

Iago's next check is so close to self-confession that Othello's failure to see the truth must give him a sense of absolute security:

Good my lord, pardon me;
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:
 As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? (III.iii.137)

Even this does no more than keep Othello guessing why Iago is apparently unwilling to confide in him, and he chides him for conspiring to keep him ignorant. Iago knows, probably from past experience, but certainly from the experience we share of Othello's temper when he cannot get a straight answer, that the worst thing he can now do is to refuse directly to disclose his thoughts, and he does so probably to see how manageable the Moor will prove, but also to cover himself by disclaiming anything more than suspicion of Desdemona and Cassio. Therefore he begs Othello to

take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance; (III.iii.154)

and quite roundly denigrates his own powers of judgement:

I confess it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not. (III.iii.150)

But if Iago is concerned to protect himself, he does not lose sight of his objective; even in protesting the value of reputation - his, Othello's, Cassio's, Desdemona's, are probably all involved in his mind - the process of fixing doubt in Othello's mind is taken care of by the careful inclusion of 'woman' in, 'Good name in man and woman 's dear, my lord', and by the notion of being robbed of something precious, the 'jewel' of his soul, with its latent suggestion of figurative application to a precious person, and possibly deliberate assonantal echo of Othello's phrase, 'O my soul's joy' spoken in Iago's presence at the reunion in Cyprus. And even as he bluntly says that Othello shall not know his thought, he ensures that its direction is still readily detectable:

O, beware jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
 That meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
 But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
 (III.iii.169)

Othello can hardly miss this since it practically abandons the equivocal

and gives him the closest statement yet of what Iago wants him to think - and his response confirms that it has struck home:

O misery! (III.iii.175)

Now that he has a clear idea of what Iago will disclose to him, Othello can show his mettle, which he does by bringing his soldierly resolution - doggedness - into play. From the bleating demands to let him off the hook, and the half-choked imprecations - 'Zounds', 'O misery' - he once again speaks boldly¹ from the stance of reason:

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. (III.iii.181)

This would be a noble resolve in different circumstances; essentially, he is resolved to know rather than to suspect and 'make a life of' jealousy, which here clearly means suspicion rather than hatred of a rival. His rationale is sound because it is based on his own sense of Desdemona's qualities:

'tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. (III.iii.187)

All this suggests that his better judgement will prevail, but the essential weakness of his position lies in the determination that 'to be once in doubt/Is once to be resolv'd'. One might say that *Othello* is the tragedy of a man who cannot bear to be in doubt and therefore puts his faith in an inappropriate philosophy. It is the quest for certainty² that leads him to his fateful and prophetic words,

No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove,
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy! (III.iii.193)

The pursuit of truth, as I have said above, is modified by the circumstances

1. Though not quite with the precise ring that Knight calls 'the Othello music'.
2. Stated thus, the play's kinship with *Hamlet* and the epistemological concerns of Scepticism is evident. See also p.195 below.

of the play, so that Othello's apparent corruption is the effect of his determination to follow dictates inappropriate to his situation. His very decision to pursue the truth is equivocal because of the play's circumstances; ordinarily this decision would be the right one, here it is what leads him into tragedy because it is inappropriate to the needs of the situation. This forms one of the play's structural patterns, the quasi-legal situation that develops between the characters. As Heilman says, Othello 'aspires...to the judicial', his fault is to rely on legalism rather than belief: 'though he is incurably irrational, he wants the reassuring illusion of acting only in terms of rational formulations'.¹ He determines, in other words, to be scrupulous about Iago's 'inference', and this is where his later follies about the handkerchief and other visual proofs have their root.

But the charm is not yet quite wound up. Iago comes at last to the point, albeit cautiously:

I speak not yet of proof;
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure.
(III.iii.200)

Yet he still works at getting Othello ever more firmly hooked. He plays what Ridley calls 'his most devilishly effective card, using Othello's sense of social inexperience'² in

I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let God see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands.
(III.iii.205)

This agrees with my point about his foreignness,³ and here Othello's innocence is seen in his almost mesmerised responses to Iago's frank revelation:

Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iag. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did. (III.iii.209)

Typically, Iago uses his technique of exploiting the ambivalence in Brabantio's warning to Othello in I.iii.⁴ This must have the effect of

1. Op. cit., pp.131-32.

2. Op. cit., p.105 n.

3. Cf. pp. 169-70 above.

4. Cf. pp. 175-6 above. Brabantio's words are equivocal in that they can be taken equally as true or false, depending on your point of view.

making her love seem equivocal, so that Othello's 'And so she did' becomes a dumbfounded realisation of an apparent truth which he has just seen.

From here to the end of the scene is a matter of going with the tide for Iago, as Othello struggles against the quickly-rising flood of jealous anger. Clearly, doubt is well established, but he is still inspecting it, trying to see if there is any flaw in its appalling probability:

Oth. I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iag. Long live she so, and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet how nature erring from itself -

(III.iii.229)

- an opening which Iago's quick eye catches to confirm the already suggested wilfulness of Desdemona, but now with the added ambivalence of 'will', openly suggesting lust. That he also rubs Othello's nose in the prejudice seen to exist against his exotic nature, is typical of his abusive skill, and further indicates how deeply Othello is under his power:

to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree
Whereto we see in all things nature tends;
Fie, we may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion; thoughts unnatural.

(III.iii.232)

Ridley takes Iago's next speech as deliberately ironic:

My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further, leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note if your lady strain her entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that.

(III.iii.248)

He comments on the words 'leave it to time', 'the one thing that Othello ...is least likely to do, and the last thing that Iago in fact wants him to do'. This seems basically right, but there is something to be said for his really wanting a little more time for Othello to confirm all for himself. Also, his constant cautionary pleas before this seem to imply a real concern for his own safety in the undertaking. He knows Othello's volatile nature, and perhaps feels that his task is sufficiently done for the moment. His presence during the exchange between Othello and

Desdemona, earlier in the scene, is surely what leads him to suggest that Othello take note of her 'vehement importunity' as a sign of confirmation; and he possibly feels that more such examples will appear, making his further personal endangerment unnecessary. As he says a little later when warned by Othello to give him proof of her disloyalty, 'I do not like the office'. I think he is honest about this at least.

But Othello does continue to 'scan' it, and the text suggests that he is still wrestling with probability; following the generalised dictates of the suspicion that is now within him:

She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loathe her: (III.iii.271)

and

'Tis destiny, unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken; (III.iii.279)

yet having brief moments of faith in his own, untainted, perception:

Desdemona comes,
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself,
I'll not believe it. (III.iii.281)

But Desdemona's concern at his faint speech is testimony to his immediate relapse into doubt, as is his answer:

I have a pain upon my forehead, here. (III.iii.288)

Succeeding this half-dazed stage in Othello's collapse, is the onset of his anger, with its anguished desire to un-know or reject knowledge:

thou hast set me on the rack,
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little....
What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
(III.iii.341)

Although he will shortly turn to revenge, this stage reflects nothing short of a desire to return to acceptance of the world as it was and regret for the burden of knowledge - surely invoking the story of the Fall, and, surely, also casting a glance at the *docta ignorantia*, hence introducing at least a rudimentary metaphysical interest that relates to Iago's

role as disturber of the peace, giving him a diabolic depth that many critics have tried to deny. That Othello goes on actively - passionately - to pursue certainty, blinded as he is by Iago's machinations, perhaps suggests that the metaphysics of the play need to be more carefully considered, for the Christian implications here are complicated by the collocation with a strong suggestion of the epistemological concerns of Scepticism.¹

When he bids farewell to 'the tranquil mind' and 'content', he is mourning the loss of the innocence, or blessed ignorance, which his military life's sensory clarity had given him; this, I think, accounts for the careful particularisation of his catalogue of losses in a passage that rings with the 'Othello music':

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That makes ambition virtue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife;
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O ye mortal engines, whose wide throats
The immortal Jove's great clamour counterfeit;
Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone! (III.iii.355)

There is no need to think of Othello as Knight does, 'serving in the temple of war'² here: his 'occupation' is represented by all the details he mentions, and he names them as he would dead favourites, for the comfort of recalling them. Their simple clarity and defined qualities are in stark contrast to the knowledge he has gained, and he has the perspicacity to realise it. As is the case in Genesis, his eyes are opened, as he mistakenly thinks, and he now goes on to demand 'the ocular proof'; the difference is that he is not aroused to shame of his nakedness, but to wrath, much as Blake was later to show the change from Innocence to Experience:

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath. (III.iii.365)

With this anger goes a determination to regain, if not his lost paradise, at least the condition he has known before, and this is best

1. Cf. p.191 above, footnote 2 .

2. J. Wilson Knight, *The Wheel of Fire*, p.107.

seen in the clarity of mind and life which his military occupation had given him. Doubt is inimical to this state, thus his only comfort can be in the dispelling of doubt, in the quest for certainty:

Make me to see't, or at least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on. (III.iii.370)

And in the circumstances of the play, this quest can only issue tragically.

The use of 'doubt' in the passage just cited shows clearly that Shakespeare uses the word in the sense of 'uncertainty', as well as in the more usual contemporary senses, 'suspicion' or 'fear'. Ironically, perhaps inevitably, Iago's plan to put Othello into a jealousy beyond judgement's ability to cure, has succeeded better than he could have hoped. Othello is not merely suspicious and jealous, he is in a state of doubt, moved in different directions by feelings and reason based on past experience:

By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not,
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. (III.iii.389)

His uncertainty is what oppresses him, and he sees it in terms of a tarnishing of what was clear, the blackening of his reputation:

my name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face. (III.iii.392)

To get rid of this muddying doubt becomes an imperative that could involve death - his own or that of others, is not specified:

if there be cords, or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it: would I were satisfied! (III.iii.394)

The scene is now set for the final stage of Othello's collapse. This mood and need lead directly to the idea of revenge, for the assumption is that evidence must be found to prove Desdemona's guilt rather than her innocence. Hence, after his rejection of the tantalising, taunting possibility of seeing her 'topp'd', Iago holds out the inscrutable suggestion of proof in 'imputation and strong circumstances,/Which lead directly to the door of truth'. And Othello demands,

Give me a living reason, that she's disloyal.
(III.iii.415)

After this comes the absurd account of Cassio's dream, which Othello swallows entirely, and the mention of Cassio's possession of the handkerchief which Iago has received from Emilia during the scene's brief interruption. On the basis of these two assertions by Iago, Othello commits himself to revenge:

O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge:
 Now do I see 'tis true; look here, Iago,
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven, ...
 'Tis gone.
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell,
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
 To tyrannous hate, swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 'tis of aspic's tongues! (III.iii.449)

His thoughts are now of blood - 'O blood, Iago, blood!' - and his returned clarity of image reflects a returned sense of direction, the relief of no longer doubting, the stability of a certain course and objective. Now his mind will not change:

Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current, and compulsive course,
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic, and the Hellespont:
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. (III.iii.460)

He is once again the general, issuing commands:

Within these three days, let me hear thee say
 That Cassio's not alive. (III.iii.479)

Thus his closing remark to Iago, 'now art thou my lieutenant', does not merely signify a belated fulfilment of one of Iago's early ambitions, but also shows a revitalisation of his sense of purpose. There is work to be done and Iago is his second-in-command.¹ Thus deluded, he achieves at least some sense of his former clarity of life by pushing doubt aside.²

With Othello set upon his destructive course, the play's concern with doubt undergoes a change of emphasis, recalling to some extent the

1. Cf. W.H. Auden, *The Dyer's Hand*, p.249.

2. I mean this as a broad structural point. It does not preclude some looking for evidence and confirmation in the scenes that follow. Othello is not simple-minded, still showing a complex mixture of feelings and thoughts, but his behaviour is clearly changed sharply enough to be remarked on by both Desdemona and Emilia.

change that occurs in *Hamlet*. The next scene is largely concerned with the effect Othello's altered bearing has on Desdemona and others of the household. It is essentially the 'handkerchief scene', and I have already commented on the central exchange between Desdemona and Othello.¹ The equivocal nature of this exchange is indeed effective in conveying a sense of crossed purposes, but what I could not stress previously is the importance of this equivocal writing to the play at this point; it is precisely this that keeps Othello from appearing to be simply a blind fool. If we were not given at least a sense that there is a plausible cause for his anger - which depends on the whole structure of doubt that Iago has raised in him - his stature as a tragic figure would collapse. It is essential that Desdemona should provide him with apparent grounds for his monomaniacal iteration and subsidence into curses; otherwise he would be merely laughable. This is Ridley's point,² but he does not identify it as a matter of technique, simply blaming the reader for not thinking clearly enough. What seems to happen in this scene as a whole is that Desdemona is shown equivocally by means of the different effects she has here, on the audience and on Othello.

Perhaps this is why Shakespeare chose to begin the scene with the apparently pointless quibbling of the clown. We are reminded of the quibbling exchange at the beginning of the second act which introduced an ambivalence into our response to Desdemona.³ Her bearing here by no means gives grounds to support any real doubt about her, but the mere juxtaposition of this reminder with her confidence in Othello's integrity of judgement, is enough to enrich the irony of these lines with a sense of deliberately equivocal intent by Shakespeare:

Des. but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?
 Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
 Drew all such humours from him.

(III.iv.22)

We not only know that her faith is groundless and about to be shattered, we are also aware that her renewed enthusiasm for Cassio's cause will be

1. Cf. pp. 164-5 above.

2. Cf. p. 166 above.

3. Cf. pp. 178-182 above.

abused, almost as if we had been taught by Iago. Willy-nilly, we are involved in the equivocating power he has cast over the play, and when she begins her pleading on Cassio's behalf, we have a sense of the inevitable, of effect flowing from cause. The more she insists on a hearing for Cassio, the greater she makes her apparent guilt in Othello's eyes. Both of them are trapped in a carefully designed opposition; she can as little avoid confirming her apparent guilt as he can avoid pursuing what is now a preoccupation:

Des. How is it with you, my lord?
 Oth. Well, my good lady: (aside) O, hardness to dissemble!
 How do you do, Desdemona?
 Des. Well, my good lord.
 Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.
 Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
 Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
 Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty; fasting and praying,
 Much castigation, exercise devout;
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

(III.iv.29)

This preoccupation with the physical signs of Desdemona's guilt - her lusty nature seen in her moist palm - confirms that the search for evidence has become more than a desire to test Iago's assertions: Othello has adopted the role of diagnostician here, become a fortune-teller, one who believes he has a key to knowledge and therefore a control over fate that is not unlike his earlier 'occupation' and control over men.¹

This is also apparent in the probably premeditated demand for the handkerchief. In the tale of the Egyptian charmer is much more than a mere sense of a lost token of love: the handkerchief is clearly talismanic, able to exert control over love, and Othello's emphasis here, on the 'magic in the web', is no mere 'bombast circumstance',² or repetition of the tales which caused Desdemona originally to 'devour up (his) discourse' with a 'greedy ear'. It is an assertion of power, a command, even a threat:

take heed on't,
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye,
 To lose, or giv't away, were such perdition

1. Cf. Auden, op. cit., p.270: 'to-know in the scientific sense means, ultimately, to-have-power-over.'

2. Cf. I.i.14.

As nothing else could match. (III.iv.63)

Desdemona is now caught up in the reality of those tales she had once been enthralled by, and cannot relate it to her own sense of reality. She asks, 'Is't possible?', and 'is't true?', and then vigorously rejects her new understanding:

Then would to God that I had never seen it!
(III.iv.75)

This is a very different picture of Desdemona to that seen only fifty lines before, and if we consider also the plain lie and challenge of

It is not lost, but what an if it were?
(III.iv.81)

it is clear that we must be involved in the equivocal effect that shows Othello a guilt-ridden wife and shows us a Desdemona who is at once an innocent victim of and an unwitting help to Iago's machinations.¹ It is little wonder then that Othello should find her evasive speech damning, that his mind should 'misgive', and that he should be reduced to an expletive and later to his near-barbaric behaviour in the fourth Act.² Emilia's 'Is not this man jealous?', (line 96), reflects a confirmative observation of what was merely a question of rhetorical curiosity seventy lines before.

The other side of this ambivalent picture is the state of doubt and confusion that Desdemona is thrown into by Othello's unprecedented behaviour. When Cassio appeals again for her intercession, she is in very much the same position as Brutus's Portia:³

My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. (III.iv.121)

She can only grope after a sensible explanation in the strained attempt she makes to apologise for him and to blame herself for not seeing how his mind is 'puddled' by some 'practice', which Emilia takes to mean 'state-matters':

1. Cf. Auden, op. cit., pp.268-69.

2. Cf. F. Kermode, Introduction to *Othello*, in *The Riverside Shakespeare*, pp.1198 and 1201.

3. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, II.i.253; 'And could it work so much upon your shape/As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,/I should not know you Brutus.'

'Tis even so; for let our finger ache,
 And it indues our other healthful members
 Even to that sense of pain; nay, we must think
 Men are not gods;
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fits the bridal: beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

(III.iv.143)

This is sufficiently remotely phrased to suggest her real innocence, yet it is palpably lacking in perspicacity if we recall that she has seen and heard Othello becoming agitated over matters clearly personal - her moist hand, her loss of the handkerchief - while Emilia keeps suggesting the possibility of a directly personal cause for his displeasure:

Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you.

(III.iv.153)

That she can exclaim, 'Alas the day, I never gave him cause!', is not necessarily a vindication of her sound thinking in the matter, and it is at least possible to follow Auden's perverse reading¹ and suggest an obtuseness here as part of the ambivalence communicated by Shakespeare's equivocal intent. Such a reading would at least partly explain Emilia's answer to her:

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

(III.iv.157)

This is redundant as a statement to the audience, since we already know the extent and manner of Othello's falling into jealousy: it does not describe Othello's jealousy at all, (Leavis notwithstanding), and must therefore be understood as a simple answer to Desdemona's naive complaint, that she 'never gave him cause'. In essence, Emilia is pointing out that not all things can be explained by sound reasons,² and she probably intends no more than homely advice.

The final touch in showing the plausibility of Othello's jealousy and anger is the introduction of Cassio's mistress, Bianca.

1. So called by F. Kermode, *op. cit.*, p.1201. Cf. Auden, *passim*, but especially pp.268-9.

2. Cf. Auden's emphasis on Iago's lack of serious reasons or rational motivation. *Op. cit.*, p.254 especially.

Cassio is, as Auden says, 'a ladies' man', though not 'a seducer'.¹ The mere fact of Bianca's existence as a real source for Cassio's dialogue with Iago in IV.i, is another barb in Iago's hook. This reveals an ambivalence about Cassio's own nature which Othello does not see, and therefore he can understand Cassio's words and actions only in the way he does. We are given the scene with Bianca to prepare us with this new insight into Cassio. His response to her accusation that the handkerchief is 'some token from a newer friend', is revealing:

Go to, woman,
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them; you are jealous now
 That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.
 (III.iv.181)

This shows in him the same quick defiance that liquor provoked in him before. Although he speaks the truth in all innocence about the handkerchief's appearance in his room, the over-quick and vehement rejection of Bianca's suspicion suggests at least the possibility of a sensitivity on the subject. That he thinks it

no addition, nor my wish
 To have him see me woman'd,
 (III.iv.192)

is likewise an innocent enough wish for a man in his position, suffering from a lost reputation, but it includes unavoidably a sense of Cassio's desire to cover up the fact that he *is* 'woman'd', and the irony of its forward reference to the following scene in which Othello does see him enacting and discoursing on his sexual exploits, is intense. Indeed, the whole business from line 98 to line 161 of IV.i reflects very badly on Cassio, showing him to be not only 'woman'd', but callous to, and contemptuous of, his whore. Although Othello may misconstrue his 'smiles, gestures, and light behaviour', as Iago predicts, the fact is that he enacts a piece of villainy which is real enough to provide a plausible ground for Othello's reaction. It could not be otherwise: without such a character as Bianca, and such a relationship for Cassio, Iago would not have the basis for this scene played for Othello's benefit. He could not, in other words, make Cassio show himself in such a light if Cassio did not in fact have some grounds for behaving as he does. What Othello sees he construes wrongly only in the matter of identity.

However, the effect of the burden of knowledge on Othello himself now becomes the focus. Iago's work may be done, but he is not

1. Op.cit., p.260-2.

averse to prodding his victim, perhaps simply for the satisfaction of seeing him squirm. Thus the nearly incoherent raving arising out of the ambiguities of 'lie' - 'with her, on her, what you will' - which culminates in his falling down, clearly in a trance (as both Q2 and F specified), evokes from Iago the patent satisfaction of,

Work on,
 My medicine, work: thus credulous fools are caught,
 And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus
 All guiltless, meet reproach. (IV.i.44)

So too, his cynical diminution of Othello's ill fortune, the assertion that 'every bearded fellow that's but yok'd/May draw with you', that Othello's fate is shared by 'millions', provokes a cowed, 'O, thou art wise, 'tis certain', from the suffering Moor.

Othello's reading of the dumb-show - this is what it is to him - nicely demonstrates the operation of his 'knowledge', for now he can interpret for himself from visible evidence. Iago's tutorship is complete, and the successful pupil shows that he can draw the conclusions he has been taught to draw by the 'wise' Iago. But his knowledge is burdensome, and, since he perceives that it can't be pushed aside,¹ his vow of revenge becomes obsessive:

I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I
 shall throw it to. (IV.i.140)

How shall I murder him, Iago? (IV.i.166)

I would have him nine years a-killing. (IV.i.174)

His original driving force, the pursuit of knowledge, is seen to have been satisfied; the originally innocent Othello has fallen,² and the experience is painful, as his sense of having lost Desdemona shows:

woman! a fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet
 woman! (IV.i.174)

Vengeful injury and remorseful pity, even admiration, constantly mingle as he shows his feelings:

Oth. And let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night,
 for she shall not live; no, my heart is turn'd to
 stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O, the
 world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by
 an emperor's side, and command him tasks.
 Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

1. Cf. p.194 above.

2. Cf. Kermode, op. cit., p.1202: 'Obscurely, it is...an enactment of the Fall...we can momentarily see the play as a psychomachia.'

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate
with her needle, an admirable musician, O, she
will sing the savageness out of a bear; of so
high and plenteous wit and invention!
Iag. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle
a condition!
Iag. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Ay, that's certain, but yet the pity of it
Iago; O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
.....
I will chop her into messes...cuckold me!
(IV.i.177)

The logical next step is that Othello should make this new knowledge public, that it should issue in action, and both of these demands are met as Lodovico arrives, and witnesses the blow Desdemona suffers at line 235. His amazement is clear testimony to the change we are meant to realise:

Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake?
(IV. i.260)

Iago has no further private advisory dialogue with Othello, and, in effect, he formally consigns his erstwhile pupil to the public gaze at the end of this scene, denying helpful knowledge to Lodovico:

you shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
(IV.i.274)

The equivocator's task done, damnation must follow.¹ In a sense, Othello is damned for believing false witness; a sure sign that he has accepted the equivocator's values and abandoned truth, is the prefatory matter to the so-called 'brothel scene'. Questioning Emilia, he is given as directly as is possible, plain assurance that Desdemona is innocent of any falsity, yet he dismisses Emilia as a 'subtle whore,/A closet, lock and key, of villainous secrets', and goes on to exercise his tendency to see himself as a judge,² preaching damnation to Desdemona:

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double-damn'd,

1. Cf. p.184 above.

2. Cf. p.192 above.

Swear thou art honest. (IV.ii.34)

But this attitude is mingled with the self-pity that is evident in the tears Desdemona sees:

Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of those tears, my lord? (IV.ii.43)

The apparent contradiction is accounted for by the conflict Iago's teaching must cause by being superimposed on his original innocent and forbearing nature. This interpretative resolution is rather difficult to maintain in looking at the speech that follows, however, since the pronoun variants that exist in this speech's different states make it impossible to decide who is being referred to:

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty, to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving fingers at...oh, oh.
(IV.ii.48)

If we take the Folio reading, 'had *they* rain'd', the speech has the air of a set piece, since Othello then appears simply to ignore Desdemona's questions and pity for his tears, and carries on as if she were an uninvolved auditor, and he were making a public declaration of his ability to withstand the trials of heaven. This would be consistent with the notion of self-pity in its lack of feeling for her, but it tends to conflict with the inquisitorial tone of the scene as a whole - in which he argues closely with her, rejecting and condemning her words in the manner of a judge spurning false evidence. If, on the other hand, we take the reading of both Quartos, 'had *he* rain'd', (which Ridley accepts), it is possible to read the speech as a reply to Desdemona's supposition about her father's responsibility for his anguish - that Othello could have withstood the utmost of Brabantio's threatened action. This reading suits the accusatory framework of the scene well, but diminishes the self-pitying quality which the tears seem inescapably to indicate. Textual uncertainty, which might be simply compositorial in origin, thus clouds the interpretative issue here. Thus, while it is tempting to see my interpretative account as offering a resolution to the textual difficulty here - the coexistent states of judicial anger and self-pity perhaps favouring the Quarto reading - this is an unacceptable procedure, and I must leave the speech as not satisfactorily supporting any argument of

intentional ambiguity.

What clearly *is* intended, is what Ridley calls 'Desdemona's unhappily chosen word',¹ 'committed', which Othello understands in its grammatically absolute Elizabethan sense, as invoking adultery:

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
 Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write 'whore' on?...What, committed?
 Committed! O thou public commoner! (IV.ii.72)

Here the contrast between innocence and experience is clearly involved, since Desdemona uses the term in all simplicity,² while Othello pounces on the special sense as the one uppermost in his mind corrupted by the experience he has gained at Iago's hands. And if this were not sufficient indication of his new state, the "witty", role-playing exchange he has with Desdemona and Emilia before his exit - the sarcastic enactment of the patron leaving the brothel - surely argues a totally different Othello from the straightforward, plain-dealing commander with a 'free and open nature' we know in the early acts:

What, not a whore?...
 I cry you mercy,
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello: you mistress,
 That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keeps the gates in hell, ay, you, you, you!
 We ha'done our course; there's money for your pains,
 I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
 (IV.ii.88)

Conversely, Desdemona's former sophisticated ambiguities, intended and unintended, seem to fall from her at this point:

Des. Am I that name, Iago?
 Iag. What name, fair lady?
 Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
 (IV.ii.120)

This is not mere prudery in Desdemona: it is almost as if she has been shocked into a fear of using potentially harmful words. 'Committed' brought a storm about her ears, 'whore' might do worse. She has in

1. Op. cit., p.154 n.

2. This is in marked contrast with the earlier examples of unwitting equivocation suggested above. Obviously, the difference is in the context here; Desdemona is pleading for herself only and there is thus no possible reference to Cassio involved in her mind. This question marks the point of realisation of the possibly equivocal in her past words and actions, hence she changes noticeably from here on.

effect been made conscious of the possibility of equivocal speech, and is shocked by its implications for herself. Ironically, she addresses the very man who taught Othello the trick, the arch-exploiter of potential ambivalence himself, who has the gall to ask,

How comes this trick upon him? (IV.ii.131)

and for his pains has to endure some delightfully justified railing against himself, (unwitting, of course), by Emilia. Desdemona is stunned not only by the accusation, but by the fact that it is possible - in other words, by the existence of some incredible process of communication which gave Othello reason to accuse her of adultery:

by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. (IV.ii.152)

To her own knowledge, she never

did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
(IV.ii.154)

which testifies to her innocent intentions throughout, but does not diminish the tragic circumstances which allowed her words and actions to be construed as they were. Once again, we are made aware of the play's epistemological concerns. And thus, in addition to its functions as plot continuance and moral indicator of poetic justice to come, (confirming Emilia's precise guesses), the closing of the scene with Roderigo's disillusionment deals also with the gap between word and deed, essentially a problem in the transmission of knowledge such as those seen in *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida*:

Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and
performance are no kin together.
(IV.ii.184)

This accusation is maintained in varying formulations from line 175 to line 210, even forcing Iago to admit 'your suspicion is not without wit and judgement'. Having dealt so long in doubts and suspicions, Iago begins to experience their effects.

That Desdemona's mind now lingers on the equivocal, toying with ambiguities and the need to speak and act cautiously, is evident as she prepares for bed, carefully obeying to the letter Othello's instructions:

Emil. Dismiss me?
Des. It was his bidding, therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him. (IV.iii.14)

What seemed important to her a short while before, the laying out of her wedding sheets, now appears to be of little concern - or possibly of

different use:

All's one, good faith: how foolish are our minds!
 If I do die before thee, prithe shroud me
 In one of those same sheets. (IV.iii.23)

The willow song that follows has the clear function of denoting her premonition of death, since she quite specifically recalls it together with the maid who 'died singing it', and can herself barely resist the temptation to 'sing it like poor Barbary'; but it is set in a very strange context which recalls nothing so much as the sophisticated exchange at the beginning of the second Act. The strangeness is witnessed by Ridley in a footnote, (to Desdemona's abrupt comment on Lodovico), that asks 'what did Shakespeare intend by this sudden transition to Lodovico?'¹ He conjectures that the comment might more properly belong to Emilia, and this is, of course, a possibility. But is it not also possible that such a transition is appropriate to a mind which has been wrenched from assumptions about intention and effect? If 'all's one' and our minds 'foolish', there is no logic or reason to prevent our thoughts straying randomly: thus Desdemona recalls the maid Barbary and thinks of death; so too, perhaps, she thinks of Lodovico's very recent visit and speaks with the innocence of her past conversational habits, possibly confused with the new awareness of ambiguity. She is perhaps experimenting, trying such an innocent comment to see how it is received; if so, Emilia's specifically sexual response confirms her probable hypothesis and fear that the innocent intention will be taken as if guiltily motivated:

I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot
 to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. (IV.iii.38)

Perhaps it is this confirmation of her new view of the lack of innocence in the world that makes her yield to the temptation of lines 30-32, to actually sing the song of lament, with its equally ambivalent suggestion of pastoral comfort for sustained injury -

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,
 (IV.iii.44)

- and self-accusation:

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve. (IV.iii.51)

The song's attempt to establish truth,

I call'd my love false love,
 (IV.iii.54)

1. Op. cit., p.166.

leads only to a stalemate, the nearly classical equivocation of

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men,
(IV.iii.56)

which patently gives each partner an equal share of guilt.

The final indication of her fascination with this new view of the world, is the dialogue that closes the scene, which shows her that even her trusted Emilia easily admits corruption under the protection of the simplest of sophisms:

Des. Wouldst thou do such a thing for all the world?
Emil. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.
(IV.iii.67)

Against Desdemona's persistent disbelief, Emilia can only offer a jaded view of men's guilt as the cause of adultery, seeing it as revenge:

Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so. (IV.iii.102)

Desdemona's closing statement,

God me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! (IV.iii.104)

is not obscure in its general sense, but the difficulty over 'usage/uses' may be a little clarified by this reading of the scene. If we take the word to derive from her question in lines 60-61, 'Dost thou...think.../ That there be women do abuse their husbands...?', then it is possible to see her desire to 'mend' by such usage as alluding to the abuse which distorts men's perceptions, and hence as an expression of gratitude that she has seen into the source of her offence to Othello, the ambivalence of her words and actions, and the hope that she will be able to avoid such duplicity in future.

But it is an ill-founded hope, as the opening of Act 5 makes clear. Even at this late stage in the play, with his main task accomplished, Iago's role of equivocator is emphasized as he first stabs Cassio and then offers to bind the wound with his shirt. Bianca's defence against Iago's vilification and attempt to blame all on her,

I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you, that thus abuse me,
(V.i.121)

adds to the sense we have of his consistent abuse, of people, of perception, and of meaning.

Othello too, remains fixed in his intention of revenge in spite

of the mixture of compassion in his distorted view of Desdemona, and in spite of his sense of an ultimate destruction:

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume: when I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither. (V.ii.12)

This intransigence ensures the crushing of Desdemona's hope sensed at the end of Act 4, and is the solid fruit of Iago's planting (or the wall raised on his foundation of doubt), showing itself here to be true to its originator: Othello sees only what he looks for - signs of her guilt. Therefore her denial that she gave the handkerchief to Cassio only provokes the warning,

Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury; (V.ii.51)

her plea that Cassio be called to testify results only in an allusion to Iago's description of Cassio's 'dream', an alleged confession

That he hath...us'd thee. (V.ii.71)

And her vain hope that consciousness of equivocation might help her to avoid it collapses under the strain of the assertion that Cassio is dead. What she says can only be taken in the worst sense of its patent ambivalence:

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. O strumpet,...weepest thou for him to my face?
(V.ii.77)

The brief pleadings that follow mark a crescendo of passion that ends, as it must, with his stifling her, and we are left only with the relatively long revelation of truth and Othello's expiation, which, in terms of my argument, serve as a fitting end to the quest for knowledge so falsely based on Iago's 'practice'.

This analysis may seem to have diverged considerably from the emphasis that was laid on dialectical patterning in *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Measure for Measure*; but this is really only a matter of emphasis. As I suggested near the beginning of this analysis,¹ the particular dramatic situation in *Othello* seems to lend itself to the term 'equivocation' because of the nature and function of Iago. Shakespeare seems to have been interested here in the equivocator as the agent of dialecticism; the play is dialectically based in that it creates a

1. Cf. p.164 above.

situation of dreadful conflict between love and jealousy in its protagonist, and also in its epistemological interest which involves us in the difficulty of really knowing Desdemona. But this seems to be secondary to the conscious exploitation of the equivocal by Iago. The tragedy arises from Othello's refusal to accept irresolution as a response to the dialectic of experience.

The play is none the less in the Sceptical mould despite this different emphasis. Othello's false theory of evidence, the view that 'seeing is believing',¹ is exactly the fallacy that Sextus Empiricus, in common with pre- and succeeding Sceptical thinkers, used to demonstrate the insupportability of dogmatic views of the world. Whether or not he was conscious of this traditional use of the fallacy, Shakespeare was clearly well aware of the tragic consequences of basing moral judgements on sense-perception in a world where evil practice such as Iago's exists. Against such a world, being a Sceptic would seem to be the only defence. Rymer may have drawn wrong conclusions from rigid premises, but his ability to characterise a weakness is evident in his remark that 'this may be a lesson to Husbands, that before their Jealousie be Tragical, the proofs may be Mathematical'.² This recognises the fallacy at the heart of Othello's 'theory of evidence' and the folly of dogmatic assumptions about knowledge. I doubt that it is entirely fortuitous that the true knowledge is, in a sense, revealed to Othello *in spite of* evidence and reason; such knowledge being the only kind conceded by the tradition of Sceptical thought.

1. Cf. p.168 above.

2. Thomas Rymer, 'A Short View of Tragedy', 1693. Cited by F.E. Halliday in *Shakespeare and His Critics*, p.244.

10. Conclusion

This dissertation has attempted to provide a new theoretical and historical basis for the understanding of some of Shakespeare's acknowledged 'problem' plays. I have tried to justify the modern tendency to see the difficulties of these plays as due to Shakespeare's dialectical approach to problems, and to suggest the derivation of his approach.

Working from the best-known and established contact between Shakespeare and such dialectical views, the Essays of Montaigne, renowned for their scepticism, I have traced this approach as a Sceptical tradition, from its origins in the teaching of Pyrrho of Elis, as recorded in the *locus classicus*, Sextus Empiricus's *Pyrrhonian Hypotyposes*, to the epistemological dualism of Renaissance Humanist and Neoplatonist philosophers, and culminating in Montaigne. It is not suggested that Shakespeare knew intimately or read widely in this tradition, but that its influence was considerable both in Europe and in England. Shakespeare's apparent wide reading would almost certainly have led him to sufficient acquaintance with sceptical ideas to have sparked his naturally enquiring mind to recognise doubt as a thoroughgoing system of thought, and it is further suggested that drama is especially well-suited to the exploration of sceptical thought because of its use of dialogue.

The four analyses, in chapters 7 to 9, attempt to maintain a neutrality of view. Rather than give detailed interpretations of character, I have tried to describe dialectical patterning as a structural principle of the plays. The analysis of *Hamlet* reveals an underlying construction of epistemological questioning which makes it difficult to respond dogmatically to the moral issues of the play. This difficulty affects both the characters and the audience, since it constitutes a dialectical structure which operates internally, between the characters, and externally, between the text and the audience. This structure, it is suggested, accounts for the wide variety of critical responses the play has always evoked.

Both *Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure* have already convinced critics of their dialectical structures, thus my brief analysis of them has tried to show that this structure indicates the influence of Scepticism properly understood, as suspensive and anti-dogmatic, rather

than as a negative or cynical view arising from some psychological darkness in Shakespeare's mind.

The choice of *Othello* as the last play for analysis was partly determined by Rossiter's description of it, as possibly 'the last Problem Play', and partly by its challenge to me to clarify a long-standing sense of doubt it aroused in me, which seemed to have something to do with equivocal dialogue. My analysis of the play seems to vindicate that sense of doubt, and its problematic quality seems to be of the same kind as that seen in the other plays studied, thus confirming Rossiter's description.

This perspective on the Problem Plays may not be entirely new, but it has been presented before as a largely unexplained phenomenon. I believe that by considering these plays in this way and with emphasis on the proper meaning of Scepticism, we gain a new basis for understanding them and at least part of their continuing greatness.

Appendix 1

An extract from chapters 35 and 36 of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* by Francois Rabelais.

That word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that Gargantua with his royal presence graced that banqueting and stately hall. Each of the guests arose to do their king that reverence and duty which became them. After that Gargantua had most affably saluted all the gentlemen there present, he said, Good friends, I beg this favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places where you sate, nor quit the discourse you were upon. Let a chair be brought hither unto this end of the table, and reach me a cup full of the strongest and best wine you have, that I may drink to all the company. You are, in faith, all welcome, gentlemen. Now let me know, what talk you were about. To this Pantagruel answered, that at the beginning of the second service Panurge had proposed a problematic theme, to wit, Whether he should marry, or not marry? that Father Hippothadeus and Doctor Rondibilis had already dispatched their resolutions thereupon; and that, just as his majesty was coming in, the faithful Trouillogan in the delivery of his opinion hath thus far proceeded, that when Panurge asked, - whether he ought to marry, yea, or no? - at first he made this answer, Both together. When this same question was again propounded, his second answer was, Neither the one, nor the other. Panurge exclaimeth, that those answers are full of repugnancies and contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth Gargantua, I understand it very well. The answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a philosopher in ancient time, who being interrogated, if he had a woman, whom they named him, to his wife? I have her, quoth he, but she hath not me, - possessing her, by her I am not possest. Such another answer, quoth Pantagruel, was once made by a certain bouncing wench of Sparta who being asked, if at any time she had had to do with a man? No, quoth she, but sometimes men have had to do with me. Well, then, quoth Rondibilis, let it be a neuter in physic, - as when we say a body is neuter, when it is neither sick nor healthful, - and a mean in philosophy; that, by an abnegation of both extremes, and this, by the participation of the one and of the other. Even as when lukewarm water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when time makes the partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one,

another while as long in the other opposite extremity. The holy apostle, quoth Hippothadeus, seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this point, when he said, Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married; and those that have wives let them be as if they had no wives at all. I thus interpret, quoth Pantagruel, the having and not having of a wife. To have a wife, is to have the use of her in such a way as nature hath ordained, which is for the aid, society, and solace of man, and propagating of his race. To have no wife is not to be uxorious, play the coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the lustre of that affection which man owes to God; or yet for her to leave those offices and duties which he owes unto his country, unto his friends and kindred; or for her to abandon and forsake his precious studies, and other businesses of account, to wait still on her will, her beck, and her buttocks. If we be pleased in this sense to take having and not having of a wife, we shall indeed find no repugnancy nor contradiction in the terms at all.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A continuation of the answers of the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian philosopher Trouillogan

You speak wisely, quoth Panurge, if the moon were green cheese. Such a tale once pissed my goose. I do not think but that I am let down into that dark pit, in the lowermost bottom where the truth was hid, according to the saying of Heraclitus. I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my senses are altogether dulled and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former style of my discourse, and talk to him in another strain. Our trusty friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the chance, and speak without disjunctives. I see already, that these loose and ill-joined members of an enunciation do vex, trouble and perplex you.

Now go on, in the name of God! Should I marry?

Trouillogan. There is some likelihood therein.

Panurge. But if I do not marry?

Trouil. I see in that no inconvenience.

Pan. You do not?

Trouil. None, truly, if my eyes deceive me not.

Pan. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

Trouil. Reckon them.

Pan. This is an impropriety of speech, I confess; for I do no more thereby, but take a certain for an uncertain number, and posit the determinate term for what is indeterminate. When I say therefore five hundred, my meaning is, many.

Trouil. I hear you.

Pan. Is it possible for me to live without a wife, in the name of all the subterranean devils?

Trouil. Away with these filthy beasts.

Pan. Let it be then in the name of God; for my Salmigondinish people used to say, To lie alone, without a wife, is certainly a brutish life. And such a life also was it assevered to be by Dido, in her lamentations.

Trouil. At your command.

Pan. By the pody cody, I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

Trouil. Perhaps.

Pan. Shall I thrive or speed well withal?

Trouil. According to the encounter.

Pan. But if in my adventure I encounter aright, as I hope I will, shall be I fortunate?

Trouil. Enough.

Pan. Let us turn the clean contrary way, and brush our former words against the wool: what if I encounter ill?

Trouil. Then blame not me.

Pan. But, of courtesy, be pleased to give me some advice. I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

Trouil. Even what thou wilt.

Pan. Wishy, washy; trolly, lolly.

Trouil. Do not invoke the name of any thing, I pray you.

Pan. In the name of God, let it be so! My actions shall be regulated by the rule and square of your counsel. What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

Trouil. Nothing.

Pan. Shall I marry?

Trouil. I have no hand in it.

Pan. Then shall I not marry?

Trouil. I cannot help it.

Pan. If I never marry, I shall never be a cuckold.

Trouil. I thought so.

Pan. But put the case that I be married.

Trouil. Where shall we put it?

Pan. Admit it be so then, and take my meaning, in that sense.

Touil. I am otherwise employed.

Pan. By the death of a hog, and mother of a toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little fling at the swearing game, though privily and under thumb, it would lighten the burden of my heart, and ease my lights and reins exceedingly. A little patience, nevertheless, is requisite. Well then, if I marry, I shall be a cuckold.

Trouil. One would say so.

Pan. Yet if my wife prove a virtuous, wise, discreet, and chaste woman, I shall never be cuckolded.

Trouil. I think you speak congruously.

Pan. Hearken.

Trouil. As much as you will.

Pan. Will she be discreet and chaste? This is the only point I would be resolved in.

Trouil. I question it.

Pan. You never saw her?

Trouil. Not that I know of.

Pan. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not?

Trouil. For a cause.

Pan. And if you should know her?

Trouil. Yet more.

Pan. Page, my little pretty darling, take here my cap, - I give it to thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who shall cuckold me?

Trouil. Somebody.

Pan. By the belly of the wooden horse at Troy, Master Somebody, I shall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy labour.

Trouil. You say so.

Pan. Nay, nay, that Nick in the dark cellar, who hath no white in his eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that case, whensoever I go abroad from the palace of my domestic residence, I do not, with as much circumspection as they use to ring mares in our country to keep them from being sallied by stoned horses, clap a Bergamasco lock upon my wife.

Trouil. Talk better.

Pan. It is *bien chien*, *chié chanté*, well cacked, and cackled, shitten, and sung in matter of talk. Let us resolve on somewhat.

Trouil. I do not gainsay it.

Pan. Have a little patience. Seeing I cannot on this side draw any blood of you, I will try, if with the lancet of my judgement I be able to bleed you in another vein. Are you married, or are you not?

Trouil. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

Pan. O the good God help us! By the death of a buffle-ox, I sweat with the toil and travail that I am put to, and find my digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted; for all my phrenes, metaphrenes, and diaphragms, back, belly, midrib, muscles, veins, and sinews, are held in a suspense, and for a while discharged from their proper offices, to stretch forth their several powers and abilities, for incornifistibulating, and laying up into the hamper of my understanding your various sayings and answers.

Trouil. I shall be no hinderer thereof.

Pan. Tush, for shame! Our faithful friend, speak, are you married?

Trouil. I think so.

Pan. You were also married before you had this wife.

Trouil. It is possible.

Pan. Had you good luck in your first marriage?

Trouil. It is not impossible.

Pan. How thrive you with this second wife of yours?

Trouil. Even as it pleaseth my fatal destiny.

Pan. But what in good earnest? Tell me - do you prosper well with her?

Trouil. It is likely.

Pan. Come on, in the name of God. I vow, by the burden of Saint Christopher, that I had rather undertake the fetching of a fart forth of the belly of a dead ass, than to draw out of you a positive and determinate resolution. Yet shall I be sure at this time to have a snatch at you, and get my claws over you. Our trusty friend, let us shame the devil of hell, and confess the verity. Were you ever a cuckold? I say you who are here, and not that other you, who playeth below in the tennis-court?

Trouil. No, if it was not predestinated.

Pan. By the flesh, blood, and body, I swear, reswear, forswear, abjure, and renounce: he evades and avoids, shifts and escapes me, and quite slips and winds himself out of my gripes and clutches.

At these words Gargantua arose, and said, Praised be the good God in all things, but especially for bringing the world into the height of refinedness beyond what it was when I first became acquainted therewith, that now the most learned and most prudent philosophers are not ashamed to

be seen entering in at the porches and frontispieces of the schools of the Pyrrhonian, Aporrhetic, Sceptic, and Ephectic sects. Blessed be the holy name of God! Veritably, it is like henceforth to be found an enterprise of much more easy undertaking, to catch lions by the neck, horses by the mane, oxen by the horns, bulls by the muzzle, wolves by the tail, goats by the beard, and flying birds by the feet, than to entrap such philosophers in their words. Farewell, my worthy, dear, and honest friends.

Appendix 2

An extract from Thomas Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

670 That creature's best that comes most neere to men;
 That dogs of all come neerest, thus I proue:
 First, they excell us in all outward sence,
 Which no one of experience will deny;
 They heare, they smell, they see better then we.
 675 To come to speech, they haue it questionlesse,
 Although we vnderstand them not so well:
 They barke as good old Saxon as may be,
 And that in more varietie then we:
 For they haue one voice when they are in chase,
 680 Another, when they wrangle for their meate,
 Another, when we beate them out of dores.
 That they haue reason, this I will alleadge,
 They choose those things that are most fit for them,
 And shunne the contrarie all that they may;
 685 They know what is for their owne diet best,
 And seeke about for't very carefully;
 At sight of any whip they runne away,
 As runs a thiefe from noise of hue and crie:
 Nor liue they on the sweat of others browes,
 690 But haue their trades to get their liuing with,
 Hunting and conie-catching, two fine artes:
 Yea, there be of them, as there be of men,
 Of euerie occupation more or lesse:
 Some carriers, and they fetch: some watermen,
 695 And they will diue and swimme when you bid them:
 Some butchers, and they worrie sheep by night:
 Some cookes, and they do nothing but turne spits.
Chrisippus holds dogs are Logicians,
 In that, by studie and by canuasing,
 700 They can distinguish twixt three seuerall things:
 As when he commeth where three broad waies meet,
 And of those three hath staid at two of them,
 By which he gesseth that the game went not,
 Without more pause he runneth on the third;

705 Which, as *Chrisippus* saith, insinuates
 As if he reason'd thus within himselfe:
 Eyther he went this, that, or yonder way,
 But neyther that, nor yonder, therefore this.
 But whether they Logicians be or no,
 710 Cinicks they are, for they will snarle and bite;
 Right courtiers to flatter and to fawne;
 Valiant to set vpon the enemies,
 Most faithfull and most constant to their friends;
 Nay, they are wise, as *Homer* witnesseth,
 715 Who, talking of *Vlisses* comming home,
 Saith all his household but *Argus*, his Dogge,
 Had quite forgot him; I, and his deepe insight,
 Nor *Pallas* Art in altering of his shape,
 Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty yeares,
 720 Could go beyond, or any way delude.
 That Dogges Phisicians are, thus I inferre;
 They are ne're sicke, but they know their disease,
 And finde out meanes to ease them of their grieffe;
 Speciall good Surgions to cure dangerous wounds;
 725 For strucken with a stake into the flesh,
 This policie they vse to get it out:
 They traile one of their feet vpon the ground,
 And gnaw the flesh about, where the wound is,
 Till it be cleane crawne out: and then, because
 730 Vlcers and sores kept fowle are hardly cur'de,
 They licke and purifie it with their tongue:
 And well obserue Hipocrates old rule,
The onely medicine for the foote is rest,
 For if they haue the least hurt in their feet,
 735 They beare them vp, and looke they be not stird:

The significance of this passage is made clear in McKerrow's notes, which are very illuminating, and I reproduce them here too:

The whole of this comes ultimately from the *Pyrrhoniae Hypotyposes* of Sextus Empiricus, though not, of course, directly from the Greek, nor even, I believe, from the Latin translation of Henri Etienne. In 1591 Nashe spoke of the works of Sextus having been 'latelie translated into English for the benefit of vnlearned writers' (iii.332.31-4), and in

i.174.4 and 185.8, where, quoting from him, he wrongly substitutes 'ashes' for 'asses' and 'bones' for 'beans', we seem to have evidence that he was himself using such a translation, and an incorrect print or copy of it. I have, however, failed to discover any early Englishing of the work.

The present discourse about dogs gives us still stronger evidence of the existence of an English version, but at the same time brings us face to face with a problem which only the discovery of the translation itself can completely solve. In the tract - one might almost call it a compilation - by S. Rowlands, entitled *Greene's Ghost Haunting Conycatchers*, 1602, D3^V-4^V, we again meet with the whole of this passage from Sextus, under the heading 'A notable Scholerlike discourse vpon the nature of Dogges'. Now comparing Rowlands' prose with Nashe's verse, we are struck by the extraordinary similarity of phrasing; for example Nashe's 1.677, 'They barke as good old Saxon as may be,' occurs in precisely the same words in Rowlands - while naturally there is nothing corresponding in the Greek. So too 'hunting and conie-catching' (1.691) are mentioned also by Rowlands, while the Greek only refers to hunting; and there is nothing in Sextus to correspond to 11.692-7, though this is found in Rowlands (see end of extract below). Again, the 'outward' speech of dogs is dealt with by both the English writers before the 'inward'. The original discusses it at the end of the whole description. A comparison of the extract given from Rowlands below will show several other points of resemblance. A natural inference would of course be that Rowlands simply turned the passage of *Summer's Last Will* into prose, but this is at once shown to be impossible by a further comparison with the original, for Rowlands translates many passages which Nashe omits; and in that corresponding to 11.698-720 follows Sextus in giving the example of Argus before the reference to Chrysippus, while Nashe reverses the order. Hence it seems that either

(1) There existed a translation of Sextus into English, or rather a free paraphrase - as many Elizabethan translations were - and both authors used this, Nashe following the language closely in such passages as he selected, Rowlands perhaps simply copying the whole word for word - as indeed he often did when borrowing from other authors. Or

(2) Rowlands had before him a different text of *Summer's Last Will*. A third possibility, that he used Nashe's work, but knew and referred to its source, is not worth discussing, for one can hardly imagine Rowlands doing any such thing. There can, I think, be little doubt that the first explanation is the correct one, but we must for the present be content to

leave the matter open

Appendix 3

Sir Walter Raleigh's SCEPTICK, from *The Works of Sir Walter Raleigh*, ed. Tho. Birch, 1751. This text follows original spelling, but modern typescript is necessarily used.

The SCEPTICK doth neither affirm, neither deny any Position; but doubteth of it, and opposeth his Reasons against that which is affirmed, or denied, to justify his not consenting.

His first Reason ariseth, from the Consideration of the great Difference amongst living Creatures, both in the Matter and Manner of their Generations, and the several Constitutions of their Bodies.

Some living Creatures are by Copulation and some without it: and that either by Fire, as Crickets in Furnaces; or corrupt Water, as Gnats; or Slime, as Frogs; or Dirt, as Worms; or Herbs, as Cankerworms; some of Ashes, as Beetles; some of Trees, as the Worm Psenas bred in the wild Fig-tree; some of living Creatures putrified, as Bees of Bulls, and Wasps of Horses. By Copulation many Creatures are brought forth alive, as Man; some in the Egg, as Birds; some in an unshapen Piece of Flesh, as Bears. These great Differences cannot but cause a divers and contrary Temperament, and Quality in those Creatures; and consequently, a great Diversity in their Fancy and Conceit; so that tho' they apprehend one and the same Object, yet they must do it after a diverse Manner: for is it not absurd to affirm, that Creatures differ so much in Temperature, and yet agree in Conceit concerning one and the same Object?

But this will more plainly appear, if the Instruments of Sense in the Body be observed: for we shall find, that as these Instruments are affected and disposed, so doth the Imagination conceit that which by them is connexed unto it. That very Object which seemeth unto us white, unto them which have the Jaundice seemeth pale, and red unto those whose Eyes are Bloodshot. Forasmuch then as living Creatures have some white, some pale, some red Eyes, why should not one and the same Object seem to some white, to some red, to some pale? If a Man rub his Eye, the figure of that which he beholdeth seemeth long or narrow; is it then not likely, that those Creatures which have a long and slanting Pupil of the Eye, as Goats, Foxes, Cats, etc. do convey the Fashion of that which they behold under

another Form to the Imagination, than those that have round Pupils do?

Who knoweth not, that a Glass presenteth the outward Object smoother, or greater, according to the making of the Glass? If it be hollow, the Object seemeth smaller than it is; if the Glass be crooked, then the Object seemeth long and narrow. And Glasses there be, which present the Head of him that looketh in them, downwards, and the Heels upwards. Now then seeing the Eye, which is the Instrument of Sight, in some living Creatures is more outward, in some more hollow, in some plain, in some greater, in some less; it is very probable that Fishes, Men, Lions and Dogs, whose Eyes so much differ, do not conceive the self-same Object after the same Manner, but diversly, according to the Diversity of the Eye, which offereth it unto the Fancy.

The same Reason holdeth in Touching; for seemeth it not absurd to think, that those Creatures which are covered with Shells, those which are covered with Scales, and which are covered with Hairs, and those which are smooth, should all be alike sensible in Touching; and every one of them convey the Image or Quality of the same Object which they touch, in the very same Degree of Heat or Cold, of Dryness or Moisture, Roughness or Smoothness, unto the Imagination?

So might it be shewed in Hearing: for how can we think that the Ear which hath a narrow Passage, and the Ear which hath an open and wide Passage, do receive the same Sound in the same Degree? or that the Ear whose Inside is full of Hair, doth hear in the same just Measure, that the Ear doth whose Inside is smooth? Since Experience sheweth, that if we stop, or half stop our Ears, the Sound cometh not to us in the same Manner and Degree that it doth if our Ears be open.

The like may be thought of Smelling: for Man himself abounding with Flegm, is otherwise affected in Smelling, than he is, if the Parts about the Head be full of Blood; and many Things afford a delightful Smell to some living Creatures, which Smell to other living Creatures seemeth not to be so.

In the Taste the same Reason appeareth, for to a rough and dry Tongue, that very Thing seemeth bitter (as in an Ague) which to the moister Tongue seemeth not to be so. Divers Creatures then having Tongues drier, or moister, according to their several Temperatures, when they taste the

same Thing, must needs conceit it to be according as the Instrument of their Taste is affected, either bitter, or sweet, etc. For even as the Hand in the striking of the Harp, tho' the Stroke be one, yet causeth a Sound sometimes high, sometimes base, according to the Quality of the String that is stricken; even so one and same outward Object is diversly judged of, and conceited, according to the several and divers Qualities of the Instrument of Sense, which conveyeth it to the Imagination. Ointment is pleasing to Man; but Beetles and Bees cannot abide it. Oil to Man is profitable, but it killeth Bees and Wasps. Cicuta feedeth Quails, and Henbane Sows; but both of these hurt Man. If a Man eat Ants, he is sick; but the Bear being sick, recovereth by eating them.

If then one and the very same thing to the red Eye seem red, to another pale, and white to another: if one and the same thing, seem not hot or cold, dry or moist, in the same Degree, to the several Creatures which touch it; if one and self same Sound seem more shrill to that Creature which hath a narrow Ear, and more base to him that hath an open Ear: if the same thing, at the same Time, seem to afford a pleasant and displeasent Smell to divers and several Creatures: if that seem bitter in Taste to one, which to another seemeth sweet; that to one hurtful, which to another seemeth healthful: I may report how these Things appear divers to several Creatures, and seem to produce divers Effects.

But what they are in their own Nature, whether red or white, bitter or sweet, healthful or hurtful, I cannot tell. For why should I presume to prefer my Conceit and Imagination, in affirming that a Thing is thus or thus, in its own Nature, because it seemeth to me to be so, before the Conceit of other living Creatures, who may as well think it to be otherwise in its own Nature, because it appeareth otherwise to them than it doth to me?

They are living Creatures as well as I: why then should I condemn their Conceit and Fantasy, concerning any Thing more than they may mine? they may be in the Truth and I in Error, as well as I in Truth, and they err. If my Conceit must be believed before theirs, great Reason that it be proved to be truer than theirs. And this Proof must be either by Demonstration, or without it. Without it none will believe. Certainly, if by Demonstration, then this Demonstration must seem to be true, or not seem to be true. If it seem to be true, then will it be a Question, whether it be so indeed as it seemeth to be; and to alledge that for a

certain Proof, which is uncertain and questionable, seemeth absurd.

If it be said, that the Imagination of Man judgeth truer of the outward Object, than the Imagination of other living Creatures doth, and therefore to be credited above others, (besides that which is already said) this is easily refuted by comparing of Man with other Creatures.

It is confessed the Dog excelleth Man in Smell, and in hearing: and whereas there is said to be a two-fold Discourse, one of the Mind, another of the Tongue, and that of the Mind is said to be exercised in chusing that which is convenient, and refusing that which is hurtful in Knowledge, Justice, and Thankfulness: this Creature chuseth his Food, refuseth the Whip, fawneth on his Master, defendeth his House, revengeth himself of those Strangers that hurt him. And *Homer* mentioneth *Argus* the Dog of *Ulysses*, who knew his Master, having been from Home so many Years, that at his Return all the People of his House had forgot him. This Creature, saith *Chrysippus*, is not void of Logick: for when in following any Beast he cometh to three several Ways, he smelleth to the one, and then to the second; and if he find that the Beast which he pursueth be not fled one of these two Ways, he presently without smelling any further to it, taketh the third Way: which, saith the same Philosopher, is as if he reasoned thus, the Beast must be gone either this, or this, or the other Way; but neither this, nor this; *Ergo*, the third: and so away he runneth.

If we consider his Skill in Physick, it is sufficient to help himself; if he be wounded with a Dart, he useth the Help of his Teeth to take it out, of his Tongue to cleanse the Wound from Corruption: he seemeth to be well acquainted with the Precept of *Hippocrates*, who saith, 'That the Rest of the Foot is the Physick of the Foot;' and therefore if his Foot be hurt, he holdeth it up that it may rest: if he be sick, he giveth himself a Vomit by eating of Grass, and recovereth himself. The Dog then we see is plentifully furnished with inward Discourse.

Now outward Speech is not needful to make a Creature reasonable, else a dumb Man were an unreasonable Creature.

And do not Philosophers themselves reject this as an Enemy to Knowledge? and therefore they are silent when they are instructed. And yet even as barbarous and strange People have speech, but we understand

it not, neither do we perceive any great Difference in their Words; but a Difference there seemeth to be, and they do express their Thoughts and Meanings one to another by those Words: even so those Creatures, which are commonly called unreasonable, do seem to parly one with another, and by their Speech do understand one the other. Do not Birds by one Kind of Speech call their young ones, and by another cause them to hide themselves? do they not by their several Voices express their several Passions of Joy, of Grief, of Fear, in such Manner, that their Fellows understand them? do they not by their Voice foreshew Things to come? But we will return to that Creature we first did instance in. The Dog delivereth one Kind of Voice when he hunteth, another when he howleth, another when he is beaten, and another when he is angry. These Creatures then are not void of outward Speech.

If then these Creatures excel Man in Sense, and are equal to him in inward and outward Discourse, why should not their Conceits and Imaginations convey the outward Object in as true a Manner as ours? and if so, then seeing their Imaginations are divers, and they conceit it diversly according to their divers Temperaments, I may tell what the outward Object seemeth to me; but what it seemeth to other Creatures, or whether it be indeed that which it seemeth to me, or any other of them, I know not.

But be it granted, that the Judgement of Man in this Case, is to be preferred before the Judgement of Beasts; yet in Men there is great Difference, both in respect of the outward Shape, and also of the Temperature of their Bodies: for the Body of the *Scythian* differeth in Shape from the Body of the *Indian*: the Reason of it ariseth (say the Dogmatists) from a Predominancy of Humours in the one more than in the other; and as several Humours are predominant, so are the Phantasies and Conceits severally framed and affected. So that our Countrymen delight in one Thing, the *Indian* not in that, but in another, which we regard not. This would not be if their Conceits and ours were both alike; for then we should like that which they do, and they would dislike that which we would dislike. It is evident also, that Men differ very much in the Temperature of their Bodies, else why should some more easily digest Beef than Shell-fish? and others be mad for the Time, if they drink Wine? There was an old Woman about *Arbeus*, which drank three Drams of *Cicula* (every Dram weighing sixty Barley-corns, and eight Drams to an Ounce) without Hurt. *Lysis*, without Hurt, took four Drams of Poppy; and

Demothon, which was Gentleman-Sewer to *Alexander*, was very cold when he stood in the Sun, or in a hot Bath, but very hot when he stood in the Shade. *Athenagoras* felt no Pain if a Scorpion stung him. And the *Psilli* (a People in *Lybia*, whose Bodies are Venom to Serpents) if they be stung by Serpents, or Asps, receive no Hurt at all.

The *Aethiopians*, which inhabit the River *Hydaspis*, do eat Serpents and Scorpions without Danger. *Lothericus*, a Surgeon, at the Smell of a Sturgeon, would be for the Time mad. *Andron* of *Argos* was so little thirsty, that without Want of Drink, he travelled through the hot and dry Country of *Lybia*. *Tiberius Caesar* would see very well in the Dark. *Aristotle* mentioneth of *Thratius*, who said, that the Image of a Man went always before him.

If then it be so, that there be such Differences in Men, this must be by reason of the divers Temperatures they have, and divers Dispositions of their Conceit and Imagination; for if one hate, and another love the very same Thing, it must be that their Fantasies differ, else all would love it, or all would hate it. These Men then, may tell how these Things seem to them good, or bad; but what they are in their own Nature they cannot tell.

If we will hearken to Men's Opinions, concerning one and the same Matter, thinking thereby to come to the Knowledge of it, we shall find this to be impossible; for either we must believe what all Men say of it, or what some Men only say of it. To believe what all Men say of one and the same Thing is not possible; for then we shall believe Contrarieties; for some Men say, that that very Thing is pleasant, which others say is displeasent. If it be said we must believe only some Men, then let it be shewed who those Men are; for the *Platonists* will believe *Plato*, but the *Epicures* *Epicurus*, the *Pythagoreans* *Pythagoras*, and other Philosophers the Masters of their own Sects: So that it is doubtful, to which of all these we shall give credit. If it be said we must credit the greatest Number; this seemeth childish; for there may be amongst other Nations a greater Number which deny that very Point, which the greatest Number with us do affirm; so that hereof nothing can certainly be affirmed.

This Argument seemeth to be further confirmed, if the Differences of the Senses of Hearing, Seeing, Smelling, Touching and Tasting be considered; for that the Senses differ it seemeth plain.

Painted Tables (in which the Art of Slanting is used) appear to the Eye, as if the Parts of them were some higher, and some lower than the other, but to the Touch they seem not so.

Honey seemeth to the Tongue sweet, but unpleasant to the Eye; so Ointment doth recreate the Smell, but it offendeth the Taste. Rain-water is profitable to the Eyes, but it hurteth the Lungs. We may tell then, how these Things seem to our several Senses, but what they are in their own Nature we cannot tell; for why should not a Man credit any one of his Senses as well as the other?

Every Object seemeth to be presented diversly unto the several Instruments of Sense. An Apple to the Touch seemeth smooth, sweet to the Smell, and to the Eye yellow; but whether the Apple have one of these Qualities only, or more than these Qualities, who can tell? The Organ hath many Pipes, all which are filled with the same Blast of Wind, varied according to the Capacity of the several Pipes which receive it; even so the Quality of the Apple may be but one, and this one Quality may be varied, and seem yellow to the Eye, to the Touch smooth, and sweet to the Smell, by reason of the divers Instruments of the Sense, which apprehend this one Quality diversly.

It may be also, that an Apple hath many Qualities besides; but we are not able to conceive them all, because we want fit Means and Instruments to apprehend them. For suppose that some Man is born blind and deaf, and yet can touch, smell, and taste; this Man will not think that there is any Thing which may be seen or heard, because he wanteth the Senses of hearing and seeing; he will only think there are those Qualities in the Object, which by reason of his three Senses he conceiveth: even so the Apple may have many more Qualities; but we cannot come to know them, because we want fit Instruments for that Purpose.

If it be replied, that Nature hath ordained as many Instruments of Sense, as there are sensible Objects; I demand, what Nature? for there is a confused Controversy about the very Essence of Nature. Some affirming it to be one Thing, others another, few agreeing: so that what the Quality of an Apple is, or whether it hath one Quality or many, I know not.

Let a Man also consider how many Things that are separated, and by themselves, appear to differ from that which they seem to be, when they

are in a Mass or Lump; the Scrapings of the Goat's Horn seems white, but in the Horn they seem black. The Stone *Taenarus*, being polished, seemeth white, but unpolished and rough, it seemeth yellow. Sands being separated, appear rough to the Touch, but in a great Heap, soft. I may then report, how these Things appear, but whether they are so indeed, I know not.

Bibliography

In the following list, the name of the original publisher and date of publication appear first, followed by the name and date of the edition used. Where these are the same, only one reference appears.

Primary Works cited or otherwise directly related to the text:

- Ascham, Roger; *The Scholemaster*, London, 1570; ed. W.A. Wright, Cambridge University Press, 1904; C.U.P. 1970.
- Bacon, Francis; *Novum Organum*, 1620; see Popkin, *The Philosophy of the 16th and 17th Centuries*.
- Castiglione, Baldesar; *The Book of the Courtier*, Venice, 1528; trans. T. Hoby, 1561; Dent, London, 1928; Dent 1948. Ed. G. Bull, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1967; Penguin, 1976.
- Cusanus, Nicholas; *De docta ignorantia*, c.1440; see Cassirer, *The Individual and the Cosmos in Renaissance philosophy*.
- Erasmus, Desiderius; *De libero arbitrio*, 1524; see S. Davies, *Renaissance Views of Man*.
Praise of Folly, 1509; ed. B. Radice, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1971.
Twenty Select Colloquies, trans. R. L'Estrange, 1680; Chapman and Dodd, London, 1923.
- Ficino, Marsilio; *Five questions concerning the mind*, c.1450; see Cassirer, *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*.
- Mirandola, G.P. della; *Oratio de hominis dignitate*, c.1486; see Cassirer, *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man* and S.Davies, *Renaissance Views of Man*.
- Montaigne, M.E. de; *Essays*, 1580; trans. J. Florio, 1603; Dent, London, 1910; Dent, 1973.
 Trans. J.M. Cohen, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1958; Penguin, 1971.
- Nashe, Thomas; *Works*, ed. R.B. McKerrow, London, 1910; Blackwell, 1958.
- Petrarch, Francesco; Letter to Francesco Bruni, 1362; *On His Own Ignorance*, 1368; see Cassirer, *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*.
- Pomponazzi, Pietro; *De naturalium effectuum admirandorum*, 1520; *De immortalitate animae*, c.1516; see Cassirer, *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*.
- Rabelais, Francois; *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, c.1535; Dent, London, 1929; Dent, 1954.

- Raleigh, Sir Walter; 'The Sceptick'; in *The Works of Sir Walter Raleigh*, ed. T. Birch; R. Dodsley, London, 1751.
- Sextus Empiricus; *Pyrrhonian Hypotyposes*, C2-3 AD; trans. as *Outlines of Pyrrhonism* by R.G. Bury, Loeb Classical Library, London, 1933; Loeb, 1961.
- Shakespeare, William; *Complete Works*, 1623; ed. P. Alexander, Collins, London, 1951; Collins, 1959.
Ed. G. Blakemore Evans, *The Riverside Shakespeare*; Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1974.
Hamlet, ed. J. Dover Wilson; C.U.P., 1934; C.U.P., 1969.
Hamlet, ed. C.Hoy; Norton, New York, 1963.
Measure for Measure, ed. J.W. Lever; Methuen, London, 1965; Methuen, 1972.
Othello, ed. M.R. Ridley; Methuen, London, 1958; Methuen, 1971.
- Valla, Lorenzo; *De libero arbitrio*, c.1436; see Cassirer, *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*.

Secondary Works cited or referred to in the text:

- Allen, D.C.; *The Star-Crossed Renaissance*; Duke University Press, 1941; F. Cass, London, 1966.
- Auden, W.H.; *The Dyer's Hand and Other Essays*; Faber, London, 1963.
- Barton, A.; Introduction to *Troilus and Cressida*; *The Riverside Shakespeare*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1974.
- Bradley, A.C.; *Shakespearean Tragedy*; Macmillan, London, 1904; Macmillan, 1969.
- Brimer, A.; *Reading Shakespeare*; unpublished paper, 1979.
- Brownlow, F.W.; *Two Shakespearean Sequences*; Macmillan, London, 1977.
- Cassirer, E.; *The Individual and the Cosmos in Renaissance Philosophy*; trans. M. Domandi, O.U.P., London, 1963.
- Cassirer, E. and others, eds; *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*; Phoenix Books, University of Chicago, 1948; Phoenix, 1956.
- Coleridge, S.T.; *Essays and Lectures on Shakespeare*, 1818; Dent, London, 1907; Dent, 1951.
Poems and Prose, selected by K. Raine, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1957.
- Cruttwell, P.; *The Shakespearean Moment*; Chatto and Windus, London, 1954; Chatto, 1970.
- Daiches, D. and Thorlby, A.; *Literature and Western Civilization*; Aldus Books, London, 1974.
- Davies, S.; *Renaissance Views of Man*; Manchester University Press, 1978.

- Eliot, T.S.; 'Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca', in *Selected Essays*; Faber, London, 1932; Faber, 1961.
- Ellrodt, R.; 'Self-Consciousness in Montaigne and Shakespeare', in *Shakespeare Survey* 28; C.U.P., London, 1975.
- Farmer, R.; *An Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, Cambridge, 1767; in *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*, ed. D. Nicol Smith, Glasgow, 1903; O.U.P., 1963.
- Felperin, H.; *Shakespearean Representation*, Princeton Un. Press, New Jersey, 1977.
- Fluchère, H.; *Shakespeare and the Elizabethans*; trans. G. Hamilton, Longmans, 1947; Hill and Wang, N.Y., 1956.
- Foakes, R.A.; *Shakespeare, the Dark Comedies to the Last Plays: from Satire to Celebration*; Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1971.
- Frye, R.M.; *Shakespeare and Christian Doctrine*; Princeton University Press, 1963.
- Halliday, F.E.; *Shakespeare and his Critics*; G. Duckworth, London, 1949; Duckworth, 1958.
- Hawkes, T.; *Shakespeare and the Reason*; Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1964.
- Heilman, R.B.; *Magic in the Web*; University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1956.
- Hunter, G.K.; *Shakespeare's Reading*; see Muir and Schoenbaum.
- James, D.G.; *Scepticism and Poetry*; Allen and Unwin, London, 1937.
- Jameson, F.; *Marxism and Form*; Princeton, New Jersey, 1971; Princeton, 1974.
- Jones, R.T.; 'The time is out of joint'; *Theoria* 17, Natal University Press, 1961.
- Keats, John; *The Life and Letters of John Keats*, ed. Lord Houghton, London, 1848; Oxford World's Classics, 1931; Oxford, 1951.
- Kermode, F.; *Renaissance Essays*; Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1971; Collins, 1973.
- Knight, G.W.; *The Wheel of Fire*; Oxford University Press, 1930; Methuen, 1959.
- Knights, L.C.; *Some Shakespearean Themes and an Approach to Hamlet*; Chatto and Windus, London, 1959; Penguin, 1966.
- Leavis, F.R.; *The Common Pursuit*; Chatto and Windus, London, 1952; Chatto, 1958.
English Literature in Our Time and the University; Chatto, 1969.
- Lee, S. and Onions, C.T.; *Shakespeare's England*; Oxford University Press, 1916.

- Lever, J.W.; 'Shakespeare and the Ideas of His Time', in *Shakespeare Survey* 29; C.U.P., London, 1976.
Introduction to *Measure for Measure*, Methuen, 1965; Methuen, 1972.
- Levin, H.; *Shakespeare and the Revolution of the Times*; O.U.P., N.Y., 1976.
- Long, M.; *The Unnatural Scene*; Methuen, London, 1976.
- Lovejoy, A.O.; *The Great Chain of Being*; Harvard, 1936; Harvard, 1953.
- Merleau-Ponty, M.; *Phenomenology, Language and Sociology*, ed., J. O'Neill; Heinemann, London, 1974.
- Mizener, A., ed.; *Teaching Shakespeare*; Mentor Books, N.Y., 1969.
- Muir, K. and Schoenbaum, S.; *A New Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; C.U.P., 1971; C.U.P., 1976.
- Nauert, C.G.; *Agrippa and the Crisis of Renaissance Thought*; University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1965.
- Onions, C.T.; *A Shakespeare Glossary*; O.U.P., 1911; O.U.P., 1963.
- Panofsky, E.; *Renaissance and Renascences in Western Art*; Almqvist and Wiksell, 1965; Paladin, London, 1970.
- Popkin, R.H.; *The History of Scepticism from Erasmus to Descartes*; University of Utrecht, van Gorcum, Assen, 1960; van Gorcum, 1964.
The Philosophy of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; The Free Press, N.Y., 1966.
- Rabkin, N.; *Shakespeare and the Common Understanding*; The Free Press, N.Y., 1967.
- Ridley, M.R.; Introduction to *Othello*; Methuen, London, 1958; Methuen, 1971.
- Rivers, I.; *Classical and Christian Ideas in English Renaissance Poetry*; Allen and Unwin, London, 1979.
- Robertson, J.M.; *Montaigne and Shakespeare*; London, 1897; Black, London, 1909.
- Rossiter, A.P.; *Angel With Horns*; Longman, London, 1961; Longman, 1970.
- Russell, B.; *Wisdom of the West*; Macdonald, London, 1959.
- Sanders, W.; *The Dramatist and the Received Idea*; C.U.P., 1968.
- Spencer, T.; *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*; Macmillan, London, 1942; Collier Books, 1967.
'Hamlet and the Nature of Reality', in *ELH* V, Dec. 1938.
- Stewart, J.M.; *Character and Motive in Shakespeare*; Longman, London, 1949; Longman, 1950.
- Strauss, P.E.; *Hamlet*; unpublished paper, 1979.

- Talbert, E.W.; *The Problem of Order*; University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1962.
- Tillyard, E.M.W.; *The Elizabethan World Picture*; Chatto and Windus, London, 1943; Penguin, 1963.
- Unger, P.; *Ignorance*; O.U.P., 1975.
- Wells, S.; *Shakespeare: Select Bibliographical Guides*; O.U.P., London, 1973.
- Wind, E.; *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance*; Faber, London, 1958; Penguin, 1967.
- Yates, F.; *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*; Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1972; Paladin, St. Albans, 1975.

Secondary Works consulted but not cited in the text:

- Arnold, M.; *Literature and Dogma*, in *Works*, ed. R.H. Super; University of Michigan Press, 1968.
- Clark, Sir Kenneth; *Civilisation*; B.B.C./John Murray, London, 1969.
- Curry, W.C.; *Shakespeare's Philosophical Patterns*; Baton Rouge, 1937.
- Edwards, P.; *Shakespeare and the Confines of Art*, Methuen, London, 1968.
- Green, V.H.H.; *Renaissance and Reformation*; Arnold, London, 1952; Arnold, 1965.
- Hawkes, T.; *Shakespeare's Talking Animals*; Arnold, London, 1973.
- Johnson, F.R.; 'Marlowe's Astronomy and Renaissance Skepticism'; *ELH* vol. 13, 1946.
- Kaufmann, W.; *The Owl and the Nightingale*; Faber, London, 1960.
- Knight, G.W.; *Shakespeare and Religion*; Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1967.
- Knights, L.C.; *Further Explorations*; Chatto and Windus, London, 1965.
- Kott, J.; *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*; Methuen, London, 1964.
- Smith, M. van Wyk; 'John Donne's Metempsychosis', in *RES* (NS), vol.24, nos. 93 and 94, 1973.
- Spivack, B.; *Shakespeare and the Allegory of Evil*; Columbia University Press, N.Y., 1958.
- Steiner, G.; *Language and Silence*; Penguin, 1969.
- Taylor, G.C.; *Shakespeare's Debt to Montaigne*; Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1925.

Yates, F.; *Astraea: the Imperial Theme in the Sixteenth Century*;
Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1975.
Shakespeare's Last Plays: A New Approach; Routledge, 1975.