

## On Isabel's Article "Tamerlan's Sonnets"

There is no doubt in my mind that the W.H. of the Sonnets is William Herbert, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Pembroke, Marlowe's son. And I think that is why the first printing of the Sonnets was quickly suppressed, and the book was not seen for a hundred years until all of the principals involved were dead. I also think that Isabel's splendid analysis of Sonnet 37 clinches the case for W.H. It could not have been referring to Henry Wriothesly, H.W., the Earl of Southampton, for the simple reason that the Earl was born in 1573, when Marlowe was nine years old. Marlowe could not possibly have had an affair with Southampton's mother at the age of eight.

In my book, and in my latest post on Venus and Adonis, I assert that it is most probable that the 17-year-old Countess of Pembroke seduced young Marlowe in order to give her aged infertile husband an heir. Marlowe was 15, a student at the King's School in Canterbury. She knew Marlowe because he had been her brother's page from the age of 8 to 14. I do not have any documentary proof of this, but again, the possibility is strong. Otherwise, where would young Marlowe have gotten his intimate knowledge of how the aristocracy lived? How would he have been able to travel across Europe if he hadn't been Philip Sidney's page during the latter's two-year tour of the Continent?

Biographers of Marlowe all state their inability to say what Marlowe was doing between the ages of 8 and 14. Is it too far-fetched to assume that he was some nobleman's page during that period? As a highly precocious, intelligent youngster, he would have become known to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose shoes his father would probably have repaired. In 1572, Sidney had been given the Queen's permission to embark on his tour of the countries of Europe. He took an entourage of servants with him, among whom would have been a page.

Stratfordians think nothing of inventing all sorts of impossible scenarios to fill their hero's mostly fictional biographies. And even though an army of scholars have spent much time and money digging up every possible document related to the Stratford man, nothing related to a literacy career has turned up. Even the intrepid Wallaces who painstakingly examined a million documents in the London Record Office came up with only a deposition given by Shakespeare in the Mountjoy case. They found nothing related to Will's writing career. Why? Because there is nothing there!

Very little has been spent by academic scholars to fill in the gaps in Marlowe's life. So, much remains to be done. If only someone were willing to finance a research expedition for yours truly, I would quickly be on my way to England and start digging in earnest. We know that something must be there, because men like Professor Leslie Hotson, who found the Coroner's Inquest of the events at Deptford, Roy Kendall, who got the goods on Richard Baines, and Professor Richard B. Wernham, who discovered Sir Robert Sidney's letter to Burghley concerning the coining incident, have found solid documentary evidence that have enabled us to fill in some of the gaps in Marlowe's life. Who knows what else is there waiting to be discovered. When it comes to Marlowe, we

have barely scratched the surface. What all of us have been doing until now are labors of pure love. While the Stratford-Industrial Complex has provided very comfortable livings for a host of orthodox academics, no one becomes rich as a Marlovian. Even those trustees who award the Hoffman prize money have managed to enrich more Stratfordians than Marlovians. Not a penny of Hoffman's money has been spent trying to prove that Marlowe wrote the 36 plays in the First Folio. I believe that our Peter Farey was the first Marlovian to win any of that prize money.

And I think that is why the Marlovian cause attracts so many free spirits, individuals who are not members of any orthodox establishment. I can hardly wait for our first conference where we can all get to know one another as the true unconventional individuals we are. Jonathan Bate labels us as eccentric. He is correct. We are eccentrics for truth.