

century which Antonin Artaud would style "the Theater of Cruelty." And it is not hard to appreciate the comment of Bertolt Brecht, whose own work was bringing drama and epic together again, when he singled out the scene at Bosworth Field: "A theater full of alienation-effects!"

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"As They Did in the Golden World": Romantic Rapture and Semantic Rupture in *As You Like It*

As You Like It is a play full of irreverent literary allusions, many of them overt, some of them less certain and to be dug out with philological or archaeological patience.¹ One of the more hidden, and certainly one of the more irreverent, of these possible references is to be found in the servant Adam's warning to Orlando just before they set out for the forest of Arden: "this night," he means / To burn the *lodging* where you used to lie" (2 3 22-3). Adam's use of the term "lodging" at this point in the play may be more than a casual instance of banal dramatic topology. *As You Like It*, as is well known, is the comedy in which Shakespeare is most consistently and substantially indebted to a narrative source, the prose romance *Rosalynde*, and Adam's lexical choice might be seen as an acknowledgement of sorts of this debt to the author of the source text, Thomas Lodge Esquire (2 158-256).² Indeed, "lodging" is exactly, in a sense, what Shakespeare does in

1 An earlier version of this paper was read at the conference *Shakespeare: la nostalgia dell'essere*, Taormina, August 1984, and published in the conference proceedings. References to *As You Like It* are to the Arden edition. In *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse* I have argued that discourse is central to Shakespearean comedy as it is in Elizabethan culture, that it is both a privileged semiotic means and a direct dramatic and comic topic. Language, for the Elizabethans, becomes a primary channel and primary target for enthusiasms, suspicions, wars and the dramatic and theatrical potential of words themselves. In Shakespeare's comedies (as in those of Lyly and Jonson) we can observe the identity of verbal form with the dramatic concerns of the play (2). The relation between narrative and drama, which is expressed in discourse, plays with these implications and also implies the relation between the dramatic and theatrical texts, written and performed texts, that I discussed in *The Semiotics of Theatre and Drama* and in *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse* (33-34).

2 As I say in *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse*, the drama, as Aristotle states, creates its fictional world by the direct representation of events "within" the dramatic world (*mimesis*) and not by narration from "without" (*diagnosis*). Narrative information is normally provided to the audience through the interactions of the persons who comprise the fictional world. The dramatic world defines itself as it proceeds, which represents the particular reflexivity of dramatic discourse. This kind of discourse has to convey expository content regarding the

composing the play whose *fabula* and a good deal of whose plot are lifted unashamedly out of the source. While "burning" the lodging, in Adam's

characters who supposedly issue and receive it (for instance, Shylock and Portia), the circumstances in which it is supposedly issued (for example, Venice and the courtroom) and the action that its issuing constitutes (the demanding, for instance, of a pound of flesh). But in the comedies the dialogue's world-creating reflexivity is much more than a conventional narrative short cut (or way of expelling the story-teller from the story-telling). In itself it becomes a primary source of rhetorical vitality (72). In my book on Shakespeare I refer briefly to two directly related worlds, *As You Like It* and its main source, Lodge's *Rosalinde*. I refer you to that discussion (73-77) but want to emphasize here a few of its aspects. Shakespeare follows — at the levels both of *fabula* (underlying story) and actual plot — the inherited narrative pattern with an unusual degree of fidelity. Any parallel episode, such as the wrestling match, will, however, reveal the radical divergences in the elaboration of narrative material and, in particular, the disposition of discourse along the three axes of discursive orientation: objects of discourse (an orientation to the dramatic universe itself and its individuals) context of utterance (the I-you and here-now of the speech exchange of dialogue) and the co-text (the verbal context of the discourse with its internal semantic and syntactic structure [see Petőfi 1975]). Lodge presents the event (the wrestling match) through classical narration — a mixture of straightforward diegesis, direct character portrayal, *oratio obliqua* and quoted direct speech. The only elements indicating a distinct narrative voice — a collective proverbial voice — are the parenthetical and moralistic Latin tags that punctuate the account. By nearly eliminating the indices of the context of utterance (at most dimly implied in the narrative point of view) Lodge places all the weight of his narration on the orientation, from without, towards its objects of discourse (the individuals and events described). The co-text remains self-effacingly outward- and backward-looking because references are always to the past fictional world and never to the discourse in progress. Shakespeare's dramatization of this incident (the wrestling match) is set, as is typical of his comedy, within an apparently rambling series of more or less playful colloquies, which the ladies resolutions to defeat despondency through verbal pastimes introduces. The preliminary information regarding the scene's central event is introduced only after a long warm-up in the guise of a wit contest with Touchstone. Shakespeare resorts to the conventional solution of the messenger, interrupting the ladies' recreation with the "real" topic of the day, clearly signalled as a piece of tellable, listenable and gossipy intelligence. Le Beau appears to represent an internal or introjected version of Lodge's narrator, ready to impart equivalent details with similar diegetic earnestness. But he is never permitted to fulfil so innocent as information-bearing role. From the outset, his attempts to orient his and the ladies' discourse to the other scene, that the episode is exemplary in the referential poetics of Shakespeare's comedy. Direct narrativity of the kind that Le Beau originally intended (he is a delegate of the source romance) is refused in favour of a dialogue telling that privileges the current communicative context, and even more so the brilliantly self-propagating co-text, over the proposed objects of discourse. The absent other-place — the scene of the wrestling — soon becomes the here and now of the dialogue because it is brought to them, in order to be subjected to the ladies' commentary. As the emblematic scene of frustrated narration from *As You Like It* amply illustrates, the context of utterance is the first and main point of dialogue orientation. For a definition of context or micro-analysis see Lyons 572, and for a close analysis of role, status, province, degree of formality, pragmatic supposition, topic, elocutionary intentions and propositional attitude in this scene, see *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse* 75-76.

phrase, namely, omitting or completely recasting the source material, is an operation that the dramatist carries out at the other levels of the play, especially at the level of discourse.

Lodge himself might be suspected of repeated and somewhat narcissistic self-name-dropping in the course of his anything but witless narration. His romance opens with the death of Sir John of Bourdeaux, who exhorts his sons: "keep my precepts as memorialls of your fathers counsailes, and let them be *lodged* in the secrete of your hearts" (163). As soon as they arrive in Arden, Rosalinde and Alinda encounter the shepherds Coridon and Montanus, with whom they converse "until Montanus and he *lodged* their sheep for the night" (189). They conduct the disguised ladies to their "course *lodging*" (191). Similarly, Rosader in Arden bids goodnight to a forester: "and so till tomorrow you to your Foldes, and I will to my *Lodge*" (with capital L: 214) and so on.

Rosalinde is a romance of the pastoral species, and its author's name is itself eminently pastoral, at least in one of its various dictionary senses: that of the "small country house or cabin." Sidney's *Arcadia* is full of lodges, and Shakespeare furnishes his own "greenworld" plays with them ("I will visit you at the lodge," *Love's Labour's Lost* 1.2.126 etc.). And it is precisely on this aspect of Shakespeare's relationship with Lodge, and with literary and dramatic history in general, that I wish to reflect in this paper, since romance and pastoral are related, although not identical, modes of literary representation of a mythical or otherwise lost world, and Shakespeare's treatment of the two sets of conventions in *As You Like It* tells us a good deal about his special way with nostalgia, or perhaps, as we will see, without nostalgia.³

3 In *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse*, I discuss in detail the most explicitly pastoral scene in Shakespeare — 2.1 of *As You Like It* (see 136-40). In this scene Shakespeare introduces us to the quasi-Arcadian Arden. Duke Senior's opening oration and Amiens' eulogistic commentary rehearse two moments of the landscape — language relationship in pastoral. First, the Duke equates the natural scene and human discourse of which he is a direct receiver. Second, Amiens praises these linguistic metaphors ("tongues in trees, books in the running brooks/Sermons in stores") as a felicitous verbal rendering of the present circumstances of the foresters. The idea that nature manifests itself to the initiated observer as a language belongs to the philosophical Platonism of Ficino, Pico or Paracelsus and to a literary tradition — the pastoral drama of Politian, Tasso, Ariosto, Guarini, and their continental and English imitators — that is closely associated in origin with that philosophical movement. As Richard Cody has shown, Tasso's *Aminta* (1573) relates directly to Italian Platonic syncretism. The *Aminta* establishes the model for an intimate communion between the "natural" poetry of the Arcadian shepherd and the poetry of nature in *Arcadia* itself. Shakespeare's Orlando, the self-elected poet of Arden, acts out the Duke's conventional figures, particularly his "bibliographical" trope, in the most literal fashion, further textualizing the forest through his amorous versions (3.2.5-6). The trees become doubly "readable," books

The relationship between romance and pastoral is, as it were, one of family resemblance, even if, as in most families, there are certain more or less deep-rooted tensions in the kinship, in that despite their common origins in myth and magic, the two modes develop along distinct and in some ways antithetical lines. This troubled fraternity can be seen quite clearly in the relations between Lodge's *Rosalynde* and its source, the pseudo-Chaucerian verse romance *The Tale of Gamelyn*, which relates precisely the story of a troubled fraternity. The medieval poem is given over altogether to virile and vigorous blood-spilling action in the Robin Hood mould, with its emphasis placed unmistakably on a seam-bursting and muscle-bound *fabula* made up of a succession of nasty family vendettas, and culminating in the unsurprising triumph of the good-hearted outlaw Gamelyn. Here the woodland setting has a purely ideological and axiological role in marking out a zone that is negative, i.e. illegitimate, in terms of abusive political powers in force, but positive, i.e. legitimating, in terms of the simple moral values encoded in the poem. There is no attempt to paint out a bucolic idyll distinct from the corrupt domain of feudal feuds; on the contrary, the forest is the point from which the forces of good are able, when not involved in the anticlerical persecution of passing monks, to intervene directly in, and indeed subvert, the rank baronial power-mongering embodied in Gamelyn's tyrannical elder brother.

Lodge's *Rosalynde* respects and reflects much of the *fabula* pattern of the medieval source: from the fraternal squabbling to the flight into the forest to the violent dénouement. But in his prose narrative the emphasis shifts markedly from the actual *events* to their setting, to their ordering and above all to the language of their acting out. Lodge's energies are given over substantially not to the creation of an irresistible sweep of manly episodes but to the depiction of a distinct woodland world dedicated to delicate conversing and intense ecloguing, to which end he invents important bits of *fabula* regarding disguised ladies and poetical shepherds. A choice which, naturally, is dictated by the most elementary canons of pastoral, which has

containing books. But Orlando's romantic gesture is another game of good Ariostan and Tassonian stock, and specifically an allusion to the Angelica and Medora episode in *Orlando Furioso*, duly varied in Tasso's *Aminia* ("Lo scrissi in mille piante"). The reference to a lower writing on trees, which Lee has called an "already-overworked topos in European literature" (7), is also pregnant with more or less automatic iconographic associations relating to a long and eminent series of sixteenth-century illustrations of the *Orlando* episode (for instance, the "Angelica and Medora," an engraving by Giorgio Ghisi after Teodoro Ghisi). Orlando's semi-serious conceit becomes an oblique mode of the pseudo-painterly "iconism" that is essential to the pastoral style. It is tempting to see in Shakespeare's debts to Ariosto, Tasso and their imitators some allegiance also to the syncretist (Platonic-Orphic-Hermetic) matrix from which the language of *Orlando Furioso* and *Aminia* springs (see Cody 13, 76ff.; Wind 236ff.).

little to do with fratricidal violence and everything to do with circumstantial evocation and conversational recreation. This is the first point of encounter and contrast: romance is a *fabula* mode, having to do with the kinds of action shown forth; pastoral is a mode of *plot* and *discourse*, having to do with spatiotemporal circumstance and with linguistic registers. So that the notion of "pastoral romance" of the kind attempted by Lodge is not in itself a contradiction in literary terms: a romance *fabula* can be suitably decked out in the environmental trappings and dainty discourse of pastoral with the happy results expressed in a venerable tradition of successful coexistence, from *Daphnis and Chloe* to Montemayor's *Diana* to *Arcadia* to *Rosalynde* itself.

This difference in levels produces other areas of contrast, however. One is of a structural order. Romance, with its orientation towards *fabula* and its embodiment of anthropologically deep-rooted symbolism, tends to be ternary in structure (in *Gamelyn*, for example, we find three sons, a three-phase syntax of action [feud — outlawing — return] etc.). Pastoral, on the other hand, with its orientation towards circumstance and dialogic discourse, usually involving the exploration of antithetical worlds, of contrasting environments, of moral oppositions in ritual debate, is unquestionably binary in its structural and thematic disposition: nature versus culture, country versus court, the language of innocent communion versus the used coinage of communal decay. Again there is no radical incompatibility between the numbers three and two, which can always be added or multiplied together, as the history of folk literature demonstrates, and Lodge's solution is simply to "dress up" the ternary as the binary, which he steps up almost to the point of mania by adopting the fashionably antithetical language of euphuism ("Ah *Saladyne*, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtle than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted bait: as men are wilie so women are warie, especially if they have that wit by others harmes to beware ..." [236]). Although the old romance patterns do show through (there are still three sons and three action phases), they are all but smothered by the overwhelming sense of syntactic and propositional balance on the narrational surface.

The one area of radical conflict between the two, however, is of an epistemic order, and raises the whole question of the "other" world characteristic of each. To hazard an outrageous generalization, one might claim that romance narrates a world of fantastic happenings, governed by the autonomous logic of the marvellous, subject to the unanswerable laws of magic: in brief, founded on a closed code of values with an internally coherent and exclusive frame of reference. Pastoral, instead, *looks back* to an irretrievably past world of innocent engagement with created nature, which it attempts to re-evolve through the edenic illusion of uninhibited play

and the suggestive powers of bucolic poesy. One might label this distinction provisionally as the opposition between the poetics of the *green world* and the poetics of the *golden world*: the one vigorously present, though undisguisedly fantastic, the other sensed as woefully distant, though infinitely desirable. The difference is registered above all in terms of the relationship with the here and now of our own all-too-grey "actual" world. Romance is a mode of licensed engagement with the "otherness" — the marvellous, mythical and oneiric potentials — of this world; pastoral is a form of codified nostalgia for a time and place — or better, for a timeless place and place-less time — that are by definition inaccessible from the brazen *hic et nunc*.

There's the rub: of the two modes, it is pastoral that spells nostalgia. The reconstructed golden worlds of Theocritus and of Tasso and of Sidney, potentially repellent in their insistent and often insipid shepherdly poetizing, take on an irresistible seductive force from the fact that they are offered as impossible *alternatives* — the more remote, the more appealing — to the even more intolerable decadence of the present moment. And if the pastoral has demonstrated a formidably *longue durée* within our culture, this is surely because the present moment is *always* perceived as being especially decadent. Thus the poetics of pastoral become, with its development over a good many centuries into and beyond the Renaissance, the poetics of melancholy indulgence, of communal self-pity, of ritual elegy for lost origins that are no longer mythical but conventionally literary.

Let us return for a moment to the matter of emblematic names. No name is more resonant for cultivators of nostalgic pastoralism than that of the original gardener, Adam himself. Both *Gamelyn* and *Rosalynde* have an Adam, and so, as we have already seen, does *As You Like It*. Indeed, the three Adams are, at least in actantial terms, the same Adam, selfless helper of the outlawed protagonist; but at the same time Adam's career from the late Middle Ages to the late Renaissance across the three texts is quite revealing. *Gamelyn's* Adam the spencer is perfectly at home in the *fabula* of a masculine and muscular romance, brimming as he is with corporeal energy and offering as he does efficacious assistance to the hero in the trying business of handling the opposition:

Adam felde tweyne, and Gamelyn felde thre.

The other setten feete on erthe, and begonne fle. (Bullough 144)

An Adam worthy of his Biblical namesake in his simple high-protein physicality. In Lodge Adam the spencer becomes Adam Spencer: he has been cognomenized, and thus in a sense modernized, as well as anglicized ("an English man, who had been an olde and trustie servant to sir John of Bourdeaux" [173]: when Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the Englishman?), and in his passage to the modern era, he bears the signs of

symptoms of the world's decay, "the penalty of Adam." He paints himself as the veritable icon of decrepitude: "Thou art old, *Adam*," he auto-postrophizes, "and thy haire wax white, the Palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrows of thy face appeares the kalenders of death?" (195). During their flight to Arden, the old man faints. The only help he can offer the protagonist now is moral support, and that of a decidedly melancholy tone:

Ah *Rosader*, could I helpe thee, my grieve were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might be the beginning of they reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreme, it is a double sorrowe.... What cheere master? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words *Rosader* lifted up his eye, and looking on *Adam Spencer* began to weepe. (195)

Understandably. For the rest, and appropriately for a spectacularly decayed Adam, his discourse is all oriented towards the past, towards the heroic or epic epoch of the dead Sir John: "When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe..." (195).

As You Like It takes off precisely at this backward-looking point: "As I remember, Adam," begins Orlando's opening speech, seeming to cast a sorrowful retrospective glance over the whole of world history, and seeming to promise a feast of wistful indulgence to come. Orlando proceeds, or recedes, to express a temporally marked woe — "there begins my sadness" (114) — while at the same time taking the dramaturgic opportunity to recount the *fabula* so far, which is, naturally, the same slice of *fabula* that Lodge took over from *Gamelyn* and that Shakespeare now appropriates as he likes it for his own text. So that the melancholy sense of the universal and pre-dramatic past in the play's *incipit* comes to coincide with an oblique look back to the comedy's own literary antecedents, as much as to say that such eloquent present-despising nostalgia is itself a borrowed topic. Certainly it is a topic that Shakespeare elaborates with some insistence here as in the openings of other comedies. Adam is allowed several mournful references to the all but holy memory of Sir Rowland de Boys ("for your father's remembrance, be at accord"; "God be with my old master," etc.).

The strongest parallel to this sanctification, or one might say orification, of the pre-dramatic past is found in the first act of *All's Wells that Ends Well*, in which the mourned *aurea aetas* is the miraculous era of the recently dead and all but divinely gifted Count of Rossillion and Gerard de Narbon: "This young gentlewoman had a father — O that 'had,' how sad a passage 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work..." (1.1.16-20). Again the present is seen as a modern and thus decadent fall from this magical state of grace: "*Lafew*. They say miracles are past; and we

have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless" (2 3 1-3).

There is, however, a radical difference between the straight-faced earnestness of *All's Well*, whose opening mood of post-diluvial pathos and corruption is maintained virtually throughout until Helena restores *in extremis* the lost values of the past, and the determined gaiety of *As You Like It*, whose doleful *incipit* is anything but a portent of things to come. And this difference is symptomatic also of Shakespeare's treatment of the comedy's intertextual debts both in the guise of its specific source material and in the form of the literary and dramatic conventions it reworks.

A reliable clue to Shakespeare's re-elaboration of his pastoral romance material (one might say his change of lodging) is to be found precisely in his presentation of Adam. The old servant — no longer Adam the spencer or Adam Spencer but just plain naked Adam — retains in part his emblematic role as embodiment of a lost past and thus as the measure or touchstone of modern decay: "O good old man," exclaims Orlando, "how well in thee appears / The constant service of the antique world" (2 3 56-7), and adds "thou art not for the fashion of these times" (59). He has, indeed, aged even further in the process of his journey into drama, now boasting "almost fourscore" years (71). And though verbally he vaunts the kind of manly powers displayed by the younger and more carefree Adam of *Gameplay* — "though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty" (2 3 47) — in the event he shows the same frailty as Lodge's Adam, collapsing on arrival in Arden ("I can go no further" 2 6 1). What is interesting to observe, however, is the rhetorical vitality Shakespeare's character exhibits in his clash with the tyrannical Oliver. Where *Gameplay*'s Adam simply lays low the lackeys of the despot, and where Lodge's Adam contents himself with silent subversion against the sinister Saladyne, Shakespeare's dramatic Adam is allowed a brief but effective say in his own right by way of protest:

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! — he would not have spoke such a word. (11 81-84)

Adam produces a quiet *asteismus* or "merry scoff," literalizing his master's metaphor and turning it against him. Adam's humble but witty figure is a case of the ingenious disguised as the ingenuous, and as such signals Shakespeare's main mode of elaborating his inherited material, namely that of liberating it from all its accumulated earnestness through strategic and ironic semantic play.

Pastoral, bound as it is to elegantly elegiac longing, is not the natural home either of irony or of semantic ambiguity. As William Empson — great connoisseur of pastoral and of ambiguity alike — observes, in order for the

pastoralizing style with all its artifices to "work in the right way (not become funny) the writer must keep up a firm pretence that he was unconscious of it" (12). Shakespeare does just the opposite. Taking the predominantly ambientational emphases of pastoral convention, he subjects each circumstantial coordinate to some species of ironizing semantic abuse, thereby laying bare the rules of woodland game as such. Thus on the spatial axis, the forest itself — automatic point of reference for any would-be (or wood-be) pastoralizer — becomes a pretext for free punning; the dutifully topological an excuse for the atrociously tropological:

Orlando. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess my sister;
here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. (3 2 328-330)

The convention of atemporality, similarly, i.e. the fanciful notion that within the confines of the edenic "other" world time leaves no trace, is continuously lexicalized and more or less maltreated throughout the Arden scenes, from the Duke's ambiguous "Here feel we not the penalty of Adam" (2 1 5) to the lengthy pseudo-pastoral debate on the subject between Orlando and Rosalind:

Rosalind. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a lock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means sir. Time travels in divers places with divers persons....
(3.2.294ff.)

Various other elements of Shakespeare's strategic reworking of the genre emerge here. First his irreverence towards the binary discursive mode so precious to Lodge and others. Shakespeare's main exponent of the pastoral antithesis is the clown Touchstone, who reduces to a breathless display of monologic self-contradiction the commonplace of the court/country culture/nature dialectic:

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it please me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. (3 2 11-19)

It is to Touchstone, likewise, that Shakespeare delegates his one brief and less than flattering nod towards the manic propositional balancing acts of his euphuistic source:

A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-breasts. ... As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods. Right, many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. The forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. (3 3 42-57)

In Rosalind's tyrannical womanhandling of time as topic another essential ingredient of the pastoral mixture, or of what we might christen the shepherd's pie, is exposed: namely the dedication of arcadian discourse to the expression of pure passion, especially of the painful or pathetic variety: "sighing every minute and groaning every hour," as Rosalind puts it. The passionality of pastoral is synonymous with its edenic pretences, since an uncorrupted language entails a direct and uninhibited communication of sentiment (the same notion is present today in a good deal of utopian psychotherapy of the Californian encounter school). As Empson says, "The essential trick of the old pastoral ... was to make people express strong feelings (felt as the most universal subject, something fundamentally true about everybody), in learned and fashionable language" (11). The classic model here is Orpheus lamenting the death of Eurydice. Lodge's narrative is substantially and suitably made up, in effect, of a series of monodic performances in which each character gives decorous vent to some potent passionate impulse, and he even gives little titles to each outburst: "Rosalynnds Passion," "Saladynes Complaint," "Rosalynnd Passionate Alone," etc. And equally suitably, and the predominant passion is pathos or pity, especially self-pity: "Having therefore death in his looks to moove them to pitié," he narrates of John of Bourdeaux, "and tears in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions" (161). This might indeed be the poetic motto of pastoral in general: to paint out the depth of one's passions, i.e. to create a pretty speaking picture depicting the sufferings of modern man masquerading as pipe-wielding ante-diluvial pastor.

This is not, of course, the kind of spectacle that Shakespeare's shepherds make of themselves. Indeed, it might be said that if the constructive principle of pastoralism is sentimental directness, the governing tenet of *As You Like It* is expressive obliqueness. This is virtually announced in the first act with Orlando's passionate silence in the presence of Rosalind:

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference. (1 2 247-8).

Where Lodge's Rosader issues a carefully composed communiqué or press release on his enamoured state, Orlando's love remains tacit. The point is underlined in the following scene in which, at the point where Lodge's Rosalynde gives way to pretty lamentation, Shakespeare's Rosalind explicitly refrains from expressing her sorrow at her father's banishment ("not a word? / Not one to throw at a dog" [1 3 2-3]). Only when lovers' passions can be playfully *delegated* are they actually verbalized in the comedy: in the forest, Orlando and Rosalind *pretend* to be Orlando and Rosalind reciprocally expressing their feelings while doing so. This ironical theatricalizing of sentiment through play-acting overcomes any risk of ingenuous expressionism. The strategy is characteristically parodied by Touchstone, the play's rhetorical touchstone indeed, in his account of *his* first passionate expressions, delegated to various inanimate objects:

I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile ... and I remember the wooing of a peacock instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." (2 4 43-51)

Otherwise, the delegation of passion involves the play's only conventionally pastoral characters, the native nymphs and shepherds of Arden whose ancestry is the eclogue tradition. Silvius in particular is allowed all the naïve sentimental directness that the main-plot characters so knowingly avoid:

Silvius. Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! (2 4 37-40)

But the true shepherds' passionate exchanges are framed precisely as pretty speaking pictures by the more worldly characters ("If you will see a pageant truly play'd / Between the pale complexion of true love / And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, / Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you / If you will mark it" [3 5 48-52]). And they are ready targets for Rosalind's unforgiving irony: "Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion / Is much upon my fashion." So that the play's token ecloguing, so important in the source, becomes another of its embedded or lodged objects of literary burlesque.

For the rest, what the comedy offers in place of the explication of passion is the anatomy of passion along the lines of the psychological treatises of the day (such as Thomas Wright's *The Passions of the Minde* [London, 1601]). The inevitable Rosalind conducts an acute semiological analysis of the signs

or symptoms of enamourment, in order to demonstrate ironically Orlando's lack of any such condition:

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not.... Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. (3 2 363-71)

Just as that other canny observer and semiologue, Jaques, presents a cultural typology of the exemplary pastoral passion or humour he supposedly incarnates, melancholy:

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all of these. (4 1 10-15)

Such electing of behavioural codes as objects of discourse rather than as objects of direct dramatization is an important aspect of the comedy's tendency to topicalize those elements of its literary antecedents that it cannot use directly, as if to mark out the very distance it maintains from an over-serious engagement with such leaden stuff.

In a word, to the romantic rapture — *raptura*, a *carrying away* — typical of the pastoral mode, Shakespeare opposes semantic rupture, *raptura*, a *breaking away* not only from inherited literary canons but from the linguistic and stylistic fixity they presuppose. In place of straight-faced would-be-edenic verbal innocence he offers determined and this-worldly word-corruption. Instead of static speaking pictures he creates a shifting parade of literary and pictorial burlesque, transforming the earnestly iconic into the exuberantly ironic. All of which plainly works against the interests of that nostalgia-mongering that Lodge and his predecessors exploit so well.

And yet — and this is the extraordinary achievement of Shakespeare's genuinely (as opposed to decoratively) dialectical comedy — this ironical rupture, this breaking with the codified and sclerotic aspects of pastoralizing rhetoric, far from killing off the poetics of the golden world altogether, *liberates* it and renews it, allowing it to recuperate its original kinship with the greenworld poetics of romance. This is already hinted at in the play's opening scene, in which the hapless wrestler Charles imagines life in Arden not in terms of the literary arcadianism of the day but in the more archaic terms of the medieval popular romance tradition à la *Game of Thrones*: "They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young

gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world" (1 1 114-19). And it is emphatically confirmed in the closing scene with the comedy's masque finale which looks so unmistakably forward to Shakespeare's late romances.

This ending, stage-managed by Rosalind as a kind of directorial *dea in machina*, and pre-announced by the heroine herself as a display of natural magic ("I am a magician," she boasts [5 2 70-71]), has on the whole embarrassed critics, who have tended to underplay or repress altogether its presence. Indeed Helen Gardner, for all her promisingly romantic pastoral name, goes so far as to state flatly that "The Forest of Arden ... is not ruled by magic" (17-32) while the still more bucolically named Sylvan Barnet finds the play's conclusion "strange" and "improbable" (119-31). And one can see why the direct intervention of the goddess Hymen might seem an arbitrary and unconvincing way to put a stop to so much irony and burlesque, especially since she is conjured up by the eiron-in-chief, Rosalind herself. But this, it appears to me, is to mistake the comedy's brilliantly ironical discursivity for a species of sceptical modernity, a kind of deconstructive undoing of the epistemic principles of the "other" world, whereas, on the contrary, the final effect of Shakespeare's toying with golden-world codes is to strengthen the sense of greenworld "otherness."

Because the function of all the verbal play and all the stylistic parody with which the Arden scenes are replete is to free the forest itself of the literally *deadly* seriousness of conventional pastoralism. The arcadias of Politian and of Tasso and of Sidney and of Guarini are in the end doleful in their very efforts to represent carefreeness, just as nothing is more melancholy in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* than the music of the first act given over to communal felicity and dainty dancing. It is indeed the tragic fate of the magical shepherd Orpheus that conditions much of the pastoral, whereby the innocent dedication to Eros seems always simultaneously to announce the arrival of the sport-spoiling Thanatos, who stakes out a special and peremptory territorial claim in Arcadia: not the *et in arcadia ego* of the *memento mori* commonplace, but a simpler and more disturbing *in arcadia ego*. Every forest frolic or garden gambol becomes a ruse to bide or buy time in a supposedly timeless zone dominated, instead, by that awareness of the impending triumph of Thanatos that underlies nostalgia in all its forms.

Shakespeare's Arden is in contrast fully and authentically erotic, given order to a mode of open dialectical play or *serio ludere* that has nothing to do with arcadian deadliness or deathliness. The comedy rigorously relegates Thanatos to the world of political malpractice within the formal main plot (or what we might call the polis drama) of the usurping and tyrannical brothers. It is this "first" world, the world of the decayed feudal order, that monopolizes ideological and worldly strife, a kind of "first-world" war,

leaving the second, "other" world of Arden free to toy with this-worldly intimations of mortality.

And at the same time, Shakespeare, with respect to his source, intensifies in the second, Arden strand of the drama those very aspects of the marvellous, the magical, the non-verisimilitudinous that connote most unequivocally the romance mode. Symptomatic of this strategic change is the much-discussed but little-praised episode of Oliver's arrival in the forest, in which, in vertiginous succession, the elder brother is converted from first-world corruption to second-world benevolence, is saved by his younger brother first from a snake and then from a lioness, and falls requitedly in love on the instant with the disguised Celia. More often than not, this feast of the arbitrary has been judged, according to the criteria of dramaturgic decorum, as a desperate tying up of loose plot ends or endings. But in the light of what follows, namely Rosalind's magical masque dénouement, it surely amounts to an open declaration of the comedy's definitive movement towards the proairetic, epistemic and poetic canons of the *Gamebyn*.

It is, perhaps paradoxically, this marked shift towards the *fabula* conventions of romance that brings the comedy back into contact with the mythical, magical and above all ludic roots of pastoral itself, freed from the more codified accretions of the literary tradition. "The task of the pastoral imagination," writes Poggioli, "is to overcome the conflict between passion and remorse, to reconcile innocence and happiness, to exalt the pleasure principle at the expense of the reality principle" (159).

Shakespeare's Arden achieves this triumph of the pleasure principle, of freer play, of the reconciliation of opposing forces precisely through the exorcising of Thanatos, or if you like of nostalgia, from the green world, substituting for the constricting canons of the dramaturgic reality principle the liberating laws of the fantastic. The happy consequences of all this for the other structural levels of the comedy can be seen not only in the infinitely pleasurable freedom of its dialogic wit but in the actual *strengthening* of the binary pastoralism of the plot: the three brothers, for example, became virtually two (with a doubling of the third, Jaques de Boys, in the melancholy Jaques of the exiled court; "Oliver" is likewise doubled in Oliver Martext); greater structural use is made of the parallelism between the two journeys into Arden (Celia and Rosalind, Orlando and Adam); greater stress is placed on certain fundamental paradigmatic oppositions, such as Nature vs Fortune; the comedy concludes ritually with four marriages (two plus two), etc. As if to say that it is only the reinforcing of romance, in the guise of the fabulous *fabula*, that licenses the reinvention of pastoral in a dramatically vigorous and persuasive form.

This, then, is the so-called "pastoral romance" of the source decisively recast or relodged, a pastoral romance that presents no longer a yearning for

the inaccessible but an *affirmation* of the achievable, namely of the capacity of dramatic theatre itself to create a world at once remote and present, oneritic and pragmatic, magical and ironical. The conclusion of *As You Like It* in this sense stands for the recovery of that mythical Orphic magic which, according to Northrop Frye, lies behind not only the romance and pastoral modes but behind the dramatic genre itself:

... drama begins with the renunciation of magic, when ritual acts designed to operate on the order of nature are enclosed by myth when drama renounces magic in this way it gets it back again through the nature of poetic imagery itself, which assimilates the natural to the human order by analogy and identity, simile and metaphor. The traditional symbol of this lost and regained magic in human art is Orpheus. (146-47)

The obvious point of comparison and contrast is the epilogue of *The Tempest*, in which Shakespearean pastoral romance in its most fully achieved and most articulately baroque form re-renounces the illusionistic Orphism that brought it into being ("Now my charms are all o'erthrown"). In the earlier comedy, there is no suggestion of such retrospective self-undoing.

In a word, then, Shakespeare's way with nostalgia in the play is more of a *doing away* with nostalgia, in favour of a forward-looking assertion of the erotic, the ludic and the magical potentials of the drama in a freshly re-invented pastoral romance mode. Only the poet, claims Sidney, can create a golden world, and it is in this sense, rather than in any poetics of aureate arcadianism, that Shakespeare follows the Elizabethan master. The dramatist reaffirms playfully and ironically, but — to quote Lodge (not Thomas but his modern namesake and fellow romance-writer, David) — "with rare eloquence, the old view of nature as cyclical, harmonious, life-giving, self-renewing, susceptible of magical or intuitive control by suitably endowed persons."⁴ To show you things "as they did in the golden world," then, may mean not as you *long* for it but simply as you *like* it.

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4 I have somewhat abused the quoted passage, which in fact refers to Thomas Hardy and not to Shakespeare. It might be noted that David Lodge's own most recent novel, *Small World*, is subtitled "An Academic Romance."

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Narrative Boundaries in Shakespeare's Plays

I

Boundaries exclude and enclose. They indicate closure (what had been possible on one side is no longer so on the other, what had been possible before will no longer be so after), but they also provide the opportunity to cross. One may divide any notional area, any semiotic domain, along the edges of conceptual differences. The possibilities, seemingly endless, mark out innumerable ends. (Imagine a chess board. The rules constitute boundaries that, insofar as it is a question of chess, are necessary. The knight does not corkscrew itself into the bishop's diagonal move. The same game-space sub-divides, according to different rules, into a number of sharply defined areas. Now consider the ghostly demarcations of other games that also inhabit the game-space: games that could be played, and can be imagined. Checkers is there, of course, but so are other games, including private fantasies of children, forgotten variants of chess, and games as yet unplayed. Consider it forcefully enough, then even the Royal Game of Ur might begin to emerge from the pattern of squares.) Since notional areas crowd in upon each other, a principle of parsimony seems called for: *entia rationis*, such as boundaries, should be methodically shaved. Keep a sharp razor on the desk.

A parsimonious map of boundaries might stake its initial claims upon commonsense or intuition (no boundaries unless most readers can see them or agree to them once pointed out); it might trace only contours that could be seen to exist already according to some other designation. Thomas Pavel's *Move-grammar for English Renaissance drama* traces salient boundaries, but it does so only by re-drawing what other models of the same literary texts would also admit: sequences of events, or plots, and characters, or narrative agents, who decide, act, or make moves (1985). When the definition of what is being studied has been changed, Wallace Martin writes, "we change what we see; and when different definitions are used to chart the same territory, the results will differ" (15). Thus Pavel's *Move-grammar* re-draws a