**Workshop Proposal for Attending to Early Modern Women 2015**

**Title:** FUTURES COME AND GONE: THE GENDERING OF POLITICAL ‘TRUTHS’

**Summary:**
Our proposed workshop for Plenary Three, “Temporalities,” will consider how early modern women manipulated political truths and truth telling through, in, and across time. Concepts we will consider include the gendered experience of political time, the notion of futurity as political promise, and the purported ‘telos’ of civic incorporation as experienced by women. Texts discussed will range from literature and history to theory and philosophy and will suggest in provocative ways how women understood themselves to be active creators of and participants in political endeavors. Participants are invited to bring their own disciplinary and interpretive skills to bear on our readings and are encouraged to move from the specific understandings that our works represent to the broader issues and critical practice that they will invariably raise.

**Organizer Information:**
Megan Matchinske, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, English & Comparative Literature, matchin@email.unc.edu
Katherine Gillespie, Miami University, English Literature, gillesk1@miamioh.edu
Patricia Phillipps, Kingston University, English Literature and Creative Writing, PPhillippy@kingston.ac.uk
Joanne Wright, University of New Brunswick, Canada, Department of Political Science, jwright@unb.ca

**Contact Information (for Megan Matchinske):**
Home: 1538 Pathway Drive
       Carrboro, North Carolina 27510
Institution: Greenlaw CB# 3520
           University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
           Chapel Hill, NC 27599-3520
Email: matchin@email.unc.edu
Phone: 919-962-4058 (office) or 919-619-1695 (mobile)

**Workshop Description:**
In this workshop we will examine a range of theoretical, historical, and literary texts that question how time and gender shape political truths. Concepts we will consider include the gendered experience of political time, the notion of futurity as political promise, and the purported ‘telos’ of civic incorporation as experienced by women (or not). Prior to arriving at our workshop, participants will have been provided with a short list of general questions that they are to have considered in advance. These questions will pertain not only to the materials that we have assigned for them to read but will gesture as well to the larger arena of contemporary politics. We hope, in fact, to have a lively early modern/post-modern discussion of many of the temporal pleats in political truth telling that have over time. As it is our hope to incite a wide conversation that ranges broadly, we will begin our session by briefly introducing our individual interests. Our presentations will pointedly and repeatedly reference one another and will last no more than 6-8 minutes a piece. At the conclusion of each short orientation, we will direct
listeners once again to the questions that they have been given, noting particularly germane lines of inquiry. At no time will we separate participants into smaller breakout groups. While such group work certainly has its merits, we feel that wider conversations offer more opportunity for development and allow as well for a shared and unbroken conversation. We will, of course, have fall back plans, if for some reason we find that our workshop participants are especially reticent to engage or if the size of the overall group is too cumbersome to manage as a whole. Given the close historical proximity of all of our case studies we will use time to direct and order our discussions. Accordingly, Patricia will start us off in the 1630s, Joanne will follow in short order, then Megan, and finally Katharine, with the performance of Behn’s *Rover* in 1677.

Patricia considers the uses made of material artefacts and ephemeral performances by Alice Spencer, Countess of Derby, and her three daughters (collectively known as the Stanley women) as means to control the trajectories of their political identities. When Queen Elizabeth visited Spencer and her second husband, Sir Thomas Egerton, at Harefield (Middlesex), she was greeted by the figures of Time and Place, who together suggest two distinct approaches to the construction of permanent identities within the stratified political spheres of the Elizabethan and Jacobean courts. While Time stops to wait upon royal pleasure and prerogative, Place is a monument erected to commemorate the lasting memory of the monarch’s progress. Moving through a series of tableaux in entertainments commissioned by Spencer and her daughters—including Marston’s “Entertainment for the Countess of Derby at Ashby” “(1607) and Milton’s *Arcades* (1632) and *A Maske Presented at Ludlow Castle (Comus)* (1634)—Patricia asks us to explore the degree of self-authorship involved in acts of patronage by the Stanley women and their deliberate crafting of narratives that revise past political failures and inscribe less contested and equivocal memories to immediate audiences and to posterity. Finally, Patricia traces these fleeting images of women as self-authored citizens and subjects into Spencer’s monument for herself and her three daughters, erected in her lifetime at Harefield. We will explore the apparent motives and effects of Spencer’s memorial program, which includes inscriptions that falsify historical fact and overtly stylized, symbolic effigies in the place of portraiture, and examine the successes and failures of the Stanley women’s collective, life-long project self-definition and exemption from the political and social identities bestowed upon them by men.

For Margaret Cavendish, time and violence discipline politics. Cavendish makes repeated references to death throughout her works, a fact not surprising given the high mortality rates in 17th-century England and the impact of the Civil War. In *Sociable Letters* and *Orations of Divers Sorts*, Cavendish takes up death (frequently violent death) as a subject for philosophical meditation; she ruminates on the meaning of life in the body, unflinchingly contemplates the fate of bodily remains, and relays her fears about the fleetingness of our time on this earth. She fears not “death’s dart” but rather the “black oblivion of death,” and indeed, she offers little in the way of Christian consolation to the reader regarding the afterlife or the liberation of the soul to a happier place. In her funeral orations particularly, Cavendish’s lament for the lost soul becomes a segue into political critique of the specific roles in question (young virgin, new bride, soldier). Joanne’s selection of readings will explore Cavendish’s writings for what they can reveal about her obsession with using time to the best advantage. Following Judith Butler’s call to consider acts of violence as an opportunity for “patient political reflection,” we will consider how Cavendish uses her experience of Civil War losses to confront the precariousness of human life and as a means to develop a moral and political vision about the value of earthly life.
Megan’s materials will take us from the moment of loss to its timely filling in in order to trace the temporal space of political plentitude. Using Hutchinson’s biography of her husband to get workshop participants thinking about how time drives affect and ethical content, shaping both, Megan asks us to ponder the temporal implications of constructing an empathic polity as a specifically gendered endeavor. We know, of course, that Hutchinson’s veracity depends on her ability to inhabit her husband’s life. She tells is in the Memoirs that “so closely attuned were they that “[A]ll that she was, was him while he was here, and all that she is now at best is but his pale shade” (26). In this workshop Megan would like participants to interrogate Hutchinson’s narrative empathy as a means to articulate political citizenship. Celebrating neither individuals nor types—Hutchinson’s neo-analogic civic sensibility is affect-driven, an attempt to correlate self with other (pace Joanne Picciotto) that is based on both distance and proximity, on sameness and difference. More importantly, we might begin to envision such metaphoric relationships as also narratological, generating a sense of “all in all” that must be fostered across and through time (she/he was/is). In Hutchinson’s Memoirs she replaces the exemplary likeness of allegory with another kind of correspondence—one that seeks to know the other by participating in the story of civic life. History’s persuasiveness derives from its cumulative potential, its ability to move across and through time, exploring the import of past causes in relation to ongoing consequences. When we recover our genealogical narratives in order to remember both what came before and what comes next, we begin to take responsibility for those choices, imagining in the process the lineaments of our own lives.

Finally Katharine’s contribution will ask workshop participants to examine how the vexed and variegated circumstances surrounding the Restoration offer particularly fertile ground for exploring highly politicized representations of the past, present, and future. While scholars have traditionally focused upon the republicans’ “experience of defeat,” recent scholarship asks why, if the “restoration” in 1660 was so successful, that a mere 28 years passed before the “Glorious Revolution” of 1688 once again dislodged crown rule. Through this reappraisal, the Restoration (re)emerges as a time when republicans continued to challenge the tenets monarchy and resist the idea that the republic was a failed order, rightly consigned to the ash heap of history, rather than a still-to-be-realized vision of England’s future.

Literary texts composed by writers such as Lucy Hutchinson and Aphra Behn deepen our understanding of the strategies used first by royalists to consign their opponents to oblivion and later by republicans to prevent that from occurring. Like the ghostly Hutchinson, who uses her spectral condition as a way to prevent the republic and its values from sinking into oblivion, instead positing them as the telos for England’s political future, Apha Behn’s prostitute Angelica in her play The Rover becomes a time-bound political “shadow.” However whereas Hutchinson seeks to recover, Behn seeks to obviate. Still, the distinction is not all that clear cut. In seeking to exorcise the spectre of a self-possessed woman, Behn first has to construct her as such, thereby granting and preserving her existence in the very process of obliterating it. As Derrida predicts, Behn’s “haunting” not only reveals the way in which time is constructed but also the multiple temporalities that comprise a given moment in the ostensibly teleological nature of political time as either progressive or reactionary. But as will also be discussed, Derrida’s own representation of a lost [communist] past that needs to return so that it may become the desired
future is gendered both male and royalist while his “rotten state” is associated with a woman’s prostituted fidelity to the true king. Gillespie will ask participants to think about why it is that Derrida’s representation of history is so anxious about a feminized present that is “out of joint” with a masculinized vision of the future as a recovery of a past that was lost before it could be realized.

The readings that we have selected will be circulated in advance. These materials provide multiple opportunities for discussion, and we encourage participants to bring their own disciplinary interests to bear on the category of political taxonomy broadly defined. We hope through this workshop to facilitate a vibrant and interdisciplinary conversation about the historical, literary, and theoretical meanings of political time in the period, with a particular focus on how early modern women negotiated these various meanings in their writings.
Contestation politics consists in those activities that affirm or problematize the values of the present in light of their past connections and future implications, in the ways the past opens up undeveloped possibilities, hints, intimations that may not have been elaborated, that nevertheless can be reactivated, animated in other contexts.

In a sense, then, life is always politics: it is always about the perseverance of one or many groups at the cost of others. But what has been victorious, that is, prevails at a particular period, does not wipe out the traces of all others, even those rendered extinct. The movement of evolution does not supersede that which is victorious and leave the rest to oblivion. The rest, the remainder, left out by dominant individuals, groups, species, are not simply the dead ends of history, its losers, what is left behind. What was once may still affect what will be, even though it may play no role in the force of what presently is.

Resistance, in whatever form it may emerge, is always latent in, the legacy of, the present, which may stifle certain clear-cut struggles but cannot contain the impulse to challenge it. The past provides the resources by which such challenges may be mounted, not directly, not through repeating what was successful in the past (there can be no repetition without an identity of circumstances, which, in historical events, is never possible)—that is, not through learning—but through its capacity to disrupt the present with forces the present has not actualized. The resources of the previously oppressed—of women under patriarchy, of slaves under slavery, of minorities under racism, colonialism, or nationalism, of workers under capitalism, and so on—are not lost or wiped out through the structures of domination that helped to define them: they are preserved somewhere, in the past itself, with effects and traces that can be animated in a number of different contexts and terms in the present. Identity struggles of all kinds—for women, for sexual, racial, or ethnic minorities—have profited immensely from the revisions of history that research into these oppressed groups has revealed, from the texts and documents unearthed, the practices and inventions discovered, re-discovered, or properly reattributed, that the inspiration and potential of understanding this as one’s past, one’s history, entails. What is it to be a woman or man, to be black or white, to be foreign or native, to be Jewish or Arab, to be one identity rather than another? Not the accomplishment of certain given skills, qualities, or attributes (in spite of the claims of adherents to identity politics, a politics forged on the identificatory relations of a subject with an identifiable group or number of groups), nor the attainment of something essential, given, or unchanging. Subjective identity, the belonging to social groups and categories, is always a matter of history, a history that may extend from one’s own life story, through one’s family genealogy, to cultural, political, and ultimately biological history, as broadly as one chooses. To be a woman or a Jew or black or working class is to take on, to make one’s own, the history of what women, Jews, blacks, or the working class have been and have done; to see oneself in that history, but also to see in that history not only one’s limitations in the present, but also the condition by which such limitations may be overcome.

Even more transgressive, perhaps, are those resources of the past not directly locatable in historical records, not reproducible as present representations, the heritage of past vulnerabilities, fragilities, fractures, and dislocations in power that reveal their effects in the present, to highlight and make clear the points of qualitative or intensive fragility in present power structures. These are not elements of a history that leads only to oneself—the frame or “interpretation” that directs identity politics—but rather, a history of what is larger than oneself, a genealogy of the social and cultural itself (a genealogy that eventually, if taken back far enough, must return us to the world of nature, perhaps even, in Deleuze’s terms, to a geology), a genealogy also of the events that imperil and transform the social and the cultural. The world of nature, the accumulated past of life itself, the past that all of life shares in common, is not what limits cultural and political activity and change, for no change would be possible without the liability, the openness to change, that the natural order has developed for itself. It is this openness that is the first condition of politics as much as of life.

The past is our resource for overcoming the present, for bringing about a future. The more we avail ourselves of its resources, the more enriched are the current possibilities of transformation. But, as Nietzsche recognized, an immersion in the past for its own sake can prove debilitating in the present. It is only a judicial and well-balanced history (not necessarily an objective, total, or complete history, but its opposite: a history balanced between a certain fidelity to the past and the demands of living in the present in the welcome anticipation of the future) that will provide the resources not only for a critique of present power alignments but also for their future reorganization.

The future erupts through a kind of leap or rupture—a phase transition, in the language of Prigogine, a moment of the eruption of the untimely or the nick—analogous to the leap into the past that constitutes memory proper. It is not the predictable, foreseeable continuation of the past. It is an unexpected shift, the shift produced by the unexpectedness of events, which
reorients the past and whose reorientation or reanimation reorganizes its present effects without steps, in a continuity that is also a discontinuity, becoming. This leap is politics as much as it characterizes life. Politics is not reducible to this leap, it is this leap: recognizing itself in the past that prepares it, all politics, from the conservative to the radical, aims to develop the future through some efforts of the present. The conservative aims to present this future as the logical development on and progress of the past, shepherded by the self-interest of the present. A radical line, depending on its degree of radicality, more or less accepts as desirable a dislocation or incoherence between the present and the future. The future as surprised, welcomed with more or less anxiety or openness. (Even leftist and feminist policy work self-consciously aims at the generation and regulation of a new future that is closely controlled by the present; and even some, perhaps the most extreme, forms of religious fundamentalism affirm a destruction of the values of the present to make way for a terrifying or welcoming unknown drawn from the antiquarian “authenticity” of the past, which is to follow). Politics is an address to an immediate or middle-term future which attempts to refigure the value of the past through a critique of the present. It is a contestation of how the past is read and what of the past still subsists in present activities, still surges with a virtuality that makes practice in the future able to emerge. But above all, it is about how the past and present can dissociate to bring about something new.

Feminist politics and the theories that underlie it are all, whether aware of it or not, engaged in this split or dislocated duration. An excessive product or effect of a patriarchal system in which women and femininity are necessary but do not define themselves or their world, feminism is one of the uncontrolled actualizations of patriarchy's virtual force (along with the expected patriarchal institutions and practices). It is not an inevitable effect of patriarchy, but lies latent or potential within patriarchal relations, which must, whatever the scope and extent of male privilege, integrate themselves with a nature that has bifurcated or divided the sexes such that each requires the other for reproduction and the continuity of generation, each must live with or near the other. Feminism is able to challenge, critique, struggle against patriarchy because it is spawned by it, knows it intimately, is its underside and excess. But feminist struggles of all kinds aim to produce a breach between the overwhelming weight of the patriarchal (or racist) past, its disruption in the present (which is to some extent controllable), and its overcoming in the future (which is not controllable or predictable). Feminist theory, in particular, though no less than feminist political struggles, is about the future, what is to come, what cannot be foreseen, what must be made rather than known. It is about making the categories of men and women and their relations—the realm of sexual difference—different from the ways they currently exist, giving them an open future, granting each the awe and, as Irigaray describes it, the surprise of an encounter between two beings who may begin to know their difference.

THE QUEEN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT HAREFIELD
July-August, 1602

[Source: John Nichols, Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, vol. 3, pp. 583-91]

Copy of some Papers belonging to the late Sir Roger Newdigate, Baronet (7 pages folio), lettered on the back, by a later hand, 'Entertainment of Q. Elz. at Harefield, by the Countesse of Derby:

When her Maiestie was alighted from her horse, and ascended 3 steps neare to the entering into the house, a carpet and chaire there sett for her; PLACE and TIME present themselves, and vse this Dialogue.

PLACE in a parte-colored roobe, like the brick house.

TIME with yeollow haire, and in a green roobe, with a hower glasse, stopped, not runnings.

P. Wellcome, good Time.

T. Godden, my little pretie priuat Place.

P. Farewell, godbye Time; are you not gone? doe you stay heere? I wonder that Time should stay any where; what's the cause?

T. If thou knewest the cause, then wouldst not wonder; for I stay to entertaine the Wonder of this time, wherein I would pray thee to ioyne mee, if thou wert not too little for her greatness; for it weares as great a miracle for thee to receive her, as to see the Ocean shut up in a little creeke, or the circumference shrunke vnto the pointe of the center.

P. Too little! by that reason she should rest in noe place, for noe place is great enough to receive her. Too little! I haue all this day entertained the Sunn, which, you knowe, is a great and glorious Guest; hee's but eueen now gone downe yonder hill; and now he is gone, methinks, if Cinthia her selfe would come in his place, the place that contaynde him should not be too little to receaue her.
T. You say true, and I like your comparison; for the Guest that wee are to entertaine doth fill all places with her divine vertues, as the Sunn fills the World with the light of his beames. But say, poore Place, in what manner didst thou entertaine the Sunn?

P. I received his glory, and was filled with it: but, I must confess, not according to the proportion of his greatness, but according to the measure of my capacitie; his bright face (methought) was all day turned upon mee; nevertheless his beams in infinite abundance were dispersed and spread vpon other places.

T. Well, well; this is no time for us to entertaine another one, when wee should joine to entertaine her. Our entertainment of this Goddessse will be much alike; for though her selfe shall eclipse her soe much, as to suffer her brightness to bee shadowed in this obscuere and narrow Place, yet the sunne beams that follow her, the traine I meanede that attends vpon her, must, by the necessitie of this Place, be deuised from her. Are you ready, Place? Time is ready.

P. Soe it should seeme indeed, you are so gaye, fresh, and cheerful! You are the present Time, are you not? then what neede you make such haste? Let me see, your wings are clipt, and, for ought I see, your hower-glasse runnes not.

T. My wings are clipt indeed, and it is her hands hath clipt them: and, tis true, my glasse runnes not; indeed it hath stopt a long time. It can never rune as long as I waiete upon this Mrs. I [am] her Time; and Time wearie very vngrateful, If it should not ever stand still, to seme and preserve, cherish and delight her, that is the glory of her time, and makes the Time happy where in she liueth.

P. And doth not she make Place happy as well as Time? What if it she make thee a contynuall holy-day, she makes me a perpetuall sanctuary. Doth not the presence of a Prince make a Cottage a Court, and the presence of the Gods make every place Heaven? But, alas, my littenes is not capable of that happines, that her great grace would impart into me: but, wearie as large as there harts that are mine Owners, I should be the fairest Palace in the world; and where I agreeable to the wishes of there harts, I should in some measure resemble her sacred selfe, and be in the outward front excelling faire, and in the inward furniture exceeding rich.

T. In good time do you remember the hearts of your Owners: for, as I was passing to this place, I found this hart I, which, as my daughter Truth toold mee, was stolne by owne of the Nymphe from one of the servants of this Goodesse; but her guilty conscience enforsting her that it did belong only of right vnto her that is Mrs. of all harts in the world, she cast [it] from her for this time: and Opportunity, finding it, delivered it vnto me, Heere, Place, take it thou, and present it vnto her as a pledge and mirror of their harts that owe thee.

P. It is a mirror indeed, for so it is transparent. It is a cleare hart, you may see through it. It hath noe close corners, noe darkenes, noe unbutiful spott in it. I will therefore presume the more boldly to deliver it: with this assurance, that Time, Place, Persons, and all other circumstances, doe concurre all together in biddinge her wellcome.

At her Maiesties departure from Harefield, PLACE, attired in black mourninge apparell, used this farewell following:

P. Sweet Maiestie, be pleased to looke vpon a poor Wydow, mourninge before your Grace. I am this Place, which at your comming was full of joy; but now at your departure am as full of sorrow. I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful Time; but now he is to depart with you; and, blessed as he is, must euer fly before you: But, alas! I have noe wings, as Time hath. My heauenlesse is such, that I must stand still, amazed to see so great happiness so soon bereft mee. Oh, that I could remove with you, as other circumstancies can! Time can goe with you, Persons can goe with you; they can moove like Heaven; but I, like dull Earth (as I am indeed), must stand immovable. I could wish myselfe like the incanted Castle of Loue, to hould you heere for euer, but that your vertues would dissolve all my incantation. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an Angell to be circumscript in Place, so it is against the nature of Place to have the motion of an Angell. I must stay forsaken and desolate. You may goe with maiestie, joy, and glory. My only ayute, before you goe, is that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you have suffered ever since your comming, imputinge it not to mee, but S. Smythen, who of late hath raysed, and have many storms, as I was faigne prouide this Anchor, for you, when I did understand you would put into this creeke. But now, since I perceauce this harbour is too little for you, and you will hauie your safe place, I beseech you take this Anchor with you. And I pray to Him that made both Time and Place, that in all places where euer thou shalt arriue, you may anchore as safely, as you doe and euer shall doe in the harts of my Owners.

THE LORDE & LADY OF HUNTINGDON'S ENTERTAINMENT OF THEIR RIGHT NOBLE MOTHER, ALICE: COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DARBY, THE FIRST NIGHT OF HER HONORS ARRIVAL AT THE HOUSE OF ASHBY.

By John Marston
August 1606

[Source: Huntington MS E.1.34/B.9 139a]

When the Countesse came vnder the Gate, An olde
Inchauntries attired in Crimson velvet with pale face,
blacke haire, and dislying countenance, affronted
her Ladishipp, and thus rudeely saluted her:

Woman, Lady, Princes, Nymph, or Goddess
more sure you are not, & you seeme no lesse;
Stay & attempt not passadge through this porte.
Here the pale Lord of Sadnes keeps his court.
rough-visag’d Saturne, on whose bloudles cheekes,
dull Melancholic sitts, whose straightely seekes
to sease on all that enter through this gate.
grauente gracist listninge and I shall relate
The meanes, the manner, & of all the sence
Whilst your farre eye inforseth eloquence.

There was a Tyrne, & since that time ye sunne
Hath yet not through nyne signes of heaven runne;
When the highe Silvan that commandes these wooddes,
& his bright Nymphe, fairer then Queen of fluidus
Wth moste impatient longings hop’d to seelw
Hir face, to whome theire harts deerest zeale was due.
Youthes joyes to love, sweete light unto the blynd.
Beauty to virgins, or what witt can finde.
mast deereely wish’d, was not so much desier’d
as shee to them: & my dull soule is fir’d
to tell their longings, but it is a peece
that would ordnae the famous toungues of Greece.
Yet long they hop’d, till Hurmer struck Hope dead.
& shewed theire wishes were but flatterd:
For scarce her Chariott cutt the easy earth,
& journeyd on, when Winter with colde breath
Crosseth her way. Her borrowed haire did shine
With glitering lisses all christian.
Hir browes were periwigg’d with softer snowe,
Hir russet mantle, fring’d with ice belowe.
Sat stiffly on her back: She thus came forth
Usherd with tempests of the Frostye Northe.

And seeing hir, she thought she sure had seene
The sweete breath’d Flora, the bright Summers Queene.
So full of cheerefull grace she did appeere
Yt Winter feared her face recalde the yeare.
& forcy’d untimeely springes to sease hir right.
Whereat with anger, & malitious spighte,
She vowes revenge: Straight with tempestuous winges
from Taurus Alpes & Scititian rocks she flinges
their covering of, & heere their thick furr spread.
Yt patient Earth was almost smothered.
Upp Boreas mountes, & doth so strongly blow
Athewart hir way huge drifts of blinding snow.

Yt mountaines like, att length heaps rose so high.
Mans sight might doubt whether Heaven or Earth were sky.
Heereat she turned back, and left hir way
Necessity all mortalls must obey.
Which was no sooner voic’d and hether flownne,
It Sadds but to think what greffe was shewnne.
Wch to augment [mishapp were single fallles],
The God of Sadnes and of funerals,
of heavy pensivenes & discontent.
Coldly dull Saturne hether straight was sente
Myselfe, MERYMNA who still waight uppon
Pale MELOANCOLIA & DESOLATION
Usher’d him in, when straighte were strongly sease.
All this sadd howse, & vow’d no meanes should ease.
Those heavy bandes wch pensive Saturne tyde,
Till wth wished grace this howse was beautifid.
Pace then no farther, for vouchsafe to knowe
Till hir approach heere can no comfort growe.
Tis onely one can theire sadd bondage breake,
Whose worth I may admire, not dare to speak.
Shoes so compleate, yt her much honored state
Gives fortune virtue, makes virtu fortunate.
As one in whome three rare mixt graces sitt
Seene seldom Joynd, fortune, beauty, witt.
To this choice Lady and to her deere fate
All harts do open, as alone this gate.
Shee only drives away dull Saturne hence.
She, whome to praise I neede her eloquence.

Then passed the whole troupe to the house
Untill the Countesse hadd mounted the
stairs to the greate chamber, on the
topp of which, MERYMNA having
chaunged hir habit all to white,
mett her, and, whilst a consorte
softely played.
spreke thus:

Madam.

See what a chaungge the spirit of your eyes
Hath wroght in us. Hence dull Saturne flies,
& wee that were the ghost of woe & Earth
Are all transform’d unto the soule of Mirth.
O wee are full of love, no breaste more light.
But those who call you theirs by Natures right
From whom vouchsafe this present. Tis a woorke:
Where in strange miracles & wonders lurke.
For know yt Lady whose ambition towers
Only to this to be termed worthy yours
Whose forehead I coulde crowne with clearest rayes
But yt her praise is, she abhors much praise
Not longe since thought she saw in slumbering trances
The queen of fairieys & of moonlight dancses
Come tripping in & with a fairey kiss
She chastily toucht her & straithe gave hir this.
With this strange charge. This speere aone was made
For hir in whom no graces ere shall fade.
For her whose worth is such I dare avery
It fears not Satyrs nor the flatterer
For hir who gave you first most gracing name
Who loveth goodness for it selfe not fame.
Fir hir whohme modest virtue doth unfold so
Yt she had rather be much graced then told so.
For hir for whome had you the whole worlde breast
And of it all, gave her sole interest.
You judge it slight: This saide hence straight she flewe
& lefte it hir who only voweys it you.
Then whilst o breasts with secret welcome ringe
Vouchsafe acceptance of this offering.
Thus with a songe MERIMNA presented
The honourable lady with a curious and rich waistcoat,
Wch done then the Countess passed on to hir chamber.

ARCADES
PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO
THE COUNTESS Dowager of Darby at Harefield,
BY SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY, WHO
APPEAR ON THE SCENE IN PASTORAL HABIT, MOVING
TOWARD THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH THIS SONG.

By John Milton
May 4, 1634

[Source: Poems of Mr. John Milton (London: Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley, 1646)]

1. SONG.
Look nymphs, and shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from love I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bower, [ 45 ]
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove:
With Ringlets quaint, and wonder windings we've.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, [ 50 ]
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When eve'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, [ 55 ]
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseld horn.
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless, [ 60 ]
But els in deep of night when drowstines
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I.
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Spears:
And sing to those that hold the vital shears [ 65 ]
And turn the Adamantine spindel round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick fly,
To lull the daughters of Necessity.
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, [ 70 ]
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
And yet such musicke worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise. [ 75 ]
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate. [ 80 ]
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.
O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been. [ 85 ]
Follow me as I sing.

And touch the warbled string.

Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
Follow me, [ 90 ]
I will bring you where she sits,
Glad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
Arcadia hath not seen. [ 95 ]

3. SONG.
Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladons Lillied banks.
On old Lyceus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Through Erymanth your loss deplore. [ 100 ]
A better sayl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Menalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place. [ 105 ]
Though Syrinx your Pans Mistres were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.
Margaret Cavendish

Orations of Divers Sorts

20 A Mutinous Oration to Common Soldiers, by a Common Soldier

Fellow Soldiers,

Give me leave to tell you that although you have proved your valours in the battles you have fought and the assaults you have made, yet have you not proved yourselves wise, to leave your native country and peaceful habitations only to fight with foreigners, who are as industrious, valiant, and active to overcome and kill you as you to overcome and kill them, and what do we fight and hazard our lives for? Not for riches; for what we get we are subject to lose again, and should we get riches, we should soon consume them, having no settled abiding to thrive upon the stock or to get our use of the principal, nor to have any returns by traffic or commerce, but those spoils we can get are only cumbersome goods which we are forced to fling away in times or places of danger, or when we make sudden or long marches; and albeit we could easily and safely carry them along with us, yet we should make but small profit of them and get little ready money for them, although they were not spoiled in the carriage. By this we may know the wars will not enrich us; and as for fame, common soldiers are never mentioned, although they are the only lighters, or thousands of them, when killed, are turned in oblivion’s grave, and no other burial they have; for their stain bodies for the most part lie and rot above ground or are devoured by carrion-birds or ravenous beasts; but the fame or renown is given to the general alone; some under-commanders may chance to be slightly mentioned but not gloriously famed; and if you can neither get wealth nor honour in or by the wars, why should you be soldiers? Wherefore, let us return home, and rather be ploughmen in our own country than soldiers in a foreign nation, rather feed with our own labours than starve at our general’s command, and rather choose to die peaceably than to live in the war, wherein is nothing to be gotten but scars and wounds; where we may lose our limbs and lives, but not make our fortunes.

7c A Soldier’s Dying Speech to his Friends

Dear Friends,

You are come to see me die, but I am sorry you shall see me die in the bed of sloth and not in the field of action; for now I shall die like a coward, whereas had I died in the field of war I should have died as a valiant man, indeed the field of war is the bed of honour wherein all valiant and gallant men should die; but Fortune hath denied me that honour, she hath spared my life to my loss, for those that die in the wars have greater renown and gloriouser fame than those that die in chambers of peace; for whatsoever heroic acts men have done for the most part die if they out-live them; for such actions live by the deaths of the actors, I do not say always, but for the most part, which makes me fear the service I have done my king, and country will die with me and be buried in oblivion’s grave, yet should the service I have done be quite forgot? I should not repent my actions, for honourable persons and gallant men should do what they ought to do although they were certain never to be rewarded; for though few men are rewarded according to their merits, and many have favour that did never merit a reward, (so unjust is the world, Fortune, and fame), yet their injustice must not make men unworthy; but I have done my part, and death will do his. Farewell.

The Gos of Marriage.

202
LETTER 90

Madam,

I am sorry the Plague is much in the City you are in, as I hear, and that your Stay will Indanger your Life; for the Plague is so Spreading and Penetrating a Disease, as it is a Malignant Contagion, and Diates itself throughout a City, nay, many times, from City to City, all over a Kingdom and enters into every Particular House, and doth Arrest almost every Particular Person with Death, at least, lays grievous Sorets upon them; indeed Great Plagues are Death's Harvest, where he Reaps down Lives like Ears of Corn; wherefore, Madam, let me persuade you to Remove, for certain Life is so Precious, as it ought not to be Ventured, where there is no Honour to be Gain'd in the Hazard, for Death seems Terrible. I am sure it doth to Me, there is nothing I dread more than Death, I do not mean the Stroke of Death, nor the Pains, but the Oblivion in Death: I fear not Death's Part so much as Death's Dungeon, for I could willingly part with my Present Life, to have it Redoubled in after Memory, and would willingly Die in My Self, so I might Live in my Friends; Such a Life have I wish you, and you with me, our Persons being at a Distance, we live to each other no otherwise than if we were Dead, for Absence is a Present Death, as Memory is Future Life; and so many Friends as remember me, so many Lives I have, indeed so many Brains as Remember me, so many Lives I have, whether they be Friends or Foes. only in my Friends Brains I am Better Entertained. And this is the Reason I Retire so much from the Sight of the World, for the Love of Life and Fear of Death: for since Nature hath made our Bodily Lives so short, that if we should Live the full Period, it were not like a Flash of Lightning, that Continues not, and for the most part leaves black Oblivion behind it; and since Nature Rules the Bodily Life, and we cannot live Always, nor the Bounds of Nature be Exceeded, I am industrious to Gain so much of Nature's Favour, as to enable me to do some Work wherein I may leave my Idea, or Live in an Idea, or my Idea may Live in Many Brains, for then I shall Live as Nature Lives amongst her Creatures, which one Lives in her Works, and is not otherwise Known but by her Works, we cannot say, she lives Personally amongst her Works, but Spiritually within her Works; and naturally I am so Ambitious, as I am ready to Live, as Nature doth, in all Ages, and in every Brain, but though I cannot hope to do so, yet it shall be no Neglect in me, And as I desire to Live in every Age, and in every Brain, so I desire to Live in every Heart, especially in your Ladiships, wherein I believe I do already, and wish I may live Long. Wherefore for my own sake, as well as yours, let me Intreat you to Remove of that Plaguey City, for if you Die, all those Friends you leave, or Think of, or Remember, part by Part, once as you, nay, some perchance for Ever, if they were Personally Dead before, and only live in your Memory; Wherefore, as you are a Noble Lady, have a Care of your Friends, and go out of that City as Soon as you can, in which you will Oblige all those you Love, for that Love you, amongst which there is none more Truly, Faithfully, and Fervently, your Friend and Servant, than,

Your,

I, M.N.1

142 MARGARET CAVENDISH
PRECARIOUS LIFE
THE POWERS OF MOURNING AND VIOLENCE

JUDITH BUTLER
does mean, however, that when we think about who we “are” and seek to represent ourselves, we cannot represent ourselves as merely bounded beings, for the primary others who are past for me not only live on in the fiber of the boundary that contains me (one meaning of “incorporation”), but they also haunt the way I am, as it were, periodically undone and open to becoming unbounded.

Let us return to the issue of grief, to the moments in which one undergoes something outside one’s control and finds that one is beside oneself, not at one with oneself. Perhaps we can say that grief contains the possibility of apprehending a mode of dispossession that is fundamental to who I am. This possibility does not dispute the fact of my autonomy, but it does qualify that claim through recourse to the fundamental sociality of embodied life, the ways in which we are, from the start and by virtue of being a bodily being, already given over, beyond ourselves, implicated in lives that are not our own. If I do not always know what seizes me on such occasions, and if I do not always know what it is to another person that I have lost, it may be that this sphere of dispossession is precisely the one that exposes my unknowingness, the unconscious imprint of my primary sociality. Can this insight lead to a normative reorientation for politics? Can this situation of mourning—one that is so dramatic for those in social movements who have undergone innumerable losses—supply a perspective by which to begin to apprehend the contemporary global situation?

Mourning, fear, anxiety, rage. In the United States, we have been surrounded with violence, having perpetrated it and perpetrating it still, having suffered it, living in fear of it, planning more of it, if not an open future of infinite war in the name of a “war on terrorism.” Violence is surely a touch of the worst order, a way in which humans are exposed in its most terrifying way, a way in which we are given over, without control, to the will of another, a way in which life itself can be expunged by the willful action of another. To the extent that we commit violence, we are acting on another, putting the other at risk, causing the other damage, threatening to expunge the other. In a way, we all live with this particular vulnerability, a vulnerability to the other that is part of bodily life, a vulnerability to a sudden attack from elsewhere that we cannot preempt. This vulnerability, however, becomes highly exacerbated under certain social and political conditions, especially those in which violence is a way of life and the means to secure self-defense are limited.

Mindfulness of this vulnerability can become the basis of claims for non-military political solutions, just as denial of this vulnerability through a fantasy of mastery (an institutionalized fantasy of mastery) can fuel the instruments of war. We cannot, however, will away this vulnerability. We must attend to it, even abide by it, as we begin to think about what politics might be implied by staying with the thought of corporeal vulnerability itself, a situation in which we can be vanquished or lose others. Is there something to be learned about the geopolitical distribution of corporeal vulnerability from our own brief and devastating exposure to this condition?

I think, for instance, that we have seen, are seeing, various ways of dealing with vulnerability and grief, so that, for instance, William Safire citing Milton writes we must “banish melancholy,” as if the repudiation of melancholy ever did anything other than fortify its affective structure under another name, since melancholy is already the repudiation of mourning; so that, for instance, President Bush announced on September 21 that we have finished grieving and that now it is time for resolute action to take the place of grief. When grieving is something to be feared, our fears can give rise to the impulse to resolve it quickly, to banish it in the name of an action invested with the power to restore the loss or return the world to a
former order, or to reinvigorate a fantasy that the world formerly was orderly.

Is there something to be gained from grieving, from tarrying with grief, from remaining exposed to its unbearable and not endeavoring to seek a resolution for grief through violence? Is there something to be gained in the political domain by maintaining grief as part of the framework within which we think our internationalities? If we stay with the sense of loss, are we left feeling only passive and powerless, as some might fear? Or are we, rather, returned to a sense of human vulnerability, to our collective responsibility for the physical lives of one another? Could the experience of a dislocation of First World safety not condition the insight into the spiritually inequitable ways that corporeal vulnerability is distributed globally?

To foreclose that vulnerability, to banish it, to make ourselves secure at the expense of every other human consideration is to eradicate one of the most important resources from which we must take our bearings and find our way.

To grieve, and to make grief itself into a resource for politics, is not to be resigned to inaction, but it may be understood as the slow process by which we develop a point of identification with suffering itself. The disorientation of grief—"Who have I become?" or, indeed, "What is left of me?" "What is it in the Other that I have lost?"—posts the "I" in the mode of unknowingness.

But this can be a point of departure for a new understanding if the narcissistic preoccupation of melancholia can be moved into a consideration of the vulnerability of others. Then we might critically evaluate and oppose the conditions under which certain human lives are more vulnerable than others, and thus certain human lives are more grievable than others. From where might a principle emerge by which we vow to protect others from the kinds of violence we have suffered, if not from an apprehension of a common human vulnerability? I do not mean to deny that vulnerability is differentiated, that it is allocated differentially across the globe. I do not even mean to presume upon a common notion of the human, although to speak in its "name" is already (and perhaps only) to fathom its possibility.

I am referring to violence, vulnerability, and mourning, but there is a more general conception of the human with which I am trying to work here, one in which we are, from the start, given over to the other, one in which we are, from the start, even prior to individuation itself and, by virtue of bodily requirements, given over to some set of primary others: this conception means that we are vulnerable to those we are too young to know and to judge and, hence, vulnerable to violence; but also vulnerable to another range of touch, a range that includes the eradication of our being at the one end, and the physical support for our lives at the other.

Although I am insisting on referring to a common human vulnerability, one that emerges with life itself, I also insist that we cannot recover the source of this vulnerability: it precedes the formation of "I." This is a condition, a condition of being laid bare from the start and with which we cannot argue. I mean, we can argue with it, but we are perhaps foolish, if not dangerous, when we do. I do not mean to suggest that the necessary support for a newborn is always there. Clearly, it is not, and for some this primary scene is a scene of abandonment or violence or starvation, that theirs are bodies given over to nothing, or to brutality, or to no sustenance.

We cannot understand vulnerability as a deprivation, however, unless we understand the need that is thwarted. Such infants still must be apprehended as given over, as given over to no one or to some insufficient support, or to an abandonment. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to understand how humans suffer from oppression without seeing how this primary condition is exploited and exploitable, thwarted and denied. The condition of primary vulnerability, of
being given over to the touch of the other, even if there is no other there, and no support for our lives, signifies a primary helplessness and need, one to which any society must attend. Lives are supported and maintained differently, and there are radically different ways in which human physical vulnerability is distributed across the globe. Certain lives will be highly protected, and the abrogation of their claims to sanctity will be sufficient to mobilize the forces of war. Other lives will not find such fast and furious support and will not even qualify as "grievable."

A hierarchy of grief could no doubt be enumerated. We have seen it already, in the genre of the obituary, where lives are quickly tidied up and summarized, humanized, usually married, or on the way to be, heterosexual, happy, monogamous. But this is just a sign of another differential relation to life, since we seldom, if ever, hear the names of the thousands of Palestinians who have died by the Israeli military with United States support, or any number of Afghan people, children and adults. Do they have names and faces, personal histories, family, favorite hobbies, slogans by which they live? What defense against the apprehension of loss is at work in the blithe way in which we accept deaths caused by military means with a shrug or with self-righteousness or with clear vindictiveness? To what extent have Arab peoples, predominantly practitioners of Islam, fallen outside the "human" as it has been naturalized in its "Western" mold by the contemporary workings of humanism? What are the cultural contours of the human at work here? How do our cultural frames for thinking the human set limits on the kinds of losses we can avow as loss? After all, if someone is lost, and that person is not someone, then what and where is the loss, and how does mourning take place?

This last is surely a question that lesbian, gay, and bisexual have asked in relation to violence against sexual minorities; that trans-gendered people have asked as they are singled out for harassment and sometimes murder; that intersexed people have asked, whose formative years are so often marked by unwanted violence against their bodies in the name of a normative notion of the human, a normative notion of what the body of a human must be. This question is no doubt, as well, the basis of a profound affinity between movements centering on gender and sexuality and efforts to counter the normative human morphologies and capacities that condemn or efface those who are physically challenged. It must also be part of the affinity with anti-racist struggles, given the racial differential that undergirds the culturally viable notions of the human, ones that we see acted out in dramatic and terrifying ways in the global arena at the present time.

I am referring not only to humans not regarded as humans, and thus to a restrictive conception of the human that is based upon their exclusion. It is not a matter of a simple entry of the excluded into an established ontology, but an insurrection at the level of ontology, a critical opening of the questions, What is real? Whose lives are real? How might reality be remade? Those who are unreal have, in a sense, already suffered the violence of derealization. What, then, is the relation between violence and those lives considered as "unreal"? Does violence effect that unreality? Does violence take place on the condition of that unreality?

If violence is done against those who are unreal, then, from the perspective of violence, it fails to injure or negate those lives since those lives are already negated. But they have a strange way of remaining animated and so must be negated again (and again). They cannot be mourned because they are always already lost or, rather, never "were," and they must be killed, since they seem to live on, stubbornly, in this state of deadness. Violence renews itself in the face of the apparent inexhaustibility of its object. The derealization of the "Other" means that it is neither alive nor dead, but interminably
MATCHINSKE


“For conjugal affection to his wife, it was such in him, as whosoever would draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practiced in that estate, need no more to but draw out exactly his example. Never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife; yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted not that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who would not delight in such an honourable and advantageable subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable for herself. He loved her soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had even for her person a constant indulgence, exceeding the common temporary passions of the most uxorious fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doted on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him; all that she was, was him while he was here, and all that she is now at best is but his pale shade” (26).

“[F]or she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his. So, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing” (51-52).

*At the return of Charles II, Hutchinson’s husband John was one of many republicans politically liable for their part in the regicide and its aftermath (he had signed the king’s death warrant and sat through the entirety of the trial). In order to protect her husband from execution, Lucy takes the blame for writing a letter on his behalf that either overtly recants or offers mitigation for his actions.*

“[S]he saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice, and therefore, herein only in her whole life, resolved to disobey him” (281)

*Thanks in part of his wife’s efforts, John is eventually “voted free without any engagement; and his punishment only to be discharged from the present Parliament, and from all office, military or civil, in the state for ever; and upon his*
petition of thanks for this, his estate also was voted to be free from all mulcts and confiscations" (281).

Historians have long debated Hutchinson’s claim. Many discount it entirely assuming instead that she is merely covering for her husband’s “servile submission to the new authority” (Royce MacGillivray, Restoration Historians and the English Civil War [The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1974], 173). Derek Hirst promises that she has simply rewritten history itself, telling the story as she would have wanted it to be told not how it actually happened. She “attempts to persuade herself and others of what might have been or what ought to have been” (“Remembering a Hero: Lucy Hutchinson’s Memoirs of her Husband,” English Historical Review 119.482 [2004]: 690).

Noting the ambivalent response that readers have had to the written recantation that secures John’s life after the Restoration, Penelope Anderson thinks we are asking the wrong question: “Rather than debating whether Lucy or John Hutchinson wrote the letter, the more interesting [point] seem[s] to be why most readers believe that Lucy Hutchinson did not, and why even if she did, her reputation as a republican would not suffer in the same way as her husband’s. The answers to these questions lie in the conjunction of coverture, friendship, and betrayal” (199). Hutchinson’s politics are her own, Anderson avers, and identical to those of her bosom friend John. He is neither solely her companionate husband nor her access to political identity. Rather, he is her epicurean double. Their friend-based intimacy resonates the way it does because it bumps up against multiple markers of social difference, from the fact of coverture to the responsibility of public service.

Suggesting that it is serendipitous that we accept certain behaviors and forget others, Anderson clarifies how it happens that we perceive Hutchinson as a wife loyal to a husband and a woman true to her principles. Willingly sacrificing herself for the friend who embodies her shared principles, Hutchinson is able to redeem herself at one and the same time that she recants; she is able to render coherent the seeming incoherence of her choice.

- Might there instead be yet another way we might think of Hutchinson’s signing of her husband’s letter and our reaction to it—one that speaks to an affective and neo-analogic corporate sensibility?
Luke 10:30-37 | 1599 Geneva Bible (GNV)

30 And Jesus answered, and said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and they robbed him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31 Now so it fell out, that there came down a certain Priest that same way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32 And likewise also a Levite, when he was come near to the place, went and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33 Then a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came near unto him, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

34 And went to him, and bound up his wounds and poured in oil and wine, and put him on his own beast, and brought him to an Inn, and made provision for him.

35 And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will recompense thee.

36 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

37 And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

"...We explicate the puzzle of our attachments by invoking veiled determinations and covert social interests, while paying scant attention to the ways in which texts may solicit our affections, court our emotions, and feed our obsessions" (582).

“When we write the past, slowing and delineating its processes, we enable a discursive time lag that can foreground collective cooperation as effective agency” (149-50).

“History writing reinforces intersubjective exchange by prolonging its debates and inscribing them in print. History writing keeps participant positions synchronically present by committing them to memory and to narrative. History-making thus becomes a process of ‘thinking through’ and ‘writing down’ that engages us initially as we read, write and reformulate historical narrative and later as eventual audiences come in contact with our writings, committing them to the same more or less engaged scrutiny” (150).

“The meanings that historical narrative creates as it unites past, present, and future carry a kind of imagistic inventiveness that moves them beyond the limits of chronology into the arena of human potential….Historical memory transmits knowledge about knowledge transmission; it tells us what we know about how life proceeds” (151).


Kelly Oliver calls on the act of witnessing to acquire a more authentic and lived understanding of the past by paying attention not simply to the factual remnants of history that remain in records, protocols, what have you, but also to the emotional (somatic/material) experiences that give history human meaning and make it ethically responsible. In her analysis she draws on two representations of the past to illustrate this point, the first is a powerfully felt eyewitness account of a prisoner revolt at Auschwitz that recalls the explosion of four chimneys and the second is a factually explicit record of that same incident, offering material proof that only one chimney collapsed.

*The first is a powerfully felt eyewitness account of a prisoner revolt at Auschwitz that recalls the explosion of four chimneys.*
The second is a factually explicit record of that same incident, offering material proof that only one chimney collapsed.

Oliver notes that while conventional history may be inclined to dismiss the eyewitness who saw four chimneys fall as inaccurate in her recollections, that narrative may in fact express a more fulsome and meaningful truth—the possibility of Jewish resistance in the face of insurmountable odds—a truth that cannot be captured statistically but rather must be embraced.
impressionistically in the way that one traumatized individual experienced the horror of the camps and responded to it. For Oliver witnessed history, succeeds in getting to the intangibles of the past because its coherence relies on the teller's ability to draw events together in such a way as to represent symbolically what would otherwise be unutterable—to recover in the past the aporetic nature of the human experience of time.
“So, ‘Whither Marxism?’ That is the question the title of this colloquium would ask us. In what way would it be signaling toward Hamlet and Denmark and England? Why does it whisper to us to follow a ghost? Where? Whither? What does it mean to follow a ghost? And what if this came down to being followed by it, always, persecuted perhaps by the very chase we are leading? Here again what seems to be out front, the future, comes back in advance: from the past, from the back.

“Something is rotten in the state of Denmark,” declares Marcellus at the point at which Hamlet is preparing precisely, to follow the the ghost (‘I’ll follow thee’ [I, iv]). And he too will soon ask him ‘Whither?’; ‘Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I’ll go no further. Ghost: Mark me... I am thy Fathers Spirit.’

Act I, Scene IV

**HAMLET**
Alas, poor ghost!
**Ghost**
Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

**HAMLET**
Speak: I am bound to hear.
**Ghost**
So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

**HAMLET**
What?
**Ghost**
I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love--

**HAMLET**
O God!
Ghost
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET
Murder!

Ghost
Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

HAMLET
Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost
I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET
O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost
Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,--
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouse'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

Exit

HAMLET
O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

_The Rover; or, the Banish'd Cavaliers (1677), Aphra Behn_
http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/rover1.html
Act V

Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica in a masquing
   Habit and a Vizard, Will. runs to her.

Will. This can be none but my pretty Gipsy- Oh, I see you can
   follow as well as fly- Come, confess thy self the most malicious
   Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with
   Angelica-
   Ang. Stand off, base Villain-          [She draws a Pistol
   and holds to his Breast.
   Will. Hah, 'tis not she; who art thou? and what's thy Business?
   Ang. One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.
   Will. What the Devil canst thou mean?
   Ang. By all my Hopes to kill thee-

   [Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he
   going back, she fillwing still.

Will. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.
   Ang. Behold this Face!- so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call
   all thy Sins about thy Soul,        [Pulls off her Vizard.
   And let them die with thee.
   Will. Angelica!
   Ang. Yes, Traitor.
   Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins?
   Hast thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee,
   Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?
   Will. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still,
   and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness,
   had I but opportunity.
   Ang. Devil! dost wanton with my Pain- have at thy Heart.
   Will. Hold dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little, I am not now at
   leisure to be kill'd- hold and hear me-
   Death, I think she's in earnest.      [Aside.
   Ang. Oh if I take not heed,
   My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy.
   [Aside, turning from him.
   -What have you, Sir, to say?- but should I hear thee, Thould'st
talk away all that is brave about me:

[Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.

And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.

Will. Why, then there's an end of a proper handsome Fellow, that
might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:- That's all I
can say to't.

Ang. Yet- I wou'd give thee time for Penitence.  [Pausingly.

Will. Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good,
sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to
believe, I shall depart in Peace.

Ang. So will the Devil: tell me

How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone;
How many Hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin!

-Yet these are little Mischiefs to the ills

Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.

Will. Egad, 'twas shrewdly hurt the while.

Ang. -Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern,

Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it,

And in its room a mean submissive Passion was convey'd,

That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did

To any thing but Heaven.

-Thou, perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths,

Which on thy Knees thou didst devoutly make,

Soft'en'd my yielding Heart- And then, I was a Slave-

Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains,

Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever,

Hadhst thou not broke those Vows that put them on.

-'Twas then I was undone.

[All this while follows him with a Pistol to his Breast.

Will. Broke my Vows! why, where hast thou lived?

Amongst the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man,

That has not broke a thousand Vows.

Ang. Oh, Impudence!

Will. Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting,

Not to have made a thousand Lovers languish.

Who in the amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn

Like me; did they all die in that Faith? still adoring?

I do not think they did.

Ang. No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine,

I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

Will. This old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a

Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies

the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vast Charge, and

that which you call Constancy; and attributing all this to your

own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth,

upbraiding him still with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as
often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young,
brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart
for Dart, he'll be as nice as you sometimes.
Ang. All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee.
Had I remain'd in innocent Security,
I shou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves;
And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes,
To have destroy'd at Pleasure when offended.
-But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glass
Reflected all the Weakness of my Soul, and made me know,
My richest Treasure being lost, my Honour,
All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth
The Conqueror's Care or Value.
-Oh how I fell like a long worship'd Idol,
Discovering all the Cheat!
Wou'd not the Incense and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars,
Have fall'n to thee?
Why woud'st thou then destroy my fancy'd Power?
Will. By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire the strangely.
I wish I were that dull, that constant thing,
Which thou woud'st have, and Nature never meant me:
I must, like cheerful Birds, sing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,
Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And still reserve a tributary Flame.
-To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.
[Offers her a Purse of Gold.
Ang. Oh that thou wert in earnest!
So mean a Thought of me,
Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I shou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick Safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare-
[Follows still, as before.
-I will no more be tempted with Replies.
Will. Sure-
Ang. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.