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Donne's Image and Dream

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The poem of Donne's beginning "Image of her whom I love" has received relatively little attention from critics, though his editors have fiddled with it uneasily. Recognizing with Spenser that "soule is forme, and doth the bodie make," editors have sought to make that uncertain soul more apparent; although it was originally printed as one continuous verse paragraph, R.E. Bennett and John Hayward presented it in three eight-line stanzas, as did Helen Gardner[1] who even removed it from the elegies, where it had hitherto lurked under the title, "The Dreame," and placed it in an annexe to the *Songs and Sonets* under a title of her own invention— "Image and Dream." It is my purpose here to argue that this is a notably subtle and searching poem, exploiting and exceeding the conventional expectations, both formal and thematic, of late Elizabethan Petrarchist verse, reflecting a critical stage in Donne's career. A.J. Smith's unusual setting of it for his 1971 Penguin edition[2] suggests something of its problematical nature:

> Image of her whom I love, more than she,
> Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
> Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
> As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
> The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
> Which now is grown too great and good for me:
> Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
> Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
>
> When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
> Then fantasy is queen and soul, and all;
> She can present joys meaner than you do,
> Convenient, and more proportional.

So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
  Then fantasy is queen and soul, and all;
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
  And sleep which locks up sense, doth lock out all.

After a such fruition I shall wake,
  And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
  Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.

But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
  Alas, true joys at best are dream enough;
Though you stay here you pass too fast away:
  For even at first life's taper is a snuff.

Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

One can see why Smith chose this form—the first eight lines rhyme *ababcaca* and form a syntactic unit, the next eight rhyme *dededede* but break in half syntactically, before the two separately rhyming quatrains and the final couplet—but the result looks distinctly odd and asymmetric. Intriguingly, the initial octet and final couplet look very like parts of a sonnet, a form to which the poem itself refers. An appreciation of what the sonnet—its form and characteristic themes—meant to Donne is necessary for a grasp of what is going on in this unusual poem.

While Donne apparently wrote no fourteen-line love-sonnets, sonnets are to be found contained in his verse epistles, that are generally thought to belong to the later 1590s (after his time at the Inns of Court), the period to which this poem probably belongs.[3] Many of these verse epistles draw attention to themselves as poems, explicitly and by their form, and suggest that, for Donne, the role of poet was associated with sonneteering; it seems that "writing sonnets for Donne . . . involved the concerns also associated with such a speaker in the sonnets of Sidney."[4] *Astrophel and Stella* had been generally available since 1591, and its sonnets' exploitation and questioning of Petrarchism, and their self-concsiousness about role, form and subject-matter, the relationship between truth and illusion, and between reason, imagination and sexuality are likely to have impressed Donne considerably. In fact, direct links between Sidney's sonnets, Donne's epistles and this poem can be established, and are useful for clarifying what it is getting at.

Several epistles show Donne's interest in manipulating the verse form; one in particular, "To Mr R.W.,"[5] consists of two fourteen-line stanzas with a final quatrain, in effect half-concealing two sonnets that fairly clearly derive from *Astrophel and Stella* 32, which also feeds into Donne's elegy. Here is Sidney's sonnet:[6]

Morpheus, the lively sonne of deadly sleepe,
Witnesse of life to them that living die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creepe,
Since thou in me so sure a power doest keepe,
That never I with clos'd up sense do lie,
But by thy worke my *Stella* I descrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe,
Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence hast thou Ivorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?
'Foole,' answers he, 'no Indes such treasures hold,
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stella's* image I do steale to mee'.

And here is the first part of Donne's verse letter:

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would appear,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my will, myself the legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamoured patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.

Both poems refer to Morpheus and to life as sleep, and draw analogies between the powers of dream and of poetry to reproduce the "picture" or "image" of the (fragmented) subject, drawn from the heart. It was indeed

Sidney's peculiar contribution to the love-dream convention to associate it with writing poetry[7]—both reveal the heart's images—which Donne has picked up. (The epistle's second "sonnet" also links with the Sidney and with Donne's elegy, in setting fantasied enjoyment against frustrating virtue, when Donne contrasts the inaccessible Promised Land of Guianan treasures—which dates the epistle to 1597/8—with the rich "India" of "almighty virtue" that he and his friend must settle for.[8]) *Astrophel and Stella* 38 is in an even closer relationship with Donne's elegy:[9]

> This night, while sleepe begins with heavy wings
> To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
> Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
> To leave the scepter of all subject things,
> The first that straight my fancie's error brings
> Unto my mind is *Stella's* image, wrought
> By *Love's* own selfe, but with so curious draught,
> That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.
> I start, looke, hearke, but what in closde-up sence
> Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
> Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence:
> I, seeing better sights in sight's decay,
> Cald it anew and wooed sleepe againe:
> But him, her host, that unkind guest had slaine.

Fancy, like an artist, creates an "image," a word also associated in Protestant England with "false idol," while the speaker fluctuates between delightful fantasy and unhappy reality. Clearly, Donne had read these Sidney sonnets; also influential—both to echo and to react against—may have been Spenser's *Amoretti* 45, published in 1595, beginning:[10]

> Leave, lady, in your glasse of christall clere
> your goodly selfe for evermore to vew,
> and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
> most lively-lyke behold your semblant trew.
> Within my hart . . .

Both poems begin with vigorous dismissals, and have the speaker presenting the true image of the somewhat narcissistic lady; Spenser's poem, however, expresses more simply the idealistic, Neoplatonic/Petrarchan note that Helen Gardner found in Donne's poem.[11]

So, operating here are not merely general conventions of idealistic love-sonneteering but particular sonnets that affected both the content and the method of the poem. Sidney, his predecessor, is constantly straining at the limitations of conventional thinking, language and forms, stretching and distorting these structures to evoke his own truth; several of his sonnets employ the device of a frame, or a poem-within-a-poem, to undermine confidence in the adequacy of single meaning and point of view in favor of multiple interpretation and shifting perspectives, a technique of direct relevance to the form and meanings of Donne's poem.

The word "perspective" here points to the importance in Renaissance pictorial art of the development of perspectival art; the "curious perspective" painting, in which the subject's appearance changes according to the point of view, was of great interest. Such "perspective" art is frequently referred to in the poetry and drama of the period,[12] as in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* (2.v.116-7) — "though he be painted one way like a Gorgon/ The other way's a Mars"—and may be related directly to the increasing epistemological anxieties of the period in general, and of Donne in particular, as in this poem of conflicting values and shifting identities. "I would not claim," writes Lucy Gent, "that pictorial illusion brought sixteenth-century writers to an awareness of the relativism of meaning. But . . . their first hand discovery that a painting could yield one way a distortion, another way a well-proportioned image . . . must have brought home in a very vivid way the importance of the subjective viewpoint."[13] Analogies were seen between pictorial and rhetorical ambivalences and multiple organization;[14] several writers seem to have experimented with structural perspective, notably Sidney and George Herbert.

It is time to bring all this to bear on Donne and *his* sense of "the relativism of meaning" and "the importance of the subjective viewpoint." The thematically related lyric "The Dreame" deploys alternative realities—dream and wake, her identity and God's identity—as equally valid and simultaneously existing orders; the elegy has, I think, usually been read "straight," with the lover complaining of the frustration attendant upon Neoplatonist/Petrachan idealism, imagining the possession of her in dreams, and reverting to the original image, product of the heart that is, after all, the seat of reason (as Smith reminds us[15]).

This is merely to take the gist of the poem, ignoring the play of language and the contribution of the form, whatever that may be. Neither continuous lineation nor the three-stolid-stanza form seems wholly to bring out the

poem's shifts and twists of meaning, the sense of juggling illusions and balancing instabilities. The tinkering of the various editors suggests the unease provoked, the difficulty of establishing the right relation of form and content, especially when the content emphasizes instability. The poem refers to "sonnets" and, as has been demonstrated, has particular sonnets in mind. With its formal irregularities (especially apparent in Smith's setting) and the theme of alternative appearances and sonnets, it is tempting to find alternative structures in the poem: the first eight lines and final quatrain and couplet could be seen as a sonnet, and the middle twelve and final couplet could compose another, constituting a "curious perspective" poem, a form particularly appropriate to Donne's theme of simultaneously-existing alternative apprehensions of reality.

The first sonnet-perspective "embedded" within the whole would be as follows:

> Image of her whom I love, more than she,
> Whose fair impression in my faithful heart,
> Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
> As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
> The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
> Which now is grown too great and good for me:
> Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
> Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
> But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
> Alas, true joys at best are dream enough;
> Though you stay here you pass too fast away;
> For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
> Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
> Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

Here is a coherent sonnet, with a well-marked *volta* after the octet; without the intervening lines' alternative viewpoint, it provides a relatively straightforward, idealistic poem, where the humble lover, despite the strain on his own limited nature, comes to reject the sensual world in favor of his transcendent vision; but Donne includes another perspective as well:

> When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
> Then fantasy is queen and soul, and all;
> She can present joys meaner than you do;
> Convenient, and more proportional.

So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition, I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

Here again is a clearly structured sonnet, celebrating not the madness of loving an Idea more than a person but the love that the feeling heart desires, and that only the imagination can satisfy. In a world of real pain and illusory pleasures, where all of us are "but fantastical," without permanent substantial identities, it is better to fill one's heart with the fantasy of sexual love, "proportional" to human nature and desires, with its own validity; the heart is reclaimed as the source of imagination and desire, giving greater satisfaction than the sad experience of irredeemable lack.

It is not that the reader is necessarily to extract two wholly distinct sonnets, as I have done here (though a sophisticated contemporary might well have done so), but instead is brought to sense the interplay of different values and perceptions within a shared framework (or cage, if one may take up the last lines' suggestion of the lunatic-lover-poet, as in "The Triple Fool" — and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). One shows a simple superiority of idealism over sensuality, the other elevates feeling above austere principle; one proposes the rejection of easy, imaginary fulfilments in favor of the continuing effort to engage with external reality, and one asserts the validity and sustaining power of the subjective in a frustrating, mutable, illusory existence; truth lies in recognizing the inseparability of these partial perspectives.

In contemplating such "points of view" one cannot but wonder about the intended readership: not, probably, the young woman herself (presumably Ann More); but, in addressing the image he is, in effect, talking to an idea of his own,to himself, while the last lines turn to a more detached self, or like-minded others. The tone evokes some late Inns-of-Court poems and early verse letters, where frequently idealism and aspiration (social as much as amorous) are vitiated by frustration and consequent cynicism, as in "The Blossom" and "Farewell to Love," that play Petrarchan/Neoplatonist values and language against the libertine. Other poets had vented their frustration with Petrarchism by means of subversive sexual innuendo (one thinks of

various sonnets in *Astrophel and Stella* — e.g. 17,45,76); likewise, this poem has a powerful, though hitherto unremarked, undercurrent of indecent innuendo that reflects not only recent writing and cynicism, but presumably his own exasperation.

It is never easy to "prove" such innuendo, especially in single words, but the clustering here of so many words demonstrated by analysts of Shakespeare's language to have had alternative, sexual meanings, makes it hard to deny its presence.[16] It will be simplest to indicate some of the double meanings, that provide not so much a coherent "argument" as a release for sexual (and, no doubt, other) aggression: another "point of view." Thus, both *coin* and *stamp* might suggest the sexual parts and act; in "my heart . . . grown too great and good," *heart* obviously means primarily the emotion of love, but it could also have phallic meanings,[17] that are more strongly operative later in the poem, while *grown*, *great* and *good* could all then have sexual associations, especially of tumescence.

> Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
> Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

Honour was not only a social abstraction, but the physical condition of maidenhead; *spirit* could also be sexual energy or seminal fluid, as in Shakespeare's Sonnet 129; *object* sometimes meant the sexual parts, or sex objects, obsession with which might overpower other sensitivities; the loss of clear perception indicated here might derive not only from being dazzled by her radiant beauty, or virtue, or social position, but from excessive sexuality, which was thought to weaken the sight ("Much use of Venus doth dim the sight . . . The cause of dimness of sight is the expense of spirits," as Francis Bacon observed). *Fantasy*, that might be associated specifically with sexual imaginings, being a "quean," provides release when it can "present joys meaner . . . Convenient, and more proportional": these joys are *mean* partly in being "about her waist, or in the middle of her favours" (*Hamlet*, 2.ii.231), that is, *convenient* (commentators on Shakespeare's bawdy remark resignedly that words beginning with "con"are especially subject to sexual innuendo), fitting the male *proportion* or erection. The words, "So, if I *dream* I *have* you, *I* have *you*" brutally reduce identity to mere physical sexuality. "Stay and go" seem to have been used almost routinely by Shakespeare's clowns for the sexual act, while the phallic meaning of "life's taper" is obvious enough: both life and the sexual act are brief and unsatisfactory.

Heart is a key word here, meaning not only the locus of the emotion of love but also, on occasion, phallic sexuality:

> Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
> Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

Mad could indicate sexual obsession, as in Sonnet 129, and *filled* and *grown* then easily suggest tumescence, while *idiots* were notorious for being sexually potent and obsessed, though inept and futile. The final couplet, then, as so often in Donne, provides a powerful, paradoxical climax to the poem, setting together idealism and its attendant frustrations (delay, sublimation) with an impatient, phallic sexuality that deprives life of value and significance. The poem probably derives from early in Donne's relationship with Ann More, as is suggested both by its various literary echoes and context, and by its tone and values, familiar to many young men in Donne's situation, not yet socially integrated and established. The ambiguous, subversive language produces, in effect, another perspective or way of reading the poem, another notably anti-Petrarchan value-system, reflecting not merely sexual frustration but frustration with a social order that sought strictly to control access to well-born young ladies.

The poem's method of, as it were, deconstructing sonnet form and language, seems more than merely ingenious, but suggestive of something troubled, uncertain and exploratory, with more yet to reveal.

The poem begins with uncertainties. Usually a lover loves and addresses a beloved person. Here, the speaker addresses an "image" that is distinct from that person. Even the nature of this "image" is in doubt: Fredson Bowers[18] took it to be a Platonic "fairer form"—the phrase is from Spenser's *Hymne of Love* (1596), that also deploys mirrors, images and "hungrie fantasy"—and the whole poem to turn on the opposition between the real woman and her Platonic essence, while Elias Schwartz[19] saw it as "the imposition of Aristotelean form on matter . . . merely the mental picture of the lady in the speaker's mind . . . during his waking life." As remarked above, "image" had associations with both religious and sexual impropriety (as in *Astrophel and Stella* 5).[20] The adored image or idol has the power to diminish the worshipper, to "fix" or even "castrate" him, especially as he has become a medal that, like most coins or portrait miniatures of the time, might present only a severed head. The analogy of the Medusa comes to mind, as it did to others: in Petrarch's *Rime* 50 and 51 he seeks to sculpt Laura, to fix her, in

his imagination, but her beauty petrifies him into impotence. The Medusa was interpreted by some Renaissance mythographers as a figure for both sexual fascination and spiritual idolatry, emanating a power capable of transforming the worshipper into an image of the adored object (although the lover could also in turn reduce an adored, complex human being into a more emotionally manageable image[21]). Thus the observer is made impotent by the recognition of the power of the unattainable object (whether as socially superior woman, or the Oedipally-desired mother or her displacement), but also seeks power by creating a fantasized image, as Perseus used his mirror-image shield (his art) to master Medusa. (Other contemporarily-popular image-myths come to mind, notably of artist Pygmalion and his desired image of Galatea, and Narcissus seeking union with his own mirror-image.[22])

The syntax is unsettling: is the "her" whom he loves altogether the same as "she"? An impression is made on his heart ("faithful" in being admiring, or accurate?), but is it by "she whose fair impression . . ." or by "her whose fair impression . . . " or by the "image," and is that "image" the (same as the) "impression" or its cause?[23] To get on with the sentence and the poem we shuffle together distinctions and identifications in a common-sensical fashion, but these initial uncertainties should not be suppressed, relating as they do to the fundamental ambiguities of the poem.

There he is, her medal, metaphorically and perhaps even actually dependent, hanging round her neck; like a Renaissance medal, he might present her emblem or essential self-image, losing his own identity in a kind of identification. Does she love him or her image, and is it because he has submitted himself so self-denyingly? She values him only as being her reflection and possession, just as kings' coins display their image and authority. It is remarkable that she (or the image) is king-like, with "masculine" attributes of reason and authority, particularly when the country is in fact ruled by a queen . Both an old queen and a young lady have power over those who court them, and have to be approached in similar fashion.

In Louis Adrian Montrose's discussion of the Elizabethan gender-system,[24] he claims that Simon Forman's sexual dream of old Queen Elizabeth must have been linked with his mother, and that Forman's account provides access to "the cultural contours of an Elizabethan psyche"; as Arthur F. Marotti observes, "A socio-cultural system not only inculcates certain ideals, values, sublimations—that is, superego and ego formations—but also . . . the very shapes of ('instinctive') desire and need, from the basic modes of taking in reality in infancy—related primarily to feeding and other

forms of maternal care—to the most sophisticated adult relationships . . . [The creative artist's] fantasies, which are shaped by his personal way of internalizing his culture's symbolic code, speak a socially communicable idiom."[25] Elizabeth, as is well known, adapted both the courtly code of Petrarchan love and the Catholic cult of the Virgin Mary to her own purposes, appropriating for herself the psychological power of Mother, Monarch and Maiden, the source of all gratification, in a mode which, as Francis Bacon put it, "allows of amorous admiration but prohibits desire." The conception underlies *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; such a trinity also operates in Donne's poem, reflecting not only the general cultural situation, but his own in particular.

Noting that there may be a distinction to be made between "her" and "she," it seems possible that, in being someone's medal, the speaker might not only be impressed by the young woman, but actually look like his original, his mother. In support of this, we may note Donne's "Elegy on the L.C."[26] of 1599 observing how a father's "children are his pictures"; the mother-son replication appears in Shakespeare's third sonnet—

> Thou art thy mother's glass . . .
> But if thou live remember'd not to be,
> Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

— and Jonathan Goldberg, in considering how "family structures mirror the largest structures of society," cites a double portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots and the young James VI, where "one face serves as a model for both. This picture says that children are the images of their parents."[27] Certainly, the mirror-image language applied to lovers is frequently also used of the parent-child relationship.

It may be that, at some level, the poem deals with the relationship in Donne's psyche between his mother and his proposed wife. It has been suggested that he sometimes incorporated into his poems the surname of his beloved, and later wife, Ann More;[28] however, of course, by a remarkable coincidence, his mother was also associated with the name "More," her mother being neice to Sir Thomas More. The great importance for Donne's self-image of his family association with Sir Thomas More has often been remarked, and requires no emphasis here.

While "more" —though used three times—appears not to operate as an overt pun here, nevertheless it must have had a considerable (conscious or

unconscious) resonance for Donne at this critical time in his life: in 1595 his mother had gone abroad with her third husband (Donne's second step-father), seeking freedom for the exercise of their Catholic faith, leaving him to make his own way in the Protestant world.[29] Now he was to transfer emotional dependency from one More-descended woman in a minority community to another More-descended woman in the main community, where he would be dependent on another father-figure More. Perhaps Ann More was for him (consciously or otherwise) —as in a covert pun here—almost more "More than she": marriage to Ann would both preserve and transform his More-family connections. More would lead on to yet more: Queen Elizabeth. Here we may note another intriguing and possibly fruitful coincidence, in that his mother's name also was Elizabeth. Before him, Spenser had recently used such coincidence of name to touch on complex feelings, noting in *Amoretti* 74 that his queen, his mother and his bride were all called Elizabeth. Likewise, we may find for Donne a trinity similar to Spenser's: love-source Catholic mother Elizabeth (More), power-source Protestant Queen Elizabeth, love-source (and indirect power-source) Protestant beloved Ann More.

The poem seems to be confronting a familiar crisis, of detachment from the mother, and all that she represents or that may represent her, and transference to a new "object." Mother and beloved share one name, compete with, and blur into, each other. He contemplates leaving behind a relatively passive, symbiotic relationship of mutual reflection ("makes me her medal, and makes her love me") and mutual satisfaction ("filled with her love" is ambivalent, suggesting love for her and from her): a Lacanian might well identify this with the Imaginary stage, and "the Desire of the Mother." The poem reflects the anxiety of a transitional stage, where concepts, images and words seem profoundly uncertain and ambivalent, anticipating moving on to a more active, sexual stage, risking paternal and social rejection in hopes of sexual and social fulfilment—akin to Lacan's Symbolic stage. Sir George More's position, as accepter or denier, was crucial; a Lacanian might find the concept of the decisiveness of the *Nom-du-Père/ Non-du-Père*, the "Name/ No of the Father," particularly apposite here.

Irrespective of Lacanian theorizing, certainly the poem struggles with psychological conflict, ending in futile paradox. Donne in effect rephrased the final couplet later, in a sermon: "all that belongs to love . . . is to desire, and to enjoy; for to desire without fruition is a rage, and to enjoy without desire is a stupidity . . . nothing then can give us satisfaction, but when these two concurr, *amare* and *frui*, to love and to enjoy";[30] but such a resolution and satisfaction was not possible yet.

Petrarchist sonneteering was associated for young men such as Donne with both love-making and courtly career-making: it is no wonder that Donne exploited it, breaking down and remaking the sonnet form with all its cramping associations, undermining Petrarchist half-truths and posturing, and developing the ambiguities of the language to explore and release fundamental anxieties. The conflicts operating here are very much those of his culture; as Elizabethan subject and wooer he must, as when a child, suppress his desires, that are sublimated into idealizations figured in a feminine trinity oddly "masculine" in its power to impress, and make him "feminine"(dependent, passive, emotional); the obscure image addressed is a complex figure of female authority and desire, comprehending the young woman, the mother, and the Queen, the supreme giver and denier.

As the image is multiple, so is his self; dream-world and waking-world, formally inter-spliced, seem interchangeable in their unsatisfactoriness and unreality. The last lines are spoken to some other audience, or to a divided and contradictory self; the last word is "none," pronounced "known."

Petrarchist sonnets might provide "pretty rooms," but they are not for living in, and need opening up, and reconstructing. At the heart of the poem is a sense of deep dissatisfaction, that seeks to appease deficiency by elaborating discourses of desire, whether idealistic, or obscene, or both, that nevertheless serve only to suggest the insufficiency of reality to satisfy need. Desire is form and doth the body make—a substitute body, however, merely of "words, words, words." This surprisingly neglected poem goes deeper than has been generally recognized into the paradoxes, not only of Donne's own anxieties in a time of personal crisis, but of his whole culture's engagement with "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," with the conscious and unconscious, masculine and feminine, the nature of poetic form and language, and

> . . . shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends.
> (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 5.1.5-6)

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Notes

[1] R.E. Bennett, ed., *The Complete Poems of John Donne*, Chicago: Chicago UP, 1942; John Hayward, ed., *John Donne, Poems*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950; Helen Gardner, ed., *John Donne. The Elegies and the Songs and Sonnets*, Oxford: OUP, 1965.

[2] A.J. Smith, ed., *The Poetry of John Donne*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971, pp. 106-7. All quotations from this edition.

[3] Arthur F. Marotti, *John Donne, Coterie Poet*, Madison: Wisconsin UP, 1986, p.321.

[4] Anne Ferry, *The "Inward Language": Sonnets of Wyatt, Sidney, Shakespeare, Donne*, Chicago: Chicago UP, 1983, pp. 216-20.

[5] Smith, pp.204-5.

[6] Maurice Evans, ed., *Elizabethan Sonnets*, London: Dent, 1977, pp. 14-15.

[7] Ferry, p.151.

[8] The last lines also have a close verbal and thematic echo in ll. 9-10 of the elegy:

> If men be worlds, there is in every one
> Something to answer in some proportion
> All the world's riches: and in good men, this
> Virtue, our form's form and our soul's soul, is.

[9] Evans, p.17.

[10] Evans, p.133.

[11] Gardner, pp.181-2.

[12] See Shakespeare, *Richard II*, 2.ii.14-27 and Sonnet 24; Chapman, *Ovids Banquet of Sence*; Jonson, Preface to Nicholas Breton's *Melancolike Humours*.

[13] Lucy Gent, *Picture and Poetry, 1560-1620*, Leamington: Hall, 1981, pp.54-58.

[14] Ernest Gilman, *The Curious Perspective. Literary and Pictorial Wit in the Seventeenth Century*, New Haven and London: Yale UP, 1978, p.84.

[15] Smith, p.425.

[16] For glosses on words discussed in this paragraph, see: E. Partridge, *Shakespeare's Bawdy*, London: Routledge, rev.ed.,1968; E.A.M. Colman, *The Dramatic Use of Bawdy in Shakespeare*, London: Longman, 1974; Frankie Rubinstein, *A Dictionary of Shakespeare's Sexual Puns and their Significance*, London:Macmillan, 1984.

[17] Hilda M. Hulme, *Explorations in Shakespeare's Language*, London: Longman, 1962, pp.125, 139; Marotti (1986), p.315.

[18] Fredson Bowers, *Modern Language Notes*, LIV (1939), 280-2.

[19] Elias Schwartz, "Donne's Elegie X (The Dreame)," *Explicator*, XIX, 19 (1961), 67.

[20] Ernest Gilman (*Iconoclasm and Poetry in the English Reformation: Down Went Dagon*, Chicago: Chicago UP, 1986, pp. 131-2) cites the 1563 *Homilie against perill of Idolatrie*—"Doeth not the worde of GOD . . . call a gylte or painted idole or Image, a strumpet with a painted face . . ." as the "sounding board for Donne's holy sonnet, 'Show me deare Christ, thy spouse,'" where a female, specifically a mother-figure—Mother Church—is to be made freely accessible.

[21] See Kenneth Grose, *Spenserian Poetics*, Cornell: Cornell UP, 1985, pp.35-41.

[22] Donne's "Sappho to Philaenis" (Smith,pp.127-9), another poem about love, art and imagery, replaces the Narcissistic mirror with lesbian similar-body replication and identification:

> Me, in my glass, I call thee . .
> . . . thee, my half, my all, my more. (ll.55-8)

[23] Note here ll. 7-12 of "Sappho to Philaenis":

> Thoughts, my mind's creatures, are often with thee,
> But I, their maker, want their liberty.
> Only thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
> But that is wax, and fires environ it.

Such lines, and echoes in the epistle "To Mr. R.W.," previously cited, suggest that these three poems are closely associated in time.

[24] Louis Adrian Montrose, " 'Shaping Fantasies': Figurations of Gender and Power in Elizabethan Culture," *Representations*, 1,2(1983), 61-94.

[25] Arthur F. Marotti, "Counter-Transference, the Communication Process, and the Dimensions of Psychoanalytic Criticism," *Critical Inquiry*, 4,3(1978), 471-89.

[26] Smith, p.247. This title first appears in 1635 and may not be authentic. While it could refer to Donne's former employer, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor, who died in 1617, the title seems more likely to be an editorial misrecognition of Thomas Egerton, his son, who had sailed with Donne on the Cadiz expedition (possibly alluded to in ll. 13-16) and died in 1599.

[27] Jonathan Goldberg, "Fatherly Authority: The Politics of Stuart Family Images," *Rewriting the Renaissance: The Discourses of Sexual Difference in Early Modern Europe*, eds. Margaret Ferguson, Maureen Quilligan and Nancy J. Vickers, Chicago: Chicago UP, 1986, pp.3-32.

[28] Harry Morris, "John Donne's Terrifying Pun," *Papers on Language and Literature*, 9(1973),128-37.

[29] R.C. Bald, *John Donne. A Life*, Oxford: OUP, 1970, pp.115-16.

[30] George R. Potter and Evelyn M. Simpson, eds., *The Sermons of John Donne*, (10 vol.), Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1953-62, Vol. VI, p.41.