

Hamlet of Morningside Heights

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By

Kenneth Craven

CAMBRIDGE
SCHOLARS

P U B L I S H I N G

Hamlet of Morningside Heights,
by Kenneth Craven

This book first published 2011

Cambridge Scholars Publishing

12 Back Chapman Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 2XX, UK

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

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ISBN (10): 1-4438-3343-6, ISBN (13): 978-1-4438-3343-1

FOR ROSANNE

CONTENTS

Foreword	ix
Andrew Gurr	
Preface	xi
Chapter One	1
Humanist	
Chapter Two	15
London Transplants	
Chapter Three	19
Elizabethan Vice as American Virtue	
Chapter Four	31
Reckoning for Old Fools	
Chapter Five	35
The Humors Tradition	
Chapter Six	43
Cunning in Academia	
Chapter Seven.....	49
1992 Globe Legend	
Chapter Eight.....	57
Rule by Pragmatic Fortune	
Chapter Nine.....	63
Outrageous Fortune or Redemptive Love	
Chapter Ten	69
The Pauline Hamlet	

Chapter Eleven	75
Waking the Soul	
Bibliography	97

FOREWORD

ANDREW GURR

Kenneth Craven has led a remarkable life, as a lifelong student of Shakespeare and much else. His book records his experiences, entwining its account with references to the work which sustained much of it: *Hamlet*. Paul declared in Romans 12 that God said “Vengeance is mine,” and while many commentators on the play have invoked this apparent biblical denial of a son’s right to avenge the murder of his father, nobody beside Dr. Craven ever studied the way that the rest of Paul’s epistle affects the play. It has staggeringly wide-ranging implications, many of which are identified in this account of how and when these thoughts resounded in Dr. Craven’s mind.

Revenge is basic to human interaction. From the malevolent curse or *maleficium* that early witches tried to inflict on their enemies, revenge has always been the first reaction of the weak when oppressed by the strong. Authority hated rebellion, whether by individual assassins or by witches raised in a folklore that they thought gave them power to avenge their grievances. Every individual who makes an attempt to challenge the ideas of order and justice by which members of society tried to claim what they felt were their natural rights, however just or unjust they might be, has its appeal to that innate sense of the unfairness of things that depends on the feeling that revenge can be justified as a response to inflicted injustice. Paul in Romans 12 overrode that feeling. In setting his version of Christianity against such a natural and instinctive impulse, Paul generated vast debate. In the process his version of the loving God stimulated that extraordinary array of plays analysing the conflict between revenge and the alternative responses to it which started with Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy* and found in Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* the most sophisticated elaboration of it that we have.

Describing himself as a “Renaissance New Yorker,” surrounded by such distinctive life experiences as a brother who designed the Polaris missile, this fascinating personal history of one man’s intellectual and academic life through the second half of the last century starts with the famous words of wisdom that Polonius gives to his son in *Hamlet*. Citing

Shakespeare's parody, his many misrepresentations of the commandments that Paul revised in his epistle, and finding them to be texts urged on young American students, Dr. Craven develops a remarkably wide-ranging survey of his and our mental experiences over the last half-century. His journey is full of stopovers that many of us will find familiar, while his readings in *Hamlet* itself will provide a quite different kind of refreshment from those that we usually look for in our stopovers.

—Andrew Gurr

PREFACE

As every reader knows, our particular fate or fortune on every occasion depends on who is busy setting the authoritative rules for whom. When a classic masterpiece like *Hamlet* lays out the limits of our ethical choices, however, time and place can treacherously rewrite the script on right and wrong and who's in charge. Time has inadvertently revised Shakespeare's satirically unsurpassed codification of Old World vices into an opportunistic program of New World virtues based on global empire building. Herein is my detective story on neglected values in the play *Hamlet*. This book considers how time-changing agendas and humane values in governance and learning have reduced individual autonomy in the here and now, even while seductively providing greater authority to a new elite. It is also my personal story told in intimate fashion based on my insider experience of New York executive power.

I am not alone. In 2002, Simon and Schuster published *The Silent War: The Cold War Beneath the Sea*, the distinguished autobiography of my younger brother, John P. Craven. John was the U.S. Navy's chief scientist in the design and implementation of the Polaris missile and submarine, our principal nuclear deterrent and first line of defense in the Cold War. Because his life was surrounded with national secrets, however, he was restricted in what he could say about his private life. At that time, he asked me to describe my own career development more intimately in the corporate and learned worlds. A more revealing picture would thus provide a fuller understanding of our formative years during the Depression and further informed by the rich maturing experiences growing up in New York's unique environment of executive power.

As humanist and Kremlinologist, I, too, made an innovative national contribution to the Cold War. In redressing the Western space imbalance following *Sputnik* in 1957, I was co-director in creating the first schools in information and computer science and developing their doctoral curriculum for a new breed of information scientists at the behest of the Federal Government in cooperation with the *Fortune 500* corporations and the National Science Foundation. In my further career as corporate consultant for infrastructure, I was influential in the planning and implementation of new procurement strategies at AT&T and in developing the organizational structure of the City University of New York.

In 2006, the second edition of my *Jonathan Swift and the Millennium of Madness: The Information Age in Swift's 'A Tale of a Tub'* analyzed John Locke's conflicting New World legacy of popular sovereignty and colonial slavery. As an intellectual historian since 1982, I have lectured at University of London and contributed to numerous international conferences and learned societies in Europe on the Enlightenment.

My advisory team has worked unstintingly in converting a strictly business professional into a conversational storyteller. My wife, Rosanne, has provided balance, wisdom, hard truth, and the constant North Star love Shakespeare calls for in Sonnet 116. My depth editor, Jean Longfellow, since 2001 has already published 50 volumes of Minnesota Law. She, too, has never shirked in her tough love in telling the author to drop his generalities and to place his occasional golden sentences and stories into prominence. Michael Clinton, my friend and AT&T colleague since 1975, has been a partner in writing on the rise and fall of AT&T. Having both management and board of director experience, Michael has kept my writing on New York executive power raised to the policy and planning levels.

Since my 1992 lecture in London on quintessence in *Hamlet*, Andrew Gurr has left no stone unturned in his searching critiques of my scholarship. We share mutual enthusiasm and commitment for discovering and preserving the hard-won truths based on verifiable records of Shakespeare's canon and milieu. Given the higher dimensions and elegance of Andrew's work on Shakespeare, I am humbled to have his guidance and endorsement in the foreword of this book.

Helen Dos Santos has served since 2009 as copy editor and production assistant in publishing this book. Her up-to-date computer expertise has made up for the technological shortcomings of the author. Even more critically, her artistic flair and younger contemporary perspective are evident in the unique jacket of the reproduced 1585 map of Elsinore. Every team should have a closer who arrives to judge that the totality and details of the entire project are done and done. Alicia Nadkarni, former editor of a university press, has arrived in timely fashion to perform that function.

CHAPTER ONE

HUMANIST

As humanist and career insider in New York's major centers of executive power on Wall Street, Greenwich Village, and the theater district, I have worked alongside a galaxy of America's finest leaders. They fashioned themselves as quixotic self-made heroines and heroes dedicated to causes, visions, and dreams; they fought *avante garde* and rearguard for good against evil using the enabling virtues of faith, hope, love, justice, fortitude, prudence, and temperance while shunning the vices of lust, gluttony, greed, sloth, wrath, envy, and pride.

We all lived, however, in a pragmatic century defined by widening genocide and wars. Coordinately, the American masses had been enticed into unrealized fantasies, leading to increasing drug and gambling addiction, and new levels of violence and prisons. Amidst this unrelenting onslaught of evil, goodness retreats, overmatched by the new lures of fortune. If Don Quixote has been satirized since the beginning of the seventeenth century for lack of realism in the modern world, where then may humans turn next to instill the 7 virtues over the 7 seductive vices?

I bring to the table executive experience in both the corporate and learned worlds. In both the Depression and Cold War eras, I either immersed myself in New York industry or in learning, graduating from Columbia College on Morningside Heights in 1949 and from Columbia University with a PhD in 1967. Consequently, I have observed the daunting ethical problems of modern urban culture with two different sets of spectacles. I follow on the heels of William Shakespeare who similarly looked at the hero of the modern world with both commercial and learned eyes.

Literary and psychological critics from Ivan Turgenev in 1860 to James Shapiro in 2005 have contrasted the active goodness of Quixote's satirized and waning chivalric tradition fighting evil at large with the introspective skeptical analysis of Hamlet, the rising hero. Hamlet is southern Quixote's northern replacement, who fights against evil for the communal soul at large, but first attends to his own soul. Through soliloquies introduced for the first time in the 1600 *Hamlet*, Shakespeare

has his hero weigh the scales of good and evil by examining his own consciousness. In a now “distracted globe” (1.5.98. Quotations come from David Bevington and David Scott Kastan, eds. *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. New York: Bantam Classic, 2005), Hamlet’s soul seeks out those blessed few like the classic Horatio, whose sanguine psychic humor and tutored judgment resists becoming “passion’s slave” (3.2.71), that plaything for Fortune in our descent as “a pipe for Fortune’s finger” (3.2.69). Either examine your soul and love your neighbor or follow fickle Fortune and beggar your neighbor. Human choice is reduced to two ladies. “Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice” (3.2.62) distinguishes Hamlet from the toadies around Claudius who obey in lock step the self-degrading “strumpet Fortune” (2.2.493).

Thus, the priority of personal salvation first replaces the white knight’s honor to save the victimized. Shapiro, as we will see, credits the 1580 secular essays of Michel de Montaigne as initiating this new leadership trend of self-examination. This innovation of self-knowledge prefigures a major systemic change in European leadership. The northern migration of this new direction by way of *Hamlet* into the English and Russian novel and psychoanalysis has been my major lifelong professional and personal concern. Whether called the soliloquy, the interior monologue, the digression, the dialectic of the soul, stream of consciousness, or the unconscious, these revelations have become the defining moments in the novels of James Joyce and in my eight-year study of psychoanalysis. I am alert to these leadership nuances and history in both allied disciplines. There is, however, ironic development in two opposite directions. Even as these rigorous developments in self-knowledge have dominated intellectual life since Shakespeare, the new masses have been treated to information overload in pursuit of fortune. Having careers in academia and Wall Street has allowed me to monitor these contrary spiritual and material developments.

In these disciplines, I have been blessed with mentors. As to the literary origins of this new introspection, like Shakespeare in 1599, at age 24 in 1946, I became attached to the stylish essays of Montaigne in translation: Shapiro’s original innovator. I had come under the strong skeptical influence of Donald Frame, the world’s leading twentieth-century authority on Montaigne. From 1946 until 1949, Frame served as my close undergraduate advisor; he was also my professor in four honors colloquia limited to fourteen chosen upperclassmen in the Great Books at Columbia College on Morningside Heights. Like me, Frame, too, fully adopted many of the open-minded, skeptical ideas and the restrained and balanced peaceful psyche of his sixteenth-century model, Montaigne.

Yet, like Shapiro, I have my own fully-documented original source for revealing the model of Hamlet's soul-searching inner being. At the time of the play's composition in 1599, Elizabethan popular literature featured the self-examination of the melancholy St. Paul and the psychology of humors. Not only were Paul's mood-driven swings recognized at the center of the Elizabethan public consciousness, but John Calvin's heavily-dependent Pauline works and the 1572 Bishop's Bible further extend the ubiquity of Paul's spiritual experience as a role model throughout that century of religious fluctuation. Romans 12–13 which depends on "renewing of the mind," encapsulates Paul's entire credo of ethical precepts. As I discovered, these Pauline principles permeate Hamlet's psyche from the stymie at every turn of "outrageous fortune" (3.1.59) until he recognizes, like Paul, the limitless possibilities for guidance in the providential design of "a divinity" (5.2.10). This new light on conscious self-knowledge in literature, life, and psychoanalysis brings my work together with the 2005 work of Shapiro on Montaigne (*A Year in the Life of William Shakespeare: 1599*, Columbia University Press) and Stephen Paul Thompson's generally ignored and thoroughly informed 1990 University of Iowa PhD dissertation, "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan St. Paul." My own balancing contributions are revealed here for the first time on Shakespeare's intricate appropriation of Romans 12–13, chapter and verse, as the ethical touchstone on four counts throughout *Hamlet*—two satirical and two at the core. We have here a half century of my combined literary detective work finally coming into focus.

In 1953, I had already discovered the inventive self-serving revision of the Pauline source in Polonius's ridiculous wise saws in *Hamlet* that provided a parodic field day on the old man's cultural and spiritual blindness for Shakespeare, his hero, and the Elizabethan audience. Polonius's debased template for upward bound youth on every count specifically denied Paul's parallel codified credo in Romans 12–13 of love thy neighbor, by endorsing instead beggar thy neighbor. The sacrificial heart of the Christian faith was thus traded in for the callous heart of seeking pragmatic fortune.

I may be the first, but I am not the only scholar to recognize that Shakespeare uses allusions from Paul that Elizabethans would easily understand. In the year 2000, without knowing about my own comparable, unpublished 1953 find linking *Hamlet* with Romans or Thompson's 1990 dissertation, the academic Steven Marx published *Shakespeare and the Bible* (Oxford, 2000), a little book about *The Merchant of Venice*. In it, he shows how Shakespeare had cleverly utilized St. Paul's Epistle to the

Romans in the New Testament in the same way that Paul had prepared his New Testament epistle by writing over the Old Testament Mosaic Law.

It was in graduate school at Columbia in 1953 that my Sunday school lessons as a child sunk in. They were reinforced on the well-to-do Methodist side of Division Avenue and the daily family Bible readings on the poor Puritan side of Division Avenue where we lived in Brooklyn, New York. They combined to lead me to make this first of four vital connections between Romans 12–13 and *Hamlet*. The other three are the oft-questioned satiric Reynaldo scene (see chapter eight), the soliloquies as Paul’s key recommendation as the means for a dedicated leader to discover divine providence (see this chapter and *passim*), and finally, the biblical defense of a new Christian revenge tragedy (see chapter ten).

In uncovering the original biblical source that Shakespeare and believing Elizabethans relied on, I ultimately identified the single thread that runs through the entire play *Hamlet*. The soliloquies of the main character match the critical spiritual decisions of my own life. *Hamlet*, utilizing Paul’s summarized values and convictions, gives full scope to the tragic and comic arguments for either loving or exploiting one’s neighbor. There is no middle way.

The final three connections came in this century. Together these four discoveries, at last, establish Romans 12–13 as the executive key of the play *Hamlet*. These two New Testament chapter references are used satirically at the expense of Polonius. Yet, at the same time, these two key chapters define Hamlet’s mission. Thus, at once, we are finally led into the dialectic mystery that undergirds the thoughts and actions of the central character and the contemporary belief system and the plot architecture that binds the play together. Ironically, all four references would be recognizable in the Elizabethan public domain, while they are increasingly removed from ours. What the four references say about the mystery of my own life and perilous times are just as critical as they also serendipitously uncover for the reader and me the foundations of my own leadership credo. Thus this detective story connects the profound mysteries of the play with my life.

Until now, however, like others, I had missed the true reading of Paul’s sublime leadership principles in *Hamlet*. The Elizabethans, unlike us, knew all about St. Paul. These principles assumed philosophical importance in the 1590s by felicitously joining the humanistic Renaissance with the Protestant Reformation, syncretic Middle Eastern classical and religious juxtapositions from Shakespeare’s era. From crossing Division Avenue in New York, I could finally see the “fell [mighty] opposites” (5.2.61–62) in leadership between the character Polonius, a stand-in for Lord Burghley,

and Paul played out across time. Burghley served as chief overlord for Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, the three reigns of Henry VIII's Tudor offspring in the sixteenth century.

If modern audiences and scholars have missed satire on Polonius's wise saws, they have also missed satire's obverse side: the serious cumulative use of Pauline ethics at the heart of the play. If finding the Paul-Polonius disconnect is brand new to modern consciousness, then reading on will further jolt received opinion because Paul's Romans 12–13 goes deeply to the mystery of the play. What Polonius, Fortune's slave, rejects, Hamlet, Paul's disciple, ultimately accepts. While Polonius displays woeful ignorance of Paul's Christian ethics, Hamlet stumbles on the heart of Romans 12–13 through his inner dialogues and his own precipitous actions.

Thanks to humanism, the plot of classical revenge tragedy has finally assumed a Christian ethical dimension. But there is one key passage from the beginning of Romans 12 that determines the character of Hamlet, the structure of the play, and its central mystery: my major discovery about Pauline ethics in the play and self-discovery in this book. Since nonconformity wins out over earthly fortune, the two verses became my guiding light, as it became Paul's and Hamlet's, as a result of examined experience.

I beseech you therefore brethren by the mercifulness of God, that ye geve up your bodyes a quicke sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not ye fashioned lyke unto this World: *but* be ye changed in your shape, by the renying of your mynde, that ye maye prove What is the good, and acceptable, and perfect Wyl of God (Rom. 12:1–2, emphasis added. I use the 1572 Bishop's Bible throughout).

This biblical quote puts the whole good and evil counterpoint of the play in motion. If humanism in its encompassing ethical focus incorporates noninstitutional Christianity, so Paul's passage on the ultimate Christian duty can just as easily apply to all humanism's scorn of unethical fortune. Shakespeare, through invoking Paul, captured a wide audience interested in values then and now; from rabid Puritans like my father to humanists like myself. You don't have to be Christian to accept Paul's credo.

After all these years, I finally see that my soul has been living permanently in Shakespeare's London (1592–1616). I gravitated to this post-Renaissance era because my father put me there. As I did not qualify as one of the Elect who would go to heaven, my rigid Puritan father had uncannily laid out a decidedly secular role for me within this earlier transitional time and place. Traditional institutions of church and state had

been shaken, but no new empowerment centers had yet risen to dislodge them. Zealous reformers anxious for systemic change of all political, economic, and cultural continental landscapes on a global, colonial scale still required the entire seventeenth century to overcome monarchical tenacity. I happily embraced Shakespeare's time and priorities.

My father infallibly labeled me as a secular humanist yoking classical and Christian thought, well before I had heard of my fellows like Dante, Ficino, Erasmus, More, Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Montaigne. Like Shakespeare's contemporary Earl of Essex, a model for Hamlet, my passions ultimately became delicately attuned to the divine harmony of William Byrd, the rollicking romp of the madrigalists, and the melancholy humor of doleful John Dowland. Meanwhile, my conscience responded to St. Paul's simplification of Mosaic law—love thy neighbor rather than exploit her—while my new found consciousness of skeptical introspection was activated by Montaigne and John Donne. Both my father and my unconscious assigned me to this major commercial and learned urban habitat, London. New York and London have since been my stages to become an authority on a half millennium of radical changes in the “outrageous fortune” of a less than brave New World (3.1.59). I staked out those Elizabethan and Jacobean periods (1558–1625) when America was merely a glint in merchant adventurist and Puritan eyes, the bloody religious 30 Years War (1618–1648) had just begun, and the new Great Britain was still a quarter century from beheading Charles I in 1649. After that, much that was new, both good and bad, languished on the sidelines in Britain until William and Mary in 1688.

Situated in the twentieth century, my father believed deeply the hollow American dream sequence: God had ordained this new Garden of Eden for Puritans, His elected surrogates. A born contrarian, I didn't believe that Reformation prophecy so I was more than a little underfoot at home and in public. Meanwhile, as the centerpiece in my father's profound national credo, my brother John, the second male heir, would handsomely consecrate this sacred American turf in the twentieth century by fashioning military arms to hasten this blessed country's global manifest destiny. John rose as the undisputed chief scientist in development of both the Polaris submarine and Polaris missile: the nuclear shield. Michael Clinton, my close friend of over thirty years, who has read books by and about my brother's brilliant career has accurately captured these parentally-designated diametrical life missions: “John had that rare capacity to solve the most daunting known technological problems facing our survival in the twentieth century, while Ken, on the other hand, laid out the most daunting humanistic problems with mature clarity that the war-ravaged twentieth

century has been too preoccupied and too proud to face, such as unclear nuclear misdeeds that have at last crowded in upon us” (personal communication with the author). Thus, my father’s clashing wishes have come true.

Columbia College, the colossus on Morningside Heights, is at the center of this book that simultaneously connects the profound meaning of my own life of vast horizons with Shakespeare’s play *Hamlet*. The historical pathway to negotiating long-range change is my business and the play’s constant theme. Thus *Hamlet* illuminates the interconnected foundation of my two interlocking careers as a consummate systems analyst and active broker of major change in the corporate world. I am also an accomplished intellectual historian and observer on the premises in tracing continuity and change in learning, commerce, and governance from the Renaissance to the Information Age.

Modern change has featured increasing new mass forms of slavery, penury, murder, destruction, and terror. All global empire building, including our own, rests on manipulating these economic priorities at the expense of humanistic ones. Only if one has concentrated on these emerging global evils masked as pragmatic human improvement can one contribute to the cause of the good. These fabulous interconnections between operational evil and poorly matched good could not be juxtaposed without four deeply-researched landmark studies analyzing millennial change that serendipitously corroborate each other. One milestone connects *Hamlet* with these vast changes. The other three landmarks examining earthshaking new directions in human society are mine.

In the 2005 edition of the remarkable *A Year in the Life of William Shakespeare: 1599*, the first landmark, James Shapiro, chair of Shakespearean studies at Columbia, concentrates on the profound system-wide changes in Europe reflected in the 1599 *Hamlet*: the death of chivalry, fading Catholicism, and the rise of global capitalism. The combined thesis of our corroborative research would be that *Hamlet* at the tipping point registers on both sides of these dramatic new directions in European governance, religion, learning, and culture. Shakespeare does this by contrasting a discredited chivalric tradition, linked to honor, to the rising power of the British merchant class, linked to that “strumpet Fortune” (2.2.493)—that is, to self-degradation—and equipped like the Dutch to explore and exploit investment in the New World. Writing *Hamlet* in these changing times, Shakespeare abandons the theses of his history plays. He also rewrites the traditional well-worn plots of classical revenge tragedy to concentrate on salvation, the individual’s psychological struggles, and on Paul’s Christian revenge instead of honor. He does so by

using brand new soliloquies characteristic of Montaigne's essays and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. As for capitalism, these earliest Dutch-English commercial investment initiatives, including a 1624 stock exchange, gained momentum and are still alive on Wall Street today and embedded in my commercial ancestry.

Shapiro has rung the changes on every important new light on *Hamlet*, including his own critical discoveries and their meaning. There is, however, a central clue of historic European change that I discovered and he missed running throughout the play and the modern era. I established this discovery with Oscar James Campbell, his predecessor at Columbia a half-century ago, that validates our similar theses, and that receives here the first full light of day to complement and build on Shapiro's own revelations. In 1953, I realized that the revered wise saws of the old fool Polonius were a gross misreading, a witty parody of St. Paul's ethical principles. Paul reduces his spiritual principles to the daylight metaphor of love thy neighbor, while Polonius reduces his selfish maxims to the night metaphor of exploit thy neighbor, by fashioning a modern calculated material self. A half century later when I returned to the play, I realized an epiphany: the *Hamlet* plot and character revolve around St. Paul's own melancholy life and principles set forth in Romans 12–13. Gross changes engineered on a macro level require individual changes in ethics and personality for which Shakespeare sets down his ideal against new synthetic reforms.

Complementing Shapiro's 2005 landmark, my own three landmarks update and confirm Shakespeare on the knell of historic systemic change. My rare interlocking learned and corporate careers feature profound systems analysis throughout my life. That is, I have specialized in intellectual history of human watershed changes. In addition, I have joined my expertise on systems analysis with the executive role of negotiating broker in corporate America to institute the best of these irrevocable changes smoothly among ultimate winners and losers. Thus, my three published landmarks deal with further European dystopian and utopian change in the 1690s, 1950s, and now.

Recently, the Afterword of the 2006 reprinted second edition of my globally-reviewed *Jonathan Swift and the Millennium of Madness: The Information Age in 'A Tale of a Tub'* (E.J. Brill, 1992, and iUniverse, 2006), my own first landmark, looks ahead of the 1599 *Hamlet* after one revolutionary century in flux to the stabilizing 1690s. In that pivotal decade, the philosopher-executive John Locke, a systems analyst and brilliant sleight-of-hand broker of change was the most influential high commissioner of British trade and colonial empire building. The good and

bad changes he brokered then in economically crippling Ireland and the colonies featured violence and slavery and the pursuit of other intangible property that permanently impaired his conflicting ideas of democracy and human rights. The powerful Locke, having set the new world on its irrevocable two-way ruinous course, left future American leaders with the impossible systemic task of breaking his contradictory, but now ossified elitest bonds ever since.

Reformers of global change like Locke run up against the realities of stubborn traditions and these elitists often languish in the wings of power, at home and abroad, for decades waiting for that fortunate break like the installation of William and Mary in 1688. Once a frustrated new elite finally arrives, however, they quickly institute long term policy changes in science, economics, and culture like Locke's early mercantilism in the interest of the public weal. Meanwhile, these global innovators exhibit no remorse for victims of a new poverty or concerns for a new admixture of virtue and vice, and act without a scintilla of humility.

My second landmark, the co-authored 1961 *Science Information Personnel: The New Profession of Information*, (Modern Language Association and National Science Foundation), triggered by *Sputnik* in 1957, brought about systemic change in the organization and doctoral education of science information globally. We discovered that key humanistic and notational knowledge systems and their ethical principles had been systematically excluded and shelved in seventeenth-century Europe by the new empiricist elite of the Royal Society. Bad decisions made by European scientists three centuries earlier came home to haunt the West in the space race in 1957. These major losses in other knowledge systems were replaced by measurable experimental science serving narrow pragmatism and economic utility. In fact, European scientists and political world changers dominated radical reforms at the expense of humanistic knowledge and the liberal arts. In this one unanticipated global crisis, we redressed the space and systems imbalances in 1961 by reconstituting knowledge and language losses from the seventeenth century that the Russian Academy of Sciences had not neglected.

The ebb and flow of the seventeenth century between old political, economic, and cultural traditions in Europe and novel permanent global replacements indicate Shakespeare's prescience in seeing the systemic conflicts in the offing between old and new ethical and knowledge systems. Thus, this book on *Hamlet*, my own third landmark, describes further deterioration in our time of waning viable knowledge systems and peaceful virtues amidst the rise of uncontrolled economic empire building, fortune seeking, and global exploitation. Situated simultaneously in the

1599 world that created *Hamlet* at the budding of modern culture and in 2011 at its failed global resolution, I have been able through these four landmark studies to pinpoint the critical moments of cultural deterioration. The tide of vicious new systems with all-powerful technological and economic tags for an elite has swamped countervailing humanistic answers.

These four learned researches including this initial 2011 volume thus rest on the sweeping systemic changes in seventeenth-century Europe consummated after Shakespeare's recording years. They anticipate the current global systemic change in governance, commerce, and culture defined by that centuries-earlier upheaval. They also reflect the totality of my life horizons developed in New York and designed to identify and resolve these systemic crises in this century.

Without institutional dedication to either a single religious faith or economic belief system, I enjoy the luxury and obligation of observing my multi-dimensional universe within this wider humanistic focus. Skeptical of any psychic health in the modern ethos, I have crossed all "the Division Avenues" of rich and poor cultures; I have studied Shakespeare under leading authorities and seen productions of his works here and abroad from the 1940s, when I was in my twenties, to the present. I have taught the entire Shakespeare canon in six full-year courses at three major universities, at both undergraduate and graduate levels, between 1955 and 1973: West Virginia University, Rutgers University, and City College of the City University of New York. I also find the Bard not singularly focused. Where are his identifying cross, flag, and economic icons? In vain, scholars and advocates have tried to pin down firmly-held allegiances for Shakespeare, but the many points of view in his plays cancel each other out by their sheer multiplicity. He has remained dedicated to universals detected in particulars, while prescribing no simple formulas or panaceas, and functioning best in the public domain, or what was called the *consensus gentium*, that is, what we all say amen to without needing further proof.

As a Renaissance New Yorker, at my own personal level of attainment, I, too, have bridging and observational credentials that function creatively in either the stalls where the elite sit or the pit where the masses stand. Just as a child I crossed Division Avenue in Williamsburg, Brooklyn countless times from the poor to the elite side, so as an adult, like Shakespeare, I have constantly shuttled between the commercial, learned, and corporate worlds and, in that process, between low and high cultures. As a maverick in both ends, I have teetered on that seesaw between the highly competitive business brokerage negotiations of the socio-economic world

and the slow analytical processes of the humanistic one, for roughly two-thirds of the twentieth century. I have discovered that each distinct social class and each distinct world looks at those assigned a different lot in life with mixed feelings of curiosity, stereotyping, threat, and vicarious voyeurism. It's why we go to the movies and read the tabloids. In some instances, I have been quizzically wondered about, variously tarred, secretly envied, and fully exploited by opposing camps. Even as I write this, clearly my bridging two classes of society—rich and poor—and two professional worlds—corporate and learned—inhibits my full integration in all four communities.

While my outsider status has ensured elusive independence, autonomy, and unfettered observational outposts instead of pure power, most authorities I served under with excellence hoped eventually, but usually in vain, that I would join their institutional team in some long-term powerful capacity. But I never identified permanently with a single safe controlling environment or faith. Like the world of Tudor London, I think in painfully slow transitions and systemic changes. Looking for stabilizing universals and controlling executive power during transitional periods focuses my perspectives. Sweeping movements and new horizons grab my attention full time.

For example, once the 'brave new world' popped over Columbus's horizon in 1492, the public domain in every field of endeavor changed everywhere for everyone. Monarchs, courtiers, and prelates, the losers, suddenly had to watch their backs as the past was gutted for new precedents to modify and overturn old ways. The resulting new sixteenth-century cultural task was to infiltrate the public domain of medieval Catholicism with new ideas, which were at the ready in the Reformation. The Renaissance, a mother lode from the classical world, also served as a constant reconfirming reference on the true nature of the human condition and the basis for systemic change.

No one in his century was better than the judicious Shakespeare at appropriating and renovating that public domain: using the past in the present to broker and negotiate stable directions and to frame iconic references for future epochs. All publicly sensitive authors, including me, use allusions recognizable to their audience. Trafficking in allusions that were established in the public domain became his franchise where he stole blatantly from the past, defined the present and contributed fulsomely to the new public domain into our era. His overriding influence on the public domain has been so pervasive that imperishable characters he created as heroes or villains have become icons for their traits. Or they were even recast in opposite new roles, as we shall see, where their vices, for

Elizabethans, have been transformed to virtues, to conform to the mores of a new “distracted globe” (1.5.98).

The great contribution of what we now call the Renaissance, was that all the great human developments of the ancient Middle Eastern and African classical worlds finally became wedded to the medieval Christian world picture. With Columbus, the New World in particular became the new testing laboratory for old and new systems. Neither belief systems nor their delineating partner, drama, escape this literal transitional sea change. For whatever it was worth, the tree of knowledge of good and evil gave forth both new fruit and serpentine pestilence in the new Garden of Eden, America.

My father recreated his Puritan New World in the twentieth century, and Shakespeare, as you would expect, was even more alert in creating vivid images for his Elizabethan audience of the prospective new public domain, that Garden of Eden, in America. Exactly one century after Columbus, Shakespeare anticipated the golden promise of the exotic New World enticingly and staked out his own claim there. He hardly short-changed his audience, then and now. Fortune became the overriding new lure, allusion, and illusion in every direction. Virtue took a back seat to temptation for everyone. In his early play, *The Comedy of Errors*, he describes America as embellished with rubies and sapphires.

Shakespeare’s glancing references throughout his plays to the West Indies, South Sea discoveries, Indians, new nations, enchanted isles, and the expanding globe itself piqued his diverse audiences’ private expectations of new vistas just opened to each and every one. But even his idealized world of *The Tempest* has serpentine torments. Anglican adventurers, merchants, religionists, and settlers from all classes of society finally vied with their monarchs for these new places in the American sun. Tangibly and intangibly, everyone now had a fabulous and uncharted new public domain to dream about, to allude to, and explore with body and soul. As his reward for pointing Europe imaginatively westward, Shakespeare’s own status in the American public domain remains secure. Ever since 1492, America, property, William Shakespeare, and the Bible (even though each has been severely re-interpreted) have been closely bound together as the shared public domain of the one, the few, and the many, particularly in the Anglo-American world picture.

Shakespeare gave this imagined new world its dream-like structure; that impending world returned the favor by adopting or adapting his dramatic perspectives into their exciting new public domain. In this transitional environment, Shakespeare simply gave his sophisticated and unsophisticated, Elizabethan urban audiences exactly what they craved in

imaginative dreams attainable in new generations. They experienced daily the painful tragedy of enduring the final years of a glorious, but splenetic queen in her dotage. They leaped to the trope of the pleasurable comedy of a brand-new, enabling century that blended a magical providential joined to a secular New World featuring new inventions, discoveries, networks, governance, and learning, and above all, promise of fortune for the newly enfranchised. In all European walks, centuries old inhibitors were being replaced, not without tragic resistance, with promising enablers and some demagogues. In every new appeal of fortune, however, virtues took a pragmatic beating, which Elizabethans realized, while eager modern adventurers discounted virtues at an ethical price.

Luckily, I had Shakespeare's humanistic take on the New World to which I could factor in subsequent, mixed developments. There was one major systemic change in the New World he dramatically represented throughout his art that runs counter to my father's American optimism. In an unbroken literary tradition from Homer, Dante, and Chaucer, he challenged new dreams of fortune for everyone, at the expense of established value systems of vice and virtue formerly accepted in the public domain.

Fortune never motivated me, which proved my costly flaw in the modern world. Humane balance motivated me. John and I both moved from our father's extremes of faith to the productive realms of scientific and humanistic reason, respectively. John had faith that his nuclear deterrents provided temporary breathing room to improve on democracy and the human condition. I see that unending global task as far more daunting than he, with the clock still ticking away.

CHAPTER TWO

LONDON TRANSPLANTS

The founding of the New World meant an altogether new clash between the new community's sense of religious mission and the individual's new economic quest for fortune. Consider my father's conflicting priorities of mission and fortune to fit our New World. Similarly, the overarching ideas of the Reformation and the Renaissance clashed in sixteenth-century Tudor England. The rabid Catholic Queen Mary Tudor sent the Puritans, the ones she didn't kill, packing to Switzerland where they picked up revolutionary ideas, missions cherished by both my father and Woodrow Wilson, in hastening the Second Coming and instituting parliamentary civil government. Fortunately for the New World, these so-called Marian Exiles were repatriated by Queen Elizabeth I to become the primary revolutionary force for mission and economic growth in England, America, and Europe against absolute monarchy in the following centuries.

This split between loyalist-royalists and parliamentarians seeped into colonial America and into my branch of the Craven family up to my seventh American generation. In a quirk of fate, my father is the spitting image of the portrait of his distant relative, Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of Shakespeare's London in 1610–1611 and fortunate head of the Merchant Taylors' Guild. My zealous father and the Swiss Calvin remain on the same page of the prophetic Reformation. What's more, our great grandfather, the merchant Tunis Craven, one of the wealthiest men in Brooklyn Heights in the nineteenth century, consciously emulated the Lord Mayor's Anglican lifestyle to a tee, just as I followed in the footsteps of his contemporary Shakespeare from that same period. The real life parallels between the two fortune seekers—the rich Lord Mayor and his doting American heir, Tunis—are as incredible as my re-creating my life vicariously in Shakespeare's London during those same years.

Ironically, my father notwithstanding, Tunis and I enjoy intimate and passionate parallel connections that are longstanding and close. In 1562, thirty years before Shakespeare arrived in London, the fourteen-year-old William Craven, our remote ancestor, walked up to London with cattle

drovers, penniless, leaving behind his West Yorkshire family and bleak Craven Dales roots, the locale of *Wuthering Heights*. He was apprenticed to a mercer, a dealer in textiles, in the Merchant Taylors' Guild in the city until he reached his majority in 1569. By employing the same kind of commercial spirit and diligence in the textile business as Shakespeare did in the entertainment business, he, too, rose to wealth and honor as one of the richest men in the newly created Great Britain.

On Queen Elizabeth's death and his accession to this expanded empire in 1603, James I, the first of the heavy-handed, botching Stuarts, in the interests of preserving their shaky rule of one, wisely accepted Shakespeare's company as the King's Men and, at the same time, knighted the wealthy Sir William Craven. Along with the Earl of Craven, his namesake son, this invincible mayoral ancestor loyally contributed thousands of pounds, infinitely more than any other merchant family, to prop up the deservedly ill-fated Stuart Crown until their very last day on the throne when the beleaguered James II fled to Catholic France in 1688. Nonetheless, like Shakespeare remembering his provincial Stratford roots, this other London success story, Sir William Craven, the widely philanthropic father, endowed Burnsall, his rural Yorkshire birthplace, with a school, a refurbished church, and a causeway to his village, Appletreewick.

This fortune-seeking Craven family urge to trade rural rags for urban riches and civic honor has left permanent marks on succeeding generations, particularly evident when Tunis tried to replicate Jacobean London in nineteenth-century Brooklyn, New York. Tunis Craven, my three times great grandfather, had this same merchant class sense of invincibility.

Tunis was the grandson of Thomas Craven (b. 1709), an impoverished London East Ender, a scrivener's son from Spitalfields outside Bishopsgate. Thomas came to Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Plantations in 1727 at age 18. He paid for his transatlantic passage by serving five years as an indentured servant in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Following servitude, the scholarly Thomas ended up in scholarly penury, a British royalist schoolmaster in Hunterdon County, across the Delaware River from Pennsylvania, in what was then the West Jersey colony. In the mid-seventeenth century, Jersey was a colony split down the middle between royalists and revolutionaries. This split occurred even within his own family. While Thomas and his wife lie buried in a neglected and isolated royalist graveyard, no bigger than a front lawn, in Ringoes, New Jersey, their twelve sons and daughters went on to believe in the American Revolution.

Grandson Tunis Craven fashioned his own Anglican-Episcopalian Garden of Eden in Brooklyn, and hated the Puritan branch of the family. He also rejected the schoolmaster role of his grandfather Thomas and modeled his life strictly on Sir William Craven, the fortunate London Lord Mayor from Shakespeare's time, two hundred years earlier. Through diligence and keen dealings, he became a wealthy coal merchant in Virginia, married the daughter of Commodore Thomas Tingey, head of the Washington Navy Yard, and, in consequence, later enjoyed a successful, mercantile career in charge of purchasing all naval stores for the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. That's good fortune. He was, in his era, the Navy's one-man Pentagon procurement office for all naval stores from coal to cooperage.

Tunis used the 1610 Mayor's family seal and crest in all his business dealings. The Lord Mayor of London still reigns in the commodious Mansion House today. In replicating his ancestor's authority, opulence, and residence, Tunis erected his own luxurious Mansion House in 1826 on Hicks Street in Brooklyn Heights, with 126 windows—an indication of its immensity and prestige. Before it became an elegant hotel, he raised three invincible sons in grand heroic British style there: one became an admiral, whose ship, aptly-named Brooklyn, was responsible for the burning of New Orleans; another died in battle; and a third son served as chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct and the entire New York City water system as it currently exists. While his ancestor and heir served a king patriotically and philanthropically in London, Tunis and heirs also served their new Eden patriotically and productively in New York.

Ultimately, like my strictly business, nineteenth-century great grandparent, I, too, made my own destiny reliving that transitional past. I immersed myself in the life of the merchant Shakespeare as a bridging male model just as Tunis had with Shakespeare's contemporary and his mercantile ancestor, the Lord Mayor of London. Upward-boundness with allegiance to both high and low cultures has always been a family condition. So has cross-cultural marriages into other European traditions added spice to our now nine American generations. To me, Shakespeare provided a humanistic survival kit against ubiquitous tyranny that everyone on both sides of Division Avenue, sooner or later, faces personally in everyday life. His Elizabethan and poetic vocabularies and his high-low bordering lifestyles became part of my autonomous tool kit, even while first serving at the level of impoverished schoolmaster in Burlington, New Jersey, thereby retracing the footsteps of my first American grandfather Thomas.

Because we returned to the past, Tunis and I have well-worn, marked cards in our deck. If you hung out in the Elizabethan and Jacobean public domain like Tunis and I did, you served your apprenticeship to the protocols, civilities, values, convictions, and genius of that period. You learned your way about the City of London town ringed around by political, economic, and social authority, but looking for autonomous breakthroughs, like the clever slave of classical and Elizabethan dramas. Nonetheless, we two were and are, still very much at home in the American present because that Eurocentric, commercial-cultural world continues to dominate. The past did not run away and hide. The past made my present a success. Since my Columbia PhD in 1967, the traditional haunts of Oxford, London, and the United Kingdom as archival treasure still draw me for about one month every year. Our modern life is still run with similar feudal and hierarchical controls in church, state, and commerce in both English-speaking societies.

The universals in our human nature and its institutions don't change that much. Authority's controls have not changed much either. That's certain. New technologies just give them a sharper edge. If you know this truth, you have more to go on in circumventing institutional authority. I rose high and served long as a consultant on infrastructure for AT&T in the 1970s because I had learned the perennial laws of medieval feudal hierarchies during five years studying the identical patterns of the Soviet secular priesthood at Columbia's Russian Institute and the Renaissance hierarchies earlier in its Faculty of Philosophy. These longer-term, historical perspectives on life, human nature, and power served me well. In a word, contemporary fashions sooner or later become assimilated into the long-term continuity of the universal human condition. If that continuity did not continue to control things behind the scenes, classical drama, Shakespeare, and the hierarchical merchant class—offshoots of the medieval guild system—would not still appeal, serve as touchstone, and make money; they would now be merely anachronisms.