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VEILS FOR TRUTH: THOMAS CAREW'S COURT ARTIFICE.

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VEILS FOR TRUTH:
THOMAS CAREW'S COURT ARTIFICE

by
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A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this study is to reconstruct some of the artistic experience of a shrewd and careful poet who held the attention of King Charles and his Court during the illusory halcyon calm before the flood of the Great Rebellion. By considering the particulars of one man's experience as they are formed into poems I hope to shed some light on the way the art of the Caroline poets connected with their social and political experience and, in turn, influenced the history in which they were involved.

Thomas Carew held an official position at Court from the time of the dissolution of Parliament till his death, sometime after Charles's first encounter with the Scots Covenanters. In 1630 he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber extraordinary and Sewer in Ordinary to the King. The original office of the Sewer, according to the O.E.D., was to arrange the King's table setting and taste the King's food to insure that it was not poisoned. By the sixteenth century the office had become honorary. Yet in reforming his father's lax Court Charles had deliberately revived old rituals, and it seems probable that Carew was directly involved in the Court's new ceremony. Carew took his position in the King's regard seriously. According to Clarendon he had won it only after he had "followed" the Court, "which the modesty of that Time disposed Men to do for some Time, before they pretended to be of it."¹ And he had won it over stiff competition. The position provided the social and financial security that Carew had lacked since his father's death in 1618 after heavy financial losses. His sense of his place at Court and the security it afforded him is reflected in the poems he wrote in the 1630's. It figures strongly in the position he takes in

the verse letter to Aurelian Townshend and Ben Jonson, and it works itself out dramatically in confrontations with the figures of poverty and fortune in his masque Coelum Britannicum. His strong sense of election in these poems contrasts sharply with the sense of abject helplessness which controls his early paraphrases of the psalms. It seems to overpower his momentary misgivings about true religion in his verses to George Sandys. Only in his letter to "G.N. from Wrest" (probably his last poem) is there a sense of deliberate separation from the courtly society in which he lived, moved and had his being in the 1630's.

Carew's identification with the Court was as conscious and intelligently poised as it was necessary and strong. It was an identification against the forces that threatened the existence of the Court, forces that also made their appearance in his poetry. The wars on the Continent, the popular demand that Charles fight in the wars, the current misunderstandings of the Court and libels of Charles's motives, the demand for thorough ecclesiastic reform, doubts about the Queen's character and influence all find responses in Carew's Court poetry. The hard won paradise of the Court was not thoughtlessly enjoyed, but consciously defended against the forces that would break it up. This pattern of a paradise defended occurs again and again in Carew's best poems and makes them taut. In his first and best article on Carew, Professor Rufus Blanshard observed that what distinguishes one of Carew's lyrics is the sense that we have in reading it of a man "always on his guard."² In this study I intend to show the ways Professor Blanshard's observation can be extended to cover many poems, both lyric and didactic, amatory and political, that Carew wrote for the Court.

The method of the study will be successive close readings of a selection of Carew's poems to get at the experience that at once forms and informs them. The readings assume an elementary poetic: that for both poet and reader poems are ways of ordering experience, that they do the job of ordering by creating attitudes towards past events and expectations about the future. The experience they order varies widely, from dream to sensation. The attitudes range between hate and love; the expectations, between hope and fear. This poetic has little originality, but it provides a simple framework. It recognizes at once the fact that poems are not reliable autobiography. If they are records of men's lives and thoughts, then they are records that have been artfully arranged. It defines the poem by saying what the poem does. This puts it in the good company of functional criticism from Aristotle and Horace to Dewey and Burke. It honors the unanimous emphasis of Renaissance critics on the poet's "works," and it diplomatically leaves a place open for their squabbles about where poems originate.

The study divides into four parts. The first two chapters attempt to get at Carew's ars poetica through his political, social and religious involvements. The third chapter explores the possibilities of his ars amatoria. Central to the first part are readings of Carew's verses to Aurelian Townshend and George Sandys, both poems by which Carew reveals his attitudes towards the purposes and methods of poetry. The second part starts with a reading of "A Rapture," the supposed "youthful extravagance" by which Carew first gained the Court's attention, and proceeds to explore the development of its themes in later poetry expressly intended for the Court and its members. In the order of the study these chapters form two approaches--the first through "art," the

second through "nature,"--to a reading of the masque Carew wrote for his King, Coelum Britannicum. The fourth, fifth and sixth chapters deal with the masque as a comprehensive synthesis of Carew's thought and art, his most sustained attempt to order the experience of his society. The last part studies the qualification of that synthesis and its final setting aside in Carew's country-house poems, "To Saxham" and the verse letter "To my friend G.N. from Wrest."

One justification for the arrangement of the study around a sequence of detailed readings is that most of the poems it takes up have been given little extended attention. Poems central to Carew's artistic experience such as his love elegy and his masque have received only cursory notice. Most studies of Carew have been concerned to place him among the Cavaliers, the sons of Ben, or the heirs of Donne, to fix his place in literary history. Even the booklength study of E.I. Selig is mainly concerned to establish Carew's reputation as an heir to the Renaissance tradition of "golden poetry." The present study takes it for granted that Carew's place as a lyric poet in literary history is assured and freely draws on the results of previous works in the effort to connect a few of his poems with their origins in the wider history of human events.

CHAPTER I

THE HALCYON CALM

Tourneyes, Masques, Theaters, better become
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German Drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyse
Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes.
--In answer of an Elegiacall Letter
upon the death of the King of Sweden, ll. 95-98.

Historians and critics have fastened on the concluding lines of Carew's "answer" to Aurelian Townshend as evidence of the pervasive mood of make-believe ruling King Charles's Court in the 1630's. According to C.V. Wedgwood, Carew's easy reference to "Our Halcyon dayes" sums an "artificially induced legend" of national peace and happiness that helped finally to blind the King to the real feelings of his subjects.¹ In this view, poets favorable to the Court provided only agreeable visions of its existence and function, while that existence and that function became more and more at odds with the beliefs and needs of the people. The King, they wrote again and again, secured the blessings of peace and plenty in the midst of a world torn by war. In his Court and in his marriage his conduct was exemplary and inspiring. His calm influence was immediately felt and in a deep sense appreciated by his subjects. An occasional refractoriness was only a surface phenomena, the rebelliousness of children who fundamentally understand the truth and rightness of parental authority. Charles's policies of withdrawal: his keeping out of a war that had cost him the life of his only close friend, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, his own removing from close contact with his people into the circle of decorous Court ceremony, his reserving of his love and confidence only for the person of his wife, all consequences of his character lent themselves to the legend these

poets created. Their poetry turned Charles's need to escape the chaos of wide personal and political involvement into a conscious strategy for peace. But it was only the visionary rationalization for such a strategy that their legend of the Halcyon days provided, not the practical maneuvers of effective policy. Miss Wedgwood sees the legend full-blown in Carew's masque, Coelum Britannicum. Referring to the final vision of the masque, she writes:

The idea of a virtuous and fruitful royal family at the centre of the peaceful and prosperous kingdoms was, during the middle 1630's, an important part of the conventional picture which Court poets and others favourable to the Court were glad to propagate. As a picture it has charm. If the serious matter of government had been in capable hands, this idea of the chaste, virtuous and happy Court might have done something to make the royal family popular. But as a substitute for effective government it was useless.²

In the course of her study of the country's slipping into Civil war, The King's Peace, and of her recreation of the circumstances of "The Last Masque," she shows that it was not only useless, but also deluding and dangerous.

As revealed in the concluding lines of the reply to Townshend, Carew's personal involvement in maintaining the legend of the Halcyon days has been taken as an indication both of degeneracy and blind pride. It is excusable that the harmless king be deluded by the vision, but those who created the illusion should have no excuse. This criticism carries over much of the common political thought of the times--thoughts about the King in the hands of false advisors ministering to pride and lust. S.R. Gardiner suggests that the lines were inspired by one of the falsest of ministers, Richard Weston, the Lord Treasurer, whose monetary interests were best served by a continued policy of non-involvement in expensive wars on the continent. Of the influence of "Weston

and his clique" Gardiner writes, "The low and debased feeling which had been fostered by men in high places found full expression in the lines in which Carew, himself a royal cupbearer, commented on the death of the Swedish King." Gardiner quotes Carew's lines and follows them with the comment: "Perish Europe, if only England may fiddle in safety! Already the sword was sharpening which should chastize the men by whom such things were said."³

Recently Professor Joseph Summers has suggested that it should have taken no miraculous foresight for Carew to have known about that sword. "One does not have to remember," he writes, "that England was to be torn apart by civil war within ten years to recognize that such a smugly insular assumption of prosperity and an eternal party, like dancing on a volcano, was a defiance of the gods and fate which would have given pause to most Greeks and Romans."⁴ But, Professor Summers implies, it gave no pause to Carew in the full pride of his ministering courtiership, and, Miss Wedgwood would add, in the full grip of a courtly illusion become a habit of mind. All this is valuable reconstruction of the poetic-historical illusion worked in the "Halcyon dayes." But as analysis of Carew's part in that working, I think it is too simple.

It fails, at the outset, to pay adequate attention to the way words are being used in the particular lines quoted, and in general it ignores the way that the argument of Carew's poem is developed. Closer attention to the actual working of Carew's language reveals that something more subtle is happening than the creation of wholesale illusion for the Court's indulgence. Here, as in many of Carew's best poems, beneath the polished surface there is much quiet thought going on. Surely the transformation of the cries of war into a bothersome "noyse," the

gentlemanly averting of unpleasantries that is carried by the voice in the deliberate slow pace of the words "Concerns not us," the break of the line after "noyse" permitting a slight pause for purposeful adjustment, all suggest the considered construction of a pose rather than the offhand profession of a belief. And this pose is prepared for in the course of the poem by many artful maneuvers, as well as confrontations with diverse kinds of experience. All of this has to be explored before an assessment of the historical involvement reflected in the lines is possible.

As a way of preparing for that exploration I want first to look at an earlier poem that is directly concerned with the creation and securing of the legend of the Malcyon days, a poem probably written in the first year of Carew's Court office, the "New-yeares gift. To the King." Both this short celebratory poem and the later extended reply to Townshend are, I believe, complicated by a precise and disturbing awareness of the purposes and methods of Carew's Court art. A study of the way these poems are made to "cover" historical events will lead to a reassessment of Carew's part in the legend and a further understanding of his conception of the offices of poetic illusion in the Court of the 1630's.

To give gifts on New Year's day was the long tradition of the English Court and countryside in celebration of the Feast of the Circumcision--a re-creation of the gifts of the Magi: gold, spices, and perfumes. But to make a gift of a poem involving elaborate wishing seems only to have been popular in the artfully sustained Court of King Charles. I think that there are strong relations between the kind of poem that Carew writes in his "New-yeares gift" and the traditions of the Roman

new year as Ovid describes them in the opening to the Fasti. (Indeed it seems possible he had Ovid's words at hand in writing his poem. Ovid's "auspice te felix totus ut annus eat" (I. 26)⁵ is very close to Carew's conception, if not to his words, in lines 12 to 15 of his poem. The differences may be calculated adjustments to a different understanding of the nature of "Caesar.") Writing about the first days of the Roman Calendar, Ovid conjures up a vision of the god Janus, asks him about his nature, and then goes on to inquire the reason for exchanging good wishes: "at cur laeta tuis dicuntur verba Kalendis/ et damus alternas accipimusque preces?" (I. 175-176) The god replies that omens are best read at openings. The year takes its tone from its beginning, and wishes then are most effective; then tongues do not begin futile prayers; "dictaque pondus habent" (I. 182) because the temples and ears of the gods are open. Carew's "New-yeares gift" is such an attempt to make "words have weight" and it is similarly addressed to the god of openings. But in Carew's hands petitionary prayer becomes artful exercise.

Looke back old Janus, and survey
 From Times birth, till this new-borne day,
 All the successfull season bound
 With lawrell wreathes, and Trophies crown'd;
 Turne o're the Annals past, and where
 Happie auspicious dayes appeare,
 Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
 On the darke brow of th'Ages past
 A dazeling luster, let them shine
 In this succeeding circles twine,
 Till it be round with glories spread,
 Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
 That we th'ensuing yeare may call
 One great continued festivall.
 Fresh joyes in varied formes apply,
 To each distinct captivitie.
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugall delights,
 May the choyce beauties that enflame
 His Royall brest be still the same,
 And he still thinke them such, since more

Thou canst not give from Natures store.
 Then as a Father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The faire and God-like off-spring growne
 From budding starres to Suns full blowne.
 Circle with peacefull Olive bowes,
 And conquering Bayes, his Regall browes.
 Let his strong vertues overcome,
 And bring him bloodlesse Trophies home;
 Strew all the pavements, where he treads
 With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads;
 But Byfront, open thou no more,
 in his blest raigne the Temple dore.⁶

Carew's poem is an arrangement of Court experience in the face of muted threats, one of which is offered in the person of "old Janus" himself. As Ovid has Janus describe himself in the Fasti, he is one of the old ones, from "res prisca" (I. 103). He is derived from Chaos and so looks two ways. He is both initiator and closer. He looks in chaos, but can let it loose upon the world at any time. As the domestic god of doorways he both protects private life and covers it with a public face. In Carew's poem the chaos that Janus guards is never far off. For each wish seems shadowed by a doubt that its opposite may prove true. The poem begins with the confidence of command, but increasing doubt forces it towards a play of bravado, then a final guarded petitioning. In the course of the poem "old Janus," the familiar and festive opener of the new year, comes finally to be recognized as "Byfront," the two-faced jailer of chaos.

The poem is written across the face of the events of the previous year 1630, which it attempts to picture as a "successful season bound/
 With Lawrell wreathes, and Trophies crown'd." And so Charles would like to have seen it. His son, Charles, was born in May. As Ben Jonson was unusually quick to write, "What month then May, was fitter to disclose/
 This Prince of flowers?"⁷ As his mother described him, he was not much

of a flower, rather "black and ugly."⁸ But he was healthy and energetic. His presence was abundant recompense for the premature "Charles" of the year before, who had died at birth. In the King's new son the succession seemed assured. In his open peace with Spain and his secret arrangements to secure Spanish gold and defeat the rival Dutch,⁹ the financial solvency of his personal rule seemed also to be assured. Parliament had been dissolved with a minimum of public affray in 1629 and those "rebels" who could not be brought to submit were sentenced to imprisonment in the course of proper trials during 1630. Here were Charles's personal and public "Lawrells" and "Trophies." It seemed that a new succession of time was beginning whose round of success was guaranteed by the success of the previous year, a success that shone more brightly in contrast with the troubled year that preceeded it. And so, quite to the purpose, Carew instructs Janus first to "looke back."

But close on the celebration of the previous year's success in the poem comes the weight of the years past, accumulated in "Annals," records filled with failure and death. The "happie auspitious dayes appeare" infrequently on the "darke brow of th'Ages past." The dominant nature of past time the poem recognizes as dark and fretted as the brow of a brooding man. Carew cannot deny or exclude this awareness of continued failure. It forms the necessary background for the "whiter stone" of success.

The poet asks Janus to cull out the "happie auspitious dayes," that is, fortunate and promising days, from ages past and "let them shine/ In this succeeding circles twine." The year is meant to "succeed" in several ways at once. It is meant to replace the dark past, to sub-

sume the successes of the last year, to advance, and to be continuously successful. And it is never to seem to end. So Carew fixes on the circle as bounded yet unending. Having neither beginning nor end, it includes neither birth nor death, and all of the difficulties connected with a creature's coming into being and lapsing into final oblivion are voided in the magic, contrived "circles twine."

The "New-yeares gift" the poem presents, in effect the gift of a new year made into a circle, seems to defeat its own purpose. What is desired is Charles's exemption from the nature of time as a series of births and deaths, as a series of happenings--some controlled, others capable of being controlled, still others out of all control. As he is crowned with the circle of culled and scheduled delight he is taken out of that kind of time altogether. He becomes the recipient, the guarantor, the connoisseur of pleasures of "the ensuing year." Yet once in the circle, he can take no effective action, for to be an actor would involve himself with means, with incompleteness. It would break the circle of perfection and let in possibilities for failure as well as success. The paradox here is that in order for Charles to capture the perfection of continued success he must be made himself a captive, and placed at the center of "one great continued festivall."

The festival in turn is necessarily divorced from the circumstantial world that occasions festivity. Instead, simply because it must maintain itself, continually fulfill its promise of continuity, it must be made dependent only on itself. Instead of fiction made to celebrate fact it must become fiction divorced from fact. It must be complete art separate from the haphazard nature of history. So the poet-celebrant of the "New-yeares gift" commands that Janus artfully maintain the festival through "each distinct captivitie."

The "captive" King was to become the favorite theme of anti-Court pamphleteers. It had already been put strongly by Alexander Leighton in his Zion's Plea Against the Prelacy. The day of his trial and public pseudo-martyrdom was marked with one of the darker stones in the circlet of 1630. Leighton had seemed to suggest violent revolution as the only remedy good Christians had against the tyranny of Charles's bishops. But he had excused Charles himself from that tyranny. "Put the case," he had written, "that the good harmless king be a captivated Joash..."¹⁰ a prisoner of his ministers and priests. The right course for his loving subjects would then be to free him by something like mass assassination. Carew may be using the word "captivitie" as a counter to Leighton's fanatic description. He asserts that the King's only captivity will be to succeeding pleasures.

Yet as Carew well knows that captivity can be most binding and most demanding. It must be maintained, made continually "fresh," it must be constantly varied, made perpetually "distinct." The world of perpetual illusion Carew proposes here has strong inside enemies: staleness, weariness, ennui. In writing the epilogue to "A Play presented before the King and Queen" Carew paused to examine the difficulties involved in contriving "succeeding pleasures." He had to admit there the necessity for the intrusion of pain as "the base, on which his [Pleasure's] nimble feet/ Move in contynuall chaunge from sower to sweete" (13-14). In order to "fix delight/ In a perpetuall circle" (16-17) the contriver must have "applied/ The choyssest objects, that care could provide/ To euery sence" (17-19). The similarity in the choice of words links the epilogue closely with the "new-yeares gift." There, too, forms are "applied," artfully added to insure the continuance of festival.

Janus is to transform "th' ensuing year" by making its life into an encircling entertainment with the King as captive audience. So, half in mockery, Carew proves Leighton's case.

At the midpoint of his poem Carew turns away from the contrivances of Court art to celebrate the more obvious fulfillment of Charles's life in his marriage. Although he still is attempting to find exemption for his King from time's threats, the idea of maintaining "continued festivall" seems partially given over. The King shall after all have "cares by day" but they will be interspersed "with nights/ Crown'd with all conjugall delights." At least these are assured, fully possessed as the days can never be. The "cares by day" are active concerns, and, escaping the captivity of illusion, they are subject to chance. As recompense for the pains to which they may lead Carew proposes the continual delights of the marriage. But again threats accumulate and the attempt to wish them away serves even more firmly to prove their existence. It was a commonplace that constant love comes from the continued apprehension of beauty, but it was even more a commonplace that beauty fades. And Queen Mary's beauty had faded. After the premature birth of the first Charles her bloom had gone. Yet, as C.V. Wedgwood writes,

The loss of her looks mattered nothing, for Charles, on Buckingham's death, had transferred his devotion instantly and wholly to his wife. He was in love, with the single-mindedness of those who gave their affection to a few, but to those few entirely. Beloved, the little Queen flowered again; her charm and a good dressmaker hid all defects. She knew that she was not a beauty but she made the world think that she was.¹¹

In lines 19 to 23 of his poem Carew secures her beauty by making it secure

in Charles's heart and mind. But addressed to Janus their meaning becomes problematic. Janus, the opener, has given her all he can from "Natures store," not because the store is exhausted but simply and truly because there can be only one giving, one life which must gradually spend its beauty and freshness. This is the reason for the seemingly out of place reinforcement, "And he still thinke them such." His thought alone must keep her beauty "still the same."

The pattern of uncertain escape from time into perpetual success works itself out once again in Carew's wishes for Charles's posterity in lines 13 to 16. Again it is shadowed by doubt, made tense by the threat of accident. Thoughts of the secure night of the marriage bed naturally lead to thoughts about perpetual succession, even if there had been no son in ~~may~~. In his "Epigram on the Princes birth" Ben Jonson had compared the new Charles to a flower soon to become the "gardens eye" and, in the event of an expected eclipse, to replace the eye of the world, the sun. His lines are forced towards contradiction by the same threat of mutability that dogs Carew:

Soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow
And long in changing.¹²

By making his flowers directly into suns Carew tries metaphorically to side-step the fate of flowers that worries Jonson's lines. But as in the very similar conceit in Carew's third epitaph on Maria Villers: "A budding starre that might have growne/ Into a Sun, when it had blowne," there is still the incontrovertable threat that budding stars may never get to be suns. This sort of success is yet more chancy than the success of the marriage or the success of Court festivity. The captivity of

generations involves more total subjection and is even more out of men's control than the captivities of love or art that the poem has already posed.

The poem's final wish takes the form of a vision of a progress that is at once "conquering" and "peacefull." Charles's trophies are bloodless because "his strong vertues" are allowed to overcome. Again and again this idea of Charles's peaceful warfare, of the conquering aspects of his character, is to be taken up by his courtly celebrants, even in the midst of bloody civil war. It is or it becomes complete escape, complete turning away from the unpleasing truth that trophies are won with blood, and inactive virtues remain imprisoned and unhonored. In Carew's poem the escape into impossible hyperbole is made complete in the command to Janus to "Strew all the pavements, where he treads/ With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads." It seems that the path is to be prepared beforehand for Charles. As it was with the "great continued festivall" so it will be with the continued progress of his bloodless victories. The festival expands from the circle of the Court to the open roads of the country. The notion of rebels' heads strewing the path might seem to belie the illusion of Charles's winning by virtue rather than arms. But then the easy switch between "loyall hearts" and "Rebels heads" seems to minimize the difference between the two forms of submission. Both are made to seem equally probable and acceptable. Both parts of the body are conveniently disconnected from painful and bloody associations with living spirits. They are made emblems, parts of an emblematic progress, fictions, the diversions of a "blest raigne" that need never prove its connection with a real world.

In his "New-yeares gift," then, Carew asks failure and death

to yield to success and life, and he attempts to describe the ways in which that success and that life may be secured through art, through love, through generation, and finally through a peace which allows war to be experienced only as fiction and dream. But war is no fiction, or dream. It allows for no orderly "progress," makes no metaphoric gestures of submission. As Ovid's Janus warns in the Fasti: "sanguine letifero totus miscebitur orbis,/ ni teneant rigidae condita bella serae" (I. 123-124). I think it is with this strongly in mind that Carew concludes his litany of wishes with a discord: "But Byfront, open thou no more,/ In his blest raigne the Temple dore." The epithet has the force of a curse. It is a final and forced daring of the two-faced power that may or may not, at a whim, allow the "blest raigne" to continue. This is very much, as Professor Summers observes of the reply to Aurelian Townshend, "like dancing on a volcano," but it is dancing done with a strong sense of the circumstances of the dance. Perhaps if confronted with Professor Summers' simile, Carew would respond that it were better to dance on the volcano than beneath it.

The awareness of the ends and methods of his art and the knowledge of historical circumstances of the Court that strongly qualify Carew's vision of the Halcyon days in the "New-yeares gift" occur again in his reply to Aurelian Townshend. But there is a third complicating factor in the Townshend poem. That is Carew's sense of a proper artistic self and of the kind of art to which it is suited. This sense of a personal artistry is also reflected in two poems written between the time of the "New-yeares gift" and the reply to Townshend: "An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne" and the verse letter "To Ben. Iohnson." Of course, both poems have essentially other purposes

--to assess and praise the works of Donne and Jonson. But I think those purposes are carried out largely by means of Carew's definition of his own poetic position.

In both poems Carew effectually places himself and the poets of his circle beyond the poetic territories, the "verges," of both Donne and Jonson. He and they could never have the power of will, the intense concentration on the self, that characterized Donne's poems, or the full and natural light that filled the scrupulously careful work of Jonson. Instead, after Jonson's "red/ And blushing evening" they might continue only as stars to "guild the following night"(To Ben, 8-10); after Donne's powerful and purging rule, they must slip back into their old ways, "Libertines in Poetrie" (Elegy, 62) adoring "those old Idolls" (Elegy, 69) the "soft melting Phrases" (Elegy, 53) of Greek and Latin elegy once more. In the decline of Jonson and in the death of Donne Carew comes to see himself and his companions living in an age in which the possibilities for poetry are diminished. Theirs now is only to polish, to gild, to refine--to keep Donne's faith, to continue Jonson's work.

In both poems Carew's artistic position is determined by his understanding of his relations to the men he is addressing and the relation of his poetry to theirs. He approaches Donne with awe, views him as a superhuman power, godlike in his preference for silence. All Donne's actions are Titanic, Promethean. Carew shows him purging a garden, opening a mine, forcing barren exhausted ground to yield fruit. The strong self-discipline of Donne, his concentration on "those bare lands/ Of what is purely thine" (Elegy, 57-58) allows him to make everything from himself out of himself. Phoenix-like he consumes himself

and turns to ashes. In doing so he had made possible a new poetry, but only for those with strength enough to shut out the old voices and settle into self-appointed isolation.

In contrast, Jonson is pictured as a steady and trusted warrior who fights for a common cause. He goes into battle with the ancients and brings "the bootie home" (To Ben, 40). Jonson is surrounded by friends, dependents, sons; Donne is always alone. Jonson's poems can be judged of, distinguished between. They are objects of admiration and use. Donne's are oracular. There can be no way of making them serviceable for the poetry of others. Orpheus, or any of "the ancient Brood," (Elegy, 40) might have known what to do with them, but the moderns cannot use them as they can Jonson's. Impressed with his self-begotten rules, Donne's poems are too strict, too forthright. Jonson's poems are his natural progeny, his "race" (To Ben, 19), and each reflects the man. Donne's are forces of the mind, "Giant phansie" bound in the "tough-thick-rib'd hoops" (Elegy, 51-52) of his language. The two poems demonstrate Carew's ability to enter into other imaginations of poetry and of the poet's place than he himself holds, and from their vantage to reflect on his own. In the elegy he speaks as a penitent, strongmindedly accepting the end, death, judgment of all the arts in Donne's death. In the letter he speaks as a close friend, who yet recognizes that his art is inferior to Jonson's and calmly accepts his position as one of the stars of the night that must follow Jonson's death.

The verse letter to Aurelian Townshend is very consciously written "from Court," from a vantage Carew securely maintains throughout the poem. The writing has neither the wrapt apocalyptic quality of the elegy for Donne nor the sustained careful urbanity of the address to

Jonson. Instead there is a continual play of tones, none exactly what they seem, comic attitudes that are perpetually loosening the serious statements of the poem from their moorings. The play begins with Carew's strategic identification of himself as the poet of "the smooth soft way," the "mollis" style of Latin elegy¹³ that in the Court had continued to escape Donne's refining fire.

The elegy for Donne is much in the background of Carew's poem to Townshend, chiefly because Townshend had praised it in his invitation to Carew to write "vpon the death of the King of Sweden," in hopes to get another like it for Gustavus Adolphus.¹⁴ Townshend had wanted a taut poem in the style of the Donne elegy, a poem to respond to the "too true muse of the dead conquering king" (18). This Carew's answering poem does, but in its course it turns all expectation created in Townshend's poem on its head. Carew's poem is first a response to Townshend's immediate petition. An understanding of the wit and reason of the response leads directly to an understanding of the kind of defense Carew offers for the Halcyon days.

In his letter Townshend asks Carew to put off his usual poetic character, his ingegno, his

...witt, that chooses to be sweete
Rather than sharpe, therefore in Lirique feete
Steeles to thy mistris. (7-9)

Rather he is to put on funerary robes, and, as he had done so well for Donne, weeping "Ambrosian teares" (14), once again lament the death of all the arts. For the death of all the arts is no less than Townshend supposes himself to see in Gustavus' death. In the artifice of Townshend's poem many poets' tears are to meet in a universal flood, drowning the

world but at the same time fortunately bearing Gustavus' hearse to "Pernassus double toppe" (43). Then Sweden's fame, like Pythian Apollo, will kill any serpent that rises out of the slime of the world left after the flood recedes. Townshend's poem is an inept mixture of disparate passages from the Old Testament, Ovid, and Aesop's Fables. Carew's answer to it is at least in part a witty critique of a piece of jumbled art.

The subject on which Aurelian Townshend had asked Carew to write was one which would not have had a completely welcome reception at the Court. For Gustavus Adolphus was the popular champion of the Protestant Cause. He bore, not only in Townshend's imagination, but in the imagination of the majority of the English people, "the shield of Christendom" (38) against the Romish forces of the Emperor. During the months preceeding Gustavus' death Charles was under great pressure actively to aid the Swedish champion and open Byfront's doors once more. Each of Gustavus' actions was felt as a reproach. Why would Protestant England not join in "the good cause"? Each of Gustavus' brilliant victories made Charles's ceremony seem more a defection, an abdication of the spirit to the senses, a dwelling in the sort of vicious ease both Jonson and Donne had deplored. Yet Charles and his Lord Treasurer knew that he could not afford to give Gustavus active support and still continue to rule without calling a Parliament to grant him funds. He suspected that if he called Parliament the events of 1629 would recur on a magnified scale, and he might not be able to stop them as effectively as he had before.

The people saw it as even more shameful that Charles would not make an active attempt to reclaim his sister Elizabeth's land interests from the Catholic Emperor. Charles had been attempting to get back the

Palatinate through a series of ever shifting negotiations with the Catholic powers. This many saw as plain treachery, though for Charles it was necessary political economy. So Gustavus' death removed from prominence the chief symbol of a movement that was threatening Charles's existence. This Carew knew, and it is reflected in the way that he treats Gustavus' achievements in his poem: "Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler" (25). The pun points to what is felt to be Gustavus' proper oblivion.

Carew's answer to Townshend takes the form of an impudent and daring defense of the Court's political, or better, a-political position with regard to the wars on the continent. It begins and ends by deliberately bearding the Court's critics. First it mocks a very serious poem of Jonson's, "An Epistle to a Friend, to persuade him to the Warres," a poem written about 20 years earlier but well reflecting the current popular sentiments; and in the end it fulfills the worst expectations aroused by Massinger's satiric play Believe As You List. Massinger had written a scene between Flaminius, Ambassador of Rome, and King Prusias of Bythina, in which Flaminius points to the obvious advantages of maintaining a willingness to preserve the Catholic empire:

...you may still increase
The happiness you live in, and your subjects
Under the shadow of their own vines, eat
The fruits they yield them--their soft musical feasts
Continuing, as they do yet, unaffrighted
With the harsh noise of War.¹⁵

Flaminius and King Prusias were thinly disguised stage representatives for Coloma and Charles. The "happiness" Flaminius-Coloma promises here closely matches the conclusion of Carew's poem where "sweet Ayres" replace the bellowing of "the German Drum," the thunder of "Carabins."

Similar harsh noises awake Carew from something like sleep at the poem's opening.

Why dost thou sound, my deare Aurelian,
In so shrill accents, from thy Barbican,
A loude allarum to my drowsie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and Elegies
For mightie Swedens fall? (1-5)

Carew's senses, as he suggests by the phrase "drowsie eyes," are half awake and by the end of the poem we come to see why. Dancing and reveling have already taken up "the glorious night" (59). Carew pictures himself deeply embedded in the sleepy life Jonson so earnestly urges his friend to leave:

Wake, friend from forth thy Lethargie: the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his sleepe life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her noblest strife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.¹⁶

But Carew is intent to reverse every bit of this. It is neither Carew nor the Court revelers that end their lives in a toll of dreams, but Aurelian, dreaming in his substitute Barbican, and the hero he celebrates, Gustavus Adolphus, whose dreams, "begun in hope," end in the spoil of the German continent.

The pose which Carew assumes at the beginning of the poem, the pose of the poetic reveler who is asked to write a grand poem and asserts it is beyond his powers, has many classic precedents. In fact the entire poem is a classic recusatio, a refusal to do justice to a theme. As such it follows the pattern and echoes the artistic concerns of one

recusatio in particular, the sixth ode of Horace's first book. As with his imitations of Propertius in "Ingratefull beauty threatned," Carew seems to be playing his poem in counterpoint to the classic original; while echoing it he reverses many of its positions and plays long variations on others. Horace writes that Varius, a poet as soaring as Homer, could better write the praises of the conquering general Agrippa. Carew admits that the Varius for Gustavus has already made his "noble flight" (92) in the person of Aurelian, and he sees no need to soar further. And even if there were need he is not the right man for it. Playing his variation on Horace's succinct description of the situation as "tenues grandia" (I. 6. 9): "small poet, grand themes," he writes:

...Alas! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of Love, and Beautie, onely know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his Majestic Hearse
Prophane with th'humble touch of their low verse? (5-10)

After a very stagy "Alas!" which hints as much at exasperation as feigned humility, Carew comes to point out the sense in Aurelian Townshend's pun about his "Lyrique feet" stealing to his mistress. Such "dancing paces" cannot possibly celebrate the "dead/ Victorious King" with propriety. They lead to the bedchamber, not to the grave. This closely follows Horace's excuse. His "Imbellisque lyra~~t~~ Musa" (I. 6. 10), however, is developed in the last half of Carew's poem as being the only appropriate muse. Where Horace thinks it is both possible and proper to celebrate Agrippa, though Horace is not the man, Carew thinks it is impossible and improper to celebrate Gustavus and that Carew is just the man for a season of ignoring him. Horace's poem turns to self-examination and resolution. Carew's deftly avoids introspection, turns

Townshend's words back on their author, and with humble apologies dances away.

Horace claims that he cannot celebrate Agrippa or Caesar properly because his muse is too softly peaceable--no doubt a defect in his wit--but that is the way he is, and he seems at the end of his poem to state his satisfaction with his authentically frivolous irresponsibility. At least he knows himself. He also knows that war is a more serious and grand thing than the kind of battles he celebrates. Ovid in Amores II. 18 complains that Love is bringing to nothing the grandia he would create. Horace knows he is incapable of creating them in the first place. Carew questions whether grandia can be created at all out of the materials of Gustavus' conquests, and he invites questions whether these are really more important than his "smooth soft way/ Of Love, and Beautie."

By the way Carew sets up his poem he undercuts and distances Gustavus' achievements. The entire poem is a structure of ironic avoidance of the kind of direct and off-hand admissions that characterize Horace's ode. The process of avoidance is symbolized forth in the set-up of the opening verses. The break of the lines after "dead" and "Hearse" separates and isolates the "Victorious King" from the living and reveling poet. The praise-words "Victorious" and "Majesticke" are measured for the coffin. "King" and "Hearse" are made to match. In the course of the poem we are reminded continually that his victory is "posthume"(22), that his majesty is the majesty of the dead, separated forever from the land of the living. Where Townshend sings Gustavus' glory and new worship, Carew sings his burial and farewell, all leading to his very cool conclusion, "the noyse/ Concernes not us" (98-99).

Where Townshend had mixed up religion, politics and art, Carew

is concerned to separate them clearly and carefully. In part this is a service to his King. The Thirty Years War was incredibly complicated in its tangle of political alignments. It was an illusory simplification to identify the cause of a changing assortment of Catholic and Protestant German princes, France, and sometimes the Vatican, itself, against the Habsburgs as the "Protestant" cause, or worse, as Townshend had done, as the cause of "Christendom." Carew retrenches Townshend's excesses, sees the causes and actions of the war as simply political maneuvering, a jack-in-the-box game of surprises and deaths, with "supreame providence"(35) far above it all. And he invites his readers to take the same position. If Gustavus deserves a religious remembrance it is because he is "dead," and, as a Christian, "Victorious" over death; it is not because, living, he turned Germany into a tomb. Allied to the life of the English Court, Carew is more concerned for the proper celebration of its living spirits of Love and Beauty.

Townshend had insisted on giving Gustavus a poet's apotheosis. But Carew is intent to distinguish the elements of praise in order to avoid questions that might threaten the Court's graceful existence. Just as he had separated Townshend's politics from his religion he is careful to separate his poetry from his history.

Virgil, nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso more
 Then both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
 With the united labour of their wit
 Could a just Poem to this subject fit,
 His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
 Higher by Verse, let him in prose be prays'd,
 In modest faithfull story, which his deedes
 Shall turne to Poems; when the next Age reades
 Of Frankfort, Leipsigh, Worsburgh, of the Rhyne;
 The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallestein,
Bavaria, Papenheim, Lutzenfield, where Hee
 Gain'd after death a posthume Victorie,

They'le thinke his Acts things rather feign'd then done
Like our Romances of the Knight o'th'Sun (11-24).

In linking together the authors of the Aeneid, the Pharsalia, and the Gerusalemme Liberata, he implicitly describes the kind of poetry that would be required to "fit" Gustavus' actions. This poetry must deal with real events but must make them larger than life. As the implied scale of merit ascends from Virgil to Tasso, so does the amount of pure fantasy the poem involves. Poetry appears to be a process of fantastic magnification, the more extravagant the fantasy the better. The process explodes when Gustavus is finally compared to the utterly fantastic and utterly unbelievable "Knight o'th' Sun." Much of the passage seems to be a mocking response to Townshend's verse. The mention of Donne "worth all that went before" in the odd company of Virgil, Lucan and Tasso points to Townshend's non sequitur that since Carew wrote a fine elegy for Donne he is just the man to write another for Gustavus Adolphus. Carew implies that Donne suits with Virgil, Lucan and Tasso as well as he does with Gustavus Adolphus. Also, he turns to ridicule Townshend's assumption that the kind of poetry that praises a magnificent soul is the kind needed to praise military might. The mention of the "Knight o'th'Sun" is at least in part an attempt to make rather literal-minded fun of Townshend's attempt to get the grandeur of Psalm 19 into his lines: "And the Sunn rising to his daly taske/ Would shoue the brighter if hee wore his caske" (A.T. to T.C., 39-40). Carew pretends to mistake Townshend's source, in light derision of this pretentious bid at Biblical allusion.

Carew's half serious argument in these lines reduces to the simple sardonic statement that since Gustavus' deeds are beyond belief already,

poetry, which must take "modest faithfull story" to magnify and embellish it with fantasy, can add nothing. Indeed the poem needed to cover the act with the glittering clothing of language would be a monstrosity. Not even Donne could bend it back into shape with "tough-thick-rib'd hoopes" of language as he had his own "Giant phansie." As Carew mocks Townshend's song so he mocks his subject. Gustavus himself, he implies, was "a bit much," a hero out of fake romance. Again Carew serves his King, who was interested to call the Gustavus-worshippers back to their senses, and was himself trying to dispel Gustavus' romantic aura.

But there is a larger perspective in which Carew wants his readers to see the victories of Gustavus over the kingdoms, towns, men, and elements which he lists with such pointed historical accuracy. He suggests that Gustavus' victories were all "posthume," for they were only creative of death.

Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
 Who though to Annals he can not refer
 His too-briefe storie, yet his Journals may
 Stand by the Caesars yeares, and every day
 Cut into minutes, each, shall more containe
 Of great designement then an Emperours raigne;
 And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
 For his owne ashes now no narrower Grave
 Then the whole German Continents vast wombe,
 Whilst all her Cities doe but make his Tombe (25-34).

The first line soberly breaks the confused gallop of the "Knight o'th' Sun." The words that follow play on the various meanings of "Annals," "Journals," and "yeares." "Annals" are at once archives and year-books, "Journals" at once diaries and day-by-day accounts, "years" at once the years of Caesar's life and the name of his biography. So Carew can wittily imply that because Gustavus' life was too short, what he did will have little effect but to point a moral or adorn a tale. Though his days

and his day book may stand by Caesar's years and Tacitus' annals, a better Caesar would have contrived to live longer. Life as an heroic poem, Carew implies, is disappointingly short, a matter of days. Each day "cut into minutes" contains more "great designement then an Emperours raigne." This sounds well, until we look closely at exactly what is said. The minutes, all too few, are passed in a magnificent variety of dreams and plans that are never to be realized; instead they rush their author from womb to tomb. Gustavus' dreams recoil on him. He had thought to make Europe the yard of his Church; instead it becomes his "Church-yard."

When Carew comes to assert eternal providence it is in no way to justify Gustavus, rather it is to disengage himself and his countrymen completely from that service. The Providence his words assert is aloof. A disinterested teacher, Divine Providence had first "thought it fit"

To rend the Empire from the Austrian graspe,
And next from Swedens, even when he did claspe
Within his dying armes the Soveraigntie
Of all those Provinces, that men might see
The Divine wisdom would not leave that Land
Subject to any one Kings sole command (37-42).

The attempt to read God's special favor in Gustavus' victories fails with the end of those victories, and men must rest content with a Providence that teaches an amoral lesson, using a well known type of exemplum. In Carew's lines Gustavus almost becomes "the tale of Gustavus," one in a succession of similar tales of the de casibus kind. He is, at once, more dramatic and exciting because of his tale's brilliance and brevity, and more futile because of the vacuity of its central purpose: "the Soveraigntie/ Of all those Provinces." The break after "Soveraigntie"

and the heavy stress of the words "all those" point to an implicit contradiction: there can be no true "Soveraigntie" in a chaos of too many political units. What Gustavus clasps with "dying armes" is, the lines suggest, an empty dream.

Carew invites his readers to see the "fate of Monarchs" as a stage play meant not to involve but to instruct. In the course of the play the players may express chivalric and Christian sentiments. But the wise audience knows the emotions are part of a play and judges their appropriateness in the framework of the play's action. The action of the play stirs curiosity "if Caesar shall,/ Or the Vnited Princes, rise, and fall" (43-44), but no more than curiosity. "Let the Germans feare;" they are distant actors in a tragedy which is predictably repetitious. When Carew plays on all possible combinations of one or the other of the two sides rising or falling, the problem begins to reduce to random mechanics.

Out of this welter of futile action and grandiose, empty dreaming, Carew would lead his readers to think of other actions and other dreams better suited to the way they actually spend their lives.

But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
Vnder secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate Land (45-48).

Charles's solid accomplishments are contrasted with Gustavus' empty dreams in the very gestures that the poem describes Gustavus and Charles as making. Gustavus clasps a dubious "Soveraigntie" with "dying arms." Charles gives "peace and plenty" with a single "blessed hand." Gustavus' gesture is wildly dramatic, Charles's assured and easy. "Our good King" possesses none of the miraculous aura of "mightie Sweden." The words

reflect firm trust, calm knowledge rather than the fear and awe that attended Gustavus. The supernatural and strained power of Gustavus, now revealed and released in his death, is contrasted with the natural, easy power of Charles, a power realized in the secure "myrtle bowers" of Courtly society. Peace and plenty are like seeds he scatters from his hand. But outside the Court those seeds meet only "obdurate" ground, and are given no chance to grow. Like Townshend the English people persist in losing themselves in dreams of Gustavus' glory and ignore the gift of their King. Carew's response is, for the moment, to attend only to the charmed circle of the Court. From the days "cut into minutes" that consumed Gustavus' dreams Carew turns to "glorious night" that gives artistic form to the dreams of Charles's Court.

Up to the middle of the poem Carew's strategy is to make the confused political war in Europe look like a product of make-believe. He does this, I think, out of felt necessity. Harmful pretensions must be diverted, turned to harmless pretenses, for the blest reign of the good King to continue. In the second half of his poem he sets an artistic expression of that reign, an elaborate and absorbing masque, against the dizzily fast-paced and utterly uninvolved play of Gustavus' career as he has pictured it. He counters a history made into fiction, with fiction better suited to his own sense of history.

It has been generally assumed that what follows in lines 59 to 85 of the poem is Carew's description of a masque of Townshend's. But the words of the poem leave the possibility open that it is not at all Townshend's work that is being described, but the work of another Court artist, and that Carew is asking Townshend to put this work to "rurall tunes" (90) as he had once before "comprised" (brought together) "the

beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE" (54),¹⁷ probably in a set of pastoral songs. I think this interpretation makes better sense out of the last half of the poem. It explains both its grammar and its purpose. Carew is suggesting that Townshend can better "advance the glorious night" of Charles I than the grandiose day of Gustavus Adolphus. Townshend must be called back to his senses, he must be enjoined to remember where and who most properly he is. And so Carew urges him towards "the glorious night" (59). The masque is set off against the German Wars, as one of the "subjects proper to our clyme" (94). The wars, as Gustavus' art, are wrong, and the masque, as Charles's art, is right, simply because while one senselessly destroys, the other sensibly creates.

To accomplish the transformation from war to peace Carew asks Townshend to put aside "Fames trumpet" (50) and take up his "past'rall pipe" (52). The trumpet, as he hints in the first part of his poem and states more clearly in the last, is too raucous in "Blowing [Gustavus] name to heaven" (51). What is needed instead is the gentle inspiration of the earth as understood in terms of pastoral art. And this is something at which Townshend is adept. Such pastoral poems as "Come not to me for scarves" and "Pure simple love" are free of the affected allusion-hunting and false posturing of his invitation to Carew. They are remarkably "true" pastorals, in that they correspond completely to an ideal form. In reading them we have no sense that the speaker is a courtier posing as a shepherd; instead we have the sense of overhearing a shepherd who is at once innocent and naturally learned in courtesy. The poems realize fully the courtly ideal of pastoral simplicity. It is for such poems as these that Carew now asks,

For who like thee (whose loose discourse is farre
 More neate and polisht then our Poems are,
 Whose very gate's more gracefull then our dance)
 In sweetly-flowing numbers may advance
 The glorious night? (55-59)

Carew implies that what Townshend knows by nature others must learn by art. In attempting a poetry which magnifies nature, Townshend blows it out of proportion and gets himself completely out of proportion as well. There is no such over-blown effort required from a man who already possesses the grace, polish, and neatness required of pastoral art as his natural gifts. All that Townshend has to do is to recall his nature, to be simply himself. In Carew's poem Townshend is set at the center of courtly admirers, but it is not Townshend they admire. It is his artless art. They admire his art for the transformations his "song and subject" (53) and his "sweetly-flowing numbers" might work on their night's occupation.

In his description of the masque Carew is concerned to evoke the ideal art of the Court. Whether it is Townshend's or whether it involves elements from previous masques and plays, makes little difference in the way the ideal is presented. Once we are free of having to compare the events it describes with the events of masques and plays for which texts survive, such as Tempe Restored or the Shepherd's Paradise, the outline of the action of the masque becomes clear. The masque is a preparation for the night's revels. Its action is the instruction of passionate lovers in the rules of love. The chaos of passion is displaced by the descent of a troop of deities who dance out an ordered pattern of love. Among the deities are "divine Venus" and "heavenly Cupid," "divine" and "heavenly" to distinguish them from their more sensually involved counterparts. Beauty and divine love are coequal

and coeternal, and together they bring "the world to light."¹⁸ At the conclusion of the masque the Queen of Beautie, the "divine Venus," sings. So much can be reconstructed from Carew's description. It seems clear that what he describes is not a pastoral, but a Christian Platonic masque using classic figures. What Carew is asking Townshend to do in turning this to pastoral song is perhaps to naturalize it. The "beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE" were, after all, earthly beauties. The Queen of Beauty in Montague's pastoral was simply the winner of a contest, not as she is here, the "divine Venus" herself.

In its art the masque of "the glorious night" lifts nature into supernature, but Carew as viewer and participant is continually falling back into nature. He dwells not on the truth of the allegoric action but on the delight the spectacle of it gives both intellect and sense.

The stories curious web, the Masculine stile,
The subtile sence, did Time and sleepe beguile,
Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
Th'Angellike formes, gestures, and motion,
To heare those ravishing sounds that did dispence
Knowledge and pleasure, to the soule, and sense (71-76).

He describes an ecstasy in which intellect and sense are fused, as they are in his description of the effect of Donne's sermons, but by exactly opposite means. Donne's sermons commit rapes on the will; the masque schools the will with a beautiful pattern crowned with "rich fancie." Fancy could never reach Donne's "darke truths" (Elegy, 19). The spectacle of the masque beguiles, pinnions, charms. Donne's delivery collars the listeners; his spirit like a flame distills the melting heart to purity through the eye. While the masque's teaching painlessly refines by making knowledge indistinguishable from pleasure, Donne's

burns and melts, forever separating knowledge from pleasure. The sense judges Donne's truths; the pleasure of the masque makes the sense incapable of judgment. In the description of the masque's working knowledge and pleasure come unearned and yet with the grace of a sacrament to both soul and sense at once. What Carew describes seems more a form of hypnosis than firm appreciation, where soul and sense become one.

The masque attempts to exemplify transcendent truth, to remake the Platonic ladder that leads from the chaos of earthly love through successive disciplines to the order of heavenly love, "Love made all spirit" as Carew summarizes its moral action. Carew's response to its teaching is not acceptance, rather a suspension of disbelief that shows itself in his wonder at its spectacle. He cannot forget the contrivance of it all.

It fill'd us with amazement to behold
 Love made all spirit, his corporeall mold
 Dissected into Atomes melt away
 To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay
 Of mixtures, and compounding Accidents
 Refin'd to immateriall Elements (77-82).

Clearly Carew is not persuaded to belief in the masque's revelation of a true order of things, but for the moment moved by an artistic miracle to believe in what seemed before impossible. He suspends judgment only because his own natural faculties are suspended, "pinnion'd and charm'd"(73), out of time, away from sleep, taken up into the artful process of "the glorious night." Ordinary love, as he too well knows, is a mixture of soul and sense, subject to accidents which continually change its nature. Here for a moment that "grosse allay/ Of mixtures," the "compounding Accidents" of love are resolved into a quintessential simplicity. And still it seems for all the alchemical explanations that

Love, who before was substantial, had unaccountably become "empty ayre."

The Platonic action, in which love is freed from the body and made all spirit, ends in the paradoxically all too physical presence of the "Queene of Beautie."

But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire
The ayre with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her celestiall Organ sweet
Harmonious notes, our soules fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend dutie, more
Her rare perfections, then high state adore (83-88).

The courtier's souls move in the wrong direction; instead of being lifted to heaven they fall at her feet. Her presence destroys the fantasy by distracting the audience's attention from its meaning. Her supersensuous "high state" is obscured by her sensuous "rare perfections," and as in the elegy for Donne the old Idolls of Greek and Latin verse are adored, "with new apostasie" (Elegy, 70). The "empty ayre" which had been the abode of the refined spirit of love is made rich with perfumes from the Queene's presence and breath. Concentration on the breath itself reduces spirit to its essential natural meaning. Spirit once immaterial and unbodied is here incarnate and made cognate with the breath of one woman's life. The metaphor of her throat as a "celestiall Organ" is strained by the play on words it contains. Opposites are by violence joined together, but the joining only serves to point their separation, a separation between spirit and body, meaning and spectacle. That separation the courtiers come to recognize in their choice of worship, a worship that falls over itself in the words "humble reverend dutie." All this sets the human pretense of the masque in high relief. The actors, unlike Prospero's, are not "all spirits ... melted into air, into thin air"; they are material, having an everyday place in earthly

regard. The masque in which they participate, which had seemed a serious revelation, returns here to a pleasing fiction. Its meaning is subordinated to the pleasure of its pretense. At last it is seen as one of a series of "harmelesse pastimes" (89).

The masque Carew describes in his reply to Aurelian Townshend is, again, the dance on the volcano. Outfaced by mass war that makes a chaos of its meanings, undermined by doubts about its own possibility, having to yield at last to the everyday needs and expectations of its actors and audience, it is yet as splendid and as truthful as it can be. It serves as an epitome of the proper art of the Halcyon days, as Carew understands them, times of "calme securitie" gained by "prevailing powers" (101-2).

But Carew knew that periods of Halcyon calm were short. His knowledge appears in the way he habitually uses the term. He never ticks it off as a mere "classical reference," as for instance, Fanshawe does when he wishes to add yet another classical tag to his description of the rich possessions of Charles's English countryside in 1630.¹⁹ Instead Carew uses the word for its precise mythological meaning. In myth the time of the halcyon's nesting is a period of charmed calm between storms, a time when Aeolus, King of the Winds, binds Boreas to let his daughter Alcyone, transformed to a halcyon, or king-fisher, build her nest on the sea and protect her brood. The brief time of a week is given, about the winter solstice, for her to fulfill her too brief life in her transformed state. That Carew knew this version of the myth is ascertainable from his lines to the Queen's courtier Wat Montague on "his retorne from travell." Under the auspices of the "Vernall Ayre" Carew celebrates there, "the Halcion sits and builds her nest" (22). If Boreas threatens,

Carew writes,

If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's faire or good;
If he scatter our choyce flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroake great Aeolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To binde him in an Iron chaine (29-36).

In these lines the Halcyon calm refers to a period of unusual grace, a period free from the threats of Boreas. Boreas becomes a general figure for accident, disruption, and chaos, which Carew as reveler and celebrant must continually face. The Halcyon time alone is free from his disturbance. But not at all because it is primary; rather the chaos of winter is primary. The calm about the solstice is magically superimposed.

A more indirect, yet a more telling use of the myth is in Carew's love elegy "A Rapture." There he uses the term "Halcion Calmenesse" to describe the time of consummation when the lovers' souls are fixed "In steadfast peace, as no affright controules" (98). In the poem the consummation is a mutual achievement of understanding and grace which takes the lovers out of the course of the world, but only for a short time. Right after the promise of those lines, "steadfast peace" is broken by worldly threats that make it seem an unrealizable fantasy. The pattern of a paradise threatened, which occurs again and again in Carew's poetry, is here essentially connected with his mythological understanding of the Halcyon calm. Carew's fullest exploration of the pattern, his masque, Coelum Britannicum, gives the myth a central place. In the main masque Henrietta Maria's influence is celebrated as "Halcyon beames" that "becalme the Ayre" (1029), but only as a prelude to her

being placed with her husband beyond the reach of "all disturbing Evill" (1119) in the Temple of Eternity.

In Carew's poetry the sense of the word "Halcyon," itself, leads us away from the notion that the construction of the Halcyon calm was an exercise in self-deception, an indulgence in increasing pretense, a continued party whose celebrants were unaware of the forces waiting to take the party apart. Instead the Halcyon calm must be seen as a conscious fiction, artfully posed against a too well understood chaos. In "The New-yeares gift" that chaos is outfaced by imaginative gesture. In the reply to Townshend the attempt is made to substitute safe imaginative play for the dangerous chaos of history out of men's control. Both are instances of an art consciously designed to cover and counter the threats of personal and public disorder, an art which attempts to create and maintain a restorative calm in the known chaos of the winter sea.

CHAPTER II

VEILS FOR TRUTH

In Sir Philip Sidney's formulation of the purposes of poetry, certainly the most valuable and influential for Carew as a courtier and poet, the poem brings order out of chaos by showing that order is fundamental, primary, chaos only the aberration, the defacing of a first golden nature. Poetry restores our vision of unfallen nature by seeing through the world's accidents to its essence, and so freeing the timeless from the time-bound. It holds up the mirror to all ideal natures from which real natures are imperfectly copied and makes conceptions of ideal nature dominate the actions of good men. The recognition of the central reality of ideal order is essential for Sidney.

From the previous discussion this seems not to be at all true for Carew. His central reality is urgent chaos that must be dealt with. It must be brought to order not by the recall of an old pattern but the conscious superimposition of a new. His object is to bring the world to an order completely subordinate to the mind of the individual "maker" and only uneasily allied to the order of the "heavenly Maker of that maker."¹

Carew's poetic strategies are clearly outlined in two carefully worked poems of that "smooth, soft way of love" with which he identifies his essential artistry, "Ingratefull beauty threatned" and the song "Aske me no more." The two poems are opposites in the ends of their art. One warns, the other assures. One claims that little of what is imagined is real, the other that everything possible to be wished is already true. One is a cold and angry response to pride, the other a gentle response to seeming innocence and self-doubt. Yet cen-

tral to both is an unquestioned belief in the poem's power to direct the girls' imaginations of themselves and to control the imagination of the society in which the girls, as "beauties," move. In "Aske me no more" that belief leads into a warm imaginative fulfillment. In "Ingratefull beauty threatned" it leads, on the contrary, towards imaginative destruction in a stark assertion of personal power.

Carew's "Ingratefull beauty threatned" starts as a reworking of Propertius' Elegy III.24. With his opening lines he invites direct comparison.

Know Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne:

Falsa est ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae,
olim oculis nimium facta superba meis.

(False, woman, is the trust you put in your form
once made too proud by my admiration.)

Both poets begin with the girls' new pride. They attempt to shake the girls' image of themselves. But after this the poems move in separate directions: Carew's towards the exposure of the false pretenses of the girls's life; Propertius' towards the exposure of the false pretenses of the poet's infatuation. Propertius rids himself of his entanglement with the girl, an entanglement recognized both by his friends and his better self as madness. He ends his poem by recalling his senses and dedicating himself to Mens Bona, "Good Sense." For Carew the love relation has no suggestion of loss of self in mad entanglement. The speaker of Carew's poem is secure in his self-possession and seems always to have been so. It is the girl that has been close to madness, not her lover. He has to recall her to her senses.

He does it with a sharp reminder of what the girl has forgotten

or perhaps never clearly realized. He comes to tell her that her life is not her own. Gradually he takes away the accommodations by which she has come to identify herself, until she is left with close to nothing. In the beginning of the poem the speaker and the girl seem on equal terms. At the end the speaker has become creator, the girl creature, separated by enormous distance. The poem begins with a calm assertion, but one made with a slightly noticeable effort to maintain poise. The attempt in the first line to seem to convey a casual item of information that Celia might be interested to "know" is interrupted by a thrust of bitter knowledge. The words set off in parentheses break into the assertion and darken it into a threat. Her knowledge must come now as a punishment for her being "so proud." Her pride, as we come to understand it, is unjustifiable, a self-conceit, a superbia to match Propertius' "facta superba." Like this greatest of all sins, Celia's pride is closely associated with ingratitude. She thinks that what she has done she has done solely by her own power. She glories in her "renowne," that her name is famous, that everyone thinks her an uncommon beauty. In the days of her gladness she forgets her creator. The speaker of the poem is intent continually to remind Celia of the religious parallels for her actions and to bring to her mind the traditional consequences. To avoid the hell of oblivion she must be forced to realize that she is his creature.

He argues slyly. He admits that she is a beauty. But what he gives with one hand he triply takes back with the other.

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
 And with it, ympt the wings of fame.

Such beauties are so "common" they form part of a "crowd" that would be in the ordinary course of living "forgotten." So her beauty would have been thrice buried if his verse had not "exhal'd" her name. This word for the transformations worked by his poetry on her life is purposely close to the Latin mortuary inscription exhalavit which describes the escape of the soul from its earthly prison of the body. Carew claims he has taken her name from earthly obscurity and given it wings not its own. Her soul's flight is readied and arranged by the falconer that controls her "fame," and with it controls the way she is known, the way she has a "name."

After challenging her imagination of herself as a recognized beauty, Carew questions the reality of her emotions. "That killing power" she believes she has is his fiction. In his choice of the phrase he shows this to her. She is not at all the "donna crudele" of the courtly sonneteers. That was a literary convention that he has led her to believe was a part of her effect as a person. Now he reminds her that it was not hers at all, but his poetic gift; "I gave it to thy voycè, and eyes." If she tries to use it she proves she has been taken in. All the properties of her person he shows are stage props. All are the poet's. Celia owns really nothing of what she thought was herself; "Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine." There is a sense that this list has been cut short only for convenience sake. It might have gone on indefinitely; the way the voice must pause on the word "all" in reading the line bears this out. "Sweets" and "graces" by no means exhaust the "all." They are simply two in a series of items he happens to tick off. Thus, in the first two stanzas he informs her casually of his gift of everything that makes her considerable and individual.

When Carew claims that she is his star, he turns a traditional protest of a lover's humility on its head, a protest he himself uses in the poem "To Celia, upon Love's Ubiquity": "My whole life is bout you, the Center starre,/ But a perpetuall Motion Circular" (33-34). This is the way he has led her to think of herself. But now he shows her she is but one star among many possible that has been arbitrarily "fixt" in his sky.

Thou art my starre, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him, that fixt thee there.

She is no longer the controller but the controlled. He has created and placed her in her scene. And the scene, too, is his. She has but a "borrowed," and by inference from the word, temporary place. This goes far beyond the usual Platonic observation that love makes the beloved appear more beautiful than she is. It is not her love that Carew is bargaining for, but rather a certain relationship of mutual kindness and gratitude between the poet and his minion. When she fails to recognize her dependence upon him, he threatens to reveal the artificiality, the artfully created quality of her life. As his star in his skies she possesses neither self nor world.

Without the poet's art Celia returns to the forgotten crowd, losing both the new self and new world she has prized so much. They were illusions created for her by the poet. If she returns to her previous state of gratefulness and grace, she will be allowed to continue as a fixed attraction. The poem claims that all power is the poet's as master of artful effect, as life-artist. The poem is clearly a threat to break the lady's spirit with the full revelation of the poet's

knowledge of her, a threat most powerfully made in the concluding stanza:

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made, I uncreate;
Get fooles thy mystique formes adore,
I'le know thee in thy mortall state.

The voice of the poet matches the voice of Jehovah speaking from heaven, a heaven he, himself, has created. The lady is reminded that she is his creature; he can at his whim "uncreate" her. He compares himself disdainfully with her admirers, "fooles," who have been tricked into believing in her "mystique formes" and religiously adoring her, Platonic lovers that have flattered her into believing that in her beauty they find the Eternal. But the poet knows her as God knows the psalmist: "My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth" (Psalm 139: 15). The implication of the third line of the stanza is that only "fooles" would recognize anything intrinsically wonderful about her. The wiser poet will know her in her "mortall state." Celia's "mortall state" is her utter nakedness of mind and body before her creator. The future tense of "know" is here a sign of an habitual acquaintance, something that will continue in the future, but has already been many times. In the process of the poem Celia has been forced to know herself and to remember that she has been thoroughly known. After he shows her that her spirit is his creation, he comes to remind her, by playing on the word "know," that her flesh has been and will be, linked to his. From the knowing that must destroy her pride, Carew leads her to the knowing that should school her in what Yeats called "bodily lowliness."²

In the final couplet of the poem Carew tries to make his power

over the girl explicit by linking himself with the group of "wise poets" who first fashioned civilized life.

Wise Poets that wrap't Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves, through all her vailles.

He seems to give her momentary honor as the allegoric figure of Truth, which poets, finding naked and unaccommodated, had wrapped in the "veil of fables"³ to pass on to successive generations. But the strong recurrence of the verb "to know" sharply recalls the fact that Celia's "Truth" is no more than her "mortall state," the unaccommodated body doomed to be lost and forgotten. The veil of poetry is the only thing that redeems it.

The poet of "Ingratefull beauty" responds to the lady's pride by showing that all her beliefs are make-believes, that the only truth she should acknowledge is the truth of her subordination and her creatureliness. She is too ready to live in and take as real the feigned world of the poet's creation. She must be recalled to the bare truth of her situation.

In "Aske me no more" the situation is reversed. The truths of the girl's situation have become too pressing. The song is a response to the doubts they create. More precisely the song is in the form of a set of responses to the girl's persistent questioning.⁴ It is best understood when the nature of the questions and the questioner is understood.

Each of the questions the poem intends to answer involves transience: the fading of flowers, the momentary beauty of notes caught in sunlight, the hasty disappearance of the nightingale, the passage of a shooting star, the change of the phoenix. The questioner is

obviously concerned with her own subjection to change, to aging and final death and, as evidenced by the refrain "Aske me no more" (*italics mine*), has asked these questions many times before, using the objects of the natural, the celestial and mythical worlds in turn as symbols for the passing of the beauty of her own life. With each question she asks where the time goes, playing variations on the theme of ubi sunt.

The questions begin with a sense of helplessness which is yet knowledgeable and resigned. "Aske me no more where Iove bestowes,/ When Iune is past, the fading rose." The rose even in the process of its blooming is "fading."⁵ The power of the god who "bestowes" and takes away is complete. His purpose is inconceivable.

The questions end with despairing mockery. "Aske me no more if East or West,/ The Phenix builds her spicoy nest." The legend of the phoenix had become associated with the promise of resurrection in the body. Tradition had placed its nesting place definitely in the East. The questioner seems to think that "East or West," it makes little difference, though the East had meant birth and the West death. The questioner is concerned with her life on earth, and that life ends wherever the phoenix alights, whether there is a further spiritual life or not.

The lady who questions her life in this way is very far from the blind pride, the self-conceit of Celia in "Ingratefull beauty threatned." She is very much, too much aware of her "mortall state." Her imaginings lead her to a knowledgeable mockery and despair rather than ignorant superbia. In answering her the poet must create a responsive world for her rather than strip her of one with which she has grown too familiar. Here knowledge is the problem. And to solve

it the poet creates a fantasy. In his fantasy the lady becomes the center and cynosure of a universe that is perpetually alive. She is the cause of all flowering, the queen of nature's adornment. Her singing always contains the possibility of the nightingale. The stars sit in her eyes. She redeems fallen nature and gives it a "fixed" and secure resting place. Lastly, in her sexuality, the mythic tale of dying and reviving proves true. In place of the girl's imaginings of isolation in a world of continuous and one-directional process, Carew puts an imagining of relation in a world responsive to everything that is beautiful in her. In his answering poetic world he offers her the possibility that her life will be continually fulfilled and consummately beautiful.

In both poems the poet appears as a kind of dream merchant, a dealer in imaginings and fantasies. He knows his merchandise and his customers well. He selects the proper and pleasing veil for the truth of their natures and the nature of their moment.

The metaphor of merchandise comes out with startling directness in a poem that is closely related to "Ingratefull beauty" and "Aske me no more," the poem entitled "To a Lady that desired I would love her." The veils for truth that are gracefully formed in "Aske me no more" and caustically examined in "Ingratefull beauty" are here only in potential. The wise poet will consent to use them only if the lady will be kind. So the poem concludes with something like the terms of a business transaction which promises to balance accounts:

Rich natures store, (which is the Poets treasure)
 I'll spend, to dresse
 Your beauties, if your mine of Pleasure
 In equall thankfulnessse
 You but unlocke, so we each other blesse.

The poet appropriates "rich natures store" to set up a series of artful relationships between the girl and the encompassing natural world. The new made set of relations will hold true only so long as the love relation of "equal thankfulness" holds. These poetically made relations in Carew's poetry are tentative. They are make-believes rather than beliefs. They are pleasing and orderly fictions which can replace the chaos created by conceit and doubt, but only for a time. The art of poetry that emerges from these poems is the opposite of Sidney's redeeming art. Rather than an "undeceyving skill"⁶ its skill is intelligent deception. Rather than eikastike, forming and revealing, it is phantastike, dreaming and covering.⁷

In his verses to "Geo. Sands, on his translation of the Psalms" Carew comes to examine the images of his deceiving skill in Sidney's "unflattering glass of reason."⁸ There, as Sidney had done, Carew measures his work as "maker" against "the heavenly Maker of that maker," the Creator whose creature he is. The poem formed one of a group of commendatory poems for the 1638 edition of A Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems, but, unlike the other poems of the group, it makes scarcely any attempt to criticize or appraise Sandys' work. Instead it turns immediately to self-assessment, and in its succeeding speculations approaches the traditional form of a poet's retraction. Carew examines his work and himself in the mirror of Sandys' source and subject and, at the end of the poem, seems to come to a decision: "Prompted by thy example then, no more/ In moulds of clay will I my God adore" (29-30). Yet Carew's choice is continually complicated by his allegiances to earthly "moulds." Sandys' "example" had been to turn from a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses to his work on the Psalms. The logic of the

parallel identifies both Carew's poems and their models as "moulds of clay." In the play of ideas in his poem to Sandys the retraction is only tentatively made, and its meaning is left deeply ambivalent.

Both figuratively and literally Carew's poem is an approach to the central spirit, life, and light that informs the clay tenement of the world. But in its course relations between spirit and the world are set in terms of essential opposition. This happens in several other poems by Carew. In the epitaph to Maria Wentworth, for instance, the girl's earthly life is explained first as the growth of a "Gherubin" in the shell of the body, then as the uneasy residence of the soul, the guest of a body whose "purely tempered clay was made" too fine. The spirit oppresses the place in which it seeks to rest and finally breaks it. Contention between body and spirit leads in the final stanza of the poem to a paradoxical "moral":

Learne from hence (Reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where vertue must
Fraile as our flesh, crumble to dust.

Because of the contention between body and soul there can be no rest or trust in "this world," The otherworld informs it, oppresses it, finally destroys it. The paradox to which the concluding lines of the epitaph point is that virtue, the perfection of earthly life in thought and act, overextends itself and ends by destroying its material cause. Through the poem there is a counterforce of feeling that what is now "dust" was precious and fine, that the girl had been too "severe" in living so strictly according to the dictates of the other world in this one.

It is possible to see the relations between spirit and the

world in other terms than destructive opposition. Spenser had seen spirit and world connected by love, had called his God, "that great immortall Spright,/ By whom all liue to loue." Of the relations of spirit to flesh he wrote, "The duller earth it quickneeth with delight." Fair souls "Frame to themselues most beautiful and braue/ Their fleshly bowre, most fit for delight."⁹ For Spenser, being, living, and loving were intimately connected by the fact that the supreme being was Love, Himself. But Carew's belief is closer to Marvell's in such poems as "On a Drop of Dew." There heavenly being and earthly living are fixed in rigid opposition; heavenly love and earthly love move at right angles. Faced with this opposition Carew turns from eternal love to concentrate on the terminal love of the things of this world. His poem to Sandys, I think, must be considered as his "apology" for that habitual turning.

The poem begins with Carew's exploration of his continued and perplexing attitude towards the church service.

I presse not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse, polutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine.

The word "presse" gathers together its several meanings in Carew's use. It means to go forward with determined effort, to force one's way, and to crowd or throng. He notices at first that he does not, in fact, go forward. To do so would seem unworthy, perhaps unbecoming a gentleman. Yet so much is required. With a bit of self-conscious pride, he sets himself apart from the throng. But the second phrasing of his position makes up for the worldly ambiguities of the first, turning it into a simple corollary of his fear of God in "nor dare I greet/ The holy place,"

and of the sense of his own unworthiness in "with my unhalowed feet." Yet unworthiness is not quite the right word, for Carew is using "feet" in a double capacity, to stand both for himself and his poetry, has "Lyrick feete" (14). The double meaning is a very old trick. In using it Carew links his poetry with a long sophisticated tradition of "unhalowed" verse, and so the pride in a kind of separateness and specialness slips back. Such verse as his is not so much unworthy, as separate, having different sources. In recognizing the claims of the "holy place" Carew affects a deference and a difference. He follows the claims of his muse--a spirit with a different descent. He keeps her strictly separate and watches the time for her "prophaner notes."

In claiming a position for his muse relative to the divine service Carew further justifies his poetic practice. Again he makes intellectual play out of seemingly serious professions.

Here, humble at the porch she listning stayes,
And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes,
So, devout penitents of Old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Biturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but beare thy traine (5-13).

In placing his muse on the church porch, he glances wittily at the place his poem takes up in the pages of Sandys' book. By her position she is out of major involvement in the ceremony. The reference to "devout penitents of Old" seems a way to excuse his intransigence and allow for his separateness. Those penitents felt themselves profoundly unworthy to participate until such time as God granted them grace. But for Carew it is clear that there is no such sense. He is already possessed of a kind of grace. His attitude here towards the demands of

the sacred on the profane is very close to his attitude towards the importance of the German wars. As we are separate but deferring beings, supernature "concernes not us."

But, of course, there is no chance for that attitude to be satisfactory here. The otherworld must very much concern the temporary inhabitants of this world. His muse must find a place in the only order that there is. So Carew attends to form. A "lay-place" suffices, as a minor office would suffice a petitioner to the Court, who, though having no immediate and urgent desire to serve the King, can find no other way to live (because there is none). The ceremonial places he chooses--"To trim thy Vestments, or but beare thy traine"--are concerned with keeping all in order and just off the ground. But they are menial tasks, not always done for delight, separated from the life of the servant, who perhaps jokes about them in private.

From this strained humbling in the face of necessitated ceremony, Carew turns to a more full, proud and essential assertion of his position;

Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke (13-14).

The permission and release of the second line is made all the more important by the halting qualifications of the line that proceeds it. As in song she cannot reach Sandys' Larke so in height she cannot rise as far. Carew's resolution is, in effect, to let her stay on the ground. Her place is after all "before the Arke," not above it. Modern Laudian ceremony is replaced by the older, more essential Jewish festivity. In the ark God is always present; He is seldom at the altar. The muse's dancing before the ark is caused by the direct joy of His presence.

She no longer must find a suitable place at the church waiting for the ceremony to begin. "Before the Arke," ceremony, made identical with festivity, continually happens. Carew pictures himself as David the dancer in opposition to David the inspired, though much paraphrased, singer of Psalms.¹⁰ In the Biblical story to which Carew is alluding, II Samuel 6: 14-16, David disgraced himself to his wife by his dancing and leaping. She had expected more adult and restrained conduct from one in his position. So Carew, in his thoughts about the possibilities of dancing, turns from his own earlier concerns about proper position. Yet the conditional overtones of the verb "may" deny much of the ecstasy of the dancer. As yet, he keeps himself back.

The two speculations that follow this tentative entry into festivity are both governed by the verb "may." Its recurrence indicates that they are possible futures, possible choices of life, which, Carew feels are open to him, but about which he has made as yet no definite commitment. He views them from the secure vantage of his present life and allegiances. So seen they do not at all provide a richer life, but death rather than life, pain rather than pleasure, barrenness rather than consummation. The two speculations are prefaced with remarks that are close to careless gestures: "Who knows" and "Perhaps." These mark them off as closer to whim than resolution. Carew distances himself from the thoughts they contain in order to free himself from the consequences to which they lead.

The thoughts themselves are serious and belong to old and strong traditions. They concern the turning of the soul to God, the changing of earthly for heavenly love. The first set makes that turning a chance occurrence. The change comes, whether the soul wills it or not.

Who knowes, but that her wandring eyes that run,
 Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun,
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
 Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure,
 My eyes, in penitentiall dew may steepe
 That brine, which they for sensuall love did weepe.
 So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
 With fire, and water be with water drencht (15-22).

The muse, become the soul, now hunts glow-worms. It attends to the dim lights in the grass, to the inobvious light in the flesh, while it ignores the completely obvious and central light of the heavens, the source of all light and life, including glow-worm life. Perhaps it will turn from actively hunting to passively adoring. Carew leaves the connection between the two lights, as source and reflection, implicit. It had been traced so many times before. Instead of emphasizing intellectual correspondence he concentrates on physical process. Redemption is haphazard here. But when it happens the elements of the body are changed, its fire devoured in purer fire, its water drowned in the purer water of penitence. All this is as Carew is careful to observe "'gainst Natures course." His observation seems to be only an off-hand comment on his metaphor, but it also can be taken as understanding of the process it describes: supernatural at odds with nature, making it over only by destroying it. Concentration on the Christian paradox of killing to quicken, dying to live sets up a strict division between this world and that other and disallows the possibility that the earthly paradise and the heavenly paradise are at all close. Here Carew excludes the possibility of moving from one to the other in gradual awakening and gradual advance of life and knowledge. Instead one must be completely rejected and the other completely accepted. "Sensuall love" and heavenly love are opposites, strictly to be divorced. But

then, "Who knowes?" by design Carew leaves his conversion to chance.

The second speculation he offers differs from the first in that the soul wills the conversion, but the utter separation between worlds "below" and "Above" is reasserted.

Perhaps my restlesse soule, tyr'de with persuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, Above
In the first Faire may find th' immortall Love (23-28).

The turning comes about, though, because of a kind of exasperation, a despair of finding anything satisfactory in earthly love. Though Carew suggests the connection between the world of small lettered fairs and "the first Faire," he does not develop that connection. There is no "reason" to intervene and direct appetite, as there is in Bembo's argument in The Courtier, which is otherwise very similar to Carew's.¹¹ Instead that appetite is to be left perpetually unsatisfied. Out of weariness and boredom with the pursuit, rather than as an extension of it, the soul turns to God. Experience teaches that it cannot have what it wants here. Old wisdom takes over to point "Above," not as a place where desire is fulfilled, but as a place secure from all desiring.

The resolution that follows serves to set Carew's present allegiances and his possible future choice of life even more sharply at odds.

Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But teare those Idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Sprit, not fond Love shall indite (29-32).

In the simple strategy of these lines, Carew, denying his habitual

connections, makes himself God's instrument. The Spirit comes direct and needs no means or medium. Fond Love, on the other hand, takes the outward images of the world and urges the pursuit, the hunt. Only complete denial, the destruction of all images, leads to rest.

The conclusion of the poem, however, makes clear the separation of these speculations from Carew's life, a separation signaled by the first word:

Then, I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
But the dry leavelesse Trunke on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
Then all the flourishing wreathes by Laureats worne (33-36).

"Then" allegiance to the truth will lead toward the "dry leavelesse Trunke," at once the cross and the dead body of Christ. Carew's "then" is set in strict opposition to his "now." Then he will "court" "the dry leavelesse Trunke." The verb and its object, kept separate in Carew's arrangement of his language, work against each other when brought together like this. They are meant to be seen as antitheses, as much against the course of nature as courting "the verdant Bay" is in the course of nature. The one is seen as life-seeking, a life-praising activity; the other, a death-seeking, death-praising activity. The concentration of meaning in the phrase "dry leaveless Trunke" is on the absence of life, to which each word points in turn. The tight irregular rhythm of the line is in sharp contrast to the smooth easy regularity of the line preceding, stopping the breath, huddling it before the guttural "Golgotha."

In the play of his words Carew makes his retraction seem like a movement from life to death, from freedom and ease to tight constriction, yet he recognizes it as a movement from fiction to truth. The truth of

the body of Christ dead on the cross is opposed to the fiction of Daphne transformed to the living laurel, the "verdant Bay" which provides "flourishing wreathes." The word "Golgotha" hints of no possible resurrection, no further life. Seen from the vantage of the Court, Sandys' example is a dry and lifeless alternative to the perpetual celebration of the flourishing terminal world, though it is accepted as truer. The final imagined activity of the poem would make sense out of life only by destroying it, reducing the ample reward of the "many flourishing wreathes" to the single penance of the "one thorn," annihilating all that is "made." Fiction and life, muse and soul, identified, must give way to truth and death--but this is, Carew insists, not until "Then."

In the verses to Sandys Carew sees his poetry essentially allied to life and pleasure, but at the same time he sees it as a deceiving art, ultimately false, covering the truth of necessary pain and death. Fictional laurel wreaths may only temporarily take the place of the true crown of thorns. Taken together the two "love" poems and the verse letter to Sandys suggest that for Carew, poems are fictional impositions on two kinds of felt facts, physical and spiritual. The physical facts they subsume in to fantasy, at the whim of the poet-maker. The spiritual they put off. They are after-life and the poet is concerned with the creation of particular fictions for the living. Still both kinds of facts exert pressure on those fictions, and may force them towards extravagant, vain and empty gesture.

CHAPTER III

SECURING PARADISE

Since the central experience and subject of Carew's poems is love, it is only to be expected that they contain much of the art of Ovid and his imitators. What is less expected is that there are parts of the Ovidian ars amatoria that the poems consistently ignore. There are certain poses Carew chooses not to take up, certain themes he does not rework. One is the pose of the inconstant lover, the man who can, in the words of Donne's "Indifferent," "love both faire and browne," and is always prepared to make the change. Another is the pose of the experienced lover who knows it is all a sham. "Oh, 'tis imposture all," Donne writes in "Loves Alchymie." "So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,/ But get a winter-seeming summers night." And Carew's younger friend, Sir John Suckling, echoes "it is mere cousenage all."¹ In the first of two poems "Against Fruition," Suckling reminds us, with a bitter play on words, that "Knowing too much long since lost Paradise." Yet in Carew's poems paradise is always possible, and constancy is its one sure defense.

The poem that comes closest to the pose of bitter knowledge, "A deposition from Love," yet holds back from it, and instead reaffirms the possibility of a secure paradisaal relationship.

Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortresse win,
The happy lover sure would gaine
A Paradise within (5-8).

The "Paradise within" the fortress and kingdom of the woman's love could as well be secured by constancy and faith as it was "Atchiev'd

with labour, and unrest" (23). Once possessed it is real paradise. It neither turns to "Mummy" nor proves to be the product of the over-active imagination Suckling describes as "keeping us in hopes strange things to see/ That never were, nor are, nor e're shall be."² Instead, the continuing delight of "fruition" proves to be for Carew the one thing most certain in the shifting world that occasions his poetry. As the first two chapters were concerned with the way Carew develops an art to outface that world, this chapter will examine the ways his art attempts to secure this one possible paradise against its threats.

The most extended description of the paradisaal place of loving is set in the midst of the long love elegy, "A Rapture." There it is surrounded with strident arguments that continually risk broad comedy and run at last to exaggerated cynicism. These arguments, which seem to deny any paradisaal nature to the place, are nevertheless attempts to secure it in existence. The attempts fail, and their failure is covered with extravagant wit. But this is not a failure of the poetry in achieving an original didactic intent; rather it is a failure the poetry successfully describes. For I see the poem as a skilled joining of the celebratory with the dramatic rather than a botched mix of the erotic and didactic, and I think that this is as Carew designed it. But this must be born out by looking closely at its nature, means, and ends.

"A Rapture" is largely taken up with fantasy about a possible future. Its fantasy links it with the poetic of the poems so far considered, a poetic that develops fantasy to cover essentially chaotic experience. Its concern for a possible future separates it from other poems that might otherwise seem to be its analogues or sources. It is

close to Donne's "Elegy 19" and to Marino's "Amori Noturni" and "Trastulli Estivi," even closer to St. Amant's "La Juiſſance." But each of these poems describes experience as it occurs or has occurred; Carew's, by contrast, describes it as it might occur. Carew's poem presents possibility and urges choice. The reader of Donne, Marino, or St. Amant is presented with accomplished experience; Carew presents him with dreams and beginnings.

The elegy's opening signals its relation to a long series of "persuasions to enjoy" from Catullus' "Vivamus mea Lesbia" to Jonson's imitation, "Come my Celia." In fact Carew seems intent on emphasizing its special relation to Jonson's poem by inverting Jonson's words and putting them at the end of his first line: "I will enjoy thee now my Celia, come/ And flye with me to Loves Elizium." The familiar argument Jonson uses about "sunnes, that set" does not occur in Carew's poem. In the opening situation of the poem such carpe diem arguments are not needed. The urgent question facing the man and woman is not whether to make love, but how, where and when? Carew's first words give us a speaker secure in his self-possession and in the possession of his mistress' love. Her willingness to comply with his request seems only slightly in question. The inversion of Jonson's lines serves to mute their urgency. The word "come" is lowered in pitch. It embodies rather the urging to fulfill a promise than to obey a command.

Rather than persuasion, Celia needs the reassurance that everything is as it should be, and it is this reassurance that the opening discourse on the subject of honor is intended to provide. Carew's song "by way of Chorus to a play," "Feminine Honour," equates honor with reputation in order to damn it as a "disguise,"

A cheating voyce, a jugling art,
 No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
 Court her owne Image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there
 Then her false Echo in the eare (20-24).

But in the argument of "A Rapture," honor is not simply reputation disjoint from virtue. It has something to do with the heart as well as with the ear. Carew is not just persuading Celia to risk her reputation, but to go against much of what they had held to be true. He argues that they had thought that honor was the "seed of Gods," the divine spark implanted in the human creature and developing from within. Honor as reputation, rumor, "Echo," can easily be put aside, but honor as a divine inner directive for life is another matter altogether. And it is this second understanding of honor that must be dismantled here.

The Gyant, Honour, that keepes cowards out,
 Is but a Masquer, and the servile rout
 Of baser subjects onely, bend in vaine
 To the vast Idoll, whilst the nobler traine
 Of valiant Lovers, daily sayle betweene
 The huge Collosses legs, and passe unseene
 Vnto the blissfull shore; be bold, and wise,
 And we shall enter, the grim Swisse denies
 Only tame fooles a passage, that not know
 He is but forme, and onely frights in show
 The duller eyes that looke from farre; draw neere,
 And thou shalt scorne, what we were wont to feare.
 We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
 With borrowed legs, a heaوية load to those
 That made, and beare him; not as we once thought
 The seed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
 By greedy men, that seeke to enclose the common,
 And within private armes empale free woman (3-20).

The figure of "Honour" is set in four allegorical perspectives. that reveal its hidden nature. First, seen as a "Masquer," he "keepes cowards out" who either do not recognize his appearance as disguise or do not have the nerve to call his bluff. The power he possesses proves

on closer inspection only to be part of a paper world, a masque. Second, seen as an "Idoll," his service is a superstition by which only the ignorant could hope to gain. He impresses chiefly by his size and the number included in his mob of followers. Third, seen as the Rhodian Colossus, he is essentially a man-made "wonder" formed to intimidate and overawe. Fourth, seen as the "grim Swiss," he is but a ceremonial guard, the protector of the inner sanctum of a religion turned chiefly to worldly show. In each case those that know his true nature from his false appearance can safely pass. The figure, the discourse urges, is men's creation. Examined closely it falls apart, a poor piece of pageant machinery put together by the guild of "greedy men" who bear its expense.

Once the lovers know Honour's construction and source, they need no longer be bound by it. It is discovered to be a "weake modell" rather than an essential "idea" of the cosmos. It is social imposition rather than natural law. The sense of honor as an imposition on the natural rather than a development from the natural, is driven home with the simile of land enclosure. Just as men seek to deprive others of their natural and just inheritance of common land by fencing it in for their own, so men once fenced in "free" woman with "private armes." Yet this last argument seems to go a bit beyond its mark. "Free woman" should be complimentary, yet it is susceptible to another interpretation. And the identifying rhyme of "common" and "woman" is troublesome. It seems the split demanded between private and public ways of judging cannot be perfectly maintained. The hint of cynicism which appears here in the overextension of the argument is quickly banished in the idyle that follows, but it is merely held at a distance. It

comes back with double force in the poem's conclusion.

I call the middle section of the poem, beginning with line 21, an idyl, because it is so obviously disconnected from the real world. It is continually separated from the levers present and pressing circumstances by the words "there" and "then." It is not measured against the here and now until line 99, and there, I take it, the idyll ends. It is a fantasy of sexual fulfillment which yet is an ideal and a norm. It is presented as the way things should be and sometimes are. And so again I think the term idyl is appropriate, suggesting as it does the basic calm surface and continuity of a lake usually broken by the wind. It is the "idea," the form of relationship to which worldly relationships approach; yet it is necessarily out of the world. This makes it, in the end, impossible of securing.

The idyl occurs in a place separate from the world, a place in a sense guarded by the figure of Honour, a place attained by the lovers' knowledge and courage in following out their belief. It is the guarded place of Venus that Carew calls "Loves Elizium." It is the locus amoenus, the retraite amoureuse, the inclosed garden. In its description Carew links it with the Song of Songs, turning the fruits of the East to those of an English garden. "A garden inclosed is my sister, my bride; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed" (Song 4: 12). Especially in the lines which describe the rifling of the garden, the tone of the poem approaches Solomon's "I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride. I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk" (Song 5: 1). "Loves Elizium" is then part of a very old tradition of metaphor which stands at once for the woman's body, the lover's enjoyment, and the place of that

enjoyment in the mind. Here that place, Venus' place, her portion of experience, expands to full the whole of experience so that there can be no moral reference beyond it.

There, shall the Queene of Love, and Innocence,
 Beautie and Nature, banish all offence
 From our close Ivy twines, there I'll behold
 Thy bared snow, and thy unbraded gold.
 There, my enfranchiz'd hand, on every side
 Shall o're thy naked polish'd Ivory slide.
 No curtaine there, though of transparant lawne,
 Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne;
 But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
 Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
 And we will coyne young Cupids. There, a bed
 Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles, shall be spread
 Vnder the cooler shade of Cypresse groves:
 Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus Doves,
 Whereon our panting lims wee'll gently lay
 In the faint respites of our active play;
 That so our slumbers, may in dreames have leisure,
 To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure;
 And so our soules that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodyes taste.
 Meane while the bubbling streame shall court the shore,
 Th' enamoured chirping Wood-quire shall adore
 In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
 The gentle blasts of Western winds, shall move
 The trembling leaves, & through their close bows breath
 Still Musick, whilst we rest our selves beneath
 Their dancing shade; till a soft murmure, sent
 From soules entranc'd in amorous languishment
 Rowze us, and shoot into our veines fresh fire,
 Till we, in their sweet extasie expire (25-54).

In the titles of Venus, love is linked with innocence, so there is no possibility of shame; beauty is linked with nature so there is no possibility of artful imposition. There is no "offence" here, for this is a primal paradise that submits to no external standard. What is described here can be seen as the first of three sexual encounters-- "enjoyments" in the less nervous terminology of the seventeenth century-- or better, the first of three ways of enjoying that the fantasy of the poem successively explores. In this as in the other two descriptions

the lovers are alone and absolute. At first there is no sense of owning the self or of an exclusive possession of the other; there is no need to own and nothing to exclude. I think this is the reason for the seeming depersonalization of the language: "The rich Mine, to the enquiring eye/ Exposed." Here is the free world of commerce, but with the monopoly in the hands of the two lovers. The lover's hand is "enfranchised," set free from obligation, and each is at liberty to give and take all he can. What happens is spontaneous, unwilling, separate from the soul, which must wait for sleep and dreams to comprehend the embraces of the body. This is the reverse of Donne's "Extasie," a direct contrast to his idea of interanimation in which the bodies are the souls' instruments and must follow their union. Each soul remains isolate, but in the half-dreaming entranced state that the passage describes each is brought into tune with a nature centered in Venus' adoration. All is reduced to a murmur, a "Still Maseo," in which nature becomes indistinguishable from mind. The lovers are closed in a round of continual renewal and quenching of the fire of sex, over which they have little control. This is the initial ecstasy, when, at last, all barriers are down. What occurs is the loss of self in the riches of the body, enclosure in a limitless paradise of expectation and fulfillment.

The second enjoyment contrasts with this in almost every way:

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
 Into the common treasure, all her store,
 Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 So will I rifle all the sweets, that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses, from each spicie flower.
 I'll seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The Violet knots, like curious Mazes spread

O're all the Garden, taste the ripned Cherry,
 The warme, firme Apple, tipt with corall berry:
 Then will I visit, with a wandring kisse,
 The vale of Lillies, and the Bower of blisse:
 And where the beauteous Region doth divide
 Into two milkie wayes, my lips shall slide
 Downe those smooth Allies, wearing as I goe
 A tract for lovers on the printed snow;
 Thence climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
 Retire into thy grove of Eglantine;
 Where I will all those ravisht sweets distill
 Through Loves Alimbique, and with Chimmique skill
 From the mixt masse, one soveraigne Balme derive,
 Then bring that great Elixar to thy hive (55-78).

It begins with satiety, emptiness after complete giving up. But then enters on a deliberate task. Instead of a sense of the limitlessness of the experience, there is a new determination to exploit what resources there are. The riches are confined to one area, a Paradise that can be "rifled," systematically had. The "I" had dropped out early in the first passage. Here it remains dominant throughout. Instead of both selves dissolved in pleasure, one consistently takes pleasure of the other, though to give it back at last distilled to its essence. The man is in complete control, and what was ecstasy becomes process. In the first enjoyment the poem presents us with lovers who are pristine, natural, innocent, and, at last free. It leads to rhythmic lapses of sleeping and waking, languishment and ecstasy, in an accommodating natural paradise. The lovers are in nature. Their experience is characterized by "play" and "dream." In this second we are presented with a lover who is deliberate, prying, artful, knowing, and self-restrained. Its movement is a controlled build-up to a climax. Instead of being involved in nature the lovers are like parts of nature. The dominant verb form is the commanding and appropriating "will," in place of the permissive and possible "shall" and "may" of the preceeding passage.

The third enjoyment is presented as a synthesis of the first two. It is both more "subtile" and more knowing than the first, but does not have the methodical exploitiveness of the second.

Now in more subtile wreathes I will entwine
 My sinowie thighs, my legs and armes with thine;
 Thou like a sea of milke shalt lye display'd,
 Whilst I the smooth, calme Ocean, invade
 With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
 Fell downe on Danae in a storme of gold:
 Yet my tall Pine, shall in the Cyprian straight
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlode her freight:
 My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a tryde,
 And skilfull Pilot, thou shalt steere, and guide
 My Bark into Loves channell, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall:
 Then shall thy circling armes, embrace and clip
 My willing bodie, and thy balmie lip
 Bathe me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a religious incense shall consume,
 And send up holy vapours, to those powers
 That blesse our loves, and crowne our sportfull houres,
 That with such Halcion calmenesse, fix our soules
 In steadfast peace, as no affright controules (79-98).

The modifying verb changes to "shall" again, but its use conveys a sense of mutual assurance rather than excited permission. The "nature" of the first enjoyment is combined with the "art" of the second, but it is an art which nature makes. Both lovers are fulfilled in understanding and trust. Each takes a knowing and self-possessed part in what is neither play nor work, but rather ritual. The lovers' meeting is the meeting of the sky and the sea in which calmness and violence meet in co-mingling pleasure. The act of Venus becomes a dance enacting timeless relationship. Here is an ordered and conscious fulfillment which involves all powers that "blesse" by the knowledgeable action of the two lovers. Souls, now, are neither imprisoned, nor absent, but "fixed," arrived "in steadfast peace"--at the quiet of consummation.

Carew's poetry makes this paradise seem possible, and indeed here. "Loves Elizium" is made to seem the only world. But this is abruptly changed by the reminders of another, rather more bitterly familiar world that fill the following lines:

There, no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts,
 No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts
 Sucke our discourse in, no observing spies
 This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
 Watch our close meetings, nor are we betrayd
 To Rivals, by the bribed chamber-maid.
 No wedlock bonds unwreathe our twisted loves (99-105).

The contrast made explicit here is between a real world ruled by money, imprisoning law, and spies, from which the lovers have supposedly escaped, and an ideal world in which the lovers are at one with the powers of nature and in full possession of their lives. The effect of the contrast is that the idyl of the preceding lines is broken down. It reduces the good sense of the lovers' meeting to what seems the nonsense of the bravado that follows.

The real world breaks into the idyl with extreme particularity. Jove and Danae, discovered, are especially vulnerable. Their world is made into a masque which is continually and devastatingly interpreted. "This blush, that glance" are seized and held as evidence. The world is lined with eyes, while tongues ask continually "What do you think you are doing?" Elizium is made hell by the world's uncertainty, men's jealousy, leering, envy, pride, greed. The enclosed garden is discovered to be a bed chamber after all; the powers that "bless" forgot to reckon with the chambermaid. Here Carew uses the same technique of reduction that he embodies in Momus in his masque Coelum Britannicum. Momus is let loose, and wonder collapses before a hoard of conniving spectators.

We come to see how "the whole thing was rigged anyway."

With the remembrance of a world in which such attitudes are rampant comes the practical necessity to hide and to put up a defense against the words which ordinarily govern both private and public life: "husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame" (108). Elizium was an illusory world fashioned by the man's imagination and the woman's belief. It clashes sharply with the world of money and spies with which they must finally come to terms. Elizium is first gained by knowledge and courage, but as the poem develops from here, it seems that the price for keeping it is self-deception, exaggerated fantasy which denies human reality, finally desperate wit which cynically admits the truth of what it attacks. To appreciate why this happens, I think we must take a second look at the discarded figure of Honour. For it is just at this turning in the poem that concerns for honor gain ascendancy.

Honour is seen at first as a false guardian who yet protects the "blessed shore" of Loves Elizium by scaring fools away. In his appearance, his position, and his function he is close to the giant "Daunger" that Spenser describes guarding the entrance to the island temple of Venus. The two descriptions are in fact so close that I think Carew may have expected courtly readers of his poem to make connections between them. Carew seems to have taken over much of Spenser's description, surrounding Spenser's terms with his own. Here is how Spenser's Seudamour describes the giant:

But in the Porch did enermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Daunger dreaded ouer all,
 Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
 And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
 Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
 For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
 Of his grim face, were from approaching scard:
 Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perill to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide,
 But soone as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feele their corage cold,
 Againe some other, that in hard assaies
 Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the keyes.

But I though meanest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdainning vnto him to lout,
 Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 Resolu'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either beat him in, or driue him out.
 Eftsoones aduaucing that enchaunted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about:
 Which when he saw, the glaue which he did wield
 He han forthwith t'auale, and way unto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backward looke,
 For feare of harne, that might lie hidden there;
 And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere.
 For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight,
 Which did not them preuent with vigilant foresight.
 (F.Q.IV,x, 16-20)

Carew's Honour is similarly grim visaged, preventing fools and cowards from passage by barring the entrance to Venus' place with his huge stride. And similarly it is a kind of knowledge that allows challengers to win past him and to enter, as Spenser describes it, "a second paradise" in which there is continual "luxurious plentie of all pleasure" (F.Q.IV,x,23). The identification is even more complete when

the backside of Daunger comes into play at the end of Carew's poem, involving the lovers in "hatred, murther, treason, and despight." Scudamour outfaces Daunger and needs not worry about further entanglement with him. But it seems that the lover in Carew's poem only eludes him at first and so at last must return to do battle with his most dangerous side.

The similarity of the figures of the two guardians serves to bring their names together. And I think for Carew the meanings of Honour and Daunger are very close. Spenser's "Daunger" is a close relative of "daunger" in The Romance of the Rose. There, as C.S. Lewis notes, the allegorical significance of the figure is its representation of the Lady's sudden disdain, pride, standoffishness, the difficulty she creates out of an overactive sense of personal insult and injury.³ Rather than logical, danger is psychological, a creation of the fearful mind. The strategy of the poem's opening is to make honor similarly psychological, similarly a mental pattern unrelated to the pattern of the world, an Idol rather than an Idea.

But Spenser would never have made this identification. Honor for him was not simply psychological, but supremely logical, a part of the logos. It was the proper way of loving in which both Scudamour and Amoret are schooled. This is presented in the motto on the shield that Scudamour wins before he enters Venus' isle: "Blessed the man who well can vse his blis"(F.Q.IV,x,8). The sight of the shield makes the giant Daunger yield place, as he should, for proper love can stand against the fears he represents and quiet them. But rather than being confronted, those fears are, for a time, eluded in Carew's poem. They are quite literally "passed over." What makes for Scudamour's "foresight,"

his knowledge of proper loving is explained away in the opening of "A Rapture" as part of an unnecessary involvement with a mere show.

The comparison between the entrance to "Loves Elizium" and Scudamour's entrance to Venus' isle makes clear what is happening at the idyl's ending. A real world of doubt and danger has been made to seem make-believe in order to get to a more real "Paradise within." But paradise so gained proves hard to maintain against doubts which cannot continue to be put off. And the balance between belief and make-believe threatens to swing the other way. For Carew's lovers the motto "Blessed the man that well can vse his blis" is at first assurance and confirmation rather than the challenge and warning it is for Scudamour. Their knowledge of loving is related only to "Loves Elizium," the imagined place of Venus where all circumstances that make that bliss vulnerable are carefully excluded. In contrast, Scudamour gains his ability to use his bliss well by trial, by fighting his way through those very circumstances. The particular "second paradise" Carew's lovers gain is not won by such trial--rather by cunning, by deviation into a pretense of courage. They gain their paradise with ease, as the characters of festive comedy gain their release from everyday constraints simply by ceasing to believe in them. The rhetoric of the poem's opening is the rhetoric of comic abuse that allows this. Their "blis" is a holiday bliss and must yet be secured in the everyday world to which they must return. But there is no way to effect their return without facing the business end of the giant.

It is at the moment of necessary return that the poem changes its mode. What had been close to epithalamic celebration of obvious fulfillment changes rapidly to a problematic situation covered by stagy argument.

We seeke no midnight Arbor, no darke groves
 To hide our kisses, there, the hated name
 Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
 Are vaine and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
 All things are lawfull there, that may delight
 Nature, or unrestrained Appetite;
 Like, and enjoy, to will, and act, is one,
 We only sinne when Loves rites are not done (106-114).

The ceremonial language of the third enjoyment, with its repeated "shall" underscoring the expectation that everything is and will continue to be right, is dropped for an uneasy present tense. Assurance is replaced by assertion. These words are defensive rather than revelatory. They speak of an uneasy present rather than a wished-for future. What is asserted is that the words which so sting and control the lovers in the quotidian world have no meaning in Elizium. They refer to no definable part of the Elizian experience. They make no distinction, but not because the experience itself allows no distinctions. The experience Carew has described is carefully articulated. It is just that each of the words listed contains a reproof which ceases to apply the moment Elizium is entered.

So much had been said earlier in the poem. But here it needs to be reformulated, because the moment of pristine enjoyment and its pretended grace is lost in the real urging of temporal circumstance. Where before the Queen of Love and Beauty, the goddess of the moment itself, Venus, suspended all offense, there needs now something more stern to ward off recriminations. What before needed neither justification nor law, because it seemed obviously right, must now be justified and given law. But the effect is to make that law seem a strident and false imposition.

In Tasso's chorus "O bella eta de l'oro" the golden, happy law

that nature engraves, "S' ei piace ei lice," is an integral part of the mythical golden age in which the Aminta takes place. But in Carew's reformulation the law is made an impolition through its specific insistences. It banishes the possibility for spontaneous adjustments that before characterized the Elizian experience. Tasso's law is simply "what you will," but Carew's reformulation leaves little room for personal conscience. Tasso's indefinite "ei" is replaced by definite referents in "Nature," or "unrestrained Appetite." Whatever has a chance to delight either or both may be done. "Nature" can be taken to mean simply the existent self with no relations to the past or future. But what of "unrestrained Appetite"? The specifying that it be "unrestrained" seems to summon Shakespeare's picture of the universal chaos created when

...appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey
And last eat up himself.

The law turns private Elizium into a public chaos in which everyone is theoretically complete in his power to enjoy whatever he likes, try whatever he like, act whatever he wills. In fact, enjoy and like, act and will are "one." They mean the same thing. They happen simultaneously. What had been serious and carefully ordered fantasy turns here into grotesque comedy capped with a fake preacherly "sentence": "We only sinne when Loves rites are not done." The ceremonial meeting blessed by Venus is reduced here to a quick throw, no sooner thought than done.

The succeeding comedy includes a gallery of "lovers," Lucrece and Tarquin, Penelope and her suitors, Daphne and Apollo, Petrarch and

Laura, each a seeming parody of the knowledgeable and responsive lovers of the idyl. We encounter Lucrece studying the lectures of Aretine and the engraved positions of Raimondi.⁴ She is already as learned as Lais but needs to prepare yet further to satisfy Tarquin. She regards her body as "plyant" (118), serviceable for the performance of its single best act. The contrast between the show of passion in which she hurls her limbs about Tarquin and the disinterested concentration with which she, at the same time, "studies artful postures" (121) is Popean comedy. The "act" here is complete and tirelessly repeated. There is no progress, no consummation, no rest. The mixed syntax describing Tarquin, Lucrece, and the surrounding trees suggests that the man and woman are intertwined in the same sort of casual fruition as the "faire Plants" (124). For them Lucrece is merely an understudy.

Penelope had "toyl'd for a name" (126)--the constant--and lost twenty years in fruitless work. Now she continually invites the act so long put off. Now there is no need for her to ask for names. Now Daphne becomes Appollo's instrument as well as his decoration. Full of his physical inspiration she sings odes of love. Lying in his arms Laura stops Petrarch's tears. Each woman is released from the "Tyrant" honor into a fulfillment which proves a mockery. Freed from chastity, Lucrece studies to be a part of polypous nature. Freed from constancy to one man, Penelope offers herself to all comers. Freed from virginity Daphne makes herself the sun's instrument. Freed from her aloof and separate position Laura grants to Petrarch "in muerte" what she denied "in vive." The examples overtly attempt to prove the folly of the natures imposed on these women by the hard law of honor, but they end by denying the women any natures at all. The women become simply

the means for enjoyment for the men that desired them. They have no separate souls. They never rest from fanning and quenching desire. For these there is no suggestion no possibility of a "steadfast peace" (98).

These, and ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent,
Pay into Loves Exchequer double rent (143-146).

As "Loves Elizium" expands to include 10,000 examples, its private meaning evaporates. The trade off of Honour for Love seems simply a trade of Tyrants, with Love proving the more mercenary. The word "enlarg'd" suits exactly with their condition. As their time approaches they must pay for "their time mispent." They must pay rent for the lease of their bodies, which they had thought their own. The most private and secret place of the body, the place Donne, in his elegy, "Loves Progress," had slyly called the "Exchequer," is made most public and open. The cynical recognition made explicit in the last words of the poem is here already complete.

The concluding lines of the "Rapture" return to its opening. They are a remake of the initial invitation, but with the difference that this time there is no separate paradise ahead, and with that realization all sense of rapture, all sense of being taken out of oneself and taken up into something greater, disappears.

Come then my Celia, wee'le no more forbear
To taste our joyes, struck with a Pannique feare,
But will depose from his imperious sway
This proud Vsurper and walke free, as they
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that Hee
Should fetter your soft sex with Chastitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence (147-153).

The lovers are complete self-responsible units here. Coolly they dismiss

a fear seen as archaic and ridiculous and assume their just right over themselves and their "joyes." Honor must now be "deposed," shut out from the kingdom of the mind. There is no need now to "flye," for there is no place to which they can escape. The only thing to do is to be adult and "walke free." But at the same time as Celia is urged to be self-responsible, her act is made to seem trivial. No longer need she be "bold" or "wise"; she needs only obey her sex "Which nature made unapt for abstinence." Celia, in a wildly contradictory moment, is seen as an innocent set to a task for which she has little ability. Meanwhile the word "unyoak'd" suggests the barnyard freedom for which she is more "apt."

All this leads unfalteringly into the last supremely casuistic argument. The argument depends heavily on "hated names" which now have undeniable power over both the speaker's and Celia's lives. Rephrased and schematized the argument is this: "You invoke honor to make me kill for trivia, and so doing I violate the laws of man and God. If I do not, I am branded a coward. If I do, I prove myself an atheist. If I should have to choose the second and more 'honorable' alternative and become an 'atheist' for your love, why should you not choose to become a 'whore' for mine?" This argument gains apparent moral force by presenting itself as a variant of the golden rule: "Do for me the equivalent of what I was willing to do for you under the old dispensation of Honor, which, although proven invalid, still has ultimate power over our lives." The argument makes escape from damnation and whoredom impossible. All that is left is for Celia to acquiesce in her martyrdom and prepare herself for the name she will undoubtedly get.

The ending proves that Carew's "Rapture" is far from being simply

a frank and free celebration of untrammelled human sexuality. There is the imagined idyl of satisfying sexual relationship. But the idyl is soon lost among gawking crowds and dead-end arguments. It ends caught in the very hell from which it tries to work a release. In this it follows the basic pattern of many of Carew's poems. They attempt to work imaginative release from hells of uncertainty, doubt, disbelief, ignorance, subjection and sickness. But they succeed only in obtaining a momentary stay of quiet, an illusory Halcyon calm concealing the basic disorder of the world.

In sequel to "A Rapture" Carew's short poem "The Second Rapture" completely accepts the consequences of the long exploratory poem that precedes it, while it refines and simplifies its quest. The speaker is avowedly an atheist, the ideal mistress he describes, a whore. The quest is for utter physical release, the release obtained in oblivion and death for both mind and body, when both are melted into lust. Celia, denied a personality, denied a separate soul, just out of childhood, is here a devoted careerist. As the speaker describes her appearance and enumerates her actions, his involvement with her becomes more and more inextricable. She comes to take up in the art of her body the whole of creation. She renews "the age." She replaces the world that had grown old, with her own sun and moon and mountains that do not yield to age. In his contemplation of her, the worshipper is melted into lust and loses himself in his god. So mind and body drive each other into "true bliss." The mind excites and directs sexual energy and refuses to submit to law or ceremony. The result may be peace of body and soul, but it is the peace gained by onanistic annihilation.

This delicious and deadly fantasy is the final extension of the

way of loving opened at the end of the first "Rapture." The single other way of dealing with sexual need that Carew's poems present involves the securing of the central idyl of "A Rapture" in existence in satisfying marriage. Ways of marriage, in natural, social, and political perspectives, are set forth in Carew's verses "On the Marriage of T.K. and C.C. the morning stormie," "An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady Anne Wentworth and Lord Lovelace," and his address "To the Queene." Each explores an order of loving, and answering to it, an order of conduct, which works a release from the cul de sac of "The Second Rapture." Yet each in turn skirts its own particular chaos of confusion, doubt, and destructive mockery. In this they enact the simultaneous pose and poise of Carew's art.

The two marriage poems are of different kinds. The marriage of T.K. and C.C. is celebrated in familiar epistolatory couplets. The thoughts are variously extended through two, three and four sets of couplets, following the stock-in-trade form of Carew's occasional poetry. The form of the "Hymeneall Song," made of four sets of three stanzas, is more complex. The first two stanzas of each set are composed of a tetrameter couplet followed by a trimeter line. The two trimeter lines rhyme. The last stanza of each set is a tetrameter triplet. The triplet acts as affirmation and chorus to the demands set up in the two preceding stanzas. The contrast in the forms of the two poems is carried over in the contrast between the ways in which the two marriages themselves involve the speaker. In the verses "On the Marriage of T.K. and C.C." he is close, familiar, easy. In the "Hymeneall Song" he is distant, excited, almost heiratic in his approach. All this points to the divergent ways in which the marriages themselves secure

the sexual idyl. For his close friends Thomas Killigrew and Celia Crofts, Carew writes a marriage poem which attempts to secure sexual desire in the chaos of Nature; for Lord Lovelace and Anne Wentworth, Carew writes a poem securing the sexual idyl above that chaos, transcending "all hope, feare, change."

The two strategies--of inclusion and of transcendence--come out of the tradition from which Carew's two marriage poems derive, the tradition consummated in Spenser's "Epithalamion."⁵ It is Spenser's sense of arrival in the protected and paradisaal place and subsequent transcendence that informs both of Carew's poems. But the first poem is closest to the concerns of the "Epithalamion." The second uses a different technique of transcendence, which draws it from Spenser's inheritance of the stars toward Donne's canonization.

In Spenser's "Epithalamion" the poet-speaker's arrangements for ceremony are close to propitiative magic. All powers of heaven and earth are enjoined to create the calm, bright day and protect the secret night of the lovers. Chaotic nature is excluded and desire brought under strict control. Only after a long preface of ritual subduing and joining, concentration and release, is desire freed. In Carew's poem, again a poet-speaker arranges a ceremony and invokes the powers of heaven and earth. But instead of imposing his will to calm a nature ordinarily beyond his control, he accepts it as given. Instead of separating nature and desire in order to control both, he comes to admit their identity.

At first the speaker of "On the Mariage of T.K. and C.C. The morning stormie" seems to make absurd assertions. In the face of the impending storm he begins by assuring the bridegroom, "Such should this

day be'." It seems as if, his propitiative magic having failed, all the epithalamic poet can offer is tricks. Here it is the old trick of identification, of assuming responsibility for a fate that cannot be helped anyway, then pretending to control what is uncontrollable. This is exactly the strategy the poem develops. But here the pretense, the trick that covers the face of chaos, leads to calm understanding and renewed assurance.

The trick of the poet's words first turns the storm into a wedding masque. Traditional ill omens are turned into parts of its performance which must be interpreted. The sun that at times hides its face from the event of the wedding and at other times glances a "squinting eye" (5) through the clouds is not the portent of disaster that common understanding might credit it. Seen as the poet insists it rightfully should be seen, "but as a Masquer to the feast"(8), the sun's veiling symbols his bashfulness before the bride's beauty; his squinting is nothing but his furtive, yet innocent, attempt to see the bride. Neither do the clouds and the winds "denounce ungentle Fates" (10); rightfully interpreted, they are symbols of the lover's sighs and tears even now being driven away by the bride's more gracious looks. Here the speaker's argument skirts the facetious. What good are these well worn Petrarchan identifications against the too real chaos they seek to cover? Only this. Their wit serves to identify nature as an understandable work of art and so reaffirm a faith which men had, in their best moments, been able to hold. It quiets for a moment the persistent doubt that nature is intractable and inimical to human happiness.

The sureness and wit of these initial identifications gives the speaker an advantage which he is quick to use. He redirects attention

from macrocosm to a possibly more controllable microcosm.

Let Tempests struggle in the Ayre, but rest
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull breast (13-14).

For the moment we are to see what happens outside as disjoined from what happens "within." But the hyperbole, "Eternall," betrays itself. Calms are too apt to be short, especially when threatened with a tumultuous world. And when they are long they tend to let in ennui. To insure against that possibility the speaker makes mandatory the constant remembrance of the pursuit and the reward, of the mystery and grace of their joining. So in his description of the anticipated ceremony the speaker concentrates on touch. In the touching of hands at the wedding, the past is summed and the future is in potential.

From the misterious holy touch such charmes
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou has toyl'd for with a long pursuit (21-24).

Here the central sexual idyl is imaged as entrance to the Hesperides. This time the idyl is hard earned through a long courtship in which, in Spenser's terms, the lover learns well to use his bliss.

All of this happens in the theater of the expectant mind out of the storm. But in the traditional naming of the "fight of Love"(31) the storm is readmitted, even made necessary. It becomes the proper ornament for the bridal night. In its urging, struggle, and confusion it images the unrestrained and painful ecstasy of the consummation. The fight in the heavens becomes the "fight of Love," but the old conceit is given physical immediacy in the bride's bleeding. The storm "confounds" her "pleasing shreekes" (36) in a way which is both

literal and metaphorical. In their passion the lovers let the chaos of the storm into their lives in the confidence they can win through it.

The final promised gesture is at once the most absurd and most serious of the poet's tricks:

Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
For till to morrow wee'le prorogue this storme (33-34).⁶

The legal ring of "prorogue" points to its comic inapplicability. The trick of the words lies in their assertion of seemingly firm control over the double chaos of elements and sexual needs. The seriousness of the trick is in its simultaneous mirroring of the hopes for and odds against a good marriage.

The marriage of Lord Lovelace and Anne Wentworth need never face adverse odds. According to Carew's song it occurs beyond the world of risk in the world of ideas. There desire can never let chaos in. The movement of the poem is the movement of translation to "Loves spheare" (21). Immediate transcendence to the stars here takes the place of the difficult journey to the Western Garden which imaged the marriage of T.K. and C.C. Here the journey is hurried and hushed, almost a forced march under a series of strict commands: "Breake not the slumbers of the Bride... he shall resigne ... she till day returne must keepe/ An Amorous Vigill..."

Now to the Temple, and the Priest,
See her convaidd, thence to the Feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest (16-18).

Scheduled events pile on top of each other. After the process begins there is no time for rest. The Lady must play her part. She is to be glorified, exalted, transfigured. Everything waits in tense preparation,

then happens with dispatch. With propriety and an odd, cool objectivity the "noble youth" is admitted "To revell in Loves spheare;"

To rule as chiefe Intelligence
That Orbe, and happy time dispenche
To wretched Lovers here.

For the're exalted farre above
All hope, feare, change, or they do move
The wheele that spins the fates of Love (22-27).

Reveling and ruling would seem to be disjunct activities, but because of his unique qualities the young Lord can do both. There is no hint of courtship here, and there is little of consummation. The translation out of the human world is instantaneous and complete.

They know no night, nor glaring noone,
Measure no houres of Sunne or Moone
Nor mark times restlesse Glasse:

Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and their embraces show
The howers as they passe.

Their Motions, the yeares Circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make Love an Almanack (28-36).

The plight of "wretched" earth-bound lovers is illuminated by the contrasting experience of the new married Lord and Lady. They need have nothing to do with the night with its secret "arbors, hidden groves, or observing spies." They fear no exposure. They have no need to measure hours till the night's appointed meeting, nor need they see their time of life wasting, nor watch how much has been lost or how much still remains in the glass. Their kisses measure out the minutes, not vice versa. Their life is slowed. Embraces for them can take years to complete. They circle constant as stars making sure connections. They are seen

as more and more remote from human life; they become the pattern of everything that love here cannot be. Carew's lovers seem ripe for canonization; instead they are dismissed as perfect and impossibly distant. At last their conjunctions are placed in an almanac.

An insistent ironic undercurrent makes the proffered fantasy of marriage as transcendence into a grandiose curiosity. But in the course of the century Lord Lovelace and Lady Anne Wentworth inhabit, the insistent prying of the intellect and the weakening of belief in the cosmic significance of the events of marriage were making the epithalamic poem, itself, a grandiose curiosity. Carew's celebration of marriage as transcendence ends as fantasy that has been clearly divorced from any livingly held belief. Two years after it was written Carew's friend Sir John Suckling composed his only marriage poem, "A Ballade upon a Wedding," on a similarly matched pair of noble lovers, Baron Broghill and Lady Margaret Howard. In Suckling's poem irony is broadened into sarcasm. It is not possible to believe that anything of importance is happening. What occurs on the marriage night is, after all,

...no more
Then thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell (130-132).

The failure of Carew's fantasy leads here; the celebratory verse in which it was written proves to have been only keyed-up romance since after all.

Marriage is in a drastic sense final in the "Hymeneall Song." By it the lovers are fixed eternally. Beyond change, hope, and fear the lovers become utterly impersonal. Only the girl enjoys a brief

flurry of personality before she is "conveyed" to the Priest. In Carew's earlier marriage song the marriage is tentative, open to change, hedged in by fear, grounded in hope, and it depends completely upon the balance between passion and personal belief, completely on the way that the mind names and orders its experience. For the mind's ordering there is no given pattern, no answer, no guarantee. The strategy of the marriage is utterly psychological, in the sense that it is purely a thing of the mind's own making. The strategy of the "Hymeneall Song" attempts, on the other hand, to be utterly logical, connected with an inherent logos, but the logos is too obviously a poetic construct. Love ensphered proves to be more a mechanical limbo than a paradisaal inclosed garden.

In "To the Queens" the "Paradise within" is secured by the authority, teaching, and faith of a single "great Commandresse." The place of the poem is an imagined Arcadia in the process of transformation. The speakers of the poem, identified as "priests" in one MS,⁷ celebrate that process and wish to see it carried further. At the moment of their celebration they recognize the transformation as only partially complete. They and their followers, the men and women of Arcadia, have come to understand her influence and have given themselves over to the vision of life she holds. In doing so they have been able to make themselves over. For them the sexual idyl is perfected, its continuance secured in the union of the sexes to "forme loves pure Hermophadite" (18). What remains incomplete is the reconciling of the lower orders to the new faith, the satyrs, centaurs, beasts, birds, the whole of animate creation. There is the hope that the elements of that creation, themselves, will be changed and at last brought into correspondence with

"the pregnant fire" of one woman's life.

This is how the fiction of the poem works out in isolation from its connections with real characters and occurrences. As a part of a stage presentation it is partially meant to be seen in such isolation. The existence of the stage itself, a special area set off for festive action, makes obvious the separation between fiction and life inherent in any poem. In the poem itself there is no attempt to connect fiction with reality. Yet strong connection comes with the poem's presentation from the stage to the audience, from the priests "To the Queene."⁸ The separation between stage and audience, and between the fantasy of the poem and the reality of the Court, is bridged in the double presence of the Queen. As a stage presence she is a warrior-goddess who claims priority in men's regard and has begun to reform animal creation, making it answerable to her faith. As the chief member of the audience she is Queen Mary and wife to King Charles. By virtue of her position and personality she is established as a center of fashionable interest. She dictates and arbitrates the conduct of her Court circle. And most of the audience is included in that circle, or wishes to be in it. As a wife she is conspicuously faithful to her husband, who completely returns her faith. There are occasional grumblings about the King's doting and the Queen's flightiness,⁹ but generally the ideal union of the sexes is realized both for courtiers and outsiders in their marriage. As a requisite of her conversation and acquaintance the members of the Court at least must appear to practice the faith she embodies. All this works to make us aware of a tension inherent in the poem's presentation between the stage influence of the Queen, brought to light in the fantasy of the poem, and her actual in-

fluence over the lives of her courtiers.

Since we know that Queen Mary herself was attracted to the doctrines of "Platonic" love as they were embodied in the Astrée of Honore d' Urfé,¹⁰ it is tempting to identify the "Lore" that the Queen teaches in Carew's fantasy with "Platonic" doctrines. But the "Lore" of the fantasy is clearly a proper way of loving which insures satisfying sexual marriage. The ideals of the Astrée were ideals of "service," definitely not ideals of consummation. The courtly adepts of "Platonic" love continually denied the importance of "fruition." But none of Carew's poems celebrate the "Platonic" possibility of a lover's mental heaven divorced from sexual need. In his fantasy, the Queen redirects sexual desire towards perfect union; she does not isolate it or seek its sublimation in ideal conduct. The fantasy is made to mirror what the Queen actually effects, not what she tries to affect.

But what exactly is her effect? And how can we relate stage effect in a fictive Arcadia with real effect in its Court counterpart? The fiction proves a comment on and a criticism of the actual human situation. In the fiction Mary's belief and the way of life it orders is superimposed on another belief and way. By implication the other belief has an older claim on men, a claim which continues to be felt. In the poem this is imaged as an order of allegiance. The first allegiance is to the "Crowne of Love"; the second, in order of time, is to Mary's faith. "Love" is seen as primary desire which affects all men and may, if "provoked," turn to destructive "wilde lust." Mary's faith is seen as secondary imposition of a pattern which can "choke" the fire of lust, i.e. cut off its sources, and can direct desire to its proper and complete consummation. "Love," alone, provides no such redeeming pattern.

His Kingdome knowes no rule but this,
What ever pleaseth lawfull is (11-12).

Tasso's rule connects the Arcadia imaged here, under the single rule of undirected desire, with the Elizium of "A Rapture" as it is imaged after the fall from initial grace. Both the post-fall Elizium and the pre-Marian Arcadia attempt to set themselves up as Tasso's "bel eta de l' oro" in their respective translations of "S'e piace, ei lice." Both translations distort Tasso's meaning in applying it to their own--more chaotic than golden--ages. In the Arcadia the English translation is closer to Tasso's Italian. But "lawfull" is not a good equivalent for Tasso's "lice" for it implies the establishment of an external directive. Such a directive leads to all sorts of trouble in a world of "what you will," as Hobbes later so well demonstrated. Insisting on their objectified rights the Arcadians must begin to deny each other's reality. Enter the war of all against all. In this perspective Mary's rule appears very much like Hobbes's necessary imposition of arbitrary authority. It keeps Love's kingdom from falling into the chaos of lust and deceit into which it would ordinarily devolve.

But Mary's role changes in the course of the poem, and with it change the perspectives with which we judge that role. Her law, which depends on the force of awe at her commanding position, is displaced in importance by her "sacred Lore." Its power is dependent on men's recognition of the truth as it works in their lives. From a Commandress who is her own law, she becomes a teacher of a law that is beyond her. This is not an imposition, but a true law of the universe, if men will only find it out. Though they become disciples, her subjects still feel forced. The "rude male" is "made" (grudgingly) to be "satisfied/ With

one faire Female by his side" (15-16). In "Loves Force," Carew describes a "first ruder Age, when Love was wild,/Not yet by Lawes reclaim'd, not reconcil'd/ To order."¹¹ In that age, so nearly an equivalent of the pre-Marian Arcadia,

So men their undistinguisht females tooke
By chance, not choyce; but soone the heavenly sparke
That in mans bosome lurkt, broke through this darke
Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
It selfe, for its owne proper object melt. (10-14)

The similarity of language in the two poems indicates that in the Marian Arcadia men stubbornly maintain the traits of that first age. They are still "rude" and hardly capable of distinguishing between "females." Mary's truth may be a "heavenly sparke" but it has not yet become their own.

Mary's relationship to her new following is further illuminated by the image of the "reconciled" satyr, bound in wrapt attention, having "suckt the deep Divinitie"(22) from her eyes. The implication is that, from sensing what she is, he has an immediate understanding of what she orders. Yet he stays to worship her, unable to free himself from idolatry. Mary's situation in this Arcadian reflection of the Court is made parallel to Una's among the satyrs.

Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around
Trew sacred love, which from her sweet lips did redound.
(F.Q.I,vi,30)

Carew makes Mary appear as Una, the embodied truth, a stranger come among satyrs.

Set in turn to men still in the process of growing out of wild nature--the almost men and the half men, the satyrs, and the centaurs--

the task is brought even closer to the impossible. The pristine idea of the fantasy that develops in the last lines of the poem is that the earth will gradually be reconciled to a better and more beautiful humanity. It will be made alive with Mary's "pregnant fire." Her soul, her love, the beauty of her achieved love-relation (so far beyond the world) will gradually reclaim it. Grace will abound.

But there are discordant and mocking notes in the priests' picturing of the process. Preaching "Horseman," "proper Lare" are comic in their casual connection of opposites, and when their teaching is conveyed "to the floud," it is hard to repress risible thoughts about how the fish will take to monogamy. So the priests seem to follow in their wishes a reductio ad absurdum which reaches its conclusion in the impossible premise that Mary's fire will change the elements, which are by definition unchangeable. Perhaps these mocking suggestions serve to warn that the effects of the Queen's life are too often imagined, that they form a part of a lovely play which can too easily prove at its end to be groundless and absurd.

Despite the mockery that is let in at its end, the fantasy of "To the Queens" works as an affirmation of the art of Mary's life. The fire from which it comes is undeniably real, and its accomplishment has real power. It makes casual love, in which pristine desire and worked lust are indiscriminately combined, yield at last to the lore of wedded love. Its refining fire makes over "Loves Elizium." It replaces the rationalizing cover of Tasso's golden law with a "trew sacred lore," that instructs, preserves, and leads towards the perfect consummation of the sexes. In the strategy of the poem Mary prevents the dissolution of the paradise of loving by presenting in turn a law, a lore, and a

faith, at last by being Una, the living truth. Yet as the ending of the poem reminds us, her truth is not nature's. As long as men are rooted in nature her truth cannot be completely theirs, except in play, the continued elaborate play of the Caroline Court.

CHAPTER IV

THE COURT AND THE COUNTRY

Too often "...the Empire of Beauty is represented as exerting its influences further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human passions and the variety of human wants."¹ Samuel Johnson's criticism of Waller's poems could as well be a criticism of the Caroline masque, where the human passions and wants presented in the masque are regularly subordinated to the Empire of Beauty revealed in its conclusion. Johnson's choice of the word "Empire" is especially appropriate, for it points to a characteristic metaphor for what might be termed "the politics of beauty" in Caroline poetry. In Carew's poems beauty is as it is described in "A New-yeares Sacrifice. To Lucinda," an "ever-flourishing estate." Love, as the desire to possess and enjoy beauty, is the means by which the estate is won and ruled. Carew and the members of the Court insisted on seeing the Empire of Beauty ruled by Love alive and before them in the King and the Queen. It was an easy transference to move the metaphor from their marriage to political allegiance of their subjects. As Charles and Mary possessed securely and forever the Empire of Beauty and Love, so they would possess securely and forever the Empire of Great Britain. It was the easy, habitual transference from microcosm to macrocosm. The Court was the microcosm to the Empire's macrocosm. Charles and Mary were the twin suns of the Court. Their marriage mirrored the marriage of the three Kingdoms. Their love was the image of the people's love for them. Again and again this is what Caroline masques revealed.

But in the 1630's "the multiplicity of human passions and the variety of human wants" could no longer be reconciled or composed by

the influence of a Court image. The art of the masque was out of phase with the life of the country. Instead of the Court's comprising and mirroring the kingdom, it was set against it. In the course of the 1630's "Court" and "Country" became the recognized names for opposed political factions.² And the masques, which had been intended by Jonson as "mirrors of mans life,"³ became obvious pretenses. Carew, especially, must have felt the pressures of those pretenses, in his efforts to maintain a Court which increasingly belonged more to fiction than to fact, more to the heaven of poetical invention than to the earth of political expediency. This chapter and the two following explore the ways the fictions of the Court are set against the divisions, passions and wants of the Country in Coelum Britannicum, the masque Carew wrote for his King. The three chapters deal with three equal and succeeding sections of the masque as spoken and sung: the opposition of Mercury and Momus; the witness of the four earthly powers, Riches, Poverty, Fortune, and Pleasure; the final Transcendence of Charles and his Court.

The main characters of the masque's opening, Mercury and Momus, present points of view which its 1634 audience could identify with the opposing political factions of Court and Country. But the two characters' appearance and function are conditioned by the tradition of the masque form. Before exploring the masque's social implications it is necessary to know something of the way the masque's form, as well as the contents of its fable, came to Carew's hands.

In the course of King James's reign Ben Jonson created the essential form followed by all of the Caroline masque makers. In its simplest and most graceful terms the form governs Jonson's first masque for King Charles, Loves Triumph through Callipolis. The words and

actions of Loues Triumph recall the Platonic themes of the first great masques Jonson created, The Masque of Beautie and Hymenai, and they conclude in the revelation of the perfected Empire of Beauty and Love where Charles reigns with his Queen. Celebrating the entrance of the King and his masquers, the chorus of Loues Triumph sings:

Where Loue is mutuall, still
All things in order moue,
The circle of the will
Is the true spheare of Loue.⁴

identifying Charles and Mary's mutual love with the Platonic form of love itself. In both theme and structure Loues Triumph is a kind of template for the Caroline masques that follow it; when applied to Coelum Britannicum it shows the differences and distinctions of Carew's work.

Jonson had early devised the dramatic technique of dividing the masque into two opposing and consecutive actions. The first action was, as Jonson termed it in his description of The Masque of Queens, "a foyle, or false-Masque," an "Anti-Masque," a "spectacle of strangeness" danced by "antics" to set off the second action danced by the principal maskers. Jonson wrote that the antimasque was to work by "multiplicity of Gesture," and so contrast with the graceful unity of the second action.⁵ (To avoid confusion I shall call this second action the "main masque.") But in the course of the masque's development multiplicity of gesture spawned multiplicity of action. In response to the demands of the audience, more and more antimasques were introduced before the main masque with less and less coherence or connection with its theme. In this respect Loues Triumph seems an effort to retrench the excesses of the crowding antimasques and relate them again firmly to the main

masque. It has but one antimasque of twelve characters drawn from the commedia del arte, who exemplify the wrong ways of love. "Sodainely they leape forth" following a mistress and dance distractedly in a circle, "their whole life," as Jonson writes, "being a continew'd vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheele of Loue." They dance out their lives and make their exit. The main masque begins as Euphemus "a Person boni ominis, of a good Character" descends from the heaven singing the right way of love, and a chorus appears to "make lustration of the place" in preparation for the entry of the maskers. The maskers, representing proper ways of love, are led in triumph by Amphitrite and four sea gods. They dance in a measured circle before "the Temple of all Beauty," the Queen's "state." After the maskers dance their entry, Euclia, a "faire glory," appears in the heavens and sings the Christian Platonic doctrine of love "emergent out of Chaos." The "revels" follow, the main dance for which the masque is designed as an elaborate prologue. The King, as "Heroic Loue," leads forth the Queen, who is by association the queen of Callipolis and so of all beauty and goodness. The other maskers take partners and dance the revels, which might last till dawn. At the end of the revels the scene changes from the streets of Callipolis to a garden, the heavens open and four gods who govern marriage--Jupiter, Juno, Genius, and Hymen--call Venus to lend her light to "the constellation of this night." Venus appears in a cloud, descends to earth, and reveals to the Queen an emblem of the royal marriage, a palm tree, twined with lillies and roses (for Mary's France and Charles's England), and topped with an imperial crown.⁶ Through the royal marriage, peace and empire are assured.

Here the antimasque is exactly what Jonson had originally intended

it to be, a true "foyle" for the masque that follows. The chaos of unruléd passion is presented in the antimasque, runs itself out, and is replaced by the true order of virtuous love. Ceremony replaces cacophony, and the solemn festivity continues until the final revelation and prediction of love. This then is the essential pattern: antimasque of chaos; the revelation of powers who restore order; the presentation and entry of the maskers as the aristocrats of this order; the taking of partners and the revels; the final vision. Loues Triumph is a dancing of attitudes about love that are at the same time ways of loving. Its action is a simple displacement of bad attitudes by good ones. There is no dramatic confrontation; instead there is statement, obviously because visibly wrong, and counterstatement, obviously because visibly right. The antimaskers are always out of order and finally beneath consideration. And so it is with Jonson's masques in general.

This is not true of Carew's masque. There an antimasque character, Momus, turns out to be exactly what he claims, "a very considerable person on these occasions" (132-33), and Mercury, the traditional presenter of the main masque, is suspect from the beginning and is forced to present the antimasques. Carew further obscures Jonson's boundaries by setting a dance of primitives between the antimasques of chaos and the revelation of order which is a part of neither but forms a bridge connecting them. The "fiction" of the antimasque is in Carew's mind not as disjunct from the "truth" of the masque as Jonson would have had it.⁷

Again, in Loues Triumph the antimasque is wordless, as if the false lovers are gagged by their surplus of emotion. In this the masque again seems like the Aristotelian "final cause" of the Jonsonian masque,

for while in his other works the antimaskers are given words (and lots of them!) the words ultimately reduce to nothing, to inconsiderable nonsense. But in Carew's masque the speeches of the antimasque section form a serious "contention" about the need for reformation, and the places of Riches, Poverty, Fortune, and Pleasure in the new cosmos the masque will create. Like the speeches of Milton's Comus, the speeches of Carew's antimaskers can be seen as kinds of temptation, ending with the delights of the Circe-like Lady Hedone. The speeches of Carew's antimaskers are stately and persuasive. There is no obvious standard of reason to make them ridiculous, as there is in Jonson; there is no calm heaven to give them the lie, as there is in Milton. In fact, in the opening of Coelum Britannicum, heaven is filled with monsters, and so must needs be completely blanked out.

A possible reason for Carew's mixing characters, actions and words from the masque and antimasque is that he could do little else with his source, Giordano Bruno's Lo Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante. Yet from the way that Carew adapts material from Lo Spaccio it is clear that he is not much concerned to "follow" it. Instead, he uses Bruno's philosophical dialogue for his own ends. Though previous masques had been philosophical, in accordance with Jonson's dictum that their delight should be mixed with profit,⁸ no masque had placed most of its doctrine in the antimasques, and none had made the basis of its action a nearly contemporary heretical dialogue. The mainsprings for the actions of Court masques had been and continued to be, the old myths, chiefly "the silenc'd tales o' th' Metamorphoses" that drew Carew's fire in his elegy on Donne. For the action of Coelum Britannicum Carew uses a work that sets out to dispel old myths and to get to a more rational world.

In Lo Spaccio there is no mythology. The gods are historical and moral allegories. Jupiter is Everyman, Momus is synderesis, the prick of conscience. The old mythical names are used as veils for Bruno's meanings. Naked, Bruno feels, they would never get by the authorities. Bruno's technique is the technique of Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods, but with very little of Lucian's fun. Even Momus is muted and unusually serious. From the beginning, when Jove reproves Venus for her wanton advances, Lo Spaccio casts a cold eye on life, on death. Indeed, according to Bruno's Giove, only after a thorough reformation is continued life possible at all. The gods have grown feeble under the influence of the malignant stars they themselves have put in the sky. No one worships them any more. Soon Demogorgon will come for them. As Bruno explains in his introductory "Epistola explicatoria," Giove is in the position of Everyman facing death. The stars are at once the memory of his acts and the moral universe he creates by them. Death is transformation, metempsychosis, and in order to achieve a heavenly transformation and not a bestial one, each man must reform himself, starting with his mental universe and finishing with his physical one. Bruno believes in the kind of Hermetic magic that linked the two processes and made the one "sympathetically" effect the other. This comprises the doctrine of the Spaccio;⁹ its action sees it put into effect by a Giove and a Divine Court resolved on reform.

Coelum Britannicum is a masque for Shrove-Tuesday, the last day of carnival before the yearly ritual of Christian penitence and reform and Carew fits his masque exactly to its time. The pretended reform is accomplished not by the hard discipline of penitence and humility but by an outburst of pride in accomplishment. Like Loues Triumph,

Carew's masque is a celebration of "the honor of [Charles's] Court, and the dignity of that heroique loue, and regall respect borne by him to his vnmatchable Lady, and Spouse, the Queenes Maiestie,"¹⁰ and the form that celebration takes in the main masque is little indebted to Lo Spaccio. Philosophic dispute is displaced by ritual celebration. The wars of ideas, with their drudges, the armies of Riches and Fortune, yield to the wars of love with their romance heroes. Yet the celebration of the main masque is maintained against the sobering facts and somber threats of the world posed in the antimasques. And that world, unlike Jonson's, makes all too much sense.

From the beginning Coelum Britannicum images a conflict between the Court celebrants and the forces, both outside and within the Court, ranged against celebration. Facing the audience at the top of the "Ornament," or picture frame of the masque, is "a large compartment composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lions clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches" (5-7). The branches come from two vases at the sides of the proscenium arch bearing impresse of the King and the Queen, figuring majesty in a lion and fruitful love in a flowering lilly. The growing harpies hover over each of the masque's succeeding scenes. A clue to what they mean and why they seem to come from the flourishing branches of peace can be found in the associations that must have been brought to the audience's mind by the first scene, a "strange prospect" which, we are pointedly told, "detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time," "the ruines of some great city of the ancient Romans or civilized Brittaines" (37-40).

Before the action of the masque begins, this dumb show of pictures summons the thought of the passing of all earth's glories,

perhaps as expressed in Spenser's imitation of du Bellay, "The Ruines of Rome." The audience first sees the remains of a magnificent order, returned, in the words of Spenser's poem, to "great Chaos wombe," reminding the viewers that "all this whole shall one day come to naught." The paradox of furies growing from the flourishing branches of peace is explained in Spenser's poem, when he warns against "pleasure's faint desires" and the "cankering leisure" that led the decadent Romans from "idleness" to "civil rage;" then, as Spenser writes, "claws" and "scaly crests" wait on empires, "the blind fury which wars breed oft."¹¹ This is exactly the way in which many contemporary Englishmen of the Country saw the Court. It was another Rome, not only in its Popery, but also in its slothful decadence. Carew wrote his masque when criticism like this was first being felt by the King, whose Court of the Star Chamber had just had William Prynne's ear cut off for obliquely calling his chaste Platonic Queen a "notorious whore" of an actress.¹²

Against this dark and chaotic background of the ruins of empire, "god" Mercury descends and gives an all too facile speech. Carew and Jones have him descend in a chariot ornamented with "a Cocke in the action of crowing" (41-42). The cock that traditionally accompanies Mercury stands for eternal vigilance. But, a cock in crowing closes his eyes. Perhaps the cock's action is meant to poke fun at Mercury's cock-sure, self-glorying manner, as he announces himself in resounding syllables, "I Cyllenius, loves Ambassadour" (55). Certainly Mercury's vainglory is meant to contrast with his sobering surroundings and so to reduce his stature. Momus comes on later almost to demolish it.

Another factor in the tradition of the masque that affects the audience's vision of Mercury's descending is that, as Momus is later

to point out, he has done it all too many times before, in both myth and masque. As the traditional presenter of the principal maskers, Mercury is closely identified with the ritual celebrations of the main masque. But in Coelum Britannicum he descends against a typical anti-masque background in place of the anticipated "antic." Might the audience have thought that Mercury mistook his cue and came into the antimasque when he should have waited until it was past? At any rate his descent would call to mind the long and sometimes not very artful history of the masque as Court entertainment. His untimely appearance would raise questions about the nature of the masque's artifice, questions Carew seems intent to raise.

The audience would be prepared by the scenic effect to receive Mercury's speech critically, as a part of a covering show. Indeed, in it he proves himself a practiced orator and skillful actor. Everything is completed gesture accomplished by the mere fiat of words. He immediately recognizes Charles and Mary as "Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty" (48). Love and politics, Venus and Jupiter, have the same sphere and it is centered here. Before Charles and Mary's throne "three warlike Nations bend/ Their willing knees" (49-50). Mercury summons up a vision of perfected empire which contrasts strangely with the classic ruins of empire behind him. Yet what he says answers to the wishes of the King, who had recently returned from the well-staged ritual of his Scottish coronation. For Mercury, the new unity of the nations, under which the Scots were already restive, is natural and easy, for "The Regal circle prints no awful frowns" on Majesty's "Imperial browes" to fright their subjects, but "calmer eyes/ Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts/ That flow with cheerful loyal reverence"(50-54).

It seems it all happens at once: eyes shed joy--hearts melt and flow--the kingdoms are reverent, happy, and loyal in the receipt of their beloved's favors. Surely this is overblown rhetoric and the audience, prepared for it beforehand, is meant to recognize it as such. Even if they do not catch on now, Momus soon enters to make sure that they do.

Mercury uses words lovingly as embellishments. Few substantives stand alone in his speech. Almost all are graced with a modifier: "warlike nations" (49), "willing knees" (50), "wanton love," "glowing eare" (57), and so on. This points to the essential working of his mind. Every object must be adorned so as to be proper and seemly. Every word must have its soft approaches. What belongs to the good must be veiled and animated by sentiment. Mercury could not simply speak of "our good King," as Carew had in his answer to Aurelian Townshend; at a minimum he would be forced to say "our gracious Majesty." The other side of the coin of this enfolding sentiment is flailing satire, and Mercury uses his modifiers to double curse what he disdains: "loathsome staines" (85), "infectious guilt" (86), "detested luxuries"(87). These brands are superfluous to his descriptive meaning. They are gestures, directives for pure emotional reaction. But, though Mercury loves the emotive thrill of his words, he also is careful about their effect. He defends himself against his reputation as an amorous go-between and at the same time pays amorous compliment to the beauties of the Court. He comes, he tells them

Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing eare
Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine (56-58).

He picks each beauty out with his eye as he speaks, and his words all

too sensuously recall his past. Hence we do not fully believe his heroic announcement that "the rehell flame is quench'd" (59). It is the rising of the voice to stage declamation after earnest conjurings. The audience gets a glimpse of the pre-reformation Mercury lying just under the surface rhetoric. They recognise the "Cocke in the action of crowing."

The flats of Mercury's speech are wishful orderings of the world, orderings where values are clear and distinct, where what is true de jure is already true de facto. Detto fatto, Charles succeeds to the vacant rooms of the stars and at his side the "faire Consort" of his "heart, and Throne" (97). The action of the masque shows that this is not to be so easy. To invert Mercury's plans, Momus, the mocker, enters unbidden from the side of the stage, and immediately calls Mercury's credentials in question. "Ioves Ambassadour" had claimed to have descended from "the high Senate of the gods" (47). But Momus tells the audience what they must have already guessed; his descent is not direct, and the heavenly order he represents is decadent and trying desperately to reform itself. Mercury is a kind of fallen angel, and as he moves through the antimasques towards the masque we see him gradually raise himself. Momus on the other hand comes on strongly but gradually fades into the echo of his last speech, "I concurre" (836).

Momus comes, in his way, as a restorer of order, the order of plain truth so valued by the Court's "Puritan" critics. His speech is in direct contrast with Mercury's. His words come unadorned, clustered and fast. He attempts always "to make a long story short." In his terms he delivers "a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies" (278-79). With his first words he seems to restore a needed perspective. "By your leave,

Mortalis Goodden Cozen Hermes" (108). His words point to the fact that Hermes had about cozened these mortals out of the belief in their own mortality, which the field of ruins should have sufficiently impressed on them.

Seeing Mercury disconcerted by his plain, familiar greeting, Momus sarcastically begs his pardon and gives him again his assumed title, "good my Lord Ambassador" (111). But then he goes on to tell what he knows of Mercury's true "descent." He has found this Lord Ambassador's name in the books of every inn between the Court and Olympus, and every inn-keeper complains he has been robbed. Far from being a special legation, this expedition of Mercury's is recorded in the books at Olympus as his 9,999th. If we check the record, and let Momus direct us, we will find this Cyllenius is neither stately ambassador nor courtly lover, but a stale stage piece given to pretty thievery, deceitful insinuation and gross flattery. But perhaps here we should take Pope's warning to Arbuthnot to beware of those who make "satire a lampoon, and fiction lie." This is exactly what Momus does. Like Pietro Aretino, with whom he compares himself, he reduces "all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit" (163-64). And like Aretino, his wit, as he displays it, is a kind of blackmail. He is privileged to see into "all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtaines, through keyholes, chinks, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobies, Skonces or Redoubts, though it bee to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chamberl maid" (141-44), but he hopes to capture bigger game.

In Carew's Momus we come to recognize the "evil spirit of blame and mockery" of Greek mythology,¹³ the spirit who would reduce all things to his power if he could, which in effect would be to reduce them to

nothing. If Mercury is a fallen angel, Momus is a risen devil. Jones's sketch shows him as one, a sharp-faced man with a pointed beard, "attired in a long, darkish Robe all wrought over with ponyards, Serpents tongues, eyes and eares" (104-105). In Cesare Ripa's Iconologia, from which much of the symbolic costuming for Cosmus Britannicus comes, he is closest to the figure of "Biasimo Vitioso," vicious censure.

In his masque Carew restores many of the myths that Bruno had blanked out in Lo Spaccio. The myth of Momus is a prime example. He had been a powerful and disruptive god, a son of Night, a Loki, whom the gods had finally to exile from heaven. Lucian had turned him into a jokester, and Bruno had made him function as a moral allegory of synderesis, "certo lume, che siede ne la specola, gaggia o poppa de la nostra anima,"¹⁴ a certain light that sits in the bridge, crow's-nest, or at the stern guard-rail of our mind and stirs us to change our lives. Carew's figure seems a combination of all three Momus, with the last the subordinate.

Momus' jokes disrupt Mercury's rhetoric and call it to the court of conscience. He restores a balance which Mercury had too heavily weighted down. With a jester's privilege he ignores the King and Queen in order to teach them something about the nature of the artifice they are about to participate in, and at the same time he lets in the world they were about to lock out. Mercury commands him to hold his tongue and let the "Presence" of King Charles and Queen Mary teach him modesty. Momus replies,

Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint
it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your
Poets who enjoy by Patent a partioular privilege to draw
downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrovetuesday, at
what time there is annually a most familiar intercourse between

the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appeare by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable Person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demogorgon-ap-Eternity (125-35).

Probably he pauses between "Let it" and "if it can," the first part said nonchalantly, the second knowingly, for here he is secure in his power. Momus points to the artifice of these nights' "entertainments." He sees ritual as show, art as artifice, and calls attention to the way it is all done. He comes, unbidden by the poet, to show him up. His message is: "This is a show, part of the succession of shows for the holiday season. The gods, which appear so substantial in the person of Don Mercury here, are in reality poetic fictions, lies, invented wholesale by patented process." Momus' world is a world of ledgers and patents. He is the one to keep us down to earth. He would drag us down if he could. Momus' Welsh-Greek lineage is largely Carew's own invention, though it owes something to Boccaccio's Genologia. Through Sleep, Primeval Darkness, Disruption, and Fatal Justice he is allied to "The All," Eternity, the god who appears in the final vision of the masque to create the "Coelum Britannicum." As with Mercury, Carew invites us to see Momus in two different perspectives, both as a masker and an antimasker, as a representative of both order and disorder.

In the process of turning antimasque into masque both Mercury and Momus yield place to other gods. Genius presides over the presentation of the maskers and Eternity comes in judgment at the final vision. Both Genius and Eternity can be seen as more true than the "half-gods," Mercury and Momus, the opposed spirits of flattery and detraction, and by extension, of Court poetry and Country truth, of the antimasque. Unlike the gods of the antimasque, Genius' power lies in things, not in

words, but in the growing power of the earth. He is, in the terms of Carew's elegy on Donne, "the true Gods Priest," and Eternity is close to the true God, Himself. The function of the antimasque actions of Mercury and Momus is not, as typically in Jonson, to obstruct the coming of these true gods, but to prepare their way. "When half-gods go,/ The gods arrive."¹⁵

The action of the masque as a whole is the displacement of the old "natural" heavens by the new "artful" heaven of the Court. In order for this displacement to occur the art of Charles's Court must be recognized as true nature, and old nature as false art. This happens in the interchanges of Momus and Mercury. Mercury begins, to borrow a phrase which G.B. Sensabaugh uses to condemn the Court of Charles and Mary, as a "fashionable Platonic."¹⁶ He finishes as a serviceable satirist. Momus comes on as a no-nonsense, practical man. But as he speaks, Momus' practicality turns to prurience, his earthiness to dullness.

Momus counters Mercury's magniloquent verse with wilting prose. The reason for "Jupiter's" ("Jove's" has too grand a sound for Momus) supposed reformation has little to do with "vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court" (196-97). Momus never admits that he recognizes the "bright glorious Twins." All is rumor to him and alike to be mistrusted. All he trusts is his own wit, his own perspective. He knows that Jupiter's real motive is fear, not emulation. Jupiter's "natural abilities" are decaying and he "doubts lest Fate should introduce a legall succession in the legitimate heire, by repossessing the Titanian line" (231-33). This is close to a direct translation from Lo Spaccio, but the differences are instructive. In Bruno's dialogue, Sophia, the representative of earthly wisdom, tells Saulino, Bruno's

persona, "Teme che il fato disponga, che l'ereditaria successione non sia come quella della precedente grande mondana rivoluzione, ma molto varia e diversa."¹⁹ In transferring the speech to Momus, Carew fits it to his character. Momus plays up the legal aspects of the "succession." Bruno's Giove fears that in the revolution of the heavens he will go under. Carew's Jupiter fears that his possession will be shown to be illegal and he will be thrown out of office. His Momus reduces the gods to a set of litigants fretting about their case.

Like many of the Court's most outspoken critics Momus is a lawyer. As a skillful prosecutor he wrests old laws to "any whatsoever interpretation" (149). He has his own "Praerogative" independent of Jupiter's "Crowne and Dignity" and of "either house of the Patrician or Plebian gods" (148-52). Though Momus denies that there is much connection between Charles's kingdom and heaven, here as elsewhere he makes obvious connections between them. Heaven has been reformed with the same piecemeal measures with which Charles is attempting to reform his kingdom. But, using his self-appointed prerogative, Momus shows up the reforms as ludicrous patchwork attempts that have little chance to endure. As in Charles's kingdom, "Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities" (236-37). But Charles perpetually vetoed his own good work with patents and special concessions to his courtiers, and this is the very ineffectuality Momus criticizes. In Heaven, according to Momus, orders were given "Nectar Brewers" to purify their brew "reducing it to the composition used in Saturnes Reign" (238-41); perhaps the golden age would return with the golden brew. Edicts were made for "prohibiting the repayre of Families to the metropolis" (242-43). Charles had done this in 1630 and had followed

it with supporting laws in hopes of securing the country for the Halcyon calm of his personal government. But his attempts were failing. Few lords and ladies were willing to forego the pleasures of London. Of the heavenly analogue, however, Momus informs the audience that it is something of a success. Now only the "goddesses" come to Court to solicit customers for their charms, while the "gods" stay at home as "stallions of hospitality" (246). All these heavenly edicts, as Momus had foreseen, were "too strict to be observed along" (235). Instead of restoring order, they create a more flagrant disorder masking as an order. To Momus, who, as he says, has no power to create new law, all new law is as absurd as the frightened old lawmaker whom he has in his power.

Another parallel between Charles's Court and Jupiter's heaven is apparent in those reforms that attempt to outlaw lust and elevate "reciprocation of conjugall affection" (262). Momus mentions two of Jupiter's reforms: his installation of state censorship, and his change in conduct toward Juno. Both are aimed at curbing lust. The first Momus sees as a sham cover-up, the second as a humorous affectation. The purging of the heavens is, he says, to be followed by a strict control of all printed material about the loves of the gods and an erasing of all that the "Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets" (207) wrote to perpetuate the memories of former rapes, incests, and adulteries. So it is hoped that by changing nature and literary history "all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bodies" (216) will cease. Meanwhile offenders will be punished in a "high Commission Court" (222) parallel to Laud's. Jupiter attempts to change men's natural biases by laws governing their reading. This is exactly what Charles was attempting to do, in his sporadic and showy suppressions of works that might

endanger the love of the people for their "good King."

The parallel of love and politics, set in high relief by Momus in the masque, was to work disastrously. Instead of encouraging a virtuous conformity, Charles was stirring up dissent. It had come out in the prosecution by Charles's prerogative courts three years earlier of Alexander Leighton and most recently in their prosecution of William Prynne.¹⁸ Perhaps part of the sting of Momus derives from his relation to these previous sowers of discord. Like Leighton, Momus professes to know divinity from the inside. Like Prynne he is a lawyer. But then Carew, himself trained in law, reveals a legal sensibility in many of his poems. Though Momus acts the part of a disruptive spirit on the order of Prynne and Leighton, he is essentially allied to the Court poet who created him. In his parody of Charles's attempts to reduce the unreclaimed nature of his kingdom to the art of his Court, he warns Charles of the facileness of artistic solutions. He questions both their cause and their methods. He reminds Charles and Mary both of their "mortall state" and of the precarious state of their kingdom. He continually shows them how much is show, and how much that show is threatened by men of his feather, who, like Prynne, have "a lust to misapply."

Momus caps his discourse of the scandals of Heaven by saying of Jupiter something that had been and often would be said of Charles: "there is no doubt of universall obedience, where the Lawgiver himselfe in his owne person observes his decrees so punctually" (270-72). The glaring assumption is that both Charles and Jupiter will automatically reform their outer worlds by reforming "so punctually" their inner worlds. But Momus has shown exactly the reverse happening. Jupiter

has become a scandalous joke, a frightened old man, who, to remind himself of the necessity for fidelity, carves grafitti on his bed-chamber door, and in case he forgets, puts it up in lights on his ceiling, too. As Momus describes it, his ceiling is "fretted with stars," that spell out the inscription "CARLOMARIA" (275-76).

This is the other side of Mercury's flattering glass, the distorting mirror of grotesque satire. Momus' speech turns all praise to the weapons of satire. As Mercury's praise had attempted to convince Charles that Jove had viewed his deformities in the "Chrystall myrrour" (84) of his reign, Momus obliquely bids Charles see himself mirrored in those very deformities, made ludicrous by Jupiter's fear and increasing debility. It was in this second mirror, surrounded by the ruins of his promises of Empire and the omnipresence of Romanism, that an increasing number of Charles's subjects actually did see their king. In their eyes the heaven of the Court had indeed become, as Momus charges, a "cloyster of Carthusians" (229). They would be pleased with Momus' choice of monastic order as an appropriate mislabeling for the Capuchins that "infested" Charles's Court to attend to the religious needs of his Catholic queen. In ribald story the Carthusians had always been noted for their lechery.

To the sly and prurient implications of Momus, Mercury can only reply with a flurry of denunciations. His actions fulfill Momus' prediction and reduce the "Aetheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke subsistance" (282-83). He seems to act as Momus' pawn, with the satyr-god watching his show and commenting on his actions. Momus is complete master of the first three antimasques: the first antimasque of "naturall deformity," the second of "obliquity in

motion," the third of "deviation from Vertue." For describing these, Momus is master of those who know. He shows us what those poets who raised their ladies to the stars really mean, where the polite arts and sciences really are, what a "riotous Assembly" heaven really is. His truths are before us in the dances of the three antimasques. All the deviant fancies of the mind and body are purged from the sky. "All the Starres are quench'd, and the Spheare darkned" (399). Goaded on by Momus, Mercury's destruction of the old, ribald, mythic and poetic heavens is complete.

In Lo Spaccio the heavens are gradually dismantled and replenished; many of the old constellations are allowed to keep their places, though they are given new names. Conspicuously Capricorn, whom Carew's Mercury is led to see as a monster, is honored in Lo Spaccio as the representative of the wisdom and natural magic of the Egyptians.¹⁹ But in Carew's antimasques everything that is associated with the old nature must be destroyed before Charles can be sent to heaven. With hindsight we could see this as a rehearsal for what is all too literally to follow. It becomes even more disturbingly like accurate prediction when Momus calls for a "free Election" to replace the darkened hierarchy with "immediate succession" (419). The resemblance to the later course of history is, I think, not purely a coincidence. In Momus and Mercury Carew calls forth, for a Deweyan "dramatic rehearsal," the very spirits that will cause that history: in Mercury the deceiving flattery and delight in cozening fiction that allowed Charles to believe on the eve of revolution that he was "the happiest king in Christendom;"²⁰ and in Momus the kind of delight in destructive rumor combined with an insistence for getting

behind facades of false shows that rode the Puritans.

It is not clear from his first speech what kind of succession to the stars Mercury is planning to stage. It is probably some sort of orderly exchange of place by Charles and his Court, a removal to the stars on the model of other Court removals to the country. In the new heavens Charles is promised the most eminent and conspicuous position, the position Bruno gives to Truth. Next to him Mary will sit in "a triumphant Chaire, crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem" (95-96). Mercury seems reluctant to let these accommodations of the old constellations go, but instead gives them as jeweled tokens to Charles and Mary. Momus' intervention prevents him from ever seeing such a seemly and decorous succession. The stars are wiped out, and good seats are open to the first comers who can offer convincing "pleas and pretences" for their seating. In troop the powers who control the masses, and Momus has to tell a bewildered Court Mercury who they are.

CHAPTER V

EARTH'S RULERS

The King's masque of January 8, 1632, Albion's Triumph, celebrates the "calme security" gained by "prevailing powers" by presenting the figure of Peace descending from the sky to bless the union of the Kingdoms under "Hymens Twin the MARY-CHARLES." But the song of blessing is interrupted by four powers who feel they have been cheated of their places. Neptune, Plutus, Bellona and Cerele complain of the "ease and Plenty" of Charles's "blest raigne":

Why should this Ile above the rest,
Be made (great Gods) the Halcions nest?

Peace immediately calls them to order.

Peace: Earths Rulers, stay!
The foure Gods: Doth soft Peace call?
Peace: Yes: and will streight employ yee All.

Though she recognizes their claims as "Earths Rulers," she asserts a transcendent right to enlist them for the aid and protection of the reign. When Momus disrupts Mercury's plans for celebration in Coelum Britannicum by calling for "a free Election" (420), the four powers he lets in are not so easily converted. Plutus, Poenia, Tiche and Hedone demand nothing less than complete dominion. Like Momus they recognize no precedent extant in Charles's Court. They think their own Courts far superior in influence. And they are undeniably right. They divide the world among them. The only escape from them is to get out, the only permanent victory over them, death.

Three of the powers are drawn after figures in Bruno's Lo Spaccio.

But Carew drastically alters their natures and the nature of their claims. *Ricchezza* and *Povertà* are weak fictions in Lo Spaccio; their claims are easily set aside by the insight of Momo and the restored judgment of Giove. They come originally only to seek a subordinate position in the new moral heavens on the basis of their admittedly questionable merits. Carew's *Plutus* and *Poenia*, on the contrary, come on like gods and claim the top positions. In Lo Spaccio it is *Fortuna* that makes the strongest case, but in Coelum Britannicum her counterpart, *Tiche*, makes the weakest, even though she borrows her words most heavily from *Fortuna's* speech. In the contention of the powers Carew is at once closest to his source in Bruno and furthest from its intent. He consciously reverses the order of their strengths and adds to their number a consummate power Bruno does not consider, *Hedone*, Dame Pleasure. In turning Lo Spaccio to courtly use, Carew turns philosophic allegories into the substantial enemies of the festive life of the Court.

Plutus, first, is not at all like *Ricchezza*, a vain pretender to a power not his own. There is no pretense about him. His forceful and arrogant speech belies his appearance as a worn out old man. An unending yet perpetually gluttoned hunger for power keeps him young. *Momus* warns *Mercury* of his approach in mythic terms:

This is a subterranean Fiend, Plutus, in this
Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a Poyson, hid
by Providence in the bottome of Seas, and Navill of the Earth,
from mans discovery, where if the seeds begunne to sprout
above-ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by Dragons,
yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light, to their owne
destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued
all those mischiefes that now fill the Vniverse. (471)

The myth of the golden apples of the *Hesperides* occurs again and again in Carew's poetry, and it has a central place in the main masque

of Coelum Britannicum. Under the auspices of Plutus the golden apples are poisoned. Their plucking brought death to the world and all our woe. With them Carew links the classical Eve, Pandora. Gold, like the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, was forbidden by God, who wisely hid it. But men would have it out. Mercury recognizes the power of Plutus, and his speech recalls poems of Horace and Tibullus appraising that power.² Stronger than chastity, which Mercury makes the representative of all virtue, gold prevails over the wills of women and makes even goddesses display their naked bodies.

Plutus proclaims himself at once the slave master, the creator, the nurse of all virtue, the god requiring human sacrifice, the goal of commerce, the instigator of war and sacrilege, the tormentor of misers and simpletons. His primary power is undeniable. Ricchezza has only a secondary power, "se non in quanto di me altri bene si vogliano servire o male,"³ as she explains. Instead of myths naming her powers Bruno offers intellectual debate about how truth, prudence, wisdom, law and judgment are affected by wealth. Momo and Giove debate with Ricchezza whether wealth can actually be said to be in her own power. Giove concludes that Ricchezza is indifferently good and evil, depending on who uses her. Carew's Plutus is, without question evil. He knows it and glories in it. His is the power to twist men's lives, to misdirect their loves, to make them over to a slow death deifying the ore and debasing themselves. His antimasque is performed by shepherds that "pipe amorous Roundelays" only to their "grazing flockes," farmers that "whistle" their passions only to their teams, "mining Moles" that live out their lives in their mother's womb of earth (532-37). They form a kind of anti-pastoral. Theirs is the age of gold set in complete

contrast to the Golden Age. They only dance when Plutus pipes.

Plutus had made a Court appearance before, posing as Love in Jonson's Loue Restored. In characteristic Jonsonian fashion he was exposed by Robin Goodfellow and laughed off the stage. Jokes about the Golden Age vs. the age of gold were flippant word plays in Jonson.⁴ In Carew they are visually presented as grim and debasing realities. Gold is not to be laughed off the stage or intellectually dismissed. Mercury must pay tribute to Plutus' godhead in denying his plea. He is the strongest enemy of weak Virtue. He must be banished from her presence before she can be safe. Momus, however, takes a more compromising view. He suggests that perhaps Plutus might consider spending more of his time with "men of worth and parts" (570-71). This is an exact counter to Momo's warning Ricchezza away from ever becoming friendly with men "con troppo giudicio."⁵ Carew knows Charles cannot afford to do without the aid of Plutus. Yet to get at the god of gold Charles would have to summon a Parliament that would surely be dominated by the disruptive spirits of Momus and Company.

Povertà in Bruno is as poor in words as she is in logic. She can speak only a few lines before she lets her case be judged by Giove and Momo. Carew's Poenia is more assuming. After an initial show of humility she proceeds to claim even a wider dominion than Plutus. The great majority of those who would be Plutus' subjects are in fact subjected to her, she claims,

For marke how few they are that share the World;
The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects,
They take my wages, weare my Livery (597-600).

In Bruno Ricchezza and Povertà are contrary states of fortune; in Carew

they are closer to the actual divisions of society, though Poenia claims that she has subjects even among those who have shared "the World" and worked their way to the mountain of gold. Plutus and Poenia share qualities of Bruno's Avarizia, described in Lo Spaccio as the shadow that they both cast, though they are certainly no shadows. Each is characterized by the "greedy, intense Desire" that culminates in Lady Hedone.

Like Hedone, later, both Plutus and Poenia claim to nurture and preserve: Plutus with his "distilling dewes, and fotive heat"(494); Poenia with "calme repose" (614) in her "soft lap/ Free from disturbing cares" (611). Each in turn mocks the qualities of the place Carew continually images as "the Paradise within." Plutus creates a golden nature, while Poenia promises the safety that, according to Juvenal's tenth satire, only the poor man enjoys. To cap her speech, Poenia's devotees, the Gypsies, dance an antimasque. Like the shepherds, farmers, and miners of the previous antimasque they are deceptively happy. The source of their happiness is their subjection to poverty which exposes them "to all weathers/ Both chilling frost, and skalding Sunne" (622-23). Their happiness depends on their insensitivity. Following the lead of their goddess they chain themselves with iron. Both Plutus and Poenia expose and stunt, while they pretend to nourish. In contrast to the imagined "Loves Hesperides" (946) that Charles and his maskers come to enter and enjoy, the garden they promise is loveless and poisoned by want.

Momus speaks to both these powers as a familiar spirit. He advises Plutus to be more careful of his company and suggests that he may have a better chance "next Sessions" (572). As a perpetual novice

lawyer and politician he is continually thinking of the next Sessions. Though Jupiter has resolved that this is to be the last, Momus views his resolve as a political promise, which, like Jupiter's too strict reforms, is not likely "to bee observed long." And so it is with his advice to Poenia and Tiche. He lets the three of them in to the familiar circle of his knowledge, a circle bounded by the concerns of the earth. Mercury, on the other hand, takes higher and higher ground in his refutations and ends by leaving the earth, altogether. He speaks from an increasing distance to these powers of earth, the rich and poor, fantastic and "pleasant" relations of Momus.

Mercury in his denunciation plays on the appearance and lives of Poenia's minions. In them he sees how poverty "degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense" (650) to "that unnaturall stupidity/ That knowes nor joy nor sorrow" (654-55). He pictures her as a Gorgon turning men to stone. He begins to revel in the sound of his words, citing the high codes the best men live by:

Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound (661-63).

His voice reassumes the power it had at his entry, a power that had been quieted and controlled by Momus. Against the most powerfully binding of all spirits he asserts boundlessness. Against the spirit of necessitated restraint, he asserts excess. He acts out Jonson's doctrine that masques are "the donatiues," the instructive gifts, "of great Princes, to their people," expressing their magnanimity.⁷ In the full career of his rhetoric, he assumes that since Charles's virtues only admit of excess, his coffers must follow suit. For is not the masque

the visible indication of the union of virtue and wealth?

"High Expenses," wrote Garrard to the Lord Protector of Ireland "they speak of 20,000 that it will cost the Men of Law"--for their masque The Triumph of Peace presented just before Coelum Britannicum. "Oh that they would once give over these Things, or lay them aside for a Time, and bend all their Endeavours to make the King Rich! For it gives me no Satisfaction, who am but a looker on, to see a rich Commonwealth, a rich People, and the Crown poor."⁸ His letter gives the lie to the masque's fiction, at the same time as it points the relevance of its debate. In the confines of his earthly kingdom Charles was pinched for money. Plutus is too haughty a god, and Lady Poenia is too familiar a specter.

In Lo Spaccio Fortuna is so powerful among the pretenders that the gods are forced to grant that she has as many seats as there are stars. Giove recognizes in her the dispenser of the fate of transmutation he fears and reverences. As she enters the heavenly court she hears the gods' teeth chatter as they fear for their positions. In her speech she glorifies herself as the true power behind the machinations of eternity, and her opening speech is several times longer than Ricchezza's and Povertà's combined. She turns aside all the objections of the gods, including Mercurio's weak argument that in men's mouths Fortuna often means only "uno incerto evento de al cosa; la quale incertezza a l'occhio de la providenza e nulla."⁹ But she responds that she has nothing to do with what mortals say. Like Dante's blessed figure, she is the executrix of God Himself.

For Bruno Fortuna is a strong god, but for Carew Tiche is a weak phantom. Though he borrows much of her speech directly from Lo Spaccio,

his Mercury dismisses her with reasons that Bruno had dismissed as trivial. The difference between the two men's regards for the powers she represents may have been due to their different positions with respect to her gifts. Carew was secure in his position in Charles's Court; Bruno was, at the time of his writing, an exile, about to be forced out of yet another country. Bruno might have compensated for his misfortunes by seeing God's handiwork in the turnings of his wheel of life. But more significantly, the difference between the two figures points to an essential difference between what they and their companions represent in Bruno's and in Carew's work. Bruno's figures are allegories of his metaphysical ideas. Fortuna for Bruno is the representation of his essential idea of the world's transmutation. Conversely, Carew's figures are representatives of the earthly desires of men. Like the unbodied vices Mercury purges from the heavens, their thrones are erected "in the Appetite" (356). They are directives for the essential drives of mankind, as they would appear framed in the windows Lucian's Momus would have placed in men's chests.¹⁰ In the substantial company of Plutus and Poenia, of hard-won possession and starving want, Fortune is merely a phantom, a trick of the mind, and so Mercury commands her,

Vanish from hence, and seeke those Ideots out
That thy fantastioke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd (753-55).

Most of the world sweats for gold or trains itself to endure want with some semblance of reason, but only fools wait for fortune and complain of her gifts. In Carew's view men are often enslaved by Plutus or imprisoned by Poverty, but the followers of Dame Fortune, who stake the "Right of Kings" and "the revolutions of Empires" in the game of war,

are dangerously deluded.

Plutus, Poenia, and Tiohe in turn present orderings of human desires that rule the earth and mock the true God's order. They dominate men's minds with alternating strategies of indulgence and renunciation. Their power over men's minds and bodies culminates in the power of Hedone, Pleasure herself, the necessary end of all indulgence and of all renunciation. In Carew's masque, as in his poems, she is the central conjuring power. The action of Coelum Britannicum hinges about her entry. Her expulsion turns the antimasque into the main masque.

In most masques the action is transformed by a flashing out of music and light in which the chief maskers are revealed. In Coelum Britannicum, as in Milton's Comus, performed later in the same year, the action turns about a central temptation. The tempters, Hedone and Comus, are alike in what they appear to offer. Mercury and the Lady are allied in refusing "the faire cup, where deadly poyson lurkes" (812). The light of the Lady's chastity has its reflex in the married chastity of Charles and Mary, and in the performances of both masques the Egerton brothers danced their recognition of those lights. But as I hope to show, the two masques not only share "complications" and actors, but they also share concerns common to both Court and Country, concerns about the place of human love and sexuality in the natural and divine order of the world.

Hedone calls that order in question with the whole force of her sex--a force she manipulates under the cover of her words. She never mentions sexual pleasure explicitly, yet by continually directing her audience's attention to it, she keeps it as her drawing card. Overtly she represents all the pleasures of the senses. As Professor Joseph

Summers has observed, she presents in her speech a philosophy of "simple sensuous hedonism."¹¹ But to believe that this is all that she is is to miss the continual innuendo of her words and presence, the innuendo Mercury catches in labeling her a wanton at her entrance, and finally branding her a Circean witch. With her words she continually leads her listeners to her "delicious Palace" (770), invites them to reach her "soaring pitch" (780), to consider how lavishly expensive her "choycest pleasures" (796) might be. There is no mistaking her meaning, especially for an audience versed in a poetry that continually uses these terms to describe sexual consummation.

Hedone wears the "light lascivious habit" (757) of the classical Voluptas, as she is pictured in Silius Italicus, where she plays for the soul of Scipio,¹² or in Xenophon, where she invites Hercules to forget the mountain of Virtue and follow her.¹³ She had appeared earlier in Jonson's masque Pleasure Reconcild to Virtue, as Virtue's "noted opposite." There she greeted the dancers, led out of "aged Atlas" for a holiday by the newly created Prince of Wales. It was Charles's first performance as chief masker.

Reconciled and subordinated to Virtue in Jonson's masque, Pleasure is both silent and harmless. Virtue trusts her acolytes with her for one night. As Jonson's Mercury explains to Hercules, to the Prince of Wales and his attendants

She gives an entraunce to the Hesperides,
Faire Beuties garden: Neither can she feare
They should grow soft or wax effeminat here,
Since in hir sight, & by hir charge all's don,
Pleasure ye servant, Vertue looking on.¹⁴

There can be no such trust in Coelum Britannicum. Hedone presents her

services to the audience, but not as a servant. Led by Charles the maskers come out of "old Atlas" (942) again in Coelum Britannicum, but only after it is made sure that Pleasure will not be able to charm their senses into submission to the earth.

In Carew's masque Hedone's power lies in her ability to manipulate her sex with no strong Virtue looking on. In place of the "goddess in a long white robe"¹⁵ of Jonson's masque, there is only a dubiously accredited "Cyllenius." Against the pervasive syrenic appeal of Hedone's sex, he can only shout names. He has none of the assurance of Jonson's figures of Heroic Virtue or of the majestic Reason who comes to quell the riot of the passions in Hymenai by calmly explaining the meaning of it all; for Carew there are no figures to do that calm explaining. I think this is ultimately because Carew did not share Jonson's assurance in the practical power of such figures. When Eternity does come in the end of Carew's masque in the dress and pose of Jonson's Reason,¹⁶ he comes as a part of a transcendent world clearly marked off from the world of stubborn fact depicted in the antimasques. Jonson's Reason brings a lamp and a bright sword to the masque. Carew's Eternity brings only a circuminvolved snake, the symbol of endless, self-enclosed process.

Hedone, like the figures that preceded her, tries to distort the perspectives of the audience, by making herself, through the ultimate pleasure she offers, the center of human experience. It is the job of Right Reason to put her in her place and to vindicate God's order. But there is no Right Reason in Carew's masque, and God's order, far from being immediately bright and sharply apparent as it is for Jonson, is obscured by clouds, involved in mystery, and precariously close to fantasy. All that we have is Mercury, the representative of the Jove

of fallen nature, desperately and comically trying to right itself. All that Mercury can do against Hedone's twisting of perspective is to twist it just as hard in the opposite direction. It is very much in his power to do this, for like the Augustan writers his language foreshadows, his discourse is strongest at the opposite and yet conjoined poles of satire and sentiment.

Mercury's catching at Hedone's peddling her sex and making it the target of his satire, is not so much the result of his superior insight as it is the result of the unreclaimed bent of his mind. He has perpetually seen the issues of the masque in terms of sexual virtue and vice. Jove's "crimes" left generally vague in Lo Spaccio, are specifically "incests, rapes, adulteries" (76) in Mercury's account. Jove's shame is for his sexual misdeeds alone; in Bruno, it is for all of the rotten customs of corrupt hierarchy. Mercury's first instance of the power of gold is its ability to force virgins. The opposite pole is his adulation of Charles and Mary's chastity. Momus' mind, too, turns on the fact of sex. But he continually reduces it to the level of a dirty story. Again, perhaps this is a necessary counterbalance to Mercury's inflated overseriousness. This tilting of distorted perspectives is no replacement for Jonson's calm Reason or Milton's bright Heaven. Yet this and a few noticeably tense dreams of peace are all that Carew has.

His figure of ultimate pleasure is akin to Spenser's Acrasia, and like her, draws power from the distortion of proper loving. To understand her we have to know exactly what it is she distorts. According to Spenser's conventional Renaissance synthesis in his Hymne to Love, Love is first a desire, innate in us as we are creatures and a part of

all God's earthly creation, to propagate our kind. But we are not simply part of earthly creation. We are composite creatures, and so the choosing of a mate is not as simple for us as it is for the animals. As part of our heavenly creation we have a longing for lasting beauty which is unalterably connected with our desire of loving. Our desire is most stirred by the apparition of that beauty. As Spenser puts it, beauty kindles love in "generous desyre" (HL, 187). We want always to want, and always to have the object of our want, the apparition of that beauty, incarnate before us. But the object of our want is another person, composite as we are, and our want can only be satisfied in the formation of a proper and lasting human relationship. Regarding the person merely as a possession (however beautiful) reduces pristine desire to "will," turns love to lust.

Here is where the discipline and trial of courtship comes in. Courtship is the testing ground for that one-to-one relationship. It is the formative time for gentleness and regard. Courtship is part of that journeying towards another's soul that D.H. Lawrence describes in his letter to T.D.D.¹⁷ Lawrence saw the process of loving as a kind of grail-quest. He was in essential agreement with Spenser and with all the courtly poets before him that described the difficult journey towards the paradise of their lady's grace. The journey ends, for Spenser, in a "Paradize of all delight" (HL, 280-281). Through Venus's bounty, the lovers, at their meeting and marriage,

...lie like Gods in yuorie beds arrayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd,

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyed of guilty shame,

After full ioyance of their gentle game,
 Then her they crowne their Goddessse and their Queen,
 And decke with flowers thy altars well besene. (HL,286-94)

Spenser's Pleasure is the daughter of the late marriage of Cupid and Psyche, of the pristine desire of the body and the soul's longing for the beauty of heaven. She comes as the consummation and crown of proper loving.

Carew, too, sees loving first as kindled by beauty in generous desire, and in its course as a proving of relationships in a journey towards "a Paradise within." But what is basic truth to life for Spenser often proves a deluding fiction for Carew. He continually sees that pristine desire may be a mask for will to power, that the proving of relationships may be a sadistic game, that Paradise may be a short term offer, as in "A deposition from Love," "atchiev'd with labour, and unrest," only to be hastily "forc'd to depart." But then, as C.S. Lewis would have observed, he writes from the House of Busyrane.

Carew's Hedone impersonates Spenser's Pleasure. She comes as a queen, garlanded with roses like all Classical lovers. A rainbow circles her head and touches her shoulders, an emblem of the covenant of peace and renewed life. But those of the audience who had read Cesare Ripa's Iconologia would know that the roses and rainbow of Piacere are equally symbols of evanescence. The roses fade as soon as they bloom, and the rainbow, "bellezza apparente dei cose mortali," the apparent beauty of mortal things, disappears almost as soon as it comes into being.¹⁸ In her appearance and in her words Hedone is intentionally deceiving. For all men that share in Adam's fall and so must trust their wit to Mercury and Momus, she is Acrasia masking as Phaedria, Circe masking as Calypso. Instead of crowning completed relationship she

attempts to short out all relation that might have developed in courtship. She becomes the goddess of lovers only to make them her chattel. She seems to stand for the simple and pristine life of the senses, but she reveals herself as a way of spending that life which is tyrannous and ultimately destructive. Her true counterpart in Spenser is Pleasance, the companion of Displeasure in the House of Busyrane. "Chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,/As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad" (F.Q.IV,xii,18-19), she precedes the spectacle of Pain in the masque of Cupid.

This is the way that Mercury finally names her, but it is not the way she first appears. She comes as a welcome spring after the grave and wintry figures of Plutus, Poenia and Tiche. Momus introduces her as "the sprightly Lady Hedone, a merry gamester" (762-63). He is delighted with her presence. He loves games himself, especially those she plays. "This people call her Pleasure" (763), he adds, both to make her identity clear and to point out her special liaison with the Court. His introduction, however, is slyly ambiguous. In certain contexts "gamester" can mean "whore," and "pleasure" can mean simply sex, as when a man has his "pleasure" with a woman. This sense would be especially apparent to Mercury and his audience.

Hedone insinuates herself into the favor of the "equal Iudges" (764) before her, using words "clothed in reason's seeming garb." She begins by imitating Reason, as later she comes to pose as Genius and Concord. She uses arguments based on the first book of the Nicomachean Ethics,

Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase Pleasure (767-69).

She juggles terms from Aristotle's discussion of what the highest good is:

...both the multitude and persons of refinement speak of it as Happiness (eudaimonia), and conceive "the good life" or "doing well" to be the same thing as "being happy."...Ordinary people identify it with some obvious and visible good, such as pleasure or wealth or honor...The Life of money-making is a hard kind of life, and clearly wealth is not the Good we are in search of, for it is only good as being useful, a means to something else.¹⁹

By qualifying "good" with the words "simple" and "reall" she insinuates that any good beyond the "obvious and visible" is not to be trusted. Other goods, including Plato's contemplative kalon and Aristotle's active eudaimonia are by implication sophisticate and fanciful. In place of eudaimonia she attempts to sell herself. Many of her terms suggest market transactions. The "Meanes" must be had to "purchase" pleasure. It is not to be "rank's 'mongst the superfluous goods." (789). Here "goods," plural is close to "goods," singular, and ranked according to demand. Finally she asks her audience to set a "rate" for her "choycest pleasures" (796). All this points to the consistent idea of selling which culminates in her exemplum of Lysimachus selling himself for a drink of water.

Her speech, which begins as a legal and ethical argument, rapidly turns into a siren's song with the mention of her "delicious Palace," where all paths lead, and where, by implication, they end in a cul de sac. "I am the Gole,/The journeyes end, to which the sweating world,/And wearied Nature travels" (772-74), she chants, calling the travelers to rest, parodying the call of the Messiah. Turning a cry of despair to the purposes of her come-on, she tells her listeners, "Beyond me nothing is" (772).

She covers her claims with reference to the authority of the

Epicureans and defends herself by attempting to discredit the Stoic and Cynic refutations of Epicurism. She follows popular opinion in identifying Epicurus' philosophy with Aristippus'. Yet the force of her plea seems to depend on making a distinction between the two: No man in the audience could consider the Epicurus-Aristippus composite as "best and wisest," (774) but many were beginning to rediscover the power of the original Epicurus. Her argument depends on transferral of values, both here and in her invocation of "Nature." For when she argues that the Stoic life is contrary to nature, the force of her argument depends on her listeners' valuing nature as the Stoics did. But she appeals to an entirely different nature from the one to which the Stoics subordinated their lives. Her idea of nature is "what you will" rather than the Stoic "what wills you." She identifies nature with the grounds of her "delicious Palace."

Hedone attempts to discredit the Stoics and Cynics with sly innuendoes about their personal life. With them it was a case of the fox and the grapes, she claims. They wanted the means (both wealth and power) to attain her best pleasures, so they naturally attempted to ruin her reputation. She passes over the obvious counter-example of Marcus Aurelius to leer at Diogenes "in his Tub" (787). There, in privacy, he proves himself a hypocrite. Her arguments are incapable of proof. They depend on arousing the appetite for detraction latent in her listeners. Like Momus she pretends to know what these "upright" men really were in the flesh.

If Hedone's attempt to imitate Reason breaks down in devious play on her listeners' emotions, her pose as Genius and Concord has stronger support. She claims to be Genius in both senses of the word. "My necessary offices preserve/ Each single man, and propagate the

kind" (790-91). She is both guardian spirit and god of generation. As she speaks she spreads the net of her influence to include every facet of men's lives, from their births to the selling of their birth-rights. But with the mention of that final sale she reveals herself completely.

Tell me what rate my choycest pleasures beare,
 When for the short delight of a poore draught
 Of cheape cold water, great Lysimachus
 Rendred himselfe slave to the Sythians (796-99).

The cheapest rate at which her services may be had is slavery. Her services are not those of Venus genetrix but of Venus meretrix. Distorted into the supreme goal and end of life from her natural position as necessary companion, Pleasure calls the tune to the forced dance of the body. Her magic is contained in the power her worshippers give to her as their idol. At any time she may switch the sacrificial price tags on any of the objects in her delicious palace, arrest her devotees as debtors, and sell them into slavery. When she calls forth her "subtle Organs of delight" (805), it is to charm the eyes and ears of her courtly audience, to cajole them into taking the cup of Circe.

All this points to the false temptress in Hedone, which the audience should recognise. Yet their recognition would make her none the less tempting. She offers a seemingly simple solution to life. Fulfillment in the body, complete sensual gratification as the end of life. "What ever pleaseth lawfull is." Life is in the moment. Paradise is at hand. If it were only that simple! She leaves out all of the difficult business of human relationship. She offers each man a vision of himself as a pristine Adam, walking in the garden of his body, noting "the curious structure" of its seats and marveling at "the art and beauty"

of its "several objects" (800-801).

But the vision is as false as the garden is fallen. Carew's Mercury knows he has to destroy it as surely and completely as Guyon destroys Acrasia's garden. He does it with a paroxysm of knotted metaphors sounding more like exorcism than reasoned argument. He has to identify pleasure with pain, and to shed both in his attempt to get back to heaven. It is the necessary prelude to Charles and Mary's stellification, the only way they can get out of time and into the hands of eternity. The movement of the masque parallels the development of thought at the end of Milton's "on Time":

Then all this earthly grossness quit
Attired with stars, we shall forever sit
Triumphing over Death and Chance and thee, O Time.

Charles and his Court must be quit of the earthly grossness of Hedone before they can be properly attired with stars.

This necessity is what directs Mercury's attack. He does not attack Hedone's obviously faulty logic, or her obliviousness of human relationship, or her gross oversimplifications of living. Instead he concentrates on dissecting the nature of pleasure itself. To prove the paradox that pleasure is so closely allied to pain that it is pain, he presents three compact allegorical emblems. First he pictures pleasure as a beautifully decorated cup, inviting even to the brim, which is honied to insure that the first taste of its contents will be sweet. But the drink is "deadly poyson" (812). Then he switches perspective. "Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round" (813). The concave of the cup becomes the confines of Hell. The sorrows "dance" there to mock themselves, and they dance in continual circuit, mirroring the circuit

of cunning artifice with which Pleasure circles her cup. The cup represents life given over to a perpetual round of pleasure, life that poisons itself from within. Second, Mercury imagines pleasure as a fragile shell surrounded by pain that at every moment threatens to puncture or crush it. His words recall the image of the body surrounding the soul as a shell, broken in death. Even pleasure that does not seek artfully to perpetuate itself is continually threatened by pain and must finally be crushed in pain. His third picture involves the specter of death even more explicitly.

Griefe is the shadow waiting on shy steps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'rds their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature (815-18).

Mercury sees Hedone not as true having, but as fierce wanting, posing as having. Her wanting is sharp edged. It is a constriction in the throat which is so insistent and strong that it strangles itself. She is pain because she is dominated by the necessity to avoid pain. Pain encompasses her and infests her substance. So substance and shadow are both pain. She is ruled by prying self-consciousness. Compulsively gorging, she chokes. Thinking of her end, she panics. Joy is the sun of life which is always setting, always leaving her to more and more of the darkness which is pain. Here Mercury speaks a contemptus mundi complete with reminders of death, finally discrediting any possibility of simple delight in earthly pleasures.

In this exorcistic sermon of Mercury's Professor Summers sees Carew's renunciation of the hedonistic philosophy that dominated his poetry.²⁰ To account for the vehemence and dramatic power of the speech, which sets it apart from the tenor of the dialogue in the masque, he

feels it necessary to assume that here the creator becomes part of his creation. I think there are other ways to account for the peculiar force of the speech, ways that set the speech back in the context of the masque and allow us to see it as a subordinate part of the masque's functioning.

The main function of the masque is to celebrate the life of Charles and his Court. But the speeches of the four powers seem to derail the celebration. There can be no celebration of life when its basic facts are being called in question. In her book The Court Masque, Enid Welsford compares the masque with the romance. In the romance, she writes, "life is regarded as something to be expressed rather than analyzed, experienced rather than understood, enjoyed rather than reformed."²¹ In order to arrive at the celebration of the revels, the masque must follow suit. But exactly the reverse happens in Coelum Britannicum up to the time of Mercury's refutation of Hedone. The attempt to express, experience, enjoy, has been effectively stifled by the criticisms of Momus and the speeches of the four self-promoted candidates for heaven. The audience has been invited to take stock of the fictional situation, to analyze and to judge. The proposed celebration is stopped and its pretenses looked into in one of the longest scenes in the history of the masque form, a scene of ruins beneath a darkened sphere. In the course of the scene the audience, which includes the would-be revellers, is reminded of the power of gold, the prevalence of poverty, the delusions of fortune. "Sprightly Lady Hedone" appears seemingly to bring relief, but she brings chaos instead. Her meaninglessly relative ranking of pleasures, the split between her words and her intentions, her sustained insinuation that after all nothing is really real but the thrill of the moment, seem

at last to accomplish Momus' purpose of grounding "Ioves Ambassadour" and his proposed masque. All this predetermines the function of Mercury's speech. It must dramatically counter the downward tendency; it must stop the mouth of the antimasque characters; it must clear the way for celebration. This is the job of satire. Rather than true confession, this is what Mercury's speech is. It is a piece of artfully directed satire, satire well aware of its function; it must exaggerate vice in order to explode it.

Mercury's tirade against Hedone is made to work in the masque. Silenced, Momus leaves the stage after Lady Hedone. The celebration of the masque can begin all over again, but not as if nothing had happened. What has unalterably happened is that the celebration has been forced to become a fiction that must be maintained in spite of the real state of the world. Ordinarily, the revels are engrossing, self-contained and freely licensed fantasies. The daily identities of the revelers merge for a night with their role in the revels. James becomes Neptune, or Buckingham a gypsy and the world is let slip. It will be sure to be back again in the morning. But in the making of the "British Heavens" the world very loudly claims a part. It must be silenced and sent off, much as Charles had attempted to silence religious controversy and had sent off Parliament, when it seemed, like the antimaskers, to be claiming all power for itself. Because Coelum Britannicum mimes political history and becomes in itself a political statement about the personal rule of King Charles, the world cannot be let slip. It must be ruled into order. The awareness of this necessity puts a constant strain on the celebration. It must be continually justified. The meaning of the celebration cannot simply manifest itself within, it must be continually asserted without. It cannot simply be; it must mean.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF ATLAS

When Momus the mocker leaves the stage of Coelum Britannicum, as defiantly indecorous as he enters, the King and Queen no longer dazzle and shine. No longer are they pictured as "bright glourious Twins" (48), centers of light and obedience, sources of "pure refined influence" (103) that quenches the "rebell flame" (59) in heaven and on earth. The "rebell flame" has been too clearly seen undimmed in the temple of Plutus and the palace of Hedone. Far from directing the proceedings of the antimasques with their bright blaze, the King and Queen were made its captive spectators. Now, as Mercury explains to them,

... your Actions plead,
And with a silent importunity
Awake the drousy Iustice of the gods (844-46).

In spite of Mercury's dwelling upon "acts" and "deeds," his language puts Charles and Mary in a passive position. Instead of their actively succeeding to the "most eminent and conspicuous point" (92) in the new heavens, they are to be molded to stars and fixed "in the Spheare" by "the sacred hand of bright Eternitie" (863). Eternity is the brightness beyond them that will come to take them out of time. Mercury makes no mention now of their influence beyond the circle of the Court. And it does not seem to matter whether they be pole-stars or not. He assures them only that they will be at last "to that secure fix'd state advanc'd" beyond the "labouring world" (853). What started as celebration of life and unending power over a willing earth merges here with premonitions of death and final deliverance. In the perspective of the antimasques,

the earth is seen to be ruled by the power of riches and driven by never-ending want. In turn it is dark, entrapping, deluding, enslaving. It cannot and does not flow with "cheerefull, loyall reverence" (54). In this perspective Charles and Mary are to take part in a privileged escape, out of the cave of Mammon, the cell of poverty, the dark obscurity of fortune, the den of sensual pleasure. From secular assertion the masque moves towards religious redemption. In the effort to make the masque mean, Carew reaches for the world's final meaning.

But the attempt at religious underpinning is to separate the revelers even more from the context of the world they are supposed to rule. Their increasing separation is reflected in the changing ways in which that world is seen from the circle of the lighted stage. Before the opening of the main masque the half-god Mercury calls the King and Queen's attention to the "labouring world,/ Wading through streams of blood" (854-55), sweating to aspire to the place Eternity has reserved for them. He sees the world in the terms offered by the antimaskers; it is composed of soldiers and workers, whose bloody yet purposeful activities are seen from a safe distance. In the final song of the true god Eternity the distance is made immeasurably greater. The world is seen as a "toying Presse" (1118), or alternately, a "panting Rout" (1123). Its figures lose all human features and all power of self-direction. They become "th' incertaine tide" (1126) of human change. "Panting," "toying," "incertaine," these adjectives seem necessary there to alert the King and Queen that what they will guide with their "resistlesse influence" (1125) is some sort of erring humanity. Separated from its religious context, this seems inexcusable arrogance. But so, separated from the context of Charles's strong religious convictions, do many of

his acts appear. In the masque arrogance is countered both by the continual reminders of mortality and the conspicuously fragile intensity of its final wishes. The central power of its final vision comes from the paradoxical combination of a fantasy of personal and political fulfillment with an extended memento mori.

At the turning of the masque the dead are given new life. As "rude/ And old Abiders here," they are called from "those shades where dwells eternall night" (870-75). Later their place is taken by "moderne Heroes" (859), who come from the "stony entrailles" of "the cradle and the tombe/ Of British Worthies" (936) to be again in act "what ever elder times can boast" (860). It has been suggested that the original "momeries" from which the masque derived were visitations from the dead ancestors of the living.¹ If so, Coelum Britannicum is very close to its primitive sources. Mercury points to the connection between the King and Queen and the revived men, and tells the royal pair to view in them "the point from which your full perfections grew" (872). Before Charles and Mary "remove" from the earth they are invited to see themselves as a final flower on a stalk growing out of the darkness.

This last "Antimasque," the dance of ancient Picts, Scots, and Irish, is really not a part of the antimasque actions. It is directly connected to the main masque both by its relation to the celebrants and by the fact that the main dance of the maskers is performed against the same scene: "mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds which past beneath them" (878-79). The ancient "naturall Inhabitants" (881) of the three kingdoms come out of the dark woods at the mountain's base to dance a "Marshall dance" (882). They represent, I believe, the unformed past, the chaos of men in the state of nature such as Seneca describes

in Epistulae 14², before Plutus or Hedone had come into their own. In this transitional scene the world seems to be starting again. On the stage these primitives are to be succeeded by Druids, then by the Arthurian heroes, bringing in the successive stages of civilization. But Mercury emphasizes the fact that these were men, also. Like Charles and his courtiers, they "breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowery Earth" (874).

They form, we are told, "a more grave Antimasque," (881) but the comparative is left hanging. The antimasque with which it invites immediate comparison is the dance of Fortune's soldiers. It, too, imitates war. But it is "more grave" because it is probably both musically slower and thematically sadder and more serious than the antimasque of Fortune. Fortune had presented war as a cruel game of "warlike Squadrons" (713) contending in pitched battle, like the armies of ants that follow Plutus and live under Poenia. But Mercury's introduction prepares the audience to see these Picts, Scots, and Irish as men, perhaps as the forgotten heroes Horace mentions, "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" (Odes 4.9). As "naturall Inhabitants" they are not at all the regimented mercenaries of Fortune. They dance a defense of their lands and lives, not a battle to "dispute the Right of Kings" (714). It is implied that Charles's title comes from this sort of "grave" history, not from the sort taken from Fortune's urn. Perhaps too, the dance is meant to comment on Charles's politics of peace; the peace England enjoys was won by such true wars, and should not be risked in the chaotic wars of Fortune consuming the continent.

The practical occasion for this strangely isolated "antimasque" may have been the necessity for musical diversion, during which the King

and his attendants could leave the state to prepare to come on the stage as maskers. As a "King's masque" Coelum Britannicum is unusual in that it allows the King to see and hear the antimasque from the state. The two previous Caroline King's masques for which we have transcripts, Loues Triumph and Albion's Triumph address themselves solely to the Queen. They present the King to her and re-enact their marriage. They seem elaborate marriage ceremonies reflecting the King's newly kindled love. But in Coelum Britannicum the bridegroom is not kept waiting. At the beginning of the masque the married couple are at the center of attention. Since it is no longer the private meaning of their wedding that is to be celebrated but the public value of their marriage, they are together at the beginning to see the show. Yet Mercury's last words to them suggest that even when Charles has been taken up in the show's activity he will still be a spectator: "you shall see your selfe/ Circled with moderne Heroes" (858-59), or again,

... Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternitie
Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare. (862-64).

In Mercury's prediction Charles is to see himself dance, and to see his wife, whom he will lead from the state to dance, joined to him by Eternity and fixed in the sky. Charles is to witness the tale of himself, the play of his actions, in a way that suggests the experience of dreams. The dreamer sees himself move and respond, but it is not quite himself. He may at any time slip loose from his dream identity. When it is threatened he can remove from it, leave it at a safe distance. This is close to what actually happens in the main masque when the parallels with death seem too real and threaten the security of the celebration.

Even at its beginning, Mercury's words seem to single out the main masque's action as a waking dream.

Developing out of the past of ancient tribes and wild nature, the action of the main masque presents two visual emblems of life, the first earthbound, the second, transcendent. The first emblem rises out of the earth, "a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountaine" (884-85). Seated at the top of the mountain is the figure of Genius. Midway to the top are figures representing the three Kingdoms. At the base is a chorus of "Druids and Rivers." The seat of Genius is "pleasant and flourishing" (887). The place of the Druids is wild and craggy" (886). It will soon open, and out of a cave will come the maskers. The second emblem developes out of translucent clouds which obscure the stage after the revels are finished. The clouds break and reveal Eternity with Religion, Truth and Wisdom on one hand, and Concord, Government and Reputation on the other. But this vision of supernal order passes away "leaving behind it nothing but a sirene Skye" (1141-42).

The meaning of the emblem of the mountain is bound up in the song of the maskers' presentation, shared between the Genius, the Kingdoms, and the Druids and Rivers. In the song the mountain is called "old Atlas" (942). The audience had seen the figure of the Titan Atlas throughout the long antimasque section sustaining the old decrepit sphere of the heavens. But during Mercury's second address he vanishes. Here he rises out of the earth again, metamorphosed into a mountain. In Ben Jonson's Pleasure Reconcild "aged Atlas" is identified with the symbolic mountain of wisdom. Prince Charles and his maskers are "bred/ Within the hill/ Of skill" and must return at the masque's end

And there aduance
 With labour, and inhabit still
 That height, and crowne,
 From whence you euer may looke downe
 Upon triumphed Chaunce.²

At the end of Coelum Britannicum the maskers are already at the top and can smile "on the panting Rout/ That labour in the steepe ascent" (1123-24). Both poets probably have the concluding book of Ovid's Metamorphoses in mind:

...iuvat ire per alta
 astra, iuvat terris et inertī sede relictā
 nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
 palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes
 sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!³

But what is essentially secular in Jonson, the tough struggle of unaided men towards wisdom and virtue, is essentially religious in Carew. In Jonson the maskers are called away from the activity of perfecting themselves to revel in the Hesperides. In Carew the maskers are born again out of their cradle and tomb. They come to put on perfection in their joining with the ladies in what the Druids and Rivers call "Loves Hesperides." The Hesperides is only a place of resort for Jonson. It is the earthly paradise for Carew, the place of meeting before the journey through heaven. It is close to the "blissful isle" described by the attendant spirit in Comus, in the cancelled opening:

...the Hesperian gardens, on whose banks
 Bedew'd with nectar and celestial songs
 Eternal roses grow and hyacinth
 And fruits of golden rind, on whose faire tree
 The scaly-harness'd dragon ever keeps
 His unenchanted eye.⁴

It is somewhere intermediate between earth and heaven, "before the starry

threshold of Jove's court" and above "the smoke and stir of this dim narrow spot/ Which men call earth."⁵ Milton cancelled this particular description of the Hesperian gardens perhaps to allow Comus a freer reign in his temptation. It would have destroyed the appeal of the false good to have the true good so desirably set before us in the beginning. But he uses the myth of the Hesperides again in Paradise Lost as a type of the Garden of Eden. Here we can see the religious connections of the fable of the Hesperides and the mountain of Atlas that Carew is working with in the first song of the main masque. Rather than an emblem of the struggle for wisdom, Carew's mountain is an emblem of recovered Eden. The original Eden stood on such a mountain "more pleasant and flourishing" (889) at the top. But in its connections with the history of Britain it also approaches Shakespeare's "other Eden," and that "Paradise of four Seas,/ Which Heaven planted us to please," whose loss Marvell laments in stanza 41 of "Upon Appleton House." The English paradise that later both Cavalier and Puritan felt was lost is here full blown in the final fiction of Carew's masque.

But the vision of paradise the main masque presents is political as well as natural and historic. The three Kingdoms are subordinate to Genius in the same way that Mercury had pictured the "three warlike Nations" subordinate to Charles and Mary. They in turn command the reverence of the chorus of Druids and Rivers in the same way that Charles and Mary were said to command their people's reverence. The organization of this paradise is top-down. Genius knows, orders and directs; the Kingdoms understand and execute; the Druids and Rivers wonder, follow and affirm. They imitate the world of men, the microcosm of the three worlds. The Genius is the soul; the Kingdoms are the vital spirits;

the Druids and Rivers are the senses. All that remains is to identify Charles as the Genius of Great Britain and the head of the body politique. But this would be to revive the facile flattery of Mercury. The Genius is not Charles, but beyond him and closer to Heaven. The Druids and Rivers are certainly not Charles's subjects; they come from the remote past celebrated in Drayton's Polyolbion.⁶ Even the Kingdoms are not contemporary political entities. They are warrior-kings bearing their "ancient Armes" (891), the immediate inheritors of the strength of the "old Abiders" (871). Carew is careful to set the final visions of the masque at a distance from the contemporary world of political fact, enfolding the Court in a mythic past.

In the last masque that Charles was to dance as King of the three Kingdoms, Salmacidia Spolia, Davenant and Jones present him as "Philogenes," the lover of his people. In response to his apparent virtue the "Beloved People" are brought on stage to celebrate his reign. The chaos of the country is pictured in the antimasques, but is not allowed to disturb the genial wish-fulfillment of the main masque. Like the chaotic characters of Jonson's antimaskers, the rebellious Fury that opens the masque is insubstantial and can be dispelled by a simple calling to order. In contrast, the chaos that threatens Carew's fiction cannot be dispelled, only covered and stilled. And the "Beloved People" have no part in the final ceremony of union in Coelum Britannicum.) Instead the union is with the truth of history and nature in the first emblem and with the truth of Heaven in the second.

The tripart mountain presents a world before the fabled, a world still bearing the traces of unfallen nature, a world closer to the light of heaven. But in the course of the masque the light of heaven has been

darkened, and in the song it is replaced by the light of Queen Mary's eyes. In the earthly paradise re-created at the main masque's opening Mary takes the place of Beatrice and mediates between earth and heaven, because her light is, in Spenser's words, "parcell of the purest sky." (HL, 99) The conceit that makes the light of a woman's eyes the light of heaven was well worn long before Carew made it serve the purposes of his masque. It is a traditional poetic gambit and part of the usual course of praise and persuasion that the courtly love lyric runs. But its use in the masque is startling. A gesture of praise is made to become cosmic fact, and to bear all the weight of revealed truth. It is as if Carew, in his role as second maker, were letting the courtiers have exactly what they had asked for. "So, their mistresses' eyes dimm the stars, outshine the sun. Very well, the stars are gone. There is no sun. Henceforth live in that imagined light." Ladies and Queens had often taken the place of stars in masques, but never before under such apocalyptic conditions.

In the first song of Genius, the Kingdoms, the Druids and Rivers, Mary is made a new Eve, the queen of a newly created and genially responsive natural world. Genius, the god of the growing paradisaical world, calls the Kingdoms to raise their heads from the "rockie cliffs" (897) to the beauty before them, and asks them in turn to call the Druids and Rivers from places hidden in the earth. The song begins and ends by calling men forth from rock and darkness into light. It is a song of creation, a creation that is perfected by light. Each of the three levels of creation respond differently to the light. Genius comprehends its source, the Kingdoms interpret its effects, the Druids, with their "duller eyes" (912), at first are lost in wonder but soon come to connect the place of the light with the lost garden. "Hesperian fables true, /

If true, here only"--Milton's description of Eden (P.L. IV. 250-51) matches the sense of their wonder.

The new creation recognises Mary as the Queen of Paradise; the old had scarcely given her a glance. The new is full of responsive growth; the old was made of obdurate rock. Genius recognises Mary's place. Glory is in her protective gestures; Majesty in her sweet smiles. "Good and Faire" are one with her "Honour" (901). Nature and appearance, this world and the other world, join. Implicit worth gains instant recognition. Mary's life is no longer taken as a passive example to point a glozing moral, or to adorn a scurrilous tale. In re-created Eden her beauty and her love have true creative power.

The song moves from celebrating the light of her beauty to the power of her love. It repeats the course of Divine Love, Himself, when He took beauty as His pattern and made the world. Again, in the song, beauty kindles love in "generous desyre." But there is no need to hedge and safeguard love in the newly created world. Love takes care of itself. It needs no careful gardener to prune the growth, no watchful dragon to protect it from its enemies. The old, fallen world in which such care and protection was necessary has been cancelled. As in the central idyl of "A Rapture" Mary becomes "the Queene of Love, and Innocence,/ Beautie and Nature," and her paradise is secure because the old world is superceded. The old stars had shed malign influences which had to be resisted by active virtue, but

These shed a nobler influence,
These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent Vertue move,
These first feeble, then kinde love (919-22).⁷

Paradise is reclaimed by Mary's love, and, as Carew describes

it, that love is free of the usual hazards of earthly love. First, it is felt and not feigned; it always inspires equal love, "mutuall fire" (924). Like the Creator's love, Mary's brings love into existence and preserves it in its purity. It is free of the usual power plays of beauties who suspend relationship between love and disdain, loving only to mislead the lover. Instead, each lover knows his place before her. They are her "intelligencers." The law of her love comes instinctively. It does not need to be tested by the trial of courtship. In the new world of the song's vision there is no need for trial.

This first song of creation follows the course of loving, as it were, in Paradise, or close on its bounds. First comes the experience of beauty which stirs love, then the effort to understand the nature of that experience leading to a proper way of loving, finally the consummation and entry into Paradise. The second part of the process usually involved the difficult journey of courtship. But in the vision of the song the journey is not necessary. From the beginning all is assured. The lovers know each other's minds completely. Beauty always fixes on worth. The soul is in love with Virtue and courts its "amorous chaine" (930). It is not possible that that chain of love be an instrument of torture, for the House of Busyrane has been left behind, and the Temple of Venus thrown wide open for amorous war and triumphant entry.

In Spenser the Temple of Venus is always strongly guarded. The dragon always waits to protect the golden apples. When the doors of the Temple are awry, when the dragon's eyes are put out, something is dreadfully wrong. There has been a theft, a rape; someone has made a killing. The journey to the Temple must, in the nature of things, be hard. If we find it easy we are deluded into entering a false temple

that will finally violate our human nature. But in the vision of the first song the grace of the new creation allows us to cut that journey short and still reach the true Elixirium.

Carew's song diverges from Spenser's pattern of loving at the point where it merges with the fantasy of free access and instant enjoyment celebrated in "A Rapture." It comes in Genius' explanation of the nature of the amorous war. That war, as Genius explains it, is more like a decorous dance than a trial by combat.

Here the faire victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chaine,
Captives triumph, Vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine (927-32).

There is no contest here, and certainly no pain. Dying is only the way to a delightful second life. Memento mori seem totally submerged in a happy vision of sexual redemption. The slain are those than have suffered only "the little death." In the new paradise created about Queen Mary this redemptive grace is set free for the maskers. As the chorus recognizes,

These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon neare (933-34).

The golden apples, as the next part of the song makes clear, are "the ripe fruits of love" (940). The dragon is traditionally the guardian of young girls, as C.S. Lewis points out in his lecture on the false Cupid.⁸ Yet here the dragon is absent and the fruit is ripe and asks for the plucking. What for Spenser is necessarily always a theft, even though it were folly "to leaue the thing vndonne," (F.Q. IV.x.53) is a

necessary service in Carew; the "Heroes" must come so they "may lend/
Their hands to ease this loaden grove" (938-39). Carew summons up a
vision of an Eden where the command to cultivate the Garden follows close
on the command to be fruitful.

The opening song asserts this order of loving against the chaos
of the long antimasque section. True delight is separated from the
old world dominated by false pleasure; it is made the prerogative of
the King and Queen and those that follow in their footsteps. It happens
in a world essentially connected with nature and justified by ancient
ritual. In the song that world is very real, but in the succeeding
songs its meaning blurs, the pattern disperses, and the figures dissolve
into fictions. Reminders of death and fears for life return. The song
is the high point of the masque, its boldest and most perfect fiction.
It dissolves because there is nothing else for it to do. It has
pictured a golden place rooted in the past and yet out of time, where,
in Campion's terms, the "little light" of sexual union is perpetual and
"ever during night" revoked. It is simply impossible to stay there.

After the maskers are brought to light and dance their entry,
the natural world that called them into life collapses. Genius ascends
on a cloud and the mountain sinks and is hidden in the earth. "This
strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how
so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the
Stage, which was but six foot high" (968+71). The text brings us back
abruptly to the artifice of the masque. All puzzling over the meaning
of the emblem is for a moment resolved in the comic suggestion that its
meaning, its soul, is wood and painted canvas. It has all been a put
up job. As the scene collapses the Kingdoms, Genius and chorus sing

to each other. The Kingdoms ask the disturbing question occasioned by the collapse. What is to come of it all? Is the world really to be transcended? Is that not really equivalent to death? Questions in abeyance during the first song are forced into the open by the scene's shifting. Genius can only answer them by explaining that what was said was meant only as metaphor. But pointing the fiction calls the whole construct into question just at the point it is being seen as a construct. Genius' answers are obviously hasty patchwork. He counters question with question, then like Mercury he promises to return but never does.

The scene shifts again and the masque withdraws into self-conscious fantasy. For the meeting of the maskers with the ladies,

...the Scaene againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with severall walkes and perterra's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Tarraces planted with Cypresse trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might expresse a Princely Villa (1011-20).

The prospect is "cleane differing" from all the others because it presents nature artfully subordinate to humanity and given a specifically princely pattern after the Italian manner. Cypress trees had recently been naturalized in the south of England, but the word "villa" had not yet become current to describe an English country house. It pointed to the Roman Villa and the Italian Palace. The first emblem and song is authentically British--representing a northern re-creation of paradise, in contrast with the preceding destruction brought on by corruption of the old southern gods. When the garden of the Hesperides, the garden of the far West, intermediate between heaven and earth, is

finally visually realized, it turns out to have an imported southern form. In the "delicious" garden before the palace the maskers come to revel, but there is no fear that this is the palace Hedone mentions. All those traps have been sprung. The Revels are protected from those meanings by their elevation into the greater meaning of myth, history and true religion. Yet each of these is, in the course of the masque, turning into a tale.

The third song of the Chorus to the Queen is close to a reprise of the first song, but with most of its mythic connection turned to fiction. It celebrates the actual meeting of the lovers the first song promised. But the mythic roots of the first songs are largely forgotten. Ritual is replaced by romance. The acts of love creating the world become here "things rather feign'd then done." The language, which had been resonant with old meanings, turns to easy flattery. Mary is artfully apostrophized as "Bright Diety" (1028). Her "Halcyon beames" are needed to "becalme the ayre" (1029). (The occurrence of the word "Halcyon" indicates the poise between belief and make-believe the song manages for a moment before it dissolves in obvious play-acting.) The troop of heroes emergent from the earth is become a set of "the darlings of the Gods" (1024) and the phrase changes their status from self-raised sons of earth to sophisticated favorites. They have an in with the decadent southern pantheon. Their identities are uncertain, but that does not seem to matter here. King Charles is "Prince Arthur" or "St. George, himself," (1030) choose which you will. His identity as the British Hercules, the hero specially fit to enter the garden and gather the golden apples, is let slip. Masque identities here have no significance, they are merely incognitoes. The masque turns into a masquerade, and

pretense is enjoyed for its own sake. It is in spite of the masks, rather than by their means, that the men are known. The Queen is assured that beneath Charles's disguise, she will "soone discerne him." Identities are easily had:

...And we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought (1032-35).

For a moment the chorus seems to adopt the role of ballad vendor. The insistence on the word "true" serves to underline the fiction even more. Even if the truth of the Round Table were generally accepted by the audience, Guy and Beavis, the heroes of popular romance, had dubious claims to its membership.

The need for justification against the forces of the antimasques seems to have dissolved with the change of scene. The revellers at the Italian villa no longer have to contend with the "obdurate land" of England. Temples and shrines have replaced the mountains. We are in the clear and easy world of fine art that has made nature its handmaid. All is arranged in terms of the "prospect." In this world centered on art, the art of love takes over. The third song concentrates on the appearances of love while it obscures its nature. The careful understanding of the first song is sloughed off. In its place the chorus offers Ovidian instruction:

Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's seat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne langvage, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palme,
As Eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balme (1036-41).

This is the meeting of Mars and Venus at a full dress affair. They have, like Ovidian lovers, prearranged signs, a language of the palm which has all the advantages of secrecy. Both are skilled in love's language. The "tales of woe" are probably memorized beforehand. The formulas of love are all too neatly set together in the recommended answer. In everything the art that made it is showily revealed. The last stanza of the song turns the mystery of the amorous war to the purposes of flattering persuasion. Each beauty is made to feel that she is a resistless goddess. And what seems captivity is really personal triumph. "What heart is then secure from you,/ That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?" (1046-47). There is no idea of mutual transcendence, mutual fulfilling of desire, here. Instead the beauties are encouraged to congratulate themselves on having got the best of it.

The emblem of the natural order collapses and its doctrine dissolves in artful pretenses. Against Jones's Italianate backgrounds the maskers dance the Revels with the ladies. The maskers freely enjoy the image without being cozened into the belief that its fiction has any connection with the daily truth of their lives. There is, however, one last attempt at calling the revellers to account. At the end of the revels Eternity comes, and in his song all of the threats which the artful festivity had covered have to be finally answered.

The first solo of Eternity is probably meant to recall Genius' first song. In form it is the same; a series of tetrameter lines capped by a pentameter couplet. Its movement follows the movement of Genius' song. It draws attention to the King and Queen without having to address them directly, and calls an external world into orderly relation with the Royal pair, who are again seated on the state. But that world

includes infinitely more than the little world of the three Kingdoms; it takes in all space and all time. In Genius' song Mary was seen as a natural center of life and warmth. The Kingdoms, Druids and Rivers were asked to recognize her power and subordinate themselves to her in order that they might fulfill their own natures, be more fully themselves. In contrast Eternity commands the "rapid Orbes" to "be fix'd" (1086). He demands that nature stop its course altogether. Genius' song is an invitation to a pristine naturalness; Eternity commands all growing to stop, "since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth/ Is left for After-Ages to bring forth" (1095-96). In sum, because Charles and Mary exist, the world has no further need to. This is the opposite of Genius' argument that because perfect love is manifest in Mary, the world needs very much to live in her influence. The comparison shows Eternity to be the antithesis of Genius. He comes to cancel the world that Genius had called into being.

The Temple of Eternity replaces the time-bound Garden of the Hesperides. It has the advantage of being well protected, "secure from all disturbing Evil" (1119). For Carew, as we have seen, the garden is always short-lived, always open to invasion, always collapsing at the distractions of chance. Eternity provides a safety beyond the Garden but at the price of denying the Garden's life. This is what Wisdom, Truth, and Religion recognize in their response to Eternity's invitation to revel securely "for ever" in his Temple:

But oh you Royall Turtles, shed
 When you from Earth remove,
 On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
 Those sacred seeds of Love (1127-30).

They see Eternity offering Charles and Mary safety at the price of death.

Only then will they be above "th' incertaine tide" of human change (1126). Then only will they be as gods. Their response changes the masque's final perspective as suddenly and surely as Momus' entrance changed its opening. Charles and Mary are again abruptly reminded of their frailty. As "Royall Turtles" they are at once perfect, innocent and vulnerable. They must "remove" from the world, because they never really were meant to stay in it.

Once the song admits the claims of mortal nature against the apocalyptic commands of Eternity, images of growth return. Life on earth, as Spenser had seen, can only be "eterne in mutabilitie." Its eternity depends on the timely perfection of a night. So at the end of the masque the pattern of Donne's "Canonization," which had seemed in the offing, is quickly altered. The world is not well lost, but won, instead, by the lovers who are "by succession, made perpetuall" (F.Q.III.vi.47). Obscured by clouds Eternity passes "away overthwart the Sceane, leaving behind it nothing but a sirene sky" (1141). The descent of Eternity must have drawn attention away from the "farre off ...prospect of Windsom Castell" (1084) spread beneath that sky. But for the last dance of the maskers that prospect is fully revealed. It is at once emblematic, natural, and contemporary. It is Charles's emblem, the symbol of his place in the contemporary life of England and of his special concern for the past. As the text is careful to note, Windsor is "the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter" (1085), and Charles had made it part of his personal stewardship to strengthen and beautify that order. But also the prospect represents the last of the transformations of Atlas, as these lines from the 1642 version of John Denham's "Cooper's Hill" reveal:

So Windsor, humble in it selfe, seemes proud,
 To be the Base of that Majesticke load,
 Than which no hill a nobler burthen beares,
 But Atlas onely, that supports the spheres.

Denham is describing the hill on which the castle stands, a hill rounded and gentle as the form of a "late married Dame," when "nature quickens in her pregnant wombe."⁹ It is with Denham's sense of gentle and fruitful life supporting "Majestie" with yet Atlantean strength that Carew's masque means to end. In the course of the masque images of Atlas change from an oppressed old man, to a visionary mountain, to a gentle and present hill. The old man vanishes; the mountain collapses; but the hill remains to nurture a flowering race and secure its "Endlesse Succession" (1134).

CHAPTER VII

REST

The final vision of Coelum Britannicum is the creation of self-conscious fantasy which attempts to affirm a received order and connectedness against a world felt to be essentially disordered and chaotic. But the fantasy is taut with self-contradiction. In the verse letter "To my friend G.N. from Wrest," probably the last poem Carew wrote, a fantasy of order and connectedness completes itself, self-consciousness is allayed, and contradictions are resolved. The poem can be seen as a resolution of the characteristic tension of Carew's Court art, a resolution achieved by a final devaluing of its strategies. At Wrest there is simply no need for the poised art that covers chaos. The political life of the place, like its natural life, is self-sustaining, self-contained. In the security of that containment the antinomies of fiction and history, belief and pretence, ceremony and chance, lose all their urgency. The place of the poem in Carew's artistic experience and the place the poem describes become identified in the sound of its name.

Very little of this is true of Carew's earlier "country house" poem, "To Saxham." There the antinomies are in full force. Their presence is signaled by the fact that the poem describes the country house in winter. The order of society is threatened by winter scarcity and by the want and greed of the poor. There is constant need to explain and defend the ways of that society seen in an antithetical world. Oppositions between Saxham and its wintry surroundings are made into social contradictions in the poem's opening. Though all outside is "lock't" in frost and snow, still Saxham is blest "with plenty, far above

the rest" (14). The implication of "the rest" is made clear in the lines that immediately follow. "The season hardly did afford/ Course cates unto thy neighbours board" (15-16). Saxham enjoys all the blessings its neighboring farms do not. In a poor and cold place and time, Saxham is rich and warm. There is need to explain why Saxham has "daintyes," while the men around her, pressed by universal want, have "course cates."

The need for a defense is met at first with pleasing fictions, similes that explain how all of the best and choicest game ends on Saxham plates. That the sky is only Saxham's "Volarie" (18) is quickly posited and as quickly dismissed in favor of more poetic and less socially aggravating explanations.

Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow;
The Pheasant, Partiridge, and the Larke,
Flew to thy house, as to the Arke.
The willing Oxe, of himselfe came
Home to the slaughter, with the Lambe,
And every beast did thither bring
Himselfe, to be an offering.
The scalie herd, more pleasure tooke
Bath'd in thy dish, then in the brooke (19-28).

Saxham is, in turn, refuge, slaughterhouse, altar and reservoir to all animal creation. (The generality of "scaly herd" extends the bounds, variety, and numbers of fish.) Something like this happens in Jonson's "To Penshurst." But there the animals are counted and owned. The places where they are caught carefully named. And they do have to be caught! At Saxham it would seem no human hand need intervene. In contrast to Penshurst, at Saxham there is conspicuously no mention of the activity of dependents and servants about a central life-sustaining ceremony.

In Carew's fiction the unaided elements unite to bless Saxham House. The fire divides itself and warms every room, deriding "the

night, and cold abroad" (33). The house itself invites "all that wander in the night" (36). Welcome is "stamped" on each "cheerful brow" alike (44). All is perpetual in its outward appearance of content and welcome. Saxham becomes a house out of parable; it must welcome the Stranger or risk damnation.

...thy gates have bin
 Made onely to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they doe not feare
 To stand wide open all the yeare;
 Carelesse who enters, for they know,
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for theeves, thy bountie's such,
 They cannot steale, thou giv'st so much (51-58).

Prodigal charity becomes a defense against the cold, the poor, the thieves. Original doubt is turned aside not by straight answer but by fictions, Cavalier gestures, and a final pose of religious nonchalance.

The absence of names and of the men and women who own them and give them makes "Saxham" a counter to Jonson's "Penshurst." For in Jonson's poem the sense of proprietorship dominates. All there is owned and named, inspirited by the owners' history, character and needs. Penshurst is an accommodating natural realm ready to serve the needs of society and King. It is a paradise kept strictly in order by an art of placing and naming. In its bounds activity is fully human and centered in the ceremony of eating, the central ceremony that keeps the system of life in motion. In Jonson's description the whole is pulled together by the organizing intellect of a speaker who is continually cognizant of his relations to others. At Saxham, however, all relationship dissolves in a fantasy of self-service.

Wrest is closer to the natural society of Penshurst than the imagined artifices of Saxham. But like Saxham it lacks names and the

connections names give with the past; it lacks history, and most notably it lacks any wide relation with society or King. There is no sense of being able to come away from Wrest. At Penshurst Jonson sets himself in place. As one guest among many others--the King included--he resides and presides over his needs in a delightful little world before he returns to the great world. But Wrest is not seen as a world within the world, but a new world exempt from the chaos of the old. All reasons are against leaving.

Unlike "To Saxham" or "To Penshurst," Carew's poem is bound to a specific set of political events. Those events help to explain much of the poem's character. Carew is writing from Wrest Park, a manor in Bedfordshire. He has just been involved in Charles's abortive expedition against the Scots. This would make the time of the writing the summer of 1639. He writes to his friend G.N. who is following the King's favorite sport, a hunt.¹ I think it is probable that G.N. is with King Charles; it is certain that Carew is not. Carew has no evident wish to "keepe the memory of our Armes alive" (110) in this or in any other way. It is just as well, he writes in conclusion, to "enjoy myselfe" and "taste the fruit/ Of this blest Peace" (107-108).

The memory of the "Armes" that led to the Pacification of Berwick would have caused no delight. Faced with grim, determined Scots, the hastily assembled army of the King decided en masse it was best not to fight. In the cold spring they camped on the hills by the Tweed, while the Scots leaders and the King lied to each other. After the "Pacification," with which neither side was pacified, the King was welcomed back to London as a peace-making Caesar, who, in the words of the young Cambridge student Abraham Cowley, "when rude chaos for his

help did call,/ Spoke but the word and sweetly order'd all."² But many of the courtiers, Carew among them, brought from the Tweed memories of a "rude Chaos" unstilled, and unquietable by any sweet order of words. Later William Davenant was to incorporate the memory of the bad weather and bad feeling encountered on the Tweed as the stormy setting for what was to be Charles's last masque, Salmacidia Spolia.

As Carew describes them in the opening of his letter, the storms were part of no masque, but palpable realizations of the evil genius of the place.

I Breathe (sweet Ghibs) the temperate ayre of Wrest
 Where I no more with raging stormes opprest,
 Weare the cold nights out be the bankes of Tweed,
 On the bleake Mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
 And everlasting Winter dwells; where milde
Favonius, and the Vernall windes exilde,
 Did never spread their wings; but the wilde North
 Brings sterill Fearne, Thistles, and Brambles forth (1-8).

He begins with the expansive ease of his being at Wrest. The word "temperate" links both inner and outer weather, and contrasts sharply with the "raging stormes" of bitter emotion in the North. Nature and society join at Wrest to set men at ease rather than at odds. At last they can "breathe." The regularity and slow pace of the opening line, with its pause for a casual greeting, underline the sense of easy well-being. But memory quickly makes the rhythm jagged and jammed, so that in the third line of monosyllabic words, the first, third, fourth, and fifth words are all strongly accented. The regular action of breathing, unguardedly taking the air in, is made to contrast with the remembered tension of enduring, wearing out the "cold nights." Favonius, the god of spring quickening, has neither presence nor power in the North. To explain his absence Carew uses the word "exilde," again to link the

natural and political climates of the North. The Scottish men are a product of the place. "Fearne, Thistles, and Brambles" are their emblems. There is a hint of the cold and sterile sexuality of the men and of the land that formed them without the help of "milde Favonius." He gently influences growth. His wings cover and protect. But the North "brings" its children "forth" out of itself. In them it reproduces its own nature; hardy, rank, and sterile--grim, joyless soldiers.

At Wrest, however, Favonius and the warm winds that are his working are given full play. For Carew, after a period of forced desensitizing, comes a full and delightful sensing. The "wilde North" is set in opposition to the nurturing sexuality of the South:

Here steep'd in balmie dew, the pregnant Earth
Sends from her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And cherisht with the warm Suns quickning heate,
Her porous bosome doth rich odours sweate;
Whose perfumes through the Ambient ayre diffuse
Such native Aromatiques, as we use
No forraigne Gums, nor essence fetcht from farre,
No Volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate, but at Natures cheape expence
With farre more genuine sweetes refresh the sense (9-18).

Here, at Wrest, the mythic marriage of the heavens and the earth is fully realized, continually bringing forth an abundance of flowers. The births of the North, too, have their mythic relations, but with cast stones and dragon's teeth. Here hosts, multitudes, are produced; there only tangles. There is a sense of rich idleness and inconsequence in Carew's description of the natural happenings at Wrest, as in the way perfumes diffuse through "the Ambient ayre," that contrasts with the fierce intent and purpose of the North that can only "breed" tempests.

At first the poem seems a way of venting personal feelings against the Scots and against the conditions their nature forced on the

English. But in the talk of perfumes there is a hint of another theme, a theme which comes to dominate the poem. After the opening statements Wreth is contrasted not so much with the nature of the North as with a certain kind of art, an art of covering and embellishing nature, which draws close to the art of King Charles's Court. The disguising of bad smells with foreign substances, far fetched essences and adulterate compounds was a familiar metaphorical description of the art of courtly flatterers. In Donne's elegy "The Perfume," one of the comparisons of the working of perfume that he ticks off, seemingly by rote, is to Court art, which makes "things that seeme, exceed substantiall." Contrary to the needs of the Court and the city, at Wreth the smell of the earth suffices. That smell is not made over by art, because it has no need to be. It is elemental, plain, native, and, as Carew practically notes, "cheape." All this contrasts with the compound, ornate, foreign, and expensive art of the Court.

The connection between the Scots' rebellion and Court art comes directly from historical circumstances. Charles had attempted to force the use of a book of common prayer on the Scottish church. He felt that a uniform and satisfying religion would serve to unite his kingdoms. To the King the book was the realization of what his Archbishop liked to call the "beauty of holiness." But his Scottish subjects would have none of it. To them the book was an artful and insidious imposition on their freedom of thought and worship. So from the attempt to impose satisfying esthetic form, seemingly so successful at his Court, the King had raised a rebellion. In his work Carew turns from the facts of the Scottish rebellion to what is in effect a criticism of its causes in the English Court. His criticism takes the form of a celebration of

an alternate way of life, much as later Andrew Marvell explores the political disorder of the 1650's by praising the way of life of Lord Fairfax and his family at Nunappleton.

The full contrast toward which the poem moves, however, is not simply between the Court's art and Wrest's nature, but between the Court's art and a managing art which Wrest's nature, in all senses of the word, facilitates. In the poem the nature of the surroundings merge with the social arrangements of the house, ultimately its "hospitalitie." Everything about Wrest shares in the ability to cherish and warm.

Such pure and uncompounded beauties, blesse
This Mansion with an usefull comelinesse,
Devoide of Art, for here the Architect
Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
Of carved Marble, Touch, or Porpherie,
But built a house for hospitalitie;
No sumptuous Chimney-peece of shining stone
Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames, cherish and warme him here (19-28).

"Art" here refers only to the art that appeals to sight and to the pride of the eyes. It is a display of personal ingenuity which is meant to astonish and enmesh the viewers in speculation. This kind of art is excluded from Wrest. The place, as Carew describes it, is "Devoide of Art," emptied, almost purified. "An usefull comelinesse" takes the place of art that is useless though "fine." "Comeliness" does not refer to the kind of beauty that fills the eyes and provokes the mind to thought; rather it refers to the kind that proves immediately acceptable, perfectly comfortable, customary and right. It sets the mind at ease.

Carew contrasts the two kinds of beauty and the two kinds of art in the example of the chimney-piece. The piece provides entertainment for the eyes. It shines and imitates fire. But the fire of cold stone

is of no real use. Mental involvement with what it represents can be no real substitute for the necessary, physically involving warmth of the fire beneath. The suggestion is that this is what has too often happened. The owners of the "sumptuous Chimney-peece of shining stone" wish their guests to see it in its best light. This is definitely not with a distracting fire within that continually blackens its smooth surface. So they provide the guest with useless entertainment, while they are forced by their concern for the quality of that entertainment to neglect his real need for cheering, cherishing and warming. This has obvious application to the cold civility of the connoisseurs at Court. Wrest dispenses with the piece of shining stone and in its stead provides the real fire it imitates.³

The next lines carry through the rejection of the art of seeming, which depends on sight and excitement, for a world of sustaining fact.

No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
 With Imagery this structures naked face,
 The Lord and Lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, then seeme in sight;
 In stead of Statues to adorne their wall
 They throng with living men, their merry Hall (29+34).

The adorning grace of art is rejected in favor of the community of life it too often manages to replace. An instance of such bad management had come in Charles's attempt to free the surroundings of the crumbling face of the old St. Paul's of the clutter of habitations and chapels, so that his master architect Inigo Jones could carry through his scheme of honoring the gothic building with a striking Palladian facade, a pillared portico of gigantic proportions. But the Lord and Lady of Wrest are more interested in living faces than stone facades. They delight "to be in act," while those that delight to "seeme in sight"

retreat from action, close themselves off from the "throng" of "living men" and dwell in passive contemplation of the statues adorning their wall. This seems directly aimed at the connoisseur collectors of the Court, and Charles must be seen as chief among them.⁴ They come to find their life fixed in the statuesque positions they admire. In contrast with the poised and graceful chill of the Court, Wrest is confusingly alive; "living men" and "merry Hall" are made rhythmically identical. The rude sense of the verb "throng" dissolves all of the distance and delicacy of its courtly counter, "adorne."

As in "Penshurst" the central and most telling activity at Wrest is the meal. In his verse letter, Carew uses the description of the meal to set forth an ordering of society that is in constant flux, and implicitly contrasts it with the strict ceremonial ordering of the Court.

Where at large Tables fill'd with wholesome meates
The servant, Tennant, and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke, spun of a finer thred
Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplaine fed
With daintier cates; Others of better note
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coate
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the Lords Table, whose spread sides admit
A large accesse of friends to fill those seates
Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
Of choycest rellish, till his Oaken back
Vnder the load of pil'd-up dishes crack. (35-46)

The society that is described is essentially pyramidal and divided into three parts. At the top is the Lord; in the middle are the Women, Steward and Chaplain; and at the base are servants, tenants and neighbors. But social boundaries are confused in the continual mixing of ranks the poem describes. The top broadens out to include anyone who by his acts distinguishes himself "from the common." There are really but two

categories in this society; dependents and free spirits, and they can easily interchange. Many come to be simply "friends" and to sit in a capacious circle with the Lord. The phrase "accesse of friends" and its social implications for the Lord of Wrest contrasts tellingly with the phrase used to describe the symboling of the final vision of Eternity in Coelum Britannicum: "access of life w^{ch} his ma:^{ty} in ye most glorious place & forme with ye rest of ye stellified Masquers are supposed to impart."⁵ "Access of life" is provided for Charles by an encircling art which places him in a charmed captivity, isolating him from the problems of men. "Access of friends" is provided for the Lord of Wrest by an art of encircling which places him in immediate touch with others in a community of plapable goods. The cracking of the oaken table comes straight out of proverb and folk humor. It destroys all decorum of place and links the Lord and his friends irresistably with "the common" in the tradition and lore of the feast.

In the course of his description of Wrest, Carew moves from the gardens into the house, then to the central feast, and at the center of the poem to the final accommodations for the night. He imitates the course of the guest's reception and images his sense of increasing involvement in the spirit of the place. He moves from self-concentration and careful criticism to rough appreciation, childlike delight in amplitude, free participation in the common feast. Coming right after the repelling barrenness of the North, which compels the preservation of a distinct and separate character, the living, natural abundance of Wrest seems to force down all of the mind's defences. The erstwhile connoisseur merges with the throng. Delight, instead of having to be fetched from far at great expense of body and soul, comes easily at last.

For this Wrest sacrifices all pretensions to distinction and special meaning, all fantasies of election that Carew's Court art attempted to secure. Wonder and significance are given over to material comfort and social security.

The participants in the feast enjoy Denham's ideal of the "sweet retir'd content" of country life. They are "at once secure, and innocent."⁶ Their materialism is untroubled by ethical demands, because there are no visible bonds of gratitude or indebtedness, as there so prominently are at Saxham or at Penshurst. Instead there is genial and scarcely discriminate friendship. All distinctions of what Spenser would call "courtesy"--awareness of physical and metaphysical station, the proper balance of right reverence and right command, the certitude of central, heirarchic, absolute authority--are lost at Wrest, and something called "real use" is enthroned in its place.

At the heart of the house and the center of the poem old distinctions, old obligations are shed, and riches and poverty join in a single timeless style that is no style, in an art of living which has no art. In the central lines of the poem there is a standing back to account for this non-style:

Nor thinke, because our Piramids, and high
Exalted Turrets threaten not the skie,
That therefore Wrest of narrownesse complains
Or streightned Walls, for she more numerous traines
Of Noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
Then prouder Piles, where the vaine builder spent
More cost in outward gay Embellishment
Then reall use; which was the sole designe
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. ... (47-57)

"Convenience," "use," "service" are all words used to describe Wrest's

special kind of non-art. But in this boasting about accommodations much of the promise of Wrest as a human community after Martial's ideal "rure vero barbaroque" (Epigrams 3.58.5) becomes obscured. It is granted that Wrest has "Turrets" and "Pyramids" as good as any. They do not match Maecenas' "Molem propinquam nubibus arduis" (Odes 3.29.10), but the sense of the allusion is that Horace's praise is a quaint and faintly ridiculous poetic conceit. Wrest is commodious; it easily matches Maecenas' "plenty." Yet in the language that describes her daily quota of guests, the transformation from "living men," served to their satisfaction, into "traines" disposed with "conveniencie" is a transformation down; men are turned to items by an art of management. The poem glories in the fact that things can be arranged with such ease. "Copia" is all that matters; that it might prove "fastidiosa" is not to be considered.

At Wrest the "fine" is rejected in favor of the fit. Means replace ends. Art proves to have been a false substitute for "the real thing."

... Amalthea's Horne
 Of plentie is not in Effigie worne
 Without the gate, but she within the dore
 Empties her free and unexhausted store,
 Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres stand
 In stone, with a crook's sickle in her hand;
 Nor, on a Marble Tunne, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not in Emblemes to the eyes,
 But to the taste those usefull Deities.
 Wee presse the juyce God, and quaffe his blood,
 And grinde the Yeallow Goddess into food (57-68).

The mythological art mocked here is in more than one sense "pretentious" for, made to satisfy fancy, it too often ends in pretense. Amalthea's horn is especially connected with wishful thinking, for in story it granted anything its possessor desired. The statue of Ceres stands over

the fields as a symbol of the desire for a good harvest; Bacchus adorns the "Tunne" promising abundance of good wine within. But Wrest dispenses with such superfluous imagery and takes the goods instead. The art that gives splendid form to human needs, and this must include most of Carew's art, is at Wrest useless fantasy. In the overwhelming natural richness of the place the god and goddess are reduced at last to their basic natures. Divorced from the additions of fancy, they are simply the grape and the grain. We recognize the strategies of Momus in these reductions. It is his plain prose sense that is being celebrated here, at the expense of the King's fictive poetry. The grape and the grain are Momus' anti-masque counterparts for Bacchus and Ceres.

The reading I am proposing takes Wrest as an anti-Whitehall. Its Lord and Lady are the opposites of Charles and Mary, good managers with a large access of friends. The differences between their two houses could be systematized in the following pairs of opposites, the first characterizing Whitehall, the second Wrest:

form	substance
embellishment	nakedness
wonder	use
finish	fitness
foreignness	domesticity
order	ordinariness
isolation	community
display	comfort
sight	taste
fantasy	reality
emblem	existence
spirit	body

The vision which enthrones the second set of qualities and turns away from the first works against men's sense of self-importance, ultimately against all extrinsic ways men have of coming to honor what they are. Instead of honoring its "noble guests," Wrest "takes care" of them.

The art of management practiced there has little to do with right reverence. Pieces of art that might tempt men into dreams are excluded at Wrest. Surety of goods alone makes for a dreamless sleep.

After its inculcation of the principles of "reall use" and its object lessons that discard the fantasy for the real thing, the poem returns to a description of the grounds. A second look admits the presence of art after all, but it is an art that mirrors the managerial art of the house.

Yet we decline not, all the workè of Art,
 But where more bounteous Nature beares a part
 And guides her Hand-maid, if she but dispençe
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employes her skill, for where the neighbour sourse
 Powers forth her waters she directs their course,
 And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
 And spacious channells, where they slowly creepe
 In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
 Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
 This Island Mansion, which i' th' center plac'd,
 Is with a double crystall heaven embrad'd,
 In which our watery constellations floate,
 Our Fishes, Swans, our Water-man and Boate,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
 Their starre-burnt limbes, in our refreshing lake,
 But they stick fast nayl'd to the barren Spheare,
 Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow Seas (69-88).

Both nature and men are seen as fit matter for the art of Wrest to set in circuitous motion. Wrest is pictured as a complete world, double-bounded and held in crystal heavens which are set in continual and bounded motion. "This Island Mansion" reflects and fully realizes the security that the larger "island fortress" of England misses. Its heavens' fertility mocks the barren immortality of the stellatum, where Carew had previously fixed Charles and his maskers. From the vantage of Wrest that immortality is seen as a painful and vacuous substitute for

the real, blissful, and unconscious immortality of "encrease," endless cycles of progeny.

As Carew describes them, the grounds form an allegorical map of the place of Wrest. Waters from a nearby spring are directed in "snake windings" to close on themselves forming the tangible symbol for eternal succession, the snake with its tail in its mouth. The waters are made to close twice about the mansion, which is evidently situated at the top of a mound-like rising. The following lines describe the two areas bounded by the circular moats and introduce the two sets of deities whose influence is realized in each.

With various Trees we fringe the waters brinke,
Whose thirstie rootes the soaking moysture drinke,
And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes,
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona, Zephyre sports
On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here (89-96).

The gods at Wrest are not empty dreams but solid incarnations in air, earth, flower and fruit. Everything is fully realized; nothing left to the imagination. "Fruit, and shade, and beautie" are made to follow each other in order of importance. Food and shelter are the first concerns at Wrest; after them comes beauty. But it is a beauty that must come from the same source. Beauty is only to be wholly excused when it is organically connected with "real use." In these lines the abundant paradise of the opening appears as perfectly contrived, its areas exactly bounded and known. The vegetative gods keep none of their mystery. They are known simply for what they are. Their loves are expected and controlled. In the approach to Wrest the flower comes before the fruit, but the fruit is closest and most important. "Loved Flora" yields to the "ruddy-cheeked

Pamona" whom Vertumnus has already made "his." In the order of approach active "sport" yields to sedentary waiting for the harvest. Smell urges to taste, as desire urges to consummation.

What is at last offered as the consummation of the experience of entering the confines of Wrest is a clarifying drink from its "source."

But did you taste the high & mighty drinke
Which from that Fountaine flowes, you'd cleerly think
The God of Wine did his plumpe clusters bring,
And crush the Falerne grape into our spring;
Or else disguis'd in watery Robes did swim
To Ceres bed, and make her big of Him,
Begetting so himselfe on Her; for know
Our Vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in Autumne, but our fire boyles here
As lustie liquour as the Sun makes there (97-106).

The referent of "that Fountaine" may be found twenty-five lines back in the "neighbor sourse." But it also has a more general reference to the combined natures of the house and garden. Wrest Park is pictured at once as a ~~closed~~ garden and a fountain. Like Solomon's description of the Shulamite; it is "a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters." The continual invitation of the place, as Carew describes it, is the Shulamites'. "Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his precious fruits." (Song of Solomon 4:15-16) The place of free sexual enjoyment is realized here in fruit and flower "at once secure, and innocent." Entering the garden Carew tastes the fruit and drinks from the proffered cup. The fruit is the "blest Peace" that can no longer be secured under the "blest raigne." Berwick had shown too clearly that Charles's "prevailing powers" were really artful pretenses. The cup contains a "lustie liquour" close to the blood of Bacchus, who in disguise begets himself on Ceres. The blasphemous parallels to Conception and Communion reveal the sacramental nature of his drinking. It is a sacrament that

is made completely secular. By it Wrest completes itself in its simulacrum of a cosmos made "not fine,/ But fit for service."

The final four lines serve as an epigraph which leads us back into the poem and touches on each of its experiences of Wrest, setting the enjoying self at their center.

Thus I enjoy my selfe, and taste the fruit
Of this blest Peace, whilst toyl'd in the pursuit
Of Bucks, and stage, th' embleme of Warre, you strive
To keepe the memory of our Armes alive (107-110).

Carew pictures himself at ease and safe in the closed garden, tasting the fruits that offer themselves. By contrast his friend is entangled in dreams, striving to fulfill himself in the discarded artful ways. In pointing to the emblematic nature of the hunt, Carew identifies his friend's needless striving with the characteristic life-activity of his King. Carew sees his King possessing life only in effigy and symbol, a life of memory and form, which is often at odds with existence and substance. In Coelum Britannicum the power of the final fictions connects memory with present existence and substance obeys an endless succession of brilliant forms. At Wrest memory is shed for existence, fiction given over to fact, and form completely subordinated to substance. Within the narrow "circuit" of its social and natural engineering, the Paradise within is continually obtainable.

For Carew, as for Sidney, fiction delights with the semblance of truth by creating a golden world out of a brazen. But Carew's golden world is often most true because most feigned. In the transformation made by Touchstone's pun in As You Like It,⁷ Carew's "truest poetry" is most fained, most wished. It is a high pretense about the way things might be. But for Carew "wise poets" always know the difference between

such fantasy and the basic reality they work with and against. They know that the dance is put on, deliberately prepared for. They know that it is an event among others and seldom the realization of the pattern behind all events. In his poems written for the Court, in the letter to Aurelian Townshend as later in the masque Coelum Britannicum, ceremony under pressure becomes pastime. Confronted with the task of celebrating political life, sexuality, marriage, death, Carew plays with alternatives, mixing belief with make-believe in order to secure the artful nature of the Court against attacks of disbelief and no-meaning. Away from the Court, and the need to maintain the difficult illusion of the Halcyon calm, secure at Wrest, reality easily takes the place of fantasy, and the work of fiction is no longer necessary. The brazen and the golden world merge. March beer and the Golden Fruit of the Hesperides are made one and the same.

NOTES FOR THE INTRODUCTION

¹The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon ... Written by Himself (1759), I, 36, cited in Rhodes Dunlap, ed., The Poems of Thomas Carew with his Masque Coelum Britannicum (London: Oxford University Press, 1949), p. xxxiii.

²Rufus A. Blanshard, "Thomas Carew and the Cavalier Poets," Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Arts and Sciences, XLIII (1954), 100.

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¹ Cecily Veronica Wedgwood, Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1964), p. 45.

² Wedgwood, p. 49.

³ Samuel Rawson Gardiner, The Personal Government of Charles I (London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1877), I, 251.

⁴ Joseph H. Summers, The Heirs of Donne and Jonson (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970), p. 73.

⁵ All Latin texts are from the Loeb Classical Library.

⁶ The texts of all Carew's works quoted in the study are taken from Rhodes Dunlap, ed., The Poems of Thomas Carew with his Masque Coelum Britannicum (London: Oxford University Press, 1949). Line numbers are indicated in parentheses following the text.

⁷ C.H. Herford and P. and E. Simpson, ed., Ben Jonson (London: Oxford University Press, 1947), VII, 237.

⁸ Gardiner, I, 175, citing a letter from Henrietta Maria.

⁹ See Gardiner, I, 216.

¹⁰ Gardiner, I, 179.

¹¹ Cecily Veronica Wedgwood, The King's Peace (New York: Macmillan, 1955), pp. 73-74.

¹² Herford and Simpson, VII, 237-38.

¹³ Each of the Latin elegists characterized his style as soft, "molis." Propertius' Elegy III. 41-42 is close to Carew's use:

desine et Aeschyleo componere verba coturno
desine, et ad moles membra resolve choro.

¹⁴ For the text of Townshend's poem see Dunlap, pp. 207-8.

¹⁵ Cited in Gardiner, I, 244.

¹⁶ Herford and Simpson, VIII, 162.

¹⁷ For this interpretation of the word "comprise" I am indebted to Louis L. Martz, The Wit of Love (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1969), p. 198.

¹⁸ The phrase is from Ben Jonson's description of Love's actions in his masque Loues Triumph Through Callipolis in Herford and Simpson, VII, 740.

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¹⁹ "An Ode, upon the occasion of His Majesties Proclamation in the Year 1630. Commanding the Gentry to reside upon their Estates in the Countrey," The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse, ed. by H.J.C. Grierson and G. Bullough (London: Oxford University Press, 1934), p. 448.

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¹An Apology for Poetry, ed. by Geoffrey Shepherd (Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., 1965), p. 105.

²"Crazy Jane Talks to the Bishop," The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats (New York: Macmillan, 1956), p. 254.

³As an analogue for what the couplet expresses, Dunlap cites Thomas Stanley's 1651 translation of Pico della Mirandola's A Platonick Discourse upon Love. It seems to come more directly from the end of Sidney's Apology: "... it pleased the heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge"

⁴I think it is the girl's persistent questioning, rather than a remembered set of the usual questions, because of the syntax of the lines, which follow the recurrent pattern, "Aske me no more ... For in your (beauties, sweet dividing throat, eyes, etc.)." The choice of "your" creates a dramatic situation involving only speaker and listener. In such a situation it seems simpler and more straightforward to assume that one is the questioner and the other the answerer, rather than to assume that one is passive listener, the other a practitioner of sheer compliment, who has foreshortened his sentence from "Let them ask me no more" to an elliptic "Ask me no more."

⁵In what seems to be an early draft of the poem, printed in Dunlap, p. 263, the place of the word "fading" is taken by the word "damaske." The revision reinforces the idea of transience.

⁶The words are from Sidney's description of the true art of Pamela's needlework in the Arcadia (The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney, ed. by Albert Feuillerat [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1922], I, 403).

⁷Apology, p. 125.

⁸Apology, p. 132. The text of Sidney's proposition is: "Marry, they that delight in Poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do; and especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason if they be inclinable unto it."

⁹Spenser: Poetical Works, ed. by J.C. Smith and E. De Selincourt. (London: Oxford University Press, 1937), p. 590 and p. 591.

¹⁰In his title Carew draws particular attention to Sandys as the translator of David's psalms, though Sandys's book contains paraphrases of other divine poems, The Book of Job and The Song of Solomon among them. Again Carew's poem is the only one of the commendatory verses to do this.

¹¹In Sir Thomas Hoby's translation of The Book of the Courtier, Bembo describes one of the fates that waits for "those lovers that satisfie their dishonest lusts with ye women whom they love." Though

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they come to "the coveted end," "they continue in the very same coveting and greediness, as though they were not indeed come to the end which they sought for" (The Book of the Courtier [London: J.M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., 1928], p. 305).

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¹ The Works of Sir John Suckling, The Non-dramatic Works, ed. by Thomas Clayton (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 48.

² Suckling, p. 39.

³ C.S. Lewis, The Allegory of Love (London: Oxford University Press, 1936), pp. 364-66.

⁴ See Dunlap's note for line 116 (p. 238). I think a contemporary reader would associate the "artful postures" of line 121 with Raimondi's engravings.

⁵ It seems right to me to use Spenser's poem as a basis and a norm for comparing Carew's two marriage poems, for I think with Francis Schoff, in his article "Thomas Carew: Son of Ben or Son of Spenser?", Discourse, I (1961), 8-24, that Carew owes as much or more to Spenser than he does to Jonson or Donne. Certainly his vision of a secure and central sexual idyl, a defended "Paradise within" in Carew's terms, is closer to Spenser's sensual "Paradise of all delight" than it is to Donne's intellectual "Extasie" or Jonson's politic "circle of the will."

⁶ The custom of strewing nuts, (in classical use a symbol of fertility) is explained as a means both to "surpresse the noise" of the lovers and to keep their attendants occupied in "wantonly scrambling and catching after nuttes" in George Puttenham, The Art of English Poesie, ed. by G.D. Willcock and A. Walker (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1936), p. 51.

⁷ See Dunlap's commentary on the poem, p. 258.

⁸ Speculation about the connection between the stage fiction and the life of the Court is made difficult by the absence of a record of the performance in which the poem occurs. Still, something of the nature of the performance can be conjectured. Carew's editor suggests that the performance might have been a masque and points to an analogue in Townshend's Tempe Restored. But, as he indicates, there are no priests in Townshend's masque to turn from love's "prophaner Altars" and, I would add, there are no satyrs to see "reconciled." A closer analogue is John Fletcher's The Faithful Shepherdess, a pastoral drama presented by the King's men before the Court on January 5, 1634. Fletcher's play has both satyr and priest, though the priest is singular and a priest of Pan. In the play the satyr is reconciled to faith by the influence of the pure Clorin, who lives alone in the woods, faithful to the memory of her dead lover. She has power over the natural surroundings and can cure disorders of lust by natural magic. At the end of the play the satyr stands to do her bidding. Carew's poem is a fit epilogue to Fletcher's play, but it is not a perfect fit. Even if we accept it as a conclusion of the play as it has been transformed to a masque, there remain difficulties in reconstructing the actual stage situation. We have to assume that Clorin's part has been transferred at the play's

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ending to the Queen, who would be seated on a "state," a raised platform set before the stage. I take it that at the speaking of the fifth line of the poem the priests actually do "turne" from their altars to face her. Perhaps they point to the satyr who stands on the stage with his attention fixed on her. But then it would make sense for the priests to say "O free him then, that he may teach/ The Centaur, and the Horseman preach/ To Beasts and Birds," but instead the poem reads "them" and "they" for the italicized words (cf. 23-25). Perhaps the word "Satyr" in the poem is a generic plural and there are several on the stage. It would make good sense if a satyr-dance had preceded the priests' turning, a dance of wild nature suspended by the recognition of the claims of something beyond wild nature. This would fit in with the idea of the presentation as a masque, as adaptation for the masque would require such antimasque dances. But this has to remain conjecture. It seems right to assume that the "them" of line 23 refers to satyrs either on or off stage. Dunlap suggests that it might be read as a general reference to "all subjects of Love's 'prophaner' kingdom," but according to the process of transformation described in the poem, the human subjects have no need to be freed. In fact they have already accepted new limitations. The satyr alone remains to be freed from his wrapt state. Rather than men's, it would seem to be his special province to teach the Centaur, because he is closer to the Centaur's half-humanity. The progress of teaching that the poem describes is down through the chain of being. As men's spokesmen the priests would include all men in the group they call "we" and "us" in lines 5 and 13. After the vision of the Hermaphrodite the direction of the poem is away from the human group into less and less conscious nature.

⁹For example, Gardiner cites complaints that the King tended to spend all his time in the Queen's apartments (I, 133).

¹⁰For a detailed discussion of the Queen's involvement with the doctrines of the Astrée, see Kathleen M. Lynch, The Social Mode of Restoration Drama, University of Michigan Publications in Language and Literature, Vol. III (New York: Macmillan, 1926).

¹¹Carew's description parallels Seneca's account of the Golden Age in Epistolae 14. 2.

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¹Samuel Johnson, Lives of the English Poets, ed. by George Birkbeck Hill (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1935), I, 287.

²Perez Zagorin, "The Court and the Country: a note on the political terminology in the earlier Seventeenth Century," English Historical Review, LXXVII (1962), 306-311.

³Herford and Simpson, VII, 735.

⁴Ibid., 740.

⁵Ibid., 282.

⁶Ibid., 735-43.

⁷Coelum Britannicum is not purely Carew's work. It is a collaboration. But then, as J.M. Synge said, "All art is collaboration." The artist's materials include the work of other artists. In the masque Carew uses the designs of Inigo Jones and the music of Henry or William Lawes, as the architect and the musician use Carew's work. Carew wrote the poetry, solus. But the invention must have been, as the title page of the 1642 edition of Carew's poems suggests, the work of both Carew and Jones. By taking a composite of all the Caroline masques that Jones worked on, it might be possible to separate Jones's unique contribution to the story and structure of Coelum Britannicum and then attempt to talk about what is purely Carew's. But always we face Synge's caveat. Nothing, not even his most private poem, is purely Carew's. All art is collaboration. In the writing about the masque I claim as Carew's anything that Carew may have had a hand in. Though I realize that, for instance, Carew did not design the first backdrop of ruins (As Allardyce Nicoll shows in Stuart Masques and the Renaissance Stage, Jones got it from a sketch for an Italian masque.), yet he wrote with the idea that his speeches would be delivered by actors standing before such a scene, and so that idea is, I believe, integral to his poetry.

⁸Herford and Simpson, VII, 735.

⁹Giordano Bruno, Opere Italiane, Vol. II: Dialogi Morali, 2nd. edition, ed. by Giovanni Gentile (Bari: Giuseppe Laterza e Figli, 1927), "Epistola explicatoria," in passim.

¹⁰Herford and Simpson, VII, 735.

¹¹Smith and De Selincourt, p. 512.

¹²The Court and Times of Charles the First, compiled by Thomas Birch, ed. by R.F. Williams (London: Henry Colburn, 1848), II, 224.

¹³Oskar Seyffert, A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, revised and edited with additions by Henry Nettleship and J.E. Sandys, Meridian Books (New York, 1957), p. 398.

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¹⁴Bruno, p. 28.

¹⁵"Give All To Love," Selected Prose and Poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. by Brooks Atkinson (New York: Random House, 1940), ll. 48-49.

¹⁶G.B. Sensabaugh, "Platonic Love and the Puritan Rebellion," Studies in Philology, XXXVII (July, 1940), 458.

¹⁷Bruno, pp. 28-29: "He fears that fate will ordain that the hereditary succession should not be like the preceding grand cycle of the world, but should be most varying and diverse."

¹⁸See Gardiner, I, 176, and II, 39.

¹⁹Bruno, p. 200.

²⁰Wedgwood, The King's Peace, p. 169.

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¹ Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Maskes, ed. by E.K. Chambers (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912), pp. 76-77.

² Horace, Carminum 3. 16, and Tibullus 2. 3.

³ Bruno, p. 100: "... in as much as others want to use me well or badly."

⁴ Herford and Simpson, VII, 382.

⁵ Bruno, p. 101.

⁶ Ibid., p. 110.

⁷ Herford and Simpson, VII, 735.

⁸ The First Earl of Strafford's Letters and Dispatches, ed. by N. Knowler (London: William Bowyer, 1734), I, 177.

⁹ Bruno, p. 115: "... an uncertain outcome of things; which uncertainty is nothing in the eyes of Providence."

¹⁰ Lucian, Hermotimus, Loeb Classical Library, Vol. VI (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1959), pp. 296-297.

¹¹ Summers, The Heirs of Donne and Jonson, p. 75.

¹² Silius Italicus Punica 15. 18-64

¹³ Xenophon, Memorabilia 2. 21-26.

¹⁴ Herford and Simpson, VII, 486-87.

¹⁵ This is the Venetian ambassador's description of Virtue's masque appearance in Calendar of State Papers: Venetian Series, ed. by Allen B. Hinds and others. (London, 1909), XV, 113.

¹⁶ Compare Carew's description of Eternity with Jonson's description of Reason in Hymenaei (Herford and Simpson, VII, 214)::

... Reason, seated in the top of the Globe (as in the braine, or highest part of Man) figur'd in a venerable personage, her hair white, and trayling to her waste, crowned with lights, her garments blue, and semined with starres, girded unto her with a white bend, fill'd with Arithmetically figures, in one hand bearing a Lampe, in the other a bright Sword,

¹⁷ Selected Letters of D.H. Lawrence, ed. by Diana Trilling, Anchor Books (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1961), p. 82.

¹⁸ Cesare Ripa, Iconologia (Rome, 1603), p. 398.

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¹⁹The Nicomachean Ethics, ed. by H. Rackham, Loeb Classical Library (London: William Heinemann, Ltd., 1926), p. 11 and p. 17.

²⁰Summers, The Heirs of Donne and Jonson, p. 91.

²¹Enid Welsford, The Court Masque (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1927), pp. 290-91.

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¹Welsford, The Court Masque, p. 7.

²Herford and Simpson, VII, 487 and 491.

³Metamorphoses 15. 147-52; Sandys' 1632 translation is:

:.. I long to walke among
The loftie starres; dull earth despis'd, I long
To back the clouds, to sit on Atlas croune;
And from that height on erring men looke downe
That reason want; those thus to animate
That feare to dye; t'unfold the book of Fate.

⁴Quoted in J.W. MacKail, The Springs of Helicon (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1909), p. 155.

⁵The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton, ed. by Douglas Bush (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1965), p. 114.

⁶The Druids and Rivers blend nature and history, and the emblem that includes them and the Genius of Great Britain seems derived from the opening of Michael Drayton's celebration of the British Eden in Polyolbion. Drayton begins his poem by invoking the "Genius of the place" to direct its course. He calls on the wisdom of those "Druides," who "kept the British rites,/ And dwelt in darke some Groves, there counsailling with sprites." John Selden's "illustration" of one of Drayton's references to the Druids speaks of them as men of a "trow wiss", a true wit, intermediate between the pagan and Christian understanding, as in Carew's masque they are intermediate between the pagan ancient inhabitants and the Christian Arthurian heroes. See The Complete Works of Michael Drayton, ed. by Richard Hooper (London: John Russell Smith, 1876), I, 2 and II, 32.

⁷C.S. Lewis, Spenser's Images of Life, ed. by Alastair Fowler (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1967), pp. 18-35.

⁸The Poetical Works of John Denham, ed. by T.H. Banks (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1928), pp. 64 and 66.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VII

¹Concerning Charles's love for the sport, the Venetian Ambassador Gussoni wrote, "He enjoys hunting above all other pleasures and devotes himself to it with untiring energy, being in almost perpetual movement on his journeys at all times of the year." Cited in Margaret Toynbee, King Charles I (London: International Profiles, 1969), p. 42.

²"On His Majesty's Return out of Scotland," Minor English Poets 1660-1780 (New York: Benjamin Blom, 1967), I, 69.

³Much of the description by contrast of Wrest seems to lead directly towards Pope's anti-Wrest, "Timon's Villa," where the art of display takes absolute precedence over human need.

⁴The parallel with Charles's concerns as a collector is made clear by the words of a contemporary pamphlet: "Nonesuch Charles ... squandering away millions of pounds on braveries and vanities, on old rotten pictures and broken-nosed marbles." Cited in Esme Wingfield-Stratford, Charles, King of England 1600-1637 (London: Hollis and Carter, 1949), p. 343.

⁵Cited in Dunlap's commentary on Coelum Britannicum, p. 275.

⁶Lines 37 and 38 of Denham's last revision of "Cooper's Hill," left unchanged from his first publishing of the poem in 1642, catch much of the spirit of Carew's praise of Wrest.

⁷In As You Like It III. iii, Audrey questions Touchstone:

Audrey: I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word?

Touchstone: No truly; for truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

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