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"World enough": Miniature in Andrew Marvell's poetry

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"WORLD ENOUGH": MINIATURE IN ANDREW MARVELL'S POETRY"

by

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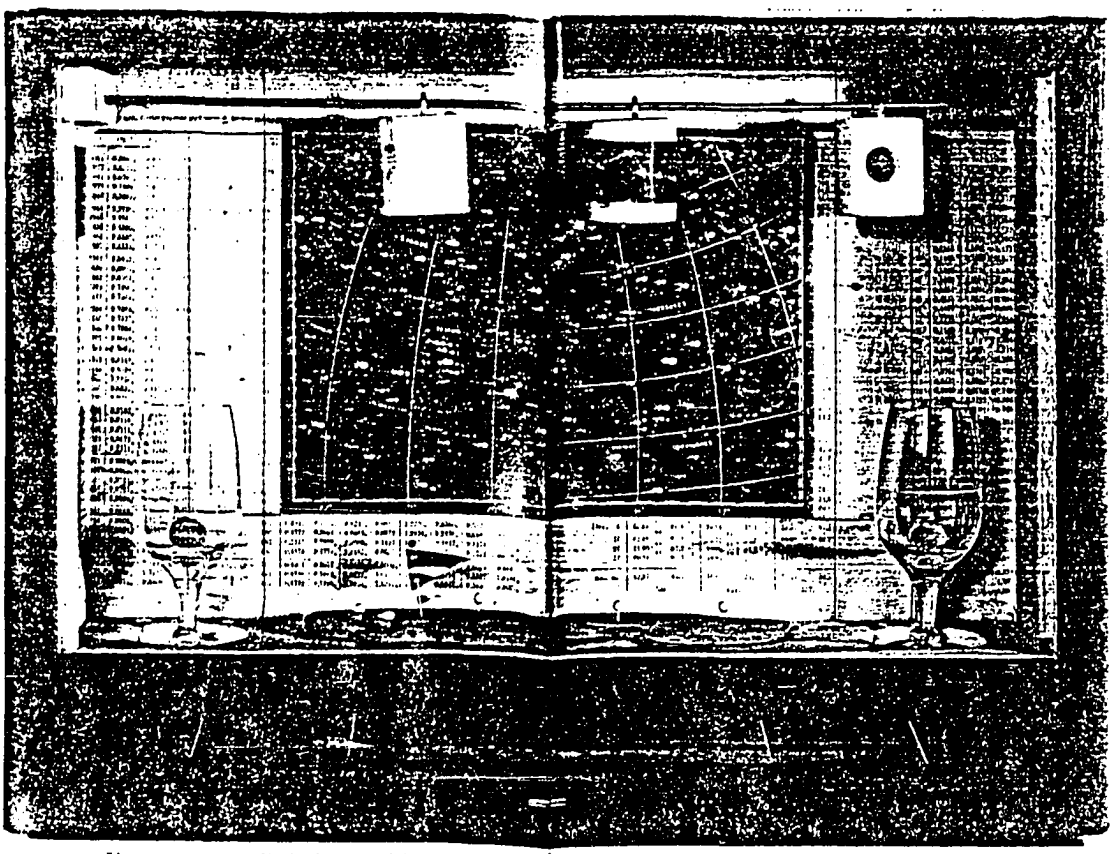
INTRODUCTION

Andrew Marvell regards space with reverence, anxiety, and amused detachment. His lyrics celebrate all the kinds of space we are likely to live in, immensities of sea and sky, and enclosures in which we're more sure; he loves equally the "dark Hemisphere" and the "sober Frame."

The voice that speaks in the lyrics is like Joseph Cornell's voice in our own century. Cornell orients himself to limitless outer space in structures that suggest a corresponding infinite interiority, seas, galaxies, and cityscapes meeting their counterparts in the vast space of daydream, enclosed in a box (fig. 0.1). In a similar adjustment to an expanding outer universe, the seventeenth century seems to have fostered a corresponding concern with personal privacy, identifying what Orest Ranum calls "refuges of intimacy," special places -- gardens, alcoves, studies -- and cherished objects -- lockets, souvenirs, miniatures -- symbols of intimate relationships (207-263). Marvell's poetry, of course, is full of such "refuges," globes, gardens, the "Gallery" of the mind. Like Cornell, Marvell is aware of the ways we open when we participate in space, and of the ways we lose when we close ourselves off from the spectacle. Space for him is a living, expressive



Vast spaces and unlimited range of dreamworld imagination are contained in Cornell's little boxes.

This one, depicting Cornell's love of sea and heavens, is 12½ by 17 by 3⅝ inches overall.

Fig. 0.1

Cornell's Boxes

Source: Wernick, Robert. "The World Inside the Magical Boxes of Joseph Cornell -- a Universe Made Out of Dreams and Odds and Ends." Smithsonian Jan. 1981: 46-7.

thing; it envelops us and gives a cast to our inner life; at the same time, it's something we creatively absorb. Rosalie Colie wonderfully says that Marvell's "conspicuously diminished images...exist in a highly charged emptiness" (154). Her words touch upon the electricity and resonance that space has for Marvell.

Marvell wonders especially at the curious relationships that arise between large and small. He is struck by the way a small, simple space can enclose rich and complex larger spaces; he likens his soul to a dewdrop which embraces "the greater Heaven in an Heaven less." He is interested also in the apparent need for boundaries between small and large; one of his gardens is closed to the "sweet Fields" that surround it. And he is awed by the infinite containment of worlds within worlds, so that the lovely pomegranate envelops "Jewels more rich than Ormus show's."

Critics have perceived Marvell's absorption in miniature. Kitty Scoular notes his concern with the "discovery of resemblance between things...small and great" (164-5); Rosalie Colie, remarking "his tendency to miniature" (118), focuses on Marvell's compression of tradition, "so that a small figure may stand for an enormous background of thought and emotional association" (103). And T.S. Eliot decides that a source of Marvell's strength is his allowing the "inexhaustible and terrible nebula of

emotion which surrounds all our exact and practical passions and mingles with them" to be expressed in "a slight affair," say, "the feeling of a girl for her pet" (25).

Looking at Marvell's curiosity in interchanges between large and small, this discussion will suggest that the experience of miniature informs his lyrics and his way of seeing life. Miniature becomes, for Marvell, a technique of perspective; he uses it to measure people and their worlds, and as a way of locating himself within time and change. At the same time, the process of miniature offers to those who enter the poems a journey which coaxes versatility, encouraging wonder in many-worldedness.

The discussion will examine some of the places Marvell arrives at through miniature. His poems can be seen as attempts to explore different kinds of processes that occur between large and small; he plays most often with three possibilities, a world cut off from what surrounds it, a smaller world that subsumes a larger, and an environment that contains, and is contained by, another. The study will look at the way he considers the dynamics of miniature in the dialogues; it will see how, in some memorable characterizations, he uses miniature to explore resistance to pain and change, and how in other poems it offers an entrance into complexity and difficulty. Finally, it will use the outlook offered by things large and small to enter

the spirit of play in "Upon Appleton House," Marvell's whimsical celebration of our need to miniaturize.

Why do we enter into miniature? It seems to involve an act of faith. If our own smallness and the largeness outside can be proven to resemble each other, the universe is possibly not such a strange place after all. Gaston Bachelard beautifully suggests that we seek pockets in space to contain our reveries, warm enclosures to hold our daydreaming, or experiences of well-being. These lovely, gentle envelopes in space help us deal with the vastness around us; we "receive the immensity of the world" and transpose it "into intensity of our intimate being" (193). Let's think for a minute of the way the dark, limitless night sky in "Upon Appleton House" is given an intimate immensity when it is likened to salmon-fishers, homeward-bound, their heads in dark canoes. We may think also of the way "Bermudas"' "watry Maze" is made intimately immense with the introduction of a small boat, keeping its time with falling oars.

There are several ways in which we experience miniature. One way, as Bachelard says, is to find a center of concentration in a large area of unshaped or uncomprehended space. It serves as a kind of retreat, a place from which we can keep confusion and difficulty at bay: "To have experienced miniature sincerely detaches me from the surrounding world, and helps me to resist

dissolution of the surrounding atmosphere" (161). It is an act meant to preserve the sense of the whole; life within the enclosure is realized, guarded, at its most unified. What is essential and important is highlighted against the trivial and accidental, from which it must be protected. In this way, for example, Virginia Woolf creates one of her loveliest moments; she has her characters, drawn together in a momentary sympathy, face the dark and unstable world outside, so that "they were all conscious of making a party together in a hollow, on an island; had their common cause against that fluidity out there" (147).

We also conceive of miniature when we allow the small to subsume the large. The enclosure becomes a stage upon which the processes of the strange and contradictory larger world are set in motion. This enactment on a reduced scale allows the complicated dynamics to be made apparent and understood. Shakespeare's Forest of Arden and island retreat in The Tempest, both smaller versions of the surrounding world, come to a new focus and affirmation of the larger reality through miniature. "Exempt from public haunts," the forest challenges pastoral and romantic sentiment; yet made ridiculous through laughter, both innocence and love curiously retain their original mystery. Within the circle of Prospero's musical island, we are offered both a microcosm of humanity and a review of much of Shakespeare's poetic career, a vantage on all his "rough

magic." The retreat to a smaller world seems to affirm a larger "brave new world" of complication and wonder.

Finally, we engage in miniature when we allow our minds to contemplate an infinite diminishing of spheres within spheres, and correspondingly, a progressive inflation of worlds. We realize, at such moments, that we both contain the world and are contained within it:

> Sometimes the transactions between small and large multiply, have repercussions. Then, when a familiar image grows to the dimensions of the sky, one is suddenly struck by the impression that correlatively, familiar objects become the miniatures of a world. Macrocosm and microsm are correlated.
>
> (Bachelard 170)

This is basically the kind of experience we have when we play with a series of boxes, or a progression of Chinese dolls, each containing and enveloped by another. Miniature can offer us, in this way, a simultaneous sense of our own largeness and smallness; we possess and give way at the same time.

Whether it marks off a simpler, reduced space, subsumes a larger one, or explores a series of correspondences, miniature locates for us a needed vantage, a place from which we can safely regard a universe given to boundlessness, change, and multiple perspectives. It offers

us a stillness and stability, a pocket in space in which we can be well; it creates the quiet spot away from "busie Companies of Men."

Because it does this, it can offer a richer experience of the very changes it means to keep at bay. The safe corner persuades us from our fear and frees us to perceive a multiple reality with wonder. Once we have found a place, our sense of limit can yield to an experience in which nothing is allowed a final and definite form. The lovely, proportioned spaces of Appleton House, for instance, lead us to a place quite different, an "Abbyss" of "unfathomable Grass" in which bounds are continually broken and things merge and change. Things become relative; the grass is a place "Where Men like Grashoppers appear,/But Grashoppers are Gyants there."

Critics[1] have perceived that miniature creates both stability and the experience of constant change and restless motion. Bachelard, after all, describes the relation of small to large in terms that evoke continual movement; a familiar image magnified encourages recognition that the same object can become a miniature; thus, "transactions between small and large multiply, have repercussions" (170). More particularly, Marvell's critics notice his willingness to face life in motion, and that it is an attitude related, in some way, to miniature. Rosalie Colie perceives the spirals and turns in the miniaturizing process, the ongoing

drift of small into large and large into small: "From an intense awareness of individuals the poet's cosmic identification emerges; in turn, the cosmic identification brings understanding of the value of individuals (207). Ann Berthoff also senses a shifting and weaving in miniature in her description of Marvell's "allegorical imagination," that is, "a mind actively moving from general to particular and back" (202). She relates this to his concern in "discovering the soul of reality in its mutable forms" (20).

Miniature makes possible a necessary escape from the world so that we may join the world. Perhaps, our movement into process, into shifting perspectives, with miniature, readies us for a real entrance into life, into the complexities of time and change.

Notes

[1]A number of critics have been wonderfully helpful: pastoralists (Cullen, Poggioli, Toliver) who view the pastoral landscape as a world set apart in which small things (parva) oppose great (magna); garden historians (Fairbrother, Hunt, Marranca, Strong) regarding the drama of closed and open spaces; art historians (Gardner, Lister, Murdoch, Sypher) tracing the rise of the art of miniature, or surveying Baroque exploration of space; perspectivists (Friedman, Gilman, Gullen) intrigued by the curious angle of vision; psychologists of play (Berger, Warnke) and their analyses of mental playgrounds as laboratories; Louis Martz' analysis of the meditative process, in which small emblems encourage a larger spiritual awareness; Mary Ann Caws' discussions on poetic frames; Rosalie Colie on the resources of artifice; Susan Stewart's recent work on miniature.

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CHAPTER 1

Large and Small in the Seventeenth Century

Amazed at the things that can happen between large and small, Marvell is absorbed with space. He loves its vagueness -- the "watry Maze" of "Bermudas" and the "dark Hemisphere" that closes in upon Appleton House -- and its filling up. He is interested in the way things occupy space, and likes to compress space to its limits. "Let us roll all our Strength, and all/Our sweetness, up into one Ball," he says, or annihilate "all that's made/To a green Thought in a green Shade." He considers that "the World should all/Be cramp'd into a Planisphere," and that the "several lodgings" of his soul lie "Compos'd into one Gallery."

These images have about them the sense of play and wonder that come with the discovery of a new dimension. In fact, says E.A. Burtt, it is in the seventeenth century that space first becomes a "vast,infinite substance existing in its own right" (Burtt 161). Galileo's analysis of motion, he notes, had raised the questions of space and time, making space for Descartes the very substance of the universe. The efforts of Henry More and Isaac Barrow to fill space with God are again a measure of the new significance of the concept. What has happened, Burtt says, is that with the growing sophistication of the new science, "the real world"

has become "the world of bodies in mathematically reducible motions, and this means that the real world is a world of bodies moving in space and time" (93).

Marshall McLuhan puts it a bit differently. The new science, he says, is mostly visual, relying on measure and observation. This dependence on sight makes space important because of all the senses, only vision can "capture single aspects of space in brief moments of time" (McLuhan 10).

The discovery of space was not a peaceful one. The space to which men had accustomed themselves was a bound dimension, proportionate and abiding, and apprehended, as Marjorie Nicolson says, as a "Circle of Perfection." The unearthing of new stars and spots on the moon meant the loss of this security and the collapse of the circle; space, no longer close and protective, expanded to become large and unknowable.

No wonder, then, that miniature should appeal to the imagination, that relationships between small and large, known and unknowable, should be so keenly felt. Pushed to participate in space, to find centers of gravity, the seventeenth century had a rich experience of the "transactions" between greater and less which shows in even small ways.

The challenge of reaching terms with space appeals to a map-making instinct. Maps, first published on a large scale in Britain in the seventeenth century (Skelton 8), cause us

to wonder at our own minuteness and at how enormous regions can be represented in small spaces (Cawley 97). Bishop Hall is moved by a world-map to exclaim, "What a poor little spot is a country! A man may hide with his thumb the great territories of those that would be accounted monarchs" (181). We are familiar with Donne's amazement at how, "On a round ball/A workeman that hath copies by, can lay/An Europe, Afrique and an Asia." Marvell's "Bermudas" makes apparent what early mapmakers and daydreamers have in common: joy in intimate immensity. Seventeenth-century mapmakers were often miniaturists (fig. 1.1 and 1.2). They delighted in tiny walled forts and small craft manned by microscopic people. With their sea monsters, cozy insets, delicate ships and abundant game, these early maps make "far kinder" lands "long unknown."

The way we experience gardens also changes in the seventeenth century. Surviving well into the Renaissance, the medieval garden (fig. 1.3) kept a barrier between its world and what might dissolve it, with walls, hedges, moats, and fences. Even during the sixteenth century and later, English gardens, little more than extensions of the interior spaces of the manor house, were, as John Dixon Hunt describes, "generally small and unadventurous" ('Loose' 332). However, the seventeenth-century enclosures -- Versailles, Blenheim, the Tuileries -- begin to give way and open to what surrounds them: "For the great formal gardens

do not ignore the world; they take it and dominate it. The foreground is moulded to a logical order of the mind, the distance is explored and regulated by confident vistas open to the horizon (Fairbrother 29). The title page of a seventeenth-century garden book (fig. 1.4) shows a world, quiet and sure in its symmetry, yet mindful of the surrounding adventure of mountains and space. An artfully decorated archway guides us through a carefully planned garden, offering at the same time an outlook on hills and sky.

Even within their own boundaries, Jacobean and Caroline gardens, says Hunt, suggest "a new excitement with spatial discovery," offering, under the infuence of Italian models, playfully "ambiguous territory." Hunt points out how Inigo Jones' A Garden and a Princely Villa (fig. 1.5) draws us down a staircase into an area promising "further intricacies." With their fantastic waterworks, games with art and nature -- walls of water, artificial alongside real birds -- and masque-like entertainments, such gardens were full of metamorphic fun ('Loose' 333, 342). Marvell's "Upon Appleton House," in praise of the Yorkshire estate where he served as tutor, celebrates the garden and beyond as theater, adds Hunt. It's "as if Marvell 'reads' the gardens and woods as if they were a sophisticated, Italianate world." Assuming various shapes in the woods, where "arching boughs" are "Corinthian porticoes," the poet

resembles the Caroline courtiers of masques. Both estate and poem are full of surprises and sudden discoveries (Garden 173). Space has become an adventure.

Picture framing, in the seventeenth century, becomes a craft in its own right (Heydenryk Right 13). Used "either as a fence against the encroachment of its environment, or as a link to its background and surroundings" (Heydenryk Art 2), a frame makes some point about the relations between the smaller rendered world and the larger actual one. A seventeenth-century Dutch frame consisting of squares of diminishing size guides us into the quiet drama of Vermeer's The Letter (fig. 1.6). The gradually reducing squares gently involves us in a world whose order we are not yet sure of; the nested squares of the frame place us at the threshold of a painted Dutch interior, a room which is itself framed by a curtained doorway. The viewer's surreptitious stance, his partial glimpse of the scene, and the averted, involved faces of the women, contribute to an air of calm mystery. Picture frames in the scene into which we've been led invite us into still other unfamiliar spaces.

Physical frames seem to extend to a consciousness of framing in general. Ernest Gilman explores the use of frames in a major seventeenth-century painting. An adept arrangement of frames in Diego Velazquez's Las Meninas (fig. 1.7) places peculiar perspectival demands on the viewer in much the same way that "Upon Appleton House" challenges

Marvell's readers. Approaching Las Meninas, our eye is first caught by the illuminated middle group, the Infanta Margarita Maria and her hovering handmaidens. Our eye catches other nearby figures -- the Infanta's dwarves, her pet dog, the figure of the artist. As we begin to inhabit this representation of the artist's studio, though, we perceive mutiple framings establishing contact between the real and painted worlds. On the back wall hangs most likely a mirror image of the Infanta's parents. Are they then standing beside us? Surrounding the mirror are large dark canvases which have been identified as copies of Rubens' Pallas and Arachne and Jordaens Apollo and Marsyas. The dark area of the mirror and canvases is set off by a man occupying the brightly lit frame of a doorway. Is he entering or leaving? What can he see in the large canvas in progress hidden to us? His position, perfectly framed on the threshold, raises interesting questions and serves to remind the viewer that he too is on the threshold, perched between the painted space and the space beyond (Gilman 209-214). The frames defining "mirrored spaces, 'real' spaces, picture spaces, and pictures within pictures" (Gardner 575) create perceptual twists and keep introducing further possibilities.

Finally, the seventeenth century delighted in anamorphosis (Leeman 9), a curious kind of visual wit. Faced with a vague swirl in a painting, a viewer finds that

the confused reality resolves only when he assumes a stance unusual for him, for anamorphic pictures, "rightly gazed upon,/Show mothing but confusion -- eyed awry,/Distinguish form" (Gilman 94). Having abandoned, for a minute, his familiar way of seeing, a viewer is rewarded with a more complex perception; he perhaps senses how charged space is with countless worlds, ways of coming to terms.

One of the best examples of anamorphic painting in England, Holbein's The Ambassadors (fig. 1.8) is a double portrait of the French envoys to the court of Henry VIII, the two men representing the temporal and spiritual sides of the French legation. The men are characterized by the colors and textures of their clothing, and objects -- a lute, a hymnal, a glove, a T-square, a solar clock -- which seem to allude to the mutual dependence between the earthly and the celestial. Looked at "rightly," Ernest Gilman points out, the painting seems to affirm human competence. However, an anamorphic streak in the foreground encourages a viewer to regard the scene "awry;" seen from the right edge, the streak resolves into a skull. This visual trick changes our perception of the painting; "it is a memento mori and an emblem of vanitas posed against a vital image of worldly prowess" (98-104).

What these maps, frames, gardens and pictorial games of the seventeenth century have in common is that they speak for a change in the way we see ourselves and what surrounds

us. People have begun to experience the vastness around them and try to meet it in some way. In opening out, space presents itself as a dimension that can no longer be taken for granted or given reassuring boundaries; it becomes an adventure, measuring our individual capacities for movement, change, complexity. The seventeenth century witnesses, as Frank Warnke has shown, a movement from the comforting theory of correspondences, in which man and his universe are held in analogy, to a new cosmology, "which placed the individual at an incalculably great imaginative distance from the root of all being" (143). And Harold Toliver, in discussing the complexity of Marvell's poetry, decides that it is "the complexity of both Platonism and the alien, existential fact" (Marvell's 8).

The problem of keeping a place in a universe as it opens and enlarges is felt in some important traditions -- microcosms, emblems and meditative exercises, Puritan-Platonist thought, Baroque art, pastoral, Renaissance poetics -- that translate the difficulty into the language of large and small.

Having as a resource an inherited sense of correspondence between large and small, macrocosm and microcosm, the seventeenth century turned to what is really an instinct we have for filling space with ourselves, allowing it a shape and presence like our own. Partly, our humanness lies in the way we make the universe less stranage

by laying ourselves, pattern-like, upon it. Our bodies, in this way, have always been satisfying measures for space because they're complete and accessible, "the only wholeness that can be grasped" (Barkan 8). In her work on the function of miniature in literature, Susan Stewart writes, "Traditionally, the body has served as our primary mode of understanding and perceiving scale"; our bodies "can be projected upon the landscape, giving it form and definition" (101). We remember Donne's pleasure in being "a little world made cunningly," and his despair, at the year's midnight, in being "every dead thing." We think of the way Marvell fills a hypothetical universe of "World enough, and Time" with the huge presences of a lover and his lady: "Thou by the Indian Ganges' side/Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide/Of Humber would complain." Moreover, a body that fills the universe with its presence can measure the state as well, allowing a reassuring series of correspondences (Barkan 89). In Coriolanus, a period of civil upheaval is described as "a time when all the body's members/Rebelled against the belly" (I, 1, 99-100).

This turning to known and complete worlds whose fragile structures can yet contain puzzling immensities lies behind emblem tradition, a related resource. In the world of moralized picture, the greater reality is managed by reducing its scale, showing how it's included with completeness in all things. Herbert keeps to the spirit of

emblem when he considers how "The Indian nut alone...Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,/Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one."

Because they made abstract processes concrete, emblems were well suited to Jesuit use in spiritual exercises, making tangible heaven and hell, strife between good and evil, the seven deadly sins, and the states of the soul. Popularized by Alciati in his collection of 1531 with succeeding editions, emblems had a long history, with roots in Egyptian hieroglyphics and Christian iconography -- the burning bush, Gideon's fleece, images from the parables. Francis Quarles, who like George Wither and Henry Hawkins, enjoyed popularity as a seventeenth-century emblematist, defines emblem as a "silent Parable":

> Let not the tender Eye checke,
> to see the allusion to our blessed
> Saviour figured, in these Types.
> In holy Scripture, He is sometimes
> called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher;
> sometimes a Physitian: And why not
> presented so, as well to the eye,
> as to the eare? Before the knowledge
> of letters, God was knowne by
> Hierogliphicks; And, indeed, what
> are the Heaven, the Earth, nay

every Creature, but Hierogliphicks
and Emblems of His Glory? (Warren 1079-82)

The hieroglyphics take many forms. An engraver might, for example, depict a nearly naked man encircled by a stone dungeon, a bottomless pit yawning below, an image appealing to the insecure sinner. Or more surrealistically, he might portray a palpable heart (fig. 1.9) pierced with arrows, streaming with blood, or in the process of being plowed, tilled, and seeded (1081). The garden, notes Roy Strong, is a rich resource for emblematists, who might illustrate via a hand watering plants (fig. 1.10) the need for planning and patience (207).

Emblem books are composed of small, concentrated worlds which have become dense because they've been made to contain a greater world. Henry Hawkins' Parthenela Sacra, a popular emblem book of the seventeenth century, invites us into an ample garden to behold "specious, and most delicious Obiects." A frontispiece (fig. 1.11) to this amazing book shows us a walled circular garden dominating a tiny island-scattered sea and a sky of arcs and stars. Within the garden we meet together, as we later meet one by one, the creatures who will teach us how to live: the rose, the dew, the philomel, the olive tree, and so on. Each creature, we discover, is a key to a mystery or difficulty unfolded at some length; we are meant to learn from them how

to serve "the common creatour of us al." Wonderfully, the book closes with the shutting up of the garden, an act that makes live in us the containment of great in little. We sense the mysteries and lessons retiring and folding up, safe inside their circular wall, like the folding up and shutting in on the Appleton estate, where all creatures, salmon-fishers, tortoises, the poet and his guests, retreat from the coming night.

The formal meditation practices, which often use emblems as their starting point, also rely on the capacity of small things to contain great. In his influential study, Louis Martz notes the strong appeal of meditative exercise during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as "essential for the ordinary conduct of 'good life'" (Poetry 16). Inward, imaginative meditation, says Martz, actually had its roots in the Middle Ages, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, evolved into a popular practice within everyone's reach. The method, described by Ignatius Loyola in his Spiritual Exercises, and Edward Dawson in his short treatise, "The Practical Methode of Meditation," circulated in dozens of popular treatises (Martz Meditative xvii-viii). In a formal meditation, the mind enters a scene, becoming so much a part of its space that it is moved to accept the presence of God or some part of itself (Warnke 139-40). Joseph Hall describes the experience in The Art of

Divine Meditation as involving "minute consideration of a subject, continuing with the drawing of devout reflections from the different features of the subject, and ending with the movement of the affections in worship and resolve" (Scoular 13).

What's fascinating is the way a small space is perceived to contain, with the mind's entrance into the scene, tremendous reserves of energy. Ian Fletcher describes how, in a formal meditation, the emblematic picture is "infinitely suggestive": "The picture eventually became animated by an intense, hallucinatory life, independent of the page. The eyes were not alone in perceiving it; the depicted objects were invested with body, scent and sound: the beholder was no long before them, but in their midst" (Hawkins viii).

George Herbert is, along with Marvell, among the more notable practitioners working within this tradition of meditation to encourage the mind to inhabit a space. "The Flower" is a rich example. We approach the image of the flower much as we would an emblem, flat on a page. Very quickly, though, the image becomes inhabited; the poet reflects that his "shivel'd heart" has "gone/Quite under ground; as flowers depart/To see their mother-root, when they have blown." The parallels between his life and the flower's become more and more complex, or more to the point, he settles into the image so completely that its presence

becomes subtle, energized, and difficult. This charging and loading of space, though, help him to simplicity. In his wise, quiet way, he is amazed at how, in age, he buds again: "O my onely light,/It cannot be/That I am he/On whom thy tempests fell all night." Meditation has accomplished its end; three dimensions have arisen from two; the large has been apprehended through the small.

The need to reckon with a threatening space from a safe space is also considered and weighed in the Puritan-Platonist tradition. It recognizes the pull between the need for involvement and the need for solitude, between participating in a full way in the life of the larger world and allowing the soul its protected inner life.

The tradition faces a problem in perception: how should the self see surroundings that threaten its composure with indifference, perhaps hostility? Some of the difficulty eases in allowing this self a life in which it can collect and confirm itself. Much of the tradition's energy is directed to self-definition. Protestant Platonists like Henry More and Benjamin Whichcote are grateful for the self's still, sure boundaries, which keep it concentrated and intent. Their ego is a "repository of one's share of the divine ground" (Tolliver Marvell's 15), a "Candle of the Lord."

Such containment allows the self to regard the surrounding scene as an adventure. This scene is less a

destructive vastness from which one turns away and more a complex difficulty into which the soul enters to sense and test itself. For Protestant Platonists like John Smith and Peter Sterry, the contemplative self is also an active self. The tradition honors both "the self-sufficiency of the soul...and the value of the sensory world of flux" (20). We're reminded of Marvell's tact and quiet when considering problems like Fairfax's retirement and Cromwell's emergence from his private gardens. We may think also of the soul, which, in its encounter with Created Pleasure in Marvell's "Dialogue," becomes resolved.

Wylie Sypher perceives how the Baroque style helps us feel the motion, play, and force of space by trying to create a small, secure environment that prepares one for emergence into a larger, unpredictable world. Baroque involves a technique, he says, "of, first, closure, then expansion or expulsion into space" (212). Rembrandt employs this in his experiments with darkness and light, a warm nucleus modulating into finer grades of darkness (fig. 1.12); also, Ruisdael, whose tiny, laboring people and small, sturdy homes regard the somber clouds hulking over the dunelands of Holland (fig. 1.13).

Bernini's Four Rivers Fountain is a playful sculptural example (fig. 1.14). Rising out of a huge basin, four great stone figures of rivers, symbolic animals and plants, and heraldic ornaments concentrate and weave upon a complex mass

of rock. It is a contained and weighty world. A Roman obelisk, though, presses toward the sky, and water arcs and plays. These free the scene, introducing other ways of regarding it. The dove at the obelisk's tip seems to speak for the strength and influence of the Church, the flow of water for the fleeting and temporary. An allegorical stone world, having contained us and made us secure, opens into an adventure when it is joined to water and sky. We're prepared in this way for the further adventure of the surrounding life of the piazza.

The closure and opening out happen within us as well. In becoming part of the composition's sensuous activity, we open to the possibility of being moved inwardly. We are drawn into a world of sensed surfaces -- rough angles, smooth curves, weighty solids, splashing liquids. We are directed immediately to our own bodies, to how we feel as we experience such basic substances as rock, water, sky. This appeal to what we know most intimately may involve us, as it was meant to, in the thoroughgoingness of the Church's influence, an idea touched upon by the dove at the obelisk's tip.

This boundary-drawing and giving way appear also in what Frank Warnke calls a specially created Baroque persona (143). This voice in literature is self-examining, receptive, and tolerant of its own loss. Warnke notices how "those characters...who are most open to emotional

experience, undergo an imaginative loss of identity," how they give up a known self for "perpetual metamorphoses" (47). We find a voice like this in "Upon Appleton House," which, safe in what's "orderly and near," loses itself in one of the poem's many mirrors, "Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt/If they be in it or without."

In addition to the Baroque, the long pastoral tradition extending from Theocritus and Virgil to Petrarch and Boccaccio to Spenser becomes another outlet in which needed centers are sought in unfolding space. Renato Poggioli outlines its origins in Hellenistic and Roman thought. Interwoven in the needs of a new, complex, urban social structure, the "birth of pastoral coincided with the decline of the ancient polis or city-state and with the appearance of a quasi-modern metropolis." He traces its psychological root to a human ardor for innocence and happiness to be realized in retreat, a yearning belonging less to reality and more to the quicksand realm of daydream (1-3).

Marvell turns to pastoral and the quiet spaces it offers for making peace with difficulty. He calls the tradition's shepherds and shepherdesses into his lyrics, Daphnis and Chloe, Thyrsis and Dorinda, Ametas and Thestylis. He draws upon oaten pipes and hay-ropes, gifts to induce love, like "Oak leaves tipt with hony due," things that recall in us a pastoral landscape. Adopting this world's dialogues and green shades, he invites numerous

pastoral interpretations of his poetry. Harold Toliver, for instance, sees a division between poems of pastoral success, encouraging a final adjustment to the real world, and pastoral failure, exploring the dismembering of the ideal by the real ("Pastoral" 356-371). And Patrick Cullen, describing pastoral as a gathering point for unresolved conflicts in Renaissance thought, explores Marvell's dexterity within the tradition; Marvell uses pastoral, not only to think seriously about people in relation to morality, God, and history, but to smile at "the comedy of human experience and psychology" (202).

If, as Harold Toliver says, "Pastoral often involves...conflict between the search for simplicity and a complex, pressing society," it can absorb the unease with which the seventeenth century regarded a new, deviating universe. Having the power to keep space at bay, the tradition reserves for us areas of quiet and centricity. It offers a pattern of "retreat, discovery of creative capacity, and resurgent control" (Marvell's 88-89). Once one's security has been established, space no longer threatens as much; it becomes open to exploration, an adventure. Harry Berger describes how the pastoral enclosure is a sort of "green world" or "world inside a picture frame," which, "when it has fulfilled its functions...becomes inadequate and...turns us out" (46, 73).

Marvell's globes, gardens, and houses have a pastoral energy. He likes to outline calm, complete areas within large, unshaped space. We think of his love for roundness -- for strength and sweetness rolled into a ball, curious peaches, and orient dew -- for reposeful gardens, and homes conceived in a still, sober spirit. All offer a place to reflect and get a second wind; they ready us for different kinds of complexity -- the "Iron gates of Life," a world thrown together in a "rude heap." Most of all, though, we get bearings enough to feel space as an adventure, offering always a change of scene, "a new and empty Face of things."

Finally, Renaissance poetics sees the poet himself as one who senses and articulates connections between large and small. The seventeenth-century imagination was still guided by an Aristotelian notion of the poet's role, as expressed earlier by Sidney; a poet, he says, "coupleth the generall notion with the particular example" (14). When he said this, he was noticing how the poet managed to avoid the extremes of the philosopher, who swung way out through space, and the historian, who lived in minute, well defined worlds.

And, of course, in their different ways, the seventeenth-century poets concern themselves with inhabiting space, filling the immense regions crossed so easily by the philosopher with something known and regulated. Carew praises Donne, who did "the deep knowledge of dark truths so

teach/As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach." Herbert gently houses his devotion in lovely pattern poems and private experiences; a wounded mind yields to joy when it lives in the church music, or partakes at love's table. Jonson inhabits the large, generous ideal of the good life with a country home loved for its plentiful table and sharing spirit: "Where the same beere, and bread, and self-same wine,/That is his Lordships, shall be also mine."

These traditions have in common a faith in the capacity of the particular to measure out and define the general. The major seventeenth-century poets seem to hold to this close and protective correspondence between large and small (Barkan 47-50). While the universe had become a strange and restless place, stretching and unfolding in unpredictable ways, the major poets continue to call upon a close analogy between microcosm and macrocosm. Donne, for instance, is aware of a change in what had been a proportionate and abiding universe: "And in these constellations then arise/New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes." He seldom directs the tense intellectual energy that we enjoy in him, though, to exploring new patterns; instead, he enlivens the inherited analogies, giving them texture and depth in the same instant in which he regretfully notes their departure. Addressing the "sicke World," he celebrates Elizabeth Drury as a departed shaping principle: "Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame."

Marvell, though, seems to take a different road. We gather from his lyrics that he is given to analysis and reconsideration. He invites us to "Come view" a mental structure and see with him if he has "contriv'd it well." We suspect, then, that his way of dealing with miniature, with what hapens between small and large, will involve some kind of evaluation.

Marvell's connection with miniature, in fact, is a difficult one because it involves inventory. There is much that he borrows and renews in the models at hand and much that he suggests on his own. Most of all, we should ask ourselves how the relationship of microcosm to macrocosm appeared to him, and how special he was in dealing with it.

Some of our questions are answered by Marvell's own in regard to large and small; he makes inquiries of the old analogies. In Donne's "The Flea," for instance, the correspondence between large and small is taken for granted so that it becomes the occasion for something else, a gleefully clever attempt at persuasion. Perhaps one difference between Marvell and Donne lies in this: for Marvell, the transactions between large and small are seldom taken for granted, are seldom the servants to some larger purpose or intuition. They are so awesome and interesting to him that they themselves become subjects for poetry.

Part of the reason for this lies in the willingness of a certain kind of imagination to remain open to a

multiplicity of worlds. There was an increasing need for this in the seventeenth century. Robert Deming notices the response of some of the poets to the "multiplicity and plurality of parts in the microcosm" (79), a manifoldness made apparent by advances in thinking. Poets like Marvell and Herrick become interested, in a way Donne was not, in the sheer numbers of worlds; they wonder at the kinds of secrets guarded by worlds, and in doing so, celebrate their infinite expansion and reduction.

Marvell's joy in the secrets and properties of worlds is one of the clues to his specialness, I think. For him, the universe is an amazing place in which worlds touch or remain separate, each guarding a particular kind of life. In a time given to exploring the "occult resemblances in things apparently unlike" (Johnson 14), Marvell is equally concerned to show how they are different. He is sensitive to the subtle distinctions, say, in motives for mourning; he thinks about the differences between a garden and the world, a mountain and a hill.

This perhaps helps explain why Marvell found another great miniaturist, Nicholas of Cusa, so congenial. Critics have noticed a kinship in the thought of the two men. Isabel MacCaffrey notes Marvell's apparent familiarity with parts of Cusanus's work (261-9). Probably, what Marvell recognized in Cusanus is a shared habit of mind, a sense of things as little worlds. Cusanus felt, according to

Cassirer, that through a rich sense of our own particularity -- our capacity to perceive God with an individual, if limited, point of view -- we could experience, if not the infinite, ourselves and our own otherness in relation to it. Perhaps, Marvell's calm acceptance of just this prompts his courteous invitation at the end of end of "Upon Appleton House"; "Let's in," he says, motioning us, as we consider the darkness falling upon the estate, into our own particular selves.

Marvell's interest in little worlds and in the kinds of vantage they have leads him into some problematic situations, and I think his lyrics are an attempt to explore them. He considers, for instance, why a world would remain guarded. He sees what happens when two worlds touch. He becomes interested, then, in the dynamics and processes of worlds, and in doing so, finds that miniature absorbs much of what he has to say about life.

Fig. 1.1

Virginia and Florida, map of 1606

Source: Skelton, R.A. Decorative Printed Maps of the 15th-18th Centuries. A rev. ed. of the old decorative maps and charts, by A.L. Humphreys. London: Staples Press, 1952. Plate 47.

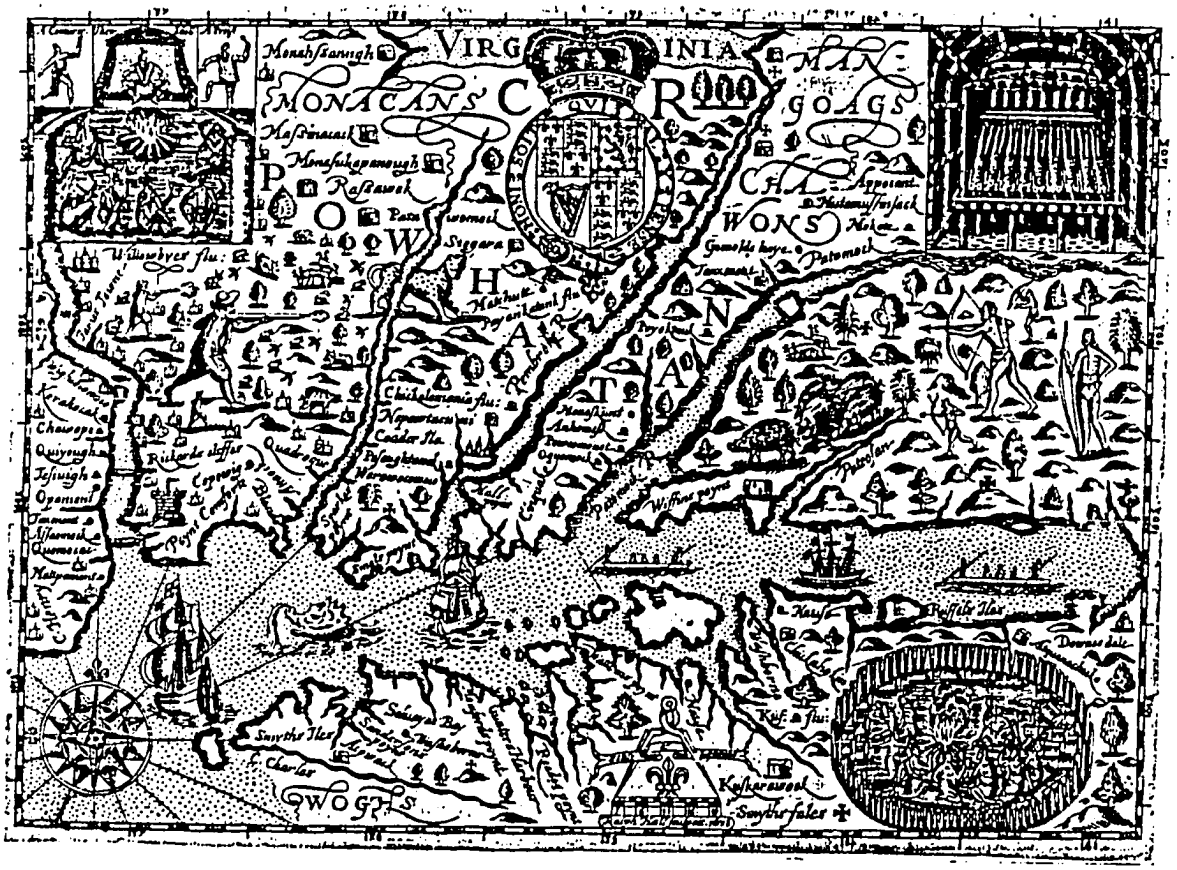

Fig. 1.2

Virginia, map of 1636

Source: Skelton, R.A. Decorative Printed Maps of the 15th-18th Centuries. A rev. ed. of the old decorative maps and charts, by A.L. Humphreys. London: Staples Press, 1952. Plate 50.

Fig. 1.3

Walled medieval garden from Roman de la Rose

Source: Strong, Roy. The Renaissance Garden In England. London: Thames and Hudson, 1979. 13.

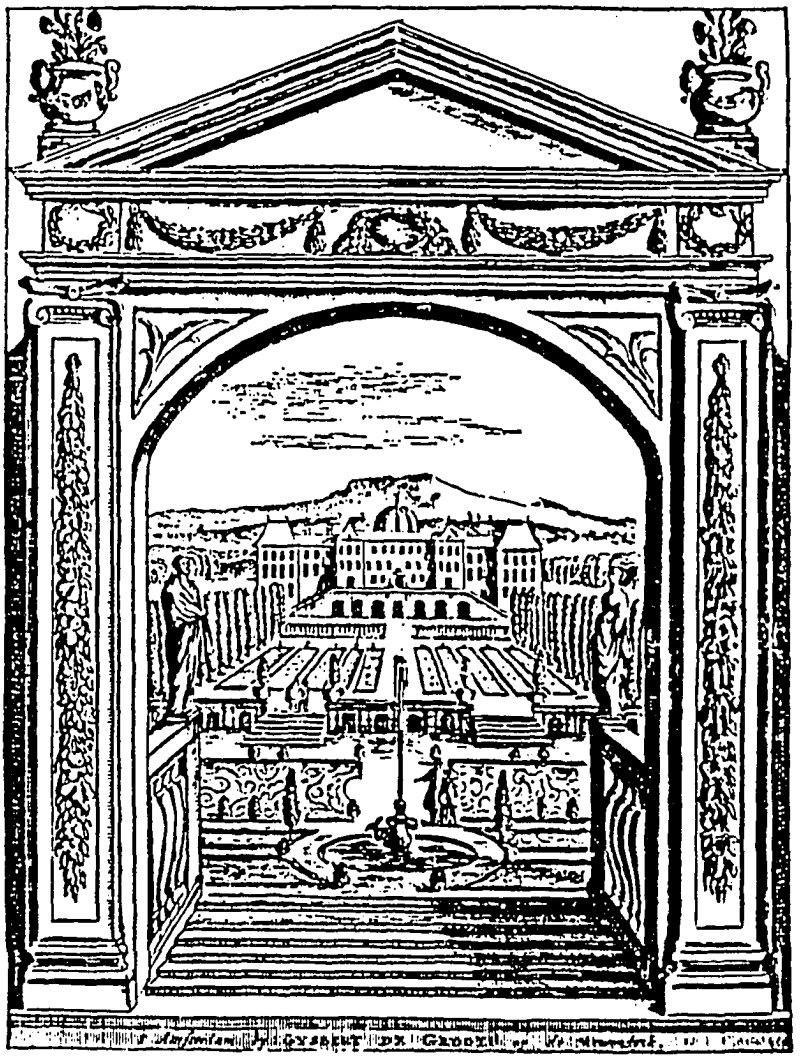

Fig. 1.4

Title page of a 17th-century garden book

Source: Fairbrother, Nan. Men and Gardens. New York: Knopf, 1956. 26.

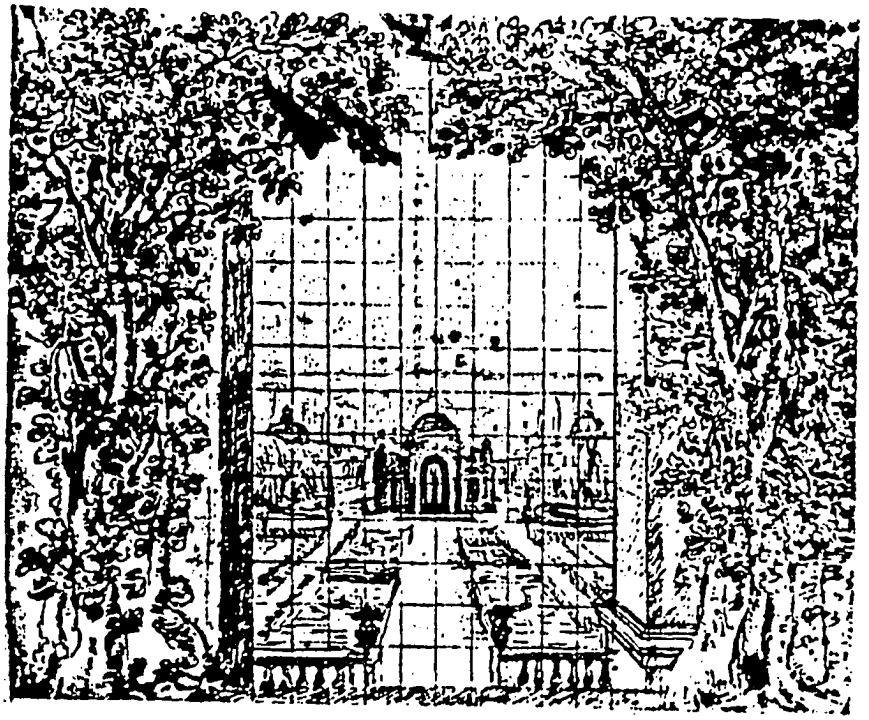

Fig. 1.5

A Garden and a Princely Villa, by Inigo Jones (1634?)

Source: Hunt, John Dixon. "'Loose Nature' and the 'Garden Square': The Gardenist Background for Marvell's Poetry." Ed. C.A. Patrides. Approaches to Marvell: the York Tercentenary Lectures. London, Henley and Boston: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1978. Plate 15.4.

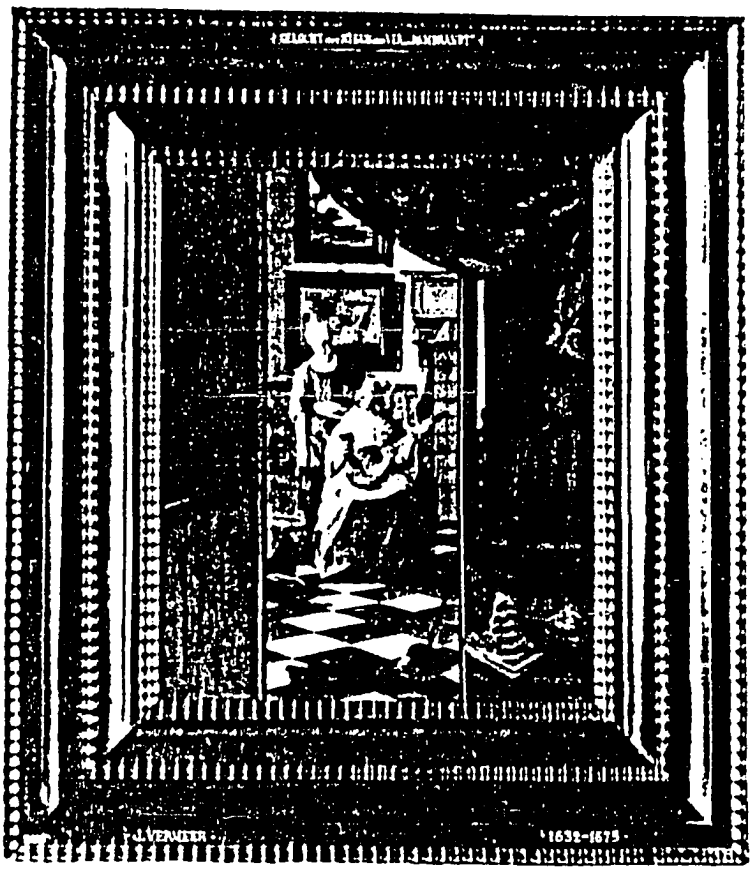

Fig. 1.6

The Letter by Jan Vermeer, frame of the same period

Source: Heydenryk, Henry. The Art and History of Frames. New York: J.H. Heineman, 1963.

Fig. 1.7

Las Meninas by Diego Velazquez (1656)

Source: Sheldon Jackson College art resource

Fig. 1.8

The Ambassadors by Hans Holbein (1533)

Source: Gardner, Helen. Art Through the Ages. 5th ed. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1970. Plate 14.9.

Fig. 1.9

Title page, 1st. ed. Henry Vaughan's Silex Scintillans (1650)

Source: Martz, Louis. The Meditative Poem: An Anthology of 17th-Century Verse. New York UP, 1963. 162.

Fig. 1.10

The garden as an emblem of patience, from George Wither's Emblemes (1635)

Source: Strong, Roy. The Renaissance Garden In England. London: Thames and Hudson, 1979. 207.

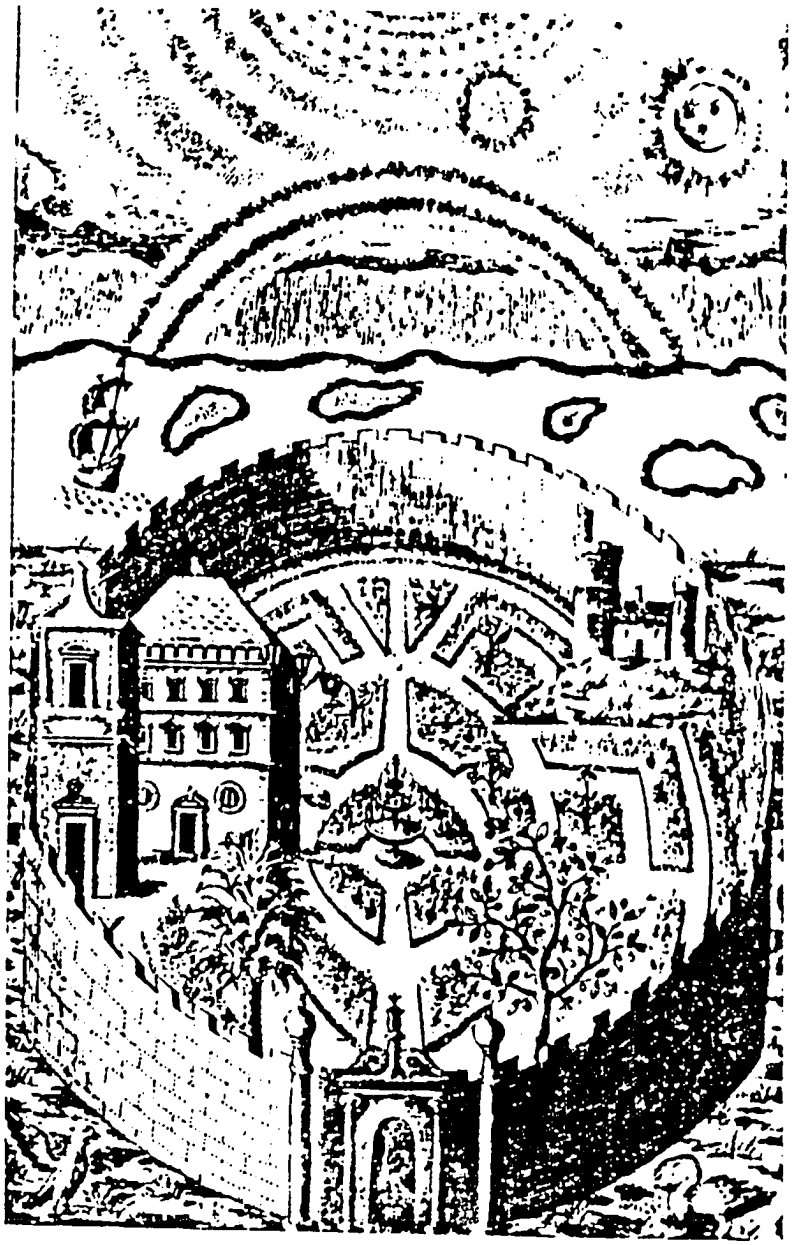

Fig. 1.11

Frontispiece to Partheneia Sacra

Source: Strong, Roy. The Renaissance Garden In England. London: Thames and Hudson, 1979. 209.

Fig. 1.12

The Holy Family at Night by Rembrandt

Source: Sheldon Jackson College art resource

Fig. 1.13

View of Haarlem from the Dunes at Overveen by Jacob van Ruisdael (1670)

Source: Gardner, Helen. Art Through the Ages. 5th ed. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 19970. Plate 15-10.

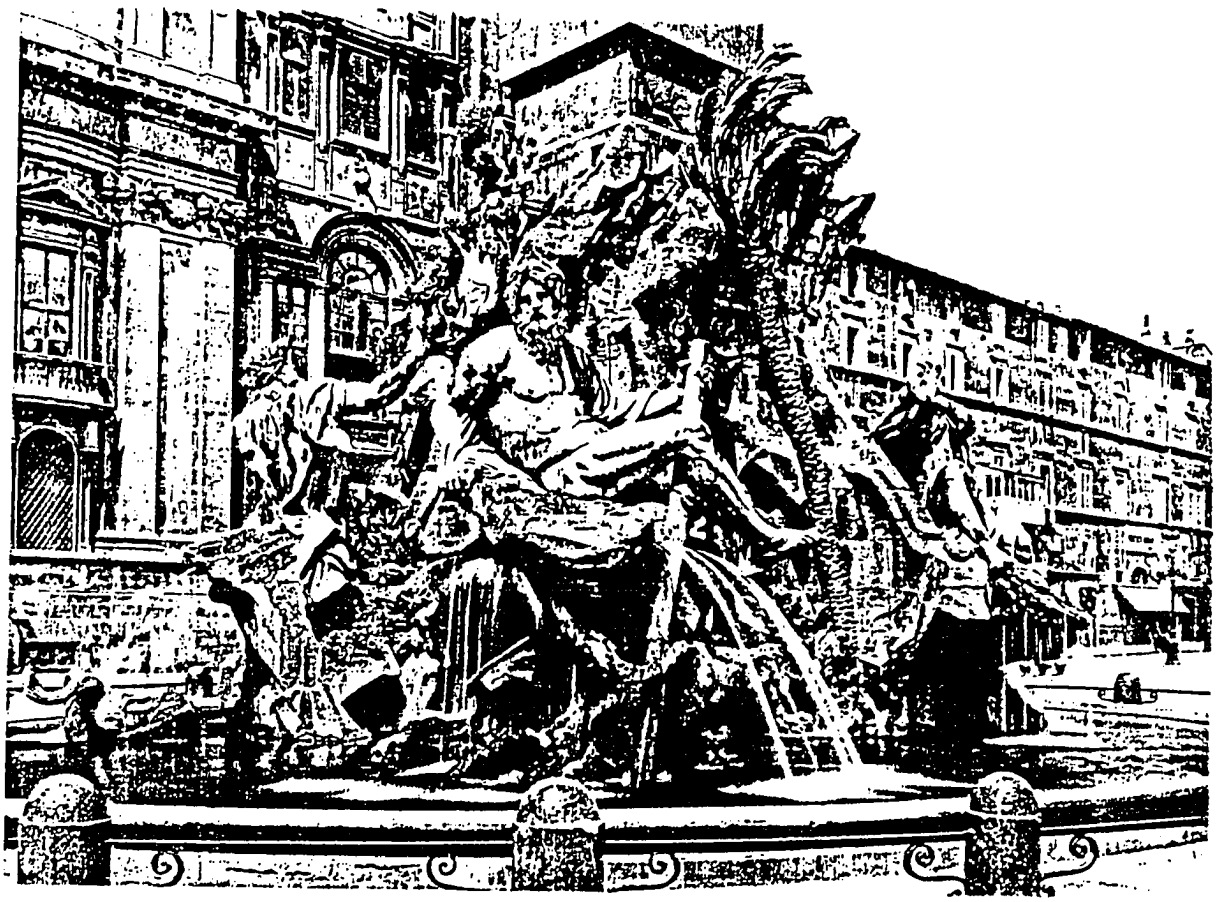

Fig. 1.14

Fountain of the Four Rivers by Bernini (1648-51)

Source: Wittkower, Rudolf. Gian Lorenzo Bernini. London: The Phaidon Press, 1966. Plate 78.

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CHAPTER 2

Invitations

An experienced host, Marvell is an extender of lovely and gentle invitations. He says, "Come," "See," "Let's in," and with these words we become aware of secrets and thresholds, for Marvell's invitations make possible an unusual kind of meeting. We, with our own kinds of lives, are invited into worlds other than our own, each with its own imperatives and intuitions. Marvell asks us to go with him on a journey, to experience in a living and immediate way the transactions between our worlds and others.

His delight in sharing with us what he has learned about worlds is part of a larger seventeenth-century delight in extending invitations. The idea of the invitation -- that we are being called upon personally to enter some world or process -- is a Renaissance convention. In painting, we are asked in by a "presenter" (fig. 2.1), a person in the canvas who is aware of the meeting to take place between ourselves and the painted world (Berger 57). Also, established as a separate craft in the seventeenth century, picture framing is, among other things, a way of inviting us in; the frame's role is to guide us "through an attractively designed opening toward a scene entirely contained within the focal point of that opening" (Heydenryk 5).

Fig. 2.1

The Vision of St. Jerome by Parmigianino (1527)

Source: Hartt, Frederick. History of Italian Renaissance Art. New York: Prentice Hall and Harry Abrams, 1987. 577.

The idea of the frame extends to the elaborate title pages of Renaissance books. Doors, arches and descending staircases in the extreme foreground lead us into a situation, say a formal garden or a platform bearing nautical instruments, and with a vantage on distant mountains or ocean, suggest an experience of different kinds of worlds (fig. 2.2).

Not surprisingly, the seventeenth century had a fondness for invitational poems inspired by classical models, a subgenre of sorts. A number of anonymous lyrics invite us to be merry, as in "Come, come away to the Tavern I say," and "Come let us drink away the time." College students, of course, can quote graceful lines from avid lovers to wary ladies, inviting them to seize the moment. Herrick, who like Marvell, delights in little worlds, penned some playful invites, among them, one to a painter -- "take/Thy Bice, thy Umber, Pink, and Lake" -- one to maskers -- "Come down, and dance ye in the toyle" -- and one calling the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of Westmorland, to the Harvest Home, for veal and bacon and pie. Stylishly disdainful of city life, Thomas Randolph bids Mr. Anthony Stafford to hasten to the country, where "We'll cherries plucke, and pick the strawbery." Most wonderful, perhaps, is Ben Jonson's sincere, refined invitation to supper: "To

night, grave sir, both my poore house, and I/Doe equally desire your companie."

Invitations are offered also by religious exercises. The meditations of the Renaissance had their roots in the ancient mysteries, initiations meant to ease in people the fear of death (Wind 1,3). The emblematic picture (fig. 2.3) in a formal Renaissance meditation also opens to us a kind of invitation; entering its supple space, the one who meditates can allow play to his memory and imagination (Warnke Versions 139).

Religious exercise greatly influenced seventeenth-century devotional poetry, which is full of invitational imperatives inspired by the art of meditation. Exploring the relationship between meditative discipline and English religious poetry, Louis Martz observes how both are marked by "an acute self-consciousness that shows itself in minute analysis of moods and motives," by "intense, imaginative meditation that brings together the senses, the emotions, and the intellectual faculties of man" (Poetry 1-2). Martz outlines the process of religious exercise, which consists of preparatory prayer, a kind of intense visualization or "composition of place;" premeditation, petitioning God to achieve the desired aim in the exercise, and involving the powers of memory, understanding and will; and the final colloquy with God (25-39). A meditative poem, he observes, follows a similar process:

> The speaker accuses himself; he talks to God within the self; he approaches the love of God through memory, understanding, and will; he sees, hears, smells, tastes, touches by imagination the scenes of Christ's life as they are represented on an inward, mental stage. (Meditative xvii)

Thus many peculiar features of religious poetry can be traced to meditative tradition.

In particular, the invitations extended by seventeenth-century devotional poems seem inspired by the opening stages of religious exercise, especially by what Ignatius Loyola has called "composition of place." In his ode on the Nativity, for example, Milton invites a reader to experience the awe and wonder of the redemption by visualizing the manger scene:

> But see the Virgin blest,
> Hath laid her Babe to rest,
> Time is our tedious Song should here have ending;
> Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
> Hath fixt her polisht car,
> Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
> And all about the Courtly Stable,
> Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Louis Martz notes that this last stanza is the concrete scene that would traditionally begin a meditation on this subject (Poetry 165).

Herrick's invitational strategy in his "Litany" also relies on "composition of place." Sometimes, Martz notes, the senses were employed in religious exercises to creatively meditate upon death, with palpable results:

> Imagine then (my friend,) even thou I saye, which art so fresh and froelicke at this instant, that the ten, twentie, or two yeres, (or perhaps two monethes or dales,) which thou hast yet to live, were now come to an ende, and that thou were even at this present, stretched out upon a bed; wearied and worne with dolour and paine; thy carnal frindes about the weepinge and howlinge and desiring thie goodes; the phisitions departed with their fees, as having gyven the over; and thou lyinge there alone mute and dumme in most pitiful agonie, expecting from moment to moment, the last stroke of death to be gyven unto the. (Poetry 136)

Herrick's "Litany" is full of similar images, the reclining patient -- "When I lie within my bed,/Sick in heart and sick in head"; the "artless doctor" with "No one hope, but of his fees"; the spiritual agony -- "When, God knows, I'm tossed about,/Either with despair or doubt."

Henry Vaughan invites via "composition of place," most originally in the deeply meditative "The Search." After Communion, he once counseled, "You should meditate upon his birth, life, doctrine and passion, his death and burial1, resurrection and ascension, and his second coming to judgement." In "The Search," Vaughan meditates upon Christ's life --

> all night have I
> Spent in a roving Extasie
> To find my Saviour; I have been
> As far as Bethlem, and have seen
> His Inne, and Cradle; Being there
> I met the Wise-men, askt them where
> He might be found, or what starre can
> Now point him out, grown up a Man?

-- imagining Christ as physically present in the places of the Holy Land: "And here (O fate!)/I sit, where once my Saviour sate" (Poetry 86-90).

George Herbert's invitations to a reader often employ "composition of place" in an architectural sense. In raising his "Temple" he "displays a structure built upon the art of mental communion" (Poetry 288), the organic units of "Church-porch," "Church" and "Church Militant" reflecting the meditative process of sacramental introduction, exploration through conflict, and calm assurance

(Meditative 535). From the "Church-porch," then, with its counsels for a good life, a reader moves gradually within the frame of the "Church" to experience a body of conflicts and arrive finally at a level of spiritual achievement (Poetry 288-320). Invitations inspired by emblem and religious exercise are numerous.

Seventeenth-century invitational imperatives that build upon "composition of place" -- whether they exist as engraved emblems or emblematic poems -- have a strong connection to the world of miniature. Susan Stewart, in her recent work on the role of miniature in literature, writes, "That the world of things can open itself to reveal a secret life -- indeed, to reveal a set of actions and hence a narrativity and history outside the given field of perception -- is a constant daydream that the miniature presents." She describes a toy as arrested life, which animated, "initiates another world, the world of the daydream" (54, 57). Perhaps the same can be said of the emblem and emblematic poem, which, frozen on a page, invite the one who meditates to fill and animate their frames with daydream.

Finally, the term "miniature" suggests the spirit of the invitation to enter a world. Historiated initials in illuminated manuscripts were those in which pictures nestled in the loops of letters; a picture not connected with an

initial was called a miniature, often outlined in black, like a tiny stained-glass window (Shenker 51). The word "miniature" is also related to minium, a vermilion pigment used to color the elaborate whorls and flourishes found in illuminated manuscripts (Lister 6). These meandering lines and curls of color appear to have a life of their own and suggest, perhaps, the life and energy of the world whose threshold we have crossed; pulled into the motion of the lines and colors, we are meant to experience and celebrate our relation to God (fig. 2.4). Later, when minium is absorbed into "miniature" in the sense of the miniature painting, the idea of worlds meeting is retained. Miniature paintings are designed so that they may be examined by one person at a time (Lister 68). This suggests a special relationship between the viewer and the painting, an invitation into some further experience of oneself. Perhaps, what the viewer accomplishes as his eyes meet those in a miniature portrait is a meeting of perspectives; he, with his own kind of life and experience considers, and is considered by, a face that holds another kind of life (fig. 2.5).

What these invitations share is an appeal to the mind to risk some further knowledge of itself. For Basil Willey, the newness of the seventeenth century lay in the shift from being to becoming (16). That the invitation is usually such an explicit one speaks for the felt need to match

perspectives and experience a richer way of seeing; the invitation creates a threshold, a place of crossing over, like an anthropological rite of passage. Mary Ann Caws notes that the passage is "the place of ritual and psychological transformation," and involves a series of steps. The passenger is first separated from ordinary rituals and opened to the unaccustomed in preparation for his new changed situation (Metapoetics 11 and Eye 15). In this sense, the life within the frame is meant to "engage the entire person and to make the person whole" (Sullivan 6).

The invitation is issued, moreover, by an imagination taken with the full engagement of the mind, the complex state of awareness. Harry Berger, in characterizing the second green world of the Renaissance imagination, marks the importance of this kind of engagement once the universe is revealed to be "other" (57). Intrigued by the mind's self-consciousness, the continual observance of its relations, always in movement, with what is "other," the Renaissance imagination likes to register the mind's capacity for complexity, change, and motion; Cusanus felt, according to Cassirer, that "the mind attains genuine insight...only when it 'explicates' itself and its own nature" (41). Appropriately, in the seventeenth century, perspective is no longer just a painterly term; it begins to be associated with the life of the mind (Guillen 49).

Baroque invitations, then, appeals to the mind to extend its territory, are deliberate and conscious, whether they take the form of an elaborate poetic conceit, beckoning finger, or garlanded garden archway. They are besides, in spirit and design, distinguished by a serious sense of play. We call, for instance, a place in which several enclosed areas invite us into different experiences, an "amusement park." In one area we'll see how life looks at breakneck speed; another will show us life through distortion, say, or fear. Apparently, "amusement" involves a willingness to go along with the invitation to experience life from many vantages and emotional angles.

Critics recognize that the invitation to the mind to explore its shifting involvement with the "other" has much to do with the nature of play. For example, Frank Warnke says games "imply a conviction...that ultimate reality...has the shape of the conflict of opposites" ((Versions 46). The conflict lies in the pull between the complex and difficult universe experienced as "other" and the centralized, protected life of a world committed to its own imperatives. Harry Berger also uses the language of play to describe the motions taken by a world to protect itself. We evolve what he calls a "second world," a simpler version of the unpredictable larger one. It is "the playground, laboratory, theater or battlefield of the mind, a model or construct which the mind creates, a time or place which it

clears in order to withdraw from the actual environment" (46). Baroque doors and archways, inviting us to explore the nature of worlds and the life realized and guarded within them, seem issued in this playful spirit.

Critics see in the playful invitation the possibility of taking on a world other than our own, one that guards a different kind of secret. Someone can be, Frank Warnke says, "transported by the play-spirit into a realm in which he is capable of conceiving of himself as other than himself" ("Sacred" 459). We can experience, through play, a world not pressed into the service of our own personalities; we can enter other perspectives. In this way, play is "participating in reality" ("Play" 351); the more we are able to enter other worlds, the more likely are we to experience reality as a thing not given to fixity but fluctuation.

Andrew Marvell, it has been noted, likes to play (Warnke "Play," "Sacred Play," Versions), and he does so even more than other poets of his time. His lyrics invite us to relax the hold on our own worlds and experience other visions. In them we share his own sense of "joyous make-believe" (Warnke "Sacred" 459), his delight in what a world takes to be its own.

Always, the lyrics invite us to lose our bearings before we land on our feet again. There are several ways in

which the lyrics invite us, becoming magic doors, chances for our present states to touch other possible orders.

One kind of invitation involves a gentle, explicit push into the new landscape. Over and over, we are asked to "Come"; "Come view"; "See how"; "See with." Sometimes, this mild cajoling wears the guise of a mental difficulty offered us, so that the invitation is more in the line of "let's work this problem out." In "Mourning," for instance, we are presented with a question: "What mean these infants," these tears? In "The Fair Singer," we share in the caprice of figuring out what a sweet enemy's "fatal harmony" is made of. Other lyrics offer us other puzzles to experience and unravel: how love is "begotten by Despair/Upon Impossibility"; how we deal with lack of world and time; the intricacies of weeping and seeing; how a lover resembles a match. In each case, the invitation coaxes the reader into a kind of mental playground.

Another kind of invitation appeals to a map-making instinct in each of us. Marvell likes to sketch for us whimsical terrains, strange geographies. We are enticed into landscapes that are as real to us physically as they are psychologically. We can place ourselves with some immediacy in his gardens, whether they contain lovely and amazing harvests of fruit or disturbing double blooms. We are drawn into "Bermudas" with an appeal to some map-making or geographical instinct in us, so that we imagine them

riding on the ocean's bosom. Even music is given a presence that we can inhabit; we are helped to an almost architectural sense of music as an empire, and of an organ as a city inhabited by echoes. Again, at the side of this gentle mapmaker, we pass into the slow, rolling pleasures of Bilbrough or across the amazing, metamorphosing grounds of Appleton House.

Marvell delights in sketching whimsical landscapes much as the cartoonists of our childhood delighted in outlining doorways in black crayon which drew us in to strange terrains. In fact, he seems highly aware of framing, and how the process involves the viewer, for the frame belongs more to the "space of the observer rather than of the illusory, three-dimensional world disclosed within and behind. It is a finding and focusing device placed between the observer and the image" (Caws Reading 15). Mary Ann Caws outlines the forms poetic frames can take, existing as verbal borders, insets, even vacant spatial surrounds (9, 10), sources of anxiety and amusement to an imagination like Marvell's as well.

Marvell creates a kind of verbal border, for example, in one of his titles, "The Picture of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers," the words creating a clearly marked entryway reinforced by the "frame" of the opening lines: "See with what simplicity/This nymph begins her golden days!" Invited to share the space of the speaker, we

contemplate rather than enter the picture within the frame, and in this way experience his own need for distance. Sometimes, as Caws notes, a verbal border heightens perception and focus through "a nervous repetition of the same terms" (9, 10). In "The Mower's Song," the repeated end line -- "What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me" -- acts as a kind of refrain that frames and intensifies the mower's obsession.

Insets, smaller scale works pointing to larger processes, occur in "The Gallery," a series of tableaux of the speaker's mistress in the shapes she assumes in his mind. Frames, in this well-contrived art gallery of the soul, are used to parody Petrarchan conventions and explore amorous posturing; the figures of the "Murtheress" and "Enchantress" are funny! Frank Warnke observes the "extreme variations of tone, which range from the ludicrous to the seductive, from the playful to the transcendent," having their source in the final image of the shepherdess, an embodiment of nature and its metamorphoses. The frames or insets seem to underscore the spirit of play which has Clora assuming so many disguises, amusing her fond lover. Here, insets assist us in coping with life's contradictions, involving us in reality ("Play" 348-51).

Empty surroundings, which Caws maintains "serve as well as the highly worked borders to make the essential point" (Reading 10), are another form of Marvellian doorway. He

uses darkness in "The Mower to the Glowworms" to emphasize the value of home; the ocean in "Bermudas" and heavens or sky in "On a Drop of Dew," "The Garden," and "Upon Appleton House" act as similar nondescript focusing devices.

Frames or doorways which call attention to themselves also reserve for the poet a respite for self-conscious evaluation. Caws remarks, "The movements of particular interest are precisely those in which the text whether painted, sculpted, or written reflects upon itself and the lines along which it is drawn" (Eye 5). Marvell makes use of frames to smile at, or make ironic comments about genre, as little T.C.'s "picture" plays with carpe diem, or the serial frames of "The Gallery" with Petrarchan convention. And "Upon Appleton House" is full of all kinds of frames signalling the genres of house poetry, masque, eulogy, emblem, subjects for literary fun and celebration.

Still another form of entrance-way into the lyrics involves a plunge into some crisis or dramatic situation. We enter other mental orders, other psychological states as they regard themselves, unfold, and betray their larger implications. Here, the lyrics become doorways by acting as keyholes. Often, we eavesdrop upon some "I" caught, as they say on "Candid Camera," in the act of being itself. Assuming a persona, playing at an identity, Marvell invites us to make believe we are not ourselves. We indulge in sport, game, ritual, in the same spirit of play that

"enables the poet to engage fully, without commitment, in the dance of contradictions which makes up experience" (Warnke "Play" 354). In this way, the initial "I long" in "The Coronet" pulls us into the speaker's complex moral awareness. Similarly, the childlike voice of the nymph complaining -- they "Have shot my fawn" -- persuades us into her need for withdrawal. We are intrigued by the voice that bids, "Come, little infant, love me now," and so, enter an imaginative order disinclined to adult passion. Again, with the mower's "I," we enter a mind whose peace has been taken away.

Sometimes we don't hear an "I" speaking; instead, we're invited into a world by a voice that knows it so intimately, it could just as well be an "I," the "I" actually a genre that has been personalized. Marvell plays at genre much as he plays at identity, regarding literary conventions as occasions for sport and psychology. His playful literary voice leads us to the drop of dew, inviting us through the emblem genre to experience that object's reluctances and longings. It guides us with the carpe diem tradition into the self-regarding world of the unfortunate lover, and by way of pastoral and Petrarchan convention, into the difficulty experienced by Daphnis and Chloe in their relationship. The invitation, via the genre's familiar form, interests a literary audience curious to see how the poet has "deliberately tried to write a single poem which

could summarize and surpass all that had gone before" (Colie 20).

At other times, two voices engage us. Marvell's dialogues invite us into the inevitable drama that unfolds when two worlds, each aware and protective of the things it holds to be its own, touch borders. The five dialogues engage us in this way.

I would like to suggest, though, that Marvell's most alluring invitations seem inspired by his acute awareness of images and spaces. With Marvell's gentle bidding -- "Come" -- we sense that the thresholds we cross aren't those of flat worlds. Marvell likes to play with favorite images -- figures drawn from pastoral, emblem, and landscape -- so that they elude boundaries of kind and assemble into a lively iconography. Pastoral figures, like Daphnis and Chloe, have life and energy. The silent figures from emblem -- the mower, the dewdrop, the soul and body -- flex and speak. Landscape images -- house, garden, hill and grove -- grow supple, -- "the swelling hall/Stirs, and the square grows spherical" -- becoming places we can inhabit with our reveries. Infusing traditional images with seventeenth-century self-consciousness in space, he guides us into small, protected spaces which resonate and awaken resonances in us, fluid spaces in which areas of our being are exercised and quieted.

These images have a freeness about them. Instead of being fixed in space, they reach into our space, so that we aren't sure what plane these figures are on. Since they aren't flat and uninhabitable, they can reawaken feelings in us for special kinds of spaces, house and garden and sphere. Sensitive to them, we can take them over. They become what Bachelard calls "centers of revery" (39), places that "give us back areas of being, hours in which the human being's certainty of being is concentrated" (33).

When, with his gentle "See," Marvell leads us to a drop of dew, we sense coming into being more than a flat and quiet parallel between a dewdrop and a soul. We understand exactly what a world accomplishes as it moves to shelter itself, and experience our own need for warm and enclosed spaces.

Again, a mower loses the boundaries of emblem when we meet him wandering in a darkness scattered with fireflies. He says "home" and something in us opens to receive his lostness. Our own feelings for home and what its absence can mean reawaken. Marvell's way with spaces -- he has drawn for us a darkness, tiny circles of light, and a revery, "home" -- makes of this emblematic mower an image we can live in.

A garden, in this way, assumes proportions we can inhabit. Marvell makes his garden into a place in which all things search to concentrate themselves. Gods seek

treeness; fruits ripen; a soul waves its plumes. Part of this green, infolding place, we allow our minds to withdraw to their own green shades.

Marvell's invitations work for us, then, because they guide us into worlds which accommodate revery and concentration of being. They work in another amazing way, though. Marvell invites us in, but he also invites us out. He shows us a sea or a sky and we sense in this a re-crossing of the threshold. We are now in that larger space charged with the presences of many worlds, including our own. Our worlds and the worlds we have met in the lyrics share the same sky and sea.

Listening, in "Bermudas," to the sound of the "falling oars" that carry the sea-borne pilgrims beyond our range, we face a shared vastness, a "watry Maze" that is ours as well as theirs. We share the folding within of all the life of "The Garden" only to meet, at the end of the journey, a herbal sundial and bees; these point us to a larger zodiac that catches up all our worlds. Finally, the night that comes to Appleton House in a "dark Hemisphere" comes to us as well.

In life, the voyages that we enter upon, experience, and emerge from often leave us with a traveler's weariness, a jet lag to which we must adjust. We are always aware of thresholds and the effort involved in crossing them. In Marvell's lyrics, though, the journey doesn't leave us

tired. This is because the one who invited us is at our side, his gentleness and tact lessening the impact of strange boundaries so that we may ease across them. Worlds become translucent; we sense the energies with which they charge the space around them. Fatigue of spirit lessened, or perhaps absorbed by, our host, we are free to delight in many-worldedness.

Fig. 2.2

Title Page to R. De Hooghe's Atlas Maritime (1693)

Source: Tooley, R.V. Maps and Map Makers. New York: Bonanza Books, 1952. Frontispiece.

PSALM 13:3

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

Fig. 2.3

Emblem XIV in Francis Quarles' Emblems, Divine and Moral (1635)

Source: Witherspoon, Alexander and Frank Warnke, ed. Seventeenth Century Prose and Poetry. 2nd ed. New York: Harcourt, 1963. 829.

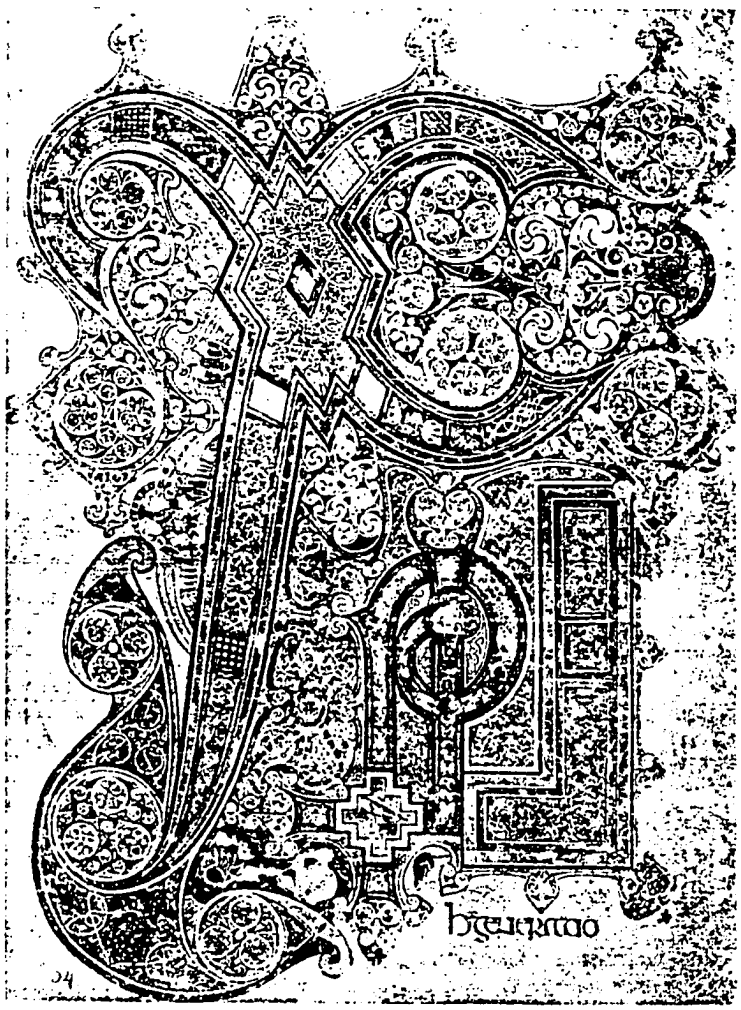

Fig. 2.4

Book of Kells, initial page (eighth century)

Source: Sheldon Jackson College art resource

Fig. 2.5

Miniatures by Samuel Cooper (mid-17th century)

Source: Murdoch, John, et.al. The English Miniature. New Haven: Yale UP, 1981. 111.

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CHAPTER 3

The Dialogues

Marvell wrote five dialogues, and in each, two worlds, fiercely protective of their own requirements, touch borders. As Marvell turns our attention from one voice to another, we consider the arrangements a world makes to circle itself, and how vulnerable it is to the sound of another voice with its own imaginative pattern. When one voice says no to another -- "Whilst Thou still dost say me nay?" -- or stands by its own terms -- "I sup above, and cannot stay" -- we recognize life seeking to shelter itself.

Marvell's vision of the universe as a diversity of secrets, each bounded and protected, makes him wonder what it is that happens when worlds touch each other, and his dialogues are an attempt to explore this problem. The dialogues are actually confrontations between two worlds, two perspectives, two necessarily limited ways of coming to terms. Each voice in the dialogue has behind it a special kind of experience, a way of life to which it is accustomed. By experimenting with these different voices, Marvell can consider the dynamics of miniature, the possible dealings between worlds. His voices play with the idea of permanent enclosure, for instance. Occasionally, they explore a series of correspondences. Sometimes one voice yields to a

simpler, more resolved one, allowing its world to be subsumed by another.

Since miniature becomes for Marvell a way of coping with a contradictory reality, the dialogues begin to make some suggestions about possible ways to live. Through the dialogue form, Marvell reveals both the stake each world has in its own perspective and the giving way to the other vision. We experience through the dialogues the need for both particularity and expansion, for a guarding of one's imperatives and a yielding to other ways of seeing.

Marvell's dialogues seem to grow out of his amused regard of differences. He is settled in his mind about the inevitability of opposition and the need to accept it and be calm about it. As an articulation of this intuition, the dramatic dialogue form is well-suited for exposing the imperatives and restraints of appealing points of view, a poetic strategy which reflects Marvell's own conviction that reality "has the shape of the conflict of opposites" (Warnke 45).

This shape that reality is perceived to have is sketched with a light touch in "Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-Ropes," the pastoral world, by definition a world set apart in which small things (parva) oppose great (magna), a "lesser world.../But in more decent order." Virgil resolves that pastoral "coppices and lowly tamarinds" are a fit

setting for "a somewhat ampler strain": "if we sing of the woods, let them be woods worthy of a Consul."

Critics have commented on the poem's oppositional design. Linking it to "The Definition of Love," John Carey maintains that both poems explore the plight of being resisted, and arise from Marvell's own conviction that "Frustration is thus inherent in the nature of reality"(138). On a lighter note, Patrick Cullen perceives Marvell's humorous acknowledgement of opposition in amorous affairs. He describes the fun Marvell has with the carpe diem tradition by allowing Thestylis to see through a typically male stratagem. Cullen sees the dialogue as a witty seduction poem in reverse, exploring in a comic ritual way the irony of sexual experience (198-9). In agreement with these critics, I'd yet like to emphasize the design of the hay rope itself. The form of the hay rope and the way this form is questioned prepare us for larger shapes within the poem.

Ametas

Think'st Thou that this Love can stand,
Whilst Thou still dost say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

Thestylis

Think'st Thou that this Rope would twine
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
Neither Love will twist nor Hay.

Ametas

Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which yourselve and us delay:
And Love tyes a Woman's Mind
Looser than with Ropes of Hay.

Thestylis

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

Ametas

Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kiss within the Hay.

The voices we hear perceive the design of the hay rope differently. For Ametas, the making of a hay rope is a cooperative venture, an image which he draws upon when he speaks of love. We recognize in Ametas a consistent voice, one grateful for assent, sympathy, agreement; he finds a

kinship in love and the winding of a hay rope: "Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay."

Firm and coherent as it is, his voice is immediately undermined and questioned when Thestylis enters the dialogue. We perceive in Thestylis an imaginative order that builds on polarities and tension; it underlies her own perception of the hay rope and love: "Think'st Thou that this Rope would twine/If we both should turn one way?"

This is a poem that celebrates difference. Rather than diminishing each other, the two voices serve as mutual resources. They circle and challenge each other, and in doing so, shape and confirm themselves. Committed to its own arrangements, each voice speaks for a world. We realize that the meeting of these worlds in dialogue is generative; they make each other possible.

This is a poem, then, about shaping. In the poem's title -- "Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-Ropes" -- we enter a kind of emblem -- John Carey describes the dialogue as an "emblematic debate" (63) -- that assumes life and pliancy. Gradually, the image of the hay rope becomes substantial for us. Patrick Cullen has noted a braid-like technique of "wit-by-reversal" and the weaving rhyme patterns (198-9). Ametas can suggest that they "both lay by our Rope" because they've become the rope, and we have too. It's a process which we've been a part of as we watched them convolve,

collecting what's theirs, answering the other, celebrating the shape of reality.

What could in life be a tense disagreement between two self-important speakers, Marvell defuses with a rare magnanimity, a humorous detachment. Using the dialogue form as a chance to explore the claims of first, one world, then another, he builds in us the power of empathy, of imaginatively recreating another's obsessions.

The dialogues are arranged so that our feelings are with each voice in turn as it moves to protect its own. In using the form, Marvell appreciates how our sympathies lie with beings that live in protected spaces. He uses the dialogues to explore the possibilities of enclosure. He would remind his speakers -- and readers -- that it's easier to live, like Sir Thomas Browne, in "a traditional, static world that exists as an object of exploration and wonder, a macrocosm securely enclosing, sustaining, and reflecting the microcosm of the self" (qtd. in Swan 568). However, Marvell amends, a truly rational amphibian hovers ambivalently between worlds, like the drop of dew, "Round in its self" yet "girt and ready to ascend," and the amphibious tortoise, which in "Upon Appleton House" bears its own fit case (l. 14) wherever it goes (Swan 568).

"A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure" explores just such containment as one moves between "divided and distinguished worlds," an experience

for which a visual analogue may be found in Diego Velazquez's Christ in the House of Martha and Mary (fig. 3.1). Ernest Gilman has already, in his fascinating chapter on Marvellian perspectives, noted a likeness between the painter and the poet, who share a delight in contradictory points of view. Gilman, as we saw in chapter one, draws some intriguing parallels between Velazquez's Las Meninas and "Upon Appleton House" (204-231). Likewise, Christ in the House of Martha and Mary seems to explore a strategy similar to Marvell's in "A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure." Dominating the painting are the large, brown-hued figures of an old woman and a robust peasant girl beside a table arranged like a still-life. On it, utensils, fish, eggs, garlic cloves and a jug are expertly rendered. The scene is characteristic of seventeenth-century bodegones, still-lifes with ordinary people and objects associated with food (Brown 44). However, darkly enclosed in the upper right corner is a bright vignette showing Jesus teaching Martha and Mary. Velazquez leaves no clues as to whether the vignette is a picture on a wall, a reflection in a mirror, or a view through a window. Sharply bordered, it seems to emphasize and delineate a mystery, a higher reality in relationship to the surrounding down-to-earth scene.

Or consider Mantegna's Wisdom Triumphant Over the Vices (fig. 3.2), which in its militant spirit and use of the enclosure provides another analogue to "A Dialogue

Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure." In the right foreground, a classical armed Minerva confronts an array of fleeing vices. In the upper left corner hovers a cloud-circled enclosure containing three Christian figures, an image of the resolved psyche. In both paintings, small protected areas concentrate energy against the forces that would dissipate it.

Like the paintings, "A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure" is about guardedness, emphasis, staying with one's boundaries. A rational amphibian, the Resolved Soul, enclosed in God's armor, vies with worldly pleasure as he nears heaven. Marvell guides our sympathies quickly to the soul, knowing they would move readily to any being that gives its energies to shaping its own borders.

The shape of the soul's world is soon apparent. Marvell uses a conventional iconography. Critics have noted the poem's relationship to a kind of medieval soul-body debate, the topos of the miles Christi engaged in Christian warfare against the goods of Nature, and romantic and epic allusions to temptation scenes (Lewalski 252-259). Louis Martz marks its likeness to a kind of royal entertainment, a "performance of a courtly masque of virtues and vices" (205). And Patrick Cullen locates it within the pastoral tradition as an anti-pastoral; the pastoral setting, rather than fostering the soul's communion with God, divides nature and spirit.

Not to contradict these approaches, I'd like to suggest still another mode of perceiving, that of the miniaturist engaged in warding off dissolution. Marvell employs the much discussed traditional iconography to invite us into the realm of the miniaturist; in doing so, he places us in a style of thought and feeling that we recognize in our own lives.

Addressing his soul, the "I" of the poem speaks in emblems that appeal to watchful and protective areas of being: "Courage my Soul, now learn to wield/The weight of thine immortal Shield." The Christian military imagery constellates our recognition of what it means to be intent and behind one's energies: "Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright. Balance thy Sword against the Fight." The voice of the miles Christi recalls an ancient situation in which our borders are threatened, and we feel the possibility of our own destruction: "See where an Army, strong as fair,/With silken Banners spreads the air." Its imperative tone revives in us the instinct of all creatures to collect their resources: "Now, if thou bee'st that thing Divine,/In this day's Combat let it shine." In this way, a conventional iconography -- an artful Nature and a resolved heart at odds -- is allowed to contain our sympathy. As readers, we find the threatened soul's resolve and containment fully satisfying.

Charged by the shapelessness of the life around it, the soul's world meets in dialogue the world of Created Pleasure, which exists as a vast, loose phenomenon, "All this fair, and soft, and sweet,/Which scatt'ringly doth shine." Its shifting faces threaten the soul and make the soul possible. Marvell shifts gears in Created Pleasure's speeches; we enter a different imaginative order, one grateful for letting go, letting be. Marvell improvises for Pleasure an iconography of pillows, perfumes, "sweet Chordage" and "minted Gold," summoning those areas in us that would like to subdue boundaries, be less watchful. Pleasure says, "Welcome," opening to the soul the experience of play.

Pleasure tempts with images that mean to involve the soul in its own looseness and ease. As an alternative to the "Warlike Crest," it extends the idea of being a guest, an heir. It thinks in insubstantialities like the "Souls of fruits and flow'rs" and "soft Plumes." Marvell has Pleasure draw much of its imagery from the life of the senses. All the senses serve as openings to the soul's guardedness, for Pleasure knows how they live in dependence; the sense of smell needs "fragrant Clouds," the ear "charming Aires," the eye "this Crystal." Actually, all of Pleasure's language is meant to extend and relax borders, create carelessness of intensity. It uses words like "share," "lye, "thither fly," and "strow'd," "pleas'd," "appeas'd."

This is a poem about temptation, about a moment in which the impulse to play is strong. Here I agree with A.J. Smith who maintains, "these poems are not so much moral debates as attempts to define our nature, whose complexities and contradictions Marvell vividly comprehends in this stark opposition of ends" (82). Although we stand by the soul's decision to keep its world intact, something is us would like, as Created Pleasure asks us, to simply be pleased. Pleasure offers us a kind of game in which, once we abandon our fixed selves, we can become both less and more than who we are. We can live a life of gentle rest, or have, if we like, all beauty, riches, glory, and knowledge at hand; we can "On...downy Pillows lye," or "Try what depth the Centre draws."

It's of course the littler world that wins. We'd not be satisfied, after all, if the soul's response to Pleasure were "Why not?" The element in us that roots for the underdog, that in our childhoods, made us hope the mouse would elude the cat, is too old and too strong. Marvell understands how, as miniaturists, we love beleaguered things.

This soul wins with words. A creative and interpretive linguist, it builds on the laxity and vagueness in what Pleasure says, putting the stretch back in an airy phrase. To Pleasure's invitation to dine, the soul says, "I sup above." Asked to rest, it responds, "My gentler Rest is on

a Thought." The soul's questioning and considering style -- "What Heav'ns...?"; "What friends"; "What slaves" -- shows it to be an assertive, defining "I," a conscious little world. Barbara Lewalski has commented that the soul's victory is actually a conquest of one kind of art over another, the soul's precise, epigrammatic octosyllabic couplets undermining Pleasure's sensual trochaic heptasyllables, so that grace wins over Nature (259-60). And Phoebe Spinrad marks the soul's relish for "epigrammatic couplets that often hover on the verge of wisecracks, playing with words, punning outrageously on the tempter's arguments" (265).

Characteristically, Marvell remains distant in the debate, allowing the contradictory claims of the worlds meeting in dialogue to assert themselves. Lewalski remarks that the poet's presence in the opening lines seems "curiously detached though hardly disinterested" (259). And Robert Ellrodt decides that Marvell possesses neither Herbert's "Busie enquiring heart," nor Donne's "naked thinking heart," but rather a distant, relativist, playful heart (224). His poetic demeanor, as he critically assesses the contradictions of experience, remains curious and calm.

In "A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," the soul responds to another world by remaining resolved and encircled. Sometimes, however, Marvell uses the dialogues to allow two worlds to open to each other a

bit more. In two of the dialogues, a naive voice gives way to a more decided one, allowing its world to be subsumed. In the stronger voice, we feel a direct dealing with vagueness. Marvell enjoys the defining "I," the moment in which space fills with consciousness.

In "Clorinda and Damon," the opening exchange tells us two things. In this brief and jarring collision of worlds, we feel the usual, the taken for granted, meeting appraisal, discernment. Barbara Lewalski has noted that the "response explored is one of conversion," the order of nature yielding to the order of grace; familiar pastoral emblems unfold into fuller spiritual meanings, revealing nature's celebration of God (268-70). Smith also feels in the dialogue that "sudden shudder into metaphysical sentience" (63). Clorinda says, "Damon, come drive thy flocks this way," and we seem to be in a gentle, unremarkable pastoral landscape. In Damon's brusque response, though -- "No: 'tis too late; they went astray" -- we feel the intrusion of a sharper, more demanding sensibility.

In the volleys that follow, the same pattern emerges. Damon transposes everything Clorinda says to an unforgiving minor key. Marvell lets Clorinda speak in stylized pastoral images that give her world a smooth, even surface. Questioning its gloss and implacability, Damon brings it closer to pain and need, areas it must absorb if it is to grow. When Clorinda says, in playful pastoral sport, "I

have a grassy Scutcheon spied,/Where Flora blazons all her pride," Damon deflates her language and darkens the thought behind it: "Grass withers; and the Flow'rs too fade." A succeeding clipped exchange moves again from sun to shade:

C. Seest thou that unfrequented Cave?

D. That den? C. Loves Shrine. D. But Virtue's Grave.

Repeatedly, Damon is a rigorous critic, one who gives a needed roughness to the enamel-like planes of her world. Patrick Cullen comments that Damon is "appropriately a worker in metaphor, a transformer of the letter of nature into spiritual metaphor" (165). When Clorinda suggests they lie "Safe from the Sun," Damon perceives their insecurity: "not Heaven's Eye." Again, her simple gladness in a "Fountains liquid Bell" is met with a sharp question: "Might a Soul bath there and be clean,/Or slake its Drought?" Robert Ellrodt finds in this line an example of Marvell's remarkable "obsession with purity," seeming to arise from an "inner necessity," a "structure of personality." What Ellrodt finds important -- "the nature of imaginative relationships and the correspondence between such modes of sensibility and the nature of the poet's religious feeling" (222) -- perhaps has something to do with Marvell as miniaturist, given to exploring worlds as they define their boundaries.

There's the possibility that two worlds harboring opposing voices would remain closed off from each other.

Here, though, Marvell is curious about another alternative. He lets the naive, stylized world receive the imprint of the more conscious, rigorous one. We're prepared for this by the language of the poem. Words like "transcend," "fill," "swells," "inspire," ready us for the yielding of one reality to a stronger. A visual analogue might be Ribera's Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew (fig. 3.3), in which a face with the strong character of a local fisherman or dockworker is subsumed into the image of the anguished St. Bartholomew; or consider Murillo's The Holy Family of the Little Bird (fig. 3.4), the homespun scene with playful puppy and Virgin winding a ball of yarn given spiritual significance. Clorinda joins Damon in praise of Pan, who has come to fill his songs. This serious, flirting couple finally agree, Clorinda's "Sweet must Pan sound in Damons Note" flattering the earnest shepherd, who gallantly responds, "Clorinda's voice might make it sweet." The poem's final chorus celebrates the absorbing of these two separate voices. The poem can return to the pastoral landscape we met in the first lines because it's been touched, refined, interpreted.

In "A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda," the interplay is again between a naive voice and a more knowing one. Patrick Cullen notes how "In both poems, the female protagonist blind to the eternal must be illuminated by the greater wisdom of the male lover"(200). Here, the dialogue

consists of questions and answers; in asking, Dorinda sketches a vague, empty space which Thyrsis tries to shape.

Dorinda's world is willing to be defined by Thyrsis'; her voice always gives way to his. A question poser, she's open and vulnerable to the shepherd's response, which she immediately makes her own. Where do we go when we die? Where is it? Is our cell Elysium? How can I get there if I can't fly? How do they pass the time in eternity? In this way, she opens areas for Thyris to fill, and his responses make the substance of her world.

Since her own voice is so yielding, our attention is drawn to Thyrsis and how his mind works. We become interested in the shaping of his perspective, in how his mind will subsume her large questions. A perspectivist notes that "Each soul is a world in miniature that represents the larger world outside with greater or lesser distinctness, according to its individual nature" (Guillen 52-3). Marvell has guided us to a singular voice, and we hear it taking hold of things in its peculiar way.

An unassuming shepherd has his say, makes his terms, shapes a way of seeing that is necessarily limited, but completely loyal. Marvell has placed what amount to Christian heresies in the mouths of pagans, who, after all, don't know any better (Spinrad 270). Thyrsis maps a heaven that moves us because he draws so readily upon his own world to people it. He makes a shepherd's heaven: "Ther's no

Wolf, no Fox, no Bear;/No need of Dog to fetch our stray,/ Our Lightfoot we may give away." In it, the kindness of the pastoral landscape reaches its fullest being:

> There, sheep are full
> Of sweetest grass, and softest wool;
> There, birds sing Consorts, garlands grow,
> Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow.
> There, alwayes is, a rising Sun,
> And day is ever, but begun.
> Shephards there, bear equal sway,
> And every Nimph's a Queen of May.

He speaks simply and assuredly from what he knows, which is all, really, that any of us can do. We're amused by him, and touched by the partiality and loyalty of his world. Patrick Cullen explains that the sources of this comedy are first, traditional, in the "rustics' partial perception and misperception of abstractions," second, double, in that we admire the rustic innocence yet feel superior to it, and finally ironic in that abstractions are shown to be products of basic sexual desires (201). That the terms of this shepherd's world are incomplete is not important. Dorinda accepts them, and joins him in chorus: "Then let us give Carillo charge o' th' Sheep,/ And thou and I'le pick popples and them steep/ In wine, and drink on't even till we weep;/ So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep."

If Dorinda can accept them, so can we. Her ready response makes our own more forthcoming. Marvell invites us to acknowledge the terms of a shepherd's world. We watch him frame things, hear him speak, and know that all creatures are interpreters, giving to the richness of views.

A world may enclose itself or subsume another; a third possibility that occurred to Marvell -- one developed in "A Dialogue Between the Soul and Body" -- is that two worlds can explore a series of correspondences. In absorbing and releasing, falling into and out of each other, they make each other possible. Numerous critics have commented on this aspect of Baroque sensibility, the "capacity of witty metaphor for superimposing two ideas, embedding one within the other" (Gilman 84). Mary Ann Caws notes this "meeting of contradictory elements representing the vision of one in the other" (Eye 38), and relates it to surrealism, which also assumes "there is in everything a portion of everything" (Metapoetics 36). It all, she feels, reflects "the mental process by which we pass from one element to the second, which is already contained potentially in the first" (37). In this Baroque, surreal spirit, "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body" observes how a "mobile, puzzling relationship can exist between container and contained" (Guillen 44).

Marvell lets us feel instantly that the two voices are painfully connected. Christopher Ricks observes how the

debate enlarges into a "nightmare of self-division" (115), and Smith how soul is not merely pitted against body; the "relation between the two orders of our being is more agonizingly complex than that" (81). Each voice seems to perceive the other as larger than itself, a dark and absorbing environment. Complains the soul, "O who shall, from this Dungeon raise/ A Soul inslav'd so many wayes?" The body laments, "O who shall me deliver whole,/ From bonds of this Tyrranic Soul?" And again, the soul argues, "What Magick could me thus confine/ Within anothers Grief to pine?" Each sees itself as a small world, beleaguered by a larger, stronger world that encircles it.

The pain comes from a continually interrupted need to guard what's theirs. Their connection is so close that they're always reminded of the reality of the other, the other's terms and needs. This comes through especially in the language. Smith says that the bizarre, penetrating conceits reflect the "agony of embodied spirit, the dilemma of spiritualized sense" (81). Soul and Body are accomplished, vengeful metaphorists. The soul, by its own description, is kept in

> bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
> In Feet; and manacled in Hands:
> Here blinded with an Eye; and there
> Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.
> A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains

Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.

Likewise, the body catalogues the "maladies" visited on it,

Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear;
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear:
The Pestilence of Love does heat;
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat:
Joy's cheerful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.

Their agility with metaphor is a response to the peculiarity of their situation. Both Soul and Body possess two realities, the one they know as their own, and the one they perceive as "other." There are always two sets of terms to reckon with. An unintentionally comic duo, these figures who

> knock each other out in almost slapstick verbal style have lost their sense of proportion and are foolishly trying to free themselves of each other. They do not understand that the human being, in order to <u>be</u> a human being rather than an angel or a beast, must be a mixture of body and soul. (Spinrad 271)

In a way, Marvell has used language to create a sort of anamorphic painting, in which there are continual adjustments to be made. We hear the body wanting rest, but

denied it by the soul, "stretcht upright" inside it. We hear a soul await the body's death only to be "Shipwrackt into Health again." We move in a world of paradoxes, in which a body must its "own Precipice...go" and a soul pine "Within anothers Grief."

Just as in an anamorphic painting, the restless swirls resolve, and we come to rest in an earned perspective, so here, we question where things begin and end, wonder where the borders lie, to sense finally the stake one has in one's way of seeing. As we laugh at the figures, "we must also ruefully admit the truth of some of their charges against each other; the mixed nature of the human creature can be a very uncomfortable mixture indeed. In the last analysis, then, we laugh at ourselves" (Spinrad 271). And as we laugh, we celebrate perspective, the repercussions between a world and what it perceives to be "other." As each speaks, Soul or Body is the center of a universe. Each is a passive hero willing itself to endure a foreign presence. In stepping into and out of each other, they create the shifts Marvell enjoys, movements between secrets that make the changing face of reality.

A world may close its borders to the choices around it; it may receive the imprint of a more resolved world; it may live in close and difficult connection "inside" another world. All these kinds of enclosure offer a place to concentrate and refine one's terms. It sounds like serious

business, but it's in Marvell's temperament to perceive it all as comedy.

All of the dialogues have a curious lightness about them. We hear many kinds of voices, each caught in its own peculiar peril, but sense behind their difficulty, a cool, magnanimous presence. Possibly it's Marvell saying, "This is life; these are some of the ways in which we connect." The dialogues are after all dramas, with room enough for opposites that logic can't contain. We get caught in their orbits. There's reconciliation here, a shared community, an open invitation to be a part of things: "For all the World is our Pan's Quire."

Fig. 3.1

Christ in the House of Martha and Mary by Diego Velazquez (c. 1619)

Source: Salinger, Margaretta. Velazquez. New York: Harry Abrams with Pocket Books, 1954. Plate 4.

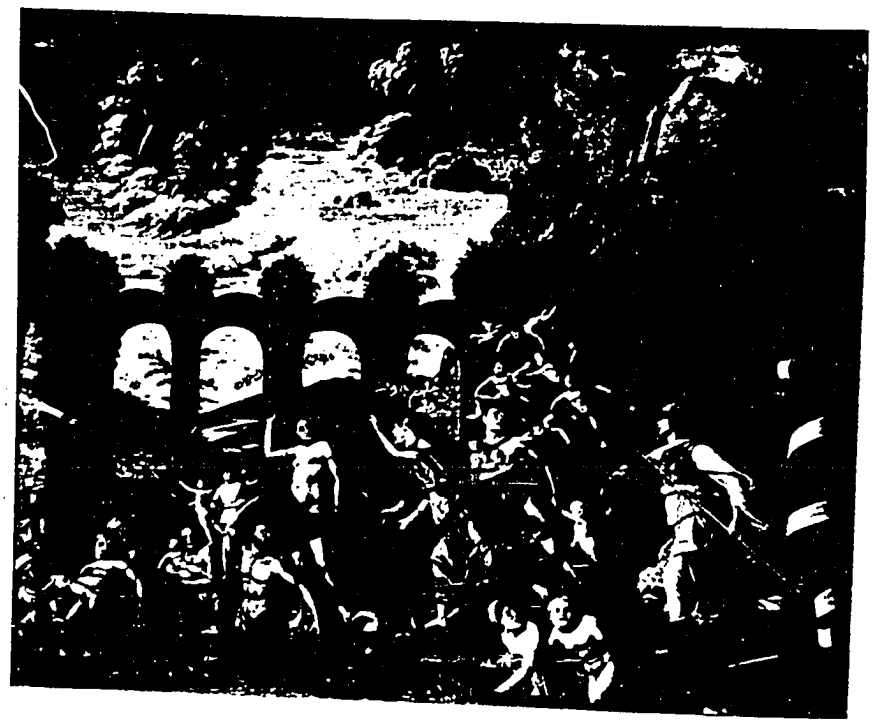

Fig. 3.2

Wisdom Triumphant Over the Vices by Andrea Mantegna

Source: Campbell, Joseph with Bill Moyers. The Power of Myth. New York: Doubleday, 1988. Plate 13.

Fig. 3.3

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew by Jusepe de Ribera (1630)

Source: Ragghianti, Carlo, ed. Prado: Madrid. New York: Newsweek, 1968. 75.

Fig. 3.4

The Holy Family of the Little Bird by Bartolome Esteban Murillo

Source: Smart, Ted and David Gibbon. Art Masterpieces of the Prado. New York: Crescent, 1978.

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CHAPTER 4

Portraits

By this means Art has begot a tiny bit of a machine pregnant with a great world, a Portable Heaven and Paradise, a great Universe in a nothingness of glass, a fine mirror where nature preens itself, astonished to see that by this stroke Art has surmounted and practically engendered nature.

Jesuit Father Francois Binet, upon observing a planisphere (qtd. in Poulet 18)

I now knew why there is a human figure in a clear glass globe or some kind of human habitation. The makers of those globes, tiny worlds of blizzards and calms, understand that the phenomena of nature mean little except as challenged or suffered by a human being. (Savage 276)

Amused by little worlds, Marvell allows a number of his lyrics to exist as glass spheres harboring human figures often comically undone by love. Petrarchan lovers take off or freeze happily into emblemata; a lover, forgetful of his real mistress, "frames" her in artistic conventions; a mower mows himself for love. Nothing seems to have delighted Marvell more than making believe he is not himself. He loves to play and assume personae, involving his readers in life's contradictions. In Eliot's often quoted phrase, his awareness "involves, probably, a recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, of other kinds of experience which are possible."

Critics, of course, have commented on his intense Baroque delight in "self-fashioning" (qtd. in Enterline 100), his "lyric interiority" (100), accomplished ventriloquism (Sicherman 45), and articulation of limited speakers (Berek 143). His lyric poems -- most notably "Daphnis and Chloe," "The unfortunate Lover," "Mourning," "The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun," "The Fair Singer," "The Match," "The Gallery," "Young Love," "The Picture of little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers," and the four Mower poems -- are clear glass globes, "artifacts which reflect the mind in action" (Gent 523) in response to love. They are reduced universes, portable and transparent -- "one can see all the cogwheels inside" (Poulet 18).

The threshold, place of crossing over, or "frame" to these little worlds is most often, as Rosalie Colie has so beautifully pointed out, a genre or "kind" ironically commenting on, or psychologizing, itself. The elaborately Petrarchan "unfortunate Lover," for example, pokes fun at both Petrarchan love poetry and lovers who relish their own pain. Acquainted with the gardens, emblems, and pastoral figures of literary tradition, poet and reader can extend the possibilities of genre: "The mind moving thus within a large general pattern familiar to it is thereby free to observe more subtle nuances of meaning" (Foster 73). In addition, the genre, by opening itself into a kind of "composition of place," to use Ignatius Loyola's phrase, shares another characteristic of miniature in its revelation of a secret, arrested life, which becomes animated and initiates daydream (Stewart 54).

Within these genre-frames, Marvell tends to articulate three kinds of secret life, all possibilities characteristic of miniature: the little world blocked off from its surroundings, the small world that subsumes a larger, and the world containing, and contained by, another. Enclosure, subsumption and correspondence are all ways of coping with the "blizzard" in the globe, the riotous havoc wrought by love. With tact and grace, Marvell encourages us, as we peer through the glass of the genre-world to its interior, to keep our sense of humor, for to borrow another often quoted

phrase from Eliot, "out of deep fears and frustrations he creates exquisite works of joy. The poems are acts of urbane and imperturbable defiance, affirmations of the mind's effortless superiority."

-I-

In a small group of portraits -- "Daphnis and Chloe," "The unfortunate Lover," "Mourning," and "The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun" -- Marvell explores within the "glass" of the genre one aspect of miniature, the phenomenon of enclosure in response to love. Some of Marvell's speakers behave like enclosed worlds in love, holding to the boundary that separates their life from the complicated and difficult life outside. Distant and impartial as he regards their frailty, distress and amazing mental agility, this poet seriously celebrates some forms of human silliness.

Through the double glass of pastoral and Renaissance love poetry, Marvell explores one kind of enclosure. "Daphnis and Chloe," as the title alone suggests, plays with the pastoral genre. Arcadia is always being rediscovered, and pastoral poetry drew within its idealized microcosm of goatherds and shepherdesses many erotic motifs, sometimes merging with the intricate plots, disguises, chaste lovers, and exaggerated emotions of romance. Recounting the

adventures of two foundlings among shepherds, Longus' "Daphnis and Chloe," a pastoral romance of the third century, combines romantic adventure with pastoral atmosphere (Curtius 187; Highet 163-4). Marvell's own "amorous pastorals" explore an ironic perspective on love in the tradition of Theocritus, Virgil and Spenser (Cullen 183), Marvell borrowing freely from a line of pining pastoral heroes like Virgil's Gallus, regarded so sensibly by his companions: "Gallus, why this madness?"

"Daphnis and Chloe" also makes a playground out of the generic conventions of the Renaissance love poem, with its coy Cellas, Julias and Phyllises fending off urgently Petrarchan lovers. In it Marvell laughs at love's postures and disguises. He has Daphnis, used to being coyly denied by his mistress, caught off balance when she gives in, biting the dust in a firework display of logic and amorous rhetoric.

Typically, the poet has a great time upending literary traditions, reversing sexual, as well as genre roles. Daphnis' diffidence is characteristic of the hero of pastoral romance, but in terms of the Renaissance Petrarchan tradition, he is more like the mistress. Noting "Daphnis and Chloe"'s "ironic many-sidedness," A.J. Smith marks its "amused sense of "how circumstances may alter our most confirmed postures and professions, how little in our affairs is unambiguously stable" (58-9). Similarly, Robert

Ellrodt observes the "ironical or semi-burlesque" handling of love conventions, and the "perception of contrasts and discrepancies between words or attitudes and actual feelings or behavior" (220, 224). Indeed, Petrarchan and pastoral lovers, who pine, brood, reflect, are used to a condition of longing. "What would happen," Marvell seems to ask, "if the mistress were to say yes?" As readers, we delight in the ensuing alarm and commotion.

Daphnis has certainly dog-eared the literary lover manual. True to form,

> His disorder'd Locks he tare;
> And with rouling Eyes did glare,
> And his cruel Fate forswear.

His speeches are a collage of all the love imagery and metaphors we are likely to have encountered in the poetry of romance, love as "fruit," "Favours," "Jewels," a "delicious Cup"; or contrastingly, as "Fire," "Cruelty," "Torches," "ravishment"; the personal "Hell and Heaven" of the lover, "Between Joy and Sorrow rent"; the departing soul and "Lovers Ghost"; love's dramatic chronology -- the "dismal Hour" and "latest minut"; the love game as "Siege," which inspires Marvell to an amusing variation: Daphnis

> Knew not that the Fort to gain
> Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

Through the glass globe of love poetry, we observe this couple engaged in the complex maneuvers of the love dance.

Within the frame of the genre, Marvell perceives a secret life, a way of handling love's contradictions. He has some gentle fun with Chloe, who maintains the required coyness until parting:

> With this sad News surpriz'd,
> Soon she let that Niceness fall;
> And would gladly yield to all,
> So it had his stay compriz'd.

But he has a heyday with Daphnis! Beneath the rhetoric, we learn, his real response to love is to beat a quick retreat. His perceptions of fulfilment are comical:

> All th'Enjoyment of our Love
> But the ravishment would prove
> Of a Body dead while warm

or

> the Gourmand Hebrew dead
> While with Qualles and Manna fed;

and my favorite,

> Rather I away will pine
> In a manly stubborness
> Than be fatted up express
> For the Cannibal to dine.

His reluctance and shyness in the face of feminine acceptance are characteristic of the hero of pastoral romance. However, such ingenious evasions of Chloe's sudden willingness reveal, beneath his literary emotions, an

evasiveness, and cruelty, perhaps. We discover that the pose of the literary lover, upon which he expends "All his Labour, all his Art," serves as a safe enclosure for Daphnis, who, unmasked, emerges simply as a man who wants very badly to get free: "Last night," Marvell wryly observes,

> he with Phlogis slept;
> This night for Dorinda kept;
> And but rid to take the Air.

Daphnis' parting words,

> Yet he does himself excuse;
> Nor indeed without a Cause
> For, according to the Lawes,
> Why did Chloe once refuse?

dissolve "the false appearances of passion," the poet coolly exposing "the empty violence or solemnity of speech and gesture" (Ellrodt 224).

Marvell was apparently intrigued by the figure of the literary lover, because he takes one on again in "The unfortunate Lover," viewing him this time through the glass of emblem, speaking pictures which act as centers for "worship and resolve" (Scoular 13). J. Max Patrick notes that the final ensign, "In a Field Sable a Lover Gules," seems to be a version of Emblem CVII in Alciati's Emblemata (1st ed., 1531): "Love conquers all by showing Cupid defying lightning and tempest as he stands on huge waves.

Marvell replaces him with the bloody but unbowed lover who cuffs the thunder with one hand and grapples the rock with the other: though buffeted, he is heroically unconquerable." Other critics comment on "The unfortunate Lover"'s emblematic nature. Ann Berthoff calls the last line an "armorial emblem" (87), while Peter Schwenger sees it more as a "device or impresa" (364). Louis Martz suggests a possible reading of "Christian love...being forced to enact a bloody emblem" (209); Davidson and Jones, locating a political strand, relate the poem to Marvell's "contemplation of an emblem of the exiled royal children" (171).

Characteristically, Marvell refines emblem tradition to explore an interior life. Robert Ellrodt perceives Marvell's interest in "the hyperbolical or emblematic expression of love" (220), the "projection of emotions into pictures" (225). The poem's opening lines describe the pleasant days of fortunate lovers, whose run-of-the-mill requited love fails to make any mark on history:

> Alas, how pleasant are their dayes
> With whom the Infant Love yet playes!
> Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
> By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.
> But soon these Flames do lose their light,
> Like Meteors of a Summers night:
> Nor can they to that Region climb,

To make Impression upon Time.

A reader familiar with emblem tradition might imagine shaded pairs of lovers, hovering flames and Cupids, a declining meteor.

The rest of the poem portrays, in contrast, the unfortunate lover, tormented by the "Tyrant Love," again through a series of emblem images (Patrick). The lover's violent birth and heritage of misfortune are pictured in his emergence from his mother, who has been split upon a rock amid forked lightning, "ratling Thunder," howling winds and ragged clouds. Another emblem has the helpless lover in a similar scene, this time being both devoured and fed by a "fleet of Corm'rants black." A following emblem expresses a change in mood, the lover resisting his bad luck like the Greek hero Ajax. A reader might imagine him "ragg'd with Wounds," full of Love's arrows, yet holding his own against Fortune. Marvell is careful to mark the frame:

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the Thunder with one hand;

The final ensign is a blood-red picture of the lover against a black background, -- "In a Field Sable a Lover Gules" -- an image, which unlike the idyllic lovers of the first stanza, makes an impression upon time through "Musick" and "Story." Passion has achieved the state of artifact, and a funny one at that! The love imagery, pushed a bit too far,

makes us laugh at this "Lover Gules," decked out in his own blood, "centerfolded" into a banneret.

Peering through the window of emblem, Marvell is curious to observe the interior life of the abject lover, who "his own Blood does relish best." Like Daphnis, who uses the pose of the Petrarchan lover as a safe retreat, the wretched lover emerges, under the poet's amused scrutiny, as another type seeking enclosure. Again, Marvell conveys this through emblem. Traditionally, emblems tend to radiate outward, a candle flame, for instance, suggesting the greater lights of daybreak and the soul's well being; or Marvell's own drop of dew expanding to contain larger meanings in its likeness to the soul and sacred manna. In contrast, the emblems of "The unfortunate Lover" fold inward in humorous Petrarchan hyperbole. An extravagant narcissist, the lover somewhat comically refers everything to himself, like Damon the Mower:

> The Sea him lent these bitter Tears
> Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears
> And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
> Which through his surging Breast do roar.

One critic notes in this stanza the "dissolution of the poetic subject into its figures," the stormy sea buffeting his body, effacing "all distinction between 'within' or 'without'," an essential aspect of narcissism (Enterline 108). The lover's wild, Petrarchan, self-circling energy

creates a mask for one who seeks safety. The closing image of the "Lover Gules," Enterline remarks, is a "ruse of determined sense out of an undifferentiated chaos" (109). The elaborate, exaggerated image seems to suggest the lover's interest, not so much in his passion, but his pose. Like Daphnis, indeed, "the essential nature of this lover is to resist love" (Schwenger 372); however, I find Schwenger's interesting diagnosis of forbidden homosexual passion less useful than Phoebe Spinrad's suggestion that through hyperbole and bathos, Marvell explodes into absurdity the "posturing with which such suffering is often displayed" ("Marvell" 269).

The unfortunate lover's feminine counterpart might be Chlora of "Mourning," weeper of cartoon-like Baroque tears. Marvell, of course, is playing with the seventeenth-century tear imagery that so intrigued poets like Crashaw, whose elaborate tears -- "Two walking baths," "Portable and compendious oceans" -- express utter abandon to sorrow. Chlora's tears are no less fantastic:

> Her Eyes confus'd, and doubled ore,
> With Tears suspended ere they flow;
> Seem bending upwards, to restore
> To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe.

As he did within emblem tradition in "The Unfortunate Lover," Marvell seems, within the genre of tear poetry, to poke fun at highly wrought grief. Keeping his "silent

Judgment" as to Chlora's motives for mourning Strephon, he yet hints that her grief is a pose:

> And, while vain Pomp does her restrain
> Within her solitary Bowr,
> She courts herself in am'rous Rain;
> Her self both Danae and the Showr.

Like the "Lover Gules"'s, her pain serves as a retreat from love into self: "She loves her love and her self, her grief and her tears. Dead Strephon once courted her, now she courts herself" (Ricks 112-13). One critic perceives a cool irony in

> The Indian Slaves
> That sink for Pearl through Seas profound,
> Would find her Tears yet deeper Waves
> And not of one the bottom sound.

Marvell "seems to cast a doubt on the reality of an inner life whose 'bottom' one may not 'sound'" (Ellrodt 224).

In contrast to these witty reduced universes, Marvell's most sober portrait is perhaps "The Nymph Complaining for the death of her Faun." The deceptively simple lament over a "slight affair" has profoundly moved readers, and critics struggling to explain its impact. One group (Bush, Bradbrook and Thomas, Emerson, Hartman), deciding that readers are moved by its deeply religious tone, sees the poem as an allegory derived from the Song of Songs, the fawn as crucified Christ or the troubled Anglican Church.

Another (Allen, Wallerstein, Williamson), locating the poem's power in its allusiveness and appeal to a wide range of experience, approaches the lyric as a complex gathering of religious and mythical motifs. A third group (Berthoff, Nevo, Spitzer, Tolliver), feeling that the poem itself generates the response rather than elements outside it, discovers its force in the universal tensions within it. These critics tend to focus on the Nymph's psychological maturing, the destruction of innocence, elements of pastoral, and aspects of metaphysics.

My argument, like T. Katharine Thomason's and Carolyn Asp's, sees the Nymph's lament as a moving but extreme expression of aesthetic retreat. Unlike Phoebe Spinrad and Leo Spitzer, who see the Nymph in terms of her psychological journey and maturing, I suggest, as do others (Asp, Colie, Thomason, Tolliver), that the Nymph reaches, not for the jarring impact of self and other, but for a kind of oneiric content. Like a clear glass globe with blizzard and solitary woodcutter, the lament is oddly moving in its repose, isolation, and utter fragility. Structure, imagery, and point of view arouse a reader's sympathy and doubt.

Literary frames overlap and interpenetrate, the most obvious, perhaps, being the pastoral frame inhabited by a fully dramatized pastoral persona. The Nymph's easy pastoral retreat is a response to the destructive world of process represented by the "wanton Troopers." They are to the

Nymph, suggests one critic, what the Roman landholders are to Mellboeus in Virgil's first eclogue, "the external disruptive powers which threaten the pastoral ideal":

> The Nymph, like Mellboeus, finds her life changed because of these powers; but instead of envying other innocents who remain untouched and instead of going forth from the garden to compete in the world as does Virgil's shepherd, she withdraws farther from the world to mourn her losses and plan an escape from life itself. (Thomason 96)

The narrative begins at a critical point in the Nymph's life and reveals her reactions to the challenges of the external world. She responds to the senselessness of the troopers' violence with prayers:

> Heavens King
> Keeps register of every thing:
> And nothing may we use in vain.
> Ev'n Beasts must be with Justice slain;

However, her rejection of the idea of the sacrificial redemption of the "Ungentle men" suggests her doubt in the power of prayer (ll. 18-24). At this point, notes Thomason, she turns from prayer-making to "sifting through past experience for a clue to the way the world works" (97).

"Unconstant Sylvio" seems a parallel to the wanton troopers, leaving her his fawn, but taking his heart. The incident, notes Thomason, is full of puns ("hart as heart" and "deer as dear"), strengthening the parallel. We learn that when Sylvio left, the Nymph retreated with the fawn, a safer love object than the unreliable Sylvio:

> Thy Love was far more better then
> The love of false and cruel men.

In the last section (ll. 93-), which returns to the present, she watches the fawn pass away, turning to art for consolation:

> First my unhappy Statue shall
> Be cut in Marble; and withal,
> Let it be weeping too: but there
> Th'Engraver sure his Art may spare;
> For I so truly thee bemoane,
> That I shall weep though I be Stone:
> Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
> My breast, themselves engraving there.
> There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
> Of purest Alabaster made:
> For I would have thine Image be
> White as I can, though not as Thee.

The Nymph's characteristic responses to disappointment, suggests Thomason, reveal an effort to shape an alternative

world which "conspicuously excludes, rather than includes and commands, the shaping forces of the world which has injured her" (100).

The lyric's structure, revealing progressively more extreme forms of withdrawal, is reinforced by imagery. One strand of metaphor involves games and play:

> Thenceforth I set my self to play
> My solitary time away,
> With this; and very well content,
> Could so mine idle Life have spent.
> For it was full of sport; and light
> Of foot, and heart; and did invite
> Me to its game:

Her idle play with the fawn, one critic suggests, is an inversion of the function of play in everyday life. Typically, we play games in the awareness that life will intrude at any moment; the Nymph, in contrast, plays seriously "in an attempt to impose a coherent pattern on apparently random activity" (Asp 399).

Similarly, the Nymph's garden serves as a place for the mind to withdraw and create its ideal solutions:

> I have a Garden of my own,
> But so with Roses over grown,
> And Lillies, that you would it guess
> To be a little Wilderness.

The "little Wilderness" she claims as her own is a closed world, containing within it, "the polarities of red and white, roses and lilies, or if you will, passion and coldness, nature and the transcendence of nature, life and death, process and stasis" (Asp 401). Another critic locates the Nymph's garden within a tradition of corrupt literary garden-wildernesses, the unweeded garden in Hamlet, the "rank pasture" of the Duchess of Malfi's court, the garden in Hawthorne's "Rappacini's Daughter" (Spinrad "Death" 55).

The image of the weeping statue is another measure of the Nymph's extreme withdrawal. In it, she transforms "both herself and the fawn into permanent artifacts in idealized postures" (Asp 403), her innocence and compassion translated into "cold marble or alabaster, violable by nothing but its own tears" (Smith 67).

Marvell also employs point of view to communicate the Nymph's fragility and isolation. The opening couplet --

> The wanton Troopers riding by
> Have shot my Faun and it will dye

-- is simple, concrete, and child-like, like a nursery rhyme. Plain statements and bald assertions --

> O I cannot be
> Unkind t' a Beast that loveth me

-- contribute to the aura of innocence. Her voice has a quality of awe and childlike wonder:

But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill:
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within. (Foster 75-77)

Other critics have commented on the childlike persona, the "astonishing innocence and naivete of her tone of voice" (Berek 152).

The simple monologue is itself a form of retreat, closed to other possible outlooks. The "monologal voice of the nymph," one critic notes, "creates a world not open to correction or the interplay of varying perspectives made possible by dialogue" (Asp 403). Asp notes how the "egocentric 'I'" draws a reader across the threshold into the Nymph's world, and controls the events it narrates (403). One obvious characteristic of this lyric voice is what another critic, speaking of another poem, terms "self-reflexivity" or "self-referentiality" (Enterline 98, 101). The Nymph's language has a circular, egocentric turn: "I set my self to play/My solitary time away"; "I have a Garden of my own." Her self-reflexive descriptions of the fawn reveal the degree to which it has become an extension of her own personality: "It seem'd to bless/Its self in me"; "I it at mine own fingers nurst": and

Upon the Roses it would feed

Until its Lips ev'n seemed to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.

Via structure, imagery and point of view, then, Marvell gently criticizes the Nymph's extreme expression of pastoral retreat. Through her lonely, wondering voice, speaking quietly to readers from within her pastoral enclosure, Marvell weighs the possibility of repose within an imperfect reality. A sad and solemn still-life, she is yet the world in little, reflecting upon that world, and inviting speculation in the beholder. As Marvell "quietly discredits an altogether fugitive and cloistered virtue" (Thomason 105), he "confronts the questions of time, death, loss, and mutability -- and finds no answers, only a new and more beautiful way to state the questions, always in terms of the questions that have gone before" (Spinrad "Death" 59).

-II-

In a second group of portraits -- "The Fair Singer," "The Match," "The Gallery," "Young Love," and "The Picture of little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers," -- Marvell explores another aspect of miniature, the small world that subsumes a larger. Through the glass of Petrarchan love poetry, he observes the mind's funny, ingenious attempts to cope with love's hilarious devastation, this time by

shrinking love's boundaries. Love, in all its extravagant disarray, is confined to a manageable frame.

Both "The Fair Singer" and "The Match" play with the witty Petrarchan strategy of reducing love to a self-sufficient microcosm. Of course, Marvell is working within a long tradition of happy microcosms -- Donne's flea, bed, and compassed circle, Herrick's encyclopedias of littles, Vaughan's silent, large souled creatures. Likewise, "The Fair Singer," reflecting numerous celebrations of women's voices -- Carew's Celia, whose singing "Stills the lound wind" and Lovelace's Gratiana, who moves like a planet and sings like "the harmonious spheres" -- as well as Shakespeare's playful literary deconstruction -- "My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun" -- is a sort of contained microcosm, "She having gained both the Wind and Sun." And, having subsumed nature's marvels, she threatens to subsume the speaker as well in "a final conquest of all me." Similarly, "The Match" celebrates the idea of love as a self-sufficient world, Celia as glorious fuel, of "Orientest Colours" and "Essences most pure," her lover as spark, in "several Cells repleat," so that

we alone the happy rest,
Whilst all the World is poor,
And have within our Selves possest
All Love's and Nature's store.

"The Gallery" is a quite literal attempt to frame love.

As Louis Martz has noted, the poem suggests Marvell's acquaintance with the gallery poems of Marino and his followers, continental mannerist art, and of course, Petrarchan attitudes and postures. Fashioning his soul into an art gallery dedicated to his mistress, the speaker enumerates the frames that portray his Clora in all her variety. Serially, she appears as a black-eyed Petrarchan "Murtheress," a great slumbering Venus by Giorgione or Titian, a Durer-like "Enchantress" raving over her lover's entrails, a Botticellian "Venus in her pearly Boat," and last, as a "tender Shepherdess" from a pastoral landscape (Martz 205-6).

Marvell parodies artistic and literary convention -- it's fun to imagine Clora surveying her cabinet of cruel "Engines"! -- and exploits a range of tones -- ridiculous, sensual, playful, transcendent -- as Frank Warnke has pointed out (Warnke "Play" 348).

Through the glass of genre we admire the speaker's funny yet serious effort to participate in the realities of love. The emotion and the lady seem to elude the speaker. "What is love?" he seems to ask. "Who is she?" The reader experiences some of the same confusion. Critics note that "The poem will not let us decide whether she is demon, goddess, or simple shepherdess" (Smith 58), the "parts and pieces from the old Masters set together to create the

impression of a constantly shifting and evasive lady" (Martz 206).

Within the genre-frame, Marvell explores a secret life, a way of dealing with the contradictions of experience, here the response of allowing a smaller world to subsume a larger. Vulnerable to love's "various Faces," its innumerable guises -- "all the Forms thou can'st invent/Either to please me, or torment," -- the speaker attempts to confine love to more manageable boundaries. Shrinking his soul to a single gallery, he reduces his mistress to five isolated frames. His mind's contraction, he tells us, is a measure taken against confusion: "For thou alone to people me,/Art grown a num'rous Colony." I like Phoebe Spinrad's suggestion that the lover-artist enjoys his artistic conceits so much -- "Clora, come view my Soul, and tell/Whether I have contriv'd it well" -- that he forgets all about the real Clora, falling in love with his final frame, the idealized tousled shepherdess ("Marvell" 270):

> But, of these Pictures and the rest,
> That at the Entrance likes me best;
> Where the same Posture, and the Look
> Remains, with which I first was took:
> A tender Shepherdess, whose Hair
> Hangs loosely playing in the Air,
> Transplanting Flow'rs from the green Hill,
> To crown her Head, and Bosom fill.

In "Young Love" and "The Picture of little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers," Marvell also uses as a border for his portraits both painterly and Petrarchan convention. Rosalie Colie suggests that "T.C." is "an exact poetic parallel to pictures of children ringed with emblematic flowers, indicating the transience both of childhood and beauty" (106). Louis Martz, in connection with these two poems, recalls Bronzino's paintings of children, especially the portrait of six or seven year old Pia de'Medici, "in whose face and posture and dress one can already read the ensigns of command" (210). In addition, both poems take on a typical Petrarchan complaint:

> The common outcry of seventeenth-century love poets was that love is self-contradictory because beauty and innocence are threatened by the very passions they kindle, and passion itself is destroyed by the consummation it seeks. Poets who turn from the woman-hunt to argue against fruition have at least the logic of despair, for if passion dies with its fulfilment then the best state of love must be that in which love is not consummated, or innocence does not arouse desire. (Smith 61-2)

Marvell's focus on the child in "Young Love" and "T.C." -- also Maria Fairfax in "Upon Appleton House" -- is a reflection, one critic feels, of a mannerist tendency to

view passions of all kinds from afar. "Guarded and protective, the mannerist artist tends to encamp his mind at a distance, so that passion may be muted, discreet, inferred, but seldom directly glimpsed" (Martz 210). Both "Young Love" and "T.C." employ speakers who seem disinclined to adult passion. In "Young Love," the narrator coolly maintains,

> Common Beauties stay fifteen;
>
> Such as yours should swifter move;
>
> Whose fair Blossoms are too green
>
> Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

In "T.C.," the speaker elegantly states his bias for regarding beauty from the shade:

> O then let me in time compound,
>
> And parly with those conquering Eyes;
>
> Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
>
> In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
>
> And them that yield but more despise,
>
> Let me be laid,
>
> Where I may see thy Glories from some shade.

In favoring children, the two guarded speakers choose to observe love's complications as they are prefigured in the unthreatening image of the child. In "Young Love" the messy tangle of adult passion, its "cold Jealousy and Fears" and obsession with the clock -- "time may take/Thee before thy

time away" -- is neatly reduced to scale -- "Come little Infant, Love me now." As for T.C.,

> Who can foretel for what high cause
> This Darling of the Gods was born!

Associated with woods, fruits and flowers, and warned to "spare the Buds," she exists as a bud about to bloom herself. In her childhood, she prefigures the woman she will later become through the natural cycles of the green world (Warnke 352). On one level, the speaker is simply negotiating with this "virtuous Enemy of Man" before she careens over hearts in her chariot. The real negotiation, though, is more subtle: "More complicatedly, the speaker is asking for the chance to parley with innocence in a world of time and flux -- a world where innocence can endure only momentarily" (Berek 155).

In their innocence, Marvell's girls are miniature adults. Within their small frames, they subsume and temper the terrors and complexities of adult passion. As adults in little, they telescope adult history, not only because they are physical miniatures

> but also because the world of childhood, limited in physical scope yet fantastic in its content, presents in some ways a miniature and fictive chapter in each life history; it is a world that is part of history, at least the history of the

> individual subject, but remote from the presentness of adult life. We imagine childhood as if it were at the other end of a tunnel -- distanced, diminutive, and clearly framed. (Stewart 44)

The child T.C. is just such a figure, regarded from a distance and defined by a border, "The Picture of little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers."

-iii-

In a final group of portraits -- "The Mower against Gardens," "Damon the Mower," "The Mower's Song" and "The Mower to the Glow-worms" -- Marvell explores another aspect of miniature, the shelter sought in correspondences. Through the glass of pastoral convention, he notes the challenge love can pose to an analogical habit of mind. Dismayed by Juliana's indifference, the Mower looks for solace in parallels between his own state and the natural world, silly and sympathetic in his humanness.

The four Mower poems employ the pastoral landscape as a threshold into the amorous mind. Pastoral not only provides "a splendid mode...for the isolated consideration of specialized states of consciousness" (Berek 148), but in the tradition of Theocritus, Virgil and Spenser, explores an ironic perespective on love (Cullen 184). The mower in place of the shepherd of pastoral tradition, cursed labor in

place of blessed leisure, and unrequited in place of idyllic love, invite an ironic reading (Berek 148; Lord 135-6).

Critics, of course, have argued for a serious reading of the Mower poems, locating them within the Christian tradition of pastoral, with the Mower as Adam and the pastoral world as Eden. Harold Toliver suggests that the poems explore a progression from innocence to increasing personal alienation and death (103-112). However, I tend to agree with Patrick Cullen that the Christian perspective ignores their humor (193-4), and that as amorous rather than Christian pastorals, the poems are "a witty and often comic portrayal of the contradictions, the topsy-turviness, of the amorous mind" (184). As Cullen suggests, it is perhaps soundest to see "Damon the Mower," "The Mower's Song," and "The Mower to the Glowworms" as companion-pieces on the Mower's love for Juliana (184). I also find intriguing Carol Sicherman's view that "the Mower who speaks 'Against Gardens' is suffering from unrequited love, although he never mentions his beloved" (41), and can perhaps be included in this group.

Commenting wittily on sexual experience, the four Mower poems regard the analogical habit of mind. They are "a series of speculations on that great metaphysical theme, the correspondence between the patterns of nature and the patterns of human activity" (Berek 149). Systems of correspondences are of course features of pastoral and

Petrarchan convention, which play with the shepherd, his landscape, and the inner and outer worlds of the lover (Cullen 197).

Although the Mower who rails "Against Gardens" never mentions a Juliana, he, like the other Mowers, seems to suffer from unrequited love. Carol Sicherman suggests that his sexual -- rather than botanical or theological -- metaphors for the Gardener's mistake are a measure of his frustration:

> The Gardener, says the Mower, has been luxurious" (i.e., lecherous); he "seduces" and "allures" the plants to his garden's "luscious Earth"; he teaches the flowers to use corrupting cosmetics; he encourages adultery; he is the proprietor of a "Seraglio" which "has its Eunuchs too"; "And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,/To procreate without a Sex." The denunciation embraces everything: "'Tis all enforc'd..." To call the Gardener a botanical whoremaster is both absurd and revealing: the Mower's diction suggests that the impulse to attack the Gardener comes less from religious purity (as he claims it does) than from sexual frustration. (41-2)

His comically excessive complaints against the Gardener -- whose actions can after all be described in more reasonable terms -- are an outlet for his disappointment. The Mower's sexuality, which has made him vulnerable, has also isolated him, and he perceives in the distorted relationship between "the Gardens Square" and the surrounding fields some echo of his own dilemma. The enclosed and manageable space of the garden, within which the world is seduced and the field's flowers and plants allured, ideally reconstitutes, not escapes, its surrounds. However, to the disappointed Mower, whose sexuality has divided him from his fields, the Gardener is a spoiler of correspondences:

> 'Tis all enforced; the Fountain and the Grot;
> While the sweet Fields do lye forgot:

His final naive praise of the fields --

> Where willing Nature does to all dispense
> A wild and fragrant Innocence:
> And Fauns and Faryes do the Meadows till,
> More by their presence than their skill

-- reflect his longing for a self undivided by love.

"Damon the Mower," follows a tripartite structure typical of the amorous pastoral eclogue: the complaint to an unwilling lady, the shepherd's estimation of himself, and some kind of resolution, repudiation, perhaps, or death (Cullen 185). Each of the sections shows Damon to be

comically dependent on systems of correspondences. His initial complaint is funny in its exaggeration of the Petrarchan merging of lover and landscape. Stung by love of Juliana, he sings how

> ev'ry thing did seem to paint
> The Scene more fit for his complaint.
> Like her fair Eyes the day was fair;
> But scorching like his am'rous Care:
> Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,
> And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass.

The heat has wiped out grasshoppers and frogs. To Damon, who has convinced himself that his inner states pattern nature,

> Not July causeth these Extremes,
> But Juliana's scorching beams.

Hurt and frustrated by Juliana's apparent indifference, he comically builds himself up, complacently regarding his generosity as a lover. What girl would shrug at snakes, chameleons, and bunches of oak leaves? With the simplicity of an egocentric child, he thinks the world is made for him, the morning dew, the evening "cowslip-water," and the noon sun which obligingly "licks off my Sweat." Absorbed in self-celebration -- "I am the Mower Damon known/Through all the Meadows I have mown" -- he congratulates himself on the sweep of his scythe and his pleasing reflection in its shiny surface -- Nor am I so deform'd to sight,/If in my Sithe I

looked right." So intent is he in self-congratulation -- we laugh at his flailing elbows and "whistling Sythe" -- that he accidentally cuts himself, a "Mower mown," an action reminiscent of the self-referential nymph and unfortunate lover. This event, random and accidental, challenges his fully teleological universe. "The Mower's accident raised forcefully -- and comically -- the vexing seventeenth-century question of whether or not there are patterns of correspondence or principles of order that pervade the universe" (Berek 150). Damon rises easily to the challenge, though, curing his wounds with field plants -- among them, the appropriate "Clowns-all-heal" -- and once again finds shelter in analogy. His hurts are slight, after all, compared with the wounds inflicted by Juliana's death-dealing eyes; and anyway, "Death, thou art a Mower too."

In "The Mower's Song" the speaker is comically undone by the loss of his mirror relationship with the green world. Patrick Cullen notes its basis in the pastoral assumption of correspondence between shepherd and landscape, its "comically literal-minded enforcement of the pathetic fallacy of pastoral poetry" (194-5):

> My Mind was once the true survey
> Of all these Meadows fresh and gay;
> And in the greenness of the Grass
> Did see its Hopes as in a Glass;

When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

But these, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
That not one Blade of Grass you spy'd,
But had a Flower on either side;
When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

Unthankful Meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forgo,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

But what you in Compassion ought,
Shall now by my Revenge be wrought:
And Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all,
Will in one common Ruine fall.
For Juliana comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the Heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my Tomb;

For Juliana comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

The song is a humorous ode to self in which the grieving Mower chides the "Unthankful Meadows" for their lack of "Compassion" in growing "more luxuriant still and fine" while he is laid low, "trodden under feet." Comically, he threatens to tear up grass all over the place to force the landscape to reflect his grief -- "Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all,/Will in one common Ruine fall" -- vegetal heraldry for his tomb. Here, he joins a cartoon-like group of Marvellian figures whose monuments mirror their emotional states -- the heart-red banneret of the "Lover Gules," the weeping stone statue of the Nymph. Like "Damon the Mower," the "Song" ends with the speaker's mention of Death, the Mower's symbolic relative. Mention of death is "one of love's postures of self-pity and self-glorification" (Cullen 189). His consolation, as was Damon's, lies in forcing correspondences, not only the grassy heraldry, but the refrain -- "What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me." The repeated lines, a lullabye, something he says by rote to quiet himself, seem to frame and intensify the Mower's obsession.

Marvell explores the mutual reflection of lover and landscape again in "The Mower to the Glow-worms:"

Ye living Lamps, by whose dear light

The Nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate;

Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War, nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the Grasses fall;

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish Fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you wast,
Since Juliana here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

Patrick Cullen notes that "The poem is structured around a contrast of the order within the natural world and the disorder within the Mower's mind" (196). Like the other Mowers, this one perceives the universe solipsistically, insisting that the glowworms shine to presage the grass's fall and to guide mowers disoriented by more "foolish Fires." He is also like the others in his anguish and loss of purpose, for "Juliana here is come" and "She my Mind hath so displac'd/That I shall never find my home."

The poem is also different from the others, "more straightforward than comic" (Cullen 196), but surely not "less substantial" as one critic would see it (Sicherman 43). Darkly beautiful, it draws a reader across its threshold less by way of literary convention and more by way of Marvell's own absorption with space. In it the forgotten fields and "common Ruine" of other Mowers seem to concentrate into a black night that in its nondescriptness, serves as a simple frame (Caws 10). Within it, we meet a distraught Mower, curiously subdued and disembodied in comparison with the other sweaty, ranting speakers. His clear voice seems part of the night, which outlines the dear, courteous lights of the glowworms and the nightingale intent in song. It also makes a single important idea stand by itself. The Mower says "home," and in doing so, opens a revery. This last simple syllable, echoing the initial "living Lamps," reawakens in the reader an old daydream in which he is safe and happily housed. The surrounding night and its terrors create a parallel awareness of home's absence and the Mower's displacement.

A clever ventriloquist, Marvell allows the Mowers to betray their righteousness, naivete, and silliness while he carefully separates himself "in his gentleness, and in his cool distance from his sweaty speakers" (Sicherman 41). Posturing and moaning -- nicking an ankle, raising a a tomb of grass cuttings -- they are laughable yet sympathetic,

because the "silliness is so recognizably human" (Spinrad "Marvell" 169). Playing wittily with the habit of analogy, Marvell suggests "that although reading the book of God's works as a gloss on one's own inner life may not always work, doing so may also be a necessary corollary of the human predicament" (Berek 151).

All of the portraits are artifacts, clear glass globes in which Marvell observes the mind at play, enclosing, subsuming, seeing itself in the landscape. Easing a reader across a literary threshold -- emblem, pastoral, Petrarchan -- he exposes a laughable artifice, "leaving the reader, who has perhaps recognized some of his own posturing, to put the pieces together and to laugh not only at the character but at himself" (Spinrad "Marvell" 269-70). We recognize in these textbook lovers "who are always mourning their love in lofty platitudes, falling into despair, going mad, and throwing themselves from cliffs...a basically sound psychology: love can indeed disorient us, cause us to doubt our merits if rejected, lead us into melancholy and despair" (Cullen 190). And as love reduces us to silly tombstones, cartoon tears and visions of ourselves in the landscape, Marvell amazes us with laughter and "the mind's effortless superiority."

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CHAPTER 5

Intimate Immensity

In his portraits, Marvell, for the most part humorously, regards the artifices which keep pain and change at bay. As a miniaturist, he quizzically observes his subjects' attempts to perfect and simplify space. Mostly, his speakers reduce it, to "one Gallery," the "little Wilderness" of a garden, the reflecting surface of a scythe. In his other non-occasional lyrics, he uses miniature as an entrance into complexity and difficulty; his subjects locate centers of revery that serve, not as escapes, but as thresholds to difficult surrounds. A little globe "Frames as it can its native Element" in readiness for its journey to the sun; bright oranges dangle in a "green Night"; a garden opens into a zodiac. Typically, as a miniaturist, Marvell defines pockets in space which serve as outlooks on larger space, preferring to regard immensity from the foreground. "If he must depict a bare landscape, a mown field, he circumscribes it, shrinks it in imagination by comparing it to a painter's still-virgin canvas or to an arena, a circular figure taken in at a single glance" (Ellrodt "L'Inspiration" 152-3). Occasions in which small and large inspire each other, these poems celebrate "two kinds of grandeur" -- intimate and immense space -- that

"keep encouraging each other...in their growth" (Bachelard 193).

It is not surprising that the seventeenth-century fascination with space, inspired by the new science and the speculations of Copernicus and Newton, should influence poetry. King's "Exequy" laments

> By thy clear sun
> My love and fortune first did run;
> But thou wilt never more appear
> Folded within my hemisphere,
> Since both thy light and motion
> Like a fled star is fall'n and gone;
> And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
> An earth now interposed is,
> Which such a strange eclipse doth make
> As ne'er was read in almanac.

And Donne's "First Anniversary" complains

> We think the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
> Their round proportion embracing all.
> But yet their various and perplexed course,
> Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
> Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
> Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
> As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
> The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
> And in these Constellations then arise

New starres, and old do vanish from our eyes:

Nowhere is the disturbing new enormity of space -- "Desarts of vast Eternity" -- met with such grace and humor as in Marvell. His ballooning lovers murmur over rivers; in the ideal space of the garden, his recluse gets conked by apples. Unlike the portraits, whose beleaguered lovers bargain, often comically, for simplicity, these other poems -- "To His Coy Mistress," "On a Drop of Dew," "The Coronet," "Bermudas," and "The Garden" -- recognize complexity with jollity and elegance. The poems juggle aspects of miniature -- enclosure, subsumption, correspondence. In them, "Microscopic and cosmic vision are superimposed in closeup in the same field of vision without disconcerting us" (Ellrodt "L'inspiration" 153).

Marvell's most celebrated poem, "To His Coy Mistress" is a take-off on the "seize the day" convention with its initially amusing variation on the seduction theme. However, critics have quickly perceived its darkness, the "metaphysical dimension" (Smith 64) -- or "shudder" (Rajan 162) -- it gives to the genre. It moves "expeditiously along unforeseen tracts to an alarming apprehension of the ravenous nature of time and death" (Patrides 41).

Much of the darkness comes from Marvell's willingness to face the wide astronomical space that opened out in the seventeenth century. In this, he is quite unlike Donne, whose "right love lifts the lovers uniquely beyond time and

change" (Smith 65). Donne's lovers do make the sun stand still:

> since thy duties be
> To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
> Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
> This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

In his flight from time and space, in his refusal of the world, Donne is not as inclusive a poet as Marvell, who, "less idealistic and absolute," is more aware of time, space, the things Donne's love poetry resists (Manlove 13, 14). Unlike Donne, who rails against our condition -- "Busie old fool, unruly sun" -- Marvell weighs it coolly.

"To His Coy Mistress" opens with an enlarged space and time which provide "a spacious arena for compliment" (Rajan 161). The speaker shows his expertise in the love-game, heeding his lady's reluctance and vanity, conceding the claims of reality and convention:

> Had we but World enough, and Time,
> This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
> We would sit down, and think which way
> To walk, and pass our long Love's Day.
> Thou by the Indian Ganges side
> Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
> Of Humber would complain. I would
> Love you ten years before the Flood:
> And you should, if you please refuse

Till the Conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead gaze
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest:
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

"Had we" invokes "the world of reverie," the poet employing spatial imagery to echo and undermine the lovers of more conventional poetry who transcend space, time and matter (Ower 28). Marvell's lovers balloon and subsume nature, like the witty figures in "The Match" and "The Fair Singer." Playing with the idea of the happy microcosm, Marvell creates an intimate, fantastic macrocosm which he fills with the huge figures of the lover and his lady. Or at least they seem huge; time and space have so stretched that physical size seems an accompaniment. Lolling by the Ganges and the Humber, they play at love through Biblical time, allotting centuries for praise of parts. The spatial hyperbole, amusing and surreal, has the effect of diminishing the happy microcosm. Their "vegetable Love"

seems enormous and unreal, like a gigantic Alaskan cabbage in a short, intense growing season.

"But" initiates the reality of space and time, "a desert now instead of a fertile land of compliments" (Rajan 162):

> But at my back I alwaies hear
> Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
> And yonder all before us lye
> Desarts of vast Eternity.
> Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
> Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
> My ecchoing Song: then Worms shall try
> That long preserv'd Virginity:
> And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
> And into ashes all my Lust.
> The Grave's a fine and private place,
> But none I think do there embrace.

This second section is really a series of "haunted and haunting emblems and quibbles and conceits" (Smith 65) which Marvell has given a spatial and temporal dimension. The image of "Times winged Charriot," the sensation of speed, and the reference to fleeting beauty contrast with the "long Love's Day" and slow growing "vegetable Love" of the first section. Rapid time suggests enormous distances, the bleak eternal deserts waiting to absorb the lovers. The chilling passage is Marvell's reply to Donne's efficient microcosms.

"The enormity of the 'space-time continuum,' rather than being appropriated by love as its personal property as in ll. 5-12, now surrounds it as a vast abyss" (Ower 29). The huge scale of the opening stanza has yielded to a new kind of immensity. Here is an "obvious contrast between the real immensity of space and the false immensity of volume or of number. In the presence of space everything which occupies space shrinks or decays...Space filled is immeasurably surpassed by space unfilled" (Poulet 15-16). Poulet is speaking of artists in general, but the remark seems especially appropriate in connection with "To His Coy Mistress." At this point, Marvell introduces a subtle image of enclosure, the "fine and private place" in which "spaciousness shrivels into the narrow grave" (Rajan 162). This kind of concentration, notes Poulet -- he is speaking of the image of the shrunken circle, but it seems to apply to Marvell's grave as well -- often "represents the spiritual catastrophe by which the being which had over-extended itself finds itself brought back to the quasi-nullity of its true dimensions" (19). So worms try virginity, and honor and lust come to dust and ashes.

"Now therefore" introduces the speaker's argument in favor of a hasty fulfilment:

> Now therefore, while the youthful hew
> Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
> And while thy willing Soul transpires

At every pore with Instant Fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The "marble Vault" of the second section has inspired the speaker's resolve. "The savagery of engagement and the frivolity of abstention from engagement dispose themselves around that mocking grave which is now seen as common to both courses. The poem ends with what it is able to salvage" (Rajan 163). The speaker's persuasive powers lie in his agility with spatial concepts. John Ower notes how his "train of reasoning...involves a contrast of the spatial ideas of surface and 'openness' on the one hand, and of enclosure and depth on the other." Exposed physical surfaces -- the coy lady's "youthful hew," so like the quickly dispersed morning dew -- are slyly compared with the deeper "willing Soul," the sexual desire which enables the lady's beauty to "become like the heat and light radiating from the depths of the sun, rather than a tenuous film of

dew which is dispersed by its rays." The sphere of the sun -- "providing protective enclosure and durable depth" -- resurfaces in the ball, a concentration of "all our Strength, and all/Our sweetness" (Ower 30-31). Similarly, in his Metamorphoses of the Circle, Georges Poulet notes how the sphere shape copes with time and space, "the moment...possessed in itself...grasped and rolled into a ball," its spherical reality echoing the roundness of eternity (27).

The "one Ball" coiled against the "slow-chapt pow'r" of time is Marvell's ironic variation on the correspondence analogy so favored by Donne, comments John Ower. In "The Sun Rising," the lovers are architects of their own microcosm-macrocosm; rearranging the universe, they place themselves at its center. Marvell's lovers, however, achieve "no such absolute transcendence over the microcosmic facts of space and time" (31). In their passion, they merely reach terms: "though we cannot make our Sun/Stand still, yet we will make him run."

Ower also suggests that "To His Coy Mistress'" thematic and spatial counterweight is "The Definition of Love," which argues that a perfect spiritual relationship can never be consummated in the fallen world run by fate (35). Fate's contrary nature is expressed in images of spatial distance -- the "Iron wedges" fate drives between the lover and his "extended Soul"; the "Decrees of Steel" which have placed

the lovers at "distant Poles" ("Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel"); the cruel, true "Parallel." The image closest to the "Ball" of "To His Coy Mistress" is merely a conditional one:

> Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
> And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
> And, us to joyn, the World should all
> Be cramp'd into a Planisphere.

"To His Coy Mistress," in contrast, argues that fulfilled passion can partially transcend time and space:

> The implicit concern of the poem is our lives in the world as we have it, love at the mercy of place, time, chance, the momentary offers of fortune. Much of its power comes from the concreteness with which universal issues are realized, or imaginatively experienced in a particular sensuous being, and from the supple grace with which the allowed limitations of our state are entertained and urbanely mastered. It is a brave mastery when he achieves it so resourcefully, and without dismay.
>
> (Smith 65)

This concern is reflected in the poet's deployment of space. "To His Coy Mistress" assesses a range of intimate microcosms as vantages on immensity in a series of spatial

gymnastics which are "less a sign of the conquest of space by the mind, than of the impossibility for the mind finally to accomplish this conquest" (Poulet 15).

Marvell's fascination with two kinds of grandeur, intimate and immense space, also has an outlet in the devotional tradition in "On a Drop of Dew," "The Coronet" and "Bermudas." "On a Drop of Dew," critics agree (Colie 'My' 115-117; Rosa), seems inspired by the meditation on dew in Henry Hawkins' Parthenela Sacra, the poet transforming meditative tradition with his own spatial magic.[1]

The opening section in which he observes the dew reflects his acute awareness of space relations in nature:

See how the Orient Dew
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new,
For the clear Region where 'twas born
Round in its self incloses.
And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lyes,
But gazing back upon the Skies,
Shines with a mournful Light,
Like its own Tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphear.

Restless it rouls and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure:
Till the warm Sun pitty it's Pain,
And to the Skies exhale it back again.

Marvell enlists miniature, the enclosed, intimate space, to suggest the pull between nature and grace, rose and fountain. Within the frame enclosing the meditation -- "See how the Orient Dew" -- poet and reader observe the dew's motions to shelter itself from its sullying natural surroundings. "Scarce touching" the purple rose, "restless" and "unsecure," it wraps itself in its own roundness, its carefully held boundaries guarding a fullness of concentration. The dew "Round in its self incloses;/And in its little Globes Extent,/Frames as it can its native Element."[2]

Marvell intensifies this sense of self-gathering with his unusual vantage on the dewdrop's interior. Combining aspects of miniature -- enclosure, subsumption, correspondence -- his perspective reveals the minute, simple shape of the drop to be infinitely complex. Receding in upon itself, the droplet is its own intriguing mirror, containing, and contained by, itself, weeping, and wept by, itself.[3] Marvell has explored mirror-play with tears elsewhere, in "Mourning" --

Her Eyes confus'd and doubled ore
With Tears suspended ere they flow;

Seem bending upwards, to restore
To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe

--and in "Eyes and Tears" --

Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.

-- apparently intrigued by this unending regression of mirror images, a sort of anamorphic puzzle: "Since both tears and eyes mirror, what each mirrors is an infinite series of images, endlessly receding, in which tears and eyes interminably reverse and re-reverse their roles" (Carey 150). In mirroring and reversing, the simple tear shape reveals itself a container of mysteries, like the dew drop, which "Shines with a mournful light,/Like its own Tear."[4]

The next section plays with enclosure, subsumption and correspondence to suggest the mirroring of dewdrop and soul, intimate and immense:

So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
Remembring still its former height,
Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own Light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.

In how coy a Figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the World excluding round,
Yet receiving in the Day.
Dark beneath, but bright above:
Here disdaining, there in Love.
How loose and easie hence to go:
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.

Like the dewdrop, the soul is an enclosed shape, "girt," "pure and circling," "So the World excluding round." As a "greater Heaven in an Heaven less," it also subsumes reality, as the dew "Frames as it can its native Element." Its surface phenomena reflect the dew exactly. In a "humane flow'r," it "Shuns the sweat leaves," poised -- "Moving but on a point below" -- for motion toward the "Eternal Day," as the dew slights its "purple flow'r" to gaze at the sun. Marvell has strengthened both images with the support of the other. In fact, the parallel language and eighteen lines allotted to both dew drop and soul create a "perfect fit between the emblem in nature and the soul" (Lewalski 263).

The last section rounds off this correspondence between dew and soul, intimate and immense, the image of manna in the wilderness paralleling the ball of strength and

sweetness coiled against the "Desarts of vast Eternity" in "To His Coy Mistress":

> Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
> White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
> Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
> Into the Glories of th'Almighty Sun.

The dew image returns in the sacred manna, which enclosed -- "White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill" -- dissolves into glory. Enclosure has suggested opposition between nature and grace. The manna globules extend the idea of sphericity which, joining "dew drop, soul, world, the heavenly spheres, and the Almighty Sun, forges links between the natural and spiritual orders on the basis of analogy and correspondence, which span the gulf that divides those orders" (Lewalski 263). In the sacred manna, which combines elements of dew drop and soul, the poem itself achieves a circle, a return to the simple orient figure with which it began. Marvell has demonstrated that, like Jan Van Eyck's mirror in the Arnolfini portrait, his drop of dew "is in little the world of which it is a part," diminishing, "as the mirror diminishes, the world it reflects; and since it "reflects" that world, it speculates upon it too, and invites such speculation in the beholder" (Colie Paradoxica 282).

In "On a Drop of Dew," Marvell instills devotional poetry with his own amazement in space. Its globes and

circles combine elements of the old single sphered and new many sphered universe. Within the reflecting, intimate shape of the drop, he contemplates immensity, "glories." And as he does so, he sets "resonating in our minds the trope of comparing great things with small" (Friedman 317), expressing "The greater heaven in an heaven less."

Like "On a Drop of Dew," "The Coronet," Marvell's most Herbert-like poem, has its basis in meditative tradition and poetic crowns of prayer and praise.[5] For a miniaturist like Marvell, the mazy coronet is the fruit of his own joy in space, his sense of the immense complexity concentrated within the simple shape of the wreath. The first eight lines initiate a loose weaving motion, with a few repetitions of words and sounds:

> When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
> With many a piercing wound,
> My Saviors head have crown'd,
> I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:
> Through every Garden, every Mead,
> I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs),
> Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
> That once adorned my Shepherdesses head.

This wreath, the speaker tells us, means to "redress" the crown of thorns with a crown of pastoral flowers rewoven into pious art.

As the wreath grows, the speaker shares his increasing dismay in his prideful fantasy:

> And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
> Thinking (so I myself deceive)
> So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
> As never yet the king of Glory wore:
> Alas I find the Serpent old
> That, twining in his speckled breast,
> About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
> With wreaths of Fame and Interest.

Hidden within the simple frame of the wreath, the speaker is alarmed to discover his disguised self-interest and vanity.

At this point, the speaker wisely decides to give the matter over to Christ:

> Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,
> And mortal Glory, Heaven's Diadem!
> But thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,
> Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
> And disentangle all his winding Snare;
> Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
> And let these wither, so that he may die,
> Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care:
> That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,

May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Christ, who alone may untwine good motives from bad, might unmesh the serpent from the wreath, restoring its grace, or destroy the entire frame. The speaker's humility and willing sacrifice finally unriddle the dilemma while owning its complexity.

Throughout the weaving process, the poet employs features of miniature -- enclosure, subsumption, correspondence -- to involve the reader in the unfolding crown. Recalling earlier poetic wreathes, the circle of the coronet protects and encloses the idea of a true, pure crown. The subtle moral interlacings show the deceptively simple frame subsuming larger moral dilemmas. The speaker's weaving motions correspond to the serpent's efforts to twine a parallel wreath of self-interest. The shape of the circle is both violated and affirmed. Like "Ametas and Thestylis making Hay Ropes," the poem is involved with the shaping process, unweaving itself as it is being woven. The materializing crown, its progress broken with parenthetical assessments, dismantlings, disentanglings, is a "curious frame" indeed. The final line, whose repeated "crown" recalls the weaving technique and achieves the circle, closes the wreath, a deceptively simple shape enfolding a sinuous maze.

One critic suggests that "The Coronet" ends on a reserved, formal, profoundly disillusioned note (Young 212).

Such a tone, so unlike Marvell, would isolate "The Coronet" from the rest of his lyric poetry. Phoebe Spinrad's suggestion that this self-cancelling poem laughs at its own dilemma (267) seems to me wiser and more befitting a poet so often moved to "mystic laughter" in the face of the intimately immense.

Marvell is inspired again by devotional tradition in the quietly joyful "Bermudas." The lovely hymn of thanksgiving for a nature restored by grace is a fusion of historical and literary sources.[6] In fact, the distance between literary and historical realities has inspired both celebratory and ironic readings of "Bermudas." While it is often read as a hymn of thanks for a gracious, providing nature, some find an ironic darkness in allusions to whales, shipwrecks, and greed over ambergris and pearls. Philip Brockbank proposes both a "golden" reading and an "iron" one, as T. Kawasaki perceives both a "little" world and a "new" one. The poem, however, seems to elude a sinister interpretation, Barbara Lewalski confessing that it "will not finally sustain an ironic reading: the exalted tone and exquisite beauty of the hymn is against it" (271).

The exquisiteness has as one source Marvell's tactful and subtle way with spaces, an awareness that makes "Bermudas" quite different from the poem it superficially resembles, Waller's "The Battle of the Summer Islands." Like Marvell, Waller portrays a classical locus amoenus:

Bermudas, walled with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.

Blessed with figs, pineapples, eternal spring, and Sacharissa, Waller's Summer Islands are a classically correct locus amoenus (Kawasaki 41-3). Marvell's Bermudas, however, are more than literary Edens; they are island phenomena, "space in which the blissful isolation of intra-uterine existence is guaranteed...what Bachelard would call a 'happy space,' 'space defended against adverse forces,' 'loved space' (Kawasaki 40). A hymn of thanksgiving, "Bermudas" is as well a hymn to space. Elements of miniature -- enclosure, subsumption, correspondence -- overlap and interpenetrate, the song issuing from the small boat on the "hollow Seas" a hymn to intimate immensity.

Marvell employs a series of enclosures to suggest intimate, sheltered space. One is the opening "frame" for the hymn --

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' Oceans bosom unespy'd,
From a small Boat, that row'd along,
The listning Winds receiv'd this Song.

-- completed in the last four lines. Embedded within the frame are images that appeal to a reader's sense of immensity -- the "listning Winds," the vast ocean (the Bermudas "remote" and "unespy'd") -- and intimacy -- the hidden islands, the small boat. Another is the lyrical inset, the hymn:

What should we do but sing his Praise
That led us through the watry Maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks
That lift the Deep upon their Backs,
He lands us on a grassy Stage;
Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamel's every thing;
And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air.
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night:
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus show's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the Melons at our feet:
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice.

With Cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the Land.
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaim the Ambergris on shoar.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast.
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to sound his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the Mexique Bay.

The hymn itself has a frame of surrounding immensity and danger -- the "watry Maze," "huge Sea-Monsters," "Storms, and Prelat's rage," "hollow Seas" and echoes. Sheltered within it is a kind of daydream of well-being in which the classical locus amoenus is miniaturized in a series of enameled globes. Roundness prevails, in the oranges hanging whimsically in their green night, -- within such loved space, darkness can only be green -- the pomegranates, figs, melons, apples and pearls. Enclosure maximized, roundness seems to multiply in a harvest of spheres, as the "round being propagates its roundness together with the calm of all roundness" (Bachelard 239).

Keeping the "hollow Seas" at bay, these enclosures also subsume complexities. The "hyperboles of the hymn" hint at

a history of shipwrecks, perilous whales, and disputes over ambergris and pearls. The hymn self-consciously subsumes other literary models, the glowing fruits and obliging fowl recalling the bountiful gardens of Genesis and Canticles (Lewalski 271-2).

Marvell is also drawn to exploring the complex relationship between container and contained. "Bermudas" is a marvelous series of Chinese boxes in which an ocean contains a boat containing a song containing a vision which collapses the whole series into itself. Marvell likes to peek inside "exquisitely contrived cases" (Carey 140) to see what "Things greater are in less contain'd." The wonderfully involved pomegranate, for instance, which "Jewels more rich than Ormus show's," contains rich gems and an island![7] Philip Brockbank, in fact, notes the use of the pomegranate as an emblem for diversity and unity: "in later seventeenth-century painting it is a common theme for still-life studies which attend to their complex inner structure; along with melons and figs they are treated as prolific boxes of seeds" (188).

Marvell's skill with miniature "enamells" "Bermudas" with the texture of a daydream. Objects fade into each other; "the Bermudas themselves 'ride' in the ocean as if they are themselves boats bound upon a journey" (Lewalski 274). The rocking rhythm and vague time frame are

dream-like, suspending the reader between approach and arrival.[8] Like a daydream, "Bermudas" offers a sense of safety: "To those who have come through the hazards of the voyage it offers the security of the land, or rather the island, for the land in the very structure of the poem is islanded between the seas past and seas anticipated, the Atlantic and the Mexique Bay" (Brockbank 176). Most dream-like, perhaps, is the sense of journeying reenforced by the closing frame of the last four lines:

> Thus sang they, in the English boat,
> An holy and a chearful Note,
> And all the way, to guide their Chime,
> With falling Oars they kept the time.[9]

Keeping its time with falling oars, the small craft seems oddly suspended between past and present, stillness and motion, like what Bachelard suggests about daydreaming: "Immensity is the movement of motionless man" (184). This small boat moving out of our range leaves us a "watry Maze," an inward ocean to row with our own falling oars.

Finally, Marvell's most analyzed poem, "The Garden" is a synthesis of several traditions.[10] Within a plethora of commentary, I suggest, like most recent critics, that we read Marvell as synthesist, and also as miniaturist, his serious and comic garden a coaxing shade in which ideas reduced to microchips unfold and flower. Within the garden's green frame, immensity has truly found a home in "delicious

Solitude." As a miniaturist, Marvell employs enclosure, subsumption and correspondence, amusing himself with mental and physical space in an "uptown" hortus conclusus.

Through a series of jokes and paradoxes, Marvell introduces his garden as a retreat in which life's dismaying complexities are comically subsumed. Away from "busie Companies of Men," everything "falls inward, 'dissolves, diffuses, dissipates'" (Serio 68). The garden reduces the worldly scramble for success to amazement over "some single Herb or Tree." It condenses amorous madness to the carving of trees' names in their own bark; gods chase women for their vegetal transformations. These comical compressions return in the simplified Garden of Eden -- Two Paradises 'twere in one/To live in Paradise alone" -- and the herbal sundial, a skillful miniature of time's span, the "milder Sun" running through its "fragrant Zodiack."

Within the space of the garden, poet and reader explore the possibilities of enclosure. Within "this lovely green," things fold in upon themselves in a fullness of concentration:

> What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
> Ripe Apples drop about my head;
> The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
> Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
> The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach;

Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

Mary Ann Caws writes of another poem, "Each image radiates beyond itself into some quietly symbolic fullness" in a "nostalgia for a garden of perfect things, in their full flowering" (191, 193). Here, enclosure fulfilled, the round shapes of the fruits, like the splendid harvest in "Bermudas," are emblems of centralized life. These fruits at their peak, which like cartoons, beg to be eaten, inspire such earthly ecstacy in the speaker that he falls, and the passage is not without humor: "There is something faintly ridiculous about a man being smashed on the head by apples, having grape juice smeared all over his mouth, and finally tripping over a melon and falling flat on his face -- the quintessential banana-peel joke" (Spinrad 261). His comical rapture, however, inspires his spiritual flight:

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Renato Poggioli notes that the bird is not so much a religious soul but an emblem of the personal psyche, which

in retreat studies its own loveliness. Enclosure makes possible a kind of "pastoral of the self": "By nursing and reflecting upon its beauty within the intimacy of a nature so enclosed as to become a private reserve, the soul changes its own hermitage into a sort of outdoor boudoir" (178).

Between fruits and fountain, poet and reader regard the relationship between container and contained. Considering the problem of thresholds in poetry, Mary Ann Caws comments on the occasional "setting of settings one inside the other, like so many nesting boxes, or infinitely receding thresholds" (15). Patrick Cullen observes how Marvell's classical and Edenic gardens retreat into boxes ultimately lodged in the mind (155). This Chinese boxing unravels the cryptic opening rhyme (ll. 41-2). If we remember that for this poet, "less" means more, we can assume Marvell refers to the mind's contented infolding upon itself:

> Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
> Withdraws into its happiness:
> The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
> Does streight its own resemblance find;
> Yet it creates, transcending these,
> Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.

According to this rather tricky passage, the mind is both microcosm, mirroring "each kind," and macrocosm, creating

"other Worlds, and other Seas." The mind's withdrawal promises "an infinitely profound interiority," an experience of "space within an enclosed space," "center within center, within within within" (Stewart 61). Susan Stewart is describing the process of miniature, here maximized in the poet's reduction of all things "To a green Thought in a green Shade."

These three deeply interior passages make what Mary Ann Caws calls "an incursion across the threshold, into a private space" (19). An experienced host, Marvell invites us back across the threshold in contemplation of the poem's concluding image, the herbal sundial.[11] As a host, his final gesture is to guide us from our interior selves to the sky we share in common, whimsically miniaturized in "this Dial new."

The herbal sundial in its green setting is Marvell's witty praise of loved space, "delicious Solitude." Robert Ellrodt fears he is being "jejune" when he writes, "I still think the first and foremost meaning is the actual sensation of greenness which pervades, fills and satisfies the poet's consciousness in the quiet bliss of contemplation" ("Marvell's" 226-7). However, a modern garden enthusiast would agree:

> I judge a garden by the gardener who cares for it, the one who invests space with daydreams. What is a garden but a species

> of desire?...Each gardener creates an ideal world of miniature thoughts that drift languidly into each other like flowers on a dry afternoon. Here silence has the rhythm of wishes. (Marranca xix)

Collapsing the immense in the intimate, Marvell has created a garden, "a world in space that celebrates pure presence" (Marranca xx).

This small group of poems -- with "Upon Appleton House," which will be discussed separately -- compose Marvell's sometimes comic, sometimes serious, always elegant celebration of intimate immensity. His search for "The greater Heaven in an Heaven less" is characteristic of the Baroque artist who

> discovers the infinite, whether the infinitely small or the infinitely great. The spark of light that lifts the rim of a glass out of darkness becomes, when expanded, the sunlit heavens. The globule of dew on a leaf in a Dutch flower painting becomes the aqueous globe of Earth itself. (Gardner 591)

If we were to look for an emblem common to these poems, it would be a ball, the round, palpable fruits of "The Garden" and "Bermudas," the mazy coronet, the mirroring dewdrop, and

the ball of strength and sweetness. Drawn to enclosed shapes, Marvell's "mind demands the definite contours of the solid universe" (Ellrodt "L'Inspiration" 154). He is interested in containers, how they hold back, and contain space (Carey 140-1). Bachelard suggests that the round container, the sphere, creates a "cosmic situation," a "centralization of life guarded on every side, enclosed in a live ball, and consequently at the maximum of its unity" (238). With the breaking of the circle comes a universe of smaller circles. "Instead of the divine sphere, there is a growing plurality of 'minute spheres'" (Poulet 16) which an undismayed Marvell faces with humor and delight. Drafting a sky or ocean, he amuses his readers with "the pure and circling thoughts" of his little globes dangling richly in their "green Night."

Notes

[1]Barbara Lewalski, in fact, points out that Marvell's carefully controlled dew drop is quite different from Hawkins', which "takes on the colouration and quality of everything around it." In his own version of the meditative stance, Marvell is less interested in applying the lessons of nature to himself and more in detachedly observing meaning in nature. Disinterestedly, he observes how the dew "slights" the purple flower, "holding itself globe-like, tear-like, trembling, 'unsecure'" until the warm sun exhales it back to the skies. Similarly, the soul in its "humane flow'r" disdains the "sweat leaves and blossoms green," tensely awaiting its return to the "clear Fountain of Eternal Day" (262-3).

[2]Barbara Lewalski notes that the dew drop holds "its spherical shape carefully intact (by surface tension)" (261). Donald Friedman comments on Marvell's sense of psychic energy, of "withdrawal into the self, a protective and shape-giving movement of ingathering" (315).

[3]Christopher Ricks describes a "miniature miracle of inward vistas" (111), the dew drop's resembling a tear wept by itself. The "assonantal rhyme sequence," he adds -- "Skies,/Shines";"light/Like" -- invites a sense of regression and infoldedness. John Carey notices the same involution in the dewdrop's being both container and contained ("Round in its self incloses"), weeping and wept (144).

[4]This sort of regression accents the enclosure of the tear shape and what enclosure accomplishes. Tears, as Barbara Lewalski says, "reveal the essence of things," and like the Magdalen's, assume a divine order (266-7).

[5]Barbara Lewalski traces it to popular Protestant meditations analyzing the workings of the sinful self, and to a sub-genre of poems in which the speaker both presents his crown of poetic praise to God and confronts Protestant convictions and anxieties about the worth of his offering. All such wreath poems, she comments, recall a popular sixteenth-seventeenth-century emblem figure (like that in fig. 5.1) expressing praise for achievement, especially the persevering Christian's. "The Coronet," Lewalski adds, is the latest in a series of poetic wreathes. Donne's seven

interwoven "La Corona" sonnets achieve a crown of prayer and praise by repeating the last line of one sonnet as the first line of the next. Herbert's "A Wreath," which also interlaces sounds, words, and phrases, contains the poet's awareness of his own "crooked winding wales":

> A wreathed Garland of deserved praise,
> Of praise deserved unto thee I give,
> I give to thee, who knowest all my wales,
> My crooked winding wales, wherein I live,
> Wherein I dy, not live: for life is strait,
> Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
> To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
> Then deceit seems above simplicitie.
> Give mee simplicitie, that I may live,
> So live and like, that I may know thy wales,
> Know them and practize them, then shall I give
> For this poore wreath, give thee a crowne of praise.

Vaughan's "The Wreathe," a circlet of grief and praise, attains the crown shape in its final eleven lines by repeating sounds, words, and phrases:

> But a twin'ed wreath of grief and praise,
> Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
> Shining with joy, like dewy days,
> This day I bring for all thy pain,
> Thy causless pain! and sad as death;
> Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
> (O not in vain!) now beg thy breath;
> Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
> Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
> Where cloudless Quires sing without tears,
> Sing thy just praise, and see thy face. (254-5)

Self-consciously echoing these earlier wreathes, Marvell's "The Coronet" is yet more complex, revealing the poet to be both weaver and un-weaver. He "unravels the entire tradition of religious meditation, disclosing in it an inevitable duplicity or impurity of motive, as religious introspection is itself subjected to introspection" (Young 212). In "The Coronet," it's not so much sounds, words and phrases that are being interlaced as insights, shadings, and assessments, so that A.J. Smith is able to speak of it as a "beautiful flight of sustained poetic thinking" (82). The speaker's animate wreath betokens the twists and turns of his complex perceptual growth: "The flowing development enacts a growing moral awareness, carrying the poet from sin to piety and then from simple piety to a better sense of the world and his own involvement in it" (Smith 83).

[6]Aside from his residence with John Oxenbridge, the Puritan divine who had fled to Bermudas, Marvell may have read -- maybe in Oxenbridge's library -- travelers' accounts of the Summer Islands, among them, William Strachey's True

Reportory of the Wreck, Silvester Jourdan's Plaine Description of the Barmudas (1613), Lewis Hughes' Letter from the Summer Ilands (1615), Captain John Smith's General Historie of Virginia (1614), and Samuel Purchas' His Pilgrimes (1625) (Kawasaki 40). Literary sources seem to include Horace's Epode XVI (Brockbank 175), the Bible -- the lush gardens of Biblical myth, psalms of thanksgiving, and Isaiah's millenial prophecies (Lewalski 271-3), -- Shakespeare's The Tempest (Brockbank 177), and Edmund Waller's "Battle of the Summer Islands" (1645) (Brockbank 185; Kawasaki 41).

[7]See Brockbank: "Marvell could have read about it in Hakluyt: 'Ormus is an Island in circuit about five and twentie miles...and is the driest island in the world'. Nothing grows there, but it offers 'great store of pearls' and a rich variety of jewels" (188).

[8]See Brockbank:

> To admire the skill of the poem it is almost enough to recognize the subtleties of its movement, playing the metronomic beat of the oars against the swell and wave-break of the ocean; and to listen to the echoing rhymes, tuned to the 'hollow seas that roar'. It is only slightly disconcerting that the island we seem to have reached in earlier lines is still being approached in the last. But Marvell with great tact has floated his poem between the ship at anchor and its longboat coming ashore. The singers have arrived, but they are still travelling hopefully. (176)

[9]Barbara Lewalski notes in this closing image a "posture of approach rather than arrival, of hope rather than present enjoyment, of steady, regular, rhythmic motion towards the true paradise" (274).

[10]Roy Strong notes its place among the devotional gardens of George Wither in his Emblemes (1635), Henry Hawkins in Partheneia Sacra (1633), and Francis Quarles' Emblemes (1635) which so carefully define the "mental hieroglyphics of the hortus conclusus" (206). Frank Kermode reviews the numerous critical approaches on the poem's allusions to the Garden of Eden, the earthly paradise, and Stoic, Epicurean and Platonist traditions. Patrick Cullen, who comments that the poem begins as a classical retreat and ends as a Christian meditation, decides that "all of the really important ideas in "The Garden" are sufficiently generalized to be capable of assimilating their analogues in classical, neo-Platonic, Hermetic, and orthodox Christian

thought" (155). Discussing the transforming nature of Marvell's sensibility in "The Garden," Cedric Watts remarks,

> What is so distinctive about Marvell's imagination is that it is at once witty, learned, mythic, colourful and benignly fantastic; and the secret of his splendid surrealism is that it offers healing and salutary metamorphoses of myth, history, nature and human nature. In a fallen age, he rewrites myth, history and man so that the fall is not merely averted but parodied so as to become an innocent fall: (24)

[11]Similarly, Susan Stewart notes that miniature has its origins in private history, while its opposite, the gigantic, has its origins in public and natural history (71). "The most typical gigantic world," she writes, "is the sky -- a vast, undifferentiated space" (74).

Fig. 5.1

Emblem in the Devises Heroiques (1577) of M. Claude Paradin

Source: Patterson, Annabel. "'Bermudas' and 'The Coronet': Marvell's Protestant Poetics." ELH 44 (Fall 1977): 493.

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CHAPTER 6

"Upon Appleton House"

In his most ambitious poem, "Upon Appleton House," Marvell fills space with miniature worlds, nests and houses, gardens, islands, creatures. Each whirls for an instant in a Calder-like "Domestick Heaven," each a "lesser World" containing its own curious portion of "Things greater." As readers, we are tactfully guided across the "sober Frame" that serves as threshold to this wild mosaic universe, the urbane host at our side negotiating the oddities of manse, garden, meadows, woods, reducing the universe to smaller scale via telescope, mirror, masque, and mannerism. Once across, we are invited to lose ourselves in the poem's paradoxes, a rich confusion which, the poet knows, will restore us to ourselves -- "Let's in."

The poem's whimsical bedlam has of course inspired much critical commentary. A.J. Smith regards it as a country house poem, "a regenerative meditation, showing us how a man may become wise by pondering the history, design, regimen of a country house" (73). Another critic terms it "a poem of compliment" to Maria Fairfax, a pattern for the woods, streams, gardens, and meadows (Friedman 326). Taking a historical-political tack, D.C. Allen sees it as an allegory nudging Fairfax out of retirement (187-225). John Dixon

Hunt locates it within the Italian garden tradition, as Louis Martz traces its mannerist and masque-like qualities (209). For Maren-Sofie Rostvig, it is a Hermetic fable (172-90), while for Rosalie Colie, it's a playful mix of genres (181-294). The richest interpretations focus on the poem's mysterious aspects, Frank Warnke sensing in the meadow sequence a return to vital chaos (234-250), Ernest Gilman (204-231) and Donald Friedman (324-8) exploring the shifts in perspective that involve the reader in a restorative experience of multiplicity.

I would like to suggest as still another overlay a focus on Marvell as miniaturist. As witty perspectivist and comic healer, he is, in "Upon Appleton House," a keen observer of space relations among reflecting surfaces, insides and outsides, and most of all, lesser worlds which amaze by containing larger ones. The miniaturizing imagination that sets the playful and amusing universe of "Upon Appleton House" in motion is the same imagination that, on a lesser scale, explored immensity from the intimate vantage of boat, garden or droplet, contrived a gallery of miniature portraits, and entered opposing worlds in dialogue. A sort of Baroque amusement park, "Upon Appleton House" is a gala celebration of a miniaturist's amazement in space, traditional epic wonder achieved in smaller frames. The tricks of the miniaturist -- enclosure, subsumption and correspondence -- are the "Engines strange"

that make the Newtonian heavens, not a blackness of "crumbled...Atomies," but "A new and empty Face of things" inspiring laughter and wonder.

The poem's opener -- "Within" -- invokes the phenomenon of enclosure which so intrigues Marvell. Praising the unassuming, proportioned design of the Fairfax estate, the poet suggests, as a rule, that a house should be scaled to the body it encloses, not a hollow palace "Where winds as he themselves may lose." Men should look to the beasts, for whom self-enclosure is simply a means of survival:

> Why should of all things Man unrul'd
> Such unproportion'd dwellings build?
> The Beasts are by their Dens exprest:
> And Birds contrive an equal Nest;
> The low-roof'd Tortoises do dwell
> In cases fit of Tortoise-shell:
> No Creature loves an empty space;
> Their Bodies measure out their Place.

Marvell refers often to nest-like enclosures, the "bee-like Cell" of Romulus, the floral hut of the sentinel bee, the "Prelate of the grove" embarked, the salmon-fishers housed in their canoes. Like Gaston Bachelard in our own century, he is intrigued by the nest which "takes us back to the primitiveness of the refuge" (91). He transforms this into a kind of joke, a cartoon-like house that sweats and swells

to accommodate its master, the square comically growing spherical:

> Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
> And scarce indures the Master great:
> But where he comes the swelling Hall
> Stirs, and the Square grows Spherical;
> More by his Magnitude distrest,
> Then he is by its straitness prest:
> And too officiously it slights
> That in its self which him delights.

More seriously in another poet, Bachelard considers the "image of concentrated being we are given with this house that 'clings' to its inhabitant and becomes the cell of a body with its walls close together" (45-6).

In taking the house back to its origins in the shells, nests and dens of beasts, Marvell recalls the droplets, gardens, and reduced universes of other lyrics, "Those short but admirable Lines,/By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,/Things greater are in less contain'd." Typically, he foregoes spatial sophistication for simpler shelters:

> Let other vainly strive t'immure
> The Circle in the Quadrature!
> These holy Mathematicks can
> In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

Complicated spatial gymnastics -- the immuring of the circle in the quadrature -- is for pretentious Palladian architects, perhaps. This poet celebrates more human mysteries, the "holy Mathematicks" that can "In every Figure equal Man." The image, suggesting Leonardo da Vinci's human figure neatly housed in a circle, is a canny allusion to home as little world and basis for revery: "For our house is our corner of the world. As has often been said, it is our first universe, a real cosmos in every sense of the word" (Bachelard 4).

The second section, which regards the Fairfax family history, offers, yet another kind of enclosure in the nun's subtle invitation to Isabela Thwaites:

> "Within this holy leisure we
> Live innocently as you see.
> These Walls restrain the World without,
> But hedge our Liberty about:
> These Bars inclose that wider Den
> Of those wild Creatures, called Men:
> The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
> And, from us, locks on them the Grates."

Though the "Suttle Nunns" would persuade the virgin that the cloister's gates keep out the larger world's perversity, their "holy leisure" is curiously wanton, a far cry from Fairfax humility. Recalling the psychological prisons of some of the portraits, the cloister's outward shutting of

its gates is a reversal of enclosure reinforced by the narrator's apt comment: "The Nuns smooth Tongue has suckt her in" (l.200).[1]

The third section (ll. 281-368) explores subsumption, the protective garden a miniature of the larger world without: "The space of enclosure reconstitutes what it nominally excludes" (Rajan 166). Just as the wilder areas beyond the house survey history -- the Flood, the journey through the Red Sea, and the Crucifixion -- the formal gardens, "laid...out in sport/In the Just Figure of a Fort" are a whimsical miniature of the Civil War and the stormy world without. A floral militia displays "Silken Ensigns" and lets fly "fragrant Vollyes" in tribute to their governor and his daughter; regiments of "Tulip Pinke and Rose" parade in colorful fanfare. Recalling John of Gaunt's speech in Richard II, the metaphor, extended in ll. 321-8, suggests that Fairfax's Edenic gardens are what England once was:

> Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
> The Garden of the World ere while,
> Thou Paradise of four Seas,
> Which Heaven planted us to please,
> But to exclude the World, did guard
> With watry if not flaming Sword;
> What luckless Apple did we tast,
> To make us Mortal, and The Wast?

Arranged "to exclude the World," however, the island garden darkly parallels the cloister walls which "restrain the World without" (l. 99) (Swan 553), as the poet weighs General Fairfax's decision to retreat from public life in a miniature paradise. In this sense, the garden becomes a "theatrum mundi" as it folds us into its dramas, posing problematic distinctions between actor and spectator, active and passive, recalling us "to ideas and memories we have stored and maybe forgotten until we meet their images again among the green shades of a garden" (Hunt 'Loose' 344).

In the recreative abyss of the meadow, Marvell explores some curious correspondences. In her work on miniature, Susan Stewart comments on the poem's "juxtaposition of microcosmic and macrocosmic images" (63-4); similarly, Ernest Gilman notes the perceptual trick of "the mundane conflated with the trivial and the cosmic" (220), and Jim Swan the simultaneity of the imagery (556). Reading "Upon Appleton House," as Gilman has so wonderfully suggested, is like gazing at a Velazquez painting whose mirrors, doorways and canvases encourage a viewer to "accommodate his vision to a hall of mirrors whose reflections are shifting, multifaceted, and paradoxical" (209), an experience which peaks in the meadow. The poem's Chinese boxing, introduced in the structural frame of the house, which is also "the frame on which the canvas of the poem is stretched" (Gilman 206), seems to accelerate in the meadow sequence in a quick

succession of frames -- the sliding panels of the masquing hall that turn the scene "with Engines strange," the "Traverse," or painted curtain, the "Eben Shuts" of the river, and later, the shutters fastening the house as night falls, leading Christopher Ricks to remark the "images which finally close up "Upon Appleton House" within their Chinese boxes or their Russian dolls" (116).

In the meadow's playful chaos of superimposed macro- and microcosms, anamorphic jokes keep the reader off balance. Humorous perceptual tricks keep us in a state of constant and purposeful disorientation, like the amusing double-mindedness of soul and body, which pine "Within anothers Grief." Once in the "unfathomable Grass,"

> Men like Grashoppers appear,
> But Grasshopers are Gyants there:
> They, in their squeking Laugh, contemn
> Us as we walk more low than them;
> And, from the Precipices tall
> Of the green spir's, to us do call.

Villagers chase cattle which

> seem within the polisht Grass
> A Landskip drawn in Looking Glass.
> And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
> As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
> Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
> In Multiplying Glasses lye.

They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As Constellations do above.

The meadow's yearly flood creates a succession of anamorphic puzzles:

Let others tell the Paradox,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges sail,
And Fishes do the Stables scale;
How Salmons trespassing are found,
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.

The meadow is simultaneously many things. The "unfathomable Grass" is also a sea:

To see men through this Meadow dive
We wonder how they rise alive
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go,
But as the Marriners that sound
And show upon their Lead the Ground,
They bring up Flow'rs so to be seen,
And prove they've at the Bottom been.

When the sea reverts to meadow with the entrance of the "tawny Mowers," the sea change is sustained in the mower-Israelites, who "Walking on foot through a green Sea,"

divide the "Grassy Deeps." With the mowers, the sea-meadow evolves to battle camp,

> Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
> Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
> The Women that with forks it fling,
> Do represent the Pillaging.

Appropriate to the poem's mixing of kinds, the battle camp is also a harvest festival. The "Triumphs of the Hay" conflate with the grimness of battle in the mowers, smelling like Alexander, and the hay cocks rise like Roman camps. The simultaneity of meadow as itself, battlefield, and sea forces an unaccustomed doublemindedness in the reader.

As the poet allows a progressive inflation of worlds in the wild abyss of the meadow, he encourages an illusion of their infinite diminishing as well. As the meadow enlarges in its "life-bringing chaos" (Warnke 243), it is also subject to the miniaturizing impulse of science and art. Marvell continually alludes to the meadow's representation in "the painted World" as a plain canvas "stretcht to stain" for the noted miniaturist, Sir Peter Lely (Warnke 241), a Davenant painting of herded cattle -- which shrink to cattle-fleas "In Multiplying Glasses" -- a "Landskip drawen in Looking-Glass." In a humorous disjunction of perspective, he allows Thestylis, who pounces upon the rail for supper, to emerge from her literary frame -- "he call'd us Israelites" -- nodding at the narrator from the poetic

canvas. As the meadow progressively enlarges, the poet impresses upon us its corresponding miniaturization; macrocosm and microcosm are correlative.

Taking sanctuary from the Flood, the poet retires to the woods, where he has his most intense experience. In the "growing Ark" of "ancient Stocks" which serve paradoxically as nature's cradle and hearse, Marvell "invokes eternity, time without boundaries, without beginning or end" (Swan 558), like Bachelard's later intimate, ancestral forest, a "before-me, before-us," unlike the fields and meadows, which are "with-me, with-us" (187-8). A "Fifth Element,"

> Dark all without it knits; within
> It opens passable and thin,

accumulating "its infinity within its own boundaries" (Bachelard 186),

> so closely wedg'd
> As if the Night within were hedg'd.

Embarked in this secret woods, the poet regards a "moralized landscape" (Gilman 223) of emblem scenes, hieroglyphs, or "lightly moral fables" (Swan 559), which unfold together in a mystical illustration of correspondences. The "Musick high" of a single nightingale -- on "squatted Thorns" which have withdrawn their claws -- causes the "highest Oakes" to stoop, while two stock doves mourn mysteriously. A throstle hatches her young as a heron

lets drop its eldest. An upright hewel searches out the "Traitor-worm" within the oak, which

seems to fall content
Viewing the Treason's Punishment.

The fables form a curious web of correspondences.

The "easie Philosopher" becomes something of an emblem himself, winged or overturned, an "inverted Tree." Implicated in this fabric of correspondences, he speaks to birds in their "most learned Original" and knows the fate of each leaf, the language recalling the rapture of "The Garden"'s fifth stanza:

The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
Between which Caterpillars crawl:
And Ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
Under this antick Cope I move
Like some great Prelate of the Grove.

Nature obliges him, as it did Damon the Mower, Marvell's other perceiver of the self in the landscape:

Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;
While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
Thanks for my Rest, ye Mossy Banks,
And unto you, cool Zephyr's Thanks,

Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the Chaff my Head.

The retreat culminates in the poet's encampment of his mind, another experience of the green thought in the green shade of "Fair Trees":

Bind me ye Woodbines in your 'twines,
Curl me about ye gadding Vines,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:
But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, O Brambles, chain me too,
And courteous Briars, nail me through.

"Bind," "Fetters," "Bondage," "chain," however, hint at the possibility of mental entrapment, recalling the ambiguous cloister walls and garden-isle.

These earlier equivocal enclosures raised the problem of "within" and "without," a dilemma repeated in the mysterious woods, which, within, are "passable and thin," but knitted "without."[2] Coinciding macro- and microcosms create another anamorphic puzzle in the river,

a Chrystal Mirror slick;
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.

Earlier, in a meadow-sea, divers

wonder how they rise alive.

As, under water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.[3]

These perceptual jokes are distressing. "If there exists a border-line surface between such an inside and outside, this surface is painful on both sides...we absorb a mixture of being and nothingness" (Bachelard 218).

Yet, the poem eases the distress by immersing the reader in a series of experiences which encourage perceptual versatility, its mascots the amphibious crocodile, serpent, and fisherman who hangs from tough branches as fish twang at his lines, balanced between land and water. With such mascots as guides, narrator and reader, having experienced the life-giving chaos of the meadow, so like the plot upsets in Shakespeare's festive comedies, undergo rebirth in the forest, emerging with an enlarged perception (Warnke 248-9).

As he did in the meadows, stopping periodically to reduce its wild transformations to miniature via glasses, canvases, and frames, the poet pauses in the forest to fix the anamorphic swirl of self, landscape, and the confusions it excites:

Out of these scatter'd Sibyls Leaves
Strange Prophecies my Phancy weaves:
And in one History consumes,
Like Mexique Paintings, all the Plumes.
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, ere said
I in this light Mosaic read.

Thrice happy he who, not mistook,

Hath read in Natures mystick Book.

The blur of self and surroundings subsides, if only for an instant, held by art -- Mexique paintings, mosaics, the "antick Cope" of masque.[4] "Upon Appleton House," in fact, is a single history consuming "all the Plumes" of genre, a "light Mosaick" in which painterly, literary, and dramatic art forms -- country house poetry, eulogy, emblem, masque, mannerism -- are reduced to miniature.

As the narrator puts away his hooks, quills and angles, all "idle Utensils," the scene is again becalmed with the entrance of young Maria Fairfax, strolling in the evening. The narrator reverently observes how she stuns and silences the landscape.[5] He also seems to relish the scene's gentle comedy, as an amused onlooker notes the progress of a good-looking woman serenaded with whistles. Almost like a cartoon, things comically stop dead in their tracks. The sun blushes and air syrups over; the stream jellies and compacts to "fix her shadow" while fish goggle dumbly. Men don't whistle but freeze, spellbound, "Charm'd with the Saphire-winged Mist." Under her influence, all the playful transformations subside; after all, these only "Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are." Marvell invests her with a miniaturist's wizardry. Bestowing "streightness," her presence transforms the world, "a rude heap.../All negligently overthrown," taming it to "more decent Order":

"Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap/And Paradice's only Map." For Frank Warnke, she is, "as the female principle, the epitome of all that has been learned in the meadow and the forest" (249).

However, Marvell allows one more burst of play:

> But now the Salmon-Fishers moist
> Their leathern Boats begin to hoist;
> And, like Antipodes in Shoes,
> Have shod their Heads in their Canoos.
> How Tortoiselike, but not so slow,
> These rational Amphibii go?
> Let's in: for the dark Hemisphere
> Does now like one of them appear.

Hoisting their canoes over their heads, the salmon fishermen appear "like Antipodes in shoes" moving "Tortoiselike," "rational Amphibii" fit for both land and water. Then, easily, the narrator guides us into the house -- "Let's in" -- for night has fallen, a "dark Hemisphere" over our own heads.

The poem ends on this threshold, a field of play in which the poet's concerns are whimsically reduced to miniature. "Let's in" revives the issue of "within" and "without," locating the poem as a temporary playground "out" of the real world.[6] The final stanza's housed figures -- fishermen in canoes, turtles, and the poet's about-to-be-housed guests -- recall the poem's opening

houses -- the nests, shells, and dens of birds and beasts, Marvell's whimsical version of Robert Burton's statement: "We are testudines testa sua inclusi, like so many tortoises in our shells, safely defended by an angry sea, as a wall on all sides" (qtd. in Swan 551). The "sober Frame" of the house was our starting point, for like Bachelard in our own time, Marvell shows that "the house is one of the greatest powers of integration for the thoughts, memories and dreams of mankind" (6); it "invites mankind to heroism of cosmic proportions" (46); experienced, its "Inhabited space transcends geometrical space" (47). In the same way, the poet transcends geometry, successfully immuring "the Circle in the Quadrature," engineering "a perfectly circular artistic and moral journey -- from the house, around the grounds, and back again -- within the quadrature of ninety-seven eight-syllable by eight-line stanzas" (Gilman 231). Finally, the last stanza's salute to amphibians, creatures who slip easily between worlds, revives a favorite theme. At the poet's side, we dip, like meadow divers, into a glimmering, many-worlded universe.7 Its curiosities, we learn, are open only to the flexible, whose houses sweat and grow spherical, who dive and rise alive from perceptual abysses, who fish braced between land and water. As readers, we must likewise poise ourselves between genres unless, like the rail, we are lost in this "light Mosaick" of kinds.

Like Shakespeare's Tempest, "Upon Appleton House" is a sort of mirror through which we can look back at the dialogues, portraits, and other poems. Like Velazquez's Las Meninas, it holds this poet's favorite spatial ambiguities in playful suspension. Nests recall Marvellian spheres, at the maximum of their unity. The "Engines strange" of his poetic imagination -- enclosure, subsumption, correspondence -- revive the voices of nymphs, lovers, mowers. Spaces, new and empty, small and shrunken, shape an intimate immensity, as they have done earlier. Here, as elsewhere, that "Things greater are in less contain'd" delights this man who possesses the world by reducing it to miniature.

Notes

[1]For a sustained discussion of enclosure in UAH, especially as it is experienced as a constraint, see Swan, who traces the phenomenon to biographical and political sources.

[2]For Ernest Gilman, "There is a semantic blur in the line 'Dark all without it knits,' which leaves us feeling uncertain about where the darkness is -- a feeling that is crucial to our experience of the whole section" (224).

[3]These puzzles are characteristic of Italian Baroque gardens, with their "fountains, statues, grottoes, casinos, terraces with divided staircases connecting different levels, or covered walks that offer ambiguous territory ('inside' outside) and suggest new interplay between man-made and natural environment" (Hunt 'Loose' 333).

[4]Louis Martz notes, "the speaker himself becomes a masker in the wood," cloaked in oak leaves and ivy, and earlier, Marvell draws upon masque technology in his scenes turning "with Engines strange," and river flooding "to conclude these pleasant Acts" (209).

[5]See Swan: "In a scene intensely silent, intensely visual, the landscape and the narrator at play within it are altogether benumbed, vitrified, turned to stone by Maria's sudden appearance...she interrupts the fluid, amphibious relationship between narrator and landscape, hardening it into pure, crystalline order" (566).

[6]At the poet's side, we have also journeyed from the house on "out," through the gardens, meadows, and woods (Swan 567). In her work on miniature, Susan Stewart notes that in contrast to Jonson's "Penshurst", which "moves from distance to interiority," "Upon Appleton House" moves outward (62-4). However, as Swan remarks, "Paradoxically, the furthest 'out' has been at the same time the deepest 'in,'" the intimate grove where the narrator has his most intense experience (567). Now, as night falls, we are guided "in" out of the poem.

[7]See Gilman: Marvell "leads us in and out of a series of frames, all of which reflect the others, the greater world which frames them, and our own frame of mind" (229);

Swan also suggests that the trick is to avoid self-entrapment, to be an amphibian "enclosed in oneself" yet "moving between worlds" (568).

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EPILOGUE

Marvell's lyrics celebrate space, whether condensed to a droplet or stretched to an abyss. They seem inspired by spatial puzzles, tears as "watry Sphears," gardens red, white, and green, empires sufficiently vast to house vegetable loves, oceans rebounding with echoes. Marvell responds to space as a miniaturist, locating pockets within it that serve as vantages on his nights, both black and green. These pockets, as we have seen, take several forms, resisting their surrounds, subsuming them, or co-existing in mutual containment. This discussion, in fact, has attempted to show how Marvell puts these possibilities to several uses.

One is to extend the possibilities of genre. Marvell regards "kinds" as frames or doorways to little worlds, genre often an occasion for sport. Petrarchan literary conventions, for instance, serve as a threshold to the interior life of the unfortunate lover who "his own Blood does relish best." Meditative strategies are deployed to explore a dewdrop's simultaneous isolation and implication in a web of correspondences. The poet's sport with genre culminates in "Upon Appleton House," whose deceptively "sober Frame" accommodates an overlapping and interpenetration of smaller frames.

A second is to demonstrate his own conviction in reality's oppositional design. Dramatically entering voices in dialogue, Marvell observes the pull between world and "other," a strategy which peaks in the anamorphic distress of Soul and Body, who pine "Within anothers Grief."

A third is to regard the mind in its anxious response to love. Marvell's miniature portraits explore a range of human reactions, lovers fleeing, idealizing, bleeding bannerets. As readers, we smile at the silly human postures, recognizing the mind's agility in response to its own frailty.

The portraits are partly about the ways we lose when we close ourselves off from the spectacle of space. A fourth use to which Marvell puts miniature is to participate in space, orbs, gardens, frames, houses offering the modicum of safety needed for the journey across the threshold to sea, sky, night, "unfathomable Grass." Like all adventures, the journey has a few prerequisites, flexibility and a capacity for wonder in many-worldedness.

All celebrate the mind as a "true survey," embarked, "encamped," "Compos'd into one Gallery," for Marvell, as a true miniaturist, makes all space retreat so that he can savor "green Thought in a green Shade."

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