works to an as yet unanticipated number and the German writings not yet complete, this cooperation must continue.

Both volumes have been prepared for publication with great care and erudition and have been well printed and bound by the publisher. The *Correspondance* consists of 86 letters from 1511 to 26 December 1524, plus a listing of another 71 that were surely written but have been lost. In addition, the volume contains a valuable chronology of Bucer's life to 1523 and a fascinating archivally-based account of how he secured a post at St. Aurelia's. Throughout, the reader is in the secure hands of M. Jean Rott, who has left no page unturned in Strasbourg or anywhere else to guarantee that this would be, as it is, the definitive edition. In the *Opera Latina* three scholars have each taken responsibility for one document: *De Caena Dominica* (1524), Bucer's first writing solely on the eucharist, the *Epistola Apologetica* (1530), against Erasmus, and the unpublished *Refutatio Locorum Eckii* (1538 ?), which were probably notes for a series of theological lectures. The intervening and subsequent Latin writings have been reserved for separate volumes by type – Biblical commentaries, ministry in the church, and the like. Again the job of editing is careful and the apparatus is full.

But what do these volumes reveal about Bucer, at present the most enigmatic of the main-line reformers? They may suggest that he will remain enigmatic, for in these documents is to be found evidence of all the intellectual currents that coursed through Europe in the early sixteenth century. There is the early Dominican Bucer who still uses Thomistic categories in confronting Eck's *Loci* in 1538. There is Bucer the humanist observing Luther at Heidelberg in 1518 and confusing him with Erasmus; and Bucer the reformer, rejecting Erasmus on doctrinal grounds in 1530. Finally, there is the incredibly eclectic Bucer as revealed in his library holdings from a letter to his Prior of 1518.

This team of editors has thus opened up not just important portions of Bucer but also of the learned culture in general during the early sixteenth century. It is to be hoped that the success of these volumes will help generate the human and material resources to bring the entire project to completion. *Vive l'équipe internationale Bucerienne!*

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A. Leigh Deneef. *Spenser and the Motives of Metaphor*. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1982. Pp. viii, 196. \$31.75.

At the end of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* VI the slanderous Blatant Beast escapes, "Barking and biting all that him doe bate ... Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime." Like many others, Spenser found this beast particularly fearsome. After all, to be bad-mouthed and misread by the authorities might involve exile, prison, or the scaffold, and for a poet to be misread by the public would impede his ability to instruct and reform. In this short intelligent (and expensive!) book, A. Leigh Deneef explores Spenser's concern with bad speaking and bad reading, showing the defensive tactics he adopts. Furthermore, arguing that Spenser recognized the moral ambiguity of literary feigning and knew that if his evil enchanter Archimago works with illusion so do poets, Deneef also shows how he tries to protect the reader against his own poem's power to mislead.

Deneef's subject is not new (he generously acknowledges much previous work, although I miss William Nelson's brief but relevant *Fact or Fiction*), but his approach by way of Sidney's poetics gives the book his own sharp if narrow focus. Deneef believes that Spenser shared Sidney's conception of poetry as bodying forth into metaphoric language a preliminary and not otherwise fully communicable Idea by means of a mediating "fore-conceit"; a good reader will be inspired to ethical action as he works backwards to the basic "verb" implied by the text and thence to the anterior universal "noun." To misread is to misunderstand the relationship of the fore-conceit to its incarnating fiction and to find false repose with the mere letter, with the given rhetoric, narrative, or image. In adopting this scheme Deneef may take Sidney himself too literally, ignoring the latter's paradoxes and irony; and Spenser was far too eclectic, one might object, to limit himself to a single conception of poetry. Yet the scheme works well enough most of the time, and the results are interesting.

Deneef proceeds through a series of essays, commenting on *The Shepheardes Calender*, "The Ruins of Time," *Daphnaida* and *Colin Clout*, *The Amoretti* (a brilliant and eloquent chapter), *The Fowre Hymnes*, and the six completed books of *The Faerie Queene*, approached through Spenser's six Proems and his plays on the words "read" and "rede" (advice). The book ends with a chapter on Amoret, the heroine brought up "in goodly womanhed" whose adventures, Deneef says, body forth Amor himself as the verb "to love" (curiously, we are not told what "noun" Amor in turn indicates; I assume it is Love, as in *The Amoretti*, but Deneef does not say so). Deneef has interesting things to say about *The Faerie Queene*; the suggestion that at the end of Book I Spenser uses humor to demystify his own imagery and make room for the reader's discovery of the fore-conceit is, I think, particularly ingenious, as is the tracing of Spenser's strategic shifts in his defense against false reading and his developing acknowledgement of fiction's limitations. Deneef is quite persuasive about such a progression in the proems, but it is not so clear there was a similarly steady progression in Spenser himself. The book's organization may be misleading in this regard, for it begins with the minor works and ends with *The Faerie Queene*, even though *The Amoretti*, for example, was written while Spenser was working on the second half of his epic. The order of the chapters thus inadvertently oversimplifies the pace and direction of Spenser's growing doubts about what poetry can do or be.

Any work of criticism as sharp and intense as this study is bound to elicit occasional disagreement. Is Fairyland in Book II "granted a perfection unavailable to fallen earth"? If so, why does it have so many bad guys? To refer to Sir Guyon's enemies as mere "anomalies" only evades the issue. Sometimes, I think, Deneef himself misreads because of a too narrow or literal response. For example, when Alcyon, the bereaved husband in *Daphnaida*, tells a fable about the lovely white lioness whom he tamed and who helped him guard his sheep before her death at the hands of a cruel satyr, Deneef dismisses the image as "a poetic wish-fulfillment: the savageness of life becomes not only tame but actively protective." But is that all the lioness means? According to a note in the Variorum edition, the real-life lioness, Douglas Howard, came from a family with arms supported by a white lion, so to call the dead "Daphne" a white lioness refers to a great lady's lineage. And were not wives supposed to help guard their husbands' goods and family? Finally, a feminist reader might find the lioness not so much wish-fulfilling as refreshingly different from the usual Petrarchist commonplaces, an homage to the nobility in this young wife (a little like Skelton's comparing Margaret Hussey to a "falcon / Or hawk of the tower"). Deneef says the

wife's death is "hardly the wanton and tragic murder depicted in the fable, but a natural and inevitable end to her earthly pilgrimage," citing Daphne's deathbed words as proof. Yet surely both versions can be believed — those of the grieving husband to whom such loss feels like nature's savagery and those of a pious young mother saying what one says during a good death. To adopt only the latter as "the actual experience" is some piety but little poetry, a refusal to give human pain its due. Spenser directs us more to the devout than to the anguished version of Daphne's death, but he accommodates both.

A similar impatience with certain images of the feminine seems to limit Deneef's reading of Amoret's sister, the virgin huntress Belpheobe. Her "chastity is life-denying, her honor bought at the price of exclusion from the world and from experience." She is "too good" and "her metaphor closed to additional accommodations" (I think this means she lacks readable accumulating significances and hence is less useful than Amoret for intuiting Spenser's fore-conceit). Missing here is a concession that there has to be room in the psyche for Belpheobe too, that Spenser's astonishingly subtle and capacious understanding of the feminine must include the purity, beauty, independence, and even destructive cruelty of this powerful archetype. Deneef is right to call Belpheobe self-enclosed; she is doing her job, and Spenser's language concedes her flourishing loveliness even as he shows her proud isolation and capacity to hurt. As Spenser's Venus tells Diana, each has work to do (III, vi, 22). Deneef does not deny this, but his unsympathetic tone suggests a withdrawal of imaginative understanding.

It is this refusal of sympathy, I think, that makes the first part of the book less persuasive than the last two thirds. At times Deneef goes beyond pointing out the limitations of the poetry's speakers. He scolds them for misreading, wagging his finger in their literal-minded faces, although they are probably as far beyond reform as they are out of earshot. Some of the *Calender's* shepherds are even faulted for "improper readings of their textual genres," which raises the interesting question of to what extent a mere shepherd knows he is in a genre or at least using one. Thus the shepherd Thomalin errs in "interpreting all existence in the literal terms of his Mantuan genre." At this point a disgruntled voice somewhere in the reader might well retort that after all if one is speaking in a Mantuan style one may possibly be in a Mantuan world and that in any case a literary character must be forgiven for speaking the words his author gives him. What is poor Thomalin to do? If he deserts Mantuan for soft primitivism he is going to find himself unemployed or at least partly blotted out and revised. Naturally, he sticks to his style.

Again, Deneef knows this, but his tone at times almost compels such frivolous and subversive thoughts. He says of Verlame, the city-speaker in "The Ruins of Time," that "She never seems to understand that the *ubi sunt* catalogue is a metaphoric warning against materialistic and literalistic values." Chivalry alone impels one to defend her. But is there anyone to defend? Is there any "there" there? Deneef sometimes treats his "speakers" as though they possessed the personality of characters in novels. Better this, some might say, than seeing fictional figures as deconstructable congeries of verbal patterns, but after Deneef applies some form of the verb "to fail" fifteen times to the weeping Alcyon (not counting "error" and "misuse") the disgruntled inner voice begins to suggest excuses for the poor fellow. Is not anything he says sensible or touching, worthy of helping us understand Spenser's fore-conceit through

something other than negative example? Cannot even his overly tearful action be read back into some larger "verb" or even "noun"?

As Deneef turns to Spenser's greater poetry, however, his own generosity and accommodating power seem to grow, so that he can more readily speak of Spenser's *enlarging* a rhetoric or metaphor. The hectoring tone disappears. On the whole, therefore, this is a civilized and intelligent book. A longer work would have perhaps placed the discussion in a larger context; Spenser was hardly alone in his concerns. And a fuller work might have been a little easier to read. Deneef's individual sentences are lucid, but the argument is very tight and the prose well crafted but dense. In fact this is not, I suspect, a book to give easily intimidated or puzzled undergraduates. It will, however, appeal to anyone seriously interested in Spenser or in the problematic nature of fiction and our persistent nervousness about it.

In 1617 an anonymous poetaster published a work, delightfully called *Apollo Christian or Helicon Reformed*, which takes a gentle slap at Spenser. The author tells us that whereas he will write of St. Michael's victory we may find a related dragon story in Spenser: "Thither repaire who love descriptions life, / There hangs the table of that noble strife." Then he adds, "The spirit, and the sense of things our care is. / Wisdome is Queene, who fareth not with Faeries." This anonymous writer was a misreader in precisely Deneef's terms, unable to reconstruct the shaping fore-conceit from the fairy metaphor; at least he demonstrates in his well-meaning way that Spenser's worries were not unfounded. Deneef shows how Wisdom does indeed fare with fairies, if not always comfortably and in all probability not after that last day "when no more *Change* shall be," words are infoliated into the Word, and misreading ceases. He himself does not end on this note, however; rather, he gracefully moves aside with an invitation to "further speaking or further reading," thus giving a wittily open ending to a usually humane and always intriguing book.

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