“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY
Jasper Heywood took full Jesuit vows.

Early in this decade Thomas Heywood would be born, most likely in Lincolnshire, perhaps in the family of a country parson. It is not clear that he was related to John and Jasper Heywood (note that John and Jasper had been Roman Catholics, whereas Thomas was Anglican). He is said to have been educated at Cambridge University and to have become a fellow of Peterhouse College, the oldest and smallest of the schools.

The end of Round #3 of the eight Civil Wars between Huguenots and Catholics in France (characterized for some obtuse reason by historians as “Wars of Religion”):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Civil War</th>
<th>Began:</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.)</td>
<td>1552</td>
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<td>8.)</td>
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</table>
October: Thomas Heywood created a play for the acting company in London known as The Admiral’s Men.

Life is lived forward but understood backward?
— No, that’s giving too much to the historian’s stories.
Life isn’t to be understood either forward or backward.
From this year into 1601 John Donne would be serving as private secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. In about this year Donne was preparing his PARADOXES AND PROBLEMS, a collection of playful demonstrations such as “A Defence of Women’s Inconstancy” and “Why Puritans Make Long Sermons.”

By this point Thomas Heywood was regularly engaged as one of the players in the acting company in London known as The Admiral’s Men. We suppose, since wages are not mentioned, that he had a share in the proceeds. Later he would play in other companies, including Lord Southampton’s, Lord Strange’s Men, and Worcester’s Men (that would subsequently become known as Queen Anne’s Men).

NO-ONE’S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE
Thomas Dekker’s plays *The Shoemaker’s Holiday* and *Old Fortunatus*.

At about this point Thomas Heywood’s 1st play, *The Four Prentises of London*, began to be acted (it would not be printed until 1615). He also created a 2-part history play about Edward IV. His *The Royall King and The Loyall Subject* (acted *circa* 1600, printed 1637).

**THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**
Thomas Dekker’s pamphlet entitled THE WONDERFUL YEAR.

Thomas Heywood’s A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT
Thomas Heywood’s *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, or, The Troubles of Queene Elizabeth*.

On the principle that anyone who killed Roman Catholics couldn’t be all bad, English merchants forwarded shiploads of musket and sword parts to Ottoman Turkey.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was living in poverty with his sisters, his niece, and his illegitimate daughter Isabel Saavedra in Valladolid when the first part of his *El Ingenioso Hidalgo don Quijote de la Mancha* came into the bookstalls.

(In this same year, William Shakespeare’s *King Lear* appeared.)

Now you might suppose that the runaway success of such a publication and its sequel would have set the Saavedras up for a life of comfort and security — but no, things did not work out that way.
Henry King was chosen to become a student at Christ Church, Oxford.

Francis Quarles took the BA at Christ’s College, Cambridge.

It was in about this year that John Donne was writing his BIATHANATOS, a half-serious celebration of suicide (published posthumously, in 1644). The poet reconciled with his father-in-law so that his wife could receive her dowry.

Thomas Heywood’s THE TRAGEDY OF THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
Simon Willard’s mother Margery Humphrie Willard died.

Thomas Heywood’s TROIA BRITANNICA, OR GREAT BRITAIN’S TROY, a poem in seventeen cantos concluding with “an universal chronicle from the creation until the present time.”

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.
Thomas Heywood’s FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA, with William Rowley.

Thomas Dekker’s play If It Be Not Good, the Devil Is in It.

It was in about this year that John Donne’s IGNATIUS HIS CONCLAVE satirized the Jesuits: Ignatius de Loyola gets his ass dispatched from hell to colonize the moon. He also wrote a prose argument, PSEUDO-MARTYR, to the effect that actually English Catholics ought to be able to pledge allegiance to King James I without breach of religious affiliation.

WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF
Thomas Heywood initiated a series of five plays, to be staged respectively as THE GOLDEN AGE, THE SILVER AGE (1613), THE BRAZEN AGE (1613), and THE IRON AGE (1632, in two parts).


A WEEK:

The Boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tryed armes for toylesome wearinesse;
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilderness.

— SPENSER.

Summer’s robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dyed garment shows.

— DONNE.

When that rich soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? He who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but ‘tis not his)
When that queen ended here her progress time,
And, as ’t her standing house, to heaven did climb,
Where loath to make the saints attend her long,
She’s now a part both of the choir, and song;
This world, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out;
But succour’d then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn’d,
And so the world had fits; it joy’d, it mourn’d;
And, as men think, that agues physic are,
And th’ ague being spent, give over care,
So thou, sick world, mistak’st thy self to be
Well, when alas, thou’rt in a lethargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might’st have better spar’d the sun, or man.
That wound was deep, but ’tis more misery
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
"Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For, as a child kept from the font until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,
Had not her coming, thee her palace made;
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form, and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long she'ath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they're loath it should be said,
'The prince doth languish,' or 'The prince is dead,'
So mankind feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement which did faithfully compact
And glue all virtues, now resolv'd, and slack'd,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea dead, yea putrified, since she
Thy' intrinsic balm, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
What we may gain by thy anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there's a kind of world remaining still,
Though she which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her ghost doth walk; that is a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good,
Reflects from her on them which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay,
Which, from the carcass of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd. The matter and the stuff of this,
Her virtue, and the form our practice is.
And though to be thus elemented, arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assum'd unto this dignity
So many weedless paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old;
For with due temper men do then forgo,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness than to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry
That children come not right, nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty’s ruin! how importunate
Upon mankind! It labour’d to frustrate
Even God’s purpose; and made woman, sent
For man’s relief, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill,
For that first marriage was our funeral;
One woman at one blow, then kill’d us all,
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We do delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blind,
We kill our selves to propagate our kind.
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive,
(Join’t tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag, and raven, and the long-liv’d tree,
Compar’d with man, died in minority;
When, if a slow-pac’d star had stol’n away
From the observer’s marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see’t again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When, as the age was long, the size was great
(Man’s growth confess’d, and recompens’d the meat),
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom, and large realm control;
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankind now? Who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right, or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve tomorrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests stray’d,
Or shipwrack’d in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant, or whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equall to him; now alas,
The fairies, and the pigmies well may pass
As credible; mankind decays so soon,
We’re scarce our fathers’ shadows cast at noon,
Only death adds t’our length: nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang’d to gold
Their silver; or dispos’d into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scatter’d was.
But ’tis not so; w’are not retir’d, but damp’d;
And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp’d;
’Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious, God’s whole work t’undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do’t so soon as he.
With new diseases on our selves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
Thus man, this world’s vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home
(And if in other creatures they appear,
They’re but man’s ministers and legates there
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility, and to man’s use);
This man, whom God did woo, and loath t’attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
O what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
If man were anything, he’s nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
T’his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th’ancients seem’d to prophesy,
When they call’d virtues by the name of she;
She in whom virtue was so much refin’d,
That for alloy unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture, and the stain of Eve,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds, and purify
All, by a true religious alchemy,
She, she is dead; she’s dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn’st thus much by our anatomy,
The heart being perish’d, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,
Thy better growth grows withered, and scant;
Be more than man, or thou’rt less than an ant.
Then, as mankind, so is the world’s whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame,
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption ent’red, and deprav’d the best;
It seiz’d the angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn’d her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th’ universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants, curs’d in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out,
The sun is lost, and th’earth, and no man’s wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world’s spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
’Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation;
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world’s condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetic force alone,
To draw, and fasten sund’red parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ’d that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world’s sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to fate; she whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum’d the East;
Whose having breath’d in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Isles, and bade them still smell so,
And that rich India which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money, coin’d from her;
She to whom this world must it self refer,
As suburbs or the microcosm of her,
She, she is dead; she’s dead: when thou know’st this,
Thou know’st how lame a cripple this world is....

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT
John Donne’s “Of the Progress of the Soul” elegy for Elizabeth Drury, still 15 years of age and holding (she dead).

Thomas Heywood’s long essay, AN APOLOGY FOR ACTORS, CONTAINING THREE BRIEF TREATISES.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
In about this year Anne King, wife of Archdeacon Henry King, died at the age of 23. The body would be buried at St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Francis Quarles’s Job Militant, with Meditations Divine and Morall and his Sions Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet.

The initial volume of the prose and poetry of Thomas Heywood, entitled Gynaikeion or Nine Books of Various History Concerning Women. From this year forward, at The Phoenix Theatre, he would be producing new plays such as The Captives, The English Traveller, and A Maidenhead Well Lost, and reviving old plays.

It was at this point that the Reverend John Donne’s friendship with Izaak Walton began.
During this year and the next, the French Catholics would be besieging the French Protestants, Huguenots, of La Rochelle on the western coast of France. More Huguenot refugees would arrive on Staten Island.

At about this point, Thomas Heywood’s THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.
A group of Waldeosian Huguenot refugees from Germany arrived on Staten Island.¹

Thomas Heywood’s The Fair Maid of the West or a Girle Worth Gold, and England’s Elizabeth, Her Life and Troubles During Her Minority from Time Cradle to the Crown.

Francis Quarles’s The Historic of Samson.

¹. For documentation on this, consult the contributions of Elizabeth Gardner Hayward, Jane Hawkes Liddell, Corrine Ingraham Pigott, Kenneth Edward Hasbrouck, and Henry Darlington, Jr. in Gannon, Peter Steven (ed.) Huguenot Refugees in the Settling of Colonial America (NY: Huguenot Society of America, 1985).
July 15, Monday (Old Style): In his preface to The English Traveller, Thomas Heywood described himself as having had “an entire hand or at least a maine finger in two hundred and twenty plays” (of these there are, surviving, 23 plays and 8 masques).
John Milton’s masque *Comus*, a dramatization of the conflict between good and evil (published 1637).

Thomas Heywood’s *A Mayden-Head Well Lost*, and, written with Richard Brome, *The Late Lancashire Witches*. 
Francis Quarles’s EMBLEMS, DIVINE AND MORAL (lavishly illustrated meditative verses with scriptural mottoes).
Performances began for John Ford’s *The Fancies Chaste and Noble* (printed 1638).

Thomas Heywood’s *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, a didactic poem in nine books.
William Davenant’s masque *The Triumphs of the Prince D’Amour*, his tragicomedy *The Platonic Lovers*, and his comedy *The Witts*.

Publication of Thomas Heywood’s *LOVES MAISTRESSE OR THE QUEENS MASQUE*, and *A CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTIE*.²

² *LOVES MAISTRESSE OR THE QUEENS MASQUE* had been being performed since 1634 and was quite a hit. Reportedly it had been seen by King Charles I and his queen three times in eight days.
Thomas Heywood’s PLEASANT DIALOGUE, AND DRAMAS SELECTED OUT OF LUCIAN, ETC.

Thomas Heywood’s *The Wise-Woman of Hogsdon*.

Named as the next Poet Laureate of England, William Davenant collected his minor lyrical pieces into a volume entitled *Madagascar, With Other Poems* (also during this year, with Inigo Jones, publication of *Britannia Triumphant* and *Luminalia, or The Festival of Light*).

### The Poets Laureate of England

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Poet Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1591-1599</td>
<td>Edmund Spenser</td>
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<td>1599-1619</td>
<td>Samuel Daniel</td>
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<tr>
<td>1619-1637</td>
<td>Ben Jonson</td>
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<td>1638-1668</td>
<td>William Davenant</td>
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<td>1670-1689</td>
<td>John Dryden</td>
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<td>1692-1715</td>
<td>Thomas Shadwell</td>
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<td>1715-1718</td>
<td>Nahum Tate</td>
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<td>1718-1730</td>
<td>Laurence Eusden</td>
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<td>1730-1757</td>
<td>Colley Cibber</td>
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<td>1758-1785</td>
<td>William Whitehead</td>
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<td>1785-1790</td>
<td>Thomas Warton</td>
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<td>1790-1813</td>
<td>Henry James Pye</td>
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<td>1813-1843</td>
<td>Robert Southey</td>
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<td>1843-1850</td>
<td>William Wordsworth</td>
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<td>1850-1892</td>
<td>Alfred Lord Tennyson</td>
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<td>1896-1913</td>
<td>Alfred Austin</td>
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<td>1913-1930</td>
<td>Robert Bridges</td>
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<td>1930-1967</td>
<td>John Masefield</td>
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<td>1967-1972</td>
<td>Cecil Day-Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>1972-1984</td>
<td>Sir John Betjeman</td>
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<tr>
<td>1984-1998</td>
<td>Ted Hughes</td>
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<tr>
<td>1999-</td>
<td>Andrew Motion</td>
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Thomas Heywood’s *The Life of Merlin Surnamed Ambrosius*, purporting to describe the kings of England.

August 16, Monday (Old Style): Thomas Heywood had quite recently died, and on this day the body was interred. He had been residing for some years in Clerkenwell, so it was deposited there at the Anglican edifice, St James’s Church (since rebuilt).
Fall: A reference to Sir Thomas Browne’s *Religio Medici* appeared in Henry Thoreau’s journal:

Sir Thomas Browne says nobly for a Christian that “they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, and upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief.”

Thoreau included in his journal a snippet of Thomas Heywood that he had copied into his Literary Notebook from his reading of a 1637 comedy by Heywood entitled “The Fair Maid of the Exchange.” This has been alleged by the scholars to have been copied from an 1845 New-York edition in Emerson’s library, Charles Lamb’s *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, Who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (New-York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845):

Nor speak I this, that any here express
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest
Whose names have their full syllables and sound;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come:
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

Thomas Heywood.

However, as you can see, that 1637 comedy is simply not present in this 1845 New-York edition. If it were that edition that Emerson had in his library, then Thoreau could only have obtained his access to this 1637 comedy elsewhere, such as for instance from pages 186-90 in this 1835 London edition:

Thoreau included in his journal a snippet from “Specimens from the Writings of Fuller” in The Prose Works of Charles Lamb (London: Edward Moxon, 1838):

If history is a lifeless record and dust accumulates in libraries as well as on the ruins of cities—and books may easily deceive or be mistaken—the traveller has not far to seek for more unquestionable and living testimony—As Fuller said commenting on the zeal of Camden—“A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out of which the city is run out.”

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY
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“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”

- Remark by character “Garin Stevens” in William Faulkner’s INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: February 20, 2015
This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.
Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.