Digest my Lords discourse of *Summum bonum*?" (B1')—apparently

a reference to Cicero's *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*. Moreover, the play offers a complementary spectrum of figures that includes an *"Academick"* named Philologus who has been trained by Cicero (E4'), a vinously inclined poet and former pupil named Laureas, and a would-be historian named Tyro (historically, Tiro was the name of Cicero's secretary), as well as Cicero's "studious" nephew, Quintus Junior (D1'). Eventually we come also to a group of vatic soothsayers (*"Hetruscian* Vates" [D3']). Altogether these varied kinds of word-men strut their brief hour in the text in such a way as to draw the mind repeatedly to the capabilities and disabilities of each. (Perhaps it is helpful here to recall Shakespeare's use in *Julius Caesar* of a soothsayer and two poets.) Philologus sceptically and tellingly holds that "scribling Fablers are sly creatures" (C1'), Laureas seems to see "the Soul / Of History" in a glass of wine (C1'), and Tyro calls up parallel stories that juxtapose past events with present ones. Naturally it is Cicero himself who best understands the reaches of which poetry is capable:

> O 'tis the language of the Gods when Virtue
> Is made her theam; they prostitute the Muses,
> And turn *Parnassus* to a stews, that cloath
> Their unwasht fancies in these sacred weeds.
> (B2')

All the greater the irony, then, when Cicero is finally betrayed by his brother's manumitted man, a student of words, Philologus.

The sophisticated literateness of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* might be said to extend to the fact that it is the sort of tragedy that both reflects and distances itself from examples of the revenge tragedy. The opening speech by Julius Caesar's ghost informs us unequivocally that *"Caesar* must be reveng'd" (B1'), enabling us to say that the spirit of Caesar, like personified Revenge in *The Spanish Tragedy*, hovers over the entire play. The central character, however, instead of being a revenger such as one finds in *The Spanish Tragedy, The Revenger's Tragedy, Hamlet,* or even *The Bastard*, is a victim somewhat akin to the sympathetic central characters in *The Duchess of Malfi* or *The Queen of Corsica*, who are shown to endure a sort of martyrdom. Beyond this, it is reasonably clear in *Marcus Tullius Cicero* that the victim is presented not merely

as a particular, idealized individual (his historical flaws are largely
air-brushed away) but also as an emblem. Caesar's foreboding opening
soliloquy makes the point with a curse:

> . . . *Rome*, [thou] shalt . . . be plagued, and among
> Thy other evills lose thy sacred Tongue,
> The great *Patritian* of the speaking Art,
> Then shal thy griefs lie fettered in thy heart,
> And speak no other language but of tears;
> Words shall be strangled by thy stupid fears.
>   (B1ᵛ)

In losing Cicero, Rome will lose her freedom to speak. At the end,
in keeping with the tendency of revenge tragedy to display body parts
for horrific dramatic effect—head, hand, heart, finger, and leg—we
have, besides Cicero's own head and hands, the heads of some of
his supporters. Furthermore, veering away from Plutarch, the
playwright has found a way both to reify the metaphor of Caesar's
curse and to make explicit the symbolism of the action that follows
it: Cicero's tongue is cut out of his head—cut, according to this version,
by the turncoat scholar Philologus, who has switched his allegiance
to Antonius. Antonius's wife, Fulvia, who has earlier called Cicero
"Tongue-valiant" (B3ᵛ), makes her triumphant final exit bearing his
tongue on her silver bodkin. There follows a fleeting moment which
hints of counter-revenge (Philologus is turned over to Cicero's enraged
sister-in-law), but there is no slightest sign of hope-bearing light on
the horizon, no virtuous young heir or wise leader such as comes
forward at the close of many English tragedies. Instead, Antonius
speaks the final lines, and the bleak, rather Senecan irony of the whole
is darkened for the last time when we hear his confirmation that
Caesar's initial, ghostly desire for revenge has long been paralleled
among living men by that of his erstwhile friend and supporter.
Victorious amidst the gore, Antonius says, *"my long wisht for aim is
wonne"* (E4ᵛ).

If we should wonder why *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was published in
1651, several kinds of suggestive evidence are available. Among these
are the auspices under which the work was printed, the turbulent
current of discourse into which it was introduced, its Jonsonian
connections, and the nature of the exampling to be found within the

play itself. The last of these will occupy most of our attention here and may prove useful in reading other plays of the period, but our most immediate reward for synthesizing the evidence in the case is learning about a play worth knowing.

To begin, if we bear in mind how readers of many periods have acknowledged that meanings lie partly in the eyes of the beholder, we may work the more readily with the fact that whenever *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was written (we do not know), the date printed on its title page is 1651.[4] The title page informs us also that the bookseller was John Sweeting, who sold his wares at the sign of the Angel in Popes-head Alley. Sweeting was a bookman who sold such items as Donne's poems, Brome's plays (*The Novella, The Court Beggar, The City Wit*), and Quarles's *Shepheards Oracles*—which used pastoral conventions to convey observations on the times. Perhaps more tellingly, the printer of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was Richard Cotes, who operated at the Barbican in Aldersgate Street. A major printer of the day, Cotes was appointed official printer to the City of London in 1642 (Plomer 53). Thus we find him producing *Joabs Counsell and King Davids Seasonable Hearing It. Delivered in a Sermon before the Honourable House of Commons, at Their Late Solemne Fast, . . . by W. Bridges* (1643)—in which sermon Bridges held "*That the King must command not onely according to Gods, but Mans Law also*" (A4ᵛ). And we have another example of Cotes's craft in Thomas Carter's *Prayers Prevalencie for Israels Safety. Declared in a Sermon Preached in Saint Margarets Westminster, before the Honourable House of Commons, at the Late Solemne Feast* (1643); herein Carter asks, "*hath not the Lord raised you up (most Noble Senators) as he once did that Pillar to the* Israelites . . . ?*" (A2ʳ). Moreover, in 1643 Parliament chose Cotes to serve as one of several searchers, which means that he was supposed to help silence subversive—that is, anti-Parliamentary—publication (Plomer xvii, xiii). Though the Parliamentary plan for searching proved ineffectual, we may ponder the fact that Cotes was viewed by his contemporaries as a man suitable for discovering anti-Parliament presses, and presumably for disabling them and bringing the guilty printers or workmen to justice.

Why such a play at such a time? The evidence that lies scattered about in other publications of the years 1650 and 1651 is almost

dazzlingly rich and complex. During this period of political incertitude following the execution of King Charles, many disparate voices strained to be heard. In 1650 we find G. W.'s (George Wither's?) *Republica Anglicana* (*"wherein the Parliament and Army are Vindicated"* by the necessity of *"secluding the Members, laying aside the King, and House of Lords"*). Thomas Hobbes argued in *De Corpore Politico* that *"Decision in all Debates . . . [is] annexed to the Sword"* (2.9). Thomas May, the poet, playwright, and former royalist, was now sufficiently converted to write an ostensibly objective but actually justificatory *History of the Parliament of England*. But *An Exercitation Concerning Usurped Powers*, apparently by Edward Gee the elder and in any case by one said to be noted for *"His eminent fidelity to the Parliament"* (A2ʳ), held that the obedience due to lawful magistrates was not owed to usurping powers. Also chewing on the gritty pill of what was best or right to do was the author of *A Briefe Resolution, of That Grand Case of Conscience (Necessary for These Times) Concerning the Allegiance Due to a Prince Ejected by Force out of His Kingdome, and How Farre the Subjects May Comply with a Present Usurped Power*. Meanwhile Milton, bringing out a revised second edition of *Eikonoklastes* in 1650, found it useful to compare Charles I with Julius Caesar. More specifically, he compared Charles's *Eikon Basilike* with Caesar's will:

> that some men (whether this were by him intended, or by his Friends) have by policy accomplish'd after death that revenge upon thir Enemies, which in life they were not able, hath been oft related.
>
> (A4ʳ)

Thus one might say that Milton paralleled the ghosts of Caesar and Charles.

The following year, 1651, brought Hobbes's *Leviathan* (with its monarchic leanings) and Robert Douglas's *Forme . . . of the Coronation of Charles the Second . . . at Scoone, the First Day of January, 1651*. Works of this sort were countered by *An Act Prohibiting Correspondence with Charles Stuart or His Party* and by David Brown's *To the Supream Authority of England, the Parliament*. Yet another voice against the threat of Prince Charles was raised in *Anglia Liberata, or, The Rights of the People of England, Maintained Against the Pretences of the Scotish King;* and one that attempted to rationalize the past so that readers might

be induced to reason in the present was heard in *Englands Apology, for Its Late Change: or, A Sober Perswasive, of All Dis-affected or Dissembling Persons, to a Seasonable Engagement, for the Settlement of This Common-wealth*. One may therefore say that a whole complex of inter-related problems is inherent in the title of William Lilly's *Monarchy or No Monarchy in England*, which was registered with the Stationers on 6 August 1651.

But why does *Marcus Tullius Cicero* in 1651 hark back to Ben Jonson's *Catiline* of 1611? Though there is never a single or simple answer to a question of this sort, we should take into account such things as the strong classical bent of Renaissance English education, the continuing high repute of Jonson (an English classicist), the emphasis on idea that results from Jonson's rather a-theatrical handling of his Roman tragedies, the particular attention that *Catiline* appears to have attracted at mid-century, and Jonson's treatment in *Catiline* of a major episode in Cicero's earlier life that provided a natural lead-in to a play about that great orator's later life. To these interlocking kinds of evidence we should add the related and deeply ingrained seventeenth-century habit of associating England with Rome. As Hobbes observes in *Leviathan*, men

> have undertaken to kill their Kings, because the Greek and Latine writers, in their books, and discourses of Policy, make it lawfull, and laudable, for any man so to do; provided before he do it, he call him Tyrant. For they say not *Regicide*, that is, killing of a King, but *Tyrannicide*, that is, killing of a Tyrant is lawfull.

> (2.29, pp. 170-71)

As a case in point we have Milton, who, thinking of Charles I, turns specifically to the second *Philippic* of Cicero, saying, "I will repeat some of his words: 'All good men killed Caesar as far as in them lay'" (*Defence* 326-7). Moreover, to press the Catilinian connection just a bit further, it is clear that a half century earlier, while illustrating his belief in tragedy's need for "truth of argument," Jonson had simultaneously engaged in the ancient Roman strategy of incorporating oblique commentary on one's own time (DeLuna, Patterson 1982, and Lawry). Eight years before *Catiline*, in fact, his *Sejanus* had caused him to be called before the Privy Council and charged with treason.

Nevertheless, the best evidence on the question of why *Marcus Tullius Cicero* appeared when it did is provided by the play itself. Some readers may choose to concentrate on other aspects of the work or merely say with Cicero's sister-in-law, Pompiona, that "I feel a kind of pleasure in the story / Of woes compleat and perfect" (E3ᵛ), but it is in keeping with the play as a whole to pay particular attention to the view of her son, young Quintus, of whom she asks, after he calls to mind the story of Croesus's mute son (and one should note the play's continuing concern for delimited communication), "What Genius has inform'd my *Quintus* fancy, / That he still meditates on such examples?" (D2ʳ). The dramatist, of course, is not being anachronistic here. In *De Officiis* we find Cicero himself remarking to his son Marcus—who is off studying at Athens—"I much prefer to illustrate my point with foreign examples than with those of our own state" (1967: 2.8). Quintilian defines an "example" as "the adducing of some past action real or assumed which may serve to persuade the audience of the truth of the point which we are trying to make" (5.11.6), and observes that "reference to historical parallels is the quickest method of securing assent" (3.8.36). Practically all authorities, he says, regard examples from history as providing especially valuable bases for reasoning because "as a rule history seems to repeat itself" (3.8.66). By having Pompiona wonder what brings particular "examples" to her son Quintus's mind, therefore, the writer of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* almost inevitably induces us to "meditate" on his own present "example."

It is inherent in the nature of Renaissance literary exampling—and also constitutes one of its pleasures, then and now—that readers are expected to participate by calling to mind apposite elements.[5] Of course our success is likely to be the greater insofar as we have grasped the general purport of the work. In the present case, no one will ever be able to say for sure what the writer of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* had in mind, and yet if we go directly to the anti-monarchic message that he assigned to the eldest soothsayer, we will have a key that is consonant with the admonition that he has Cicero give the old man: "be not Aenigmaticall, nor shroud / Your Speeches in a dark mysterious cloud" (D3ᵛ). The only words that the seer speaks are these:

> Then fathers, hear your dismall fate,
> Your freedome shall be lost, your state
> Converted to a Monarchy,
> And all be slaves but only I[.]
>   (D3ᵛ)

Plain as they are, such words call for no gloss, unless it be to note that according to the Ciceros of both history and the play, monarchic power was to be vested in Rome's consuls, for, once fallen into the hands of any individual, whatever he be called, it spelled disaster. Hence we may say that the soothsayer, who falls dead immediately after speaking, escapes.

The provocatively interesting truth is, however, that while this play is rich with intelligently wrought evidence, and that while apposite monarchic and anti-monarchic publications from the period abound, we are likely to draw a blank in trying to identify a specific English Cicero from 1650-1651. Furthermore, despite the playwright's interest in exampling, the action of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* in many ways jars with rather than parallels what we know of the major historical action in England at the time. On the other hand, we are warned to be on particular guard in the matter when, within the play itself, Pompiona protests to her son that the narrative "President" (precedent) he cites in his commentary on current events "coheres not" (D2ᵛ).[6] It is partly thus that we are brought to realize that for this intelligent Roman youth, while relevance does indeed inhere in coherence, coherence does not depend on congruence. In fact, while the well-known action of the play is in many ways at variance with what we know of the basic history of England in 1650-1651, we could scarcely expect to find a drama that works more directly and strongly with some of the ideas and passions, perhaps especially the fears, that then filled the air. In other words, we could hardly expect to find a better example of a play whose narrative incongruencies with its time are so complexly and interestingly counterbalanced by its contemporary ideological and emotional relevance.[7]

The underlying source of "coherence" suggested most strongly by the play may be approached by various means, including the dramatist's presentation of the figures of Julius Caesar, Caesar's "son" and heir Octavius Caesar, and the ruthlessly ambitious soldier, Marcus

Antonius. Despite some inevitable incongruencies, there is sufficient evidence to suggest that these three may be seen in part as historical vehicles marshaled to convey and arouse ideas and feelings about, respectively, Charles I, Prince Charles, and Cromwell.

However self-sufficient the play may be as the dramatization of a turning point in Roman history, the theme-setting opening speech by the ghost of "butcher'd *Julius*" (B1ʳ) is likely to call to mind that more recently "butcher'd" monarch, Charles I. In fact, if we recall either Milton's parallel of Caesar with Charles or the historical Cicero's observation that Caesar "now continues his domination more than ever after his death" (*De Officiis* 1967: 2.7) or the broadly suggestive observation of Willson that "Charles haunted the Independents from his grave" (390), we may better hear the contemporary resonance of the ghost's prediction that "a heavier hand / Shall make thee stoop to Soveraign command" (B1ʳ). And we may catch more overtones in his exculpatory words:

> My glory was, that Fortune did afford
> That royall power to doe thee good I would,
> And Nature heart to will the good I could.
> But I was too too mild. . . .
>
> (B1ʳ)

The play is by no means blind to the dangers that Caesar posed (and Charles, after all, was executed as a tyrant, traitor, and murderer), yet it also has a touch of sympathy for him. As the first chorus sings, "*A King is but a Royall slave*" (calling to mind the title of William Cartwright's play of 1636) and "*A Scepter's but a glorious name*" (B4ʳ).

Caesar's adopted son and successor, Octavius, is at first viewed by Cicero, despite his own republican commitment, as "A youth / Ordain'd by Heaven to doe his Countrey good" (B4ʳ). The tribune Salvius, however, is dubious about Octavius's intentions:

> Was't ever known a youth
> Of his hot spirit, was so much devoted
> Unto his Countrey cause without some plot
> To strengthen his ambitious aims?
>
> (B3ʳ)

Cicero is willing to gamble on the hope that by aiding Octavius he will be keeping Antonius in check. It turns out, however, that Octavius (who is twenty years old, the age of Prince Charles in 1650), does indeed have his own agenda. We hear him musing that "The Senators, those Nestors of the State, / Disturb the fair *praeludium* of my Glories" (C3ᵛ). Despite Cicero's hope that the youth may be won "To have some pity on the State" (C4ʳ), the Chorus knows that "*now an upstart scarce unboyd, | Unto an age of iron gives new date*" (D2ᵛ). Soon we hear Octavius conclude that

> We must complot a Tragedy; the *Postscripts*
> Must be culled out; shall *Cicero* then dy?
> Alas, how piety struggles in my brest.
> This mouth, this tongue which now must speak his death,
> Was wont to call him Father; shall I then
> Become a Paricide?
>
> (D3ʳ)

The answer is "It must be so." Octavius says, "*Ambition thus must thought of pity smother*" (D3ʳ).

As the historical story requires, Octavius has by this time joined forces with Antonius and Lepidus. Cicero knows that all "*State-usurpers think of nought but blood*," and inevitably "*when they consult tis to devour the good*" (D2ᵛ). Of the foes he must deal with, however, Antonius is the most dangerous. It is chiefly at Antonius's behest that the triumvirs include Cicero among those doomed to death. At this point, veering from history into tradition, the playwright has Antonius offer Cicero a deadly choice:

> . . . *if you will but burn your Orations which you call your* Philippicks *compiled only out of malice and rancour against me, you shall liue; otherwise—*
>
> (D4ᵛ)[8]

This Antonius would try to induce Cicero to proscribe his own works. Thus the dramatist contrives to emphasize the subject of silencing. In effect, of course, Antonius offers a choice and no choice, and in sorrow and pride Cicero's brother, Quintus Senior, asks,

> . . . what sepulcher
> Can be more fit, more glorious then the same

Wherein his countreys freedome lies enclos'd?

<div align="right">(D4^v)</div>

Having meditated both on taking his own life and outfacing death as Socrates did, Cicero decides to flee ("To be, is better . . . / Then not to be at all" [D3^v]). Nonetheless, he sees the handwriting on the wall, and his nobler self realizes that it is good "Not to survive ones countreys liberty" (D3^v). Instead of developing the idea that Cicero in a sense will never die so long as his writings survive, the playwright elects to show how the deaths of Cicero and liberty converge.

With the lively realization that these ancient Roman events conflict in multiple ways with seventeenth-century English ones, it remains noteworthy that Prince Charles, who shortly after his father's death was deprived of the succession by order of Parliament (the monarchy was abolished on 17 March 1649), was nevertheless considered by many to have succeeded automatically as Charles II when his father died. On 1 January 1651 he did, in fact, accept a crown at Scone. For some while prior to this he had striven to make his military prowess felt, and hence made himself a source of concern to many. In May, 1650, the reversible Marchamont Nedham, sometime apologist for the royalists but now a paid spokesman for Parliament, argued pointedly in *The Case of the Commonwealth of England, Stated* that it was better to support the existing government than to gamble on the unknown dangers that could result from unsettling it. All of Charles's efforts, in any case, eventually came to ruin with the death of Montrose and then his own defeat at Worcester. James Graham, Earl of Montrose, who was probably Charles's best and noblest supporter, was hanged, beheaded, and dismembered on 21 May 1650. A month later, on 27 June, Charles came upon an arm of his friend that the Scots had hung over the gate of Aberdeen. Not until September 1651, when over a year more had passed, did Charles himself come to that major turning point of the period, his own defeat at Worcester by Cromwell.

A more commanding figure than Prince Charles, Oliver Cromwell became first president of the Council of State soon after the execution of Charles I, and in March Parliament created him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He arrived in Dublin that August and thereafter proceeded

to put down the rebels with implacable severity, especially at the siege of Drogheda. A great many people were massacred by his troops, and, fairly or not, he was widely anathematized as a ruthless man of blood. Following these achievements, he returned to London (31 May 1650) and a short while later (26 June) was appointed commander-in-chief of all military forces in the Commonwealth. In July he left to take up his command in the North, and in September, at Dunbar, he won one of the most decisive battles of his entire career. Then he marched on to Edinburgh and Leith, and eventually, in September of 1651, came southward to triumph over Charles at Worcester.

However one interprets Cromwell's complex character and motives, he was an imposing military figure who was often accused of monarchic ambitions. In a pamphlet bluntly titled *A Coffin for King Charles: A Crowne for Cromwell: A Pit for the People* (1649), Cromwell says to the people, "You must be props unto our pride, / and slaves to our command" (Wright 120). If we recall Antonius's *"my long wisht for aim, is wonne"* from *Marcus Tullius Cicero,* we may be the more struck when Cromwell in this pamphlet admits,

> So, so, the deed is done,
> > the royall head is severed
> As I meant, when I first begunne,
> > and strongly have indeavord.
>
> (Wright 117)

Even before Charles's death, *Passes Granted, by the Free-born People of England, to Severall of the Most Perjur'd Rebels* (1648) designated the "Copper-nose cut-throat" Cromwell as *"The High and Mighty, King Oliver"* (A4^{r-v}); and *The Second Part of Craftie Crumwell* (1648) carried the satiric sub-title *Oliver in His Glory as King.* In the summer following Charles's death, Cromwell was bitterly hailed as "mighty King Nol" (Frank 243), and still later and closer to the time when *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was published we find him mocked coarsely in *The Right Picture of King Olivre from Top to Toe* (1650).

It is not for nothing that "ambition" is a key word in the play. "Ambition is a precipice," says Cicero, thinking of Antonius, "and the sky / At which he aimes his shafts . . . too high" (B4^r). Later he

exclaims, "How feeble, how ridiculous a madnesse / Is fond Ambition" (D1ᵛ). To safeguard ourselves against sentimentalizing the historical figure of Cicero, however, and at the same time to place in perspective the play's scornful handling of ambition as well as the severing of Cicero's head, hands, and tongue, we may recall his observation regarding Caesar as "the supreme example of a man whose ambition was to be . . . master of the world." "Anyone who says that this is an honourable goal," writes Cicero, "is mad" (*De Officiis* 1967: 3.21). He has earlier said of tyrants,

> They are a poisonous and wicked breed who need to be banished from human society. For just as limbs which have become shrivelled and lifeless . . . are amputated, so these monsters, who are really wild animals in human disguise, need to be cut off from the body, as it were, of human society.
>
> (3.6)

Providing an effective foil to ambition as well as an important "example" that has been missing from our consideration thus far, the playwright also gives us Cicero's friend Brutus. Cicero holds that Brutus's

> . . . very name, and bloud
> Fatall to State-usurpers were sufficient
> To fortifie our drooping souls, and raise them
> From thought of servitude.
>
> (B4ᵛ)

He is "my beloved *Brutus*" (C4ʳ) and "my dearest *Brutus*" (E1ᵛ). The striking fact is, however, that the noble tyrannicide appears in not a single scene, and Cicero reflects that

> . . . this afflicts me most, that these calamities
> Should happen at a season so unfortunate,
> When *Brute* and *Cassius* are so far remote. . . .
>
> (D1ʳ)

Cassius is remembered, but Brutus is most missed. An honorable man, eminently capable of performing high service to the State and still very much alive in the mind of Cicero, Brutus is now far away. Literally he is supposed to be in Macedonia, but the more important facts are that he is inaccessible and he is silent. Cicero exclaims, "That

Brutus were at home now! we would loose / Our dearest bloud, before our liberty" (D1ᵛ). We may conclude that the playwright's scattered allusions to Brutus serve to introduce a strain of ironic pathos that is nicely suited to tragedy, especially since everyone likely to lay eyes upon the play knows that on one bad day at Philippi Brutus eventually will fall upon his sword, sadly aware, as we are seeing and reading here, that the struggle for patriotic republicanism has been for nought. The conclusion of Brutus's story, as well as his continuing absence here except as a memory in other men's minds, might well be expected to trigger some readers' thoughts.

From our own varied perspectives three or so centuries after the play was printed, when the world has seen a good many more tyrants and dictators, there are assuredly multiple ways to read the play. The cutting off of Cicero's head and hands and even his very tongue may be seen to result in a silence more eloquent and universal than any words.[9] If we attempt to view the play in a specifically seventeenth-century framework, however, perhaps it is a different irony that stands out above all the rest. Although the tragedy of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* ends with a vindictive Antonius gloating triumphantly over Cicero, every reader knows that that colossal soldier himself was fated to be defeated by Octavius at Actium in 30 B.C. Not too much later (27 B.C.), Octavius would be given the title "Augustus" because it granted distinction without monarchic connotations, but eventually, of course, it was as Caesar Augustus that he would go down in history. Though the Chorus laments that "Julius *is turn'd his Genius, we fear*" (D2ʳ)—that is, his tutelary spirit—neither the playwright nor his bookseller could have known in 1651 that about nine years later Charles would return to England in triumph as king. The "coherence" of the exampling continued to hold.

In trying to reconstruct the seventeenth-century frame of this anti-monarchic play as best we can, it is probably advisable to factor in also the observation that monarchy's opponents in Parliament and the Army were themselves sometimes at odds. As far back as the winter of 1648, it was Cromwell and Ireton who gave orders for soldiers to seize and excise certain members from Parliament. It was thus that the Rump came into being. Though presumably purged of undesirable voices, Parliament continued to be a chorus that did

not always sing in unison. On the other hand, however varied the views of the Rumpers themselves, large parts of the nation had no voice at all in the Commons. Then, too, however one is to interpret Cromwell's motives in the years 1649 to 1653 (from the time of the King's execution until his own acceptance of the Protectorship), Cromwell was a powerful figure, and the breach, sometimes papered over, that subsequently widened between the Army and Parliament (the Army wanted an election, but none was held) would finally result in 1653 in his total silencing of England's "senate." "I say you are no Parliament!" he would shout. Then his troopers would enter and empty the house. This was a grand climax, of course, a turning point that would occur about two years after the publication of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, but throughout the period there had been silencings and reprisals of various sorts. Many men's hands and tongues were tied if not cut off. Perhaps most notably, on 19 March 1649 the Commons abolished the House of Lords.[10] On 17 July that year came an *Act Declaring What Offenses Shall Be Adjudged Treason*, which proclaimed anyone guilty who wrote or printed that the government was tyrannical, and on 20 September came the most severe Act against publishing since the 1637 Star Chamber decree. As Potter summarizes, "Imprisonment and fines silenced or converted many writers" (19). In 1651, at about the time *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was published, Milton himself, author of the *Areopagitica* (1644), was serving as a licenser.

In 1651, the choice of Cicero as an image to explore such matters could hardly have been bettered. Besides being well calculated to express republican fidelity and dismay, it would have gained considerable strength from the fact that the study of Cicero's *De Oratore* and *De Officiis* had long played an important role in the education of youths slated to provide political and adminstrative service to the State. Cicero had in some sense been a major advisor and teacher to this generation. As Roger L'Estrange wrote in his translation of *De Officiis*, "*This Treatise of* Offices, *I find to be one of the Commonest* School-Books *that we have*" (A5'). The playwright could safely assume that many of his readers would be familiar with Cicero's values and views. They would know that Cicero believed the best government to be that which was a mix of monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic principles—provided that consuls

represented the first and the Senate the second, and that the people, while free, were charged with few specifically political acts. Above all, as the English reader would likely know, Cicero believed in the pre-eminence of the Senate. The playwright's chief task, then, was to shape his representation of Cicero's death as a grim and pertinent "example," a sort of last-minute, warning philippic before "the downfall of our liberty, / (And heaven knows what calamities. . .)" (D4ᵛ).

Though we do not know who he was and though reasonable discretion cautions against rushing in to deduce the nature of a writer from the nature of his work, especially from a drama, we may hazard the hypothesis that the creator of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was a politically committed, well-read, and highly literate sort of English Ciceronian, apparently supportive of a mixed government in which the Parliament had a major voice. Above all, he seems to have felt antagonistic to any sort of single-person magistracy, whether by inheritance or conquest, and to have concluded, like his idealized protagonist, that he was witnessing the dreadful signs of a return to monarchy. In short, the temptation to perceive Cicero as his mouthpiece is great.

Whatever specific elements we choose to call forth as illuminants from the English world of 1650-1651, the play's insistence on the idea of parallels makes it reasonably clear that some amalgam of contemporary facts and fears must be seething in the workings of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*. Furthermore, although this play about the tragic fall of a commonwealth whose "sacred Tongue" is silenced is in some ways off-target (there is no obvious English Cicero at the time), we may reasonably suppose that, in the playwright's words, the "shroud" or "dark mysterious cloud" of his play has been created in the hope that it will not remain totally impenetrable. There is something self-denying in the fact that the poet in the play is so stricken by events—his own voice "strangled by a throng of strugling sighs" (E3ᵛ)—that he feels he must desist and leave it to the historian to "Tell . . . the Tragick story" (E3ᵛ). Then again, the poet-dramatist of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, himself a dealer in history if ever there were one, surely would have us reflect on Cicero's claim that Poetry is "the language of the Gods when Virtue / Is made her theam" (B2ᵛ). He has produced here an anguished paean to doomed virtue in the

form of a tragedy in verse. Having succeeded during its course in piquing our interest and complicating our thoughts by inducing us to ponder dimension-adding parallels to his story, at its close he probably would have us reflect on the fact that Caesar's revenge is to see Caesarism restored. It should be said that we will remain completely faithful to the dynamics of the play if we find cause in it to consider that the brutal silencing of virtuous men in any time and place—Rome, England, or elsewhere—is a tragedy sufficient to inspire real pity and terror in those who are left to watch. Still, the parallels that link *Marcus Tullius Cicero* with its own troubled time of publication are likely to illumine it best. Whenever it was written, there is a special, mid-seventeenth-century English urgency in the soothsayer's warning to Cicero that "Your freedome shall be lost, your state / Converted to a Monarchy." In 1651 the prospect of a return to monarchy in the larger-than-life person of Oliver Cromwell—who eventually would be offered the crown three times—was apparently enough to plunge at least one freedom-loving Englishman into creative despair.

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NOTES

[1]Jonson's well-known criteria appear in his remarks "To the Readers" preceding *Sejanus* (H&S 4.350, ll. 18-20). For the present study of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* (Wing B4902) I rely on my notes from a British Library copy (643.d.11) and a microfilm of the Huntington Library copy. The 1650 edition designated by Wing as B4901 appears to be a ghost. Ignored or discounted in the bibliographies of Greg (2.xii and 818), Bentley (1370-71), and Harbage-Schoenbaum-Wagonheim (150-51), it may have been conjured from the notation "feb 1650" written in the Thomason copy (E. 784. [2]) at the British Library (*Catalogue of Pamphlets*, 829). Wing notwithstanding, I find no record of a BL copy of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* from 1650 (*British Library General Catalogue*, 62.435; and personal letter from Thomas L. Berger, 28 October 1990). Also contrary to Wing, there is no 1650 copy at the Bodleian (cf. *Catalogus Librorum Impressorum Bibliothecae Bodlianae*, 3.135; instead, Bodleian Malone 57 (2) corresponds to Wing B4902; personal letter from Matthew Sheldon, 2 November 1990).

[2]In the first two pages of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* there are references to both Sylla and Catiline.

[3]Wing conjectures the work to be by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), apparently because of an attribution made by Edward Phillips in 1675 (ii.47). The ascription has been discredited or ignored by students of Brooke, however, from the time of Grosart ("necessarily excluded" [1.xiv]), Croll (35), and Lee ("Brooke has been wrongly credited" [8.602-06]) to that of Bullough (2.5), Rebholz (328-31, 340), Rees (138), and Larson (43). In both Bentley (1370-71) and *The British Library General Catalogue of Printed Books* (62.435), the work is considered anonymous.

The sole critical discussion I have found of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* is by Aggeler. It devotes a few pages (68-70) to the play and is helpful for placing it in an interregnum context.

[4]The previously mentioned notation in the Thomason copy, which changes the printed "1651" to "feb 1650," suggests that the book may have appeared very early in what we nowadays reckon to be 1651.

[5]The most helpful discussion of this matter may be found in Wallace.

[6]According to Alan Roper, "The most common Restoration synonym for *parallel* was . . . *precedent*, and pamphleteers and versifiers argued their cases by showing the aptness of past precedents to present examples" (41). The Bridges sermon noted previously on Joab's "counsel" to King David begins with the idea that "Coherence . . . will be easily gathered by the reading of the History" (B1'), that is, the history in 2 Samuel 19.5-8. The use of analogues in sermons is, of course, ubiquitous.

[7]The view expressed here is comparable to that of Aggeler. For an overall exploration of topicality and indirection in mid-seventeenth-century English writings see Patterson 1984 and Potter.

[8]In his *Suasoriae* Seneca the Elder included sections entitled "Cicero Deliberates Whether to Beg Antony's Pardon" (6) and "Antony Promises to Spare Cicero's Life if He Burns His Writings: Cicero Deliberates Whether to Do So" (7).

[9]The irony is the greater if one recalls the historical Cicero's famous claim in his "De Consulatu": "that arms must give place to the toga and the laurel of triumph to the tongue" (*Poems* 13, 77).

[10]One of the senators in the play exclaims,

> What have we done my Lords? given up our liberty,
> Without the shedding of one drop of bloud?
> Twill grow a custome for Ambitious men
> T' usurp the offices of State. . . .

                                                              (D1')

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The Art of Fiction and the Art of War:
Henry James, H. G. Wells, and Ford Madox Ford

JOSEPH WIESENFARTH

> *The house of fiction has . . . a number of possible windows. . . . At*
> *each of them stands a figure . . . with a field-glass, which [insures]*
> *to the person making use of it an impression distinct from every other.*
> —Henry James

Almost a year after the war broke out between the Allied Forces and the Central Powers in August 1914, a battle was fought between Henry James and H. G. Wells on the literary front. These two instances of hostility, although vastly different in their significance, are nevertheless not unrelated. France, for instance, was the object of attack in both the military and literary campaigns. For Kaiser Wilhelm II, France was the cultural capital of Europe which, in its pride, looked down upon Germany; for H. G. Wells, France threatened England because Henry James—American scion of Balzac, Flaubert, and de Maupassant—sought to disseminate a foreign aesthetic in preference to the indigenous one espoused by Wells himself. So just as the German emperor sought to conquer and humiliate France, the British novelist sought to conquer and humiliate Henry James, who, along with Joseph Conrad, a Pole; Stephen Crane, an American; and Ford Madox Ford, an Anglo-German, formed for Wells "a ring of foreign conspirators" (Seymour 14) who were plotting to overthrow the English novel.

The long and "affectionately quarrelsome friendship" (88) between James and Wells ended suddenly in July 1915 when Henry James wrote to H. G. Wells, saying that he had received the copy of a new book that Wells had left for him at the Reform Club. That book was *Boon*, which satirized James himself and parodied his fiction. *Boon* was Wells's response to James's criticism of him the year before. James had argued in his essay "The New Novel"—an essay actually written in response to a manifesto of Wells's[1]—that the novels of both Arnold

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<http://www.connotations.de/debwiesenfarth00101.htm>.

Bennett and of Wells himself showed little if any artistry in their storytelling. Doing as he did in many of his late essays, James spoke of technical matters in metaphorical terms. This time the metaphor was food and drink. He said that the technique of Wells and Bennett was like that of someone who squeezed oranges. Their novels suggested to James "the act of squeezing out to the utmost the plump and more or less juicy orange of a particular acquainted state and letting this affirmation of energy, however directed or undirected, constitute for them the 'treatment' of a theme" (*Essays* 132). Moreover, James said that the new novelists give us a slice of life, buttered thick and dripping with jam, which allows true-believers, as it did the Israelites of old, to carry on yet another day. James was unhappy, however, because he felt that Bennett and Wells and their followers paid not the slightest attention to the way their slice was cut or from what loaf it came; therefore, its significance as an illustration of life was unclear. Wells, for his part, thought James was much too fussy a head chef to plan menus for the house of fiction. And in *Boon* he said, in so many words, that oranges and bread are themselves more important than the way they are squeezed and sliced.

Wells argued that James was "the culmination of the superficial type" of novelist who is more interested in how a novel is written than in what a novel is written about (*Boon* 453). The characters in James's novels, according to Wells, were "eviscerated people": they had neither stomachs nor bowels nor sweat glands nor sexual organs. Wells asserts that characters in James's novels "never make lusty love, never go to angry war, never shout at an election or perspire at poker; never in any way *date* . . ." (*Boon* 453). James's is therefore a fiction in which great technical skill goes into telling stories about nothing of any importance. Henry James's novels show us, brilliantly, how a hippopotamus "pick[s] up a pea" (*Boon* 456). Wells continues, "The thing [James's] novel is *about* is always there. It is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, and a bit of string" (455).[2] That is what happens when a novelist thinks of himself as an artist rather than as a journalist; that is what happens when

a novelist tries to create a world that he should be more properly recording.

Boon next demonstrates the basics of a Jamesian novel in "The Spoils of Mr. Blandish," which takes its title from James's novel, *The Spoils of Poynton*. The Blandish story tells of subtly mysterious doings in a country house that appears to harbor a ghost; but it does not. It harbors a butler who quietly in the dead of night drinks himself unconscious in the wine-cellar. This novel of lights and shades, impressions and trepidations is simply another "Whodunit" in which, as usual, the butler did it. Nevertheless, trite as it is, Boon's "Spoils of Mr. Blandish" ends with "a beautiful flavour, ripe and rare, rich with opulence, [hanging] *diminuendo moriendo*—in the air . . ." (*Boon* 469). Needless to say, this rare and ripe flavour, that diminishes and dies away, has nothing to do with fresh bread or juicy oranges.

When he read Wells's assessment of his theory of fiction and the parody of his novel, Henry James was not amused. He responded to Wells's defense of life at the expense of art on 10 July 1915 in a letter made memorable by one of its sentences. "It is art that *makes* life," James wrote: "It is art that *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance, . . . and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process" (*Letters* 4: 770). If that is the case, Wells wrote back to James, "When you say 'it is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance,' I can only read sense into it by assuming that you are using 'art' for every conscious human activity" (*Letters* 4: 770n1). Wells's assumption was correct. James subscribed to "the theory of the imagination as the creative faculty, the faculty by which man brings something new into the world, something which was never there before" (Langbaum 6).

For James art was a conscious human activity that gave life a new intensity even outside of works of art themselves. The artist's habit of mind permitted James, whether he was standing within or outside the house of fiction, to see life from a certain point of view and in a generic context. Events shaped themselves in James's imagination as situations in genres like comedy and tragedy and romance. His artistic consciousness so shaped James, for instance, that it galvanized him to see the First World War as a tragedy that required intense feelings to produce heroism at home as well as at the front itself. He

responded, therefore, to the Belgian refugees who came to England as an actor would to his fellow actors in a great tragedy: "Questions . . . as to a range of form and tradition, . . . not our own, dwindled and died before the gross fact of our having here an example of such a world-tragedy as we supposed Europe had outlived, and . . . nothing . . . mattered but that we should bravely and handsomely hold up our quite heavy enough end of it" (*Within the Rim* 47). With the Great War being enacted upon the stage of the world everyone was required to enter into the tragedy and play his part without pretense or excuse.

When Wells told James, half-apologetically, that he had written his parody of him in *Boon* "as the first escape I had from the obsession of this war" (*Letters* 4: 768n2), James could not be sympathetic with him. James had already written to Hugh Walpole that his point of view in this tragedy was that of "the Cause [of England, France, and Belgium] and what becomes of it" (4: 751). "That is the only thing that exists for us," James told his niece Peggy, "it crowds the whole sky from pole to pole" (4: 725). Whether he was "well or ill," Violet Hunt reported of James during the war, "it was understood that we talked in these days of war and nothing but war" (Hunt 271). James himself told Edith Wharton that the war had made him feel "more and more, instead of less and less" (*Letters* 4: 741). And he wrote to Clare Sheridan, whose husband had just gone to fight at the front, "Feel, *feel*, I say—feel for all you're worth, and even if it half kills you, for that is the only way to live . . ." (4: 755). There is no better or more precise example of art making life than this exhortation which recalls the scene in Gloriani's garden in *The Ambassadors* where Lambert Strether exhorts little Bilham to "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to" (21: 217).

James pitched himself into war activities, intensified his feelings, and tried to make what he felt intelligible to the common man. He wrote the essays that were published posthumously in *Within the Rim*, and he summoned Violet Hunt to him to ask whether his essay entitled "France" was written in such a way that even the man in the street could understand it. This had never been a concern of James's before. He even wrote his essay on "The American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps in France" as a letter to an editor, and it turned out to be so intelligible on a first reading that even James

himself must have been surprised by the success of his efforts. But in this as in all the essays in *Within the Rim* James can only make himself understood as an artist. He talks of action "that affirms life and freshly and inveterately exemplifies it" (*Rim* 77): in other words, he talks of art making life and thereby representing it more intensely. He sees in France "a beauty that is tragic" and a symbol of universal dignity: "What happens to France happens to all that part of ourselves which we are most proud, and most finely advised, to enlarge and cultivate and consecrate" (89). France stands as an epiphany of the mind and imagination, just as Belgium stands as an epiphany of suffering: of "the exquisite in the horrible" (50). And one young mother with a child in her arms, arriving in Rye as a refugee, presents herself as the epiphany of Belgian suffering itself: "her cry is still in my ears, . . . and it plays, to my sense, as a great fitful, tragic light over the dark exposure of her people" (59). James here brings together the point of view of a Rye resident, the genre of tragedy, and the technique of epiphany. He shows how completely he could feel an event, render it in an aesthetic category, and, at the same time, make its significance clear to any reader.

As the honorary president of the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps in France, Henry James did succeed, occasionally, in making himself understood by the man in the street. "Greater love [than this] hath no man," said Violet Hunt of James, "than [that] he lay down his *style* for a friend." "'I said, 'Mr. James! . . . I did not know that you could be so—*passionate!*' I had sought and found *le mot juste*" (Hunt 270). And James also sought and found the precisely right word in responding to her: "Ah, madam, you must not forget that in this article I am addressing—not a Woman, but a *Nation!*" (271, italics added). James further intensified his passion when he laid down his American citizenship to sharpen his point of view: "*Civis Britannicus sum,*" I am a British citizen, he writes to Edmund Gosse on 26 July 1915 (*Letters* 4: 772). So now he can speak of "*We*—with a capital" (Hunt 269) as he faces the "horrors [that] encompass us" (*Letters* 4: 758).

Henry James absolutely refused to escape from the war. He intensified his sense of it as a "tragedy" (*Letters* 4: 713), adapted the Allied "Cause," specified his place in it as a British citizen, and made

himself from this chosen point of view feel the tragic immensity of life more intensely. He thereby answered H. G. Wells's attempt to escape the war by entering more totally into it. The very aesthetic point of view that Wells so pitilessly parodied actually led James to live more intensely than he would have otherwise found possible. "Of course for myself I live, live intensely and am fed by life," James told Wells in his final letter to him, "and my value, whatever it be, is in my own kind of expression of that" (*Letters* 4: 769). Whereas at the war's outbreak James was so disillusioned that he regretted that he had lived to see 4 August 1914 (*Letters* 4: 758), he recovered and lived to visit hospitals, read to the wounded, collect and distribute tobacco, write to soldiers, encourage their widows, and, as he said, throw "his poor old ponderous, and yet so imperceptible, 'moral weight' into the scale" (*Letters* 4: 758). He was able to do these things, at least in part, because he allowed aesthetic categories like tragedy and point of view to shape his life. Henry James at war presents himself as the most apt illustration of how, as he told H. G. Wells, "art *makes* life."

This is no surprise to anyone who has read his fiction. James's attentive readers know him as a novelist who, in one way or another, was always in the battle zone. "When he walked out of the refuge of his study into the world and looked about him," his last secretary Theodora Bosanquet wrote, "he saw a place of torment, where creatures of prey perpetually thrust their claws into the quivering flesh of the doomed, defenseless children of light" (33). Similarly, Ford Madox Ford wrote that "Mr. James . . . has looked at life with its treacheries, its banalities, and its shirkings and its charlatanries, all of them founded on the essential dirtiness of human nature" (*Henry James* 137). Moreover, for Ford, *The Spoils of Poynton*, the novel that Wells parodied in "The Spoils of Mr. Blandish," was the "greatest book" that Henry James wrote (35). Ford knew that dead kittens and egg shells and bits of string are the very things out of which Henry James made great novels. James's characters, Ford argues, "will talk about rain, about the opera, about the moral aspects of the selling of Old Masters to the New Republic, and those conversations will convey to your mind that the quiet talkers are living in an atmosphere of horror, of bankruptcy, of passion as hopeless as the Dies Irae. That

is the supreme trick of art to-day, since that is how we really talk about the musical glasses whilst our lives crumble to pieces around us" (153).

Wells wanted James to write a more popular and less attenuated fiction that would encourage more readers to improve themselves socially and morally. Ford knew that James could not write such didactic fiction. Ford knew that James was a novelist of upper-class, not lower-class, manners: an Uptown, not a Downtown, novelist in New York; a West End, not a City, novelist in London; a Right Bank, not a Left Bank, novelist in Paris. Within those limits Ford's James was more socially incisive than any government report ever written. Like Balzac, Ford said, James sought to "beat the Blue Book out of the field" (119). Although Ford saw that James wrote about the best that civilization had achieved, he was sure that James showed society just as it is: "averagely sensual, averagely kindly, averagely cruel, averagely honest, averagely imbecile" (*English Novel* 122). So that if James was sure that "the soul's immortal," Ford concludes, James was equally sure that "most people have not got souls—are in the end just the stuff with which to fill graveyards" (141).

The irony is that Henry James comes at the end of an era of British fiction that has incessantly produced heroes and heroines scrambling up the social ladder to achieve the bourgeois dream of riches and social position. Dickens' Pip and Thackeray's Becky Sharp are the most outstanding instances of the type, and Wells was to create another in Artie Kipps. But what James shows in his novels is that life at the top is not worth the scramble. "But as for duchesses with souls—well, most duchesses haven't got them!" (*Henry James* 142). "If," writes Ford, extracting the essence from James's fiction,

> If, in short, this life is not worth having—this life of the West End, of the country-house, of the drawing-room, possibly of the studio, and of the garden party—if this life, which is the best that our civilization has to show, is not worth the living; if it is not pleasant, cultivated, civilised, cleanly[,] and instinct with reasonably high ideals, then indeed, Western civilization is not worth going on with, and we had better scrap the whole of it so as to begin again. (62-63)

This, as a matter of record, is exactly what society did eight months and three days after Ford published his monograph on Henry James

when German troops, on route to invade France, crossed the border at Gemminich and invaded Belgium on 4 August 1914.

Ford Madox Ford, then, gives us a Henry James who is very different from H. G. Wells's superficial novelist who created eviscerated characters. Ford gives us a novelist who is writing about the very things that made the First World War inevitable. Ford's James writes about the disappearance of moral value in a society that was more shadow than substance. Reflecting on Henry James some years after the Master's death, Ford said that James "needed to stand on extraordinarily firm ground before he would think he knew a world. And what he knew he rendered, along with its amenities, its gentlefolkishness, its pettiness, its hypocrisies, its make-believes. He gives you an immense—and an increasingly tragic—picture of a leisured society that is unavailing, materialist, emasculated—and doomed. No one," Ford continues, "was more aware of this" than Henry James himself ("The Old Man" 52).

France, of course, was the real issue of the war. The Kaiser sought to conquer and humiliate France. The German military command saw Sarajevo as a pretext, Belgium as a pathway, and England as a neutral. But England refused to be neutral, and France came to preoccupy the minds and hearts of James and Ford. "I think that if there is a general ground in the world," James wrote, "on which an appeal might be made, in a civilized circle . . . the idea of what France and the French mean to the educated spirit of man would be the nameable thing" (*Rim* 83). France was for James the guardian of reason and the aesthetic sensibility in the Western world: "it sums up for us, . . . and has always summed up, the life of the mind and the life of the senses alike, taken together, in the most irrepressible freedom of either" (89). He had published *A Little Tour in France* in 1885, a book that lovingly evokes the rich heritage of French town and countryside; and earlier in 1878, James paid tribute to French literature in *French Poets and Novelists*, which comprises the merest handful of the ninety-six essays and reviews he wrote on French writers. Ford alludes to both of these books in his monograph on Henry James: the one "in its nice appreciation of surfaces and forms," which does more for the visitor, say, to Carcassone, "than anything written by the hand of man" (*Henry James* 104); the other, in marking

James's "formal confession" of losing his romantic illusions: "'Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there'" (140). *French Poets and Novelists* marks for Ford James's determination, in spite of himself, to be a realist. In a word, the French tradition made Henry James into the novelist that we, like Ford, value.

Ford himself wrote three books on France. *Between St. Denis and St. George* (1915) was written as propaganda to emphasize British-French ties during the war, and it was quickly translated into French. *A Mirror to France* (1926) is a celebration of French life ranging from the housewife's pursuit of the sou in the marketplace to the "glories . . . of the arts and Pure Thought" (*Mirror* 30). The book is a broad-based, insistent, celebration of French realism: "they know, extraordinarily and beyond the knowledge of most people, which things are real and which illusions" (32). It is a tribute, eight years after the war, to those killed in it fighting for France: "To have died for France is very nearly to have secured immortal life!" (24). *Provence* (1935), Ford's last book on France, presents his formula for the survival of Western civilization just prior to the Second World War: it is to adopt the French way of life as it manifests itself from the south bank of the Seine, *la rive gauche*, to the Mediterranean.

Given the extraordinary predilection of Henry James and Ford Madox Ford for France, it seems quite possible that James, who referred to Ford as "le jeune homme modeste" (*Return* 31), should be moved to bid him farewell in St. James's Park, saying, "Tu va te battre pour le sol sacré de Mme. de Stael!" And, "putting one hand on his chest and just bowing," James added, "that he loved and had loved France as he had never loved a woman!" (*Thus* 125). Ford probably "doesn't expect us to take this scene as literal fact" (Lindberg-Seyersted 73). In dedicating his first book of memoirs, *Ancient Lights* (1911), to his daughters, Ford told them that it "is full of inaccuracies as to the facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute" (xv). The impression that the scene in St. James's Park seeks to convey is one of decided harmony between James and Ford in this last meeting of theirs sometime before Ford went to do battle for the France that both men loved. So, what Ford said elsewhere, we might have to say here of this scene in St. James's Park: "Nothing could be more

literally false but nothing could be more impressionistically true" ("Techniques" 61).

If indeed James never did send Ford off to war with his blessing,[3] then, given their long acquaintance and their similar devotion to France and to the art of fiction, one might say with James what James said when his fiction was criticized as untrue to life: "So much the worse for that life!" (*Art* 222). For though James and Ford quite undeniably had their differences, each looked to France for his inspiration in life and art. Wells, however, denounced James for his preference for French literary models over English, and he ridiculed Ford in *Boon* for denying that Charles Dickens was a novelist (*Boon* 450). Wells found both James and Ford so devoted to the French passion for the novel as a work of art that, unable to write like them, he declared himself a journalist, not an artist. "I revolted altogether and refused to play their game," Wells said. "'I am a journalist . . . . I refuse to play the "artist." If sometimes I am an artist it is a freak of the gods'" (*Experiment* 2: 623). H. G. Wells clearly and unambiguously repudiated what made Henry James famous and what inspired Ford Madox Ford: the conception of the novel as a work of art.

In *The English Novel From the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad* (1930), Ford placed James in "the main stream of the international novel" (102) that originated in Richardson, who "worked with the simplest materials and manoeuvered only the most normal of characters in the most commonplace of events and yet contrived to engross the minds of a large section of mankind" (83). This realistic stream of fiction in Richardson flowed into France through Diderot, enlarged itself in Stendhal, and was redirected by Flaubert. Ford writes that "it was Flaubert who most preached the doctrine of the novelist as creator who should have a creator's aloofness, rendering the world as he sees it, uttering no comments, falsifying no issues and carrying the subject—the Affair—he has selected for rendering, remorselessly out to its logical conclusion" (123). Turgenev embraced the same tradition and Henry James went to school to him and thus diverted the undiluted stream of French fiction as realism and art to England. That is the development of what is truly the "Novel." The whole of the rest of nineteenth-century British fiction, except for Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope, is the tradition of the "Nuvvle." What

distinguishes the Novel from the Nuvvle is that the Novel renders its subject while the Nuvvle relates it. In the Nuvvle, on one hand, you find "a more or less arbitrary tale so turned as to ensure a complacent view of life . . . carried on by characters that as a rule are—six feet high and gliding two inches above the ground" (103). In the Novel, on the other hand, "You have at your disposal heredity, environment, the concatenation of the effects of one damn thing after another that life is—and Destiny who is blind and august. Those are the colours of your palette: it is for you to see that line by line and filament of colour by filament, the reader's eye is conducted to your culminating point" (141). Here in celebrating the novel as a work of art Ford uses the language of painting. He uses the very metaphor for fiction that Wells objected to in *Boon*. For Wells the novel as painting leads the eye to the dead cat, the egg shell, and the string. For Ford the novel as painting leads to a consistent representation of life, just as for James, in "The Art of Fiction," the business of the novelist is to "try and catch the colour of life itself" (*Essays* 65).

Ford was a novelist like Henry James. What is generally considered his best novel has been called by John Rodker "the finest French novel in the English language" (Ford, *Soldier* xx). Ford began writing it on his birthday, 17 December 1913. "So," he tells Stella Bowen, "on the day I was forty I sat down to show what I could do," having never before "put into any novel of mine *all* that I knew about writing." And "the *Good Soldier* resulted" (xviii). This was the first novel that Ford wrote after completing *Henry James: A Critical Study*, which was published a scant three weeks after *The Good Soldier* was begun. The novel ends with a girl gone crazy and uttering the word "shuttlecocks." James uses this word to describe the daughter of Ida and Beale Farange: Maisie, James writes, "was the little feathered shuttlecock they could keep flying between them" (*Maisie* 14). Ford also quotes in his *Critical Study* the passage from the Preface to *What Maisie Knew* in which James speaks of Maisie as a "shuttlecock" set in motion by her parents (160). Ford's own Nancy Rufford is similarly kept flying between Edward and Leonora Ashburnham till Edward, the good soldier, cuts his throat and Nancy loses her mind and wanders about muttering, crazily, "shuttlecocks." James's *mot juste*

becomes Ford's, each rendering life as a battle in which the same human missile hits first one combattant then another.

> Life [James wrote] *is*, in fact, a battle. On this point optimists and pessimists agree. Evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day; imbeciles to be in great places, people of sense in small, and mankind generally, unhappy. But the world as it stands is no illusion, no phantasm, no evil dream of a night, we wake up to it again for ever and ever; we can neither forget it nor deny it nor dispense with it. We can welcome experience as it comes, and give it what it demands, in exchange for something which it is idle to pause to call much or little so long as it contributes to swell the volume of consciousness. In this there is mingled pain and delight, but over the mysterious mixture there hovers a visible rule, that bids us learn to will and seek to understand. (*French Writers* 998)

This is as good a description of the ethos of Henry James's fiction as exists, although James wrote it about Turgenev's fiction. Life as a battle explains what Theodora Bosanquet meant when she spoke of James stepping out of his studio and seeing "the doomed, defenseless children of light" with claws thrust into their "quivering flesh." Life as a battle explains in part James's sense of Sainte-Beuve's genius because the French critic saw "nothing but wars, struggles, destructions and recompositions" once he penetrated "under the veil of society" (688). Life as a battle explains what Ford meant when he said that James's novels suggest that Western civilization needs to be destroyed and reinvented. Life as a battle is the unmistakable metaphoric texture of *The Spoils of Poynton*, as the word *Spoils* indicates. And life as a battle is also the metaphoric texture of *What Maisie Knew*, the book of James's that Ford said inspired him to write *Parade's End*, his great novel about the First World War.

Reflecting on *What Maisie Knew* in his semi-autobiographical narrative *No Enemy*, Ford presents it as

> the story of a child moving amongst elemental passions that are veiled. But, of course, elemental passions can never be veiled enough not to get through to the consciousness, if not to the intelligence of the child in the house. So, in an atmosphere of intrigues, divorces, prides, jealousies, litigations, conducted as these things are conducted in this country, by what it is convenient to call "the best people," Maisie always "knows." She knows all about concealed relationships, as she knows all about intrigues, processes,

and the points of view of old family servants. It is, of course, a horrible
book, but it is very triumphantly true. . . . (178)

The hero of *No Enemy* is a Frenchman named Hippolyte Gringoire.
He sends for *What Maisie Knew*, just as Ford had done (see "Escape"),
while he is serving at the front during the war to see, literally, how
the novel holds up under fire. As a footnote to Gringoire's taking
Maisie to war, it is well to remember that James more than anything
else, from 4 August 1914 until his death on 28 February 1916, wanted
to share in the war effort. Violet Hunt reports that James "talked
Army, thought Army, and died Army" (269). "He said *We* so hard,
took the affairs of *Us* so much to heart, that it gave him the stroke
from which he died" (269). And yet, the way James got even more
personally into the war was through his window in the house of
fiction. *What Maisie Knew* went into Ford's French officer's pocket
in *No Enemy*. *What Maisie Knew* was also the novel from which Ford
drew inspiration in writing *Parade's End*. And *Parade's End* was the
single novel that Ford wrote with a specific purpose in mind. It was
for him "a work that should have for its purpose the obviating of
all future wars" (*Nightingale* 225).

Ford's intention was not to compromise his artistic principles to
satisfy the goals of H. G. Wells's journalistic fiction. Rather it was
his intention to present the war as he witnessed it from his own
specific point of view: "if I could present, not merely fear, not merely
horror, not merely death, not merely even self-sacrifice . . . but just
worry; that might strike a note of which the world would not so
readily tire" (226). "If the world could be got to see War from that
angle there would be no more wars" (226). Because *What Maisie
Knew* is a novel of intense worry, it helped Ford get the angle he
needed. So James's most lasting war-work occurred seventeen years
before the First World War broke out when he wrote, in 1897, this
novel about a little girl growing up in the harsh atmosphere of
parental hostilities. And that novel of 1897 may itself have taken its
own inspiration as early as 1884, in "The Art of Fiction." James at
that time found himself in a situation that later duplicated itself more
outrageously in the attack that H. G. Wells launched on him in *Boon*.
The attacker in 1884 was Walter Besant, and James defended the novel

as a work of art open to any subject the novelist chooses to write about. And it was in that context that James declared that "the moral consciousness of a child is as much a part of life as the island of the Spanish Main" (*Essays* 61-62). Ford's *Parade's End*, published from 1924 to 1928, is an outstanding vindication of James's defence of art making life in 1884.

Parade's End focuses on the staggering worries of Christopher Tietjens, who abandons his eighteenth-century principles and accepts the harsh actuality of modern existence amid the social hostilities of London; the marital hostilities of his beautiful and bizarre, unfaithful and sadistic wife; and the actual hostilities of the trenches on the Western Front. Just as all of *What Maisie Knew* is projected from Maisie's point of view, *Parade's End* is principally projected from Christopher's point of view. And when he is not the center of vision, the novel focuses precisely on what he will have to worry about when he once again becomes the center of vision. Just as we witness every phase of Maisie's moral and emotional growth, we witness every agonizing phase of Christopher's. Just as the climax of her story is Maisie's choosing with whom to live her life, so also the climax of Christopher's story is his choosing with whom to live his life. For Maisie, life is metaphorically a battle; for Christopher, life is literally a battle too. Both girl and man have to get at the truth of their lives and come of age. He has to do it during the war.

What Maisie Knew, Ford said, was "a romance of the English habit of trying to shift responsibility" (*Henry James* 147). The same could be said of *Parade's End*. In James's novel, Maisie is the one who chooses to be responsible; in Ford's novel, Tietjens is the one who chooses to be responsible. For both responsibility pays spiritual, not material, dividends. Maisie gets her moral sense along with the fiscally shaky Mrs. Wix for companion. Tietjens gets one piece of furniture. So that at the end of *Parade's End* we can see Ford paying homage to *The Spoils of Poynton*, that novel of James's which Ford described as "a romance of English grab" (147). Its subject is a family fight over a collection of precious furnishings. It ends with the heroine being offered one item from Poynton for herself. But even that goes up in smoke before she can get it. There is a duplication of the romance of English grab at the end of *Parade's End* when Christopher's

impeccable collection of antique furniture is grabbed by his estranged wife who leaves him only one small eighteenth-century cabinet for himself, and this he must sell for money to live on. But Christopher's victory, like Maisie's, is one of the spirit; therefore, it ends in a celebration that invokes the memory of Henry James in three ways: first, it strikes the French note; second, it takes place in London, where James principally did his war-work; third, it invokes a child's point of view as Tietjens dances to the music of a French street song:

> Ainsi font! font! font! les petites marionettes!
> Ainsi font! font! font!
> Trois petits tours et puis s'en vont!

With a nod to *Vanity Fair* Ford ends the third volume of his war novel with a reference to puppets, just as Thackeray ended his novel of the Napoleonic Wars by putting his puppets away. Tietjens' old pals from the trenches sing, "Les petites marionettes, Font! font! font!" (674). But Ford's characters are not toys that can be put away at a showman's whim. Between *Vanity Fair* and *Parade's End* came the French tradition and the novels of Henry James. Better than anyone else in his time, Ford Madox Ford understood the value of Henry James's fiction. He lays it out impressionistically in his monograph on James and he dramatizes it brilliantly in his war novel. Without *What Maisie Knew* and *The Spoils of Poynton* there would be no *Parade's End*.

Parade's End, therefore, asks us once again to look at H. G. Wells's parody of Henry James in *Boon*. If the house of fiction has many windows, so too does the house of criticism. Wells stood at one that showed him little of value in James's restlessly aesthetic approach to life and art. Ford stood at another that gave him a view of James's fiction that permitted him to write a novel as socially engaged as any of Wells's and yet as artfully shaped as any of James's. If Wells was wrong about James in *Boon*, as I would suggest history has shown him to be,[4] he was right about Ford when he proclaimed *The Good Soldier* a "great book" and Ford an "exceptional" writer (Harvey 599). This, I think, history has also come to recognize. For what Ford said of James and Stephen Crane taken together can now be said of Ford taken alone: he shows you "that disillusionment is to be found alike

at the tea table . . . and on the tented field." "That," Ford re-marked—in what we can take to be a radically political understanding of James's defense of art making life—"That," Ford remarked, "is of great service to our Republic" ("The Old Man" 53). If we can embrace that as a truth today, neither Henry James, nor his most imaginative and creative critic, Ford Madox Ford, will have fought their wars in vain.

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NOTES

[1]The details of the initial publication, revision, and republication of the works of James and Wells that became part of this controversy are given in Edel and Ray 32-38. Interpretations of the quarrel are presented by Delbanco 137-79, Edel 533-38, Seymour 260-68, and Anthony West 40-52.

[2]When Rebecca West wrote her monograph on James the next year—a book that annoyed Wells considerably because it was so favorably disposed toward James (see Anthony West 50-51)—she adopted this language to criticize the late James. Of "the crystal bowl of Mr James' art," she writes: "He had but gilded its clear sides with the gold of his genius for phrase-making, and now, instead of lifting it with a priest-like gesture to exhibit a noble subject, held it on his knees as a treasured piece of bric-a-brac and tossed into it, with an increasing carelessness, any sort of subject—a jewel, a rose, a bit of string, a visiting-card—confident that the surrounding golden glow would lend it beauty" (*Henry James* 115). James's great admirer, Ford Madox Ford, may have unwittingly inspired Wells himself when he, Ford, wrote that Yeats's "earlier work" suggested "a territory all of mist, through whose swathes there gleamed here and there a jewel, a green cap, or a white owl's feather" ("Mr. W. B. Yeats" 784).

[3]The case against the version of events that Ford gives is made by Lindberg-Seyersted (72-73). The announcement of Ford's commission appeared in the London *Times* on 14 August 1915, the day he cites for the meeting with James. But Ford did not actually go to France the first time till "about five months after James's death" (73). Lindberg-Seyersted concludes, however, that "at one time or another, James expressed sentiments reflected in Ford's fictionalized scenes" (73). That conclusion reflects Ford's sense of the absolute rightness of his impressions, not of his facts. Seymour, however, accepts Ford's account as factual (269-70).

[4]Anthony West, H. G. Wells's son by Rebecca West, presents a totally different version of the events than I do in his biography of his father. West's history makes Wells the champion of democracy and James the effete aristocrat, "who liked to surround himself with toadies and who was consequently used to having his boots licked" (42). West's James is an "old fat cat" with "papal pretensions" (43) who launched a "spiteful and ungenerous attack" on his father.

But perhaps we shouldn't hold it against James because he "had begun the slide into the senility that was soon to allow him to believe he was the Emperor Napoleon and resident in the Tuileries" (48). West's considered opinion of the phrase "art makes life" is that it is "the confused utterance of a very sick man" and is "pathetic" (49). Wells, West tells us, did not defend himself more vigorously against James because James showed "a dying man's confusion and distress" and was "on the brink of losing touch with reality altogether" (49).

West speaks with such intimate first-hand knowledge and authority on these matters without mentioning that he was one year old when the quarrel between James and Wells took place. Perhaps that is why he places the Napoleonic James of February 1916—the James who had suffered a stroke—on his deathbed in July 1915, when James was writing with great lucidity about the war. West is manifestly in a polemical mode when he presents his version of the James-Wells friendship and quarrel. Delbance (137-79) and Seymour (73-106, 260-68) are both more dispassionate and reliable guides. Moreover, West's statement that the notion of art's making life is the "confused utterance of a very sick man" shows little knowledge of literary history or the philosophy of aesthetics. Oscar Wilde, for instance, in "The Decay of Lying" indicates that life has "an imitative instinct" (75) and that art "makes and unmakes many worlds" (73). "Literature," Wilde insists, "moulds . . . [life] to its purposes" (75). Furthermore, Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Judgment* shows why James and Wilde, who were so dissimilar as artists and who didn't much like each other, could think similarly about the shaping power of the creative imagination (see Crawford, esp. 168-78).

As early as 1918, Ezra Pound saw that shaping power as motivated by James's passion for human liberty when he spoke of "the major James, of the hater of tyranny; book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life; not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled 'epos' or 'Aeschylus.' The outburst in *The Tragic Muse*, the whole of *The Turn of the Screw*, human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage." Pound then went on to exclaim, "The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't 'feel.' I have never yet found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry" (296).

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Doctor Faustus and the Literary System:
A Supplementary Response to Paul Budra

PAUL YACHNIN

In his stimulating analysis of "bibliophilia" in *Doctor Faustus*, Paul Budra argues that Faustus' fatal error consists in his failure to recognize that the meaning of a text, particularly sacred text, lies neither in the text itself nor in the reception of the text but rather in some metatextual ground of meaning accessible only by following out a "complex dialectic of faith" enacted between the text's sustaining *logos* on the one side and the reader on the other. In the present supplementary discussion, I want to consider *historically* some of the important questions that Budra's approach opens up for us. This historicization of Faustus' bibliophilia requires a metatheatrical analysis of the play, an inquiry in terms of the literary system in which Marlowe wrote rather than in terms of the story of Faustus' damnation—in terms, that is, of the play in the world rather than the world in the play. What, then, might we say are the historical and ideological reasons for the play's interest in the problematics of interpretive stability, in the desirability of literary power, and, finally, in the tragic punishment consequent upon that desire?

Budra is right to insist that Faustus is a bibliophile, and that critics have paid too little attention to the centrality of books in the play. But it seems less arguable that Faustus loves books merely as material objects, as if his chief sin were avarice; on the contrary, what Faustus seems to desire most from books is their *power*, so that his chief sin is (as Budra allows) satanic pride, a desire for power unconstrained by natural limitations. That he seeks such power in necromantic books seems related, as has long been recognized, to the Baconian dream of power through knowledge which eventuated in the promotion of scientific and technical discourses to their dominant positions over so-called literary discourses in modern Western culture. The dream

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of power through knowledge contributed to the splitting of the universe of writing into "powerful" technical writing on the one hand and "powerless" literary writing on the other (whereas pre-modern culture equalized all kinds of discourse as essentially subservient to scripture—the only writing in which power was seen to inhere); the fact that the scholar Faustus dreams of power makes *Doctor Faustus* itself a scene of splitting, an anxious enactment of the guilty desire on the part of literary culture to appropriate the power of words which had once belonged exclusively to scripture, but which at that historical juncture appeared—at least to Marlowe—to be available to any writer. (In this regard, we can note that Shakespeare's implicit claims about the power of poetry are far more modest than Marlowe's;[1] Shakespeare emphasizes the indeterminacy and instability of writing, the externality and changeability of literary meaning, whereas Marlowe seems to want poetry to perform the tasks of transformation, hypostatization, and transcendence, tasks which Shakespeare persistently reveals as unsubstantial.)

The power of writing in this Marlovian view depends upon its capacity to influence the reader in purposeful ways, to *change* the reader permanently while being itself unchanged, but writing's capacity to influence the reader depends fully upon its capacity to produce and to go on producing its own meaning as univocal, stable, present, and originary in the sense that meaning is seen to transcend and to be unconstrained by the language in which it is embodied. Since even the meaning of the Bible was beginning to be revealed by the interpretive debates of the Reformation to be always already in language, always already constituted by the particular conditions of its verbal transmission, the Marlovian fantasy of literary power came to be expressed in terms of what Budra (citing William Barrett) calls the "illusion of technique," the idea that the power of words may be authenticated by virtue of their immediate and unvarying effects upon the reader. It seems inevitable that this fantasy should come to be figured by necromantic writing. Such writing, it should be added, is always potentially damnable because it claims to possess the originary power of the divine word. For this reason, we can say that Faustus' claim that "Negromantick bookes are heavenly," that they provide "a world of profite and delight, / Of power, of honour, and

omnipotence," that a "sound Magitian is a Demi-god" (1.1.77, 80-81, 89) represents, and in addition to Faustus' damnable ambition, Marlowe's own guilty dream of literary power.

I have already suggested why in general in the Renaissance literary power was desired but was acknowledged to be unattainable. Inheritors of the jeopardized myth of divine presence in scripture, Renaissance writers aimed anxiously to present the originary voice seen to be behind representation. That is the burden of Sidney's first sonnet, which seeks to evade the problem of re-presentation by virtue of its appeal to originary and authentic meaning: "Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write." For Marlowe, writing for the commercial theatre in the 1590s, the problem was exacerbated by the fact that poetry was subject to actors' interpretations, elisions, and interpolations, subject to the interpretive practices of multiple audiences, and that even when such dramatic poetry was published, its authority continued to be subverted by both the social degradation of the quarto format and the imperfections introduced by publication itself. The fact that there exist two widely different plays called "Doctor Faustus," both published after Marlowe's death, and that we continue to talk about Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* as if such a unitary text existed, attests to our persistent need for a myth of presence in order to stabilize the text's authoritative meaning and its supposed attendant power.

But why should the desire for literary power be guilty? Why should it be punished symbolically by the dismemberment of the overreaching magician? How does such tragic punishment serve to defer the realization that poetic meaning is always already in language and history and so never originary or powerful in itself? The answers, I suggest, depend upon seeing how Western culture invested itself completely in the power of the Bible, how that power was subverted by Reformation interpretive controversies which left the desire for presence in writing intact but which disallowed the satisfaction of that desire. Guilt then gripped culture by virtue of the shared but undisclosed knowledge that the divine "word" comprised only Hamlet's "words, words, words." In this view, Marlowe's play (itself multiple rather than unitary) can be seen both to disclose and to occlude the textuality of meaning. Faustus/Marlowe can be seen to

be laying claim to the divine power of the word in the only possible way, by challenging the authority of the originary word itself (thus undermining, of course, the possibility of satisfying his own ambition). Moreover, the punishment for necromancy, Faustus' body like the language of the rebels at Babel, like the text of Marlowe's play, dismembered and scattered, adduces difference itself as the mark of unity, the powerlessness of the body/text in the face of divine wrath/history as the very mark of the transcendent power of the word.

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NOTE

[1]For a discussion of the Elizabethan theatre's increasingly influential representation of poetry as powerless and as subject to the constitutive power of the interpretive community, see Paul Yachnin, "The Powerless Theatre," forthcoming in *ELR*.

"M.O.A.I." Trying to Share the Joke
in *Twelfth Night* 2.5 (A Critical Hypothesis)

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It is not very often that Shakespeare made his purpose as clear as in the case of Malvolio. Apart from the allegorical name, there are Olivia's as well as Maria's words which do not leave the slightest doubt as to the identity of the very real and, indeed, very evil spirit by which Malvolio is possessed:

> *Olivia.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. (1.5.89-90)[1]

> *Maria.* . . . it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. (2.3.151-53)

It goes without saying that self-love is not a venial sin but the very first and the very worst of them all, and it is equally obvious that self-love is a subject far beyond the scope of a short essay. But it may be permitted to point out some of the landmarks in this vast field. Malvolio closely resembles, for instance, the victim of self-love in *De civitate Dei*, who claims power and glory or even adoration, who is essentially unchaste because he is possessed with a lust for dominance, and who, in his imagined wisdom and self-exaltation, is given over to the rule of pride, thus having his mind darkened until, finally, his self-adoration turns out to be the adoration of beasts and reptiles. If St Augustine had written an allegory instead of a treatise, it is very likely that he would have named such a figure Mala Voluntas.[2]

Another compelling example is the *Divina Commedia*, where Lucifer, the father of pride, remains fixed and frozen in the very pit of hell[3] and where, in the *Purgatorio*, the penitent must leave behind himself this damning sin before he can actually begin the slow ascent to the restoration of the divine image.[4]

For debates inspired by this article, please check the Connotations website at <http://www.connotations.de/debleimberg00101.htm>.

Thirdly, in Shakespeare's own days self-love was nothing less than an obsolete kind of error. Montaigne described a Malvolio-like man when he wanted to expose the wrongness of human self-adoration.[5] When, only a little later, it comes to the "grounds of faith" of Roman Catholic reformers like François de Sales, the message is much more in harmony with Shakespeare's Christian humanism than is the acid Pyrrhonism of Montaigne. It is an added charm to Salesian preaching, and a witty device very much akin to Shakespeare's comic riddles, that the *Introduction à la vie dévote* was also known under the name *Philothea*. It was obviously an understood thing that François' readers measured up to recognizing in the desired philo-thea the despised phil-autia against which the exhortation of the work is aimed.[6] What self-love may do to a man had, of course, been amply and ironically shown by Erasmus in the *Laus Stultitiae*, where Philautia officiates as star-assistant to that goddess. According to Erasmus, Philautia, i.e., self-love or self-conceit, is always the first step in a human creature being metamorphosed into an ass.[7]

Finally, John Donne's paradoxical definition of *amor sui* must not be ignored in an interpretation of *Twelfth Night*: Trying to act in accordance with God's will as regards *amor sui*, says Donne (the preacher), man has not simply to respect a prohibition but to become aware of a dilemma. Self-love must not be replaced by self-contempt; or, in other words, man is strictly forbidden as well as commanded to try and be like God:

> . . . whereas it was the greatest trespasse, of the greatest trespasser in the world, the Devill, to say *Similis ero Altissimo*, I will be like the Highest, it would be as great a trespasse in me, not to be like the Highest: not to conforme my selfe to God, by the use of his grace, in the Christian Church. And whereas the humiliation of my Saviour is in all things to be imitated by me: yet herein I am bound to depart, from his humiliation; that whereas he being in the forme of God, tooke the forme of a servant; I being in the forme of a servant, may, nay must take upon me the forme of God, in being *Deiformis homo*, a man made in Christ, the Image of God.[8]

When Shakespeare made Malvolio fall victim to self-love, he moved in the field roughly defined by these different examples. The pattern, however, which will prove to be most helpful in an interpretation of Malvolio is the tripartite one described in *De civitate Dei*: Self-love

is only another name for unchastity, it leads to intellectual blindness,[9] and, therefore, brings about the loss of man's likeness to God, which was God's very purpose in the creation of man. In *Twelfth Night* 2.5 Shakespeare is mainly concerned with intellectual blindness, whilst the unchastity of self-love comes to the fore even more clearly in *Twelfth Night* 3.4. Man's likeness to God, being the acme of the whole thematic complex, is always involved.

If, in *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare branded self-love as the sickness and the sin of Malvolio, he went even further in *Sonnet* 62,[10] where the speaker himself is a victim of *amor sui*. But, by contrast with *Twelfth Night*, in the sonnet the ego possessed by self-love is never quite bereft of self-knowledge. In the octave the speaker confesses to his guilt:

> Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
> And all my soul, and all my every part;
> And for this sin there is no remedy,
> It is so grounded inward in my heart.
> Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
> No shape so true, no truth of such account,
> And for myself my own worth do define,
> As I all other in all worths surmount.

In the sestet, after the peripeteia-like volta, he describes his bitter awakening to reality:

> But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
> Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
> Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
> Self so self-loving were iniquity.

Then comes the final couplet extolling the transformation of self-love and self-praise into real love and real praise, which is only another name for poetry:

> 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
> Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

The autobiographical parallel in the sonnet, which goes as far as we shall ever come towards autobiography in Shakespeare, makes Malvolio's tragi-comic catharsis poignantly clear to any spectator and

hearer of *Twelfth Night*. While, in the sonnet, self-love is set off against the speaker's passionate self-castigation as well as his trust in the redeeming power of unselfish love, in Malvolio the evil passion of self-love reigns supreme. He sees nothing but illusions, no matter whether he looks with his mind's eye into his own heart or with his real eyes into a real mirror, or whether he witnesses his relations with other people, be they socially above or below him, be they men or women.[11] But it is, of course, a woman who becomes the final stumbling-block for a man suffering from Malvolio's disease. Love is blind, and self-love in love, or rather infatuation with a woman (who, necessarily, has to be a great lady) is doubly blind. Self-knowledge is one of the redeeming features of the distressing story told in *Sonnet* 62. And it is largely due to the self-lover's complete lack of self-knowledge that we are moved to pity and terror as well as laughter in *Twelfth Night* 2.5.

Both Sir Toby and his companions on the stage as well as the audience take part in what to Malvolio is an overwhelming discovery:

> . . . let me see, let me see, let me see

he says (2.5.113). The letter he has before him, in his Lady's own handwriting, sealed "with her Lucrece" and ringing with her "very phrases," speaks to him in terms which are

> . . . evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this.
> (118-19)

> Daylight and champaign discovers not more! This is open. . . .
> (160-61)

> . . . I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. (164-66)

Whilst the poor man afflicted with the disease for which "there is no remedy" exults in his being at last undeceived that his lady adores him, the spectators on the stage make it quite clear that the very undeceiving is a deception. And this is the main cause of their laughter. Of course, Malvolio is a comic figure in the tradition of the *miles gloriosus* or the *mercator* in Plautus; but it is only later in the

play, in Scene 3.4, that he will display the mad antics of the imaginary
lady-killer and the old-man-in-love. In 2.5 we are not yet concerned
with his strutting about in yellow stockings but with his reading the
letter trying to "see . . . see . . . see" with the eyes of a mind
hopelessly blinded by self-love.

It is not enough that Shakespeare presents Malvolio as the reader
of a letter as well as of combinations of single letters, he also makes
him scan the numbers[12] of Maria's verses as well as reason along the
lines of textual exegesis. He sees himself in the role of a schoolman
applying the rules of analysis (118). He is sure of his findings (118-
19). He is well aware that the riddle given him to solve is an
"alphabetical"[13] one (120). Finally, he tries to find a *tertium com-
parationis* as if St Thomas Aquinas himself had shown him the way
to understanding (121). When he applies his method, however, every
onlooker knows what Sir Toby and his companions speak of and
rejoice at:

He is . . . at a cold scent. (123)

. . . the cur is excellent at faults. (128-29)[14]

Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction
at your heels than fortunes before you. (136-38)[15]

Malvolio is completely deprived of self-knowledge and that is what
scene 2.5 is mostly about and what, together with Sir Toby and Sir
Andrew and Feste and Fabian, we are meant to laugh at, though,
hopefully, being struck at the same time with pity and terror by the
spectacle of a man who repeats the sin of Mother Eve in drinking
the poison of the Tempter (114). Malvolio, for all his passionate efforts
to "see . . . see . . . see," is blind to what every one else sees clearly
because it is indeed as revealing as "Daylight and champaign"; he
is virtually illiterate, unable to read the very ABC of self-knowledge
spread out before his eyes. "There, but for the grace of God, goes
. . . ," the terrified understander of *Twelfth Night* says to himself,
brushing away the tears of laughter all the same. What wonderful
comedy, the best ever written! But what a terrible spectacle, too, of

Everyman's downfall brought about by his most degrading and, alas, most common fault, the "Sin of self-love . . . ."

All this would be lost on the spectator if he did not see clearly what Malvolio misreads. Shakespeare, hearing Sir Toby's prayer and making Malvolio read the letter aloud, makes him repeat four times the fourfold "alphabetical position" which proves to be the fatal ingredient in the "dish of poison" concocted by Maria:

M.O.A.I. doth sway my life. (109)

'M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see. (112-13)

Softly: 'M.O.A.I.'— (122)

'M.O.A.I.' . . . to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. (139-41)

In all the broken soliloquy from the first mention of "M.O.A.I." to the last, Malvolio is mainly concerned with the solution of this riddle. So are his spectators on the stage who, in lieu of a chorus, are helping the audience along with understanding, in their turn, what the four-times repeated "tetragrammatic" pattern means, namely, something completely different from or even opposite to what it means in Malvolio's madly wishful thinking.

If we don't see the joke, there is none, apart from the mad antics the actors may happen to perform. It mostly depends on this joke whether whatever happens to Malvolio is felt to be meaningful, be it in the narrower or wider context of the play. Therefore, when I read in the Arden Edition that we should stop worrying because Shakespeare's purpose in all the "ado" about "M.O.A.I." is mainly "prolonging the comic scene,"[16] I can only say, with Feste and some others in Shakespeare: "O no, no, no, no" (2.3.112) and begin listening to the rogues who are hidden in the box-tree, busily providing comments for the benefit of the audience there below. "O ay," says Sir Toby (2.5.123). When, a little later, Malvolio argues "'A' should follow, but 'O' does," Fabian comments, "And 'O' shall end, I hope" (131-33). Sir Toby goes on repeating "O" and "Ay," but now in

reversed order: "Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O'!" Then Malvolio reaches the final "I" of the formula and Fabian clinches the argument by adding to "ay" and "eye" the [ju:] which (literally as well as figuratively) is absent from Malvolio's egotistic alphabet. Furthermore, he implicitly draws a comparison with Lot's wife, insinuating that Malvolio would have shared her fate of being turned into a pillar of salt if he had any eye behind him (136 and Gen. 19:17, 19:26).

The clearest of all these "alphabetical" pointers is Fabian's "And 'O' shall end, I hope," emphasized by Sir Toby's reordering his former "O ay" into "Ay . . . 'O'!" Surely these hints refer to the Greek alphabet which, indeed, ends with "O." What Malvolio ought to have seen at a glance (as the chorus in the box-tree do) is his own image mirrored in a very simple anagram reflecting the creed of man fallen off from the love of God and thrown into the outer darkness of self-love: "Eritis sicut deus," says the devil, and *Adam homo* promptly replies: I'M A & O![17]

If only Malvolio had bothered to "crush this a little" (140) as it ought to be crushed, the four letters must, indeed, have hurt him *"like a Lucrece knife"* (107), wounding his self-love, or, in other words, his unchastity (be it sensual or spiritual) to the core. If only he had looked in the right direction (the letters themselves) instead of the wrong one (the distorting mirror of his own name) he might have remembered what happened to Lot's wife who also wanted to "see . . . see . . . see" and, against God's command, looked backward. In Malvolio's case, this means that he looks at his own image with the eyes of self-love, and is, therefore, incapable of learning the lesson which is contained in the letter.

There is, in the annals of the English-speaking theatre, a direct (though comparatively harmless) lineal descendant of Malvolio: Henry Higgins in the musical version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*. The librettist applies to him precisely the old formula which exposes the moral blindness of the eternal self-lover who "thinks he is a god," i.e., Alpha and Omega:

No, my reverberating friend,

sings Eliza, giving Henry Higgins the brush-off and preferring Freddie,

> You are not the beginning and the end!

Surely Shakespeare's audience was expected to catch the meaning and to share Maria's joke as, even in the literary amnesia of our own age, some people are supposed to know what Eliza Doolittle thinks she is talking about in that line: A man to be imagined with the letters "M.O.A.I." (or the other way round) hovering in a balloon above his head.

To summarize: "M.O.A.I." is an anagram (and a very simple and obvious one at that) of Rev. 1:8.[18] As such it is an ironic pointer to Malvolio's ruling passion, self-love, which is only another name for *superbia* or *mala voluntas*.[19] Thus, temptation comes to him (as it came, for instance, to Dr Faustus or to fair Rosamond)[20] as an unmistakable warning. The spectators on the stage grasp that meaning at once and keep giving alphabetical hints to the audience and heading them off the false scent followed by Mavolio.

The method and the substance of this interpretation are supported by an alphabetical pattern quoted by Erasmus in the *Laus Stultitiae*. It comes up in connection with the folly of an old-man-turned-lover, who is one of Malvolio's typical literary forbears. According to Erasmus (speaking tongue in cheek) the old man, otherwise a sad figure, is graced by the goddess Stultitia with this folly which makes him sociable for a little while, when otherwise he would merely be shunned:

> Itaque delirat senex meo munere. Sed tamen delirus iste meus interim miseris illis curis vacat, quibus sapiens ille distorquetur. Interim non illepidus est compotor. Non sensit vitae taedium, quod robustior aetas vix tolerat. Nonnunquam cum sene Plautino ad tres illas litteras revertitur, infelicissimus si sapiat . . . (26).

Shakespeare, writing for the comic stage where words have to be grasped instantly, contents himself with a simple anagram of a very terse and very well-known formula which he repeats four times, helping the audience on with all sorts of pointers. Erasmus, on the

other hand, can afford to provide an elliptical, merely allusive pattern, being very sure that his readers have enough leisure to identify the Plautinian old man as Demipho in the *Mercator* and "these three letters" as AMO. This is the passage to which Erasmus refers:

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Dem.   Sed ausimne ego tibi eloqui fideliter?
Lys.   Audacter.
Dem.         Animum advorte.
Lys.                      Fiet sedulo.
Dem.   Hodie ire in ludum occepi litterarium,
       Lysimache. ternas scio iam.
Lys.                      Quid ternas?
Dem.                              Amo.²¹
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Add to the three letters AMO the letter I, and you have an absurd, macaronic version of *amor sui* (the perversion of *amor Dei*) together with the alphabetical distortion of the divine "*I am* A *and* Ω."²²

Apart from referring to the *tres litteras* in Plautus, that passage in the *Laus Stultitiae* is preceded by another one which points to the latinized alpha in Shakespeare's double-barrelled satire, including the numerical value of the letters. When Stultitia claims the title of the first and foremost of gods and goddesses, she describes this position as an "alphabetical" one:

> . . . cur non ego iure, Deorum omnium *alpha* dicar, habearque, quae una omnibus largior omnia?²³

Erasmus here is supposed to refer to the Book of Revelation; but letters and numbers are interchangeable anyway. The "A" in "M.O.A.I." being the first letter of the Latin alphabet (as *alpha* is of the Greek) is numerically identical with the "I" which so very aptly (as well as absurdly) occupies the last place in "M.O.A.I." The letter "M" is, in itself, no less suggestive of a numerical value than are "A" and "I."²⁴ If both "A" and "I" fit in beautifully with Malvolio's being possessed with the devil of egotism as well as seeing himself as the number one of Olivia's household (which is the world to him) the number 1000 has come down to him from his ancestors Pyrgopolynices and Ralph Roister Doister, who are, at least partly, responsible for his comic error of being an irresistible lady-killer. Listening to "M.O.A.I." as

a combination of numbers, we are reminded of Leporello counting his master's triumphs: "Ma in Espagna, mille tre!" With the *miles gloriosus*, be he Latin or English, the victories in war and love are all imaginary, not real like Don Juan's, but they are won in their thousands all the same.[25] The arithmetic of the megalomaniac self-lover consists mainly of two numbers: "I" and "M." The "I" he employs exclusively and continuously for himself, the "M" he uses to number the victims, whether of his arm or his charm.

If "M" and "A" and "I" denote the numbers 1000 and 1, the "O" is what is needed to transform 1 into 1000, the cypher. Shakespeare loved this open-mouthed emblem of emptiness. In *As You Like It* it is the badge of the bitter fool, Jaques, who in his splendid isolation and misanthropy is akin to Malvolio; so, too, is the image of the cypher in *As You Like It* akin to the "M.O.A.I." sequence in *Twelfth Night*:

> *Jaqu.* . . . I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
> *Orl.* He is drowned in the brook. Look but in and you shall see him.
> *Jaqu.* There I shall see mine own figure.
> *Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.
> *Jaqu.* I'll tarry no longer with you. . . .
> <div align="right">(As You Like It 3.2.280-86)</div>

Here, too, the bitter fool is shown his own image in a mirror. To Jaques "All the world's a stage, / And all the men and women merely players" on this stage of fools, excepting only himself, the philosopher. Consequently Jaques, looking for a man (he never looks for a woman, anyway), always looks for a fool. When Orlando actually shows him the fool (and a drowned one at that), Jaques happens to see his own face or "figure," which means *face* as well as *letter* or *number*, and, moreover, "an imaginary form, a phantasm."[26] And this meaning rather than "letter" or "number" befits the image of the drowned fool in the water. What Jaques sees is not a number but a mere cipher, "an O without a figure" (*LR* 1.4.189-90).

In a silence which clearly bespeaks his pensiveness, the philosopher-fool, Jaques, takes his departure. He has looked into the mirror and has seen that the difference between "figure" and "cipher" can be virtually infinitesimal. The letter-mirror held before Malvolio's eyes

is quite as clear as that brook in the Forest of Arden. It shows him the figure of figures, the One, which is also the I, which is also the divine Alpha, which is also the figure before the three ciphers in the 1000. If not completely bereft of reason, he must be aware that I and O may very easily change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the I, which is the O? This holds true, too, for *one*. In no time it may be reduced to *O*,[27] the very figure may turn out to be a mere cypher, which, though looking exactly like an "O mega magna,"[28] is only an especially large nothing, the vanishing point in the infinitesimal calculus of existence.[29]

That, in the vast field of the Shakespearean dialectics of something-and-nothing, the capital "I" comes very near to a mere "O" (wooden or otherwise) is the thesis discussed in *Sonnet* 136, a "figural" companion-piece to *Sonnet* 62 with its neoplatonic love-theory:

> Among a number one is reckoned none:
> Then in the number let me pass untold,
> Though in thy store's account I one must be,
> For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
> That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
>   Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
>   And then thou lov'st me, for my name is *Will*.
>   (*Sonnet* 136.8-14)[30]

I defy any reader or spectator of *Twelfth Night* to think that the poet who wrote this sonnet had forgotten all about its message when he composed the alphabetical-numerical riddle "M.O.A.I.," to be solved by a character also answering to the name of Will, though in an italianate version, in a play also called by that name. But "let grammarians dispute"[31] the problem of "figure" and "picture" and "oneness" and "nothingness," while others may stick to the various proverbs which say just the same, for instance: "One and none is all one," or "One man and no man," or "one is no number."

"M.O.A.I." has the expressive dynamics of a fire-cracker. A spark which has not yet been mentioned is the prototypal egotism contained in the function of the three letters called "I per se," "A per se," and "O per se." The three vowels quite literally "stand alone,"[32] which also holds true for the initial "M" not only as a contracted form of "am,"[33] but also as an abbreviation of words like Majesty, Master,

or Monsieur, all ringing true to the greatness Malvolio feels he was born to, has achieved, and will soon have thrust upon him.[34] Furthermore, there is the dramaturgically all-important grammatical commonplace that the letter is a sound.[35] Four times Malvolio bleats out the fatal vowels, preceded by a nasally voiced consonant (the one singers use for training) thus making the audience run the full gamut of all the possible emotions to be roused by comic satire from cathartic pity and terror to farce.

Some hints on pronunciation which seem appropriate to Shakespeare's comic purpose in *Twelfth Night* 2.5 are to be culled, again, from Erasmus, who is, of course, mainly concerned with Latin (though not excepting vernaculars), but the educated man of Shakespeare's days always thought in terms of Latin when moving in the field of grammar and logic and rhetoric, and, consequently, of *pronuntiatio*. Therefore the *De recta pronuntiatione*[36] may serve as a source of information on the sound value of "M.O.A.I."

According to Erasmus the "M" is not only a prototypically large number but also the largest of the letters. Therefore:

> . . . quae uero magnitudinem, *m*, qua nulla spatio maior littera, gaudent, ut Graecis *megas, makros*, apud Latinos *magnus, mons, moles*. (958, p. 188)

Furthermore, the intonation of *M* rightly done, instantly transports its hearer into the animal kingdom:

> *M* uero compressis inter se labiis mugitum quendam intra oris specum attractis naribus aedit . . . (959, p. 188)

So let Malvolio wrinkle his nose and press together his lips and produce a resonant mooing. Then let him pause for breath and wait for inspiration before making ready to give us the "O":[37]

> Sequitur *o*, similiter ex arteria prodiens quemadmodum *a*, lingua recta quidem, sed introrsum modice reducta, nisi quod ore non solum diducto, uerumetiam rotundato, quod ipsa elementi figura uidetur admonere; . . . ab asinis discere poteramus huius litterae pronuntiationem . . . (936, p. 102)

One can see Malvolio exercising these facial contortions and hear his vocal imitation of the ass, which, among the scores of quadrupeds he is compared to, is his heraldic animal anyway.[38]

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The "A"[39] is, of course, a vastly "open" vowel. Moreover it has been considered from of old (witness Erasmus), for the most abstruse mythical as well as grammatical reasons, the number one of the alphabet. Last but not least, it is a babyish and a sheepish sound:

> . . . *A* diducto largiter ore profertur . . . uoxque prodit ex arteria profundiore, ... In loquendo siquidem nihil est prius quam diducere labia, mox nullo alio uel dentium uel linguae uel labiorum adminiculo uocem aedere, quam primam audimus in pueris nascentibus. LEO: Nec dissimilem in ouibus balantibus. (934-35, pp. 94-96)

After having opened his mouth to its utmost capacity, bleating like a sheep, Malvolio gives us the "I," his face finally splitting into the ghastly smile which will be frozen on his features in 3.4:

> . . . Iam *i* minus etiam diducto rictu sonatur ac paene coeuntibus dentibus, quibus sensim lingua illiditur, qua parte sunt genuini, sic ut labia nihil adiuuent sonitum, sed reducantur potius aliquantulum, ut in *e*. (936, p. 100)

In *Twelfth Night* 2.5, all this is repeated four times in 30 lines, hopefully by a master comedian; furthermore, it is multiplied by all the "M's" and "O's" and "I's" of Malvolio's analysis, and augmented by the "O's" and "Ay's" and *eyes* and *you-you-yous* of the chorus.[40] Surely, it must have been irresistible for the audience to contribute their own farmyard-imitations, until all was drowned in laughter.

It goes without saying, though, that Malvolio's mooing, and braying, and bleating, and gaping, and grinning is not a mere lark, either, but the ridiculous mask screening the terrible reality: a human being bereft of the likeness to God by shameless self-love, with eyes blinded both to reality and truth, with a mouth literally unable to spell the elements, and a mind incapable of discriminating between the divine name and "Malvolio," with not a trace of an instinct left to shun the snake in the grass, however glaringly it wriggles. Alas, poor Malvolio!

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NOTES

[1]References to Shakespeare's plays cite the Arden Edition.

[2]See *De civitate Dei* 14.28; cf. also the explication of *mala voluntas* in Book 12 *passim*, which reads like a commentary on the fall of Malvolio.

[3]See *Inferno* 34.1-69.

[4]See *Purgatorio* 10-12.72. For the identification of *amor sui, mala voluntas* and *superbia*, cf., again, *De civitate Dei* 12.6 and 14.3.

[5]"An Apologie of Raymond Sebond," *Montaigne's Essays*, trans. J. Florio, ed. L. C. Harmer, vol. 2 (London: Dent, 1965), esp. 142.

[6]See, for instance, *Philothea*, Part V, Chpt. 5. Cf. also M. Tietz, *Saint François de Sales'* Traité de l'amour de Dieu (1616) *und seine spanischen Vorläufer* (Wiesbaden: Steiner, 1973), esp. 131-33, 156, and 196.

[7]Erasmus' irony in the *Laus Stultitiae* has much in common with Shakespeare's satire in *TN*. See Erasmus von Rotterdam, *Ausgewählte Schriften*, vol. 2 (Darmstadt: Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft, 1975), for instance, 18, 98, and esp. 54 and 100, where the adage of the ass before the harp is quoted to describe the victim of Philautia.

[8]See *The Sermons of John Donne*, eds. E. Simpson and G. R. Potter, vol. 9 (Berkeley: U of California P, 1958) 86.666-76. Cf. *De civitate Dei* 14.13. This is another passage so clearly descriptive of Malvolio-Everyman's predicament that it deserves to be quoted verbatim (*The City of God*, ed. and trans. P. Levine, vol. 4 [London: Heinemann; Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard UP, 1966] 338):

> Unde superbi secundum scripturas sanctas alio nomine appellantur sibi placentes. Bonum est enim sursum habere cor, non tamen ad se ipsum, quod est superbiae, sed ad Dominum, quod est oboedientiae, quae nisi humilium non potest esse.
>   Est igitur aliquid humilitatis miro modo quod sursum faciat cor, et est aliquid elationis quod deorsum faciat cor. Hoc quidem quasi contrarium videtur, ut elatio sit deorsum et humilitas sursum.

Another aspect of the human dilemma comes to the fore in St Bernard's exposition of carnal self-love having to be transformed into *amor Dei*, cf. P. Pacifique Delfgaauw, "La nature et les degrés de l'amour selon S. Bernard," *Analecta Sacri Ordinis Cisterciensis* 9 (1953): 234-52, esp. 235-36.

[9]For the stupidity of the "selfe Louer," cf. also the Latin definitions given by Simon Pelegromius, *Synonymorum sylua* (London: J. Harison, 1603) 248: "Nimium sibi ipsi tribuens, arrogans, assumens, placens, assentiens; ipse tibi assentaris; te ipsum amas; cum de te iudicas, non rationem, non veritatem consulis. Largiris [?] ipse tibi, plus quam veritas concedat, plus quam veritati."

[10]The commentaries, as far as I can see, don't do justice to the problem of self-love in *Son*. 62. P. Martin, in his study of Shakespeare's sonnets, makes self-love his point of departure but does not treat the subject historically and therefore lacks relevant criteria; see *Shakespeare's Sonnets: Self, Love, and Art* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1972), ch. 3, "Self-love and Love Itself." Cf. also E. Slater, "Sinne of Self-Love," *N&Q* 221 (1976): 155-56, who thinks that Shakespeare "discovered [self-love] for himself, some hundreds of years before the rest of the world." Even S. Booth, ed., *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (New Haven: Yale

UP, 1977) does not elaborate on the subject of self-love in his annotations of *Son.* 62, see pp. 242-44.

[11]The erotic-poetic altruism of the final couplet in *Son.* 62 is paralleled by the epistemological altruism showing, for instance, in *Son.* 24 and *JC* 1.2.50-53. Cf. Maria Wickert, "Das Schattenmotiv bei Shakespeare," *Anglia* 71 (1952-53): 274-309.

[12]This, of course, is where *LLL* comes in. In 5.2 Rosaline reads Berowne's versified letter (34); she is concerned with the numbers (35), and ridicules it (as well as its writer) by way of alphabetical allusions, concentrating on "O" (38 and 45); she comments on the hand of the writer (42), and she makes use of the homonymity of "letter" (38, 40, 44). On the homonymic potentialities of *letter* see the author, "George Herbert's 'The Jews'" (forthcoming). A useful introduction to the field of the numerical value of letters (in Christian or Cabbalist mysticism or otherwise) is F. Dornseiff, *Das Alphabet in Mystik und Magie*, 2nd ed. (Leipzig: Teubner, 1925), esp. §§ 7-11.

[13]When he uses this term he implicitly alludes to the horn-book, the original source of alphabetical training, and thus, punningly, to the subject of (un)chastity. Shakespeare has prepared us for this kind of word-corrupting in *LLL* 5.1, esp. 44-63.

[14]See Chris Hassel, Jr., "The Riddle in *Twelfth Night* Simplified," *SQ* 25 (1974): 356. I am sorry to say that I cannot follow the author in his effort to explain away Malvolio's error: "Toby's 'O, aye, make up that. He is now at a cold scent' (l. 113), suggests that Malvolio is yet to interpret the first letter, not that he is completely off the track. Fabian's 'Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults' (l. 118), would seem to imply that Malvolio is beginning to sniff the proper scent ('fault'). When Fabian urges, 'And O shall end, I hope' (l. 122), he is suggesting that 'O' ends Malvolio's name, a perception necessary to work out the riddle." See *OED*, "Fault" 8. and 8.b.

[15]Cf. the story of Lot's wife in Gen. 19:17 and 19:26.

[16]Footnote to 2.5.109. Apart from the two transcriptions offered there, see also C. Lewis, "'A Fustian Riddle?' Anagrammatic Names in *Twelfth Night*," *ELN* 22 (1985): 32-37 and the review article in *ShN* 36 (1986): 60. See also J. J. M. Tobin, "Malvolio and his Capitals," *AN&Q* 23 (1985): 69-71. Though I know that he is a dangerous person to agree with, I am at one with Leslie Hotson when he writes: "But to call such gracious fooling 'incoherent jargon' or 'mere high-sounding emptiness' is fatally easy for the modern reader nourished on nonsense." *The First Night of Twelfth Night*, (London: Hart-Davis, 1954) 156. I do not accept, however, the "simple solution" then provided by Hotson on p. 165. Two recent publications which also seek to solve the alphabetical riddles in *TN* are stimulating because of the method employed: D. W. Pearson, "Gulled into an 'I'-word, or, Much Ado about a Pronoun," *JRMMRA* 8 (1987): 119-130 and V. F. Petronella, "Anamorphic Naming in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*," *Names* 35 (1987): 139-146.

[17]The structure comes out very clearly in King James' paraphrase of Rev. 1:8. See James I, *A Paraphrase vpon the Revelation of the Apostle S. Iohn*, *The Workes* (London: Robert Barker and Iohn Bill, 1616; rpt. Hildesheim: Georg Olms, 1971) 8. Cf. *AV*, Rev. 1:8. See also Dornseiff 122-25.

[18]That Shakespeare when composing *TN* 2.5 had the Book of Revelation in mind, is also borne out by the parallel of the (again three times repeated!) "No man must know" (101-103) and ". . . a new name . . . which no man knoweth except he that receiveth it" (Rev. 2:17). Shakespeare's "no man" implies (by way of paronomasia) *nomen*. Malvolio is obsessed with the importance of his own *nomen* and only too ready to find it enclosed in the tetragrammatic formula suggestive

to the other listeners of the truly divine name which must be kept a secret. Cf. Ex. 6:3.

[19]See above, note 4 with reference to Augustine's identification of *amor sui, mala voluntas,* and *superbia.*

[20]Cf. Christopher Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* ed. J. D. Jump (London: Methuen, 1962) 5.117-127 and Samuel Daniel, "The Complaint of Rosamond," *Poems and a Defence of Ryme,* ed. A. C. Sprague (London: RKP, 1950) 52:

> These presidents presented to my view,
> Wherein the presage of my fall was showne:
> Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
> And others harmes haue made me shunne mine owne;
> But fate is not preuented though fore-knowne.
>   For that must hap decreed by heauenly powers,
>   Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. (407-13)

[21]Plautus, *Mercator* 301-04, *Plautus,* ed. and trans. P. Nixon, vol. 3 (London: Heinemann; Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard UP, 1963) 34.

[22]See above, note 17.

[23]Erasmus, *Laus Stultitiae* 20. (For technical reasons, the Greek letters in Erasmus' text have been latinized.) Cf. Geoffroy Tory, *Champ Fleury ou l'art et science de la proportion des lettres* (1529), ed. G. Cohen (Genève: Slatkine Reprints, 1973) XXXI^v and XXXII^r. Geoffroy Tory, who was a contemporary of Erasmus, picks out and relates exactly the details in *Laus Stultitiae* which figure in our interpretation.

[24]See H. Meyer and R. Suntrup, *Lexikon der mittelalterlichen Zahlenbedeutungen* (München: Fink, 1987) and H. Meyer, *Die Zahlenallegorese im Mittelalter: Methode und Gebrauch* (München: Fink, 1975). See also *Mensura: Mass, Zahl, Zahlensymbolik im Mittelalter,* ed. A. Zimmermann (Berlin: de Gruyter, 1983).

[25]See Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus* 42-46 (*Plautus,* vol. 3, 128):

> *Art.*   Memini: centum in Cilicia
>   et quinquaginta, centum in Scytholatronia,
>   triginta Sardos, sexaginta Macedones
>   sunt homines quos tu occidisti uno die.
> *Pyrg.* Quanta istaec hominum summast?
> *Art.*   Septem milia.

Cf. also *LLL* 5.2.37 and *Roister Doister,* ed. W. W. Greg (Oxford: Malone Society Reprints, 1934-35) 1.2.170-75:

> *M. Mery.:* Yet a fitter wife for your maship might be founde:
>   Suche a goodly man as you, might get one wyth lande,
>   Besides poundes of golde a thousande and a thousande,
>   And a thousande, and a thousande, and a thousande,
>   And so to the summe of twentie hundred thousande,
>   Your most goodly personage is worthie of no lesse.

and 3.4.1171-77:

> *R. Royster:* Yes, for although he had as many liues,
>   As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wiues,
>   As a thousande lyons, and a thousand rattes,
>   A thousande wolues, and a thousande cattes,
>   A thousande bulles, and a thousand calues,

And a thousande legions diuided in halues,
He shall never scape death on my swordes point,
. . . .

[26]See I. Leimberg, "'The Truest Poetry is the Most Feigning': Dichtung und Wahrheit in *As You Like It," Festschrift für Edgar Mertner*, eds. H. Mainusch and D. Rolle (Frankfurt: Lang, 1979): 70-72 and notes 41-48.

[27]See *OED*, "O" 2.b. and †"O, oo" *numeral adj*.

[28]See Edward Grant, *Graecae linguae spicilegium* (ex off. H. Binemani pro F. Coldock, [1575]) 4.

[29]It goes without saying that this is one of the most interesting issues discussed by natural philosophers in Shakespeare's time. See, for instance, the commentary on Kepler's theory of "fluxion" in D. Mahnke, *Unendliche Sphäre und Allmittelpunkt* (1937; rpt. Stuttgart-Bad Cannstatt: Frommann, 1966), esp. p. 134.

[30]Some light is thrown on the problem of *Son.* 136 by C. V. Jones, "'One is not a Number': The Literal Meaning of a Figure of Speech," *N&Q* 225 (1980): 312-14. Considering Shakespeare's strong neoplatonic leanings, however, as well as the prevalence of neoplatonism in English Renaissance idealism anyway, a study of this sonnet along the lines of Proclus' number-mysticism is a desideratum.

[31]Sir Philip Sidney, *An Apology for Poetry*, ed. G. Shepherd, (Manchester: Manchester UP, 1973) 102.23-24.

[32]See *OED*, "I" I.1, "A" IV.1.b. (this last, figurative sense is especially telling in the case of "M.O.A.I."); "O" I.1.

[33]See *OED*, "Be" A.I.1 and "Per" I.9. (per se) †b.: "1530 . . . HEYWOOD . . . Some say I am I perse I."

[34]*OED*, "M" III.5; it may be noted in passing that the first letter of "M.O.A.I." as well as of Malvolio's name is the twelfth letter of the Latin alphabet and, accordingly, a perfect *signum universitatis*. See Meyer and Suntrup 625-45.

[35]See, for instance, Donatus' *Ars grammatica, Grammatici Latini*, ed. H. Keil, vol. 4 (Leipzig: Teubner, 1864) 367: "DE LITTERA. Littera est pars minima vocis articulatae."

[36]Cf. Desiderius Erasmus, *De recta Latini Graecique sermonis pronuntiatione dialogus*, ed. Johannes Kramer (Meisenheim am Glan: Anton Hain, 1978). That Erasmus looms large behind any 16th or 17th century consideration of language is borne out, for instance, by F. A. Yates in *A Study of Love's Labour Lost* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1936). The passage in which she makes use of Erasmus' *Colloquia* (within its didactic tradition) is most enlightening as regards Shakespeare's "crushing" of words, esp. in *LLL* 5.1.44-63, where Moth appears as Feste's worthy predecessor; see Yates, 58-59 and 188-91. Furthermore, cf. T. W. Baldwin's dictum: "The whole framework of the English grammar school was based upon the ideas and texts of Erasmus." *William Shakespeare's Small Latine & Lesse Greeke*, vol. 1 (Urbana: U of Illinois P, 1944) 100.

[37]Cf. *LLL* 5.2.38-46.

[38]Cf. 2.3.124, 148, 169-70, and 187; cf. also 2.5.5, 7, 9, 22, 30-32, 84, 105, 115, 124-25, 128, and 187. There is an interesting tract of Sir Thomas Browne's in which the figure of the ass occurs in a curiously Shakespearean context. Browne's tendency is critically directed against the overdoing of stylistic darkness: "More aenigmatical and dark expressions might be made if anyone would speak or compose them out of the numerical Characters or characteristical Numbers set down by Robertus de Fluctibus." "One way more I shall mention, though scarce worth your notice: Two pestels and a book come short of a retort, as much as

a spear and an ass exceed a dog's tail. This to be [sic] expounded by the numerical characters, or characteristical numbers set down by Robertus de Fluctibus, and speaks only this text: two and four come short of six, as much as ten exceed six, the figure of an ass standing for a cipher (MS Sloane 1827)." Sir Thomas Browne, "Of Ropalic or Gradual Verses," *Certain Miscellany Tracts, The Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, ed. G. Keynes, vol. 3 (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1964) 68 and note 3.

[39]Cf. *LLL* 5.1.46-48.

[40]In the Original-Spelling Edition of Shakespeare's *Complete Works*, ed. Stanley Wells *et al.* (Oxford: Clarendon P, 1989), Sir Toby's "Ay's" appear as "I's."

Charles I, Cromwell and Cicero
(A Response to Dale B. J. Randall)

JOHN MORRILL

Professor Randall has performed a signal service by drawing the scholarly community's attention to the drama entitled *The Tragedy of that Famous Roman Orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero*, which was published in London in 1651. This is clearly an important text, certainly for historians and possibly for literary scholars. Professor Randail's discussion of the text is full of lively suggestion and invites agreement. I have been asked to comment on his contribution from the point of view of a historian who is a specialist in the period of the English Civil War. I have only had the time and opportunity to read the drama and to consider Randall's reading in the light of my own. Far more work could and should be done to establish authorship and to decode what Randall sees as a close modelling of the events in Rome (as the Republic gave way to the Empire) upon the events in England in the late 1640s and early 1650s. Randall has whetted the appetite.

I would begin simply by observing that the *form* of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* is distinctly odd. After all (and this is a point Randall should have made) the theatres were closed by the Puritan-Parliamentarians throughout the civil wars and Interregnum (1642-60). That this explicitly anti-royalist piece of writing takes the form of a play therefore needs sustained analysis. For while many works in play form were published during this period, this work seems to be unique. According to my calculation from the information given in W. W. Greg's authoritative *A Bibliography of the English Printed Drama to the Restoration* (4 vols., 1939-59), the number of such publications in play-form printed in the years around 1651 were as follows:

1648	=	8
1649	=	10
1650	=	1

1651 = 11
1652 = 7
1653 = 17

They fall into several categories: the first is tracts on political thought couched in the form of socratic dialogue; a second is of burlesque or farce, which are for the most part crude and unsophisticated, with such titles as *The Committee-Man Curried* (1647) or *The Jovial Crew or the World Turned Ranter* (1651). Both these genres are generally short works aimed at a popular readership—typically 4-10 leaves in length. The other main categories are either new translations of Greek and Roman plays (examples in these years include a version of Sophocles' *Electra* or of Seneca's *Hippolytus*) or are printings or reprintings of pre-war works, such as Abraham Cowley's *The Guardian*, John Tatham's *The Distracted State* or a series of plays by William Cartwright, "late Proctor of Oxford University." What is curious about *Marcus Tullius Cicero* is that it is a full-length piece of dramatic writing laid out as though it had been staged. This must raise the question as to whether it was in fact written, or substantially written, before the closing of the theatres in 1642, and published (almost certainly with embellishments) because it could be so readily adapted to the political circumstances of 1650-51.

This is not just an idle speculation. The most serious lapse in Professor Randall's essay is his failure to address fully the significance of the near-contemporary attribution of the authorship of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* to Fulke Greville, 1st Lord Brooke (1544-1628), distinguished poet, playwright and stoic philosopher. Randall notes this attribution in his footnote 3, but his dismissal of the suggestion is rather cavalier. It has been accepted not only by Donald Wing in his *Short Title Catalogue of Books printed in . . . 1641-1700* (3 vols., 1945-51) both under the title and under author (and note that the editors of the revised edition (1981) have not changed the ascription), but also by G. K. Fortescue in his *Catalogue of the Pamphlets, Books, Newspapers and Manuscripts Collected by George Thomason*, 1640-1661 (2 vols., 1908), vol. 1, 829. Furthermore, although Randall says that it has been "discredited or ignored" by students of Brooke, none of those authorities have offered grounds for their rejection of what is a solid near-contemporary attribution.

I have not had time to undertake the detailed work necessary to give a clear lead on this matter. All I can say is that we know that Brooke destroyed much of his writing at the time of his involvement on the fringes of the Earl of Essex's conspiracy in 1601; and that amongst the works then destroyed was a drama on the theme of Antony and Cleopatra. We can readily see that Brooke's other writings are full of admiration for the Roman stoics. A reading of the play does not rule *Marcus Tullius Cicero* out at all as the work of Brooke. It is therefore unfortunate indeed that Professor Randall addresses this issue only in so oblique and casual a way. It may well destroy completely the case he is seeking to build up for seeing the play as the product of events following the execution of Charles I.

But let us for the moment recognize that nothing is certain, that the ascription to Brooke is false and that any apparent links between the play and the events of 1650-51 were more than bits and pieces grafted on to an earlier play. Then we have to admit that the contexts within which this 1651 play came to be written can be much more fully developed than they are by Professor Randall.

Firstly, and least importantly, he does not cite any of the work of recent years which examines the "political" content of plays in the 1620s and 1630s, and the uses of typography—the modelling of past events so as to allow oblique comment on the present. (A list of major studies of this kind are given as Appendix A). Secondly, and more importantly, there is no reference at all to the greatest single political debate of 1651, the debate over the binding nature of the Engagement (the solemn undertaking to uphold the Republic demanded of all adult males). This was the issue which generated dozens of tracts and some of most subtle pens and powerful minds of the period, most notably the preface to Hobbes' *Leviathan* if not *Leviathan* itself; and the poetry of Andrew Marvell. It seems to me unlikely that a reading of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* in the light of that debate would be fruitless. (A guide to the historiography of the Engagement Controversy is given as Appendix B.) Thirdly and crucially, Randall makes no reference to, nor makes use of, the work of historians like John Pocock, Blair Worden and Jonathan Scott upon classical republican thought in the 1650s. Recognition of the

importance of this work would remove some of his bemusement and greatly assist him in placing the play into a very precise set of concerns in 1650-51 (the essay by Worden in *History and Imagination* is especially important; for a list of key works, see Appendix C).

Professor Randall is keen to stress the Senecan quality of the drama; and a first reading makes me endorse that. He is not quite so keen to spell out the implications of that. The point he never quite gets round to demonstrating, although it is implied at several points in his essay, is that underlying the hatred of royal tyranny and of military upstarts, which *Marcus Tullius Cicero* certainly displays, is a positive piece of advocacy: aristocratic constitutionalism—that tradition that sees the ancient nobility as the protectors of national interest and civil liberties against both foreign enemies and overmighty kings. As Randall points out several times, the word "patrician" is liberally applied to Cicero and his values look very much like those of an Algernon Sidney or a Henry Neville. I would suggest that an awareness of the anti-democratic, fundamentally aristocratic nature of the English republican tradition in the 1640s and 1650s would have afforded the key to unlock the deeper purposes of this play.

Thus I would suggest that while indeed it could be that Julius Caesar, Octavian Caesar and Marcus Antonius are (in the conception of the play's author or adaptor) types for Charles I, Charles II and Cromwell, as Professor Randall suggests, we need not be so negative as he is that we have "to draw a blank in trying to identify a specific English Cicero from 1650-1651." Let us look at some more parallels. A band of conspirators (Brutus, Cassius *et alii* in Ancient Rome; the Regicides in 1649) struck down the tyrannical Caesar/ Charles I. But their attempt to settle a popular republic is disrupted by the naked ambition of the youthful blood-heir (Octavius/Charles II) and brilliant general (Antonius/Cromwell). Meanwhile a group of incorruptible patricians who stayed aloof from the assassination/Regicide but who represent the older values of a political society under a rule of law and civility, and a disdain for religious fanaticism of all sorts (Cicero and his patrician group/the addressees of the play) decide whether or not to abandon their stoic refusal to get dragged into the hurly-burly of power politics and to make their

own bid to take power to preserve ancient liberties. There is, of course, a group in 1650-51 who fulfil the Cicero role perfectly. I am thinking of that group of English peers who had attempted to prevent civil war in 1641-42 by seizing power, who had fought against Charles but withdrawn into an aloof neutrality in 1648-49 as the machiavels and religious fanatics had determined to destroy him, and who now stood alarmedly by as Charles II and Cromwell slugged it out with the prize for either increasingly looking likely to be his personal dictatorship. (For this dimension see the article by J. S. A. Adamson, "The Baronial Context of the English Civil War," *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 5th ser., 40 [1990] and his forthcoming book on the Parliamentary Peerage in the 1640s.) In the 40s B.C., the play tells us, Cicero was too hamstrung by his own political prissiness to wrest control from the warring generals. It could end like that again. But just as the preachers of the monthly Fast Sermons used the Old Testament trials and tribulations of the Israelites not to predict outcomes, but to suggest the choices God gives and the consequences of right and wrong choices, so in 1651, the author or adaptor of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* may not have been foretelling the fate of a contemporary Cicero, but offering to that contemporary Cicero some false choices. Do nothing, the playwright says, and the tyranny of a new Augustus or a new Mark Anthony is assured; be insufficiently machiavellian and you will end up as Cicero did (and as the peerage, with the abolition of the House of Lords, metaphorically had been) mutilated and silenced; but come out fighting and deploying all your skills and resources, and you can effect a very different outcome: you can safeguard ancient liberties.

If these are fruitful hypotheses, one would begin to look to the likes of the Earls of Manchester and Northumberland or Viscount Say and Sele as the audience for this play. It is to their circles that I would go for authors and literary promoters.

Ironically these names too lead us back to Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke. Greville's lifetime hero and the friend of his early manhood was Sir Philip Sidney, with whom he served in the Netherlands. Philip was the great Protestant champion, whose life and death represented the commitment of the English nobility and gentry to a

code of knightly honour in the cause of God. Greville was the man who prepared Sidney's *Arcadia* for posthumous publication. He also wrote a *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* which was (suggestively) first published in 1652. In the 1640s the principal inheritors of the Sidney legend included his descendant Algernon Sidney, one of the leading 'classical republicans' of the 1650s. Brooke's son and heir, Robert, 2nd Lord Brooke, was, until his death in battle during the civil war, the closest political ally of the Viscount Saye and Sele. All roads from this play, it seems, lead to the same circles.

Much of what I have written is, given constraints of time upon me, pure speculation. I have done no more than suggest that there is more to be discovered about this intriguing unplayed play. If others who read Professor Randall are similarly challenged to see further into the play than he has, it is a tribute to his pioneering work, not a rebuke to it for falling short of the mark.

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APPENDIX A

The following is a list of the major works published in recent years that examine the relationship between the theatre and politics in the period up to and into the civil wars. The much more extensive and specific writing on this subject can be discovered from the bibliographies and footnotes of these seminal works:

Butler, Martin. *Theatre and Crisis, 1632-1642.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1984.

Heinemann, Margot. *Puritanism and Theatre: Thomas Middleton and Opposition Drama under the Early Stuarts.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1980.

Patterson, Annabel. *Censorship and Interpretation: The Conditions of Writing and Reading in Early Modern England.* Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1984.

Sharpe, Kevin. *Criticism and Compliment: The Politics of Literature in the England of Charles I.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1987.

--- and Steven N. Zwicker, eds. *Politics of Discourse: The Literature and History of Seventeenth-Century England.* Berkeley: U of California P, 1987.

APPENDIX B

This is a list of the major studies of the Engagement Controversy, the debate about the nature of political obligation which was raging at the time of the appearance of *The Tragedy of . . . Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

Burgess, Glenn. "Usurpation, Obligation and Obedience in the Engagement Controversy." *Historical Journal* 29 (1986): 515-36.

Judson, Margaret Atwood. *From Tradition to Political Reality: A Study of the Ideas Set Forth in Support of the Commonwealth Government in England 1649-1653.* Hamden, Conn.: Archon Books, 1980.

Knachel, Philip A. Introduction. *The Case of the Commonwealth of England, Stated.* By Marchamont Nedham. Ed. P. A. Knachel. Folger Documents of Tudor and Stuart Civilization. Charlottesville: U P of Virginia, 1969. ix-xlii.

Pocock, J. G. A. *The Ancient Constitution and the Feudal Law: A Stuy of the English Historical Thought in the Seventeenth Century.* 2nd ed. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1987.

Skinner, Quentin. "The Ideological Context of Hobbes' Political Theory." *Historical Journal* 9 (1966): 286-317.

---. "Thomas Hobbes et la défense du pouvoir 'de facto.'" *Revue Philosophique de la France et de l'Étranger* 98 (1973): 131-54.

---. "Conquest and Consent." *The Interregnum: The Quest for Settlement 1646-1660.* Ed. G. E. Aylmer. Rev. ed. London: Macmillan, 1974. 79-98.

Tuck, R. *Natural Rights Theories: Their Origin and Development.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1979.

Wallace, J. M. *Destiny His Choice: The Loyalism of Andrew Marvell.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1968.

APPENDIX C

This is a list of the most important works on the classical republican thinkers of the mid-seventeenth century.

Fink, Z. S. *The Classical Republicans: An Essay in the Recovery of a Pattern of Thought in 17th Century England.* 2nd ed. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern UP, 1962.

Pocock, J. G. A. *The Machiavellian Moment: Florentine Political Thought and the Atlantic Republican Tradition.* Princeton, N.J.: Princeton UP, 1975.

---. Introduction. *The Political Works of James Harrington.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1977. 1-152.

Raab, Felix. *The English Face of Machiavelli.* London: RKP, 1964.

Scott, Jonathan. *Algernon Sidney and the English Republic, 1623-1677.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1988.

Skinner, Quentin. "History and Ideology in the English Revolution." *Historical Journal* 8 (1965): 151-178.

Worden, Blair. "Classical Republicanism and the Puritan Revolution." *History and Imagination: Essays in Honour of H. R. Trevor-Roper.* Ed. Hugh Lloyd-Jones, Valerie Pearl, and Blair Worden. London: Gerald Duckworth, 1981. 182-200.

---. "The Commonwealth Kidney of Algernon Sidney." *Journal of British Studies* 24 (1985): 1-40.

Andreas Trupp

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