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Shakespeare's Sonnets and the Art of the Face

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There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
—*Macbeth*, I.iv.11-12

Irony lies heavy on Duncan's words. No sooner does the king punish the hypocrisy of his Thane of Cawdor, who has planned treason while speaking fair, than he greets the new thane, Macbeth himself. Yet Duncan's words are more than prophecy and are prompted by more than his realization of his own failure to see the mind of Cawdor. His son Malcolm has just reported Cawdor's death, saying that "nothing in his life / Became him like the leaving it."[1] In Cawdor's resignation, Malcolm sees true repentance. His father Duncan, not so simple and innocent as to be incapable of kingship, admonishes his son to avoid the error he has just made. Even Cawdor's death, like his life, is "studied," artful, and that art which shows the face hides the heart.

The human face must be the most maddening of all visual mysteries. It is the perfect signifier, the only sign that is connected in a natural and material way with the mind. It moves by instinct in response to thought and emotion. Equally it is the well of deceit when the corruption of nature makes it either useless or downright misleading as a recorder of the thoughts behind it. There would be no problem, no uncertainty, if the outward man always concealed or misrepresented the inner; the problem is that sometimes it doesn't and sometimes it does. Macbeth's outward show is worthy, in his appearance and his deeds, and these outward signs betoken him accurately enough until the moment that he

becomes Cawdor. As he stands before the suspicious and unsuspecting king, his actions become double and he shows in every humble motion, every word of obeisance, the ambition that he conceals from Duncan. No arts serve so well to know the mind or to conceal the mind as the arts that portray speech and action, the arts of the face.

Malcolm will take the lesson and flee at the moment of his father's death, when men's faces show "unfelt sorrow" (II.iii.132). When Macduff journeys to England to beg him to seize the throne, Malcolm has learned enough not to reveal his own mind until he knows what lies behind Macduff's words. It is not Macduff's good nature that Malcolm fears, it is what Macduff may have become, what Macbeth has become, what Malcolm himself might become. Acting is both the art of becoming and the concealment of being, and Malcolm must adopt that art because he fears it in both Macduff and Macbeth.

In Shakespeare's plays, the art of acting inevitably becomes the preeminent means for exploring the inward and outward dynamic of concealment and revelation.[2] In the early Sonnets, it is the art of painting, specifically of portraiture, through which Shakespeare explores over and over the impossibility and the necessity of knowing and of showing the mind's construction. Acting, to be sure, involves a great many elements besides the face, but Elizabethan acting stressed the very things that portraiture did: costuming as a sign of social rank, symbolic hand props, ceremonial postures. As John Webster saw it in his *New and Choise Characters* (1615), an "excellent Actor" is one who paints with gesture. "By a full and significant action of body, he charmes our attention. . . . Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that makes him an excellent Plaier, or his playing an exquisite painter."[3]

A portrait, whether drawn in verse or paint or acted on the stage, can show the words, the deeds, the appearance, and the social ranks, titles, and affiliations of a person. Yet Shakespeare assumes that there is one more thing apart from these outward elements, a mysterious self that can influence and be influenced by those outward elements but finally remains free of them. He finds it lodged in various places: in the mind, in the heart, in yourself, in myself. Wherever it is, the self is what a portrait must show if it is to show that person indeed. It is also what is almost impossible to show. All the more visible elements of a person are subsidiary to it, mere indicators of, or diversions or decoys from, that true inner being.[4]

The dilemma of the self is a problem of the dual nature of humans, divided between their physical and spiritual beings, between their outer and inner natures, between what they want to show others and what they want for themselves. It is also a problem of knowledge, as we are confronted with this dual nature. Imperfectly knowing even ourselves, how can we know another? We can see the other's outward guise but not his mind. Conversely we know our own minds, perhaps, but cannot see much of ourselves, except for our hands and feet and bits of the front and the nose that sticks out between our eyes, unless we resort to the deceptive image of a mirror, in which we appear just like any other. And finally the self constitutes a problem of representation, as each art form confronts these dualities in order to imitate human nature and reflects them again insofar as it is itself a product of human nature.

Shakespeare's explorations of the face and of the self behind it never amount to logical theories, either of human nature or of knowledge or of the art of representation. He investigates these subjects through intricate, winding metaphors both in his poetry and in his plays, offering momentary insights that slip away in the cloud of language. In the metacritical figures of painting (in the poems) and acting (in the plays), he concentrates and focuses these insights. Painting and acting are the metaphors through which Shakespeare projects his own desires for his art, describes to himself its success and confronts its limits. Shakespeare's visual aesthetics are not a simple transcription into another medium of the dilemmas of poetic art, nor are they a mere rehash of a few bits of standard Elizabethan lore about painting. His seems to be one of those minds capable of thinking powerfully about anything, and the brief portraits he sketches in his Sonnets are no exception. Within the scope of a few lines, he is able to explore the crucial problems of Renaissance portraiture, probing the ways that the self of the Fair Youth is constituted out of family lineage, social roles, and its own unique essence. He tests the ability of the painter and of himself as poet to depict the Fair Youth truthfully. And, like Malcolm, he finds lurking in his confrontation with an unfathomable other the question of whether to reveal or conceal himself.

As the instance of *Macbeth* shows, Shakespeare habitually explores the mysteries of the face and mind through a bundle of interlocking metaphors. Nowhere does he more deftly bring all of them together than in *Hamlet*. Hamlet acts mad to conceal his

thoughts from Claudius. He takes his place in the cry of players, producing the Mousetrap, setting down some dozen or sixteen lines for it, and acting "as good as a chorus" (III.ii.236) to declare what he means to do and what he knows about Claudius beneath the villainous smiling. When he confronts his mother, he drops his mad act, although his behavior still seems mad enough to her. Having turned her eyes inward to her soul, he teaches her how to act outwardly to conceal from Claudius what she now knows about herself, about him, and about Hamlet. She must not go to the king's bed, must not be tempted by his "reechy kisses," must not "ravel all this matter out" (III.iv.185-87).

In *Hamlet*, the master metaphor of acting is as inexplicable as what it explains, and so other metaphors must intrude. At first Hamlet offers to set up a mirror—a verbal, not a literal one—before Gertrude. What he actually does set before her are two portraits, of Claudius and Hamlet Senior,[5] in which he sees not only their faces but his own filial devotion, and in which Gertrude sees her own soul. The painted portraits are not so much likenesses as "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers" (III.iv.55); like our faces and our outward actions, they give others a chance to act out their sense of our being and of their own. Like mirrors and actors they reproduce the person but are not he. They are counter-feit, they stand over and against the self, are twins to it and opposed to it. "I have heard of your paintings," says Hamlet to Ophelia, making the common pun on cosmetics. "God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another" (III.i.142-43). The two painted faces of the portraits are "made," invented, born (to pursue the reproductive metaphor), are children of the same mother, just as Claudius and Hamlet Senior are:

> This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
> Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear
> Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
> (*Hamlet*, III.iv.64-66)

Through these metaphors of reproduction, mirroring, painting, and acting runs a fifth, that of family resemblance. Although there is no blood connection between them, Macbeth becomes like Cawdor when he takes Cawdor's name, mirrors him, acts like him. Hamlet forces Gertrude to acknowledge that in his wild and whirling words she hears not the counterfeit image of his madness, but the true image of her own guilt. In Hamlet one sees his parents.

Yet if family resemblance is the most indelible reproduction of the self, it is the most corruptible and subject to the illegitimacy of false prints. Hamlet thinks his uncle is "no more like my father / Than I to Hercules . . . Hyperion to a satyr" (I.ii.140-53), in his fear that in acquiring a new father he acquire also that father's lust and murderous violence.

Beneath the first two dozen of the Sonnets, most of which fall within the "marriage" group, run these same obsessions with reproduction, mirroring, acting, and painting. The "I," the "Will," the poet of the Sonnets speaks from within the same dilemma as the writer of the plays, about the impossibility of knowing the truth of the face, much less of naming it. Yet these same sonnets of the "marriage" group have been treated off-handedly as insincere, as exercises written on commission. Great poets do not write great poems as rhetorical exercises. Their poetic power is all the evidence needed of their sincerity (though they need not portray the poet's life, since sincerity has little to do with truth). The Sonnets act, like good children, as mirrors for their parent's inability to show "that within which passeth show." They are counterfeit presentments of his art of counterfeiting, the bastard children of his mind that bear the parent's print, and the whoresons must be acknowledged.

In the "marriage" sonnets the art of painting takes on the role of master-metaphor into which the other figures of representation now resolve themselves. Shakespeare finds in painting the most appropriate vehicle for his portrait of the Fair Youth and finds also a mirror that reflects on his art of poetry. In the making of a portrait he finds visible more than a specific face; he finds the heterogeneous elements that go into the fragile construction of a self. As he describes himself making and contemplating that picture, he sees how it is in the end a mirror for himself, and he measures as precisely as one can the gulf of ignorance between the portrayer and the portrait.

The sonnets of the "marriage" group talk at first about reproduction in the biological sense, though they slide quickly into other mechanisms for the presenting and representing of the image of the self. Women appear only incidentally, as one such mechanism of reproduction. None of the other joys of marriage listed by Erasmus or similar advocates—companionship, the satisfaction of lust, the provision of a home—are even mentioned.[6] From the outset the relationship of the poet and the Fair Youth is intensely one-sided.

They care only about the preservation of the wonderful beauty of that face:

3

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
Thou doo'st beguile the world, unblesse some mother.
For where is she so fair whose un-eared wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe
Of his selfe love to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the lovely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou live remembred not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

The doubling of the face in the looking glass provides the motive for physical reproduction. But the face in the glass is not exactly the Fair Youth; it is alien, unnamed, simply "the face thou vewest." If we follow the Quarto reading, its reproduction will form yet "an other." Stephen Booth warns of the folly of retaining such "invitingly informative Q spellings,"[7] but here the Quarto opens that slight gap between the original and the copy.

Such a reproductive glass distances its images through time so that, as the Fair Youth mirrors himself, he becomes a mirror for his own parent. As with Hamlet, the relationship is governed not by the parallelism of father/son but by the asymmetry of mother/son. So too the gender of the fair youth's "heir" is not yet specified and may be either a son or a daughter. In Sonnet 7 the masculine image of the Sun and the urgency of puns and half-rhymes issue in a "son." In Sonnet 3 we might logically presume that the heir is imagined as a female, since the goal of reproduction is the Fair Youth's beautiful face, which is everywhere feminine. The chain of generations is a symmetry of asymmetries, mother/son/daughter, that preserves intact a likeness even as it erases gender differences. Each parent, looking at his/her child, sees not the child nor him/herself, but his/her lost youth, the "lovely Aprill of her prime." Perception of a stable inner self is lost in the imaging of an unstable

facial surface that recedes through the generations. Even the process of reproduction partakes of this destabilizing distance, as the glass that shows the self becomes in line 11 the "windowes of thine age" through whom the Fair Youth looks at the "other." If the "windowes" are metaphorically his eyes, then the process of looking/reflecting/mirroring ends in looking through and away from the self and not seeing his actual face and the wrinkles of his age.

Who is the Fair Youth? The Sonnets lead us into a labyrinth of mirrors that reveal remarkably little: he is young, beautiful, male, and single. He may, or may not, be a lord. His initials may, or may not, be W. H. There is no character in all of the plays so shadowy as this. Even Robin Ostler in *Henry IV, Part I*, who has died years before the beginning of the scene in which he is mentioned, has clearer features. Robin ran a good inn, without fleas in the beds, and his happiness lay in seeing it prosper. So the "poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him," as the First Carrier tells us (II.i.10-13). Robin Ostler lives in a web of customers, suppliers, and inflation rates. We know nothing of his appearance. We do not know if he left children and can only assume that he had parents. We know only his feelings and interests. The Fair Youth has neither joys nor sorrows; he brings joy and sorrow to others. He exists only to be copied, to take his place in a chain of copies, of which he is neither the origin nor the end.

Shakespeare's concluding couplet presents the devastating challenge that such reproduction must answer. The lines can be read as a prediction: if the Fair Youth fails to do in his life what is necessary, and dies single, then he will not be remembered since his image will die with him. Or the final line can be read as a curse: if you live infamously or obscurely, if you fail to do the deeds that ensure fame, then you deserve to die single and destroy that ignominious image. In either case, his "Image" is the face in the glass, which is lost when the original is lost. It is the homunculus in his seed which is lost when his potency fails. And it is the likeness that is painted in the face of his offspring, since the purpose of painting, we are told by Alberti and all who come after him, is to preserve the fame of worthy men. In all three cases, it is not the original that the poet particularly cares about. The image has become the outward self as it appears to others, as a commodity that others can bargain for and trade upon. It has even become what the Fair Youth knows of himself, can see of himself.

As the image becomes an entity with its own aura of potency, Shakespeare finds counterparts for it in the world of tangible objects. In Sonnet 11 he turns to the analogy of a seal and wax to explain the relation between the reproducing self and its images:

> Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
> Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perrish,
> Looke whom she best indow'd, she gave the more,
> Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish.
> She carv'd thee for her seale, and ment thereby,
> Thou shouldst print more, not let that coppy die.
> (ll. 9-14)

As Nature's "seale" the Fair Youth has been given a particular form, and with it a particular function, that constitute his being and his destiny. He is himself a "coppy" of the exemplary pattern of Nature, and he is obliged to "print more" copies, suggesting that reproduction is an exact replication, a biological Xerox. So the Fair Youth becomes the ready supply of an infinite number of copies, as suggested by the mechanical image of the seal stamping one imprint after another into soft wax.

At this point the verb "print" carries the image into literary reproduction, in which "coppy" is copiousness, the capacity to produce ever more. So it is not the imagined offspring who are the copies, but the Fair Youth himself who is the copy, the source of reproduction. Hence the double nature of the seal. Each impression in wax is a true image; the carved wood seal itself is inverted, negative, decipherable only in its offspring. It is nothing unless it is worn away by reproduction: "As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st" (l. 1). Only increase compensates for decrease, and the two are held in perfect balance. The Fair Youth himself, who is the distorted copy and the source of the sealed image, disappears in the fissure between the two.

In Sonnet 16, the figure of painting appears as the tangible form of the facial image, and as the culmination of these ever more problematic metaphors for the reproduction of the Fair Youth. This sonnet, with its predecessor, Sonnet 15, forms one of those pairs or double sonnets where two poems run together syntactically. The sestet of Sonnet 16, revolving around the "painted counterfeit," acts then as a summary of all the images of age and increase crammed into the preceding 22 lines:

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre uppon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With vertuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you live your selfe in eies of men,
To give away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must live drawen by your owne sweet skill.

Simply put, the poem argues that the Fair Youth should have a child because that will preserve his beauty better than either pictures or poems. The portrait in line 8 is presumed to be something "like" its subject, but, as in Elizabethan and Jacobean portraits generally, resemblance is only one of its functions. If the phrase in line 10—usually given in modern editions as "this time's pencil"—refers to the artistic style of this age, it can equally mean the art that depicts its subject at this exact time, this moment in the subject's life. That humble inscription "anno aetatis—" or "aetatis suae—" that inevitably haunts the corner of a Tudor portrait suggests that the painting does not depict the permanent or essential self so much as the flesh at a particular moment. As Nicholas Hilliard says in his *Treatise Concerning the Arte of Limning*, the very perfection of painting is "to imitate the face of man kind," not only showing its shape and complexion, but capturing what Hilliard calls the "countenance," the momentary changes of expression through which the emotions appear.[8]

Still, if the flesh is rendered in all its particularity of a moment, that moment is chosen by custom to represent a stage of life. Tudor portraits commemorate the coming to adulthood or the acquisition of a rank, title, or honor, or, perhaps more often than any other single occasion, a marriage. Such an event is specific to one life, but it is a general occurrence in the life pattern established by society. The occasionality of the portrait expresses this conjunction of the individual and the communal. So the "lines of life"

that Time's pencil draws on the face of the Fair Youth are homonymically the "loins" by which he will continue the genealogical "lines of life." In such a line he is, like his projected offspring, an individual finding his identity within a class, a *gens*, a family.

Portraits are in the end family affairs. Families commission likenesses of one another and of their ancestors, relations, and powerful connections. Elizabethan and Jacobean families hung their portraits in galleries where they could walk up and down seeing the individual character in each likeness and the family structure in the collection as a whole. So vast was the assembled painted family of Lord Lumley that King James, after being given the tour, is said to have remarked that "I did na ken that Adam's name was Lumley."[9] Finally, portraits commemorated the dead, as in the great, suave, slouching figure of the Earl of Surrey that until a few years ago still hung in Arundel Castle, or in the portraits of Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley in which the family lamented his betrayal at the hands of those he thought were his friends.[10]

The Fair Youth of Shakespeare's portrait is the one that Shakespeare has found out through the metaphors of the earlier sonnets. It is the Fair Youth of a particular stage of life, the moment of perfect beauty that is the culmination of youth before it is burdened with the adult responsibilities of the *paterfamilias*. It is a male virginity, likened to the beauty of the Fair Youth's own mother in her prime. And the Youth of the portrait is someone placed in the family gallery, a link in the chain of lineal succession. But the portrait, to these degrees outward, still does not show the inner self and so it is a "counterfeit." However exact its resemblance to his flesh, the portrait is less "like" him than a child would be despite all the uncertainties of filial resemblance. And a child is equally "much liker" as a fulfillment of desire—both the Fair Youth's sexual desire and his desire for physical immortality, as well as the poet's desire to know what lies behind that countenance. The "lines of life" will "repaire" the life of the Fair Youth by preserving the family line and by removing the lines that life delves in his face. But they will do more than fix up his face. In an etymological sense they will "re-parent" (from *parere*), "give birth" to him again.

For all these reasons, the "counterfeit" portrait cannot adequately resemble him, nor can this sonnet itself insofar as it re-enacts the art of the portrait. The usual modern rendering of

line 10 as "which this time's pencil or my pupil pen" makes the poet the student of the artist. The Quarto reading of "which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)," makes "this" the sonnet itself and equates the painting and poem, especially insofar as poetry is an art of rendering what the "pupill" or outward eye can see. Both arts are limited to the flesh and the moment, and so, like the brush (pencil) of Time itself, participate in corruption and mortality. They may show honors and titles but not inner worth, and if they show "outward faire" well enough, it is only as epitaph or effigy, hung dead on the wall. They cannot make it live.

As he writes of the futility of writing, Shakespeare's syntax clogs. The sentence in lines 9-12 seems to mean: "Thus the lines of life should repair that life which this time's pencil or my pupil pen cannot make live in the eyes of men either in inward worth or in outward fair(ness)." Even this relatively simple gloss unscrambles several syntactic puzzles, such as whether "lines of life" or "that life" is the subject in line 9, or what the "which" that begins line 10 refers to. And the gloss brings the reader out of the wilderness into which the switchback negative of line 11 is certain to lead him. But no gloss can bring "you . . . your selfe" (line 12) into the grammar of the sentence. One wants to read them as direct objects: neither pencil nor pen can make you yourself live. But this reading is possible only if one forgets about "that life / Which" or emends mentally the pronoun to "while" or "whereas." The grammatical quandary of the sonnet reenacts the puzzle of its content, in which "you . . . your selfe" is identified with that familial or genealogical life of the "painted counterfeit" and simultaneously broken free from it, set in opposition to it, as the solitary and self-reflexive element that the lines of the poem cannot capture unless they surrender their tie to the family line.

Out of this dense paradox can emerge the clear paradox of the final couplet. The self is continuously "give[n] away," projected into relations with others, but always held back. If it is self-made, "drawen by your owne sweet skill," this rendering is only performed through the simultaneous concealment of that self from and revelation of it to the world, as the self is broadcast and then drawn back to itself. This oscillation is at once erotic and narcissistic, as the Fair Youth's instrument is equated to pen and pencil and he is drawn, attracted, by his own sweetness. By giving himself away he keeps the self he loves.

The sonnet creates a representational loop, away from the world and back again. Somewhere in that loop—the poet cannot say exactly where—dwells the true self. Yet even as it is glimpsed, this solitary self finds its nature in question, for its utter solitude upsets its claims to be the essence of the Fair Youth. In such narcissism, where mother, wife, and child exist only as extensions of his own desire for himself, the Fair Youth is paradigmatically masculine in a way that reinserts him into the paternal structure of the family. There is in this narcissism no otherness, no inside or outside to which the self may escape; there is only the unbroken extension of self and family, the line of life.

The grammatical convolutions of Sonnet 16 have been singled out by both William Empson and Stephen Booth to typify a kind of ambiguity that one may be best off not noticing. They quite rightly suppose that a reader will begin with a general expectation of the meaning of the sestet that proves right enough in the end, even if the reader remains unconscious of the grammatical difficulties he must overcome in its course. Empson says that one may safely ignore the "muddle" of the Sonnet if it is too bothersome, and concentrate on "the main sense, the main form and rhythm, and a general sense of compacted intellectual wealth, of an elaborate balance of variously associated feeling."[11]

For Booth, the muddle, and the rightness of ignoring it, are allegories of reading and editing. A Renaissance reader, he conjectures, would find "all these meanings, contradictions, echoes, and suggestions" readily apparent and appropriate even if they are unreconcilable.[12] A modern reader, confronted by unfamiliar syntax and conditioned by the expectation that punctuation and spelling are meaningful, will find the muddle more obtrusive and disruptive of his progress toward the obvious sense of the passage. An editor's suppression of some of the "irregularities" of the lines inevitably suppresses some of its nuances as well, but restores some of its easiness and (implicitly) some of its beauty.

Can one, in the face of such authority, maintain that the muddle of the sestet cannot be forgotten once noticed and that it is not only meaningful but can be thematized in accordance with the general sense that it seems to disrupt? The answer to both questions is, inevitably, Yes. Empson's rather un-Empsonian position is a grudging concession to the reader who fears that analysis will destroy his simple aesthetic pleasures, while Booth finds himself working around the peculiar behavior of his great

predecessor to restore the meaningfulness of the poem's difficulty. The printing-house accidentals of spelling and punctuation become a fickle glass that alternatively reveals and distorts the general sense of the sonnet. To use Hilliard's terms as an analogy, the linguistic surface structure is a countenance showing the momentary ripples and motions of a particular poetic self whose deep structure is better apprehended through a different, more general set of categories of human character. The two planes of existence, of surface accident and inner substance, are related but autonomous, now reflecting, now diverging from one another, and not always grasped in a single act of knowing. Booth's reader must oscillate between the accidents of the textual surface and his general sense of the meaning of the poem in search of the true self of the verse. And so his allegory of reading and editing in the end falls back into the general structure of representation in the poem.

The inward turn and return created by Shakespeare's verbal portrait is like that experienced by Hamlet when he is confronted by the "counterfeit presentment of two brothers." Under the pressure of his desire to delve into his mother's heart and of her desire to delve into his, the portraits of Hamlet Senior and Claudius that they wear are transformed from icons of social relationships into images of identity. Hamlet has told Rosencrantz and Guildenstern how "those that would make mows at [my uncle] while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little" (II.ii.356-58). So Lord Lumley's portrait gallery contained not just family members but those to whom he owed fealty. The portraits of Elizabeth that hung in great houses, such as the "Rainbow" and "Ermine" portraits at Hatfield, Sir Henry Lee's "Ditchley" portrait (National Portrait Gallery), or the so-called "Queen Elizabeth in Procession to Blackfriars" that belonged to the Somerset family, commemorate the particular relationships between the monarch and her favorites.[13] Miniatures of the queen by Hilliard are in the hieratic style appropriate to this function, and lack the spontaneous expressions that he seeks out in the countenances of ordinary mortals. Elizabeth also gave portraits of herself, both large and small, on special occasions. To Sir Francis Walsingham she presented the "Allegory of Peace and Prosperity" now at Sudeley Castle, and on Drake she bestowed a Hilliard miniature of herself which he encased in a magnificent jewel and wore on a chain about his neck. When Drake had himself painted wearing the jewel in 1594, the resulting portrait became a painted declaration of a

painted declaration of her special favor.[14] In cases where Fortune did not smile so broadly, the hopeful courtier had to content himself with wearing the image of his prince or his lord on a ribbon and giving false hints of their intimacy to his fellows.

If the pictures in little described by Hamlet are the badges of sycophancy, the miniatures worn by Hamlet and his mother are the emblems of fealty and love to father, husband, and king. These relationships are simultaneously personal, familial, and political. As Hamlet explicates the images, though, he moves steadily away from the links that bind them to their wearers, and through the images to the persons themselves:

> Look here upon this picture, and on this,
> The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
> See what a grace was seated on this brow:
> Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
> A station like the herald Mercury
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—
> A combination and a form indeed
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man.
> This was your husband. (III.iv.54-64)

"Look you," he admonishes, "Have you eyes? . . . Have you eyes?" He details the features of the face and body, the brow, the forehead, the curls of the hair, the eyes, the posture, all catalogued through the planetary influences that conjoin to make the individual. Though Hamlet's syntax remains orderly, he madly assumes that for once the inner and outer men are alike and that portraits of their appearances will reveal their true natures. He succeeds when he incites the like hysteria in his mother, in which she looks into her "very soul" and so looks beyond the surface and social function of the portraits. Only then does that surface destabilize and reveal not two brothers or two kings, but a man and a "mildewed ear," Hyperion and a satyr.

This figurative glimpse of true identities itself becomes unstable when the desires that impel it rise to the surface. The "combination" and "form" of Hamlet Senior yield at the end the image of "a man," a prototypic masculinity that is the proper object of Gertrude's passion. "This was your husband" fitly concludes the portrait. For Hamlet, the drive to emulate the masculinity of his

father impels him toward the unthinking vengeance of a Fortinbras or a Laertes. He must accept this generic identity or otherwise only "my madness speaks." His antic disposition and his endless talking resist this identity in the name of a hidden individuality of the self. This claim of a fugitive, transcendent, scarcely knowable self—a claim here demonstrated in the correspondence of face to mind that everything else in the play denies—is the refuge in which Hamlet hides himself from those around him. By the mystification of the portrait of his father, he denies that he can himself be known by the categories of son and subject that would bind him to his father and dictate his actions.

In Hamlet's hand the portrait turns inward, quite literally so in the theatrical gesture by which he brings it close to his own eyes and his mother's. Hamlet at first glimpses and then evades the consequence of that inwardness, that the portrait is a mirror held close to the face of its viewer. Shakespeare confronts that consequence in the Sonnets, examining his own role as the creator and portrayer who both mirrors the Fair Youth and is mirrored in him. Shakespeare at first approached the Fair Youth in the setting of the family which delivered him to the poet and took him back again. In the shift from Sonnet 16 to Sonnet 24, Shakespeare attempts to pry the Fair Youth loose from that family and from the biological chain of reproduction. In its place he promises the Fair Youth immortality through representation alone, asking in payment that through his art he possess the beauty of the outward youth and the love of his heart and mind.[15]

Shakespeare explores his role in reproducing the Fair Youth by redefining the relationship of the painter to his portrait. Consistent with his conception of the portrait as a family and dynastic affair, he had cast himself in Sonnet 16 as the family retainer who paints what he is given to paint. In Sonnet 24 he becomes a speculative entrepreneur who paints what he sees to be worthy of painting and markets it as the product of self-expression:

> Mine eye hath play'd the Painter and hath steeld
> Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
> My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
> And perspective it is best Painters art.
> For through the Painter must you see his skill,
> To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
> Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,

That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

The first three lines of Sonnet 24 quickly establish a rather mechanical analogy between poem and portrait that could be elaborated forever: as the eye transmits an optical image to the heart, the seat of sense perception which is contained in the body, so the painter projects an image upon a wooden panel or table which is held in a frame. The trouble begins in line 4. If "it" is simply a grammatical redundancy for "perspective," then the statement is a nice affirmation of the central place held by perspective in Renaissance art theory, but it is a complete *non sequitur* within the poem. If we follow the stress pattern of the line, we get *pér-spec-tíve*, suggesting that the word be taken as an adjective (compare the French feminine adjective *perspective*) or even as an adverb. Then the line means that "it" ("thy beauties forme") in perspective, or painted by means of perspective, is the best example of the painter's art. The analogy of the opening lines is maintained by the etymological sense of *per-spective*, "through looking" or "looking through," which is played on in line 5.

Tied this way into the grammar of the first three lines, line 4 is explained in lines 5-6 as an extension of the analogy between eye and painter. Through the painter's skill at perspective, you see a picture of your true image. And by looking through my eye (now equated with the painter) you may see your image lodged in my heart. Even here the meaning is double: the Fair Youth's eye-beams may travel through the poet's eye and down the optic nerve to the heart. Or the Fair Youth may see his true image if he looks by means of the painter's eyes, motivated by the love in the poet's heart. Either way, the poet's own self has intervened between the viewer and the picture, between the Fair Youth and his true image.

This use of "perspective," suspended between truth and the subjective vision of the poet-lover, reflects a pervasive ambivalence of the concept within Renaissance aesthetics. An Elizabethan confronted by a painting was as likely to marvel at its artificiality

as at its naturalness.[16] In the words of Nicholas Hilliard, perspective "[worketh] by falshood to expresse truth."[17] Or, as Shakespeare described it in *Lucrece*, perspective is a "conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind."[18] It is artificial, a construction of one mind that tricks another mind into seeing things in their "kind," their nature. It abuses the processes of visual perception to correct the distortions of perception.

While "perspective" now has come almost exclusively to mean Albertian linear perspective, the word "perspective" in the sixteenth century referred to a great many forms of visual illusion. Perhaps the oldest of these was aerial perspective, the principle that color saturation lessens as objects recede in distance, which was understood and used by the great illuminator known as the Boucicaut Master nearly a century before Leonardo triumphantly described it.[19] The Boucicaut Master's technique was widely imitated in Northern Europe, and examples appear in English illuminations as early as the 1420s.[20] It was developed with great sophistication by the illuminators of the Ghent-Bruges school in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, including Gerard Horenbout, who was brought to England as court painter by Henry VIII. Linear perspective is equally a late-medieval technique; rule-of-thumb systems of linear perspective for the diminution of figure size in relation to distance were widespread, and were attacked by Alberti for their imprecision. Alberti's own geometric system of linear perspective was only one of several, competing with those of Piero della Francesca, the Frenchman Viator (whose *De artificiali perspectiva* was published in 1505), and Albrecht Dürer.[21] So Shakespeare might use the word "perspective," even referring to linear perspective, without meaning to invoke Alberti at all.

It is important to recognize the many varieties of perspective because geometrical perspective is so often thought of as a means for the objectively accurate rendering of visual reality, whose invention is a chapter in the growth of modern science—indeed, some such claims are made for it by Alberti and Leonardo. But generally Renaissance writers recognize that the products of geometric perspective appear true only under very controlled circumstances, in which the viewer stands at a fixed spot in front of the painting and looks at it without turning his head from side to side. Such "curious perspectives" as the skull in Holbein's "Ambassadors" or William Scrots's anamorphic portrait of

Edward VI, which seem to violate perspective in their optical distortions, are actually constructed according to Albertian principles.[22] Another trick of this kind is a painting with two separate and isolated viewpoints from which one sees two contrasting visions, such as a portrait head and a skull. In each case, by moving the correct viewpoints from the normal central position to positions at the edges of the frame, the artist makes the "normal" view an unintelligible one, and only from the marginal position can one decipher the picture. By this simple manipulation of viewing conditions in the anamorphic construction, the painter demonstrates just how arbitrary and limited are the principles of Albertian perspective.

Shakespeare's repeated references in *Richard II*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* to such low forms of entertainment as anamorphic paintings are sometimes taken as a reflection of his ignorance of the visual aesthetics of the Continental Renaissance. Certainly there was a scarcity of "accurately" rendered perspectival spaces in English painting after Holbein and before Isaac Oliver. Roland Mushat Frye summarizes a prevalent view when he says that "Most Elizabethan painters either disregarded unified perspective or treated it minimally and with pervasive inconsistency." This "insular" practice "represented the older and more traditional vision" (Frye is wary of calling it Medieval for obvious reasons), in contrast with "the Renaissance way of looking at things."[23]

Although Elizabethans had little opportunity to experience the visual style of the Italian renaissance, it would be a serious error to underestimate their understanding of humanist visual aesthetics. The elevation of the conquest of visual space as the major criterion of artistic progress is largely an anachronistic obsession of modern art historiography. Perspective, whether geometric or rule-of-thumb, is above all in Renaissance theoretical writings a method for the proper rendering of the human figure; it is related to the science of proportion.[24] Even in Alberti, the correct geometric construction of a pictorial space is a device to ensure consistency in the size of the figures that make up the *historia*. Richard Haydocke's translation of Lomazzo stresses the importance of foreshortening so that the proportions of a figure painted "by the Perspective arte" will not correspond to its proportions in life, but will appear correct to the eye.[25] Hilliard, following Lomazzo, recommends perspective "especially in human shapes, as the figure lieth, boweth, or standeth, and is situated, or is, and aptly shalbe placed to deceave

the eye."[26] The author of a late sixteenth-century English treatise (B. L. Sloane Ms. 536), though ignorant of Alberti's particular method of construction, has understood the purpose of perspective when he consistently defines it as the method by which one diminishes the size and alters the proportions of figures as they recede in distance.[27]

Lucy Gent remarks how in the 1580s and after, Englishmen "register 'perspective' as a feature new in their experience of pictorial art, and one that produces amazing results."[28] Such evidence of past isolation is also evidence of the isolation ending, and after 1590—and certainly by the middle of that decade—anyone with his ears and eyes open might be expected to be aware of such novelties. Hence while the specific tricks for getting orthogonal lines to recede to a single point are not regularly used by English painters until after 1610, the purpose of perspective and the nature of its difficulties as a mode of representation were generally understood in England by the time Shakespeare wrote his Sonnets. If perspective were at once simply the unified rendering of space and the harbinger of a new *Weltanschauung*, then the declaration in line 5 of Shakespeare's sonnet that "perspective it is best Painters art" would indeed be an irrelevancy to the rest of the poem, and a historically inexplicable statement as well. But the unhistorical fantasy of the *Weltanschauung* must be set aside in favor of the rich complexity of Shakespeare's understanding. As a rendering of the proportions of the figure, perspective is indeed "best Painters art"—or rather, the human figure, *per-spective*, is the best subject of art.

If lines 5-6 of the sonnet tell us that this art can find out the "true Image" of the Fair Youth, line 5 by itself reminds us that perspective is not utterly natural and transparent. When it forces itself upon the awareness of the viewer as a painter's trick, then "must you see his skill." His skill is both something we see, when the artificiality of perspective is apparent, and something we see "through" when it creates the appearance of reality. And that skill is both to see the true image and, more precisely, to see where that true image *lies*, in the eye and heart of the poet, which are, we have been told, the painter and the panel itself. Shakespeare's lines play back and forth across the dual nature of perspective and, through his analogy, play with the dual nature of the self, not knowing whether what he has captured in his heart is the truth or

a construction built out of his own emotions and the exigencies of his art.

In the remainder of the second quatrain (and indeed in the remainder of the sonnet sequence), the poet explores this reciprocal tie between himself and the Fair Youth, only to find that one or the other of them keeps slipping from sight. As the perceiver of his beauty, the guardian of his image, and the guarantor of his immortality, the poet has now gathered into himself all of the Fair Youth's reproductive force. This beloved lives on only as the projection of the poet's "Will," acting out the series of roles—of ideal self, of son, of master-mistress—that the poet writes for him. On the other hand, the redoubled image of the Fair Youth has invaded the poet's own body. If the portrait of the Fair Youth is lodged in his bosom as if on display in the painter's shop, then the eyes of that portrait form the glass in the shop windows. With this turn of the analogy, the Fair Youth is gazing in through the eyes of the poet to see his own image gazing back at him. So the art of the sonnet and the portrait of the Fair Youth have again become mirrors in which this fair self adores his own beauty. Shakespeare, the poetic Echo, exists only as the interposed veil, the infinitesimally small difference between the self-adoring Narcissus and his reflection.[29]

Sonnet 16 created what I called a representational loop that ran between family and individual in search of the self. Divorced from the "lines of life," Sonnet 24 rebuilds the loop in the space between the artist and his subject. It is in the third quatrain of the sonnet that Shakespeare attempts to narrow that distance down to the double gaze between the painter and his sitter, between the poet and his lover. In the "turns" and turnabouts of "eyes for eies," Shakespeare approaches the image so beloved of Donne, of two lovers gazing at their own images in each other's eyes. As Shakespeare's eyes have "drawne thy shape," so the Fair Youth's will portray Shakespeare's image in his own heart, if he loves in return. This reciprocal balance lasts through the length of line 10 and then, as so often in the Sonnets, falls off into the next line and the next thought. For the Fair Youth's eyes, we must remember, are lodged in the poet's breast as metaphoric windows, and so Shakespeare looks not into the Fair Youth's heart but again into his own, and sees there the Fair Youth, not himself.

The "good-turnes" do not quite turn about after all. Again the Fair Youth is "th'observed of all observers," and again the poet

himself evades our scrutiny, his own, and that of his lover. After all, the eyes of the self-absorbed Fair Youth are glazed. Shakespeare's art of looking through, of per-spective, will show us nothing of himself except what binds him to the Fair Youth: his love and his artfulness. The poet's image appears in the mirror of the Fair Youth as the creating and distorting power that forms it, as the parental face that we try to glimpse in the features of its child. And even this portrait finally draws our attention away from its own artful means of construction to its picture of truth, fixing our eyes on the image, not on the poet's skill. Shakespeare must choose between painting the portrait of W. H. and the portrait of W. S. and the choice is not hard. In the process of revealing the face of his beloved, he conceals his own. So when in Sonnet 62 he gazes on his image in the mirror, he sees a self that carries him away from himself:

> But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
> Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
> Mine owne selfe love quite contrary I read
> Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,
> T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
> Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

Shakespeare's self-portrait is no more than a picture of the Fair Youth, at which he must gaze and wonder if it is really the shape of his desire.

Against this delicate representational play, the pat wisdom of the concluding couplet of Sonnet 24 must be measured. "Eyes . . . draw but what they see, know not the hart." This maxim is as simple as what Duncan told his son and as difficult to apply. The knowledge of the heart is what all "want," what they lack and what they desire. Instead one must settle for what art can see, the surface of the face, and project onto the mind behind it the image of one's desire. Whose heart do the last lines refer to? Is it as seems so obvious, the heart of the Fair Youth, whose image of noble perfection Shakespeare has created for himself, and whose treachery reveals itself, like Macbeth's, with predictable surprise? No, I think the heart that the artist cannot know is the one that lies behind the face that he can scarcely see, his own.

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Notes

1 *Macbeth*, I.iv.7-8. Citations of Shakespeare's plays are from *The Complete Works*, gen. ed. Alfred Harbage, rev. ed. (Baltimore: Penguin, 1969). Since spelling is an issue at some points in my argument, the Sonnets are cited from the old-spelling Quarto text, reproduced in facsimile in *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, ed. Stephen Booth (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1977). Use of i and j, u and v has been normalized. I wish to thank the British Academy, the Newberry Library, and the Institute for the Humanities at the University of Illinois at Chicago for their support of this research. I am grateful to the students in my seminar on Shakespeare's poetry, especially Janet Geovanis, for their perceptive discussion.

2 For a full and sensitive exploration of the double nature of Elizabethan acting, see David Bevington, *Acting is Eloquence: Shakespeare's Language of Gesture* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1984).

3 *The Complete Works of John Webster*, ed. F. L. Lucas, 4 vols. (London: Chatto, 1927), IV, 42-43; cited by Bevington, *Action is Eloquence*, p. 9.

4 The problem of the self in modern Renaissance studies traces back of course to Burckhardt. My debt to Stephen Greenblatt for his recent reformulation of the problem is almost too obvious to need mentioning. In *The "Inward" Language: Sonnets of Wyatt, Sidney, Shakespeare, Donne* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1983), Ann Ferry goes so far as to suggest that Elizabethans did not have a modern concept of the "self" until Shakespeare formulated one in *Hamlet* and the Sonnets.

5 While some Hamlets have gestured toward portraits-in-large hung on the wall of Gertrude's "closet," and others (including Henry Irving) have treated the portraits as purely imaginary, Arthur Colby Sprague finds the weight of reason and tradition to be in favor of miniatures; *Shakespeare and the Actors: The Stage Business in His Plays (1660-1905)* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1948), pp. 166-69. The practice of Gertrude wearing the miniature of Claudius seems to have been established on the modern stage by Kemble, who was followed by Kean and Maurice Evans, among others. Sprague suggests (p. 167) that the scene in *Two Noble Kinsmen* (IV.ii) where Emilia enters "alone, with two pictures"—clearly miniatures—may be an imitation of the scene in *Hamlet*. There is a remarkable rhetorical similarity in the way the two passages describe the portraits, but whether this is Fletcher imitating Shakespeare or Shakespeare imitating himself is impossible to say.

6 See Judith Kegan Gardiner, "The Marriage of Male Minds in Shakespeare's Sonnets," *JEGP* 84 (1985), 333-34.

7 Gardiner, "The Marriage of Male Minds," p. 138.

8 Nicholas Hilliard, *A Treatise Concerning the Arte of Limning*, ed. R. K. R. Thornton and T. G. S. Cain (Manchester: Carcanet, 1981), pp. 74, 76.

9 The story is told in Thomas Pennant's *Tour in Scotland* (1776; 1790 ed., p. 319); cited by Mary F. S. Hervey, "A Lumley Inventory of 1609," *Walpole Society* 6 (1917-18), 46.

10 On Surrey's portrait (now owned by the National Portrait Gallery) see Roy Strong, *Tudor and Jacobean Portraits*, 2 vols. (London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1969), I, 308, II, fig. 614. On the Seymour portrait see Strong, *Portraits*, I, 357-58, II, figs. 683-84.

11 William Empson, *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, 1947), p. 57.

12 Booth, p. xvi.

13 Roy Strong discusses the occasion and allegory of the Somerset painting (Sherborne Castle) in *The Cult of Elizabeth* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1977), pp. 17-55, fig. 1. For the Ditchley portrait see Strong, *The Cult*, pp. 151-56, fig. 74; the "Rainbow" portrait, pp. 50-52, fig. 28, color pl. I; and the "Ermine" portrait, pp. 147-49, fig. 71.

14 For the "Allegory" (c. 1575-80) see Strong, *Portraits of Queen Elizabeth I* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1963), cat. 82 (illus.), pp. 79-80; the panel is inscribed at the bottom, "The Quene to Walsingham this Tablet sente / Marke of her peoples and her owne contente." The Drake Jewel is still owned by his descendants, as is the portrait of Drake wearing it, by Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger; see *Princely Magnificence: Court Jewels of the Renaissance 1500-1630* (London: Victoria and Albert Museum, 1980), cat. 40 and P15 (illus.), pp. 61, 105. Strong remarks that the jewel itself "could have been given also" by the Queen, "or commissioned by Drake" (*The English Renaissance Miniature* [London: Thames and Hudson, 1983], p. 201, n. on fig. 98); the latter seems more likely. Another version of the portrait is supposedly dated 1591 (see *Princely Magnificence*, p. 61, and *The National Maritime Museum*, ed. Basil Greenhill [London: Philip Wilson, 1982], p. 62, illus.); however, Strong argues that this is a later copy of the 1594 portrait, and not by Gheeraerts (*Tudor and Jacobean Portraits*, I, 71, II, fig. 129).

15 Although there is a shift in the figural relationship among poet, artifact, and subject, I do not see this as a radical break between the marriage sonnets (1-17) and those that follow. As Judith Kegan Gardiner has shown in "The Marriage of Male Minds," marriage remains a preoccupation throughout the sequence and becomes the matrix of values through which the poet defines his relationship with the Fair Youth.

16 In "The Self-Cozening Eye," *RES* 34 (1983), 419-28, Lucy Gent explores the first term of this ambivalence, the Elizabethan consciousness of perspective as a form of deception or delusion, especially as it appears in *Macbeth*.

17 Hilliard, p. 70.

18 This passage (ll. 1422-28) from *Lucrece* describes the art by which figures in a crowd are made to appear one behind another. E. H. Gombrich demonstrated in *Art and Illusion*, rev. ed. (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1961), p. 211, that Shakespeare is here indebted to Philostratus (*Eikones*, I.4 [299.32]), who calls this technique *analogia*. I have earlier suggested that the French translation of Philostratus by Blaise de Vigenère, which renders *analogia* as *perspective*, stands between Shakespeare and the Greek source. See "'A Piece of Skilful Painting' in Shakespeare's *Lucrece*," *Shakespeare Survey* 31 (1978), 17.

19 Millard Meiss, *French Painting in the Time of Jean de Berry: The Boucicaut Master* (London: Phaidon, 1968), pp. 14-17.

20 See for instance the Psalter and Hours of John, Duke of Bedford (B.L. Ms. Add. 42131), illuminated in England around 1420 by Hermann Scheere.

21 The bibliography on this subject is extensive. See especially Robert Klein, "Pomponius Guaricus on Perspective" and "Studies on Perspective in the Renaissance," in *Form and Meaning: Essays on the Renaissance and Modern Art*, tr. Madeline Jay and Leonard Wieseltier (New York: Viking, 1979), pp. 102-40; John White, *The Birth and Rebirth of Pictorial Space* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1957); Erwin Panofsky, *The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer*, 4th ed. (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1955), pp. 247-70; and Svetlana Alpers, *The Art of Describing: Dutch Art in the Seventeenth Century* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1983), pp. 26-71.

22 For an excellent description of anamorphosis and its derivation from geometric perspective, see Ernest B. Gilman, *The Curious Perspective: Literary and Pictorial Wit in the Seventeenth Century* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1978), chaps. 1-2.

23 Roland Mushat Frye, "Ways of Seeing in Shakespearean Drama and Elizabethan Painting," *Shakespeare Quarterly* 31 (1980), 323-42. Medieval and Renaissance folks of course both looked at things the same way, with their eyes, and Renaissance pictorial perspective is an outgrowth of Medieval optics. If there is a revolution in "ways of seeing" that needs studying, it is probably the introduction of eye glasses.

24 Thus Philostratus' word *analogia*, which de Vigenère and Gombrich translate as *perspective* (see note 18 above), means literally "the principle of proportion." See Philostratus, *Imagines* [Eikones], tr. Arthur Fairbanks, Loeb ed. (London: Heinemann, 1931), p. 16. For an exploration of the link between perspective and proportion, see Erwin Panofsky, "The History of the Theory of Human Proportion as a Reflection of the History

of Styles," in *Meaning in the Visual Arts* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1955), pp. 55-107.

25 Giovanni Paolo Lomazzo, *A Tracte Containing the Aries of Curious Paintinge Carvinge & Buildinge*, tr. Richard Haydocke (Oxford, 1598), p. 181.

26 Hilliard, p. 70.

27 For instance, "Perspective is the arte or skille to expresse in due proportion the apparent shewe of figures caused by reason of their distance from the eye of the beholder" (fol. 8r). Cited by Lucy Gent, *Picture and Poetry, 1560-1620: Relations Between Literature and the Visual Arts in the English Renaissance* (Leamington Spa: James Hall, 1981), pp. 24-25.

28 Gent, *Picture*, p. 25.

29 In a recent article on Sonnet 62 ("Shakespeare's 'Perjured Eye,'" *Representations* 7 [Summer 1984], 59-86), Joel Fineman has sifted through Shakespeare's imagery of vision in search of the poetic "I"/eye. Although he makes the usual false equation between the visual and the pictorial, I find his conclusion generally reasonable: that "the poet's identity is defined, by chiasmic triangulation, as the disruption or fracture of identity . . . such a poetic self identifies himself with an inescapable, because constitutive, 'insufficiency.'" This is at least *one* of the poet's starting-holes. One must not take too literally (as Fineman does) such self-effacing claims as that in the final couplet of No. 24, that the poet's eyes "draw but what they see, know not the hart." An admission of poetic insufficiency is a declaration of the power of the subject, the Fair Youth's self, to transcend *differance*. In a representational system where the Fair Youth's genital potency has been transferred to the poet-painter's "pencil," the poet's admission of a lack is rather a boast of his creative power.