The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

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While I am far from being an expert on the Shakespeare authorship dispute, I am, I think, familiar with the main points of contention, if not the finer details. But there is one point that both sides of the debate seem to have missed, and that is ‘Follow the money.’

No-one disputes that William Shakespeare was financially successful and eventually managed to buy a substantial house in Stratford-upon-Avon; one of the largest properties in that town, I understand. There is little doubt that he was a ‘good businessman’ and one who would not miss an obvious financial opportunity or, more importantly, fail to take obvious steps to protect his financial interests. One thing that authors or publishers did in that period was to register their works in the Stationers’ Register (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stationers%27_Register). This was an early form of copyright protection, and while not fool-proof was clearly not so ineffective that authors or publishers did not bother to register works at all; registration was done and it was done for a purpose. How likely is it therefore that a successful playwright of acknowledged business acumen would fail to register (or ensure the registration of) his popular works and therefore leave them open to exploitation by others, as happened, I believe, with the sonnets? It is highly unlikely isn’t it? And not just highly unlikely but pretty much inconceivable, in my view. And yet, as I understand it, some 16 of the plays in the First Folio had not been previously registered. Given that there is, on the above basis, only a small probability that William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon would not have registered (or ensured the registration of) his plays, we can only conclude that the Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon did not write the plays he did not register (or were not registered ‘in his name’). And if he did not write the unregistered plays, did he write any of them, given that it is accepted that both the registered and unregistered plays were written by the same man? The fact that, say, King Lear was registered as a work by William Shakespeare in 1607 only proves or tends to prove that the person who registered the play believed or claimed that it was written by Shakespeare, or someone who called himself Shakespeare, but if one play was registered why weren’t the others? This is something of an awkward hurdle it seems to me. Given that it made financial sense to register a play, the only reason that I can see why a person would not have registered a play was that he was not concerned by the potential financial consequences of not registering; in other words, he didn’t need the money. William Shakespeare was not such a man, as both sides admit.

On page 17 it is stated that a book by a well-informed author (‘Satyres’ by Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich) published in 1597 alleged that the author of Troilus and Cressida concealed his identity using another name - ‘William Shakespeare’. Thus, it was asserted that ‘William Shakespeare’ was not William Shakespeare - during Shakespeare’s lifetime.

On page 9 it says: 'In 1991, nine years after David's death, Claremont-McKenna College in California found, by modal analysis, that the poetry of Bottrill's Shakespeare Authorship contender Thomas Heywood is a closer match to Shakespeare's poetry than twenty-five rival contenders. * and modern analysis has revealed Thomas Heywood as the most likely contender. But who was the mysterious Thomas Heywood? The proposition advanced here is that he did not exist and that my ancestor, Thomas Salusbury, was Thomas Heywood. So where are those 400 years-worth of back-dated royalties (plus compound interest), I would like to know?
*For “Continuous” odds, The Tempest is also Shakespeare’s most distant core baseline outlier, with a Continuous Composite Shakespeare Probability of 3.689 times 10^-3, or 0.0037. The closest “Claimant” match by this measure is Thomas Heywood’s A Woman Killed With Kindness, with a Continuous Composite Shakespeare Probability of 1.6337 times 10^-6, or 0.0000006337. The value of 0.0037 divided by 0.0000006337 equals 2,258. This means that A Woman Killed With Kindness is 2,258 times less likely to have come from Shakespeare’s pen by chance than The Tempest. ’ (Ward E.Y. Elliott, Professor of American Political Institutions at Claremont McKenna College, and Robert J. Valenza, Professor of Mathematics and the Humanities at Claremont McKenna College, ‘Oxford by the Numbers: What are the odds that The Earl of Oxford could have written Shakespeare’s Poems and Plays?’, Tennessee Law Review, 2004, Vol. 72, p. 338, n. 36). This says that Thomas Heywood’s play is the closest match to Shakespeare of 58 contenders but still unlikely to have come from Shakespeare’s pen. But this analysis also appears to say that ‘The Tempest’ only has a 3 in 1000 chance of having been written by Shakespeare! If we accept that a certain play was written by Shakespeare (a 1 in 1 probability) then it is 270 times less likely that he wrote The Tempest (1 divided by 0.0037) - but if we can accept that The Tempest was written by Shakespeare, can we not also accept that he wrote A Woman Killed with Kindness, since both appear to be very unlikely? If Shakespeare could write a play as different from his ‘normal canon’ as The Tempest, does this not increase the probability (sort of prove) that he could write another play even more different from The Tempest? He was, after all, a genius - and geniuses tend not to be subject to the same rules as the rest of us. This is rather like saying that a brilliant engineer who designed a car could not also design an aeroplane - but the point is that he is a brilliant engineer and a brilliant engineer who can design a car is more likely to be able to design an aeroplane than a bad engineer, so I am not sure that the logic applied here stands up to scrutiny - the 'laws of chance' do not apply. In any event, the fact remains that Heywood is the closest match; he is the most likely contender on the basis of statistical analysis.

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16/2/2018
A Preface to a Mystery

The marriage in 1557 of Anna du Carne, daughter of the English ambassador to the Low Countries, to David Haecx Sr. of Antwerp[*], wealthy merchant, arts patron and friend of the Dutch leaders in their war against Spain, was to have lasting and curious effects on English authorship for the ensuing 400 years. With the Spanish occupation imminent, Haecx senior became a refugee to England, residing with his in-laws, the Holland family, in Warwickshire. His grandson William became the second part Shakespeare due to a combination of luck, skill, and chicanery.

Luck threw in young William Haecx's way a destitute refugee poet of superb talent and prolific output.

William Haecx was a master entrepreneur and showman. He is pictured in the character of Armado in "Love's Labour's Lost." He acquired theatres, town and country property, and publishing rights. His only relationship to the Shakespeares was Susanna Shakespeare, who was his half-sister, and from this meagre bond, he took possession of the name William Shakespeare and passed himself off as a gentleman and creator of the body of literature that we honour under the Shakespeare name. He had begun calling himself William Shakespeare as early as 1596 when the first request for the right to bear arms was made to the Herald's College.

His victim, a convicted and supposedly executed traitor, was powerless to protest. All he could do was to submit physically, mentally, and, it may be supposed, morally. Doubt on this point comes to the surface in the ciphers of Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges.

[*His second wife was called Anna Henriquez. This is a Jewish name (Portuguese Jew) and this family inter-married with my mother's family, the Senior family. In Holland, the theory has been advanced that William Haecx was the real Shakespeare, which, in a sense, he was, as David Bottrill explains in this paper. See Leidsch Dagblad. 10/10/1972, p. 17 - leiden.courant.nu/issue/LD/1972-10-10/edition/0/page/17, for instance.]
The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit Researched for over 30 Years

Dedicated research for over 30 Years by David Hugh Bottrill and Ethel Avery Griffing have resulted in startling disclosures about the oldest literary mystery. Thousands of hours have been spent examining the works of Elizabethan poets and playwrights and in combing historical and literary archives in Great Britain and north America. The result is a fascinating new theory about the true authorship of the works attributed to William Shakespeare.

David Bottrill, a distinguished engineer of British and Australian ancestry, lived most of his adventurous life in the USA. He followed his journalist father's footsteps by investigating whether the author of Shakespeare's Plays was really a glovemaker's son from Stratford-upon-Avon.

For many years, he worked tracking down the hidden messages that he believes disclose how the poets and playwrights of the Golden Age of Literature wrote ciphers, hopeful that someday the truth about Shakespeare would be revealed.

After his death in 1982, Ethel Avery Griffing continued the research and has come up with important additional information. In this edition you will find stories of Political intrigue, blackmail, murder and passion. Why did a Welshman volunteer to be executed? Was the convicted plotter against Queen Elizabeth blackmailed into writing Macbeth under Shakespeare's name? Is the strange message on Shakespeare's memorial the clue to a 400-year-old mystery? Was Christopher Marlowe murdered because he was a spy? Or was he murdered by a rival for the love of a beautiful young boy?

Scholars and those who enjoy solving puzzles or reading a good mystery will find much to fascinate them in this unique story. It includes a comprehensive chronology by Ethel Avery Griffing of the key dates and playwrights during the Golden Age of Literature and is first published chronology of the works of the prolific English writer Thomas Heywood.

Ethel Avery Griffing, with NEW EYES provided by D. Bottrill's cipher translations imbedded in prefaces to the 1623 First Folio, is deep into reading writings of Thomas Heywood and William Shakespeare, still available in 1996.

She remarks:

"What a shame that the World has been deprived of the background of William Shakespeare's writings! When reading any writer's thoughts, it is important to know from whence those splendid thoughts have been inspired. Is it mind-bending propaganda? Or has it been a marvellous revelation of truth, springing forth from moments of insight revealed by life's experiences and the whisperings of God?

"Personally, I would have been much more 'turned on' to the words of the awesome Bard had I known from whence they sprang. Somehow they fell flat for the simple reason -"
’Who was he? Why would he say that?’ One needs to know the author before believing in his words!

"When I read David's cipher translations reinforced with his investigations of history: regarding the regal childhood experienced by Thomas Salusbury, his extensive education, his adventurous royal mother, his connections with Queen Elizabeth’s court life, his conversion to Catholicism, then his crucifixion for his loyalty to its cause, his broadening experiences on the continent, then his forced anonymity - they give one a new vision. His philosophies poured forth in timeless dramatic, poetic appeal that has lasted down through four centuries."

[Ethel Avery Griffing died in 2007.]
Unmasked via The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

Doubts have been voiced for the past two centuries as to the true identity of the so-called Bard from Avon. Just whom would you rather believe?

Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries even though they found it critically essential to conceal for centuries the truths about his real identity?

Or shall we continue to be persuaded by the conjectures of the numerous literary scholars who spend lifetimes comparing the education and writings of various contenders selected from educated celebrities of the Elizabethan and Jacobean Period???

If only one might go back...

As Charlton Ogborn, in his The Mysterious William Shakespeare c1984 suggested: "If only one might go back for half a day to Elizabethan London and ask such writers-about-town as Gabriel Harvey, Thomas Nashe, and, above all, Ben Jonson to light up on the mystery!"

That is precisely what David Hugh Bottrill's The Shakespeare Duality revealed as he laboriously translated eight ciphers concealed in:

* the inscription on Shakespeare's gravestone in Stratford.

* prefaces composed by Shakespeare's contemporaries for the First Folio compiled by Ben Jonson, endorsed by Heminge and Condell 1623,

* Thomas Thorpe's dedication of The Sonnets, 1609,

* the "Epistle" to Troilus and Cressida, 1609, and

* Love's Labour’s Lost, Act v, sc. 1, the cipher in Holofernes's lines describing Armado, 1605.

Although written by different writers, they used a uniform formula that reveals the historically correct picture of two distinct personalities involved in the international religious and moral turmoil of the times.

By reason of Elizabeth I's 1581 (23 Eliz. c2) "Statute of Silence," ciphers became a common method of University Wits exchanging information in the late 1500's. Open
discussion of the religious and political issues was punishable by death. In order to preserve for future generations, the true story of the theatres, Shakespeare's friends preserved it in ciphers.

Today ciphers are often discredited because arguments ensue regarding the correct "key." Ben Jonson's friends created an unorthodox one involving super-knowledge of history and literature, but, with mutual knowledge, the message can still be available to us four centuries later. David Hugh Bottrill found that the cipher system devised had no discernible "key," because its proponents realized a simple key might lead to either a premature (and possibly disastrous) discovery or its permanent loss.

The Gravestone inscription has always been suspect and a source of much fossicking for clues. It served as the skeleton key that opened the door to the rest.

Mr. Bottrill's logical procedure was to look for similar messages in the place that his friends hoped would live "til time dissolves thy Stratford monument."

The First Folio has indeed outlasted the "moniment," for the latter was replaced with a copy about 1805, but there is no reason to believe that the doggerel itself was not then faithfully reproduced.

After two decades of study in his Chicago home, collaborated by intensive and authoritative research in the British historical files, Mr. Bottrill was convinced that he had clear evidence of a duality of Shakespeare’s, as suggested by Charles and Mary Lamb, George Bernard Shaw, and several others.

According to Mr. Bottrill’s translation, we learn that the "Duality" was composed of:

a) Thomas Heywood born Thomas Salusbury, a royal son of the Salusbury Clan in Wales, who served as an a.d.c. in the court of Queen Elizabeth I and became involved in the Babington Plot of 1586, was captured, tried for treason, and supposedly executed. His family managed to arrange for his escape to the Continent, thinking that Spain would be the victor in the Spanish Conquest and he could return a hero.

When the reverse happened, young Thomas Salusbury could not return to England until seven years later, then incognito as Thomas Heywood. Although a poet and well-educated nobleman, he could not write under his own name.

b) William Haecx, "Mr. W. H.," an illegitimate boy born in 1575 and brought up in the Shakespeare home in Stratford. His tutor Thomas Jenkins, an Oxford classmate of Salusbury’s, brought him to London in 1592 as a minor writer, actor, and would-be theatrical entrepreneur. He aspired to be as successful a poet as his father, Antwerp poet David Haecx II.
"Mr. W.H." had been known in Stratford as Willie Shakespeare, and the real William Shakespeare, who had been tricked into marrying the pregnant Ann Hathaway, had run off to war and been killed.

To keep Salusbury's secret, they adopted a pen name of William Shakespeare, combining W.H.'s sales ability with Heywood's mystical genius with words and wisdom.

When the two met, Haecx at 16 and Heywood at 31, both were actors and budding writers, but to keep Salusbury's secret, they adopted a pen name of William Shakespeare and combined W.H.'s sales ability with Heywood's mystical words and wisdom.

As the result, classical theatre emerged from the streets of London, revealing philosophical truths acceptable to all types of people, who have continued to laud it down through 400 years.

Plays, based on the Greek and Roman classics and national histories, often were evolved by a team of writers along with actors themselves, for the plots changed slightly with each production. Most playwrights were not in touch with the inner stage workings as were Haecx (Shakespeare), Salusbury (Heywood), Ben Jonson, and Thomas Dekker, who were actors as well as writers. There was competition and yet a close camaraderie developed.

Leading poets, dramatists, printers, and theatre promoters of the period including John Marston, Hugh Holland, Richard Field, Leonard Digges and Heminge & Condell, all were in touch and knew Thomas Heywood's situation but kept it disguised.

After Haecx's death in 1616 Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, although they each had a part in the updating of ancient drama, felt that Thomas Heywood was the one who had polished the language and morals of the theatre to the extent it was treasured in the highest places as well as with the common people. They earnestly wanted that he should be given the credit even though it had to be buried in cipher until a future era. They knew of the deception but they kept the secret because of the dangers inherent in the political, social, and religious intrigues, as well as the homosexual relationships involved.

In 1623 they published the collection of plays known today as the First Folio and conceived in the prefaces the ciphers mentioned earlier.

Thomas Heywood Is a Closer Match...Than 25 Rival Contenders!!

Mr. David Hugh Bottrill, a brilliant engineer, inventor, and literary scholar with an interest inherited from his famous Australian journalist father, applied his analytical skills to his investigation. His dedicated work was not for material gain but for love of the subject and a passionate concern that the true talents behind our treasured Shakespearean literature should be recognized legitimately.
When David wrote his "The Shakespeare Duality" Synopsis, c1978, the Stratfordians disdained it, as they have also the Baconians, the Oxfordians, and even the able researcher Charlton Ogburn. Historians relish its revelations, but the Stratford Establishment muzzled it. Therefore, David's dream was altered to live to see his labours promoted in perhaps another, more popular form - a historical novel, a stage play, or a Hollywood film, available to the common people as well as the elite, just as "Shakespeare's" fate required. His last request, before his death in 1982, was that his cousin Ethel Avery Griffing, now living in Arizona, should recruit collaborators in order that his treasured endeavours would not grow dusty, buried in the Library of Congress, in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington D.C., and the Huntington Library in California. In his Synopsis, David listed the rules, adapted from Thomas Hariot's "word game" later called "ciphers." He found a formula that fit perfectly eight ciphers composed in 1623 by Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries to store amazing facts which could not be divulged during that Period. David hoped his cipher translations could be proven valid by modern computers, not yet available to him in the Eighties. In 1991, nine years after David's death, Claremont-McKenna College in California found, by modal analysis, that the poetry of Bottrill's Shakespeare Authorship contender Thomas Heywood is a closer match to Shakespeare's poetry than twenty-five rival contenders. Other studies are being promoted, and challenges lie ahead for unknown novices.... Are you the one?

Other Presentations Emerge

1) One of David's last projects before his death was to write a synopsis of the scenario, The Man Who Would Be Shakespeare, giving background to the political espionage, court intrigue, stabbings, incognitos, and conflicts behind Shakespeare's awesome dramas appealing to our culture Four Centuries later.

2) Also, he wrote his The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit, c1980, a detective story in third person, revealing how his scientific approach and profound conjectures bare historic truths that explain Shakespeare. We can follow "Surelock Kingsley" through the thought processes of deciphering secrets that Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries did not want to be locked up forever.

*Obtain a copy in either electronic or in printed format!!

3) Other studies support Mr. Bottrill's writings. During the past decade, Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Shakespeare professor and playwright, Washburn University, Topeka KS, completed an in-depth play They Called Him Shakespeare, c1995. It has not yet been produced but is available.

4) In 1994 in honour of the Shakespeare Authorship Roundtable's Tenth Anniversary, British journalist, cryptographer, and computer authority Colin Haynes published two electronic books, revealing the whole enigma with database of facts, featuring Mr. Bottrill's Duality theory.
5) Since 1993, Ethel Griffing and collaborators have been compiling Chronologies of the characters and happenings appearing in the Duality Theory. They appear in the Appendix of Mr. Bottrill's narrative. Also, she has been led to work at translating into Modern English Heywood's lengthy poems, i.e., Troia Britannica and The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angells, c1635, illustrated by noted artists of the Period, revealing his depth of knowledge and belief in a Supreme Being, evident in his earlier dramatic writings. Early in life he had studied ancient philosophies and personally experienced history and the trauma Life can give while God executes His system: he wrote poetic plays. Later in life, he studied how prophecies foresee how our decisions control our outcomes.

*6) In June 1996 Mr. Bottrill's The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit was published in electronic format on World Wide Web. Its Appendix includes the other presentations. Also Dr. Lawson's play can be obtained in electronic format or in hard copy, if such is preferred. The World Wide Web address is:

http://www.primenet.com/~avrycifr/whodunit.htm

Truths revealed allows one to read and appreciate Shakespeare's writings with an entirely new view, making us feel like we really know the writer. Unmask Shakespeare and Read with New Eyes!

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Ethel Avery Griffing, deep in her Shakespeare and Heywood readings with her NEW EYES now that Shakespeare's MASK is removed, remarks:

"What a shame that the World has been deprived of the background of William Shakespeare's writings! When reading any writers thoughts, it's important to know from whence those splendid thoughts have been inspired. Is it mind-bending propaganda? Or has it been a marvellous revelation of Truth, springing forth from moments of insight revealed by Life's experiences and the whisperings of God?

"Personally, I would have been much more 'turned on' to the words of the awesome Bard had I known from whence they sprang. Somehow, they fell flat for me for that simple reason. Why would he say that?"
"When I read David's cipher translations reinforced with his investigations: regarding the affluent, regal childhood experienced by Thomas Salusbury, his accompanying education, his adventurous mother, his connections with Queen Elizabeth's Court life, his conversion to Catholicism, then crucified for his loyalty to its cause, his broadening experience on the Continent, then his forced anonymity... they give me a new vision. His Human philosophies poured forth in timeless appeal, that have lasted through Four Centuries."


"I believe that Bottrill's duality theory of Shakespeare's identity deserves consideration although it is very complicated. The involvement of Marlowe, Schoolmaster Jenkins, and Lord Salusbury, as well as John Shakespeare's family, are significant Elizabethans to intrigue many who are already interested in the authorship controversy. Ethel Griffing has done admirable work to organize the myriad of details."

Carole Sue Lipman, President of Shakespeare Authorship Roundtable
David Hugh Bottrill on The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit and the Stratford establishment

"Endowed by nature with the desire to seek, the patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, readiness to reconsider, carefulness to dispose and set in order and neither affecting what is new, nor admiring what is old, and hating every kind of imposture."

Francis Bacon

A modern solution of an ancient crime dedicated to those literary vigilantes of the Stratford establishment, from the shrillest fellow of All Souls to the lowliest waitress in a Stratford tea shoppe, all ever ready and willing to close ranks...take aim and fire at anyone making sounds like an unbeliever.

Lest the gentle browser of book jacket blurbs misreads the first two lines and carries away from the book shop something he thinks is a conventional crime story, it is only fair to inform him that the descriptive Americanism "Whodunit" is, in this case, the bearer of a double meaning, for it is intended to convey ever so briefly and as quietly as possible that, there were in existence about four hundred years ago in Stratford, two people who bore the name Will Shakespeare and they even attended Stratford Grammar School, though at different times because one was ten years older than the other, but neither authored the works ascribed to William Shakespeare. All of this can be terribly confusing, and we can confidently expect the "Establishment" will find it so too...when they find two "Wills" to defend...and neither worth the trouble!
The Ciphers - David Bottrill on THE SHAKE SPEARE DUALITY

David Bottrill's RESUME OF THE SHAKE SPEARE DUALITY. June 1979

This is an attempt to give a condensed statement concerning the work that I have done in the last sixteen years, concerning the life of the author or authors of the works of William Shakespeare. I make no apology for joining with that group of scholars who have or had similar doubts to my own, namely that the greatest works in English literature were not the work of the farm boy Will Shakespeare but of someone else. Over a hundred years ago Charles and Mary Lamb, in their famous essay on Shakespeare, partly identified the writings of William Shakespeare as being very similar to those of the English author Thomas Heywood. And so I have found, I believe, a link between that name and the works generally ascribed to William Shakespeare.

In the forewords of the Shakespeareans works, I have found quite a number of ciphers which, when translated, reveal a remarkable story and indicate quite clearly the reason for the deception. Thomas Heywood was not a real person. That name was adopted by a young English gentleman, the son of a distinguished Welsh family whose mother was a second cousin of the reigning Queen Elizabeth, and he served on the staff of the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's boyfriend. His mother was Catherine of Berain, a second cousin of Queen Elizabeth, who was a beautiful adventuress, born about the same time as Elizabeth and who married a man named John Salusbury. This is not to be confused with the Salisbury family known in English history as Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor.

This young man Thomas Salusbury, in about his twenty-first year, became a convert to Roman Catholicism, a very dangerous thing to do in those days, let us say several years before the attack by the Armada, an attempt to eliminate Queen Elizabeth and place the Queen of Scots on the throne in her place. We suppose that Thomas Salusbury made the acquaintance of the Queen of Scots and her group of followers and was persuaded to join in a plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, and his particular assignment was to assassinate her, though this he denied at his trial. Nevertheless, the plot was discovered and all five of its members were tried and convicted, and all of them, except Salusbury, were done to death in the traditional manner of conspirators, that is, drawn and quartered and their hearts torn from them while they were still alive. But because of his relationship to the Queen, she permitted that he should be hanged rather than treated in the usual way, and somehow the Salusbury clan managed to put a substitute in his place, wearing his clothes, and Thomas Salusbury escaped.

It is thought, from the limited information that we've been able to find, but piecing such things as the unique poem "Willowbie his Avisa" and other writings, we assume that he went to Spain and remained there for seven years, returning to England about the end of 1592, where he adopted the name of Thomas Heywood. (If one looks to the reference books, such as The Dictionary of National Biography, it is unable to give us the birthplace, the date of birth, the date of his death or where Thomas Heywood was buried. Any one of these would be enough to arouse suspicion, but with all of these together it makes one think and tends to confirm our theory.) As Thomas Heywood, he wrote many
plays and served as an actor in the very company that Will Shakespeare is supposed to have played in. While almost immediately upon his return to London, he became acquainted with the son of an old college-mate from Oxford, the son of a very noted Dutch family.

As you all know, there were a great many refugees in England from the Lowlands as a result of the Spanish Conquest, and one of the most distinguished Dutchmen was David Haecx. He was a very wealthy merchant; he was a patron of the arts; indeed the artist Peter Paul Rubens lived in his house during the time of his early studies. Today in the Cathedral in Antwerp over the altar is a very large painting in which the members of the Haecx family, their likenesses are painted in, in a symbolism that is quite startling. David Haecx Sr. had a son David Haecx Jr., who was about two years of age when he was brought to England along with many refugees. He was educated in England, and it is quite likely that he was placed in a foster home, which could have been the Shakespeare home in Stratford, and he may even have attended the Stratford grammar school. At any rate he was at Oxford some years later, and there undoubtedly became friendly with Thomas Salusbury. Both were homosexuals and that peculiar relationship resulted in a lifelong association. (??)

The ciphers that I have discovered reveal that David Haecx Jr. (1557-1606), who was probably several years older than Thomas Salusbury, fathered a child by Anna Boule (or Bull), whose brother was the famous English organist. This child, born in 1575 or thereabouts, give or take a few years or so, was named William Haecx, and he came to be known in the literary and dramatic fields as "Mr. W. H." He was, at the time of Thomas Salusbury's return to England in 1592, about sixteen-and-a-half years old, and, as we learn from one of the ciphers, he was something of a poet. Now, it seems, in reconstructing affairs of that time with the rather meagre information that we have, that it was arranged that Thomas Heywood would write or polish up or assist this young son, whose ambition was to be a poet, and for this Heywood was probably well paid. And we have our outright statement in a cipher that the first poem "Venus and Adonis" was the work of Thomas Heywood.

This would jibe with the date that Salusbury (whom we now call Heywood) returned to London from wherever he had been in the previous six or seven years. This, of course, was the year of the publication of "Venus and Adonis" under the name of William Shakespeare and which reasonably could be thought of as the year of termination of Thomas Jenkins by his death.

David Haecx Jr., the father of "W. H.", served on Queen Elizabeth's staff probably along with Walsingham, her chief of police (we find his name mentioned several times in the State papers of Queen Elizabeth), and he may have been one of those who was instrumental in discovering the plans of the Armada, which made him a very valuable asset, since the Haecx family were Roman Catholic, and he was able to go backwards and forwards between England and the Lowland Countries, which were occupied by the Spanish army (in the mid-1580's). He left England finally to live in Antwerp. In 1597
(1590?) he married and, so far as we know, never returned. But "W. H." did remain in England.

Now before David Haecx Jr. left, like many gay blades of the day, he did quite a lot of wenching, and among others of his victims was a young woman named Ann Hathaway, who later had a child, a girl named Susanna. We have found in the ciphers a direct reference to this, and a writ was issued to cover the marriage (since Roman Catholics at that time could not have Church recognition) and this, according to the ciphers, favours Susanna, thus indicating quite clearly that David Haecx Jr. is the child's father. He must have arranged for this young farm boy Will Shakespeare to marry this girl (Ann Hathaway), and young Will (John Shakespeare's son) probably did so for a sum of money and, finding himself tied up to a woman some ten years older than he, he left home at the first opportunity, probably in the year 1586 (or before), some four years after his marriage to Ann Hathaway. That, I think, concludes the history of the farm boy Will Shakespeare. He probably went off to the Wars and never returned.

But the young W. H., who was a resident at the Shakespeare home, finally took over the entire property and must have soon become known, as he grew up, as "Will Shakespeare," rather than Will Haecx. And the curious thing is that there are several references, not in cipher but in plain English, to this "Mr. W. H.", particularly one that occurs in the dedication of the Sonnets by Thomas Thorpe, who dedicates this book to Mr. W. H. A cipher by Ben Jonson tells us that the satirist Thomas Heywood was Will Shakespeare, and it also tells us he was a homosexual and that his nickname was Tanti.

The question now arises: When did Thomas Heywood become a permanent resident at the Shakespeare home in Stratford? Thomas Heywood of course was a bachelor. It seems to me that the play mentioned by the famous contemporary correspondent John Chamberlain, whose letters fortunately have all been saved and published, in one of his letters it tells of a play, because of its nature, was banned by the King (James I). It told the story of King James's murder of two Scottish noblemen, a few years before his accession to the English throne, by which the Scottish people were highly incensed. The death of Queen Elizabeth was a most fortuitous one for King James. It enabled him to leave Scotland when they were just about to seize him and charge him with the murder of the two brothers. The Gowry murders so incensed James that a Star Chamber trial of the playwright was ordered; and it seems that, not only was the play banned, but its author was banned from appearing in other plays and was banished to Stratford where a guardian was appointed for him, and that guardian was William Haecx. And that occurred in 1604. From that time on all of the plays were probably written by Heywood, and Haecx registered them in Stationers' Hall in the name of William Shakespeare. And of course, that gave him control of the plays and the revenues coming from them, and the books etc.

In the foreword to Shakespeare's play Troilus and Cressida, there is a cipher that says quite clearly that the works, registered in this manner, were stolen and calls "Mr. W. H." a liar and a forger. In another cipher, found in the poem of Hugh Holland in the First Folio of Shakespeare, the Gowry Murder story is adequately confirmed. Shakespeare
simply could not resist the temptation of writing a play around the Gowry murders. He loved that kind of material, and the play, which of course has long since been lost, highly incensed King James, who has shown up to be what he was, a very unpleasant person! These and all the subsequent plays were the work of Thomas Heywood, whose proper name of course was Thomas Salusbury.

It was perfectly obvious to those who knew the true identity of Thomas Heywood they would not mention it because it would result in the instant execution of him since, as Thomas Salusbury, he was a convicted conspirator. And that is why it is so difficult to find the true story, since everything was covered up as far as possible. But when it came time to collect the works, a few of his friends, namely Hugh Holland, who was also a Derby man, that is, he came from the same town as Thomas Salusbury and Leonard Digges. Digges and Ben Jonson seemed to have gotten together and determined that somehow posterity would be advised of the true story, and so they managed to weave into the very core of Shakespeare's life, which we find in the First Folio, these four or five ciphers which tell of the fraudulent conversion of the Poet's works to the name of William Shakespeare, which Haecx, by his occupation, home, etc., was able to turn to money. We have a good many references to his stinginess, to his crookedness, and all of these are unanimous in their opinion of the man.

The marriage in 1557 of Anna DuCarne, daughter of the English ambassador to the Low Countries, to David Haecx Sr. of Antwerp, a wealthy merchant, arts patron, and friends of the Dutch leaders in their war against Spain, was to have lasting and curious effects on the English authorship for the ensuing 400 years. With the Spanish occupation imminent, Haecx Sr. became a refugee to England, residing with his in-laws in Warwickshire, the Holland family.

His grandson William became the second-part Shakespeare due to a combination of luck, skill, and chicanery. Luck threw in his way a destitute refugee poet of superb talent and prolific output. W. H. was a master entrepreneur and showman. He is pictured in the character of Armado in Love's Labour's Lost. He acquired theatres, town and country property, and publishing rights. His only relationship to the Shakespeares was that Susanna Shakespeare was his half-sister, and from this meagre bond he took possession of the name and passed himself off as a gentleman and creator of the body of literature we honour under the Shakespeare name. He had begun calling himself William Shakespeare as early as 1596, when the first request for the "right-to-bear arms" was made to the Heralds' College.

His victim, Thomas Salusbury, a convicted and supposedly executed traitor, was powerless to protest. All he could do was to submit physically, mentally, and maybe supposedly morally.

Although ciphers leave no doubt whatsoever that both Thomas Heywood and William Haecx were homosexuals, recently a professor of literature at Chicago University, commenting on my work, said that I was "giving answers to unasked questions." This is
the usual retort of Stratfordian people who cannot bear to be deprived of the rags-to-riches story.

If I needed any motivation at all or if there was any doubt concerning the worthwhile nature of such an inquiry, as I have devoted a good many years to it, can be found in a small book, published in London in 1597, called Satyres by Dr. Joseph Hall. Hall was a vehement and bigoted Puritan, a close friend of King James, who appointed him Bishop of Norwich. He thundered from his pulpit against all forms of merriment, amusement, the theatre, "Dumb Shows," and masques. The book contains, as a kind of parting jibe, a revealing assertion against the author of the poem Venus and Adonis, whom the Divine refers to as a labeo and who he execrates as licentious material and for concealing his identity under another name.[*] Hall is a very well-informed man, and in view of the "Poet's" labeo-like pattern of living, he alternated some of his winters between his villa in the country and in Rome. There were perhaps other similarities that Hall noticed. However, it is his assertion of pseudonymity that intrigues one's curiosity. If the author's name was other than William Shakespeare, what was it?

[*See Hall’s ‘Virgidemiarum’, London, Thomas Creede, 1597, LIB. IV. SAT. I.

'Should I endure these curses and despight,
While no man's ear should glow at what I write?
Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face;
Why? for I smite and hide the galled-place [affected with painful swellings].
Gird [strike, smite] but the Cynic's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus, or his flail of lead?
Long as the crafty Cuttle lieth sure
In the black cloud of his thick vomiture,
Who list complain of wronged faith or fame,
When he may shift it to another's name?
Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
That thrift-less Pontice bites his lip the while.
Yet I intended in that selfe devise
To check the churl for his known covetise.']

One of the most interesting ciphers - actually the first one on which I worked - is the curious verse of doggerel on the so-called tomb at Stratford. Those who have seen it know that Shakespeare's name does not appear on the grave! But in its place there is a curious verse of doggerel which runs as follows:

"Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare,
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Now the translation of the last two lines of that doggerel spell this out:
"The man called Shakespeare was T S, son CB wife of Mortal Moon's bey." Now we have found that TS was Thomas Salusbury, the son of CB, Catherine of Berain. Catherine was "the wife of Mortal Moon's bey" means that she was the wife of Richard Clough, who was at that time the wealthiest man in England and to whom she administered poison and gathered in his fortune. Mortal Moon, as everybody knows, was Queen Elizabeth herself; that was the poetic name for her..."Mortal Moon." And the word "bey" was the Turkish name meaning this gentleman had travelled in Turkey as a roving ambassador of Elizabeth and while there he was given the rank of a Turkish knight, in other words a bey, a b-e-y. The courtiers ridiculed the idea and called him "the Mortal Moon's bey." By the way, Elizabeth herself, in no uncertain words, chastised him in Court upon his return from Turkey and said if there were to be any knighthoods given out she'd be the one to give them and no one else.

The very interesting cipher of Leonard Digges tells us that Shakespeare died of an angina. We know the date...1616. It's a curious thing that this should be confirmed by a cipher because some years ago some of the finest brains in British medical profession had a symposium in which they all agreed that it appeared that his mind had been failing and probably angina was the cause of his death. (Anthony Burgess suggested in his novel Nothing like the Sun c1964 that it could have been from a venereal disease.) This, of course, was Mr. William Haecx, who by that time had adopted the name of Shakespeare, and unquestionably he is the person buried in the Stratford tomb, which, as an unbeliever such as myself, is an interesting straw showing the direction of the wind. Since there is no name on the grave, why did they not put his name on the gravestone?

His name appears on the wall in a memorial but not on the gravestone! That Thomas Heywood had the ability and talent to write all of these works that we revere under the Shakespeare name we gather from contemporaries who summed them up quite adequately, when he said:

"All history, all actions, counsels, decrees and demeanors, states and defactions, plays, epicidiums, odes, translations and lyrics, epitaphs, and panegyrics."

Heywood himself, in his autobiography, if you can call it that, claims to have had a main finger in the writings of 400 plays. That would be enough certainly to have included all of the works of Shakespeare.

A very interesting sidelight of the study, a by-product, so- to-speak, has been the discovery that Marlowe, the poet, was the author of the Sonnets, the famous Shakespeare Sonnets. Thomas Thorpe's cipher, found in his dedication of the book to Mr. W. H., also gives the information that this work, the work of the Sonnets, was taken over by Mr. W. H. and of course the Shakespeare name tacked on it.

As well we all know, Christopher Marlowe was murdered in a tavern in Deptford, London. It was supposed to be a drunken brawl, but at that same time, within a month or so of it, Thomas Salusbury had returned from Spain to London.
The poet Marlowe had been in the service of Elizabeth's chief of police Walsingham and together with David Haecx had jointly discovered the Armada plan and were able to alert the military forces of the Queen, greatly reducing its chances of success. Of course God and his winds did the rest. The enemy ships were all dispersed by a furious storm around England.

The interesting thing is that a terrific enmity was induced by the fingering of the Babington plotters, of which Thomas Salusbury was a member, a convicted member, resulting in Salusbury having to live a life under a pseudonym of Thomas Heywood, never being able to return to his estate in Wales at LLewenni near Denbigh. This enmity could quite easily have been revenge for the suffering he had gone through and avenged by his friends who murdered Marlowe. One cannot over-emphasize the conditions of servitude and misery that beset the poet Heywood in his residence at Stratford.

W. H. (or "Mr. W. H.") undoubtedly was aware of the true identity of Thomas Salusbury and no doubt controlled him with threats, one mention of which to the authorities would have resulted in prompt execution of the Poet. Then there was the homosexual association between them upon which one better-versed in the subject than myself might interpret, but it was definitely a factor in holding them together.

Several of the ciphers, including those by Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges, refer to Heywood as a "wilgil." That was the term used in the 16th century for male prostitutes who infested the theatres of the day. In fact, Ben Jonson's cipher refers to the wilgil barns that they played in, that being the barns in which the plays were done. In those days the female parts were played by young men. I don't intend to convey that all the players were male prostitutes but a good number of them were.

Now the ciphers are all beginning to come into focus. They are coming together. We have now three different authors, contemporaries of the poet, telling the same story. This is the best possible confirmation of the integrity of the ciphers. Nothing in this whole study has fallen by the wayside on account of inattention to chronology. Many studies, when they are examined closely, do not jibe historically with events, but we have not found a disagreement at any point in the matter of time of the events. This is very important! But of supreme importance is the correlation of the main parts of the story as rendered by Ben Jonson, Hugh Holland, and the Poet himself, as will be seen in the cipher of Troilus and Cressida, which is the only book bearing Shakespeare's name in the title, which tells that his works were stolen by Mr. W. H.

David Bottrill
Ethel Avery Griffing on David Bottrill's Discovery

David Hugh Bottrill was a brilliant engineer and scholar, born in Adelaide, Australia on July 12, 1897, qualified as a Rhodes scholar in England and educated at the McGill University, Canada. He was a veteran of the Australian Imperial Forces in World War I, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. During World II he was employed by the British government to oversee the purchase of munitions from the United States. He lived in New York City for many years but later moved to Chicago in 1976.

Although educated as a scientist, an engineer and inventor, in his childhood his literary education began around the breakfast table as he listened to the vigorous discussions between his eminent journalist father, his scholarly uncle William E. Bottrill, a well-read Adelaide barrister at the University of Tasmania educated at Oxford and friend of George Bernard Shaw, Dean Inge, Victor Gollancz, Frank Harris, and their literary friends who belonged to the University Society.

Neither his father nor his uncle had candidates for the true identity of the village lad genius poet labelled William Shakespeare, but they delighted in pricking the pretensions of those who did, mainly the Baconians at that time and later the handful who favoured Queen Elizabeth I. They challenged the young David to follow their readings and beliefs, but it was many years later that he took up the torch when he retired in 1960 from his busy engineering career.

Stimulated by Dr. Friedman's requirements and the knowledge of the intimate association of Shakespeare's friends with Thomas Harriot, the inventor of the "Elizabethan cipher," Mr. Bottrill laboured for sixteen years before he discovered the cipher that works perfectly in not only the epitaph near Shakespeare's grave but in the prefaces of the First Folio, the epistle to Troilus and Cressida in Shakespeare's own writings, and in Thomas Thorpe's dedication to the Sonnets. Although written by different members of the "School of Night," Ben Jonson, Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges, Thomas Heywood, Thomas Thorpe, and John Marston, by using the same formula each reveals and reiterated astounding facts that coincide with the accepted facts and biographies of the Period.

David spent three months each year during his deciphering checking the facts in the Queen's records, that are stored at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, and explored alongside the Chief Archivist of the Greater London council and Director of Records there, Wm. J. Smith, since retired. David's scholarly synopsis of his study The Shakespeare Duality c1979 is on file in the Library of Congress, the Folger Shakespeare Library, and the Huntington Library in San Marina CA. But I am advised that it will lie buried there - probably because it was written by an engineer instead of a literary personage - and very few people will ever view it unless we can find a more dramatic form of presentation.

Mr. Bottrill's dream was to enlist help with his story to get these facts into popular format so that young people today will be stimulated to search for additional ciphers in Elizabethan literature. He was sure other hidden facts, yet to be deciphered, will reveal
new truths to enhance our knowledge of the history of that period, successfully repressed for centuries.

The ciphers tell a complicated and exciting scenario so filled with dramatic and historic personalities in the political, espionage, economic, and literary worlds of the Elizabethan period, engaged in colourful conflict, poisonings, stabbings, court intrigue, incognitos, and homosexual relationships that it would make a tremendous play, novel, or movie. The true scenario is packed with material that the writer would find his most difficult task would be selecting from the abundance. Our big problem involves finding a qualified writer, familiar with the language and manners of the Period, one who can make the characters come to life. Mr. Bottrill tried writing it as a detective story.

A Shakespeare professor and playwright at Washburn University, Topeka KS, Dr. Robert N. Lawson, who did his dissertation on the typography and printing process of the First Folio, recommends the production of this material into a stage play. Recently he has done just that, titled They Called Him Shakespeare c1995. Dr. Ernest Bader, emeritus from the history department there, was also fascinated with the material and saw it as a provocative historical novel. Colin Haynes, British journalist, cryptographer, and computer authority, has been inspired to publish, on World Wide Web and on computer disk, his The Shakespeare Dilemma c1994, which explains the history of Mr. Bottrill's discovery. EAG

A GLIMPSE OF A MISCELLANIST - W.W. I, RESPECTED ENGINEER, CRYPTOGRAPHER, AND SELF - EDUCATED LITERARY SCHOLAR -- David Hugh Bottrill!!

David Bottrill was my mother's first cousin. When I met him in June 1979, I became fascinated with his interest inherited from his journalist father. A cousin captured that moment when, at a cousin gathering, David picked up a harmonica and played Waltzing Matilda for the first time since his experiences in the trenches of France during World War I. On the lower right is a photo when he was a young recruit of Australia's Imperial Forces.
Ethel Avery Griffing on The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

As a little country girl from Kansas, I was advised that, should I be left deserted on an island, my most precious possessions would be the Bible and Shakespeare's writings...It was several years before I met the writings of the Bard. Then I was disappointed! He was so difficult to understand....but so was the Bible that was written in the same Old English. I like to believe the word of persons...if I know more about them, their background, the kind of life they led, and why they advise what they say. I studied about the life of Christ. That helped! But everything that I knew about Shakespeare was only his words, still very difficult to understand. Why did he say what he did? From whence did it come? Was it just polished propaganda?...In college I studied English Literature but I had to borrow a textbook because I couldn't afford to purchase one. I listened to the instructor, "apple-polished," and received a B!!! Upon graduation, I taught Shakespeare from a reconstructed textbook with a teacher's guide, still I was not impressed...

Then fifty years later in 1979 I was exposed to an entirely new view that gave me New Eyes. At a cousin reunion I invited my mother's cousin from Australia, whom relatives had been curious to meet. Although he was a brilliant engineer, he had spent his retirement years exploring the enigma of who Shakespeare really was as a person.

David Bottrill then lived in Chicago, he came, and I began to ask questions. As he began to speak, I turned on a tape recorder. His story was extraordinary...facts had been disclosed in ciphers by the Bard's peers but had to be kept secret because of the religious and political problems of the Elizabethan Period. Executions were involved whenever religious, political, or philosophical views were ever expressed...except perhaps when buried in the exotic language of poetry or drama. At that time, drama had developed a bad name but, when expressed in beautiful language, it became more acceptable....

Since my 80-year-old cousin David Bottrill knew he did not have long to live and his arduous study was not accepted by the powerful Stratfordian Establishment, he had all but given up exposing his findings. But somehow, because I was a librarian and his first cousin once removed, he appealed to me to study it, make contacts, and perhaps try writing his research into a popular-style historical novel. I did not feel competent but did consider trying to find a qualified writer.

When he had attempted to write it as a literary thesis, the Stratfordians had disdained it, as they have also the Baconians, the Oxfordians, and even able researchers such as Charlton Ogburn. David hoped also to challenge modern computer geniuses and cryptographers to test it and perhaps find additional historical truths of the Elizabethan Period.

This manuscript is a transcription of a rough draft of a "detective story" prepared by David Hugh Bottrill shortly before his death in 1982. He had faith that I would polish it a bit in the manner of a teacher-librarian. I have had it for fifteen years while I strove hopefully to publicize his deciphering endeavour of The Shakespeare Duality and to find
collaborators who could present its story in a popular, less arduous and more intelligible fashion, such as in a novel, a stage play, or a movie.

He lists the rules originated by Thomas Harriot, a peer of William Shakespeare who popularized ciphers that could store amazing facts of the Period, but which could not be divulged in that strenuous era. He adapted them until a formula fit perfectly the eight ciphers composed by Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries. He could find few who would attempt such an arduous task. His Synopsis of The Shakespeare Duality is on file in the Library of Congress, the Folger Shakespeare Library, and the Huntington Library at San Marino CA, but it lies buried there until someone is brave enough to bring it to life in a modern and appealing form.

His last projects before his death were to outline the scenario in dramatic form, and - as a last resort - he attempted to reveal how his scientific approach and his profound conjectures lay bare historical truths that explain Shakespeare's awesome ability to write manuscripts that still appeal to our culture 400 years later. Also, he decided to write it as a detective story in third person, and we follow "Surelock Kingsley" through the thought processes of deciphering the secrets that Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries did not want to be locked up forever.

As I laboriously inserted punctuation, paragraphing, and sometimes notes (labelled EAG) to help the casual reader become acquainted with his abundant vocabulary, I also tried to rearrange the content to help the average student follow his trail. Here it is! Put on your thinking cap and have a try!

I have other manuscripts that might be helpful. You need to peruse his Synopsis or my brochure "Unmask Shakespeare".

They are included in the Appendix and this web site. Since 1981 Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Washburn University, Topeka, KS, has completed a longer, very in-depth play "They Called Him Shakespeare" c1995, but it has not yet been produced.

In 1994 British journalist and computer authority Colin Haynes published two electronic books in honour of the Shakespeare Authorship Round Table Tenth Anniversary. The whole enigma with a database of facts and literature, featuring avid Bottrill's Duality theory was presented at the Round Table on June 11, 1994!!

Ethel Avery Griffing, Spokesperson for Mrs. D. H. Bottrill

Note September 15, 1995: Study of Thomas Heywood's poetic divulgences of his transcendental philosophies, in his later years, (many of which were shared with Francis Bacon), i.e., Troia Briticannica c1608 and The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells c1635 helps one understand his deeper beliefs.

In his youth, he blended God's Truths into the drama and poetry of the Elizabethan Period. Yet later, seeing the whole picture chronologically, writing historical and
philosophic poetry, he was engrossed in summarizing the whole human picture. Youth and age see things differently - also the Age in which one lives makes a difference. Manuscripts in our Appendix challenge pursuit of such a vexatious exhortation. Hence, we have compiled Chronologies of the Period and its writings.

Recently, in light of our Twentieth Century interpretations of Shakespearean writers, the Folger Shakespearean Library's Roasting the Swan of Avon, published in conjunction with their March-June 1994 exhibition, also gives a new understanding...!!! EAG
Carole Sue Lipman on The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

"I believe that Bottrill's duality theory of Shakespeare's identity deserves consideration although it is very complicated. The involvement of Marlowe, Schoolmaster Jenkins, and Lord Salusbury, as well as John Shakespeare's family, are significant Elizabethans to intrigue many who are already interested in the authorship controversy. Ethel Griffing has done admirable work to organize the myriad of details."

Carole Sue Lipman, 1984 Founder and President of the Shakespeare Authorship Roundtable (meets monthly) in Santa Monica, California.

Colin Haynes on The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

'21 August 1996

The research that David Bottrill initiated and which Ethel Griffing has pursued so vigorously in recent years provides fascinating new perspectives on the golden age of literature and the works attributed to Shakespeare.

Those who research the Shakespeare authorship issue have long battled with discrimination against unpopular theories that do not conform to accepted academic beliefs. Academic and scientific researchers who do not fit conventional moulds or establishment preconceptions are still being prevented from publishing their work. Mrs. Griffing has demonstrated that the new electronic media - particularly the Internet - now offer opportunities to ensure that such voices can be heard and that the publishing of academic and scientific research will be transformed by these means of publishing and communicating.

I particularly applaud how Mrs. Griffing has demonstrated that a senior citizen with sufficient determination can learn to use the new media so effectively without any technical background or previous experience in computing. She seized the opportunities offered by the new media, taught herself how to use the new technology and brought important information about the real-life players in the Shakespeare story to the attention of the world. She did it from an ordinary PC on a desk in the corner of her retirement home in a remote corner of Arizona without any support from a university, foundation, school or other organization. She puts many academics and corporate people to shame!

Colin Haynes The Creative Communications Trust

Colin Haynes, professional award-winning British writer, broadcaster and international investigative journalist, computer technologist and cryptographer, particularly interested in fraud and intellectual property rights, all forms of scam, deception and counterfeiting in 20 countries. Recent publications are his Paperless Publishing, McGraw-Hill c1994 and his The Shakespeare Dilemma c1994.

Colin Haynes
Dr. Robert N. Lawson on 'They Called Him Shakespeare'

'I dedicated my play, They Called Him Shakespeare, to Ethel Griffing because that play was based upon material and theories developed over half a lifetime by her cousin, David Bottrill, that she introduced me to, and then she was unfailing, over a number of years, in her encouragement to complete the project. In that process, I became quite familiar with most of the material that she has now published in The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit. I am very impressed by the way she has organized and presented what I first met as a series of relatively confusing pieces, and by what she herself has contributed to the package in the years since she first talked to me about it. I would think that anyone interested in the problem of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays would find this not only a fascinating book, but a difficult subject presented in a very readable fashion.

Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Ph.D.'

Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Ph.D., Shakespeare professor emeritus, playwright & poet at Washburn University, Topeka KS. His dissertation dealt with "Compositor C of Shakespeare's First Folio."

Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Ph.D.
1503 MacVicar,Topeka, KS 66604

Phone: (913) 234-1032
e-mail address: czlaw@acc.wu.ace.edu
I dedicated my play, They Called Him Shakespeare, to Ethel Griffing because this play is based upon material and theories developed over half a lifetime by her cousin, David Bottrill, that she introduced me to, and then she was unfailing, over a number of years, in her encouragement to complete the project. In that process, I became quite familiar with most of the material that she has now published in The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit. I am very impressed by the way she has organized and presented what I first met as a series of relatively confusing pieces, and by what she herself has contributed to the package in the years since she first talked to me about it. I would think that anyone interested in the problem of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays would find this not only a fascinating book, but a difficult subject presented in a very readable fashion.

Dr. Robert N. Lawson, Ph.D.
ACT I—Scene 1

[The stage is dark. A dog begins to bark, the sound coming as from outside. A woman is heard to walk across the stage and open a door. The barking becomes louder.]

NAOMI
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! You get in here! [The dog is heard coming in, fussing around nervously.] What's wrong with you tonight? Barking at those joggers again, I'll bet. Well, come on out in the kitchen with me. I'll see what I've got for you. Settle down!

[Nothing but the muted kitchen sounds of dog and woman for half a minute. Then the doorbell rings. The dog begins to bark, and runs to the door. The bell rings again. The woman's voice comes from off-stage right.]

NAOMI
Bob! Will you see who's at the door? I've got . . . and get the dog! Shakespeare, be quiet! I can't even think! That dog . . .

ROBERT
[Voice from off-stage left.] All right. I'm coming. It's probably the woman I was telling you about. Shakespeare, be quiet. [Raising his voice over the dog.] Just a minute. [Lower, to Naomi.] You know . . . on the telephone, yesterday afternoon . . . about her cousin's theory on how Shakespeare didn't write those plays. I told her she could come by this evening if she wanted to. I told you about it, didn't I? [Almost to himself.] I'm coming, I'm coming.

[The lights come up gradually on a schematized stage, bare except for a sofa, coffee table, two chairs, and a television console. At the rear is a large arch defining the inner stage, a hallway which provides an entrance from either side, with a scrim as rear wall that can also serve as a rear-projection screen. From inner-stage left (the bedroom-study) a man enters, tall, in his middle 50's, short beard, graying, casual clothing—cords, flannel shirt, stockinged feet—carrying a book, a finger marking the page. The lights pick him up first, as he crosses to the front door, suggested down-stage right. The bell rings again.]

ROBERT
All right! All right! [Fishing in his shirt pocket for a card to use as a bookmark.] Shakespeare . . . [He marks the book, picks
up the dog, and opens the door, as a woman in her early 50's appears at the arch, from inner-stage right (the kitchen) holding a pan and a dish towel. The woman the front door is opened to, also about 50, seems to be greeting the whole scene.]

ETHEL
Hello. I'm Ethel Griffing. Who telephoned about her cousin's Shakespeare Duality Theory.

ROBERT
Yes, yes, of course . . . please . . . come in. Mrs. Griffing, this is my wife, Naomi.

NAOMI
About what? Oh, don't mind the dog. He barks whenever someone comes to the door. Or even whenever one of those joggers goes by. Something has him excited tonight, but I don't know what.

[Robert closes the door and puts the dog down. It immediately begins to bark again, at Ethel, then to sniff at her legs.]

ROBERT
Shakespeare! Stop that! Come here! [To Ethel.] He'll quiet down in a minute. Just gets hyper with a stranger. It doesn't last. Ten minutes from now he'll be taking a nap on your feet, if you let him.

[The dog is shooed away from the visitor, gradually quiets down, and settles behind a chair.]

ETHEL
[Not quite sure how to handle other people's pets.] What a nice little dog. You call him Shakespeare? Why is that?

ROBERT
Naomi and Lewis, our oldest son, got him as a surprise present for a neighbour lady when he was a puppy, a couple of summers ago, while I was in Japan. She's always playing with one or another of the neighbourhood dogs, and feeds all of them, but it turned out that she didn't want her own "live in" pet. That makes a lot of sense to me, but was a real joke on them. So Lewis named him Shakespeare, which was supposed to be a joke on me, I guess, or maybe on Shakespeare, and we kept him. He's a pretty good dog--aren't you Shakespeare?--but about what Shakespeare . . . the guy who wrote the plays, that is . . .
have expected in a dog, so far as personal habits and moral principles are concerned.

ETHEL
How interesting. [A pause.] Well, as I was telling you on the telephone, David has done most of the work on his Duality Theory since he retired. He was an engineer by profession and had a very active career. He was born in Australia, in 1896, and grew up there, but was educated at Oxford, served as an officer in WWI, then moved first to Canada, then to New York, about 1938, and now lives in Chicago. But since he retired, in 1960, his Shakespeare Duality Theory has become his central concern.

NAOMI
Please, sit down, won't you? Over here on the couch would be best, if you have things to lay out to look at. You can use that table. Yes . . . there. You say that David is . . . your cousin? Here, let me take your coat.

ETHEL
[Surrendering her coat, sitting down, and putting the material she is carrying on the coffee table while speaking.] Well, yes. My mother's cousin, that is. He's getting up in years now, and has problems with his health, so he can't travel like he once could. He lives in Chicago and does what work he can there. [Looks up, from one quizzical expression to the other, then smiles.] But he did a lot of research in those first years after he retired--in England, at the National Library in Wales, and in the big Shakespeare libraries in Washington D.C. and California.

ROBERT
Yes, the Folger . . . and probably the Huntington Library, near Pasadena.

ETHEL
Yes, I believe so. David's English. Went to Oxford. But his interest in Shakespeare came from his father. His father and his uncle. They used to debate the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, with some of their literary friends, when David was a boy in Australia. He remembers it very well. But I should let him tell you all that. You said that you have a tape player? [Reaching into her bag.] For a tape like this?

ROBERT
Yes, there on the right side of the console. Here . . . I'll put it on. [Crosses the living room to the console.] Side one?
ETHEL
Yes. It runs both sides.

[She continues to talk as David's voice comes in. Once the voice is established, the silhouette is gradually faded in on the scrim. The voice is first treated as coming from the console, but should clearly be coming from behind the scrim by the time the silhouette is distinct, by which time the dog is growling at it. Then David will step around to the inner stage, and, finally, will move to the outer stage, to take what would be the teacher's seat, if the inner stage is seen as providing his visual aids.]

ETHEL
It's a fascinating story as David reconstructs it, a real mystery, with its plots and counter-plots. He discovered that the Queen . . . but there, just listen . . .

DAVID
No one will believe me, of course. You cannot conceive how powerful a body the Stratford Establishment is. Not only does it have a strangle hold on all publication that has anything to do with Shakespeare in England, subsidizing certain authors and scholars, notably Dr. Rowse at Oxford and Dr. Bradbrook at Cambridge, but, partly through marketing their prestige, it manages to keep the people in the colonies--in the American universities and libraries, that is--in line, too, particularly through the pervasive influence of the Shakespeare Center at the Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, and the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., which may be seen as absolute satellites--and, of course, the famous Shakespeare Quarterly, that, as stated policy, will not publish any material, regardless of merit, that does not follow the Stratford line in the matter of authorship.

ROBERT
[To the growling dog.] Shakespeare, come here!

[The dog comes and settles down, fitfully, by Robert's chair, and has become completely quiet by the time the shadow, quite distinct by then, moves off the scrim and David Bottrill appears inner stage, as if entering from the hallway right.]

DAVID
In addition to publishing profits, there are profits from hotels, tea shoppes, bus tours, theatre operations, television rights, and movies. Consequently, anything that is even remotely a threat to
this glorious empire is dealt with decisively--by silence or ridicule--the latter for the more trifling intruders, the former reserved for more serious challenges . . . like the Duality Theory of you know whom. [He smiles, particularly to Ethel, and bows to the group on the couch.]

ETHEL
Dr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, may I introduce my mother's cousin from Australia--or, rather, from Chicago--David Bottrill.

ROBERT
[Rising, offering his hand, then motioning to the open chair.] Mr. Bottrill . . . please.

ETHEL
Dr. Lawson teaches Shakespeare at Washburn University here in Topeka, David, and I have just been telling him about your research. But you can do it so much better.

NAOMI
It's very interesting. Won't you have some coffee, Mr. Bottrill . . . or tea. And please do sit down.

DAVID
Well, yes. That's very kind of you. [He moves to the outer stage and takes the seat offered.] Tea, please, just a little milk, and perhaps one lump of sugar. [Naomi goes out, hallway right.] Well, those operating this cartel know all about my theory--you can be sure of that. And many may well know the truth of it. But they've been told to keep quiet and maybe it will go away. The hell of it is that that technique is very effective. They've certainly managed to convince the four publishers with whom I have had negotiations to back away from publication.

[Naomi returns and gives David the cup of tea, which he sets on the table beside the chair. She offers cookies, but he shakes his head, as if shaking off an annoying distraction at this point.]

DAVID
Thank you. No, no thank you. And the saddest thing is that I have no one to follow in my footsteps, no one to take over when I'm gone. My son's whole generation reads nothing but Time Magazine, or the comics. And the grandchildren just watch television--don't read anything at all.
NAOMI
[Who has served the others and returned to her chair.] Mrs. Griffing was telling us that you were following your father's interest in this, though. You might be surprised.

ETHEL
Please call me Ethel . . . Naomi, isn’t it?. That would be from clear back in the late 1890's, wouldn’t it. David?

DAVID
It would go back as far as I can remember, Ethel. [He starts off into space, and the animated shadows of three men fade in on the scrim, then out, as he remembers their story.] My father was a journalist, his brother a barrister . . . and an educator. He taught law in England for several years, before returning to Australia in the 1880's. They never trusted the attribution of the greatest plays in the language, and the greatest poetry, to a Stratford country boy. One of their good friends was Victor Gollancz*, the Shakespearean scholar. They would argue the matter by the hour. There was no television in those days. [A gesture toward the set, and a laugh.] As nearly as I can remember, their general thesis was that a person of remarkable genius must have used a talented young village boy, named Will Shakespeare, as a front, or go-between, probably because that person of genius could not allow his own name to be known, at least not as a writer of plays. Writing plays was beneath the dignity of a nobleman in those days, you know. I particularly remember that, for a short time, they did share the belief that Sir John Salusbury was the actual author of the plays.

* [It must have been Victor Gollancz’s uncle, Sir Israel Gollancz]

ETHEL
But that wasn't the man who became Thomas Heywood . . . the real author of the plays . . . was it David?

DAVID
[Laughs.] No, but his brother. They didn't know how close they were. At any rate, they would debate the matter almost every time my uncle visited. [The one silhouette gestures vigorously in the following.] He was a stoutish, doughty bachelor, a man of strong opinions, widely read, and, for me, a stern tutor as I prepared for Oxford University entrance exams. He and my father absolutely rejected the classical Stratford biography of the poet, whose bible at that time was Chambers’ book, but neither of them really had his own candidate for the authorship for very
long; they just delighted in pricking the pretensions of those who did. The Baconians were then the most active, of course, followed by the supporters of Lord Oxford. The handful who favored Queen Elizabeth the First came in for some peppery criticism, and sometimes worse, as you can imagine. Professor Gollancz even published a very interesting letter in the London Times[*], in 1914, supporting the Sir John Salusbury theory, but the war fever that engulfed England just then overwhelmed any interest his letter might have generated, so nothing came of it. [The silhouettes fade.]

[*I cannot find this letter in The Times archive.]

NAOMI
But how did you become involved in this kind of thing yourself?

DAVID
My father would have liked me to go into literary studies . . . but I went other ways. It was only when I retired, and finally had the time, that memories of his interest came back to me, very strongly, and I took up the task as a kind of legacy. I began with the very formidable reading list that my father had assembled, and it was after reading the Friedmans' book, The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined, which comments on the alliterative poetry of Sir John Salusbury, that it occurred to me that perhaps an alliterative-anagrammatic cipher might be found in the plays themselves, placed there as a hidden benchmark by the ghost author. That's a genuinely provocative book. But it is by no means the last word on the matter, as I expect to show.

ETHEL
Didn't you tell me that you had met Dr. Friedman?

DAVID
Yes. The Friedmans' book was indeed central, and whenever I would press publishers for a reason for their rejection of my materials they would usually refer me to that book as having settled the cipher problem forever. So I called on Dr. Friedman, at his office in Washington, D.C., just before his death. He listened gravely, asking no questions whatsoever. The only comment he made, stopping me at the door as I was leaving, was, "Keep it up." He could just as easily have said, "Give it up," so I found that encouraging. I left a brief, two-page description of the Duality Theory with him, which I saw him put in his desk drawer. I thought that was a hopeful gesture, too. But he died soon after that, so I don't know whether he ever read it
or not. And that was at the very beginning, when all I really had to show was the gravestone cipher.

ROBERT
What do you mean by "the gravestone cipher"?

DAVID
[Taking a deep breath, and smiling.] Yes, I said the "gravestone cipher" was at the very beginning . . . and it was. And yet it wasn't. I spent several years experimenting before I finally broke that little code. [Rubbing his hands.] But then I had the key. I had looked first in the plays themselves, for alliterative-anagrammatic passages. I came to know my Shakespeare pretty well, but had found nothing. I needed that key to unlock the Troilus and Cressida "Epistle," for example, the significance of which I discovered only after that gravestone cipher had taught me how to recognize such passages . . . and read them.

ROBERT
The Troilus and Cressida "Epistle"?

DAVID
Yes. That "epistle" is not in the text proper, of course. It is the Foreword to Troilus and Cressida, added as the quarto edition was going to press. Ethel told you, I believe, that I have a total of eight ciphers interpreted at this point, and that, baffling though each may be in some of its particulars, they support one another so neatly that it is exciting to fit in each new piece. And I assume that there are many others out there waiting. Four of the eight I have are in the preliminaries of the First Folio, which makes them a kind of set, composed by the author's friends-- Ben Jonson, Hugh Holland, John Marston, and Leonard Digges--long after the man from Stratford had died.

ROBERT
But the Troilus and Cressida cipher is in the quarto version? That would have been much earlier, 1609, if I remember right, while Shakespeare was still alive. In the Folio version, Troilus was pulled out and held for last, after just three pages . . .

DAVID
Yes . . . of course. You're exactly right! That cipher was composed much earlier--evidently by the author himself. So was another, the one in Thomas Thorpe's Dedication to the Sonnets, published that same year, which gives us some idea of the history of the thing. We'll get to that. But I'm not addressing your earlier
question, am I? About the "gravestone cipher." It's the key, all right. As the Folio was about to be published, in 1623, these friends evidently settled on a single cipher system, one that had already been used in those earlier works, though whether or not it was the only one remains to be determined by future research. We can imagine them considering possibilities, perhaps around a table in the Mermaid Tavern. [He pauses, looks at the silhouettes taking shape on the scrim for a moment, which then fade as he looks away.] Every system had its flaws, of course, but this one at least had that one great advantage. It had been used before, for the same purpose--and prominently, on that Stratford gravestone--by the very man whose story they intended to tell. I think that's what decided them. The cipher system itself was probably originally derived from a game devised by Thomas Hariot. Hariot was a mathematician, you know.

ROBERT
Oh, yes, the Hariot who went on Raleigh's Roanoke Island venture, and wrote the report that we sometimes consider the first work in American literature--though I don't know how long it was before a copy of it actually made it to America.

DAVID
The very man! You see what a small world it was then. It's largely conjecture, of course, since Hariot died two years before the publication of the famous First Folio, and wasn't exactly a member of the little theatre circle that saw to the publication of that book. But he is known to have been a member of a group to which Marlowe belonged much earlier, and he was very fond of a word game from which this cipher system could have been developed. They would all have known something of his reputation in that kind of thing, and I believe it's exactly the sort of word game that would have fascinated our author--who may, for that very reason, have come to know Hariot, or his work, quite well. Then his friends might simply have followed his lead in choosing this particular game as a vehicle to carry additional information about the mystery of his authorship to future ages.

ROBERT
So you think that Shakespeare, himself, the author of the plays, composed some of these ciphers.

DAVID
A second hand may have worked on Thorpe's dedication . . . but I don't think so. I think all four of the earlier ciphers I have found, all composed long before the First Folio was published, all while
Hariot was still alive, three while our man from Stratford was, were probably composed by Thomas Heywood. So, yes, the cipher game itself has our author's authority.

ROBERT
But if, as you say, some of these ciphers predate that gravestone verse, how can it be the key to reading them?

DAVID
By providing the pattern. That's what those friends around the table were counting on when they chose it for their own ciphers, in the First Folio. Heywood wouldn't have been thinking about that, of course, in those early ciphers, probably did just take it as a game, like writing sonnets no doubt was for him. In any case, that gravestone cipher was the key for me. And I feel sure that it was at the center of what those friends of the true author saw themselves as doing at the time the collected edition of his works was being prepared. Be that as it may, I focused on it, in part because the way my father and uncle had ridiculed it was such an indelible memory. It had seemed incredible to them that anyone could take that doggerel to have been written by the world's greatest poet to grace his own grave. It even reads like a code, once you are on to it. The expression is obviously forced--to meet other requirements. So, for me, the cipher story does indeed begin there. Do you know the verse?

ROBERT
Well, now, do I? I should. Let's see, it begins, "Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear . . ."

DAVID
Right! Right! Just listen to it. And visualize it, if you will. [The gravestone verse is brought into focus on the inner-stage scrim, as David gestures toward it and reads it slowly.]

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE,
BLEST BE YE MAN Yt SPARES THES STONES
AND CURST BE HE Yt MOVE S MY BONES.

Ridiculous, isn't it? And all the ink that has been spilled defending its authenticity. It's a cipher, pure and simple. The real author of the plays was still living when this pseudo-Shakespeare died, but only a few friends knew his identity. As a convicted, and supposedly already executed, conspirator against the queen, it was important that he keep that identity concealed. He died
perhaps twenty-five years later--no one knows just when. Nor is his own burial place marked with any stone or recorded in any book. Of course, most people in the theatre community must have had all kinds of suspicions, knowing what they did of the Stratford interloper buried beneath this gravestone verse. But how this innocuous doggerel "guarding the grave" could have been taken at face value by anyone is rather the question. It had long been suspect, and not just by my father and uncle.

ROBERT
You mean that those lines read as strangely as they do because they're just a cover for the real message, contained in the cipher that you've found there. Is that it?

DAVID
Exactly! Those lines serve as a carrier wave does in present-day electronics, to carry another signal. It's not really a cipher system in the normal sense of the word, for it doesn't have a separate key, probably for fear of too early discovery, or of the loss of the key with the death of those who knew about it. The passage itself becomes the key, in this critical instance, for reading other passages. At least it has been for me. Once I had it, the logical procedure was to try to use it on doors his friends had expected to stand there forever, "till time dissolves thy Stratford monument"--doors in the First Folio. That book did indeed outlast the "moniment," which was replaced with a copy in 1805. But there's no reason to suppose that the verse was not faithfully reproduced. [He pauses and looks off into space, then back to the scrim.] For years I tried every conceivable cipher system on it, then finally this variant of Hariot's game. And it worked! [Another reflective pause, then, enthusiasm returning, he points.] First, do you notice the irregularities in the spelling?

ROBERT
Yes, but that's to be expected. I did my dissertation on the First Folio compositors, you know, identifying different compositors in part by spelling preferences. Spelling had not yet been standardized. That was a function of the rise of the middle class and the development of printing for the mass circulation of . . .

DAVID
Yes, yes, of course. But that accepted variation could be used very effectively to meet the requirements of this kind of cipher, without, as you indicate, attracting any special notice. The cipherer can add e's to words, for example, in a most profligate fashion. The gravestone cipher has more than 50% more e's than
the Shakespeare memorial verse nearby, though they were no
doubt composed within a year or two of one another, the latter
probably by Dr. Hall, Susanna’s husband, the former by our
surviving true playwright, whom other ciphers indicate very
clearly to have been Thomas Salusbury—pseudonym (should we
say alias?) Thomas Heywood. But I get ahead of myself.

ROBERT
You mean that spelling variation could be used purposefully.

DAVID
The standardization of spelling was no doubt one reason why this
method of clandestine communication, becoming increasingly
difficult, became obsolete. But such games held a real fascination
for the Elizabethans, as another aspect of their general enthusiasm
for the possibilities of language. Apparently the intelligentsia of
England, from Elizabeth’s time down to the Commonwealth, used
the alliterative-anagrammatic method of ciphering quite widely,
for it was a dangerous age in which to express politically
unpopular opinions, especially in our playwright’s most active
years, shortly after 1600. King James was probably the nastiest
ruler England ever had.

ROBERT
Now what do you mean by an alliterative-anagrammatic cipher?

DAVID
Well, I was coming to that. First, the cipher language is almost
entirely consonantal, as alliteration is. You know how the
Beowulf works?

ROBERT
Yes. I understand the principle of alliteration.

DAVID
Vowels are used sparingly, only if available, and usually initial
position, for they are easy to fill in if you have the consonants.

NAOMI
Like on Wheel of Fortune . . . where they don’t even pay for
the vowels. You have to.

DAVID
Right, that’s the principle. And, in our cipher system, the letter e
also has the unique character of universality. Like a wild card, it
can substitute for any consonant, or even for another vowel, but
only when not required to replace a consonant. That’s why there are so many e’s in this gravestone cipher.

ROBERT
I see. But then how . . .

DAVID
Well, the next important principle is abbreviation, which is used extensively, as in a shorthand system [Words are flashed in sharper focus over the graveyard verse, one at a time, as David says them slowly.]--wch aftr a whl bcms gnrly undrstdbl.
The vowels are simply dropped, except in initial position. Winston Churchill used to use a similar system.

ROBERT
[To Naomi.] And remember those letters that Don used to send . . . that we’d have to work like puzzles. He would write [Drawing the letters in the air.] U R 2 Late, for example.

DAVID
Yes . . . well, it all started with the Elizabethans. Willoughbie His Avisa had provided the basic pattern of first letters for words for this code, but there were many embellishments, and it became a very popular kind of game. I’m convinced that there must be many other ciphers to be discovered.

ROBERT
But . . . you just said that . . .

DAVID
One step at a time. Now, that gloomy statement on the gravestone at Stratford has puzzled many, chiefly because it seems such a poor tribute to England’s greatest writer. How could the poet’s friends or family have let that stand as the mark of their love and respect? But it is now demonstrable that it was very carefully prepared, for us, to give us clues to his identity. It tells us that he was a convicted conspirator against the queen, his great aunt, and was the son of Catherine of Berain, her cousin, and the Welsh aristocrat, John Salusbury. So, as it happens, he was the older brother of that John Salusbury who was Professor Gollancz’s candidate for the honor of true author of the plays bearing the name Shakespeare.

NAOMI
How does it tell us all that? [Ethel laughs.]
ROBERT
Yes. How does it tell us all that? I'm sure I don't read any of it in what I see in those words.

DAVID
[With a smile.] Now we get down to it. How is the cipher to be solved? It isn't easy. Until it has been done--then it's not so hard. First, the passage to be deciphered is cast in 16-letter lines, without punctuation, like this. [He points. The verse on the scrim is altered accordingly.]

GoodFrendForJesu
sSakeForbeareToD
iggTheDustEncloa
sedHeareBlesteBe
YeManYtSpareThe
sStonesAndCurstB
eHeYtMovesMyBones

NAOMI
It seemed strange enough before.

DAVID
[Chuckling.] You haven't seen anything yet. This is still the easy part. Next, we keep the initial letters of the words in the text as the true initial letters of the ciphered message, in the order in which they stand. [The image on the scrim is altered accordingly.]

G     F     F     J     oodrendoresu
S     F     T     D     sakeorbeareo
T     D     E     iggheustncloa
H     B     B     sedearelesteet
Y     M     Y     S     eantpareshe
S     A     C     B     stonesndurst
H     Y     M     M     eetovesyones

What remains in each line is a pool of letters that may be used to add to the initial letters in that line, and that line only, in any order, to construct a coherent phrase or sentence. The sequence of those initial letters may not be altered, since it is the backbone of the system, a system as lineal as Shakespearean verse itself. The line is the unit--period! A word may begin at the end of the line and the pool supply the remaining letters in the next line, with priority of position, as a kind of enjambment principle. Otherwise, letters may not be transferred from one line to another, nor the sequence of initial letters changed.
Then what message do you get from this passage?

[The other letters are added to the capitals as David reads, emphasizing the words in parentheses.]

Gods F/vor    F/rd Jon
Sa/sbr/   For Ta/k Do-ng
u/ol To   Dath Egis
H/   B/d/a/   B/st/r/-l-s
Yt Man Ye Sha/sp/r T.s.
Son Advnt/rss Ct. B.
Hus Ye M/t/l   Mons Bey

"God's favor fired John Salusbury for (the) task, doing (his) uncle to death (as) egis. He (was) Bodiau's bastard, Leonard Salusbury. That man yclept Shakespeare (is) Thomas Salusbury, son (of) adventuress Catherine of Berain, husy (of) ye mortal moon's bey." Now, can you read that?

Even read that way, it still seems pretty cryptic to me.

Well, Thomas Salusbury, the man who wrote the plays, was the nephew of Queen Elizabeth, since his mother was Catherine of Berain, another granddaughter of Henry the 7th, so a cousin to the queen--which made the queen his aunt. Right David?

Yes. You see Ethel has come to know these people very well as she has gotten interested in my work. And Catherine certainly was an "adventuress," was married four times, not quite as often as her uncle, Henry the 8th, perhaps, but following in his tradition. She was said to be tall, dark, and beautiful, but the gravestone cipher, undoubtedly her son's work, puts the matter more charitably than others might have. She was suspected of having poisoned her first three husbands, the first of whom was Salusbury's father, for their money, in order, in each case, to marry another wealthy man.

But what is this, "Husy of ye mortal moon's bey"?
DAVID
That refers to Sir Richard Clough, her second husband, and involves a choice bit of court gossip.

ETHEL
I just love the story about how he got that name.

DAVID
I do, too, and so did everyone who knew it back then. Clough had served as England's Ambassador to Turkey, and, while there, had accepted the Turkish title of "Bey." He felt entitled to use it as a term of knighthood in England. The Queen, hearing of this, was angered, and, at his first court appearance, treated him to one of her tongue lashings, informing him that he would remain plain "Master Clough" for the rest of his life. So the court wits gave him this nickname. Henceforth he was "Mortal Moon's Bey." There are still a few Clough descendants living in Wales, in the Denbigh area.

ETHEL
So he was actually a neighbor in Wales, when he wasn't off on duty in Holland or Turkey, and David thinks Catherine was already courting him as her next husband as she was gradually poisoning Salusbury's father . . . and was already pregnant with his younger brother, John.

NAOMI
Why that's terrible! And she was Shakespeare's mother?

DAVID
Yes, that was all going on in 1566. By the time John was born, his father was dead. Thomas, our author, was five years old, and their mother was within months of her marriage to this neighbor, Richard Clough, who was one of the wealthiest men in England, and Gresham's agent for Elizabeth in the Low Countries, with Antwerp for his base. He would have been better off not to have run home from that war with the Spanish, and into dear Catherine's arms. After they were married they went back to the continent, to Hamburg, where he was again Gresham's agent, while the boys stayed at Llewenni with their paternal grandparents, until Thomas went to St. John's, Oxford, in 1575, and John in 1579.

ETHEL
But Sir Richard Clough only lasted three years.
DAVID
And shortly before he died he evidently realized he was being poisoned and re-wrote his will, leaving everything to Gresham. But the queen reversed his will and restored his fortune to Catherine, of whom she was particularly fond. Catherine then married John Wynn, a wealthy property owner and merchant, builder of the "Bull" hotel in Denbigh... which is still a charming hostelry. He, too, died a "lingering death," with his property, as well, augmenting Catherine's estate.

ETHEL
And didn't she also arrange for Thomas, our Shakespeare, to marry Wynn's daughter... for her own devious purposes?

DAVID
The sensational details abound. As Ethel says, she evidently arranged for Thomas's marriage to Wynn's daughter, Margaret, largely to clear the way for her own marriage. They had a son and daughter, though Thomas could hardly tolerate the woman, and there's no record of his re-establishing the connection after his years abroad. He also converted to Roman Catholicism at the time of the marriage. His mother was evidently a strong influence on her son, our playwright-to-be. When he was first out of Oxford, and probably seeking some way out of Wales into the larger world as well, Catherine no doubt negotiated his job at court, too, as an aide-de-camp to Leicester.

ETHEL
And that's how he became involved in the Babington plot.

DAVID
Yes... as you may remember, and typical of Elizabeth, although Leicester was one of her favorites, she had been negotiating his marriage to Mary, Queen of Scots. In the course of the negotiations there is even the suggestion that Salusbury himself may have had an affair with Mary... but who knows about such things. In any case, since his conversion, he had come to see Mary as the legitimate queen. And that did get him involved in the "Babington plot." Brother John, meantime, was off at Oxford, where he avoided all of this... so was in position to help when needed.

ROBERT
Just what I was about to ask. You've given us some idea of where the last half of the ciphered "message" may be coming from, but what about the first half--about John doing someone to
death?

DAVID
We'll be much concerned with that in a minute. Thomas was at Oxford until the death of his grandfather, Sir John Salusbury, Sr., the one given the nickname "y bodiau," "the thumb," because he had an extra thumb on each hand. Then Thomas had become head of the clan and steward of Ruthin—in 1578. But when he was condemned to death as a traitor, in 1586, his brother, John, then became head of the clan, as if by an act of God, "fired by God's favor," and so he was the one who managed to have Leonard, one of their grandfather's bastard sons—so an uncle—substituted for Thomas, hung in place of the man who would be Shakespeare.

NAOMI
That's all pretty complicated.

DAVID
[Obviously enjoying himself. The "blackboard display" fades during this speech.] Isn't it? And, while the story of breaking the cipher code definitely begins for me with this gravestone doggerel, which seems such a simple little thing, and while, because it is short and well known, it seems a good place to begin an explanation of the cipher system, I know that it is not the best place to begin a history lesson—for it does assume so much prior knowledge of the Salusbury family, making highly allusive references not only to the man who wrote the plays but to his relatives as well, and the peculiarities of their careers. These were clues enough for the people who knew. This town of Topeka is larger than London was then, you know, and your governor's staff is probably as large as Elizabeth's court was. The aristocrats all knew each other.

ROBERT
But, even so, the message you read seems unnecessarily cryptic, using relatively extraneous details.

DAVID
Any individual cipher is likely to seem very cryptic indeed to a twentieth-century investigator. It would be quite a shock to me if you tumbled immediately to what it has taken me years to decipher and piece together. And, yes, even after they are deciphered they remain cryptic, I know. This is largely because those who composed them did know the whole story and supposed that a few hints would be enough, that more than that
would defeat the purpose of insuring reasonable short-term secrecy. Still, as they support one another, and as one becomes familiar with the history of the families involved, the picture becomes pretty clear.

ETHEL
And you can fill in the picture for them, can't you, David?

DAVID
Of course. So . . . let's approach the historical side of the problem with a more straight-forward example--in terms of the content, that is. The First Folio, as I remarked, contains a set of four ciphers by the poet's contemporaries and friends which, taken together, provide a remarkable scenario on the man's life. Who should we believe, after all, modern scholars like Chambers and Spedding, filling in the missing parts of the story with pure legend and guess, or the poet's friends and contemporaries, like Jonson, Holland, Marston, and Digges? You know the Leonard Digges poem in the Folio?

ROBERT
I know that it exists, and, if I'm remembering right, is the one that refers to this Stratford "moniment."

DAVID
Yes indeed. I have just been working on the cipher involved again recently, so it is fresh in my mind. Let's take the first sentence of that for our example. Remember it? "Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live Thy tomb, thy name must when that stone is rent, and Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment, Here we alive shall view thee still."

ROBERT
I've got a copy in the other room if you'd like me to get it.

DAVID
That won't be necessary. You have to admit that, in spite of the requirement to fit the iambic pentameter couplet, that's pretty loosely phrased--unless it is carrying some other burden as well. That's only a little more than four lines of a 22-line poem that is a very involved cipher, but it offers us 11 cipher lines to examine, enough for our purpose, and--the important point--what they have to say is less historically remote than the gravestone conundrum. First, as I remarked, we order it in 16-letter lines, without concern for punctuation. [The lines appear on the scrim
as he reads them.]

ShakespeareAtLen Shakesper Ana Lt
ghThyPlousFello Th Physiolog Flout
wesGiveTheWorldT Grud Twisl Wh To-
hyWorkesthWorke ok Wrks Thhhy Wory
sByWhichOutliveT But Which Oly Thvs
hyTombeThyNameMu Thy Tomb Nam Muhy
stWhenTheStoneIs Whs Ths Snth Into
RentAndTimeDisso Rs A Timd
Disnion
lvesThyStratford Ths ugly Stratford
MonimentHereWeAl Mmorial H Wnt A
iveShallViewThee Sha Vviljl Thw
Still (Sol This Blok With)

ROBERT
Interesting. And what message do you find in this passage?

DAVID

[Reads from a card.] Shakespeare's angina let the physiolog flout the guardian twisel [fork (with Haecx)] W. H. took Thomas Heywood's work, T. H. the worry, but which only steals your tomb name, mouthy wealth. This sends into rest a timed disunion. T. H.'s ugly Stratford memorial H. wanting a shaven wilgil, Thomas Heywood sold this block with

ROBERT
Which just seems more and more confusing.

DAVID
[Laughing broadly.] Of course. You're not into this the way I am after all these years. You have to learn to read these ciphers just as you might learn to read a foreign language. And most of the ciphers contain bits of gossip that are hardly germane--but always interesting--due in part to the exigencies of the system, since the cover poem had to seem reasonably well written. The ever-present restriction of being bound to use a word with the right initial letter forced the cipherer to divert his subject matter from time to time. This explains much of the jumpiness of the
messages. It also accounts for the poor quality of the prefatory verses in that greatest of all books of poetry, the Shakespeare First Folio. Most critics class them as indifferent, poor, lifeless, or plodding. And that poor gravestone doggerel is worst of all, of course—but in order to become the key to all the others.

ROBERT
All right. I think I understand your explanation of the way these ciphers work, and can see that they involve a fascinating language game that might well have appealed to the Elizabethans—to Shakespeare himself, perhaps—but I'm afraid I'd need a lot of help to make my way through these "hints" and "clues" about people I have hardly ever heard of before.

DAVID
So let's go back and make contact with the kind of historical knowledge more generally familiar. In the early stages the story does, in fact, center in Stratford. And it involves three separate families: the family of Thomas Salusbury, of the gravestone cipher and the Digges poem; the family of David Haecx, a Dutch refugee; and, yes, the family of John Shakespeare. You can say we have begun with Thomas Salusbury, of Llewenni, in Denigshire, and his illustrious family, and we will come back to end with him as well—for he is our author. Make no mistake about that. Only his initials appear in the gravestone cipher, but enough more about his father and mother to make the identification absolutely certain, I would say. But, before we go on, let's make sure that we do have him identified.

[A silhouette begins to take shape as a shadow on the scrim, to be quite distinct by the time the description is finished.]

He was born in 1561, three years before the country boy the world has been crediting with the plays that he wrote, and he lived well beyond 1616, the date usually given for Shakespeare's death, but actually marking the death of William Haecx, as we shall see. He was the son of a Tudor princess, Catherine of Berain, and a great nephew to Queen Elizabeth herself. A convicted conspirator against the queen, he was supposedly executed by hanging in 1586, some six years before "Shakespeare" [He makes the gesture for the quotation marks.] appears on the scene in London as a playwright. He was a Roman Catholic convert and became a member of a group of intellectuals at Elizabeth's court, led by Anthony Babington, whose abortive plot to replace Elizabeth with Mary, Queen of Scots, was discovered by secret service men under Sir Francis
Walsingham. All of this is in the history books. [The figure begins to fade.]

ROBERT
Yes, I remember something of the Babington plot from a course I had in Tudor/Stuart history at the University of Kansas. It more or less forced Elizabeth to execute Mary, as I recall.

DAVID
And one of those secret agents, you may remember, was Christopher Marlowe--very important to our story. Another--and this name concerns us more immediately--was David Haecx, Jr., the son of our wealthy Dutch refugee from the Spanish conquest on the continent. After his return to the Low Countries, in 1590, he distinguished himself as the author of the Dutch national anthem. In our story, however, this David Haecx, Jr., distinguishes himself as a ladies' man.

ETHEL
The name is pronounced "Hicks," but they kept the Dutch spelling, H A E C X.

DAVID
That's right, the notorious "Mr. W. H." of the dedication to the sonnets was the illegitimate son of David Haecx, Jr. And he adopted, first as a kind of accident, then professionally, the name William Shakespeare. Ben Jonson called him a "sterile writer." But, again, I'm getting way ahead of the story. Suffice it to say that the Haecx family is our second family.

ROBERT
I've never heard of them.

DAVID
[Enjoying himself immensely.] I'm not surprised. We need to build upon what you, and others who know the Stratford Establishment story so well, do already know. So let's move to the family of John Shakespeare . . . of Stratford-upon-Avon. And let's pick up a very important link, a Mr. Thomas Jenkins. Do you recognize that name?

[As the silhouette of Jenkins begins to take shape, the dog can be heard to growl occasionally.]

ROBERT
Shakespeare's teacher, wasn't he?
DAVID
[Laughing outright.] That's the right answer . . . at least according to the received doctrine. Yes, he was Master of the Stratford Grammar School beginning, I believe, in 1575.

ROBERT
[As the dog growls.] Quiet, Shakespeare.

DAVID
Thomas Jenkins was an Oxford graduate. Stratford was lucky to get a man with his credentials. And there were a number of distinguished men in his class, or at least at Oxford while he was there, so he had important friends--Sidney and Spenser, our own Thomas Salusbury, Thomas Hariot, of ciphering fame, that rascal David Haecx. Most of our cast of characters, it would seem, were known to Thomas Jenkins. And there he stands. [He motions to the scrim.] Schoolmaster of Stratford, yes. It is my contention that, while he taught school there, he probably came to live as a boarder with John Shakespeare's family. John, as you know, had been very active in Stratford politics, but had fallen on hard times. It would have helped the family income, without lowering the family prestige, to have the schoolmaster as boarder, particularly an Oxford man with good connections. And yes, John's son William no doubt attended Mr. Jenkins' school--as did another young William. But why not let them tell you that story. The scene is set. It is 1582, late in the year, the home of John Shakespeare, in Stratford-upon-Avon.

ACT I--Scene 2

[A knock at the front door. Robert begins to get up to answer it, but is motioned back by David. The lights go down on the living room while spotlights come up on the front door and the hall entrances. The knock comes again.]

JENKINS
[From behind the scrim.] There's someone at the door.

[Mary Shakespeare enters from the kitchen, stage-right hall, gives a disgusted look at Will, age 18, as he enters from the other side and smiles at his mother, then moves to answer the door as she asks him to. Both are in Elizabethan dress.]

MARY
I hear it . . .
Will!
And where were you? And where's your father now . . .
Yes, Mr. Jenkins. Will . . . please get the door.
[Another urgent knock as Will crosses. They both ignore those sitting in the living room as he opens the door.]
Well, Anne! What brings you here?

[Anne Hathaway enters, clearly distraught, just as Thomas Jenkins comes from behind the scrim to enter stage-left hall. Both of them are also in Elizabethan period costume.]

JENKINS
Ah, there you are!

ANNE
Good evening, Mrs. Shakespeare. Evening, Will.
Yes . . . Mr. Jenkins. I was told to come.
It's you I've come to see. But . . .
[As Mary starts back to the kitchen.] . . . please don't leave.
I need a woman's help in this as well.

[Will sits down, back to the wall, smiling benignly as he listens.]

MARY
Why, yes, of course, Anne. What is troubling you?

JENKINS
It's how to deal with David. I suspect.
There's not a chance of marriage . . . is there, Anne?
[Anne shakes her head.]
There're other complications. He's not sure . . .
I talked to him in London recently.
That's why I asked to see you. He'll be here . . .
Is coming, with his father, here, tonight.

ANNE
Well . . . Lawyer Collins said to come see you.

JENKINS
You know about young Willie . . . David's son . . .
And how his father managed that affair?

ANNE
That he is both his grandson and his son?
He married that boy's mother . . . but she died.
JENKINS
Then he arranged to leave the boy with me,
And deals with us most generously . . . I know
He has some plan in mind concerning you.

ANNE
Concerning me! [Laughs.] I've never met the man!

JENKINS
No man could be more honorable than he. [Laughs ruefully.] His son is such a rascal . . . lives so wild . . .
And yet he has the wit to charm us all.
I knew him well at Oxford . . . years ago . . .
And he was quite a charmer, even then.
He's my good friend. I've always liked the man.
But how he's treated you . . . [A knock at the door.]
That must be them.

ANNE
His father, too? [To Mary.] And what am I to do?

JENKINS
Yes, David and his father I was told.
[Brooding.] It might be best if I speak to them first,
Determine what his father has in mind,
Before they speak to you. [To Mary.] Perhaps . . . in there.

MARY
Come back into the kitchen, Anne . . . be quick!.

JENKINS
I'll call you when you're needed . . . trust in me.

ANNE
Why should I trust in you? I trusted him!
In David Haecx, a man you call your friend!
I find myself abandoned by that man . . .
And now his friend . . .

MARY
Peace, Anne . . . just come with me!
Put trust in Mr. Jenkins . . . as I do.

[The women go off hall right. Their silhouettes are seen briefly on the scrim, Anne talking excitedly to Mary, Mary trying to calm her. The light comes up on David and Robert on the couch as}
Jenkins crosses to open the door for David Haecx, Sr., and the Elizabethans freeze.]

DAVID
Yes, there he stands. David Haecx, Senior (1529-1601). A wealthy Dutch intellectual, friend of William the Silent, and patron of Peter Paul Rubens. He married the daughter of the British ambassador to The Hague, Anna du Carne, in 1557. The du Carnes were Warwickshire people. Lady du Carne had been born a Collins, so the connection with "Lawyer Collins" is family as well as professional. But she died shortly after their son, David, Junior, was born. Then, during the Spanish con-quest of the Lowlands, he emigrated, with this son, coming to live with the in-laws near Stratford.

[A younger man joins David Haecx, Senior, at the door, joining in the freeze as he is described.]

And that's the son, David Haecx, Junior (1558-1606), who then grew up in Warwickshire. He entered Oxford at the same time as Sir Philip Sidney, who became a close friend, and two Welsh students, Thomas Salusbury, recently become the leader of the Llevenni Salusbury clan upon the death of his grandfather, and Thomas Jenkins, whom we have just met—and who in 1575 became master of the Stratford grammar school. The four knew one another very well--Oxford wasn't the University of California, you know. Another Welshman from Denbigh, then a fief of the Earl of Leicester, was Hugh Holland, a lifelong friend of Salusbury, a fellow convert to Catholicism, writer, poet, and fellow at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is Holland's cipher in the First Folio, more than any other, I suppose, which enables us to piece out this incredible life story of "William Shakespeare." He may be an enigmatic figure to us, but not to those four--nor to Ben Jonson, John Marston, or Leonard Digges. They were all close enough to know real names--and why they had to be kept secret.

[The freeze relaxes for movement (but not for sound), as the younger Haecx says something to the older, who then goes off down the street. The younger Haecx, Jenkins, and Will again freeze, as David Bottrill and the others are talking about them.]

NAOMI
I'm getting people all mixed up. Are there three generations of the Haecx family involved?
DAVID
Exactly! I know it must seem confusing, hearing these names for the first time. I take so much for granted, having come to know them so well myself. So let me appeal to a little historical authority. [Taking a card from his jacket pocket.] I read from Bres, Antwerp, August 1972, p. 49, Lampo: "David Haecx," Junior, that is, the young man still standing there, "had an affair in 1575 with Anna Bohl," or Bull, the sister of John Bull, the well-known composer of organ music. "There was a boy child whose legitimacy was established by the marriage of the mother to David Haecx senr. List and Analysis of State Papers of Elizabeth I, Her Majesty's Printing Office, 1969." [Puts the cards back in his pocket, and smiles.] That is to say, the father married the son's paramour to give his grandson a name. Charming, isn't it? And there you have the three generations in a sentence . . . in a somewhat unusual relationship, I'll admit.

NAOMI
And which one of them took the name of William Shakespeare?

DAVID
That child! William Haecx . . . Little Willie . . . the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication to the sonnets, whom we'll meet in a moment. But those things are still off in the future for him . . . he's only seven years old now. Meantime, according to the Troilus and Cressida cipher, his father, David Haecx, Junior, whom you see here, "got Ann Hathaway encient," which will result in the birth of a daughter, Susanna. That brings us to the scene we have before us, or past it, since she will not give birth until next spring. But she's certainly already "encient." Again David Haecx, Senior, is coming to the rescue, in another unusual way . . . as we shall see. But we've kept these young people waiting long enough. Help me set that table out there in the middle, will you, Robert? They'll need that. And that chair. And perhaps two more from the other room. Will you get them, Will?

[David B. and Robert move the table on, and the couch and coffee table off, then seat themselves with Naomi and Ethel, as spectators, far right. Will brings two more chairs in from the hallway left, cheerfully places them by the table, then seats himself by the wall near the doorway left.]

JENKINS
Well, David, please come in. [Watching the last of the movement of furniture.] And thank you, Will.
DAVID
Yes, what a rascal . . . David Haecx, Junior. [Shakes is head.]
My namesake, you might say. But a handsome man, isn't he?
[Laughs.] And we do share the name with his father . . . an
honorable man . . . a genuine aristocrat.

ROBERT
And he was the father of Anne Hathaway's baby? The son?

DAVID
No, the daughter! [Stops, then laughs.] Of course, the son.
Yes, David the son, not David the father . . . this David sitting
here. As I remarked, line 2 of the Troilus and Cressida cipher
tells us that. But let's just listen a bit. You'll hear all about it.

JENKINS
But where's your father going . . . in such haste?
I thought that he intended coming here.

HAECX, JR.
Yes, yes, of course. He'll be here soon enough--
For he and Mr. Collins have a plan.
But I just saw John Shakespeare, as I passed
The tavern down the street--a fixture there.
And when I told my father that I had
He went to raise the question first with him.
And that gives me this chance to talk to you . . .
See what you think of father's "noble" plan.

JENKINS
And both of you will want to see your son.
It's been a while, and I am very pleased . . .
Am proud of what he's doing now at school.
They change so much at seven years of age . . .
You'll be surprised. I wonder where he is.
I told him you were coming . . . to stay here,
But, for his age, he's unpredictable.
Go see if you can find him, will you Will?

WILL
[As he gets up and goes out.]
I'll go and look . . . but he just hides from me.

HAECX, JR.
No need for that. [Trying to stop him, but too late.]
JENKINS
He likes to play such games.
Precocious boy . . . but full of deviltry.
He's reading now! And acts in our school plays!
He did a Noah's wife you should have seen . . .
A shrewish woman . . . sure her man was mad
To fill a boat with useless animals. [Laughs.]
Some pieces learned from Plutarch he'll recite
If you would care to hear.

HAECX, JR.
No need for that.
I'm happy that you're doing well with him.
The one thing I did right in this affair
Was first suggesting that you raise the boy . . .
To be a man of spirit . . . and of mind.
When Father saw advantages in that,
That you could be his tutor . . . as our friend . . .
Prepare him for your school . . . in Stratford here . . .
The rest has worked out fine. He's doing well,

I'm sure. We'll speak to him before we go.
But it's not Willie I'm concerned with now.
It's just as well that he's not here to hear.
This other Anne . . . this mother yet to be . . .
My father has this . . . plan . . . concerning her.
It's Will we'll want to talk to . . . and the girl.

JENKINS
[Looking around nervously. The shadows of the women, listen-
ing, appear on the scrim.]
Anne Hathaway . . . and her condition now?

HAECX, JR.
Yes . . . her condition now . . . has brought us here.
Fair women are my downfall, I'll admit.
Have always been . . . you know . . . they were at school.
First one Anne and then another . . . as it seems.
[He laughs. A reaction on the scrim.]
Can't comprehend my father . . . or he me.
I was amazed when he first chose to wed
My other Ann, Ann Bull, when she became . . .
A pregnant woman . . . God's great curse on man.
He didn't want the child without a name,
He said. You say you call him Shakespeare now.
So see . . . he didn't have to marry her.
JENKINS
It must have been important, though, to him.

HAECX, JR.
Yes, so it seems. And he’s quite proud of him.
And that first Ann . . . she was a beauty, too . . .
[Reflective.] So sensuous . . . a special sort of way . . .
[Laughs.] Was quite a woman, he was quick to see.
To any man in his position then--
Late widowed, exiled, lonely, getting old--
She might have seemed a catch. And he was, too . . .
For her in her condition--damaged goods.
He saved her. She was grateful . . . so was I.
He gave her his position. She gave him
A beauty he was eager to display--
He took her back to Antwerp as a prize.
They had a happy marriage, I believe,
I think he came to love her very much . . .
And love her boy. And she loved him . . . I think . . .
Despite his age. But then poor Annie died,
A lonely soul in Antwerp after all,
For it remained a foreign land to her,
And Father, without saying anything,
Would look at her and register distrust . . .
A little bit . . . with younger men around.
[Dismissing it.] In any case she died. And that left him . . .
To see her image when he sees the boy.

JENKINS
It’s plain to see the boy loves him as well.

HAECX, JR.
With more affection than he has for me.
His mother’s son . . . he is much more like her . . .
Is English. I’m a Dutchman, I’m afraid.

JENKINS
But children always like grandparents best . . .
Because they’re so indulgent--give them things.

HAECX, JR.
Yes, I suppose. As for this other Anne,
I didn’t mean a thing with her--just sport!
I met her when I came to see the boy,
And now she’s pregnant. I can’t marry her!
[Movement behind the scrim.]
You understand. How did I get involved?
Because she was available, I guess.
In London there are many . . . not out here! [Laughs.]
For those who like "loose women" not much choice.
[More movement behind the scrim, as Jenkins tries to direct
Haecx, Jr.'s attention that way, to give him a clue--but Haecx, Jr.
is looking the other way.]
A little older, too. I may have thought
She'd know that getting pregnant makes no sense--
Especially since she never had before.
Yet not too old to give a man a kiss . . .
Responded to attention more than some . . .
Out in the country . . . by that little lake . . .

JENKINS
It doesn't seem to work that way, you know.
That's not the kind of lesson women learn
By twenty six. They still can get with child.
[Still trying to re-direct Haecx Jr's line of comment, and his
attention.] Nor would I say "loose woman," or "old maid,"
Of Anne. I've always heard good things of her . . .
Till this.

HAECX, JR.
I'm sure you're right. It's just my fate.
In any case, I cannot marry her!
And Father won't wed this Anne . . . though he could . . .
He's once again left lonely, free to wed.
But she is not the beauty Annie was.
The doll he could display at balls at court.
And if you thought him furious when he heard
That first Ann had got carelessly with child.
You should have heard him when I told him that
Another woman had seduced me . . . so.
But yet, as always, he's concerned to see
The family name remains unstained in this.
He has a plan.

JENKINS
Your father is a man
Who wants to do the best for everyone
A man of honor, and . . .

HAECX, JR.
[Laughs.] Yes, isn't he?
And blessed with such a son. Well . . . life goes on.
JENKINS
He's done well by the boy . . . and, yes, by me.
It's two years now that Willie's been my ward,
And I'm quite pleased. I hope you are as well.

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] The Holland cipher tells us that the Haecx child became Jenkins' ward.

JENKINS
What he pays me is welcome supplement
To what I'm paid as teacher at the school,
And Willie's my best pupil . . . wait and see.
[Looking at the scrim.] I feel a little guilty at the way
I've shifted much of caring for the boy
To Mary . . . and the Shakespeare family here.
But they've accepted him as one of theirs--
None of their children gets a mother's care
Like Willie does from Mary. He's her pet,
Can manage her just like the rest of us.
He's one of them . . . has worn the Shakespeare name
In Stratford ever since he entered school,
For Haecx seemed somewhat foreign to the town.
I hope that that's agreeable to you.

HAECX, JR.
It doesn't bother me . . . no, not a bit . . .
My father is the one concerned with names.
I seldom see the boy,

JENKINS
And I have heard
That now you're often traveling overseas
Engaged in foreign service for the queen.

HAECX, JR.
[Looks around.] For Walsingham . . . but I can't talk of that.
Conspirators are everywhere it seems
And my friends still in Holland, helping me,
Can be of use . . . so I go . . . back and forth.
You may remember Marlowe . . . wasn't he . . . ?

WILL
[Coming in breathless.] I can't find Willie anywhere. He hides.
I think he hears, but doesn't answer me.
He's always playing tricks.
HAECX, JR.
That's all right, Will.
He must be somewhere . . . and he'll soon appear . . .
Before we're ready for him . . . that's his way.
But what of you? You must have finished school.

WILL
Two years ago, I work with Father now.
I hope I might teach school in Coventry,
For Mr. Jenkins spoke to them of me . . .
Or might go in the army. I don't know.

HAECX, JR.
But isn't it confusing . . . you named Will . . .
And now the boy called Shakespeare . . . him Will, too?

WILL
Oh, no. He's Willie here at home. I'm Will.
We never get mixed up . . . not that I know.

HAECX, JR.
You're old enough to marry, aren't you, lad . . .
To start a Shakespeare family of your own?

WILL
I haven't much considered such a thing.

[The front door is opened and John Shakespeare comes in, followed by David Haecx, Sr., with W. H., by the hand.]

DAVID
[To Robert.] There now, if they'll just stand still long enough.
[The Elizabethans freeze.] That distinguished looking man is David Haecx, Sr., Dutch grandee. Peter Paul Rubens lived in his mansion for several years. There are a number of portraits of the family by Rubens in Antwerp. As I told you, he married an English-woman, Anna du Carne--so Annes seem to have been habitual for him, too. His first Anna also died shortly after her son, in this case David Jr., was born. Then, when the Low Countries fell to the Spanish in 1568, when young David was ten, he and his father escaped to England, to live with his mother's people, the Holland family, in Warwickshire, and David, Jr., went to Oxford from there. The other man is John Shakespeare, the boy, W. H., who will come to be known to the London theatre world as William Shakespeare.
[The Elizabethans then pick up where they left off.]

JOHN
Now, Thomas, try to keep this boy at home.
Or keep him out of taverns anyway.
Comes running in attacking Mr. Haecx . . .
Then jumps right up to settle in his lap.
He's much too old for playing naughty tricks.

W. H.
I'm just so pleased to see you grandfather.

HAECX, SR.
[Smiling, and holding the boy's hand.]
I know, I know. This time it's been so long.
[To Jenkins.] I'm pleased to see your ward so full of life.
And you, too, Thomas . . . looking prosperous.
[To W. H.] But Mr. Shakespeare's right--don't stray too far.
Stay out of taverns. [To Haecx, Jr.] Young men are misled
in places where there's drink . . . and other things.

JOHN
[Laughs.] And older men can get in trouble, too.

HAECX, SR.
[To John.] That's true enough. Well, Mr. Shakespeare, then,
What do you think? I'd purchase this place, too,
Your property . . . which you say you must sell . . .
Arranging that the price seems fair to you,
If other things can be arranged as well,
And clear all debt against the Shakespeare land,
That then would be entailed as we agreed.
[Pauses.] My son and I once came as refugees,
Are grateful for the hospitality
This country then provided . . . both of us.
We do not wish to cause such trouble here
As this distressing situation [A look at Haecx, Jr.] . . . does.
You've taken this "wild" boy [Smiles.] into your home,
And that has been a great relief to me.
I hesitate to trouble you again
With yet another family problem . . . yet . . .
Perhaps . . . if it might benefit us both . . .

JOHN
Your plan sounds very workable to me.
We've yet to talk to Will, here, but I think . . .

HAECX, SR.
And, Thomas, has my son consulted you . . .
Or asked young Will for his opinion yet?

HAECX, JR.
No, Father, for I wasn't really sure
Just what you had in mind. In any case
You know what you're proposing, while I don't,
For you and Mr. Collins worked it out.

HAECX, SR.
[Looking at Haecx, Jr.] I see.
[Then back to the others.] Well, all know what the problem is,
The . . . sorry plight . . . of Mistress Hathaway.
And David owns that he's the man involved . . .
Which passes now for general knowledge here.
He cannot marry her. [Pauses.] Nor any Haecx
To give the child the father's family name.
Not just because the mother's birth is low,
But . . . other elements . . . prevent a match.
The best alternative, it seems to me,
[To John.] Is that I buy this house, and all your land,
Entail it to the children, so that they--
Young William here, and this child yet to come,
The offspring of this Mistress Hathaway--
Will be provided for, in England, where
They both were born--as Englishmen should be.
And Frances Collins, whom we both do know,
Who's done some legal work for both of us--
An honest man--would handle all details.

JOHN
A very generous offer . . . to my mind.

HAECX, SR.
That should provide for nourishment and care . . .
No matter what occurs across the sea.
Now for the mother . . . Mistress Hathaway . . .
So that the child will be legitimate . . .
It's necessary that she find a mate . . .
And we were thinking of your son . . . young Will . . .
To make a settlement on him as well.
So tell us lad, what do you think of that?
[Will’s mouth drops open, W. H. aping him. From the kitchen Anne Hathaway storms in, Mary Shakespeare following her, still trying to hold her back.]

ANNE
And do I have no say in . . . such a thing?
[Looking from Will to Haecx, Jr. to Haecx, Sr., then turning to Jenkins and beginning to sob violently.]

HAECX, JR.
Are you here Anne? I didn't know you were.

HAECX, SR.
So this is your young woman. Yes, I see.
A woman of some spirit . . . isn't she? [Looking her over.]
Not yet so pregnant that I would have known . . .
And are you sure?

ANNE
[More to Haecx, Jr.] Yes, I am very sure.

HAECX, SR.
I see. Well, yes, my dear, you have a say.
We cannot force you if you don't agree.
It may become a bit embarrassing
To offer this proposal to you here . . .
Before the members of this company . . .
But . . . now . . . cannot be helped . . . as you can see.

MARY
But let me take the boy before you do.
[Takes W.H., against his will, into the kitchen with her.]

HAECX, SR.
There cannot be a question of a match
With my delinquent son, the cause of . . . this . . .
[A vague gesture toward Anne, to which she reacts.]

ANNE
The cause of “this”? The father of my child!

HAECX, SR.
[Not to be thrown off by an irrational woman.]
And while I might just settle some amount
Upon the children, I prefer to see
The child will have a name . . . a family . . .
And this, the Shakespeare family, seems to me
As good a name as you are like to find
In Warwickshire . . . in England . . . and a home.
Young William here's an amiable young man . . .

ANNE
He's just a boy.

HAECX, SR.
[Looking at Will.] Yes, younger far than you . . .
But old enough . . . and should be good to you.
The settlement I'll make will offer you
Security in life . . . and after death
Substantial holdings passing to your child.
If I can offer you my best advice,
Once you've abandoned that of chastity,
The policy that I would recommend
Is leave the matter in experienced hands--
Men of affairs best handle such affairs.
If you will come with me, and with my son,
I'm sure that we can satisfy your fears . . .
[As they move toward the door.]
Perhaps "can satisfy"'s too much to say . . .
But . . . Mr. Shakespeare . . . [Laughs.] I almost forgot,
Will this be satisfactory to you, [To Will.]
And to your son . . . young Will? What do you say?

JOHN
I'll need to talk to him . . . but think it will.

[The Haecxes and Anne go out the front door. Mary comes in from the kitchen. John is jubilant.]

JOHN
[To Will.] You heard the offer, Will. What do you think?

WILL
I've never thought on such a thing before.

JOHN
Well, do so now! To help you think on it
I'll treat you . . . and friend Thomas . . . to a pint.
We're old enough to have a drink or two
At our fair tavern, hard upon the green.
[With a sweeping gesture to the four spectators on the stage, then to the auditorium.]
So please excuse us, ladies, if we leave.
And gentlemen, feel free to come along.

[They go out the front door, John laughing, the others beginning to. The lights come up on the four in the living room, but the table and chairs remain in the middle of the room.]

NAOMI
Then who did Anne Hathaway really marry? We saw her cottage when we were in England and visited Stratford.

DAVID
The country boy, I'm sure. No doubt quite legally, all details handled by Lawyer Collins in accordance with this "arrangement." The records support it, and it answers some of the tricky problems about the distribution of Shakespeare assets.

NAOMI
It seems a strange thing for the young man, Will, to agree to do. Did he even know her?

DAVID
[Laughing.] I'm sure he did. I like to think of that country boy, Will Shakespeare, as an accommodating young fellow, bright enough and evidently well enough educated to be literate—though his father wasn't, since he regularly signed documents with his mark. So he married a woman eight years older than he was and already pregnant—a thing not completely unknown even in our time—to accommodate his father, and the others involved. A marriage license was issued in November 27, 1582, as a matter of record. There is no record of the marriage itself, but Hugh Holland's cipher tells us why. The Haecxes were Catholics, so excluded from church avowal. But the baby, Susanna, was born, and baptized, in May, 1583, also a matter of record. And the fact that the man who came to be called Shakespeare, and his half-sister, Susanna, inherited the Shake-speare property seems sufficiently persuasive in itself that they had legal title to it, not Will Shakespeare's mother, for example, or his wife, Anne, who, as you know, got the second best bed.

NAOMI
I've heard that...and wondered what that was about.

ROBERT
Everybody has. But whose will are we talking about then as
Shakespeare's will?

DAVID
That gets more complicated... as the family does. The couple then had twins, Judith and Hamnet, in January of 1585, and young Will probably was the father. Perhaps he did desert Anne soon after, but certainly not to go up to London and fame in the theatre, as the Stratfordians claim. It's my guess that, about the time the twins were born, Will, then in his early twenties, went off to war in the Lowlands, never to return--leaving W. H. in sole possession of the name, William Shakespeare. He's the one who then went up to London to become an actor. The name Haecx would have seemed foreign there, too, unless he had respelled it as H A W K S, and he'd been called Shakespeare ever since he could remember in Stratford. So why not? Soon he became Marlowe's W. H.... you might say everyone's W. H. Holland tells us that when "Anne's Shakespeare," if we would identify Will so, died, "W. H. did a Derry," presumably for joy, because it removed any obstacle to his own assumption of the name and title to the property. At any rate, that's the last you'll see of the Stratford Shakespeares in this story. The ciphers don't talk about them at all, so we're on our own in speculating about their lives.

ROBERT
And this boy's father, this David Haecx, Junior, was at Oxford at the same time as Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Salusbury, Hugh Holland, and Shakespeare's teacher, Thomas Jenkins?

DAVID
[Brightening.] Right. And he's a significant link to Heywood, as we'll see... as is Jenkins, our schoolmaster, of course, with whom, again according to Holland, "Heywood was familiar." So it's not all that complicated after all.

ROBERT
But your ciphers have nothing to tell us about William Shakespeare... your Will... who, if I understand what you're saying, you agree was born in Stratford on April 23rd, 1564, and has traditionally been thought to have died there, on the same day, in 1616... and to be buried in the Stratford church?

DAVID
Not a thing. They say it was W. H. who died and was buried there, in his early 40's, in fact, and there is plenty about him, you can be sure. There's Thomas Thorpe's dedication of the sonnets to "Mr. W. H."--that heretofore mystical person whom Dr.
Rowse positively identified as W. Harvey and another distinguished professor as W. Hall—probably actually composed as a cipher by Heywood ... and clearly echoed in Marston's. The statement in the first line of Marston’s cipher concerning the theft by Haecx of the sonnets must have delighted Thorpe’s cipherer, his own lines written about 1609, Marston’s well after 1616. So a few of the intellectuals knew what was going on behind the scenes, and committed this dangerous knowledge to these ciphers in a kind of continuing game—which they must have enjoyed playing. Among other common threads, Ben Jonson, Thorpe, and Heywood each make some reference to Shakespeare as "Tanti," evidently a nickname for the poet. In the Fitzwilliam Museum there is a symbolic painting by Nicholas Hilliard which carries a tiny label, "Tanti." It is mentioned by Jonson some time after 1616, while Hilliard’s painting probably goes back to the mid 1590’s. It is labeled a portrait of the 9th Earl of Northumberland, which seems quite a bit off the mark, and it’s more a cartoon than a portrait in any case.

NAOMI
You really have made a study of this, haven’t you?

DAVID
[Laughing with great pleasure, in his element.] Yes I have. But I’m getting ahead of my story again. This was the Stratford scene in 1582. Now we need to turn our attention to the man who actually wrote those plays for Master W. H. So let’s leave the boy to grow up in Stratford and get on about that business.

Was Jenkins only headmaster of the Stratford grammar school from 1575-1580?

Ann Bull was W. H.’s mother. She may have committed suicide.

When does David Haecx, Jr. return to the Lowlands?

Shakespeare--Act I, Scene 2

ACT I--Scene 3

DAVID
We move to London, four years later, September, 1586, a very critical time for Elizabeth. We keep only one of our Stratford characters, David Haecx, Jr., in a relatively minor role, before he disappears from our story completely, going back
to Hol-and. After leaving Oxford, he had joined Her Majesty's service, as one of Walsingham's secret agents, as we heard him say. Their main activity at the time was the collection of intelligence related to the anticipated struggle with Spain, and Haecx and his father had valuable contacts in the Low Countries. Another member of the group, who will become increasingly important to us, was the poet, Christopher Marlowe, who seems to have been a kind of double agent, with certain Catholic sympathies. Haecx and Marlowe occasionally worked together, most often spying on travelers crossing the channel. But in the summer of 1586 the biggest fish of all fell into Walsingham's net, as he and his men swooped down on the members of the Babington conspiracy that they had framed in their famous "sting" operation.

ROBERT
Were Marlowe, and this David Haecx, Jr., both involved in that? And "the man who would be Shakespeare," Thomas Salusbury, was one of the conspirators? You say that's what later forced him to conceal his identity behind these ciphers?

DAVID
You'll see. This is the big Trial Scene coming up. We'll have to ask for a little willing suspension of disbelief here, to crowd all of these people into your living room. And we'll need more chairs. Perhaps we might borrow some from the audience. Would you hand us a few chairs, sir? Ethel, could you . . . ?

[Two stacks of chairs are handed up from the audience, and the women arrange four on each side.]

ETHEL
There, how's that, David?

DAVID
Fine. We'll just bring the judge on as a shadow and a voice, there behind the scrim, as Shakespeare might have done with the Ghost of
Hamlet's father, to save on cast and costume. And we'll use this as the prosecutor's table. Will you help me move it in front of these chairs? [Robert helps David move the table.] You women sit over there, and we'll join you, as members of the court in Westminster that would hear such cases. [The prosecutor and witnesses enter from the inner stage and take their seats.] Ah, there's Sir Christopher Hatton, the prosecutor. A nasty man to face. And, oh, oh! Here comes the judge. [The silhouette of the judge comes into focus on the scrim.]

JUDGE
[Strikes with his gavel.] Be seated, please. [Pause.] This trial is near its end. Sir Christopher, your letter from the queen . . . A special dispensation in this case?

HATTON
Well, yes, your honor. Now would seem the time, As we've concluded all the evidence, The crown against the traitor Babington, Related felons and conspirators, Found guilty of high treason by this court Against this land's high majesty, conspired In secret to assassinate the queen-- By their own voices all of them condemned. Have now been sentenced, as their crime deserves, First hanged, then drawn and quartered afterward. But we're requested by Her Majesty To give consideration to the fact That one of them . . . one Thomas Salusbury . . . A cousin of the queen's, at some remove, Resisted plans to kill her . . . as she's heard .

Wants us to pass that matter in review And mitigate the sentence, if it seems That that report is true. The letter's here. [Hatton lays a letter on the table.]

JUDGE
So how do you suggest we should proceed?
HATTON
To call a former witness to the stand.
One Robert Poley, he who overheard
These plotters as they met that final day
Before Sir Francis’ men arrested them.

JUDGE
All right. Call Robert Poley to the stand.

[Poley takes the witness chair.]

HATTON
You understand that you’re still under oath.

POLEY
And everything I’ve told you is the truth.

HATTON
You testified that you had overheard
This Babington and his confederates plan
To kill our queen. And how was that to be?

POLEY
Well that still posed a problem to those men
They hadn’t solved when we arrested them.

HATTON
Please . . . just review the words of one of them
. . .
For Thomas Salusbury’s part in all of this.

POLEY
I will, my lord. We had been following them,
Knew all that they were planning from the first.
Lord Walsingham recruited his own men
From Catholics at the colleges and such.
The shrewd ones like Kit Marlowe were the best,
[Laughs.] Could make them think that he was one
of them
Infiltrate their discussions, if you will.
And Babington, worst papist of them all,
He figured out how he’d communicate
So secretly, or so the villain thought,
[Laughs.]
With Mary, Queen of Scots, as she’s been called,
And wrote to her on how he’d set her free,
And set her on the English throne as well--
By bringing in the Spaniards, and the Pope,
Imposing Catholic masses on us all.

HATTON
We know. But to the apt particulars . . .
Concerning Thomas Salusbury . . . and the queen.

POLEY
Well, this communication that they had
Was through a Chartley brewer, name of Simmes . . .
I think . . . a man she thought was true to her.
So letters from the queen to Babington--
This Mary, not Elizabeth, I mean--
From him to her, whichever way they went,
Were wrapped in leather packets, in the beer,
All moisture-proof, then slipped through a corked tube
[Demonstrates.] Right in the bung of one of
those beer casks--
In greatest secrecy, so they thought. [Laughs.]
But this man Simmes was actually our man,
So we read every message from the first . . .
Had copies of their letters . . . and their code.
Before they were delivered they'd been read.
So we had Babington . . . caught in this trap.
The man who read the last one that she sent
Just marked it with a gallows sign--to show
They all would hang--and that's what they'll all do!
That papist queen should lose her head as well,
Before those Spanish ships can rescue her.

HATTON
Yes, Poley, we have heard this all before.
But Thomas Salusbury . . . you heard him say ... 

POLEY
I'm getting to that part. We were informed
That these conspirators had planned to meet
Outside of London, at a little inn--
Arranged by our friend Marlowe--one of them.
As they all thought--he'd played his hand so cool--
There in a secret room . . . above the stairs.
With some of us below, so none might flee,
I sat with Marlowe, and another friend,
Young David Haecx, who'd worked with us on this,
Concealed right there in that adjoining room.
[Points.]
So we could hear whatever they might say.

HATTON
[Impatiently.] Recall the words of Thomas Salusbury.

DAVID
[Getting up and moving on-stage.] We'd just as well attend that meeting first hand, by moving this table and those chairs to that little inn.

[To the audience.] and back two months in time. [As he and Robert rearrange the table and chairs, Hatton, Poley, and the other witnesses go off by the inner stage exit, left.] This is in 1586, remember, still two years before the Spanish Armada. The men meeting here suppose this to be a secret chamber, but there, just the other side of that paper-thin partition [Pointing to the scrim, where the judge has disappeared.] are Poley, Marlowe, and Haecx. [The shadows of three men become visible, as their voices are heard.]

POLEY
By what you said they should be here by now.

MARLOWE
It's 8:00 o'clock, the time agreed upon.
I'm sure they trust me . . . so they should be here.

HAECX, JR.
I hope we haven't waited here in vain.
Oh, oh! What's that? There's someone on the stairs.
It must be them. Hush now! Be very quiet!

[David puts his finger to his lips, points to the front door, and leads Robert back to sit down, as three men come in.]
SALUSBURY
[Leading Babington and Tilney in, dressed as a
nobleman.]
Are you quite sure this place is really safe?
You trust too many people, Babington.
Those men downstairs . . . how come so many here?
And one of them looked strangely up at us
As we came up these stairs . . . I know he did.
We cannot count on force in this affair,
So secrecy's essential. [Looking around.] He's
not here . . .

DAVID
[To Robert.] We finally meet our author. Thomas
Salusbury, born 1561, so now 25 years old and
head of the Welsh clan of Llewenni since his
grandfather's death in 1578, when he was 17.

BABINGTON
I share your apprehension . . . so I know
How every eye will seem to be on me.
But Tom, we must trust some . . . as I trust you
. . .
If we're to put Queen Mary on the throne,
So long imprisoned in her misruled land.
She is our rightful queen . . . and we're so
close!
The Spanish will be coming by the spring.
We'll set her free . . . but first that obstacle,
The woman who's usurped her proper place,
Must vacate it! For that I count on you . . .
For only you have access to the queen.
The rest of us are suspect . . . can't get close
. . .
But you could do it. You're her cousin's son.
Get close enough to cut that long life short.

SALUSBURY
We've argued this before. I won't agree
To any plan that calculates her death.
Elizabeth may sit upon a throne
That our Queen Mary ought to occupy,
But she has not killed Mary . . . and she could . . .
. . .
And I will not kill her . . . withhold my name,
And my support, from any such attempt.
I will not be a party to her death. [Stops abruptly.]
What was that noise? There on the stairs, I think.
Suppose that we've been followed . . .
carelessness!
And where is Marlowe? He said 8 o'clock!
I'll go below and look. It bothers me.
[He goes out the way they came in.]

TILNEY
It seems we must deceive him on this point.
If we're to have his help in killing her.
We need him now . . . and need his family, too.

BABINGTON
Agreed. The man's so unpredictable.
And vicious when he's angered, I recall.
I've seen it. That Welsh temper . . . if he's crossed.
But since his late conversion he has met
Queen Mary twice, and sees himself her man . . .
As closer than his mother . . . or his wife . . .
A better Catholic than the rest of us,
Prepared to sacrifice the world for her.
We'll play on that. I've thought of a device
I think will bring him round. Leave him to me
[As Salusbury returns.] And do not show surprise
at what I say.

SALUSBURY
No, nothing there. Though I was sure I heard . . .
Well, as I said, the queen is like my aunt,
My mother's cousin. I won't take her life.
Nor join with any others in her death,
Through violence or any other means . . .
Especially those my mother may have used
To change a husband . . . or improve her view.

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] Catherine of Berain . . . of the
gravestone cipher, remember? Tudor princess,
granddaughter of Henry VII, like Elizabeth . . .
and a poisoner of husbands.
BABINGTON
I'd never credit stories I have heard
About your mother and her husbands' . . . deaths.
I know they can't be true.

SALUSBURY
[Laughs sardonically.] Perhaps they're not
. . .
At least not all of them . . . I'd like to think.
But mother's more vindictive than I am.
I couldn't kill . . . a fly. Elizabeth . . .
No. I could not kill her . . . nor she kill me.
Queen Mary would oppose it, I am sure,
I've met with her. I think I know her mind.
There's no good reason to attack her life
Once Mary has replaced her on the throne.

DAVID
[To Robert.] There's even a tradition that
Salusbury himself had an affair with Mary, Queen
of Scots, during negotiations to marry her to
Leicester, which he would have been involved in
as Leicester's aide de camp. He's good-looking
enough, and Mary was . . . capable of it. That
would add a little romantic color to
Shakespeare's life story, wouldn't it?

TILNEY
Then what are we to do with this false queen?

BABINGTON
Well, as it happens, Thomas here is right . . .
What I proposed was only testing him.
And it's as if he did read Mary's mind.
I have the latest message from the queen . . .
By secret correspondence . . . come today.
Embossed with her most royal authority.

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] By the beer keg exchange, you
recall . . . ingenious, but . . . a sting all the
way.

BABINGTON
I'll read her words . . . deciphered from the code.
[ Takes a sheet of paper from his pocket and
reads.]
"I understand that Thomas Salusbury,
My valued servant . . . who's above reproach . . .
Will not agree Elizabeth should die,
Or any violence be done to her.
My sentiment in this agrees with his.
Although she seems our evil spirit now,
A sister could not be more dear to me.
And Thomas is important to our plan . . .
To bring a Catholic monarch to the throne.
We need more of his mind. Please meet his terms.
I recommend a simple substitute,
Exchanging of positions. When you have
Delivered this last Tudor to my hands
I'll place her in a similar restraint,
To this restraint that she has forced on me,
Until a Catholic monarchy's secure,
And due authority reviews the case.
Above the reckless passion of these times.
So please tell Thomas that I stand with him."
I trust that that will satisfy you, sir.

SALUSBURY
Compassion is the measure of her soul,
Pray God that we may merit such a queen.

[Pause.]
I still need like assurances from you,
That those who will arrest Elizabeth,
Will not in that confusion take her life,
Or I will leave this place, withdraw myself
From London, yea, return once more to Wales
To there await this Catholic Renaissance.
Though I would not inform upon the rest
I'll take no part in murder of the queen.
[Pause.] And where is Marlowe? I don't trust
the man!
You can't depend . . . that noise! It's over
there!

MARLOWE
[Coming through the door on the left, from behind
the scrim, with Poley.] Yes, here I am. . . and
it's all up for you . . .
The noble Thomas Salusbury . . . at one
With other traitors . . . in their "secret" room.
[Laughs.]
POLEY
In the Queen's name; I apprehend you all!

SALUSBURY
I knew it . . . Marlowe! I've suspected him!
A lying bastard . . . posing as a friend!
To be betrayed by one who's smiled on you!
Who's touched your hand . . . pretending . . . he
was true.
A bitter lesson . . . one I'll not forget!

MARLOWE
No fear of that. You won't have long enough.

[They are led off.]

DAVID
Nor did he forget! But now, back to the
courtroom. Move those chairs, please. [He and
Robert re-arrange the room as courtroom, as
Hatton returns to his position, Poley returns to
the witness chair, perhaps helping adjust the
furniture, but not paying any attention to David,
Robert, or the women, and the shadow of the judge
returns to the scrim.]

JUDGE
We've heard this testimony all before,
And that of David Haecx, with you that night,
And your friend Marlowe told us, at some length,
How he had engineered the meeting there.
So, Mr. Poley . . . anything to add?

POLEY
No more, my lord, for I was only asked
What Thomas Salusbury, condemned, had said
That I had overheard. And that I've told.

HATTON
He did speak for her life.

JUDGE
Is guilty still
Of most high treason, and condemned to death.
Is sentenced to be hanged at St. Giles' Field
Then drawn and quartered, as befits the crime.
But your communication from the Queen?

HATTON
Her Majesty has written . . . and I read . . .
[Picking up the letter and reading it.]
"I have received appeal for clemency
From members of the family of this man,
Lord Thomas Salusbury, my cousin's son,
Whose claim on my affection speaks as well.
And though he did conspire against the crown
He argued with these others for my life.
I cannot pardon treason, but decree,
That he be hanged in Denbighshire, in Wales,
In his home district, as a gentleman,
To die as kinsman to a queen should die."
She wishes us to make exception so.
Not in the death . . . the traitor still must
hang . . .
But mitigate his suffering in this way . . .
A death that's less degrading . . . as her kin . . .
To hang amongst his own . . . at home in Wales.

JUDGE
If that is what she wishes . . . be it so.

DAVID
[Sotto voce to Robert and the women, as the
Hatton and the others exit inner stage.] And so
it was. A letter from the queen, now in the
British Museum, explains her anguish and gives
her reasons for this act, which was more than
merciful. It was providential for English
literature.

ROBERT
But . . . according to your theory . . . he was
not hanged then.

DAVID
[Chortling.] No, indeed! As you'll see. We now
move to the counterplot that saved him. As our
Stratford cipher has already told us, John
Salusbury, Thomas's brother, who became the head
of the Llewenni clan upon his brother's
conviction in the conspiracy, arranged for the substitution of one of their grandfather's, one of "Bodiau's" [Sticking out his thumbs.], bastards, Leonard. So now . . . let's clear the stage a bit . . . then . . . on to Wales!

September 20, 1586, the Catholic priest, John Ballard, and Anthony Babington were executed.

Five were granted the right to be hanged as gentlemen.

What are the dates, then, for Queen Mary's own execution

ACT I--Scene 4

DAVID
[Supervising the clearing of the stage of the court scene, and the handing back of the extra chairs to people from the audience.] Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you very much. Ethel . . . yes, we're done with those. Stack them there. Thank you. [Finally sitting on the edge of the table, center stage, talking sometimes to Robert and the two women, sometimes to the audience.] We now move to Wales, about a month later, where there has been a gathering of the Salusbury clan at the Llewenni homestead in Denbighshire . . . for the hanging. As we have seen, the queen had allowed Thomas Salusbury the "privilege" of being privately hanged, as a gentleman . . . and as her great nephew. John Salusbury, Thomas's brother, had become the head of the clan when Thomas was convicted of treason. [John's image is gradually brought into focus on the scrim as he is described.] For a time, you may remember, my uncle and Professor Gollantz had thought him to be the author of the plays. His son, Sir Henry, wrote a letter to Heminges and Condell, "To my dear friends," in appreciation for their work on the Folio, in fact. John was a handsome redhead, of imposing physique, four years younger than Thomas, so, at this time, in his early twenties. He later became an acrostic poet himself, and an intimate and patron of poets. He married the
Earl of Derby's illegitimate daughter, Ursula Stanley, so had a close connection with the company of actors under Derby's patronage... which will be more important for our story later. Elizabeth appointed him esquire of the body in 1595, and knighted him in 1604. But he was notoriously loose in the administration of Denbighshire. Just now, however, he is explaining the arrangements they've made for his escape to Thomas. And I'd better get out of the way. [He moves back to join the others at the side of the stage.]

JOHN
[Enters, followed by Thomas, in a priest's robes, and the Earl of Derby.] Well, Tom! I really think it's going to work!

SALUSBURY
But what of Leonard?

JOHN
Well, thank God for him!
The only one who looked enough like youTo fool a soul... to give this switch a chance.
He hadn't long to live in any case,
So his bad fortune worked out well for you.
But we must hurry! Let's be on our way!

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] That's supported by the graveyard cipher: "It was God's favor that fired John Salusbury to do to death Leonard as egis."
Leonard was a kind of uncle, the bastard son of their grandfather, "y Bodiau," [Holds up his thumbs.] you remember, "the thumb." The grandfather was Henry VIII's esquire of the body... so John later followed in a kind of family tradition. He was a man of great strength and prowess. And Leonard...

SALUSBURY
I'll be revenged for this... for Leonard.
John!
And for the clan! But most of all for her!
Betrayal of Queen Mary! That pure soul!
On Marlowe! And on every one of them!

JOHN
Yes, yes . . . all in good time, good brother Tom . . .
But let us move more quickly presently.
First save yourself, then contemplate revenge
When you have leisure, on the beach in Spain.
We've lost a kinsman in this . . . sad affair . . .
Yes, something for us all to hold in mind.
But Leonard was expiring anyway.
Might not have lived to see the yule log cut . . .
[To Thomas's reaction.]
I know . . . he was the son of old Bodiau . . .
And had Grandfather's thumbs to prove he was . . .
Has proved it now again in this last deed . . .
That Salusbury nobility of soul.
We'll all remember Leonard. Now, let's go!

DERBY
It's past belief you'd even get this chance . . .
Convicted as you were . . . escape unscathed . . .
Because the queen allowed your hanging here,
As "gentleman" . . . to die among your own . . .
Though no doubt meant the lesson spread in
Wales.
But I was there, you know . . . when Babington . . .
And Barnwell . . . those five others . . . met
their end
On St. Giles' Hill. It's well that you were not.
For first they were all hanged . . . all seven men . . .
But then cut down, before they'd breathed their last,
And treated with the greatest cruelty,
Their testicles cut off, while still alive,
Then disembowelled . . . and butchered in four parts.
A man named Savage, largest of them all
As you recall . . . a man you knew quite well . . .
Was fully conscious . . . in great agony . . .
Took long to die . . . a frightful spectacle.
You're fortunate the queen exempted you
From that mad butchering of your one-time
friends.

JOHN
Elizabeth has always liked you, Tom.
As much as she's liked mother . . . for her charm
. . .
Her unpredictability and guile,
Because they were so much alike, it seems.
At times, when they were young, they were great friends.

DERBY
The blood of Henry Tudor in them both.
It could be that Elizabeth did mean
To give you opportunity to flee,
If you have wit enough to take the chance.
Though pardoning a traitor was too much,
She might be pleased to find you still alive,
As long as you no longer pose a threat . . .
Though who can ever know her fitful mind,
Or guess her motives for the things she does.
I'm sure that she'd prefer Queen Mary live,
But now she'll have no choice. This plot of yours
Has forced her hand. Advisors will insist
That Mary, too, will go now to her death.
Don't take this queen for granted . . . on your way.

SALUSBURY
I'd never been a traitor to the queen
If she'd not been a traitor to this land.
That power she wields is not legitimate--
Queen Mary, for a Catholic, is our queen.
But yet I feel no animosity
Toward Elizabeth . . . admire her.
In her discretion she must save herself.
And to sustain her power be prepared
To end the lives of those who threaten her.

JOHN
Well, privately, the family stands with you.
But publicly we all just watched you hanged.
We have no choice but to support the queen.
And she knows that. You must be on your way!
SALUSBURY
[To Derby.] Do you believe that those like
Walsingham
Will so distort our failed conspiracy
They'll force Elizabeth to prosecute
Our poor abandoned queen?

DERBY
I know they will!
The trial's now under way, and, since they know
The Spanish will be coming, won't take long.
Expect her execution . . . before spring.

SALUSBURY
It's Walsingham insisting, naturally.
But what of Leicester? Can't he rescue her?
[Derby shakes his head.]
Elizabeth's compassion . . . shown for me . . .
Must be far greater for this sister queen.

DERBY
Don't count on her compassion . . . though it's real . . .
The queen can be quite ruthless when she must . . .
More ruthless than most men, when she sees cause . . .
If her position's threatened--as it is.
You must get out of England, as John says,
Become as if a man who's truly dead,
And not come back until the Catholics rule.
The Spanish hold the power on the seas,
And they'll be overwhelming when they come.
Then you'll return . . . come back to life again . . .
Stand with the most important in the land.
But now, I must agree with John. Make haste!
For our sake and your own . . . be on your way.

SALUSBURY
Well, then, God bless Queen Mary . . . guard her life . . .
May she fare well, in spite of your dire view,
May I return to serve that monarch well.
JOHN
She'll need good servants . . . and we'll need you, Tom.
That argument weighed heavily with the clan,
As we, in family council, sought for ways
To satisfy the queen's best scrutiny
On our conduct . . . yet spirit you away.
If Spanish forces are victorious
We'll need some Catholic Englishmen . . . like you . . .
Protecting national interests . . . and our own.
We'll need your skills in quick diplomacy
Your friends and your connections in the court,
A court composed of English Catholics
But held in place by threat of Spanish arms.
The public hanging couldn't be delayed . . .
For you to live required a substitute.
At least a dozen clansmen volunteered.

DERBY
But Leonard, though some older, looked like you,
The only one who could have fooled the crowd,
Or satisfied the hangman and his men
That they had hanged the man they'd come to hang.

JOHN
And Leonard argued, as a dying man,
It gave his death some meaning . . . showed he was
"One of Bodiau's true bastards," as he claimed.
So he was dressed in clothes well known as yours
Beneath those priestly robes, and sent to you . . .
To hear your last confession here on earth.
[Laughs.]

SALUSBURY
We even traded neckerchiefs and shoes,
At his suggestion, "to complete the fraud."
I carry that last picture . . . of the pride
In Leonard's eyes . . . and of his parting smile . . .
As he gave me this robe, and we embraced.
The guard's pike rattled on the prison bars
With little patience, as he said, "'Tis time!
Prisoner . . . 'tis time." And Leonard said,
"Amen."
Then I went out the door that he'd come in,
In these priest's robes, and he went with the guard.
I heard the crowd react as he was hanged.
Then you were there... to see that I got here.

JOHN
But first I watched him hanged. A noble death,
As dignified as if it had been you.
And no one seemed to question that at all.

SALUSBURY
Another man to suffer... in your place...
That kind of death... the sacrifice of Christ...
For all of us who creep upon this globe.
So I'm in Leonard's debt... owe him my life.
I'll try to spend it wisely... if I can...
In memory of Leonard, and his smile. [Crosses himself.]
But many in attendance must have known
Have known me ever since I was a boy,
And Leonard, too. Not just the two of you
But all our closest family and friends...
Just one weak link... you're right... I should be gone.

DERBY
We tried to keep the most of those away,
But better to be safe... for once you're gone...

JOHN
The Spanish should be here within the year,
And bring you home with them. Then who will care?
Then we will talk again of Walsingham,
Of Marlowe and the others... who must pay
This debt to Leonard that you have described.

SALUSBURY
I vow that debt will be repaid in full.
Let's pray they'll not increase it by a queen.
All right. I'm ready. Quickly... on our way.
[Throws off the priest's robe.]
You had begun to tell me of your plan.
JOHN
We'll have you out of England before dawn.
It's first by horseback, north to Colwyn Bay.
Some twenty miles. Once there, a fishing smack
Will take you to a Spanish merchant ship.
That waits already in the Irish Sea.
When Catholic forces land upon these shores,
Restoring England to the one true faith,
I'll welcome you to head the clan once more.
I'll tell you as we ride what else we've planned.

SALUSBURY
All right. Let's go. [John leads Thomas out
inner-stage left.]

DERBY
[Musing to himself.] The future closes in.
Things move too fast, surprise upon surprise,
As if we all were puppets in these "plans,"
Devising ways to frustrate our best hopes.
Outsmarting Queen Elizabeth is . . . well . . .
[He follows them off.]

DAVID
And go they did . . . though Derby was right.
Events would not bear out their optimistic
predictions. But who could have imagined at that
time what would happen to the Spanish Armada, the
defeat of which was still two years in the
future.

ROBERT
And that England, under Elizabeth, would suddenly
become an international power . . . for a few
years.

DAVID
Right. Their bet was on the wrong queen. But,
safely aboard a Spanish ship, an acknowledged
champion of Mary, Queen of Scots, Thomas
Salusbury was soon on his way to Spain, an exile
in part recounted in Willowbie His Avisa, which
Dr. Rowse calls "a troublesome book" . . . as
well he might. One clue to the nature of the
cipher was provided in the epistle in the
Foreword of that book, where the name "Avisa" is analyzed as an anagram, and that work may still contain information concerning the author's activity from 1586 to 1592 that has not yet been deciphered. The classical biography thus becomes hopelessly contradictory in the face of this evidence, and that of Jonson, Holland, and Digges. Don't you agree?

ROBERT
Well, in any case, you have an interesting . . . theory.

DAVID
Theory? Well . . . so you may say. But now, may I use your WC? Your bath room, I mean . . . but not to take a bath.

ROBERT
[Laughing.] Of course. [Points.] That door, then to your right. [David exits as the tape player kicks off. To Ethyl.] Well, it sounds like it's time to change to the other side. [To the audience.] This might be good place for all of us to stretch our legs, get a drink, and look for a . . . bath room. Mrs. Griffing?

ETHEL
That sounds fine to me.

NAOMI
[As the dog goes to the door.] You want out, Shakespeare? All right. But don't be barking at those joggers. [She lets the dog out, then goes toward the kitchen, inviting Ethel to follow her. Robert then follows the women out the kitchen exit, leaving the stage bare.]

[Lights down, and out.]

[A description of the drawing and quartering of the others--his friends--by Derby, as eye witness, on p. 37.] Get the biography of Derby--how well would he have known Thomas? Met him only at the wedding of his daughter Ursula to John, shortly before Thomas is accused of
treason? The connection with the Admiral's Men when Salusbury returns as Heywood.

Get the chronology on the prosecution of Mary, Queen of Scots--where does that stand at this point? Revise accordingly.

Shakespeare--Act I, Scene 4

ACT II--Scene 1

[Again, the dog is heard barking outside, there are steps cross the stage in the dark, and the front door opens.]

NAOMI
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Come in here! Where . . . oh, there you are. Come on in. Good dog!

[As the lights come back up, Naomi crosses through to the kitchen with the dog. Robert is seen putting the tape back in the console, and Ethel comes in from the kitchen and sits down.]

DAVID
[Coming in from the bath room just after the first sentence is heard on the tape.] Well, it's six years later, 1592. [Picking it up.] A long time to be gone to the WC, isn't it? Meantime, the political balance in Europe has altered significantly. Those best-laid plans of Thomas Salusbury and company were much modified by the surprising defeat of the Spanish Armada.

ROBERT
Due mostly, as I understand it, to the weather in the seas north of England at the time. Like it was when Kubla Khan tried to invade Japan a few centuries earlier . . . during the typhoon season. [Laughs.] They should have gotten weather reports.

DAVID
Yes, the luck ran against them. But, in any case, with that victory over the Spanish Armada--four years ago now--England has become a major
world power, with the high tide of national pride flowing, and Elizabeth as secure on her throne as she was ever to be. What a disappointment it must have been for all those Catholics. It certainly dashed Thomas Salusbury's hopes of returning in triumph as Queen Mary's loyal defender, risen from the dead. But, now, here we are in London, in a small set of rooms in the "stews," [Smiles.] in Whitehall, definitely a low-rent district, but right in the center of the city. You can see St. Paul's from the window in the other room. Will you help me move that table over here, professor?

[Naomi comes in with coffee, then sits next to Ethel. Robert helps David move the table before they join them, leaving center stage open. Heywood's shadow is gradually illuminated on the scrim, seated, reading a book, during the next few speeches.]

NAOMI
[Laughing.] But are we safe here? Whose "small set of rooms in the 'stews'" is this?

DAVID
That's the question I have for you. [Takes coffee.] Thank you. Soon London will begin to hear of a new poet, the creator of delightful comedies and tragedies, a satirist of things heretofore thought sacred, a harbinger of the Renaissance, now about to sweep England and already well developed on the continent, with a new cutting edge against many old ideas. William Shakespeare, our true dramatist, has arrived. But who is this William Shakespeare? [Pointing.] Well, there he sits.

ETHEL
It's Thomas Salusbury . . . come back in disguise. Under the name of Thomas Heywood!

DAVID
Now, Ethel, you've given it away! You should know.
ROBERT
So that’s your primary thesis, that the plays
that we ascribe to William Shakespeare were
really written by Thomas Heywood, who was
actually Thomas Salusbury in disguise.

DAVID
There you have it. There are other plays
ascribed to Thomas Heywood, of course—but not
very many. And no one knows—or seemed to know
then—anything about this Heywood. No
birthplace, no year of birth, no record of
education—though he evidently claimed
Peterhouse, Cambridge. He just pops up here.
Now where did he come from, do you suppose?

ROBERT
But we don’t know very much about most of the
Elizabethan dramatists, do we?

DAVID
[As the shadow on the scrim becomes increasingly
restless.] Not much—but more than nothing! On
the other hand, by 1593, this very next year,
Robert Greene will be warning other playwrights
about an "upstart crow," writing, and acting in,
his own plays, thinking himself the only "shake
scene" in town . . . which indicates that the
relationship we’re about to see established had
progressed to the point where W. H. was taking
public credit as author of the plays by then.
Greene must have thought he was the playwright,
and the ciphers are clear that Heywood's work was
in fact registered at Stationers' Hall by young
Haecx, under the name of Shakespeare. But Greene
had a definite bias. He believed that
playwriting was a prerogative of college men . . .
that actors should eschew it. Salusbury was an
Oxford man, of course . . . but, if Heywood
claimed Cambridge, perhaps he thought it would be
safer in his cover story. Who knows?

NAOMI
But why would this man who wrote the plays . . .
Heywood? . . . let this other man . . . Haecx? .
...take credit for them?

DAVID
Why indeed? Evidently because he had him in his power. Eventually it will be simple blackmail. I would say, as Haecx comes to know Heywood's true identity, and uses that to force him to turn over his work—to be staged by a theatre company that, like modern television, was always in need of more plays. Haecx then registered that work, when it was published, under his professional name, William Shakespeare, which must have enhanced his status with that company. But at first I don't think it was blackmail. At first I think it was expediency, and perhaps even the "power of love." But I'll let you be the judge, for, at this point, these two have yet to meet, and...

[There is a knock at the front door. Again, as Robert begins to rise, David motions him back. Heywood's shadow rises, comes around to enter inner-stage left and crosses to open the door.]

HEYWOOD
[Almost as if addressing David.]
Begun to think they might not come today. Well, here's the test. We'll soon see if I pass. [He opens the door, to John Salusbury and the Earl of Derby, and is taken aback. He looks at Derby, apprehensively.]
But John! I didn't think . . . didn't expect . . .

JOHN
[Also looking at Derby, and smiling.]
Yes . . . Thomas . . . Heywood . . . please let me present The Earl of Derby . . . someone you should know . . . The father of my wife [Laughs.] but my good friend . . . And patron to an acting company. I told his lordship that you were, in fact, A struggling playwright . . . who might write for him. His company, The Admiral's Men . . . needs plays.
NAOMI
Now that's his brother . . . just pretending . . .

DAVID
Yes . . . you remember. Older now, of course.
John is the younger brother . . . and doing well
at court these days . . . will become Esquire of
the Body to Elizabeth in another three years, be
knighted in 1601. But he was always under some
suspicion, as a conspirator's brother. He was a
writer, too . . . he . . .

HEYWOOD
[Flustered.] If I could be of service . . . yes
. . . write plays.
Your lordship honors me by coming here.
But you catch me . . . I must apologize . . .
For the condition of these shabby rooms.
I've only just returned to London . . . and . . .
[Looks at John.]
I was expecting someone else just now.

DERBY
Breath easy, Thomas. I am still your friend.
[Looking him over carefully.]
But don't think I'd have known you anywhere
If John had not prepared me. Heywood now?
Well, all right, Thomas Heywood . . . meet a
friend.
A dangerous exercise . . . but . . . you're much
changed,
And, if you're careful . . . well, why not?
You're now no threat to her . . . as once you
were.
Elizabeth will always think of that.
[Looking around the room.]
Yes . . . these accommodations . . . not the
best,
But you don't want to be conspicuous . . .
No danger of inciting envy here.
You were surprised by us, you say. [Laughs.]
And were.
So who were you expecting? Who else knows?
HEYWOOD
[To John.] Why Jenkins, and the boy. You said
they'd come this afternoon . . . about the
tutoring.

JOHN
Ah . . . I'd forgotten. Yes, they should be
here.
But when I met his lordship, at St. Paul's,
I had to share this secret . . . or would burst.
There are so few who can be told . . . who know
That you were just away . . . on your grand tour.
And, when I told him, he was anxious, too,
To come see for himself . . . just how you were.
I didn't think of Jenkins . . . and the boy.

DERBY
But we must not be seen here by this man.
Who is this Jenkins? Do you know him, John?

JOHN
You must know Jenkins . . . Welsh as you or me . . .
An Oxford man . . . he . . . [Another knock at
the door.]

HEYWOOD
That must be them now.
Be quick, my lord! Into the other room!
[He directs them into the inner room, then goes
to open the door. Thomas Jenkins enters with a
handsome teenage boy.]

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] Now you see what has become of
that child we left in Stratford . . . our Master
W. H. He, too, has recently arrived in London--
or about a year ago--and our two "Shake-speares"
now meet for the first time. Can we say it is
"love at first sight"? That might be overstating
those few clues in the ciphers. But I should let
them tell the story.

JENKINS
[Obviously shocked by the man he sees.] I'm
Thomas Jenkins, sir . . . I come from Wales.
Am of the clan of Denbigh. [A long pause. Heywood begins to speak, but looks at the boy and decides not to.] and I'm told
That you are Thomas Heywood . . . who might be
Amenable to tutoring a boy
Of special gifts. He's writing poetry . . .
And is . . . at present . . . acting on the stage.

HEYWOOD
Yes . . . Thomas Heywood . . . and your servant, sir.
And this must be our actor . . . our young man.

W. H.
I am. I'm with the Burbage company.

JENKINS
He's proud of that. It seems he's doing well.
His name is William Shakespeare He's my ward.
He's been my pupil, too, these last ten years,
In Stratford, upon Avon . . . where I taught . . .
He's studied Latin grammar . . . knows the plays . . .
Especially fond of Ovid . . . as am I. [W. H. nods.]
He's tried his hand at writing English plays,
A comedy . . . like Plautus . . . was the first,
A tragedy that copies Seneca . . .
Is set in Rome . . . before the empire fell.
[W. H. nods.] Imagines that, among Andronici,
Was one named Titus . . . Tamora his foe . . .
The copy of that play he's brought along
As sample of his work. He's also brought
A narrative in verse he's working on
On Venus and Adonis, isn't it? [W. H. nods.]
The story is Ovidian . . . as you know.

W. H.
It's like a poem Kit Marlowe's working on.
[Heywood reacts to the name of Marlowe.]
On Hero and Leander . . . that's Kit's poem.
We have a bet on who will finish first.
HEYWOOD
"Kit"... Marlowe? Not the one named Christopher?

W. H.
Yes, Christopher... a special friend of mine.
[Heywood scrutinizes W. H. carefully as he speaks.]
I've acted in his plays... we're writing poems...
I'm meeting him this afternoon, in fact.
But at the theatre we all call him Kit.

JENKINS
Since Willie was the Dido in his play
He's come to know Kit Marlowe very well
He's helped him with his writing... with these things...
Has written him some sonnets.

W. H.
So have I...
Have two or three that I have written him.

DAVID
[Sotto voce, to Robert.] You see! William Haecx, Mr. W. H., "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets." Remember?

JENKINS
But Marlowe has no time... to tutor him...
Or does not wish to undertake that task.

HEYWOOD
[Candidly appraising W. H.]
Good-looking boy... I'll have to give you that...
Fair as a maid... a striking blond... so young...
And Marlowe now is interested in you...
But not as tutor. [Laughs.] Yes... I understand.

W. H.
[Smiles.] Well, should I read a passage from my poem?
He won't admit that it's as good as his.

HEYWOOD
As good as . . . Kit's? [A pause.] Yes, please
. . . do read a bit.
[W. H. brings forth the manuscript and reads
perhaps three stanzas of Venus and Adonis, with
histrionic passion, but sufficiently rough to
indicate what Heywood does in revision.]

W. H.
The sun rose with his purple-colored face
So everyone could tell that it was morn
As young Adonis hied him to the chase.
He loved to hunt--all other loves he'd scorn.
Which Venus noting made her way now to him
Thinking that she would see if she could woo
him.

"You're fairer than I am," she first began
"And there's no flower that can with you compare,
Since you are greatest beauty in a man
More white and red than all those roses are
Nature made you when she was at strife
Drawing all her powers to give you life.

As you go off so swiftly to mount your steed
Reining him in, then mount the saddle-bow
Stop long enough to fill my one great need
A thousand of my secrets you'll then know.
Come here and sit, where never serpent
hisses
And while you sit, I'll smother you with
kisses . . .

ROBERT
[Sotto voce, after about three lines. The
reading of the poem becomes muted behind these
speeches.] Are you saying that young Haecx wrote
Venus and Adonis? I've always had a particular
fondness for that poem.

DAVID
In 1597 Joseph Hall, who later became the Bishop
of Ely, in his Satyrs, castigated the author of
Venus and Adonis for "writing prurient material," and finished his diatribe by asking why he didn't use his own name. What did he know about the Haecx-Heywood arrangement, do you suppose? In the Troilus and Cressida cipher there's a reference to Love's Labour's Lost, V, i, and the lines themselves conceal a cipher in which Heywood, their author, says, "Haecx u.r.a liar. T. H. scrawled Venus and Adonis." Leonard Digges, in the last line of his cipher, repeats Heywood's epithet and asks, "could it be due to envy?" Holofernes' lines were written in 1610 and Digges's between the burial of Haecx, as William Shakespeare, in Stratford in 1616 and the publication of the First Folio in 1623. Forgive me . . . I get carried away with all of this. The short answer is, "Yes, but . . . but let's listen . . .

HEYWOOD
[Cutting W. H. off, then taking the manuscript.] Yes . . . yes . . . remarkable. You'll leave this here?
I need to read a poem a time or two.
And then I'll make suggestions . . . if you'd like.
But I like what I've heard . . . and what I've seen.
As good as Kit's . . . I wonder if that's true.

JENKINS
Yes, friend of Marlowe's . . . and this manuscript . . .
His tragedy . . . Titus Andronicus?

[Jenkins hands Heywood the other manuscript, which Heywood looks at before going on.]

HEYWOOD
I'll read that too . . . if you will leave it here.
I'm writing for the theatre now myself
And hope that soon I'll have some influence there.
The Earl of Derby has connections with
Lord Strange's men. You know them? Yes, I see.
[As W. H. smiles and indicates that he does.]
And I'm acquainted with his son-in-law,
John Salusbury, who's been involved with them.
[He watches Jenkins, who looks like he might faint.]
I'll plan to introduce you to them both.
[Looks toward the scrim.]
Or Mr. Jenkins can. He knows them, too . . .
Was one of them who mentioned me to him . . .
Thought I might be a tutor . . . wasn't it?
[Jenkins nods, as if afraid to speak.]

W. H.
I've seen his lordship . . . know them both to
see . . .
But I'd be pleased to meet them personally.
[Then, with a sense of urgency.]
But I told Mr. Jenkins that, today.
I've an appointment . . . for this afternoon . . .
[To Jenkins.] With Kit . . . and really have to
hurry now.
Whatever you arrange is fine with me.

HEYWOOD
Well . . . Mr. Jenkins . . . perhaps you and I?

JENKINS
But first a word with Willie, if I may . . .
[To W. H.] Just making sure we know each other's
mind.
Then I'll return . . . to see what you suggest.

W. H.
Let's talk, then, on the way. You know I'm late.
[He as much as pushes Jenkins out the door.
Heywood stands alone center stage after they are
gone, in a pensive mood.]

DAVID
Take a good look at this man. Did you recognize
him? Does the disguise work? It must have with
most people . . . but . . .

ETHEL
I'd say he looks . . . more French. In his dress
But ... Jenkins was his classmate at Oxford?

[Smiles broadly.] Oh, it didn't fool Jenkins. You could tell that. But it must have been quite a shock ... seeing Salusbury alive six years after he had heard that he had been hanged.

[As John Salusbury and Derby come back in from the other room.] What did you think of that, John? Did you hear?

And watched them from the window as they left . . .

Yes ... arguing some matter it appeared. And Jenkins, having lost the argument, Stands there alone . . . a very lonely man. He knew you then at Oxford? Could you tell If he knew who you were . . .?

I'm sure he did. Those comments on the Welsh ... and on the clan . . . And other strange reactions said he did. But I don't fear Tom Jenkins ... if he lives ... I'm more concerned about his health today. He doesn't look so good. I'd hate to lose So good a friend ... when now I have so few.

You're right. He's dying. And he knows he is. But are you sure he read through your disguise? I didn't hear that as he talked to you. It's hard enough for me . . . with all I know. I'd say you were a Frenchman, Tom . . . not Welsh. You're older now . . . and just don't look the same . . . Like someone who's been places in the mind
That younger man would hardly know were there.

DERBY
But yet we must be sure no enemy
Can recognize the man who fled this land.

JOHN
Elizabeth is very cautious now.
And temperamental in her later years . . .
Quite ruthless when provoked.

DERBY
She always was.
But I'm becoming cautious as I age,
And Jenkins said that he would come right back.
I'll talk to Edward Alleyn, Thomas, soon . . .
Then let you know what we can do for you.
But better I don't come to see you here.
I'll be in touch through John. But now, let's
go.
It's good to see you well. [Gives him his hand.]

HEYWOOD
Thank you, my lord.
This new sign of your friendship honors me,
In altered circumstances . . . such as these.
[He spreads his hands to encompass . . .
everything.]

DERBY
I wish them otherwise . . . am still not sure . . .
[Finally laughs.] Well, we shall see what we can
do for you.
[They shake hands warmly and he leaves by the front door.]

HEYWOOD
[Watching him go.]
A good man, John. We're lucky he's our friend.
[Pause.] But now this other thing . . . about
this boy.
I must admit that I was skeptical . . .
But now . . . why, yes . . . I start to like the plan . . .
To tutor him, while I remain obscure,
And get some sense of what is going on . . .
Now these six years have made us older men.
And he knows Marlowe! Marlowe! Did you hear?

JOHN
Yes, I knew that. In fact, I saw the boy
In Marlowe's Dido. I think he's quite good.

HEYWOOD
So, that may lead to something . . . get me close . . .

JOHN
I wouldn't think of Marlowe, Tom. Not now.

HEYWOOD
We'll see. And I'll need more substantial work,
Of course, than tutoring some handsome boy,
To stand as self-supporting in this town.
A literary man . . . well, yes, I can . . .
These years in exile I have worked on plays . . .
I'll take a look at notes I've made in French.
In vagabonding here and there abroad
I've had some rare adventures in disguise . . .
And London theatres seem to be alive,
Must need new plays to feed such appetites.
I've dozens of ideas . . . acted some . . .
In traveling here and there in Spain and France.
Why I can tell you stories . . .

JOHN
Wait a bit.
I don't believe we want you on display . . .
I hesitated bringing Derby here . . .

HEYWOOD
But he's one of the family, isn't he?
As father of your wife . . . and one who knew.

JOHN
He'd often ask about you through these years,
Though I could seldom tell him very much.
And he can help, with Henslowe and the rest.
But I brought him on impulse. Let's beware
Of overreaching your security.
HEYWOOD
We owe the man our trust. If not him . . . who?

JOHN
[Musing.] That's it. You never know just who to trust.
It changes like these fitful London skies . . .
A slight shift in the wind . . . and then this boy . . .
He's David's son . . . remember David Haecx?
He's something of a changeling in himself.

HEYWOOD
I should have known! He has his father's looks . . .

[Laughs.] But looks not on the women, it appears.
Yes, worked for Walsingham . . . and may still do . . .
Was there when I was taken . . . no remorse . . .
And testified against me at the trial.
He always was a foreigner to me . . .
Though he and Marlowe were . . . more intimate.
And Marlowe was a friend . . . but is no more!

JOHN
You must be doubly careful of that man.
Give him no clue. Avoid him. He's the threat.
I hadn't thought it through . . . about this boy . . .
The boy himself's conspiratorial . . .
He has that look . . . perhaps inherited . . .
Then cultivated by his company . . .
Those shifty eyes . . . a lot like Marlowe's eyes . . .
The two of them together . . . dangerous . . .
My best advice would be . . . avoid them both.

HEYWOOD
An interesting idea. No, John, no,
I've thought of little else for six long years.
Avoid "Kit" Marlowe? It's on his account
I've now returned to England . . . come back home . . .

To pay my debt to Marlowe . . . lovely "Kit."
And now I'm fascinated by this boy.
I came to play . . . look forward to the game.

JOHN
But don't be too impatient . . . bide your time.
We'll find a way. [Pause.] Now I must leave as well.
First let me check on Jenkins . . . he'll be back.
No need for me to be here when he comes.

HEYWOOD
What does it matter if he sees you here?

JOHN
[Moves into the other room, his voice carrying back.]
This inner room's front window gives a view
Of all St. Paul's . . . one virtue of the place.
I wish you were content to live abroad . . .
Your French is good . . . and money's no concern
. . .
That vagabond existence was your choice.
Like living in these pauper's quarters now,
When you could live in comfort back in Wales,
The friends are there . . . for everything you'd need.
Oh, oh, too late . . . there's Jenkins coming back.
And Derby sees him . . . [Laughs.] off the other way.

HEYWOOD
I trust Tom Jenkins . . . and I'm sure he knows.

JOHN
No, I'll stay out of sight . . . why take the chance?
I'll watch the ebb and flow around St. Paul's.
[Reflectively.] Conceivably, this may work out all right . . .
If you're a poet . . . then they live like this . . .
. . .
In crowded rooms, with books piled everywhere.
If that gift gives you new identity,
And this low public profile keeps you hid . . .
Then, as a patron, I have some repute,
Can help you get commissions here and there
With no suspicion anything's amiss,
For I have done as much a hundred times
For poets destitute, whom I have thought
Were men of wit who had too little means.

HEYWOOD
[Following him into the other room, so that their voices are as from an audio tape.]
[In a joking tone.] I understand you have a place at court
As member of the "intellectual set."
How do you manage with Elizabeth?

JOHN
She doesn't trust me quite . . . but she's no fool . . .
She never quite trusts anyone, you know . . .
Just uses all, as we can serve her need.
We have no choice . . . must honor her as queen . . .
She knows that well enough . . . God knows I do.
But I hear Jenkins footsteps on the stairs.
Go meet him now . . . and I'll just wait in here.

HEYWOOD
[Returning from the other room.]
Well, I accept she was victorious,
Hold no resentment for her policy . . .
Remember how she laughed at mother's jokes.
I've learned to sublimate conspiracy,
Those rash impulses of self-righteous youth . . .
Am less fanatic in my later years . . .
But yet, conspiracies of other kinds
May still engage my energies it seems.
As other kinds of mischief beckon me.
[He winks at David as he crosses to answer Jenkins' knock. Jenkins comes in, puffing from the climb, looking very worn.]
Ah, Mr. Jenkins, glad you could come back.
Are you all right? [Regards him for a moment.] and yes, about the boy . . .
JENKINS
[Looking around.] Are we alone?

HEYWOOD
[Glancing toward the scrim.] Completely . . . as you see . . .

JENKINS
[He bends his knee, as to the head of the clan.]
I knew you at first sight, my lord, and I
Could not believe the witness of my eyes . . .
For you were hanged! How could you have survived?

HEYWOOD
I was not hanged. But that's another tale . . .
[Laughs.] Will have to wait until another time.
[Taking him by the hand and lifting him up.
Concerned.]
But, Thomas, here, you must not kneel to me.
Not now or in the future . . . on my life!
Embrace me as a former college mate.
[Embraces him.] As you can see, I'm something
fallen now,
[Gestures to the room.] And likely to remain so.
I don't mind.
But . . . still. . . it is important no one
knows
That I am back in England, living here,
As Thomas Heywood, playwright now, by trade.

JENKINS
Since you're alive, indeed I understand
The great importance of such secrecy. [Looks at
him.]
The change in your appearance may fool most.
It is remarkable . . . and made me think
That I might be mistaken after all.
But then your eyes . . . to those who know you
well
I don't think this disguise will be enough.
If I can recognize you . . . then who else . . .
Less well disposed . . . among your enemies?
Why even Marlowe . . . Willie's new-found friend
...
HEYWOOD
Yes . . . testified against me . . . knew me well . . .
And might know me again . . . indeed he will . . .
[As to himself.] But not till I decide to drop the mask.
[To Jenkins.] I didn't want to live out my whole life
In foreign lands . . . for I'm an Englishman . . .
A Welshman, yes . . . and just as proud of that.
But how are you, my friend . . . not looking well.

JENKINS
My health is failing rapidly, I know,
These last few months. I won't live out the year.
[Holding up his hand.]
I've made my peace with God . . . accept His will . . .
But have this charge . . . my ward, young W. H.,
The William Shakespeare that you just have met.
He's David Haecx's son. Remember him?

HEYWOOD
Another friend from college . . . once a friend . . .
Who testified against me . . . would again.

JENKINS
Of course . . . I had forgotten. No fear there,
For he's returned to Holland . . . with his wife . . .
He's doing well, but he defers to her . . .
In this, at least . . . the handling of the boy.
She doesn't care for Willie much it seems.
He's not her son. She doesn't want him there . . .
Prefers the boy remain an Englishman.
He's illegitimate . . . or would have been . . .
Except that David's father intervened
To marry Willie's mother in his place . . .
To give the boy the name of William Haecx.

HEYWOOD
The family name? How strange! Why Shakespeare then?
JENKINS
[Laughs.] That's just as strange, I know. He got that name
From living with a Stratford family.
Their name of Shakespeare sounded less remote
To schoolmates in that town. While he grew up
We called him William Shakespeare, W. H.,
Or Willie, since another William lives.
Now, as an actor, he has kept the name.
He wants to be a poet . . . and that name . . .

HEYWOOD
As you tell me the story, I recall
Some part of it I've heard. My brother, John . . .
[Glances toward the other room.]
Said something of that marriage . . . and that name . . .
That other William married, too, he said
Because of David's escapades with Annes.
[Laughs.]
So that's why you call this one W. H.
And what's become of . . . well . . . that other boy?

JENKINS
Poor Will. I don't know why I say "poor" Will.
He may have died in Holland . . . I hope not.
A friendly chap . . . that everybody liked.
He married Anne . . . Anne Hathaway . . . and, yes . . .
Another pregnant woman . . . David's fault . . .
[Heywood laughs.] A complicated story, but the child,
A charming little girl, now nine years old,
They called Susanna . . . has been Willie's doll.
Then Anne gave birth to twins. They're Will's 'tis thought,
Though Anne's has ever been a roving eye,
Hamnet the boy . . . and Judith is the girl.
The boy is sickly, may not live for long.
But Will's had little family interest then,
Or interest in his father's glover's trade,
Or anything in Stratford. Off he went . . .
Became a soldier . . . off to fight these wars.
Unfortunately, he never has returned,
And we suspect he was a casualty.

HEYWOOD
Leaving his name, unchallenged, to the boy.

JENKINS
Yes, so it would appear . . . we've lost poor Will.
[More brightly.] When I retired from teaching, late last year, I had agreed with Master W. H. To come to London, where he'd have the chance to taste the rare excitement of this town. [Reflectively.] Then he became enamored of the stage. As you will learn, that young man has a will. We've shared a room . . . I've come to know him well . . . watched over him as if he were my son. But now . . . increasingly . . . he's been drawn in to vices of the street . . . and theatre world . . .

As he decides I've little more to teach . . . And Marlowe casts this special spell on him.

HEYWOOD
It's Marlowe's fate to haunt me . . . like my past.

JENKINS
He's gone to meet him now . . . I don't know where . . . And don't know what they do . . . when he'll be back . . . But you might challenge Marlowe at this game, for you're a stranger, with exotic roots, have been to France . . . can talk about his verse . . .

Get his attention . . . win the boy's respect. He looks at me and Stratford comes to mind. [Shaking his head, then changing the subject.] His father . . . now remarried . . . won't return, and knows that I will die within the year. He urges me to pass him on to one
Who'll be his tutor . . . make a man of him.
If you'd assume that challenge . . . I'd be free.

HEYWOOD
But you suggest that he's becoming wild . . .
Is hard to handle . . . I don't know that I . . .

JENKINS
Yes . . . very likely that will be the test.
He scorns most other people . . . shuts them out . . .
But wants to be a poet . . . like his "Kit."
And if he thought you'd help to make him one,
Then you'd have power . . . if he turned to you
To satisfy that growing appetite.
You heard him read his verse . . . what do you think?

HEYWOOD
A heavy ear for meter, I would say,
For almost every line's a little rough . . .
But then he reads so well he covers that . . .
The actor in his blood. As for the thought . . .
The narrative conception's pretty good
For one so young Where did he come by that?

JENKINS
Begin with Ovid . . . reading him at school . . .
He always was precocious, and those tales
Soon caught him up. He has an active mind . . .
His father's son. And then, more recently,
He's reading everything that he can find.
And Marlowe, too, is working on a poem
That comes from Ovid, and that turns on love . . .
As well as writing sonnets to the boy
That keep him in a giddy state of mind.
[To Heywood's reaction.]
How now, my lord? Does something that I've said . . .?

HEYWOOD
No . . . what you say of Marlowe and the boy . . .
I'll settle things with Marlowe anyhow.
All this but adds a piquancy to that.
Right now I must avoid that . . . crafty man . . .
If I'm to live in this small world with him . . .
As neighbor that I'm least prepared to meet.

JENKINS
In that case, do you dare to get as close
As tutor to the boy pursuing him.

HEYWOOD
[As if to himself.] And do I act as pander for
this boy,
This Cressida in spirit . . . if a male . . .
The Troilus, then, my greatest enemy? [Change of
tone.]
Well . . . so . . . so be it . . . if it must be
so.
If Marlowe has lewd passions for this boy,
I'll turn them to advantage, if I can.
How did it come about?

JENKINS
Two months ago,
As Willie was the Dido in his play,
With Marlowe always there, suggesting things,
He then assumed Aeneas' role . . . off stage.
One rainy night I think they found a cave.
The play was such a triumph for them both
That they became inseparable . . . it seems.

HEYWOOD
Ah . . . Marlowe. Well . . . I've promised him a
death.
Perhaps this boy can be a means to that.
If I found some attraction there before,
His charm has doubled with this added news.
So, yes, I'll take him on . . . I'll tutor him.
The Venus and Adonis, which I heard . . .
Some portion of . . . that Roman play . . .
And tutor him in other things as well.
But tell me, Thomas . . . you have read the play?
[Jenkins nods.] And is the boy a playwright, in
your mind?

JENKINS
He'd like to be . . . and he's been trying hard.
This Titus is a horror . . . I know that.
It's Senecan . . . [Laughs.] but outdoes Seneca
In both its homilies and ghastliness.
In blood and horrors it's too heavy far--
The mother eats her children at the end--
But that may suit the palate of the town,
Takes something from that tragedy by Kidd,
The Spanish Tragedy . . . that made his name . . .
So popular all playwrights were impressed.
Kidd lived as Marlowe's roommate for a time.

HEYWOOD
Marlowe again. [Laughs.] I'll have to tutor him.
[More directly.] We'll give this tricky exercise a try . . .
Engages me as I would be engaged . . .
Behind the scenes. Let him take center stage.
This Marlowe . . . thing . . . will be the added spice . . .
That he . . . that hot young passion . . . may lead me
To Marlowe's vulnerability . . . his heel . . .
To consummate a passion of my own
On that seductive friend of long ago.
Where are they at this moment, do you think?

JENKINS
I can't imagine. I don't think of it.
Prefer to leave your motives unknown, too.
I've never been clandestine in my life.
[More brightly.] I'm satisfied to see you undertake
The young man's tutoring. If you agree,
We'll work out the details these next few days.
I'm leaving England . . . plan to die abroad.
I'll stop and see his father briefly, then,
In Antwerp, on my way to Italy,
Where I'll go for the sunshine . . . and for rest . . .
I'm sure that, when he hears it, he'll be pleased.

HEYWOOD
But not a word of my identity!
Not to his father! That could mean my death.

JENKINS
Your secret's very safe with me, my lord.
I know that David Haecx was one of those
Who worked for Walsingham, for several years,
But when the Spanish were defeated, then,
He went back home to Holland... years ago.
He's married to an Englishwoman now...
Elizabeth... ah... Shott, her name, I think
... I met her once in Stratford... then they left.
He'll not be back to England... nor will she.
I've written some, regarding W. H.,
But haven't seen him since he brought her by,
Though, like his father, he's a generous man.

DAVID
[Sotto voce, to Robert.] He stayed there until
he died, in 1620, so outlived his son by four
years. But his father died in 1601, leaving W.
H. enough at the time to make him a wealthy man.

JENKINS
Since Willie's been my ward... these last ten
years...
I've watched him grow... from just a little
boy.
He was too much for me when I was strong...
But now... well now I'll let his father know
That Thomas Heywood, playwright, near St. Paul's,
Will take him as apprentice. He'll like that.
I hope that all goes well... for both of you.

HEYWOOD
I'll need a day or two to read his play,
Then should be ready, if you bring him by,
To talk to him... and we can settle things.
I have a hunch that I will find a way
To humor budding genius in the lad.
[Laughs.] I'll have him write a sonnet every day
... To Marlowe... as an exercise in rhyme.

JENKINS
All right... till Thursday, then. I'll bring
him here.
[As he is going.] And hope it proves rare luck
for both of you
To meet in such strange circumstances now. [He
leaves.]

HEYWOOD
[Calling to the other room.]
He's gone now, John. Come tell me what you think.

JOHN
[Coming in.] I heard it all . . . and wish you still in France.

HEYWOOD
[Laughs.] I've felt that way myself . . . from time to time . . .
But suddenly begin to feel . . . alive!
The hunt is up. A little action now . . .
Spiced with this sense of danger . . . what I need.

JOHN
Beware of Queen Elizabeth in this.
I have that lingering feeling that she knows,
Has always known, that you were still alive,
And takes a certain pleasure that she knows,
And knows that if she wishes you to die
She need but give the word to end your life,
Like some great game she watches from above,
Or ants engaged in all their earnestness
That she allows to live but by her whim.
Should you but seem to be a threat to her,
Or Walsingham get word that you're alive--
If you were still abroad this might be true--
Some information that she can't ignore
And there's an end--why suffer you to live?
But no one knows her temper--none can judge--
A favorite today--tomorrow what?
If you insist on plotting Marlowe's death,
How can you then remain anonymous?
[Looks at him.] Still . . . if it's so important
. . . I will help.
But please, Tom, let's be careful how it's done,
So no one else will know you were the man.
Then, afterward, it still would be the best
To leave the country quickly, if you can.
There is no hope to challenge her as queen,
Nor have I any wish to challenge her--
So long as she is queen, we'll be well ruled.
I don't know what will happen when she's gone--
She has no son for continuity.

[He steps back out of sight.]

HEYWOOD
[Talking to John in the other room.]
I'm in no hurry, John... I'll try to find
Elizabethan pleasure in the game.
What else is there to live for, do you think?
No, killing Marlowe is not all I want,
First let me have a little time to breathe,
To get a sense of what my options are.
It seems, till now, the luck has held for me... Let me breathe English air a month or two.
Then let fate deal the hand. I'll pick it up.
I'll work with this young man... this handsome boy...
He's hard to manage, is he?... we will see. Will see if I can fashion him a bit...
Then what will come with Marlowe after that? Well, let me savor expectation there.
I'll have the man... but choose the time and place.

JOHN
[From within.] I hear you, Tom. But careful as you go.
The fact that Jenkins knew you let's you know It's possible. If Marlowe sees you, then...
One word from him... and that might be the end.
But come look out the window.
[Heywood goes into the other room.] There he goes.
He can't have long to live... look how he moves.

HEYWOOD
And Willie leads the man a merry chase.
He's lost the boy to London... and its charms...
To Marlowe and the vices of the stage...
And you can see it hurts him... in his eyes...
Another thing to charge to that account.
ROBERT
[To David.] But how about the death of Marlowe? A few years ago a theory that Marlowe hadn't been killed, had gone into hiding and ghostwritten Shakespeare's plays, was popular. I think they even dug up his grave.

DAVID
How well I know. I followed that inquiry very closely, as you can imagine. But there was nothing to it. We'll see in a bit how both of our "Shakespeares" were involved in Marlowe's colorful death. Our author did plagiarize Marlowe's most famous line, but, as always, with a change, changing Helen's "face" to Helen's "price," taking Helen of Troy simply as a whore. Many have speculated about their relationship, of course, wondering about any animosity. The main reason is obvious—complicated as it may be by the jealousy of two homosexuals over a third, and perhaps by a certain amount of professional jealousy and envy—not unknown among writers even in our enlightened times. And, when Marlowe finally penetrated Salusbury's real identity, that posed a life and death choice and forced his hand. Still, the primary motive for the murder of Marlowe, from first to last, was revenge for distinguishing himself in giving evidence at the trial of the Babington conspirators. He was the most outspoken among Walsingham's young intellectuals, and, if not the most important witness against Salusbury, was the one he had had most reason to consider a friend before the trial.

ROBERT
[Heywood has returned, and, unnoticed, listens to this.] And how about the sonnets. Who wrote them? For whom were they written? Marlowe, for young William Haecx? Thomas Salusbury, for W. H.? As his lover or as his teacher? Or young Haecx himself? What's your theory on that?

DAVID
According to Thorpe's cipher, Marlowe wrote the
"Embassage," the "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day" set. He's less clear on the others, calling Thomas Heywood the "authors lover," whom the wealthy thief, W. H., wound into the sonnets' forgery . . . a bit puzzling. Some do sound like Salusbury, speaking as lover, but I think at least half were literary exercises, written, to some degree, jointly, then gathered into the sequence by Haecx, which, if the whole set was in his possession, probably was regarded as his collection. We don't have any sonnets attributed to Marlowe, and would expect some, so . . .

ROBERT
And you believe that Heywood revised Shakespeare's plays from the very beginning--from Titus Andronicus on? Then soon came to be the primary author?

DAVID
It certainly would explain what happened with Titus, wouldn't it? Heywood took a heavy-handed schoolboy imitation of Seneca and turned it into a black comedy--just couldn't resist it.

HEYWOOD
[To David.] It's still a bloody horror, isn't it?
Been seeing too much Kyd . . . and Marlowe, too.

. . .

And reading too much Seneca, as well,
And tried to beat all three in bloody deeds.
The curse of young ambition . . . to outdo.
The characters were flat, the speeches long,
I thought that I would have some fun with it.
You know the scene where Tamora comes disguised.
Says she's Revenge? Accompanied by her sons?
I most enjoyed the games we played with that.
[Comes back center stage, speaking to the audience.]
That's how we first became familiar,
In playing with that play. We laughed a lot.
And he was then Lavinia on stage,
A pixy with her hands cut off . . . was she . . .
[Laughs.]
Her "tongue cut out, and ravished," you'll
recall.
So, after that first act, the girl is mute,
But still on stage a lot . . . he relished that.
He was a good young actor . . . a delight!
You know . . . that play was popular for years.
With Venus and Adonis I cajoled,
Suggested changes, options, other words,
But let him lead, continuing to feel
It was his poem--and so it really was.
A Stratford friend then published it for him,
Which made his reputation as a poet.
I never claimed a credit line at all.
So his was all the glory . . . all the fame . . .
And I was working with him every day
Our play of wit became . . . most intimate.
[With a sweep of his hand.]
He moved into these rooms the second month . . .
With Jenkins off to France and Italy.
I never mentioned Marlowe to the boy . . .
But out of sight he was not out of mind.
We all were writing sonnets back and forth.
[Laughs.]
And he began to wonder who could be
This Rival Poet . . . poaching his preserve.
[To David.] Allow me, Mr. Bottrill, if you will,
To introduce the scene that's coming up.

DAVID
Why certainly. I defer to the master.
Check on the particulars around Marlowe's Dido--
could W.H. have been in it?

Should this scene begin two years earlier, in
1590, to make more sense in terms of
Shakespeare's career?

Joseph Hall, in his Satyres, 1597, attacks the
author of Venus and Adonis, whom he refers to as
"Labeo . . . for writing such licentious material
and for concealing his identity under another
name."

Move as much of Bottrill's comment into Heywood's
speeches as possible, particularly here at the
end.
Make more of Heywood’s homosexual attraction to W. H. ... and Salusbury’s to Marlowe before he is betrayed. Then let it be agitated by jealousy of Marlowe, who has already been writing sonnets to the boy.

Shakespeare--Act II, Scene 1

Act II--Scene 2

HEYWOOD

We move now six months later ... in the spring.
Young Willie is Lavinia to the town ...
But more and more the bright young man to me.
Comes Venus and Adonis from the press
Of Richard Field, a Stratford friend of his,
And John and I ... oh, John! We'll need your help.
Come in here long enough to exit then ... 
In haste ... when we see Marlowe coming in ...
We've come [Gestures.] to Horning's Book Shop just to see
The book, hot off the press and now on sale.
[To Robert.] Come help me move that table over here ... 
[Robert helps him move the table.]
To be a counter ... now that pile of books.
[Robert looks around, then hands him a pile of what look like professional journals from near the couch, just as John comes in from the other room talking to the bookseller.]

HORNING

Yes, just a boy ... I know. The author's name
Is William Shakespeare ... there upon the book ...
The name he goes by ... uses on the stage ...
You've seen him as Lavinia, I suppose.

JOHN

But William Shakespeare, then, is not his name?

HORNING

No, he is William Haecx. I know him well.
His father was a customer of mine.
He read a lot of books. His father, too ...
Old David Haecx, the family patriarch,
Would come in here . . . but that was years ago,
Before young William even had been born.

JOHN
His father's David Haecx? [Laughs.] I've heard the name.
Came here from Holland . . . chased here by the war.
"The younger David got Ann in that fix
The older David married Ann at six,
But either way the man was David Haecx."
Young William's mother was the Ann involved?
[Horning smiles and nods.]
Confusing case . . . perhaps that's why the boy
Prefers the name of Shakespeare. That way he
Avoids the complications of the name
And any scandal that might stick to it.

HORNING
Well, Haecx is Dutch. You see it in the boy,
So blond he is . . . so handsome for a man!
I hear he has admirers enough.
The father's back in Holland, as I hear.

HEYWOOD
Oh, oh! Speak of the devil. Here he comes.
Here's Willie now . . . with one "admirer."
It's Marlowe! Who begins to search for me.
But I don't care to meet him . . . not just yet.
Let's disappear. If Horning will permit,
We'll duck in his back room . . . and quickly,
John!

HORNING
Why . . . yes. You'll be completely out of sight.

[They exit, Horning going with them. Later
Heywood's shadow can be seen on the scrim, as he
listens to Marlowe. Marlowe and W. H. come in
from the front, without knocking, as they would
entering a book shop, Marlowe laughing.]
W. H.
I know he just came in here . . . where is he?
I saw him. Kit, then, looking up, saw you.
John Salusbury was with him . . . well, that's strange.
Don't see them now. They must have gone out back.
No matter how I've tried, these last few weeks,
To bring you two together, I have failed.
You've got so much in common. You should be
The best of friends. And then I saw him here,
I thought, "The perfect chance to introduce
My tutor and my friend . . . in Horning's shop."
I'd really like to hear just what you think

MARLOWE
[Starting toward the back to look.]
I'd really like to meet this mystery man.
This Thomas Heywood you're consorting with.
I've asked around . . . and no one seems to know
The slightest thing about him . . . where he's from . . .
Or what he's written . . . where he went to school.
My curiosity is running wild.
So, Willie, help. How old a man is he?

W. H.
I'd say about your age . . . not very old . . .
But he won't talk at all about his life.

MARLOWE
If he can write, he must have gone to school.
Then where? You say at Cambridge? I went there.
[Stops as he sees the books.]
But wasn't it because you had his help?
Ah, Venus and Adonis. [Picks up a copy.] You're a poet!
[Thumbs through the book, and laughs again.]
And what am I to make of this . . . young man?
To write this kind of poem before eighteen!
And plays as well! Titus Andronicus!
[Laughs.] A tragedy to haunt poor Seneca.
And now a comedy! A Plautus, too.
The Comedy of Errors. I declare.
Your reputation challenges my own . . .
You're but a boy. A lovely boy, it's true . . .
And full of promise . . . or of promises.

W. H.
I owe it all to you, Kit. You know that!
Why, from the first this poem was modeled on
Your Hero and Leander. But, of course,
Tom worked with me on it . . . as on the plays .

So we got finished first . . . and here it is.
He is a better craftsman, I admit.
He's working on revisions of some plays
That Burbage wants to do . . . some history plays

King Henry plays they tried to do before.
He's good at that, writes speeches Burbage likes.
He says he makes a king sound like a king,
And yet the lines are comfortable to speak.

MARLOWE
[Looking at the book.]
A little mystery . . . duplicity . . .
It seems you have a couple of new "friends,"
You dedicate this book to one of them . . .
Southampton . . . well, all right . . . I like him, too.
A poet needs a patron . . . but, meanwhile . . .
I'm seeing less of you . . . like yesterday . . .
Where were you when you said you'd be with me?

W. H.
I told you, Kit . . . the third act of that play . . .
It took more time . . . and what was I to do?

MARLOWE
I love a mystery . . . we both know that.
But other boy friends? Careful, Willie . . .
[Looks at the book.]
Especially Thomas Heywood . . . mystery man.
I've got a reputation to protect.
A dangerous man to meddle with, you know.
[He laughs, and looks at the book again.]
But here it is, the poem that you’ve produced.
Your Venus and Adonis . . . born so soon.
We met in Ovid’s pages . . . didn’t we?
And Virgil’s Dido was our go-between.
So don’t betray the things that we have shared.

HORNING
[Coming back in.]
Ah, Master Shakespeare! See! Your book is here!
Your Venus and Adonis may soon be
Young fellows have been buying it the most
To put beneath their pillows . . . some have said.
[Laughs.] And one remarked, "That rare Lavinia . . .
She cannot speak . . . but writes like one
divine."
Becoming a sensation in the trade.
Already looking forward to the book
You promise here . . . the one on poor Lucrece.

MARLOWE
Yes, you and Thomas Heywood are at work . . .
On sonnets . . . and the poem about Lucrece
We talked about. [Pause.] And so, I ask again.
Who is this man? I think that I should know
The writers in this town, my colleagues here,
And yet I’ve never heard of him at all.
About my age? Then where can he have been?
He has to come from somewhere! Gone to school!
A poet, too? What has he written then?

W. H.
I’m sorry, Kit, but I don’t really know.
He doesn’t talk about his childhood days.
I came to him through Jenkins, you recall.
An old school friend of his, perhaps. But no . . .
He said he went to Cambridge . . . Peterhouse . . . ?

MARLOWE
Yes, Peterhouse . . . you’ve told me that before.
But I don’t think so. I’d have heard of him.
I have a man who’s checking on that now.
That’s what we need, some tracks from where he’s
Some knowledge of this "rival poet" of yours.
And I must meet him . . . I might know him then.
You're such a scheming rascal, Willie boy.
I don't trust half of what you're telling me.
You're writing sonnets with him . . . as a game?

W. H.
Yes . . . he does one . . . then I do one . . .
then he . . .
An exercise . . . a challenge . . . nothing more.
I showed him some of yours, addressed to me.
Which he considered fine . . . spoke well of them.

MARLOWE
Oh, did you? And his comments spoke them fair?
They were not written as . . . an exercise.
Nor to be shared with others so profane
I thought of them as private . . . just to you.

W. H.
But Tom's my tutor, Kit. That's all he is.
Paid by my father. Just as Jenkins was.
And Jenkins made arrangements . . . don't you see?
He knew that he was dying . . . we all did . . .
And, with my father's blessing, passed me on . . .
So I'm Tom's charge . . . responsibility.
You know how conscientious Jenkins was.

MARLOWE
I know that you were fortunate to have
A man like Jenkins looking after you
For all those years . . . a sober sort of man . . .
So I was sorry when I heard he'd died . . .
But don't recall you calling Jenkins "Tom."
[Pause.]
I wish I'd checked this Heywood out with him
While he was still in London . . . still alive . . .
And came in here with Salusbury, you say . . .
That's Derby's son-in-law . . . no love for me.
Where are they, Horning? Do you know this man?
This Thomas Heywood . . . man of mystery?
HORNING
[Looking toward the scrim, where Heywood can be
seen, apprehensively.] "Well yes . . . he's been
here . . . is a customer.
And with John Salusbury . . . who seems a friend . . .
Who is the Earl of Derby's son-in-law.

MARLOWE
It's Derby's influence, with Strange's men,
And Salusbury's, perhaps, behind the earl.
That's getting him commissions on these plays,
Revising history plays . . . well, that's one way
To get established as "dramatist."
A friend of mine has seen the three of them
Together in a tavern, he tells me . . .
Last week . . . and looking like conspirators . . .
A friend who ought to know whereof he speaks . . .
Conspirators are bosom mates to him.

W. H.
I must get to the theatre, Kit. It's time
To get prepared to do our play today.
You're worrying too much . . . no reason to.
Just wait till you meet Tom. You'll get along.
I know you will. You think so much alike.

MARLOWE
Well, I'm still waiting . . . more impatiently.
And will this evening . . . Willie . . . be on
time!
[Brooding as he watches W. H. go, he then
brightens as he sees Frizer coming in.]

FRIZER
Ah, Marlowe! Here you are! Well, you were
right!
What Poley told you . . . Thomas Salusbury!
I testified against him at his trial . . .
Just like you did. And then heard he was hanged.
Out there in bloody Wales. Six years ago.
He's changed, all right . . . is older by those
tears . . .
And looks much more at home among the "folk."
If you know what I mean. Not such a snob.
But there's still that quick anger in those eyes.
[Laughs.] I saw it when he focused in on me . . .
And that's when I was sure that it was him,
I don't know if he knew I knew him through,
I tried to cover that the best I could.
But it was such a shock it may have shown.

MARLOWE
So . . . Salusbury! That's unbelievable!
But all the evidence was pointing there . . .
Just who he knows . . . is seen with . . . when
he's seen!
When Poley told me . . . well . . . I wonder how
And what his plans may be . . . involving me!
It's not just chance he's cornered Willie Boy.
And you, too, Frizer . . . must be on his list.
What do you think? I don't think wait for him.

FRIZER
[Shrugs.] If you still want to meet him . . .
size him up . . .
I probably could arrange it . . . through a
friend . . .
Set up a meeting somewhere safe for us,
On our own ground, among selected friends . . .
He still can be decoyed, my lad, I know . . .
Because he thinks he's smarter than us all.
And I don't think he knows we've tumbled yet . . .
Or not for sure . . . and that might bring him
there.
But then what? If you meet him he will know.

MARLOWE
Yes . . . then what? Well, we'll have to think
on that.
No . . . I'd still like to meet him, face to
face.
To call his hand on Willie, first of all.
I'd like to know what's going on with him.
But on our ground! When he first sees I know
He must be in our power . . . physically!
To hold him, if we want to . . . turn him in.
If it's a game he wants to play, I'll play . . .
But want to see I hold the aces then.
Arrange the meeting . . . but not here in town.
[Thinks.]
At Eleanor Bull's, in Deptford, if you can.

FRIZER
You like to play with fire, I'll say that.
I'd simply turn him over to the law.
From what I hear you've trouble of your own.
Friend Poley said you'd be in prison now.
If Thomas Walsingham were not your friend.
Can he protect you if you get involved
With someone who was sentenced to be hanged?
I've heard that Kyd was tortured and confessed
That you, not he, were author of those things
They found when they ransacked a room you shared
... Of being guilty of... I have it here...
[Takes a paper from his pocket.]

DAVID
[Sotto voce.] Thomas Kyd, the man who wrote The
Spanish Tragedy, had shared a room with Marlowe,
perhaps two years earlier. He was arrested and
put to the rack May 12, 1593, a few days before
this meeting.

FRIZER
I knew I'd see you, so I wrote it down...
[Reads.] "Heretical conceits denying the
Divinity of Jesus Christ our Lord."
He then went on to aggravate the case:
"It was his custom when I knew him first--
and as I hear continued to this day,
In table talk or any given chance--
To ridicule the scriptures, gibe at prayers,
And strive in argument to make a joke,
To frustrate and confute the holy word
The prophets and such holy men have spoke."

DAVID
You could be hanged, or burned at the stake, for
less, in 1593.

FRIZER
He claims that you said Christ had loved St. John
With "an extraordinary... manly love,"
St. Paul you called "a Jugler," not a saint,
That "things thought done by miracles divine
Reflect confusion on the part of men."
[Folds the paper back up and puts it in his pocket.]
A warrant then went out your arrest.
Friend Marlowe . . . it sounds serious to me.
So maybe meeting Heywood . . . Salusbury . . .
Should wait until you see what comes of this.
Is any of it true, or simply Kyd,
To save himself some pain, accusing you?

MARLOWE
It's complicated. I once trusted him.
I thank you for this news, and these details,
But knew about the warrant . . . and you're right.
It could be serious . . . I'm under charge
I've been commanded to appear each day
Before the Privy Council until cleared
Of all these charges . . . but I do have friends.
[Laughs.] I got the news at Walsingham's estate.
In Scadbury . . . [Then serious.] and think that I have done,
Her Majesty, the queen, some service past
That he can bring to bear upon . . . this joke.
Which brings us back to Salusbury's escape.
If Salusbury is still alive you see . . .
And I can get the evidence of that,
It might be all I need for Kyd's affair . . .
It's Richard Baines that I fear most right now.
For he's been giving testimony, too,
Accusing me of Atheistic views
That some of them will take more seriously . . .
Because he was an intimate of mine.

FRIZER
[Fishing the paper back out of his pocket.] I have that, too. I wrote down what he'd said:
"All protestants are asses . . . hypocrites,"
And . . . this the one I like the best: "Those who
Love not tobacco and . . . ah . . . boys are fools."
This Baines was once an intimate of yours?

MARLOWE
He poses special problems for me now.
No, it's important that I go ahead,
Move quickly now to meet with Salusbury.
Arrange it. Then, I'll see what I can do
To bolster up my sagging bargaining power . . .
Or, failing that, to settle one old score
Before these complications in my life
Make that impossible. Come, walk along . . .
Let's settle on the place . . . and lay our plans.

FRIZER
[As they leave.] Well, first of all, we'll need
at least two men.

HEYWOOD
[Entering cautiously, and looking after them.]
You heard them, John. Now tell me what you think.
Can I just keep on hiding . . . ?

JOHN
[Coming on from off stage.] No,
must act.
But how to act . . . to catch all these loose strings . . .
It's gotten pretty complicated now . . .
What with the boy . . . and pressure on the man . . .

But Marlowe is the problem. I have heard
Some gossip on this Atheism charge,
But I can check on that. We ought to know
What kind of trouble . . . and how much . . .
he's in,
So we can deal with him decisively
And lay the blame off on those "friends" of his.

HEYWOOD
[To John, as he's leaving.]
I know those men already . . . from the past . . .
But I don't want his troubles with the law
To rob me of revenge I've waited for.
Let them set up this meeting. I will go.
Let Marlowe think it's all in his control . . .
Surrounded by his cronies in their lair.
If I can't buy a man or two . . . and then!
I'll have him by the neck! Let Marlowe kick . . .
I'll hang him from a rafter in the house.
[Rubs his hands.]

ROBERT
[Directly to Heywood, who stands alone center stage.]
But what of W. H. in all of this?

DAVID
Well, wait for the next scene, and you'll see.

HEYWOOD
[With passion.] Ah, Mr. Bottrill . . . very nicely put.
[To Robert.] And thank you for reminding me of that.
I'll take revenge for sonnet writing, too.
[Exits to the rear, laughing.]

[The revelation pattern must be built more carefully--who finds out what about whom in what order.]

Identify the "Man," as someone who would have worked with Marlowe at the time of the trial. Is Frizer possible?

(May 18--Knoll, 21) for the charges against Marlowe.

Greene's comment on the "shake scene" would be about this time--work in reference.

Marlowe or Heywood as the "rival poet"

Heywood's connection to John Salusbury and the Earl of Derby, and so The Admiral's Men, should be strong--the jealousy there. Make more of this line of motivation.
Heywood

[Almost immediately returning to center stage, in high spirits, dressed for traveling. He addresses, first, David and Robert, then the two women, then the audience more generally.]
Yes, gentlemen . . . and ladies . . . if I may . . .
I think that I'll direct this scene myself,
[Rubbing his hands.] Look forward to the part I'll play in it.
I plan to conjure up, before your eyes,
That famous tavern scene . . . the one in which
That famous playwright . . . Christopher Marlowe . . .
Was done to death . . . assassinated . . . right?
Oh, you'll enjoy it . . . I'll enjoy it more.
So, settle back. But, first, let's set the stage . . .
A tavern common room . . . that table, please,
Let's lift it over here. It's evening now.
The 30th of May, in '93.
How well I still remember . . . everything!
Just three days after that last scene you saw . . .
At Horning's bookstore. Things are moving fast!

Robert

[As he and David help Heywood move the tables and chairs.] Is this the same tavern where you and Ben Jonson, and your other friends, worked out the version of Hariot's cipher game you used to communicate your story to the world?

Heywood

[Amused, but not really interested.] You know about the ciphers? But from whom?
Ah, there! All set! And now, please take your seats.

Robert

[As they join the women.] From Mr. Bottrill here. He's been working on deciphering those cryptic passages for years. [David smiles and nods.] You might have made it a little easier.

Heywood

[Laughing, and talking as he finishes setting the scene.] Well, well, how nice! From Mr. Bottrill here.
I wish you luck, sir. No one's cracked them yet.
But that was at a very different place,
Back there in London . . . not far from the Globe . . .
And much, much later [Stops.] ... in another world.
And, actually, I wasn't much involved. [Looking around.]
There's much less traffic in this little inn . . .
Out of the way . . . a frequent meeting place
For Marlowe and his ilk . . . his "special" friends [Laughs.]
Much more appropriate for secret deals,
Clandestine plotting, murder most bizarre.
It's Eleanor Bull's, in Deptford . . . down the Thames

ROBERT
You did murder Marlowe, then?

HEYWOOD
As Mr. Bottrill told you, wait and see . . .
Can't you! [Smiling at David.] Is this a play or isn't it? [Pacing up and down center stage.]
A little background first . . . the four I'll meet.
[Frizer, Poley, and Skeres enter from inner-stage left, talking to Marlowe, as they are introduced, and directed to their seats.
Marlowe then sits facing the audience and leans on his elbows on the table, in thought.]
First, Ingram Frizer . . . all are Marlowe's friends . . .
But Frizer, as it happens, came from Wales . . .
You saw him in the bookstore . . . that last scene . . .
Then Robert Poley . . . also met before . . .
The one who testified, for Walsingham.
That I opposed the killing of the queen . . .
Has been his secret agent all these years . . .
But he would sell his mother for a price.
And Nicholas Skeres, who . . . but I'll let you see.
They've been out in the garden . . . killing time . . .
And plotting the reception they'll give me.
It's evening now . . . and time to be surprised.
Not my surprise. I'll go prepare for that.
Then show, not tell . . . the best way in a play.
[Heywood begins to exit inner-stage left, but stops to listen to what the men are saying before slipping out.]

MARLOWE
You told him, then, that they'd be meeting here?

FRIZER
Oh, he'll be here. I'm Welsh as well, you know.
I told him I could tell that he was Welsh,
That something in his speech would echo mine.
That Welshmen would be meeting here tonight . . .
Might help him in adjusting to a town  
Where Welshmen, now and then, can use some help.

MARLOWE  
You think he'll come.

FRIZER  
I'm confident he will.  
I'm not sure what reception he expects,  
But saw his curiosity provoked.  
He questioned me about the time and place.

MARLOWE  
We'll catch him by surprise, then . . . when he comes.  
I'll have him then! [ Strikes the table.]  
And probably none too soon . . .  
For he's been known to hatch a plot himself.  
He knows who I am . . . and must want revenge  
For my part in their Babington affair . . .  
And that would go for Poley here as well . . .  
When we all thought that we had had him hanged.  
These past few days he's been as thick as thieves  
With Willie . . . now I wonder where he is.  
The two of them together . . . I suspect . . .

[ There's a knock at the door. ]

HEYWOOD  
[ Sticking his head back in. To Robert and David.]  
You hear the knock? Well, here's the first surprise.

MARLOWE  
[ To Frizer. ] Quick . . . get the door! He knows you as a friend.  
Then close it quick behind him, staying there.  
Don't let him get away. [ To Poley. ] You . . . over there.  
I'll stay right here . . . with Skeres . . . confronting him.

[ The knock again. Frizer opens the door, to reveal W. H. ]

W. H.  
[ To Frizer. ] I'm seeking Marlowe . . . Kit . . . oh, there you are.  
Thank God I found you. I've got urgent news.

MARLOWE  
Ah . . . Willie! I'm surprised to see you here!
W. H.
I came to warn you, Kit... he's coming here...

MARLOWE
Who?

W. H.
Thomas Heywood... coming here... tonight...
He's plotting something bad... I overheard
Him talking to a man... there at the door...
He thought I was asleep... so didn't know
That I could hear... was almost whispering...

MARLOWE
[Looking at the others, then back to W. H., exasperated.]
Excuse us, gentlemen... but don't go far.
[They hesitate, then follow one another out, inner-stage right.]
I know that, Willie! I've invited him!
I'm ready to confront him... set this trap...
Now that I know for certain who he is.
[Paces a bit, looking at the boy, then, as if resigned.]
Well... since you're here... I'll try to be content.

W. H.
You said you know who Thomas Heywood is?

MARLOWE
I knew him years ago... and knew him well...
And he had reason... then... to know me, too.

W. H.
Well... I've been working with him half a year.
And thought that I should know him well as well...
As well as I knew Jenkins... or know you.
And he had never mentioned knowing you
Before tonight... in talking to that man...

MARLOWE
No, Willie, no... you've known another man.
The man I knew was sentenced then to death...
Conspirator against Elizabeth,
In league, back then, with crazy Babington,
And other Catholics set to kill our queen,
And put Queen Mary on the vacant throne.
[To W. H.'s reaction.]
Yes, back when you were just... a ten-year-old.
His name is Thomas . . . Tom . . . but Salusbury.
He's Welsh, a nobleman, of Tudor stock.
His mother was a cousin of the queen's . . .
Which led to special favor at the trial--
Her sentence was that he be hanged in Wales,
Not drawn and quartered with the rest of them.

W. H.
A traitor to the crown? You know this Kit?

MARLOWE
I was a witness at the traitor's trial. [Reflective pause.]
Your father could attest to that as well . . .
Were he still here in London to be asked.
And all of us assumed he had been hanged.
So I could not believe he was alive.
Long after this man Heywood showed up . . . here . . .
A gift to London's theatres . . . and to you . . .
First as your tutor . . . then your . . . intimate . . .
Why would I think that he could be the same?
He must be well disguised . . . a clever man . . .
As you know well. But now I have the proof,
And will confront him with it here tonight.
Have brought these men . . . to see that he's secure . . .
To take him then to prison . . . then to hang!
And this time plan to witness it myself!

W. H.
It can't be true! I surely would have known
If Tom were such a man as you've described.
I've worked with him for months now . . . every day.
I know his work . . . like you, he works on plays.
A playwright . . . living in a simple room . . .
Where are the signs that he's a nobleman?

MARLOWE
Because he must stay hidden . . . out of sight!
That's why the things he's writing come through you!
[Pointing at him.] A screen protecting his identity
From those of us who'd recognize the man,
You're dealing with a dark conspirator
Evading lawful sentence for his death
With help from Derby . . . and his brother, John.

W. H.
John Salusbury . . . has helped . . . yes . . . with our plays . . .
MARLOWE
Because the two are brothers! Look at them!
The family features must still make that clear.
[A knock at the door. Sharply, to W. H.]
Ah, Willie . . . quickly now . . . get out of sight!
[The other three men come back in from inner-stage right.]
My room! Through there! [Points.] The first door on the left.
We'll have enough to do to deal with him.
Wait there until I call you! Quickly now!

W. H.
[Reluctantly.] Well . . . all right, but . . .
[Marlowe glares at him.] you must be careful, Kit.
If you should need my help . . . I'll be right here.
[He begins to exit inner-stage left. There is another knock.]

FRIZER
Then this must be our man.

MARLOWE
Yes . . get the door!
[Again to W. H.] Out, Willie! Out!
[To Poley.] And, Poley . . . over there!
Here Skeres . . . here at the table! Sit with me!

[Marlowe sits at the left end of the table, so that he commands the door, as Frizer opens it. Heywood stands there, only looking at Frizer at first.]

HEYWOOD
I've come as you suggested . . . all alone.

FRIZER
Ah, welcome to a Welshman . . . come right in!
Here, gentlemen . . . the man I've spoken of
Our playwright, Thomas Heywood . . . and he's Welsh.

[Heywood steps into the room and appraises the others, showing no particular surprise in seeing Marlowe, however.]

HEYWOOD
Not all of you are Welsh, it seems to me.
I see a man named Marlowe . . . that's not Welsh.
You said this was a meeting for the Welsh.
MARLOWE
And there's one Welshman here I thought had hanged
Some seven years ago . . . out there in Wales.
In light of that, you look extremely well,
And, Thomas, we must remedy that slip.
Where have you been . . . until these last few months?
To suddenly appear . . . a man with pen . . .
In London as a wand'ring sonneteer
A playwright with a passion . . . for young men.
[The shadow of W. H. begins to be seen on the scrim.]

HEYWOOD
Projecting your own passion on the world . . .
So little changed! It must be my old chum.
I thought that you might know me. I know you!
[Looking at Frizer, then back to Marlowe.]
So you contrived this meeting, didn't you?
Just like that other meeting you arranged
To corner me. What do you have in mind?

MARLOWE
Well, come and sit . . . and let us talk of that.
You know these men? That's Poley there, and Skeres.
[Heywood nods, as if meeting the men for the first time, then sits
at the far end of the table.]
And Frizer . . . get "his lordship" here some ale. [Frizer does.]
We'll have the host fix dinner in a bit.
You haven't eaten dinner, have you . . . Tom?
We'll have the time . . . and time to talk . . . of things.
Just like a friendly meeting of the Welsh. [Laughs.]

HEYWOOD
I'm at a disadvantage I'm afraid . . .
To find you here with men you call your friends.

MARLOWE
Well, yes, I hope so . . . but . . . one never knows.
[Laughs again.] I thought so seven years ago, but, then . . .

HEYWOOD
Then I was forced to flee, and live abroad.
Spend all those years in exile . . . thanks to you!
I'd see that smiling face of yours at night
In dreams of you as witness at that trial.
I swore I'd have revenge! Remember that?
When we were taken in that trap you set.
I mean to keep that promise . . . here tonight!

MARLOWE
Because you were a traitor to our queen!
Was then our queen, and still remains our queen!
In spite of all your Catholic schemes and plots!
And I remain as set as I was then
To see you brought to justice . . . see you hanged!
[Laughs.] And how can you expect to taste revenge?
The very fact we know you seals your fate.
So seize him men. And bind him to that chair!
[None of the men move, looking rather to Heywood.]

HEYWOOD
And so the best laid plans . . . may go astray.
Is that surprise? [Laughs in turn.] Why Kit . . . so confident!.
[The surprise of W. H. is registered on the scrim.]
These are my men . . . are Welshmen after all,
Prepared to seize you . . . when I tell them to.
I knew, you see. And how to taste revenge . . . ?
Yes, that's the question . . . after all these years.
How often I've indulged my dreams of that,
In thoughts of how to make revenge most sweet.
But you're the master of conspiracy,
The expert in intrigue. How can I hope
To hatch a plan as good as one of yours.
So what would you suggest? I say, "Your move."

MARLOWE
[Suddenly leaping to his feet, grabbing a knife from the table, and
confronting them all, but addressing Frizer.]
Is this true, Fri . . .
[Then the others.] Have all of you betrayed me? To this man?
A traitor to the crown? Condemned to hang?

FRIZER
I am a Welshman, Marlowe . . . as you know.
And what do I owe you . . . he offered more.
So I myself recruited . . .

MARLOWE
Then take that!

[He lunges at Frizer, wounding him on the head with the knife.]
FRIZER
[And the others.] Help me, my lord! The knife! His other arm!
A wild man! Savage beast! Hold on! I'm hurt!

[As they struggle, Marlowe also wounds Heywood.]

HEYWOOD
Hold on! Subdue him! There are four of us!
[Drawing his knife. after he is cut.]
Let's cut this short! Or he'll kill one of us.
[Frizer and the others finally grab Marlowe's arms, and Hey-
wood very viciously stabs him directly in the eye.]
You've seen enough! [As he falls.] Just payment for a spy!

W. H.
[Rushing in, apparently to help Marlowe, but, too late, he gathers
the dying man into his arms.]
Stop! Stop! Oh, Kit! How can I lose you now?
[Looking around hopelessly.]
Someone get help. [To Heyw-
do.
What have you done to him?
Oh, let me have him. Kit . . . what can I do?

MARLOWE
[To W. H.] Tell them he lives! Get word to Walsingham!
[He dies.]

FRIZER
[To Heywood.]
Now kill the boy. You dare not take the chance.

HEYWOOD
There is no need . . . tomorrow we'll be friends.
He'll feel some grief . . . we'll give him time for that . . .
But Willie's nothing if not sensible . . .
Of where his interests lie. A clever boy.
[To W. H.] We need each other, Willie. I need you.
To shield me from the Marlowes that I knew.
And you need me . . . if you're to write these plays.
Where would you go? To the authorities?
To testify that I killed Marlowe here?
But I'll be gone, and who'd believe that tale.
These men will have a story of their own.
And, since you've soaked yourself in Marlowe's blood,
Will claim a lover's quarrel. And who that knows
The temper of the man, and your young fire,
Will say them nay. Your arguments with him
Are gossip in the theatres of the town.
You'll be the one to answer for this crime--
If it's a crime to kill a treach'rous snake--
Much better to let Frizer handle this,
To let him deal with those authorities.

W. H.
I'll point you out . . . I'll tell them you're alive.
I'll make you pay for this! Yes . . . oh my God . . .
I don't know what I'll do . . . now Kit . . . is gone.
I don't know . . .

HEYWOOD
[Comforting him.] Well, I'll tell you what to do,
But first will tell you things that he did not,
To prove that what I've done had ample cause.
But, Frizer . . . as to Marlowe's . . . sad remains . . .
Take care of that. And tell them what you will . . .
A man like that . . . blaspheming atheist!
But this poor boy and I were never here.
Why complicate a simple homicide?

FRIZER
No need, my lord. His wildness is well known.
The wonder is that he has lived so long.

[Frizer and the others lift Marlowe and carry him off inner-stage left. Heywood begins to lead W. H. out the front door, but pauses to turn to David.]

HEYWOOD
And Mr. Bottrill, handle things out front? [Gesturing.]
Explain it to this patient audience.
[To the audience.] I'm sorry that I lost composure here.
[To himself.] I really am . . . I planned to take more time . . .
But you all saw . . . [To W. H.] and you saw . . . didn't you?
I had no choice . . . the debt was overdue.
Come with me now . . . we'll leave this all behind.
[He stops again as they exit out the front.]
But I'll be back . . . [Laughs ruefully.] just give me thirty years.

[This scene should perhaps close with a dramatic curtain scene, with W. H., who has discovered the identity of the one who has killed his lover, vowing revenge in stronger terms.]
Shakespeare--Act II, Scene 3

ACT II--Scene 4

[Naomi, Ethel, David, and Robert remain seated along the side of the empty stage, somewhat stunned, as if still contemplating the tavern scene. Then David gets up and moves center stage.]

DAVID
[Mostly to the audience.] Young W. H. would then have been seventeen, a precocious and passionate young man. In a matter of minutes here [A gesture at the scene.], along with a tremendous emotional shock, he has been given two important pieces of information about his mentor, Thomas Heywood: one, that he is really the condemned conspirator, Thomas Salusbury; and two, that he has killed Christopher Marlowe.

ROBERT
[Musing.] So you think it was a pre-arranged assassination? But Heywood was never accused of murdering Marlowe, was he? I'm trying to remember what I've read of Marlowe's death.

DAVID
In 1598, five years after it happened, Francis Meeres wrote, "Chris. Marlowe was stabbed to death by a serving man . . . a rival of his lewd love." That was the cover story, probably concocted by Skeres. By then Heywood might well have known his way around the London underworld, where recruits for a murderous undertaking were always available. But, in this case, he already had erstwhile acquaintance with Marlowe's own "confederates," one of whom had played an important role in saving his life through his testimony at the trial, as we saw, and another of whom was probably Welsh. And, from that earlier acquaintance, he knew them all as men who could be suborned . . . men who would do anything for a price.

ROBERT
But even that "lewd love" story seems more "romantic" than what I remember.

DAVID
Yes, I know. The official version, according to the coroner's inquest on June 1, 1593, was that, in an argument over the bill, Marlowe drew Frizer's dagger and wounded him on the head, then received a death wound above the eye from Frizer--who was quickly acquitted . . . as having acted in self defense. But it
still condemned Heywood to a life of intellectual slavery, for it gave W. H. this power over him, and, at first, his frustrated love for Marlowe no doubt gave him the passion to use it. Later, the motive probably did shift to monetary self-interest, as William Haecx, known to the London theatre world as William Shakespeare, continued to blackmail Thomas Salusbury, known to the London theatre world as Thomas Heywood, claiming Heywood’s work as his own, until the day he died, in 1616.

NAOMI
[Briskly.] I guess we’d better clean this place up a little . . . and put things back in order.

ROBERT
[As they are moving the furniture back into living-room position, and Naomi goes to get a mop.] But now, Marlowe was killed in what . . . May . . . of 1593? Young W. H. was 17? And lived until April of 1616 . . . when, if my calculations are right he would have been . . . 40?

ETHEL
Yes, he was 40 when he died, and was then buried there in the church in Stratford. [David nods.]

NAOMI
Isn’t that still some blood there? [They give her room to finish mopping.]

ROBERT
No, I think you got it all. That table goes over here. [He and David move it.]

NAOMI
Now it begins to look like our living room again. [As she goes out inner-stage right to the kitchen.] Please . . . everybody sit down. I’ll bring some tea.

ROBERT
[As they are taking the seats they had in the first scene.] That’s 23 years, half a lifetime. In a relationship where a boy, who over the years becomes a middle-aged man, is forcing a man, a man wise enough to write the plays of Shakespeare, to write almost two of those plays a year . . . by blackmail? How could that be sustained? [Heywood enters from inner-stage left as Robert is engaged in this speculation, looking 30 years older, but is not noticed by him until he speaks.] I’m just trying to reconcile that
with what I know of the publishing history of the plays. And
James would have come to the throne roughly halfway through
this period... in 1603...

HEYWOOD
[Laughs.] How often, in that span of years, I wished
I'd followed their advice and let them kill
The boy when we killed Marlowe you can guess...
As Brutus must have felt with Antony.
But I had power over him as well
You know.
ROBERT
What power over him?

HEYWOOD
Well, I was writing plays for him.
The patterns of relationship were formed
Before this thing with Marlowe... and remained.
And, as I pointed out to that young man
That very night, I could have had him killed--
Who would have known (or cared) if he lay dead
Beside the lover who had died for him--
Except that my affection held my hand...
And so it did... I always loved the boy.
You know, in spite of all, such feeling lasts.
[Sitting on the edge of the table center stage and speaking to the
audience by this time.]
He was a lovely boy... so fair... so bright.
And really was a writer... worked with me.
We were collaborators... in a sense...
Especially in those early days... ah, me.

ROBERT
So you weren't simply being blackmailed by an ambitious
predator for twenty-some years.

HEYWOOD
[Reflectively, as if not having heard.]
My grief was genuine when Willie died...
I really was surprised to find how much
Those early memories came flooding back...
For our relationship had changed by then.
Had changed inexorably in later years.
[To Robert.]
In those first weeks and months... with Marlowe dead...
He was tempestuous. He threatened me.
And I responded with an equal thrust,  
Met threat with threat . . . his passion with my own.

DAVID  
He and Marlowe had been close, hadn't they? The sonnets . . .

HEYWOOD  
[Somewhat abruptly.]  
"Marlowe is gone!" I said. "Face up to that!"
[More temperately.]  
He did . . . within three days digested that.  
Could see that mourning was no way of life  
For one who savored things . . . who liked to live.  
And he distrusted the "authorities,"  
Imbibing that from Marlowe and from me . . .  
Since both of us were outcast renegades.  
"Seek out the law? You might wind up in jail!"
[Laughs.] Advice that he received from all of us.  
He could hurt me . . . we both knew that, of course . . .  
But gaining what? And Willie looked for gain.  
I told him I'd killed Marlowe for his sake . . .  
In part . . . which was the truth . . . and promised him  
I'd help him get ahead in his career  
As actor and as playwright . . . as I had . . .  
Would help him get the notoriety  
I meant to shun myself . . . as dangerous.  
As we negotiated, play to play,  
In those first years, we made a working team.  
I did most of the writing, that is true,  
But he presented Shakespeare on the stage . . .  
Did all of the promoting of those plays.  
And dealt with me quite fairly, all in all. [Pause.]  
We came to know each other very well!  
Still lived together for a dozen years.  
But things did change. It seems they always do.  
The major change? Well, his inheritance . . .  
The money from old David made him rich.  
Invested in the acting company,  
They built that new Globe Theatre over there,  
And he took on a role in management . . .  
[Laughs.] My Willie . . . he became entrepreneur.

DAVID  
But there were always those who knew what was going on,  
weren't there? Already in 1597, when young Haecx was barely  
into his 20's, Dr. Joseph Hall, in his Satyrs, called Shakespeare a
Labeo.

HEYWOOD
[Laughs again, then to David.]
Well, yes . . . the Latin poet who would spend
The summers in his villa outside Rome.
He did begin to spend a lot of time
In Stratford . . . looking after property.
Increasingly his passion, as he aged . . .
And so bourgeois . . . that lust for property.

DAVID
But Hall also condemned him for "writing licentious material," and
for concealing his identity under another name. So, obviously,
some people knew that "Shakespeare" was not Haecx's real
name . . . but still thought he was writing the plays.

ROBERT
But did they really think that . . . that under whichever na-
me, he
was writing all the plays? Two a year?

HEYWOOD
Why not? The plays were coming . . . every year . . .
And coming to the theatre in his hands.

DAVID
It was probably like it is with television or movie scripts now,
where few people really know who the primary author is. Or
care! But the Lambs noticed the similarity in style between work
published under the name Heywood and Shakespeare's work, in
a famous essay almost 200 years ago. And the ciphers leave little
doubt about it. There were those who knew the real situation,
weren't there?

HEYWOOD
I had some friends who knew the story well,
And others, mostly in the theatre world,
Who knew I wrote the plays that Willie then
Presented to the world in Shakespeare's name,
Which, as years passed, and he became transformed
From young ambition to entrepreneur,
From that young boy who played Lavinia
Delighted by the town, and by the stage,
Who'd hoped to pass his father as a poet,
To one engrossed in property instead . . .
A calculating theatre manager . . .
We had less common ground . . . we drew apart . . .
Each his own friends . . . and each his memories.

NAOMI
It's hard to think of Shakespeare becoming that kind of man, isn't it?

ETHEL
[Laughs.] We see transformations like that all the time. As our own teenagers become adults . . . then middle-aged.

ROBERT
But I thought the contemporary tradition was that Shakespeare was a shy and gentle man. That "gentle Shakespeare" could hardly have been either the William Haecx or [Looking at Heywood.] the Thomas Salusbury we have met. How do you account for that?

ETHEL
By how little the public knows. I've heard that even Bing Crosby, who seemed to be so easy going . . .

DAVID
[To Heywood.] And what's in a name? Right? I have argued that you satirized that more "mature" W. H. as Armado, in Love's Labour's Lost, through the mouth of Holofernes . . . himself a "portrait" of Thomas Jenkins, our dedicated schoolmaster? . . . as a very boorish person indeed. Let me read the lines. [Again he takes cards from his pocket and shuffles through them for the one he wants.] Ah, here it is. [He reads.] Love's Labour's Lost, V, 1, 10-16:

Novi hominem tanquam te; his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Now that's a character sketch! [Heywood smiles.] Of a man who was acquiring theatres, town and country property, and publishing rights . . . but not spending much time writing plays.

HEYWOOD
Yes, less and less. But, on the other hand,
How do you know he didn't write those lines?
[Heywood falls to musing, as if hardly listening to what David is saying, as David is hardly conscious of Heywood's presence in relating his bits of evidence, as he is now sorting through note cards he has taken from his pocket.]

DAVID
And the Troilus and Cressida epistle, for example, tells us that Bonian . . . another of W. H.'s pseudonyms . . . was a poet, but a forger and a fraud, "as Bonian he thieved the title W.S. Th. Sausbury oft the writer, Haecx titleth at Stationers Hall, nor paid Thomas its value." [Back to Heywood.] And don't you agree that the cipher hidden in Thorpe's dedication to the sonnets perhaps gives the best insight into what the Haecx/Heywood relationship had come to be in those later years.

HEYWOOD
Well. Thorpe had been a friend of Marlowe's, too. So had his biases . . . was Willie's friend. But that reminds me . . . speaking of our friends . . . Some friends of mine are coming by for me . . . So I should get some things that I might need.

DAVID
Well. Thorpe says plainly that W. H. was a wealthy thief, living on the profits of blackmail. And, according to John Marston, he was a very tempestuous person.

[Heywood moves off, inner-stage left, almost unnoticed.]

ROBERT
And there are many problems of textual transmission that I'd like to ask about . . . "bad quartos" and things like that . . . since the First Folio was my dissertation area. What about "publishing rights"? To Troilus and Cressida for example? Once W. H. was dead, who owned them? [Notices Heywood is gone.] But where . . . ? Well . . . And how could Heywood have written almost everything we ascribe to Shakespeare, plus the plays he is already credited with? That's a lot.

DAVID
Heywood had the reputation of being the most prolific author of his time. He himself claimed to have written or "had a main finger in" over three hundred plays. Where are they otherwise?

NAOMI
And all those many years Thomas Heywood was only a
pseudonym for Thomas Salusbury?

DAVID
Of course. Thomas Heywood is still a very shadowy figure, as a historical personage. The DNB has made every effort to establish his vital statistics, but, as of now, such basic information as place and date of birth, and where he was educated, are unknown. This all seems to add up to a non-person. Fortunately we have such witnesses as Ben Jonson to tell us that Thomas Heywood was indeed Thomas Salusbury, and such evidence as the Troilus cipher to tell us that he was "Bonian's" victim.

ETHEL
And a number of people must have known at least part of this, but found it politic to conceal or ignore it, as John Salusbury suggested Elizabeth herself may have known about Thomas Salusbury still being alive even before he returned to England, and chose to ignore it, as long as he would behave himself--since he was no longer a threat to her, and since she was always fond of his "adventurous" mother. And particularly after he began to write such good plays for her, I suppose.

ROBERT
That’s an interesting idea.

DAVID
A number of people, yes. John Davies of Hereford was an admirer and friend of the poet, for example. The two concluding lines of his epigram number 159 read, "And honesty thou sow'st which they do reape;/ So, to increase their stockes which they do keepe," a veiled but clear picture of the Haecx-Heywood extortion.

NAOMI
And this went on for what, over twenty years? Thomas Heywood . . . Thomas Salusbury . . . must have lived to be a very old man, then. How old?

ETHEL
If he was born as Thomas Salusbury in 1561 and died as Thomas Heywood in 1641, he lived to be eighty. Right, David?

DAVID
About forty years in each century. [Choosing another card.] And Ben Jonson’s cipher describes his situation in Haecx’s employ: "Were Thespans sedulous as that whatever/ wilgil barns
be striv't Heywood cannot/ recant his links now own he the poet." There was no escape. He had to keep supplying Haex with materials for exploitation on the Globe stage and else-where, which that wily entrepreneur registered at Stationers' Hall, confirming Davies' "So to increase their stockes which they do keep."

ROBERT
And you think that nothing really changed when Elizabeth died and James became king, in 1603.

DAVID
No, but Heywood evidently hated James, as did most of the intellectuals of the day. He makes that known in almost every cipher he wrote. His favorite term for him was "a tinsel Christ." This may stem from his first encounter with the king, as described by John Chamberlain, whose fine letters covered every phase of English life under James. English historians of the time, and even later, praised the king fulsomely for his good works, morality, strength, and so on, but he was really an unclean, selfish cheat, with a taste for pretty young boys. When Elizabeth died he was about to be charged with complicity in the murder of two Scottish noblemen, to whom he owed a large sum of money. The story followed him to London, where the Globe's playwright promptly turned it into a play. But let's let Chamberlain tell the story. [He selects another card from those he has taken from his pocket, and reads.]

London Dec. 18 1604
To Ralph Wingood:
"The tragedie of Gowrie", with all the action and actors hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people, but whether the matter or the manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that Princes should be plaide on the stage in their lifetime, I heare that some great counsailors are much displeased with it: So it is thought shall be forbidden.
Yours most assuredly,
John Chamberlain.

So the bad will of the king probably kept Heywood on the defensive. In the opening lines of his tribute to the poet, John Davies says, "Had thou not plaid some Kingly parts in sport/You had bin a companion for a king."

ROBERT
The dramatization of James experience in Scotland?
DAVID
Yes. The Gowrie matter would have been serious for James, who feared assassination, so he is not likely to have taken such an affront lightly. It is amusing to imagine the character of James some of the finer Shakespearean comedians might have created... the slobbering little man who thought he was God. Davies' tantalizing line that the part was "plaid in sport" suggests something of this kind. No wonder it was a "hit," for all sorts of people.

ROBERT
But what about Macbeth?

DAVID
True, Gowrie was followed the next year by Macbeth, which Sir Walter Greg sees as an attempt to win the king's favor... but evidently without much success. Judging from several of Heywood's cipher references, the estrangement was complete... and he evidently despised James.

ROBERT
So... though he no longer had Elizabeth to fear, he had to be just as wary of James for this satiric activity. But how could W. H. blackmail him for that? I would have thought that...

HEYWOOD
[Coming back in, with a pile of things he puts on the table, in time to hear, and laugh at, the last comment.]
He never would have thought of such a thing...
For he was an accomplice after all,
As much at risk as me regarding James.

ROBERT
If I understand what you're saying, yours was basically a working relationship... that worked pretty well.

HEYWOOD
And both of us were comfortable enough.
For I was paid for writing plays... by him.
And what his company, by now the "King's,"
Did with those plays... well that was up to them...
And keeping out of trouble with the king,
And all his men, was more their care than mine.

ROBERT
So you had no part in the management of the Globe, did not
share the profits, were not a member of the company. But what about this? The First Folio was published in 1623, seven years after William Haecx had died, but while you were still very much alive . . . and would be for almost twenty years.

HEYWOOD
[Smiles.] That's nice to know . . . I still have twenty years? But hardly any author held the rights to plays he sold to players in those days. It's true that plays by "Shakespeare" make a set that terminate with our friend Willie's death . . . For he was Shakespeare to his company . . . To all of London . . . while he held the stage. And now this book . . . collecting all those plays . . . That's what these friends come by to talk about.

ROBERT
I'm trying to remember the dates of the "Heywood" plays. A Woman Killed with Kindness . . . I'm pretty sure was much earlier . . . but I'll have to look and see. And I know that the dates are tricky.

HEYWOOD
Some twenty years ago, as I recall.
But . . . [There is a knock at the door.] this may be your answer at the door.
As Socrates . . . or Mr. Bottrill . . . says, "We're best to listen first to those who know."
[To the audience.] I think these men will take me for a drink.
Off to the Mermaid Tavern . . . know the place?
The time is 1622 . . . in spring . . .
Of that same year that that notorious book . . . First Folio of Shakespeare . . . will appear,
Descend upon a world . . . [Laughs.] not ready yet.
[He opens the door to Jonson and Holland.] Well, gentlemen! Yes, please come in! Your hosts are sitting over there . . . and won't complain . . .
[Laughs.] We've killed a man while they were sitting there.

JONSON
[To Heywood, paying no attention to the others.] Well, Holland thought it best to speak to you . . . About this book of plays . . . this folio . . . That Heming and the others at the Globe, Are soon to publish . . . under Shakespeare's name.
HOLLAND
Yes, Jaggard's shop has finished it at last.
We know you wrote those plays . . . or most of them . . .
But William Shakespeare is the name they'll bear . . .
As half of them already bear that name
Since they've been registered by Haecx that way.

HEYWOOD
They always called him Shakespeare . . . all his life.
I don't begrudge the credit . . . Willie's dead.

JONSON
But truth is truth. He didn't write those plays.

HOLLAND
We know you wrote the plays . . . but . . . well, Tom, then,
What is your feeling . . . as this book appears?

HEYWOOD
I talked to Heminge, Condell, and the rest,
About their plans when they first thought of this.
I cannot gain a thing by challenging
The authorship of plays I sold to them.
It's their deal with the printer . . . none of mine.

JONSON
It may not mean a thing to you right now,
But think of generations yet to come.

HOLLAND
They're asking us for verses for the book,
And Ben had this idea . . . tell him Ben.

JONSON
That we should try to get the fact that you
Were author on the record, let them know . . .
Those future generations . . . four of us . . .
Through introductory verses in that book
Where thirty-five or forty of those plays
Will be collected . . . all in Shakespeare's name.

HOLLAND
We thought that . . . in those verses . . . we might use
The cipher you employed in Stratford's church
To make that monument say . . . other things . . .
The one that Thorpe used . . . many years ago . . .
When he first did those sonnets . . . and the one
That Hariot and others used to use.
For we are all familiar with that . . .

JONSON
Then those who learned to read between the lines
Would read there who was author . . . in the book.

HEYWOOD
An interesting exercise, at least.

JONSON
We've been experimenting . . . come along . . .
We'll show you what we have. Marston and Digges
Are waiting at the tavern . . . by the Thames.
[They leave by the front door.]

DAVID
It's in the forward to Willoughby His Avisa that the word game
devised by Hariot first occurs, so far as I know. [Digging out his
cards.] Digges' cipher gives the cause of W. H.'s death as an
angina. Jonson's called W. H. a "sterile writer" (2-5), and
Marston's a "trivial and decadent poet" (5-17).

ROBERT
But you still think W. H. had actually done some of the writing in
the early part of the relationship?

DAVID
There was probably a compulsion on his part to try to equal his
father, who, by 1600, had become a national hero and beloved
poet in Holland. David Haecx, Jr., referred to his son in his
poems, in fact. The boy had tried hard to bring off something
brilliant with Venus and Adonis . . . competing with Marlowe,
among other things. But the tutor had had to re-write it,
according to Heywood's cipher in Love's Labour's Lost (8-7).

ROBERT
And you'd argue that the "myth" of Shakespeare's "identity" was
created in good part with the publication of the First Folio,
claiming all of those plays as his. And the reason there is so little
comment on Shakespeare, as Shakespeare, during his stage
career is because there was no such man.
DAVID
Right! There is a sense in which that book did establish the "identity" for future ages. That's why the true author's friends felt it so important to get their message into its preliminaries.

ROBERT
But the Folio spelling would have been the compositors' spelling for all of these ciphers. I'll have to go back and look at the compositor evidence for those early pages.

DAVID
Yes, do so. But they might well have made an exception there... on the insistence of Jonson and the others that following their spelling exactly was important in this instance.

ETHEL
You also have some evidence that Heywood spent time in Stratford, don't you, David?

DAVID
Ah, yes, Heywood's Stratford connection... that he was a guest, a boarder, or even a prisoner there... well... perhaps. [Again, his notes.] The strange statements by Ben Jonson (-4,5), Leonard Digges (-3), and Hugh Holland (-26), going so far as to indicate that Haecx had been appointed Heywood's guardian, suggest some kind of formal restraint on him.

ROBERT
You mean that he was physically restrained in Stratford... even after W. H. retired? That's hard to believe.

DAVID
The evidence isn't clear, and I wouldn't go that far, but, much as Heywood might squirm, he could do little to improve his condition until that "angina" laid Haecx low, after which Digges says he was able to flout the guardian restrictions (4-3), which probably means able to sell his plays in his own name. And after 1610, it's true, Heywood's output as Heywood did increase substantially. I have even imagined that it could have been a confrontation, in Stratford, that brought on W. H.'s heart attack.

NAOMI
[To David.] You get so involved in this story, with all of these people, know so much about them... and can read between the lines of what they're saying. You must take a lot of pleasure in that. But I've never heard of most of them before, and I wonder
how they could have thought that anyone coming after they were all dead could ever read these complicated ciphers.

DAVID
Well, it wasn't easy! And yes, I certainly do enjoy it! I suspect that there are many, many comments, perhaps hundreds, tucked away in cipher in the forewords of English books of that period. I recently re-translated some of the lines in that Leonard Digges poem in the first Folio, for example. He refers to the pseudo-Shakespeare briefly as "original but spoke a strange ipsedixish wamblat." Now that sounds very puzzling, doesn't it?

NAOMI
It does to me.

DAVID
But it is true to the situation, is very meaningful 17th century language, and means what it says. Wamblat was the middle-English word for tripe, and ipse dixit is the famous "He himself hath said it" of the Pythagoreans. [Looks around at the others.] But I'm afraid I've indulged an old man's penchant for reminiscence.

ROBERT
What have you done by way of trying to publish all of this?

DAVID
I prepared what I considered a well reasoned argument for the validity of the ciphers I had discovered, after years of research, and sent it in to the University of Chicago's alumni magazine, a quarterly with a strong literary flavor. The editor, seeking guidance concerning its value, sent it to the English Department. There it fell into the hands of a so-called Shakespearean expert who, being a true Stratfordian, considered it his duty to throttle it with ridicule, adding a couple of insults for good measure, and misquoting Dr. Friedman in the process. The editor, rather maliciously I think, sent me some excerpts from the professor's opinion to show which way the wind was blowing . . . from the Stratford Foundation, of course, which is to literature what Newton is (or once was) to physics. On three other occasions, in fact, publishers I have approached have turned the matter over to university literary men, who dutifully reported back that the work was useless, one characterizing it as "the work of a nut," another as "crackpotty."
ROBERT
I can see how you'd be annoyed. All as the result of a special interest conspiracy, you think?

DAVID
From a publishing base, the Stratford Foundation operates a whole empire of hotels and bus-touring facilities--almost a kind of Disneyland. Its power is unbelievable. It is the "Mother Church" to a fanatical following, similar in its methods to other financially successful groups, like the Christian Scientists, the Mormons, and others who spring up from time to time in the USA, and for whom "cash flow" from TV watchers is the life blood. The present leader is Dr. Rowse, and the Folger Library in Washington D.C. and Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, are both official branches. It's almost impossible to buck such authority. My hope has been to find an American publisher not under their influence, but so far without success. Some are wildly enthusiastic at first, but then quickly cool off. Nothing will convince me that the SF is not in some subtle way responsible. The best evidence I have is a letter [Searching in his inside pocket, but without success.] from Sir Huw Wheldon, Chairman of the Court of Governors, University of London, and a former head of the BBC, whom I had approached in view of their imminent production of the Life of Shakespeare.

ETHEL
Well, there are still those who have faith in your work.

DAVID
I know that, Ethel, and appreciate it. It's a great encouragement. [He stands, to move off, inner stage.] Well, I must leave you now. I've often thought that this story would make a great play, on the model of one of Shakespeare's own. But I know there are many problems with that—for I've tried it. I really believe in my heart, Ethel, that you're the one person most suited to steer the story into paperback, as a non-scholarly but intensely interesting mystery, capable of assimilation by readers of period history novels, by Lady Fraser, Daphne du Maurier, Mary Renault, and many others. But we've talked about that.

ETHEL
It's true that the scenario is packed with dramatic confrontations, poisonings, blackmail, assassinations, and court intrigues. There is a wealth of material.
DAVID
And such a book might stimulate the search for additional ciphers in Elizabethan literature. Who can guess what might turn up if computer techniques were adapted. My research material has been collected over a period of 15 years, some from the Folger Shakespeare Library, some from the British Museum, and the rest when I spent some weeks at the Welsh National Library, where my old friend, Mr. W. J. Smith, R. R. Hist. S., had arranged for me to do my research on the Salusburys' family history. Smith was, until his retirement, Chief Archivist of the Greater London Council and director of records there. During the war he was responsible for the safekeeping of all the precious documents, such as the Magna Charta. He put them in slate caves in Wales. [Smiles.] But that's another story. [He exits on these lines.] I leave all of this in your capable hands, Ethel. You have copies of everything. And you have this tape. [The tape kicks out as he disappears.]

NAOMI
[After the others look at one another for a moment, not sure what to think.] Look how late it's getting. Time for you to go out, Shakespeare. [She goes to the door and lets the dog out.]

ROBERT
So, your cousin, David, has developed this theory that Shakespeare was really two other fellows.

ETHEL
You could say that . . . though I don't think David would care for that phrasing. I, myself, think that the evidence is overwhelming, don't you?

ROBERT
[Takes the tape out of the player and looks at it.] Leave this with me, if you will, Mrs. Griffing. I'd like to think about it. I like your cousin's idea of turning it into a play . . . but I'm not sure just how.

ETHEL
[Putting on her coat and moving to the front door.] All right. You have my address and telephone number in Yuma, and the number of my son here in Topeka. I'll help in any way I can.

ROBERT
Thank you for coming. It has been very interesting.
NAOMI
[Appearing at the kitchen door.] Goodby, Mrs. Griffing.

ETHEL
Ethel, please, Naomi. Goodby. [Leaves from the front door.]

ROBERT
Goodby. [Shuts the door after her. The dog is heard barking randomly.] Well, what do you think? Dr. Hinman used to call this kind of theorizing about the identity of Shakespeare "lunatic fringe" scholarship . . . like one of Mr. Bottrill's "academic" scholars might have.

NAOMI
He would probably see Dr. Hinman as part of that Stratford Establishment, then.

ROBERT
He was certainly that. He gave a quatra-centennial lecture of some sort there.

NAOMI
Well, I don't know what to think, but I don't think that matters much. They both seem pretty convinced.

ROBERT
And it is interesting. I'll listen to the tape again some time.

[Robert goes back to his study, Naomi to the kitchen. The lights fade gradually to complete blackout. Then the dog is heard barking. Footsteps cross the stage in the dark. The door opens.]

NAOMI
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Stop that barking. What's wrong with you tonight? You come in here! [After a few seconds.] Where are you? Shakespeare?

THE END

Hall's Satyrs on W. H.'s Labeo pattern and concealed identity (12)

Troilus and Cressida epistle, "Bonian thieved the title" (-27), David Haecx "contrived the omission of the scholar (age 7) from trouble and shame."
Was LLL, V, 1, 10-16, revised to accommodate the Armado portrait? Its textual history? Cipher in LLL says Heywood wrote Venus and Adonis.

How old was W. H. when Ann Hathaway became pregnant?

John Shakespeare's first request to the Herald's College for the right to bear arms in 1566.

Where was Salusbury supposedly hung--London--Chester--Wales? How long has Heywood been back when Marlowe is murdered?

King James "taste for pretty young boys" (7-21)

Heywood as actor--Marchette Chute, Shakespeare of London, p. 93.

The Clough--Antwerp--Haecn connection. And the Holland connection--when was the Haecn family there? When did David Jr. return? His Walsingham connection? The Dutch National Anthem? Trace through the dates for each character.

Ruben's mural--Sh as Haecn on his deathbed, surrounded by Duality Theory Characters (J. W. Bergsneider, Bres, 1972.)

Time Line
1557, Marriage of Anna du Carne to David Haecn, Sr.
1561, Thomas Salusbury born.
1564, Birth of both Marlowe and Shakespeare
1592, Catherine of Beraine died, aged 57.
1593, May, Christopher Marlowe is killed.
1600, John Salusbury knighted by Elizabeth.
1601, The Phoenix and the Turtle about John Salusbury and his wife at the time of their marriage?
1612, Death of John Salusbury
1616, April 23, Death of W. H.
1681, Thomas Heywood dies.

Bottrill's The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit

17 Use of abbreviation and dropping of vowels in the cipher system.

18 Times crossword puzzle comparison.
DAVID "If you'd spent the time I did going through the papers of the Llewenni family in the Welsh National Library at Aberystwyth, you'd know how prominent the Salusburys were in Elizabeth's time, and the story of Katherine of Berain and her four husbands was legendary. Her son Thomas had the pattern for his Lady Macbeth. It was notorious, for example, that Clough had proposed to her at Salusbury's funeral.

Morris Wynn?

Elizabeth's letter on Salusbury's execution.

John Salusbury an important courtier. Why was so little attention of the kinds you would expect paid to Shakespeare during his life, at the time of his death and in the few years after?

When was the Globe built? With money W. H. inherited in 1601? Make more of the shift as W.H. gets older and more property oriented. (But LLL is too early to be a portrait of this--unless there were a revised version at this time--check). The plays being entered at the Stationers as his, as owner, if he was the primary investor by this time, would be understandable.

More comment on how difficult they are finding the ciphering--and what is in each. Some wanting to give Haecx his fair share of the credit.

The identity is in good part a function of The First Folio--neither Heacx nor Heywood taking credit.

W. H.'s strongest Stratford connection was property, of course, the Shakespeare property that his grandfather had purchased, plus property that he himself invested in over the years. When his grandfather died in 1601, he left him a comfortable inheritance, after which, thanks to his money, he probably became the primary voice in the management of the Globe Theatre, for example. But he also invested in Stratford property, then evidently did more or less retire back to Stratford after 1610. It would have been natural for David Haecx, Senior, probably working through his friend and in-law, lawyer Collins, to have brought the Shakespeare property up to the Dutch standards of management. The unprofitable land may have been sold and an arrangement made with the two women, Anne and Mary, to board and care for young Will Haecx through his school years...
schoolmaster, Jenkins (3-23) . . . and he also confirms Jenkins' friendship with Heywood.

ROBERT
But Salusbury wouldn't have been drawn to Stratford while Jenkins was alive, would he?

DAVID
No, no. As a Denbighshire clansman Jenkins was answerable to the Llewenni trumpet call of the Salusburys, and had come to know Salusbury well during their Oxford days. They would also have shared a dislike of English chauvinism . . . all the Welsh references in the Shakespeare oeuvre are favorable, while most English writers of the time belittled the Welsh . . . but, no, there is no evidence of Salusbury in Stratford. It would have been later . . . as Heywood.

Shakespeare--Act II, Scene 4

Jump Home To The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit Home Page

Mail Direct Production Inquires about THEY CALLED HIM SHAKESPEARE to Ethel Avery Griffing at avrycifr@primenet.com

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About The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit e-book

The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit is presented here as an electronic book or e-Book using the Writer's Dream program. This is an elegant and simple way to organize and present text and illustrations, much like a conventional book without the expensive overhead of print publication.

System requirements:

- IBM-PC compatible computer 640 Kb Memory recommended
- SVGA - 640x480 256 color display
- Hard Disk with at least 9 Mb free space - for the archive files AND the expanded files


To use the e-Book, AFTER DOWNLOADING THE E-BOOK FILES HERE, simply change to the directory containing the The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit files and type GO at the DOS prompt. You are presented with the table of contents menu. Use the Up and Down arrow keys (or mouse if attached) to highlight the Chapter Title or Illustration you wish to see and press Enter.

While viewing the text of any chapter, use the Up and Down arrow keys to scroll through the text. Press Esc (Escape key) to return to the table of contents.

Viewing an illustration is the same as with selecting and viewing text but there is no scrolling necessary. Simply press any key to return to the table of contents.

Pressing Esc is always your way out. Writer's Dream has a nice book mark facility allowing you to return to the same place you were reading at the time you ended your previous session.

Writer's Dream also allows you to customize your viewing with color changes, sound effects, printing and even automatic scrolling of text. Like the book mark feature, your preferences are saved when you exit so you don't need to reset them each time. While viewing any text press F1 (Help) for a complete list of viewer preferences.

The Will Shakespeare Who Dunit is organized on the main menu with the chapter titles on the left and the illustrations for each chapter identified with an i-. I suggest viewing all the illustrations for a chapter first. The actual text is detailed and relates to the illustrations so, if you know what the material looks like, the text becomes that much more meaningful.
If you prefer a printed copy of any chapter, select the desired chapter on the main menu and press Enter. While the text is displayed press P to begin printing. The print facility of Writer's Dream is very basic. A complete list of the ASCII text files for each chapter is provided here. If you have a word processor you may prefer to print the chapter, or part of a chapter, with your own word processor.

Chapter files: (ASCII text )

* Registration required

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Illustration files: (Compressed Executable Bit Mapped pictures )

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welcome.exe - 1- Will Shakespeare Who Dunit cover

Operational files:

BOOK.CFG - Writer's Dream configuration file
DREAM.EXE - Writer's Dream e-Book program
GO.BAT - Start-up batch file
NULL.BAT - NULL (allows blank lines in BOOK.CFG)
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