



Shakespeare Matters

*"The Voice
of the
Shakespeare
Fellowship"*

5:2

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments..."

Winter 2005/6

Oxford's Years At Cecil House: The Creation Of A Divided Mind

By Peter Zacharias, PhD

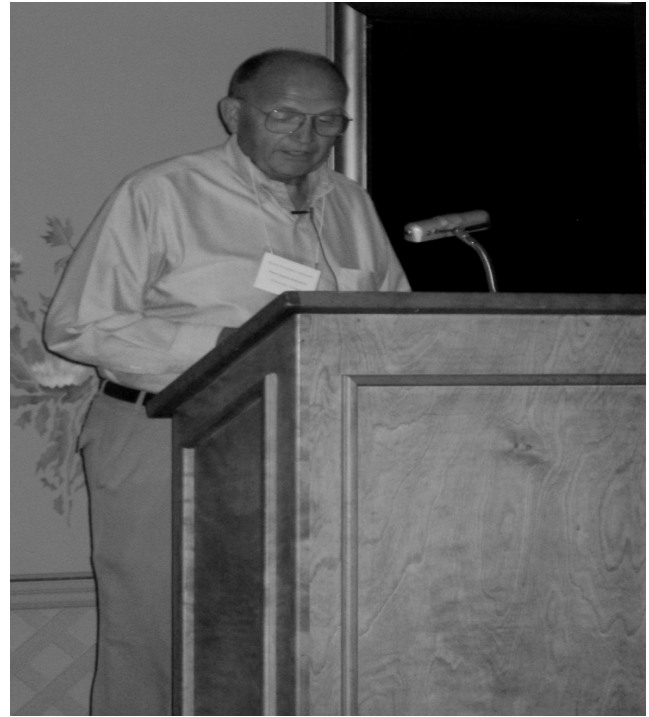
This article describes the formation of a major psychological conflict within Oxford, a conflict created while he was residing in Cecil house from the time he was twelve until he was seventeen, when he went off to study law at the Inns of Court.

A little background material first. In 1561, upon the death of Thomas Parry, her loyal and trusted servant, Queen Elizabeth appointed Sir William Cecil to replace Parry as Master of the Court of Wards. This position was in addition to his other offices and sinecures, and he was to continue to hold it until his death in 1598. The Court of Wards was an institution peculiar to feudal society and only affected those titled nobility whose lands were granted to them on a 'fee-for-service' basis. There were some fifty officers of the court working under Cecil, attorneys and administrators for the most part, whose jobs were to settle family disputes over property rights, a very lucrative service in Tudor society.

In theory the sovereign owned all the lands, and when the titled nobleman died while his son and heir was still a minor, the son became a ward of the court. The income and management of his estates reverted to the sovereign who held them until he became of age. In addition to managing the minor's inheritance, the Master of the Court of Wards had the responsibility of raising the ward, seeing to his education, and arranging his marriage. The ward's marriage was an important dynastic responsibility, and if the ward refused to go through with the arranged match, he had to pay a heavy fine.

When John de Vere, Edward's father, died in August of 1562, a little less than a month after drafting his latest will and testament, the new master wasted no time in summoning the youthful earl to him. He sent out a man, George Cascoigne, to escort him the forty miles from Essex to the recently refurbished Cecil house located on the Strand, the road that connected London, the center of commerce, with Westminster, the center of government.

(Continued on page 15)



Peter Zacharias Lectures on "The Creation of a Divided Mind" in Ashland, Oregon.

Anderson Named "Oxfordian of the Year" At Ashland Conference

By Harold Schumann

Author Mark Anderson, who has devoted more than a decade to researching the life of Edward de Vere culminating in his new book, *Shakespeare By Another Name* (Gotham Press 2005), was named "Oxfordian of the Year" at the first joint conference of the Shakespeare Fellowship and the Shakespeare Oxford Society. The conference took place from September 29th to October 2nd at the historic Ashland Springs Hotel in Ashland, Oregon. Ashland is the home of the largest repertory theater group in the United States. In addition to a dissection of Shakespeare's plays by staff of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival and other speakers, papers were presented that concentrated on authorship

(Continued on page 12)

Letters:

Dear Editor:

I'm a junior high librarian who is in the process of trying to pull together core-class activities and lessons about Shakespeare for a school celebration day. I desperately wanted something for the history classes to do that included analysis of primary resources and a little detective work on their part.

Your website is an incredible find for me. Using what you have as inspiration (and giving the citation credit, of course), I was able to put together a "history mystery" activity that has students compare the work of Edward de Vere with Shakespeare's known works. Students will be allowed to draw their own conclusions as to the similarities or differences in styles and whether or not the two pieces were authored by the same person.

Your site is an incredible opportunity to freely access information, and is greatly appreciated!

Thanks,

Karen Pate, Librarian
Santa Fe Junior High
Santa Fe, Texas

Dear Editor:

In the Spring 2005 edition of *Shakespeare Matters* (Vol.4 No. 3), Robert R. Prechter, Jr. makes a case for the Sonnets dedication being a puzzle. Many of the theories that turn to puzzles or codes for explanations are, to my mind, unsatisfying. It just seems to be a stretch.

On the other hand, the simpler explanations seem to work better. Occam's Razor. As the count of the number of lines in the Sonnets dedication aligns with the count of letters in the name Edward De Vere, I believe the dots also have significance. Simply, their pattern is: 18 dots = William Shakespeare; 4 dots = Ever; 6 dots = De Vere. "William Shakespeare Ever De Vere."

Sincerely,

Orda Hackney

	Words	Letters	Dots	Lines		
TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF,	5	20	5	1		
THESE INSVING SONNETS.	3	19	3	1		
M'.W.H. ALL HAPPINESSE.	3	16	5	1		
AND THAT ETERNITIE.	3	16	3	1		
PROMISED.	1	8	1	1		
BY.	1	2	1	1		
	16	81	18	6	18=William	6=Edward
OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.	3	17	3	1	Shakespeare	
WISHETH.	1	7	1	1		
	4	24	4	2	4=Ever	2=De
THE WELL-WISHING.	2	14	2	1		
ADVENTVRER. IN.	2	12	2	1		
SETTING.	1	7	1	1		
FORTH.	1	5	1	1		
	6	38	6	4	6=De Vere	4=Vere
T. T.						
Tot:	26	143	28	12		

Orda Hackney's Minimalist Sonnet Dedication Solution.

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Thank you, photographers!*

Shakespeare Matters

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The purpose of the Shakespeare Fellowship
is to promote public awareness and acceptance
of the authorship of the Shakespeare Canon by
Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford (1550-
1604), and further to encourage a high level of
scholarly research and publication into all
aspects of Shakespeare studies, and also into the
history and culture of the Elizabethan era.

The Society was founded and incorporated
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Shakespeare Matters welcomes articles, essays,
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Contributions should be reasonably concise and, when
appropriate, validated by peer review. The views expressed
by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the
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From the Editor: 1604 And Other Red Herrings

Reading Tom Nashe is one of the pleasures of my idle hours. His *Lenten Stuffe*, popularly known as a *Praise of the Red Herring* (since herring was a staple of Lent), ranks among the great works of self-fashioning satire in the English language. Its circumstances should be of some interest to students of Elizabethan theatrical history. In 1599 Nashe, a refugee from the 1597 *Isle of Dogs* fiasco, was holed up in Yarmouth, a city famous for its fisheries, to escape persecution from the authorities. Among his persecutors was apparently one Henry Brooke, 11th Baron Cobham, the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household and nominal patron of Queen's own theatrical troupe. The content of *Dogs*, a satire co-written by Nashe and Jonson, remains a mystery, but one thing about the play is obvious: it caused the biggest theatrical explosion of the Elizabethan era. Both authors ran for cover, all the manuscripts are lost or destroyed, and Nashe sojourned for a time in the Fleet until the authorities thought he had paid his dues, before debarking to Yarmouth — that “superiminente principall Metropolis of the redde Fish” (156) — to cool his heels inscribing his book of Lenten contrition. Tongue firmly planted in cheek, Nashe vows penitence for associating himself with disreputable theatrical writers, but most of all it was the actors themselves who came in—no doubt—for more than their fair share of the responsibility for the incendiary production: “I having begun but the induction and first act of it, the other foure acts without my consent, or the least guess of my drift or scope, by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine,” complains Nashe.

I've often pondered the exact nature of the “red-herring” to which Nashe alludes in the title of his book, but possibly my perplexity arises from a historical anachronism: according to *Brewer's*

Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, the phrase in our modern sense originates from the use of the fish to lay a false scent to confuse hounds in fox hunting during the 19th century. But, as Michael Quinion writes in his essay, “The Lure of the Red Herring,” *Brewer* fails to provide “any clue to who was supposed to be laying this false trail, or why. It seems to suggest that an early group of hunt saboteurs were at work. Though

N A S H E S Lenten Stuffe,

Containing,
The Description and first Procrea-
tion and Increase of the towne of
Great Yarmouth in
Norfolk:

With a new Play neuer played before, of the
praise of the R E D
H E R R I N G.

Fitse of all Clearkes of Noblemens Kitchins to be
read: and not vnecessary by all Seruing men
that haue short boord-wages, to be remembered.

Famam peto per vinda.



L O N D O N
Printed for N. L. and C. B. and are to be
sold at the west end of Paules,
1 5 9 9.

The title page of Tom Nashe's “Praise
of the Red Herring.”

there was much opposition to fox hunting in England from the beginning of the nineteenth century, for ethical reasons, this did not extend so far as I can discover to organised attempts to spoil a day's sport.” Some report that the earliest OED citation for this metaphorical origin is 1884, and if this chronology is correct then we can exonerate Nashe from any suspicion of praising the herring for its usefulness in allowing a fugitive author to elude the reach of the Privy Council by furnishing

the convenient odor of distraction. To Quinion, on the other hand, the lateness of the date is cause for suspicion; he believes the phrase may have a prehistory that long antedates the 19th century vogue of foxhunting: “Do we have here an example of a metaphor arising through some allusion known then but now lost to common knowledge, but which *Brewer* has misunderstood?” Apparently so, for another OED entry traces our modern understanding back two centuries earlier to 1686: “The trailing or dragging of a dead Cat, or Fox, (and in case of necessity a Red-Herring) three or four miles...and then laying the Dogs on the scent.”

Apparently sniffing through the pages of Tom Nashe's *Praise of the Red Herring* might not be a bad place to take up the hunt for the subterranean prehistory of this curiously expressive idiom. Some might even be tempted to remember that in 1598, the year immediately after the *Isle of Dogs* fiasco and before the publication of Nashe's *Praises*, that the name “Shakespeare” began to appear — and with a definite regularity denoting a change of purpose — imprinted on play quartos.¹ Perhaps the death of the Old Fox Burghley had something to do with it; whatever induced the change in policy, if Nashe did understand the phrase to mean a false scent, then the title of his 1599 tract certainly takes on a renewed interest in light of this chronological coincidence. What could possibly be more natural in 1599 — or more boldly *witty* — than an oblique celebration of the power of the *pseudonym*, that “red herring” *par excellence*, to protect authors from censorious reprisals? One can easily imagine the bewildered gang of vulnerable Bankside authors, licking their wounds after *Isle of Dogs*, and wondering what was to be done. They would not only be impressed but even, perhaps, *envious* of the seemingly effortless evasions of an aristocratic knave who simply let his work

(Red Herrings cont. on p. 11)

The Woolpack Man:

John Shakspeare's Monument in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon

By Richard J. Kennedy

1688. A Wool-pack is a great number of Fleeces made up together in a cloth tied at the four ends. OED.

"We'll set thy statue in some Holy place, and have thee revered." *1 Henry VI*

Pictured below are close-ups of the figure sitting in the niche of the Shakspeare monument in Holy Trinity church, Stratford-on-Avon. To the left is the figure as pictured in William Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, first in 1656 and again in 1730. The other is a photograph of the figure that occupies the monument today. The figure pictured in Dugdale's *Antiquities* shows a man with his hands resting on a sack of some sort. The figure we see today is of a man writing on a cushion. In her 1914 study of the monument, musing on the Dugdale engraving, Mrs. C.C. Stopes found the item in question "suspiciously resembling a woolsack." (Stopes, 118) If the object is indeed a sack of some sort, the suspicion of Stopes is given credit when we learn that William Shakspeare's father was a "considerable dealer in wool." (Rowe, vol., I Intro.) Therefore, the thesis presented here is that Dugdale sketched the original effigy correctly, an effigy honoring William's father, John Shakspeare. A woolpack was a familiar object in Shakspeare's day, emblazoned on several civic arms.

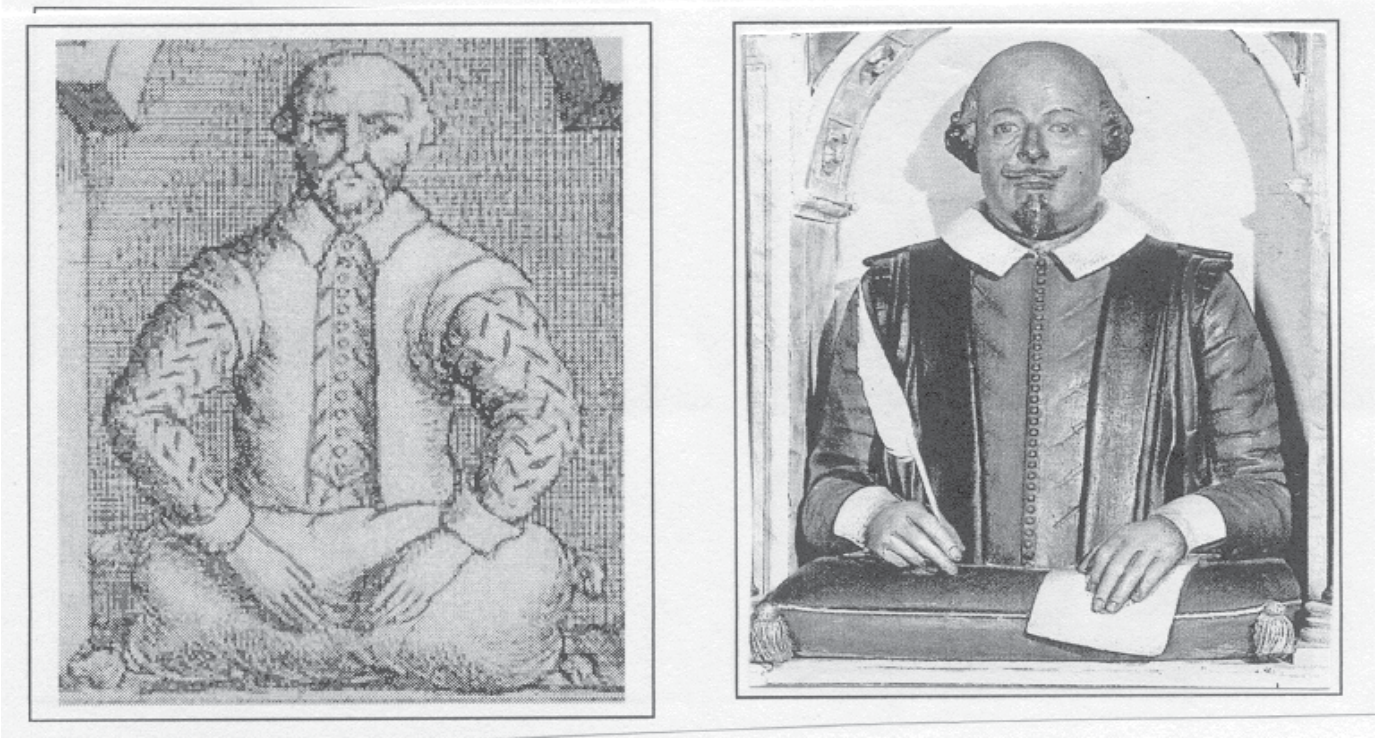
Up to the date of 1730, at least, those who visited Holy Trinity church would have seen the Shakspeare figure as pictured by Dugdale, three quarters of a century of the Woolpack Man in public view, attested by eye-witnesses, 1656-1730.

The Woolpack Man – Three Eye-witnesses

The first eye-witness is William Dugdale (1605-1686), a much esteemed Warwickshire Antiquarian who made a sketch of the monument in 1634, and oversaw the engraving in the 1656 edition of his mighty folio, *The Antiquities of Warwickshire*.

The second eye-witness is Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), a London actor devoted to the plays of Shakespeare. He journeyed to Stratford to collect what memories remained of the Shakspeare family. Betterton passed on this information to Nicholas Rowe, who published the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays in six volumes, 1709, and reprinted in 1714.

The third eye-witness is Dr. William Thomas (1670 -1738), a celebrated Antiquarian and native of Warwickshire



Left: William Dugdale's 1656 engraving of the Stratford Bust, showing the Woolsack. Right: The refurbished monument as seen today.

who labored for twenty years to publish the second edition of Dugdale's *Antiquities*, 1730, bringing it up to date.

These eye-witnesses were respectable men with no reason to beguile history or dupe the reader. William Dugdale was much honored as an Antiquarian, later to become Garter King-of-Arms. Thomas Betterton was hailed in his time as highly as Laurence Olivier in this day, a man noted for his prudence and modesty. Nicholas Rowe, was to become Poet Laureate of England. Dr. William Thomas was an Antiquarian of the highest regard.

For three quarters of a century, then, (1656-1730), we have three published eye-witness accounts that the original Shakspeare monument was pictured rightly as to the *chief feature*, a man resting his hands on a woolpack, arms akimbo, with no objection on record that it was otherwise.

Manifest Mistakes

At the end of several pages devoted to Stratford in the *Antiquities*, Dugdale says, "One thing more, in reference to this ancient Town, is observable, that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous Poet. Will. Shakespere, whose Monument I have inserted in my discourse of the Church." (Dugdale, II-697) Being thus invited by Dugdale to turn back a few pages and look upon the monument as it stood in his day, the reader would see the figure of the Woolpack Man, displaying a familiar emblem of the trade, a woolpack turned upright in the picture, the four corners tied off.

Other woolmen of lesser fame were proud to be noticed for their brotherhood in the wool trade. Dugdale recorded these following inscriptions from Holy Trinity, two departed woolmen, calling upon the trade to exalt them in death, both men sometimes Chief Bailiff of the town, as was John Shakspeare (Dugdale, II-690-692):

HEARE LIETH INTOMBED THE CORPS
HERE LYETH BVRIED THE BODY
OF RICHARD HILL, WOOLEN DRAPER,
OF FRAVNCIS SMITH THE ELDER
...WHOSE VIRTVES LIVE, WHOSE
MERCER, BORN AND BRED

FAME DOOTH FLORISH STILL... -N.D.
INTHISTOWNE... - 1625

The Woolpack Testimony

But is it a woolpack that is pictured in Dugdale's engraving? I asked for expert opinions. I sent this note out to several people, with the attached picture of the Dugdale/*Antiquities* engraving half a page high. Here's the question I asked:

Pictured here is an engraving of a tomb monument of ca: 1600, no longer in existence. The man pictured was a prosperous civic leader and a considerable dealer in the wool trade. My opinion is that he is pictured holding a woolpack. Would this be a proper effigy for such a man, to be resting his hands on an emblematic token of his trade? Are there other such monumental effigies, or could I be wrong about this? Thanks for your opinion.

Sincerely, Richard Kennedy

Here are the answers I received. Everyone granted that that the item in question appeared to be a woolpack. No one answered differently, and thanks again to all:

◆ Although I have not been able to find any precise parallels for this example I think it entirely plausible that the man is indeed holding a woolpack as an emblem of his trade. The use of emblems to denote professions was quite common in the medieval period. I am less knowledgeable about post-Reformation monuments, but I do not see why the same should not apply. — Sally Badham. Monumental Brass Society. Suffolk St. Mary, U.K.

◆ It would be reasonable to expect that the man is holding a woolpack, given his background. — Susanne Batchelor. National Wool Museum Geelong, Victoria, Australia.

◆ It certainly could be an emblematic woolpack. They tied small stones into the corners with a string, thereby creating "ears" which were easier to get a grip on to move the packs about. I do not know what else the assemblage could be. — Richard Martin. Cotswold Woolen Weavers. Filkins, Nr. Lechlade, Gloucestershire.

◆ Yes, it might very well be a woolpack. — Prof. Dr. H.W. van Os. Honorary professor, Dept. of Art History, Univ. of Groningen. University professor, University of Amsterdam.

◆ Considering the importance of the wool trade to England why should a merchant not use this symbol in his memorial? — David Pritchard. President, The International Association of Amateur Heralds.

◆ It would seem entirely appropriate for the man to be depicted with the woolsack as he was prominent in the wool industry. I have seen many such monuments where objects associated with the deceased are included, and the man/woman is often resting his/her hands on the objects. — Malcolm Bull. Editor, *Halifax Courier Local History*.

◆ I suspect you are right about the woolpack. — Andy Nicholson. Nottinghamshire History & Archaeology website.

◆ The object under the man's hands certainly looks like a woolpack. In heraldry, which was spreading amongst the middle classes at that time, it would be quite usual to have some element of the arms representing a feature of the armiger's estate and if he was a wealthy wool merchant one or more woolpacks or indeed a sheep might well be incorporated. By analogy, I do not think it unreasonable that an engraved memorial such as this should also incorporate such a symbol. — Melvyn Jeremiah. Secretary, The Heraldry Society. I would say that it certainly looks like a woolpack, and I believe that it would be

(Continued on page 27)

Dethroning A Deity

Editor's Note: The following type has been set from a manuscript in a fair hand that purports to be the true and original copy, in the author's autograph, of the Apres-Luncheon Speech delivered at the joint SF-SOS Conference in Ashland, Oregon October 2nd, 2005. It is reputed among the lost dinner speeches of the late great Charles Dickens, Esq., among the most beloved of all English novelists and -- if the truth be known -- an uncompromising skeptic of official bardolatry. Your editor ventures no opinion as to the authenticity of this document. Nevertheless, it has been remarked by more than one reader that "le style, c'est l'homme."

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am honored to be among you at this heretical gathering, surrounded by fearless thinkers, dauntless academics, and inspired amateurs. I always strove to place myself in such company in life, and am delighted to be surrounded by these illustrious fellow travelers so many years after my untimely and, to me, still regrettable demise.

Yet I must confess I was somewhat startled, peering down from my posthumous perch in Victorian Valhalla, to find myself listed among the prominent doubters of the Stratford claim. My non-corporeal status (yes, it is so – I assure you my appearance here is strictly an ethereal one. This body through which I seem to speak is, in fact, merely an illusion to which you have all unconsciously assented – rather like the notion that Shaksper wrote Shakespeare) – as I was saying, my non-corporeal status still allows me to interpenetrate your reality on the level of the electron, thus gaining me access to all Internet authorship forums, where I found myself the subject of some controversy in

regard to my opinions on the identity of the Bard.

A resident of the fair city of Baltimore, a Mr. Terence Ross, for example, has emphatically rejected the attempt to enlist me as yet another – what was his phrase? – oh, yes, a “celebrity endorsement,” of the anti-Stratford stance. I now have the unusual opportunity of resolving the question. My exact words on the subject of Shakespeare were that “the life of

**And now! Well, we all may
see my fears were well-
founded! My divine
Shakespeare, as seen in
this Oxford fellow of yours,
is made the target of the
most appalling accusations.
The index of his alleged
indencencies and
extravagances, his
betrayals and disloyalties,
his dalliances and
misdemeanors would fill the
pages of a Russian novel!
Traitor! Adulterer!
Murderer! Pederast!
Defaulter! Drunkard!
Inheritance-waster!
Insubordinate left-tenant in
the face of the Spanish
Armada!**

Shakespeare is a fine mystery. It's a great comfort, to my way of thinking, that so little is known concerning the poet. I tremble every day lest something should turn up.” The question is – does this indicate doubt? It would be more accurate to say that the emotion uppermost for me at that moment was not doubt, but fear!

The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery! Hmmm, well! It's safe to say that the element

of mystery presupposes an enigma, an enigma presupposes uncertainty --and uncertainty implies that all may not be as it seems.

And there is nothing we fear so much as the unknown. And I found comfort in the strange absence, this “so little” that was comfort in the face of haunting anxiety. “I trembled every day lest something should turn up.” The hopeless contrast between the documented life of the purported author and the divine genius of the playwright could not but give sleepless nights to me, the only other author in the English language whose name has become an adjective.

The documented biographical catechism runs roughly thus: Shakespeare was born, Shakespeare became engaged, Shakespeare married (someone else!), Shakespeare wrote *Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare bought buildings, Shakespeare wrote *Lucrece*, Shakespeare wrote comedies, Shakespeare lent money, Shakespeare wrote tragedies, Shakespeare sued his neighbors, Shakespeare wrote sonnets, Shakespeare dealt grain, Shakespeare got a coat-of-arms, Shakespeare bought Blackfriars, Shakespeare died, Shakespeare was buried, nobody noticed. Then a monument, a Folio, literary immortality, the Stratford Hilton and several billion souvenir coffee mugs. The so-called “facts” of my idol's life made no sense, yet they were all I had. That way madness lay!

And so I embraced it!

The bland and featureless life of the Stratford grain-dealer was a comforting blank upon which I might project my love of the poet, untroubled by personal foibles, scandalous report, and distracting detail. As Shakespeare rose ever higher in the estimate of England, and of the world, the Stratford cipher became more than a blank page. He became a vast and sublimely empty canvas upon which to project the image of one's god. An unpainted Sistine Chapel ceiling, whitewashed and newly plastered, inviting one to mount the scaffold and become Michelangelo, there to create endless images of the bardic deity, each one of which would look like nothing so much as a self-portrait.

In the still watches of the night I prayed that it would ever remain thus, that no hint of sordid reality would ever besmirch the mirror into which I could project my own yearnings, my own prejudices, my own image onto the face of my idol, my beloved, my bard, my deity, my Shakespeare. Yes, truly, I “trembled every day lest something should turn up.”

And now! Well, we all may see my fears were well-founded! My divine Shakespeare, as seen in this Oxford fellow of yours, is made the target of the most appalling accusations. The index of his alleged indecencies and extravagances, his betrayals and disloyalties, his dalliances and misdemeanors would fill the pages of a Russian novel! Traitor! Adulterer! Murderer! Pederast! Defaulter! Drunkard! Inheritance-waster! Insubordinate left-tenant in the face of the Spanish Armada! Wanna-be Catholic who turned in his pals! Arrogant rebuffer of the romantic attentions of his queen! Incompetent Practitioner of his Native English! Irreverent insulter of Her Majesty’s singing abilities! Self-centered dismitter of the advice of Lord Burghley! Blatant plagiarist of the biblical themes of a certain Warwickshire playwright! Gullible Bed-trick Dupe! A no-life dullard who was reduced to living out the plots of a dozen Shakespeare plays for lack of a life-plot of his own! Courtesan-customer! Dead-beat Dad! Thick-tongued Slightly Deaf Bad Speller with a speech impediment! Why, the only word for him is “monstrous!” (At least, that’s what a retired professor in California wrote recently, and I make it a rule never to argue with people from that singular state).

Come, my friends, surely this is unacceptable to us all! Is this the poet we were taught to love? What happened to gentle, sweet Master William? As your countryman Michael Moore might put it – “Dude, Where’s My Shakespeare?” Can we not lift up our poet from this sordid mud into which you would pitch him, and remount him on the pedestal where he belongs? After all, are we not all Bardolaters in secret? Is not worship of Shakespeare passed down to us in our mother’s milk?

If I may be allowed to be serious for a moment (I promise it shall be only a

moment. We shall return to drollery faster than you can say HONORIFICALABILIPLATADINITATIBUS– in fact, long before any of you are likely to be able to pronounce this infamous word beloved of Baconians). This then is my theme. (Yes, I know, I took my time getting to it, but I’m a Victorian novelist, not a TV weatherman!). That whether we like it or not, whether we claim it or not, the world is bardolatrous! We here, of course, may pretend to more secular, purely artistic appreciation of Shakespeare, retaining our scholarly objectivity (we fondly hope), as we look with supercilious disdain on those who fall into what may seem mindless adoration and apotheosis. But what difference does our presumed detachment make in the eyes of a bardolatrous world? Let’s take a sampling, shall we?

‘My lord,’ said I, ‘is it true that Henry Wriothesley, the 3rd Earl of Southampton, was in fact your son by Queen Elizabeth?’ My lord’s reply...ah here!

“There was great sport at his making.” Hmmm, well, read that how you will, my friends.

My good friend, historian Thomas Carlyle, dour and skeptical Scot though he was, wrote: “There is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent to this earth.” The less than strictly religious Algernon Charles Swineburne put the matter this way:

“There is one book of which it might be affirmed and argued, that it were better for humanity to keep this one, and lose all others, than to lose this and keep all else bequeathed by human genius to all that we shall know of posterity. More is connoted by the name “Shakespeare” than that of any other man who walked the earth.”

Heinrich Heine: “Look you, the good God naturally has a right to the first place,

but the second certainly belongs to Shakespeare.”

It is worth noting that time capsules locked in cornerstones for future generations, and space capsules sent aloft for the elucidation of aliens, always contain two items in common: a Bible, and the works of Shakespeare.

In ghostly unseen presence, I peered in on the less than convincing PBS documentary on Marlowe’s miraculous claim to the canon, where a typical Englishwoman interviewed in a pub on the authorship question had this to say: “Well, whoever Shakespeare was, he was a god, that’s all – a god. He’s a god to us in England. Remember that.”

It may have occurred to some of you that the question of the poet’s divine status is one upon which I may be presumed, in my current post-corporeal state, to be in a position to shed light. Oh, Mr. Dickens! (you may ask) Do please make an ethereal stopover on whatever elevated level of the afterlife one might expect to find this great soul, and ask him who the dickens he was!

I could do that, you know. In fact, I have. I will tell you that I have, in fact, had extended, stirring, and profoundly hilarious conversations with the true Shakespeare. I could, at a breath, at the drop of Yorick’s skull, answer with perfect authority and unerring accuracy every sizzling question on the minds of this august assemblage. And so – I will!

Let me see, where are those notes from Lord Oxford? I know I had them on me somewhere. Ahh, yes, here they are. Now wait, my spectacles...yes, there we go. Let me see. Let me see. Well, let’s get right to the hot stuff, shall we? ‘My lord,’ said I, ‘is it true that Henry Wriothesley, the 3rd Earl of Southampton, was in fact your son by Queen Elizabeth?’ My lord’s reply...ah here! “There was great sport at his making.” Hmmm, well, read that how you will, my friends.

The thought put him in good humor then, for he allowed me a follow-up question on the spot. ‘My lord,’ I queried, ‘how would you characterize the accuracy of the recent solution posed to the sonnet enigma by Hank Whittemore of Nyack,

New York in his massive tome “The Monument”?

At once he replied, “A hit! A hit! A very palpable hit!” Well, there you are.

Since he quoted Osric to me, I paraphrased Osric right back to him, in my most obsequious posture: “Sweet lord, if your lordship be at leisure, may I implore your attention to the question of whether, regarding your own parentage, my lord, if so base a one as I may dare to ask, as doubt does linger in the minds of some on the question of your good mother, sweet lord, so do you think you might condescend to reveal to us, ummm, not to put too fine a touch on it, my lord, whether or not you yourself were the son of...ummm...Queen Elizabeth?”

He hit me at that point. He’s got quite a left jab, I tell you. But he did deign, after a moment, to quote Hamlet to me: “Mother and father are man and wife, man and wife are one flesh, and so, my mother.” Cryptic chap, as always. Make of it what you will.

Oh, yes, here’s another good one. “And milord, it does rather occupy the minds of many down below as to why there are no manuscripts of your works to be found, and do you recall, by chance, just where you might have left them?”

Scroll down, scroll down, ah yes, here he tells us. “The long-sought smoking gun, the definitive answer to the authorship mystery, the earth-shaking, career-making, wealth-and-fame-ensuring, greatest literary discovery of all time, may be found quite easily – by decoding the cryptography embedded in the First Folio by my good cousin Francis Bacon.” Ohhh! Too bad! Hmm, well – back to the drawing board there, I suppose!

Oh, wait, no, here’s a postscript! “If cousin Francis’ cleverness proves too impenetrable for the intellect of posterity, one may incontrovertibly demonstrate my authorship of the Shakespeare canon by an insightful analysis of the annotations in my Geneva Bible, if a scholar of sufficient courage and insight can be found to undertake the task.”

Imagine that! Here’s a little more: “If posterity proves too dense to accept this evidence, they shall be condemned to centuries of scholarly conferences and nit-picking debates.” Prophetic fellow, indubitably. At this point, I protested. “My lord, who would be mad enough to contest the evidence of your own Bible? There’s this Nelson chap, certainly...”

And here Lord Oxford interrupted, “That he is mad, ‘tis true. ‘Tis true, ‘tis pity, and pity ‘tis, ‘tis true.”

So there it is, the last word on the subject from Edward de Vere himself. Returning to my theme, I did ask him one last question. “My lord, Shakespeare has achieved almost divine status in the minds and hearts of millions since your passing. Would it be too impertinent to inquire as to whether you are, in fact, a god?”

His reply:

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?”

The best we may be able to say on this point, I venture, is this: if there are such beings as gods, and they do come to earth to raise up humanity, could we ask any more of them than has been given

us by Shakespeare? And again, the point is moot. In the eyes of so many who love him, he is a god whether we like it or not, and we must deal with the fact.

I put it to you that each authorship camp may fall victim to the perhaps atavistic urge to project onto its candidate all the attributes of godhead. That this fact needs to be borne in mind as this revolution unfolds, as we are attempting something rather unique in human history – the dethroning of a deity. Some of us are more susceptible to these tendencies than others. Some camps are demonstrably more susceptible to these tendencies than others. The Church of Stratford, basilica of the current title-holder in the public mind, is unquestionably an organized religion, replete with dogma, miraculous stories, and rituals of ex-communication.

And yet it is a Mother Church beset by competing schismatics. Not merely schismatics, truth to tell, but heretical subversives of such extreme opinion that they threaten the very foundation of the faith. Irreverent scoffers who ridicule the beloved Folio icon that peers blankly out from a thousand Warwickshire tourist traps, who

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would rob us of the comforting image of Stratford Will – that friendly village-born deity who gathered up the common clay of our humanity with his ink-stained hands and shaped us into immortal characters of indelible tragedy and rib-tickling hilarity. Yes, they would defile and denounce the sweet-tempered, newly gentrified genius, the common man ascended to godhood, the glove-maker’s son apotheosized (a close cousin in our consciousness to a carpenter made Christ), the deer-poaching, calf-butcherer, ale-swilling “dear-loved neighbor,” and bosom buddy of Burbage, Drayton, and Jonson, at once transcendent and litigious, lyrical and lecherous, pulling vast knowledge from the air without visible agency, homo-erotic companion of aristocrats (some would say), and inventor, one distinguished bardolater tells us, of nothing less than “The Human.”

Again, like Christ, the Stratford deity is a perfect *tabula rasa* on which so many ideologies, professions, and special interest groups may find their perfect champion. You only need squint a little, turn at the correct angle to the sun, ignore the deity’s contradictory aspects, and there he appears! Shakespeare the barrister, beloved of lawyers! Shakespeare the expert horticulturist, beloved of gardeners! Shakespeare the Italian, beloved of – well, beloved of Italians! Shakespeare the soldier – just ask Hemingway! Shakespeare the gay blade sonneteer, beloved of men who love men. Shakespeare the medical man, writing of the circulation of

the blood before Harvey, the compassionate healer of human psyches, showing us the unfolding deterioration of morbid psychology exemplified by Ophelia and Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare the country schoolmaster – well, he must have spent those Lost Years doing something! – Shakespeare the aristocrat, beloved of Lord Burford, ever on guard against the “untuning of the string” of social degree, the vigilant protector of the rigid caste system, for whom royal blood has mystically redemptive qualities, and who would teach us today of the need for nothing less than a movement toward “neo-feudalism” (we are told) – a return to the values of the land, and a proper reverence, one assumes, for the lords who own it.

Shakespeare the sailor! Shakespeare the dancer! Shakespeare the sportsman! Shakespeare the tennis champion! Shakespeare the falconer! Shakespeare the horseman! Shakespeare the musician! Shakespeare the pious Bible student, deeply studied in

Just wait, my friends. Let the Oxford sect ascend to primacy, let a new orthodoxy take hold, and the need to worship will reassert itself. I would venture to predict that St. Edward the Confessor would soon have company in the English holy hierarchy from St. Edward the Martyred Poet, who went humbly to his unsung grave, having given his heart's blood for the upliftment of humanity.

Holy Writ, weaving its lessons invisibly into his plays, lifting our souls like so many groundlings granted access to a performance at court.

Yes, he serves all our turns, the ever-obliging god of a thousand faces, invisible behind the bland flaccidity of his monumental bust, the consummate cosmic actor taking whatever part our need assigns him. Has anyone ever invented a more useful god?

And in place of this marvelously blank canvas, this divinely empty mirror into which we may gaze, worship, and learn, what would the heretics give us instead? What gods do they offer to replace the central secular deity of the Western world? What disheartening specifics are proffered to console us for the loss of the sacred Stratford cipher, that paragon of featureless universality?

The Oxfordian sect may perhaps project a nobly self-sacrificing Christ-like quality onto the tragic figure of Edward de Vere, inspired by the vision of the aging poet as he finds solace in the virtue of “works done in secret,” (reflected in the pages of his Geneva Bible); utter self-abnegation in the name of beauty...”I, once gone, to all the world must die,” - the Bard as monk, toiling in obscurity near the end of his life, leaving (like Hamlet), the obligation to his friends to “report me and my cause aright to the

unsatisfied...and in this harsh world (to) draw thy breath in pain to tell my story.”

Of course, the less bardolatrous Oxfordians will protest that they welcome the humanizing of the bard, and need no patronizing palliatives of phony religion. Give us a flesh-and-blood poet, self-absorbed and scandalous! That's the man for us! - they cry.

But just wait, my friends. Let the Oxford sect ascend to primacy, let a new orthodoxy take hold, and the need to worship will reassert itself. I would venture to predict that St. Edward the Confessor would soon have company in the English holy hierarchy from St. Edward the Martyred Poet, who went humbly to his unsung grave, having given his heart's blood for the upliftment of humanity.

The Bacon sect, on the other hand, seems to envision a divine genius beyond even the reach of Stratfordians' wildest fantasies: an unprecedented combination of supreme scientist and supremely gifted world-poet, setting out with deliberate precision on a divinely ordained program to enlighten and raise up mankind, the Shakespeare canon as The Great Instauration's missing leg, wisely disguised from the common people through the veil of false authorship, that they may fondly believe their upliftment springs from their own humble ranks; that, biblically, “seeing, they may not see, and hearing, they may not understand.” Taught in parables by strolling players, schooled in cadences of comedy with lessons they could not otherwise absorb, the people are but the unwitting beneficiaries of Sir Francis Bacon's Master Plan for the ages.

Now there's a divine mission that might stretch even an avatar's agenda! And I would venture to predict that, were Bacon to be proved Shakespeare, the Freemasons would experience an astonishing revival.

And to be sure, there are goddess sects among us. The devotees of the Countess of Pembroke, Mary Sidney Herbert, protectress of her brilliant brother's poetic legacy, genuflect before a reigning patroness of culture second only to the queen, who gathered around her the brightest spirits of the age, the true Sweet Swan on the Avon River at Wilton House, setting about to enrich the English language, and uplift the culture of the nation. And mother, as we know, to the Incomparable Paire of Brethren to whom the First Folio is dedicated. “A saint to fall in love with” one such devotee calls her.

Reaching beyond reason into the purer realms of religious fantasy are those who would ascribe the canon to the queen herself, Elizabeth Regina as an English Athena, the Spear-Shaker Goddess of both pen and sword, vanquisher of the Spanish, and genius of the stage, the Virgin Queen as Goddess of the Arts, endowing the age with her genius as well as her name, successor to the dethroned Virgin Mary as the maternal image of her nation.

And, of course, the Marlovians depend upon perhaps the most explicit religious parallel of all - nothing less than resurrection itself!

And what purpose is served for the organized religions of each bardolatrous authorship camp by such myth-making? What, if any, meaning can be found in the possibility that these stories have some basis in fact? And how do these phenomena affect us here in this room, claiming to lead the way towards a new truth (or

(Continued on page 15)

Taming of the Shrew

Directed by Sam Taylor (1929)

Reviewed by Harold Schumann

The 1929 talkie version of *Taming of the Shrew* has little Shakespeare (about 20%) but a great deal of two immortals of the silent screen, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Restored in 1966 with a new soundtrack and released in tandem with the Elizabeth Taylor - Richard Burton version, *Taming of the Shrew* has now found its way to DVD and it is quite a treat seeing these classic actors together for the first time.

This early film version presents the play as a screwball comedy in the manner of Howard Hawks' later *His Girl Friday* but without the rapid-fire dialogue. The 1929 version lasts only a little over an hour but is full of high energy and fun, if not much Shakespeare. Ms. Pickford was said to be dissatisfied with her performance as Katherine and to me she doesn't look shrewish enough but she is a charming presence and Fairbanks is a boisterous Petruchio who does perfect justice to his domineering character.

One of William Shakespeare's most popular plays, *The Taming of the Shrews* satirizes the subservient role of women in the Elizabethan age and is said to be based on the dysfunctional marriage between Oxford's sister Mary Vere and Peregrine Bertie. Set in Padua, a city in Northern Italy, Baptista Minola (Edwin Maxwell) has two lovely daughters, Bianca (Dorothy Jordan) and Katherine (Pickford). He refuses to have Bianca marry before Katherine but that is a hard sell since she is temperamental and possessed of a razor sharp tongue. Kate has managed to frighten off potential suitors until the lothario Petruchio, a gentleman from Verona, comes into town looking for a wife. When Petruchio and Kate meet for the first time, he boldly announces that he plans to court and marry her. She reacts with a flurry of insults, and he retorts with playful taunts, then tries to calm her. Finally, she slaps him. He threatens to strike back if she slaps him again. Later, after more fireworks, Petruchio uses reverse psychology on her, saying:

I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous.

(Act II, Scene I, Lines 243-246)

Kate says that she will see Petruchio hanged before she will marry him but suddenly changes her mind and in the next scene is upset because he is late for the wedding. Something seems to have happened offstage to change her mind but the audience is not told what. The two marry but that is only the prelude to the battle of wits as Petruchio attempts to subdue his rambunctious bride. There is a lot of farce and slapstick and as usual in Shakespeare, the commoners at Petruchio's estate come off as fools. At the end,

Petruchio forces Katharine to acknowledge that he is always right, even when he says the sun is the moon and Kate ends up being "tamed". Though it seems that the ending reinforces male superiority, Shakespeare's women are not shrinking violets. The two seem to demonstrate true affection towards each other and it could be argued that Kate got what she wanted and can now let Petruchio think that he is in charge.

Interestingly, there is a prologue to the play, a play within a play, called the induction that does not appear in the film but it is a curiosity and seemingly has nothing to do with the play itself. In the induction, a nobleman on his way home finds an inebriated sleeping man named Christopher Sly. He decides to play a joke on him by



Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in a Playbill for the 1929 Hollywood Classic.

having his servants bring him to the best bedroom in the home, dress him in the clothes of a rich nobleman and spray him with exotic perfumes. When Sly wakes up, the servants pretend he is a lord and master who has just woken up to reality after having been insane for fifteen years. Sly then watches as a traveling group of actors perform a play called *The Taming of the Shrew*. Could this be the author's way of mocking a commoner who is pretending to be the author of plays actually written by a nobleman?

GRADE: B+

(Red Herrings, cont. from p. 3)

appear under the name of another man, thereby not only avoiding the rack but also seeming to shift the legal responsibility for his own impecunious wit. Another man, for a handsome fee, was willing to undertake the risk associated with the game of being a controversial Elizabethan author. Contrary to popular Stratfordian mythology such ruses were well known among the Elizabethan elite. The Queen herself, irate over the incendiary innuendo of the Latin preface to John Haywarde's *History of the Reign of Henry IV* (1599), objected that the epistle had not been written by Haywarde but by "some mischievous person" making use of Haywarde's good name. One good joke deserves another, and for those with "ears to hear" Nashe's satirical encomium to the "red herring" might well have gone a great distance to justify his own well-deserved reputation for eluding the authorities with a cascade of fustian subterfuge. But whether the phrase as we now understand it originates in 1484 or 1884, whether or not Nashe had "Shakespeare" in mind when he coined the title of his book, there is no mistaking the contemporary relevance of the idea it denotes. All too often, the history of Shakespearean scholarship can be summarized by paraphrasing Nashe's 1599 work: Oops, there goes another Red Herring!

Let's start with the most obvious herring of them all. The Earl of Oxford died before *The Tempest* and several other plays were written. Perhaps no "fact" is more notorious in authorship studies – or more vulnerable to reformation. The late E.K. Chambers, a paragon of orthodox reasoning as well as the authority to whom almost all contemporary scholars defer, or at least acknowledge, in chronological matters, explicitly admits that his chronological scenario is tailored to fit the known biographical circumstances of a bard deceased in 1616. Chambers aimed to fit the works "into the facts of Shakespeare's dramatic career" so as to "provide a fairly even flow of production" (I: 269)!

An established axiom in historical studies is that events of a cultural nature – such as the date of writing of a play – usually occurred before scholars think they did. This is a simple consequence of the fact that the historical record, especially for early periods, is incomplete. No case illustrates this better than the history of Stratfordian chronological speculation. Edmund Malone, who originated the popular theory dating *The Tempest* to 1611 also believed that *Twelfth Night* was written in 1607. Two of Malone's contemporaries – Chalmers and Drake – placed it in 1613! Talk about a "fairly even flow of production"! When Malone in 1821 published the first edition of his *Attempt to Ascertain the Order in Which the Plays of Shakespeare Were Written*, there was no definite proof of an earlier date. We now know, of course, that Malone was off by at least five years; *12th Night* was being performed at least by 1602 and may even have been written earlier. "As a rule," admonished Chambers, "the initial dates are much less certain the terminal ones" (I: 245). It is obvious, in other words, that a play was written *before* its first mention in the historical record, but *how far before* that is open to debate, speculation, reasoned argument, and even fact-based correction.

Orthodox Shakespeareans have been reluctant, to say the least, to recognize the implications of these methodological principles, but in the twenty-first century there can be no mistaking the fact that chronological revisionism—*tending towards establishing significantly earlier dates for many plays*—is in the air. Penny McCarthy, in an article published in the 2005 *Shakespeare Yearbook*, an international review of Shakespearean studies published at Texas A & M University, notes that "the whole edifice of what is here for short-hand called 'the consensus' [of the chronology of the plays] rests dangerously on the assumption that date of composition must be close to date of first performance/publication/mention" and that "there is no reason why Shakespeare's plays should have been originally written close to the first record of their existence" (176). One obvious example of this trend towards redating the plays is of course *The Tempest*.

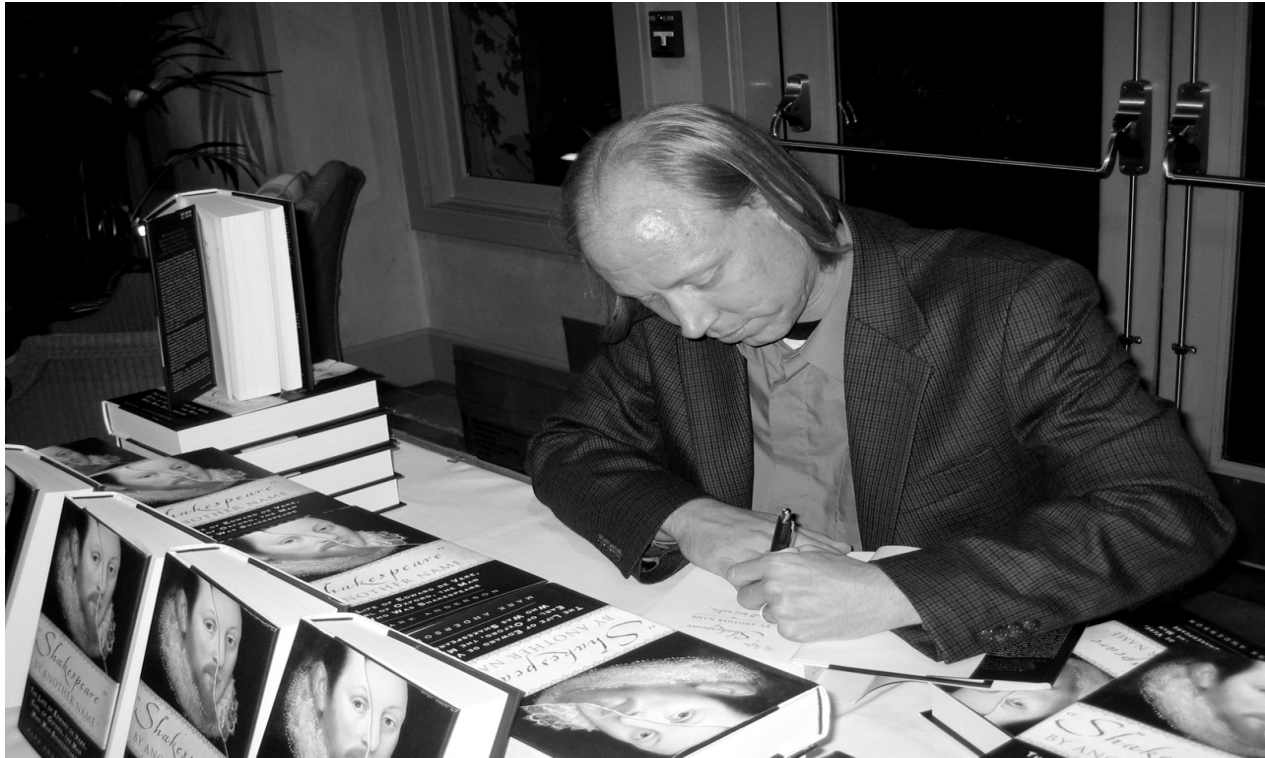
We've all been instructed *ad nauseum* that the play "indubitably/certainly/obviously" – fill in the adjective of your choice – relies on reports of a 1609 shipwreck in the Bermudas, *argal* Oxford can't have been Shakespeare. If you want to know how influential this dogma has become, try Googling *The Tempest*, Earl of Oxford, and 1611/1604 (Don't worry, google won't turn your ip over to the Government). In sixty seconds you can confirm this "fact" on a gazillion websites, all of which can cite academic chapter and verse (most recently the voluble Dr. Kathman) *ad infinitum* to substantiate the promulgation of this deceit. It's a sad fact. For several generations, one scholar after another soberly queued up to put his stamp of approval on the academic magic trick of sanctifying the conversion of a shaky theory to an established fact.

But no more. Recently major figures in the Stratfordian establishment have expressed open doubt that *The Tempest* depends in any way on the Bermuda pamphlets of 1609. "There is virtually nothing in the [Bermuda pamphlets] which manifests the kind of unambiguous close verbal affinity we have seen in other sources," remarks David Lindley in the 2002 Cambridge edition (31).

Alas, some still haven't figured it out, however. Professor Brian Vickers, writing in the August 17, 2005 *Times Literary Supplement*, excoriated the Oxfordians for suggesting that scholars such as Lindley have all but repudiated the theory that the Bermuda shipwreck literature influenced the play. To its enduring shame, the TLS refused to publish a letter correcting Vickers' inflammatory errors.

Alas for those who cling to the flotsam and jetsam of a shipwrecked paradigm: Oxfordian scholars, along with their orthodox counterparts, are playing a leading role in revising the traditional chronology. The results will be of profound and lasting consequence. Articles by members of the *Shakespeare Matters* editorial board, currently under review with orthodox publications, prove decisively that *The Tempest* 1) does not, as has so often been repeated without justification, depend on sources describing the 1609 Bermuda shipwreck of the *Sea Venture*, and; 2) was known to the London theatre public at least by 1603, when William Alexander alludes to it in his royalist allegory (celebrating King

(Continued on page 29)



Mark K. Anderson signs copies of Shakespeare By Another Name at the Joint SF/SOS conference in Ashland, Oregon.

(Ashland Conference, cont.)

issues meant to illuminate the life of Edward de Vere and how it connects to the Shakespeare canon.

In his keynote address, Anderson introduced his book *Shakespeare By Another Name* by pointing to its cover. The cover image summarizes the book's theme succinctly: On the left is the "Ashbourne Portrait" of Shakespeare. On the right is a portrait of Edward de Vere. This split image of what is clearly the same face leads into the heart of the "Shakespeare" mystery. Anderson stated that his book contains numerous connections between Oxford's life and Shakespeare's plays and pointed to Oxford's purchasing a house in Venice in 1575 and his travels in Florence, Siena, and Rome during the Jubilee year, a scenario reflected in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

It was in Siena, Anderson argued, that de Vere discovered the plays of the Commedia Del Arte, especially the Siennese comedy *Gl' Ignannati* (The Deceived), which was a major source for *Twelfth Night*. He also pointed out that the play *As You Like It* contains a speech on "The Seven Ages of Man," words that strikingly appear on the Duomo in Siena. Anderson also discussed de Vere's role in the trial and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots and how it was reflected in *King John*. Lady Macbeth is Queen Elizabeth according to Anderson, and *Macbeth* was written to excise Oxford's personal demons.

Hank Whittemore argued that his book *The Monument* offers a comprehensive solution to the puzzle of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, a chronological record of the public and political support given by Oxford to Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton (whom Whittemore believes was Oxford's son with Queen Elizabeth and

an heir to the throne). The 100-sonnet center of the "monument" is a diary beginning with Sonnet 27 upon the failure of the Essex Rebellion of February 8, 1601, when the popular earls of Essex and Southampton were taken as prisoners to the Tower of London. His thesis is that Sonnets 27-106 represent Oxford's personal reactions to the confinement of Southampton in the Tower, a confinement that lasted until the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603. Sonnet 107 celebrates his release by Elizabeth's successor James I, and Sonnets 108-125 correspond to the nineteen days leading up to and including Queen Elizabeth's funeral, followed by his farewell to Southampton immediately afterward in Sonnet 126, where he bids farewell to "his lovely boy."

Whittemore began his presentation with the assertion that the Fair Youth was Southampton, the Dark Lady was Queen Elizabeth I, and the Rival Poet was William Shakespeare. According to Whittemore, Oxford was part of the rebellion to remove Robert Cecil's power to control the succession. He sat in judgment at Southampton's trial and was forced to condemn him to death. As part of the ransom Oxford paid to save Southampton's life, he had to sever his ties to Wriothesley, his legitimacy to succeed Queen Elizabeth, and maintain the mask that prevented the world from knowing that he was the true author of the plays and sonnets.

In an alternative scenario, John Hamill, a project manager for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency proposed that De Vere's wife, Elizabeth Trentham was the dark lady of the sonnets and that Oxford's son Henry was a result of a union between Trentham and Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton. He pointed to Sonnet 143 in which the poet accuses the dark lady of having a bastard child and notes that de Vere never mentions in the sonnets

the fact that he was married. Hamill discussed the relative credentials of Emilia Bassano, Anne Vasavour, and Elizabeth Trentham as the dark lady and concluded that Elizabeth Trentham fits more of the criteria for the dark lady enunciated in the sonnets.

Trentham was trained in music, was younger than the author, and was not striking in her appearance. Hamill also suggested that Elizabeth Trentham was Avisia in the anonymous poem *Willobie His Avisia* (1594), in which, in a parody of the *Rape of Lucrece*, a chaste woman deceived her husband and engaged in adultery. Commenting on the Hamill theory, Hank Whittemore declared that specific historical events link Oxford, Queen Elizabeth, and Southampton, but that there is no evidence behind speculations about Emilia Bassano or Elizabeth Trentham.

Lynne Kositsky, an award-winning author and poet and President of the Shakespeare Fellowship gave a convincing rebuttal to the orthodox view that the 1609 Bermuda shipwreck literature *A Discovery of the Bermudas* (1610), by Sylvester Jourdain 1610, *True Declaration of the Colonie of Virginia* 1610, and William Strachey's *A True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas* (1625) were the sources used by Shakespeare in his play *The Tempest*. She stated that there is no evidence whatsoever that the "letter" ever went to the Virginia Company, or was in fact written at all in the fall of 1610. She pointed out that William Strachey's *True Repertory*, the only Bermuda pamphlet now thought to have significantly influenced *The Tempest*, was put into its only extant form too late to be used as the play's source, most likely after the play had been produced in 1611.

The Strachey letter, according to Kositsky, is contaminated as a possible source for Shakespeare as it copies both from earlier sources that Shakespeare would have had access to, and later sources that place it after Gates' ship sailed in July of 1610. Kositsky informed us that there was a "culture of plagiarism" that existed in travel narratives and that Mr. Strachey was a "major plagiarist" who borrowed extensively from earlier travel accounts. She pointed out that Strachey did not date his letter but that Samuel Purchas, a collector of travel works, dated Strachey's letter as 1610 in his collection, *Purchas His Pilgrimes*. She also said that Purchas' work was filled with plagiarism of earlier works including *True Declaration of Virginia*, published in November 1610, which was "cut up and shoved into various places in the narrative."

Kositsky also observed that Strachey relied on numerous sources that were not even available until 1612. The sources used by Shakespeare in describing the shipwreck in *The Tempest* included Erasmus *Naufragium* (1523), Greek romances, plays of the Commedia del Arte, Montaigne, Virgil, Ovid, and Richard Eden's *Decades of the New Worlde*. According to Ms. Kositsky, common elements from these sources render Shakespeare's reliance on Strachey as superfluous and imply that if there is an authentic intertextual relationship between the two texts, then most likely it was Strachey who copied from *The Tempest* rather than Shakespeare copying from Strachey.

Professor Roger Stritmatter of Coppin State University in Baltimore, currently the only scholar in the United States to be granted a PhD for research conducted on the 17th Earl of Oxford

as the author of the Shakespeare canon, followed up on Kositsky's analysis of Strachey by suggesting the *The Tempest* inspired several early Jacobean plays: *Eastward Ho* (1605), a known parody of Shakespeare plays in which a shipwreck occurs in the Thames River, *Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess* (1609), and *Die Schone Sidea (The Fair Sidea)* by Jacob Ayer (d. 1605), a German drama derivative of the English that contains many parallels with *The Tempest*.

To further the case that *The Tempest* was not written after the death of Edward de Vere, Stritmatter revealed that Richard Malim

Richard Malim in an article in *Great Oxford*

(Parapress 2004 www.parapress.co.uk)

discovered that a play called *The Spanish Maze* with no identified author may be the original title of the play....The closeness in theme to Shakespeare's play lends credence to the fact that *The Tempest* was written by 1605, and perhaps by 1602.

in an article in *Great Oxford* (Parapress 2004 www.parapress.co.uk) discovered that a play called *The Spanish Maze* with no identified author may be the latter play under its original name. The play, listed on the 1604-5 Court calendar, was designed as a liturgical device suited to Shrovetide practices and the inculcation of values required to endure Anglican Lent. Seven of the ten plays listed in the 1604-5 document were works of William Shakespeare, perhaps as a celebration of Oxford's works to honor him after his death in June 1604. *The Spanish Maze* is the only listed play that has no author and does not -- apparently -- exist today.

The Tempest is about the Spanish succession. A ritual rebellion mimics the rebellion of Antonio and later Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban to get rid of Prospero. Also in *The Tempest*, a "maze" is a very good description of what the characters find on the island, both geographically and psychologically. The closeness in theme to Shakespeare's play lends credence to the fact that *The Tempest* was written by 1605, and perhaps by 1602. Stritmatter and Kositsky hypothesize that *The Spanish Maze* was renamed *The Tempest* to cash in on the publicity centering on the Bermuda shipwreck.

In another presentation, Professor Roger Stritmatter reviewed his fifteen-year analysis of a critical artifact in the authorship mystery: the 1570 Geneva Bible, formally owned and annotated by Edward de Vere. The topic formed the author's 2001 University of Massachusetts PhD Dissertation and has generated a firestorm of controversy in the past five years. As summarized in the dissertation's Appendix C, "The de Vere Bible has 1063 marked verses. There are approximately 199 Biblical verses that are referenced in Shakespeare and also marked in the de Vere Bible."

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According to Dr. Stritmatter, 30 of 81 “Diagnostic Verses” -- verses alluded to by Shakespeare many times over -- are marked in the De Vere Bible, and another 16 are “indirectly” marked. He suggested that 46 out of 81 is unlikely to be a random result.

An example of a direct reference is when Shakespeare has Falstaff say “I fear not Goliath with a weaver’s beame,” and the same measurement at 2 Samuel 21:19 “...the brother of Goliath the Gittite, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver’s beam” — is underlined in de Vere’s Geneva Bible. As an example of an annotation indirectly marked, Prof. Stritmatter pointed to Ecc. 13.1. (“He that toucheth pitch, shall be defiled with it; and he that is familiar with the proud shall be like unto him.” Geneva translation). This is a frequent and undoubted Shakespearean source. The verse is listed as indirect because two verses away, Ecc. 13.3 is marked, proving the annotator’s close interest in the sequence of verses in which the “Diagnostic” occurs. Other bible references include Samuel 16.7 in which God calls upon Samuel to look not on a person’s outward appearance but what is in his heart, theme reflected in *Macbeth*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Stritmatter discussed the critics of his dissertation and how they fail to assess the actual significance of the de Vere Bible, because of an incorrect understanding of one or more of the five elements of the case: history, context, paleography, statistics, or interpretation. Stritmatter cited the Internet comments of Thomas Veal who postulates that the annotations were made by someone other than De Vere. Stritmatter also cited contradictions in statements by Professor Alan Nelson of the University of California at Berkeley when he first acknowledged that de Vere was the annotator, then later said that the handwriting was not the same as that in Oxford’s letters.

Author Paul Altrocchi, a former Professor of Neurology at Stanford Medical School and author of *Most Greatly Lived*, a biographical novel of Edward de Vere, gave support to the idea of Richard Roe that the word Bermoothes in *The Tempest* refers not to the Bermuda Islands but to a London suburb haunted by criminals and derelicts. He stated that the passage in *The Tempest* referring to Bermoothes is merely a request by a thirsty Prospero to his spirit-servant, Ariel, to go from the ship to the London suburb of Bermoothes to fetch dew, i.e., whisky, where plenty was available from its many stills. Altrocchi rebutted those critics that said that the Bermoothes could not have existed in de Vere’s lifetime and showed that it existed by at least 1560.

In another paper, Prof. Altrocchi argued that the true author of the 1562 poem *The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet* was not Arthur Brooke but by a teenage Edward de Vere. Altrocchi questioned how someone who provided a dry and sterile translation of *Sondry Places of Scripture* could be the same person who offered the original innovative poetry of Romeus and Juliet. He asserted that the play *Romeo and Juliet* is based so closely on the story line, details, passages, and word-clustering in *Tragicall Historie* that Shakespeare, if he didn’t write both works, was a flagrant plagiarist.

Attorney Thomas Regnier, last year’s keynote speaker at the Shakespeare Fellowship conference in Baltimore where he received the Fellowship’s award for outstanding scholarship, spoke about

Shakespeare’s ingrained understanding of the law as revealed in his treatment of the law of treason. According to Regnier, the underlying legal principle involving treason derives mainly from two sources, Germanic and Roman. The Germanic rationale for laws against treason was that it was an act of disloyalty. The Roman theory of treason was that it was an insult to public authority.

Shakespeare often employed themes of betrayal and treason, particularly in the history plays. Accusations of treason are often used by characters in the plays as convenient ways of getting rid of political rivals. Regnier cited *Richard II* as an example of the Roman concept by which treason was tantamount to an affront to the crown, “God will destroy those that would threaten the glory of his precious crown.” According to Regnier, use of the Roman

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An independent scholar with a PhD in Renaissance Studies, Dr. Peter Austin-Zacharias, spoke about the impact on Oxford’s development of his years spent at the home of William Cecil. Although both shared a love for classical literature, their values were different. Cecil represented the ideals of Cicero: duty defines self, abandon reliance on your own inclinations but heed the wisdom of others. Loyalty was the key. Oxford, however, identified not with Cicero, but with Ovid. To him Ovid reflected ideals of humanism, eros, polytheistic Gods, a dreamlike world of ever-changing forms, and the joy of language for its own sake.

Dr. Frank Davis, a neurosurgeon from Tallahassee, Florida revealed that Shakespeare’s extensive knowledge of medicine was an important factor in the authorship question. He referred to Shakespeare’s use of powerful medical imagery in *Henry IV*, Part

II and extensive employment of medical aphorisms is *Macbeth*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Cymbeline*. In all of Shakespeare, Dr. Davis cited 712 medical references, 455 major and 257 minor, and noted that there are eight doctors in seven plays. Dr. Davis made the case that the education and experiences of Edward de Vere makes him a better candidate of the authorship of Shakespeare's canon based on his knowledge of medicine.

Emeritus Professor in the Department of Modern Languages and Portuguese at Florida State University, Professor Ernest Rehder compared the original story of Cardenio and his companions, often attributed to Shakespeare, with the English plays, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* (1611) and *Double Falsehood*

Ramon Jimenez, a co-editor of the SOS newsletter and author of two books on Julius Ceasar and the Roman Republic, presented his thesis that the play *The True Tragedy of Richard the Third* (1594) was more than simply a source for Shakespeare. He wrote it at a very early age. The evidence, according to Mr. Jimenez, suggests that the play was in the early 1560s for Queen Elizabeth's court when de Vere was between 12 and 14 years of age.

(1727) by Lewis Theobald. He concluded that the lost play *Cardenio* could have little or nothing in common with the plot and characters of *SMT* but that it is the original source for the adventures of the three main characters of *Double Falsehood*. Although Theobald claimed that his work was based on an original Shakespeare manuscript, Prof. Rehder stated that questions remain unanswered as to whether or not Theobald's play was actually based on a play titled *Cardenio*.

Katherine Chiljan, a former SOS newsletter editor and an Oxfordian since 1984, revealed two previously unknown documents. One is relative to the sale of Oxford's property, Wivenhoe, purchased by Roger Townsend in 1584, and the other document is an annuity of £20 to "Robert Hales, gentleman," according to Ms. Chiljan, the famous lutenist and singer employed by Queen Elizabeth.

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Queen Elizabeth's court when he was between 12 and 14 years of age.

Mary Berkowitz, a native Californian, civil servant, and dedicated Oxfordian spoke about whether or not the Stratford Monument points to Christopher Marlowe as the author of the Shakespeare canon. Ms. Berkowitz reviewed the arguments in favor of Marlowe and identified and corrected the fallacies of the argument. Ms. Berkowitz pointed out that the only name on the grave was Jesus, part of the doggerel.

SOS member and honorary life member of the De Vere Society, Derran Charlton presented a paper on the enigma of the 40 *Emaricdulfe Sonnets*, written by an E. C. Esquire and published in 1595. According to Professors Michael Brame and Galina Popova in *Shakespeare's Fingerprints*, Adonis Editions, 2002, "there can be little doubt that Emaricdulfe was written by the same genius that created Shakespeare's sonnets, and whatever doubt remains is dispelled by the patterned syntactic congruence found in the Emaricdulfe sonnet."

(A Divided Mind, cont. from p. 1)

Just imagine for a moment these two meeting on the steps of Cecil house, master and ward belonging to different generations and different social classes. What could they possibly have had in common? Their favorite books give us the answer. William Cecil is reputed to have carried Cicero's *De Officiis* in his pocket. Edward de Vere, on the other hand, was enthralled with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In other words, both shared the humanists' love for the writings of classical Greece and Italy. As James Hillman describes in his *Re-Visioning Psychology*¹, the Renaissance's love of antiquity opened up an imaginal realm of archetypical images that allowed the humanists to move beyond the doctrines of the church fathers and beyond the reasoned disputations of the scholastics and explore the realm of the soul.

Both Cecil and de Vere drank deeply from the waters of this rediscovered imaginal well, but the images that enlivened their imaginations embodied values that were mutually exclusive, and, most importantly, promoted very different concepts of the self, which when both were internalized by the young, impressionable de Vere, created his divided psyche.

Showing the proper deference to age and authority, let us begin with Sir William Cecil. He was the *pater familias* par excellence, who derived his authority partly from being the head of a Christian household, partly from being Master of the Royal Court of Wards and Secretary of State, and partly from his strong interest in education, an interest so sincere that he could be considered at the time of Edward's arrival the unofficial Minister of Education.

His interest in education can be traced back to his college days at St. Johns College of Cambridge University. There he was remembered for being, what we would now call 'a grind,' going so far as to hire a bellringer to wake him at four in the morning in order to get an early start on his studies. He attended the lectures of the classical scholar, John Cheke. There he met Cheke's crony and colleague, Thomas Smith, the man who was to become Edward's first tutor.

(Divided Mind, cont. on p. 16)

(A Divided Mind cont. from p. 15)

Over the previous decade the works of Martin Luther had been secretly studied by the younger dons, and they found Luther's simpler modes of worship and his appeal to the individual soul irresistible and quite intoxicating. Cecil spent five years at Cambridge absorbing the new revolutionary doctrines and falling in love with his professor's daughter, Mary Cheke. While good King Harry was closing the monasteries, confiscating their wealth, and doling it out to his friends and retainers, Cecil became one of the Cambridge intellectual revolutionaries who fervently wished to see the protestant reforms prevail and who, in the days ahead, was to engineer its successful political implementation.

Cecil's father did not approve of the love match and sent him to Gray's Inn to study law. Cecil, however, persevered, and in 1541 he married his true love. Mary bore him a son the next year and then died a few months later.

Allen Gordon Smith in his biography, *William Cecil*, describes the benefits of his marriage:

His marriage to Mary Cheke had made him known at court as a young man of shrewdness and ability, as well as the heir to a fortune of considerable proportions. The Cheke connection had also brought him into the little scholarly group at court at the head of which stood that prince of pedagogues, Sir Anthony Coke, the little Edward's Governor.²

Sir Anthony's oldest daughter, Mildred, was highly educated and unwed. Cecil, overlooked her unattractiveness, her excessive protestant piety, her rigid morality, and quickly married her. Thus he became allied with the group of revolutionary scholars that surrounded the young King Edward VI.

In the ensuing years, even after Cecil became Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, he never lost his interest in education. The reason was that pedagogy provided these revolutionaries with the means of inculcating their protestant religious beliefs in the younger aristocratic generation, with King Edward VI, Lady Jane Gray, and Queen Elizabeth being the most visible examples of the efficacy of their methods. William Cecil, while personal secretary to Edward Seymour, the Protector of the throne during the minority of Edward VI, witnessed the wonders that an education in the principles of the revolution could work, and took the lessons to heart.

When de Vere arrived at Cecil House, Cecil was Chancellor of Cambridge University, and over the years he intervened in the governance of at least ten schools. He also took the education of his wards very seriously. His private school was so well thought of that one aristocratic mother petitioned him to have her son enrolled there.

One of Edward's tutors, Lawrence Nowell, and Cecil shared an interest in geography and cartography, and Cecil possessed one of the finest collections of maps in England, which he displayed on the walls of Theobalds. Unfortunately they are now lost.

It was Cecil's habit to quiz his sons and wards on geography, making sure they understood the importance of what they were

studying. When young men wanting to travel abroad came to him to have their passports signed, he would question them in detail about England's geography. If the young men didn't know enough to suit him, he told them to stay home until they knew more about their own country.

It was also during these years that de Vere acquired his familiarity with the Old and New Testaments. To be sure Cecil followed the Queen's religious preferences whenever he was at court, but when he returned to Cecil House, he practiced a more austere form of Protestantism. It was his custom to read the Bible at the table after supper, and he was reported to have remarked that a person should read the entire New Testament once a year and the Old Testament every three years.

Cecil's library was one of the largest in the realm, comprising over 1400 volumes and manuscripts, surpassing those of the universities, which after they had been purged of their papist tracts were down to around 400 volumes. Perhaps only Dr. John Dee's

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library with its 2,500 printed books and 170 manuscripts exceeded Cecil's.

In addition to weaning the younger aristocratic generation away from its inherited Catholic beliefs, the schoolmasters, including Cecil, wished their pedagogy to turn members of the titled nobility into, as Cecil wrote to John Harington, who was an undergraduate at Cambridge at the time, "a fit servant of the Queen and country, for which you were born, and to which, next God, you are most bound."³ In the same letter Cecil recommends Cicero for Latin, Livy and Caesar for Roman History, and Aristotle and Plato for logic and philosophy. All serious authors these. Living by his advice, Cecil supported throughout his life historians and grammarians – but no poets.

Cicero, more than anyone else, was the ancient Roman who exemplified the life devoted to public service that Cecil so earnestly championed. He was the 'mirror' Cecil looked into to model and evaluate his own professional life, and there was no other book that presented the archetype of the statesman and public servant in such a concise form as Cicero's *De Officiis*, usually translated as *On Duties*.

De Officiis purports to be a letter written by Cicero to his son, Marcus, who is studying in Athens and who is about to enter the practical world of affairs. A letter from a father to his son, as he was about to enter the world, counseling him as to the proper course

to take in his life was a tradition that started with the ancient Greeks and was imitated by the educated aristocratic statesmen and humanists of the Renaissance and beyond to Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son written in the 1740s. These letters contain the accumulated wisdom of the older generation distilled into precepts and maxims for easy memorization by the younger generation. The recipient of the letter was to take the precepts to heart and use them to guide his behavior. Cicero describes the reason for the necessity of such authoritarian demands towards the end of Book I:

First of all, though, we must decide who and what we wish to be, and the kind of life we want. That deliberation is the most difficult thing of all; for it is as adulthood is approaching, just when his counsel is at its very weakest, that each person decides that the way of leading a life that he most admires should be his own. The result is that he becomes engaged upon a fixed manner and course of life before he is able to judge what might be best.⁴

The thought that a youth might choose a course of life by relying upon his own inclinations and desires sent a shiver of fear up the older generation's spines. It was assumed that 'Father knows best,' and Cecil never came out and said in so many words that you must be like me and follow my example, but that was the assumption that underlay all the precepts, maxims, *exempla*, advice and counsel that were liberally sprinkled with a strong spice of admonition and served to the young men for their edification. The fathers insisted that their sons live up to the same ideals that they were attempting to realize. Imitation was the path to worldly success and to the proper conduct of life.

As Joseph Campbell would say, "This is Guru stuff." The father transfers his ideal self to his son, who is expected to absorb and emulate it without question. It is something one puts on, like a suit of clothes, and with a little effort manages to grow into. What is important to remember, as Richard Helgerson explains in his book, *Elizabethan Prodigals*⁵, is that the ideal

self comes from without; it does not come from within the young man. A young man's obligations to his father, his family, his social class, and to his sovereign, which can be summed up in the word 'duty', thus define the self. When the son, in a period of self-doubt, looks within himself, he is trying to determine just how closely he is living up to the imposed ideal. Perfection is the ultimate goal of this kind of exercise in self-consciousness.

The Elizabethan fathers shared the humanist schoolmasters' conviction that

Experience was.... the cause of all the young man's folly, which could only lead him down the wayward path to his eventual financial ruin, social disgrace, and probable damnation. To avoid the hidden snares of experience, the young man had to abandon his reliance upon his own good sense and reasoning and trust instead to the received wisdom of his elders for guidance. As for the youth's own thoughts and feelings, to display them in public was considered a gross violation of the decorum...

experience was not a good teacher – in fact, it was just the opposite, the cause of all the young man's folly which could only lead him down the wayward path to his eventual financial ruin, social disgrace, and probable damnation. To avoid the hidden snares of experience, the young man had to abandon his reliance upon his own good sense and reasoning and trust instead to the received wisdom of his elders for

guidance. As for the youth's own thoughts and feelings, to display them in public was considered a gross violation of the decorum, espoused by Cicero in *De Officiis*. It was also redolent of an unseemly and, therefore, intolerable self-indulgence.

Since as the archetypal *pater familias*, Cecil drew his authority from God himself, it is easy to see how the young earl would take Cecil's admonitory advice to heart. He absorbed or, as we would say, internalized, these Christian Humanist views of the serious, virtuous, duteous self, and every time he violated the spirit of their precepts, he would undoubtedly have heard an internal voice admonishing him for his transgressions and reminding him to heed the wisdom of his elders.

But what about Edward de Vere's own desires? In what direction were they urging him? Since most of Edward's time was spent with schoolmasters, tutors, and dons, we should look more closely at the way he was being taught Latin, Greek, and especially rhetoric, a subject he mastered with ease.

Walter J. Ong in his book *Rhetoric, Romance and Technology*⁶ describes the many similarities that the youthful study of Latin has to the male rites of initiation practiced by non-western peoples. As happens among tribal peoples, the male youth is separated from the world of women between the ages of seven and ten, and lives with other males, where older males take it upon themselves to introduce him to the elders. He is forced to do hard tasks just because they are hard, i.e., memorizing long speeches, or conversing in Latin, or writing poems in Latin. Also there is some form of physical punishment, usually caning, for not obeying the commands of the elders, for not learning the lesson properly, or for not paying attention in class.

The object of all this conditioning, of course, is to produce manly men, men who are courageous and have tough moral fiber that will allow them to control their emotions once they have joined the larger society outside the family. For those teachers with, what Ong calls, the puberty-rite mentality – and Cecil certainly qualifies as one – the teaching of literature, poetry, and drama was intended for the student in his early years, something to ease him into

(Continued on page 18)

the rigors of the study of language, but which he should then abandon for history, philosophy, and theology, those serious, more mature pursuits, once he was in his late teens.

A most important part of the wisdom transferred to the young during their initiation into Latin was rhetoric. As Cicero and the later Greek orators reiterated, a man serving the state and appearing in public life also needed to be eloquent so that he could speak convincingly before assemblies of his peers. The humanist schoolmasters thus shifted the emphasis from the scholastics' logic and disputations to rhetoric and eloquent speech. This shift to rhetoric was to cause Edward and, incidentally, others of the younger generation, a great deal of conflict with their elders and consequently within themselves.

The cause of this conflict was none other than poetry. The tutors with the puberty-rite mindset taught poetry with the intention of inculcating eloquence and morals. Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Terence were the standard authors. As is well known, the schoolmasters 'moralized' both Ovid and Terence to make them more acceptable to young minds. Verse making was practiced in the upper forms of grammar school and during the first year or two at the university. It was not intended to create poets and was replaced in the university curriculum by rhetoric, history, and moral philosophy.

The schoolmasters presented a contradictory lesson to their charges when they introduced them to the ancient poets. They acquainted them with the mythological realm of the gods and goddesses with all their human desires and emotions, at the same time inveighing against polytheistic experience. They guided them into the realm of Eros, sexuality, and the body, only to stigmatize the body and its desires as evil and immoral. The schoolmasters were for the most part misogynists, looking at anything feminine as potentially tempting their young men away from what was manly and courageous. In their eyes woman was a Circe transforming young men into bestiality. As a consequence of hating the archetypal

feminine, they were indifferent, if not outright hostile to the festivals and fertility rituals marking the cycles of nature that were still practiced in the countryside.

How could an emphasis upon rhetoric undermine the authoritarian virtues of loyalty, obedience, and duty in the younger generation and most importantly inhibit the development of a serious, permanent self?

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Richard Lanham in his study, *Motives of Eloquence*, describes the kind of young man that a concentrated training in classical rhetoric would produce:

Start your student young. Teach him a minute concentration on the word, how to write it, speak it, remember it. Stress memory in a massive, almost brutalizing way, develop it far in advance of conceptual understanding. Let words come first as objects and sounds long before they can, for a child, take on full

meaning. They are looked *at* before they can be looked through. From the beginning, stress behavior as performance, reading aloud, speaking with gesture, a full range of histrionic adornment. Require no original thought. Demand instead an agile marshaling of the proverbial wisdom on any issue. Categorize this wisdom into predigested units, commonplaces, *topoi*. Dwell on their decorous fit into situation. Develop elaborate memory schemes to keep them readily at hand. Teach, as theory of personality, a corresponding set of accepted personality types, a taxonomy of impersonation. Drill the student incessantly on correspondences between verbal style and personality type, life style. Nourish an acute sense of social situation. Let him, to weariness, translate, not only from one language to another, but from one style to another.

(italics in original)⁷

Rhetorical man is an actor with no central self, no stable identity; his reality is public, dramatic. Consequently, he feels he is only a series of roles that he slips into and out of at will. His sense of identity, of who he is, depends, not upon a central self, but upon the reassurance gleaned from daily histrionic reenactment. At the heart of rhetorical reality lies pleasure, not duty. Such a man has an overpowering self-consciousness about language and takes special delight in using it for its own sake, for the beauties of its sounds, and its unexpected, sophisticated witticisms.

The ancient who best exemplifies this ideal is Ovid—Oxford's favorite poet. Where Cecil modeled his life after the serious Ciceronian ideal, Oxford identified with the playful, self-conscious, rhetorical Ovid. Where Cicero's writings and the Bible are about eternal truths and the construction of a virtuous, essential self, Ovid wrote about the mundane and risqué aspects of love: how to get and keep a mistress, about his personal trials and tribulations in the pursuit of love, about the wives of heroes who were abandoned by their lovers—not the heroes themselves, and in the *Metamorphoses*, he created a mysterious, dream-like world of ever-changing forms where desires reign supreme and where

Oxford's Purported Juvenalia,
1560-1567

YEAR	TITLE	COMMENTS
1560/1563	<i>Fable of Ovid Treating of Narcissus</i>	Translation of Narcissus story in Ovid.
1562	<i>Romeus and Juliet</i>	Translated from the Italian by one Ar. Bk.
1562	<i>Jack the Juggler</i> — Play	Anonymous.
1562	<i>Spinning Wheel Poem</i>	Found in Cecil papers to Anne Cecil. No attribution.
1563	Letter to Cecil	In French.
1563	<i>The historie of Leonard Aretine</i>	Translation by "Arthur Golding."
1564	<i>The abridgement of the histories of Trogus Pompeius</i>	Translation by "Arthur Golding."
1564	<i>The eyght bookes of Caius Iulius Caesar, Julius Caesar</i>	Translation by "Arthur Golding"
1565	<i>Ovid's Metamorphoses</i>	First four books by "Arthur Golding."
1566	Poems and Songs:	Appeared in <i>The Paradise of Dainty Devices</i> , fp. 1576.
1.	Even as the Waxe doth melt	Richard Edwards who died in 1566 had them in his personal collection.
2.	A crown of Bayes	Many may be the lyrics of songs.
3.	Framd in the front	
4.	I am not as I seem to be	
5.	If care or skill	
6.	My meanying is to worke	
7.	The Lyvely larke	
8.	The trickling teares	
1566	Jocasta, Euripides	Translation by "George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmershe."
1566	<i>Palamon and Arcite</i>	Performed at Oxford. Perhaps his first play in collaboration with Richard Edwards.
1566	<i>Agamemnon/Medeal/Hippolytus/Hercules Oeteus</i>	Translation of Seneca by "John Studley."
1566	<i>I Suppositi, The Supposes, Ariosto</i>	Translation by "George Gascoigne."
1567	<i>The historye of Horestes</i>	Presented at court between Christmas and Shrovetide. By "John Pikering."

Figure 1. I have used the list compiled by Paul Streitz⁸ as a base and added to it whenever I have found another likely work. The last two plays are included because of the work done by Ramon Jimenez,⁹ who has convincingly argued that these plays belong to Oxford's Juvenalia. This list makes no claim to completeness.

gods morph into lower creatures and humans into flora and fauna. Above all else, Ovid was a master story teller, a compiler and maker of myths; and his work is much more ambitious than any epic, beginning with the creation of the world and continuing up to the time he himself was writing in the reign of Augustus Caesar. The mythic world of the *Metamorphoses* is imaginal, suffused with feeling, and quite improbable, which makes it all the more attractive, in a knowing, sophisticated, witty way. As such it is opposed to the serious, rational, and heroic world of great deeds and social responsibility. Ovid demonstrates that there is no central, serious self, no self such as Cicero, and before him Plato espoused.

It is now time to turn to Oxford's writings published during his stay at Cecil House (See Figure 1) for evidence of the conflict I have been describing.

We immediately see that he has absorbed both conceptions of the self. In the two letters that he wrote to Cecil,

the one in French in 1563 and the other in English in 1569, we encounter the dutiful, obedient Oxford. In the first, he writes:

Your good admonishments for the observance of good order according to your appointed rules, I am resolved (God abiding) to keep with all diligence, as a thing that I may know and consider to tend especially to my own good and profit, using therein the advice and authority of those who are near me. . . .¹⁰

The second letter is a request to be allowed to serve "my prince and country" by taking part in "the wars and services in strange and foreign places."¹¹ Obviously he is attempting to live up to the serious self that has been so diligently imposed upon him.

As for an example of the rhetorical self we merely have to glance at the top of the list. In 1560 the tale of Narcissus, translated from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was published anonymously with the title *The Fable of Ovid Treating Narcissus*. Hank Whittemore¹²

speculates that the fable could have been translated by the youthful de Vere. It smacks of being a translation exercise, and interestingly enough, the humanist schoolmasters at this time were looking for people who could translate the ancient texts into their native English. It was a matter of national pride, of keeping up with the continent, where the ancients were being translated into the vernacular, especially in Italy, France, and Spain.

In 1562 a poem entitled *The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, was published. The title goes on to state that it is a translation of a story by the Italian, Bandello, and only the initials, 'Ar. Br.' hint at who the translator was. Scholars have assumed these are the initials of Arthur Brooke, a young man who died at sea soon after the poem's publication. The poem has become the accepted source for *Romeo and Juliet*, and because of that, Oxfordians have speculated that de Vere is the more likely translator. The poem is interesting for several reasons, but I want to limit myself to showing how it illustrates the

(Cont. on p. 20)

A Divided Mind (continued from page 19)

opposition between Cicero and Ovid, which is in the process of becoming a much deeper psychic conflict in de Vere. In the author's introduction to the reader, he describes the story thus:

And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to dishonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and advise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with drunken gossypes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instruments of unchastitie) attempting all adventures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, using auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusing the honorable name of lawefull marriage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all means of dishonest lyfe, hastyng to most unhappy deathe.¹³

Does this judgment, made from a radical protestant perspective, in any way describe the poem that follows? Could the same person who troubled to translate this story into some 3000 lines in Poulter's Measure have written the censorious introduction, an introduction guaranteed to turn the pious away and titillate the curiosity of the weaker minded? Yes, our young poet could and most likely did. While translating this story, a story that deals with a love that is ennobling and that is a positive force for fertility and life, his imagination gave conscious form to the emotions lying hidden in his unconscious, but then after he had finished and was feeling somewhat guilty about his enthusiastic approval of such frowned upon feminine emotions, he assumed the polar opposite persona of the righteous, morally disapproving schoolmaster and delivered the tirade that characterizes the introduction. This, however, is not a solution that will heal the conflict in the writer's psyche. It does not integrate the

opposing concepts of the self that are experienced every time he picks up his quill pen.

Three years later in 1565 a translation of the first four books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* appeared, and in 1567 all fifteen books were published. It purports to be a translation by Arthur Golding. As Hank Whittemore¹⁴ convincingly argues in his article, "Oxford's *Metamorphoses*" and Paul Streit¹⁵ in his biography of Oxford, entitled *Oxford, the Son of Queen Elizabeth I*, Arthur Golding is not the kind of person to spend his time translating Ovid into fourteeners. Translating serious, uplifting books from Latin and French was his lifetime's work. He published more than thirty books, the majority being religious. At the same time he was supposed to be translating *The Metamorphoses*, he was working on John Calvin's *Treatise on*

Calvin's treatise was soon followed by several volumes of his sermons and commentaries. Golding never translated any more of Ovid or any other Roman poet for that matter.

Offenses. Calvin's treatise was soon followed by several volumes of his sermons and commentaries. Golding never translated any more of Ovid or any other Roman poet for that matter.

Streitz points out that the *Metamorphoses* is not a word-for-word translation, the kind of thing Golding did with Calvin's works.¹⁶ Rather it is in the tradition of Elizabethan translations like Sir Thomas Hoby's *The Book of the Courtier* published in 1561, which creates an English work based upon the Italian model. John Frederick Nims in his introduction to the translation says Golding begins:

. . . by metamorphosing Ovid: by turning the sophisticated Roman into a ruddy country gentlemen with tremendous gusto, a sharp eye on the

life around him, an ear for racy speech, and a gift for energetic doggerel.¹⁷

Just the kind of thing one would expect from a lusty adolescent. The translation is almost one third longer than the original, crammed with adjectives and phrases that make this the most English of translations and the one that Ezra Pound thought was the most beautiful in English.

Obviously Ovid opened de Vere's creative imagination to the realms misogynistic humanists censured so severely: the realm of love between man and woman, the realm of Eros as a force of nature, the realm of the polytheistic gods and goddesses and their all too human antics, the realm of sexuality and the human body, and above all the archetypal world of dream and night presided over by the archetypal feminine.

In addition to his translations, Oxford was also learning from and perhaps collaborating with a man who introduced him to yet other outlets for his creative urges, and that man was named Richard Edwards. He was Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal from 1561 until his death in 1566. It would be wonderful if more could be learned about their relationship because in *The Arte of English Poesie*, Puttenham writes "Th' Earle of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of Her Majesty's Chappell" were named as deserving "the hiest price . . . for Comedy and Enterlude."¹⁸ Edwards introduced him to music as well as drama, neither of which was looked upon as a serious pursuit by the schoolmaster humanists. After Edwards' death in 1566 eight poems signed by Oxford were found in Edwards' collection of poems, and all were later published under the title, *The Paradise of Dainty devices*. This collection was very popular in its day, going through some ten editions. The man who printed the book, Henry Disle, enticed prospective buyers by saying that all the poems "are so aptly made to be set to any song in .5. partes, or song to instrument."¹⁹ Winnifred Maynard believes that it owed its popularity to "the fact that it offered a collection of lyrics for the new five part consort song."²⁰

So Oxford's earliest poems were song lyrics, which he probably sang to lute or virginal accompaniment. His musical

training, which started during these years and continued while he was at Gray's Inn, became an important part of his creative life. We have to look no farther than Plato to see why this should be. Plato believed in the superior role of music in the education of the whole man. In the *Republic* Socrates expounds the importance of music in a young man's education:

... isn't this why the rearing in music is most sovereign? Because rhythm and harmony most of all insinuate themselves into the inmost part of the soul and most vigorously lay hold of it in bringing grace with them; and they make a man graceful if he is correctly reared, if not, the opposite.²¹

When music entered Edward de Vere's soul it created a world of harmony and grace and beauty, which produced pleasure and delight in both the performer and listener. But delight, pleasure, and especially joy, joy in life, joy in producing mellifluous and eloquent phrases partook too much of the feminine, too much of vulnerability, intuition, creativity, and the mystery of inner space ever to be sanctioned by the protestant humanists who directed their charges toward a manly life of reason dedicated to duty, honor, and service.

Richard Edwards influenced him in another direction as well. When Edward de Vere graduated from Oxford in 1566, a play called *Palamon and Arcite* was performed before the Queen who was in attendance at the graduation. Katherine Chiljan²² argues that this was most likely an early version of the play that John Fletcher added a subplot to and called *The Two Noble Kinsman*. She speculates that Edwards was too busy with his other duties in early 1566 to find time to write the play, affording de Vere the opportunity to collaborate with him.

By the time he enrolled in Gray's Inn in 1567, which by the way was Cecil's old law school, his was a thoroughly divided mind, torn between the values and antipathies of the masculine and misogynistic world of school and state and the world of the imagination, the creative world that offered the possibilities of pleasure and delight through the composition of music, poetry, and drama.

So when a young man, once he had left school, following his own inner voice, continued to write poetry or drama, he earned the severe disapproval of his authoritarian elders, which in turn led the young men to question their sense of self, and such questioning only exacerbated their internal conflict, which, of course, created greater anguish and melancholy.

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In going to the Inns of Court, he left the hierarchical world of his *pater familias* for the congenial world of equals, friends, and male camaraderie. He went loving poetry and drama and eloquent speech, but knowing that they were toys, trifles meant only for training younger students; he went enamored of the beauty and sophisticated conversation of aristocratic women, but knowing that woman was a temptress who transformed helpless men into beasts, leading them on their descent to perdition; he went loving beauty, pleasure, the harmonies of music and of the dance, but knowing that his life was to be spent, not in

the pursuit of his own desires, but in serving and bringing honor to his family, to his social class, and to his sovereign; but above all he went as a youth capable of assuming many identities, as a raconteur, a bawdy jester, a prankster, a teller of wondrous tales, but knowing that his elders demanded that he become the serious self that they had taken so many years to inculcate, in short knowing that he was expected to become the ideal protestant courtier.

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(Cont. on p. 32)

(Dethroning cont. from p. 15)

revelation of an old, but unknown truth) on the life of our culture's seminal artistic figure? Are we heretics as well as revolutionaries? Some of us here could certainly claim to have experienced something akin to religious persecution in the quest for the truth about William Shakespeare. Hyperbole? Cambridge alumnus Kit Marlowe, before his conveniently timed demise, faced the rack for his heretical notions. Let us at least be grateful that the less drastic tools of ad hominem attack and professional ostracism now lie in wait for the Shakespeare schismatic.

Now, my friends, am I getting too mystical for you? Are you shifting uncomfortably in your seats at the idea that you may actually be sitting in a pew? Acolytes of Oxford, Bishops of Bacon, Marlovian Monsignors, or some other such suitably ecclesiastical, alliterative gang-tags? I would urge that we not leap to defend our scholarly objectivity just yet. In this room are atheists, agnostics, Catholics, Jews, Doctors of Protestant divinity, New Age initiates of deep yoga practice....and lawyers. Is it not possible that we are all closet bardolaters? Neuro-psychology and brain science are now claiming that, in some strange fashion, the urge to worship, to find higher meaning in a unified vision of reality is "hard-wired" into our brains, as inescapably a part of our innate human equipment as the pancreas. Given that this may be so, let us then, as T.H. Huxley urged, simply "sit down before fact like a little child, and be ready to follow wherever and into whatever abysses it may lead us, or we shall learn nothing."

Has anything like this happened before? Has a culture's reigning secular deity ever been shown to be false at the core? It is tantamount to demonstrating that Christianity was founded, not by Jesus of Nazareth, but by Tiberius Caesar. Can we peer into the future and see what waits in store for those bold and rash enough to attempt such sacrilege?

I think it will be fun to try.

In the wake of the inevitable ascendancy of the Oxfordian Synod (it helps that they've identified the actual author!), I prophesy the following fates for the currently

competing heresies in the Church of Bardolatry.

Let us begin with Bacon. (That's how I start all my mornings!)

The Baconians: will all have withdrawn to a remote hermitage in the Himalayas near Tibet, where they have entered a deep yogic trance-state to await the promised day (presumed to lie some 3,000 years hence) when the human brain will have evolved sufficiently so as to be capable of deciphering the Baconian Code woven into

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Thereafter they allied
themselves with surviving
Druidical sects, with whom
they still celebrate moonlit
rites in the Forest of Arden
every April 23rd.**

the First Folio – a day secretly prophesied by Sir Francis himself in manuscripts closely held by the world's most intensely hermetic society – The Brotherhood of the Snow-Stuffed Rooster (for the uninitiated, this is the manner in which Sir Francis met his demise – stuffing a chicken with snow to see if he could preserve it for next week's supper).

The Marlovians: An essentially romantic heresy of extreme imaginative gifts, the Marlowe sect ensured its indefinite survival when they procured a vast endowment from an Italian industrialist, who financed the creation of a huge theme park north of Venice, called "Marlowe-World" – where

visitors may experience Kit Marlowe's imagined life in exile, in all its hedonistic, atheistical, unbearably poignant glory!

The Neville Sect: The Sir Henry Neville sect experienced a brief flash of fanatical adherents, confined largely to a small corner of South Wales in the early years of the 21st Century, whence it vanished some 48 hours later.

The Derbyites, Rutlanders, Sidneyites, and Tudorites: These were all eventually subsumed into the greater Oxfordian Synod, upon their candidates being granted the status of patron saints.

The Stratford Sect: This sect showed an astonishing degree of longevity, due largely to sheer historical momentum, and only faded finally from prominence in the year 2525 when the Royal Shakespeare Company finally removed to Hedingham Castle. Thereafter they allied themselves with surviving Druidical sects, with whom they still celebrate moonlit rites in the Forest of Arden every April 23rd.

The now reigning Oxford Orthodoxy has its ecclesiastical headquarters in North America, at that global Shake-speare mecca – the fair city of Ashland, Oregon! – where they are guided with perfect wisdom by the Secular Arm – the Shakespeare-Oxford Society and their brethren in The Shakespeare Fellowship!

God bless us E-Very one!

Affectionately,

Charles Dickens, Esq.

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Reading Secretary Hand

by Ian Haste

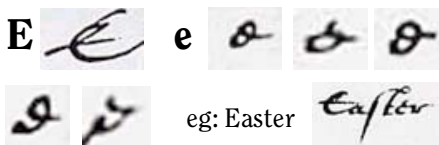
Editor's Note: In this first in a four part series, Ian Haste offers a primer on understanding the secretary hand.

The Secretary Hand is English, and words are recognizably, though sometimes phonetically, spelled. Then why is it so difficult to read? For example, what are these two words?

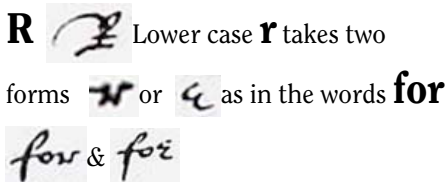


The key to understanding is to know that the letters are shaped differently. poorly executed secretary script is more difficult to read as is today's poor handwriting, but once these new letter shapes are learned, translation of more elegant writing is no mystery.

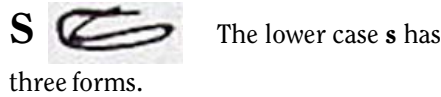
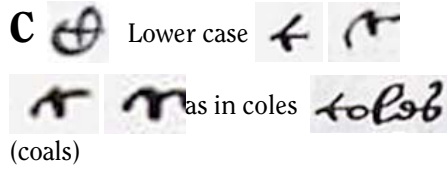
Let us look at some common and easily distinguishable letters: e s r c a h.



The lower case e is roughly the shape of a circle, often looped back horizontally across, or pointed.



The lower case r takes two forms as in the words for & for

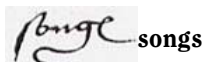


The long s descends below the line and begins, or is within, the word as in Easter above.

The short S, either or is always the last letter of a word.



Both words shown below begin and end with the lower case S

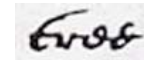


similar to modern a, the capital is sometimes crossed:

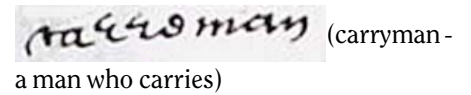


The lower case h descends below the line as in his

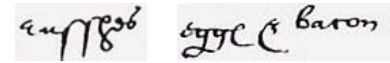
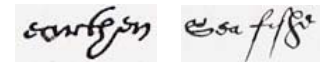
The following words use letters shown above: charges tree



carreman



Decipher the following words.



Next time we look at letters that pose special difficulties due to their similarity in form: p q g y u v w & t

Answers: earthen; Seafishe; russes; eggs & bacon; this.

All examples are taken from manuscripts from the years 1567 - 1568.

“Bird By Bird”:

James Newcomb on Shakespearean Acting, Psychology, and the Authorship Question...in a *Shakespeare Matters* Exclusive

Interviewed by Mark Anderson

Attendees at last fall’s joint Shakespeare Fellowship/Shakespeare Oxford Society Conference in Ashland, Oregon enjoyed the opportunity to see a spectacular production of *Richard III* at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. Some that this correspondent spoke with called it the best Shakespeare production they had ever seen. In the title role was an Oxfordian actor who has been at the OSF for 12 seasons.

James Newcomb has donned many caps and coxcombs at OSF, playing such diverse Shakespearean roles as Bolingbroke (*Richard II*), Albany (*Lear*), Theseus/Oberon (*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*), Polixenes (*Winter’s Tale*), Sebastian (*The Tempest*), Thersites (*Troilus and Cressida*), Touchstone (*As You Like It*), Feste (*Twelfth Night*), Dogberry (*Much Ado About Nothing*), Laertes (*Hamlet*), and Salerio and Gratiano (*Merchant of Venice*). He also teaches stage combat at the OSF and at the University of California San Diego. Newcomb took some time out of his schedule this past December — as he was recovering from a shoulder injury sustained during his stint as the Bard’s evil hunchback — to speak with *Shakespeare Matters* about fools, villains, and the slowly but inexorably crumbling walls of Stratford town.

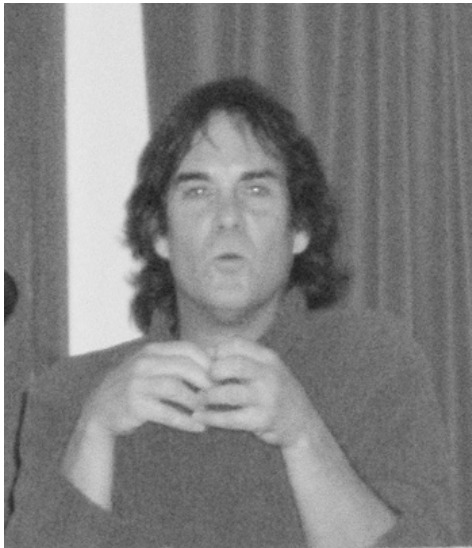
Shakespeare Matters: So I’m always curious about how people first came to the authorship question. What first got you interested in Edward de Vere and the story of him as Shakespeare?

James Newcomb: The authorship question was something I was aware of since I was in my early 20s.

Can I ask how old you are?

I’m 50. I originally looked at it the way that most orthodox people who buy the Stratford story — that myth — that they were cranks and kooks. It was like one of those weird things on the periphery.

“The moon landing never happened.” That kind of stuff.



Yes. Of course. And then I was in my third season at Ashland and my first stint at the Oregon Shakespeare festival.

When was this?

This is early '90s: '91 I think. And I was looking at Bloomsbury Books, a bookstore in Ashland. And they have a fairly large Shakespeare section. And there was Charlton Ogburn’s book, *The Mysterious William Shakespeare*. As you know, it’s a door-stopper. I went, “Wow.”

The very first time I had heard of de Vere was when I was at Shakespeare and Company [in Lenox, Mass.] in the very first year of Shakespeare and Company. And Kristin Linklater was there, and she was an Oxfordian. And at that time it didn’t make any sense at all. So that’s the first place I’d heard of it. But when I got Charlton’s book, that was my epiphany.

Have you been in touch with Kristin since then?

Oh, yes. On a couple of occasions. I saw her in New York a couple years ago at the [2003 Shakespeare Oxford Society] conference. And we sat on a panel on the last day, on a Sunday. My wife is a voice teacher at UCSD and also a voice coach who works at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. She is a Linklater-trained teacher as well. So we have a long-standing relationship with Shakespeare and Company. And I’ve known Kristin for quite some time.

Was there anything that stands out in your mind in reading Charlton’s book that made you say, “OK. We’ve now hit the straw that broke the camel’s back”?

It was the monumental amount of circumstantial evidence. Even more so than that, it was also the classic arguments of all the reasons why it can’t be the man from Stratford. Which I was not aware of. I had just assumed the myth was fact. All the “he must have” or “certainly did” or “I’m sure that it was” — all the conjecture of the circumstantial evidence that they’ve made up — I assumed that to be fact. The way it was laid out in the book was so clear about why there’s nothing that supports the Stratford story. And then as you get into de Vere, most of it was the biographical stuff,

the biographical connections to the plays. It suddenly rang true. You suddenly went, “Well, of course. Writers write about what they know.” The association of other writers and their biographical information and how it associates with their work. It was literally a subtle epiphany. It’s obvious. I can’t pick out any one thing. It was a cumulative effect. And with every page, there was something else and there was something else and there was something else.

It’s funny, though, because you kind of feel like one of the chosen people. [Laughs] You really do. Everybody else in the orthodoxy thinks you’re nuts. And who knows how long this debate will rage. But you do feel like you’re one of the people that’s in on something. You feel evangelical to a degree, and you want just to share it with others.

But when I talk to other actors, most of them just don’t care. Most of the actors don’t care because it doesn’t mean anything to them. They’re still going to interpret the play as the play. And that’s the sad part to me. [In Ashland], Lisa and Laura Wilson were talking with Robin Nordli. They asked Robin about her preparation. And she said, “I like to get as much information as I can. I’m one of those people who loves to dig deep into the period and into as much as possible about what can inform me historically.” And then at practically the next breath she said, “But it doesn’t matter who wrote the plays. The fact is that we have the plays.”

Wouldn’t you want to know? In my case, I’m not a scholar. Maybe I’m more of a scholar than most of my colleagues. But it enriches the experience of performing the plays because of the empathy for the author, for what you know about him. I’ve played some of his fools. I’ve played Touchstone and Feste. And now I’ve played one of the great villains. I’ve played [Henry] Bolingbroke [in *Richard II*]. I have a sense of what his father meant to him, what the loss of his father meant to him. That overriding dynamic in his plays of the expectation of someone who is higher-born to rise to that expectation and just

being of an artistic sensibility — which is the fool that sees it for the emptiness that it is and has an acute awareness of mortality and the limited amount of time you have on the planet. It enriches and deepens the experience of performing that, when you come across a line where you go, “Oh, that’s biographical.”

That overriding dynamic in his plays of the expectation of someone who is higher-born to rise to that expectation and just being of an artistic sensibility — which is the fool that sees it for the emptiness that it is and has an acute awareness of mortality and the limited amount of time you have on the planet. It enriches and deepens the experience of performing that, when you come across a line where you go, “Oh, that’s biographical.”

Are there any moments in any of your performances that really stand out to you where you’ve felt you really got a scene or a line or a character in ways that you just don’t think you would have ever had access to?

Bolingbroke particularly, and the relationship with John of Gaunt, leaving his father and knowing his father is ill. The profound sense of righting a wrong that has been done, with Leicester and the possibility he may have poisoned his [de Vere’s] father. There was a sense of injustice done to him. I think Bolingbroke represents that profoundly.

In Bolingbroke’s case, he was thrust onto the point of historical imperative. And *Richard II*

is so fueled with ambiguity about whether he really wants [the crown] or whether it’s thrust upon him. Whether Richard wants to be king or wants the opportunity to give it away. With de Vere, was it [Gabriel] Harvey who wrote, “If you just put the pen down and pick up the sword, your confidence will shake spears?”

Yes indeed.

There was always that longing in him and compulsion. The reason he joined the army and tried to fight the Armada and went off to the Netherlands. He wanted to rise to the expectation of his position — his father’s expectation and the family name. And yet he could never quite do it.

That’s, of course, Hamlet.

And that’s Hamlet. Exactly. That’s the role that may have gotten past me, but being an Oxfordian you can’t help but want to play Hamlet. Hamlet is de Vere. And de Vere all the way through. It’s the closest combination of that hero-fool that I’m aware of.

Have you ever done *Measure for Measure*?

I haven’t. I had to turn it down. There was some interest from the Folger in doing *Measure for Measure* this winter, and they had expressed some interest in me playing Angelo. But I wasn’t available to do it because of this shoulder thing. That’s a play I haven’t done that I would love to.

So let’s talk about ones you have. Tell me about playing Touchstone. Was this after you had read Ogburn?

This was.

I’m curious if you felt that this character had de Vere qualities that you felt you could resonate with as an actor.

I think the difference generally between Touchstone and Feste is that one is a much older fool, and one is a much younger fool — who is not aware of how profound his wit is. It just spills out of him, kind of like Robin Williams. There is an awareness and

(Newcomb interview, cont. p. 26)

a sense of authenticity that Touchstone finds in the forest and in his relationship with Audrey which allows him a kind of growth. There was a necessity for de Vere to be a part of the court being who he was and from the family he was. But over a period of time, he saw the vapidity of it and the emptiness of it. It motivated him to draw the curtain from it in his writing. So much of it is about what is authentic and what is not? What is artifice? Which is certainly the case in *Twelfth Night* as well. Everybody's pretending to be something. Orsino thinks he's in love or loves to be in love. And Olivia is love with mourning in a way and hasn't found who she is. And Viola, who is probably the most authentic of anybody, has to pretend to be her dead brother to survive. But there's a thing about Feste that is older and wiser.

Touchstone begins to get an awareness by going in to nature and going into the forest and removing himself from the court. He senses that there's something more real here, that there's something more profound. But he's too young really to know it. Now Feste, in my opinion, is a fool who is fed up with this unreality and this artifice and is tired of it. And as a result, he's bitterer. It's like de Vere in his 40s. At least that's the way I interpret it. There's a bittersweetness and a world-weariness about Feste that you don't quite have with Touchstone yet, because it's still all promise and love.

Now in *Twelfth Night* Feste is kind of the only fool — although Toby Belch has some of the coxcomb in him too. But the role of the fool is split down the middle in *As You Like It*, where you've got both Touchstone, and you've got Jaques. And Jaques is the world-weary one. The things you've been describing about Feste are made manifest in Jaques. So I think there are many cases where there's kind of a fission — even in an early play like *Comedy of Errors*, where he splits himself down the middle. He makes himself into these twins. And he makes his wife into Luciana and Adriana. And he's doing a lot of splitting of character traits. So I would say that with Touchstone, we need to remember that

he's only a part of the fool's consciousness in the play.

Right. And *As You Like It* is shallow, early on. Touchstone makes such horrible fun of Corin. The way we did it was [set] in the 1930s in the Depression. I was a vaudeville comedian. The scene with William [Act 5, Scene 1] I did as a radio interview with a golf club. Again, it's the sense I have that what de Vere is thinking as that character. I agree with you that it's like your dreams. Every aspect of a dream is you, and everybody in the dream is you. And I think that's true of most writers.

The things you've been describing about Feste are made manifest in Jaques. So I think there are many cases where there's kind of a fission — even in an early play like *Comedy of Errors*, where he splits himself down the middle. He makes himself into twins.

Even if he's writing a character like Ophelia or Isabella who is based on Anne [Cecil] — there's still qualities of him throughout it. That's the glory for me. Like with Richard [III], when he says, "The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night." Now I always took a moment there, because there's a touch with Richard, at least in my interpretation, that there was something maybe that could have been special between Anne and Richard. If he had allowed it happen. He didn't. But there's a sense of loss. There's a sense of loss with de Vere when he lost Anne [Cecil]. I always thought about him, when he wrote that line, "And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night." Even if he wrote it before she died, it had to resonate with him.

What roles, looking forward, are you champing at the bit to play?

Iago. I really want to play that. That play is the bitterest play he wrote. It's unmitigated destruction, for destructiveness' sake.

Even more so than *Macbeth*?

Oh yes, because there's no remorse or care on the part of Iago.

So you've played one of the two quintessential villains in Shakespeare, and you're scoping out that other great villain.

In *Macbeth*, there's a metaphysical aspect to it. But with Iago it's just that I've decided I'm going to destroy this person. You're going to watch me doing it, and I'm going to bring you with me. And without a whole lot of care about how he's going to get away with it either. He's just moving faster and faster and thinking faster and faster. But he's spinning a web that he's going to entrap himself in. It's just pure malice. There's a goal for Richard. He's going to get the crown. The only goal Iago has is to destroy Othello. There's nothing to gain. When de Vere wrote that play, man, he was in a dark dark place. That was a nihilism that must have been really ugly.

So back to Richard. There are certainly aspects in that character of de Vere's brother-in-law, the hunchbacked Robert Cecil. But what do you think about the proposition that in the villains, de Vere is investing so much of himself? He's recognizing some of the darkest qualities of his soul and putting them right onstage.

It's an opportunity for a playwright to live your fantasy. Yes. The frustration that he must have felt in being thwarted in so many ways. Watching other men of highly questionable moral fiber succeed and thrive in his world, and seeing that that was rewarded in many cases must have just stuck in his craw. I have a sense that even though he had an artistic temperament and had his own debaucheries, there is a sense of moral high ground in him. And again a sense of justice, that the good should be rewarded and the bad should be punished. And so for him, to translate that anguish into the creation of a character

(*Newcomb Interview, cont. p. 30*)

(Woolpack Man, cont. from p. 5)

considered a fitting symbol of the man's trade. — Paul J. Grant. Transcriber: John Guillim, *A Display of Heraldrie*, 1610.

◆ Just what its history may be or the propriety of the pose I do not know, although wool was a significant commodity to which considerable status was no doubt attached in the era you refer to. But if there is evidence he was a wool merchant the probability of it being a woosack upon his knees seems high. — Roger Buchanan, Chief Executive, New Zealand Wool Board. Yes – I would agree that the object is a woolpack – not unusual in terms of long-standing trade for a yeoman farmer or the equivalent of a wool wholesaler. — Dave Read. Monumental Brasses.

◆ In answer to your query the object he is holding certainly looks like a woolpack.
-- Philippa Sims. Hon. Secretary, Norfolk Heraldry Society.

Chief Features

There are those who say that Dugdale's sketches were rude, careless, and inaccurate. They give as their best example the Carew monument, also in Holy Trinity. Dugdale pictures the Earl and his Lady lying side by side, sepulchered in a grand setting, the Earl on the outside, his Lady on the inside. The monument as we see it today has the Lady on the outside, the Earl on the inside.

All of the old monuments were subject to the meddling generations, either to repair or beautify them, and so with the Carew monument. It was decided at some dusty time that the reclining figures should be lifted and turned the opposite direction, so that now the Lady is on the outside, not on the inside as Dugdale pictured the arrangement. There was no fault with the original engraving.

The hundreds of statuary figures as pictured by Dugdale in his great folio have wanted no correction nor suffered any objection since first published in 1656. It is only the Shakspeare figure whom is singled out by the critics, who say the

monument was poorly seen by Dugdale, and poorly sketched. But the emphatic truth is this, or let it be proved otherwise: Dugdale was *never wrong* regarding the *chief feature* of the hundreds of monuments he sketched and entered into the *Antiquities of Warwickshire*.

Why should these honest men vex us with a picture of the great poet holding a woolpack if it were not so? The believers that today's monument is the original must claim that our eye-witnesses were squinty and indifferent reporters. The claim is that the proved eye-witnesses looked upon the Shakspeare monument and saw it wrong. That's a simple answer and might serve, except that the three eye-witnesses saw it wrong in the same way, a mighty labor of coincidence, easily defied.

A Civic Wink

There are three eye-witnesses who testify that the Woolpack Man was the first tenant of the Shakespeare monument: The testimony of these men, engraved and bound in their books, is the same, an agreement that spans three quarters of a century.

Why should these honest men vex us with a picture of the great poet holding a woolpack if it were not so? The believers that today's monument is the original must claim that our eye-witnesses were squinty and indifferent reporters. The claim is that the proved eye-witnesses looked upon the Shakspeare monument and saw it wrong.

That's a simple answer and might serve, except that the three eye-witnesses saw it wrong in the same way, a mighty labor of coincidence, easily defied.

The problem of the Shakspeare monument may be solved without calling up a lofty conspiracy to explain the metamorphosis of the Woolpack Man. It can easily be said, nothing oblique, and plain as paper, that a small mischief was practiced in Stratford by the civic fathers. The effigy in the monument was replaced, hardly a criminal act. A civic wink would excuse it. The good townsfolk decided that the figure of John Shakspeare should be replaced with a man writing on a cushion, claimed to be the great poet William Shakespeare. A small mischief only, and good for business besides.

The Critics

"The portrait is no portrait at all: it shows us a sickly, decrepit old gentleman, with a falling moustache, much more than fifty-two years old. Had Shakspeare really been such in his last illness would the London sculptor have so rendered him? Do sculptors, in their monuments, represent the great departed in their dying state, pressing pillows to their stomachs?" (Spielmann, see <http>) Of course if the effigy is of John Shakspeare, he was an old gentleman indeed, and might have been decrepit. He was seventy when he died. The "pillow" was a woolpack, any Englishman would have twigged to that. Hal to Falstaff, "How now, Woolsack?" A.L. Rowse, writing in his *William Shakespeare*, 1963, considers the eminence of John Shakspeare, and speaks of his "prominence in the public life of the little town" (Rowse 30). During the busy years of John Shakspeare's civic career, Rowse reports him to be the "town's most active alderman," and notes that "No-one was so prominent in the town's affairs for many years."

Except for the lost figure of the Woolpack Man sculpted for the Shakspeare monument, there is no notice of John Shakspeare in Holy Trinity, no plaque, no stone, no tomb, no remembrance of this

(Woolpack Man, cont. on p. 28)

significant civic father. Although Rowse speaks highly of John Shakspeare, he never mentions Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, never mentions or pictures the Woolpack Man. Again to Chambers, who makes this small brief, disgracing the engravers of the day in order to explain away the Woolpack Man.

"Two explanations have been given for the discrepancies. One, and the only reasonable one, is that such was the way of conscienceless 17th-century engravers, and that, learned as Dugdale was on tenures, genealogy and heraldry, there are other monumental illustrations in his book which completely misrepresent the originals." (Chambers II-185)

This is wrong. There is no example brought forth of Dugdale's mistaken view regarding the *chief feature* of any monument pictured in the "Antiquities". Chambers' comment on the "conscienceless" workmanship of Dugdale's engravers is necessary of course if the detractors of Dugdale are to have any argument at all. Spielmann calls Dugdale's workmen "hack engravers." (Spielmann, see <http>)

E.K. Chambers concludes his pages on the monument by dismissing the Dugdale Woolpack Man as a gross mistake and not worthy of reasonable discourse, saying that "It seems to me incredible that the monument should ever have resembled Dugdale's engraving." He finds the whole question to be "absurd." Yet he admits, "It would be simpler to accept the alternative suggestion of Sir George Greenwood that another bust was substituted for the original one. But the whole theory seems to me to be a mare's nest." (Chambers, II-185) A "mare's nest," so says Webster's Third, is "a hoax or fraud or some other nonexistent or illusory thing..." My understanding is that Chambers offers us his opinion that the Woolpack Man, as pictured by Dugdale and the other eye-witnesses, was a hoaxed-up collusion between several men that lasted through several generations. There's nothing at the outer-reaches of evidence to suggest such a thing. And so Chambers leaves us with a hoax impossible to fathom, an illusion impossible to contemplate, a printing shop

full of incompetent artisans, and with that conclusion he's done with the investigation.

S.Schoenbaum in his *William Shakespeare. A Documentary Life*, 1975, wraps his case the same as Chambers, but at least gives us the *Antiquities* engraving to look at, but he has no faith in it. He says, "The best and simplest explanation is that the illustration, like others in the *Antiquities*, misrepresents the object, in keeping with the liberty of seventeenth-century engraving." (Schoenbaum, 313) Chambers and Schoenbaum are happy to agree that the *Antiquities* engraving gives proof that the craftsmen employed by Dugdale went about their handiwork with their usual sluggish interest in the project, like fry cooks. The critics of the Woolpack Man lay the blame on the "hack engravers" of the day, supposing such an exacting skill to be a ham and eggs employment, put up a sign, leave the door open and see who walks in.

A Neat Monument

The Shakspeare monument was well known because of the mention in the first folio of 1623. Hundreds of pilgrims must have seen it, and truly believed that it was raised to the great poet. Dugdale said as much himself, then led us to look on the Woolpack Man. There was a Lt. Hammond who visited Holy Trinity in 1634. He noted in his diary that the Shakspeare monument was "neat," which gives us no image to contemplate. James Boswell saw the monument in 1769 at the time of the "Shakspeare Jubilee," and reported that it was "not very excellent," which tells us nothing of what he saw. (Boswell, 451-54) Except for the engravings of the Woolpack Man as given us by Dugdale, et al., the mind's eye is closed on the subject.

So far as we know, not a voice protested the Woolpack Man engravings, published for three-quarters of a century. We might suppose that silence gives consent in this case. There was no wince from any subscriber, friend, relative, or townsfolk, nor did any poet, actor, theater folk, or passerby utter the slightest protest regarding the monument whether they

saw it in person, or saw only the Dugdale, Rowe, or Thomas printings.

And why should anyone protest, after all? A passerby who stayed a moment to look on the monument might have considered it thus: "Hah, there he is, the Sweet Swan of Avon! The soul of the age! I'll move closer. Hello? The great poet holding a woolpack? Curious, that. Hmm, well, he was a proper tradesman for several years after he left the stage. Poetry is only poetry, but business is business."

The viewers might have thought something like that, and so excused the Woolpack Man out of mind. The monument as first conceived and erected, featured a man with his hands resting on an emblematic woolpack, a proper tribute to the civic father and newly made gentleman, John Shakspeare, "a considerable dealer in wool."

The Holy Trinity effigy of Shakspeare now in place must at last be judged by well-seeing scholars to be an affront to history, and a long endured insult to the artisans of that day. Dugdale and the other eye-witnesses got it right, and those who say otherwise are vested with an opinion "out of fashion, like a rusty mail in monumental mockery" (*Tr. and Cr.* iii 3 153).

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The argument presented here is an abbreviated version of the *Woolpack Man Webpage*, in color, with several colorful illustrations not printed here. You can view the entire essay at <http://webpages.charter.net/stairway/WOOLPACKMAN.htm>

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Editor's Note: Richard J. Kennedy is the author of *Amy's Eyes, The Boxcar at the Center of the Universe, and the Collected Stories of Richard Kennedy, published in 1987 by Harper and Row.*

(Red Herrings. cont. from p. 11)

James's ascension to the throne), *Darius*. Three articles by myself and Lynne Kositsky, vice President of the Shakespeare Fellowship, detailing these claims as well as showing that *The Tempest* was originally written for a Shrovetide performance during the reign of Elizabeth I, are currently circulating within the academic peer review community, and by the time of the spring issue we hope to report some progress towards publication.

A second red herring will no doubt loom all the larger in future years as the chronological argument loses its utility to stem the tide of popular curiosity about Oxford: he was a terrible poet. According to this line of reasoning, only someone with a "tin ear" would mistake the author of "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is" with the author of *Hamlet* or *King Lear*. Oxford can't possibly have written the Shakespearean canon! He was a wretched writer of doggerel rhyme of the sort Ben Jonson satirizes in *Cynthia's Revels* or *The Poetaster!*

Proponents of this popular academic myth apparently haven't spent much time reading *Edward III*, a play so bad that it broke Ward Elliott's computer, was recently canonized in the Riverside Shakespeare. This was largely in consequence of heroic efforts by the late British civil servant Eric Sams. As a total outsider to the Shakespearean establishment Sams possessed the intellectual independence which real labor of the mind requires. Surely it does not require a PhD in literary studies to realize that if the same man who wrote *Edward III* as an apprentice playwright wrote *Hamlet, Lear, or Twelfth Night* at the height of his powers, then the author of Edward de Vere's juvenile lyrics could have done so as well. The early Shakespeare play, like de Vere's juvenilia, exhibits distinct touches of the genius-to-come, but it could not possibly be mistaken as being the work of the young bard by a computer program. That recognition instead requires the activity of a human intelligence, a disciplined scrutiny of style and structure, combined with a developmental model that recognizes how Shakespeare grew as a poet by "overhearing himself" – to use Harold Bloom's choice image, starting off as grub

and growing over time into a butterfly. Sorry, but a computer just can't do it. Before we leave this particular herring, one further comment seems appropriate. The example of *Edward III* suggests that Stratfordians scholarship predictably employs a glaring double standard in the matter of style. In the past, so long as the work was anonymous instead of being identified with de Vere, bad style was rarely sufficient reason to neglect attributing a work to the bard. It was not that many years ago when the young Gary Taylor earned worldwide media attention for his claim that the wretched iambic trimeter lyric, "Shall I fly, Shall I Die?" was the work of the

Nor does it require a PhD in literary studies to realize that if the same man who wrote *Edward III* as an apprentice playwright wrote *Hamlet, Lear, or Twelfth Night* at the height of his powers, then the author of Edward de Vere's juvenile lyrics could have done so as well. The early Shakespeare play, like de Vere's juvenilia, exhibits distinct touches of the genius-to-come....

bard. In his 1987 PhD dissertation, Georgetown University Professor Donald Foster "proved" that *Funeral Elegy* – a wretchedly poor Jacobean imitation of Shakespeare apparently written by John Ford – was by Shakespeare. In this case the "discovery" filled the double role of providing a hot topic for a dissertation and eventually providing Shakespearean orthodoxy with a convenient rubric to continue ignoring the case for Oxford's authorship. Because it "proved" that Shakespeare was still alive in 1612, Foster's fiction enjoyed wide currency in orthodox circles for close to two decades before Richard Kennedy, Brian Vickers, and Giles Montsarrat so thoroughly exposed the theory as rubbish that even Foster courteously recanted his former opinion
(continued on page 30)

that represents these aspects must have been unavoidable. Also so that he could put his own feeling of frustration and anger into them.

Somebody with the creative mind that he had in the time that he was writing, in the world he was writing in, the fertility of what he saw around him... it's why I believe in providence. There are individuals who come along in certain periods of time who advance the human spirit to the next level. It's because they can see contextually where we're at and can put it into form in some way that other people can't. It's not an enviable position. You suffer a lot.

And kind of a thankless role.

Especially in his case.

Derek Jacobi, in his foreword to *Shakespeare By Another Name*, says he thinks de Vere was an actor. What do you think of that?

Yes, he must have been. He certainly was a performer.

You mean at court? In front of Elizabeth, in other words, he was always on?

Always on. Probably, again, a Robin Williams of his time. I mean, if he could write like this, imagine what he could extemporize. How gifted he must have been verbally, off the cuff.

Now as an actor, being onstage and scrutinized all the time, it must feel frustrating knowing that some people may see you a crackpot because you're an Oxfordian.

I have to admit, I have not experienced a great deal of prejudice. The only thing I have experienced in Ashland with anybody is the occasional reference they will make to the fact that I'm an Oxfordian. It's more like, "And one of his quirks is." They discount it in being dismissive about it. Because they don't take it seriously anyway. Now I understand that Alan Armstrong, who I've done quite a few workshops for and discussions and lectures at Southern Oregon University, who runs the Shakespeare studies program there, who is a staunch Stratfordian... he won't have it. He won't talk about it. But I haven't been told this by Alan. It's never come up. He's never asked, and I've never told.

But I suppose it's inevitable that it's going to become more and more pronounced. Certainly, to a degree I feel more of a responsibility than I had before.

Why is that?

Partly because of the profile I have in the company, at OSF. And with the success of *Richard III*. It's exceeded my expectations. It's kind of like you have to own it, if that's what you believe, in your heart. So when asked, you don't quibble. That's all. It's not that

I'm going to be standing on a street corner. Whenever anybody has ever asked me, I have always said I'm an Oxfordian. I've said that since the early '90s. But I feel slightly more of a responsibility now be more of a spokesperson as a performer, because there's so few of us.

Do you see the climate changing since the early '90s?

I think it's changed dramatically. I sense this critical mass, like in nuclear physics, that creates the chain reaction. And it exponentially builds to the point that it's an inevitability. I see that growing hugely. There are more and more articles. One or two a year now. De Vere is usually still mentioned as the leading candidate. You're not going to see it at universities or at many of the Shakespeare festivals. But it's common knowledge of many people who care, whatever side of the fence they're on, they've accepted that it can't have been the guy from Stratford. That seems to have grown more and more.

Are there any concrete examples of that? Things you've seen recently that you wouldn't have seen ten years ago?

The organization of the Shakespeare Fellowship, the Oxford Society. Both seem to be growing. There seems to be more room and flexibility for the question than there was 10 years ago. In and of itself that's a victory. Just to be able to raise the question.

Bird by Bird, as Anne Lamott said, the word is being spread.

(Red Herrings cont. from p. 29)

and Foster's most voluble partisans -- among them Dr. Kathman -- went scurrying for cover.

The third red herring is, of course, the "monstrous adversary" theory of Oxford's character popularized by the genteel but outspoken archival specialist, Dr. Nelson of Berkeley. Perhaps for the sake of the proponents of this theory, the less said about it the better. A red herring is one thing, and the mirror of biography something else yet again. Those who persist in viewing the man who introduced *Cardanus Comforte* into the English language, "commanded" the translation of Castiglione's *Courtier* into Latin, and patronized Byrd, Lyly, Hill, and no doubt Pistol and Nym besides, as a "monster" need to reread *Hamlet*. To save the author they would sacrifice him to a *nachleben* of academic mediocrity, unaware of their own ironic confirmation of the original necessity for the pseudonym. Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens, when exposed to the long list of Oxford's petty crimes and misdemeanors, quipped back: "sounds like the behavior of a playwright to me."

—Ed. From my literary garret in the lovely hip-hop city of Baltimore.

Footnotes

¹ Before that, of course, the name had occurred on the two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *Rape of Lucrece* (1594). But although as many as eight Shakespearean plays were published between 1591 and 1597, not one had a name on the title page.



Shakespeare Fellowship regulars Dick Desper, Donald Greenwood, and Marguerite Gyatt, with President-Elect Ted Story, relaxing in the Ashland Springs Hotel at the Fellowship's 2005 Conference.

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*Who is this Distinguished Gentleman? You might be surprised.
Find the Answer on Page 6.*

(A Divided Mind, cont . from p. 20)

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