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"To adore, or scorne an image": Donne and the Iconoclastic Controversy

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The long history of English iconoclasm is marked on the one side by the violence of the early Tudor reforms and, on the other, by the renewed attacks on sacred imagery during the civil wars. In the 1640s as in the 1540s, "idolatrous" statues were decapitated, stained glass smashed, and wall paintings whitewashed all over England. The sharpest literary aftershocks are to be heard in Spenser and Milton: Guyon's demolition of the Bowre of Blisse in Book 2 of *The Faerie Queene*—for Harry Berger, the explosion of a "Puritan frenzy"[1]—is echoed in the "horrible convulsion" of the Philistian theater at the end of *Samson Agonistes*. Donne's poetry, written during the brief repose of the Anglican compromise epitomized in his sermons, is nonetheless strongly charged by the iconoclastic controversy. Its tensely self-conscious and agonistic pictorialism comes into focus in the context of the continuing Reformation debate between the makers and breakers of images.

In the third "Satyre" Donne imagines that "On a huge hill, / Cragged, and steep, Truth stands . . ." (ll. 79-80).[2] Proclaimed so firmly as the goal of our ascent toward true religion, she may seem about to take shape as the kind of personified *Verità* described in Ripa's *Iconologia* (Figure 1).[3] Such a figure—an indomitable nude, her sun and palm leaf and open book in hand, her foot planted on the globe—would convincingly replace the procession of ragged and sullen mistresses who had earlier in the poem embodied the choice of available religions. Or again, she might be drawn in the style of the many Renaissance versions of *Cebes' Tablet* where, in the text and often in accompanying illustrations, philosophical mountaineers are shown clambering past Fortune, Opinion, and other distracting women toward the chaste figures of Truth and True Discipline at the gateway to Felicity on the summit—as for example

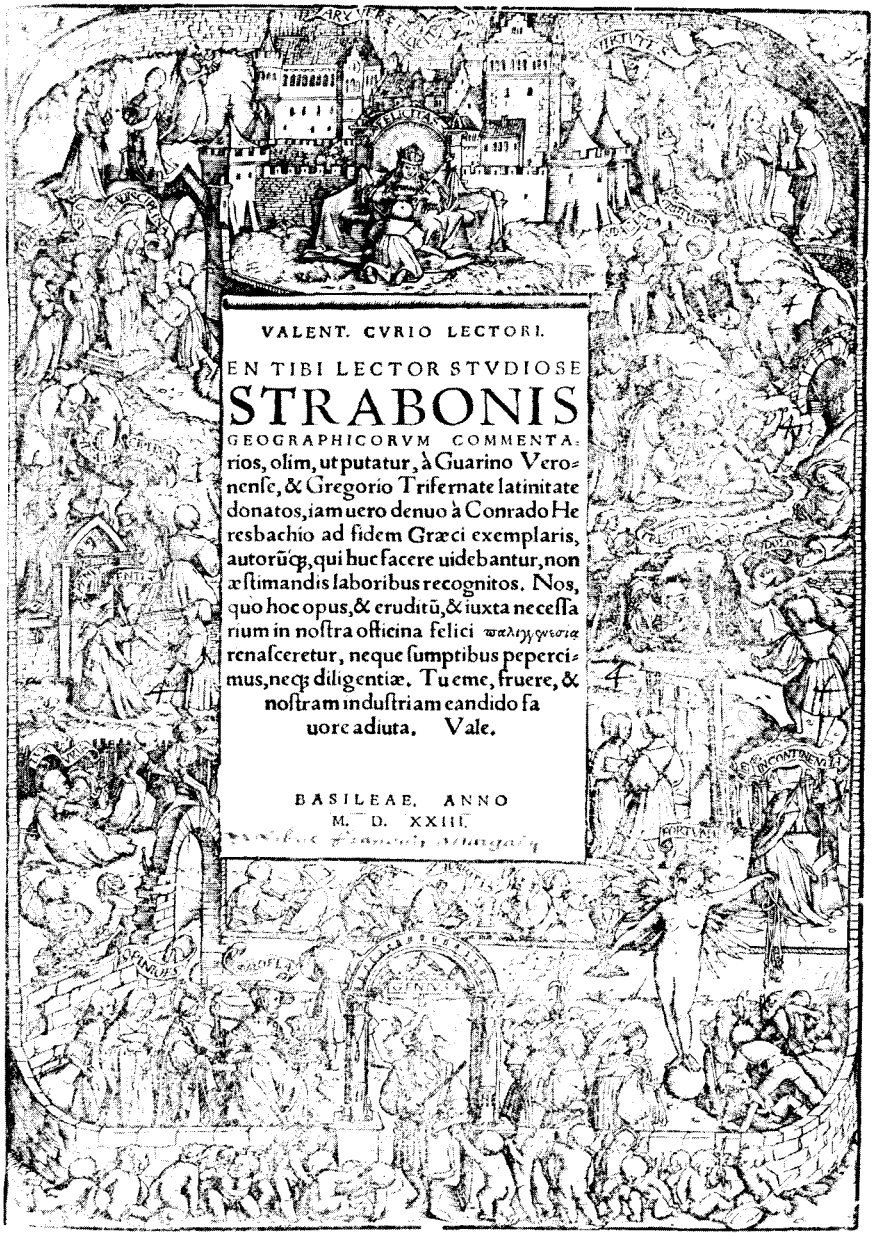

Fig. 2. Hans Holbein, *Cebes' Tablet*. Title page from Strabo, 1523

bad; doubt wisely" (ll. 76-77). If the search for truth raises the problem of giving her a form "plaine to all eyes," Donne's evoking and then retracting "her" image seems to move doubtfully between adoration and scorn. Indeed, the second Psalm, on which Donne would later preach, seems to hover over these lines, not only in their echo of the "holy hill of Zion" but in the Psalm's emphasis on breaking the bonds of the "kings of the earth" (2:2-3), in its appeal to wisdom (10), and in its derision and anger that match the "brave scorn" (l. 1) of Donne's tone. In this context the satire's final meditation on authority—with its broad contempt for the Gregories and the Martins of the world who have fashioned themselves into idols by "unjust / Power from God claym'd"—taps the Psalm's own destructive force: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? . . . Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel" (2:1, 9).

Some twenty years later, when Donne comes to preach on the "*outward helps*" to devotion afforded by ritual and ceremony, the doubt seems to be resolved and the anger cooled in the conciliatory rhetoric molded for the Anglican church by Hooker and Andrewes as well as by Donne himself: ". . . we should not be difficult in meeting [our Adversaries] halfe way, in things, in their nature, *indifferent*."[7] Donne argues that the Elizabethan *Injunctions* of 1559 were properly directed against the abuse of sacred imagery, especially against "*monuments of feigned miracles*" which could be made to "*speak*, and *move*, and *weep*, and *bleed*," and against "Images of *God* who was never seen" (VII:432). Such "pernicious Errors" apart, the impartial Christian will understand that images have "sometimes a good, sometimes a bad sense in the Scriptures" (VII:431), and that, as Jerome and Calvin would agree, so far as pictures in the church "may conduce to a reverend *adorning* of the place, so farre as they may conduce to a familiar *instructing* of unlettered people, it may be a losse to lack them" (VII:432). It is true, Donne concedes, "that where there is a frequent preaching, there is *no necessity* of pictures; but will not every man adde this, That if the true use of Pictures bee preached unto them, there is *no danger* of an abuse; and so, *as Remembrancers* of that which hath been taught in the Pulpit, they may be retained" (VII:432). The careful navigation between "sometimes a good" sense and "sometimes a bad," and between "no necessity" and "no danger," is typical of Donne's strategy in the sermon. Having asked us to imagine his Biblical text (Hosea 3:4)[8] as "*our Mappe*" (VII:415), as

"a *whole Globe*" and "an *intire Spheare*" (VII:416), he charts our course between Rome and Geneva, "as farre from their blasphemous over-boldnesse" who profane the spiritual significance of Christ's sacrifice in the idolatry of the Mass, "as from their over-tendernesse, who startle at the name of *Sacrifice*" (VII:429). "*Vae Idololatris*," Donne concludes, "woe to such advancers of Images, as would throw down Christ, rather then his Image: But *Vae Iconoclastis* too, woe to such peremptory abhorrers of Pictures . . . as had rather throw down a Church, then let a Picture stand" (VII:433).

There is one revealing tack in the course of this argument. The Elizabethan injunctions Donne alludes to had sought to ban offensive images secreted for private use as well as those on public display. The construction Donne puts on this point of the law, however, virtually reverses its original thrust. He tells us that it "reaches as well to pictures in private houses, as in Churches, and forbids nothing in the Church, that might be retained in the house" (VII:432). The strained emphasis on what the law permits, despite its obvious overall intention to discourage the keeping of religious pictures, hints as little else does in this disinterested performance at Donne's personal stake in the topic. For its effect is to disarm the busy old fools who, in the *Songs and Sonets*, always threaten to intrude on Donne's perfect but fragile private retreats, to violate the "pretty roomes" of the poet's intimate life.

Of Donne's own rooms in the Deanery at St. Paul's, we have an intriguing if partial record in the bequests specified in his will.[9] His closest friends were to be given pictures as mementos. Henry King, his executor, was to have the two portraits of Paolo Sarpi and his biographer, Fulgenzio, which hung in the parlor.[10] Robert Ker would have Donne's own portrait "taken in Shaddowes . . . many yeares before,"[11] presumably the Lothian portrait (c. 1595) of the young Donne as a melancholy lover, with its inscription parodied from the Anglican Third Collect for Evensong (and its Latin original in the Sarum Breviary): *Illumina tenebras nostras Domina*.[12] The four "large Pictures of the fower greate Prophettes" were, however, to remain in the hall, just as "that large Picture of auncient Churchework" was to be left in the lobby leading to Donne's chamber, and still other unspecified pictures were to stay in the garden as part of the Deanery furniture Donne would reserve for his successors.[13] Several of Donne's friends were to have their choice from among still other unnamed paintings that hung in "the Parlour" or in the "little Dynynge Rowme" or elsewhere in Donne's

house.[14] The will lists fifteen paintings by subject matter and suggests through such other provisions that there may have been twenty-five or thirty pictures in all, not counting the hanging maps one would like to suppose were also in Donne's possession—for maps are prominent in the inventories of other private holdings[15] and, as a source of imagery, nearly inevitable in Donne's writing.

The only identifiable picture mentioned in the will is the Lothian portrait, one of a group of seven surviving images of Donne that begins with an engraving after a lost miniature at age 18 in 1591 (Figure 3),[16] and includes Isaac Oliver's miniature of 1616 (Windsor Castle) and the roundel portrait of Donne as Dean of St. Paul's in 1620 (Figure 4).[17] The sequence ends with Donne in his shroud; this final sketch, itself lost, probably served as the model for both the Droeshout engraving, published in 1632 as the frontispiece to the sermon *Deaths Duell*, and the carved effigy in St. Paul's Cathedral.[18] His own image, as we might guess from Walton's report of the meticulous ritual that surrounded the making of the deathbed sketch, fascinated Donne. The surviving portraits offer a series of shifting, carefully contrived poses that vividly reflect the several different selves Donne would fashion for himself —the resolute "gentleman volunteer" at eighteen,[19] the fastidious melancholiac at twenty-three, the sober courtier at thirty-four, the august divine at forty-nine. It would be no less revealing to have a clearer sense of Donne's other pictures. His was not a large collection by the standard of the long galleries then coming into fashion in great houses, but it was surely large enough to have filled nearly every corner of Donne's little world with imagery.

What we can tell about the display of these paintings, however, betrays the concern of the preacher who had so carefully balanced the scruples of the iconoclastic controversy. The public rooms contained paintings, like the portrait of King James also among Donne's bequests, on which no suspicion could fall: the large architectural study in the lobby, the "Sceleton" in the hall,[20] the portraits of Sarpi and Fulgenzio in the parlor. These last quite possibly came to Donne from Italy by way of Henry Wotton, who is known to have sent portraits of Sarpi to several of his friends as well as to the King.[21] Just as Herbert was pleased to find in the writings of the Spaniard Valdesso "that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and expresse so clearely and excellently the intent of the Gospell,"[22] Donne admired Sarpi for the Venetian's opposition to the Papacy and for the reformist

Fig. 3. *Donne at 18.* Engraving by William Marshall after Nicholas Hilliard, from Donne's *Poems*, 1635

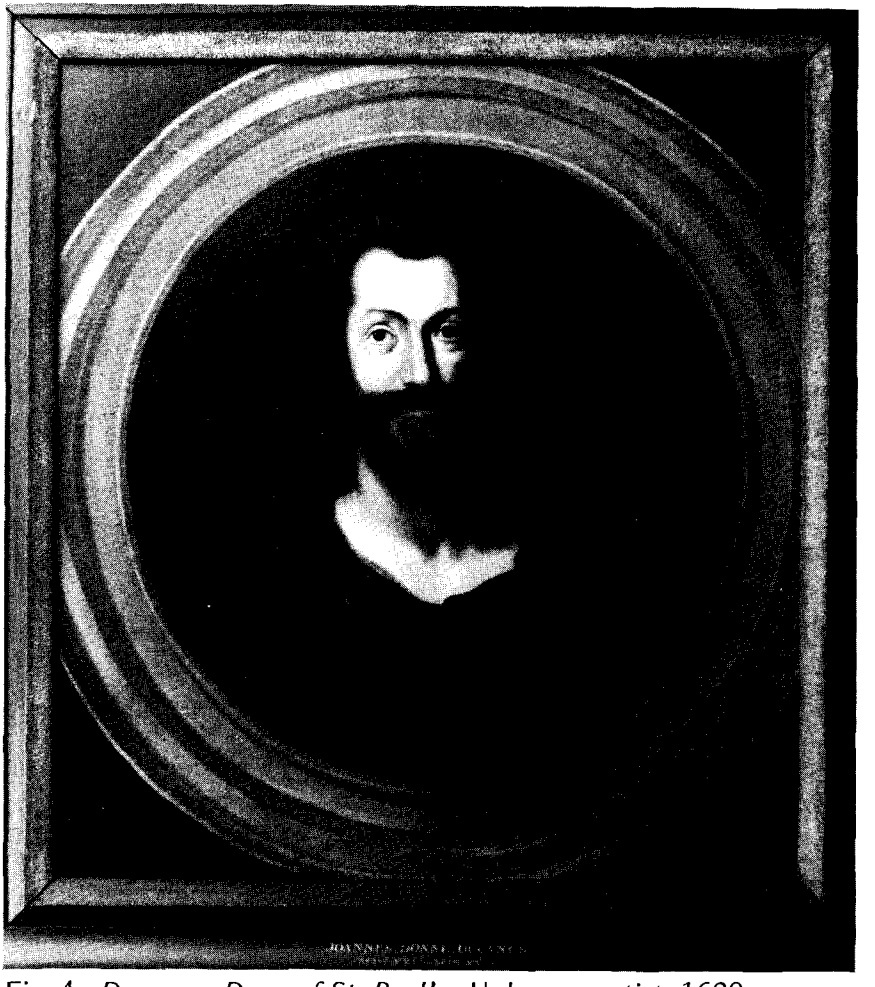

Fig. 4. *Donne as Dean of St. Paul's*. Unknown artist, 1620

cast of his *History of the Council of Trent*. Sarpi's portrait on Donne's wall would have symbolized Donne's hope for an eventual reunion of the churches in a moderate consensus of the sort implied by his willingness to meet "our Adversaries . . . halfe way." Otherwise the four prophets in the hall and the "Picture of Adam and Eve which hanges in the greate Chamber" suggest that the public areas of the Deanery were decorated with Old Testament histories securely within the unobjectionable category of commemorative images. The furnishing of Donne's smaller, private rooms, though, reveals an eye still drawn far more than half way toward the devotional imagery of his mother church. A "Picture of the blessed Virgin Marye" hung in the "little Dynyng Chamber" and a "Picture of Marie Magdalene in my Chamber" (as opposed to the "greate Chamber").[23] Two paintings are noted as hanging in Donne's "Studdy"—the room he would turn, on his deathbed, into an artist's studio for the sake of the final portrait that would become, says Walton, "his hourly object till his death."[24] Here were a "B: Virgin and Joseph" and a "Picture of layinge Christe in his Toombe,"[25] the latter an appropriate backdrop for the entombment of Donne sketched out under its gaze.

Such quarters would have preserved more than a whiff of Roman piety. They would, indeed, have struck an observer familiar with Donne's poetry as not only deeply reminiscent of the adoration for the Virgin that suffuses Donne's earlier "La Corona" and "A Litanie," but also the perfect imaginative setting for those poems.[26] Shut in the "little roome" of the Virgin's womb, the God of "La Corona" who is "All" and "every where" "yeelds himselfe to lye / In prison," his "*Immensity cloysterd*" in a tiny space both "*deare*" and claustrophobic (Sonnet 2, p. 319). Later in this sequence of sonnets modeled on the Rosary, Christ's confinement becomes the type of his sacrifice, when his "infinity" is measured "to'a span, / Nay to an inch," almost as a prisoner paces off the dimensions of his cell (Sonnet 5, p. 320). The very coincidence of a "Mary and Joseph" and an "Entombment" on the study's wall may have seemed to Donne an emblem of the mystery implied in this echo of womb and tomb. When, in another poem, the Feasts of the Annunciation and of the Passion chance to fall on the same day, Donne's soul can see "Christ hither and away," and his virgin mother "at once . . . stay / Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha" (pp. 334-35, ll. 2, 11-12). In "A Litanie" the Virgin is "That she-Cherubin, / Which unlock'd Paradise" by unlocking her womb, thereby opening a chamber that her illustrious tenant could

use as a kind of dressing room in which to button up his flesh before leaving the house on his public ministry, "for there / God cloath'd himselfe" (p. 339). Christ, in Mary's womb, is "light in darke" ("La Corona" 2), a *chiaroscuro* detail that may remind us of the way Donne himself, save for the dramatic illumination of his face and hand, seems muffled within the somber "Shaddowes" of the Lothian portrait. In these lines the room-as-womb becomes a hidden, sacred enclosure, nurturing and stifling at the same time.

In the sermons as well as the poems Donne seems preoccupied with such ambivalent distinctions between private and public spaces. On Candlemas Day Donne's text is Matthew 5:16, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works. . . ." Preaching once more on the uses and abuses of ceremonies, Donne again takes the middle road by defending the proper and modest function of lights in the church—to "awaken devotion"—from the "pestilent superstition" that candles hold some "effectuall power" and are themselves "meritorious sacrifices" (X:89-90). Donne goes on to demystify candles by emphasizing that we are to understand them in terms of the Apostle's call for good works "*before men*" (X:89): our light should shine out in public, "assiduously, day by day in our Sermons . . . powerfully in the Homilies of our Church . . . actually in our many sumptuous buildings, and rich endowments" (X:93). But when he turns for a moment to an example of a "private light"—to the kind of individual illumination that is, he insists, not what the Biblical text urges upon us—Donne's language is suddenly flooded by a sense of mystery so bizarre and brilliant that its enchantment seems to outshine the public exhortation of the sermon :

> We have a story delivered by a very pious man, and of the truth whereof he seemes to be very well assured, that one *Conradus* a devout Priest, had such an illustration, such an irradiation, such a coruscation, such a light at the tops of those fingers, which he used in the consecration of the Sacrament, as that by that light of his fingers ends, he coulde have reade in the night, as well as by so many Candles. (X:93)

Sight has its public significance as a metaphor for the preacher's word and, more concretely, as a kind of euphemism for the church building fund. It has its private significance as a vision of flesh

miraculously illuminated against a dark background, an image, again, like Donne's gleaming fingers in the Lothian portrait, or even, in "The Relique" (p. 62), like the "bracelet of bright haire" spied in the lover's grave ("And he that digs it . . . Will he not let'us alone"). Donne of course makes us aware that no one can take the story of the priest's unusual reading-light seriously save for the "pious" monks who have foisted it upon the credulous, and yet in the growing crescendo of "illustration . . . irradiation . . . coruscation" all doubt seems for the moment swept away. Such moments of split consciousness betray a Donne both "hither and away," at once shedding a steady "Publique" light on the errors of superstition and "Reclus'd at home," in some private room of his mind, in a fantasy about the sparkle of holy light on the fingertips. "I am not all here," Donne elsewhere confides to his congregation: "I am here now preaching upon this text, and I am at home in my Library . . ." (III:110).

For all this, as John Carey is only the most recent scholar to remind us, it would be "an exaggeration to present" Donne "as a crypto-Catholic, furtively resorting to religious practices that he would, in public, have abjured."[27] It would be all the more an exaggeration so to present him on the basis of a mood we might like to evoke about a long-gone room, even if his writing reflects a lasting attachment to the procedures of Ignatian meditation or, in the poems just touched on, a taste for the language of the Roman breviary and the Hours of the Blessed Virgin. It would be truer to the vexing contraries of his spiritual life to regard him, in the terms of an image Donne himself finds compelling, as the product of strong magnetic forces working on him by attraction and repulsion at once. Carey continues: "His situation was less simple. On the one hand, certain aspects of Catholic devotion were second nature to him. On the other, though he had become a part of the Anglican propaganda machine, he was keenly aware of shortcomings in each of the existing churches. Writing to Goodyer about the Catholic and the reformed religions, he described them as 'sister teats' of God's graces, but added that both were 'diseased and infected.' One corollary of this critical awareness was a sense of his own isolation from the company of God's elect; he was outcast, a part of no whole."[28] An apostate, Donne had cut himself off from the Catholic teat of his childhood. He could continue to yearn for its lost comfort even as he could flay the papists in *Ignatius his Conclave* and *Pseudo-Martyr*. On the question of images, as we have

seen, he could be sweetly ecumenical; he could also condemn Catholic practice in language that verges on the hysterical. In this light the calmly reasoned position of the sermon on Hosea 3:4 seems less a firm conviction reached after the groping of "Satyre III" than an unstable equilibrium of charged feelings held under careful rhetorical control but ready, on other occasions, to fly apart. It is worth briefly tracing the opposite courses of these feelings in the other sermons in order to understand the energy they impart to Donne's verse.

Although Donne is typically not regarded as a "visual" poet, his poems are nearly obsessed with the eye—with what is reflected or contracted in it, with the erotic power of two lovers' mutual regard (the "eye-beames twisted" of "The Extasie"), with the wonder of Elizabeth Drury's heaven-bound soul growing "all eye" ("Of the Progresse of the Soule," p. 257, l. 200), even with the harsh gaze of intrusive busybodies and with his own casual ability to eclipse them with a wink. Such intense perceptual dramas seem to pack all experience into the sight, and almost to grant a fully sentient, and sensuous, life to the eyeball itself. In his Sermon on 1 Corinthians 13 :12 ("For now we see through a glasse darkly . . .") Donne appeals to the traditional view supporting such imagery, that sight is "so much the Noblest of all the senses, as that it is all the senses." Just as the rational soul subsumes the lower vegetative and sensitive souls, so "All the senses are called Seeing; as there is *videre & audire, S. John turned to see the sound*; and there is *Gustate, & videte, Taste, and see, how sweet the Lord is*; And so of the rest of the senses, all is sight" (VIII:221).[29] This hierarchy of perception is metaphysical as well as psychological. For when at the resurrection we come to see God "face to face," there will be "no more working upon men, by preaching" (VIII:233), indeed no more spoken or audible language, so that even "the tongues of Angels, the tongues of glorified Saints, shall not be able to expresse what that heaven is" (VIII:231). If the "Ministery of the Gospell" is "Gods picture," in the fullness of the revelation God will "turne away that picture, and shew his own face" (VIII:233). The sermon ends in a celebration of that inexhaustible vision. In eternity we shall be "as glad to see, and to know God, millions of ages after every daies seeing and knowing, as the first houre of looking upon his face" (VIII:236).

Yet even as he exalts that final vision, Donne insists on the primacy of the word. Audible language is not merely, as one of the

sermon's lines of argument proposes, a necessary limitation of our partial knowledge, "So that this day," Easter Sunday, 1628, "this whole Scripture is fulfilled in your eares; for now, (now in this Preaching) you have some sight, and then," at the last day, "a perfect sight of all" (VIII:219-20). From this we must suppose that Scripture as we hear it preached is but a hazy adumbration of the sight of God, superior to the light cast on the book of creatures by natural reason, as Donne tells us, but still far dimmer than the perfect vision that awaits us. But as Donne's imagination begins to pull in another direction—toward Paul's rapturous possession by the power of the word—speech and hearing no longer figure as the prelude to vision. They become instead the very medium of revelation, and then a corrective against the temptations of the eye:

> When S. *Paul* was carried up *In raptu*, in an extasie, *into Paradise*, that which he gained by this powerfull way of teaching, is not expressed in a *Vidit*, but an *Audivit*, It is not said that he *saw*, but that he *heard unspeakeable things*. The eye is the devils doore, before the eare: for, though he doe enter at the eare, by wanton discourse, yet he was at the eye before; we see, before we talke dangerously. But the eare is the Holy Ghosts first doore, He assists us with Rituall and Ceremoniall things, which we see in the Church; but Ceremonies have their right use, when their right use hath first beene taught by preaching. Therefore to hearing does the Apostle apply faith. (VIII:228)

The smooth ascent through the senses up to the glorious vision on the top rung here yields to an agonistic model of perception in which the Devil and the Holy Ghost compete for entry through the eyes and the ears. Only when the soul has been fortified through the "doore" of the ear can it repel the danger assaulting the weaker portal of the eye. Even in the "Rituall and Ceremoniall things, which we see in the Church" the Devil stands ready to invade the eye of the Christian who has not heard their "right use." But, as Luther had observed (thinking, Erikson would argue, of the recovery of his own power of speech after the fit in the choir), "*Ein Woertlein kann ihn faellen*"—"a little word can overthrow him."[30]

Indeed, when Donne's text is the account in Acts 9:4 of Paul's conversion itself, he replaces the hierarchy of vision with an alternative hierarchy of the word:

> Our Regeneration is by his Word; that is, by faith, which comes by hearing; *The seed is the word of God*, sayes Christ himselfe; Even the seed of faith. Carry it higher, the Creation was by the word of God; *Dixit, & facta sunt*, God spoke, and all things were made. Carry it to the highest of all, to Eternity, the eternall Generation, the eternall Production, the eternall Procession of the second Person in the Trinity, was so much by the Word, as that he is the Word; *Verbum Caro*, It was that *Word*, that was made *Flesh*. (VI:216)

Carried higher and higher, Donne's imagination dwells on the sheer stunning force that descended upon Paul when, as the Scripture says, "he fell to the earth, and heard a voyce, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

> [God] speaks in his Canon, in Thunder, and he speaks in our Canon, in the rumour of warres. He speaks in his musique, in the harmonious promises of the Gospel, and in our musique, in the temporall blessings of peace, and plenty. . . . Princes are Gods Trumpet, and the Church is Gods Organ, but Christ Jesus is his voyce. . . . Man hath a natural way to come to God, by the eie, by the creature; So *Visible things* shew the *Invisible God*: But then, God hath super-induced a supernaturall way, by the eare. For, though hearing be naturall, yet that faith in God should come by hearing a man preach, is super-natural. God shut up the naturall way, in *Saul*, Seeing; He struck him blind; but he opened the super-naturall way, he inabled him to heare, and to heare him. God would have us beholden to grace, and not to nature, and to come for our salvation, to his Ordinances, to the preaching of his Word, and not to any other meanes. (VI:217)

God's voice, like its resonances vibrating through the organ of the preacher's mouth, issues in an awesome polyphony. The opening "Canon" shot is echoed at the end of the passage in the pun on God's "Ordinances." "Thunder" resounds in the fainter rumblings of "rumour," and both join in a *concordia discors* with "promises"

and "blessings." The shock of God's artillery blows the Apostle from nature to grace. Paul's blindness, we are made to feel, is more than compensated by his having heard at the same time a divine "musique" far deeper and richer than the ethereal *musica divina* of the Platonists—a cosmic performance scored for percussion, trumpet, organ, and "voyce." The "seed" planted in Paul's ears—and, through the sermon, in ours—sprouts into the "eternall Generation, the eternall Production" of the Word, filling the world with a dense foliation of sound.

The feeling here might be compared with that evoked in *The Pilgrim's Progress* when Christiana and her party find themselves refreshed in the Land of Beulah by a cacophony of bells, trumpets, and street cries. The "sharp aural images" characteristic of Bunyan's style suggest one point of convergence between the impact of Donne's preaching and the emphasis in Puritan writing—in Richard Baxter, for example—on the penetrating and quickening force of speech :

> Methinks the sound doth turn to substance, and having entred at the ear, doth possess my brain, and thence descendeth down to my very *heart*; methinks I feel it stir and work . . . Me-thinks I feel it digest as it proceeds, and increase my native heat and moisture, and lying as a reviving cordial at my *heart*; from thence doth send forth lively *spirits*, which beat through all the pulses of my Soul.[31]

Such, in "The Second Anniversary," was the "essentiall joy" that possessed young Elizabeth Drury in this world,

> Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
> (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
> His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
> Better then when in Images they bee.
> (p. 264, ll. 451-54)

The pulsating force of the word is erotic and binding, carrying us up *in raptu*, as Paul was carried, into the clasp of a loving God. Indeed for Donne the very words on the page seem to twine themselves inside the text, as if they were burgeoning with the energy to pull us toward them once the way of utterance is opened: "There are words in the text, that will reach to all the Story of S. *Pauls* Conversion, embrace all, involve and enwrap all" (VI:205).

If at times in Donne's writing this embrace of the word through the ear can guarantee the fidelity of the eye, at others the eye becomes a snare to faith so treacherous that the Christian must watch his every step—or glance. Such is the mood of Donne's sermon on Deuteronomy 12:30, "Take heed to thyself, that thou be not snared by following them after they be destroyed from before thee." Applying his text to the theme of safeguarding the church from Roman idolatry even after the promised land has been cleansed of its heathenish practices, Donne insists that

> A man does not ascend, except he stand. And such an ascension (an ascension without a redescent) *Moses* provides for here. First they should ascend to an abolishing of all Idolatry; And then they should stand in that state, persevere in that station, and perpetuate that ascension to themselves, by shutting themselves up against any new reentries of that Idolatry which had been once happily banished from amongst them. The inchoation of this ascension, that step which is happily made in the abolishing of idolatry, is in the beginning of this Chapter; *Ye shall utterly destroy all the places*, (which is a vehement gradation and heightening of the commandment:) It is a destruction, not a faint discontinuing of idolatry, but destruction; It is utter destruction, not a defacing, not a deferring of idolatry; and it is the utter destruction of the very place, not a seising the riches of the place, nor a slight correction of the abuses of the place, but the place it self, and (as is there expressed) all the place, not to leave the Devil one Chappel wherein the Nations had served their gods. And the Holy Ghost proceeds in the next verse with this particular vehemency, *You shall overthrow their altars, break their pillars, burn their groves, hew down their images, and destroy their names*. But all this is but the inchoation of this ascension, the first step in abolishing idolatry: The consummation of it is, in standing there; and that's in this Text, *Take heed to thyself, &c.* (IV:132-33)

For the English as for the Israelites, not even the "utter destruction" of the external institutions of idolatry will suffice to stamp it

out. The overthrowing, breaking, burning, hewing down and destroying are only the "first step" in the ascent: "A man does not ascend, except he stand." The next step ("*Take heed*") demands the continuing inward vigilance to maintain the high ground so won, "by shutting themselves up against any new reentries" of idolatry.

Hence it is, in Holy Sonnet XIV (p. 328), that even the Christian mended by the Reformation ("a faint discontinuing of idolatry"), if he would "rise, and stand," must compel God to more radical acts of destruction: "o'erthrow mee" as well as the altars of the Canaanites, "bend / Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new." The verbs echoing the Biblical passage (stand, overthrow, break, burn) as well as Donne's need, in the sonnet, to "breake that knot" snaring him into a betrothal with God's enemy, dramatize the conviction that the work of iconoclasm begun historically in Deuteronomy must be completed morally in the heart still drawn to the lure of "*their images*." And the "particular vehemency" of this work must go beyond the admonition of the Holy Ghost in Scripture, the sonnet suggests, to the purer "force" of God's breaking and renewing the spirit, as if the danger of "new reentries" were stronger than the power of mere persuasion to keep them out: "Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend, / But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue."

The figure governing this opening passage of the sermon, appropriate to the occasion of Ascension Day, is "our ascension in this life, (that which *David* speaks of, *Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?*)" (IV:132). This invocation of the Psalmist's hill (24:3) returns us to the scene of "Satyre III." There an undiscovered "Truth stands" on that hill, and in the climb toward her, "To stand inquiring right, is not to stray." Now the poem's wise doubt of open inquiry, poised between the reluctance either to "adore, or scorne an image," hardens into a militant stand on top of a hill from which all inquiry has been barred as a threat to the victory achieved. Donne's *divisio* of the sermon, in this spirit, sounds like a posting of the orders of the day:

> Take heed you be not snared by [Idolaters]; and then by an over-curious enquiring into their Religion, *Enquire not after their Gods, &c.* And through the first, the matter of the Inhibition, we shall pass by these steps, 1. That there is no security; there is still danger, though the Idolater be

> destroyed. And secondly, that there is therefore a diligence to be required, *Take heed to thy self*. And then thirdly, That the danger from which this diligence must deliver us, is a *snare*; *Take heed lest thou be snared*. (IV:133)

Donne's own admonitions are actually quite restrained next to the more virulent antipapal slanders of the day. He assures his hearers that it is according to God's plan that the idolaters should be allowed to remain among us—otherwise we might grow too confident of our spiritual security and so "remove all diligence" (IV:136). It would be wrong to go so far as to take up arms against them, and yet you must take heed to yourself lest your perhaps natural curiosity about their practices ensnare you in their errors. It would also be prudent not to enroll your sons in foreign universities. The idolaters have, however, set an especially dangerous snare "for thy wife"; and as Donne exposes this one, all the jaunty anxiety about unfaithfulness that had run through the *Songs and Sonets* comes to the surface of the sermon:

> Her Religion, say they, doth not hinder her husbands preferment, why should she refuse to apply herself to them? We have used to speak proverbially of a Curtain Sermon, as of a shrewd thing; but a Curtain Mass, a Curtain *Requiem*, a snare in thy bed, a snake in thy bosome is somewhat worse. I know not what name we may give to such a womans husband; but I am sure such a wife hath committed adultery, Spiritual Adultery, and that with her husband's knowledge. (IV:138-39)

Again, to regard the particular vehemence of this sermon as final or typical would be to disregard the constant habit of Donne's inconstancy. And yet his emphasis on the "husbands preferment," on the intimate world of the bedroom revealed, as in "The Sunne Rising," through curtains, and on the religious split within families, seems to touch the central nerves of Donne's life and poetry. The tangled snare coupling idolatry with adultery and fornication is both traditional in the literature of iconoclasm and deeply personal for Donne. Its use as material for Donne's imagination remains to be considered.

The apocryphal Wisdom of Solomon regards the "idols of the heathen" as "snares to the souls of men," for "the devising of idols is the beginning of fornication" (14:11-12).[32] While in the grip of the "frenzied revels" associated with the worship of images, men cannot "keep their lives, or marriages pure, / But one man waylays another and kills him, or grieves him by adultery" (14:23-24). The worship of idols is thus the "beginning and cause and end of every evil"—of the "Defilement of souls, confusion of sex, / Irregularity in marriage, adultery, and indecency" (14:26-27). Those who know God are not led astray by any "artful device of men . . . Nor the fruitless labor of scene-painters, / A figure smeared with varied colors, / The appearance of which leads to desire in fools, / And they long for the lifeless form of a dead image" (15:4-5).

After clarifying the point that "the Scriptures use the sayd two words (idols and images) indifferently for one thing," the Elizabethan *Homilie against Perill of Idolatrie* (1563) calls special attention to this apocryphal text as proof that images are an "abomination, a temptation unto the soules of men, and a snare for the feet of the unwise," and that "the invention of them was the beginning of spirituall fornication."[33] The *Homilie* bases its condemnation of all such snares in church ritual on the argument that

> the nature of man is none otherwise bent to worshipping of Images (if hee may have them, and see them) then it is bent to whoredome and adulterie in the company of harlots. And as unto a man given to the lust of the flesh, seeing a wanton harlot, sitting by her, and imbracing her, it profiteth little for one to say, Beware of fornication, GOD will condemne fornicatours and adulterers: for neither will hee, being overcome with greater inticements of the strumpet give eare or take heede to such godly admonitions, and when hee is left afterwardes alone with the harlotte, nothing can follow but wickednesse: even so, suffer Images to bee set in the Churches and Temples, ye shall in vaine bid them beware of Images, as Saint John doeth, and flee Idolatrie, as all the Scriptures warne us, yee shall in vaine preach and teach them against Idolatry. For a number will notwithstanding fall

> headlong unto it, what by the nature of Images, and what by the inclination of their owne corrupt nature.
>
> Wherefore as for a man given to lust, to sit downe by a strumpet, is to tempt GOD: So is it likewise to erect an Idole in this pronenesse of mans nature to Idolatrie, nothing but a tempting. Now if any will say that this similitude prooveth nothing, yet I pray them let the word of GOD, out of the which the similitude is taken, prove something. Doeth not the worde of GOD call Idolatrie spirituall fornication: Doeth it not call a gylte or painted Idole or Image, a strumpet with a painted face: Bee not the spirituall wickednesses of an Idols inticing, like the flatteries of a wanton harlot: Bee not men and women as prone to spirituall fornication (I meane Idolatrie) as to carnall fornication[?].[34]

For us the fornication and adultery have become "spirituall." No longer the carnal orgies of the Biblical idolaters, our abominations are perhaps less colorful but more insidious, catching our very souls in the wiles of a wanton harlot. The psychological process implied here is the consequence of the principle of interpretation brought to the passage of the Old Testament describing the decking of the Temple: "S. Jerome teacheth the sumptuousnesse amongst the Jewes to be a figure to signifie, and not an example to follow, and that those outward things were suffered for a time, untill Christ our Lord came, who turned all those outward things into spirit, faith, and trueth."[35] Just as ritual has turned inward to adorn the new temple of the heart with spirit, faith and truth, so its corruption is now similarly bred within—a furtive lust of the eye no less wicked than the lust of the flesh, as Matthew 5:28 confirms in its exposure of the adultery of the heart. Despite the preacher's warnings, our own "corrupt nature" is such that, once left alone with an image, we are prone to fall "headlong" into its—her—embrace. In this drama of temptation the nature of the image has also changed. In the Apocrypha the image "leads to desire": it provides the occasion and the spark for grieving another man by adultery. When the Scripture, in one of the several places here cited by the *Homilie,* warns the children of Israel against "whoring after" strange gods (Leviticus 20:5),

its intent is to forbid the actual adultery, incest, bestiality, and other profanations imagined to pollute the religious practices of Israel's neighbors. In the *Homilie*, however, and in the iconoclastic polemics it condenses and authorizes, the emphasis shifts so that the image itself becomes the object of desire, a "strumpet with a painted face." The man who gives himself to an image by that very act betrays his spouse.

As the *Homilie* amplifies this point through the contrast between the true church as the spouse of Christ and the "idolatrous Church" of Rome, its language becomes the sounding board for Donne's holy sonnet, "Show me deare Christ, thy Spouse." Like Spenser's Duessa, the Catholic church is a

> foule, filthie, olde withered harlot . . . and understanding her lacke of nature and true beautie, and great lothsomenesse which of her selfe shee hath, doeth (after the custome of such harlots) paint her selfe, and decke and tyre her selfe with gold, pearle, stone, and all kinde of pretious jewells, that the shining with the outward beauty and glory of them, may please the foolish fantasie of fonde lovers, and so entice them to spirituall fornication with her. . . . Whereas on the contrary part, the true Church of GOD, as a chaste matron, espoused (as the Scripture teacheth) to one husband, our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom alone shee is content onely to please and serve, and looketh not to delight the eyes of phantasies of any other strange lovers, or wooers is content with her naturall ornaments, not doubting, by such sincere simplicitie, best to please him, who can well skill of the difference betweene a painted visage, and true naturall beauty.[36]

Donne's sonnet echoes the phrasing of this passage—the "richly painted" church on the other shore, the "pleasing" spouse—and dramatizes its argument. Again, as in "Satyre III" there are hills to be climbed, "travaile" to be endured, in the search for a church "most trew." But measured against the obvious and complacent choice offered in the *Homilie* (and in related texts like John Bale's *The Image of Both Churches* [c. 1548]),[37] Donne's poem (p. 330) travails through a complicated swerve of feeling on its way to the abrupt paradox of the closing couplet :

Show me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and
clear.
What! is it She, which on the other shore
Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
Lamen ts and mournes in Germany and here?
Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare?
Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travaile we to seeke and then make Love?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
When she'is embrac'd and open to most men.

The "spouse, so bright and clear" cannot be the "richly painted" woman "on the other shore." She only shines, we know, with the "outward beauty and glory" of her paint and jewels. But where we would expect the poet, like the Homilist, to turn from the whore to the "chaste matron . . . content onely to please and serve" her husband, Donne finds instead one "rob'd and tore" who "Laments and mournes"—an image that glances not only at a reformed church violently stripped of adornment, but at a woman violated and wounded. The unhappy choice seems to be between two spouses chaste in neither case, the one flaunting herself, all too eager to be shown, the other no less exposed, as if the iconoclasm of the Reformation were itself a kind of sexual tampering.

This unsatisfactory choice only spurs the need to see a clearer spouse, until the increasingly explicit "amorous" longing at the end of the poem seems to cast doubt on the very motives of the search underway. If we seek her "like adventuring knights" then we seek her for the sake of conquest. The opening "Show me . . ." now reappears in the harsher "Betray . . ." of line eleven, where the wish to have the true church palpably exposed "to our sights" barely conceals the desire to wrest her away from her husband, to commit spiritual adultery—"and that," as Donne remarks in the Ascension Day sermon, "with her husbands knowledge." That she should be "most trew, and pleasing" to her husband when she is "open to most men" recalls the "sincere simplicitie" and the "true naturall beauty" of the Homilist's chaste spouse. But the lusty snicker in the word "open" marks the difference between Christ's true church

—universal, welcoming, open to the embrace of faith—and the speaker's demand for a vision of that church pleasing to him. It betrays the failure of the traditional language of the "bride of Christ" to accommodate the mysterious body of the church to our perception. Just as the wit of the love poems often depends on our ability to cut through a web of fallacious comparison, this sonnet confronts us with what Donne, in the sermons, calls the "awfull discrimination of Divine things from Civill" (VII:316).[38]

What is "most trew" to God turns into a blasphemous falsification when we push the metaphor of the "bride" from concept to image; and our recoil from the blunt impact of that discovery reinforces the irony that to seek her in this way is to lose her all the more, the closer we seem to approach. The "Show me" of line one generates the poem's quest for an image to embrace. That image appears only in sullied forms that at once disappoint the eye and rekindle its longing for an object "bright and clear." The poem thus evokes the urgency of the speaker's desire while it reveals the idolatrous, and adulterous, contamination of that desire to "make love" to the image it seeks. In so doing, it confirms the severe teaching of the *Homilie* on the "corrupt nature" of man, but it also contains an implicit critique of the homilist's procedure—for if we are susceptible to a chronic lust after images, then the image of the "chaste matron" can be no safer to our spiritual health than that of the "withered harlot."

All the cross-currents of attraction and repulsion flowing through Donne's preaching on the image are channeled into this sonnet, but their force is felt throughout his poetry—often so powerfully that the making and breaking of images becomes Donne's figure for registering the deepest conflicts of his imagination. A man split between the Roman and the Reformed church, Donne would seem to have absorbed both sides of the iconoclastic controversy into the language of his little world, where their antagonism remains fully charged. When he is dead of love in the *Songs and Sonets*, Donne's curious friends will find his lady's picture in his heart—to their regret, since her image, like a concealed infection, breeds "a sodaine dampe" that will prove no less fatal to those who "survay each part" of his corpse than it was to him ("The Dampe," p. 63). Or, in the Elegies, he offers the lady his own portrait—"Here take my Picture"—in a gesture combining affection and faint contempt: "'Tis like me now," he observes,

"but I dead, 'twill be more / When wee are shadowes both, then 'twas before" (V, "His Picture," p. 86).

The mutual reflection of the lovers' pictures in their eyes, the safekeeping of the lover's picture in the heart, become for Donne the virtually sacred emblems of their fidelity, as in the "Epithalamion" ("Thou art repriv'd old yeare," pp. 138-41) where he praises the bride:

> Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
> Which thy inflaming eyes have made within [the bridegroom's] loving heart. (ll. 158-59)

But the lover's "picture" in Donne's poems is also associated with death, with the decoration of corpses, and with images of the self—as in "Witchcraft by a picture" (p. 45)—captured and consumed by those inflaming eyes:

> I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
> Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
> My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
> When I looke lower I espie;
> Hadst thou the wicked skill
> By pictures made and mard, to kill,
> How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

The lady's ability to burn and drown his picture suggests the "wicked skill" of murder by effigy, while the rhyme of "skill," "kill," and "will" reinforces the sense of the lethal authority embodied in her art. "By pictures made and mard": the phrase catches in brief the twin impulses of Donne's own witchcraft as a poet, and the shifts between them carry the tone of many of his poems through an ambivalent regard for the artifacts he imagines.

As perhaps Donne's most celebrated "picture," the "stiffe twin compasses" of "A Valediction: forbidding mourning" (pp. 49-51) provide a very clear example of an emblematic image marred in the making. Students will often remark that despite the apparent geometrical "firmnes" of their construction, the compasses cannot really be visualized at all. If the moving foot "comes home" it must rejoin the "fixt foot" at the center of the circle and cannot at the same time inscribe a "circle just" by completing the circumference. The convenient solution is to dispose of the problem by arguing that, as a *concetto,* a figure of thought, the compasses are not intended to be visualized at all (any more than Marvell's vast

"vegetable Love" in "To his Coy Mistress" is intended to call forth visions of gigantic cabbages). On a more learned plane, John Freccero appeals to a tradition running back to the *Timaeus* in order to argue that the apparently divergent circular and linear movements of the compasses are resolved in the figure of the spiral that traces the upward swerve of the reason enlightened by divine truths.[39]

But both the convenient shortcut and the longer scholarly route overlook a crucial function of the compasses in the poem's own argument. The compasses first tempt us to visualize the love praised in the poem by an appeal to "sense," offering the kind of pictorial representation that even "Dull sublunary lovers" can perceive. The failure of that image suggests the mystery of a love "so much refin'd" that the appeal to sensual analogues (here, with telling irony, to instruments of measurement) cannot encompass it. A version of the poem's master paradox ("two soules . . . which are one"), the two incommensurable motions of the compasses weld "sense" and "Absence," reveal one aspect of love and conceal its essential mystery—and so negotiate the rhetoric of "tell[ing] the layetie our love" in a kind of *Biblia pauperum* for the illiterate while securing it finally from the "prophanation" of vulgar eyes.

The same ambivalent regard for the image, in a similarly playful sacred context, appears in "The Relique" (pp. 62-63). Here the notorious "bracelet of bright haire about the bone" is intended, Donne tells us, as a "device" to reunite him with his lover at the "last busie day." But it may well be mistaken for a relic if his grave is "broke up" in some superstitious age, for where "miracles are sought," miracles will be found even in such a modest token. But then, because they have "lov'd well and faithfully," the bracelet figures a love more truly miraculous than "mis-devotion" can understand—unless taught, not by the "bright" image in the grave, but by "this paper" on which the poem itself is written.

So too with that "subtile wreath of haire, which crowns" Donne's dead arm in "The Funerall" (pp. 58-59). Keeping his "limbes . . . from dissolution," the bracelet is "The mystery, the signe you must not touch." But, it appears, the bracelet may have actually been intended by the lady for his torture, "that I / By this should know my pain, / As prisoners then are manacled, when they'are condemn'd to die." What then is the meaning of the "signe"? Is it a magical preservative, a unifying symbol which because "These haires . . . upward grew" threads the body and the

soul? Or is it the mark of the condemned prisoner that Donne would take with him into the grave only for revenge, "That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of you"? Donne dismisses his sign, an image made and marred, in a gesture that yet preserves its aura of mystery:

> What ere shee meant by'it, bury it with me,
> For since I am
> Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
> If into others hands these Reliques came.

He is "Loves martyr," and in the martyrology of love appropriated from the religion of his childhood, he is entitled to his "Reliques." But his unfaithfulness had denied him, except in fantasy, the opportunity of martyrdom, and had led him to condemn those who were manacled and condemned to die for their religion's sake as pseudo-martyrs. And so for others to discover his relics "might breed idolatrie," just as the lady's picture exhumed from his heart had bred a pestilential damp.

In the divine poems this tainted image of the lady in his heart must be repudiated, his own history effaced. Donne's spiritual autobiography, as he now constructs it, turns on the contrast between the "sighes and teares" he wasted on his mistresses "In mine Idolatry," and "this holy discontent" ("O, might those sighes and teares return againe," p. 323), between an earlier "prophane" self now buried and the contrite Christian struggling through these poems—a contrast blurred, to Donne's vexation, when he finds his contrition "As humorous . . . / As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott" ("Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in one," p. 331). Because the corpse of that former life threatens to rise up—spangled, we might imagine, with its bracelets and wreaths of hair, all its dissolute humors resisting dissolution—the sincerity of the divine poems would seem to depend all the more on their making a clean break from the idolatry of the love poems. To be made new on the Pauline and Augustinian model demands that the old self and its idolatrous artifacts, the old self *as* an idolatrous artifact, be marred—broken, blown, burned. Image-breaking thus offers Donne a pattern for what the sermon on Deuteronomy 12:30 calls "utter destruction" (IV:132-33) and a pattern for self-renewal as the temple is swept clean of the fragments of an old life and an old poetry. This is the pattern originally set for Donne by the crisis of his apostasy. Then an idolatrous Catholic self was rejected, its

residual attachment to Roman ritual and imagery relocated in the private amatory religion of the *Songs and Sonets*. Now the love poet who is seen to have painted his fornications in holy colors—the idolatrous celebrant of all those erotic canonizations and ecstasies and martyrdoms—must be toppled as well. But as before there is not a clean break but a displacement. For the picture of the mistress, Donne substitutes a new image as the focus of his purer devotions: "Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell, / The picture of Christ crucified" ("What if this present were the worlds last night," p. 328).

Harboring such an image against not only the suspicions of the radical reformers but against the authoritative pronouncements of Ridley, Jewel, and the Homilist, Donne must go on the defense:

> Since Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
> His image, th'image of his Crosse deny?
> Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
> And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
> It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit
> That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
> Who from the picture would avert his eye,
> How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
> (ll. 1-8)

Donne's elaborate conceit here, in "The Crosse" (pp. 331-33), will demonstrate that we cannot in fact avert our eye from the cross, since it is to be seen wherever we look—in swimmers doing the breaststroke, in the masts of ships, in flying birds, in the lines marked on globes, even in the "sutures" of the skull, "which a Crosses forme present" (l. 56). The "chiefe dignity" belongs to the "spirituall" cross of therapeutic tribulation (l. 26): its embrace not only reveals "th'instrument / Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament" (ll. 15-16), but virtually transforms its bearer into Christ himself, and so validates the image absolutely by closing the gap between it and its prototype:

> For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
> Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
> As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
> But that away, which hid them there, do take;
> Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee,
> And be his image, or not his, but hee. (ll. 31-36)

Nevertheless the "Materiall Crosses" Donne finds everywhere in nature are also "good physicke" (l. 25), and the poet's eye delights in discovering the cruciform traces of the passion in the unlikeliest spots. If the world is a hieroglyph of the cross, then any individual cross must be honored as the epitome of a vast sacred pattern.

Harboring such an image, however, Donne must also reassure himself—if we consider the whole of the sonnet touched on before—that his embrace of "Christ crucified" is disentangled from that of his "profane mistresses":

> What if this present were the worlds last night?
> Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
> The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
> Whether that countenance can thee affright,
> Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light,
> Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head
> fell.
> And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
> Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight?
> No, no; but as in my idolatrie
> I said to all my profane mistresses,
> Beauty, of pitty, foulnesse onely is
> A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
> To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
> This beauteous forme assures a pitious mind.
> (p. 328)

The structure of the sonnet seems to pivot on the contrast between "this present . . . night" of holy meditation and those past nights full of "all my profane mistresses"; between the "picture of Christ" and the "idolatrie" now forsworn; between what Donne says to his soul now and what he said to his lovers then. The turn itself seems at first to carry all the force of a rebuke to that former self: "No, no." On such a structure, with the last judgment his theme, we might imagine Donne praying for salvation by virtue of the image of Christ in his heart, reborn there in its "beauteous forme" after the crucifixion of the old, idolatrous Adam. By the process of spiritual sculpture imagined in "The Crosse," everything in Donne that hid that beauty would be carved away, leaving him not Christ's "image . . . but hee." Instead, unexpectedly and disturbingly, Donne would convince Christ to be merciful by addressing him in the cocky, condescending voice of the *Songs and Sonets*, and by trying

out on him the same argument he had once used to snare his profane mistresses: "as . . . I said" to them, "so I say to thee."

The difference between the "pitious"—which is to say, pliable, and therefore even pitiable—mind of the mistress, and the "forgivenesse" of Christ tips the comparison toward blasphemy. What in *The Courtier* would be an artful compliment to the lady, that her "beauteous forme assures a pitious minde," becomes an attempt to seduce Christ into granting an assurance of mercy. This strange collapse of Donne's grave meditation into the rubble of amatory rhetoric is, for Carey, the symptom of "the incompetence of the polluted mind."[40] Donne himself seems to reflect on such a moment in another Holy Sonnet: in "flattering speaches I court God" ("Oh, to vex me," p. 331). Similarly flattered, the picture of Christ in the sonnet "What if this present . . ." seems to merge with the idolatrous image of the profane mistress—although its "beauty," we feel, is shadowed by the terror of judgment also reflected in Christ's face. For the picture of Christ seems to shift, even as Donne tries to fix it, between the image of pity he hopes to find there ("Teares in his eyes . . . Blood . . . that tongue . . . Which pray'd forgivenesse") and the image of awesome suffering and wrath ("frownes . . . pierc'd head . . . adjudge thee unto hell") he sees but would wipe away. And insofar as "that countenance" that "can thee affright" lingers on to the end of the poem as a kind of after-image, line thirteen takes an ominous twist: "To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd." The horrid shape Donne would *not* see reasserts itself as the image rightly "assign'd" to him, as a reflection of the idolatry that continues to dwell in his heart, and as a judgment upon it.

Inevitably (in both Grierson's and Gardner's ordering of the Holy Sonnets) this poem is followed by "Batter my heart" (p. 328), where the assurance of mercy crumbles before the ram of God's power, where "Reason," which had just proven its way to that factitious assurance, "proves weake or untrue," and where, interestingly, the gender roles in the drama between Donne and God have been reassigned. First feminized as the tearful and pitious mistress dwelling in the poet's heart, God now emerges as the jealous lover, the over-mastering destroyer and creator, implored to expel his "enemie" from that heart, and to enthrall a feminized supplicant. This is an absent, even an adversary, God characterized by his "force" rather than his picture. He is a "three person'd" mystery, mysteriously both loving and violent in his assault on the hard heart, working upon it (as in the Protestant heart emblem)[41] rather

than within it. Thus, although we are likely to think of it as the exemplary sonnet isolated in anthologies, "Batter my heart" might better be regarded as the companion piece to the previous sonnet ("What if this present . . ."), the one poem shattering a devotional image that the other had set up.

The pull between these two poems makes itself felt all the more strongly in "Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward" (p. 336). This masterful and wholly individual meditation on the crucifixion contains all of Donne's divided impulses in the tense, almost brutally physical bonds it dramatizes between the poet and the image of Christ "upon the the tree" (l. 36):

> Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
> The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
> And as the other Spheares, by being growne
> Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
> And being by others hurried every day,
> Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
> Pleasure or Businesse, so, our Soules admit
> For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
> Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
> This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.
> There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
> And by that setting endlesse day beget;
> But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
> Sinne had eternally benighted all.
> . . . . . .
> Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
> They'are present yet unto my memory,
> For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,
> O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
> I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
> Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
> O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
> Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,
> Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
> That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.
> (ll. 1-14, 33-42)

All the energy of vision in the poem is focused on what Donne "should see"—"There" (l. 11), in the east on this Good Friday—the "spectacle" (l. 16) of the crucifixion. The "should" knots together the opposing forces straining Donne's vision. The actual scene of the crucifixion—the muddy mix of dust and blood, the torn flesh, the "miserable mother" (l. 30)—is long past but vividly "present yet unto my memory," present to the exclusion of all else, and so compelling as almost to persuade us that Donne would see it if he dared to look over his shoulder. It is present for the meditator using the resources of memory, in the first step of his spiritual exercises, to compose the "place" of his meditation; present, too, in the sense that Christ's sacrifice occupies an eternal moment in the design of salvation history; but present above all in the imagined setting of the poem, where Christ, returning his gaze upon the meditator, seems to anticipate the final prayer by burning the image of the crucifixion into the back of Donne's skull.

Yet even as his "Soules forme bends toward" the cross, Donne is "hurried," "whirld," and "carryed" from it, and not just by the "forraigne motions" of pleasure or business. Against the pull of the image Donne pulls back, recoiling from its terror: "Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see" what he does see nonetheless, "That spectacle of too much weight for mee" (ll. 15-16). This anguish is reflected in the series of questions that propel Donne through the middle of the poem: could he behold "those hands . . . that endlesse height . . . that blood . . . that flesh"? Durst he cast his eye on Christ's "miserable mother" (ll. 21-30)? The answer, as A. B. Chambers has suggested, is no, and yes: "The self-questioning must take the form it does because only thus can Donne simultaneously affirm the impossibility and the inevitability of seeing what he cannot and yet must see." Every detail sketched into this vision, each more painful than the last, only adds to the crushing "weight" of that spectacle—until Donne himself, stretched between east and west, seems to have taken on all the tortures of the cross. From this impasse, Chambers goes on to argue, the poem moves toward a resolution in the understanding that "one must ride to Last Judgement in the West to receive an oriental resurrection."[42] Since only through suffering the mortification of Christ's passion can the Christian heart be opened to the vivification of grace, the poem's strain is relieved in the paradox Donne elsewhere finds both witty and comforting—that in matters of faith as well as cartography, "East and West touch one another, and are all one" (II:199).

Donne does of course find the reassurance, as he turns to the final colloquy, that God's anger is restorative. But the fear of not being worth that anger, the hunger for punishment, and the fleeting resentment of "I turne my backe to thee" (l. 37), all leave the end of the poem no less jarring than the middle.

We might remark here the difference in tone between Donne's encounter with Christ's image and an otherwise very similar moment in Nicholas Sander's *A Treatise of the Images of Christ* (1567). Deflecting the hammer blows of Bishop Jewel, the recusant Sander explains that "God should be contrary to himself" if he were to forbid the making of an image:

> For he hath so made us, that we cannot learne, know, or understand any thing, without conceiving the same in some corporal Image or likeness. Our knowledge commeth by the senses, of the which our eies are the chefe. They see visible Creatures, and heare soundes by voices, whereby the common sense being informed with such images as it is able to conceave, offereth the same to our phantasie or imagination, whence the mind beginneth to gather knowledge & to print (as it were) or to grave in it self that, which is powred into it by the senses.
>
> And so ofte as the mind will either use or encrease his knowledge, it alwaies returneth to those images and figures, which it receaved and laied up, to [the end that] it might have wherewith to occupie or to delight it selfe, when occasion should require.
>
> If then at what time I reade that Christ died with his hands stretched and nailed upon the woode of the Crosse, I may and necessarily must devise with my self an Image which sheweth so much (otherwise I can never understand that which I read) how can a wise man doubt, but that thing may be lawfully set furth in an outward Image, which must be necessarily conceived in an inward Image?[43]

Donne's poem shares the belief that we "may and necessarily must" devise an internal image in order to conceive of Christ at all, but having devised it, the eye in the poem internalizes it more radically than Sander's epistemology envisions, and suffers under

its intolerable "weight" (l. 16). If Christ's death made the earth "crack," and Nature "shrinke," the poem shows how the more fragile sphere of the soul in meditation—unable to contain the space between "those hands which span the Poles"—also cracks under the internal pressure of Christ's image. What would it be like, the poem asks, to push the meditative act so far as to "devise with my self" not the flat, conventional image of Christ "nailed upon the woode of the Crosse," but one so full of horror and wonder of that event as actually to represent the death of God? Far from presenting me with a figure "wherewith to occupie or to delight" myself, it would be an image on which I should not dare to look. It would turn the art of meditation into a terrifying exercise in the negative theology, stunning me with the sense of God's incomprehensibleness rather than bringing me closer to him in imaginative participation with his suffering. Donne's "Could I behold" (ll. 21ff.) signifies the necessary absence of an adequate image of the crucifixion even as it suggests the force of that image in the middle of his poem.

The result is a poem which applies all its formal ingenuity toward an effort to control a structure through which the imagined experience of the crucifixion threatens to explode. The structure is suggestively emblematic. Those "hands which span the Poles" of the cross stretch across the middle line of the poem, and as they are also the hands of the cosmic Christ spanning the poles of the world, they also seem to stretch across the space of the text, catching Donne's errant soul as it whirls out of its orbit and bending it back toward the east. We know from the poem on "The Annuntiation and Passion" (p. 334) that God's "embleme" is the circle—in him, "As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East" (l. 21). So, in the metaphysical geometry of "Goodfriday," what we experience as linear distance in texts and in the world, in God's design circles back on itself; and so the soul must be instructed, in the end, that through the paradox of grace turning one's back on Christ can turn into a way of approaching him. This circular movement, turning around the poles of the cross in the middle, bends the beginning and the end of the poem together like the text circumscribing a roundel, or like the wreath formed by the seven sonnets of "La Corona," at whose "end begins the endlesse rest" of a meditation circling endlessly around its "changing unchang'd" God (p. 318). The language of the *Songs and Sonets* is helpful here, for in them as in "Goodfriday" Donne centers the

formal "patterne" ("The Canonization," p. 15, l. 45) of his celebratory poems on a crucial image in the middle line—the Phoenix of "The Canonization," the "one little roome" of "The good-morrow" (p. 7), here, the hands of Christ—around which the structural "firmnes" of an emblematic imagination "makes my circle just, / And makes me end, where I begunne" (p. 51). "The Canonization," like "Goodfriday," turns the hurried sprints of pleasure or business, those strings of raw experience that elsewhere run through Donne's bitterest lines—"I have lov'd, and got, and told" ("Loves Alchymie," p. 39), "I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe" ("Loves Diet," p. 56)—into a "well wrought" and enduring form. If, in "The good-morrow," "love, all love of other sights controules" (p. 7), in "Goodfriday" it is the sight of Christ, the "Sunne" setting and rising on the cross at the center, that controls the emblematic firmness of the poem.

As the poem's formal cause, all the poet's visual artistry—the conceit of the spheres, the emblematic circularity of the text, the imagined spectacle of the crucifixion—are necessary to give the devotion its shape. But it is to Christ, the poem's final cause, that Donne must at last yield responsibility for perfecting the text: it is Christ's hands that "turne" (and "tune") "all spheares at once," including the sphere designed by the hands of the poet. The final "corrections" Donne turns his back to receive are not merely the lashes of Christ's anger. They include the more subtle corrections of Christ's mercy—the readjustment of the vagrant "motions" of Donne's soul, and Donne's poem. The poem enters on its circle with Donne postulating the terms of the encounter with a kind of Euclidean arrogance: "Let mans Soule be a Spheare . . . and then . . . Hence is't." As Donald M. Friedman observes, these lines convey an "air of detachment, perhaps of pedantry, certainly the touch of the scholastic manipulator of schemes, tropes, figures." Instead of the subdued meditation the title leads us to expect, we get the "cool conceptual competence" of a speaker "constructing a conceit within which to catch and characterize human experience."[44] The poem closes with Donne, now humbled like the Christ he imagines, transcending such complacent constructions of the mind and eye to put the weight of his salvation on the one back strong enough to bear it. What matters in the end is not that I may know thee, but that "thou may'st know mee" (l. 42). The end of the poem thus corrects the beginning, a movement punctuated by Donne's emphasis on the soul's "forme," which, even as it

"bends toward the East" is governed in its movement by the stronger opposing pull of worldly affairs. The failure to follow his soul's "naturall forme" is, as the end acknowledges, his "deformity." In this way the formative, constructive motions of the mind that go into the making of Donne's devotion come implicitly under the poem's own scrutiny.

From this final perspective, the image of Christ formed by the poet must itself be regarded as a deformity, a scum of rust that must be burned off before the untarnished image of Christ can be restored—restored, paradoxically, by the artisan uniquely qualified for his craft by having submitted himself to be deformed on the cross, just as Donne had imagined him. The making of the poem thus requires a joint effort, Donne creating the materials of his devotion ("Let . . . be"), the image of Christ on which, so convincingly has he done his imaginative work, he "durst not looke" (l. 29); Christ, in anger and in mercy, correcting the deformed image of, and in, the meditator, and restoring his own. Yet the future tense of the last line leaves the circle broken: the crucial "turne" toward a face-to-face knowledge of God is reserved for a higher sphere even than Donne's masterpiece. In death the glorified soul, like Elizabeth Drury's in "The Progresse of the Soule," "Peeces a Circle" (p. 266, l. 508); but this world and its productions, to the anatomist's eye in "The first Anniversary," are "all in peeces, all cohaerence gone" (p. 237, l. 213). The emphasis on the "deformity" of Donne's devotions—on the deformity of the poem, formed with such care, in which the course of those devotions is traced—pushes its way through the emblematic integrity of the text. Shrinking and cracking, the circle refuses to close. Donne does not turn his face. Christ looks "towards mee" silently, so far withholding anger and mercy alike. The structure thus made and marred by the poet responds to the particular vehemence of the Holy Ghost's command, as Donne understands it in the sermons, to "hew down" the idolatrous "images" within the self.

Such contrition may or may not be rewarded "by thy grace" (p. 337, l. 41). Donne "bends toward" Christ (l. 10), both by shouldering the imaginative weight of the crucifixion and by enduring the painful correction of his own poem. Will Christ piece the circle by bending toward Donne? The tone of the final lines is as much bold as submissive: even as he begs to be punished Donne lays down for his savior the conditions on which he will—we are almost made to feel—agree to turn his face. The force of

the ending depends not only on the absence of the Christ whose loving punishment must be so fervently implored, but on Donne's assertive presence, on the kind of power Donne exerts over Christ by the very refusal to face him. "I turne my backe to thee" carries a harshness, even an effrontery, only partially softened by "but to receive / Corrections" (ll. 37-38). The line, and the poem, suggest how strongly the voltage of Donne's piety flows across the gap between "I" and "thee," and how central to that turbulent piety is the confrontation between the poet's image of God, and God's.

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Notes

1 *The Allegorical Temper: Vision and Reality in Book II of Spenser's "Faerie Queene"* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1957), p. 218.

2 *The Poems of John Donne*, ed. Herbert J. C. Grierson, 2 vols. (1912; rpt. London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1968), I, 157. All quotations from Donne's poetry are taken from volume I of this edition and hereafter cited by page number in the text (line references to quotations from the longer poems are also given, with normalized spelling of *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, and expanded contractions). Biblical citations are from the King James version.

3 Cesare Ripa, *Iconologia* (Padua, 1611), p. 529; reproduced with permission from a copy in the Folger Shakespeare Library.

4 From Strabo, *Geographicorum Commentarios* (Basle, 1523); reproduced with permission from a copy in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University. See also A. B. Chamberlain, *Hans Holbein the Younger*, 2 vols. (London, 1913), I, 193-95. The text of Cebes and its numerous illustrations have long been proposed—most recently by Norman K. Farmer, Jr., in *Poets and the Visual Arts in Renaissance England* (Austin: Univ. of Texas Press, 1984), pp. 20-21—as one of a far greater number of possible sources and analogues for lines 79-83 of this satire. The other suggestions, none certain but most of them plausible, range on the literary side from passages in Hesiod and Xenophon to the *Inferno* and Petrarch's epistle describing his ascent of Mt. Ventoux (see below, n. 6). On the pictorial side, connections have also been made with early Florentine painting (Louis Martz, *The Wit of Love* [Notre Dame and London: Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 1969], pp. 32-34) and with emblems. The history of conjecture is summarized by Wesley Milgate, ed., *The Satires, Epigrams and Verse Letters* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), Appendix C, pp. 290-92; and, since Milgate, by Paul R. Sellin, "The Proper Dating of John Donne's 'Satyre III,'" *HLQ* 43 (1980), Appendix B, 306-12. The arguments for and against the Cebes as a specific source are complex, depending in part on the differences perceived between the philosophical ascent portrayed in the classical work and Donne's climb toward Christian truth, in part on whether the mountain in the particular illustration of Cebes one has at hand may look more like Donne's cragged hill (Farmer, p. 21, fig. 10) or (as Sellin says of another pictorial contender) like "an earthen wedding cake" (p. 306).

Sellin himself argues in great detail that Donne's description is modeled explicitly on the reverse of a medallion of 1619 commemorating the Synod of Dort (pp. 282-304). If he is right, the poem must date from 1620, not the 1590s. For the purposes of my argument, however, one of Sellin's most telling points against the Cebes illustrations actually works in their favor. He maintains that Donne's emphasis on the "hidden truth of Christian revelation" (p. 285)—its dazzling, mysterious, unvisualizable quality—makes the Dort medallion, over which "Jehovah hovers . . . invisible behind a cloud inscribed with the tetragrammaton" (p. 287), a likelier source than images representing Truth or Blessedness as female figures, or God himself "enthroned above the heavenly spheres in almost idolatrous detail" (p. 307). My point is that in his poetic ascent Donne

approaches, but then swerves away from, just this idolatrous prospect, evoking but then effacing the picture behind his text.

5 "Donne: The Imaging of the Logical Conceit," *ELH* 49 (1982), 842.

6 Augustine, *Epistles* 82.1.2, as cited in Peter Brown, *Augustine of Hippo* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1967), p. 275. Augustine's observation, apposite to the theme of Donne's satire, that "men go to admire the high mountains . . . and desert themselves" (*Confessions*, 10.8.15) is quoted by Petrarch at the climax of his ascent of Mt. Ventoux. For the sources of this passage see, besides Milgate, Dominic Baker-Smith, "John Donne's 'Critique of True Religion,'" in A. J. Smith, ed., *John Donne: Essays in Celebration* (London: Methuen, 1972), p. 411n., and M. Thomas Hester, *Kinde Pitty and Brave Scorn: John Donne's Satyres* (Durham, N.C.: Duke Univ. Press, 1982), pp. 65, 149. John Freccero has traced a related tradition, running from Plato through Dante, of Donne's "about . . . and about" as a version of the spiral movement that merges the rectilinear motion in time of the rational soul with the circle of eternity toward which it strives: see "Dante's Pilgrim in a Gyre," *PMLA* 76 (1961), 168-81, and "Donne's 'Valediction: Forbidding Mourning,'" *ELH* 30 (1963), 335-76. But A. D. Cousins ("The Coming of Mannerism: The Later Ralegh and the Early Donne," *ELR* 9 [1979], 86-107) returns us to the Augustinian huffing and puffing of the poem by his emphasis, against Freccero's model of a smooth spiral, on the tortuous, labored movement of Donne's lines.

7 *The Sermons of John Donne*, ed. George R. Potter and Evelyn M. Simpson, 10 vols. (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1953-62), VII, 433. Quotations from the sermons, all taken from this edition, are identified in the text by volume and page number.

8 "They shall bee without a King, and without a Prince, and without a Sacrifice, and without an Image . . ." (VII:416).

9 The text of Donne's will is given in Appendix D(ii), pp. 563-67, of R. C. Bald's *John Donne: A Life* (New York and Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1970). See also Wesley Milgate, "Dr. Donne's Art Gallery," *N&Q*, 30 July 1949, pp. 318-19.

10 Bald, p. 563.

11 Bald, p. 567.

12 On the Lothian portrait see John Bryson, "Lost Portrait of Donne," *The Times* (London), 13 October 1959, pp. 13, 15; Helen Gardner in her edition of Donne's *Elegies and Songs and Sonnets* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), Appendix E, pp. 266-70; Martz, *Wit of Love*, pp. 23, 192.

13 Bald, p. 564.

14 Bald, pp. 563, 564.

15 See John Buxton, *Elizabethan Taste* (London: Macmillan, 1963), pp. 96, 101.

16 Donne, *Poems* (London, 1635), frontispiece, engraved by William Marshall; reproduced with permission from a copy in the Columbia University Library. See Dennis Flynn, "Donne's First Portrait: Some Biographical Clues?" *Bulletin of Research in the Humanities* 82 (1979), 7-17. The lost original is traditionally supposed to have been a Hilliard, although Flynn argues for Isaac Oliver. On this portrait see also John Carey, *John Donne: Life, Mind, and Art* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1981), p. 23. Following William Empson ("Donne and the Rhetorical Tradition," *Kenyon Review* 11 [1949], 585), Carey argues that the portrait's defiant Spanish motto, *Antes muerto que mudado* ("Sooner dead than changed"), as well as the cross Donne wears as an earring, "may be a flamboyant assertion of his loyalty to the old religion."

17 Reproduced with permission of the Very Revd. the Dean.

18 See Bald, pp. 528-36, and Helen Gardner, "Dean Donne's Monument in St. Paul's," in *Evidence in Literary Scholarship*, ed. René Wellek and Alvaro Ribeiro (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979), pp. 29-44. On Donne's portraits see also Martz, *Wit of Love*, pp. 19-28, figs. 1-6.

19 Flynn, "Donne's First Portrait," p. 15.

20 Bald, p. 563.

21 Buxton, p. 103. For what follows on Donne and Sarpi, see Carey, p. 36, and Frances Yates, "Paolo Sarpi's 'History of the Council of Trent,'" *JWCI* 7 (1944), 123-43.

22 George Herbert, *Works*, ed. F. E. Hutchinson (1941; rpt. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), p. 304.

23 Bald, p. 563.

24 Izaak Walton, *The Lives of John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert and Robert Sanderson*, introd. George Saintsbury (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1927), p. 78.

25 Bald, pp. 563, 565.

26 On the Catholicism of "La Corona" and "A Litanie" see Louis Martz, *The Poetry of Meditation* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1954), pp. 99, 107-08, 220; Helen Gardner, ed., *The Divine Poems* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952), pp. xxi-ii, xxviii, 57-60, and her supplementary note in the revised edition (1978, p. 152); Carey, p. 51; and Dennis Flynn, "Donne's Catholicism," *Recusant History* 13 (1975), 187-90.

27 Carey, p. 51.

28 Carey, pp. 51-52. For the letter to Goodyer (in Donne's *Letters*, 1651), see Edmund Gosse, *The Life and Letters of John Donne*, 2 vols. (London, 1899), II, 78.

29 Donne cites Augustine's examples of the point, Revelation 1:12 and Psalms 34:8.

30 Quoted in Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther* (New York: Norton, 1958), p. 233.

31 On Bunyan's "aural images," see U. Milo Kaufmann, *The Pilgrim's Progress and Traditions in Puritan Meditation* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1966), pp. 232-33. The passage from Baxter—*The Saints Everlasting Rest*, 4th ed. (London, 1653), Pt. 4, p. 254— is cited by Kaufmann, p. 244. Brainerd P. Stranahan, "Bunyan's Special Talent: Biblical Texts as 'Events' in *Grace Abounding* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*," *ELR* 11 (1981), 329-43, points to the many examples of the Word kindling, seizing, falling upon, or breaking in upon Bunyan as it did upon the Biblical prophets (p. 333): e.g., "suddenly this sentence bolted in upon me" (*Grace Abounding*, Par. 143).

32 *The Apocrypha*, tr. Edgar J. Goodspeed (1938; rpt. New York: Random House, 1959), p. 205. All further citations are from this translation.

33 In *Certaine Sermons or Homilies* (London, 1623), facs. (Gainesville, Fla.: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1968), introd. Mary Ellen Rickey and Thomas B. Stroup, pp. 12, 15, 60 (page references are to *The Second Tome of Homilies* contained in this volume).

34 *Certaine Sermons*, p. 61.

35 Ibid., p. 68.

36 Ibid., p. 69.

37 In *Select Works of John Bale*, ed. Henry Christmas (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1849), pp. 250-640.

38 Quoted in William Kerrigan, "The Fearful Accommodations of John Donne," *ELR* 4 (1974), 348, to whose discussion (337-63) of the failure of accommodation in Donne's Holy Sonnets I am here indebted.

39 "Donne's 'Valediction: Forbidding Mourning,'" pp. 337-46. Against Freccero's spiral solution, David Novarr, *The Disinterred Muse: Donne's Texts and Contexts* (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1980), p. 58, argues that "The very failure of [the speaker's] proof is itself a manifestation of the humanity of his love." Novarr asks: "[W]hat has geometry to do with human emotion?"

40 Carey, p. 47.

41 See Barbara K. Lewalski, *Protestant Poetics and the Seventeenth-Century Religious Lyric* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1979), p. 195 and fig. 11.

42 "'Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward': The Poem and the Tradition," *ELH* 28 (1961), 50-51.

43 Nicholas Sander, *A Treatise of the Images of Christ* (Louvain, 1567), facs., ed. D. M. Rogers (London: Scolar Press, 1976), pp. 43a-43b.

44 "Memory and the Art of Salvation in Donne's Good Friday Poem," *ELR* 3 (1973), 420-21.