

Carla Baricz  
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June 16<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I have arrived in England during one of the biggest holidays of the English-speaking world. It's June 16<sup>th</sup> – Bloomsday –, the day commemorating the fortuitous encounter in 1904 between the very young James Joyce and his future wife, Nora Barnacle. Joyce immortalized the date as the setting of his ambitious novel, *Ulysses*. I am almost certain that my arrival will not change the course of literary history, but I am nevertheless exceedingly happy to be here. I sincerely hope that my time in the UK will be personally and professionally transformative.

June 17<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Coffee with the other AFSBT fellow. We have not seen each other for more than a year, and it is wonderful to catch up. We discuss dissertation progress and current performances at the RSC. I tell him that I have bought tickets to the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Merchant of Venice* and to *The Jew of Malta*. I've never seen the latter in performance, and I'm tremendously excited. The Globe in London is also putting on performances of *Measure for Measure* and *As You Like It*. *Richard II* and *King John* are almost at the end of their runs. My current dissertation chapter discusses George Peele's (?) *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* and the relationship between it and Shakespeare's *King John*. It seems worthwhile to go down to London and see the *KJ* performance; it's a play that is not put on very often. I've never been to the Globe before, so I inquire about how to best act the part of a groundling. Can one really stand up for two or more hours? Can one lean against the stage? What about the acoustics? What if it rains? How much does a wooden seat cost? The cushion?

Later in the afternoon, I take a walk around town and familiarize myself with the local transportation, the shops, banking, and the post-office. In the evening, I make a pilgrimage to Shakespeare's grave in Holy Trinity Church. I bring Shakespeare some roses to say thank you for the plays, thank you for this job, thank you for everything. I end up spending some time in front of Anne Hathaway's grave. It's smaller than I had imagined and the edges of the stone slab bearing the memorial inscription are chipped. For some reason, this little detail saddens me. I watch the sun set over the Avon, and I am reminded of the Domesday Book: "in demesne two carucates with twenty-one villains and a priest." It seems hard to believe that this land has been inhabited for almost a thousand years.

June 18<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Today, I made my way to the University of Birmingham's Shakespeare Institute. The library proper is on a side street, behind the main institute building. It's a beautiful place now that summer has come to England, and everything is so vividly, resplendently green. The collection is small, but it contains most of the monographs written in the last fifty years about Shakespeare and the theatrical world in which he wrote his plays, as well as standard works of reference, a number of modern editions of the plays, and other works by early modern authors like Edmund Spenser and John Milton. I spent all day reading Scott McMillin and Sarah-Beth Maclean's *The Queen's Men and their Plays*.

June 19<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I worked at the Shakespeare Institute all day. I am still at the research stage of my chapter on Shakespeare's *King John*. If, as McMillin and Maclean argue, "there is no doubt that the author of [*King John*] either had the text of the earlier play [*The Troublesome Raigne*] at hand or at least partially in memory," we are left with a choice. Either Shakespeare consulted Sampson Clarke's 1591 quarto, or if we agree with scholars like McMillin and Maclean that he could have been a factotum for the Queen's Men in the 1580s, perhaps he saw the play performed or acted in it. I took a look at Janet Clare *Shakespeare's Stage Traffic*, in which she makes the case that Shakespeare only saw the play performed. I keep coming back to her point that *I Troublesome Raigne* comes to 1740 lines, "longer than the quarto of *Henry V*, now regarded as a pared-down version of the play appropriate to performance" and that "the second part is some 400 lines shorter than Q1 *Henry V*, but it does contain extended stage action." Each part of the two-part play is sufficiently long to have stood alone. Might I be able to construct an argument around claims such as these?

Evening performance of the *Jew of Malta* at the Swann Theatre. Astonishing Jasper Britton as Barabas: humane, fiercely intelligent, bitter, cunning, and yes, merciless at times. A weaker Catrin Stewart as Abigail – she delivered her lines perfectly, but she was somehow stiff and awkward on stage. Like any self-respecting groundling, I loved the sword fights. And the traditional jig at the end!

June 20<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Day trip to Kenilworth Castle. I try to resolve the question that Stephen Greenblatt poses at the beginning of *Will in the World*: could Shakespeare have attended the 1575 festivities that the Earl of Leicester organized for Queen Elizabeth, in the course of which he hoped to ask her to marry him? (The party was something of a spectacular failure).

As Stephen Greenblatt points out, one can indeed walk from Stratford to Kenilworth, a distance of approximately twelve miles. The walk took all morning, and the journey was very tiring, but the young Shakespeare could indeed have walked to the castle with his father.

I was sad to discover that the lake adjacent to Kenilworth no longer exists, so that I had to limit myself to simply imagining what the twenty-four foot dolphin, whose cavernous belly Leicester filled with wind instruments, might have looked like. Greenblatt connects the figure of Arion – who sat on this dolphin's back in 1575 – to the mention of Arion in *Twelfth Night*. Trying to comfort Viola, the sea captain compares Sebastian to the mythic Arion, who having been thrown into the sea by greedy sailors (or pirates, in some accounts) was rescued by the dolphins, who came to him after he sang praises to Apollo on his kithara.

I very much enjoyed the English Heritage audio guide, which whispered John of Gaunt's speech on England (*Richard II*, 2.1.45-74) into my ear, as I wandered among the ruins of the great hall. It seemed only appropriate, since Kenilworth was the home of Gaunt, who modernized the castle and built the great hall and the apartments surrounding it.

I also enjoyed the Elizabethan garden behind the castle. Leicester's crest, "a bear erect, muzzled and chained, supporting a ragged staff," overlooks the grounds in the form of two wooden bears who flank the terrace steps leading down to the center of the garden. The center proper is marked by a fountain that features two Atlas figures holding up the world. The world is itself pierced at the center by Leicester's ragged staff. If one continues down the center path, one then comes to the aviary. I was told peacocks are kept there, but if so I didn't see any. Obelisks, symbols of rulership, divide the garden into four smaller quarters. I couldn't identify all of the herbs, but I did take note of the lavender and the rosemary, and smelled my way to the thyme.

Before I left, I took pictures of Mortimer's Tower, the castle's main entrance, built by King John in the 13<sup>th</sup> century as part of Kenilworth's defense system. I am not sure that my chapter on Shakespeare's *King John* will have much to say about the real historical figure, but it's wonderful to see traces of his presence in the area around Shakespeare's hometown.

June 21<sup>st</sup>, 2015

I spent all day at the Shakespeare Institute Library. I reread parts of Matthew Paris' 1571 *Historia Maior* on EEBO. Honigmann argues that it's a major influence on Shakespeare's *King John*, but there is no scholarly consensus.

June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2015

I continued to read Matthew Paris.

In the evening, I attended a lovely performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at the RSC. Makram J. Khoury was tremendous as Shylock. In his interpretation, Shylock becomes an Eastern European Jew, an intellectual, a man who seems to have known deep suffering but who has nevertheless survived and thrived. He is a Shylock whose last and only "jewel" is his daughter, of whom he is fiercely protective. The play is set in modern Italy, in a post-fascist Venice in which the racial stereotypes and prejudices of the thirties and forties continue to impact the lives of those who inhabit the city. I enjoyed the play, but I am not sure about Polly Findlay's decision to make Antonio and Bassanio's relationship explicitly homoerotic. The attraction is one of the play's subtexts, but I've always thought that the two men have such a strong hold over each other precisely because their feelings remain unacknowledged.

June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2015

I have finally gotten around to visiting the Shakespeare memorial homes. To my shame, before today I had never been inside the house on Henley Street. It's much smaller than I imagined. I watched a volunteer explain how John Shakespeare would have made gloves and the various implements he would have used. I then talked with one of the tour-guides about Elizabethan wallpaper and discussed bed-warmers with another. The staff who volunteer and work at the SBT are amazing and so very knowledgeable!

My favorite property was probably Anne Hathaway's cottage. I got lost twice trying to find it and meandered around the outskirts of Stratford for the better part of an hour. The cottage lies past fields and suburban sprawl, past backyard vegetable gardens and a girls' grammar school, past copes and a wealthy, upscale neighborhood. Poor Will truly did have a very long walk through the fields on his way to Anne's.

I think the cottage gardens are my favorite place in Stratford. The lavender maze, the fruit trees, the countless blooming flowers, the bees, the benches, the gazebo that reads sonnets – they are all astoundingly beautiful. I cannot do them justice here. (Though I should say that the sonnet-reading gazebo seems like an odd choice, given that Shakespeare did not write his sonnets for Anne... with the exception of sonnet 145, perhaps.)

June 24<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Day trip to Birmingham to see the Shakespeare Memorial Room, designed by John Henry Chamberlain in 1882 to house the original Our Shakespeare Club collection. In the new, nine-story public library, supposedly the largest public library in Europe, the room occupies the very top floor and resembles a golden cupola when seen from the distance. I couldn't help but be

reminded of the Dome of the Rock. Shakespeare as Bard and Shakespeare as God, or Bardolatry?

The interior space is fabulous and features floor to ceiling views of the Birmingham skyline, so that no matter in what direction one gazes one can watch the clouds float by at eyelevel and then follow the vast midlands to the edge of the horizon. The Shakespeare Room proper functions both as a retreat from this vast panorama and as its point of origin. Standing inside it, one has the feeling that the room is a giant projector that creates the view beyond it and determines its scope.

The library contains a great deal of 19<sup>th</sup> century scholarship on Shakespeare, as well as some early twentieth century works and copies of each of the Folios – the First, Second, Third, and Fourth. The shelves hold more than 43,000 books, making this collection of Shakespeare scholarship and memorabilia one of the biggest in the UK. I took a picture with the man himself, or rather with a marble bust of him.

In the afternoon, I toured the Birmingham Museum of Art, visited the University of Birmingham's think tank, and stopped by the university's English department.

June 25<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Not much to report today. I've been working on chapter notes at the Shakespeare Institute. I am trying to become better acquainted with the early history of the two strands of scholarship that define criticism on Shakespeare's *King John*: the strand that argues that the play rewrites George Peele's (?) *Troublesome Raigne* and the strand that argues that the latter is an inferior version of Shakespeare's play.

Predictably, it started raining and all of the tourists scattered into pubs and shops, and for a glorious half an hour before the dusk descended, the Avon became a long, clear ribbon of water punctuated at short intervals by small feathery specks of white. Just the swans floating away in the dark, and the slate sky, and the needle spire of Holy Trinity in the distance. I went to the cash machine to withdraw money pay rent, and I bought an espresso on the way back to the Shakespeare Institute. There, by the cafe, in the garbage can, swollen by rain and smelling like sewage, was a copy of John Carey's *the Unexpected Professor*. I fished it out of the trash and took it home. It seemed appropriate somehow.

June 26<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Off to Cambridge! It is a five hour trip, so I didn't do much today besides get on the train in Stratford, nearly miss my transfer at London Marylebone, and then spend the rest of the afternoon in Cambridge trying to find the AirBnB room that I had booked.

June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I spent the morning looking at the very rare 1591 *Troublesome Raigne* in the Trinity College Library. This is the only copy in the UK! I then spent the afternoon looking at a copy of the 1611 edition, which I hope to compare to the copies at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library and the Folger Shakespeare Library.

June 28<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Another morning with the 1591 *Troublesome Raigne*. I'm not sure when I will get another chance to see a copy of this edition. Its survival seems miraculous.

Afternoon visit to Anglesey Abbey. The grounds were absolutely stunning. The Winter Walk and the rose garden were my favorite part of the tour, but given the immensity of the park and gardens (ninety-eight acres!), I did not manage to see everything, so who knows what other spectacular vistas I missed.

June 29<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I requested the CUL copy of Henry Medwall's *Nature*. My first chapter deals with Tudor interludes, and I've wanted to see this playbook, printed by William Rastell sometime in the late 1520s, for a very long time.

Late afternoon stroll along the River Cam.

June 30<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I traveled back to Stratford-upon-Avon (an uneventful trip) and prepared for my stay in London.

July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2015

London! I arrived midday, and I did a bit of sightseeing. After I checked in to my hotel, I went to Tavistock Square. Virginia and Leonard Woolf lived on the top two floors of 52 Tavistock Square and ran the Hogarth Press in the basement, where Virginia also set up her study. The building was bombed in the Blitz, and a hotel was later erected on the site of the former building. Tavistock Square is still there, however, and on warm summer evenings when the light ripples across the lawns and the children chase each other down the length of the park, it seems entirely appropriate that Woolf created *To the Lighthouse* here.

So far, Christ Church Greyfriars is my favorite spot in London. I traipsed all the way to St. Paul's to see it. I've always been a bit in love with its history: its beginnings as a thirteenth century Franciscan monastery, its role as the burial place of Eleanor of Provence, Henry III's poet wife, of Margaret of France, and of Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II, its destruction after Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries, its later function as the burial place of Elizabeth Barton, the so-called "Maid of Kent" whom Henry VIII executed for prophesying his demise, its second destruction in the 1666 Great Fire of London, its reconstruction, its mention in the annals of the history of music as the place where Felix Mendelssohn played Bach and its mention in the annals of literary history as the place where the young Samuel Taylor Coleridge attended services, and its third destruction in the Blitz. The church was never rebuilt a fourth time. The church tower, which survives, has been converted into a private residence. The space that the nave and transept once occupied has been converted into a public garden. The vestry has become a dental practice.

July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2015

I played a bit of catch-up today, and I looked at copies of some of the texts that I discussed in my first dissertation chapter. I spent all morning trying to have a look at John Morton Register at the Lambeth Palace Library (R. Morton, I-II), in which Medwall's activity in Cardinal Morton's household is documented.

In the afternoon, I went over to the British Museum to have a look at two leaves of *Fulgens and Lucrece* that survive as part of John Bagford's scrap-book fragment.

July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2015

Back to the British Library to see a copy of *Nature* and a copy of the 1611 quarto of the *Troublesome Raigne*.

Evening performance of Nick Drake's *All the Angels* – a play about Handel and his *Messiah* – at the Wanamaker. The problem with seeing so much Shakespeare is that your standards change. David Horovitch was wonderful as Handel, and I truly enjoyed hearing the Portrait Choir, but the dialogue seemed stilted and the conversations did not sound like conversations that individuals could have realistically. In all honesty, found the play to be a lot of piecrust and no pie. What should have sounded deep and meaningful sounded like a string of clichés. You could feel the play clunking along with a throwaway joke here and a Wikipedia factoid there, and this did not make for a very good experience.

The Wanamaker however is extraordinarily beautiful, and I was pleasantly surprised to discover that real candles are still used as the main source of light, just as they would have been in Shakespeare's time, in indoor theaters like Blackfriars. I had a standing-room-only ticket, so I stood nose to nose with the candles in the upper gallery for the full two hours, after which I collapsed on a bench in front of the Tate Modern and didn't move for the better part of an hour. It turns out that being a groundling is not as easy as it seems.

July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July to all Americans! Today was spent in celebratory tourism: St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, and the National Gallery. I admit that I went to the National Gallery mainly to see Hans Holbein the Younger's *Ambassadors* and Jan Van Eyck's *Arnolfini Portrait*. I also stumbled across Uccello's *Battle of San Romano* and recalled the scene in James Ivory's 1985 *Room with a View*. The evening was spent watching the sun set over the Thames and bemoaning the lack of fireworks.

July 5<sup>th</sup>, 2015

London to Oxford. I arrived at noon and dropped my bags off at the hotel. I then went to the Weston Library to see the "Marks of Genius" exhibition, since the First Folio was on display (though I wish some mention would have been made of John Heminges and Henry Condell's role in creating this particular material "mark"), and I visited All Souls College and the Martyrs' Memorial, with its statutes of Thomas Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, and Nicholas Ridley. I tried to find the actual site of the 1555 burning, supposedly indicated by a cross on Broad Street, but I could not locate it. I also visited the Nowers Monument, and spent an hour or so in Blackwells, simply because I could not pry myself away.

July 6<sup>th</sup>, 2015

The early morning silence, the wind whistling through the Bodleian courtyard, and the first coffee of the day with one of the porters, who tells me he feels old, older than these buildings. And I think to myself that this is one of the many reasons I love this job, and that I could stay here forever, until I too am old, and everything I am has become paper, and I'm as yellow and spotty as the playbook fragment that I've come to see.

Today I spent time with MS copy of *Nature* (Mal 23), as well as with the fragment that survives in the guardbook of the 17<sup>th</sup> century antiquary, Thomas Hearne. I also requested to see the 1590 edition of *Tamburlaine*, printed by Richard Jones, which I discuss in the second chapter of my dissertation. I've never seen a copy before.

July 7<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I examined William Caxton's 1481 publication of John Tiptoft's translation of *Controversia de nobilitate*, on which Medwall based his play (Sel.a.111 in Queen's College Library with annotations in a 16<sup>th</sup> century hand) and which will help fill in some of the gaps in the discussion of Medwall's sources in my first dissertation chapter. I also checked another copy of 1611 *The Troublesome Raigne* and looked for annotations and any other markings.

I had coffee with a friend from college, who graduated with a BA in History, and who came to Oxford to do an MA and then stayed on for the PhD. It's been years and years since we've seen each other.

July 8<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I returned to Stratford-upon Avon. Dissertation work in the evening.

July 9<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I spent all day at the SBT library reading Colley Cibber's *Papal tyranny in the raigne of King John* (1745). It is terrible, absolutely terrible, and one can see why Alexander Pope made fun of Cibber. During rehearsals in 1736, the play was deemed so awful that Cibber was forced to cancel all subsequent performances.

July 10<sup>th</sup>, 2015

All day at the Shakespeare Institute. I am continuing to research depictions of King John as a Protestant hero, a portrayal that Shakespeare's *King John* rejects. I have begun to reread portions of William Tyndale's *The Obedience of a Christian Man* (1528) and John Bale's *King Johan*, as well as the "Homily against disobedience and wylfull rebellion" (read in all English churches after the 1569 Rising of the North). I also reread the description of King John in John Foxe's 1563 *Book of Martyrs* and in Richard Grafton's 1569 *Chronicle at Large* on EEBO.

July 11<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Today I reread portions of the 1542 and 1559 editions Robert Fabyan's *Chronicle*, which describes King John as a figure of Tudor orthodoxy, a Protestant martyred king, a medieval monarch who prefigured Henry VIII's efforts to throw off the yoke of Rome.

Chapter work in the afternoon; I have begun a first draft.

July 12<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Last day in Stratford-upon-Avon. I cleaned and packed my bags. I am continuing research for the KJ chapter. I consulted the *Stationer's Register* to get a better idea of Sampson Clarke's work. I couldn't find anything. Of course, the 1591 *TR* was not entered in the register and has no attribution. John Helme, who published the 1611 quarto, attributes the play to W.Sh., an attribution that becomes "W. Shakespeare" in the 1622 quarto published by Thomas Dewes. By 1611 Shakespeare would have already been a well known and highly regarded playwright, so it is very possible that Helme might have hoped to capitalize on Shakespeaere's name as a way of driving up sales of his playbook. Alternatively, perhaps he simply assumed that *TR* was a version of *KJ*.

I also read Thomas Middleton's *The Family of Love*, which John Helme published in 1608, a few years before publishing *TR*.

July 13<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Off to London for the last leg of the trip! I will be renting an AirBnB room in Shoreditch, a neighborhood that I am very excited to live in, even if only for a few days.

Evening performance of *As You Like It* at the Globe!

July 14<sup>th</sup>, 2015

I went to Depford this morning to pay my respects to Christopher Marlowe and bring him some flowers. Even four hundred years later, Depford still seems far away from the center of London. I took a special train to Maritime Greenwich and then walked another half an hour to reach Depford proper. The neighborhood around St. Nicholas Church seems to be made up of old flats, run down pubs, new high-rises, and a very polluted and industrialized Depford Creek. All in all, a sad sight. The plaque honoring Marlowe hangs on the back wall of the churchyard, partially hidden by the ivy. It's a lovely spot, but there are no signs pointing out its location, and I doubt Marlowe receives very many visitors.

In the afternoon, I looked for the site of the Theatre in Shoreditch. Curtain Road is now a long stretch of cafes, art galleries, restaurants, and boutique shops. The first plaque, which proclaims that "William Shakespeare Acted at The Theatre Built by James Burbage," stands on the wall of a Foxtons real estate office, at the intersection of Curtain Road and New Inn Yard. The Holywell Priory grounds, on top of which Burbage built his theater, is indicated by another plaque on the wall of the very retro looking "Gallery Extreme." The nearby Hewett Street, where the Curtain Theatre plaque is mounted, seems to be mostly under construction. I was sad to discover that the building that stands over the approximate site of the old theater was boarded up and inaccessible. I got as close as I could and took some pictures of the graffiti and the bulldozers and wondered to myself what Shakespeare would have thought of it all.

Before dinner, I also made it to Bread Street, which like most of the area around the new St. Paul's seems to be very expensive. John Milton's plaque can be found high on the wall of Bow Bells House, right next to the sign indicating the entrance to the "John Milton Passage." The plaque commemorating John Milton's baptism at All-Hallows in Bread Street is also nearby, having been relocated to its present spot on the wall of St. Mary-le-Bow when the former church was pulled down in 1876.

July 15<sup>th</sup>, 2015

All morning at the British Library. I looked at another Queen's Men play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (probably a sequel to a Leicester Men's play, *The Three Ladies of London*) printed by Richard Jones in 1590, the same year that he published *1 and 2 Tamburlaine*. I also pulled *The Old Wives Tale* (pub. 1595), another Queen's Men play that, like *TR*, is also attributed to George Peele. I also looked at *1 Selimus*, a Queen's Men play published in imitation of Marlowe's *1 and 2 Tamburlaine*. No second part is known.

Wonderful performance of *Richard II* at the Globe this evening with Charles Edwards playing Richard II!

July 16<sup>th</sup>, 2015

Last day. Breakfast and train to Gatwick Airport. See you later, England!