



Renaissance Warfare: A Metaphor in Conflict

The paper that follows needs to be regarded as a kind of epilogue to the proceedings of this conference, since it involves a considerable shift of focus. Its subject is the literary consequences of a cultural collision that occurred in western Europe during the sixteenth century. Thus we must make first of all a leap in time, since most of the men I shall be dealing with were, in terms of the calendar, at least as close to us as they were to Urban II. But we must also shift disciplines, since we shall primarily be concerned with the *imagination* of the sixteenth century, and I shall be zigzagging back and forth across the fuzzy line between literary and intellectual history, a line that is particularly indistinct in Renaissance studies. We must also interpret the phrase "holy war" somewhat freely, since this particular century, for better or worse, was free of Crusades in the medieval sense, although by no means free of religious conflict. In making all these shifts, I can only hope that the altered perspective will shed some measure of light on human responses to conflict that will transcend its era.

The cultural collision that concerns us came about when a civilization ostensibly committed to the values of civic order and Christian love was confronted with the new destructiveness of modern warfare. Trends in social, intellectual, and doctrinal his-

tory encountered trends in military, political, and technological history, and the strains that resulted were explosive. There can be no doubt that a new chapter in the history of warfare did in fact begin roughly at the turn of the century, or more precisely in 1494 when the French king Charles VIII led his troops into Italy to claim the throne of Naples, proclaiming his intention to use that city as a stepping stone to the Holy Land. His invasion thus constituted a kind of holy war *manqué*. The wars that it triggered were new in several respects. They were no longer fought by purely mercenary troops led by irresponsible warlords like those which had made earlier wars in Italy into polite if risky games of military chess. Nor were they fought, like most earlier wars in northern Europe, between greater or lesser feudal suzerains commanding the personal loyalties of their vassals and mindful of decaying codes of chivalric conduct. The new warfare would stem from conflicts between national states, unified by growing royal power and growing tax revenue, dependent on the leadership of a sovereign or his appointed deputy. Modern warfare would also depend increasingly on gunpowder technology. The devastation of artillery, when skillfully used, was demonstrated at the battles of Ravenna and Marignano, and we can measure its growing effectiveness by following a *topos* from Ariosto to Milton ascribing its invention to the devil. Milton in fact took the *topos* away from rhetoric and made it narrative. But technology finally mattered less than politics; the emergence of the national state, the consolidation of dynasties, and the growing art of diplomacy produced wars that were no longer localized as before but increasingly pan-European. For our purposes the most important effect of these developments was the terrible increase in destruction and in the suffering of civilian populations, especially in Italy, which would become the focus of so much conflict after 1494. And when later in the century war assumed a religious character, the destruction and cruelty were by no means mitigated.

The suffering of Italy was ironic because men of the Quattrocento in that country had come to feel a new respect for human

society. The growth of Humanism in Florence had occurred under the leadership of a series of Humanist chancellors, Salutati, Bruni, and Poggio, who incarnated harmoniously a veneration of antiquity together with a proud and loyal devotion to the civic affairs of the city. The old debates over the active and contemplative modes of life paid increasing homage to the ideal of responsible action in the service of a community. Tributes to human excellence and dignity stressed man's role as builder and civilizer, as administrator not only of his own communities but of the entire creation, placed at his disposal by God. Man was believed by many Humanists to demonstrate his fitness for God's trust by cultivating himself and the world about him, and by constructing buildings, cities, laws, governments, and works of art.¹

Until 1494, the military function of human society was not perceived in Italy as a serious challenge to this optimistic anthropology. In Florence, the Medici staged mock battles, mock sieges, jousts, even imitation Roman triumphs to amuse their subjects, and the very existence of such amusements demonstrates the mildness the face of Mars wore. In fact, literal representations of Mars in the Quattrocento excluded the terrifying and demoniacal aspect he had worn during the Middle Ages and portrayed him rather as a chivalrous and valiant knight, susceptible to the tender charms of Venus.² But the French invasions shattered Italian complacency, and as the Italian wars were renewed in decade after decade, adjustments had to be made in Humanist anthropology. *Homo faber* had to be reconciled to *homo homini lupus*. And insofar as Quattrocento Humanist ideals had penetrated northern Europe, this crisis of Italian Humanist faith would become pan-European. It is the fallout from this crisis that I want to survey briefly here. What we discover is a literary search that tries to understand violence by assigning it interpretive images, images designed to explain its relation to human life. Warfare could be perceived more or less lucidly for what it was and still become a metaphor for something beyond itself. The interplay of imagery can be read as a kind of running conflict over the appropriate

meaning attributable to violence. *This* conflict by its nature allows of no clear victory.

The earliest literary response I am aware of to the invasion of Charles VIII is the last extant stanza of Boiardo's immense unfinished romance, *Orlando Innamorato*. Boiardo may well have gotten tired of his poem or despaired of putting an end to its labyrinthine plot, but he attributes his decision to break off to heartsickness at his country's helpless posture—"all Italy in flame and fire."³ There is something fitting in Boiardo's decision, since he and his poem were both in a sense vestiges of an older and somewhat unreal ethos. He was an aristocrat bound by kinship to the ducal house of the d'Este, for whose court he composed the *Innamorato*, and the Ferrarese court itself was notable for its medievalizing cult of chivalric modes. The army that followed Charles to Naples spelled the beginning of the end for that cult and whatever piety was still accorded its archaic gestures. This fact was clearly seized by Ariosto, whose continuation of Boiardo denounces gunpowder precisely because it has rendered impossible the display of valor and individual glory:

You [gunpowder] have destroyed military glory, and dishonored the profession of arms; valour and martial skill are now discredited, so that often the miscreant will appear a better man than the valiant. Because of you no longer may boldness and courage go into the field to match their strength.⁴

Modern warfare for Ariosto means the end of a heroic myth and an affront to his patrons; it means finally the deepening of his own narrative irony. Yet that irony lifts at least once for a passionate invective against those greedy, wicked, and fierce Harpies who descend on Italy to devour the bread of starving mothers and children.⁵ Here the imagery points beyond sentimental nostalgia to the monstrously and hideously inhuman.

Metaphors of inhumanity also focus the jeremiads of the most tireless foe to warfare that the Renaissance produced, Desiderius Erasmus. Erasmus struck out repeatedly against what he saw as a scourge and a scandal to Christian society—in three or four of his *Colloquia*, in the *Praise of Folly*, in the diatribe *Querela Pacis*,

and in several of the *Adages*, most notably the “Dulce bellum inexpertis.” This last adage, which might be translated “War is sweet if you’ve never seen it,” drew one of the longest commentaries of the *Adages* and was certainly the best known; published in 1515, it was reprinted separately twenty-four times in the sixteenth century and was translated into German and English. It remains one of the most powerful and eloquent polemics against war ever composed. It employs any number of metaphors to carry the polemic: war as a pestilence or a plague, as a product of hell, as a form of insanity, an offense against Nature, as a Christian farce for the amusement of the heathen. But underlying all these is a central metaphor that channels Erasmus’s anger and concentrates his argument: war is a debasement of man to the level of bestiality; war turns man into beast. This metaphor is deeply felt, resourcefully developed, and orchestrated by allusions and quotations from a dozen different authors as well as from Scripture. Behind Erasmus’s passion one feels the idealizations of Quattrocento Italy and the temperate equilibrium of ancient wisdom, but the supreme appeal is to the charity and forgiveness of Christ Himself. “If Christ is a figment,” he asks, “why do we not frankly reject him?”⁶ True Christian Humanist as he was, Erasmus drew upon his faith to illuminate a passage in Pliny that distinguishes human anatomy from that of all other creatures. “If one considers,” he writes, “the outward appearance of the human body, does it not become clear that nature, or rather God, created this being not for war, but for friendship?”

For she endowed everyone of the other living creatures with its own weapons. . . . Only man was produced naked, weak, tender, unarmed, with very soft flesh and a smooth skin. . . . The other creatures, almost as soon as they are born, are self-reliant . . . but only man makes his appearance in such a condition that he must depend . . . on the help of others. . . . From this one may conjecture that this animal alone was born for friendship. . . . Nature wished man to owe the gift of life not so much to himself as to loving-kindness, so that he might understand that he was dedicated to goodness and brotherly love. . . . And so even if it were perfectly possible to live a comfortable life without relationships with others, nothing would seem merry without a companion, unless

one were to throw off human nature altogether and sink to the level of a wild beast.⁷

Thus Erasmus argues that war is a bestial violation of that *amicitia* which is so much uniquely human that our very bodies demonstrate its fitness and its necessity. War, he adds, can only be "called *bellum* by antiphrasis, because in war there is nothing either good or beautiful." And then, turning upon his central metaphor, he rejects the etymology that connected *bellum* with *belua*, a beast, because, he now says, armed conflict is worse than bestial.⁸

In denouncing the scandal of universal Christian hypocrisy, Erasmus's outrage is moving and his courage impressive, though it must be pointed out that the basis of his argument stood close to heresy. Here as elsewhere he seems to imply that it remains within man's unaided will to lead a life of charity and purity, and this is a doctrine, of course, that the church has regarded as heretical ever since Saint Augustine denounced its formulation by Pelagius. The Renaissance Humanist believed as a pedagogue in the effectiveness of training; if he was truly a Christian Humanist, he had to accommodate this belief to the doctrines of original depravity and necessary grace. Erasmus might have been less angry had he fully accepted those doctrines. His anger at the brutalization of warfare stemmed from his deep Pelagian hope that men could attain on earth a harmonious Christian community.

Erasmus's distress was shared by a contemporary thinker who ran no risk of the Pelagian heresy and who would publish six years after Erasmus's adage a volume in seven books on *The Art of War*. This was Niccolò Machiavelli. War was a subject that received major treatment in all of Machiavelli's discursive works, including *The Prince*, the *Discourses*, and the *History of Florence*, just as the training of troops and the supervision of military operations preoccupied him as a bureaucrat. He too suffered from what he saw about him, though he suffered not as a Christian but as an Italian at the humiliation and despoilment of his country. Italian armies were the scorn of Europe, he thought, because Italian society itself was self-indulgent, slack, and effeminate. What was needed was a native militia instead of undependable mercenaries, a militia eager

to defend the borders of the state against all invaders, and trained in the disciplines of ancient Rome. But also needed was a stern, valiant, clear-sighted leader to restore manhood to a decadent people, thus bringing justice as well as security, for, he wrote, "without a good military organization, there can neither be good laws nor anything else good."⁹ All the arts, all the benefits, all the restraints established in a civil society are worthless without a sufficient military force, like a magnificent palace that lacks a roof.¹⁰

If for Erasmus the opposite of military force is universal friendship, for Machiavelli the opposite is abject ruin, disorder, indolence, and corruption. In the *History of Florence* he seems to see this ruin as one term of an eternal historical shuttle, moving inevitably from valor to peace, from peace to repose, thence to disorder and ruin, which in turn lead back to order, *virtù*, glory, and good fortune.¹¹ But in the *Art of War*, he leaves room for an individual genius who can arrest historical vicissitude by imposing his own chosen form upon the shapeless matter of a decadent people. In this forming and shaping activity, military discipline becomes merely an extension of civil discipline, and military valor a touchstone of community virtue. Thus the truly strong leader is a kind of artist; in Burckhardt's terms, Machiavelli saw the Italian states as botched works of art that, with severe training, might be redeemed. Thus his spokesman in the *Art of War*, Fabrizio Colonna, dismisses the value of mercenary troops by asking "What good form . . . could I impress upon such matter?" and later, speaking of the need for an Italian prince to make a fresh start, he likens the state to a block of marble:

Just as no good sculptor can hope to make a beautiful statue out of a block of marble that has been previously . . . spoiled by some bungler, so he will be sure to succeed if he has a fresh block to work upon.¹²

Earlier, Colonna had compared a well-trained army moving to the beat of a drum to a dancer moving in time to music. Thus it is not surprising to find Machiavelli in the closing paragraph of his treatise calling for a resurrection of this supremely important art, a resurrection comparable to the revival of the other arts.

Let me urge you not to despair of success since this province seems destined to revive the arts and sciences which have seemed long since dead, as we see it has already raised poetry, painting and sculpture—as it were—from the grave.¹³

The military art for Machiavelli becomes the central, crucial art that, once revived, will restore to an abject Italy the pride of her Roman forebears. It is the only art necessary to one who commands, permitting the soldier-statesman-artist to become a physician as well, curing the body politic of those ill humors and that corruption bred from effeminate peace.

As all religious republics and monarchies must have within themselves some goodness, by means of which they obtain their first growth and reputation, and as in the process of time this goodness becomes corrupted, it will of necessity destroy the body unless something intervenes to bring it back to its normal condition. Thus, the doctors of medicine say, in speaking of the human body, that “every day some ill humors gather which must be cured.”¹⁴

This intervention to prevent civic corruption involved a necessary and inevitable act of political medicine, calling for the tough and pitiless prudence of a master healer.

In the literature and thought of the later Renaissance, we can observe these metaphors of the soldier as artist or physician in conflict with Ariosto's and Erasmus's metaphors of the soldier as monster, beast, or devil. To these we can add another, of particular interest to us here: the soldier as the servant of God, as holy warrior, and even as sacrificial priest. Needless to say, this conception had roots at least as old as the Carolingian empire, but in a century when war of conquest came to be or came to masquerade as war of faith, this age-old metaphor received a new force. This force may be said to have gathered strength in part from Luther himself, who discussed at length the moral problems posed by war in several sermons and tracts. Luther's position on war was too complex and too qualified to lend itself to a brief summary. But a few points can be made. In theory he sanctioned only a defensive war waged by a sovereign against rebels or invaders, and only after the failure of negotiations in good faith. In *theory*, this position is not unlike

Erasmus's. But in the spirit and tone of their writings, the two men stood opposed. It is clear from Luther's tracts that he felt no deep aversion to the very thought of war as Erasmus did, no loathing of the soldier as soldier. We see this in the way his emphasis falls in the tract "Whether Soldiers can be Saved." Here Luther writes that except for rebellion and aggression, the use of the sword is necessary to maintain peace and protect the innocent.

Although slaying and robbing do not seem to be a work of love, and therefore a simple man thinks it not a Christian thing to do, yet in truth even this is a work of love. . . . A good physician, when a disease is so bad and so great that he has to cut off a hand, foot, ear, eye, or let it decay, does so, in order to save the body. Looked at from the point of view of the member that he cuts off, he seems a cruel and merciless man; but looked at from the point of view of the body, which he intends to save, it turns out that he is a fine and true man and does a work that is good and Christian, as far as it goes. In the same way, when I think of the office of soldier, how it punishes the wicked, slays the unjust, and creates so much misery, it seems an unchristian work and entirely contrary to Christian love; but if I think of how it protects the good, . . . then it appears how precious and godly this work is.

Thus, Luther goes on, "The hand that wields this sword and slays with it is then no more man's hand, but God's, and it is not man, but God, who hangs, tortures, beheads, slays, and fights. All these are His works and His judgments."¹⁵ In this revealing passage, the medical role of the soldier as surgeon yields to the divine role of the soldier as godly instrument. In a later tract, Luther wrote that the emperor is justified in taking arms against a pope bent on destruction, and he asserts that God will intervene, indeed *has* intervened, to make the right triumph.

If the pope and his followers were to attack the empire with the sword, as the Turk does, he should receive the same treatment as the Turk; and this is what was done to him by the army of Emperor Charles before Pavia.¹⁶

Although Luther in other passages counseled Christian meekness and long-suffering before injustice, the conception of the soldier as godly and the sword as potentially divine sufficed to justify wars of religion for many Protestants in the terrible century that followed.¹⁷

One way to follow the shifts and alterations of attitudes toward war in the sixteenth century is to trace the interplay, the conflicts, the metamorphoses of the metaphors that emerged in its opening decades. As the Humanist ideals of a harmonious civilization grew ever more remote, as violence became almost constant in some regions, and as moral, political, and spiritual issues were fused with the practical issue of survival, the frightful tensions and confusions came inevitably to be reflected in the imaginative representation of warfare. Through all this welter of principles and mythologies, we can make out a few underlying trends. We can note first of all that the Erasmian image of animality became a locus of particular contention and pressure. At the beginning of the century, Leonardo had translated the animalistic metaphor into visual terms by sketching the grimace of a man in combat next to hideous grimaces of warhorses and a lion. "Animals will be seen on earth," he wrote, "who will always fight each other with immense loss."¹⁸ And he leaves no doubt who these animals are. In Thomas More's *Utopia*, the chapter on military affairs opens with the same image:

War, as an activity fit only for beasts and yet practiced by no kind of beast so constantly as by man, they regard with utter loathing.¹⁹

The Latin text plays punningly with the resemblance of *bellum* with *belua*, "beast," we have already met. But in the maelstrom of religious controversy later in the century, the image of the beast is accompanied by the counterpoise of a heroic or divine warrior who will destroy it. Thus Ronsard would liken the Huguenot army to a hydra overcome by a Hercules, the future Henri III, who is invited to finish off the monster and to fix its bloody remains over the gate of a holy temple.²⁰ Equivalent passages can be found in Huguenot authors, for example in Agrippa d'Aubigné's extraordinary epic of the civil wars, *Les Tragiques*, where the Catholic wolves and tigers are to be dealt with in the earthly vengeance and heavenly judgment of Christ which occupy the two concluding books. But mingled with this simplistic opposition, other images appear in d'Aubigné that reflect the suicidal insanity of both parties, and here briefly a

kind of Erasmian disgust for all violence gets translated into the poem's lurid rhetoric. Bellona, goddess of war, appears as a monster of self-laceration who tears at her skin with her own nails, and whose hair consists of vipers covering her body with ulcers by their stings.²¹

The struggle of Reformation and Counter Reformation produced of course any number of Saint George figures created deliberately to deal with various dragons, infidels, and heretics. We think immediately of Spenser's Red-Cross Knight, of Camoens' Vasco da Gama, of Tasso's Goffredo. It is interesting to recognize the conflict of a monster with a heavenly champion half-concealed at various levels beneath the surface narrative of Renaissance epic. In the ninth canto of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the monster is reduced to an ornament on the helmet of the pagan leader Solimano, as he leads a night raid on the Christian encampment.

The sultan's great and horrid helmet shows
a writhing serpent with his neck upraised:
his body half in air reveals two wings
while like an arch his forking tail appears.
It seems that from three quivering tongues he spits
a livid foam with a loud hissing sound.
Now that the fight is thick, with each new stroke
this serpent, too, pours out new flame and smoke.²²

This female dragon spitting flame resembles the Fury Allecto who has stirred up the infidels to battle by strewing fire in their hearts, and who will finally be driven off by the angel Michael. Thus the purely human conflict on earth is overlaid by the symbolic conflict of a monster with a heavenly champion. The ultimate version of this archetypal conflict is enacted of course in *Paradise Lost*, where the supreme champion, Christ, overcomes the supreme serpentine Adversary.

Against that current of Apocalyptic imagery, counter-currents of esthetic and medical imagery continued to hold their own. In the *Gargantua* of Rabelais, the hero's army is said to be so well trained that "it seemed more like a concert of musical instruments or a perfect clockwork mechanism than an army or a squadron of

horse."²³ And in Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*, the dance of the cosmos and the dance of civil government find their counterpart in the marching and maneuvering of an army:

For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
Between great states arose well-ordered war,
Wherein most perfect measure doth appear;
Whether their well-set ranks respected are
In quadrant forms or semicircular,
Or else the march, when all the troops advance
And to the drum in gallant order dance.²⁴

Beneath the opposition of metaphors and intellectual traditions we can make out a deeper uncertainty over the organic role of warfare in a properly constituted society. The Apocalyptic current suggests that war is either subhuman or superhuman or both at once; here Erasmus and Luther reach out to each other across the gulf that divides them. The Machiavellian idea that war is the proper concern of man and is in fact an essential, health-giving function of society, flourished most vigorously in Elizabethan England, for reasons that are not far to seek. Tudor England escaped major armed conflict on its own soil, with the exception of the extreme north; and thus, despite its expeditions to Ireland and the Low Countries, Tudor England could contemplate with relative security the risks of external warfare. But it perceived with correspondingly greater apprehension the risks of prolonged inaction—what Hamlet calls:

. . . th' imposthume of much wealth and peace
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.²⁵

It is this relative security that produced Davies's Terpsichorean army and that produced the ubiquitous medical metaphor that appealed to the Elizabethan imagination. Typical is the image of Fulke Greville:

So doth the War and her impiety
Purge the imposthum'd humors of a Peace,
Which oft else makes good government decrease.²⁶

Thus Arcite, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, addresses Mars as the

. . . great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, . . . that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' th' plurisy of people!²⁷

Spenser's variant of this makes Artegall into a kind of civic gardener cutting back the overgrown "wicked seed of vice"; Artegall and other virtuous heroes "crope the branches of the sient base, / And with strong hand their fruitfull ranckness did deface."²⁸ War in all these authors preserves the community from that vicious circle of Machiavelli's leading from peace to repose to disorder to ruin. It is absolutely necessary civic therapy.

In several major authors of the sixteenth century, one can follow a conflict of metaphors struggling to dominate within a single canon the author's representation of warfare. This is the case quite clearly of Montaigne who on this subject, as on so many, remained disarmingly ambivalent. On the one hand, Montaigne professed to admire the military life above all others, although he seldom gratified this taste, and he professed to admire most ardently of all great men Alexander, Caesar, and Epaminondas along with Homer and Socrates (Book II, chapter 36). Yet his metaphor for the actions of Caesar and Alexander might give us pause; they were two forest fires or two floods that ravaged the world, he writes, and goes on to quote a Virgilian simile that employs both figures (fire and flood) in a clearly negative context.²⁹ Elsewhere he considers the argument that an external war drains off a nation's rank humors and preserves it from the mortal fever of internal hostilities. But he doubts that God would favor such cynical and calculating surgery.³⁰ And in the late essay "On Physiognomy" he represents the savage turbulence of his shattered nation in terms of a disease that has infected the entire body.

When these epidemics come to last, like ours, the whole body is affected, head and heels alike; no part is free from corruption.

"Monstrous war!" he cries, recalling d'Aubigné:

It is by nature so malignant and ruinous that it ruins itself together with

all the rest, and tears and dismembers itself with rage. . . . All discipline flies from it. It comes to cure sedition and is full of it. . . . Our medicine carries infection.³¹

Here the image cuts both ways. The present civil war is monstrous because the soldier fails to play the physician, which is his proper and necessary role. Only the present war, then, is evil. Against that implication still another passage can be cited, from the *Apology for Raymond Sebond*, where the rejection is absolute, where war is cited as "testimony of our imbecility and imperfection," and where an army collectively becomes a single monster whose immensity deceives the eye in a Swiftian play with perspective.

This great body . . . which seems to threaten heaven and earth . . . this furious monster with so many arms and so many heads is still man, feeble, calamitous, and miserable. It is only an anthill stirred and wrought up.³²

The *Essais* clearly provide no single judgment or single metaphor that circumscribes the subject; what they do provide, what they always provide, is rather the image of a man trying out judgments and metaphors, rewriting and recasting them restlessly, trying to avoid fantasies and conventions, trying to keep in touch with the actualities, and trying to respond with realism and humanity. The interplay of imagery corresponds to the incessant movement of that restive mind.

In the case of Shakespeare, any number of books might be written, and some have been,³³ on the range and complexity of soldiering in his imagination. We have only to recall the gallery of soldiers he created to recognize the manifold faces he attributed to Mars, including Titus Andronicus, Talbot and Joan la Pucelle, Prince Hal and Falstaff, Fluellen and Bardolph, Ajax and Hector, Bertram, Othello, Fortinbras, Edmund and Cordelia, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Alcibiades, and even Imogen, among many others. If drama can tell the truth about war, Shakespeare tells as much as can be told; he renders each figure and each story its own truth and even all the paradoxes of its truth, its double and triple paradoxes, so that necessity and folly are somehow conjoined; the farcical and the noble, heroism and self-deception come together; patriotism fades

into brutality and brutality into prudence. Shakespeare is capable of giving us in a single battle Hotspur crying "An if we live, we live to tread on kings"; and Falstaff, pointing to the corpse of Sir Walter Blunt, "There's honor for you"; and Prince Hal, over Hotspur's body, "Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk"; and the guilty king, after the victory, losing control of his ironies, "Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke." But to try to hear all the resonances of Shakespeare's terrible honesty would require a foolish kind of courage, and we can limit ourselves to registering a few of the ways he deals with the imagery we've been tracing.

What strikes one first in surveying these images is the way each usage, emerging from a context of paradoxes, invites ironic scrutiny; the play always supplies us with alternative perspectives to the speaker's, and so supplies us with a basis for skepticism. Shakespeare's pitiless lucidity seldom allows one to accept the metaphor on its own absolute terms. If he echoes the metaphor of soldier as high priest, he assigns it, grotesquely, to Hotspur:

Let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood.³⁴

Or again, Shakespeare will assign the role of physician to Macbeth, the very breeder of his land's infection. "What rhubarb," asks Macbeth, "senna, or what purgative drug, / Would scour these English hence?"

If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee. (V, iii, 50-56)

In both of these instances, the whole play is there to underscore the misplacement of the imagery. Othello may be alluding to something like this process of misplacement when he refers to "the big wars that make ambition virtue."³⁵ But this very remark, coming as it does in his anguished and misguided farewell to his occupation, invites its own ironic consideration.

In those plays of Shakespeare most firmly focused on warfare, certain images seem to attract to themselves the very crux of the dramatic contention. In *Troilus and Cressida* one thinks of the grim climax to Ulysses' speech on degree, where power and will degenerate into appetite,

And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey
And last eat up himself. (I, iii, 121-24)

What Ulysses in fact gives us is an organizing image by which to understand the rest of the play, and whatever irony intrudes here lies perhaps in his insufficient awareness that the universal wolf is already within the door. Priam will refer later to the "hot digestion of this cormorant war" (II, ii, 6). A similar nexus appears in *Henry V* where Exeter, the English ambassador, threatens the French king by urging him "to take mercy / On the poor souls for whom this hungry war / Opens his vasty jaws" (II, iv, 103-5). This is a form of mercy to which Henry himself does not yield, and we remember the play's opening lines ostensibly painting an ideal king who should

Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leash'd in, like hounds) should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. (I, Prologue, 6-8)

Henry V is a play that will always set critics at odds because it is genuinely ambivalent, because its royal protagonist cannot be judged adequately from any single moral posture, and because its imagery localizes the ambivalence of the whole. We might be able to deal satisfactorily with this elusive play if we could deal satisfactorily with these images of animality and accommodate them to the king's remark to his footsoldiers on the eve of Agincourt: "War is his [God's] beadle; war is his vengeance" (IV, i, 175-76). But the very difficulty of these accommodations is perhaps a key to the play's knotty strength. And in another context Shakespeare can employ a military metaphor to resolve a play's intolerable tensions. This occurs at the conclusion to *Timon of Athens*, where in the last

scene Alcibiades enters as a justicer to scourge what he calls "this coward and lascivious town" of Athens. But then, after listening to the reasonable pleas of the Athenian senators, he chooses to moderate his chastisement and, in the closing lines of the play, employs the medical metaphor we know well to define his middle course. "Bring me into your city," he says

And I will use the olive, with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. (V, iv, 81-84)

In a play about excessive generosity and excessive misanthropy this metaphor of reciprocal healing offers whatever equilibrium the play is able to provide.

The last work I want to discuss in this historical hedgehopping is the long book written by François Rabelais, a book that also reflects the tensions of its age and that exposes them to its own peculiarly perverse and quirky humor. In the first volume of his work, the *Gargantua*, Rabelais pays his respects to the pacifist principles of his acknowledged master Erasmus; and in his second volume he specifically excludes a holy war from those wars of defense which both he and Erasmus acknowledged to be necessary.³⁶ But mingled with passages deeply impregnated with the values of peace, generosity, and clemency, are other passages that cut athwart those values with characteristic Rabelaisian paradoxicality. Part of the young Gargantua's regimen is training in the use of arms, and Rabelais presents the strenuous training with lance and sword and dagger as great sport. And later when his second hero Frère Jean discovers enemy soldiers pillaging his abbey's vineyard, he uses the staff of his cross to lay about him with relish and sends all the pillagers to paradise, as he says, "as straight as a sickle." The scene of Frère Jean's massacre is written with splendid high spirits, and word-master Rabelais catches in his language the rousing fun of crunching all those bones. Most fighting may be inhuman, but when it is necessary, apparently, it can also be exhilarating.

Only in the *Third Book*, however, do the problem of war and the metaphor of war become absolutely central to Rabelais's story. I

venture this remark despite the fact that war is mentioned explicitly only in the great Prologue to that volume and briefly in one or two of the early chapters. In the Prologue Rabelais retells a story he had found in Lucian, a story about the philosopher Diogenes. The story begins with the hasty preparations of the city of Corinth in anticipation of a siege by Philip of Macedon, preparations that Rabelais catalogues in his own exhausting manner until the page comes alive with the teeming and frantic fever of activity. Then enters the Rabelasian hero:

Now when Diogenes saw them all so warm at work and himself assigned no duties by the magistrates, he watched their behavior for some days in complete silence. Then, as if spurred by the martial spirit, he slung his cloak across his chest, rolled his sleeves up to his elbows . . . and made off out of the town towards Cranium, which is a jutting hill not far from Corinth and a fine look-out place. Thither he rolled his earthen tub, which served him as a shelter against the inclemencies of the weather; and putting out all his strength, in a tremendous outburst of spirits, he twirled it, whirled it, scrambled it, bungled it, frisked it, jumbled it, tumbled it, . . . rolled it from top to bottom of the hill, and precipitated it from the Cranium. Then he rolled it uphill again, as Sisyphus did his stone, so violently that he almost knocked the bottom out of it.

At the sight of this activity one of his friends asked him what moved him thus to torment his body, his spirit, and his tub. To which the philosopher replied that, not being entrusted with any other duties by the State, he was giving his tub a thrashing in order not to seem the one lazy idler among a people so feverishly busy.³⁷

Thus ends Rabelais's story. And here, we realize, in this little anecdote he has given us another image for war, an inspired parody of the whole wretched farce, or what he would call on the next page the "tragicomedy" performed on the stage of Europe. All of that meaningless frenzy, all the self-destructive ritual, all the weary Sisyphean futility travestied in the mauling of that poor tub; and the whole rigamarole transmuted into an enduring symbol by the witty malice of a cantankerous barefoot philosopher!

But once this story has been told, there begins a very curious paragraph, which has not in my opinion been adequately weighed. First, Rabelais goes on to refer to the preparations that were being

made as he wrote against an invasion of northern France by the Emperor Charles V.

In the same way . . . I am still not unperturbed at finding myself counted unworthy of employment, whereas throughout this most noble kingdom of France . . . I see everyone today busily and earnestly working, . . . some in repelling the enemy, and some in attacking them: and all this under such excellent direction . . . and with such a clear view to future advantages—for the frontiers of France will soon be magnificently extended, and our people rest in peace and security.³⁸

All of this is delicious irony, and when we hear all about that peace and security, knowing what we know of international relations in 1546, we catch the wink of the eye. But then, as he does so often, Rabelais modulates his tone a little, so that we no longer quite know where we are, and he even proceeds to take issue with Erasmus, in the only instance of his career. The passage he takes issue with is one we know:

I can almost subscribe, therefore, to the opinion of the excellent Heraclitus, to the effect that war is the father of all good things. Indeed, I believe that war is called *bellum* (a fine thing) in Latin, not out of antithesis, as certain botchers of old Latin tags have believed [he means the Erasmus of the *Adages*], because they saw but little beauty in war, but positively and literally, because in war every kind of beauty and virtue shines out, every kind of evil and ugliness is abolished.³⁹

Now this paragraph is arresting because it is hard to interpret either as irony or as affirmation. If it is ironic, it seems a little gratuitous; if it is positive, it works against a great deal in this book and in particular against the very first chapter to follow. In fact, we do not yet have the means to interpret this paragraph, because the key will only be given to us by the narrative of the *Third Book* we are about to read.

That narrative is about a man who cannot make up his mind whether or not to marry. On the surface, it has absolutely nothing to do with the morality of warfare. But Rabelais hints indirectly that this question of marriage stands as a kind of comic synecdoche to the much larger question of assuming our full responsibilities as human beings, of participating in that network of mutual bonds and affections which Erasmus saw as the basis of human life. Thus the

drama of Rabelais's anxious antihero, Panurge, comes to adumbrate every man's drama because it centers on the problem of courage in a problematic world of contingencies. Panurge's vacillations before the risks of marriage are funny, pathetic, and exasperating at once, but through them we come to see the virtue of courage as the crucial virtue for living in a world of risks, large and small. And finally we understand that only through the risky and the contingent do we attain to the higher courage Rabelais calls "Pantagruelism," which he defines as a gaiety of the spirit contemptuous of accident. When we understand how that inner gaiety stems only from confronting the risky and the painful, then we are ready to understand how war can be said in the Prologue to be the father of all good things. Literal war, shooting war, receives Rabelais's scorn, but he writes his book nonetheless, he tells us, for Pantagruelist soldiers. War is contemptible as the tenor of Diogenes' parody, but as a metaphoric vehicle it comes to adumbrate the whole problematic and purgative struggle to lead a human life. Here for once the Renaissance imagination transcended the terrible immediacy of bloodshed and compelled it to serve the purpose of comic understanding.

1. For useful discussions of representative Humanists of the Quattrocento who shared these assumptions, together with generous quotations from their writings, see Charles Trinkaus, *In Our Image and Likeness*, 2 vols. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970), part 2 (1:173-321) and part 3 (2:461-551).

2. J. R. Hale, "War and Public Opinion in Renaissance Italy," in *Italian Renaissance Studies*, ed. E. F. Jacob (London: Faber and Faber, 1960), pp. 94-122.

3.

Mentre che io canto, o Iddio redentore,
 Vedo la Italia tutta a fiamma e a foco
 Per questi Galli, che con gran valore
 Vengon per disertar non so che loco;
 Però vi lascio in questo vano amore
 De Fiordespina ardente a poco a poco;
 Un'altra fiata, se mi fia concesso,
 Racontarovi il tutto per espresso.

Matteo Maria Boiardo, *Orlando Innamorato*, ed. Aldo Scaglione, 2 vols. (Turin: U.T.E.T., 1963), 2:625.

4. Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, trans. Guido Waldman (London: Oxford University Press, 1974), p. 109.

Per te la militar gloria è distrutta,
Per te il mestier de l'arme è senza onore;
Per te è il valore e la virtù ridutta,
Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore:
Non più la gagliarda, non più l'ardire
Per te può in campo al paragon venire.

(Canto 11, stanza 26)

Orlando Furioso, ed. N. Zingarelli (Milan: Hoepli, 1954), p. 96.

5. Oh famelice, inique e fiere Arpie
Ch'all'accocate Italia e d'error piena,
Per punir forse antiche colpe rie,
In ogni mensa alto giudicio mena:
Innocenti fanciulli e madri pie
Cascan di fame, e veggon ch'una cena
Di questi mostri rei tutto divora
Ciò che del viver lor sostegno fora.

(Canto 34, stanza 1)

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, p. 366.

6. Margaret Mann Phillips, ed. and trans., *Erasmus on his Times: A Shortened Version of the "Adages" of Erasmus* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1967), p. 139.

7. Phillips, *Erasmus*, pp. 108–9. For a fuller discussion of the pacifism of other Humanists, see P. Adams, *The Better Part of Valor* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1962).

8. Phillips, *Erasmus*, p. 111.

9. *Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius*, Book Three, chap. 31, in *The Prince and the Discourses* (New York: Modern Library, 1950), p. 503.

"Il fondamento di tutti gli stati è la buona milizia, e . . . dove non è questa non possono essere né leggi buone né alcuna altra cosa buona." *Opere*, ed. Mario Bonfantini (Milan and Naples: Ricciardi, 1954), p. 391.

10. From the dedicatory letter to the *Art of War*. "I buoni ordini, senza il militare aiuto, non altrimenti si disordinano che l'abitazioni d'uno superbo e regale palazzo, ancora che ornate di gemme et d'oro, quando senza essere coperte non avessero cosa che dalla pioggia le difendesse." *Opere*, pp. 495–96.

11. Book Five, chap. 1.

12. Neal Wood, ed., *The Art of War*, rev. trans. Ellis Farnsworth (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1965), p. 210.

"Né si troverà mai alcuno buono scultore che creda fare una bella statua d'un pezzo di marmo male abbozzato, ma sì bene d'uno rozzo." *Opere*, p. 529.

13. *Art of War*, p. 212. "Non voglio vi sbigottiate o diffidiate, perché questa provincia pare nata per resuscitare le cose morte, come si è visto della poesia, della pittura e della scultura." *Opere*, p. 531.

14. *Discourses*, Book Three, chap. 1, pp. 397–98.

"Tutti e principii delle sette e delle repubbliche e de' regni conviene che abbiano in sé qualche bontà, mediante la quale ripiglino la prima riputazione ed il primo augumento loro. E perché nel processo del tempo quella bontà si corrompe, se non interviene cosa che la

riduca al segno, ammazza di necessità quel corpo. E questi dottori di medicina dicono, parlando de' corpi degli uomini: 'Quod quotidie aggregatur aliquid, quod quandoque indiget curatione.'" *Opere*, p. 309.

15. Martin Luther, *Works*, 6 vols. (Philadelphia: A. J. Holman, 1915-32), 5:35-36.

"Ob's nun wohl nicht scheint, dass Würgen und Rauben ein Werk der Liebe ist, derhalben ein Einfältiger denkt, es sei nicht ein christlich Werk, zierne auch einem Christen nicht zu thun: so ist's doch in der Wahrheit auch ein Werk der Liebe. . . . Ein guter Arzt, wenn die Seuche so böse und gross ist, dass er muss Hand, Fuss, Ohr oder Augen lassen abhauen oder verderben, auf dass er den Leib errette: so man ansieht das Glied, das er abhauet, scheint es, er sei ein greulicher, unbarmherziger Mensch; so man aber den Leib ansieht, den er will damit erretten, so findet sich's in der Wahrheit, dass er ein trefflicher, treuer Mensch ist und ein gut christlich, so viel es an ihm selber ist, Werk thut. Also auch, wenn ich dem Kriegsamt zusehe, wie es die Bösen straft, die Ungerechten würgt, und solchen Jammer anrichtet, scheint es gar ein unchristlich Werk zu sein und allerdinge wider die christliche Liebe; sehe ich aber an, wie es die Frommen schützt, . . . so findet sich's, wie köstlich und göttlich das Werk ist. . . . Die Hand, die solch Schwert führet und würgt, ist auch alsdann nicht mehr Menschen Hand, sondern Gottes Hand, und nicht der Mensch, sondern Gott hängt, rädert, enthauptet, würgt und krieget; es sind alles seine Werke und seine Gerichte." *Sämmtliche Schriften*, ed., J. G. Walch, 23 vols. (St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House, 1881-1910), 10:492-93.

16. *Works*, 5:117.

"Das meine ich also, wo der Pabst sammt den Seinen auch mit dem Schwert das Kaiserthum angreifen wollte, wie der Türke thut, so soll er so gut sein als der Türke; wie ihm denn neulich vor Pavia auch geschehen ist von Kaiser Carls Heer." *Sämmtliche Schriften*, 2:2148.

17. René Girard's powerful and provocative book, *La Violence et le sacré* (Paris: Grasset, 1972), argues for a necessary and essential relationship between the two impulses denoted by its title. The implications of Girard's thought for a consideration of "holy war" are far-reaching, since for him, religious cult stems directly from fear of social catastrophe and most particularly from fear of violence. "Le sacré, c'est tout ce qui maîtrise l'homme d'autant plus sûrement que l'homme se croit plus capable de le maîtriser. C'est donc, entre autres choses mais secondairement, les tempêtes, les incendies de forêts, les épidémies qui terrassent une population. Mais c'est aussi et surtout, bien que de façon plus cachée, la violence des hommes eux-mêmes, la violence posée comme extérieur à l'homme et confondue, désormais, à toutes les autres forces qui pèsent sur l'homme du dehors. C'est la violence qui constitue le coeur véritable et l'âme secrète du sacré" (p. 52).

18. For the sketch, see A. E. Popham, ed., *The Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1945), plate 85. The sentence is quoted by André Chastel, *Art et Humanisme à Florence* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1959), p. 433. "Vedrannosi animali sopra della terra, i quali senpre combatteranno infra loro e con danni grandissimi."

19. *The Yale Edition of the Complete Works of St. Thomas More*, vol. 4, *Utopia*, ed. Edward Surtz, S. J. and J. H. Hexter (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1965), p. 199. "Bellum utpote rem plane belvinam, nec ulli tamen beluarum formae in tam assiduo, atque homini est usu, summopere abominantur" (p. 198).

20. Pierre de Ronsard, "L'Hydre desfaict, ou la Louange de Monseigneur le duc d'Anjou" in *Discours des misères de ce temps*, ed. Jean Baillou (Paris: Société les Belles Lettres, 1949), pp. 176-82. See also Ronsard's comparison of Huguenot soldiers to monsters of the apocalypse in his "Continuation du discours des misères de ce temps," line 71 ff., p. 77.

21. "Les Fers," ll. 327-34, in Agrippa d'Aubigné, *Les Tragiques*, ed. A. Garnier and J. Plattard (Paris: Marcel Didier, 1962-), 3:119-20.

22. Torquato Tasso, *Jerusalem Delivered*, trans. Joseph Tusiani (Rutherford, N.J.: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1970), p. 211.

Porta il Soldan su l'elmo orrido e grande
serpe che si dilunga e il colla snoda;
su le zampe s'inalza w l'ali spande
e piega in arco la forcuta coda;
par che tre lingue vibri e che fuor mande
livida spuma, e che 'l suo fishcio s'oda.
Ed or ch'arde la pugna, anch'ei s'infiama
nel moto, e fumo versa insieme e fiamma.

(Canto 9, stanza 25)

Torquato Tasso, *Poesie*, ed. Francesco Flora (Milan: R. Ricciardi, 1952), pp. 227-28. Reprinted by permission.

23. François Rabelais, *The Histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel*, trans. J. M. Cohen (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1963), p. 141.

"Mieux ressembloient une harmonie d'orgues et concordance d'horologe q'une armée ou gendarmerie." Rabelais, *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. Jacques Boulenger (Paris: Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1955), p. 137.

24. From *Silver Poets of the Sixteenth Century*, p. 334, edited and with an introduction by Gerald Bullett. An Everyman's Library Edition. Published in the United States by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and reprinted with their permission. All rights reserved.

25. *Hamlet* IV, iv, 27-29. George Lyman Kittredge, ed., *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1936). All quotations from Shakespeare will be taken from this edition.

26. Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "A Treatise of Monarchy" in *The Remains*, ed. G. A. Wilkes (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 178. Reprinted by permission of the Oxford University Press, Oxford.

27. V. i, 62-66, *Complete Works of Shakespeare*.

28. Bk. 5, canto 1, stanza 1. J. C. Smith and E. de Selincourt, eds., *The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser* (London: Oxford University Press, 1942), p. 277.

29. "Ce furent deux feux ou deux torrents à ravager le monde par divers endroits." Montaigne then quotes from the *Aeneid*, Bk. 7, 521 ff. Michel de Montaigne, *Essais*, ed. Maurice Rat, 2 vols. (Paris: Garnier, 1962), 2:166.

30. "Il y en a plusieurs en ce temps qui discoursent de pareille façon, souhaitent que cette emotion chaleureuse qui est parmi nous se peut deriver à quelque guerre voisine, de peur que ces humeurs peccantes qui dominent pour cette heure nostre corps, si on ne les escouille ailleurs, maintiennent nostre fiebre tousjours en force, et apportent en fin nostre entiere ruine. . . . Mais je ne croy pas que Dieu favorisat une si injuste entreprise, d'offencer et quereler autrui pour notre commodité." *Essais*, 2:87.

31. "Quand elles [ces maladies populaires] viennent à durer, comme la nostre, tout le corps s'en sent, et la teste et les talons; aucune partye n'est exempte de corruption." *Essais*, 2:490.

"Monstrueuse guerre. . . . Elle est de nature si maligne et ruineuse qu'elle se ruine quand et quand le reste, et se deschire et desmembre de rage. . . . Toute discipline la fuyt. Elle vient guarir la sedition et en est pleine. . . . Nostre medecine porte infection." *Essais*, 2:489-90.

32. "Ce grand corps . . . qui semble menasser le ciel et la terre . . . ce furieux monstre à tant de bras et à tant de testes, c'est tousjours l'homme foible, calamiteux et miserable. Ce n'est qu'une formilliere esmeuë et eschauffée." *Essais*, 1:523-24.

33. I have found of particular use Paul A. Jorgensen, *Shakespeare's Military World* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1956). Also helpful is Lily B. Campbell, *Shakespeare's "Histories": Mirrors of Elizabethan Policy* (San Marino, Ca.: The Huntington Library, 1947).

34. *l Henry IV*, IV, i, 112-17.

35. *Othello*, III, iii, 349-50.

36. Pantagruel seems to be speaking for his creator when he speaks of religious war in his prayer to God: "In such matters thou wishest for no ally but the Catholic Confession and the Keeping of the Word, and hast forbidden us all arms and defences. For thou art the Almighty, who in thine own affairs, and where thine own cause is called into question, can defend thyself a great deal better than man can conceive." *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, p. 262.

"En tel affaire tu ne veulx coadjuteur, sinon de confession catholique et service de ta parolle, et nous as défendu toutes armes et défences, car tu es le Tout Puissant qui en ton affaire propre et où ta cause propre est tirée en action, te peulx défendre trop plus qu'on ne sçaueroit estimer." *Oeuvres complètes*, pp. 290-91.

37. *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, pp. 282-83. "Diogènes, les voyant en telle ferveur mesnaige remuer et n'estant par les magistratz employé à chose aulcune faire, contempla par quelques jours leur contenance sans mot dire. Puy comme excité d'esprit martial, ceignit son palle en escharpe, recoursa ses manches jusques ès coubtes, . . . fait hors la ville tirant vers le Cranie (qui est une colline et promontoire lèz Corinthe) une belle esplanade, y roulla le tonneau ficitil qui pour maison luy estoit contre les injures de ciel, et en grande véhémence d'esprit desployant ses braz le tournoit, viroit, brouilloit, garbouilloit, hersoit, versoit, renversoit, . . . le dévalloit de mont à val, et praecipitoit par le Cranie, puy de val en mont le rapportoit, comme Sisyphus faict sa pierre: tant que peu s'en faillit, qu'il ne le défoncast.

Ce voyant, quelq'un de ses amis luy demanda quelle cause le mouvoit à son corps, son esprit, son tonneau ainsi tormenter. Auquel respondit le philosophe qu'à aultre office n'estant pour la républicque employé, il en ceste façon son tonneau tempestoit pour, entre ce peuple tant fervent et occupé, n'estre veu seul cessateur et ocieux." *Oeuvres complètes*, pp. 322-23.

38. *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, p. 283. "Je pareillement . . . ne suis . . . hors d'es-moy, de moy voyant n'estre faict aucun pris digne d'oeuvre, et consyderant par tout ce très noble royaulme de France . . . un chacun aujourd'huy soy instantement exercer et travailler . . . part à la fortification de sa patrie . . . , part au repoulement des ennemis . . . , le tout en police tant belle . . . et à profit tant évident pour l'advenir (car désormais sera France superbement bournée, seront François en repouse asceuré). . . ." *Oeuvres complètes*, p. 323.

39. *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, p. 283. ". . . Peu de chose me retient que je n'entre en l'opinion du bon Heraclitus affermant guerre estre de tous biens père, et croye que guerre soit en latin dicte belle non par antiphrase, ainsi comme on cuydé certains repetasseurs de vieilles ferrailles latines parce qu'en guerre guères de beaulté ne voyoient, mais absolument et simplement, par raison qu'en guerre apparaisse toute espèce de bien et beau, soit décelée toute espèce de mal et laidure." *Oeuvres complètes*, pp. 323-24.