ELIZABETHAN REALISMS

Reading Prose from the End of the Century

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Abstract

This thesis basically has a twofold aim: on the one hand, to make a somewhat neglected body of Renaissance prose more readable, by adding, in a punctual and miscellaneous manner, to our historical, philological and thematic understanding of it and by examining it in the light of some of our current theoretical preoccupations; and, on the other hand, to problematize the "realistic" rubric assigned to these works and to do so by cultivating a more thoroughgoing *textual* realism on the part of readers.

These works, traditionally grouped together because of the interaction of their authors at the end of the 16th century, include Robert Greene's "cony-catching" and "confessional" pamphlets, the texts of the controversy between Thomas Nashe and Gabriel Harvey, and Harvey's manuscript drafts, as well as more familiar works such as Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*.

The theoretical issue of "the real" as a textual effect has been divided up according to the three nominal categories of *persons*, *places* and *things*, but the thesis falls methodologically into two halves. The opening chapters aim at reintroducing the figures of Greene, Nashe and Harvey, and exploring the quasi-genres of confession, invective and rough draft as exemplary models of the textual construction of a realistic person. They also attempt an alternative form of reading which is an amalgam of cento, summary, close reading, theoretical aside, and running commentary. In the second half, microreadings of the Marprelate Tracts, the cony-catching pamphlets, and texts by Nashe are used to shed light on theoretical issues of textual "place" such as the rhetorical construction of "presence" and metaphorical "movement." Once the relationship between premodern and postmodern textuality has been sketched, the final chapter offers a critique of the unreflexive academic practice of doing "readings," and argues for a new literalism and the self-subversion of the figurative in an "extrarhetorical" reading of Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*.

Résumé

Cette œuvre a une visée biface: d'une part, l'intention de faire plus lisible un corpus prosaique quelque peu negligé, en en augmentant ponctuellement et de manière variée, la connaissance historique, philologique et thématique ainsi qu'en l'examinant sous l'effet de nos préoccupations théoriques actuelles, et, de l'autre part, la mise en question de la rubrique "réaliste" y attribuée, et ce par la cultivation d'un réalisme *textuel* plus décidée de la part du lecteur.

Parmi ces textes, traditionellement associés à cause de l'interaction de leurs auteurs à la fin du 16e siècle, se trouvent les pamphlets *"cony-catching"* et "confessionels" de Robert Greene, ceux de la controverse entre Thomas Nashe et Gabriel Harvey, et les brouillons manuscrits de ce dernier, ainsi que des œuvres plus connues telles que le *Voyageur malchanceux* de Nashe.

Le problème du "réel" comme effet de texte se posera sous les trois catégories nominales de *personnes*, *lieux* et *choses*, mais cette étude se divise méthodologiquement en deux parties. Les premiers chapîtres presentent une réintroduction à Greene, Nashe et Harvey en tant que personnages et traitent les quasi-genres de confession, invective at brouillon comme des modèles de la construction textuelle d'une personnalité réaliste. Ils essayent une lecture qui se voudrait amalgame de centon, résumé, explication de texte, digression théorique, et commentaire. Dans la deuxième partie, des microlectures des tracts Marprelate, des pamphlets *"cony-catching,"* et de quelques textes de Nashe servent-elles à éclairer des questions théoriques de "lieu" textuel telles que celle de la construction rhétorique de la "présence" ou celle du "mouvement" métaphorique. Une fois esquissé le rapport entre les textualités pré- et postmodernes, le dernier chapître offre-t-il une critique de la pratique académique d'interprétation, et propose un littéralisme renouvelé et l'auto-subversion du figuratif dans une lecture "extrarhétorique" du *Lenten Stuffe* de Nashe.

To the Two
Radiant Lamps and *Ever-Renewing Founts*
of my Existence,
Shirley Andrues and **Jean Canell**,
my *Mother* and *Grandmother*,
I gratefully dedicate these dear-purchased lines.

Surely, her time, her faith, her life, her love,
Her yearnings and earnings, all these she disburses
In hope of--what? in expectation of
Really not even so much as these few verses
Let on by way of mom- and grammercies.
Ere I was even so much as a little taught
You would open your hearts, unclose your purses
And never ask anything back. But I have forgot
None of the words and embraces, nor the hard-bought
Dollars of decades that went to buy the unblue
Jeans I'm wearing now. I do know that not
Every thesis written could ever repay you
A fraction of the life that you've defrayed
Nonetheless, take these words for which you've paid.

The Roman poet Virgil, incomparable matrons of my life and lines, commands the newborn child in the fourth of his *Eclogues* to begin *"risu cognoscere matrem,"* to acknowledge its mother with a laugh. And right he is to do so. So do not suppose that I am laughing *at* you in the scholarly assault I make here by way of acknowledgement. Rather I want to laugh with you, for you, and *because* of you. The acknowledgements are traditionally the most embarrassing part of an academic work, but I have tried to make the whole of my text equally susceptible to nervous giggles, chuckles, bellylaughs, halfsmiles; for laughter cuts through our "Academic Language and the Social Reproduction of Seriousness" (the late Allon White, 1983) to the real feelings that you have taught me matter. I have always felt that I could say anything to you, share any feelings, that there were no restrictions on what we could talk about. You would listen, never judge, and then we would laugh and feel better for it. Walking along the water on the railroad tracks, Mom, you and I could share our selves in happy and honest communings. Or sitting around the card table, the three of us would spout post-prandial libertinisms (see chapter six), and you, Grandma Harkins, would never miss a trick. Laughter is the language of the real. So why shouldn't I recognize you two with a laugh? For who else acquaints a person with the joys of life and a feeling for it, who else determines whether a person is to live in constant fear and doubt and inadequacy or rather sail forth joyously in rolling waves of wellbeing, if not a mother? Indeed, from whom is one to learn *how* to laugh and be merry if it is not from that first pattern and object of happiness? A mother knows what is real, and in the smile of the true mother (your smiles) the fortunate child can recognize it. So whatever Melancholie Klein or Jacques Lack-con may have to say upon the subject, I know that the ancient poet was right to suppose that anyone who can't pay homage to their mother with a laugh, will have no hope of enjoyment or success in life. And

thus does his poem happily conclude:

qui non risere parenti,
nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est,

which is to say that "he who does not laugh for his parent isn't fit to sit at a god's table nor to lie in a goddess's bed."

Or at least that's how it reads in the authorized editions. But this reading only arose when Quintilian (9.3.8) tried (against grammatical sense) to make the (plural) verb go with the (singular) child, instead of (rightly) with the parents. In all the manuscripts we read *"cui non risere parentes...,"* i.e., "he *on whom the parents do not smile* is not fit, etc." This literal reading, however, has been rejected by the editors because, as one of the rascals puts it in his commentary, it "gives easy grammar but feeble sense; a mother's smile hardly characterizes her child as exceptional nor would the absence of it, however unnatural it seems, obviously disqualify him from future greatness" (Coleman 1977, 148). But no; I'm afraid I can't agree. I know that without that smile I might never have learned to laugh and enjoy life myself, could never have accomplished this work, and so the gods and goddesses too were smiling upon me when they gave me such jolly progenetrices. For a child learns its laughter at its mother's breast; and its happiness is suckled upon her chuckle just as that siberial savant M. M. Bakhtin says that all "its values are shaped, as it were, by her embraces" (Bakhtin 1979, 46). Blest the infant babe, then, who, striding the blast of his mother s laughter, gathers a passion for cacchination from his dear mater's twinkling smile–to paraphrase the overly mulligrubs Wordsworth (*Prelude* [1805], 2.243), perhaps a Wednesday's child like myself, but surely fuller of woe, though born, you may laugh to learn, like myself (and a few others I could name) on the gladsome 23rd of April, the showres sootest month, as sure as shootin'.

Never mind, Mom and Gram, if you can't make head nor hiney of this eenie meanie meiny; more lorecrammed minds than yours will doubtless break their pates and noodles on its convoluted macaronics; for 'tis meant to catch the scholars by the toe, and make them holler *oui oui oui* all the way home. It's not for my rude erudition that I feel bounden here to thank you, (though the Lord knows you've paid for plenty of it), but for the tuition I received from you as a tot, when we toddled through the park beside our house or watched cartoons at cocktail hour at Grandma's: to laugh and lie down (an Elizabethan card game, lewdly but I think rightly supposed to be a favorite of the ladies); to relax, trust in myself, and laugh off my failures; to be honest with myself and try to communicate freely and really with others. Not for nothing did our forefathers refer to that happy intuition that put the papas of philosophy to bed as "mother wit." (And it hardly needs remarking that my salubriously weak superego is owed to the set-up that Sartre celebrated: *"pas de père."*) So don't suppose that I want to laugh at you from the heights to which you've blankettossed me with these learned allusions; I'm simply laughing in acknowledgment of the happiness you've given me Because of you I still *can* sometimes laugh as Thomas Nashe could sometimes laugh, out of a love of life and the *feel* of the things the world brings; though he was a fellow whose own scholarship may well have been rather by the way,

Yet this I say, that for a mother witt,
Fewe men haue euer seene the like of it
(Leishman 1949, 245)

as someone wrote shortly after his death. The thing, then, I feel most thankful for is the mother wit I owe to you, and that you made it possible for me to be me and for that to be good enough for you and thus good enough for me. You've given me my happier self, the courage of my convictions, any ability I have to enjoy life, and (not incidentally, or unfortunately) a keen feel for the real. A parent can't give much more to a child than those gifts of acceptance, trust and freedom which you have given me, and rarely do they have the strength and heart to give so much.

Still, I don't deny that you have given me much more, and I never kid myself about the fact that I wouldn't have a doct to diss in if you hadn't constantly helped finance my follies with unquestioning and stringless support (both moral and pecuniary) for whatever I deemed worthy, always bestowed with pride at my successes and indulgence for my mistakes. Anything and everything I have, then, I owe directly to the purity of your support, and it is a debt that can never really be repaid, and for which I know you ask no recompense. Still, in feeble acknowledgement of your gift outright I offer you these all but unreadable pages, their mother-wit cluttered with booklearning, as a dubious proof that your contributions have not been altogether squandered.

Mom and Gram, as you know, I've received a fair bit of support and help of a less maternal nature, and I'm sure you won't resent my thanking here those other people whose kindness has eased my life. Throughout my graduate career at McGill I have held a Mellon Fellowship in the Humanities, and I would like to thank Dr. Robert F. Goheen and all those at the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation for their generosity, help and gently avuncular interest in my progress. I am very grateful to the Society of the Friends of McGill for blessing me with a two year fellowship during the early phases of my Ph.D. and to the Government of Québec for two years of Differential Fee Awards. The Department of English at McGill has been very generous in providing me with teaching and research assistantships as well as a sessional appointment when most it was needed.

The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center has graciously granted me permission to include as Appendix 2b an annotated transcription of the pamphlet entitled *A pil to purge melancholie*, of which they now possess the unique extant copy. This "edition" was prepared from a microfilm which was generously lent to me by Librarian Mihai H. Handera on behalf of The Pforzheimer Library when the pamphlet was still part of that collection.

The British Library kindly consented to my inclusion of photocopies of pages from Sloane MS. 93, which are reproduced with the permission of William Pidduck from the microfilm in the Harvester Microforms collection *British Literary Manuscripts in the British Library*, Series One: The English Renaissance, Reel One (Harvester Microforms, 1985).

My teachers over the years have been inveterate sources of inspiration, contention, and support. Don H. Bialostosky made my entry into University a fortifyingly agonistic experience, and has remained a valued friend and opponent. Joe Butwin, Malcolm Griffith, and especially Leroy Searle at the University of Washington reassured me when I doubted my aptitude for academia (so now you know who's to blame for the fact that I'm still here), and

without their help and support I might never have made it this far.

Other colleagues I have met since embarking upon my graduate career have enlivened and enriched my work and in some cases made substantial contributions to this dissertation. I profited hugely from participating in the 1989 English Renaissance Prose Conference at Purdue University, and want to thank Jon Lawry, Seth Weiner, and all concerned for their encouragement and engagement during that far too brief weekend. Deborah Mintz of Columbia provided camaraderie and later some appreciated legwork. Roger Pooley of Keele College made valuable suggestions on the inebriatory quality of Nashean rhetoric, and I am sorry that we did not get around as we should have to discussing it further over a beer. Janet Larson, the organizer of a special session at the MLA on Bakhtin, provided encouragement and helpful advice. The term "prosaics" (in part), inspiration, (gratifyingly mutual) admiration, and many invaluable exchanges on Bakhtin I owe to the nonpareille Caryl Emerson of Princeton.

To my colleagues and friends at McGill University (I don't mean: "...may they never meet") I owe thanks for support both in letter and spirit. In particular, David Williams and Kerry McSweeney went out of their way to keep the wolf from the door. Mette Hjort provided friendship, encouragement, intellectual stimulation and Danish. Ken Borris made available support both of an intellectual and financial (dactylographic) nature. Peter Ohlin, Catherine Shaw, Bill Booth, Leonore Lieblein, Mary Davison, and the late Les Duer all made substantial contributions to my intellectual and professional development David Hensley has shown unparalleled generosity and scholarly commitment, and has set an example of sincere and forthcoming pedagogy that I hope I can follow.

The students in my "Some Versions of Sixteenth Century Realism" seminar, and particularly Clare Frock, David Theodore, Karen Valihora, and Gregory Young, brought many intriguing insights to my attention, and a few of them are no doubt obliquely reflected in this revision. (For example, I recall that it was the absurdly talented David Theodore who reminded me that the inset narrative in the courtesan's tale in Greene's *Disputation* had already been used by Gascoigne [cf. p. 164 below].)

Both of my external examiners displayed extraordinary charity in gracing this refractory tractatus with sensitive and comprehending readings. I would like to thank Professor Margreta de Grazia of the University of Pennsylvania, fellow lexiphanes and lexi-fan, for her indulgent, witty, and beautifully written report, lavish in its praises and blandishing in its blames. Professor Donald K. Hedrick of Kansas State University devised a critique whose sinuosities and *chinoiseries* seemed orchestrated to help lead me out of the maze of my own topiary hedging. Both of these extremely perceptive and engaged readers made numerous criticisms and observations which have given me muchibus about which to thinkibus

I feel I owe a debt of immense gratitude to the members of my thesis committee for their patience in reading such a manuscript. Maggie Kilgour showed genuine understanding of what I have been up to, and hearteningly appreciated and encouraged my academic style and interests, just as I have always been sympathetic to and admirative of hers. Of course, even the most amiable interview with her does constantly threaten to escalate intellectually into a pantagruelling experience, but I have always come away miraculously refreshed by her favonian humor and the magisterially easy, mimically jovial way she has with knowledge.

Capt. Gary Wihl (Ret.) graciously lent his ear, his advice and his help on countless occasions when most they were needed. Paisley Livingston, long a cherished advisor and critic, was magnanimous and impetuous enough to volunteer to be on my committee, and I must thank him for the gentleness to which he schooled his always trenchant brilliance in approaching such philosophically problematical material. I owe the same gratitude to Marguerite Deslauriers of the Philosophy Department at McGill, who generously agreed to be the "internal external" (so perhaps, existentially, are we all), and then displayed kindness and understanding in attempting to help me clarify my own positions.

Finally, to my thesis supervisor, the indefatigable Michael D. Bristol, just about the only person whose new readings of old plays I still find constantly rewarding, I owe in many ways the whole thesis--a debt whose promissory note can perhaps be discerned in the final chapter, which (read backwards "as Witches say their Pater-noster" [Nashe 1592c, D3^{v}/1:361]) charts the course from my initial work on Elizabethan prose for the seminar in which he introduced me to Nashe right down to the problematics of interpretation with which we have lately both become so concerned. During the course of my work he has given me his full support, shown me friendship and loyalty unusual even in our liberal and humanist discipline, and allowed me the unprecedented freedom, trust and critical tolerance which only a great spirit can afford, always being ready, too, to share his own brilliant insights; insights that probably have shaped my work in ways I have not often consciously been entirely willing to recognize. He is truly a tutelary spirit hovering over this work, and now and then rising up from out of the floor of it like a stage-spook in his own reading of *Faustus*.

A number of people have shared their love, companionship, intelligence, and help with me during the course of this project. Susan Van Deventer showed interest and support during its inchoate stages Wendy Crowley assisted me in proofreading the old-spelling quotations in chapter one. For help in the proofreading of chapters two through five, support, advice, interest in my undertakings, my copy of Grosart's Harvey, and true compassion, I would like to thank Barbara Kerr. I feel that to go on here and thank that syngenethliac individual who just helped me proof chapter six and the introduction would be anticlimactic, but I have not foreborne to make a start at thanking her for everything else she has brought into my life as we near the end of the century together, "head[s] throbbing with dithyrambic certainty" (to quote her) with a pair of paradedicatory poems (to follow). This, perhaps, is enough by way of apology for the incongruous mention here.

There was a young lady of Gloucester
With reference here I'd have crossed her.
She might stay *incognita*,
But I think you should meet her;
And so (*vide infra*) I've glossed her.

I have profited from many delightful discussions with the eminent neo-literalist Rob Holton Jake Brown, Tim Cashion, Dominique Darmon, Eva-Lynn Jagoe, Scott MacKenzie, Joe Masrour, Linda Rozmovits, David Thomson, Andras Ungar, Vivianne Weitzner and many others have brought along with their friendship intense intellectual stimulation, advice, and the occasional pertinent criticism. For his friendship, poem, and long indulgence: Jim

Bogar.

Obviously any errors that may have crept in and that still remain could very well have been the fault of some or all of the people just mentioned and not my own. But, as Gérard Genette so justly observes, "paratextual mentions are more of the nature of juridic responsibility than of factual paternity: the author's name, where onymity is concerned, is the name of someone who takes putative responsibility, whatever his actual role in the production of the work, and any kind of attempt at verification is in no wise within the province of the paratextologist" (Genette 1987, 41).

And so, thanking you all once again for the text of my self, I leave you, without further adieu, to a few delightsome verses, and then to the prose of my soul.

From my usual spot at the Café Park Express,
on the anniversary of my mother's birth,
this twenty-second day of June,
and revised in "The Alley,"
on the anniversary of my grandmother's birth,
this third day of November, 1990,

James Nielson.

To the Readers,
regarding his late levity.

Now seeing my complexion wondrous cleared,
You might all think a finished dissertation
Lay just beneath such signs of animation
As on this long drawn face have now appeared.

Job weren't forthcoming as completion neared:
Enough, some few suppose, for trepidation.
And now I've got one, contra expectation;
No doubt by this those think me to be cheered.

Mayhap a couple scholars of like mind
Assume my gloating comes from the conviction
That I have here some publishable find.
Uh-uh. I love thilke lasse (no anagram) and
Keener than Stella's fella's unfelt fiction
'S the happy spell that tells me whose I am.

To his most beloved **Mistress**,
the vicensimatertiarily worthy,
Princess **Nyla Jean Matuk**,
Flower of the Nile, Sagesse de l'Orient,
and Brownie of the Buttery.

Mignonne, allons voir si la prose
Qui vient de se voir mise en cause,
Par nous, les co-anniversaires
D'un Darkbloom, prosateur si doux,
N'ouvrira pas d'autant pour nous,
A l'aube vantée de notre ère.

Las! le poème de l'amour,
De rabourgeonner à toujours,
Enterrera de ses vers fous
La vie en prose qui nous bée
(Qui fleurira le dernier
Fleurira bien, mais pas pour nous).

Si pour réels nous voudrions
Faire épanouir ces sauvageons
De découverts dans notre lit,
Il faudrait mettre au jour nos closes
Et arrosées de vies de proses
En poésie contre l'ennui.

To the same,
or rather a different, my simile.

ironic isn't it (how
long that distance can
lie pathetically against the feel
of prosy cheek and cheek, turned pacifist-tense, and
ver(s)ify resistance of the real
ever
unless you) even (read my lips
yell across the tautness of the skin
or g(r)asp unread unwrithed unrhythmic hips
unknown unverbs) though (never
really can
make the bourgeois e(r)go we know blink
you and i still think
the less) (distance(s)
stain the sheets in our invisible ink)
we blear the real sarcasm of the sinces (
end of the sensory and numb nearnesses of ear
enough! we know we love we laugh still) we're
the mingling of two hearts in a single tear

Somewhat in Praise of the Author of this Work.

In Laudem Authoris.
(*with difcrete aduice to his iudges*)

I *ocular, yet with workmanfhip and worth*;
I *ntelligent, yet not lacking in the graces*;
M *aieftic, yet with keeneft fenfe of mirth*;
N *ielfon's thefis now all others outpaces.*
I *t feems the Mufe muft houer o'er his hand*
E *ach inftance that his pen to paper nears*;
L *earning and wifdome far beyond his years*
S *pring gufhing forth from ftudy's hinterland.*
O *h ye whofe iudgements defcend on vs below -*
N *ow on Nielfon EXCELLENCE muft beftow!*

Roberto Holton,
The Mar-graph of Merrie Conceits.

In laudemouth Authoris.

That Beast, that blond *James*
Abonding with glory of the *Mind*:
"Turn ye your summery assaults
Think ye it only a matter of time
Before you're famous. Say I
You will yet someday confront
The anger of Uranus!"

A gentlewoman of his acquaintance.

A CAUTION.

The judge who threw me
into a damp cell for libel
threw in with me
an equally damp bible.

Joe Masrour.

In The Grove of Academe.

Mind thaws await those
Skeptical souls that
From nets of hot logic
His quick footnotes lure.

Dark fires engulf phuds
That in this prosy heat
Coals only see
Bored only be.

Begin then, and stir no discontent.
Harm no gloss, theme, or stem
Amidst this multi-foliate presence
The James Nielson Doctoral Forest.

Andras Ungar.

An Epigram for Jim Nielson.

Thy phase, thou fain, would'st quick'n and be done
To bring forth light at end of thy dark'st Night.
Have faith! Thy supple langue, thy mental dight,
Will draw thee on, past Cavil. Look! The Dawn!

Capitano Garibaldi Wihlo.

Psonnet 23: A Psalm of David.

Damned be the Dawn; it will not buy us time.
We gnash the teeth and grasp for breath; not him!
Gliding, as light over heaven shines,
Comes Alpha Minus, Secret Agent Jim.

At noon, a killing time, he hugs the shore
Engenders nothing, newly-born Ren man.
He turns aside while nude, away from gore,
Makes no mistook; he's Jim, well-known Pen man.

Night falls; our knight waits, foiled again at hunt:
But, Bristling from such loss, Gabe (angel) notes
Through Shepherd David low: "Thou shalt not want."
"Nil bonum nisi parvum"--that's Mike's quote.

Weep not for him, he does not sleep; but stays:
Mighty, victorious; Ancient of Days.

Tim Cashion,
winner, the Algy Smillie Noad Memorial Prize
and Trent Honours Essay Prize, 1990.

TO MR. JAMES NIELSON, BORN APR. 23, 1958.

A blond Prince
That I did meet
Could not because of the light
Continue to sleep.

He's a morning man,
With a coffee always in hand–
He looks to the East,
His beard rather rough:
He churns out The Right Stuff.

"Read my book!" the man exclaims,
but wouldst thy weighty tome
could pay
Just a little! Jim shall stay,
(The idea of an unchecked box
always at bay),
Answering now to bulldogs and
A Summertime Holidaymaker.
He finds good fun with an Irish dig,
Doing the interdepartmental jig.

Brownie,
winner of the Lionel J. Shapiro Award for Creative Writing, 1990.

ON HIS BOOKE.

Not marble, nor some granite fane svblyme;
Nor yet the phoenix, plvming vp its pyre,
To ryse and ryse againe in spyte of time,
Beyond all thynges that daye-to-daye transpyre.
'Tis onlye a creature of minde's empyre,
Euer questing like some romanticke knight,
To trace the lineaments of desyre
'Midst all the labyrinthes that wordes indyte.
Still whateuer *Nielson* doth vnderwrite
Spring'st, *Mineruan*, from a *Iouial* brow:
Replete with pleasvres of the *Sybarite*,
Yet proffering to all its golden bovghe.
A fit of verses needs must be vnfitte
In yielding tribute dve his fecund wit.

Borriduc Fuddleduddle.

(Unentitled)

That Jim is a swell guy
And a good tipper, by the bye.

Michèle Dupuis,
of the Paragraphe Bookstore Café.

To a modern Euphues.

Like the Bee to nectar, Elephant to mud,
I would this *chef d'œuvre* with compliments flood.
Yet where Meat abounds, there needeth no Fish;
In a word I say, "Jim Nielson's a Dish."

Eva-Lynn Jagoe.

In ludum Authoris.

O Rare Jim Nielson! What a chore
You've set for those who go before
Yet followed you (or tried at least)
The first who last came to this feast.
(A cunning meataleptic tack)
And now we have to serve you back.
To hail the Chef who's fed us wit
And feed his ego - some tidbit
But now my system's far too clogged
For scintillating dialogue.
I'm still too stuffed. My mouth is full
My belly bloated, mind too dull.
You've put me in a helpless state
I fear I'll just regurgitate
Spew you forth masticated nicely
Chopped and champed and chewed precisely
A formless lump - or, even worse,
Reconstituted prose in verse.
I don't think it would be quite fair
To represent you with hot air
But ruminating well your meat
I'm not quite sure what I'll excrete.
So, let's call this evacuation
True cerebral sublimation
That will transport you to the skies
And let my verse now vapourize –

Maggie Kilgour.

In Praise of the Author.

A star, faint-limned, enjoined by God to be
So near to naught that glabrous wings of bats
Brush cold against it, fain to knock it free,
Still shows the slumbrous hills a glimmer that's
A simple, pure, and unexamined fact
Of love, and puts to shame my merely great
Regard for Jim. The glib amnesiac
I am can love but still cannot relate
Or even comprehend the hue and fell
Achievement of his work. For all their worth,
I read his noble words not half so well
As small and tender stars illume the earth.
  You readers who would learn, do what most tells;
  Just read and love and naught or little else.

Jim Bogar.

Table of Contents

ELIZABETHAN REALISMS

Since which time I retired my selfe among the merrie muses, and by the worke of my pen and inke, haue dezinkhornifistibulated a fantasticall Rapsody of dialogisme, to the end that I would not be found an idle drone among so many famous teachers and professors of noble languages, who are very busie dayly in deuising and setting forth new bookes [...].

John Eliot, *Ortho-Epia gallica*: *Eliots frvits for the French* (1593)

TO THE GENTLE READERS:

READING PROSE FROM THE END OF THE CENTURY

I was altogether terrestriall, or rather melancholicke, or rather sadnesse it self in the *Abstract*. A friend of mine perceiu'd it, and told me I was in my winding sheete, vnlesse I droue out one contrary by another.

T. Tyro, *Tyros roring megge, planted against the walles of melancholy* (1598)

To every **Indifferent** *and* **favorably-minded** *Reader*, **Health.**

A colleague of mine still habitually skips over theoretical introductions because, as he puts it, he wants to get to "the meat." He presumably sees methodological considerations not as a series of whetting apéritifs, but as a sort of tray of dipsetic saltines standing between him and some solid sustenance. By "the meat," of course, he means the *readings*; he wants to get right down to the main course, and his sentiment might even more colloquially be rendered by the impatient query: "Where's the beef?" For what he is after is something higher up in the textual food chain, something already once digested: read meat.

In the Elizabethan age, of course, "meat" meant any kind of nourishing food, of which meat in our sense seems indeed to have been the preferred version among the English. Thomas Nashe more than once alludes to his fellows as those "fleshly minded **Belials*" ("*or rather belly-alls" in the margin; Nashe 1592b, G1/1:201), and in *Christs teares ouer Ierusalem* (1593) he complains of the voraciousness of English *academics* in particular: "In all other things *English* men are the stoutest of all others, but beeing Schollers, and lyuing in their owne natiue soyle, theyr braines are so pesterd with full platters, that they haue no roome to bestirre them. [...] For shame bury not your spyrits in Biefe-pots" (1593, Q2^{v}/2:122-23). This meat-eating, then, is a form of intemperance to which the English seem peculiarly predisposed, and in his "Complaint of Gluttony" in *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), Nashe had sympathetically acknowledged how "other Countreyes whome wee vpbrayd with Drunkennesse, call vs bursten-bellyed Gluttons: for we make our greedie paunches powdring tubs of beefe, and eate more meate at one meale, than the Spaniard or Italian in a month." These foreigners for their part are "[g]ood thriftie men" who know how to "drawe out a dinner with sallets" (1592b, F4^{v}/1:200), while Nashe's countrymen are "such flesh-eating Saracens, that chast fish may not content vs, but we delight in the murder of innocent mutton, in the vnpluming of pullerie, and quartering of calues and oxen" (G1/1:201). Thus, if an unsavoury taste for flesh may be typical of scholars, Nashe seems to have considered it even more the weakness of the English as a whole; and how quintessentially, then, a foible of *English scholars*. He tells a story in *Pierce Penilesse* of a "supper on a fasting or fish night at least" at which "an outlandish Doctor" fell upon the "one ioynt of flesh on the table," and then excused himself "to his friend that brought him thether, *Profecto Domine, ego sum maiussimus piscator*," to which Dr. Thomas Watson, who was also present, promptly rejoined: *"At tu es bonissimus carnifex"* (G1-G1^{v}/1:202-03).[1] In our manner of reading, we have come more and more to resemble that outlandish carnivore; and English scholars are only now, at the end of the century, gradually beginning to see that their taste for read meat may be bad for the heart, considered crude and politically reprehensible in some circles, and, if nothing else, environmentally unsound and uneconomical.

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[1] Some sort of then current, now lost quip may be further involved here, seeing that in *The vnfortunate traueller* Nashe makes the pedant Vanderhulke enigmatically remark that "*Artifex* is a citizen or craftes man, as well as *Carnifex* a scholler or hangman" (1594a, E2/2:249).

Now, I have another colleague for whom, having acquired more continental and politically correct tastes, "the meat" is a kind of uncouth hamburger stew one whips up when one needs something in a hurry to appease a decidely oafish gathering. He has been known to console graduate students fretting over the completion of their theses by drawling, "Aw, don't worry; if you run out of time you can always do a few *readings*." He's a merry knave to have at table with you, no question; and yet his wholeheartedly theoretical conviviality can sometimes leave one with the calculated frustration of Petruchio's still unsatisfied bride as he declines any proffered cates on the pretext that "'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate" (4.1; TLN 1793).

So while I decidedly do not want here to serve up more of the McReadings after which the English scholar still generally hungers, I do not so repugn the readability of "primary texts" themselves as to offer for the board only what Nashe's arch adversary Gabriel Harvey once suggested calling (in an overeasy flip of the proverbial "meat in the mouth") "Mowthe withoute meate" (Harvey MS.a, 40^{v}/73). A vegetarian who is through with lapsing, I do nonetheless still find myself at times wanting to *read* as a true "*bonissimus piscator*," fishing sustenance out of the semiotic fluidity of the prosaic; that landlubbing hugger of the coastline of the real incidentally insulted in a "censure vpon Varro" in *The Scholemaster*, where Ascham compares the Roman to "one caried in a small low vessell him selfe very nie the common shore, not much vnlike the fisher mẽ of Rye, and Hering men of Yarmouth. Who deserue by common mens opinion, small commendacion, for any cunning saling at all" (Ascham 1570, S3^{v}; cf. Nashe 1599, E2^{v}/3:181). Nashe--who himself, to swipe one of Kilgore Trout's puns, has a barque that is mete to the bight of his real--tackles Ascham's metaphor literally and littorally, defending the jimp lowness of his craft and averring that

> in the captious mystery of Mounsieur herring low vessels will not giue their heads for the washing [i.e. submit to insult], holding their owne pell-mell in all weathers as roughly as vaster timber men, though not so neere the shore, as through ignorance of the coast he soundeth, nor one man by himselfe alone to doe euery thing, which is the opinion of one man by himselfe alone, and not beleeu'd of any other. Fiue to one if he were aliue, I would beate against him, since one without fiue is as good as none, to gouerne the most egshell shallop that floateth, and spread her nets, and draw them in[.] (Nashe 1599, E2^{v}-E3/3:181-82)

Ostensibly correcting Ascham's misconceptions about the fishing industry, Nashe's dissent adduces the *realities* of the vehicle in the metaphorical setup (writer=fisherman), bringing into the figurative argument the deferred violence of a knuckle sandwich in an image which also carries with it a fortuitous (?) whiff of onanism ("*cinq contre un*" is a slang expression for masturbation going back at least to the seventeenth century). But if we really want the "meat," we must be prepared to dismember the figure for ourselves as best we can--make ourselves bone it and gut it and take it to pieces before we consume it. Like the brave Yarmouth herringmen, this would seem to insist, writers (including writers of readings) are never isolated adrift in a dinghy on the sea of consciousness, but always really reliant upon *others* in their concrete productivity. "Style," goes the saw, "is the man"; but style, V. N. Vološinov responds, "is at least two persons, or more accurately, one person plus his social group in the form of its authoritative representative, the listener--the constant participant in a

person's inner and outward speech" (Vološinov 1926, 114). So writers of readings are always reading *for* somebody. Agreed. But the consensual community thus reassured helps obscure the fact that the "five against one" in Nashe's portrait is *really* the five staunch anglers and netters against that one little lone herring. Writers of readings, then, even if they *were* singlehanded, should never consider themselves by themselves in that eggshell shallop of the text. They have always been reading for some "thing," and there will be somebody there who's wound up *read*, and dead in the hold.

Both of my colleagues might be thought by some, as we near the end of the century, to thus show a lack of sensitivity toward the "literal text," seeing it as something that can so readily be converted into "read meat" for consumption. Their attitudes reflect the essential violence at the heart not just of the wasteful theoretical stance that is indifferent to primary texts except as sources of prime cuts with which to exhibit their culinary expertise, but also at the back of the more wholesale butchery carried on in the name of a seemingly sacerdotal critical reverence for such a text, a text thereby turned into a sacrificially dismembered god that must die to the world of the real in order that it may live on as *truth* or *meaning*. Text consumption seems now inevitably to be suspended between the incorporative structures that yet another of my colleagues has recently characterized as "a desire for the most intimate possible identification with another and a desire for total autonomy and control over others who are treated therefore as food, so that all exchanges [including critical ones] are reduced to the alternatives of 'eat or be eaten'" (Kilgour 1990, 18). The inquisitional critic at the end of the century seems still to be looking for the text, "[n]ot where he eats, but where he is eaten"; and the voraciousness of this would-be reader of already read meat, *malissimus carnifex*, seems to have become as unreflexive as our larger cultural reliance on what Carol J. Adams--in another recent book that, like Kilgour's, has a chapter on the Word and the Flesh--calls "animalized protein" (Adams 1990, 80).

I do not feel so alone in my eggshell shallop as I used to, either stylistically or in my aversion to readings: there are plenty of others who are fed up with the automated processing of read meat, and who do not look down their prominent noses at a less (as Adams says) "disassembly-line" oriented attitude toward texts. Postmodernism, some feminisms, and even a kind of neo-philological scrupulousness support a less manufactured textuality that might sometimes feel at home with my personal, local and incidental engagement in a *vene*real reading which I hope does *not* result in another freezerful of read meat, but rather in the delicate, hard-to-trace abature left by beings that have themselves managed to escape the springes of print. The forest floor of metaphor is thus here, there and everywhere littered with the literal in my "reading." So if it seems that I myself am too often beating around the bush, this is because of my metaphorical conviction that two tremulous lovebirds in there are worth one stiff one in the hand (a revisionary ratio at better odds than "five to one")

Reading for the literal is, as Carol J. Adams argues in *The Sexual Politics of Meat*, what re-members the absent referent of what I am calling "read meat", for it is the shift of metaphor, as I read her "feminist-vegetarian critical theory," that covers over the bodies bruised in the patriarchal dismemberment of texts (under which I would include their industrialized moralization)--along with the systematic slaughter of animals (including people); the meant and the meat are complicit for Adams in a narrative line that has at last to be

refused: "Stories have endings, meals have meat. Let us explore whether these statements are interchangeable–stories have meat, that is, meaning, and meals have endings" (Adams 1990, 92). They do indeed; but as she reads the meataphors that inform Western meataphysics, the "end" of the meal, its meaning, has tended to be precisely, as for Nashe's overcarnivorous English scholars, the *meat* itself; a trope which stands for *anything but* the literal dead animal. Given this sense of an ending, I think I would like in my readings to be able to identify with the vegetarian aesthetics apparently being cultivated by Adams:

> Vegetarians see themselves as providing an alternative ending, veggie burgers instead of hamburgers, but they are actually eviscerating the entire narrative. From the dominant perspective, vegetarianism is not only about something that is inconsequential, which lacks "meat," and which fails to find closure through meat, but it is a story about the acceptance of passivity, of that which has no meaning, of endorsing a "vegetable" way of living. In this it appears to be a feminist story that goes nowhere and accepts nothingness. (94)

But I fear that I cannot really claim to have attained either the full "feminism"–if feminism it is–or the mystic passivism of this vegetextuality: I still have my hankerings after meat from time to time, even if I never could keep myself from throwing back anything that I caught in that eggshell shallop (note though how I have man-aged to take the albuminous place of the "feminized protein" in that fragile vehicle itself). I do think that I *am* therefore (leggo of my ego) most sensitive to the ways metaphoral aggressivity can disguise oppression, and I am eager to combat that all-dumbfounding metaphorality with reliteralizations in ways that I hope will finally find me partaking in the eradication of what Adams calls "the patriarchal texts of meat" as well.

Of course, those who are accustomed to reading for the meant, including those who, like Adams herself, prize a humanist concept of spiritual wholeness, may well feel that my own dismemberment of the meant and my mere dalliance with the literal are even more violent and less sensitive than the painstaking if backstairs dressing of read meat practised by its (in)corporate purveyors. I am probably too *experimental* to be the good vegetextualist described by Adams. I hope, though, that rather than vivisection, my examinations will suggest only a little veterinarian prodding to check for fractures, for I have to admit to being prone myself to the sort of superstition about the *corpo*reality of the text which Adams has embraced: "If, through the story of meat, the word and the flesh are united, we might further argue that the body equals a text, a text is a body. From this perspective, changing an animal from her original state into food parallels changing a text from its original state into something more palatable" (94). No doubt a kind of hygiene or ethics is in order in a world in which texts effectively *are* seen as bodies and bodies as texts, but my own superstitions surrounding the textual "body" are more *literal* than *spiritual*; more like those of Joseph Ritson, the eighteenth-century "Scholar-at-arms" (no puns) described by Adams as fusing his concern for the physical well-being of animals with philological sedulity: "Besides refusing to view dead animals as meat he was devoted to issues of proper spelling, definition, and etymology of words and the overzealous critical treatment of texts. Just as the text was not editorial property that could be changed and altered according to the whims and tastes of the editor so animals were not human's [sic] property to be altered, castrated, or killed according

to the whims and tastes of meat eaters. He became enraged at dismembered texts and dismembered animals" (100).

A worry over dismembered texts (as opposed to one over dismembered animals) frankly seems to me, in my calmer moments, trivial and irrational,[2] but at the same time I have been up and down the two-way street of metaphor enough times to know that our insensitive behavior in a trivial sphere may be carried over into a not so trivial one. It is all too easy for a metaphor to be bled of its lived experience and become the catachresis that condones oppression. Yet in the spirit of Adams's own literalism, I would question her identification of textual body and animal (or human) body. The text is not literally a living body, and it cannot be hurt by the blazonesque or tendentious (though note the forked-tongue little row of incisors lurking in that qualifier) reading it may sometimes be given. So while Adams excitingly recognizes the complicity of metaphor with oppression, and the need to re-member literal "absent referents" in reading, she does not perhaps wholly admit to herself the metaphorical roots and berries of her own ethical system of "feminist-vegetarian" criticism (to whose literal content I am sympathetic), and how it may only be through re-membering (adding new members to) metaphorical constituencies that the wounds of patriarchy or any other oppressive scheme of tropes can be stopped.

My own "realism" and "literalism" often lead me in reading to reject the *spiritual* wholeness of the text, even while my ethical "sense" insists that I never intentionally do violence to its "body." To attempt to appropriate the inner *meaning* of that body as opposed to its outer form, however, would for me be to treat the text as meat, sacrificing the living form for some killed content. But such concern over the body as opposed to what's "inside" could itself seem a disturbing textual politics to adopt, given the *sexual* politics that Adams believes to be equally bound up with the meat and the meant.[3]

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[2] What, after all, constitutes dismemberment? When I acknowledge Adams's questionable punctuation of "human's" in the passage just quoted by reproducing it *literatim*, do I "dismember" it by intruding into its organic form my "own" word "[sic]"? Antoine Compagnon, on the first page of his anatomy of citation, misquotes Hobbes to the effect that a quotation is the clove that ruins a dish (paraphrased in French, 1979, 9); as Maggie Kilgour has pointed out to me, what Hobbes actually said, as part of his apology for his own lack of classical gleanings, was that "it is many times with a fraudulent Designe that men stick their corrupt Doctrine with the Cloves of other mens Wit" (Hobbes 1651, 727)--thus quotation is brought in not to corrupt the dish, but to mask its corruption. Surely here it is my own word that sticks in the meant of Adam's text and may spoil its savor? Would I have better served its holistic survival as something other than "meat" by leaving out my "[sic]," or by silently correcting her text according to my own view of what would make it a "healthier" entity? Perhaps my "[sic]" is a clove meant herbally to *restore the health* of an ailing text, as perhaps the "meat" of Adams's text offers itself as a restorative through quotation to the soundness of my own. And then, would an actual physical dismemberment I might perfom (God forbid!) upon my copy of *The Sexual Politics of Meat* (or a photocopy of it) by cutting it into snippets to paste into my own rough draft typescript of this introduction be a more serious act of "violence to the text" than quoting a part of its "content" in the less physical sense "out of context?" But is it possible even for *her* to incorporate a text without turning it into meat? Compagnon sees quotation as a "surgical removal [*ablation*]." But isn't that just another metaphor, or meataphor, for gore? "In the same way, every quotation is itself--essentially or additionally?--a metaphor" (Compagnon 1979, 19).

[3] The ethical question becomes urgent if we accept the metaphorical equation (which I do think is widely operative among "men of letters") between text and human (or animal)

To the extent that I do actually *glance* pretty compulsively, perhaps longingly, at the text as meant, even if I refuse to indulge, I find it useful to consider my "reading" here to be not so much *criticism* as *commentary*. Since one aim of my experimentation is the testing of a neophilological attentiveness to meaning and matter at the *microtextual* level (an endeavor more usually associated with annotation or detailism of the miscellaneous *Notes and Queries* sort or the well-padded post-Victorian editorial comfiness of a Quiller-Couch or an Arnold Davenport), it may be useful to recall the distinction that Walter Benjamin made between criticism and commentary, presumably in response to runaway German philology at the end of the last century:

> Criticism seeks the truth content of a work of art, commentary its material content [*Sachgehalt*]. The relationship of the two determines that fundamental principle of writing whereby the more significant it is, the less manifestly and outwardly is the truth content of the work bound up with its material content. Consequently, if the work proves to be an enduring one, whose truth is most deeply imbedded in its material content, in the course of this enduring the real elements become more clearly evident to the contemplator in the work as they die out in the world. Yet at the same time, by all appearances, material content and truth content, which in the juvescence of the work are united, move apart as it endures, because the latter always remains more or less concealed where the former breaks through. (Benjamin 1924, 125)

If we accept this discrimination, I think I am safe in saying that I am not interested in the "truth content" of the works I am discussing: I want to concentrate instead on those "real elements" that do perhaps become more manifest as the "truth" of the work becomes more delitescent. As the work grows old, it may be precisely the real incidentals in it that begin to stick out like sore thumbs, while its immaterial *"truth"* becomes less and less imposing. Benjamin goes on to suggest that "if for the sake of a similitude one would regard the growing work as a burning stake, then the commentator stands before it as a chemist, the critic like an alchemist. Where only wood and ash remain the objects of the former's analysis, for the latter the flame alone harbors an enigma: that of the living. So the critic inquires into the truth, whose living flame burns on over the solid faggots of the past and the frail ash of the lived" (126).[4] But if the life of *meaning* is in the flame, the *reality* of the lived is in the ashes. The average "commentator" on Elizabethan texts, of course, cannot claim to be a chemist, but at best a kind of Sherlock Holmes, sifting through the ashes to arrive at a deduction. I

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body. To show so much attentiveness to the "body" of the text as opposed to its "soul," as I tend to, does suggest a familiar form of sexual insensitivity or consumption. On the other hand, to treat the *meaning* of a text as a spiritual content capable of wholeness (and *appropriation*) equally suggests forms of interpersonal objectification, and forms whose lack of *realism*–as the opponents of the sovereign unified Cartesian e(r)go have been arguing for a while now–would also leave the door open for determinism, ideological falsification, co-optation, or downright oppression which, *mutatis mutandis*, would be ethically execrable in the treatment of those really ununified "texts" we call people.

[4] The *homo*nymic double entendre in my translation is not unintentional. We seem only recently to have found ourselves ready once again to acknowledge the *real* people whose lives have often been at that most metaphysically tantalizing stake, and the likely genders, races, classes, creeds and, of course, sexual preferences of those people.

like to think of myself, however, more as an opportunistic artist, taking bits of the charcoal and making of them scribbets with which to limn caricatures that will allow positive but unincriminating identifications to be made (and economically using whatever briquettes are too big to barbeque up a mess of Frankfurters or Wieners for those who still insist on having their stake well done [so as to mask its provenance]).

Although I have divided up the real to be thus commentarily read according to the nominal categories of *persons*, *places* and *things*, it may be more convenient to think of this work as falling methodologically into two courses, corresponding to two basic kinds of alternative to traditional critical (alchemical) readings it offers. The first half, theoretically pre-prandial, deals with the realistic figure of the person, and condignly provides reintroductions to the personalities whose texts make up most of the material discussed both there and in the second half: Robert Greene, Gabriel Harvey, and Thomas Nashe. These first three chapters thus aim at a refamiliarization as well as a defamiliarization. Each takes off to some extent from a recognizable critical tradition: historico-biographical, thematic, textual. At the same time, however, they attempt a form of "reading" that is an amalgam of summary, cento, close reading and running commentary. They are meant to chart my search for a more "realistic" textual personality in the little-read quasi-genres of confession, invective, and rough draft, and although each in its way attempts an innovative presentation, they have actually been designed to leave readers (who have had the patience to make it through them) with an unanticipated sense of the familiar (a chimera that shimmers before us with the shape of the human). The greater tendency toward thematic coherence in these chapters is also in no small part due to that abiding superstitious antipathy I feel toward doing violence to textual personalities, an existential scruple I do not seem to have where textual places or things are concerned (although the paradigmatic "thing" I discuss in chapter six is the red herring, a fishfood I now feel should not be treated as read meat, and whose literal status as living being Adams has helped me to re-member).

In the second half, where I concentrate on places and things, I engage in micro-readings with clearly more localized unity and incidental validity. In other words, I very frequently take *lexies* "out of context," and often they are used to shed light on theoretical issues, rather than vice-versa. I allow much freer rein in these chapters to my tendency to devote attention to the local at the expense of the global, and to the incidental at the expense of some chimeric totality. The theoretical assumptions I am working with may well for some people already have a decided air of the *rechauffé* about them, but I am of the opinion that such concerns really are best served up catchpot, and that they do often betray interesting new flavors when they have been tossed into a different tureen and allowed to stew there for a while. Where its assimilation of the theoretical insights that have been disseminated during the past twenty years is concerned, as in so many institutional situations, Renaissance Studies remains the "tardie apish Nation" of English Literature as a discipline, and its belated experimentation with theories already played out elsewhere may provide unexpected cognitive bonuses with regard to the further articulation of both "The English Renaissance" *and* "The Postmodern Turn."

By the time I reach the middle of chapter five, however, it may seem that I am drawing out a pretty diddly dinner at times with an awful lot of theoretical roughage from the well-

stocked pluralist salad-bar of our poststructualist dispensation, even given the more than generous sprinkling of critical croutons to add palatability for the meat and *peut-être* crowd (Nabby's joke about Rabelais's going to seek a "great potato"). But part of the satisfyingness of my readings for me is the way they have helped me to work through some of the poststructuralist theoretical assumptions I (sometimes grudgingly) take for granted, and if I take my time attempting exemplary "reading" (not readings) of methodological problems *through* microtextual commentaries, and sampling scholarly alternatives to the totalizing reading of a discrete text, it is plainly in conformity with my sincere poststructuralist sentiment that in the texts under discussion, and in all *texts* when viewed as ensembles of *meaning(s)* as opposed to bodies of being, "the parts," as Stanley Wells has said of Nashe's works, "are always greater than the whole" (Wells 1964, 20). In the section on places in particular I am interested in trying to situate myself with regard to the textuality of poststructuralism in the most postructuralist way I know how–by reintroducing *differences* into what has become a far too homogenous settlement–better say colonization–in an attempt to complicate our now rather banal conception of the "textuality" of the prose of the world. (The final chapter on things, theoretically post-cenal, is meant to leave one feeling obliged to empty full receptacles of the frail ash of the lived after the brandy and cigars with which I have followed up what has really been a kind of *Cena de la ceneri* all along.)

One differential contrast I have found it especially timely to introduce into my theorizing on textuality is that of *prose* itself. The end of the century saw a boom in this mode in texts which, since their Victorian re-emergence, have been cited for the prosaically realistic picture they give us of life in "Shakespeare's England." But these texts–the first full flowering maybe not of the novel, but at least of what by any other name would still be a prose–have never really been made the basis of theorizing on the categories of realism, prose, or for that matter of "the Elizabethan world picture." Prose, in fact, is the overlooked other of an Elizabethan textuality that has both traditionally and more recently been strung between the tenters of the pragmatics of the theater and the poetics of the verse. Only at the end of the century are we starting to see a few investigators turn up the prosaic weft of the tight tapestry of an Elizabethan world that had its share of "subversive stitches"; and only with postmodernism has it become fashionable to try on our prosaic old duds inside out–mostly of course still just as a kind of badge betokening the most recuperated of countercultures. Thus, Jonathan Crewe, in his poststructuralist reading of Nashe, suggests how his works could unravel and snarl the constantly reknit versions of sublimated textuality at the end of the century:

> Simply for the record, let us recall that Nashe's prose is not governed by a poetic, but rather, as *The Unfortunate Traveller* suggests, by an antipoetic (which seeks to establish the domain of "prose as prose"), and that his poetry is of an exemplary squareness. The decorum of his prose, moreover, is unassailably learned rather than vulgar, and his work is never less than a popular art. (Crewe 1982, 17-18)

Although I will later be taking exception to the way Crewe eschews vulgarity, it seems to me that he has been correct in discerning the sheer negativity of Nashe's relationship to high canonical models of textuality, and this is one of the reasons these texts now seem so interesting to me. The pamphlet from which I take the epigraph to this little introduction you

are reading is called *Tyros roring megge, planted against the walles of melancholy*. A "roaring Meg" was a piece of small ordnance, a little cannon, and I would like to think that the prosaic texts gathered here can serve as a little *canon*, as loudmouthed and independent as Long Meg of Westminster and as disturbing as Bruegel's *Dulle Griet*, planted against the melancholy walls of the Renaissance canon as it has been poetically and theatrically raised up.

From a theoretical angle, I am aiming largely to make contributions to (or, as the subtitle of my fourth chapter admits, *problems for*) an emergent category of textual analysis: the "prosaic." This rather Hegelian term, *si je ne m'abuse* (*c'est quelqu'un d'autre qui le fera*), has most recently been theorized in two fundamental ways, and my study can be said to shift its aim roughly from one to the other conceptualization as it moves from the first three chapters to the second three.

In one usage, that being developed by Gary Saul Morson and Caryl Emerson out of their work on Mikhail Bakhtin (or "Baxtin," depending on your system of transcription), the "prosaic" could be said to determinate the overall mundaneness of all "textuality"–its groundedness, humanness, specificity, embodiedness, reality, lived-ness:

> This is prosaic in both senses of the term: both prose-like as opposed to poetical, and ordinary, that is, pertaining to and celebrating the mass of unmarked everyday decisions that require work of us precisely because we cannot ground them in general norms, principles, or the drama of clean-cut openings and closings. Baxtin is a singer of middle spaces. A "prosaic" approach to his work, therefore, might shed some light on what many consider to be the most problematical sides of Baxtinian poetics: its insistence on decentering and "openness" in the novel, and its presumption that this openness is essentially benign.
>
> A quote from the early manuscripts will illustrate "prosaics" with a difficult but crucial Russian phrase. "We live," Baxtin writes, "in a world of exitless reality, not of random potential" ("K filosofii postupka," 115). Note that for Baxtin this "exitlessness" is a very good thing. Random potential, mere possibility, always splits me off from the world; it is, as Baxtin says, the "unbridled play of empty objectivity," an "infinity of cognition" that no one has yet signed (120). (Emerson 1988, 519)

The Sartrean ring of "exitless" is not an unhappy one, since Caryl Emerson is here quoting from one of the drafts from the phenomenologico-existentialist period which preceded Bakhtin's better-known 1929 book on Dostoevsky. The "prosaic" in this sense has to do in fact with the actually existent *economics* of textuality, or in other words the prosaic limitations imposed by reality on boundless poesis, representation, or writing; limitations which implicate us existentially as people. As opposed to a textual reality carious with "loopholes" (as Bakhtin called them in his reconsidered opinion in the Dostoevsky book), or inherently constructed as a nexus of "paths of escape" (as "a certain poststructuralism" likes to construe it), the conditions of writing and reading the prose of the world entail a good many material, social and even "literal" constraints which make of that world a largely "exitless reality."

The conception of the prosaic developed by Jeffrey Kittay and Wlad Godzich in their book *The Emergence of Prose: An Essay in Prosaics* (1986), on the other hand, makes plain how precisely the mundanity of the prosaic allows it, and the subjects bound up in it, alibis and ways out (of existential implication) by constituting its textuality as a transparent,

unproblematic banality: "Among all the discourses it contains, it takes the position that it is just holding them together, it is just what there is. The prose of the world" (Kittay and Godzich 1986, 116). Prose here starts to become interesting by virtue of its very unremarkableness, a model for the delitescent discursive order that underwrites and reproduces the reality of the most unquestioned aspects of "our" world. As opposed to the obvious symbolic stratification of the poetry and the obvious re-presentational self-consciousness of the play within the plays, the prose from the end of the century has often struck critics as exemplary in its transparency. Only in the last few years has this prose come under the scrutiny of a new, theoretically chary and often prosaically gritty pen of lit critters, best thanked for their vaccinary pains by quoting one of Rabelais's inverted proverbs: *"Si n'estoient messieurs les bestes, nous vivrions comme clercs* [If it weren't for the beasts, we'd still be living like scholars]."

The last decade has especially espied a soughing resurgence of interest in the pellucid palimpsestuous prose of Thomas Nashe. No less than six books which deal wholly or largely with Nashe appeared in English between 1980 and 1990 (Rhodes 1980, McGinn 1981, Crewe 1982, Nicholl 1984, Hilliard 1986, Hutson 1989)--a field previously held together by R. B. McKerrow's apparatus in his astonishing edition (Nashe 1958; originally 1904-10) and by G. R. Hibbard's *Thomas Nashe* (1962). When my own work was first conceived, the last two of the studies from the 'eighties had not yet appeared, and their intervention served to sidetrack me from my initial aims. For, much as *Elizabethan Grotesque* (1980) seems, according to his preface, to have arisen out of the need Neil Rhodes felt to answer (albeit somewhat tardily) Hibbard's *Thomas Nashe*, this study originated in my dissatisfactions with the poststructuralist reading of Nashe in Jonathan Crewe's *Unredeemed Rhetoric*, dissatisfactions which were really only aggravated by Crewe's obvious wit and mercurial mentality. As with *Elizabethan Grotesque*, this might thus have become a study of Nashe, but as with *Elizabethan Grotesque* it has become something else, less unified, whose title might still seem to claim a kind of epoch-making definitiveness that I have tried to belie with the plural--"(some) Elizabethan realisms (among many others)."

Since Stephen S. Hilliard's work had such different fish to fry, I have been able to borrow from it profitably here and there without undue anxiety. Unfortunately, however, Lorna Hutson's book did not appear too late for me to take it into account here, and I have at times been tempted into modifying my methodological orientation toward Nashe as a result of the undercover theoretical polemic in her state-of-the-art study. Her "reading" of Nashe has seemed to me to be consonant enough with my own that our work might complement one another's (though I am aware that she might not agree with me here). In any case, I am eager to com*pli*ment her on the most perspicacious work on Nashe to date, though in no way do I feel she can be credited with or blamed for any of the basic assumptions at work here, all of which are now half a decade old, at least, and beginning, I fear, like us all, to look their age.

In elaborating the subtitular terms of my subject I have now reached the end of the century, and perhaps this is as good a time as any to start skirting the issue of what I can possibly mean by proposing even *some* "realisms" at this late date. To begin this perhaps grotesquely transvestite skirting where it actually makes a difference (the epistemological problems are going to get short shrift straight through), it may well seem that as a straight

white middleclass man having written yet another study of white men writing about white men, I have a certain amount of explaining to do. A study like mine, however stylistically and theoretically forward,[5] is coming more and more to seem inevitably like the dog returning to his vomit once again. But it didn't seem that way to me when I began. Then I felt I was fleeing the deadening abstractness of theory for the good old lived (and shared) reality of food and drink, feelings and laughter, pleasure and pain. I was setting out for the territories, looking for an alien textual space that hadn't already been wholly overrun and de-realized by critical colonists, though I was not, of course, able to kid myself at this late date about the imperialistic undertones of such a perfervid search for *Lesensraum*. Indeed, I prided myself on the immense dense empire, wildly teeming with untapped life, that I was Aguirre-like laying claim to, and I took a certain secret satisfaction in my meta-elitist conviction that I was pulling on my supremely serious colleagues a version of what Nietzsche had called "Kant's Joke": "Kant wanted to prove, in a way that would make 'the average Joe's' head spin, that 'the average Joe' was right--that was the private joke of his soul. He wrote against the learned in favor of common prejudice, but he wrote for the learned and not for the common people" (Nietzsche 1882, 104). We now know, though, what's wrong with this; and I've translated Nietzsche's *"alle Welt* [the whole world]" as "the average Joe" to show that I have been educated myself to recognize the problematical nature of any shared experience of any "common people." This collective nonentity has in fact been constructed out of the abstract universalism of the "average" plus the white male presuppositions of guys like Joe (whether Stalin, McCarthy, or my own dear departed old man). Thus, even to use a word *derived* from "real" in one's title must today be accompanied by a conscious or rather self-conscious embarrassment regarding one's personal political pretensions quite apart from any philosophical quandaries. Who do you think you are? And you'd better know ahead of time, or you're just going to look like the kind of utopian critical critic who has taken his rod and his real and gone fishing for the afternoon once again. Out to lunch.

For the "real" is the final court of appeal for all countercultural academic claims in this century, whether as the hardheaded economic *Hinterfragen* of postmarxism, the supposed ethical "principle" underneath psychoanalysis (cf. Lacan 1986), the "hyperrealism" of poststructuralism, or the lived and livid lucidity of feminism. A disabusing "realism" that left the false consciousness of other perspectives looking not just morally bankrupt or spiritually oppressive or epistemologically unsophisticated but downright *"unrealistic"* in the most prosaic sense has been the key to countercultural authority. But our intellectual realism itself has long since led us to recognize the partiality of *all* realism, its constructedness, its exclusions, its exploitations; its unrealistic aspects. The real can now only be real *for someone*, and one must take responsibility for that reality, and recognize it as a particular version of what there is.

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[5] On the matter of style, by the way, I can not do better than to quote Kierkegaard's drafts for his own doctoral dissertation on *The Concept of Irony*: "and should there happen to be, particularly in the first [in my case: last] part of the essay, various things which one is otherwise unaccustomed to meet with in academic dissertations, then the reader will have to forgive me my gaiety, and that I sometimes sing as I work in order to lighten my task" (Kierkegaard 1968-70, 3:114).

This I am more than willing to do, but it has now started to look as though, while all perspectives may be relative, some of them are more relative than others, and as though I and my bourgeois hetero male cronies of little color are in a peculiarly nasty fix when it comes to realism. The transparency of prose, which Kittay and Godzich connect with the impersonality of the state (see chapter four), may really only be the effect of an unreal hegemonic perspective to which I, to an extent that makes it impossible for me to see it, have been assimilated. Thus, there may indeed be something unsalvageably reactionary–or, as I suspect, at least re*d*actionary–about my realisms, relying as they do upon "personalism" (if not "humanism") and a kind of nostalgia for an undoubtedly oppressive print culture textuality that seems to be in the process of becoming extinct; but relying beneath it all upon feelings, hopes, desires, and fears that (however real to me) may be part and parcel of a politically privileged, but thus morally and cognitively somehow underprivileged subject position.

I do not want to defy this insight, but I still feel compelled to continue to look for "realities" within my de-realized purview–matters I at least don't *feel* can be so glibly consigned to the dustbin of a "privileged" false consciousness; and I revert as a kind of desperate bid to hold onto my reality (and thus to my privilege?) again and again to things that *feel* real to me. I realize that this finally makes me guilty of a form of reader response criticism that would charitably be rubricized "impressionistic," but I have not been able to forego the view, perhaps indeed because of my ideologically privileged subject position, that reality does finally depend upon emotions, in spite of my equally *painful* awareness that this is the most philosophically as well as politically ramshackle construction I could choose to squat in. To the extent that my drift can be summarized, then, I suppose this is a study of how I think we might be more realistic about our experience of prosaic and print cultural textuality; why these Elizabethan prose texts sometimes seem "real" to me, or how I can imagine them seeming real to earlier or other readers; why they are *not* real, and why, yet, they sometimes *feel* so real; and why, for me, simply reading them (not doing readings of them) counters a continued de-realization of the prose of the world that I nevertheless recognize may be politically imperative.

What I often feel has been *un*necessary (and *un*realistic) about literary theory and criticism in general, however, has been its lack of *effets de vécu*, effects of what some feminists and other oppressed resistance groups call "lived experience," an absence that has slowly begun to be made up for in the last decade or so. Perhaps this is not the time for people in my position to be trying to reclaim reality for aspects of their own "lived experience"–even the repressed, prosaic aspects of it that may finally not be so specific to the privileged nature of the perspective–but I *felt* I had to try, as a way of working myself out of the theoretical cynicism that sometimes seems to have appropriated the badge of "realism" to itself as a way of avoiding the *feel* of the real. It has seemed to me that in their incessant *conceptualization* and *intellectualization* of the pain as well as the *pleasure* of the texts in which we live, most structuralist types and many poststructuralists too have, to recall a quibble of Randall McLeod's in a different, but not entirely unrelated context, provided materials not so much toward an aesthetics as toward anaesthetics. This constitutes a kind of obdormition which may now be causing us pain as our bodies are forced to wake up to the real by the movements of their oppressed members. But I hope that the return of feeling may include,

along with the pins and needles (which after all aren't such an ordeal for us to have to go through, considering what our insensitivity has sanctioned), new sources of pleasure and a new appreciation for the possibilities of the real as written.

I don't feel I know what is real, but I do know that I *feel* what is real. From an epistemological point of view, any contribution I might make here toward a theory of realism would, I can only suppose, be negative, still more alienating, the *other* of a consistent system that could be pointed to, like the comedic insight Northrop Frye describes as a shift from *pistis* to *gnosis* arriving at the happy cognitive bonus that "[i]llusion is whatever is fixed or definable, and reality is best understood as its negation: whatever reality is, it's not *that*" (Frye 1957, 170). We all know that (for the tragedies of history obligingly re-enact themselves as epistemological farces for us in literature): the prose of the world is always *somebody's* reality (or even *nobody's* reality), sure, but that doesn't stop the real from coming back through it. "Fate," says Nashe, "is a spaniel that you cannot beate from you; the more you thinke to crosse it, the more you blesse it, and further it" (Nashe 1599, G2/3:196). Theoretical realism at the end of the century seems to me to be shaping up, more than anything else, in the face of a global "textuality" that nevertheless would of course be a joke outside of the academy, as a recognition of the difficulty of maintaining a "critical distance" through textuality from *some* real or other, and also the demand for the admission, maybe only as a first step, that there can be no such distance without violence to the real, and so for a confession either that the people, places and things that are held together and kept apart by the prose of the world don't really matter, don't *really* exist, or else that, after all, in that vast text you are not neither here nor there; that *you* (even if only personally, locally, incidentally, momentarily, all too scarily)--care.

GETTING PERSONAL:

CONFESSION, INVECTIVE, DRAFT,

AND THE FASHIONABLE SELF

Through the pride of little men
The burghers good and true
Still living through the painter's hand
Request you all to understand.
King Crimson, "The Night Watch"

Reintroductions:
Reading People Like a Book

> [...] ce qui est constant, c'est que le sème est lié à une idéologie de la personne (inventorier les sèmes d'un texte classique n'est donc qu'observer cette idéologie): la personne n'est qu'une collection de sèmes (mais à l'inverse, des sèmes peuvent émigrer d'un personnage à un autre, pourvu que l'on descende à une certaine profondeur symbolique, où il n'est plus fait acception de personnes [...]. Ce qui donne l'illusion que la somme est supplémentée d'un reste précieux (quelque chose comme l'*individualité*), en ce que, qualitative, ineffable, elle échapperait à la vulgaire comptabilité des caractères composants), c'est le Nom Propre, la différence remplie de son *propre*. Le nom propre permet à la personne d'exister en dehors des sèmes, dont cependant la somme la constitue entièrement.
>
> Roland Barthes, *S/Z*

> Well I wott what here is ment, and though a talle it seme,
> Shadowes haue their bodies by, and so of this esteme.
>
> Edward Dyer, *Amarillis*

Real people tend to fall through the cracks in a culture, and this is why it is only from such prosaic fissures that their personalities are to be expiscated. During the Renaissance, one such gap was opened up in textuality by a prosaic print culture coming between the holograph or scribal embodiment of the poem and the scenic embodiment of the drama. The realistic "personality" that I am after here can be viewed as a prosaic effect of that print culture, falling somewhere *between* the poetic intimacy of the manuscript self and the theatrical surfaces of the performative role. But this does not mean that, as opposed to the staginess and lyricism surrounding the mode of self-production which has come to be called Renaissance self-fashioning, a sense of *real personality* in Elizabethan prose would arise peculiarly from those texts which unfashionably played down their privacy or their performativeness--their unpoetic and undramatic "prosiness." The realism of these texts comes only intermittently from the expansive comfiness of print, the ever-widening stretch of the "prosaic" (*là où le lecteur baille*). The publicational prosaics of *personality* at the end of the century which I am attempting to track down cannot attain the drama and lyricism of the real without being played off against the histrionics and the poetics of *self* rehearsed among Stephen Greenblatt's coterie. The *performative* aspect of a prosaics of personality perhaps needs to be given especial stress, and it is in fact nicely dramatized when the true-to-self interiority of Greenblatt's pre-eminent *proseur*, Thomas More, can only be constituted as a kind of phantomatic "stunt double" against the backdrop of his self-"production" in a more thespian sense. As much as in Greenblatt's analyses, real personality in my sense can only fall somewhere *between* an authentic inner self and the acting out of a multiscripted social

repertoire. But as against the exaggeration of a self-*conscious* simulation (a form of self-*authorization*) in so many of Greenblatt's most celebrated interpretations, *I* am interested in emphasizing how real people unwittingly *fell into* that widening chasm between the authentic and the false, and the extent to which they, and we, are only rescued, however provisionally, from that abyss by the authoring of *others*.

The pathos of the real in these chapters is thus to some extent founded upon or to found within various gaps: that between a now textually-entrenched, theatrically self-improvisatory or poetically auto-composing creation of *self* and a prosaic, other-characterizing attitude toward *personality*; that between "textuality" in the poststructural sense and the print culture textuality *au pied de la lettre* on which it is *literally* based, and--most obviously--that between the real and the unreal itself, whose specter pathetically haunts even the most postmodern theories of "hyperreality." And, of course, it will also dramatically depend upon (lean vertiginously out over) that vasty deep that separates the premodern from the post-.

According to one rather widespread myth of Western cultural history, the breakdown of sign systems that makes possible the rift between appearance and reality, the gulf that creates the pathos of the real, actually only recrudesces in the Renaissance. The binary oppositions of real and unreal, true and false, authentic and phoney reconstitute *one another* at the dawn of the modern era; and it is perhaps the urge to close the gap on that mutually constituted *alterity* that underwrites all efforts at existential *self*-substantiation, from the humanist imperative to write oneself down to the currently fashionable embrace of social authenticity as self-performance. For my sense of realistic personality, however, I need to narrow the gap without closing it; I need the pathos of difference that an opposition of the authentic and the false makes possible. If in examining the "realistic" late prose of Robert Greene in chapter one, then, I speak of his self-*forgery*[1] rather than his self-fashioning, and one hears thereby the hollow ringing of that canyonic chasm in which the hammer hits the anvil, it is not without a keen awareness that self-fashioning and self-forgery may well really be the two heads of the illicitly-minted coin with which the representation of identity has been flipping with us ever since. A sense of realism can only be reintroduced into the Renaissance, and so into the modern "textuality" that is founded on it, I am arguing, if we first reintroduce the suspicion of *in*authenticity, the drossy *forgery* involved in "acts" of self-fashioning.

I specifically need the gap between the authentic and the false as it existed at its outset, a gap, like that between fashion and forgery themselves according to some theorists, that was still small enough in the Elizabethan period so that the fact that there *was* a gap could be acutely sensed. They could still stare across the breach of appearances at one another in an age before we had learned that though mere appearances may be disagreeable, they aren't so bad when one considers the alternative. *Forgery per se* is appropriately enough the first stage

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[1] Cf. Jonathan Goldberg's variation on this idea (Goldberg 1990, 272-73). Although I now find that his recent work has skirted a few of the issues I address in chapter three, my research developed independently, as did my notion of "self-forgery." Indeed, I flatter myself that he may have picked up the term from an earlier version of my chapter one, submitted to *ELH* a few years ago now, and which he was obliged, really most graciously, to reject in the form it was in then because--and this seems a bit curious given the character of *Writing Matter*--it was "so full of jokes, summaries, quotations" (Goldberg, handwritten [cursive] postcard).

recognized by Jean Baudrillard in plotting the development of *simulation* since the Middle Ages, the stage in which the pathos of distance between the real and the simulated was the least gaping, and thus still had some reality in itself. As I can conveniently translate, "forgery (and fashion along with it) is born with the Renaissance, with the destructuring of the feudal order by the bourgeois order and the emergence of open competition on the level of signs that set apart" (Baudrillard 1976, 78). The word I am translating as "forgery" here is *contrefaçon*, which can be used for any false or unauthorized reproduction: counterfeiting or publicational piracy, to mention two familiar to students of the Elizabethan age.

It is my contention that for *real* personalities to be found in this prose, their textual performances must have reintroduced into them the pathos of semiotic forgery that plays across that most authentic stage of modern simulation. The realism of the prosaic personality more often than not depends in large part on an assurance of manifest phoneyness. Thus, against the self-fashioning manner in which the creations of Greenblatt's characters are reinvested with directorial authority, the thing I want to stress is the counter-manner (*contre-façon*) whereby real personalities emerge *in our reading* from that swagging deep of reality opened up in the Renaissance, and now so wide that it can only be gotten across by *skipping over* the centuries that separate us from an age when, if that gap could no longer be leapt, it nevertheless *still could* be gotten across. This demanded, and demands, a kind of leap of faith, but it is on the caprine anticity as much as on the sublime riskiness of such a leap that the pathos of the real has always depended. A postmodernist like Baudrillard will claim that the real is no longer meaningful, that the gulf has become so wide that the real can no longer even be an horizon discerned in the distance from the brink of (post-)simulation. But if, as he has also insisted, "when the real ain't what it used to be, nostalgia assumes its full meaning" (Baudrillard 1981, 17), one may finally be driven by giddiness over the edge, as William James advised in the anti-selfconscious tract *The Will to Believe*--without looking before one leaps, even if the only meaning thus reintroduced into that yawning void is our own pathetically plummeting Wile E. Coyote-like avidity.

My nostalgia over some largely forgotten prose, then, is first of all a nostalgia for the dramatic opposition of the false and the true, and many of the leaps that follow will have as their barely discernible horizon a recovery of those "genuine hypocrites" for whom Nietzsche also searched in vain at the end of his own century:

> Nothing appears to me to be rarer these days than genuine hypocrisy. I strongly suspect that this organism cannot endure the mild climate of our culture. Hypocrisy belongs to the ages of strong belief: when even in the *necessity* of seeming to hold another belief, one does not relinquish the belief that one holds. These days one does relinquish it; or, even more commonly, one treats oneself to a second belief--in any case one remains *honest*. No doubt a very much greater number of convictions is possible these days than used to be the case: possible, meaning permitted, meaning *innocuous*. This leads to self-toleration. -- Self-toleration allows several convictions: and for their part these live together peacefully--they take care, as everybody does these days, not to compromise themselves How does one compromise oneself these days? By being consistent By moving in a straight line. By being open to less than five interpretations By being genuine .. [ ] The few hypocrites I've come across were simulating hypocrisy they were, like just about every tenth person these days, actors. (Nietzsche 1889, 116-17)

Greenblatt's Renaissance self-fashioners are not in fact so unlike these late nineteenth-century self-impersonating actors. But the *real* personalities that lie behind such simulations are not, as Greenblatt himself intermittently recognizes, the magisterial authorial egos that are the heroes of *Renaissance Self-Fashioning*, but "people" reintroduced in our reading into the gap opened up by the possibility of genuine hypocrisy, read *between* their self-scripted lines. The real person, the version of the person's self-interpretation that is read as real, is the creation of someone else, and the prosaic obviousness of this view, as opposed to the confused authorship of Greenblatt's well-versed and theatrical selves, is one of the reasons that the prose I have chosen to reintroduce here was already fraught with such a pathos of realism when it was rediscovered at the end of the last century. For quite literally, in large part, the three personalities involved have not been *self*-fashioned at all, but created by someone else, mainly, as it happens, by one or both of the other two.

Robert Greene, it is true, has come down to us in his own texts, but it is remarkable how much of his "personality" as we have it is the product of the characterizations of his bitterest enemy, Gabriel Harvey, who admitted that he "was altogether vnacquainted with the man, & neuer saluted him by name" (G. Harvey 1592, B2/1:168/19). Harvey, in turn, has long been supposed to be "better known to us than almost any other man among the literary characters who crowd the Elizabethan stage" (Scott 1884, v). But if it is actually fairer to say that "[t]he true Harvey lies buried under the figure of fun created by Nashe much as the true Shadwell is lost in MacFlecknoe" (Hibbard 1962, 181), it must still be admitted that Harvey has actually attained his *real personality* mainly in those pamphlets written against him by that person who claimed he never communicated with the man except through middlemen. That "that elusive and engaging person Thomas Nashe" (David 1956, xli) himself is a more mercurial figure, and not really even one of the "personalities" actually under discussion here, is at least in part due to the lack of a more coherent effort at characterization by *his foe*, Harvey.

The prosaicness of these works also helps ease the needful reintroduction of a pathos of real textuality where for so long now textuality has become our overriding metaphor *for* the real, and thus grows empty of any drama of its own. The self, as we all know and love, is always "written," always a "textual" construct; but it is the textuality in a more *literal* sense of the selves which have come down to us in the creations of Greene, Nashe and Harvey that has reopened for me the closed case of "getting personal" in writing. We have grown accustomed to view the self as a construct which only can be consigned to the archive, and most of us are fully aware of that "critical impasse [...] in which Nashe's texts themselves come to be interpreted and criticized in the light of the 'biographical' circumstances which they have been used to invent" (Hutson 1989, 2). I am certainly not unwilling to entertain the possibility that there are no selves or personalities *except* textual ones. But for this to include any pathos, we have to recognize a discontinuity between textuality as everything that is the case and the more specific and historically situated textuality of a print culture: textuality in its *literal* sense.

For a discussion of realistic *personality* to take on any literal depth, the distance between the person and the textual personality must be initially heightened, and this demands an appreciation of the complex collusive antagonism of the newer brands of "nominalism" and "realism." If the Harvey-Nashe flyting frequently gives the appearance of an *ad hominem*

without an *argumentum*, all that keeps it from becoming merely an "*ad* nominem" is, oddly enough, the name-naming. We do like to believe that the proper name is "*filled* with a person," as Barthes put it (1970, 102), and it is largely this belief that helps make of an historical *figure* a *personality*. But the personality is no longer something that radiates from the plenitude of the body supposedly filling out the name, but rather something that occupies the nominal margin which pretends still to contain the space that has been vacated by the real person as such. Derrida may be right that "this divisible border crosses both bodies: the corpus and the corpse" (1984, 41), but the former definitely has an edge on the latter, where the latter is no more.

What this especially leaves out (Derrida is talking about *auto*-biography) is that the platband of nominal personality is not tended by the self; the self is flesh, flesh is grass, and the self may put up a sign that says keep off the grass, or may get "edgy" if that property line is infringed, but the curb of personality is still community property, its upkeep is someone else's responsibility, and it may be kept up even when the lawn has gone to seed or weed. A name is a side of "oneself" that only takes on meaning with reference to other people. In and of oneself one has no need of proper nouns; they are useful only as markers of the social boundaries of the personal property of *another*. And it is between these other-set margins that the text of the personality becomes increasingly readable as we confont the crisis in personal real estate that is making many of us feel more and more, as Greenblatt puts it, "as if our property rights to ourselves had been called into question" (1986, 33).

It is important to realize that if Greene can be said to play a certain role, however problematical, in the fashioning of these margins of personality through the idiosyncratic publication of his own texts, and if Harvey in his drafts manages to marginalize *himself* in an ultimately *un*publishable counter-manner, neither of them truly exists as a personality except when he appears in the texts of someone else. Greene's inner "self," as much as Harvey's, is a mere postulate, of course: believed in, desired, but forever lost beneath the surface of his more perdurant *personality*. But that there is a *real* "textual person" that corresponds to this *literal* textual personality, is also only a postulate, and presupposes once again the treacherous crossover between the textual world and the literal text on which so much of our criticism has come dizzyingly to depend. Greenblatt for his part is well aware that the "selves" he posits are only slipped into the *texts* outlasting them, and he is equally aware that "self"-fashioning in the Renaissance cannot, on the evidence of the textual remnants we have to sort through, have been entirely or even primarily a function of autonomous subjectivities. In fact, he admits,

> there is considerable empirical evidence that there may well have been less *autonomy* in self-fashioning in the sixteenth-century than before, that family, state, and religious institutions impose a more rigid and far-reaching discipline upon their middle-class and aristocratic subjects. Autonomy is an issue but not the sole or even the central issue: the power to impose a shape upon oneself is an aspect of the more general power to control identity--that of others at least as often as one's own. (Greenblatt 1980, 1)

But Greenblatt nonetheless largely leaves out of his study the entire discursive manifold of Renaissance *Other*-fashioning, toward the subject of which the second of these chapters here,

but the other two as well in a certain sense, can be seen to be yearning. For while I want to argue that the self *cannot* fashion its own reality, the realism of personality *does* perhaps depend on *fashioned texts*.

But I wouldn't want to dispose too quickly of the reality of a *non-literal* "textual" personality. Although I want a pathos-enhancing cleft between textuality and reality, I am willing to try to construct a makeshift catwalk across this chasm, so long as it is not too permanent in appearance or too misleadingly solid-looking. One needs to keep clear about the riskiness of the crossing in an age of smoothly running tollbridges. Greenblatt, for his part, retains a tottery terror of the abyss, and personably admits the tenuous existentialist, even humanistic, biases behind his own attempt at a crossover–largely with a kind of desperation, as when he ends his book in a confessional self-accounting: "I want to bear witness at the close to my overwhelming need to sustain the illusion that I am the principal maker of my own identity" (257). Greenblatt's need undoubtedly answers a critical lack felt by others of a theoretical bent, but there has of course at the same time been only a growing sense, even among those who share Greenblatt's "feelings," that one cannot *own* identity, certainly not one's "own" identity. An alternative little explored by those who feel the need to sustain such illusions has, however, recently come to light.

A scruple among otherwise dedicated pandiscursivists not to throw the bathwater out with the baby led briefly to the interim occupation of the position left semi-vacant after another of those nervous collapses of the Western humanist tradition by a new critical "personalism," associated especially with the name of Mikhail Bakhtin, the soviet theorist of dialogics. The impersonal atopia of "intertextuality," itself originating largely out of Julia Kristeva's lacunic reading of Bakhtin, has been experimentally revised in a Bakhtinian reaffirmation that any theory of discursive relationships must necessarily include the "embodiment" of utterances in positional, concrete, flesh-and-blood *points of view*. This chiasmal crossing demands a recognition of the concrete sociality and personality of textuality *as well as* the textuality of the social and personal.

My own interest in Bakhtinian "personalism" has brought me back time and again to his early corpus (posthumously published) which concerns itself mainly with the ethics and aesthetics of the relationship between the author and the hero in literary productions. With this relationship Bakhtin attempted to parallel that between self and other in the "intertextual" real world of interpersonal dynamics. In contradiction to his later, more other-shy version of this interface in his book on Dostoevsky, in these very early texts Bakhtin sees the inter-authoring of self by other and other by self as, not exactly innocent, but in any case mutually beneficent. The other as author inevitably appears as a loving donor to my self of the completion and unification which it could never achieve alone: "From within, life can express itself in an act, a confession, a cry–but absolution and bliss [*blagodat'*] descend from the Author" (Bakhtin 1979, 71). Now, if anything, it might be supposed, could belie the quasi-theological comfiness of this account it would be the invidious invective interfashioning of personalities by inimical others who, to top it off, had never even met one another. But to toy with *this* conception of realistic personality, as I do especially in chapter two, it is necessary to understand the peculiarly Bakhtinian ethics of alterity.

The issue of *responsible* authoring is effectively ignored by Harvey, and finessed by his opponent Nashe in one of his interesting sartorially-obsessed mock proclamations in *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*:

> Auditours, awake your attention, and here expect the cleare repurified soule of truth, without the least shadow of fiction; the vnflattered picture of Pedantisme, that hath no one smile or crinkle more than it should: for I deeply auow on my faith and saluation, if he were a Doctor of gold, here in his owne clothes he shal appeare to you, & not so much as a knot to his winding sheete, or corner tip to the smallest seluage of his garments I will insert; only a needle and thred to trusse vp his trinkets more roundly (vppon better aduice) I am determined to lend him, in hope it may be his thred of life, and euen by that single bountie dubble stitch him vnto me to be my deuoted beadsman till death, but not a pinnes head or moaths pallet roome gets he of anie farther contribution. (Nashe 1596, G2^{v}/3:42)

But responsible authoring for Bakhtin is *responding* to the other; it is not when authors contribute *nothing* to the other, but precisely when they *do* add to that personality that they are acting responsively and responsibly. According to Bakhtin, we as "authors" contribute to the wholeness of our "others" by adding the necessary "transgredient" purviews from outside which round off a personality, and make of it a unified and knowable entity. Without the contributions of our author-others, our personalities would not be determined and our selves would not be contained at all. And what each author contributes is perhaps that "small selvage" which hems the personality in from without, keeping it from falling apart--to pun on Barthes--at the "semes," insuring that it will not fray away.

Nashe claims that he is not contributing to that selvage, and it would be here more than in his trying to discredit Harvey, that the early Bakhtin might say that he was acting "irresponsibly." Nashe insists that he is only pulling a thread through to sew up the Harvey case once and for all. But this thread, which proves preposterously long if we pull it back out a bit, has held Harvey together in a more fashionable creation than the untraceable self-embroidered handiwork of the manuscripts which I discuss in chapter three, where, if anywhere, I make a concerted effort to uncover the "genuine hypocrisy" of self-fashioning. But even that autograph self, if I do manage to track it down, can only be lent reality by tying it all together again--pull those threads of selfhood out rather than basting them up more firmly with one's authorial transgredience, and the selvage unravels. Simply sew it all up in a jiff, however, and the selvage mysteriously disappears (tucked away under the realistic edge of the personality, perhaps), so that ultimately the textually fashionable other would also seem to be a fabrication, as desperate an illusion as Greenblatt's *self*-fashioner.

Indeed, if it is the fact that the text in print will not by itself unweave that separates it ultimately from the "self," the *literal* textuality of the personalities dealt with here may separate them finally from the persons authored by others in Bakhtin's account. The hemlines of the person rise and fall with the changing fashions, as new "authors" contribute their small selvage to the personality of the other, ever on the verge of coming undone. But the printed "personalities" which have come down to us in prose from the English Renaissance are second-hand garments that may never have been first-hand; like carefully tailored outfits destined never to be worn. There are obviously no real people, then, "in"

them, but the texts tailored by one author to fit another *can* nevertheless somehow, perhaps precisely in the reintroduction of a "selvage" Nashe pretends to withhold, make fashionable something that shimmers realistically like the seductive surface of a person. Actually, it is hard not to see the last decade of the sixteenth century, with its many name-naming, name-calling exchanges as a kind of heyday of the textual personality, before the advent of the modern textual *self*. A mere half century after Nashe gave us Harvey "in his owne clothes," George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, was helping to bring the *un*fashionable self into fashion with his everlasting self-sewn leather suit, a "breakthrough" dramatized by Teufelsdröckh, in the *ne plus ultra* (*sutor crepidam*) of millenary meditations, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, as freedom at last from the encroachments of alter(abil)ity:

> 'So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want! Want! - Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial Suit of Leather!' (Carlyle 1987, 159)

The sempiternal killcow self, a leather jerkin for those who can suit themselves, no more made to be worn, perhaps, than the text as such.

Against these suitors whole teams of Penelopes are still being kept up at night in their desperate determination to unravel the selvage of Western humanism as a whole; but I, for my part, am drawn irresistibly to follow the thread back to three real people who knew each other mainly through print, the only way many of us ever get to know one another, and thus to bare witness at the clothes to my own overwhelming need to sustain the illusion that by the gentle craft of my small selvage I can still, at least for a brief moment, keep *everyone* in stitches.

1. Publish or Perish:
Greene's Ghost Haunting Professional Writers

> In the penitential confession there is no hero and no author, since there is no position to allow their interaction to be realized, no position of valorizing outsideness; the hero and the author are yoked together: this is the spirit, in its becoming, winning out over the soul.
>
> Mikhail Bakhtin, "Author and Hero in Aesthetic Activity"

> In paper, many a Poet now suruiues
> Or else their lines had perish'd with their liues.
> Old *Chaucer, Gower* and Sir *Thomas More,*
> Sir *Philip Sidney,* who the Lawrell wore,
> *Spencer,* and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
> Sir *Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniell.*
> *Siluester, Beamont,* Sir *Iohn Harrington,*
> Forgetfulnesse their workes would ouerrun,
> But that in paper they immortally
> Do liue in spite of death, and cannot die.
>
> John Taylor, *The praise of hemp-seed: with the voyage of Mr. R. Bird and the writer hereof in a boat of brown-paper, to Quinborough in Kent* (1620)

In the dedicatory epistle to *Greenes newes both from heauen and hell* (1593), "B.R.," whose identity is usually assumed to be that of the old ex-military professor Barnabe Rich(e), writes to that "Marquesse of merry conceits," Gregory Coolle (usually "Cole"), presently cooling his heels in a "chaste chamber in *Dublyne,*" how recently "between *Pancredge Church & Pye-corner*" he was confronted with a specter: "I had not paced many steppes, but directly in the path before me, there appeared a most grislie ghost wrapt vp in a sheete, his face onely discouered, with a penne vnder his eare, and holding a scrowle of written paper in his hande" (B.R. 1593, A2/3). B.R. is aware that such apparitions cannot speak unless addressed, and he asks the ghost to identify himself and state his business:

> I am (saide he) a Spirite, yet feare thou nothing, for my comming is not to doe thee any manner of harme, but to request a matter at thy handes which thou maist not denay me, for thou must vnderstand, I am the spirite of *Robert Greene,* not vnknowne vnto thee (I am sure) by my name, when my wrytings lately priuiledged on euery post, hath giuen notice of my name vnto infinite numbers of people that neuer knewe me by the view of my person. (A2^{v}/4)

Greene had died in early September, 1592. *Greenes newes* was probably published during the Winter of 1593 (Stationer's Register: February 3). Thus, but a few short months after Greene's passing, his epigone but not forgotten B.R. would seem (rather like Kierkegaard's "contemporary disciple" of Christ) to be in no more favorable a position than the historically remote reader to know Greene "by the view of his person." Conversely, Greene's *nominal*

currency is good for almost as much textual recognizability with the modern student as with his contemporary follower, countervailing just enough of the effects of secular amnesia for Greene to fall into that blithe company to whom history drily addresses Woody Allen's wisecrack: "Your name is familiar, but I forget your face."

Most professional Elizabethan scholars are likely to have glanced over something ("vpstart Crow") connected with Greene's untimely demise, and will recall at least vaguely how the reports of his death were greatly extenuated. But attention has yet to be given to the way in which his proliferation of posthumous pamphlets might fit into an account of a certain mode of Renaissance self-fashioning, perhaps neglected: the *forging* of a personality. *"Homines non nascuntur, sed finguntur,"* as Erasmus famously put it, and it is on a typical English version of this maxim–"Men are not born, but *fashioned*"–that that I would initially play off: Old pamphleteers don't die, they just become *unfashionable*.

Greenes newes both from heauen and hell is only one in a line of more or less confessedly allographic productions perpetuating Greene's persona, his voice, or at any rate his "image," from beyond the grave; still, B.R. may be acknowledged as the most accomplished forger in the string of Greene's "ghostwriters." In subsequent transepulchral productions, Greene's persona glides rapidly toward the outer bounds of the peritext. *Greene in conceipt, new raised from his graue to write the tragique historie of faire* Valeria *of London* (1598) presents Greene's spirit only briefly, in the "aduertisement to the Reader," and with much the intent, no doubt, that that rubric has since come to suggest; and even in this "advertisement" there is some scruple about letting the ghost identify himself under Greene's actual name, so that he proclaims only (though certainly sufficiently): "I am hee, whose pen was first emploied in the aduancement of vanitie, and afterward in the discouering of villanie. Ioyne these two, and they will serue thee for the *Periphrasis* of my name" (Dickenson 1598, A3). As for *Greenes ghost haunting conie-catchers* (Rowlands 1602), it gives up the ghost after the titular sales pitch. The only post-mortem productions, then, which substantially extend Greene's famous deathbed autobiographies are *Greenes newes* and the slightly earlier pamphlet by Henry Chettle, *Kind-hartes dreame*.

Greenes newes publishes the pamphleteer's first-person account of an itinerary which is an inversion of Dante's, leading first up to heaven and then down through a kind of purgatory constituted through the excessive representation of its nonexistence, and so finally to the threshold of hell. The journey allows a framework for various inset tales of the jestbook variety, but also provides occasions for the further fleshing out of Greene's ever airy animus. The account commences with the standardized importunate address to the public, Greene's ghost's delivery having lost none of the jauntiness of the pamphleteer's "anthumous" apologies of this kind.

> BE *not dismaied* (*my good freends*) that a deade man shoulde acquaint you with newes, for it is I, *I per se I, Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister*, he that was wont to solicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, & to fit your fancies at ye least euery quarter of the yere, with strange & quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures. Hauing therfore so many times taken the true measure of your appetites, & finding the very height of your dispositions inclined to nouelties, that you might the rather see howe willing I am to satis-fie your humors, I haue sent you heere

> the whole discourse of my aduentures, what hath betyde mee since I left the terrestiall [sic] worlde, with a very true report of my infernall trauailes. (B.R. 1593, A4/7)

The ghost tells how, having left his "brethles corps," he wandered awhile before happening into a "straight and narrow tract" which led him on a thirsty climb up heavenward. Along the way, Greene runs into his old acquaintances, Messrs. Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, two allegorical figures from his own late pamphlet, *A quip for an vpstart courtier* (Summer of '92). As ever, these two are hotly disputing their claims to precedence, in the afterlife as they did in the realm of England. Their futile wrangle here provides Greene's ghost with an outlet for further plugging of his own product:

> My Masters and very good friends both, I perceiue you haue not read al my bookes, which I haue purposly put forth for the benefite of my Countrymen, for if you had but seene *Greenes farewell to folly*, me thinkes the bare tytle, without turning ouer leafe to looke further into the matter, might haue moued you to this consideration, that the very ground of your contention is meere folly and flat foolishnes, the which you should haue shaken hands withall, and so to haue bid it adieu, taking a faire farewel of a foule ouersight: and in one other of my bookes, called *Greenes groats worth of wit*: why, if there were but one peny worth of wit equally distributed betweene you both, you would neuer vse to quarrell, & fal together by the eares as you trauell by the way [...]. (B2-B2^{v}/11-12)

If the ghost comes suspiciously close here to sounding as though he himself has not actually looked further than the title pages of *Farewell to folly* (1591) and the *Groats-worth of witte* (1592)–let alone *written* these pamphlets–the self-advertisement at least is thoroughly consistent with Greene's pre-established this-worldly character. In a rather audacious final effort along these lines, the ghost goes so far as to rig up an aporia around the message–"*Nunquam sera est*"–of an earlier pamphlet: "I am now to put you in mind of an other of my Bookes, called *Greenes neuer too late*: O that you had but read ouer that Booke in time, but now it is too late for me to spend such wishes, and more later for you to redresse your former follyes" (B2^{v}/12). For the late Messrs. Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, then, it is indeed too late to profit from Greene's book, but the equally late Robert Greene can still flog an old pamphlet or three. Greene's body may be "a fitte pray for the sepulcher," but it is not yet too late for the (dis)corporate entity whose trademark is "Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister" once more to publicize himself and his self.

When the three travellers finally come before St. Peter, he refuses Greene entry on grounds which prove remarkably similar to those on which the pamphleteer had been taken to task by his earthly nemesis and/or front, "Cuthbert Cony-catcher," in the mock-polemic *Defence of Cony-catching* (1592). Greene had, of course, spent most of the year before his death exposing the flimflam of confidence tricksters in his celebrated "cony-catching pamphlets." But while he had admirably disclosed the sordid doings of London's lowlife, Greene had not, according to Saint Peter, "descryed the subtill and fraudelent practises of great *Cony-catchers*, such as rides vpon foote-clothes, and sometime in Coatches, and walkes the streetes in long gownes and veluet coates" (these, according to "Cuthbert Cony-catcher" had included Greene himself [cf. "Cony-catcher" 1592, C3-C3^{v}/11:75-76/37]) St Peter

concludes that "heauen is no habitation for any man that can looke with one eye and wincke with the other, for there must none rest there that dooth vse to haulte, but such as be plaine and true dealing people" (B.R. 1593, C1/17; C1^{v}/18). He promptly dispenses with Greene's rivalrous companions following the precedent set in Greene's *Quip*, so that the honest-kersey Cloth-breeches is duly admitted to paradise, while the upstart courtier Velvet-breeches is sent off to accompany Greene on his descent into hell.

At the end of much drifting through a limbo of inset tales and meetings with misguided papists whose search for purgatory is a kind of purgatory in itself, Greene and company reach the portals of hell, predictably overbrim with "cruell creditors, crafty Lawyers, Merchants, Retaylers, Scriueners, Broakers, [...] a most shamefull and filthy company of vsurers," and other whilom cronies of Velvet-breeches: "swashers, swearers, whoremaisters, theeues, robbers, ruffyans, roysters, and coosoners" (A2^{v}/60). The comedian Dick Tarleton is also on hand--though perhaps only touring the underworld (sultan of insult) heckling crowds of papists, since when last seen he had been an inhabitant of limbo (*Tarltons newes out of purgatorie* [1590]). Once the cony-catchers catch sight of the shade of their recent menace-us, they are hot to cook up some rather impracticable revenges to be enacted upon Greene's disembodied spirit: tearing to bits, flaying, blinding, gelding, etc., until "*Lucifer* perceiuing the cause of their griefes, by the manner of their clamors, & willing to appease their passions with any punishment, commaunded mee presently to bee thrust foorth of hell gates and charging so to remaine a restlesse spirite, wandering through the world, and neuer after to make any returne agayne to that place" (B.R. 1593, A2^{v}/60).

Greene's inadmissability either to heaven or hell can perhaps be seen as a parable for the widely sensed contradictoriness of his character, a "man that can looke with one eye and wincke with the other"--neither virtuous enough for heaven, nor vicious enough to belong in hell. Up until this point, *Greenes newes* has done little to modify or extend this puzzling two-faced character of Greene's, but now, before our eyes, so to speak, Greene's spirit seems at last to become transparent. Denied ultimate membership in the company of either the blessed or the damned, the spirit of Robert Greene wanders, "a walking spyrite, restlesse and remedilesse," into an unprecedented but perhaps already recognizable and sufficiently coherent new personality; one that at first will look familiar enough to readers of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "the maddest *Gobline*, that ever vsed to walke in the Mooneshine" and "a spirite of the Buttery," or "*Robin Goodfellowe*," who will "meete with a wanton wench in a darke corner" and "put her in such a bodily feare, that for fortie weekes after, shee shall thinke that young bugges are crawling in her belly" or "will shew such dreames & vysions to women whilst they be sleeping, that they shall make theyr Husbands Cuckolds when they are waking" (H2^{v}-H3/60-61). At last, Robin Greene now having become confounded with Robin Goodfellow (an identification made in Harvey's *Foure letters* [1592, A3^{v}/1:161/12] and perhaps alluded to by Nashe [1592c, E4^{v}/1:287]), further adopts something of the dramatic-ironic polymorphous rancor of the latest rendition of the satirical sprite-about-town.

> Sometimes I will trans-forme my selfe into diuers shapes, and will walke through all trades, all Sciences, and all occupations, and some I will infect with the spirite of *Auarice*, some with miserie, some with deceipt and all

> manner of subtiltie, that they shall leaue no practise vnsought for, whereby to rake and gather pelfe, to leaue to theyr heyres, that the olde Prouerbe might bee verified: *Happy are those children, whose Fathers goe to the deuill.* [...] I will not tell all, howe grieuous I will be to *Largesse* and *Lyberallitie*, nor how miserable I will shew my selfe in shutting vp of the Princes bountie: Let this suffice, hee that shall become a Suter at the Court, without golde in his purse to fee a brybing Groome, let him looke for small grace in his sutes: for I will strike such a deafenesse into the eares of the Clarkes and Secretaries, appertayning to great men, that when a penylesse Suter comes vnto them with cap and curtesie, they shal not vnderstand what the foole meaneth, nor be able to heare one worde that he speaketh, without a bribe. I might marre all if I should tell all, how I ment to bestirre my selfe amongst the Courtiers of all sorts, but they say, Enough is as good as a Feast. (B.R. 1593, H3-H3^{v}/62-63)

In these final passages we seem to be witnessing the postmortem appropriation of Robert Greene, *Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister*, by the emergent category of the self-demonized, professional pain-in-the-ass: the free-booting satirical saboteur recently bedevilling Nashe's *Pierce Penilesse* (Summer of '92 again) and the most important immediate forebear of which would perhaps be the stage comedian in the person of Richard Tarleton, a real character who at death promptly became the clown prince of an otherworldly court of jestbook *manes* whose Elysium bore no small resemblance to the tavern for which the comedian became a kind of logo. Greene is here moving into a *schadenfroh* shadow-world of undying clownish renown which was seemingly already for the Elizabethan literary personality a suffiently attractive, but also sufficiently anti-sublime end to call up Joseph Hall's ambivalent sneer in the 1598 *Virgidemiæ* (6.1.203-204):

> O honour farre beyond a brazen shrine
> To sit with *Tarleton* on an Ale posts signe! (Hall 1598, 93)

To join the company of deathless wits in their celestial salon (or saloon) became an immaterial alternative to the penurious mundane existence of the Elizabethan popular literary personality. The type of the University Wit, Ingenioso in the First Part of *The Return from Parnassus* (c. 1600) in a moment of characteristic exasperation at his dependence upon his inferiors in wit, declares: "O fustie worlde, were there anie cõmendable passage to Styx and Acheron, I would goe liue with Tarleton, and neuer more [b]less this dull age with a good line" (Leishman ed. 1949, 148). And even the supercilious Gabriel Harvey, though obviously with a more pronounced moral inflection, lends confirmation to the account of Greene's posthumous relocation which I am suggesting lies beyond the conclusion of *Greenes newes*. "I was suddainly certified," he says in *Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets*, "that the king of the paper stage (so the Gentleman tearmed *Greene*) had played his last part, & was gone to *Tarleton*" (G. Harvey 1592, B2/1:167/18).

The ever more characteristic mix of moral unsavoriness, jestbook zest, and strident carping against abuses reigning in Greene's latest pamphlets would seem finally to blend, then, into the revised unauthorized professional funpoker, a role at once morally outraged and merrily amoral. As Alvin Kernan croons: "There is an old saying that 'he who sups with the devil needs a long spoon,' and it appears that the satirist has never had a long enough spoon. Inevitably when he dips into the devil's broth in order, he says, to show us how filthy

it really is, he gets splattered" (Kernan 1959, 24). Greene's ghost's fusion of spite and spleen in violent threat-cum-declamation which is itself a strained self-parody and a parody of self was to become one of the registered trademarks of Thomas Nashe, whose own shade was still being usefully revived during the Civil War. In this merger, if anywhere, and arguably only here and after his death, Greene takes his place among the spirits of the age, finally a fit personality to dwell with the less muted literary shades, for whom a vinyard is reserved in the nether realm. Fifteen years later, at the end of *A Knights coniuring* (1607)–a rewrite of the previous year's *Newes from hell*–Thomas Dekker was to retail the (all English) inhabitants of the Elysian fields; at a certain remove from Chaucer and Spenser, "under the shades of a large *vyne*," we find Marlowe, Greene and Peele carousing and "laughing to see *Nashe* (that was newly come to their Colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and *Satyricall spirit* that followed him heere vpon *earth*" (Dekker 1607, 156). Even Nashe's own ghost, apparently, is "haunted" by that satirical spirit which in Elysium itself is compulsively railing (against "dry-fisted Patrons")–and which proceeds to take the part of poet against exploitative player in an harangue which it would be difficult to assign either to Dekker or to Nashe, but easy enough to relegate to the *spirit* which perhaps haunted them both, and which had "precursed" them in Greene's *Francescos fortunes* (Greene 1590b, B4^{v}/131-32) before removing to the address to the playwrights in his *Groats-worth of witte*. Fast on the self-possessed Nashe's heels arrives the soul of another popular pamphleteer: "He had no sooner spoken this, but in comes *Chettle* sweating and blowing, by reason of his fatnes, to welcome whom, because hee was of olde acquaintance, all rose up, and fell presentlie on their knees, to drinck a health to all the *Lovers* of *Hellicon*" (Dekker 1607, 157). A hesitation between Hell and Helicon nicely suggests the re-zoning of the poetic afterlife which came with the jocoserious late Elizabethan fascination with the darker forms of otherworldiness. With the nether world-turned-upside-down, the satirical agent, displaying little anxiety over the length of his spoon, may have recourse to the devil himself in his desperate efforts to turn up financial succour (Nashe's Pierce Penniless), while here and elsewhere the departed literatus–even if in life he had attempted a certain amount of gravity–tends to float back up transformed from (to exhume a pun) beyond the grave. Henry Chettle, the latest arrival in the seedier suburb of Elysium as Dekker's *Knights coniuring* closes, had himself earlier been a moving agent in Greene's posthumous change of address, in the famous 1592 pamphlet *Kind-hartes dreame*, dated "three moneths" after the death of Greene, and so probably a month or two prior to the arrival of *Greenes newes both from heauen and hell*. In *Kind-hartes dreame*, the first of Greene's post-mortem appearances, certain late-breaking indications of the pamphleteer's "true colours" were deepened and scumbled, serving to help bring out the lighter shade of Greene which brightens up *Greenes newes*.

Chettle's pamphlet consists of a dream-vision frame in which the ghosts of five dead personalities present themselves to "Kind-heart" (a popular London dentist) who characterizes the ghosts as his "deceased frends, personages not alltogether obscure, for then were my subiect base, nor yet of any honourable carriage, for my stile is rude and bad: and to such as I it belongs not to iest with Gods" (Chettle 1592, B1-B1^{v}/9). Among these personages are both Tarleton and Greene. Kind-heart relates how he nodded off in a taphouse and witnessed the entrance into his private chamber of a procession of five spirits, most of whom

he recognized by sight. They prove to be a uniformly suspect crew: Anthony Now-now the balladeer, Tarleton the comedian, William Cuckoe the juggler, Dr Burcot (foreign physician), and finally the infamous penner of pamphlets–although not even Kind-heart appears to know Greene to see him: "a man of indifferent yeares, of face amible, of body well-proportioned, his attire after the habite of a schollerlike Gentleman, onely his haire was somewhat long, whome I supposed to be Robert Greene, maister of Artes" (B3/13).

Each of the apparitions has an admonitory message he wants Kind-heart to forward for the benefit of the surviving practitioners of his quondam trade. Greene's message is the famous letter to "Pierce Penniless" (Thomas Nashe's character, here already taken to be the epitome of Nashe's *character*), upbraiding "Pierce" for failing to respond to attacks upon both Greene and Nashe in Gabriel Harvey's *Foure Letters*, the last of which had been dated nine days after Greene's death. Greene's missive in *Kind-hartes dreame* is thoroughly characteristic, and an opportunity for proleptic self-advertisement (just in case) is of course not passed up: "For my Bookes, of what kind soeuer, I refer their commendation or dispraise to those that haue read them. Onely for my last labours affirming, my intent was to reproue vice, and lay open such villanies, as had been very necessary to be made knowne, whereof my *Blacke Booke*, if euer it see light, can sufficiently witnesse" (E1-E1^{v}/35-36). The actual half-annulled call-to-action is framed into hypotheticalness and self-recantation in a way very characteristic of the anthumous Greene–whose persona had frequently displayed a marked weakness for paralipsis (enjoying meaner discursivities within a play area bounded by flat disclaimers):

> My quiet Ghost (vnquietly disturbed) had once intended thus to haue exclaimd.
>
> *Pierce*, more witlesse, than pennilesse; more idle, than thine aduersaries ill imployde; what foolish innocence hath made thee (infantlike) resistlesse to beare, what euer iniurie Enuie can impose?
>
> [...]
>
> Awake (secure boy) reuenge thy wrongs, remember mine: thy adueraries began the abuse, they continue it: if thou suffer it, let thy life be short in silence and obscuritie, and thy death hastie, hated, and miserable
>
> All this had I intended to write, but now I wil not giue way to wrath, but returne it vnto the earth from whence I tooke it: for with happie soules it hath no harbour.
>
> *Robert Greene*. (E1^{v}/36; E2/37)

We may find it difficult to overlook the unconscionable barrage of dodges here serving to distance the summons to invective revenge from any connection with the textual agency known as Henry Chettle. The latter presents himself as giving an *account* of Kind-heart's *report* of a *dream* in which the *ghost* of Robert Greene decided *not* to advise *"Pierce Penniless"* to take revenge upon an *unnamed* antagonist. But in fact there is no great disparity between the "letter" and the "spirit" here, since such distancing mechanisms are actually not uncharacteristic of the autographic Robert Greene, some of whose most forceful pragmatico-axiological positions were established in a modality of self-*denial*. Greene's ghost's address to "Pierce Penniless" accomplishes a quite typical effacement of an immediately preceding personality only *through a further publication of that personality*.

The contentious attitude already being presented *"sous rapture,"* as it were, in *Kind-hartes dreame* seems first to have emerged as a central character trait only in Greene's bravado bearding of the cony-catchers who were reportedly threatening his life as he exposed ever more of their chicanery throughout 1592, and the attendant satirical vein seems to have been the last to have bulged forth full-grown from Greene's forehead, save only its negation in the deathbed penitent persona of the final posthumously published works. Satire per se really only comes into Greene's prose with the midsummer daydream which had attacked the Harveys, *A quip for an vpstart courtier*, published no more than a couple of months before his demise. Greene's subsequent membership in the company of belligerent satirists à la Pierce Penniless would thus seem really to be contingent largely upon his untimely detonation of the Nashe-Harvey quarrel in the *Quip* and upon his growing *posthumous* approximation to the figure of Thomas Nashe himself (or rather the infernal Pierce Penniless), initially in Harvey's *Letters*. Indeed, if Greene's ghost seems to wind up between the sheets with the phantom of Thomas Nashe in the afterlives of later professional writers, this can perhaps be put down largely to the animus conceived against the duo by Harvey, who envisioned them as partaking of one another's "spirits," a pair of kindred barghests (to pun impossibly; see *OED*), and "the two impudentest mates, that euer haunted the presse" (G. Harvey 1593b, A3/2:34). Somehow or other, in any case, Robert Greene, writer of romances, patriotic exposer of youthful folly and of cony-catching blackguards, comes, in his self-presentation in pamphlets from the last few months of his life and the first few months of his death, progressively to invite identification not only with the London underworld he had been busily uncovering, but with a "genuine" infernal underworld at once posthumous and satirico-diabolical that becomes his last unresting place in the aftertext.

Greene's underworld connections are partially traceable to the figure of Greene as something of a rakehell, a figure first successfully cultivated in the deathbed confessional pamphlets brought out shortly *after* his death, although this figure is ostensibly presented there as a *former* self now first published only to be recanted, an ex-self still however conspicuous behind the ex with which it is being crossed out. In the midst of *The repentance of Robert Greene*, an uneven (in fact, downright odd) hodgepodge of preachery–in which he despicates his former turpitude, despairs, and then embraces God's grace to the penitent: "although I was a most miserable sinner, yet the anguish that Christ suffered on the Crosse, was able to purge and cleanse me from all my offenses" (Greene 1592g, B4^{v}/12:170/17)–Greene's newly publicized ex-self suddenly catches hold of the discourse in what proves a neat fusion of analepsis and prolepsis, at once recalling and anticipating the demonic flipside of his present penitential extremity: "Hell (quoth I) what talke you of hell to me? I know if I once come there, I shal haue the company of better men than my selfe, I shal also meete with some madde knaues in that place, & so long as I shall not sit there alone, my care is the lesse" (B2/12:164/11). It is arguable that the trendiest Greene ever fashioned was this one forged, quite typically, only in the act of repudiating it in his final self-presentations. The *Repentance* limns a picture of this earlier Greene "wholy addicted to all gracelesse indeuors, giuen from my youth to wantonnes, brought vp in riot who as I grew in yeares, so I waxed more ripe in vngodlines, that I was the mirrour of mischiefe, and the very patterne of all preiudiciall actions" (B1/12:161/9). With a kind of shocked admiration at his own former

depravity he accuses himself of atheism, blasphemy, drunkeness, gluttony, and bad language.

Still more infamous is his self-depiction in the *Groats-worth of witte*, where, however, he manifestly has one foot in the grave and the other in the merry. Published, as publisher William Wright insisted, "for your mirth and benefite," the pamphlet begins by recounting the warped prodigal-son tale of one "Roberto," an honest scholar snubbed by his usurious father "Gorinius," which father bequeaths his entire ill-gotten fortune to Roberto's chip-off-the-block brother. Roberto vows revenge, but is outduped by the courtesan his accomplice. Nevertheless, he manages to rise in the world by writing plays, while his brother is brought to ruin through the courtesan. But Roberto, too, ultimately squanders his earnings on low company and drink and winds up penniless and poxy, left at last with only the single groat his father had willed him, with which it is now "too late, too late to buy witte" so that all that is left him is to "sell to carelesse youth what I negligently forgot to buy":

> Heere (Gentlemen) breake I off *Robertoes* speach; whose life in most parts agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I haue doone. Hereafter suppose me the saide *Roberto*, and I will goe on with that hee promised: *Greene* will send you now his groats-worth of wit, that neuer shewed a mites-worth in his life: & though no man now bee by to doo mee good: yet ere I die I will by my repentaunce indeuour to doo all men good. (Greene 1592c, E3/12:137/39)

A characteristic turning over of a new flyleaf for Greene. Already too late for him to purchase any sense for himself, but never too late for Roberto Greene to make a salutary sale for the public sake.

Textual origins of the self repudiated by Greene in the 1592 repentance pamphlets may be uncovered when one examines the third of the works which were published shortly after the pamphleteer's demise, *Greenes vision: written at the instant of his death*. As has long been recognized, the subtitle of this pamphlet is almost certainly misleading, and one probably gets at least a slightly more accurate notion of the circumstances of its composition by weighing with a postal scale the delivery of the publisher in the dedicatory epistle: "It was one of the last workes of a wel known Author, therefore I hope it will be more acceptable. Manie haue published repentaunces vnder his name, but not more vnfeigned than this, being euerie word of his owne: his owne phrase, his owne method" (Greene 1592d, A3/12:193).

In this pamphlet, too, Greene repines his former wanton ways, but here the depravity is not the drunkenness and debauchery dwelt upon in the other posthumous pamphlets (with hints of worse in *The repentance*) but merely Greene's long career of penning vain romances in the 1580s. This remorse over authorial irresponsibility, together with much related internal evidence, places the composition of the body of *Greenes vision* in 1590, two years before it was published as written "at the instant of his death." The *Vision* neatly fits into a spate of "farewell to folly" productions inaugurated well before Greene's deathbed repentances. The long goodbye began with the ever-amusing *Neuer too late* (1590), where Greene promises to unfrock the fripperies of his earlier romances as so many vain weeds. *Neuer too late* and its sequel *Francescos fortunes* were apparently followed by *Greenes mourning garment*, (late 1590, characterized, in a nicens typo of A. F. Allison's [1975, 32], as "Pose interspersed with poems"). Here Greene makes his first published gesture toward repentance

> [...] hearing with the eares of my heart *Ionas* crying, *Except thou repent*, as I haue changed the inward affectes of my minde, so I haue turned my wanton workes to effectuall labours, and pulling off their vaine-glorious titles, haue called this my *Mourning Garment*, wherein (Right Honourable) I discouer the forwardnesse of youth to ill, their restlesse appetites to amorous effects, the preiudice of wanton loue, the disparagement that growes from prodigall humours, the discredite that ensues by such inordinate desires: and lastly, the fatall detriment that followes the contempt of graue and aduised counsaile. Thus (may it please your Honour) haue I made my Mourning Garment of sundry pieces; but yet one colour, blacke, as bewraying the sorrow for my sinnes, and haue ioyned them with such a simpathie of according seames, as they tend altogether to the regard of vnfained repentance. (Greene 1590a, 119-120)

Greene's simultaneous enjoyment and denunciation of wantonness in these pamphlets, however, is less stylish than the parallel duplicity of satirical representation, and Greene is not without exhibiting some evidence of anxiety over the possibility that the public will not buy into the integrity of a self organized around this new aesthetics of renunciation: "These premisses (Gentlemen) driues me into a quandary, fearing I shall hardly insinuate into your fauours, with changing the titles of my Pamphlets, or make you beleeue the inward metamorphosis of my minde, by the exterior shew of my workes, seeing I haue euer professed my selfe Loues Philosopher" (122). But *Greenes mourning garment*, "the first fruites of my new labours, and the last farewell to my fond desires" or "the first of my reformed passions, [...] the last of my trifling Pamphlets" (221, 222), turns out to be the initial offering in a striking but not altogether successful new line of layered looks. The next year, Greene fails to move beyond a repetition of this unsatisfying ensemble, though in *Greenes farewell to folly* he does attempt to integrate his clashing tones by bringing out subtle hints of the coverslut basic black in the gay green gaud behind it. "Follies" his previous pamphlets were, "yet mixed with such morrall principles, that the precepts of vertue seemed to craue pardon for all those vaine opinions loue set downe in his periods" (Greene 1591a, A2-A2^{v}/9:227). This is supplemented by another of those characteristically unaccomplished attempts by Greene to make himself *over* in the renunciation of the text which he is, however, only now publishing: "But omitting these digressions (right worshipful) to my book, which as it is the farewell to my follies, so it is the last I meane euer to publish of such superficiall labours" (A3/9:228-229). We find Greene split typically here between his defunct self and his de-funked self. The *Farewell to folly* is to be a kind of last gasp or post-rigor spasm for the dead penner of romances now that the "new" reformed Greene has observed a proper period of mourning for his late self.

> Hauing therefore Gentlemen (in my opinion) mourned long enough for the misdeedes of my youth, least I should seeme too Pharisaicall in my fastes, or like our deare English breethren that measure their praiers by the houre glasse, fall a sleepe in preaching of repentance. I haue nowe left of[f] the intent, and am come to the effect, and after my mourning present you with my Farewell to follies, an vltimum vale to al youthful vanities [...]. (A4/9:230-31)

But by this time one will hardly be surprised to encounter the sheepish wooliness of the mourning after in the following year's *Philomela*, seemingly underwritten by the survivalist concession of "better re(a)d than dead":

> YF the contents of lines could at life discouer the coller of the face, you should gentlemen see my rudy cheekes manyfest my open folies, but seeing paper cannot blush, I wil confese my falt & so hũbly craue pardon. I promised gentlemẽ, both in my *Mourning Garment* & *Farwell to Folies* neuer to busie my selfe about any wanton pamphlets again, nor to haue my braine counted so adle as to sett out any matter that were amorous, but yet I am com contrary to vow and promise once again to the presse with a labour of loue which I hatched long agoe, though now brought fourth to light. If the printer had not bene I would haue had it thrust out as an orphant without any name to father it: but at his earnest intreatie I was content to subscribe, though I abide your hard censures and angrie frownes for a penance. (Greene 1592e, A4/11:15)

This witnesses a heady mix of the customary discharge of liability onto the publisher, the now habitual flush of Greene's textual complexion (some would say strong drink), an allowance that the name of Greene be used in vain, but a scruple that he has after all not signed in the life's blood that courses through a countenance, but only *printed* his name in the space provided, and finally even a flippant gesture toward spiritual purgation in the sanguine reference to penance. What, he seems to be riddling, is black and white and red all over?

The missing link in this chain of incomplete self-reforgings would seem to be *Greenes vision: written at the instant of his death*, for, as is now generally agreed, the body of this pamphlet makes much more sense when placed in the context of the 1590-91 "farewell to folly" productions than when viewed as an "authentic" deathbed repentance from 1592. Internal evidence suggests that it was composed sometime between the publication of *Neuer too late* and that of *Greenes mourning garment* (see, e.g., Ranson 1975, 534). In the opening lines of the *Vision*, Greene reveals that the origin of his decision to renounce the publication of amorous trifles was the rumor that he had penned *The Cobler of Caunterburie*, an anonymous collection of framed merry tales owing something to the example of Chaucer and published in 1590 as "an inuectiue against Tarltons newes out of purgatorie," which had appeared earlier that year. Being saddled with the paternity of this bauble had, according to the early pages of *Greenes vision*, brought home to the author the lightness of his public image: "and so in a discontented humor I sat me down vpon my bed-side and began to cal to remembrance what fond and wanton lines had past my pen[,] how I had bent my course to a wrong shore, as beating my brains about such vanities as were little profitable, sowing my seed in the sand and so reaping nothing but thornes and thistles" (Greene 1592d, B1/12:197-98). This leads him, under the subheading of "Greenes trouble of mind," to make what is perhaps in fact his first, though not his *first published*, gesture toward repentance, a half dozen pages of declamatory prose directed at the superaddressee *par excellence*, God Almighty, begging that the Lord "may for euer keepe my soule an vndefiled member of thy church, and in faith, loue, feare, humblenesse of heart, praier, and dutifull obedience, shew my selfe regenerate, and a reformed man from my former follies" (B4v/12:208).

Exhausted, Greene falls asleep and is visited by the spirits of Chaucer and Gower, who spend the remainder of the pamphlet arguing about the appropriate manner of securing for oneself good credit and undying *fame*. Chaucer predictably defends the levity of Greene's former pamphlets and insists that since he has "doone Scholler-like" he shall "haue perpetual fame which is learnings due" (C3/12:215). Gower counters that good morals cannot be inculcated by texts of such scurrility, and that if Greene wishes to be well remembered he ought to cultivate some seriousness. Each poet then offers an example of what he considers to be a proper narrative treatment of the issue of jealousy. Ultimately, Greene is won over by Gower's example, but, as Richard Helgerson points out, Chaucer's narrative was actually more like those in the denied *Cobler of Caunterburie*, while Gower's was not so far from the style of the romances Greene had previously been given to write, so that "[i]n preferring Gower over Chaucer, Greene is not so much rejecting the folly of his youth as preferring the kind of story he had always written over the kind to which he was to turn in his cony-catching pamphlets" (Helgerson 1976, 100). If Helgerson's reading is correct, what Greene has done is to misassociate his past self with his self-to-come (possibly given an anonymous test drive in *The Cobler*), so that he could then appear to reject that self in favor of a future self that is *in fact* the past self he is supposedly rejecting. But to further complicate matters, Greene only even agrees to reject what is supposed to be his past self with promissory advertisements of one last return to it:

> Onely this (father *Gower*) I must end my *Nunquam sera est* [i.e., publish the sequel to *Neuer too late*], and for that I craue pardon: but for all these follies, that I may with the Niniuites, shew in sackcloth my harty repentaunce: looke as speedily as the presse wil serue for my mourning garment, a weede that I knowe is of so plaine a cut, that it will please the grauest eie, and the most precize eare. (Greene 1592d, H1^{v}/12:274)

But as Greene with conscience finally at rest is taking his leave of the poets, Gower shaking his hand and Chaucer shaking his head, a third spirit suddenly makes his appearance: King Solomon. He has been listening in on the poets' debate and has come to dissuade Greene from following either of them. He insists that "wisedome" is the true key to everlasting renown: "Therefore my Sonne, follow my counsell from hencefoorth, as thou hast made a vowe to leaue effeminate fancies, and to proclaime thy selfe an open enemie to loue: so abiure all other studies, seeing *Omnia sub cœlo vanitas*, and onely giue thy selfe to Theologie: be a Deuine my Sonne" (H3/12:278-79). Greene awakes and resolves "peremptorilie to leaue all thoughts of loue, and to applye my wits as neere as I could, to seeke after wisedome" (H4/12:281). This seems to auger an *aufhebend* narrative "resolution" of the prodigal son type in a resigned reaffiliation with the *non du père* of the Elizabethan party line, like the recuperated will of the title character at the conclusion of *Euphues*, a Christian-Humanist position which Helgerson suggests is the inescapable end of the line for the group of wayward writers he convincingly styles "the Elizabethan prodigals." But the anti-oedipal outpost of romance, in which these writers typically took refuge so as to avoid assuming paternal responsibility too soon, may hold out in Greene, as for no other, its own risk of dead-end *univocation* that he would try to deny, as the prodigals do their paternity, *only uncannily to return to it*.

For placing *Greenes vision* at the heart of the 1590-91 "farewell to folly" pamphlets helps us discern one of the strains which the peculiar forging of Greene's self must attempt to withstand. This is what I could rather crudely describe as the tension between publication and fame. Even more than around questions of moral efficacy, the argument of *Greenes vision* gravitates irresistibly back to what might more resonantly be called a criterion of "fitness," not ignoring the *décalage* between the Elizabethan notion of "fitting" an audience (the immediate public) and the Darwinian sense of survival and reproduction potential (in terms of posterity). Greene's *first concern in the Vision* is not "whether I haue doone well or ill," but whether the pamphlets shall "redound to my insuing credit, or my future infamie" (C2^{v}/12:213). Likewise, the contentions of both Gower and Chaucer revert again and again to notions of "credite," and what will "eternize a mans fame" (C3^{v}/12:217; D1^{v}/12:223). Even the final overriding argument of Solomon adduces the earthly rewards of divinity studies which will garnish the temples (one's own, not the church's) with "a Crowne of glorie" (H3^{v}/12:280), while the fame that comes from such labours as Chaucer and Gower recommend will "vanish awaye like smoake, or a vapour tossed with the winde." Indeed, in Solomon's homilization, "they which respect their fame, are the children of wisdome: & such as feare the danger of report, shal be houlden vertuous" (H3/12:278; H2^{v}/12:276). If the compulsion to repent in Greene's "farewell to folly" pamphlets is a way of extending a "re-capitulation" under the guise of a conventional prodigal return to hardline protestant inhumanism, and if that in his other posthumous confessional works seems to be organized around a concern for the fate of his extramundane soul, *Greenes vision* suggests that, underneath, this compulsion really expressed a slightly different existential anxiety.

"Fame," of course, is a concept we would tend to associate with the rise of a humanistic metaphysical alternative to strictly Christian brands of "eternization," a textual or discursive afterlife founded not on transcendence, faith or even thisworldly good *works*, but more on a category such as that in Robert Allot's 1600 anthology, *Englands Parnassus*: "Good *Name*," where (§605) the following lines from *Richard II* are excerpted:

> The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
> Is spotlesse reputation, that away
> Men are but guilded trunkes, or painted clay.

Fame as a peculiarly Renaissance concept perhaps involves an even deeper divergence from a Christian concept of immortality. An interesting distinction is drawn by Alberto Tenenti in his discussion of the rise of the "myth of fame" during the Italian Renaissance.

> Fame differed from Christian immortality in that it consisted in and aimed at being a survival of the person who hac been. But it was not born in the individual only out of the desire to "preserve" his singularity--it was meant to translate the aspiration of the "individual-in-relation-to-everyone-else," of man living in society, to perpetuate the set of relations which constituted his social existence. This relational nature of the myth made of it an exclusively mundane *quid*, even if with regard to individuals it was situated beyond their physical existence; fame operated in such a way as to perpetuate precisely those aspects of individuals which had transpired [*si era spriugionato*] from them toward other people and for other people. (Tenenti 1957, 42)

With this passage in mind, I might begin to ponder a scenario which would account for *Greenes vision* having been kept under wraps until 1592. Something similar seems to have happened with the *Farewell to folly*, which was apparently written as early as 1587 but was only brought out as the "vltimum vale" in the 1590-91 series. Though publicational lag (genuine or pretended) is not infrequent in the Elizabethan age, and a few of Greene's other works are cheerily presented as old drawer-liners, I am ever suspicious when it comes to texts of great interest which appear only after the death of the author. It is always possible that they have been kept back because of a presentiment that they would have "short circuited" the developing corpus, pre-empting or giving away too much of the game, as would arguably have been the case with Diderot's *texte-limite*, *Le neveu de Rameau* or Nietzsche's infamous "hushed-up" [*"geheimgehaltenes"*] amusette, "On Truth and Lie in an Amoral Sense." What I am suggesting is that one possible explanation for the 1590 non-publication of *Greenes vision* is that Greene was in it quite simply (and typically) *"getting too far ahead of himself."* The self-forging drive toward durability was not perhaps strong enough to derail the compulsion to publish, with which at this stage in his career it had nevertheless become peculiarly bound up, entailing the repeated *reinforcement* of a wayward past self through the renunciatory mechanism of negation, temporarily turning Greene's "mourning" into "melancholia," not so much, of course, in the Elizabethan as in the Freudian sense.

When I refer to a compulsion to publish, I don't merely mean to suggest that Greene had a keen sense for the relative merits of the two sorts of worldly "credit" one might hope to enjoy. Greene was doubtless aware that the credit which one may not have extended to one without first having provided a self-accounting is less crucial if one possesses a sufficient amount of "currency." But while the eventual and rather Jacob Marleyesque excess of Greene's self-forgings is doubtless a by-product of supply and demand, I am for the moment interested in economies which are as much aesthetic and existential as they are mercantile.

The "smoake" and "vapour" rising from Greene's self-forgery may obscure the profound difficulties entailed by the very *end* of such an undertaking as making oneself over in the image of fame. In making "fame" his aim, Greene would be envisaging the perpetuation, following Tenenti, of his concrete self-for-others. This view is confirmed by Jonathan Goldberg in his elucidation of the object of Renaissance autobiographies in general. For example, Goldberg notes that Benvenuto Cellini's "interest lies in displaying a permanent and public version of himself, not in presenting an inner portrait" (Goldberg 1974, 71). Yet a paradox is generated when *we* now recognize that the very essence of Greene's self is expressed in a will to go on publishing and thus is somewhat at odds with the *end* of "fame" itself. Given this logical quandary, Greene's self-presentation could hardly be other than his schizoid and seemingly "self"-*defeating* series of failures to cohere or coincide in a single text, for Greene himself should have sensed the contradictoriness between any *self* he would perpetuate, his self-for-others, essentially amorous, perverse, experimental, productive, and importunately responsive to the desires of public (and doubtless also private) alterity, and the *perpetuable* genotype textually available to the Elizabethan: a funereal rehearsal of the paternal line or a kenotic dot humbled and determined out of existence before some absolute (F)other.

Greene's predicament, both in the 1590-91 "farewell to folly" productions and in the final deathbed repentances, and possibly also the dilemma in which all of the "prodigals" find themselves in their self-presentations, includes the aesthetico-existential dilemma which an early Mikhail Bakhtin attributed to the author of confessional self-accountings in general:

> Here where there is an attempt at fixing oneself in repentant tonalities and from the point of view of moral obligation, there emerges the first substantial form of a verbal objectification of a life and a person [...]. The *constitutive* aspect of this form is a matter precisely of its being a self-objectification from which the *other*, with his special, *privileged* approach, is excluded; here the pure relationship of an *ego* to itself is alone the organizing principle of the discourse. Into the confessional self-accounting comes only what I myself can say about myself (in principle, of course, and not in fact); it is morally immanent to consciousness in action and does not exceed the bounds of the principles according to which consciousness in action operates; everything which is transgredient to self-consciousness is excluded. (Bakhtin 1979, 124)

By "transgredient" Bakhtin would refer to elements of consciousness which though external to it are still necessary to its completion--in other words, aspects of personality which can only be supplied by *another person*. The "confessional self-accounting" (my quasi-calque of Bakhtin's *"samootchèt-ispoved',"* which might be dictionary-translated as "progress report-confession") is only one of a number of attempts at self-authorship which Bakhtin in his early theorizing considered to jeopardize or at least complicate the aesthetic act of authoring. According to these early theories, the individual or the person can only be an aesthetically satisfying whole when contemplated from a position of what Bakhtin called "outsideness" [*vnenaxodimost'*], that is, from the perceptual, semantic and valuational *vantage point* which belongs to an other. One's personality is not simply generated from within, but in fact exists in any kind of unified way, and thus really exists at all, only from outside, from the external spatial and temporal perspective of another point of view: "This personality will not exist if another does not create it" (34). Implicit in Bakhtin's discussion is the ultimate aesthetic impossibility of making oneself the *hero* of one's own act of authorship. This is so because, from within consciousness, the self is always open onto an horizon, always active and evolving toward a future. But *another* consciousness can perceive the self as a spatial whole, lodged within surroundings and a context which complete the meaning of the personality. More importantly still, *only* another can see the self as a finalized *temporal* whole, *after* the end. The self can never get any complete sense of its meaning and value because it can never contemplate itself as something *over*; one can thus never be the author of one's own identity or one's own life--precisely in attempting to be both subject and object one *fails to coincide with oneself*, and fails to achieve integrity. One can never have the last word on oneself, or even know what that last word will be: "In this sense we may say that death is a form of aesthetic completion of a personality" (115).

Since the authorial function cannot maintain a position of "outsideness" in the confessional self-accounting, Bakhtin suggests that this position of outsideness necessarily reverts to the reader, whose response constitutes a kind of primary act of authoring of the confessional other, as opposed to the more usual "co-creation" of the hero by author and reader in tandem. Consequently,

> [o]ur perception of the self-accounting will inevitably incline to the aestheticization of it. To such an approach the confession presents raw material for potential aesthetic processing, the potential content of a potential artistic production (the immediate form biographical). In reading the confession from our own point of view, we introduce a valuational position of outsideness vis-à-vis the subject of the self-accounting, along with all the possibilities entailed in this position; we bring to it a number of transgredient elements, and impart a finalizing meaning to the ending and to other moments (for we are temporally exterior to it), we slip in a backdrop and background (we perceive it as determined by an age and historical conditions--if these are known to us--or in any case, we perceive it against the background of whatever additional knowledge we have), we place it within a space which encompasses the individual elements of its consummation, and so forth. The surplus of all these elements introduced in perception allows the unfolding of an aesthetically finished form for the work. The contemplator begins to be drawn into authorship; the subject of the confessional self-accounting becomes the hero (the spectator here of course is not co-creator in conjunction with the author as he is where artistic works are concerned, but accomplishes a primary act of creativity, though--of course--a primitive one). (129)

Bakhtin's musings add further complications to the lack of accomplishment in Greene's self-forgery, while the feedback involved in *striving* to eternize oneself lends greater fatality to the unpublishability of *Greenes vision*. If fame is the perpetuation of the "self-for-others," it will be clear how this "self-for-others" is precisely what Greene is in no position to perpetuate through any *textual* act of *self*-accounting. No amount of ostentatious mourning, after all, can cover up the fact that one cannot in actuality outlive one's death so as to retain for oneself the possibility of pronouncing one's own funeral oration (*pace*, or no: *requiescat in pace* de Man on Wordsworth [1969, 225]). As Greene recants his former self he is very much still in-the-making; and one may add that it is equally impossible for him to foreclose his identity in the futile proleptic characterizations which insist that we may henceforth look for him in divinity. Rather, his "selfe regenerate" enters into a larger regeneration of self which Greene cannot possibly see in its totality. Precisely in these moves to fix his identity he slips out from under himself into the inactual past and future. The fame which Greene proposes as the ulterior motive or motif of his self-refashioning quite simply is not and cannot be part of his own actual authorial purview.

The nonpublication of *Greenes vision* may of course have been due to a reticence to preempt the profitable printing of certain unrighteous pamphlets already completed or still in the works, but Greene's compulsion to publish need not be so singlemindedly commodified, since it could just as well express the existential anxiety of a self not in fact ready to die, and averse to the curtailment of its productive activity of self-publication in exchange for the passably immaterial "quid" of everlasting fame.

We may now return to Greene's most unrelievedly self-presentational works, the other two repentance pamphlets published in 1592, *Greenes groats-worth of witte* and *The repentance of Robert Greene*. An examination of the three "deathbed repentance" pamphlets together may allow me to recapitulate certain elements I find especially characteristic of Greene's self-forgery. Both the *Groats-worth* and the *Repentance* claim to be Greene's last testament to the public and to posterity, and each contains indicators that it, as *Greenes vision* overtly claims

to be, was "written at the instant of his death." The existence of this surplus of death-agony adieus has occasionally led to suspicions regarding not just the sincerity but the *authenticity* in whole or in part of one or more of these posthumously published pamphlets. Nineteenth-century scholars were generally able to stifle their doubts, and indeed the Reverend Grosart went so far as to assert that "[o]nly the ghoul-like heart of Dr. Gabriel Harvey could have doubted, much less made mock of the final 'Repentance' of Robert Greene," going on to rhapsodize in terms which inevitably call up thoughts of Oscar Wilde on the death of Little Nell: "Sincerity and reality pulsate in every word of those ultimate utterances, and I for one do not envy the man who can read them with dry eyes even at this late day" (Grosart 1886, xii). But a new century brought a renewed cynicism and, of course, ever more abhorrent publicational vacua.

The most interesting hypotheses regarding the "deathbed confessional" pamphlets were all assembled by Chauncey Elwood Sanders in a 1933 article on "Robert Greene and his 'editors.'" Sanders points out that the three "deathbed confessions" have "served as the basis for almost all that has been written about the life of that interesting Elizabethan author; portions of these works have been accepted as pure autobiography, and the information contained in such passages has been used to confirm similar details, apparently also autobiographical, in the earlier works" (Sanders 1933, 392). Leaving aside the *Vision* as most probably composed by Greene in 1590 and published by a timely hand after his demise, Sanders proposed a number of alternatives to considering the other two pamphlets to be fully autograph genuine deathbed autobiographical productions. Doubtless the most spine-tingling of these hypotheses is Sanders's follow-up of J. Churton Collins's ingenious suggestion (Collins 1905, 52-53) that *The repentance of Robert Greene* might in fact partially consist of a doctored redaction of an entirely different piece by Greene, "The Repentance of a *Conycatcher*," promised as forthcoming in Greene's *Blacke bookes messenger* (1592a, A3-A3^{v}/11:5-6/1-2), but seemingly never brought out. This would oblige us to reattribute the most abominable characterization by Greene of his ex-self to the person of a cony-catcher called "Mo[u]rton," or even to Greene's imagination impure and unsimple.

If Sanders considered the possibility that parts of the *Repentance* came from Greene's hand but did not properly refer to Greene, he entertained an inverse hypothesis regarding the *Groats-worth*, parts of which he suggested were *not* by Greene, but were actually meant to refer to him. The situation is complicated, and perhaps more so even than Sanders insinuated. It centers around the role played in the publication of the *Groats-worth* by our old fiend Henry Chettle. Sanders suggests that some passages in the pamphlet may have been Greene's, but that they could, like *Greenes vision*, be *Nachlaß* material, adapted after Greene's death (or for that matter while he still lay ill).

> Let it be supposed that the story of Roberto up to the point where the narrative breaks off and the author begins to write in the first person, had been written by Greene at some time before he fell ill. It would most probably have been composed in 1590 or 1591, since it most resembles the other works of that period. We may suppose that Greene kept the story with him, thinking to finish it when the conny-catching pamphlets ceased to be profitable. Then he was overtaken by illness and was unable to finish this or to bring out the "Blacke Booke" and the "Repentance of a Conny-catcher." After his death, we

> may suppose the Roberto story to have been found among his effects. As a fragment it was unsalable; some one, Chettle perhaps, recognized its potential value and resolved to finish it. Afraid that the change in style might be discovered, he hit upon the device of breaking off the narrative and continuing the work in the first person and with such a medley of prose, verse, precept, and epistle, as to defy analysis by any ordinary criteria and to preclude detection of the imposture. (Sanders 1933, 401)

Chettle was apparently suspected, along with Nashe (who himself called the *Groats-worth* a "scald triuial lying pamphlet" [1592a, ¶2ᵛ/154]) of having had a hand in the opuscule's composition, and, as Sanders points out, we do know from the pastiche letter to "Pierce Penniless" in *Kind-hartes dreame* that Chettle was capable of imitating Greene's manner. In the epistle to the reader in the latter work, Chettle defends himself against accusations of forgery with regard to the *Groats-worth*, admitting however that he had played a part in its redaction.

> I had onely in the copy this share, it was il written, as sometime *Greenes* hand was none of the best, licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed which could neuer be if it might not be read. To be breife I writ it ouer, and as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter [the notorious address to the playwrights which includes the attack on "Shakes-scene"] I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in, for I protest it was all *Greenes*, not mine nor Maister *Nashes*, as some vniustly haue affirmed. (Chettle 1592, A4/6-7)

I will not pause here to rehearse in obsequial procession the arguments and evidence adduced in the theories so lucubratiously put forward by Sanders and rebutted by Harold Jenkins (1935) and by René Pruvost (1938), but perhaps I may dwell a moment upon Chettle's account of the affair. Of course what is really ulterior to concern over a possible forgery, the arguments advanced against Sanders by Jenkins, attempts to prove authorship by algebra (Miss Florence Trotter in her 1912 University of Chicago Master's Thesis), and finally even two or three massive projects involving computer analysis (see Marder 1966, 1970; Austin 1966, 1970, 1971; Pearce 1971; Kreifelts 1972; Bolz 1979), and, indeed, what already lay behind Chettle's need for denial, is *not* the genuineness of the supposed autobiographical material in the Roberto narrative, but rather the question of whether or not a "name" like Robert Greene was actually behind the attack on players and playwrights, one of whom thought himself "the onely Shake-scene in a countrey" (Greene 1592c, F1ᵛ/12:144/46) in the address "To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plaies" appended to the narrative portion of the *Groats-worth*. From 1592 onward it has seemed desirable to discharge the responsibility for this attack onto someone other than Greene. Chettle claims that he has thus been scapegoated, "and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing Author: and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me" (Chettle 1592, A3ᵛ/5-6).

The personality "forged" by the offended playwrights could not apparently be nominated Greene; and Sanders wishes to hint (which seems credible enough under the circumstances) that the modus operandi fit Chettle, who was therefore at pains to explain his complicity in the publication of the pamphlet. There is, I think, as Sanders suggests, a certain lameness in

the articulation of Chettle's testimony, degenerating into a kind of palsy when he affirms that the manuscript could not be printed until licensed and therefore he was obliged to write it over. If the manuscript couldn't be read by the censors one naturally wonders how Chettle himself could have made it out to transcribe it. Since this is the only allusion we have to any illegibility of Greene's hand, Sanders finds it odd that Chettle did not hit upon the expedient of putting the scrawl down to Greene's illness. What Sanders seems to be inkling is that Chettle may have helped Greene's faltering moribund self-inscription to what we might call a more "orthographic character." Sanders sadly ignores a fine amphiboly in Chettle's wording; perhaps when he says that the pamphlet couldn't be licensed because it "might not be read," he glancingly alludes to the *content*. In other words, perhaps Chettle simply served as a pre-censor, a role for which his delicacy in the delivery of the letter to Pierce Penniless in *Kind-harts dreame* would suggest he was cut out. He says himself that he expurgated the text, assuring one of the angry playwrights that he "stroke out what then in conscience I thought [Greene] had in some displeasure writ: or had it beene true, yet to publish it, was intollerable" (A4/6). Thus Chettle by his own admission contributed to (or detracted from) the Greene who comes through in the *Groats-worth*, though not perhaps, as Sanders implies, by making of an incomplete romance a quasi-coherent autobiographical document. In fact, as the narrative of "Roberto" breaks off there is a rather pronounced modulation from jest to earnest, weirdly doubled by the incongruity in the epistle to the readers, an appendage one would assume to have been composed after the main text was complete, and which Sanders fails to discuss. There Greene's typical anachronic projection of selves is most strangely inverted:

> *Greene* though able inough to write, yet deeplyer serched with sicknes than euer heeretofore, sendes you his Swanne like songe, for that he feares he shall neuer againe carroll to you woonted loue layes, neuer again discouer to you youths pleasures. How euer yet sicknesse, riot, Incontinence, haue at once shown their extremitie yet if I recouer, you shall all see, more fresh sprigs, then euer sprang from me, directing you how to liue, yet not diswading ye from loue. [...] I commend this to your fauourable censures, that like an Embrion without shape, I feare me will be thrust into the world. If I liue to end it, it shall be otherwise: if not, yet will I commend it to your courtesies, that you may as well be acquainted with my repentant death, as you haue lamented my careles course of life. (Greene 1592c, A3^{v}-A4/12:101-02/6)

Here Greene fantastically enough seems to have relegated his present repentant *in extremis* to a proleptic past and to display a certain provisional promise of subsequently *returning* to a lighter vein and "not diswading ye from loue." To suggest that Chettle forged *Greenes groats-worth*, then, would be to suggest that he had a fine sense for the dynamics of slippage, foreshadowing and "back-sliding" in Greene's undisputedly autograph self-accountings, for this mishmash of false starts and false finishes ultimately presents a Greene no more self-coincident or accomplished in his self-fashioning than any other. Should Chettle or some other "ghostwriter" be responsible for parts of the pamphlet, the occlusion of this author's actual position of unifying "outsideness" is complete and preempts any possibility of a coherent character *within the purview of the author*.

If some or all of Greene's deathbed repentances *are* forgeries, the self forged along with them is one which exceeds perhaps even the lineaments of the satirical spirit to which Greene was eventually more or less rehabilitated. For Robert Greene fills the authorial function in that Foucaultesque sense of an "origin," the "founder of a discursivity." Or at least the smithy of his soul in which he (or someone) forges the uncreated conscience of his race serves as the *foundry* of a discursivity (cf. Foucault 1969, 88ff). For in that smithy, Robert Greene is cast as the original *professional writer* in English, and his repentances as much as his other publications may thus be seen as precisely pro-fessional rather than con-fessional productions. Greene's spirit professionally failing to coincide with itself in any contrived presence of mind finally makes of him that most sympathetic of figures: the absent-minded professor. His "reformed self" is always a post-recidivist horizon, if not a post-dated goner, except perhaps in the *Repentance* proper, where Greene's professed self, forged link by extenuating link, seems at last ready to manacle him to an everlasting habitation. But even there, he is "eventually *overtaken*," to add a little extra push to Helgerson's remark, "by repentence and his abandoned self" (Helgerson 1976, 80). This is what it means to profess: to "live until you die," as Kübler-Ross not unnecessarily advises–not to think oneself in the position of making the "impossible utterance" which is far from the hapax it was considered to be by the never-too-late Roland Barthes, speaking à propos of Poe's Valdemar: "I am dead." For *you* can never have had the final word on your *self*. Every death that the self can publish is illusory, and the true death of the self cannot be published by the self. From hour to hour, we publish and publish, and then, from hour to hour we perish and perish–of course. But there is no need to get ahead of oneself (one always already is). Indeed, to think oneself over is merely to think oneself into an untenable position, however much that position *seems* to come complete with inalienable tenure.

Thus we might well refuse to comply with both the "letter" and the "spirit" of Greene's technically ultimate text at the end of *Greenes newes* where his Poltergeist affirms once and for all that we may (as he had first observed as far back *Greenes vision*) now look for him in theology: "sometimes I will get vp into the Pulpit and preach, but you may easily discerne mee, for my text shall be, *Doo as I say, but not as I doo*; My conclusion is, Good friends take heede how you come in those places where I walke, for you may perceiue I am bent vpon mischiefe, I can but therefore wish you to looke to your selues: and so fare you well" (B.R. 1593, H3^{v}/62). This postmoralizing "text" was already hinted at in the homey sermonette provided by Cuthbert Burbie (actually ghostwritten by Nicholas Breton according to Crawford 1929, 39) in the epistle to the readers in the *Repentance*: "I doubt not but you will with regarde forget [Greene's] follies, and like to the Bee gather hony out of the good counsels of him" (Greene 1592g, A2/12:155-56/3). But this very fixation of Greene's text as "Doo as I say, but not as I doo" jars with his earlier self-accounting in the *Farewell to folly*, where he had flatly denied his ability to tailor his mode after the fashion of the "One-Hour Martinizing" of the professional penmen pressed into service in the Marprelate Controversy: "I cannot Martinize, sweare by my faie in a pulpit, & rap out gogs wounds in a tauerne, faine loue when I haue no charitie, or protest an open resolution of good, when I intend to be priuately ill, but in all publike protestations my wordes and my deedes iumpe in one simpathie, and my tongue and my thoughts are relatiues" (Greene 1591a, A2^{v}-A3/9:228). In

any case, Greene's closing text is woven around the perhaps spurious distinction between saying and doing, fame and publication. For authors can only do by saying, their saying is their doing, their doing, as Erving Goffman would say (cf. Auberlen 1984, 189), is their being, their being is their saying, and their saying is always their doing and their undoing. It takes an *other* to make them *over*, to have a final say and to have done with them; and the self-regarding instincts are thus really only useful for dealing with *others*. As Greene's ghost warns us: "looke to your selues," i.e., watch out for *me*.

Those striving to determine a "true" Greene in the face of the problematic and to some extent unsummable figures with which his identity has to be equated will ultimately have recourse for authentification of suspected forgeries to the fashioners of Greene's personality whose outsideness is vouchsafed in the nominal noncoincidence of their subjectivity and his objectivity. Preeminent among these allobiographers are Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe, whose subsequent contention was to breed in the Greenish light of "fame," though for both of them it could probably already be said, as Harold Wilson has said of Harvey, that this "meant 'present reputation' rather than fame after death" (Wilson 1948b, 719).

Fame is also the major theme of *Greenes funeralls* (1594), a series of "sonnets" by a certain R. B., whose identity is usually assumed to be Richard Barnfield. R. B.'s fourth sonnet, for instance, celebrates Greene the romancer and concludes with a call to like-minded well-willers who would eternize the foremost Elizabethan eroticist:

> Wherefore yee dainty *Damsels* of renowne,
> That long to dallie, with your loued *Lords*:
> And you braue Gallant, worthy noble *Lords*,
> That loue to dandle in your *Ladies* lapps.
> Come hither come, and lend your mouths to Fame:
> That meanes to sound, his neuer dying name.
> (R.B. 1594, B1^{v}/74)

The sonnets frequently bob back to concerns such as "bays" and "praise" (B2/75), or Greene's name in brass, "That little children, not as yet begotten / Might royallize his fame when he is rotten" (C1/81). In sonnet XI Greene himself speaks, for *almost* the last time, and with little of the vivacity one has come to attach to his spirit: only complaining that those he never abused "Not onely seeke to quench my kindled glorie, / But also for to marre my *vertues* storie." And though his life has been grievously lewd and misspent, he is amazed that his sorry end has not rather "mou[e]d them to remorce" than, as he rather Spenserianly puts it, "to reake their teene, on sillie corse" (C2^{v}/84). Those who have abused Greene after his death (identities now uncertain) are frequently upbraided here in images of biting "Fowles" which make one suspect scattershot in the direction of the "upstart crow" (see, though, if you dare, Austin 1955, 373-80), but one such passage suggests as much Greene's catalytic influence on the Nashe-Harvey feud as anything else.

> *GReene*, is the pleasing Obiect of an eie:
> *Greene*, pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon him.
> *Greene*, is the ground of euerie Painters die:
> *Greene*, gaue the ground, to all that wrote vpon him.

> Nay more the men, that so Eclipst his fame:
> Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same?
> (R.B. 1594, C1/81)

Greene's "fame," amplified through netherworld confusion with that of Nashe's *Pierce Penilesse*, had been a chief target for Harvey's name-naming counterattack, in turn fomented by Greene's burlesque of the Harvey brothers in the *Quip*, where Harvey had seen himself a victim of "Infamy" and "diffamation" (G. Harvey 1592, A2-A2^{v}/1:156-57/8). That Greene should "live on" in good credit after his death--living on credit, so to speak (and one might also recall here Derrida's analysis of Nietzsche's line in *Ecce Homo*: *"Ich lebe auf meinen eignen Kredit hin"* [Derrida 1984, 46])--was to Harvey intolerable:

> [...] as [...] *Herostratus*, in a villanous brauery, affectinge a most-notorious, & monstrous Fame, was in the censure of the wisest Iudgmentes, rather to be ouerwhelmed in the deepest pitt of Obliuion, then to enioy any relique, or shadow of his owne desperate glory. But *Greene* (although pitifully blasted, & how woefully faded?) still flourisheth in the memory of some greene wits, wedded to the wantonnesse of their own fancy [...]. (A2/1:155-56/7-8)

There is no need to point out who is foremost in the company of "greene wits," and who historically is (ironically?) one of the greatest contributors to Greene's subsequent renown. Harvey is at considerable pains to counter-infamize Greene, though in his second letter he declares himself sufficiently assured of Greene's pre-established ill repute: "I would not wishe a sworne enimie to bee more basely valued, or more vilely reputed, then the common voice of the cittie esteemeth him, that sought Fame by diffamation of other, but hath vtterly discredited himselfe: and is notoriously grown a very prouerbe of Infamy, and contempt" (A4/1:162-63/13-14).

Harvey has a much keener appreciation of fame than Greene ever publicized, and he concludes his third letter with an acknowledgement that such issues must be given over to a privileged alterity, which is the customary uneasy amalgam of *vox populi* and *vox dei*: "seeing some matters of Fame are called in question: I am not onely willing, but desirous to vnderlye the verdicte, euen of Fame her-selfe; and to submit our whole credites, to the voice of the people, as to the voice of Equity, and the Oracle of God" (G1^{v}/1:220-21/70). As Kenneth Friedenreich has pointed out, it was only in the sense of "public integrity" and not in the sense of "material enrichment" that Harvey showed such a keenly economical appreciation of the value of "credit" (Friedenreich 1974, 457). Nashe went so far as to label Harvey himself "a forestaller of the market of fame" and "an ingrosser of glorie," denying however that Greene could be classed with such a fetishist of unpocketable capital: "Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines: his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times" (Nashe 1592c, E4^{v}/287). Nashe is no doubt aware in this burst of antisublime *sprezzatura* that one move you can make to enlarge your fame is charismatically to ignore it, or to follow the example of the "philosophers" he mentions in *Christs teares* (1593) who "prosecute theyr ambition of glory in writing of glories contemptiblenesse" (Nashe 1593, I.2/2:87). His own occasion for the publication of *Strange*

newes, after all, would appear to be Harvey's defamation of *his* character, and he ends his epistle to the reader with the war cry which Harvey will parrot and parody *ad nauseum*: "Saint Fame for mee, and thus I runne vpon him" (B3/263). Nashe perhaps follows Greene's lead in recognizing that the publication-fame syndrome can be productively evaginated: fame becoming the pretext for further publication. And Nashe displays a certain reticence to join Harvey in the latter's efforts to "finish Greene off."

Nonetheless, Greene's personality seems to settle down a few months after his death, and with the publication of *Greenes newes* we may conclude that the forgery of Greene's self is accomplished. In another sense, though, a published self never really dies, but at most becomes unmalleable, familiar, *passé*–in short: unfashionable, as Greene himself was not long in becoming. It is never too late, however, to refashion the personality, just as it is always too soon to make oneself over in the image of "fame," or to make "credit" the object of one's professional activity. Rather, like Greene, one can only resign oneself to the necessity of publication, and one's continued resignature is the guarentee precisely that one has not yet ceased to be fashionable at least in one's own regard. Futurity will come in eventually and determine one's significance. For it is always too soon for *us* to be the authors of our personalities, which can only *finally* exist for others, and are only at last unified *by* others when *we* are no more. Only when we are dead, in a sense, do we begin to exist; only when we have perished can we begin to persist, in the contemplation of posterity: in the totalizing acts of *other* "authors." And that is the only immortality you and I may share, my Roberto.

2. Dressing Up and Dressing Down: A Thematics of the *Ad hominem* Mode in the Nashe-Harvey Controversy

> En déshabillant sans cesse son modèle, le sculpteur Sarrasine suit à la lettre Freud, qui (à propos de Léonard de Vinci) identifie la sculpture et l'analyse: l'une et l'autre sont *via di levare*, pratique d'un déblaiement. [...] L'artiste sarrasinien veut déshabiller l'apparence, aller toujours *plus loin*, *derrière*, en vertu du principe idéaliste qui identifie le secret à la vérité: il faut donc passer *dans* le modèle, *sous* la statue, *derrière* la toile (c'est ce qu'un autre artiste balzacien, Frenhofer, demande à la toile idéale dont il rêve). Même règle pour l'écrivain réaliste (et sa postérité critique): il faut aller *derrière* le papier [...] (mais ce qu'il il y a derrière le papier, ce n'est pas le réel, le référent, c'est la Référence, la "subtile immensité des écritures"). Ce mouvement, qui pousse Sarrasine, l'artiste réaliste et le critique à tourner le modèle, la statue, la toile ou le texte pour s'assurer de son dessous, de son intérieur, conduit à un echec–à l'Echec–[...] on ne peut authentifier l'enveloppe des choses, arrêter le mouvement dilatoire du signifiant.
>
> Roland Barthes, *S/Z*.

> The fashion of play-making, I can properly compare to nothing, so naturally, as the alteration in apparell: For in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plaies, quilted with mighty words to leane purpose was onely then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inuentions beganne to set vp. Now in the time of sprucenes, our plaies followe the nicenes of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, letcherous iest, drest vp in hanging sleeues, and those are fit for the Times, and the Tearmers: Such a kind of light-colour Summer stuffe, mingled with diuerse coulours, you shall finde this published Comedy, good to keepe you in an afternoone from dice, at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall finde enough, for sixepence, but well coucht and you marke it. For *Venus* being a woman passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a braue disguise and a safe one, if the Statute vnty not her cod-peice point.
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> Thomas Middleton, *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-Purse* (1611)

In the texts before us it is impossible to uncover a body of evidence that would fully reveal whether Dr. Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe, the two most famous literary rivals of the English Renaissance, ever in fact met one another in person. Nashe, for his part, reports a coincidental rapprochement which apparently took place in 1595. Having stopped in Cambridge for the night, he was to discover that Harvey was lodged "in the same Inne and very next chamber to mee, parted by a wainscot doore that was naild vp, either vnwitting of other" (Nashe 1596, O3^{v}/3:92). Nashe waffles when it comes to explaining why he did not confront his sworn foe upon learning of their fortuitous proximity:

> Euerie circumstance I cannot stand to reckon vp, as how wee came to take knowledge of one anothers being there, or what a stomake I had to haue scratcht with him, but that the nature of the place hindred mee, where it is as ill as pettie treason, to look but awry on the sacred person of a Doctour, and I had plotted my reuenge otherwise; as also of a meeting or conference on his part desired, wherein all quarrells might be discust and drawne to an attonement, but *non vult fac*, I had no fancie to it, for once before I had bin so cousend by his colloging, though personally we neuer met face to face, yet by trouch-men and vant-curriers betwixt vs: nor could it settle in my conscience to loose so much paines I had tooke in new arraying & furbushing him, or that a publique wrong in Print was to be so sleightly slubberd ouer in priuate, with Come come, giue me your hand, let vs bee frends, and therevpon I drinke to you. And a further doubt there was if I had tasted of his beife and porredge at *Trinity Hal* as he desired, [...] rusht in my selfe, and two or three hungrie Fellowes more, and cryde Doo you want anie guestes? what, nothing but bare Commons? it had beene a question (considering the good-will that is betwixt vs) whether he wold haue lent me a precious dram more than ordinarie, to helpe digestion: he may be such another craftie mortring Druggeir, or Italian porredge seasoner, for anie thing I euer saw in his complexion. (O3v-O4/3:92-93)

In fact it is a matter largely of speculation whether Nashe ever *did* see anything in Harvey's complexion at all, unless we mean *textual* complexion. The whimsical image of Harvey as a neapolitan poisoner is itself most likely an alteration of a famous anecdote from a text of Harvey's, the *Gratulationes Valdinenses* (1578, C2^{v}), commemorating a visit made by the Queen to Audley End, just outside Harvey's home town of Saffron Walden, where the Queen is supposed to have said of Harvey (much to the latter's glee), *"Tis a good pretie fellow, a lookes like an Italian"* (Nashe 1592c D2^{v}/1:277). But that Nashe ever himself got a close look at Harvey's real face is not at all certain. The account of the non-meeting at the Cambridge inn seems to suggest that they were in contact with one another only through the mediation of "trouch-men and vant-curriers" (interpreters and scouts)--and, of course, print. Still, if there is no account of them actually confronting one another *in person*, it would appear that Nashe had at least admired Harvey from afar during his student days. In *Strange newes* (1592/93), he tells Harvey as much:

> [...] when I was in Cambridge and but a childe, I was indifferently perswaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate, thou shouldst haue beene a fine fellow: Little did I suspect that thou wert brother to *Io. Pæan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing against *Aristotle*) or any of the Hs of Hempe hall, but a Caualier of a clean contrary house. now thou hast quite spoild thy selfe, from the foote to the head I can tell how thou art fashioned. (Nashe 1592c C2-C2^{v}/1:269)

Harvey had "spoiled himself" in bewraying to all the world his familial identity by publishing his *Foure letters and certeine sonnets* (1592) in reply to the caricatures of himself and his brothers in the *Quip for an vpstart courtier*, by Nashe's supposed collaborator Robert Greene, and also in reply to the spoof of brother Richard Harvey (*"Io. Pæan"*) in Nashe's own *Pierce Penilesse*, both published earlier that same year. Nashe suggests that Harvey may think he has a "sider [broader] cloke for this quarrell" than Nashe's answer to brother Richard's attack on him in *The Lamb of God* (1590): "thou wilt obiect, thy Father was abusd,

& that made thee write" (Ibid.). He then goes on to argue that *he* at least never abused Harvey's father. In fact, neither had Greene: the passage in the *Quip* treats the father, John Harvey the ropemaker (hence the "Hs of Hempe hall"), as an honest tradesman. All of the satirical caricature is expended on the upstart sons he keeps at Cambridge (Gabriel, Richard and John junior); "honest parents may haue bad children," opines their father, and Cloth-breeches himself confirms that "in the ropemaker he found no great falshood" (Greene 1592f, E4). Greene's *Quip* is in the main an allegorical satire repining the deceptive world where newfangled bourgeois types can cloak their origins by purchasing appropriate garb. Cloth-breeches, the English yeoman who retains the simple outward attire which has fixed his identity for centuries, is ultimately judged a truer Englishman of longer and surer lineage than that of the Italionate courtier, Velvet-breeches, who would attempt to "redress" the accident of low birth through the affectation of *haute couture*.

The Elizabethan anxiety over social mobility through symbolic appropriation is of course a large part of what could make the sartorial self seem such a sinister commodity, but as Nashe and Harvey bring one another in and out of fashion with their paper-doll put-ons and take-offs, one quickly begins to feel the anticipatory frustration of that dismal excitement of travesty and strip-tease promising to recover or uncover some real personality or bare forked self underneath. Adding to the growing "erethism" (cf. Barthes 1970, 121) in the Harvey-Nashe exchange is a sneaking suspicion that the *text* as outward expression of the self is as much a "ready-to-wear" accessory as any other garment. Ultimately, according to Nashe, Harvey has "spoiled himself" (or "spoiled his self"; he echoes here Greene's opinion that John Harvey, Jr. had "spoiled himselfe" in publishing his ill-fated *Astrologicall discourse* [Greene 1592f, E3^{v}]) by appearing *in print*. Print is the outward garb that can't be had at the haberdashery, one assumes; yet Nashe can naturally only attempt to redress Harvey's masquerade by decking him out in the subtle shifts of his own texts. "In print" was commonly used in the period to mean true or authentic or thorough--a "man in print" was a *real* man. At the same time, it served in several sartorial and tonsorial connections to indicate careful *grooming*: ruffs properly pleated and set, beard painstakingly trimmed. To have an identity *really* and to look the part to a tee may well amount to the same thing, in print or out of it, but the possibility of unfrocking the fake was even then an obsessive fantasy. As a *self*-fashioning gesture, of course, such an awkward attempt at "the 'discovery' of an inner self" may be one of the endeavors that help *separate* us from Elizabethan subjectivity (Helgerson 1976, 40). The will to unveil where the *self* is concerned has now come to be seen as characteristic of a more modernist "philosophy of individualism" that "suggests that in defying a repressive social order we can dis-cover (and so be *true* to) our *real* selves" (Dollimore 1987, 56). But if it is at present generally supposed that the possibility of thus being individualistically and empoweringly *self*-revealing was unlikely to occur to an Elizabethan, I want to suggest that, as an expression of impotent anxiety over the real identity of *other people*, such a hankering after *discovery* was already rampant in the period.

The progression of Nashe's and Harvey's dressings down of one another commences with a move from low to high, from beneath to above, through a series of surface modifications--sartorial, cosmetic, tonsorial--as the authors dress one another *up*; but beneath this refashioning of the other's self is frequently a despairing desire for denudation, to strip away

the outward garb and reveal some naked self underneath, a desire which finally gives itself up to the frantic violence of various barings of the other's soul, and to the sick snip-snaps of lovingly cutting remarks. The dressed-up textual other thus, like so many simulacra of a person, is liable to have thrust upon it the scapegoated fate of the doll in Maggie Tulliver's attic, or the one savaged by the tots in Keller's *Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe*. But though such effigial mutilation may have something in it of the peevish girleen, Hélène Cixous has rightly pointed out how "it is men who like to play with dolls" (Cixous 1975, 120), and it would be pointless for Puppet Dionysus here to break in with an asseveration that "*we haue neyther* Male *nor* Female *amongst vs*," and to take up his garment in exhibition--there is only another swatch of fabric underneath, another layer (*Bartholomew Fayre*, 5.5) after all. Maybe, but there's a pistol in the pockets of these penmen that suggests that their mannequine manipulations betray a mixture of real misogyny and transexual hankering that can be cathartically indulged in in the textual venue, where there is only gender, no vulnerable sex underneath (no*body*); but where there are still (unseen and not heard) "absent referents" all the same, whose real presence would confront us with the full-frontal onslaught of Carol J. Adams's finally unbare-able rhetorical question: "Could metaphor itself be the undergarment to the garb of oppression?" (Adams 1990, 46).

For starters, we can follow the thread whereby the invective other is dressed *up* along the contours of Nashe's boast that "from the foote to the head I can tell how thou art fashioned"--for Harvey at least is to some extent fashioned *by Nashe* following this upwardly mobile progression, which is also suggested in the conjuration of a Latin play at Cambridge where the pedant's stock costume has been let out for him: "Ile fetch him aloft in *Pedantius*, that exquisite Comedie in Trinitie Colledge; where, vnder the cheife part, from which it tooke his name, as namely the concise and firking finicaldo fine School-master, hee was full drawen & delineated from the soale of the foote to the crowne of his head" (Nashe 1596 M4^{v}/3:80). But the one who actually gets worked up in such dressing sessions is often not the personality, but the one forced to do the making up, for an uncooperative star, in the dark.

In tracing this dressing up from the foot fetishism of Nashe's first fashionings in *Strange newes* up to the tonsorial horrors of *The trimming of Thomas Nashe* (1597), then, we may expect to be progressively uncovering beneath the pleasures of travesty an intermittent frustration with the veiling and unveiling textual and cultural materials which provide the only surfaces where the absent self can be displayed; and with these frustrations seems to come a mounting aggressivity and an ever greater tendency for the dressings up and "redressings" to degenerate into perverse cross-dressings, futile undressings, hysterical dressings down, and ultimately sheer mutilation and the rip of the anatomist's knife.

The metaphorical equation of text and garment, writer and tailor, was an Elizabethan commonplace. Thomas Lodge complained in 1593 that "Taylors and Writers nowadaies are in like estimate, if they want new fashions they are not fansied: & if the stile be not of the new stamp, tut the Author is a foole" (Lodge 1593, 4). This equation is made explicit in the Nashe-Harvey quarrel as early as the *Foure letters* of 1592, where Harvey likens Nashe's productions to shoddy bedizenings, botched up by one who had not satisfactorily completed his apprenticeship:

> What can last allwayes, quoth the neat Tayler, when his fine seames began to cracke their credite at the first drawing-on. I appeale to Poules Churchyard, whether lines be like vnto seames: and whether the Deft writer be as sure a workeman, as the neat Taylor. There may be fault in the Reader, aswell as in the wearer: but euery manne contente himselfe, to bear the burthen of his owne faultes: and good sweete Autors infourme your selues, before you vndertake to instruct other. (G. Harvey 1592, H1/1:231/79)

Kater Murr's editor has rightly, if rather indiscreetly, observed that authors often owe their cleverest ideas and most exquisite turns of phrase to the helping hands of the typesetter; nevertheless, and much as I dislike conflated readings, I have here adopted "in the Reader as well as in the wearer" from the second issue of the first edition (cf. Biller 1969, ciii; 98) where the second edition (which I have taken as usual copy text because it is available as a facsimile and on microfilm and has served as copy text for both modern editions) here reads "in the Reader as well as in the *weauer*" (emphasis added). The symmetrical pattern in the passage I have thus basted together suggests that a reader like a wearer may well prove "unsuitable," but it is the job of the rhetorician as seamster to ignore capricious fashions and outsize clientele and produce ensembles with classic lines, whether or not they "fit" those for whom they are specifically crafted. In concentrating, however, on the ideal material of the text Harvey as master-tailor seems characteristically to overlook the existentially crucial material disposition of the reader/wearer, the person to be fit, despite his insistence that "[i]t is the Body, not the shadow, that dispatcheth the businesse" (H1/1:230/79).

While the text could be seen metaphorically as a garment tailored by the author, personality was itself commonly expressed through metonymies involving conventional sartorial emblems, as in Greene's cloth- and velvet-breeches (glibly read by Nashe as allegories of Harvey's "fathers pouerty, and his owne pride" [Nashe 1592c, C1/1:267]). This pair of tropes can be trimly pulled on over the metaleptically bifurcated body of the "self" to form the doublet *text=garment/garment=personality*. It is Nashe who is most keenly aware that the literal text can serve as a kind of outward vestment of the self, both advertisement and armor. He concludes the second of his prefatory epistles to *Strange newes* with an image which suggests that he would now show himself partially disrobed in preparation for the encounter to come: "Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake, to which I resemble my two Epistles, being the vpper garments of my booke, as the other of my body: Saint Fame for mee, and thus I runne vpon him" (B3/1:263). Nashe also typically displays an awareness of the extent to which it is the reader and not the weaver that must be "fitted." He is thus eager for "honorable minded Caualiers" to try his new invective line on for size and, if they find he has been *out of line*, he will become a cobbler's bondsman, "and fresh vnderlay all those writings of mine that haue trodde awrie," to which he adds that "the *Doctors* proceedings haue thrust vpon mee this sowterly Metaphor, who, first contriuing his confutation in a short Pamphlet of six leaues, like a paire of summer pumps, afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double soales on it like a good husband, added eight sheets more, and prickt those sheets or soales, as full of hob-nayles of reprehension as they could sticke" (Ibid.). Nashe is alluding to Harvey's having originally appeared in only a pair of briefs (to alter the figure)

against Greene,[1] which he subsequently re-issued with an additional boldfaced letter attacking Nashe as well (STC 12899.5), and finally again with a fourth, quite baggy, epistle (see Biller 1969). This last letter Nashe would later characterize in a vestiary image as "shipmans hose, that will serue any man as well as *Green* or mee" (Nashe 1592c, L2^{v}-L3/1:327)–a frequent accusation, frequently conveyed in terms of tailorlike conniving. Nashe makes a similar charge against the mammoth *Lamb of God* (1590) by Gabriel's divine brother Richard: "I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a Broker) and selling it for a new" (C3/1:271).

Although he claims that it is Harvey who has "thrust" the "sowterly metaphor" upon him, Nashe does not need encouragement to show interest in the doctor's feet. His mentions of them occur at the most gratuitous moments; for example, when alluding to the notorious profession of Harvey's father: "Thou dost liue by the gallows, & wouldst not haue a shooe to put on thy foot if thy father had no traffic with the hangman" (C2^{v}/1:270). Frequently, Gabriel's feet become bound up with his iambs, for he was the proud inventor of the English hexameter, and had adorned the *Foure letters* with "a great many barefoote rimes" (B4/1:265). Where Harvey's prose style is concerned, too, Nashe is sensitive to his "apparell" and his "gate": "In Latin like a louse he hath many legges, many lockes fleec'd from *Tullie* to carry away and cloath a little body of matter, but yet hee moues but slowly, is apparaild verie poorely" (G4^{v}/1:302).

What is implied by this, perhaps, is that gait and bearing are marred and mired when Harvey attempts to cobble himself up any cumbersome *textual* vehicle for his person, clapping "double soales" on a light pair of "summer pumps," or "buskins vpon pantophles," to borrow Nashe's characterization of the first of the *Foure letters* with its accompanying sonnet (B4^{v}/1:266).[2] In contrast to his lumbering epistolary appearance, the Harvey fashioned by Nashe lightfootedly minces and prances in a self-satisfied frolic that is at once ridiculous and rather irresistible. This Harvey first makes his appearance when Nashe tells about the visit of the Queen to Audley End, an event which had set Harvey's poetical feet to frisking: "The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Maiestie" (Nashe 1592c, D2^{v}/1:276). But the image of Harvey on tiptoes may have been suggested to Nashe as much by his *own* textual footwork as by Harvey's observed prideful posturing. On the previous page Nashe had been worried that Harvey would hardly hold out if Nashe and his readers kept breathing down his textual neck "at the hard heeles" in pursuing the steps in his argument: "Thou shalt not breath a wit, trip and goe, turne ouer a new leafe" (D2/1:276). This sort of mischief is always afoot where one is dressing up the other: perhaps it is only once Harvey has slipped on Nashe's text (I am thinking here as much of banana peels as of dancing

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[1] This edition has not survived, but its existence has been persuasively hypothesized by McKerrow 1908, 152-153, and Johnson 1934 and 1946.

[2] The probable punning imputation of spiritual duplicity in Harvey's "double soales" is perhaps brought out if we recall Pierce Penniless's characterization of himself as the devil's "singlesould Oratour" (1592b, C1/1:165), but the surface sutorial side of Harvey's twofold text (soles, not souls) is obsessively insisted upon. Nashe would later claim, for instance, that he long kept his copy of Harvey's massive *Pierces supererogation* "in a by settle out of sight amongst old Shooes and bootes" (Nashe 1596, D1/3:19), and proposed now to expose Harvey "not in the pantofles of his prosperitie, as he was when he libeld against my Lord of *Oxford*, but in the single-soald pumpes of his aduersitie" (F3^{v}-F4/3.38).

pumps) that he can "trip" so prettily.

With Harvey's poetical feet fresh in his memory, Nashe proceeds to step on his academic toes, for he had become suspicious of the doctor's credentials (*"he is scarse a Doctor till he hath done his Acts"* [A3/1:256]). Nashe perhaps inadvertantly states his case as though self-refashioning is so odious in itself that actual self-improvement is nothing but misrepresentative ostentation. Even authentic edification is seen in terms of painted surfaces; "that men should make themselues better than they are" is "hypocrisie and Dissimulation" and Nashe upbraids Harvey: "thou art but a plaine motheaten Maister of Art, and neuer pollutedst thy selfe with any plaistrie or dawbing of Doctourship" (D3[corr. in errata]/1:278). The choice of a cosmetic metaphor is strangely jarring; it is as though Nashe were *accusing* Harvey's academic identity of being insufficiently *made up*. Nashe, who himself had failed to take his M.A., produces a quasi-allegorical skit in which Harvey is not named but merely costumed: "So it is that a good Gowne and a well pruned paire of moustachios [...] came to the Vniuersity Court *regentium & non* to sue for a commission to carry two faces in a hoode" (Ibid.). The two faces in a hood (a proverbial image of double-dealing) can be de-allegorized here into Harvey's two degrees--one of which fronts he has simply made up, or rather failed to make up convincingly--cloaked in the hood of Harvey's self (a barefaced pun). Nashe seems to have supposed that Harvey had not been confirmed in his law degree at Cambridge because he couldn't face the oral aggressivity of the public exams--where "hee might haue beene shot through ere he were aware with a Sillogisme" and have returned from the encounter "with a wooden legge"--when he could "buy a Captaineship at home better cheape" (D3^{v}/1:278). That potential stump, Nashe implies, would never have been suited to Harvey's customary footwear, which now steps into the story: *"Pumps and Pantofles."* These are "well blackt" and have a fresh gleam, "being rubd ouer with inke." By metonymy they figure Harvey's body, more by metaphor his ink-prodigal style, and by metonymy again, I guess, his career, as they "trudge" double-souled off to Oxford to be "confirmed in the same degree they took at Cambridge" (Nashe 1592c, D3^{v}/278-79).

"Pumps and pantofles," here perhaps betokening the excessiveness of Harvey's slapping one degree on top of the other, seem generally to have symbolized arrogance or ostentation. As Nashe's editor McKerrow points out, to "stand upon one's pantofles" was, because they were high-heeled, "a common phrase for to stand on one's dignity, to be arrogant, or assertive" (1908, 169). "Pumps *and* pantofles" was apparently a ludicrously intensified version. One finds a number of contemporary instances (e.g., R. Harvey 1590a, 14; Pil 1599, A3^{v}; A4), and McKerrow points to a passage in Deloney's *Gentle craft* (Deloney 1627, 208; but cf. Lawlis's note, p. 374) from which it would appear that wearing both pumps and pantofles together, as Barthes might have put it, signified dressiness. At first, it would seem that Harvey's self has been occluded or absorbed in this micro-pageant by an allegorical figure like Greene's "velvet-breeches," but it is not certain that Nashe is not here originating the *personalized* synecdoche, taking advantage of Harvey's actual sutorial adoption of a conveniently conventional emblem.[3] At least when Harvey answers the "charge" in *Pierces*

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[3] It is possible that this accoutrement as Harvey's trademark is alluded to in Grumio's list of the illkempt crew of servants in *The Taming of the Shrew* (4.1): *"Nathaniels* coate Sir

supererogation (1593) he does not seem to regard himself as having been misrepresented by this depiction of himself in a negatively coded cultural vehicle (excessive ostentation): "yet can he not, so much as deuise any particular action of trespas, or obiect any certaine vice against me, but onely one greuous crime, called Pumps, & Pātofles, (which indeede I haue worne, euer since I knewe Cambridge,) & his owne deerest hart-root, Pride" (G. Harvey 1593b, E4-E4^{v}/2:81). Harvey seems to be *reliteralizing* Nashe's figure–that is, making the pumps and pantofles once again distinct from the Pride which struts around in them, then slipping them off of a conventional meaning which might be taken for his identity and slipping them back onto–his body. His tactic of admitting to "pumps and pantofles" makes it more difficult to distinguish in Nashe's representations between Harvey's pride and Harvey *as* Pride, but it is (confusingly) in the invective interest of the "tailor" as well as the "wearer" to affirm that he is merely describing Harvey's wardrobe, not dressing him up in conventional emblems. In *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, Nashe makes the mock proclamation that "here in his owne clothes he shal appeare to you," Nashe only having inserted a "needle and thred to truss vp his trinkets more roundly" (Nashe 1596, G2^{v}/3:42). He claims that he is not dressing Harvey up, then, but at most needling him for his own good, helping to heel his loose sole. Underneath his leg-pulling, however, is also the admitted aim of exposing "a calf in print" (a thorough fool; cf. Harvey 1592, H2/1:234/82). Yet Nashe's efforts to limn Harvey's character seem at times to amount more to a burlesque display of a little bit of leg–*"a pretie leg to studie the Ciuill Law with"* (Nashe 1592c, A3^{v}/1:257). By getting personal with the use of a proper name, Nashe too slips a body back beneath the sumptuary surface, making Harvey's tricked-out limbs more than just the vehicles of prideful attire. In *Haue with you*, Nashe publishes a supposed letter from Harvey's tutor at Cambridge to his father, where one learns that among Harvey's faults,

> *he is beyond all reason or Gods forbod distractedly enamourd of his own beautie, spending a whole forenoone euerie day in spunging and licking himselfe by the glasse; and vseth euerie night after supper to walke on the market hill to shew himselfe, holding his gown vp to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foote he hath in pumpes and pantoffles* [...]. (1596, L1^{v}/3:68)

The symbolic surface of self-conceit here must rely "anaclitically," as it were, upon the other-oriented instinct of seduction, and Harvey's nominal real life existence, coupled with the naturalistic perspectives introduced by the dramatized "wenches," intensifies the reality effect suggesting something beneath and beyond the Nashe-fashioned symbols, something *behind* Harvey's ostentation. In fact, usually when Nashe begins overdressing Harvey or Harvey begins to show himself off in Nashe's text, an intratextual audience isn't far to be sought for. In *Haue with you* Nashe is able to flesh out the Audley End chronicle of "Timothie Tiptoes" before the Queen with new material along these lines: "I haue a tale at my tungs end if I can happen vpō it, of his hobby-horse reuelling & domineering at *Audley-end*, when the Queene was there: to which place, *Gabriell* (to doo his countrey more worship &

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was not fully made, / And *Gabriels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heel," etc. (TLN 1759-60).

glory) came ruffling it out huffty tuffty in his suite of veluet" (L4^{v}/3:73). The outfit has become well nigh legendary, according to Nashe's audit of the books and the accounts of the period: "There be thē in *Cambridge* that had occasion to take note of it, for he stood noted or scoard for it in their bookes manie a faire day after: and if I take not my markes amisse, *Rauen* the botcher by *Pembrook-hal* (whether he be aliue or dead I know not) was as priuie to it euerie *patch* of it from top to toe, as hee that made it" (Ibid.). Overleaf we find Harvey "at his pretie toyes and amorous glaunces and purposes with the Damsells, & putting baudy riddles vnto them" (M1^{v}/3:75):

> *Nux, mulier, asinus simili sunt lege ligata,*
> *Hæc tria nill rectè faciunt, si verbera desunt.*
> *A nut, a woman, and an asse are like,*
> *These three doo nothing right, except you strike.* (M2/3:75)

These "wenches" are really getting riddled, one might observe, with a vengeance. And we may in turn as we go along poke a few holes of our own in Harvey's riddle, whipped out as it is here in the midst of Nashe's portrait of Gabriel holding forth in front of the queen's maids of honor. Harvey seems to have had a talent for the verbal effectuation of the mousing and tousing which have come to seem characteristic of a certain Elizabethan erotic, and which may still be seen in the lectoral teasery that Derrida has rather grotesquely proposed calling "gynemagogy" (Derrida 1984, 118). Nashe's description of Harvey's "oration" faithfully characterizes certain productions tender and truculent by turns which have survived in his manuscript drafts (see, e.g., G. Harvey MS.a 49^{v}-51; 58-68/90-95; 101-38), and designed, it would seem, to fit the supposed feminine fancies of his audience: "The proces of that Oration," Nashe informs us, "was of the same woofe and thrid with the beginning: demurely and maidenly scoffing, and blushingly wantoning & making loue to those soft skind soules & sweete Nymphes of *Helicon*, betwixt a kind of carelesse rude ruffianisme, and curious finicall complement: both which hee more exprest by his countenance, than anie good iests that hee vttered" (Nashe 1596, M2/3:76). There is something of a suggestion that Harvey's seduction here was following the contours of a *"feminine"* erotic; that is, that his mix of demur, dirtiness and derogation could have been considered "womanly" in their manner, though intended all the same for a female crowd. Nashe would have been a boy of eleven at the time and can hardly have beheld the visage he is figuring forth in person, but he assumes nonetheless that it is not he, but Harvey, who has made up his face for the ladies.

As Nashe fashions him, however, Harvey's finical foppery is not reserved for the delectation of the opposite sex. Nashe tells how a gentleman friend of his was kept waiting for Harvey two hours while he

> stood acting by the glasse, all his gestures he was to vse all the day after, and currying & smudging and pranking himselfe vnmeasurably. *Post varios casus*, his case of tooth-pikes, his combe case, his case of head-brushes and beard-brushes, run ouer, & *tot discrimina rerum*, rubbing cloathes of all kindes, downe he came, and after the *bazelos manus*, with amplifications and complements hee belaboured him till his eares tingled, and his feet ak'd againe. Neuer was man so surfetted and ouer-gorged with English, as hee cloyd him with his generous spirites, renumeration of gratuities, stopping the

> posternes of gratitude, bearing the launcier too seuere into his imperfections, and trauersing the ample forrest of interlocutions. The Gentleman swore to mee, that vpon his first apparition (till he disclosed himselfe) he tooke him for an Vsher of a dancing Schoole, neither doth he greatly differ from it, for no Vsher of a dauncing Schoole was euer such a *Bassia Dona* or *Bassia de vmbra de vmbra des los pedes*, a kisser of the shadow of your feetes shadow, as he is. I haue perused vearses of his, written vnder his owne hand to *Sir Philip Sidney*, wherein he courted him as he were another *Cyparissus* or *Ganimede*; the last *Gordian* true loues knot or knitting up of them is this;
>
> *Sum iecur ex quo te primùm Sydnee vidi,*
> *Os oculósque regit, cogit amare iecur.*
> *All liuer am I Sidney, since I saw thee;*
> *My mouth eyes rules it, and to loue doth draw mee.*
>
> (O3-O3ᵛ/3:91-92)

Immediately on the heels of these lines follows Nashe's account of himself and Harvey coincidentally at Cambridge, as he later puts it, "lying backe to backe in the same Inne, and but two or three square trenchours of a wainscot dore betwixt vs" (V4/3:134). The anecdote about Harvey "courting" Sidney seems to be one in a series of partially veiled imputations of homosexuality flung back from one fashioner to the other. The first of these is in *Strange newes*, where Nashe, answering one of Harvey's many assurances that he has nothing "personal" against Nashe (G. Harvey 1592, G1/1:219-20/69), calls Harvey onto the carpet: "*Thou protests it was not my person thou mislikt* (I am afraide thou wilt make mee thy Ingle)" (Nashe 1592c, L2/1:326). An "ingle," as the OED and McKerrow (1908, 193) put it, is--or was--a "boy-favourite (in a bad sense)." Nashe goes on to conclude his exposure of Harvey's "Gomorian epistle" (and it will not take a tormented alienist, I think, to find it curious that we have here another image of Harvey and Nashe *lying* together): "thou must haue one squibbe more at the Deuils Orator, & his Dames Poet [Pierce Penniless; sc. Nashe], or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to say what thou wilt, *to vnderlie* (as thou desir'st) *the verdit of Fame hir selfe*, so I may lie aboue thee. LIE aboue thee, tell greater lies than thou dost no man is able" (L2-L2ᵛ/1:326).

Innuendoes of homosexuality enter into a larger ensemble of transvestiary exchanges in the Nashe-Harvey interpersonation which must be examined more closely if we are to deal with apparent counter-aspersions cast from Harvey's side. The nature of these exchanges is nicely communicated, I think, by the term *cross-dressing*, "cross" suggesting at once the huffiness, the intertextuality, and the gender-shiftiness of the dressing in question. The later stages of the flyting saw the appearance of "feminine" associations for both Nashe and Harvey, and there is a certain amount of attention exchanged between each of these female fronts and the male member on the opposite side. Nashe's female alter ego was "St. Fame," picked up by Harvey at th exit to the epistle in *Strange newes*. Though she is Nashe's woman she is subsequently only publicly seen in Harvey's texts. Harvey is constantly advertising a further answer to *Strange newes* called "*Nashes S. Fame*," to which *Pierces supererogation*, already "an vnconscionable vast gorbellied Volume, bigger bulkt than a Dutch Hoy, & farre more boystrous and cumbersome, than a payre of *Swissers* omnipotent galeaze breeches" (Nashe 1596, F2-F2ᵛ/3:35), was merely to be a "preparative." In speaking of his disappointment at the thinness of Nashe's own material, for example, Harvey regrets that at its most dandiacal, Nashe's appearance leaves something to be desired:

> Euen when he stryveth for life, to shewe himselfe brauest in flaunt-aflaunt of his courage; and when a man would verily beleeue he should nowe behold the stately personage of heroicall Eloquence face to face; or see such an vnseene Frame of the miracles of Arte, as might amaze the heauenly eye of Astronomy: holla sir, the sweete Spheres are not too-prodigall of their soueraine influences. Pardon mee S. Fame. (G. Harvey 1593b, D1/2:61)

It is not entirely clear why Harvey suddenly excuses himself to St. Fame here. The reason, I suspect, is complex. For one thing, she is constantly confused in Harvey's designs with Nashe himself; for another, perhaps, Harvey has been broadcasting here that she does not deliver what she advertises. Nashe has been a let-down after the line Fame had been handing people. Nashe's "creast-falne stile, & his socket-worne inuention" were hardly what one would have expected "where the masculine Furie meant to play his grisliest, and horriblest part" (I2^{v}/2:119; 120). "St. Fame" had been styled as an unreliable gossip when earlier she had appeared in Harvey's text. Responding to Nashe's query of the legitimacy of his doctoral degree, Harvey blames the misunderstanding on "S. Fame herselfe: who presumed she might be as bould as to play the blab with you, as you were to play the slouen with her" (F3/2:89). Her most prominent feature, thus, is one conventionally associated with women in the literature of the period: irresponsible loquacity.

Harvey's female counterpart, an "*excellent Gentlewoman*, my Patronesse, or rather Championesse in this quarrell" (**4/2:16), had meanwhile been introduced in the preliminary verses to *Pierces supererogation*. She makes many appearances in Harvey's text and is reportedly preparing her own attack on Nashe. (Neither this nor *Nashes S. Fame* seems ever to have come out.) She is touted as a big gun brought in for the "Canonizatiõ of Nashes S. Fame" (Y2^{v}/2:263), and Harvey himself would be little regarded "were that faire body of the sweetest Venus in Print" (Ee1/2:324). The Gentlewoman "shall no sooner appeare in person [...] but euery eye of capacity will see a conspicuous difference betweene her, and other myrrours of Eloquence: and the wofull slaue of S. Fame must either blindfilde [sic] himselfe with insensible peruersitie, or behold his owne notorious folly, with most-shamefull shame" (Ibid.). Her preliminary verses to *Pierces supererogation* display a mix of aggression and sarcastic deference not unlike Harvey's "ruffianly" sweet-talk to the maids, and her opening sonnet, though a "Demurr," spells out plainly enough what she has in store for Nashe:

> *O Muses, may a wooman poore, and blinde,*
> *A Lyon-draggon, or a Bull-beare binde?*
> *Ist possible for puling wench to tame*
> The furibundall Champion of Fame? (**4^{v}/2:17)

She quickly counters this *pro forma* bashfulness, however, and caps her second sonnet, or "Correction," with a tag from the *Aeneid*: "*Vltrix accincta flagello*," the avenger armed with a whip (Tisiphone). If textual measures won't button Nashe's lip, and "Swash *will still his trompery aduaunce, / Il'e leade the* gagtooth'd fopp *a newfounde daunce*" (***1/2:18). Such roughhouse rodomontade will prove characteristic of the Gentlewoman's manners, though she appears bedazzlingly bedizened in Harvey's tributes to her. By contrast Nashe's St. Fame is draped by Harvey as a "brothell Muse," enticing Nashe to botch up pornographic material for nobles (as the Elizabethans would have punned), attempting to "putrify gentle mindes, with

the vilest impostumes of lewde corruption" (F4 [incorr. signed "E4"]/2:91). Harvey evidently has in mind such stuff as "The Choise of Valentines" (Nashe 1958, 3:403-415) is made of: "Phy on impure Ganimeds, Hermaphrodits, Neronists, Messalinists, Dodecomechanists,[4] Capricians, Inuentours of newe, or reuiuers of old leacheries, and the whole brood of venereous Libertines, that knowe no reason, but appetite, no Lawe but Luste, no humanitie, but villanye, noe diuinity but Atheisme" (G. Harvey 1593b, E4/2:91-92).

Frequently, when Harvey has finished heaping all the gaud he has upon Nashe, he can only desperately promise that when his female lead (or one or another of his male supporting actors) get ahold of him he will really get decked out. Harvey speaks of the verses accompanying *Pierces supererogation* signed by his friends and literary backers, and which he trusts will "snibb the Thrasonicall rimester with Angelical meeter [...] and finely discouer young Apuleius in his ramping roabe" (I2-I2^{v}/2:119): "One She, & two He's haue vowed, they will pumpe *his Railing Inkhorne* as dry, as euer was Holborne Conduit: and squise *his Craking Quill* to as emptie a spunge, as any in Hosier Lane. Which of you, gallāt Gentlemē, hath not stripped *his stale lestes* into their thredbare ragges [...]?" (I1^{v}/2:119). When violence is to be rained on Nashe, Harvey typically brings in his friends, especially the Gentlewoman. He likes to watch. Stripping becomes an increasingly obsessive image, and the rawest *verbal* violence is now wholly sanctioned, it would seem, by the participation of women in the exchange. In the ensuing tussles, the participants frequently wind up disarrayed, and the gender of the speaker is not always clear, nor who is lying under those tousled garments. The garrulity of the imbroglio is to be put down to the carnivalesque lowness of Nashe's "Holiday muse" (Nashe 1592c, A4^{v}/1:259). Harvey would meditate in sober study, but "S. Fame is disposed to make it Hallyday" (G. Harvey 1593b, T2/2:229). The wild wench accomplishes a number of quick changes, somewhere in the midst of which she seems to be revealed for Nashe.

> She hath already put-on her wispen garland ouer her powting Cros-cloth: and behold with what an Imperiall Maiestie she commeth riding in the ducking-chariot of her Triumphe. I was neuer so sicke of the milt, but I could laugh at him, that would seeme a merry man, & cannot for his life keepe-in the breath of a fumish foole. Phy, long Megg of Westminster would haue bene ashamed to disgrace her Sonday bonet with her Satterday witt She knew some rules of Decorum: and although she were a lustie bounsing rampe, somewhat like Gallemella, or maide Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannell, or such a dissolute gillian-flurtes, as this wainscot-faced Tomboy; that will needes be Danters Maulkin, and the onely hagge of the Presse. I was not wont to endight in this stile: but for terming his fellow Greene, as he was notoriously knowen, the Scriuener of Crosbiters; the founder of vgly othes, the greene master of the blacke art; the mocker of the simple world, *et cætera*: see, how the daggletaild rampalion bustleth for the frank-tenement of the dunghill I confesse, I neuer knew my Inuectiue Principles, or confuting termes before:

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[4] Dodecomechanists] In a rare gloss in the index to Grosart's Harvey (G. Harvey 1884a, 3:137) we are given the Greek original upon which this epithet is fashioned, and told that it alludes to the "dodekatheos or secret lecherous banquets of Augustus." The note, incidentally, is courtesy of Mr. W. G. Stone, Bridport, to whom we are thankful for a reference to Suetonius, where we read (*Divus Augustus*, LXX) of banquets at which the emperor would dress up as Apollo, and his guests of both sexes would costume themselves as twelve other gods, with whom "Apollo" would then disport himself godwise.

> and perhaps some better Schollars are nigh-hand as farre to seeke in the kinde rudiments, and proper phrases of pure Nasherie. (T2-T2^{v}/2:229-30)

Harvey now quotes a passage from *Strange newes*, apparently meant as a sample of what Harvey means by the "pure Nasherie" he has learned from his opponent, or his opponent's muse, but interesting in that the passage is one where Nashe had himself feminized Harvey. The cross-dressing here is typical of the chiasmal mirror ironies of the Nashe-Harvey interfashioning. Harvey seems to be trying to say that he learned to dress down from the she-Nashe's model. The italicized text is *quoted* by Harvey from Nashe cross-addressing *him*: "*Why, thou errant Butter whore*, (quoth he, or rather she) *thou Cotqueane and scrattop of scolds, wilt thou neuer leaue afflicting a dead carcasse* [Greene], *continually read the Rethorique Lecture of Ramme ally? A wisp, a wisp, a wisp, ripp, ripp you kitchenstuffe wrangler*" (T2^{v}/2:130; cf. Nashe 1592c, G3^{v}/1:299). A wisp is a bundle of straw for a scold to exhaust her railing upon. Harvey is dressing Nashe up, in other words, in emulation of Nashe's own addressing of Harvey, as a shrew, with the result that both of them in turn become the straw man of the feminized other. What is happening here, as it seems to me, is that Nashe and Harvey are identifying their invective others with the essence of "feminine" aggressivity, which in the Renaissance is verbal, or as I shall prefer to call it, *linguistic*. Lisa Jardine discusses this Elizabethan commonplace in her dramatic study, *Still Harping on Daughters*. She cites Vittoria in *The White Devil*: "O woman's poor revenge, / Which dwells but in the tongue" (qtd in Jardine 1983, 107). Jardine in fact uncovers an ideology locating the "center" of both female power and female sexuality in the tongue. Her sketch would lend itself to the theorization of a Renaissance supplement to Western male-gender phallocentrism in a female glossocentric configuration arrived at by the displacement of the seat of female sexuality to the tongue from its "proper" site which, alas and alack, as Lacan might have repined and repunned, cannot be gone further into here. But the tongue, though a putatively "feminine" organ, overrides the phallus as a polyvalent "signifier" in that it can deliver both violence and gratification to either sex. Indeed, there is some reason to suspect that in the Renaissance it tends to symbolize female aggressivity for men, while for women it actually *could be* the boneless lamprey-like part they like, just as Ferdinand nervously affirms in *The Duchess of Malfi*. In any case, it becomes one of the focuses of the characteristic anaclisis of the erotic onto aggressivity, seeming irresistibly to slip both ways, so that as the aggression of the invective adversary is revealed to be femininely "linguistic," a fairly unmistakable erotic content, or rather *dis*content, enters into the "beshrewing" of the other.

Nashe appears as a "malkin," unable to "stay the dint of her moodie tongue" for "the stamping feind, in the Hoat-house of her foming Oratorie, will haue the last word" (G. Harvey 1593b, T2^{v}/2:230). Earlier Harvey had called out a mock convocation to, among others, all "hee- and shee-scoldes, you that [...] will rather loose your liues, than the last word" (B2/2:42-43). He is recalling there, as he will again, Nashe's determination in *Strange newes* to "haue the last word of thee" (Nashe 1592c, H2^{v}/1:305). To have the last word was proverbially the desire of a woman. I have come to suspect--though not surprisingly I have been able to discover no documentation of this--that it may also have had a sexual

connotation:[5] "Sweet Gossip, disquiet not your loouely selfe: [...] thou [...] canst read a Rhetorique, or Logique Lecture to Hecuba in the Art of rauing, and instruct Tisiphone herselfe in her owne gnashing language. Other He- or She-drabs, of the curstest, or vengeablest rankes, are but dipped, or dyed in the Art: not such a Belldam in the whole kingdome of Frogges, as thy croking, and most clamorous Selfe" (G. Harvey 1593b, T2ᵛ-T3/2:230-231).

Mee-ow! 'Tis merry when malkins meet. Nashe's "clamorous Selfe" is thus a slattern who will be made to confess that "all the shreddes, and ragges of his flashingest termes, are worne to the stumpes" (V2/2:239). "Neuer sory lasse so pittifully aweary of her ragged petticote, and dagled taile; the tattered liuery of the confuting Gentleman" (V2ᵛ/2:240). The persistent tearing away at Nashe by Harvey and his Gentlewoman thus make of him a ragamuffin--a shrew (dishevelled, loose, riggish, aggressive)--to be tamed. Scratch the bravery of his textual integument and see the subordinate claws of the vixen bloodied: "Yet some-boddy [*subaudi*, the Gentlewoman] was not woont to endight vpon aspen leaues of paper: and take heede Sirrha, of the Fatall Quill, that scorneth the sting of the busie Bee, or the scratch of the kittish shrew" (Z2/2:272). Aspen leaves, because of their tremulous motion, were frequent images of the tongues of women (OED, "Aspen," A.3, and Tilley 1950, 745), but the *Gentle*woman's textual aggresivity should not be confused with the fluttering tongue of the female sparring partner. The Gentlewoman, unlike the shrewish "St. Fame," has a bite as well as a bark, and not aspen bark neither. She sticks out not the loose tongue of the shrew, but the stiff unbending needle of the spruce tailoréss. Once she condescends to "the spinning-vpp of her silken taske" (Dd4/2:321), her pointed remarks will make of Nashe no straw mannequin of a wisp, but more a kind of voodoo doll, pleased as she will be "to make the Straunge Newes of the railing Villan, the cussionet of her needles, and pinnes" (Dd3/2:319). The verbal aggression of both Harvey and his Gentlewoman is represented as less and less purely oral. The shrewish Nashe, meanwhile, stripped to his torn petticoat, will do well to mend his own errant tongue. (One recalls Nashe's curtain lecture to Richard Harvey in *Pierce Penntlesse*: "off with thy gowne and vntrusse, for I meane to lash thee mightily" [Nashe 1592b, F2ᵛ/2:196]). He must get down on his knees and "reconcile thiselfe with a Counter-supplication: or suerly, it is fatally done, and thy S Fame vtterly vndone world without end" (V2/2:240). Brandishing his words, Harvey himself threatens a drubbing, but in language which does not quite convey the desired virility: "Wheresoeuer I meete thee next, after my first knowledge of thy person, (not for mine owne reuẽge, but for thy correction) I will make thee a simple foole, and a double swad, as well with my hand, as with my tongue" (V1ᵛ/2:237). But at last the feminine manner of linguistic violence, ever in peril of slipping into something more pointed, is dropped altogether with a promise of brute force.

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[5] the last word] I would not want to have to defend this hypothesis for too long on the basis of any occurrences of the phrase which I have come across in my reading, with the possible exception of those in Harvey themselves, but one might consider possible double meanings in the following speech of the title character, plagued by Echo, in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, 1.1.42ff: "but this foole that mockes me, and sweares to haue the last word (in spite of my teeth.) I, and shee shall haue it because shee is a woman, which kind of cattell are indeede all Eccho, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of Saint *Michaels* in *Cyprus*, that keepes most rumbling when men would most sleepe" (Dekker 1600, 117).

> And if thou entreate me not the fayrer, (hope of amendment preuenteth many ruines), trust me, I will batter thy carrion to dirt, whence thou camst; and squise thy braine to sniuell, whereof it was curdled: na, before I leaue poudring thee, I will make sweare, thy father was a Rope maker; and proclaime thiselfe, the basest drudge of the Presse; with such a straunge Confutation of thine owne straunge newes, as shall bring Sir Vainglory on his knees; and make Master Impudency blush, like a Virgin. (V1^{v}/2:238)

Brought into submission, Nashe will, much to Harvey's regret (this hurts me more than it does you), be made to "kisse the rod (by her fauour, that hath pleasurably made him a *Sultã Tomũboius*, & another *Almãnus Hercules*, the great Captaine of the Boyes)"--a "sory" victory "in her *Bello Euboico*, or in her main-battaile of Scouldes" (V3/2:242).[6] This subjection manfully accomplished, "the puppy of S. Fame" (Z2^{v}/273) will be handed over to the tender mercies of the Gentlewoman herself: "Not such a wench in Europe, to vnswaddle a faire Baby, or to swaddle a fowle puppy" (Dd3^{v}/2:320):

> The best is, where my Aunswere is, or may be deemed Vnsufficient, (as it is commonly ouer-tame for so wilde a Bullocke), there She with as Visible an Analysis, as any Anatome, strippeth his Art into his doublet; his witt into his shirt; his whole matter, & manner into their first Principles; his matter *in Materiã Primam*; his manner *in formam primam*; and both *in Priuationem Vltimam*, id est, *his Last Word*, so gloriously threatened. I desire no other fauour at the handes of Curtesie, but that Art, and Witt may be her readers; & Equitie my iudge: to whose Vnpartiall Integrity I humbly appeale in the Premisses: with dutiful recommendatiõ of Nashes S. Fame, euẽ to S. Fame herselfe: who with her owne floorishing handes is shortly to erect a *M*aypole in honour of his Victorious *Last Word*. (Dd4^{v}-Ee1/2:323)

If, after having dressed Nashe up as a woman, Harvey has still not been able to overcome him, the Gentlewoman will undress him as a man, uncovering the skimpiness of his substance and revealing, in a final ereptive gesture, his "famous last word" to be far from sesquipedalian (seeing that the maypole is to be so shortly erected). Roles and poles are reversed with startling celerity in the invective cross-dressing, but there is a kind of attrition, as Harvey's text is worn out, from the ambivalent feminine orality of the shrew into less and less slippery forms of aggression.

In the *New letter of notable contents*, published along with *Pierces supererogation*, the violence of travesty, ragging, stripping and dominance intensifies in threats of thrashings and blows. Here too we have the first flash of the tonsorial blade which will come to predominate in the last stage of the quarrel; *Pierces supererogation* is likened to a pen-knife, the projected

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[6] Sultã Tomũboius [...] Almãnus Hercules [...] Bello Euboico] I cannot proceed far in the explanation of these epithets, except that obviously they all pun on "boy" and "man" and probably are meant to diminish manly hero and exploit into boyish blusterer and charade. It seems not impossible that "Tomũboius" is a play on some familiar name, perhaps even--outlandishly--Tamburlaine, with a glance at Nashe's first name and allusion to him as a tomboy. "Almãnus Hercules" should, I take it, be "Allamanus Hercules," the Hercules of the Germans, but I don't know to whom this might be an allusion, or what further quibbles (all man, almanner Hercules, Alcmene's Hercules) may be included. "Bello Euboica" appears to be a pun on some "Bellum Euboicum," or Euboean War, and "bellow you boy," or somesuch.

Nashes S. Fame "hath somewhat more of the launcelet: the Reply of *the excellent Gentlewoman* is the fine rasour, that must shaue-away euery ranke haire of [Nashe's] great courage, and little wit" (G. Harvey 1593a, B4/1:276). We are treated to a long tirade of a teaser in which the Gentlewoman seems now to have put on the apron of Nashe's (Harvey's) rip-roaring "kitchenstuffe wrangler":

> *I haue some suddes of my mother witt, to sowse such a Dish clowte in*: and if sowsing will not serue the turne, I may hap finde a payre of Pinsons, as sharply cõceited, as S. Dunstõs tonges, that led the Diuell by the nose Autem, vp and downe the house, till the roaring beast bellowed-out like a bull-beggar. [...] I will dowse thee ouer head, and eares in such a dowty *Collyrium*, as will inspire the Picture of *Snuffe, and Fury*, into the Image of *S. Patience* [...] and it shall go hard in my Cookery, but the *sillibub of his stale Inuention* shalbe wellcommed with a *supping of a new fashion*, & some straunge sirrupe in cõmendam of his meritorious workes. Though a *railer* hath more learning, thẽ a *shrew*: yet *Experiẽce* hath a fillip for a Scholler: *Discretion* a tuck for a foole: *Honesty* a bobb for a K: & my *morter*, a pestle for Assa fetida. [...] my *battring instrument* is resolute, and hath vowed to bray the braying creature to powder. (C2-C2^{v}/1:282)

Though she may not be able to "manhandle" him literally, she can still adapt the phallic pestle to a new use, and has plenty of good housewifely muscle to "rattle him, like a baby of parchment, or kneade him like a cake of dowe, or chearne him like a dish of butter," and so on: "Sirrha, I will stãpe an *vnknowne grape*, that shall put the mighty *Burdeaux grape* to bed: & may peraduẽture broach a new *Tun of such nipplitaty*, as with the very steame of the *nappy liquour* will lullaby thy fiue wittes, like the sences of the drunkenest sot, when his braynes are sweetliest perfumed" (C2^{v}-C3/1:283). But Nashe may yet avoid being thus laid out. Harvey insists that if he pleads for peace all will be well and the Gentlewoman will yet be content to let things lie, including her manuscript dormant: "Though an Orient Gemme be precious, and worthy to be gazed-vpon with the eye of Admiration, yet better an Orient Gemme sleepe, then a Penitent mã perish: and better a delicate peece of Art should be layd aside, or vnwouen like Penelopes web, then an immortal peece of Nature be cast-away" (C3/1:284). The Gentlewoman is ready "to embrace *amẽdement* with the armes of *Curteste*" and Harvey "to kisse *repentaunce* with the lippes of *Charitie*" (C3^{v}/285). All of the violence so far, after all, has been verbal, but there is still the prospect of a real licking to come.

Before returning to Nashe's next contribution to the cross-dressing I might point out a passage at the end of *Pierces supererogation* which may possibly have suggested Nashe's quotation of the adage with which Harvey riddles the maids at Audley End in *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*.[7] That riddle, it will be recalled, ran in English (and it had better keep

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[7] McKerrow (1908, 75) refers this maxim to G. Cognatus as collected in the *Adagia* of Erasmus, but Nashe could have come across a version of it most recently in John Florio's *Second frvtes* (1591), a language manual which, as Frances Yates (1931, 1934, 1936) and others have argued, seems to enter into an elaborate intertextual manifold of veiled topical satire in which the texts of Nashe and Harvey are interwoven. In the twelfth chapter of *Second frvtes*, a proverbially dialogical debate on the value of love, "Pandolpho" quotes *"Rendono piu frutto donne, asini, e noci, / A chi ver loro ha piu le mani dirocchi,"* and this is rendered on the facing page: "Wiues, Asses, nuttes, the more they beaten bee, / More good and profite they

running if it knows what's good for it): "A nut, a woman, an asse are like, / These three doo nothing right, except you strike." At the end of *Pierces supererogation* Harvey quotes the famous double bind from *Proverbs*: *"Aunswere not a foole according to his foolishnesse, lest thou also be like him: aunswere a foole according to his foolishnesse, lest he be wise in his owne conceit"* (G. Harvey 1593b, Ee2^{v}/2:328-329; cf. Proverbs 26:4-5). Harvey then remarks that these come from the "wisest Master of Sentences," from whom he has also learned the proper "sentence" for the discipline and punishment of the fool: "to the horse belongeth a whipp; to the asse a snaffle; to the fooles back a rod [cf. Proverbs 19:29]. [...] The fooles-head must not be suffred to coy itselfe: the colte must feele the whip, or the wande; the asse the snaffle, or the gode; the fooles backe the rod, or the cudgell" (Ee2^{v}-Ee3/2:329). (If not, there is the "inspired Gentlewooman," now Amazonian, whose "Penne is the shott of the musket, or rather a shaft of heauen, swifter then any arrow, and mightier then any hand-weapon" [Ee3/2:329].) All three brutes are apparently meant to represent Nashe, although it is with the ass that Harvey has most usually been yoking him in a then plausible (at least for a Northerner) otosis: an ass/a Nashe (hence "bray the braying creature").

Harvey's disciplinary caution was not lost on Nashe who quickly responded to *Pierces supererogation* in an epistle added to the second edition of his great admonitory pamphlet, *Christs teares ouer Ierusalem* (1594). In the original 1593 issue, Nashe's epistle had included an apology and recantation of his previous wrongs to the Doctor, "whose fame and reputation [...] I rashly assailed" (Nashe 1593, *3^{v}/2:12). Apparently Nashe was convinced that the quarrel had been settled out of court, so to speak: "Onely with his milde gentle moderation, herevnto hath he wonne me" (Ibid.). But Harvey meanwhile went ahead and published *Pierces supererogation* and the *New letter of notable contents*, where he publicly doubted that Nashe had "stripped-of[f] the snakes skinne, and put-on the *new man*, as he deuoutly pretendeth," and supposed that Nashe would rend the heart of no one with his "counterfait Teares [...] but his Cast-away selfe" (G. Harvey 1593a, B3^{v}/1:274). In the epistle to the second edition of *Christs teares*, Nashe picks up the reins of Harvey's earlier image from *Proverbs* and runs with it; now he intends to hamper Harvey "like a iade as he is for his geare, & ride him with a snaffle vp & downe the whole realme" (Nashe 1594b, 2*1^{v}/2:181). Nashe has inquired if it is seemly for his new sober self to "rap a foole with his own bable and teach him to know him selfe" and has been informed that it is "euerie way as allowable as the punishing of malefactors and offenders": "Indeede I haue heard there are mad men whipt in Bedlam, and lazie vagabonds in Bridewell; wherfore me seemeth there should be no more differēce betwixt the displing of this vaine *Braggadochio*, then the whipping of a mad man or a vagabond" (Ibid.). Re-enter Harvey, with his couplet untrussed:

> A nut, a woman, an ass are like,
> These three do nothing *write*, except you strike.

We might feel that we have seen enough of the first two in action, but after having been struck with such tireless monotony, "a Nashe in print" (cf. "an asse in printe," G. Harvey

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will yield to thee" (Florio 1591, Z3^{v} and Z4).

1592, H2/1:324/82) was to kick back with a vengeance. In the epistle to *Christs teares* he implies that things had been patched up out of print (cf. Schrickx's sutorial paronomasia, 1956, 178) by Harvey having submitted to him: "vpon his prostrate intreatie I was content to giue him a short Psalme of mercie" (2*1/2:180). But having spent so much time "making up" in private, Harvey could not resist one further long drawn out public appearance. For Nashe he had overdone it a bit: "Was neuer whore of Babylon so betrapt with abhominations as his stile (like the dog-house in the fields) is pestred with stinking filth. His vainglorie (which some take to be his gentlewoman) he hath new painted ouer an inche thicke" (Ibid.).

In *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, Nashe proposes to lend uniformity to Harvey's cosmetic excess, at least insofar as he can apply rouge to his countenance. "Ile force *Ienkin Heyderry derry* both to feare and beare my colours," he vows, "and suite his cheekes (if there be one pimple of shame in them) in a perfecter red, than anie *Venice* dye" (Nashe 1596, E4^{v}/3:32). Nashe also repeats the insinuation that the Gentlewoman is excessively "made up." Yet the fantasies which converge on her make it clear that this make-up has had its seductive effect. *Haue with you* takes the form of a dialogue between Nashe--or *"Piers Pennilesse Respondent"* (D4/3:25)--and various prosopopoeic pals. The Gentlewoman ultimately provides material for an Elizabethan version of towel-snapping locker-room humour. When she is first brought up, Pierce treats her as discrete from Harvey, his ancilla or baggage:

> What, is he like a Tinker, that neuer trauailes without his wench and his dogge? or like a *Germane*, that neuer goes to the warres, without his *Tannakin* and her Cocke on her shoulder. That Gentlewoman (if she come vnder my fists) I will make a gentle-woman, as Doctor *Perne* said of his mans wife.
>
> *Tunc plena voluptas,*
> *Cum pariter victi fœmina virque iacent.*
>
> Then it is sport worth the seeing when he and his woman lye crouching for mercie vnder my feete. (R2^{v}/3:110)

The career of this passage is typical of the way the Gentlewoman and Harvey will be handled by Nashe. The Latin lines are from Ovid's *Ars amatoria*, where they recommend the satisfaction of simultaneous orgasm: this is pleasure at its fullest, when both man and woman lie there overcome. Nashe effects a hasty role shift through the twisted node of Ovid from the pleasure of being the Gentlewoman's forceful lover, so it would seem, to a post-coital alibi of triumphantly standing over the prostrate pair, her and *Harvey*

Pierce's fellows meanwhile are quick to insist that the Gentlewoman is only Harvey himself in drag. Domino Bentivole suggests that Harvey intentionally adopts the disguise so that his linguistic violence will not seem out of line: *"hee thinkes in his owne person if hee should raile grosely it will bee a discredit to him, and therefore hereafter hee would thrust foorth all his writings vnder the name of a Gentlewoman; who howsoeuer shee scolds and playes the vixen neuer so, wilbe borne with"* (R2^{v}/3:111) But Grand Consilidore quickly pipes in with a different interpretation of Harvey's transvestism. *"as* Bentiuole *hath wel put in,* Pars minima est ipsa puella sui. *I beleeue it is but a meere coppy of his countenaunce, and onely hee does it to breed an opinion in the world, that he is such a great man in Ladies and Gentlewomens bookes, that they are readie to run out of their wits for him"* (R3/3.111) Here the Ovidian tag is from the *Remedia amoris*, where we are advised that it is the sumptuary surfaces--dress,

gold, jewels–which make for the seductiveness of the woman: "The girl herself is least part of herself." A lesson, however, which has little significance for our interlocutors; it is not long before the gang is back to trying to fill in her "pars minima" with their own little fancies. Consiliadore quips equivocally: *"VVe read that* Semiramis *was in loue with a Horse, but for a Gentlewoman to bee in loue with an Asse, is such a tricke as neuer was"* (R3-R3^{v}/112). The ass is meant presumably for Harvey, but it is difficult after *Pierces supererogation* to dissociate it from Nashe; at the same time Nashe's previous boast to ride Harvey "with a snaffle, vp and downe the realme" merges with the standard equestrian erotic of Elizabethan coitus to further make a blur of the identity of who is on top:

> It would doo you good to heare how he gallops on in commending her, hee sayes shee enuies none but art in person and vertue incorporate, and that she is a *Sappho*, a *Penelope*, a *Minerua*, an *Arachne*, a *Iuno*, yeelding to all that vse her and hers well, that she stands vpon masculine and not feminine termes, & her hoatest fury may bee resembled to the passing of a braue Careere by a *Pegasus*, and wisheth hartily that he could dispose of her recreations. (R3^{v}/3:112)

There is a mounting obscenity in the perverted gleanings from Harvey's text. Don Carneades breaks in with his disciplinary tonalities: *"Call for a Beadle and haue him away to Bridewell, for in euery sillable he commits letchery"* (Ibid.). Pierce goes on to recall Harvey's boast that the Gentlewoman will strip his art into its doublet: "He threats shee will strip my wit into his shirt were that fayre body of the sweetest *Venus* in print, & that it will then appeare as in a cleare Vrinall whose wit hath the greene sicknes" (Ibid.). Jerkin on or jerkin off, this proves too much for Nashe's buddies. Bentivole advises: *"If she strip thee to thy shirt, if I were as thee, I wold strip her to her smocke,"* and Carneades cackles: *"That were to put that fayrest body of* Venus *in Print indeede with a witnes"* (Ibid.). Pierce *ad interim* plays the soul of equity in response to their scurrility, insisting that she "may be Queene *Didoes* peere for honestie" for any dealings he has ever had with her (for he has had no dealings with her), but Consiliadore quickly counters that, whether *"shee bee honest or no, he* [Harvey] *hath done enough to make her dishonest, since as* Ouid *writes to a* Leno, Vendibilis culpa facta puella sua est, *he hath set her commonly to sale in* Poules Church-yard" (R3^{v}/3:112-13). Importuno attempts to "change the subject," convinced still as he avers that *"there is no such woman, but tis onely a Fiction of his"* (R4/3.113). He proceeds to quote from her preliminary verses to *Pierces supererogation* and eventually arrives at the phrase from Virgil, *"Vltrix accincta flagello."* Here Pierce suddenly breaks in to uncover the deception: "Yea Madam *Gabriela*, are you such an old ierker, then Hey ding a ding, vp with your petticoate, haue at your plum-tree: but the style bewraies it, that no other is this goodwife *Megara*, but *Gabriel* himself" (Ibid.). As Nashe was to be stripped to his last word, so Gabriela will have his/her plum-tree uncovered. This conventional image of the pudenda (cf. *2 Henry VI*, 2.1, TLN 834, but don't bother looking in the glosses) is, of course, a highly ambivalent one, particularly if one ponders the dangling fruit. Nashe has revealed the Gentlewoman to be Harvey himself, but his copesmates are singularly unsatisfied. In a fascinating paragraph on rhetoric, Carneades reveals the aporiac frustration attendant on the impossibility of lifting the sheets of Harvey's text to find out if he is really *lying with her*:

> [...] *Rhetoricians though they lye neuer so grosely, are but said to haue a luxurious phrase, to bee eloquent amplifiers, to bee full of their pleasant Hyperboles, or speake by Ironies; and if they raise a slaunder vpon a man of a thing done at home, when he is a 1000. mile off, it is but* Prosopopeya, personæ fictio, *the supposing or fayning of a person: and they will alledge* Tully, Demosthenes, Demades, Aeschines, *and shew you a whole* Talæus & Ad Herennium *of figures for it, foure and fiftie times more licentious. These Arithmetique figurers are such like iugling transformers, lying by Addition and Numeration, making frayes and quarrelling by Diuision, getting wenches with childe by Multiplication, stealing by Subtraction; and if in these humors they haue consumd all and are faine to breake, they doo it by Fraction.* (S4/3:120)

Rhetoric can stand here for the fatal linguistic ambivalence of the tongue, its ever-ready alibi of the "luxurious [salacious] phrase," its ability to promote either "division" (through seditious sass) or "multiplication" (through sophisticated seduction). But the quivering digits would seem inevitably to give way to the violence of "fraction," the final reckoning that Nashe can still "teach *Gabriel*," who knows the other calculations, up to and including *multiplication*, "hee hauing since I parted with him last got him a Gentlewoman" (Ibid.).

Bentivole, however, can no longer contain his frustration at not being able to get a better idea of her figure: *"Both thou and hee talke much of that Gentlewoman, but I would we might know her, and see her vnhukt*[8] *and naked once, as* Paris *in* Lucians Dialogues, *desires* Mercury *hee might see the three Goddesses naked, that stroue for the golden Ball"* (Ibid.). Carneades admits she is a Venus as Harvey dresses her in his text, and that "Harvey" would like to see her *in her own text*: *"he puts her in print for a* Venus, *yet desires to see her a* Venus *in print; publisheth her for a strumpet (for no better was* Venus) *and yet he would haue her a strumpet more publique"* (S4^{v}/3:121). Consiliadore hopes Nashe will "tear her and tug with her" and "Bentivole" predictably allows his own wishful thinking to preponder: *"In some Countreys no woman is so honorable as she that hath had to doo with most men, and can giue the lusteest striker oddes by 25. times in one night as* Messalina *did; and so it is with his* bratche *or bitch-foxe"* (T1/3:121-122). But *Nashe* is to be the match that the brach will have met, if she come scratching at him with those womanly arms of hers: "Agelastus *Grand father to* Crassus, *neuer laught but once in his life, and that was to see a mare eate thistles; so this will be a iest to make one laugh that lyes a dying, to see a* Gillian *draggell taile run her taile into a bushe of thornes, because her nailes are not long inough to scratch it, & play at wasters with a quil for the britches"* (T1/3:122). To "play at wasters" was to practice swordplay with "wasters" or cudgels, but it seems also to have had sexual connotations, possibly in connection with the "waste-waist" quibble which Nashe seems to have bent over backwards for [9] One is wincingly

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[8] vnhukt] Wilson (1957, 51) notes that the OED takes this to be a misprint for "unhusked," since it has no other instance of "unhook" prior to 1840. It comes to the same difference, no doubt.

[9] play at wasters with a quil for the britches] To "play at wasters" comes into a curious episode in Dekker's *Honest Whore*, 2nd Part, where (act 2, scene 2) Lodovico is teaching Candido to "tame" his wife, who hitherto has worn the pants in the family, so to speak. In an exchange full of sexual innuendo, the husband and wife approach blows

> *Cand.* [...] If e're husbands their wiues will needes be Masters,
> We men will haue a law to win't wasters.

reminded here, however, of the pincushion codpiece recomended by Lucetta in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (not to mention the harrowing rapprochement in Anthony Burgess's structuralist fantasy *M/F* of "the three dual forms: *scissors, trousers, ballocks*"). And it is at this ticklish point that Carneades makes way for a kind of outgoing role reversal symmetrical to that via Ovid which introduced the thorny Gentlewoman into Nashe's text: "Multi illum iuuenes, multæ petiere puellæ, *Boyes, wenches, and euerie one pursue him for his beauty*" (Ibid.). The Latin is from the description of Narcissus in the *Metamorphoses*, and once again the line cannot be securely attached to either Harvey or Nashe. In it are interwoven the clashing semes of beauty, androgyny, and pride. In any case, if at first it is meant for Harvey, it subsequently becomes clear that it is Nashe who is pursued by both sexes:

> Non caret effectu, quod voluere duo,
> *Thou canst neuer hold out, if thou wert* Hercules, *if two to one encounter thee.*
> (Ibid.)

The tag here has been removed from an address to a eunuch in the *Amores*, where it means that "where there are two wills there is a way" (for two lovers to get past the guarding eunuch). Here again the couple from Ovid are properly lovers, but they have been switched into Harvey and his Gentlewoman, against whose dual advances the protestingly desexualized Nashe will not be able to hold out. Nashe's response is a quotation from the *Ars amatoris*: "*Quis nisi mentis inops teneræ declamat amicæ?*" (Ibid.). This is from advice on using sweet eloquence with one's sweetheart: only a block would use sour words with a leman, as Nashe might have paraphrased.

The suggestion of this Ovidian tangle is once again that Harvey and his Gentlewoman (difficultly distinguished from Harvey *as* his Gentlewoman) have a perverted interest in Nashe, whose sexuality was in turn perhaps left up for grabs in the arcane passage in *Pierces supererogation* in which the Gentlewoman had styled Nashe the "Sultã Tomũboius," "Almãnus Hercules" and the "Captaine of the Boyes." Nashe takes these words from the Gentlewoman and puts them back into Harvey's mouth before chewing on them himself:

> No more will I of his calling me *Captaine of the boyes*, and *Sir Kil-prick*; which is a name fitter for his *Piggen de wiggen* or gentlewoman: or els, because she is such a hony sweetikin, let her bee *Prick-madam*, of which name there is a flower, & let him take it to himselfe, and raigne intire *Cod-pisse Kinko*, and Sir *Murdred* of placards[10] *durante bene placito*, as long as he

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> *Lod.* 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?
> *Cand.* For the breeches. (Dekker 1630, 164)

This exchange, which could, of course, have been inspired by the passage from Nashe, suggests that "for the britches" in Nashe's phrase may properly appose "play at wasters" rather than "a quil." Pierce's own erotic interest in the Gentlewoman, in any case, always dismally gives way before the necessity of maintaining the dominant role.

[10] Sir Kil-prick [...] Cod-pisse Kinko [...] Sir Murdred of placards] I cannot explain these epithets--except that "Kil-prick" is probably, as McKerrow suggests, a punning version of Chilperic--but the general topicality of all of the sobriquets is sufficiently clear. "Placards" plays off on two meanings the word might have, one being that of bills posted, the other of accessories covering the crotch in either men's or ladies' apparel.

> **is able to please or giue them geare. Likewise the Captainship of the boyes I tosse backe to him, he hauing a whole Band of them to write in his praise: but if so he terme me in respect of the minoritie of my beard, he hath a beard like a Crow with two or three durtie strawes in her mouth, going to build her neast. (V1/3:129)**

The conclusion of this passage might lead us out of the cross-dressing and into the final tonsorial stage of the interfashioning, but before leaving the transvestiary exchange, and so, largely, the figure of Harvey altogether, a few words on the fashioning of his band of boys.

In addition to the Gentlewoman, three men who appeared elsewhere in productions of their own are to be found dangling on Harvey's textual skirts in *Pierces supererogation*. Verses and epistles are contributed by Barnabe Barnes, Anthony Chute and John Thorius. Thorius later reappears in Nashe's text in a scarlet letter where he insists that his earlier piece had been "altred" by Harvey at Nashe's expense, that some of the material to which his label has been affixed was not his stuff, and that those pieces which *were* his, *"blushing to looke vppon so contēptible a person they were directed too, could not but be exceedingly ashamed to bee presented to the eyes of a whole world"* (X1/3:135).

The other two figures remain the apes of Harvey, "infected" with his "Bragganisme." In Nashe's text Barnes adopts Harvey's own sartorial extravagance, "getting him a straunge payre of *Babilonian* britches, with a codpisse as big as a *Bolognian* sawcedge, and so he went vp and downe Towne, and shewd himself in the Presence at Court, where he was generally laught out by the Noblemen and Ladies" (R2/3:109). Chute meanwhile had attempted to "make himself up" after Harvey's self-fashioning fashion: "he painted himself like a Curtizan, which no Stationers boy in *Poules Church-yard*, but discouerd and pointed at" (R2/3:109-10). If the one, with his swollen codpiece, adopts Harvey's macho sartorial domineering, the other takes up his epicene cosmetic courtesanism, until he is unfrocked and fingered by the stationers' boys.

In short, Nashe's cross-dressing treatment of Harvey, his Gentlewoman and his male supporters winds up in an unrelenting imputation of (and indulgence in) "homotextuality." All of their selves are continually made the donners, rather than the donors, of Harvey's textual personality, and the difference between Harvey disguising himself as the others and the others disguising themselves as Harvey is eventually marginalized by Nashe. The figure of the Gentlewoman, on the other hand, because of the unbreachable difference of her nominal femininity, constantly entices from beneath Harvey's text and creates recurrent dissymmetries whereby Nashe's position with regard to his invective other itself slips between the linguistic options of the "feminine": seduction and abuse. The invective cross-dressing may ultimately betray the same manifold of desire which Jardine identifes with the controversial and ever-finessed question of cross-dressing on the Elizabethan stage (an inversion of Humbert Humbert's cautious scruple "that male parts are taken by female parts"). Jardine explains the erotic of Elizabethan boys taking the women's parts in terms of the typically dependent role of the boys' characters "creating a sensuality which is independent of the sex of the desired figure, and which is particularly erotic where the sex is confused" (Jardine 1983, 24), a view with which Stephen Greenblatt would ultimately seem to be concurring when he claims that "[t]he delicious confusions of *Twelfth Night* depend upon the mobility of desire" (Greenblatt

1988, 93). This would explain the feminization of the invective other as an expression of a wish to be able to convert the linguistic violence of the foe into a cataglottal submission; and of course it may be that the feminization of the invective *self* is then allowed to slip through due to the lambent possibilities, as Lawrence might have put it, of the linguistic. But where the Gentlewoman is concerned, as no less with Harvey's half-longing womanization of Nashe as a trull, the temptations and fringe benefits of cross-dressing give way at last to the male-gaze truth-revealing impulses of denudation (scopophilia, as Freud saw, is only the poor man's epistemophilia) which, perhaps because of the textual impossibility of the gesture, then perverts into the rhetorical aftermath of "fraction." Or as Lorna Hutson reads the exchange in a somewhat different context, "[r]hetorical figures do have the power to disfigure and damage identity, so long as freewheeling fiction is repressed, and the press remains through censorship the organ of official power and a forum for the creation of public reputation" (Hutson 1989, 214; press=phallus, anyone?). A similar progress toward fraction was seen to pass through Harvey's text on Nashe, where the futility of recovering or uncovering the self of the invective other led first to an attempt at correction, the disciplinary violence of which however at last seemed on its way to degenerating into mere thrashing. And the same career more or less awaits us in the final attempt to dress up and disclose the invective other, though we begin here already far along in the decay of a rhetorically lanceting hygiene of the fashionable "pierce-one-ality," in Shakespeare's arguable pun on Nashe's pierce-ona (*Love's labour's lost*, 4.2; TLN 1247ff; cf. Schrickx 1956, 252f).

The tonsorial line works up through the early pamphlets to come to a head, if I may, in the final attempt to make or break Nashe, Richard Lichfield's *The trimming of Thomas Nashe, gentleman* (1597). This last word in invective fashioning can be nicely characterized by Petruchio's (insincere) comment on the tailor's handiwork:

> Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
> Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe. (TLN 2075-76)[11]

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[11] This is meant to be an eye-opener for blind daters of *The Shrew*. "Censor" is the reading of the Folio, "but no sense of that word in that spelling is appropriate here" (Morris 1981, 263). Editors since Rowe have almost universally adopted the spelling "censer," imagining a room deodorizer to keep down the stench of the tonsorial excrescences. A notable exception is Stanley Wells in the New Oxford Shakespeare (1986) who introduces the emendation "scissors," which, though it does make some sense and no censer, would seem to have little else to recommend it (see, however, the Wellsianly well-plotted, paleographically persnickety old-spelling argument made for "scissor" by R. W. F. Martin [1984, 186], an emendation he says was first suggested by Dr. W. G. Cooke of Toronto). Even without the half "tongue-in-cheek" explanation of an allusion to Lichfield, the line as it reads in the Folio makes good enough sense to me. A censor does indeed snip and nip and slish and slash and "a Censor in a barbers shoppe" may be either the loquacious hairdresser holding forth to his captive audience as self-appointed critic of societal mores, or any one of the equally vocal clients whose mouths are never to be wholly stopped with a mug of shaving lather. Or what may be meant is a censor who acts like a shear-happy barber. "Just another little-a snoop," each of our editors seems to have assured in his best Chico Marx voice (cf. *Monkey Business*, Paramount, 1931). The New Oxford Shakespeare, however, seems "masking stuffe" indeed: Here's snip and fiddle and fix and plug, like to an editor in a printer's shop.

Nashe's *Haue with you* is dedicated to Richard Lichfield, barber-surgeon to Trinity College, styled in the opening flourish of Nashe's epistle: "the most Orthodoxall and reuerent Correcter of staring haires, the sincere & *finigraphicall rarifier of prolixious rough barbarisme, the thrice egregious and censoriall animaduertiser of vagrant moustachios, chiefe scauinger of chins, and principall Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells*" (Nashe 1596, A2/3:5).

Tonsorial images had already cropped up at several points in the earlier stages of the quarrel. Nashe generally appears to make barefaced asseverations when "bearding" his opponent. There are several allusions which suggest that he had little or no facial hair (e.g., "my beardlesse yeeres" [1592b, F3/1:195] and Harvey's view of him as "as beardles in iudgement, as in face" [G. Harvey 1593b, E2/2:75]). He himself in *Strange newes* equates a long beard with textual glut and is therefore thankful for his own sparcity.

> If my stile holde on this sober Mules pace but a sheete or two further, I shall haue a long beard lyke an Irish mantle droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.
>
> Marry God forfend, for at no hand can I endure to haue my cheekes muffled vp in furre like a Muscouian, or weare any of this Welch freeze on my face. (Nashe 1592c, F3/1:292)

Harvey, on the other hand, as Nashe styles him, has "a good handsome pickerdeuant" (A3^{v}/1:257), "a prety polywigge sparrows tayle peake" (I2^{v}/1:312), and arrives at Court with "a paire of moustachies like a black horse tayle tyde vp in a knot, with two tuffts sticking out on each side" (Nashe 1596, M4/3:79).

Nashe explains his mock dedication of *Haue with you* to Lichfield in a prolixity of puns which begins: "Without further circumstance to make *short*, (which to speake troth is onely proper to thy Trade) the short and long of it is this, There is a certaine kinde of Doctor of late very pittifully growen bald, and thereupon is to be shauen immediately, to trie if that will helpe him" (A2^{v}-A3/3:6). This image cuts both ways: having grown "bald" (bold) Harvey must be clipped back, but, as McKerrow points out, there is also the principle that shaving will bring on a thicker beard. In any case, "trimm'd hee must bee with a trice," Nashe tells Lichfield, "and there is no remedie but thou must needes come and ioyne with me to giue him the terrible cut" (A3/3:6). Nashe points out that apart from the business Harvey has given barbers all along–"for twice double his Patrimonie hath he spent in carefull cherishing & preseruing his pickerdeuant"–there is also the *"profound Abridgement vpon beards"* (A4/3:7) which Gabriel's brother Richard has compiled and printed privately. Nashe claims he has perused the latter volume and describes it as follows:

> [...] *a Defence of short haire against Synesius and Pierius*: or rather in more familiar English to expresse it, a Dash ouer the head against baldnes, verie necessary to be obserued of al the *looser* sort, or *loose* haird sort of yong Gentlemen & Courtiers, and no lesse pleasant and profitable to be remembred of the whole Common-wealth of the Barbars. The Posie theretoo annexed, *Prolixior est breuitate sua*, as much to say, as Burne Bees and haue Bees, & hair the more it is cut the more it comes [...]. (A4/3:7-8)[12]

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[12] On Richard Harvey's *Defence* see Appendix 2a.

According to the Richard Harvey principle, then, the cutting back which Nashe proposes would seem fated to bring forth greater textual profusion. Nonetheless, he calls on Lichfield to join him in the trimming of the Harvey Brothers: "Phlebothomize them, sting them, tutch them Dick, tutch them, play the valiant man at *Armes*, and let them bloud and spare not; the Lawe allowes thee to doo it, it will beare no action: and thou, beeing a Barber Surgeon, art priuiledgd to dresse flesh in Lent, or anie thing" (B1^{v}/3:9). Nashe, parts, so to speak, with an offer to deliver up Harvey to the Barber to be anatomized. A bit further up he had fitfully explained that his own epistle had been "so stretcht [...] on tenter-hookes" (that is, so lengthy) because it was "a garment for the woodcocke *Gabriel Haruey*, and fooles ye know alwaies [...] are suted in long coates" (C3^{v}/3:17). Nashe also noted that "if it be too long, thou hast a combe and a paire of scissers to curtall it" (C3/3:17). Lichfield apparently did take up at least part of Nashe's offer when, the following year, he published a response to the epistle from *Haue with you* as *The trimming of Thomas Nashe, gentleman*. This pamphlet takes the form of a prolonged, often hysterical monologue addressed to Nashe and making *him*, and not Harvey, the object of his tonsorial attentions.

Most of the themes I have been turning up so far fray further in this pamphlet. Lichfield tries on Nashe's latest sartorial figure and informs Nashe that he has taken the latter's epistle, as was Nashe's desire, and "cut it with my scissers, layd it ope, and according to that pattern haue made a coate for thy selfe" (Lichfield 1597, G2/3:64). Lichfield suggests that fools wear long coats "the better to hide their folly and cover their nakednes," but he has made a short coat for Nashe so that the latter may "bewray for others" his simplicity. In any case, had he tried to cover all of Nashe's folly, "this is not the twentieth part of stuffe that wold haue serued" (Ibid.). He exhorts Nashe to keep any further coats he might bestow upon Lichfield to himself, accusing him, as Nashe had accused Harvey, of having three or four "ready made (like a saleman) for some body: then, to which soeuer thou sowest but a patch or two cõcerning me, that coat shal serue me: thou puttest diuers stuffe into one coate, and this is thy vse in all thy confutations" (G2^{v}/3:66). Against this one-size-fits-all brand of invective fashioning, Lichfield would apparently oppose another, tailored carefully to the person being written about. His pamphlet was to be a "thinne superficiall vaile to couer [Nashe's] crimson Epistle" or a "Caule" (A3/3:6; 7) to tone down his loud outfit, but Lichfield has found it difficult to fit him and anxiously explains the unnevenness of his present text with a parable about the impossibility of dressing the naked moon because of her unfittable instability: "so hee being a man of so great reuolution, I could not fit him, for if I had vndertaken to speak to one of his properties, another came into my mind, & another followved that, vvhich bred confusion, making it too little for him: therefore vvere it not too little, it might be tvvold [it would] be fit, but hovvsoeuer, pardon (Gentlemen) my boldnes in presenting to your fauorable viewes this litle & cõfused coate" (A4/3:8). Nashe cannot be fit because his personality will not stop fidgeting, and no textual vestment could thus be capacious enough for it. In the course of his long, sick monologue Lichfield's strategies for the correction and disclosure of Nashe's fidgety self become progressively more fell, with the now familiar lapses into cooing affection. He opens with a would-be amiability which quickly deteriorates into contumely:

> M. *Nashe*! welcome. What, you would be trimd? & I cannot denie you that fauour. Come, sit downe, Ile trim you my selfe. How now? what makes you sit downe so tenderly? you crintch in your buttocks like old father *Pater patriæ*, he that was father to a whole countrey of bastards. Dispatch, st, boy, set the water to the fire: but sirra, hearke in your eare, first goe prouide me my breakfast, that I goe not fasting about him; then goe to the Apothecarie, and fetch mee some repressiue *Antidotum* to put into the bason, to keep downe the venemous vapors that arise from his infectious excremẽts: for (I tell you) I like not his countenance, I am afraid he labours of the venereall murre. (B1/3:9)

Coming to Nashe's "trimming" Lichfield proposes to "deale roundly" with him, cutting him first with the "margent cut," which will pare away the stinking "brinks" of Nashe's "standing poole" of a text, "for it infects the eare as doth the stinking poole the smell" (B3^{v}/3:15), and then, once he has hacked away at the barberous puns in Nashe's "margents," proceeding to the "perfect cut" which is to reveal Nashe's barefaced audacity even as it attempts a template of the pattern of his perversity. But "[t]hat theame was quickly cut off," as Jack Wilton seems to lisp in *The vnfortunate traueller*, and after a gabby disquisition on barbers in history, Lichfield turns to a leeching diagnosis of Nashe's distemper, at last hitting upon a medium that can convey his characteristic conflation of olfactory and auricular "infection"–the tongue. But the *seat* of Nashe's diseased self must be sought beyond this meaty clapper: "fie on thee, I smell thee, thou hast a stinkinge breath" (C1^{v}/3:21). "*Tædet anima*," he quotes, explaining that by "anima" he does not mean "a stinkinge breath," but "the forme by which thou art, what thou art, by which also thy senses woorke, which giueth vse to all thy faculties and from which all thy actions proceede, and this *anima* if thou termist a breath, this breath stinketh" (C2/3:22). Thus Lichfield is helpless to help him, for Nashe "hath neede of a metaphisition" and all Lichfield is able to do is "to tell the reason of this stinkinge breath, and to leaue to more sounde Philosophers to determine and set downe the remedie of it" (C2/3:23). But if Nashe insists that he give him "some remedie for this stinking breath," Lichfield will provide him with a long drawn out instruction for getting rid of it–advice on hanging himself. Imagining Nashe's halitotic soul departed from his well-hanged young body, Lichfield engages in macabre experiments in the reanimation of the vacated corpus:

> [...] if *Platoes* transmigration holde, (which some menne holde[)] that the *animæ* and breathes of men that bee deade doe fleete into the bodyes of other menne which shall liue, then I holde that some breath seeing thy younge bodie without an *anima*, and twould bee hard lucke if some breath or other should not be yet straying about for a body, their being continually so many let loose at Tiburne, I say, some vnbespoken vagrant breath wil goe in and possesse thy body [...]. (C2^{v}-C3/3:24)

Rid of the Nashean animus, the body becomes a receptacle for the fugitive fantasms of the barber. Lichfield's fascination with Nashe's physiognomy perhaps leads his manhandling briefly to become the "miss-handling" we encountered in the earlier cross-dressing. Though "borne to haue a beard" (engage in contentions) for "want of a beard" ("signe of a strong natural heate and vigour") Nashe is finally "too effeminate, and so becomst like a woman without a beard" (D4^{v}/3:39). Pursuant to this figment Lichfield promises to "make a wonder"

on Nashe, to shave him "quite through, and when I haue done, you shall not be a haire the worse." It is fairly clear from the fantasy chase scene which ensues that Nashe, like Charlie Brown, Dionysius the Tyrant, and Freud's little Wieners, would have good symbolic foundation for being afraid of the barber. "I will so hunt thee for my pay," he menaces, "that thou shouldst bee in worse case than the Beuer, who bites off his stones and layes them in the way for the hunter: for which otherwise he should be hunted to the death" (E1/3:40). From these emasculations, Lichfield turns to bondage fantasies. Imagining Nashe chained up, as he appears in a rough woodcut at this point, the barber advances: "Nowe sirra haue at you, th'art in my swinge. But soft, fetterd? thou art out againe: I cannot come neere thee, thou hast a charme about thy legges, *no man meddle with the Queenes prisoner*: now therefore let vs talke freendlye" (E2/3:43).

Nashe in bondage suggests a more easily executed searching of his soul, whose protective custody is plainly as painful as its free roving was. For the fetters are, as Lichfield's proverbial title page motto suggests ("*Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestat*"), in a certain sense forged by Nashe himself. He has made himself an errant soul which, like those of all "that are the Moones men," as Hal and Falstaff quibble (*1 Henry IV*, 1.2, TLN 145), must end in death or prison. Seeing Nashe now safely locked away, Lichfield considers his body and soul in parallels reminiscent of Richard II in Pomfret Castle: "O double vnhappie soule of thine, that liues so doubly imprisoned, first in thy bodie, which is a more stinking prison than this where thou art; then, that it accompanieth thy bodie in this prison" (E4/3:49). Lichfield compares the soul to the "kings daughter captiuated & long time kept imprisoned in the Theeues houses" in *The Golden Ass*, who, when she and the ass tried to escape, was sentenced to be sewn up into the dead ass's body and left to die, "and nothing aliue in the asse (the prison) to trouble the Maid the prisoner" (E4; E4^{v}/3:49). But the girl in Apuleius was only bound to die in an ass's body, while Nashe's feminine soul suffers a fate worse than death in a Nashe's body, whose "affections [...] are as stinking vermine & wormes in it, that crawle about thee, gnawing thee, and putting thee to miserie" and which pollutes the air of society's prison, further stifling Nashe's soul: "Now if thou wouldest bee free from thy prisons, make a hoale in thy first prison, breake out there, and so thou escapest both, thou neuer canst be caught again: and by this thou shalt crie quittance with thy bodie, that thus hath tormented thee, and shalt leaue him buried in a perpetual dungeon" (E4^{v}/3:49-50). The soul, then, can only be free from societal incarceration and the constraints of the fettered and fetid body of the self-manacled personality by tearing, as Richard II proposed, "a passage through the Flinty ribbes / Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles" (TLN 2686-87), and likewise Lichfield can only hope to dig out the entrapped feminine soul with the help of his scalpels.

But the fantasy of springing the soul from the body parallels the fanstasy of the self being able to break out of the personality. The text too can be seen as a cellblock in the "prisonhouse of language," from which some have now hit on the humanitarian possibility of release through their faltering faith in "parole." But any hope here of Lichfield dropping the restraining action of his suit against the wayward outward form or body of Nashe dwindles as we near the end of Lichfield's text, though the potential of that outward form, or personality—visceral, volatile, linguistic, lewd--nags on. Late in the "trimming," Lichfield is still considering

the possibility of re-dressing the "coate" he has bestowed upon Nashe "and giue it thee againe" when it "shall waxe thredbare," momentarily hoping that a further text may yet contain the huswifely inconstant body and soul:

> This I speak not to wage discord against thee, but rather to make an end of all iarres, that as wife & husband will brawle and be at mortall fewde al the day long, but when boord or bed time come they are friendes againe and louingly kisse one another: so though hetherto we haue disagreed and beene at oddes, yet this one coate shall containe vs both, which thou shalt weare as the cognisaunce of my singular loue towards thee, that wee liuing in mutuall loue may so dye, and at last louing like two brothers *Castor* and *Pollux*, or the two sisters *Vrsa maior* and *Vrsa minor* wee may bee carried vp to heauen together, and there translated into two starres. (G2^{v}/3:66-67)

If Lichfield could only somehow contain Nashe's "feminine" personality in his text along with himself they could still come together within its covers, but the fantasy cannot be held onto, and Lichfield is incapable of trusting Nashe as long as he remains in his own delusive apparel. "whosoeuer shall see thee trussed vppe and in thy clothes, might happily take thee for a wise young man, but when thou shalt be opened, that is, when he shall see but some worke of thine, he shall finde in thee nought but rascallitie and meere delusions" (C4^{v}/3:28-29). The fantasy of disclosure ultimately demands de-animation, and near the end of the pamphlet Lichfield goes so far as to petition the Provost Marshall of London in print to avoid further contamination of the city with *"Nashes euill"* (G3^{v}/3:69) by refusing to enclose him in any more prisons, but instead summarily having him executed, afterwards hanging him up "in so sweet & cleer a prospect as that it wilbe greatly to your credit to see the great concourse thether of all sects of people: as first, I with my brethren, the Barber-Chirurgions of London, wil be there, because we cannot phlebotamize him, to anatomize him and keep his bon[e]s as a chronicle to shew many ages heereafter that sometime liued such a man" (G4/3:70). Finally, the ballad-makers will arrive "and out of his last words will make Epitaphes of him, & afterward Ballads of the life and death of *Thomas Nash*" (Ibid.). Dead, bled, laid open, at last well out of his textual trappings, Nashe can be rehabilitated and re-covered in the final winding sheet of his allobiographies.

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The Nashe-Harvey flyting seems to have ended with Lichfield's pamphlet, unless, as Haslewood conjectured, a bizarre anonymous tract, *A pil to purge melancholie* (1599), should indeed be included. I have come personally to doubt that this last pamphlet is to be figured in the exchange, but it nevertheless gives a fair enough idea of what might have been the next step in the degeneration of this frequently *ad feminam ad hominem*, with its "hysterical" (hysterically misogynistic, as usual) litany stretching across several pages: "Then pill ye and picke ye and pare ye and powle ye and shaue ye & spare ye, and bald ye and skin ye and bare ye. Then slit ye and sliue ye and slay ye, and slise ye and thinne ye and share ye, and drench ye and diue ye, and ducke ye & drowne ye, and swim ye and sinke ye and saue ye" (Pil 1599, B2^{v}).

Nashe's ultimate text, *Lenten stuffe* (1599) was written in praise of the herring industry and the town of Yarmouth to which he has been obliged to skip out when the satirical play co-authored with Jonson, *The Isle of Dogs*, suddenly turned "frõ a commedie to a tragedie" (Nashe 1599, B1/3:153). Nashe there complains that in his absence from London "the silliest millers thombe or contemptible stickle-banck of my enemies is as busie nibbling about my fame as if I were a deade man throwne amongst them to feede vpon. So I am, I confesse, in the worldes outward appearance" (Ibid.). Nashe promises that he has an anti-Lichfield pamphlet "a brooding that shall be called the *Barbers warming panne*" (B1-B1^{v}/3:153). But this pamphlet seems never to have appeared. On June 1, 1599 there was an edict issued banning the printing of satires and specifically ordering "that all Nasshes and Doctor Harvyes bookes be taken wheresoeuer they maye be found and that none of theire bookes bee printed hereafter" (Arber 1875-94, 3:677).

Nashe himself seems barely to have outlived the century. The ballads and biographies which Lichfield pictures coming in to truss up the famous personality once and for all have not survived, if ever there were any. A few epitaphs are to be found from the early 1600s (see McKerrow 1910, 149ff), but somehow Nashe was to remain singularly "unfashionable"; like the fickle woman the moon in Lichfield's uneven epistle, he has never since seemed entirely suitable. His contemporary authors and readers tended to find him unfit, and they themselves were ultimately unable to fit him. He meanwhile strove in his texts to fit the public, perhaps, more than any self. But on the other hand, does not his "soul," as someone once rhetorically queried, lie enclosed in his pamphlets, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons?

Near the end of *Lenten stuffe*, Nashe interrupts his encomium to the red herring with one of his frequent objections to the prying of "mice-eyed decipherers and calculaters vppon characters" (Nashe 1599, K2/3:218) who read more into his texts than is there. At the finish of this digression he has a start: "Stay, let me looke about, where am I? in my text, or out of it? not out, for a groate: out, for an angell: nay, I'le lay no wagers for nowe I preponder more sadlie vppon it, I thinke I am out indeede" (K2^{v}/3:219). "Out of it?" we may grunt with the professor contemplating Anthony Burgess's dead poet Enderby: "Do not think that anyone can escape it merely by—I will not utter the word: it is quite irrelevant. Out of it, indeed; he is not out of it at all" (Burgess 1975, 161). But perhaps it is the whole notion of the self being in there, *inside* the body, under the cultural surfaces, incarcerated in that prisonhouse of language, which makes its post-mortem persistence so puzzling. What if the "soul" were *not* something sealed in a double prison of body and trappings at all? According to Bakhtin, the soul is "spirit as it looks in another from *outside*" (Bakhtin 1979, 89). From within the self, inside my own text, "I am only bound to lose my self; it can be saved [*uberežena*] only by powers that are not my own" (90), since the true soul "is the self-coincident, self-equivalent, closed whole of an inner life, which presupposes the outsided loving activity of another. The soul is my own spirit's gift to *someone else*" (116). "Nashe" is only in there because we are out here, only in there *as long as* we are out here. But precisely because this is so, we are unable to give up this feeling that he really *is in there* somewhere. If only somebody, to allude to what is indubitably the most hysterical line in *Lear*, would be so obliging as to undo this button. The dream of doffing remains such a mad fancy of re-possession Thrashing in the

textually woven veils, pointlessly needling with sartorial stabs, shaking the sheets and lying still, the invective self finds it impossible finally to enter the fray of personality and get ahold of the palpable soul underneath: a slippery tongue, a missing body, a wanted wanton, a captive breath, nothing but talk, Ophelia's nothing, stripped Richard II's nothing, a nothing only over and over to be recovered through a textual tracery like the lace overriding La Zambinella's non-existent bosom in *S/Z*: "what has to be dissimulated is that there is nothing there: the perversity of want lies in its being dissimulated not by a fullness (the vulgar deception of the false), but by the very thing that normally dissimulates a fullness of bosom (lace): want borrows from fullness, not its figure, but its deception" (Barthes 1970, 148).

The modern frustration with the fashionable self remains, perhaps, a problem of what I call "form and *dis*content." It is impossible to say, and finally irrelevant whether there actually is anybody "behind" or "inside" the personality or the text, for it is only from outside that anybody can exist as a person in any case. The reality is not within, but in reciprocal outsideness, and it is not to be gotten at by murdering to dissect, or delving and unselving, but only through the rhetorical and tropological *responses* of addition, subtraction, division and multiplication. The "inner self," from this point of view, is a mere fraction--unless, of course, as so long has been suspected, it is nought.

Appendix 2a

On the Prehistory of the Tonsorial Exchange

The roots of the bearding can occasionally be glimpsed in the texts that lead up to it, although the account that emerges will be somewhat garbled. Early in his career Harvey dabbled in what he himself called an "Aretinelyke" brand of raillery (G. Harvey MS.a, 69^{v}/143). Harvey's self-presentation in the letters between him and Spenser published in 1580 seems already to be moving away from this rowdy style toward a rather precious drollery that was in turn eventually to be superseded by heavy sarcasm, but both Spenser and Harvey seem at the time to have been keeping more or less to themselves an interest in lively, off-color literature. Harvey records the gift that Spenser made to him at the end of 1579 of "Howleglasse, with Skoggin, Skelton & Lazarillo" (qtd in Stern 1979, 49) under the mock obligation that if he did not read them by January he must forfeit his own four-volume edition of Lucian to the poet. Skelton, of course, had provided Spenser with his pastoral persona, Colin Clout. It has not, however, been acknowledged that an intermediate source for the name existed, one falling even more neatly into the tradition of Howleglasse *et al.*, but having, like Skelton's figure, little consonance with the Petrarchan desperado of *The Shepheardes Calender*. This was *The treatyse answerynge the boke of berdes, compyled by Collyn clowte, dedicated to Barnard barber dwellynge in Banbery* (London: Robert Wyer, c. 1542). Probably actually by someone called Barnes, the pamphlet was a rejoinder to the now lost "treatyse of doctour Boorde vpon Berdes," the doctor being Andrew Boorde--the well-known author of lively works combining practical health advice with travelogue *aperçus*, who is also suspected of compiling the *Tales of the mad men of Gotam* (ca. 1565). In the answer to the *Boke of berdes*, Colin Clout is the staunch defender of facial hair against the attacks from Boorde, whom he claims to have been prejudiced by his own unfortunate experience of vomiting into his beard while intoxicated. The earthy, broadly satirical *Defence* is an *ad hominem* whose degree of collusiveness with Boorde is difficult to gauge. It seems possible that Spenser and Harvey knew this opuscule and that it helped suggest a bizarre bit of whimsy to be glimpsed in drafts of literary letters that may have been originally intended as part of the published Spenser-Harvey correspondence. In two different letter drafts Harvey tells his addressee, in roughly the same words, that he must lend him "ether so reasonable quantity, and portiõ of y^{r} valorous & inuincible currage, or at y^{e} lestewise the clyppinges of your thrisehonorable Mustachyoes, and Subboscoes, to ouershaddowe, and couer my blushinge agaynst that tyme" (Harvey MS.a 40^{v}/74, repeated with minor alterations from a less legible draft on fol. 36^{v}/61). The beard as a fetishized center of magical powers of virility is of

course a wide-spread commonplace, particularly in the literature of chivalry (cf. Ménard 1969, 383-85), and its mutation to a textual accoutrement for the occultation of publicational shame suggests an unexpected element of perspicacity in Freud's needlessly sexist *"idée fixe"* regarding the invention of weaving. Harvey's hope that his "chin will on[e] daye be so fauorable [...] as to minister superabundant matter of sufficient requitall" may suggest that at that time he was pogonically deprived. Harvey's "well pruned paire of moustachios" (Nashe 1592c, D3/1:278), on the other hand, may have been such as to draw admiration of some sort, perhaps because their elaborate involution suggested the funicular profession of his father. Nashe describes Harvey's arrival at court with "a paire of moustachies like a black horsetayle tyde vp in a knot, with two tuffts sticking out on each side" (Nashe 1596, M4/3:79), and W. Schrickx makes an extended attempt (1956, 106ff) to weave together forms of the Latin "torquere" (twist), because of its meaning in the phrase "funes torquere," to make rope, so that Gabriel would be represented by the character "Torquatus" or "Torquato" in Giordano Bruno's *Cena de le ceneri* (1584), John Florio's *Second frvtes* (1591), and perhaps John Marston's *Scourge of villanie* (1598). Schrickx claims that "the detail of Harvey's ridiculous mustaches turns up in no less than four writers whose works display Harveyan connections: Bruno (*Cena*), Forsett (*Pedantius*), Greene (*A Quip for an Upstart Courtier*), and Nashe (*Foure Letters Confuted* [= *Strange newes*] and *Haue With You to Saffron Walden*)" (Schrickx 1956, 109). Of these, however, the *Qvip* at least is a tenuous candidate (the description of fantastic moustaches comes several pages before the episode satirizing the Harveys). Schrickx's frequent inspiration in the untangling of these knotty topicalities, Frances Yates, had earlier pointed out a scene in *Second frvtes*, obviously influenced by Bruno, where "Nolano" (Bruno) is kept waiting by "Torquato" while the latter prepares his overnice toilette with a wholesale retailing of the contents of his wardrobe (Yates 1934, 112-13; cf. Florio 1591, B2ff.). As Schrickx might have remarked, the episode recalls–or may actually have suggested–the scene in *Haue with you* where Harvey keeps a gentleman friend waiting while he prepares himself, and it is thus worth noticing that in the extravagant "inuentory" of Torquato's wardrobe is to be counted "one payre of pumpes and pantofles" (Florio 1591, B4).

Facial hair again crops up in reference to Richard Harvey's attack on Nashe as the upstart author of the Preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) in the preface to his own *Lamb of God* (1590). Richard highlights the obscurity of "this *Thomas Nash*, one whome I neuer heard of before (for I cannot imagin him to be *Thomas Nash* our Butler of *Pembrooke Hall*, albeit peraduenture not much better learned)" (R. Harvey 1590b, cited by McKerrow in Nashe 1958, 5:180). Nashe alluded to this identification in his reply in *Pierce Pennilesse* (1592): "Thou hast wronged one for my sake (whom for the name I must loue) *T.N.*, the Master Butler of Pembrooke Hall, a farre better Scholler than thy selfe (in my Iudgement) [...] he hath a Beard that is a better Gentleman than all thy whole body, and a graue countenance, like *Cato*, able to make thee run out of thy wits for feare" (F3^{v}/1:197-98). Gabriel Harvey in turn sarcastically echoes this passage in the third of his *Foure letters* (1592): "[...] for euery heire of a Nash is a good gentleman at the least as the beard of Thomas Nash, the maister butler of Pembrooke Hal" (E2^{v}/1:201/51). It is a little hard to know what to make of this, but Nashe seems to confirm in *Strange newes* that the butler was popularly known for his profuse beard, calling it "the very prince Elector of peaks" (1592c, I2^{v}/1:312), and this may have suggested

the later emphasis on the pamphleteer's own lack of one. Harvey's "baldness" (boldness), underlined by Nashe in his resolve to "powre hot boyling inke on this contemptible Heggledepegs barrain scalp" (Nashe 1596, D1^{v}/3:20), was meanwhile perhaps alluded to in a peculiar episode in Abraham Fraunce's *Third part of the Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch* (1592). In his edition, Gerald Snare notes that it has been suggested that Daphne's tale of the three Cambridge scholars, Thistle, Parsnip and Hemlock at the end of Fraunce's book may be a spoof on the Harvey brothers (Snare 1975, xvi). There could thus be an allusion to Gabriel's hairline when Thistle, seeing his fellows misused by Jupiter after their arrival in heaven, "scratched his tender haire from his head, for very griefe and anguish" (Fraunce 1592, 144). Or this may otherwise have reference to something in Richard Harvey's lost *Defence of short haire*. McKerrow was uncertain whether this latter work (which was entered in the Stationer's Register to John Wolfe on 3 February 1592/3, but may never have been printed) was actually by Richard Harvey; but Schrickx (1956, 204) has pointed out a line in the dedicatory epistle to Richard's *Philadelphus*, a book that *was* published by Wolfe in 1593, which seems to confirm Richard's authorship: "I take the defence of mediocritie for a matter of some weight, both in this historie of *Brute*, which is made litigious, and in any other position of much lesse importance, euen of haire it selfe" (R. Harvey 1593, A2). The dedication of *Philadelphus* (to the Earl of Essex) is rather similar to that to "a Great Man of this Land" which Nashe supposedly quotes from the *Defence of short haire* in *Haue with you* (Nashe 1596, A4^{v}/3:8), but it is possible that Nashe is parodying the epistle to *Philadelphus* itself and had not in fact seen the *Defence*. It was probably circulated in manuscript; Nashe uses the uncertain terms: "it came but priuately in Print" (A4/3:7). It thus seems likely that Nashe dedicates *Haue with you* to the Cambridge barber Richard Lichfield as part of a complex intertextual gesture which connects the other Richard's previous identification of Nashe with the other Thomas Nashe, the bearded Cambridge butler of the same name, and, in turn, with Richard's *Defence*, and possibly with other current but now lost tonsorial associations.[1] Clearly, the butler and the barber are being rather callously used in all this, and it is not surprising if Lichfield took umbrage at Nashe's obscurely invidious collusion, and replied with the somewhat more vicious *Trimming of Thomas Nashe, gentleman* (1597).

This pamphlet was attributed by Grosart to Gabriel Harvey, so far as I know upon no evidence whatsoever. McKerrow was inclined to reject the attribution, but was reluctant to ascribe the pamphlet to Lichfield himself, by whom, however, it is certainly signed. I see no reason why it couldn't be Richard Lichfield's, but if not, it seems not impossible that it was the work of Richard *Harvey*, he having been particularly attacked by Nashe in the epistle to *Haue with you*.

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[1] This fascination with nominal identities and differences and the reappropriation of monograms may have emerged from the Marprelate controversy. Martin had derided the bishops for getting T[homas] C[ooper] to answer him in an *Admonition* on the model of T[homas] C[artwright]'s attack on the episcopacy in the Puritan *Admonitions* of 1581: "A craftie whoresons brethren Bb. [Bishops] did you thinke / because ye puritans *T.C.* did set Iohn of Cant. at a *nonplus*, and gaue him the ouerthrow / that therefore your *T.C.* alias Thomas Cooper bishop of Winchester / or Thomas Cooke his Chaplaine / could set me at a *nonplus*. Simple fellowes / me thinkes he should not" ("Marprelate" 1589, [A]2^{v}-[A]3).

That Richard Harvey might have been responsible for the *Trimming* was suggested briefly by Janet Biller (1969, lvii n. 1) only so as to reject the hypothesis on stylistic grounds. But that Richard Harvey was capable of writing in a nastily sarcastic style we know from his quasi-anonymous 1590 contribution to the Marprelate controversy, *Plaine Perceuall the peace-maker of England*. The epistle to this supposedly conciliatory pamphlet opens with a railing mock address to the readers:

> TO THE NEW VP- / START MARTIN, AND THE MISBEGOTTEN HEIRES OF HIS body: his ouerthwart neighbor, Mar-Martin, Mar-Mar-Martin, and so foorth following *the Traulila-lismus, as far as Will Solnes stuttring pronunciation may stumble ouer at a breath: To all Whip Iohns, and Whip Iackes: not forgetting the Caualiero Pasquill, or the Cocke Ruffian, that drest a dish for Martins diet, Marforius and all Cutting Huffsnufs, Roisters, and the residew of light fingred younkers, which make euery word a blow, and euery booke a bobbe*: Perceuall *the Peace-Maker of England, wisheth grace to the one party, of the other Parish: and peace stichd vp in a Gaberdine without pleat or wrinckle, to the other party of this Parish.* (R. Harvey 1590a, A2).

The epistle closes "Yours if you like me: / Mine owne if you strike me. / P.P.P." We find in this pamphlet reference to the enigmatical pumps and pantofles, in a supercilious denunciation of upstarts of all kinds: "One standing all vpon his pumps & pantables, will be aboue a Shomaker. Another mounts vpon a loftier Shop bourd then a Tailor, and wil be none other wise termde then a shaper of garments forsooth" (C3^{v}). It is unfortunate that Richard Harvey's "Defence of short haire" has not come down to us. If Nashe is not inventing, Richard the divine may possibly have still been writing such "Aretinelyke" pieces later in the 1590s. It is thus not impossible that he is somehow connected with the *Trimming* and/or with the *Pil to purge melancholie* (1599) which I mentioned above and have reprinted in Appendix 2b. The invocation from the *Pil* (ll. 90-106 in the edition below), it will be noticed, like that of *Plaine Perciuall*, seems intent on making itself the last word in invective by outdoing both (or all) factions and wishing a plague on both their grouses. Although it is diverting to speculate on Richard Harvey's possible clandestine activity in the later 1590s, it may seem to be merely to add one further indignity to those already heaped upon Richard Lichfield to doubt that the barber was capable of asserting his own discursive power. On the other hand, given the grotesquely unsavory drift of the *Trimming* it might finally seem more charitable to try to keep it within the coterie of the personalities previously involved in the exchange, if we could be sure that we knew who they were.

Appendix 2b

Toward an Annotated Old-Spelling Edition of A Pil to Purge Melancholie

I know of only one published discussion of the present pamphlet that would seem to be based upon an actual examination of the work in question. This is the account given by Haslewood in Edgerton Brydges's *British Bibliographer*. Haslewood quotes at length from the pamphlet and conjectures as to the context which may have surrounded its appearance. "This tract," he informs us, "was discovered in a volume of philosophical transactions, in the immense mass belonging to the late Mr. Dalrymple, and was purchased at the sale by Mr. Heber" (Brydges 1810, 1:152). This is the only mention of the tract I have come across prior to its being noticed by McKerrow in his edition of Nashe. McKerrow gives a few brief snatches from Haslewood's generous samplings and then admits that he does not know what has become of the pamphlet since it entered Heber's collection (McKerrow 1908, 374). Subsequent notices that I have encountered--those of Cyrus Day (1932, 183), Elizabeth Story Donno (Harington 1962, 69), and Antoine Demadre (1986, 50; 63)--would seem to be based entirely upon the account given by Haslewood, or even upon McKerrow's notice. F. P. Wilson, in his supplement to McKerrow's Nashe, pointed out that the pamphlet had resurfaced, a "unique copy" being "now in the Pforzheimer Library" (Wilson 1958, 60). Inquiries at the Pforzheimer revealed that the tract had once more changed hands, and that further inquiries were to be made to the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin. But the librarian at the Pforzheimer, Mihai H. Handera, was kind enough to provide me with a microfilm of the pamphlet, from which--knowing the scarcity of travel grants--I decided to content myself for the present.

The literary career of the phrase "a pill to purge melancholy" has been admirably charted by Cyrus L. Day (1932), but a brief review with a few supplements will be offered here. Some form of this phrase figured in the titles of a number of productions from the seventeenth century, many of which do not seem to have survived. Apart from the present tract, Day locates a number of works or allusions to works with similar titles: a Stationers' Register entry from 1637 for "A pill to purge Melancholy" by Thomas Jordan, of which there is no known copy (though it might be noted that *The pinder of Wakefield* from the following year has the phrase as part of its subtitle and may thus have been meant), a 1652 title which proves to be one of the Thomason Tracts: *A pill to purge melancholy: or, merry newes from Newgate: wherein is set forth, the pleasant jests, witty conceites and excellent couzenage of*

Captain James Hind, and his associates (London: Robert Wood, 1652) [=Wing P2237]; a Stationers' Register entry for 1656 (no known copy); *An antidote against melancholy: made up in pills*, 1667 (running title: "Pills to purge Melancholy"); *A pill to purge state-melancholy*, 1715; *Tory pills to purge Whig melancholy*, 1715, etc. (Day 1932, 183-84). The title is even more common in the eighteenth century, and of course the most popular work of this name is the compilation *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, best known in the massive six-volume edition of 1719-20 supervised by Thomas D'Urfey.

The phrase may also have been fairly common as the title of a musical piece. Day notices the inclusion in Thomas Ford's *Musicke of sundrie kindes* (1607) of a piece entitled "M. Richard's Thumpe," headed "A Pill to purge Melancholie," and no. 11 in *Musicks recreation on the lyra viol* (1652) is similarly headed.

The earliest instance of the phrase noted by Day is in Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax* (1596), where we hear of "a young Gentleman" in Rabelais (this "young Gentleman" is actually Pantagruel) "having taken some thre or a foure score pills to purge melancholy" (Harington 1596, 69). A second instance of the phrase before 1600 not noted by Day is that in John Weever's dedicatory epistle to Sir Richard Molyneux before the "third weeke" in his *Epigrammes in the oldest cut and newest fashion* (1599), where we read: "and for a preparative to your mind-refreshing pas time, here are a few pilles, which will purge melancholy" (Weever 1599, 47). (Further echoes of Weever's works in the *Pil* will be discussed below.) Day records two additional early seventeenth century occurrences of the phrase, one in *A pleasant comedie, called the two merry milke-maids* (1620), sig. D4^{v}, and the other in Robert Hayman's *Quodlibets* (1628), p. 49.

To "purge melancholy" was, of course, a common enough phrase. It may have been frequent to call a short piece in print, particularly a song or poem, a "pill," whether alluding to the curative or the violent action of its effect. Richard Lichfield in *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe* says that he has not read through the whole of Nashe's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, because it "so loathsome would haue wrought more on mee both vpvvard & downvvard, then 3. drams of pilles" (Lichfield 1597, A3^{v}/3:7). There is a much discussed exchange apparently referring to the "War of the Theatres" in the anonymous Cambridge play, The Second Part of *The Returne from Parnassus* (ca. 1602) in which the Shakespearian actors Burbage and Kempe are represented on stage. Kempe opines, "Few of the vniuersity [men] pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphoses*, and talke too much of *Proserpina & Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionson* too O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit" (Leishman 1949, 337).

The episode from Jonson alluded to has been universally recognized to be that in act 5, scene 3 of *Poetaster* (1602), where Horace (Jonson) administers pills to Crispinus (Marston) which cause him to disgorge elements of his eccentric vocabulary. The identity of Shakespeare's "purge" is, of course, a matter of some controversy.

In the course of numerous readings I have arrived at a construction as to the nature of the tract which I feel is convincing, though it need hardly be pointed out to what extent this is

necessarily speculative. The account will perhaps seem obvious enough to anyone who reads the *Pil* carefully, but it nevertheless took form quite gradually, obstructed perhaps by my initial wish to situate the pamphlet firmly in the context of the Nashe-Harvey controversy. The pamphlet divides up on its own into a number of sections or episodes, which for convenience I will designate as follows:

1. The Title Page (1-12) [A1]. **2. "Commendatory" verse** (13-20) [A1^{v}]. An extremely sarcastic *imprimatur*, enigmatically signed "His od vaine." **3. Dedicatory epistle** (21-34) [A2]. A dedication of the work to "M. Baw-waw" and signed "his blue vaine." From this we can only learn that "Baw-waw" had recently returned to England from overseas and was perhaps suffering from depression, and that the author has likely not previously appeared in print, since he refers to himself as "one vnknowne." It is possible, however, that he simply means "unknown to Baw-waw." **4. Letter from Snuffe to Snipsnap** (35-67) [A3-A3^{v}]. This appears to be an angry missive from an angry Miss, if I may be permitted, who repines the intention of the addressee (unnamed) to publish "lines" with which he has previously attempted to present her in person. These are apparently amorous or lascivious writings taking for their subject the authoress of the present letter. She commands her addressee to "desist from printing them" (54) and to kneel and "yell for mercie" or she will "castice" (i.e., chastize) him. She concludes by advising him once again to change his plans, and signs scornfully "Snuffe." **5. Letter from Snipsnap to Snuffe** (68-89) [A4]. A response to the previous epistle. Seeming to waver between scorn and sarcastic compunction, the author affirms that he has been to ask forgiveness at the "portall grates" of Snuffe's compassion, but that her absence therefrom has left him still "a wicked sinner" (71-72). He affirms his resolve to publish his lines and notes that he will also include her letter and his response, "to your prayse and my shame" (78-79). If she should send him more haughty reproofs, he promises to answer them as well, after their own roistering fashion. He closes by "countermanding" her to change her disposition toward him or "looke for no fauour" at his hands (85-86). The letter is signed, with assurances of affection, "Snipsnap." **6. Address to the readers** (90-106) [A4^{v}] An extremely lengthy greeting and imparting of multifarous gerunds to an extremely scurrilous audience **7. Second reply (from Snipsnap?) and "litany"** (107-297) [A4^{v}-B4]. This begins in what would seem to be a second response to the first letter from Snuffe, or possibly a reply to a second letter not included in the pamphlet. It is neither signed nor addressed, except parenthetically to a "faire Mistris" (107). It affirms that it may take some time to come up with an appropriate rejoinder to such a foolish missive as the "faire Mistris" has sent, but then dissolves into a remarkable "litany" which stretches over seven pages, beginning "I thought I would hit ye and wit ye, and scant ye and want ye ..." (110-11). This concludes with a no less enigmatic formula: "And so sire the worlde with Rattes and Brattes ..." (293-94). **8. Valedictory** (298-320) [B4^{v}]. Such is my interpretation of the opening "VAL." It is an unsigned and unaddressed message in which the author commends himself to someone unspecified and to the sister of this latter person. The import of the message is puzzling, but seems to play obscenely with the behaviour of the sister, in the course of an episode which probably took place "at the poore Widdowes house" (313) and at which the addressee seems also to have been present The author styles himself, perhaps ironically, a "royall" guest (301) and "a Commaunder" (301, 314) and says he has sent

along some "Ditties and Songes" (310), although these are not to be found in the tract. The letter closes with an invitation to the addressee and his or her sister to join the author at the Globe "on Monday next" (317) to enjoy a "pleasant conceit" of "*Monsier de Kempe*" (316-17).

Such, as far as I have been able to construe it, is the nature of the materials presented in the pamphlet. My attempts to find a meaningful context for these materials will be discussed in a moment. Although the sequence of the sections of the *Pil* does not seem altogether consistent, it would not appear that anything has been left out, as the pagination continues, so far as I can tell, unbroken from A1 to B4^{v} (A1, A2 and B4 are unsigned). It is not impossible, of course, that some sequel is missing, though it is unlikely that examination of the actual artifact will (in the event of an eventual travel grant) be of much use in determining the probability that such a continuation once existed. The extant pamphlet does end with the word "FINIS," but it was not unusual for sections of longer works to end with this word, particularly where the sections were generically heterogenous or where two or more relatively autonomous works were published in a single volume. It is possible, then, that the extant text originally served as a precursor to some further material--either more letters, or the verses (or "lines") discussed in the early letters, or the "Ditties and Songes" mentioned in the Valedictory, but this, of course, is pure speculation.

I find it impossible even to give a cogent account of the "cast of characters" involved. One can identify the following personae, at least some of whom are doubtless identical with one another: 1. "His od vaine." - 2. "His blue vaine." - 3. "Maister Baw-waw" - 4. "Snuffe" - 5. "Snipsnap" - 6. "the writer hereof" (l. 103) - 7. the litany-writer - 8. a person I shall call "A," the author of the Valedictory - 9. a person I shall call "B," the addressee of the Valedictory - 10. B's sister

A, who refers to himself as "royal" and a "commander," may be connected with or identical to the person alluded to in the inscrutible line which leads into the "litany." The seventh of the sections I have described above opens as follows: "YOur Letter (faire Mistris) was deliuered, and receiued, according to the direction: but being written in a loftie stile, it may require some extraordinary deliberation to answere your fooliships abhomination: but because it may not seeme altogether to loose h** grace and maiestie, I thought I would hit ye and wit ye [...] (107-11). The first word of the phrase given here as "h** grace and maiestie" is illegible except for the initial "h" and so could be "her" or even something else, although Haslewood has transcribed "his" where the sentence appears in his samplings. Nor is the sense of the sentence in any case at all clear to me. It is possible that the same "royal" personage who writes the "Valedictory" is either the author or the addressee of this litany, or that a third party or paranymph in the service of the author provides this extraordinary fantasia while the actual response is in preparation. Doubtless the most economical reduction would be along the following lines:

"His blue vaine"="Snipsnap"="writer hereof"=litany-writer=A

"Snuffe"=B, or, more probably, B's sister

But this is conjecture, needless to say.

It is not going to be a simple matter to construct a meaningful context in which to place the present tract, and I am afraid that I can here only retail the partial leads and eventual dead-ends which I have pursued. Haslewood conjectured along the following lines: "Either the popularity or the warfare Thomas Nash kept alive with the contemporary wits might give origin to this epithetical medley, a poor attempt to imitate the rambling humour of that writer. The local allusions probably refer to incidents connected with his life [...]" (Brydges 1810, 1:52). Haslewood notes the dedication to "Maister Baw-waw" (21, 24) and points to the occurrence of "baw-waw" in Nashe's *Lenten stuffe* (1599, I2/3:212). Among the epithets applied to Nashe by the mysterious Gentlewoman, one might add, is "the Bawewawe of schollars" (G. Harvey 1593b, Z2^{v}/2:273; see note on l. 21 below). Haslewood proceeds to notice the "ariuall into England" of "Maister Baw-waw" (l. 25) and to suppose this may have had reference to Nashe's "returne from Ireland" mentioned in the dedicatory epistle to *Lenten stuffe*. But as McKerrow remarked, this phrase has been misinterpreted (by Fleay, for example), for "it is quite clear that the whole passage [...] is the imaginary speech of the 'Brauamente segniors,' to whom Nashe might have dedicated the book" (1908, 375).

A couple of phrases in the present tract were additionally read by Haslewood as implying allusions to *Lenten stuffe*, which takes the form of a mock encomium of the red herring. These are the mention at line 43 by "Snuffe" of "your Herringcobs inuention" and that at lines 80-81 where "Snipsnap" promises that "Snuffe" will be answered with "some Lenton relictes." These were the allusions which Haslewood considered to render likely the hypothesis that the present tract had reference to Nashe's clashes, and especially to *Lenten stuffe*. To them may be added two further herring allusions in the pamphlet. The final line of the remarkable "litany," which makes up the longest section of the pamphlet, reads in part: "And so sire the worlde with Rattes and Brattes, and Sprattes and Gnattes, and knottes and cords, and kogges and bobs, and noddes and oddes and Hearing-cobs...." (293-95). Apart from the second mention of "Hearing-cobs," there is "Sprattes" (the young of the herring), "knottes and cords," both suggesting the notorious profession of Harvey's father (ropemaker), and "kogges and bobs," both of which seemingly carried the senses of "cheats" and, "bobs" at least, additionally, of "blows," particularly satirical ones. In the final epistle we have a further allusion to the "red Hearring" (300) and to "a poore Sprat" (302) There is also a possible added meaning in the author's lewd willingness to "beare the Asses burden" (305-06) if we recall that Harvey frequently equated Nashe with the "ass" through a play on words which seems to have then been more sensible. A final connection to *Lenten stuffe* not previously noticed might be seen in the similarity the "plot" of the *Pil* as a whole seems to bear to that of the first of the herring riddles introduced by Nashe late in his pamphlet, the story of a herring's frustrated attempt at the versified seduction of "Lady *Turbot*" (Nashe 1599, K1ff/216ff).

Further support to the supposition that the *Pil* was connected with the Nashe-Harvey flyting is the line in which Snuffe commands Snipsnap "by thy Pumps and Pantables to desist from printing" (54-55) the lines he has written on her He responds by saying to the contrary: "I haue sworne by my Pumpes and Pantables, Bootes, Slippers, and Shooes, it shall be

performed with as much expedition as may be" (75-77). Other verbal echoes are more likely to be merely fortuitous, but most of them are nonetheless noticed in the notes. It is perhaps worth pointing out a passage in Harvey's *New letter of notable contents* (1593) which approaches in some wise the polymorphous violence of the "litany" in the *Pil*. This is an episode in which Harvey's mysterious ally, the Gentlewoman, promises that she can perform the following actions upon Nashe: "I cannot tell, whither I can bounse him, like a barne doore, or thumpe him, like a drumme of Flushing: yet I may chaũce rattle him, like a baby of parchment, or kneade him like a cake of dowe, or chearne him like a dish of butter, or girke him like a hobling gig, or tatter him like a thing forspokẽ, or someway haue my *Penny-worthes* of his *Pennies wit*" (Harvey 1593a, C2^{v}/1:283). In addition to verbal echoes and passages along the lines of that just quoted one discovers certain stylistic similarities in works of Harvey's which were never published but have been preserved in British Library Sloane MS. 93. Chief among these early productions is "The Schollars Looue or Reconcilement of Contraryes" (Harvey MS.a, 57^{v}-68; 69-70/101-38; 140-43; see next chapter), supposedly written in 1573 and characterized by its Victorian editor in the following terms: "The piece extends over forty-two pages, and in it the scholar first heaps every commendation on his love, and then loads her with the vilest abuse" (Scott 1884, xvi). The work is introduced by Harvey himself in language whose contradictoriness recalls that of the letters in the *Pil*: "An Amourous odious Sonnet, intituled, The Students Looue, or hatrid, or both or nether, or what shall please the loouing, or hating Reader, ether in sport or ernest to make of such contrary passions, as ar here discoursid" (58^{v}/101). Though there are no striking verbal echoes of the *Pil* in "The Schollars Loove," the vacillation between praise and abuse is quite similar to what we get here. The poem begins,

> Wheare, wheare is there anye for looue, or for monye,
> Can show sutch A Paragon, as is my Coonye? (57^{v}/101)

and modulates through ambivalent, self-critical and lascivious passages to conclude,

> Nowe gentle fayer mistrisse, for A thousand A Dieus,
> I wish thou were empresse, and Quene of the stewes.
> I like not those same congyes by, Bezo las Manos,
> Or that same stale farewell wth Succado dos Labros.
> Savinge your Reuerence, thats A fitter adieu,
> Till ower nexte mettinge, Boos mun kue. (67/136)

Another curious piece from Sloane MS. 93 is headed "An Answer to A Millers vayne Letter and foolish absurde Sonnett, scriblid longe since by y^{e} Autor for An honeste Cuntry Mayde of his acquayntaunce" (49^{v}/90). The sonnet is rather sarcastically appreciative, the letter full of high-faluting language along these lines: "Marry, I hope in the ardoure of your concupiscible appetite your goodma ı soverayneshipp will pardon me, though I use not those same fine, and superfine soverayne milltermes, wherewth your mealemowthe Letter, and whitebredd sonnett ar in most superabundante measure decorate, and illuminate" (50/92).[1]

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[1] I follow here, with a few re-readings, the arrangement arrived at by Scott in his

And by the end (in the editor's convincing fair copy) is heaping such scorn as this upon the addressee:

> At y^{e} most you gett but a sluttish worde:
> In yo^{r} sluvins teeth a sloovenly torde.
> Thus recommendinge your suaddes skin to good-wife sowe,
> Farewell, and be hanged, goodmã cowe.
>
> From the Castell of my Soverainecrowne supreme violent celestiall peremptory incomprehensible mistresse Ladyshipp, this present fryday 1575 (51/95)

Although none of the situations in the these pieces corresponds exactly to the implied context of the *Pil*, I know of no other Elizabethan productions which so closely parallel the *Pil* in employing the epistolary exchange to dramatize a strange mix of affection and animosity, seduction and scorn, and which so insistently modulate between high-flown magniloquence and low lewdness and railing. I would go so far as to say that on the evidence of the productions in Sloane MS. 93, I see no reason why Harvey might not have penned at least the opening letters in the *Pil*.

These drafts will be discussed at length in the next chapter, but one further peculiar episode in the manuscript should perhaps already be noticed here. This is the infamous account of the attempted seduction of Harvey's sister "Mercy" by an unspecified nobleman (71-84/143-158). This remarkable anecdote initially gives the appearance of another of Harvey's racy fictions. It is not until we are well into the reading of it that we discover that the "Cuntrie Maide" of the title is Harvey's sister and that the account refers, so it would seem, to actual incidents in the winter of 1574. Thus we are invited to assume that Harvey's account is based upon fact, though it presents an omniscience of narration and documentation which Harvey should not actually have been able to provide if his part in the incident was as he presents it, given that he only comes into the story late in its development, intercepting one of the nobleman's letters and averting the seduction. There are no verbal echoes of the *Pil* in the account, but it seems worth mentioning because of the apparent nobility of the "royal commander" who pens at least the "Valedictory" section of the *Pil*, and who mentions the sister of the addressee and an apparent incident at a widow's house. An abortive interview between Harvey's sister and her inamorato takes place at a neighbor's. Though a connection between this potentially factual episode from 1574 and the *Pil*, which cannot have appeared earlier than 1599, seems perhaps hardly probable, it is best kept in mind that Harvey might well have found it amusing to dramatize an exchange such as that in the *Pil*.

So much by way of evidence that would connect it with Nashe or Harvey, I will only add here that there are a number of tonsorial images in the *Pil*, including the titular "Topping, Copping, and Capping" (l. 7), which might suggest that the author had read the harangue by

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attempt to produce a fair copy transcription in his edition of *The Letter-book of Gabriel Harvey*.

Lichfield, *The trimming of Thomas Nashe, gentleman*.[2]

To summarize, then, it is not impossible that the *Pil* does fit in some no longer clear way into the Nashe-Harvey quarrel. The allusion to "M. Baw-waw" and to red herring perhaps makes likely at least a recent reading of Nashe's *Lenten stuffe*, and the style of the bantering exchange of letters has affinities with those of both Nashe and Harvey, particularly some early unpublished pieces by Harvey and some passages in his published works supposedly written by his gentlewoman accomplice. At times the violence to be rained upon Nashe somewhat approaches the wildly diverse and barely motivated string of acts in the "litany" section of the *Pil*.

Perhaps this is the best place to mention the only other contemporary passage I have come across which approaches the excess of this most remarkable "litany." More modest versions of this sort of verbal stringing were not unknown, but the longest one I have come across after the *Pil* is in the address to "the learned Professors of the French tongue" in John Eliot's *Ortho-epia gallica* (1593), where Diogenes is pictured running

> to the toppe of a high mountaine nere the citie, where in all diligence hee begins to belabour his roling citie, to set it going, to turne it, ouerturne it, spurne it, bind it, wind it, twind it, throw it, ouerthrow it, tumble it, rūble it, iumble it, did ring it, swing it, ding it, made it leape, skip, hip, trip, thumpe, iumpe, shake, crake, quake, washt it, swasht it, dasht it, flasht it, naild it, traild it, tipt it, tapt it, rapt it, temperd it, tamperd it, hammerd it, hoopt it, knockt it, rockt it, rubd it, tugd it, lugd it, stopt it, vnstopt it, tied it fast, then losed it againe, rusht it, crusht it, brusht it, pusht it, charmd it, armd it, farmd it, set it an end, laid it along, harnest it, varnest it, burnisht it, furnisht it, stickte it full of feathers, caparrassoned it, & rold it amaine from the steepe rocke to the low bottome, ouertakes it, takes it on his shoulder, mounts the hill, and turles it downe agayne with violence, staies it, plaies with it, and fetcheth it a mile from him. (Eliot 1593, A3^{v}-A4)

This is an adaptation, at times verging on verbatim translation, of a passage in the prologue to Rabelais's *Tiers livre*. As Huntington Brown has calculatingly argued [1933, 45], with its 70 verbs it is certainly closer to the original and its 64 than is Urquhart's version which has around 100 (the *Pil* would still, however, seem to take the cake; and knead it, and dough it, and bake it and...). Again following Rabelais, Eliot has a couple of shorter strings of similar alliterations later in the epistle, but while he seems to have been obliquely involved in the Nashe-Harvey flyting (see Appendix 2a above) there is no real evidence of any connection

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[2] A curious tract from 1595 can be used to demonstrate the textual paranoia that encroaches upon searches for contexts of this kind. *A quest of enquirie, by women to know, whether the Tripe-wife were trimmed by Doll or no* seems to have reference to a scandal of the Winter of 1594/95 concerning one Judeth Philips and her attempts to cozen a London widow. Yet the pamphlet starts to look interesting to those who would bring together Richard Harvey, the barber, and the *Pil*, when one finds the epistle signed *"Yours to vse, when ye know how to vse your selfe.* D D" (echoing the parodic "complimentary closes" of the anti-Martinists, Richard Harvey, the *Pil*, etc., and including the enigmatical dittograph apparently used adverbially at *Pil*, l. 68). It also lewdly alludes to the wife's being "trimde by that new vpstart Barbar, who insteed of Sissers, was glad to vse a paire of sheeres" ("Oat-meale" 1595, B1), talks of loves taken upstairs (as in *Pil*, l. 315) and quotes *"Richards* words, which renownes ye to posteritie" (C1).

with the *Pil*. The influence of Rabelais's lists (especially prevalent in the *Tiers livre*) seems likely, however; and, considering Frances Yates's suggestion of Eliot's responsibility for a lost Englishing of excerpts entered to Wolfe as *Gargantu his prophecie* in 1592 and of his "importance as an early source whence knowledge of Rabelais was disseminated among the Elizabethans" (1934, 177-78), his involvement should not perhaps be ruled out.

Though I have not been able to discover any context which seems more likely to have given rise to the present pamphlet, I am forced to conclude that there is no solid evidence to connect it in any direct way with the Nashe-Harvey quarrel, except through its stylistic and formal influences. If the *Pil* is somehow connected with the flyting, we must, I think, assume that some of the material which would have made sense of the connection has not come down to us.

The most natural contexts in which to attempt to place the pamphlet after the Nashe-Harvey controversy are doubtless those involved in the spate of satirical verses circulated and eventually published in the last decade of the sixteenth century, and/or those of the so-called "War of the Theatres" that stemmed to some extent from the "poetomachia." One certainly finds some stylistic similarities and a fair number of parallels in vocabulary in the works of Hall, Bastard, Guilpin, *et al*. Typical of all of these productions is the mixture of highflown language with scornful and scurrilous epithets which we also find in the *Pil*. Such modifiers as *scurvy*, *lousy*, *drafty*, *puffy* or *dunghill* (adj.) were common in these poems and plays. And latinate semi-technical and nonce coinages such as the *Pil*'s *retrograde*, *exulcerate* and *theorize* were supposedly typical of the satirists, particularly of John Marston, who was ridiculed for his affected vocabulary in Jonson's *Poetaster*. Cross-accusations of this kind were common. Marston himself had previously attacked another writer (usually assumed in fact to be Jonson) under the name of "Torquatus" (Schrickx argues that this is Harvey; see Appendix 2a above) in his *Scourge of villanie* (1598) for his "new minted Epithets" (Marston 1598, 100). And before that Nashe and Harvey had of course exchanged allegations regarding the outlandishness of one another's vocabulary (Nashe 1592b I4^{v}-K1/1 316, Harvey 1593b, Z3-Z3^{v}/2:275-76). Marston is, however, perhaps the most consistently given of the poets and playwrights to the use of an unusual lexicon finding many parallels in the *Pil*. Still, I have ultimately found little that is actually unique to his works and to the present pamphlet. Marston was fond of the word "puffy" (Marston 1961, 65; 76, 120), for instance--which occurs in the *Pil* at line 66--and it is one of the words vomited by Crispinus (Marston) after Horace (Jonson) administers the purgative pills to him in *Poetaster* (5.3.494). There is much of the *Pil*'s disdainful vocabulary in *Iacke Drums entertainment* (1601), usually ascribed to Marston, in which a female character is at one point called "Mistresse Snuffe" in an interview between a page and his master, whose name, incidentally, is "Puffe."[3] The woman is called this, I

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[3] At the opening of act 2 (Marston 1601, 3:195):

Puffe. I wonder that the light is vp so soone.
Page. O Mistresse *Snuffe* was weary with sleeping in the Socket.

It may, however, not be out of place here to quote Peter Szondi on philological understanding: "But what generally gets relegated to the footnotes are the sort of illustrative examples that are not to be looked into further and whose probative force is therefore still

believe, only because, an early riser, she has evidently trimmed her candle. An imagined audient referred to in the Induction to *What you will* (1607) is called "Sir sineor Snuffe," playing off on the luminary and umbrageous senses of the word (1607, 2:231).[4] The most curious echo I have come across in a work ascribed to Marston is that of the *Pil*'s "turne the hower-glasse of your determination" (l. 63). This sounds like a proverbial phrase that might have been common enough, but the only other instances of the phrase "turn the hour" I have encountered are both in *Histrio-mastix* (1599; published 1610), thought to be, at least in the published recension, the work of Marston (see note to l. 63).

By far the most interesting verbal echoes I have noticed are in two works of John Weever, *Epigrammes in the oldest cut and newest fashion* (1599) and *Faunus and Melliflora* (1600). In the former collection of short satirical poems we find a couple of arguable verbal echoes in two of the dedicatory epistles, of which there is one for each of the seven weeks ("No longer (like the fashion) not vnlike to continue") into which the work is divided. In the first of these we find:

> *Then (most bountifull Mecoenas) if you fauour the effect of my labour, it will serue you for a ieast, to refresh your wearied mind, continually exercised in matters concerning the commen wealth. And thus I commend my Booke to your mild censure, and yourselfe to your soules content.* (Weever 1599, 4).

This, I suggest, though of course not particularly uncoventional, is rather close to the following passage in the *Pil*:

> And although it may seeme but a toy, yet being read, may refrigerate your senses tossed and weeried with the tedious trauell of forraine Countries, as also stirre vp a hart plunged in melancholie, and adde alacritie to a minde disposed to mirth. Thus, not knowing how I may well commend it, I referre it (as before) by you to be censured. (28-33)

There is also the dedication to Weever's "third weeke" quoted in part earlier: "I thinke your thoughts intended to most serious studies, will sometimes take delight in trifles. And for a preparatiue to your mind-refreshing pas time, here are a few pilles, which will purge melancholy" (Weever 1599, 47). In Weever's *Faunus and Melliflora* we note "draffie" (1600, 69), which also occurs in the *Pil* at line 81. Both of these occurrences predate the first *OED* entry (1621) of this form, the more common version of which in the sixteenth century was some variation on the spelling "drafty." One also finds a form of "exulcerate" (Weever 1600, 69; *Pil*, 56), "moyling toyle" (Weever, 50; cf. *Pil*, 115) and many other, though arguably fortuitous, echoes. There is an interesting passage near the end which seems to have been

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thoroughly problematical. And among the dangers in pailological activity is the fact that the fundamental preference given to factualness over 'purely subjective' interpretation allows any given illustrative example by its very existence to have attributed to it precisely what by definition is characteristic of such examples, but which each individual example thus used should in fact have to prove for itself–namely: probative force" (Szondi 1978, 274).

[4] A snuff was of course a candle end, and to snuff was to remove the consumed portion thereof in order to keep it clean burning. A snuff was also a fit or expression of disdain, and to take something in snuff was of course to take offense at it. See note to l. 67.

suggested to Weever by some lines in Marston's *Scourge of villanie*, and which could, along with that passage, have some connection with the characters in the "Valedictory" section of the *Pil*. The lines refer pseudonymously to a figure who was perhaps notorious at the time.

> Though *Cudro* (not for kingdomes would I name him,
> That were enough for euermore to shame him)
> Maintaine his seruant, sister, and his whore,
> And yet maintaine his sister and no more,
> Should I vnuaile incestuous luxurie?
> Nay rather Curtain-ore such brothelrie. (69-70)

These lines recall those in *The Scourge of villanie* (1.36ff) where Marston discusses an "Astronomer":

> His face deceau'd me; but now since his whore
> And sister are all one, his honestie
> Shall be as bare as his Anatomie
> To which hee bound his wife, ô packstaffe rimes! (1598, 104)

The "Astronomer" has not been identified. Marston's editor, Arnold Davenport, notes that John Harvey, brother to Gabriel and Richard, both published almanacs and was licensed to practice medicine, as well as having a wife and two sisters (note to Marston 1598, 272). John Harvey, however, had been dead at least five years by the time Marston's poems were published.

My impression is that the author of the *Pil* may possibly have been parodying or simply imitating Weever's dedicatory epistles. The echoes could, of course, be purely coincidental, but it seems likely to me that the author had at least read Weever's *Epigrammes* and had them fresh in memory when penning the *Pil*. It is somewhat less likely that Weever was actually recalling the *Pil*, although this is not impossible either, given McKerrow's late dating of the publication of the *Epigrammes* as at least later than July 1599 (McKerrow, in Weever 1599, vii; see below). Of course it is not impossible that Weever himself penned the *Pil*, but there is really nothing in the poems apart from the verbal echoes already noticed and a few other semi-rarities such as "retrograde" or "exulcerate" to suggest Weever's authorship. His "influence," in some sense of the word, seems to me more arguable.

That the *Pil* might be connected with the "War of the Theatres" was initially suggested to me by the enigmatic reference in the *Returne from Parnassus* (quoted above) to Shakespeare's "purge" in response to Jonson's "pill." I have turned up little evidence that would suggest a connection, however, apart from the verbal echoes in Marston's plays already mentioned, and a great deal of the same sort of vocabulary which is common to the Nashe-Harvey controversy, the verse satirists, and the *Pil*. The pamphlet itself does not really suggest a theatrical context except for the mention at the end of Kempe and the Globe, to be discussed below.

I am not sure that it is worth pointing out, since it is clear enough that "Snuffe" in the *Pil* is intended to be female, that among the allonyms by which Robert Armin, who joined Shakespeare's company--as it is generally supposed--around 1600 and originated the character of Touchstone, was known, was the *nom de plume* "Snuffe." Armin's *Foole upon foole, or six*

sortes of sottes and his *Quips vpon questions, or, a clownes conceite* (both 1600) are signed "Clunico de Curtanio Snuffe" (Snuffe, clown of the Curtain [theatre]), but the second edition of *Foole upon foole* (1605) is signed "Clunico de Mondo Snuffe" (clown of the Globe). He was apparently called "Snuffe" through an association with one of his other nicknames, "Pink," and not because of any huffiness of disposition.[5]

Thus no recognized invective context immediately makes sense of this pamphlet, and it is frankly unlike anything else that was published at the end of the century with which I am familiar. Formally, the *Pil* is obviously rather unusual, although this is less true if one ignores the remarkable litany which makes up the longest section. As I have said, there are some similarities between the epistolary frame pieces and certain unpublished drafts of Gabriel Harvey's. Exchanges of letters always enjoyed some popularity, and Nicholas Breton published two collections of fictional correspondence as *A poste with a madde packet of letters* (1st part, 1602; 2nd part, 1605; Breton 1879, vol. 2). Breton's works from the early 1600s tend to have rather zany titles, but they are fairly pedestrian in terms of style and content. There is certainly nothing approximating the strangeness of the *Pil* in his acknowledged output. No other fictional epistolary exchanges from around the turn of the century have come to my attention, though exchanges of amorous and haughty letters were common enough elements in plays (e.g. *As You Like It*) and romances (e.g. Greene's *Alcida* [publ. 1617]), and the satirical love letter may have been a minor genre, as Rossell Hope Robbins reprints a verse exchange more or less along these lines as nos. 208 and 209 in *Secular Lyrics of the XIVth and XVth Centuries*, and mentions other similar poems in a note (Robbins 1955, 219-22 and 289-90 n).

In conclusion, then, I must regretfully admit that I have not for the moment been able to discover a meaningful context in which the *Pil* can be neatly placed. The most I can say for the present is that it seems to betray the influence of the Nashe-Harvey controversy and of the satirical poems published late in the 1590s, especially, I think, those of Marston and Weever. The only known writers who seem to me at all likely as possible candidates for the authorship of the *Pil* are the Harvey brothers, John Eliot, John Marston and John Weever, especially the latter two. But I really think it fairly unlikely that these were more than inspirations to the author of the present work. I am left at present incapable of speculating further on the authorship and unable to locate the pamphlet within a meaningful context. It is, of course, to be hoped that someone will eventually discover one.

I am obliged for the moment to follow the Pforzheimer catalogue and the latest edition of the Short Title Catalogue in tentatively ascribing the pamphlet to the publisher William White and assigning it to 1599. A footnote to the Pforzheimer entry reads as follows:

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[5] See Hotson 1952, 112-114. The argument, briefly, is that Armin was called "Pink" after an ornamental fent such as might be made in an ermine pelt, and that "to pink" is, in another sense, synonymous with "to snuff." Armin composed comedies and pamphlets which owe something to the jestbook tradition, but I have not come upon any stylistic or verbal parallels to the *Pil* in his works.

> The black letter type here used originally belonged to Abel Jeffes and occurs in many of his productions. The floriated initial I on recto A3 and the factotum on recto A4 occur in Alexander Craig's *The amorose songes, sonets and elegies* printed by William White, 1606. They may well have come from Jeffes, whose materials White acquired when they were seized in 1595. The manner of signing used in this book is White's.

This would seem to be sufficient evidence for the identity of the publisher, but I do not know how the bibliographers arrived at the date of 1599, unless, as I can only suppose, they are following the suggestion of Haslewood, quoted above. We can, at any rate, add a few considerations to the question of the date which may help to set some limitations upon it.

The mention of the Globe theater at line 317 would seem to put a lower limit of late spring or early summer 1599 on the composition of the pamphlet, as Chambers has argued that the theatre cannot possibly have been occupied much before May 1599 (Chambers 1923, 2:415), and more probably performances did not begin there until the autumn season. A performance of *Julius Caesar* was seen there by Thomas Platter on 21 September 1599 (Ibid.).

It has generally been assumed that William Kempe left the Chamberlain's men when he sold out his share in the company soon after the leasing of the Globe site on 21 February, 1599 (2:203; 326), an assumption which has often entered into attempts to set an early date for *As you like it*, where it is supposed that Robert Armin takes Kempe's place in the role of the new, less clownish fool, Touchstone. One piece of evidence for this assumption is the fact that Kempe's name appears in the list of the players affixed to the Folio edition of Jonson's *Every man in his humour* (acted by Shakespeare's company, 1598), but not among the names of the players appended to the same edition of *Every man out of his humour* (acted by Shakespeare's company, 1599). Indeed, there has been no certainty among scholars whether Kempe ever actually performed at the Globe at all, a question which the end of the present pamphlet would seem to answer in an emphatic affirmative. It has frequently been conjectured that Kempe may have rejoined Shakespeare's company sometime after making his famous morrice-dance from London to Norwich between 11 February and 11 March 1600. A passage in his own account of the stunt, *Kemps nine daies wonder* (1600; Stationers' Register, 22 April) has often been taken as an allusion to Kempe's leaving the company: "I have danced myself out of the world [i.e., the Globe]" (Kemp 1600, 3). At the end of the pamphlet he seems to suggest that he will be leaving once more: "I William Kempe [...] am shortly God willing to set forward as merily as I may; whether I my selfe know not" (29). It has generally been assumed, on the basis of numerous contemporary allusions and from his famous appearance in the second *Returne from Parnassus* (1602), where he is greeted as returned "from dancing the morrice ouer the Alpes" (Leishman 1947, 336ff and notes), that he did in fact leave London. It has further been supposed that he was on the continent for a time and then probably rejoined the Chamberlain's men, at least to tour with them, which would explain his association with them in the mind of the Cantabrigian author(s) of the second *Returne*. Chambers states that "during the winter of 1602-3 he was certainly one of Worcester's men" (Chambers 1923, 2:327). After this, Kempe's history is extremely obscure. There is no reason to suppose that he was ever again associated with Shakespeare or the Globe.

Since we now must assume, on the evidence of the final lines in the *Pil*, that Kempe was performing at the Globe at some point, we can conjecture as to the most probable dates of these performances based upon the evidence already discussed. If Kempe did not in fact stop acting for the Chamberlain's men when he sold out his share in the company, he may have performed at the Globe any time after it had opened until his departure for Norwich. This suggests a period roughly between May 1599 and February 1600 in which he might have played there, with the likelihood being that the theatre was not actually operating until late summer, so that the most probable date of the allusion to Kempe in the *Pil* would be sometime in the autumn or winter of 1599-1600. Otherwise, he cannot have been on the Globe stage again before April or even May 1600, when, however, he more probably departed for parts unknown, since the share he had given over to his fellows was split up at about this time and it seems positive that Armin was now in the company (see Chambers 1923, 2:327). The Chamberlain's men were probably seen on tour in late 1601 or early 1602 by the Cambridge author(s) of the *Returne from Parnassus* (see Leishman, 336n), but we do not know if Kempe was actually among them or, assuming that he was, if he had previously appeared at the Globe or was to do so upon the return of the company from its tour.

A dating of the allusion in the *Pil* to Kempe at the Globe in late 1599 or early 1600 is given some support by the possible echoes of Weever's *Epigrammes*, assigned by McKerrow to July, 1599 at the earliest, and more probably to some time after September of the same year. And if the *Pil* does contain allusions to Nashe's *Lenten stuffe*, then it had to be published subsequent to that work (Stationers' Register, 11 January), which, however, presumably appeared prior to 1 June, when a ban was issued on the printing of satires and Nashe's books were ordered to be seized. The unlikelihood that the Globe was operating by 1 June suggests that the author could indeed have read Nashe's pamphlet. It is also possible that the *Pil* owes its anonymity and lack of date and publisher's name to this ban on satires. It seems probable that it was published after the edict was issued, but also likely that it was not too long thereafter. The ban seems not to have been taken seriously for very long, since Weever's *Epigrammes*--clearly satirical pieces--must, according to McKerrow's calculations, have been issued after 1 June 1599, and other satires also appeared shortly; indeed, Nashe's *Summers last will and testament* was published in 1600. It is difficult to put an upper limit on the date of publication, though Kempe seems to have been dead by 1608 or 1609 at the latest, and he may well have died in 1603 (Chambers 1923, 2:327). All of these considerations make it seem most likely to me that the *Pil* was composed and presumably issued late in 1599 or early in 1600, or else, less probably, sometime in late 1601 or early 1602; but conclusive evidence has not been forthcoming.

Since there is only a single copy of the present pamphlet still known to exist, the choice of a copy text has not been difficult. As stated earlier, I have prepared the present edition from a microfilm provided by the Pforzheimer Library. So far as I know there have been no other editions of the pamphlet, and no one apart from Haslewood has provided any partial quotations based on an actual examination.

In the interest of providing a diplomatic edition which approaches a type-facsimile I have not emended the text, but instead have suggested readings in the notes in a few places where

the original either has illegible letters or seems to present an obvious typographical error due to dittography and omission (l. 146), to inadvertent punctuation (l. 82), or to a turned letter (ll. 129 and 268). I have not recorded in the footnotes variants in Haslewood's transcriptions in *The British Bibliographer*, except in those cases where I have suggested what is essentially his reading of what in the *Pil* is partially illegible (ll. 68, 110). It seems rather unlikely to me that Haslewood's variants are to be put down to anything other than careless transcription, most of them amounting to variations in capitalization and punctuation, but there are perhaps enough divergences of an improbable kind such as that at line 318 where the *Pil* reads "permit" and Haslewood transcribes "permitte" to make it not absolutely impossible that Haslewood did *not* in fact have before him the Pforzheimer copy, but a different impression or at least a variant issue. Unlikely as this seems, therefore, I have thought it most sedulous to list below all variations in Haslewood's transcriptions from the readings adopted for this edition.

Illegible characters are indicated in the transcription by asterisks (*). Italics in the present edition represent a temporary change of typeface, but I have not attempted to represent the shift from roman to black letter at line 35, back to roman at line 90, and then back to black letter at line 107 and for the remainder of the pamphlet. Nor have I bothered to notice ornamental borders (preceding line 1, following line 12, preceding line 21, preceding line 35, and preceding line 90) or floriated letters. In the original pamphlet the running title "A Pill to purge Melancholie" is found on sigs. A3-A4 and on sigs. B1-B4^{v}. A1, A2 and B4 are unsigned. A2^{v}, which backs the "dedicatory epistle," is blank.

VARIANTS IN HASLEWOOD'S TRANSCRIPTIONS

The line number and reading in this edition are followed by Haslewood's reading.

13 *in laudem implaudim*] In laudem implaudim 14 worthy Worke] worthy worke 21 To M. Bavv-wavv] To M. Baw-waw 22 Health] health 24 MAister] Maister 26 you;] you, 28 And] and 34 *blue vaine*,] blue vaine. 35 maligne,] maligne 36 cõmensed] coñensed 43 Herringcobs inuentions] herringcobs inuention 51-52] how thou] How thou 53 scattring Papers] scattring papers 56-57 wit-wanting] wit wanting 68 you* *etter, written *n] your letter, written in 79 if you] If you 83 driueling scribling sniueling filthy fidling stuffe: Therefore] driueling, scribling, sniueling, filthy, fidling, stuffe: therefore 97 Iackes] jackes 98-99 Dawes, Woodcocks, Peacocks, and Weathercocks] dawes, woodcocks, peacocks, and weather cocks 100 Tapsters] tapsters 101 Roagrie] rogarie 108 YOur] Your 293-94 Rattes and Brattes, and Sprattes and Gnattes] rattes and brattes, and sprattes and gnattes 295-97 Hearing-cobs, and Bussardes and Beares and Bugges and Battes, and Flagges and Flyes & Waspes, and Burres & Beeues and Buffes, and Bees and Bawdes and Butterflyes] hearing-cobs, and bussardes and beares and bugges and battes, and flagges and flyes & waspes, and burres & beeues and buffes, and bees and bawdes and butterflyes 298 VAL.] Val. 300 Hearring] hearing 301 *Commaunder*] commaunder 302 Sprat] sprat 303 Sorrell] sorrell 303 Asse-head] asse-head 304 Greene-sauce without Suger] greene-sauce without suger 305 Calues-head] calues-head 306 Eares] eares 307 Pumpe] pumpe 308 Leather Shooes] leather shooes 310 Ditties and Songes] ditties and songes 311 And] and 313 Widdowes] widdowes 313 Sisters] sisters 314 Commaunder] commaunder 315 Come vp asse] come vp asse 317 *Monsier de Kempe*] Mounsier de Kempe 318 permit:] permitte. 320 FINIS] Finis

Some Editions and Reference Works Cited in the Notes

The following works, along with a few other curiosities, are cited in the notes. I have temporarily suspended the reference system I use in my main text in favor here of a more old-fashioned elliptical method, and would like to have kept the bibliographical documentation to an even more tantalizing minimum, in the belief that a search for these curiosities could not help but bring the reader, as it has brought me, upon yet greater wonders.

Breton — *The Works in Verse and Prose of Nicholas Breton*, ed. A. B. Grosart. London: Privately Printed, 1879. 2 vols.

Chapman — *The Plays of George Chapman: The Comedies*, ed. T. M. Parrott. New York: Russell and Russel, 1961. 2 vols.

Deloney — *The Novels of Thomas Deloney*, ed. Merritt E. Lawlis. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961.

Drayton — *The Works of Michael Drayton*, ed. J. William Hebel. Oxford: The Shakespeare Head, 1961. 5 vols.

Ford — *John Ford's Dramatic Works*, ed. Henry de Vocht. Louvain: Librairie Universitaire, 1927.

Greene — *The Life and Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Robert Greene, M. A.*, ed. Alexander B. Grosart. 15 vols. London: The Huth Library, 1881-86.

Halliwell	James Orchard Halliwell, *A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*. 7th ed. London: Routledge, 1924.
Harvey	*The Works of Gabriel Harvey*, ed. Alexander B. Grosart. 3 vols. London: "Privately Printed," 1884.
Jonson	*The Works of Ben Jonson*, ed. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1925ff.
Marston	*The Plays of John Marston*, ed. H. Harvey Wood. London: Oliver and Boyd, 1934ff. 3 vols.
	The Poems of John Marston, ed. Arnold Davenport. Liverpool: University of Liverpool, 1961.
Nashe	*The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow, with corrections and supplementary notes by F. P. Wilson. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1958. 5 vols.
Parn. Plays	*The Three Parnassus Plays (1598-1601)*, ed. J. B. Leishman. London: Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 1949.
	[Cited by Play and line number: P = The Pilgrimage to Parnassus; 1 R = The First Part of the Returne from Parnassus; 2 R = The Second Part of the Returne from Parnassus]
Partridge 1968	Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of the Underworld*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1968.
Partridge 1984	Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, ed. Paul Beale. 5th ed. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1984.
Shakespeare	William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ed. M. R. Ridley. London: Methuen, 1965.
Sidney	*The Prose Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. Albert Feuillerat. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1912. 4 vols.
Tilley	Morris Palmer Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1950.
Weever	John Weever, *Faunus and Melliflora* (1600), ed. A. Davenport. Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1948.
Wilson	*The Dramatic Works of John Wilson*. London: H. Sotheram, 1874.

A1

A PIL
To purge Melancholie:
OR,
A PREPRATIVE TO A
PVRGATION
or,
Topping, Copping, and Capping:
take either or whether:
or,
Mash them, and squash them, and dash them, and diddle come derrie come daw them all together. /

A1v

in laudem implaudim.

This worthy Worke may printed bee,
For ought therein that I can see:
For the graue Author nothing sayth
Contrary to the Catholique faith;
Nor ought therein that doth agree
With learning, wit, or good moralitie.
His od vaine. /

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4. PREPRATIVE] This presumably has a double meaning, referring to the medicinal concoction of a "pill," and suggesting that the present pamphlet is a precursor to the actual purgation. Harvey's *Pierces supererogation* was advertised as a "preparatiue" to certain larger discourses to be entitled "Nashes S. Fame."

7. Topping, Copping, and Capping] All three verbs seem to have had connotations of "topping" in various senses; the first--as perhaps all of them were--was slang for copulating (cf. *Othello*, III.iii.402); the latter two apparently had slang meanings of "catching" or "arresting." But "capping" seems also to have been used for the reverential removal of one's hat (cf. Breton, *Works*, ii, *j*, p. 8), and all of the terms may have been mockingly meant to suggest such deference.

8. take either or whether] Take your pick.

11-12. diddle come derrie come daw them all together] A string of nonsense syllables common in song refrains, terminating with "daw," which meant "simpleton" or dupe.

13. in laudem implaudim] The sense is perhaps supposed to be "I would injure in praising," playing off on the usual heading "in laudem authoris," in praise of the aut[h]

20. His od vaine] I.e., "his odd vein" (?), meaning, perhaps, "his own idio[sy]ncrasy."

A2^{v}

To M. Bavv-wavv
Health, with increase of mirth
and merrie conceites.

MAister Baw-waw, as one vnknowne, yet mooued through affection, as also hearing of your arriuall into England, I haue made bolde to dedicate this my simple labor vnto you; to be shrouded, sheilded, and defended by your indifferent censure, you beeing a Spirit all compoz'de of mirth and merrie conceite: And although it may seeme but a toy, yet being read, may refrigerate your senses tossed and weeried with the tedious trauell of forraine Countries, as also stirre vp a hart plunged in melancholie, and adde alacritie to a minde disposed to mirth. Thus, not knowing how I may well commend it, I referre it (as before) by you to be censured.

Yours his blue vaine, /

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21. To M. Bavv-wavv] "Baw-waw" was vain noise, chatter, squawking, and was also apparently used as an exclamation of contempt or sarcasm. It occurs in Harvey's *Pierces supererogation* (*Works*, ii, 273), where Nashe is proclaimed "the *Bawewawe* of Schollars, the *Tutt* of Gentlemen, the *Tee-heegh* of Gentlewomen, the *Phy* of Citizẽs, the *Blurt* of Courtiers, the *Poogh* of good Letters, the *Faph* of good manners, & the *whoop-hooe* of good boyes in Lõdon streetes." All of these are exclamations of disdain. "Baw-waw" also occurs in a seemingly proverbial phrase, "'Baw-waw' quoth Bagshaw," found in Nashe's *Lenten stuffe* (*Works*, iii, 212; see McKerrow's note and Wilson, *Supplement*, 60-61). This latter occurrence is in part responsible for Haslewood's conjecture that the present pamphlet has reference to *Lenten stuffe* or that "M. Bavv-wavv" might himself be Nashe. Prof. Donald K Hedrick has perceptively pointed out to me that the "then recently available sense" of canine barking may enter in here to connect "Master Baw-waw" with "the Diogenes/cynic/dog complex" thematically exploited by satirists, particularly Marston, in the poetomachia of the latter half of the 1590s. One might be tempted to bring in Dr. Schrickx's attempts to associate Nashe with various contemporary allusions to the poison-spitting hellhound Cerberus as well.

27. indifferent censure] Unbiased judgment.

29. refrigerate your senses] To refresh as well as to tranquilize them.

34. Yours his blue vaine] Presumably "true vein" by allusion to "true blue" is meant, but the precise meanings of this and the earlier "his od vaine" are unknown to me. One's blue vein may have suggested closeness to one's essence or one's "heart" (thus one's bosom). "To kiss a blue vein" possibly had some conventional meaning In Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* (1598), G4^{v} (*Poems*, ed. Davenport, p. 154), we read of one who "would be his Mistres necklace" and "kisse her azure vaine." Cf. Shakespeare, *Ant. & Cleo.*, II.v.28-29: "there is gold, and here / My bluest veins to kiss."

A3 I Cannot but maligne, and with dyre execrations bellow foorth the gorgonian dierisis of your late cõmensed misprision, wherby you do vnkennell your Goatish affections, and let loose the firie codpeece-humor, & Sparrow-like dominations calcionated with the modulation of your supposed Arcadian sprightlinesse, to serenize my metaphysicall partes. But I wonder how this crooknosd conceite of yours, came snayling it selfe into the diurnall reuolution of your Iadelike, plunging, durtie, & scauenger-like, sweeping & rakeing togeather the rubbish and outcast of your Herringcobs inuentions: But to shape my inuention to your Taylors wit, and my tilting style to your Noddiships understanding, now I come to it. I heare that you meane (Oh scuruie louzie meaning)

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36. gorgonian dierisis] The meaning is unclear, and "dieresis" may have been chosen largely because it echoes "dyre." Dieresis is division of a vowel combination into two syllables. At this time, the term seems only to have been used to denote the symbol ¨, indicating discrete pronunciation of the second vowel. "Gorgonian" may mean merely monstrous, although it is interesting that forms of "Gorgon" are frequent in the Nashe-Harvey exchange and that the sonnet which caps Harvey's *New letter of notable contents* (*Works*, i, 295-97) is called "Gorgon, or the wonderfull yeare."

36. misprision] A misdemeanor; also, a mistake; also, a lack of appreciation; also, contempt, scorn.

37. vnkennell] This meant to dislodge a fox from its hole (cf. *Parn. Plays*, 2 R 804).

37-38. codpeece-humor] The sense is clear; not in *OED*.

38. Sparrow-like dominations] "Big talk," sexual advances (?). Possibly, however, "dominations" is a misprint for "bominations," an apocapated version of "abominations," found in various contemporaneous works. By "sparrow-like" most probably is meant "lascivious," since sparrows were proverbially lustful (Tilley S 715).

38. calcionated] Presumably, "calcined," purified through heating, is meant.

39-40. serenize my metaphysicall partes.] "Tranquilize" them. It would be tempting to see a suggestion too of "serenading," but this term did not apparently come into use in English until the mid. 17th cent. It would seem that the "supposed Arcadian sprightlinesse" is perceived as a rhetorical maneuver meant to distract the more spiritual faculties from the "Goatish" content.

40. crooknosd conceite] Meaning unclear. "Crook-nosed" is listed in *OED* without suggestions of nonliteral meaning. "Crooked conceit," meaning "warped conception," is found in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. 2, Ch. 15, *Prose Works*, ed. Feuillerat, p. 243. Alliterations with "conceit" were rather common; cf. "cranke conceit" in Harvey's *Pierces supererogation* (*Works*, ii, 242).

43. your Herringcobs inuentions] Herring cobs are the heads of herrings, hence refuse, but probably here meant to imply dunderheads on the model of the common "cod's-head." (Cf. "your Taylors wit," "your Noddiships understanding" below.) The *OED* incidentally supports this reading with this very passage, presumably garnered from Haslewood's samplings in *The British Bibliographer*, while erroneously ascribing it to D'Urfey, through confusion with the 1719 edition of the miscellany, *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

44. Taylors wit] A number of attributes were commonly associated with tailors, including crookedness and salacity. It is possible, however, that the phrase "tailor's wit" was current; in any case it occurs, though perhaps only fortuitously, in the title of the pamphlet by The Water Poet, "Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*" (1626).

44. your Noddiships understanding] A "noddy" was a fool; also a kind of herring. "Noddiship" occurs in Nashe.

to betraie vnto the world the vntimelie birth, or the addle egge of your late long ill lobored lines, which you have like ill commodities so oft thrust vpon my handes, continually solliciting me with them; which I casheere: and yet me thinkes you should not be so inconsideratly foolish, as to be the Bellowes to puffe abroad thine owne disgraces: and I haue almost perisht my braines with continuall retrograding them, how thou durst presume to call my vnstayned name in question, with thy A3v scattring Papers like halfe penny gigges: but I commaund thee / by thy Pumpes and Pantables to desist from printing them, or I do asseuerate my oath vnto thee, that I will cause thee to be most dangerouslie exulcerated. Hadst thou none to theorize thy halting barbarisme and wit-wanting Howliglas vpon, but me, and then to print it for euery trencher-waighting foolish knaue to slauer on? As God ketch me, either downe

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47. ill lobored] I.e., presumably, "ill-laboured."

47. ill commodities] Inferior goods sold at a profit by usurers to the needy, who would then be obliged to re-sell them at a loss (often to the same usurer) so as to raise needed ready cash.

49. casheere] Refuse, dismiss.

51. retrograding] Running back over. The adjective "retrograde" was common in astrological writings and is used on a number of occasions by Harvey (*Works*, i, 272; ii, 184; cf. Nashe, *Works*, iii, 83). Also supposedly typical of Marston's recherché vocabulary, as satirized by Jonson in *Poetaster*, v.iii.275 (ed. Herford and Simpson, iv, 306) "Rampe vp my *genius*; be not retrograde."

53. halfe penny gigges] Cheap toys, trifles. A "gig" was a top; also a quip or conceit.

53. by thy Pumpes and Pantables] Two sorts of footwear. To stand on one's pantofles was to stand on one's dignity; to wear both pumps and pantofles together may have been a sign of fashionable over-dressing.

56. exulcerated] To exulcerate was to cause ulcers, or figuratively, to fret, irritate or aggravate.

56. theorize] Apparently used here as an ironic or derogatory alternative for "practise." The earliest *OED* entries are from 1638, listing in addition to the more usual meaning, "To contemplate, survey."

57. Howliglas] I.e., "Owl-glass, Eulenspiegel."

57. trencher-waighting] A trencher was a dinner board or plate, often figuring in contemptuous epithets; cf. "not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer" in Chapman, Jonson and Marston's *Eastward Ho*, II.ii.75 (Chapman's *Plays*, ed Parrott, ii, 480). Nonce-coinages such as "trencher philosopher," "trencher poet," and so on, generally suggested the venality or parasitical nature of the vocation The present epithet occurs also in *Parn. Plays*, 2 R 2031. Cf. also Ford's *The Ladies Triall* (1639), Act 2, 875-877 (ed. de Vocht, 359): "you fell ... in love, and married A trencher-waiter, shrewd preferment" Trencher-waiting, that is, serving someone at table, seems to have been looked on as a peculiarly mean employment. E.g., Nicholas Breton, *I Pray you be not angrie* (1605) (*Works*, ed. Grosart, ii, 8). "to spend my time in this misery onely for picking of a sallad, waighting at a trencher, looking on a faire house, making curtesie to an old relique, hold the bason to the rheume, or hearing the musique of a rotten Cough. "

58. As God ketch me] Presumably "catch me," but I have not encountered this oath before.

vpon your knees *erectis manibus*, and yell for mercie at the portall grates of my compassion, or I will so castice thee inflicting dismall corasiues vpon thy fainting soule, that thou shalt be enforced to vilifie thy Rotundities, the onely storehouse for thy Bread and Cheese. Therefore, presently turne the hower-glasse of your determination, or looke for Roddes.

She that skornes thee
and thy puffie stuffe:

Snuffe. /

A4 I Have double dd. receiued you* *etter, written *n a fidling style: which I have answered with a crowding spirit. I have been diuers times at the Portal grates of your compassion, to aske forgiuenesse for my sinnes, but by reason of your absence, I remain as yet still a wicked sinner, because you are not there to giue me absolution. I do perseueere in my scuruie louzie meaning, to beray & betray the world with my

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59. erectis manibus] With hands upraised (in supplication).

60. castice] Chastise.

60. dismall corasiues] Dreadful caustic drugs, and by extension vexations.

62. Rotundities] For "rotundity" the *OED* gives "Rounded fullness, *esp.* of language."

62. onely storehouse for thy Bread and Cheese] I cannot explain this.

63. turne the hower-glasse] Cf. Marston, *Histrio-mastix*, II.i: "Then if this powerfull arme can turne the hower"; III.i: "Pryde turnes her houre" (*Plays*, ed. Wood, III, pp. 256, 268).

63-64. looke for Roddes] Expect a thrashing.

66. puffie] Bombastic, inflated.

67. Snuffe] A fit of indignation, a huff. *OED* cites Greene, *A quip for an vpstart courtier* (*Works*, ed. Grosart XI, 279): "These were going away in a snuff for beeing thus plainely taunted." To "take something in snuff" was to take offense at it (cf. Tilley S598).

68. double dd.] This is something of a mystery. "Dd." may have been a common abbreviation for "delivered"; it is thus used by Henslowe in his diary. It is also an abbreviation for the conventional Latin tag "dono dedit" ["he/she gave as a gift"], used in dedicatory inscriptions of various kinds. It seems to function here adverbially, however, and may be short for one of a number of conventional participles alliteratively yoked with "double-," e.g. "double-damned(ly)."

68. you* *etter, written *n] *Pil*; your letter, written in *Haslewood*.

68-69. a fidling style ... a crowding spirit] Fiddling apparently had a sense similar to "diddling," i.e. swindling (see Partridge 1984, p. 388) By "crowding spirit" would seem to be intended a sense of urgency, but the choice of phrase was probably chiefly motivated by paronomasia, since "to crowd" also meant to play the crowd, an early version of the fiddle, and by this time loosely synonymous with it. One finds a similar pun in Harvey's *Pierces supererogation* (*Works*, ii, 123).

73. beray] To befoul

flattring Papers like sixe pennie gigges, and to haue them printed: and to confirme my resolution, I have sworne by my Pumpes and Pantables, Bootes, Slippers, and Shooes, it shall be performed with as much expedition as may be. Your scuruie loftie louzie Letter, with my crabbed crooked answere to be printed amongst the rest, to your prayse and my shame: and if you will send me twentie more such snuffes, they shall be answered, but how? I will not promise you in an Arcadian spirit, but rather with some Lenton relictes, or with some drunken drouzie draffie durtie dounghill stile, or scauenger like kind of, wryting and inditing, fit for such driueling scribling sniueling filthy fidling stuffe: Therfore I countermaund you, presently to auert your heauy displeasure & indignation conceiued and intended against me, or looke for no fauour at my handes.

He that loues thee and
thy snuffie stuffe,

Snipsnap. /

A4v To all skorners, skoffers, mockers, iybers, and deriders: And to all foule knaues, fine knaues, faire knaues, proud knaues, prettie knaues, prating knaues, foolish knaues, flattring knaues, fliering knaues, cogging knaues, deceitfull knaues, soothing knaues, smoothing knaues, dissembling knaues, madde knaues, merrie knaues, drouzie knaues, dronken knaues, harme hatch knaues, warme watch knaues, cold catch knaues, harme

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74. flattring Papers] Fluttering, but also apparently complimentary.

77. crabbed] Contrarious or crotchety.

79. snuffes] The sense would seem to be "indignant replies." See note on l. 67 above.

80-81. answered ... with some Lenton relictes] Taken as an allusion to Nashe's *Lenten stuffe* by Haslewood. One may recall *Twelfth Night*, i v 9: "A good lenten answer," the precise meaning of which is still, however, something of a bone of contention.

81. drouzie] Drossy, i.e., rubbishy. Occurs in *Parn. Plays*, P 55.

81. draffie] Worthless, of the nature of draff. The first *OED* entry of this form is 1621, but it occurs in Weever's *Faunus and Melliflora* (1600), sig. I4 (ed Davenport, p. 69).

82. of, wryting] *Pit*; of wryting *suggested emendation*.

88. snuffie] Displeased, or inclined to take offense.

89. Snipsnap] A snappy, but not necessarily thoughtful, comeback. Cf Lichfield, *Trimming of Thomas Nashe, gentleman* (Harvey's *Works*, iii, 72): "if heere I haue been too prodigall in *snip snaps*, tell me of it"

92. cogging] Cheating.

94. drouzie knaues] Drossy (see note to l. 82 above) and/or drowsy knaves.

watch knaues, and harme catch knaues: and to all other inferior knaues, of what qualitie and propertie soeuer; togeather with all Iackes, whipiackes, and skipiacks; Dawes, Woodcocks, Peacocks, and Weathercocks: and to all and singular flat knaues and very knaues, Tapsters, tilters and tylers; diggers, ditchers and deluers; plotters, workers, deuizers and contriuers of Roagrie, knauerie, and villanie: long cut, short cut, pinch cut, and plucke cut; the writer hereof sendeth greazing and greeting, raking, shooueling, swapping, loading, threshing and sweeping; with salting, seazoning and sauoring, powdring, spiceing and fauouring; brushing, blouzing and blazing, with blowing, fyring, and flaming.

95-96. harme hatch knaues ... harme catch knaues] "Harm watch, harm catch" seems to have been proverbial (cf. Tilley H167) for "if you look for trouble you'll find it," but the only instance of the phrase in an Elizabethan text that I know of, apart from the present allusion, is in the puppet show in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (acted 1614), v.iv.179-181 (*Works*, ed. Herford and Simpson, vi, 127), where the following exchange takes place: "PVP. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.* / COK. Harme watch, harme catch he sayes: very good / i'faith, the sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah." The phrase is also found in John Wilson's *The Cheats* (1664), ii.v (*Dramatic Works*, 1874, p. 47).

97. Iackes] Knaves.

98. whipiackes] Vagabonds who posed as needy sailors.

98. skipiacks] Dandies; whippersnappers.

98. Dawes] Dupes, simpletons

98. Woodcocks] Easy marks, dupes.

98. Peacocks] Fops.

99. Weathercocks] Fickle people.

99. singular flat knaues and very knaues] Particularly knavish people.

100. tilters] Combattants in a tilt, but apparently having sexual connotations (cf. Webster, *White Devil* III.i [*Three Plays*, ed Gunby, p. 95 and n.]: "for none are judges at tilting, but those that have been old tilters"). A "tilter" was also a sword, and "tilt" is defined by Partridge 1968, referring to "Dekker, his dreame" (1620), as "some kind of rogue."

100. tylers] Tilers were tile-layers; slightly later, and perhaps at this time, the term was slang for shoplifters.

101-02. long cut, short cut, pinch cut, and plucke cut] "One and all" would seem to be the meaning. Variations on the proverbial "(come) cut and long-tail" were common. Cf. "short-cut and long tail" (Nashe, *Works*, iii, 8); "court cut and long tail" in Chapman, et al., *Eastward Ho*, I.i.82. "Pinch cut" and "plucke cut" are presumably meant to suggest the most primitive or violent of tonsorial techniques; the former, however, may have been suggested by "pinch-gut," meaning niggardly or stinting in respect to food.

103. greazing] Greasing; slang for gulling.

103-04. swapping] Sweeping, or slapping.

105. blouzing] "Blowzing" is defined by the *OED* as "Tending to be blowzy," but the verb "blouze" occurs below (cf. note on l. 286) and it might be conjectured that something along the lines of "blowing on the fire" or "expelling hot air" is intended.

YOur Letter (faire Mistris) was deliuered, and receiued, according to the direction: but being written in a loftie stile, it may require some extraordinary deliberation to answere your fooliships abhomination: but because it may not seeme altogether to loose h** grace and maiestie, I thought I would hit ye and wit ye, and scant ye and want ye, and lacke ye
B1 and / lot ye, and get ye and haue ye, and lose ye. Then feele ye and finde ye, and fire ye & flint ye, and flame ye, and tiler ye and tayler ye, and trifle ye and trash ye, and tilt ye and tinke ye and tile ye, and tinker ye and moyle ye and toyle ye, and thimble ye, and thatch ye & thresh ye, and sheepe ye and sithe ye and sheare ye, and shape ye and sowter ye and shooe ye and size ye and soaw ye and seame ye, and quiuer ye and quauer ye and quake ye, and mould ye and crust ye and knead ye, and brew ye and bake ye and kake ye, and wake ye and crum ye and cram ye, and shinke ye and shanke ye, and sise ye and sinke ye, and shiuer ye

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109. abhomination] A typical spelling at the time, suggesting the false etymology from *ab hominem*.

110. h]** *Pil*; his *Haslewood*.

110. loose h grace and maiestie,]** "Grace and majesty" were a frequent couple, as were other combinations with "grace." Cf., e.g., Spenser, *Daphnaida*, l. 497: "But in a moment loose their grace and glorie."

111. scant ye] To stint, to furnish with an inadequate supply. Also, to confine, hedge in, limit the freedom of. Also, to slight. Glossed by Halliwell as meaning to scoff, scold.

113. tiler ye] This and the following "tayler ye" are presumably mere nonce coinages possessing little meaning.

114. tinke ye] To mend, as a tinker does.

114-15. tinker ye] To tink (a variant form), mend.

115. moyle ye and toyle ye] Moil also had the sense of "toil," be turbulent. Cf. John Weever, *Faunus and Melliflora* (1598), ll. 49-50 (ed. Davenport, pp. 45-46): "...when vnnimble, three-legg'd age, / There stronger yeares, or moyling toyle doth swage." *Pil* could possibly read "coyle ye" where I print "toyle ye."

115. thimble ye] *OED* gives only "to use a thimble, sew."

116. sowter ye] A "sowter" was a shoemaker or cobbler; frequently a term of denigration.

120. shinke ye and shanke ye] I cannot explain this.

120. sise ye and sinke ye] "Sise" and "sinke" (cf. Fr. *six* and *cinq*) are six and five as numbers on dice. "Sice cinque" is thus a throw turning up a five and a six (a winning throw). Cf. Barclay's *Shyp of Folys* (1509): "Thoughe sys or synke them fayle, The dyse oft renneth upon the chaunce of thre"; also, the *Treatyse answerynge the boke of Berdes, Compyled by Collyn clowte* (R. Wyer, c. 1541), sig. B2^{v}: "ye may go cast your wyt at dyse / And syncke or sise, whiche so doth fall / Fere ye not to cast at all." "To set at cinque and sice" seems to have had a colloquial sense along the lines of "to be reckless" (Cf. *OED* entries for "CINQUE, *sb.*^{3}" and "SICE, *sb.*^{1}"). It may have been common to pun upon the phrase, particularly on "sinke downe" (the five on the bottom). E.g., *OED* cites a poem from 1572: "Quhilk thing thay did sa Syce vp and Sink downe"; cf. W. Watson, *Decacordon* (1600): "Topsie turvie, upside downe, sinke shall vp and sice shall vnder." Here a play on "seize ye and sinke ye (i.e., bring you down)" does not seem absolutely impossible

and shackle ye and shake ye, and quip ye and quirke ye and quilt ye, and firme ye and farme ye, and iron ye and presse ye and fit ye. Then tit ye and tip ye and tap ye, and heele ye and halt ye, and hop ye and top ye and cop ye, and lip ye and lap ye & and lop ye, and kick ye & hack ye & hew ye, and hood ye and hart ye and hind ye, and horne ye and hammer ye and stammer ye, and stunnie and head ye. Then hip ye and nip ye and skip ye, and trim ye & trie ye, and tard ye and trace ye and trip ye. Then nettle ye and tickle ye and prickle ye, and taint ye and tempt ye & turue ye, and wind ye and paint ye and burne ye, and couler ye and tart ye and tinckt ye, and mouze ye and touze ye, and tugg ye and touch ye and taste ye. Then snaile ye & slow ye and slime ye, and snake ye and snig ye and lime ye, and spider ye and thread ye and spin ye, and weaue ye & waue ye, and web ye and wirpe ye and warpe ye, and wriggle ye and wrangle ye and wray ye, and friske ye and fringe ye and fold ye, and nicke ye and nit ye and net ye, and scramble ye and scrawle ye and crawle ye, and mount ye and creepe ye & clime ye. Then traine

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121. quirke ye] "To assail with quirks or quips" according to *OED* citing Nashe: "Piers his supererogation, or Nashes Saint Fame, pretely and quirkingly he christens it; and yet not so much to quirke or crosse me thereby, as to blesse himself and make his book sell" (*Works*, iii, 35).

121. quilt ye] "Beat. *Var. dial.*" (Halliwell).

126. stunnie and head ye] Stunnie, i.e., stony: to shock, stun, astonish.

127. tard ye] I.e., retard, delay (?).

129. turue ye] *Ptl*; turne ye *suggested emendation* (which would make this a self-referential typographical anomaly).

130. tart ye] Make sour.

130. tinckt ye] Tincture (?).

130. mouze ye and touze ye] To "mouse and touse" is to roughhouse, handle playfully but roughly, perhaps with a sexual implication. Cf. Middleton, *Family of Love*, V.iii.334: "Yet if you did but see how like the pert, little, red-headed knave is to his father, and how like a cock-sparrow he mouses and touses my little Bess already, you would take him for your own, and pay me my hire" (*Dramatic Works*, ed. Bullen, III, 115).

132. snig ye] "To cut, or chop off. *South.*" (Halliwell); "snig" was slang for a niggard.

132. lime ye] To capture, as birds were with lime; or possibly to smear, as with lime. This would also have been a possible spelling for "limn" (cf. *Parn. Plays*, 1 R 948 and Shakespeare, *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV.xiv.10, where the nonce-word "dislimns" is spelt "dislimes" in the First Folio).

133. wirpe ye and warpe ye] I have not encountered "wirpe" elsewhere.

134. wriggle ye and wrangle ye] Both mean to wriggle. *OED* cites Middleton, *Blurt, Master Constable* (1602), C2: "I strugled and stragled, and wrigled and wragled."

134. wray ye] Bewray, expose, denounce.

134. friske ye] To whisk or jerk. To "fetch a frisk" was to dance a jig.

135. nicke ye] Cheat (Halliwell).

135. nit ye] *OED* mentions only "nitting over pamphlets." See Nashe, *Works*, iii, 14 and *Parn. Plays*, 2 R 143.

ye and taile ye, and trill ye and trowle ye and traile ye, and trap ye & clacke ye and clap ye, and fish ye and flie ye & flap ye, and nibble ye
B1v and worme ye and bayte ye, and angle ye and hooke ye / and hinge ye.
Then snare ye and snarle ye and snatch ye, and grippell ye and grappell ye and gripe ye, and snaffle ye and snuffe ye and sniffe ye, and snip ye and snap ye, and clip ye and cap ye, and crispe ye and cripp and crop ye, and sniuell ye and snout ye, and snift ye and snieze ye, and snit ye and snat ye and snot ye. Then tricke ye and pricke ye and pranke ye, and
span ye & spew ye and spit ye, and trampe ye and tracke ye & tread ye, and goate ye and butt ye and bucke ye, and hunch ye and punch ye, ann kibe ye and kidd ye and kit ye, and sparrow ye and spurne ye and kicke ye. Then curbe ye & knife ye and cut ye, and wound ye and vlcer ye and hurt ye. Then honor ye & hower ye and sower ye, and sipp ye and sopp
ye, and sauce ye and sowse ye, and salt ye & season ye and sauer ye, and powder ye and spice ye and fauor ye, and suger ye and swaue ye, and honnie ye and bitter ye and sweete ye. Then carue ye and serue ye and salue ye, and playster ye and heale ye & cure ye, and alter ye and palter ye, and pinder ye and pander ye and pedler ye, and plume ye and

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137. trowle ye] Trundle or roll.
139. hinge ye] Prob. = hing, hang.
140. grippell ye] Grapple.
141. snaffle ye] To put a snaffle (bridle bit) on; guide with a snaffle.
142. crispe ye] Curl, as hair.
142. cripp and crop ye] Cripp: "To cut the hair. *West.*" (Halliwell). This seems the likeliest conjecture.
143. snit ye] Snite, meaning to blow or wipe (the nose).
144. snat ye] A variant of snot.
144. pranke ye] Adorn.
146. hunch ye] "To shove; heave up; to gore with the horns" (Halliwell).
146. punch ye, ann] *Pil*; punch ye, and *suggested emendation.*
147. kibe ye] Sense far from clear. "To jeer or flout. *Lanc.*" (Halliwell). A kibe is a chapped or ulcerated chilblain.
147. kit ye] Cut off.
148. curbe ye] Bend.
148. vlcer ye] To cause an ulcer, or ulcerate.
149. sower ye] To make something sour with the addition of an ingredient for that purpose.
150. sowse ye] To sauce, drench or soak. Also, to strike or beat severely.
151. swaue ye] I.e., "suave," app. meaning "sweeten."
154. palter ye] Diddle, shift, shuffle, deal crookedly or evasively (with).
154. pinder ye] A pinder was "an officer of a manor, having the duty of impounding stray beasts." (*OED*)
155. fidler ye] Perh. a misprint for "fiddle," to toy with or cheat. But cf "tiler ye" and "tayler ye" at l. 113 above, and the preceding "pinder, pander, pedler."

feather ye and fidler ye. Then crooke ye and cukold ye and corne ye, and knit ye and knot ye and knag ye, and snig ye and snag ye & crag ye, and kricke ye and kracke ye and kranke ye, and bind ye and fast ye & lose, and knaue ye & crampe ye & knacke ye. Then hinch ye and wrinch ye, and twinch ye and pinzer ye and pinch ye, and wring ye and wrest ye and writh ye, and catch ye and cozen ye, and klinke ye and claspe ye and clinch ye. Then owle ye and gloze ye and glaze ye, and gander ye & goose ye and gaze ye, and glasse ye & glimse ye and glance ye, and glaunder ye and glade ye and glyde ye, and pumpe ye and slipper ye and slide ye, and glister ye and gull ye and gleeke ye. Then stagger ye and stumble ye and strip ye, and straddle ye and strap ye and stride ye, and stifle ye and style ye and steele ye, and fillip ye & fiddle / ye and firke ye, and crowde ye and finger ye and fyle ye. Then fine ye and foule ye and faire ye, and clatter ye and claw ye and scratch ye, and harbor ye and hoouer ye & hide ye, and hatch ye and harrow ye and hoord ye, and store ye and hiue ye and starue ye, and sooth ye and flatter ye and fayle ye. Thẽ apple ye and eye ye, and eare ye & seare ye, and spunge ye and singe ye, & single ye and signe & seale ye. Then chip ye and chop ye, and champe ye and chaw ye and chouze ye, and scatter ye and spread,

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155. corne ye] I.e., to make wear the horns (cuckold) (?).

156. knag ye] Prob. = nag.

156. snig ye] Occurs twice; see note to l. 132 above.

157. kricke ye] Prob. = to wrench.

157-58. fast ye & lose] Fasten and loosen, with play on "fast and loose."

158. knaue ye & crampe ye & knacke ye] The concatenation may be suggested by the proverbial phrase "A knack to know a knave."

158. hinch ye] Pinch.

159. wrinch ye] I.e., wrench, sprain (?).

159. twinch ye] Perh. = twinge, to twitch or pinch.

160. klinke ye] Clench, or poss. = strike.

161. gloze ye] Flatter, wheedle, coax.

163. glaunder ye] Not in *OED* as a verb; a common spelling of "glander," a glandular swelling about the neck, as in "glanders," the disease.

163. glade ye] Prob. = to gladden.

164. glister ye] Not given as a transitive verb in *OED*. This spelling was common for "clyster," a suppository medicine.

164. gull ye] Dupe.

164. gleeke ye] Trick. *OED* cites G. Harvey, *Letter-book* (ed. Scott), p. 56: "Methinkes thow gleekiste many a lorde." The word also could mean to gibe at. Cf. Harvey's *Works*, i, 260; ii, 133.

167. firke ye] Beat. Frequently with obscene innuendo.

169. hoouer ye] Presumably in the sense of "to brood over, shelter, as a bird does its young."

173. chouze ye] Possibly = choose, balancing later "refuse" at the period. "Chouse" meant to swindle.

and butter ye and bast ye and bread ye, and chalke ye and change ye and
175 cheeze ye, and batter ye and bite ye and refuze ye. Then sticke ye and straw ye and daw ye, and fluse ye and fling ye and flaw ye. Then ferret ye and feare ye and fray ye, and gast ye and ghost ye and spright ye, and fetter ye and foxe ye and fright ye. Then shroue ye and shrine ye, and shriue ye and shrift ye, and court ye and coch ye and cart ye, and durt ye
180 and driue ye and dragge ye, and drudge ye and drosse ye and draffe ye, and dawbe ye and myre ye and lagg ye, and whoope ye and hallow ye and whissle ye, and dish ye and dash ye, and lash ye and plash ye, and shuffle ye and card ye and shift ye, and clish ye and clash ye, and coupe ye and couch ye and cash ye. Then foole ye and floute ye and poake ye
185 and poate ye and poynt ye, and thrust ye and foyne ye and foyle ye, and flie ye and free ye and flight ye. Then hawke ye and lurke ye and lure ye, and male ye and meale ye and sift ye, and hand ye and hart ye and fist ye, and prime ye and prune ye and princke ye, and currle ye and frizzle ye and founze ye, and pearle ye and purle and pincke ye, and

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174-75. chalke ye and change ye and cheeze ye,] A tmetic allusion to common proverbial expressions such as "No more alike than chalk and cheese" (Tilley C218).

176. daw ye] Rouse or awaken; also to frighten; a "daw" was a fool.

176. fluse ye] Poss. = "flounce," *OED* cites Drayton, "The Moone-calf," l. 1352 (*Works*, ed. Hebel, iii, p. 201): "They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce, and fling." For "fluzzed" Halliwell gives "Bruised, blunted. *North.*"

177. gast ye] Frighten.

177. ghost ye] I.e., haunt. Cf. Shakespeare, *Ant. & Cleo.*, II.vi.12-13: "...Julius Caesar, / Who at Philipps the good Brutus ghosted."

178. foxe ye] Though the sense here is perhaps "frighten, as a fox from its den," the word was used for "to make tipsy." Cf. W. M., *The Man in the Moone* (1609), sig. D4^{v}: "His gowne is thoroughly foxt, yet he is sober, for hee looketh as though he quenched his thirst with whay and water."

178. shroue ye] To shrove was to keep Shrovetide, hence to be merry.

179. shriue ye and shrift ye] To shrive was of course to confess, and shrift, a confession.

180. draffe ye] Draff is dregs.

181. lagg ye] Slow down; also carry off, steal; also to "crack, to split. *West.*" (Halliwell).

183. clish ye and clash ye] "Clish-clash" is "idle discourse. *North.*" (Halliwell).

183-84. coupe ye] Strike, cut, slash.

184. couch ye] Lay down, cause to lie or crouch down.

184. cash ye] Cashier (dismiss).

184. floute ye] Mock, insult, jeer at.

185. poate ye] Push or kick.

185. poynt ye] Prick, puncture.

185. foyne ye] Thrust at, stab.

189. male ye] Poss. = "mail," meaning to wrap up, package up.

189. founze ye] Meaning unclear. To "founce" is to come down with force upon.

prampe ye and fillit ye and pride ye, and swip ye and swap ye, & rake ye and shoouell ye and sweepe ye, and noy ye and toy ye and coy ye, and
B2v iewell / ye and iem ye and ioy ye. Then pill ye and picke ye and pare ye and powle ye and shaue ye & spare ye, and bald ye and skin ye and bare ye. Then slit ye and sliue ye and slay ye, and slise ye and thinne ye and share ye, and drench ye and diue ye, and ducke ye & drowne ye, and swim ye and sinke ye and saue ye. Then skoggin ye and skoffe ye and skorne ye and skald, and skar ye and skurfe ye and skarfe ye, and mocke ye and mop ye and mow ye, and shelter ye and shield ye, and shrowd ye and shade ye, and house ye and mow ye and mew ye. Then hobbie ye and horse ye and hire ye, and dingle ye and dandle ye, and spingle ye and spangle ye, and sickle ye and fancie ye, and ferrie ye and fingle ye and fangle ye, and handle ye dandle ye and daunce ye, and hazzell ye and dazzell ye, and muze ye and maze ye, and fizzell ye and mizzell ye, and madd ye and mewt ye and mist ye, and dull ye & dolt ye and dunce ye. Then diddle cum derrie cum bee ye and boe ye and buzze ye, and amble ye and trot ye and prance ye. Then addle ye and idle ye and bridle ye, and bramble ye and brier ye and branch ye, and burre ye and bride ye and brush ye, and larke ye and lerke ye and ierke ye, and gigg ye and iogg ye and iolt ye, and iangle ye and rod ye and ride ye, and whiscum whascum brake ye & brine ye & breech ye. Then swigger ye and

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190. prampe ye] Meaning unknown.

190. swip ye and swap ye] Both swipe and swape could mean to sweep. A swap was a blow, a slap.

193. powle ye] Crop, top or behead. To "pill and to poll" was frequently used in the sense of to plunder and pillage, to trounce.

194. sliue ye] Cleave, cut, slice.

196. skoggin ye] Presumably an allusion to John Scoggin, court jester to Edward IV, and hero of the jestbook *Scoggins Jests*.

197. skald] Scold or scald.

197. skurfe ye] To cover with scurf (?).

197. skarfe ye] Possibly = to "cover or bandage up" (Halliwell).

201. sickle ye and fancie ye] Sickle originally meant "to make sick, sicken." There is likely a pun on "sycophant."

201-02. fingle ye and fangle ye] A fingle-fangle was a trifle (Halliwell).

202. daunce ye] Poss. = to dandle. *OED* cites Fletcher, *The Spanish Curate* (1622), II.i.: "I have dandled you, and kissed you, and played with you ... and daunced you."

202. hazzell] Under "HAZLE" Halliwell includes "To beat, or thrash. *Craven.*"

203. mizzell ye] Confuse, muddle.

204. mewt ye] I.e., mute.

205. boe ye] "Boe" was an exclamation similar to "boo."

208. lerke ye] Perh. = lirk, to wrinkle.

208. gigg ye] Whip like a top (?).

209-10. whiscum whascum brake ye] I cannot explain this.

swegger ye, and swagger ye and swelt ye, and stibb ye and stabb ye, and stobb ye and stare ye and start ye, and roue ye and run ye and rime ye, and riddle ye and & rend ye and riue ye. Then tune ye and time ye and tame ye, and pot ye and pitcher ye and pan ye, and stopple ye and bottle
215 ye and bagg ye, and begger ye and pipe ye and can ye, and itch ye and pitch ye and patch ye, and bangle ye and bungle ye and botch ye, and mende ye and cobble ye and peece ye. Then base ye and case ye and buske ye and brace ye and lace ye. Then ruffin ye and ruffle ye, and
B3 rampe ye and ripe ye and reach ye, and / pilfer ye and pelfe ye, and rifle
220 ye and spoyle ye and rob ye, and flea ye and filch ye & fleece ye, and ribbell ye & rabbell ye, and slibber ye and slabber ye, and scribbell ye & scrabbell ye, and blibber ye and blabber ye, and bluster ye and blister ye, and storm ye and whirtle ye and wind ye and raine ye and haile ye, and chaffe ye and snow ye, and blather ye and blow ye and blast ye. Then
225 huffe ye and buffe ye and muffe ye, and toe ye and taw ye, and tuffe ye and raw ye and rugg ye and ruffe ye and rag-men rowle ye and snuffe ye, and post ye and past ye and puffe ye, and clod ye and turde ye and turfe ye, and court ye & coast ye and puffe ye and cuffe ye and snuffe ye. Then blubber ye and sullen ye and sob ye, and drip ye & drop ye &
230 driuel ye, and sliuer ye and slauer ye, and sloouen ye and sott ye and slut ye, and wipe ye & trencher ye and tripe ye, and boyle ye and fome ye,

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210-11. swigger ye and swegger ye] I have not encountered these elsewhere.

211. swelt ye] Swelter, or broil.

211. stibb ye] I have not encountered this word elsewhere.

212. stobb ye] Stab.

218. buske ye] This could mean "put on your buskins (boots)," but "busks" were the stays of a kind of corset affair, and "busk" may at times also have been used to refer to the accessory itself. See Davenport's note in Marston's *Poems*, p. 337.

219. pelfe ye] Rob, pilfer.

221. ribbell ye & rabbell ye] Ribble-rabble is indecent jabber, also used for "the rabble."

221. slibber ye and slabber ye] Slibber-slabber, or slibber-sauce, was a repulsive concoction used for medicinal purposes. According to Halliwell "slibber-slabber" could also mean "very careless."

221-22. scribbell ye and scrabbell ye] Scribble-scrabble was scribbling, used in reference to harum-scarum, botched-up work.

222. blibber ye] I do not know this word.

223. whirtle ye] I.e., wortle (?), to pull through a wortle.

224. blather ye] Poss. = "bladder," to inflate. Halliwell points to a passage I have not been able to locate in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher: "Fame gathers but wind to blather up a name."

225. buffe ye] Beat or strike, buffet. Used thus by Spenser (Halliwell)

225. taw ye] Torment, vex, whip.

226. rag-men rowle ye] A ragman roll was a list or catalogue; this later became the modern "rigamarole."

and suddes ye and sope ye, and surge ye and swill ye & swell ye, and water ye & lade ye, and mell ye and fell ye, and wag ye and colt ye, and quiddle ye and quill ye and quell ye, and flish ye and flash ye, & driggle ye and draggle ye, and willow ye wallow ye & wash ye and laue ye & blith ye & bath ye, and lout ye and clout ye and cleaue ye, and lance ye and lanke ye, and blanch ye and blanke ye, and hanch ye & lanch ye, and leg ye and flinch ye and flanke ye. Then rascall ye & royster ye, and rotton ye and roag ye and raze ye, and rauell ye and reuell ye and riuill ye, and ierke ye and iag ye & rag ye, and blacke ye blot ye and blur ye, and vaile ye and maske ye and mum ye, and chaunce ye and dice ye, and drum ye, and nod ye vice ye and scum ye, and spot ye and blue ye and blend ye, and bleare ye and blinke ye and blind ye, and twerrle ye and twist ye and twine ye, and rocke ye and reele ye and wind ye, and ricke ye and racke ye & roule ye, and stitch ye and tacke ye and round ye, and bend ye & bruze ye and breake ye, and band ye and ball ye & bound ye, and chase / ye and chafe ye & heate ye, and coole ye and sweate ye and sound ye, and grind ye and grate ye and greeue ye, and grauell ye and gall ye & ground ye. Then stragle ye and struggle ye and strangle ye, and slip ye and soupe ye, and sloupe ye and slop ye, and slim ye and

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233. mell ye] Beat severely; also, to copulate.

234. quiddle ye] Trifle with, or quibble.

234. flish ye] Slash or cut.

234-35. driggle ye and draggle ye] A driggle-draggle is a slattern; also used adverbially.

235. willow ye wallow ye] To wallow = to cause to wallow, or to trundle, but presumably a set phrase "willow-wallow" is alluded to.

236. blith ye] Gladden.

237. lanke ye] "To make lank" (?) (*OED*).

237. hanch ye] Snap or bite at.

237. lanch ye] Probably = to lance (as a boil; cf. *Parn. Plays*, 2 R 89), but possibly to launch, to hurl.

238. royster ye] To roister is to swagger, revel, be boisterous.

239-40. riuill ye] Prob. = "rivel," to shrivel or ravel.

241. mum ye, and chaunce ye] Mumchance was both a dicing game and a card game; also a term for a masquerade.

242. blue ye] To make blue, esp. to heat metal until it is blue.

243. bleare ye] To dim the vision of, usu. in the phrase "blear the eyes (of someone)." Common in the 16th cent. for "to hoodwink." *OED* cites Sir E. Hoby, *Counter-snarle for Ishmael Rabshacheh* (1613), p. 14: "Blearing his Reader, that these are but worme-eaten sayings."

244-45. ricke ye] Trick (?). Halliwell has "To scold; to make a noise. *Lanc.*"

248. grauell ye] Confound (Partridge). The word is found, with senses not always easy to recover, in a number of Elizabethan texts. It seems at times to have meant "floor," at others "become stalled" (as a ship on a sand bar).

250. sloupe ye] Perh. = slop.

slam ye & slaue ye, and stemme ye and streame ye and stray ye, and garnish ye and burnish ye and furnish ye, and bud ye & blossome ye and bloome ye, and florish ye and flower ye and fresh ye, and gay ye & may ye and ray ye, and sport ye and rig ye and play ye, and wreath ye and bower ye and braue ye. Then bird ye and bolt ye and cage ye, and graue ye and wise ye and sage ye, and pope ye & prince ye and page ye, and rope ye and hang ye and rage ye, and gild ye & gold ye and gage ye. Then swillow ye and swallow ye, and swish ye and wash ye, and bib ye and drinke ye, and quiffe ye and quart ye and quaffe ye. Then iugg ye and iacke ye, and ginger ye and ginnie ye & gill ye, and morter ye and barter ye, and muster ye & maister ye, and martir ye and margerie and marrie ye. Then maime ye & iarre ye and marre ye, and manch ye granch ye, and mash ye & quince ye and quash ye, and mumble ye and mince ye and melt ye . Then humble ye and fumble ye and iumble ye, and lighten ye and flighten ye, and rumble ye and thunder ye and thret ye, and itter ye and titter ye and tipple ye, and mingle ye and mangle ye,

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257. gage ye] Engage (?). Pay wages to (?). Not impossibly = "gag." Halliwell gives "To harness a horse." Leishman, in a note to *Parn. Plays*, 2 R 312, glosses "gag" as an obsolete verb meaning to "jerk, strike sharply."

258. swillow ye] Poss. = swill, gulp down.

259. quiffe ye] Not in the *OED*. Presumably the word had some bibatory meaning, though much later it took on a number of obscene senses.

260. iacke ye] Halliwell gives "To beat. *Craven.*"; a jack was a tankard.

260. ginnie ye] A current spelling of "guinea," but sense unclear.

260. gill ye] To drink a gill's worth (?); to cut off the gills (?). "Gill" was also a generally contemptuous term for a woman.

260. morter ye] I.e., mortar (?), which may have meant to bray in a mortar. It occurs, apparently with this sense, in Nashe's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden* (*Works*, iii, 93).

261-62. margerie and marrie ye] I cannot explain this sequence.

262-63. manch ye granch ye] To manch is to munch; to granch later meant to gnash (earliest *OED* entry is 18th century).

263. quince ye] Possibly = quinch, or flinch.

266. itter ye] Meaning unknown. According to Halliwell "iter" is a term of Anglo-Norman origin meaning to renew.

266. titter ye] I have not run across this as a transitive verb.

266. tipple ye] Tumble.

266. mingle ye and mangle ye,] "Mingle ye" perh. = "mix you up." "Mingle-mangles" occurs in a string of exclamations of mock admiration for the artistry of Nashe in Harvey's *Pierces supererogation* (*Works*, ii, 39): "ô the cunning, and straunge mingle-mangles: ô the pithy iestes, and maruelous girdes of yong Apuleius." Presumably a congeries or hodge-podge is meant. The phrase "mingle mangle cum purre" occurs in Nashe (*Works*, iii, 215) and is glossed in part by McKerrow as follows: "For this odd phrase see Latimer's *Third Sermon before Edward VI* (*Sermons* in Dent's 'Everyman's Lib.,' p. 126), 'They say in my country, when they call their hogs to the swine-trough, "Come to thy mingle-mangle, come pur, come pur" even so they [the Germans] made mingle-mangle of it [i e. religion].' Latimer again refers

and tingle ye & terrifie ye and tangle ye, and type ye and tosse ye and tyre ye, and totter ye and wearie ye and tumble ye. Then hauut ye & deyntie ye and daunt ye, and taunt ye and vilifie ye and vaunt ye, and
270 gigg ye and iebe ye, and iuggle ye & iade & iest ye, and trouse ye and trumpe ye and frumpe ye, and loue ye and loath ye and leaue ye, and win ye & weare ye & teare ye, and prize ye and prayse ye and please ye, and chant ye and charme ye, and chin ye and check ye & chocke ye, and
B4 locke ye and chaine ye and clogg ye, and link ye & chink / ye, chatter ye
275 and cherp ye & chime ye, and cock ye and crow ye, and cob ye and kembe ye and combe ye, & cackle ye and cockle ye, and chockle ye & throttle ye choake ye, and cherrie ye and merry ye, and toze ye and cheeke ye and cheere ye, and print ye and lift ye, and load ye & light ye, and rowze ye and rect ye and right ye, and rayze ye and eaze ye, and
280 grace ye and greaze ye and greete ye. Then ayme ye and marke ye, and pin ye and prop ye, and shaft ye & shoot ye, and drib ye and short ye & misse ye. Then name ye and blame ye, and string ye and stretch ye and straine ye, and ting ye and towle ye and ring ye. Then stampe ye and staine ye, and sting ye and limpe ye and lame ye. Then ban ye & bane
285 ye, & noynt ye & balme ye, and slicke ye and smeare ye and smooth ye, and bundle ye & blouze ye and blaze ye, and smoother ye and smoake ye

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to the same thing, though without giving the words 'come pur' in his sermon at Stamford, Nov. 9, 1550, *Sermons*, u.s., p. 252."

267. type ye] Prob. = tip, to knock over.

268. hauut] *Pil*; haunt, *almost certainly bedevilled here by a turned letter.*

269. deyntie ye] To pamper.

269. vaunt ye] To boast of, proclaim proudly.

270. gigg ye] Occurred once before; see note to l. 208.

270. iebe ye] Prob. = gibe.

270. iade] Jade = to tire out, exhaust. Also to jape, make a fool of.

270. trouse ye] Trouser (?).

271. frumpe ye] To frump is to scoff, or jeer.

273. chocke ye] Prob. = to choke.

274. clogg ye] Hamper.

276. kembe ye] Comb.

276. chockle ye] I have not come across this word elsewhere. "Chockling," according to Halliwell, is "Hectoring; scolding. *Exmoor.*"

277. cherrie ye] Possibly = "to cherish." Cf. Halliwell.

277. toze ye] Tease or card; or possibly = touse, to tug about, tussle.

280. greaze ye] Grease, gull.

281. drib ye] A technical term in archery for shooting short or wide of the mark.

283. ting ye and towle ye] Clearly what is meant is "ding" and "toll."

286. blouze ye] Presumably related to "blowzy." The *OED* does not give this as a verb, but there are adjectives which are formed as though from inflections of verbs, for instance, "blowzing" (see note on l. 105 above) and "blowzed," both meaning essentially "blowzy."

and waste ye, and barbe ye and blesse ye and curse ye, and kisse ye and crosse ye and craze ye, and crab ye and crush ye and squize ye, and clowne ye and crowne ye, and sparge ye & spindle ye and sprinkle ye, and bill ye and beard ye and braine ye, and hit ye and fit ye and misse ye. Then pepper ye and poyson ye and pearch ye, and pine ye and perish ye and paine ye, and so fret ye and frost ye and freeze ye, and plunge ye and pardon ye & plague ye. And so sire the worlde with Rattes and Brattes, and Sprattes and Gnattes, and knottes and cords, & kogges and bobs, and noddes and oddes and Hearing-cobs, and Bussardes and Beares and Bugges and Battes, and Flagges and Flyes & Waspes, and Burres & Beeues and Buffes, and Bees and Bawdes and Butterflyes. /

B4v VAL. I commend me vnto you, and to your Sis. Although at this time not worthie either to be remembred or commended, because she thought that a red Hearring was not a dish daintie enough to feast so royall a guest as a *Commaunder*, yet thinke I my stomache eager inough at all tymes and seasons to feede vpon a poore Sprat, in her company. And although she thinkes Sorrell a sauce too sweete for an Asse-head, yet I thinke Mustard & Greene-sauce without Suger, not sweete inough

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287. barbe ye] Shave.

288. squize ye] I.e., squeeze.

289. sparge ye] Plaster.

289. spindle ye] Meaning unknown. Partridge 1984 lists "make spindles" as meaning "(of a woman) so to act as to make her husband a cuckold."

290. bill ye] To lampoon or indict.

290. beard ye] To stand up to, confront; oppose openly and with bravado, affront.

291. pearch ye] Parch, toast.

294. Brattes] Possibly turbots and not children are meant.

294. Sprattes] The sprat was the young of the herring, and the term was also used to refer to a whipper-snapper.

294-95. kogges and bobs] Both "cog" and "bob" could mean "to cheat." Otherwise the meaning is quite unclear. A bob could be a cuff or a punch.

296. Flagges] Apparently the plant is meant. Flag was a cant term for a woman; also, for a groat (four pence).

297. Burres] Presumably "burrs" are meant, the prickly seeds of the burdock, but the motivation for the choice is far from clear.

297. Buffes] Buffaloes.

298. VAL.] ? = Valedictory, or *Vale(te)*! It could possibly be short for a name. See Introduction.

298. your Sis] See Introduction.

301. Commaunder] I cannot explain the emphasis put on this word, but see Introduction.

302. a poore Sprat] See note to l. 294 above.

303. Sorrel ... Greene-sauce without Suger] I have not been able to discover the exact significance of this quibbling, though bawdy double entendres seem evident.

for her Calues-head. So I am very well content to beare the Asses burden on my backe for once, if she be as willing to weare the Eares, as I am pleased to stinke of the Pumpe, because I am not able to endure a paire of straight Leather Shooes on my feete, my heeles being sore. And to requite your kindnes and goodwill, which I perceiue you beare mee, I haue sent you by this bearer some Ditties and Songes, such as I haue: And if it lie in my power to gratifie you with a better thing, ye shall commaund me. In the meane time, I rest beholding vnto you for your curtesie shewed me at the poore Widdowes house, being in your Sisters conceite too homelie a roofe to entertaine so great a Commaunder: And for bidding me, Come vp Asse into a higher roome, that Chollericke Pill of hers will easely be disgested with one pleasant conceit or other of *Monsier de Kempe* on Monday next at the Globe, where I would gladly meete you, if your leysure will so permit: In the meane time I bid you farewell.

FINIS.

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305. Calues-head] Seemingly an obscene image here, but a "calf's head" was usually an especially stupid person.

307. stinke of the Pumpe] By this may have been meant to "smell of drink," with a pun here on a pump, or slipper. The *OED* cites a passage in Samuel Butler from 1680 which reads: "That always ply the Pump, and never think They can be safe, but at the Rate they stink." Cf. Harvey, *Pierces supererogation* (*Works*, ii, 115): "He can raile: (what mad Bedlam cannot raile?) but the sauour of his railing, is grosely fell, and smelleth noysomly of the pumpe, or a nastier thing."

310. some Ditties and Songes] These have unfortunately not been preserved.

313. at the poore Widdowes house] Such a locale was a common trysting spot.

317. Monsier de Kempe ... at the Globe] See Introduction.

3. Reading Between the Lines: A Glimpse into Harvey's Drafts

> We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be.
> Kurt Vonnegut, *Mother Night*

Going Straight: *The Underhanded Correction of a Boldfaced Type*

In editing what he called Gabriel Harvey's "Letter-Book" for the Camden Society near the end of the century, Dr. Edward John Long Scott was making a valiantly Victorian philological effort to publish a 300-year-old manuscript that in substantial part, however, was, and remains, literally unprintable. Almost half of the British Library's Sloane MS. 93 (which does indeed begin and end with a series of neatly copied letters) is taken up by fifty pages of holograph rough drafts and notes that mostly relate to various literary projects Harvey seems to have been contemplating at the end of the 1570s. These include quasi-narrative epistles (not unlike those by Harvey to be found in the letters between him and Spenser that were published in 1580), poems, a dialogue, and what has been taken for a true-life account of the attempted seduction of Harvey's sister. Except in the case of this last, the pages of the drafts are crammed with marginal addenda, insertions, alterations, cross-outs, corrections within additions, deletions within cancellations, additions within cancellations, and deletions within corrections, false starts, dangling ends, and multiple recensions, running up and down the sides of pages and creeping into the creases of the binding, generally in what has been accurately described by Josephine Waters Bennett as "an almost illegible scrawl" (1931, 166). Scott's transcription of this chirographic chaos, which aimed at conflating as closely as possible to a fair copy, has remained not merely convincing, but arguably unsurpassable, and among others Harold S. Wilson echoed Bennett's admiration ("almost superhuman") in testifying that Scott "displayed monumental patience in his attempt to decipher it" (Wilson 1948a, 348).

Still, in 1931, as part of an argument then surrounding the date of the *Mutabilitie Cantos*, Bennett was compelled to leaven her own approbation of Scott's work with misgivings as to its representational authenticity: "by making a fair copy, with the marginal additions inserted at the places marked by Harvey, or, where no mark occurs, at appropriate places, the editor of the *Letter-Book* has given an impression of the contents [...] which has proven misleading to subsequent Spenser and Harvey scholars" (Bennett 1931, 166). This is specifically the case because Scott has not adequately represented what Bennett takes to be an inconsistent but telling attempt on Harvey's part to alter, in drafts of certain literary epistles, the name of the addressee from "Immerito" (Spenser's pseudonym in *The shepheardes calender* and in some of the letters between him and Harvey published in 1580) to "Benevolo," which may have been

meant as a pseudonym no longer for Spenser, but for some third party (perhaps the anonymous "VVelwiller" who prefaces the published Spenser-Harvey correspondence [cf. Albright 1932, 422-23]). Similarly, in spite of his respect for Scott's patience and acumen, G. C. Moore Smith had earlier called attention to Scott's inconsistent, indeed rarely attempted, representation of blottings and emendations in Harvey's manuscript (1911, 263).

But the "impression of the contents" that Scott sought to create is "misleading" in more ways than these; for it leads the reader along those "strait roads" which the Proverbs of Hell tell us are a sign of "Improvent" (sic), while "the crooked roads without Improvement are the roads of Genius" (cf. the triumphant photo-quotation of Blake's actual engraved lines in McLeod 1983, 189). If one attempts to read the drafts in Harvey's genuine hand one quickly gets, not merely eyestrain, but a quite different "impression" from the one set up in type in 1884, one that can throw into relief the inauthenticity of any *impression* of the self fostered by the redactionism of a print culture.

In bringing up the theme of "authenticity" I am not sneaking into the rather misty grey area of the "aura," as inkled by Walter Benjamin. Harvey's "Letter-book" has never been considered a work of art, and I myself have only consulted it on the aura-occluding medium of microfilm (Bennett and Wilson were obliged to make use of a photostat). For the moment I am interested more in questions relating to a comparative phenomenology of manuscript and printed text, from the point of view of the textuality of personality: ways in which reality effects may "fall out," to use the Benjaminian turn, in typesetting; ways in which characters or character are rendered more "orthographic" by edition; ways in which ex-selves and others put under erasure are cancelled and preserved in the manuscript document as they are not in editorial syntheses; ways in which a flowing, shifting, handwritten character can become a castoff, set-up "type."

Although considerable work has been done from a sociological point of view on the impact of the advent of printing on "letters" (cf. Kernan 1987) and the phenomenological ramifications of living in a print culture, there seems to have been no attempt at anything like an account of the experience of reading *manuscript* within that culture. The reason, of course, is that in modern society all literate people, though in practice they are often readers of manuscripts, are *theoretically* readers of print. Only the most specialized scholars are likely to read *"literary works"* in holograph manuscripts, and even then usually only so as to prepare a printed representation. Insatiable fanatics may peruse the Dover reprint of *Alice's Adventures Underground*, and sedulous graduate students may lug outsize facsimiles of Valéry's *Cahiers* to their coffee-caching carrels, but no ordinary reader settles down to pore over photos of Pepys's seventeenth-century stenographic diaries or even the putatively smoother-reading ones of Virginia Woolf. And only a Randall McLeod consults the version of "On Sitting Down to Read King Lear" lodged in Keats's hand between the end of *Hamlet* and the opening of *Lear* on page 280 of his type-facsimile of the First Folio. McLeod is one of a mere handful of critics sensitive to the ways in which the "atomistic, sequential and linear processing" of letterpress printing and the work of edition that is "consonant" with its philosophy of re-composition serve to straighten "crooked" texts, the genius of whose original (and somewise photoreproducible) iconicity may offer its own "riled road to learning" (McLeod 1982, 37; 38).

But before getting too embroiled in the possibility that a photo-electronic culture "may endow English criticism at the end of the century with an awareness of the iconicity of the text, which criticism largely neglected at the beginning" (38), it may be best to confront the reader with a bit of that iconicity (a picture being worth a thousand words), and briefly examine some of the complications attendant on a typographical representation of handwritten text. I shall take as an example the opening page of that section of Sloane MS. 93 that contains Harvey's rough drafts of literary projects. This is the verso of what is now numbered as folio 34, a fairly straightforward page on which all of the unblotted text is reasonably legible. It contains what look to be sketches toward a *mise-en-scène* surrounding the death of the writer George Gascoigne. These claim at one point to have been written by Harvey immediately in response to the poet's death (October 1577) and to be published now by "a familiar frende." The text as it appears in Scott's edition of the "Letter-Book" is reproduced in Figure 1. A somewhat more concerted effort to provide information in print which, like the ideal functioning of textual apparatus in critical editions, would allow readers to work back to a reconstruction of the original, is offered in Figure 2. Figure 3 reproduces the actual page as it appears in Sloane MS. 93.

The iconicity of Scott's edition can perhaps speak for itself–although I should point out that I have slightly reduced the original and, perhaps more importantly, have placed side by side what in the original constitute the recto and verso of a leaf. Scott expands contractions, normalizes *i*, *j*, *u*, *v* and long *s*, adds a fair bit of formatting (including paragraphing), footnotes two allusions, and in two cases (56 nn. a and b) gives some information about the layout of the original. He also makes a couple of questionable transcriptions (or they may be typos) which Moore Smith later corrected (1911, 262).

In my experimental revised transcription I have left contractions unexpanded (Latin "-que" abbreviations are indicated by "q;") and followed what I interpret to be Harvey's usage where *i*, *j*, *u* and *v* are concerned (although my reading of these letters has undoubtedly been somewhat prejudiced by an awareness of Elizabethan typographical usage). I have not, however, been able to distinguish between long and terminal *s*'s. I have attempted to reproduce all "text" on the manuscript page, including cancellations. Text that I could not make out is represented by series of asterisks. Hypothetical readings are preceded by question marks. Interlinear insertions are italicized, and remote insertions, whose intended situation is indicated by Harvey through the use of symbolic markers, are set off after the last word of the mainbody text prior to the marker and enclosed within addition signs. Words scored through have been rendered in boldface.

I have also divided the space of the manuscript page into text fields on the basis of chunking in terms of content and, to a lesser extent, formal aspects. Like Scott, I have arranged the transcribed material in an order which roughly, insofar as it does not interfere with logical coherence, attempts to chronicle a hypothetical order of manuscript inscription. This involves assumptions that larger and more centered or formatted text is likely to have been entered onto the manuscript page earlier than smaller, less centered, less formatted or more marginalized text, and also that inscription began at the top and continued to the bottom of the page (assumptions which in fact do not always make very good sense of the text on Harvey's pages).

f. 34 b.

In effigie Gascoigni[a]
Gascoignus Mercurium atque
Martem suum innocat
Illi verbo respondent.

G. Mercuri ades: M. Venio. G. Mars adsis: M. Protinus adsum. G. Quid datis? M.M. Ah, miser est, qui petit. G. Ecce miser.

Gascoignus solus, seipsum cum Hercule[b]
Strozza comparat, homine Italo
Eodemque viro generoso ac poeta nobili.

In eo discrimen notatur quod cum Mars et Venus utrique dominaretur, hæc tamen illum, hunc potius ille perdiderit.

Mercurius linguam: Mars dextram: Cypria mentem:
Et parvam mentem parve Cupido dabas.
Scilicet ista isti dederant eadem omnia iidem
Strozza tibi: nec aquam sic aqua pura refert.
Ambo infælices: sed erat discrimen in illo
Incidit tibi Mars: Cypria falsa mihi.
G. H. invita Minerva F[ecit].

A neue Pamflett conteininge a fewe delicate poeticall devises of Mr. G. H., extemporally written by him in Essex, at the ernest request of a certain gentleman a worshipfull frende of his, and made as it were under the gentlemans owne person, immediatly uppon ye reporte of ye deathe of M. Georg Gascoigne Esquier, and since not perusid by the autor.

Published by a familiar frende of his, that copyed them owte præsently after they were first compiled with ye same frends præface of dutifull commendation, and certayne other gallante appurtenances worth the readinge.[a] . . . . . .

A suttle and trechrous advantage (poetically imagined) taken at unawares by the 3 fatall sisters to berive M. Gascoigne of his life, notwithstandinge a former composition solemely and autentically agreid uppon betwene Mars Mercury and them to the contrarye. His lively and vitall spiritts grauntid and (by allegoricall interpretation) restorid unto him of[b] . . . . . .

f. 35.

And if with pleasure thou delightes
To feede thine eie, injoye thy fill;
Here mayst thou gratis vewe the gostes
That Socrates surveyith still.
He longd to dye, thou wottst it well
To looke ould Homer in the face
And to dispute with Hesiode
Queinte mysteries towchinge Poets grace.
To marke withall Ulisses sleites,
And heare Sir Nestors eloquence,
And Heroules countenaunce behoulde,
And note sage Dias[c] sapience.
Methinkes thow gleekiste many a lorde
And spees out maddames for the nonce
And sporte thyselffe with this and that
And specially with ther deinty bones.
And all that glorious cumpany
Of parsonages heroicall,
To greete with salutations
Divine and metaphysicall.

[a] George Gascoigne, the poet, died at Stamford, 7 Oct. 1577. *See* Coopers' Athenæ Cantabrigienses. vol. i. pp. 374-378.

[b] Hercules Strozzi, an Italian poet of Ferrara, 1471-1508.

[a] Here four leaves have been cut.

[b] The above paragraph is written on a blank space in f. 34 b. and was evidently intended to come in somewhere on the recto of the first of the excised leaves.

[c] Dias of Ephesus, a Greek philosopher, *circ.* 350 B.C.

Figure 1
Scott 1884, pp. 55-56

Figure 2
Experimental Transcription of Sloane MS. 93, fol. 34^{v}

[field A]

In effigie Gascoigni.
Gascoignus Mercurium, atq;
Martem suum inuocat:
Illi verbo respondent.

[field B]

G. Mercuri ades : *M.* Venio. *G.* Mars adsis : *M.* Protinus asdsū.
G. Quid datis. *M M.* Ah, miser est, qui petit. *G.* Ecce Miser.

[field C]

Gascoignus solus, seipsū cū Hercule
Strozza comparat, homine Italo,
eodemq; viro generoso, ac poeta nobili.

[field D]

+In eo discrimē notatur, qd cū Mars, et Venus utriq; dominaretur, **?haec ?illū potius, hunc ille ?perdiderit** haec tamen illū, hunc potiùs ille perdiderit.+

[field E]

Mercurius linguam · Mars dextram
Cypria mentem :
Et parvam Mentem parve Cupido dabas
Scilicet ista isti dederant eadem omnia ıjdem
Strozza tibi : nec aquam sic aqua pura refert
Ambo infaelices sed erat discrimen in illo
Inuidit tibi Mars : Cypria falsa mihi.
G.H. inuita Minerua F.

[field F]

A *neue* Pamphlett, conteininge A fewe **extemporall** *delicate* poeticall Deuices of Mr. G. H **writtē in Pembrooke Hall at Cambridge,**

[field G]

+ **?compiled** *extemporally writtē* by him in Essex, at y^{e} ernest request of A certayne Gentlemā, **A very** *An* **?especiall** *worshipfull* frende of his, and *made* as it were ********** *vnder* the gentlemans owne person,+

[field F cont.]

immediately vppō y^{e} reporte of y^{e} deathe of M. Georg Gascoigne Esquire and since *not* **vnperusid of** *bye* the Autor.

Published by A familiar frende of his, that copyed them owte praesently after they were **made** *first* ******* *compiled* wth y^{e} same frends praeface of *dutifull* commendation. **and certayne other +gallante+ appurtenances worth the readinge.**

[field H]

A suttle and trechrous aduantage +(poetically imagined)+ taken *at* ** *vnawares* by y^{e} 3. fatall sisters to **?beriue** beriue M. Gascoigne of his Life, notwitlıstandinge A former **?solemne** composition, solemely and autentically **?made** *agreid vppō* betwene Mars, ** Mercury and them to y^{e} cōtrarye. **His**

[field J]

His liuely and uitall spiritts, grauntid, and (by Allegoricall interpretation) restorid vnto him of frende of his, and

Figure 3
Sloane MS. 93, fol 34v

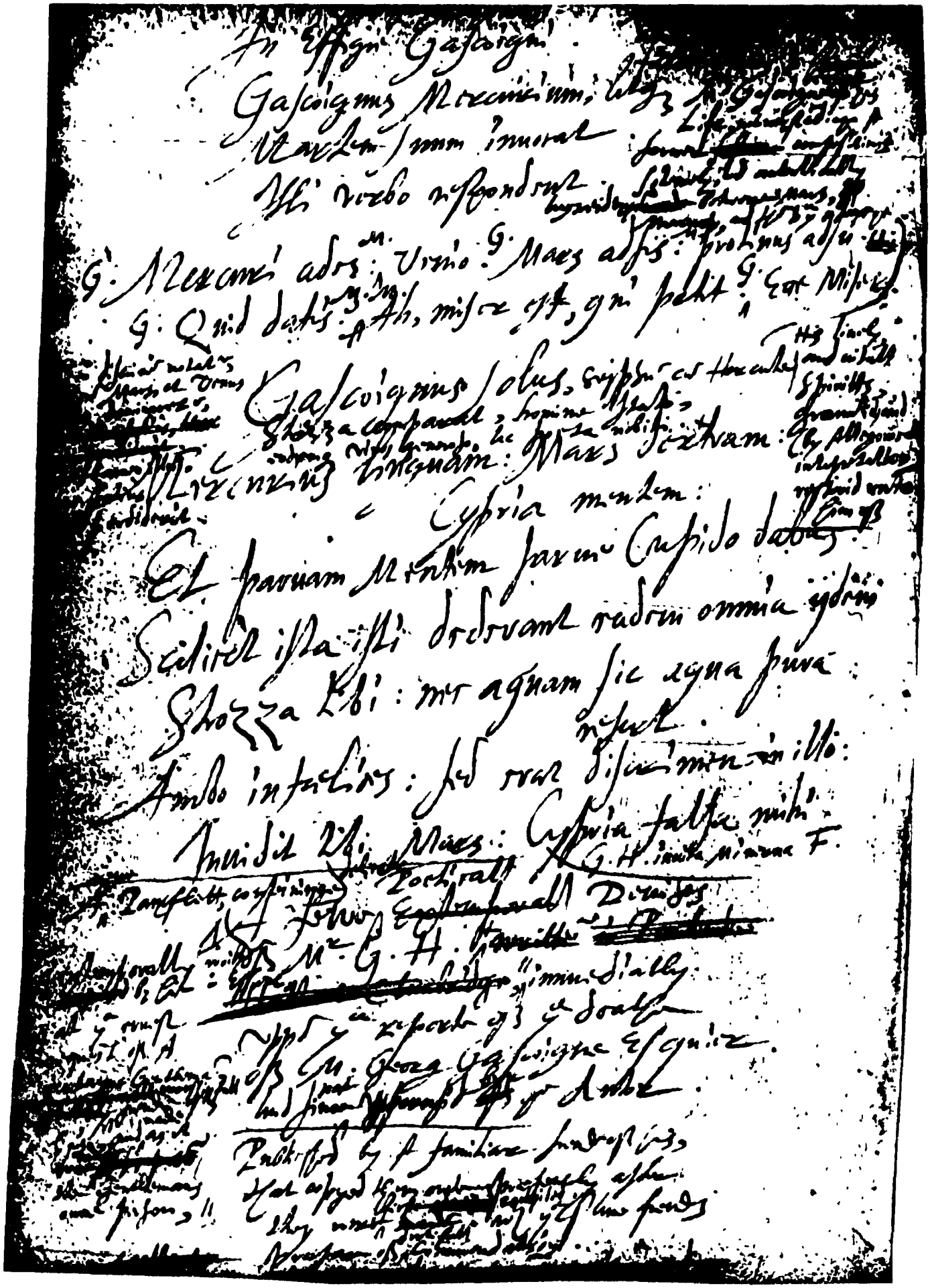
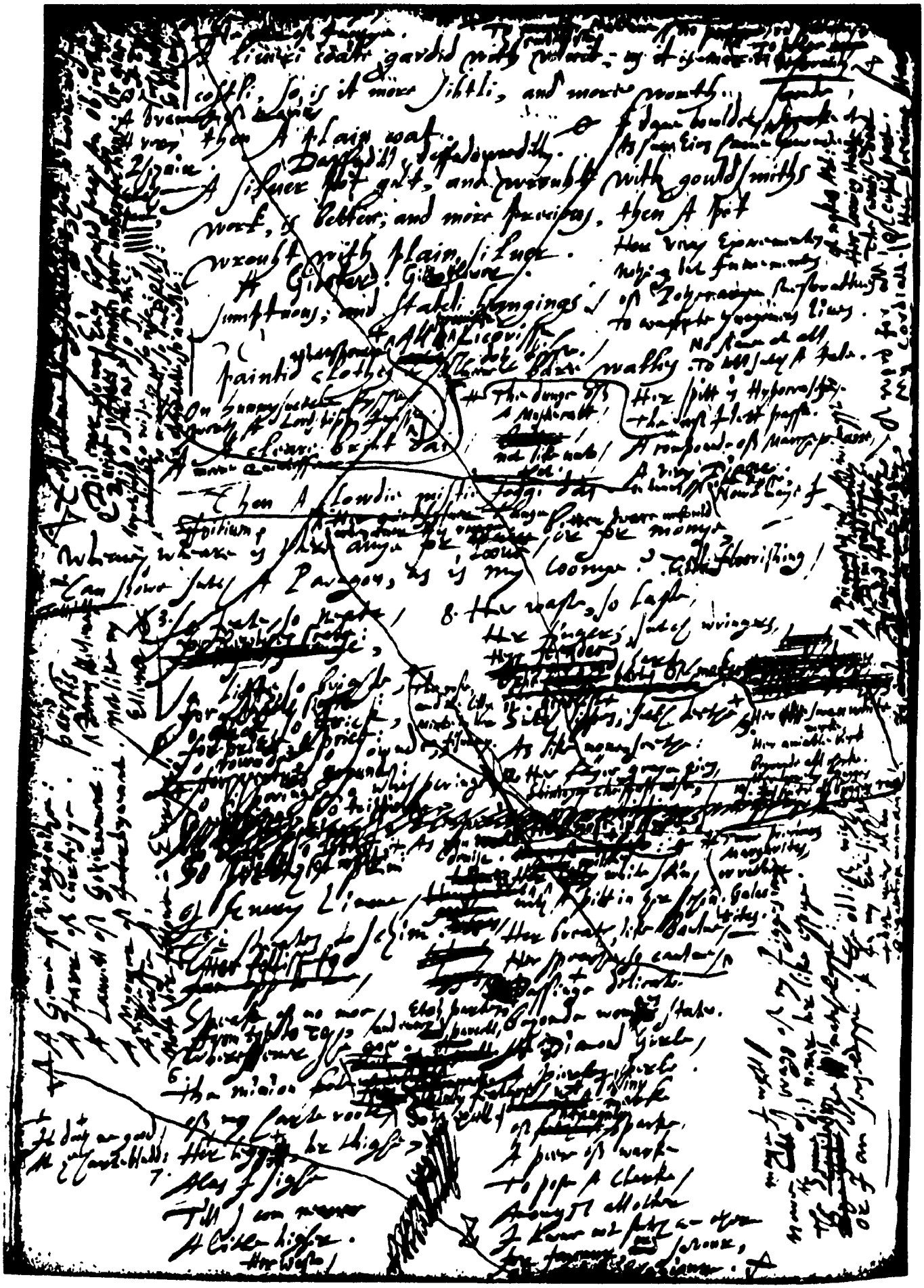


Figure 4
Sloane MS 93, fol 57v



Some aspects of the manuscript that are not represented are: variations in style of hand (secretary or italic characters, and so on); the relative size, calligraphy and legibility of words; angular biases of text lines on the page; boldness or fineness of letters; evidence of lightness or heaviness of inscriptional pressure; and variation in inks (if any). It has also not been possible to carry the representation of the development of the page or evolution of inscription even to the point that a commonsense analysis of a photofacsimile of the manuscript permits. For instance, the words in field C "Gascoignus solus" are written in a hand and size and positioned in such a way as to suggest (rather absurdly, though they might be a kind of speech heading) that they could originally have formed a chunk with the "Mercurius linguam : Mars dextram : / Cypria mentem, etc." of field E. Alternatively, "Gascoignus solus, seipsũ cũ Hercule Strozza comparat" might originally have been intended to be the whole of an insert before "Mercurius linguam, etc.," but then ran on first to the minutely interlineated elaboration of "Hercule Strozza," and then to the marginal addendum in field D. Thus, a perhaps more convincing order of inscription might be A-B-E-F and then either H-J or C-D, followed by the other pair.

Some of the aspects not represented in my transcription could perhaps be communicated typographically through differential typefonts and bold or italic faces, and/or through more elaborate field plotting and editorial apparatus or footnotes. Indeed, in this day and age it would be possible to create a type-facsimile of considerable sophistication, approximately reproducing situation on the manuscript page, relative size, and varying character. But in the case of a less readily legible page, such as fol. 57^{v} (see Figure 4), costs in time and money for transcription and typesetting/paste-up (computer-assisted or not) would presumably be greater than those of making a photofacsimile of the manuscript itself, while the latter course would largely do away with the whole *problem* (since it now can become a problem) of accuracy.

For in a photo-electronic age, textual accuracy can become an issue, or a re-issue, because it comes into *conflict* with print culture objectives of definitiveness and accessibility. Readers naturally see advantages in being able to consult conventionally authoritative and relatively affordable, unscarce and easily-read typographical representations of rare *Ur*-texts that may in fact authentically be multiple, bastard, sequestered and embodied in uncouth script or black letter type. But in our time the *accuracy* of a representation, and hence its claim to authenticity, must often be in inverse proportion to its definitiveness and accessibility. Such a statement flies in the bold face of print culture concepts of authenticity and accuracy since "authenticity" for a print culture comes down to "a generally accepted view that what is printed is true, or at least truer than any other type of record" (Kernan 1987, 49), and since students of the Elizabethan age have become most familiar with "accuracy" not to what Michael J. Warren rightly calls the "existential" text ("the existence of which," as McLeod precises, "precedes its essence" [McLeod 1982, 37]), but rather, as Alvin Kernan has claimed, to a "pure and permanent textual being" of whose neo-auratic authenticity "the platonizing power of print has been in the Gutenberg age one of the major sources":

> A printed text--written in manuscript and edited, set in type, printed, proofed, corrected, addenda and variants attached--is capable of being "accurate," if not absolutely, then still to the degree that a manuscript can never be, and it achieves further accuracy in successive editions. What it corresponds to in its

> accuracy is not so obvious; it is usually said to be the author's intention, but in fact turns out to be some form of itself generated and fixed in the process of writing, editing and printing. (Kernan 1987, 165)

Actually what is progressively *effaced* in redaction is any physical trace of the intentionality of the author, and it is thus not for *nada* that Warren calls the more spontaneous first impressions in which he trusts "existential." They are so first of all because they pre-*existed* the conflated dream-texts of modern editors in archeologically authentic artifacts. But their existential "authenticity" does not necessarily end there; it could be felt that as the texts most propinque to their origins, the traces they carry provide the realest textual approximation to the personalities that went into them, and thus that they have "human rights" which editors insensitively usurp in their deadeningly clinical acts of normalization. If it is now being recognized that early editions may deserve these rights, as part and parcel of their very existence, how much greater must be the rights of the autograph manuscript to reassert the authenticity of its *unique* self-inscription?

Technologically enhanced legibility would then vitiate authenticity precisely in the "crooked" or "underhanded" (though barefaced) ways in which the pre-eminently "readable" medium of print falsifies the actual "textuality of self." For that textuality is difficult to read by virtue of its closeness to the body and soul of the real person; the reality decreases as the recognizable, conventional, accessible, definitive quality of legibility increases. As Jonathan Goldberg has put it: "the fair hand is legible, but its very legibility means that it cannot be owned as a mark of individuality" (Goldberg 1988, 323). But I don't think, and neither does he, that this is to say that character as such is immanently unreadable; only that the self is always a draft, that it is falsified by every effort to establish a definitive redaction, and especially that anytime you think you can read someone like a book you have doubtless created your own large-type edition, probably complete with an obnoxiously digressive introduction and not a single reference to the collations of that tireless graduate student in her styrofoam-lined cubicle. But if all *impressions* of the self *are* indeed inauthentic, some impressions are nevertheless (I would argue) more inauthentic than others; and with this in mind, I will henceforth cite Harvey's drafts in Sloane MS. 93 making use of the conventions I adopted in the experimental transcription of fol. 34^{v} in Figure 2, although I will also provide references to the places in Scott's edition where the corresponding text is to be found, thus making two affable concessions to accessibility (I could probably instead have photoquoted the manuscript). For the authentic but "inaccessible" self may, after all, be as much a product of a print culture luxury of Romantic uncertainty (cf. Ong 1971, 276ff) as the accessible but "inauthentic" self is a product of its standardization effect.

Exes

It is worth emphasizing that autochirographic "authenticity" should not be simply equated with autobiographical realism; it is *between* the autographical and the auto*bio*graphical that these authenticity effects must frequently traffic. Their difference can perhaps be impressed upon the reader through aspects of the "manuscript Harvey" most easily representable in the

standardizing rectilinearity of print: those having to do with the hypothetically diachronic phenomenon of revision. Of course, at the microtextual level of individual cancellations and insertions, print representations risk the creation of a *pseudo*-temporality not exhibited by the original, the imposition of a teleological narrative "line" whereby, what's more, the *final* version is paradoxically likely to gain plotline "priority." The actual superimposition and *inter*-linearity of the manuscript, on the other hand, creates a pathos of simultaneous presence and absence–and often, due to the crabbed, crooked and less calligraphic and integrated nature of the revisions, a sense of their *Nachträglichkeit*, and thus of the propriety or at least the priority of the *cancelled* reading. This creates an authenticity effect which need have nothing to do with autobiography in the strict sense (if there is one).

Many of the words cancelled in Harvey's drafts are repeated or inserted elsewhere in the same clause; they appear to represent the traces of syntactical redeployments. Other words are crossed out to be replaced by more exact or "witty" parasynonyms. These are matters of style, and as we know, *"c'est l'homme même."* But what is altered in these cases is only rearranged (as if we saw Harvey trying to give his hat a more rakish cock) or spruced up (as if we saw him put back one tie and select a more fitting one). Where proper nouns are concerned, however–the situations he chooses as backdrops, the others against whom he defines himself–the distance can feel more pathetic. In the rare but telling cases where proper nouns have been altered, reading between the lines becomes more personal, more intrusive, more embarrassing, more painful. And although Harvey's customary method of cancelling these people and places is by drawing a line over them, one can easily find oneself romanticizing in terms of double-crosses, fateful encounters at crossroads, struggles on the brinks of the chiasmus, crude crosses over abandoned plots–places and people, in other words, that are now only "exes." In following the traces of Harvey's crossings-over one can get a sense of him ruthlessly distancing these proper nouns from himself, and consequently diverting the text from what begins to seem the x-marked buried treasure of his authentic self. But what needs to be emphasized is that this very differential of interlinear cancellation and insertion is in large part what can create a sense of an authentic presence of selfhood *between* the lines of the manuscript text.

At times this distancing effect can be viewed as an imperialist gesture of expansion on the part of the writerly ego. For instance, at one point in the draft of the philosophico-erotic poem, *The Schollars Loove*, Harvey has the lines:

> Nowe, and then a spare hower is allotid to Gascoyne:
> And sum tyme I attende on gentle Master Ascham.
> (Harvey MS.a, 66/134)

This seems "autobiographical," and indeed the drafts in Sloane MS. 93 appear to me to be heavily influenced by Harvey's concomitant or recent reading of Gascoigne. But he has here underlined *Gascoyne*, *gentle* and *Ascham* and written above them the alternative readings *Chaucer*, *sage* and *Gower* respectively, thus artificially encompassing within his influential recreation the limit-texts of English classicism to which Greene would later defer in *Greenes*

Vision.[1] An expansiveness of this kind is sometimes to be seen in Harvey's revisions in general, as when in proposing to share with the reader the reported praise of himself by Dyer and Sidney he first seems to have intended to refer to "A peece of A letter that I lately receyuid frõ **a frende** [...]" and then to have blotted out the friend and immediately continued instead with "[...] the Courte writtẽ by A frende of mine that *since a certayne chaunce befallen vnto him*, (*********** *A secrett, not to be reuealid*) callith him selfe Immerito" (53/101). Here, the more immediate and intimate source of the "frende" (Spenser-as-Immerito, on which more below) was displaced for the more "extensional" mention of "the Courte." A similar overreaching may be behind the change of the place of composition of the verses on Gascoigne from "Pembrooke Hall at Cambridge" to "Essex," not only because Essex is literally (topographically) nearer to London than Cambridge is, but also because it had been at Audley End that Harvey had been introduced to the Queen and written his commemorative *Gratulationes Valdinensis* (1578), the most ambitiously literary and least academic of his Latin publications. The actual place of composition becomes moot, since the variance now leads the reader in the manuscript to assume that location is being inscribed in a premeditated *mise-en-scène* with a view to creating effects. Any sense of realism, then, inheres not so much in the autobiographical plausibility of either *Essex* or *Pembrooke Hall*, as in the remainder of alienation created by their juxtaposition; what we see is the overarching "shifting." The disassociation, fictionalization and disenfranchisement of the discourse from a stable grounding in the author's *Lebenswelt* helps create an effect of the disengagement of a biographical Harvey from his text, and the shifting in the text itself enhances the effect of an unmoved mover at another narrative level.

In the examples just examined, (auto)biographical data of a documentary nature combines with a "reading" (in the literal sense) of the manuscript to create a sense of alienation and distance in revision that can be used to triangulate a third term, betwixt and between: "Harvey." But the biographical bias coupled with the alienation effect can then recontribute to an impression of the greater groundedness of the crossed-over first thoughts; a return of the property of the noun to the original tenant. The space between the variants allows us to posit Harvey's as a postmeditated performance: it is obvious that he is willing to vary the facts (or fictions) for effect. But then psychologizing theories of defense add genetic prioritization to the earlier, ostensibly more spontaneous, presumably "closer to home," inscription so that it can seem "nearer" if not to an authentic "extratextual" reality--*was eigentlich geschehen*--then at least to a more genuine imaginative investment or "topos of the self." But the *realism* of the draft is not merely in its liability to reinforce by deviance the authenticity of a crossed-out autobiographically plausible term, falsified in the faircopy. This is a psychoanalytical

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[1] This is not to suggest, on the other hand, that Harvey himself did not really devote time to reading Chaucer and Gower; there are several echoes of the former in his drafts, and to both of them in his published works and marginalia. But the change of names lends itself to a reading according to a "revisionary ratio" to which Harold Bloom seems to have given too little attention: one whereby the actual strong proximate precursor would be bypassed through claiming influence from a conventionally stronger, but actually unanxious, forebear. Maggie Kilgour has argued that Milton in *Comus* practises a *méconnaissance* somewhat of this sort, ostensibly "getting rid of the earthly father and Shakespeare, and identifying only with the heavenly and Spenser" (1990, 137).

construction which, though I am glad to acknowledge it, does not exhaust the realism of the text.

"Autobiographical" reading–whether historical or psychological–does, on the other hand, *contribute* to the authenticity effects that manuscript difference can create. Someone who knew nothing about Harvey apart from Sloane MS. 93 and/or who had access only to Scott's edition (which does in fact print the *Chaucer-sage-Gower* variants but fails to represent the replacement of **Pembrooke Hall** by *Essex* or of **A frende** by *the Courte*) would not experience these effects, or would experience them...differently. Of course it could be argued that this precise combination of print-cultural readerly positions (implying a textuality *au pied de la lettre*) would most readily serve the original "intentionality" of the author, or, *en revanche*, that from a philosophical point of view, the autobiographically psychologizing attempt to *uncover* that intentionality with the aid of collateral documentation is heretical and fallacious, again by print-cultural norms. But I would contend that an authentic textual selfhood, like an authentic selfhood *tout court*, can only be preserved by a *stay* of the print-cultural *execution* of authorial intentionality, whether this means an abortion of its effectuation or a postponement of its rubbing out. If there *is*, then, such a thing as a literal text of the self, it must be read as it is *lived*, differentially.

Any element once stabilized can exert an *autobiographical* effect, though only the interstices between such elements create "authenticity." The vexed question for many in all this will be the recursion to elements termed "(auto)biographical," but I would be willing to allow that for the textual *effect* of authenticity the only requirement is two variant elements, neither of which need finally be more "real" for a sense of real*ism* to be produced. In *reading*, however, some ensemble of elements will in practice take on greater authenticity or reality in some sense, typically an "autobiographical" one, which undoubtedly carries with it not a little metaphysical baggage (and I would be happy if it happened to get lost in transit). Like the cat who came back, this autobiographical fallacy (as with some version of the mimetic) always pops up again just when you think it has been done away with definitively. (The author is dead. - Barthes. Barthes is dead. - The author.) Of course, as an historical method, biographizing only becomes *really* "vulgar" when it plays into the hands of that proverbially vulgar approach, psychologizing. But while it is probably clear enough by now that one of my own mottoes is *"sentiendum ut vulgus, loquendum ut docti,"* I am not sure that the biographical psychologizing that underwrites, or better: *overreads* my sense of authenticity in the manuscript draft does not already demand a far from vulgar brand of "dialectical psychologism" that would make an anti-intentionalist's head spin.

I want to explore for a moment the possibility that it is what has traditionally been taken for the most "autobiographical" document in the draft section of Sloane MS. 93–the putatively true-life account of "A noble mans sute to A cuntrie Maide" (71^{v}/144)–which, read in manuscript, produces perhaps the fewest authenticity effects, while the effects of revision in two potentially related (or at least "differentially readable" [cf. McLeod 1983, 169ff]) productions of ostensibly greater literarity create a pathos of authenticity, one that can then even return to reinforce the authentification of the "autobiographical" account.

The story of the "noble mans sute" on fols. 71^{v}-84 is the least-blotted of the drafts. There are only a handful of cancellations and interlinear or marginal additions. This least revised,

most "print-ready" text has also been taken for the most autobiographical; it is virtually a fair copy of a narrative in which Harvey himself and his sister Mercy, their home town of Walden and Harvey's Pembroke Hall are all openly named, and the nobleman's person and connections are sufficiently alluded to to have allowed Moore Smith's confident identification of the culprit as Philip Howard, later Earl of Arundel (1911, 261; Scott had already suggested that this identification would be an easy matter [1884, xvi]).

As a true-life record of the attempt by a married nobleman to exchange a few gewgaws for the sexual favors of "milkmaidelyke" Mercy Harvey, the account quite arguably, as the Reverend Grosart, in his edition of Harvey's works, put it, "suggests a good deal" (1884, 3:xxiii). The nobleman first uses his manservant "P." as a paranymph, and then eventually confronts Mercy himself, offering her enticements and promises of his devotion. Finally, at a neighbor's house, "in A litle parlour in his dublet, and his hose / his points vntrust / and his shirt lying out round about him" (78^{v}/152), he tries to force himself upon her. She parries during the various interviews, writes him a number of dissuasive letters, reproduced in the manuscript, and after a fair bit of dalliance, the seduction is at last averted through a deft maneuver on the part of Harvey himself. Such a glimpse beneath the surface of Elizabethan "courtship" is indeed almost posthypnotically suggestive.

There are, however, a number of elements which render the degree of true-life veracity of the narrative in Harvey's hand suspect. The account is preceded by a page of notes in point form which correspond, but not exactly, to the early episodes in the version written out. There are also a number of gaps in the text corresponding to the places where transcriptions of the nobleman's letters should appear. Grosart (1884, 3:xxii-xxiii) noted these discrepancies, and suggested that so much of the nobleman's side of the correspondence was lacking because Harvey had pasted or slipped the actual letters into his notebook; but an alternative hypothesis would be that Harvey could not get the letters, would be obliged to invent or reconstruct them, and did not want to pause in his writing out of the account to do so. In one case, half a page has been left blank and at another a whole page, perhaps for this purpose (fols. 76^{v} and 82). Only the first of the nobleman's letters is actually written down (fol. 75^{v}). One naturally wonders where Harvey got copies of his sister's letters, since it seems unlikely that she would have kept drafts of such correspondence, and the letters as we have them (some in verse) may strike the reader as improbably devious and full of "conceit" to be the authentic productions of a teenaged country girl in the sixteenth century. Finally, the third person omniscient narration of the "curiously detailed account" (Biller 1969, xiii n. 1) of the interviews between Mercy and the two men could hardly have been accurately written by Harvey without the collaboration of at least his sister and the manservant, and one wonders that either of them would have been so cooperative in a venture which, had it ever been made public, would doubtless have been an embarrassment to all concerned.

Of those who have written on Harvey, only Janet Biller has considered the "noble mans sute" more likely to be a work of fiction, suggesting that it is "not unrelated in kind to Lyly's *Euphues*, Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. J.*, and John Grange's *The Golden Aphrodite*"

(1969, xiii n. 1).[2] Virginia Stern has countered Biller with her own faith that it is "a true account (although perhaps an overly dramatized one) of a factual incident," since she thinks that Harvey lacked the imagination to invent it, that there are corroborative allusions elsewhere in his manuscripts,[3] and that Harvey would hardly have used a readily-identifible real-life nobleman as a character in such a fiction (Stern 1979, 38 n. 16). But in fact, docudrama or "faction" of this sort may have been typical of the textual practice which has come to be known as the dil· mmatic mode of "Elizabethan storytelling." In this connection, the proposed precursor text of Gascoigne's *Master F.I.*, with its realistic plotting and dialogue, and its exchanges of *billets doux* and *durs*, is especially resonant with Harvey's text, particularly since we know that he had read the revised version in Gascoigne's *Posies* most probably before he began the drafts in Sloane MS. 93 (he has dated his copy of the *Posies*, "Cal. Sept. 1577," the month before Gascoigne died [Moore Smith 1913, 165]). In his "Epistle to the reuerende Diuines" in the *Posies*, Gascoigne had bemoaned the fact that "some busie conjectures" have supposed *Master F.I.* to have been "written to the scandalizing of some worthie personages, whom they would seeme therby to know" (Gascoigne 1575, 7), and he had felt compelled to change the first edition English names of the characters and setting to Italian ones and father the whole works upon an invented Italian novelist, Bartello.

Harvey's presentation of his sister's troubles does bear some family resemblance to Gascoigne's tale of erotically errant ignobles, and Harvey could well have assumed, perhaps rightly, that Gascoigne had in fact incorporated actual personalities and events into his adventure, and then changed or disguised the names of the originals. One can picture Harvey copying out and tailoring the details of a "factual incident" with the intention of fictionalizing the names later, as he seems possibly to have done at other places in the manuscript, places with an equal ring of "faction" about them, and which are perhaps connected with the landmarks of Harvey's "autobiography" only as they appear in the authentically fictional plans of Sloane MS. 93.

Three of the other pieces in the manuscript deal with amorous intrigues: the "Answer to a Millers vayne letter" (49^{v}-51/90-95), "The Schollars Loove" (57^{v}-68; 69-70/101-38, 140-43), and "To my only Looue, & Mistresse, M. Anne" (68^{v}-69/139-40). The last two, which are a little hard to sort out, are followed by the "noble mans sute," from which they are separated by a blank verso. The unsigned, extensively revised letter to "M. Anne" seems to have a somewhat more honorable intention than those from the nobleman to Mercy, since it asks the subscription of "on[e] *mayde* Virgins [...] two H.H.^{s}, ********** that is her Hande, and Harte to knitt vpp y^{e} nott ********** *of one man virgins perfection, and blisse*." Oddly, however, the letter begins by mentioning an element that is also found in Mercy's story: "My only Hart, and lyfe, I haue sente you here by my boye, A lytle small enamelid, I had lyke to haue writtẽ,

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[2] Though Margaret Schlauch assumes that the account "is very probably the reflection of incidents in the real life of his family," she does marvel that these incidents "are prophetic of the kind of plot often successfully developed in future novels like *Pamela*," and significantly discusses Harvey's narrative together with Gascoigne's *F. I.*, the "literary" character of which is generally insisted upon (Schlauch 1963, 215).

[3] She follows here, as in much of her discussion of the episode, Moore Smith (1913, 16). The relevant allusions are two pretty cryptic marginal references to "Unhappy Philip" in Harvey's copy of Erasmus's *Parabolae* (Moore Smith 1913, 137; Stern 1979, 36-37).

enamorid Ringe for A token" (68ᵛ/139). This ring, inscribed with *"fower doosen* Letters" which in "Cupides Interpretatiõ" form a love verse, recalls, or anticipates, the "prettie inammeld ring, with this posie, DON : TYE" brought by P. in the "noble mans sute," as a token of his master's earnest (72ᵛ/145) and described in the preliminary outline precisely as "yᵉ small inamlid ring" (71/143). It also isn't hard to see a connection with another *soi-disant* true-life piece, the verses "To my good Mistresse *Anne*: the very lyfe of my lyfe, and onely beloued Mistresse" actually published in 1580 in the third of the *Three proper...letters*. According to Harvey, the published verses were written for "an honest Countrey Gentleman, sometimes a Scholler: At whose request, I bestowed this pawlting bungrely Rime vpon him, to present his Maistresse withall" (Harvey and Spenser 1580, –/1:96/629).

One finds Harvey in the role of erotic ghostwriter rather often. On fols. 49ᵛ-51 is a piece which had been headed on fol. 50: **"An Answere to A Millers letter, writtẽ for A Cuntry wenche of my acquayntãce."** This heading, now lined through, is followed by a prose epistle in which the "wenche" boisterously and mockingly responds to "my nameles Nick nobody At yᵉ winde Mill," apparently in a parody of his own magniloquent "gallant **brauadoe crusadoe** *brauadoe* termes" and "mill *crusadoe* Rhetorick" (50/92). On 49ᵛ are some verses, probably written after the prose epistle and intended to accompany it, since at the top has been added: "Her *** *sonnett, and* letter, all in on[e]." A new title has been crammed in sideways: **"A Letter of yᵉ Autors, made** An Answer to A Millers **foolish** *vayne* ***** Letter and foolish absurde Sonnett, **writtẽ** *scriblid longe since* by yᵉ Autor for An honeste Cuntry **wenche** *Mayde* of his acquayntaunce" (49ᵛ/90).

A few stray elements, apart from the general theme of epistolary seduction, serve to bring this letter into a suggestive intertextual relationship with the two previously discussed pieces. One is that it is subscribed "Nan nobodye," making it just possible that a connection with the "Maistresse Anne" of the remote letter in Sloane MS. 93 or that of the published verses in *Three proper...letters* was contemplated (perhaps "Anne" had both a miller and a "Countrey Gentleman" after her). A more suggestive parallel has to do with the distancing cancellations. The letter originally began: **"My souerayne ioye, I receyuid your souerayne toye,** yᵉ *verye* finist, and souerayнist corne, I trowe, that euer was grownd in your *Horrible* ******* Masters Mill, a greate deale finer, *in good soothe*, then ouer *moste* finist wheate meale **jn Walden"** (50/92). But Harvey then crossed out *jn Walden* and wrote above it *"here in* **Trumpington."** ("Trumpyngtoun, nat fer fro Cantebrigge," will be remembered as the site of the mill in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale.") This too he has crossed out, however, and below the line written in the alternatives *Chesterton* and, a little further off, *Storforde*.

The same configuration, minus *Chesterton*, occurs twice further on in the manuscript letter. The miller is taken to task for his long words, and told that he should have "grined them a little *pretty deale* finer and made them sumwhat more **Walden-lyke."** Above the line, **Trumpington**-*like* has been written in, **Trumpington** then crossed out and replaced by *Storteforde* (50ᵛ/93). Similarly, the miller is later warned that the addressee will never be able to catch his drift if he "vse any other then playne, Inglish, and flatt **Walden Trumpington** *Storteforde* speache" (51/94).

Chesterton is just north of Cambridge; Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, is about 10 miles southwest of Saffron Walden on the way to London; thus, Walden is roughly halfway

between Cambridge and Stortford. The revisions represent an interesting itinerary: starting in Walden, Harvey first moves to Trumpington and then Chesterton before leaving the Cambridge area for the relatively remote locale of Stortford. Originally, then, the maid for whom "the author" was to write the letter was to be a resident of Walden, then of the Cambridge area, and finally of a town otherwise unconnected with Harvey. This running away from home, and then from school, might seem reasonably innocent were it not for another, even more "suggestive" emendation. Still complaining about the incomprehensibility of the miller's orotund vocabulary, the letter-writer says that expressions such as "y^e^ ardent *concupisible* appetite of y^e^ *melancollical* Languissing Corps" are made up of "words, *or witchcraftes, whether they be*" that "My brother **Tom Watt** *Nedd*, being A Grammar scholler, can not finde, he sayes, in all his Dictionary, *w^ch^ kost my father at y^e^ lest xx. good shillings, and twoe*, and therefore I can say litle to thee, unlesse I should make M^r^ Vicar, or M^r^ Schoolemaster priuy to yo^r^ *violente* inflamid *amorous concupiscible ardent peremptory* passion" (51/94). The grammar school brother of the letter-writer was thus first called **Tom**; this was then changed to *Watt*, and finally to *Nedd*.

Now as it happens, Gabriel and Mercy Harvey documentarily *had* a brother named Thomas. He was entered in the Saffron Walden register as baptized on 6 September, 1567, the "son of John Harveye," and would thus, as Moore Smith points out, have been of grammar school age in 1575 (see Moore Smith 1913, 5), which is the date near the end of the letter to the miller (G. Harvey MS.a, 51/95; the only date affixed to the "noble mans sute," incidentally, is "1574" written in the margin on fol. 78^v^ [Scott, p. 152] against "y^e^ thursday before Christmas day").

Until 1951, it could not be known for certain that the John Harvey who was the father of Thomas was the same John Harvey who was the father of Gabriel, Richard, John and Mercy,[4] and confirmation was sought in ingenious reading between the lines. It was known from the twentieth sonnet in Gabriel's *Foure letters* that "Foure Sonnes, him [John Harvey senior] cost a thousand pounds at lest" (G. Harvey 1592, I4^v^/1:251/99; note the strange echoing of the father's expenditure for *Tom* or *Nedd*'s dictionary quoted above), and Nashe had confirmed this by remarking that apart from Gabriel, Richard and John, "[a]nother brother there is, whose name I haue forgot" (Nashe 1596, I3^v^/58).[5] R. B. McKerrow suggested privately to Moore Smith "that Nashe found it convenient to forget it, as it was the same as his own," and Moore Smith then hastened to adduce the change of **Tom** to *Nedd* in Sloane MS. 93, referring to the revision as though Harvey himself were more than the agency of the letter to the "vayne Miller"–which would seem to miss out a couple of intentional narrative levels at least (Moore Smith 1913, 5; he is followed in this by Biller 1969, 6a). Even the vulgarest of autobiographical literalism could not assume that the maid to whom the miller

[4] It was then that Irving Ribner published his discovery of a deposition by James Crofte, Notary-Public of Saffron Walden, taken on 23 November 1608, in which Crofte testifies to the contents of the elder John Harvey's (now lost) will, in which his son Thomas is twice mentioned (Ribner 1951, 145).

[5] There was also his remark that "[t]he fourth [brother] is shrunk in the wetting, or else the Print should haue heard of him" (Nashe 1592c, D1/1:274). This could be meant as a tasteless reference to the death of *John* Harvey the younger, but in any case confirms the foursome

had written was Gabriel Harvey, but it would be thoroughly plausible, in fact or fiction, for the original of "Nan nobody" to have been his sister Mercy.

One might have expected the vulgar psychologizers to have had a field day pondering Gabriel's possible use of and intrusion into (if not orchestration of) his sister's love life. But what we find instead is a prevailing sense of the real waywardness of Mercy Harvey. Critics have been urged on by certain arguably conventional accusations of Nashe, who in *Haue with you to Saffron Walden* paraliptically abstains from recounting "what *prinkum prankums* Gentlemen (his [Harvey's] nere neighbors) haue whispered to me of his Sister, and how shee is as good a fellow as euer turnd belly to belly" (1596, V1^{v}/3:129). The Victorian Rev. Grosart, a somewhat rebarbative chronicler of Harvey and his people at the best of times, opines that "it lies on the surface that she was rather afraid than unwilling. She hesitates and tampers, says no when she meant yes, and in her heart of hearts she was fallen" (Grosart 1884, xxiii). Even Virginia Stern (as usual following Moore Smith [1913, 16]) ties a non-literary letter later in Sloane MS. 93 (92^{v}-93/170-71) where Harvey writes to Lady Philippa Smyth seeking employment for "a pore sister of mine" to "an attempt to keep Mercy out of further trouble" (Stern 1979, 37-38).

Such realist conclusions about the "noble mans sute" seem to arise paradoxically from a *failure* to read autobiographically elsewhere in the manuscript, ignoring the nominally real-life exes in the would-be "literary" answer to the miller, for example. But as Randall McLeod might be tempted to misquote, "The road of exes leads to the palace of wisdom," and a cross-ex-amination of the people still safely behind bars in the prisonhouse of the manuscript seems to demand ever more forensic psychologizing. For to read the answer to the miller as a *non*-autobiographical document is in fact *not* to read it in conformity with its express "intentionality." It is, after all, presented as a letter "*scribblid long since* by y^{e} Autor for An honeste Cuntry **wenche** *Mayde* of his acquayntaunce" (49^{v}/90). Thus *in the manuscript* with its revisions un-edited out it reveals itself to be a literary document masquerading as an autobiographical one, but this autobiographical intentionality is thereby *cancelled*. What saves the "noble mans sute" from a similar fate is its basic *lack* of reworking, which gives it a less differential, more "orthobiographical," look (almost as seamless as the untampered clean copy which a proofread impression gives). "Autobiographical" it may of course actually be, and the suggestive resonances in the more "fictional" (revised) texts--virtually ignored by previous critics--even wind up adding a kind of probative force to the fantasy of a "factual incident" behind the account.

But reading *between* the pieces engenders other fantasies: Harvey coordinating his sister's flirtation with millers or millionaires; Harvey intercepting letters and pretending to *be* his sister; Harvey alone in a cold Cambridge chamber, writing stories in which his sister rebuffs admirers; and, perhaps most pathetic, Harvey *pretending* to write love letters for *pretend* real people who want him to *pretend* to be them. Even if the "noble mans sute" is incidentally factual, it seems almost certain that Harvey makes up much of those letters that supposedly pass between his sister and the nobleman long before the point at which he enters the story (to bring it to an end) in the written account. Compare a sampling of lines from the answer to the miller, dated 1575 in the manuscript:

?After an Firste for your acre of Commendacions
I **?sende** resende you a furlonge of Salutations
And *then* to requite your gallonde of godbwyes:
I **resende** *regiue* you A pottle of Howdyes.
And *withall* owte of the quiuer of good likinge,
A *On*[*e*] burboulte of truste, worthe the shootinge (49^{v}/90)

with the verse letter supposedly written by Mercy on New Year's day, 1575:

Milord I thanke you hartely
For your late liberalitie.
I would I were hable to requite.
Your lordships bowntie with y^{e} like.
Marry mie hart is not so franke,
But mie habilitie is as scante. (80/154)

One does not want to underestimate the parodic power of a woman, especially since such versers may run in the family, and it is possible to suppose that Harvey got the idea of answering the miller in racy rhymes from his sister's somewhat plainerspoken poem to "Unhappy Philip," but it is easier still to see Harvey's hand in both, when both are in his hand. In any case, some "autobiographical" fantasy certainly creeps back in between, some configuration involving "real people" in "factual incidents."

This enhanced *autobiographical* effect could have been arrived at by a sufficiently attentive reading of Scott's edition, but the purely autobiographical is both put under erasure and supplemented in a reading along the route of the crossings-through in the *manuscript*. The sight of the actual hesitations, second thoughts, decorations, repetitions, and especially the cancelling reservations–the *crossing out* which seems somehow to *confirm* the keen negation of what critical documentary reconstruction has more or less independently established as the semic ensemble attached to the autobiographical Harvey–creates autobiographically *authentic* effects: the traces of a man *effacing* the authentic where his self is concerned, the traces of *genuine* duplicity. For I have been trying to suggest that what gives Harvey's drafts their unique air of authenticity is more often than not how inauthentic he is in them.

Volens nolens

The effect of self-alienation in the distancing cancellations, I have been arguing, actually seems to substantialize the sense of a self; without the differential text there would be no *trace* of intentionality. Intentionality, like the correspondent breeze, can only be sensed when it changes direction. In bringing the self *into line* with that intentionality, typesetting presses self and others into selective service, forces the self's *hand*, uniforms its differential body. In 1931, as I mentioned above, Josephine Waters Bennett expressed reservations about Scott's edition because it did not clearly represent Harvey's replacement of the name "Immerito," in drafts of various letters, with "Benevolo." *Immerito* is the name under which Spenser signed his dedicatory verse to Sidney in the quasi-anonymous *Shepheardes calender* (1579), and the poet is also referred to under that name in the letters between Harvey and him published in

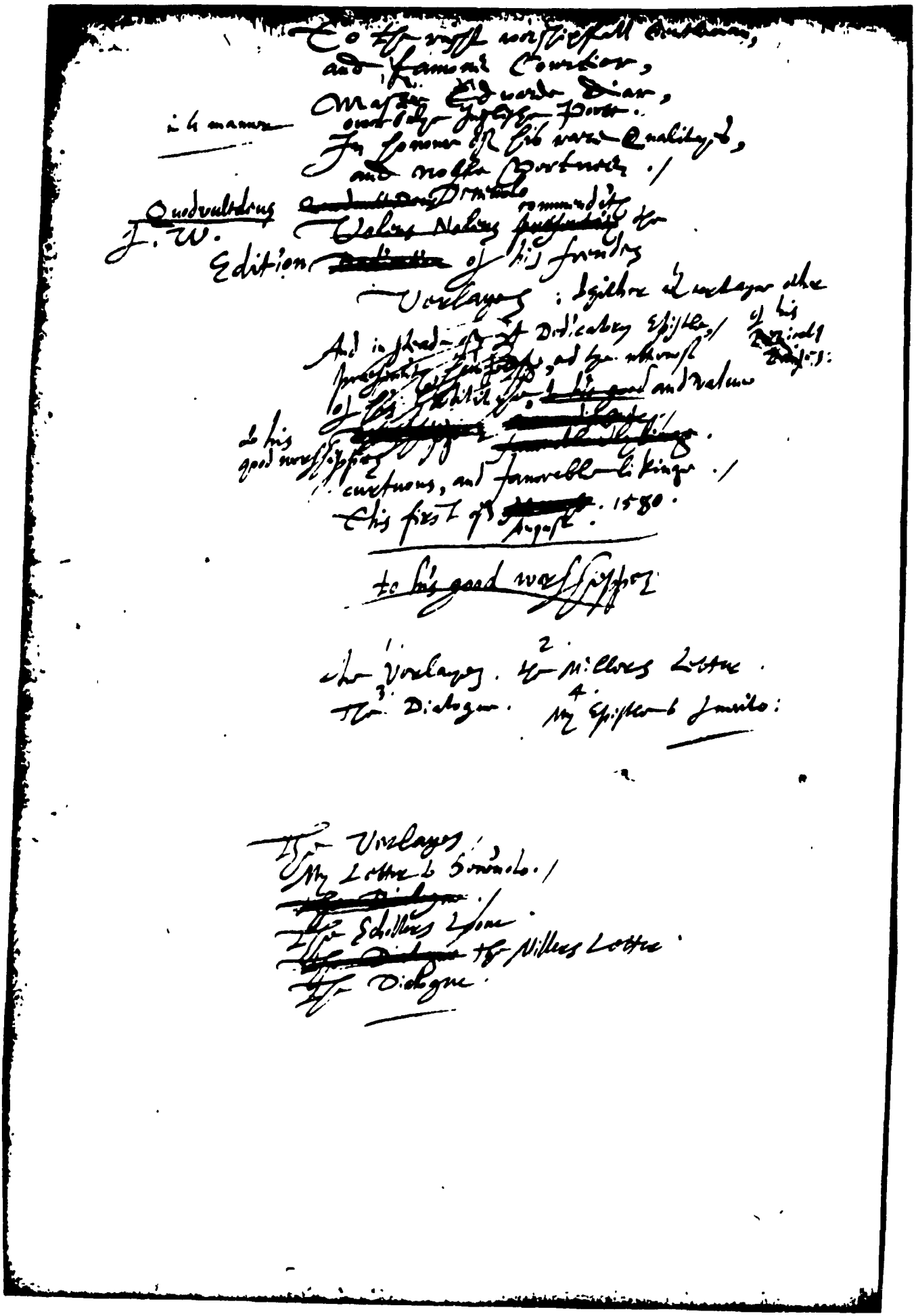
1580, and later in Harvey's *Foure letters* (1592, 18/1:180/30) and Nashe's *Strange newes* (1592c, G1/1:295). Consequently, the addressee of these letters would seem fairly clearly to have been originally intended to be Spenser. But in some cases, Waters points out, *Immerito* has afterwards been changed to *Benevolo*. Scott had assumed that this was simply an alternative nickname for Spenser, and was followed by other scholars in the assumption, but Bennett argued that its connection with the letters "I.W." on fol. 48^{v} made it more likely that Harvey had originally intended to address the contents to Spenser-as-Immerito, but had then decided instead to use another friend, the law student John Wood-as-Benevolo, as his titular addressee. Evelyn May Albright, Bennett's learned adversary, pointed out difficulties with this hypothesis, and noted the possible connection between "Benevolo" and the "mysterious and possibly unreal third person" (Albright 1932, 422-23) called a "VVellwiller of the tvvo Authors," who introduces the published Spenser-Harvey correspondence (Harvey and Spenser 1580, A2/1:31/610). But Albright could not resist suggesting an alternative real-world "I.W.": John Wolfe, the London publisher with whom Harvey would collaborate more than a decade later (Albright 1932, 421f). As Clifford Chalmers Huffman remarks, in his recent book on Wolfe, "[t]he date of 1579-80 is by far the earliest proposed for contact between Harvey and Wolfe; it is supported by no external evidence" (Huffman 1988, 185 n. 18)--so that her suggestion is not markedly more plausible than the theory, which must at least have crossed the mind of a critic as imaginative as Albright, that "J.W. Benevolo" is a transparent proleptic pseudonym for Jospehine Waters Bennett.

The name *Immerito* (or *Imerito*) occurs six times in Sloane MS. 93, in what can be distinguished as at least four self-contained, though related, "texts." In half of these instances the name has been crossed through, and in two out of three cases replaced by *Benevolo*. But the situation, and the relationship between the names, is a bit more complicated than either Bennett or Albright, neither of whom really scrutinized all of the occurrences, was willing to admit.

Imerito first appears in a letter in which the inditer upbraids his addressee for "publishing abroade in prynte" his poems (G. Harvey MS.a, 35^{v}/59). In Scott's pseudo-faircopy version this letter begins "Magnifico Signor Benevolo, behoulde what millions of thankes I recounte to you, and behoulde how highely I esteeme [...]" (Scott 1884, 58). But in fact *Magnifico Signor Beneuolo* and most of the rest of this opening has been stuck in alongside a cancelled original which evidently read: "Behoulde, goode Master Imerito, howe highely *I* esteeme [...]" (35^{v}). This phrase is now struck through, and above it, as both Scott and Bennett failed to remark, has been written in, and then cancelled as well: **"mie ?vngentle Volens nolens."** Later in the letter, Scott prints: "And as for this paultinge letter I most affectionately praye the, mi best loved Immerito, retourne it me back againe for a token [...]" (63). Though it is impossible to make out all of the emendation here, it is clear that **Immerito** has been lined through. What seems to be another go at a letter complaining of unauthorized publication is found on fols. 38-38^{v}, with an addition on 37^{v} in which "Il Magnifico Signior **Immerito**" has been changed to "Il Magnifico Signior *Benuolo*" (37^{v}/66).

On fol. 48^{v} (= Scott 1884, 89) is the most elaborate configuration of this sort (see Figure 5), a kind of dedicatory heading that begins: "To the right worshipfull Gentleman, and famous Courtier, Master Edwarde Diar, *in a manner* ower onlye Inglishe Poett. In honour of his rare

Figure 5
Sloane MS 93, fol 48v



Qualityes, and noble Vertues." Originally this seems to have continued "Volens nolens praesentith the Dedication of his frendes Verlayes."[6] This would appear then to have been altered and added to roughly as follows: **Volens nolens** was replaced by *QuodvultDeus*, **praesentith** by *commendith*, and **Dedication** by *Edition*. **QuodvultDeus** was then crossed out and replaced by *Beneuolo*, and in the margin was added once again *Quodvultdeus* separated by a horizontal bar from the intials *I.W.* That was the end of the crossing-out, leaving us with the unsummable differential equation of "Quodvultdeus/I.W./Beneuolo commendith the Edition of his frendes Verlayes, *togither wth certayne other of his poeticall Deuises*." Lower on the page are two inconsistent but overlapping tables of contents, one listing

1.	2.
The Verlayes.	The Millers Letter.
3.	4.
The Dialogue.	My Epistle to Imerito:

and the other:

The Verlayes /
My Letter to Beniuolo. /
The Dialogue. /
The Schollers Looue.
The Dialogue The Millers Letter
The Dialogue. /

Albright and Bennett hassled over whether "My Letter to Beniuolo" was the same as "My Epistle to Imerito" and even (assuming it was the same *text*) whether Benevolo and Immerito had the same (or indeed any) real-world referent, and also whether *I.W.* and Benevolo were the same person, and if so who. Neither of them devoted any real attention to the other two figures, *Quodvultdeus* and *Volens nolens*. The trip of three inflections along the Latin verb of volition suggests an interesting itinerary from willy-nillyness (*Volens nolens*) through the impersonality of God's will being done (*Quodvultdeus*) to a throroughly wilful exercise in the best of intentions (*Benevolo*). Whoever *Volens nolens* might technically have been, the nominal allusion is presumably to Harvey, who, willing or not, is going to get published. *Quodvultdeus*, which may mean something here like the permissively Shakespearian "what you will," appears to put the onus of publicational intent upon an impersonal extramundane fatality. *Benevolo* on the other hand represents a fully projected embodiment of that volition in an *other*. *Publicational* intentionality is thus slowly distanced in crossing out from a connection with *authorial* intentionality until it approximates that of a "scapegoated" intercessor (cf. the vocabulary of Saunders 1951b, 145), the merciful mediator by whose graces the author would be carried into the bosom of the public, and who takes upon himself the weight of publicational guilt.

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[6] Verlayes, or virelays, are lyric poems, but the term seems to be used by Harvey in a "looser" sense, to denote what E.K., in the gloss to Spenser's *Shepheardes calender*, November, 21, called "a light [i.e. wanton] kind of song" (Spenser 1912, 463).

On fol. 53 are found the last two occurrences of *Immerito* in Sloane MS. 93, neither of which has been blotted I quoted the first earlier with regard to the cancellation of **A frende** for the alternative *the Courte.* It introduces a bit of a letter that was eventually published in the Spenser-Harvey correspondence, and there dated October (1579). In the published version, this passage runs as follows:

> As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* and Master *Dyer*, they haue me, I thanke them, in some vse of familiarity: of whom, and to whome, what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leaue your selfe to conceiue, hauing alwayes so well conceiued of my vnfained affection, and zeale towardes you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their ἀρεἰωπάγῳ, a generall surceasing and silence of balde Rymers [...]. (Harvey and Spenser 1580, G3^{v}/1:7/635).

Harvey's transcription of the passage on fol. 53 follows this closely:

> The twoe worthy gentlemen, M^{r} Sidney, and M. Dyre haue me I thanke them in sũ vse of familiaritye: of whome, and to whome what speache passith for y^{r} credditt, and estimation, I leaue your*selfe* to conceyue, hauinge allwayes so well conceyuid of my *vnfainid* affection, and good will towardes your**selfe**. And nowe they haue proclaymid in there ἀρεἰω πάγῳ.
>
> (G. Harvey MS.a, 53/101)

Below this is written "His Inglishe Iamblica / The same Immerito tra[n]slat[e]d, Hyc Catoni, quae edi, in to these Hexameters —."[7] This is not followed by the hexameters, but instead by some more lines apparently to be inserted somewhere else (see footnote 8 below).

This passage from Spenser's letter is written in by Harvey below some additional verses that are part of a manuscript version of what would ultimately be published as the infamous "Speculum Tuscanismi" in a letter dated 23 April 1580 ("*Nono calendas maias*") in the Spenser-Harvey correspondence. But there doesn't seem to be any other connection between the poem and the excerpt from Spenser's letter; the excerpt could have been inscribed on the page much later, so there is little point in trying to date the contents of the entire draft section on the basis of either the draft of "Speculum Tuscanismi" or the excerpt from the Spenser letter. But the pretense at least is presumably that Harvey is here copying a passage out of the original letter in Spenser's hand from which the published version was later taken. The version in Harvey's hand, however, will be seen to be rather suggestively tinged with differentia. The change of "you" to "you*rselfe*" and of "you**rselfe**" to "you" might perhaps have been due to Harvey's initially misreading or misremembering the sentence; the same could also have happened with the afterthought *vnfainid* inserted between the lines (somehow a peculiarly Harveyesque vocable, however). But such alteration forcefully suggests Harvey's editing a Spenserian original to arrive at the recension finally published. If this were so, the sole substantive difference, that between the "good will" of Harvey's manuscript and the

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[7] My hypothetical reading. Scott (1884, 101) transcribes: "The same Immerito translated, He, &c Catoni quae edi, into these hexameters." Bennett (1931, 170 n. 1), on the other hand, transcribes this passage: "The same Immerito trastatid Hy et Catoni qui edi in to these / Hexameters -----/"

"zeale" of the printed version could become peculiarly suggestive as well.[8] The "good will" of Harvey's draft ties in with the theory that *Immerito* and *Benevolo* were (originally at least) the same person: Spenser, whose benevolence would thus constitute the "pitty," as Helena told Parolles, "That wishing well had not a body in't" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, 1.1, TLN 184-85). If so, the allusion could then have been dropped in the final published version because Immerito's "benevolence" had now been transferred to the anonymous "VVellwiller" (henceforth "identical" with Benevolo).[9] Publicational intentionality would thus here have shifted from Harvey to Spenser and then ultimately to an "anonymous benefactor." According to this scheme, Immerito-Spenser would originally have been *the same* as Benevolo, but (unless Spenser, as the second position, was meant to be an agency of divine will) would not have been the same as Volens nolens-Quodvultdeus-I.W., who, however, *could* finally all have been "identical to" Benevolo (= "VVellwiller"), not forgetting Nashe's otherwise sleeveless taunt that actually in the Spenser-Harvey correspondence, Harvey "was in his chamber-fellowe *welwillers* cloke when he spake this," having "put on the vizard *of an vndiscreete friend*" (Nashe 1592c, G1^{v}/1:296; 297).[10] But *my* Harvey, it should be pointed out, is never *identical* to these figures; for the traces of an "authentic" Harvey are only to be triangulated by way of his intentionality's migration from one figure to another.

Neither, then, can the figures have any "reality" apart from Harvey. They are the scars of his self-alienation. Indeed, in the manuscript, the only thing that still leads one to imagine that any of the characters named or paraphed corresponded to real other people is the actual publication of works assigned to Spenser under the name of "Immerito." The initials "I.W." may also suggest a person, John Wood or Wolfe, but Occam's razor, if not Lichfield's, might have cautioned a trimmer speculation that the *I. W.* stood for *Immerito Willwiller*, say,

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[8] "Zeal" could in fact be used at the time, though usually in the expression "good zeal," to mean good will, but I think here that it shifts from the sense of benevolence in Harvey's handwritten "good will" to one of enthusiasm, i.e. moves from conative to affective, away from *intention*.

[9] This could in fact have something to do, as Bennett suggested, with the sudden expectation of Spenser's departure overseas, whether to France, as for some time was expected, or ultimately, as Bennett emphasizes, to Ireland (Bennett 1931, 178). This departure, as well as Harvey's possible mission to Italy, enters into the published correspondence of Spenser and Harvey (see Stern 1979, 66ff), and may be alluded to in the fragmentary lines following "The same Immerito tra[n]slat[e]d Hyc Catoni [...]" on fol. 53:

A great travelour very well lernid, & nowe of riper yeares, and sownder iudgment	owte of the waye. No more will, I suppose, this ******** *pithy* Scholler letter, ******** written by M^{r} G.H. to a cuntrye frende of his, **towching the very ?Contente** **of this present Dialogue.** *that requested his* *opinion* **towchinge these**

If Spenser was expected to be a "great travelour," his complicity in the publication of the letters between him and Harvey would have become implausible.

[10] Similarly, Nashe accuses Harvey of writing his own letters of reference when he deals with the first of the *Foure letters*: "This Letter of M. *Bird* to M. *Demetrius*, should seeme, by all reference or collation of stiles, to bee a Letter which M. *Birds* secretarie, *Doctour Gabriell*, indited for him in his owne praise, and got him to set his hand to when he had done" (1592c, C4^{v}/1:273).

instead of the plausible "real-world" counterparts sought in Wood or Wolfe (though for that matter it might as well stand for anything from "Jolly Watt" to "*Ill*-Willer"). We now of course repugn the multiplication of biographical referents, and, indeed, the use of initials to "realize" personas in *pseudo*-allographic self-presentations has for some time been suspected and now and then detected, as when Charles Prouty rather indiscreetly observes how "[i]n the guise of *G.T.*, Gascoigne took great pleasure in commending the verses of his *alter ego*, F.J." (Prouty 1942, 283). Similar reservations have been put forth about the integral alterity of "E.K.," the anonymous praiser of Spenser and Harvey in the apparatus to *The shepheardes calender*. There is also the possibility that even though actual people corresponding to E.K. or I.W. or even G.T. did exist, they merely functioned as *prête-noms* for the authors whose works they nominally sponsored. All of the distancing techniques Harvey uses (pre-dating, protestation, the intercession of quasi-anonymous friends) have for a while now been viewed as conventional devices employed by authors during the stigmatic phase of print culture development (Saunders 1951b, 145ff), but these conceptions of them have generally had to remain unsubstantiated convictions. In Sloane MS. 93, however, we seem to have a firm hold on their reality, in the hand of an individual often cited as an exemplary Elizabethan man of letters (cf., e.g., Moore Smith 1913, 54; Ruutz-Rees 1910, 639). For whether there were people in the real world corresponding to the quintet of names on fol. 48^{v} or not, we can clearly see Harvey putting words into their real or imagined mouths there.[11]

Again and again we see Harvey discharging his publicational intentions onto a self-alienated well-willing alterity. In the plan for the verses "In effegie Gascoigni," the lines are to be "Published by A familiar frende of his, that copyed them owte praesently after they were **made** *first* ******* *compiled* wth y^{e} same frends praeface of *dutifull* commendation" (G.

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[11] Not that the "fictionalist" assumption about quasi-anonymous figures has not now become as unreflective as the biographizing that preceded it. And indeed Prouty's (and many other scholars') fictionalizations of these figures are not without their own elements of biographizing (of the author). Nor is the biographical approach as such entirely exploded. Stern, for example precipitously identifies the commendatory verses signed "G.H." in Gascoigne's *Posies* (1575, 32) as "undoubtedly Harvey's" (Stern 1979, 31 n. 51), and is then taken to task for it by the cucumber-cool Colman (1983, 170). Meanwhile, the economical spirit of the anti-Stratfordians continues to suggest a reduction of authorial agencies to a few significant kingpins, so that even as theoretically tony a commentator as Jonathan Crewe has allowed himself "Baconian fantasies" according to which "'George Puttenham' is a front for Edmund Spenser, and he is also the hitherto missing E.K. of *The Faerie Queene* [sic]" (Crewe 1986, 121-22). Perhaps, then, the time is ripe for my enlargement of the pantheon of Harvey's *alter egos*, as proven in the following simple diagram based on a portion of the Elizabethan alphabet (where I and J were of course undistinguished):

Through an infernal expansion of concentric circles, Harvey (G.H.) would be shown to be not merely the "F.I." of Gascoigne's *Adventures*, but also the "E.K." of *The shepheardes calender*--and (why stop there?), perhaps too, as Grosart assumed, Dick Lichfield (D.L.), author of *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, as well as the actual translator of Ovid's *Amores* usually identified as "C[hristopher] M[arlowe]," and so on.

Harvey MS.a, 34v/55).[12] The two letters now to "Benevolo" (fols. 35v-37;37v-38v/58-64; 65-68) good-humoredly castigate a friend for a surreptitious publication which must have been *only pre-planned*, since it does not seem ever actually to have taken place. In the draft for another letter, supposedly written around the time of Harvey's M.A. commencement (1573), but, as Bennett demonstrates (1931, 174), actually written at least as late as 1579, he asks his addressee not to let his letter be copied or come into print, mentioning "ye late *notorious* Praesident of a frende of ouers *that publishethe* ********** *abroade euery childish ridiculous toye*" (41/75). On fol. 42 is an anonymous introduction to the commencement letter and to the answer to the miller's letter which runs as follows:

> Twoe **merry** *pleasunte and merry conceitid* Letters, on[e] to myselfe, immediately before his ********** *Masters commencement*, the other to A*n odd fantasticall* Miller, that made Looue to A *certayn Mayde of his acquayntance*: *wch twoe Letters I founde nowe* **per**perchaunce amongst A number of myne owlde scattrid Papers, and in sũ ***** considerations thought it not greately amisse (notwithstandinge ye leuity of ye Argument in bothe) to crowde thẽ in for cumpanyesake amongst ye reste: praesuminge, as in the reste, of ye Autors pardon, if any trespas be committid herein, or matter of iuste offence any waye ministrid. (42/77)[13]

The effect of alienation is dizzying when one comes in the opening to the juxtaposition of "myselfe" and "his" ("on[e] to myselfe, immediately before his [...] *Masters commencement* [...]") and realizes that it is not "myselfe" but "his" that must refer to Harvey. This intro is followed by another such transference effect in the heading: "The Letter to my selfe, verbatim, as [...] it was deliuerid vnto me in An Inne of court in his owne hande," and then begins another, much revised, draft of what seems to be the close of the letter (which, absurdly enough, is indeed "in his hande"). On fol. 51v is the introduction to "*a garden* **Dialogue** *communication, or Dialogue in Cãbridge betweene Master G.H. and his cũpanye at A Midsũer Comencement*," where an anonymous speaker benevolently begins: "I am so loth, *My good* ******** *Masters, to* **?keepe** depryue you of any thinge, that I cã possibly comunicate wth you of this Autors dooinge [...] that calling to remembrance a certayne *Afternoones* Garden discourse *wherat my poore* **?worshippe** *Mastershipp was praesent* betwene him, and certayne gentlefolks [...] I ********** resoluid to disclose so mutch thereof, as might ********** *seeme to* haue any congruence, and affinity att all wth these presente Deuises" (51v/95). The inversion of personal pronouns in these introductions leads once again to a sense of a real Harvey residing neither in the first or the third person, but somewhere in between.

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[12] Saunders overcharitably views this draft as a *parody* of such devices in the works of others. Conversely, he tends to read Harvey's protestations and fear of "popularity" in the drafts of letters "to Spenser" (i.e. to Immerito/Benevolo) as unironic and genuine worries (Saunders 1951b, 146; 155), just as he elsewhere accepts as undramatized the words of the "VVelwiller" in the published letters (Saunders 1951a, 518-19). I cannot understand his insistence on the artificiality of such devices in other writers and his good faith reading of them in Harvey's works. Benevolence?

[13] Much of this passage is repeated, cancelled, on fol. 49v, at the beginning of the answer to the miller's letter.

His willingness to invent distancing frameworks for his drafts can further be seen in the multiple recensions of headings for "The Schollars Looue." Different versions are stuck in here and there on fols. 58 and 58^{v}, but printed in a clump by Scott (1884, 101-102). At the top of fol. 58 is "The Schollars Looue *or Reconcilement of Contraryes. The very first,*" and written up the left margin, apparently the continuation: "The very first peece of Inglish Ryme that euer the Autor committed to wrytinge: and was *in A rage* **** deuised ***** and *deliured* A pro, and contra, according to y^{e} quality of **** his as followith *first, & last humor, Anno* Anno 1573. mẽse Septẽber."[14] Running up the left margin of the next page, 58^{v}, is an alternative introduction: "An Amourous ** *odious* Sonnet, intituled, The Students Looue, or hatrid, or both or nether, or what shall please the loouing, or hating Reader, ether in sport or ernest to make of such contrary passions, as ar here discoursid. An owld newe Cantiõ ffatherid vppõ Sr Thomas More, and supposid to be on[e] of his first youthfull **?Cantions** *Exercises*: but neuer before committid to prynte, nor euer heard of in Sir Thomas Moores dayes." Across the page in the other margin is written, horizontally: "The Schollers Looue: or reconcilement of Contraries (A fewe idle howers of a young master of art.) A dayes correction would sufficiently refine it. / The meeter must be more regular: & the Inglish Elocution more elegant. Fine & flowing, as in posthast. / (It was scribled at y^{e} first in a hurlewind of conceit)." The final statement is borne out by the sometimes almost illegible inscription of the poem in the ensuing leaves, but one can be pretty sure that "at y^{e} first" was no more September 1573 than it was Thomas More's nonage.

Such multiple presentations are lumped together along with distancing effects and the Well-willer's introduction to the Spenser-Harvey letters as "publishing hoaxes" by Albright (1932, 419), and Moore Smith had earlier also felt obliged to remark that Harvey's "inclination to finesses or trickery" made the published Well-weller's well-willing "a little suspicious" (1913, 26; 27). But the objectification of a well-meaning publicational intentionality creates a pathos in the manuscript that can foster not merely cynicism, but perhaps a genuine publicational "benevolence" in someone like Scott or myself–the intention of ressurrecting the ghosts of Harvey that have so long been lying in those forgotten plots in Sloane MS. 93. Of course, as the hero of *Greenes newes* could tell us, with such "good" publicational intentions the road to unwelcoming hell may be paved, and my impression of Harvey would certainly be at least as "damning" as any other. The editorial perspective which would bring Harvey back to life as a character is not so unlike the authorial "outsideness" that finishes off the personality in Bakhtin's account of alterity: print can only *represent* the differential reality of selfhood. If it survives in writing, Harvey's authentic self only does so in the shifting character of the manuscript, the meandering, philandering life in the lines of his hand inviting this kind of chiromantic reading. But the readings themselves, if they are to be communicated, must be typed, and Harvey is thereby also typed; he is caught red-handed, apprehended, arrested, his prints taken; he will be bound over, booked, shaved, shelved, and the case will be closed.

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[14] The revision does not allow a coherent faircopy representation without leaving out, as Scott does, the overlooked "as followith" of the initial inscription.

But his case can still be altered. *Volens nolens* as the designation of his publicational benefactor may have been more apt than Harvey could anticipate, for the eventual redaction of his drafts by Scott presumably took place with no *regard for* the author's original intentions. Rather than enjoying that existentially sensitive *regard*, Harvey's manuscripts in general have been printed with an eye to offering a genuine *glimpse of* his intentions. The interest in editing these manuscripts has long been recognized to reside in the fact that in them Harvey, as Caroline Ruutz-Rees said when publishing some of his marginalia, "is taken, as it were unawares." We get a glimpse of his "views and mental processses when, in a sense, off his guard" (Ruutz-Rees 1910, 608; 614). In its very fantasy fabrication of an obliging intermediary, then, the manuscript Harvey ironically continues to "cruise" a publisher, desires *me* (cf. Barthes 1973, 11; 13), wants a *kindly* pander. But like all such go-betweens, I will have my own genuinely alterior (sic) motives; I bring author and reader together for my own voyeuristic pleasure. "Ile be the witnesse here I hold your hand," says Shakespeare's Pandarus, leading Troilus and Cressida to bed; "which bed," he adds, "because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death" (TLN 1831-32; 1842-44). Pressing to death was a common Elizabethan torture inflicted upon those who would not talk; to wind up splayed upon the sheets, transfixed in the prurient and existentially deadening gaze of the intermediary: this is perhaps the inevitable fate of the person, who, in Dekker's not uncommon quibble, "dares hazard a pressing to death (thats to say, *To be a man in print*)" (Dekker 1603, 4). Editor, scholar, critic, publisher, printer: neither author nor reader, but go-between. Or as Nashe put it: "a true Pandar (so much the fitter to be one of *Gabriels* Patrons)" (1596, G2/3:42).

A Marginal Existence: *Transcendental Premeditation*

I have myself been trying, kind-heartedly of course (Kind-heart will be remembered as the oneiric medium of the already pressed-to-death Robert Greene), to avoid pressing my points here, to make them delicate, because I don't want *my* prints to be found all over the corpus smothered in these sheets. The scopophiliac episodes have been intentionally intermittent: hurried glimpses. But an intermittent revelation of the self such as mine is not without its own powerful seductiveness, one hopes. To quote the query of one once much given to such musings: "Is not the most erotic part of a body *wherever the garment gapes*?" (Barthes 1973, 19). Total disclosure tends to be a depressing-to-death laying out of the naked truth, at least in part because, as Harvey was fond of ungrammatically reminding himself in his margin: "Todos es nada" (Moore Smith 1913, 139; Bourland 1940, 96). Such bare truth, whole truth and nothing but the truth, may intrigue the lone viewer surreptitiously taking it in, like Callidore watching the wheeling inflorescence of "An hundred naked maidens lilly white, / All raunged in a ring and dancing in delight" on Mt. Acidale in Book Six of *The Faerie Queene* (6.10.11ff). But try to get close, it will be recalled, and the dance is over. The pavane of selfhood demands that pathos of Dis-tanz, and even to broach the subject is already to see it waltz out (*auszuwalzen*), i.e., prove dead as Adorno. Far more entrancing is the *fort-da*

play of revelation and re-covering in the famous scene in Book Two of *The Faerie Queene* where a mere "Two naked Damzelles" are "espyde" by Guyon in Acrasia's fountain, the wilful well, bobbing in and out of the water in intermittent self-disclosure, which at least one of them is herself enjoying (2.12.63ff). These are the bathing beauties whom C. S. Lewis once notoriously nicknamed "Cissie and Flossie," noting that "a man does not need to go to fairie land to meet them," and with whose "ducking and giggling" he contrasted the ordered revolving flower of concentric dancing girls on Acidale, which presumably did not call to his mind his contemporary, Busby Berkeley (Lewis 1936, 331). But even the Elizabethan gentleman, arguably even Harvey's friend Immerito, could have a keen appreciation for the enlivening seductive pleasure of such partial disclosure, and it is to "Cissie and Flossie" that the marginal gloss of R. H. refers when, in his translation of Lomazzo's *Trattato dell'arte de la pittura* (2.13), against the lesson that "you shall not expresse them [erogenous zones] quite naked, to the ende you maie moue the greater desire of seeing that which is* covered," he has added "**The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made*. Faery Queene Cant. 12. li. 2." (Lomazzo 1598, Ee 2; cf., actually, *Faerie Queene*, 2.12.66.9).

There is something effectively incomplete about the manuscript Harvey, something that perishes in publication, something that feels fidgetty and careless and creates the edges and margins on which Barthesian intrigue depends; and ultimately, I think, this helps make him, as Janet Biller boldly claims, "a real human being" (1969, iii). Biller argues that, even in his published writing, "[h]is subjectivity, which interferes with the formal devices he employs, seems almost involuntary. As a consequence, one is made aware of the 'presence' of a real person" (lxxiii-lxxiv).

It is this "real person," I believe, that Biller and I and others have come to love--vulnerable, caught off guard, pathetic, human. It may, though, seem hypocritical to speak of "love" being behind the publication of the authentically inauthentic Harvey. There has clearly always been at best a kind of publicational "beneviolence" in those who bring him back in print. But one might uglily grumble that he is asking for it. His undulating hand beckons to one in a way that the magisterial set faces of his canonical contemporaries no longer can.[15] And while the fact that we have little such shifting in their hands hardly implies that Harvey was atypical–or atypographical–it would be disingenuous of him now to complain, with Shakespeare's Benedick, of his comparative mistreatment at the hands even of his devotees: "but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, 5.2., TLN 2450-55).[16] In order to *be* loved, one must first have made oneself accessible, and though the course of true love did never run smooth,

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[15] Some work has, however, recently been done on the developing self as witnessed in the successive redactions of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* by Martin Elsky (1989, ch. 7), taking his cue from the existential ego-psychology reading of Montaigne by Frederick Rider (1973).

[16] While we are on the subject of representational beneviolence, we might recall the similar lament made by *Mal*volio in *Twelfe Night*: "there was neuer man so notoriouslie abus'd" (4.2; TLN 2072-73), and J. J. M. Tobin's relentless argument (1980) to the effect that Shakespeare based his character--ridiculous and yet irresistible in much the same way--on Nashe's Harvey.

"Benevolo's" throes of empathic self-alienation may well, like Benedick's predicament, finally take part in a self-fashioning meta-plot designed to draft a *character* human and "lovable." *Is* Harvey truly turned over and over by us, his amateurs, between the uneven lines of Sloane MS. 93? *Is* his subjectivity, seemingly "caught unawares" and "off his gaurd," and read between the divisive devices of those lines, really "involuntary," *volens nolens*? In prolonged reading of his manuscripts--which also include a commonplace book (British Museum Add. MS. 32,494) and marginalia stretching over dozens of volumes and years--I have personally come to sense *behind* the lines a kind of everpresent intentional self-characterization, detectable even in the presumably most intimate nooks of his books. This "impression" is connected with the efforts he is always making at self-objectification in characters with names like "Angelus Furius" or "Axiophilus" (see Stern 1979, 175ff), and with the phenomenon picked up on by Biller in *Foure letters* whereby in trying to convince *himself* of his genuineness he doth protest too much and *convicts* himself (cf. Biller 1969, lxxxi; lxxxiv); but it may go beyond these *differential*, and thus "authentic," effects to form the unifying aspect of the overarching, still impressive personality of a man for whom "print was a technical extension of rhetoric and both were ways of 'inventing' (i.e. disclosing, making publicly intelligible) an otherwise invisible self" (Hutson 1989, 204). Perhaps, then, even read in his own hand, one only ever gets these glimpses of Harvey between the lines because of an elaborate striptease he was never *not* "putting on."

I have sometimes had the feeling that Harvey is never really "off his guard," that nothing he wrote was ever "written only for his own eye" (Moore Smith 1913, 54), because his own eye, though not in the healthy way that Nashe's "eye that sees round about it selfe, sees not into it selfe" (1594a, A2/2:201), was arguably always peeled for publication by an already self-alienated intentionality, and at times *everything* he writes begins to seem to open outward to the gaze of a print culture public. The "self" that would finally be left after distancing, projection, alienation, would be nothing but the "personification," i.e., the *type*, of that print culture itself. And Harvey's very unevenness, the textually conveyed aberrance which is so much of what makes him seem a "real person," and which led C. S. Lewis to deck him with the hysterically choice epithet "unclubbable" (1954, 351), would have been a *self*-impressing bit of publicational "beneviolence" all along, so that it would ever be too late to finish him off from outside.

This is suggested, to take only the crudest example, by his diplomatic addition of bizarre gestures in the direction of publisher or autobiographer, as when he obligingly identifies some otherwise unsituatable Latin notes he has scribbled in at the end of the index in his copy of Quintillian as "My notes, against my Disputation at Audley End: in the Court &c. before My Lord Treasurer My L. of Leycester &c jn the Queenes hearing &c," or when he situates the source of an anecdote as though for a reader less self-present than himself:

> My brother Richards report of A gentlewooman Courtier in Syr James Croftes chamber in ye Court. That she spake so r owndly, finely, and sweetly, that her voyce seemed not to cum owt of A boddy of flesh, but owt of sum more pure and diuine Creature. A very Angels voyce. (Moore Smith 1913, 123; 190)

Why for himself would he need to specify this as more than "My brother's report" or "Richard's report" if not out of autoallobiographical scrupulousness with regard to an eventual reader who would not (unlike Harvey himself) otherwise know which brother or which Richard was meant? Perhaps then, as Harold S. Wilson punctiliously put it, even in his drafts "Harvey has *given* us a most revealing portrait of himself" (1948a, 346, emphasis added), and the reality effects in his drafts are not snatched glimpes of an authentic self at all, but at most of a movable type ("I knew you at the first / You were a mouable," gripes Kate to Petruchio [TLN 1068-69]), "shifting" between the folds of a supposedly handiworked selfhood, which would certainly seem to be *bound* to offer up unpremeditated "The very first peece [...] that euer the Autor committed to wrytinge [...] *in A rage* [...] deuised [...] and *deliured*"--but when you sneak a peek under that shrouding cover there is nothing there after all but the fatuously familiar face of a person who by himself has always already been pressed to death.

PUTTING READERS IN THEIR PLACE AND DROPPING THEM *IN MEDIAS RES*: A SITUATIONAL AESTHETICS AND THE RHETORIC OF THINGS

Si quid adhuc superest in nostri facce locelli,
munus erit. nihil est? ipse locellus erit.
Martial, XIV, 13

Preamble:
Reading Locally

> Narren, die den Verfall der Kritik beklagen. Denn deren Stunde ist längst abgelaufen. Kritik ist eine Sache des rechten Abstands. Sie ist in einer Welt zu Hause, wo es auf Perspektiven und Prospekte ankommt und einen Standpunkt einzunehmen noch möglich war. Die Dinge sind indessen viel zu brennend der menschlichen Gesellschaft auf den Leib gerückt.
>
> Walter Benjamin, "Diese Flächen sind zu vermieten," *Einbahnstrasse*

> Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
> The nimble spirits in the arteries,
> As motion and long during action tyres
> The sinowy vigour of the trauailer.
> Now for not looking on a womans face,
> You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
> And studie too, the causer of your vow.
> For where is any Author in the world,
> Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
> Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
> And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
>
> Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*

> Nur Stephanson hatte alles verstanden und baute eine neue Maschine, auf Geleisen und mit Führerstand; so wurde ihre Dämonie auf den rechte Bahn gebracht, ja schließlich fast organisch. Die Lokomotive kocht jetzt wie von Blut, zischt wie außer Atem, ein gezähnte Überlandtier großen Stils, an dem man den Golem vergißt.
>
> Ernst Bloch, "Die erste Lokomotive," *Spuren*

The textual question of the hour at the end of the century is no longer *qui parle*?, but *où en sommes nous*? Still, from where I sit, broken-hearted, etc., effects of place seem to be the least real of those nominal realisms which reading prose from the end of the century can produce. This should strike the reader as a wee bit suspicious, inasmuch as the print textuality of which I have been trying to make the prosaic the synechdochic center pervasively figures itself through *topicalities*, and vice-versa. Further, there is beyond this metaphorical identification of textual and real space the more obvious metonymic one whereby any utterance is said to be made in a certain situation and from a certain "subject position." The text's attempted claim to an extensionality metaphorically related to real space is now frequently exposed by those who recognize its actual metonymic inclusion *within* space as it is sociopolitically articulated, so that there is an unexpected punctuality in--what seemed an act of pure "illocation," as we might say--Paul de Man's pronouncement a decade ago to the effect that the exposure of the actual metonymical uniplanarity of metaphorical transcendencies "will in fact be the task of literary criticism in the coming years" (de Man 1979a, 17). The

insistence on the situatedness of text has had ramifications for cultural criticism that do not stop with its constitution of its objects of study. Textual situatedness has become a self-conscious topicality in itself. Although it is still considered inappropriate in most circles, thus, to tamper with the prosaic neutrality of academic discourse in such a way as to create effects of *person*ality in one's texts, one is now urged to acknowledge and represent the *position*ality on which that personality is thought to depend, and to attempt to take it into account in one's construals of other positions. A recognition of the situatedness of a grounded subject and object is henceforth taken as the first step in any cultural criticism. The methodological hygiene subscribed to by those who assume *this* position has been given excellent articulation by Leah S. Marcus in her recent endorsement of "local reading":

> "Localization" is an idea we need to apply to ourselves as readers as well as to what we read. In the same way that we have begun to explore the "local" circumstances that have shaped past critical efforts (like John Dover Wilson's encounter with a fragmented *Hamlet* during the First World War, for example, or E. M. Tillyard's construction of an ordered "world picture" during the Second), we need to locate our own attempts at reading, or at least never lose our awareness that our activity has local coordinates of its own. (Marcus 1988, 36)

This, however, may well be easier said than done; or perhaps easier done than "said" (*mis en texte*). According to a Bakhtinian prosaics, in order to be able to "place" someone, one must be in a position of outsideness with regard to that person, and indeed the prosaics of textuality is such that it always contains *other* positions from "without." Locating *oneself* in the prosaic would thus be an impossible gesture, one in fact potentially politically shifty, inasmuch as it usurps the privileged alterity of other people and tries to include (contain) their transgredient positions vis-à-vis oneself as well. Self-situation would be an attempt to get outside of one's own position and would thus always again constitute a further position which the self-situator could not determine. *Self*-anything is always pre-emptive, always would-be transcendent, always a view presupposing outsideness with regard to the self's positionality. And prose would seem to be the all-too-amenable vehicle for such a reassumption of the illusion of totalizing self-outsideness; indeed, the containment of the prosaic might *force* a position which can only be abandoned through artificial creations of localizing effects.

In their account of the prosaic in *The Emergence of Prose*, Jeffrey Kittay and Wlad Godzich place in question the "outsideness" of the prosaic in order to develop a theory of the "positionality" of *prose literacy*. The prosaic itself *is* always neutral in terms of positionality. It does not "take place" in an appropriating sense or take up a transcendent stance in a distancing manner, but constitutes a circulation through positionalities in reading. Prosaic locality for them, then, is a *provisional* effect: "What is said in prose, whether attributed or not, is to be taken as grounded locally, as if in quotes, not finally" (Kittay and Godzich 1987, 133). Prose *per se*, is a management system, a "great container," and if locality is provisional, the "providing" is done by a "prose-literate" reader. Rather than assuming an outside totalizing perspective or responding to a situated utterance, this reader "is to unmoor himself or herself from single or singular perspectives and travel the roads of positionality" (124).

This "provisionality" of position has become another of the commonplaces of the situatedness of the prosaic, including that more politically self-conscious situatedness of the cultural critic in prose. In fact, although a self-situator like Marcus on the one hand advocates an open acknowledgement and fixation of one's position, she too considers "local reading" to entail some sort of provisionality:

> "local" reading can be--and should be--a suspension of our ruling methodologies, insofar as that is possible, in favor of a more open and provisional stance toward what we read and the modes by which we interpret; it should be a process of continual negotiation between our own *place*, to the extent that we are able to identify it, and the local *places* of the texts we read. (Marcus 1988, 36)

If the extent to which we *can* identify our own place is put into a ticklish situation by an early Bakhtin, the extent to which we can fix the "places" of the texts we read and take up a position with regard to their places in prose would seem to be put on shaky ground by Godzich and Kittay's conception of the proclivities of prose and the conventional expectations contained in prose literacy. If one version of the prosaic leaves us as authors always outside other positions in a position we cannot ourselves determine, another suggests that the reader cannot determine our positions as constituted in the prosaic, but only circulate around positionalities within a prosaic literacy whereby we as writers and readers will disappear into the woodwork. The prosaic in these two senses does not lend itself to the confrontation of grounded positionalities. On the contrary, real situatedness is what tends to disappear in the prosaic.

Where does it go? On the one hand, it may be *assumed* by readers, by which I mean that in privatized reading by the "prose literate," I think readers tend to *assume* the "neutrality" of the prose and their own positions tend to "dissolve" into reading. But if this "provisionality" of "prose literacy" can become an overly convenient political alibi for the aestheticist writer or the reader, it may nonetheless *really* and not just alibiquitously constitute a global containment of once grounded persons, positions and interests which *demand* then to be read as militating against such prosaic indifference at a *local level*.

The "totality" of the prosaic text could never create an effect of situatedness. One reason is because it is an abstraction, too far removed from the temporal and thus temporary realities of reading; "reading" as an activity is always local, never total. Thus, no piece of prose of any considerable length can be thought of as constituting a "unified message." Even more grotesque, then, for Michael Holquist once to have attempted to paraphrase the entire oeuvre of Bakhtin (of all people!) as "a single utterance" (Holquist 1983, 68). Totalizing readings are in fact local responses, usually based on networking localized microtextual cruces. The *unreal* element in such readings is the claim to the disclosure of a *global* positionality; unreal, except that these localized readings are only ever reconstituted in writing as global containments once again--unreal ones. I would go so far as to say that effects of the real are always local, never global; always read, never written. In prose, this lack of global positionality is right there in black and white. As a print culture phenomenon in the Elizabethan age, the prosaic may have its topicalities--Fleet Street, St. Paul's, etc.--but it is to be found *un peu partout*, and its utterances, like all prosaic utterances, emerge from out of

nowhere.

In the prose of the 1590s the local effects might now be optimistically read as scattered insurrections forming the protohistory of an eventual global revolution against textual totalitarianism: the premodern that foreshadows a now rampant postmodern as "that ultra-leftism of the spirit" (Barker 1984, 68). But they can just as easily be seen as the last vestiges of popular reaction against a final and decisive containment of all discursive negativity or genuine difference by an emergent print state of the prosaic itself. Prose then may not yet quite have been the global state of things that Kittay and Godzich suggest has always already been its transparent situation. Prose *is* certainly already *assumed* to be the least "present" of the textualities into which Renaissance literary practice is traditionally distributed, and it may be significant that it is simply left out of the delegation of textual topicality in Steven Mullaney's distinction: "But the drama, unlike poetry, is a territorial art. It is an art of space as well as words, and it requires a place of its own, in or around a community, in which to mount its telling fictions and its eloquent spectacles" (Mullaney 1988, 7).

Prose may have no such "place," but it *can* nonetheless pretend to be an art of space. As a whole, however, an apparatus, it will tend to draw readers into that space and leave them thus incapable of taking up a stand *against* its space by the continual circulation it effects through the spac*ing* of the written. No *Gegenstand* can be maintained or withstood in the prosaic. For prose to pretend to be an art of space rather than of *spacing*, it has first of all to make us aware of its own (lack of) situation, its potential "neutrality." Only then can it obtain at a local level the feeling of what it is not globally: positional, grounded utterance. This is as close as prose gets to spatial "realism," effects that are only true locally and cannot be described globally without a loss of the effect. This effect of grounded presence is thus, like all of the realisms in which I am interested, an *aesthetic effect*, though not in any namby-pamby sense; in the sense that one temporarily *feels* here or there about something, confronted by something. But such effects occur only in *localities* of reading, at the places where a bit of the text is assumed by a particular reader at a particular moment. And like all such effects they will be evanescent, and create a "presence" differentially by a more profound sense of textual absence elsewhere.

Such moments do not then have an aesthetic effect in any classical sense: as with the realistic personality, the realistic situation will not be found to turn on any Aristotelian *unities*, but on illusions of disjunction or movement. The profusion of the heterogenous in the prose from the end of the century, the sense a modern reader will have that "[n]arrative is being distended for the sake of bizarre, local effects" (Rhodes 1980, 31)--in these one may momentarily come to rest in, or bump up against, a position. But the prosaic, *ça va sans dire au revoir*, never stops--it provides only the slipperiest of ground; and as "prose literate" readers we will find it impossible to assume for more than a moment a positionality in such prosaic circumstances. The glamor of the prosaic for many of us has come to rest precisely in this *Glatteis* transparency that it has, the *impossibility* of occupying a *Standpunkt* thereon, or even of establishing a *Sitzfleischpunkt* of sufficient tenacity or mere sedentarity for a sit-in. (One slides on one's bottom as easily as on skates, as we know from Bruegel's "Numbering at Bethlehem.") The prosaic is a package deal, a whirlwind tour Agency here cannot be placed: there is only a travel agency, booking space and projecting itineraries. And the texts from

the end of the century can thus rejoin a postmodern situational aesthetics at roughly the place where it had planned to meet some nice natives while "knocking around," as my friend David Thomson puts it, a Third World in which one's currency still goes a long way: on a train somewhere, one can momentarily feel certain that a text from the end of the century falls into the difference-delighted proto-Barthesian category of Nietzsche's *Morgenröthe*: "A book like this one is not meant to be read through or read out, but to be opened up, especially when on a ramble or a journey; it should be possible to be constantly ducking in and out of it and never find anything familiar around one" (Nietzsche 1881, 278)–this written on the spur of the moment, a spur on which we are at a standstill, Baltimore at dusk, waiting for the power to be restored (on the way back to Montréal from the MLA convention in Washington, D.C.; New Year's Eve, 1989).

But the local always gives way in the prosaic to a further "estrangement effect." One doesn't get off at the station, but ducks back into the text, assured that "topicality" is only the "temporarily commonplace" (Alan Liu, quoted in Marcus 1988, xii). There is no danger of presence for those who know how to "travel the roads of positionality," those who can afford to travel within the prosaic: the prose literate. We have been privileged to claim the instability of subject positions, the lack of *terminus a quo* or *ad quem* for our trains of thought. That, as poststructuralists, is part of *our* "identity politics": no fixed abode, just another train to hop. For if realism and modernism could previously still be viewed as stations on the right track to some textual destination–as in Virginia Woolf's famous essay in which that "old lady in the corner opposite" who is just along for the ride has become, through her status as pre-textual baggage, the critical double of Woolf herself in Rachel Bowlby's reading (1987, 14)–postmodernism is now more used to thinking of itself as the *vehicle*, one Foucault has characterized as "an extraordinary bunch of relationships, the train, since it's something along which you go, something too by which you can go from one place to another, and also something which goes past" (cited and translated by Bowlby, 171 n. 4).

If the postmodern trains, however, are more and more frequently getting derailed these days by the women now *really* in the corner opposite (who before had been nastily laid athwart the tracks), the result for most of us has still only been a few minor abrasions, followed by a little cosmetic surgery for which it has in fact been necessary that we be, like the guy in Gunther Grass's novel, *örtlich betäubt*, locally anaesthetized. Further such anaesthesia is not the way to avoid the painful side of the postmodern: it will just leave us punchy, incapacitated; like one of those sidekicks of Gabriel Harvey's "that houers between two crutches of a Scholler and a Traueller, when neither will helpe him to goe vpright in the worlds opinion" (Nashe 1596, O2/3:89). To put the postmodern back on the right track, it is certainly time to stop the train, get off, open up the cattle-cars and see who we've been travelling with as stowaways, what people have been getting carted along with us toward horrific destinations back there while we were picking one another up in the lounge car. But now that we've gotten off for a moment anyway, it won't hurt us to stretch our legs a bit, look around, and try to shake out our cramps. For it might only be the numbness of perpetual travel that made us so insensitive. We should not underestimate the spiritual virtues of a little dawdling in the fresh air–a bit of perambulation on our own two feet. One can see things afoot that slip right by the habitual railer, who's no longer concerned with what is being

ridden over. Detraining might be good for us, detraining from our postmodern timetables; *Unlernen*. A stroll around the premodern, when you still couldn't travel such great distances without feeling a lot of things under your feet, working your way through a lot of things, meeting a lot of locals, might allow us a renewed footing in the theoretical itself, a useful post-stage in the postmodern or the postpostmodern before we set out again theoretically to "post on to practis," as Harvey puts it in his commonplace book (G. Harvey MS.b, 16/89). The post of the postmodern, as we know, is never going to be delivered, never going to arrive, anyway, so why do we even post on so? I for one am saddlesore, and would be happy to be able to go about like Nashe's unfortunate traveller on my "bare tentoes" for awhile (Nashe 1594d, D3/2:241).

Much as I have suggested to be the case where the rift separating textuality from reality is concerned, I am convinced that the premodern is connected to the post- only by a narrow footbridge, and a rickety one at that. There is no *camino real* or "real road" that will lend itself to fast and easy fullscale industrial shipping to and fro between pre- and post-. The real that can be gotten across is always going to be *pedestrian*. But there's no grass growing under the pedestrian, and though you cannot even *make* it stand still (as you can the train *en panne* of the theoretical), yet you can make it run. What more, then, is there touching my position that you would be resolved of? Say quickly, as Nashe says, "for now is my pen on foote againe" (D2^{v}/2:241).[1]

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[1] In the second edition of *The vnfortunate traueller*. In the first edition, the phrasing oddly suggests the resumption of a stance: "for now is my pen got vpon his feet again."

4. Your Place or Mine?
Problems for a Prosaics of Presence

> Texte remarquable à ce que (ici exemplairement) jamais le lecteur ne pourra y choisir sa place, ni le spectateur. La place en tout cas est pour lui intenable en face du texte, hors du texte, en un lieu où il pourrait se passer d'avoir à écrire ce qui à lire lui paraîtrait *donné, passé,* où il serait devant un *écrit* déjà. Ayant à mettre en scène, il est mis en scène, il se met en scène. Le récit dès lors s'adresse au corps du lecteur qui est mis par les choses en scène, elle même. "Donc" s'écrivant, le spectateur peut moins que jamais choisir sa place. Cette impossibilité–cette puissance aussi du lecteur s'écrivant–depuis toujours travaillait le texte en général. Ouvrant ici, limitant et situant toute lecture (la vôtre, la mienne), la voici, *cette fois enfin,* montrée: comme telle.
>
> Jacques Derrida, *La dissémination*

Transparency

When we do this here with one another–when you do this to me or I do this to you–virtually every word is, referentially speaking, a "shifter." And you as well, and I, we are only shifters. It will not be out of place, then, to begin with a caveat for common cursory readers, for, as Whetstone reminds us in his disclosure of the dangers of the dicing-houses in Elizabethan London, "a plaine minded man [.] is an assured praye for al sortes of shifters" (Whetstone 1584, H2^{v}). Oh yes, they did a lot of this sort of thing at the end of the century; they would appeal to you as though you were there instead of here, or not neither here nor there.

In other words, they would still try to make ostentative use of deixis here in writing, though already it was considered impolite to point so. Deixis is that aspect of discourse which points to what is outside of it, and thus presupposes its own groundedness in a spatiotemporal circumstance. In its broadest usage it covers those elements of discourse that *only* mean situationally, just in case there might be some that can mean otherwise. In *The Emergence of Prose,* Jeffrey Kittay and Wlad Godzich argue that it is the nature of prose to be what we might call *endodeictic* (or perhaps "autodeictic" [cf. Marin 1986, 199]), to refer locally to the intratextual circumstances *it constructs.* In other words, prosaic deixis is only answerable to a "context" in the most *literal* sense. A certain politics is thus implied in prosaic positionality–theoretically, it is a positionality of impartiality, since the prose itself can have no position, or rather "has" any number of positions, contains them. It is not a positionality itself, but administers other positionalities. As Kittay and Godzich see it, in the prose state, the verbal component of a signifying practice "takes advantage of certain of its material properties (as writing it can be transmitted *hors situation* and yet as language it can *construct situation* among its discourses, deictically and otherwise)" (Kittay and Godzich 1986,

6), and in this *taking* of advantage, prose itself absquatulates from any deictic grounding. "Among all the discourses it contains, it takes the position that it is just holding them together, it is just what there is. The prose of the world," intone the authors--later adding: "That is prose's subterfuge: not to be recognized for what it is but for the way things are" (116; 175). Kittay and Godzich's attempt to define prose as the name for this tendency to the construction of deixis or situation among discourses is a concerted effort to understand in a more historical and practical way states of things that have been more influentially conceived of in metaphysical terms according to which writing is self-deferential or founded on absence, or in generic terms whereby the novel is conceived as a meta-genre, containing other positional discourses, but not taking up a position itself. The latter situation became Bakhtin's great problem: how to account for the positionality *behind* the novelistic containment of other positionalities. The former is of course more the state in which deconstruction has left us; without the authority of presence, position becomes hopelessly shifty, invisible, absent–and it is precisely with *speech*, therefore, as Kittay and Godzich argue, that there will be attempts to counter the neutralizing deixis of prose as it gains historical ground: "Historians such as Jean Marot (sixteenth century) provide an example of this resistance when they systematically exploit voice and speech to pinpoint the origins of their ideology." Prose effaces the traces of places of utterance, and Kittay and Godzich here cryptically remark that "the agnosticism of modern prose with respect to its origins is but an ideological stance designed to occult the interests that would be revealed were prose's sender identified." That occultation is not dropped in their own prosaic analysis, and the sender apparently remains uncannily transparent during *The Emergence of Prose*. Prose's sender cannot be grounded, and speech will find it impossible to subsume prose under its practice, make *itself* the ground of prose, or prove that it underlies prose, because *it* is actually *stuck in reality*, anchored in the body, grounded, incapable of constructing the whole of its deictic circumstance, while "prose can pretend to be both language and what is under it. That is what a body cannot do: a body relies on deixis, uses it, but does not constitute it. Prose can *hold* speech. Speech cannot hold prose." But prose does not call attention to this holding, the hold it can have on us: it "under-stands" and "under-writes" speech and verse, but it does not emerge from "the background that is its ground" (198).

If one accepts this account of prosaic deixis, it will be easier to see how sensations of presence or groundedness (speech deixis) are best created in prose by disrupting or drawing attention to the smooth circulation and "transparency" of deixis as it inscribes prosaic positionalities. Prose is a kind of invisible or recessive apparatus for the government of the circulation of reference, and Kittay and Godzich more than once associate it with the "faceless authority" of the state (e.g., 74; 102). Any resistance to that government and that facelessness begins--and probably ends--in local agitation. At the end of the century there was in fact a certain amount of such scattered insurrection. Enclosures of the grounds of utterance of real people and the discursive practices of collectives could be experienced as untraceable reallocations at the hands of an emerging state of the prosaic--itself a groundless, abstract apparatus. If real grounded needs and interests were increasingly to be subsumed under the quasi-theatrical management of a placeless market (Agnew 1986), real grounded revendications of those needs and interests were perhaps slated to be administered henceforth

by the prosaic agencies of a houseless state.

But the state of the prosaic was still at the time largely administered by institutions at a local level. Manifest hierarchies and a center which had not yet disappeared into the woodwork suggest that the state of the prosaic as it would come to be known--or rather *not* recognized--was not yet fully in place, and maybe it was easier to make elements that would later be absorbed into prosaic "neutrality" stand their ground, to make them confront one another in a momentary pseudopresence belying the constructedness of their deictic circumstance. Of course, even then this could only be stage presence, this was already an effect of media packaging, and such local effects could only be achieved double-negatively, by pretending *not* to be prose, by pretending *not* to *not have* a grounded position: through assuming in the prosaic state, and thus encouraging the reader to assume, a *pose*.

Confrontation

> The most part of men could not be gotten to read any thing / written in the defence of the on[e] and against the other. I bethought mee therefore / of a way whereby men might be drawne to do both / perceiuing the humors of men in these times (especialy of those that are in any place) to be giuen to mirth. I tooke that course. I might lawfully do it. I / for iesting is lawful by circumstances / euen in the greatest matters. The circumstances of time / place and persons vrged me thereunto.
>
> Martin Marprelate, *Hay any worke for Cooper* (1589)

Presence and immediacy are experiences which when and if arrived at in prose will make readers uncomfortable. One enters prose to escape presence, which demands action, complicity or resistance. Discursive presence constitutes allocution, address, accosting. Every utterance, including prosaic ones, may *in a certain sense* demand--and get--a response, as Bakhtin liked to think, but prose literacy allows for less implicational positions than those entailed in signifying practices grounded in presence. Prose does not really *confront* one with discourse. As it moves toward the extreme of transparency, on the contrary, prose seems to approach those "unspeakable sentences" (Banfield 1982) which condemn the reader to a mere *assumption* of the discourse--the reader's seems to be the only "consciousness that is constantly available" (Kittay and Godzich 1986, 122), and is thus liable to *constitute* the neutrality of prose itself, and ground it in the only sense in which it can be grounded. Although Gérard Genette insists that he has never encountered a narrative without a narrator such as Banfield construes, and that he only opens a book so that "the author may *speak to me*" (1983, 69), the actual dialogic nature of prose literacy is open to question; not simply because readers can close a book more easily than they can terminate an interview, but also, and more importantly, because the transparency of prose, its lack of presence, invites or even coerces the reader's *assumption* of prose's own holding pattern. Thus, to the extent that pseudopresence is created through pseudoaddress, it is unlikely that the reader will assume a

confrontational position *vis-à-vis* that pseudopresence. Reader-baiting such as Nabokov indulges in, for example, can only be effective because the positionality of the baiter can be contained, or even more probably *assimilated*, by the prose-literate reader as assumer of the prosaic discourse.

Although effects of pseudopresence in prose would seem always to be set up endodeictically, I would like to distinguish a practice of "pseudodeixis" whereby elements of space, time or discourse within the deixis constructed are referred to according to conventions of, or otherwise made to simulate, an actual present, grounded circumstance of utterance. In Kittay and Godzich's sense, of course, there is no *pseudo*deixis, because deixis is simply the fact of pointing to something else, or in other words: reference pure and simple. But this *contains* a real distinction. I want to bring deixis back to its more vulgar meaning of language aspects which situate the utterance with regard to its *grounded* circumstances, and vice-versa, and which rely on those grounded circumstances for meaning, and to use *pseudodeixis* to apply to those elements of deixis which pretend that the prosaic utterance *is* simply grounded in time and space, specifically a time and space other than those in which it will be grounded, the only time and space "constantly available," that of the reader. Presence underwrites real deixis, but pseudodeixis is *really* grounded only in language, which "is inherently incapable of presence: it offers only effects of presence or at best simulacra of presence" (Kittay and Godzich 1986, 157). Such effects may momentarily shock readers, as if they had been floating above their beds in obdormition and had suddenly felt themselves whammed back onto their mattresses by a resumption of percipience, but they do not perhaps finally remove us from the assumption of the discourse, our imperceptible assimiliation to the neutrality of the prosaic state.

Presence enters the prose at the end of the century in the form of localized spitting in the facelessness of the prosaic: the Marprelate tracts. A real sense of pseudopresence, here as elsewhere is created only by effects of movement, bobbing and weaving, not by stable situatedness. Presence is only sensed in movement against the differential backdrop of a stable state, and it is not perhaps surprising that effects of positionality and presence are created by texts which were composed on the run and emerged from no situated center of discontent. It would be easier for prose to contain, and neutralize, such a center.

The Marprelate tracts were a series of Puritan attacks on the episcopacy which broke down the conventional hedges of prose etiquette (it is not polite to point) to simulate a confrontation of voices ("in writing," Kittay and Godzich put in, "all that is left of presence is 'voice'" [203]). "Martin Marprelate" gets personal and names names, but his chief means for disrupting complacent neutrality is the abandonment of stylistic conventions for the management of the words of others in a pseudo-inscription of speech with its rhythms, and the local taking up of conversationality. In the middle of an exposure of episcopal abuse, Martin will suddenly shift into the second person, thus giving a sense that he (or we in assuming his discourses) has turned upon someone present ("you" must be either us, in which case we should feel confronted, or them, which again leads to a brief assumption on our part of confrontationality). In part, this is an inscription of devices from an oratorical and specifically sermonic rhetoric, which, themselves authentically grounded signfying practices, were given to effects of pseudopresence (and pseudo-absence). This is evident in the sermon,

where God would be addressed, or absent miscreants (especially those in power) would be posed rhetorical questions. Change of person creates assumptions of *advertence*, the sense of a turning speaker, whose shifting attention may suddenly confront one with a *tu quoque*. But in the Marprelate tracts such oratorical forms are undercut by a more familiar and conversational tone than even a Latimer would have made use of, and just as importantly, by a much swifter *inter*cutting of interlocutory point-of-view than was possible in the sermon. The so-called "dissolves" of Lacanian subjectivity which, as Barthes seems to think, ease point-of-view shifts in traditional texts, and which help readers to maintain the recessive neutrality of prose (cf. Barthes 1970, 48-49), are replaced by a rapid-fire montage of displacement cuts, so that each moment we seem to be confronted with a different pseudopresence. Sometimes another voice will appear to break in with an answer to a seemingly "rhetorical" question, as when Martin and a bishop exchange utterances in *Hay any worke for Cooper*:

> And take heede of it brother Westchester: it is an vnlawfull game if you will beleeue me. Foe / in winter it is no matter to take a little sport / for an od cast braces of 20. nobles when the wether is foule / that men cannot go abroad to boules / or to shoote! What would you haue men take no recreatiõ? Ye but it is an old said saw / inough is as good as a feast. ("Marprelate" 1589, [A]3^{v})[2]

The first and last sentences seem to be Martin's, the middle two, the response of the bishop. Citing this and other examples of rapid intercutting of discourse, Travis L. Summersgill, in his discussion of the influence of Marprelate on Nashe's style, speaks of "posturing": "that is, the author pictures himself in a variety of roles, ranging from that of a boisterous country bumpkin to that of fatherly counselor. This permits him to engage in dialog with himself, and with the bishops; it also allows for the humorous use of epithets and dialect" (Summersgill 1951, 149). It *also* may allow for momentary disruption of readerly discursive assumption. Readers here must pause and consider where the discourse is coming from and where they are in relation to it. Dialogue also helps create illusions of groundedness by releasing the reader from either confronting *or* assuming the apositional discourse, for a reader cannot confront prosaic discourse as such, and in assuming it assumes its groundlessness. But Martin's discourse is dialogism with the gloves off, and at least attempts (or pretends to attempt) to be unassuming. The Marprelate tracts unequivocably present themselves as make-shift for an impossible presence: that of true confrontation with the bishops. The purpose of the tracts was ostensibly to incite the bishops to an open debate, and as Raymond A. Anselment argues, Martin's "defiant demand for an ultimate confrontation assumes throughout the satires that a corrupt hierarchy cannot withstand the scrutiny of the reformers' truth" (Anselment 1979, 53). This assumption, however, is consolation for the non-existence of that encounter. In the genuine presence of a grounded

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[2] In the modernized edition by William Pierce cited by critics, "Foe" is considered a printer's error and emended to "For" ("Marprelate" 1911, 218). But this doesn't help the sense, and it seems more likely that a switch in speaking is being introduced by an interjection (an exasperated "faugh!" if not even a demonizing "foe!").

confrontation it would no longer be possible for the ecclesiatical powers-that-be to contain other positionalities within the endless prosaic verbiage of a 1400-page tome like the *Defence of the government established* of John Bridges, whom Martin seems to want to goad into this actual confrontation by simulating his presence in the text. This pseudopresence is thus at once provocation and fantasy gratification. For example, in the first part of *O read ouer D. Iohn Bridges* (the "epistle"), Dean Bridges is made to respond to Martin's objections on the spot by way of quotation:

> For will my brother Bridges saye that the Pope may haue a lawfull superior authoritie ouer his Grace of canterbury? Ile neuer beleeue him though he saye so. Neyther will I saye that his Grace is an Infidell / (nor yet sweare that he is much better) and therefore M. Deane meaneth not that the Pope should bee this highe Priest. No brother Martin (quoth M. Deane) you saye true / I meane not that the Pope is this priest of Sir Peter. ("Marprelate" 1588a, C1)

Citing this passage, Anselment claims that the "omission of the standard transition and the substitution of a direct reply simulate a confrontation in which Bridges seems for the moment to be actually present" (Anselment 1979, 44).

But such "presence" does not really seem to *confront* anyone, after all, for *the reader* is the only one *really* present here, and the reader is not, except in one case (at best), John Bridges. And Bridges, for that matter, if and when he was the reader, would find himself confronted with his "own" retort, an alienation effect which could hardly lead to a *confrontational* positionality in reading. In fact, in attempting to break down prosaic neutrality to arrive at confrontation, Martin finds his attention focussed time and again--and we with him--on the only "presence" actually available to *him*, his own. This leads to a *self-consciousness* about his effects of presence, which in its turn may produce its own effects of pseudopresence, but further reduces the feeling of confrontation. Indeed, Martin is aware of his self-consciousness and attempts to distance *it* into a confrontational other by reconverting it into others' interruptions of his own discourse and cavils which actually harangue at him from the pseudo-exterior of the margin. Thus, earlier, as Martin's own harangue had begun to escalate, an encouraging voice broke in parenthetically to egg him on, while from the margin came a scandalized reprimand:

> The B[ishop]. of Lincolne / of Worcester / of Peterborow / and to be briefe / all the Bb. [Bishops] in England / wales / and Ireland / are pettie popes / & pettie Antichristes. Therefore no Lord B[ishop]. (nowe I pray thee good Martin speake out / if euer thou diddest speake out / that hir Maiestie and the counsell may heare thee) is to be tolerated in any christian common welth [...].
>
> [Margin:] What malapert knaues are these that cannot be content to stand by and here / but they must teach a gentleman how to speake. ("Marprelate" 1588a, [A]3^{v})

This certainly creates a dialogic effect, but one in which the difficulty of locating positions leads to pseudo-presence without confrontationality. It is difficult to figure out if the mainbody discourse is interrupted by a committed abettor or is meant to be an ironic

encouragement from his enemies, convinced that he is only going to get himself into more hot water ([pseudo-]positionality is obscured by irony), and it is thus hard to decide if the marginal objection to the interruption comes from Martin's enemies, his friends, or himself. On the next page, as Martin continues his attack, a more studied criticism again comes from the margin: "M. Marprelate you put more then the question in the conclusion of your syllogisme." Here Martin responds from the mainbody text: "This is a pretie matter / y^{t} standers by / must be so busie in other mens games: why sawceboxes must you be prating?" ([A]4). The textual dramatization of an intradiegetical entourage does lend atmosphere to pseudopresence which has generally been prepared by the rapid shift through positionalities obstructing the easy assumption of the apositional discourse by the reader, but the concentration on Martin's own situation and presence and the prosaics with which it is constructed tends to defuse any elements of confrontationality in such pseudopresence. As Bakhtin's attempt at a situational aesthetics suggested, trying to present discursively *one's own* position, the surroundings in which one is lodged, flies in the face of the conditions of *real* perception- my surroundings, my circumstances, the context from which my discourse is emerging are precisely what only *someone else* can see and define, from a position of privileged outsideness, and thus self-consciousness about one's own place of utterance leads to the same *décalage* which troubles the aesthetic unity of the self-defining confessor: positional coherence breaks down, and prosaic dubiquity is the result.

Though self-consciousness may initially help fragment the discourse without losing the effect of a lodging of the complaint in real circumstances, it can easily move away from pseudodeixis toward a plain deixis that becomes absently textbound. As the "posturing" becomes more self-conscious, more aware of its own *prosaic* circumstances, it actually becomes less confrontational for the prose literate, and there is even less pseudopresence, more a sense of intratextual self-reference which is untroubledly assumed in reading. Thus, when in the second part (the "Epitome") of *O read ouer D. Iohn Bridges*, Martin self-consciously proposes a prosopopeic retort of the doctor which dangerously hits home by seeming to implicate him (Martin) in sedition against the crown, Martin temporizes from the margin in a way that calls attention to the artificiality of the posturing: "Heere is an indecorum personæ in this speech I know / for the D[octor]. should not giue me this warning / but you knowe my purpose is to play the dunse after his example" ("Marprelate" 1588b, [D]3). Any effect of real presence is here supplied by the reader taking up a reflective exteriority (i.e., in criticism, not reading) from which the anxiety-producing desperation of Martin's actual "situation" can be reconstructed. Martin's pseudodeictic discourse can also lapse into a would-be literal *self*-reference, so that his deictic markers would refer to the act of utterance without *any* situation, without having grounded it in a circumstance. On an earlier page of the text just cited, for instance, having quoted a longwinded passage from Bridges, he had remarked: "I was neuer so affraid in my life / that I shoulde not come to an end / till I had bene windlesse. Do you not see how I pant?" ([C]3^{v}-[C]4). One can hardly "see" such a thing, unless the punctuating slashes are meant to be typographical gasps. Of course, these texts were probably meant to be read aloud, and perhaps Martin anticipated the auto-production of the panting, or supposed he could rely on a performance of them in line with the pointing. "Presence" may be created here in reading by bringing the readerly

assumption up short in a consideration of the question whether the panting can be seen or not, followed by a disgruntled rejoinder. "No damn cat, and no damn cradle," as someone once snorted. Any "presence" with which one is confronted here, however, is that of the actual writing; one steps back from it and there is a break in the ready readerly assumption of the discourse. But the "speaker" calls attention to his own very *lack* of presence (you *can't* see him panting there). When the confrontational element is played down in favor of self-conscious auto-referentiality, pseudopresence falters and something else "takes its place." What that something else is might best be described as "pseudo-absence." And to this, as the *deixis ex machina* still absurdly allows us to get away with writing, we will be returning.

Complicity

> In questo senso nulla è vero di quanto si dice d'Aglaura eppure se ne trae un'immagine solida e compatta di città, mentre minor consistenza raggiungono gli sparsi giudizi che ne possono trarre a viverci. Il risultano è questo: la città che dicono ha molto di quelche ci vuole per esistere, mentre la città che esiste al suo posto, esiste meno.
>
> Italo Calvino, *Le città invisibili*

In the early 1590s London becomes a locus of the prosaic. The exoticized settings of Italian novelle, historical romance or Greek novel where prose had largely taken place in the 1580s were suddenly left behind as the printed text plunked itself down into the *Lebenswelt* in which "the prose of the world" was most usually imprinted, the world of *Long Megge of Westminster* (ca. 1590), Lodge's *William Long beard* ("borne in the citty of London," 1593) or the book by Greene's ghost: *Faire Valeria of London* (Dickenson 1598). But nowhere was this appropriation of London by the prosaic more apparent than in the realistic pamphlets associated with Greene and Nashe. In 1591-93, Greene's cony-catching pamphlets and Nashe's castigations of abuses reigning edged the social and topological manifold of the sinful city into the foursquare blocks of print its prosaic print culture produced from the subject of performative sermons and ballads, not only did it become the locus of scriptive romance and history, or jest-biography like those of Long Meg, Old Hobson and George Peele, but most memorably of a reassumed criminality and liminality which previously had been more often projected onto a demonized foreign topos like Rome. In an experimental series of self-inquisitions, these outlandish capitols of corruption were recognized and reappropriated by London as it articulated itself according to a prosaics of perver-city Long largely exiled from its urban source, the prosaic returned like the prodigal son of its own previous generation, but it returned with a vengeance to announce that like Prince Hal it had all along had a morally-underwritten ulterior motive for its errancy, and that all along it had only in fact been holding up *A looking glasse for London and England*, as Greene and Lodge called their pseudo-biblical drama, published in 1594 But if the prosaic seems thus to reappropriate its own actual circumstances of production, that looking-glass figure suggests that it could be just

as accurate to put it the other way round. A complex of political interests called itself "London" and textualized itself either in an effort to solidify its hegemonic articulation or in an attempt to undermine or rezone official allocations of power and pleasure, right and wrong ways, through an appropriation of the prosaic's propensities for topological concinnation. London appropriates the prosaic as the prosaic appropriates London.

The ubiquity of such chiasmus in the titles of criticism these days no doubt marks a salubrious attempt to get beyond hierarchical systems of binaries or the transcendence of realities by textualities or of textualities by realities, and instead to recognize politically complex dialogical interaction and mutual dependencies: the groundedness of texts and the textuality of groundedness. Yet we also know that if the curious loop into which the Hegelian master-slave dialectic can be made to engage (the master is a slave and the slave is a master) can indeed incite the odd bit of riot down in the semiotic square, it has also had a tendency to take the place of the absolving *cross* up on the hill, and sanction a philosophy of continued institutional accomodation. Such chiasmus are perhaps more likely to give the lie in "the West" to the East German Robert Weimann's own funhouse-mirror formula according to which there continues to be *revolutionary* upheaval in the structure of articulations whereby "the literature of the Renaissance appropriates the world of the past and the world of the present appropriates the Renaissance literature of the past" (Weimann 1977, 12). In *his* discussions of narrative realism, Weimann has tried to relocate the prosaic practices of the Renaissance within the precincts of a generalized topos of sociocultural *appropriation* [*Aneignung*], but in his elaborations of this Marxian category he displays a marked predilection for such chiasmus himself, so that the interaction [*Wechselwirkung*] of which he is fond of speaking has more recently, in his work published in North American journals, become specifically a "mode of making things one's own by which the world in the book and the book in the world are appropriated through an intellectual acquisition on the level of both writing and reading" (Weimann 1983, 465-66). With the free traffic between poststructuralism and postmarxism that such an intersection facilitates, one feels reassured that the wall has truly been opened up, at least in the unreal cities London Paris Baltimore The socially-grounded is now free to make weekend trips into the pantextual with no complications, maybe even a little complimentary spending money, and gradually appropriate all the trappings of a sorely unrealized and all-appropriating West (the "secret referent" here, as Frederic Jameson has let slip, is "*American* capitalism" [Jameson 1983, 64]).

But what the chiasmus in our own titles and analyses in that "West" should emblematize for us[3] is not just some sort of recidivist (or even recusant) doublecross whereby for all our good political intentions we would be the judases of a bourgeois aesthetic, but the likelihood that in supposing we can be something else in continuing to do our unifying "readings" we

[3] Lest it seem I do not recognize myself as implicated here, perhaps this is as good a place as any to recommend my own 1985 McGill University Master's Thesis, entitled "Authors as others and others as authors. Mikhail Bakhtin's early theories of the relationship between the author and the hero." As must be sufficiently obvious by now, I personally am as bourgeois as the day is long, and don't even suppose I would *want* to be a fisherman in the afternoon, not a real one, when I could be a critical critic the whole day through, in my favorite cafe, with my black jeans and my Nicaraguan neckerchief

have arrived at that "Dawes crosse" (assumed by McKerrow [1908, 307] to be an "imaginary rendezvous of fools") at which the three Cambridge scholars (who may actually be the Harvey brothers) agree to meet in Fraunce's *Third part of the Countesse of Pembrookes Yuychurch* (1592), by way of preparation for their exploration of the upper air. Indeed, an excursion into the "appropriation" of any supposed social and topographical realities of Elizabethan London by the prosaic and of the prosaic by London in the early 1590s would appear to be foredoomed with the Harveys *"to commence at* Dawes crosse" (Nashe 1596 B3^{v}/3:12).

My proposal here is much more prosaic: to trace briefly how the allocation of blame in a real city, which certainly had to circulate according to political articulations, was contained by *"literary"* prose in a textual space, and how that could lead to the assumption of the pseudopresence of complicity by readers. But here too, of course, it would be chary to set out from Daws' Cross. To be "Doctors at Daws' Cross" may have been proverbial (Tilley 1950, D428, p. 162), but that Daws' Cross itself was a London topos is the kind of fact that is lost in the distant thuds of grounded utterances. We have only the endodeictic fix of the documentary to help us place such a name, a desperately prosaic discursive field just south of New Historicism. In *Tyros roring megge* (1598), the eponymous young scholar, who looks "freshely come to towne," is said to enfold *"Dawes crosse* in his armes" ("Tyro" 1598, A4), but the town is not necessarily London, and indeed *Tyros roring megge* is likely the work of a recent university man, and as with the references in *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden* and Fraunce's *Yuychurch*, the placement is thus strongly associated with academic situations. To be doctors at Daws's Cross may well have carried a prestige similar to that of being "vicar of S. Fooles" (Nashe 1589a, A1^{v}/1:10; cf. Tilley 1950, V41, p. 697), and considering St. Fools and Daws' Cross together, one is led to the possibility that both mock-tenuries were in fact take-offs on that most prosaic of Elizabethan London landmarks St Paul's. *"Paul's* cross" was, of course (or so one reads), the site in the churchyard of the stone pulpit from which sermons were preached. But then, modern readers, especially North American ones, might even be far from certain that Daws' Cross was a merely fanciful location (and indeed we can't be sure); it sounds, after all, enough like what could be another (ornithologically-designated? one hesitates) crux, the landmark on the way to which we earlier encountered Greene's ghost: Pie Corner. For most of us in North America at the end of the century, Pie Corner probably rings about as true as Daws' Cross, but the former might be familiar to readers as the place the Great Fire stopped; it can be textually located on certain maps, and is mentioned in such prosaic sources as Stow's *Survay of London* (1598), where it is said that "ouer against the said Pie corner lyeth Cocke lane" (Stow 1603, 2:22), though "Cocke lane" (which can *still* be found on maps) may itself have no more (or less) resonance of the real for us than "Daws' Cross." (You can see why we still need travel grants.) While there is no reason, then, to suppose that Daws' Cross is any more geographically recoverable than the reference point of a tale in *The defence of conny-catching* (1592) that supposedly unfolded "within a mile of a knaues head" ("Cony-catcher" 1592, B1^{v}/11:54/16), our very uncertainty here should put into relief the shaky ground we are on in trying to recover the chiasmal appropriation of Elizabethan "London" by the prosaic and of "the prosaic" by London. Both of them, London and the prosaic, are for us the abstract "textual constructs" of a print culture to such an extent that any attempt I might make to "map" one onto the other so as to retrieve "real places" and the textual

allocation of social energies that took place in them would, in my mind, be set at the start as taking place not far from Daws' Cross, an imaginary rendezvous of fools.[4]

Cuthbert Cony-catcher's "within a mile of a knaues head" (the incident is subsequently given more natural situation as having occurred "not farre off from *Cockermouth*," which is a real place in Cumberland) is actually a parody of one of the orientational devices with which Greene had been experimenting in the two cony-catching pamphlets Cuthbert was answering, and it is from the discursive situation of London in these pamphlets from 1591-92 that my discussion of the assumptions of "appropriation" will in fact begin.[5] What I am hoping to

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[4] This if for no other reason than the liability of one on such a formal or structuralist errand to get *taken in* along the way. To clarify the political subtext, it may be worthwhile to recall here Lacan's characterization of *l'intellectuel de gauche* and *l'intellectuel de droite* according to the Elizabethan categories of *fool* and *knave*, during his seminar for 23 March 1960 (about the time I was going through the mirror stage), entitled *"L'amour du prochain."* The digression is worth quoting at length, never mind where and when and why it was preached:

> The *fool* is an innocent, retarded, but from his mouth come truths, which are not merely tolerated but put to use, inasmuch as this *fool* is sometimes decked out in the badges of the jester. This happy umbrage, this fundamental *foolery*, is what strikes me as being the value of the intellectual of the left.
>
> [...]
>
> The *knave* can be translated on one level of usage by "jack," but it goes far beyond this. He is not a cynic, with the heroic connotations that that position entails. Strictly speaking, he is what Stendhal calls a *coquin fieffé*, or in other words, when all's said and done, John Q. Public, but a John Q. Public with more determination.
>
> Now, as we know, a certain manner of presenting oneself that is part and parcel of the ideology of the intellectual of the right consists precisely in posing as what one actually is, a *knave*, which is to say, not backing away from the consequences of what is called realism, or in other words, when necessary, admitting that one is a scum.
>
> This is of no interest unless we consider the upshot. After all, a scum is as useful as a sot, at least in terms of entertainment value, if it weren't that the scums getting together inevitably lead to collective foolishness. This is what makes the ideology of the right so disheartening politically.
>
> But let us also point out what isn't often enough noticed–by a curious chiasmus effect, the *foolery* that gives the intellectual of the left his individual style, quite clearly leads to a group *knavery*, a collective scumminess. (Lacan 1986, 215)

I'm only suggesting that this well-known pairing needs to be supplemented here by a third Elizabethan category, the *daw*, neither *fool* nor *knave*, the daw is the mark of the cony-catcher, the intellectual in the middle of the road. Those taken in by cony-catchers in Greene's pamphlets are often brought to ruin by their own slightly knavish tendencies, of course, but they are basically too clownish on their own to do anyone but themselves much harm. Still, if we imagine them standing there in the middle of the road at Daws' Cross, waiting to be had, it would seem to be at the approach of a knave and not of a fool that they need to be a little more careful of themselves these days. Of course, our sympathies are necessarily more divided when we are confronted with the collusive, charismatic figure of Jack Derrydaw, singing "With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale"

[5] Cuthbert may have picked up the idea of such a mock situation from the parodic and evasive publication information in the Marprelate tracts, devices immediately seized upon by other anonymous satirists and thus widespread in the 1590s. The first part of *O read ouer*

hurry through here is the shifting positionality of London and its environs in some texts of Greene and Nashe, and a few of the ways in which these *movements* problematized assumptions and now lend "presence" to the textual topoi in question. I want to trace the way in the texts of Greene and Nashe the prosaic first brings London within its discursive confines, then equates its own prosaic pseudopresence with the feel of a city, and finally arrives at a new maneuverability within that now Londonized textuality, extending its liberties, so that London is neither deictically coextensive with the text itself nor its extratextual ground, but a place of prosaic assumptions, an invisible prosaicity in which the confrontation of blame is always just around the corner of a chiasmically unassuming pseudopresence.

Greene's cony-catching pamphlets do not owe their realism to artistic unity. The focalization and authorization supplied through Greene's pretense of overall first-hand knowledge is increasingly disrupted by extrinsic illustrative episodes introduced through situational frameworks like those parodied by Cuthbert Cony-catcher, devices adapted from the jestbook tradition. In the collections of jests, individual anecdotes were frequently opened by naturalistic settings which contributed to their pleasure-enhancing presentation as actual occurrences. This was especially the case in collections built up around an historical or pseudo-historical figure, such as Skoggin, Skelton, or Eulenspiegel (who might move through a territory as they moved through the text) while a collection like *Merie tales of the mad men of Gotam* (?1565) could even take a geographical location as its unifying and authenticating framework. Frequently situations were non-committally approximative, of course "not far from," "on the road to," "in Yorkshire," and so on.

There may, however, in general have been a tendency for the jestbooks to develop more and more centralizing topoi and to become increasingly underwritten by a dramatic unity of place along with the concentration on a consistent personality. This development is not really manifest in Greene's pamphlets, which seem rather to be constantly under construction, but their experiments at redeveloping textual areas for *locally* unifying effects may have played a part all the same in an increasing *territorialization* of the prosaic.

In the beginning, Greene makes use of jestbook anecdotes as supplemental illustrations to his personally underwritten outlines of the *modus operandi* of the various confidence-trickster "crafts" he is "discovering." If supplemental illustrations of this sort become increasingly common, one assumes it is because he has run out of personal experience, but not out of consumer demand, and must extend the limits of his experience to include hearsay, merry tales set in Suffolk, or stories from the reign of Henry VIII. This paradoxically *reinforces* (by contrast) the realism of his own personally underwritten discourse (if he were making it up, why not simply go on assuming firsthand experience?), but breaks down the continuity of the text "as a whole." As long as Greene's persona focalizes discursive assumption, the effect of unified position can attach to his discourse in accordance with any constructed entourage he allocutes. "The oral tradition," as John Dale Smith notes, in one of the few extended discussions of Greene's techniques, is "suggested by Greene's assumption of an audience to which he addresses himself directly" (Smith 1968, 68-70) This intradiegetic audience assumes

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D. Iohn Bridges, for instance, is said on the title page to have been "Printed ouersea / in Europe / Within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest."

the place of the implied readership and in turn might allow us as readers to assume its "presence" vis-à-vis Greene's discourse. But with the incursion of extraneous, disjunctive jestbook material, the text loses solid ground, the discursive assumption of an isotopy breaks back up into the default free-floating neutrality of the prosaic. Yet as Greene gives up his own real firsthand situatedness as guarantor of authenticity, there is some tendancy on the part of the personally "extraneous" to become more and more centralized in London, and the jestbook situations at the beginnings of discrete anecdotes become increasingly detailed. The "inclusion of himself" which was, however, one "step toward realism," as Smith says (64), is supplanted as more decisively "the illustration moves toward realism, chiefly through the use of proper names and places and through dialogue" (67).

Initially, there is an effort to incorporate these extraneous details into the Greene-bounded body of the text in an unbroken assumption by his own experiential discourse. Thus, in the first pamphlet, *A notable discouery of coosenage*, he caps a lengthy abstract overview of the "cross-biting law" with "an English demonstration": "ile tel you a pretie tale of late performd in bishopsgate street" (Greene 1591b, D3^{v}/10:46/47). Although a quasi-jestbook introduction, incorporated into Greene's discourse and coupled with a spatiotemporally nondistancing situation and a naturalized cast of characters ("Mal. B."), or--even more effective--a scrupulous witholding of names, or changing of names to protect the innocent, such a situation can lend a sense of lived local vera-city to the main body of Greene's pamphlet. But even in this first pamphlet Greene's *vécu* narration has to be expanded by a tacked-on "Discouery of the coosenage of colliars" in which the effect of grounded situation is vitiated as the discourse becomes dissociated from Greene and the jestbook episodes become more pronounced and are separated out from a continuity of utterance by jestbook headings. Thus, "for proofe" of his remarks about untrustworthy colliers, Greene insists he "will recite you a matter of truth, lately performed by a Cookes wife vpon a coosning Collier," but then the text breaks and there is a heading in preparation of an inset narrative: *"How a Cookes wife in London did lately serue a Collier for his cosenage"* (E3/10:57/57). At the end of the story, instead of a resumption of the previous diegetical instance (Greene's "gounded" experiential discourse), there is another break, another heading: *"How a flax wife and her neighbors vsed a coosening Colliier* [sic]," beginning with the conventionally diversionary: *"NOw Gentlemen by your leaue, and heare a mery iest: There was in the Suburbs of London a Flax-wife, that wanted coles* [...]" (E3^{v}/10:58/58). This collapse of the "authorized" narratorial unity into a folk-traditional and purely recreational discursivity disrupts *narratorial* presence more and more in Greene's subsequent pamphlets, but they do not as a rule simply break down into disconnected merry tales; rather, as Greene's personal experience becomes less continuous the unifying function is attempted more and more by the narrative assumption of other authorizing London personalities, and by more frequent and specific recursion to the cityscape of London itself as a coordinating device. For, after an overall collapse of the second pamphlet into prosaic neutrality, there is a general, though not absolute, retraction of reference into the purview of London and its environs. In *A notable discouery*, anecdotes had generally taken place in London, but one also heard about Suffolk, Middlesex, Surrey, and a number of other places. With *The second and last part of conny-catching*, Greene's personal experience was apparently already keenly in need of supplementation at the second

hand. There are more textbreaks and subheadings, and stories come from all over: Essex, Cornwall, Uxbridge. As Greene searched for new illicit activities to "discover" or "decipher" he was initially driven away from London in the second pamphlet, and was only able to resume some local unity when he hit on the practices of cutpurses and pickpockets and could again claim personal experience of stories "realistically delineated against the background of specifically named streets and disreputable taverns" (Schlauch 1963, 116), using the familiarizing and intimating device of placename-dropping: "Paules, Westminster, the Exchange," etc. (Greene 1591c, C4/10:103/30). One "merie tale" is even set in a specific tavern: "the three tuns in Newgate market" (D3/10:110/37). A friend of his reports a "*kinde conceipt of a Foist performed in Paules*" (D4^{v}/10:114/40) and then we are offered "a quaint conceit" that is not situated. Next follow some more generalized remarks, intermingled with more merry tales to "recreate your wits" (E4/10:123/49), all of them but the last taking place in London. In general, the effect has been one of miscellany, prosaic flitting.

It would appear that the next attempt after *The second part* to answer the public demand for more cony-catching pamphlets was *The defence of conny catching*. The narrator, Cuthbert Cony-catcher, introduces himself as a "professor" in the "liberall Artes" that Greene has been exposing. (Greene himself had used this title for "nips" and "foists" in *The second part*). Cuthbert has recently made a circuit of the realm--a no doubt unintentional parody of Greene's having been obliged to (discursively) leave London in search of more material: "As *Plato* (my good friendes) trauelled from Athens to Aegypt, and from thence through sundry clymes to increase his knowledge: so I [...] lefte my studie in *Whittington Colleg*e [i.e. Newgate prison], & traced the country to grow famous in my faculti*e* [...]" ("Cony-Catcher" 1592, A2/11:43/5). Cuthbert's pamphlet, like *The second part*, features a number of jestbook-type anecdotes taking place at various spots around England, but in *The thirde and last part of conny-catching* that followed it, and which also opens with an allusion to "*Whittington Colledge in* London" (apparently, the real college this time; Greene 1592h, A3^{v}/10:140/5), all of the episodes are situated in the city. *The thirde and last part* is properly a London jestbook, an anthology of twice-told anecdotes which Greene appropriately refers to as "our booke" (B1^{v}/10:145/11). But while it consists of almost nothing but short disconnected narratives superscribed with jestbook headings, the topological settings no longer tend to come at the openings of tales but crop up naturalistically like urban landmarks as we peep in on scenes around town. The cinematic ease with which "impositional" prosaic discourse can cut or dissolve from one scene to another gives the collection of vignettes a feel of the documentary.

As the title leads one to expect, the fourth of Greene's cony-catching pamphlets, *A disputation betweene a hee conny-catcher and a shee conny-catcher*, consists largely of a dialogue, between a thief named Laurence and a courtesan named Nan. Their intradiegetical discourse is firmly (pseudo)grounded as taking place "here in London" (Greene 1592b, B2^{v}/10:213/18), indeed at one point they are apparently even specifically "here in Westminster Hall" (B3^{v}/10:217/22), so that while Nan tells a story that took place at Spilsby, one does not feel one has left a Londonian circumstance of *utterance*. Onto their dialogue is tacked a first-person narrative in the romance-confessional mode Greene had been experimenting with since his "farewell to folly" publications, presenting the story of the "conversion of an English

Courtizan" which in the epistle Greene insists is "not a fiction, but a truth of one that yet liues" (A3^{v}/10:201/7). The account is far from having an effect of the real, however; it would seem to derive from medieval accounts of the conversion of Thais via Erasmus's colloquies (see Macdonald 1984); its first person narration comes out of nowhere, there is no name-naming, and the story is hardly underway before the conventional avuncular advisor of the prodigal son romance is offering to the transexual protagonist the conventional avuncular advice which we know will conventionally be ignored, complete with Latin tags and literary allusions. A dinner is interrupted by an inset tale of several pages (essentially lifted from Gascoigne), and the style, though not exactly Euphuean, is pretty similar to that of Greene's late romances, whatever satiric dialogism Macdonald thinks she can locate in it.

In these pamphlets so often cited for their "realism," effects of the real, Londonian or otherwise, are only "local." None of Greene's cony-catching works after the first shows much unity of narrator or persona, and reality effects rarely have much to do with Greene's assertions that what he is telling us is "not a fiction, but a truth." On the contrary, the real seems to peep through the cracks in Greene's disintegrating underwriting of prosaic positionalities. As the series progresses, "the narrator's role as external judge disappears" (Smith 1968, 72) and we increasingly are expected to contain our assumptions of the discourse, positionalities of many kinds, with no predetermined evaluative position by which to coordinate our own. Greene seems unable to provide us with the unifying authorial response that Bakhtin originally supposed would obviate our own assumption of total responsibility. But this does not finally make these into "writerly" texts for which we ourselves somehow become answerable. Greene continues to insist upon a personal complicity which finally will bring the freer circulation of inculpation of the later cony-catching texts back upon him with a vengeance. It may simply be that he is not at all well, and prosaic neutrality suffers along with him. Maybe this is the source of local presences in the pamphlets: an authorial position or stance or *comprehension* is assumed only to falter. Greene must have written at least half a dozen pamphlets in the year before his death, probably more, seemingly in a genuine state of moral distraction, artistic confusion, and, near the end, physical illness. His last two cony-catching pamphlets feature "confessions," and the *Disputation* is capped by a far from "merry Tale" (F4/10:276/80) about a sick man forced to lie ill in the home of an abusive cheat. It is hard not to suppose this to be quasi-autobiographical, and certainly by the beginning of the next and last pamphlet, *The blacke bookes messenger*, the sick man at the beginning is Greene himself. *The blacke bookes messenger* is more like the *Repentance of Robert Greene* than *A notable discouery of coosenage*. Ned Browne, a man "well knowne about London," tells his own story, though it is still broken up into jestbook episodes and there is a curious lack of unity for all the autobiographical framework. *The blacke bookes messenger*, even though most of it takes place in London, seems to be on the way back to emerging from the nowhere of prose, while much of the hodgepodge in the previous two texts had seemed to draw the reader at least momentarily into a localized cityscape.

One obvious but, as I want to argue, crucial reason for this effect was the adoption in *The thirde and last part* of pseudodeictics such as "here in London." In the earliest two pamphlets, among other places the prose was written *about* London--all geographical references were introduced in the same manner, as the positings of a personally unified discursivity which was

itself now prosaically neutral. But in the *Defence of conny catching*, Cuthbert had here and there created the effect that London was not being talked about so much as *walked about* through the innovation of a simple, pseudo-self-referential, pseudodeictic formula in his attack on his fellow penmen: "Is there not heere resident about London, a crewe of terryble Hacksters in the habite of Gentlemen [...]?" ("Cony-catcher" 1592, C3^{v}/11:76/38). Cuthbert also made use of equivocal "nosism," creating a potential for writerly-readerly compli-city with the use of the first person plural: "this I talke of our London and courtly Taylors" (D4^{v}/11:96/57). Deictic equivocation of this type (where is "here" in a printed text; whose is "our"?) immediately turns up in the early pages of *The thirde and last part*: *"this famous citie* [no immediate antecedent] *is pestered with the like, or rather worse kinde of people"* or *"So if God should in iustice be angrie with vs* [where *"vs"* must mean "Londoners"]" (Greene 1592h, A3^{v}/10:140; 141/6), but then the discursive situatedness underwritten by Greene's supposed circumstance of utterance breaks up into the merry tales, which though they all take place in London do not create the effect that their narration is *emerging from* London while one is reading them. In the dialogue of the *Disputation*, whose containment by neutral prose is more easily overlooked, this pseudodeixis is more effective. The phrases "here in London" or "here in Westminster Hall" in the dramatized dialogue of the he- and she-cony-catcher help us feel situated in the presence of two grounded speakers. Even in the later pages of the highly artificial "conversion of the courtesan" when she reaches the point in her narrative where she arrived in town, she describes herself as "brought to London, and left *here* at randon" (F2/10:268/72; emphasis added), allowing an assumption of Londonian circumstances of utterance.

The lack of unity in these texts, then, itself coupled with by-the-way nominal situations may at times lend a kind of metropolitan squalor to them. John Dale Smith (1968, 71) analyzed how Greene in the cony-catching pamphlets manifests two distinct voices, one moralizing, the other merry, and later Virginia L. Macdonald, though recognizing a more dramatic playing off of "several points of view so that the reader is forced to decide among them" and in one article even cataloguing the "33 Narrative Voices" in the *Disputation* (1983, 135-36), still tends to concentrate on a "first narrator" who "avows that the tales are moral 'exempla'" and a "second narrator" who "equates them with the jest-book tradition" (1981, 128; 129). But surely she was right in her final article on the "English courtesan" section of the *Disputation* to insist on the "narrative complexity"--even if she may be wrong to assume Greene's "conscious use" of it--in "all these works," and on the "dramatic techniques" here being brought over into the prosaic (Macdonald 1984, 212; 211), a phenomenon Brian Gibbons attributes directly to Greene's experience in the theater (Gibbons 1980, 13). For there really are many more voices than Greene's pair, and increasingly, as Greene's subjective complicity decays, local unity is assumed by a *community* of London voices. Indeed, the assumption by Greene's text of the London in which it is increasingly allocating blame becomes so pronounced in the *Disputation* that as the romance narration of the courtesan peters out near the end we have a sense of Greene himself struggling through an urban textual space that has been constructing itself around "him":

> But amongst all these blythe and merry Iestes, a little by your leaue, if it be no farther then Fetter lane, oh take heed, thats too nye the Temple, what then, I will draw as neare the signe of the white Hart as I can, and breathing my selfe by the bottle Ale-house, Ile tell you a merry Iest, how a Conny-catcher was vsed. (Greene 1592b, F4/10:276/80)

It is here that neutral prose recounts the story that sounds so much like the circumstances in which Greene finds himself near the end (as narrated elsewhere): the sick man lying at the mercy of others in the house not his own of the text.

The avowed purpose of the cony-catching pamphlets had been to "prosecute at large" the caterpillars of the community by "searching out those base villanies" they perform (Greene 1591c, *4^{v}/10:74/9). But the "discovery" had at first been illocal and impersonal; only as his own subjectivity broke down did Greene finally begin to name names and locate malefactors. In his initial articulation blame is textually ubiquitous: *"I haue seen the world and rounded it, though not with trauell, yet with experience, and I cry out with* Salomon. Omnia sub sole vanitas" (Greene 1591b, A2^{v}/10:6/8). While his sense of guilt occasionally forced him to recognize a position of personal complicity, the neutral authority of the prosaic, which can so easily affiliate itself with an impersonal transcendent state was--*assumed* to be *appropriate* for the public-good discovery and containment of these practices. One may recall Greene's own association of his texts with the commonwealth in his motto for these pamphlets: *Nascitur pro patria*, and Kittay and Godzich's cynical aside: "Prose is tailormade for the pros" (Kittay and Godzich 1986, 74). But the attempt by the prosaic to contain iniquity without assuming it started to break down when a malefactor, but also an author, Cuthbert Cony-catcher, whose pamphlet may have been in part by Greene himself, began to *assume* the pervasiveness of blame, labelling Greene a cony-catcher as well ("Cony-catcher" 1592, C3-C3^{v}/11:75-76/37) and creating the sense of an encompassing textual dupli-city with his own pseudodeictic pseudopresence "here in London." This in turn seems to have contaminated Greene's later pamphlets with a greater assumption of the iniquity by London and of London by the discursivity of discovery, even as Greene avoided the pandemic attribution of blame in Cuthbert's pamphlet by retracting into more personalized figures and eventually a series of reappropriations whereby he himself became the center of sin.

A further source of the dissemination of London into the prosaic and blame into London in the later cony-catching pamphlets had been hinted at by an allusion to Pierce Penniless in Laurence's opening speech in the *Disputation*. Sometime between *The second part* and the *Disputation*, Nashe's pamphlet had apparently appeared. This, of course, was far and away Nashe's most popular pamphlet in his day, and his most influential work, precisely with regard to the prosaic appropriation of London. As Neil Rhodes puts it, it was by seizing on the "lively sense of topography and the teeming images of vice and squalor" therein that the next generation of pamphleteers was to continue the trend in appropriation that, again in Rhodes's terms, allowed "the city itself to move into the centre of the canvas" (Rhodes 1980, 54).

Pierce Penilesse first of all displays the same pseudodeictic formulas that Cuthbert Cony-catcher had made use of, and this is one more argument in favor of the theory that Nashe had

collaborated in *The defence of conny catching*.[6] *Pierce Penilesse* in turn also betrays some of the disorientation of Greene's later works, and in fact begins with a feigned world-weariness and a gesture toward repentance that echoes the opening of *Greenes vision* (not as yet, apparently, published). But this is rejected for a both wider and narrower circulation of guilt allocation than Greene was capable of (either *mea culpa* or *omne sub sole vanitas*). Nashe is fascinated with figures of city-dwelling (cf. his gentleman friend's reference to "the vaward or subburbes of my narration" in *Lenten stuffe* [1599, D3^{v}/3:174]), and he is especially fond of constituting analogies between a heavenly or unheavenly city and his own. The topicality of such cities is objectified in terms of intermurally defining spaces of city proper and suburbs, whose mutual demonization makes for difficulty in allocating blame in the bustling prosaicity. Pierce complains to the devil of avaricious gluttons: "if they might be induced to distribute all their goods amongst the poore, it were to be hoped Saint *Peter* would let them dwell in the suburbes of heauen, whereas otherwise, they must keepe aloofe at *Pancredge*, and not come neere the liberties by fiue leagues and aboue," while it is *now* left to "poore Scholers and Souldiers" to "wander in backe lanes, and the out-shiftes of the Citie" (Nashe 1592b, G2^{v}/1:204). Virtue and vice can be seen here to occupy positionalities as center and circumference of an urbanized topography. Thus, when Nashe has described some of the minor vices and atheism of his countrymen, he claims that "[t]hese are but the suburbes of the sinne we haue in hand: I must describe you a large cittie, wholy inhabited with this damnable enormitie" (C4^{v}/1:172). As in the previous passage, where the suburbs were subterraneously connected with heaven and the inner city was a dwelling for those bound for hell, this concentration on a conurbation of vice itself refers back to a metaphor whereby hell grew into a thriving metropolis through the capitalist entrepreneurial development schemes of the devil, "so famous a Politician in purchasing, that Hel, which at the beginning was but an obscure Village, is now become a huge Citie, whereunto all Countreys are Tributarie" (B3/1:161).

An infernal city, rotten to the core, the "supplication to the devil" which is the centerpiece of Nashe's pamphlet, with its parade of deadly sins that have become naturalized citizens, defies exorcism of blame out of its discursive position of complicity until the very end, when a margin is again formed out of the liberties, and the source of discourse seems prepared to assume a situation within a purged center, pushing iniquity back out into the suburbs that were its official habitation. Lechery, we are told,

> hath more starting-holes, than a siue hath holes, more Clyents than *Westminster-hall*, more diseases than *Newgate*. Call a Leete at *Byshopsgate*, & examine how euery second house in *Shorditch* is maintayned. make a priuie search in *Southwarke*, and tel me how many Shee-Inmates you finde. nay, goe where you will in the Suburbes, and bring me two Virgines that haue vowd Chastity, and Ile build a Nunnery. (H3^{v}/1:216)

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[6] The theory that Nashe is the "yong Iuuenall" of Greene's *Groatsworth* and, largely based on stylistic similarities, that the "Comedie" in which they collaborated (Greene 1592c, F1/12:143/44) was *The defence of conny catching* was proposed as a "new suggestion" by both Nicholl (1984, 125ff) and earlier Miller (1954), and I seem to remember coming across it in even earlier studies.

And here Pierce assumes an alterifying second person: *"Westminster, Westminster,* much maydenhead hast thou to answere for" (Ibid.).

The supplication to the devil is more consistent in setting than the cony-catching pamphlets and it establishes a London context which the rest of the pamphlet can assume as well, so that *Pierce Penilesse* "as a whole" presents a kind of Londonized center surrounded by a (nondisruptive) suburbs of prosaically neutral liberties. It reinforces the sense that the text we are reading emerges from that center through a more frequent use of pseudodeictics. Nevertheless, the heterogeneity of the "suburbs" threatens to overcome unity, and Nashe recognizes that the miscellaneous quality of his text may annoy readers, answering a reproof which is actually self-addressed in a passage which creates its own prosopopeic pseudopresence à la Marprelate:

> Whilst I am thus talking, me thinkes I heare one say, What a fop is this he entitles his Booke *A Supplication to the Diuell,* & doth nothing but raile on ideots, and tells a storie of the nature of spirits. Haue patience good sir, and weele come to you by and by. Is it my Title you finde fault with? Why, haue you not seene a Towne surnamed by the principall house in the Towne, or a Noble man deriue his Baronrie from a little village where he hath least land? (L2^{v}/1:240)

The uncertainty as to whether his whole pamphlet is a town which assumes its name from the manor of the supplication or the supplication is a village from which the symbolic pseudoproperty of a unified demesne is derived, is typical of Nashe's hopping between topoi of conurbation. The position of "London" with regard to the pamphlet is usually, in fact, one that *alternates* between being contained by and containing. In the "utterance" of the supplication taken in isolation, however, the citified space of the letter and the literal space of the city could be imagined as isotopically coterminous with regard to "situation." The first sentence of the supplication places the circumstance of inditement or utterance as "heere in London" (C1/1:165), the pseudodeictic is repeated here and there, and at the end Westminster seems to be addressed from within the walls.

To retrace our steps, then, London was introduced into the neutral discourse of the prosaic in Greene's cony-catching pamphlets, as one objective topos in which the blameworthy was likely to be discovered. There were local moments at which effects of presence were produced, at first through Greene's firsthand reportage and detailed coordinates, later through intradiegetical pseudopresences introduced by pseudodeictic markers. In Pierce's supplication the effects introduced by Cuthbert Cony-catcher were expanded and the voice of the supplication was made to emerge from the confines of a settled, citified *circulation* of utterance. In the cony-catching pamphlets sin and the city were still basically something written about, prosaically contained, circumscribed by a hovering extraterritorial prosaic. A threat of prosaic complicity was countered by more detail and particularity: localization, pointing fingers. The author would obligingly circulate--much as the police ask the homeless to do--and eventually he turned the blame back onto himself in the confessional self-accountings that followed his cony-catching pamphlets. In *Pierce Penilesse* prosaic blame was eventually *written out* of town on a "rail," so to speak, near the end, as Nashe purged the civic center from which his own discourse was assumed to be

emerging.

But in *Christs teares ouer Ierusalem*, either Nashe or London seemed at first to have gone through a decisive crisis of conscience, and to be making a concerted effort to assume complicity in the blame. (Unless we are only witnessing a symptom of an epidemic outbreak of pseudodeixis that was sweeping through the prosaic as the plague raged through London.) We in our local reading seem strangely drawn into a textually articulated state--or rather a complicity of blame–as Nashe adversively pivots between a self-assuming locative and an implicational vocative inflection. The prosaic here tries to assume the discourse of the sermon, and with it its characteristic grounding deictic usages, making it seemingly more difficult for reader or the prose to absent themselves from a "London" overrun by blame.

There are other assumptions which hold locally. The first fifty pages of *Christ teares* consist of the assumption by the prose of the discursive pseudo-(well, we can't call it groundedness)-*duplicity* of Christ, the discursive assumption which has led so many critics along with Hibbard to mark it on their cognitive maps as a "monument of bad taste" (Hibbard 1962, 123). The choice of "persona" is, nonetheless, an interesting one from the point of view of textual positionality in that, unlike the God-like omniscient narration that is the bread-and-er-butter of the prosaic, a Christ-like agency is one that can be assumed to be both transcendent to the world of diegesis and retaining some immanent trace of positionality in that world (one thinks of Bakhtin's Dostoevsky): the implied (and implicated) author is more like Christ than God. But this is precisely the chicane of prosaic positionality: to pretend to have an incarnate position while at the same time transcending and embracing others.

At the end of Christ's lamentation over the depravity of Jerusalem, narration is resumed by Nashe's persona in order to recount how Jerusalem ignored Christ's imprecations and was scourged for its unregenerate sinfulness. Nashe sometimes takes over the second-person address of Jerusalem that Christ had used, and also assimilates his "weeping" (Nashe 1593, G2^{v}/2:60). This covers another 25 pages, at the end of which there is another break and adversive reorientation:

> Now to *London* must I turne me, *London* that turneth from none of thy left-hand impieties. As great a *desolation* as *Ierusalem*, hath *London* deserved. VVhatsoeuer of *Ierusalem* I haue written, was but to lend her a Looking-glasse. Now enter I into my true Teares, my Teares for *London*, wherein I craue pardon, though I deale more searchingly then common Soule-Surgeons accustome: for in this Booke, wholy haue I bequeathed my penne and my spyrite, to the prosternation and enfurrowing the frontiers of sinne. (K2-K2^{v}/2:80).

Prosternation is "laying out before," and the prosternation on the anatomy table of "frontiers of sinne" suggests that Nashe is once again going to lay blame out in strumpet-like suburban sprawl from his civic center of censure. Indeed, nearing the end it seems that Nashe will write sin out of town again as he did at the end of the supplication: "*London*, what are thy Suburbes but licensed stewes?" (V1/2:148) But the more characteristic dodge here is that of sermonic advertence, and London in the text reappears in each person: I, thou, it, we, you and they Nashe consistently declines (if I may mildly pun) to "recognize who and what in the midst of hell is not hell, and to make it last and give it space" (Calvino

1972, 170). He gives space rather only to the infernal, pays out only enough deictic rope for us to hang ourselves with. His advertence seems to lead to a kind of inescapable wheeling or circulation of blame. Each time London or we feel we have assumed a safe position with regard to blame you find yourself getting confronted with it again. One thinks of Freud's story in *"Das Unheimliche"* about wandering the streets of an unfamiliar town and finding himself again and again back in the red light district (cf. Garber 1987, xiii). All roads here lead uncannily to home, and the economy of deixis makes it difficult for readers to avoid their pseudosomatic Assumption into the unheavenly city of blame. "Us" and "them" are all but inexorably blended in the eco-nomically *unheimlich* sermonic slippage.

> The Delicacie both of men & women in *London* will enforce the Lorde to turne all their plenty to scarcity, their tunes of wantonesse to the alarums of warre, and to leaue their house desolate vnto them.
>
> How the Lord hath begun to leaue our house desolate vnto vs, let us enter into the consideration thereof our selues. (X2/2:156-7)

And yet the reader of Nashe's day may have been possessed of a certain "sermon literacy" that would obviate an assumption of presence, implication and complicity. The advertence conventions of the sermon, as I suggested earlier, may in fact allow for an assumption of "pseudo-absence"–so that even when one is being addressed by a present speaker there is an element of prosaic impersonality which makes it possible to "travel the roads of positionality" without experiencing any of the positions as implicational or confrontational. In practice, an assumption of presence, with the implications which a present utterance entails, will be avoided through an assumption of complicity with the *prosaic* economy. The city thus, as the text, *constitutes* an articulation of blame, but does not finally *assume* the blame itself, and to the extent that readers assume that textual articulation, they are indeed "London," but never the London implicated by the text–the London *of* the text, an impersonal and groundless, unlived, a transparent, an invisible city.

Thus, in the end we have not made much progress from Daws' Cross. But then, how could we when we have actually all this while been safely under lock and key in our "studie at *Whittington Colledge*"?

Assumption

> Les déictiques (*ce*, *ceci*, *cela*) marquent le passage du discours dans le système de la langue: ils se définissent essentiellement par leur emploi par le sujet de l'énonciation. S'il est vrai qu'ils renvoient à un référent, ils indiquent aussi bien un autre signe qu'eux-mêmes: ils sont métalinguistiques et sui-référentiels. Par la multiplicité de plis de l'énonciation que possède cette catégorie linguistique, le sujet qui s'en sert peut se mettre à cheval sur divers espaces énonciatifs. On expliquera ainsi l'impact des déictiques dans des discours où l'identité du sujet parlant est en cause.
>
> Julia Kristeva, *Le vréel*

> I haue rid a false gallop these three or foure pages: now I care not if I breathe mee, and walke soberly and demurely halfe a dozen turnes, like a graue Citizen going about to take the ayre.
> Thomas Nashe, *The terrors of the night*

I am not sure that the extent to which Nashe assumed the "posturing" of the Marprelate tracts has ever been sufficiently recognized, despite the contribution of Summersgill (1951), a chapter by Nicholl (1984), practically equipaginal accounts of his contribution to the controversy by Hibbard (1962, 36-48) and Hilliard (1986, 34-48), and so forth. If the Marprelate tracts tried to cultivate effects of pseudo-presence as a kind of *supplément* of the confrontation they could not really provoke, in his own efforts as it seems to supplement that supplement, Nashe, as Hutson puts it, "deliberately pursues such an effect of intimacy, creating a sense of shared space by allusively invoking a contemporary locale, drawing on and intensifying current colloquialisms and discovering syntactical patterns which heighten the sense of a sentence without sacrificing the illusion of conversational spontaneity" (Hutson 1989, 2). The impact in terms of a situational aesthetics is perhaps in part recognized by Jonathan Crewe, when he discusses the anti-Marprelate work most widely postulated as actually of Nashe's authorship, the 1589 *An almond for a parrat* (see, e.g., McGinn 1944). According to Crewe, in this pamphlet, "Nashe cannot finally come to rest" and consequently "[i]f radical dislocation and irresolution remain characteristic of Nashe's work (or of his personae), the cause is at least partly suggested by *Almond*: no single decorum, voice, or position can legitimately prevail" (Crewe 1982, 33). Although not yet the Jack-Wilton-of-all-sides that Crewe and others will discern in the narrator of *The vnfortunate traueller*, Cuthbert Curry-knave, the narrative persona of the *Almond*, already at least "appears on both sides of the issue, that of the hierarchical order and restrictive authority as well as that of carnivalesque folly and indecorum" (33-34). This duality should not surprise us, for what Nashe inherits above all from Martin is his divisive textual *self-consciousness*, the element which can dissolve confrontationality in an easy (because non-implicational) assumption of the pseudopresence of an author *to himself*. Nashe becomes so given to situating "himself," shifting situations, and calling attention to the textual articulation of these pseudopresences that any effects of actual presence are undone by the eventual pseudo-absence to which "I" alluded "above"--which is to say, *the circumstances of utterance*, not the utterances themselves, tend to become textually "regrounded" and leave the reader confronted only with--the page. Thus, when Nashe attempts to respond to the prosopopeic critic of the thematic disunity of *Pierce Penilesse* quoted in the previous section, he calls attention to the fact that his temporizing has created a kind of preface, here at the end of the pamphlet, and he asks himself: "*Deus bone*, what a vaine am I fallen into?" He answers the self-posed question with more prosopopeia, usurping therein the positionality of his critic (originally self-constructed):

> what, an Epistle to the Readers in the end of thy booke? Out vpon thee for an arrant blocke, where learndst thou that wit? O sir, hold your peace: a fellon neuer comes to his answere before the offence be committed. Wherefore if I in the beginning of my Book should haue come off with a long Apologie to excuse my selfe, it were all one, as if a theefe going to steale a horse should deuise by the way as he went, what to speake when he came at

> the gallowes. Here is a crosse way, and I thinke it good heere to part. Farwell farewell, good Parenthesis, and commend me to Ladie Vanitie thy mistres. (Nashe 1592b, L3/1:240-41).

Seemingly aware of its situation in the book, and able to create an effect of taking cognizance of that situatedness (while *assuming* guilt for those circumstances and the need of an "Apologie" in the assumption of that situation *as* writing--see the discussion of Crewe and Hutson in the next chapter), Nashe's discourse deictically presents a strictly textual space, one that depends upon but does not have to answer to political or social articulations of space outside the prosaic. His "Here is a crosse way" refers to nothing but its own discursive enactment (the block regularity ["an arrant blocke"] of print is nowise disrupted, no grounded circumstance is referred to), while the Epistle to the Readers has been reallocated according to a more effective logic of the alibi or, perhaps here, "extenuating circumstance," and could even now be tardily followed by the subversive *coup* of a dedicatory epistle: "Now *Pierce Peniles* if for a parting blow thou hast ere a tricke in thy budget more than ordinarie bee not daintie of it, for a good Patron will pay for all. I where is he? *Promissis quilibet diues esse potest*. But cap and thanks is all our Courtiers payment" (L3/1:241).

The pseudopresence of book or paginal space is not a *pseudo*presence at all, for the page is really there situated at the belated place in the book to which the deixis refers, but, as I have been trying to suggest, this form of deixis creates at the same time (or rather, of course, in a different moment) a sense of pseudo-*absence*, as the actual sender of the utterance refers to textual circumstances that are purely virtual at the time of inditing (the articulated space of the book), and thus creates the illusional effect of a purely textual situation whose actual circumstances of "utterance," to snatch Derrida's untranslatable amphibology: "*[n]e se livrent jamais, au* présent, *à rien qu'on puisse rigoureusement nommer une perception*" (Derrida 1972a, 71). In inscribing his utterances, the "sender" gives up ground, and the utterance is left to simulate this ungroundedness: it is as though writing were speaking about its spacing: this is the *pseudo*, for actually the utterance was once grounded (during writing) and is again (during reading).

Jonathan Crewe has thus understandably come to consider *The vnfortunate traueller* as a "phenomenology of the page" (see further), and it is true that in that text Nashe's pseudodeixis becomes even more dependent upon bookspace. In the early pages of the pamphlet, Nashe attempts to establish the pseudopresence of his narrator, Jack Wilton, and Jack's discourse as grounded utterance through use of quasi-isochronies and apostrophe. An example of a quasi-isochrony (in these cases, not *narrative time* = *narrated time*, but *narrative time* = *reading time*) would be: "There did I (soft, let me drinke before I go anie further) raigne sole king of the cans and blacke iacks, prince of pigmeis, countie palatine of cleane straw and prouant, and, to conclude, Lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring cobs" (Nashe 1594a, A2/1:209). A typical use of apostrophe is: "Gentle Readers (looke you be gentle now since I haue cald you so) as freely as my knauerie was mine owne, it shall be yours to vse in the way of honestie" (B2/2:217). The immediate effect would seem in both cases to be the creation of a conversational pseudopresence, but from the very start the pseudo-spoken passages call attention to their actual writtenness.

A "spacing," as we know, intensifies the temporal absence of the written. Cynthia Sulfridge has discussed the apparently presentifying temp-orality of Nashe's reality effects, and her subtle analysis does, in my experience, represent the situation into which the reader *temporarily* is "placed" by such effects. Following E. D. Mackerness (1947), Sulfridge suggests that the

> oral characteristics are part of an effort in the text to bring the reader into a close interaction with Jack Wilton, to blur the distinctions between the reader's world and the narrator's. They nudge the reader into a casual, unguarded relationship with the narrator. They lead him to accept gradually the terms of the narrator's world as a feasible reality. They prepare him for the effects of Jack's subtle blending of the reader's reality markers with those of the narrative. Jack speaks of historic events and personalities the reader will recognize as "real." He sets the events of his narrative geographically within the reader's known world. And, finally, in his coup de maitre, he manipulates the reader's unconscious tendancy to blend the concepts of verb tense and time.
>
> Jack begins by speaking as if his delivery is taking place at the very moment in which the reader is reading it. Whatever would halt the flow of an oral delivery halts Jack's tale as well. He stops to drink (209) or to tell his reader to fill in portions of the story (227), and the discourse is interrupted. [...] All of these are temporal interruptions to a temporal flow of narrative. They suggest that this text, unlike most written texts, is subject not to the laws of the written word but to the laws of oral discourse. Ordinarily it is in the reader's power to control the flow of the written word, to pick up the book or put it down, but here the power of interruption seems to lie elsewhere as it would if the reader were involved in a conversation. The text suggests that here there is no difference between "textual time" and "reader time." (Sulfridge 1980, 5)

Sulfridge may be correct about the intended effect, but I am not certain that discursive power resides in oral presence of the kind Nashe's text supposedly feigns, nor that on closer reading these effects do not in fact call attention to the text's writtenness even as they work all of the manipulative effects which Sulfridge puts down to their pseudo-temporality and orality. Consider the first example I quoted above, which Nashe suddenly introduces after he has begun situating the narrated time as during Henry VIII's French campaign and seems to have situated himself firmly in the English camp at Térouanne: "There did I (soft let me drinke before I go anie further) raigne sole king of the cans and blacke iackes [...]." This seems to jerk us back abruptly from settling into an assumption of Jack's narration by apparently confronting us once again with a present speaker; the parenthesis neatly brackets the speech for the timespan of a good pull on the bottle, but the intervening text actually emphasizes the disjunction between discursive and real (present) temp*orality* by going further logically during what from a logical point of view would be "dead time" in the grounded utterance it supposedly refers to. At this point in the situation to which it pretends to refer, Jack's discourse would break off, and we would be *confronted* by his glugging mug, while here we continue to *assume* his discourse. Under cognitive scrutiny the parenthesis proves to be heterodeictic (cf. "heterodiegetic" in Genette), since the parenthesis refers to a different diegetical universe (that in which Jack is speaking to an implied audience) from that referred to in the peripareathetical utterance (the time when Jack was in the English camp at

Térouanne). A device which would seem to propose a pseudopresence thus actually effects a pseudo-absence, as the textual situation is momentarily displaced and the utterance loses unified positionality. Time is not the problem, as Julia Kristeva remarks in analyzing a not wholly dissimilar utterance–"This is my body" (Matthew 26:26)–in which the Cartesian Port-Royal logicians saw a "double space of utterance," according to which the demonstrative would refer to both "the confused idea of the thing present" and other ideas that are "inspired by circumstance." Committed to the myth of a unified *cogito*, they could not explain the "identity of a subject who can assume such different 'circumstantial inspirations,'" and so they recurred to time: "*now* this is bread, and *then* it is my body" (Kristeva 1979, 27; cf. 1977, 490). If we accept this tenuous temporalization of transubstantiation (which a grammatology might also expect) we will recognize that the subsequent "blood" of "this is my blood" is already the red letters we are reading, and the dearly departed authorial agency ("The letter killeth, but we learn this from the letter itself," as Lacan sagely points out [1966, 848]) can now be toasted: "By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand and drinke to the health of all Christen soules in, thou art a puissant Epitapher" (Nashe 1592c, F1/1:188). Much more obviously, the apostrophe "Gentle Reader (looke you be gentle now since I haue cald you so)" deconstructs any conversational presence it might have created by referring to a reader instead of a listener.

Later isochronies, pseudodeixes and apostrophes call attention to their print culture textuality in much the same way, even as they may appear to produce effects of grounded utterance. After Jack has told of one of the savage practical jokes he played in the English camp, we are confronted with "Here let me triumph a while, and ruminate a line or two on the excellence of my wit: but I will not breath neither till I haue disfraughted all my knaueric" (Nashe 1594a, B4^{v}/2:285). In this there is no claim to be taking the breather that grounded speech might really demand–the pause is of "a *line* or two" (in fact it is three in the *Ur*-editions). Again, when Jack seems to apostrophize his audience at the end of an account of an Anabaptist uprising at Munster: "What is there more as touching this tragedie that you would be resolued of? say quickly, for now is *my pen* on foot againe" (C4^{v}/2.241; emphasis added). Nashe's self-consciousness about the writtenness of his discourse, and the print textuality of its assumption by his audience seems to lead him to create effects of pseudopresence which on closer examination produce a recognition of absence (there *is* no grounded situation and thus no utterer). This apparently demystifying performance has been hailed by a few critics, among whom Jonathan Crewe is perhaps foremost, as producing epistemological bonuses of the deconstructive variety. Wilton's status as a "page" is constantly emphasized, so that the situation of discourse is deictically grounded in writing as such Through the creation of pseudo-absences, Nashe calls attention to the real *paginal* presence of the prosaic utterance, and thus, like Derrida, is attempting to make us conscious of the "spacing" of reality ("the articulation of space and time, the spatialization of time and the temporalization of space") which however, as Derrida himself says, will be "always the non-perceived, the non-present, and the non-conscious" (Derrida 1967a, 99).

But the realities of the *prosaic* cannot merely be collapsed into the scriptive self-difference of philosophical pro-seity. As opposed to a revelation of the "arche-writing" of time and space themselves, I think with Crewe that Nashe is concerned in these passages specifically

with creating an effect of the *presence* of the *page*--and thus of the literal materiality (the limited ink) on which the prosaic must rely for the transparency of its own "absence." The most "impressive" example of this sort of effect (one not reproduced by, but remarked on in the commentary of McKerrow's edition, and one strangely undiscussed by Crewe) occurs when (in both *Ur*-editions) the top of a page begins: "In a leafe or two before I was lockt vp: here in this page the foresayd good wife Countesse comes to me [...]" (L2^{v}/2:314). At this point, presence of tense helps along deictics that suggest the discourse can refer to its own print presence, and several other such moments punctuate the later pages of Jack's narrative ("[...] spare we him a line or two" [K3/2:306]). A reading which, writely or not, might call itself deconstructionist could thus praise the demystifying performance of the text here. But this occasional presence of the page too only bolsters the effects of pseudo-absence which are obscuring the situation of "prose's sender."

The ungroundedness of that sender's discourse has much to do with why writing is transparent, "non-perceived, non-present, and non-conscious," and thus perhaps with why it is difficult for the reader not to *assume* it. In their brilliant and subtle analysis of the narrative strategies in *The vnfortunate traueller*, Susan Marie Harrington and Michal Nahor Bond, inspired by Adrienne Rich, ask us to consider these "assumptions at the heart of fiction" (Harrington and Bond 1987, 243). To become conscious of such still largely transparent assumptions--I in turn would argue (inspired by them)--might lead us, better than any grammatology could do, to make *different* ones.

Jack's apparent presence to his audience, especially as a pseudo-grounded speaker, progressively diminishes in the later part of the narrative. As Harrington and Bond argue, this is because there are times when the narrator "finds it more advantageous to shift his audience's attention away from himself" (247). They provide us as an example the scene in which Jack narrates the rape of a woman by a brigand which he witnessed while himself in a situation where his actantial intervention would probably have been to no purpose and might have gotten him into trouble. The greater passivity of Jack's character in the later episodes of the pamphlet and the concomitant shift toward prosaic omniscience and transparency of narration had been remarked by other commentators, but only Harrington and Bond reveal how these narrative strategies recapitulate with a vengeance the cruel pranks Jack himself enacts at the beginning by occluding his actual complicity and control and forcing *us* to assume responsibility for experiencing and evaluating scenes of murder or rape. As Harrington and Bond see it, this "transition from bullying narrator to fellow member of the audience draws us into the text, hindering our ability to recognize the narratorial manipulation" (250). Robert Weimann (1970) was thus right to concentrate on the relationship between *Ich-erzahler* and jestbook in *The vnfortunate traueller*, but he failed to see that the movement between them is in fact the same as that in the cony-catching pamphlets: an original evaluative narrative position is gradually allowed to recede until the "sender" becomes transparent and the reader is forced to look *through* that now translucent positionality. Far from constituting a demystifying performance, then, the narration of *The vnfortunate traueller* in general would be one more "work of disguise and mystification" rendering us complicitous through our reading with Jack's own "pattern of pleasure in domination, unable to ask if it is true for us as well" (Harrington and Bond 1987, 250). Any

odd bit of pseudo-absence only makes away with the situation of prose's sender, and leaves us to assume the discursive responsibility.

Perhaps the prosaic state which we assume upon entering writing is finally a rhetorical manipulation, a containment, a strategy which takes advantage of the non-groundedness of writing to take us in. But to call this a strategy or a manipulation suggests that the assumption has been the ulterior motive of a grounded sender, rather than--as we now believe--the state in which "we" find ourselves because of writing as such. Perhaps, then, as we have begun to consider, the mystification *would* be better fought not by discovering prose's sender but by knowing where we stand as its "receiver," in a sense which is still best thought of in terms of underworld connections Yet both sender and receiver are continually being spirited away by the pseudo-absence of the prosaic. It is in its nature--is it not?--to fade into the background as the steady state of things, and take us with it; and any prosaic phenomenology would seem in the end to bump up against (or rather waltz right through) its transparency, and to face (or rather find itself unable to face) the problems which according to Derrida make a phenomenology of writing impossible:

> for right here is where we exceed the bounds of phenomenology. Arche-writing as spacing cannot give itself *as such*, in the phenomenological experience of a *presence*. It marks the *dead time* in the presence of the present being. Dead time works. It is because of this, once more, despite all of the discursive sources it has to borrow from it, that thinking about the trace will never be confused with a phenomenology of writing Like a phenomenology of the sign in general, a phenomenology of writing is impossible. No intuition can be achieved where *"les 'blancs' en effet assument importance."* (Derrida 1967a, 99)

Impossible, indeed, it sometimes seems, *there*, or for some of us--those not known for our intuition. The prosaic transparency of writing may in general have constituted a "work of disguise and mystification," and perception of its positionality may indeed be practically impossible at present for those by whom the prosaic state has been constituted and who continue to re-sign ourselves to that constitution--those for whom "prose literacy" does not even seem to be a question: the blanks who make possible the "spacing" on which the faceless prosaic state depends to maintain blankness of expression. That snippet from Mallarmé with which Derrida ends will have seemed for us to translate transparently enough a prosaic platitude about the poetic. "the 'blank spaces' in fact assume importance"--a platitude, however, now beginning to yellow for us like the spermy correction fluid that has always really been used to obliterate figures that would have prevented the spacing, so that actually all along it has only been *les blancs* that were doing the important assuming To press "those discursive emptinesses [*blancs*] that recall the sites of her exclusion, the spaces that insure by their *taciturn plasticity* the cohesion, articulation, and cohesive expansion of the established forms" (Irigaray 1974, 176)--that is now the task that has assumed importance for us "For us" again--*"nous, mais qui, nous?"* (Derrida 1979, 47)--who's "us"? you may well ask. In the facelessness of this state we can never confront "prose's sender." That, at least, has been the assumption. But I don't think we need Benny Hill here to remind us what it is we do when we assume.

5. No Time to Unpack: Topical Critique and the Metaphorical Traveller

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Juvenal, *Satire X*

I

> "One must go further; one must go further." This compulsion to go further is an old story in the world. Heraclitus the obscure, who deposited his thoughts in his writings and his writings in the Temple of Diana (for his thoughts had been his armor in life and so he hung it up in the temple of the goddess), Heraclitus the obscure said: one cannot step into the same river twice. Heraclitus the obscure had a disciple who didn't stop at that but went further and added: one cannot even do it once. Poor Heraclitus to have such a disciple! With this amendment the Heraclitean thesis was amended into an Eleatic thesis that denied motion--and yet that disciple only wanted to be a disciple of Heraclitus who went further, not back to what Heraclitus had abandoned.
> Søren Kierkegaard, *Fear and Trembling*

The critical attempts to "re-route" *The vnfortunate traueller*, as Louise Simons expressly puts it in the title of a recent article, have themselves been responsible for any plottable course it may have taken in modern accounts of Renaissance fiction. For the shifting readings of critical movements, like all "historical" transactions, are rapidly taking their place among other instances of intellectual "conveyance," in that nimble Elizabethan sense ("Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all," rails Shakespeare's Richard of Bordeaux in the scene removed from the early quartos) according to which Nashe can promise the reader only "some reasonable conueyance of historie, & varietie of mirth" (1594a, A2/2:201). By this is not implied any realignment of the constellation which led slightly earlier adventurers to seek the Northwest Passage of epistemology (M. Serres) in the tropics (Hayden White *et al.*), but only that any shady figures we now find slaving away there were originally *transported* there (Parker's pun [1987, 39] somewhat improperly conferred to Derrida 1978, 7). This is perhaps especially true in "figuring out" historical accounts, whose narrativity carries a literary theoretical onus by which "one would have to conceive of a rhetoric of history prior to attempting a history of rhetoric or of literature or of literary criticism" (de Man 1979b, 28) if one would take upon oneself what Hayden White (1966) calls "The Burden of History," a charge whose incumbency on a couple of salient figures makes it not at all improper to speak of it as a kind of White and de Man's burden. Such a burden foists upon one the exigency of an intellectual extraterritoriality that will allow one to cross disciplinary boundaries with a

mere flash of documents, as well as a missionary sense of duty to pay one's respects in all quarters Yet those readings which now seem most pointedly to be "all over the map" can in fact usually be charted somewhere within that triangle of semiotic trade–with its seasoned "interpreters" and "representatives"–that is ultimately concerned with the *conveyance* of things, and whose "immaterial" profits (the wages of *Sinn*) also manage to accrue to those for whom the representatives do their representing. This is not, of course, meant to occult the existence of that contiguous Bermuda triangle (symbol - reference - referent) in which, to use the Baconian semaphore, "many other barques of knowledge haue beene cast away."[1] But the loss of however many transatlantic argosies (as the celebrated Ogden-Richards expedition earlier in the century) does not make up for the too often piratical practises of those following a similar course, who have generally been able, with a little craft, not only to stay afloat, but to outpace the more lumbersome tonnage, freighted as it is with treasured cargoes of sense, and keep those who would give chase safely at sea and, so, at bay.[2] Expedition and mobility are of the essence in bringing such negotiations to a profitable conclusion, and the famed speed and maneuverability of the text is of course ideal for the conveyance of a moving finger that is quicker than the I and the specious sociocultural *rapprochement* that comes with telecommunication. But the "Pathos of Approximation" that is thus the outcome of the global contraction of a heightened intertextuality and ever encroachinger close reading may, sprawled open but unread across the lap, just cover the swelling act with an empirical theme of the most complacent of armchair travellers, one index quivering over the surface of the remote control and one, from time to time perhaps, over the index...

Now then–where wasn't I?

The course of the critical reception of *The vnfortunate traueller* itself can be picked up as easily as anywhere else about the time that Mikhail Bakhtin, the exilic not to say ex-iliac poetician, was lighting up the last page of the chapter on the adventure novel from his history of the *Erziehungsroman*[3] i.e., to triangulate historically, somewhere between Fredson Bowers's 1941 essay on the genre of Nashe's book and two postbellum ergo propter bellum (cf. Mackerness 1947) stylistic analyses (Croston 1948 and Latham 1948).

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[1] "The reason of this omission I suppose to be that hidden Rocke wherevppon both this and many other barques of knowledge haue beene cast away, which is, that men haue dispised to be conuersant in ordinary and common matter, the iudicious direction whereof neuerthelesse is the wisest doctrine: (for life consisteth not in nouelties nor subtilities) but contrariwise they haue compounded Sciences chiefly of a certaine resplendent or lustrous masse of matter chosen to giue glory either to the subtillity of disputacions or to the eloquence of discourses" (Bacon 1605, 70-71).

[2] If, as E. R. Curtius points out, it is a commonplace that "the epic poet travels in a large ship on the open sea and the lyric poet in a small bark on the river" (Curtius 1953, 138), it will be clear that critical corsairs make use of ultraswift clippers in their endeavor, as it might drily be put, to help the pilots light their weary vessels of their loads (cf. *Faerie Queene* 1.12.42).

[3] Bakhtin, as it will be recalled, writing on the Rabelaisian body with his leg off, and short on smoking papers in the heart of World War Two in Stalinist Russia, put his own copy of a manuscript already sent off to the publisher to a most Nashean use, resurrected the leaves of his foolscap to "honor them in theyr death so much, as to drie & kindle Tobacco with them" (Nashe 1594a, A2/2:207). Meanwhile, a German tank was blowing up the publisher, making a much quicker smoke of the only other copy

Bowers wished to argue, against the current of past criticism, that *The vnfortunate traueller* was indeed a picaresque novel. He consequently highlights its "picaresque" aspects, which I would like to summarize under three rubrics: *topicality*, *an antiromantic protagonist* (often a servant), and *realism* (cf. Bowers 1948, 13):

> How then does *The vnfortunate traueller* measure up as a picaresque novel? First it has a roguish anti-hero, who makes his way in the world by his wits. [...] In the service of a master he sees the world, and when sufficiently affluent he travels independently. [...] The rogue tricks and lampoons his master. Manners are surveyed and satirized. [...] The tone is strictly realistic and life is painted without sentimentality; indeed, the point of view is distinctly cynical and there is a wealth of corroborative detail. In general, the construction of the novel is episodic. (25)

It will be seen that what I am calling "topicality" can cover a lot of ground, including the episodic form of the picaro's peripatetic servitude and the satirical commentary on the various situations (geographical, economical, and cultural) through which the itinerant hero passes. This topicality of the picaresque has been seen at times as a *function* of the servitude of the protagonist (cf. Bowers, 13). In fact, for Bowers the entire generic question comes down to the status of the hero: "The crux of the matter is really the character of Jack Wilton" (14). It had been objected that Wilton is too often masterless to be a picaro and that the motivations for his tricks are too often not material enough for him to be classified with a Lazarillo de Tormes (Ibid.).[4] Bowers suggests that Wilton's relative independence is an anticipation of later developments in the genre whereby the motive thrust of the hero's divagation--"in order that a shifting background may be provided" (13)--would no longer depend upon the devices of penury and servitude (19). In such "topical" works, movement is the main thing, and one may recall that Bakhtin was to deal with the picaresque under the general head of "the novel of travel" and to describe its hero as simply "a point moving in space" (Bakhtin 1979, 188). Thus, the element of servitude in recognized picaresque narratives could in fact be trivial, a facilitation of the crucial element of movement. In any case, as Bowers points out, Wilton's social identity is in fact the civil servile one of the *page*. As such, however, one would expect his own movements to conform to the essentially "horizontal" processions of the court. The picaresque servant, on the other hand, jumps "vertically" as well (cf. Babcock 1978, 98), attaching himself to a wide range of masters, so as to move along with them through radically discontinuous environments. Jack has only a single determinate master in the narrative, the courtly poet Surrey, but his own movements nevertheless are more "picaresque" than either his paginal or liveried servitude would lead one to expect. If our page *is* a picaro then in any

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[4] Whether Nashe had even read Rowland's translation of the Spanish novel (earliest extant edition, 1586)--the only recognized picaresque novel in existence at the time--is a matter of some controversy. Nashe scholars (e.g., McKerrow 1910, 5:23; Latham 1948, 86) tend to assume that he had not, but some historians of generic influence (e.g. Lovatelli 1984, 112) are inclined to differ, or at least defer. Werner von Koppenfels (1976, 361 n. 1) points out that in the third of his *Foure Letters* Harvey considers *Pierce Pennilesse* an attempt "to reuiue the pittifull historie of Don Lazarello de Thoemes" (sic; G. Harvey 1592, E4/1:206/56), but not even the quivering-antennaed von Koppenfels can detect any allusions to the work in Nashe's own texts.

case that page, as Ortega y Gasset says of Baroja's picaresque vagabond, "is not a loose leaf [*una hoja inerte*: cf. Crewe's "lying page"] carried hither and yon," but rather his wandering is a matter of "disposition [*genialidad*]' (Ortega y Gasset 1910, 125).[5] In Jack Wilton's case, however, this *Flugblatt* dis-position, which Ortega y Gasset seems to see as essentially automotive, may actually (as Bowers claims, though not in so many weirds [*OED*, *sb.*^{5b}]) be the uncertain maneuvering of a supercharged vehicle by an imported and unstable tenor not always able to decipher all the signs along the way. And by this we are brought to the outskirts of Metaphoricity, which, as Peter Lubin reminds us in his dress-up-like-Dad article on Nabokov (Lubin 1970, 188), is just past the Synecdoche turnoff on the Allegory bypass.

The opening move of the 1948 article by A. K. Croston, from halfway across town, is to aver that "the chief characteristic of Nashe's prose is its alertness to the possibilities of metaphor" (1948, 90). For Croston, what sets the metaphorical imagery in *The vnfortunate traueller* apart is the disorienting celerity of its juxtaposition: "Generalizing, we may say that Nashe's images are not elaborated: the mind is passed on from one to the next with an almost bewildering rapidity" (96). This sense of speed is partly conveyed by "far-fetched" yet telegraphic imagery, but it also has something to do with the fact that Nashe's prose, rather than concentrating on the delivery of the narrative freight via express metaphor, "is far more concerned with the interplay between 'tenor' and 'vehicle' placing the stress, where overbalancing takes place, on the 'vehicle'" (91). This is evidently a performance vehicle, and it handles very prettily under such pressure: "the performance aims at giving the reader the sense of immediate physical action" (90-91).

The freewheeling drive of Nashe's metaphorical transitions is boosted by what Croston considers to be the "simple device" of repetition (93). He quotes. "Sathan could neuer haue *supplanted* vs so as hee did. I may saie to you, he *planted* in vs the first Italionate wit that we had" (Nashe 1594d, F2/2·260, emphasis added). Croston claims that this rapid iteration of cognates and homonyms "develops into a punning which in Nashe is generally a method for bringing into prominence the physical reference" (Croston 1948, 93) In such a movement, however, the *effect* is perhaps as often of the abstract term leaving behind the physical landmark. Indeed, these "repetitions" most often suggest the shifting of semiotic gears in Nashe's souped-up version of what Puttenham called "*Antanaclasis*, or the Rebounde" and defined, in tennis court terms that can just be squeezed into an updated image of polysemic carpooling, as the commuting in "one word written all alike but carrying diuers sences" (Puttenham 1589, 207).

Some typical instances can be gone over if we drop back a couple of pages from Croston's example to where Jack and his master, the Earl of Surrey have been impersonating one

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[5] Cf. Nashe's dedicatory epistle to Southampton: "This handfull of leaues I offer to your view, to the leaues on trees I compare, which as they cannot grow of themselues except they haue some branches or boughes to cleaue too, & with whose iuice and sap they be euermore recreated & nourisht; so except these vnpolisht leaues of mine haue some braunch of Nobilitie whereon to depend and cleaue, and with the vigorous nutriment of whose authorized commendation they may be continually fosterd and refresht, neuer wil they grow to the worlds good liking, but forthwith fade and die on the first houre of their birth" (Nashe 1594a, A2^{v}/2:202). The "leaves" which depend upon the aristocratic sap for succour will be replaced by an unanchored page skimmed along from point to point

another and have just foiled the conspiracy of Tabitha the Temptress to do away with Jack-as-Surrey. To keep them from reporting her plot to the authorities, the devious Tabitha pays them off, but with counterfeit coins: "Amongst the grosse summe of my briberie, I silly milkesop mistrusting no deceit, vnder an angell of light tooke what shee gaue me, nere turnd it ouer, for which (O falsehood in faire shewe) my master & I had lyke to haue bin turnd ouer" (Nashe 1594d, F1^{v}/2:258). Jack's counterfeiting of the noble has no sooner been transferred to a numismatic vehicle than it rubs off onto the proposed next recipient, the prostitute on whose services Jack plans to spend his ill-gotten pelf: "There was a delicate wench named *Flauia Aemilia* lodging in saint Markes street at a goldsmiths, which I would faine haue had to the grand test, to trie whether she were cunning in Alcumie or no. Aie me, she was but a counterfet slip for she not onely gaue me the slip, but had welnigh made me a slipstring" (F1^{v}/2:258). The counterfeit slug will thus be seen in passing to act as a kind of subway token connecting the misrepresentations of Jack counterfeiting Surrey, Surrey counterfeiting Jack (or rather "Brunquell" as he calls himself), Tabitha counterfeiting the contrite would-be "angel" (like a "noble," this too of course was a coin), and finally the prostitute who as cunning alchemist is supposed to transform cold cash into hot erotic chemistry, counterfeiting passion, but who turns out not to be a "genuine hypocrite."[6] The metaphoric "rebounds" here seem at first to represent double-clutching downshifts as Jack's momentum is momentarily stalled by death-dealing double-entendres.[7] But ultimately the "turning over" (one hears the engine rev) which "welnigh" awaited Jack and Surrey is overturned; and McKerrow reminds us that, if a "slipstring" in the headlong hurl here appears to connote the noose, it "seems actually to have meant a truant–one that gets away from control" (McKerrow 1908, 4:277).[8] Indeed, that tip of the nib making a trip of three slips

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[6] Although a paronomastic transaction involving "change" can be imagined, the use of the coin as a metaphor for metaphor does not perhaps have the prevalence sometimes claimed for it, and I do not know what stock quotations Derrida is speculating upon when he speaks (*Verzeihung*!) of the "noteworthy currency" with which such "paradigms have been doled out in all quarters" (Derrida 1971, 6, translation mollified). In the most widely circulated, and indeed worn out and usured quotation, Nietzsche does not refer to metaphors as coins, but rather to *truths* as "metaphors that are used up and bereft of sensual force [*sinnlich kraftlos*], coins that have lost their stamp [*Bild*] and now matter only as metal, no longer as coins" (Nietzsche 1873, 374-75). There *is* a long tradition of *money* being used as a metaphor for *words*, including Bacon's claim that "wordes, are the tokens currant and accepted for conceits, as Moneys are for values and that it is fit men be not ignorant, that Moneys may bee of another kind, than gold and siluer" (Bacon 1605, Pp4) and the remark of Hobbes (possibly recalling the passage from Bacon and recalled by Nietzsche) that "words are wise mens counters, they do but reckon with them: but they are the mony of fooles, that value them by the authority of an *Aristotle*, a *Cicero*, or a *Thomas*, or any other Doctor whatsoeuer, if but a man" (Hobbes 1651, 106).

[7] Indeed, though it could in a sense be seen as rhetoric's way of telling you to slow down, in serving the purposes of postponement or wheelspinning, the figure seems ultimately to draw out the discourse or even trundle it along, deferring the moment of meaning's mortality by simply keeping it moving. It is interesting to recall in this connection the example through which Quintilian (9.3.68) initially introduces the antanaclasis: "Cum Proculeius quereretur de filio, quod is mortem suam *exspectaret*, et ille dixisset, *se vero non exspectare*: *Immo*, inquit, *rogo expectes*. [When Proculeius accused his son of *waiting* for his death, and the son said that *he was not waiting for it*: *well then*, the father replied, *please do wait for it*.]"

[8] McKerrow cites Chettle's *Kind-hartes dreame* and Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, but the

illustrates well that the ugly head of dead metaphor at the rear of those consecutive sentences may always have been a dummy left in place of the fargone fugitive, putting the backfiring rebounds "under erasure" (burning rubber, i.e.). The semic drive is in the end unbraked by the antanaclatic détours: "the words," as the Rev. Grosart unexpectedly punned, "run on wheels, and the wheels burn in their course" (cited by Kinney 1986, 355).

While the rebounds do ring changes on metaphors (or catachreses) it should be clear that the interchanges themselves do not move one along to the end of the metaphoric line (literal meaning or narrative closure) any faster. What they provide rather is a *feeling* of movement and even of acceleration, a sense of whipping across context lines before they can be apprehended. And even when this sense of speed is diminished there is always in the trusty old Nashe rambler the comforting awareness of jostling over the concrete, passing sign after sign without turning off. The freeways that make this kind of drive possible, like the antanaclatic cloverleaves in which Croston briefly loses himself, do not follow the old roads of metaphoric elaboration, but are built up at the level of the signifier. The narrative rides over what Puttenham called "auricular" figures--"*Omoioteleton*, or the Like loose" (consonance), "*Parimion*, or the Figure of the like Letter" (alliteration)--which facilitate the stretch of discourse ahead even as they keep it rolling along through the run-on sentences.[9]

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most elegant of illustrative examples would surely have been Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a play whose plot may in part have suggested the master-servant switcheroo, where in act 3, scene 1 a character complains of a lackey: "if he spie a slipstring by the waye such another as himself, a Page, a Lackie or a dwarfe, the devill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will be doing with him" (Gascoigne 1575, 210). Here the slipstring is exemplified by the page and the lackey (Jack's two servile roles) and the dwarf. "Bruquell," a dwarf and paranymph in the 1595 *Celestina* and the 1589 *Palmendos*, is apparently the inspiration for Surrey's "Brunquell."

[9] In choosing the motorcar as my own vehicle for Nashean troping I am of course endeavoring to drive home that auto-motive or internal-combustion aspect which allows it to serve as the very engine of narrative motivity. Movement might be less a by-product of far-fetched resemblances than of a concatenated series of thumbed "lifts," so that the situation would be similar to that in Proust where Genette argues that "metaphor is what recaptures lost time, but metonymy is what reanimates it and gets it moving along again" (Genette 1972, 63). It may be, as I am trying to suggest, by speeding over the *concrete* that Nashe re-topicalizes a figurativeness which has always seemed to be in danger of slipping its anchor and drifting out over the sail-veiled sea of semiosis ("*mare velivolum*" [*Aeneid* 1.224]; cf. Mighorini on "reciprocal metaphors" [1957, 23]). Umberto Eco, for example, remarks that "the chronicle of metaphor is a chronicle of a series of variations on a few tautologies" some of which, "however, constitute an 'epistemic break,' allowing the concepts to drift toward new territories" (1984, 88). One of the veiled (*voiles*: sails and veils) metaphorico-synecdochic exempla by which Aristotle (*Poetics*, 1457b) introduces the topic of metaphor is the Homeric "my ship stands over there [*neus de moi hed' hesteken*]" (*Odyssey* 1 185, 24 308), for to lie at anchor is a kind of standing. (Never mind that in neither instance of imposture does a ship actually stand or lie over there at all.) This driftiness of the ship-metaphor materializes the difficulty of mapping a metaphorics onto any topics, or for that matter, as Greimas might put it, of freezing into polar binaries the free-floating figure amid the titanic and equally unanchored "isotopies."

The substantiality of language itself, however, seems to give the ground to a necessarily *metonymic* relationship between topicality and metaphoricity, as does the textual extensivity of both generic commonplaces and literal *espacement*. Thus, before embarking on his discussion of nautical metaphors (text as ship), E. R. Curtius, who had earlier sailed breezily enough into his discussion of topics with the potentially anxiety producing "*dubiam trepidus quo dirigo*

But "auricular" figures for Puttenham seem to correspond to those of *"Enargia"* (vividness), though he significantly shifts the sense from visual lustre to phonic gloss (cf. Puttenham 1589, 143), while *"Metaphora*, or the Figure of transporte" (178) is quite properly classed with those that are "sententious," and thus also apparently make use of *"Energia* of *ergon*, because it wrought with a strong and vertuous operation" (143), and are concerned with sense in the sense of meaning and not only sense in the sense of the senses. Though it is the pervasive symbol of figurative transport, it is not immediately clear in what way metaphor *per se* is the overriding trope of *The vnfortunate traueller*. "Indeed," insists Croston, "it is no exaggeration to assert that the metaphorical possibilities of language form the essential subject matter of the prose" (1948, 90). To appreciate the full force and lustre of this assertion it is perhaps necessary to move a little closer to home. It wasn't so far back that Patricia Parker took Paul de Man's remark that discussions of mastering the "Rappaccini's garden" of figurative abstractions can begin to sound "like the plot of a Gothic novel" (de Man 1979b, 21) several steps further by suggesting a whole range of alternative (and more Elizabethan) plots "with the metaphorical 'alien' as changeling, picaro, or usurper" (Parker 1987, 38).

Parker's discussion of metaphor begins appropriately enough with a rundown of the shifting but consistent critical commonplaces (from Aristotle, Cicero and Quintilian to the present) whereby metaphor is seen to involve an interchange of *property* (or *propriety*) or *position*. In the dramatic interest of "plotting" metaphorical displacements and appropriations, theorists have introduced the vying figures of proper and figurative meaning and the master/slave confrontation of tenor and vehicle. The literal/figurative pair is frequently discussed in terms more fitting to the characterization of fraternal rivalries (legitimate and bastard pretenders or true son and changeling), while the tenor/vehicle dynamic suggests a scheme in which the vehicle as *"Gastarbeiter,"* interloper, or vagabond might be identified with the shifty and unrespectable picaro-figure.[10]

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proram? [toward what am I fearfully turning my uncertain craft?]" (Curtius 1953, 89), here must first stake out the territory now to be appropriated by but kept alien from his topics in suggesting collusively that "we place over against [*zur Seite*] our historical topics, an historical metaphorics" (138; *"zur Seite"* [which–why not?–could also mean "on the page"] manages to suggest at once putting the metaphorics "next to" the topics and keeping it "apart" from it and "by the way"): the two chapters are in fact separated by a short topical breakdown: "Goddess Natura" and sodomy.

Here I am tinkering with the idea that Nashe, like Genette in de Man's reading of *"Métonymie chez Proust,"* but in a different sense, would "stress the 'solidarity of the text' despite the perilous shuttling between metaphor and metonymy" (de Man 1979a, 72; cf. Genette 1972, 60; actually he does not have this exact phrase here, but *"solidité indestructible de l'écriture"* and a little further on *"cohésion 'nécessaire' du* texte"). In other words, the possibility that the literal, or littoral, opposition between a metaphoricity settled on the solid ground of (iso)topicality as against topicality as itself an (unmappably oceanic) metaphorics would be knocked down, the pair of them, (in an unmindful vehicular manslaughter like the famous scene in *Reefer Madness*) by a joyriding Nashe, after first having rendered both metaphoricity and topicality unfalteringly *pedestrian*, and then *run over* for real with an auricular steamroller that would pave the way for postrealism.

[10] One regrets the absence of the quasi-oedipal *Hamlet* plot, where the metaphor, neurotic but irresistible, would be subjected to an usurpatious interloper at the literal level. We shall see as the plot thickens that it is as common for a number of proper senses to displace one another in the relationship to the metaphor as vice-versa.

The picaresque plot of metaphor is left unarticulated by Parker, and is presumably less intriguing than those involving rival claimants (the picaro is essentially a prose personage, while the antagonistic brothers are as common in historical drama or revenge tragedy as in the romance). Parker does not even bother to spell out the role which literal meaning or tenor would play opposite the picaresque figurative meaning or vehicle, but the choice seems plain: literal meanings would be embodied in the series of masters "served" by the picaresque metaphor. The picaresque, with its jestbook glibness and prosy realism, might thus initially appear to be the least agonistic of the plots of metaphor mentioned by Parker: the picaro rarely overthrows his master or takes his specific place but at most, like Lazarillo, works his way up to a position of "property" and "propriety" through opportunistic maneuvers, or even mere lucky breaks.

The apparently anodyne variation on this plot in *The vnfortunate traueller* would seem to call into question either its status as picaresque or the dramatic potential of the picaresque plot of metaphor. For the episode in Nashe's novel where there is a changing of places is the one already glanced at where the exchange is quite properly enacted for the benefit of the master, Surrey, although the nature of this benefit is in fact rather equivocal: "By the waie as we went, my master and I agreed to change names. It was concluded betwixte vs, that I should be the Earle of Surrie, and he my man, onely because in his owne person, which hee woulde not haue reproched, hee meant to take more liberty of behauior: as for my cariage, he knew hee was to tuene it at a key, either high or low, as he list" (Nashe 1594d, E3^{v}/2:253). Presumably this means that Surrey wants to enjoy the freedom of action and speech that is denied him as a proper and propertied master, but his eventual foursquare idealism at every turn might lead one to interpret the horny logic in another direction: perhaps he wants Jack to *represent him* as livelier than he actually is. In any case, his motives would seem to be closer to those of Erostrato in Gascoigne's *Supposes* than to the uniformly highflown above e-la intentions of Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Either Surrey really does plan to improvise an unfigured baseness as "Brunquell" or he will orchestrate from behind the scenes a more coloratura earl as performed by Jack. Either way, the exchange, as it is not in Shakespeare, is reciprocal. If the narrow-ranged "tenor" gets to tackle the rambling part of the base figure, the subservient "vehicle" is licensed to take on the "cariage" of the pretty little Surrey with the fringe on the top. There is little of the tragic felony of the overreacher or the runaway violence of the Henriads or the futile foul play of the revenge tragedy in the displacement.

Dramatic interest *is* perhaps lent to the metaphorical plot in the *The vnfortunate traueller* by the division of the role-changing act into three scenes which together can be read as an allegory of metaphoricity as a hermeneutic *comedy of errors*: the episode in which Jack and Surrey are entertained in Venice by Petro de Campo Frego and Tabitha the Temptress, the episode in which they are thrown into prison and meet Diamante, and the episode in which, having through Diamante's "provokement" parted from his master but still retaining his false identity, Jack is suddenly reunited with the real earl in Florence.

Scene one: come to Italy on a pilgrimage to the homeland of Surrey's Platonic paramour, Geraldine, the travellers find themselves in Venice where, "hauing scarce lookt about vs, a precious supernaturall pandor apparelled in all points like a gentleman, & hauing halfe a

dosen seueral languages in his purse, entertained vs in our owne tongue very paraphrastically" (E4^{v}/2:255). Petro de Campo Frego, as this procurer is called, convinces them to be his guests and quickly conducts them onto his own territory: "The place whether he brought vs was a pernicious curtizãs house named *Tabitha* the Temptresses, a wench that could set as ciuill a face on it as chastities first martyr *Lucrecia*" (Ibid.). Since they are "loaded," both master and man are at first "vsed like Emperours," but soon, unaware of the previous exchange of identities, Petro and Tabitha attempt to conspire with the supposed servant "Brunquell" (Surrey) to do away with his "master" so that they can seize his whole fortune to themselves. "Brunquell" pretends to go along with the scheme, but at the last moment feigns a loss of nerve ("for he could counterfeit most daintily" [F1/2:257]) and betrays the conspiracy.

The plot might serve as something of a cautionary tale for revisionist exegetes who would enlist the less respectable aspects of what is apparently the vehicle in their attempts to dispose of what seems a tiresomely highborn tenor. Petro and Tabitha's "subornation" (Ibid.) of Surrey-as-Brunquell fails because they cannot see that Jack-as-Surrey is in fact already the former's "suborned Lorde and master" (E3^{v}/2:254). The proper meaning has thus protected its *propr(i)été* (O to be in Paris now that Jack and Surrey are in Venice!) from "misprision" by dissimulating in advance its place in the tenor/vehicle dynamic.

The connivance of Petro and Tabitha fails, but in the buying-off countertransfer of fake crowns to Jack (see above) both tenor and vehicle are nonetheless brought into jeopardy. Having capitalized on the abortive plot, Jack decides to try his false profits on the touchstone of Flavia Aemilia (who happens to dwell at a goldsmith's), but she proves a most pseudo "doxy" and the confederate of Tabitha, and *she* exposes *him* as a counterfeiter. Metaphorically, money here would, in good humanist fashion, represent rhetorical resources, "words as what a character in *Great Expectations* calls 'portable property'" (Parker 1987, 36), a reading to which credence is improbably lent by Lorna Hutson when she confirms that "for the pander, Petro de Campo Frego, linguistic mastery becomes portable property; he carries 'halfe a dosen seueral languages in his purse'" (Hutson 1989, 220). Petro can figure the rhetorically resourceful eisegete, Tabitha his collaborator or editor, her house the "reading" in which the metaphorical duo are temporarily lodged, and the prostitute the meretricious theory which comes to the aid of the critics in their attempt to overthrow the authority of the traditional tenor. The counterfeit coins would thus represent the *falseness* of rhetorical resourcefulness, but they would represent it as in itself a potential agency of metaphorical subversion. The contrived exposure is a fraud, indeed more of a fraud than the perpetrators realize, since the true subordination remains reversed as the pair are interned: "To prison was I sent as principal, and my master as accessarie, nor was it to a prison neither, but to the master of the mintes house" (Nashe 1594d, F1^{v}/2:258). But once they are in the hands of the authorities some curious countrymen who have heard that an English earl has been "apprehended" point out the true hierarchy: "at the first glance they knew the seruant of my secrecies to be the Earle of Surrie, and I (not worthy to be named I) an outcast of his cuppe or pantofles" (F1^{v}/2:259). The master of the mint, scenting a conspiracy, immediately commits them to "a straighter ward" (F2/2:259). Thus the connivance of Petro and Tabitha, merely by focussing the attention of the authorities on the duo, leads to the discovery of the

"truth."

Scene two: with Jack and Surrey now under lock and key, Petro de Campo Frego is ironically called upon to be their interpreter and proceeds "most clarkly" to misrepresent them: "He interpreted to vs with a pestilence, for wheras we stood obstinatly vpon it, we were wrongfully deteined, and that it was naught but a malicious practise of sinfull *Tabitha* our late hostes, he, by a fine cunny-catching corrupt translation, made vs plainly to confesse, and crie *Miserere*, ere we had need of our necke-verse" (Ibid.). It is here, more or less, that Jack accuses Petro before the reader of having "supplanted" them and "planted" in them "the first Italionate wit" that they had (F2/2:260). Responsibility for all the foregoing "counterfeiting" is thus displaced onto the hermeneutic moment of the perfidious interpreter who has usurped their discursive function with that neapolitic erudition that Sidney called "counterfeit lerning" (Sidney 1912, 3:127).

While they "lay close and tooke phisick in this castle of contemplation," a "magnificos wife of good calling" was thrown in with them, supposed to be unfaithful through the false reports of a vengeful courtier who had been unsuccessful in his attempts to borrow from "her doting husband" (Nashe 1594d, F2/2:260). But for Jack, connubial fidelity is at first an all too forward facet of this Diamante, as she is called, a depressing syndrome he retails in a metaphorical mine of moneys and metals.

> It is almost impossible that any woman should be excellently wittie, and not make the vtmost pennie of her beautie. This age and this countrie of ours admits of some miraculous exceptions, but former times are my constant informers. Those that haue quicke motions of wit haue quicke motions in euery thing; yron onely needs many strokes, only yron wits are not wonne without a long siege of intreatie. Gold easily bends, the most ingenious minds are easiest mooued, *Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit*, sayth *Psapho* to *Phao*. (F2^{v}/2:261)

According to Jack, it would seem, the Golden Age of fast women has in general given place to an irony era of inflexibility. But as it turns out, this particular "magnificos wife" simply hasn't yet been "molded and fashioned as it ought" (F2^{v}/2:261-62). Diamante's obdurate name is finally belied, for she proves to have "mettall inough in her" for Jack to bend her to the inclinations of the "supple soul" (*ingenium molle*) that the muse of comedy has made him. His master Surrey is "too vertuous" to attempt this physical manipulation of the inmate, but he does practise a species of *méconnaissance* or warping "suppose" upon her, whereby "he would imagine her in a melancholy humor to bee his *Geraldine*," and bend and bow *himself* as would befit his ideal: "from this his intranced mistaking extasie could no man remoue him. Who loueth resolutely, wil include euery thing vnder the name of his loue" (F3/2:262).

Metaphorically speaking, the relationship between Jack, Surrey and Diamante is extraordinarily complex, although the literal action is uncomplicated enough: "My master beate the bush and kepte a coyle and a pratling, but I caught the birde, simplicitie and plainnesse shall carrie it away in another world" (F3^{v}/2:263). In this allegorical world of metaphorical plots, however, Diamante must perhaps first be seen as pairing with Jack on a different axis from that whereon Jack is paired with Surrey. At the same time, an initial homology can be set up on the basis of heterosexual coupling between Jack and Diamante

and Surrey and Geraldine. We could plot this development in a number of metaphorical ways, but I think the following foursquare diagram is appropriate enough:

	Literal Meaning	*Figure*	
Figure	SURREY	JACK	*Signifier*
Literal Meaning	GERALDINE	DIAMANTE	*Signified*
	Tenor	*Vehicle*	

The relationship that develops during interment would thus plot some of the intrigues that can occur in the interpretation of metaphorical *ménages à trois*, triangles of desire, or oedipal threesomes. Diamante figures the initially suspicious physical "property" of a third party (her husband), becoming attached in close keeping to the vehicle as part of its sememic ensemble of signifieds. Geraldine figures the established abstract signified of the sublime tenor, for which the signified of the vehicle must be mistaken. But precisely through its abstractness ("as I perswade my self he was more in loue with his own curious forming fancie than her face" [F3/2:263]), this signified, the supposed pretext for the trip, remains absent from the scene of examination. Instead, emphasis is transferred from the more stable and idealistic aspects of the present signified of the vehicle (upright fidelity) to its more fickle and sensual side (horizontal slipperiness). The vehicular page's tangible advantage over his tenorial master here leads in a way into the final scene of the tenor's "subordination" to the vehicle.

Scene three: through the good graces of none other than Pietro Aretino, Jack and Surrey are in the end explicated (*explicare*: to disentangle, to explain, to set free) and examination is turned upon Tabitha the Temptress, who under his scrutiny reveals her falsifications; she and Petro are summarily executed. But the "inlargement" (F3^{v}/2:264) of tenor and vehicle is not without a narrative dilation, including a lengthy peroration on Aretino, whose terminal image (a toad swelling with venom) seems to give the metaphorical ground to the next expanse of plot: "*Diamante Castaldos* y^{e} magnificos wife, after my enlargement proued to be with child" (F4^{v}/2:266). Her husband (her former signifier) meanwhile has wasted away (either through famine or jealousy) and with Aretino's help she is left with his estate. As the signified of the vehicle, Diamante can bring to Jack the semic wealth that belonged to her former signifier/husband, and now seems to be pregnant with the new meaning that she and her present signifier have engendered together in close quarters. But this is significantly a gravidity which is adroitly forgotten (miscarriage?) in the course of the ensuing episodes, so that the noseyparker is left with the suspicion that it was a ruse designed to get them on the move (cf. Hibbard 1962, 163). Jack's habitual dissimulation of position is now abetted by the newly propertied Diamante: "Being out, and fully possest of her husbands goods, she inuested me in the state of a monarch" (Nashe 1594d, F4^{v}/2:267). She lades Jack with the "properties" that belonged to the late husband, and at her provocation Jack departs from his master without leave and once more assumes his position: "Through all the cities past I by no other

name but the yong Earle of Surry; my pomp, my apparel, traine, and expence, was nothing inferior to his, my looks were as loftie, my wordes as magnificall" (Ibid.). They make their way to Florence, but Surrey, amazed that Jack would think "to separate the shadow from the bodie" (G1/2:267), overtakes them almost immediately, and Jack must bow low for survival: "My soule which was made to soare vpward, now sought for passage downward" (Ibid.). His shortlived ascendancy comes peacefully to an end, however, as he assures an indulgent master that the stunt has been effected only so that Jack could expend the wealth with which Diamante has endowed him under the aegis of the earl: "some large summes of monie this my sweet mistres *Diamante* hath made me master of, which I knew not how better to imploy for the honor of my country, than by spending it munificently vnder your name. No Englishman would I haue renowmed for bountie, magnificence, and curtesie but you, vnder your colours all my meritorious workes I was desirous to shroud" (G1/2:268). Thus Jack argues that he has been operating for the greater amplification of Surrey: "if the greatest men went not more sumptuous, how more great than greatest was he that could cõmand one going so sumptuous" (G1^{v}/2:269). Since such stratagems may indeed have been part of the reason that Surrey employed Jack in the ruse in the first place, and since Jack has apparently in fact "inhanced his obscured reputation" (Ibid.), Surrey is content, only insisting that Jack not drag his "curtizan" (the low material baggage connotively stowed in the vehicle) along with him. Jack argues that she is his "treasurie" and his "countenance and supporter," and resigns his earldom rather "than parte with such a specyall benefactor," insisting, however: "your seruant am I, as I was at the beginning and so wil I perseuer to my liues ending" (Ibid.).

Rather than give up the more substantial "properties" which Diamante represents and possesses, Jack-as-vehicle gives up the possibility of further being mistaken for the privileged tenor, and the narrative promptly shifts focalization back to Surrey and his pilgrimage to the home of the ineffable Geraldine, leaving Jack's Diamante temporarily by the way, never to be delivered of the meaning with which she had briefly become pregnant. With her conveniently absented from the diegesis, the conventional master/servant routine returns: "Wee supt, we got to bed, rose in the morning, on my master I waited, & the first thing he did after he was vp, he went and visited the house where his *Geraldine* was borne" (G1^{v}/2:270-71). Introducing Surrey and Jack into this context allows the tenor an opportunity to counter the base vehicle's bending of Diamante to his will with a sublime rarification of "the soule of heauen, sole daughter and heir to *primus motor*," and Jack does his best to represent "[t]he alcumie of his eloquence," which "out of the incomprehensible drossie matter of cloudes and aire, distilled no more quintessence than would make his *Geraldine* compleat faire" (G2/2:270) Clouds and air, the least "comprehensible"--or tangible--of materials are still too "drossie" with base matter to convey the transcendental signified. But Surrey's sonnet, of neoplatonic necessity, moves through concretizing images that can be mistaken for bodily movements--indeed, as with "The towre where loue raind downe himselfe in golde" or "prostrate as holy ground Ile worship thee," even those of what Bakhtin called "the material bodily lower stratum"--and can only be supplemented by the reinsciption of "body-wanting mots" from Ovid, words which make every effort to *lack* corporeal substance, but which can always still be read as the expressions of *desire for* the body which they literally constitute (G2/2:271). The absent living body of Diamante, in its subjection to the attempted inscription of the transcendental signified, is

doubly transfigured, first to inanimacy, then to ethereality: "Diamonds thought thẽselues *Dii mundi*, if they might but carue her name on the naked glasse" (Ibid.). The nakedness of the glass of the signified mirrors the multi-faceted diamond of another signified here functioning as a signifier in its turn in the final obstructed coupling of Diamante and Geraldine, both absent, the glass taking its apparent body from tne diamond and simultaneously metamorphosing it into an extramundane *dea mundi* by reflecting its own transparency. A refulgent smaragdine Geraldine could only be figured through the solid inscription of the adamantine Diamante, but Surrey has insured that the clarity of his beloved's absence will not be impaired by the impedimental presence of Jack's "baggage" in her enshrined birth-chamber.

We could no doubt unpack these metaphors a little further here, if we had come to this room for more than a quickie.[11] What is important in terms of the picaresque plot of metaphor, I think, is the essentially un-Shakespearean close of the comedy: master and servant resume their conventional roles, and the servant even winds up with a frisky rich widow, but Orlando, so to speak, is still in the woods, with neither "bagge and baggage" nor "scrip and scrippage" he can call "his own." The servant or vehicle carries away the "goods," so that in the end it may seem that the master really would have more to gain by the exchange of positions. Thus, rather than overthrowing the privileged tenor through violence or

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[11] This preposterously reductive phallocratic distribution of the *actants* not into a semi-idiotic rectangle but into more of a soft-ball diamond in which the tenor can never come into home because its signified cannot get to first base (the signified of the vehicle) since she is "struck out" at the plate, would not necessarily play more smoothly with the assumption of a threesome that deconstructed a patriarchal schema so that the ladies were the signifiers more interested in connecting up with one another than in the staying on top of fatuously phallogocentric signifieds. One can imagine the fantastically convoluted and evaginated plot of metaphor that could be traced in the New *Arcadia* for instance, and there could even be some politically more correct content wrung out of the so-called feminist inversion of *Euphues* to be detected by some in Greene's *Mamilia* (cf. Jordan 1915, 15-16, quoted and discussed in Kinney 1986, 184). Something at least potentially more satirical of phallogocentric "agenders" could have been rigged up by Nashe if he had been less inclined to the dramatic. If he had "sung *George Gascoignes* Counter-tenor" (i.e., been incarcerated; cf. Nashe 1592c, I1/1:310), with the falsetto for his little *huis clos* having been chosen not from the *Supposes* but from *The adventures of Master F. I.*, the triple play might have caught out the noble tenor as a wimpy and valetudinarian insignificato. But of course, this plot too, like that of *Master F. I.* itself, would be easily recuperable to a misogynistic reading in which the duplicity and slipperiness of the tenorial signifier (Elinor) rendered it unworthy of the singleminded if now and then upright signified (F.I.). Indeed, Harvey, annotating the already post-moralized reworking of *Master F. I.* that appeared in Gascoigne's *Posies* (1575), drew precisely the lesson from it that women have no use for men "who cannot bestead them" and suggested well that their roles in the bedroom scenes need not be so different from that in the birthchamber scene in Nashe, referring to them, indeed (inspired by *The Steele Glas*) precisely as complementary *specula*: "the one, a glas of brittle Bewtie; the other a Mirrour of during Honour," and only possibly suggesting a tenor-vehicle reversal in referring to the former, presumably, (Elinor-Leonore, who would be the tenor in the plot not plotted here), as "a false Diamant" (Moore Smith 1913, 167). Given the sexist, and indeed heterosexist, assumptions of all the gory allegories of metaphor so far explored (Geraldine and Diamante may have been made to engage in a little bit of titillating twin fun, but we have not paused to wonder what the early risers did when they climbed back into their old routine), it would hardly be politic to pretend that all of this is meant tongue in cheek.

insubordination, the vehicle does so symbolically, by acting as a foil, setting off the immaterialness of the tenor it quite "faithfully" serves. In other words, the plot of metaphor in *The vnfortunate traueller* would operate through an assumed *parity* of tenor and vehicle which is a *parody* inasmuch as the class difference actually leaves the *tenor* at a "material" disadvantage, textually. Put the other way round, in the looking-glass confrontation of literal and figural properties, "parody," to pun outrageously on the theorem which makes Martin Gardner's *Ambidextrous Universe* possible, "is *not* conserved."

But the insuperable difference of rank might seem *here* to have been exaggerated for picaresque effect. The picaro is typically of the lowest order, often an orphan. But Jack Wilton reminds us more than once that he is "a Gentleman at least" (A3/2:209), which, despite the jocular tone, is not, I think, meant to be sarcastic. The term "gentleman" denoted definite class affiliations of not inconsiderable status and when Nashe signed himself *"Th. Nashe*, Gentleman" (or, as he seems to claim, was thus signed by his publisher; cf. Nashe 1592c, I2-I2^{v}/1:311-12) he was mocked for the presumption by both Harvey and Lichfield. Jack's insistence on his gentle nature suggests that his relationship with Surrey is meant wistfully to hark back to that Golden Age of reciprocal rapport described by the author of *A health to the gentlemanly profession of seruingmen* (1598), when, just as Adam had needed an Eve, "Gentlemen and States considering their calling, thought it very meete and necessarie to haue a helpe, to further them in euery of their actions," and "this helpe or Seruaunt should be made of their owne mettall" so that "the Gentleman receaued euen a Gentleman vnto his seruice, and therefore did limit him no other labour than belonged him selfe" (I. M. 1598, C1-C1v).[12]

The "mettall" of which both metaphorical master and servant are ostensibly made is language, and one would never want to deny anyone the "intellectual pleasure in the perception of unexpected similiarities between tenor and vehicle" (Larson 1975, 20), but as metaphors are recast, this metal does become stamped with heads and tails. (Even the bicephalous coin with which the Jack/Surrey switch would beguile us is after all still marked as a noble on one side, a groat on the other.) Their substantial linguistic parity, however, allows for the flipping of that coin and the par or chiasmal crossover whereby the master is a servant and the servant is a master. Ideally, this would constitute what Bruno Migliorini once called a "reciprocal metaphor" (Migliorini 1957, 23ff), but in fact it is closer to what, with its quasi-grammatical ingrained precedence/presidence, is known as antimetabole (the Master is a Servant and the Servant is a Master), or as Puttenham spells it, *"Antimetauole* or the Counterchange," and one hears the Latinate purloining of the coin (why, it's in your ear!) in his allophonic penultimate. Patricia Parker is no doubt right to call attention to the prevalence of politically charged illustrations in Puttenham's discussion of the figure, but it

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[12] The "commensal" nature of this relationship is, incidentally, brought out in part by an allusion to a ballad, *"It is merrie in Haul, when Beardes wagges al"* in which mention is made of "Beardlesse Brian, and long toothed Tom, whose teeth be longer then his beard" (C1v). This may in fact be a glance at Nashe, whose want of beard and whose gagtooth are alluded to in several texts. I. M.'s pamphlet, which shows the influence of Nashe, especially echoing *Pierce Pennilesse*, and of Greene's somewise proto-Nashean *Quip for an vpstart courtier*, was brought out by William White the year before he surreptitiously published *A pil to purge melancholie*. See Appendix 2a above.

should be remembered that his closing example is the rather Harveyesque *"In trifles earnest as any man can bee, / In earnest matters no such trifler as hee"* (Puttenham 1589, 209; cf. Parker 1987, 92). Ultimately, the metaphorical plot in *The vnfortunate traueller* may subtextualize any political content by denying the fall from a Golden Age in which master and servant were of the same metal: for in reality, as Surrey is a Tudor aristocrat and Jack a mere "gentleman," if that, they *cannot* finally be recast into one another, just as in a metaphor with an implied or virtual tenor unable to sully itself with the dirty work of material signification only one term is of any substance: the *vehicle*. In the fallen world, the master does not employ the servant to do "no other labour then belonged him selfe," but precisely to do what he no longer *can* properly do, what no longer belongs to him as labour or is no longer his productive "property." The vehicle must be palpable and real in the tenor's place: "Vivre? les serviteurs feront cela pour nous."[13]

Parody does not conserve parity; in its very mirror symmetry right is made sinister, and in any event, "Imitation is Criticism," as Blake told his incurious copy of *The Works of Joshua Reynolds*. It has become common in recent years to accept Nabokov's distinction, "Satire is a lesson, parody is a game" (Nabokov 1967b, 30), but Barbara A. Babcock rightly points out that "[t]he impulse to parody is fundamental to the satiric mode" (Babcock 1978, 100) and the page's metaphorical imitation of the noble could well therefore reflect criticism. In *The vnfortunate traueller*, I would suggest, a critique tends in the direction of valorization of the concrete vehicle at the expense of the abstract tenor, and in doing so parallels at least the picaresque privileging of the servant's material realism over the nobleman's inane sprezzatura, exemplified in Lazarillo's provisioning of his proud but purse-poor master. Because he has an established symbolic pedigree, the master, unlike the servant, has no need of "references," but this ultimately conditions his lack of integration in a meaningful *Lebenswelt* and leaves him at a material disadvantage which the picaresque plot can reflect.

Surrey does of course rule Jack in the sense that the page can only take his place by his leave, but ruling a page only makes it a wee bit less crooked. As long as the superior must rely upon the inferior to do for him there is always, not the danger, but the discursive inevitability, of *mis*rule. "[G]ood sir, be ruld by me," Jack collusively advises the tiresome captain whom he supposes he is sending to his death early in the book, but "good sir, be served by me" is eventually a far more subversive proposition. *The vnfortunate traueller* could, then, *in a certain sense*, be said to chronicle what Parker (1987, 39) calls the "ambiguous genitive" of *"The Rule of Metaphor,"* recalling the insubordinate rendering of

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[13] Obviously, not only Hegel and Marx are cooling their heels and wagging their beards, though Hegel, heartlessly, had none, in the hall, but more especially Nietzsche with his eternally discursive and semantic understanding of subversion and his awareness of how a ruling-class word may go from signifying "one who *is*, who possesses reality" to a metaphysical *property* of "spiritual *noblesse*," from *being* to *having* (the phallus, and so on, cf. Nietzsche 1887, 277). But something like the implied dichotomy (concrete vs. spiritual *property* of nobility) was indeed in circulation in the Renaissance, even if at that time the subversive gesture would have been the privileging of the spiritual property. Nashe's parody of parity thus becomes proto-post-Enlightenment in its refusal to subvert the established nobility by recourse to a "more authentically noble" interiority. Instead by projecting an already bourgeois vacuity onto nobility *as such*, the text proves to be *fin-de-siècle* indeed.

Ricoeur's title (as though *La métaphore vive* had been misread as *Vive la métaphore*!). Through a parody of disparity, really, the servant convinces the master to let the vehicle undertake the concrete labor and the sensual play, the *Arbeit und Liebe*, that makes for real life. The plot *would* therefore be picaresque inasmuch as the polymorphous page of the vehicle is meant to outdo the master trope of the tenor.

But as I suggested earlier, it may be more in relation to *mo*bility than *no*bility that the picaro must be defined. The whole issue of servility may be ancillary in the determination of the picaresque, and thus of any picaresque plot of metaphor, to exigencies of movement. Umberto Eco reads Aristotle through Ricoeur: "In the *Rhetoric* (1411b25ff) there is no room for doubt: the best metaphors are those that 'show things in a state of activity.' Thus metaphorical knowledge is knowledge of the dynamics of the real" (Eco 1984, 102). But *pace* Ricoeur and Eco, this need not mean that metaphor is necessarily mimetic, only pseudokinetic. Every mastertrope becomes the pretext for the unrelieved mobility of the vehicle and as such the tenor in fact becomes the temporary "vehicle" or "ride" of a shiftless hitchhiking figure. To the extent that the tenor or "proper meaning" is thus instrumentalized in the plot of *The vnfortunate traueller* that plot of *aufhebend* (Jacking-up) "lifts" becomes not metaphorical but "metaleptic."

Metalepsis, or transumption, which involves the intervention of further figurative terms between tenor and vehicle, and thus, as Quintilian put it (8.6.37), *"ex alio tropo in alium velut viam praestat,"* provides a path as it were from one trope to another, is identified by figures as apparently remote as George Puttenham and Harold Bloom with distanciation, whereby the master is denied, as Tranio denies Vincentio, through a further charge of imposture. But in Nietzsche's theory of metaphor and the work of those deconstructionist rhetoricians who have followed him, metalepsis becomes the real translation of *Uebertragung*, a figure of endless figurative relay, and hence of unpointed and unchecked movement. Nietzsche's theory, as Sarah Kofman has shown, "rests on the loss of the 'proper'" (Kofman 1971, 77) so that "the concept of metaphor becomes totally 'improper' since it no longer has reference to an absolute essence [*à un propre absolu*] but always already to an interpretation" (79). Nietzsche had recognized as early as his 1874 rhetoric lectures that language is tropological through and through and that "there can be no talk of a 'literal meaning' [*von einer 'eigentlichen Bedeutung'*] which would be transported only in certain cases [...]. In actuality everything that is commonly called discourse is figuration" (Nietzsche 1874, 300). Every tenor is consequently only a further vehicle, and vice-versa.

In picaresque, the chain of masters thus becomes a series of *pis-aller* whereby the "topicality" of the narrative movement can be maintained. Put another way, the rogue's progress is not movement toward a goal, or movement in the service of another, but movement for its own sake. Consequently, as Bakhtin says, "in the absence of historical time, contrasts are brought out through difference [*različija*] alone" (Bakhtin 1979, 189) As a metaphor of *différance*, the picaro becomes an image of the ultimately "improper" modes of transport of the unpropertied classes of signifiers whereby literal meaning or the signified is trivialized or dropped out of the endless circulation of significance, all metaphors referring only to further metaphors as every signifier can lead only to another signifier. But in the absence of a proper master or any personal property, the floating signifier of the metaphor

can only be defined by context, which because contexts are in motion as well, is no real definition at all, so that in the end, as even G. R. Hibbard asserted, though perhaps unaware of the Einsteinian ramifications [*ein Stein vird geschlagen*], "[t]here is no Jack in the proper sense of the word" (Hibbard 1962, 177).

Such endless vehicularity, by the way, seems to be what licenses the "interminable analysis" (to drive home the Freudian transference) of much of the eternal deferral of modern criticism, where even for such a Sunday driver as I. A. Richards, it has become invidious to distinguish between a "whither" and a "way" in poetic meaning–as he remarks in a misty passage in *Coleridge on Imagination* where we are made to hear the forlorn dwindling foghorns of the great Anglo-American lines in that echoic "wither away" (cf. Richards 1934, 213). But at the very origin of the age of discovery, it would seem, when such an offputting trajectory would generally have been viewed as peculiarly pointless, there was already inscribed in the picaresque the romantic détour which down the road would come to usurp discursively the teleonomic itinerary of the Capitalist-Imperialist settlement. Yet discursive or otherwise, transportation was more usually, for the Elizabethan, or so we are told, designed to carry freight to a destination, eventually *home*. Unlike the postromantic, the patriotic Elizabethan capitalist-humanist would be interested in the whither, not the way. Travel was dangerous and suspect, and a book like *Turlers Traveiler* (1575) warns that "as in all humain affayres, we must consider to what ende, and for what commoditie they are taken in hande: then ought wee most especially to bee myndefull thereof in traueill" (Turler 1575, C1). Rhetorical transport must serve the *oratorical* conveyance of "resource capital" (cf., most recently, Hutson 1989, Ch. 2). But the metaphorical picaro, the unindentured vagabond of the graphic, is going nowhere fast, and his endless movement is a scandalous reminder that all further ends are finally next ends (cf. Sidney 1595, C3^{v}/29). He is the Juvenalian "*vacuus viator*" in Pierce Penniless's self-characterization (Nashe 1592b, B2^{v}/1:160-61)–picked up and taken for a quick spin by Harvey (1592, E4^{v}/1:206/56)–the empty-handed wayfarer who sings for the highwayman, offering pure materiality in place of transactional dolors and sense (Juvenal 10.22). The picaresque plot of metaphor thus would eventually become a discursive alibi of extenuating circumstances; and such an unmotivated plot, as Babcock points out (1978, 111) can only end arbitrarily. The last page of *The vnfortunate traueller* returns us to the English camp, the "truculent tragedie of *Cutwolfe* and *Esdras*" (a parable of the hunting down and extermination of the metaphorical libertine) having left Jack Wilton "[m]ortifiedly abiected and danted" and moving him to commit himself to "such straight life" that he marries Diamante, wedding himself apparently for good to a single signified (Nashe 1594d, M4/2:327).

But in the end Jack "wilt on" if it will serve anyone's turn: "All the conclusiue epilogue I wil make is this, that if herein I haue pleased anie, it shall animat mee to more paines in this kind" (M4/2:328). In true picaresque fashion semiotic closure is a matter of physically closing the book, for inasmuch as the picaro enjoys a "position of constant mobility" (Babcock 1978, 96) he can obtain no real position, but only, as Derrida put it, "a travail in which I find myself *engaged*: which is not thus any more my own property for having been seized at this point" (Derrida 1972b, 7, translation [but how could it be otherwise?] modified). The page has come to an end, but more pages may always follow and be animated to more pains; for no other signifier will take the "place" of the Melmoth the Wanderer of the metaphor, it has no real

"home" to go back to, and the endlessly "resourceful" metaphorical picaro is thus an unfortunate traveller indeed.

II

> J'en conseille la lecture aux gens déjà un peu avancées. Que ceux qui n'ont pas beaucoup de temps en lisent au moins la première partie.
>
> Jacques Lacan, speaking of Kierkegaard's *Repetition* in his seminar for January 19, 1955

Agnes M. C. Latham's 1948 article, "Satire on Literary Themes in Nashe's 'Unfortunate Traveller,'" denies realism to the text and implicitly rejects Bowers's claims for its picaresque status, insisting that "[w]hatever Nashe may have intended when he began the book, before he had finished it it had turned into a spirited parody of popular literary themes and styles of the day" (Latham 1948, 86). But such parody grading into satire coincides with the *topicality* of picaresque; the "hit-and-run style" of the picaro (Babcock 1978, 96) is equivalent in effect to Nashe's "lightning transitions" which leave readers "giddy, gasping and weak with laughter, as though they had just come off a switchback" (Latham 1948, 99). Latham's disorientation may be due to her concentration on the Bowersian category of "realism" since for her *The vnfortunate traueller* "is not realism, it is criticism, and the form it takes is literary satire" (90). Though she makes the connection between satiric parody and criticism, she has missed the boat that connects them with the picaresque in a current sailed through by Babcock. "While we tend to dissociate criticism and satire, defining the former as literary critique and the latter as social critique, it is interesting to note with regard to the picaresque that Roman satire (*satura*), from which picaresque ultimately derives, was the traditional vehicle for literary criticism. The *satura* or 'plate of mixed fruit' consisted, like the picaresque, of an admixture of genres and their reciprocals" (1978, 100).

By the 1950s this kind of mixed fruit was available tinned, pre-cut in bitesize bits in Frye's *Anatomy*, but Nashe's peculiar brand of fruit cocktail, "a medley with picaresque elements," as C. S. Lewis calls it, was suspected of having been spiked, seeing as Nashe "does not drive on so steadily as we could wish" (Lewis 1954, 428). Lewis is disgruntledly aware, as is G. R Hibbard, however, that anyone wishing to apprehend him for driving under the influence "has difficulty keeping up with" his "rapid changes of direction" (Hibbard 1962, 178), and that, paradoxically, it is Nashe who displays an "arresting manner" (147), hi-lacking his would-be apprehenders and taking them tied up in the trunk along with his bootlegged moonshine across the line, so that he "does succeed in conveying a number of discrepant attitudes to morals and to literature with a peculiar force and vitality, giving them the quality of immediate sensations" (179). Parking for a few hurried gropes with Lewis in 'fifty-four one still felt comfortable with the style taking a back seat, but with Hibbard we are already barrelling precariously up into the 'sixties.

Ignoring Sister Marina Gibbons's graphic admonitions of an impending thematic pile-up (1964, 421), David Kaula seems initially bent on turning "the primary vehicle for Nashe's 'view of life': the style" (1966, 44) into a hot rod to hell in which he exploits "the possibilities of the rogue-hero who brashly exposes himself to hazards far beyond his ability to control" (48). But finding himself eventually committed to "such local effects as metaphor, alliteration, wordplay, proverbs, Latin tags, and mock-learned allusions" (Ibid.), this rebellious spirit's characteristic recursion "to the low style" (55) brings him back to the place he was trying to get away from, where he winds up, not unexpectedly, "grounded" (57). But Richard A. Lanham argues that Jack is ultimately grounded by Nashe for his own good. This is tragic in a way, though, since the narrative's "profuse speed is one of its great virtues" (1967, 209), but it is necessary if the angry young man is to subdue the "free-floating aggression" and *"angst"* (206) by which he "protect[s] himself against what today we might call the 'system'" (208), and so finally kill off that part of himself "that blocks his establishing a harmonious relationship with society" (215). According to Lanham, this is eventually accomplished by transforming his anarchic performance of violence into a discursive *representation* of violence as a form of social protest in the later stages of the novel, so that "the Jack Wilton who emerges from the admittedly unrelated episodes he passes through, the identity that accretes around his name" is that of the "satirist" (207). In his following of critical "paths" and "approachs," then, Lanham concentrates on the figure of the protagonist as the existential key to the meaning, even if the critical "conveyance" of that meaning is unwittingly complotted in a construction worthy of Crewe, whereby the vehicular page seems to become the proposed freeway site between major mendacities: "The most promising approach to the novel, then, would seem to *lie* through Jack Wilton" (203; emphasis added).

Not waiting for the 'seventies' shift back away from character analysis to intertextuality, Katherine Duncan-Jones (1968) proposes, incontinent, that the way to Sidney lies through Surrey. The identification had been urged previously (e.g. Hibbard 1962, 156), but no one had explicitly pointed out that Surrey's tournament in *The vnfortunate traueller* presents "a mosaic of references to tournaments and single combats in the *Arcadia*" (Duncan-Jones 1968, 3). Duncan-Jones's breakaway analysis will eventually be surpassed by the high-powered von Koppenfels (1971), so we will leave the tournament aside for now and take another turn at it later.

Walter R. Davis returns to bring the 'sixties to a close (although Frederic Jameson [1983 and 1984] has convincingly suggested that this may actually only take place in 1973) and put an end to that decade's concern with the character analysis of the developing literary delinquent: "The development of the persona of Jack creates the narrative curve of the book" (1969, 218). For Davis, Jack is an easy rider whose "position as a court page places him in a socio-economic no man's land" (216) and whose "experience of reality [...] constantly gives the lie to ennobling formulations of the real, be they literary conventions, intellectual aspirations, or codes of life" (215). Meanwhile, behind the iron curtain, Robert Weimann was putting this realism less liberally down to the "specificity [*Besonderheit*] of the point of view" of the first person picaresque narrator leading "to the discovery of humano-social actualities" (Weimann 1970, 25). The anecdotal jestbook turns into the fictional novel "precisely when a made-up figure presents himself as the originator of fictive proceedings. Only through such a figure is

narrated actuality replaced by an image (or similitude [*Gleichnis*]) of reality that is actualized *in the process of narrating*" (23). Perhaps this makes *The vnfortunate traueller* a kind of *Bildungsroman* of the figment.

In 1971 we return to literary satire in an article which niftily contains the first critical statement about Nashe's treatment of women, obliquely alluded to in an analysis of the Petrarchism of Surrey, again arrived at via Sidney, or in any case via Dorothy Jones, who is indeed a woman from down under (Kensington, New South Wales). The reins of the Surrey subplot are picked up again the same year by the redoutable Werner von Koppenfels, who enters the lists (cf. von Koppenfels 1971, 15; 16; 18) and manages at the very least to keep up with the Joneses and the Duncan-Joneses, although he repeats much of the course already covered by the latter (1968). Von Koppenfels catalogues the allusions to the *Arcadia* in the description of the tournament in *The vnfortunate traueller* which Surrey organizes to defend Geraldine's beauty after he has visited her birth chamber, but the discussion is really useful for the stress it lays upon the ecphratic tradition on which both Sidney and Nashe are playing off. In Nashe, the tournament is largely a pretext for farcically overblown and impractical armorial costumes and impresas. Sidney's elaborate devices, while they most artificially create "the illusion of life and movement in mimetic effort" (von Koppenfels 1971, 2)--reins are disguised as snakes or grape-vines; tail-furnishings mimic an eagle so that "as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to flie" (Sidney 1590, 423)--are designed as emblematic vehicles to convey the essences of the riders. But in Nashe's description "the piling up of heterogenous emblems within one portrait often borders on the grotesque, and this is doubtless what he intends. The overall meaning of his devices frequently remains obscure, whereas Sidney's are generally intelligible even at first sight" (von Koppenfels 1971, 23). Nashe's emblems celebrate "the concept of art copying natural movement" (22) at the expense of definitive meaning; they are "quicke lives" (cf. Nashe 1ᶜ94c, G3/1:380), evolving, as all things do in *The vnfortunate traueller* by auricular and metonymic ramification. Thus Nashe begins by retailing Surrey's armorial devices and explaining the significance of each, but both description and explication are generally so elaborate as to leave one with only the sense of the running-on. Surrey's horse is elaborately decked out as an ostrich with spurs like the "sharpe goad or pricke wherewith" the ostrich "spurreth himselfe forward" (Nashe 1594d, G2ᵛ/2:272). But unlike the aquiline imagery of Argalus's armor in Sidney, Nashe's strutting enumeration of struthious details defers fixation of both the organic image and its moral significance. The emblem comes alive and takes on a life of its own. Indeed, the ostrich-symbology unfurled as an allegory of Surrey's relationship to Geraldine, even harks back to the vivacious Diamante, "the birde" limed by Jack while Surrey "beate the bush" in prison (F3ᵛ/2:263). "Like a bird she tript on the grounde," Jack recalled her arrival in the dungeon, "and bare out her belly as maiesticall as an Estrich" (F2ᵛ/2:261). On the wings of Surrey's ostrich armor, ostensibly figuring forth the ocular influence of his neoplatonic paramour, are actually "embossed christall eyes [...] wherein wheelewise were circularly ingrafted sharp pointed *diamonds*, as rayes from those eyes deriued" (G2ᵛ/2:272; emphasis added). We have returned to the mirrored crystals of diamond and glass of the birthchamber scene. The rays shot from the eyes produce "a fine dim shine' like "a candle in a paper lanterne, or a gloworme in a bush by night" (G2ᵛ-G3/2:272). Geraldine is thus emblematized both in the bush that Surrey is still

beating around (her eyes spurring him on are sado-masochistically inverted into his spurs guying forward his mount), and the Diamantine "enranked" tremulous-truculent bird no longer in the hand, now the inaccessible content of a signifying bush. In the impenetrable depths of the "bolne swelling bowres of feathers" lies the secret source "glistering through the leaues & briers" (G2^{v}; G3/2:272) of Surrey's symbolic action. Yet lover, bush, diamond and bird telescope back in a *mise-en*-a-beam which defers meaning while "animating" both symbol and interpreter.

The emblems of the other knights similarly represent what Davis had called "breathing literary artifacts" (1969, 225), inasmuch as they purchase life at the expense of definitive meaning. The extent to which this life depends upon a deferral of interpretational closure is itself emblematized in the armor of the eighth knight, "throughout engrailed like a crabbed brierie hawthorne bush" with "a solitarie nightingale close encaged" and "Toads gasping for winde, and Summer liude grashoppers gaping after deaw, both which were choakt with excessiue drouth for want of shade" (Nashe 1594d, G4/2:275). The themes of imprisoned signifier, caged or cached bird in the bush, and the reptilian "impedimentes" (G4/2:276) to ramification expiring in the reductive brave clearness of noontide scrutiny are foiled by the emblem on the knight's shield, "the picture of death doing almes deeds to a number of poore desolate children. The word, *Nemo alius explicat*. No other man lakes pittie vpon vs." Jack comments: "What his meaning was herein I cannot imagine, [...] I cannot see howe death shoulde haue bin sayd to doe almes deedes, except hee had depriued them sodainly of their liues, to deliuer them out of some further miserie; which could not in anie wise be, because they were yet lyuing" (Ibid.). Jack leaves it at that, and, needless to say, *nemo alius explicat*: for the emblems are *not* topics for explication, but explorations of "the concept of art copying natural movement" (von Koppenfels 1971, 22). And if they *are* mistakenly taken as occasions for exegetical techniques, they display, in my experience, sufficient evidence that *explicats* have at least nine lives.

Alexander Leggatt connects the life-like ostrich armor with the birds of the pleasure garden in the banketting house in Rome, into which Jack and Surrey ride on a humble pair of assonances once Surrey's won the tourney. Like the armorial devices, this mechanical reconstruction of the unfallen world, an apparatus of twittering "clockwork toys," pipes, gears and painted surfaces is, according to Leggatt, in direct contrast to the real life of vulnerable flesh and chaotic horrors in the greater part of the book: "The outside world is real but horrible; the garden is beautiful but unreal: each world mocks the other" (Leggatt 1974, 33). The vitality of both the "breathing literary artifacts" of the tournament and the "enwrapped arte" (Nashe 1594d, H2^{v}/2:282) of the wheeling works of the garden is considered by Leggatt to be a function of their mechanism. Their artful life can persist since, being unreal, they cannot die: "The birds are indestructible, because they are mechanical" (Leggatt 1974, 33). A different, but equally bloodless, survival is posited for Jack, who, in Leggatt's view, is not a growing person or developing "character who reforms his attitudes under the pressure of experience, but a narrative voice which changes tone to fit the changed nature of the events described" (40). This "fitness" of the agency of the *Ich-Erzähler* is, as Reinhard H. Friederich agrees, "elevated [...] above any pretence to a consistent persona" (1975, 211). The narrative agency of the picaresque Jack is officially a travel agency [*instance de voyage*], and Friederich

has confirmed reservations about the "static nature" of the hermeneutic and automatonic "vitality" of the tournament and pleasure garden set pieces as against "scenes in which everything is in motion" (212). He books the characters as figures that "neither live nor exist, but function on principles external to themselves" (218)–structural literary principles. But Friederich seems to agree, at least tacitly, with Leggatt's view that Jack, even if he doesn't exist as a flesh and blood person, displays, as a disembodied voice, what one theorist of natural selection has termed *"adaptativité"* ("an ability to adapt and readapt in diverse directions" [Morin 1980, 48]). This also fits well with Friederich's viable hypothesis that "imagery" in *The vnfortunate traueller* "depends on verbal instead of visual movement" (Friederich 1975, 213). A convenient tag for this verbal associative evolution might be arrived at by doubling back on a term swiped by Gérard Genette from film theory ("diegetical metaphor," where metaphoric vehicles are borrowed from the universe of the narrative [the classic instance is the train going into a tunnel at the end of Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*; see Genette 1972, 48 n. 1]) and calling it "metaphorical diegesis" (where the universe of narrative and indeed its developmental plot cruces are generated by random tropes or verbal signifier-level swerves [cf. clinamen]). The production of text would thus be the work of a matrix of *voices*, with Jack's displaying superior adaptivity and hence a canalizing influence on the trends of a narrativity for whose elements "survival potential" is essentially a matter of avoiding becoming "unsympathetic in literary terms" (cf. Friederich 1975, 217).

But Charles Larson would bring us back to the reality of human nature re(a)d in tooth and claw, insisting that Nashe "reveals a sensibility toward life to at least the same extent that he demonstrates formal attitudes toward art" (1975, 19), and stressing how the life-extending devices of anti-interpretation to some extent only come down to an animation to further pains, so that the ecphratic contraptions of the narration parallel the extenuated artistic execution of "the incredibly complicated death machines in Kafka's 'In the Penal Colony'" (25-26). Ultimately only prolonging an excruciating inscription (for the reader searches in vain for a definitive "crux"), the devices draw out the painful dying which is narrative "life." Influenced by Bakhtin, Larson sees the book as "a comedy of violence," in which the necessity of death to continued vitality has been extrapolated.

But of course the violence can only be comic because it does not put an end to the *reporter*. The constant and hence the selective element in the prodigal stochastic evolution of the narrative is the narrative agency: Jack. "The work moves in a randomly incremental fashion," remarks Patrick Morrow: "Nashe piles up units of incidents, while Jack, who is frequently but not always involved in the action, functions as a continuity device" (Morrow 1975, 640). According to Madelon S. Gohlke, on the other hand, Jack's initial involvement in the action is what leaves room for him to adapt. She too streses the basically "violent, fragmentary, and accidental" (Kaula 1966, 55) evolution of "a mere chaos of events" (Davis 1969, 236) and initially concurs with the "continuity" view of the picaresque protagonist, according to which "the context of action alters, the hero does not" (Gohlke 1976, 401). One might put in here, that it is difficult to reconcile this with what I called the "adaptativity" view of the narrative voice put forth by Friederich, although it is true that adaptation may not entail real alteration, indeed might preclude it. But in *The vnfortunate traueller*, as read by Gohlke, "the hero continues to escape death" not so much through adaptiveness as through a

genuine alteration in his picaresque strategy: "The key to his invulnerability lies in his switch from an active to a passive role, from participant in events to narrator of events" (407). This rejoins Latham's reading of a decade earlier, according to which Jack is reconciled with society in the latter part of the book by displacing his life-threatening tendencies into the aesthetic.

Barbara C. Millard agrees with this neo-developmental reading, although uneasy about the positive valorization of the shift in the narrator's character. For her, the plot development charts "Jack's movement from anti-hero to non-hero, from victimizer to victim" (Millard 1978, 44). Yet the passive role is what protects the continuity of his vision; encountering scenes of mass carnage and formalized torment, "Jack remains secure from danger and his tone is aloof" (44). His adaptive strategy is finally an adoption of a grotesque modality in his picaresque narrative agency, "exposing the 'reality' of a primitive undercurrent in a growing urban civilzation, and reassessing the lines between the natural and the unnatural in human beings and their constructs" (40).

In his full-fledged study of the *Elizabethan Grotesque*, Neil Rhodes agrees that it is this grotesque impulse which drives Nashe's "restless experimentation with topical satire and the picaresque novel" (Rhodes 1980, 4), but refocusses attention away from Jack and back onto the "new and dazzling kind of speed" with which "grotesque images in Nashe's writing seem to flash cinematically past the eye" (21). The long running time of Jack's "swift, colloquial banter" (37) distends the narrative "for the sake of bizarre local effects" (31). As a kind of avant-garde director, "Nashe literally sets the image in motion, epitomising his imaginative procedure as a whole" (52). But Ruth M. Stevenson claims that this rapid montage ultimately "unfolds [...] in a series of patterns which contribute to and culminate in a thesis about the artist's relationship to chaos" (1980, 292). The overarching message is presented by intercutting "Art and Evil," tableaux of artistic unity like the banketting house with images of stark violence such as the massacre at Münster. As the documentary footage unreals, however, there is a degeneration which culminates in the "Art *of* Evil" (295) exemplified in the Kafkaesque "death machines" in the final scenes of painstaking artistic execution, so that "[t]he reality of *The Unfortunate Traveller* is the gradual, cumulative dissection and destruction of ideas of value, beauty, harmony, coherence" (306).

Cynthia Sulfridge attempts to render the acuteness of Jack's angle in an isosceles obliquely cornered by "Nashe" as paratextual narrator and the reader. In cony-catching terms the reader is the cony and the "role of the fictive Nashe [in the induction] is not unlike that of the 'setter'" who puts the reader-cony into "a mood of relaxed congeniality," leaving Jack as "par excellence, the cony catcher" to "unsettle" the victim in a series of conveyances leading "through a maze of narrative maneuvers which leaves readers baffled and uneasy" (Sulfridge 1980, 3; 12; 2). But Sulfridge suggests that in so "victimizing the reading audience upon whom its own success depended," the book "became itself the ultimate victim of its author's peculiar humor" (14). By promoting their own selfish interests at the expense of their lectorial hosts, Nashe and Jack thus condemned themselves to an extinction which, however, as Sulfridge somewhat ironically fails to consider, is belied by the atavistic resurgence in the work's popularity in recent years. "The lifespan of a work of art" after all, "is the same as that of its utility," as Valéry remarked, adding: "This is why that lifespan is discontinuous. There are

centuries during which Vergil is of no use to anybody" (Valéry 1960, 562). Sulfridge insists that Nashe's "text lacks [...] an 'adaptive strategy'" (8), using the term in Norman Holland's somewhat different sense; but the narrative cozening that was maladaptive in the Elizabethan era may after all contribute, along with the horror and cruelty which "assume an aesthetic function, within the show offered by the author both to his readers and to *himself*" (Cuvelier 1981, 48, emphasis added), to its renewed vitality in an age of lurid and masochistic readerly tastes.

Margaret Ferguson inaugurates the poststructuralist ergo propter structuralist reception of the text when she accounts for the shifting positions of Nashe, Jack and the reader in terms of moves in what Nashe calls the "newes of the maker" game (Nashe 1594d, A2/2:207), where "competition among various makers" involves new authorities "constantly replac[ing] old ones" (Ferguson 1981, 167). Ferguson's own gambits tend to turn the game into one of *"fort-da"* or Oedipal competition in micro-analyses where the moves are not the aleatory outcome of *coups de dés* as in the stochastic accounts, but more of the "slurred die" lurking in the "line of life" (cf. Nashe 1594d, A3; B2/2:207; 217) that is displacement or even, in some cases, countertransference. But Ferguson ultimately stresses the reader's unfair advantage in the life and death game she conceives of: characters killed off in authorial forfeits can be brought back into play by the reader and "[i]f the reader does reanimate the pages, the 'newes of the maker' game will begin again" (182). This should serve to remind us "that commentary is not an innocent activity. If it is a game, it requires its players not only to engage in the risky enterprise of replacing the old with the new, but also to ask themselves as Nashe does, 'Is this a game?'" (Ibid.).

If it is, John Wenke seems to suggest, it is immoral and deadly. Wedged between Ferguson's eclectic Yale poststructuralist commentary and Jonathan Crewe's bookletlength deconstructionist study, Wenke's ethical interpretation is actually the most radical rereading of the decade, even if it replaces the "new" with the old. According to Wenke, "Nashe affirms the same general moral vision represented much earlier by Wyatt and Ascham and dramatized contemporaneously by Sidney and Spenser" (1981, 19). For him, "Nashe persistently attacks the art of fiction-making when used both to define the self and to control the world through which one moves" (17). Indeed, moving through this world at all is a form of inauthenticity as one will only thus circulate among immoral fictionalizers on the make, who "seek to make life the subject of their art and [...] try to control people as an artist manipulates characters" (22). As Wenke sees it, Nashe critiques this aestheticization of life and affirms in its place the neoplatonic aesthetic of courtly lovers who "create a closed world of sympathetic indentification" (Ibid.) rather than attempting to blur distinctions between life and art. The only episodes that hold out a "chance for an ordering vision, and in the sixteenth century," according to Wenke, "the presumption must always be that that is what the artist is trying somehow to attain" (24), are the one in which Jack responds to the Anabaptist uprising with a reaffirmation of Anglican ideals and the one in which, having saved Jack from the noose in Rome, a banished English earl unsuccessfully lectures him on the evils and follies of travel and proposes "a value--home in England--which the corrupt European landscape cannot supply" (22). As Wenke sees it, Nashe's narrative serves to affirm values of private (as opposed to fictive) selfhood, reformed Christianity and insularity: the abiding,

indwelling values of the age. Forced to reside among the mobile, continentalized fiction-makers of the 'eighties, Wenke seems a banished English earl himself, and not surprisingly his advice has been little heeded.

Jonathan Crewe is back to insisting that "style is the substance of *The Unfortunate Traveller*" (Crewe 1982, 68), but grants that "it is also an antiromance, first-person narrative, and even a 'critical fiction' of its period" (69). For Crewe, however, the work is pre-eminently "an informal phenomenology of the page" (Ibid.), with pun–dare I say?–intended, by which "the endless succession of pages, constituting their own spurious order, threatens an infinite deferral of true order or ultimate significance" (70). Crewe's pages would rewrite the medieval *liber mundi* topos as perpetuated in the Renaissance in configurations such as that in the first week of Du Bartas, in Sylvester's translation:

> The World's a Booke in *Folio*, printed all
> With God's great Workes in Letters Capitall:
> Each Creature, is a Page, and each effect,
> A faire Caracter, void of all defect.
> (1.1.173-76; Du Bartas 1605, 1:116)

However, as a page in the *liber mundi*, each creature is bound into a paginal position to which a reference can presumably be meaningfully made, whereas in views such as Crewe's the page would seem to be a loose leaf in a three-ring binder at most, largely full of doodles of cute professors; and narrative or historical progress can thus become a matter of "leafing," dumped sheets hurriedly reassembled after class, and so on. In this event, any ultimate "signature" can only be a contextual index for the convenience of whoever would gather and bind the actually unmassed quires of polyphonic *discursus* (fueilled again)!

Unredeemed Rhetoric at first seems eager to reveal the verso of the page–indeed can't wait to see the backside of him. Crewe cuts formerly bunched leaves, pulls out the stitching. But then he unexpectedly trims, aligns, rebounds and even provides a "guilt-edge." He suggests that the page becomes an "'unfortunate traveller,' a restless fugitive conscious of his own problematical and threatened identity" because of "guilty knowledge" (73). By this seems to be meant not just the pandemic "culpability of authorship in the 1590s" (Hutson 1989, 15), but also an emerging epistemological self-consciousness and anxiety over *décalage* between appearances and reality–or rather appearances and other appearances–which would lead to an *après-mauvaise-foi* embrace of rhetoric. But Jack/Nashe "deflects" from this destiny "to engage in more innocent forms of by-play" (75), even if finally "violence remains inescapable, at least within the closed circuit of author and reader" (87). Jack thus is still for Crewe, as the last leaf is overturned, a "lying page," and we "would remain among Jack Wilton's 'creditors' if we assumed that anything had been constructively resolved" (Ibid.). We know, of course, the resolutional alternative.

But the ease with which a *de*constructively resolved deferral of meaning can be rehabilitated to a structure of systematic irony which "tempts us with the idea of a perennial modernism" (68) is itself epistemologically and politically called into question by Ann Rosalind Jones, who ponders the patently modernist comparisons of Nashe with Joyce or Wyndham Lewis suggested by Haworth (1956) and G. R. Hibbard (1962), the latter of whom,

in a kind of semiotic slippage *au pied de la lettre* had briefly become "G. W. Hibbard" in Ferguson's text (1981, 167 and n. 6) only to turn here into first "J. K. Hibbard" (*à rebours*?) and then "G. K. Hibbard" (A. R. Jones 1983, 79 n. 2; 63). Jones uses Bakhtin as read by Julia Kristeva (J.K.) to repatriate *The vnfortunate traueller* in the pre-modernist picaresque tradition by shifting, like Crewe, "from a thematic and stylistic focus to a rhetorical one" (64). Countering the temptation, as Crewe had called it (*"pour qui se laisse séduire à ce genre de choses,"* of course, as Genette once scrupled [1979, 79]), to situate Nashe's text in a modern context where, as Wayne Booth regretted, "[t]he successive annihilation of seemingly stable locations has been widespread" (cited in A. R. Jones 1983, 67), Jones sees the work as straining, in the Bakhtinian Menippean tradition, but also as what Simons will call the "proto-postmodernist novel" (1988, 36), toward Kristeva's "unbounded text." This reading itself falls apart in exemplary fashion as Jones interrogates the potential for real subversive or contentional dialogicity in a work which plays out fantasies and anxieties of the author, or at least of "a writer in Nashe's position" (A. R. Jones 1983, 74). But though New Historicist in spirit, her attempts to situate the work historically move recurrently toward intercontextuality, just as her version of "Bakhtin's polyphonic novel" overlooks, to employ the Apollonian pun, that theorist's own historical shifts.[14] "The view over carnival," as in Bruegel's famed framed and overarching image of "The Battle Between Carnival and Lent," is an overview which Jones resists but cannot wholly relinquish (for as Bakhtin also pointed out, one's unavoidable position of exotopy with regard to all that is not oneself necessarily entails a unifying perspective). This meta-unification is inevitable for all modernist poeticses of vision, subject as they are to "yearnings," as Raymond Stephanson says, apparently without irony, which "are perhaps inescapable traits of literary critics and human beings alike" (Stephanson 1983, 23 n. 10). Thus Stephanson makes no, or only pedepaginal apology for trying to argue that *The*

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[14] Using Bakhtinian theories of carnivalized or dialogical Menippea to valorize "picaresque" episodicity (the genre has indeed been seen by Bakhtin as a stage in the evolution of the polyphonic novel) contains within it its own historical ironies. Not available to Jones, though they had been published in Russian in 1979, were the notes to the smoked "Goethe book" or study of the *Erziehungsroman* in the history of realism. This work was accepted for publication when the outbreak of World War Two cancelled its future, and, had it appeared, we would have had a somewhat different view of Bakhtin's thought, and one more prone perhaps to a developmental reading itself. In his theory of the novel we would now be presented with a progression *back* in history from the polyphonic novel of *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics* (first edition, 1929), through the *Dialogic Imagination* articles (themselves misleadingly presented in reverse chronological order of composition in the selection edited by Michael Holquist) and the book on Goethe with its emphasis on the element of *development* (1930s) and finally back to Rabelais and concentration on the carnivalesque (the War era). Bakhtin's most extensive comments on the picaresque are the essentially negative ones found in the section on the "travel novel" in the notes to the "Goethe book," where he apparently intended a valorization of character development as a landmark in the history of novelistic realism, and where he consequently belittles the picaresque in which the protagonist has a fixed (lack of) identity and does not change or learn in the course of the adventure (see Bakhtin 1979, 188-90) Nashe's flaunting of historical sequentiality, celebrated by Jones as a prime quality of the "self-revealing text," is one of the evident *failures* of the "travel novel." One may also get some idea of how Bakhtin might have viewed the quasi-picaresque of *The vnfortunate traueller*, at least at this point in his development--with charity, but with little respect--from the writings on various "adventure time" genres in "Forms of Time and of the Chronotope in the Novel" (Bakhtin 1981, 84-258).

vnfortunate traueller can be redeemed "as a serious and perhaps consistent expression of some 'view of life'" (22). This meta-view, he claims, is precisely the (itself stable) observation "that meaning seems always to be in a state of flux" (24). Yet this mimo-kinetic, if that is what it is, reading ignores Stephanson's own insight into Nashe's "preference for tropes (the transference of meaning) rather than schemes (the transference of order)" (Ibid.). The *schematic* representation of shifting contexts is provided not by Nashe, then, but by Stephanson's own reading. Nashe's style does not *represent* a picture of meaning in motion, it *is* meaning in motion. It is thus Stephanson who wishes to settle the "unsettling effects of the work" (36). But in all fairness to him, one must also gainsay his conclusion that our view of the book "is a question of how far we are willing to go" (ibid.), since it may finally be more a question of how far we *can* go. Can one ever get outside of the frame, beyond the margins that the conditions of perception prescribe?

Furthermore, the series of attempts to unify the chaos can themselves take on an aspect of random violence at a critical moment. As Mihoko Suzuki puts it, "Nashe acknowledges the problem in interpretation resulting from the absence of proper meaning. This insistence on the figurative violence of textual interpretation parallels the proliferation of literal and physical violence [...] in the Italian section of the book" (Suzuki 1984, 361). But in the midst of an "omnipresent crisis of authority that engenders chaos and violence" (371), Suzuki attempts to redeem *The vnfortunate traueller* as a more realistic version of what Crewe called the "phenomenology of the page." In her reading, one can glimpse the possibility that violence can be avoided by *living through* the narrative; the attempt at synoptic unification, on the other hand, does indeed leave one with an image of chaotic violence. "Although the book's subtitle, 'The Life of Jack Wilton,' implies an autobiographical narrative that is ordered according to a retrospective principle, it is as if Jack tells his story as he lives it," argues Suzuki, adding: "Jack's horrible experiences at the end do not affect his breezy humor in the opening episodes" (369). As long, then, as one's "reading" is that--the process of moving along with the turnings of the page--the history can not *add up* to a vision of violence. If the "crisis of authority" and the violence it entails do finally lead Jack and Nashe to a Beckettesque silence, at least as long as there are further pages to be read the ultimate vision of violence can be *deferred*, and the reader can go on living through any number of de-authorized and mutually destructive positions. The banished Earl, as Suzuki points out, in fact "recommends reading as a substitute for travelling [...]. The Earl's equation of travelling and the state of exile, however, implies that reading, though a safer substitute for travelling, is a double displacement from one's origin" (370). Only by failing to close the interpretive circle, or remaining an exegetical exile, can violence thus be deferred.

Robert Weimann comes back to allude as well to the violence inherent in the oppressive unification of any, to speak with the Volga, Germeneutics. But the violence of *opposition* to totalitarian aesthetic or semantic programs is also brought out in his image of the "incisive" criticism to which this "Hegelian tradition" has itself "been subjected" (Weimann 1984, 15-16). Weimann sees the textual strategy of *The vnfortunate traueller* as an example of the "appropriation" of "a newly self-determined manner of authority" in which the narrative could conflate *fabula* and *historia* until "[t]he classical distinction between fictional 'pictures, what should be' and true 'stories what have bin' is thoroughly inverted," with the discourse thus

"moving between topos and topicality, rhetoric and experience" (17; 16; 17). In such a movement is played out a new development of being *as* writing, appropriating a sociotextual mobility which goes beyond Nashe's historical situation as well as the "feyned no where acts" (Nashe 1589a, A2/1:11) of romance, and thus tempts even Weimann, citing Harvey for support, with the idea of a perennial modernism (cf. Weimann 1984, 24; Crewe 1982, 68, cited above; G. Harvey 1593b, D2/2:63 [actually, Harvey is supposedly quoting]; Z4v/2:278); a modernism which, as we now know, approximates nothing so much as the "detachment and distancing" of "a writing that has no end apart from itself," to quote Eliane Cuvelier. Thus, "[b]y taking being as the object of his violence, exaggerating its real fragility to the point of absurdity, and dehumanizing it under the impression of an abundant grotesque so as to take its annihilation finally into artistic account, [Nashe] confers upon his narrative the ultimate status of absolute satire" (Cuvelier 1986, 66).

Antoine Demadre, in his posthumously published unfinished monograph on Nashe seems to disagree with this kind of view, seeing the Nashe of *The vnfortunate traueller* as an historical ultra-realist to whom it "falls to make up a few events" but who "most of the time takes off from real facts" (my translation may be a little misleading here) in line with his "tendancy to documentary realism" (Demadre 1986, 405-406; 407). Demadre sees Nashe's innovativeness not in his departure from historical events, nor in any "upheaval of the chronological succession" (359) of those events, but quite simply, and as Sulfridge (1980, 6) had suggested earlier, in Nashe's acceleration/deceleration abilities--"less than two pages, for instance, correspond to four years (1513 to 1517), while the previous eighteen pages concern only three weeks, so that one winds up with a kind of 'accordion-time'" (Ibid.)--reminding one of the "road test" or actually "test bench" Genette had proposed, where the performance of *A la recherche du temps perdu* ("from a page for one minute to a page for one century" [Genette 1983, 24]) would show up not only Balzac but Nashe as well.

Stephen S. Hilliard seems to agree with Demadre, but without his optimism, that in *The vnfortunate traueller* "the iron world of history prevails" (Hilliard 1986, 125). For him, as for Crewe and Bowers before him, the book is "antiromantic" (123) and its presentation of idealistic positions or textual practices leaves one with the sense of "an idealism that has become grotesque in its interaction with historical contingencies" (125). Resisting this idealism, "[t]he work is not schematic; any attempt to delineate its themes or make articulate its structure contradicts the random effect of the actual narration, which is as capricious as fortune" (157). Yet Hilliard ultimately uses this Elizabethan notion of Fortune to help articulate a structure of intercalcated pride and punishment. Jack "appears to be wandering, but his travels are centripetal" (162): he moves, through a series of episodes emblematizing prideful vanity offset by scenes of violence and fickle Fortune, to Rome, "the city that symbolized pride and intrigue to the Elizabethans" (162). Hilliard argues that "Jack's metaphorical travels are unfortunate not because he encounters ill luck but because he travels into the uncertain realm of fortune" (153). It is the aspect of alienation which makes for the unfortunateness; finding himself in a strange land the traveller lacks the sociocultural anchors to his proper English context which might protect him from vanity and the freewheeling of Fortune. Thus, for Hilliard, "travel is not a movement from place to place but a relationship between a person and a place [...]. Jack is closer to his listeners or readers than to anyone he

encounters on his travels [...]" (151).

But it is on this approximation to the audience that Susan Marie Harrington and Michal Nahar Bond would blow the whistle with a foul call of "travelling." They would deny the view of Jack implied in descriptions such as Hilliard's reference to him as an "empty [...] vessel" or a "*tabula rasa*" (135), for they see the narrative movements as a series of manipulations which render the reader complicitous in the narrator's enactment and enjoyment of agression. The shifts of Jack and Nashe lull and lead the reader on, "consistently translating and reorganizing violence and victimization" in what proves "a pattern of domination and manipulation" (Harrington and Bond 1987, 243). From this scheme eventually emerges a developmental pattern that is a dark parody of those put forward by Lanham and Gohlke: as Jack becomes less powerful and is no longer in a safe position to enact violence himself, he adopts an aestheticizing, depersonalized, authorial domination whereby his "omniscient narration [...] disguises his powerlessness and his absence from the center of the action." Thus, "[b]y suggesting Jack's ubiquity when Jack is really most helpless and desperate Nashe subtly and effectively manipulates his readers, for we neglect to question the authority of Jack's omniscience" (247). At the same time, these moves toward an aesthetically distanced and disengaged attitude occult Jack's responsibility as a diegetical actor–he looks on mutely while the pathetic rape of Heraclide takes place–and solidify his subornation of the reader by shifting "responsibility for evaluating [...] from himself to his audience" (249). Harrington and Bond draw attention to the "anonymous introducer" (i.e. Nashe) in the induction who had harped upon the fact that the public could do as it liked with the book, a variation of Nashe's typical sense of *readerly* hermeneutical manipulation. But as Harrington and Bond point out, though they "underscore the audience's ability, and even responsibility, to evaluate freely a text," these disclaimers "obscure the manipulative capabilities of the storyteller" (249-50). Thus Nashe's text might well seem to be, as Philip Edwards styles it, "a classic of victimography" (1987, 295)–not, however, as he suggests at the beginning of his "Unfortunate Travellers: Fiction and Reality," because of Jack's vivid communication of *his own* sufferings, but rather, as he argues at the end, in "the revelation of the universal irresponsibility of fiction" (306). But is this irresponsibility really so universal, and not in fact to be located somewhere between the prosaic as such and the intradiegetic agent Jack, on whose movement "from bullying narrator to fellow member of the audience" Harrington and Bond blame our being drawn "into the text" so that "we face a pattern of pleasure in domination, unable to ask if it is true for us as well" (Harrington and Bond 1987, 250)?

In "Rerouting *The Unfortunate Traveller*," however, Louise Simons seems to suggest that it *is*, like original sin, true for them as well, a "universal irresponsiblity," and that Jack's implication of the audience actually serves an edifying purpose in what is after all "a kind of *Bildungsroman*" (Simons 1988, 17): "Compromised by sin through implicit approval, the reader must perforce share in the punishment; Jack and the reader become immersed for cleansing purposes in the bloodbath of the later scenes. Jack has been an impudent upstart to whom the reader has not been immune; thereafter, the book's moralizing lesson sinks in on both protagonist and audience through gory depictions of lingering death" (34-35).

Lorna Hutson, most close to us, reasserts that Nashe displays a "Lucianic mockery" of approaches that would leave the text "moralized or 'mangled' by interested readers" (Hutson

1989, 151), but eventually capitulates to the unifying impulse herself in claiming that "[t]he lack of integrity that has so troubled critics of *The Unfortunate Traveller* is in fact a measure of its integrity." Thus she seems to embrace a Sidneian (or perhaps Nietzschean) concept of meta-mendacious fictive integrity: "for it is only by disclosing the lies and contradictions on which they depend that these pages can begin to reveal the truth about themselves" (217). But self-subversion is surely a version of Simons's putrefacting "lingering death" and in spite of all relativizing and reanimating recurrences to parody and dialogism, "every new departure in narrative flattens into an admonition of its own punishment" (219), so that finally the text only "reveals how a literature which is obliged to conform to criteria of rhetorical effectiveness and providential 'profit' on a simultaneously political and moral level inevitably operates to curtail its own freedom, and to obliterate *itself* in order to exculpate itself from the crimes of wanton amorality or political subversion" (243-44), the inevitable fate of any text commited to the institutional imperatives of the capitalist-humanist settlement at the end of the century.

Personally, I want to concur with Harrington and Bond's incisive criticism that the narratorial agencies manipulate readers into collusive acts and observations of violence. But prosaic manipulation is a two-way street, and it seems straightforward to me that the traveller in most of these readings becomes unfortunate not where he cheats but where he's cheated. Unfortunately, our sense of whom is victimized and who manipulates in textual transactions is itself always (all ready?) a manipulation (and the outcome of manipulations), but it does seem that the amoral or immoral page taken out of Nashe's text and into protective custody by the critics assumes the role of pretext and loses any picaresque "autonomy" when incarcerated within each new critical con-text. In a sense, like the picaro in *Don Quixote*, the page is, to recall Nabokov's pun (1967a, 96, pointed out by Carroll 1974, 208), a "galley slave" whose continued travels constitute thralldom (a good Spenserian kind of term) to an egregiously exploitative "press gang." The misrule of metaphor, the wheel-spinning of a levanting and gallivanting signifying chain, finally becomes the unstoppable Fortune's torture-wheel on which the body of the text is broken; in the hollow circulation that rounds the mortal templates of sense-making; for there the semantic sits, allowing the semiotic a breath, a little scene, and then comes along at last with a little pen, bores, and farewell *opera aperta*. But then there are perhaps fates worse than death; to wander with Cain in shades of endless night, e.g.

Criticism, along with hermeneutics and "meta-scientific" epistemologics, has come to take a progressively more theoretically tentative tack in many of its attempts to convey the meanings that are its work and which theory has to barter with ("Science deals with meanings; criticism produces them" [Barthes 1966a, 56; translation tendentiously paronomastic]). But the movements of theory are obviously not so unexploitatively exploratory as is occasionally supposed, both by its backers and by its competitors, and the never mark-finding Zenonian archery of the stochastic speculation that Michel Serres wants to call a "*randonée*, forasmuch as an old hunting term, *randon*, gave birth to two close yet divergent relatives--the French *randonée* [joyride or ramble] and the English 'random'" (Serres 1980, 14), perhaps always comes back down once again to a good old Peirce-snatched act of "abduction." Looked at from this way station, the real role in meaning conveyance of the metaphorical traveller is not that of the critical picaresque "shifter," who serves a series of masters and purloins a few

measly senses from them, but that of an infinitely subjected syllepsis, a figure Puttenham suggested "may be likened to a man that serues many masters at once, being of straunge Countries or kinreds" (Puttenham 1589, 165). A kind of Francis the tapster's boy, the sylleptic unit need go nowhere; indeed can't *make* a definitive move in any direction. Its polymorphic syntactic exploitability insures that its position is always *subjected* to any number of simultaneous displacements. This, according to the banished earl, is the true unfortunateness of travel, "the highest step of thraldome":

> It is but a milde kinde of subiection to be the seruant of one master at once, but when thou hast a thousand thousand masters, as the veriest botcher, tinker or cobler free-borne will dominere ouer a foreiner, and thinke to bee his better or master in companie: then shalt thou finde there is no such hell, as to leaue thy fathers house (thy naturall habitation) to liue in the land of bondage. (Nashe 1594d, I4/2:297-98)

As a traveller, each text that survives wanders not like Melmoth or like Cain, but like Jack Wilton. And we too *are* those texts, for we can none of us ever go back to our father's house from that land of perpetual bondage, because we are not prodigal sons, like the heroes of Greene's romances, but orphaned metaphorical picaros, destined to travail for, and travel along, an endless chain of masters; for as long as there are pages, it would seem, they will serve the interests of those who would get on with the sometimes all too alienated labor of making sense. Montaigne still saw the chain of interpretation in terms of the unmasterable homogenous hitheringdithering waters of his friend La Boëtie's engagement poem (*Essais*, 3.13: "Water in water still, one riuer still, / Yet diuers waters still that riuer fill," in Florio's translation): "It is a movement irregular, perpetual, patronless, and without end" (Montaigne 1588, 2:520; *"sans patron"* is my translation here, which Florio more fluently renders "patternlesse"). But that fluvial force will often appear frozen for us into some seemingly stationary Wordsworthian blast, a sheet of holdless rinksheer prosaicity that does indeed oblige us to recognize as "normal" our experience of an "endless slipping of signs in erring and changes of scene (*Verwandlungen*), linking re-presentations (*Vergegenwärtigungen*) one to another, without beginning or ending" (Derrida 1967b, 116).

Bakhtin the Peripatetic, who smoked what he wrote, for most of his writings were only loose leaves, papers, and quite properly he used them for rolling, Bakhtin the Peripatetic (unless it was Vološinov) has pointed out that one cannot ever make the same utterance twice. But Derrida, while Bakhtin was still a gleam in Kristeva's eye, did not let it go at that, but hastened to add: "One can't even do it once!" By this a dialogical doctrine of the cruciality of context is turned into a deconstructionist doctrine that seems to deny meaning. But the ultimate thralldom of a figure like Jack Wilton suggests perhaps more terribly that one can never *stop* doing it, and that Puttenham's figure would be better renamed *"Metaphora*, or the Unfortunate traveller," whose meaning is endlessly being conveyed, and whose emblem therefore might well be that of the alms of semantic death, with the motto: *"Nemo alius explicat*. No other man takes pittie vpon vs."

Incidental Matter;
Reading Literally

> So that as a River runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow, now direct, then *per ambages*; now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow; doth my style flow: now serious, then light; now comicall, then satyricall; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to reade this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee. then the way to an ordinarie Traveller, sometimes fair, somtimes foul; here champion, there inclosed; barren in one place, better soyle in another: by woods, groves, hils, dales, plaines, &c. I shall leade thee *per ardua montium, & lubrica vallium, & roscida cesputum, & glebosa camporum,* through varietie of objects, that which thou shalt like and surely dislike.
>
> Robert Burton, *The anatomy of melancholy* (1638)

> The issue of vegetarianism is a touchstone for the literal for it addresses the literal activities of meat eating by discussing what is literally consumed.
>
> Carol J. Adams, *The Sexual Politics of Meat*

Thomas Nashe was against interpretation--but what can I possibly mean by this? Is it possible to read "literally" his protestations against the "mice-eyed decipherers and calculaters vppon characters" (Nashe 1599, K2/3:218) that, he claims, habitually "wrest and peruert" (Nashe 1592a, ¢2ᵛ/1:155) his homely and trivial matter to make it disclose a latent subversive political (dis)content; and if so, can such literal reading move us any nearer some new "reading" of his works? In order even to argue that Nashe was *writing* against interpretation it seems to be already necessary to *read* beyond the literal. Thus, Lorna Hutson, in her own dazzling account of *Lenten stuffe* as text "indigestible" and "intractable to any impulse to interpret as well as experience its linguistic plenitude" (Hutson 1989, 245), eventually knocks up the spiciest--and thus all the more "indigestible"--interpretation of her own, one whereby Nashe's "non-sense" (248) is meant to ridicule and undo the Elizabethan practice of moralizing interpretation itself, ironically criticizing, by consistently baffling, the expectation that his work has anything to do with the "very activity" of producing language with delitescent reference:

> The very suggestion that a subversive significance might be teased out of Nashe's ironic comparisons by someone in the know is a mockery; the paradoxes are impenetrable as they are suggestive. Ingeniously conforming to the sophisticated rules of the ironic encomium, their substitution of mockery where praise is expected and vice versa is designed to frustrate the politic reader and to lead him nowhere at all. (Hutson 1989, 248-149)

Nowhere else, in other words, but to Hutson's own moral that this form of "reading" is itself alienating, manipulative and tied to the commodification of both words and things. In a world

in which "there are no facts, but only interpretations," and where even a stand "against interpretation" can only be codified as the core of a unifying reading that will allow us to "start considering the way in which an apparent shapelessness, a lack of continuity and coherence, might function as a politically and morally significant aesthetic in its own right" (5), even "reading literally," even the literal act of reading, becomes the phantomatic double of the always already read, the unquiet sleeper in the good earth of the recently *inter*preted.

Hutson's recourse to an *interpretation* to disclose Nashe's political resistance to interpretation may invite its own allegorization of an ironic level of intent on her part. In any case, her *reading* can certainly be *read* as yet another desperate commentary on the capitalist-humanist proliferation of "readings" that continue to glut the scholarly market. Even if I can agree with nothing that Richard Levin has *literally* written in his provocative critique of the constantly redoubled "new readings" of "old plays" at the end of the century (Levin 1979), I *can* sympathize with the underlying disgust with which he contemplates the relentless recourse to this brand of scholarship and intervention in the institutional settlement at the end of the century. But against these endless "readings," Levin can only propose attention to the text "as read"; not the text as it actually *is* read, of course, but the text as it *has been*, or *should be* read. "Readings" always refer to the text "as read," not the text as actually experienced in reading: the text of the reading is always all read. Thus, Michael D. Bristol's recent account of Levin's position, subheaded "Against Reading," might more realistically have been characterized as "Against Readings," for it is not the act of reading to which Levin has objected, but the act of *writing* readings. To be against "reading" in this sense tends to entail an unsavoury metaphysics of sense or sensibility. Bristol suggests how those "against interpretation" seem invariably to be committed either to "the artwork as a priceless aesthetic value" or as "the sedimented expressivity of an individual artist," and thus to a "counternormative agenda" that views vying readings as substitutes for or betrayals of "'the real thing'" (Bristol 1989, 197-99). It is certainly out of a most suspicious sense of realism that both Levin and Susan Sontag herself have in their separate ways argued for their manifest surfaces and "apparent meanings," but I wonder if there could not be some form of "literal reading" whose reality would not be so easily consignable back to the false idealism of hermeneuticist culture. Clearly, whatever her own illusions, Sontag felt that the effect of interpretation was henceforth always one of a mystification that added to the continued derealization of a bourgeois *Lebenswelt* at large:

> The aim of all commentary on art now should be to make works of art—and, by analogy, our own experience—more, rather than less, real to us. The function of criticism should be to show *how it is what it is*, even *that it is what it is*, rather than to show *what it means*. (Sontag 1964, 14)

"More real to us" is hardly the sort of phrase most of us would use to describe how the average reading leads us to experience the text read. More meaningful, perhaps; more politically useful, more comforting, more interesting, but not "more real." Reality demands the feeling of immediacy which interpretation is there to debunk and supplement, a feeling of surface truth, unproblematical apparent meaning—above all that most anathema of critical categories: a *feeling*. Read*ings* repress this feel and this real: they themselves are "against

reading," they are the "supplement" of reading, reading's other. The gerundive of our descriptive term is misleading, for our exegeses necessarily take the text as *read* and have little to do with the *real* experience of read*ing* at all. They should–and I suspect Levin would be in agreement here–be called "reads" (rĕdz).

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Nashe's aversion to interpretation–like that of Sontag and Levin–asks for a political reading, but not necessarily the one that it gets. Sontag, for all her bourgeois romanticism, can still be seen to have really been taking a stand against the commodification of artistic values in the institutional reification of their substantial and sensual qualities into commensurable meaning-values that can then be traded within a conservative settlement of humanist affirmative culture. Levin, on the other hand, reacts to the runaway inflation of late hermeneuticist readings of historically remote texts, readings, however, ineluctably made, as we now know, and as people like Catherine Belsey are now fond of patently stating, "from the present" (Belsey 1985, 2), and readings which have in fact come, within the institutional dispensation, increasingly to tend toward disclosure of subversive or symptomatically uncomfortable political contents in texts whose "apparent meaning" (read previously prevailing reading) supposedly conformed to the positions propagated in "official discourse."

The political context of Nashe's aversion to interpretation will thus in vain proclaim itself on the surface to be far more idiosyncratic than ideological. He plainly *says* he doesn't want to be held responsible for latent political content, and his protestations will only be shown themselves to have a more articulated political intent by refusing, as Hutson among others does, to read them *literally*. Read literally, Nashe's text disowns the seditious intentions that are habitually assigned to it. While it would not do to disregard Bristol's crucial observation to patentists like Levin that, as Annabel Patterson (1984) has demonstrated, given the conditions of censorship operating in Elizabethan England, "it is by no means reasonable to assume that authors want to be understood," it is worth looking below the surface of Bristol's throwaway line a little further on: "Even under the relatively more pleasant conditions of liberal society, guile and perversity may figure in any account of an author's desire" (Bristol 1989, 200-01). If the New Historicism has made any kind of "advance" upon the Old, it is, as Louis Montrose blurted out one time, in the suspicion that the readings of both schools may say more about the political unconscious of the scholars than that of the producers of the texts being read. Indeed, the only real examples of readings by the "lawyers, and selfe-conceited misinterpreters" about whom Nashe was so wont to complain (1599, I4v/3:216), come to us, as might have been suspected, from our own century. Thus, the "allegory of the bear and the fox" from *Pierce Penilesse*, which apparently proved such a dangerous embarrassment to Nashe in the early 1590s, was fairly convincingly commuted to a bit of topical critique of Leicester and a couple of already officially demonized Puritans by Donald J. McGinn in 1946. But this reading doesn't simply reduce a bit of caveat for the general, as Nashe insisted, into an overly particularlized example of getting personal, it also agglomerates Nashe's satirical or subversive reserve to a basically party-line bit of affirmative culture pillow talk.

Heard from the end of a century of Old and New Historicism, Nashe's misgivings ring with an uncanny sense of the proleptic: "I know," he repines at the beginning of *Strange newes*, "there want not welwillers to my disgrace, who say my onely Muse is contention; and other, that with *Tiberius Cæsar* pretending to see in the darke, talke of strange obiectes by them discouered in the night, when in truth they are nothing else but the glimmering of their eies" (Nashe 1592c, A4^{v}/1:259). Indeed, readers have come to take Nashe's strongest objections to the allegorical interpretive strategies of his day precisely as the most salient clues to the correct road to the real meaning of his texts. At the end of *Lenten stuffe*, he bemoans: "Talke I of a beare, O it is such a man that emblazens him in his armes [precisely McGinn's evidence for Leicester (McGinn 1946, 435, following McKerrow 1908, 4:139)], or of a woolfe, a fox, or a camelion, any lording whom they do not affect, it is meant by" (Nashe 1599 I3^{v}/3:214). And overleaf he introduces a pair of red herring riddles (which he claims have no more latent content than some Jamesian "amusette" does now) with a self-fulfilling prophecy about the resourcefulness of the interpretive when it comes to reappropriating the literal: "though there be neither rime nor reason in it, (as by my good will there shal not) they according to their accustomed gentle fauors, whether I wil or no, shall supply it with either, and runne ouer al the peeres of the land in peeuish moralizing and anatomizing it" (I4^{v}-K1/3:216). Almost unbearably, Alice Lyle Scoufos was content, in 1968, to read the entire "praise of the red herring" from which these riddles come as a satire, via "herringcobs," on Lord Cobham and his family, the peers who had been upset by the abuse of their ancestor Oldcastle in the *Ur*-versions of Shakespeare's second Henriad, and the supposed targets of Jonson and Nashe's lost *Isle of dogs* play (Scoufos 1968).

I agree with Lorna Hutson's assessment of this latter reading: "Although the supporting evidence makes this explanation seem plausible enough, it is curiously belied in the experience of *reading Lenten Stuffe*" (Hutson 1989, 246, emphasis added). I am also sympathetic with Hutson's hypothesis that by the time he wrote *Lenten stuffe*, Nashe really was against interpretation *on principle*, and averse to the allegorical practice of writing that facilitates interpretation. But I am not then entirely willing to follow her on her own all but deconstructionist hermeneutical recuperation whereby "it is this very activity–the activity of inventing language in such a way as to create such references–that is, if anything, the satiric focus" of Nashe's ultimate text (Ibid.). This is a version of the negative bonus in that de Manic depressive epistemophile hermeneutic which insists that texts are now "about" their own readings, a position most eloquently defended, perhaps, by Naomi Schor in *Reading in Detail*:

> If, as I am suggesting, interpretation is viewed not as something that is done *to* fiction but rather something that is done *in* fiction, then to be against interpretation becomes an untenable position, for it is tantamount to rejecting a considerable body of (modern) fiction that is explicitly, indeed insistently, concerned with interpretation: its scope and its limits, its necessity and its frustration. (Schor 1987, 121)

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No *position* "against interpretation" seems any longer to be *tenable*, then, and the absence of such a position brings the problem of literal reading back onto the black ice of "local reading." The reading "in detail" which might stall hermeneutic closure–the "non-position" against interpretation–would presumably demand greater attention to the "bizarre, local effects" in whose interest Neil Rhodes, in *Elizabethan Grotesque*, has suggested the Nashean narrative gets "distended" (Rhodes 1980, 31). But Hutson has argued that while Rhodes, along with John Carey (1970), quite helpfully has "encouraged readers to be more attentive to local effects and ambiguities in Nashe's writing," this ultimately betrays a "determination not to read the pamphlets as entities" and thus "leaves scholarship and reading somewhat at a standstill" (Hutson 1989, 4). It would seem that this "standstill" is what, paradoxically, is now perceived as an "untenable position." Yet "local readings" like Crewe's or my own, and readings "in detail" like Hutson's, are eventually (like "dialectical materialism") none of the above: neither local, nor in detail, nor above all *reading*; "Neither flesh nor fish, nor good red herring" (Nashe 1599, K4/3:222). This doesn't mean that such readings may not be interesting, politically useful, or just plain comforting–undoubtedly: a reading is, after all, a kind of existential reconciliation and making peace with the text–but it *does* mean that they too avoid the reality of reading. If Nashe's last pamphlet could really be read in detail–that is, if the moment-by-moment reading along from detail to detail could be somehow represented without turning it into an articulated *single* utterance "about" the temporarity of meaning or the falseness of interpretive commodification, then I could agree with Hutson that "the proverbially based, nourishing wordplay of *Lenten Stuffe* and the uncomfortable, disorienting puns of *The Unfortunate Traveller* serve different aesthetic and polemical ends" (Hutson 1989, 3). But Hutson's reading, for all its finesse, still winds us up back at a totalizing aesthetico-polemical focus from which the details themselves must fall away. It doesn't seem to be possible for the *incidental* to become the "focus" of a "unified work of art" (i.e., of a unified reading) without a re-commodification of it in terms of what Hutson herself might call "epistemological capital." It falls to the metaphysics not of reading *per se*, then, but of *readings* for the necessity of "unnecessary details," the significance of the "insignificant," to impose themselves. Thus, after having argued that "Balzacian detailism" arose from a movement which had as its program "to demonstrate that the neo-classical opposition of particularity and the Sublime was not insuperable," Naomi Schor goes on to prove by the usual abracadabra that the metaphysic is nevertheless "reinscribed" in such detailism "by sublimating the prose of the world" itself (Schor 1987, 146; 147).

But it is this prose of the world that Nashe had at last come to write *down*, and that demands to be "read" *in detail*; and any particularities of an Oldcastle sort would better be explored in terms of J. B. Steane's winningly literalist asseveration:

> In its Falstaffian way ("Banish plump Jack and banish all the world") its gives us the world. We are creatures who want food and love food (the actual physical stuff that goes into our stomachs and keeps us alive): so praise the red herring. We spend our strength and our skill getting it: so praise the fishermen of East Anglia. (Steane 1972, 43)

Steane rightly points out the fleeting seductiveness of the incidental in reading, and suggests that it is in incidentals as such that Nashe's value is really to be found. For Steane, Nashe is a kind of Elizabethan version of Orwell's Dickens, master detailist, king of the "thumbnail" character sketch: "The Dickensian touch is there in the specificity" (39; cf. 25; 38; 40). But this Dickensian detailism cannot become the subject of a *reading* without being recouped to some systematic transcendental signified, whether, as with the "unnecessary details" in Barthes's *"effet de réel,"* a connotatory pseudo-empirical one: "we are reality" (cf. Barthes 1966b, 174), or, as with the politically underwritten carnivalesque of Hutson's reading, some now institutionally authorized version of the second order epistemological bonus that self-satisfiedly sighs: "cognitive clout's come home again." Neither "reading" of Nashe's incidental matter can have anything to do with the experience of actually *reading* such "details." As Gérard Genette has pointed out, effects of verisimilar unnecessity à la Barthes can hardly be the upshot of reading, but only of *a reading*, since an "unnecessary detail" is only unnecessary to some unifying agenda: "Its role as an agent of mimesis can thus only be retroactive, on a second reading or on thinking back about it afterwards, which is scarcely compatible with the effect of immediacy it is supposed to be aiming for" (Genette 1983, 33). The "reality" of Nashean detail, then, does not reside in its "lack of necessity," and we would be misled if we attempted to "read" Nashe's text with an eye to somehow putting its local detail on some map of misreading according to a countersublimation of immediacy. Not that immediacy isn't one of the effects of actually *reading* the text, at least for me. It is impossible to derive a "unified" reading of Nashe's text from the local effects one experiences in reading, and such interpretation is bound instead to revert to the sort of tendentious "reading" Nashe was most nervous about, the dilletantism of "the silliest millers thombe or contemptible stickle-banck [...] busie nibbling about my fame, as if I were a deade man throwne amongest them to feede vpon" (1599, B1/3:153). So he is, of course, and we must look forward to a new generation of wellwillers to his discredit and self-conceited misinterpreters practising readings so de Manically close that we may say of them with Marx: "If I hold you any closer, I'll be in back of you" (*A Day at the Races*, MGM, 1937). Such reading may get closer and closer to the recessive political unconscious of language itself, but it has less and less to do with the feeling of closeness that the real incidence of reading allows, the transient presence of relative immediacy which in a "reading" winds up troped away by some rhetoric of temporarity. The literal cannot be used to defy this spacing in "reading," this remove. Yet it *does defy it*, simply by being there.

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Hutson's attempt to "read literally" fans the sensuous materiality of the signifier's luculent literality–uh huh. But even this literality cannot really be *read*, glowing coal-like to smoke a brace of herrings as it is, as some programmatic critique of the commodification of sense or of mystificatorally thuribular in-sense. It is only Hutson's *interpretation* that allows Nashe's material an *allegorical* figurativeness, the "auricular" figurality (in Puttenham's sense) of his language slyly being used by her as a synecdochic representative for the infinite interpretability of the figurative in its "sensible" or "sententious" capacities. For Nashean

figurality is in the main (as *The Times* crossword compiler might put it) not sense-oriented, but *sensual*: it skates over the surface of the prose of the world; it is anti-allegorical, anti-symbolic, it plashes in the tympanic shallows of the pseudotic, of "read hearing," and it is on that dime of insight that Hutson's reading should have come to its own standstill. For Nashe's material language can doubtless be *read* as part of an allegory of the valueless exploitability of material resources by those out to make read sense, but this is no longer reading, just grasping at the hollow reeds of a dignified signified, and Hutson herself quotes Nashe's sarcastic remark about the infinite political utilizability of the herring-slippery quasi-auricular signifier: "an infant squib of the Innes of Court, that hath not halfe greased his dining cappe [...] catcheth hold of a rush, and absolutely concludeth, it is meant of the Emperour of Ruscia, and that it will vtterly marre the traffike into that country if all the Pamphlets bee not called in and suppressed, wherein that libelling word is mentioned" (1599, I3/3:213). Hutson comments:

> What is so ingenious about this caricature is the way in which the revitalization of the proverb has made 'superficial' linguistic activity (the unexpected transition from 'rush' to 'Russia') seem so satisfying and rich as to preclude the reader's desire for any further 'depth' of significance. Indeed the search for a 'deeper' meaning emerges by comparison as a superficial activity, mocked by the material density of the linguistic surface itself. This tendency to 'palpabrize' linguistic activity, a tendency evident throughout Nashe's writing, is here in *Lenten Stuffe* most fully realized for this very purpose. (Hutson 1989, 247)

For this very purpose. To bring home again the depth of meaning in surfaces and the superficiality of looking for meaning beneath them. I'm not trying to make fun of Hutson, who in any case is well aware of the ironies: her dilemma is the same as the rest of us face--we are *wörtlich betäubt*, literally anaesthetized. At some point in her daredevil drive over the thin ice of the literal she is bound to wind up idling at a standstill over what is, *on the surface*, an "idle text." It is the idleness which cannot fully be accounted for, the literal thereness which stands "against interpretation" and, it goes without *seing* (*qui tombe*), the institutional imperatives of late hermeneuticist affirmative culture even now balk at that idleness: *"Sed caueat emptor*, Let the interpreter beware; for none euer heard me make Allegories of an idle text" (Nashe 1592a, ¶2ᵛ/1:155).

As Hutson crucially recognizes, however (ready with that sigh?), Nashe's text is not *really* idle, but busy about making our everyday experience more real to us. Yet she insists on making a submarine sandwich out of Carey's statement to this effect, surrounding it with her own thick shives of figurative polysemy and the anxiety of interpretation:

> Throughout *Lenten Stuffe* this kind of metaphoric density challenges the inventive capacity of the reader just to keep making sense of it all. John Carey puts this best when he writes of *Lenten Stuffe* that Nashe's 'loving cultivation of the commonplace renovates experience for us'. But this renovation of experience through language has its own polemic purpose. It pleads on behalf of the figurative power of the English language, that it may be developed by contemporary poets, without being interpreted or expounded out of existence. (Hutson 1989, 248; cf. Carey 1970, 376-77)

Again and again the bizarre local effects and the loving cultivation of the commonplace are provided with institutional alibis in the form of readings behind. Hutson's inability to keep from interpreting or expounding into the ground the concrete experience of actually reading Nashe's text once more testifies to the incapacity of what she calls the "reader" to take up a position against interpretation. One can't even read literally without *a reading*.

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I read Nashe's works as anti-allegories of surfacing *de profundis* (*de quibus "natus est fex* [i.e., *faex*]," not *"rex,"* as the herring-whiffing cardinal in *Lenten stuffe* ungrammatically suggests [1599, H4^{v}/3:209]), texts about which could be said, with Montaigne, "that, which *Crates* said of *Heraclitus* his compositions, that they needed a Reader, who should bee a cunning swimmer, lest the depth and weight of his learning should drowne and swallow him vp" (Montaigne 1588, 2:520; Florio's translation). Old and new allegorizers are no such natators, but rather good epistemological capitalists, plowing in with their tankers, setting up their oil rigs, plunging for profit, and leaving the surface splayed with bellyups. Nashe could already at the end of his century complain of the profound shallowness of "a number of Gods fooles, that for their wealth might be deep wise men, and so foorth (as now a daies in the opinion of the best lawyers of England there is no wisedome without wealth, alleadge what you can to the contrarie of all the beggarly sages of greece)" who, "out of some discourses of mine, which were a mingle mangle cum purre, and I knew not what to make of my selfe, haue fisht out such a deepe politique state meaning as if I had al the secrets of court or common-wealth at my fingers endes" (Nashe 1599, I3^{v}/3:213-214). The industry of interpretation demands those deep-trawling, overfishing factory ships of reading that have fished out the political unconscious of the plays of the period so that not a fin is left to cry *finuto* to them. But Nashe's texts all prosaically protest, with the Prologue to *Summers last will and testament*, that they be made a square meal of, not repackaged and sold for prophet:

> Deepe reaching wits, heere is no deepe streame for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a neuer meant meaning out of euerie thing, applying all things to the present time, keepe youre attention for the common Stage: for here are no quips in Characters for you to reade. Vayne glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away, so will wee prate and talke, but stand to nothing that we say. (Nashe 1600, B1^{v}-B2/3:235)

All such protestations are now habitually depth-read as ironic disclaimers, reader-baiting, ass-covering or even self-delusion. Latent meaning cannot be escaped; and the task of reading literally demands that the issue finally be thrown back, the bootless boot it has always been. The point is not that Nashe has no subtext, no submerged text, but that, *whether he has one or not*, he becomes more and more proficient at eking out the sense of reality on the slippery, transparent, often thin ice of the literal. I think of one of Nietzsche's absurdly misogynistic "little maxims for women" here: *"Kurze Rede, langer Sinn -- Glatteis fur die Eselin!,"* short on talk and long on sense -- slippery ice for the she-ass (1886, 180). For the she-Nashe, as well, for he *is* all talk, "a mingle mangle cum purre" (hogwash) of "prating and talking," a rhetoric

of tempting orality which you will lose in the middle of the river if you open your mouth to try to start talking about it yourself. There is no point at the end of *Lenten stuffe* in asking for *"der langen Rede kurzer Sinn,"* as Schiller's line originally had it, the "short meaning of this long harangue" in Coleridge's translation. It is the ability to stop reading for this short meaning that Nashe's text can be useful in re-teaching. Perhaps the critic who has come closest to realizing this reading is Kiernan Ryan, in his attempt to recuperate Nashe for a "socialist criticism" and interpret the text as a lesson in the reading of a herring that is decidedly red:

> The subtitle of *Lenten Stuff* warns us openly that to read the narrative in the hope of reeling in an authoritative statement or message is indeed to chase in vain the 'red herring' of which it purports to offer an encomium (III, 146).
>
> What the reader is being re-eductated to expect instead is a 'senseles discourse' (*PP*: I, 239) which displays 'neither rime nor reason' (*LS*: III, 216) and is thus 'bequeathed for wast paper here amongst you' (*UT*: II, 207). Nashe has no predefined didactic motive. He is simply 'playing with a shettlecocke, or tossing empty bladders in the ayre' (*LS*: III, 225). The playing is pointless in that the narration is governed by no subsuming teleological design and defies reduction to a stable vision or conclusive summation. The discourse is 'senseles' only inasmuch as it refuses to make conventional sense by confirming the semantic authority of what counts as accepted wisdom. In response to a fast-flowing Renaissance reality, deprived of any sure epistemological or ethical anchorage, Nashe initiates his readers into a new kind of narration whose meaning is always correspondingly provisional, calculated to survive within the fleeting context of its utterance alone, resisting all attempts to freeze its flow at any point. Nashe's writing changes the way we read in order to change the way we see the world. (Ryan 1985, 48)

But if Nashe's flow can only be periodically frozen, the prosa-iciness of the surface is broken up again in that unheroic manner in which the laketop breaks up in Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, glugging down the warring factions with an antisublime sax glissando courtesy of Prokofiev. As there is nothing much Russian about rushes, so there is nothing all that "red" about the red herring. The Slavic materialism in Nashe's view of writer/reader rapport is better uttered by Nashe himself: *"In* Ruscia *there are no presents but of meate or drinke; I present you with meate, and you in honourable courtesie to requite mee, can do no lesse then present mee with the best mornings draught of merry-go-downe in your quarters* [...]" (1599, A3^{v}/3:150). The *faex* brought up *de profundis nassa texta* (*sc. Nashio texto*) is not the popular wisdom of the "scum of society" (*faex populi*), nor the wine-dreg comic re-surfacing of representational disguise (cf., e.g., *Ars poetica* 277), but the solids that settle at the bottom of the semiotic, the literal that litters the floor of metaphor, the crumby old *faex foculorum*, those linguistic lees from the kitchen of the real. Nashe's text (the world really runs on such ramshackle weels) may, just as Ryan would like to think, manage in its local moments to get beneath the frozen surface of the prosaic and re-train our capitalist expectations of exploitation along the lines of an emancipatory underground railway; and Hutson is also right to point out his use of a merrily blazing signifier to melt through that isotopicity of superficial figural skating so he can drop his fishtrap in. But his work is not epideictic. The weel wasn't woven for show. Of course from it can be culled a clutch of protest signs for countercultural

demonstrations, just as Nashe insists that, like the knitters that Norwich had put on a needlework demonstration for the queen in procession, Yarmouth, his haven and the object of his praise, "could clap vp as good a shewe of netbrayders, or those that haue no clothes to wrappe their hides in or breade to put in their mouthes but what they earne and get by brayding of nets" (1599, D1/3:169). But Hutson is wrong to cite this passage as *merely* another exemplum of Nashean *"textual"* resourcefulness: "The profits of the net-weaving industry come alive in the verbal relationships generated by image and assonance; nets appear to transform themselves into clothes as *braiding* miraculously produces *bread*" (Hutson 1989, 263-64). Such exchanges no doubt inaugurate the commodification of sense, and it is true that thanks to such exploitation we have now grown rich enough, as Nietzsche liked to put it, to get our meat–food, not flesh–without a raid upon the submerged realm of the real, without having to exchange the labor of our braiding for the funereally baked *cold meat* of the *brrr*read. Still it is the *bread* of the text, not its braiding, that it is *about*. Fishes and loaves, that's what it's all *about*. For there is no latent *lesson* down there under the surface of *Lenten stuffe*, only latent *stuff*. And there is only one short meaning, the obvious one, the literal one: the meaty present. Nashe only stops long enough on the prosaic ice to punch a hole in it and guddle up a gowpen'ful of what's right near the surface, what really exists and really matters. His text isn't about the gaping hole, or about some texty trap, or about the slipperiness of the ice. As Hutson at one point perfectly expresses it: "the moral kernal of every fable, concealed under every leaf, shadowed in every trope, is none other than a red herring" (Hutson 1989, 248). But not a red herring in the irresistible but anachronistic sense of a "false lead," a hermeneutical dodge, a deferral of meaning that can be interpreted as a meta-message about meaning; not a *read* herring–no; the true, frolicking, fatally nourishing, unspeakably real substance of a *real* red herring (except no intimations).

Now, just to ventriloquize a perhaps even more improbable institutional recuperation than that of the postmarxists, and also to see if I can't get a little further into hot water myself, I may as well explain what possessed me just now to allude to the author as a "she-Nashe," also seen by Harvey and even by one modern critic as the froward wielder of "kitchen-stuff rhetoric" (Nicholl 1984, 43). To suggest that there is something "feminine" in the concoction of "nourishing wordplay" whipped up in this final work of a writer who, in his first work, *The anatomie of absurditie* (1589), "announces he has turned misogynist" (Woodbridge 1986, 62) should certainly strike readers as approximately as grotesque as Derrida's efforts to read Nietzsche's recurrently gynophobe texts as uh really kinda the writing of (a) "woman" in a way: a she-Nietzsche, or Nietz-she. It *could* conceivably be argued, though, that Nashe's constant recurrence to the most homely of bottom lines–the affairs of the kitchen, food and a warm hearth, clothing–make him somehow genuinely epicene among the so-called "effeminate" gents of his day. But this is not really where "the feminine" would enter into the matter for me. Rather, I am reminded of the unsung womanliness of the everyday in the very substance of Nashe's subject: the little red herring would be part of the little read history or herstory of what Hélène Cixous, in her writing on the thingful, sensual, postphenomenological realism of Clarice Lispector, has called the *"femmilier"* (Cixous 1979, 419). In reading such writing it is no longer that one must be made to *see* things: "Seeing? Isn't that always already having seen?" (414). The phenomenology of reading is as impossible as the phenomenology of

writing (*"Voir," c'est toujours déjà avoir vu*; *"lire," c'est sans doute toujours déjà avoir lu*). Or rather, it is as *possible*–while the real of read*ing* is, as Lacan used to say (forced to see a sardine can that couldn't be forced to see him) *the impossible*. Literal reading demands that we stop forcing ourselves to *see*. Rather than being made to see some point by Nashe's text, we should allow ourselves to listen to its punctual content and its contrapuntal discontent–which might indeed tie in somehow (though I certainly don't suggest it is "bound" to) with the background noise of "the feminine" in patriarchal culture–just as Cixous asks us to harken to the texts of Lispector,

> so that the things that have always been presented as mute come to be heard. There is no silence. The musics of things are ever resounding, waiting for us to hear them faithfully, with our ears, our skin, our nostrils, and especially with our breasts.
>
> Preferably our attentions will move like fish in slowness. (415)

The literal reading of Nashe's text would finally attend to that red herring that is part of what has been there, unread, left dead, on the surface of the prose of the world, and which (like the ermine stole that infamously graces Cixous's own shoulders) we have tended to ignore to our cost and to its. So maybe it *could* by someone be *read* as an allegory of "the feminine," or vice versa, just as I hesitated in reading some lines from Rilke quoted by Cixous: *"Abelone war immer da. Das tat ihr großen Eintrag.* [...] *Abelone war da, und man nutze sie ab wie man eben konnte"* (Rilke 1910, 824; Cixous 1980, 416). For a moment, I wanted this to refer to the seafood: "There had always been abelone; it had always been there, and that had cost it dearly. [...] Abelone had been there, and it had been consumed as well as it could be." But when I looked in *Malte*, I found that, just as I had creepingly supposed, "Abelone" was a woman, like the women Cixous claims have been too much there to be written or read.

I'm sure even the most irenic of cultural feminists will by now be guffawing "Ah baloney!" (if they are feeling charitable) at this all too fishy attempt at co-op shoplifting or passing for quasi-"correct" (piscatorial vegetarian-feminism) what is arguably just more unsavoury sausage from the read meat to which I was so long addicted, and maybe still am. It would be utter folly, frankly, to utter any further words toward "feminist" recuperation of Nashe's text, and it may not be too long before an attempt at valorizing its celebration of the herring's own unappreciated edibility will be looked on as equally grotesque beyond readability. Consciousness seems to be raised in a rather "Hegelian" manner (with a lot of cancellation). As Carol J. Adams reads the self-alienation of Atwood's *Edible Woman* herself in *The Sexual Politics of Meat*: "Both meat eating and first-person narration are suspended once Marian intuits her link to other animals, suggesting that a challenge to meat eating is linked to an attack on the sovereign individual subject. The fluid, merged subjectivity of the middle part of the book finds mystical identity with things, especially animals, that are consumed." But, then, as Adams goes on to recognize, "Marian returns to eating meat once she is able to think again in the first person" (Adams 1990, 131; 140)--a hermeneuticist cautionary tale for feminist literary critics and for anyone else whose metaphoral fixations are not absolutely bound by the lets and letters and literal fetters of the prose of the world.

Meanwhile, those who just like their "knowledge nicely browned" may, before they get up from the table in a huff, want to reflect on the *literal content* of those lamentations of Atwood's roving doctoral candidate, the ne'er unguarded Duncan: "And besides that, everything's being done, it's been done already, fished out, and you yourself wallowing around in the dregs at the bottom of the barrell [...]" (Atwood 1969, 96).[1] Read literally, Nashe's text is the writing of those dregs, the real that is left over from the banquet of sense, what is too much there for us, getting in the way of our latest efforts at textploitation. The domestic, the everyday, the overlooked. Food, drink, shelter, clothing; things that are actually there and that really matter. The real; and even if "the real is the impossible," it is time to admit that there are more things in your philosophy, melancholy Jacques, than are dreamed of in heaven or earth, and there is more that should matter in that can of tuna than in Kant's *Critique of Pureed Reason*. But the tuna is too much with us; it defies aggrandizement or even subversion--it defies serious mention. I'm overfond of boring people with an anecdote from almost a decade ago now, one day on a bus, before I had been to University, when I suddenly caught in my nostrils the smell of the tuna sandwich I had packed for my lunch: the illegible epiphanic reality of that smell. That is what Nashe's multilayered texts at bottom are *about* for me: *"de profundis natus est fex."* But the phenomenological fumes even of that homely epoch are now becoming *unheimlich* noxious for me. I don't eat tuna anymore, either--*es war immer da*, but it is getting harder to ignore; and I've never had herring and never will. What the oppressive forces of metaphor cannot stand is the sight of the literally read.[2]

I've already spent too long here incidentally reading readings, feeling I must lap a little while wave-like against the monolithic hermeneutic presuppositions we have come to take for granited. For at the end of the century the "fear of fish" that haunts so many readings is not an aversion to the supposed ichtheological subjectivism of another-fine-mess Stanley (a pool of puns which in contradistinction to the Cardinal's fishpond in *The Duchess of Malfi* [5.5.5] reflects a rake with a figure; cf. Fish 1984), but a representational d-read of the herring itself. The herring isn't safe reading anymore, if it ever was--overplain, politically suspect, and too much there. But to those whose swampingly dense reads I have thus rushed through, or whose readings I have ignored altogether, I can still only object with Nashe, that "[i]f idle wittes will needes tye knottes on smooth bulrushes with their tongues, faith the worlde might

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[1] "[...] one of those ninth-year graduate students, poor bastards, scrabbling through manuscripts for new material or slaving away on the definitive edition of Ruskin's dinner-invitations or theatre-stubs or trying to squeeze the last pimple of significance out of some fraudulent literary nonentity they dug up somewhere" (96-97).

[2] Nashe's vulgar intractability to late hermeneuticist recuperation is thus for me a bizarre twist on the parable of the unconsummability of highbrow culture which opens Bristol's book on the reception of Shakespeare: the "strange case [a packing case?] of Charlie the Tuna": "It is Charlie's desire to be recruited by a certain Tuna company, and so he proposes to 'do Shakespeare' to show that he has good taste. To do Shakespeare, Charlie explains, 'I beat guys wit' 'dis sword whilst hollering poetry'. Alas, the tuna company is unimpressed by good taste; it only wants tuna that tastes good. 'Sorry Charlie!' He never understands the distinction between 'good taste' and 'tasting good' or between doing Shakespeare and getting processed into canned tuna. Because of this, he will remain a 'lovable loser' whose inadequacies keep him outside the dispensation of the industrial corporation, though marginally serviceable to its interests" (Bristol 1989, 15).

thinke I had little to attend, if I should goe about to vnloose them with my penne" (1592c, A4^{v}/1:259). This seems enough by way of the temporization whereby we sportsmanlike play out the real, suspending a little while longer the inevitable catch from our heavily seeded waters. Enough in the way of a grace: Good food, good meat, good God, let's eat! "I stand lawing heere," runs Nashe's rasher complaint, "what with these lawyers, and selfe-conceited misinterpreters so long, that my redde herring which was hot broyling on the coles, is waxt starke cold for want of blowing" (1599, I4^{v}/3:216). I beg my own interpreters to *read* me herringwise, not to join with those who "persecute Art (as the Alcumists are said to persecute Nature)" and "hauing founde that which is blacke, [...] seeke for a substance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine" (1592c, B1^{v}/1:261). Rather, if you are for me, help me melt through the prosaic surface of the literal with that flint-sprung signifier: "ignem faciens ex lapide nigro (*which* Munster *in his Cosmography alledgeth for the greatest wonder of* England) *that is, wresting delight out of anie thing*" (1596, D2^{v}-D3/3:22-23).

6. Stuff and Nonsense: The Rhetoric of Things in Nashe

> Inutiles Cardani subtilitates negligendæ: Sola pragmatica, et Cosmopolitica curanda: that carry meat in y^{e} mowth; & ar daily in esse. quae alunt familiam et parasitos: quæ semper ædificant.
>
> Gabriel Harvey, margin to *Oikonomia, seu dispositio regularum vtriusque iuris in locas communes breui interpretatione subiecta* (1570)

The Four First Things

> The only vertue in effecte in the whole crissecrosse rowe, ether of morall or intellectuall vertures, that nowe Adayes karrieth meate in the mowthe. The rest in a manner ar owte of fasshion, and ouerstale for so queynte & queasie a world: your delicacy would haply haue delighted your selfe in ouerturninge the prouerbe vpsyedowne and terminge them more artificiallye, mowthe withoute meate.
>
> Gabriel Harvey, Sloane MS. 93, writing of oratory

> Mithin, sagte ich ein wenig zerstreut, müssen wir wieder von dem Baum der Erkenntnis essen, um in den Stand der Unschuld zurückzufallen?
>
> Allerdings, antwortete er: das ist das letzte Kapitel von der Geschichte der Welt.
>
> Heinrich Kleist, "Über das Marionettentheater"

> *To.* [...] Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?
> *And.* Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.
> *To.* Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke.
>
> Shakespeare, *Twelfe Night*

Wie man wird, was man ißt–this takeoff on the subtitle of Nietzsche's *Ecce Homo* can serve as a delicate little entrée to our bit of tabletalk on the meataphorical incorporation of *things* that takes place in writing and reading: *you are what you eat.*[1] The connection between the legible and the edible was, we read, obvious to "the Renaissance." Neil Rhodes, for example, discusses how both Aretino and Nashe were given to speaking of "verbal communication" as a "gastronomic experience" (Rhodes 1980, 32-33), and Bakhtin's unique

[1] Cf. Kilgour 1990, *passim* the *biscotti*, *bitte*. Much of this must now come forth as little more than an unwise midnight snack after the mouthwatering fare of her seven-course feast, which appeared only after I had badly spoiled my appetite on the cates in this section. I know, though, that this fascicular collation will not be begrudged me. There will always be room for *biscotti*.

allusion to Nashe quite properly comes in a chapter on "Banquet Imagery."[2]

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[2] Critics have understandably rushed to lash Nashe to the Russian, but he appears in the Bakhtinian text in name only, if that. The English translation, as always quite sloppy, puts it like this: "To a certain extent this [democratic] spirit pervaded English prandial tradition as well, in the time of Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Robert Green, and their circle." This renders, more or less abattoirly (arbitrarily), Bakhtin's *"Takova b'ila eše v značitel'noj mere i ego angliskaja raznovidnost' èpoxi Sekspira--zastol'nij libertinizm kruzka Neša i Roberta Grina..."* [Of such a kind was also in some wise its English variety in the age of Shakespeare--the prandial libertinism of the circle of Nashe and Robert Greene...]" (Bakhtin 1965, 322/297). The English here, choppy as it is, is a still little happier than the usually more reliable French translation, which, apparently nonplussed by the cyrillicization or *coquillage* of Nashe into "Nesh" [*Neš(a)*] concocts the rather unappetizing allomorph "Newsh" (Bakhtin 1970, 295).* Of course, on precisely this sort of cacoepistic slipperiness it used to be supposed depended much of the fun in Elizabethan topical reference. Indeed, in their efforts to argue that Moth and Armado represented Nashe and Harvey in the old New Cambridge *Love's Labour's Lost*, Quiller-Couch and Dover Wilson pointed out that Armado's references to his page as "tender Iuuenall" in act 1, scene 2 (TLN 318ff) did not merely constitute veiled reference to the writer whose combination of youthful looks and incisive wit had arguably led both Greene and Meres to dub him a new "Juvenal," but additionally alluded to his actual name: "The epithet 'tender,' moreover, is not to be overlooked. Neshe was a recognised variant of the surname Nashe, and 'nesh' or 'nash' at that time = 'soft, delicate, pitiful, tender'" (Quiller-Couch and Wilson 1923, xxii). Similarly, "Moth," then pronounced "mote," inasmuch as it is "a little sparkling, dancing, irritating object [...] does well enough as a descriptive name for Nashe," in addition to proving to be "by Elizabethan spelling, just Nashe's Christian name reversed" (xxiii). In his reconsidered preface to the 1962 revised edition, Wilson seems to have harkened to the sensible strains of the Prologue in *Summers last will*: "Vayne glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards what thou canst" (1600, B1^{v}-B2/3:235), and he trips somewhat more glibly over such speculation as had meanwhile been thoroughly worked through by Yates and Bradbrook and admirably articulated and augmented by Schrickx in '56. As recently as 1983, J. M. Maguin proposed in an article entitled *"Nashes Lenten Stuffe*: The Significance of the Author's Name," that said name appears as part of the title in a pun on *ashes*, the latter being "indeed *Lenten stuffe* since they belong liturgically to Ash Wednesday which marks the beginning of Lent" and at the same time relating to the book's dedicatee, the "tobacconist" Humphrey King (Maguin 1983, 73). Harvey, as we know, evidently thought it reasonable to confound "a Nashe" with "an ass."

Nashe, however, who actually does seem to have had a peculiar interest in Russia, suggests the most farfetched but also here the most pertinent of paronomastic allusions when he quotes a snatch of a Russian prayer picked up in Hakluyt (McKerrow 1908, 322) which he will make the Harveys intone upon their knees: *"Ponuloi nashe*, which is in the *Russian* tongue, Haue mercie vpon vs" (Nahe 1596, G1/3:40). *Ponuloi* (presumably a version of *pomiluj*) would be the imperative plea, and *naš* (nash) is in fact the first person plural possessive in Russian, often used in a pronomial fashion: *Naši* ("us folks, our side"), so that it would seem that we have met the enemy here and he is as usual ourselves.

* The spectacular nonconformity between the 1965 Russian text of the Rabelais book, the 1968 English version, and the 1970 French translation has baffled more than one scholar. Thus, Richard M. Berrong, perturbed by a reference to the well-acknowledged Rabelaisian "charm" at the end of Bakhtin's introductory chapter in the English version, appealed to the corresponding passage in the French translation, only to find that it had "a completely different paragraph in its place" (Berrong 1986, 9, 128 n. 10). Actually, Bakhtin does indeed refer to the "exceptional charm [*obajanie* enchantment] of Rabelais" (cf. Bakhtin 1965, 67/58, Bakhtin 1970, 67). The confusion results from the fact that *neither* translation is reliable, so that while the English omits the concluding paragraph of the introduction, the French leaves out the penultimate. Similarly, when David Hayman complains of the omission of a phrase in Rotsel's Englishing of *Problems of Doestoevsky's Poetics* that he has himself picked up from Kolticheff's French version (Hayman 1983, 108 n. 15), it turns out that the phrase in question has actually been rendered faithfully in Rotsel's (otherwise far from always trustworthy) translation and it is the Kolticheff version which is misleading. The English and French versions of the Rabelais book are so various in their omissions and misrepresentations that even reading both of them together does not guarantee reception of everything in the original (and does guarantee a degree of "supplemental" material). In a random sampling of two pages, however, the English version left out a considerably larger number of words and phrases than the French, even if a few words and phrases were left out by both.

It will be recalled that Bakhtin connected such imagery with "prandial libertinism [*zastolnij libertinizm*]": food goes glibly in and unobstructed language comes out. Images of eating in the "popular festive tradition," he insisted, have nothing to do with that complacent "*ready-to-hand* contentment and satiety of the selfish individual" stuffing himself in bourgeois privatized consumption (Bakhtin 1965, 327/301, tr. modified). Rather, the Renaissance banquet was a scene of outspoken conviviality, a gay celebration of the eating up of all that was ripe for it, and of the triumph of man over the world through labor: "a feast for all the world [*pir na ves' mir*]" in which the world is regenerated in a celebration of human freedom.

But as an all-consuming utopian expression of metaphorality, in the Renaissance or any other time, prandial *out*spokenness is hardly the obvious discursive concomitant of *in*gestion, hardly the sole textual scenario. As Louis Marin has well observed, it is difficult to talk with one's mouth full, and "thus one is not supposed to talk and eat at the same time for fear of an ever possible short-circuit and an inversion of the two functions between lips and throat, inasmuch as speaking consists of expressing breath outward while articulating it as it passes through the 'mouth,' and eating in ingesting food inward by breaking it up through grinding and mastication in the same place" (Marin 1986, 47). But it is not simply because it is difficult to talk with one's mouth full–so that the two oralities, ingestion and expression, are bound to get in each other's way–that "prandial libertinism" confuses the reality of orality: it is also and more obviously because one has little call to be outspoken with a banquetted belly. *Pace* Bakhtin, it is easier to *write* while eating than to speak out, and he himself mentions the *sprezzatura* alibi of humanistic composition which Rabelais parodies in the prologue to *Gargantua*: written during stolen moments; e.g., while eating (Bakhtin 1965, 309/284). But writing, ultimately, may be as just as little compatible with eating as speaking is, though for different reasons. As Deleuze and Guattari have suggested, there is "a certain disjunction between eating and speaking–and, even more so, appearances notwithstanding, between eating and writing: of course one can write while eating more easily than speak while doing so, but writing does more to transform words into things capable of competing with food. A disjunction between content and expression. To speak, and above all to write, is to fast" (Deleuze and Guattari 1975, 36). If it is both easier and more incongruous to write than to speak while eating, it is easier still–and perhaps finally more condign–to just read: we reach almost instinctively for reading matter as we consume our private meals. Going hungry and speaking up (or writing down), growing replete and mutely reading. Nor, then, are writing and reading so comestibly, commensally commensurate. Reading may be a kind of consumption, but we know since Freud that writing isn't ingestion, it's excretion, and that any attempt to collapse the binaries of self and other in some form of supercommunicability we might call "reating" (the specious laddergram whereby *writing* would become *reading*) will lead only to further attempts to perform the last writes on the souls of the read. Maggie Kilgour has thus recently demonstrated how Rabelais adopts a Reformation eucharistic logic in his discussion of reading and writing, but how their communal commutability is always in danger of breaking down once again into a nature red in tooth and claw. Reading, like interpretation, can too readily become "a darker sort of feeding, in which the complementary relationship between author and reader becomes one of unambivalent antagonism" (Kilgour 1990, 88).

The confusability of materialized language with the most obvious forms in which matter enters and leaves us–eating, drinking, shitting and pissing–certainly struck Nashe no less than his continental, or incontinental, contemporaries; and his use of the imagery of eating, drinking, shitting and pissing could probably form the basis of yet another counter-sublime *escatology* [sic]–a term I would like to be deriving both from Latin *esca*, food, and Greek *skat-*, from *skor*, dung. My "escatological" reading of Nashe, however, has lacked the banquet ritualism of theoretical interpretations like Bakhtin's. Bakhtin, for example, insists that in the grotesque Rabelaisian celebration of the "victory over the world in eating" there was "no trace of mysticism, no abstract-idealistic sublimation" (Bakhtin 1965, 310/285). But such can hardly be said for his own account of it, and I am frankly more interested, reading for *things* as I am, in "the level of the private way of life" rejected by Bakhtin, where such imagery has–wrongly according to him–been defined as 'vulgar realism" (328/302). "Vulgar realism," as you know by now, is my bread and butter, and in my view Nashe is just my kind of vulgar realist, in no wise promoting these gestive functions to discursive crowning glory, origin, destiny, or symbol of prandial democratism (nor for that matter does Rabelais always, as I read the writing of Berrong 1983, 34ff). So while eating, drinking, shitting and pissing are, insistently, part of the *sine qua non* of life, this little *hors d'œuvre* is called The Four First Things only because food, drink, shit and piss would be the first four things that emerged from my reading of the Nashean "scheme of things," *if* I were really going to do one.

But it is precisely the proposal of my little toast (and celebratory roast) that the "things" in Nashe's text not be seen as the originary, but as the ordinary–the square meal; that "pease porredge ordinary" (Nashe 1589b, B3^{v}/3:324) of which one should consider oneself fortunate still to be able to partake this late in the game. Nashe's text does not present us with some "mighty aspiration to *abundance* and populism [*vsenarodnost'*]" (Bakhtin 1965, 302/278, tr. modified), but with the actual *menu*, the small, the nourishing, without which we could not go on, or even *go*, for that fæcal matter. (For while one might not want too hastily to rush from the apéritif *clinical* discourse to the dissertive, all too digestive *critical* discourse [recalling Derrida's delectably fluffy *"parole soufflée"*] as suggested by Dr. Rondibilis's corrected version of the couplet in chapter 35 of the *Tiers livre*,

> *Stercus et urina Medici sunt prandia prima,*
> *Nobis sunt signa, vobis sunt prandia digna,*

yet it would be wrong to read any scatalogical reality Nashean textuality might have to offer as *signifying* the unfolding of some grand cosmic ordure or the disclosure of some offal truth.) There is no gastronomics of the word to be derived, no metaphysics with anything *eschatological* about Nashe's morsels. If the Christly *hoc est corpus meum* is the paradigmatic semiotic act which seems to turn a thing into a sign, and thus leave one finally eating not things but *signs* (cf. Marin 1986), Nashe's text would appear rather to serve up signs as things, so that one is left just *reading things*. And indeed texts, in the cheering old sense of written documents, *have been* edible things; Nashe correctly tells Harvey that he could have been made to literally eat his words by Greene if the pamphleteer had lived: "he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an Apparriter once in a Tauern eate his Citation waxe

and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes" (Nashe 1592c, C3^{v}/1:271). In both cases--yes, yes, of course--we are dealing with a semiotic illusion; one neither eats *signs* nor reads *things*, no; but if food *can* be a literally readable thing, a sign *can* be an edible one. Hungry parishioners double up on the masses to get the wafers into their guts; Elizabethan scholars can only sink their teeth into signs; but the figurative effects of eating signs and reading things are complementary. If the eucharistic utterance is anti-substantial, Nashe's escatology is anti-symbolic. The medium is the messuage.

This is not merely to insist once again, along with Lorna Hutson, that Nashe appreciates that once-touted aspect of the text which will not fail to excite a titter today: the materiality of the signifier. He does show such an appreciation, of course, the far more radical one of the pre-modernist who can bequeath the read pages of *The vnfortunate traueller* "to stop mustard-pottes": "To anie vse about meat & drinke put them to and spare not, for they cannot doe theyr countrie better seruice" (Nashe 1594a, A2/2:207). It is worth pointing out, however, that even as signs *per se* (penniless) Nashe's rhetorical exertions cater to the needs of the ordinary, in marked contrast to the overdaintiness of the euphuists, or the verbal *embarras de richesses* in Harvey's neo-ciceronianism. Harvey's language is overdetermined allegorically--things get lost in it: it is overprocessed. In *Haue with you*, Nashe as Pierce Penniless Respondent offers to cart out some samples of Harvey's fancy fare, and Don Carneades hungrily encourages him:

> *Carn*: Then good gentle Frend (if you will) let's haue halfe a dozen spare-ribs of his rethorique, with tart sauce of taunts correspondent, a mightie chyne of his magnificentest elocution, and a whole surloyne of his substantiallest sentences and similes.
>
> *Resp*: And shal; I am for you; Ile serue you of the best you may assure your selfe: with a continuat *Tropologicall* speach I will astonish you; all to bee-spiced & dredged with sentences and allegories, not hauing a crum of any cost bestowed vpon it more, than the Doctors owne cooquerie. (1596, G1^{v}/3:41)

Nashe considers Harvey's "cooquerie" to be overly processed, too pre-packaged, full of additives. Ordinary fare, things with some real value, are lost in it, refined out of existence. Harvey's text is like cuisined food (nothing but sign-value, prodigal of comestible resources). Nashe complains of the diets of the effete Roman emperors who "would feede on nothing but the tongues of Phesants and Nightingales: other, would spend as much at one banquet, as a kings reuenues came too in a yeare [...]. It is enough for me to licke dishes heere at home, though I feed not mine eyes at anie of the *Romane* feasts" (Nashe 1592b, F4-F4^{v}/1:199). The need to dispose of consumables in fully-articulated cuisines leads to textual wastage, as when Harvey's accomplice Bird is predicted to "shape you a messe of newes out of the second course of his conceit" (1592c, F1^{v}/1:289), displaying the same ample waste which Harvey exhibits in his own writing.

Nashe's words, on the other hand bear simple fare, or serve as the savoury side-dishes of conviviality--tasty scraps that bring on a greater appetite: "onely let this suffice for a tast to the text, and a bitte to pull on a good wit with, as a rasher on the coles is to pull on a cup of Wine" (1594a, A2^{v}/2:208). Harvey had in fact equated Nashe's newfangled language with

evanescent bar-fare, "diuers new-founde phrases of the Tauerne" (G. Harvey 1592, D4^{v}/1:195/45), attempting to leave him under the table in that Tarltonic Elizabethan chronotope of chronic toping. To this Nashe had replied that his own neologistic quaffs were in fact of rarer vintage, though good drinking all the same:

> Heigh drawer, fil vs a fresh quart *of new-found phrases*, since *Gabriell* saies we borrow all our eloquence from Tauerns: but let it be of the mighty *Burdeaux* grape, pure *vino de monte* I coniure thee, by the same token that the *Deuils dauncing schoole in the bottome of a mans purse that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard Prouerbe two hundred yeares before *Tarlton* was borne: Ergo *no gramercy* Dicke Tarlton. But *the summe of summes is this*, I drinke to you M. *Gabriell*, on that condition, that you shall not excruciate your braine to be conceited and haue no wit. (Nashe 1592c, H2^{v}-H3/1:305)

What Nashe's discourse is, is good old wine fresh-mixed in rinsed goblets; he can chug out his soul in innovative language as "potable property"–to pun like the Dickens–"sprinkle it into a sentence, & so make euerie line leap like a cup of neat wine new powred out" (H4/1:307). There is nothing "proper" about Nashe's linguistic leaseholds, however idiosyncratic, for he treats words as *things*, and things, like beer, can really only be a kind of potable property ("you don't buy it, you rent it," goes the t-shirt). Keep in mind here that of the three nominal categories of the real (persons, places, things), only the first two are "proper," and thus the common italicization of them in Elizabethan texts: things cannot be emphasized as property. They are always being "exchanged": eaten, drunk, shat and pissed. Words for Nashe are an expendable, existential *pot de vin*, an epistemological bribe, *ein andingendes Dingen*. Heidegger was right to speak of "the thing" in terms of a jug which bequeaths a "gushing present [*Geschenk des Gusses*]": "The gift of the pouring out is a drink for mortals. It revives their thirst. It refreshes their leisure. It enlivens their conviviality." But he was wrong to consider the "real present [*das eigentliche Geschenk*]" to be a consecratory libation: "Should the pouring out be for consecration, then it does not ease the thirst. [...] Then the gift of the jug is neither given in an inn, nor is it a drink for mortals. [...] In the presenting of the consecrated libations, the gushing jug essents as the presenting present" (Heidegger 1950, 45).[3] Wrong. The gift of the Nashean thing bears the greater presents: wine unconsecrated by the pseudopresence of the de-vine, meaning fourfold, onefold, four last bids, and now it's time for you to fold indeed, quit your bluffing, and drink up; a drink for mortals· down the hatch, and out into pissing conduit. For Nashe's cards are already on the table; he always calls the bluff of hermeneuticism's last desperate raise; his mug is neither half-full with parasitic *parousia*, nor half-empty with Parisian porosity, nor even overbrim with parergastical

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[3] "[...] *west der gießende Krug als das schenkende Geschenk*." Though (rather happily, given the the choice of thing that he found most exemplarily at hand: the jug) Heidegger is probably popularly best known these days for being "[...] a boozin' beggar / Who could think you under the table," those who were only following orders of discourse are aware that he has untranslatable ways of making morphemes talk, not least effectively by wringing the semantic ranges out of them with the ropes of a pseudetymological laddergram whose plunging rungs lead back into an ever tenser past (*trinken*, *Trank*, *Trunk*; *Schenke*, *Schank*, *Geschenk*; *Schinken*, *schenken*, *Henker*, etc.). In my own translation, of course, the puns have been changed to protect the inessent.

parrhesia; it is "pease porridge ordinary" with the pouring out of potations for mortals. And though its blushing Hippocrene may at times be conversationally asking itself *do I slake or weep*?, Nashe's *jug, jug* always calls ominously in re: the forlorn last bids to sweeten the epistemological pot at the folding of philosophy as eschatology. As Ralegh ominated in his prophecy "On the Cardes, and Dice":

> Full many a christians heart shall quake for fear,
> The dreadfull sound of trump when he shall hear.
> (Ralegh 1957, 48)[4]

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[4] Cf. Frère Jean's interpretation of Mellin de Saint-Gelais's "prophetical enigma" in chapter 56 of *Gargantua* as "a description of the game of tennis." If these pseudapocalyptic tonalities are to be reduced to sublunary sports coverage, in what direction would the pro-mundane lines from the enigma in chapter 2 be expected to be taken?

> *Et mieulx aima le feu du ciel empire*
> *Au tronc ravir où l'on vend les soretz,*
> *Que l'aer serain, contre qui l'on conspire,*
> *Assubjectir es dictz des Massoretz,*

which we might yet feel warranted to translate in the mid-range (though cf. Marc Berlioz's lower bodily stratagems of interpretation in his too-close-for-comfort, gloves-off examination; 1985, 57ff):

> And preferred to ravish the Empyrean fire hence
> From the hollow stump where the herrings red are sold
> Than the serene air which they conspire against
> To subjugate to some Massoretic code.

Rabelais *is* arguably the most obvious precarouser to the Nashean prosaic *prosit*! to the text and the world as potable property. The well-known critical brawl over the true intent behind the prologue to *Gargantua* has pre-emptied a full appreciation of the equally debatable exemplary reification of text coming between that prologue and the earlier one to *Pantagruel*. In the latter (actually the former) prologue, the text is itself balm and restorative; in *Gargantua*, in the famous figure of the Silenus box, it comes to *contain* a curative drug. Marc Berlioz, however, has even managed to argue himself, and Rabelais, back out of that tight spot by questioning the meataphorics of the author's later image of breaking the bone to get at the marrow, and querying the sense of the phrase *"a plus hault sens interpreter,"* incidentally tearing into the meat-seeking missile of the English scholar once again in the rather owlish person of M. A. Screech, whom he cunningly identifies with Rabelais's anglophobic caricature (Thomas More?), Thaumaste:

> And so we find Our English Master (for Mr. Screech does hail from London) with his mind firmly made up that we are to seek the marrow of words, which is to say, their covert meaning, it being understood that this covert meaning cannot but be deep, which is to say, well beyond and above the appearances. And his questing will is supported by the exhortation to interpret in a higher sense, a phrase which he takes theologically as an incitement to rise above the literal or prosaic to the spiritual, necessarily passing through the levels which he has indicated for us. In other words, the law of academic gravity has precluded his considering the possibility that the phrase interpret in a higher sense might be a jest most perfectly elaboured by nature. (Berlioz 1985, 4-5).

In other other words, it would seem, the high-minded, bone-breaking Brit (I keep thinking of that walking skeleton in the Ray Bradbury *October Country* story) can consider himself *bel et*

Nashe makes that apocalyptic trump from the empty jug which he has cordially dashed into our narrowing eyes; and its messuage is plain: eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet. His gift of gab consecrates the drink *as drink*. He often likens his discourse to a toast and its attendant quaff: "Before I vnbowell the leane Carcase of thy book any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswooll, *to the Lambe of God and his enemies*" (C3^{v}/1:272). His book against Harvey is "*a cuppe of newes*" with which he carouses his reader (A2/1:255).

But if Harvey's style does amount to a form of *cuisinage* or *gourmandise* in which impotably proper things are consumed with no attention paid to what is in them or even their particular flavor, it could perhaps be objected that Nashe for his part indulges in a kind of textual temulence. I can accept as much, but I insist that Nashe's brand of *ale-thia* is genuinely barmy rather than philosophically barmecidal. He himself was fond of the Renaissance likening of poetic inspiration to a form of inebriation, and contrasted the poet's bibaciousness with the temperance of the studious:

> Let frugall scholers and fine fingered nouices take their drinke by the ounce and their wine by the halfe penny worths, but it is for a Poet to examine the pottle pots, and gage the bottome of whole gallons; *qui bene vult* poicin, *debet ante* pinein. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fiery flaming toste, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Pernassus* top: without the which, in vaine they may crie, O thou my Muse, inspire me with some penne, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice to rouze her forth her denne. (1589b, B2^{v}/3:321-22)

Yet according to Bacchus in *Summers last will*, even academic types like Harvey only need moisten their lips: "Giue a scholler wine, going to his booke, or being about to inuent, it sets a new poynt on his wit, it glazeth it, scowres it, it giues him *acumen*. [..] There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madnesse. And what makes a man more madde in the head then wine?" (1600, F1/3:265). Rather than trying to defend Nashean inebriation on the shaky ground of some e-pissed-emological bonus, however, I am concerned in the end with how rhetorical intoxication might actually lead to renewed acquaintance with the feel of the real. This is not so insensible as it might at first sound. After all, when one has been drinking, one is indeed more likely to bump into things. Thus, if Nashean lightheaded rhetoricity clearly trips over the "clodderd garbage of confutatiõ" in Harvey's cloying style (1592c, H4/1:307), it also might accidentally overturn the new "Senecan" plainstyle of "objectivity," which, as Bacon's name so well suggests, has proved to be bad for the heart. Nashe does cultivate a rhetoric of intemperance, of slips of the tongue, stumbles into things.

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bien confuted by the *risus sardonicus* which Berlioz, in whose *modus operandi* I seem to see inklings of my own, has here produced: "he showed all his teeth, and with his two thumbs plucked down his two eyelids very low, making therewith a very ill-favoured countenance, as it seemed to the company" (*Pantagruel*, ch. 19; here, and throughout this footnote--with the exception of the four lines of verse in my own translation above--I have tried to adopt or adapt Urquhart's versions for quotations from, or where Berlioz nonchalantly slips into, Rabelais's discourse; but it seemed to me that it would have made for an unfair clinker in his *symphonie fantastique* to accept Urquhart's "in a sublimer sense" for the Rabelaisian "*a plus hault sens*"; and, what's more, there is some case to be made, a little Silenus box at least, for the view that in sniffing out Rabelaisian "sense" there will always be found the two hundred meanings in Gargantua's mother's smock, "*car il y a sens davant et sens derriere*" [ch. 12]).

But with that rhetoric, always poured out in Rabelaisian or Hemingwayesque draughts, he usually serves a square meal of matter as well–things you can smell and taste and that fill you up.

Critics have become too accustumed to assimilating the overly rich, disgustingly meaty texts put out by Nashe's better-heeled compatriots. He offers us a nice little red herring "to pull on a cup of Wine," such as would flap winningly out of our hands before we could even consume it, and we proceed to prick it and pound it and pepper it and powder it and pinch it and rinse it and cinch it and sauce it and salt it and batter it and malt it and melt it and mint it and tint it and hint it and lemon it and curdle it and coddle it and model it and mould it and fold it and foil it and boil it and broil it and braise it and raise it and date it and currant it and candy it and sweet and sour it, and then brew it and stew it, distil it and pill it, dice it, slice it, grate it and chop it, cube it and flake it and sweeten it and flavor it and color it and add to it and subtract from it and nitrite it and freezedry it and shrinkwrap it and safetycap it, all too like to the cooks of the Pope's kitchen with the dear-bought little cob they take for the King of the Fishes (1599, H4ff/3:207ff), treating it as the read meat we are so accustomed to preparing for consumption: "Nay, we are such flesh-eating Saracens, that chaste fish may not content vs, but we delight in the murder of innocent mutton, in the vnpluming of pullerie, and quartering of calues and oxen. It is horrible and detestable, no godly Fishmonger that can digest it" (1592b, G1/1:201). Continue to digest it we scarcely can, but we go on overreading all the same, until it's a wonder we can even still sleep at nights, knowing, as we do, that "[i]t is as desperate a peece of seruice to sleep vpon a full stomacke, as it is to serue in face of the bullet: a man is but his breath, and that may as wel be stopt by putting too much in his mouth at once, as rũning on the mouth of the Cannon" (Ibid.). Yet we go on running on at the mouth, running into the mouth of that canon, cooking up more and more of the same overprocessed stuff. Is it any wonder if some of us now have latched onto that rhetoric of intemperance just to conk ourselves out for awhile? For interpretation has really become a form of dyspepsia–an inability to read untroubledly, absorb, be restored–and wine, as we know, is, if nothing else, a notable aid to digestion, and a useful inducer of sleep. The problem with getting pissed, though–to return to the final two elements of the escatological reading, for which material is frankly somewhat lacking in Nashe's text itself–is that when you wake up you feel like shit.

The habitual overreaders will no doubt be finding all this a little hard to swallow, having doubtless, as usual, bitten off more than they can really chew. "Haue with them," says Nashe, "for a riddle or two, onely to set their wittes a nibbling, and their iobbernowles a working, and so good night to their segniories" (1599, I4^{v}/3:216).

Things that Go Bump in the Knight: *The Discourse of Apparitions*

> The Athenians were noted for lauish amplifieng: the Cretensians for craftie lying, the Thessalians for subtle cogging: the Carthaginians for deceitfull perfidie: *Hanniball*, *Fabius*, *Agathocles*, *Iphicrates*, *Vlisses*, and a thousand such, for counterfeit pollicie, but all their forgeries were seasoned with the salt of probabilitie, & onelie vsed at occasions of aduauntage: and although the Grecians generallie were ouer-lightheaded, and vaine-spoken, yet their leuitie sauored of elegant wittinesse, and the flying birde carried meate in the mouth.
>
> Gabriel Harvey, *Foure letters and certaine sonnets*

> Der Nüchterne spricht von Traum, als spräche er aus dem Schlaf.
>
> Walter Benjamin, *Einbahnstrasse*

> *Rom.* I dreampt a dreame to night.
> *Mer.* And so did I.
> *Rom.* Well what was yours?
> *Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
> *Rom.* In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
>
> Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

"Anie meate that in the day time we eat against our stomackes," Nashe tells us at the end of his discussion of the external causes of nightmares in *The terrors of the night*, "begetteth a dismall dreame" (1594c, C4^{v}/1:357). It is with reference to such a similiar "popular saying" that Freud *begins* his discussion of the stimuli and sources of dreams: "dreams come from the stomach" (Freud 1900, 2-3: 22/4:22). This is the hearsay evidence that nourishes the "somatic" account so attractive to lay opinion but which needs to be supplemented by the more metapsychologically *geistreich* explanation which Freud will provide. Nashe for his part goes on to describe how discontented blood allows "light imperfect humours" to ascend to the head (1594c, C4^{v}/1:357). But the demotic explanation should have provided both writers with a little more food for thought.

Digestion *covers up* the transformation from the external and the physical to the internal and the mental because in the proprioception of the stomach it is no longer possible to *see* whether it is the thing that has been swallowed or some part of ourselves that is the source of the discontent. The thing may or may not have, has and has not already become a part of us; the discontent arises in the digestive absorption of what is known as a *content*, the process whereby a thing becomes part of us. We can no longer see the thing and so can no longer be sure whether *it* is still there, whether there is still a difference between it and us

The properly external things that can cause dreams, as discussed by both Nashe and Freud, are frequently equally hard to place; not because they are inside us, but because we can't tell *where or what* they are· things that go bump in the night. An alarming number of the "things" that can serve as the external stimuli to dreams in both Freud's and Nashe's

accounts are actually *noises*. Indeed, the shiftiness of the audible rightly haunts Nashe's whole "discourse of apparitions," as *The terrors* is subtitled. "A Dreame is nothing els," he concludes at the end of a page, "but the Eccho of our conceipts in the day" (1594c, C4/1:356). But at the top of the next page he changes his mind:

> But other-while it fals out, that one Eccho borrowes of another: so our dreames (the Ecchoes of the day) borrow of anie noyse we heare in the night.
>
> As for example; if in the dead of the night there be anie rumbling, knocking or disturbaunce neere vs, wee straight dreame of warres, or of thunder. If a dogge howle, we suppose we are transported into hell, where we heare the complaint of damned ghosts. If our heads lye double or vneasie we imagine we vphold heauen with our shoulders like *Atlas*. If wee bee troubled with too manie clothes, then we suppose the nightmare rides vs. I knew one that was crampt, and hee dreamt that hee was torne in peeces with wylde horses; and another, that hauing a blacke sant brought to his bed side at mid-night, dreamt he was bidden to dinner at Iron-mongers Hall. (C4^{v}/1:356-57)

Freud's account of external stimuli is frequented by the audible as well, and the dream-content produced by these noises is similarly largely violent in nature. Many of the dreams caused by outside things involve torture, and a surprising number are centered around social insurrection: the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and "the June days of 1848" (Freud 1900, 2-3:2/4:25). Thunder becomes battle; a cockcrow, a cry of horror; a hot poultice suggests the scalping blade of the "Red Indian"; gout, a session on the rack; scissors being sharpened, alarm bells. A dream of Maury's, Freud tells us, has become famous: his headboard having fallen across the back of his neck, he apparently back-dreamt an elaborate fantasy leading up to his heroic guillotining during the Reign of Terror. Much later Freud returns to this notorious dream to suggest that the *nachtraglich* lead-up to the dreamified external stimulus could only have been elaborated so swiftly if this "wish-fulfilment" fantasy was already present in Maury's unconscious, biding its time until a physiological pretext should present itself: a dream just waiting to happen (Freud 1900, 2-3:499ff/5:495ff; a presumably more obvious wish-fulfillment will be recalled from Mercutio's Queen Mab speech, where, when the gossamer waggoner drives her cart over the neck of the soldier it is *he* who dreams of cutting *other people's* throats, foreign throats).

Peculiarly, Nashe too speaks of executioners, but in dealing with the *egress* of discontenting matter and dream-stuff from out the portals of sense perception (the nose, the mouth, the eyes, the ears), rather than with the *ingress* of such matter through them: "There were gates in *Rome* out of which nothing was carried but dust and dung, and men to execution: so, manie of the gates of our senses serue for nothing but to conueigh out excrementall vapors, & afrighting deadly dreames, that are worse than executioners vnto vs" (Nashe 1594c, D1/1:357).

Freud's discussion of Maury's dream of execution centers on an heroic wish-fulfillment. In progressively purpler prose, Freud imagines Maury's identification with one of "those formidable figures who, by the power alone of their thoughts and flaming eloquence, ruled the city in which the heart of humanity beat convulsively in those days." Maury's recollection of being led to the guillotine "surrounded by a throng of people stretching as far as the eye could see [*unubersehbaren Menschenmenge*]" suggests to Freud that his dream was "in fact of

this ambitious type" (Freud 1900, 2-3:501/5:497). (Freud seems to suppose that this crowd represents popular admiration in Maury's dream, not a lynch mob or host of bloodthirsty gawkers.) In Nashe's dream-execution, judge, prosecutor and executioner are demonic rather than demotic, cross-examining us somewhere inside dark and isolated selves: "so when Night in her rustie dungeon hath imprisoned our ey-sight, and that we are shut seperatly in our chambers from resort, the diuell keepeth his audit in our sin-guilty consciences, no sense but surrenders to our memorie a true bill of parcels of his detestable impieties. The table of our hart is turned to an index of iniquities, and all our thoughts are nothing but texts to condemne vs" (Nashe 1594c, B1/1:345). The two executions make an unexpected juxtaposition: for it is not the fin-de-siècle Freud's, but the Elizabethan Nashe's that converts external detail into psychic interiority. The devil's whispered "audit" in Nashe privatizes the "fatal summons" of the *Comité* in Freud's version of Maury's dream; Nashe's "hart" that is "an index of iniquities" is expanded to the throbbing urban "heart of humanity" in the Freudian Paris, and the inability to see beyond the throng there is reduced to the inability to see outside *oneself* in Nashe's night. The persecutors in Freud are a socially and politically conditioned tyrannical collectivity carrying out "the will of the people": in Nashe a demonized self or other (difficult to say), acting "as Gods executioner" (B3/1:348), an autocrat of the abandoned soul. The night is the devil's, to whom "our creator for our punishment hath alloted it [...] as his peculiar segniorie and kingdome" (B2/1:346). The difference between the devil and the poor souls he subjugates is sometimes discernible; now and then he reveals himself as the nocturnal potentate of woe he really is, but otherwhiles he travels disguised through his kingdom trying to persuade us to share his malcontent state: "Like a cunning fowler, to this end he spreadeth his nets of temptation in the darke, that men might not see to auoyd them" (B2/1:346-47). At the top of the page Nashe had been comparing day and night themselves to birds in the Bible: the dove sent out from Noah's ark "that returneth to our eyes with an Oliue branch of peace in his mouth (presenting quiet and securitie to our distracted soules and consciences)" and the "raven of the valley" (Proverbs 30.17) that "pecks out mens eyes in the valley of death" (B2/1:346). Blinded, "[i]n the quiet silence of the night" we turn to these birds, and it is we who will be trapped in the springes of his empiry of evil if once *we* grant *him* (disguised as us) "audience": "Those that catch birdes imitate their voyces, so will hee imitate the voyces of Gods vengeance, to bring vs like birds into the net of eternall damnation" (B3/1:348).

The voice that tells us here of the day-doves and night-ravens is also the voice that tells us of the devil's ability to imitate bird-calls to capture the aviform bodies of our souls, the same voice that tells us that "the least thought of faith" will cause the apparitions with which the devil would trap us to be "quite vanished and put to flight" (Ibid.). The devil, we hear, is a voice-varier, a form-shifter, and the legerdemain of his illusions will be swifter than the unheeded "faith" of the I, if we give in to his patter; for he "can cogge as quicke as thought." But how do we know in the dark to whom we are listening? The devil is polyphonic, multiple: "there is not a roome in anie mans house, but is pestred and close packed with a campe royall of diuels," and their "segniorie and kingdome" seems to be founded precisely on our inability to see: "Don *Lucifer* himselfe, their grand *Capitano*, asketh no better throne than a bleare eye to set vp his state in" (B4/1:349).

The opening of Nashe's "discourse of apparitions," then, tells how the night is the realm in which our vision, forced inward, is subject to the hypnagogic rule of the devil, made possible by our vulnerability to his discourse, our inability to shut out the audible. As birds are caught by bird-calls, our thoughts are caught by voices that imitate other thoughts, other voices; God, the devil.

But Nashe goes on to try to separate out the devil from the self by putting something between them; dreams result from an intoxication of the senses (those emissaries between inside and out, head and stomach), when the lower strata churn in melancholy and discontent, "those organicall parts which to the minde are ordained embassadours, doo not their message as they ought, but by some misdiet or misgouernment being distempered, faile in their report and deliuer vp nothing but lyes and fables" (C3/1:354). They have been drugged by this melancholy, which may have resulted from the infiltration of a foreign agent ("misdiet") allowed in by "misgouernment" of the body. The state of unrest is displeasingly dyspeptic, like the upset caused by whatever disagrees with us. Whatever we have failed to accomodate in governing our selves sticks in our craw and comes back in other forms to haunt us: "A dreame is nothing els but a bubling scum or froath of the fancie, which the day hath left vndigested" (C3^{v}/1:355). But the result of misgovernance in the dream-state is a violent anarchy:

> No such figure of the first Chaos whereout the world was extraught, as our dreames in the night. In them all states, all sexes, all places are confounded and meete together.
>
> Our cogitations runne on heapes like men to part a fray, where euerie one strikes his next fellow. From one place to another without consultation they leap, like rebells bent on a head. (C4/1:356).

The head that rolls during the insurrection of the dream-state is the head that has allowed the discontent through misgovernance; to the guilty conscience night brings the treason of thought. Such a misruling head can swiftly become the "slaue" of superstition (D1^{v}/1:358), but the examples Nashe now gives are of actual political leaders who had unquiet sleep and whose mental forebodings were then more or less borne out by real life upsets:

> *Darius* King of the *Medes* and *Persians*, before his fatall discomfiture, dreamt hee saw an Estrich with a winged crowne ouer-running the earth, and deuouring his Iuel-coffer, as if it had been an ordinarie peece of yron. That Iuel-coffer was by *Alexander* surprized, and afterward *Homers* Workes in it carried before him, euen as the Mace or Purse is customably carried before our Lord Chancelor.
>
> *Hannibal* dreamed a little before his death, that hee was drowned in the poysonous Lake *Asphaltes*, when it was presently his hap within some few dayes distance, to seeke his fate by the same meanes in a vault vnder earth. (D1^{v}-D2/1:359).

This "poysonous Lake," perhaps, leads Nashe into a digression on Iceland, with its "bottomlesse Lake *Vether*, ouer which no fowle flies but is frozen to death" and round which the inhabitants "are deafned wyth the hideous roring of his waters when the winter breaketh vp, & the yce in his dissoluing gives a terrible cracke like to thunder, when as out of the

midst of it (as out of *Mont-Gibell*) a sulphureous stinking smoak issues, that welnigh poysons the whole Countrey" (D2^{v}/1:360). This groaning lake (actually in Sweden) is the orifice that eerily doubles the gaping volcano of Mt. Hekla, which "a number conclude to bee hell mouth; for neere vnto it are heard such yellings and groanes, as *Ixion*, *Titius*, *Sisiphus*, and *Tantalus*, blowing all in one trumpet of distresse, could neuer conioyned bellowe foorth" (D3/1:359). Nashe says he has wandered into this insular realm because his "theame is The terrors of the Night, and *Island* [as he spells it] is one of the chiefe kingdomes of the night" (D2^{v}/1:360). With this discovery of Iceland, Nashe has reached the infernal center of his pamphlet, which has thus far been haunted by devils, birds, discontent humors, uneasy rulers, rumors of war, voices or noises in the dark, and an overall indigestion. The second half will be somewhat glibber and given to a bit more garrulous whistling in the dark, but many of the phantoms of the first part come back like recurrent nightmares to turn the game grim when we least expect it. These uncanny revenants are somewhat prepared for by Nashe's midpoint recognition of the oneiric nature of his own discourse of apparitions:

> I care not much if I dream yet a little more: & to say the troth, all this whole Tractate is but a dreame, for my wits are not halfe awaked in it: & yet no golden dreame, but a leaden dreame is it; for in a leaden standish I stand fishing all day, but haue none of Saint *Peters* lucke to bring a fish to the hooke that carries anie siluer in the mouth. And yet there be of them that carrie siluer in the mouth too, but none in the hand: that is to say, are verie bountifull and honorable in their words, but except it be to sweare indeed, no other good deedes comes from them. (D3/1:360-61)

In the second half, Nashe takes on a more skeptical tone, distinguishing more minutely historically-verified true "visions [...] sent from heauen to foreshew the translation of Monarchies" (D4/362), from mere dreams, interpreted by those conjuring silver-mouthed opportunistic courtiers who would "prognosticate treasons and conspiracies, in which they were vnderhand inlincked themselues" so that their complicity could not be suspected if the treachery came to light (D4-D4^{v}/1:362-63). Such pseudo-diviners have now set themselves up around London, "not in the hart of the Cittie" but "in the skirtes and out-shifts" (E1^{v}/1:364), where they ingratiate themselves with noblemen and eventually are entertained "for one of their priuie counsaile" by "great Peeres" (E2^{v}/1:366). A conjuring courtier of this sort is a "medium" in a twofold sense; a spiritualist double agent, he traffics between factions: "All malcontents entending anie inuasiue violence against their Prince and Countrey runne headlong to his oracle. Contrarie factions enbosome vnto him their inwardest complots, whilest he like a craftie Iacke a both sides, as if he had a spirite still at his elbow, reciprocallie embowelleth to the one what the other goes about; receiuing no intelligence from anie familiar, but their own mouths" (E2^{v}-E3/1:367).

One may recall the alchemical arguments of M. C. Bradbrook (1936) *et al.* whereby Nashe would be here alluding to and half-mocking a mysterious "school of night" patronized by Ralegh and overseen by the archimage Thomas Harriot, a coven of crypto-catholic "scientists" and intriguers. With them, in fact, even Harvey and some of the others Frances Yates was formerly wont to team up with him (Yates 1934) could probably now be allied--thanks to the lucubrations of W. Schrickx--under a general giddy head of "inspired

melancholy" (Yates 1979, 144), as against the sanguine enclave, postulated by Bradbrook, that included Shakespeare and Southampton, with Nashe as a fence-sitter. But the passage can be related to "inspired melancholy" in a different way, for its worry over malcontents who would disrupt the crown running headlong to this sorcerer uncannily recalls, does it not?, the vapors invading the head on account of discontent humors which in the first part of the pamphlet accused melancholy of being "the mother of dreames, and of all terrours of the night whatsoeuer" (C4^{v}/1:357). Melancholy, like the malcontent, does not actually invade the head itself; a rumor of the discontent is filtered through to the head by a medium. But whereas previously these agitations were misreported as it were by an inebriated ambassador, they are now mis*represented* by a duplicitous charlatan, who gives a false report of true discontent. The latent *content* of the courtly conjuror is an allegory of the senses in the dream-state–not as intoxicated emissaries, but as opportunistic schemers. And the difference between "dreams" and true "visions" suddenly becomes patent: dreams are fictions that get *interpreted* by quacks, they are not unmediated "visions." Visions are realized, but are not interpreted beforehand; dreams are mis-interpreted and then fail to be borne out by history. Nashe gives examples of three emperors whose dreams did *not* come true: Louis XI, who dreamt he "swam in blood on the toppe of the *Alpes*" a dream falsely interpreted by "Father *Robert* (a holy Hermit of his time)" (F1^{v}/1:371); Charles V, who refused Cornelius Agrippa's offer of supernatural succour after the magician had "expounded" an apparently ominous dream he had dreamt, but who then went on nevertheless to triumph; and "*Alphonso* King of *Naples*," a *self*-interpreter who saw in his night vision before the "rumor of the French Kings comming into *Italy*" an omen of the peaceful outcome of their contention:

> but far otherwise it fell out; for the French King came indeed, and he [Alphonsus] was driuen thereby into such a melancholy extasie, that he thought the verie fowles of the ayre would snatch his Crowne from him; and no bough or arbour that ouershadowd him, but enclosed him, and tooke him prisoner; and that not so much but the stones of the street sought to iustle him out of his Throne. (F2/1:372).

Nashe informs us that the misinterpretation attached to whatever proceeds "from anie vapourous dreggie parts of our blood or our braines" is the reason that "Learning" has been banished by the Turks: "because it is euerie daye setting men together by the eares, mouing straunge contentions and alterations, and making his professors fainthearted and effeminate" (F2^{v}/1:372). It serves no purpose, in Nashe's mind, to amplify the "disordered skirmishing and conflicting of our sensitiue faculties" in the dream-state with waking analyses and "too busie examining of our paines ouer-passed" (F2^{v}/1:373). In a series of interconnecting analogies, Nashe compares discoursing on the apparition to a master's tormenting preaching at a boy waiting for his breeching "a long time all law and no Gospel, ere he proceed to execution," or to the slow death of consumption, worse than death itself, and to "long depending hope friuolously defeated, than which there is no greater miserie on earth; & so *per consequens* no men in earth more miserable than courtiers" (F3/1:374). Such a person is only progressively weakened and oversensitized to misery through his desperate attachment to illusions spawned by the double-dealingness of possibility; eventually "anie terror, the least illusion in the earth, is a *Cacodæmon* vnto him. His soule hath left his bodie; for why, it is flying after these ayrie

incorporeate Courtly promises, and glittring painted allurements; which when they vanish to nothing, it lykewise vanisheth with them^ (G1/1:376-77). All of these lingerings--hope, disease, lecturing, interpretation--are fates worse than death, in that they simply postpone the fatal event in agonizing consciousness; they are finally like dying of a broken heart: "hee whom greefe vndertakes to bring to his end, hath his hart gnawen in sunder by little & little with vultures, like Prometheus" (G1/1:377).

As an extenuation and amplification of an unhappy and in some sense false consciousness, melancholy is indeed the sickness unto death, and Nashe's way out, fleetingly glimpsed through *The terrors of the night*, in fact demands a reappropriation of one's consciousness and one's responsibility for it: "Euerie one shapes his owne feares and fancies as he list" (G1^v^/1:377). Indeed, Nashe's keen sense of the economics of consciousness suggests to him a deliberate administration of unhappy consciousness not at all unlike the "anti-selfconsciousness" which Geoffrey Hartman claims to have been developed by the late Romantics to combat their own romantic anxiety (cf. Hartman 1970). As a form of melancholy, such anxiety was after all a commonplace in the Elizabethan age, apparently brought on by the breakdown of a hegemonic episteme caused by the explosion in learning, voyages of discovery, religious schizophrenia, unprecedented social mobility, and so on. Small wonder in such a situation if "ouermuch agitation of the mynd" led to atrabilious attacks upon "Magistrates and Officers in the Commonwealth, or Studentes which at vnseasonable times sit at their Bookes & Studies" (Lemnius 1576, 136^v^). Some Elizabethans, like the postromantics, recognized a possible source of melancholy in excessive contemplation and battled it with their own anti-melancholics, as exemplified in the constantly repeated advice Gabriel Harvey gives himself in his commonplace book to "post on to practis" (G. Harvey MS.b, 16/89): "He is A uery swadd, & sott that, dullith, or bluntith ether witt, or boddy with any lumpish, or Malãcholy buzzing abowt this, or that" (7/87). Self-absorption is only a lingering disease, uncertainty and hesitation cancers of the stomach to which death would be preferable.

But the interest of Nashe's own pamphlet has rested on the anxious "fantastic realism" he has maintained throughout, the hesitation and doubt as to whether sources of trouble are within or without, natural or supernatural, real or imagined, to be interpreted or ignored. Such "fantastic realism," as Todorov suspected, *depends on* uncertainty; there can be no sense of the real without it:

> If certain events in the universe of a book are put forward as imaginary, they thereby contest the imaginary nature of the rest of the book. If this or that apparition is only the product of an overexcited imagination, it is because everything that surrounds it is real. Far from being a glorification of the imaginary, fantastic literature posits the majority of a text as belonging to the real, or more precisely, as motivated by it, like a name given to a pre-existing thing. (Todorov 1970, 176).

Nashe maintains the dichotomy between real visions and unreal dreams, but it is often not clear which "things" in his text he is positing as real and which as imaginary. This is especially true of the long set piece near the end of the pamphlet, which he introduces on the heels of his insistence that we fashion our own fancies:

> I write not this, for that I thinke there are no true apparitiõs or prodigies, but to shew how easily we may be flouted if we take not great heed, with our own anticke suppositions. I will tell you a strange tale tending to this nature: whether of true melancholy or true apparition, I will not take vpon me to determine. (Nashe 1594c, G1^{v}/1:378).

It is here that Nashe relates the mysterious deathbed discourse of "a Gentleman of good worship and credit" who had fallen sick at his home where Nashe had been staying "in Februarie last [...] in the Countrey some threescore myle off from London," and who had "pretended to haue miraculous waking visions" which before he died he "avouched" to "a great Man of this Land" who had then subsequently reported them to Nashe, or so it would seem (G1^{v}-G2/1:378).

The series of apparitions had begun the first day of his illness, when the gentleman "visibly saw (as he affirmed) al his chamber hung with silken nets and siluer hookes, the diuell (as it should seeme) comming thether a fishing [...] with the nets he feard to be strangled or smothred, & with the hooks to haue his throat scracht out, and his flesh rent and mangled" (G2/1:378). This vision is replaced by one of "a cõpanie of lusty sailers [...] carousing and quaffing in large siluer kans to his helth. Fellowes they were that had good big pop mouths to crie Port a helme Saint George, and knew as well as the best what belongs to haling of bolings yare, and falling on the star-boord buttocke." These are apparently seen as a temptation, but the invalid refuses their "drunken proffers" and "sayd hee highly scorned and detested both them and their hellish disguisings" (G2/1:378-79). The "third course" follows, "stately diuels" in bravery and jewelry, "louely youths and full of fauour" who deck the room with treasure and set up a "Princely royall Tent" into which Lucifer makes an imperial entrance, sending to the sick man "a gallant Embassadour, signifying thus much, that if hee would serue him, hee should haue all the rich treasure that he saw there or anie farther wealth hee would desire" (G2^{v}/1:379). The gentleman piously declines and the Satanic regalia departs. Here there is a strange lapsus in Nashe's account; the vision of the devil's pavillion was served up as the "third course," but the next is introduced as follows: "Then did ther, for the third pageant present themselues vnto him, an inueigling troupe of naked Virgins." This bizarre misnumbering opens the longest of Nashe's "amplifications" of the gentleman's visions, retailing the dancing and lascivious offers of these naked maids and continually spinning off into out-of-control hypotyposis. "Their daintie feete," for instance, "in their tender birdlike trippings, enameld (as it were) the dustie ground; and their odiferous breath more perfumed the aire, than Ordinance would, that is charged with Amomum, Muske, Cyuet, and Amber-greece" (G3/1:380). The sick man's "vision" here has even suddenly given way to olfactory detail, and we assume such details must be Nashe's. The "fourth Act" features "sober attyred Matrones" who offer to pray for the man. To thus he acquiesces, and they kneel around his bed praying for him half an hour (G3^{v}/1:381) until the vision is broken off by what is undoubtedly the most uncanny passage in Nashe's account:

> Rising vp agayne on the right hand of his bed, there appeared a cleare light, and with that he might perceiue a naked slender foote offring to steale betwixt the sheets to him.
>
> At which instant, entred a messenger from a Knight of great honour thereabouts, who sent him a most precious extract quintessence to drinke:

> which no sooner he tasted, but he thought hee saw all the fore-named Enterluders at once hand ouer head leap, plunge, & drowne themselues in puddles and ditches hard by, and hee felt perfect ease. (G4/1:381)

But the ease does not last long: "within fowre houres after, hauing not fully settled his estate in order, hee grewe to trifling dotage, and rauing dyde within two daies following" (G4/1:381-82). "God is my witnesse," as Nashe ironically puts it,

> in all this relation, I borrowe no essential part from stretcht out inuention, nor haue I one iot abusde my informations; onely for the recreation of my Readers, whom loath to tyre with a course home-spunne tale, that should dull them woorse than Holland cheese, heere and there I welt and garde it with allusiue exornations & comparisons: and yet me thinks it comes off too goutie and lumbring. (G4/1:382)

Nashe's amplification of detail--authorized because "Truth is euer drawne and painted naked, and I haue lent her but a leathern patcht cloake at most to keepe her from the cold" (G4-G4^{v}/1:382)--calls into question just whose visions and dreams we are actually talking about here. The second part of Nashe's pamphlet has featured more uneasy rulers, fraudulent seers, rumors and humors. The birds have been turned back into our persecutors (Alphonso's "fowles," the vultures on Prometheus), and we by implication have now become fish for whom the devil spreads his silken nets. "Are there anie doubts which remaine in your mynde vndigested?" Nashe asks the reader (G4^{v}/1:382), and indeed we may respond that the material with which he has glutted us is beginning to whee borborygmically for the digestive action of a unifying reading. The picture as read is certainly unstomachably grotesque, just as Horace had promised would be a book

> cuius, velut aegri somnia, vanae
> fingentur species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
> reddatur formae.
>
> [...whose idle fancies, like the dreams of a sick man, are fashioned so that neither head nor foot can be put down to a single shape.] (*Ars poetica*, 7-9)

Such a scrambled picture of things, like a rebus, needs to have its material repieced together to make sense. We would seem now to have enough of that material in front of us to make a few tentative attempts at interpretation. But an obstacle is placed in our way by our uncertainty about whose dream we are in fact discussing. The voices we hear there in the dark, which, like the discourse of apparitions, may be God's, the devil's, or our own, themselves urgently pose the fundamental *question de conscience* of psychoanalysis, and of the prosaic as well: *"qui parle?"* But just as important in interpretation is the complementary query: *"qui écoute?"* (cf. Genette's precisions: 1983, 43). Whose dreams are we interpreting here, and what do the dreams augur?

The answer to the second question will be inextricably caught up in our answer to the first. One such answer which a learned tradition will effortlessly produce is that the dream-material of Nashe's pamphlet wells up from a bottomless collective unconscious of intertextuality: the dreams are the dreams of the text. But it is difficult to be certain of this because the

corroborative evidence is strangely lacking here. Nashe's editor McKerrow was unusually embarrasssed in a search for sources, and even C. G. Harlow, who found an inspiration for a number of passages in Henry Howard's *Defensatiue against the posion of supposed prophesies* (1583), suspected that Nashe had "invented the dreams," and pointed out that in the case of the three unfulfilled dreams of princes, where only that of Alphonso seems to find even a slight inspiration in Howard's text, "the further Nashe goes from Howard, the more confused the historical framework of each becomes" (Harlow 1965, 43). Harlow faithfully observes how textual sources existed from which the dreams could have partially been "built up," but his argument nevertheless involves a recurrence to *Nashe's* personality, his "fascination," for instance, with "[s]tories about Agrippa" (44). At least in a certain sense, then, for Harlow the dreams we are talking about are essentially Nashe's own. This is much more the argument, predictably, in the interpretation offered by Nashe's biographer, Charles Nicholl, who senses in the pamphlet a foreboding of a religious crisis to come, and the product of a "decidely unsettled" period Nashe spent in the country, where he supposedly wrote it: "Deprived of the bustle and business of literary London, he turned in on himself, his voluble fidgety temper bottled up, his inquisitive mind aggravated into neurotic self-doubt" (Nicholl 1984, 153). In the fenny, foggy melancholy-producing damp of a country house at Conington, Nicholl suggests, something was rotten in the state of dream-work: "One hopes, but doubts, he slept well" (Ibid.). A similar concentration on Nashe's personality leads Stephen Hilliard to suppose that "*The Terrors of the Night* is an effort at exorcism, not in the disallowed medieval manner, but in the new rationalistic fashion that culminates for us in psychoanalysis" (Hilliard 1986, 101).

Tracing these dreams back to Nashe's stay in the country, and in fact to the specific incident of the dying man's visions, does not exceed the bounds of a naturalistic explanation of the text under analysis. In the pamphlet itself, Nashe asserts that it had as its "accidentall occasion [...] this dreame or apparition (call or miscall it as you will, for it is yours as freely as anie wast paper that euer you had in your liues)" (G4^{v}/1:382). The dying man's visions, then, served as the stimulus or external motivation for all the material in the pamphlet. But this does not necessarily lend support to the view that the dreams in it are Nashe's. Harlow had gone to considerable effort to prove that this mysterious country house at which Nashe was staying was "at Conington, near Huntington, in the house of the wealthy antiquary Robert Cotton" (Harlow 1961, 9), where Thomas Cotton, Robert's father, had in fact died in 1592. If we accept Harlow's theory (as scholars have), we can allow ourselves to trace all of the dreams back to the visions of Thomas Cotton. But this ignores the status of those visions as *pre*texts. For the other half of Harlow's argument is that *The terrors of the night* was only *written* in February 1593, when Nashe first heard of Cotton's death (which, however, had occurred the previous May). Following up Nashe's opening remark that "[a] litle to beguile time idely discontented, and satisfie some of my solitarie friends heere in the Countrey, I haue hastily vndertooke to write of the wearie fancies of the Night" (B1/1:345), Harlow suggests that the pamphlet was in fact written for the dead man's *son*, Robert Cotton, and his circle of antiquaries. This becomes much more persuasive after Harlow has offered evidence that Robert Cotton was "ill or depressed in spirits a few months after his father's death in 1592, and that his affliction was due to melancholy" (Harlow 1961, 18). Harlow suggests that Cotton's melancholy was the source of the pamphlet, and that it was perhaps meant to serve

as one of the "short papers on a set subject" by which the "discussions of the Society of Antiquaries were regularly opened" (20).

Here we would seem to have a textually and historically plausible, if still hypothetical, answer to the query: whose dreams are these anyway? But a further consideration must enter into our analysis. The pamphlet may have been largely *written* in February 1593 for Robert Cotton, and occasioned by interest in the circumstances of his father's death and his own subsequent melancholy, but it was not *published* until 1594, when Nashe had come under the protection of Sir George Carey, and had been staying with him in the Isle of Wight, of which Sir George was the governor (*The terrors* is somewhat grotesquely dedicated to his daughter Elizabeth, a "cleare Lampe of Virginitie," and "cleare (if anie liuing) from the originall sin of thought" [Nashe 1594c, A2/1:341]). The dreams are actually Carey's, then, and support is once again lent to our hypothesizing by the historical sense of Harlow:

> Nashe need not have had a special occasion for finishing and publishing *The Terrors of the Night* in 1594, but a suitable occasion did arrive that year from events with which Nashe was clearly connected. On 16 April Fernando, Earl of Derby, died after ten days' illness during which he was subject to dreams and hallucinations. [...] There were several suspicious circumstances, and some attributed the death to witchcraft. (Harlow 1961, 22)

Harlow adds that Carey soon heard of the death, "believed the accusations of witchcraft, and was taking steps to apprehend one of the suspects" (22-23). What's more, Fernando Stanley, when he had still been Lord Strange, "had been (by the most acceptable identification) the *Amyntas* who was Nashe's patron in 1592 and the *Lord S.* to whom he dedicated *The Choice of Valentines*" (23).

Thus, *The terrors of the night* would in fact be Carey's, and their publication would have been facilitated by the death of the one-time Lord Strange. This would have functioned as the accidental occasion upon which the opportunistic manifold of the more or less pre-formed discourse of apparitions would have seized as a pretext for coming forth, in much the same way as Maury's "wish-fulfillment" dream of execution made use of the fallen headboard in Freud's account. That the dream was finally Carey's is supported by what is generally taken to be a late insertion in the pamphlet. Directly on the heels of Nashe's comparison of melancholy to lingering hope unrequited, he tells of his own journey to "a fortunate blessed Iland, nere those pinnacle rocks called the Needles" (i.e. Carey's Isle of Wight; Nashe 1594c, F3/1:374). Nashe spends considerable effort on praise of the island, "a fertill plot fit to seat another Paradize, where, or in no place, the image of ancient hospitalitie is to be found" (Ibid.). He is eager to disassociate his enthusiasm for his newfound patron from the unhealthy expectation of the courtier he has just diagnosed as a lingering disease: those who do not know his patron may be tempted to see his encomium as "words idly begotten with good lookes, and in an ouer-ioyed humour of vaine hope slipt from me by chance," i.e., as illusions nursed by sanguine melancholy. But Nashe insists that on the contrary it is only to Carey that he owes his spiritual well-being:

> Thus I conclude with this chance-medley Parenthesis, that whatsoeuer minutes intermission I haue of calmed content, or least respite to call my wits together, principall and immediate proceedeth from him.
>
> Through him my tender wainscot Studie door is deliuered from much assault and battrie: through him I looke into, and am lookt on in the world; from whence otherwise I were a wretched exile. Through him all my good (as by a conduit head) is conueighed vnto me; and to him all my endeauours (like riuers) shall pay tribute as to the Ocean. (F4/1:375)

Nashe seems to insist here that the transactions between him and Carey are commensal. But the metaphor, a conventional one for the reciprocity of patronage relationships, has its source in Ecclesiastes, where the theme is precisely the impossibility of satisfaction: "Vanitie of vanities" (Eccl. 1:2; Geneva Bible). Submerged in the aquatic image is yet another allegory of the tedium of pointless effort that Nashe has connected with the unhappy and diseased consciousness: "All the riuers go into the sea, yet the sea is not ful: *for* the riuers go vnto the place, whence thei returne, and go" (1:7). The choice of this commensurating image of discursive exchange of goods (also, for example, used by Spenser with regard to himself and Elizabeth [*Faerie Queene*, 6.pr.7]) allows our postulation that there may be undercurrents to Nashe's dream-work which would indeed rely for their psychic force on Nashe's *resistance* to interpretation. Ecclesiastes immediately continues: "All things are ful of labour: man can not vtter it: the eye is not satisfied with seing, nor the eare filled with hearing" (Eccl. 1:8), and the end of the chapter, of course, runs: "For in y^{e} multitude of wisdome *is* much grief: & he that encreaseth knowledge, encreaseth sorowe" (1:18). One recalls Nashe's claim that the Turks banish "Learning, because it is euerie daye setting men together by the eares" (Nashe 1594c, F2^{v}/1:372).

Assuming that the rest of the pamphlet was already pre-fabricated, just waiting around for the death of Stanley and the patronage of Carey to provide external stimulation for publication, could actually facilitate an interpretation that would unite otherwise disparate elements of the dream-material. But to arrive at such an interpretation it would be necessary to make use of that hatieutics of suspicion, to trawl for the source of such material, as we have been eerily inkling, in a *political* unconscious, and to recognize that Nashe has taken this chance opportunity as an occasion to pour his fluvial discourse of apparitions collyrium-like into the waiting ear of his knightly succourer.

Nicholl suggests that in his portrait of conjuring courtiers Nashe wished to *warn* Carey about the dangers of patronizing a magician like Simon Forman, alluding to the tragic fate of Fernando Stanley, who had been similarly involved with Edward Kelley, and was implicated in more than one quasi-Catholic plot to overthrow the throne (Nicholl 1984, 197-201). This may be so, but the dream-pamphlet is eerier than that. As with an actual dream, wish-fulfillments can suddenly turn to dread, roles and positions can shift without warning.

Take for example the leaden standish from which Nashe would expiscate silver-mouthed fish: the fish are patrons, but the bottomless inkpot, like Lake Vether, contains nought but devils; yet Nashe as fisherman is connected with the net-spreading devil himself, whose silver hooks will scratch out the throat and mangle the flesh of the bedridden gentleman. Are patrons the angling devils, or is Nashe?

Perhaps the most astonishing hermeneutic recuperation which a focalization on Carey makes possible, is that of the seeemingly *non sequitur* material relating to the stygian domain of Iceland, which now neatly fills the role of demonic double of Carey's Isle of Wight ("another Paradize"). Wight Nashe has seen, Iceland only heard of, but what he has heard could have had an eerie relevance for Carey, the draconian ruler of an island "realm" (cf. Nicholl 1984, 181f) and dabbler in the occult. Carey's interest in ghosts could have been fed by Nashe's stories of "spirites like rogues," who are "destitute of all dwelling and habitation, and they chillingly complayne if a Constable aske them *Cheuala* in the night, that they are going vnto *Hecla* to warme them" (D2/1:359). Carey was particularly obsessed with witchcraft, and in Iceland they have witches aplenty: "Farre cheaper maye you buy wind amongst them, than you can buy wind or faire words in the Courte" (D2^{v}/1:359). This latter wind is the favor which Nashe later calls "ayrie incorporeate Courtly promises" that "vanish to nothing" (G1/1:377). It would be easier to pay witches for an ill wind that blows no good.

But let us stop right there, before these fowkins become any more embarrassing and we foist ourselves with our own petard. For it just about at this point that the credibility of such a reading has a tendency to start to break down: when one starts to bring in things to be adduced as evidence. "Evidence" is what can be seen; what is right there before one's eyes: the obvious. But the things offered up as exhibits never add up on their own to what we are *told*. It is at this point that the traditional historicist produces from up his sleeve the two passages in Carey's correspondence where the queen's "Knight Marshall" alludes to his fear of an insurrection on the part of the fishermen in the island, or the cryptic lines from a forgotten poem dedicated to the knight where something about silver-mouthed patrons is mentioned; while the new historicists, who go in for more extravagant effects, produce simultaneously from three apparently transparent repositories, statistical correlations between witch-hunts and vagabondage in sixteenth-century France, a capsule history of the Isle of Wight until the Revolution, and selected allusions to fishing in the dedicatory epistles of Jacobean revenge tragedies. The bathos of such moments must be familiar to us all; the more disconcerting in that we are probably firmly persuaded of the desirability, sensibility, and political correctness of such historical approaches to interpretation. But the readings thus produced are still all too similar to those of Freud or Harold Bloom; it all sounds fairly reasonable and plausible as theory until the evidence is brought forth; the things that are supposed to support it are rushed together in a reading. The methodology makes sense, but the *things* do not add up. They are somehow hopelessly pathetic and intractable, and they seem inevitably to be held teeteringly in place by hypotheses, qualifications, adaptations, equivocations, ifs, ands and buts; or else held artily aloft by illusions, conjurings. This is what it really means to be living within a hermeneutics of suspicion--for, as we know, it is no longer the things themselves that are doubtful, but the interpretations. As Paul Ricoeur succinctly put it: "The philosopher brought up in the school of Descartes is aware that things are uncertain, but he has no doubt that consciousness is as it appears to itself. [.] After uncertainty about the thing we have entered into uncertainty about consciousness" (Ricoeur 1965, 41). If that uncertainty authorizes our looking behind the appearances for an unconscious, personal or political, it also breeds an inability to trust in any evidence of any interpretation of any *thing* presented to us in corroboration of a reading. For we know that

there is always a conjuring medium between us and the real, that the real has always been read, and that that conjuring medium may even be ourselves, misrepresenting what is really the matter as a wish-fulfilling dream.

In the epistle to the readers in *Strange newes*, Nashe compares such interpretations to the hypnagogic visions of his "welwillers," who "pretending to see in the darke, talke of strange obiectes by them discouered in the night, when in truth they are nothing else but the glimmering of their eies" (Nashe 1592c, A4^{v}/1:259). "Poore *Pierce Pennilesse*," he complains, "they haue turned to a coniuring booke, for there is not that line in it, with which they do not seeke to raise vp a Ghost" (B1/1:259). He quotes Aretino to the effect that "vpstart Commenters, with their Annotations and gloses had extorted that sense and Morall out of *Petrarch*" which the poet would never have acknowledged. Nashe had not heard of the intentional fallacy, and the unconscious irony of the postfreudian interpretation one could put on his own subsequent denial is consequently lost on him: "So may I complaine that rash heads, vpstart Interpreters, haue extorted & rakte that vnreuerent meaning out of my lines, which a thousand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off" (B1/1:260). We now assume that Nashe is not too likely to be in a position to know *what* he may have dreamt of. But with that knowledge comes an awareness that what *we* have been dreaming may not be manifest to us either.

Still, it is not our *unconscious* interpretational bias that we should be worrying about, but that of the extortionate or embezzling kind; for we all know what we can do with a little juggling of the figures, a bit of legerdemain in the ledger domain, the seductive fortune-telling fabulation of doing "readings" where the medium is the misusage. Nashe insists on the diabolicalness of such a dealing with things: "What sense is there that the yoalke of an egge should signifie gold, or dreaming of Beares, or fire, or water, debate and anger, that euerie thing must be interpreted backward as Witches say their Pater-noster, good being the character of bad, and bad of good?" (D3^{v}/1:361). But this cannot scare *us*; we know that there is a great deal of "sense" in it indeed, and no*thing* else, since we are living in the crapulous morning after Newton's sleep, Nietzsche's dawn, when we are aware that "there are no facts, but only interpretations," and that even the most lucid of empirical "realists" is "still the most passionate and melancholic of creatures in comparison to a fish, and still all too like to a love-sick artist":

> Your love of "truth," for instance--now there's an old, age-old "love." In every feeling, in every sense impression there is a bit of this old love: and in the same way, a kind of freakishness, prejudice, irrationality, unwittingness, fear and I don't know what all else! has been worked and woven into it. That mountain there! That cloud! What is "real" about it? Take away the imaginary and the human *ingredient*, you abstemious ones! Yes, if you *can*! If you could forget your descent, your past, your abc's--the whole of your humanity and animality! There is no "reality" for us--nor for you either, my abstainers--we are not so very unlike one another as you suppose, and perhaps our good intention of climbing out of intoxication is just as praiseworthy as your own belief that you are incapable of it. (Nietzsche 1882, 97-98)

We now "know" that the "real things" are only the hallucinations in a drunkard's or a sick person's dwalm. And yet the things *will* come back to haunt us; the standing pool of a leaden

standish breeds monsters; the screaming blocks of ice breaking up in a pseudo-Icelandic lake awaken us; in the night we hear the voices, no longer sure if they are ourselves, our patrons, God, the devil, or the cries of a disillusioned populace, finally coming to get us. There is no doubt about it: uneasy lies the head that interprets. *Ja, ja,* I can hear Nietzsche chortling: uneasy *lies*.

Stuff and Nonsense: *Praise of the Red Herring*

> *Edg.*The foule fiend haũts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nigh-
> Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring,(tingale.
> Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.
>
> Shakespeare, *King Lear* (1608 quarto)

> Wann und wie kommen Dinge als Dinge? Sie kommen nicht *durch* die Machenschaft des Menschen. Sie kommen aber auch nicht *ohne* die Wachsamkeit der Sterblichen. Der erste Schritt zu solcher Wachsamkeit ist der Schritt zurück aus dem nur vorstellenden, d. h. erklärenden Denken in das andenkende Denken.
>
> Martin Heidegger, *Das Ding*

> [...] howsoeuer I haue toyed, and trifled heretofore, I am now taught, and I truste I shall shortly learne, (no remedie, I must of meere necessitie giue you ouer in the playne fielde) to employ my trauayle, and tyme wholly, or chiefely on those studies and practizes, that carrie as they saye, meate in their mouth [...].
>
> Harvey, Letter to Spenser, April 23, 1579

Nashes Lenten stuffe was written in 1598, when both Nashe and the Sixteenth Century were, equally unmindfully, broaching their demise; both of them were mysteriously gone by 1601, and no one can tell where either of them is buried. *Lenten stuffe* was the last great prose work of the century and the end of the decade's "literature of things." For already with the first years of the seventeenth century we seem to be present at the baleful reinterment of human subjectivities in what Bakhtin, or rather his translators, once beautifully termed "the plots that contain them" (1981, 35). By a "literature of things," incidentally, I mean a literature which, for all of its playing out of the self-conscious rhetorics developed in the previous generation, was the most concretely palpable and seemingly thing-cluttered corpus of the English Renaissance.

Nashe's pamphlets in general appear to offer puzzling examples of this "thingfulness," since they seem so often to brink on the content-free, the *purely* rhetorical or "performative."

Surprisingly those *things* which one would assume to be mere pretexts are somehow much more *there* than is a lot of the ostensibly weightier and more inflated matter one encounters in rhetorically more "substantial" pieces.

Lenten stuffe purports to harbor a guided tour of the town of Yarmouth–the author's haven in a ticklish moment–and a quasi-commercial encomium of that city's unsung benefactor, the red herring. The tour is *de force*, and the "encomium," at least in some sense, mock. Nashe's lexiphanic antics were never bolder, and have led some to see *Lenten stuffe* as a kind of sixteenth-century *Finnegans Wake*. It is not in fact unusual for critics to disregard "content" when confronted with such a hell of words and stylisms; the meaning is the massage–and there for many's the rub. But personally, at least, I still find it hard to ignore all the *stuff* that Nashe's virtuosity drags along in its intricate nets. To grasp the substance of Nashe's pamphlet, I suggest, we need to work toward what I will perfidiously be calling an "extra-rhetorical" reading.

There has been much talk of Nashe's "nihilism" and "themelessness." This goes back at least to an influential statement made by C. S. Lewis: "Paradoxically, though Nashe's pamphlets are commercial literature, they come very close to being, in another way, 'pure' literature: literature which is, as nearly as possible, without a subject. In a certain sense of the verb 'say', if asked what Nashe 'says', we should have to reply, Nothing" (Lewis 1954, 416). This view has been elaborated and darkened by a whole slew of critics who, concentrating on *The vnfortunate traueller*, have come up with a kind of "Nashe Our Contemporary" reading. It was especially prevalent in the 'sixties (e.g. Leech 1963; Lanham 1967; Davis 1969), but has gained a certain popular currency, and was even faintly urged by as historically and classically situated a reader as Mihoko Suzuki (1984), for whom Nashe's perpetual recursion to violence and chaos in his attempts to reflect actuality drive him toward a postmodern "silence." This "nihilism" is tied up with Nashe's "themelessness," again as exemplified for various critics in *The vnfortunate traueller*. He is considered a nihilist because his multiplicity of rhetorical gestures will not jibe, leaving no totalizing authorial meaning schemes or unifying thematics but only the incoherent brute realism of endless action and violence abetted by wordplay. There is some truth to this in speaking of *The vnfortunate traueller*, I think, whose meaningful moments are transient and for the most part the work of structuring or associative mechanisms. But the book is not really themeless, but rather heterothematic in a way which is unsatisfying for the modernist, though not perhaps for the pre- or the post-modernist. Most of Nashe's other pamphlets have relatively discernible "themes": the Montaignesque meditation on dreams in the *Terrors of the night*, the admonitory civic similitudes of the Rev. Gnashe in *Christs teares*, or the flippant pantsing of Harvey by Tom Panache in *Haue with you*, for example. *Lenten stuffe* might be excluded because its themes cannot be taken seriously by a sophisticated reader. Yet like the *Moriae encomium* and other mock encomia of the Renaissance, it is only half-unserious. The history of Yarmouth it offers is, as G. R. Hibbard avowed, "coherent as well as lively" (1962, 243), and C. S. Lewis was led wistfully to sigh that it "is a relief after the somewhat feverish unsubstantiability of his other pamphlets, in so far as it at last brings our mind to bear on things like walls, sand, ships, and tides" (Lewis 1954, 415). I think, as I have said, that *Lenten stuffe* is indeed the Nashe work with the most concrete sense of "presence," and that it

is wrong to consider it devoid of content, for Nashe's pure performativeness actually *leads* to an unparalleled *thingfulness*.

In attempting to understand this seeming incongruency, it will be helpful to consider once again Jonathan Crewe's defense of Nashe's rhetoricity in what is probably still the most souped-up book on Nashe to date, the provocatively titled, *Unredeemed Rhetoric*. Taking cues from French deconstructionists, Crewe wishes to expose the ritual excommunication of literature which approaches "pure performance" or "unredeemed rhetoric" from a metaphysical humanistic great tradition. Thus, he aims at a re-evaluation of the characteristic features of Nashe's prose without attempting to redefine those features; he tacitly accepts the received view of *Lenten stuffe* as "pure style" which "says nothing," admitting that here "Nashe elevates 'themelessness' to a conscious principle" (Crewe 1982, 92). As I have said, I am somewhat at odds with this whole conception of Nashe's work, and there has been something of a move away from it in the criticism of the last few years. Though Stephen Hilliard supplements Crewe's sentiments by remarking that "[r]hetoric often overwhelms substance," he had already insisted that here Nashe's irony for once "does not undercut the praise of Yarmouth. [...] Nashe has found an ideal to set against his satiric vision in a fishing port, not in a humanistic tract. His utopia has a geographical location, flesh-and-blood inhabitants, and a prosperity based on the most mundane of foodstuffs" (Hilliard 1986, 230; 225). Michael D. Bristol had earlier gone so far as to view Nashe's analysis of the market economy of Yarmouth as legitimate and even canny, if still utopian, commentary that "shows a society a way to achieve independence from the land as the exclusive source of subsistence and thus to break the hegemony of propriety ownership" (Bristol 1985, 103.) And most recently, while Lorna Hutson ultimately valorizes the pamphlet's "linguistic substance," she deals with its theme in words which hardly suggest that she thinks it can't stick to a point: "The 'poverty' of *Lenten Stuffe*, as all critics, and indeed the work itself, would agree, is its continual harping on the same subject" (Hutson 1989, 248). But even if we pretend that such thematic content is absent or nugatory or downplayed, can we really ignore the rawer and more obvious (too obvious?) content? It is this crude content which the extra-rhetorical reading hopes to disinter(pret?).

But Crewe's discussion remains useful because he makes explicit the dichotomy lurkingly underriding previous Nashe criticism: that of rhetoric vs logic (with the megrim of "truth" preventing any intercourse between them). As soon as we recognize that it is in these terms that the critical community tends to think, it becomes clear why Nashe is perennially accused of (and now and then extolled for) "themelessness" and lack of content. As Crewe has it, the "problem" with the existing body of Nashe criticism is that "'theme' or 'content' are taken to be primary, while 'writing' is taken to be secondary" (Crewe 1982, 1); but Nashe calls attention to writing or rhetoric or style[5] through the minimalization of "content" or logical development: "*style* becomes not merely the antithesis of *content*, but that which discloses itself in the absence of content" (12). We now see, however, why all of Nashe's critics, Crewe included, insist upon his lack of content or "themelessness," compensated (or not) by

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[5] Terms by no means so equatable in the Derridean discussions which are Crewe's springboards. But we have other fish to fry--unless they are the same?

an overdose of "writing"–it is because by "content" they mean logical argument, plenitude of sense, or unifying meaning schemes.

What this implied dichotomy of rhetoric vs. logic actually discloses is a pervasive literary-critical belief in the power of systematic form in general, be it logical or rhetorical, to *intend*, or do anything else, without extratextual interference–the pervasive ignorance of the fundamental (yet still mental) power of *things* to overcome the meanings that would embrace them, and the complicitous infidelity of words to the designs of systematic form, as to their own supposedly autotelic interests. The real content of any text is not meanings, but words and names of things, and words are not necesssarily so inimical to things as we have come to suppose. There is another level beyond the logical *or* rhetorical; there is diversion from the literal text to an extratext, whether or not that extratext is ultimately in some sense a "text" itself. *Things* are there through the words, behind the words, and the *things* remain there *regardless* or even *in spite of* the claims of rhetorical or logical form. Rhetoric has no more priority than logic here. Crewe, however, insists that "[q]uestions of priority (of rhetoric or logic) are always involved, an ultimate power of representation remains at stake, and no equilibrium is possible while the opposing, but also mutually constitutive, terms may each lay claim to ultimate exclusiveness" (89). But there is a third factor beyond this aporiac antinomy. Ignoring rhetorical or logical schemes, *we* may read Nashe's text literally–by which I now mean, of course, *extra-literally*. This, and I'm sure the reader is already halfway over the levee, is where my extra-*rhetorical* reading leads: to a reading that is both more rhetorical than usual and in some ways beyond rhetoric.

But let us luxuriate a moment in the pungent salt air of the merely rhetorical and literal before we head back. Breathe in: those gusts dig deep into your guts and cut out a gusto for the honest kerseyest stuff. Soft and fair, as Nashe tells his readers, "[s]oft and faire my maisters, you must walke and talke before dinner an houre or two, the better to whet your appetites to taste of such a dainty dish as the redde Herring, and that you may not thinke the time tedious, I care not if I beare you company, and leade you a sound walke round about Yarmouth, and shew you the length and bredth of it" (Nashe 1599, B4/3:159). What I am groping towards is really not reading literally or rhetorically, but (and this, of course, is a distinction which can only be conveyed in the literally ineluctible modality of the visible): *littorally*. Amble with me along this slippery shoreline for a moment (which would not be so slippery were it not for the eddying breakwater that separates the literal from the oral), and let's not be afraid for the moment of getting our feet wet. Things will dry out again in no time, you can feel sure.

The thingfulness of Nashe's prose *can* then in part be accounted for by "mere" rhetoric. Lorna Hutson nicely points out how Nashe stresses the "material resourcefulness" of his *language* itself, and its "capacity to create further substance, to increase his material, to 'turne mole-hills into mountaines'" (sic: "mole-hils"; cf. Nashe 1599, A4^{v}/3:151):

> One of the ways in which the illusion of substance and plenty is achieved is by the rich and diverse associations which images accrete within the self-referring confines of pamphlet [sic]. The conventional definition of paradox as means of inflating the trivial, making 'mountains out of mole-hills', is thus associated in this context with Yarmouth's geological and commercial increase, which is in turn made analagous to Nashe's oratorical recovery and the procreativity

which he attributes to metaphor. (Hutson 1989, 260)

Though considered intratextual ("self-referring") and "metaphorical," this illusion is apparently really broadly mimological and "auricular," and Hutson points out such examples as when "[t]he profits of the net-weaving industry come alive in the verbal relationships generated by image and assonance; nets appear to transform themselves into clothes as *braiding* miraculously produces *bread*" (264).

Earlier, Neil Rhodes, in his essentially stylistic analysis, *Elizabethan Grotesque*, had pointed out in some detail elements of style that could account for a more boldly referential concreteness peppering Nashe's fiercely intertextual writing. Discussing similarities in style between Aretino and Nashe, Rhodes drew attention to onomatopoeia or sound effects devices ("as in an earth-quake the ground should open, and a blinde man come feeling pad pad ouer the open Gulph with his staffe" [Nashe 1594d, K2/2:303]), an overall "feeling for the texture of things," and an unparalleled sense for apt physical metaphors ("Pulpit-men" who "writhe Texts lyke waxe" [1593, R1/2:127]). These physical metaphors sometimes overstep their jurisdiction, roughing up the abstract, and Rhodes points out that the author is padpaddingly aware of that void that is "the no-man's land of the non-existent" and that "many of Nashe's coinages and images are designed, like the word 'ploddinger,' to fill that void by rendering in solid terms what was previously a purely abstract concept, and to make that concept comically palpable. Indeed it is one of Nashe's coinages--'palpabrize' ('they cannot grosslie palpabrize or feele God with their bodily fingers')--which perfectly articulates Nashe's transmutation of the verbal into the physical" (Rhodes 1980, 26; cf. Nashe 1593, P2^{v}/2:115).

In *Lenten stuffe* the transmutation Rhodes describes is accompanied and finally occulted by the reverse operation: as the ascendancy of the herring and the fishing trade and the folk of Yarmouth comes to the fore, more metaphysical matter falls away pretty entirely. Nashe really means it when he extols the goodness of lusty Humphrey King, the morrice-dancing "tobacconist's" patron, the "priority and preualence" (Nashe 1599, D3/3:174) of the herring, and the overall pre-eminence of the plain and simple in those rhapsodic potshots of his. Thus, I am only half in accord with Rhodes's statement: "Characterizing literary style itself Nashe makes comically palpable phenomena which are essentially mental" (Rhodes 1980, 41). This is surely one of the charms of Nashe's style, but in *Lenten stuffe* I think he is moving even "beyond" this anti-abstract agenda. Rhodes does, on the other hand, make a remark which I think leaves Crewe's subsequent "unredeemedly rhetorical" construal always already padpaddingly supplemented: "Stylistically self-conscious he is, but the expression is physical, and his tireless manipulation of stylistic effects is intimately connected with his exploration of the stranger realms of physical activity" (Ibid.). Here all that might be cavilled with is "stranger." Rhodes comes very close to pointing out the distinction that I would make to those who see Nashe's writing as devoid of "content" when he admits that "[t]o say that there are themes of high seriousness in Nashe's writing is to suggest an explicit moral and philosophical concern which he plainly does not have to any great degree" (43). He has no unifying *philosophical* content. But even if we preferred to cavil with this and concur with Hutson's more intentionalist view of Nashe's materialistic style, there would *still* be a lot of essentially needless stuff there, politically or epistemologically authorized or not, cluttering up

the "writing" and splashing us awake when the spiel begins to pall.

Much of Nashe's pamphlet, most of his critics on all sides would agree, is mere stuff and nonsense; and it is precisely where there is the least *sense*, the most nonsense, I would argue, that we have a sense of the most *stuff*. At the limits of rhetorical and logical, or even dialogical, overdetermination the things themselves once more begin to emerge. At the upper verges of noncompossible rhetoricity–whap! well, I'll be damned: there's a herring in your lap (or are you just happy to see me?). It is naive to suggest that it is the *Ding an sich* that is served up at such an odd moment–Mussyour Hair Professor Doctor von Herring in poison–but at least it would seem to be the *Ding an mich* or the *Ding für mich*, the thing as it is for me. Style has chased its flapping tail out of existence; rhetoric and logic have shown themselves to be the two faces of the coin with which writing would cozen us, and the "things" in *Lenten stuffe* confess themselves to be lenten stuff indeed, stuff which reality has lent, and which can never belong to writing.

To the extent that rhetoric in *Lenten stuffe* successfully directs us back to *things* it constitutes what I would call a *rhetoric of mentions*. To Nashe's pamphlet and to other highly sophisticated "hetero-rhetorical lyricism" I find I have much the same reaction that I have to works at the other extreme, would-be monological works with a single, all too obvious rhetoric (the pop song): I get next to nothing in terms of message–I get the things themselves, together with little more than whatever meanings they have for me. Works with rhetoric that is either too ineffectual or too exploded must rely on a rhetoric of mentions for their force, and I think that this rhetoric can have a great deal of force indeed. For when rhetoric (or logic, or meaning) is either too poor *or* too rich there opens a chasm and the *reader's* meaning drive, "the pressure of sense," as Gérard Genette has called it, "the semantic horror of a vacuum that is a natural disposition of the mind" (1976, 371), rushes with no critical padpadding of that Joycean ashplant to fill the void with *my* themes, and incidentally (caveat pre-emptor), as Lichtenberg put it, "such works are mirrors: if an ape peers in, no apostle can look back out at him."

Nashe naturally was ever repining his readers' readiness to impose extrinsic interpretations onto his text ("My readers peraduenture may see more into it then I can" [Nashe 1599, K3/3:220], etc.), but the heightened disorder presented by his gallimaufry of stylisms and "themes" (or things) invites precisely this kind of readerly provision; the text takes on the characteristics of what Umberto Eco used to call the "open work," and into that open work the intoxicated reader, like the drunk in Dekker's *Wonderfull yeare*, is bound to tumble face first. In my experience the rhetoric of mentions can thus be an extraordinarily "persuasive" rhetoric, though perhaps it persuades to nothing we do not already "know."

To suggest that Nashe makes *premeditated* use of such a rhetoric would perhaps be to grasp stupidly at some insubstantial heresy or fallacy once again, proclaiming him nihilist or worse (or better). My point, since at the end of the day I still have to subscribe to what Hilliard calls "the unintentional fallacy" (1986, 122), is that the singularity of Nashe's writerly performance leads to such a rhetorical superfluity that whatever Nashe might have persuaded us to is practically irrelevant. In the last analysis (here), Nashe's work manifests nothing but a rhetoric of mentions, and for me, *fur mich*, therein lies its greatness, "as small a hoppe on my thumbe as hee seemeth" (Nashe 1599, E4^{v}/3·186).

Morally and commercially unprofitable, epistemologically and aesthetically incoherent, the stylistic excess and copia of the quotidian which I cannot help but admire may finally betoken a less politically correct materialism (both by Elizabethan and twentieth-century humanist standards) than the utopian ones of Bristol or Hilliard or Hutson. Indeed, Nashe's *extra*-rhetoricity may have been what the mysterious "Gentleman" whose conversation suggested to Harvey the title of his massive tome *against* Nashe meant when he spoke of "Pierce's Supererogation."[6] In his book of the same name, Harvey tells how someone "this other day very soberlie commended some extraordinary giftes in Nashe" (G. Harvey 1593b, D1/2:61), and then quotes from the discourse of this other at length. Frances Yates was confident in her identification of the reported speaker as John Eliot, author of the mock language manual *Ortho-epia gallica* (which appeared from John Wolfe the same year) and theoretically Nashe's ally against Harvey and John Florio *et al*. But it seems more likely to me that we have here an example of Harvey's own pretersarcastic "wit" at its most excruciating, a piece of dramatic irony whose rhetoric is actually for its own part so "supererogatory" as to cancel itself. The speaker shrilly opines that *"Sanguine witt"* will put *"Melancholly Arte to bedd. I had almost said, all the figures of Rhetorique must abate me an ace of Pierces Supererogation"* (D1^{v}/2:63). The praise is meant to fall flat, I think, the rhetoric to undercut itself with ostensibly unintentional connotations of roguery: *"Penniles hath a certayne nimble and climbinge reach of Inuention, as good as a long pole, and a hooke, that neuer fayleth at a pinch"* (Ibid.). But, in what seems to be an uncontrollable ironic runaway, the sarcasm finally undercuts *itself* and what comes through is genuine admiration for Nashe's lively response to "Melancholy Arte": *"Life is a gaming, a tugling, a scoulding, a lawing, a skirmishing, a warre; a Comedie, a Tragedy: the sturring witt, a quintessence of quicksiluer; and there is noe deade fleshe in affection, or courage"* (D1^{v}/2:62). Like real life, the extrarhetorical finally has no excuse for itself, and only incidentally serves the profit motive of discursive resourcefulness still tenuously prized by the institutional settlement at the end of the century, but it carries on anyway. Its "material" can be exploited by that profit motive through the usual processing, but this is gilding a lily: *"Coosen not your selues with the gay-nothings of children, & schollers:*

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[6] Technically, "works of supererogation" were, in Roman catholicism, works performed beyond those God demanded, whose spiritual surplus value could then be reallocated by the Church to others deficient in good works But the phrase was probably heard by Protestant ears with Harvey's extremely negative ring of "arrogance" (the *OED* quotes from *Articles agreed on by Bishoppes 1552*: "Voluntarie woorkes besides, ouer, and aboue Goddes commaundementes, which thei cal woorkes of Supererogation, cannot be taught without arrogancie, and iniquitie"). Those who would argue a crypto-catholicism in Nashe (e.g., Nicholl 1984) might point to his many affirmations of good works (particularly throughout *Christs teares*), and will find that it is from Nashe that Harvey, or his unnamed "Gentleman" friend, picked up the term "supererogation," being employed by Nashe with a more positive accent. He had used it in the opening of his address "to the Gentlemen *Readers*" in *Strange newes*: "The strong fayth you haue conceiu'd, that I would do workes of supererogation in answering the Doctor, hath made mee breake my daye with other important busines I had, and stand darting of quils a while like the Porpentine" (1592c, A4^{v}/1:259). The phrase had been used by Harvey, on the other hand, with its heavily censuring connotations in a passage from his commonplace book, probably written in the 1580s: "when you haue doñ yo^{r} uttermost by witt, & Trauayle, you shall haue fewe workes of Supererogation, to spare for other" (G. Harvey MS.b, 7^{v}-8/88).

no priuitie of learning, or inspiration of witt, or reuelation of misteryes, or Arte Notory, counteruayleable with Pierces Supererogation: which hauing none of them, hath them all, and can make them all Asses at his pleasure" (D2/2:64). "Pierces Supererogation" may be only the accidental creation of a disordered psyche or, on the contrary (as Harvey's grudgingly admirative "Gentleman" implies), an ambition-fueled product of the most highly sophisticated of meta-rhetorical strategies, strategies that Nashe fell upon and exploited in his desperate attempt to be a writer, even though he had "nothing to say." But those who have nothing to say may sometimes give us the most, the "walls, sand, ships and tides" we forgo when we enter the text, or find it hard to put aside for a moment our ongoing exegesis of the prose of the world.

So "[d]ismissing this fruitles annotation *pro et contra*" (Nashe 1594d, D4^{v}/2:245), *"Ad rem"* (1599, D4/3:176), for "logique hath nought to say in a true cause" (1600, G3^{v}/3:279) in any case. Rhetoric is truth; truth, rhetoric: that is all you know and all you need to know. And the only "counterpoison" or *contrepoisson* to rhetoric is of course more rhetoric. But there are still those works that invite us to read beyond the lines, beyond truth and logic, but also beyond rhetoric. *Nashes Lenten stuffe* by this reading is not "self-referring" after all, just *self-reef-herring*: in "its Falstaffian way," it gives itself and us, if we still want it, the world. The net result of an extra-rhetorical reading of *Lenten stuffe* is not Crewe's reading of Derridean *erring* but Nashe's actual writing of an always allruddy red *herring*. Keep the rhetoric, then, and give me *unredeemed redherring*; that, as Nashe said of unwatered-down wine, "begets good bloud, and heates the brain thorowly" (1599, A4^{v}/3:152).

That poor old crumpled academic foil, Gabriel Harvey, used to try to discount the force of Nashe's rhetoric with remarks such as: "There is Logicke inough, to aunsweare Carters Logicke" (G. Harvey 1592, F3/1:214). Harvey, like all of Nashe's critics since, could only envision the vanquisher of unredeemed rhetoric to be logic. Perhaps I am only in a sense pathetic myself if I applaud Harvey for phrasing it, at least once, in a somewhat more substantial manner: "it is not the Affirmatiue, or Negatiue of the writer, but the trueth of the matter written, that carryeth meat in the mouth, and victory in the hande" (1593b, B4/2:47).

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A Note on Texts

Although in the arguments I have put forward it may seem as though I have been following some variant of the maxim of the makers of costume dramas--"modern hair for the stars, authentic hair for the extra[s]" (Hollander 1978, 310, VI.45 caption)--I have in fact *literally* made every exertion to ensure realistic costuming for the stars, while much less effort has been spent on the textual authenticity of the supporting parts. For the works of Robert Greene, Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe I have thus, so far as possible, referred to the original editions, followed by corresponding page references in the most reliable modern editions. In adopting the readings of the original editions I have, both for my own convenience and that of readers, generally followed the exemplars reproduced in readily accessible facsimiles such as those from Scolar Press (where they were available) or else the copies reproduced by University Microfilms International in the collection *Early English Books, 1475-1640.* I have not been able to reproduce all font variations and have been obliged to replace long *s* with its modern allograph, and ligatures with discrete letters, but I have otherwise made every effort to conform to the copy text indicated below.

In the case of Harvey's manuscripts I have referred to the originals whenever they were available to me (in facsimiles; British Library Sloane MS. 93 ["The Letter-Book"] and Add. MS. 32,494 ["The Commonplace Book"]), but where the marginalia is concerned, I've been obliged to rely on the transcriptions to be found scattered through a variety of printed sources. In transcribing from the manuscripts myself I have attempted to arrive at a fair copy which accurately renders the idiosyncrasies of the original, as best I can make them out, but only in the case of chapter three have I made an effort to take account of conflicting deletions, insertions, and so on.

In citing other Elizabethan works I have for the most part been content to make reference to modern editions when they were available, but I have made an effort to give the citation date as that of the original edition adopted as copytext by the editor of the modern edition cited. If not otherwise stated, the place of publication of Elizabethan texts is London. Classical works, and a few "standard" texts such as *The Faerie Queene*, are cited according to their conventional titles and divisions. For quotations from Shakespeare's plays I have followed the reading of the first folio as represented in the Norton facsimile (*The First Folio of Shakespeare*, prepared by Charlton Hinman [New York: Norton, 1968]), citing by traditional act and scene divisions and "through line number" (TLN) in the Norton text. Translations from works not in English are my own except where otherwise indicated.

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