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IN THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

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THE TANGLED CHAIN:
THE STRUCTURE OF DISORDER IN
THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of The Ohio State University

By

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* * * * *

The Ohio State University
1971

Approved by

Joan Webber

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His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impaired, but all disordered.

--Shakespeare,
A Midsummer-Night's Dream

And this is that Homer's golden chain,
which reacheth down from heaven to earth,
by which every creature is annexed, and
depends on his Creator.

--Burton,
The Anatomy of Melancholy

PREFATORY NOTE

In preparing this thesis I have used the Everyman edition of the Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. Holbrook Jackson (New York, 1932), 3 volumes. This is an edition of the 1651 Anatomy corrected by the fifth (1638) edition. I have given full references in my paper as follows: (I.2.1.6;215) means Partition and Volume I. section 2. member 1. subsection 6; page 215. References closely following on a full citation from the same subsection, or in an extended argument concerning one subsection are given as page numbers only. Citations to the Preface in Volume I: (Preface, 97), except in Chapter iv, where only the page number is given.

When quoting from Burton, I have tried where possible to exclude interpolated material, so that Jackson's translations have been regularly and silently expunged; on the other hand, I have sometimes attempted to work paraphrases into my text when Burton himself did not translate and where clarification seemed advisable, and here Jackson's translations served as guide. In a few places I have thought it best to leave the editor's renderings of Burton's Latin in situ, and they appear bracketed as in his text; or I have cited them instead of the Latin, in which case the fact is noted in the parenthetical documentation. In sum, ellipses in quoted passages indicate only matter excised from Burton's text. A few typographical errors in the Every-

man text have been silently corrected.

I should like to thank Simon and Schuster, Inc., for kindly permitting me to use a passage from René Dubos' The Torch of Life.

The second chapter of this study was originally written as my master's thesis (The Ohio State University, 1968), under the direction of Professor Joan Webber. Her comments and those of Professor Robert C. Jones with regard to that chapter aided me greatly in finishing the project.

Finally, it is not only meet and salutary, but downright pleasant at this point to be able to express appreciation for an adviser's teaching, general aid and comfort, and terrific insight into one's major and minor stupidities. I want to thank Joan Webber for all of these, and for her friendship.

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CHAPTER I

THE CUTTER'S ART

Ten distinct squares here seen apart,
Are joined in one by cutter's art.

--Burton, "The Argument of the Frontispiece"

The Anatomy of Melancholy, a book more often read in part than as a whole, criticized as art yet only with some discomfort approached as an artifact, less easily comprehended than it is dissected, this medical treatise written by an Anglican divine holds a peculiar place in the canon of seventeenth-century English-prose literature. Robert Burton forged the Anatomy out of his Renaissance scholar's familiarity with the literature of Western civilization, working centuries of authors into a compendium of science, philosophy, poetry, history, and divinity which contains examples of numerous literary genres yet remains sui generis, the singular expression of its author's humane knowledge. Unlike other Renaissance "anatomies" generally accounted to be primarily artistic creations--Euphues, for example--the Anatomy of Melancholy actually contains a scientific discourse treating a medical subject by means of traditional methodology in a traditional schema. And unlike other Renaissance studies of melancholy--Timothy Bright's, for example--the Anatomy has always been accepted less for what it says about a disease than for what it is, a pleasing and useful encyclopedia

of human ideas. It is a book which, when its debts to other authors and its connections with various genres have been acknowledged, still demands to be confronted on its own terms as a unique artistic creation. The reading of the Anatomy presented in the following study is the result of an attempt to meet that demand.

To read the Anatomy on its own terms is to deal with form. Among the premises with which this study necessarily starts is the idea that the art of a literary work like the Anatomy may be described as a conjunction of its themes and its structure, and that such a description will reveal the artist's design in the work and allow for our estimation of his artistry. Formal analysis is not, of course, the only method criticism may employ, and it may not even be universally the best method. But the Renaissance had a great respect for the capability of the artificial construct and the artificial mode of expression to say what the merely natural cannot--a respect evidenced, just in Burton's own century, in the conceits, even the shapes, of metaphysical poetry as in the design of Paradise Lost--and Burton's book is a paradigm among artistic works that declare their meaning through artificial structure. We are accustomed to looking, as a recent study of Burton's use of form points out, for qualities of clarity, coherence, and unity in works of art, but the Renaissance did not have our particular critical biases and worked with traditions of composition which allowed for a loose, encyclopedic, rather than a tightly organic approach to the treatment of subjects.¹ Yet the Anatomy, with its com-

¹ Daniel Henry Finlay, "A Study of Form in the Anatomy of Melancholy," Diss. University of Virginia 1966, pp. 11-12 et passim. Finlay's dissertation, as my remarks here and elsewhere will indicate,

plicated series of partitions and sections, insists upon its structure to the point of having an exoskeleton in the form of its synoptic tables, so that either to recognize as we must that Burton's art is not directed toward fulfilling modern ideals of artistic unity, or to recognize the undisputedly encyclopedic qualities of his book, does not allow us to ignore the book's highly artificial structure but compels us to question seriously whether Burton did not use that structure as the primary means of artistic statement in the Anatomy. Finlay's answer is negative; he decides that the methods of organization, the definition and division evidenced in the partitions, sections, members, and subsections of the book, provide a framework for the material of the Anatomy without functioning as the means whereby Burton discovers his meaning to himself and his readers (see Finlay, Ch. ii). While I do not disagree with some of his argument, my own answer is positive. My reading of the Anatomy forces me to conclude that Burton stressed the explicit structure because it is of the essence of the book. The structure is artificial, a complicated pattern of logical organization modified by the tendency of the subject matter to defy logical control; and the book is thus a statement of itself, a creation which declares to its readers at every turn the art and the artifice of its form.

The Anatomy must be seen as a whole, for the salient feature of

touches on some of the same territory as does my reading of Burton's structure, though he is more interested in analogous kinds of writing and in the light these may throw on the Anatomy. His first chapter examines writings of Seneca, John of Salisbury, and Montaigne in order to show that unspecialized, moral rather than technical, collective notions of composition were influential in the tradition of which Burton's book became a part, and that shorter units within composite structures were normal.

its form is its ability to comprehend an extreme diversity of statement in a single book: from the pharmacopoeia of a medical treatise to a consolation of philosophy, from satirical denunciations of human folly to sermons on charity and despair, from analyses of man's physiology to descriptions of the cosmos or of the workings of good and evil spirits, the Anatomy is by its very nature a comprehensive work on a grand scale. Furthermore, the book is not just an instance, but the entire expression of Robert Burton's literary art, incorporating into a single structure all that he cared to publish of himself (except for some minor academic poems) through the course of a lifetime.² Published first in 1621, then reissued, "corrected and augmented by the author," in 1624, 1628, 1632, and 1638, and finally given its last authoritative form in the posthumous sixth edition of 1651, the Anatomy at first expanded significantly but later underwent more minor changes and corrections.³ Yet the form of the Anatomy never changed, and in a large sense the book of 1651 is the same as the book of 1621, for it grew within the structure of anatomy which Burton describes in the title and the synoptic or analytic tables of the first edition. Only one unit of the structure was ever deleted, the "Conclusion of the Author to the Reader" which appeared at the end of the first edition, in which Burton "unmasked" his pseudonymous character Democritus Junior and disclosed

² Burton did not publish his academic play, Philosophaster. It and the poems were collected by Paul Jordan-Smith in Philosophaster with an English Translation of the Same (Stanford, California, 1931).

³ For accounts of the changes in the Anatomy see Lawrence Babb, Sanity in Bedlam: A Study of Robert Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (East Lansing, Michigan, 1959), Ch. ii, "Genesis and Development"; and Robert G. Hallwachs, "Additions and Revisions in the Second Edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," Diss. Princeton 1934.

his own name to his readers. The dropping of this Conclusion in 1624, however, did not much affect the material of the book, for Burton used most of its comments elsewhere, mainly in the Preface (see below, Chapter iv). Some major accretions occurred within the Anatomy, notably that of the sermon against despair in the partition of Love-melancholy (see below, Chapter iii); and other treatments of the non-technical portions of the book were gradually expanded, particularly the Preface, the sections of Love-melancholy, and the digressive material within the First and Second Partitions.⁴ The only actual addition to the matter outlined in the synopses was the inclusion in the third edition of a subsection on the "Symptoms of Maids', Nuns', and Widows' Melancholy," and the significance of such an addition, as we shall see in the discussion of the synoptic tables, lies in the fact that it could occur without affecting the basic structure of the work. Other minor additions, also to be discussed, were those various pieces of front and back matter which accrued to the book over the years: the "Table" or index (1624); the engraved title page and the poems "Democritus Junior ad Librum Suum" and "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy" (1628);⁵ and the "Argument of the Frontispiece" and the lines "Heraclite, fleas" added (1632) after the note "Lectori Male Feriato" which had, from the

⁴ Hallwachs' study documents, with respect to the second edition, these general observations on the revisions.

⁵ I follow Babb's account (p. 17) with regard to the first appearances of these poems, though the film of the third edition to which I have had access does not include them. Babb agrees with the Jordan-Smith bibliography in this (the latter's descriptions, however, are subject to correction). Film of one copy, in any case, seemed slim evidence upon which to base an argument. See Paul Jordan-Smith, Bibliographia Burtoniana (Stanford, 1931), p. 83.

first, followed the Preface. Yet despite these changes, the "skeleton" of the book remains the same; the Anatomy's definition of itself is constant throughout the editions.

The Anatomy brings together different kinds of writing, then, into its single structure, and it brings together several decades of its author's literary work. Further, it must be seen as a whole because, as Robert Burton's "cento out of divers writers" (Preface, 25), it unites in the space of a single book his expansive reading in classical authors, Church fathers, medical authorities, Scripture, ancient and modern poets, and all the other kinds of fictional, scientific, historical, philosophical, or theological writers who filled the library and the mind of a solitary Oxford scholar. In all of these ways, the book declares itself to be a single artifact made out of the diversity of human knowledge itself, a compilation of a man's understanding of mankind under the general topic, melancholy. The unity of the book is the unity of anatomy, and to a great degree this study of the book will have achieved its purpose if it can show the student of the Anatomy that Burton was not only describing the art of the engraver who made the title page when he wrote the lines which stand at the beginning of this chapter. For an anatomist is a "cutter" too, and the art of the Anatomy of Melancholy is that of an artist who joins in one by cutting apart. The cutter's art which anatomizes melancholy's causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures into partitions, sections, members, and subsections comprehends through all of the division and definition a single explication of mankind. The form of the Anatomy, like the form of the title page, is complicated but ordered. The structure

itself is the statement of Burton's chief concern in the book, the reassertion of order in the world through the assertion of order in art. And the "tangled chain" which is disordered but not finally impaired is both the world of creation whose confused state the artist anatomizes, and the book which represents in its structure the reclamation of order in the midst of disorder.

To see the wholeness of Burton's book, to see its diversity through the unity imposed upon multiplicity by the structure of anatomy, is essential to our understanding of the "cutter's art." And it is the more necessary since the prevalent views of the book are those which have not recognized or have not dealt with the Anatomy as an ordered whole. Some recent criticism has begun to try to account for the relationships of the parts of the book to the whole. But the predominant critical attitude with regard to the form of the book has been one which tends to attribute to the whole the meaning of one or more parts. A brief glance at some representative notions regarding the Anatomy might serve as useful background to the discussion of the book's substance and structure, since I shall be arguing that not to read the Anatomy with constant awareness of context is not to read the book which Burton created by joining the distinct components of his treatise into one artificial construct.⁶ Leaving aside the appreciators and depreciators who, through the nineteenth century, tended to

⁶ The major Burton criticism up to 1967 has been reviewed by Richard L. Nochimson, "Robert Burton: A Study of the Man, His Work, and His Critics," Diss. Columbia 1967. It has not seemed pertinent to my thesis to repeat or extend his efforts, though throughout my paper I shall of course deal with various, including more recent, criticisms where these have a bearing on or are helpful to my argument.

enjoy or disparage Burton as an encyclopedist with a quaint style but not much sense of form (the Anatomy seen as "a sweeping of the miscellaneous literature from the Bodleian Library"⁷), we find that more judicious criticism may yet overlook the comprehensive forest of the book for one or more of the trees that stand in it.

Sir William Osler, who was responsible in our century for re-constituting the Anatomy with a serious purpose, saw the book with the eyes of a physician, and admired it as a medical treatise,⁸ but in doing so he had to ignore the great bulk of the book which is not concerned with the disease of melancholy. A critic like William Mueller, on the other hand, makes the book into a sociologist's study of England's political, social, and religious ills by drawing most of his evidence from the Preface.⁹ Other critics recognize the Anatomy's multiple topics and diverse generic models, but their acknowledgment of the great amounts of material which stray from Burton's apparent subject of the humoral disease of melancholy leads them into difficulties in accounting for his structure. Lawrence Babb calls the Anatomy a "compound book, not one work but several," having "lesser discourses imbedded in the text of the greater," and he sees a duality between the sections on humoral psychology and the commentary on the figurative madness of the world which indicates a "purpose superimposed

⁷ Quoted by Holbrook Jackson in his introduction to the Everyman Anatomy, I, xiv.

⁸ Sir William Osler, Prof. Edward Bensly, and others, "Robert Burton and the Anatomy of Melancholy," ed. F. Madan, Oxford Bibliographical Society Proceedings and Papers, 1 (1927), 175-76.

⁹ See The Anatomy of Robert Burton's England (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952) and Mueller's articles, listed in the bibliography.

upon a purpose" in the book. Thus he is led to question the basic design of the Anatomy, its very definition of partitions and sections, causes and cures, which makes it an anatomy of melancholy; and while he acknowledges that it would have been against Burton's nature to have done so, he nevertheless suggests that perhaps the author "should have redesigned his work so as to subordinate the psychiatric material to the critical comment" (Babb, pp. 8, 28). James Roy King goes further in postulating a timetable for the composition of the Anatomy; he decides that Burton "experienced some confusion about his purpose" and that his skill "lay obviously in the smaller forms, which could be embedded in larger, unshaped masses of material," and he admires the "degree of finish and coherence" exhibited in the sermons and essays of the book.¹⁰

But the Anatomy is not just the medical treatise of melancholy, nor is it just the Preface with its Utopia or the partition of Love-melancholy, nor is it primarily "critical comment" in detachable sermons and essays or digressive expatiation on topics ancillary to melancholic disorders. It is all of these things joined in one Anatomy of Melancholy, and repeatedly, through six editions, so joined and so titled. Despite the "compound character" of the book, it might not "suitably be entitled Opera Burtoni" (Babb, p. 9), though it might well be subtitled Opus Burtoni. Burton's subject matter, as we shall see, is implicitly and explicitly opposed to definition: it is chaos, the

¹⁰ James Roy King, "The Genesis of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," in Studies in Six 17th Century Writers (Athens, Ohio, 1966), pp. 66, 75.

post-lapsarian state of man. Burton cannot finally logically rule that subject matter, but he can and he does rule it by the artificial imposition of a structure which binds chaos into form. And the form which contains universal confusion is the form of Burton's single, always expandable but always unaltered Anatomy of Melancholy.

The stated topic of the book is not the chaotic world of mankind but a disease of men. Yet the topic of melancholy "philosophically, medicinally, and historically" treated is by tradition one which encompasses man himself. The Anatomy of Melancholy is an encyclopedia of human ideas because to treat melancholy is to deal with the whole nature of man. For melancholy is that peculiar disease which affects man's material and spiritual essences together, a "common infirmity of body and soul, and such a one that hath as much need of a spiritual as a corporal cure" (Preface, 37). Timothy Bright's Treatise of Melancholy (1586), Thomas Wright's Passions of the Minde (1601), and Thomas Adams' Diseases of the Soule: A Discourse Divine, Moral, and Physicall (1616) all testified in Burton's time to melancholy's affliction of man's body and mind, and with varying emphases on physical and mental aspects, offered explanation of the complicated disease and advice in overcoming it.¹¹ The whole man is thus the matter of any treatise pretending to cure melancholy, a fact which Burton acknowledges not only by declaring himself to be both a physician and a divine in writing his book (Preface, 37), but also by making his ancestor in the effort the philosopher Democritus, who sat in his garden cutting up carcasses to

¹¹ For an account of these documents, see Mueller, pp. 13-19.

discover the material seat of melancholy in the hopes of finding a cure for man's mental and spiritual aberrations, his folly and lack of understanding: "I do anatomize and cut up these poor beasts," Democritus tells Hippocrates, "to see these distempers, vanities, and follies, yet such proof were better made on man's body, if my kind nature would endure it" (Preface, 51). So Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy necessarily concerns itself with body, mind, and soul as these portions of his being are afflicted with their common disease. He treats the whole man by treating man the rational animal in Partitions I and II and man the passionate animal in Partition III. And in the Preface which conduces to both these views of human nature, he discloses the infirmities and the possibilities for cure of man the civilized creature.

Man is seen, then, "under the aspect of melancholy,"¹² which means that he is seen in this world, a world of confusion. The introduction to the Anatomy, which is not the Preface (see below, Chapter iv) but the first member of Partition I, section 1, leads into Burton's anatomy of melancholy by showing what man is--a diseased creature in a disordered world--in the light of what he was--God's perfect creature in an ordered universe. The member begins with the most breathtaking sentence in all the Anatomy, which expresses by its order the work of creation, molding words and phrases into a progression that reaches out toward an exuberant definition of all the beauty of God's own created image. Man, says Burton, was at first perfect:

¹² Joan Webber, "Robert Burton: The Anatomy of Democritus, Jr." in The Eloquent 'I': Style and Self in Seventeenth-Century Prose (Madison, Wisconsin, 1968), p. 113.

Man, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, "the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of Nature," as Zoroaster calls him; audacis naturae miraculum, "the marvel of marvels," as Plato; "the abridgment and epitome of the world," as Pliny; Microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; far surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul; Imaginis imago, created to God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it; was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, "created after God in true holiness and righteousness": Deo congruens, free from all manner of infirmities, and put in Paradise, to know God, to praise and glorify Him, to do His will, Ut dis consimiles parturiat deos (as an old poet saith) to propagate the Church. (I.1.1.1;130)

But from the order of God's creation, "this most noble creature" has derived confusion: man "is fallen from that he was, and forfeited his estate, become miserabilis homuncio, a castaway, a caitiff, one of the most miserable creatures of the world, if he be considered in his own nature, an unregenerate man, and so much obscured by his fall that (some few relics excepted) he is inferior to a beast." By the second sentence of the treatise of melancholy, the chain is tangled, order is overturned; and the remainder of the member leads into the treatise by defining all disease as the disorder of body and mind visited upon man through the "sin of our first parent Adam" (page 131). The wars of the world are in and through man; all nature attacks him, and he is his own greatest enemy. From man comes chaos, the misrule of sin and the tyranny of disease. We are introduced to melancholy by being led through definitions of disease: Burton divides all diseases into those of body and mind, then treats those of "the head and mind," and singles out "such as properly belong to the phantasy, or imagination, or reason itself" (I.1.1.3;139), whereby he arrives at the equivocations of melancholy and, finally, at "this melancholy of which we are to

treat" (I.1.1.5;146). But all of the preparation for explication of the disease is made in the light of its causes, which arise not from his original nature, but from the human nature man has given himself:

Our intemperance it is that pulls so many several incurable diseases upon our heads, that hastens old age, perverts our temperature, and brings upon us sudden death. And last of all, that which crucifies us most, is our own folly, madness, . . . weakness, want of government, our facility and proneness in yielding to several lusts, in giving way to every passion and perturbation of the mind: by which means we metamorphose ourselves and degenerate into beasts. (I.1.1.2;136)

Regardless of whether he is treating the "definite" humoural disease of melancholy or the "indefinite" disease of Love-melancholy, throughout the book Burton's chief concern is never simply a disease, but is always this "most general of all diseases" which is mortal man's "mark of living" in a world after the Fall.¹³ To be human is to be melancholy in some sense or other, for adversity is the human condition, and melancholy epitomizes this essential fact of life: "All fears, griefs, suspicions, discontents, imbonities, insuavities, are swallowed up and drowned in this Euripus, this Irish Sea, this ocean of misery, as so many small brooks. . . . I say of our melancholy man, he is the cream of human adversity, the quintessence, and upshot; all other diseases whatsoever are but flea-bitings to melancholy in extent: 'tis the pith of them all" (I.4.1;434).

From the beginning of the book, then, the disease of melancholy is set in the context of the disorder--morally, physically, theologically considered--of the universe. What was once good, like man, is

¹³ Rosalie Colie, Paradoxia Epidemica: The Renaissance Tradition of Paradox (Princeton, 1966), p. 434.

now, through man's corruption rather than by its own nature, "pernicious unto us": "the earth accursed, the influence of stars altered, the four elements, beasts, birds, plants, are now ready to offend us" (I.1.1.1;133). In "opening and cutting up" melancholy, Burton is opening and cutting up the body of the disordered world of man, seeking to explore man's knowledge of himself--body, mind, and soul--by exploring his quintessential disorder. Knowledge of melancholy turns out to demand knowledge of all areas of human endeavour, and Burton's references in the book have been calculated to include citations from some twelve hundred fifty authors (excluding Scripture and anonymous works) representing the fields of medicine, science, philosophy, occult studies, history, geography, belles-lettres, and theology.¹⁴

Thus, since the matter is universal, and the universe is chaotic, the book which would explore the matter of melancholy should tend to be chaotic as well. And so it is: chaos tries to rule the book. The reader is constantly made aware of Burton's struggles with his subject matter as he attempts to do the seemingly impossible job of ordering, defining, untangling confusion: "If you will describe melancholy, describe a phantastical conceit, a corrupt imagination, vain thoughts and different, which who can do?" (I.3.1.4;408). And Burton is not only trying to order the material of chaos, but to order the knowledge of that material which appears in his authorities: he has, that is, not only to follow, but to contend with all the "best writers" who give him different directions concerning how best to define his topics:

¹⁴ Jean Robert Simon, Robert Burton (1577-1640) et L'Anatomie de la Mélancolie (Paris, 1964), p. 429.

When the matter is diverse and confused, how should it otherwise be but that the species should be diverse and confused? Many new and old writers have spoken confusedly of it, confounding melancholy and madness, as Heurnius, Guianerius, Gordonius, Sallustius Salvianus, Jason Pratensis, Savonarola. . . . Some make two distinct species, as Ruffus Ephesius, an old writer, Constantinus Africanus, Aretaeus, Aurelianus, Paulus Aegineta: others acknowledge a multitude of kinds, and leave them indefinite. . . .
(I.1.3.4;174-75)

But even as he puts before us his difficulties in arranging his subjects, Burton always affirms his own determination not to "leave them indefinite." Complaint leads almost inevitably to a "nevertheless":

In such obscurity, therefore, variety and confused mixture of symptoms, causes, how difficult a thing it is to treat of several kinds apart; to make any certainty or distinction among so many casualities, distractions, when seldom two men shall be like affected per omnia! 'Tis hard, I confess, yet nevertheless I will adventure through the midst of these perplexities, and led by the clue or thread of the best writers, extricate myself out of a labyrinth of doubts and errors, and so proceed to the causes. (I.1.3.4;177)

Burton's constant effort in the Anatomy is to distinguish and define the components of the confused state of things, especially when they seem least liable to definition.

As we read the book, then, and turn from one partition to another, from one subsection to the next, from cause to symptom to cure, from "definite" to "indefinite" melancholy, we are following Burton in following traditional methodology, which is to organize first by defining his subject matter, then by dividing topics into subtopics, redefining and redividing as occasion demands (see Finlay, pp. 55-60). Burton's methodology is the same methodology of his book's most hoary ancestor, Galen's De melancholia, sive atrae bilis morbo, the organization of definition, symptoms, kinds, causes, cures.¹⁵ But we are fol-

¹⁵ T. Bright, A Treatise of Melancholie (New York, 1940), p. ix.

lowing Burton also as he deals with the tradition, for he is constantly allowing us to watch his difficulties and constantly calling attention-- "'Tis hard, I confess, yet nevertheless"--to his own determination that chaos will not rule the book. Method, as we shall discover in studying the Preface, is not merely a means in the Anatomy, but is in a very real sense the end toward which Burton makes the book tend, for when he weaves the new cloth of the Anatomy out of the "divers fleeces" of all his books and authors, he attests to his own function as the one who gives form to diverse matter: "the composition and method is ours only, and shows a scholar" (Preface, 25). The single issue of the Anatomy is melancholy, which is the disordered condition of man, while the book insistently aims to order confusion. From the title through each partition, section, member, and subsection, the Anatomy makes its structure felt, so that we are always aware of Burton's hand setting out units and separating ideas, arraying, not just writing his book. And outside of the book he shows us in its accompanying apparatus both the formal attempt to order this matter of melancholy and the matter's continuous resistance to definition.

The synopses of the partitions¹⁶ present the overall pattern of the discourse, describing the Anatomy's logical order. These graphic representations of the book's structure have been seen as evidence of Burton's comic sense, for they testify to a tautness of logical control which the book, with its subject matter of confusion, folly, disease, and disorder, seems to belie. They have appeared, that is, to be de-

¹⁶ The first two are called synopses, while that of the Third Partition is regularly titled "Analysis," though it does not appear that any substantive distinction is being made.

tached and ironic comments on the "architecture globale" of a work whose traditional order they define: they reveal, Simon says, "une ingéniosité analytique à la fois prodigieuse et dérisoire, comme un étalage d'inutile virtuosité" (Simon, p. 422). The synopses are undoubtedly imitations of the forms of scholastic treatises, and no seventeenth-century Anglican was more amused by the medieval schoolmen's ceaseless disputation and endless rationalizing on insane questions than was Burton. Nevertheless, the synopses do reflect the methodology of the book, their "ingéniosité analytique" belongs to it too, and, as an admirer of the Anatomy once said, if the tables are humorous imitations of the schoolmen's treatises, then "the joke is on Burton, for he followed the outline."¹⁷ What is in the synoptic tables is in the book, and what is in the book is abstracted in the synoptic tables. Although they do not contain all the "wealth of material" that the book holds, it is not quite accurate to say that they are "a superficial guide" to the matter of the Anatomy (Finlay, p. 52), for they define the "wealth of material" from the general causes to the digressions to the corollaries and questions, even though they cannot, being synopses, fully express it. The analysis of the tables is that of the whole book, and I believe that in presenting such a diagrammatic image of his book's structure to his readers, Burton was being more than humorous. He was suggesting by this explicit statement of form that recognition of the workings of his structure is essential to our understanding of the book.

¹⁷ Henry William Taeusch, Democritus Junior Anatomizes Melancholy (Cleveland: The Rowfant Club, 1937), p. 14.

The art historian Erwin Panofsky has described scholasticism's basic tenet of manifestatio or elucidation, clarification, by which the schematic "system of logical subordination" which organized arguments into partes, membra, quaestiones, and articuli became, in effect, a goal in itself: the adherence to a dialectical scheme, he says, means that the scholastics "felt compelled to make the orderliness and logic of their thought palpably explicit--that the principle of manifestatio which determined the direction and scope of their thinking also controlled its exposition and subjected this exposition to what may be termed the postulate of clarification for clarification's sake."¹⁸

Burton's synoptic tables are a very explicit manifestatio of the Anatomy's "obsession with systematic division and subdivision" (Panofsky, p. 36), and as such they require our attention. For the tables would seem to claim for the book, by their very solid appearance of logical control, the marks of a summa: "(1) totality (sufficient enumeration), (2) arrangement according to a system of homologous parts and parts of parts (sufficient articulation), and (3) distinctness and deductive cogency (sufficient interrelation)" (Panofsky, p. 31). The synopses are thus a direct answer to the appearance of Renaissance "looseness" of method which Finlay finds predominant in the Anatomy, and they negate his contention that Burton does not claim that his Anatomy will be a complete collection of man's knowledge of melancholy (Finlay, p. 53). The synoptic tables make the claim of totality for Burton; their very medieval, very scholastic insistence on the form of the argument sug-

¹⁸ Erwin Panofsky, Gothic Architecture and Scholasticism (Cleveland, 1957), pp. 34-35.

gests that he wished us to look at his structure not only as the correct one for a treatise of melancholy, but as a way of controlling and presenting a total vision of truth about the human condition: the synopses explicate the title's "all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures." In a moment, I shall return to this question of the synopses' claims for the book, for Burton is not a Thomas Aquinas, and I am not arguing that the tables actually represent the perfection of logical definition and exposition in the book. The Anatomy, as we have seen, is about disorder, and it, like the world, is a tangled chain.

But before turning to the matter of how Burton modifies his manifestatio of logical order, I want to borrow Panofsky's ideas of the analogies between scholastic treatise and Gothic cathedral in order to explain further the function of the synopses. The synoptic tables not only define the Anatomy by telling, like a table of contents, what it contains; they also contain the book, for each synopsis gives the overview of the partition simultaneously with its dissected parts. They represent the sort of "visual articulation of the [printed] page" which Panofsky (pp. 38-39) sees translated from the scholastic treatise into all the arts of the time as a clarification "of narrative contexts in the representational arts, and of functional contexts in architecture." In doing so, they are to the Anatomy what the facade of a cathedral is to the Gothic structure beyond. Like the facade which reflects in its tripartite, three- or four-storied form the logic of the tripartite nave and the elevation of the interior walls, the synoptic tables express graphically the relationships within the partitions, and disclose the logic which does control the presentation of material. To look at

the synopses is thus to see the Anatomy more clearly, though in less detail, than when one is within it, as one can stand back from the cathedral and see the idea of the whole in the elucidation and articulation of the facade.

Indeed, some closer examination of the synopses than critics have been wont to engage in would reveal a tighter control of logic, a less haphazard adherence to equivalences and subordination than Burton has ordinarily been granted. That there are three kinds of Love-melancholy is immediately apparent from the synopsis of Partition III, as are the logical relationships of these types (see below, Chapter iii). That the digressions are not scattered throughout the book, but are formal units within Partitions I and II only, is as clear from those synoptic tables (see below, Chapter ii). The book's organization is complex, and one can lose sight of its logical subordination, as, in a small way, did the critic who cites "two quite different integral consolations of philosophy," one "classical consolatio" and another "Christian consolation, in the form of a sermon, [Burton's] 'Consolatory Digression'" (Colie, pp. 437-38). The argument differentiating the two kinds of consolation is valid, but might have gained force and a different perspective if the consolation "Against Sorrow for Death of Friends or otherwise" had been recognized as one of eight consolations, including the "General" or Christian one, which together make up the Consolatory Digression. The second synopsis presents the matter clearly:

<u>Sect. 3.</u> A consola- tory digres- sion, con- taining re- medies to all discontents and passions of the mind.	<u>Memb.</u>	1. General discontents and grievances satisfied. 2. Particular discontents, as deformity of body, sickness, baseness of birth, etc. 3. Poverty and want, such calamities and adversities. 4. Against servitude, loss of liberty, imprison- ment, banishment, etc. 5. Against vain fears, sorrows for death of friends, or otherwise. 6. Against envy, livor, hatred, malice, emulation, ambition, and self-love, etc. 7. Against repulses, abuses, injuries, contempts, disgraces, contumelies, slanders, and scoffs, etc. 8. Against all other grievous and ordinary symptoms of this disease of melancholy.

The manifestation through the tables of the Anatomy's contextual relationships (seen here in a very simple example) testifies to Burton's care for his book's sufficient enumeration, articulation, and interrelation, and suggests that to get his meaning right, we should take equal care to read his structure as we read his book.

The Anatomy may be seen, then, as a particular kind of architectural construct, a Gothic formulation of logical contexts which describes a single vision or "totality" of truth. Its divisions and subdivisions are, generically, "rooms" of the scholastic treatise. And the synoptic tables clarify the expression of the whole by calling attention to context, and by insisting that the reader be aware of the relationships of any part to the idea of the whole. The tables claim the reader's attention by announcing through their very complexity the structural difficulties inherent in Burton's anatomy. The reader who examines the tables will find the book clarified in them, but not simplified, for it is not their function to make the book easier by restating it in simpler terms than its own; rather, they make starkly apparent the involutions, the logical balances and imbalances, the far-flung

relationships of ideas which characterize the Anatomy. It is an exercise to follow the synoptic tables through their analysis of an idea, to find the logical equivalents Burton sets out, to trace the full articulation of a given topic by tracking down the appropriate astrological symbols assigned to it or by finding the analysis in a subsequent table and reconstructing, sometimes by means of mental gymnastics, an imaginary plan which allows a fuller topical elucidation than the printed page--even a folio page--will admit. What the tables do, then, is to demand that the reader recognize the kind of intellectual exercise the book itself will require of him if he is to see it and grasp its meaning rather than simply to wander in it.

Of course, the Anatomy is not a cathedral; the synoptic tables are not even joined together to present a single "facade," but they do make some of the same kinds of statements about the functional contexts and logical relationships in the book that the facade makes for a Gothic building. Furthermore, their very form clarifies how Burton's book can admit internal change without undermining the external fabric, for the structure of partitions, sections, and so on allows him to expand or even add portions at one level without destroying the contextual relationships of the other parts and parts of parts. Thus, a new subsection 4 is inserted (1628) into the structure of Partition I, section 3, member 2, when Burton decides to write about nuns' and widows' melancholy. The partition grows; a new "room" is added within; but the exterior walls of the book do not have to be torn down:

Particular symptoms to the three dis- tinct species. <u>Sect. 3,</u> <u>Memb. 2.</u>	Head me- lancholy. <u>Subs. 1.</u>	{ In body Or In mind.	{ [articulation of particular symptoms]
	Hypo- chondria- cal, or windy melan- choly. <u>Subs. 2.</u>	{ In body Or In mind.	{
	Over all the body. <u>Subs. 3.</u>	{ In body Or In mind.	{
	Symptoms of nuns', maids', and widows' melancholy, in body and mind, etc.		
	A reason of these symp- toms. <u>Memb. 3.</u>	{ Why they are so fearful, sad, suspicious without a cause. . . . Why they prophesy, and speak strange languages. . . .	{

The Anatomy, like a cathedral, is almost infinitely open to renovation. Addition or revision may modify the statement made by the construct, but it does not change the structure and therefore does not change the overall meaning either of the argument or of the building.

Burton added to the explicit clarification of his facade in succeeding editions. The synoptic tables made the declaration in 1621, and they continue as the basic components of the book's external statement. The additions of the verses, of the concluding "Table" or index, and particularly of the engraved title page then emphasized and reemphasized, as the book was republished, the importance Burton evidently

attached to our looking hard at the definition of the whole given us by the traditional form of the book. Both poems, "Democritus Junior ad Librum Suum" and "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy" present the book as a totality made of diversity. The first introduces the Anatomy to the world of readers who will find different ways of accepting it, and admonishes it to speak to them variously as they will, yet with universal tolerance and claiming always the right to deny any too narrow interpretation. The "Abstract" or "dialogue" presents the heart of melancholy man's condition, the extreme sweetness and sadness with which melancholy alternately fills him. Another "abstract" may be seen in the note, "Lectori Male Feriato" (present in the first edition) and in the lines, "Heraclite, fleas," for the former focuses on the world of fools who laugh at the satirist without recognizing his wisdom and their own folly, and the added verses strike the Anatomy's insistent chord--shall I weep with Heraclitus or laugh with Democritus?--in opposing "Heraclite, fleas" to "Democrite, ride." The apparatus as a whole thus "abstracts" not only the logical form but the central moral and psychological paradoxes of the book as well: that melancholy afflicts man, but he cannot live without it; that it is both his joy and sorrow, his folly and wisdom, his comedy and tragedy.

The Table or index is, as it were, another entrance, a back door, to the matter of the Anatomy. Like "Ad Librum Suum" it declares to the reader that there are numerous ways of entering into the book's meaning. The index represents a kind of foil to the synoptic tables since it suggests that their statement of the book's contextual relationships is not the only one. We have noted that the apparatus of the

Anatomy is never unified into a single statement affirming the perfection of the book's scholastic logic. Instead, Burton calls attention to that logic, then by the other parts of the apparatus abstracts its meaning in various ways, through various authorial poses. And by adding an index, he points out that there is more than one way of seeing the book. An index, of course, is a very pragmatic piece of scholarly business, and I do not at all discount the idea that Burton may simply have decided to render his readers a service by appending his alphabetical table of topics to the second edition. Yet it is the first in the series of additions to the facade, and Burton evidently enjoyed the notion of clarifying and reclarifying his book. Indeed, the Table, unlike the synopses, is not exhaustive by any means, and its purpose appears to be more to suggest a different viewpoint than to index fully the material of the Anatomy.

To page through the Table is to see a different clarification, though not a different definition, of the book's meaning. One can approach the encyclopedic content of the Anatomy by way of the front door, progressing from causes and symptoms to prognostics and cures, from Partition I through Partition II to Partition III. That way lies logic, and recognition of the meaning that context gives to statements. And the Table¹⁹ admits that method:

Religious mel. a distinct species, his object 633.
causes of it 642. symptomes 658. Prognosticks 678.
cure 680. religion, policy, by whom 646.

But the Table recognizes the method which answers to the reader's

¹⁹ All quotations from the Table are from the sixth edition (London, 1651). I have normalized i, j, u, v, and long-s.

interest as well as that which answers to logic, and "religion, policy, by whom" is beside the order of the logical discourse. The index gives the reader viewpoints on the book that the analytical structure obfuscates: poor men exemplify various facts about melancholy in the treatise; the index reveals them to be one of the concerns of the treatise: "Poor mens miseries 157. their happiness 337. they are dear to God 343." The book defines man by discoursing on melancholy; and the Table supplies a wholly illogical way of looking at the Anatomy of Melancholy which reaffirms, under consideration, that to study melancholy is to study man and the universe:

Heavens penetrable, . . . Infinitely swift
 Hearing what
 Heat immoderate cause of mel.
 Health a pretious thing
 Hell where
 Help from friends against melanch.
 Hellebor white and black purgers of mel. . . .

And it provides a vantage point for recognizing that the essential matter of the treatise is a blend of the technical and necessary with the unnecessary but pleasing and human, that its subject is men in particular as well as particular causes of melancholy. God and the devil are the only persons who make their ways into the analytical tables, though many specific things appear there. In the index, it is a different story:

Antimony a purger of melancholy
 Anthony inveigled by Cleopatra
 Apology of love melancholy
 Appetite

or again:

Pork a melancholy meat
 Pope Leo Decimus his scoffing.

What Burton has given us, then, in the external matter of his discourse on melancholy is a kind of facade that reveals method, context, and the meaning derived from apprehension of the relationships of ideas to be centrally important to our understanding of his endeavor as an artist; but a facade too which reveals the fact that logical definition does not entirely explain, cannot completely rationalize the matter which lies within. To look closely at the synopses is to see that they do not quite work. Members or sections are not always logically equivalent, as a glance back at the scheme reproduced on page 23 will verify: member 3 of that section, a structural equivalent of member 2, appears to be logically subordinate to the preceding member; and we shall examine this same kind of logical imbalance on a grand scale when we study the Third Partition. The apparatus of the Anatomy insists on form, but if the book thus borrows the methodology and the principles of scholastic disputation, if it is "Gothic" in some sense, it is not finally a High Scholastic Summa nor is it like a High Gothic cathedral, each of which "tended to approximate, by synthesis as well as elimination, one perfect and final solution" (Panofsky, p. 44). The index hints by its own clarification that the manifestatio of the synoptic tables is not the only elucidation of the book, that there are illogical but true relationships within it which the exterior form of the book must also express. And the engraved title page with its accompanying "Argument" affirms that the solution of the Anatomy to the problem of organization is not, at least not logically, a "perfect and final" one.

The title page is an actual "face" for the book, a picture of

what is in it. Its proportions reflect the logical proportions of the treatise: three horizontal divisions corresponding to the three partitions of the whole, four vertical stages corresponding to the four logical levels of each major division--partition, section, member, and subsection. The title in the middle makes the formulaic statement of logical order for the treatment of the traditional subject. But the "ten distinct squares" do not reflect the control of logic. All three kinds of Love-melancholy are represented on one side (jealousy, heroic love, and superstition); on the other we see solitude (a cause of melancholy), hypochondriacus (a particular kind of "definite" melancholy), and the madman (who represents an equivocation of melancholy [I.1.1.4;140] which the discourse is not designed to treat). In the lower outside compartments are the two "sovereign plants" borage and hellebore, both of which are remedies for the definite disease, but borage has no particular relationship to the Love-melancholics pictured above it. The title page presents a conflation of the synoptic tables and the index: ordered but not balanced, it is a manifestatio of logical order modified by the not quite logical associations of the emblems, as if one were to view the perfect logic of a High Gothic facade only to discover on closer inspection that the iconography was confused, with the wise virgins set opposite not the foolish virgins, but prophets and kings.

The title page represents the book in showing, as the Anatomy shows, that the matter of melancholy is a "variety and confused mixture" of causes, types, cures, and equivocations, yet by its form promising-- "nevertheless I will adventure"--to array them all in the form of logic,

to make no "labyrinth of doubts and errors" but by art to join everything into a totality even if the totality cannot be a perfect synthesis of matter ruled by form. Burton cannot show us in his title page a perfect series of emblems, four kinds of definite melancholy opposed to three of indefinite, or two emblems of causes balanced neatly by two of cures. For the melancholy of man is not, as the book will explicate, a matter of neat and well-defined equals and opposites. Whenever the book displays a series of opposites or a sequence of theses and antitheses, it does so by making confused categories and doubtful equivalents fit into the artificial neatness of the structure. So in the title page there is a kind of balance between the outer series of "distinct squares," which set indefinite melancholy generally opposite definite melancholy, yet the unreasonable associations which are also in evidence make of the whole an emblematic representation of what Burton can and cannot do in his Anatomy.

The perfect synthesis and control of the Gothic Middle Ages will not work for Burton, for the truth that his structure has to express is confusion and diversity. We began by looking at the introductory member of the Anatomy, and we said that Burton leads through definition of disease to the disease of melancholy. But his definitions are very unsatisfactory: the body and mind distinction seems clear enough, except that the mental diseases turn out to be physically seated in the head (and later, of course, we find melancholy specified as of the head, of the hypochondries, or of the whole body), and then all the diseases of phantasy, including melancholy, may or may not be distinguishable. By the time Burton leads us to that "melancholy of

which we are to treat," we are certain of very little but that it is "an habit" which is related to body and mind and which is sometimes confused with various similar diseases. Even when he later reaches the subsection on the "Definition of Melancholy, Name, Difference," he is imprecise, for his knowledge of melancholy tells him that he cannot define it simply:

. . . I may now freely proceed to treat of my intended subject, to most men's capacity, and after many ambages, perspicuously define what this melancholy is, show his name and differences. The name is imposed from the matter, and disease denominated from the material cause: . . . from black choler. And whether it be a cause or an effect, a disease or symptom, let Donatus Altomarus and Salvianus decide; I will not contend about it. It hath several descriptions, notations, and definitions. (I.1.3.1;169)

And despite confusion and indefinition, Burton proceeds to make a neat "distinct square" or "room" of his treatise to contain the "Definition" which all his authorities cannot agree on and about which he will not contend.

The structure does what the facade has announced it can do: it rules what human reason and pure logic cannot. Burton's emphatic adherence to the form of the argument indicates that he is using the idea of manifest order, and using it for all it is worth. Time and again a subsection will begin by announcing that authorities disagree, that there is some doubt or question about the matter in hand, for doubt and question are the raw material that Burton is working with. But as often as disagreement and convincing but antithetical arguments threaten to topple the confused matter into chaos, Burton makes art do what rationalization cannot: he cuts out for himself a section or subsection, draws a line from one topic to the next, fits a curly brace around a

series of ideas and aligns them in an order. He uses a system which will let him set out, clarify, make unity and order manifest for the sake of achieving unity and order. That is the cutter's art: "though the Anatomy is a long and constant weighing, it is not quite a collection of essays. Burton was bound by his material and his method to a more complicated effort, to articulate, as anatomy does, the disparate parts into a fitting whole" (Colie, p. 436).

Scholasticism, as Panofsky describes it (p. 64), had a second "controlling principle," concordantia or the "acceptance and ultimate reconciliation of contradictory possibilities." Burton's matter has a myriad of possibilities, as we have just seen with the basic definition of melancholy. Burton, however, cannot achieve concordantia--he will not "contend"--and instead of trying to reconcile contradiction he accepts it and then goes ahead and orders, defines, makes categories in spite of it, letting others decide about causes, effects, or symptoms, and proceeding himself to draw out "descriptions, notations, and definitions." He makes a totality out of the principle of manifestatio even though he cannot arrive at concordantia, or, to put it another way, he makes concord out of discord without resolving the discord. This is indeed the implication of the last two emblems of the title page. Democritus of Abdera, Burton's forerunner in anatomizing melancholy, sits in his garden cutting up animals, and around him are scattered in disarray the carcasses which are his subject matter. But Democritus Junior--the author of this treatise in partitions, sections, members, and subsections which analyzes causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures--Democritus Junior appears holding his book. By the cutter's

art he has devised a structure that will give him one finished view of the world of melancholy: where Democritus cuts things up, Democritus Junior joins them together by articulating them. And so he holds the finished book at the focal point of a design which comprehends not wholly rationalized relationships in a form of perfectly logical proportions, the ten distinct and diverse squares joined into one by the art, not just of an engraver, but of the anatomist of melancholy.

The outside of the Anatomy of Melancholy suggests, then, that Burton is not using form simply to disguise confusion, but to order it; that he is using the most explicit kind of structure as a model so that he and his readers will be able to understand and comprehend the nature of their disorder. The fundamental design of the book and the difficulties inherent, for Burton, in that design are to be accepted at face value--for, in fact, their value as a facade in which is to be seen the meaning of the book. I believe that the methodology of the book, and the form which that methodology lends to it, control and express Burton's meaning; that his continual reference to shaping his discourse points toward an understanding of its structure as necessary for an understanding of its idea; that the explicit manifestatio of the structure shows how, far from his being able to "write about life in general because of his lack of concern about methodology" (Finlay, p. 70), he uses the method of anatomy because it enables him to unify the diversity of human knowledge and reduce madness to method.

In the following chapters I shall be examining the ways in which Burton uses structure to clarify meaning by explicating those major portions of the book which cause it to be not a neatly ordered

medical, philosophical, and historical exposition of a disease, but a tangled chain which exhibits the order and disorder essential to Burton's explanation of melancholy man. For as soon as one posits formality of structure as Burton's answer to disorder, obvious problems arise with the book's immediately apparent contradictions of order, notably those of the digressions, the discourse of indefinite melancholy in Partition III, and the "satyricall Preface" which is a different sort of anatomizing of the melancholy world. By studying these structural anomalies which seem to detract from order rather than conform to it, I shall hope to demonstrate that Burton realizes in the book the statements about order and disorder, diversity and totality which he makes manifest to his readers through the facade of his scholastic construct. Unity that is organic implies the necessity of singleness of vision: the blind men receive four entirely independent and incompatible impressions of the elephant because they cannot see the whole. But Burton's artificial structure implies unity of another sort: one can see a Gothic cathedral from innumerable vantage points, and in each vision comprehend the meaning of the total form because the parts repeat and reflect in various combinations, through various contextual relationships, the proportions and patterns of the whole. So the Anatomy is a study of melancholy man from various viewpoints; its structure allows for a total vision, yet suggests that the same truth can be seen from different angles. Partition III restates Partitions I and II, and the Preface conduces to the discourse by saying it all another way; and mirrored in this definition and redefinition of melancholy is the meaning that the order of anatomy gives to the Anatomy of Melancholy.

CHAPTER II

THIS NEW SCIENCE

For out of olde felde, as men seyth,
Cometh al this newe corn from yer to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good feyth,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.
--Chaucer, The Parlement of Foules

Robert Burton's book conforms to that traditional order for the discussion of disease set forth in the title: The Anatomy of Melancholy. What it is, With all the kinds, causes, symptomes, prognostickes, & several cures of it. In three Partitions, with their several Sections, members, & subsections. The design, we have seen, would seem to suppose the necessity for the entire comprehension of content by the established form; yet if the structure is not new, to say that it is imposed a priori because of the example of contemporary medical treatises (Simon, pp. 422-23) is not to say that Burton does not use the structure. He confines himself to the progression of definition, cause, symptom, cure; and by so doing he declares that the subject of his discourse lies in the matter of a material disease. Here is how Democritus Junior takes leave of the Preface and turns his attention to the Anatomy:

And although, for the above-named reasons, I had a just cause to undertake this subject, to point at these particular species of dotage, . . . yet I have a more serious intent at this time; and to omit all impertinent digressions, to say no more of such

as are improperly melancholy, or metaphorically mad, lightly mad, or in disposition: . . . my purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all his parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically, medicinally, to show the causes, symptoms, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided. . . . (Preface, 120)

Yet as he has already spoken of "such as are improperly melancholy" in the Preface, so Burton turns more than once, in the space of the following discourse, away from the system which he has defined for his book. He digresses long and largely. But before examining the digressions, I believe it is necessary to recognize that part of the Anatomy from which Burton turns aside, for the digressions are not just anywhere in the Anatomy: they are firmly planted in Partitions I and II. The First and Second Partitions describe humoral melancholy, that "ordinary disease" which Burton promises his readers is the subject of the whole Anatomy; from definition through cures, they complete the investigation of all that is known of the definite disease ("proper to parts," Synopsis I calls it) located in the body.

The subject matter of I and II, the medical treatise, belongs to the structure of anatomy. In these partitions Burton selects and organizes the facts of melancholy. Those passages are here in which he builds up vast lists of causes and cures, passages which seem to do little more than pad the citation in the synopsis with appropriate authors and a qualification of two, sometimes a tale. Indeed, in the last two sections of the Second Partition, Burton picks up speed as his treatment of the pharmaceutical and surgical cures becomes a hurried incantation of fact after fact after fact. It was especially Partition II that Sir William Osler called a "strictly medical treatise, in which

the author has collected all the known information about the treatment of mental disorders; the entire pharmacopoeia is brought in, and Burton writes prescriptions like a physician" (Osler, pp. 175-76). The two partitions make a system. There are three kinds of melancholy, and these are defined; general and particular causes, and these are set forth; common and peculiar symptoms, good or bad prognostics, cures lawful, unlawful, dietetical, pharmaceutical--all are distinguished, laid out in sections, confined by the structure to an order which perfectly encompasses all the indefinable material. If foods are causes and cures, then they are treated under cause and under cure. Fear is cause and symptom; purges are general and particular cures. Burton puts everything where it belongs in the design, physically capturing the physical disease. For melancholy, the system makes clear, is matter:

. . . so have melancholy men a just cause to fear, a true object of fear; so have melancholy men an inward cause, a perpetual fume and darkness, causing fear, grief, suspicion, which they carry around with them, an object which cannot be removed, but sticks as close, and is as inseparable, as a shadow to a body, and who can expel or overrun his shadow? Remove heat of the liver, a cold stomach, weak spleen; remove those adust humours and vapours arising from them, black blood from the heart, all outward perturbations; take away the cause, and then bid them not grieve nor fear, or be heavy, dull, lumpish; otherwise counsel can do little good; you may as well bid him that is sick of an ague not to be adry, or him that is wounded not to feel pain.
(I.3.3;421)

But in among the systematized facts of the matter of melancholy are the digressions. And the question must be raised whether they are pertinent to Burton's statement in the Anatomy or merely "impertinent digressions." The question is essential because to a great degree its answer qualifies any possible estimation of Burton's art. In the first

place, hardly anyone concerned with reading the Anatomy critically now is truly interested in black bile or hellebore. Scholarship is spent on the Preface with its mask, or on Love-melancholy, or on the many stories that pack the book; or it is spent on the Nature of Spirits, the Misery of Scholars, the Air, the Consolation and Remedies of Discontents--all of these last, of course, being digressions. And if one tries to account for humoural psychology as the stated topic of the Anatomy, if one deals with it at all, he will likely end by agreeing with Babb's sentiment at least, if not with his exact conclusions:

In composing The Anatomy of Melancholy, a scholar has drawn upon the accumulated wisdom of mankind to present a characterization and criticism of human nature and human experience. In spite of the title, the primary theme is the infelicity of man. . . . The lasting interest and value of the book lie in its animated satiric representation of human life, in its perceptive explanations of life's harshness, and in the sympathetic counsel and consolation which the author extends to all whose burdens are too heavy.

(Babb, p. 109)

Nor, it must be admitted, was Burton himself seemingly very interested in the medical treatise itself. Expansion through the six editions does not come in the information about the ordinary disease, but instead, the "discussions of geography and travel, of spirits and devils, and of every sort of love matter were greatly enlarged, and . . . constantly increasing stress was laid upon the social and moral criticism in the book" (Hallwachs, p. v). There is something static, for Burton as well as for us, about the very discussion which gives rise to his book. We look at the assumptions underlying the book's makeup--the facts about the physical disease, anatomy, the form of a scholarly treatise, all the jargon and the painstaking accumulation of authority--and we say that the "lasting interest and value of the book" do not lie

here. I shall hope to indicate by my reading of the digressions how I think Burton as artist uses the tension between his subject of humoral psychology and his turnings from that subject to locate the true matter and end of his discourse, and its lasting interest.

The digressions have been seen as pleasant side trips unrelated to the central issues of the Anatomy, as "resting-points" on our "orderly march through [Burton's] melancholy terrain."¹ Now a digression, certainly, is a turning aside of some kind, one which defies or interrupts a literary work's ordered progression, and in general indicates a straying from the main theme. This is not to say that digression cannot be an artistic means of opening up the statement of a work, but it does so by way of addition; and there is, I think, in the term an assumption that the additive is not inherent or necessary to the statement, no matter how much it may modify the given work. For the most part, Burton's digressions have been accepted as this kind of addition. Lievsay calls the "resting-points"; Simon (p. 423) says that they are "autant de parenthèses, dûment ouvertes et dûment refermées, qui n'altèrent nullement la régularité de la construction." King feels that digression conflicts with the planning evident in the synopses and so indicates an "almost comic inability to manage the most fundamental problems involved in writing a book," and he cannot allow the Burtonian digression to be other than, at worst, a "free ride on a hobby horse," wholly irrelevant to the "structural fabric" of the book (King, pp. 82-84). But Burton's digressions have a very literal place in the struc-

¹ John L. Lievsay, "Robert Burton's De Consolatione," South Atlantic Quarterly, 55 (1956), 329.

ture of the book. They are part of the order, occupying, as their very presence in the synoptic tables indicates, positions within the formal structure of the book. Nor does Burton have a special digression-shaped piece to work into his jig-saw when he wishes to turn aside: a digression occupies whatever existing forms fit its breadth and length. There are digressions filling out a whole section, like the Consolatory Digression; or a member, like the Digression of Anatomy; or a part of a subsection, like the Digression of Compounds. The digressions are not simply warp or woof; they are threads in the discourse, knit into the structure that is the whole Anatomy. Simon is right that the digressions do not alter the lines of construction; from a purely formal standpoint, they are part of Burton's very formal construct.

I hope to show that they are also essential thematic constituents of the Anatomy. The digressions do, of course, digress from something: they turn aside from the sequence of definition, cause, symptom, cure. From the point of view of the orderly exploration of humoral psychology, they are, in fact, digressions. But even as they digress, suggesting a sort of structural denial of the massive and painstaking organization of the book, they are ordered--forced into the very progression which they would defy. And they are not, from the point of view of the whole matter of the Anatomy, so many closed parentheses. Following the introduction in I.1.1, which places melancholy in the context of man's Fall from perfection, Burton begins his Anatomy of Melancholy by making a Digression of Anatomy. And each successive digression is pertinent and necessary to our understanding of the science of the Anatomy: if Partitions I and II are concerned with all the facts

that men know about melancholy, the digressions are concerned with what it is to know, with the nature of human understanding, with man's responsibility for knowing.

i. Knowledge as Question: Definition

The Digression of Anatomy, regardless of how one views the other digressions, must be seen as essential to the whole book. The first synopsis describes this digression as being "To [melancholy's] explication," and in the opening sentence Burton declares, "Before I proceed to define the disease of melancholy, what it is, or to discourse further of it, I hold it not impertinent to make a brief digression of the anatomy of the body and faculties of the soul, for the better understanding of that which is to follow . . ." (I.1.2.1;146).

While the Anatomy is not argumentative in nature, Burton's references to this digression show that he thinks of it as the "narration" of the book, that he intends it to give the "story" or statement of fact necessary for what is to follow. Man is what we start with, the object of the disease and the subject, in the broadest sense, of the Anatomy. Burton is specific about why he considers the digression pertinent: it gives facts necessary to the discourse--"hard words will often occur . . . which by the vulgar will not so easily be perceived . . ."; and it calls for the appropriate attitude toward the facts set forth--it may cause men to "search farther into this most excellent subject, and . . . to praise God" (I.1.2.1;146). The digression prepares for the discourse first, then, by taking care of all those "hard words." From humours and spirits to understanding and will, Burton anatomizes

anatomy. What man is should be understandable in terms of the enumeration of his parts, physical and spiritual; articulation is straightforward, specification exact:

Containing parts, by reason of their more solid substance, are either homogeneous or heterogeneous, similar or dissimilar. . . . Similar, or homogeneous, are such as, if they be divided, are still severed into parts of the same nature, as water into water. Of these some be spermatical, some fleshy or carnal. Spermatical are such as are immediately begotten of the seed, which are bones, gristles, ligaments, membranes, nerves, arteries, veins, skins, fibres, or strings, fat.

The bones are dry and hard, begotten of the thickest of the seed. . . . (I.1.2.3; 148-49)

And so on. The most obvious function of the Digression of Anatomy is in such spelling out of distinctions to the explication of the rest of the Anatomy.

But the explanation is not always so clear-cut as in the case of bones and gristle. The Digression of Anatomy not only gives the known facts, it raises the right questions, for to Burton it is pertinent that his audience should be wondering how man is man: "for such matters as concern the knowledge of themselves, they are wholly ignorant and careless; they know not what this body and soul are, how combined, of what parts and faculties they consist, or how a man differs from a dog" (I.1.2.1; 146-47). "To stir them up therefore to this study," he digresses. Burton asks us to investigate at the same time that he defines and answers questions for us. The method of turning statements into questions and questions into statements is one of his chief means of stirring up his readers to participate in his inquiries, both in this digression and throughout the Anatomy.

The Anatomy is full of epitomies--is itself an epitome--and the first digression is formed as "some small taste, or notice of the rest"

to be found in "Wecker, Melancthon, Fernelius, Fuchsius, and these tedious tracts de Anima" (page 147). Through the method of epitomizing Burton makes his statements questionable. At times he merely sets down a generally received opinion, like that "most approved" division of the parts of the body (page 147). Or he decides to leave out a discussion which is impertinent, like that of the "members of generation" (I.1.2.4; 152), or which, like the motion of the pulse, has had whole books written about it (I.1.2.8; 162). Or he chooses to include a particular explanation, like that of the conscience (I.1.2.10; 166). This kind of explicit picking and choosing among authorities and topics makes us aware of the author behind the book, sorting out his facts and figures, pouring over his "old books" in order to put together this new scientific treatise. Instead of simply telling his readers what the body and soul are, Burton tells us what pieces of knowledge, out of the many available pieces of knowledge, he is going to set down. We are not merely given certain facts, but are made to understand the status of the facts as things known. And in this way Burton is talking about knowing, about what facts are, even as he instructs us in the things we must know.

The underlying investigation of epistemology is more apparent when in epitomizing Burton sets the differences among the best writers in high relief. He begins his anatomy of the soul (I.1.2.5; 154-57) with expression of all the doubts about the soul:

"We can understand all things by her, but what she is we cannot apprehend." Some therefore make one soul, divided into three principal faculties; others, three distinct souls: which question of late hath been much controverted by Piccolomineus and Zabarel. Paracelsus will have four souls, adding to the three

grand faculties a spiritual soul: which opinion of his Campanella, in his book de sensu rerum, much labours to demonstrate; . . . and some again, one soul of all creatures whatsoever, differing only in organs. . . . Others make a doubt whether it be all in all, and all in every part; which is amply discussed in Zabarel amongst the rest.

Then he seems to resolve the differences by one of his appeals to what is most accepted: "The common division of the soul is into three principal faculties--vegetal, sensitive, and rational, . . ." but then he proceeds to more impossible knowledge--how the faculties are connected and distinguished. It is on top of all this indecision that Burton begins immediately to build his cryptic definition of the vegetal faculty, with all its functions neatly set out. His system is designed to impress the reader with the idea that knowledge is disputed, that fact is "fact."

No discussion exhibits the indefinite quality of knowledge more than the subsection on the rational soul (I.1.2.9;162-65), in which Burton takes one of his more unequivocal stands: "Out of which [philosophers' definition] we may gather that this rational soul includes the powers, and performs the duties, of the other two which are contained in it, and all three faculties make one soul, which is inorganic of itself, although it be in all parts, and incorporeal, using their organs, and working by them." But this decision on "a pleasant but a doubtful subject" follows two and one-half pages of citation of arguments on the essence, seat, origin, and immortality of the soul, in which Burton mentions at least fifty-three specific authorities, together with Chaldees, Egyptians, Pythagoreans, Stoics, Church Fathers, and "others," and uses numerous examples, from Lucian's cock to Leo Decimus. Questions are resolved in statement, but statement is tempered

by the bulk of the preceding question. Burton's effect may perhaps be seen more clearly if we compare with his definition a short passage on the same subject from Timothy Bright's Treatise of Melancholie. In a chapter on "How the bodie affecteth the soule," Bright explains the nature of the soul:

The soule, as the substance therof is most pure, and perfect, and far of remoued from corruption; so it is endued with faculties of like qualitie, pure, immortall and answerable to so diuine a subject; & carrieth with it, an instinct science, gotten, neither by precept, nor practise; but naturally therewith furnished; whereby it is able, with one vniuersall, and simple facultie, to performe so many varieties of actions . . . I say the facultie, and not faculties. For if we plant so many faculties in the soule, as there be outward, and inward actions performed by vs, it certainly could not be simple, but needes must receiue varieties of composition. . . . (Bright, p. 42)

Where this passage concern Truth and presents what its author knows, Burton's statement concerns truth which may be gathered from all the knowledge that men have. Bright talks about the soul, Burton about our knowledge of the soul.

Epitome coupled with precision of classification and division can also lead to confusion in the definition of hard words. When Burton defines the understanding, he carries out analysis in several directions at once, noting three distinctions between man and beast, three steps in the process of understanding, eight (possibly seven) of its actions, four separate divisions. Then he begins to sort out the divisions, and in the climax of the subsection he throws out lists of words and varying accounts of numbers and distinctions:

Some reckon up eight kinds of [habits]: sense, experience, intelligence, faith, suspicion, error, opinion, science; to which are added art, prudence, wisdom; as also synteresis, dictamen rationis, conscience; so that in all there be fourteen species of the understanding, of which some are innate, as the three last

mentioned; the other are begotten by doctrine, learning, and use. Plato will have all to be innate: Aristotle reckons up but five intellectual habits: two speculative, as that intelligence of the principles and science of conclusion; two practic, as prudence whose end is to practise, art to fabricate; wisdom to comprehend the use and experiments of all notions and habits whatsoever. Which division of Aristotle (if it be considered aright) is all one with the precedent; for three being innate, and five acquiste, the rest are improper, imperfect, and in a more strict examination excluded. Of all these I should more amply dilate, but my subject will not permit. Three of them only I will point at. . . . (I.1.2.10;166)

One hard word becomes a score as Burton allows clarification to melt into cloudiness.

In anatomizing man, moreover, Burton confronts what we know should be, as well as what we know, or think we know, is. The theme of the digression gradually shifts from statement to preachment as he explains how a man differs from a dog. From bones to brain, the body is. We consider its quality as well as its form: the brain is "the most noble organ under heaven, the dwelling house and seat of the soul, the habitation of wisdom, memory, judgment, reason, and in which man is most like unto God" (I.1.2.4;153); and we consider not only what the body is, but from whom and how it is: preparing to anatomize man's gut, Burton warns us "to behold not the matter only, but the singular art, workmanship, and counsel of this our great Creator" (I.1.2.4;151). And all of this is fact. But as soon as he begins to talk of the rational and sensible souls, he is speaking of what is potential but is not: imagination in men is governed by reason, "or at least should be" (I.1.2.7;160); and he is speaking of what men think is, but is not: "all things seek their own good, or at least seeming good" (I.1.2.8; 161). The culmination of this shift in the explanation lies in the last subsection of the digression, "Of the Will" (I.1.2.11;167-69). The

definition of man which started in the facts of matter ends in a "confusion in our powers":

[Appetite] was (as I said) once well agreeing with reason, and there was an excellent consent and harmony betwixt them, but that is now dissolved, they often jar, reason is overborne by passion. . . . Lust counsels one thing, reason another, there is a new reluctancy in men. . . .

Those natural and vegetal powers are not commanded by will at all; for "who can add one cubit to his stature?" These other may, but are not. . . .

So anatomy of man leads Burton away from simple statement to statement which involves facts about what is not. The development is inherent in the subject matter; the state of man's soul requires sermons. And the digression ends looking from what man is, or should be, across the boundaries of this book toward other books and what man does, or should do: "The principal habits are two in number, virtue and vice, whose peculiar definitions, descriptions, differences, and kinds are handled at large in the ethics, and are, indeed, the subject of moral philosophy."

As simple narration elucidating man's anatomy, the Digression of Anatomy would no more be digression than is the first member, the introduction. Man is an ordered being, made of body and mind, the order being understood in terms of elements and faculties of body and soul. But in analyzing man Burton gives answers and raises questions simultaneously. The methods of qualifying statement of fact which I have been examining are not limited to this digression: epitome with its implicit arguments over what is fact, definition or indefiniton by means of analysis, juxtaposition of what is with what should be--all of these methods Burton uses throughout the book to call attention to his material as men's knowledge of themselves. I have been interested in

pointing them out here, however, because they modify significantly the narration of the discourse: "And surely if the matter be not so plainly told that all may understand it, wee shall doe little good in the rest of our report," Thomas Wilson warns,

For in other partes of the Oration if we be somewhat darke, it is lesse harme, wee may be more plaine in an other place. But if the Narration, or substaunce of the tale be not well perceived, the whole Oration besides is darkned altogether. For to what ende should we goe about to proue that, which the hearers know not what it is?²

Burton has deliberately made his narration somewhat dark. Even as he has prepared his readers for the explication of the ordinary disease by telling us what humours and spirits and sense and reason are, he has turned the narration on itself, defining not quite definitely, suggesting that we know not all that man is, stirring us up to wonder how a man differs from a dog even as he tells us how. And so the whole massive analysis of the Anatomy, beginning in the very next subsection with his not very clear definition of melancholy, rests not on preparative statement of fact, but on statement of fact which is at one and the same time question of fact. We have to be ready--Burton tells us by digressing away from his order of exposition--to perceive what we can of the quintessence of man's disorder, despite not knowing for sure that we understand the substance of the tale, man himself.

The Digression of the Nature of Spirits, like the Digression of Anatomy, deals with man's knowledge of being. Burton has asked, pertinent to his discussion of man's diseases, what man is; he now asks,

² Arte of Rhetorique: 1560, ed. G. Mair (Oxford, 1909), p. 106.

pertinent to his discussion of how spirits cause the disease, what spirits are. The digression never asks if there are spirits, but what they are like and what we can know about them. Though Burton always makes plain what is and is not digression, we should note the boundaries of this digression, for it leads right into the rest of the subsection, which is proper to the Anatomy itself. "How far the power of spirits and devils doth extend, and whether they can cause this, or any other disease, is a serious question, and worthy to be considered: for the better understanding of which, I will make a brief digression of the nature of spirits" (I.2.1.2;180). This opening sentence of the subsection clearly assigns the extent of spirits' power and their effecting melancholy to the partition itself, their nature to the digression; and so the synopsis: "Or from the devil immediately, with a digression of the nature of spirits and devils." Thus with the paragraph beginning, "How far their power doth extend it is hard to determine" (page 197), Burton turns back to the discourse from the digression, the limits of which should be noted if we are to understand the very close relationship between it and the Anatomy proper.

This digression inquires into the nature of beings unlike man but instrumental in his life. Spirits are difficult to know; our nature makes their nature obscure to us, but Burton does not balk at what is "beyond the reach of human capacity": ". . . our subtle schoolmen, Cardans, Scaligers, profound Thomists, Frncastoriana et Ferneliana acies, are weak, dry, obscure, defective in these mysteries, and all our quickest wits, as an owl's eyes at the sun's light, wax dull, and are not sufficient to apprehend them; yet, as in the rest, I will

adventure to say something to this point" (page 180). As is human nature, the nature of spirits is indefinable but open to definition. Though knowledge may never be complete or completely right, we can know and say something, and Burton says about spirits, in sum, that they affect man. He tackles all the "subtle schoolmen's" ideas. The epitome is comprehensive of every question of form and matter that could be asked about spiritual beings, and he punctuates the discussion with comments on this blinding mass of "knowledge." Talmudists say that devils were begotten by Adam of Lillith, and "The Turks' Alcoran is altogether as absurd and ridiculous in this point" (page 180). That spirits are dead men's souls is a "foolish opinion" (page 181). Platonists have "altogether erroneous" ideas about good and bad devils (page 186); that spirits reward men when pleased or send plagues when displeased is "as vain as the rest" (page 187). Often Burton stays outside the argument. He will spread out the answers that men give and let them fight it out amongst themselves: some prove angels and devils corporeal while others laugh them to scorn (page 182). He will pay minute attention to a question but let it remain a question: some hold the number of spirits to be infinite, but if we figure the distance from heaven to earth, "as some say, 170 millions 803 miles," how many would that hold? and in any case Thomas and others agree that "there be far more angels than devils" (page 189). He will build up a list of statements that begins to sound like affirmation on his part, then lay the beliefs at others' feet:

That they can assume other aerial bodies, all manner of shapes at their pleasures, appear in what likeness they will themselves, that they are most swift in motion, can pass many miles in an instant, and so likewise transform bodies of others into what

shape they please, and with admirable celerity remove them from place to place; . . . that they can represent castles in the air, palaces, armies, spectrums, prodigies, and such strange objects to mortal men's eyes, cause smells, savours, etc., deceive all the senses; most writers of this subject credibly believe. . . .

(page 183)

Burton lets the argument rock back and forth over spirits' number, corporality, mortality. He acknowledges probability, sniffs at absurdity, but takes no stand on the nature of spirits in themselves, only at last on their nature in respect to man.

The digression divides into two movements, each of which presents all the cases and opinions before reaching a final statement. Burton first discusses the spiritual nature itself, then the kinds and numbers of spirits--their organization. It will be seen that in the quotation just cited, Burton hedges about whether spirits deceive man. But at the end of that first movement, having spoken of all men's knowledge of what spirits are like, he decides--sliding into the decision, of course, through the midst of the disagreement. First he says that all the "paradoxes of their power, corporeity, mortality" are confuted in various authors; then that spirits may deceive men's eyes without true metamorphosis; then that "This, no doubt, is as true as the rest" (pages 185-86). Having only doubt about how true the rest is, we are left unsure about both paradoxes and confutations. But Burton then shows what others believe "in general"--that spirits have greater understanding than man, that they can deceive him and are more skilled in arts than he, that they know and can apply the "virtues of herbs, plants, stones, minerals, etc.," that they "deceive all our senses, even our understanding itself at once," that they can "conquer armies, give victories, help, further, hurt, cross, and alter human attempts and pro-

jects" (page 186). And at last the general opinions of others become particular to Burton: "Such feats can they do."

The end of the first movement of the digression is quickly echoed and qualified in the next section, in which Burton inquires into the number and kinds of spirits. It fast becomes apparent that he does not care to decide about infinities or even about guardian angels (though he finds the unorthodox notion of good devils absurd). What is pertinent to his book is devils' interference with men. Their number is "nihil ad nos," and let the divines decide that spirits do not rule the moon (page 190). It is our concern that "They are confined until the day of judgment to this sublunary world, and can work no farther than the four elements, and as God permits them" (page 190). And so Burton follows Psellus in classifying them into "fiery, aerial, terrestrial, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those fairies, satyrs, nymphs, etc." The classification is according to the elements, and the explanation of the kind is according to man: fiery spirits "sit on ship-masts" and signify mischief (page 190); aerial spirits cause tempests and make it rain stones (page 191), water-devils cause floods; and terrestrial, "as they are more conversant with man, so they do them most harm" (page 192).

"Thus the devil reigns, and in a thousand several shapes; . . . but be where he will, he rageth while he may to comfort himself, as Lactantius thinks, with other men's falls, he labours all he can to bring them into the same pit of perdition with him" (page 196). The digression concludes by defining spirits in terms of man: "He studies our overthrow" is the closest that Burton comes to saying what spirits

are. The Digression of the Nature of Spirits points out that man's knowledge of spirits lies in man's knowledge of man. Spirits are those beings which deceive man's understanding, making it hard for him to know. Spirits are impurity, perniciousness, heresy, superstition working in men to their confusion. The theme of the Digression of the Nature of Spirits is the theme of the Digression of Anatomy: knowledge of man. To ask what we know about spirits is not, for Burton, to decide on the niceties of "Si spiritus sunt quanti, erunt corporei: At sunt quanti, ergo," etc.; it is not to be merely parenthetical. It is, instead, to ask what we know about ourselves and our disorder.

Burton goes back to his anatomy of melancholy, then, and sees the extent of spirits' power: "'Tis true they have, by God's permission, power over us, and we find by experience that they can hurt not our fields only, cattle, goods, but our bodies and minds" (page 199). The Nature of Spirits, which is to act against man, is now realized in their actions: they rule him; they captivate his soul. The relationship of spirits to man leads back to the relationship of man's body to his mind. Man is not simply affected. The nature of spirits is to work evil in men, and melancholy is the graphic representation of mind subjected to body subjected to devil: "And Jason Pratensis [proves] 'that the devil, being a slender incomprehensible spirit, can easily insinuate and wind himself into human bodies, and cunningly couched in our bowels, vitiate our healths, terrify our souls with fearful dreams, and shake our minds with furies'" (page 200). The latter part of the subsection, being part of the Anatomy proper, is, as it were, exemplification of the digression. And so, then, does the following subsection

exemplify and depend upon the whole preceding discussion, the subsection, that is, on witches and magicians in which Burton shows spirits causing melancholy in man by means of man.

But the image of the devil sneaking into our bowels to torment is not all that the digression allows to the Anatomy. More important is what digression is doing to the analysis of the disease in general. We have seen the pertinent digressions putting questions in the way of the facts of the disease, for the digressions stand aside from facts pointing to knowledge and asking what it is. The discussion of the ordinary disease is not faulted; when Burton writes that the devil affects the phantasy, but "not without the humour" (page 200), we cannot assume that he does not mean what he says, that it is all metaphor. But we are seeing melancholy as a particular exemplify the general confusion of the man-devil antagonism. And we know by now that fact is not always Truth, but is also Question.

The nature of man and the nature of spirits are finally less clear than is man inquiring into what he knows about himself. And to the degree that inquiry displaces statement, the facts of the ordinary disease to which the digressions pertain are abstracted from their particular framework and referred to a broader disorder. Having come no farther than the first member of the second section of the First Partition, we find that Burton's inclusion of digression in the context of the discussion of humoral man is turning that discussion away from itself and making the disease of humours pertinent to a larger discussion of knowledge and of facts which are not necessarily facts of matter.

ii. Knowledge in Defect: Cause

Whatever may be the truth about his nature, man has--in being man--to make out of body and soul a working union. However much or little he may understand of himself, he has to live from day to day; and whether or not he ever ponders the tripartite nature of the soul, he must function, for better or worse, as a man. And this means that he must eat, assimilate and evacuate matter, breathe, exercise, sleep and wake, and react positively or negatively with his mind to life around him. Few of Burton's sections are so bound up with the material reality of man and his disease as are the discussions of "those six non-natural things," and the discourse on the six non-natural things as causes begins, in I.2.2.1, with unequivocal obedience to the form and matter of the medical treatise. Burton reminds us of the rules he is following:

According to my proposed method, having opened hitherto these secondary causes, which are inbred with us, I must now proceed to the outward and adventitious, which happen unto us after we are born. And those are either evident, remote, or inward, antecedent, and the nearest: continent causes some call them. These outward, remote, precedent causes are sub-divided again into necessary and not necessary. Necessary (because we cannot avoid them, but they will alter us, as they are used or abused) are these six non-natural things, so much spoken of amongst physicians, which are principal causes of this disease. For almost in every consultation, whereas they shall come to speak of the causes, the fault is found, and this part most objected to the patient: . . . he hath still offended in one of those six. . . .
(I.2.2.1;216)

Burton takes his discourse through well-ordered steps only to end up where the steps did not seem headed. Beginning with food and drink which cause melancholy in men, he ends with that mistreatment of man by man which causes melancholy in society. The unit on the non-natural

things as causes concludes with the Digression of the Misery of Scholars, which is so often simply taken as Burton's autobiographical complaint against patrons. Yet this digression must be read in its place, and it must be read particularly in the light of its relationship to the Digression of the Force of Imagination which precedes it and which, with it, describes the boundaries of Burton's treatment of the sixth non-natural thing, perturbation of the mind.

The theme of moderation cloaks the second and third members of Partition I, section 2, of the physician's discourse with the fairly homely garb of commonsense practicality. Member 2 treats the first five non-natural things, and in explaining their relationship to melancholy, Burton ticks off the extremes of abuse whereby man submits his body to the necessity of disease. Every food or drink has been condemned by some authority (I.2.2.1), and too little food is as bad as too much (I.2.2.2). "Venus omitted" is one thing, but "Intemperate Venus is all out as bad in the other extreme" (I.2.2.4;235). Air is harmful if too hot, cold, tempestuous, impure, wet, dry (I.2.2.5). And the same may be said of sleeping and waking (I.2.2.7) as of exercise and idleness: "Nothing so good but it may be abused" (I.2.2.6;214). By his conscientious analysis according to his "proposed method," Burton turns the list of causes into a recommendation for moderation in all things. For although he is not yet concerned with cures, in noting causes he pits the necessity of the functions ("we cannot avoid them, but they will alter us") against his careful recording of the objections to almost every use of them. And if eat we must, but every food is bad, then reasonableness is our only hope; therefore, the upshot of

the learned catalogue is but a friendly warning: ". . . but to such as are wealthy, live plenteously, at ease, may take their choice, and refrain if they will, these viands are to be forborne, if they be inclined to, or suspect melancholy, as they tender their healths: otherwise if they be intemperate, or disordered in their diet, at their peril be it. Qui monet amat, Ave atque cave" (I.2.2.3;233). Ultimately, right use of the body involves responsibility more than rules, and in analyzing men's abuse of their bodies, Burton blames them for being irresponsible. He expostulates along with Mercurialis:

Nature may justly complain of thee, that whereas she gave thee a good wholesome temperature, a sound body, and God hath given thee so divine and excellent a soul, so many good parts and profitable gifts, thou hast not only corrupted them, but hast polluted them, overthrown their temperature, and perverted those gifts with riot, idleness, solitariness, and many other ways; thou art a traitor to God and nature, an enemy to thyself and to the world. (I.2.2.6;249)

Turning then from the causes seated in man's body, Burton deals, in member 3, with those stemming from misuse of the mind. He has more than twice as much to say about the "thunder and lightning of perturbation" as he does about the first five non-natural things put together, since "this of passion is the greatest of all":

For as the body works upon the mind by his bad humours, troubling the spirits, sending gross fumes into the brain, and so per consequens disturbing the soul, and all the faculties of it, . . . with fear, sorrow, etc., which are ordinary symptoms of this disease: so, on the other side, the mind most effectually works upon the body, producing by his passions and perturbations miraculous alterations, as melancholy, despair, cruel diseases, and sometimes death itself. . . . (I.2.3.1;250)

Burton indicts the rational soul, handing down a single clear judgment throughout his anatomy of passions: that what makes man man, his very reason, is also--by its "supine negligence"--what makes him universally

diseased. We have been over this ground before in the Digression of Anatomy, but Burton is talking here not so much theoretically as in terms of what all men have experienced: "All philosophers impute the miseries of the body to the soul, that should have governed it better, by command of reason, and hath not done it. . . . But let them dispute how they will, set down in thesi, give precepts to the contrary; we find that of Lemnius true by common experience: "No mortal man is free from these perturbations: or if he be so, sure he is either a god or a block" (I.2.3.1;251). As the body is punished by extremes of abuse, so the mind is diseased by intemperate passions. And while he includes theoretical explanation--"If the imagination be very apprehensive, intent, and violent, it sends great store of spirits to or from the heart, and makes a deeper impression and greater tumult . . ." (I.2.3.1;252)--nonetheless Burton puts the main weight of the discussion on what we see around us. Everyone has witnessed the working of envy: "He tortures himself if his equal, friend, neighbour, be preferred, commended, do well" (I.2.3.7;265); and immoderate pleasure preaches its moral daily: "It is a wonder to see how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometime in flourishing estate, . . . and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot" (I.2.3.13;287).

The portion of the Anatomy given over to the six non-natural things as causes thus emphasizes the responsibility man has simply in being himself. Not immediate to his nature, but necessary for his being, the functions of body and mind have to be controlled by man, and

to a great extent they control what he makes of himself.

Immediately after Burton has introduced the working of mind upon body in subsection 1 of member 3, he digresses. The passions "overwhelm reason," he says in the introductory subsection, and he says it again and again in the subsections which enumerate the extremes of men's loving and hating. But man's passions overwhelm him because his imagination "misinforms" the heart, "misconceiving or amplifying" an "object to be known" (I.2.3.1;252), and before Burton shows the passions at work, he digresses to show the effects of such misinformation:

Of which imagination, because it hath so great a stroke in producing this malady, and is so powerful of itself, it will not be improper to my discourse to make a brief digression, and speak of the force of it, and how it causeth this alteration. Which manner of digression howsoever some dislike, as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus his opinion, "Such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader, they are like sauce to a bad stomach, and I do therefore most willingly use them." (I.2.3.1;253)

The Digression of the Force of Imagination is delightful, but it is also, and primarily, pertinent (or "not improper") to Burton's discussion of how men turn their minds over to the direction of passion. Burton has already "sufficiently declared" what imagination is, and he is content now to "point at the wonderful effects and power" of the phantasy (I.2.3.2;253) by telling tales of what "we see verified" daily in men's lives. Men live by making fiction into fact. Remember the people you have seen or heard about, Burton says, who have lain choking because they thought witches pressed down on them (page 253), who have borne monstrous children because of monstrous fantasies (page 255), who have died of plague from thinking of plague (page 256). All around us, men are overwhelmed by falsehood:

We see commonly the toothache, gout, falling sickness, biting of a mad dog, and many such maladies cured by spells, words, characters, and charms, and many green wounds by that now so much used unguentum armarium magnetically cured. . . . All the world knows there is no virtue in such charms or cures, but a strong conceit and opinion alone, as Pompanatius holds, "which forceth a motion of the humours, spirits, and blood, which takes away the cause of the malady from the parts affected." The like we may say of our magical effects, superstitious cures, and such as are done by mountebanks and wizards. "As by wicked incredulity many men are hurt" (so saith Wierus of charms, spells, etc.), "we find in our experience, by the same means many are relieved." An empiric oftentimes, and a silly chirurgeon, doth more strange cures than a rational physician. (pages 256-57)

Cures work, but they work although they should not work. What is not true in Fact becomes, in fact, true; and all of this because men believe what is not so. Living is the stuff of fairy tale and fable, for the truth is twofold: men believe what is not, or may not be, so; and what is not so can have very real effects:

Some will laugh, weep, sigh, groan, blush, tremble, sweat, at such things as are suggested unto them by their imagination. Avicenna speaks of one that could cast himself into a palsy when he list; and some can imitate the tunes of birds and beasts, that they can hardly be discerned. Dagobertus' and St. Francis' scars and wounds, like those of Christ's (if at the least any such were), Agrippa supposeth to have happened by force of imagination: that some are turned to wolves, from men to women, and women again to men (which is constantly believed) to the same imagination. . . . Wierus ascribes all those famous transformations to imagination; that in hydrophobia they seem to see the picture of a dog still in their water, that melancholy men and sick men conceive so many phantastical visions, apparitions to themselves, and have such absurd suppositions, as that they are kings, lords, cocks, bears, apes, owls. . . . (page 255)

The truth of stigmata and werewolves is only a secondary matter; it is important that men change themselves or believe themselves changed by force of "absurd and prodigious things" (page 253). Fact and fiction are a wonderful hodge-podge, and we must all agree on that, from common experience: ". . . as he falsely imagineth, so he believeth; and as he conceiveth of it, so it must be, and it shall be, contra gentes, he

will have it so" (page 254).

At the beginning of the digression, we are reminded that Burton has defined imagination in the Digression of Anatomy, and we remember that this "inner sense which doth more fully examine the species perceived by common sense" differentiates, being the highest power of the sensible soul, men from beasts: "In men it is subject and governed by reason, or at least should be; but in brutes it hath no superior, and is ratio brutorum, all the reason they have" (I.1.2.7;159-60). And the Digression of the Force of Imagination shows through its stories all the events of men's lives ruled by the absurd imaginings of their "unapt, hindered, and hurt" fantasies. For man, we see every day, cares not to differ from a dog, but lets himself be governed by ratio brutorum. Asleep or awake or in a trance, he can produce "the like effects almost: . . . how many chimeras, antics, golden mountains, and castles in the air do they build unto themselves! I appeal to painters, mechanics, mathematicians. Some ascribe all vices to a false and corrupt imagination, anger, revenge, lust, ambition, covetousness, which prefers falsehood before that which is right and good, deluding the soul with false shows and suppositions" (I.2.3.2;254). Burton constructs a picture of life in general based on and growing out of falsehood rather than out of the right and good. Conception and birth are ruled by fantasy: an Ethiopian princess bears a "fair white child"; a Pope's concubine is "brought to bed of a monster"; and if these appear too far-fetched, "Great-bellied women, when they long, yield prodigious examples in this kind, as moles, warts, scars, harelips, monsters, especially caused in their children by force of depraved imagination"

(pages 254-55). Not only are we moved to "laugh, weep, sigh, groan, blush, tremble, sweat!" by our imagination, but we make ourselves sick, we cure ourselves, we kill ourselves by means of an overwhelming phantasy. For a whole lifetime, we are not what we should be.

Generally speaking, mankind has this disease--an unnatural love of misinformation that necessarily affects the nature of man. The stories point out this general force of imagination that cannot be denied because it is everywhere. And so does Burton's conclusion. He has used anecdote and authority; he ends with a stream of questions which are rhetorical and therefore really statements, having only one answer implicit in them--Burton's answer, which must also be ours as it is that of the authorities:

So diversely doth this phantasy of ours affect, turn, and wind, so imperiously command our bodies, which "as another Proteus, or a chameleon, can take all shapes; and is of such force" (as Ficinus adds), "that it can work upon others as well as ourselves." How can otherwise blear eyes in one man cause the like affection in another? Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn? one man's pissing provoke a second many times to do the like? Why doth scraping of trenchers offend a third, or hacking of files? Why doth a carcass bleed when the murderer is brought before it, some weeks after the murder hath been done? Why do witches and old women fascinate and bewitch children? but as Wierus, Paracelsus, Cardan, Mizaldus, Valleriola, Caesar Vaninus, Campanella, and many philosophers think, the forcible imagination of the one party moves and alters the spirits of the other. . . . So that I may certainly conclude this strong conceit or imagination is astrum hominis, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but overborne by phantasy, cannot manage, and so suffers itself and this whole vessel of ours to be overruled, and often overturned. (page 257)

You can read, he says, more elsewhere; but we need no more to understand the extent to which a "strong conceit" underlies the mind's malfunctions.

The Digression of the Force of Imagination, with its wonderful

tales and everyday reports which thoroughly exemplify the fact of confusion between fiction and fact, brings to bear on the discussion of the passions the weight of Burton's investigations into knowledge and man's understanding of himself. Like eating and drinking, affections are necessary. We must use our minds to react to the things outside of us through irascible and concupiscible passions. But the phantasy is the instrument of the passions, and our delight in misinformation turns the course of our lives into an exercise in action and reaction based on absurd misunderstanding. In the thirteen subsections which follow the digression, Burton enumerates the perturbations of the mind, but the digression has shown the root of the problem to lie in those sometimes violent, sometimes merely vexing misapprehensions which destroy man's nature in that they make him follow his sensible rather than his rational soul. Natural and non-natural are not so distinct as that introduction to the non-natural things suggested. For if the physician objects to us that we offend in extremes of passions, we must see that we have been denying our humanity by ignoring reason in favor of absurd fancies. If men lack discretion in eating and sleeping, how much greater is their irresponsibility in loving and hating:

. . . most part, for want of government, out of indiscretion, ignorance, they suffer themselves wholly to be led by sense, and are so far from repressing rebellious inclinations, that they give all encouragement unto them, leaving the reins, and using all provocations to further them: bad by nature, worse by art, discipline, custom, education, and a perverse will of their own, they follow on, wheresoever their unbridled affections will transport them, and do more out of custom, self-will, than out of reason. (I.2.3.3;258)

Joy and anger, emulation and jealousy affect man through that imagination which misinforms his heart, and he mistakes himself--he is not

what he should be--when he mistakes fact and fiction, so that, "contragenes, he will have it so" when it is not so.

It is man's responsibility to mark out a way of living which makes of his "many good parts and profitable gifts" a workable union; yet as he must use body and mind, it would seem, he will abuse them, abandoning moderation in favor of intemperance: this is the essence of members 2 and 3 of the causes of melancholy. But the digression at the beginning of member 3 interrupts the orderly catalogue of physical and mental intemperance to suggest a kind of fantastic influence of non-natural on natural, putting the extremes of passion into a context of lifelong denial of human nature through man's tendency to make fiction the fact of life. And Burton concludes the member with the Digression of the Misery of Scholars, and Why the Muses are Melancholy--a digression which shows that misinformation is not only the cause of passion-ruled behavior in individual men, but also the result when such behavior affects, as it must do, the social organization of men. It is to society's abuses of its good parts and profitable gifts that Burton points in this digression. He turns to the reprehensible irresponsibility of corporate man:

But our patrons of learning are so far nowadays from respecting the Muses, and giving that honour to scholars, or reward, which they deserve and are allowed by those indulgent privileges of many noble princes, that after all their pains taken in the universities, cost and charge, expenses, irksome hours, laborious tasks, wearisome days, dangers, hazards, (barred interim from all pleasures which other men have, mowed up like hawks in all their lives), if they chance to wade through them, they shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and, which is their greatest misery, driven to their shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggary. (page 305)

The medical treatise diagnoses the illnesses of men, the digression the illnesses of the body of men. The world itself, Burton has said within the treatise, "is a maze, a labyrinth of errors, a desert, a wilderness, a den of thieves, cheaters, etc." (I.2.3.10;274), because men are made by Care, and so discontents and miseries are "an inseparable accident to all men" (I.2.3.10;271-72). The misery of the digression, however, is not accidental to men, but is caused by men and happens to all Man. Burton sets out to blame men for the injury they do to the nature of society. As physician of the ordinary disease, he knows leniency; the subsection from which the digression departs speaks of scholars who get melancholy through irresponsible negligence toward "that instrument (their brain and spirits I mean) which they daily use" (I.2.3.15;302). Yet they are endearing men, and the judgment is kind:

Your greatest students are commonly no better, silly, soft fellows in their outward behavior, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in worldly business; they can measure the heavens, range over the world, teach others wisdom, and yet in bargains and contracts they are circumvented by every base tradesman. . . . To say the best of this profession, I can give no other testimony of them in general, than that of Pliny of Isaeus: "He is yet a scholar, than which kind of men there is nothing so simple, so sincere, none better"; they are most part harmless, honest, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men.

(page 304)

But Burton as judge of the community of men bars no holds, and the digression leaps from judgment on patrons, through blame hurled this way and that, to a final long condemnation of academicians and clergy so violent that Burton will not English it. We cannot avoid juxtaposing that loving sentence on scholars with the conclusion of the digression:

But I will stir up these foul waters no more. Hence our tears, hence it is that the Muses are in mourning, and that religion itself, as Sesellius says, is brought into ridicule and contempt,

and the clerical calling is rendered vile. And in view of these facts, I venture to repeat the abusive expressions which some vulgar fellow has applied to the clergy, that they are a rotten crowd, beggarly, uncouth, filthy, melancholy, miserable, despicable, and contemptible. (page 330, Jackson's translation)

Society's faults, like those of individuals, result from the skewing of the order of things. With patrons and scholars, it is a question of the first being last and the last first, even when that is not the just order. Scholars "prostitute themselves" to great men, who "have their best education, good institutions, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honour and immortality from us. . . . They are more beholden to scholars, than scholars to them; but they undervalue themselves, and so by those great men are kept down" (page 308). "Poverty is the Muses' patrimony" (page 309); by it men are animals; and asses themselves (page 306), they make of knowledge a mere beast of burden: ". . . for being as they are, their 'rhetoric only serves them to curse their bad fortunes,' and many of them, for want of means, are driven to hard shifts; from grasshoppers they turn humble-bees and wasps, plain parasites, and make the Muses mules, to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches and get a meal's meat" (page 307). Thus an order which puts the important things last degrades them really. Knowledge ceases to be art; it is the basis still of ways of life--of professions--but only in that it is bastardized. It is misinformation at the heart of society, its ends but fictional fantastic versions of the true objects of study:

All which our ordinary students, right well perceiving in the universities, how unprofitable these poetical, mathematical, and philosophical studies are, how little respected, how few patrons, apply themselves in all haste to those three commodious professions of law, physic, and divinity, sharing themselves

between them, rejecting these arts in the meantime, history, philosophy, philology, or lightly passing them over, as pleasant toys fitting only table-talk, and to furnish them with discourse. They are not so behoveful: he that can tell his money hath arithmetic enough: he is a true geometrician, can measure out a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer, that can cast the rise and fall of others, and mark their errant motions to his own use. The best optics are, to reflect the beams of some great men's favour and grace to shine upon him.
(page 309)

Such conditions call for satire, and the digression seems at first headed in that direction. But as much as Burton blames in this digression, he does not fix blame finally. He points to scholars' poverty, and he condemns patrons. He points to "all-devouring municipal laws" and to "mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers" (page 310), and he condemns law and medicine. Then he points to divinity.

In the beginning of the digression, Burton has kept his customary distance from the ills he describes. He blames from outside any group: patrons and scholars, both are "they." If Burton has a position within the picture he is presenting, it is the unspecified position of a member of the community:

. . . we can make mayors and officers every year, but not scholars: kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed; universities can give degrees; . . . but he, nor they, nor all the world, can give learning, make philosophers, artists, orators, poets. We can soon say, as Seneca well notes, O virum bonum! o divitem! point at a rich man, a good, a happy man, a prosperous man; . . . but 'tis not so easily performed to find out a learned man. (pages 305-06)

He has set up both patrons' scorn and scholars' plight while standing aside: scholars, the story goes, were once grasshoppers, "And may be turned again, . . . for any reward I see they are like to have" (page 307). But he is soon drawn into the dispute. Without warning, "they"—scholars--become "us," and "they" are the opposition: "They are like

Indians, they have store of gold, but know not the worth of it; . . . they have their best education, good institutions, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honour and immortality from us . . ." (page 308). Burton is involved in the miserable state of things he is describing, and he is involved as a partisan. From now on in the digression, whenever "they" refers to scholar-divines, it refers to "us," for Burton is one of them. And so when he points to divines, he cannot blame objectively as he did with patrons, lawyers, and doctors. He lets a "reverend bishop of this land" point out the distress of ministers for him, and then he calls his fellows to arms:

If this be all the respect, reward and honour we shall have, . . . let us give over our books, and betake ourselves to some other course of life. To what end should we study? . . . If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement, I say again, . . . let's turn soldiers, sell our books and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosophers' gowns, as Cleanthes once did, into miller's coats, leave all, and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life than to continue longer in this misery. (page 312)

He cannot be a satirist; he has not got the distance. Instead, Burton speaking as a divine is moved by the same desires--extreme desires--which move the other men and groups of men whom he judges. He cries out for respect, reward, and honour; he bemoans lack of preferment. He is being a true divine in the same way that "he is a true geometrician, can measure out a good fortune to himself." His divinity is distorted by his complaint as those other studies of optics and engineering are distorted by men who "apply themselves in all haste" to getting reward, "rejecting these arts in the meantime." Burton wants us to see the distortion in himself as well as in those he condemns. Some say, he admits, that we are to blame:

That there is a fault among us, I confess, and were there not a buyer, there would not be a seller: but to him that will consider better of it, it will more manifestly appear that the fountain of these miseries proceeds from these griping patrons. In accusing them, I do not altogether excuse us; both are faulty, they and we: yet in my judgment, theirs is the greater fault. . . . For my part, if it be not with me as I would, or as it should, I do ascribe the cause . . . to my own infelicity rather than their naughtiness: although I have been baffled in my time by some of them, and have as just cause to complain as another: or rather indeed to mine own negligence. . . . (page 313)

Condemnation is diluted throughout the digression because this voice proclaiming evils does not represent good and reasoned right. It is a self-interested voice, complaining of its hurts.

The digression wears on. Burton condemns rich men for perpetuating their prime faults of covetousness and ignorance, and he is never far from bitter contempt--as when he cites the eagle in Aesop who destroyed her own nest and young by her pilfering: "Let our simoniacal church-chopping patrons and sacrilegious harpies look for no better success" (page 316). But responsibility for the state of things becomes harder to pin down as he gets more involved in watching his step:

Yet oftentimes, I may not deny it, the main fault is in ourselves. Our academics too frequently offend in neglecting patrons, as Erasmus well taxeth, or making ill choice of them. . . . So some offend in one extreme, but too many on the other, we are most part too forward, too solicitous, too ambitious, too impudent; we commonly complain . . . of want of encouragement, want of means, whenas the true defect is in our want of worth, our insufficiency. . . . So we offend, but the main fault is in their harshness, defect of patrons. (pages 318-19)

He begins to be repetitious: "Let me not be malicious, . . . I may not deny but that we have a sprinkling of our gentry, here and there one, excellently well learned. . . ." "Mistake me not (I say again) . . . you that are worthy senators . . ." (page 320). He knows his worth, knows he is being tiresome in defending it, but has to go on:

These are those clerks which serve the turn, whom they commonly entertain and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are university men, . . . as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all, the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light and be seen over all. . . . I have not yet said. If after long expectation . . . we obtain a small benefice at last, our misery begins afresh; we are suddenly encountered with the flesh, world, and devil. . . .

(pages 322-23)

Burton exemplifies, through his own voice as well as through what he says about other men, that the true misery of scholars is not poverty and stingy patrons, but the mess that is made of knowledge by the prostitution of the profession of scholarship. He shows us how scholars have to be what they are not, and it is no small part of the misery of scholars that a scholar cannot with a simple knowledge of right challenge wrong.

The digression is Of the Misery of Scholars, and Why the Muses are Melancholy. Knowledge itself is sick, and bears ill-formed, misbegotten monsters. As imagination ruling in men breeds ugliness, confusion, and false nature, where reason would breed truth, so when scholars look not for truth but position, then universities produce philosophasters and theologasters, society itself is misgoverned, knowledge is a fiction, scholarship but quackery:

I say this is the fault of all of us, and especially those of us who belong to a university. It is we who are the ultimate cause of the evils under which the State is labouring. We have actually introduced these evils ourselves, though there is no reproach and no suffering we do not deserve for not having used all our might to oppose them. . . . Hence it comes that such a pack of vile buffoons, ignoramuses wandering in the twilight of learning, ghosts of clergymen, itinerant quacks, dolts, clods, asses, mere cattle, intrude with unwashed feet upon the sacred precincts of Theology, bringing with them nothing save brazen impudence, and some hackneyed quilllets and scholastic trifles not good enough for a crowd at a street corner. (pages 327-28, Jackson's translation)

The tone has changed, for Burton's position has changed; he is now speaking to his fellow scholar-divines in the tongue of scholars. Being one of them, he knows their part in the state of things, and looking sharply on them, he can blame--but blame them only in their own eyes, not in view of the world, not absolutely. The position has changed, but he is not yet freed from the working of the opposition between "us" and "them." If he castigates instead of complaining, if he has resumed the role of diagnostician of ills, we continue to see the symptoms in as well as through him, in the extreme abuse he hurls but coyly so that learned men only may understand. The digression ends with the Muses in mourning for their children because true knowledge is condemned and oppressed while false show is praised and preferred. Through the workings of society, men together live by false knowledge, just as they depend, as individuals, on misinformation for guidance.

The digression closes the discourse on the non-natural things, and in doing so concludes a major step in Burton's process of modifying his subject by pertinent digression. From ordinary melancholy caused by overeating and lack of sleep, we have come to melancholy of the Muses caused by the disregard of knowledge. At the beginning of the discourse, Burton called attention to the "proposed method" which would govern it. In the middle he digressed and called attention to the fact that he had some pertinent things to say which the method did not allow for. In the end he digressed expansively on a topic not at all inherent in the method, and he did not make any motion of apology for turning aside. (It is not unimportant that this seemingly most "parenthetical" of digressions is the only major one not carrying any apologetics:

Burton gives only the formal notice of the digression in the synopsis-- "Love of learning, study in excess, with a digression of the misery of scholars, and why the Muses are melancholy"--and that, with similar wording, in the subsection heading.) And having finished his discourse, he again calls attention to method as he prepares for a new topic, but only in order to say that the method cannot truly rule his treatise, that it is being used despite its inadequacy:

Of those remote, outward, ambient, necessary causes, I have sufficiently discoursed in the precedent member. The non-necessary follow; of which, saith Fuchsius, no art can be made, by reason of their uncertainty, casualty, and multitude; so called "not necessary" because, according to Fernelius, "they may be avoided, and used without necessity." Many of these accidental causes, which I shall entreat of here, might have well been reduced to the former, because they cannot be avoided, but fatally happen to us, though accidentally and unawares, at some time or other: the rest are contingent and inevitable, and more properly inserted in this rank of causes. (I.2.4.1;330)

The Force of Imagination and the Misery of Scholars have opened the system up, making the causes of material disease in body and mind attributable to a disorder more destructive of the nature of things than that caused by any amount of beef, Venus, thick air, idleness, envy, anger, or self-love. Behind man functioning as man there must be knowledge, information about outside objects to be subjected to reason. But behind his malfunctioning there is the day-in and day-out corruption of his good parts and profitable gifts by his acceptance of misinformation. And out of that general malfunctioning grows a general detestation of knowledge itself, out of everyman's diseased self a universal social corruption of truth. Illness may begin in extremes of action and emotion, but those extremes themselves begin with fiction imagined as fact, and they end in man as a corporate being officially

applauding quackery and veiling truth in obscurity while the Muses mourn.

iii. Knowledge as Answer: Cure

Digression in Partition I of the Anatomy qualifies the facts of definition and causation with questions, and makes the study of ordinary disease relevant to a study of studies--to questions about the place of knowledge in life. And in Partition II, when Burton examines the cures of ordinary disease, he allows digression to turn question into answer and to suggest ways of living which define right knowledge. The great digressions of Partition II respond to the questions presented through the preceding digressions. What is true knowledge and what are the ends of information?--the Digression of the Air sweeps the height and breadth of curiosity, awakening the mind to the possibilities of questions about outside objects to be known and providing an answer which is not the fiction of ratio brutorum. And what does right living from day to day involve?--the Consolatory Digression, containing the Remedies of all manner of Discontents, is an epitome of wisdom which predicates reason as a way of life.

Cure of melancholy is cure of more than melancholy: "So that in a word I may say to most melancholy men, . . . the six non-natural things caused it, and they must cure it. Which howsoever I treat of as proper to the meridian of melancholy, yet nevertheless, that which is here said, with him in Tully, though writ especially for the good of his friends at Tarentum and Sicily, yet it will generally serve most other diseases, and help them likewise, if it be observed" (II.2.1.1;22).

The book of cures is proper to more than its own subject, and by digression, once again from the material core of the six non-natural things, the order comprehends more than its nature as medical treatise would allow, and the system is closed by enclosing more than the proper boundaries could surround.

The Digression of the Air heralds both an escape from and a confirmation of the form and substance of Burton's discourse. We must start with the often quoted passage wherein Burton declares his intention to rove:

As a long-winged hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the air, still soaring higher and higher till he be come to his full pitch, and in the end when the game is sprung, comes down amain, and stoops upon a sudden: so will I, having now come at last into these ample fields of air, wherein I may freely expatiate and exercise myself for my recreation, awhile rove, wander round the world, mount aloft to those ethereal orbs and celestial spheres, and so descend to my former elements again.

(II.2.3;34-35)

And we have to notice two things. First, of course, that it is by reference to his discourse that Burton gets where he is going: "The logic of the structure of his book had brought him to the point where he was to consider the effect of air and climate upon the constitution, and with some relief he relaxes from the close work of dissection and roams at will in the exciting air of speculation."³ "Relaxes" is perhaps not quite the word for so exhausting an exercise as the Digression of the Air, but certainly Burton starts on his exploration by pushing off from the realities of form and matter. It is his simile that lets him put the digression here; the substantial fields of air through which he

³ F. P. Wilson, Elizabethan and Jacobean (Oxford, 1945), p. 10.

roams are elusive questions about realities, and so he puts aside for a moment the rectification of elemental air and the opportunity to discuss climate and geography as they affect cure of material melancholy. The medical treatise becomes a hunt, the hawk's flight a voyage; the voyage is itself metaphorical, seeing is believing--and all because the "thing" that is air is ample, almost unbounded. By playing with words Burton grounds his discourse on speculation in the discourse on material disease. And further, we have to see that it is by reference to his digression that Burton gets back to his discourse. If the circuits he fetches are for pleasure, mounting aloft is nonetheless the necessary prelude to stooping. Burton does not digress from *Air Rectified*; he digresses to get to it: "and so descend to my former elements again." He lets metaphorical air lead him to real air and to cures for ordinary melancholy. But that is answer, and we have first to look at the questions.

The digression is composed of questions. There is barely an independent indicative mood, hardly a simple statement in the long progress of inquisition and supposition. And the context of the digression is the simile, which is an hypothesis. Like a hawk, I will rove; and as I rove, I will see if I can tell: whether, how, why. And if I find one thing, then I would see the next. Burton's is the flight of fancy, but this fancy is about subjecting objects to reason, for the questions that make up the digression are questions about questions of knowledge.

The digression is not about, or is only secondarily about, the magnetic field, climatology, the center of the earth, or the arrangement

of the heavens. Primarily it is about opinions and what men will have to be so:

In which progress I will first see whether that relation of the friar of Oxford be true, concerning those northern parts under the Pole . . . whether there be four such euripes, and a great rock of loadstones, which may cause the needle in the compass still to bend that way, and what should be the true cause of the variation of the compass; is it a magnetical rock, or the polestar, as Cardan will; or some other star in the Bear, as Marsilius Ficinus; or a magnetical meridian, as Maurolicus; vel situs in vena terrae, as Agricola; or the nearness of the next continent, as Cabeus will; or some other cause, as Scaliger, Cortesius, Conimbricenses, Peregrinus contend? (II.2.3;35)

With the simile of the hawk Burton says that he will "wander round about the world," but from the moment the flight begins, we see that he is looking down on the human mind. It is not mere accident that the friar is "of Oxford" in the first thesis of the digression. The place of the maker of opinion is as specified as the place of opinion's object, for the thinker is thinking about thinkers thinking, and place where, the focus of the digression, is mind questioning, rather than the question itself or the truth of any opinion. Thus Burton is the center of the digression: "The actual voyage of discovery is only apparently through the sensible world. Actually, the voyage is inward, through the fantastic worlds the imagination creates" (Colie, p. 453). But the voyage, I think, is apparently inward, as well as actually. The grammatical mood of the digression, I have suggested, is largely interrogative, subjunctive, seldom indicative. Always throughout the digression we read: "'Tis fit to be inquired whether . . ."; "I would examine . . ."; "Is it the sea that causeth . . . ?" Statement comes in the form of testimony of what is thought and written: "The philosophers of Coimbra will refer this diversity . . ."; "It is much contro-

verted . . ."; ". . . he makes the earth as before the universal centre." Things are written somewhere or have been read in such a book. Statement is the expression of unsolved controversy. Never do we look down on the sensible world without the questioning mind interposed between us and the picture. There is no appearance of fact in the Digression of the Air, but only the fact of question. Foremost in the digression is always the I--thinking about knowing, if it were possible.

Burton feints a development in the "progress" from the inside to the outside of the sensible universe. From poles to planets, he would know. But the progress, while giving a geographical reference to the questions, does not really make of the digression an arm-chair voyage, for the simple reason that what is being "seen" is opinion, which cannot be realized in terms of sense, even with the imagination. There are moments of apparent voyage:

Many times we find great diversity of air in the same country, by reason of the site to seas, hills, or dales, want of water, nature of soil, and the like: as in Spain Aragon is aspera et sicca, harsh and evil inhabited; Estremadura is dry, sandy, barren most part, extreme hot by reason of his plains; Andalusia another paradise; Valencia a most pleasant air, and continually green; so is it about Granada, on the one side fertile plains, on the other continual snow to be seen all summer long on the hilltops. (page 45)

But the progress itself is more apparently cogitative, deliberately defying the arrangements of geography:

At Norembega, in 45 lat., all the sea is frozen ice, and yet in a more southern latitude than ours. New England, and the island of Cambriol Colchis . . . is in the same latitude with Little Britain in France, and yet their winter begins not till January, their spring till May; . . . is this from the easterly winds, or melting of ice and snow dissolved within the Circle Arctic; or that the air being thick, is longer before it be warm by the sunbeams, and once heated like an oven will keep itself from cold? Our climes breed lice, Hungary and Ireland male audiunt in this kind. . . . (page 44)

The digression progresses from questions about things under the earth, to questions about infinite worlds, to questions about God's daily regimen--a progression actually from what is more potentially knowable to what is less open to answer. Thus Burton moves from "I would see" and "I would examine" (phoenix, pelican, and pyramid, hibernating men and ships buried in mountains) to why and how are climates differentiated, the heavens irregular. And he gets farther removed from certainty as he turns from what men have seen of the earth and things in the earth to what they have calculated of the cosmos. His wings carry him to the heavens of astronomical theory and conjecture:

If the heavens then be penetrable, as these men deliver, and no lets, it were not amiss in this aerial progress to make wings and fly up, . . . or if that may not be, yet with a Galileo's glass, or Icaromenippus' wings in Lucian, command the spheres and heavens, and see what is done amongst them. Whether there be generation and corruption, as some think, by reason of ethereal comets, that in Cassiopea, 1572, that in Cygnus, 1600, that in Sagittarius, 1604, and many like. . . . Whether the stars be of that bigness, distance, as astronomers relate, so many in number? . . . Whether the least visible star in the eighth sphere be eighteen times bigger than the earth? . . . Whether they be thicker parts of the orbs? . . .

(pages 50-51)

The procession of "whethers" is a progress from theory to theory, and Burton basks in the multiplicity of questions to be asked. Even his delight in the absurdity of the theorists' posture cannot dampen his enthusiasm for question:

In the meantime, the world is tossed in a blanket amongst them, they hoist the earth up and down like a ball, make it stand and go at their pleasures: one saith the sun stands, another he moves; a third comes in, taking them all at rebound, and lest there should any paradox be wanting, he finds certain spots and clouds in the sun, by the help of glasses, which multiply (saith Keplerus) a thing seen a thousand times bigger in plano, and makes it come thirty-two times nearer to the eye of the beholder. . . . Fabricius puts only three, and those in the sun: Apelles fifteen, and those without the sun. . . . (page 57)

But theory and question about outside objects to be known, be they pyramids or comets, can lead past reason to uncontrolled fantasy, and the progress ends with Burton seeing the monstrous questions of "these gigantical Cyclopes" who will "soar higher yet, and see what God himself doth":

Some, by visions and revelations, take upon them to be familiar with God, and to be of privy council with Him; they will tell how many, and who, shall be saved, when the world shall come to an end, what year, what month, and whatsoever else God hath reserved unto Himself, and to His angels. Some again, curious phantastics, will know more than this, and inquire with Epicurus, what God did before the world was made? was He idle? Where did He bide? What did He make the world of? Why did He then make it, and not before? (pages 58-59).

The reality made apparent by Burton's progression is that speculation is potentially nonsense if it gets outside all boundaries of the knowledge with which men should be concerned. Fantasy, not reason, makes men want to answer questions reserved to God.

But the aim of a progress composed of questions is, of course, answer. "I would know" is the point of the flight, the end of reasonable question. And the long hypothetical view of all kinds of theory answers, in a way, the questions about knowing which Burton has been asking through digression. The first answer is the one implicit in the mass of theories questioned, the obvious answer of doubt. Where do the birds go in winter?--"I conclude of them all, for my part, as Munster doth of cranes and storks; whence they come, whither they go, incomper-tum adhuc, as yet we know not" (page 38). When one man wills one answer and another wills another, the judicious position is the one which simply continues to wonder: "I will end the controversy in Austin's words, 'Better doubt of things concealed, than to contend about uncertainties,

where Abraham's bosom is, and hell-fire'; . . . scarce the meek, the contentious shall never find" (page 42). Burton's air of benignant skepticism defines the tone of the digression. It lets him enjoy the spectacle of blanket-tossing; it allows him to savor the extent to which, because his flight is fanciful, answer is bound to be elusive. Is the earth full of wind?--"Let Lucian's Menippus consult with or ask of Tiresias, if you will not believe philosophers; he shall clear all your doubts when he makes a second voyage" (page 43). The a priori answer to "If it be possible" is, after all, in terms of the hypothetical imaginary voyage, "But it is not possible."

Yet skepticism tempered by delight in theory is not the only answer to Burton's "I would know." For the flight is an arrangement of knowledge, a progress through which Burton sees by seeing. Looking at theories and questions, he knows them. He works with and characterizes them; he estimates their worth. And so point-of-view in this digression is part of the answer. If, a priori, it is not possible to know the final answer, there is nonetheless an element of answer in seeing the possibilities, in knowing theories and asking reasonable questions. In the progress from the more to the less potentially knowable, the questions are all "seen" by the I, and "(I say)" must be, from our viewpoint, the expression of one who understands:

The causes of these alterations are commonly by reason of their nearness (I say) to the middle region. . . . (page 45)

But hoc posito, to grant this their tenent of the earth's motion: if the earth moves, it is a planet. . . . Then (I say) the earth and they be planets alike, inhabited alike, moved about the sun, the common center of the world alike, and it may be those two green children which Nubrigensis speaks of came from thence. . . .
 (pages 53-54)

Burton does not commit himself to a view of the universe; he would rather doubt of things concealed and wait with the meek to know truth when it is told. But he is the focus of the digression, and in seeing him question we see him thoroughly explore the "knowledge" which is other men's reasoning: "But this reason is weak and most insufficient"; "Clavius conjectures otherwise, but they be but conjectures" (pages 46-47). He analyzes the relationships of theories: "Tycho will have two distinct matters of heaven and air; but to say truth, with some small qualification, they have one and the self-same opinion about the essence and matter of heavens" (page 49); "Howsoever, it is revised since by Copernicus, not as a truth, but a supposition, as he himself confesseth, . . . but now maintained in good earnest by Calcagninus, Telesius, Kepler, Rotman, Gilbert, Digges, Galileo, Campanella, and especially by Lansbergius . . ." (page 52). Burton is not himself contentious, and the flat judgments and personal intrusions are few, but they remain important in that they uphold man's ability to know something. He can know the theories and know, as a man, when he sees other men go astray. Through him we see the stupidity of theologasters who would assign part of God's day for playing with Leviathan (page 58). He is authority working with authorities; through him we see that hypothesis can be laughably vain: "But to avoid these paradoxes of the earth's motion . . . our latter mathematicians have rolled all the stones that may be stirred: and to solve all appearances and objections, have invented new hypotheses, and fabricated new systems of the world, out of their own Daedalian heads" (page 56). And through him we see that hypothesis--inconclusive but reasonable hoc posito--can be

useful when we understand it as possibility, as "no otherwise" than imagined fact which can work in helping us understand outside objects. Burton exemplifies man knowing what can be known when he sees in theory workable "truth":

Tycho Brahe, Nicholas Ramerus, Helisaeus Roeslin, have peculiar hypotheses of their own inventions; and they be but inventions, as most of them acknowledge, as we admit of equators, tropics, colures, circles arctic and antarctic, for doctrine's sake (though Ramus thinks them all unnecessary), they will have them supposed only for method and order. Tycho hath feigned I know not how many epicycles in epicycles, etc., to calculate and express the moon's motion: but when all is done, as a supposition, and no otherwise; not (as he holds) hard, impenetrable, subtile, transparent, etc., or making music, as Pythagoras maintained of old, and Robert Constantine of late, but still quiet, liquid, open, etc. (page 50)

As we see Burton seeing, we understand that each opinion in itself-- what any particular man wills to be so--in not knowledge; but Burton has a kind of knowledge because through his judging mind, all men's ideas about outside objects are subjected to reason. In him particular opinion becomes common knowledge, known possibility.

But the Digression of the Air ends in not knowing, or in knowing what is impossible to know. There is the absolute boundary of curiosity, which is God. Burton's "But hoo!" has to be put in context, for it is not simply good-natured amusement with his own far-out flight, but a stand which gives man a firm position in regard to knowing. Men "prodigiously inquire," he says,

If God be infinitely and only good, why should He alter or destroy the world? . . . If He pull it down because evil, how shall He be free from the evil that made it evil? etc., with many such absurd and brain-sick questions, intricacies, froth of human wit, and excrements of curiosity, etc., which, as our Saviour told His inquisitive disciples, are not fit for them to know. But hoo! I am now gone quite out of sight, I am almost giddy with roving about: I could have ranged farther yet, but I am an infant, and

not able to dive into these profundities or sound these depths, not able to understand, much less to discuss. I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits, that have better ability and happier leisure to wade into such philosophical mysteries; for put case I were as able as willing, yet what can one man do? (pages 59-60)

The last answer is conservative, but it is only conservative by way of the long flight: about all of this we can ask, about all of this we can want to know, of all of this we can judge. But then, "He reveals and conceals to whom and when He will." And finally, from all times, places, facts, and theories, Burton has come back to this knowledge, the Anatomy of Melancholy. The final answer flushes out the game:

And which one said of history and records of former times, "God in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us from long antiquity, and bounds our search within the compass of some few ages": . . . so kingdoms, men, and knowledge ebb and flow, are hid and revealed, and when you have all done, as the Preacher concluded, Nihil est sub sole novum. But my melancholy spaniel's quest, my game, is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow. (pages 60-61)

What can one man do to know? He can follow the melancholy spaniel's quest; he can go back to the form and substance of the discourse. If all were absolute not-knowing, then Burton would have nowhere to go; there would be no point in judging of possibilities. But the Digression of the Air is finally answer made of question, in that the exploratory progress through the realm of curiosity goes past the froth of human wit with its brain-sick questions, to end in the Anatomy. There is possibility here, and workable knowledge. Burton does not flop to the earth; he stoops to the game. He turns back to the framework of this hoc posito, working with his facts, suggesting cure. And because of digression, the framework is part of the cure: following the spaniel's quest is answering what can be answered in terms of what men

can know. The "new science" of the Anatomy does not come in the form of Burton's acceptance of new cosmological theories; he is not modern in that sense. Instead he is modern in Chaucer's sense, extracting new knowledge from old authors, gaining not new certainty of things never before understood, but fruitful questions and hypotheses which are the source of human knowledge.

"What can one man do?" Burton asks, and he concludes with Scaliger that "we are not whole men, but parts of men; from all of us together something might be made and that not much; from each of us individually nothing" (page 60, Jackson's translation). When he goes back to his former elements, the medical treatise, he goes back by way of authority, emphatically getting his new science by learning from old books:

Jason Pratensis, in his book, de morbis capitis, and chapter of melancholy, hath these words out of Galen, "Let them come to me to know what meat and drink they shall use, and besides that, I will teach them what temper of ambient air they shall make choice of, what wind, what countries they shall choose, and what avoid." Out of which lines of his thus much we may gather, that to this cure of melancholy, amongst other things, the rectification of air is necessarily required. (page 61)

With the end of the Digression of the Air, with its progression back to the Anatomy, we know the full force of Burton's use of authority throughout the book: he is making something with all men which pretends to be neither something new under the sun, nor final unassailable fact. For the fact which, as we saw in the Digression of Anatomy, is often but "fact," testifies to the ebb and flow of knowledge. Air Rectified--from Périgord in France to Coldfield in Warwickshire, from the sites of houses to real voyages for health--is part of a system derived from the lines of many authors in many books, and that system is the quest of

one who knows how to rove and range amidst the possibilities of philosophical mysteries but who comes back to the thing that, at least, we may gather. To rove, now even within the discourse, is to look out only in order to come back to the generalized sum and substance of a knowledge which is not new, but has been found to work: "But I rove: the sum is this, that variety of actions, objects, air, places, are excellent good in this infirmity and all others, good for man, good for beast" (page 69).

The last of the major digressions, and the longest, is the one which Burton most hesitantly describes as digression:

Because in the precedent section I have made mention of good counsel, comfortable speeches, persuasion, how necessarily they are required to the cure of a discontented or troubled mind, how present a remedy they yield, and many times a sole sufficient cure of themselves; I have thought fit, in this following section, a little to digress (if at least it be to digress in this subject), to collect and glean a few remedies and comfortable speeches out of our best orators, philosophers, divines, and Fathers of the Church, tending to this purpose. (II.3.1.1;126)

The Consolatory Digression, containing the Remedies of all manner of Discontents is one of the primary structural units of its partition. As an entire section, it is essential to the construction of the partition; but it is also more independent of the surrounding subject matter than are the other digressions because it is a section--an entity of its own with a completeness approached only by that of the Digression of Anatomy. It has been noticed that the digression is Burton's rendition of a philosophical consolatio, and that its very pattern in an established tradition sets it apart (Lievsey, *passim*). A consolation of philosophy within a medical treatise, it is form within form, and so

separate. But Burton's parenthetical doubt only emphasizes his usual insistence on the pertinence of his digressions, for this final departure on a grand scale is so relevant as perhaps not to be departure at all. The greatest and longest cure of melancholy comes by way of digression from the appointed order for cures, and it is a testimony to the place that digression holds in the substance of Burton's treatise of melancholy.

The digression is distilled authority, the epitome of epitomes. Many have written of consolation, ". . . yet because these tracts are not so obvious and common, I will epitomize and briefly insert some of their divine precepts, reducing their voluminous and vast treatises to my small scale; for it were otherwise impossible to bring so great vessels into so little a creek" (II.3.1.1;126). One alone can make nothing, but all men together something, if not much. This epitome of consolation brings to Burton's scale--into the boundaries of an essential if digressive element in the form of the treatise--the things that men know about living wisely as men. The digression is learning; it is Burton's study of the doctrines of others. And if it is not new, knowledge can work though old:

To what end are such paraenetical discourses? You may as soon remove Mount Caucasus as alter some men's affections. Yet sure I think they cannot choose but do some good, and comfort and ease a little, though it be the same again, I will say it, and upon that hope I will adventure. Non meus hic sermo, 'tis not my speech this, but of Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, Austin, Bernard, Christ and His Apostles. If I make nothing, as Montaigne said in like case, I will mar nothing; 'tis not my doctrine but my study, I hope I shall do nobody wrong to speak what I think, and deserve not blame in imparting my mind. (II.3.1.1;127)

In one consolation, Burton deplores worldly wealth by recording the doctrines of Paul and of Bernard, and then he challenges, "If I had

said this of myself, rich men would have pulled me apieces; but hear who saith, and who seconds it, an Apostle" (II.3.3;148). Burton is, and is not, responsible for the facts of the cures of the digression; for he makes nothing and it is not his speech, yet he is imparting his mind. His removal from the teachings of the consolation is multiple: by the traditional form within traditional form, by the doctrines of others, by the "ordinary" nature of the comfortable speeches. But Burton is also immediately present as the spokesman of his own mind through others' words, as the student of doctrine, above all as the one whose knowledge this is in that all of its Christian-Stoical commonplaces are comprehended in his scale and inserted into his discourse.

The discourse on cures of the six non-natural things has been urging moderation, and the precepts here presented argue the reason behind the need for such moderation. Burton would cure, by these trivial comforts, the irrationality of living; the digression would help men be men by making them rationalize these discontents, the perturbations of the mind. The physician would cure by forcing us to think, as men should, about the progress of life:

We are sent as so many soldiers into this world, to strive with it, the flesh, the devil; our life is a warfare, and who knows it not? . . . Go on then merrily to heaven. If the way be troublesome, and you in misery, in many grievances, on the other side you have many pleasant sports, objects, sweet smells, delightful tastes, music, meats, herbs, flowers, etc., to recreate your senses. Or put case thou art now forsaken of the world, dejected, contemned, yet comfort thyself; as it was said to Hagar in the wilderness, "God sees thee, he takes notice of thee": there is a God above that can vindicate thy cause, that can relieve thee. (II.3.1.1;132)

The very hurts with which the Consolatory Digression deals injure the nature of man:

Particular discontents and grievances are either of body, mind, or fortune, which, as they wound the soul of man, produce this melancholy and many great inconveniences, by that antidote of good counsel and persuasion may be eased or expelled. Deformities and imperfections of our bodies, as lameness, crookedness, deafness, blindness, be they innate or accidental, torture many men; yet this may comfort them, that those imperfections of the body do not a whit blemish the soul, or hinder the operations of it, but rather help and much increase it. (II.3.2;133)

Throughout the digression there is this polarization between what actually matters and what only appears to matter. A "wound hurts not the soul," Burton says (II.3.2;134), but these grievances "wound the soul of man." The essence of all remedy is in putting the correct interpretation on objects, actions, and passions: "Sickness, diseases, trouble many, but without a cause; 'It may be 'tis for the good of their souls'; . . . the flesh rebels against the spirit; that which hurts the one must needs help the other" (page 135). And correct interpretation involves the recognition that understanding reality depends not upon sense, but reason. For metaphor and matter can equally wound the soul; it "makes no difference whether one is a slave of persons or of things"; "Alexander was a slave to fear, Caesar of pride, Vespasian to his money (nihil enim refert, rerum sis servus an hominum), Heliogabalus to his gut, and so of the rest. Lovers are slaves to their mistresses, rich men to their gold, courtiers generally to lust and ambition, and all slaves to our affections. . . . Why then dost thou repine?" (II.3.4; 173). Right consideration of all things and events is requisite for right living, for consideration constantly reveals the falsity of apparent truth by upsetting supposed equations: "money makes, but poverty mars, etc., and all this in the world's esteem: yet, if considered aright, it is a great blessing in itself, a happy estate, and yields no

cause of discontent" (II.3.3;145).

The Consolatory Digression corrects our misinformation by simple substitution of reason's right for the world's esteem. We must see fiction for what it is: we suppose rich men happy, but they are "like painted walls, fair without, rotten within: diseased, filthy, crazy, full of intemperance's effects" (page 146); and to see, all that is necessary is that we reason:

Why is he not a prince, why not a monarch, why not an emperor? Why should one man have so much more than his fellows, one have all, another nothing? . . . Thus they grumble, mutter, and repine: not considering that inconstancy of human affairs, judicially conferring one condition with another, or well weighing their own present estate. What they are now, thou mayest shortly be; and what thou art, they shall likely be. (page 154)

Reason overrules false information and correctly identifies outside objects: "I will conclude with Epictetus, 'If thou lovest a pot, remember 'tis but a pot thou lovest, and thou wilt not be troubled when 'tis broken: if thou lovest a son or wife, remember they were mortal, and thou wilt not be so impatient'" (II.3.5;185). So it is that to consider example and precept is to grant the wisdom of the knowledge, for the proposition of reason is its own proof. "'Tis a patient and quiet mind (I say it again and again) gives true peace and content" (II.3.3; 171). Reasonableness is a very simple way of turning what is into what should be, and he says it again and again. Burton's Q.E.D. is that of the preacher rather than of the mathematician, for the study is one of common understanding, not of complex logic. He says again and again that low birth is not ignoble, and then concludes that he has proved it: ". . . therefore, to conclude that which I first intended, to be base by birth, meanly born, is no such disparagement. Et sic demon-

stratur, quod erat demonstrandum" (II.3.2;144).

The cure of discontent is thus to apply reason to life, which is to "balance our hearts . . . to examine ourselves for what cause we are so much disquieted, on what ground, what occasion, is it just or feigned; and then either to pacify ourselves by reason, to divert by some other object, contrary passion, or premeditation . . ." (II.3.6; 186). To examine, to reason--Burton is asking us to remember that we are men. God, he says, "hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might, but a man, a Christian, such a man . . ." (II.3.1.1;131). And yet from the very beginning of the Anatomy, he has been showing how difficult it is to know what a man is and how to be a man. Difficult, even impossible, for one; but this digression, even more insistently that the Anatomy itself, is from many minds of many times. It is Burton's digression, but it is not his form. It is a separate treatise, but it is part of his treatise. Its teaching might be a sufficient cure for melancholy, but it might also cure discontent which is not melancholy. And so the kind of knowledge, the piece of his mind which Burton imparts through the Consolatory Digression, must be the least common denominator of reasonable living; it must make such living possible, at least, by making it accessible to all men.

The discontents caused by passions of the mind disturb all order precisely because they originate in the idiosyncracies of countless men who have their individual fictions and fancies: "If every man might have what he would, we should all be deified, emperors, kings, princes; if whatsoever vain hope suggests, unsatiable appetite affects, our preposterous judgment thinks fit were granted, we should have another

chaos in an instant, a mere confusion" (II.3.7;189). We tend each our own way, even though our preposterous ambitions are denied. And the only cure that can be begun is within each man. The melancholy of society cannot be cured, as Burton's tale of the academical scholar and the vacant prebend makes clear. It is a tale told "to your further content," and it consoles by making us see and accept the truth that such a tale could only, ever, be fiction. Never would a bishop out of "his own accord, mere motion, and bountiful nature" send a fat prebend to an unknown scholar as a present. We have to see that there's no remedy like that for social abuse: "You have heard my tale: but alas! it is but a tale, a mere fiction, 'twas never so, never like to be so, and so let it rest. Well, be it so then; they have wealth and honour, fortune and preferment, every man (there's no remedy) must scramble as he may, and shift as he can . . ." (page 192). If society as society were curable, offences by and to individuals would diminish, but we work only mischief as men and as groups of men:

In fine, if princes would do justice, judges be upright, clergymen truly devout, and so live as they teach, if great men would not be so insolent, if soldiers would quietly defend us, the poor would be patient, rich men would be liberal and humble, citizens honest, magistrates meek, . . . if parents would be kind to their children, and they again obedient to their parents, brethren agree amongst themselves: . . . if we could imitate Christ and His apostles, live after God's laws, these mischiefs would not so frequently happen amongst us; but being most part so irreconcilable as we are, perverse, proud, insolent, factious, . . . so opposite to virtue, void of grace, how should it otherwise be? (page 202)

So the climax of the Consolatory Digression does not come with advice that will win mankind as a whole over to reasoned existence; for the world is not that way, and apparently will not soon be that way. Burton puts into his digression the knowledge that may work, that may

help men to live as men and not as dogs. Through precept and example he comes to a long list of aphorisms. This is the epitome within epitome: the proverb is wisdom with all particularity distilled out of it, with only the common experience of all men left for the taking by any man: "Many other grievances there are, which happen to mortals in this life, from friends, wives, children, servants, masters, companions, neighbours, our own defaults, . . . and many good remedies to mitigate and oppose them, many divine precepts to counterpoise our hearts, special antidotes both in Scripture and human authors, which whoso will observe shall purchase much ease and quietness unto himself" (page 203).

The proverbs set down a torrent of the most basic truths, which do not represent what King sees (pp. 71-72) as Burton's "unfocused, untamed view" of the world and his despair at being unable to comprehend experience in their tiny circumferences. Burton has a much vaster form and order than any of these adages with which he comprehends experience. But the proverbs express the quintessence of that knowledge which all men have together--and that not much--which all can feel to be fact, and which any man can use, as he needs, to turn discontent with what appears to matter into acceptance of the facts. From "Fear God, obey the prince," to "Know thyself," to "Beware of Had I wist," to "Marry not an old crone or a fool for money"--the aphorisms collected out of authors and to be supplemented at our will from cheese-trenchers and painted cloths do not pretend to represent a "way by which (supposedly) the world might finally be understood and controlled" (King, p. 78). They rather suggest reasonably truthful ways in which any man might live, at different moments of discontent, with some semblance of wisdom

in a world which men neither know nor rule. They are commonplaces, bits of truth through which a man might, simply, purchase some ease and quietness unto himself.

This digression, which has drawn to Burton's scale the wisdom of many men in order to preach reasonable living, ends--following the stream of commonsense reason--by drawing Burton's treatise of cures into itself. The last member of the Consolatory Digression is concerned with remedy "Against Melancholy itself." The ordinary disease leads to discontent, and as discontent it must be remedied by reason, which says that melancholy is good when it is understood. The final member turns disease into cure by showing us that, rightly considered, this worst illness can lead to the most reasonable living. For consideration, we have seen in this digression, puts things in proper perspective. It teaches the difference between wounds that hurt the soul and those which only seem to hurt. It tells a man to look at himself and think. "Remember, O Servius, thou art a man; and with that I was much confirmed, and corrected myself" (II.3.5;182). So melancholy, when remembered for what it is and is not, can correct itself. If it is new it is pleasant; if habitual, it is more durable than dangerous (II.3.8;205). In all the extremes of passion it arouses, melancholy keeps men from worse extremes: bashfulness keeps them honest; sorrow keeps them sober; foolishness itself keeps them wise--"Wearisomeness of life makes them they are not so besotted on the transitory vain pleasures of the world. If they dote on one thing, they are wise and well understanding in most other" (page 206). The cure of melancholy by applied reason is "in a word." It, like all the precepts and examples,

like the catch-and-use-as-you-can dashes of common wisdom, gets down to the basic understanding that misery is in the interpretation that reason puts upon it. Since our life is a warfare, and who knows it not? a man being a man can get him merrily to heaven with melancholy as well, or better, as without: "They are no dissemblers, liars, hypocrites, for fools and madmen tell commonly truth. In a word, as they are distressed, so are they pitied, which some hold better than to be envied, better to be sad than merry, better to be foolish and quiet, quam sapere et ringi, [than] to be wise and still vexed; better to be miserable than happy: of two extremes it is the best" (page 207). Reason ends up being the cure for melancholy by making melancholy its own cure. For in the context of all that has gone before, misery is best.

Misery is best, in context. And the context is the remedy of ordinary melancholy by the remedy of non-natural things. But the cure of melancholy cures more than melancholy, and digression has taken cure into the province of reason. If you would know, you can know how to judge possibility without demanding the impossible. You can know how to keep on working with question even as you stop asking admittance where angels fear to tread. And if you would be a man and not a dog, you can look for reasonable understanding of what living means. You can take a page out of the books of men who have taught wisely, or you can get the picture from cheese-trenchers and painted cloths. And if you know and live with the expectation of reasonably far-flung curiosity and reasonably down-to-earth ease and quietness, then you are curing life, and its misery; you are getting merrily to heaven in the

midst of this our warfare.

iv. The Pertinence of Knowledge

Following the Consolatory Digression's cure by reason, the medical treatise considers in a brief span all the cures in the remaining two divisions of physic--pharmaceutica and chirurgica. Everything that has preceded this last movement in the system of cures has had to do with "diet, or living"; physic lies mainly in the kind of life a man leads. But in the last portion of Partition II, Burton brings out his medical texts, turning to the cures which more properly belong to the physician's "method, and several rules of art" (II.1.4.2;20). Now more than ever he must be dealing with the facts of this matter of melancholy; his anatomy of medicine presumably would express dependence upon the truth of the system of humoural psychology on which his treatise of ordinary disease rests. But when Burton takes up "Pharmaceutice, or that kind of physic which cureth by medicines" (II.4.1.1;207), he asks, by way of digression, What has medicine to do with melancholy? And he summarizes, by way of digression, what the ordinary disease and his anatomy of that disease have to do with the matter of knowledge.

Burton's last three formal digressions are not announced as digression within the discourse. The synopsis of Partition II describes them thus: "Pharmaceutics, or Physic which cureth with medicines, with a digression of this kind of physic"; "Simples altering melancholy, with a digression of exotic simples"; "Compounds altering melancholy, with a digression of compounds." Except for the final words, "But I digress," of the final digression, these are all the notice Burton

gives of his turning from the proper business of the Anatomy. In the subsection on medicinal physic, he introduces his topic in one sentence, and in the next is off on a digression which takes the rest of the subsection: "Many cavil at this kind of physic, and hold it unnecessary, unprofitable to this or any other disease . . ." (II.4.1.1;207). Similarly with the subsection on simples: "I know that many are of opinion our northern simples are weak, imperfect, not so well concocted, of such force, as those in southern parts . . ." (II.4.1.2;213). With compounds he jumps immediately into digression: "Pliny, lib. 24, cap. 1, bitterly taxeth all compound medicines . . ." (II.4.1.5;221); but here within the subsection he picks up the discourse of ordinary disease from which, or through which, he has digressed for the last time. The three digressions are about issues of knowledge specifically connected with the matter of material melancholy, and to whatever degree Burton's pharmacopoeia may prescribe medicinal cures, it stands in response to his three digressions of medicine which question the science of physic. The digressions start with opinions. People have said that medicine is unnecessary, exotic simples are better than domestic ones, compounds no good at all. And they end with opinions: that medicinal physic is useful (II.4.1.1;211), that exotic simples should be domesticated (II.4.1.2;214), that compounds are a "most noble and profitable invention" (II.4.1.5;223). In each instance Burton argues first for one position, then concludes for the other.

In the Digression of Pharmaceutics, he condemns medicine as a "corrupt trade, no science, art, no profession" and less reliable than ordinary "kitchen physic" (II.4.1.1;208). The history of medicine is

one of imposture, of cures by patients' faith more than physicians' skills, of an art that is "wholly conjectural, if it be an art, uncertain, imperfect, and got by killing of men" (pages 209-10). And then he turns, and we see why he has digressed: it is not that medicine is of no use, but that it has to be judged before it can be anatomized: "But I will urge these cavilling and contumelious arguments no farther, lest some physician should mistake me, and deny me physic when I am sick: for my part, I am well persuaded of physic: I can distinguish the abuse from the use, in this and many other arts and sciences. . . . I acknowledge it a most noble and divine science . . ." (page 211). Physic which was at first from the devil is now from the gods. But then he moderates his rhetoric; panegyric belongs to science no more than cavilling argument. Judging medicine, he allows it to be an art when the physician judges reasonably:

I have said, yet one thing I will add, that this kind of physic is very moderately and advisedly to be used, upon good occasion, when the former of diet will not take place. And 'tis no other which I say, than that which Arnoldus prescribes in his eighth Aphorism: "A discreet and godly physician doth first endeavour to expel a disease by medicinal diet, then by pure medicine. . . ." So in [his] eleventh Aphorism: "A modest and wise physician will never hasten to use medicines, but upon urgent necessity, and that sparingly too. . . ." (page 211)

The Digression of Exotic Simples shows medicine to be defective because, as Pliny writes to Gallus, "We are careless of that which is near us, and follow that which is afar off, to know which we will travel and sail beyond the seas, wholly neglecting that which is under our eyes" (II.4.1.2;213). Physicians are "over-curious" for the sake of curiosity instead of being devoted to knowing for the sake of curing. The turn in Burton's argument in this digression is not an about-face,

but he makes a reasonable suggestion, along with "divers worthy physicians," to remedy the matter: "If our simples be not altogether of such force, or so apposite, it may be, if like industry were used, those far-fetched drugs would prosper as well with us as in those countries whence now we have them" (page 214). And the virtue of this plan lies in improving the study of medicine itself. By questioning in digression the worth of exotic simples, Burton lets his book of pharmaceutical cures suggest improvement for the Muses' melancholy; his cure for curiosity makes medicine as a profession responsible to society, and demands likewise that society acknowledge responsibility for the state of science:

. . . amongst the rest those famous public gardens of Padua in Italy, Nuremburg in Germany, Leyden in Holland, Montpelier in France (and ours in Oxford now in fieri, at the cost and charges of the Right Honourable the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby), are much to be commended, wherein all exotic plants almost are to be seen, and liberal allowance yearly made for their better maintenance, that young students may be the sooner informed in the knowledge of them: which as Fuchsius holds, "is most necessary for that exquisite manner of curing," and as great a shame for a physician not to observe them as for a workman not to know his axe, saw, square, or any other tool which he must of necessity use. (page 214)

The Digression of Compounds shows medicine to be defective because it is a matter of opinion rather than fact. The practice of making "nonsense-confused compounds" involves "no science, no school, no art, no degree, but, like a trade, every man in private is instructed by his master" (II.4.1.5;221-22). Knowing what the "most rational" authorities say about compounding medicines is knowing only what they say, not why, for none of them "gives his reader, to my judgment, that satisfaction which he ought; why such, so many simples?" (page 222). Books of medicine are only books of opinion, and ". . . every city,

town, almost every private man hath his own mixtures, compositions, receipts, magistrals, precepts, as if he scorned antiquity, and all others, in respect of himself. But each man must correct and alter to show his skill, every opinative fellow must maintain his own paradox, be it what it will . . ." (page 222). That is one way of looking at the matter: without thought to condemn this knowledge as no knowledge, to take all of the contradiction among authorities as evidence of the entire worthlessness of everything they teach. But there is another way. Quite suddenly, Burton turns around:

Thus others object, thus I may conceive out of the weakness of my apprehension; but to say truth, there is no such fault, no such ambition, no novelty or ostentation, as some suppose; but as one answers, this of compound medicines "is a most noble and profitable invention, found out and brought into physic with great judgment, wisdom, counsel, and discretion." (page 223)

The digression puts medicine and all of its knowledge of man's body into the framework of all the ways by which man questions and judges knowledge of outside objects. If there are about compounds many opinions which "ebb and flow with the season, and as wits vary" (page 223), yet moderate judgment will not conclude of physicians, "they dote" (page 222), but "so many men, so many minds; and yet all tending to good purpose, though not the same way" (page 223). Reason answers weakness of apprehension and sets the matter straight, that this of physic is one way of knowing: "As arts and sciences, so physic is still perfected amongst the rest. Hurae Musarum nutrices, and experience teacheth us every day many things which our predecessors knew not of" (page 223).

Judgment is the core of the three digressions of medicine. Through questioning the validity and usefulness of the "method and

several rules of art" of medicine itself, they subject the very substance of the Anatomy to consideration. Because he starts on one tack and ends on another, Burton in each case makes the fact of judgment, the decision itself, his topic. By way of digression, he says that physic has to do with questions of knowledge, with man knowing and judging fact and opinion in this as "in many other arts and sciences."

In the portion of the Anatomy digressed from, Burton does not, of course, give prescriptions like a physician, as Sir William Osler (pp. 175-76) thought. The facts are there, but very much as "facts." Authorities, opinions, analyses, catalogues, epitomies--all show Burton hard at work judging the matter of physic, collecting and sorting things that are known. The structural schemes of humoral psychology which underlie the Anatomy, Miss Colie has noted, are "pulverized" by Burton's very method of description and analysis, as by his "universalization of the disease into the whole condition of humanity." And digression plays no small part in removing "the medical and spiritual problems of melancholy into a far wider area of consideration and reference" (Colie, pp. 455-56). Here in the scientific heart of Burton's medical textbook, digression shows humoral psychology itself, and the method and art of medicine dependent on it, to be possible knowledge. That is what digression has made of the melancholy spaniel's quest. For by the final digressions Burton specifically unites what he is doing--collecting and arranging the facts of an ordinary disease--with what he is talking about--knowledge itself and the reasoned life of labor and industry spent in finding things out. Medicine is a study, and a way for a man to differ from a dog:

Nature is not effete, as he saith, or so lavish to bestow all her gifts upon an age, but hath reserved some for posterity, to show her power, that she is still the same, and not old or consumed. Birds and beasts can cure themselves by nature, naturae usu ea plerumque cognoscunt, quae homines vix longo labore et doctrina assequuntur, but men must use much labour and industry to find it out. But I digress.

Compound medicines are inwardly taken, or outwardly applied. Inwardly taken, be either liquid or solid; liquid, are fluid or consisting. Fluid, as wines and syrups. The wines ordinarily used to this disease are wormwood wine, tamarisk, and buglosatum. . . . (page 223)

The true matter and end of the Anatomy, and its lasting interest, do not lie simply in Burton's treatise of melancholy, nor did he intend that they should. The order proclaimed in the title is the order of a system of knowledge about matters of fact which assumes the truth of humoural psychology. And Partitions I and II, from definition through cures, describe the matter of disease in terms of humoural man. But Partitions I and II, with their traditional system for the explication of disease, cannot comprehend the whole matter of Burton's discourse, unless they comprehend also his pertinent digressions. For set among the facts of the ordinary disease is another system, one which opens that order up and makes its facts pertain to a broader disease of life. The digressions speak of the definition, causes, and cures of wrong living by speaking of man the rational animal and his disordered knowledge. The tension between the medical treatise and the digressions is the tension between two views of man and disease.

The medical treatise should define man simply and the facts of his disease surely, but it does not; for digression intrudes to make question out of definition, to reveal facts not as Truth but as things gathered from opinion, and to make man's nature a matter also of the

nature of beings that are beyond him. The medical treatise should find causes in the extremes with which a man mistreats his body and mind; but digression finds self-abuse to rise out of defect in man's very nature which makes him rely on the reason of a brute, and to end in the disease of Knowledge itself and the brutalization of man's society. The medical treatise should see cure in the rectification of the things whereby men live; but digression finds the ultimate cure for disease to lie in living by knowing the possibility of truth and by considering what living as a man means. And finally, the medical treatise should issue ordinary prescriptions for ordinary disease, but digression questions the worth of medicine itself, only to show that the medical treatise is pertinent to the disorder of knowledge because it is a way of right living, which is finding out what can be known.

The structural fabric of Burton's discourse is more complex than the simple sequence of a medical treatise. Digression and traditional form together define Partitions I and II. Digression makes the scholastic structure embrace it, impressing itself upon the form which this new treatise gives to Truth: so digression is necessary to the "totality" of the Anatomy. When Burton digresses, it is to make a statement about the very essence of his understanding of man's disease and the complex disorder of life. And that statement in turn reflects and becomes essential to the example of ordered knowledge which is the medical treatise. "I hold it not impertinent," Burton said, and in the structure made to comprehend the new science of the Anatomy of Melancholy, there are no impertinent digressions.

CHAPTER III

LOVE'S COMMENT

Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.
--Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis

In the opening chapter we confronted the Anatomy from the outside, seeing in the apparatus which is the book's facade both Burton's directives as to the various ways the reader might enter into the meaning of his work, and his concern that the Anatomy impart the impression of unified truth through its scholastic--even Gothic--structure. Examining Burton's use of digression we have shown that, because his framework included within itself the possibility for expansion, turning aside becomes necessary if we are to get a right understanding of the discourse. But we have now to go back once more to look at the overall plan of the work, and in doing so we will see that Burton not only opens up the structure by digression, but contradicts it by addition. The logical order of Partitions I and II is opposed by the imposition upon them of Partition III, the treatise of Love-melancholy.¹

¹ For the sake of clarity throughout my discussion, I shall distinguish Love-melancholy, the species which manifests itself in three forms, from love-melancholy, also called heroical melancholy, one of the three types.

The reader who has looked at the Anatomy's elaborate facade expects that the book will be one of those comprehensive works which are "organized according to a scheme of division and subdivision, condensable into a table of contents or synopsis, where all parts denoted by numbers or letters of the same class are on the same logical level" (Panofsky, p. 32). Burton declares his scholastic manifestatio of order by describing his "formidably logical, complex, and comprehensive" organization (Babb, p. 4) in the synoptic tables. But despite the logic within the tables, there is a singular imbalance between them. Partition III is not "on the same logical level" as Partition I or Partition II, and this lapse in parallelism, it seems to me, first arouses in readers the feeling that while "on the whole Burton follows his outlines," yet the "distribution of material in the book is not quite so logical as one might expect" (Babb, p. 4). My purpose in this chapter, after suggesting some ways in which the illogicality of the relationship between Partitions I and II and Partition III might be defined, will be to explore the structure of Partition III itself in order to arrive at a description of its function in the Anatomy as a whole.

Love-melancholy is a species of melancholy. Now the logic of Partitions I and II would require that a species, any species, of the disease would fit into the system of analysis as a subtopic of the larger order of cause-symptom-cure. That is, the logic of the first two partitions is one of cause and effect, of action and reaction, so that Partition I states the thesis--definition, causes, symptoms, prognostics--of the disease, while Partition II--under its single topic, cure--provides the antithesis to all of the topics of I. In I and II

the three kinds of "definite" melancholy are treated as subtopics of the cause-cure analysis. Thus, under causes, we find Burton treating first the general causes and then those particular to melancholy of the head, hypochondria, or whole body; and so with symptoms and cures. But in Partition III he changes the base of his analysis, using now as his major organizational scheme not the logic of thesis and antithesis, but that of division. For I and II, he advises us in the first synopsis, describe melancholy "proper to parts" while III concerns itself with "indefinite" melancholy. Like the "definite" disease, Love-melancholy has, as we shall see, three types. But the logic of Partition III makes the system of causes-cures subordinate to the type, so that heroic melancholy has its own statement of the cause-cure sequence, as does jealousy or religious melancholy. To put it another way, the Roman numerals of the outline of the First and Second Partitions become the Arabic numerals in the outline of the Third Partition, while analogous to the Arabic numerals of I and II are the upper-case letters of III:

I. Causes	[thesis]
A. General	
B. Particular	
1. Head	{ types
2. Hypochondriacal	
3. Whole Body	
(followed by I' [Symptoms] and I'' [Prognostics])	
II. Cure	[antithesis]
A. General	
B. Particular	
1. Head	{ types
2. Hypochondriacal	
3. Whole Body	
III. Love-melancholy	
A. Heroical	[type]
1. Causes	{ thesis
2. Symptoms	
3. Cures	
	{ antithesis

B. Jealousy	[type]
1. Causes	{ thesis
2. Symptoms	{ antithesis
3. Cures	{ antithesis
C. Religious	[type]
1. Causes	{ thesis
2. Symptoms	{ antithesis
3. Cures	{ antithesis

So to simplify Burton's synoptic tables is, of course, to misread them; but such an abstraction is valid in order to point out the problem with Burton's tripartite structure, and should not lead to a misreading of the book itself.

The Third Partition is thus a kind of distorted mirror image of Partitions I and II. As a structural unit it is not "on the same logical level" with either Partition I or Partition II, but is rather logically analogous to the First and Second Partitions taken together. They treat of definite melancholy, this of indefinite. And it is important to keep in mind that Partition III "stands out as a separate unit" (Finlay, p. 64) not just by having a preface of its own--though this announces the distinction at once--but by the very rationale of exposition which controls it. For by not noticing that the controlling logic of III is the reverse of that in I and II, readers are led to acknowledge that the "distribution of material . . . is not quite so logical as one might expect" without being forced to realize the inverted logic which does organize Partition III, and the relationships of its major topics. Lawrence Babb (p. 4) describes the three partitions in this way: "In the first volume (or 'partition') [Burton] deals rather exhaustively with the causes, symptoms, and prognostics of melancholy; in the second with the cure of melancholy; in the third with all aspects of two varieties of melancholy which he sees fit to

deal with apart, love melancholy (love sickness) and religious melancholy (melancholy which either by its causes or its symptoms is associated with religion)." Another critic would explain Burton's treatment of love-melancholy while ignoring the discussion of religious melancholy, even though he recognizes a connection between the two.² My analysis of the Third Partition will contend implicitly that both these critics must lose the importance of Partition III, the one by not seeing that Burton is treating not "two varieties" but three varieties of one type of melancholy, and the other by choosing not to discuss the final clause of the single statement that is Partition III.

Why, then, the tripartite structure? Burton has two organizational systems at work in the book, the logic of thesis-antithesis and the logic of division of species, and he sets them on top of each other without, in the course of the work itself, allowing a synthesis to emerge. Each system is a bipartite one: causes of melancholy, cures of melancholy; definite disease, indefinite disease. Yet by his own perverse mathematics, Burton adds two bipartite analytical systems and comes up with neither two divisions nor four, but three.³ When Partition III follows Partitions I and II, the structure of the work becomes not vaguely illogical, but definitely so. The off-balance relationship of the three partitions declares the structural equivocation of the book as a whole even as the digressions state it for Partitions I and II. When we turn from the synoptic tables to Burton's distinction of

² David Zesmer, "Love and Marriage in The Anatomy of Melancholy," Dissertation Abstracts 25 (1964), 490.

³ With this contortion of the book's geometry, cf. Joan Webber's analysis (pp. 108-09) of Burton's use of imagery of ambiguity.

the species of melancholy in his section of definition, we see the literal confusion which underlies the structural anomaly:

When the matter is diverse and confused, how should it otherwise be but that the species should be diverse and confused? . . . Some make two distinct species . . . others acknowledge a multitude of kinds, and leave them indefinite. . . . "As the humour is diversely adust and mixed, so are the species diverse"; but what these men speak of species I think ought to be understood of symptoms . . . infinite species, id est, symptoms; and in that sense . . . the species are infinite. . . . (I.1.3.4;174-75)

Burton's final analysis is characteristic: the "most received division" is of three kinds, melancholy of the head, hypochondria, and whole body, but there is a fourth which may be not one but two types of the first; but since the fourth has several kinds, he will treat of three species in two partitions and of the fourth kind[s] "apart by themselves in my third partition" (pages 175-76).

"Species, id est, symptoms." In the Third Partition more than in the First or Second Burton has difficulty distinguishing the very categories which organize his discourse. And the partition itself is an equivocation, for it makes the book say, "Melancholy, definite disease of the body, id est, melancholy, indefinite 'disease' of the soul." It equivocates by being opposed to, not merely added to the First and Second Partitions, a contrary linked irrationally with a work of another logical order. "Rational" discourse could not say, "Species, id est, symptoms," or "definite, that is, indefinite." But Burton can so equivocate without becoming nonsensical because his logic is constrained not by rules of mathematics but by those of art, and he can always say, "in that sense" it is so.

i. Equivocation: Love is Charity

Partition III is a restatement of all that Burton has said in I and II. When he comes to write of indefinite melancholy, he begins the book all over again with a new preface and a new narration. Without laboring the point, we should note that the "Preface or Introduction" to the Third Partition (III.1.1.1) would itself qualify as an illogical intrusion into the midst of a discourse controlled by the kind of scholastic form represented by the synopses. It is, as I have suggested, a warning to the reader that he must look closely at the structure of what follows, and a notice that here, two-thirds of the way through the Anatomy, something new is happening to the comprehensive treatise of melancholy. Whether or not it is accurate to say that the preface "repeats on a very small scale the function of the one at the beginning" (Finlay, p. 64), it is at least true that it repeats some of the topics of Democritus Junior's Preface. There are the imagined objections to the work and Burton's answers, mostly in the listing of authorities whose example he follows; there is the question of levity in the persons of grave philosophers; there are defenses of the treatise along with a pleasant dismissal, "I will not press you with my pamphlets, or beg attention, but if you like them you may" (page 7); and of course apology is followed by the self-confident, "I need no such apologies" (page 8). By giving Partition III a preface, Burton announces that even as he conforms to the necessities of his book-- "love is a species of melancholy, and a necessary part of this my treatise" (page 4)--he is also giving himself a new beginning, another way of writing about the melancholy he has already taken from definition

through causes and symptoms to cure.

Furthermore, he indicates through the preface that he has not simply chosen to write of Love-melancholy "apart" because he has too many stories and anecdotes exemplifying indefinite melancholy to enable him to treat of it in its logical position relative to the other species (whatever that might be). Rather, his preface declares, the subject matter of Partition III compels him to a different kind of discourse which is not like the medical treatise but like the digressions. Partition III has no digressions of the formal sort we have analyzed in the preceding chapter. It is instead itself a digression, pulling the book as a whole in a new direction as the digressions of I and II pulled the meaning of those partitions away from exposition of knowledge toward understanding of the limits of knowledge. In I and II Burton used digressions occupying various portions of the structure from part of a subsection to a complete section, and now he carries the process of necessary digression to conclusion: an entire partition, the final major division of the Anatomy, digresses and takes the book out of itself.

At several points in the Anatomy Burton employs metaphorical language relating to man's recreation in nature to describe himself and his writing. In order to see how he uses it here in this preface to proclaim the digressive nature of the Third Partition, it will be well to look back at two instances of this imagery which occur in the context of Partitions I and II. At the opening of the subsection in Partition I labelled "Continent, inward, antecedent, next Causes, and how the Body works on the Mind," a section very proper to the medical

treatise and having nothing digressive about it, Burton enters into his topic by means of this simile: "As a purly hunter, I have hitherto beaten about the circuit of the forest of this microcosm, and followed only those outward adventitious causes. I will now break into the inner rooms, and rip up the antecedent immediate causes which are there to be found" (I.2.5.1;371). First, it should be noted that the figure used is simile; Burton makes a stated comparison between himself as writer or scientific investigator and a hunter after game. Further, he does not carry his figurative language very far or use it to any great purpose. The book's subject matter becomes momentarily and metaphorically a forest, but the metaphor is vague because the treatise is already a "microcosm," itself a figurative comparison, and Burton's language does not make clear how a microcosm is or is like a forest. (Put the other way round, this forest is a microcosm, the metaphor would make sense, but it would also not be to Burton's point; he is not talking about forests, but melancholy, and he only needs a forest because he is at present "like a hunter.") And in the second sentence the simile breaks down altogether as the unlimited space of forests and the expansive action of beating around the bush lead not to action consistent with the simile--for example, to grounding a quarry or zeroing in on a target--but to the constricted, artificially limited space of walled rooms to be broken into. Nor does Burton hint to what the causes are to be compared so that they might be metaphorically "ripped up" (game is not ripped up, but bodies--or scholarly subjects--being anatomized are). The simile here in the body of the medical treatise is a pleasant transition from one section into another section (or

"room," the term is properly used of a unit of a formal treatise) of the Anatomy; it does not take hold of the discourse or tempt Burton into expanding metaphor. The discourse, the artificial construct, instead holds the image down and constrains it to its own terms, so that the sentence is a satisfactory introduction to examination of immediate causes of melancholy even though it cannot be particularly satisfying as a figure of speech.

The second use of this kind of figure has already been quoted at length--the long-winged hawk at the opening of the Digression of the Air (above, page 73). Once again the comparison takes the form of explicit simile: "As a long-winged hawk . . . so will I . . . awhile rove . . . mount aloft . . . and so descend." But here Burton uses the simile to get into his discourse and to get out of it. The topic is air, but Burton turns it into an implicit metaphor: real, breatheable air to be rectified is set aside until the airy reaches of the mind have been explored. And because the writer is "like a hawk," he can fly up "into these ample fields of air, wherein I may freely expatiate and exercise myself for my recreation." The simile controls the digression by translating the medical treatise into metaphor, and it remains consistent with itself till at the end of the digression Burton, still like a hawk, stoops to follow "my melancholy spaniel's quest, my game" (II.2.3;61). Unlike the purly hunter, Burton's hawk is not an adventitious figure of speech to be dropped before it is complete, but a conscious means of turning the discourse in the direction of metaphorical melancholy.

Returning to the preface of Partition III, we find Burton once

more using a similar figure as the springboard into his subject. But this time he has no simile, for he is now recreating himself in the fields of the treatise itself:

"Being to speak of this admirable affection of love" (saith Valleriola), "there lies open a vast and philosophical field to my discourse, by which many lovers become mad: let me leave my more serious meditations, wander in these philosophical fields, and look into those pleasant groves of the Muses, where with unspeakable variety of flowers we may make garlands to ourselves, not to adorn us only, but with their pleasant smell and juice to nourish our souls, and fill our minds desirous of knowledge," etc. After a harsh and unpleasing discourse of melancholy, which hath hitherto molested your patience and tired the author, give him leave with Godefridus the lawyer, and Laurentius (cap. 5), to recreate himself in this kind after his laborious studies. . . .
(III.1.1.1;6)

Note that the only thing Burton is implicitly or explicitly "like" is Valleriola or Laurentius or another author, all of whom, as it were, give him the cue to his own speech: "Give me leave then to refresh my Muse a little, and my weary readers, to expatiate in this delightful field, hoc deliciarum campo, as Fonseca terms it, to season a surly discourse with a more pleasing aspersion of love matters" (page 6). Where as the hawk Burton wandered from the discourse into the pleasant world, now the subject matter before him is the metaphorical field to be escaped into; it is "vast and philosophical," with room for expatiation, lots of roving (of which, more later), and pleasure spiced with teaching. Where as a writer of the medical treatise, Burton could make himself "like" a hunter without committing himself or the treatise to the working out of the simile, now he is a writer of a different sort-- a poet, devotee of the Muses--who turns himself loose in a delightful world of his own making without promising to return, to follow any other game, or to bring himself back to a more surly discourse. Burton

thus uses the freedom which the Digression of the Air lent to the Anatomy to extend the image of escape into an expansive world so that it describes not a momentary "digression" but the rest of the book--everything to which this metaphor is a preface.

Partition III is thus a discourse of the same sort as the digressions. It is beside the point of Partitions I and II, but to the point of the book. And to confirm its nature, to reaffirm in all its parts that he is still "expatiating" in the world of metaphorical melancholy, Burton allows the Partition to grow by means of digression within itself. Not only did the Third Partition increase in volume through successive editions more consistently than did the other partitions,⁴ but it is the setting for most of those slight and informal divergences from the "method" which Burton calls attention to when he catches himself up: "But I rove" (page 329); "But this is not the matter in hand" (page 76); "But to my purpose" (page 216); "But I rove, I confess" (page 261); "But I proceed" (page 121); "But to my former task" (page 424).⁵ Whether he is speaking of the objects of love, the power of beauty, the types of jealousy, or the cure of despair, Burton by such iterations reminds us that he is still in the "delightful field" of love matters, roving as one can only if he has turned aside from the surly discourse.

⁴ See Babb, pp. 18, 21f; and Hallwachs, p. 110f.

⁵ Noting Burton's tendency to stray, Simon (p. 425) gives a shorter but similar list but leaves the impression that "our Democritus" makes such "frequent confessions" throughout the book. In point of fact, only one "But I digress" in his list is from outside the Third Partition, and it is that notice at the end of the last digression which I have described as Burton's farewell to formal digression (see above, page 94).

The preface to Partition III further introduces Love-melancholy as a new and metaphorical view of the disease by attesting to melancholy as a literary phenomenon, a poetic invention. "A large part of the difficulty" of pinning down a definition of love-melancholy, one critic has noticed, "comes from the origins of the concept of heroical melancholy, which are literary rather than medical. This helps account for its status as an 'indefinite species'" (Finlay, pp. 64-65). We have already encountered Burton's appeals to the Muses as the sources of his inspiration in this partition. We shall see further that indefinite melancholy (in all its manifestations, though Finlay is right in citing heroical melancholy as most obvious) is a matter of story, of the written and spoken word, and of the Word. So in the preface Burton alerts us to the literary nature of his topic and to the fact that the book is switching from medical treatise to a kind of poetry, by his insistence that this partition meets the Horatian qualifications of a good poem: it teaches and delights. In its apologetics the preface focuses on the dichotomy between serious works and the pleasant fields of love stories: "And how many superintendents of learning could I reckon up, that have written of light phantastical subjects" (III.1.1.1;6). But Valleriola's--and Burton's--field is at once pleasant and philosophical, and our analysis of the partition should elucidate the extent to which this most delightful partition rests on philosophy, man's love of wisdom. So Burton defends the partition: ". . . but mine earnest intent is as much to profit as to please, non tam ut populo placerem, quam ut populum juvarem; and these my writings, I hope, shall take like gilded pills, which are so composed as well to tempt the appetite and

deceive the palate, as to help and medicinally work upon the whole body; my lines shall not only recreate but rectify the mind" (page 7). Though he will continue to use the method of definition-cause-cure to describe indefinite melancholy, the poetic nature of the Third Partition allows Burton to emphasize here that the literary work itself is the cure. In the Preface Democritus Junior has promised to cure the melancholy world through his book, and in this preface Burton proclaims that the partition itself is cure regardless of whether it is defining symptoms or causes or prognostics or cures. Instead of finding cures or "proper remedies" for definite ailments in the book, the reader is being cured by being a reader and the author, just by being an author of delightful and philosophical writings, is supplying physic for the indefinite disease.

Thus the partition can both "adorn" and "nourish" because it is the artistic reflection of illness.. The Third Partition is not medical treatise, but it uses the formal "rooms" of the medical treatise to construct a stage for tragi-comedy: "I am resolved howsoever, velis, nolis, audacter stadium intrare, in the Olympics, with those Eliensian wrestlers in Philostratus, boldly to show myself in this common stage, and in this tragi-comedy of love to act several parts, some satirically, some comically, some in a mixed tone, as the subject I have in hand gives occasion, and present scene shall require or offer itself" (page 10). Finally, then, through the preface Burton commits his Third Partition to the kind of melancholy which is seen on the world's "common stage." The comment of Love on the two partitions of the medical treatise is that melancholy is not the woe of some sick people, but

universal woe. For where in Partitions I and II he had proposed not to treat of either madness and frenzy (I.1.1.4) or those "equivocations" of melancholy--moodiness, bad temper, prolonged sadness--in every man (I.1.1.5), in Partition III he sets aside the limits which in any case he had had difficulty obeying, and redefines the disease as the ubiquitous passion of all men.⁶ In this preface Burton strikes the pose not of actor or critic or "superintendent of learning," but of man. "I am a man; I count nothing human foreign to me" is the declaration of the writer of the Third Partition, who defines the indefinite disease by the ultimate equivocation of the human condition: madness, that is to say, not madness, that is to say, only man: "I am of Catullus' opinion, and make the same apology in mine own behalf: . . . [I write for the most part to satisfy the taste and judgment of others; I am not mad myself, but I follow those who are. Yet grant that this shows me mad; we have all raved once, and you yourself, I think, dote sometimes, and he, and he, and of course I too]. Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto . . ." (III.1.1.1;8).

The remainder of the first section of Partition III following the preface is devoted not to Love-melancholy, but to love. It is

⁶ Finlay, pp. 61-63. Finlay, who lays great stress on the ineffectiveness of Burton's method, notes that Burton does not "restrict himself to the limits he has set" in I and II (p. 62) and that in III Burton obviously "chose not to adhere to the limits of his definition, not to be rigorous in his method" (p. 63). The point might be made that it is digression in I and II that is responsible for Burton's not sticking to the material discourse, and that a new method intrudes in III where cause (material humours, etc.) is no longer the prime determinant of definition, but effect, i.e., the peculiar manifestation of passion which classifies Love-melancholy as heroical melancholy, jealousy, or religious melancholy.

Burton's narration for this discourse, describing "all the kinds of love, his nature, beginning, difference, objects, how it is honest or dishonest, a virtue or vice, a natural passion or a disease, his power and effects, how far it extends" (III.1.1.2;10). As narration, in fact, it is eminently more satisfying than was the Digression of Anatomy for Partitions I and II. For in it Burton outlines the scope of his Third Partition by tracing love through stones and beasts to God and angels and back to man, and he defines at the end of the section the kind of love which is the wisdom that all men, being sick of Love-melancholy, lack.

Before turning to the loves of men, Burton extends the significance of the preface by emphasizing the truly universal nature of love. Love "universally taken" is desire; things desire other things thought to be good and beautiful, and desire always leads to the attempt to obtain the thing beloved: "for good, fair, and unity cannot be separated" (III.1.1.2;11-12). Thus love is not only man's "primum mobile" (page 11), but the principle moving all creation including inanimate objects and beasts (pages 15-16). Yet while "love proper to mortal men" will be Burton's real subject in the narration, he puts human love in its place among rational loves, for God and angels love also. And the love that holds man's civilization together is the same love that holds God's universe together, that is, God; for "God is love itself":

Amor mundum fecit, love built cities, mundi anima, invented arts, sciences, and all good things, incites us to virtue and humanity, combines and quickens; keeps peace on earth, quietness by sea, mirth in the winds and elements, expels all fear, anger and rusticity; . . . a round circle still from good to good; for love is the beginner and end of all our actions, the efficient and instrumental cause, as our poets in their symbols, impresses, emblems

of rings, squares, etc., shadow unto us. . . . And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator. He made all, saith Moses, "and it was good," and He loves it as good. (pages 16-17)

Human love is given a context of divine love, then, as Burton moves into the second member where he talks of men's loves, profitable, pleasant, or honest, and illustrates them by a sort of helter-skelter citation of Old and New Testament, pagan poets, and more recent history.

"In all ages" human love is the same: the graceful speech of a Jesus or an Orpheus attracts devotion (III.1.2.3;25); true friendship, "as between David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes" (page 28), unites the minds of men. Yet the universal context of human love which Burton develops as the thematic setting for the Third Partition is not "Homer's golden chain," but Christ's chain of love, the commandment to "love God above all, and our neighbour as ourself" (III.1.3;30). Understanding the discourse of Love-melancholy depends on our understanding that the partition begins as it ends with religious love, that all the melancholies of love are seen through the narration, which closes with Burton's eloquent sermon of charity.

The sermon cannot be considered fortuitous, or merely the proper conclusion for a physician-divine to put to an explanation of the kinds of love. The human rational love which is Burton's topic of consideration has already been shown to us in its proper context of the divine chain of love. Discourse which is to teach and delight need go no further. But the section on charity redefines human love so that the universal chain is seen to begin with man, a point of view possible only through Christian eyes:

. . . there is yet another love compounded of all these three, which is charity, and includes piety, dilection, benevolence, friendship, even all those virtuous habits; for love is the circle equant of all other affections, of which Aristotle dilates at large in his Ethics, and is commanded by God, which no man can well perform, but he that is a Christian, and a true regenerate man. This is "to love God above all, and our neighbour as ourself"; for this love is lychnus accendens et accensus, a communicating light. . . . (page 30)

Charity is the chain linking man to other men through God. It is the message of the New Testament, of the God-Man; it surpasses the merely moral and natural loves which make and perfect man qua man because it constrains him to see the fair objects of the world reflected from its creator and sustainer: "a man is beloved of a man, in that he is a man; but all these [loves] are far more eminent and great, when they shall proceed from a sanctified spirit, that hath a true touch of religion and a reference to God" (page 31). The "glue" which must hold together the world he is talking about, Burton thus insists, is not divine love, but human love rooted in love of the divine. For as always Burton is concerned with the universe of men.⁷ But charity declares that human love is only truly perfected when referred to God: the morality of Aristotle, the friendship of Tully, are of "little worth" unless they be translated through Christian love into a "happy union of love" which governs families, cities, and the heavens themselves (pages 32-33).

Each subsection setting forth the kinds of love (III.1.2.1-3) ended with a view of men transformed into something inhuman--Harpies, monsters, beasts--by the excess or defect in them of pleasant, profit-

⁷ See Webber, p. 113. My discussion of religious melancholy will indicate the extent to which I feel it is inexact to say that the book does not place man's vision of his world in the context of God's eternal vision.

able, or honest love. And the sermon on charity must so end, because unless we "be truly linked and touched with this charity" we cannot be Christian men (III.1.3;33).⁸ Of course we are not so linked, the world falls apart, and "want of this charity" causes "all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy" (page 34). We are melancholy, that is we are not men, but inhuman: "Monsters of men as we are, dogs, wolves, tigers, fiends, incarnate devils, we do not only contend, oppress, and tyrannize ourselves, but as so many firebrands we set on and animate others: our whole life is a perpetual combat, a conflict, a set battle, snarling fit" (page 35). Instead of loving our neighbors as ourselves, we hate them as we hate ourselves, and they us.

The narration of the medical treatise asked us to consider how a man differs from a dog; this narration asks us to consider where there are Christians whose charity differentiates them from other men:

He that shall see men swear and forswear, lie and bear false witness, to advantage themselves, prejudice others, hazard goods, lives, fortunes, credit, all, to be revenged on their enemies, men so unspeakable in their lusts, unnatural in malice, such bloody designments, Italian blaspheming, Spanish renouncing, etc., may well ask where is charity? . . . Are these Christians? I beseech you, tell me. (page 38)

The point of the first narration was that men do not know so much as

⁸ The theme of metamorphosis is ubiquitous in this partition, and I shall touch on some of its appearances in the course of my study. Joan Webber has suggested to me that in describing in terms of transformation a world created and moved by loves human and divine, Burton is doing what Ovid had done in the Metamorphoses. That Ovid's philosopher (Bk. xv) should so clearly elucidate the constant flux of life ("A universe where nothing ever stays the same, / Time like a river in its ceaseless motion . . ."), only to have the poet declare the eternality of his poem, might provide the springboard for an interesting comparison between the poet of fading Eternal Rome and the seventeenth-century Anglican author of a book that managed to reappear, in the same form yet not the same, five times in the author's lifetime and once eleven years posthumously. See also Webber, pp. 111-14.

they think they know. The point of this narration, concluding as it does with the appeal to charity, is that men know, but are not wise. The narration prepares for the discourse by leaving the reader with the knowledge that all of his love should have something to do with charity, that because it does not his love is hate, and that if he will see the universal sickness and consider its origins, he will regain charity, which is wisdom:

If we had any sense or feeling of these things, surely we should not go on as we do, in such irregular courses, practise all manner of impieties; our whole carriage would not be so averse from God. If a man would but consider, when he is in the midst and full career of such prodigious and uncharitable actions, how displeasing they are in God's sight, how noxious to himself, . . . surely they would check their desires, curb in their unnatural, inordinate affections, agree amongst themselves, abstain from doing evil, amend their lives, and learn to do well. . . . Why do we contend and vex one another? behold, death is over our heads, and we must shortly give an account of all our uncharitable words and actions; think upon it, and be wise. (pages 39-40)

The narration tells the reader the facts he has to know about the following discourse: that love is universal, that his universe depends on charity, that lack of charity is universal woe, and that if he would be wise, he will consider all the stories of love and hate, of humanity's "inordinate affection," that follow in the light of what the end of human love is supposed to be, man linked to man through God. In being the narration it also tells us that the universal woes and the necessary reference of man's woes to God appear in Partition III differently than they do in I and II: at the end of the subsection listing the general symptoms of melancholy, for example, Burton pleads eloquently the need for all men to examine their consciences and return to God (I.3.2.1;408-09). He thus suggests the kind of equivocation that will be made when I and II are joined to III; and the introductory

section of III, including preface and narration, proclaim that this kind of discourse is properly the topic of the Third Partition. "Think upon it--upon mortality and upon the charity that should govern mortal life--and be wise" is the author's dictum that must be borne in mind as we wander in the pleasant fields of the succeeding partition.

ii. Equivocation: Love is Passion

The first two kinds of Love-melancholy are closely related, being the reactions of love (heroical melancholy) and hate (jealousy) called up in man by the inordinate love of woman. By treating Burton's progression from the cause of heroic melancholy to the cure for jealousy in a single section of this chapter, I shall be following Burton, whose running headlines describe both heroic love and jealousy as love-melancholy, while religious melancholy is distinguished by a separate headline. As will be seen, the three varieties of Love-melancholy are also two.

Burton opens the section of love-melancholy by promising to treat his subject with the same precision that governed the non-digressive portions of Partitions I and II: ". . . to discuss it in all his kinds, to examine his several causes, to show his symptoms, indications, prognostics, effects, that so it may be with more facility cured" (III.2.1.2;57). The section in fact follows the intended order, as does the next section on jealousy. But after his initial attack on causes, where paragraph follows paragraph with as close order as ever he achieved with bones and sinews--"Of all causes the remotest are stars . . ."; "The place itself makes much . . ."; "Idleness overthrows

all . . ."; "Diet alone is able to cause it . . ." (III.2.2.1;58-63)-- Burton begins to expatiate, stories and anecdotes multiply, and the precision of the treatise is lost to immediate view. Burton is sallying forth against, rather than charging in closed ranks, the walled rooms of his treatise of indefinite melancholy. His remarks indicating his wanderings, in fact, serve to remind the reader, who may very well have forgotten, with what portion of the subject of love-melancholy he is supposed to be concerned: "But this is not the matter in hand; . . . no man doubts of these matters; the question is, how and by what means beauty produceth this effect?" (III.2.2.2;76).

Love is not easily ordered or categorized, and the problem of differentiating it arises directly from the nature of the subject, universal passion. As "honest love," passionate love is so much a part of man's nature that it gives man and woman together being (woman seeks man as matter seeks form), and from the beginning of the partition, Burton makes clear that "honest" love is married love: "But this nuptial love is a common passion, an honest, for men to love in the way of marriage; ut materiam appetit formam, sic mulier virum" (III.2.1.2;52). The relationship of woman to man is that of the passions to reason in man, so that in this way also man and woman are made a human soul by their love: "The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart . . ." (page 53). But the reason-passion hierarchy in man is a notably unstable relationship, and honest love explodes its boundaries to become the kind of "wandering, extravagant, domineering, boundless" passion which is the subject of Burton's treatise. Passion, after all, takes two forms, and in defining love in the narration, Burton reminded

us that love and hate are one, for together they are the prime mover of man the passionate animal: ". . . 'love and hatred are the first and most common passions, from which all the rest arise, and are attendant,' as Piccolomineus holds, or, as Nich. Caussin, the primum mobile of all other affections, which carry them all about with them" (III.1.1.2; 11). Thus while heroical love defines man--"He is not a man but a block . . . that hath not felt the power of it" (III.2.1.2;52)--it defines his life as "tragi-comedy" because the actions of love are liable to take the form of the actions of hate: "Laodice, the sister of Mithridates, provoked her husband, to give content to a base fellow whom she loved. Alexander, to please Thais, a concubine of his, set Persepolis on fire." So did Constantine Despota, Leucophrye, Pisidice, Diognetus, and Medea express love through passionate, destructive hate, for "Such acts and scenes hath this tragi-comedy of love" (III.2.5.1; 188-89).

Boundlessness, a kind of chaotic resistance to definition, is thus the state of man's passion and of the sections that would describe the passion. But homo sum. Burton does fit his wandering in pleasant fields into the rooms of the discourse, thus rationalizing the insanity of love; and the very rationalizing or making logical by art and engine gives him a place in the universal indefiniteness:

But I conclude there is no end of love's symptoms, 'tis a bottomless pit. Love is subject to no dimensions; not to be surveyed by any art or engine: and besides, I am of Haedus' mind, "no man can discourse of love matters, or judge of them aright, that hath not made trial in his own person. . . ." I confess I am but a novice, a contemplator only, . . . [I know not what love is nor am I in love], . . . yet homo sum, etc., not altogether inexpert in this subject, . . . and what I say is merely reading . . . by mine own observation and others' relation. (III.2.3;184)

The engine Burton eventually will use to encompass love-melancholy is the invention of jealousy as a type of Love-melancholy on the same logical level as heroical melancholy, an invention which contradicts the cure of heroical love and prepares for the treatise to refer men's loves to God's love in the section on religious melancholy.

Immoderate, inordinate love is folly, the opposite of that wisdom which is our end as rational animals differing from dogs, and our goal as readers of Burton's Third Partition. And it is precisely that kind of folly for which Burton tried to give the cures of commonsense wisdom in the Consolatory Digression. Common sense, for example, tells a man, "Keep thine own counsel, reveal not thy secrets, be silent in thine intentions" (II.3.7;204), but men in love "fly to bawds, panders, . . . rather than fail, to the devil himself," and are caught in the machinations of the "art, or a liberal science, as Lucian calls it" of bawdry (III.2.2.5;126-27). Common sense tells a man, "Marry not an old crone or a fool for money" (II.3.7;205), but the passion for money lures men to folly and turns truth inside out: "If she be rich, then she is fair, fine, absolute and perfect, then they burn like fire. . . . If he be rich, he is a man, a fine man, and a proper man, she will go to Jacaktres or Tidore with him . . ." (III.2.2.3;100-01). Passion even has its own kind of perverse wisdom which captures the essence of its folly: a lover picks a quarrel with her sweetheart in order to be reconciled, "Amantium irae amoris redintegratio, as the old saying is, the falling out of lovers is the renewing of love. . . . And surely this aphorism is most true; . . . 'If a lover be not jealous, angry, waspish, apt to fall out, sigh and swear, he is not true lover'"

(III.2.2.4;114-15). Folly is the only wisdom of men--the very best men--ruled by the primum mobile of the passions, and the result of folly is that they cannot govern themselves (a result to which we shall see Burton address himself in the cures): ". . . the very best of them, if once they be overtaken with this passion, the most staid, discreet, generous and wise, otherwise able to govern themselves, in this commit many absurdities, many indecorums, unbefitting their gravity and persons" (III.2.3;153).

The inverted world of wisdom that is folly is a fictional one where artifice is not only the cause and effect of men's illness, but also the method used to define it. Artificiality is the greatest "provocation to lust," and Burton spends no little space describing the unnatural metamorphoses of women which lure men into passion, for "beauty is more beholding to art than nature":

It is true that those fair sparkling eyes, white neck, coral lips, turgent paps, rose-coloured cheeks, etc., of themselves are potent enticers; but when a comely, artificial, well-composed look, pleasing gesture, an affected carriage shall be added, it must needs be far more forcible than it was, when those curious needleworks, variety of colours, purest dyes, jewels, spangles, pendants, lawn, ointments, etc., shall be added, they will make the veriest dowdy otherwise a goddess, when nature shall be furthered by art. (III.2.2.3;89)

And if the effect of love as well is to "bewitch and strangely change us" (III.2.2.2;85), so does Burton construct the very arguments as to the causes and symptoms of love-melancholy by means of fictions. He describes bawds and panders as practising an "art or liberal science," and this is exactly what he does in shaping love-melancholy to the form of a medical treatise. He disguises the delightful fields as a surly discourse, and the result is science liberated, or art. As a liberal

scientist, Burton in the Third Partition uses fiction, the pleasant stories that make up the body of this discourse, to prove his points and yet be proved by them. Man lusting, for example, is inhuman because passion rules reason; he is a "brute"; myths tell us that men become beasts; the poets who made the myths meant to say what I am saying, that man is brutish:

The major part of lovers are carried headlong like so many brute beasts; reason counsels one way, thy friends, fortunes, shame, disgrace, danger, and an ocean of cares that will certainly follow; yet this furious lust precipitates, counterpoiseth, weighs down on the other; though it be their utter undoing, perpetual infamy, loss, yet they will do it, and become at last insensati, void of sense; degenerate into dogs, hogs, asses, brutes; as Jupiter into a bull, Apuleius an ass, Lycaon a wolf, Tereus a lapwing, Callisto a bear, Elpenor and Gryllus into swine by Circe. For what else may we think those ingenious poets to have shadowed in their witty fictions and poems, but that a man once given over to lust (as Fulgentius interprets that of Apuleius, Alciat of Tereus) is no better than a beast. (III.2.1;154-55)

That is a strange kind of reasoning, since the proof seems to be of the poetry, not of the premise, which is assumed (note the parenthetical second opinion). But it is indicative of the way poetic fiction is used to liberate the treatise.

Burton is not of course pretending to be a poet creating the pleasant fields of love: he is the poetic scholar wandering in them. His method is to collect and dilate, so that even as the scholar constructing a treatise of the causes of love-melancholy disappears behind a mass of stories, figures of speech, and poetic topics, so the poetry that supplies the proof of the diverse causes disappears into the scholarly exhaustiveness. Thus Burton must delineate the ways in which woman's beauty "ariseth from the due proportion of the whole, or from each several part." A poet would make an effictio, but Burton not only

refers us to a whole list of "poets, historiographers, and those amorous writers" who have "most accurately described a perfect beauty, an absolute feature, and that through every member," he also takes their descriptions of eyes, teeth, neck, etc., and collects under each "absolute feature" several or many examples of poetic tributes. Thus he achieves not a generalized portrait of beautiful woman, cause of love-melancholy, but a greatly expanded scholar's effictio which seems to say more about poetic inventiveness than about woman's beauty as cause of passionate love. The three-page passage becomes almost a parody of itself as it climaxes with a long section headed by a single trait, "A flaxen hair," which draws in everyone from Castor and Pollux to King Arthur's wife, to "effeminate fellows" (something of an anomaly) and "Venetian ladies at this day" in order to establish flaxen hair as a legitimate characteristic of beauty (III.2.2.2;79-82).

The point of Burton's use of his many pleasant stories is that they are fiction. Truth about heroical melancholy comes through the definition-cause-cure sequence which says scientifically that love-melancholy exists everywhere as man's universal ill. But to prove that truth Burton relies on fiction that proves itself, as it were, to be fiction ("For what else may we think those ingenious poets to have shadowed . . ."). He can prove a fact about love-melancholy by relating a story: "This story I do therefore repeat, that you may see of what force these enticements are . . ."; but such a story is its own truth, and "Whether this be a true story, or a tale, I will not much contend; it serves to illustrate this which I have said" (III.2.2.4; 117). The member concerned with symptoms of love-melancholy establishes

that the textbooks of the liberal scientist are not those of the medical man. Poet follows poet, myth follows myth, and the rooms of the liberated treatise house endless citations of literary authority. So on one page: "These be the companions of lovers, and the ordinary symptoms, as the poet repeats them"; "Every poet is full of such catalogues of love-symptoms"; "The comical poet hath prettily painted out this passage amongst the rest" (III.2.3;142). The tragi-comic world of love-melancholy allows man to see himself in a storybook existence where life is pleasant fiction; for even love's raging fire is expressed by "amorous emblems," and "continual pain and torture" is testified to in the case-histories of poets, not of madhouse physicians (pages 150-51). Effects in life are made dependent on the causes in art. A story is told; it is amplified by poetry and proved by the logic of mythology; and from it we conclude a truth about life: Paulus Jovius taxes an "old gouty fellow" for loving a young girl and wishing to dance:

Many laughed him to scorn for it, but this omnipotent love would have it so. . . .

Love hasty with his purple staff did make
Me follow and the dance to undertake.

And 'tis no news this, no indecorum; for why? a good reason may be given of it. Cupid and Death met both in an inn; and being merrily disposed, they did exchange some arrows from either quiver; ever since young men die, and oftentimes old men dote.
(pages 178-79)

The final truth about life ruled by inordinate passion is that fiction is truth, that action in life is reduced by lovers to the plane of mere fiction so that the poetical truth of mythological metaphors is translated into the poeticizing of life by hyperbole:

Our knights errant, and Sir Lancelots of these days, I hope will adventure as much for ladies' favours, as the Squire of Dames, Knight of the Sun, Sir Bevis of Southampton, or that renowned peer, [Orlando]; . . . he is a very coward, a block and a beast, that will not do as much, but they will sure, they will. . . . If she bed them they will go barefoot to Jerusalem, to the Great Cham's court, to the East Indies, to fetch her a bird to wear in her hat, . . . serve twice seven years as Jacob did for Rachel. . . . her dog, picture, and everything she wears, they adore it as a relic. (pages 166-67)

And so the final symptom of love-melancholy: as fictions make men love, men in love make fictions: "But above all the other symptoms of lovers, this is not lightly to be overpassed, that likely of what condition soever, if once they be in love, they turn to their ability, rhymers, ballet-makers, and poets" (page 179). Burton's treatise of heroical melancholy, then, defines love-sickness as logical tautology, for it begins in artifice which inverts man's nature, it is described through fiction which alone can express it truly, and it ends in the production of artifact: "This love is that salt that seasoneth our harsh and dull labours, and gives a pleasant relish to our other unsavoury proceedings; All our feasts almost, masques, mummings, banquets, merry meetings, weddings, pleasing songs, fine tunes, poems, love stories, plays, comedies, Atellanes, jigs, Fescennines, elegies, odes, etc., proceed hence" (page 181).

The tragi-comedy of love thus threatens to be a self-perpetuating, self-contained world of pleasant fiction made unpleasant by the fact that its causes and its prognostics center in folly which takes the form not only of harmless fictions but of distinctly uncharitable "acts and scenes." Lovers kill themselves or burn cities or kill their children for the sake of love: "Such acts and scenes hath this tragi-comedy of love" (pages 188-89). But art's improvements on nature can

represent truth about wisdom as well as truth about folly. Dancing as cause of love-melancholy is a "great allurements," and yet, its very artificiality, which can (the story goes) be so suggestive as to lead dancers and spectators too post-haste to bed (III.2.2.4;118-19), also expresses metaphorical truths about physics and political science, for sun, moon, stars, "our greatest counsellors, and staid senators," all dance (pages 120-21). That kind of truth can only be seen of course when art is ruled by moderation (page 121), which is to say that it reflects the rule of law, natural or political. And the cures of love-melancholy are through artifice, but also of artifice and by law.

To begin his cures Burton starts with the authority of the surly discourse and gives rules of "Labour, Diet, Physic, Fasting, etc," and yet he does not leave the pleasant fields but roams amid poets, philosophers, and Church Fathers somewhat whimsically: try imprisonment, and a diet of bread and water to punish lovers out of loving, "But this, you will say, is comically spoken" (III.2.5.1;191). "Witty invention" then offers cures, and takes the form of tale-telling to bolster the counsels given: Petrarch would not take Laura once she was offered him, for "great discretion it argues in such a man that he can so contain himself; but when thou art once in love, to moderate thyself . . . is a singular point of wisdom" (III.2.5.2;198). But invention goes farther to include lies, for what is more appropriate than that the disease contracted through fiction should be cured by fiction: ". . . other remedies are to be annexed, fair and foul means, as to persuade, promise, threaten, terrify, or to divert by some contrary passion, rumour, tales, news, or some witty invention to alter his

affection" (page 200). "Artificial allurements," after all, have made the beloved what she is, so that "foul" means become "fair" and you tell the truth while lying if you tell a lover his beloved is bald or her breath stinks, or tell her that he is an eunuch or common drunkard (page 201).

Burton next cures by suggesting "good counsels and persuasion," which, be it noted, "I should have handled in the first place" (III.2.5.3;204). But he did not handle them first, allowing the advice which is offered for all situations (if she be honest or a whore; if they be of equal or unequal ages; if she be beautiful or ugly, rich or poor, etc..) to follow the witty inventions of deception. "Counsel" is here the interpretation put upon a fiction, the explanation that enlightens and makes a pleasant tale didactic. But interpretation is a chancy business, for stories can mean folly (dancing is seduction) or wisdom (dancing is the order of the universe). So as we read the counsels which can fit either side of any coin of love and see wisdom extracted from any appearance of foolishness, we are compelled to realize that all advice is deception of a kind, for truths are contradicted by opposite truths, which is to say again that foul means are fair and that truth is only a lie told from a different point of view: "Take heed; if she be a slut, thou wilt loathe her; if proud, she'll beggar thee, . . . if fair and wanton, she'll make thee a cornuto; if deformed, she will paint. . . . If she do not paint, she will look so filthy, thou canst not love her, and that peradventure will make thee dishonest" (page 222).

Burton's final cures appear in answer to the stalemate that

wisdom has got itself into, and they suggest opposite means of correcting the storybook artificiality of the universe of love-melancholy. The first is prelude: "Philters, Magical, and Poetical Cures." The world of poetical fiction is momentarily joined to and read as part of the world of the supernatural, and a single judgment is made of the physic offered by both--that it is unlawful: "Where persuasions and other remedies will not take place, many fly to unlawful means, philters, amulets, magic spells, ligatures, characters, charms, which as a wound with the spear of Achilles, if so made must be so cured. . . ." (III.2. 5.4;226). The "fabulous remedies" of "old poets and phantastical writers"--leaping from charmed rocks or bathing in charmed rivers--are juxtaposed with the "characteristical images" of astrologers and "magical medicines" of the magicians. To none of them does Burton in any way ascribe; in none of them does he indicate interest. The cures are listed and tales told without comment except for the non-committal "'Tis not permitted to be done, I confess; yet often attempted" and a single reference to "absurd remedies" (pages 226-27). The subsection stands as almost toneless reportage in the midst of the partition in which Burton can always be detected roaming and delighting. "Fantastic" remedies for love's fantasies make no effort toward wisdom, and being as foolish as heroical melancholy itself, they are simply "unlawful." By dispatching them so quickly Burton seems to suggest that the wounds of love are not after all to be cured by the same instruments that inflicted them. The last cure reacts against these; it is the cure of rebellion, but rebellion against Cupid and against love which is fantasy: "Where none of all these remedies will take place, I

know no other but that all lovers must make an head and rebel, as they did in Ausonius, and crucify Cupid till he grant their request, or satisfy their desires" (III.2.5.4;228).

Burton's "last refuge and earnest remedy" for lovers is starting: "When no other means will take effect . . . let them go together, and enjoy one another" (III.2.5.5;228). But of course simple satisfaction is not meant, for Burton's wanderings in pleasant fields lead him not into an euphoric world of anarchy, but to the rule of law and "honest" love. The strongest cure for the illness of man the passionate animal is legality. Burton's final prescription for the artificiality of heroical love contrasts sharply with the foolish, unthinking, and blasphemous plundering of Love's castle represented, for example, by the fiction of the Romance of the Rose. For Burton is seeking not romance but wisdom, and somehow his wanderings have to bring him out on the road to charity. The first stop on that road, the first definite alternative to, rather than ameliorative for, heroical melancholy goes past diet, deception, good counsel, and unlawful means to "the custom and form of law," which is a man and a woman united as husband and wife. Magical philters and poetical cures are "unlawful" in being unnatural, but this custom of marriage is the law of nature:

When you have all done, saith Avicenna, "there is no speedier or safer course than to join the parties together according to their desires and wishes, the custom and form of law; and so we have seen him quickly restored to his former health, that was languished away to skin and bones; after his desire was satisfied, his discontent ceased, and we thought it strange; our opinion is therefore that in such cases nature is to be obeyed." . . . What remains then but to join them in marriage? (page 229)

"Following nature," then, implies a context of law to restrain love.

For the purposes of this section Burton insists on marriage, even to

the point of converting all the stories of difficult courtships he can muster, including those of Echo and Narcissus and Dido and Aeneas, into ones which assume marriage to be the goal. Nor is he using "marriage" as mere euphemism for doing what comes naturally; he worries out all the impediments to marriage and ways to get around them, and he is speaking always of the "custom and form of law": "'Tis cornutum sophisma, hard to resolve: if they marry they forfeit estates, they are undone, and starve themselves through beggary and want; if they do not marry, in this heroical passion they furiously rage, are tormented, and torn in pieces by their predominate affections" (page 243). To follow nature in this sense is to follow also St. Paul--"Better marry than burn" (page 245)--so that "rash vows" of chastity and popish pronouncements--"a greater sin for a priest to marry, than to keep a concubine at home" (pages 244-45)--like false servitude to the supposedly necessary influence of the stars (page 243) are as unlawful as magic potions. They are man-made misconceptions of the ordinances of God: ". . . it is abominable, impious, adulterous, and sacrilegious, what men make and ordain after their own furies to cross God's laws" (page 245).

In contrast to the preceding section, Burton is full of interest in his subject. Didacticism and entertainment merge as the author greets his characters jovially. He is especially enthusiastic when he considers tales of those who ignored artificial allurements and married for love only; the king of Egypt married a virgin for love: "I say this was heroically done, and like a prince; I commend him for it, and all such as have means, that will either do (as he did) themselves, or so for love, etc., marry their children" (page 241). And so of others:

"'Tis well done, methinks"; "If thou lovest the party, do as much";
 "'twas nobly done of Theodosius": the tragi-comedy of love becomes, in
 fact, unalloyed comedy. Passion, indeed, is cured and order restored
 not only in the hierarchy of the reasonable marriage but amongst men
 and in society as well when unselfish love seeks a wife:

Now for such as have free liberty to bestow themselves, I could
 wish that good counsel of the comical old man were put in prac-
 tice, . . .

That rich men would marry poor maidens some,
 And that without dowry, and so bring them home,
 So would much concord be in our city,
 Less envy should we have, much more pity.

If they would care less for wealth, we should have much more con-
 tent and quietness in a commonwealth. (page 239)

Married love has another unselfish end, of course, when Nature's
 law and God's law join forces to define a heroical love outside of the
 unnatural excesses which dehumanize man. In the context of legal and
 customary restraint, love, even the physical union itself, converts man
 from passionate animal to political animal, builder of cities. Burton
 barely mentioned this end of "honest love," the propagation of the
 race, when he acknowledged the ideal conjugal love in the subsection of
 love's power and extent (a single untranslated Latin phrase serves, "et
quae generi humano immortalitatem parat" [III.2.1.2;52]). Coming in-
 stead after all the fictions and delight in artifice of the preceding
 section, the discussion here, with its citations of Tacitus, Trismegis-
 tus, and the others, has the force of a reply to the merely literary,
 delightful character of the world of heroical love. Honest love is not
 a self-perpetuating fiction, but a self-perpetuating world of empires.
 For when he submits his passions to the rule of law, man creates the

basis of social and political order:

And howsoever, though it were all troubles, . . . it must willingly be undergone for public good's sake. . . . Malum est mulier, sed necessarium malum, they are necessary evils, and for our own ends we must make use of them to have issue, Supplet Venus ac restituit humanum genus, and to propagate the Church. For to what end is a man born? why lives he, but to increase the world? and how shall he do that well, if he do not marry? Matri-monium humano generi immortalitatem tribuit, saith Nevisanus, matrimony makes us immortal, and, according to Tacitus, 'tis . . . the sole and chief prop of an empire. . . . which Pelopidas objected to Epaminondas, he was an unworthy member of a commonwealth that left not a child after him to defend it. . . . (III.2.5.5;251)

But love under the custom and form of law, being the best available cure for heroical love, cures the pain of love without necessarily curing its folly. Burton brings out his two briefs for and against marriage. He epitomizes the wisdom that counsels the good of marriage, only in his "antiparodia" to epitomize the wisdom that advises against it. The stalemate of wisdom's interpretations of the acts and scenes of love has not been broken, for good counsel can still interpret any situation as good or evil: "Hast thou means?--thou hast one to keep and increase it"; but then, "thou hast one to spend it." "Thou art made a father by a fair and happy issue"; but then "Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife, and shalt bring up other folks' children instead of thine own." "If nature escape not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it"; but then, "Is marriage honourable? What an immortal crown belongs to virginity!" (pages 252-53). Marriage is not the final answer, but an answer to be put to the test. Art and reason equally can argue about the effectiveness of the restraint imposed on man by custom and law, so the thing to do is, with common man, to try it: "so doth every philosopher plead pro and con, every poet thus argues the case (though what cares vulgus hominum what they say?);

. . . when all is said, yet since some be good, some bad, let's put to the venture" (page 253). Burton closes the section with epithalamia and with best wishes for those who join the experiment: "God send us all good wives, every man his wish in this kind, and me mine!" (pages 255-56), but he does not close the question of love-melancholy. For the last lines of the section find him looking back to his earlier-- "rather"--speech (which includes all the pleasant fields of love and the suggested cures for love-melancholy) as he looks forward to his new topic. Having said "sufficient" of love-melancholy he turns to jealousy, but only in saying with Chaucer that he is going forward in order to answer the purpose of what has gone before:

[We have now said sufficient on the subject of love, under correction, as he saith, of any one who knoweth better. He who would know more of the remedies for love may consult Jason Pratensis, etc.; among the poets, Ovid, our own Chaucer], etc., with whom I conclude.

For my words here and every part,
I speak hem all under correction,
Of you that feeling have in love's art,
And put it all in your discretion,
To entreat or make diminution,
Of my language, that I you beseech:
But now to purpose of my rather speech. (page 257)

Burton's treatment of jealousy shows clearly why the answer of customs and law to heroical melancholy does not work, for in it he takes the other view of man the passionate animal and finds in him the equivocation of love, that is, hatred. By separating jealousy from his other subjects, he specifically invents an order for treating Love-melancholy which proves heroical passion and jealousy to be opposite ways of looking at universal malaise from the single point of view of

honest married love. He has told us before that the illnesses which precede and follow matrimony are a single disease, "this burning lust" (III.2.1.2;54). But having understood that marriage means a reinstatement of the rule of law into the chaotic and less than productive situations of love, we now see jealousy as not simply post-married love-melancholy, but counterstatement to the "venture" of married love:

[Some] put jealousy for a cause of melancholy, others for a symptom; because melancholy persons, amongst these passions and perturbations of the mind, are most obnoxious to it. But methinks, for the latitude it hath, and that prerogative above other ordinary symptoms, it ought to be treated of as a species apart, being of so great and eminent note, so furious a passion, and almost of as great extent as love itself, as Benedetto Varchi holds, "no love without a mixture of jealousy, . . ." For these causes I will dilate and treat of it by itself, as a bastard branch or kind of love-melancholy, which, as heroical love goeth commonly before marriage, doth usually follow, torture, and crucify in like sort, deserves therefore to be rectified alike, requires as much care and industry in setting out the several causes of it, prognostics and cures. (III.3.1.1;257)

Jealousy is an equivocation of love, and to describe the relation between the two, Burton makes his structure equivocate. In Partition I he had been able to sort Love-melancholy from the other types partly by reducing other men's infinite species to infinite symptoms (see above, page 107). Here he provides a special room in his treatise for the "bastard branch or kind of love-melancholy" by inverting his previous formula and saying, "symptom, id est, species." Jealousy could be thought of as a sub-type of heroical melancholy, but the structure says that it is a species equivalent to the preceding species, and in doing so vindicates Burton's shift in the Third Partition to the dominant logical order of species.

Burton defines jealousy first in terms of love: it is a "'certain suspicion which the lover hath of the party he chiefly loveth,

lest he or she should be enamoured of another'; or any eager desire to enjoy some beauty alone, to have it proper to himself only, a fear or doubt lest any foreigner should participate or share with him in his love" (page 258). But he then discards as equivocations those "jealousies" which focus on the beloved as object--parents' jealousy over their children, Paul's over the Church, God's over his people--for these are metaphors, "to show the care and solicitude they have of them" (page 258). Only the metaphorical meaning of jealousy is love--"care and solicitude"--for "proper" jealousy is "bastard" love, illegitimate love which focuses not on the fair object but on the concern of the lover for himself, and manifests itself as "fear, sorrow, anguish, suspicion, hatred, etc." (page 259). Jealousy, in all its equivocations, represents the opposite of that charity we as Burton's readers are supposed to be thinking on, for it restates love's actions as tyranny over one's fellow men (pages 259-61). Especially does "this jealousy which I am to treat of" prove the truth of "love, id est, hate" because it destroys the delight of the best possible occasion of love and substitutes for conjugal love "a fury, a continual fever, . . . a martyrdom, a mirth-marring monster": "This jealousy which I am to treat of, is that which belongs to married men, in respect of their own wives; to whose estate, as no sweetness, pleasure, happiness can be compared in the world, if they live quietly and lovingly together; so if they disagree or be jealous, those bitter pills of sorrow and grief, disastrous mischiefs, mischances, tortures, gripings, discontents, are not to be separated from them" (pages 263-64). By inventing a room and equivalent logical place in his treatise for jealousy, Burton denies

his own cure for love-melancholy: if the best we can do is the restraint of passion by the custom and form of law, we have not yet found wisdom, for that legalism produces self-centered concern lest the fair object in any way be shared, and so marriage recreates itself illegitimately as jealousy. The section on jealousy confirms, momentarily at least, that Burton's "antiparodia" was right: married love brings forth not "fair and happy issue" but its own bastard, hatred.

Jealousy's symptoms and prognostics work out Burton's theme that the "issue" of marriage is not the comfortable reinstatement of order, not in fact the propagation of the race and of empires and the reassertion of stability in man, but tyranny--the wild tyranny of hatred over love: the jealous husband "continues off and on, as the toy takes him, the object moves him, but most part brawling, fretting, unquiet he is, accusing and suspecting not strangers only, but brothers and sisters, father and mother, nearest and dearest friends" (III.3.2; 281). Married love, under the guise of jealousy, reproduces civilization by twisting the concepts of law and custom out of the shape that human understanding can give them: the grotesque inhumane laws against jealousy and adultery, whether of the Hebrews, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Turks, Athenians, or Italians, "wherein they are to be severely punished, cut in pieces, burned, vivi-comburio, buried alive, with several expurgations, etc., are they not as so many symptoms of incredible jealousy?" (page 285). And jealousy's prognostics are its descendents, hatred, frenzy, madness, injury, murder, and despair (III.3.3; 286). Thus love's acts and scenes viewed through its equivocation are not tragi-comedy, but pure tragedy, and the substance of the section is in

its "tragical stories" (page 287).

The cures restore to the world of Love-melancholy its tragicomic nature, for they consider jealousy as a manifestation of folly rather than as an absolute "fountain of murders." Burton asks that for cure jealous men make the same estimation of their jealousy that the discontented are asked in Partition II to make of their discontent: "Only this I add, that if it be considered aright, which causeth this jealous passion, be it just or unjust, whether with or without cause, true or false, it ought not so heinously be taken; 'tis no such real or capital matter, that it should make so deep a wound" (III.3.4.1;289). Burton's counsels turn men back, as it were, to the kind of wisdom possible in Partition II for rational man; passionate man is told that this wound hurts not his soul, and he is asked to consider aright--which, we remember, meant considering himself in limited terms and being content with life's journey as it is. Jealousy has contradicted the proposition that the form legality gives to life is a workable cure for love's follies, so Burton is reduced to offering wisdom that can be read on either side of any coin, the same kind of wisdom that may or may not satisfy men sick of heroical melancholy or men sick of other discontents. Once more we are given the wisdom of commonsense philosophy: ". . . wise men bear their horns in their hearts, fools on their foreheads" (III.3.4.2;296); "If a man have a lock which every man's key will open as well as his own, why should he think to keep it private to himself?" (III.3.4.1;290). The world of love which is hate resumes a comical cast, and the stories are again ironical and even laughable. There is the cure of communal life represented in "a new sect of . . .

Adamites" of whom it is said, "When the priest repeated that of Genesis, 'Increase and multiply,' out went the candles in the place where they met, 'and without all respect of age, persons, conditions, catch that catch may, every man took her that came next' . . ." (III.3.4.2;298). Or there are the ounce-of-prevention stories of self-castration which, whether of the baker in Basil, of the young man assigned to conduct his queen to Syria, or of St. Francis himself, are somehow made delightful (page 299).

Jealousy was to have been to the purpose of Burton's "rather speech"; it has instead ended by being like the preceding parts of the book in being not only like all the counsels for and against love but even like the counsels of Partition II. But Burton does not conclude the section of jealousy any more than he concluded the section of heroic melancholy. For Love-melancholy has a third manifestation, and the proverbial wisdom of cheese-trenchers is not the wisdom of charity we have in mind, nor is it the final cure for jealousy. The last and best cure for jealousy is not even given. Instead Burton keeps it a secret, except that he hints by his closing remarks that what he will not "publish" may yet be discovered to us if instead of proverbial counsels we take as guide a new kind of proverb which is prayer:

One other sovereign remedy I could repeat, an especial antidote against jealousy, an excellent cure, but I am not now disposed to tell it, not that like a covetous empiric I conceal it for any gain, but for some other reasons, I am not willing to publish it; if you be very desirous to know it, when I meet you next I will peradventure tell you what it is in your ear. This is the best counsel I can give; which he that hath need of, as occasion serves, may apply unto himself. In the meantime, Di talem terris avertite pestem, as the proverb is; from heresy, jealousy and frenzy, good Lord, deliver us. (III.3.4.2;311)

Aphorism becomes petition, and the new proverb which we take for cure

"in the meantime" between now and when Burton next meets us, indicates that to be cured of jealousy we have to ask delivery from all kinds of Love-melancholy. If we are "very desirous to know," we may meet Burton next in the rooms of religious melancholy, and the best cure for jealousy, not published abroad but whispered in our ears, may be found there if we have taken the proverbial prayer to heart. For the wisdom of this proverb asks us to look at jealousy, the manifestation of love as hate, as the logical center on which the partition hinges its discussions of heroical melancholy or frenzy, and religious melancholy or heresy: "as the proverb is; from heresy, jealousy and frenzy, good Lord, deliver us."

iii. Equivocation: Love is God

Burton opens the final section of his book by asserting that, as he had given jealousy a place in the structure analogous to that of heroical melancholy, so he has designed a similar structural innovation in this matter of religious melancholy: "That there is such a distinct species of love-melancholy, no man hath ever yet doubted; but whether this subdivision of Religious Melancholy be warrantable, it may be controverted. . . . I have no pattern to follow as in some of the rest, no man to imitate. No physician hath as yet distinctly written of it as of the other; all acknowledge it a most notable symptom, some a cause, but few a species or kind" (III.4.1.1;311-12). As of jealousy, he is saying of religious melancholy, "symptom--or cause--id est, species," but that is not where his innovation lies, for "some do not obscurely make a distinct species of it, dividing love-melancholy into

that whose object is women and into the other whose object is God" (page 312). It lies instead in making a third subdivision which completes the process of structural equivocation we have been following.

Having first by his structure declared jealousy to be a type equivalent to heroical and religious melancholy, but having used that room in his treatise to make his way from love to religion, Burton now reverts to a two-fold distinction of types. His "pattern" of subdivisions is new because it gives Love-melancholy its three types, and yet, since religious melancholy deals with a species opposed to "that whose object is women," the final section is simultaneously the logical answer to or development from the single set of problems Burton has been following throughout both sections of heroical love and jealousy. What religious melancholy does, in fact, is to reassert universal madness which is indivisible, for by making three species of Love-melancholy where there are two, Burton contradicts the whole rationale of division and subdivision and recreates a picture of man gazing at chaos:

Give me but a little leave, and I will set before your eyes in brief a stupend, vast, infinite ocean of incredible madness and folly; a sea full of shelves and rocks, sands, gulfs, euripes and contrary tides, full of fearful monsters, uncouth shapes, roaring waves, tempests, and siren calms, halcyonian seas, unspeakable misery, such comedies and tragedies, such absurd and ridiculous, feral and lamentable fits, that I know not whether they are more to be pitied or derided, or may be believed, but that we daily see the same still practised in our days, fresh examples, nova novitia, fresh objects of misery and madness in this kind that are still represented unto us, abroad, at home, in the midst of us, in our bosoms. (page 313)

However, liberal science is equal to the occasion. Burton divides religious melancholy according to whether it manifests love of God in excess or defect, thereby emphasizing the relationship between this section and those on the love whose object is women. Now the love

of God is the love of men also, and the definition of God as fair object leads us immediately to a different kind of legalism from that suggested as the "honest" cure to heroical passion. We are back to charity: the love of God is a "habit infused of God, . . . 'by which a man is inclined to love God above all, and his neighbour as himself.' . . . 'In this we know,' saith John . . . 'we love the children of God, when we love God and keep His commandments.'" The legalism of form and custom has been found unsatisfactory as a cure for passionate man's disease, and so this section presents another love which is "honest" but which depends on God's law rather than man's custom: "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments" (pages 318-19). And the commandment in question is that of Christ, which involves love of men in our love of God. Furthermore, love of God demands that a distinction between God and creation be made, so that in loving men we have a reference point outside the melancholic world. We are back to the question of artificial and natural worlds, and to the problem of the self-perpetuating world of love's tragi-comedy. Religious melancholy, in excess or defect, is specifically uncharitable and unnatural:

We love the world too much; God too little; our neighbour not at all, or for our own ends. . . . The chief thing we respect is our commodity: and what we do is for fear of worldly punishment, for vainglory, praise of men, fashion, and such by-respects, not for God's sake. We neither know God aright, nor seek, love, or worship His as we should. And for these defects, we involve ourselves into a multitude of errors, we swerve from this true love and worship of God: which is a cause unto us of unspeakable miseries; running into both extremes, we become fools, madmen, without sense. . . . (page 318)

The division of religious melancholy into excessive and defective types is according to law and nature. Superstition is over-confidence in our ability to "satisfy the law"--that is, man-made laws misrepresented as

God's--while atheism is the inability of "carnal-minded men" to distinguish God from nature, resulting in a confused and false perception of the world (page 319).

In discussing superstition, Burton develops the theme of legitimacy and illegitimacy we have followed through heroical melancholy and jealousy. As love-melancholy has a "bastard branch" in jealousy, so superstition is the bastard of true religion--"religion's ape, religion's bastard, religion's shadow, false glass." It is as thorough as it is boundless, attacking the whole man--the "brain, heart, will, understanding, soul itself, and all the faculties of it, totum compositum," and the "world itself . . . all times have been misaffected, past, present" (III.4.1.1;321). Seeing superstition as the "quintessence of madness" (page 320), we understand what kind of bastardy we have descended to, for superstition, in depriving us of civility, makes humanity itself counterfeit. We may differ from dogs only in being sticks and stones: ". . . religion makes wild beasts civil, superstition makes wise men beasts and fools; and the discreetest that are, if they give way to it, are no better than dizzards; nay more, if that of Plotinus be true, . . . that's the drift of religion, to make us like him whom we worship, what shall be the end of idolaters, but to degenerate into stocks and stones?" (III.4.1.3;361). As marriage is supposed to perpetuate commonwealths and empires, so religion is supposed to give them the legitimacy of divine authority, but "human invention" reverses the order and turns divine law to human ends, which involves creating religion in the image of the state: the devil's instruments "are politicians, statesmen, priests, heretics, blind guides, impos-

ters, pseudo-prophets" who maintain, alter, and vary religion, subverting it to "mere policy, a cloak, a human invention" (III.4.1.2;328).

So when Burton is speaking of the love of God in excess he is speaking not only of sick individuals but even more of sick institutions of civilization, the bastardized chain of "love" uniting men as they are supposed to be united in Christ through the Church. The devil "doth so combine and glue together his superstitious followers in love and affection, that they will live and die together: and what an innate hatred hath he still inspired to any other superstitions opposite!" (III.4.1.3;348). Love and hate are the first general symptom of superstition--"no greater concord, no greater discord than that which proceeds from religion" (page 348)--so that collective man expresses his passion through distorted reflections of God's universe and of men's community with God. Superstition can be epitomized as the devil's counterfeiting heaven and hell (III.4.1.2;331) or as man's invention of a community of love-and-hate, for the tragi-comic world of fiction becomes the tragic world of fact when religion issues in illegitimate states and bastard societies:

. . . that high priest of Rome, the dam of that monstrous and superstitious breed, the bull-bellowing Pope which now rageth in the West, that three-headed Cerberus, hath played his part. "Whose religion at this day is mere policy, a state wholly composed of superstition and wit, and needs nothing but wit and superstition to maintain it, that useth colleges and religious houses to as good purpose as forts and castles, and doth more at this day"--by a company of scribbling parasites, fiery-spirited friars, zealous anchorites, hypocritical confessors, and those praetorian soldiers, his janissary Jesuits, that dissociable society . . . than he ever could have done by garrisons and armies. (page 332)

Thus Burton's descriptions of the causes and symptoms of excessive love of God reveal repeatedly the focus on man as political animal.

His illness is defined by political boundaries--"How many towns in every kingdom hath superstition enriched!" (page 334); "what province is free from atheism, superstition, idolatry, schism, heresy, impiety, their factors and followers?" (page 337); "a whole kingdom cannot contain them" (page 341--or by political chronology--"How many such imposters, false prophets, have lived in every king's reign! what chronicles will not afford such examples!" (page 336)--or by political actions--"What makes them so freely venture their lives, to leave their native countries, to go seek martyrdom in the Indies, but superstition? to be assassinated, to meet death, murder kings, but a false persuasion of merit, of canonical or blind obedience . . ." (page 335). Or it is defined by its political consequences: superstition breeds superstition, and the devil has as "actors in his tragedy" false prophets, schismatics, "blind guides" who "oppose one superstition to another, one kingdom to another, commit prince and subjects, brother against brother, father against son, to the ruin and destruction of a commonwealth, to the disturbance of peace, and to make a general confusion of all estates" (pages 335-36). A people and prince under the influence of superstition become a bastard nation, for the head leads the body astray--"let him be of what religion he will, they are for him"--thus converting the many-headed beast of the populace into a corporate state not in imitation of divine order, but only to follow the devil's goadings (page 338).

The community of men should be a matter of religion, for love is man's primum mobile, and love of God is keeping His commandments and therefore loving other men through Him. And religion should be a

political or institutional matter, for loving God is seeing other men through Him and finding commonweal in the forms and customs of law which unite humanity. The kind of world we should have is one conforming to Christ's commandments, and that would be a new kind of marriage, a union under the form of the law of charity: "We are all brethren in Christ, servants of one Lord, members of one body and therefore are or should be at least dearly beloved, inseparably allied in the greatest bond of love and familiarity, united partakers not only of the same cross, but coadjutors, comforters, helpers, at all times, upon all occasions" (III.4.1.3;348). But as a husband loves a wife so that love becomes the tyranny of jealousy and issues in violence rather than legitimate perpetuation of love, so the selfish love-hate of a prince becomes the tyranny of legalism and issues in fearful obedience rather than legitimate perpetuation of the common welfare: "... for the most part by threats, terrors, and affrights, [princes] tyrannize and terrify their distressed souls: knowing that fear alone is the sole and only means to keep men in obedience . . ." (page 340).

Expatiation in the discourse on Love-melancholy thus comes to involve Burton not only with fictional fairylands representative of man's pleasant follies, but with matters also of the states and nations of the world which represent facts as harsh and displeasing as any dealt with in the surly discourse. The stories that fill the rooms of the treatise of superstition are tales of Italy and France, the Popish state, old Britain and modern England. They are stories out of histories and chronicles, stories of Inquisitions and pogroms, of Chinese and Turkish wars. Spenser and Ovid have given ground to Tacitus and

Bede. And so at this point in his treatise Burton stops to ask if he is still in a position to view the world as a tragi-comic one. To describe the symptomatic manifestations of excessive love of God is to see love as hate (page 348) and to see love-hate reigning not just over the soul of man but over the world: "Other fears and sorrows, grievances of body and mind, are troublesome for the time; but this is for ever, eternal damnation, hell itself, a plague, a fire: an inundation hurts one province alone, and the loss may be recovered; but this superstition involves all the world almost, and can never be remedied" (III.4.1.3;347). That is Burton's "passionate preface" (page 346) to his "tale" of the symptoms, and it arises out of his inability to look on the world of history as he looked on the world of fiction. At this point he is no longer responding with tears and laughter together to a tragi-comic scene, for the bastardizing of religion wrenches tragedy from comedy and causes a kind of schizophrenic reaction to the "mixed scene":

Fleat Heraclitus, an rideat Democritus? in attempting to speak of these symptoms, shall I laugh with Democritus, or weep with Heraclitus? they are so ridiculous and absurd on the one side, so lamentable and tragical on the other: a mixed scene offers itself, so full of errors and a promiscuous variety of objects, that I know not in what strain to represent it. When I think of that Turkish paradise, those Jewish fables and pontifical rites, those pagan superstitions, . . . I cannot choose but laugh with Democritus: but when I see them whip and torture themselves, grind their souls for toys and trifles, desperate, and now ready to die, I cannot choose but weep with Heraclitus. (page 346)

Christian homo sees in the world's mixed scene not only love expressed as hate but love and hate fighting each other to a cataclysmic stand-off. Religion is not truth but fiction; law is not God's commandment but men's contrivance. And so the cruel and the absurd, the ridiculous

and the monstrous coexist in an uneasy "mixed" state which is ignorance:

In a word, this is common to all superstition, there is nothing so mad and absurd, so ridiculous, impossible, incredible, which they will not believe, observe, and diligently perform, as much as in them lies; nothing so monstrous to conceive, or intolerable to put in practice, so cruel to suffer, which they will not willingly undertake. So powerful a thing is superstition. "O Egypt" (as Trismegistus exclaims), "thy religion is fables, and such as posterity will not believe." (page 351)

Posterity, of course, substituted its own fables, for the historical world teaches that people will believe any fable and build empires on the strength of it. Ignorance is "a cause of their superstition, a symptom, and madness itself" (III.4.1.2;338), and whether it be the learned stupidity of Roman scholastical divines (III.4.1.3;369) or the studied unlearnedness of Protestant schismatics (page 370), superstitious religion converts men to irrationality--"their religion takes away not spirits only, but wit and judgment, and deprives them of their understanding" (page 371). The masses of common men believe anything that "these brainsick heretics once broach, and imposters set on foot," and if that is spoken of the past, yet we have now a "new company of actors, . . . a rope of popes" whose authority has allowed them to "establish their own kingdom, sovereignty, greatness" (page 366): the state of ignorance is, as it were, institutionalized into an ignorant state. Through superstition's ignorance and the fear that accompanies it, man creates gods out of men and recreates God in his own image: "kings, emperors, valiant men that had done any good offices for them, they did likewise canonize and adore for gods" (page 354), and what are Jupiter's or Pan's shapes but the monstrous caricatures of melancholy men we have repeatedly encountered?--"Those images, I say, were all out as gross as the shapes in which they did represent them: Jupiter with a

ram's head, Mercury a dog's, Pan like a goat, Hecate with three heads, one with a beard, another without . . ." (pages 356-57). Finally, man's ignorance allows him to create a sort of god whose monstrosity lies in his being the most inoffensive thing man can imagine, namely a good man--people in India "worship the devil, and allege this reason in so doing: God is a good man and will do no harm, but the devil is bad and must be pleased, lest he hurt them" (page 360). In studying the Preface, we shall see that Burton's concern for the civilization of men lies at the heart of his book, for civilization is the way man regains paradise, in earthly terms, through a process of reforming himself and his world. The Preface suggests that the reformation is possible only poetically, not really, and this view of the superstitious state of men making uncivilized empires by ignorance out of unlawful laws confirms the essential barbarity of a universe not annexed to its Creator by love, but formed into perverse imitations of the community of God and men.

So the manifestations of excessive love of God are not resolved into a common picture. Superstition "involves all the world" but it also splits it up into as many scenes as there are countries and tribes, as many acts as there are heretical brain-sick men. There is no tragedy; there is the comic view: the ancients made their gods like the silliest men, "so weak and brutish, some to whine, lament, and roar, as Isis for her son . . . Venus run away crying, and the like; than which what can be more ridiculous?" and there is the tragic view: "Lamentable, tragical, and fearful those symptoms are, that they should be so far forth affrighted with their fictitious gods . . ." (page 357). But man

looking on and recording the scene continues to ask, shall I laugh or shall I weep? for the prognostics for superstitious man are a state of folly which is madness and despair within him and a state of anarchy which is lawlessness and despair in his world: "What can these signs foretell otherwise than folly, dotage, madness, gross ignorance, despair, obstinacy, a reprobate sense, a bad end? What else can superstition, heresy produce, but wars, tumults, uproars, torture of souls, and despair, a desolate land, as Jeremy teacheth . . ." (III.4.1.4;372). Men united by love-and-hate to their mad conceptions of God live in a state of universal uncharitableness epitomized by that neither tragical nor comical story of the Jew who drowned in a privy because his own people would not pull him out on Saturday, nor would the Christians on Sunday, and so he died before Monday (page 375).

The cure for superstition is no cure at all. With this topic, the Anatomy has reached its lowest ebb. The image of the universe is a fearfully tangled one: love and hate, legalism and tyranny, mad men and mad empires, religion and superstition, gods and men are heaped together in monstrous disorder that "can never be remedied." Burton's effort to cure is lame and he knows it. Universal tolerance is suggested (page 377); toleration after all would provide a kind of wisdom, but only the wisdom of self-perpetuating folly, which is the wisdom of a world that exists by creating and recreating its own fictions: "new gods, new lawgivers, new priests, will have new ceremonies, customs and religions, to which every wise man as a good formalist should accommodate himself" (page 376). Burton says, in this meager room of cures, that being a good formalist may be about the best answer, for his only

positive suggestion is that of Paul, "the medium is best": admonish, and if that won't work, excommunicate. "For the vulgar, restrain them by laws, mulcts, burn their books, forbid their conventicles; for when the cause is taken away, the effect will soon cease" (page 378). But the solution is belied by all the assembled evidence of madness which precedes it, as well as by jealousy's disproving of the effectiveness of custom and form. And Burton's complacent tone--"the effect will soon cease"--mingles discordantly with the echo of his own laughter and weeping ringing in our ears. For the first time in his treatise of liberal science, Burton closes his cure with physic, as if falling back on matter because he cannot summon enough wisdom even to attempt the cures by counsel. For the first time in his expatiation in philosophical fields he throws his hands up, confines his actors willy-nilly to the madhouse, and uncereemoniously leaps into the next room with an exasperated, "that's enough of that": "We have frequently such prophets and dreamers amongst us, whom we persecute with fire and fagot; I think the most compendious cure, for some of them at least, had been in Bedlam. Sed de his satis" (page 379). It is enough because it is all that a physician-divine (page 378) can do with a world that turns love of God into tyrannical hatred of men. The only other hope is outside that world. The cure is lame because, as Burton saw when he started the attempt, only the advent of a divine physician could make any difference: "To purge the world of idolatry and superstition will require some monster-taming Hercules, a divine AEsculapius, or Christ Himself to come in His own person . . ." (page 375).

If the picture of the universe disordered by bastard religion

gives Burton his lowest view of the world, his discussion of atheism shows that sin to be the annihilation of the world of the Anatomy. The discourse on atheism, like the "unlawful cures" of heroical melancholy, serves as a foil to the succeeding discussion, for Burton closes his book by finding that love cannot comment on folly if God is not in the picture, but that it can give its truest comment out of the depths of despair.

The discourse on atheism brings the book to a halt, for denial of God destroys the universe, subverts the world, and denies existence, finally, to man himself. The "grand sin" is the sin of regarding as mere fiction the truth fiction can represent. Poetic stories should say something about the universe and truth, as that atheists are rebels against the God they deny: "A company of Cyclopes or giants, that war with the gods, as the poets feigned, antipodes to Christians, that scoff at all religion, at God Himself, . . ." but atheism looks at the universe and truth and says, this is mere fiction: "That there is either heaven or hell, resurrection of the dead, pain, happiness, or world to come . . . for their parts they esteem them as so many poet's tales, bugbears; Lucian's Alexander, Moses, Mahomet, and Christ are all as one in their creed" (III.4.2.1;379). Now "loose atheistical spirits" (like the superstitious, they are defined by the boundaries of kingdoms--page 380) would presumably make their ways with worldly facts to worldly wisdom, and possibly find the cure for the chaos of superstition which Burton has not yet found. And indeed that would appear to be the case, for "mere carnalists," having not to worry about God as a reference point for the ordering of the world, seem to do a better job of con-

trolling factual life than religious man--"professed atheists thrive: . . . This is a prime argument: and most part your most sincere, upright, honest, and good men are depressed" (page 383). Having dismissed the context of the world as fiction, they can concentrate on the world itself, saying, "Let them take heaven, paradise, and that future happiness that will, bonum est esse hic, it is good being here." But their thriving is, of course, to Burton deception, for they "are in a reprobate sense, mere carnalists, fleshly-minded men, which howsoever they may be applauded in this life by some few parasites, and held for worldly wise men, 'They seem to me' (saith Melancthon) 'to be as mad as Hercules was when he raved and killed his wife and children'" (page 382).

As mad, that is, as jealous men or those other sufferers whose melancholy will not be controlled by the form and custom of law. The trouble with apparent, "civil" honesty (whether it begins in denial of God or in hypocritical pretense at belief), and the reason it descends to madness, is that in dismissing God as a reference for law, it dismisses the meaning of law. Without God, princes may rule, but love becomes lust and laws become tyranny: Mahomet the Second, sacker of Constantinople, "'believed neither Christ nor Mahomet; and thence it came to pass that he kept his word and promise no farther than his advantage, neither did he care to commit any offence to satisfy his lust.' I could say the like of many princes, many private men (our stories are full of them) in times past, this present age, that love, fear, obey, and perform all civil duties as they shall find them expedient or behoveful to their own ends" (pages 381-82). And like outright atheists, sober men who profess religion for worldly ends are "beloved of all

men," yet--God knows--they "are not sound within" (page 390). Civil honesty, in fact, leads to uncivilized dishonesty, for it ends by "not caring at all for God's or men's laws" (page 383).

Furthermore, "worldly wise" philosophy (pages 384-86) which holds "all religion a fiction, opposite to reason and philosophy" also appears at first more effective in defining life than does religion, only when scrutinized to reveal itself as madness. Philosophers can "give many good moral precepts, honest, upright, and sober in their conversation" and yet "too much learning makes them mad." When they equate nature and God, they read the equation the wrong way about, and instead of saying, "Nature is God's order . . . Fortune His unrevealed will," they read heaven and earth as God, bastardizing the truth that "God is all in all, God is everywhere" to mean that everything is god. So they become mad with the madness of scholars who abuse their knowledge--they read history from "stars and such things" in the mistaken belief that they are "inevitable causes of all future accidents"--and they become mad, ironically, with the madness of the superstitious, for they make the heavens gods--"Thus the heavenly bodies build up religions for the good of mankind, and when their influence ceases, the religion also passes away" (Jackson's translation).

Atheism and its sister hypocrisy, in deifying the world, effectively--from the point of view of Burton and his book--annihilate it. For atheism is defined in simplest terms as the denial of God's law of love: "In all ages, there have been such that either deny God in all or in part; some deride Him, they could have made a better world and rule it more orderly themselves, blaspheme Him, derogate at their pleasure

from Him. 'Twas so in Plato's time, 'Some say there be no gods, others that they care not for men, a middle sort grant both'" (page 387).

"There are no gods, and they care not for men." "Love God, and thy neighbor as thyself." The Anatomy is committed to a world dependent on God and His chain of love, but the denial of God and His care for men is tantamount to denying other men, for atheists and hypocrites who "fashion themselves to the world" are the supremely selfish men: "All their study is to please, and their god is their commodity, their labor to satisfy their lusts, and their endeavours to their own ends" (page 390). Though love is supposed to comment on all man's woes and Burton has said "home sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto," the partition of love cannot admit not-love as it can admit love-and-hate, nor can Burton avoid counting not-love foreign to him. He is Christian man dealing with the infirmities of men, but men's life is love of God and of other men, no matter how excessive or defective that love may be, and men whose only reference is self are, in fact, nihil. The men whom Burton is hoping to cure of definite and indefinite melancholy are those who are trying to get merrily to heaven. But atheists and their ilk are "antipodes to Christians," bent on getting merrily, if lethargically, to hell:

To these professed atheists we may well add that impious and carnal crew of worldly-minded men, impenitent sinners, that go to hell in a lethargy, or in a dream; who though they be professed Christians, yet they will . . . make a conscience of nothing they do, they have cauterized consciences, and are indeed in a reprobate sense, "past all feeling, have given themselves over to wantonness, to work all manner of uncleanness even with greediness. . . ." They do know there is a God, a day of judgment to come, and yet for all that, . . . they are as merry for all the sorrow, as if they had escaped all dangers, and were in heaven already. . . . (page 389)

Mere carnalists' idea of heaven is earth ("it is good being here"), and hypocritical Christians, like atheists, act as if all truth is fiction, for in this a cauterized conscience is as good as no conscience at all. So instead of offering cures for atheists and hypocrites, Burton excommunicates them from his book. He anathematizes worldly-wise philosophy: ". . . these are the decree of Peripatetics, which though I recite, in obsequium Christianae fidei detestor, as I am a Christian I detest and hate" (page 386), and he pronounces against hypocrites: "But let them carry it as they will for the present, dissemble as they can, a time will come when they shall be called to account, their melancholy is at hand, they pull a plague and curse upon their own heads, thesaurisant iram Dei" (page 391).

To those who are knowingly storing up God's wrath, Burton predicts melancholy but will not cure it. For the first and only time in the book, he refuses to follow an illness through causes and symptoms to cures. "Atheism, idolatry, heresy, hypocrisy, though they have one common root, that is indulgence to corrupt affection yet their growth is different, they have divers symptoms, occasions, and must have several cures and remedies" (page 391): time after time in the Anatomy Burton has introduced his analysis of a kind of melancholy in this way, but with this statement he concludes his analysis of atheism. Often throughout the book he has referred us to other authorities who will supplement his discussion; never has he so definitely made the referral his only word. Of this topic he simply says, it belongs in another book: "To describe them in particular, to produce their arguments and reasons, would require a just volume; I refer them therefore that expect

a more ample satisfaction to those subtle and elaborate treatises, devout and famous tracts of our learned divines . . . that have abundance of reasons to prove there is a God . . ." (page 392). Burton has sometimes said he could offer counsels if he had the space and then has taken the space; only concerning atheism and hypocrisy does he implicitly agree with those who say that cure is impossible. Some, he says, hold it "vain to dispute with such atheistical spirits" though many "schoolmen and casuists" have written of it, especially Marinus Marce-
 naus who has analyzed and answered all the arguments: "His colophon is how to resist and repress atheism, and to that purpose he adds four especial means or ways, which whose will may profitably peruse" (pages 391-92). But it is not my matter nor my purpose to resist it, Burton seems to say: their world does not exist in my world, "their melancholy is at hand." If the cure of superstition exasperates him, the subject of atheism is the one woe of mankind which leaves him tongue-tied. Love's comment on atheism is that there is nothing to say.

Despair, not atheism or worldly philosophy, is the defective love of God which belongs in Burton's treatise, for the desperate man knows God's love without understanding it. His despair is defined in terms of love; love is desire, despair "a restraint from the thing desired, for some impossibility supposed" (III.4.2.2;393); it is "opposite to hope," specifically hope in God (page 394). As if to assure his readers that defective love of God in this form does belong in the book, Burton opens with the much-vexed question of whether or not melancholy and a troubled conscience are a single disease. Bright had decided (Ch. xxxii f.) that the body cannot work ill to the soul of

man, and while offering consolations to the despairing yet had insisted that despair was not melancholy. Burton, typically, has it both ways, for he has already been talking about metaphorical melancholy throughout the Third Partition, but he now reverts for a moment to the terms of the medical treatise and draws a strikingly direct line from the body of man to this disease of the soul, only, however, by making the matter of disease the instrument of the devil: "His ordinary engine by which he produceth [despair], is the melancholy humour itself, which is balneum diaboli, the devil's bath" (III.4.2.3; 395). And after admitting with Perkins that "the body works upon the mind," Burton concludes that "there is much difference" between melancholy and despair, without making the difference very clear: ". . . melancholy fears without a cause, this upon great occasion; melancholy is caused by fear and grief, but this torment procures them and all extremity of bitterness; much melancholy is without affliction of conscience, as Bright and Perkins illustrate by four reasons; and yet melancholy alone again may be sometimes a sufficient cause of this terror of conscience" (page 396). To admit that melancholy fears without cause is for Burton to emphasize that the Third Partition has brought him to questions of man's illnesses which no medical treatise could handle but which are of paramount importance to his health. To say that melancholy can cause despair is to say that two partitions of medical knowledge lead the reader to this worst form of soul-sickness. From bones and humours we have come to hope and fear, the affections that enable man to live or lead him to seek death. Superstition affects the whole man, totum compositum. But the target of despair is the soul, and despair is soul-sickness at its

worst since it makes the body into a metaphor of the soul, black humour into the fumes of conscience: "The part affected is the whole soul, and all the faculties of it; there is a privation of joy, hope, trust, confidence, of present and future good, and in their place succeed fear, sorrow, etc. . . . The heart is grieved, the conscience wounded, the mind eclipsed with black fumes arising from those perpetual terrors."

Despair is the superlative of all disease, which is hell inside a man, the incurable pestilence of the soul:

'Tis an epitome of hell, an extract, a quintessence, a compound, a mixture of all feral maladies, tyrannical tortures, plagues, and perplexities. There is no sickness almost but physic provideth a remedy for it; to every sore chirurgery will provide a salve; friendship helps poverty; hope of liberty easeth imprisonment; suit and favour revoke banishment; authority and time wear away reproach: but what physic, what chirurgery, what wealth, favour, authority can relieve, bear out, assuage, or expel a troubled conscience? A quiet mind cureth all them, but all they cannot comfort a distressed soul: who can put to silence the voice of desperation? All that is single in other melancholy, horribile, dirum, pestilens, atrox, ferum, concur in this, it is more than melancholy in the highest degree; a burning fever of the soul.
(III.4.2.4;404)

This "more than melancholy" is what the Anatomy has been coming to through the Third Partition: melancholy that is not melancholy, an incurable disease that must be cured. It is the shattering image of man helpless in his own mind, hopeless for his own soul. And it is the malady to be opposed to superstition because it is truly defective love of God, not non-existent love. Superstitious men hope too much in their own abilities to read God's laws and rule by their own, thus making themselves into gods and God into a merely good man. And desperate men fear too much because they put too great weight on their own ability to understand God, thus making God into what they think He

must be. They try to outguess Him: "they will know more than is revealed of God in His Word, human capacity or ignorance can apprehend, and too importunate inquiry after that which is revealed" (III.4.2.3; 399). And they suppose themselves to understand Him: preachers disregard St. Bernard and preach only of judgment without mercy, "But these men are wholly for judgment; of a rigid disposition themselves, there is no mercy with them, no salvation, no balsam for their distressed souls, they can speak nothing but reprobation, hell-fire, and damnation . . ." (page 399), and desperation ensues: "Our conscience, which is a great ledger-book, wherein are written all our offences, a register to lay them up (which those Egyptians in their hieroglyphics expressed by a mill, as well for the continuance as for the torture of it), grinds our souls with the remembrance of some precedent sins, makes us reflect upon, accuse and condemn our own selves" (page 400).

The book that a desperate man reads is himself, his terrified conscience, and at the root of his despair is the assumption that God reads the hieroglyphics just as we write them, that He understands us only as well as we understand ourselves. Despair twists Christ's commandment of love into man's tortured version of God's response--I shall love man My creature only as he loves himself: "this scrupulous conscience . . . which tortures so many, that either out of a deep apprehension of their unworthiness, and consideration of their own dissolute life, 'accuse themselves and aggravate every small offence, when there is no such cause, misdoubting in the meantime God's mercies, they fall into these inconveniences'" (page 401). The stories that we read in the book of despair are those of the breakdown of all law and custom,

for the violence that men work on other men returns to their consciences, and they transfer the violence to themselves. Tyrants of Sparta, Rome, Scotland, France so confound the world that they are in turn confounded by being unable to find someone to kill them (page 402). They are tales of the breakdown of all rule within men as well--"they think evil against their wills, that which they abhor themselves, they must needs think, do, and speak." A lawyer of Padua "discoursed aright" in all matters but that of his own despair: "Frisemelica, Bullovat, and other excellent physicians, could neither make him eat, drink, nor sleep, no persuasion could ease him. Never pleaded any man so well for himself as this man pleaded against himself, and so he desperately died" (III.4.2.4;407). Thus despair is "violent, tragical, and grievous far beyond the rest" (page 404), for its tragic acts and scenes are not of the external community but of man's internal constitution. And it is tragic because not loving himself at all the desperate man can hardly love his neighbor and can only misconstrue God's love for him. Poets' feigning would tell atheistical, hypocritical men (if they understood that fiction speaks truth) their own kind of worldly wisdom, an eye for an eye:

Besides all such as are in deos contumeliosi, blaspheme, contemn, neglect God, or scoff at Him, as the poets feign of Salmoneus, that would in derision imitate Jupiter's thunder, he was precipitated for his pains, Jupiter intonuit contra, etc., so shall they certainly rue it in the end, (in se sputit, qui in coelum sputit [he spits on himself who spits at the sky]), their doom's at hand, and hell is ready to receive them. (III.4.2.1;391)

But poets' feigning would tell desperate men (if they could read the truth of fiction with the understanding of love) the wisdom of a different legalism, that of charity: "The gods once (as the poets feign)

with a gold chain would pull Jupiter out of heaven, but all they together could not stir him, and yet he could draw and turn them as he would himself; maugre all the force and fury of these infernal fiends, and crying sins, 'His grace is sufficient'" (III.4.2.6;412).

Burton says that atheists and hypocrites are curable, but he will not cure them: their melancholy is at hand. He says that desperate men are incurable but he goes on to offer cure. The lengthy passage quoted above ("Tis an epitome of hell . . .") serves as a summary of the Anatomy's cures against which despair is tested and found too powerful. Physic, chirurgery, and good counsels serve in some combination to ease all illnesses, but "who can put to silence the voice of desperation?" The answer of course is Christ. Despair cannot be cured by man's counsels, his customs, his physic, his law, but the judgment of mercy can turn his tragedy into a divine comedy. The cure of despair is not by human, but by "divine aphorism" (page 420).

Burton's subsection of the cures of despair was originally (1621) a very short, abrupt passage. To it was added in the second edition what is now the major portion of the section, a sermon against despair; but even the first edition included the essential cure. Burton says at first what he has said of other kinds of melancholy, that physic and good counsel should be used together. Despair, we remember, is the quintessence and mixture of all disease; "all that is single in other melancholy . . . concur in this, it is more than melancholy." To the extent that it is melancholy, "the like course is to be taken with this as in other melancholy," that is, diet, rectification of passions, good counsels (page 409). But to the extent that it is more than

melancholy, a new cure is added: "by hearing, reading of Scripture,, good divines, good advice and conference, applying God's Word to their distressed souls, it must be corrected and counterpoised" (page 409). The first edition adds to this only the list of "excellent exhortations" where comfort and cure may be sought, but even so short a discourse has the single necessary answer: Scripture (the emphatic "applying God's Word to their distressed souls" is added later). The essential cure is there; Burton has not, even in 1621, refused the cure of the desperate in giving them a list of other authors. For where to atheists and hypocrites he was wordless, to the despairing he gave the Word. And the difference in his treatment of the two groups is made obvious when he adds the "comfortable speech" in which he spells out what it means to have the Word of God as cure.

The word of the sermon, from beginning to end, is mercy, the legalism of redemption which contradicts justice through forgiveness: "'Thou liest Cain' (saith Austin), 'God's mercy is greater than thy sins'" (page 411), and it is necessarily also repentance, which allows the Old Testament law to be read as New Testament mercy: "'An hawk came into the ark and went out again an hawk; a lion came in, went out a lion, a bear, a bear, a wolf, a wolf; but if an hawk come into this sacred temple of repentance, he will go forth a dove' (saith Chrysostom), 'a wolf go out a sheep, a lion a lamb'" (pages 413-14). For all of the blasphemous, atheistical thoughts, all of the abominable unnatural deeds of which a conscience-stricken man can accuse himself, for all of the fearful misconceptions of Scriptures he can devise, Burton gives back one answer, that to be a man in a universe of love is to be capable

of receiving the love of God: "'Tis an universal promise, 'God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that through Him the world might be saved' (John iii, 17). He that acknowledgeth himself a man in the world, must likewise acknowledge he is of that number that is to be saved . . ." (page 420). But the universe of love is also a universe of melancholy to which men go to school to learn wisdom, and so the cure for the disease--the gilded pill--cures by giving the meaning of wisdom to the disease itself, and to the Anatomy:

A small sickness; one lash of affliction, a little misery, many times will more humiliate a man, sooner convert, bring him home to know himself, than all those paraenetical discourses, the whole theory of philosophy, law, physic, and divinity, or a world of instances and examples. . . . So that affliction is a school or academy, wherein the best scholars are prepared to the commencement of the Deity. (page 425)

The book that is itself almost a whole theory of philosophy, law, physic, and divinity, not to mention a world of instances and examples, goes to the school that is the sickness of despair and finds that all the herbs and amulets, compound concoctions, precious stones, and exorcisms that are taken out of other authors (pages 428-30) are "fopperies and fictions" compared to the cure that lies in a single Word of God which is Christ: if any man would attempt to cure the devil's works, "let him follow . . . the example of Peter and John, that without any ambitious swelling terms cured a lame man (Acts iii): 'In the name of Christ Jesus rise and walk.' His name alone is the best and only charm against all such diabolical illusions . . ." (page 431).

It should be noted that though the 1621 text ended with Burton's referring his readers to other authors, a set of epigrams was appended which in effect epitomized the sermon of later editions. After the

motto which also appears in subsequent editions ("Sperate miseri, cave-
vete felices") came the "Finis" and then on the verso page three Latin quotations from Augustine. The final quotation still follows the motto in subsequent editions, and both of these will be discussed in a moment. But the first two quotations were translated by Burton and used in the body of the sermon. I give them in the order in which they originally appeared, but in the translated form. The major points of the sermon are made succinctly, first--repent, God's mercy is great enough; and second--sickness is for teaching God's healing power:

Whatsoever thou shalt do, how great a sinner soever, thou art yet living; if God would not help thee, He would surely take thee away; but in sparing thy life, He gives thee leisure, and invites thee to repentance. (page 414)

He knoweth best what he doth; and be not so much pleased when he sustains thee, as patient when He corrects thee; He is omnipotent, and can cure all diseases when He sees his own time. (page 413)

As the narration at the beginning of the discourse of Love-melancholy asks us to look at man's love of men through God, the closing sermon asks us to look at God's love of men through Christ. The sermon is in many ways not like the rest of the book, but that is the point. It is a consolation of theology, not of philosophy, still less of science. The Anatomy ends with the wisdom of God because that is the only wisdom which can allow men in the world of tragi-comedy to see that we all have an "universal invitation" (page 424) to attend a divine comedy. The Anatomy does not really end there, however, for Burton eases back to a more customary view of man's world just as he closes the book. The last word is oriented to the human scene where happiness and sadness are continually at war with each other and

melancholy is the prognostic of any unfilled moment:

I can say no more, or give better advice to such as are anyway distressed in this kind, than what I have given and said. Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept, give not way to solitariness and idleness. "Be not solitary, be not idle."

SPERATE MISERI,
CAVETE FELICES.

If unhappy men have hope and happy men beware, we will still have a life of tragi-comedy, which is to say we will still have life. The universe is one of desires--of loves--to be felt, to be won, not to be won, to be lost. It is a world of equivocations and opposites where all definitions are possible except one, that there is no God who is Love. But as tragi-comedy it is to be lived and learned; it is to be got through, but not in ignorance of the references outside itself which make hope and fear possible to the sound of mind: "Do you wish to be freed from doubt? do you desire to escape uncertainty? Be penitent while of sound mind: by so doing I assert that you are safe, because you have devoted that time to penitence in which you might have been guilty of sin" (page 432, Jackson's translation).

"Hope, ye unhappy ones; ye happy ones, fear" is love's comment. But it is not Venus' comment, which is "marry," nor is it God's, which is "Christ," but it is the comment of charity, for it has man's point of view. It allows to man his humanity--his love and his love-and-hate--even as it suggests the larger context of the inevitable judgment of God. It is a worldly-wise saying, but one wise with the wisdom of a world bound together by love. Burton has seen the folly of love undeterred by the custom and form of man's law, and so has cried out, "From

heresy, jealousy and frenzy, good Lord, deliver us!" And having shown us the wisdom of God's interpretation of human hieroglyphics, he now whispers to us the cure that gives delivery from madness, a cure which is a human aphorism spoken in the light of divine aphorism: hope and fear, for you are men, and so both happy and sad; but God's grace is sufficient for your folly. The sermon on charity asked us to consider where there are Christians who differ from other men. Burton has answered through the Third Partition that they are loving and hating in the world, and through his sermon against despair that God will read their stories--and the Anatomy which was written in order not to be idle--in the light of the law of Love. If we have thought on charity throughout the treatise of indefinite melancholy, we may understand how hope and fear, happiness and unhappiness, tragedy and comedy, can be resolved into a single vision of man the passionate animal who is capable of loving with "a true touch of religion and a reference to God." And understanding that, we may understand in turn how melancholy is not only there in the body, a question of knowledge, but here in the soul, a question of wisdom.

CHAPTER IV

FACTS OF TIME AND SPIRIT

The spirit of human brotherhood and the urge to move forward and upward are not to be described in terms of chemical constitution and physical forces, but they are facts, nevertheless, just as real as the need for food, the love of comfort, or the fear of pain. As facts they differ from those of the so-called natural sciences, because they are concerned with consequences rather than being determined by antecedent causes. One could almost say that they are made not of matter, but of time and spirit because their chief constituents are memories of the past, anticipations of the future, and choice of values. But even though they arise from expectations, from visions of the mind, indeed from dreams, they are so real and powerful that they can sway human behavior and are thereby the most effective forces in changing the face of the earth. Thus it is certain that man cannot be completely understood merely by considering him as a piece of machinery to be dissected and analyzed objectively by the methods of the exact sciences. To be understood man must be "known" in the Biblical sense; he must be encountered and experienced as a dreaming and throbbing creature.

--René Dubos, The Torch of Life

The view of the Anatomy I have been outlining is one determined by the book's highly artificial structure, for Burton's discussions of melancholy are defined by the tensions he creates within the circumscribed form of a scholarly treatise. He shows that the "newe science" of Partitions I and II grows out of old books through sceptical questioning as well as through acceptance of authority, and, by formally digressing within the order of the treatise, he revivifies rather than

buries the scholastic structure's potential for making statements of truth. Burton then establishes the equivocations of melancholy, again within the form, so that the indefinite diseases of life are made definite and coequal with the subject of the medical discourse. The nature of the scholarly treatise, we have repeatedly seen, is to be one form: within the construct described by the synoptic tables there is room for everything--including digressions and equivocations, additions and expatiations--that Burton had to say about melancholy through the course of six editions; "rooms" could even be added if necessary, as that subsection of the "Symptoms of Maids', Nuns', and Widows' Melancholy" was added, without affecting the structural integrity of the work. The tensions created within the form by digression or by the logic of equivocation are resolved within it as Burton makes the structure allow for his thematic complexities.

While examining the formal anomalies of Partitions I and II and Partition III, however, we have also described the tension created by the simultaneously tripartite and bipartite structure of the whole, and little has as yet been said concerning the resolution of that tension; for the question of how the First and Second Partitions are united to the Third Partition is essentially the question of how the Preface operates as a structural entity to inform the Anatomy and make it, however encyclopedic, a single work. For a book like the Anatomy to have such a long, sometimes rambling preface which allows author and book to explain themselves in numerous ways, is itself an anomaly. The Preface does not belong with those bits and pieces of front and back matter which have accrued to the book over the years and which have been

described as elements in its facade. It is not at all like the basic components of that facade, the synoptic tables which define and contain the scholarly treatise. The Preface stands outside the work in a very special way, for it is a substantive portion of the book, yet it is not a part of--does not even partake of the nature of--the structure of the discourse.

The Preface of "Democritus Junior to the Reader" is undoubtedly the most read and best criticized part of Burton's book, to the extent that critics--especially those not devoted to humoral psychology and the medical phenomena associated with melancholy--have tended to base their evaluations of the Anatomy largely or solely on examination of the Preface.¹ There is a sense in which such criticism is right, and I hope that the following chapter will help to clarify the ways in which the Preface is the Anatomy of Melancholy. But while the Preface with its mask, its authorial explanations, its satiric intent, has always seemed the most important part of the Anatomy, and particularly so for those interested in the explication of style by the elucidation of personality,² there is also the danger that the Preface will be read, by some, instead of the book.³ Thus for our present interest in the discovery of the artistic implications of structure in a work like Burton's, it has seemed best to start with the work itself, with that

¹ For sensible evaluation of the criticism of Burton that errs through concentration on small portions of the work, see Nochimson, Chs. i-ii.

² See especially Webber, Ch. iv, and Nochimson, Ch. iv.

³ The view of Burton as primarily social scientist in the various works of William Mueller is among those given thoughtful criticism in Nochimson's study.

artificial construct which gives the book its name, and to examine the central problems of its structure before turning to the single substantive addition to the scholastic treatise in order to investigate how that Preface acts as a preface, how it modifies or "conduces to" our understanding of the book. The Preface can only, in fact, appear to be a structural anomaly or "problem" if one has accepted some such analysis of the workings of Burton's method as I have been describing, for if, as Finlay holds, the method of division and definition and the use of the form of anatomy do not function as the controlling means of discovery in the book, then the Preface is the statement of the book's anti-form which must be seen at the outset of any analysis as declaring formlessness, and the encyclopedic gathering of facts which defy structural control, to be the Anatomy's essence. But we have seen in the three partitions of the Anatomy that Burton's structural control of his content allows the book to present the fundamental idea of order as the answer to the naturally disordered state of things. Two systems of cause and cure, formal and digressive, are intertwined in Partitions I and II so that melancholy life can be redefined as time spent finding things out, and the "melancholy spaniel's quest" as question on which knowledge depends and to which it is "annexed." And a different logical order in Partition III permits melancholy to be restated as love-sickness and cure to be found in charity, or man linked to man through God. By examining last the "Satyricall Preface Conducing to the following Discourse," we may see how Burton tells his readers at the beginning of the book the importance of reading from it and in it the idea of structural--and through structure, of thematic--order which is

"tangled" without being ultimately impaired.

i. Argumentum

The Preface is external to the structure of anatomy; its subject matter and to an extent at least the voice which speaks in it are not those of the Anatomy proper. It is not even the introduction to Burton's anatomizing of melancholy, for that, we have seen, is part of the discourse: where Partition I, section 1, member 1, leads into the Anatomy with its definitions of man, disease, and melancholy, the Preface, from its first sentence, unsettles the reader by demanding that he consider all kinds of social and artistic questions not directly pertinent to melancholy. Nor does Burton say that his Preface is the introduction to the Anatomy. It does not "introduce" but "conduces" to the following discourse; it does not simply lead the reader into the book, but collects the discourse, contributes to, furthers, and promotes it, aids in bringing it about (see NED, "conduce," v. 5). The Preface cannot just be read before the treatise but must be read with it. Burton knows how to write a preface within the structure of anatomy, which uses some of the same topics as this Preface, and which leads into the following discourse by provoking the reader's attention and establishing the author's points of view on his subject matter. He writes such a preface for Partition III, and he calls it a "Preface or Introduction." But Democritus Junior's Preface conduces to the discourse of melancholy by being outside it and outside of the synoptic tables which define it. As those tables describe a certain kind of logical analysis for the book, the Preface translates them into a

description of a work of art which they alone cannot define.

The fact that the Preface is an entity separate from the three partitions has made it important for some critics to wish to establish either that it was written after the body of the work or that it was substantially complete before Burton conceived of an anatomy of melancholy. Thus Lawrence Babb believes (p. 15) that Burton probably did not write the Preface until the 1621 Anatomy was "near completion," arguing that "Burton plays his role of Democritus Junior in the preface, not in the body of the book." James Roy King, on the other hand, in his theory of the book's composition, has determined that the main core of the Preface was written well before the rest of the Anatomy, for "Had Burton composed the entire preface when he completed the book, he could scarcely have avoided references to the medical aspects of his problems (physical causes being, as he sees it, the root of melancholy), and he would certainly have stressed much less strongly the moral aspect" (King, pp. 87-88). Both points of view are possible, but both have their critical drawbacks. It is true that, as Babb remarks (p. 15 fn), the name "Democritus Junior" occurs only once in the Anatomy proper, and that in a 1638 addition, but Burton himself, as will be seen, argues that he wrote the Anatomy in order to finish Democritus' incomplete book. The idea of the mask, then, if not the written form of the Preface, may well precede the writing of the book, and the fact that Burton does not speak consistently or primarily with Democritus Junior's tone of voice in the book does not necessarily prove that he had not conceived of the mask, but only proves that the treatise of melancholy and the Preface are different kinds of writing. King's

reasoning is even more assailable, since the Third Partition, with its literary character and its poetic and historical sources, is as noticeably independent of the medical authorities (except for the reference lists in the subsections of cure) as is the Preface, and that final part of the book stresses the "moral aspects" of melancholy rather than its "physical causes." It is quite easy, in fact, to turn from a fresh reading of the last partition to the Preface and agree that Burton wrote the Preface after having written Partition III.

I believe, however, that it is not necessary to conclude on one side or the other, for the question of the Preface's function cannot be determined by the relative time of its writing any more than can the function of any other portion of the book, if, as I have been arguing, the Preface is not to be seen simply as an introduction to the book which follows it. We do not have in the Anatomy a collection of facts and observations temporally ordered as King wants to order them: he notes, for example (pp. 87-88), an "absence in the middle section [of the Preface] of any reference to the medical writers who eventually come to influence Burton so strongly." One part of the book does not supersede or supplant another, and it is essential to our analysis of the Preface and of the Anatomy not to think of the Preface either as Burton's last thought or revised opinion about what the already written book means, or as an essay pre-existent to and therefore unexpressive of the final conception of the book. Time, it has been noted, plays strange tricks with the Anatomy, for the book is created and re-created over three decades, and each moment of creation coexists with the others (see, for example, Webber, pp. 83-84). The Anatomy as we have

it is less definably a temporal than a spatial construct, and the place of the Preface is not really before, but above the book.

The synoptic tables describe the Anatomy as an architectural creation, and we have borrowed Panofsky's analogy between scholastic treatise and Gothic cathedral to evaluate the purpose and function of the tables and the other front matter. One might bandy about possible extensions of the analogy (the three partitions of the book, for example, and the nave, transept, and choir of the church), but however valid the points that might be made from such a working (or overworking) of cross-disciplinary comparisons, the facts are that the synoptic tables lay the book out on the space of the printed page and that there is no way so to describe the Preface and no satisfactory place in their plane to set it. No reasonable analogy can be made between the Preface and any architectural component of the Gothic construct, an indication that the Preface is essentially different from the kind of book that follows. The Preface stands somehow within the facade (it is after the title page and before the first synopsis) but it is not part of the facade, for that defines the logical treatise of melancholy which the Preface with its expansive and undelineated order does not imitate. It is not merely before the synoptic tables, for these are separated from each other by the partitions, and so while the Preface precedes the book considered lineally it does not necessarily do so when the discourse is set in relief, that is, the tables united to make a single elevation. The only possible place to put it is above the book and above the tables which define the book; and placing it there in the mind's eye not only confirms the integrity of the book constructed

below it--not before it or after it--but justifies as well our insistence that Burton did not intend it to introduce but to conduce to the following discourse. The Preface is Burton's and our viewpoint from which we see the book, and it is because we always have the Preface in mind when we are within the Anatomy proper that we are able to see the whole from any given room. There is a sense in which we never turn from the Preface to the following "more sober" discourse, but carry it with us instead as a lens through which to read the Anatomy. And in that sense, all that the Anatomy is, is the Preface of Democritus Junior to the Reader.

Burton liked to see himself as author of the Anatomy standing in a high place overseeing the turmoil of common life (Preface, 18), or seeing farther and better than any of his authorities because he stood on their shoulders (page 25). And as he looked down and out at the world from his vantage point as Oxford scholar, so the Preface sets us above the Anatomy and enables us to see the whole work, to read of definite melancholy with its black bile and hellebore while knowing also its equivocation, universal disorder; and to read of indefinite melancholy knowing that to speak of love matters, of control of passion and poetical fancy, is another way of describing man's government of himself, an equivocation, perhaps, of the control of self by the right use of the six non-natural things. The components of the book's facade, we have said, suggest to its readers that the book is constantly restating itself and that there are hundreds of ways to get into the meaning of the Anatomy of Melancholy. The imposition of Partition III on the finished order of Partitions I and II confirms the book's reiterative and

responsorial nature, but the reader does not wait until he trudges through the sober discourse and breaks into the delightful fields of Love to discover how Burton uses equivocation. Digression within the First and Second Partitions questions even as it elucidates the ability of a scholarly treatise to map out truth, but the reader does not need to wait for the first Digression of Anatomy to discover that the discourse will proceed by enveloping the impertinent and making it pertinent. And the reason for all of this is the Preface. It has not often been noticed, even by careful readers of the Anatomy, that the digressions occur only in the first two partitions: the whole book gives the impression of consisting of digression. And the reason that the copious hesitations and self-reproaches of Partition III--"but I digress"; "but I rove"--seem nothing new when the reader meets them there is that the Preface has shown us Burton's roving humor and made us familiar with the order of association. The anatomy of humoural melancholy in I and II drifts easily into the equivocations Burton has promised not to treat, and the reason we accept so naturally the kind of melancholy which properly belongs only in Partition III is that the Preface has spoken long and eloquently of the metaphorical "bodies" of family and state which suffer from social disease and disorder. The universe of folly which opens up to view in Partition III seems, when we enter it, familiar territory, for we have watched the digressions of Partitions I and II breaking down the discourse's sober constraints of inward or outward causes and upward or downward cures, and the digressions themselves we have seen through the Preface's vision of ubiquitous, universal folly. And Burton's poses which change rapidly and often through

the book seem always reducible to the "homo sum" announced finally in Partition III, for the context of that declaration is really made the whole treatise of melancholy, which from its first sentence, "Man . . . was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, . . ." is spoken through the voices of the Preface which include the author and his mask among the Mankind he takes as his subject: "Nos numerus sumus, I confess it again, I am as foolish, as mad as any one" (pages 119-20).

The Preface is then our vantage point for the whole book because it sets up the scenes of human disorder as backdrop for the medical treatise so that the reading of the scholarly discourse is preparatory for the id est of Partition III where science is read as sapience and health is human charity. The Anatomy is, in Miss Colie's terms, a vast rhetorical paradox "designed to cheat the reader's expectation. We are led to expect a straightforward medical treatise, like Bright's, and we get a great many utterly different things thrown in--a spiritual treatise, an atlas, a book of meteorology, a behavior book, and so forth, and so forth" (Colie, p. 454). And yet the breaking of "all limits established by any convention" is the reader's expectation because in the midst of the front matter is the Preface which is designed to deny all the expectations aroused by the title, the subject matter, and the logical blueprints of the synopses.

The first sentences of the Preface put the reader in the position of asking questions that had not occurred to him: "Gentle Reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antic or personate actor this is, that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre to the world's view, arrogating another man's name; whence he is, why he

doth it, and what he hath to say" (page 15). Nothing, surely, could have been more commonplace to a seventeenth-century reader than to pick up a book with a pseudonym, or initials, or no name at all on the title page, but the Preface demands that he consider the commonplace to be "arrogation," even "usurpation," and that he claim his own right to full disclosure of the reasons for the impersonation. But even more, he is suddenly made to feel that that long and quite explicit title has told him nothing, for the author thrusts into his own mouth questions of why and what that the title would seem to have answered. All at once, he discovers that in knowing that the book will be anatomy, a treatise in three partitions divided into sections, members, and subsections; in knowing that his author will not only look at melancholy, a much talked of disease, almost a pastime in his age, as a medical phenomenon, but will also delve into its historical and philosophical implications; in knowing from one of the mottoes either that the book will be a pastiche of collected knowledge ("Omne meum, nihil meum"--first and second editions) or that it is designed to entertain him while informing ("Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci"--third and succeeding editions), and in knowing that it has in fact passed the test of popularity in this way ("The _____ Edition, corrected and augmented by the Author"); in knowing even that he will be treated to some kind of satirical preview of the matter of the book--in knowing all these things, he finds, he does not know what the book is about, but is asking his author what, and why, and whence. And then his author goes on to tell him that all the explicitness of the title, all the apparent disclosure of synoptic tables, of (in later editions) index, illustrated

title page, descriptive and explanatory poems, all this is not an open book but a covered basket because he does not know his author: "It was therefore covered, because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid; if the contents please thee, 'and be for thy use, suppose the Man in the Moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the author'; I would not willingly be known" (page 15).

Thus the Preface begins, and so it continues. As the mask is the essence of the Preface, so the Preface is by nature a mask for the book and the mask through which we look at the book. Its discussions of style and content, its long "impertinent" discourses on metaphorical melancholy lead us to expect, at any moment, only what Burton gives us, which can be, as Miss Colie observes (p. 454), both what he says he will give us and what he says he will not.

The book, then, and the meaning of its structure, are determined not by the definition of logical order inherent in the synoptic tables, but by the view of that definition given us through the Preface, which is the synopsis of the whole. And that view does not deny the logical order, but establishes its powers of comprehending facts of time and spirit as well as facts of matter. The Preface creates a synthesis of definite and indefinite melancholy by demanding that we read the discourses of melancholy always in the light of the questions we have been forced to ask: who and whence is the man who speaks, what is he saying, why and how is he saying it? I shall be attempting in the following sections to show how Burton answers these questions in order to explain the structure of the book to which his satirical Preface conduces. I shall deal first with the man and the matter--the question,

that is, of what the Preface contains--and secondly with the means talked about there--the question of how the Preface presents the book.

ii. Personae & Materia

While the Preface may be seen as a synopsis of the whole, it will not, certainly, conform to the shape of the scholastic synopses it unites. There is no way to set up the Preface as a table which by differentiation and division unfolds to map out a series of logical equivalents that contain the book. The Preface has been described as a constantly expanding vision of the melancholy world, an essay organized by its "continual pattern of opening outward" from the self Burton introduces as Democritus Junior through the "panoramic view" of other men to the kingdoms of the earth.⁴ Yet this description, while in a sense true, is not exact, for Burton starts the Preface in the distance of history with his account of Democritus (page 16), focuses next on his own writing (pages 16-38) and then turns to his "brief survey" of the general confusion in the world (pages 39-72), a survey, however, which is centered on the historical account of Hippocrates' visit with Democritus (pages 47-52). Next, he describes the particular manifestations of metaphorical melancholy seen in human institutions--states, families, classes of men--(pages 73-119), and this account is constructed around the "poetical commonwealth" realized only in Democritus Junior's mind (pages 97-107). The Preface ends then with Burton's explanation of the relationship of himself and his mask to the scenes he

⁴ Ellen Louise Hurt, "The Prose Style of Robert Burton: The Fruits of Knowledge," Diss. University of Oregon 1964, p. 250.

has described and the book his reader is entering upon (pages 119-20). If it opens outward, the Preface does so only in order to return constantly to the speaker, and it does so only by focusing constantly on externals through the persona's vision of self. In telling "what he hath to say," Burton is always expanding his view of men and events only by contracting his vision to the single thing he sees clearly, self, and the self that he recreates as Democritus Junior. Having read the Preface, in Miss Hurt's words, "we know our man: we know the several aspects of his mind--comic, satiric, coolly descriptive, and so on. From then on, he can simply be 'himself.' He can treat a variety of aspects of his subject in a variety of fashions; we can trace their precedent back to the microcosm in 'Democritus Junior to the Reader'" (Hurt, p. 131).

The Preface appears unorganized if viewed in relationship to the Anatomy, but it is as much a whole as the book to which it conduces, for the Preface has not the artificial exactness of the shape of the book, but the organic unity of an order focused in a single idea, the idea of Democritus Junior. Logic requires that the partitions of the Anatomy open outward to comprehend the ever widening effects of causes, whether these be black bile or lack of Christian charity. But the Preface opens constantly inward toward disclosure of self because its view is of present consequences seen through the focusing eye of Democritus Junior. The long passage of the "panoramic view" of mankind's folly culminates in the almost oppressively hasty turning from one scene to another (pages 65-68) in which Democritus Junior catches glimpses, now over this shoulder, now over that, of what his predecessor

would encounter "if Democritus were alive now to see . . . to see . . . to see. . . ." The rationale of the Preface, its proof that all men are melancholy, is the proof of observation and not of logic. Thus Democritus Junior is being exact if infuriating when, in concluding his transition from the generalized scenes of mankind's confusion to the particular scenes of institutionalized madness, he directs the reader to "Proceed now a partibus ad totum, or from the whole to the parts, and you shall find no other issue; the parts shall be sufficiently dilated in this following Preface. The whole must needs follow by a sorites or induction" (page 78). At a later point, we shall be examining the use Burton makes of ratiocination in the pages just preceding this statement, but for now we should note that he has already given us thirty-three pages of commentary on the whole world's melancholy. Burton's Preface allows deduction to equal induction; "this following Preface" is also "this preceding Preface" (we are at a point well over halfway through the essay); the conclusion induced from the particular premises restates in effect the deductive major premise, that "all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes." A partibus ad totum is also in fact a toto ad partes, "from the whole to the parts." For all its opening outward, the Preface is at any moment focusing on what the eye of Democritus that is in Burton sees, whatever way he may turn.

To emphasize the centrality of personality to the meaning of the Preface is not, of course, to say anything new. Various analyses have been made of the persona who is both Burton and Democritus Junior, yet neither one exclusively. Richard Nochimson has shown (Ch. iv) how Burton's role in the Preface and in the book beyond is that of a "split

personality" which combines the Heraclitean or Galenic melancholy with the exuberance of a laughing Democritus. More importantly, Joan Webber's view of Burton as "cosmic personality" or "universal mind" explains the book in terms of the "I" at its center who represents both Burton and Democritus and yet is a totality distinct from either and "larger than the sum of his parts" (Webber, pp. 84-96 and passim). That both of these analyses are able to reveal the artistry of the Anatomy of Melancholy where less able criticism does not is fundamentally attributable to their ability to deal with the variety Burton has comprehended by the mask or masks he assumes. Nochimson, whose study begins by examining various critical views of the Anatomy, warns students of the book against accepting too easily critiques which "seem to suggest that one single view of the Anatomy can explain the meaning of the whole book" (Nochimson, p. 96). I shall hope not to be falling into the category of those who define Burton too simplistically if, for my purposes of seeing the relationship between the Preface and the book, I turn now to another method of describing the complexity of Burton's persona, one which may complement these fuller analyses of the mask.

Democritus Junior got to be who he is by virtue of what seems to me the most critical change of structure the book underwent in its life through six editions. Indeed, the redistributing of most of the material originally contained in Burton's signed "Conclusion of the Author to the Reader" is the only real change Burton ever made in his structure, and the only thing which makes the 1621 Anatomy in some way a different book from the second and succeeding editions. All of his

additions or revisions are made within the book, and even the gradual accumulation of table, frontispiece, and poems are, we have seen, completions of the facade, clarification of its explanation of the book rather than introduction of new definitions. The important thing to observe--and it has often been observed--is of course that it is a redistribution of material, so that the excision of the concluding note does not actually change the matter of the book. Nor is the content of the Preface greatly altered between 1621 and 1624, for in the first edition it already contained most of Democritus Junior's poses, his apologies, his satirical condemnations, his poetical commonwealth, and so forth. But to these in 1624, as we shall see, Burton added most of the comments on his style and the defences of his book which had appeared in the 1621 Conclusion. The note as a formal entity is gone after the first edition, and with it Burton's explicit signature, the first person farewell of the man Robert Burton of Christ Church, Oxford, to his readers. And one way of finding who the persona of the Preface is and what he has to say, is to question how Democritus and Burton came together in the Preface of 1624 and thereafter, to try to see how Democritus Junior as we know him is the juncture at the artistic center of the Anatomy of two historical persons. For Burton's joining of his Conclusion and his Preface into a single entity constitutes the writing together of his persona's first and last names.

When Democritus Junior accosts his readers in the opening of his Preface, he says that they should not expect a satire or "ridiculous treatise" of cosmology because of the name of Democritus. In fact the Anatomy contains these kinds of writing (see Colie, p. 454 f.), but

Burton's point seems to be that the name Democritus is not to be considered fraudulently attached to the book. He is not carving a statue and signing Praxiteles' name to it: "Besides, it hath been always an ordinary custom, as Gellius observes, 'for later writers and imposters to broach many absurd and insolent fictions under the name of so noble a philosopher as Democritus, to get themselves credit, and by that means the more to be respected,' as artificers do, Novo qui marmori ascribunt Praxitelen suo. 'Tis not so with me" (page 15). Democritus Junior is not pretending to be Democritus, but is taking the philosopher's name as his own, his given name. Burton is "Democritus" because that name declares relationship, or claims it formally, as a child is given his father's or godfather's name. What the relationship is Democritus Junior promises to explain after he has briefly described Democritus' life, but that it is so is his first and most explicit statement: "My intent is no otherwise to use his name, than Mercurius Gallobelgius, Mercurius Britannicus, use the name of Mercury, Democritus Christianus, etc." (page 16). To take the name of Democritus has for Burton a fairly restricted meaning. To be Democritus Junior is to be a whole complex of personalities, but the assumption of the name, Burton makes clear, is done with a single intent: in christening himself "Democritus," he claims kinship to Democritus the scholar.

Burton gives several views of Democritus of Abdera through the course of the Preface, but his first description (page 16), in this context of disclosing the "reason of the name," depicts not the satirist but Democritus the philosopher, divine, physician, politician, mathematician, student of husbandry and natural history: "In a word, he

was omnifariam doctus, a general scholar, a great student." That Democritus was a melancholic solitary is mentioned, as is his habit of observing and laughing at "such variety of ridiculous objects" as he saw in the world outside, but the weight of the "brief character," the definition of what Democritus was, lies "in a word": scholar. And when Democritus Junior goes on to tell how that definition of Democritus fits him, it is again the scholar in himself which he describes as "Democritus." He says with gracious humility that he will not "presume to make any parallel" between himself and Democritus, and yet does so obliquely by making a parallel with his ancestor's younger contemporary; "Yet this much I will say of myself, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride, or self-conceit, I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, mihi et musis in the university, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, ad senectem fere to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study" (page 17). Democritus Junior then goes on to talk about his own ambitions toward universal knowledge--"I had a great desire (not able to attain to a superficial skill in any) to have some smattering in all, to be aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis," and the parallel he is making is, despite humility, between himself and Democritus as "general scholars." The long interpolation concerning what it means to "live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden" which describes the sequestered scholar as a spectator of all the world's confused fortunes (pages 18-19) does not appear in 1621, but at the end of the passage Democritus Junior explains more briefly that sometimes he goes out to "look into the world" like Diogenes or Democritus, and is moved by what he sees.

Yet the "reason of the name" when finally given does not relate to Democritus' satirical view of men, which after all the latter shared with Lucian and Menippus, but to Democritus the scholar, the writer of a book:

I did sometime laugh and scoff with Lucian, and satirically tax with Mennipus, lament with Heraclitus, . . . I was much moved to see that abuse which I could not mend. In which passion howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud myself under his name; but either in an unknown habit to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his Epistle to Damagetus. . . .
(page 19)

Hippocrates says that Democritus was writing a book about "melancholy and madness," anatomizing animal carcasses in order to find the causes and cure of melancholy, and Democritus Junior is "Democritus" specifically because he is writing Democritus' book. Instead of making a statue and signing it with Praxiteles' name, he is doing Praxiteles' work and giving it their common name: "Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and because he left it unperfect, and it is now lost, quasi succenturiator Democriti [as a substitute for Democritus], to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise" (page 20). It appears then that Democritus Junior is not being paradoxical, or is not only being paradoxical, in suggesting that his reader would be deceived if he were to consider "the name of Democritus" to imply necessarily a satirical or cosmological treatise. A child may grow to have more in common with his namesake than the relationship of blood or custom which his christening was originally meant to signify or honor. So Democritus Junior takes after his ancestor of Abdera in several respects, including his tendency to observe mundane folly and react passionately to

it, but the name itself is "for no such respect."

One part of our author's name is "Democritus," and it is that because Democritus was a scholar writing a particular book. "Democritus" being the first name, a last name is implied (as in Mercurius Britannicus, Democritus Christianus, etc.), and in the 1621 Anatomy Burton takes as surname his own name, Robert Burton. He opens his signed Conclusion by announcing that he will "cut the strings of Democritus visor, to unmaske and shew him as he is":

-----Amphora coepit
Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?

[The potter begins to fashion a wine jar;
why does it depart the turning wheel a pitcher?]

Democritus began as a Prologue in this Tragi-comedie, but why doth the Author end, and act the Epilogue in his owne name? I intended at first to have concealed my selfe, but secunda cogitationes &c. for some reason I have altered mine intent, and am willing to subscribe.⁵

"Democritus" is the prologue or first name, while "Burton" is the epilogue or last name. By signing the book Burton indicates his understanding that an artifact discloses the artist: amphora and urceus are not generically different, but the potter's art determines the ultimate form, whether jar or pitcher, of the lump of clay. And in this case the difference between amphora and urceus is the difference between "Democritus" and "Burton," "prologue" and "epilogue." Burton's first thought says, I may sign this book "Democritus" because I am Democritus and this is his book. The second says, I myself am in this, a very self that is not Democritus; I made his book, but made it my way, and

⁵ All quotations from the Conclusion are taken from the 1621 edition, unnumbered pages Ddd^r-Ddd^{3v}. I have normalized i, j, u, v, and long-s.

so my readers must direct their eyes at me also, for this work is mine:

"Me me adsum qui feci, in me convertite ocellos / Lectores, meus hic labor est."

It is the name which is different at beginning and end of the book, the identification of the artist's self in the art, and the Conclusion continues to emphasize the author as the artifact in question; that is to say, the Conclusion deals with style. It is here at the end of the book, in the pages signed "From my studie in Christ Church, Oxon. Decemb. 5, 1620" that Burton places the familiar descriptions of his method of writing later incorporated into the Preface of Democritus Junior. Style, he says, betrays us: "since I have now put my selfe upon the stage, I must undergoe and abide the censure of it. . . . I have laid my selfe open (I know it) in this Treatise. . . ." He defends himself (Robert Burton, not Democritus Junior) against complaints of too salty satire or light treatment of his subject; he describes the lack of leisure that led to his not licking his "confused lumpe" into shape or polishing away all its "harsh compositions"; he admits physic not to be his profession and so the "matter or method" not to be faultless. Finally he deals with those problems that bother a man when he sees himself in print: he thanks his friends, assumes responsibility for errors, worries over the printing job, explains his methods of quotation and marginal citation, and so turns himself, Robert Burton who made the book the way it is, off the potter's wheel onto the printed page.

"Democritus," then, in 1621, is what the book is; "Burton" is how it is. And Democritus Junior-Robert Burton exists as two selves,

like and not-like, amphora and urceus, prologue and epilogue--one disguised by an usurped name, the other feeling himself exposed because his readers' eyes must see the self he sees in his work. Burton has then a third thought, and in 1624 and thereafter, Democritus-Burton comes together in the Preface as Burton realizes a synthesis which reveals and conceals simultaneously. In the second edition he fuses Burton the stylist with Democritus the scholar and achieves the full meaning of a Democritus who is Democritus Junior. The name Robert Burton never appears again in the book (though added biographical details relating to his brother, his patrons, his benefices reveal the identity), but instead of an "Epilogue" we are given very clearly, beginning with the third edition, a graphic presentation of Burton's writing his given and surnames in seriatim. With the engraved title page, the name Democritus Junior is balanced at the front of the book by the portrait of Robert Burton. The picture is captioned "Democritus Junior," yet it is no stylized representation but a picture that changes with the editions as the scholar-artist grows older, possibly balder so that he appears with a hat worn, perhaps, to keep out the chill of his study.⁶ The artifact signed with the name of Democritus has the face of the man Burton who has discovered himself to the world.

Democritus-Burton is suggested, then, with the second edition, stated explicitly through the title page portrait in the third, to be the author's full name. For the Preface, Burton's third thoughts tell him, can comprehend both names. The author realizes the potential of a

⁶ Edward Bensly, "Some Alterations and Errors in Successive Editions of the Anatomy of Melancholy" in Osler et al., p. 201.

Democritus Junior: if "Democritus" is a given name, "Junior" is not a surname; but if a surname "Burton" is understood and "Democritus Junior" is also "Democritus Burton Junior," then Democritus of Abdera must be assumed to be in some sense a member of Robert Burton's family. And that is what the book proclaims, for it is a book made by a person who is scholar-artist, written by a scholar named Democritus whose style betrays an artist named Burton. Both men, the fifth-century B. C. Greek in his garden and the seventeenth-century A. D. Englishman in his study, coexist in a person called Democritus Junior. The name is allowed to expand its meaning, so that interpolated into the "parallel" of the two "general scholars" is the long passage (pages 18-19) showing him or them "in some high place above you all," a "mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures"; and interpolated into the definition of scholarship with its own stylistic faults ("barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies," etc.) is the artisan's recognition of what style means: "I have assayed, put myself upon the stage, . . . I have laid myself open (I know it) in this treatise, turned mine inside outward: I shall be censured, I doubt not . . ." (pages 26-27). To be Democritus Junior is to be in a time that is past and present, to be in a place that is on the stage and in the orchestra, to be masked and unmasked all at once. It is to bear a name for which there is no simple "reason."

Burton certainly never uses the name I have reconstructed as "Democritus Burton Junior," but allows it to appear ambiguously, fleetingly, through the visage of the "I" who is vaguely a student of Oxford but has, for example, an elder brother who wrote a Description of

Leicestershire "printed at London by W. Jaggard for J. White, 1622" (page 36 and note). For ambiguity is the essence of the bond that unites Democritus and Robert Burton. It is difficult in the extreme to try to attribute (or not to attribute) any statement of Democritus Junior to the author Robert Burton. Nochimson is perfectly right that Democritus Junior's assertion that he wanted to write the book in Latin (page 30) is not proof that Burton "was actually unable to have his book published in Latin," and yet he is also right that, despite a necessarily implied "distinction between created narrator and creator-author," Democritus Junior "does represent Robert Burton in a very real way" (Nochimson, pp. 147-48). The example is quite useful for our purposes, for in the original edition of the Anatomy, Democritus Junior's complaint against the "mercenary stationers" who will not print a Latin treatise is in the Preface: that is, it is the statement of a Democritus who is not the Burton who later signs the book. It may thus appear to be a fictional complaint. But with the 1624 edition, this passage immediately precedes the inserted section from the Conclusion which explains Burton's inability or refusal to "amend the style" by extensive revisions (pages 30-31). The two statements of 1621, one apparently simple and factual--nobody would print my book in Latin--but actually fictional since the speaker is an "actor," and the other fairly hard to accept at face value--in writing this massive treatise with all its erudition I simply wrote off the top of my head "out of a confused company of notes . . . with as small deliberation, as I doe ordinarily speake"--but presumably factual since it is the attested statement of one Robert Burton of Christ Church, Oxford: these two statements are

made together in one place and with one voice in the later editions. So fiction and fact color each other, and the result is paradox. Democritus-Burton may be stating facts, but then again he is himself both fact and fiction, and who is to say what's what?

The union of Democritus and Burton in the Preface of Democritus Junior to the Reader in effect makes that Preface a logical paradox, and Democritus Junior is a Cretan saying, "All Cretans are liars."⁷ A statement like that about his desire to publish in Latin may in fact be neither false nor true, but an absolute, a statement possible only with reference to itself, not to the "real" world. The condemnation of the stationers and the artist's apology for his method exist in the Preface, which in turn exists for and conduces to the Anatomy, but they do not necessarily say anything true or judgmental about London stationers or Robert Burton of Christ Church. Oxford. The nature of the persona takes an even more decidedly paradoxical turn, as we shall see. But it should be noted that the full detachment of the Preface begins, and the extent to which Burton's "actor" and "mere spectator" can be both of and not of the world is first fully realized, when the fact and the fiction, the self and the self-made mask, come together in Democritus Junior who is both Democritus and Burton.

Infinite possibilities for ambiguity are captured explicitly in the second and succeeding editions when Burton takes another name which mediates between the two historical persons he has joined into the single, yet double, even multiple personality of Democritus Junior. He

⁷ See Colie, pp. 5-6, for the close association of logical and rhetorical paradox.

takes, as it were, a middle name: Nobody.⁸ Toward the end of his Preface Democritus Junior asks his readers to remember, if they feel his words to have been too satirical or comical, that

'Tis not I, but Democritus, Democritus dixit: you must consider what it is to speak in one's own or another's person, an assumed habit and name--a difference betwixt him that affects or acts a prince's, a philosopher's, a magistrate's, a fool's part, and him that is so indeed--and what liberty those old satirists have had; it is a cento collected from others; not I, but they that say it.
(page 121)

And having stood behind the satirist's conventional shield--"I hate their vices, not their persons"--he repeats that "Democritus dixit, Democritus will answer it" (page 122), and places his words in the long ago and far away of Saturnalian feasts when slaves could speak freely without fear of consequences. To speak in "an assumed habit or name," in the first edition, when the real author waits till his "Epilogue" to give his last name, is thus to be free to speak harshly because all that one says was said back then in the mists of time:

When our Countymen sacrificed to their goddess Vacuna, and set turning an apple with a pot of ale and a toste by their Vacunall fires, I writt this and published this. The time, place, persons, and all circumstances apologize for me, & why may I not then be idle with others? speake my mind freely, If you denie me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it: I say againe, I will take it. (Anatomy, 1621, page 71)

He then immediately recants, confesses his faults, and begs pardon--all of which is patently unnecessary since he has already effectively claimed the inconsequential nature of a satire that is fictional--and then he turns to his "more sober discourse." Robert Burton of Christ Church in his "own person" then must make a second apology in the 1621 Conclusion, where he admits the sting satire may have and hopes he has

⁸ On Burton as everyone and no one, see Webber, p. 82 f.

harmed no one. Burton says that though he has "Apologized already" (a note points to the Preface) he will do so again, and he quotes and translates Seneca's Medea to apologize in these "last words"--in, that is, his own name:

And in my last words this I doe desire,
That what in passion I have said or ire;
May be forgotten, and a better mind,
Be had of us hereafter as you find.

Here in the Conclusion another's speech is made his own; here the "last words" are his signed Epilogue, and it is not Medea but Burton that says it, translating it even into his own tongue.

Now beginning with 1624, the second apology follows immediately after the first in the context of the Preface. "Democritus dixit"--I wrote and published this in the time, place, person, and circumstances of Democritus--is followed by the apology of the now nameless, but more immediate voice from the Conclusion which does not ward off blows by Democritus' buckler, but acknowledges the satirist's predicament in Tacitus' words, and in those of an "honourable man" of this time (Bacon) as well: "They fear a satirist's wit, he their memories." The "last words" of the poem are no longer those of Robert Burton of Christ Church; they are now, like the first apology, those of a Democritus-Burton whose "I" is not his own nor another's, but both and neither. And as if to reinforce the ambiguousness of the double apology with its intervening recantation, Burton calls himself and his book nobody and nothing; he says it not in his own tongue nor in another's, but in two tongues which epitomize universal history. In Greek and Latin he explains that between Democritus and Burton, prologue and epilogue, one mask and another, stands No one. No one said it; it is nothing by

nobody:

When our countrymen sacrificed to their goddess Vacuna, and sat tippling by their Vacunal fires, I writ this, and published this. Οὐτις ἔλεγεν, it is neminis nihil. The time, place, persons, and all circumstances apologize for me, and why may I not then be idle with others, speak my mind freely? If you deny me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it: I say again, I will take it. . . . If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not. I owe thee nothing (reader), I look for no favour at thy hands, I am independent, I fear not.
(page 122)

There is now on one "I"; and "I" is no single mask. "No one" mediates between an I who claims, "'tis not I, but Democritus, . . . not I but they that say it" (page 121) and an I who says, "If through weakness, folly, passion, discontent, ignorance, I have said amiss, let it be forgotten and forgiven" (pages 122-23). It is Nobody who adds that he owes his readers nothing, for he is "independent" not only of them, but of the individual selves which are in him.

"Nobody" is of course the ultimate mask, for it either denies itself--one who is no one does not exist--or it denies existence to all but itself--if No one exists, then the only being is non-being. Beginning with the third edition, the same one whose title page portrays Democritus Junior as Robert Burton, the author tells us who Nobody is, thus defining through his "middle" name the paradoxical nature both of his persona and of the world that persona encounters and criticizes. Just before he concludes his overview of the metaphorically melancholy world and turns to the apologies and the book, Democritus Junior summarizes his conclusion that all the world is melancholy by asking himself whom he can possibly except from the indictment. In the first editions the exceptions run from Stoics and other philosophers to the Pope, and the exceptions immediately appear to be no exceptions at all: "He

never dotes, never mad, never sad, drunk, because virtue cannot be taken away,' as Zeno holds, but he was mad to say so" (page 118). Or, with heavy irony: "The Pope is more than a man, as his parasites often make him, a demi-god, and besides His Holiness cannot err, in Cathedra belike: and yet some of them have been magicians, heretics, atheists, children . . ." (page 119). Thus the question, whom shall I except? is answered by naming exceptions which are not exceptions, for "they are all mad." But in the third edition one is added to the top of the list: Nobody is not mad:

Whom shall I then except? Ulricus Huttenus' Nemo; nam, Nemo omnibus horis sapit, Nemo nascitur sine vitiis, Crimine Nemo caret, Nemo sorte sua vivit contentus, Nemo in amore sapit, Nemo bonus, Nemo sapiens, Nemo est ex omni parti beatus [Nobody; for Nobody is sensible at all times; Nobody is born without fault; Nobody is free from blame; Nobody lives content with his own lot; Nobody is sane in love; Nobody is good, Nobody wise; Nobody is completely happy], etc., and therefore Nicholas Nemo, or Monsieur Nobody, shall go free. Quid valeat Nemo, Nemo referre potest [Nobody can say what Nobody is capable of].

Nobody is thus made a person--Monsieur Nicholas Nemo; and he is given positive existence and the character of all that the world is not--sensible, faultless, blameless, content, sane in love, good, wise, and happy. And therefore he can repeat, write down, perhaps ("Οὐτις ἔλεγεν"; no one has said it), what he (Nemo) achieves and what no one (nemo) is capable of. This person called Nobody is then in our minds when within a few pages Democritus Junior confesses that his book is neminis nihil. The "I" who is Democritus and Burton is the existing exception, Nicholas Nemo, whose being annihilates the world of melancholy that is the subject of the Preface and of the book.

The mediator between Democritus of Abdera and Burton of Christ Church is the Democritus Junior who is also Nemo, the single exception

to the world of melancholy. With the naming and elucidation of Nobody, Burton reaches the full explanation of that curious warning he gave his readers at the very beginning, that his seemingly open book is a covered basket because its writer is hidden, is, in fact, not of this world: "'suppose the Man in the Moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the author,' I would not willingly be known" (page 15). The nature of the Preface, as a "satyricall Preface," must lie in the nature of the mask, and to the extent that Democritus Junior is "Nobody," the masks in the Preface exist independent of the time and place which gives birth to them, of the world which they survey, and of the very names which attach them to identifiable men. If Nobody--good, wise, sensible, etc.--exists, then the melancholy world does not: it is a drastic cure for a physician-divine to make, but a supremely effective one. In Partition III, Burton dismisses atheists from his book because they, in a different way, make the world nothing. Their denial of God's love and goodness, we saw, annihilates the world and men, and so they are not eligible for the cure of wisdom; and rather than being of the melancholy world, "their melancholy is at hand" (see above, pages 158-61). In the Preface, however, Democritus Junior becomes Nobody in order to become good and wise and so to be the positive representation of the God-given nature which man has lost, while at the same time he--nos numerus sumus; homo sum--is one of all melancholy men. In being who he is Democritus Junior can cure the world by making it nothing, a satirical view of reality, a poetical fiction, and so by making it everything, a book which encompasses all that the real world is and is not. "Democritus" is Burton's mask, as the personate actor of the Preface declares, but

"Burton" is equally Democritus' mask, as the title page illustrates. And neither is the other, but both are Nobody, the conjunction in the time and space of the Preface of a given and a family name, a prologue and an epilogue which comprehend the whole world and "nothing." In examining Democritus Junior's method, we shall be asking how effective, in purely sociological terms, Burton intends his visionary cures of the world to be. But here we see that the persona--factual Burton, fictional Democritus, and nobody at all--who speaks in the Preface makes himself into the artifact which can speak absolutely of the world, its ills, its possible cures, because it exists absolutely, and with it the Preface and the book to which the Preface conduces. Monsieur Nobody cannot logically make statements about the real world because his existence annihilates it; but Democritus Junior can be observer and observed, physician and patient, player and audience in this universe of the book which exists because he exists: it is nothing by nobody. And so the stuff of the Preface is not medicine but metaphor, not logical discourse but satirical observation.

Democritus Junior's vision of materia mundi is of Mankind, that being who is at once the macrocosm of man and the microcosm of the universe. Humanity is a world which, like Strabo's geography of Greece, is laid out in the form of a man with all his members, a world whose "humour" is melancholy, the anatomizing of which is a task comparable to the astronomical description of the cosmos (pages 38-39). What the world is, constantly implies what it is not: "you shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures,

vegetal, sensible, and rational, that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune" (page 39). Melancholy is disorder, disharmony; folly is not-wisdom; chance is the negation of virtue's deserts. Whatever Democritus Junior sees is the inversion and negation of all reasonable definition: Democritus told Hippocrates that the Abderites "account virtue madness":

Shall I tell you the reason of it? Fortune and Virtue, Wisdom and Folly, their seconds, upon a time contended in the Olympics; every man thought that Fortune and Folly would have the worst, and pitied their cases; but it fell out otherwise. Fortune was blind and cared not where she stroke, nor whom, without laws. . . . Folly, rash and inconsiderate, esteemed as little what she said or did. Virtue and Wisdom gave place, were hissed out and exploded by the common people, Folly and Fortune admired, and so are all their followers ever since. (page 41)

As the method of the Anatomy is definition by division that excludes unlike subject matter, so the method of the Preface is definition by the inclusion of everything within common boundaries. To say that "all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes" is to refuse to draw lines between the real and the metaphorical: "So that, take melancholy in what sense you will, properly or improperly, in disposition or habit, for pleasure or for pain, dotage, discontent, fear, sorrow, madness, for part or all, truly or metaphorically, 'tis all one" (page 40). The vision of the Preface sees across the boundaries of the partitions to the common malady incubated and propagated in the universal "seminary of folly." The not-knowing which is man's definite disease makes common cause with the knowing falsely which is his indefinite penchant toward folly:

Some say there be two main defects of wit, error and ignorance, to which all others are reduced; by ignorance we know not things necessary, by error we know them falsely. Ignorance is a priva-

tion, error a positive act. From ignorance comes vice, from error heresy, etc. But make how many kinds you will, divide and subdivide, few men are free, or that do not impinge on some one kind or other. (page 47)

The "vast confusion" which Democritus Junior sees and causes us to see is a world determined by time, governed, that is, by Fortune and defined by the rise and fall of her wheel. So whenever Democritus Junior steps out of his study, or climbs a hill, or sits atop the shoulders of his worthy predecessors, he tends to look on a milling throng below going in confused circles, repeating itself through time. His first survey (pages 18-19) is indicative of this tendency: from "some high place above you all" he oversees "with one sweep all ages down to the present." The world of space--of things abroad, in court and country--comes to him, constricts itself to his view: "A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which methinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene." Centered on him as focal point and focusing point, the things we see are then extended in time, from today to tomorrow, from now to again:

I hear new news every day, and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, etc., daily musters and preparations, and such-like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies, and sea-fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarums. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances are daily brought to our ears. New books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, etc. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays: then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating

tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, deaths of princes, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new lords and officers created, to-morrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honours conferred. . . . [emphasis mine]

And so it continues, creating an apparent infinity of days and news.

Space always limits itself so that a man looking out or down can see

everything, but see it as himself, for the world takes the form of Man-

kind, either of his body or of his self-delimiting institutions:

. . . and if thou shalt either conceive, or climb to see, thou shalt soon perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is (which Epichthonius Cosmopolites expressed not many years since in a map) made like a fool's head (with that motto, Caput helleboro dignum); a crazed head, cavea stultorum, a fools' paradise, or as Apollonius, a common prison of gulls, cheaters, flatterers, etc., and needs to be reformed.

(page 39)

Confusion is thus the disease defined spatially by the shape of man-

kind itself, but it is extended also through time. And Democritus

Junior's vision of what mankind has been and is, is not and may never

be, is a vision of mutability without direction; the disease analyzed

"a partibus ad totum, or from the whole to the parts" is the defect of human progress.

Democritus Junior's ability to play his role depends on the commonplace fact that the more things change, the more they stay the same: "now" is like "then," only more so. Thus the centrality of the "not impertinent" story (pages 47-52) of Hippocrates' visit to Democritus. Democritus laughs at first because Hippocrates marvels that he has time to devote to his project of anatomizing melancholy, and the outburst continues against the vanities of life which set men going in circles, loving only to hate, making peace only to covet war, seeking riches only to hoard them. The actions of men have no direction, only

repetition: "O wise Hippocrates, I laugh at such things being done, but much more when no good comes of them, and when they are done, to so ill purpose." Hippocrates' defense, that men cannot see the future or they would act more wisely, brings forth Democritus' definition of wisdom that recognizes the limits mortality sets to mutability:

" . . . if men would govern their actions by discretion and providence, they would not declare themselves fools as now they do, and he should have no cause of laughter; but" (quoth he) "they swell in this life as if they were immortal, and demi-gods, for want of understanding. It were enough to make them wise, if they would but consider the mutability of this world, and how it wheels about, nothing being firm and sure. He that is now above, to-morrow is beneath; he that sate on this side to-day, to-morrow is hurled on the other; and not considering these matters, they fall into many inconveniences and troubles, coveting things of no profit and thirsting after them, tumbling headlong into many calamities." (page 50)

So when Democritus Junior takes over, all the much emphasized "newness" of the melancholy world only serves to underscore its oldness, for the change Democritus Junior sees is in degree; the kind is still the same. When he calls for a "Democritus to laugh at Democritus," and muses over what Democritus would see if he were alive today, Democritus Junior is seeing the exact things Democritus saw, the disease of folly sprung from mutability which is the same in this as in other times:

For now, as Salisburiensis said in his time . . . the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new Comedy of Errors, a new company of personate actors. . . . He that was a mariner today, is an apothecary to-morrow; a smith one while, a philosopher another, . . . a king now with his crown, robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter, etc. (page 52)

Through all the pages of descriptions of universal folly, the vision is of man going in circles, his only stability being the constancy of his fickleness: "the world alters every day . . . we change language, habits, laws, customs, manners, but not vices, not diseases, not the

symptoms of folly and madness, they are the same, and ever will be" (page 53). To "speak of times present" (page 54) is then to speak of all time, for everything that is seen is the insane clinging to Fortune's wheel while it turns the world inside out: "To see horses ride in a coach, men draw it; dogs devour their masters; towers build masons; children rule; old men go to school; women wear the breeches; sheep demolish towns, devour men, etc., and in a word, the world turned upside downward! O viveret Democritus!" (page 68). Apparently the "golden chain" of the universe is not only disordered, but impaired: "nay, what's the world itself? A vast chaos, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the air, domicilium insanorum, a turbulent troop full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits," etc. (page 64).

Time, then, is the extension of mankind that gives him existence by giving him motion, without giving his existence meaning by making that motion progress toward a perfection of himself: he goes in circles, not seeing that tomorrow will be yesterday. Being satirical, the Preface deals with Robert Burton's own time. Democritus Junior's insistent criticism is of what he sees from his study, hears in the news that comes to him daily; and the view of the melancholy world is thus necessarily a view of seventeenth-century England. But it is also the view of all the time included in all the books, ancient and modern, in his study, and as true as it is that "Burton's book not only anatomizes melancholy; it anatomizes the contemporary setting, the reign of the early Stuarts"; as true as it is that Burton was "well informed about the main issues, secular and religious, of the day" (Mueller, Burton's England, pp. 8-9), it is nonetheless true that the Anatomy,

even the anatomy in the Preface--such as it is, from the parts to the whole and the whole to the parts--is not primarily an anatomy of "Robert Burton's England." The total impact of the Preface in its elucidation of past and present forces the conclusion that Burton is dealing with his time as an epitome of all time. He can be who he is--Democritus, Democritus Junior, Robert Burton, Nobody--because now is then, his England is Democritus' Greece, his world is mankind hanging onto Fortune's wheel as desperately now as when Lady Philosophy explained it all to Boethius. As he is Nobody and Democritus and Burton, the world Democritus Junior observes and analyzes exists in him--in his vision--as an absolute reflection of all reality, not as a particular "real" kingdom. The point has to be noted if we are to see what Burton is doing in the later parts of the Preface when he anatomizes the diseased institutions of mankind. The subject of Burton's book is "of man and humankind" (page 15), not Jacobean or Caroline England. He is satirist, physician, anatomist; but he is not a social or political scientist if by those terms we mean to imply a primary interest in the description of institutions and amelioration of social ills. For Burton, through all the masks of the Preface, sees history not as progress from old times to new times but more as progress through all times.

Democritus Junior is ultimately concerned with the "spirit of human brotherhood and the urge to move forward and upward," but memory of the past, his wisdom--the wisdom of Democritus--tells him, must be anticipation of the future. Democritus Junior specifically refuses the opportunity to write to his time. In choosing to be a physician and write of "this medicinal subject" (page 36), he rejects divinity per se

because as he sees it, to have written as a divine would have involved him in self-perpetuating activities restricted in time and place and limited to immediate ends. It is a narrow view of divinity and of the art of preaching, but it is the one which Democritus Junior holds when he declines to write either "positively" or "in controversy." To write positively, he says, is to preach at the crossroads of his time, to admonish the leaders of the age:

. . . and had I been as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Mary's Oxon, a sermon in Christ Church, or a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, etc. But I have been ever as desirous to suppress my labours in this kind, as others have been to press and publish theirs. (page 35)

To have written in controversy would have embroiled him in the great religious disputes of the day without hope of extricating himself ("having once begun, I should never make an end"); like the Jesuits who thrive on "unprofitable questions and disputations" he would have lost his humanity--his charity--in winning points: "Blind fury, or error, or rashness, or what it is that eggs them, I know not; I am sure many times, which Austin perceived long since, tempestate contentiones, serenitas caritatis obnubilator, with this tempest of contention the serenity of charity is overclouded, and there be too many spirits conjured up already in this kind in all sciences . . ." (page 35).

Preaching and theology seen in this light are only words, words, words, which turn vocation into the sort of unproductive and self-degrading pursuit of the world which Burton shows us in his Digression of the Misery of Scholars. The kind of physician-divine Democritus Junior chooses to be involves him not in exhortation or debate,

but in the cure of souls: instead of mere words which make divinity just another science, he elects to imitate the divine Word, to be "a spiritual physician . . . as our Saviour calls Himself" and to set himself the task of amending mankind's "common infirmity of body and soul" (page 37). The brotherhood of man is the brotherhood of folly, and Burton's own age is but the latest chaotic example of the need for reform that has existed through all time. That Democritus Junior can devise a way of writing Democritus' book instead of preaching religion or politics at Paul's Cross or tangling with Jesuits depends on the fact that mankind has not made progress in improving his universal, his melancholy condition since the mad citizens of Abdera called in a physician to cure their local eccentric of his wisdom.

iii. Modus Operandi

Democritus Junior's explanation of the Anatomy addresses itself to the defect of progress inherent in Fortune's and Folly's world, which is a world needing reformation yet one that wisdom tells us will always be the same. Although his hope for progress cannot lie in changing mankind's natural state, or what has come to be his natural state, it can and does lie nonetheless in re-forming mankind. For Democritus Junior describes in the Preface a method of controlling the chaotic, apparently impaired order of existence by reshaping it to a form which is not merely human, but civilized. The means presented in the Preface whereby Democritus Junior will return man to understanding are the means of scholarship. To make Democritus' book is his aim, and if he can make that book--which Democritus did not finish or which has

been lost in some intervening turn of Fortune's wheel--then Democritus Junior will have made progress, for he will have put together the scattered pieces of bones and sinew, the mountains of knowledge, the bits of wisdom which have accumulated in mankind's study since Democritus first began anatomizing the "rem substratum, melancholy, madness" of the human condition. He will have "known" man fully. The progress that Democritus Junior expects to make is the cure by understanding; his "chief motives" for allowing his discourse to "savour too much of humanity" are the manifestations of the spirit of human brotherhood peculiar to a man of learning, for they culminate in knowledge: "the generality of the disease, the necessity of the cure, and the commodity or common good that will arise to all men by the knowledge of it" (page 38). Scholarship itself, we shall see, the vocation common to Democritus of Abdera and Democritus of England, to the divine Robert Burton of Christ Church and the physician Democritus Junior of the universal scene--scholarship provides the means of progress because its very method is re-formation.

The first broad view of the world in the Preface, we have seen, is the extension of man's matter--the general shape of mankind, fool's head and all--in time that is cyclical. Mankind rides Fortune's wheel reciting Folly's creed, "I will do as I have done, as my predecessors have done, and as my friends now do. I will dote for company" (page 72). But the second broad view of the world is not of what man is, his general condition, but of what he tries to make himself. For when Democritus Junior turns from his "random" description to his "more special and evident arguments" (page 73), he is actually turning to look

at the shapes mankind gives itself. The institutions of society are, of course, traditionally analogous to the body of man; Democritus Junior emphasizes the organic bonds between man, his "Kingdom, provinces, and politic bodies" (page 79), and the family or "economical body" (page 109); and the various classes of private men with which he concludes the survey are, by implication, the "members" of these various bodies (page 120). This section of the Preface concerns civilization, the means whereby man--truly or metaphorically, 'tis all one--attempts to make progress by giving his natural condition the form of artificial, institutionalized order:

This island amongst the rest, our next neighbours the French and Germans, may be a sufficient witness, that in a short time, by that prudent policy of the Romans, was brought from barbarism; see but what Caesar reports of us, and Tacitus of those old Germans; they were once as uncivil as they in Virginia, yet by planting of colonies and good laws, they became, from barbarous outlaws, to be full of rich and populous cities, as now they are, and most flourishing kingdoms. (page 86)

In this part of his satirical Preface, Democritus Junior is more particularly concerned than elsewhere with the good and bad that he sees in England. He is arguing "a partibus ad totum," and the defects he perceives in his immediate time and place, the contrasts he makes between that time and place and others, are striking. He is dealing with the stuff of social and political science--demographics, production and distribution of goods, city-planning, the legal bases of social and economic stability--and much of his concern is directed toward his own kingdom, "our island of Great Britain." But it is directed that way as toward the object closest to hand, not as toward the object of exclusive interest. Democritus Junior is still not preaching positively; he is analyzing mankind from the parts to the whole and

back again, and whenever he describes how it is "with us," he is speaking of "this island amongst the rest": "We have good laws, I deny not, to rectify such enormities, and so in all other countries, but it seems not always to good purpose. We had need of some general visitor in our age, that should reform what is amiss" (page 96).

Civilized man, as Democritus Junior sees him, is mankind working, the builder of cities and so of nations, and so of health that is commune bonum, the common weal:

For where you shall see the people civil, obedient to God and princes, judicious, peaceable and quiet, rich, fortunate, and flourish, to live in peace, in unity and concord, a country well tilled, many fair-built and populous cities, ubi incolae nitent, as old Cato said, the people are neat, polite and terse, ubi beateque vivunt, which our politicians make the chief end of a commonwealth . . . that country is free from melancholy. . . .
(page 79)

Paradise in this view is not unspoiled Eden, but civilization, a man-made thing: "To shut up all in brief, where good government is, prudent and wise princes, there all things thrive and prosper, peace and happiness is in that land: where it is otherwise, all things are ugly to behold, incult, barbarous, uncivil, a paradise is turned to a wilderness" (page 86). Man works, and by working reshapes his world, reclaiming from chaos the perfection of a made thing:

Yea, and if some travellers should see (to come nearer home) those rich United Provinces of Holland, Zealand, etc., over against us; those neat cities and populous towns, full of most industrious artificers, so much land recovered from the sea, and so painfully preserved by those artificial inventions, so wonderfully approved, . . . so many navigable channels from place to place, made by men's hands, etc., and on the other side so many thousand acres of our fens lie drowned, our cities thin, and those vile, poor, and ugly to behold in respect of theirs, our trades decayed, our still running rivers stopped, and that beneficial use of transportation wholly neglected, so many havens void of ships and towns, so many parks and forests for pleasure, barren heaths, so many villages depopulated, etc., I think sure he would find some fault. (page 87)

The Anatomy of Melancholy, a massive treatise of scientific and humane learning, ends with the quiet, anticlimactic advice that its readers "Be not solitary, be not idle"--an almost vapid remark to make to close out a book of these dimensions. Burton's eloquence concerning man's need to love his fellow man by loving God, the appeal to place human despair in the context of divine mercy, these end with a sort of tinkling inconsequence in a plea to "be not idle." Tinkling and inconsequential after the clarion call to charity, except that reverberating through the Anatomy to its very last word is the essential humanizing, civilizing force of industry that reforms the essentially inhumane, barbarous natural state of man which is idleness, id est, melancholy. The Preface's climactic movement, this section of the argument a partibus ad totum, describes man as he is by nature in contrast to what he might be by art and industry.

The first and worst thorn in the side of England's body politic is idleness. She is blessed by nature with the raw materials of a great nation, but nature is not enough; states become great not by "fertility of soil, but industry": "Our land is fertile, we may not deny, full of all good things, and why doth it not then abound with cities, as well as Italy, France, Germany, the Low Countries? Because their policy hath been otherwise, and we are not so thrifty, circumspect, industrious. Idleness is the malus genius of our nation. For as Boterus justly argues, fertility of a country is not enough, except art and industry be joined unto it" (pages 88-89). To be a great body politic is not just to be like man's body, for that is merely to be--like mankind itself--foolish and melancholy, slave to Fortune. When

Democritus Junior counts cities (page 88) and public works (page 93) or describes the "new making or mending" of canals and navigable rivers (pages 93-95), and laments in each case England's lack of achievement because of widespread idleness, riot, drunkenness, and, in short, want of industry, he is counting the ways mankind can and yet does not cure itself of the disease that keeps it from fulfilling its potential. If to be civilized is to build cities, then England is defective because it has only London that "bears the face of a city," and for the rest it is uncivilized, full of men "which had rather beg or loiter, and be ready to starve, than work" (page 92). Idleness and industry are at the center of this Preface conducting to the book because the best possible vision of mankind is of the despiser of unwrought, unimproved "rude matter":

That prince, therefore, as Boterus adviseth, that will have a rich country and fair cities, let him get good trades, privileges, painful inhabitants, artificers, and suffer no rude matter unwrought, as tin, iron, wool, lead, etc., to be transported out of his country--a thing in part seriously attempted amongst us, but not effected. . . . We have the same means, able bodies, pliant wits, matter of all sorts, wool, flax, iron, tin, lead, wood, etc., many excellent subjects to work upon, only industry is wanting.
(pages 90-91)

Only industry is wanting, and that means that only humanity itself is wanting, for humanity is less than human unless it works: "we condemn this benefit of carriage by waters, and are therefore compelled in the inner parts of this island, because portage is so dear, to eat up our commodities ourselves, and live like so many boars in a sty, for want of vent and utterance" (page 95).

Man the builder, the shaper, the industrious worker is thus capable of being more than he is, but is less than he might be because

he is idle. If he builds, he can build a more perfect macrocosm of himself in a good state, or in a good family (the family in this Preface is an institution, man's "economical body," rather than an organic reflection of his internal constitution as in Partition III). But there is more than one way to work, and out of misdirected industry rise "casualties, taxes, mulcts, chargeable offices, vain expenses, . . . and that which is the gulf of all, improvidence, ill husbandry, disorder and confusion," and the result is not a well-designed city but a trap, an "inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, and melancholy itself" (page 109). The hand of the builder may slip because of inexpertise, and design collapse into disorder, or the purpose behind the work may invalidate it as a civilizing force. Instead of improving nature into paradise, industry can cause decay; it can strap mankind with tighter bonds than ever to Fortune's melancholy merry-go-round. Great houses, the sign of "ancient families," are signs of idleness when "riot and prodigality" replace hospitality and instead of civility mankind displays his old natural barbarity in "fine cloths and curious buildings":

. . . 'tis not bounty, not hospitality, as it is often abused, but riot in excess, gluttony and prodigality; a mere vice; it brings in debt, want, and beggary, hereditary diseases, consumes their fortunes, and overthrows the good temperaments of their bodies. To this I might here well add their inordinate expense in building, those phantastical houses, turrets, walks, parks, etc., gaming, excess of pleasure, and that prodigious riot in apparel, by which means they are compelled to break up house, and creep into holes. (page 108)

Because purpose determines the final meaning of constructs, they are open to interpretation, and industry, like so much that Democritus Junior describes in the Preface, is a matter of ambiguity. The

difference between mad and sane lies in the way mankind views his objets d'art. At one end of the induction a partibus ad totum the tombs of the Pharaohs are admirable public works, their very inutility turned to commune bonum because they convert idleness into work, the rude matter of the body politic into the wrought objects of the state: ". . . and rather than they should be idle, as those Egyptian Pharaohs, Moeris, and Sesostris did, to task their subjects to build unnecessary pyramids, obelisks, labyrinths, channels, lakes, gigantic works all, to divert them from rebellion, riot, drunkenness . . ." (page 93). But at the conclusion of the proof that mankind is mad even in what it makes of itself, we see the same works, finished now, as mere curiosities of the melancholy world rather than as evidence that man can overcome idleness by industry. They are symbols of the brutish regression that leads man to creep into holes or wallow in pigsties:

To insist in all particulars were an Herculean task, to reckon up . . . mad labours, mad books, endeavours, carriages, gross ignorance, ridiculous actions, absurd gestures; . . . madness of villages, stupend structures; as those Egyptian pyramids, labyrinths, and sphinxes, which a company of crowned asses . . . vainly built, when neither the architect nor king that made them, or to what use and purpose, are yet known. . . . (pages 116-17)

Re-formation of the world is not simply, then, a matter of making a thing and thereby possessing civilization. It is re-making chaotic disorder into artificial order for a purpose. And the civilizing power lies not in the thing made, for buildings, canals, or cities which are no longer being sustained by industry are simply ruinous reminders of paradise (pages 89-90). The purpose of building cities is to be civilized, which is to build cities, so that to see the work going on is to see progress; to see a thing finished, not working, is

to see ruins. In recognizing this principle of purposive sustained reformation, we may recognize Robert Burton's purpose for his own encyclopedic reworking of the rude matter of humanity's rem substratum, melancholy, into the wrought form of the Anatomy of Melancholy.

Democritus Junior calls for a "general visitor" to reform his age, someone with the force of an Attila or Hercules or the character of a Crates, or someone with a magic ability to "transport himself in an instant to what place he desired, alter affections, cure all manner of diseases, that he might range over the world, and reform all distressed states and persons, as he would himself" (page 96). Such a reformer could shape the real world into a perfected image of mankind:

He might root out barbarism out of America, and fully discover Terra Australis Incognita, find out the north-east and north-west passages, drain those mighty Maeotian fens, cut down those vast Hercynian woods, irrigate those barren Arabian deserts, etc., . . . cure us of our epidemical diseases, . . . end all our idle controversies, cut off our tumultuous desires, inordinate lusts, root out atheism, impiety, heresy, schism, and superstition, which now so crucify the world, catechize gross ignorance. . . .
(page 97)

The rude matter of the world wrought to the form of man being not himself but his civilizing self, "These are vain, absurd, and ridiculous wishes not to be hoped: all must be as it is, . . . there is no remedy, it may not be redressed" (page 97). And yet not impossible, for Democritus Junior has a reformer; he is himself a "general visitor" to his age. Democritus-Nobody-Burton-Junior sees in this Preface all that the world of humanity is and he proposes to build a book which will cure idleness. The call for a general visitor and the realization that the wish is ridiculous precede his doing in the Preface what cannot be done in the world; he makes a paradise, a "poetical commonwealth." But

before turning to the Utopia, we should look again at what Democritus Junior's job is, for it is the work he does that must determine the meaning not only of the Utopia, but ultimately of the Anatomy.

Democritus Junior is a scholar. Now he has said that his purpose is to finish Democritus' book, which means to write the book as a cure for himself and others (page 20). And the scholar writes books by reforming chaos. Democritus Junior's life has let him see everything, but see it in disarray:

This roving humour (though not with like success) I have ever had, and like a ranging spaniel, that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all saving that which I should, and may justly complain, and truly, qui ubique est, nusquam est, which Gesner did in modesty, that I have read many books, but to little purpose, for want of good method; I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries, with small profit for want of art, order, memory, judgment. (pages 17-18)

And to this rude matter the plan to finish Democritus' treatise gives purpose, method, order, and art. Scholarship is not just knowing: that is curiosity, a useless pharaoh's tomb. Scholarship is doing: making a thing by working rude matter into shape, translating a "vast chaos and confusion of books" through the self into a patterned construct. And it is not the construct that determines its own meaning to be useful or useless, but the construction. For a scholar to be a scholar is for him to be a craftsman, a builder, an artifex, making progress by giving new form to old matter:

As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all, . . . I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers, and that sine injuria, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own. . . . The matter is theirs most part, and yet mine; . . . which nature doth with the aliment of our bodies incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do concoquere quod hausit, dispose of what I take. I make them pay

tribute to set out this my Macaronicon, the method only is mine own; I must usurp that of Wecker e Ter., . . . we can say nothing but what hath been said, the composition and method is ours only, and shows a scholar. (pages 24-25)

The composition and method show the scholar. To be what he is, Democritus Junior works in the same way Ptolemy worked to redesign a civilizing project left undone by pharaohs before him (page 94).

Scholars, of course, like all other men, are melancholy (pages 110-14). As one of the classes of men whose follies Democritus Junior enumerates, learned men are soundly condemned. Authority itself--all the great men whose knowledge is compounded to make the Anatomy--falls under the same conviction: "they that teach wisdom, patience, meekness, are the veriest dizzards, hair-brains, and most discontent." The schoolmen, Erasmus, Vives, poets, rhetoricians, natural scientists, textual critics: these are members of humanity's body, and so afflicted. And the scholars of this book, father and son, are sentenced with the rest: "Democritus, that common flouter of folly, was ridiculous himself"; "But I dare say no more of, for, with, or against them, because I am liable to their lash as well as others." In the main, scholars whirl around with Fortune and Folly her second because their learning is of the useless sort that contributes to or expresses idleness rather than remedying it: "Bale, Erasmus, Hospinian, Vives, Kemnisius, explode as a vast ocean of obs and sols, school divinity. A labyrinth of intricate questions, unprofitable contentions, incredibilem delirationem, one calls it." Scholars' made things, like the completed forms of curious pyramids and obelisks, are without the saving grace of purpose, for learned men "rake over all those rubbish and dunghills," but they "do nobody good"; they "mend old authors, but will not mend their own

lives, or teach us . . . to keep our wits in order, or rectify our manners."

Scholarship is thus a kind of idleness, and so between Democritus Junior's express intention to be a scholar by "method and composition" and the condemnation of scholarship hangs the question, what view of the pharaohs' pyramids to accept: "Is not he mad that draws lines with Archimedes, whilst his house is ransacked and his city besieged, when the whole world is in combustion, or whilst our souls are in danger (mors sequitur, vita fugit), to spend our time in toys, idle questions, and things of no worth?" (page 114). The question hangs over the Anatomy as well, even to the last page where the exhortation to eternity ends in the plea to be not solitary, be not idle. Is the Anatomy a mad book, a mere labyrinth? or is it the kind of wrought object which gives industry a purpose and makes progress possible? For if the art of scholarship is only madness, only obs and sols to infinity, then the very mind of civilized man must be hopelessly lost: "If school divinity be so censured . . . what shall become of humanity?" The Preface itself is the question: who is this man and what is he doing? and that question is the thing that unites, furthers, promotes, collects, connects--conduces to--the book.

As the man, so is the method ambiguously defined, and the answer to all the questions, as might be expected, is--yes and no. Yes, scholars are mad, and the fruits of learning often smell like decaying dunghills. No, this book is not just a labyrinth, but a thing constantly being made, a world of knowledge always under construction, always having a purpose, and that not the mending of authors, but the

mending of lives, the keeping of wits in order. For in creating the Anatomy, Burton has managed to make an object which even when complete would never be finished, a wrought form on which work would always be possible. Beginning with the third edition, Democritus Junior began to promise never to change or publish the book again. He had done (page 34). But he had not done, and his work of composition and method went on to the extent that, as if to prove the point of sustained industry, Burton's own mortality could not set a final "finis" to the scholar's task. Democritus Junior's book was so made that he could complete Democritus' treatise without ever putting himself out of a job, but could always be civilizing himself and mankind by shaping and reshaping knowledge to the form of understanding.

The key that secures mankind in its melancholy condition is idleness, and idleness is the key that unbolts the door as well. For scholarship is idle--apparently useless--questioning, but it is also the epitome of purposeful work--method and composition. As Democritus was busied in his garden with anatomizing beasts, so Democritus Junior, in writing their book, is specifically avoiding idleness: "I wrote of melancholy, by being busy to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness, 'no better cure than business'" (page 20). Yet the writing of the book is itself a kind of idleness, a "playing labour" with which he busies himself so as to cure "idleness with idleness, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease" (pages 20-21). When idleness is the work of compiling cure, then the scholar's exercise becomes true reformation of self and of mankind because it is the constructive force which defines life,

draws lines with Archimedes, makes partitions, sections, members, and subsections with schoolmen, while human nature compounds confusion, besieges cities, tears down civilization. It is thus that Democritus Junior will not be a positive or contentious preacher but a scholar whose book is "written by an idle fellow, at idle times." And it is thus that Democritus Junior makes a book with the form of a scholastic treatise but does not worship that form.

The Anatomy, so constantly and so consistently a thing in production that it can reappear "corrected and augmented by the author" eleven years after that author has given up time for eternity, uses the idea of form to make statements but does not simply exist as a form. Scholars have the effective means of civilization as the very tools of their trade, method and composition. So Democritus Junior, in this Preface that does not have the form of the book, indicates how method and composition can work if the means themselves are the end. His curious transition from the general view of the world to the views of institutional man ends, we have seen, in Democritus Junior's reasonable but illogical move "a partibus ad totum, or from the whole to the parts." The transition begins, moreover, with the appearance of logical argumentation that conceals a quotidian kind of argument by reiteration (pages 73-75). The "special and more evident arguments" are lined up impressively in first, second, and third ranks, each having a primary authority and many secondary opinions, and each presumably a distinct point or premise in the argument. But the points are very hard to distinguish; the second is "grounded upon the like place of Scripture" as the first; the third not only "may be derived from the

precedent" but seems to repeat it; and all can be reduced to variations on the theme, everyone thinks he is wise but is foolish. But for the scholar to say, "first argument, second argument, third argument" is for him to be getting things--a confusion of things--in order so as to be able to arrive at a conclusion, and thus the faking of precise progression actually becomes a progression toward the necessary statement, we are all mad. To restate roving as a progression "a partibus ad totum, or from the whole to the parts"--even if the world appears so chaotic that the order is artificially imposed--is to reform the chaos and so to prove that the things of the world are disordered but its structure is not permanently impaired; paradise can be regained.

That is the whole point of the Preface. Democritus Junior is who he is and does what he does in this way: he is the scholar who is Nobody, a "general visitor" doing what nobody can do in the real world, making it into an object, a book, which constantly re-forms the world's human shape into the improved construct of civilized man, the form of knowledge known as truth, the structure of art. Partitions I, II, and III are not so exactly rational as the plan of the synopses would represent them. They open up by digression and equivocation into all kinds of statements that a merely precise outline cannot comprehend, and their thematic and structural mathematics conflict so that first, second, and third arguments melt together, fuse, redistribute themselves, reiterate, and all end up saying that the world is melancholy, definitely and indefinitely, truly or metaphorically, 'tis all one. The first argument is from cause, the second argument is from cure, the third argument is from love. But the argument of the whole is mankind

itself. Burton makes a formal monument to the world's melancholy which cures him by making him the working instrument of civilization and cures the world by giving it understanding of causes, cures, and charity. Thus the "title and inscription" are what they say they are: the actual controlling definitions of the book, the facade which repeats the proportions and statements of the structure within; and they are what Democritus Junior says they are: a "phantastical title," an "antic picture" to catch the world's attention, a facade which conceals the true nature of the subject matter--"nothing more invites a reader than an argument unlooked for, unthought of, and sells better than a scurrile pamphlet" (page 20).

The climax of the Preface that conduces to the book declares the recreative power of a scholarship that composes order out of the rude matter of confusion. Democritus Junior digresses from observation to make a paradise, a Utopia which is not a real world, but a vision of the mind. His "poetical commonwealth" has been admired amongst Renaissance Utopias for the practicality of its institutions and laws that allow for men's weaknesses and follies by setting bounds to them instead of fantastically eliminating them, providing not only hospitals and workhouses but rates of usury as well, and prescribing a monarchy rather than democratic rule since "Utopian parity is a kind of government to be wished for rather than effected" (page 101). Yet because the Utopia appears to be an "improved version of England" and not an ideal society (Mueller, Burton's England, p. 34), we cannot conclude that it is a realistic rather than a poetical commonwealth.⁹ For

⁹ J. Max Patrick, "Robert Burton's Utopianism," PQ, 26 (1948), 356.

Democritus Junior insists that it is indeed poetical, a reformation in his mind of the existing shape of the world. It is the realization of precisely those "vain, absurd, and ridiculous wishes not to be hoped"; it is the scholar's reply to the wisdom of the satirist's blunt conclusion, "all must be as it is":

Because, therefore, it is a thing so difficult, impossible, and far beyond Hercules' labours to be performed; let them be rude, stupid, ignorant, incult, . . . let them be barbarous as they are. . . . I will yet, to satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own, a New Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not? . . . you know what liberty poets ever had, and besides, my predecessor Democritus was a politician, a recorder of Abdera, a law-maker, as some say; and why may not I presume so much as he did? (pages 97-98)

The Utopia Democritus Junior shapes in his mind is the vision of what nobody can accomplish in the real world, yet the scholar--the craftsman, artifex, poet--can make of man by method and composition. It is therefore not only "part of the whole fictional work in which it appears" (Nochimson, p. 142) but the central part of that fiction, the declaration that what cannot be is, by the power of the mind to construct out of the rude matter of humanity a time and place that do not exist. Not-being is given being, method and composition create an impossible creation.

The Utopia is thus Democritus Junior's useless construct which, like the pharaohs' tombs, finds its justification in the making rather than in the completed form. Like the Anatomy (and as a microcosm of the Anatomy) it is eternally unfinished, its neat divisions and subdivisions--twelve or thirteen provinces with central cities and equidistant towns, navigable rivers and straight streets, public schools and colleges--all are confined within the straits that include the

poetical commonwealth in the Preface (page 107), yet the vision can always be adjusted, revised, reformed through the editions of the book. The Preface is an ill-defined unit containing at its heart the well-defined world of Nowhere (perhaps Australia, perhaps one of the Fortunate Isles) that is really in the world but is as really confined to Democritus Junior's--a fiction's, a nobody's--mind (the latitude is 45° north or south, the longitude known only to its creator [page 98]). The Utopia, then, is the digression in the Preface that determines the meaning of the Preface, for its presence reveals the place of prescription in an indeterminate, tangled world just as the digressions reveal the important facts of indetermination and indefinability to the re-formed world created by scholarship in the book. It is inverted digression, for it contains the means--method and composition--while the Preface outside it contains the matter--the melancholy world seen by and in Democritus Junior. Its presence in the Preface describes for us a relationship between logical construct and illogical truths that we will see reversed in the book, for the Anatomy imitates the Utopia while the digression and equivocation of the partitions imitate the Preface.¹⁰ And in both cases the final meaning rests in the ambiguous, always potential relationship rather than in an actual predominance of either the original definition or the subsequent equivocation. Democritus Junior states through the poetical commonwealth what observation of the world itself denies, the effectiveness of pattern; the unreal world is made to exist as antithesis to the real world, as cure answer-

¹⁰ The Utopia as an inverted digression was first suggested to me by Robert C. Jones.

ing to the causes of ignorance, rudeness, oppression, riot, contention, poverty, swinelike wallowing (page 97), as poetical equivocation to the true state of man.¹¹

The Utopia, like the Anatomy, is constructed out of the stuff of books, and the laws that govern it come from man's universal attempts to order himself more perfectly. Democritus Junior takes the ideas of Aristotle, Plato, St. Paul, King Alfred, Thomas More, and many other historians, philosophers, governors, moralists, poets, and dreamers, like himself, of Utopias. He considers, disagrees with, accepts, alters their laws for his own kingdom of the mind. And his Utopia becomes omne meum, nihil meum, a whole society designed by mankind out of the stuff of mankind's vision for itself. The shape the poetical commonwealth takes is the shape of an exact order that comprehends neither a dehumanized, mechanical man nor an impossibly angelic one. Equal territories and equidistant cities with straight streets and fenced land will enclose a society of resident governors, busy workers, just judges, equally enforced laws. But the men will be human:

If it were possible, I would have such priests as should imitate Christ, charitable lawyers should love their neighbours as themselves, temperate and modest physicians, politicians condemn the world, philosophers should know themselves, noblemen live honestly, tradesmen leave lying and cozening, magistrates corruption, etc.; but this is impossible, I must get such as I may. (page 102)

So the Utopia epitomizes the book in giving form back to a confused reality and yet epitomizes it in not pretending to be the actual form but the scholarly re-formation of the whole world of mankind.

¹¹ Miss Hurt, p. 253, cites the Utopia's introduction of the pattern of cause and cure seen in the Anatomy.

Democritus Junior as general visitor can make things be as they are not and can construct a thing that is not out of what is. But the ordering of the thing remains not so much a wish for England as a reality for the book, not contention or positive preaching, but statement of "fact" that is a projected fact of time and spirit rather than a fact of matter. When Democritus Junior says, "I will have no bogs, fens, marshes, vast woods, deserts, heaths, commons, but all enclosed. . . . I will not have a barren acre in all my territories, not so much as the tops of mountains: where nature fails, it shall be supplied by art: lakes and rivers shall not be left desolate" (page 100), he is creating by the word, saying "Let this be," and so he is proving the divine, the extra-human power of art to restate Fortune's merry-go-round as progress. He is showing in the Preface what he does in the Anatomy when he encloses digression and equivocation within the formal order of the book. But he is also, and by the same token, worlds and times away from the offensive wish of the twentieth-century longshoreman that man may soon "groom the surface of the globe--wipe out jungles, turn deserts and swamps into arable land, terrace barren mountains, regulate rivers . . . and make the whole land mass a fit habitation for man."¹² The words echo those of Democritus Junior, but his art consists in the representation of possibility by the creation of the unreal, not in the real reformation of the tangible world. He prescribes a "world" in order to reform man, to civilize him, while the modern "philosopher's" vision would reform the real world to melancholy man's prescription. Democ-

¹² Eric Hoffer, quoted in Thomas Parkinson, Protect the Earth (San Francisco, 1970), p. 14.

ritus Junior's industry in creating the Utopia, as in creating the book, is "playing labour" which cures confusion by indicating the order to be reclaimed through constant work on the rude matter of the world; it is not an attempt to exclude from life the confusion--the nature, the materia mundi--which is mankind's existence. Democritus Junior has to return to his Preface: it will not let his Utopia take over and become the volume (page 107) any more than the Anatomy will be able to exclude digression. The Utopia conduces to the Anatomy as much by declaring prescription and definition to be not finally supreme as it does by declaring these to be the basic composition and method of the book. If the Utopia could become the book, if the partitions could exist without their essential digression and equivocation, then the Anatomy would be a pharaoh's tomb seen as a finished, pointless construct. It would be curious, but not a cure.

Democritus Junior turns, then, from the Preface which points out mankind's dotage "that so men might acknowledge their imperfections, and seek to reform what is amiss" (page 120), to a book which sets out the single disease of man that can show him more about himself than any sermon or dogmatic argument, and which reforms his generally chaotic universe into a structured encyclopedia of things known:

. . . yet I have a more serious intent at this time; and to omit all impertinent digressions, to say no more of such as are improperly melancholy, or metaphorically mad, lightly mad, or in disposition, as stupid, angry, drunken, silly, sottish, sullen, proud, vainglorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, impudent, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, harebrain, etc., mad, frantic, foolish, heteroclitcs, which no new hospital can hold, no physic help: my purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all his parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically,

medicinally, to show the causes, symptoms, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided. . . . Being then a disease so grievous, so common, I know not wherein to do a more general service, and spend my time better, than to prescribe means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemical disease, that so often, so much, crucifies the body and mind. (pages 120-21)

He turns to the book--"I will begin"--by allowing the book to turn back to the Preface. Impertinent digressions are omitted only by being made pertinent; the definite disease caused by melancholy humour equivocates and becomes the indefinite disease caused by lack of charity. The whole book speaks of the stupid, angry, drunken, silly, sottish, sul-
len, proud (etc.) condition of man, perhaps not always in Democritus Junior's tone, but with the instrument he has established; the method and composition of a scholar-artist.

For the Preface collects all that mankind is and may be and conduces to our understanding that the true and the metaphorical are only equivocations, not opposites. And so it unites the logical constructs and illogical relationships of the three partitions by mediating between them in describing scholarship as art, not merely science: art which enables man to cure confusion with a wrought form. The Utopia is not a plan for a factual world but a fact per se, a fact of the time and spirit of the Anatomy of Melancholy. And the Preface is not a plan, like the synoptic tables, for a book, but it is the book per se, the unifying vision of a man and of all men, of a time and spirit that defy definition and yet depend upon it as the means of moving forward and upward. The Preface conduces to the book because its essence is in the spirit of Democritus Junior who is Democritus and Robert Burton and Nobody, the spirit of a man who looks forward and

creates despite his recognition that mankind will keep on turning with Fortune's wheel and will always drift back from poetical impossibilities to the reality of melancholy.

CHAPTER V

THE PROSODY OF THOUGHT

Here was not the devouring silence of death or of the desert, rather a silence sustained by the music of nature and history, and scanned by the prosody of thought. In the air was a quiet tension, like the tension of truth; and this repose was only the equilibrium, at their centre, of all disputes and of all battles.

--George Santayana, The Last Puritan

Some years ago, one of Democritus Junior's admirers borrowed this description of Oxford to summarize his understanding of Burton's book and of the man who had conceived it (Taeusch, p. 32). He chose well, for the book of the Oxford scholar breathes the spirit of solitary reflection and conservatism even as it embodies all the tension that diversity of human knowledge energetically seeks to release. Because the philosopher's description of the university portrays not a college but a repository of human ideas, it may express as well the meaning that is to be found in the structure of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Burton wrote the Anatomy to cure melancholy in himself and all men, "to prescribe means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemical disease, that so often, so much, crucifies the body and mind" (Preface, 121). But melancholy, the book tells us in numerous ways, is more than the humour, and the Anatomy seeks not only to prescribe cure for disease, but to be cure for the melancholy that is

life. Robert Burton decided that instead of writing positively or in controversy, he would imitate Christ, thereby making his divine vocation the cure, in all senses, of souls. Instead of a sermon, a sermon, a sermon, he took the words of mankind and formed their expression of the human condition into an anatomy of melancholy in three partitions with their several sections, members, and subsections, and in doing so he imitated not only Christ the divine physician but Christ the creating Word of God. Out of the disorder of the post-lapsarian universe he made an ordered structure, shaping the chaos of man's nature and history into the form of understanding.

In seeking to cure melancholy, Burton searches for the cause and cure of this rem substratum of man not in the bodies of animals, but in books, for he is seeking to know about man, and that means understanding his spirit as well as knowing the mechanism of his body and mind. Constantly throughout the book, the anatomist speaks of what man is, only to qualify himself--"or at least, should be." That is the book: an expression of what the natural state of things should be but is not. And that is why in reading the book we must read its structure also, for the only definition in all of the Anatomy that is truly definite is the book itself; the only cure which satisfies the disease of the whole man is the re-formation of his knowledge of himself into the shape of the book.

The Anatomy ends with a cure which indicates man's ultimate destination, heaven, as it began with his primordial definition, perfection. Yet its real cure for man as man is not eternal rest, not benediction. It is restlessness, for man is imperfect, distorted,

brutalized, uncivilized, and the "corollary and conclusion" of Burton's book speaks of what he should do now, in the world, to make himself what he should be, to keep himself, that is, from giving in to the melancholy that rules the world: "Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept, give not way to solitariness and idleness. 'Be not solitary, be not idle'" (III.4.2.6;432). The proverb, we have seen, is Burton's chief weapon against melancholy, for it is distilled wisdom, and melancholy is concentrated folly. He uses the proverb as the final "dietary" cure for definite melancholy, turning the erudition of philosophers and the learning of medical men in the direction of the commonsense wisdom of commonplace life. He then turns proverb into litany when he has found the custom and form of men's laws not to be equal to the powerful force of passion, and by prayer--"good Lord, deliver us"--takes man's cheese-trencher wisdom and offers it to God, who can interpret the morals of man's stories in the light of His own commentary of mercy. The last proverb for mortal man as mortal man, that tendered for his "health of body and mind," is the advice not to be solitary or idle, which, the Preface has told us, means to involve oneself in mankind by work, and for Burton that means to involve himself in the attempt to express what man should be.

He has to make a book which is of this world yet not of it, for it has to find cure or wisdom where there is only disease or folly. He has to teach man civility where man insistently presents himself as uncivilized, brutish, not differing much from a dog, not showing himself

to be Christian. The remedy has to be in the world, though it can direct man's attention to what is beyond this world (as the last two precepts of the book do--love's cure of hope and fear, and Augustine's application of the advice not to be idle to the health of man's immortal soul: "you have devoted that time to penitence in which you might have been guilty of sin"). But the remedy cannot truly be of the world, for that, Burton's book reaffirms, is impossible. Never, he has told us, will men be wholly rational; never will their passions be controlled by reason. Bishops will never offer posts to deserving scholarly divines. Men will never be content with honest love bounded by the custom and form of law. Instead of helping man to be what he might be, Burton must take him as he is and do the impossible with him: he must make an Utopia not with the help of Christ-like priests, charitable lawyers, wise philosophers, honest tradesmen, but with men--"I must get such as I may." He must make a book which does not only anatomize what man is, but joins the articulation of his parts into a unified understanding of what he is not but should be. Somehow, the reformation of man must take man out of the world even as it confirms his place in it; it must be "nothing by nobody."

Burton makes, then, an Anatomy of Melancholy out of the rude matter of man's knowledge of himself, giving an artificial form to human nature. His is not science, but "art or liberal science" which frees method from the necessity of exact correspondence to reality. He takes the reality of disorder and gives it the form of apparent order, and in this, his book is not only a reflection of the "science and scientific thought" of the early seventeenth century, but an image as

well of the art of that age.¹ The cure needed for men's souls is found in work, and the wisdom Burton gets by writing and we by reading his book is the understanding of order: he busies himself with the form of the book, defining, dividing, making logical equivalents where men have not previously been able to decide on them. He makes and remakes an artificial structure, the art of which is also artifice, for the disorder of the melancholy world is comprehended by and shaped to the order of the book, so that life in all its variety is translated into art, impressed with a form it does not "really" have. Reality is set down in partitions, sections, members, and subsections. Disease is made definite and indefinite. Causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures are defined by the rooms of the treatise even when learned men cannot decide how, or even whether, to define them. And so the wisdom that comes from being busy to avoid melancholy is the conviction that in all the disorder of the melancholy world there is order to be found, retrieved, brought to light. The book, Burton tells us (at first in the Conclusion, later in the Preface) will seem as varied as a journey: "And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another: by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, etc. I shall lead thee . . . through variety of objects, that which thou shalt like and surely dislike" (Preface, 32). And so we do perceive it as infinitely varied, yet directed. As variety of scenery is determined

¹ The phrase is the title of the chapter in which Douglas Bush treats Burton in English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century, 1600-1660, 2nd ed., rev. (Oxford, 1962), pp. 272-309.

by the logic of a journey, the tragi-comedy or "mixed scene" of life is shaped by the craftsman into a form which is the Anatomy of Melancholy.

In one of his essays, Leo Spitzer distinguished the "poetic" from the "artistic" by definitions which might aid in evaluating the art of Burton's book. Poetry, he suggests, "is characterized by the vision it opens up before us of a world radically different from our everyday and workaday world of ratiocination and practicality and by the relief it offers us from the daily burden of our environment," while a work of art "is characterized by its self-sufficiency and organic perfection which allow it to stand out as an independent whole."² The poetic, he contends, may be not artistic, not "beautiful," though the two may be conjoined. In these terms, I think we may look upon the Anatomy of Melancholy as an artistic though unpoetic work. The Anatomy is steeped in the most mundane matters of man's life, from his bodily functions to his worldly cares, from eating and exercise to jealousy and despair. The book does not let us get beyond this world except by offering the perception of God's mercy as cure for the world; it preaches last things in order to teach present things: hope, ye unhappy ones; ye happy ones, fear. It works explicitly by ratiocination, allowing us to watch its author parsing out authorities, definitions, equivocations, into partitions and subsections: "yet, nevertheless, I will adventure." It digresses into the heady speculation of worlds beyond man, of infinite worlds, of mysteries of the divine nature, in order to progress back to the anatomy of man's disease, which is a way

² "Explication de Texte Applied to Three Great Middle English Poems," Chapter xi in Essays on English and American Literature, ed. Anna Hatcher (Princeton, 1962), pp. 218-19.

of finding things out and so a way of life. Yet if the Anatomy does not relieve us of this world but impresses us with it, nonetheless it is "beautiful" because it gives the stuff of the world the form of art. The structure of the Anatomy cannot embody perfection, for the world is imperfect, but it reflects the perfection which is inherent in life though now obscured. The book, we have suggested, is, like the world, a tangled chain, for two structures coexist in its form and appear as one "self-sufficient" whole. The first is the chain itself, what the anatomy of man might be if in Adam's fall we had not all sinned: Partition I, Partition II, Partition III, with several sections, members, and subsections, an order confirming reason as man's mode of thought, indicating logic to be capable of expressing mankind. The second structure accepts the first but modifies it; the Preface stands at the head of the synoptic tables and, by establishing a second tripartite structure of Preface, Partitions I and II, Partition III, acknowledges the illogicality of human reason and accepts diversity as the definition of man. It is the second structure which is the Anatomy, and which cures melancholy by giving to the understanding of life as it is the form which represents life as it should be.

Partitions I and II treat of man the rational animal, explicating through a dual system of analysis facts and man's knowledge of the role question plays in human understanding. As logical exposition defines causes and cures of a definite disease which injures man's nature, digression discloses that this system is an exemplum of the cure of life's miseries by the process of finding things out. Understanding mankind's diseased state depends on understanding that human knowledge

must be constantly weighed, and human reason constantly submitted to the test of wisdom. Burton's definition of man the rational animal frees the rooms of the treatise from the control of logic and asserts that man's commonplace understanding of himself will cure the melancholy that learning, the "sciences" of medicine, philosophy, theology, and so forth, leaves festering in his body and mind.

Thus liberated from the necessity of corresponding to the logic of theses met and answered in appropriate antitheses, the treatise of melancholy may become, in Partition III, answerable to and definitive of the manifestations of passion in man. Man the passionate animal is defined according to type, and all his disease appears to be not strictly definable--"indefinite"--since it stems from his primum mobile which is love and hate, not reason. To the tangling of the chain of logic which digression accomplishes in I and II, is added this of equivocation: symptom is cause is cure and all are species. And equivocation thus enables Burton to say not only that melancholy is the common disease of man's body and mind, but how it is so. For melancholy is universal defect of charity, which means that, however one views man's disorders--as symptoms of the world's miseries, as causes of the degradation of God's created perfection, as objects of all man's knowledge because all learning is trying to find things out about man in order to cure him--from whatever vantage point one sees melancholy, he is seeing nature fallen through defect of its essential sustaining force, love. To study Love-melancholy is to study man not "linked and touched with this charity," which is to know how man, and consequently, how the universe, the "golden chain" of love, are not what they should

be. Yet Burton does not leave uncharitable man in chaos, for by the "engine" of art he puts the links together, forming his own chain of Love-melancholy out of the heroical passion, the jealousy, the excessive and defective love of God, all of which he makes equivalent and joins into his treatise of liberal science.

"Anatomizing" in Burton's book is the continual process of defining and dividing which results in form. The three partitions of anatomy disclose man thinking about what he is and is not, and they comprehend things known, or "facts," in a structure which at once limits the facts and liberates them. Matters of fact in Partitions I and II and the facts of fiction in Partition III describe the nature of melancholy man. Burton uses those facts as his raw material and composes out of them a dissection of mankind: this is the elucidation that the Preface gives to the book, for Democritus Junior shows through the Preface that out of various schemata the artist can make a scheme. He announces that deductive reasoning about the world may be inductive reasoning, and that when a man sets out to satirize the world he will end up anatomizing himself, for to see the parts of the argument, to see foolish men, is to see the whole of mankind, and, nos numerus sumus, homo sum, I am mankind. The charity of Partition III begins in the satire of the Preface, where Burton oversees the world by envisioning it through a self who is also not himself, and who sees in himself all that the world is not, and through himself all that the world is. Men linked and touched with charity are first expressed in the Anatomy in Democritus Junior, who is actor and mere spectator, the observer of all that the world is, and the creator of all that it should be. The

Preface takes the three partitions of anatomy and joins them in one: it gives to the artificial construct of the Anatomy, with all its reiteration, equivocation, and indefinition, the definition of unity in the collected self of Democritus Junior.

The Anatomy of Melancholy has at once, then, the "Gothic" unity of the partitions and the organic unity given to the Preface by Democritus Junior. It is in him that facts, things known and things to be found out, become a treatise of mankind. It is in him that fiction, the make-believe world of irrational men, becomes a Utopia or vision of impossible rationality made actual. It is in him that man the rational animal and man the passionate animal become what man should be in the melancholy world, civilized. The reason of the scholar whose life is study and argumentation and the passions of the satirist who must see folly and laugh or weep at its ubiquitous presence are joined in Democritus Junior, who is man the artist, working to compose himself and all men into a form of order. To read the book through the Preface, or to read the Preface in the book, is to see not an anatomy of melancholy, but Democritus Junior's Anatomy of Melancholy, collected out of divers authors and made in the image of man working.

Thus the Anatomy is neither the partitions nor the Preface, but both. Rooms open into other rooms, definition is confused by redefinition, logical scheme is interrupted by pertinent digression or contradicted by an opposite logical scheme. The book reiterates, answers itself, but always contains itself. The artificial and organic unities coexist, allowing to the Anatomy only one final definition, a structure that states itself to be, and so proves itself. The Anatomy of Melan-

choly is cure for melancholy because it is "nothing," not real, but an artifact which is the antidote to everything that the world is. It is the chain linking and binding man's knowledge of himself into a form which can contain him because it subsumes his passion and his reason, his disease and its cure, his disorder and the image of his lost perfection. In the Anatomy man's nature and history are expressed in all their diversity and confusion, but expressed in a structure which comprehends them. The tension between the one structure of three equal partitions with their subdivisions and the other structure of Preface, First and Second Partitions, and Partition III reflects the "tension of truth" felt not as "concordantia" but as the "equilibrium . . . of all disputes and of all battles." Tangled like the world, the form is rhetorical though illogical proof that truth is not impaired because it is diverse, and that order is not necessarily and finally lost because disorder is in the nature of things.

Burton's book sets out to cure melancholy, and does so by being an ordered form for disorder, an answer to imperfection which contains imperfection but defines it by art. Disease, Burton tells us, is the result of man's fall: it is everything that is wrong with the world. And cure, the Anatomy tells us, is the result of working: it is restating all questions, all questionable definition--even the ultimate human question, what is man?--in a form which is itself the answer, the postulate that distinct and differentiated ideas of man are to be joined in one by a process which combines all individuality into a common definition that is the consistently single and whole Anatomy of Melancholy. How does a man differ from a dog? Where are there Chris-

tians in the world? The book asks, and answers that man can be what he should be if he will expend himself in working. Being civilized, he will give order to disorder, wisdom to a foolish world; he will make out of chaos a pattern which orchestrates confusion and so gives form to matter without which matter cannot exist.

The pattern of the Anatomy is one of structures which equivocate but define all equivocation in a single word: melancholy. Like a shaped poem, the Anatomy puts thought into visible order, and its structure may be seen as the prosody which makes all of diverse human knowledge, all authority and speculation, fact and fiction, question and answer, into an artistic expression of truth. The book is finally a conceit, for it is science made into "art or liberal science," a structure of logic which will not be contained by logic, a treatise which digresses out of itself, turning rooms full of matters of fact into delightful fields full of love matters, but giving the fields the shape of rooms. It is a divine saying, "I will not be a divine, but a physician," and yet being neither, but a creating artist who is both and who imitates God in being both. It is art which says of life that art is life: "truly or metaphorically, 'tis all one." Through the Anatomy Burton shapes man--disordered, diseased, imperfect man--into a form of order which, like Herbert's "Altar," shows what it means by being. And like that poem, even when its author is not writing it, it is writing itself. Through its structure the book says, absolutely, that order in life is disordered but not impaired, for all disorder and all irrationality also exist comprehended by the form of art. The tangled chain of the Anatomy makes life itself, the history and nature of man, his

time and spirit, scannable not by a metrical scheme but by the prosody of thought, the scholar's "composition and method" which is a design for submitting chaos to the control of artistic structure and a way of giving to folly the form of wisdom. The last proverb, the last wise and witty saying about the world, is the book Democritus Junior holds in his hand. The Anatomy of Melancholy is the exemplum of wisdom, the form that industry gives to man's knowledge and understanding of himself.

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