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> If we present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused,
> because the whole world is become an hodge-podge.
> —John Lyly

In the midst of writing, asked what I was writing about, I faced a certain difficulty. I could tell others that I was working through Thomas Nashe's *The Terrors of the Night*, but when follow-up questions asked what Nashe's *Terrors* was exactly my answers were equal parts hesitant and rambling. Every conversation left me newly puzzled as to how to adequately describe *The Terrors*. I found that no account was repeated or repeatable. It was "a pamphlet on why we get frightened at night" or "a tract on sin and guilt" or "an essay on spirits and devils." It is, of course, all and none of these things exactly. I admitted more than a few times that I did not know what *The Terrors of the Night* was nor did I know what it was intended to be. At my most flustered, I called it simply "a thing about things." Improvised though my response was, it was informed by what Jonathan Crewe refers to as "the Nashe problem," the question of whether Nashe's prose says "something" or "nothing."[1] As Corey McEleney explains, criticism of Nashe traditionally responds, in one way or another, to this problematic. There are those who read him as "Bakhtinian or Derridean *avant la lettre*" and those "with the aim of resituating Nashe within the context of Renaissance humanism and the literary marketplace of Elizabethan England," but despite the differences in these approaches they share the common goal of "rescuing Nashe from the accusation of having 'nothing' to say."[2] My description of *The Terrors* as "a thing about things" was a way of positioning myself between these camps. Seizing on Nashe's pamphlet as a thing situated in the late Elizabethan world and concurrently attending to the mess of things discursively present within the pamphlet struck me as an apt response. Rather than respecting the critical disjunction, I tried to forge a conjunction: Nashe says something and nothing. His work is something and nothing. The pamphlet is a bit of ephemera (nothing) about imagined frights (nothings), but also a pamphlet (something) about moral horrors (somethings). His commitment to things, metaphysically substantial and otherwise, seemed everywhere evident. Indeed, James Nielson notes that Nashe's writing has a tendency "to serve up signs as things, so that one is left just *reading things*."[3]

Pierre Macherey helped flesh out my vague ideas about this "thing about things." He explains that "the literary thing is that multifaceted reality, a material

and immaterial production, both sides of which we have to embrace, even if this occasionally obliges us to acrobatic contortions."[4] This still appeals to me as a generative perspective to adopt in relation to Nashe's *Terrors* which is, if nothing else, multifaceted, materially and immaterially productive, and obliges the reader or critic to contort themselves variously. I am not now, however, entirely sure that *The Terrors* contains anything we "have to" or even can "embrace" *per se*. Likewise, I am no longer convinced that the concept of "things" does the good work of capturing the peculiar trouble of reading *The Terrors*. Calling Nashe's pamphlet "a thing about things" was meant to highlight the epistemic anxiety induced in the reader by this pamphlet. I tried to turn my failure to understand Nashe into a questionable explanation of why Nashe fails to be understood. Revising that essay, looking closely again at *The Terrors of the Night*, prompted me not only to question my assessment of the work, but also the methods I had used to assess it. Toril Moi tells us that reading literature critically does not mean "deciding in advance what the *best* option would be, as if the path was already there, waiting for us. We just have to risk it."[5] With Nashe, especially his *Terrors*, it feels to me that, even after having undertaken multiple readings, the "best option" for understanding remains illusory. Saying anything definitive still seems risky.

I take Nashe's principal concern in *The Terrors of the Night* to be the cultivation of uncertainty. All aspects of the pamphlet (e.g. form, style, material text, narrative, paratexts) work towards this end by courting contradiction and ambiguity. Nashe's success in creating uncertainty at various levels means that arguments about *The Terrors* seem doomed to be circular (e.g. I am uncertain whether *The Terrors of the Night* instills uncertainty) and/or self-defeating (e.g. I am certain that *The Terrors of the Night* instills uncertainty). Anahid Nersessian suggests that a field like literary studies which "contradicts itself over time or at a time is a field obligated to its own disorder, metaphysical or otherwise. The point is not to eliminate that disorder but to give it its place in a theory."[6] *The Terrors of the Night* is an opportunity to tarry with disorder without eliminating it. This essay is, in a manner of speaking, disorderly as a result of trying to respond to the disorder of *The Terrors*. My aim is not to offer a way out of circular or self-defeating arguments, but rather to show that Nashe actively dissuades us from arriving at durable or stable solutions to certain problems. By attending to the uncertainties that inhere in *The Terrors*, the various pleasures or delights of reading Nashe fall away in the face of what I take to be the genuine terrors of reading him. This is not to say that reading Nashe's tract is altogether unpleasant, but rather that whatever pleasures are engendered in us while reading are augmented by the unsettling epistemological and metaphysical entailments that follow from his claims. Reid Barbour highlights the "shocking presence" of Nashe's writing and this "shocking presence" merits being taken seriously as an experience.[7]

Taking seriously the experience of reading Nashe, without, in turn, formally or analytically reinscribing it into received understandings, either historical or theoretical, is an attempt to respect the particular trouble of his writing and its recalcitrant work. Jason Scott-Warren remarks that "Nashe's writings invite us to reflect on the extent to which words are deeds and texts are things."[8] *The Terrors of the Night*, on this account, is something done with words, something done

to readers in the experience of reading. Carolyn Abbate argues that rather than looking to aesthetic objects as "works or texts to be interpreted" and "devising objectifying mechanisms in response" to the affective unsettlement we experience when faced with them, we should rather respect the fact that aesthetic experience "leaves us unguarded" and that "there are effects arising from aesthetic experience [...] that do not yield to any biographical, hermeneutic, historical, or sociological disarmament strategy."[9] Moi tells us that reading literature can begin "not with a method, but with our own sense of confusion."[10] I should like to add that reading Nashe's *Terrors of the Night* begins *and* ends with "our own sense of confusion." This claim is hardly novel or mine alone. The confusion of reading Nashe is as old as Nashe's writing.

In a prose tract published in 1597, written in response to Nashe's work as a whole and his (now lost) play *Isle of Dogs* in particular, Richard Lichfield outlines a problem with Nashe similar to my own.[11] He describes Nashe as being indescribable. In the preliminary note to the reader, Lichfield says that attempting to write about Nashe is like trying to clothe the moon.[12] He is "a man of so great revolution, I could not fit him," Lichfield admits, "for if I had undertaken to speak of one of his properties, another came into my mind, and another followed that, which bred confusion."[13] Nashe is intemperate, mutable. To think any singular feature of Nashe is to have your thoughts crowded with others. His principle property then is a multitude of competing properties, an oversaturation of qualities. Nashe, Lichfield's screed continues, has "a place, but as a fleeting incorporeal substance, circumscribed with no limits."[14] The writer is like a gas, everywhere and nowhere at once. Bracketing the context and the tone in which Lichfield writes, the insults levelled against Nashe appear to be accurate descriptions. Tamsin Badcoe's reading of Nashe follows similar lines. Nashe's authorial persona, she says, is "dispersive."[15] It is something that "can be mauled, dismembered, and consumed by critics, but which also enables his work to go out in the world [...] Instead of merely being destructive, self-dispersal is also a pervasively generative act."[16] Badcoe's claim is evidenced not only by how Nashe speaks of himself, but also by the way in which critics and readers attempt to describe him.

In his introduction to the most recent Penguin edition of Nashe's selected works, J.B. Steane asks, "What, ultimately, has Nashe to offer beyond the pleasure of watching a painter work with his colours, hearing a pianist go through his studies, or laughing with others at the table as Yorick jibes and gambols?"[17] Steane feels the need to look beyond the act of writing itself in order to grasp Nashe and the purported pleasures he inspires. Nashe's writing is represented as expansive enough to incorporate the work of artists, musicians, and fools. Notably, Steane's analogy suggests that we appreciate what these figures are in the midst of doing rather than what they have done. It is not the final painting that concerns us, but the act of painting. Our pleasure is premised on imperfect acts. The invocation of Yorick, however, is surprising. Nashe is like other creative types, and then, quite suddenly, he is like a fictional character. Furthermore, the pleasures he is said to prompt resemble those of a fictional character whose only traits are given to us secondhand and posthumously.[18] Yorick leads us to think of "infinite jest," but

also the inevitability of "this favor" we call death. Considering Nashe as akin to Yorick is, at best, bittersweet. This comparison does not make Nashe more familiar to us, but rather erects a strange distance between him and us. C.S. Lewis, likewise, reaches toward Shakespearean characters for the sake of coming to terms with Nashe. Nashe writes like Falstaff speaks or, Lewis corrects himself, Falstaff speaks like Nashe writes.[19] As with the comparison to Yorick, Falstaff brings merriment and ribaldry to mind, but also that that merriment and ribaldry ultimately leads to a form of exile, the experience of being forsaken. The "pervasively generative" character of Nashe pushes readers to figures at once comic and tragic. Lichfield's experience of Nashe then holds true now. To think of Nashe is to think of other things. Direct description of the author's qualities is frustrated, thus one comes to terms with Nashe by looking away from him, responding to him in terms other than his own. Yet these frustrations do not stop description, but seem to propel it onwards. This enigmatic figure is like a fictive character we are tasked with figuring out. Frustration and fascination are bound together with Nashe. It feels at once impossible and necessary to respond to him. His writing is a provocation and *The Terrors of Night* is an extreme example of that.

Despite the growing interest in Nashe's work, this pamphlet is frequently treated as peripheral to his oeuvre.[20] Ronald McKerrow, the editor of the standard edition of Nashe's works, notes in 1910 that *The Terrors of the Night* "is of so desultory a character that any attempt at analysis would be useless."[21] Critics, for the most part, took McKerrow's statement to heart and half a century later in 1961, C.G. Harlow tells us that *The Terrors of the Night* "is little read today."[22] There have, however, been attempts to engage with Nashe's *Terrors* since then and they frequently take up the very terms McKerrow used to dissuade us from such engagements. Per Sivefors' analysis shows us that, in the end, "Nashe's text becomes a text that reveals nothing other than its own desultoriness," that "the very act of reading Nashe's text becomes frivolous."[23] In Georgia Brown's account, *The Terrors* is "a parody of the search for meaning."[24] It is a discourse that "satirizes fixed schemes of interpretation and those who claim to uncover Truth."[25] Perhaps an unspoken part of McKerrow's assertion about the uselessness of analyzing Nashe's text is that Nashe has already done it for us. Throughout this text we see evidence of what Barbour calls "[t]he anxiety of the oneiro-critic."[26] Derek Alwes suggests that Nashe's frequent self-conscious intrusions on the text "tend to reveal his own uncertainty about meaning, his sense that accurate interpretation is ultimately impossible."[27] *Pace* McKerrow, it is not the case that interpretations of *The Terrors* are "useless," but rather that their use lies in pinpointing just how useless Nashe takes interpretation to be. For McEleney, Nashe's writing harbors "futilitarian commitments" (i.e. a concern for acts and ideas that do not privilege utility as such) that issue a challenge to all would-be critics.[28] He argues for the necessity of "*not* redeeming or recuperating the pleasure of Nashe's writing within humanistic systems of aesthetic, ethical, and social value."[29] Again, it seems that responding to Nashe calls on us to look outside of typical frames of reference. To some extent it seems that Nashe commits us to the kind of confusion Lichfield experienced in 1597.

Nashe deliberately and consistently thwarts understanding in *The Terrors of the Night*, but he is forthright about this fact. We are to understand that understanding is not viable here. He tells us that his "tractate is but a dream" and that "there is no certainty in dreams."[30] These statements are not, I do not think, mere acts of posturing or reflexivity. They do not exactly fall in line with what Roland Greene describes as "the seeming imperative of early modern prose, to discover and address its own protocols of representation irrespective of genre or convention."[31] They are not subsidiary to the text or work, as reflexive gestures typically are, but rather constitutive features of it. As Sivefors notes, the text "creates what might be termed a structural resemblance between its view of the chaotic state of dreaming and its own relentlessly associative technique."[32] The tract *is* what it hopes to describe, but whose dream is this exactly? Is it Nashe's? Ours? It is tempting to say that it belongs to the reader as much as to the author, but how then to reconcile this idea of a shared dream with Nashe's statement that "it scarce hath been heard there were ever two men that dreamed alike"?[33] The singularity of a dream means that "no man can rightly set down" all the different kinds or sorts of dreams one might experience.[34] If *The Terrors of the Night* is a terror of the night, then no two experiences of it will be "alike." Nashe undermines both the possibility of finding anything "certain" in the midst of his tract, but also undercuts any hope that we might viably compare notes on the kinds of uncertainty we experience in reading it. To take on *The Terrors of Night* on its own terms means acknowledging that it is something that yields no certainty and that acts of "setting down" the experience of it will be irredeemably fraught. Nashe is as vulnerable as his readers to the trouble of "setting down" the experience of *The Terrors*. The conceit that the "tractate is but a dream" is, for instance, hardly consistent across the pamphlet, but this might simply confirm that all "cogitations" at night "run on heaps" and "confound in one gallimaufry."[35] The surest sign that this is a dream might be that it sometimes presents itself as if it were not a dream. It is and is not a terror. Indeed, even the claim that the "tractate is but a dream" confirms that it is both tractate and dream at once. If the law of noncontradiction does not hold in dreams, then *The Terrors* literally operates outside the bounds of reason. To bring this pamphlet within the purview of critique as it typically operates (i.e. according to certain methods, logics, standards) is to bracket or cast aside Nashe's claims about what this thing is and how it works.

Reading *The Terrors of the Night* on Nashe's terms means, as Abbate says of aesthetic experience in general, "being open about one's subjective position" even if this "can be seen as intellectually unsound or simply not acceptable."[36] Moi, advocating a similar approach, tells us that "[t]o read—and to find the words in which to express one's reading—is to stake one's claims on one's own perceptions, on one's own experience of the text. There is no recipe - no method - for this."[37] Arguing for an acknowledgment of subjective experience is not as radical as it might initially sound. Nashe himself enacts a version of it throughout *The Terrors*. Mauricio Martinez highlights that Nashe's habit of "laying stress on the individual" in *The Terrors* is part of what renders it distinct from *Pierce Penniless* and *Christ's Tears*.[38] Brown notes that "Nashe asserts individual interpretive agency, albeit in terms that hint at disdain for such individualism" when he says that

"Everyone shapes his own fortune as he lists. More aptly may be said, Everyone shapes his own fears and fancies as he lists."[39] I do not see the disdain that Brown does, but this does not mean it is not there. Nielson takes the above invocation of an individual's agency as a "way out" of Nashe's dream insofar as it "demands a reappropriation of one's consciousness and one's responsibility for it."[40] Nielson may be right to say that this is a "demand" on Nashe's part, but it is not clear in *The Terrors* that these demands can be satisfied. The power of individual agents to "shape" anything is, at best, dubious.

> Fear, if I be not deceived, was the last pertinent matter I had under my displing, from which I fear I have strayed beyond my limits; and yet fear hath no limits, for to hell and beyond hell it sinks down and penetrates.[41]

Fear has no limits and pushes those who take it up beyond their own. Fear "shapes" those who interact with it. It evades the "displing" of the author and even the metaphysical categories established by the discipline of Christian theology. Fear's ability to shirk constraint sews uncertainty in Nashe. He may be deceived, he fears, about what "pertinent matter" absorbed him last. A similar force accrues around "fancies." Nashe tells us that he "hastily undertook to write of the weary fancies of the night" and hopes to "weary none with [his] weak fancies."[42] Fancies *qua* dreams lead to fancies *qua* discourse. The content calls for a particular form or words call for wordplay. We are told that "that which is portentive in a king is but a frivolous fancy in a beggar."[43] What counts as a fancy is here determined by social position. What fancies are, say, or mean varies and changes across *The Terrors*, but never according to the express desires of an agent. The individual is implicated in fears and fancies, but the extent to which any particular individual can take full responsibility for the work of fears and fancies is an open question. What is "shaping" what is not easily determined.

In the circuitous ethnography of the world's differing conceptions and experiences of fears and fancies, Nashe surveys Persia, India, Iceland, Turkey, and Spain.[44] While the aim of the ethnography is, broadly speaking, to dissuade us from taking our received understanding of terrors as a given, nonetheless Nashe's discussion seems moved by something outside his control. He outlines each nation's respective experiences of night terrors (e.g. Indian women are said to "often conceive by devils in their sleep"), but the survey eventually succumbs to disorder and departs wholly from the topic at hand.[45] After becoming caught up in a comical (?) digression on Iceland's religious relationship to ale, Nashe without warning throws us into a vituperative (?) passage on "filthy Italianate compliment-mongers" and their "moth-eaten cod-piece suits."[46] The slight thread that ties the potentially lighthearted to the opprobrious is "cod." The earlier mention of Iceland as a place where "there is nothing but stock-fish, whetstones, and cods'-heads" finds itself echoed in the "cod-piece" of the "Italianate compliment-monger."[47] There is a sense that above and beyond all other concerns, mere words are guiding Nashe rather than the other way around.[48] This punning tendency can be read as evidence of the author's playful wit, but it attests equally to language's

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slippery character. Moments like these contribute to a creeping feeling that *The Terrors of the Night* is not organized by Nashe. The discussion seems to govern itself, spur itself towards idiosyncratic ends. The sense that the *Terrors* is being written extempore as we read engenders suspense and disquiet. There is evidence that Nashe is subject to the whims of the terrors, but Nashe is the author of said terrors. He might merely choose to say that that he did not entirely choose to say certain things. Whether Nashe is playing with language or whether he is at pains to bring it under his "displing" is not readily visible on the page. The text can testify either way.

"Come, come, I am entranced from my text, I wote well," Nashe says, "and talk idly in my sleep longer than I should."[49] He remarks that he has been "tossed off and on I know not how" from "this drumbling subject of dreams."[50] However we might take Nashe's asides, the author presents himself as ill at ease and uncertain in and through his treatment of what makes us feel ill at ease and uncertain. Nashe could be accused of falling into the imitative fallacy. McEleney tells us that "the notion that imitative writing is fallacious would be foreign to a culture so committed to self-reflexive imitation as the Renaissance," but the charge is not necessarily invalid because it is "foreign" to the time.[51] Yvor Winters suggests that poetry is "by definition a means to arrest the disintegration and order the feeling" and thus any poem that merely imitates (rather than represents or conveys) "disintegration" is poetry that "fails to express anything."[52] Either poetry expresses itself in an "orderly" manner or it expresses nothing at all. Beyond the fact that imitative reflexivity is endemic to early modern writing, it seems to me that there are broader problems with calling certain kinds of imitation fallacious. To express or represent confusion with clarity or uncertainty with certainty does an injustice to the problem of these troubling affective and epistemological experiences. To indulge in "mere" imitation, for Winters, is to allow form to "succumb" to the "raw material" it seeks to express, but, we should note, this is a fallacy he localizes in poetry.[53] Does it obtain to ostensibly factual prose like Nashe's *Terrors*? In fact, a better question might be whether the primary aim of Nashe's *Terrors* is factual at all.

"The poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writes. He citeth not authorities of other histories [...] in truth, not labouring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be," Sidney says.[54] Nashe certainly makes circles about the reader's imagination. He cites authorities. He labours to tell us what is and is not with only one exception. The dreams of the dying gentleman, which Nashe claims were the impetus for composing his tract, are poised somewhere between fact and fiction, truth and falsity[55] Several pages are spent describing the visions of an elderly gentleman in rich detail. Whether this man's experiences of "lusty sailors," "stately devils," and Lucifer himself "imitating in goodly stature the huge picture of Laocoon at Rome" are "true melancholy" or "true apparitions" Nashe "will not take upon [himself] to discern."[56] He tells us that he leaves the tale of visions "to be censured indifferently" by his readers. He also highlights that he has slightly altered it "for the recreation of [his] readers."[57] He has "welt[ed] and gard[ed] it with allusive exornations and comparisons."[58] He insists that "Truth is ever drawn

and painted naked, and I have lent her but a leathern patched cloak at most to keep her from the cold."[59] These acts of adornment are said to exist solely so that readers are not tired by the "coarse home-spun tale," so that Truth "come not off too lamely and coldly."[60] The tale is there for us to "call it or miscall it" true or false.[61] "If the world will give it any allowance of truth, so it is," Nashe says.[62] Whether we attribute truth or falsity to the pamphlet is up to us as readers and, in large part, comes down to whether we take Nashe's concerns seriously or frivolously. As with seemingly everything in the pamphlet, judging Nashe's tone or intent is complex. Reading *The Terrors*, sentence by sentence, feels like being split between competing impulses. Nashe clearly wants to instruct and delight, but no less forcefully wants to obstruct and dismay.

David Loewenstein argues that the "complex" and "unstable" quality of Nashe's tone is prevalent and strategic.[63] Stephen Hilliard notes that, in *The Terrors*, "it is difficult to tell when [the text] is serious and when it is mocking. Often seriousness slides into mockery in the manner of a tall tale."[64] A "tall tale" is what Nashe's opening mention of friends, country life, and idle time would lead us to expect, yet the tonal uncertainty of *The Terrors* stays vexing.[65] Even though we may be primed for vacillations in tone, the inability to readily identify which sentence is written in which tone has profound epistemological and affective effects.[66] Peter Holland conjures up a (perhaps unintentionally) terrifying image of Nashe writing simultaneously "with the solemn face of the professional engaged in the quasi-scientific analysis of dreams theory masked by the laughing grin of the professional writer."[67] We might assent that Nashe is solemn and grinning at once, but I am not so sure I can sense this on the page as I read. The *post hoc* identification of tonal ambiguity does not wholly account for the *ad hoc* experience of tonal ambiguity. As a result of Nashe's tone, I read warily. I am constantly uncertain whether being concerned or contented by the ideas Nashe presents is apt. Tonal uncertainty or the alienation that subtends Nashe's language is not merely implicit in the text. The ambivalent or ambiguous tenor of *The Terrors* is foregrounded before we even get into the content of the pamphlet. Formulaic features like the motto are subtly warped by Nashe as if to warn us of what follows.

Beneath the inscription of the pamphlet's title reads the phrase *Post Tenebras Dies*.[68] This is a subtle variation on the vulgate verse of Job 17:12. "*Post tenebras spero lucem*" [After darkness, I hope for light] or, in the abbreviated form, *post tenebras lux*.[69] The biblical phrase operates on two registers simultaneously. It refers to the literal fact that, due to the earth's rotation around the sun, light follows from darkness and vice versa, but it also expresses a moral or spiritual truth. After figurative darkness, whether this is understood as despair or sin, a person hopes for light, for divine guidance or relief. *Tenebras* and *lux* are balanced across both literal and figurative registers. Nashe's alteration, on the other hand, is oddly askew. *Post tenebras dies* unsettles a too familiar phrase. "Day" is not the exact opposite of "darkness." Days, after all, can themselves include darkness (e.g. shadows, stormy weather). Nashe, rather than merely citing a biblical verse, rearranges it and disturbs the relationship between the terms. *Dies* has none of the figurative heft of *Lux. Tenebras* seems all the more foreboding when shorn of its contrary term. This small, almost trivial, introduction to *The Terrors of the Night*

instills in us a certain hermeneutical or epistemological anxiety that is not alleviated even when the motto reappears in a fuller form within the pamphlet itself. Nashe says that he can think of "nothing more aptly" to compare the "working of our brains after we have unyoked and gone to bed than the glimmering and dazzling of man's eyes when he comes newly out of the bright sun into the dark shadow."[70] *Dies* and *tenebras* interact with each other to explain the brain's night work, but this is not a hopeful sentiment. Nashe seems only to want to highlight the "glimmering and dazzling," the evanescent and transitory experience of a sudden alteration in circumstance. The emphasis falls on the way in which we automatically respond to change and are momentarily bewildered by it. We see *that* some change has taken place, but can do little in response other than to wait to become accustomed. My eyes, however, still glimmer and dazzle at the changed vulgate verse. Nashe's acts of defamiliarization bewilder, but trying to make them customary by calling them "acts of defamiliarization" and bringing them into line with known rhetorical maneuvers does little to assuage their work. The motto stays strange. Despite having read *Post tenebras dies* more times than I care to recall, I have not found a satisfactory way of reading it. It unsettles and I stay vulnerable, despite my best efforts, to its work. It exceeds my grasp just as *The Terrors* are something that Nashe says exceeded his.

In the dedication to Elizabeth Carey, Nashe is pulled away from the epistle's ostensible purpose and explains how *The Terrors* came to be published in the first place.[71] "A long time since hath it lain suppressed by me, until the urgent importunity of a kind friend of mine [...] wrested a copy from me," Nashe remarks.[72] *The Terrors of the Night* sees the light of day regardless of the author's wishes. "That copy," Nashe goes on to say, "progressed from one scrivener's shop to another, and at length grew so common, that it was ready to be hung out for one of their signs, like a pair of indentures."[73] The circulation of Nashe's text was, we are led to believe, so prolific that its ubiquity served as an advertisement for the act of writing itself. Those parts of the text that are properly Nashean, both his style and content, fall away in the scriveners' scrivening. Nashe's authorized copy enters the fray of unauthorized copies already in the marketplace. The only distinguishing feature between legitimate and illegitimate *Terrors* is superficial. While I have insisted on the particularity of Nashe's tract, one of Nashe's first acts in *The Terrors* is to undermine that particularity.

Even attempting to reassert *The Terrors* as properly his own does not allow him full control over it. Near the end of the dedication, he remarks that "[n]ow" he "must tie [him]self to the printer's paper limits, and knit up much thankfulness in few words."[74] The act of printing is initially conceived as profitable, but now it is figured as costly.[75] It preserves and disseminates writing, but alters and disturbs that writing in the process. Nashe's statement might be read as a generic supplicatory gesture, but by invoking the printer's paper limit Nashe subsequently calls attention to the literal pages we hold in our hand. The final page of the epistle in the second edition of *The Terrors*, for example, is blank (save the printer's insertion of an emblem). The material circumstances of the text speak against what the text says. Whatever the circumstances in which we find the dedicatory epistle will change how that statement reads. Our eyes confirm or deny the validity of

Nashe's gesture. Whether it was a truly felt or merely feigned expression is immaterial. Whether it is merely formulaic and traditional or another mark of Nashe's ingenuity and self-consciousness is unclear. N. Katherine Hayles notes that "the materiality [of the medium] should be understood as existing in a complex dynamic interplay with content, coming into focus and fading into the background, depending on what performance the work enacts."[76] The materiality of Nashe's text and the immateriality of Nashe's work go hand in hand. As Steve Mentz says, it is this tension between work and text, between print and writing, that describes Nashe's "sense of authorship."[77] Sivefors argues that Nashe's authorial position involves "embody[ing] equivocation," that his "authorial self-definition did *not* imply [...] a preference for the printed, published word at the cost of the handwritten."[78] Nashe invokes his pen and standish in print on the page.[79] "So effectively does Nashe's writing convey a sense of the intractable materiality of words and the unpredictable nature of his own stylistic enterprise that we come to imagine him continually present," Lorna Hutson says.[80] The presence of the author is scripted into and stripped from the printed page. The ongoing and the complete, imperfect and perfect, are presented on the page at the same time and force the reader to respond to contrarieties. No strong categorical difference can be maintained between what the text says and how it appears. This pamphlet, or books more generally, do not allow readers to decide in advance what aspect is salient. The words themselves and the ink used to present them to our eye are of equal import. I cannot attend to both simultaneously, but nor can I focus on one aspect to the exclusion of the other.

Print, as Mentz contends, "replaces and reforms the inherent disorder produced through writing," but this is true only in a limited sense.[81] Nashe never lets us forget about the disorder of writing. In particular, the moral disorder caused by books is a consistent concern. The night is "the devil's Black Book" and when we are left alone in this book "the table of our heart is turned to an index of iniquities and all our thoughts are nothing but texts to condemn us."[82] This is a terror about terrors, but also a book about books. This "gallimaufrey" of reflexive gestures does not, to my eye, read as mere writerly ingenuity. There are ethical matters at stake. In *A Sermon Preached at Paul's Cross on Trinity Sunday, 1571*, E. B. makes an impassioned plea for a particular act of reading. He wishes that men, women, and children would attend to The Book of Psalms and seek comfort in it because they are, as Augustine says, "a shield against the terrors of the night."[83] *The Terrors of the Night* claims to perform a similar service for its readers, but when it tries to undo or debunk the *doxa* of night terrors things go awry. What books do or can do in Nashe's book is not given any unambivalent ethical value. For example, Nashe promises that the devil "cannot but" have read Horace when Horace wrote "*Noctem peccatis et fraudibus obiice nubem*" [By night-time sin, and cloak thy fraud in clouds].[84] The devil as keeper and reader of books leaves us uncertain what moral consequences follow from reading or writing. Does our esteem for Horace increase or decrease? Is our estimation of the devil altered by his readerly habits? Nashe maintains an explicit interest in the role reading and writing play in shaping one's behavior and understanding, but it is hard to read or recapitulate in writing what he is trying to express exactly. Even when the pamphlet conforms to

humanist norms through paired quotation and explanation, Nashe pushes against readerly comfort by metaphorizing and figuring wildly. This is on spectacular display in a labyrinthine and convoluted passage involving birds.

Attempting to give an account of why it might be the case that the devil operates predominantly after dark, Nashe quotes Ovid. The devil seeks to conceal his "nets of temptation" and since, as Ovid says, "*Quae nimis apparent retia vitat avis*" [Too open nets even simple birds do shun], he is best served by working at night. A mess of figurative and literal associations follow. Only a page earlier, Nashe equates the night to Noah's raven. Night, like the raven after the flood, is a harbinger only of ill tidings, bears only bad news. Thus, night is a bird, but night is also the time in which the devil can best catch birds. We and the night are both birds. The bird metaphor seems at the breaking point, but Nashe continues. "Those that catch birds," Nashe says, "imitate their voices; so will [the devil] imitate the voices of God's vengeance to bring us like birds into the net of eternal damnation."[85] God's vengeance is like a bird's song. Birds are the space, means, and objects of the devil's work.[86] The metaphor has become fully saturated. The tenor continually changes as the vehicle stays constant. Birds proliferate figuratively, referring to different things with each new iteration, and thus become hard to track. If metaphors are typically employed to ellucidate, then Nashe has other ends in mind. We do not come to understand ourselves, the devil, or night more clearly through these dense illustrations, but we do come to feel the infernal problem of night vividly. Metaphor becomes a conduit of confusion in *The Terrors*, but so too are Nashe's acts of stripping language of all figurative sense.

Explaining melancholy as the root cause of all unwelcome dreams, Nashe remarks that

> [E]ven as the slime and dirt in a standing puddle engender toads and frogs and many other unsightly creatures, so this slimy melancholy humor, *still still thickening as it stands still*, engendereth many misshapen objects in our imagination.[87]

Just as the differential deployment of birds disturbs uptake by overdetermining the thing discussed, the repetition of "still" has the opposite effect. "Still" recurs to such a degree that it starts to move. This passage describes melancholy, but does not explain it. This description effectively engenders a "misshapen object" in our imagination as we read. Thickening humors like slimy puddles, frogs and bad ideas, immerse us in the muck and force us to recall Winters' account of the imitative fallacy as an instance where form "succumbs" to "raw material." This evocative passage does just this. The analogy infects the object analogized. Descriptions of what affects the imagination affect the imagination. This literally murky language captures and transmits the figuratively murky experience of melancholy. The parity between swamps and the humors we are beholden to are brought into even closer contact later. We are, as it happens, "but slime and mud" ourselves.[88] The explanans is the explanandum. A tautology is created in retrospect. We are like slime and mud because we are slime and mud.

The substantial qualities of the dirty puddle stick to the terrors of the night even after they are said to be "nothing, but the echo of our conceits during the day."[89] The terrors that preoccupy us are simply "a bubbling scum or froth of fancy, which the day hath left undigested; or an after-feast made of the fragments of idle imagination."[90] The night is a space wherein the day's activity reverberates. Our experience of it is just an excessive or residual product of the day's labors. Nashe offers us an ontological difference between experiences of the day and night, between waking and dreaming life, but the fact that night terrors just are day terrors writ otherwise does not make them any less unwieldy. The clearest expression of how night terrors function, is more troubling still:

> In the day-time we torment our thoughts and imaginations with sundry cares and devices; all the night-time they quake and tremble after the terror of their late suffering, and still continue thinking of the perplexities they have endured.[91]

In the transition from troubled days to troubling nights, "we" fall away. We are, it seems, solely the medium through which our thoughts and imaginations affectively express themselves. Thought thinks and feels in the night-time.[92] Holland's assertion that Nashe's *Terrors* has "none of the important consequences of Descartes's dream experience" is unquestionably true in the grand scheme of things, but the above passage is far from inconsequential.[93] For Nashe, under the cover of darkness there is *cogitare* without *ego*. Thoughts "quake and tremble" like bodies.[94] The properties of body and mind commingle, but "we," that thing that potentially unites the two into some individual subject, slip away at night. While Descartes asserts that thought "cannot be stripped" from the thinker, Nashe implies that the thinker can be and is stripped from thought.[95] Where Descartes takes his *ego* as "certain and unshakeable" epistemic ground, Nashe takes any "I" as uncertain and shakeable at night.[96] Nashe is not skeptical about whether any "I" exists, but rather suggests that this "I" is of little value in regards to the thinking of thoughts.

Descartes' "mind enjoys wandering off the track and will not yet allow itself to be confined within the boundaries of truth" so he aims to "slacken its reins as far as possible - then, before too long, a tug on them at the right moment will bring it more easily back to obedience."[97] Descartes' mind has a will of its own, but that will can be disciplined and curbed to the desires of the thinker and writer. The relationship is unmistakably one of subservience. Nashe, on the other hand, finds himself having "rid a false gallop these three or four pages" because "the night mare rides us."[98] The individual at night does not think or does not play an active role in thinking, but that does not mean the individual is unaffected. Nashe's brain is something that is "wheeling and rolling on" unceasingly and in the process it effectuates the "turmoiling, mixing, and changing course of our thoughts."[99] We are subject to the activity of the brain. Nashe gives us little time to digest these insights. They are not philosophically developed or labored over at length. The consequences that follow from Nashe's insights are left for us to worry over. Despite the fact that thoughts are not within the thinker's remit and thus the

terrors exceed our purview, Nashe's final paragraph leaves us with something like an imperative: "[H]e who in the day doth not good works enough to answer the objections of the night, will hardly answer at the Day of Judgment."[100]

The priority between day and night is inverted again. The day's good works follow from the night's abuses. We must somehow "answer" for the night, for the thoughts that derive from our "cares and devices." These terrors arise without "us." They are not our fault though they speak of or to our faults. We are not responsible for them, but we are nonetheless tasked with responding to them. Nashe, throughout the tract, suggests that reading or understanding what night terrors *mean* is out of the question, thus how ought we respond to them? If they say only uncertain things, then how are we to know that our answers are apt? If they confound and confuse matters, how are we to derive "good works" from them in any clear way? Moreover, Protestant theology would tell us that "good works" are not within the scope of "our" will at all. Good works are what God does. Neither the terrors we suffer nor the good works we might perform in response are under our power to shape. *The Terrors* leaves us at once with a total evacuation of agency, but the provocative suggestion that this state of affairs cannot or does not stop us from trying to assert agency all the same.

Above and beyond "the disordered skirmishing and conflicting of our sensitive faculties" at night, the more pressing problem, for Nashe, is that we subsequently feel compelled to "pursue and hunt after a further fear in the recordation and too busy examining our pains over-passed."[101] Our trouble is aggravated by trying to figure out our trouble. The night poses a question that cannot be understood clearly and that we ought not investigate too busily. Nashe calls on us to do good works that respond to something we do not understand, but these works never quite put the night's objections to rest. There is no guarantee that these answers will stand up to the Day of Judgment. We must risk answering to thoughts beyond our ken and events beyond our lives, but without ground to know whether any answer will satisfy. No ethical advice is given. No salve for the terrors we have encountered is provided. Directly following this short final paragraph, we read "FINIS."[102] This formal commonplace takes on an untoward weight after the invocation of the apocalypse, but maybe that's the joke? Maybe, on the other hand, Nashe had no say in the FINIS.

Lichfield says that Nashe has "a *terminus a quo* [...] but no *terminus ad quem*."[103] The terrors of *The Terrors* are never done. In the end I am no closer to understanding or being able to account for the terrors than I was at the start. Since the terrors of the night are just the terrors of the day, I am, it seems, always in the midst of them. As night follows day or day follows night, Nashe's *Terrors* leaves us questioning our capacity to respond in any sense. I am left wondering how to do good work, whether the work I do is good, and whether said work is mine at all. Maybe there are no final conclusions to be had other than that final conclusions are not ours to be had?

Notes

1. Jonathan V. Crewe, *Unredeemed Rhetoric: Thomas Nashe and the Scandal of Authorship* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982), 1. The impetus for the Nashe problem springs from C. S. Lewis' oft-quoted remark that "In a certain sense of the verb 'say,' if asked what Nashe 'says,' we should have to reply, Nothing. He tells no story, expresses no thought, maintains no attitude." See C.S. Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century Excluding Drama* (London: Oxford University Press, 1954), 416.

2. Corey McEleney, *Futile Pleasures: Early Modern Literature and the Limits of Utility* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2017), 67.

3. James Nielson, *Unread Herrings: Thomas Nashe and the Prosaics of the Real* (New York: Peter Lang, 1993), 158.

4. Pierre Macherey, "The Literary Thing," *diacritics* 37.4 (2007): 30.

5. Toril Moi, *Revolution of the Ordinary: Literary Studies after Wittgenstein, Austin, and Cavell* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2017), 182.

6. Anahid Nersessian, "Literary Agnatology," *ELH* 84.2 (2017): 356-7.

7. Reid Barbour, *Deciphering Elizabethan Fiction* (Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1993), 68.

8. Jason Scott-Warren, "Nashe's Stuff" in *The Oxford Handbook of English Prose 1500-1640*, ed. Andrew Hadfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 208.

9. Carolyn Abbate, "Overlooking the Ephemeral," *New Literary History* 48.1 (2017): 77, 94, 96, 87.

10. Moi, *Revolution of the Ordinary*, 182.

11. See David Perkins, "Issues and Motivations in the Nashe-Harvey Quarrel," *Philological Quarterly* 39 (1960): 224-30 for a sustained account of the controversy. The Nashe-Harvey quarrel also serves an a bizarre crux in the Shakespeare author question due to supposed references to the Earl of Oxford throughout the various tracts.

12. Richard Lichfield, *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe* in *The Works of Gabriel Harvey, D.C.L*, Volume III, ed. Alexander B. Grosart (London: Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 1885), 8. There is some uncertainty regarding the identity of Richard Lichfield (i.e. whether this was a pseudonym used by Harvey or not), but who or what Lichfield was exactly is not at issue in this essay.

13. Lichfield, *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, 8. I have modernised the spelling, but the punctuation remains untouched.

14. Lichfield, *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, 11.

15. Tamsin Theresa Badcoe, "As many Ciphers without an I': Self-Reflexive Violence in the Work of Thomas Nashe," *Modern Philology* 111.3 (2014): 386.

16. Badcoe, "As many Ciphers," 386.

17. J.B. Steane, "Introduction" in Thomas Nashe, *The Unfortunate Traveller and Other Works*, ed. J.B. Steane (London: Penguin, 1985), 42.

18. See William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* in *The Norton Shakespeare: Based on the Oxford Edition: Tragedies*, eds. Stephen Greenblatt, Walter Cohen, Jean E. Howard, and Katharine Eisaman Maus, 2nd Ed. (London: W.W. Norton & Company, 2008), 5.1.171 ff.

19. Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century Excluding Drama*, 416.

20. See Stephen Guy-Bray, Joan Pong Linton, and Steve Mentz's edited collection, *The Age of Thomas Nashe: Text, Bodies and Trespasses of Authorship in Early Modern England* (London: Ashgate, 2013), for an overview of contemporary approaches to Nashe. There is little more than passing mention of Nashe's *Terrors* throughout Guy-Bray, et al.'s collection, but it nevertheless serves as an important touchstone for current work on Nashe. The Thomas Nashe Project, undertaken by Newcastle University, is further evidence of increasing interest in Nashe's writing and their staging of an adaptation of *The Terrors of the Night* hopefully points towards future critical work on this text in particular.

21. Ronald McKerrow, "Notes to *The Terrors of the Night*" in *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow, Vol. IV (London: Sedgwick & Jackson, 1910), 197.

22. C.G. Harlow, "Thomas Nashe, Robert Cotton the Antiquary, and The Terrors of the Night," *The Review of English Studies* 12.45 (1961): 7.

23. Per Sivefors, "'All this tractacte is but a dream': The Ethics of Dream Narration in Thomas Nashe's *The Terrors of The Night*," *Critical Studies* 26 (2005), 172.

24. Georgia Brown, *Redefining Elizabethan Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 80n57.

25. Brown, *Redefining Elizabethan Literature*, 87.

26. Barbour, *Deciphering Elizabethan Fiction*, 76.

27. Derek B. Alwes, "Elizabethan Dreaming: Fictional Dreams from Gascoigne to Lodge" in *Framing Elizabethan Fictions: Contemporary Approaches to Early Modern Narrative Prose*, edited by Constance C. Relihan (Kent, OH: The Kent State University Press, 1996), 166.

28. McEleney, *Futile Pleasures*, 101.

29. McEleney, *Futile Pleasures*, 68.

30. Nashe, *Terrors*, 224, 235.

31. Roland Greene, "Fictions of Immanence, Fictions of Embassy" in *The Project of Prose in Early Modern Europe and the New World*, edited by Elizabeth Fowler and Roland Greene (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), 180.

32. Sivefors, "'All this tractate is but a dream,'" 168. cf. Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Unconsoled* which undertakes a similarly disorienting project of immersing the reader inside something like the associative logic of dreams.

33. Nashe, *Terrors*, 218.

34. Nashe, *Terrors*, 218.

35. Nashe, *Terrors*, 219.

36. Abbate, "Overlooking the Ephemeral," 80-1.

37. Moi, *Revolution of the Ordinary*, 195. There are notable and important differences between Abbate's advocacy for a kind of literary criticism informed by phenomenology and Moi's advocacy for a literary criticism informed by ordinary language philosophy, but I take their respective emphasis on perspectival experience to be common ground.

38. Mauricio Martinez, "Terrors of Conscience: Thomas Nashe and the Interiorization of Presence," *Renaissance and Reformation / Renaissance et Réforme* 36.2 (2013): 66.

39. Brown, *Redefining Elizabethan Literature*, 87; Nashe, *Terrors*, 241.

40. James Nielson, *Unread Herrings: Thomas Nashe and the Prosaics of the Real* (New York: Peter Lang, 1993), 175.

41. Nashe, *Terrors*, 239.

42. Nashe, *Terrors*, 208.

43. Nashe, *Terrors*, 208.

44. I will only treat Nashe's account of dreams in passing since the topic has been well served elsewhere. See Carole Levin, *Dreaming the English Renaissance: Politics and Desire in Court and Culture* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2008), esp. 44-5 and Katherine Hodgkin, Michelle O'Callaghan, and S.J. Wiseman, eds., *Reading the Early Modern Dream: The Terrors of the Night* (New York: Routledge, 2008), esp. 112-3. See also essays by Sivefors, Alwes, and Holland, quoted elsewhere in this essay, for accounts of Nashe's conception of dreams in relation to other early modern writing on dreams.

45. Nashe, *Terrors*, 223. The manner in which gender arises across Nashe's tract warrants further notice. Likewise, his engagement with what we might call cultural anthropology, even if wholly derivative from the writings of others, bears more examination that, unfortunately, I cannot provide here.

46. Nashe, *Terrors*, 224. I will address my uncertainty in regards to Nashe's tone later in the essay.

47. Nashe, *Terrors*, 223.

48. It is hard, here, not to think of Heidegger's infamous suggestion that "language speaks" [*Die Sprache spricht*].

49. Nashe, *Terrors*, 224.

50. Nashe, *Terrors*, 224.

51. McEleney, *Futile Pleasures*, 166. This point may be controversial. I merely wish to suggest that asserting the "foreignness" of a concept does not annul its relevance. For instance, the word "simile" is only attested in English in the fourteenth century, but using the term "simile" to

discuss certain acts of likening prior to the fourteenth century has merit. Whether a concept existed as such or was recognized as such at any given time is not *prima facie* ground for casting it aside.

52. Yvor Winters, *In Defense of Reason* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1947), 144.

53. Winters, *In Defense of Reason*, 41.

54. Sir Philip Sidney, "A Defence of Poetry" in *Miscellaneous Prose of Sir Philip Sidney*, edited by Katherine Duncan-Jones and Jan van Dorsten (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1973), 102.

55. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245-6.

56. Nashe, *Terrors*, 241-5.

57. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

58. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

59. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

60. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

61. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

62. Nashe, *Terrors*, 245.

63. David Loewenstein, *Treacherous Faith: The Specter of Heresy in Early Modern English Literature and Culture* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 169, 172.

64. Stephen S. Hilliard, *The Singularity of Thomas Nashe* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986), 95.

65. Regarding Nashe's relationship to "folk tales," "folk interpretation," and the like, see Mary Baine Campbell, "Dreaming, Motion, Meaning: Oneiric Transport in Seventeenth-century Europe" in *Reading the Early Modern Dream: The Terrors of the Night*, eds. Katherine Hodgkin, Michelle O'Callaghan, and S.J. Wiseman (New York: Routledge, 2008), 17-9.

66. A brief example of the role played by tone in understanding can be found in Descartes. He suggests that Pierre Gassendi's objections to the *Meditations* derive principally from a misunderstanding of tone. "[Y]ou pretend that I am joking, when I am perfectly serious," Descartes says, "and you take seriously, as if I were really saying and endorsing it, what I simply put forward, in a tentative spirit and according to the common opinion of other people, so that I might later investigate it further." Even in a text like the *Meditations* that is clear about motivation, method, and goal, tone nonetheless potentially leads readers astray and possibly distorts meaning. See René Descartes, "The Author's Reply to the Fifth Objections" in *Meditations on First Philosophy with Selections from the Objections and Replies*, translated and edited by Michael Moriarty (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 184-5.

67. Peter Holland, "'The Interpretation of Dreams' in the Renaissance" in *Reading Dreams: The Interpretation of Dreams from Chaucer to Shakespeare*, edited by Peter Brown (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999), 146.

68. Thomas Nashe, *The Terrors of the Night* in *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow (London: Sedgwick & Jackson, 1910), 339. For the paratextual elements of Nashe's *Terrors* I have relied on McKerrow's edition while for the body of the text I rely on Steane's edition. All spellings have been modernised, but the grammar and punctuation remain untouched.

69. Job 17:12 in St. Jerome's *Biblia Sacra Vulgata*.

70 Nashe, *Terrors*, 218. Note that despite the assertion he can think of "nothing more aptly" to compare to the terrors, he also suggests that "the first chaos" from which our world was derived is an equally apt figure for comparison. See *Terrors*, 219. Hutson takes up *The Terrors* according to this chaos comparison in *Nashe in Context*, 114.

71. Nashe's *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* is also dedicated to Carey. For a thorough account of Nashe's relationship to the Careys, see C.G. Harlow, "A Source for Nashe's Terrors of the Night, and the Authorship of I Henry VI," *Studies in English Literature, 1500-1900* 5.1 (1965): 31-47 and Katherine Duncan-Jones, "Christs Teares, Nashe's 'Forsaken Extremities,'" *The Review of English Studies* 49.194 (1998): 167-80.

72. Nashe, "The Epistle Dedicatorie" in *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, 341.

73. Nashe, "The Epistle Dedicatorie," 341.

74. Nashe, "The Epistle Dedicatorie," 342.

75. Regarding the tension between the material limits of the medium and the act of representation, see Badcoe's discussion of Nashe's trouble with the word "Eternal" in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* in "Self-Reflexive Violence in Thomas Nashe," 390.

76. N. Katherine Hayles, "Print is Flat, Code is Deep: The Importance of Media-Specific Analysis," *Poetics Today* 25.1 (2004): 71.

77. Steve Mentz, "Day Labor: Thomas Nashe and the Practice of Prose in Early Modern England" in *Early Modern Prose Fiction: The Cultural Politics of Reading*, edited by Naomi Conn Liebler (New York: Routledge, 2007), 18.

78. Per Sivefors, "'Painting Forth the Things That Hidden Are': Thomas Nashe's 'The Choise of Valentines' and the Printing of Privacy," *Lir. Journal* 1 (2011): 24.

79. Nashe, *Terrors*, 208, 224.

80. Hutson, *Thomas Nashe in Context*, 1-2.

81. Mentz, "Day Labor," 18.

82. Nashe, *Terrors*, 208.

83. E.B., *A sermon preached at Pauls cross on Trinity sunday, 1571* (London: John Awdely, 1576), np. Accessed via Early English Books Online.

84. Nashe, *Terrors*, 210.

85. Nashe, *Terrors*, 211.

86. Birds also feature later in *The Terrors* when Nashe explains the relationship between the digestive system and the sleeping brain. See Nashe, *Terrors*, 232.

87. Nashe, *Terrors*, 217. My emphasis. For a more detailed account of melancholy in *The Terrors*, see Nielson, *Unread Herrings*, esp. 175. On the matter of early modern melancholy more broadly, see Drew Daniel, *The Melancholy Assemblage: Affect and Epistemology of the English Renaissance* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2013). I have neglected the cultural context of Nashe's interpretations of dreams, in part, due to Harlow's persuasive suggestion that the majority of Nashe's more factual or factical statements are borrowed from Henry Howards' *A Defensative against the Poison of Supposed Prophecies* (1583). See Harlow, "A Source for Nashe's The Terrors of the Night," 31-9.

88. Nashe, *Terrors*, 250.

89. Nashe, *Terrors*, 219.

90. Nashe, *Terrors*, 218.

91. Nashe, *Terrors*, 218.

92. Nashe's rather bizarre compliment to Elizabeth Carey in his dedicatory epistle, that she was "clear (if any living) from the original sin of thought," now takes on a new cast.

93. Holland, "'The Interpretation of Dreams,'" 146.

94. See also Nashe's suggestion that the "enfeebled and distempered" body is analogous to the "enfeebled and distempered" mind in Nashe, *Terrors*, 211.

95. Descartes, *Meditations*, 19.

96. Descartes, *Meditations*, 17-18.

97. Descartes, *Meditations*, 21.

98. Nashe, *Terrors*, 231, 220.

99. Nashe, *Terrors*, 241.

100. Nashe, *Terrors*, 250.

101. Nashe, *Terrors*, 236.

102. Nashe, *Terrors*, 250.

103. Lichfield, *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, 11.

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