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From Campus to Campus: The Relationship of the University World to the Literary Pastoral Worlds of Edmund Spenser, Phineas Fletcher, and John Milton

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**FROM CAMPUS TO CAMPUS: THE RELATIONSHIP OF
THE UNIVERSITY WORLD TO THE LITERARY
PASTORAL WORLDS OF EDMUND SPENSER,
PHINEAS FLETCHER, AND JOHN MILTON.**

by

Gary Michael Bouchard

**A Dissertation Submitted to the Faculty of the
Graduate School of Loyola University of Chicago
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Like Pastoral itself, criticism about pastoral is essentially an urban product. This dissertation would never have been written if I had not myself once lived on a campus, and then left it to live in the city. To many people in both of those worlds I am happily indebted.

The work which follows belongs to many. It belongs to Sister Mary Faith Schuster and the other Benedictines in Atchison, Kansas, among whom I first learned to read and to love literature. It belongs to Professor Alan Hager who first planted in me the idea which is developed in the forthcoming pages. As director of the project, he has since nurtured the idea with his Renaissance imagination and pruned it with his Germanic mind. It belongs as well to Professor Anthony LaBranche, who first persuaded me that writing about pastoral, though impossible, was inevitable. The critical eye which he has brought, both to the poetry, and to my own prose, has proved indispensable. It belongs to Professor Paul Messbarger, who has lent stability to the project where it has spilled over into other literary periods. To each of these people, and to many others, I owe a great debt.

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VITA

The author, Gary Michael Bouchard, is the son of Lawrence Joseph and Mary Katherine Bouchard. He was born June 8, 1961, in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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Chapter I

The Campus

Why Tityrus! But you've forgotten me.
I'm Meliboeus the potato man,
The one you had the talk with, you remember,
Here on this very campus years ago.

-Robert Frost,
"Build Soil--A Political Pastoral"

It was these opening lines to this 1932 Frost poem, which first provoked the study which follows. I had only to find my way back to the third century B.C., and work my way forward, as every good student of pastoral must. All beginning Latin students know that campus means field, and every student of Frost knows that he is usually up to something more than first appears. He first read the poem to an audience on the campus of Columbia University. Just so, his Virgilian "shepherds" had met, not in a campus, but on one. Frost, in his typically casual manner, makes the not-so-loose association between pastoral poetry and the academic world. He was neither the first nor the last to

make such a connection, though, so far as I can tell, no full study of the matter has ever been undertaken.

What follows is not that study either. I found my own self stopping in the late sixteenth century, distracted along with the Knight of Courtesy in Spenser's land of Pastorella, where the connection between the world of the academic campus and the world of the pastoralist's campus seemed to me especially plausible. When, several years later, I came upon the Piscatorie Eclogues of a minor Spenserian poet named Phineas Fletcher, and found Chamus Boys lingering in conversation on the Banks of the River Cam, my notion was strengthened considerably. If Fletcher had been but a rare literary eccentric, my work would have been ended much sooner. In fact, the little known Phineas turned out to be, not only a devoted follower of Edmund Spenser, but a predecessor of John Milton. What these three poets shared in common, besides the fact that they each composed pastoral poetry, was that they each spent the latter part of their youth among the wooden halls and green fields of Cambridge University; Edmund Spenser from 1569 to 1576 at Pembroke College, Phineas Fletcher at King's College from 1600 to 1615, and John Milton at Christ's College from 1625 to 1632.

The assertion which has since grown out of my further study is that the communal joys of youth, poverty, rivalry, and fellowship which these poets experienced on this campus

were translated, in their poetry, into the pastoral joys of shepherds in the campus. In preparing this study, I have basically two aims. The first is to examine the effect of the university world of Cambridge upon the literary pastoral worlds of Spenser's Shepheardes Calender and Book VI of the Faerie Queene, Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues, and Milton's "Lycidas." While exploring this link between the academic and the pastoral worlds, I intend also to demonstrate that the overt academic eclogues of Phineas Fletcher served as a "green"-link between the pastoral world of Spenser and that of Milton.

I begin here with the sort of general discussion which must precede any study of the pastoral. Such discussions more often precede studies of the "anti-pastoral," and often speculate upon the death of pastoral itself. Such speculation, however, has failed to result in an official signed death certificate, for lack of agreement upon a precise corpus. Since pastoral is referred to variously as a tradition, a form, a mode, a genre, a kind, a school, a convention, an idea, an impulse or a mood, locating it requires, perhaps, that we look, not for the right form, but in the right field. In his excellent overview of pastoral, Peter Marinelli observes that "if pastoral lives for us at all at the present time, it lives by a capacity to move out of its old haunts in the Arcadian pastures and to inhabit the ordinary country landscapes of the modern world" (3).

pastoral not only lives at the present because of its capacity to move, but has always lived because of this capacity. Its transformations and alterations are, in fact, what have made pastoral such a hard corpus to locate.

Containment of pastoral in a genre seems at first perfectly legitimate since pastoral does display the necessary evolutionary elements of a genre. It begins with the genius of innovation by Theocritus who, as far as we can tell, first set literary shepherds to singing. Pastoral then evolves through the imitations of great authors, within which imitations it experiences the variations necessary to keep it a lively genre. In these same variations, however, pastoral begins, not only to bulge out of its genre, but show clear signs of exploding from it. The variations and alterations made by the imitators of Theocritus are precisely what keep pastoral from being contained as a genre. Its "capacity to move" was an inherent characteristic, without which pastoral would have remained within the structural confines of a genre which would have tired itself out long before the eighteenth century.

The variations on Theocritus begin in Virgil's eclogues where the introduction of ideas, like land ownership and deposition, seem already to be stretching the limits of subject matter. In Virgil's mysterious fourth eclogue pastoral seems to be giving way to prophesy, though the eclogue form remains intact. In Longus' Daphnis and Chloe

that form disappears. The fifth century¹ author of this Greek Romance, while incorporating elements of the pastoral into his story, "strove to give an entirely new form to the conventions of Theocritus" (Chambers, xxv). He did so quite successfully. Daphnis and Chloe is bucolic at its most enticing, a deliberately artificial world ("the painted picture of a tale of love"), with just the right touches of real-world psychology. A prose tale of a young goatherd and shepherdess, the work contains not one singing contest, and yet it is, as its English translator asserts, "the perfect paradigm for the pastoral" (x).

What Longus and Virgil both recognized in Theocritus' eclogues is that pastoral was a perfect place for the assimilation of ideas--personal, philosophical, political, romantic, and even apocalyptic. This capacity for assimilation, as we will see, made pastoral a likely choice for the renaissance poet. In Virgil's eclogues the pastoral had varied far from Theocritus' original subject matter; in Daphnis and Chloe pastoral had transmigrated into an entirely different form, as it would again and again--devouring, in Harold Toliver's words, elegies, lyrics, plays, fairy tales, masques, odes, and gnawing at romances, epics and novels (vii).

Only if we disregard this successfully satiated appetite

¹ This estimate is taken from Hadas Moses's English translation of the work.

of pastoral, can we regard it as a genre, held by the strict criteria of subject matter and form as set forth by Theocritus' idylls: "the singing match for some rustic wager, the bout of rude bantering between two rival swains; the sad lament of a lover for unrequited or deceived love; the dirge of his fellows around the tomb of some dead shepherd " (Chambers, xxiii). Thus bound, pastoral may then be followed to its eighteenth century grave where it lies perfectly patterned by the likes of Pope and Phillips, a contained body with such little breathing spirit within, that it may properly be called dead. It then requires but a brief eulogy, ministerially rendered by Dr. Johnson, who found that pastoral had inevitably exhausted itself:

The range of pastoral is indeed narrow, for though nature itself, philosophically considered, be inexhaustible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of description" (Rambler #36, Complete Works, 235).

In his criticism of pastoral, Johnson concedes that as each age makes discoveries of new plants or new modes of culture, pastoral may be revived and "receive . . . once in a century a scene somewhat varied" (235). Presumably then, as Johnson describes it, the finest and most fruitful pastoral poet would be a well-traveled, metrically inclined horticulturalist. Johnson's misjudgment lies in his perception of pastoral as a mere convention, a formula with exhaustible subject matter. Pastoral is not about plants, but ideas.

It is as an idea that pastoral is being treated in the present study. Even though the chapters which follow focus upon works in which pastoral is largely contained by the eclogue form and structured according to pastoral convention, my interest lies in the idea of pastoral which connects these works; this idea is manifested in particular pastoral joys which are rooted, less in literary convention, than in the very lives of the poets.

In his life of Pope, Johnson says that it is natural for a young poet to initiate himself by writing pastoral poems

which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep inquiry" (215, "Alexander Pope" in Lives of The English Poets, v. 2)

The study which here follows rests in what I believe to be the essential wrongness of this statement. That pastoral is an artificial construct I readily admit. That it requires no experience, I emphatically deny. The experience required by pastoral, I intend to show, is the experience of youth, a fact which may account for the lack of subtle reasoning. Yet, where, but in the world of youth, are the passions more mingled, and the inquiries more deep?

Those passions and inquiries become those of herdsmen, who are themselves part of the artifice of the Arcadian world. "The peculiar value of Arcadia," as Marinelli reminds us, "is that it never existed. It was from its very

first appearance, a literary creation, a projection of the mind and therefore a universal" (56). This Arcadia, in other words, is not to be found upon a map. Nor can it be located, like Eden, in Judeo-Christian tradition, or even in pagan mythology. Pastoral Arcadia's only real existence is in the imaginations of individual poets. And yet, it is, as Marinelli notes, universal, which is why critics settle upon a word like "impulse" or "mood" to describe pastoral. My own contention is that the mood is invariably a nostalgic one, and I devote the whole of the next chapter to defending this idea.

As "a literary creation" each poet's Arcadia is brand new. As "a projection of the mind" it is usually several years old. That is to say, some particular place and time from the poet's own memory has come to a fruition in his imagination, without which he could not have created his peculiar Arcadian world. The writing of pastoral, I argue, is an act of recollection, in which the poet re-imagines his own youth, his own experience (no matter how transient), of the idyllic, the carefree. Pastoral, then, while it does not profess to imitate real life, is not divorced from real life, the real life of the poet's youth which is irretrievable, except in poetry.

Besides being nostalgic, pastoral is also personal. The pastoralist, as he recollects his youth and refashions it in an Arcadian world, necessarily infuses the conventional with

the personal, an act which surprises some readers, like Richard Mallette, who finds the expression of personal concerns within conventional bounds to be a "paradox [which] Spenser and Milton relentlessly amplify in their pastorals" (30). Mallette's observation applies as well, I argue, not only to the eclogues of Phineas Fletcher, but to those of Virgil and Theocritus. For the "paradox" was not something invented by Spenser or Milton, but something inherent in pastoral from the beginning. Pastoral was never intended to be "a relatively rigid and apparently limiting set of literary conventions, whose effect would seem to hamper individual expression" (30). If Theocritus ever intended it so, Virgil certainly did not honor it as such. As for the Renaissance poet, he, perhaps more than anyone before or after him, found pastoral to be a place for, in Mallette's words, "voicing his most individual concerns" (30).

Frank Kastor, in explaining the tradition in which Phineas Fletcher found himself as a young poet at Cambridge, aptly describes the Renaissance poet's use of pastoral. I quote his description in full, partly because of its summation of the above paradox, and, more particularly, for the background which it provides to the coming chapters:

The pastoral world offered more than an idealized natural world of universal truth to the Renaissance poet. Under the guise of the lowly shepherd, he could safely express his personal feelings, his particular religious and political beliefs, his hopes and fears about his art; and, he could discuss his relationships to friends, family and enemies. In

short, the pastoral poet could be personal and subjective while appearing to be universal and objective. The Colins, Thenots, Thomalins, Rosalinds, Elizas, and Thirsils were idealized rustics as well as close friends, lovers, relatives, monarchs. And nobody could be certain where the "feigning" of the poet left off and where reality began--except perhaps the intimates of the poets. In an artificial world of poetry, music, and other arts, the past and present, the ideal and the real, all came together (79).

Kastor provides here an adequate summary of the manner in which the pastoral poet turned an intimate friend or particular acquaintance into a stylized swain, and then set him discoursing in verse on matters philosophical and political as well as personal. My own contention is that, as pastoralists, Spenser, Fletcher and Milton looked back to their own youth, specifically to their days at the university, in order to find such potential swains among their classmates. Chapter three of the dissertation is spent in developing this assertion by examining the pastoral joys of the world of Cambridge University in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. This was the youthful world of Spenser, Fletcher, and Milton. As students these poets enjoyed a world of youth and communality apart from the world at large; a world instilled with the joy of poverty or simplicity and infused with the natural rivalries of field and classroom, as well as the defiance of authority; a world which provided the ultimate pastoral joy of fellowship, fulfilled in the particular friendship of one fellow for another.

In illustrating these joys in the works of the three poets, I have had to limit myself, for practical reasons, to specific texts. Chapter four is divided into two parts, the first of which treats Spenser's The Shepheardes Calender, and the second, Book VI of The Faerie Queene. Chapter five treats Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues, and the final chapter then turns to Milton's "Lycidas." In choosing these particular poems, I was conscious of the pastoral connection which they illustrate between the three poets. As Mallette notes, "neither the narrative of the epic, nor the drama of the masque offers a self-examining version of pastoral which elsewhere unites Milton and Spenser" (16). Mallette's observation holds even more truth when Fletcher is added to the equation.

In my exploration of these texts, I give some attention to the historical parallels found in the poetry. Some of these parallels are obvious; others less so. None of them, I believe, should be regarded as binding, for I am not offering, in the chapters which follow, a set of specific allegorical interpretations which irrefutably connect the university days of three poets with their poetry. I have neither tried nor succeeded at being a good New Historicist.² For though I have given significant attention to the poets' fashioning of themselves in the guise of swains,

² This term describes the prodigy of Stephen Greenblatt, and Richard Helgerson.

I have not attempted to argue that particular events or characters in the poetry represent specific historical or political events and problems. I especially resist the idea that the writing of Arcadian literature was a means to solve such problems. While I do not regard such interpretations as improbable, I generally find them of more worth to the historian than to the reader of poetry. My own aim instead has been simply to suggest a new way in which the pastoral poetry of these three poets might be read. The evidence I present, I hope, will urge the reader to reconsider--or consider for the first time--the influence of the college world upon the pastoral world, specifically in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and, more generally perhaps, throughout literary history.

Like all thesis, the present one is, in part, a synthesis. In formulating my own ideas, I have, like the three poets I examine, had to assimilate various points of view in order to present what I believe is a sensible and plausible synthesis. There are some particular critics to whom I am especially indebted. In the first place, my notion that the pastoral world contains echoes of the college world occurred during a classroom application of Paul Alper's Reader Response Theory. To him and his theory I bid my thanks. For their insightful tracing of the pastoral tradition in literature, I have relied on Peter Marinelli's Pastoral, and, more recently, Andrew Ettin's Literature and the

Pastoral. In investigating the nostalgic ingredient in pastoral poetry, I have benefited from Frank Kermode's overview of pastoral as well as from Laurence Lerner's The Uses of Nostalgia. For its discussion of the epicurean elements in the pastoral world, specifically the idea of pastoral poverty, Renato Poggioli's The Oaten Flute was of special help (a standard tool for the student of pastoral, this collection of essays is regrettably out of print). The background to much of what I have written is found in Thomas G. Rosenmeyer's The Green Cabinet. His definition of otium, and investigation of the locus amoenus proved to be vital to my argument, along with his discussion of the role which companionship plays in the pastoral world. Finally, my application of the Renaissance principle festina lente to the The Shepheardes Calender is made possible by Edgar Wind's extensive exploration of that oxymoron in Renaissance art.

What follows will, I hope, not only help resurrect the name Phineas Fletcher from obscurity (at least where pastoral poetry is concerned), but also bring some new life to the two literary giants, between whom Fletcher's reputation is unfortunately buried. And though the focus in the five chapters which follow will be trained largely upon specific poetic works of Spenser, Fletcher and Milton, what follows is, as much as anything, a look into the imagination of the pastoral poet. For it is there that the campus

becomes a campus, the student a swain, the pen a pipe, and a prolonged conversation in a cloister or corridor, the intimate discourse beneath the shade of the locus amoenus.

Chapter II

"It Was The Time"

1

It is true that the university years, which are concerned for the most part with uncovering and developing youthful potential, look as much to the future as to the present. This is why a poet's recollection of those years looks necessarily to the past. Recalling a former potential, which has now presumably taken shape, his is a backwards look, and usually a nostalgic one, since his university career is something which preceded his maturity as a poet. My particular assertion that the pastoral worlds of Spenser, Fletcher and Milton came largely out of their Cambridge University experience, rests in part on a much larger assertion--that all pastoralists find their subject matter by looking backward. Nostalgia, I believe, is operative not only in academic pastoral but in all pastoral poetry. That is the argument of the first part of

this chapter. In the second part of the chapter I intend to show that these poets, in re-creating worlds of a former time and place--worlds of youth apart from nameable locations--set their worlds outside of actual time and place.

Looking backward to his or her tradition is a first step for a poet. Such a search gives the poet the proper form for his subject matter. Where pastoral poetry is concerned, Virgil looks back to Theocritus, Spenser looks back to them both;¹ soon English poets are looking backward to Spenser and pastoral has become a British genre. This look backward to find the proper form for ideas is the basis of all genre formation. The ideas themselves, however, arise out of the poet's own experience; the poet may look to his literary ancestors to see how to write, but he looks to his own past to see what to write. In no case is this more true than that of pastoral poetry.

As Renato Poggioli points out, Virgil, Spenser and the others "followed Theocritus' example in the pastoral, not only in conformity with the tradition of literary imitation, but also as a means to moral relaxation and moral release" (4); to satisfy, in other words, some epicurean impulses of their very own. For, "even more keenly than Theocritus

¹ This oversimplification is not meant to exclude Spenser's other pastoral influences such as Marot, Ronsard or Chaucer (or even possibly Piers Plowman), but merely to focus momentarily on the classical line in which Spenser placed himself, and by which pastoral, as a genre of English poetry, is traced.

perhaps, the English poets of the Renaissance found a pure though nostalgic pleasure in contemplating the life of the countryside" (Kermode, 43). This nostalgic contemplation which yields an introspective look backwards is, I believe, what gives us the pastoral worlds of poetry. As Peter Marinelli puts it: "Essentially the art of pastoral is the art of the backward glance" (9).

An Empsonian description of pastoral as a process of putting the complex into the simple, requires then the qualification that the process be a retrospective one. The "places" of pastoral are not those of future possibility, but of remembered past. This is not to say that certain readers might not look to pastoral settings with a mind bent towards an idyllic future. Likewise some imagined utopian worlds do indeed contain pastoral elements ("The lion shall lie down with the lamb"). However, the distinction between pastoral and utopian literature is a real one, and one which is often overlooked when past and future worlds blur in the presence of poetry. Empson himself runs into this trouble as he works to untangle proletarian literature from pastoral literature.

"My own difficulty about proletarian literature," he says, "is that when it comes off I find I am taking it as pastoral literature; I read into it, or find that the author has secretly put into it, these more subtle, more far-reaching, and I think more permanent, ideas" (Some Versions, 20).

More permanent ideas, that is, ideas which by their very

stability are more apart of the past than a world which is yet to come.

Pastoral may well be put into proletarian literature. Pastoral is put into all kinds of things.² It turns up (and even more often remains unnoticed), where people least suspect it. But if proletarian were being put into pastoral, what we would have in that case would no longer be pastoral. For pastoral does not aim to suggest future possibilities of justice, peace or harmony. Pastoral is certainly about such things, but it finds them by looking backwards. Lions lying down with lambs may be a pastoral ingredient, but it is a utopian concept.

"To establish that nostalgia is the basic emotion of pastoral," Laurence Lerner begins "almost at the beginning" with Virgil's first Eclogue (The Uses of Nostalgia, 41). In this Eclogue Tityrus has been granted the "libertas" of keeping his land. His fellow shepherd, Meliboeus, on the other hand, is exiled from familiar streams to the thirsty lands of Africa. So it is that the first description of the pastoral world in Virgil is given by one who is leaving it. With a backward look on that which he has lost, Meliboeus

² The broad ranging interest in and exploration of pastoral by author and critic alike has continued to increase, seemingly without boundaries. This is exemplified, as well as anywhere, in twentieth century American literature where one finds Leslie Fiedler exploring Montana as a last unblemished pastoral, and articles such as Paul Rosenzweig's: "[Henry] James's 'Special-Green Vision': The Ambassadors As Pastoral" (NLH, 14).

delivers a dreamy description of the idyllic world which Tityrus will enjoy, complete with hallowed springs, cooling shade and bees from the neighboring hedge to feed on willow blossoms.³

We need not settle, however, for "almost the beginning" of pastoral to find nostalgia. The very beginning of pastoral, as Edmund Chambers notes, is built from a similar sense of loss:

Upon Theocritus, a lover of the country, trapped in the bustling decadent city and court life of Ptolemaic Egypt, those bucolic rhythms, remembered so well from his childhood, had all the fascination which the simple exercises over the complex, a fascination wrought out of contrast and reminiscence (xxii).

The first Idyll of Theocritus is wrought with just such reminiscence. It consists of three pieces of art, each of which has a sense of loss about it. The first is the idyll itself in which Thyrsis is stirred to song by a nostalgic appeal from a Goatherd: "you, Thyrsis, used to sing 'The Affliction of Daphnis' as well as any man." This recollection is matched by the two other pieces of art within the poem which recall the past, and in which Theocritus demonstrates a masterful use of ekphrasis.

The first piece is "a fine great mazer" which the goatherd offers Thyrsis as a reward for his singing. The

³ This Virgilian nostalgia, of course, also serves a satiric social commentary use which is not my concern here.

cup contains detailed carving of an idyllic world. Whether or not it is a "cold pastoral," it is certainly a wooden one with "curling ivy" and "a woman fashioned as a God might fashion her." There is an old fisher whose "strength is the strength of youth" and "there's a vineyard well laden with clusters red to the ripening, and a little lad seated watching upon the hedge" (I, 45-47). All of this is captured in wood, lovely, but unattainable. Then, there is the song itself. "The Affliction of Daphnis," recounts the death of Daphnis at the hands of Cypris, and laments his loss. Lost too is all harmony in Nature: "Pines may grow figs now Daphnis dies, and hind tear hound if she will" (I, 135).

Commenting on this song, Frank Kermode perceives an element of nostalgia on the part of Theocritus himself for an earlier simplicity. "Daphnis may have meant little to Theocritus," he notes:

except in the vicarious way in which the townsman enjoys the serious rites of the countryside. The pastoral flute was an instrument not of utility but of nostalgia, the nostalgia of a sophisticated poet for an art which was not yet a matter for hair-splitting casuistry (English Pastoral Poetry From the Beginnings to Marvell, 21).

This nostalgic sense of loss on the part of the poet, delivered here by Theocritus on at least three levels, is not just a part of pastoral poetry, it is the reason for the creation of pastoral poetry. As Marinelli describes it:

The great characteristic of pastoral poetry is that it is written when an ideal or at least more innocent world is felt to be lost, but not so wholly as to destroy the memory of it or to make some imaginative intercourse between present reality and past perfection impossible (Pastoral, 9).

The ideal lost in the case of the works I am treating is the more innocent world of youth. This is not to discount the longing for a Golden Age or a pre-lapsarian Eden, but to point to the validity of the lesson learned in the memorable "escalator ride" back through history provided us by Raymond Williams in his opening chapter of The Country and The City. Williams, we recall, takes the poets at their word. He finds that their complaints direct him to a former age when life was sweeter, so he brings us there. We arrive only to discover other poets making similar claims in their laments. Their poetry directs us to still an earlier age, and so on without success. We never arrive at the purported splendor of the "days gone by." Following this futile search for the blissful Old Englands described by the poets of each succeeding generation, Williams resolves:

The apparent resting places, the successive Old Englands to which we are confidently referred but which then start to recede, have some actual significance, when they are looked at in their own terms (The Country and The City, 12).

He finds those terms, not surprisingly, in the poets' youth: "we notice their location in the childhoods of their authors, and this must be relevant. Nostalgia, it can be

said, is universal and persistent; only other men's nostalgia offends" (12).⁴

The nostalgia of a good poet, however, need not necessarily offend. It may, in fact, delight. For example, consider a poet's nostalgic remembrance of his first acquaintance with the work of another poet, or his recollection of an initial, inspired appreciation of a particular work ("On First Reading Chapman's Homer"). Such nostalgia has more than once been the source of excellent poetry. This literary nostalgia combines with the nostalgia of recollected personal experience. The result is a proper kiln in which to bake the ideas which make up such works as The Sheapherdes Calender and "Lycidas." What such a kiln must bake out, in effect, is the poet's personality, to be replaced by that of allegorical, in this case, pastoral characters.

Seen by the young swains, their world is not so much a place or even a period of time, but an opportunity for song, rivalry, conversation and fellowship. Seen from the nostalgic eyes of the aging shepherd, however, this world of youth is a lost time and place. Colin Cloute expresses just such a loss in this recollection from the December Eclogue

⁴ Steven Marx provides a succinct summary of Rosenmeyer's escalator theory: "the good old days before the demise of country life elegiacally recalled by the pastoralist usually turn out to be the days of his own youth--whether they transpired in the 20th, the 16th or the first century" (The Pastoral Debate, 31).

of The Shepheardes Calender:

What wrealed I of wintrye ages waste,
 Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.
 How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke
 The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
 Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
 For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe
 (December, 29-36).

Colin is boasting here, but the source of his boasts is regret. His nostalgia is simplisitic, even perhaps literalistic. Put simply, he misses things which he no longer has. He describes a former time when physical tasks came easy, playfulness was the rule, mischief went unpunished, and life and liberty were one and the same thing. The seemingly boundless world he describes did in fact have boundaries, the boundary of time of which he has become aware too late. He knows now what he did not know then, and while he boasts of the life he enjoyed, his boasts mock his former lack of awareness.

If the aging shepherd can forgive himself for this former ignorance, he is less forgiving of the braggart youth who is still unaware of what waits him. In this case, regret may turn to scorn, as with Thenot who tells Cvddie: "For Youth is a bubble blown vp with breath/ Whose witt is weaknesse, whose wage is death" (Febrvarie, 86-87). The weakness of wit to which Thenot refers is the inability of the youth to perceive his world as bounded by time and

limited to place.

While Thenot may regard this as weakness, we should remember that he is scorning something which he no longer has. The blissful ignorance of young Cvddie and his peers, while laughable from Thenot's point of view, is in fact, what makes this world pastoral. The seemingly timeless joys celebrated there are not a part of the real world, not part of the court or the city. Such joys, as it turns out, are not even timeless, but the young shepherds are able to perceive them as such, and their descriptions are what give us a world other than our own.

2

Pastoral's concern with time (or lack thereof), is, as Marinelli points out, what makes pastoral universal (9). That time is too much with us is an instinctual human complaint. But the time we complain of is the time of the real world. Pastoral time is quite another matter. In making this distinction, I will venture beyond pastoral poetry briefly to a popular scene from Shakespeare's Henry IV, part 1 where Court-Time is distinguished from Eastcheap-Time. While the tavern at Eastcheap is not pastoral in the strict sense of the works I am treating,⁵ it serves as a

⁵ By the eighteenth century, worlds like Eastcheap would become the subject of "cityscape" pastorals in the poetry of Gay and the paintings of Hogarth. See Ronald

good introduction to them as both a world apart and as a world of youth which must be left behind (a world which thenot would undoubtedly scorn). William Empson sees the tavern as one of three worlds in the play, the world of "natural gusto."⁶ Unlike the stricter pastoral world, this world requires no formal tasks beyond spying and thieving.

In this world of natural gusto, the first words spoken are: "Now Hal, What time of day is it, lad?" (I,ii, 1). The old master of revels is outside of, in fact, eventually prohibited from the actual time of the Court. Hal, on the other hand has a preoccupation with time, knowing that he is living in a world which he must leave sooner than he likes, in order to pass through the world of chivalric idealism into the world of the cautious politician. His response to Jack, "What a devil has thou to do with the time of the day?" (I, ii, 6)⁷ tells us a good deal about the fruitless aging of Jack Falstaff, and about Hal's knowledge of and eventual departure for worlds outside of the tavern.

Paulson's The Literary Landscape, Turner and Constable.
New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982 (pp 21-41).

⁶ "There are three worlds each with its own hero; the rebel camp, tavern, and court; chivalric idealism, natural gusto, the cautious politician" (Some Versions, 43).

⁷ Hal's subsequent description which has Jack marking time only with accumulating hedonistic pleasures ["Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds"(I, ii, 7-8) etc.] does not fit the epicurean behavior of Cvddie and his fellow swains, but the idea is similar, the immediate pleasures of the world serve to pass the time without counting it.

The scene is a reversal of the Thenot-Cvddie situation (one we will see repeated throughout pastoral poetry), in which the old lament the loss of time and the young do not give it a thought. In this case, the Prince, unlike old Jack Falstaff, has plenty to do with actual time.

In the pastoral worlds which I am treating, such actual time is present only by intrusion. The harmonious descriptions given of and by young swains do not include a measure of hours or counting of days, but merely the arrival of a new season:

It was the time faithfull Halcyone,
 Once more enjoying new-liv'd Ceyx bed,
 Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,
 Bidding him calm his proud white-curl'd head,
 And change his mountains to a champian lea;
 The time when gentle Flora's lover reignes,
 Soft creeping all along green Neptunes smoothest
 plains;
 When haplesse Thelgon (a poore fisher-swain)
 Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:
 (Eclogues, I, 1-9).

This nostalgic opening to Fletcher's Eclogues is a typical pastoral description in which time is no more than the harmonious movement of the Gods (a harmony which, as we will see in the case of Phoebus, marks each day's end). All that we know of the time from the above description is that it was spring. The pastoral "place" enjoys a similar anonymity, a nearby spot in the shade, or, as in the piscatorial case above, beneath the shelter of an overhanging crag.

Such anti-time and anti-place descriptions do not yield

the nowhere of Utopias but the embellished somewhere of an irretrievable past; or, if retrievable, remembered only in poetry. The recollection of a nostalgic imagination, for example, can, as Fletcher does here, depict life at Cambridge as an idyllic world outside of time and place; not a world which was without conflicts, love pangs, or even drownings, but as a world in which nature was attuned to, in harmony with, those conflicts and grievings; a world such as Colin Cloute describes in the "December" Eclogue: a world where plenty of fraternal spirit and fellowship had provided a locus amoenus, and sufficient occasion for song.

Actual time, the time which requires counting, is capable of destroying such a world. Measured time makes the court go around, but not necessarily the world, and certainly not the pastoral world of these poets. What follows here is an examination of the chrono and geographics, the descriptions of time and place, in the groves of Spenser's Calender, on the banks of Fletcher's River Chame, and in the world of the poor swain in Milton's "Lycidas".

As seen above, the season of the year is often as close to time as we get in the pastoral world. The poet is not so much telling us the time as providing us with a setting. In describing the season, the poet is, as in the case of Spenser's Calender, providing a chronology for the poems. However, the poet's aim is not chiefly a narrative one. He is not as concerned with telling us when events are occur-

ring as he is with telling us what the world is like, what sort of songs should be being sung. Thus it is that Willye beckons Thomalin in the March Eclogue of The Shepheard's Calender:

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
 As weren ouerwent with woe,
 Vpon so fayre a morrow?
 The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
 That shall alegge this bitter blast,
 And slake the winters sorowe
 (March, 1-6).

Willye is not warning his friend of the passing of time or alerting him to a time imposed action. Rather, he is calling his friend out of one mood and into another.

Thomalin's reply indicates his new awareness, not of the time so much as the place, the setting about him which has begun to change:

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
 For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
 And pleasant spring appeareth.
 The grasse now ginnes to be refresht,
 The swallow peepes out of her nest,
 And clowdie Welkin cleareth
 (7-12).

The setting which the season has begun to yield calls for a love song, in this case a love lament on the part of Thomalin whose mood cannot match the season's. As we will see later, because he is in disharmony with the season, he also marks time within the course of his lament. For now, though, let us look at another "time," the season opposite

of March in the Calender, November. Here, as in March, the shepherd's concern is not with the progression or arrival of time, but with what song should be sung in what setting.

Asked by Thenot for a song, Colin Clovte replies:

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
 Nor Pan to herye, nor with loue to playe:
 Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
 But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
 And Phoebus weary of his yerely taske,
 Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
 And taken vp his ynne in Fishes haske.
 Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
 (Nouember, 9-17).

Just as Thomalin provides a description of early spring by describing the changes in the world around him, so Colin does with the last stages of autumn. Neither shepherd is as concerned with the time, as with what their newly changed world awakens in them. As Thomalin responds with a love complaint, Colin responds appropriately with an elegy for Dido in which he confirms: "Now is time to dye" (81).

In a more substantial elegy, the swain of "Lycidas" begins with an apology for singing his dirge out of season. It is apparently summer and he tells the deities:

I come to pluck your [the deity's] Berries harsh
 and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due (3-5).

Time, in this case, is something with which the shepherd is

out of synchrony, something which he disturbs with his own disharmony. Each of the above worlds possesses an element of timelessness in that the shepherd or fisher swains are concerned not with the passing of time, but with the changes which time has wrought in their world. Time is not something of which to keep track, but something with which to be apart. The shepherd's concern is not to be somewhere on time, but to be in time with somewhere, that is, to be in harmony with the season.

Time in the above passages is primarily the creator of new settings, settings which are as anonymous as the time is vague. For precise location is no more important in these worlds than the marking of actual time. The opening to The Sheapherde's Calender gives us not only the anonymity of time and place, but of person as well:

A shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
 When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent
 (January, l. 1-4).

Though we know the shepherd's name is Colin Clovte (itself the poet's disguise of anonymity), the time, as in the above passages, is but description of the place, and of the place we learn only that the "faynting flocke" is led "to a hill" (l. 11).

A similar anonymity is found in the June Eclogue of the Calender in Colin's address to happier shepherds: "Ye gentle

shepherds, which your flocks do feede,/ Whether on hylls,
 or dales, or other where" (l. 106-7). This "other where"
 may be beneath a tree "in secreate shade alone" (December,
 l. 5-6). or, in the case of the fisher swains, beneath
 another shade: "About his head a rocky canopie,/ And craggy
 hangings round a shadow threw,/ Rebutting Phoebus parching
 fervencie;" (P. Eclogues, I,3. l. 1-3). Just as these
 worlds are free of the particular encroachments of time, so
 too as places, they remain nameless. They are found roughly
 within the vicinity of the poet's embellished memory.

The world of Lycidas is just such a memory not bothered
 by the bounds of actual time and place. The anonymous
 uncouth swain sings his lament for the drowned Lycidas,
 recalling in nostalgic fashion their former days together
 when they

. . . were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.
 Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at Ev'ning bright
 Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering
 wheel
(l. 23-31).

It has been suggested that "Lycidas" expresses a
 nostalgic longing on the part of John Milton for the old
 Gods of mythology which Christianity did not supply.
 Whether or not this is so, what we see in the above passage

is the nostalgic longing on the part of an older John Milton for a younger John Milton. Presumably the two young Cambridge students, Milton and Edward King, had places to be on occasion and clocks and bells to call them there. Recollected and recreated as a pastoral existence, however, actual time and place disappear and are replaced with the above idyllic descriptions which caused Dr. Johnson to laugh at the portrayal of Milton and King as undergraduates, pasturing the "same flock" on "the self-same hill."

In recreating the world of Cambridge where he and King were classmates, however, Milton has only used the familiar timeless and place-less markings which we have already seen in the passages from Spenser and Fletcher. The time is the season before the long grasses grew, and the nameless swains feed their flock by the anonymous "fountain, shade and rill." They come afield in time to hear the insect hum of midday, and often stayed, not only until the evening dew was formed, but even into the latter part of the night, when the evening star had begun its western descent. It was not, we presume, a matter of losing track of time; for as in the other worlds of idyllic recollection there is no time other than the harmonious moving forward of nature.

Explaining Epicurus' term galene (a term which, appropriately enough in regards to Fletcher's piscatory world means "calm of the storm") E. G. Rosenmeyer comments:

The Epicurean invocation of calm is assisted by the axiom that there is, objectively speaking, no time. The present is all; memories and hopes are insubstantial; time relations are merely secondary functions of body and place
 (The Green Cabinet, 70).

This timelessness, as Rosenmeyer notes, dates back to Theocritus: "The Theocritean herdsman is not aware of time as fleeting; he merely proceeds with a special kind of unselfconscious urgency" (86). Such unselfconscious urgency is found in the narrator and his friends in Theocritus' Seventh Idyll. On their way to a harvest-home the three are overtaken by Lycidas, a goatherd who asks: "What Simichidas . . . whither away this sultry noontide, when e'en the lizard will be sleeping i' th' hedge and the crested larks go not afield?" (l. 21-23). As if to show that time is of no concern to them, they reply by inviting Lycidas to a singing match which goes on for several pages.

We begin to see here what the pastoralists' recollected world provides its characters. Instead of the standard depictions of time and place which restrict most literary settings, pastoral characters are placed more vaguely in a pleasant place and given an unboundaried occasion for song. Thus, the anti-time descriptions of the locus amoenus which we have seen thus far. In the June Eclogue of The Shepherdes Calender the time of year provides a perfect setting which Hobbino describes to Colin as a blissful world which they both have known:

O Colin, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.
 Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
 The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
 The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right
 (l. 1-9).

Hobbinol here describes more than just the month of June.
 He has, as Colin says, found that Paradise which Adam lost
 and he invites Colin to share this locus amoenus:

Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
 Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to
 see,
 Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
 And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritche
 And fruitefull flocks bene euery where to see
 (l. 18-22).

The young shepherd goes on for several lines describing
 the characteristics of this "place" including the "systers
 nyne which dwell on Parnasse hight" (l. 28) with "Pan
 himselfe to kisse their christall faces" (l. 30). For
 Colin, however, this world is a lost paradise. He can see
 the perfect beauty of the idyllic world which Hobbinol des-
 cribes, but only through the nostalgic eyes of retrospect.
 Unrequited love melancholy has removed him from this former
 world which he once enjoyed:

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse
 yeeres
 Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
 In such delights did ioy amongst me peeres:
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove,
 My fancye eke from former follies moue

To stayed steps: for time in passing weares
 (As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
 And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares
 (l. 33-40).

Colin speaks here of the former world which he has lost, but clearly it is not an idyllic place from which he has been removed, but an idyllic time, a time "of carelesse yeeres." Perhaps we could say that what Colin has lost to his love pursuits is an idyllic outlook. He has discovered unfaithfulness. Unlike the naively carefree Hobbinol, the love-forsaken Colin is now all too conscious of time which "in passing weares" just as garments, time which brings about "ryper age" and "hoary heares."

This dialogue reveals not just the price of maturity, but the very transient nature of the locus amoenus. The locus amoenus is not exclusively for the young, but young people are the only ones perhaps completely unaware of its transient nature. Hobbinol has rediscovered Adam's Eden, and we know how easily such gardens are lost. What Hobbinol sees now, with youthful eyes, is only what is all around him. He cannot understand Colin's inability to enter this world, and can only regret Colin's refusal to sing. Colin cannot sing because he cannot enter the place for song; he can only recall in a lament his former singing.

As we saw in the above passage, Colin, outside of, or beyond this locus amoenus, no longer enjoys the carefree peace of youth, and speaks instead of time and its passing,

until he finally arrives at the death of Tityrus, "the God of shepherds." Death and time, on the other hand, are far from the mind of Hobbinol, breathing in his "simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,/ So calme, so coole." Hobbinol, with the music of "Byrds of euery kynde" who "To the waters fall their tunes attemper right," is the character for the locus amoenus. This setting invites him to "worke delyte." It not only provides him a place to sing, it provides him the occasion for song.

In the April Eclogue we find the shepherd's perfect excuse for pastoral pause. Hobbinol, having told of Colin's loss to a scorning lover, is invited by Thenot to sing one of the songs which Colin will sing no more:

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone
(l. 29-32).

It is not, as in the case of the forsaken lover, that time passes tediously while the sheep graze, but rather that their grazing provides the time and place for these shepherds to "worke delyte." The fisher swain enjoys a similar excuse in his "work" which Izaak Walton calls "the contemplative man's vocation": "There while our thinne nets dangling in the winde/ Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to sing" (Piscatorie Eclogues, I,6, 1-2). There is no particular need for holidays in either of these worlds. The

"work" of both the shepherd and the fisher swain provides a built-in pause of leisure which may be filled with song or conversation. When the "work" is interrupted by weather, this is but another excuse for singing.

When, in the September Eclogue of The Calender, Hobbinol encounters the misfortunes of Diggon Dauie, he finds that "nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore" (49) and, with true pastoral courtesy, he invites Diggon to shelter and to conversation:

Sitte we downe vnder the hill:
 Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
 Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast
 (52-55).

To the distraught Diggon, the storm echoes his misfortunes. For Hobbinol it is the occasion for stormy conversation, which mocks the "blustering blast" of troubles out in the world from which he has invited his fellow shepherd to retreat. While not on the surface of it a locus amoenus, the shelter from the storm serves, no less than the shade by the grazing sheep, as a place apart. The autumn storm is in its season, what the tree's shade is in spring, a reason for pause from the world to indulge in song or the fellowship of conversation.

A storm is also the occasion for pastoral, or in this case piscatorial, pause in the second of Fletcher's Eclogues when Dorus invites Myrtil to song:

Myrtill, why idle sit we on the shore?
 Since stormy windes, and waves intestine spite
 Impatient rage of sail, or bending oare;
 Sit we, and sing, while windes & waters fight;
 And carol lowd of love, and loves delight
 (1. 1-5).

This stormy setting, certainly not the locus amoenus which Hobbinol describes in June of the Calender, is cousin to the retreat of Hobbinol and Diggon from the September storm. In both cases, this time spent from the storm is, so far as the narrative is concerned, a place apart. Just as Diggon uses the occasion to lament the abuses done to him, and to disclose ecclesiastical scandal, so, Myrtill suggests similar misfortunes as the subject of song during the rage of storms: "Dorus, ah rather stormy seas require/ With sadder song the tempests rage deplore:/ In calms let's sing of love, and lovers fire" (2. 6-8). He goes on to sing of academic rather than ecclesiastical scandal, describing Thirsil's departure from Chame's ungrateful shores.

In defiance of his own prescription, Myrtill uses the occasion of a storm in the very next Eclogue to sing of "lovers fire," namely, his own. In an opening strongly echoing the opening to the January Eclogue in the Calender,⁸ Fletcher again uses the storm of the world as the occasion for song. His piscatory portrait depicts the fisherman's

⁸ The resemblance of this passage to the opening of the January Eclogue of The Shepheardes Calender was pointed out by Bain State Stewart in his article "A Borrowing from Spenser by Phineas Fletcher." MLA, 56 (1941), 273-4.

idleness amidst the storm which rages about him.

A Fisher-lad (no higher dares he look)
 Myrtil, sat down by Silver Medwayes shore:
 His dangling nets (hung on the trembling oare)
 Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
 While madding windes the madder Ocean shook
 (III, 1, 1-5).

As with the shepherd's watching their sheep graze, one has the sense in this description that the nets are not all that has "leave to play."

As we have seen in the above dialogue between Colin and Hobbinol, the timelessness of the pastoral world is largely a matter of perception. I called Hobbinol the character of the locus amoenus, one happily incapable of perceiving the boundary of time which holds youth. He is in company with Cvddie who tells the aging Thenot in the Febrvarie Eclogue that though "Age and Winter accord full nie" (27), "my flowring youth is foe to frost,/ My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost" (31-2). This blissful ignorance, I admitted, was what made the pastoral world pastoral. If it were a world of chronological concerns, of preoccupation with time, it might just as well be a world with an identifiable location, and no longer a world apart.

Thenot and Colin, unlike Cvddie and Hobbinol, are swains who are in this world but not entirely of it. They represent in the Calender the two forces from the "real world" which most severely threaten the pastoral world, death and love. Thenot has an aging heart, Colin an aching

heart. Both of them have traveled beyond the world of youth, and brought back with them, besides their respective ailments, a preoccupation with time.

Thenot's preoccupation is the more understandable as well as the more forgivable: He has grown old; the promise of eternal youth is sham, and the careless ways of Cvddie, utter foolishness. Time is real to Thenot, no longer something to be passed idly, but something to be held onto, to be counted: "Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,/ Some in much joy, many in many teares:" (17-18). A figure like "thrise threttie years," is a measure of time incomprehensible to a young swain like Cvddie or Hobbinol for whom time is something to be passed in merriment, not measured.

In the May Eclogue of The Shepheardes Calender Spenser presents us "the persons of two shepherds Piers and Palinode [in whom] be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique." Piers, as it turns out, is, strictly speaking, the better pastor, but Palinode, with his envy of the joys of youth, it must be confessed, is more pastoral. He supplies, in fact, a virtual outline of the pastoral joys for the "mery moneth of May" and asks:

How shoulde shepheardes liue, if not so?
 What? should they pynen in payne and woe?
 Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,

If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrowe.
 Sorrowe ne neede to be hastened on:
 (May, 148-152).

Hobbinol and Cvddie would soon be followers of Palinode, who, more experienced than them, knows sorrow, and whose prescription for it is essentially carpe diem. On the other hand stands the un-pastoral Piers who, we should not be surprised to learn, is chiefly concerned with how the young shepherds spend their time:

Those faytours little regarden their charge.
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihede and wanton meryment (May, 39-42).⁹

This preoccupation with time, understandable in a minister, and forgivable in an old man, is less of both in a young swain. Love apparently is one excuse for such a preoccupation. To begin with, the fever of love can put the swain in disharmony with the season:

No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:
 Yet feels this breast a summers burning fever:
 And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
 And yet (alas!) this fire eats and consumes me
 ever (P. Eclogues: V, 4, 6-9).

The love struck seem to find at least some comfort in measuring, as Thomalin does in the March Eclogue of the

⁹ Ironically, Piers' concerns do more to propel than prevent pastoral merriment. For as Poggioli correctly notes: "the pastoral operates at its best when there is some prudery left, when it still partakes of the inhibitions against which it raises its protest or dissent" (62).

Calender: "For sithens it is but the third morowe,/ That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe/ And waked againe with griefe:" (46-48).

From the beginning of the Calender we find in Colin a lovesick swain enamored as well, apparently, with numbers:

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbor towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the
 stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee
 (Janvarye, 49-52).

We find a similar disposition to hyperbolic counting in Myrtil whom we last left in a storm on Medwayes shore: "Tryphon, that know'st a thousand herbs in vain," he complains, "But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart" (P. Eclogues III, 5, 6-7). And what has been banished from his heart but "Late thousand joyes securely lodged there" (III, 8, 2).

Such counting, though, is not peculiar to lovers. What we find is that any character in disharmony with the pastoral world not only expresses that disharmony but measures it. In the harmony of a seemingly timeless world, such as that of Hobbinol and Cvddie, there could be no more certain indication of disharmony than the marking of time. For, when measured-time shows up in the pastoral world-- that is, when time is described in any terms other than the harmonious movement forward with nature--as in the above passages, the pastoral world, as a world apart, is severely

threatened, if not already defeated.

In Fletcher's Eclogue IV, the fisherman Chromis suffers, not from love, but from piscatory [ie.academic] politics. He makes a lengthy complaint which describes the offenses of his fellow fishermen and laments the sad decline of the fisher's trade (ie. Christian discipleship). As seen from the earlier passages from the piscatory world of Fletcher, the storm is the measure of time, if there be any measure at all. The work of fishing, having ceased, the interval is passed in song. In this sad picture of the degenerated world of Chamus, however, time will not be described in terms of the flowing water currents or the coming and departure of one of Nature's storms. Rather, with the vanishing of piscatory bliss, the destructive force of actual time asserts itself:

Thelgon: Chromis my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?
 And fullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?
 Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
 Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
 But late thy time in hundred joyes thou
 spent'st;
 Now time spends thee, while thou in vain
 lament'st.

Chromis: Thelgon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new
 But nets and pipe contemn'd and idle lie:
 My little reed, that late so merry blew,
 Tunes sad notes to his masters miserie:
 Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rimes
 And I as much hate both that hate, and
 times (1, 4-6; 2, 1-6).

Two things characterize Chromis' state: lack of harmony--an idle pipe which tunes only sad notes of miserie--and the

presence of time.

Chromis' complaint echoes both the lovesick swain and the aging shepherd. Like the lover, time now passes slow and is measurable. It spends him, rather than the other way around, and he thus has cause, not just to notice and measure time, but to hate it. Chromis also sounds like the aging shepherd. Like Thenot, he is sadly aware of time's passing and leaving him little to show for it. In this latter sense, time acts as betrayer. It is not his peers who are blamed for hating his rimes, but Time.

In a passage which echoes this one, we hear similar complaining about the shepherd's trade:

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
("Lycidas," 64-69).

Like Chromis, the uncouth swain of Milton's "Lycidas" here depicts time as a betrayer. No doubt time has hated some of his rimes, and yielded no fame. Like Chromis he is both lover and elder, bothered and betrayed by time. He has been urged by the likes of Piers "To scorn delights, and live laborious days" ("Lycidas," 72). In pondering the chances of fame, however, he sounds rather like one of Palinode's flock, or perhaps like Palinode himself. "Uncessant care" suggests a shepherd whose world is anything but timeless.

yet the last three lines indicate a shepherd who has at least heard of Hobbinol and Cuddie, if not enjoyed their company.

Always in the pastoral world there exists the possibility of the locus amoenus. Always as well there exists the threatening world beyond the pastoral which intrudes in the form of unfaithful love, unjust politics, ecclesiastical malfeasance, age and death, all of which prompt the shepherd to mark time. In the meanwhile, time is not measured, but passed in "works of delyte" until "stouping Phoebus steepes his face" at which time, even the contented Willye will conclude: "Yts time to hast vs homeward" (Calender, March, 117-18). Phoebus is to the pastoral dialogue what the deus ex machina is to the Greek Drama. The descent of the sun is less a measuring of time, than a way of harmoniously drawing to a close the argument of an eclogue.¹⁰ The deus ex machina at least provides some resolution to the drama, albeit improbable. The descent of Phoebus is merely the cyclic action of nature which reminds the reader that time is in fact passing, and calls the shepherds from field to home, drawing to an unresolved close both turmoil and joy

¹⁰ Note here that time's arrival is in harmony with the poem's "action." In his familiar discussion of time's overt allegorical presence in the garden of Adonis (The Poetry of The Faerie Queene, 5-8), Paul Alpers points out Time's wicked dominion over Nature. Time's dominion in the examples we have looked at is far more subtle. Time is always present, even if unmeasured, and it is the measuring of time, rather than time itself, which threatens to destroy these pastoral worlds.

alike.

Pastoral worlds do indeed recreate the good old days, not the nights. All of the evil connotations that belong to the dark, arrive with the night and the discontented swains who mark time during the day dread even more the coming of the night. So it is that Diggon Davie describes his troubles to Hobbinol in the September Eclogue of the Calender:

Hobbinol

Diggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

Diggon

Her was her, while it was daye light
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.
(1-6)

For the discontented Diggon the night typifies his troubles. For Piers, the pastor, whose duty it is to avoid the darkness, the night undoubtedly brings temptation. He draws the dialogue to a close, not surprisingly, with a proclamation of what is best: "But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount/ And for the deawie night now doth nye/ I hold it best for vs, home to hye" (May, 316-18).

For none is the night darker and more troublesome, than the forsaken lover. Just so, Colin resents the coming of the night:

By that the welked Phoebus gan availe
 His weary waine, and nowe the frosty Night
 Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile
 Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
 Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to
 weepe (Janvarye, 73-78).

The night is despised in this case, not because it draws to a close any joy that the day has offered, but because it brings with it, presumably, the realization of darker troubles.

Such descriptions as these are usually read merely as periphrastic indications of time ("the day broke," "the night fell"), which the poet has taken from the rhetorical catalogue and altered slightly for his uses.¹¹ However, we see here that these descriptions operate as more than mere rhetorical topos. Sun, darkness, and time's passing hold different meanings for the discontented, the devout, and the unrequited lover. These different descriptions of the coming of night carry those meanings.

The same is true for the contented swain, for whom, though he is not preoccupied with time, night comes nonetheless. Its arrival, in this case, is not feared for its potential troubles or despised for its actual darkness. Rather, it is greeted with reluctance as it signals an end to the day's joys. Thus when the shepherd and fisher swains come together in rivalry at the end of Fletcher's Eclogues

¹¹ See Ernst Robert Curtius, European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages, pp. 275-282.

the narrator reports: "And all the day to songs and dances lending,/ Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending./ With day their sports began, with day they take their ending" (VII, 37, 8-10).

Not surprisingly, the night is seen by such joy-filled swains as chasing and stealing the light of day, as Hobbinol accuses the stars of doing in the Aprill Eclogue of the Calender: "But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,/ And twincling starres the daylight hence chase" (160-1). In the June Eclogue he issues this warning to his sheep: "But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:/ Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,/ Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe," (117-19). In Fletcher's fifth Eclogue Damon tells Algon: "Come Algon, cheerly home; the theevish night/ Steals on the world, and robs`our eyes of sight./ The silver streams grow black: home let us coast" (20, 5-7).

Thirsil issues Thomalin a similar warning at the close of Eclogue VI: "Now let us home: for see, the creeping night/ Steals from those further waves upon the land" (P. Eclogues, VI, 26, 6-8). His warning though is followed immediately with the hope of a new day: "To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand/ Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand" (9-10). The freedom to feast, sing and dance is something that belongs to the day time which is now departed. Eclogue VII begins appropriately with "the morn saluting." The morrow brings new occasion for song, for

singing and dancing along the golden sand, or in the shade of the green pastures, occasion for passing time unmeasured in a pleasant place. This same morrow will be measured by swains with a "a thousand sithes." In either case, even should death itself intrude, the pastoralist's frame is always the day:

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray;
 He touch't the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 ("Lycidas," 186-89).

"The tender stops of [the] various Quills," from sun-up to sun-down, yield a song which ranges from elegiac to nostalgic to ecclesiastic, and finally sounds the hope of a resurrected Lycidas. The day spent in singing arrives, by the measure of "the tender stops of various quills," at night.

And now the Sun had stretch't out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch't his Mantle blue:
 Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new
 (190-93).

The night arrives with the promise of another morrow and a new pasture and so on in a cycle of unmeasured days.

This examination of the nostalgic perspective of the pastoralists has carried us into a rather detailed study of how the poets, through their characters, describe the time and place of their pastoral worlds. What we have found are

recollected worlds of youth in which timelessness, though a possibility, is largely a matter of perception. As poets, Spenser, Fletcher and Milton demonstrate in their poetry a nostalgic yearning for this former perception which was characterized, not by a counting of time, but by an appreciation which included youthful attempts to achieve permanence, perhaps in song. As pastoralists the three poets have each created such a world apart from the real world, worlds with no actual location, with the possibility of timelessness.

Characters like the love-struck Colin Clout have experienced a world beyond the pastoral one which they inhabit. They are consequently in some disharmony with the pastoral world and with its seasons. They are not only conscious of time, they mark its passing with sighs and hours and days. On the other hand are characters like the carefree Hobbinol who represents the contented swain of the locus amoenus for whom there is only the present occasion for singing, and the partaking in pastoral joys. The later chapters will be spent in exploring these pastoral joys in these worlds. The next chapter will examine these joys in the lives of the poets who created these worlds. Specifically, we will search out these joys in the fields and halls of Cambridge University, a recollected world of youth, set apart from the greater world, which provided the occasion for song and the possibility of timelessness.

Chapter III

The University

In the last chapter, we examined the inevitable look backwards which formulates the pastoral vision. We examined descriptions of pastoral worlds which revealed that, at its most blissful, the pastoral world is a world apart, outside of the boundaries of time and place, a world of recollected fellowship and unification with nature. In this chapter, we turn our attention from the imaginary worlds of these poems to the actual worlds of the poets who created them. Our aim is to uncover within the worlds of these poets' own youth, the youthful joys which make up the worlds of their poetry. Specifically, we will be entering here another world apart, the Cambridge University of the late 16th and early 17th century.

The first part of this chapter will examine the general similarities between the Cambridge University known to Spenser, Fletcher and Milton and the Arcadian worlds of

their poetry.¹ The second part of the chapter will explore the particular joys which are such a part of both their historical and their imaginative worlds. I begin, though, with a less calculated description which demonstrates how intertwined are the worlds of the student and the swain. The following is an anonymous "old herbal" supplied by John Venn in his historical account, Early Collegiate Life:

Studens Vulgaris, or common British undergraduate. Variety: Cantabrigiensis. A hardy triennial. Habitat: abundant in meadows and by rivers, in winter and spring; has been found also in chapels and lecture rooms. Flowers profusely in May and June. Seeds occasionally later on. Use in the Pharmacopoeia: has been recommended as an irritant in obstinate cases of ankylosis, or tutor's stiffjaw (11).

The writer of this old herbal--whether student or teacher--reflects quite colorfully the precise point of view from which my own study stems. We have seen in the previous chapter just such hardy triennials, "abundant in meadows and by rivers, in winter and spring." Spenser, Fletcher and

¹ The reference to these worlds as "Arcadian," I believe, is quite permissible. What Marinelli says of Spenser's The Shepheardes Calender, I find applies as well to Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues and Milton's "Lycidas":

"It may seem strange to designate the work as an Arcadian poem; its setting is that of north-eastern Lancashire, Arcadia itself is never mentioned in the course of the poem, and its shepherds are not classical Tityruses or Sinceros, but homely and unprepossessing Hobbinols, Diggons and Colin Clouts. Yet the physical setting is in no way insisted upon, and it becomes obvious that this is Arcadia in a form that is mere English" (49).

Milton represent three Cantabrigienses who "seeded later on." This chapter will examine not only the chapel and lecture rooms, but some of the wider environs in which these common flowers first took root. My exploration of these environs begins not with the botanist but with the literary critic, and his theoretical descriptions of the pastoral world.

"The first condition of pastoral poetry," Frank Kermode tells us, "is that there should be a sharp difference between two ways of life, the rustic and the urban" (14). Kermode then makes an interesting observation which helps to justify his understanding that pastoral poetry stems from nostalgia. Pastoral, he asserts, is essentially an urban product, produced by poets residing in the city. "The city is an artificial product, and the pastoral poet invariably lives in it, or is the product of its schools and universities" (14). Two things are implied in this statement. First, that the schools and universities are also "artificial products" and second, that the pastoral poet, though residing in the city, presumably has some recollection of the country. My own assertion, of course, is that Cambridge University is the "artificial product" from which come the meadows and rivers of the poetry I am treating.

The idea that the Arcadian worlds of Spenser, Fletcher and Milton could stem from a re-imagined Cambridge world comes largely from affinities of the two worlds made

obvious; namely that they are both worlds of beautiful physical environs, apart from the real (urban, courtly) world, and peopled for the most part by youthful men. Before examining these more obvious similarities, however, I wish to explore a bit further the Arcadian world as described by Peter Marinelli. With eyes colored by the sort of thoughts which created the above "old herbal," we find in Marinelli's descriptions of Arcadia, that the pastoral and the university world serve very much the same purpose. Calling Arcadia "the paradise of poetry," Marinelli says that:

It is a middle country of the imagination, half way between a past perfection and a present imperfection, a place of Becoming rather than Being, where an individual's potencies for the arts of life and love and poetry are explored and tested (37).

This "atemporal" locus is largely what we found in the pastoral descriptions which we examined in chapter two, a fleeting world where the arts of song and life are practiced and refined. The "middle country" of pastoral, I suggest is that space between childhood, "past perfection," and the full adulthood of city and court, "present imperfection."

We see in the following description that the world of Arcadia and the world of Cambridge University, though the one is a world of literary invention and the other historical, share a startlingly similar end:

The poet comes to Arcadia for a clarification of his artistic, intellectual and moral purpose. The assumption of the shepherd's weeds signalizes for a millennium and more a commitment to poetry and to the exploration of the relative worths of the active and contemplative existences. The temporary retirement to the interior landscape becomes a preparation for engagement with the world of reality, for it is necessary for knowledge to precede action (45).

What if, in our search for "studens vulgaris," in the above passage we were to substitute Cambridge for "Arcadia" and scholar's gown for "shepherd's weeds?" For, as we will see in passages from the Annals of Cambridge, clarification of artistic, intellectual and moral purpose were the precise aims of 16th and 17th century world of Cambridge University. Preparing for engagement with the world is the primary end of both Arcadia, the world created by the poets, and Cambridge University, the world inhabited by the poets. "It is in Arcadia," says Marinelli, that the shepherd/poet explores "his commitment to the arts of poetry and to the art of love in its widest sense" (46). It is in the University, I assert, that the student/poet explores these very same commitments.

In tracing this exploration by the Arcadian poet, Marinelli discusses what I find to be still another similarity between this fictional world and the Cambridge world of Spenser, Fletcher and Milton; namely, poetic inheritance. "If he [the shepherd/poet] has genius," Marinelli says,

he will emerge as the inheritor of a great tradition of poetry, thereby earning the right to

be himself considered a model of that tradition by poets in future times. Arcadia is then, finally, the place where for purposes of initiation and self-discovery, the individual Talent is brought into confrontation with the Tradition" (46-47).

The University, then--in this case Cambridge--was finally the place where for purposes of initiation and self-discovery, Spenser was brought into confrontation with Theocritus and Virgil, and Fletcher and Milton, consequently, brought into confrontation with Spenser, and, of course, the others, at least in lecture halls. "An entrance into the pastoral world," Marinelli resolves, "represents, then, not an end but a beginning" (73). And so too with the world of the University.

Marinelli points out, as others have, that the pastoral world is a sort of microcosm of "the greater world," where everyday troubles are magnified as under glass (73). In a certain sense this is true. We see ecclesiastical disputes and complaining in The Shepheardes Calender and in "Lycidas." Academic politics fill the Piscatorie Eclogues. The troubled love complaints of Colin and others even become everyday by virtue of their repetition. Clearly the troubles of the poet's world are given voice in the shepherd's songs. And yet, again, as Hobbinol reminds Colin, and as his mere presence reminds us, the pastoral world is not "the greater world." There is nothing everyday about "the pierlesse pleasures" of his "place."

The university world of the Renaissance is just such a

"place": of "the greater world" (an "artificial product" of it), but not in it; part of academic, ecclesiastical, and love politics, but capable of "pierlesse pleasures" which transcend them. This dual status is first apparent in the physical separateness which the university enjoyed from the rest of the world. For, though a product of the greater world, it was clearly a place apart:

It must be remembered that in that day and long afterwards--as we can see in Loggan's maps of 1680--there was hardly anything but open ground--"the fields" as they were called--for many miles round Cambridge: and the limitless marshes were close at hand" (E.Collegiate Life, 125).

"Lonely and isolated" are words which Alexander Judson uses to describe this early Cambridge: "On the north lay the vast, unreclaimed district of the Fens, reedy, wooded, or productive of coarse grass, intersected by numberless watercourses and supporting rude fen-dwellers" (Variorum Life of Edmund Spenser, 24).

This physical separateness was, of course, an intentional rather than accidental part of the university's composition, and all of the laws of the university reinforced the isolation of the college world from the world beyond. The Cambridge student's education was to be a cloistered one. We know, for example, that not only were students prohibited from residing outside of the colleges in the townsmen's houses (Judson, 25), but even that no "fotebale" was to be played outside of the college (E.

Collegiate Life, 121). Referring to the punishments that might be enforced upon a disobedient student of the time, Venn tell us that it would be redundant and ineffective to "gate" him (prohibit him from going beyond the college grounds), "for the entire college was then in the present sense of the term, permanently gated" (E. Collegiate Life, 113).

By the time Milton arrived at Cambridge in 1624, some growth had taken place; the population of the town may have been as much as nine thousand (Masson, 115). Still, separation from the world remained the natural as well as the ideological circumstance of Cambridge: "Then, as now," Masson tells us in his Life of Milton, "the distinction between 'town' and 'gown' was one of the fixed ideas of the place" (Masson, 115). We learn also that, as in the time of Spenser, "students were confined closely within the walls of their colleges" (Masson, 137).

It is not surprising, then, to find in the following passage from Masson, Cambridge University described as a separate world unto itself which contained other worlds within it:

Into the little world of Christ's College . . . forming a community by itself . . . of some two hundred and fifty persons, and surrounded again by that larger world of the total University to which it was related as a part, we are to fancy Milton introduced in the month of February 1624-5 (131).

Descriptions of this world by Masson or Judson include

enthusiastic depictions of the architecture. What is assumed is the natural beauty of the surroundings. Much is implicit within words like "fields" and "grounds," and while the Cambridge of the early 17th century may not have been the place which Hobbinol describes in the June Eclogue of The Calender, it was certainly not London either. The following admonition was contained in an ordinance, written at about this time, for the planting of willows:

And if any person or persons shall at any time or times hereafter cut down, saw or hew, pluck up by the root, bark, spoil or destroy, any willow or willows now set or hereafter set, in any part of the bounds or commons of this town, that then every such offender shall suffer pains, forfeitures and losses, as the common laws of this realm shall appoint or assign (Annals, v.2, 157).

From this Ardenic decree we get an indication, not just of the beauty of the natural surroundings of Cambridge, but also of the priorities of those governing this environment.

Another important characteristic which the university world shares in common with the pastoral world is that they are both essentially for the young:

The first fact to be impressed on the mind is the extreme youth of the ordinary student, or rather the junior portion of the students. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the "lad" was seldom more than 16, and often under 15 or even 14, at admission; and he very frequently resided for six or seven years (E. Collegiate Life, 112).

Milton himself was sixteen upon coming to Cambridge (Masson, 131); Fletcher was eighteen (Langdale, 25) and Spenser,

seventeen (Judson, 26). Youth itself, while not always blissful, lends itself to all sorts of joys, the underlying one being the joy of making new discoveries and formulating new perceptions. Such discoveries and formulations supply much of the subject matter for pastoral songs.

Like the singers in the pastoral world, the residents of the university world are young enough to seek the joys which life has newly offered them. Poggioli claims that "adolescence and early adulthood are the only important pastoral ages since they coincide with the mating seasons of human life" (57). Love, however, is but one of the joys for which the student/swain is at a ripe age. Youth itself, in fact, is a pastoral joy, and not just in the case of the Pastoral of Love, but in the Pastoral of Innocence as well. For adolescence and early adulthood are ages, not just of sexual discovery, but of many discoveries, both political and non-political. The resulting changes in perception and the formulation of new perspectives occurs ideally, not amidst the fog of sexual awakening, but within the more reliable framework provided by platonic fellowship.

In neither the pastoral nor the university world do the impulses of youth go unchecked by age. Elder shepherds reside in the pastoral, just as in the university there are elder tutors, and in both cases it is the duty of these elders to instruct. Often, be they shepherd or tutor, the subject of their instruction is "the greater world" to which

they have gone and lived, and from which they have returned wiser. Those whom they instruct, however, by the virtue (some might say vice) of their youth and numbers, are the proprietors of this world of youthful joys.

The likes of Thenot and Piers know the maturity of age, the brevity of life and the wideness of the greater world. They advocate a puritanical restraint which is lost on the likes of Cvddie and Hobbinol whose youth serves as the boundary to their world. Cvddie and Hobbinol, our characters of the locus amoenus, are true pastoral shepherds. And as Poggioli points out, "the shepherd is neither a stoic nor a cynic, but . . . an epicurean and observes with natural spontaneity the ethics of that school" (8). What I have chosen to call the pastoral joys might be called instead the pastoral liberties. This, at least, is the perspective of Poggioli who notes that "as with all ways or visions of life, the pastoral implies a new ethos, which, however, is primarily negative. "Its code," he says "prescribes few virtues, but proscribes many vices" (4). The code to which Poggioli refers is the epicurean code of Cvddie and Hobbinol, which, while often complementary with the puritanical code of Piers, finds itself in continual tension with this same code.

A near identical tension between epicurean impulses and puritanical restraint exists in the world of the university. In his description of undergraduate life during this time,

Venn suggests that the impulse towards disobedience was rather a way of life. On where one might find a Cambridge student of that day, Venn writes:

If he was forbidden to attend bull-batings, to go fowling in Chesterton marshes, or to bathe in the river [Cam], we gain a clue as to where we should be likely to find him of a summer's afternoon (E. Collegiate Life, 111-112).

In a letter of 1563 William Soone describes Cambridge students carousing through the streets of town:

They are perpetually quarreling and fighting with them [the townsfolk]. They go out in the night to show their valour, armed with monstrous great clubs furnished with a cross piece of iron to keep off the blows, and frequently beat the watch (Judson, 26).

Shortly thereafter Soone concludes: "the way of life in these colleges is the most pleasant and liberal: and if I might have my choice, and my principles would permit,² I should prefer it to a kingdom" (Judson, 26). The pleasantness to which Soone refers is that which happens in spite of, not because of the College code. In the college, as in the pastoral world, the proprietors are the young.

The link between student and swain, if at first suspicious, becomes more evident with each additional des-

² The "principles" which kept Soone from Cambridge were his Roman Catholic leanings. Judson writes: "Soone knew whereof he wrote: a Cambridge man, he had served briefly as Regius Professor of the Civil Law, but had gone abroad in 1563 on account of his Catholic sympathies (Judson, 25)."

cription. Descriptions of the literary shepherd and of the Cambridge student are often interchangeable, and distinctions between the two become blurred in passages like the following in which Poggioli describes the freedom of the shepherd:

Thus literary shepherds form an ideal kind of leisure class, free from the compulsions of conspicuous consumption and ostentatious waste. Gratuitous interests, including such leisurely activities as hobbies and pastimes, but excluding such strenuous exercises as sports, are the main endeavor of the pastoral world (6).

We see here again that the Renaissance Cambridge don, though not an idealized literary figure, is a likely Renaissance source for this ideal. For he too forms a kind of leisure class, divorced from the economic responsibilities which yield the consumption and waste Poggioli describes. He too is granted the freedom of gratuitous interests, leisurely activities, hobbies and pastimes.

When these gratuitous interests and leisurely pastimes meet with the disapproval of elders, we find that the joys of the student and the joys of the swain are nearly indistinguishable. Consider first a complaint by an authority of Cambridge during the late 16th century, followed by a nearly identical complaint put into poetry and spoken by the shepherd-guardian, Piers, in the May eclogue of Spenser's Calender. First the Cambridge authority, whose concern is sparked by the liberal and un-uniformed dress of Cambridge

students:

So if remedy be not speedely provyded, the University, which hath bene from the begynning a collection and society of a multitude of all sorts of ages, and professyng to godlines, modesty, vertew, and lerning, and a necessary storehouse to the realme of the same, shall become rather a storehouse for a stable of prodigall wastfull ryotous, unlerned and insufficient persons (Annals, v.2, p.361).

The concerns of this worried official are given voice by Piers in his ecclesiastical anxiety in response to Palinode's description of the shepherd's Maytime merry making. "Youghthes folke now flocken in euey where," Palinode tells Piers, "To gather may buskets and smelling brere" (l. 9-10). For Piers the shepherd is minister, and he has no envy for these epicurean joys, these gratuitous interests and leisurely activities described by Palinode:

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustehede and wanton meryment (l. 37-42).

Unfortunately for the likes of Piers and the Cambridge authorities, wanton meryment would not subside, and the epicurean impulses which are the joy of the pastoral world would prevail some over the puritanical codes which governed the university. We learn from Masson that the strict system of discipline enforced by the Elizabethan statutes had been impossible to maintain:

Through sixty-five years which had elapsed [since the passing of the statutes] the decrees of the University authorities and their acts interpreting the statutes had been uniformly in the direction of relaxation; and practice had outstripped the written law (138).

Even the rule prohibiting students to go beyond the walls of their colleges had become much modified. Though required to carry on conversations in Latin, Masson tells us that by the time of Milton students might walk unchecked along Trumpington Road and even, before returning to the College, visit the Dolphin, the Rose or the Mitre, favorite taverns of Cambridge students (Masson, 138).

In Eclogue IV of the Piscatorie Ecloques, Fletcher describes the departure of Thelgon from Chamus shores or, as we will see in chapter five, his father's departure from Cambridge University. In doing so, Fletcher documents the decline in discipline which he has seen at Cambridge. Thelgon laments the deterioration of the fishers' trade, and says that his songs will be replaced by the songs of 'a crue of idle grooms,/ Idle and bold that never saw the seas" (14, 1-2). Such as these, he tells Chromis, will fill the empty rooms and enjoy lazy living and "bathing in wealth and ease" (14, 3-4)--bathing, too, no doubt in the River Cam, come the month of May.

Up until now I have referred only generally to the pastoral joys of youthful discovery, "the wanton meryment,"

and the leisurely activities which occupy both swain and student. I turn my attention now to some particular forms which these joys take, namely, poverty, rivalry, and, the ultimate pastoral joy of fellowship, the source of otium.

Poverty

We find from the very beginning of pastoral, a praise of poverty. Theocritus' only piscatory piece, Idyll 21, begins with the assertion that poverty is the "one stirrer-up of the crafts . . . the true teacher of labour" (1.1,3). "The ideal of the perfect shepherd or, for that matter, of the complete angler," Poggioli tells us, "is based, like the Christian one, on the practice of poverty or, at least, on its praise" (7). For the Christian it is the practice of a disciplined life. As we have seen, though, the true shepherd (as opposed perhaps to Piers' shepherd) is not inclined to disciplines or decrees. The joy of poverty for the shepherd is not the Christian joy of being poor, but rather, the epicurean joy of communality. The shepherd shares with his companions common weeds and common tasks which put him in contrast with the merchant who, as Poggioli puts it, "prefers negotium to otium" (7).

As far as the role of poverty in the world of the Renaissance university is concerned, a clue can be found in a simple statement regarding early Cambridge life: "The ordinary fare at table . . . was very plain. But there were

many feasts" (E. Collegiate Life, 197). Real poverty does not include many feasts. The "poverty" of the Cambridge don was more something he enjoyed than something from which he suffered. His life, in other words, was more one of selected ascetic simplicity, rather than actual poverty.

We do know that the average Cambridge student was very much poorer than, say, a student of that university today. But this was true to an equal extent of that student's father (E. Collegiate Life, 129). The world itself, in other words, was economically a poorer place. Whatever the concerns of the student in this older Cambridge world, however, they were not primarily economic. If not supported by family or patron, the student, we will see, supported himself with his own labor. In any case, the exchange of funds or currency was not a part of the student's world.

This freedom from such worldly transactions, combined with the simpler life necessitated by a poorer world, allowed for a sort of ideal poverty by which the student could, if he wished, disdain the wicked wealth of the world in the same fashion as the shepherd: "The bucolic considers the pursuit of wealth--auri sacra fames--as an error as well as a crime, since it makes impossible 'the pursuit of happiness'" (Poggioli, 4). Just as he could cast aside his Latin well-learnedness in order to adopt the simple tongue of the swain, so too this student of the separate world of the university (and the separate worlds within the uni-

versity), could pretend to enjoy the self-sufficiency of the pastoral economy which

equates its desires with its needs and ignores industry and trade; even its barter with the outside world is more an exchange of gifts than of commodities. Money, credit, and debt have no place in an economy of this kind (Poggioli, 5).

Such a barter with the outside world is the inevitable appeal for funds which the student must make to his patron. The following appeal for funds comes from a letter written by a Cambridge don, Anthony Gawdy, to his kinsman in August of 1626. Mr. Gawdy desires to have some new clothes for spring and we see that he does indeed perceive this dealing as an exchange of gifts, rather than commodities. More than that, however, we see in the letter, which he signs "Yor Porre Kinsman," that the imaginative young man fancies himself in a world of nature quite apart from the world of commerce: "I confess it is the time now when nature doeth cloeth all hir cretures: the earth with grase, as the cloeth, and with diversitey of flowers as it were the trimming or setting out the garment" (Early Collegiate Life, 197).

Mr. Gawdy obviously desires more here than the standard weeds provided him probably without expense. "In a day of exceptionally colorful and elaborate costume, for men as well as women," Judson tells us, "the university sought to cultivate sobriety in dress" (28). The common dress of the

Cambridge student was as much clerical as scholarly; it included a gown which reached down to their heels and a sacred cap of the variety worn by priests. The following regulations also applied:

No student shall wear within the university, any hoses of unsemely greatnes or disguised fashion, nor yet any excessyve ruffs in ther shyrtys; nor shall any person wear swords or rapiers but when they ar to ryde abroad; nether shall any person come to study, wear any apparell of velvet or silk (Annals, v.2, 361).

The decree against weaponry is pastoral enough, but, as might be suspected, and as is certainly evident from Mr. Gawdy's letter, this required uniformity of dress was not in itself a joy. If the students enjoyed the joy of common life, they missed the color and frills of the greater world which nature herself wore quite openly. Thus the following complaint of a Cambridge official in the early 17th century:

But in all places, among Graduates and Priests also, as well as the younger students, we have fair roses upon the shoe, long frizzled haire upon the head, broad spred Bands upon the shoulders and long large merchant Ruffs about the neck, with fayre feminine cuffs at the wrist (Annals, v.3, 280).

Within this complaint against ruffs and frills is an underlying charge of effeminacy. Some relief was afforded the worried officials by the fact that at least King's College and Trinity were able to "reteine ye ancient manner both for color and fashion" (Annals, v.3, 280).

Besides the common weeds of poverty, pastoral swains share common tasks which, performed willfully, are not like the drudgery of the work-a-day world, but a fruitful manner of living. As Poggioli describes it:

By picking berries and gathering straw the shepherd may fill his bowl and build a roof over his head. This redeems him from the curse of work, which is part of man's estate and the specific lot of the peasant, who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow (6).

Generally speaking, the student in his cloistered world apart had as little to do with the usual curse of work as he did with industry and trade. We can imagine a decree like the following one made by the vice-chancellor of Cambridge in 1570, to be rather an exception: No inhabitant within the town of Cambridge, being scholar or scholars servant, can or may be privileged by that title, from the common days work of mending the high-ways" (Annals, v.2, 250).

The very fact that such a decree had to be made is a fairly good indication that there was much from which the scholar, by virtue of that title, was exempt. In any case, raking the rocks and filling the holes of the primitive roads, was not the chief daily occupation of the Cambridge scholar.

The members of the university community who came closest to the daily lot of the peasant were the sizars, of whom Edmund Spenser was one. The sizar system was an ancient and more severe equivalent of the work-study programs which most universities offer in some form today.

A sizar was a university student who received board and lodging and education in exchange for his services and a nominal fee. In the case of a public sizar, the work consisted primarily in the tasks of butler or steward (E. Collegiate Life, 131). The term sizar originated most probably from the word "size" which was the measure of bread and ale which these poorer students were allowed for free (Judson, 31).

Servitude for a portion of bread and ale is not quite like the bucolic tasks of picking berries or lounging in shaded conversation while sheep graze. Yet, while the sizar system may seem to us today to have been degrading, lowering a scholar to the position of servant, one might argue the opposite, that a member of the servant class could be elevated to the position of scholar.³ Neither case, to be sure, is entirely true, and the very talk of elevation and degradation makes it clear that the university was not a classless society. On the other hand, it was a society which shared the common task of learning, at which a young man, sizar or sire, could achieve distinction.

This common task of learning is what links the Renaissance university world to the poets' pastoral world. "The curse of work" was part of this university world, in the form of class-bound servitude, and apparently, even in

³ John Venn, in a favorable account of Cambridge history clearly takes this position. See page 134 of Early Collegiate Life.

tasks like highway repair. Yet, the communal task of learning--with its ponderings, conversations, formal debates and verse composing--was the primary task of the university student. Learning was also the task most like the "work" of the shepherd and fisher swains. Studying is not berry-picking, but neither is it "daily bread by the sweat of the brow."

To sum up, what Poggioli says of the shepherd's world holds true as well for the university world. The creation of a "pastoral setting" out of "rural setting," he points out, is not enough to create bucolic out of georgic. Such a creation requires the yield which comes from the joy of poverty: the "triumph of 'days' over 'works'" (6). The passing of days in picking berries, composing verses and honest study must triumph over the measuring of tasks. This triumph of days over works is the lesson of the locus amoenus which we saw in the last chapter, and a lesson available to the university student like Milton who composed the following lines while still a student at Cambridge. The lines give us the familiar description of time in terms of season. The perspective is clearly that of a person free from the "curse of work," which springtime brings with it, the perspective, shall we say, of a "shepherd," not a mower.

Time, revolving in his ceaseless round, now again calls forth, by the warmth of Spring, the fresh Zephyrs; and the reinvigorated Earth puts on a short youth; and the ground, released from the forest, grows sweetly green (from "In Adventum

Veris," April 1629)⁴

"sweetly green" too was the "short youth" of the cantabrigiensis who, when freed from the tasks of "poverty," spent his time in common rivalry.

Rivalry

The rivalry which makes up the pastoral world is contained mostly within amobeans, singing matches between two rival swains who exchange boasts, usually about their respective beloveds. These matches are often friendly exchanges which end in mutual admiration and gift giving. Sometimes too they are less-than-friendly bouts which must be resolved by an intervening third party. In either case, these contests provide the excuse, the frame, for pastoral songs. They also typify a pastoral joy which is as much a part of the pastoral world as the joy of singing, the joy of competitive rivalry. The sport and rivalry which, in Renaissance pastoral, we find contained mostly within singing matches, was, in earlier poetry, more ranging, and often more physical.

For example, in the fourth of Theocritus' Idylls, Corydon tells Battus that the goatherd Aegon has been carried off to Alpheus because "Men say he rivals Heracles in might" (1.8). In the fifth Idyll a goatherd and a

⁴ as quoted in Masson, p. 219.

shepherd precede their piping with accusations of theft:

COMATAS

Beware, good my goats, of yonder shepherd from Sybaris, beware of Lacon; he stole my skin-coat yesterday.

LACON

Hey up! my pretty lambkins; away from the spring. See you not Comatas that stole my pipe two days ago?
(l. 1-4)

The two continue in a similar tone and venture into progressively cruder subject matters⁵ before arriving at this final exchange before the singing match:

COMATAS

Most excellent blockhead, all I say, I, is true, though for my part I'm no braggart; but Lord! what a railer is here!

LACON

Come, come; say thy say and be done, and let's suffer friend Morson to come off with his life. Apollo save us, Comatas! thou hast the gift o' the gab.
(l. 76-79).

Such gift o' the gab is weeded out by Virgil in order to make room for more refined song. Along with the bantering, also go the suggestions of Heraclean strength and footraces.

⁵ The conversation between the two men leads at one point to an exchange which has an allusion to an apparent sexual molestation of Lacon by Comatas:

LACON

And when, pray, do I mind me to have learnt or heard aught of good from thee? (. . .)

COMATAS

When I was poking you and you were sore (. . .)
(l. 39, 41)

The shepherds become more strictly shepherds, and the rivalry between them occurs mostly in song.

In Spenser the conversations are resumed, but this time as more formal arguments. Thenot and Cvddie rival as old and young; Piers and Palinode dispute as churchmen, but in the other Eclogues collegiality has largely replaced rivalry, outside of the singing contests. Spenser reserves the more raucus Theocritan rivalry for Book VI of The Faerie Queene when the shepherds "To practise games, and maisteries to try" (c.9, 43, 6), turn to wrestling. Coridon challenges his rival Calidore "to [a] wrestling game" which, being but a game, is of course as harmless as a singing match, and though Calidore wins the match and the oaken crown, "he, that did in courtesie excell,/ Gaue it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well" (c.9, 44, 8-9). Such physical games have no place in the "arguments" of The Shepherds Calender.

In Fletcher's Eclogues rivalry is renewed with the repeated disputes over the occupation of boats on the River Cam. The boats represent, in part, academic fellowships given carelessly and denied unfairly by the "ungrateful Cam." This is the rivalry of the university translated into the piscatory world. This rivalry went from dormitory to lecture hall to playing field and, in its most mischiveous form, beyond the campus. The rivalry and sport of the university world took basically two forms, legal and illegal, with a clear and unsurprising preference being

shown for the latter.

Sport

That campus meant originally "field of contest" gives us a good idea of the sorts of pastoral play to be found in the world of the university. Judson informs us "that football and tennis were enjoyed by some, and the mild pleasure of walking in the college gardens by others" (27). Football, in particular, seemed to enjoy a good deal of popularity:

It has been fondly and vainly translated "catch-ball," but that Caius should definitely refer to it as a common practice, and prescribe that it should only be played in the College courts or gardens and that no matches should ever be played with those outside the College is proof of its popularity (E. Collegiate Life, 121).

One can well imagine the rivalries and disputes of the lecture hall being brought onto the officiated playing field. One can imagine as well such rivalries being carried elsewhere, and if the likes of Gabriel Harvey were at all like the Hobbinol who Spenser created to represent him, we need not suppose that walking in the college gardens was merely "a mild pleasure." As the garden world is the place of thoughtful exchange in Spenser's Calender, we might similarly expect the college gardens to be a place of such exchange. The seclusion of the garden might even allow students the freedom to converse in English, an activity forbidden in university classrooms and corridors.

Evidence suggests that these university students, with their epicurean urges, often took their enjoyment of sport and rivalry, not only beyond university regulations, but beyond university boundaries to the surrounding fields. "There were the many amusements that could be enjoyed only sub rosa, or at least in violation of the university regulations" (Judson, 28). Such violation of boundaries, both physical and legal, brought the student beyond mere sport and frolic into another part of pastoral play--the more dangerous joy of panic.

Panic

One mistaken image of the pastoral world would have it a place of perpetual and harmonious strumming of the lyre. Such a vision yields a world of sufficient enough monotony to deserve the eventual neglect it will receive. The truth is that the pipe, though sometimes broken, is always present. And while it may be the mistake of Lyly's Midas,⁶ a shepherd like Cvddie or Hobbinol will likely lean, be it in love or sport, towards the edge of his world, a leaning which provides the inevitable thrill of panic. This is the case as well, we will see, with the university student.

⁶ "Methinks there's more sweetness in the pipe of Pan than Apollo's lute. I brook not that nice tickling of strings; that contents me that makes one start. What a shrillness came into mine ears out of that pipe, and what a goodly noise it made! Apollo, I must needs judge that Pan deserveth most praise!" (John Lyly's Midas, iv, 1. 134-38).

If Venn is correct in his assessment that the student might best be found where most often forbidden, we should begin to search for him in the woods and in the water. Besides the familiar prohibition against attending bear-baitings, the university student was kept as well from the sport of hunting. In 1606 the authorities issued an edict against those "who have kept greyhounds and some of them hunting horses, for coursing and hunting" (Early Collegiate Life, 125). Since hunting was an acceptable activity of the court, this edict rings of Ardenic overtones. It may well be, however, that its prohibition at Cambridge was due largely to its distracting nature.

The decree on May 8, 1571 entitled "That no one goe into the water" is attributed by Venn to the officials' fear of students' drowning, and the severity of the decree may, in fact, confirm this. However, one cannot help but suspect that this paranoia was fueled as well by a good deal of puritan prudence:

If any scholar should go into any river, pool, or other water in the country of Cambridge, by day or night, to swim or wash, he should, if under the degree of bachelor of arts, for the first offence be sharply and severely whipped publicly in the common hall of the College in which he dwelt (Annals, v.2, 277).

Each September, one could undoubtedly expect to find Cambridge students at Stourbridge Fair, which they were prohibited from attending. "This fair, the greatest in

England, was held but a mile or so from Cambridge, near a brook called the Stour" (Judson, 28).⁷ When the Cambridge students brought their sport beyond the boundaries of the university they invited the inevitable rivalry with the citizens of the town. As we saw earlier in the excerpt from William Soone's letter ("perpetually quarreling . . . armed with monstrous great clubs"), it was a rivalry which they apparently nurtured rather than avoided.

These students stalking about the streets of Cambridge were quite clearly, and quite earnestly, looking for trouble, or, in pastoral terms, indulging in panic; venturing out into the night, in violation of regulations, armed with an irrepressible sense of adventure and some rather violent weaponry. Hardly the practice of the peaceful shepherd. Yet, when we recall the brigands of Daphnis and Chloe or the "theeves" of Book VI of The Faerie Queene, one senses in the marauding of these students, a lust for adventure which is part of the pastoral world. Showing "their valour" meant protecting their "world," or rather, the reputation of their world, from those who undoubtedly threw a fair amount of ridicule at the book-bound boys in gowns who came from outside of town.

⁷ As Judson points out, Spenser includes this brook in his river pageant in The Faerie Queene.

Defiance

The thrill of panic, which is a fairly natural part of sport and rivalry is supplied by any form of disobedience. This is the source of rivalry between a Cvddie and a Thenot. Disobedience itself is a rather easy matter where there are so many rules to follow.⁸ When there is an authority which instructs you not only in how to think but in what to wear, where to walk, how to recreate and where to bathe, defiance of such authority is an inevitable course. Such defiance of established, civilized ways is itself, of course, a joy of the pastoral world.

We find that by the time of Milton, epicurean impulses flourished despite, or, perhaps in part because of, puritanical rules:

In spite of old decrees to the contrary, bathing in the Cam was a daily practice. The amusements of the collegians included many of the forbidden games [card games, perhaps, which had been permitted by decree only on certain holidays]. Smoking was an all but universal habit in the university (Masson, 139).

As we have seen already, the prescribed drab clothing of the scholar was being cast off in favor of

ye new fashioned gowns of any colour whatsoever, blew or green or red or mixt, without any Uniformity buyt in hanging Sleeves. and their

⁸ In addition to the prohibitions I have mentioned, "the statutes of 1570 [also] forbade playing at quoits, loitering in the town, attending fencing or dancing schools, being present at cock-fights" (Judson, 28).

garments are light and gay, Some with bootes and Spurs, others with Stockings of diverse Colours

reversed one upon another and round rusti Caps they weare that they may be the sooner despised (Annals, v.3, 280).

All defiance of established decrees, of course, did not go unpunished, and though most of the deeds for which punishments have been recorded are not of too serious a nature,⁹ there is record of some violence, such as in these cases of rivalry gone too far:

In 1627 John Gray, a third-year student, was publicly admonished in the chapel for assaulting an unfortunate sizar, his junior by a year or two, and nearly knocking his eye out . . . In 1608 Raphael Edwards also a third-year student, was fined ten shillings for attacking a freshman, Jeremy, "laying violent hands on him, pinching him and turning him out of his bedroom" (E. Collegiate Life, 114-15).

These descriptions return us to the talk of Comatas and Lacon and the more raucus rivalry of Theocritus' pastoral world. The fighting of two young students is clearly not unusual, nor particularly pastoral in and of itself. This atmosphere of youth and rivalry, however, was the training ground for the pastoralists we are treating here, and such an atmosphere easily finds its form in the poetry of the pastoral Eclogue which is propelled forward by debate.

I have used the terms "sport," "panic," and "defiance,"

⁹ "Generally the pranks of high-spirited or mischievous boys such as 'hollowing in the pump at night,'" (E. Collegiate Life, 125).

to trace the activities of the Cambridge students beyond the classroom. I chose the term intentionally to represent the element of fraternal competition which is such a part of the pastoral and university worlds. The joys I have described might have instead been called pastoral frolic; yet, as we have seen, even the seemingly innocent activity of bathing in the Cam finds the student in a position of opposition, in this case with his authoritarian guardians.

Debate

Still, despite the frolic of the students in the river, in the woods and through the dark streets of the town, the rivalries which occupied them most were all about them in the corridors of the university. Just as the common tasks of these students was not serving dishes or building highways, but study; so too the primary rivalry was not football nor swimming but the rivalry of minds. This rivalry was played out in conversations fed by murmured rumor which raised up some and lowered others, in a never ending parade of academic and ecclesiastical disputes.

Such rumors might include the latest of the attacks on the existing church system by Thomas Cartwright, or news of a rebuttal by Elizabeth's loyalist, John Whitgift.

Probably to a majority of Cambridge students, the Cartwright-Whitgift battle provided the events of most absorbing interest in the years 1569 and 1570. Cartwright's powerful, provocative lec-

tures, the crowds of eager listeners, the rumors of growing official disapproval, Cartwright's failure to receive his degree, the sudden cessation of his lectures, Whitgift's coup d' etat in connection with the new statutes, and Cartwright's loss of his professorship--(Judson, 33)

Such events, Judson notes, would not be soon forgotten.

"The emotional life of large bodies of young men must find some outlet," he says, "and in the absence of important athletic contests [recall, no football was permitted with those beyond the university], it probably concerned itself at this time with events such as these" (Judson, 33).

Rumor might, about this same time, encourage the young fellows of Pembroke Hall not to vote for Gabriel Harvey in his appeal for Master of Arts (Judson, 37). Years later, rumor would no doubt trail Phineas Fletcher in his repeated failure to find a permanent place for himself at Cambridge. Fletcher would translate these events directly into his Piscatorie Eclogues. It is evident that such rivalries also found a place in the pastoral discourses of Spenser and Milton, overtly in the dispute between Piers and Palinode and in the complaining of the pilot of the Galilean Lake, and more subtly in other places.

Fellowship

The ultimate joy of the pastoral world is the underlying context in which such dialogues occur, the context of fellowship which yields fraternal friendships.

The two things Virgil suggests, that will help us to achieve the sensibility of mind which makes for happiness are, first, a thorough understanding of the workings of the universe; and, second, a life of simple good fellowship, with a company of like-minded and unambitious friends (Rosenmeyer, 66).

Neither the swain nor the student, in other words, is alone in the world, nor in his understanding of the world.

"Pastoral fellowship," Rosenmeyer notes, does not "isolate a man into solipsistic contemplation" (106). Even an uncouth swain, like the shepherd of "Lycidas," though he comes forth alone, sings of another; sings, in fact, of the friendship which he and the drowned swain had formerly shared.

Peaceful association with one's peers is as much a necessity as a privilege for both swain and student. Such friendships supercede any political, academic or literary rivalry. "In the Pastoral. . . the proper freedom is possible only if it is enjoyed in a circle of friends; true friendship, in turn, is enjoyable only if it is attended by freedom" (Rosenmeyer, 105). We have seen throughout our exploration of pastoral joys, the often successful attempts by students at attaining freedom from the rules governing their fraternal world. This freedom came first and foremost through their alliances with one another. As in the pastoral world Rosenmeyer describes, the "proper freedom" in the university world depended largely upon "a circle of friends."

A circle of the right friends yielded not only the benefit of company, but perhaps advancement. Students with political or literary aspirations would aid themselves by being part of a particular clique. For example, Judson speculates that

Spenser, Harvey and Edward Kirke all three cooperated in preparing the editorial material, working together as three young college friends might, to mystify the public and to accomplish certain ends, such as stimulating an interest in the works of both Harvey and Spenser" (40)

The formation of such cliques as a condition of fraternal freedom in the university world finds its parallel in the pastoral world: "Companionship, pastoral song, mutual benefit; these are the conditions upon which pastoral freedom is based" (Rosenmeyer, 105). Where the concern is "pastoral song," or literary competition, such as that between Harvey and Spenser, or between John Tompkins and Fletcher, the atmosphere is, ideally, like that of the shepherd's singing matches in which "pastoral friendship is enhanced rather than denied, by artistic competition and rivalry" (Poggioli, 20).¹⁰

One can easily imagine from what we have seen of Cambridge life so far, that circles of companions formed rather naturally, particularly when one reads an account like the following, describing instances which occurred around the

¹⁰ Poggioli points out that this is the implication of Virgil's Eclogue vii, "Arcades ambo."

time of Spenser, when the university was being troubled by the plague: "Sometimes members of a college gathered in the country and conducted their lectures and other exercises much as they would have done in Cambridge" (Judson, 42). Such exercises must have stemmed from and resulted in a fairly tight circle of students. Later, during Fletcher's years at Cambridge, Abram Langdale tells us "the Cambridge society of poets . . . surrounded Fletcher and celebrated him as their president. This clique was founded in accordance with the traditional laws of the pastoral cult" (46).

Such cliques as this and the Spenser-Harvey-Kirke circle usually had at their center one poet around which the rest of the group gathered, their "Daphnis" as it were. Of the size of such a group, Rosenmeyer tells us "its size varies from two to six or seven" (106). The number two, in this case, is a very different thing than six or seven. Six or seven is fellowship; two is friendship. Six or seven is conversation; two is dialogue. The amoebian occurs always between two men, and, beyond these singing contests, in nearly all of the eclogues there is the implicit intimacy of an exchange between two swains. Each of our three authors, besides their association with a clique, knew the particular affection and mutual admiration of one fellow peer, and gave voice to that friendship in pastoral poetry, for "of all the literary genres available then or now, the pastoral is best qualified to record the spirit of intimacy which rules in

the Epicurean circle" (Rosenmeyer, 107). The reasons for this are numerous, and can be seen in the joys which we have been discussing. In a sense, intimacy of one form or another is the entire reason for the bounded world apart with its natural beauty, friendly rivalry and communality. If this world does not stem from or lead to a spirit of fellowship it remains but a nice place.

The university conversations in which these poets' fraternal friendships were formed were not free of governing rules. "In their conversation with each other, except during the hours of relaxation in their chambers, the students were required to use Latin, Greek, or Hebrew" (Masson, 137), an inhibition indeed, even for the most learned of the students. The bed-chamber then was one refuge within the university where the student was allowed to converse freely in his native tongue. The bed-chamber, in fact, would necessitate conversation since it was "very rare in those days for any member of a College, even a Fellow, to have a chamber wholly to himself" (Masson, 133). Instead, as Masson informs us, "two or three generally occupied the same chamber" (133). Thus we read in the college biographies of the time "of the chum or chamber-fellow of the hero as either assisting or retarding his conversation" (Masson, 133).

We know of course that students, by whatever means, managed to converse in English outside of their bed-cham-

bers. We have already noted walks in the garden, walks through the town at night, and time spent in the surrounding fields and woods. One suspects that such excursions were not illuminated by Latin discourses. One may presume as well that the content of the conversations in common English varied greatly from the mandatory Latin conversing in the halls of the university. The requirement of Latin conversations was intended no doubt to limit the participants to elevated scholarly discourse. Students undoubtedly looked forward to the bed chamber, and to excursions in order to talk in English of love and the latest political gossip. Given the freedom to speak freely, we can well imagine that they did precisely that, and that the tone and substance of such conversations was as common, one might say as base, as English itself.

We begin to sense here the significance of, first Spenser, and then the others, writing their pastorals in English. A more apt following of Virgil would have been composed in Latin, and Spenser was certainly capable of this task. One reason for the choice of English, of course, was its commonness. Being the common tongue, it served as the language for the "common" swain. Yet there is more here than just the desire to portray commonness. English, we can say, was not just the more "common tongue" but the more intimate. Spenser even chose to embellish his pastorals with a pseudo-antiquated communality. Being rustics, his

swains speak in a rustic tongue common only to themselves. Spenser clearly conceived of the pastoral genre as linguistically intimate, and used it accordingly.

As the more common tongue, English lends itself to conversing on the common matters of the shepherd or fisherman's trade. As the more intimate tongue, English allows for, in fact, invites conversing on personal matters of the swains' hearts. In regards to content, the conversations in the Calender are essentially like those which we imagine in the Cambridge gardens and bed chambers, implicitly intimate, fraternal exchanges between two youths on the matters of love and politics. The two friends exchange vows of faithfulness and render praise for one another's "songs"; the lover reveals to his confidant the promises made to his beloved, and gossip is passed between them.

In pastoral, the pleasure of good conversation comes intertwined with a bucolic setting, with a pleasant place. This is the case from Theocritus forward, and particularly in a "pleasaunt syte" like that of the June Eclogue of the Calender. As we have seen, much of the conversing in this eclogue centers around the joy of "the place." We see in a letter of John Milton's to his friend Thomas Young that, in the real world also, nice conversation and nice place (ie. apart from the "town") were enjoyed together:

Having been invited to your part of the country, as soon as spring is a little advanced, I will gladly come, to enjoy the delights of the season,

and not less of your conversation, and will withdraw myself from the din of town for a while to your Stoa of the Icenci (Masson, 203).¹¹

We notice here that it is not the general joy of conversation to which Milton looks forward, but "your conversation," the particular exchange between the two of them. Ultimately, we find, in and out of the amoebeans, in nearly all pastoral eclogues that the pastoral number is two. Pastoral is largely composed of the often intimate, sometimes hostile, exchange between two swains. In the case of our three poets, for example, friendships formed at Cambridge become "transformed" into pastoral dialogues between Colin Clovte [Edmund Spenser] and Hobbinol [Gabriel Harvey], or Thirsil [Phineas Fletcher] and Thomalin [John Tompkins], or an anonymous uncouth swain [John Milton] and a departed Lycidas [Edward King].

Of these friendships and others which these men had, we probably know the most about Fletcher and Tompkins, and it serves as an excellent example of the transference of such a Cambridge friendship into pastoral poetry. Langdale says:

Tompkins shared the poet's inmost thoughts, became the confidant of his love affairs and his consolation in disappointment. For a time he was more intimate with Phineas Fletcher than any man

¹¹ Milton, in this last reference, is enjoying England's Roman background. "Stoam Icenorum [is] a pun for Stowmarket in Suffolk, the Icenci having been the inhabitants of the parts of Roman Britian corresponding to Suffolk, Cambridgeshire" (Masson, 203).

except Giles¹² had ever been. The relationship was all the more vital because it was concentrated within Fletcher's creative years and colored nearly all of his major works (44).

The intimacy between these two men is the subject of Fletcher's Eclogue VI as well as other poetry. The love expressed between the two "swains," while it might make modern audiences uncomfortable (I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,/ Thee (dearest Thomalin) Nothing above thee," from "To Thomalin"), expresses the essence of pastoral friendship, especially insofar as it exceeds the "true love" between swain and maiden, as Thirsil insists that it does. I will return to this elevation of platonic over romantic love in chapter five. For now I wish to look at one more example of pastoral friendship, this one between an Oxford don and John Milton.

The following undated letter written from Diodati to Milton sounds very much like Hobbinol. Diodati has found the joy of the pleasant place. What he lacks is good conversation:

I have no fault to find with my present mode of life, except this alone, that I lack some kindred spirit that can give and take with me in conversation. For such I long; but all other enjoyments

¹² Giles too might be used as an example of pastoral friendship, though he and Phineas were brothers: "So thorough was their companionship at Cambridge that Phineas described it as two joined in one, or one disjoined in two . . . Giles' appearance meant the resumption of a boyhood association that had been broken when Phineas went to Eton (Langdale, 38).

are abundant here in the country; for what more is wanting when the days are long, the scenery blooming beautifully with flowers, and waving and teeming with leaves, on every branch a nightingale or goldfinch or other small bird glorying in its songs and warblings, most varied walks, a table neither scant nor overloaded, and sleep undisturbed. If I could provide myself in addition with a good companion, I mean an educated one and initiated in the mysteries, I should be happier than the King of the Persians (Masson, 163).

Here is epicurean bliss without the epicurean companion. Diodati can write songs, but there is no one to hear him sing. The setting is every bit the locus amoenus; the table bears the fruits of moderation, and no worry harasses his sleep, and yet, left alone, Diodati lacks the essential ingredient of pastoral, companionship. Any companion will not do. Diodati requires "an educated one . . . initiated in the mysteries," one presumably with whom he can share, not just conversation, but verse.

The friendships of Spenser, Milton, and Fletcher which we have seen are based chiefly on sharing "the mysteries" of poetry, and this is as it should be; for "pastoral friendship means a common devotion to the bucolic callings, which are poetry and music" (Poggioli, 20). The subject of this poetry and music is often Love, a calling, not exclusively bucolic, which by necessity brought the Cambridge student outside of the cloistered university world.

Opinions vary concerning the role which love plays in the pastoral world. Poggioli notes that "English poetry has developed so fully the pastoral of innocence that it has

neglected the pastoral of love and happiness" (58), which "means in pastoral terms . . . the fulfillment of the passion of love, the consummation of man's erotic wishes" (42). This is certainly the case with the pastorals which we are examining. They contain plenty of love laments, but all passion remains unrequited. This lack of consummation is in fact what propels the pastoral world forward; it gives the swains something to pipe about. As Rosenmeyer describes it, love is

an animating force which enlivens otium. If it were successful it would be higher than otium. If it were unsuccessful, it would destroy otium. The naturalness of love is tempered by its lack of consummation (85).

What compensates for unconsumated love affairs is the formation of actual friendships, which is why I have termed pastoral fellowship the ultimate pastoral joy. Insofar as things are "real" in the pastoral world, the friendship formed between swains is real. The loves of whom the swains sing, while not imaginary, are, at best, objects. Colin's love sickness takes up a good part of the Calender. Even so, we learn little of the object of his affection other than that she is "a countrie lasse called Rosalinde" who is apparently unfaithful to him. In the Piscatorie Eclogues, Myrtil is made mad when "A friendly fisher brought the boy to view/ Coelia the fair." Though in such matters there is no consolation, the sunken Myrtil (" . . . down he swowning

sinks; nor can remove"), is at least kept alive and comforted by his friends: "Till fisher-boyes (fond fisher-boyes) revive him,/And back again his life and loving give him:" (3, 20, l. 2-3).

The consummation of a love like that longed for by Colin or Myrtil requires the lover to go beyond the boundaries of the pastoral circle. This love, as Rosenmeyer says, would certainly be regarded above otium if successful. It would, in fact, replace otium, which is why the consummation of such a love necessarily threatens the pastoral circle. In Longus' Greek Pastoral Romance, Daphnis and Chloe, the lovers are, after some deliberation, allowed to return to the country to be married. "Daphnis and Chloe had begged to do so, for they could not endure their sojourn in the city, and the parents deemed it right that the marriage be celebrated in a rustic manner" (67). Thus the lovers' step-parents, their fellow herders, and even the goats themselves are able to take part in the wedding festivities. "And not only then, but as long as they lived, for the greater part of the time Daphnis and Chloe led a pastoral life" (68). This is a rare allowance afforded to a pair who, in the world of the city, would enjoy a status equivalent to prince and princess. Daphnis and Chloe are clearly a happy exception to the normal course of things. More often than not, love consummation means a marriage without goats. For marriage is the institution of a civilized

society apart from the pastoral world. Thus Calidore brings Pastorella from the pastoral world to discover her old courtly parents and her new courtly home. Likewise with Rosalind and her companions in As You Like It, who will, it is understood, after their marriage unions, depart from Arden to return to the court.

Even the unconsummated love-longings of the swain do much to threaten pastoral fellowship. Love, perhaps, supplies the likes of Colin and Myrtil with subject matter for song, but it also interferes with otium. As we have seen in the case of the June Eclogue, Colin's love-sickness comes between the potential pastoral fellowship he might share with Hobbinol in the locus amoenus.¹³

In Eclogue VI of Fletcher's Eclogues the love sickness of Thomalin has come between the pastoral friendship enjoyed between himself and Thirsil. Thirsil, not as easily put off as Hobbinol is by Colin, challenges his friend:

Thomalin, I see thy Thirsil thou neglect'st
 Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear;
 Thy Thirsils love, and counsel thou reject'st;
 Thy soul was wont to lodge within my eare:
 But now that port no longer thou respect'st;
 Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there.
 (3, 1. 1-6)

Thirsil manages a confession from Thomalin, and discovers

¹³ For a fuller discussion of the role of love in The Shepheardes Calender see Harry Berger's article "Orpheus, Pan, and the Poetics of Misogyny: Spenser's Critique of Pastoral, Love and Art." ELH, 50 (1983): 27-61.

that it is the nymph, Sweet Melite, who is the cause of the friendship's neglect. It is clear that Thirsil does not consider his friends' recent infatuation with the nymph a "greater love." He uses his own experience to persuade Thomalin of a love higher than that which wounds:

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
 Since fair Nica bred my pleasing smart:
 But better times did better reason show,
 And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly art.
 Those storms of looser fire are laid low;
 And higher love safe anchors in my heart:
 So now a quiet calm does safely reigne.
(17, l. 1-7)

This quiet calm, this otium, which Thirsil describes requires that he be unbound from his love of Melite. To repeat the words of Rosenmeyer: "The proper freedom is possible only if it is enjoyed in a circle of friends; true friendship, in turn, is enjoyable only if it is attended by freedom" (105). Thomalin's love has left him with a captive heart. Thirsil tells him that "If from this love thy will thou canst unbinde" (26, l. 3), proper pastoral freedom can be restored: "To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand/ Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand" (26, l. 8-9).

This freedom is the fraternal freedom, not merely allowed in the university, but, in a sense, required. Being wounded by Rosalinds or Melites meant going not just beyond the pastoral circle, but beyond the cloistering walls of the all-male university environment. In Langdale we read of

Fletcher's trips from Cambridge to visit his cousins, where he enjoyed at least one courtship. Based on the December Eclogue of The Calender, Judson suggests that love may have been the "exciting force" which prompted Spenser's departure from Cambridge (43). In the real world as in the pastoral world, the consummation of love often meant marriage and, alas, maturity. It is no more the loss of youth perhaps, than the coming of age. Call it what we wish, it is essentially the death of the pastoral circle and the loss of freedom as we have seen it.

Moving beyond the boundary of Cambridge University meant leaving the poverty, rivalry, fellowship, and, even to an extent, the common song; forgoing, in short, the pastoral joys of youth. The joys do not vanish altogether. They will be experienced again in places and in conversations which the transience of time will allow. But gone is youth, and gone is the boundary of youth which allowed for the postponement of real world responsibilities and the neglect of negotium in favor of otium. Like the poet in Marinelli's description of Arcadia, the student has come to the university "for a clarification of his artistic, intellectual and moral purpose" (45). He leaves behind this retreat into an "interior landscape . . . for engagement with the world of reality" (45). If successful, the student of poetry emerges from the university world, like the Arcadian poet, "as the inheritor of a great tradition of poetry" (46).

The difficulty he then faces is how to live in the world without squandering his precious inheritance. Soon after leaving Cambridge, Spenser would find himself confronting this difficulty while dividing his time between the houses of Sidney and Leicester at Penshurst and in London (Smith and Selincort, xii). Within three years, Spenser had made his first bid at poetic fame when he dedicated his Shepheardes Calender to Sir Philip Sidney. The ending of this work clearly shows us a poet who had left one world for another:

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my wittnesse were:
 Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu
 (December, 151-56).

Colin bids farewell to the joys of his youth: the place, the tasks, his best friend, and his beloved.

Phineas Fletcher did not so easily bid adieu to the world of his youth. He remained at Cambridge off and on for fourteen years. Finally, with his most productive years as a poet behind him, and exhausted by his long struggle for prominence at Cambridge, he exiled himself to Risley, "a small Derbyshire village" (Langdale, 72). Here, in a region of old England, he was welcomed by friends and employed by Sir Henry Willoughby as a chaplain. In a world even greener than the one which he had left, Fletcher soon married and

took easily to the ministerial work of pasturing his flock.

Milton, though he would later criticize many of the methods of Cambridge in his Prolusiones Oratori e, faced more difficulty than either Spenser or Fletcher in leaving the university world for "the greater world." Choosing not to stay on at Cambridge as a Fellow, and declining as well the clerical profession, Milton apparently chose "to adopt no profession at all, but to live on as a mere student, and a volunteer now and then in the service of the muses" (Masson, 333). Milton's later yields would more than justify this initial loitering beneath the cumbersome burden of poetic inheritance. His reluctance is but the reluctance of Youth faced with the departure from itself.

In this general examination of the pastoral joys, the specific occurrence of these joys in the poetry has been largely set aside. In the following three chapters, therefore, I turn my attention to searching out these joys in the poetry. I begin first with the world of Spenser's Shepheard's Calender (with an excursion as well into the pastoral world of Book VI of The Faerie Queene), and then look to the Spenserian-influenced world of Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues, where the allegory between the piscatory and the academic world is blatant. Finally, I turn to the world of Milton's "Lycidas." whose content, as we shall see, was traditional, rather than revolutionary.

Chapter IV

"Shepherds Delights"

Once a heroic poet becomes heroic, we, as readers, have a difficult time seeing him otherwise. We are unable, or perhaps unwilling, to see him outside of the gigantic breadth and height in which he has framed himself. Edmund Spenser, for example, is acceptable as the lowly shepherd Colin Clout, only insofar as he breaks his pastoral pipe and takes up the monumental task of writing England's epic. Here, we tell ourselves, is the work of a mature poet; all that precedes it, the work of a maturing poet. This is why most readings of The Shepherds Calender look first to the broken pipe, and why many of them do not look very far beyond it. Such readings trace Colin from his initial hurt to his deepening sorrow and his final, contemptuous "Adieu delights" in the final passage, without ever paying much attention to the delights themselves. In fact, Colin's adieu is neither contemptuous nor final. He is bidding farewell to his youth, leaving behind a world which he

loves, a world to which Spenser, as heroic poet, returns in Book VI of The Faerie Queene. The Shepherds Calender does trace Colin's departure from the pastoral world; however, it does much more than this. I find that it portrays in colorful and varying segments that world from which Colin is departing. Rejection of the pastoral for the heroic is a part of the poem's meaning, but it is not, by any means, the whole. The poem asks more of us than this, and we need to ask more of the poem.

The movement of Colin's departure is often but the shuffling feet of a man at a crossroads, a crossroads of, say, ambition and reminiscence. Colin lingers at the crossroads for the length of a twelve month calendar. In doing so, he embodies the Renaissance ideal, festina lente of which Edgar Wind speaks. In his book Pagan Mysteries In The Renaissance, Wind provides numerous iconographic examples of the ideal which he says "became the most widely cherished Renaissance maxim" (90). Some of the images of hastening slowly which Wind lists include: a dolphin wrapped around an anchor, a tortoise with a sail on its back, a diamond ring entwined with foilage, and a butterfly atop a crab (90). One work of art which Wind describes provides a depiction of festina lente which has a particular resemblance to the circumstance of Colin Clout's movement in The Shepherdes Calender:

In a fresco designed in the style of Mantegna, a swift, winged-footed figure of Chance, her eyes covered by her forelock, incites a youth to grasp her quickly as she passes before him on a rolling sphere. Behind the youth a steady, quiet figure of Wisdom restrains his eager steps . . . The youth, while placed under the protection of restraining Virtue . . . is quite intent in his pursuit of outward Chance . . . His action, at once eager and steady, is a perfect embodiment of festina lente; he hastes slowly" (92).

Colin enjoys the protection of the pastoral world, yet in the frantic ire of a broken heart and pipe, he attempts to make haste from that world. While not "eager and steady," he is, in the course of the twelve months, determined and despondent. He is determined to leave all behind, yet, not until twelve months later do we find him finally departing slowly, held back by nostalgic reminiscence. He goes forward, looking backwards.

Such reluctance, such slow hastening, characterizes the movement from youth to maturity. The crossroads at which Colin lingers, I argue, is parallel to the crossroads at which Spenser himself stood in his departure from the delights of the academic world of Cambridge for the world of the court. In my consideration of this parallel between the world of Cambridge and the world of The Calender, I find my own self at a critical crossroads between A.C. Hamilton, who reads the poem as Colin's clear rejection of the pastoral in favor of the heroic, and Harry Berger who reads it as Colin's mournful loss of paradise. To adopt too strictly either of these readings is to have to choose between

festina or lente. I believe that the poem, not only contains both, but is propelled forward by the tension between them.

It is with this point of view that I turn to exploring the delights of the Calender world to which Colin finally bids adieu. In his glosse, E.K. calls them "the delights of youth generally," that is, the pastoral joys of youth which we explored in the last chapter. After considering the nature of these delights, I will then examine the character of the shepherds (particularly Colin and Hobbinol and their allegorical connection to Spenser and Harvey). From there, I will explore the pastoral delights as they are presented in the dialogues and episodes of particular eclogues, including Colin's departure in December. Finally, in the second section, I will look to the world of Pastorella in Book VI of The Faerie Queene, where Calidore, the knight of courtesy, is educated in the pastoral joys before he discovers Colin Clout, reveling in delight on Mount Acidale.

I

The Shepherdes Calender

Before turning to the "Shepherds delights" which Colin "dooth forswear," I wish first to reconsider the world of The Shepherdes Calender as a world apart from time and place. The irony of such an assertion is apparent. How can

a work structured, sectioned, and titled by a twelve month calendar portray a world separate from the governance of time? Hamilton, in his article, "The Grene Path Way to Lyfe" takes note of this irony. "Through its calendar form," he says, The Shepheardes Calender "becomes radically pastoral as it shows the state of man in relation to nature as one bound upon a wheel of time" (11). Showing such a relation of man to nature is not radically pastoral, but overtly anti-pastoral; for what could be more in contrast with pastoral than being bound upon a wheel of time? Only a clock could be more overtly anti-pastoral than a calendar. The one ticks away the hours, the other measures off the year in days and months. As I argued in chapter two, pastoral necessitates a sense of timelessness. This sense of timelessness, we saw, is in fact the experience of certain shepherds in the world of the Calender, those unburdened by age, injustice or unfaithfulness. Even those harrassed by such woes, however, do not mark the months going by. They never make mention of the particular month, but rather adapt their mood and song to fit the season.

Kalendrier des Bergers, the medieval French work from which Spenser takes his title, concerns the natural passing of time, and the inevitable arrival of death.¹ The calendar

¹ As the opening lines of the prologue to the Kalendrier illustrate:

A shepherde keypyng shepe ye in felde that was no
clerke ne hadde vnderstandynge of the letteral

which the shepherd keeps is but the mindful watching of one season pass into another. Spenser, in his poem, likewise records the seasons passing into one another. He uses the calendar of months to measure out his twelve eclogues for the reader. As Isabel MacCaffrey notes, "The etymology of eclogue encourages us to view the separate poems as independent 'selections'; the calendar offers the limitation of a circumscribing frame at once linear and cyclical" (89). This frame provides a boundary for the reader, but is not a part of the shepherds' perception in the poem. The characters who make up the Calendar, if they are aware of a twelve month linear or cyclic calendar, make no reference to it. The seasons, not the months of the year, determine the movement of the poem.

The poem's traditionally Arcadian setting serves as the background, not just to the Recreative, but to all of the eclogues, and provides the physical context in which all of the poem's action and dialogue must be interpreted. The setting, we recall from chapter two, is a world set apart from the greater world, a setting which provides the occasion for song and allows for the seeming timelessness of the locus amoenus. This is not a world which Colin Clout would find easy to leave. In fact, it takes him the measure

fence but of his naturall wytte and vnderstandynge sayd how be it that lyuenge and dyenge be at the pleasure of almyghty god yet man ought natujrally to lyve lxxii yere or more this was his reason.

(The Kalender of Shepherdes, 1503)

of twelve months after his initial hurt to depart, finally, the pastoral world. He departs when he finds that the locus amoenus, the place for song, the promise of otium, is no longer available to him. The feelings surrounding his departure are of primary concern to me in the first section of this chapter. How we interpret Colin's leaving the pastoral world, determines how we perceive that world itself.

The imaginative response which Spenser's Calender requires is limited some by the likes of Hamilton, whose argument declares "the major theme" and "the argument" of the poem [italics mine]. By asserting that "the Calender with its sequence from January to December traces only the tragic vision of life" ("Grene Path," 21), Hamilton restricts the reader's options. Hamilton focuses upon Spenser cloaked in the "disguise" of Colin Clout, and says that "the poem's major theme is the effort [of the poet] to 'find' himself" ("The Argument," 174). Colin's search for a place in the world about him or in the world beyond him is, of course, central to the poem. His search takes place in the world in which he has not only lived, but in which he has been the finest singer. Departure from this world will not be an easy matter; for the pastoral world itself has done him no offense; on the contrary, its shepherds have offered him comfort in his plight. The source of his pain is not his pastoral pipe, but a woman, Rosalind, whom he met

when he left his world.² His pipe's only crime is its inability to soothe him.

Hamilton views the idyllic elements of the world which Colin must depart as essentially evil:

Paradise, tempting man to return to the life of pleasurable ease, is evil; for life lived merely according to Nature . . . yields eternal death. For this reason the poet withdraws from the pastoral world, signified in the opening eclogue by the act of breaking the shepherd's pipe, and remains disguised until he may find his rightful place in the real world reflected in the moral eclogues ("The Argument," 176).

This understanding of the Calender, while loyal to Spenser's Anglicanism, disregards the Virgilian influence on which the eclogues are based; for paradise in Virgil's eclogues is not regarded as evil. According to Hamilton's reading Colin must heed the advice of Thenot; he must learn to adhere to the doctrines of Piers. Youthful delights yield no salvation, so Colin must move to something higher. Such a reading makes of Colin someone who he is not, namely Thenot or Piers. Colin, wounded in love, discovers that he can no longer enjoy paradise as Cvddie and Hobbinol do, but neither does his solution rest with their opposite extremes.

The conclusion which Hamilton draws from the smashed

² A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.
Wherein I longd the neighbor towne to see:
(Janvarie, 49-50).

Colin's discovery of love outside of the pastoral world is a point to which I will return later.

pipe and Colin's eventual departure, while well argued, seems to me to underestimate the world from which Colin departs:

The argument of The Shepheardes Calender is then the rejection of the pastoral life for the truly dedicated life in the world. For Spenser, this is that of the heroic poet whose high religious calling is to serve the Queen by inspiring her people to all virtuous action ("The Argument," 181).

If this were the case, the poem might in fact end in its beginning. The smashed pipe in January seems, from this standpoint, to hold all of the meaning of the Calender, with the ten eclogues between that event and the December eclogue serving only to move us too slowly to the point when "the poet casts off his pastoral disguise, turns from Pan to address the greater Pan, and frees himself from bondage to the pastoral life" ("The Argument," 177). Such a reading of the poem, I find not only unsatisfying, but unsubstantiated. That Spenser began work on The Faerie Queene while still completing The Shepheardes Calender is probable. That he "rejected" pastoral in favor of heroic is a matter of far less certitude. Colin's departure from the pastoral world of youthful delights, I argue, is not a rejection of that world nor the delights which comprise it. Rather, I believe, his departure is colored with regret and nostalgia for the youthful joys which he must leave behind.

Isabel MacCaffrey counts Hamilton's argument among

several which, though "subtly argued . . . underestimate the power of the poet's imagination, its world-making energy, its drive toward comprehensiveness, its urge to include rather than exclude meanings" (89). Such arguments, she says, "ignore certain of its [the poem's] elements that may not conform to the proposed pattern" (89). The elements ignored in this case, I believe are those which comprise the world which Colin leaves, the authentic elements of delight which make up the pastoral world. Such elements, admittedly, are not permanent, and I do not mean to argue that Colin should remain in the world of the Calender. His departure from that world is necessary, but his departure is not necessarily a rejection of the pastoral world.

If we read the poem as Hamilton does, the only authentic delight to be found within the Calender is the birth of a heroic poet, for which we wait the whole of twelve eclogues. Yet, Colin bids adieu to "delights," which E.K. tells us are the general joys of youth. Are these delights merely the shallow preoccupations of a "worlds childe"? Where in the Calender is there delight enough to heal a broken heart? What, after all, replaces Colin's singing but the bickering of shepherds and ecclesiastical complaints? The joys explicated in the last chapter may well be part of the university world, but where do we find them in the Calender?

We find these pastoral joys of youth, poverty, rivalry

and fellowship, I believe, in essentially two places, the first being in what I have called "the backwards look," the nostalgic perspective by which the pastoral joys of youth are usually presented. This nostalgic perspective, I believe, belongs to Spenser himself who has left behind the world of Cambridge, and has consequently created several shepherds who eloquently enumerate the youthful delights which they once knew and now have lost. The chief among them is Colin himself who, in the June eclogue, recalls his carefree years before his love attachment:

And I whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
 Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
 In such delights did joy amongst my peeres:
 But ryper age such pleaures doth reprove,
 (l. 33-36)

Ryper age reproves such pleasures, but it also rues their absence. In fact, as Harry Berger points out, it often reproves them because it misses them ("The Aging Boy," 29).

As Patrick Cullen divides pastoral shepherds into Mantuan (bound by rational duty),³ and Arcadian (set loose by nature), Berger divides them similarly into those who have found paradise and those who have lost it. Using this "paradise principle" he finds that in the pastoral

³ Published in 1498, the Latin eclogues of Battista Spagnuolo were familiarly called "Mantuan" after the poet's birthplace. Written from an "austerely clerical" point of view (Battista joined a Carmelite monastery before the eclogues were completed), the eclogues possess a "pervasive moral tone, religious in flavor" (Kennedy, 150), and thus serve as a suitable contrast to Arcadian Pastoral.

tradition:

Both love of youthful pleasures and bitterness at their loss are sedimented into the tradition, which is handed down from one generation to the next in a cyclic pattern dominated by the paradise principle ("The Aging Boy," 27).

Those who have lost paradise, Berger notes, have lost it through thwarted love (i.e. Colin Clout), or experience of the actual world and its evils (Thenot, Piers).

As we will see in the case of Thenot, the speeches delivered by those who have lost paradise are typically angry denunciations of the frivolous and transitory nature of the delights by which the young shepherds are distracted. Beneath this bitterness, however, lies a nostalgic longing for those very delights. This longing is generally not very well concealed beneath the postured speeches which contain fond, detailed descriptions of the same joys they condemn.

Even those shepherds who have found paradise are not freed from a nostalgic longing for that which is lost. They may be enjoying youthful delights, but their paradise is incomplete without the chief delights of song and fellowship. In The Shepheardes Calender both the singing of Colin Clout and the fellowship which the shepherds enjoyed with him are taken away when his love for Roalind goes unrequited. Rosalind's unfaithfulness not only wounds Colin but fractures as well the pastoral circle of which he was a part. Thus it is that Colin is spoken of fondly and sorrowfully by Hobbino and others:

But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
 Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
 He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.
 Shepherds delights he dooth them all forswear,
 His pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

(Aprill, l. 11-16)

Hobbinol here laments the loss of the two joys which are most central to "the paradise" he has found. His first loss is the love of Colin which is now given instead to a lasse, and not just a lasse, but a lasse who, rather than returning his love in kind, scorns it. Hobbinol's second loss is the loss of Colin's songs which have been replaced by silence and hair-tearing grief.

"The way out of the labyrinth of man's grief is not through pastoral song," says Hamilton. "The failure of pastoral song," he claims, "suggests Spenser's impatience with pastoral genre" ("Greene Path," 13). I find neither the failure of pastoral song nor Spenser's impatience with the genre born out in the poem. To begin with, pastoral song cannot fail at what it does not promise to do. It does not propose to lead man out of the labyrinth of his grief; nor will epic poetry accomplish this. Such a labyrinth is necessarily a private one, whose passages cannot be revealed by any general map, pastoral, epic, or otherwise. Colin has been wronged in love by Rosalind; his consequent failure to be consoled by song is his own struggle.

It is interesting that he himself, though inconsolable,

offers the consolation of song to Lobbin in his lengthy elegy for Dido in November: "Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?/ O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament/ Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent" (l. 167-9). Whether or not Lobbin is moved by this plea we do not find out; we know that he is certainly not obliged to be; Colin's own sadness at his beloved's unfaithfulness is unyielding. Lobbin's beloved is dead, and his pain should not only be more severe, but more perpetual than Colin's. Neither swain, however, is to be healed of his grief by pastoral song, for pastoral song is a soothing, not a healing agent. MacCaffrey recognizes this when she finds that Hobbinol fails to "cure" Colin: "Poetry [pastoral or epic] cannot provide a talisman against death, nor heal the wounds of love, nor recreate the state of innocence" (105). Removing pain is not the place of poetry. Its job is to comfort and reconcile humankind to that pain. As Paul Alpers puts it:

The great pastoral poets are directly concerned with the extent to which song that gives present pleasure can comfort, and if not transform and celebrate, then accept and reconcile man to the stresses and realities of his situation ("The Eclogue Tradition," 353).

We see in Alpers' explanation of pastoral song, the dual nature of all of the pastoral joys. At one level, pastoral song is obliged only to provide present pleasure, and as such it may be considered by Thenot and Piers as one of the frivolous delights of unwise youth. At another

level, however, pastoral song serves the purpose of reconciliation, and possibly even transformation. It does not guarantee such a transformation, but it does offer the possibility. In this sense, pastoral song is not only an authentic delight, but a profound one, deserving, the fond "adieu" which Colin bids it.

Pastoral fellowship too provides far more than present pleasure. The paradise of the locus amoenus remains available to Hobbinol because he knows no Rosalind. The locus amoenus, in other words, has more to do with emotions than landscape. Hobbinol, unlike Colin, enjoys a sort of state of grace wrought by circumstance. Untroubled by a Rosalind, he avails himself instead of the fellowship of his shepherd companions. His love, if unanswered by Colin, remains constant nonetheless, and when he sings, he sings the songs of Colin. That paradise remains even a possibility for Colin is due to the pastoral joy of fellowship which sustains the world of the poem, not only in the face of Colin's severe melancholy and eventual departure, but in the face of storms of injustice and even death. Colin cracks his pipe when there are still eleven eclogues to go. His sorrow and broken pipe can sustain nothing but a lengthy, and somewhat redundant elegy. No wonder then that Hamilton finds that the Calender traces only the tragic vision of life. Yet, the poem is not an elegy, nor is its vision purely tragic. Death, on more than one level, plays its part certainly, and

Colin's movement from deep sorrow to determined departure calls upon elegiac elements; yet, more prominent throughout the poem is the fellowship among the shepherds with which each eclogue is wrought.⁴

Here amidst this fellowship is the second place where we find the pastoral joys residing in The Shepherdes Calender. "There is not a core something wrapped up in a covering of pastoral," says Hallet Smith. ". . . the pastoral idea, in its various ramifications, is the Calender" (46). That "pastoral idea," Smith defines as otium, the various ramifications of which we have become acquainted with in the previous chapters. Otium, we recall, is the ultimate result of the pastoral fellowship which sustains the shepherds' world when grief and hardship would otherwise erode it.

The pastoral joy of rivalry is built into The Shepherdes Calender with its Mantuanesque and Arcadian shepherds in direct opposition to one another. Were this dichotomy only a symbolic one, for the sake of rhetorical or moral debate, there would be no actual rivalry, no delight in the conversations between the shepherds. As it is however, the shepherds are characters, not types, or, as Cullen puts it, "the debates are debates between personalities as well as perspectives" (33). Because of this,

⁴ Hamilton himself notes that "each eclogue centers upon the pastoral metaphor of care," and that "the three concluding eclogues are climactic as they treat the proper care of the shepherd-poet" ("Greene Path," 16).

their exchanges contain the elements of sport, frolic, and defiance which we explored in the last chapter. Just as the delights of song and fellowship have been often overlooked by critics focusing on the poem's structural movement without giving sufficient attention to its human aspects, so too with the joy of rivalry. This oversight, as Cullen points out, has resulted in part from a "failure to recognize the human comedy involved especially in the [poem's] framework." The comedy, Cullen notes, "ranges from the verbal fisticuffs characteristic of the singing-contest and the pastoral debate to a more sophisticated comedy of character" (33).

One way to recognize the inherent comedy which Cullen describes is to trace the word "delight" through the Calender. Over the next several pages, I will do precisely that. What emerges are two opposing world views⁵ in dialogue with one another throughout the poem:

the Mantuanesque shepherds, whose contentious orthodoxy requires either that man revise the world radically or that he withdraw from it [and] Spenser's Arcadian shepherds [who] want to share in whatever fun and joy that the world may have to offer" (Cullen, 31).

⁵ I recognize here the slippery nature of such a term as this. I might instead include the qualification "pastoral world views." The Arcadian shepherd conceives of his world as a pastoral world, as I have defined it in the first three chapters (outside of time and place, containing the joys of youth). The Mantuan shepherd's world does not differ much from yours or mine. He accepts man's fallen state and envisions the "pastoral" world as the hapless circumstance of his ill-spent youth.

The Arcadian shepherd has, in Berger's words, "found paradise." As a speaker he is "recreative" because, being in paradise, he sees no reason for leaving it ("Aging Boy," 27). Here we find Cvddie, Willye, Pierce, Hobbinol, and palinode if he only could. Opposite these "careless" and contented swains stand Thenot and Piers along with Morrel and Diggon Davie, the "plaintive" or Mantuan shepherds to whom paradise has been lost.⁶

These discontented swains have, as noted earlier, lost paradise through "thwarted love," or exposure to the evils of the actual world. Theirs is a private loss, though their explanations are inevitably general; they refer not to their own loss of paradise, but to Adam's loss which is all of ours, as Morrel describes it in the July eclogue:

Till by his foly one did fall, .
 that all the rest did spill.
 And sithens shepheardes been foresayd
 from places of delight:
 (l. 67-70)

That delight is no longer available to any shepherd is the sum of the Mantuanesque argument. "Ne in good or goodnes taken delight:/But kindle coales of conteck and yre" (l. 85-86), says Diggon Daue in the September eclogue.

⁶ My bringing together of Cullen's terms with those used by Berger demonstrates not only the similarity of their two readings, but an essential fact about the poem's narrative structure, its basic dichotomy of pleasure and loss of pleasure. This dichotomy is further born out as I trace the term "delight" through the poem.

While these shepherds are busy warning their companions that paradise is no longer available, the Arcadian shepherds alert their fellow swains that paradise is all about them, and invite them to enjoy its delights. Willye tells Thomalin in the March eclogue: "Tho shall we sporten in delight,/And learne with Lettice to wexe light" (l. 19-20). In the May eclogue, Palinode attributes Piers' plaintive admonitions, not to Adam's loss but to Pier's own loss: "Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight/ All for thou lackest somedele their [the young swains'] delight" (l. 55-6).

The chief spokesman for the Arcadian shepherds is Colin's closest companion, Hobbinol, and his invitation to Colin in the June eclogue, as we saw in chapter two, is the most fervent of all the shepherds. "Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?" he asks Colin, "I more delight then larke in sommer dayes" (3, 51). Here in his world the "systemes nyne/ Doe make them musick, for their more delight" (l. 29). In chapter two, I called Hobbinol the character of the locus amoenus, that place of seeming timelessness which, though lost by Colin, is still available to him. What Piers says of Palinode applies to Hobbinol. He is, with Palinode, Willye and Cvddie, "a worldes childe," a pastoral world's child.

Between Hobbinol and Piers stands Colin, who, while not in paradise, cannot, until the poem's completion, be

counted among those who have lost it.⁷ The poem in fact traces his movement towards this loss. As he is the poem's central figure, representing the poet, Spenser, we are again back to the question of the central meaning of the poem. Hamilton's argument that the poem traces Spenser's rejection of pastoral in favor of heroic poetry is backed by his ill opinion of the pastoral poet who he says "is self-regarding, being both in this world, and of it: he is as Piers says of Palinode "'a worldes childe'" ("Grene Path," 18).⁸ Cvddie, who prefers to "feede youthes fancie," represents to Hamilton just such a world's child:

Cvddie finds inspiration in wine which only serves him for a while until his courage cools and he returns to the humble shade of the pastoral, presumably to nurse a hangover. For all his powers he is the failed poet who has no role in society and therefore no identity ("Grene Path," 17).

In this indictment of Cvddie, Hamilton sounds, himself, rather like Piers, and reminds us as well of the Cambridge officials of the last chapter who complained of youth's fancie. Cvddie is indeed a world's child, but we must not disregard the article "a" in Pier's accusation towards

⁷ And even then, we shall see, his loss is not actually permanent.

⁸ Ironically, David Miller who also regards Colin as "a worldes child" because of his "surrender to nature," sees Colin emerging, not as England's heroic poet, as Hamilton does, but "as Spenser's definitive 'worldes child,' his fate an ironic completion of partial instances of the type" (234).

palinode. Hamilton's statement that the pastoral poet is "of this world" is questionable. What the pastoral poet's relationship is to this world is not certain, but one thing is sure, Hobbinol and Colin are of a world quite apart from this world. They belong to a world, in fact, whose troubles come from this world. Theirs is a world of youthful delights, a world from which Colin must depart, and in his departure he looks backwards. Hamilton's argument would have Colin looking ahead to the greater task of epic poetry, and yet, as we saw in chapter two, Colin is unable even to look to the present, so afflicted is he with the past.

The Shepheardes Calender itself is the product of a poet's backwards look. Spenser, as we saw in the last chapter, knew the joys of fellowship, song and rivalry in the world of Cambridge. He left this world for the court, where he presumably began writing the Calender.⁹ It is as though, before recording the world around him, Spenser wished first to record the world he had left behind. Thus he, like Virgil and the others before him, chose what Hamilton calls the "youthful genre" of pastoral. In doing so, "he ceased to be Master Edmund Spenser of Merchant College, Cambridge, and became Immerito, Colin Clout, the New Poet" (Helgerson, 896).

⁹ Hamilton surmises that the idea for the Calender was conceived by Spenser in 1578 when he was about 26, for two years an M.A. of Cambridge, now secretary of the Bishop of Rochester, and about to enter the service of the Earl of Leicester ("Grene Path," 1).

There seems to be some disagreement among critics as to how closely to regard Colin as Spenser. We learn from E.K. that Spenser has shadowed his own self under the poem's central figure, Colin Clout.¹⁰ He has, then, written himself into the poem, or at least an idea of himself.¹¹ To say, however, as David Miller does, that the Calender "is a completely self-conscious poetic debut" (219) is perhaps to attach more weight to the characters and action of the poem than did Spenser himself. Hamilton notes that while the poem was being written, Harvey regarded his friend Spenser as a "young Italianate signor and French Monsieur"--hardly the lowly "Shepherd boye" whom we meet at the poem's opening. Yet, as Richard Helgerson points out, there is far less distance between the circumstance of the younger Edmund Spenser and the shepherd Colin Clout: "He had attended Merchant Taylors' School as a 'poor scholar' and Cambridge as a sizar. In presenting himself as a shepherd-poet, he suffered no major declassment" (896).

¹⁰ "Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name Tityrus" (Glosse, January)

¹¹ Anuradha Dingwaney credits "The Calender with initiat[ing] a strategy that Wordsworth and Coleridge were to make almost a hallmark of their poetry. This strategy is called "self-referring fictions" because through it a poet inhabits various fictions in the course of a poem or poems to examine the effort, choices and commitments that go into fashioning of a poetic identity" [DAI, 1981 April 41(10): 440A]. Depending on how strictly we interpret "poetic identity," this may or may not be true. My own opinion is that such a strategy dates in the English tradition at least as far back as Langland's Piers Plowman, and possibly further.

In shadowing himself beneath the character of Colin, then, Spenser was not creating a stationary, current caricature of himself. He was recording his poetic maturity, which, while it would take him beyond pastoral, also brought him first to pastoral. The Calender, taken as a whole, is a narrative in which Colin himself comes of age during the course of the poem.¹² Spenser likewise had to mature quickly after departing Cambridge for the court. I believe the poem is, as much as anything else, a record of that departure.

Departure from Cambridge meant departure from his closest companion, Gabriel Harvey. Harvey, E.K. tells us, is shadowed in the poem under the guise of Hobbinol¹³ to whom Colin bids adieu at the poem's end. Their friendship, and eventual parting is central to the poem's meaning. "The most important aspect of the poet's life that the Calender examines," says Richard Mallette, "is his love life," a statement which I find to be completely unfounded.

¹² In the January Eclogue, Spring alone has vanished from Colin's life: "And yet alas, but now my spring begonne" (January, 29). By December three seasons have gone, leaving only Winter: "My Spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:/ My harveste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne" (December, 128-9). Just How much Colin actually ages by December is a matter which I will take up later in this chapter.

¹³ "Hobbinol) is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter."

In fact, the reader is presented with very little of Colin's love life except through his own lament which records Rosalind's unfaithfulness. We know she is the chief cause of his sorrow, but we only meet her in the gossip of the other shepherds, and we never do hear the full story of her love affair with Colin. Hobbinol, on the other hand, is present to Colin throughout the eclogues. He appears in five of the eclogues and plays a major role in three of them. It is his friendship with Colin, not Colin's failed love affair with Rosalind, that is the most important aspect of the poet's life examined by the Calender.

The poem is about loss, and Colin's loss of Rosalind is a crucial aspect of the poem, but is an event which functions chiefly as background to the poem. Within the poem itself is found the faithful love of Hobbinol for Colin. Colin's connectedness to Hobbinol reinforces, and is at the center of, his connectedness to the pastoral world. The poem is about Colin's disconnecting himself from that world and from the love of Hobbinol. The other eclogues, with their depictions of fellowship, consolation, and shepherd-to-shepherd dialogue, mirror the relationship of Hobbinol and Colin.

In his introduction to Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia, G.C. Moore Smith calls the Calender "an eternal monument to the friendship of Edmund Spenser and Gabriel Harvey" (iii). Paul McLane traces the relationship of Harvey to Hobbinol

through the Calender. He finds the Gabriel Harvey presented in historical letters to be very similar in many respects to the character of Hobbinol presented in the Calender. At points, however, the two diverge radically. For example, Hobbinol instructs Diggon Davie in the September Eclogue to be content "with tryed state" (l. 70). Harvey, on the other hand, as McLane points out, was apparently incessantly ambitious. McLane attributes such divergences as this to irony. This need not necessarily be the case however. Hobbinol is not, as McLane says, a "dramatic presentation" of Harvey. Hobbinol is a poetic creation of Spenser's, the product of a poetic reimagining which may have sought to portray what he saw as the most splendid qualities of his friend's character, whether they were true to life or not. As Judson notes, "Spenser was prone to see the best in his friends" (37). He may also have been prone to portray the best in his friends, for the dreamy Hobbinol of The Shepheardes Calender is certainly not the realist Gabriel Harvey whom we find in his Letter Book.

McLane finds Spenser's "presentation" to be "a portrayal which, with fair accuracy, adjusts Hobbinol's speeches to the known character and philosophy of Harvey" (261). I do not believe, however, that this was necessarily Spenser's intention, nor do I find it born out by the text. For example, McLane tells us that

Harvey was the supreme realist of his period and he filled the margins of the books he read with assertions on the necessity of being practical, keeping one's feet on the ground, and avoiding all fantastic or unbelievable schemes (242).

He says that "Harvey unlike Spenser had no tendencies toward mysticism" (260). Neither of these descriptions are reflected by the Hobbinol of the Calender, particularly not the Hobbinol of, say, the June eclogue, who urges Colin to join him in the Paradise he "hath found, whych Adam lost," where the "systers nyne" do "make them musick, for their more delight." Colin, not Hobbinol, will depart this paradise which appears less than practical, and more than slightly mystical.

That Harvey and Hobbinol both appear to object to romantic love is quite true. However, the reasons why Harvey counts romantic love ridiculous are different from those of Hobbinol. Harvey found romantic love to be ridiculous on several accounts: it caused inevitable misery; it was unrealistic; it knew no moderation, and it interfered with the fame that might be earned through public service (McLane, 255). Hobbinol's main objection to Colin's adventure in love is that it has jeopardized the pre-existing love between himself and Colin (. . . the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,/ Nowe loues a lasse . . .). Romantic love has not only threatened his particular friendship with Colin, but it has removed Colin from the circle of fellowship and song, and the otium which he once knew. That

Harvey had objections which were akin to these is not only possible, but likely. From what we know of him, however, such objections were not likely to show up in writing. Rather they are given voice in the world's child, Hobbinol, Spenser's poetic version of his Cambridge companion, Gabriel Harvey.

McLane is right in pointing out the many things on which Spenser and Harvey disagreed. He notes that while

a genuine friendship undoubtedly existed between the two men [. . .], it is one of those perhaps not uncommon friendships where there is an opposition in temperament and fundamental philosophy (260).

McLane's evidence suggests that it was more on incidental rather than fundamental philosophies that the two men disagreed. In any case, the friendship between Spenser and Harvey, like the friendship between Colin and Hobbinol, was founded upon things more enduring, and, apparently more fundamental, than either temperament or philosophies. Theirs was a friendship founded in the pastoral delights of poverty, rivalry, fellowship and song.

Just as Spenser was familiar, from his own past as a sizar at Cambridge, with the simplicity and servitude which accompany poverty, so too, Harvey, the son of a farmer and rope-maker, suffered little demotion in economic rank in the person of the shepherd Hobbinol:

Poverty was indeed Harvey's constant attendant

during his life, and even a friendly interpreter like [Moore] Smith suggests that the ascetic life adopted by Harvey, with its emphasis on moderation was probably forced on him by his impecuniosity as well as by his principles (McLane, 251).

If poverty binds men together, so too does political self-preservation, and the two scholars undoubtedly enjoyed their share of youthful rivalry at Cambridge. Spenser could not have made himself too popular by befriending and supporting Harvey, who was, on the whole, unpopular among his peers, known to be "tactless, egotistical, arrogant, vain" (Judson, 37). We recall that Harvey found himself at odds with his peers, and, lacking their votes, was granted his degree only after an appeal to the Master John Young.

Spenser and Harvey's own friendship was not free of the sort of rivalry which they enjoyed with their fellow students. To read what remains of their correspondence is to find on-going quarrels over principles, and disputes over the best possible way of life. A draft of one letter in particular illustrates the nature and tone of these quarrels, and also provides a clear depiction of Harvey the realist. The letter, an apparent reply to a letter of Spenser's, was written by Harvey with the help of some "pastoral" drinking companions to whom he had read Spenser's letter aloud, "at myne hostisses by the fyresyde being faste heggid in rownde abowte on every side with a company of honest good fellowes, and at that tyme reasonable honeste quaffers" (Letter Book, xiv). Harvey writes to his friend,

Spenser:

You suppose the first age was the goulde age. It is nothinge soe . . . You suppose it a foolish madd worlde, wherein all thinges ar overrulid by fansye. What greater error? . . . You suppose most of these bodily and sensual pleasures ar to be abandonid as unlawfull and the inwarde contemplative delightes of the minde more zealously to be imbracid as most commendable. Good Lord, you a gentleman, a courtier, an yuthe, and go aboute to revive so owlde and stale a bookishe opinion, dead and buried many hundrid yeares before you or I knewe whether there were any world or noe! (Letter Book, 86).

While the matters discussed here contain philosophic seriousness, we recognize in the recreative setting of the letter's composition, and in Harvey's bantering tone, the playful nature of pastoral rivalry. The mock-seriousness with which Harvey scolds his friend, Spenser, clearly parallels the tone of Hobbinol and Colin in The Shepheardes Calender. In particular, the manner in which Harvey calls Spenser from fancy down to earth recalls the dialogue of the June Eclogue, where Hobbinol, though seemingly fanciful, makes a case for "bodily and sensual pleasures" as a means towards "contemplative delightes": The "Shepheardes ritch/ And fructfull flocks" find "frendly Faeries, met with many Graces" (June: 21, 23, 25). I will return shortly to the specific manner in which the June Eclogue parallels the relationship between Spenser and Harvey.

That Spenser and Harvey shared the joy of song, or poetry, is also born out in their correspondence. Mostly, it would seem that Spenser did the singing, and Harvey

provided the critique,¹⁴ and thus it is portrayed in the Calender. Colin says:

Fro thence I durst in derring doe compare
 With shepherds swayne what euer fedde in field:
 And if that Hobbinol right iudgement bare,
 To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
 (December, l. 43-46)

Harvey's criticism apparently had praise built into it. Debates over poetry would continue to fill their correspondence, debates probably begun at Cambridge when the two were young. Harvey is the only character in the Calender who positively dates back to Spenser's Cambridge days.¹⁵ That Spenser and Harvey met at Cambridge, and were companions in this environment of youthful fellowship, goes a long way towards explaining why their friendship could withstand differences in principle and temperament. Their friendship was not based merely upon mutual admiration. Nor was it a court-formed alliance which came with political

¹⁴ Harvey's ill opinion of his own "Verlayes" is illustrated in his letter of 1579. Harvey, troubled that Spenser has published without permission Harvey's first attempts at English verse, writes to Spenser that the only way he can make amends is to send to him by the next carrier to Stourbridge Fair, "the clippings of your thris honorable mustachyoes and subboscoes to overshadow and to cover my blushing" (Letter Book, x).

¹⁵ Another of the poem's figures who may have been a companion of Spenser's at Cambridge might be its editor, Fulke Greville, who "preceeded Spenser at Cambridge by exactly one year." McLane argues that Greville may be the E.K. of the Calender (McLane, 280-295).

entanglement. It was a college-formed friendship, and as such, it had, perhaps, an innocence to it which, when colored by nostalgia, made it a suitable model for the simple rustic companionship of two shepherds.

The June Eclogue contains an exchange between Colin and Hobbinol concerning the right place for song. Hobbinol invites Colin to "Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch" and join him in his paradise. This invitation contains within it a probable glimpse into an actual exchange between Spenser and Harvey regarding the right place to live and write poetry. "This is no poetical fiction," E.K. tells us of the exchange between the two shepherds:

but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed), and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinol indeede aduised him priuate-ly.

The exchange between Hobbinol and Colin, according to E.K., directly parallels an incident in the lives of Harvey and Spenser. McLane argues that E.K.'s gloss, taken together with the text, suggests "an actual episode is being recorded" in which Spenser has visited Cambridge, where he is advised by Harvey he should ". . . to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,/ And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see" (242). Spenser, in other words, should move to "the Southpartes."

Any romanticizing of the university world was left to Spenser who was no longer in it. In the same collaborative fireside letter in which Harvey challenges Spenser's presuppositions about the world, he corrects Spenser's false notion concerning the happiness of university students:

You suppose us students happye, and thinke the aire praefferid that breathithe on thes same greate lernid philosophers and profonde clarkes. Would to God you were on of there men but a sennighte. I dowbte not but you would sweare ere Sundaye nexte, that there were not the like wofull and miserable creaturs to be fownde within ye cumpas of the whole worlde agayne" (Letter Book, 86-87).

Harvey's description may be exaggerated by personal anger, fueled perhaps by quaffing, but his perspective is based upon what he sees around him. Spenser's perspective, on the other hand, is based upon the past. He is intoxicated with nostalgia. As McLane explains:

To Spenser now in the world of affairs, Cambridge with its opportunities for leisure, scholarship, and poetry no doubt had its appeal as that Paradise which Adam lost. Spenser, too, well aware of Harvey's defects of character that would--and did--hamper his ambition to become another Sir Thomas Smith or Lord Burghley, would be interested in emphasizing the conventional, attractive aspect of the academic life (244).

Spenser, in other words, recalled his university with nostalgic eyes and, in so doing, recalled, like Colin Clout, the less-complicated life of his youth. Here was both a place and a time for song. Colin's first words following Hobbinol's description of his paradise, we recall, are:

"And I whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres" (l. 33). His youthful years were "careless," not in the sense of foolish or haphazard, but carefree, that is, free from the cares and complications which now harrass him as a thwarted lover in a pastoral world.

McLane refers to Spenser's sonnet, "To the right worshipfull M. Gabriell Haruey, my singular good Frend, Doctor of the Lawes," in which Spenser praises Harvey's position of independence in the detached world of the university. Spenser addresses his friend: "Haruey, the happy aboue happiest men,/ I read; that sitting like a looker-on/ Of this worlde's stage . . ." (l. 1-3). McLane believes the sonnet may have been "composed at a moment when Spenser coveted his friend's leisure for literary work and freedom from the uncertainty and tyrannous demands of Irish life" (245). There were no doubt many such moments, and it did not take Ireland to produce them. As Spenser might well covet Harvey's life at the university, just so Colin covets Hobbinol's "state":

That Paradise hast found, whych Adam lost.
 Here wander may thy flock early or late,
 Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene ytost:
 Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely boste
 (l.10-13).

Here we see the closeness of Colin to Spenser, both of whom are given more to recollection than rejection.

Since Colin and Hobbinol are the only two characters

whose historical source is identified by E.K., readers of Spenser have been left to speculate on other historical parallels within the poem, and on the possible identities of the other shepherds--and speculate they have. Paul McLane makes an extensive study which interprets the whole poem as an allegorical depiction of England's political situation. McLane proposes historical identities for Rosalind, Dido, Algrind, Roffyn, Piers, Morrell, Thomalin, Diggon Davie, Cuddie, E.K., and even the Oak, the Briar, the Fox and the Kid. Much of his work is well founded in evidence, and some of his findings are more than likely correct. All of the connections he draws are to political figures, either courtly, ecclesiastical or both.¹⁶

Speculation upon specific, historical parallels is one way of looking at The Shepheardes Calender, albeit a very limited one aesthetically. As Hamilton explains, "even a probable identification of Rosalind or Dido or Cuddie does not take one very far into the poem which is read then only as a cipher or intellectual puzzle" ("Argument," 171). In other words, just as we are best not to restrict the poem by

¹⁶ A partial listing of McLane's Table of Contents reveals his findings: Elizabeth as Rosalind, Elizabeth as Dido, Archbishop Grindal as Algrind, Bishop Young as Roffyn, Bishop Piers as Piers, Bishop Aylmer as Morrell, Bishop Cooper as Thomalin, Bishop Richard Davies as Diggon Davie, Edward Dyer as Cuddie. Fulke Greville as E.K.

McLane's study leads the way for the work of critics like Wolfgang Iser who argues extensively that The Shepheardes Calender is a response to Elizabeth's briefly considered marriage to the Duc d'Alencon.

assigning it a "meaning," so too we gain little by interpreting the eclogues as a series of allegorical allusions. Such work, while interesting, is generally of more use to the historian than the reader of poetry. We know that in renaissance pastoral "shepherds" might mean several things. Shepherds might be political officials, ecclesiastics, scholars, or, most certainly, poets. In her determination not to restrict the poem's meanings, MacCaffrey explains that "all of these matters, in Spenser's imagination, involved each other; each area of "meaning" overlaps with the others, and each alone can offer only an incomplete statement concerning human life" (92). It is this perspective which I bring to the Calender's eclogues in my search for the "delights of youth generally," whose allegorical source, of course, can only be found in youth.

No more need be made of the action of the January eclogue than is actually there. Colin's complaint, his tantrum, and the smashing of his pipe, do not set the tone for the rest of the eclogues; they merely establish the mood of Colin Clout, who, while still young, sees that he has begun to grow old:

As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,

And yet alas, yt is already donne.
(l. 28-30)

This sudden aging of Colin's is not literal; nor will it

suddenly turn such in the December eclogue. That his "spring begonne" is true. He has been hurt in love. Consequently, experience has replaced naivité, innocence has given way to unexpected pain, and responsibility threatens to replace the carelessness of his early years. Colin's reluctance to accept these changes determines his despondent movement through the Calender towards his eventual departure from the world for which he is no longer suited. In this first eclogue his youth has begun to vanish, but this is not the same as "woxen old." Colin, as most young shepherds, speaks in extremes. He does not mention the ripeness and maturity of middle age into which he is evolving. If he is no longer adolescencia, he can only fancy himself senex.¹⁷

Yet, to his credit, Colin is, at least in metaphor, able to acknowledge that he himself is the source of his own aging. He knows that the air with which the blossom of his youth is wrecked comes on the wind of his own sighs:

The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted
(l. 38-39)

and that his own eyes are the source of age's icicles:

And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend
As on your boughes the ysicles depend (l. 40-41) .

¹⁷ In my explication of the December Eclogue, I will provide a much fuller discussion of Colin's aging, and present evidence which further explains his rash exaggeration of his age.

Colin's winter was brought on by his departure from his world of spring. He left his world "the neighbour towne to see." He saw more than he wished to in this town, and now curses the hour of his departure, while blessing the hour 'Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as she" (52).

Yet, the "fayre sight" of Rosalind yields no fulfillment. Colin, having fallen in love, desires to be loved in return. Instead he is reproved by Rosalind. That he must have her love is a certain sign that his pastoral ways are being left behind. The pastoral trait of freedom from ownership has given way to his desire to possess Rosalind. Gone for Colin is the pastoral joy of poverty.

The next joy to go is that of pastoral fellowship. We have seen already how Romantic love threatens to destroy the joy of pastoral fellowship. In this case it succeeds.¹⁸ Besides breaking his pipe in his tantrum, Colin begins to break his closest pastoral friendship as well. Here, in her absence, Rosalind plays her part; as she has scorned Colin, so he now scorns Hobbinol:

Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early

¹⁸ To recall my discussion of this matter in the previous chapter, I merely repeat again the words of Rosenmeyer: Calling love "an animating force which enlivens otium," he claims that "if it were successful "it would be higher than otium. If it were unsuccessful, it would destroy otium" (85). Here we have the latter case in Colin's ill success with Rosalind and his consequent "disdaine" of Hobbinol.

fruit.¹⁹

(l. 56-58)

Colin has learned well from Rosalind. As he is rejected by her, so in turn he rejects Hobbinol whose faithfulness and devotion not only equal Colin's for Rosalind, but are more solidly based. As Rosalind laughs at Colin's songs, he in turn, finds laughable the courtesies and gifts of Hobbinol: "Ah foolish Hobbinol, thy gyfts bene vayne:/ Colin them giues to Rosalind againe" (l. 59-60). Here is salt upon a shepherd's wound. Colin, the finest maker of pastoral songs, not only finds his friend's love offerings clownish, but he takes them and gives them to Rosalind, who scorns not just Colin singularly, but "rurral musick" and "Shepheards deuise" generally.

Colin, having given Hobbinol's gifts to Rosalind, is willing as well to join her in scorning pastoral song. His rage at not being able to possess her is, of course, what causes the tantrum in which he breaks his oaten pipe, "albee rude Pan thou please." Most critics are in accord with

¹⁹ I provide here E.K.'s own gloss to these lines in which he is careful to defend this friendship between Hobbinol and Colin from speculations of homosexual love:

"In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call paederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning."

E.K. goes on to defend the noble aspects of the pure, platonic love of Hobbinol and Colin over "gynerastice [love], that is the loue whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind"--the love which has produced Colin's present misery and rage.

Hamilton's assertion that "Colin's breaking the pastoral pipe is the introductory and major symbolic action of the poem" ("Grene Path," 13). That the act is significant, I do not deny; what precisely it signifies is largely the concern of this chapter. The breaking of the pipe itself must first be viewed as part of the narrative action of the poem before it can be interpreted as symbol.

What prompts Colin to break the pipe, as I have already pointed out, is not an ill-deed on the part of his fellow shepherds, or any injustice on the part of Pan or the Muses. The muses provide him his songs, his fellow shepherds encourage him to sing, and Pan delights in the resulting music. Colin's grief comes from his failure to impress his new love, Rosalind, whose praise, apparently, he must possess along with her affection:

Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepherds deuisse she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songes, that Colin Clout doth
make. (l. 63-66)

Colin's response to Rosalind's scorn, as we have seen in his rejection of Hobbinol, is, unfortunately, to immitate it. Hence comes the breaking of his pipe, which, I suggest, is the "Shepherds deuisse" which Rosalind "hateth as a snake."²⁰ The act is undoubtedly significant. Colin is

²⁰ E. de Selincourt defines "deuisse" in this context as follows: "to talk, converse, discourse." This cannot be the case since it is not functioning as a verb in the construct:

destroying the instrument with which he has created the delight of song. The pipe represents Colin's revered place among the shepherds, Spenser's vocation as a poet. However, more significant, perhaps, than the action itself, is the reason for the action. Colin smashes his pipe because it was scorned by his new beloved, a woman whom he met in a town outside of his pastoral world to which he has returned miserable. She does not like his songs, and therefore Colin will no longer sing. Gone, with the delights of poverty and fellowship, is the pastoral joy of song.

In the February eclogue we turn from Colin who has given over the delights of pastoral paradise (complete with "kiddes and cracknelles"), for a thwarted love affair, to Thenot whose pastoral paradise has been lost to years of experience in this world. In Thenot, we see the pastoral joys through the eyes of one who has long lost them, and who recalls them with a fondness which disrupts the stern warning which he attempts to administer to the young world's child, Cuddie.

Cuddie and Thenot engage in a classic confrontation of youth and age. The two are extremes who, while they appear to have nothing in common, are actually linked together by

"Shepheards deuise she hateth." "Deuise" is the object of the possessive "Shepheards." This might mean discourse or conversation, as in love-appeals made by Colin, but I suggest that it refers to his shepherd's pipe, since it follows directly upon the line "my rurall musick holdeth scorne" (64), and is followed by "And laughes the songes, that Colin Clout doth make" (66).

their opposing views. One image of festina lente in the Renaissance was "an aged and a youthful reaper joined in carrying huge baskets of harvest." Together Cuddie and Thenot comprise just such an image. They are joined by what Berger calls the paradise principle. Having lost paradise, Thenot looks backwards to what he has lost. He insists, meanwhile, that any attempt to indulge in life's joys is frivolous. Cuddie's code is pleasure. He looks forward to whatever enjoyment might come next, and finds any attempt to call him away from it to be but the foolish grumblings of an old man. Yet, as Berger points out, the two shepherds "are more in agreement than they know" ("Aging Boy," 36)--the one, after all, lives for what the other has lost.

The eclogue opens with the young "Herdsman's boye," complaining of the "bitter blasts" of winter which presumably have interrupted his pleasure. Embedded in Thenot's practical response to Cuddie's complaint is his understanding of the world's ways:

Must not the world wend in his common course
 From good to badd, and badde to worse,
 From worse vnto that is worst of all,
 And then returne to his former fall?
 (l. 11-14)

No talk of eternal spring here--the world has its natural seasons, and the wise swain abides by them. He, of course, is such a swain and has never once complained:

Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,

Some in much joy, many in many teares:
 Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
 of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
 (l. 17-20).

"Do the many sad years follow because the joys lasted too short a time?" (29) asks Berger. His suggestion is that within Thenot's boastful account of his own life is a hint of nostalgic lament with which all of his speeches are laced. What we find beneath Thenot's posture of the stern, scolding elder, in other words, is a man who misses his youth. "It becomes clear," says Berger, "that keeping in touch with youth is as important as putting it down, that putting it down is a way to stay in touch" (30).

Keeping in touch with youth is, as I argued in the first chapter, what the writing of pastoral poetry is all about. The Shepheardes Calender clearly illustrates this idea in tracing Colin's movement, and eventual departure, from the world of youth. That Thenot's reminiscence in this eclogue takes the form of resentment does not lessen its nostalgic content. Just as Colin recalls his careless years even as he leaves them behind, so Thenot reprimands Cuddie's youthful carelessness, and in so doing, keeps in touch with that which he has long since left behind.

Not surprisingly, the boastful Thenot is bothered most by the arrogance which he sees in Cuddie and his companions, who, unknowing of what the future holds, are completely careless:

. . . crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
 You thinken to be Lords of the yeare.
 But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
 (l. 40-44)

Man is servant to the seasons, not the other way around, and the young swain with his pipe is no exception to this rule. Thenot's admonition here is more than a common notion. He speaks, it would seem, with the backing of experience. The frivolity of Cuddie and his companions would not bother Thenot so, if he himself did not know at first-hand the penalty for being frivolous. Thenot, we may suppose, despite his elder boasting, was once a young man caught by winter. As Berger explains:

Thenot's attachment to the philosophy of waste, and his stoic counsel, seem intimately associated with his attachment to the joys of youth, his bitterness at their early, perhaps unexpected loss (29).

To recognize this paradox in Thenot is to better understand Colin, and the general movement of the Calender. As Thenot's stoic counsel to Cuddie cannot be separated from his feelings of loss, just so, Colin will mock his own youth even as he reluctantly parts with it. As to what caused Thenot's unexpected loss of youth, we can devise from the above admonition which he delivers to Cuddie. Assuming that he speaks from his own experience, the old swain seems to have aged as suddenly as Colin imagines himself to have, and

his words clearly foreshadow Colin's winter departure in the December Eclogue. The cause of Thenot's sudden aging seems likewise to have been similar to Colin's current misfortunes. Thenot falls victim to "a stormy darte" which "pricks the harte." He, like the younger Colin, was presumably acquainted with a Rosalind, and there forfeited his youth.

That Thenot was attached to the joys of youth as Cuddie is now, suggests something about those joys, namely that they are not entirely frivolous. Berger finds Thenot voicing essentially two sentiments in his debate with Cuddie. First, youth is careless and spends itself on trifles, and second, youth is foolish in its clinging to joys which it must soon lose. As Berger points out, this latter sentiment "implies that the joys are more than mere trifles" (30). Thenot can only persuade with half strength since he admonishes Cuddie not to lose himself in the joys to which he himself was more than likely lost. The distance of time seems to have taught him that the joys of youth are more than mere trifles. He regards them as folly "not because they are evil but because they are short-lived and it is painful to lose them" (34). Thus, he does not condemn pastoral song, but rather pokes fun at the "crowing" of Cuddie and his companions. Since the tale he tells is one which he learned in his youth, we assume that he was once well acquainted with the pastoral joy of fellowship. And

when he admonishes Cuddie, "All that is lent to love, wyl be lost," he speaks as well from his own experience of stormy darts. What Thenot preaches, Colin experiences, and Cuddie ignores.

Thenot, more than Cuddie, knows the value of what Cuddie has, but his knowing yields him little joy. Thenot has the knowledge without the delights. Cuddie enjoys the delights without knowledge. He indulges in the pleasures which youth offers him, but shows little awareness of their real value, a fact which is readily apparent in his boasting. Both men are, as Berger says, "partly right, partly wrong, and each being incomplete, needs the other" ("Aging Boy," 36). Let it be admitted, however, that, need each other or not, neither has patience for the other. Thenot cannot bear Cuddie's careless action, and Cuddie, in turn, cannot even bear to let Thenot finish his tale of woe. When the young Brere sees that "the byting frost nipt his stalke dead" and "The watrie wette weighed downe his head" (l. 232), and he is left in the dirt to be trod on by cattle, Cuddie stops the old man's story.

The yoking of seeming opposites often characterizes Spenser's poetry. Here in this eclogue, however, we are left with discordia concors. The young shepherd and the old are united by the paradise which the one enjoys and which the other has lost. A similar harmony of discords (Berger calls them "unities-in-polarity"), can be found in each of

the eclogues. Just so, as I have noted, we find the pastoral delights throughout the eclogues in essentially two places: among those who enjoy them in the present, and among those who recollect them as part of their past.

Between these goes Colin Clout, hastening slowly, towards his formal forsaking of the pastoral delights of youth in December. The Calender provides detailed descriptions of those delights as it traces Colin's movement towards forsaking them. These detailed descriptions, I argue, stem from Spenser's own vision which is colored by a nostalgic remembrance of his own youth, most notably in the academic world of Cambridge. This remembrance prevents him from scorning the delights which Colin leaves behind. He may regard them as a sort of folly, but, like Thenot, he does so, not because they are evil, but because they are short-lived, and he experiences some pain at their loss.

By April, Colin is notable by his absence. We find Hobbinol, according to E.K.,

complayning . . . of that boyes great misadventure
in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with
drawen not onely from him who moste loued him, but
also from all former delightes and studies, aswell
in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryning and singing,
and other his laudable exercises (Argvment, Aprill).

Here in the argument we are provided with an inventory of the joys which Colin has forsaken. The eclogue opens when

Thenot²¹ greets Hobbinol with the standard inquiry seeking an explanation for the sorrowful swain's sad visage:

Tell me good Hobbinol, what garres thee greete?
 What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
 Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
 Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

(l. 1-4)

The tears which trickle down Hobbinol's cheek "like April shoure" are not caused by a faithless lasse, nor by his broken pipe. These catastrophes are the source of Colin's sorrow, whose unfaithfulness, in turn, causes Hobbinol's. Hobbinol complains to Thenot of his injury at having lost Colin's affection: "So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,/ So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne"²² (27-28).

Hobbinol then turns to the general loss caused by Colin's misadventure in love, namely the loss of Colin's songs and the merriment which they provided the pastoral circle. Colin has shut out from his mind the "delightes and studies" over which he formerly reigned: piping, making rhymes and singing. Again, it should be emphasized that Colin has not forsaken these delights in hopes of something higher. He has not abandoned pastoral rhyming to become a

²¹ Indications are that this may be a younger Thenot, rather than the Thenot of the February eclogue. In regards to the role he plays in the eclogue, his age is of little consequence one way or the other.

²² A term which E.K. tells us means stranger. It may even mean enemy.

heroic poet. He is hurt by love. His eyes are bent towards the past, and his mind is withdrawn.

That Hobbinol and Thenot sit down "shrowded in thys shade alone" tells us that, for Hobbinol, pastoral fellowship remains, with or without Colin, but the song of Eliza which Hobbinol sings is one of Colin's. And, as one who has lost a part of paradise, Hobbinol recollects nostalgically the time when his friend first composed the song: "Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,/ And tuned it vnto the Waters fall" (35-6).

Nostalgic reminiscence colors the beginning of the May eclogue where we are presented with two "pastors," who, prompted by the season, recollect the youthful delights. One does so with envy, and the other with pity. Critics, following the prescription of E.K., "under the persons of Piers and Palinode, be represented two forms of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique," have generally emphasized the religious conflict within this eclogue. Thus Piers is generally seen as the allegorical model of the perfect minister of the Anglican flock, and Palinode as the unrestrained Roman. Yet, like Thenot and Cvddie, these two pastors are unified, even in their opposing views, and their differences should not be exaggerated. To begin with, they do share a fellowship between them. As Cullen notes, if Piers believed Palinode was "a thoroughly corrupt shepherd like those he denounces,

he would quite clearly be inconsistent in keeping fellowship with him" (45).

Palinode is comic in his dreamy yearnings which send his "heart after the pype to daunce" when the parade of shepherds goes by "eche one with his mayd." Yet the strength of his argument lies not in dreaminess, but in practical suggestion:

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier be,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
(1. 1-4).

Perhaps his answer lies in the fact that he is not one of the "Youthes folke" who now "flocken in euery where," but to him it is not a matter of age. Those who do not join in the "pleasaunce" are the ones who are lost in a dream: "Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,/ But we here sytten as drowned in a dreame" (15-16).

What to Palinode is a practical, or, at least, a natural, response is to Piers a frivolous temptation, and like the aged Thenot he claims to pity those who are lost in such sports as gathering May baskets while meanwhile "letting their sheepe runne at large." Clearly the argument between the two pastors concerns the proper way to shepherd a flock. The ecclesiastical allegory is thick enough so as

not to be missed, but on a more fundamental level the eclogue, like all the others, concerns the delights which comprise the pastoral world. Colin's mind is "alienate" of such delights, and Piers would count this as a good sign. Palinode, however, would recognize, as Hobbinol does, that Colin is "drownd in a dreme." He would likely tell Colin the same thing he tells Piers: "Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight/ All for thou lackest somedele their delight" (55-56).²³ Your righteousness, in other words, is seeded in regret. The response, of course, is that your carelessness is rooted in desire, or in Piers' words, "thou art a worldes childe."

Hamilton claims that Piers, "as the religious spokesman of the good shepherd in May . . . rightly serves as spokesman for the good poet" ("Grene Path," 16). If this is so, poetry has chosen a very poor representative. Piers has nothing to say on the topic, other than to pity those who celebrate the month of May in making song. One looks to Piers for reasons wholly unpoetical. His moral tale of the fox and the kid, with its paternal reprimend of youth, not only does not address the topic of poetry, it provides no resolution to the eclogue's argument. The tale which is supposed to be "of fellowship" is only a familiar fable of false friendship.

²³ This is essentially the same message which Cuddie delivers to Thenot, albeit with less grace.

That neither Palinode nor Piers is entirely right in his point of view concerning the pastoral delights is shown in the next eclogue when Colin, having forsaken the delights, is steeped in misery, and Hobbinol, the proverbial harbinger of those delights, is unable to console him. Much has already been said in this chapter regarding the June eclogue. I do not wish to repeat myself here, only point to the eclogue's significance. For, besides being the half way point structurally in the twelve eclogues, it is central in other ways. It is the only eclogue in which Colin and Hobbinol appear together, a circumstance of some significance since we know by this point in the Calender, not only about the friendship which exists between the two shepherds, but the conflict as well. Hobbinol is child of a world which Colin has begun to forsake. As such Colin is unable to enter Hobbinol's paradise, a locus amoenus of song and fellowship unfit for Colin who forsakes the company and judgment of his fellow shepherds: "But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,/ I play to please me selfe, all be it ill" (71-72). Alone in this shade is where we will find Colin in December before his departure. We recall from the last chapter that two is the pastoral number, not one. The joy of pastoral fellowship requires a companion, yet, as the Calender opens with Colin alone, so too it closes.

Before Colin's departure in December, however, Colin participates a final time in the fellowship of the pastoral

world within the Calender. This participation, which comes in the November Eclogue, is largely disregarded by critics. Berger, for example, regards Colin's elegiac song of Dido in the same way that many critics mistakenly view Milton's "Lycidas," as a matter of mere convention. "Colin's motive for singing the elegy," he claims, "is no more personal than Thenot's: decorum is the criterion in terms of which he chooses his selection; he sings a sad song not for Dido but for the onset of winter" ("Aging Boy," 38). That elegy is appropriate to November is true enough. However, the unfounded assertion that Colin is merely performing a proper set piece to fit the month, I believe, trivializes the text. Colin's own mood is one of grief, and there is nothing to suggest that he is not actually singing on behalf of Lobbin's deceased bride, and offering to Lobbin the comfort of which he is sorely in need.

Hamilton, while assigning more significance to the song, seems to regard it largely as Colin's own private uncovering of the Christian assurance of the resurrection, which, "together with the aspiration in October to cast off his shepherd's weeds, brings him to the resolution of the final eclogue when he lays down the oaten pipe and emerges as England's heroic poet" ("Argument," 175). The assurance of another world, in other words, prompts Colin to forsake his present one in favor of what, presumably, is the more spiritual task of the heroic poet.

Hamilton's theological focus upon Colin disregards the basic human comfort which he offers to Lobbin, and depicts Colin as one who sings of the destruction of death and the joy of eternal life solely for his own benefit. That Colin shows signs of a Christian hope which replace his previous despair is true. He has, as he says, ". . . learnd (a lesson derely bought)/ That nys on earth assurance to be sought" (l. 156-157). Yet his news of the resurrection is contained within his description of the passing of Dido:

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly
 spight,
 And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpse
(l. 162-65).

Colin has had to look beyond himself, and beyond his own sad circumstance, in order to see the bonds of eternal night broken, an event which necessarily lessens the previously unrelenting shadow of his own misery.

Colin's own cause for grieving pales next to Lobbin's. He has lamented the loss of a beloved, who ungrateful from the start, is now paired with another. He has not only refused to sing, but has refused even the consolation of song. Lobbin, on the other hand, is a shepherd who has lost a faithful love to death, and requires the consolation of song. That Colin, when urged by Thenot to sing, agrees to do so, indicates that he has not yet forsaken the pastoral world, nor the consolation it can provide. Colin might well

have broken his silence with a song cataloging his own sorrow. Instead, he sings: "O Lobb, thy losse no longer, lament" [*italics mine*]. The pipe, which in the woodcuts of January, June and December lies broken on the ground, is, in the November Woodcut, restored and in the able and accommodating hands of Colin. In January his own hurt caused him to smash the pipe. Now in November another's hurt prompts him to pick it up again. As Rosenmeyer observes, the November Eclogue is a case in which "the accent is on the restorative character of otium" (113).

Colin, nevertheless, does depart the world of the Calender, and he does so, if we take him at his word, as an old man. We find, in the opening lines of the December Eclogue that Colin's shadow is quite returned:

The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere

There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

(1.1-2, 5-6)

Here in December, we are brought back to January when Colin stood alone. All of the eclogues in between have been made up of two shepherds in dialogue, sometimes in the presence of a third. Only in January and December are we presented with the un-pastoral silhouette of a solitary swain.

The eclogue's argument tells us that in this solitary complaint Colin

. . . weary of his former wayes . . .
 proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the
 yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time,
 when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His
 manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was
 consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth
 caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by
 which he meaneth loue . . . His riper yeares hee
 resembleth to an unseasonable harueste wherein the
 fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to
 winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing
 neare to his last ende.

Colin's youth, we know, was free of the pang's of love. This youth was newly vanished when Colin entered in January complaining of Rosalind. Of his manhood consumed in great heat, we are well informed. His riper years yield a bad harvest; the only song after Rosalind is an elegiac lament. Colin's "latter age" of winter chill brings us to the question, "How old is this aging swain?" That his youth has passed is quite clear, but that he is an old man is not so certain. The woodcut for the eclogue does not depict a particularly aged man. Furthermore, we know that the poet he represents is not an aged man. Is England's heroic poet to emerge from the pastoral to the epic leaning upon a cane? This swain's frosty season is not, I think, to be taken too literally.

In his article, "When Did a Man in the Renaissance Grow Old?" Creighton Gilbert presents evidence that men in the Renaissance often exaggerated their age, and commonly described themselves as "old" in their mid-forties or even their late thirties. Erasmus, Gilbert notes, composed his

poem "On the Discomforts of Old Age" when he was still 39-years-old (Gilbert, 11). Moreover, age, along with love, was offered as an excuse for lack of productivity. When, for example, Pieter Aretino, at age forty-five, finds that the rate of his literary composition has diminished, he complains: "Old age is slowing down my wits, and love, which ought to stimulate them, is putting them to sleep; I used to do forty stanzas in morning, now I barely assemble one (Gilbert, 11). Colin, his broken pipe on the ground, suffers from a similar problem of productivity, and offers the same two-fold excuse of age and love. In doing so, he but mirrors the habits of the Renaissance, and though he fancies himself to be aged, I believe our swain is more likely seeing his first grey hairs than his last.

As we read through the seasons of Colin's life, we are reminded of what we already know. First, that it was love which took away his youth and its accompanying delights: "Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate/ But better mought they haue behote him Hate./ Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewell" (l. 53-5). Colin recalls the summer spent in "vnkindly heate" and the fruitlessness that followed:

The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
 And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
 My haruest wast, my hope away dyd wipe
 (l. 105-7).

Soon "Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past" (137). then, "Winter is come . . . And after Winter dreerie death

dost hast" (143-44), or at least thoughts of death. This awareness of death is not new to Colin. His experience with Rosalind showed him his mortality and taught him the end of things. Here at last in December, he dies a death to a self which has been ailing throughout the Calender, the youthful Colin of the pleasant pipe.

Colin has erred in the exact fashion described by Thenot to Cvddie, the blunder of eternal youth. Unlike Thenot, however, Colin's complaint is not shrouded in a cloak of elder wisdom, but spoken with undisguised bitterness (another indication that Colin is not very old). His bitterness is the bitterness of loss. Hamilton says that "the whole eclogue is a formal retraction of youthful vanities" (19), as though Colin were obliged to disavow his former life. I do not believe this to be the case, for beneath Colin's bitterness--and not very far beneath-- is the same ingredient which lies beneath Thenot's admonishing and Piers' preaching, a nostalgic longing for that which is passed. Colin has not of a sudden become Thenot or Piers. He is neither very old nor very clerical, and to read this final eclogue as a sort of Ecclesiastes is to disregard the tone of personal sadness with which his recollection is filled.

If Colin is rejecting the pastoral, he is doing so with a good deal of complaining. I, of course, do not believe that he is rejecting pastoral. The final lines of the

Calender, in which Colin bids adieu to the delights which he has known, are filled more with reluctance than rejection. Depiction of the pastoral joys through the eyes of loss, which we have seen throughout the Calender, appropriately brings the Calender to a close:

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my wisse were:
 Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu
 (December, 151-56).²⁴

E.K. assigns a particular importance to these departing lines by providing the reader a line-by-line explication of the stanza. "Adieu delights)", he tells the reader, "is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke." The lines contain, in other words, a sum of all that has comprised the Calender, namely the pastoral delights which Colin must now leave behind, the most important of which is his friendship with Hobbinol.

The first verse describes these delights which lulled Colin to sleep, or kept him at peace. E.K. calls these rightfully the delights of youth generally. In the second line he bids adieu to Rosalind, the dear whose love he

²⁴ Not only the idea of depicting the joys through loss, but this very departure speech will be imitated by Phineas Fletcher at the end of his second Eclogue in his Piscatorie Eclogues.

bought so dear. This love, as we have seen, was bought at the price of all the other delights. As he says earlier in the eclogue, better might they call it hate. In the third line he recalls, not the task of shepherding, but his little lambs, and loved sheep. In so doing he demonstrates a fondness for the vocation which he is leaving behind. In quitting his life as shepherd he leaves behind as well the joy of poverty/simplicity which he has shared with his fellow swains. He next bids adieu to the Woods which were often his witness. The woods have been more than woods; they have been the place for song. Long before they listened to his complaints about Rosalind, they served as the pleasant gathering place for him and his fellow swains. As shepherding has yielded the time for song, the woods have supplied the place. What Colin bids goodbye to in this line is the joy of the locus amoenus. Finally, he bids adieu to his best friend and fellow shepherd, Hobbinol, whom he has most recently hurt by his refusal to sing, and the denial of his fellowship. Here he says adieu to the pastoral joy of fellowship and the accompanying joy of friendship. That he values this love above that of Rosalind's is indicated in the final line when he tells Hobbinol to bid adieu to Rosalind for him. Rosalind's love was bought, he tells us at a dear price. Yet he departs this world without that love. He can bring with him, instead, the love of Hobbinol, "that was so true."

II

Book VI of The Faerie Queene

Precisely where Colin wanders to after his wintry departure from the world of The Shepheardes Calender, we are not sure, but judging from his appearance in Book VI of The Faerie Queene, he did not wander far. The poet of The Shepheardes Calender turned to the task of writing the epic work for which the Calender was a good preparation. "The great invention of Faerie Land," MacCaffrey points out, "is anticipated by Spenser's evocation of the archetypal hills, valleys, woods, and pastures of the Calender" (88), that is, "the greene Wood" (May, 27), the "secreate shade," (December, 5), or the "hilles, where harbrough nis to see" (June, 19). Such places, we have seen, have a significance beyond geographic description. As such, they anticipate and, in a sense, prepare us for, the hills, dales and bowers of the world of The Faerie Queene. Though he had left the world of the Calender behind, Spenser had certainly not rejected pastoral. Pastoral shows up in gardens and bowers throughout the seven books of The Faerie Queene. And in Book VI of that work, Spenser returns unambiguously to the idyllic green of an Arcadian pastoral.

In the last four cantos of Book VI, he traces the awkward movements of a courtly knight who stumbles through

the natural courtesies and customs of the pastoral world. Spenser, in these cantos of The Faerie Queene, has, like Longus long before him, taken pastoral beyond the bounds of the eclogue. Longus created from pastoral a full-length Romance novel in Daphnis and Chloe. Spenser gives pastoral a place in epic circumstance, in the land of Pastorella, the place apart from the world of the Blatant Beast. Having mastered the pastoral form in the Calender, Spenser here goes beyond pastoral form to explore the essential meaning of pastoral within the particularly English world of Faerie Land:

In the Sixth Book of the Faerie Queene . . . we have the richest and most impressive example of a distinctively English development of the pastoral tradition, which was later imitated by Shakespeare and Milton (Kermode, 41).

This development consists largely in an expansion of the pastoral delights, particularly as they contrast with the rigid customs of the knightly code. Because it is more English and because it is more narrative, this pastoral world of Book VI depicts more explicitly than The Shepheardes Calender the pastoral joys. And because this world, like the world of the Calender, is born of nostalgic remembrance, these delights remain "the delights of youth generally." The poverty, rivalry, frolic and fellowship which we found were part of Spenser's Cambridge world, are recreated in the sport and discourse of the shepherds in the

land of Pastorella. In Book VI of The Faerie Queene, as much as anywhere, the joys of the college campus are transformed into the joys of the shepherd's campus.

After enduring "great trauell . . . and toyle," the Knight of Courtesy chases the blatant beast "into the open fields" where,

. . . as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded
 broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
 (VI, ix, 5: 1-6)

Here for now at least ends the knight's pursuit of the beast, and begins his pursuit of beauty. Soon after this, while enjoying the courteous offer of refreshment on behalf of the shepherds, Calidore spots "a faire damzell" who undoes any lingering thoughts of duty. The ransacking sound of slanderous hooves is far away. Calidore here begins a new chase, in a new world.

Calidore has left behind "the greater world" which Marinelli describes, the "real" world in which the likes of Thenot and Piers gained their experience. The world of piping shepherds in which Calidore arrives is at six removes from the world of the court from which he has come. In order to get to this new world, he chases the beast of slander through several worlds, each more removed from human

possibilities, and removed as well, apparently, from slander: "no such beast they saw." The knight's chase is a progressive journey from the rumor-infested court, where a person's name is everything, through worlds of increasing anonymity, until at last he arrives in the vague idyllic world of "open fields" similar to the ones from which Colin Clout departed. We call these fields "the world" of Pastorella or "the world" of the Calender, for beyond the names associated with them, both worlds are essentially nameless. They are outside of normal time and place, a fact which is further indicated when Calidore is able to resume his chase of the blatant beast at essentially the same place where he left off.

Though in the pursuit of Pastorella, Calidore spends most of his time in this world of open fields learning the pastoral delights of poverty, rivalry, and fellowship. Unlike the shepherds of this world, Calidore is but a student of the pastoral, and he experiences the joys, not as a shepherd, but as a knight in shepherd's garb. Note here the similarity between Calidore and the Cambridge students whom I examined in Chapter Three. Both enter a world apart from the greater world in order to be educated, and then return to the world at large;²⁶ this is the very pattern of

²⁶ Walter Davis uses the terms Disintegration, Education and Reintegration, to illustrate this process which the heroic poet goes through. The hero, suffering some grief enters the pastoral world (In Calidore's case courtesy has disintegrated and his pursuit of slander has taken him

Spenser himself. Thus, it is no coincidence that the pastoral delights discovered by the young knight of courtesy are the same ones which we found in the world of Cambridge.

Calidore is welcomed into the cottage of Pastorella's guardian, Meliboe, "that good old man" (ix, 16: 1). Here, in college-like discourse, the knight learns from this elder tutor the essential ingredients of the world which he has entered, beginning with the joy of poverty. The cottage of Meliboe is "clad with lome,/ And all things therein meane" (ix, 16: 5-6). The two men enjoy a simple meal, after which Meliboe instructs Calidore concerning "the happie life,/ Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife" (ix, 18: 8-9).

Meliboe's prescription for happiness is being content with what nature provides:

That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my self, with that I haue, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.
(ix, 20: 3-9)

What nature has taught the elder shepherd, he, in turn, teaches Calidore. His food and clothing are provided by

into the pastoral world). The hero is then educated in certain, basic life truths which he discovers by seeing his own situation illustrated in those around him. Finally, having resolved his inner conflicts, the hero departs again for the outer world. See Davis' A map of Arcadia: Sidney's Romance in Its Tradition, London: Yale University Press, 1965.

nature, and accordingly, he passes his days in harmony with nature's cycles: "But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,/ And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend (ix, 22: 8-9). What he attends to during the natural cycle of the day are his shepherd's chores:

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
 Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
 Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe
 Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay
 (ix, 23: 1-4).

Those chores done he might enjoy less toilsome sport, which even includes some piscatory play:

Another while I baytes and nets display,
 The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
 And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle
 (ix, 23: 6-9).

This leisure which comes from a life lived in common with nature's simplicity must seem enviable to Calidore, wearied by his pursuit of worldly scandal. But Meliboe lets him know that he himself was not always satisfied by the pastoral life, and instead sought his fortune at court:

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
 To follow sheepe, and shepherds base attire:
 For further fortune then I would inquire.
 And leauing home, to roiall court I sought;
 Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire
 (ix, 24: 1-7).

The elder tutor, having lived in the greater world, returned

from the court to the campus. Meliboe's description of his original departure from the pastoral world rings familiar of another young shepherd's "adieu delights." We saw Colin Clout depart his pastoral home in a similar fashion at the end of the Calender. In this world where Meliboe resides, Calidore will stumble upon Colin Clout, returned and with a mended pipe. First, however, Calidore must learn to adapt to the other delights of his new world, beginning with his physical appearance.

Unfortunately, the knight, distracted by Pastorella, "the object of his view/ On which his hungry eye was always bent" (ix, 26: 6-7), has been ill-attentive to his shepherd-tutor. He thus proves, at least initially, to be a poor pupil. When, for example, Meliboe has completed his discourse, Calidore attempts to make payment for his food and lodging, "So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue" (32: 9). He is properly rebuked by Meliboe, who tells him: "Sir knight, your bounteous proffer/ Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display/ That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay" (33: 3-5). The elder shepherd then instructs the young knight: "This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,/ Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread" (33: 8-9).

Calidore does not immediately heed Meliboe's advice. Only when he recognizes that his appearance is ridiculous to Pastorella, who "Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,"

The setting is by now a familiar one, the customary frolic which is part of the shepherd's "work." Colin Clout himself, with mended pipe, is chosen to pipe the dance. What is not customary is that a knight in shepherd's garb should be chosen to lead the dance. The true shepherd, Coridon, who has had designs on Pastorella, has been "troubled at the straungers guize" and full of "gealous thoughts" ever since Calidore began to accompany Pastorella into the fields. Thus, when the swains agree that Calidore "should lead the ring, as hee/ That most in Pastoraellaes grace did sit" (ix, 41: 7-8), Calidore's chief rival reacts predictably: "Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit" (41: 9). Calidore, quicker at learning pastoral courtesy than poverty, tactfully yields his place to Coridon, and when Pastorella places her own garland on Calidore's head, Calidore "did it put on Coridons in stead."

Despite these courtesies, the rivalry between the swain and the knight leads inevitably to physical combat. When the shepherds come together "To practice games, and maiesteries to try" (43: 2), they of course choose Pastorella as their judge.

There Coridon forth stepping openly,
 Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game:
 For he through long and perfect industry,
 Therein well practisd was, and in the same
 Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, and worke his
 foe great shame (ix, 43: 5-10).

But even here, despite Calidore's superior strength, his

courtesy saves his opponent from injury. Calidore falls gently upon his opponent to keep from breaking his neck, and when awarded the oaken crown by Pastorella, the knight "that did in courtesie excell,/ Gaue it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well" (44: 8-9). Calidore's courtesy, while abundant, is also strategic; for, humbling himself before Coridon, we can be sure, only raises him in the eyes of Pastorella.

By the end of canto ix, Calidore is described as having become even more courteous than his rustic companions:

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
 That euen they, the which his riuals were,
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs
 (ix, 45: 1-4).

This rustic world in which Calidore has been a pastoral pupil might best be regarded as a world of Romance, at the center of which stands Pastorella. Here, in this world, Calidore has become acquainted with the pastoral joys; yet, his actions have all been governed by his desire to win the affection of Pastorella. At the center of the more purely pastoral world, into which the knight now wanders, is Colin Clout and his pipe, replete with a hundred naked maidens, and the three Graces. Here, apart from Pastorella and the world of Romance, Calidore enters, albeit clumsily, into the timeless world of the locus amoenus, where, with Colin, he experiences the ultimate pastoral joy of fellowship.

In order to get to this world Calidore wanders far from the open fields whence he has come:

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
 Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
 Vnto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
 To passe all others, on the earth which were:
 (x, 5: 1-5).

Here the knight discovers "an hill plaste in an open plaine" (6: 1). Far beyond our normal understanding of place, this new world of Mount Acidale into which Calidore ventures is also free from the normal workings of time; the trees "did all winter as in sommer bud" (6: 5). The knight goes from field to hill to field to enter Spenser's most vivid depiction of a locus amoenus: "And on the top thereof a spacious plaine/ Did spred it selfe, to serve all delight" (8: 1-2). Calidore has come unto mount Acidale, a "place" of repose for Venus, and by the time he arrives he is described as "the Elfin Knight."

Presumably, he has begun to absorb some of the mystic qualities of the world which he has entered. Not surprisingly, the first sensation which the knight experiences upon entering this world, is "that merry sound/ Of a shrill pipe," accompanied by "many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground":

There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
 And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see
 (10: 7-9).

Calidore has enough of the Elfin about him that he

. . . dust not enter into th'open greene,
 For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene
 (11: 1-3).

It is not for the sake of courtesy, but pleasure, that Calidore thus hides himself in the woods. So much does the sight please him

That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
 All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight
 (11: 7-9).

This supreme pleasure afforded to the knight is something usually reserved for shepherds, whose piping might provide them the possibility of timelessness. "That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was/ Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)" (16: 3-4). He does not know Colin Clout, who has not read The Shepheardes Calender, but Spenser is here counting on a reader who has. Anyone who has weathered the six books of The Faerie Queene to arrive here at mount Acidale, would first have become acquainted with the author in his debut work. This reader is surprised, perhaps, to find Colin, who had bid adieu to delights, piping a dance for the "daughters of delight." In the June eclogue, Colin describes himself "pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue." Here, however, he pipes upon a high

plain indeed.

Colin pipes here, not for the sake of mystic spectacle, but for love. His fair lass "That in the midst was placed parauant,/ Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone" (15: 7-8). This, in other words, is a private moment. His merry piping has summoned the Graces and his "loue is there aduanced to be another Grace" (16: 9). We recall from Chapter Three that such love affairs as these, being unrequited, provide much of the energy which propels the pastoral forward. If unsuccessful such a love, we have already noted, destroys the otium of fellowship; if successful it can replace otium.²⁷ In The Calender, Colin's love enterprise was unsuccessful and it destroyed otium. Here it is nearing a climactic success which might replace otium, when Calidore, apparently not yet Elfin enough, stumbles forward from out of his hiding place in the woods.

We recall from earlier in Book VI Calidore's bad habit of stumbling upon people unannounced. His discourtesy to Calepine and Serena in canto iii (" . . . so rudely did vpon them light,/ And troubled had their quiet loues delight" (21: 4-5)), is here repeated. This time, however, it is a mystical rather than romantic moment of pleasure which he disrupts. The knight of courtesy, turned knight of curiosity, is moved by his desire "to know." One could easily accuse him of motives far less pure; for, after all, he was

²⁷ Again, see Rosenmeyer, The Green Cabinet, p. 85

not content in the world of Pastorella to merely know beauty, and his action here on mount Acidale is reflective of his behavior in that world of pastoral romance. Simply seeing Pastorella on a hill at the center of a ring of lovely lasses did not satisfy the pursuing knight, and should we expect him to be satisfied so easily in this case? He desired to know Pastorella's beauty, and yet, having completely left off his quest after the blatant beast, our knight of courtesy clearly desired more than just that.²⁸ In any case, the result of his coming forward here into the open green is predictable: "soone as he appeared to their vew,/ they vanisht all away out of his sight" (18: 1-2).

Colin's reaction to the disruption of his mystic ecstasy is a familiar one: "for fell despight/ Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight/ And made great mone for that vnhappy turne" (18: 4-6). Here is the pipe-smashing Colin we remember from The Shepheardes Calender, who, when rejected by Rosalind, rejects the delights of the pastoral world, including the fellowship of his fellow swains. Colin's place as the favorite piper among the shepherds in the world of Pastorella, tells us that his rejection at the end of the Calender was not permanent. Yet, here again, he has broken his pipe. Is this to be followed with "adieu delights"? Might not Calidore expect from Colin the same

²⁸ Colin was dissatisfied because he could not possess Rosalind. Calidore shows himself--though with better success--to be similarly motivated.

ill-treatment dealt to Hobbinol? In fact, the opposite turns out to be true.

The two youths enter into conversation, which like the other pastoral joys Calidore has learned, is reminiscent of the academic campus, and, here again, Calidore is the pupil. Colin, after his initial tantrum, educates the disruptive knight on the meaning of the Graces. Following which, Calidore apologizes: "But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,/ Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see" (29: 6-7). The two thus reconciled do not depart, but rather remain in the locus amoenus, and the vanished ecstasy of love and song is replaced by the otium of fellowship and conversation:

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
 With which the Knight him selfe did much
 content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
 Both of his words, which we with reason red;
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his senses rauished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote
 dwelling share (x: 30).

This "fit occasion" is made so largely by the place which is apart from the greater world. As for time, it dissolves. Colin's sport with the maidens climbed with the notes of his pipe to a brief height, interrupted before its climax. The discourse between these two men, however is prolonged for a "long time," and Calidore, caught up in the

words of Colin, has "no will away to fare." Their conversation erodes any concerns of time. Here is the otium which was left behind by Colin at the end of The Calender. Richard Helgerson is justified in calling the mount Acidale "the center of Spenser's retreat," for the above stanza contains as full and meaningful a description of the delight of youthful fellowship as is found anywhere in Spenser. When Fletcher and others imitated Spenser in their pastorals, they looked as much to these cantos of The Faerie Queene as to The Shepheardes Calender.

The otium shared between Calidore and Colin Clout is interrupted, predictably, by love. Colin's lass has vanished with the graces, but Calidore's awaits him back in the open fields. "But [for] that enuenimd sting, the which of yore,/ His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart" (31: 1-2), Calidore might have dwelt longer with Colin. However, his wound calls him from this locus amoenus of the pastoral back to the world of romance: "Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine" (31: 9), Calidore takes leave of the gentle swain and "backe returned to his rusticke wonne,/ Where his faire Pastorella did remaine" (32: 1-2). As Hamilton points out, the simile of the wounded whale is startling, "for the whale goes to its death."²⁹ However, when we recall the pastoral connection of love to death, and Colin's own "death" to his youthful self in The Shepherdes

²⁹ page 694 of his edition of The Faerie Queene.

Calender, the simile is meaningfully appropriate.

Calidore's return, after the defeat of a troop of brigands and other obstacles, will result in a consummation of his love in marriage, and this, as we have seen, means a "death" to pastoral. Calidore will exchange his present, temporary otium for negotium. The delights of the pastoral world, soon to be lost, will become something fondly recollected.

Fond recollection, I suggest, was the perspective of Spenser himself, who, finishing work on The Faerie Queene was now even further away from the pastoral joys he had enjoyed during his youth at Cambridge when, at points perhaps, "he had no will away to fare." Like Calidore, however, Spenser's quest was of the heroic nature, and The Faerie Queene, his heroic work. Calidore returns to the world of the court with a bride who, as it turns out, is also of that world. Spenser, on the other hand, could not resist returning to the pastoral. He ventures there again in Amoretti and Epithalamion, and particularly in "Colin Cloutes Come Home Again." Of these works, Helgerson writes that Spenser

comes home to the pastoral, the personal and the amorous. That these are also among his most resonant works, among those that engage the cosmic shape of things most confidently, is testimony to the poetic richness of that home. Whatever the poet's obligations to the public world, it is in this private realm that he finds the source of his inspiration (Helgerson, 907).

Helgerson's words are fueled in part with defense of the

pastoral mode, a defense which it seems to keep needing and which it probably needed long before Colin smashed his pipe. Thenot and Piers, it would seem, are not the only ones to attack that which they have lost.

The most obvious use of the pastoral mode to depict the lost joys of the university world comes from Phineas Fletcher, a devoted follower of "the master," Spenser. Fletcher arrived at Cambridge University some twenty-five years after Spenser, and, among his other works, composed the Piscatorie Eclogues, a semi-autobiographical record of his and his father's life at Cambridge. The Eclogues not only demonstrate Fletcher's familiarity with The Shepherdes Calender, but contain as well "the midsummer music of The Faerie Queene" (Cory, "Golden Age," 261), and show his full understanding of the "shepherds delights." The next chapter will be spent in tracing those delights as they are translated into piscatorie joys.

Chapter V

The River Cam

In 1619, the authorities at Cambridge University experienced some renewed anxiety as parliament proceeded to debate a bill ordering the drainage of Cambridgeshire fens. Such an action might endanger what the University sought to preserve, "the navigation of the River Cam" (Annals, v.3, 131). The River, memorialized in Spenser's lengthy River pageant, formed from the convergence of several small brooks and streams, below which junction, it was called either the Grant or the Cam, until passing Cambridge, when it became known simply as the Cam (Osgood, 80). It is no surprise that the river should take on a new name as it "traced . . . its course among the colleges through Cambridge" (Osgood).¹

¹ Osgood gathers this information from Holinshed who goes on to say that the River Cam receives "by and by the Stoure, or Sture (at whose bridge the most famous mart in England is yearlie holden and kept)" (I. 174). Holinshed is referring to the Stourbridge Fair which occurred on the lower side of Cambridge. The Stoure has since been lost in the ditches.

For here it became a part of the separate world of the university which we have been examining, and here Phineas Fletcher, during his stay at Cambridge, navigated its shores in poetry. By about 1612 Fletcher had completed most of his Piscatorie Eclogues, a work of seven eclogues which transfers the pastoral values which he inherited from Virgil and Spenser into a piscatory world which he adopted from Theocritus' Eclogue XXI, and the Italian poet, Jacopo Sannazaro. The result is a world of fisher swains casting out their nets along the shores of the River Chame.

Evolving out of The Shepheardes Calender and anticipating "Lycidas," Fletcher's world is the most overt transference of the university world into the pastoral. In his world on the River Cam we find the pastoral joys of poverty and fellowship amidst the calm of a piscatory bliss. At the same time, we hear in the complaining of a politically infected academic world, the pastoral joy of rivalry.

Remembered by Izaak Walton as "an excellent divine, and an excellent angler" (177), Phineas Fletcher, when recalled at all, is usually recalled in just such worthy though small distinctions. The first thing we can say of Phineas, in a literary vein, is that he is a little known poet with a well known last name. He was, as Walton notes, a good fisher with the line, but it was his cousins, the playwrights, who brought more fame than any others to the Fletcher name. His father Giles and his brother Giles Jr., while interesting

Renaissance minds, did little more than Phineas to lodge the family name in history. "The interest and the glory of the Fletchers," C.V. Wedgwood tells us,

is to provide the link between the two greatest epic poets of the English language. It is in their work that the gigantic and dissimilar geniuses of Spenser and Milton are brought, for a moment, edge to edge (54).

It is, of course, largely as a link that Phineas is being treated here. His piscatory world, with its overt Cambridge allegory, I am arguing, demonstrates the relationship of the world of the Renaissance university to the pastoral world in the poetry of his predecessor, Spenser, as well as in the poetry of Milton who came after him.

However, to treat Fletcher as a mere bridge between Spenser and Milton is to neglect unjustly the particular genius of his own work. As R.G. Baldwin puts it:

Such an approach means that Fletcher is read with one eye cocked on Milton and Spenser. The results for Spenserian and Miltonic scholarship have in many cases been rewarding, but this interest in sources and influences has deflected interest away from Fletcher's work as a whole (463).

The one eye on Spenser and Milton has, for the most part, been cocked upon The Faerie Queene and Paradise Lost, respectively. The problem, of course, is that these two works require two good eyes, meaning that Fletcher's epic work, The Purple Island, goes largely unlooked at, or looked at only in terms of the more familiar epics of Spenser and

Milton.² Thus, such a comparative study, as this present one, requires at least three good eyes. Having focused on the significance of the pastoral in Spenser's The Shepheardes Calender, I intend in this chapter to look closely at the neglected world of Fletcher's River Chame. I will then turn, in the final chapter, to Milton's "Lycidas," for which Fletcher's Eclogues serves as an influence.

To begin, we will, with the help of Baldwin, examine briefly the mind of Phineas Fletcher who, Baldwin admits, is considered "a literary eccentric to be exclaimed about, deplored, or chuckled at as the spirit moves" (463). The perception of Fletcher as a literary eccentric, though not exclusively a modern idea, did come largely after Fletcher's own time, and is rather exaggerated. In Fletcher's time, eccentricity was, particularly for one following in the steps of Spenser, to be expected. Successful imitation was respected, but innovation was admired.³ Fletcher's work

² The Purple Island was published, along with Piscatorie Eclogues, in 1633. Both pieces appeared in volume I of the two volume edition of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Poetical Works.

Examination of the three epics, The Faerie Queene, The Purple Island, and Paradise Lost occupies the bulk of Herbert Cory's study of Phineas Fletcher in "Spenser, The School of Fletchers, and Milton" (1910), and is the subject as well of comparisons made between the three poets since Cory's time. A comparison of the pastoral worlds of the three poets, such as the one I am undertaking here, has, as far as I can find, not been made.

³ Such admiration was earned by Fletcher's contemporary, John Donne. The eccentricity of his "metaphysical" poems serves to remind us how common the uncommon was among poets who looked to Spenser for influence.

is, in fact, characterized more by adherence to, rather than radical departure from, established Renaissance literary conventions. His concepts, Baldwin notes, are "traditional in nature," and the poetic forms in which those concepts are embodied are "determined by convention" (469). Such is the case with his Piscatorie Eclogues. His choice of pastoral comes directly from the Greek-Latin-English line of Theocritus, Virgil and Spenser. As a follower of Spenser, Fletcher could choose no more traditional a form with which to begin. His decision to shift from the field to the river bank, while innovative, was not particularly eccentric, given Theocritus's Idyll XXI, and the European precedent set by Jacopo Sannazaro in his Piscatorial Eclogues.

Once we recognize the conventional nature of Fletcher's work, it is easy to see why he is treated primarily as a bridge between Spenser and Milton. For, as Baldwin puts it:

far from being eccentric and merely fantastic as the early critics would have it, or an unimportant source of occasional ideas as most modern students take him to be, or the radically new apostle of science that Langdale creates, Phineas Fletcher is in fact as conservative, practical, steady a voice as can be found in the seventeenth century (468).

Where he is most accused of being Phineas the eccentric, Fletcher is, in fact, being mostly Phineas the imitator. His epic, The Purple Island, for example, grows rather naturally out of Spenser's cave of Mammon and only in his detailed knowledge of anatomy does he venture beyond the

bounds of convention (Baldwin, 472).

Fletcher's most conventionally Renaissance trait is his willing synthesis of diverse ideas into a single truth.

If we find him shifting from Platonic to Christian terminology, from pagan to Biblical mythology, from Medieval allegory to Renaissance prophesy, without stopping for breath, it is because he, like many of his contemporaries, is in hot pursuit of a truth that knows no compartments or categories and is using every avenue of approach available to him (Baldwin, 470).

This unhesitant shifting of topics and approaches in pursuit of a single truth is the Renaissance mind at its most maddening, and also at its most sublime. The more abrupt, casual and unexpected the shift, I suggest, the more Spenserian the writer. And Fletcher, while incapable of the lengthy, sustained performances of his master,⁴ is arguably the most Spenserian of them all.

One more aspect of Fletcher's mind needs to be considered here, if only briefly, that being religion. Here again we find that Fletcher was mostly conventional. While he ranges in his poetry from myth to myth, in his life

⁴ Baldwin's assessment of Fletcher is that: "although he [Fletcher] is capable of rivaling Spenser in isolated passages, he is less often the prophet than the teacher, more often the skillful versifier than the inspired poet and sometimes, let it be admitted, not even that" (462).

Fletcher's ability to rival Spenser in passages should not be brushed off lightly. Indeed, how many poets are capable of that much? As a writer of sustained, narrative, rhymed verse, Spenser clearly stands alone. Fletcher's poetry needs to be evaluated, not on the basis of how prophetic or inspired it is next to Spenser, but on its own merits. I hope, in this chapter, to accomplish that.

phineas Fletcher was essentially an orthodox Anglican. His Anglicanism was "informed by the doctrines of a mild Calvinism," but also tempered by a secular humanism (Baldwin, 474). In the Eclogues we will see both, particularly as the eclogue format allows for dialogue between two different voices. Baldwin notes that Fletcher's "theory and practice as a poet are governed by a complex of traditions that converge in the concept of the poet as teacher" (469). When this convergence takes place in the Eclogues, we will find that the teaching is essentially religious rather than artistic.

Though they were not published until 1633, Fletcher composed most of his Piscatorie Eclogues between 1604 and 1614, a period which biographer Abram Langdale designates as "the springtide of the poet's life," though he notes that there "proved to be no summer, but only autumn and winter" (40). The "springtide" which Langdale describes as being filled with "dignified friendships, love affairs and literary triumphs" took place mostly at Cambridge University where Fletcher was a resident off-and-on for almost fifteen years.⁵ While Fletcher did leave Cambridge during this

⁵ Langdale notes the error of Fletcher's other biographers who incorrectly assume that Fletcher was in residence "without interruption, other than the regular vacations, during the entire fifteen years of the fellowship. Actually," Langdale observes, Fletcher "was absent for periods that varied from several days to several years, periods that rarely correspond with the regular college holidays" (37).

time, it was always to Cambridge that he returned. The years 1604 and 1611 were set off at one end by the bachelor's degree and at the other end by ordination. Within these years came Fletcher's "literary triumphs," the composition of his major works, including, besides a good part of the Eclogues, The Purple Island, The Apollynonists and Locustae, and Brittain's Ida.

For purposes of understanding the world of the Eclogues, and the pastoral joys that make up that world, the friendships of this period are of more importance to us than the other literary works on which Fletcher was working. During these creatively productive years at Cambridge, Fletcher found himself at the center of a literary clique which included his brother Giles, John Tompkins, William Cappell, Edmond Cook and William Woodford (Kastor, 80), all of whom show up in Fletcher's poetry bearing pastoral pseudonyms.⁶ Fletcher himself took on several pastoral names during this period, first Coridon, then Myrtil, then Thirsil, and briefly Algon:

The name "Coridon" comes from Vergil. "Myrtil" a pastoral character in one of Phineas' father's poems, had for Phineas a special association with

⁶ "Thelgon" we know is Fletcher's father, Giles Sr. "Thomalin," as we have already seen, is Fletcher's close friend John Tompkins. Other specific assignments are mostly speculative. Kastor suggests that William Cappell is "Willy" and that William Woodford is probably "Dorius." Francis Quarles, the author of Emblems, protege of Princess Elizabeth, and great admirer of Phineas's work, may, Kastor suggests, be "Thenot."

love and water . . . the name "Thirsil" was given to Phineas by "Fusca," his first lady-love, sometime about 1606-08, and was his major pastoral pseudonym for many years (Kastor, 80).

In the world of the River Chame, Thirsil is the swain who represents Fletcher's presence most prominently, and the one with whom we are primarily concerned. Before turning to particular eclogues, I wish first to consider Fletcher's decision to create a piscatory, rather than a "pastoral" world.

By turning from the more traditional green world of the shepherd to the less familiar "blue world," (or if we prefer to see sand, "the yellow or blonde world"), of the fisher swain, Fletcher freed himself, in part, from one of his greatest poetic weaknesses, that of obvious imitation of his predecessor, Spenser. Here in this new world, he would need new imagery. The pipes could stay, but nets would replace staves, overhanging rocks substitute for shaded groves, and boats be gained or lost instead of land. Yet, the piscatory is not without its problems. In fact, the world of the sea seems at first an odd place for the idyllic, even as an artificial construct.

Alexander Pope, as well as others, found the sea an inappropriate setting for pastoral poetry. In the first place, the primary task of the fisherman, unlike that of the shepherd, is the taking of life. With his hooks and nets he

is, in a sense, more akin to the hunter.⁷ In the second place, the sea conjures up some concern for the fisherman's own life. The sea was a virtual consumer of life in these early days of navigation. It was a source of food, but it was also the source of invasion, and thus, a space for battle. In the Theocritan-influenced novel, Daphnis and Chloe, for example, the shore serves, not as a home for simple fishermen, but as a landing place for invading brigands. Longus, the author of this pastoral romance, which in-turn influences Spenser,⁸ depicts the sea as a source of panic and piracy which disrupts the fragile bliss of the two lovers. Add to this danger nature's own storms and violence, which are always more unpredictable and hazardous on the sea than on the land, and the possibility of piscatory bliss, which Theocritus depicts with very little detail, begins to look more and more precarious.

The poet, of course, manages to solve all these

⁷ It is with a falconer and a hunter that the happy angler meets up in the opening to Izaak Walton's Complete Angler. Their respective discourses on the joys of falconry and hunting make the way for the fisherman's lengthy treatise on his chosen occupation.

⁸ Daphnis and Chloe was probably known to Spenser and Fletcher. Angell Daye translated Jacque Amyot's French version of the Greek Romance into English in 1587. When Amyot's translation from the Greek was published nine years earlier, in 1578, "les editions de cet ouvrage se multiplierent" (Cioranescu, 48). If Spenser did not have access to this French version (begun as early as 1542), Daye's translation did surface in England to influence, directly or indirectly, Book VI of The Faerie Queene, and was likely circulating in manuscript well before 1587.

problems merely by virtue of being a poet. His idyllic sea is not a sea, any more than the "pastoral" world is a world of real shepherds. Among his idyllic waves the fisher swain bears little resemblance to the hunter. Hooks and nets are one thing, but we can be sure that there will be no cleaning of fish, no discarded guts or fish heads, any more than we would expect to find a Colin or Hobbinol worming a sheep or slaying an intruding wolf. As for danger, actual shepherds are no more free from the threat of brigands than fishermen, and yet in the poet's world, as we have seen, the more common outside threat to both shepherd and fisher swain is the violence of love.⁹ As to the weather, the storms of piscatory poetry, as we have seen, are not the bearers of death and violence so much as the occasion for setting down the nets and singing songs.

That it is easier to imagine idyllic shepherds' fields than idyllic fishers' shores is due in large part to simple familiarity. The pastoral tradition consists mainly in the vocation of shepherding goats and sheep, and has been made up primarily of green fields, not yellow sands. We recall, however, that what is needed for "pastoral" poetry is not goats or sheep, but songs, or, more importantly yet, the occasion for singing. In the idyllic world of piscatory

⁹ As Daphnis says to his fellow swains in Eclog VII of the Piscatorie Eclogues: "More do you fear your Loves sweet-bitter glances,/Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing" (32, 8-9).

poetry, the storms, the shore and the sheltering rocks provide this. "Pastoral life," Poggioli tells us,

may reserve . . . a small place for the fisherman, if he does not risk his life on the high seas, but throws his net not too far from shore or sinks his line into a nearby pond or brook. Such a fisherman is twin brother to the shepherd (7).

The seas of piracy and panic, then, have no place in the calm of the piscatory world. The fisher swain, like the shepherd, must be safe from the harmful elements of the greater world.

Fletcher chose to use "the small place" reserved for fishermen, and he kept his swains in very close to shore indeed. He kept them, so to speak, on campus, his nearby brook provided by the peaceful, though unfishable, River Chame. This choice of a piscatory, rather than a strictly pastoral, world, served Fletcher well. The fisher swains, like the Cambridge students, labor together at common tasks. The poet can thus use the fishing-trade as a metaphor to represent the strong brotherhood formed from laboring in common at such tasks. Furthermore, he is able to use the natural rivalry of the fishing profession (i.e. competition for boats, waters, and fish), to create several life-at-Cambridge pieces which begin with his own father's ill-fortune and recorded as well his own complaints and subsequent departure from Chamus' shores. Since nymphs inhabit the waves as well as shaded groves, Fletcher is also able to

include the traditional love complaints among his eclogues. situated on the River Cam, Fletcher needed to look no further for the source of his piscatory world, nowhere else in nature, that is. In literature, he looked to Jacopo Sannazaro, where he found more in the way of real fish and real fishermen than he was ever likely to on the academic banks of the Cam.

As Kastor rightly asserts, "Sannazaro's piscatory eclogues, mentioned by E.K. among the tradition's 'worthies,' undoubtedly influenced Phineas more" than Theocritus (83).¹⁰ Phineas lists Sannazaro among the sages, and says of him in The Purple Island:

And now of late th' Italian fisher-swain
Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line;
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By Nesis fair, and fairer Mergiline:
While his thinne net, upon his oars twin'd
With wanton strife catches the Sunne, and winde,
Which still do slip away, and still remain
 behinde. (Canto I, 13, l. 1-7)

Sannazaro taught more than just rocks and seas, and where the piscatory tradition was concerned, Fletcher was his chief English pupil. Yet, Fletcher did not try to catch "the Sunne and winde" in the same way as his Italian predecessor. One of the noticeable differences between Fletcher and his Italian influence, in fact, is that the world which Sannazaro creates is, in comparison with Fletcher's, more

¹⁰ Theocritus, of course, influenced Sannazaro, who looked as well perhaps to Mantuan, Pontano and Petrarch.

piscatory. Fletcher, Simone Dorangeon claims,

russit comme son maître italien "pastoraliser",
c'est-à-dire utiliser les thèmes canevassés et
motifs virgiliens, tout en substituant au système
bucolique traditionnel un système cohérent de
"signes" empruntés au monde de la pêche (63-64).

Fletcher does succeed in pastoralizing the world of fish, but he does so in an Anglican, English fashion. The moralistic tone and clerical viewpoint which characterize Eclog IV, for example, remind us more of Mantuan than Sannazaro. As to his English background, Fletcher was a poet whose own literary ancestry was essentially vacant of any piscatory world. Thus, while he learns from Sannazaro's piscatory world, the Virgilian themes, motifs, and images which he uses come to him more through Spenser than Sannazaro. The result is that Fletcher's river bank world is more "pastoralized," more deliberately artificial than the sea-side world of Sannazaro's world, which is, for all its Virgilian conventions, very much a world of fish. The Neapolitan poet apparently spent more time by the sea than his English imitator whose waterfront experience was presumably confined almost entirely to strolling the unfishable banks of London's Thames and the River Cam. In some of the more graphic lines of Sannazaro one is likely to see (and even smell) fish, as a sample passage demonstrates:

And while with their fires nearby the others are
lighting the familiar bays and fishy flats, or far

away are drawing the captive fishes and the linen nets to shore, he [Lycon] is meditating his songs through the dark of night.¹¹

Sannazaro's swains, while infused with a poetic dimension, are clearly fishermen, and the elements of their vocation, the fires, the flats and the nets, are real. Even the storms, for example, while they are an occasion for song and fellowship, threaten in a way which Fletcher's do not:

CELADON

Tell me (for the storms at Basuli, if Aegon told me true, held you prisoner, Mopus, for twelve days) what you, what Chromis the while, what your Iolas did, while the South Wind lords it over the sea, while the wave murmurs . . .

MOPSUS

What should our Muses do in the unwelcome leisure, O Celadon? For it was impossible then with safety to try for mussels among the rocks, or for the eight-footed crab. Now the stones were guarding the fragile fishing skiff on dry ground and the thin nets were hanging over the long oars. At our feet our hooks and delicate baskets were lying, and fishing rods and wheels and labyrinth made of wicker work.¹²

¹¹ Dumque alii notosque sinus piscosaque circum
Aequora collustrant flammis aut linea longe
Retia captivosque trahunt ad litora pisces,
Ipse per obscuram meditatur carmina noctem.
(Ecloga 2, 4-7)

¹²

CELADON

Dic mihi (nam Baulis, verum si rettulit Aegon,
Bis senos vos, Mopse, dies tenere procellae)
Quid tu, quid Chromis interea, quid vester Iolas,
Dum Notus insultat pelago, dum murmurat unda . . .

MOPSUS

The attention given here to thin nets, delicate baskets and fragile labyrinth is not simply a matter of iconographic detail. All the items described are, like the fisher swains themselves, fragile and entirely vulnerable to the lording-over of the South Wind. The fishers are not pausing here for an afternoon rain shower. They are held prisoner for twelve days, and Mopsus initiates their conversation by describing a fleet of young men who sailed forth with their king after the wars. Entrusting their lives "to the unknown waves of Ocean," the fleet apparently met with an ill-fate, and the Blue-eyed Britons, he tells us, "whenever the ocean tide recedes . . . capture the fish [ie. sailors' bodies] left stranded on the shore."

Such morbid detail has no place in Fletcher's Eclogues. Consider, for example, his Eclog II in which he shows us Myrtilus and Dorus sitting "idle on the shore" while "stormy windes, and waves intestine spite/ Impatient rage of sail, or bending oare." The two are unable to fish, in other words, and have taken pause on the shore. To put an end to idleness, they decide to sing, not of love, as Dorus' first suggests, but of Thirsil's departure from Chame. The only

Quid nostrae facerent ingrata per otia Musae,
 O Celadon? Neque tum conchas impune licebat
 Per scopulos, non octipedes tentare paguros;
 Jam fragilem in sicco munibant saxa phaselum
 Raraque per longos pendebant retia remos;
 Ante pedes cistaeque leves hamique jacebant
 Et calami nassaeque et viminei labyrinthi.
 (Ecloga 3, 1-4; 6-12)

talk of death is the natural passing and redemption of Thelgon. In Sannazaro's eclogue, on the other hand, the death of the young fleet which Mopsus narrates stems naturally from the threat of death brought to him and Celadon by the ceaseless storm which has imprisoned them. Myrtilus and Dorus, in contrast, face no threat from the stylized storm which interrupts their fishing.

I dwell upon these two contrasting storms here in order to make clear the point that Fletcher, while borrowing his idea of a piscatory world from Sannazaro, has kept his eyes set upon Spenser, his English master. The storm which gives Myrtilus and Dorus pause bears little resemblance to the threatening twelve-day rage depicted by Sannazaro. Instead it recalls the "Westerne Wind [which] bloweth sore" in the September Eclogue of The Shepheardes Calender, causing Hobbinol and Diggon to sit "vnder the hill" that they may talk and tell their fill.

Phineas looked to Sannazaro in order to create his piscatory world, but he looked with a sensibility already shaped largely by Spenser, and with an imagination already determined to depict his personal experiences in the academic and the ecclesiastical worlds which he inhabited. This determination explains, in part, the paucity of material detail in the eclogues of Fletcher. Using Spenser's Calender as an example, "il resolut d'investir ses pecheurs d'une dimension spirituelle laquelle n'avaient

jamais pr tendu les habitants de Naples" (64). While Sannazaro depicts the material details of the fisherman's world, Fletcher infuses his fisher swains with a spiritual and academic dimension at the expense of material detail. Just as the shepherds in the May eclogue of Spenser's Calender are the keepers of a spiritual flock, just so Fletcher's fishers become fishers of men, rather than of fish. His fishermen, besides representing Cambridge students, represent as well Christian clergymen. This dual allegory, begun in Spenser, is carried out here in Fletcher's Eclogues, which prepares us for the world of Milton's "Lycidas," where, of a sudden, amidst a pastoral lament, The Pilot of The Gallilean Lake arrives in order to deliver a reproof against the current conditions of the clergy.

We recall from the previous chapters that the pastoral world is a world seen by the backwards glance. Nowhere is this more true than in Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues. Three of the eclogues consist in the complaints of a lover who recalls a former beloved. Each of the other eclogues depicts a joyful world once had and now lost. Thelgon recalls his former youthful bliss on Chamus' shores. Thirsil then recalls the parted Thelgon, and before parting himself, describes the world which he himself must leave behind. By Eclog IV the longing is not only for the "private losse" of a beloved or of the River Cam, but for

the former days in which the "fishers trade" (ie. Christianity) was not "made the common badge of scorn and shame" (IV: 8, 5-6). The final eclogue presents an unusual celebration of an epicurean present which draws to a speedy end, and, in ending, makes a suitable end to the seven eclogues which are constructed largely out of joy recollected.

Like the eclogues of The Shepheardes Calender, each of Fletcher's seven eclogues has a particular problem which propels it forward. Gone by now, I hope, is the misconception that the pastoral world subsists upon absence of conflict. Fletcher's idyllic world exists under less than ideal conditions, and the resulting academic and ecclesiastic conflicts which he portrays serve as the source for pastoral rivalry. Just as Colin's rejection by Rosalinde and his consequent rejecting of the pastoral delights link the Calender, so too Thirsil's complaints against, and consequent departure from, Chamus' shores connect the Piscatorie Eclogues. Just as Colin, hurt by Rosalind, directs his complaints at his shepherd's world, so too the complaints of Thirsil, rather than being directed towards a love from outside of the world, are aimed instead precisely at the supposedly blissful world of which he is a part.

We recall that in June of the Calender, Colin is urged by Hobbinol to forget his desire for Rosalinde and rest in the otium of the locus amoenus. In the Eclogues, Thirsil is

urged in a similar fashion by his closest companion, Thomalin, to linger on the blissful banks of the River Cam. Unlike Colin, Thirsil would gladly remain; that is, he has nothing calling him away, but finds that "me proud Chame refuses" (II, 6, 3). If, in his attempt to record his own and his father's ill-fortune with the powers of Cambridge University, Fletcher has created a discourteous and hostile world, then we can rightfully say that he has betrayed the pastoral tradition in which he was purportedly following.

We find, upon a closer look, that this is not the case. We will see in Eclog II that a distinction can be drawn between the authoratative "Chame" and the "Chamus" world which Thirsil is sad to leave. This distinction can be traced back to Virgil, where, in the first eclogue, we see Tityrus enjoying an idyllic life, turning "woodland musings on a delicate reed" and "lazing in the shade" (l. 2,4), while his friend, Meliboeus, is forced to "flee" his "sweet fields, Abandon home" (l. 3,4). While Tityrus' world is clearly idyllic, the power who grants it to him, whom he calls "A God forever," is at best arbitrary, and at worst, unjust. For it is presumably this same power, the very "god," who exiles Meliboeus from his land. The sweetness of Tityrus' fields apparently does not extend beyond the boundaries of his coveted pastoral property. The owner of the land lives beyond the boundary of Tityrus' world, and is appeased by the sacrifice of "A young lamb."

Just as the land itself contains Tityrus' idyllic world, so too with Thirsil and the other swains in Fletcher's Eclogues. The chamus shores, and the fellowship enjoyed there make up the idyllic world, quite apart from the authority who governs those shores, giving or taking away boats in the same fashion as Virgil's remote land owner gives and takes away land. Thus, like the sweet fields of Virgil's first Eclogue, the world of Fletcher's Eclogues is a world at once governed by, and at the same time, independent of the administrative authority, in this case, the unjust Chame. This Chame does not belong to the world of Chamus any more than the authoritative elders of Cambridge University comprised the 17th century world of Cambridge. They set the rules and determined the distribution of fellowships. However, the world of youthful rivalry and fellowship which we saw in chapter three is a world which thrives apart from, and often to spite, such powers.

This is the piscatory world of Fletcher's Eclogues, which he describes in the opening stanza of "An Hymen at the Marriage of my most deare Cousins Mr. W and M.R.":

Chamus, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
 Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,
 Gracing their bowers, but thou more grac'd by
 them;
 Heark Chamus, from thy low-built greeny cell;
 Heark, how Kentish woods with Hymen ring,
 While all the Nymphs, and all the shepherds
 sing,

Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy saffron garment bring.
 Though these lines do not come from the Eclogues, they do,

as Kastor points out, "mirror the main features of [Fletcher's] poetic, pastoral world during these years" (82). Those features include the blending of the yellow and green worlds into a locus amoenus, the presence of muses and nymphs, and the resulting songs. Such features are quite independent of any land or sea-owning authority. They come rather from the very life which Fletcher enjoyed at Cambridge:

His [Fletcher's] own life, his friends and his own sense of being a poet comprised the subjects of his pastoral verses. Cambridge "our Chame and Cambridge Muses," clearly dominated both his life and his poetry from about 1600-1615. The Cam River symbolizes the place and the life, the "oaten reed" symbolizes the pastoral poet, just as had the river Mincius and the "reed" for Virgil. (Kastor, 79).

In exploration of "the place and the life" that are the River Cam, I will be concentrating on Eclogs II, IV and VII, while recalling as well Eclog VI to which I gave considerable attention in chapter three.¹³

It is partly true that Fletcher "served his apprenticeship in that green-sickness of love which distressed Colin Clout" (Cory, "The School," 315), Yet, the life lived in the world of the university is born out in the poetry, and that cloistered life involved far more fellowship with one another, than searching after love attachments. Conse-

¹³ Eclogs I, III and V are each love complaints, which, while they have their own merits, are not my particular concern here.

quently, just as The Shepheardes Calender consists entirely of shepherds together in conversation, with love serving as the background, so in the Piscatorie Eclogues it is Thirsil's complaint against and consequent departure from Chame, rather than any particular love story, which holds the eclogues together. In both poems fellowship plays a far more important role than love in sustaining and comprising the poetic narrative. The objects of love in the Eclogues, like Rosalind in the Calender, belong to the greater world. As I argued earlier, the joy of true love is a joy which comes from outside the pastoral world, from "the neighbour towne." These love objects are for the most part like Fletcher's beloved Fusca who "was from the other world that plays such a large part in Phineas' poetry and life: the world of Kent, of Cranbrook, of Benchly's Hill, the Medway River, Ide Hill, and Hollingbourn" (Kastor, 80). Such "other worlds" can only take us away from the Cam and its joys.

The tone of the Eclogues is set at the start of Eclog I "When haplesse Thelgon (a poore fisher-swain)/ Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining" (2, 1-2). The rocks, of course, are unmoved. In these lines we have the characteristic declaration of poverty, and an indication of the ill-fortune which will follow Thelgon. The eclogue is, in

part, a narrative allegory of Fletcher's father¹⁴ beginning with his leaving London for Cambridge. We find in this narration a depiction of the youthful rivalry and song which make up the Chamus world:

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
 I chang'd large Thames for Chamus narrower seas:
 There as my yeares, so skill with yeares did grow;
 And now my pipe the better sort did please;
 So that with Limnus, and with Belgio
 I durst challenge all my fisher-peers,
 That by learn'd Chamus banks did spend their
 youthfull yeares. (I: 7, 1-7)

In Eclog II the attention switches from Thelgon to Thirsil in whom (though he provides a narration of how Thelgon was misused by Chame after his prentice years), we begin to follow Phineas' own misfortune at Cambridge. As we saw earlier in this chapter, the eclogue opens with a stylized storm which gives the occasion for Dorus and Myrtilus to pause for song. The fellowship between Dorus and Myrtilus provides a frame which prepares us for the even stronger intimacy exhibited between Thirsil and Thomalin. Myrtilus narrates the story of Thirsil's departure and Thomalin's futile attempt to persuade him "with Chamus boyes to stay."

Thomalin's appeal to Thirsil, which echoes the appeal

¹⁴ "The Piscatorie Eclogues of Phineas Fletcher provide the only account of the father's university career, the whole concealed under a pastoral disguise which is both the despair and the justification of the Fletcherian student (Langdale, 29).

made by Hobbinol to Colin in the June Eclogue of the Calender, makes it clear that the Chamus world, like Hobbinol's locus amoenus, has its "pierlesse pleasures":

More sweet, or fruitfull streams where canst thou
finde?
Where fisher-lads, or Nymphs more fair, or kinde?
The Muses' selves sit with the sliding Chame:
(II: 5, 4-6)

Thirsil does not deny the pleasures of this world, but rather makes it clear that they are pleasures undone by ill deed, and no longer available to him:

Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses:
His froward spites my strong affections sever;
Else, from his banks could I have parted never.
(II: 6, 3-5)

His extended complaint against Chame is spurred by rivalry, the rivalry of the young swain against the authoritative Chame, as well as the rivalry between himself and his fellow swains. Fletcher's loss of his academic position at the university finds expression in Thirsil who complains of losing his net, his fish and his boat:

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He causelesse seiz'd, and with ungrateful spite
Bestow'd upon a lesse deserving swain:
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.
My boat lies broke; my oares crackt, and gone:
(II: 7, 1-6)

His vocation having been robbed from him, the mistreated Thirsil must leave behind the joy of fellowship. He is

poor, but cannot experience the joy of poverty (ie. commun-
 ality), by himself. His only remaining joy is the con-
 solation of song: "Nought h[as] he left me, but my pipe
 alone,/ Which with his sadder notes may help his master
 moan" (II: 7, 7-8).

The rivalry in Thirsil's song turns even more bitter
 and takes on a Theocritan flavor as he describes the
 treatment of Thelgon who went before him, for here Fletcher
 is recounting the injustice dealt to his father by Cambridge
 University. Chame had yielded Thelgon a costly boat and
 then "bequeath'd it to a wandring guest" (II: 12, 3). Then,
 after further arduous toils through winter time

. . . Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
 Gripus the basest and most dung-hill swain,
 That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitfull main,
 (II: 14, 6-8)

Thomalin's responses, "Ah Foolish Chame!" and "Un-
 grateful Chame!" are like Hobbinol's "Ah faithlesse
 Rosalind." Colin's beloved does not diminish in beauty for
 being unfaithful; in fact, she is only desired the more by
 Colin for being less attainable. So too with Thirsil and
 the River Cam. His leaving Chamus' shores only makes him
 long for them the more. Despite the injustice dealt him by
 the Chame, he knows the potential otium to be had in the
 fellowship which he must leave behind:

Thomalin, me thinks I heare thy speaking eye
 Woo me my posting journey to delay:

But let thy love yeeld to necessitie:
 With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,
 And live, and die . . .

(II: 20, 1-5)

Thomalin, remaining behind, is even more mindful of the loss, and he resolves instead to go with Thirsil. His resolution contains, by way of loss, a small catalogue of the pastoral joys, the loss of fellowship, of frolic, of common song and of healing conversation:

Who now with Thomalin shall sit, and sing?
 Who left to play in lovely Myrtils shade
 Or tune sweet ditties to as sweet a string?
 Who now those wounds shall 'swage in covert glade,
 Sweet-bitter wounds, which cruel love hath made?

(II: 21, 1-5)

Thirsil manages to persuade Thomalin to stay behind--
 ". . . forsake not thou the fisher-swains,/Which hold thy
 stay and love at dearest rate" (22, 1-2)--and then departs
 from Chamus' shores. His parting speech, which strongly
 echoes Colin's parting lines in the Calender, offers a
 catalogue which is nearly identical to Colin's:

Farewell ye streams, which once I loved deare;
 Farewell ye boyes, which on your Chame do float;
 Muses farewell, if there be Muses here;
 Farewell my nets, farewell my little boat:
 Come sadder pipe, farewell my merry note:
 My Thomalin, with thee all sweetnesse dwell;
 Think of thy Thirsil, Thirsil loves thee well.
 Thomalin, my dearest deare, my Thomalin, farewell.

Here he takes leave of the pleasant place, the accompanying fellowship, and the instruments of his vocation. The final

lines of this farewell indicate that, as with Colin, his deepest sorrow is the loss of the greatest pastoral joy, the intimacy of his fellow swain.

The hope in the eclogue, if hope there is, lies in the return to the frame where Dorus and Myrtilus condemn Gripus and praise Thirsil. With the final conversing between Dorus and Myrtilus, the eclogue ends, not with the parting of two swains in Thomalin and Thirsil, but rather in the sitting of two swains together. Thirsil is gone, but the potential otium of Chamus remains in the fellowship of the swains who remain behind.

In Eclog IV, Fletcher's river world, which in the first three eclogues has served as a parallel of the academic world, begins to serve as a parallel of the ecclesiastical world as well. This additional meaning evolves rather naturally given Fletcher's waterfront setting and the familiar biblical piscatory linkage between fishermen and the disciples of Jesus. As Simone Dorangeon explains:

De m me que, depuis le moine Radbert au Moyen Age, depuis P trarque et depuis Spenser, les auteurs de pastorales all goriques justifiaient l' quation berger = homme d' glise, chef spirituel et religieux pr occup du bien- tre de ceux qui l'entourent en invoquant l'autorit de la Bible et en citant le Chapitre X de l'Evangile selon St Jean et la parabole du Bon Pasteur, telle que St Luc nous la rapporte, de m me Phineas Fletcher pr ta le travesti de p cheur aux hommes charg s d'une mission salvatrice en remontant l' pisode du Christ qui choisit quatre di she ap tres parmi les p cheurs, prit leurs ames son divin

"hamecon" et leur demanda de poursuivre travers
 l'humanit une p che g n ratrice d'esp rance.
 (64-65)

In depicting his fishermen as fishers of men, Fletcher does not abandon his academic allegory, but instead accomplishes what he does through a synthesis of meanings. Kastor asserts that "the social rather than religious aspects of pastoralism occupied the young Phineas Fletcher at Cambridge" (79), but in Eclog IV it is not apparent that Fletcher ever made any clear distinction between the two. For here, "the particular lesson that he chooses to teach is determined by . . . [a] set of convictions and ideas" other than those of a purely academic world, "the role proper to a Christian minister" (Baldwin, 470). In fact, for Phinias Fletcher there was no such thing as a purely academic world. Cambridge University was in part a seminary for Anglican ministers, and, as such, the study of pagan classics occurred alongside theological and biblical study. One perhaps memorized as much poetry from classical myths, as from the Bible. Just so, in Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues, two worthy fishermen can debate about Christian discipleship in a world governed by the movements of Neptune, Flora, Phoebus and Zephyr. Such a pagan and Christian synthesis, as I noted earlier, was characteristic of Renaissance art, and necessary to Renaissance pastoral art. Fletcher's innovation was to include in that synthesis, detailed descriptions of the academic world. Thus, in the Eclogues, the

Arcadian pastoral world, the world of the academic poet, and the world of Christian discipleship all converge together in the same poetry, something often credited to Milton in "Lycidas" which was written four years after Fletcher's Eclogues were printed at Cambridge.

Eclog IV, as much as any of Fletcher's eclogues, echoes The Shepherdes Calender while foreshadowing "Lycidas." It consists in a dialogue between Chromis, whom we recall from Chapter Two is burdened by Time, and Thelgon (an indication that the Eclogues are not to be taken as a consecutive narrative since Thelgon's death was lamented in Eclog II). The eclogue opens with Thelgon's call to Chromis which contains the familiar pastoral inquiry into a fellow swain's sadness: "Chromis my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?" (1,1). Thelgon's first assumption regarding Chromis' sorrow demonstrates the ordering of pastoral priorities: "Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;/ Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough" (1, 3-4). Chromis' sadness is caused, he presumes, by some harm to his vocation as poet which has resulted in a lack of song.

When Chromis assures him that his "pipe is whole, and nets are new," (2,1) Thelgon makes the next most logical assumption, that his friend is lost to "loves new-kindled fire." In such a case, the sorrow results from a love which is unrequited. In Chromis' reply, a new twist is put upon this conventional state which moves this eclogue in an

entirely different direction from the standard love complaint. Chromis' problem is not being loved too little, but just the opposite:

But one I love, and he loves me again;
 In love this onely is my greatest sore,
 He loves so much, and I can love no more.
 (4, 4-6)

At this point, the eclogue might still be a song in praise of a lover's devotion, but the next stanza makes it clear that romantic love is not the matter here:

But when the fishers trade, once highly priz'd,
 And justly honour'd in those better times,
 By every lozel-groom I see despis'd;
 No marvel if I hate my jocond rimes,
 And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
 Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.
 (5, 1-6)

Conditioned by the previous eclogues, the reader here assumes that the eclogue has turned into yet another complaint against Chame, and that "the fishers trade" represents the scholar's profession and poet's prominence from which, first Thelgon, and then Thirsil have been banished. This assumption is, in part, true; for Chromis does hang up his pipe. We see in Thelgon's response to Chromis, however, that Chromis' real concern is not with the declining reputation of students and poets, but of Christian ministers. Theirs is "the fishers trade" which he sees "despis'd." Thelgon's reply thus clarifies as well the object of Chromis inadequate love:

Ah foolish boy! why should'st thou so lament
 To be like him, whom thou dost like so well?
 The Prince of fishers thousand tortures rent.
 To heav'n, lad, thou art bound: the way by hell.
 (6, 1-4)

Chromis' love is a Christian love, but his human love is returned too-abundantly by the divine Christ. In this inadequacy he resembles "The Prince of Fishers," the apostle Peter,¹⁵ who, after being denied by him, Christ embarrassed by asking three times "Peter, do you love me?" Thus, not only in the suffering of which he complains, but in his failure to return to Christ's love, Chromis is "like him whom [he] dost like so well."

Thelgon's dismal assurance to Chromis (bound to heaven by way of hell), sets the tone for elaborate criticisms of "the fishers trade" which Thelgon then goes on to make. There have been in the past, he says, good fishers who "rule[d] their own boats, and use[d] their nets aright," (12, 2), but "few were such, and now those few are gone" (12, 6). He himself is among those departed, which is part of Chromis' lament: "no more our seas shall heare your melodie;/ Your songs and shrilling pipes shall sound no more" (13, 3-4). Thelgon's own description of those who have taken his place is filled with the familiar rivalry we have seen throughout: "Their floating boats with waves have

¹⁵ That "The Prince of Fishers represents Peter, not Christ, is made clear later when Christ is referred to as "the King of Seas."

leave to play, / Their rusty hooks all yeare keep holy-day"
14, 5-6).

As Thelgon continues to criticize these fishers, the humor of his descriptions increases, but so too might the reader's confusion as the synthesis between the academic and the ecclesiastic takes place within those descriptions. For with the introduction of "the Prince of fishers" we began to read the "fishers trade" as an allegory for discipleship. In Thelgon's further descriptions, however, the depiction of university rivalry seems clearer than anywhere else in the eclogues. Since, as we have noted, Cambridge was in part a seminary, we can resolve that university and ecclesiastical rivalry are here mixed together:

Some stretching in their boats supinely sleep,
Seasons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:
Other their hooks and baits in poison steep,
Neptune himself with deathfull drugges infecting:
(17, 1-4)

. . .

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues will
be: (18, 1-4)

As the world of the student and the world of the minister converge, the "boats," which in Eclog II were fellowships or academic positions, might here to be regarded as parishes occupied by deficient ministers, unable to instruct or guide, for lack of inspired vision or informed hearing.

In the following stanza, in particular, we can vis-

ualize the material comfort and clerical arrogance of a stately bishop or university rector:

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,
 In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do dwell;
 Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;
 Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell;
 Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and
 wide,
 And make full room for luxurie and pride.
(19, 1-6)

The world which these failed fishers inhabit clearly takes us far beyond Chamus' shores. Thelgon tells us that "Where Tybers swelling waves his banks o'reflow,/ There princely fishers dwell in courtly halls" (22, 1-2). These "princely fishers" have forsaken the simplicity of the River Cam for a life replete with the riches and political trappings of the court. To establish himself at court was the goal of many a Cambridge student, a goal which meant leaving behind the pastoral joys of the university. Whether or not these fishers whom Thelgon condemns have made it to the court, they have, at least, given up their meager "boats" for something more lavish than an academic fellowship, namely, "hulks and ships (like courts)." Gone is the River Cam, and gone are the pastoral joys, the surest evidence of which is the lust for worldly wealth which has replaced the pastoral poverty of the simple fisher swain. These fishers, Thelgon says, "fish for steeples high with golden hooks" (22, 6). With this loss of communality, goes the joy of fellowship as well. The loss of these joys is the source of

tempests may be turn'd to peace" (30, 5-6). In this, and in his parting prayer, with which the eclogue ends, Argon is holding up the possibility of otium. As Christ calmed the waters for the frantic apostles, so Argon prays: "Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay" (31, 4). The relief from such a storm would be a calm which would then be celebrated in the fellowship of song, songs in praise of the king of Christian otium: "So on thy shore the fisher-boys shall sing./ Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peaces King" (31, 6-7).

In chapter three we examined the platonic love debate between Thirsil and Thomalin. Thomalin, unable to enjoy the otium of fellowship because of a captured heart is instructed by Thirsil of a higher love: "I love with sweeter love, and more delight:/ But most I love that love, which to my love h[as] right" (25, 8-9). The sweeter love is of a divine nature, and is reserved, not for lovers, but for pastoral companions. This is exemplified again in Eclog VII ("The Prize), the last of the Piscatorie Eclogues. Though most of the eclogue is taken up with two swains' praise for their respective beloveds, the eclogue is more aptly read as a celebration of the pastoral fellowship which brings together rival shepherds and fisher-boys in mutual day-long frolic. More than any of the other eclogues in this collection or in Spenser's Calender, this eclogue illustrates the joys of youthful rivalry and fellowship upon

which the pastoral world is built.

Unlike the other six eclogues which are narrated in the third person, Eclog VII opens in the first person, with a narrator who is clearly a part of the action:

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
 And to the green I poste; for on this day
 Shepherd and fisher-boyes had set a prize,
 Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
 (2, 1-4).

The "gentle fray" consists primarily in an singing contest between Thomalin, representing the best of the fisher-boyes and his rival Daphnis, the sweetest singer among the shepherds. The contest begins with the spirited arrival of these two singers in company with their fellow swains.

As our narrator arrives at "the green" we are first witness to the procession of the shepherds to the appointed spot. Here Fletcher provides a memorable pastoral scene of frolic, youth and song in which even the animals are enraptured to the point of forgetfulness:

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
 March three by three, clad all in youthful green:
 And while the sad recorder sweetly plains,
 Three lovely Nymphs (each several now between,
 More lovely Nymphs could no where els be seen,
 Whose faces snow their snowy garments stains)
 With sweeter voices sit their pleasing strains.
 Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes,
 And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambes
 Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.
 (3, 1-11)

Such a scene is a familiar one to any reader of

pastoral literature. We can envision the nymphs, and understand the meaning implied by the shepherds "clad in youthful green." Far less familiar is the piscatorial parade which follows:

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in sight
 The fisher-boyes came driving up the stream;
 Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright
 n curious robes, that well the waves might seem:
 All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
 Their boats and masts with flowres, and garlands dight;
 And round the swannes guard them with armies white:
 Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
 Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
 That strikes the rivers face, and thence more sweet
 rebounds. (4, 1-11)

The blue dress of the Chamus' fisher-boyes and the "curious robes" of their surrounding nymphs come wrought with some mystery, mystery bred by, if nothing else, simple unfamiliarity. The shepherds are quite literally down to earth. That which comes from the water is never quite so simple. Fletcher, nevertheless, brings the two rival groups together in one common setting for a day of friendly rivalry.

This festival of rival swains bears unmistakable resemblance to the collegiate rivalries, both within and outside of the university, which we read about in the Annals of Cambridge. One specific parallel clearly connects this eclogue with the historical context from which it arises. Thirsil, the bearer of Fletcher's piscatory pseudonym, is qualified to judge the contest between Thomalin and Daphnis

because of his close connection with both groups. Phineas Fletcher, we know, after leaving Cambridge went to Derbyshire and became a country pastor, or as it is described here in this eclogue:

Thirsil their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
 But late a fisher-swain, till envious Chame
 Had rent his nets, and sunk his boats with
 shame;
 So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his
 game.

(5, 9-11)

These lines bring us back to Eclog II, and remind us again that the historical world in which Fletcher lived and the piscatory world which he created, while not one in the same, are often close enough so as to be distinguished from one another only by such details as names and nets.

In keeping with Thirsil's earlier declaration of the highest love in Eclog VI, the love objects of whom Daphnis and Thomalin sing are both from outside of this present pastoral world of fellowship. Neither Daphnis' Phoebus or Thomalin's Stella were discovered during these swains' common observance of their respective vocations of shepherding and fishing. Daphnis tells us of his immediate love for Phoebus whom he found, not while pastoring sheep, but (we should not be surprised to learn), while hunting.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toyl
 In shady grove spent with the weary chace,
 Her naked breast lay open to the spoil

(10, 1-3).

Daphnis' hunting yields him a catch to appease a different appetite than hunger. Thomalin finds love's joy and sorrow in a similar paradoxical encounter--while feasting:

At Proteus feast, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely lass did lately meet;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy
(15, 1-3).

Phoebus and Stella are but the objects of song; it is the singing itself which is the concern of this eclogue, a fact which becomes clear as the amoebian nears its finish. We discover that the contest was no contest at all, but an occasion for exchanging songs. Rather than concluding in a battle over "the Prize" which the eclogue's title would lead us to expect, the two swains share an exchange of gifts and compliments, each lavishing upon the other a special treasure which he has been given for his own singing. Thus it is that pastoral rivalry turns naturally to fellowship.

Before leaving off their singing, the singers engage in a final boasting match in which they call attention to the dangers of one another's vocation and praise the pleasures of their own:

D. Thrice happy swains! thrice happy shepherds fate!
Th. Ah blessed life! ah blessed fishers state!
Your pipes assuage your love; your nets maintain
you.
D. Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks
sustain you.
You fear no stormie seas, nor tempests roaring.
Th. You sit not rots or burning starres deploring:
In calms you fish; in rougs use songs and dances.
D. More do you fear your Loves sweet-bitter glances,

Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing.
 Th. Ah that the life in seas so safely ranging,
 Should with loves weeping eye be sunk, and drowned!
 (32, 1-11)

This exchange, which serves to catalogue briefly the common joys of pastoral poverty and simplicity, subsides, like the praises of Phoebus and Stella, into an exchange of complimentary gifts: "Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?" Daphnis asks his rival. Thomalin's reply is just as gracious: "Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phoebus grace thee." The "prize" or praise is given and declined by each of them "Since" as Thirsil puts it "none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it" (35, 11). Such humility characterizes the joy of "poverty" to which these swains are accustomed, and which, by their humble spirit, they represent. They stand in contrast to the proud fishers of Eclog IV, and the dung-hill Gipus and disdainful Chame of Eclog II.

It is as though Fletcher goes out of his way to bring his Eclogues to a close, not with the bitterness which fills so many of his other complaints, but with the spirit of pastoral joy which makes Chamus' shores so difficult to leave. He had to depart those shores, nevertheless, and, as Thirsil, the fisher turned pastor of a flock, he brings that former world to himself by inviting the rival fisher and shepherd swains to a feast which is in keeping with his station, and suitable to their simplicity:

Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection:
 Excesse, or daint my lowly roofs maintain not;
 Pears, apples, plummes, no sugred made confection.
 (37, 2-4)

Fletcher goes to extremes in this final eclogue to exhibit the power of the divine Love which Thirsil has earlier described to Thomalin. Rivalry is so supplanted by fellowship at this gathering that quarreling over nymphs is even set aside:

So up they rose, and by Love's sweet direction
 Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort: sea-boyes complain
 not
 That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain
 not.

(37, 5-7).

Whether by neglect or intention, the narrator, our guide into this locus amoenus, vanishes. The final lines of the eclogue are delivered in the third person, rather than in the more intimate first person with which the eclogue began. Our last look at Fletcher's world of Chamus' shores is a sad but serene one. We leave shepherds and fisher-boys enjoying a harmony, characterized naturally enough by songs which propell the day forward: "And all the day to songs and dances lending,/ Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending" (37, 8-9). The eclogue concludes, quite appropriately, with a sense of joy, had and then lost. Such was Fletcher's experiences at Cambridge University. He was a poet who knew all about endings, and could surmise, even if his readers could not, the full significance of the

final line to his Ecloques: "With day their sports began,
with day they take their ending."

Fletcher's closing eclogue would not be the last poem in which a familiar swain would surrender his speaking role to the impersonal voice of an anonymous narrator. In fact, another loss-inspired, Cambridge pastoral would appear in print four years after the publication of Fletcher's Piscatorie Ecloques. John Milton's "Lycidas," the concluding poem in Justa Edovardo King, a volume of Cambridge verse memorializing the death of Edward King, records the lament of "an uncouth swain." The swain laments his friend's death. In the course of that lament, he also recalls his academic days--not on the banks of the Cam, but in its fields--and listens to a grave reproof of Christian pastors. This uncouth swain is, by now, familiar to the reader of Piscatorie Ecloques and The Shepheardes Calender, who recognizes in his song, a nostalgic sense of loss, not just for a deceased friend, but for "the delights of youth generally," that is, the joys of the pastoral world.

Chapter VI

The Uncouth Swain

Of the works which I am treating, none has received as much critical attention as Milton's "Lycidas," the subject of this final chapter. There are many reasons for this, the main one is that it is a very good poem which was despised by a very good critic. It is one of the great lessons in critical irony that Samuel Johnson's attacks on the poem did more to further the poem's reputation among modern critics than any amount of praising might have done. The poem is often regarded as rather revolutionary, as a poem which exploded the boundaries of the pastoral genre. However, those boundaries, if they ever strictly existed, had long before given way to things far more radical than this nostalgic, elegiac monody of Milton's, which falls quite in line with Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar and Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues.

My purpose in this chapter is first to look briefly at the place of "Lycidas" within the boundaries of pastoral which it expands without explosion. Next I will examine

some specific influences of The Shepheardes Calender, and, more notably, the Piscatorie Eclogues upon "Lycidas." Finally, I will defend the poem from the Johnsonian complaint of "conventional" emotion by considering the real emotion contained within the poem, an emotion stemming from a circumstance by now quite familiar to us from both the world of the Calender, and the banks of The River Cam. The uncouth swain of "Lycidas" experiences a nostalgic sense of loss for the joys of the pastoral world, most notably, the joy of youthful companionship directly connected to the university.

Joseph Wittreich calls "Lycidas" "a triumph of the imagination" whose "transcendence and transformation of pastoral occurs within the context of tradition" (61). Most critics describe "Lycidas" in a similar fashion, but few note that such transformation is in fact part of (one might even say required of), the tradition of pastoral. Furthermore, while pastoral is certainly transformed in "Lycidas" by an elaborate assimilation of ideas into a pastoral elegy, no one particular element in the poem is especially radical or new. The "transcendence" to which Wittreich refers is the ascension of the poem from pastoral to prophesy,¹ something which occurs at least as early as

¹ "Forms within forms, visions within visions, each meditating the other--orbs within orbs, cycles and epicycles--Lycidas achieves what has recently been credited to Coleridge: the extension of pastoral to its outward bound, which is prophesy . . ." (Wittreich, "From Pastoral

Virgil's Fourth Eclogue. Complaint against church corruption can be traced to The Shepheardes Calender, and found in other sources, including, of course Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues, where the Pilot of the Galilean Lake first appears. Blending of Classical and Christian myth can likewise be found in these same works; the aged Chamus himself playing a large part in Fletcher's Eclogues, where the academic allegory is more extensive and more overt than in "Lycidas."

"Lycidas" does not then, as Wittreich claims, "vault beyond" the limits of its tradition (60). What separates "Lycidas" from other "transformations" of pastoral, such as Fletcher's piscatory world, is not the inclusion of new elements, nor the blending of those elements together into one poem, but rather the fact that Milton accomplishes that blending so successfully. As Anthony Low says:

The poem is an extraordinary reworking of genre which effortlessly balances traditional themes with a personal intensity that anticipates the Romantics, and which blends classical mythology with Christian belief, poetic virtuosity with strong feeling" (86).

These same elements are all found in Spenser and Fletcher, but Milton's balancing and concentration of them into 193 lines make "Lycidas" a suitable representative of the pastoral transformations which had been taking place in

to Prophecy: The Genres of Lycidas," 65).

English pastoral poetry during the Renaissance.

Milton's career at Cambridge, while not as lengthy as Phineas Fletcher's, bears some resemblance to his predecessor's, whose Piscatorie Eclogues recorded the turbulence of academic politics on the banks of the River Cam. The young John Milton soon became acquainted with that turbulence. His conflict with his tutor, Chappell, and the subsequent intervention of the Cambridge authorities are well known. The cry "Ungrateful Chame" echoes Fletcher's disappointment at the mistreatment of his father and himself. Milton, at least initially, seems not even to have enjoyed at Cambridge the fondness from which such disappointment springs. He writes to Diodati from London in the first of his Latin elegies:

At present I feel no concern about returning to the sedgy Cam and am troubled by no nostalgia for my forbidden quarters there. The bare fields, so niggardly of pleasant shade, have no charm for me. How wretchedly suited that place is to the worshipers of Phoebus! It is disgusting to be constantly subjected to the threats of a rough tutor and to other indignities which my spirit cannot endure (prose translation by Hughes, Complete Poems, 8).

Were they "bare fields" then in which the poet and Lycidas drove their flocks ". . . ere the high Lawns appear'd/ Under the opening eyelids of the morn"? Here in the above passage perhaps are the grumblings found in the epistles of any college freshman, then or now. However, we need to regard more seriously Milton's later feelings towards his univers-

ity, particularly his feelings around the time of his composition of "Lycidas."

If, after leaving Cambridge, he remains unaffected by nostalgia, then we must concede that Dr. Johnson is likely correct in his assessment of the poem, that it is essentially vacant of real feelings. Four years after completing "Lycidas," in 1642, Milton wrote in a pamphlet that he regarded the suburb in London where he then dwelt to be a more honorable place than Cambridge University, "Which, as in the time of her better health and mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired, so now much less" (Apology for Smectymnuus as quoted in Masson, p. 271). What we see here, and elsewhere in Milton is a general dissatisfaction with the university system which would prompt him much later to undertake "a radical reform in the system of the English Universities" (Masson, 272). More immediately, his dissatisfaction would prompt others to rumor that he had departed from his university on bad terms, a claim which Milton refuted.

With all of this conflict and dissatisfaction, then, where do the idyllic fields of "Lycidas" stem from? Are they only the fancy of invention? The answer to this can be found in the previous chapter, for Phineas Fletcher preceded Milton at Cambridge in more than just writing verse. His love-hate relationship with Cambridge, which he chronicles in his Eclogues, provides us the basis for understanding

Milton's similar feelings towards the university. Thelgon and Thirsil, we will recall, while they despised the unjust Chame, loved the River Cam and their companions there. Milton demonstrates just such a reluctant fondness.

Loving the fellows while despising the system which governs them leads rather naturally to disputing with authority. This, as we have seen, is a favorite form of pastoral rivalry. The rivalry of Thenot and Cuddie, the correctness of age against the untamed spirit of youth. Masson imagines Milton to have been perfectly ripe for just such controversy:

Milton, while at Cambridge, was one of those younger spirits,--Ramists, Baconians, Platonists, as they might be called, collectively or distributively,--who were at war with the methods of the place, and did not conceal their hostility" (272).

This war with the governing methods of the place, serves not only to sharpen the rhetoric of the fellow combatants, but to strengthen their bond with one another. In the same pamphlet in which Milton voices his preference for his London suburb, he speaks of his fond respect for the fellows at Cambridge. He uses the occasion of the pamphlet

to acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the Fellows of that College wherein I spent some years; who at my parting . . . signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay (Apology quoted in Masson, p. 269).

His description here is of their regret, and ten years later, in another statement about his departure from Cambridge, it is the loss of the Fellows, not his own loss, which he acknowledges: " I . . . of my own accord went home, leaving even a sense of my loss among most of the Fellows of my College, by whom I had in no ordinary degree been regarded" (Defensio Secunda, in Masson, p. 269).

Of Milton's own loss we hear nothing, except in "Lycidas." Is it insincere artistry or genuine personal grief which prompts him to write: "But O the heavy change, now thou art gone"? Has the death of Edward King stirred in him an idyllic reminiscence of his days at Cambridge as well as prompting him at the same time to mythologize King into a perfect shepherd? Or was Johnson correct in his assessment of the poem? This dispute has remained a favorite one among literary critics, some of whom read the poem as an expression of real grief and others who see it as a skillful catalogue of conventions packaged into the pastoral mode.²

The sides in this dispute are fairly clear, beginning

² In his article "Lycidas and Modern Criticism," Paul Alpers offers a good summation of the difficulties which modern critics have with the poem, difficulties which "were first raised by Samuel Johnson" whom he says "was disturbed by the gap between the machinery of the poem and the feeling it purports to express. Where he demanded sincerity, the modern critic seeks authenticity." Alpers notes that Johnson "may be thought to have established the tradition that excellent critics write weakly or perversely on this poem" (Alpers, 469).

with Johnson's by now famous complaint that "Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction," he resolves, "there is little grief" (The Lives, 163). Such an observation, as many critics have pointed out, quite misses the point. There is a powerful emotional presence in the poem which Johnson's point of view completely ignores, bothered instead by the poet's use of convention. In the words of Barbara Johnson: "these approaches focus exclusively on generic considerations; they do not speak directly to the question of how such a convention-bound poem can speak with such power" (69). Perceiving the pastoral conventions as an indication of the poem's lack of emotion, critics in the line of Johnson ignore the possibility that deep grief might, in fact, prompt fiction.

Louis Kampf goes so far as to call Milton's use of pastoral "a foolish irrelevance" since the pastoral tradition "will hardly lead to reflections on the meaning of death" (as quoted by Wittreich, 59). The foolishness of such an assertion needs scarcely even to be treated. The pastoral tradition begins with a reflection on the meaning of death, when, in the very first idyll of Theocritus, Thyrsis sings The Affliction of Daphnis. The song begins by asking: "Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined?" (I, 2). Such questions and such songs become part of pastoral

convention, and Milton's nearly identical repetition of Theocritus's line in "Lycidas" ("Where were ye Nymphs when the remorselesse deep. . . "), is clearly conventional. In neither instance, however, does the element of convention negate the fact that the poets are treating the meaning of death.

Alpers, better than anyone else, has pointed out that because something is conventional does not mean that it is not real. "Pastoral convention," he notes "is always taken to be the antithesis of the personal and individual" ("Lycidas and Modern Criticism," 469). "Passion" in other words "plucks no berries."³ It is worth quoting here in full Alpers argument; for besides helping to explain the emotional content of "Lycidas," he sheds light upon the previous two chapters by explaining the meaningful use of pastoral which we found in both Spenser and Fletcher.

Virgil's shepherds come together to entertain each other, in friendship and in friendly rivalry. Seen in this light, pastoral conventions are not fixed procedures imposed by impersonal tradition, but are the usages of other poets--a community of past singers, analogous to the community of young Cambridge poets who wrote and collected memorial verses for Edward King. Poetic convention in this sense--the shared practice of those who come together to sing--can enable individual ex-

³ It should be noted that the point of view which Johnson puts forth in this statement can have little to do with religious ritual, which is entirely based upon the premise that the repetition of familiar, conventional words and gestures stems from, and will stir within individuals, the most deeply personal of all feelings, namely the spiritual.

pression, because the poet is seen as responsive to, even when challenging, his predecessors and fellows. It is this process that is constitutive of poet and poem in "Lycidas" (470).

The light of friendship and friendly rivalry is the proper light for illuminating the role of the university in the pastoral poetry of Spenser, Fletcher and Milton. Milton, in his creation of "Lycidas" belongs both to the community of pastoral singers and to the community of young Cambridge poets. In Spenser and Fletcher, Milton's allegiances overlap; in them, Milton has both predecessors and fellows.

Thus, the balancing of "traditional themes with a personal intensity" in "Lycidas," which Low says anticipates the Romantics, did not originate with Milton. What Low describes, in fact, is but the successful merging of the personal with the conventional which is characteristic of pastoral. Milton's achievement in "Lycidas" lies not in his looking ahead, so much as in his looking backwards; in his assimilation of, and response to, his pastoral predecessors, who, in the case of Spenser and Fletcher, were also his Cambridge fellows:

Apart from the Greek and Latin poets and from the great books of philosophy and religion, Milton's literary lineage is to be traced from his master Spenser and from the strange perverted works of a group of poets who had much greater academic vogue than is now generally understood, the School of the Fletchers (Cory, "The School," 344).

By strange and perverted works, Cory is referring, presumably, to the eccentricity of such works as Phineas

Fletcher's Purple Island. We found, in the last chapter, nothing particularly strange or perverse about the Piscatorie Eclogues, the work from the Fletcher school which would have had the most influence on Milton's "Lycidas." By looking at the academic allegory in the two works as well as to some specific passages of poetry, we can begin to see, more than ever, that the appearance of "Lycidas" in 1638, four years after the publication of Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues (1633), was anticipated rather than revolutionary.

"By 1627," Cory tells us, "the names of Giles and Phineas Fletcher must have been prominent at Milton's own university, Cambridge, where he was a novitiate in poetry for seven years" (313). The "School of the Fletchers," in fact, enjoyed a good deal more notoriety at Cambridge than is generally accredited to them. "Founded in accordance with the traditional laws of the pastoral cult," the group had Phineas as its leader and consisted of himself, his brother Giles, John Tompkins (whose verse, I feel, Phineas greatly over-estimated), William Woodford and Edmund Cook (Langdale, 46). This group of professed Spenserians were Milton's most direct link to Spenser, the Cambridge master of English pastoral verse.⁴ Milton, Cory says, was able to find light in the "Babels of poetry" which the Fletchers

⁴ The other group of deliberate "Spenserians," we recall was headed by William Browne, former Oxford Don, well known as early as 1614. The Fletchers obviously were the more immediate influence on Milton, being, like Spenser himself, Cambridge poets.

strove to rear ("The School," 345). Milton did indeed find light in the poetic reaching of the Fletchers, and in his earlier poems followed them rather closely (Cory, 345). Regarded, however, as "babels" the works of the Fletchers have gone mostly unread and un-anthologized. It is no wonder then that most readers come to Milton's "Lycidas" with some surprise. Parts of the poem must appear far more radically original than is actually the case.

Just as Fletcher avoided duplication of Spenser's Calender by creating a piscatory world, Milton's choice of traditional pastoral for "Lycidas" allowed him to describe the drowning of a former classmate, while avoiding any repetition of Fletcher's shore world, his most immediate Cambridge predecessor. Nevertheless, "Lycidas" does contain certain echoes of Fletcher's Piscatorie Eclogues which, filled with water imagery and remembrances of Cambridge, serves as a perfect bridge from Spenser's Calender.

"Lycidas" begins in the manner of a classical elegy with a declaration to sing for the dead poet who must not go unwept. The appeal is made to the Sisters of the sacred well, and the song begins with a nostalgic recollection of the youthful world which the poet shared with Lycidas, a world of delight like "the place" where Hobbino! urges Colin to stay, a world like the happy banks of the River Cam which Thirsil must leave behind:

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd

Under the glimmering eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night,
 Oft till the ev'n-starre bright
 Toward heav'ns descent had slop'd his burnisht
 wheel (25-31).⁵

Here is the world of timeless youth described in chapter one. As ever, the idyllic pastoral world is described through the eyes of loss. And though the poet's loss in this case is elegiac, his complaint is like that of his predecessors. When, in The Shepheardes Calender, Colin recalls the world of youth he has left behind, his words forecast the above reminiscence of the poet in "Lycidas": "And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres/ Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,/ In such delights did joy amongst my peeres" (June, 33-35).

Johnson objected to Milton's nostalgic lament in "Lycidas," partly because of the academic allegory contained therein: "We know that they [Milton and Edward King] never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten" (Johnson's Lives, 164). Why such a fact should trouble Johnson so is not certain. Theocritus himself did little

⁵ In quoting from the poem in this chapter, I use the 1638 edition of "Lycidas" as it appeared in the memorial volume Justa Edovardo King. I do this, not for any textual superiority which this earlier version possesses (the revisions made for the 1645 edition are generally slight but sure), but because it is nearest to the occasion of Milton's nostalgic remembrance of Edward King and Cambridge.

herding or milking. Milton's shepherds are not shepherds, but young scholars and poets, which is certainly nothing new. Such academic allegory, of course, is the basis of Fletcher's piscatory world: "More sweet, or fruitfull streams where canst thou finde?/ Where fisher-lads, or Nymphs more fair, or kinde?/ The Muses selves sit with the sliding Chame" (II, 5: 4-6). Milton, in his more subtle pastoral world of flocks and fields, is about the very same thing as Fletcher, re-creating his Cambridge years in a pastoral remembrance. Masson's interpretation suffices as well as any:

The hill . . . is, of course, Cambridge; the joint feeding of the flocks is companionship in study; the rural ditties on the oaten flute are academic iambics and elegiacs; and old Dametas is either Chappell, who Milton has long forgiven, or some more kindly fellow of Christ's (656).

The poet's cry, "But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,/ Now thou art gone, and never must return," echoes Hobbinol's mood throughout the Calender. As Colin misses the world he has left, Hobbinol misses Colin: "But now from me hys mudding mynde is starte" (April, 25). The complaint of the poet in "Lycidas" echoes even more specifically the cry of Thomalin as Thirsil departs the River Cam: "Who now with Thomalin shall sit and sing?/ Who left to play in lovely myrtills shade?/ or tune sweet ditties to as sweet a string? (II, 21: 1-3).

Another echo of Fletcher in "Lycidas" is heard in the

singer's familiar cry against his "trade" which yields him
no fame:

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thanklesse Muse?
(l. 64-66)

Ever since Rosalind laughed at (ie. "slighted"), the shepherd's delights, causing Colin to break his pipe, such complaining about the shepherd's trade is not only permissible, but conventional. In Fletcher's Fourth Eclogue the "fishers trade," (as much the preacher's as the poet's), "Is made the common badge of scorn and shame." Chromis complains:

Ah wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;
To others good, but to your rape and spoil.
This is the briefest summe of fishers life,
(IV, 10: 1-3)

Milton's singer seeks fame from his labor in poetry, and wonders if it is not better, like others, "To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,/ Or with the tangles of Necra's hair?" (68-69). Chromis desires some honor for his piety, and watches instead "foolish lads, that think with waves to play" (16: 1). Both men, in effect, desire an audience for what they know to be good, and both of them are met with careless indifference. Not surprisingly, they both receive the same reply to their lament.

Milton's singer is interrupted by Phoebus, who tells him:

Fame is no plant that growes on mortall soil,
 Nor in the glistring foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witsnesse of all-judging Jove;
 (1. 78-82)

Fame, as Phoebus explains to the slighted shepherd, is an eternal gift, eternally granted. It is, in other words, a reward like the salvation granted to the scorned fishers.

As Algon tells Chromis:

Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth
 flow,
 That by the King of seas their skill were taught;
 (. . .)
 Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,
 Were scourg'd, were scorn'd, yet was this losse
 their gain:
 (. . .)
 For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,
 Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.
 (28: 1-2; 29: 1-2, 5-6)

This passage not only forecasts Phoebus's reply, but looks as well to the descriptions of Lycidas's resurrection

"Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves . . .
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love" (l. 173, 177).

The waves and nymphs that belong to Fletcher's piscatory world, Milton finds suitable to his poem because Lycidas has been drowned. "Lycidas" is filled with water imagery, and when the forsaken shepherd stands witness to a procession of gods, the last to come is "The Pilot of the Galilean Lake." Fletcher, in his piscatory world, with references to the "fisher-swains . . . who "their boats on

Jordan's wave did row" is in a better position to conjure up the fisherman-saint. Instead, he calls up his memory, and leaves Chromis to deliver the reprimand of the clergy which in "Lycidas" comes from the mouth of Peter.

As Cory suggests, this attack on clergy in "Lycidas" comes from Spenser, partly through Fletcher.⁶ In Eclogue IV, Chromis is urged by Thelgon to imitate Peter:

Ah foolish boy! why should'st thou so lament
To be like him, whom thou dost like so well?
The Prince of fishers thousand tortures rent.⁷
(6: 1-3)

Hence, Thelgon and Chromis together deliver a seventeen-stanza attack on unlearned, wealthy and slothful clergy which goes far beyond the reprimand of Cvddie, or the Pilot of the Galilean Lake. As I stated earlier, the achievement of Milton in "Lycidas" lies not in the newness of the ideas,

⁶ Cory writes: "In Lycidas this bitterness [against the clergy] is more unruly and is, in this case, plausibly traceable, in part, to the influence of Spenser. At least as early as Thomas Warton, Critics have pointed out the similarity between the abusive digression of religious polemics in "Lycidas" and janglings of Piers and Palinode in the May eclogue of The Shepheardes Calender. Mantuan and Petrarch had attacked bad clergy in their eclogues. But their influence is more remote than that of Milton's chosen master. Moreover, Spenser's eclogue was the specific attack of Protestant upon Catholic. In this he was followed by some of his imitators, notably Phineas Fletcher, in his Appolyonists and in his Piscatorie Eclogues (1633). We have specific evidence that Spenser's abusive eclogues appealed particularly to Milton" (358).

⁷ We know from the later line referring to "The King of Seas" that "Prince of Fishers" refers not to Christ, but Peter.

but in their assimilation and concentration into so few lines. For example, Fletcher offers the following description in his attack on the clergy:

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
 Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:
 Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
 Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues will
 be:
 Dumb, deaf, lame, blinde, and maim'd; yet fishers
 all:
 Fit for no use, but store an hospital.
 (18: 11-6)

What Fletcher catalogues in a stanza, Milton achieves with the weight of two words: "Blind mouthes!" As the line continues, we recognize Fletcher's piscatory complaint turned pastoral: "Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold/ A Sheephook, or have learn'd ought else the least/ That to the faithfull herdmans art belongs!" (119-121). And yet, the Pilot's meaning, as well as that of Chromis's and Thelgon's, and perhaps even Cvddie's, resides in "Blind mouthes."

The two words are, of course, impossible together, a concordia discors recalling the festina lente which governs The Shepheardes Calender. This yoking of opposites-- successful or no-- is somehow the very point of "Lycidas," a poem based on impossibility; the impossibility of burying a body lost at sea, the impossibility of mourning adequately that loss, or of attaining immortality. The very appearance of Saint Peter, the fisherman, in a pastoral world, at the

end of a procession of pagan God's, which includes Chamus, is at least improbable, not to mention the "massy keys" and "that two-handed engine" which have turned explications of "Lycidas" into speculative science.

The final lines of "Lycidas" resound with the restrained optimism characteristic of the closing of pastoral songs, which are spent looking backwards. The recollection of an idyllic past has occurred in an enchanted present--enchanted by the song itself (L. in cantare, "to sing upon"), the fellowship of companions, or, in this case, the vision of the poet. The procession of Gods concluded, and consolation provided, the singer hesitates to leave his present locus amoenus, which, as I discussed in Chapter One, has transported him beyond both time and place. Neither shepherd nor fisher swain leaves such a place willingly. Inevitably, and ironically, it is time which bids them home. Thus comes the familiar descent of Phoebus, and the consequent encroaching of shade:

And now the Sunne had stretch't out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
("Lycidas," 190-191)

The turn from the past and the reluctant departure from the present can only be accomplished with a hopeful look towards the future:

At last he rose, and twitch't his Mantle blew,
Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.
(190-193)

Hughes traces these lines back to Virgil, suggesting that "perhaps we are under the shadows of the mountains at sunset with Virgil at the end of the first eclogue. We surely hear an echo of Virgil's farewell to his Lament for Gallus" (Complete Poems, 125).⁸ A more specific and more immediate source for these closing lines can be found in the closing lines of Fletcher's Eclog VI:

Now let us home: for see, the creeping night
Steals from those further waves upon the land.
(26: 7-8)

"Waves upon the land" might suggest hills, but we are best simply to regard them as actual waves upon a beach of The River Cam. And though the optimism is less restrained, we see the piscatory version of "fresh woods" and "pastures new" in the fisher swain's look to the future:

To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand
Free will we sing, and dance along the golden
sand. (26: 9-10)

These examinations of particular passages of "Lycidas" and the Piscatorie Eclogues reveal some of the influence exerted upon Milton by Phineas Fletcher. It remains to

⁸ The closing lines of this Lament, to which Hughes refers, read:

Arise: the shade weighs heavily on singers,
The shade of junipers, and shade harms crops.
Go home well fed, my goats: go: Vesper comes.
(75-77)

consider Milton's poem as a depiction of the pastoral joys. In "Lycidas," more than in the other works I have considered, these joys are seen through the eyes of loss. As Alpers observes, "separation and loss have given this speaker his voice" (*Lycidas*, 472). Anthony Varney suggests that the very word "uncouth" can be read to mean lonely and forsaken, rather than simply rustic.⁹ The swain, he says "is left lonely by Lycidas's death" (25), a fact which Robert Bourdette finds to have been largely disregarded. Scholars, he says, "have sought for the meaning of the poem in the rich esoterics," and "lost in this search . . . the reading of the poem, first of all, as a poem about grief" (12). This grief, Bourdette notes, is "a basic point that Milton himself underlined in his headnote to the poem. 'In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend . . .'" (12). We would do well, as Bourdette suggests, to take Milton at his word, rather than searching out passages where the poet's artistry seems wrought with too little sorrow. Passion may damn well pluck berries if it so wishes.

Another point contained in the headnote which is just as important as the fact of grief, and perhaps just as neglected, is the fact of friendship. "A learned friend" is

⁹ Varney cites the OED definition, 5c: "strange, uneasy, at a loss" and notes that "Milton uses the word 'uncouth' nine times in his verse, and on six of these occasions it is appropriate to see the use as enhanced by implications of solitude, loneliness and being disconsolate" (75).

something which Milton probably liked least to lose. The death of Edward King likely reminded Milton of a time, not too long past, when he was surrounded by such friends. But, for the lack of such company, Horton, where he retreated to live after graduation, was by far a more idyllic world than Cambridge University. "Now was the time for the youth to take in those 'images of rural nature,'" says Masson, of Milton's life at Horton. Masson's description of the rural beauty at Horton is more idyllic, perhaps, than even Milton himself could imagine.¹⁰ Here Milton's "youthful idealism" combined with his "ideal surroundings," and he created "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Cory refers to these days as Milton's "fullest days of detachment and dreams" (352).

Such days sound almost pastoral, until we recall that the central pastoral joy requires that the swain be just the opposite of detached. Engagement in a circle of fellow swains, intimacy and friendship; these are the ingredients of the pastoral joy of fellowship which Milton, detached and dreamy, did not enjoy at Horton, certainly not as he had at Cambridge. King's death would be a sorrowful reminder of this fact, an occasion for recalling the life of learned friendships which he had had, and chose to leave behind; and now, in the case of Edward King, had lost tragically and permanently. Not that Milton's life and relationships at

¹⁰ See Masson, p. 562-563 for an explicit, if somewhat fanciful description of life at Horton in all four seasons.

Cambridge were at all idyllic, for we certainly know otherwise, but that remembrance might, at least in poetry, make them so.

"That Edward King drowned in 1637 was an accident," says A.C. Hamilton, but it need not have been an accident that Milton, who was 29 in that year, decided to write a pastoral elegy on his death" ("Grene Path," 4). Both Virgil and Spenser, Hamilton notes, were 29 (give or take two year's in Spenser's case)¹¹ when they completed their respective pastoral works. Hamilton's implication is that Milton, in writing "Lycidas" was strictly imitating the pastoral precedence set before him; doing, as it were, what his literary ancestry would have him do. Martin Evans, in his book Looking Backwards in Lycidas, offers a psychological explanation for the poem's creation which coincides with Hamilton's. Evans sees Milton in "Lycidas," (as Hamilton sees Spenser in The Shepheardes Calender), moving from pastoral recluse to active poet. He notes that the "drastic change [from Horton to Europe] suggests that Milton underwent what Daniel J. Levinston has called an Age Thirty Transition, a period of psychological crisis in which one's past is reappraised and one's future redefined" (7).

These assertions that "Lycidas" is the product of either artistic anxiety or psychological crisis do not bring

¹¹ Spenser "would have been only 27 in 1579. that is if he were born in 1552: for all we know, he may have been born two years earlier ("Grene Path," 4)

us much nearer to the poem. It is enough to know that Milton, in his choice of a form, was well aware of what had come before him, and that his subject sprung from real grief. My own suggestion is that with this grief came nostalgic remembrance of, not only King, but "the fields" of Cambridge where he and King studied together. "With the realization of death comes the intense nostalgia for the perfect world that once existed . . ." (Bourdette, 13). In this case it is the re-imagined world Cambridge, a world apart, replete with the pastoral joys of nature, youthful rivalry, fellowship and song.

"It is because that world and time once had meaning as defined through the person of Lycidas," says Bourdette, "that the mind of the speaker keeps coming back to versions of that ideal pastoral world for an answer." The versions of that world which Bourdette notes are but the pastoral joys which I have outlined: "the world of nature, the world of community [fellowship], and the world of pastoral dedication [song]" (Bourdette, 15). All of these, Bourdette finds, however, fail to provide the singer's mind with consolation. The world of nature, he says, is inadequate in the face of death. The communal world is "always at risk" and pastoral dedication "seems futile." According to Bourdette, the singer can only find, "answers that exist beyond human life and time" (16).

In this explanation of the poem, Bourdette neglects his

own advice, that we pay heed to the poet's headnote, which states plainly that "the author bewails a learned friend." This headnote says nothing of his quest for answers, or even of his seeking consolation. That the mind of the singer returns to a world of pastoral joys (versions of the ideal world), is quite clear, but that he returns for answers is certainly not clear. The questions which he comes armed with are but the rhetorical kind. "Where were ye nymphs?" he asks, and then answers himself six lines later with another rhetorical question: "Had ye been there--for what could that have done?" The swains's only real question, "What boots it with uncessant care/ To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade?" is answered by Phoebus. The other God's, rather than offering answers, only ask the obvious: "What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?" or "Who hath reft . . . my dearest pledge?" Indeed, if the singer comes seeking answers, he will undoubtedly meet the dead-end which Bourdette describes.

If the singer seeks the answer, the meaning of death and life, then he seeks it in the wrong place. Colin discovers this in The Shepherdes Calender. His pastoral companion, Hobbinol, cannot explain Rosalinde's unfaithfulness, he can but provide the consolation of song. And song is what comprises "Lycidas." Alpers, calling himself a literalist, notes that the purpose of "Lycidas" "is not to solve a problem or console the speaker or dramatize a

situation but to 'sing for Lycidas'--that is, properly commemorate the dead shepherd" (479). Such song, Alpers would admit, does provide some consolation, but as I noted in the last chapter, we cannot ask of pastoral what it does not promise to deliver. Pastoral does not heal Colin of his love melancholy or restore Thirsil to the River Cam, nor does it take away the singer's grief in "Lycidas" by providing answers. The look backward is precisely that. The singer's mind returns to a former time and place, not for answers, but for comfort; the singer re-creates this time and place in song because it is pleasant to do so. The grief in "Lycidas" is actual, the nostalgia, perhaps, accidental. Perhaps Milton, even at the magic age of 29, did not yet realize that nostalgia comes, as it were, with the pastoral territory.

"Lycidas" is sometimes credited with having finally exploded the boundaries of pastoral once and for all. I hope to have shown here that the poem is not radically different from that which preceded it, that it belongs to a long and varied tradition. As to what came after it, I would only suggest in closing that, like the uncouth swain, pastoral too found fresh woods and pastures new. The nostalgic conversion of the campus into the campus which I have examined in these chapters need not have stopped with the song of the uncouth swain. So long as there is youth, and the loss of youth--and the university world insures

both--the pastoral will abide. For the same pastoral impulse which we have seen in Spenser, Fletcher and Milton remains with us, perhaps despite ourselves. Describing that impulse in the Spenserian pastoralists, Herbert Cory notes that

We have the same aspirations to-day as those poets when they wrote their pastorals--moods that are not mere toys; but because hope is edged with doubt, we trifle with our dreams in ways no less artificial than the pleasant game of pastoral-making. We have not outgrown the pastoralist's moods ("The Golden Age").

What Cory writes in 1910 remains true, even in a post-nuclear, post modernist, post structuralist world--perhaps especially so, since the game of pastoral-making means recollecting what we have lost. So, when, in the twentieth century, one poet laments the death of a fellow poet by recalling that "The brooks were frozen," we are comforted by our recognition of the old pastoral, still intact. When, in the second half of the same line the poet, continues, "the airports almost deserted"¹² our bucolic blood runs a little cold. Here, we tell ourselves, is the stark technology of our modern age encroaching upon the pastoral world. And yet, knowing what we know of pastoral, we might, in fact, be persuaded that it is the other way around.

¹² W.H. Auden's "In Memory of W.B. Yeats."

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The dissertation is therefore accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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