







Preface

Why?

First, permit me to protest it's not another book "on Shakes-sudy, steepe", the shadowy historical figure. It's not a biographical study, I don't propose to I'll you whether Shakespeare poached a deer, slept with men, or contracted sphilis from the Dark Lady of the Sonness, and what any of that might tell us about his work, his language, his plays and poems. It's always seemed to me that the work is what is most worth caring about and that Shakespearen biography, with its few indisputable facts, its suppositions, its conjectures, its maybes, does more to distort than to Illicaminate the work.

I have nothing against literary biography in general, but I suspect most serious literary biographers must be a bit dismayed at the finatisets your out serious literary biographers must be a bit dismayed at the finatisets your out serious literary biographers must be a bit dismayed at the finatisets your out serious literary biographers must be a bit dismayed at the finatisets your out of the summer of the serious distort than to Illicaminate the work.

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I have nothing against literary biography in general, but I suspect most serious literary biographys and externer the sold of study shakespearen biographys especially the obsessive—often circulas—attempts to make inferences about the lifts, can be a distraction from the true mysety and excitement, the true source of illimination, the place the hidden keys can astudy be found: the satonishing language. (Look how little we know about Homer and how little it matters).

Thus most efforts to forge, fishciate or flesh out the life (as opposed to placing the work in its cultural contents) have ended up doing a disservice to the work because the jeal mentally to a reductive biographical perspective on the work and use the work to "rove" suppositions about the life.

Someone one work that Shakespearea biogra

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like cardsharps, piling suspect suppositions upon shaky conjectures into rickety houses of cards.

Even worse is the tendency to use the suppositional conjectures, and the conjectural suppositions—what Shakespeare supposedly thought of sex, marriage, death, religion—in order to craft a blurry lens through which to look at the attitudes of the plays and poems.

So this is not a biographical study; it is less concerned with Shakespeare So this is nor a biographical study; it is less concerned with Shakespeare the man than with the figure the houghfulf termal scholar Béward Pechter has called "Shakespeare the Witter"—the voice, the mind we can find in the work. What is "Shakespeare" Here by contrast with the powerty of biography, fich resources are available for this tack timty—eight so to a play (depending on whether you include collaboration), two long narrative peems, one mystical ode, 114 sonnest. This book is concerned with the clabsic over how best to experience the work of Shakespeare the writer, the thrilling esthetic intelligence, more deeply. I want to britte wook closer to some of the enumber of section contentions over want to bring you closer to some of the genuinely exciting contentions ove the work, how best to read, speak and act it.

I'm HESITANT TO SAY THAT THE SUDDEN RIVER OF SHAKESFEAREAN biographies is merely a symptom of celebrity culture, but one could trace the origin of the plethora of biographies to the moment in 1998 when Shakespeare became a contemporary celebrity, a movie star, in Shakespeare for

Lave. Wes, he'd been remowned in elite and popular opinion for four centuries, but suddenly in 1998 he was in bed with Gwyneth Paltrow on the big screen, writing Romes and Juliet while making sweet, were love, and his "bio-pie" went not to win the Best Picture Oscar. The same year Hardol Bloom in ef-fect pronounced him God—"inventor of the human." God, the ultimate

feet pronounced him God—"inventor of the human." God, the ultimate cleb in a faith-obsessed age.

So many biographies followed, with so many speculations, so little besides unproven conspiracy theories and secret codes to add. In not saying this is true of all the new wave of biographies (I particularly like the contrarian skepticism in Ungenit Shakepoper by Codroit Schalerine Dumcan-Jones and the focus on the work in Jonathan Bark's The Genius of Shakepoper's.

But I tend, like Stephen Booth, the great scholar of the Sonnets, to distrust the reading of Shakespear's work through the less of biography—or vice versa. As Booth put it: "William Shakespeare was almost certainly homo-

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exual, bisexual, or heterosexual. The Sonnets provide no evidence on that

But there is a price to be paid for the biographical focus. Just before ceiving the first galleys of this book, I was alerted by the valuable Arts & Letters Daily website (aldaily.com) to a short, sharp critique of the Shake-spearean biographical fad by Daniel Swift, a scholar at Columbia, an essay that originally appeared in The Nation. In it he argued that, in the obsessive and largely futile focus on the life, "Shakespear's imagination becomes no more than a mechanism for reproducing biographical experience. In there is a lesson to be learned," Swift suggests, "it is that we must clear a

A space for wonder: Yes! That is what the contentions herein are about:

A space for wonder Nes! That is what the contentions berein are about-how best to reavable in that sense of wonder. If there is a virtual river of biographies of the man, they're at least read, and perhapse encourage some to read or reread the plays. The same cannot be said for the vertiable earn of scholarly papers and books on Stakespeare. So many are really about vindication of their own methodology and the ways in which Shakespeare can be subordinated to fit into Larger Theories that they encourage little but further theorizing or a shalt of instantionio among readers. Others are written in impenetrable jargon that rarely sends one reading to read the plays. ing to read the plays

one racing to read the pays.

But while this can be true of some scholarly work, it obscures the fact, the surprisingly pleasurable discovery I made in the seven years I've spent writing this book, that there are white whales, so to speak, out in that ocean. Extremely important issues, immensely exciting and unresolved questions that dely easy harpooning (Shake-spearing?). White whales often pursued with Ahab-like intensity, if nor madness (although this has happened), by brilliant scholars and directors who have devoted themselves to finding a

way to make Shakespeare the writer come alive.

Brilliant scholars (and directors) writing, thinking, clashing over these questions, with illuminating clarity. There are firece stuggles, indeed virtual civil wars going on, not over the Theory of Stakespeare but over the language of Shakespeare. Many of these struggles are lost to the world, or to the realm of 'civilian' Shakespeare readers and audiences, invisible behind the curtain of academia, obscured by the forbidding squid's ink of

It was a realization that began to dawn on me after I began to meet and rrespond with Shakespearean textual scholars in the course of writing a

piece for The New Yorker on the Hamlet-text controversy—the question of which of the three earliest texts of Hamlet is most "Shakespearean," and

"Textual scholarship": it doesn't exactly sound seductive, but I found my "Termi scholarship" is doesn't coacity soma schicitive, but I found my-self sechoed. On hope I have for this book is that it will make the sedu-tions of Slakespearent textual scholarship apparent. The best among textual scholars are not pendans, self-existed in a arran, but quite orden lively and acute intellects at the forefront of one of the most provocative and signifi-cant debates in all literature: the question of what Shakespeare actually wrote. More often, which renion of what he wrote is more truly "Shake-spearent." Whether the two versions we have of a line or a passage—or a whole plays—expressent Shakespeare's first and second drafts, his original or his final intentions, whether we can recapture his "considered second thoughe" on a lator or a passage—or whether the differences were the result of errors in transcription, actors' interpolations, clumy compositors' errors.

errors.

Small changes can make large differences in meaning, and numerous dif-ferences can mean . . ? Two versions of the same play? Two differing works of art? The question of whether we have two Lors and three Hamlers has provoked a vertible civil war among Bakespeare schoals over the peat three decades, the resolution—or irresolution—of which can mean all the difference in the world to how we view two of the foundational works of Western culture.

difference in the world to how we view two of the foundational works of Western culture.

In some ways both sides of the celebrated "culture wars" over literature in academia have, for different reasons, spent little time dwelling on the genuine scholarhip that persists and survives in the academy. For the bearers of the New Truths of Theory (in which, for instance, the author has been replaced by an "author function") the lead or "genuine scholarhip" is suspect if not illusory (as is everything else) in a determinist, power-inflorted value system. While for those who believe the academy has been invaded by a clone army of Theorists, the persistence of genuine scholarhip aim dail the cloning around, so to speak, is not generally physical up-because it tends to contradict sweeping condermations.

And so what I believe are absolutely absorbing and consequential developments in Shakespearens scholarhip have not been made well known to the general public. This is one modes aim of this book.

For instance, most well-educated people I've spoken to outside the academy were unaware that there may be two Lears, much less three Ham-

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les. And that the differing versions raise serious questions for all who care about those plays. This is only one of a number of genuinely important, even urgent questions, debates, anguments, century-long user, that have been going on that deserve your attention if you feel Shakespeare is worth caring about. Even the question of why you think Shakespeare's work is worth earing about. Even the question of why you think Shakespeare's work is worth earing about is the subject of an interesting debate. For his "themes?" For the beauty and pleasure of his language—or are beauty and pleasure of his language—or are beauty and pleasure of his language—or are beauty and pleasure of shakespeare. Shakespearen? beauty and pleasure different—if it is?

Another realization I made in the course of writing this book is that great directors are, in their own way great scholars of Shakespeare. Often able to discover, to open up, thrilling absysts of possibility on the page that one could not imagine, or had not imagined, before directors "put them on their feet," onstage.

discover, to open up, thrilling abyses of possumity on me page tast one could not imagine, or had not imagined, before directors "put them on their feet," onstage.

So what I've been doing for the past seven years has been, more than anything, reporting on such nutters. In a very this book is a tribute not just to the scholars and directors I've singled out, but to so many more so well describing of a greater hearing for the excitement of their engagement with Shakespeare. Listening to great directors' and scholars' impassioned arguments has been furilling and I hope to communicate some of that thrill to you. Hearing Sir Peter Hall pound his fiss in fury over the vital importance of a pause at the close of a pentumetre line, for instance—wonderfull Whatever side one comes down on in these often bitter clashes, the process of thinking through the arguments takes you deeper into the Shakespearem experience. The point, as the fine Shakespearem actor Henry Goodman has said, "is not to decide what to hink, but what to think about."

And I suppose if there's a unifying thread to the contentions I report on, and invite you to think about herein, it may have to do with how we decide what we mean when we say something in Shakespearem. How does one define—if one can—what is the most truly 'Shakespearem' way of speaking the imable pertameter line, say? How do we choose which of the two versions of the last words of King Lear is more 'Shakespearem'? How do so

ons of the last words of King Lear is more "Shakespearean"? How do versions of the last words of Ming Lear is more "Smakespearen?" How do we decide whether a clinically written "Finneral Elegy" is Shakespearen? (Is there a Shakespearen way of writing badly?)
Recent biographical studies have declared their intention to tell us "what made Shakespeare Shakespeare." I have focused on what makes Shakespeare.

It's the kind of question in its various guises that I still find myself caring

about deeply in an intellectual and visceral way. It's the kind of question I don't find answered by the biographers or by Harold Bloom's thematic globalizations. It's the kind of question I want you to care about.

I want you to care as much as I care about the way the superb director Peter Brook changed the way Shakespeare has been played in the past half-

century with a single transformative production.

I want to make you care about Peter Hall's obsession with the pause (or as he now calls it, the "slight sensory break") at the end of the pentameter line. Hall was, after all, founder of the Royal Shakespeare Company. There must be a pause—a certain kind of pause, Hall insists—or all is lost. Why the

ssion with the pause? I want you to care as much as Shakespeare scholar John Andrews

I want you to care as much as Shakespeare scholar John Andrews care about what is for from the spell of Shakespeare's Inaggue when we "mod-about what is for from the spell of Shakespeare's spelling. Whether you spell "fomorrow and tomorrow..." as originally printed," film omrow and to morrow..." as originally printed, "film omrow and to morrow..."

I want you to care as much as I care about the bitter dispute over the variations in Hamt and Lazar and whether Shakespeare may have changed his mind in subdue ways about his greatest works. If we can know for such that the same his change in the

they were his changes.

I want to convince you that some of the greatest Shakespeare you will ever see is close at hand, on film, at your video store now. That film in certain, yes, anathoristic ways can sometimes offer more intense. 'Shakes-spearean' experiences than the stage. And if you won't go that fit, I want to convince you not to miss or dismiss the four greatest works of Shakespearean cinema because of misplaced snobbery about film versus stage's veneration.

Turanty out o care about questions of "attribution," not just the "Funeral Elegy" flasco, which saw much of the Shakespeare profession in the United States, or certainly its publishing arm, accept a terminally feedings, and interminably pious six-hundred-line poem as "Shakespearean" for some seven years, before it was discredided as a misserribution. But I want you to care as well about the lesser known "Hand D" controversy, and what they both tell us about the debate over howe we define "Shakespearean". I want you to care as much as I care about the controversy over Shakespeare's "late language" and all the fastienting attendant controversies. Must what some refer to as Shakespeare's Jupice be accounted failure, bad poetry, bad proces, as Fanta Kermode believes O are they rather 'holes' in the text that lead to larger whole, as Stephen Booth believes? Or is the baroque com-

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plexity of the late language a reflection of Shakespeare's growing procedu-pation with the feminine," as Russ McDonald suggests in one of the single most illuminating scholarly easing I've come upon? I don't want to compel you to accept any given position but, rather, to understand why they're worth caring about. Finally, I want you to care about the argument over pleasure in Shake-speare and my conjecture about the way the unbearable pleasures of Shake-speare have shaped and distorted the way we read and see him. Why do I care that you care! I want you to share in the pleasures! I had in talking and arguing with some of the best scholars and directors about what may be the greatest achievement of the human imagination. Why do I care that you care? Let me begin by describing why I care.

I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another me His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted The little O, th' earth, .

His less bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm

His logs benth the cocus, his reard arm Created he would, his wise was properted As all the turned spheres, and that to friends; But when he means to quali and shake the orb, He was as rathing bunder. For his bounty, There was no writter it is, a tudamon! I was no writter it is, a tudamon! I was no writter it is, a tudamon! I was the same of the property of the same of the sa

As this I dreamt of?

At this point Caesar's messenger says "Gentle madam, no." Which provokes this final outbur

You lie up to the hearing of the gods!

But if there be, not ever were one such,

It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants suff

To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine

An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,

Conderming shadous quite.

One could imagine that hearing these lines read by Judi Dench would make one amenable to any theory they were said to confirm. But before re turning to the question of the pause I cannot resist pointing out the echomer Night's Dream and Bottom's Dream in particular, in this dream-besotted invocation.

Cleopatra's dream is "past the size of dreaming." Bottom's Dream is ast the wit of man to say what dream it was."

Both dreams suggest the possibility of the power, of something beyond sture to confuse sight and sound, hearing and seeing, as the dream does for Bottom. These are, one might say, "exceptionalist" dreams, off the contin-uum of all other dreams ever dreamed or dreamable. The very notion of an ndreamable dream is itself an almost impossible paradox whose conten plation destabilizes our notion of the finite limits of the dreaming imagina-

Fascinating that Shakespeare should return under tragic circumstances to

Tascinating that Shakespeare should return under tragic circumstances to a phenomenon he conjured up in comic guise: the dream beyond dreaming. As for the pause, since I wans't there, I can't attest how delicately or pronouncedly Dame Judi employed it. I imagine a spectrum of potentialities. But the one line that exemplifies it for me in that passage is the one in which "... his rear'd arm'. Crested the world."

The "rear'd arm"—suggesting he's holding a spear just about to be released—in placed at the end of the line where the pause should come: it perfectly epitomizes that moment of pension and equipoise before release. A moment of post. In fact perhaps that's what Hall and Edelstein (in his interpretation of Hall) are getting at a moment of poise (or rather, a poised moment) as much as a moment of pause.

But there are further moments in that Cleopatra speech that are worth attending to in the light of the controversy over "annodermized spelling" that is the subject of the next happer.

attending to in the light of the controversy over "unmodernized spelling" that is the subject of the next chapter.

I had been reading, as will become evident, the scholar John Andrews's unmodernized, or as some call it "original spelling," text of Antony and Clopatra. The lines of Clopatra spoken by Judi Dench quoted above are rendered in the more conventionally modernized-spelling Riverside Shakeppure, a widely respected Complete Works edition used in many universities (and except where indicated the default source herein).

The Riverside makes two departures from the unmodernized text worth noting.

1623) the line reads "the Sun and the Moon lighted . . . the Little o' the earth," implying that the glowing orbs lit the little people who populated

Perhaps with the Globe Theatre in mind as a punning allusion (the orden O." as the stage is called in Henry V), most contemporary editors 248 RON ROSENBAUM

change this to "The little O, the earth," meaning the sun and moon lit the globe or the Globe, in any case, not "the Little o' the earth," the little people when seen from above, as the unmodernized spelling version has it.

It's just the addition of a comma and capitalization of 6, but it's too clever

by half I'd say, about this emendation. I'd agree with John Andrews in his note to this line in his Everyman Shakespeare edition: "not only is this chan-unnecessary; it obscures Cleopatra's praise for Antony's generosity

But Andrews has an even more insistent and important dissent from another modernizing emendation in this passage. In the line as rendered by the Riemide edition, in speaking of Antony's bosinty Cleopatra says, "There was no winter in 'in a flautimn] it was,' That grew the more by reaping."

Note the brackets the Riemide places around "autumn." The original Folio version where the bracket now say, "autumn" reads "an Antony it was,' That grew the more by reaping.

Why replace "Antony" with "autumnity"

This is one of those small but resonant moments in which the debate over what is "Shakespearen" comes down to an argument over a single word in the text—and the impulse to change or "improve" it.

"Most editions emend to autumn," Andrews observes in his footnote. But Cleopatra's point is that Antony's 'bounty' exceeded autumn, exceeded even that of the season proverbial for "reaping"—for its plentoous harvest. Being unique, Antony can be likened only to his own. "embables" (Ilia, 4-4), in a realm that like beyond this world "dreaming". "past the size of dreaming". "The change from Managem of summans "hap greates this further soften."

ing* in the passage Judi Dench recired.

The change from "Antony" to "autumn," then, erases this further reference to a realm beyond imagining, that realm of the infinite and bottomless, that appears recurrently in Stakespera's verse.

This was one of the things that convinced me to take seriously what I'd initially thought of as needsacial pedactory; the "unmodernized spelling movement," which I'll explore in the next chapter.

Chapter Eight

The Spell of the Shakespearean in "Original Spelling"

T MAY SEEM AN ABRUPT SHIFT FROM THE MUSE OF FIRE TO WHAT might be called the "Muse of spelling." But there is—I am determined Let convince you—excitement to be found in pursuing what is usually called the "unmodernized spelling" argument. Or, as I prefer to call it, the

called the 'unmodernized spelling' argument. Or, as I prefer to call it, the 'unmodernized lightig' debute.

It is, in its own way, a no less fiery disputation than that over verse-speaking. And it turned out that, not ten minutes into my conversation with John Andrews, the most persussive modern advocate of 'unmodernized spelling,' he made an allusion, if not to a Muse of fire, then to 'rongues of fitme.' As fisty and pedantic a precouption as "unmodernized spelling," might sound, it attempts something similar to Peter Hall's pause: a return to origins to discover what has been lost by some all-to-sue-friendly concurrency reactives. An attempt that may be needlassical in form, yet is Romantic in its belief that it can take us deeper inside Shakespearean language, the way it was wirtten, the way it was head bend by others, the way it was plead perhaps in Shakespeare's own mind.

I had initially sought to avoid the unmodernized spelling argument

perhaps in Shakespeare's own mind.

I had initially sought to avoid the unmodernized spelling argument like a plague. From my initial, superficial knowledge of it, I didn't see how it could be of interest to any but the most antiquarian-minded of scholars. I thought of it as analogous to the mindset of Civil War "reenactors" who are cerned that the thread stitching the buttons on their uniforms be "au-

My first inkling that the spelling question ought to be taken more seri-ously was a sudden impassioned outburst from my ordinarily mild-mannered friend Jesse Sheidlower, who is the American editor of the Oxford

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English Distinuary. We had been discussing the unexpected pleasures we both found in textual editing questions.

"What I don't understand," Jesse said, "is why people don't care more about reading blakespeare in original spelling editions."

It seemed at the time such a Jesse-like obsession. I mean that as a compliment no one cares more intelligently about words, their history, evolution and the precise linguistic coloration they have at any moment in history than Jesse. That's his life work, and one could understand why he would care about the shades of coloration the words. Shakespeare used had on Shakespeare's patter, or paths for that matter. Still, how much difference could mere spelling make?

In addition it seemed to me, when Jesse first brought up the spelling.

In addition it seemed to me, when Jesse first brought up the spelling In addition it seemed to me, when Jesse first brought up the spelling issue, that it was to alte to care: that we were living in an age when most people already felt Shakespeare was written in a foreign language—the mandarins of British Shakespeare were warning that Shakespeare would soon seem as foreign as Chaucer's Middle English to even the most endire, and most people read Chaucer, if they do at all, in "translation." So to insist—a Jesse dat and John Andrews, editor of the Everyman editions of Shakespeare, did—that one want'r endly ever reading Shakespeare in the english unless one read it in the original late sistemeth—early seventeenth century spelling, seemed a bit ... well, unrealistic, however well intentioned.

intentioned.

And desides there were arguments to be made that the original spellings whe ware available did not necessarily issue from Shakespeare's hand, they were rather the original spellings of the scribes who copied over his manuscripts, or the type-shop compositors who took the manuscripts, or the spes-shop compositors who took the manuscripts, or the scribes' copies, and set them into type for the printed versions that are all that we have left. (Aside perhaps from Hand D. If one believes it is Shakespeare's sown handwriting.) But on the other hand, even if this is the case, it represented the spellings of those who fourd the same language, heard the same sounds shaped into speech as Shakespeare.

My interest in original spelling was initially awakened a couple of weeks after my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece on Handle texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Anader my piece and the specific pieces are the same language.

after my piece on Hamlet texts appeared, when I was contacted by John Andrews, who, while polite and respectful, clearly felt that I should have addressed the unmodernized spelling question. I tried to explain how many complex issues I had to omit from the original thirty-thousand-word draft of the piece to fit it into the magazine's ten-thousand-word limit. But I knew THE SHAKESPEARE WARS 251

Andrews was a substantial figure in Shakespeare scholarship. A longtime editor of Shakespeare Quarterly, a director of academic programs at the Folger Library, he subsequently founded his own Washington-based Shakespeare Guild, which gave a highly regarded annual Gielgud Award to Shakespearan actors. The latter fact suggested Andrews brought to unmodernized spelling not the perspective of an antiquarian pedant, but of someone who also appreciated the embodiment of Shakespeare's language in its spoken, dramatused (modern) form. And so I saked him to send me a couple of ken, dramatized (modern) form. And so I asked him to send me a couple of the scholarly papers hed written on the original spelling question along with his (mostly) unmodernized Everyman edition of Hamdet, not expecting to find the subject as exciting as in fact I did.

Excining because what Andrews was getting at went far beyond the origi-nal way the words were printed on the page. It offered a new way of hearing them on the stage, a new way of thinking about how they were first formed

on the stage of Shakespear's mind.

It's not that I'd never seen an unmodernized spelling edition before. I'd made Bernice Kliman's original spelling Enfolded Hamlet my well-worn

made Bernice Kliman's original spelling Enjedded Hamlet my well-worn bible for more than a year als sought to tease out the significant single-word and phrase differences it spotlighted in the two main Hamlet texts. But I found reading straight through the largely unmodernized Every-man Hamlet (a mostly Quarto version)—especially through the lens of John Andrews's formichable arguments in his paper "Sight Reading Shakespeare's Scores"—a new yor of experiencing Hamlet. Consider the Everyman Hamlet version of the first-act ghost scene, which is alwance sony modern edition beaten with Unback-geomies have

which in almost every modern edition begins with Hamlet observing the cold by saying, "The air bites shrewdly," the 1623 Folio version.

But in the Everyman edition, based on the 1604 Second Quarto spelling,

Hamlet says, "The air bites Shroudly."

Shroudly! Even if we take it that "Shroudly" is an alternate spelling of

Shroung): Nen in we tace it that: Shroung's is an atternate spening of that quality we know now as "shreedy" (which is itself) only a conjecture, not a given, even though "shreedy" is the version in the Folio), nonetheless, pelling almostly "Shroudly," gives the word a dimension more than temperature. Gives a more frightening resonance to Horatio's response—"It is a nipping and an eager ait"—which is often read as having protic overtones, but which could just as well—with "Shroudly"—express the apprehension that death is nipping cagerly at our heels.

Which is not even to mention the more explicit ghostly connotations: a shroud being the usual costume of stage ghosts. Andrews's point is that you get all this—and "shrewdly," in all its implications as well—when you read its, when you print it, when you print it to "shrewdly."

As I was reading the original spelling Hamlet I was also getting a sense from John Andrews's scholarly papers of the larger stakes in the spelling ques-

tion. As its deepest level Andrews's argument is that this is not a question of Shakespearean spelling habits, but the nature of Shakespearean flought, his original way of using language to create meaning. Andrews calls the spelling of the time "unamobered" it was a century and a half before English spelling was first regularized, "anchored" (in Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary). By "unanchored" Andrews means more slippers, free-floating, not just in word-letter formations but in meaning. It is not, to use the famous example flow. Hunter shave must make a choice between "not on still effect." word-letter formations but in meaning. It is not, to use the famous example from Hamlet, that we must make a choice between "too too sullied flesh," "too too sallied flesh" and "too too solid flesh." But that each spelling gives too too samen nest and too too sould nest. But that dash spenning gre-one all three overlapping colorations of the word. As did each psoken utter ance of the word. And that the multiple forms of words, such as "shrewdly and "Shroudly," the unanchored, nonreductive variant spellings, either created or reflected a more fluid, unanchored, polysemous way of reading, hearing and thinking that found its epitome in Shakespeare's language and thought. (Polysemous, by the way, pronounced "polissimus," one of my ite new locutions, means offering many potential meanings.)

tarotte new locutions, means offering many potential meanings.)
Andrews point out some telling examples in building this case. In Mabeth for instance the unmodernized spelling renders the line about the arrival of the soon-to-be-murdered sovereign "Duncan comes here To night."
As opposed to the commonly modernized version: "Duncan comes here
tonight." If "to" and "night" are not compressed, it's more than a scheduling amountement. "Duncan comes here To night has deeply ominous
resonance, less temporals. Night is a destination, not a time. Duncan comes
here so Erems Misch. here to Eternal Night.

vincing on the question of spelling and temporality and eternity is the original spelling version of perhaps the most famous spe in Macbeth:

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Instead of "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" it goes:

To morrow and to morrow and to morrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last Syllable of recorded time: And all our yesterdays have lighted Fooles The way to dusty death.

The full force of that slow creep toward Eternal Night is felt far more strongly as "In morrow and to morrow" than as "Thmorrow and tomorrow". With "to morrow" one has to cross the gap to a morrow, morrow is feed a time and a destination. With "tomorrow" one is already there.

Andrews calls "to morrow" and "tomorrow" "not discrete words but a potential multivalent word paring". A paring that, particularly when head, would be simultaneously apprehended as "to morrow" with the emphasis on the travel (or "rawal"—another multivalent word paring in Stakespacet: travel/travail)—and "tomorrow" with its emphasis on the time of arrival.

arrival. Other examples of multivalent pairings Andrews points out include
"mettle" and "metal" and the way the witches in Macbeth were not originally
spelled "Weird Sistes" as modernized editions have it, but "Weyward
sisters." I was particularly intrigued with "loose" and "loose because to illustrate Andrews's point he refers to what I have always believed is one of the
signature passages in early Shaksepear, from The Comedy of Error.

One of the lost twins bemoans his fate:

That in the ocean seeks another drop, Who, falling there to find his fellow for (Unseen, inquisitive), confounds himself. So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them (unhappy), ah, lose myself.

Or as the unmodernized spelling edition has it, "ah, loose myself. Lose myself, loose myself. Subtly different: "loose myself" is slightly more deliberate, more a willed loss than "lose myself." On the other hand "lose myself" has connotations that "loose myself" doesn't: lose myself and lose my way. Or perhaps, as Andrews conjectures, they were both present,

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both connotations, in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote it, just as th both present when we hear them spoken, rather than read them reduced to one or the other version on the page.

both present when we hear them spoken, rather than read them reduced to one or the other version on the page.

Andrews emphasizes the way what we hear is essential to the unarchored senses that original spelling evokes on the page. He's particularly good on what has been lost in the regularizing of names. The original spelling of Montague in Romes and Julies, or one of the spellings, was "Mountague." Since "ague" is an ache (often in Shakespeare an ache resultsing from mounting—a sexually transmitted disease) "Mountague" embeds an embittered vision of tainted love in Romeo's last name. What's in a name in the state of the spellings of the spell

as embittered vision of nainted love in Romeo's last name. What's in a mana-indeed.

And more recently in an essay on the unmodernized spelling text of
Mendout of Henite Andrews points out that the original spelling of the name
of the strange clown modern editions call "Launcelot Gobbo" is Launcelot
Lobbe, And that in Verine at that time there was a prominent church of
Lobbe, a Chard dedicated to the belifical sufferer Job. I've always thought
that there was far more to Gobbo's presence in the play participality in his
initial monologue, which (for a clown) is curiously, heavily, fregisted with
Old and New Testament images. But that Gobbo might conceal Job in a
"dayabout a suffring lew...!

Andrews's essays, introductions and annotations are filled with o and suggestive examples such as that. He traces the original sin of spelling modernizers and conventionalizers to "Pope and all the editors who've

moderniters and conventionalizers to "Pope and all the editors who've sanctioned this disambiguisting modification of Shakes-park's script." "Disambiguisting"—a great word for a reductive "either/or" approach to ambiguity, And in service of this point, what Andrews does with its earnipelas and his arguments is—one might say—tor-endificant what Pope and the others disambiguated. To give us back the original "arget in Andoth so that it can mean enraptured as well as the modernized "wrapped" we get in most editions. And to give us back "wrack" for "wreck" in The Timput. And in one of his tour de force readings, to give us back the plumpoertuid, polysemous sense of passages in which we restore "My" to "1" (and to "ove").

""eye").

There is the crucial passage in Richard II, in part of what is known as "the deposition scene." It is the moment when rebellious Henry Bolingbroke (later Henry IV) asks King Richard if he is ready to resign his crown to him. As Andrews points out, most modern editions render Richard's reply as:

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Here Andrews tells us that the 1608 Quarto of Richard II, the one portedly closer to Shakespeare's manuscript than the 1623 Folio, reads

I, no; no I, for I must nothing be . .

Ay, no, no ay; for I must nothing be .

Suddenly, read this way we realize we have come upon one of the mos omplex meditations on the first person, the subject I, the subjective eye, in all Shakespeare.

Shakespeare.

This version, Andrews says, "permits each 'I' to indicate either 'ay' (as

This version, Andrews says, "permits each T to indicate either 'ay' (as in, 'ay, yes') or T (T being a normal spelling for 'ay' in Shakespeare's day). Understanding, "I as T [and not 'by'] permits corollary word polys on 'no, which can be heard, at least/in its first occurrence as 'know' [as 'in know Tratter than 'no, "y]. At the same time the second and third soundings of 'L' if not the first, can also be heard as 'eye." In the situation in which this speech occurs, that construction celoses a themstaclly pertinent exboration from Matthew its.—"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out."

But these are not all the menning." Can have here, "Andrews contrious." "I' can also represent the Roman numeral for 't' which will soon be diminished, as Richard explains, to 'nothing' (o), exo along with the speaker's title, his worldly possession. ... his life... to become 'no thing' or a best' an O-thing." In addition to its other dimensions, then, Richard's response is a statement that can be formulated mathematically, and in symbols that adunthent the binary system behind today's computer technology.

'to, o, if or it must to be."

I'm still not sure I completely follow that last step into ones and zeroes but I do follow Andrews's larger point: that the ambiguity of spelling re-leases us to focus on sound. Thus restores, reambiguates Shakespeare's lan-

leases us to focus on sound. I has restores, reamoguates shakespeare's tun-quage. The multiply spelled, ambiguous word when spoken aloud gives us the richness of the unanchored, multiple meanings of its sound.

This eye-ear distinction is an important one to Audrews, a key reason he believes the unmodernized spelling question matters so much, and he ex-presses its importance in a passage that returns us once again to Bottom and his dream:

"As the word 'audience' may help us to remember, people who fre-

quented the Globe usually spoke of 'hearing' rather than 'seeing' a play. If we're serious about analyzing and reanimating the works we know to have been composed for that magic circle (the original Globe audience) we will learn to do likewise. "When we read unmodernized spelling editions, "We'll reacquire the capacity to listen with our eyes." Once again that eye/ear re-

versal!

Recent Shakespearean biographer Peter Ackroyd also argues the case for unmodernized spelling and uses it in all his citations, even to the point of printing the original "u" for "v" as in "loue." Ackroyd argues "the fusising of successive printers and editors has curbed and flattened [Shakespeare's] use twe sonority. Any standardization or modernization of Shakespeare's language robs it of half its strength." So Andrews is not alone in making this argument. Or in seeing that it is not pedantic, fussy or arcane but rather eachers and forestern the forestern the forestern the forestern than the contraction of the property of the property of the contraction of the property of the propert

To "listen with our eyes." Andrews was referring to the ability when "sight-reading a Shakespearean score" in the original spelling, to hear both "I" and "ay" (and "eye") for instance, when we read it silently. Rather than only seeing and reading "ay," as the more modern editions have it.

but I was fascinated by the recollection, the not-so-buried allusion "listening with the eyes" to the delirious dreamlike synesthesia in Botton recollection of his dream: "The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of m hath not seen." But I was fascinated by the recollection, the not-so-buried allusion in

hath not seen."

Original spelling, Andrews seemed to be arguing, brings us closer to the original delitrious synesthesis that so successfully put a spell on Shakes speare's original admicnes, the spell that unanchoord spelling liberates.

Andrews builds upon this point in the textual introduction to his Everyman editions (which he deserbes as "hybrids" that turns a much as possible to the turnodernized versions of the plays) when he says, "Shakespeare consulted in the Gendons a branch unserhood from two seconds."

ble to the unmodernized versions of the plays) when he says, "Shakespeare revelled in the freedom a largely unanchored language provided."

Shakespeare reveled . . . I thought Andrews seemed to be coming close to saying something beyond original spelling, beyond polysemy (multiple potential meanings), something about the way Shakespeare thought.

When I first spoke to Andrews over the phone I read him that line about blakespeare reveling in the unanchored language. Did he men Shakespeare thought differently from the way we think in our now-anchored language—is that why the original spelling question has the faccination it does? Because language affects, shapes thought as much as the reverse? "Yes," he said. "You know it seems to me that what we're gradually be-

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ginning to recover is something of the sensibility of the period, and it's hap-pening in a lot of different ways. In the archaeology that has gone into enroung the Globe and the Blackfriary (luearles) and a lot of the work that other scholars have done to try to recover the manners and the intellectual life of the period. But one of the things that surprises me is that there has been so little feets on the degree to which the language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. And I think it's partly because we're used to thinking of Shakespeare as a modern writer, because virtually every contemporary edition translate Stakespeare—and I don't think 'translates' is too strong a word—into modern orthography, modern punctuation, often modern grammar.

"It's amazing to me," he continued, "how much we've adapted Shake speare to our time and our sense of what the language ought to be." Adaptee it, that is, without most people realizing that what they're reading and hearg is an adaptation.

ing is an adoptation.

It's interesting to put Andrewe's complaint alongside those of the so-called purits who reject "adaptation" of Shakespeare for film, and yet read and often see and hear onstage a Shakespeare whose language is adapted, in effect, rendered in flow use Don Foster's term) a different "inguistic fabric" entirely, more like contemporary polyester than Shakespeare's more rough-hewn, irregularly clored linasy-woods with the company as will be a five "And yet we don't do that with Chaucer or Milton," Andrews said, "And what's lot, you're saying, is what the language was like at its very origins," I asked, "the way Shakespeare thought of the words he wrote, the way his actors thought of them as they spoke them, the way the audience heard them?"

TONGUES OF FLAME

And then Andrews said something that both captured the stakes in the question and raised them immeasurably:

"There was an essay that C. S. Lewis wrote called "Iransposition," "he add. "I think it was a sermon actually delivered on a Pentecost Sunday, a celebration based on the incident in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, when all of a sudden there were tongues of fire that descended and the apostles all begun speaking in different languages—the 'speaking in tongues' passage.

"And Lewis was trying to account for that and what he ended up with

was what I thought was a very striking analogy that has to do with translat-ing something that is in effect three-dimensional into something that is a two-dimensional reality. What we do [in reverse] when we use perspective

"What I think he was trying to do was account for the difficulty of trans

lating a spiritual experience into ordinary language."
"So the analogy is that translating Shakespeare from the polysemous unanchored original spelling is in a way a 'transposition' from a richer to a lesser dimensionality?" I asked. "A sphere to a of flat plane?"

lessed dimensionship?" I saked. "A sphere to a flat plane?"

"I think that's right." he said. "For example just to take spellings, when you think to a word like 'rack, there are a less two ways; in which it can be spelled in Shakespear's time, 'r-s-c-k' and w-r-s-c-k.' And if you're a member of an audience and you hear that word spoken and you don't see it primed one way or another in a book, you don't know how it's spelled, so it can have more than one possibility" hanging in the insubstantial unanchored air that is the medium of sound that unites actor and audience.

To push Andrews's "tongues of fire" analogs a little further than Lewis and even Andrews might have wanted (and in a slightly different direction), the "tongues of fire" that represent the dimensionality of Shakespeare that modernized editions lose could suggest as well the mystery that surrounds the "tongue of fire" —Shakespeare's own tongue, the special dimension of linguistic genius Shakespeare possessed. O' rit could suggest the "Muse of fire" he called upon in the prologue of Honry V, who began that play with the line "O for a Muse of fire... and monarchs to behold the swelling scene!" A muse to swell its stage-born filtenses with a dimensionality, to effect a A muse to swell its stage-born filtenses with a dimensionality, to effect a

here No cause open an easy prospect or Interil', was began than by will the fine "O for a Muse of fire . . . and monarch to behold the swelling scened."

A muse to swell its stage-born flatness with a dimensionality, to effect a transposition of the narrow confines of the Globe. There into the spherical expansiveness of the globe, in the sense of the entire human cosmos.

Restoring the original spelling is for Andrewa a way back to more than orthographic origins, but a way—through the polyphony and polysemy unleashed by the unanchored orthography—of restoring the missing dimensionality, the source of the tongue of fire within Shakespeare's thought itself, the bottomless dimensionality of his flickering linguistic resonances. Andrews cites another example of dimensionality that has been lost. There's a passage at the end of King Lear as Lear is dying and either Edgar or Albany (depending on the text used) says, the him pass, he hates hin't. That would upon the rack of this tough world / Stretch him out longer.' In every modern edition except for mine, "Andrews said," "rack's spelled" in every modern edition except for mine," Andrews said, "rack's spelled". In every modern edition except for mine," Andrews said, " 'rack' is spelled

'r-a-c-k' and that's what the image encourages us to think, because 'stretched' suggests the idea of the rack as instrument of forture."

In the unmodernized spelling however it's "ovracke," which can also mean 'wreck' or "wreckage."

"Which suggests a more 'Waste Land'-like image?' I asked. "Lear stretched out over the wreck of this cough world is less a physical stretching out than a stretching out over time in this realm of rain?" (I couldn't help thinking about "mag" and 'rouris' on engines). thinking about "prey" and "pray" on garbage.)

dinking about "prey" and "pray" on girtoge.)

"Yes, or rather 'wracke' gives you both."

"Mis struck me about Andrews was his willingness to admit the contingency of some of his arguments. There is undoubtedly a certain extent to which the strongess version of his ace is contingent on a strong connection between the spelling that appears in the early printed texts and Shakespear's own (Jost) handwritten spelling. A connection impossible to make absent any surviving handwritten manuscript (side from the conjectural Hand D). We just have no certain evidence whose spelling 'wracke' is. But Andrews's argument does not deepend solely on a direct link. In its broadest sense, it depends more on the fact that the language shared by Shakespeare, the scribes and compositions was far more 'unanchord''s pluripotentiality and polysemousness were built into it regardless of how any one word was applied, or by whom it was spelled. Any revision of 'wracke' would have given you every version of wracke. Each word was a "drop in the ocean" of a different sort of sea from the one we swim in, a more fluid ocean of words. ocean of words

ean or words. I raised an objection to Andrews that I had heard posed to the different I raised an objection to Andrews that I had heard posed to the different but not unrelated "original punctuoin" movement. The latter has had a particular appeal to American actors having trouble "sight-reading" Shakespeare's language. It argues that, when seeking for moments of damasic pause, forger better Hall's end-stopped line structure, but rather follow religiously the punctuation to be found in the First Folio estition of the plays because the First Folio versions of the plays were the ones: "prepared" for the theater or reflected the way they were performed at the theater. In any case they argue that First Folio punctuoin was closer to Shakespeare's own "final intentions" for how his lines should be read.

But subsequent adoptical mentalism of the Folio and its compositors has undermined confidence that the Folio punctuation can be reliably said to reflect Shakespeare's wheles as opposed to the type shop compositors' whins. The original spelling argument depends less on an imagined Shakespear's war.

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spearan origin of the spelling, more on the fabric of the language he used, the potentially shifting coloration of the words with their multiple spellings and concomitant multiple meanings. Unmodernized spelling theory as admorted by Andrews depicts Shakespeare writing what he heard in his head rather than hearing the meaning a particular spelling dictated.

Still Andrews displayed a commendable and rare scholarly modesty when he admitted that the ovidence linking the spelling, say, of "Shroudly" in the Control of Shakespears' (now had in the optionis payments are sent to the control of the Control of Shakespears' (now had in the option) payments are sent to the control of the control of

in the Quarto to Shakespeare's own hand in the original manuscript version
was conjectural and that "Shroudly" could be a compositor's choice or error.
But Andrews did point out several examples of places where there is some

But Andrews did point out several examples of places where there is some suggestive indication that Shakespeare did supervise some punctuation—traces of Shakespeare's supervisory presence.

Andrews referred me to a hilarious passage in Midammer Night's Dream involving Beera Quince, the author of the comically primitive version of Pyramus and Thirby which Bottom and his fellow Mechanicals present at the wedding of the Aftenian nobles in the final act of the Dream.

Quince, as author, comes on first as a character called "Phologue," to address the Athenian wedding forts and democrowith, ves a produge. One that becomes a comic tour de force entirely by means of punctuation. Or rather mispunctuation Mispunctuation which expresses Peter Quince's nervous, halting, heistant delivery in front of such an august undience.

Here's how Quince's Prologue reads in the modernized Folio version (take note of the role punctuation) plays):

(take note of the role punctuation plays):

If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good will. To show our simple skill

But with good will. To show our simple skill That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then, we come but in despite. We do not come, as minding to content you, Our true intent is. All for your delight, We are not here. That you should here report you The actors are at hand; and, by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know.

My favorite part is, "All for your delight, / We are not here." Theseus, who gets the joke, makes a comment on "pointing." as punctuation was (and among scholars, still is) known:

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Some of them seem to have been backdated versions of earlier Quartos

speare" beneath the veil of type.

So after much microscopic study of spelling problems and—yes—a disorienting spell on the Hinman Collator ("I couldn't take it, it made me seasick"), Andrews told me, "I ended up refuting the thesis I was going to base my thesis on [the Kable thesis, that Lear's Compositor B was involved in the Pavier Quartos] and discovered that the Pavier Quartos were set as

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the two Lears were the result of print-shop compositors' idiosyncre. Shakespeare's own revisions—one of the great controversies in a the two Lars were the result of print-shop compositors' idiosyncrasies or of Shakespeare's own revisions—one of the great controversies in all Shakespeare studies (see chapter 4).

But I'd kept hearing word that Blayney had abandoned the project, that in some sense the magnitude of it had devoured him.

"People are in awe or despair about Blayney, aren't they, about the fate of the second volume?" I asked Andrews.
"Yes," said Andrews a bit retenently, as if he knew more than he could say "With have you heard?"
"Well. he's very mittingfust. It lakes him a long time. But it may not be

"Well, he's very meticulous. It takes him a long time. But it may not be definitive. I don't think anything is ever definitive...."

Nothing is ever definitive . . . Is this the tragic epitaph for the encounter be-tween some of the most brilliant minds in the scholarly world and the recal-

citrant mysteries that lie behind the veil of print in Shakespeare studies?

I took this opportunity to ask Andrews about Hand D and found it tended to agree with me that the thematic argument that it was Shakespeare's work was persuasive. But he also adduced a remarkable theatrial moment in

work was persuasive. But he also adduced a remarkable disturtion moment in support of Hand D's Shakespearea authenticity:

"Back in 1968 I had formed an organization called the Shakespeare Guild and we had organized an award in honor of John Gleigland whe spresented the award for the first time to lan McKellen, and he accepted it—in a ceremony in May of 56—at the Folger. And he talked about Sir John [Gleiglan] and he said that if there might have been any point at which, Sir John had envied lan McKellen, it was that perhaps he [McKellen] was the first to do on stage the lines that Shakespeare had written for Sir Thoms More [from Hand D]. And what he did that night was the speech of More reproving the mob."

reproving the mob."

"The poor expelled immigrants heading for the ports?"

"Nes, and of course he related it to his own cause [gpy rights] you know, strangers . . . And it was powerful, and as he read it you could very readily think that only Shakespeare could have written it." Andrews does, however, agree with one of Paul Werstine's critiques of the Hand D attribution: that too many conclusions can be drawn from

Hand D's lack of punctuation

Hand D's lack of punctuation.

"If we concede, as I think we should, that Shakespeare must have overseen the deliberate mispunctuation of the Peter Quince Prologue in Midanumen Night's Dram, why shouldn't we assume that the rest of the punctuation—especially in a Quarro as good as the 1598 Draum, ort of the Miransen Child Control of t

"This fellow doth not stand upon points."

And Lysander adds, almost as if channeling the voice of Peter Hall: "He had rid his prologue like a rough tool; he knows not the stop."

There is so much to love, so much surefire comic business in this halting prologue that Peter Quince has become a favorite minor part of major

ctors. If done right-and it's hard to do wrong-it always gets serial but

of sympathetic laughter, because it plays on, brings to the fore, the great fear we all feel of appearing, being observed on stage, the fear we admire actors

But there's something haunting and forlorn that struck me about the after my attention was drawn to it again by John Andrew

We are no love.

We are not love. It anticipates Theseus's beautiful line about the unreality of all actors good or bad: "The best in this kind are but shadows,"

We are not here: this self-canceling line beautifully captures the unreal world that actors on stage occupy, beet but not here. To have being an Host of the third of the line of line

Shakespearean."

After all, Peter Quince was a playwright as well as an actor, and as an actor he's playing a playwright, actually he's playing a part called "Prologue," and there's a relationship here I'd suggest between his Prologue and

IN ON THE SEASON THE SEASON OF THE SEASON OF

playwright figure in Shakespeare, Prospero, finally abjures.
Indeed Peter Quince's comic "repent you, / The actors are at hand" (I
think we're meant to think he'd meant to says "attend you") carries with it the
echo of "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"—the New Testament invocation of the end of this insubstantial world.

SLIPPERY, LIKE FISHES

Andrews had a couple of other fascinating examples of what seems like Good Will's presence, supervising his manuscrips' printing, but let me first put Andrews himself in perspective. In a sense he represents the opposite pole of Paul Werstine's spistemological skepticism about Shaksepearean texts. Andrews is a defender of some of the optimism of the New Bibliographers: that one could conjecture a glimpse of the true face of Shaksepearean texts. Andrews is often in: It's a particularly interesting opposition since, like Werstine, Andrews emerged from a similar scholarly focus early in his career the inky realm of the type shops and the murky, shadowy personae of the alphabetically denoted type-shop compositors, the clusive axiors in the incomplete dramatic narrative of the printing of Shaksepeare: "Compositor A," "Compositor B," "C," etc. Andrews for instance is credited with identifying the particularly clusive "Compositor G," who may have a double identity Andrews had a couple of other fascinating examples of what seems like ble identity.

terminy.

It turns out that Andrews and Werstine had a mentor in common, Leeds Barroll, himself a colleague of Fredson Bowers, the man who coined the phrase "the well of print." Andrews had been inspired to take up the study of Shakespeare

Addrews had neet inspired to take up the study of statespeece as a Princeton undergaduse, but it wasn't until doing gathuate study at Vanderbilt, "when I ended up being assigned as an assistant editor for a new journal called Shakespeare Studies edited by Leeds Barroll, that I really got into the subject matter, particularly extent matters, as it turned out I did a dissertation on the typesetters and compositors who had worked on the

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First Folio. There had been a dissertation that had been possibled in the sisteties by an associate of Fredson Bowers, William S. Kuble, and Leeds had published that dissertation in a monograph and what Kable was doing was analyzing the spelling patterns in the Pavier Quartos. **

Ah, the Pavier Quartos. **

Bear with me, ye faint of heart who might not yet have come to see the clusive, arean allure of textual studies, in which such delicious mysteries as the Pavier Quartos thrive. One of those veils within the veil of print, the Pavier Quartos there as et of ten single-play quartos-size versions of Shakespeare shys that appeared in 100;, three years after his death and four years before the 1623 First Folio with its thirty-six plays.

Some scholars believe they can be mined for clues to the "original Shake speare" beneath the veil of type.

the third quartees and the content of the the Pavier Quarton were set as much by another figure who I named Compositor G: *A condent showly figure in the absternation of the print shops, another namelies figure beneath the veil of print—one whom no scholar had thought to envision before. *Another shadowy figure in the absternation of the print—one whom no scholar had thought to envision before. *Another shadows are used to the print—one whom no scholar had thought to envision before. *Another shadows are the print—one of the printing of the print—one of the printing of the print—one of the printing of the prin

* Named after Thomas Pavier, whose unauthorized edition was halted by an injufrom Shakespear's company, but who may by his transgression have inspired comport the 1623 Follo, which preserved from oblivion half of Shakespeare's plays, the on exist only in Folio versions.

than of Venice, which was published in the following year—why shouldn't we take seriously the notion that he actually prepared a script, whether or not for publication, that was carefully pointed. It must say that the Inew skeptical orthodoxyl that we can't draw any conclusions, that we can't draw any conclusions about Shakespeare's punctuation and spelling from especially the good Quartes, goes too fair. Now I may draw too many inferences. But I find there is a consistency, evidence of care in overseeing the manuscript, whether or not he saw it through press."

It seemed to me that what Andrews was advancing was a neo-New Bibliography theory of a more sophisticated and limited sort than that advanced by those who heads they could remove the will offer interfive Wijax Amende the own of the control of the by those who thought we could remove the veil of print entirely. What An-

drews is suggesting is that we can at times part the veil, get some glimpses

of mose who tonoging we could relative the evol of inter entirely, which and drews is suggested is that we can at times part the veil, get some glimpses of Shakespeare paying careful attention to the preparation of his theatrical manuscripts—unlike the now-popular image from Shakespeare in Law of someone who dashed off scripts and sent them to the playhouse and went on to the next without looking back. I asked Andrews whether there was much of a movement to return to unmodernized spelling editions.

"To a limited extent," he said, "the variorum editions used basically a transcription of the fassimile of the original texts. But even the [1986] Oxford original spelling editions which was, in the scholarly retain, at least a major victory for the contept of original spelling, often wan't—often didn't present the original text but included edition? mendations. So how did he end up producing a major edition of Shakespeare that few knew they needed, fewer had ever seen, but which changes the way one reads Shakespeare, changes the way one heart Shakespeare, changes the way one heart Shakespeare because of the way it defamiliarized the all-too-demiliar text, and gave me a strange sense of coming upon the play for the first time.

It began, Andrews told me, when he was invited by the Doubleday Lit-It began, Andrews told me, when he was invited by the Doubleday List-erray Guild imprint 60 as delives edition of Shakespear. I had originally intended to do what most editors do, which is start with someone's mod-erraized version and add my own notes and introduction, but I decided to look back at some of the original facisimiles and again it was Midsumner Night's Domm which caught my attention. One line in particular in the original edition, In the very first speech of Hippolysa, in which she refers to 'the moon, like to a silver Bow/Now bent in heaven...' Which every sub-

sequent editor has changed to 'the moon, like to a silver bow / New bent in heaven . . . ' "

Here was an instance he thought where the original "now" is just as good, or even better, in emphasizing imminence than the emenda-

The more he looked the more he felt that, after the Literary Guild edition (which contained some, but not many, reversions to original spelling), he wanted to produce a more thoroughly unmodernized spelling edition. In his Everyman edition he only made two minor compromises, he says: he reduced the long S's (the ones that are easily confused with f's) to

tion. In its Everyman cuttion the only made two munor compromises, he says: he reduced be long \$5' (the ones that are easily confined with \$7') to contemporary-looking \$6' and he distinguished between the \$u\$ and \$v\$ letters in a way such that "love" was printed "love," hor "love." Andrews also retained much of the promiscious, often irregular and arbitrary capitalization and got Everyman, the Britriah publisher, to go along with: "So how did you convince Everyman to do it?" I asked Andrews. "I'm not sure," he said." And I'm not sure if they'd do it over again if they had the choice," he said laughing.

Then of sure, "he said." And I'm not sure if they'd do it over again if they had the choice," he said laughing.

To lot Andrews I wanted to get back to that line in his Everyman textual introduction in which he speaks of the way "Staksepsere reveiled in the freedom a largely unanchored language provided."

"That phrase, "unanchored language" Are you implying that Shaksepsere was thinking and writing in a different way than we magine ourselves thinking and using words?"

"I think so, yes," he said. "You know [T. S.] Elloe-I don't think he was taking about this specifically, but Eliot talked about the "dissociation of sensibility" and his sense that somehow there was a change in our relationship to language that was related to the very way we think and feel. Something that happened sometime after the time of Shaksepsere and Donne. And I think that he's speking about the language before it became regliffled, between the state of the very way we think and feel. Something that happened sometime after the time of Shaksepsere and Donne. And I think that he's speking about the language before it became reglified, between the description of the state of the same that the time of Shaksepsere and Donne. And I think that he's speking about the language the tote return reglified, between the same that some the some the some think that he's speking about the language there it became reglified, between the same that some the s think that he's speaking about the language before it became rigidified, b fore it became codified and ruled out multiplicity. You know I once heard Robert Fagles [the acclaimed translator of Homer] speak at Princeton, and he quoted D. H. Lawrence who said something like, 'Before Plato told the he quoted D. H. Lawrence who said sometiming like, "Before Plato told the great lie about ledss, men went slipper like fishes and didn't care." In not sure what exactly Lawrence was getting at but I do think Shaksepare was using language in but way. 'slippery like fishes,' malleable. Vou didn't have any grammars, no one had codified grammar or spelling. I think for Shaks-speare spelling was a tope—you could play around with the form of words just the way you could do other figurative things with words."

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This seemed important to mes spelling as a trope. Shakespear deliberately using the unanchored multiplicity of the spelling of the time to create a cloud of potential meanings hanging in the air when the words were untered, radiating polysemy on the page. Which makes a return to something closer to, if not assuredly identical with, the original important, a way of deepening an experience of the Shakespearean.\(^2\)

I thought of Jonathan Bate's analogy to the Cambridge physicists and the Copeningen model of the atom, a modens surrounded by a cloud of possible electron paths, none of which could be pinned down without uncertainty about their position—a cloud of unanchored meanings all potentially valid, none pinned down, though some ruled out by quantum limitations.

I tried this out on Andrews, who didn't recoil at the metaphor from

'Yes, if one approaches language with an awareness that the language as Yes, it one approaches inguige with an awareness that the language as spoken and heard at that time was a nicher medium than when committed to manuscript or print. You have a sound, and when you hear the 'AyyI' sound, sitting in the Globe in Richard II, you don't know how those lines should read on paper. There are multiple possibilities in the spoken language that you can't preserve when you put it in a single written form. And so the written form is a transposition from a richer medium to a medium that is more limited."

is more limited.*

Transposition. It's that tongues-of-flame trope again. The paradoxical notion that the original spelling has less to do with letters on the page than the sound in the air. freeing letters on the page to enjoy their full efflorescence, one might say in the multiplicities of tone and coloration that the ear, the mind, afford sounds.

'And I think Shakespeare must have known it," Andrews told me. 'I find this over and over in the words: if there's any possibility for it to have multiple implications, it will. For example at the end of *The Tempet* there's a passage where Ariel is telling Prospero about the state of Prospero's captive enemies and Ariel says, 'they cannot budge till your release.' And the way we would naturally interpret that is 'they cannot budge till you release them.' But it's not very long after that that Ariel tells Prospero what he would do if he were human and then Prospero decides that he'll forgive his

LOW TO SERVACIM.

Coptives. And I think that what happens there is that Prospero experiences your release," as rink the release, "no fonger as your releasing them," but 'your release, as rink the release, from the vyranny of his own self that allows him to forgive and release his enemies."

Andrews's choice of "release" as an example is a fortuitous one in the larger sense. In a pecular way that I was becoming convinced was important, related to Peter Brook's belief that splitting open a line of Shakessers will release infinite energies, unmodernized spelling can release from mere lettering the polysemous radiant cloud of unanchored—but normandom—meanine.

nonrandom—meaning. What Andrews is suggesting is a deepening of the notion of close read-ing to close listening. That close reading isn't close enough unless it takes into account the "trope of spelling" as Andrews puts it—the way unan-chored spelling, multiple ambiguous letter combinations are only truly "re-leased" when they are released from the page to be experienced as spoken

and heard on the stage.

I asked him if he thought there was a kind of hierarchy of the most complete, the deepest way of experiencing Shakespeare.

"Are you saying that reading aloud or hearing players speak aloud from an original spelling exit is paing to be closer than anything else?"

"I would think so," he said, "I think what we need is to recover the ability to hear the words as we read them, even if we're reading them silently, and to be alert to the possibility that when we read it, a word that has one form on the page may have other possible forms when it's embodied in sound."

It would in addition be not without interest to get closer if possible to he would mead on the flow who the most of the way Shakespeare heard and pronounced his own words, an attempt that may not yield certainty but might often yield surprises like "Shroudly" casting a subterranean chill on "shrewdly."

I asked Andrews why he thought more companies didn't do Shake speare from original spelling texts. He said he'd spoken with the conductors who design the music for the restored Globe. "They're part of the early music movement, playing Bach on the clavichord and all that. The Globe is doing some of it musically, but I don't think they've addressed the language. to make the massachy, but you think they a notices of the anguage. I remember seeing a Globe production of $Henry\ V$ in which they had the traditional all-male cast, in costumes that were Elizabethan, in a staging that was Elizabethan, or as near an approximation as they could find—and then

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ou had various characters referring to 'the Dauphin' as the heir to the French throne, while in the early printings of course they say 'Dolphin.'
And if you Frenchify it you lose something."

"You lose the subcurrent of ridicule in calling him 'Dolphin'?"

"Yes, and there's one place where there's a reference to Louvre—'the Louvre's balls.' And in the Folio 'Louvre' is spelled 'Lover,' so you lose the

Louvre's stalls. And in the bolo 'Louvre' is spelled 'Lover,' so you lose the pure 'Lover's labils." For the original printing extends beyond original spelling and original punctuation to original lineation. Or perhaps it's more fair to his point of view to say that he's anti-stampering, that he believes one ought to adopt the Hippocratic philosophy when approaching the original printings. first do no harm, don't tamper with irregularities and silosyncrasies, because in doing so one risks missing what might be hidden within the apparently rirelevant irregularity, in support of original lineation he cites the way many contemporary editors rearrange two crucial lines in Richard II. "Vork comes in after hearing there or four pieces of had news at a time. And he has a long speech that is very messy metrically, and every editor tries to realign it into some pattern that would make it more regular. And then I noticed the final line, which is too long, the line that ends with 'everything is at six and seven." In the unmodernized Folio version of Richard II this is rendered: pun 'Lover's Balls.' "

I should to Plashy too, but time will not perm All is uneven and every thing is left at six and seven.

The problem with these lines is that they depart radically from the stan dard ten-syllable iambic pentameter line. The last line containing "six and seven" consists of a full fourteen syllables. In the Riverside edition of Shakeeare's complete works the editor treats the fourt n-syllable line as a mis rranges the last lines like this

I should to Plashy too, But time will not permit. All is un And every thing is left at six and s

It leaves two lines regularized at ten syllables each (and almost rhyming), Andrews noticed something when preparing the Literary Guild edi-

tion of Richard II. "In that final line with 'every thing is left at six and seven

tion of Rehard II. "In that final line with 'every thing is left as is and seven' ifyou keep the original Gourtens-pills be version you find in the sixth metrical unit is the word 'six' and in the seventh is the word 'six' and in the seventh is the word 'seven."

Not only is it an instance of the jeweled clockwork of Shakespearean verse, not only is it another instance, be suggests, in which one imagines that Shakespeare may have overseen the printing in order to ensure that the expressive irregularity of the metre was preserved in the lineation, just as with the expressive mispunctuation of Peter Quince's Prologue. But also, as Andrews points out, "It accounts for everything that precedes that speech." He argues the irregularity is a deliberate expression of a disordered mind. At Yale the New Critics used to call this the fallay of imitative form—disordered verse expressing a disordered mind. But here disorder is both exercise that speech is the second of the property of the processing a disordered mind. But here disorder is both exercise. dered ver se expressing a disordered mind. But here disorder is both exsed and captured by a higher order.

pressed and captured by a higher order.

Impressed as I was by Andrew's arguments, even more by such instances of his attentiveness to Shakespear's language, I was, I admit, reluctant to concede that in effect I do ben 'doing it wrong' all my life, by
reading Shakespear in modern spelling editions. And yet I found myself
not alone in seeing owne merit in Andrew's arguments. Peter Acknoyd's a
true believer. The OED's Jesse Sheldlower, no inconsiderable student of language, felt impassioned on the question. It's not for nothing that Stephen Booth and Helen Vendler both include facsimile unmodernized versions of the Sonnets in their editions. And shortly after interviewing Andrews I was the Sonness in their editions. And shortly after interviewing Andrews I was visiting one of the most resultie nonacidenic wirers I lawe. Diral Kinitz, who writes art criticism for venues that range from Harper's to the New Cri-erion. The grandson of a poet, he had studied pre-seventeemth-century po-etry as a graduate student at Columbia with a legendary Shakespearean teacher, Ted Tayler, he knew his Shakespeare and he knew his metrics. He was skeptical about Peter Hall's end-stopped line structure argument. And at first when I reviewed for him John Andrews's arguments for unmodern-inde arelline editions ching has as irrander.

at first when I reviewed for him John Andrews's arguments for unmodern-ized spelling editions, he was incredulous.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I haven't been reading Shakespeare in the original?" I took out my copy of Andrews's Everyman edition of Hamlet and handed it to him. He looked it over for some time and then got up and dig out his copy of Harold Jenkins's Arden edition of Hamlet, and started

comparing passages.

"I cart believe this," he finally said. "I feel cheated"—cheated out of an authentic Shakespearean experience by modernization and conventionalizing of spelling and capitalization.

So where does that leave us? Frankly it convinced me that in my next round of rereading Shakespeare I'd do it in the original spelling editions.* In the original togue of fame, so to speak, before the "transposition."

That is of course in addition to reading it alouf in the Hall-Edelstein lime-structure method. Originalist arguments can make great demands. And offer great rewards.

Come, gentle night, come, loveing, black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo, and, when I shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun.

there, see if Leggatt's reading makes sense to you

CIS RON ROSENBAUM

Where is the orgasmic identity exchange? Leggatt locates it vaguely and bscurely in "the collapsing of Romeo's death into hers." Something he obscurely in "the collapsing of Romeo's death into hers." Something lae points no as happening in the conspicuously unusual original version that has Juliet saying "when I shall die" rather than "when he shall die." Making it about her sexuality; rather than his death ... Anot the collapsing? Perlups in the traces of the death—Romeo's—we expected her to speak of? The result of Juliet somehow collapsing her death into the expected death of Romeo? Or conjuring up another kind of death, a sexual "death," a petie mort for herself? I think that's what he's saying. But what about "the wiping out of consciousness and individual identity in a moment of low-making." I shat Legaltt getting into a fond reverie, or is he persuasive in reading into the text a moment of imagined (very special) oresan!

Note that tragic end has already been triggered, but the news has not yet reached Juliet, who is ardendy awaiting Romeo's visit so they can consummate their surreptitious marriage. It is the moment just before she learns that Romeo has killed her cousin flybhi, initiating a contentation of events that will lead to their deaths in the Capulets' tomb.

But for the moment she is expressing impatience with the night for not hurrying and bringing Romeo and consummation with him. Here it is again. Read it through Leggart's lens and see if you feel there's an orgasm in there see if I cover's readine makes seen to you.

In Leggatt's defense I could cite a markedly similar moment of identity

the marriage, Juliet says

But not possess'd it, and though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd.

change later in the same speech of Juliet.

When she speaks of having been married, but not having consummated

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—Jorn Gnoss, The Wall Street Journal

And why not in this book? It was not an easy decision, but since it's not an allition of the play, but book that cites passage, It dought the interest in rusking the quotations more accessible to more readers outveighed the alternative. That it was better to familiarize readers before presuming to de-familiarize them with the passages in question. But I would encourage rackets to seek out unmoderatived definors for their near rereading of

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There is that same identity switch-confusion, dissociation, doublene

There is that same identity switch—confusion, dissociation, doubleness, whatever you want to call it—in these lines. She is both buyer and object boughts she bought the manison, then she it the manison bought. So, metaphorically, she's possessor of Romeo's body but also the body to be possessed, anguably both at the same time. Both, simultaneously, the same mansion. A collapsing of identity, or rather perhaps a obabiliting of identity. Russ McDouald perceptively pointed out, in a joya introduction to an essay on the revival of close reading, that the term "undecidability" had replaced "ambiguity" in Shatsepeare studies, in literary studies in general. I'm not sure I'm happy with the replacement.

"Undecidable" carries more than a trace of the failed imperative is decide, as if deciding should be the goal, as if decidability were preferable to undecidability. As opposed to "both/and" ambiguity, entertaining phessure in the possibilities without deciding. Burteraining in the sense of both giving and taking pleasure in the possibilities without deciding. Burteraining in the sense of both giving and taking pleasure in the possibilities without deciding. Burteraining in the sense of both giving and taking pleasure in the possibilities within Leggart's conjecture probably should remain in the new realm of "undecidability," textual purgatory for a while. I'd like to se other responses to it.

Despite some reservations I might have about his specific readings, Leg-

like to see other responses to it.

Depte some reservations imight have about his specific readings, Leggets to the kind of schoal' admire, one with an instinct for particularly resonant passages. Who causes us to look closer at moments like Lear's last words, and juliest's, whatever happened to her in that passage.

Another thing I liked about Leggart's paper was the emphasis be put on "surprise." In face leadled his paper. The Plessures of Surprise," and the element of surprise figures prominently in his account of Shakespearean pleasure. It's akin to Kermode's evocation of the experience of being on the "threshold of comprehension" of something new. The brink of surprise and the brink of surmise. The brink of a mazement. The brink of almazement was conclusion was a final challenge; "Ago odd ead of Shakespeare criticism makes us feel we have had the meaning but missed the experience," Recovering, John

perience; we need to start recovering the experience." Recovering: John perience; we need to start recovering the experience." Recovering John Andrews seeks to recover the original pelluling for the deper experience of the Shakespearean spell, Steven Berkoff the original emotional spell. I thought of Berkoff doing the Garrick gesture, that signature gesture of Shakespearean suprise Handler's seeing his father's glow. What I find over and over in Shakespeare is that, on one level or another, I'm throwing up

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