

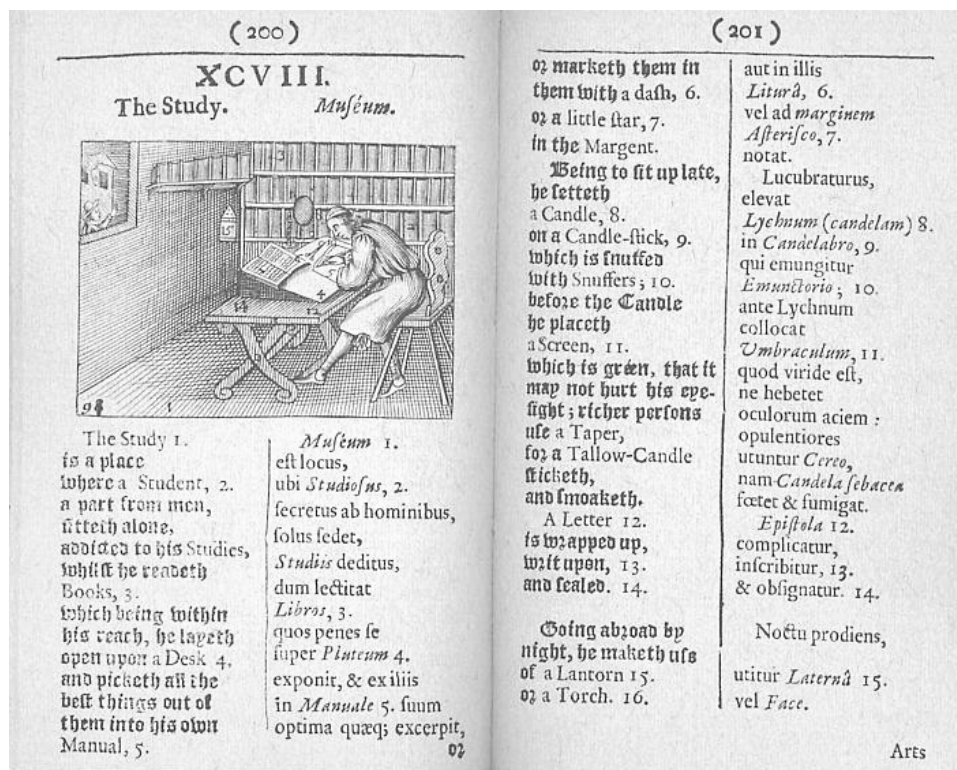
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7 March 2020

Stephen Orgel, 'The comedian as the character C', in Michael Cordner, Peter Holland and John Kerrigan (eds), *English Comedy*, pp. 36-54, p. 37

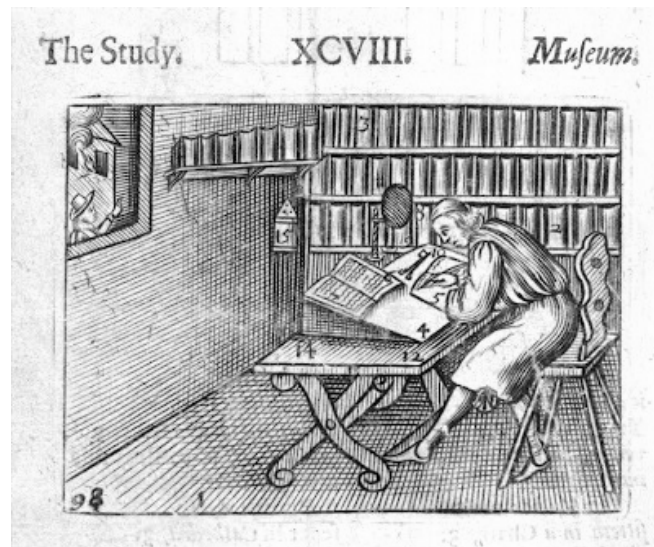
2. As an imperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart.
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Shakespeare, Sonnet 23

3.



Johann Comenius, *Orbis sensualium pictus* (1685)



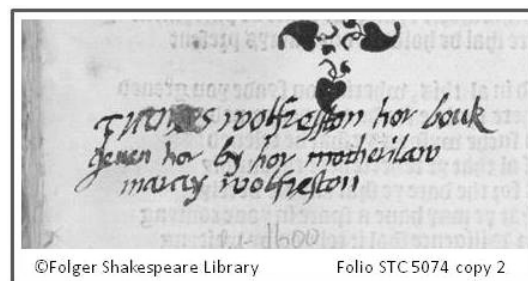
4. To the great Variety of Readers

From the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weighed; especially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade...And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraign Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie ... [Shakespeare's] mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him...Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him...

John Heminge. Henrie Condell.

Shakespeare, *First Folio* (1623)

5.



Annotation by Frances Wolfreston (1607-1677) in copy of Works of Chaucer (1550), in Folger Shakespeare Library



6.

Robert Allot, *Englands Parnassus: or the choysest flowers of our moderne poets, with their poetickall comparisons* (1600)

OF OUR ENGLISH POETS. 297

Or capable of any forme at all.

Ch. Marlow.

*I know not her that willingly with maiden-head would
W. W. (die.*

Use.

We make things nothing huge, and huge things no-

G. Chapman.

(thing.

Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,

But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.

W. Sh.

Warre.

*Lastly stood warre in glistering armes yclad,
With visage grimme, sterne lookes and gastly hood,
In his right hand a naked sword hee had,
That to the hilt was all with bloud imbrued,
And in his left that kings and kingdomes rued,
Famine and fire he had, and therewithall
Hee rased townes, and threw downe towres and all,
Cities hee sackt, and realmes that whilome flowred
In honour, glorie, and rule about the best,
Hee ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Till hee therewith their name and all opprest;
His face forthued with woundes, and by his side,
There hung his targe with gashes deepe and wide,
In midst of which depainted there wee finde
Deadly debate, all full of snakie hayre,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,*

Out-

Allot, *Englands Parnassus*, p. 297, recycling (*is this the right word?*) *Venus and Adonis* lines 767-8

8.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.'

Venus and Adonis, excerpt (lines 763-74)

AS / March 2021