

## Cupid's bow and boys' play in the sonnets of Sidney and Greville

In the sixteenth poem of *Certain Sonnets*, Sidney tells a story – slight enough in itself but revealing, nonetheless – about a satyr who, while out hunting one day, runs away frightened by the sound of his own horn. The sonnet is a classic “answer” poem, responding to a companion piece by Edward Dyer, the friend and fellow courtier-poet who, along with Fulke Greville, formed what Sidney celebrated in another poem as “A happy blessed Trinitie”: a band of brothers bound together by a mutual love for one another and for poetry.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, in the latter – an idyllic pastoral scene in which the three friends are described as grazing their flocks while they themselves are “playing” (line 32) – Sidney invokes Pan: a figure who, as their own special deity, as the god of shepherds, as a native of Arcadia, and as classically presented with a human torso but the legs, ears, and horns of a goat, might suggest, perhaps, that the figure of satyr had for Sidney, if not for the others, a particular identificatory significance. Dyer’s sonnet, for its part, tells the story about the satyr who, fascinated by the fire Prometheus steals from heaven, kisses it and so burns his lips. As a popular and well-known fable of folly – one that, as Ringler notes, appeared in some sixteenth-century editions of Aesop – this story was frequently alluded to in the literature of the period, not least in another of Sidney’s *Certain Sonnets* (CS 25) and in a later poem by Greville (*Caelica* 96). In the “answer” poem that directly responds to Dyer’s sonnet, however, Sidney introduces a new theme.<sup>2</sup> His satyr is not simply foolish. He is a victim of himself:

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,  
 With sound of horne, which he him selfe did blow,  
 Fearing and feared thus from himselfe he fled,  
 Deeming strange evill in that he did not know. (CS 16)

As a huntsman who suddenly reverts to the hunted, the satyr presents a familiar figure: an early version of that icon of frustration and self-sabotage who was to appear so regularly throughout Sidney’s writings as to become, virtually, a signature trope.<sup>3</sup> “Fearing and feared” combines the two experiences, the perspectives of the hunted and the hunter respectively. It is as if the satyr can barely distinguish between the horn in his mouth and the horns on his own head, as the distinct attributes of hunter and hunted collapse in upon each other and fuse strangely together. Indeed, in his half-human, half-animal morphology, the satyr is almost a kind of Actaeon figure: Actaeon as he was when he was already halfway to being metamorphosed. At one level, Sidney moralizes the story as a fable of cowardice. Just as Dyer’s foolish satyr provides a simile for the lover (who burned his heart not his lips, and not briefly but for ever), so does Sidney’s, the cowardly satyr who takes fright and flight being like the fainthearted lover who similarly lacks resolve: “Such causelesse feares when coward minds do take, / It makes them flie that which they faine would have”. At another level, however, the fable tells a story about desire: for, like the frightened satyr, the lover also gives up on his hunt and abandons “The sweete pursute of my desired pray”. If the successful huntsman who goes out into the field and catches what he pursues represents the goal-oriented activity of the role-model male – he gets what he wanted, what he “faine would have”, mission accomplished, objective secured – then the huntsman who fails or, worse still, becomes victim of own predations, represents a sad falling off from this ideal. Moreover, in a manner wholly

typical of Sidney, this aim-inhibited desire relates not only to amorous pursuits but to writing: “Even thus might I”, Sidney’s speaker confesses, “for doubts which I conceive / Of mine owne wordes, my owne good hap betray”. Generally speaking, the poet’s desire to get his point across once and for all – to hit the mark, to win the other over, to teach, delight, and move, to persuade the beloved, to make her agree, yield, and grant him her pity or better still her “grace” (AS 1) – is no less important than his erotic capture and is, indeed, a means to that end. A failure in one is therefore a failure in the other. The feeble faith this pusillanimous satyr/lover shows in the power of his “owne wordes” to achieve anything is thus equivalent to his giving up on the “sweete pursute” of his desired prey. Neither his words nor his actions are going to succeed and he is evidently not going to get what he desires. Instead, he ends up hopelessly entangled in his own concerns, running away as fast as he can but getting precisely nowhere.

In both their content and their presentation, the *Certain Sonnets* are too miscellaneous a collection to warrant looking among them for any kind of continuous narrative or unfolding theme. Nevertheless, the fate of Sidney’s satyr throws light, I think, on the last two sonnets in the collection and suggests that these might need to be looked at in a whole new way. Traditionally, CS 31 and 32 have been taken as expressing the classic renunciation of worldly love, as modelled, for example, on the concluding poems of Petrarch’s *Rime sparse*. This view continues to hold, even though the poems have long since ceased to appear at the end of *Astophil and Stella*, as they did in some nineteenth-century editions, to provide that sequence with the moralized ending it was otherwise felt to lack. These poems, however, do not renounce desire. CS 31 begins with an apostrophe to Desire, a figure whom it addresses in the first instance as “Thou blind man’s marke, thou foole’s selfe chosen snare”. Taken literally, the first part of this image sets Desire up as the target or “marke” at which the blind lover shoots. But if the lover, blinded by love in the typical fashion, shoots at Desire, then what the image effectively gives us is a picture one blind lover shooting at another (the blind or blindfold archer being, of course, the favourite designation of Desire, otherwise known as Cupid). The image not only casts doubt on the success of the speaker’s action (will a “blind man” really hit the thing he shoots at?) but, more importantly, it provides a very neat emblem of the shooter shot (or, if one is going to be a stickler for accuracy, the shot shooter). The speaker of this poem, in other words, exhibits the same kind of foiled, self-thwarting behaviour as the satyr who pursued and fled from himself. The lover of CS 31 conforms to the same type, just as the second part of the image – in which he curses Desire as his own “selfe chosen snare” – figures him as the huntsman who finds himself unwittingly caught up in his own nets or traps. On the face of it, the lover claims – in both this and the following poem – to put aside worldly love for “higher things” (CS 31, 32). But, whatever his good intentions, this is precisely what he does not do. CS 31 concludes with the speaker’s apparently firm resolution that he is “Desiring nought but how to kill desire”. What that means, however, is that he is still in a state of desire. He wants to kill/renounce desire but has not done so yet. He is still “Desiring” because Desire has not – and cannot – be renounced: the desire to renounce desire is only another fiendish form that Desire can take. There is no way out of this double bind, any more than for the hunter who ensnares himself or for the lover who sees, as if in some hideous hall of mirrors, the truest vision of himself: a Cupid shooting Cupid.

In the poem that immediately follows the satyr pair, Sidney’s speaker reacts to his mistress’s scorn – he cannot really be in love, she says, because he lives too

merrily and fails to write her poetry – by invoking the aid of Apollo (the poem itself being, presumably, a direct result of Apollo’s intervention). The speaker begs the god to “do away thy bowe: / Take harp and sing in this our versing time” (CS 17), a phrase that picks up on an identical image in another of the *Certain Sonnets* (on this occasion a translation from Horace), namely that “with Citherne silent muse / Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime sparde” (CS 12).<sup>4</sup> These repeated images draw on Apollo’s multiple function as the god of archery and of poetry, as if to suggest that the roles were mutually incompatible.<sup>5</sup> Since the god cannot perform both activities at the same time, the implication seems to be, he should put one aside for the other, and – especially in the present “versing time” – give precedence to poetry. Whatever the god’s response to these no doubt impertinent persuasions, however, there is no peaceful laying aside of any bow in Sidney’s poetry. On the contrary, that weapon remains everywhere in evidence and is constantly in use, even if – Sidney’s poetry being, on the whole, love poetry – the bow in question has now passed from the hands of Apollo to those of his younger nephew, Cupid. In practice, archery and poetry remain quite inseparable. It is just that, insofar as they are lovers, Sidney’s various poetic personae find themselves the victims rather than the wielders of that bow, open to its attack, and barely spared its bolts.

Astrophil, of course, is shot at all the time. Stella’s words, her voice, her silence, her beauty, her looks, her mere presence, even her absence, are all described as variously assaulting, lashing, beating, battering, burning, freezing, starving, piercing, or wounding him. An indomitable presence, she towers over Astrophil as, variously, a tyrant (AS 2, 47, v), queen (AS 107), princess (AS 28, 107), captainess (AS 88), judge (AS 73, 86), slave-master (AS 2, 29, 47, 86), and schoolmistress (AS 46). She “throwes onely downe on me / Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace” (AS 60), her speech initiates a “new assault” and a “new warre” on him even after he has already been utterly routed (AS 36), her very absence leaves him “maim’d” (AS 106). Above all she shoots him with her eyes (the oldest cliché in the book, of course, but it one that seems to have caught Sidney’s imagination and to have prompted from him a particular inventiveness). Stella’s eyes are like a pair of laser beams that variously stun (AS 53), scorch (AS 47, 76), electrify (AS 41), or magnetise (AS 9) Astrophil simply by being turned and trained upon him. The sinister rays that emanate from these eyes strike with “downe-right blowes” (AS 10), enter through his own already “long battred eyes” (AS 36), and fire the “sweet cruell shot” that delivers Astrophil his “death-wound” (AS 48). Stella is an excellent shot and never misses her aim – those beams “where they once are darterd, / Love therewith is streight imparted” (AS viii, lines 35-36) – and in this respect she is much like Petrarch’s Laura who is similarly compared to the “good archer” [*buon sagittario*] who can see from afar that the shot has passed directly through the intended target, in this case, her lover’s heart.<sup>6</sup> Indeed, Stella’s eyes are black in recognition of the many casualties they have caused (AS 7). Only when she is asleep are “The two only darts of Love” temporarily “disarmed” (ii, lines 6, 8) and only then is Astrophil granted a brief reprieve from their “fierce darts” (AS 39). That reprieve, however, is hardly restful, for even when Stella’s eyes are, like those of the rest of the sleeping population, briefly out of commission – their “marke wanting shafts of sight / Clos’d with their quivers in sleep’s armory” (AS 99) – Astrophil is still in pain as, unable to sleep himself, he tosses and turns fitfully throughout the night.

Although Stella is the most obvious source for the various missiles that are hurled in Astrophil’s direction, however, she is not the only one and not always, indeed, the primary one. For the most part Stella is acting for someone else, an agent

working for the figure who represents the real brains behind the operation, the military High Command. More often than not, Love (also known as Cupid or Desire) is true point of origin for the multiple shots that assail Astrophil, not Stella, even if he sometimes masquerades as her deputy, or appears as innocent or incognito, or uses her as a decoy. Behind such ruses, Love is really the one in charge. He occupies her (AS 52), takes up camp in her body (AS 12), unfurls his banner there (AS 13), perches on her face (AS 8) and uses it as a launch pad for the latest in military hardware. This, too, is as old a cliché as that of the firing eyes but, again, it seems to have inspired Sidney with particular inventiveness.<sup>7</sup> In AS 17, for example, Venus punishes Cupid (he has failed to re-vivify a drooping Mars with his “pricking shot”) by breaking his bow and arrows; upon which Nature, Cupid’s grandmother, “Of *Stella’s* browes made him two better bowes, / And in her eyes of arrowes infinit”. Soon enough those arrows come Astrophil’s way and find themselves lodged securely in his heart. In AS 29 Love requisitions Stella’s body as magazine for ammunition, indeed, as an entire arsenal of weaponry for his extended campaign: “her eyes / Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds arre: / Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre: / Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave”. Resistance is futile, surrender certain. In AS 43, Stella’s eyes are Love’s “maine force”. It is Love who looks through those eyes and who forces anyone rash enough even to approach her to admit defeat forthwith and submissively to lay down his arms: “lo by and by / Each soule doth at *Love’s* feet his weapons lay”.

It is thus Love who emerges as the real aggressor in *Astrophil and Stella*. He stalks Astrophil like prey. Indeed, Love embodies the kind of expert marksman that the archetypal figures of the hunter and the soldier both represent: a cracking shot, a master Bowman, a straight shooter who is guaranteed to hit his mark and to wound his target fatally if not to kill it outright. He, too, delivers Astrophil’s “death wound” (AS 20). Like a stealthy huntsman, Love lies in the bushes “Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray”. Stella’s dark eyes provide his cover while he lies in wait to ambush Astrophil – “There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay” – and, when the latter wanders unsuspectingly by, Love launches “his dart” to deadly effect: “But ere I could flie thence, it pierc’d my heart” (firearms and archery are treated interchangeably here; both were referred to as “artillery” in the period).<sup>8</sup> In the following sonnet, Love is said to “windlas” Astrophil’s mind (AS 21) – that is, to ambush or ensnare him – the verb being Sidney’s own adaptation of a hunting term meaning a circuit made to intercept game.<sup>9</sup> Elsewhere Love is explicitly said *not* to shoot “with a dribbed shot” (AS 2) – not, that is, with a shot that is weak, ineffectual, or awry – but with the kind of flying, singing shaft that embeds itself firmly in the victim’s side, even if the wound it inflicts takes some time to disable him completely. Deadly as this shot may be, however, it is not the only one with which Astrophil is struck. On the contrary, he is the recipient of thousands. Indeed, he seems almost at times to serve as a butt for the god’s target practice – “*Love* on me doth all his quiver spend” (AS 14) – much as Petrarch had similarly complained that “*Love* has set me up like a target for arrows” [*Amor m’ à posto come segno a strale*] (RS 133). Even then this master archer’s quiver is not emptied. Perhaps because he is easy game, Astrophil alone proves an insufficient challenge for this Olympian archery champion. Love has other targets too. “Placed ever there” in Stella’s eyes, he is responsible not only for Astrophil’s but for “all their deaths, who for her bleed” (AS 7). In another sonnet Love is characterised as “That busie archer”, from the deadly effect of whose “sharpe arrowes” not even the moon – self-evidently pale with suffering – is immune (AS 31).

This Cupid thus epitomises the figure of the “good” woodman. Master of his art and supreme in the field, he hunts, he shoots, he hits, he kills, and Astrophil is his sure fire target. In this respect, Love represents the classic *Cupido militans* of Ovidian convention, and it is as such, indeed, that he appears throughout *Astrophil and Stella* with, as one critic puts it, “his torches and arrows, his siege machinery, and his capacity to render the poet an elegiac *servus amoris*”.<sup>10</sup> Moreover, while shooting ballistic missiles at his victim might represent the most obviously military aspect of this role, Love’s battery can take other forms too. Even when he is not directly aiming arrows at Astrophil, Love loses no opportunity to assault him in other ways. He rides him like a horse, for example, beating him with his whip and piercing him with his spurs (*AS* 49, 98). As a harsh disciplinarian, Love also extends his power from the fields of hunting and of war to another potential theatre of conflict: the schoolroom. As an authority figure, he wields quite as much power over Astrophil as Stella does: more so, indeed, since he is the real power behind “Vertue’s” and “Beautie’s throne” (*AS* 40, 73). If Stella is a “schoole-mistresse” (*AS* 46) whose chastisements are not unlike “step-dame Studie’s blowes” (*AS* 1), then Love is a kind of “*alma pater*”, the figure that another critic has recently described as “a pedagogical patriarch who appropriates to himself maternal roles”.<sup>11</sup> It is as such a figure, for example, that Love sternly instructs Astrophil – “Scholler’, saith Love, ‘bend hitherward your wit’” (*AS* 19) – or appears as “Doctor *Cupid*”, the teacher of logic whose aid Astrophil (unsuccessfully) invokes (*AS* 61). As Lynn Enterline has noted, for many sixteenth-century schoolboys, the first lesson presented them at grammar school was to decline the Latin noun *magister*, the phrase “*Amo Magistrum*” [I love the master] being used to illustrate the first, accusative, case.<sup>12</sup> But for Astrophil, perhaps, it is more a question of *Amor Magister*, for, in his case, Love is the master whose dictates, whether he likes it or not, he is forced to obey. As young Philip, away at school in Shrewsbury, was enjoined by his father to be a “loving, obedient scholar to your good master”, so Astrophil finds that he too must yield obediently to his Master Love.<sup>13</sup> The latter is described as closely supervising his pupil: “Love onely reading unto me this art” (*AS* 28), that art being a lesson in simplicity (as another line in the same sonnet suggests, Astrophil has yielded fully to his master’s control: “The raines of Love I love”). Elsewhere, Love commands him to write – Astrophil produces words “According to my Lord Love’s owne behest” (*AS* 50) – and teaches him how to do so: “love doth hold my hand, and makes me write” (*AS* 90). Love is here the writing master, and his is the guiding hand that writes/rights the wayward pupil, beating him, where necessary, into submission.

So Astrophil takes the hit from all sides. A sitting target, he is shot, hit, beaten, and chastised: by Stella, in the first instance, but ultimately by Love. Love is the real power that Stella merely fronts, the mastermind controlling everything from behind the scenes. The shift from Stella to Love here might be seen to represent a shift in emphasis from what Freud called the “object” of love to the “instinct” itself – for, where Stella clearly represents the object of Astrophil’s desire, Love represents the instinct of desire, *eros*, itself – and, if so, to come closer to a more ancient evaluation and understanding of the erotic life. In Freud’s view, the ancients had placed a greater emphasis on the instinct itself, the object being secondary or even inferior, while more modern sensibilities tended to despise the instinct but to place a higher value on the object which, if worthy enough, might justify love’s excesses. This view finds some justification in classical and especially Ovidian representations of *eros* as a sheer force of impersonal, irrational, and generally transgressive power that is capable of overwhelming and transforming the human subject (usually for the

worse), and bears very little relation to the worth or desert of the object desired. Freud's comments come in a footnote added to his *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, a text that (somewhat notoriously) approaches the subject of human sexuality from the perspective of its "aberrations" and perversions.<sup>14</sup> Sidney's "Ovidian" Love, I would suggest, is coming from the same direction. Moreover, the effect of seeing Love as Astrophil's real master – as the figure who is ultimately wielding the rod – is to make Astrophil the victim of specifically *male* shafts and blows. As I have discussed elsewhere in relation to *Astrophil and Stella*, this immediately opens up a distinctly perverse scenario, for it exposes what lies at the hard core of masochistic fantasy.<sup>15</sup> Behind the classic dominatrix of the standard masochistic scene (Stella, Step-Dame Study, the Muse would all qualify here), ultimately stands a male figure – the father – whose beating and spanking acts out the perversion's underlying (and usually unconscious) fantasy that, in Freud's formulation, "my father is beating/loving me".<sup>16</sup> Other than refer the reader to that longer discussion, I will go no further here except to reiterate that the love-struck Astrophil – whom the figure of Cupid heartily disciplines and penetrates in all sorts of ingenious ways – seems to exemplify this masochistic fantasy in a particularly pointed way. What I want to emphasise here, however, is another scene of masochistic perversion: one in which Astrophil is not (or not only) hit, and not (or not only) hit by a man, but in which he hits himself.

For, however objectified this figure of "Love" might seem – and with all his complicated stratagems and elaborate paraphernalia, he might well seem objective enough – he is, for all that, only ever a projection of Astrophil's desire. Those scenes in which "Love" is implored, invoked, cursed, or fled have the effect of setting him up as a concrete Other toward whom Astrophil can relate in various ways. And the pain and suffering he is said to inflict only add to this illusion, as if Love were indeed some alien force, shooting at Astrophil from afar. But this "Love" is nothing other than a manifestation of Astrophil's own love in personified form. A regular character in the *dramatis personae* of the Renaissance sonnet sequence, "Love" (or Amor, Eros, Cupid, or Desire) allows the lover to relate to and concentrate on what is really of interest to him – not the object (the Lady is often a mere pretext) but his own subjective experience of desire. This experience, with all its complicated twists and turns, is often far more compelling. Objectified in this way, "Love" is only a way of figuring the lover's own passions by detaching them and reflecting them back at himself. Indeed, the two are so closely identified in Astrophil's case that, as he confesses, he can barely tell them apart: "Desire", he says, "so clings to my pure Love, that I / One from the other scarcely can descric". He makes a half-hearted attempt (in the interests of chastity) to separate the two, but the gesture, doomed to failure, is futile: "But thou Desire...Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?" (*AS* 72). If Astrophil's desire and the figure of Desire are basically one and the same, then Astrophil can only be, in effect, harassing himself. From this perspective, it is not Love (or Cupid or Desire) who is shooting at Astrophil. It is *Astrophil* who is shooting at Astrophil. Astrophil is not the innocent and undeserving victim of some military offensive that comes at him, as it were, from the outside. Rather, he is the victim (if that is the right word) of his own obsessive, insane, cupidinous, and morally dubious desire. In other words, on those countless occasions on which Astrophil finds himself – in the most conventional way imaginable – being shot at by Love's "darts", we find once again a familiar scene: that of the failed and foiled hunter figure, who is thwarted in a thousand ways, but whose tendency to shoot himself in the foot represents perhaps the most exasperating of his many forms of self-sabotage. Just as

the penultimate poem of *Certain Sonnets* – in addressing Cupid as a “blind man’s marke” – had presented a scenario of two blind shooters shooting at one another, so Astrophil, it now appears, presents another version of the same scene. He, too, is a shooter shot. Looked at in this way – as demonstrating that desire, far from being renounced, only goes round and round on itself in endlessly self-perpetual circles – the concluding sonnets of the earlier miscellany might, perhaps, belong with *Astrophil and Stella* after all.

Astrophil is his own worst enemy. His tendency toward self-injury is already announced in the opening sonnet – where we find him “beating my selfe for spite” (*AS* 1) – but the same could just as easily be said of every occasion when “Cupid” beats, hits or shoots him. That apparently externalised figure – who had appeared, like a stealthy hunter, to shoot Astrophil from the bushes, or, like an assassin, to shoot him from afar – has an uncanny way of turning up within. He is not always so far away, perching on Stella’s face and launching missiles at Astrophil from her eyes. He is often much closer to home, taking up residence inside Astrophil himself, and finding harbour within his all too receptive heart (*AS* 8). Having infiltrated his target, Cupid operates from the inside like a terrorist cell. Cupid’s weapon is also lodged internally, so that instead of finding it trained upon him as if from a great distance, Astrophil discovers Cupid’s bow to be already inside his body and wreaking havoc from within: “On *Cupid’s* bow how are my heart-strings bent” (*AS* 19). The same heart is both weapon and wound, and the image, appropriately enough, makes Astrophil an emblem of self-destruction and of the masochist’s paradox “That [I] see my wracke, and yet embrace the same”. Cupid’s arrow is firmly embedded within that organ. “*Cupid’s* dart, / An image is” Astrophil admits in an earlier sonnet, “which for our selves we carve; / And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart” (*AS* 5). Yet, for all the acknowledged unreason of his idolatry, he still can’t give it up – the “dart” remains where it is – again making him one of those who “strive for their owne smart”. Elsewhere, in a sonnet where he has offered his heart to Cupid to lodge in and his eyes for Cupid to see, Astrophil claims that the two of them must be intimately related, since “Thou bear’st the arrow, I the arrow head” (*AS* 65). The arrowhead – technically, a blue *pheon* (or barbed arrowhead) inverted on a gold ground – was the Sidney family emblem, so Cupid’s weapon is about as intimately lodged within the author’s personal effects as it was possible to be (Astrophil might just as well have said that he was “shooting my selfe for spite”). By that strange irony that so often seems to have brought his life and art into fateful juxtaposition, Sidney was, a few years after *Astrophil and Stella* was written, appointed joint-Master of the Ordnance.<sup>17</sup> As the man responsible for the national armoury, Sidney (if not Astrophil) would no doubt have appreciated the irony that his own arms showed him to be a symbolic victim of the very weapons of which he was put in charge.

The fact that Astrophil – via “Cupid” – is busy shooting at himself also helps explain why he does not identify with the love god’s more triumphal characteristics. Cupid is an ace shot and never misses his mark. But when Astrophil tries to shoot at anything other than himself, he invariably fails. His own “shooting” at Stella is pretty feeble and (as we shall see shortly) does not get very far. Most of the time, the shots he fires in her direction come flying directly back to him. In *AS* 57, for example, Astrophil sends his most “thorowest words” in Stella’s direction, hoping that her soul, “arm’d but with such a dainty rind, / Should soone be pierc’d with sharpnesse of the mone”. His missives, however, are completely ineffective. In fact, when Stella sings or recites the same words back at him, Astrophil finds himself the victim of the “piercing phrases” of his own making (*AS* 58). His shafts have an

uncanny way of rebounding back, boomerang-like, to hurt him (although, being a masochist, he finds the experience strangely pleasurable). *AS* 41 is the only sonnet in which Astrophil actually hits anything – he wins “the prize” in the tiltyard that day for successfully hitting his opponent – but his triumph is short-lived. The next time we find him in the tiltyard, the once famous horseman has in turn become a “horse to *Love*” and is being ridden hard by his cruel captain (*AS* 49). Besides, even in *AS* 41, Astrophil was only successful in hitting his opponent because he had already been hit in advance by Stella’s “beames”. It was they alone that inspired him and galvanized him into action and a successful performance. In both cases, the would-be shooter has been or ends up being hit himself. In such a situation, if his successful shots only end up coming his own way, then the better a shot he is, the worse he gets hurt: a chiasmic formulation that is entirely typical of Sidney. Since Astrophil is on the receiving end of the various shots, hits, bolts, and blows that “*Love*” directs at him, it makes sense that, in his overt identifications with the god, he should empathise with the latter’s other aspect: the beaten, that is, rather than the beater. On those occasions when Astrophil compares himself directly with *Love*/Cupid/*Desire*, it is never as the Master who ruthlessly beats his charge or shoots at him with abandon, but rather as the fearful, tearful, pathetic, and chastised child: the Cupid who, “for feare of *Marse*’s hate, / Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did prove”, earned only the disapproval of his mother who, in turn, cruelly punished the little boy and broke his bow and arrows “while *Cupid* weeping sate” (*AS* 17).

Indeed, it is almost as if there are two Cupids in *Astrophil and Stella* onto whose distinct characteristics the qualities of the shooter and the shot – which Astrophil combines in himself – might, respectively, be mapped. On the one hand, there is the Ovidian *Cupido militans* who stalks the sequence with his impressive stockpile of weapons and tally of prey. On the other, there is what might be called the “Anacreontic” Cupid: the naked, blind, clipped, baby or pre-pubescent boy. I put “Anacreontic” in inverted commas here because the fragments of the Greek poet known as Anacreon (first published by Sidney’s friend, Henri Estienne, in Paris in 1554) contain many references to the familiar image of Cupid as the archer god. The overriding emphasis of the *Anacreontea*, however, is on the recreational aspects of life – the traditional wine, women (or boys), and song – and the lyrics explicitly set these aspects in contrast to the epic mode. The poet would rather drink than go to war and asks for “the lyre of Homer / without its bloody chord”. When he tries to sing of war, the lyre “with its strings / sings back only love”.<sup>18</sup> In this context, *Eros* belongs not to the world of men and war but the world of drunkenness, playboys, and irresponsibility. Along with other critics, therefore, I use the term “Anacreontic” loosely to refer to Cupid in his lighter aspect: not so much the ruthless god with a killer instinct as the playful child and naughty boy with whom the poet is in delightful alliance and sympathetic collusion.

In *Astrophil and Stella* these two different aspects of “*Love*” appear to be combined perhaps most strikingly together in the schoolroom. There that figure appears both as the master – that “*Doctor Cupid*” who directs his “*Scholler*” to “bend hitherward your wit” – and as the child: “poore wag, that now a scholler art / To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new / Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must smart” (*AS* 46). In the latter manifestation, Cupid appears as the mischievous schoolboy who “misses” rather than shoots, who plays truant (*AS* 46), who looks only at the covers or the pictures of his books rather than at their content (*AS* 11), who pays scant attention to his lesson and who can’t wait for the recreation period when, “like wags new got to play” (*AS* 17), he can to out and play with his new toys. When this

schoolboy does attend his lesson it turns out to be a wholly narcissistic exercise, for, when Love first sees Stella, far from learning about virtue, he “straight lookst babies in her eyes” (AS 11). He sees his own reflection there, that is: a pupil in a pupil. In his role as schoolmaster, Cupid is as hard a taskmaster as any, but, since Astrophil is only ever “beating my selfe for spite”, in his own explicit comparisons with Cupid, he naturally always identifies with the latter in his beaten, chastised, put-upon manifestation. The naughty schoolboy is Astrophil’s habitual pose from the beginning of the sequence – when he is “Biting my trewand pen” and receiving “step-dame Studie’s blowes” (AS 1) – to the end, and he spends the whole time in between, duly, suffering. Astrophil identifies with all of Cupid’s weaker characteristics, seeing himself not as the archer god but rather as the young, blind, wing-clipped baby or boy. Just as Desire is deprived of “food” (AS 46) and unceasingly cries “But ah...give me some food” (AS 71), so Astrophil presents himself as the still suckling but ever-hungry infant. He claims to be one of those who seeks “to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame” (AS 15) but, ever dissatisfied, he routinely blames Stella for being a bad mother and for cruelly withholding sustenance (AS 87, 88, 106). He describes his mind, brain, and soul as all being “young” (AS 21, 23, 108). Like the “Blind-hitting boy” (AS 46), Astrophil also fails to see properly – when he misses sight of Stella (missing his aim, again) he curses his “punisht eyes” (AS 33) that “your Nectar mist” (AS 105), and, as far as Stella is concerned, his love is “blind” (AS 62). His soul flies with “wings of Love” (AS 86) and “flutters” to Stella, although despair “Clips streight my wings” (AS 108), much as Cupid “burnt unwares his wings, and cannot fly away” (AS 8).

The episode that shows Astrophil at his most boyish, however, is arguably the series of “kiss” poems (from the Second Song to AS 83) that is sometimes known, for its parallels with well-known French models, as the *baiser* sequence.<sup>19</sup> Astrophil steals a kiss while Stella is asleep, her killer eyes being temporarily out of action:

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,  
The two only darts of *Love*:  
Now will I with that boy prove  
Some play, while he is disarmed. (ii, lines 5-8).

Astrophil kisses Stella but, fearful “of the danger” (line 16), he does not venture any further. The kiss is presented as the first lesson in the lover’s schoolbook, a kind of elementary ABC – “Who will read must first learne spelling” (line 24) – something, indeed, not a million miles from the kind of pre-school requirements that boys such as Sidney and Greville had to pass in order to enter into their grammar school.<sup>20</sup> Hesitant and cowardly, Astrophil refrains from going any further, although he curses himself “for no more taking” (line 28). In the following sonnet, he explicitly compares himself to Cupid who, in his view, would most definitely have stolen such a kiss if, “School’d onely by his mother’s tender eye”, he had risked nothing more severe than her “so soft a rod” for his “deare play” (AS 73). In the same way, Astrophil takes the kiss “In sport” and tries to get away with it by implicating his schoolboy companion: “Sweet, it was saucie *Love*, not humble I”. That, however, is all he takes and, the implication seems to be, all he is capable of taking. He describes the kiss a few sonnets later as the “bravest retrait in *Cupid’s* fight” – as the most effective first manoeuvre in leading to full sexual satisfaction – but Astrophil never gets beyond the preliminaries. Since he is only a beginner, it hardly counts as a real conquest and is little more than a taster, a mere “Breakefast of *Love*” (AS 79). With

such small fare, the infant Desire is set to remain as hungry as ever. In this respect, it is worth comparing Astrophil with the hero of Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F.J.* (1573) who, by contrast, goes the whole way with his whorish mistress, Elinor, and writes a sonnet salaciously celebrating his achievement: no mere snack, on this occasion, but a full "Frydayes feast" enjoyed, appropriately enough on Venus' day.<sup>21</sup> Astrophil does not go anywhere near that far. For him a kiss, indeed, is just a kiss. He is not, in other words, a phallic Cupid, armed with rods and shafts, who is always sticking things into people. Rather, he chooses to identify with the latter's "castrated" counterpart: the Cupid who is blind, beaten, wounded, naked, or simply sexually immature. Astrophil does not get beyond the starting line, although, as Freud would later suggest, that in itself would constitute a "perversion" in its own right, since the "forepleasure" of a lingering caress prolonged the excitement rather than progressing in an orderly fashion to the genital act that would eliminate such masochistically pleasurable/unpleasurable tension in an instant.<sup>22</sup> And, within the genre of the Petrarchan sonnet sequence where sexual satisfaction is for the most part deferred indefinitely, such "perversion" is, I think, very much the nature of the game. In *Astrophil and Stella*, then, we see Astrophil as, variously, shot at, shot at by a male figure, or shot at by himself. When he tries to "shoot" at Stella on his own behalf, he either does not get very far (damp squibs are about all he can manage) or he ends up shooting himself. These are all, I would argue, versions of shooting "awry", all departures from the actions of what might be deemed the culturally recognised stereotype of the "masterly" male. Besides, if Astrophil does not get much further than toying with Stella here, then perhaps we should see him, in the first instance, as not really relating to her at all but, rather, to his companion – to "saucie Love" – and as deriving his best satisfactions from playing with him: "Now will I with that boy prove / Some play".

In his pious description of the *Life and Death of a Sidney*, Thomas Moffet recounts how Sir Philip – fast fading on his deathbed (a result of the wound he had heroically sustained on the battlefield, fighting the Catholic enemy in the Netherlands) – firmly renounced any such poetic effusions of this kind:

He blushed at even the most casual mention of his Anacreontics, and once and again begged his brother, by their tie of common birth, by his right hand, by his faith in Christ, that not any of this sort of poem should come forth into the light.<sup>23</sup>

In his own, equally pious, life of Sidney, Fulke Greville effects a similar gesture when – while evidently feeling free to discuss the *Arcadia* at some length, and the historical and political concerns that text raised – he suppresses all mention of *Astrophil and Stella* or *Certain Sonnets*, as if his friend's secular poetry were somehow shameful, or incompatible, at least, with the "official" version of the Sidney legend he was otherwise dedicated to promoting.<sup>24</sup> Much of the imagery Greville uses in his *Dedication to Sir Philip Sidney* is designed to set Sidney forth as the icon of heroic Protestant masculinity he is still deemed, by many critics and biographers, to be.<sup>25</sup> Sidney is cast there as another Aeneas (p.44, Greville sees himself as the latter's faithful companion, Achates) or Scipio (p.76); as a "master" (p.12) who inspired others to the active life in which he himself excelled, or as a "master-genius" (p.25) who worked to mobilize the German princes against their common enemy, Rome.

He is presented as a man who comported himself so “like a soldier” (p.72) as to be universally loved and honoured by military men. Sidney operated, Greville protests, with such “a manly wisdom that can no more be weighed down by any effeminate craft than Hercules could be overcome by that contemptible army of dwarfs” (p.22). Indeed, Greville often seems to find it necessary to differentiate his friend from anything that might be construed as unmanly. Thus, Sidney’s stellar example drives home the difference between “those active times” in which he lived and “this effeminate age” (p.7), the decadent, Jacobean period in which Greville was writing. The *Arcadia* is read as a text in which the “effeminate princes” (p.9), Pyrocles and Musidorus, are rightfully put to trial by the good king, Euarchus. Sidney’s soldierly character compares with the inhabitants of Seville whom he judged “an effeminate kind of people” (p.54) when assessing that city as the possible target for a military strike. The image that occurs to Greville more than once when he wants to characterize the superlative abilities of his friend, moreover, is that of the expert bowman. Describing Sidney’s ability to outperform even men more experienced and powerful than himself, Greville twice evokes the proverb of the winning archer who is able to overshoot others with their own bow (pp.19, 43).

Greville did not lay his own life down for the Protestant cause in the same way as Sidney (he died at a ripe old age, outliving his friend by some forty-two years) but, if he does not qualify as a Protestant hero himself, he does have a reputation for seriousness, and especially for the kind of hard line Calvinism he is seen as having taken up in the years after Sidney’s death. In some ways, therefore, Greville seems as ripe a candidate as any for investigating the disjunction that can open up between an “official”, serious self, on the one hand, and, on the other, a self that – in what might be described as his own “Anacreontics” – could be seen as being figured quite differently. By these I refer to the poems of the *Caelica* sequence, the bulk of which (the problematic question of dating these poems being duly registered) he is most likely to have composed in the late 1570s and early 1580s when, along with Dyer, he was actively writing, sharing, and circulating courtly poetry with Sidney as the third member of that “blessed Trinitie”. These poems – not all of them “true” sonnets – are for the most part concerned with the usual expressions and positions of courtly love, up to the formal renunciation of love announced in *Caelica* 84. The numerous interconnections between these poems and *Astrophil and Stella* have long been noted, and indeed the extensive “Anacreontic” references they share are largely seen as being what binds the two sequences together.<sup>26</sup> Greville suppresses all mention of the *Caelica* poems in his *Dedication*, in spite of the fact that it is his literary works that he is dedicating of to the memory of his friend. He offers up and discusses his political dramas and philosophical treatises but makes no more reference to his own sonnet sequence than he does to Sidney’s, as if it, too, failed to conform to the public, “official” version of himself he wished to bequeath.

Greville has the distinction (along with writers such as Wyatt and Gascoigne) of being regarded as an exponent – indeed, as something of a master – of that no-nonsense kind of writing known as the “plain style”. A series of influential articles published by Yvor Winters in 1939 resurrected Greville from the obscurity into which he had fallen by re-evaluating the kind of poetry C. S. Lewis had labelled “drab”, seeing in it not a failure to shine but a soul of iron.<sup>27</sup> For Winters, Greville belongs with a group of (he hoped, newly valued) poets whose verse, far from being dull, was preoccupied with the most serious political and ethical concerns of the day, and written in a style that – rough, direct, to the point – was taken to be commensurate. These poets emphasized content rather than form, the matter in hand rather than the

manner in which it was expressed. In Winter's narrative, moreover, this "native plain style" finds itself being differentiated from the kind of poetry Lewis had styled as "golden" – aureate, Petrarchan verse – in terms that are distinctly (if unconsciously) gendered. As a measure of praise, for example, Gascoigne's "mastered hardness" could be extended to the whole group, whose poetry is likewise characterized as wiry, flinty, tough, and quite unlike the courtly productions that appear, by contrast, as decorative, trivial, and effete.<sup>28</sup> Perpetuated by a generation of critics who were taught or influenced by Winters, this view of Greville's poetry – as serious, difficult, and hard – has become something of the standard – almost the "official" – line.<sup>29</sup> But, while descriptions of this kind may amply characterize some of his later writings, they do not necessarily apply to all of them, and to characterize the first eighty or so of the *Caelica* poems in this way, I would argue, is to risk missing the possibility that they might complicate that official portrait in some interesting ways.

There are some poems among this group, it is true, in which the persona does indeed appear "hard", if that term may be used to characterize certain masculinist attitudes of a particularly disagreeable kind. Greville resorts to the common stock of archery and hunting metaphors, for example, to mobilize a chauvinist brand of sexual bravado. In *Caelica* 19, for example, he suggests that Cupid should use old women as target practice for the younger, prettier ones. "Good Archers euer have two bowes at least", the speaker avers: "Butting-bowes" with which they shoot un-barbed arrows at the butts, and proper ones with which they actually take their prey.<sup>30</sup> Cupid is encouraged to use the former in "sport" on women who are past their prime. In other poems, Greville's speaker presents women as property to be trespassed upon (*Caelica* 38) or as animals to be poached (*Caelica* 20). The poem that perhaps best introduces Greville's use of hunting imagery to depict an ambivalent and highly conflicted sexuality, however, is the extraordinary poem that comes second in the sequence:

Faire Dog, which so my heart dost teare asunder,  
That my liues-blood, my bowels ouerfloweth,  
Alas, what wicked rage conceal'st thou vnder  
These sweet enticing ioyes, thy forehead showeth? (*Caelica* 2)

Having long been pursued by Cupid, the speaker finally succumbs here to his mistress: "Me, whom the light-wing'd God of long hath chased, / Thou has attain'd". Having the "fatall wound" inflicted upon him by the Lady, he begs her either to put him out of his misery by killing him outright, or, bizarrely (the dog metaphor getting somewhat out of hand), to heal his bites by licking them. This is odd in itself. When dogs feature in poems of this kind they are usually identified either with the lover (as Astrophil fantasizes that he might be Stella's pet dog, for example, *AS* 59), or with the lover's own desires or thoughts (as if he tears himself apart, Actaeon-style).<sup>31</sup> The idea that the *Lady* might be the dog seems unique to Greville, and might be added, perhaps, to the dismayingly misogynistic attitudes evident in the examples above.

At the same time, however, "normal" gender roles are dramatically reversed as the lover puts himself – as the victim of sexual predation and of a most violent assault – in the prone, passive, yielding, position. On the face of it the poem seems to describe a classic *chasse par force de chiens* – a chase in which mounted hunters tracked a large single quarry such as a male deer through the forest with hounds – and the lover positions himself as the animal brought down and potentially torn apart by the Lady/dog.<sup>32</sup> Greville and his readers would have known, however, that in real hunts, at least as they were described in contemporary hunting manuals, dogs did not

actually kill the deer. They tracked the animal, cornered it, maimed, and possibly disabled it, in order that the hunter or hunters might deliver the final *coup de grace*. But a deer was prized quarry: the dogs were certainly not allowed to tear it apart limb from limb (that kind of thing only happened in poetry). On the contrary, the manuals give the most precise instructions for the proper dismembering of the animal – its various body parts being distributed among the hunters according to the strictest protocol – and only those parts not suitable for human consumption were given the dogs as their “reward”. The kinds of animals that hunting dogs *were* trained to kill were altogether less glamorous: hares, rabbits, foxes, badgers, vermin of various kinds.<sup>33</sup> By addressing the dog that is about to immolate him, Greville’s speaker hardly seems to be presenting himself as a noble creature, martyred by love: like the sobbing deer that, with dignity and pathos, looks reproachfully at the huntsman who shoots him with his bow in, for example, the *New Arcadia*.<sup>34</sup> Nor is he an Actaeon figure, pathetically trying to call off his own hounds. By choosing to make the *Lady* the dog, Greville has effectively abjured this identification. Besides, Actaeon does not actually address his hounds: he tries to but is prevented from doing so by his metamorphosis into a stag, and no voice – or no human voice – comes forth.<sup>35</sup> Greville’s speaker, by contrast, speaks all too clearly and, by addressing the slaving Lady/hound that is about to rip him to shreds, he seems to cast himself as the lowest of the low, as mere vermin, and to put himself in the most abject of positions.

It is in his relations with Cupid, however, that Greville’s speaker reveals what might be seen as the most “anomalous” in his sexual self-presentations. Before the Lady/dog had tackled the lover and brought him down, after all, it was Cupid, “the light-wing’d God”, who was hotly pursuing him through the forest. This, apparently prior, attachment – one that the Lady takes over only at the last moment – announces from the beginning of the sequence an ordering of emotional if not sexual priorities that is to be typical of the poems that follow. For Greville’s speaker seems to thrill to his relations with Cupid in a way that he does not with the Lady. Even within the terms of a literary tradition already deeply conventionalised, Greville’s sonnet mistress is highly generic: she is often little more than a cipher, held at a (not always very polite) distance. And, even if *Caelica* is taken as a miscellaneous collection of poems rather than a “sequence” addressed, as *Astrophil and Stella* is, to a particular object of desire, even so, the Lady’s frequent name-changes – sometimes she is Myra, sometimes Cynthia, or Cala, or Caelica – do not inspire the sense that any of these poems are being addressed to a flesh-and-blood woman, however illusory or fictional the pretence (sometimes the name changes within a single poem, as in *Caelica* 37, 46, 48, 74). Instead, the speaker’s relations with the Lady are largely mediated via Cupid and *he* is the figure for whom the lover seems to reserve most of his energy. It is in his addresses to Cupid, not to the Lady, that the speaker comes alive and, in the words of one critic, “maintains the immediacy of conversation”.<sup>36</sup> In the course of *Caelica*, the speaker variously presents himself as Cupid’s guest, host, master, servant, ally, protector, schoolfellow, companion, and friend. In *Caelica* 29, for example, in a debate between Cupid and Fortune, Fortune decides to stay at court while Cupid takes to the forest. There (like Wyatt’s speaker) the lover follows him faithfully, “Thus to the Wood went I / With *Loue* to liue and dye”. *Caelica* 31 presents Cupid as the *primus inter pares* of a jolly band of “Good-fellowes”, bachelors who roam the forest shooting their arrows and preying on women. If one of them leaves that fellowship by marrying, he can be sure that this hunter Cupid will serve him “with the horne” or cuckold him (the scenario has added force if we remember that Greville’s nickname at court – he never married – was “Robin Goodfellow”).<sup>37</sup> In *Caelica* 35, the speaker

urges Cupid to come back to live in his own heart where he most properly belongs: “*Cupid*, my little Boy, come home again”. Cupid replies that he cannot – lamed and pinioned by Myra’s eyes, he is forced to remain there “in stead of play” – but he makes up for this by ensuring that the speaker, along with all his other “Schoole-fellowes”, should join with him in his suffering. In *Caelica* 71, the speaker has, like a noble landlord, granted Cupid “seisin and liuery” – symbolic possession – of “Beauties skye”, but the freeholder returns empty-handed, ragged, and starved, and begs instead to be given a less demanding if humbler role, as the speaker’s faithful apprentice or retainer: “Let me no longer follow Womenkinde”.

The speaker’s relations with Cupid find many parallels in *Astrophil and Stella*, and in some cases, draw on the same source in the *Anacreontea*. In *Caelica* 12, for example, the speaker complains that, while he had generously clothed “*Cupid*, thou naughtie Boy” and given him a home and eyes when the latter was cast out, naked, and blind, the god now unjustly repays him by transferring to his mistress’s killing eyes and making him blind. This idea that Cupid is “unkind” in spite of the lover’s loyalty and good service appears in almost identical form in *AS* 65 (the source for this little vignette is fragment 33 of the *Anacreontea*, and, Sidney’s sonnet being the first occasion the story appeared in English, it is most likely that Greville took it directly from him). For all the similarities between the two sequences, with all their many inter-connected Anacreontic borrowings, however, there are important and, indeed, crucial differences. The most important of these is that, in Sidney’s sequence, Stella is a far more immediate presence. Cupid may be operating “behind” her – doing the real chasing while she delivers only the final blow – but Stella is not a faceless abstraction in the same way that Greville’s Lady is. She is still very much a character in her own right. Indeed, Stella, Love, and Astrophil could be seen at times almost as forming a kind of *ménage à trois* in Sidney’s own fantasized version of the family romance. In Greville’s case, however, when she is not being roundly castigated for her faithlessness, the Lady often blends imperceptibly into the background, impersonal and nondescript. Either way, she is no match for the compelling love god with whom the speaker plays a whole range of different roles. There are other differences, too. It might be argued that, like Greville’s speaker, Astrophil also has his moments of misogyny. He viciously attacks Stella in Song v, for example, a kind of schoolboy revenge song in which the cruel schoolmistress finally gets her just deserts as her much abused charge reverses their roles and fantasizes about beating her in return: “Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell: / Sweet babes must babies [dolls] have, but shrewd gyrles must be beat’n” (v, lines 35-36). This poem might qualify as Astrophil’s own private *vindiciae contra tyrannos*. In his case, however, the resistance is short lived, for Astrophil gives way before the end, conceding defeat and admitting the overwhelming power that Stella continues to hold over him: she is, alas, “still of me beloved” (v, line 87). There is nothing in Sidney to compare with the expressions of hostility, sarcasm, and, at times, downright disgust that are regularly directed at women, their sexuality, and their inconstancy throughout the *Caelica* sequence, even in the first eighty-four poems that are ostensibly about love. With little by way of competition to worry about, Cupid thus emerges in the latter as an altogether more central focus of attention and as the character with whom, arguably, speaker reserves his most passionate and intimate relations.

On the whole, the Cupid who appears in Greville’s sequence is of the “Anacreontic” rather than the “Ovidian” variety. Although Cupid does occasionally make appearances in his more violent, aggressive capacity, when he does so it is usually under mitigating circumstances of some kind, as if his punishments – however

painful they may have been in the past – have now done their job and are (or are soon to be) mercifully over. Where, in Sidney's sequence, Cupid regularly assaults Astrophil with arrows, bullets, and blows (with all, by way of masochistic fantasy, that that implies), we rarely see him thrashing Greville's speaker, or not in the present moment.<sup>38</sup> In one poem, for example, the speaker pleads with Cupid to burn his weapons (in all justice and like all the other gods) because, by this stage, he has already been suitably chastised: "now my faults are punish'd, burne the rod" (*Caelica* 34). In another, "*Cupids warre*" is evoked but only at a moment of truce during which, the Lady being absent, the hostilities are temporarily suspended: "Of wounds which presence makes / With Beauties shot, / Absence the anguish slakes", although, admittedly, it "healeth not" (*Caelica* 45). In another, Cupid is compared to a Machiavellian tyrant, but he resembles the Prince more in the way he appreciates his subjects' courtesy and "silent-trembling eloquence" than in the way he brutally oppresses them (*Caelica* 49). Greville's speaker does not seem to indulge the hard-core version of masochistic fantasy in which the subject is flagrantly beaten by a sadistic father figure. The nearest he gets to it is in *Caelica* 2 where, as the dominatrix is, more classically, female. Greville's Cupid is not a particularly phallic type, and not much of a hunter or a shooter, although he does of course engage in both activities. Rather, the Cupid who cavorts in *Caelica* is an altogether younger, more feckless soul than his militant Ovidian counterpart. He is a vagabond, a wanton, a trickster figure: the "pretty Boy" who charms men and then steals from them (*Caelica* 37). He may be disobedient, even disloyal at times, but he is rarely more threatening or dangerous than a "naughtie Boy" (*Caelica* 12) who is, in general, more concerned with playing around than with anything else.<sup>39</sup>

This is the figure with whom Greville's speaker openly identifies. He presents himself and Cupid as two inseparable school friends: "With *Cupid* I doe euery where remoue" (*Caelica* 18). The mistress, finding that the speaker is flighty and inconstant under the bad influence of this friend, wants him to have a different companion and so puts zeal "to schoole" (although to little effect). As naughty schoolboys, the speaker and Cupid suffer together. Because he has sworn "to worship thee", the speaker cannot take vengeful delight in his friend's suffering but must suffer alongside him – "Vnder the wounds of woe and sorrow bleeding" (*Caelica* 9). At the end of the poem the two of them have become so inseparable that Cupid is deputised to petition the Lady on the speaker's behalf: "Shew her thy selfe in euerything I doe". Cupid and the speaker swap toys with one another, although it has to be said that the trade-off is not always a fair or an equal one. Cupid offers the speaker his "bow and arrowes" in return for the latter's memory, reason, and sense, but the shafts turned out to be pointed and feathered with fear (*Caelica* 27). Greville's Cupid conforms far more consistently with the "castrated", beaten, schoolboy Cupid than his masterly, rod-wielding counterpart. Indeed, in one poem he is the very definition a beaten child. As princes have their whipping boys, so, says Greville's speaker, do women, and Cupid, although a prince himself, is theirs and is regularly if unfairly beaten for their crimes (*Caelica* 36). On the rare occasions when Cupid does assault the speaker, it is presented more in terms of a schoolboy prank or practical joke than a serious attack. Cupid sets his friend aflame "like a Wag that sets the straw on fire", before running away to do the same to others (*Caelica* 28). Compared with the high-specification incendiary devices that come Astrophil's way, this is mere child's play. A non-phallic character, this Cupid's "shooting" is unremarkable and distinctly un-resounding. In Greville's poems, Cupid's weapons are presented as being those of a boy not a man, as mere toys and, therefore, as weak

or ineffective. In the face of the Lady's virtue, "Little lad *Cupid*" proves quite powerless: "my shafts doe no harme" (*Caelica* 37). Worse still, "now made a boy", he finds himself her prisoner and unable either to run away or to play (echoes of *Caelica* 35 here). The speaker comes to the child's aid and offers to help him, "peeced his bow, / And on the ayre of my thoughts made his wings goe", but, confronted by the sheer power of the Lady's gainsaying virtue, it is all to no avail: "The little Lad feares the rod, / He is not there a God, / I and delight are odd: *Myra* sayes, No". Cupid regularly loses to Fortune or Chance (*Caelica* 29, 54, 69), and the adventitious nature of love is characterised as random, un-directed shafts (the kind a child might shoot) that have little to do with worth or desert: "Sweet *Cupids* shafts like *Destinie* / Doe causelesse good or ill decree" (*Caelica* 52).

Greville goes out of his way to present Cupid's activities as puerile rather than virile: as juvenile and sexually immature. *Caelica* 13, for example, is typical:

*Cupid*, his Boyes play many times forbidden  
By *Venus*, who thinks *Mars* best manhood boyish,  
While he shot all, still for not shooting chidden,  
Weepes himselfe blind to see that Sexe so coyish.

In *AS* 17, the poem on which this is largely modelled, Venus punishes Cupid because he has neglected to shoot at Mars "With pricking shot", as a result of which her lover's sexual performance has, in her view, sadly fallen off. There is no suggestion, however, that, if Cupid *had* fired off this sixteenth-century version of Viagra, Mars would not have been thoroughly up to the job. In Greville's poem, by contrast, Cupid has spent his entire quiver on Mars and yet the voracious Venus is still not satisfied (indeed, for this contemptuous and rather impossible queen of love, the gods of war and of love are both equally "boyish"). Cupid's arrows have proved inadequate again and love's whole war and battery (what had, in *Astrophil and Stella*, mobilized an entire barrage of weaponry) is here reduced to mere "Boyes play": children's stuff, the kind of unserious, recreational activity that was reserved for play-time, outside of school hours. The phrase seems to have appealed to Greville. He repeats it a few lines later, when Cupid, blinded by tears at his mother's cruelty, is imprisoned by Absence who then proceeds to break his bow and arrows and to imprison him, in a kind of school detention, "till he his Boys play hath forgotten". Originally Greville had written "practise" here, but he later revised the line so that he could repeat the phrase (perhaps with an incipient pun on "bow's play"). Once out of detention, Cupid behaves in the same way as any other naughty schoolboy. Everything restored him but his sight, and he runs off and plays more boyishly and roguishly than ever. "No God of yeeres, but houres", his shafts now arouse only the most shallow and short-lived of passions, and the poem ends with a warning to women that this infantile Cupid will never change his tricks: "*Ladies*, this blind Boy that ran from his Mother, / Will euer play the wag with one or other".

"Boyes play" is the phrase that, perhaps better than any other, could be taken to sum up Greville's attitude to and characterisation of Cupid. In *Caelica* 15 it appears again. A kindly Beauty has granted Cupid "liberty of playing" – she lets him out to play – but he subsequently goes blind and the speaker, equally kind, lends him his own eyes with which to see. Whereupon, predictably enough, Cupid, the "Wag", having taken one look at the mistress, promptly blinds the speaker in return: "out of *Myra*'s eyes my eyes he woundeth". That is not the end of the story, however, for

Cupid does not entirely get away with it. Indeed, his misbehaviour ends up getting him into just as much mischief himself:

And, but his Boyes-play hauing all forgotten,  
His heate in her chaste coldnesse so confoundeth,  
As he that burnes must freeze, who trusts must feare,  
Ill quarter'd coats, which yet all Louers beare.

His playful strike at the speaker delivered, Cupid suddenly finds himself foiled. He is no less able to withstand the Lady's power than the speaker was, and now he finds himself struck down by the same overwhelming force. Once again, the shooter proves no match for the mistress, no "man" for her because his shooting was "only" play. Indeed, in both poems the phrase is used to draw a comparison between that which is mere practice or play, on the one hand, and that which is serious or real, on the other. In the face of a really serious threat, Cupid's "Boyes-play" is hastily "forgotten", for when it becomes a matter of life and death, all energies must be focussed on survival. In *Caelica* 13, "Boyes-play" came under similar a mark of censure or erasure – it is "forbidden" or gets "forgotten" – and we can detect in the commands of Venus and Absence, I think, a sense of disapproval that is meant to conjure up the "official" voice of authority. To the adult eyes of such parent/teacher figures, "Boyes-play" was indeed something childish and trivial. It didn't get the job done and had no real place in the world of serious adult endeavour except as practice or training for the latter. In common usage, the phrase was generally used as a term of contempt, applied negatively as a way of describing activities that – serious, manly, and purposeful – were *not* boys' play: "Nay, you shall find no boys' play here, I can tell you", as Falstaff says at the final face-off between Prince Hal and Hotspur.<sup>40</sup> In *Positions* (1581) – a book which examines everything necessary "for the training vp of children" and offers the latest and best in sixteenth-century pedagogy – Richard Mulcaster recommends that schoolboys be given physical exercises to do, including hunting and shooting. Recreational activities of this kind are, indeed, "most proper to men" and "farre aboue" or "farre beyond boyes plaie", and their place in the school playground is justified precisely because they prepare boys for the rigorous demands that adult life will make of them.<sup>41</sup> Such exercises kept boys fit and served as training for war: they turned boys into men. In these poems of Greville's, however, there is no such transition from the playful to the serious, no maturing into martial or sexual manliness. Cupid's play might be "only" play – it might be ineffectual, and serve only, in the long run, to get him into trouble – but play is all he does. He never grows up. He cannot be guaranteed to hit his intended target, or, if he does, then it does not amount to very much, or he ends up shooting himself, or shooting/speaker, which amounts to the same thing. That, however, is the point. In the scenes that Greville conjures up in these and in so many of his poems, Cupid and the speaker are both boys. And they are both in it together, both subject to the same power: if the speaker is wounded, Cupid is frozen. Cupid is not the speaker's enemy but his brother in arms, and "Boyes-play" pretty well sums up what they are up to. They are both playing, both losing, both foiled. They might fail in their ostensible object (if that is winning the Lady) but they have one another, and they are compensated – perhaps more than compensated – in that.

Some of the earlier poems in the *Caelica* sequence, indeed, seem to celebrate the relation between the speaker and Cupid as a mutual bond, a kind of co-fraternity

of love in which the two boys find themselves united together in complicity against their shrewish schoolmistress:

*Cupid*, my pretty Boy, leaue off thy crying,  
Thou shalt haue Bells or Apples; be not peeuish;  
Kisse me sweet Lad; beshrew her for denying;  
Such rude denyalls doe make children theeuish. (*Caelica* 25)

Has Cupid been reprimanded by Reason, or Honour, or Myra, the speaker sympathetically asks? Has the latter told him he must say his prayers when he would rather be “a playing?” The speaker has his answer: “Giue me a Bow, let me thy Quiuer borrow, / And she shall play the child with loue, or sorrow”. If Cupid deputises for the speaker in other poems, here the speaker returns the favour: their roles seem quite interchangeable. And, where Astrophil’s revenge song against Stella had ended in defeat, this one does not: presumably it is easier to avenge a tyrannical mistress when there are two of you. The following poem continues along similar lines:

VVas euer Man so ouer-match’t with Boy?  
When I am thinking how to keep him vnder,  
He plaies and dallies me with euerie toy;  
With pretty stealths, he makes me laugh and wonder.

When with the child, the child-thoughts of mine owne  
Doe long to play and toy as well as he,  
The Boy is sad, and melancholy growne,  
And with one humour cannot long agree. (*Caelica* 26)

The speaker makes a feeble effort to rally his defences against his friend, but the attempt is half-hearted: they are just too alike. And, since they take it in turns to be playful or spiteful – both being as capricious as one another – the outcome, for the speaker, is wholly predictable. No sooner does he “scorne and bid the child away” than Cupid responds in kind: “The Boy knowes furie, and soone sheweth me / *Caelica*’s sweet eyes, where Loue and Beauty play, / Furie turnes into loue of that I see”.

The speaker makes a similar pretence of trying to separate from Cupid in other poems, but there too the effort seems to suffer from the same lack of will and conviction. In *Caelica* 62, for example, he begins: “VWho worships *Cupid*, doth adore a boy”. Since the boy in question is selfish, spoilt, and superficial, any such worship of him is a big mistake: Cupid is as a human idol, a false god “built vp by desire”, who should be recognized as such and dismissed out hand. In *Caelica* 68, likewise, the speaker complains that in “my heart an *Altar* I did make, / To sacrifice desire and faith to loue”, but, as is often the way where capricious deities are concerned, all his propitiations count for nothing: “The little Boy his Temples did forsake, / And would for me no bow or arrow moue”. Rationally, not to mention religiously, all such blind idolatry should cease forthwith. Yet these gestures of renunciation meet with about as much success as Astrophil’s in *AS* 5, where he had argued, similarly, that “*Cupid*’s dart, / An image is, which for our selues we carve; / And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart”. For all his would-be iconoclasm, Astrophil can (or chooses to) do nothing about it. Cupid’s dart remains firmly lodged within

his superstitious heart and no amount of rational argument or pious reasoning will change it. The lover and Cupid remain wedded together and nothing, certainly not the speaker's will, can put them asunder.

There is one difference between Astrophil and Greville's speaker here, however. Astrophil ultimately gives up on any attempt to renounce Cupid because "I must *Stella* love" (AS 5). In Greville's case, however, where the Lady in question is so much less fully realised, I wonder whether the speaker's renunciations seem half-hearted because, when all is said and done, he must *Cupid* love? Might this non-phallic, "Anacreontic" Cupid be the figure that the speaker really has his sights on, a figure with whom he can share mutual delight and "play"? Could it be that the speaker is not really shooting at Myra (or *Caelica*, or Cynthia, or all the rest), or not very effectively, at any rate, because he is aiming, rather, at someone else? Might it be a quite different mark he is shooting at, making his actions another kind of shooting "awry", another deviation from what might pass as the "straight" shooting of a patriarchal culture's regulation masterly male? Is there is a case for saying that the *Caelica* sonnets, or some of them at any rate, might allow for the possibility that the speaker really does "adore a boy"? Might these poems provide a platform on which, albeit under the cover of poetic convention ("Anacreontics" coming in very handily here), the poet could award himself an extended opportunity to play the part of one who has, most devoutly, "sworne all my powers to worship thee?" (*Caelica* 9).<sup>42</sup> I wonder, in other words, whether some of these poems might be argued to mobilize on Greville's part the fantasy (conscious or otherwise) of an idealized relation with his boyhood friend?<sup>43</sup> Might they form, perhaps, an alternative kind of "Dedication" to him? Greville's friendship with Sidney was the defining relationship of his life. "I lived with him and knew him from a child", he wrote in the text in which he dedicated his own life and works to the memory of the same.<sup>44</sup> They attended the same school together and indeed started on the same day. The legend "foulke grivell is a good boy" finds itself scrawled in one of Sidney's schoolbooks, quite possibly put there by a then young, ten-year-old, Greville himself.<sup>45</sup> Might the kind of schoolboy pranks that appear in the *Caelica* poems not fondly conjure those happy days, even accounting for the retrospective cast of nostalgia? Might the speaker not conjure, in the "Boyes-play" that he and Cupid and he get up to, the intense affection of those schooldays, or the intimate relations that might be enjoyed by two boys, "good" or otherwise? Greville never forgot those days. The friendship that was established between them then remained central to his identity, public and private, for the rest of his life, long after Sidney had died. And, even if the elaborate joint memorial he later designed for the two of them in St Paul's cathedral was, in the end, never erected – one in which his own monument would have taken the lower, "wifely" position below Sidney's – nonetheless, the more sober tomb that did finally come to memorialise him in St Mary's, Warwick, shows that "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney" – the tomb's culminating legend – was how he wished lastingly to be remembered.<sup>46</sup>

I do not wish to press this reading. It could never be more than speculation, in any case, and I am more than aware of the dangers of applying post-romantic conceptions of same-sex love to a period in which such relations were conceptualised quite differently. I also take full cognisance of Alan Bray's wise words that the "language of love between men that one sees in the English Renaissance is simply that: a language and a convention".<sup>47</sup> There is, however, one thing that I think a comparison between Sidney and Greville's sonnets does leave us with, and that is the larger question of whether desire can ever be renounced. In both cases, I would argue, the speakers' various identifications and relations with Cupid powerfully

suggest that it cannot. As the penultimate poem of Sidney's *Certain Sonnets* dramatised, the speaker can get no further in renouncing his desire than in "Desiring nought but how to kill desire" (CS 31). He might earnestly wish to do that but that is as far as he can go. Ultimately, the speaker ends up no less desirous than he ever was, and any statement to the contrary can only be taken as an empty gesture: a polite wish, and nothing more. For desire is never to be renounced. It is in the nature of desire to desire. Whatever one makes of Greville's "Anacreontic" poems, or of the fantasized love of a "Boy" they may or may not project, they do encourage us, I would suggest, to reserve at least a degree of scepticism toward the similar gestures of renunciation that they periodically make. *Caelica* 84, for example, is the poem generally taken to mark the formal ending of love and the speaker's final farewell to desire. The poem is seen to mark a distinct change of tone and purpose as the speaker claims to put love behind him once and for all and to enter into the grim new world of Calvinist determinism that he will occupy, for good or ill, ever after. In light of the legacy that Sidney left in *Certain Sonnets* and *Astrophil and Stella*, however – one that Greville's *Caelica* poems show him to have known all too well – I would suggest that the gesture of renunciation in this poem, as indeed in many others, may not, perhaps, be quite so final after all. For, if *Certain Sonnets* had left Sidney's speaker still desiring, this poem of Greville's leaves the speaker still playing to the end:

*Farewell* sweet Boy, complaine not of my truth;  
 Thy Mother lou'd thee not with more deuotion;  
 For to thy Boyes play I gaue all my youth,  
 Young Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought Honours, Princes thoughts obseruing,  
 Many woo'd *Fame, the child of paine and anguish*,  
 Others iudg'd inward good a chiefe deseruing,  
 I in thy wanton Visions ioy'd to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,  
 Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindnesse,  
 Thy playes of hope and feare were my confession,  
 The spectacles to my life was thy blindnesse;  
 But *Cupid* now farewell, I will goe play me,  
 With thoughts that please me lesse, & less betray me. (*Caelica* 84)

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- <sup>1</sup> From "Joyne Mates in mirth to me", line 20, in *The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. William A. Ringler, Jr (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962). All references to Sidney's poetry are to this edition.
- <sup>2</sup> As Christopher Martin notes, "Sidney's wood-god sports a radically different personality", "Sidney and the Limits of Eros", *Spenser Studies* 7 (1986): 239-59, p.245.
- <sup>3</sup> For a fuller discussion of this trope as it appears in Sidney's other writings see my "Shooting Awry: Sidney's Ambivalent Huntsmen", *Renaissance Quarterly* (forthcoming)
- <sup>4</sup> The poem is translation of Horace's *Odes* 2.10, and the lines a rendering of his "*quondam cithara tacentem suscitavit Musam neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*".
- <sup>5</sup> Apollo was also the god of youth, music, prophecy, and healing, although he was also capable of bringing sickness (in the *Iliad*, for example, his "arrows" bring the plague that cripples the Greeks at the opening of the epic). In early Greek mythology, Apollo seems to have started out as a god of hunting but this attribute gradually came to be transferred to his sister, Artemis/Diana. For a fascinating discussion of this transition, see Matt Cartmill, *A View to a Death in the Morning: Hunting and Nature through History* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1993), pp.32-34 and notes 18-20.
- <sup>6</sup> Petrarch, *Rime sparse* 87. All quotations from Petrarch are taken from *Petrarch's Lyric Poems: The Rime sparse and Other Lyrics*, ed. and trans. Robert M. Durling (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1976), hereafter *RS*.
- <sup>7</sup> As Jane Kingsley-Smith suggests, "perhaps no other Elizabethan poet used it to such intense effect", "Cupid, Idolatry, and Iconoclasm in Sidney's *Arcadia*", *Studies in English Literature 1500-1900* 48 (2008): 65-91, p.70.
- <sup>8</sup> Roger Ascham, for example, notes that "Artillarie now a dayes is taken for ii. thinges: Gunnes & Bowes", from *Toxophilus* (1545), in Ascham, *English Works*, ed. William Aldis Wright (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1904), p.34.
- <sup>9</sup> *OED* windlass sb<sup>2</sup> and v<sup>1</sup>. Sidney is cited as the first to use the noun as a verb. The sense is that Love is operating circuitously and craftily like a hunter.
- <sup>10</sup> Paul Allen Miller, "Sidney, Petrarch, and Ovid, or Imitation as Subversion", *English Literary History* 58 (1991): 499-522, p.508.
- <sup>11</sup> Andrew Strycharski, "Literacy, Education, and Affect in *Astrophil and Stella*", *Studies in English Literature 1500-1900* 48 (2008): 45-63, p.45.
- <sup>12</sup> Lynn Enterline, "Rhetoric, Discipline, and the Theatricality of Everyday Life in Elizabethan Grammar Schools", in *From Performance to Print in Shakespeare's England*, ed. Peter Holland and Stephen Orgel (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006), pp.173-90, esp.175, citing the premier school textbook of the time, William Lily's *A shorte introduction of grammar* (1549).
- <sup>13</sup> From Sir Henry Sidney's letter to his son (1566), quoted in Malcolm William Wallace, *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney* (New York: Octagon Books, 1967), p.70.
- <sup>14</sup> Sigmund Freud, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905, the footnote in question was added in 1910), in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. James Strachey, 24 vols (London: Hogarth Press, 1953-74) (hereafter *SE*), vii.149.
- <sup>15</sup> Catherine Bates, *Masculinity, Gender, and Identity in the English Renaissance Lyric* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007), chapter 2.
- <sup>16</sup> Freud, "A Child is Being Beaten" (1919), *SE* xvii.179-204, esp. p.198.

<sup>17</sup> In 1583, Sidney's uncle, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick – the then Master of the Ordnance – approached Elizabeth with the proposal that Sidney be appointed joint-master to the office. It was not until 21 July 1585, however, that this appointment was finalized. See Alan Stewart, *Philip Sidney: A Double Life* (London: Chatto and Windus, 2000), pp.252, 270.

<sup>18</sup> Quotations are taken from fragments 2 and 23 of the *Anacreontea*, translated and reproduced in Patricia A. Rosenmeyer, *The Poetics of Imitation: Anacreon and the anacreontic tradition* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992), pp.239, 249. The argument of Rosenmeyer's book is largely that those qualities judged "Anacreontic" about Anacreon's own poetry were more the result of a retrospective literary fashioning than the content of the lyrics themselves.

<sup>19</sup> This sub-sequence is usefully discussed by James Finn Cotter, "The 'Baiser' Group in Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella*", *Texas Studies in Language and Literature* 12 (1970): 381-403; and Erik Gray, "Sonnet Kisses: Sidney to Barrett Browning", *Essays in Criticism* 52 (2002): 126-42. Both make the point that Sidney's lyrics here are the first major kiss poems to appear in English.

<sup>20</sup> To qualify for entry into Shrewsbury grammar school, a boy had to be able to "write his own name with his own hand...read English perfectly and have his *accidens* without the book...give any case of any number of a noun substantive or adjective and any person of any number of a verb active and passive, and...make a Latin by any of the concords, the Latin words being first given him", from the school's Ordinances, in Alfred Rimner and H. W. Adnitt, *A History of Shrewsbury School* (Shrewsbury: Adnitt and Naunton, 1889), pp.46-52, quoted by Stewart, *Double Life*, p.45.

<sup>21</sup> The *Adventures* were first published as part of Gascoigne's *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* (1573), ed. G. W. Pigman, III (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2000) (hereafter *HSF*), p.175.

<sup>22</sup> Freud, *Three Essays*, pp.149-50, 208-12.

<sup>23</sup> Thomas Moffet, *Nobilis: Or a View of the Life and Death of a Sidney*, ed. V. B. Heltzel and H. H. Hudson (San Marino: Huntington Library, 1940), p.91. In "Sidney's Anacreontics", *Review of English Studies* 36 (1985): 226-28, Katherine Duncan-Jones takes Moffet's term to refer to Sidney's secular poetry in general. Jane Kingsley-Smith uses the term more specifically to encompass all Sidney's Cupid references, including those in the *Arcadia*, "Cupid, Idolatry, and Iconoclasm", note 84.

<sup>24</sup> Indeed, as G. A. Wilkes notes, "there is no occasion on which Greville ever refers to Sidney's authorship of *Astrophil and Stella*, in 1586 or in the forty-odd years that follow", in "'Left...to play the ill poet in my own part': The Literary Relationship of Sidney and Fulke Greville", *Review of English Studies* 57 (2006): 291-309, p.295.

<sup>25</sup> Citations from Greville's *Dedication* are taken from *The Prose Works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke*, ed. John Gouws (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986).

<sup>26</sup> As noted by Morris W. Croll in *The Works of Fulke Greville* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1901), p.9. Croll is followed in this by Ronald A. Rebholz, *The Life of Fulke Greville, First Lord Brooke* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), pp.61-64, 327; Richard Waswo, *The Fatal Mirror: Themes and Techniques in the Poetry of Fulke Greville* (Charlottesville, VA: University Press of Virginia, 1972), pp.54-58; Joan Rees, *Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, 1554-1628: A Critical Biography* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1971), pp.87-89; and Steven W. May, *The Elizabethan Courtier Poets: The Poems and Their Contexts* (Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 1999), p.91.

<sup>27</sup> Yvor Winters, "The Sixteenth-Century Lyric in England: A Critical and Historical Reinterpretation", first published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* 53 (1939): 258-72, 320-25, and 54 (1939): 35-51. This material was later extended and published in his *Forms of Discovery: Critical and Historical Essays on the forms of the Short Poem in English* (Chicago: Alan Swallow, 1967)

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, p.15.

<sup>29</sup> Such studies include: Douglas L. Peterson, *The English Lyric from Wyatt to Donne: A History of the Plain and Eloquent Styles* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967); Norman Farmer, Jr., "Fulke Greville and the Poetic of the Plain Style", *Texas Studies in Literature and Language* 11 (1969-70): 657-70; Rebholz, *Fulke Greville*; Waswo, *The Fatal Mirror*; and Charles Larson, *Fulke Greville* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1980). Critics who distance themselves somewhat from this prevailing attitude include Joan Rees, *Fulke Greville*; and Gavin Alexander, *Writing After Sidney: The Literary Response to Sir Philip Sidney: 1586-1640* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), chapter 7, although neither go so far as to excavate an "alternative" Greville from the official portrait.

<sup>30</sup> All quotations from *Caelica* are taken from *Poems and Dramas of Fulke Greville, First Lord Brooke*, ed. Geoffrey Bullough, 2 vols (Edinburgh and London: Oliver and Boyd, 1939).

<sup>31</sup> In one of Gascoigne's poems, for example, "Desire" is the "dogge" that springs the lover, a partridge, who is promptly seized upon by his mistress/hawk (*HSF*, p.235). In a sonnet originally by Ronsard and adapted by Thomas Lodge (in sonnet 31 of *Phyllis*, 1593) and Samuel Daniel (in sonnet 5 of *Delia*, 1592), the lover is torn apart by his own hounds, but in both cases the dogs in question are his "thoughts".

<sup>32</sup> For accounts of the *par force* hunt (as distinct from a drive – or "bow and stable" – hunt) see: John Cummins, *The Hound and the Hawk: The Art of Medieval Hunting* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1988), chapter 3; Edward Berry, *Shakespeare and the Hunt* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp.17-18; and Emma Griffin, *Blood Sport: Hunting in Britain since 1066* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2007), pp.52-55.

<sup>33</sup> On the use of dogs to kill vermin as opposed to deer or boar, see, for example: [George Gascoigne], *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* (1575), pp.169-70, 174, 179, 180-82, 186, 189, 246, 248; and Sir Thomas Cockaine, *A short treatise of hunting* (1591), sigs. B1-C1, D2-D3. On the different breeds of dog used for specific kinds of hunt, see J. Charles Cox, *The Royal Forests of England* (London: Methuen, 1905), chapter 6.

<sup>34</sup> See Sidney, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (The New Arcadia)*, ed. Victor Skretkovicz (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), p.54. See also the poem entitled "The wofull wordes of the Hart to the Hunter", in Gascoigne's *Venerie*, pp.136-40, in which the wounded animal openly reproaches the forester who "shootes at me. / And hittes the harmelesse Harte, of me vhappie Harte" (p.138).

<sup>35</sup> Pace Stephen Clucas who does see this poem as alluding to the Actaeon story, "Giordano Bruno's *Degli Eroici Furori* and Fulke Greville's *Caelica*", *Renaissance Studies* 4 (1990): 201-27, esp. pp.217-19.

<sup>36</sup> Rebholz, *Fulke Greville*, p.60.

<sup>37</sup> As appears from an anecdote recounted by Sir Francis Bacon, in *Aprophthegmes New and Old* (1625) and cited in Rebholz, *Fulke Greville*, p.54.

<sup>38</sup> I disagree here with Richard Waswo, who argues the reverse, *The Fatal Mirror*, p.58.

<sup>39</sup> In "Sidney, Greville, and the Metaphysics of 'Naughtinesse'", *English Studies in Canada* 10 (1984): 265-77, Dennis R. Danielson has to work very hard to argue that Cupid's "naughtiness" here, far from being frivolous, is in fact a manifestation of the *meonic* tradition in philosophy (referring to the doctrine of non-being or the concept, as in Augustine's theology, of evil as the *privatio boni*). For Danielson, Greville's "naughtie" Cupid dramatises this principle of nothingness in a way designed to provoke a moral horror and loathing of the perverse: a reading that, in the circumstances, strikes me as being unduly pious.

<sup>40</sup> Richard Mulcaster, *Positions vvherein those primitiue circumstances be examined, which are necessarie for the training vp of children, either for skill in their booke, or health in their bodie* (1581), pp.54, 106.

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<sup>41</sup> In the view of Tom MacFaul, Greville “makes constantly creative use of the image of Cupid, often conceived with a certain pederastic desire”, although he reads this as allegorising “the frustrations of a courtly eroticism” that could not “fully mature” in the court of a virgin Queen, “The Childish Love of Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville”, *Sidney Journal* 24 (2006): 37-65, p.49. MacFaul’s understanding of the nature and construction of fantasy is different from mine.

<sup>42</sup> In “Good Boys, Mad Girls: Greville, Sidney, Wroth, and the (Re)construction of Gender in Early Modern England, *Sidney Journal* 19 (2001): 41-61, Gary Waller gives an extended discussion of this possibility. As elsewhere in his writings, however, he tends to inflect the “perverse” more negatively than I would wish to do.

<sup>43</sup> *Dedication*, p.5.

<sup>44</sup> Jean Robertson, “Sidney and Bandello”, *Library* 5<sup>th</sup> series, 21 (1966): 326-28.

<sup>45</sup> The letter in which Greville sets out his plans for the joint-tomb is partially transcribed by Norman Farmer, Jr, in “Fulke Greville and Sir John Coke: An Exchange of Letters on a History Lecture and Certain Latin Verses on Sir Philip Sidney”, *Huntington Library Quarterly* 33 (1970): 217-36. The “marital” design of the planned but abandoned memorial is brilliantly discussed by Alan Bray in *The Friend* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2003), chapter 2.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, p.67.