

Shakespeare's

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

rhythms of everyday
the gearing between what lasts and what passes
the tremulous private body
shift of attention between word made flesh, flesh made word
all texts tend towards the future
a question of taste
death as the identity behind the mask
saving the appearances
to turn a martyrdom into an anatomy
nervous muscularity and skeletal jointedness
compulsory heterosexuality as compared to lesbian experience
thus have I, Wall, my part dischargéd so
desire confused as to its object
so this is what being like something is like
abuse and disabuse
the intensity of the hidden gaze
sacrifice, artifice
there has to be something to wonder at

DAVID HOLT

Oblation

This rather old fashioned word is defined by my dictionary as “a thing offered to a divine being”. I have gathered these three essays together as such a thing, as an oblation to Eros.

They all originate in an April weekend in 1985, when we enacted (without words) Shakespeare’s play *Measure for Measure*. This was one of an annual series, under the overall title “Jung and Hermeneutics”, which took place between 1978 and 1991 at Hawkwood College in Gloucestershire.

The first is the paper which I read on the Sunday morning, after our enactment on Saturday evening. It is addressed directly to my fellow actors.

The second is from three years later, in 1988, and was read at a two day conference organised by the London Convivium for Archetypal Studies, on the theme of “Imagination and the Theatre of the World”.

The third is from 1994, a paper I wrote for “The Governess”, the journal of the Alice Kerr-Sutherland Society. In 1998 I sent this paper to Michael Boyd at the RSC in Stratford, where he was directing a new presentation of *Measure for Measure*. He replied:

Dear David Holt,

A brief thank you for your letter and your paper *Discipline and Theatre*, with its very interesting insights. I doubt very much whether I’ve managed to scratch the deep seated itch you explore, much beyond the surface. But the paradoxical images of constraint and release that your raise have certainly informed our *Measure*.

Previous attempts to explore *Measure* as a liberating game of control have foundered fatally on the hard task of making manipulative cruelty sexy and sympathetic on stage. I’m sure it can be done, and very exciting it would be if it came off.

Best wishes, Michael Boyd.

The pictures at the end are from photos taken by Craig san Roque, a Jungian analyst who helped us in the direction of our enactment, and who was interested in comparing the play with the alchemical *opus contra naturam*.

1985 - Listening for the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday

For me, the value of working on a text like *Measure for Measure*, as I have been for the last six months or more, is as an exercise in the history of psyche. We have been working with a text that is 380 years old. I want to try to use the excitement and energy it has evoked in us to say something about history: our need to remember history, our need to cultivate an historical consciousness, and our need to listen for the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday.

I believe that in the sort of work I do, and in which many of us here are involved, we need a sharper sense of history. We need it because history joins individual and society, and by and large I don't think we're as good on that "join" as we should be. And we need it if we are to make progress with the conflict of interpretations between us.

I'm not saying we ignore history. We don't. But it would be good if it moved more into the centre of our field of attention. If we are interested in Jung, history jumps out on us and catches us, often unawares, as we move between personal and archetypal levels of experience. If we are interested in Winnicott, history tends to be spatial rather than temporal: it is where we locate ourselves as we try to do justice to the claims both of tradition and originality. If we are interested in Freud, history jostles us up and down the stairs and corridors that lead between sex and death, as D. M. Thomas has reminded us so vividly in his novel *The White Hotel*. Quite generally, history is the gearing between what lasts and what passes. If being ourselves is to last as well as pass by, we have to be historical.

What have we made of history this weekend?

I urged us yesterday to project ourselves into the text, to make it our own, in order to listen for what only it can say. Between the projection and the listening, across the 380 years that separate us from our text in its first originality, is the beat of history. To bring that beat into the rhythms of my everyday over the last six months, I have found myself drawn to a book and to a dream.

The Book

The book is this short one by Francis Barker, lecturer in literature at the University of Essex (published Methuen University Paperbacks 1984). It is called *The Tremulous Private Body: essays on subjection*. On its cover is reproduced in black and white a painting by Rembrandt of an anatomy demonstration done in Amsterdam about thirty years after the date of our play. I came across this book by chance while doing my research on the Jacobean context of Shakespeare's middle and last plays. I have realised during the last two months that it has meshed in an extraordinary way with a dream I had twenty-eight years ago, and I came to suspect that that dream was influencing, if not actually governing, my projections into *Measure for Measure*.

Francis Barker's book introduces us to hermeneutic traditions other than Jung's. We can learn a lot from them, as they could from Jung. He draws on the work of Michel Foucault, Jacques Derrida and Jacques Lacan, and on the Marxism of Louis Althusser, to analyse the profound change that took place in the 17th century in the way the human body was represented and experienced. The body, like the persona, has a history. In the 17th century, the demarcation lines between what is private and what is public about the body were redrawn. There was much changing of places between what was felt to be subjective and what was felt to be objective. Indeed, the words subject and object themselves changed in meaning, in something of the same way, though in a different direction, as they seem to be changing nowadays in the psychoanalytic study of "object relations".

The texts with which Barker is concerned are later than *Measure for Measure*. But they are recognisably about the same world of changing places, transposed as well as painted heads, and sexual diversionary tactics, as in the play we have been working on. I hope I can use his analysis to strike some historical chords with whatever identification we may have experienced with figures such as Angelo, Isabella, Abhorson and the Duke.

Here are the various texts which Barker looks at in this historical fable, as he calls it, of the century in which our bodies began to be subjected to a new kind of objectivity.

He starts with a page out of the diary of Samuel Pepys, in which that respectable citizen, not altogether unlike Angelo or the Duke, describes a day which began and ended in the secret reading of a lewd book. He then looks at the "glorious cruelties of the Jacobean theatre",

leading to some pages on *Hamlet* (which Shakespeare wrote shortly after *Measure for Measure*). Then he turns to the question of censorship, literary, political, psychological, as studied in Milton's *Areopagitica*. Then, the emergence of something like our modern ego, the sense of "I" we are inclined to take for granted, in the philosophy of Descartes. Here Barker looks forward to Freud and Lacan, and to what they have tried to do with the "subjection" of the ego bequeathed to us by Descartes. (These are difficult pages. But they are worth struggling with. They provide the kind of historical hermeneutics we must use if psychoanalytic object relations theory is to be related to the forgotten worlds Jung rediscovered in his work on alchemy.)

Barker then moves from literature to painting. Eleven pages are given to an analysis of Rembrandt's *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr Nicolaas Tulp*. From Rembrandt he returns to literature, to Andrew Marvell's poem *To His Coy Mistress*, which I shall read to you later for echoes of the seduction scene between Angelo and Isabella. He ends by weaving together the various threads of his fable into an intense, poetic vision of this 17th century transition: the transition from a world and culture centred on "the word made flesh", to a new world and a new culture in which the "flesh is made word".

This transition is a main theme of my talk. I want to argue that in *Measure for Measure* we have evidence for that same transition or shift of attention between flesh and word. And I hope to suggest that in projecting our contemporary interests into the play we may have stumbled on evidence of some similar shifting between word and flesh in our own day. Because that is what it is like to hear the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday: we "stumble on evidence", which is perhaps why both Jung and Freud were interested in archaeology.

So I'm going to look at three of the texts Barker considers. I want to use them to introduce you to a kind of hermeneutic reflection and amplification which will be both strange and familiar to those who know the work of Jung. I am trying to contribute to more exchange, in both directions, between Jung and other circles of hermeneutic endeavour.

The three texts I am going to look at are the page from Pepys' diary, Marvell's poem, and the Rembrandt painting.

Pepys, February 9th 1668

Samuel Pepys kept a diary. He wrote it in code so that it should be unread. What does an "I" do when it keeps a diary? Who is it written for? Especially when the diary is written in a code, so that the presence of the censor is saluted and welcomed even as I reach for my pen to record what it is in my power to ignore. And if I ignored it, it would remain unwitnessed, unspoken of, unknown.

A secret diary is an extreme example of a characteristic shared by all texts, in differing degrees. It proclaims an incompatibility between its reading and its author's intention. The author wishes to publish, but knows that in publishing his intention will be wrongly understood. In the world of texts, the secret diary occupies a medial position between dreams and symptoms, and those occasions when we really and truly want to make sense *to others*. In a secret diary, the constant negotiation between I and other, subject and object, which characterises all texts, is more apparent than in most. It makes a good beginning for any psychoanalyst who wants to embark on a wider study of hermeneutics.

I am going to read to you the passage from Pepys' diary which Barker uses as the recurring theme for his book. He returns to it again and again, for melody and for orchestration. How he develops it depends on his use of Derrida and Foucault, and is not easy to translate into the language of Jung or Freud. But with the help of our enactment, I shall try.

Let us think therefore of the surface of a text, what it appears at first reading to be about, as like the face. It is revealing, and it is concealing. It is open, and it is closed. It is a showing forth, and it is a hiding away. That is what it's like. It is publicly stamped with the insignia of privacy.

And then think more specifically about the text of *Measure for Measure*, and what we made of it last night. Think of Angelo and the Duke, two apparently estimable gentlemen, and of Lucio, described in the list of dramatis personae as "a. fantastic". Some of us have felt that those three characters fit together as if they could be three faces of one person. If there were such a composite figure, what would he write in his diary?

So to 1668, the ninth of February (my birthday: which might not be worth noticing if this book hadn't meshed so strangely with my dream of long ago).

February 9th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning and the office doing business, and also reading a little of *L'escholle des filles*, which is a might lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world. At noon home to dinner, where by appointment Mr Pelling come and with him three friends, Wallington, that sings the good base, and one Rogers, and a gentleman, a young man, his name Tempest, who sings very well indeed, and understands anything in the world at first sight. After dinner we went into our diningroom, and there to singing all the afternoon. (By the way, I must remember that Pegg Pen was brought to bed yesterday of a girl: and among other things, if I have not already set it down, that hardly ever was remembered such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.) But though they sang fine things, yet I must confess that I did take no pleasure in it, or very little, because I understood not the words, and with the rests that the words are set, there is no sense nor understanding in them though they be English, which makes me weary of singing in that manner, it being but a worse sort of instrumental musick. We sang until almost night, and drank a mighty good store of wine, and then they parted, and I to my chamber, where I did read through *L'escholle des filles*, a lewd book, but what do no wrong once to read for information sake. After I had done it I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame, and so at night to supper and to bed.

I hope that carries some resonance of what we experienced yesterday through the Dramatis Personae of Duke, Angelo and Lucio. Think of Empson's discussion of the word "sense" in our play, which I read out to you. How do persons of sensibility make sense of sensuality?

Barker's thesis is that in the first half of the 17th century this question was as it were carried along by, and immersed in, a deep sea change in the condition and representation of the human body. Questions of sensuality were posing themselves differently, because the body itself was changing as between subject and object. The body as subject was becoming subjected to a new kind of objectivity. Hence his subtitle: essays on subjection. This sea change was impersonal, yet persons were inevitably caught up in it.

But it wasn't impersonal in the sense of vague or ill-defined. It has specific historical characteristics. Texts like Pepys' diary, or *Measure for Measure*, tell us about those specific historical characteristics. And conversely, to read between and behind the lines of a text like this we need to be aware of that history.

There is no neat summary of how Barker gradually and circuitously evokes in his reader an awareness of this deep sea change. I have to trust in the resonances with our own experience with another text yesterday. I am going to read you one paragraph from his commentary, in the hope that it will speak into the obscurities and illuminations we shared in making Shakespeare's text our own.

The text employs massive means - not of repression, for everything is said, eventually, even if it is not acknowledged as having been said - but of diversion: we are asked to look 'by the way' at 'other things'. But just as no amount of raucous singing by Pepys and his friends will ever drown out the loquaciousness of the half-silence in which the forbidden book is enjoyed, so, the more the text denies interest, diverts attention, only the more clearly does it identify its unacknowledged drives. No doubt, as the empiricist would have it, the parenthesis of smallpox and childbirth at the centre of the passage is simply part of the 'day's residue', faithfully noted by the honest recorder. But why these sentences, just here, deployed in quite this relation to the others? Can it be with total fortuitousness that Pepys speaks 'by the way' of a young woman 'brought to bed' in an idiom not only of childbirth but of sexuality . . . ? And to speak in the same breath of disease, dis-ease, an affliction punishing the body so loathed by Pepys, as by any sober man on the Lord's day, and moreover, a privatised affliction after which people are 'newly come out' to be 'seen all up and down the streets'. The connotative relations established here are clear: from the bedroom to the public scene; from sickness to health; from private, sick sexuality to sexless public health.

If they were one person, might not Duke-Angelo-Lucio have spoken or written thus about the transition from private to public sexuality?

If you can accept the resonance, there is a more general hermeneutic lesson to be learned, not tied either to Pepys nor to *Measure for Measure*. Notice the words diversion, divert, in what Barker writes. "The text employs massive means-not of repression. . . but of diversion .", and "The more the text denies interest, diverts attention . We speak of diversion in two senses: as entertainment, and as the way round a closure. Put the two meanings alongside psychoanalytic ideas of repression, displacement, overdetermination, and start the question turning in your mind: is there something entertaining about finding the way round a closure? It may help to make connections between your own experience of analysis and the wider study of hermeneutics.

Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress"

We pass now to Marvell's poem. Many of you will know it well. But let me read it in full. It has a lovely face, which may be why some of us once learned it by heart, in the olden days when teachers did not go on strike, and children were made to learn texts by heart.

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges side
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest. An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State:
Now would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity:
And your quaint Honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place.
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,
Now let us sport while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,

Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life. Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

That was written about 50 years after *Measure for Measure*. It can be read as the light and conventional lyric of a Renaissance libertine. But it is much more than that. If we can get at that "much more" it will help us with Isabella's

Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies
And strip myself ... as to a bed
That longing have been sick for

which I picked out for emphasis yesterday when talking about the sado-masochistic theme in our play. As Barker says: "Against the idyll and its affect, the poem is uncompromising in its sexual objectives, not to say its 'sexual politics': this is a poetry with operative purposes, designed to seduce".

To convey to you something of how Barker interprets this poem I want to use the phrase "the Two Bodies". I take this from a famous chapter heading in Mary Douglas' book *Natural Symbols*, in which she criticises the hermeneutic enclosure of psychoanalysis from the point of view of social anthropology. I found myself thinking of this chapter yesterday while listening to Janet Spencer's talk on the value of the persona.

If we are interested in Passion and Society we have to take account of two bodies, the body of the individual, and the social body; my body, your body, the body politic. What have the brothels to do with "the properties of government"? What business is it of the state's how we fuck? One of the virtues of Barker's interpretation of Marvell's poem is that it reminds us how lyricism informs the relationship between our two bodies. Between passion and the compulsions of politics and economics there can be a melody - of a kind.

Here again is one paragraph from what he says about the poem. Watch for the word "goods", and remember Mariana and her lost dowry. Think as I read of Isabella and Angelo, and what I said yesterday about the sado-masochistic potential between them. In Shakespeare's play they weren't able to do anything with their pleasure in pain. Perhaps in our performance we did. If so, what connections were we drawing on in our own experience between sexuality, politics, economics?

He is speaking of the "surface" of the poem, and of what may be hidden "between the lines".

There might have been some comfort for the averted eye, or even for the kind of temperament which resists critical effects in literature, to read in the poem's transition from the gentle courtship of Love's fantasy empire to this new command of "my Lust", with its vision of "deserts" and "ashes", a lament for a cultured and cultural fashion of loving. But there is no regret in the text. The poem cites a poetic ideology of courtship aestheticised and distantiates it, identifying on this side of the old kingdom a sexual urgency from which there is no respite, least of all a subliminary one. Here, on this side of the nostalgic

fantasy, the poem says, love is not sacramental, it does not offer to redeem the lovers from the world, nor is it - for them or in itself - transcendent. On the contrary the poem twists away in another affective direction altogether, seeking in a reality principle, not the old empire but the new republic. The text ends neither in a sentiment of languishing indolence nor in one of satiated lust (either of which the libertine is frequently said to enjoy) but on an emphasis which is decidedly more rigorous. Goods are to be got, ultimately, by effort, and pleasures (if they are to be had at all, which the poem's final gesture does not guarantee) must be torn from inhospitable circumstances by struggle and amid conflict. The internal *milieu* of the poem is eventually one of "rough strife", which, if it is a sexual metaphor is also in the historical context a political one. As the poem tends towards the future it reaches after objectives which will have to be wrested from life and from time, from history itself. This is, as Christopher Hill argued some time ago, an anti-epicurean ethic, and one which could be well described as militant and "puritan", in its combativeness and its commitment to labour, if not actually in its emphasis on urgent sex.

Can we apply this sort of textual analysis to *Measure for Measure* and what we made of it yesterday with our contemporary projections?

In introducing it to you yesterday morning, I spoke of the passionate feelings, of the violence and indeed virulence, in the debate between the "right to life" movement and the believers in "reproductive freedom" round the abortion question. Also, with reference to Isabella's choice of a life without men, of this powerful essay by Adrienne Rich, on *Compulsory Heterosexuality as compared to Lesbian Experience*, an essay which I want to say that as a man I find both frightening, really frightening, and also, in a way that I find difficult to share within the social body, erotically exciting. (This essay is to be found in a volume edited by Ann Snitow, Christine Stansell, and Sharon Thompson, published by Virago in 1984, title: *Desire - the Politics of Sexuality*.) The politics of sex is all about us, seeking expression in every relationship, stretching and straining our marriages and friendships to breaking point. I am sure that we need, and are going to get, more of it. What I hope a weekend like this can contribute is the reminder that politics can be playful and lyrical as well as bloody.

How can we engage both passionately and playfully with the politics of sex? My answer is: through a sense of history. Here if anywhere we need to be able to hear the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday.

There is a sentence in that passage of Barker's I would like to repeat: "As the poem tends towards the future it reaches after objectives which will have to be wrested from life and from time, from history itself". This says something important about the application of all kinds of hermeneutic. All texts tend towards the future. This is what Ricoeur is talking about when he insists on "the issue of the text". The meaning is reaching out through us to beyond where we are. This is true of a text like *Measure for Measure*. It is also true of the unwritten texts that underwrite our lives and our relationships.

Hermeneutics pays a lot of attention to this "tending towards the future". It sees it as a kind of open wound in the text which is frustrating, teasing, unsatisfying, yet also the source of originality. The hurt of its incompleteness invites interpretation. It is experienced as tragic, as dooming us to misunderstanding. It is experienced as comic, rich in the laughter that trembles between the expected and the unexpected. Or, to judge by what happened in our group yesterday, as melodrama, which is perhaps a mode of interpretation to which we should all give more thought.

In this "tending towards the future" we have another link between psychoanalysis and hermeneutics. The body can be understood as text. Taken as text, the individual body's "tending towards the future" is located between sexuality and death. If we lack a sense of history, this can feel like a prison, both futile and cruel. But if the two bodies can share a common sense of history then it is more like a theatre than a prison. For sexuality and death are what make history possible. When we forget that, they fall in on each other and run together into a sameness which is indeed both futile and cruel. When we remember it, then there is room to play-and work to be done.

I think that comparing ourselves with *Measure for Measure* brings home to us how little our social body today researches or celebrates the fact that sex and death between them make history possible. For me, the play brings sociological reflection on marriage and sexual fidelity into contact with our personal sense of history as wounding. Marriage is surely being asked to carry too much. The ideal of sexual fidelity between persons is being asked to carry

commitment of a different kind altogether, commitment which belongs within the body of society. It is being asked to carry our social failure to research into and celebrate how it is that sex and death between them make history possible.

Rembrandt's The Anatomy Lesson of Dr Nicolaas Tulp

Abhorson claimed his hangman's occupation as a mystery. He justified his claim with reference to the hangman's taking of the dead man's clothes for himself. But it wasn't only clothes that the convicted criminal had to yield to others. His body too became the property of others, subject to their purposes.

The practice of public dissection of the cadaver of a criminal had been spreading throughout the 16th century. All that gruesome play with Ragozine's dismembered head was everyday stuff to Shakespeare's audience compared to us. Shakespeare is supposed to have had one such public anatomist in mind when he created the figure of Shylock, a Jew Dr Roderigo Lopez who presided at the annual public anatomy at St Bartholomew's in 1569 and subsequently.

These public dissections were held in places called theatres. Tickets were sold for them. One historian has suggested that the practice of selling tickets to attend the anatomy theatre may pre-date their sale for the playgoers theatre. They were ritual occasions, part sacrificial, part a continuation of the verdict of the law court. They often took place in January, a time associated with fertility rites.

Rembrandt's picture has been studied by art historians in this context. Over 150 years or so there was a continuing exchange of information between surgery and painting about the human body. W. S. Heckscher, who wrote a detailed monograph on this picture, goes back as far as 1470 to make the connection.

Even if we turn . . . to a clumsy broadsheet, an Italian engraving of the late 1470's recording the ritual murder of the hapless little St Simon of Trent, whose adroit dismemberment by his Jewish tormentors is shown in careful detail, we understand how much the representation of cruelty could, and in fact did, learn from surgery and vice versa. In short, the artist's careful study of

cruelties inflicted and received, his explicit desire to make the beholder shudder, whether through a saint's martyrdom or through a ritual murder, must be considered an important factor in the advance of scientific investigation of the human body. Anatomists could turn, as we know they actually did, to works of art to study muscles and sinews. The adjustment from one to the other was comparatively easy: all that had to be provided to turn a martyrdom into an anatomy was a change in emotional climate.

It is this change in emotional climate, which interests Barker in Rembrandt's picture. I think it also helps explain one of the more slippery aspects of *Measure for Measure*, an aspect which makes it difficult if not impossible for some people to take the play seriously as good theatre: I mean that gratuitously voyeuristic element in the play, with the Duke as both effective and ineffective, as "looker on" at suffering which is of his own doing.

Barker sees the change in emotional climate by which martyrdom turns into an anatomy lesson as part of a profound historical shift between "flesh" and "word". A world and culture centred on belief in the word made flesh is turning into a world and culture in which flesh is made word, or, as he sometimes prefers to express it, flesh is textualised, flesh is made into a text.

The eleven pages in which he analyses the picture are among the most dense in the book. I select just one point, and the conclusions which he draws from it.

No eye within the painting sees the body laid out before them. The lines of sight can be traced. They look out at us, or across each other, or, three pairs - the third, fourth and fifth from the right, identified portraits of well known surgeons in Amsterdam - are focused not on the body itself but on the text of the anatomy book open at the feet of the corpse. As Barker puts it: "This body on display has become in an important sense invisible". The scientific gaze, the perspective of the new natural philosophy, may be organised *round* the corpse, but it is directed not at the flesh itself, but at the textual representation of it.

The body has become an abstraction. Has the human body ever been subjected to an objectification like this before?, Barker asks. Those lines of sight glance off the surface of the body in search for meaning in the text where the body has been transmuted by representation into an abstraction. Text is substituted for flesh.

To appreciate the point Barker is making needs a real effort of historical imagination. *Measure for Measure* can help, with its theme of substitution: Angelo as substitute for the Duke, Mariana for Isabella, and Ragozine's head for Claudio's, while Isabella refuses to substitute her body for her brother's. The interest of the play, as tragedy or comedy or melodrama, relies on the theme of substitution.

How do we experience it in the theatre? Take the moment the Provost produces the head of Ragozine. There can be a gasp, a moment of shock. But the gasp comes close to something more like a giggle. The surface of the scene presented to us, and what it is about, aren't comfortable with each other. They don't fit. There is a horror we can't feel. And it's not just that we can't feel it. We know that we can't really be expected to feel it. Remembering what Empson does with the various meanings of the word "sense" in the play, we could say: there's a horror we can't sense, because sensibility and sensation are too far apart.

Now take that apartness of sensibility and sensation as it shows itself crudely in the substitution of Ragozine's head for Claudio's, and play it across the other substitutions: Angelo for Duke, Mariana for Isabella, Isabella's refusal to stand in, or rather lie in, for Claudio. What do we hear? I think there is resonance of a more general apartness of body from itself.

This is what Barker is trying to describe as he meditates on Rembrandt's picture. He speaks of a fissure, not between body and soul, but within the Jacobean experience of body itself.

Between the greenish, extinct corpse that is universally ignored and the diagram of the hand is a fissure into which a domination more fundamental than that of the old order has delved, dividing not only the soul from the flesh, but separating within the flesh itself the body as dead residue and the body as the object of a science which in knowing it will master it, and in healing it will accommodate it to labour and docility. On the one hand the dumb flesh, and on the other the mechanism, which can be understood, repaired and made to work.

Between the dumb flesh, and the flesh made word. Looking at those eyes whose gaze deflects away from the flesh in front of them to the text beyond, the whole within another framed text presented to us for our contemplation, can we understand better the world of *Measure for*

Measure? Those keen eyes would not have noticed who else was in bed with them. Was that terrible argument between Claudio and Isabella about something more than sexual chastity? We first meet Isabella on the threshold of the St Clare nunnery. The ethos of the place is conveyed only through the quoting of a single rule, but it is a curious either-or prescription whose terms sound more resonant after reading Barker on Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*.

When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speak.

Why this either-or of face and word? In the final Act, when the heavily veiled Mariana enters, the Duke's command both echoes and overrides the nunnery's rule:

First, let her show her face, and after, speak.

Perhaps there is more at stake between face and word than we had thought. Perhaps this either-or of face and word can help us realise that the issue between Isabella and Claudio is not only the relation between sex and death but also the proper order of precedence between the showing of the word and the showing of the flesh.

The Dream

I am trying to catch the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday. I have been using a book for that purpose. I want to conclude with the dream of which I spoke, the dream which probably goes some way to explain why Francis Barker's book has excited me in the way it has.

I had this dream in January, 1957, that is, when I was about to be 31. It was about a horrible and loathsome play which had to be enacted, which was hardly redeemed by the fact that it was "only" a play.

I am asked to join with three others in putting on this play. I accept. It is long, and there are many sweatings, dreads, tortures, horrors, to be gone through. One of our number is a huge guzzling beast. He is blind, yet it is he who leads us because much here depends on an intimate sense of touch and on a blind man's unerring sense of hearing. (Kleinians among you will perhaps be interested to know that when I recently typed out this dream, I found I had typed breast for beast in the passage above.)

We are returning to a centre, which is the house of the power which has wronged us intolerably. It is also the home in which we have suffered all these ills. We know that He is now virtually alone, but we fear death by His hand. But when we enter the house, He is finished. I see my blind and so sane companion guzzling a great meal, while in the hall I see, in a huge fire that spreads up to the rafters, the roasting End of Him and his lackeys—they are being consumed in flames and He Himself is turning like a huge spit of meat in agony. I call out to Him to ask what it all really is, and He explains Himself as "Jacobean", and points to a roasting human trunk beside Him and says: "That is a Jacobean trolley". I turn away in exhaustion and horror, and say to one of our foursome, as explanation, description and summing up of the whole affair: "It is all a Question of Taste".

Who wrote the play, I ask? They explain that it is a recent English adaptation of a bitter French play written some 150 years ago, violently attacking the whole standard and categories of Jacobean taste, in art, furniture, clothes, architecture etc.

That was my dream. Over the years the dream has affected me in many ways. At the time, there were a host of personal associations starting in a recent Christmas gathering at my parents' home (the Jacobean "trolley"). Later, the word Jacobean came to mean something more when I was analysing with Jolande Jacobi. It has given the word Taste an at times almost daemonic energy for me.

But, throughout, the dream has carried a strong sense of history. This has impinged powerfully on my work with *Measure for Measure*. It was the recurrence of the word "Jacobean" in Francis Barker's book which made me aware of the impingement. I realised that the dream was lurking like a great power house of body-image in the background of my

interest in Shakespeare's play. It was influencing, if not actually governing, my projections onto the text. All the scholarly details in the notes about the accession of King James I, as the occasion for which the play was written, began to reverberate with my historical amplification of the word Jacobean 28 years ago. The nastiness with Ragozine's head reached back to the cannibalism of *Titus Andronicus* and forward to the melodramatic, Jacobean, cruelties of Tourneur and Webster. While Claudio's terrified cry in Act III, Scene I sounded almost like an echo of something I had heard myself.

... to be worse, than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling , - 'tis too horrible.

So when I read in Francis Barker's book of the changes in taste between a world and culture centred on the word made flesh, and a world and culture in which flesh is made word, something happens in the glands that control my saliva. Could I have been dreaming about anything like that back in 1957? And if so, what conceivable relevance could it have for life today?

Questions like that remind me of what Jung has written about the timelessness of dreams. But the idea of timelessness doesn't fit my dream or its present impingement. It is too full of times, different times, to be called timeless. There is the overall question of how the Jacobean period in history relates to now. But within that, there is tell of a play written about 1800 as mediating between now and the 17th century. So we have three "times" related to each other: the Jacobean time, the time round 1800, and my time. How does one go about interpreting time in a dream like that? That is the kind of hermeneutic problem which has led me to speak of "the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday", rather than timelessness.

But I presume most of us have not had a Jacobean dream lurking behind us like an "old fantastical duke of dark corners" while working on our text. So let me close by trying to translate this personal experience of mine into a form that may link up with the experience of those of us who came to the Jacobean world of taste for the first time this weekend. This is something of a jump in the dark, written as it is before the weekend, and involving a real conflict of interpretations between two hermeneutic systems.

It seems to me that there are resemblances between *Measure for Measure* and the Kleinian psychoanalytic description of the depressive, and of the paranoid-schizoid, "positions". For those of you who are not familiar with the terms, I risk a summary.

The paranoid-schizoid position is associated with the earliest months of our lives, but can recur later in childhood and in adult life. The depressive position follows after the paranoid-schizoid in infancy, and can also recur in later life. When the two positions do recur in later life, they can be thought of as alternative positions within an ongoing, life long experience of oscillation.

The paranoid-schizoid position is chaotic, with opposites in violent alternation to one another. There is a lot of panic anxiety about, with images of flesh being torn, chewed, regurgitated, spattered. The depressive position is calmer, but at a cost - a cost that may be more terrible than we can imagine. There is sadness like when one knows one has settled for a second best. This sadness is made bearable by a sense of having arrived at a manageable equilibrium. But it remains only second best.

How Jung's vision of personality compares with Klein's is for many of us a very practical hermeneutic problem. It is a good case of what Paul Ricoeur calls "the conflict of interpretations". I wonder if working on our play will have taken us inside that conflict.

In our play, the world of the Duke's authority, which he renounces at the start as having failed in its own purpose, can be seen as resembling the depressive position. The world that emerges in his absence, with its evidence of madness breaking through, as the paranoid-schizoid position.

I would expect that in projecting ourselves into this text we have all experienced something of the alternation between these two positions. On the one hand, our personality as reasonably civilized, manageable, though depressingly saturated in compromise: so much so, that at times we fear we are drowning in the compromises we have settled for. On the other hand, the possibility of excitement and anxiety of a wholly unmanageable kind. Excitement that is wholly wild, absolutely untamed, so wild, so untamed, that we have really no idea what to do with it. Anxiety that is more than life size, huge, metaphysical, cosmic, threatening to pull down the universe round our ears. Such an anxious excitement, such an exciting anxiety, is

against all sense. We call it mad, and imagine the howling of thoughts that are both lawless and uncertain.

I am interested to know whether, in our diversions, we have stumbled on evidence of alternation between depression and madness of this kind.

But the real test for my approach will be to see if the alternation between different 'positions' in ourselves has struck chords from history. Jung and Klein differ from each other profoundly in their understanding of time. That dream of mine, with its "It is all a Question of Taste" began my clinical interest in Klein's work. But the history in it has proved uninterpretable within her hermeneutic range.

I've come closer to an interpretation in working on *Measure for Measure*.

1988 - Making an Appearance:

the Hazard of Being a Person and our Stake in the Theatre

Introduction

This paper is conceived as a meditation on face and mask. I want us to ask ourselves: which is the more reliable, which is the more interesting, face or mask? And I want this questioning to lead us into metaphysical reflection on what being a person is like.

It has two sources: one is in the thesis I wrote for my diploma at the Jung Institute in 1964-6. I took as my theme *Persona and Actor*, and studied Jung's concept of the persona in terms of classical and Shakespearean theatre. I was struck by one possible etymology of the word "persona" in a pre-Latin Etruscan word "phersu", meaning death mask. The idea of death as the identity behind the mask has grown on me in the years since I wrote my thesis, and is one source or spring to my meditation this morning.

The other is sexual attraction. Like many others, I am endlessly intrigued by the part played by the face, and the infinite forms of its masking in sexual attraction. How does that relate to the stillness of death?

The raw material on which I shall be drawing for my examples is from the annual weekend on Jung and Hermeneutics which we hold each April at Hawkwood College in the Cotswolds. For the last ten years this has included enactment of various stories and plays. Here my interest in *Persona* has been exercised, extended, made more critical. What I am planning to do this morning is to take two themes from our Hawkwood work, the relation between movement and text, and what happens when we represent objects as well as persons, and use them to open up metaphysical reflection on "likeness". That will, I hope, prepare the way for what I have to say about making an appearance.

Movement and Text

In our Hawkwood enactment we work with texts such as Shakespeare's plays, but we work on the whole without words. The result is that our movement is energized by text, but also uncoupled from text.

This combination, or is it contradiction?, is my starting point. It has given us a field of experience and experiment that stretches from theatre to play. Reflecting on our work at Hawkwood has led us to study how actors engage with text in the creation of character, of space, and of a kinaesthetic empathy between actor and audience. It has led me too into hermeneutic study of how text survives performance. Critics sometimes speak of a "definitive" performance. There is no such thing. The text survives every performance. It remains in its own world, inviting fresh performances.

But in uncoupling movement from text our Hawkwood weekends have led me also into the world of dance, of kinaesthetic activity for its own sake, and of sound as expressive in ways which words are not. This is the world of infancy and childhood play. It is also the world of adult ritual. Movement uncoupled from words is fluid yet aspires to and is limited by a kind of nonverbal text. It is muscular and nervous, yet also skeletal, jointed. How the nervous muscularity is related to the skeletal jointedness has become of increasing concern as my body has aged from 52 to 62.

Sound as expressive in ways which words are not takes us into music or song. Also into breathing, with its rhythm of in and out, which can draw us out into dance or inwards into yogic meditation. And for some of us who live with stammer, breathing raises questions about its own arrest. What happens when the rhythm is arrested? How does that stop relate to the possibility of speech?

Between movement and text many variations are possible. In exploring these variations I have come to talk of "the three fallacies": three approaches, three perspectives, all of which are necessary, any of which becomes a fallacy if taken in isolation from the other two.

First, we have the intentional fallacy. This is when we rely too heavily on the author's intention for our interpretation of a text. What the author intended the text to mean is indeed relevant to our interpretation. But texts also have a life which is independent of their author's intention. We need to be attentive to that independence.

Second, we have the affective fallacy. This is when we rely too much on the audience's reaction to a play. How an audience experiences a text in performance is certainly relevant to its meaning. But audience and critic are seated together, and between text in performance and the reading of a text our affective reaction has to be open to reflection and doubt.

Thirdly, there is the performative fallacy. This is when we allow too much importance to the kinaesthetic excitement of the actor. As we move into performance on stage our bodies can be carried by their own conviction of the meaning of the text. But this conviction has to be persuasive if we are to hold an audience, and to be persuasive performance has to allow that audience has its own access, independent of us, to the meaning of our text.

Representing Objects as Well as Persons

At Hawkwood we play at being persons. We also play at being trees, rocks, buildings, rivers, boats, animals.

This combination has a pervasive and lasting effect on how we experience personality in relation to environment, character in relation to scene. Our experience of the scene in which characters find and define or express themselves becomes animated. The distinction between thing and person is relativized. Things become attentive. They participate the action. When a ship is lost in a storm at sea oarsmen, oar and hull participate the same wrecking.

On one level, initially, this just adds to the fun or to the foolishness. It is all part of the charade. But over the years such participation of person in thing and thing in person has had a lasting effect on how I experience personality in relation to environment.

I would describe this effect in terms of the (old) Gestalt psychology of perception. There is a classic study by E.H. Gombrich called *Art and Illusion*, with the subtitle: *A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation*. Our work at Hawkwood (and elsewhere) has served to dramatize many of Gombrich's descriptions and arguments.

For instance, he returns again and again to the distinction between figure and ground. Perception depends on an energized distinction between scene, setting, context - the "ground" (which can be both background and foreground) - and discretenesses, separatenesses, which stand out, make their appearance felt from within, but also against, that ground. These separate, discrete, figurations are not perceived, they are not perceivable, in isolation. They appear only within, and against, a ground. And by virtue of the same reciprocity the ground owes its interest to the figures which, as it were, take advantage of it.

Gombrich's book studies the various ways in which the distinction between figure and ground can be energized. That is what *Art and Illusion* is about. Our work at Hawkwood has encouraged me to apply the same kind of distinction not only to the psychology of perception but more comprehensively to our experience of being a person.

The starting point is when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object. Psychoanalytical study of infancy and childhood teaches us, if we needed teaching, how familiar such play is to us all. But when grown ups allow themselves to be drawn into play of this kind, play in which object is careful for subject just as subject is careful for object, how is it energized and what energies does it make available?

First Example: From A Midsummer Night's Dream

This was the play on which we worked this year. I found myself in the group which was enacting "the play within the play" - the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe - which the Athenian mechanicals present before the ducal court in the final Act of the play, actors who are presented to their audience as

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

Until I came to work on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I had always thought of this play within the play as added on at the end, comic relief - often very funny indeed - of a different order to the comedy of the main play. Studying the text in preparation for enactment I came to see it very differently. As a commentary on art and illusion it is part of the fabric of the main play and tells us, or shows us, about the energies necessary to sustain the distinction between subject and object, word and thing.

In *Pyramus and Thisbe* the actors have to represent two non-human objects or agencies: the moonlight (which is itself a persuasive influence within the "ground" of the main play), and a wall. Here is how Shakespeare's Athenian mechanicals approach their task in rehearsal.

QUINCE [who is the director). But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNUG Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.

"If that may be, then all is well". I have come to feel over the last few months an extraordinary, or very ordinary, metaphysical profundity in that comic exchange between the mechanicals in rehearsal.

When we came to do it we did not have the help of words. Movement, the movement of individuals and the confused choreography of the group, was energized by our memory of the text, but it was also uncoupled from the text. The problem of how to resolve "the two hard things" was thrown back into our bodies. There could be no "explanations".

My job, with two others, was to present Wall. I think we did it rather well. I want to try and describe to you two things that happened, one in rehearsal, one in performance.

In rehearsal we discovered that the wall had also to become the tomb - Ninus's or Ninny's - at which the lovers later meet. In Shakespeare's text, when the Wall has played its part by providing both barrier and chink between the lovers, it exits.

Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

But in our rehearsal, as we stumbled clumsily among ourselves to produce both scene and character, ground and figure, we realized that the text made no provision for presenting the tomb. As Wall, when we had to get ourselves off stage, we fell down, collapsed. (Perhaps there were memories of Humpty Dumpty in our minds). Our part discharged felt a bit like being dead.

The group as a whole began to experience a lot of diffuse grief as we went into the burlesque of the lovers' deaths. Some of us were certainly thinking of *Romeo and Juliet*, which we knew Shakespeare had written within a year or two of our play. From my position as fallen wall on the floor the need to represent the tomb became apparent. The figures of the lost lovers needed placing. I gathered up the rest of the wall and arranged them as two carved stone figures on a tomb, showing them to be such by kneeling in prayer at their feet and head.

A happening such as this is typical of enactment without words when we play at being things as well as persons. It is easy to pass it off as a more or less agreeable charade. Yet there is much more to it than that. One part of a scene-setting has called to another. Sympathy is reaching out to include ground as well as figure. Our sense of place is personified. And this is not magical. It is theatrical. But it is not only that place is personified. There is a reciprocal effect on our sense of what constitutes character. We may have realized before that there can be no character without context, without what Shakespeare calls a "local habitation" Enactment of this kind helps us realize in what ways the locus or habitat of character lies within our responsibility. It isn't simply that there is no character without context. What we call character or personality is context-making. It responds to, and is indebted to, an attentiveness, an expectancy, which awaits us out there in our environment.

My second experience with the *Dream* was in performance, when the five groups into which we divide on these occasions perform their respective scenes in front of each other.

In presenting the play within the play we were performing before two audiences. There was the general audience of everyone participating in the weekend, and there was the audience on stage as it were, made up of Theseus and Hippolyta, their court, and the four young lovers

whose affairs of the heart provide the plot for the main play. This differentiation of two levels of audience, one very much more participatory than the other, gave performing a quality I had not experienced before. It was as if the reciprocal, inside/outside dynamic of performance got hold of me, demonstrating itself to me in my acting.

"Making an appearance" and "being attended to" were two beats of the same energy.

What happened was something like this. I knew from my study of the text, and of various critical commentaries on the text, that the exchanges within the court audience during our performance were making various points about illusion and reality and the nature of acting, which were evoked by our performance yet served to negate that performance. I was also aware that, seen within the context of the whole play, these exchanges served to raise a kind of ironic doubting of the reality of the four young lovers now playing at being audience. Textual knowledge of this kind was energizing my acting.

But, not using words, our performance and that of the audience on stage was uncoupled from text. The result was peculiar. The nuances, the politeness, the disagreements, of the textual audience were not to be heard. Yet we were acting to the audience as fellow actors, expecting responses and waiting for cues in a way that I had never experienced before. The result was to build up a peculiar kind of tension between the seriousness, the earnestness, which I was bringing to my performance and what I experienced as the stupid mockery of my audience. I might appear to be playing the fool but I knew more about the difficulty of being real than they did. I had got inside Wall in a way that was beyond their comprehension.

The effect was to make the performance, for me as actor (I do not know how it appeared to either of my two audiences), into a kind of political manifesto. When we discussed it the next day in our group the name of Artaud was invoked, but I prefer to think of Marx. It is many years since I read *Capital*, but I found myself thinking of that theological-political treatise as the tension built up in me between the high seriousness of my performance and the stupidity of my audience. It was as if through the labour of acting I had penetrated through to, and accepted, the obligations of the real world, while they, safe in their distance as audience, were alienated from it, to be pitied perhaps but certainly not to be bothered with unless they should repent or come to see the error of their ways. Yet, I needed them. They were part of my performance. The act wouldn't be the same, it wouldn't even stand up, without them.

Second Example: From Measure for Measure

I hope I can assume that you share my interest in how the human face contributes to sexual attraction. Working with Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* in 1985 left me with an experience of the human face as hidden which altered my understanding of sexual attraction. Or, to put it perhaps more exactly, made me begin thinking about sexuality, and the face and its masking, in new ways.

The section of this play for which my group was responsible included a scene which is planned in advance, and referred to in retrospect, in Shakespeare's text, but not presented on the stage in its occurrence. An advantage of our uncoupling from the text is that scenes like these become available for enactment. I refer to the scene in which Mariana goes to bed with Angelo in the nighttime darkness of his garden, pretending to be Isabella. It is the familiar, amusing and essentially unlikely (amusing because it is so unlikely) motif of many romantic stories, that it is possible for desire to confuse the person and the body of the desired under cover of darkness. In our performance of the scene I played the part of Mariana, opposite and under a memorably handsome and female Angelo.

To describe my response to this play-acting I must remind you of the central features of the plot.

The Duke of Vienna has handed over his authority to his deputy Angelo, on the pretence of going on a long journey. In fact, he remains in hiding and in disguise in the city to observe events. Angelo is intent on strict enforcement of the city laws against sexual license, and to this end sentences young Claudio to death for having got his betrothed pregnant before they were married. Isabella, the sister of Claudio, is about to enter a holy order as a nun, but agrees to leave her nunnery (she has not yet taken her vows) to plead with Angelo for her brother's life. She does so, and the strict and apparently asexual Angelo is fiercely and consumingly attracted to her. In the second of two interviews he tells her he will reprieve her brother if she goes to bed with him. Horrified, Isabella refuses. When she explains Angelo's offer to her brother, Claudio pleads with her to accede to Angelo's wish, to sacrifice her virginity to save his life. As brother and sister fall apart in mutual recrimination, the Duke emerges, in disguise, to begin to straighten things out. The plan he proposes is that Mariana, who was once betrothed to Angelo, then rejected by him when she appeared to have lost her dowry, but who nevertheless continues to love him and want him as her husband, should substitute herself for

Isabella in the darkness of the night, so that Angelo makes love (if that's the right word) to her, thinking that she is Claudio's sister, the nun-to-be for whom he has conceived so sharp a desire. This plan is agreed to by both Isabella and Mariana, and it was the subsequent sexual encounter between Mariana and Angelo which I was called on to enact.

We were therefore energized by a text of sexual desire: desire as free and fruitful outside the law, desire as worthy of sacrifice, desire as something to be tightly and if necessarily cruelly circumscribed, desire as able to penetrate and turn round even its most dedicated enemy. And, in the scene which was ours, desire that could be playfully, ludicrously, perhaps maliciously but also forgivingly, confused as to its object.

What did we make of it? In terms of production the two important decisions were to cast a woman as Angelo and a man as Mariana, and to represent the darkness by having Angelo blindfold. The effect was to make the scene both comic and deadly serious. The obviousness of the gender reversal made manifest sexual ambiguity of a kind we associate with the circus or the burlesque theatre. The blindfolded groping, the intensity of the hidden gaze, brought something terrible into the performance, responding to its setting within the wider plot of the play in which sexual desire and death are crossed in sado-masochistic imagery; for instance, when the Isabella whose part Mariana has taken can reject Angelo's proposal with

... were I under the terms of death
Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That long I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

The memory of that performance has stayed with me for three years now, as comfort and as incitement. As long as I can remember, sexual desire has involved for me more or less insistent intimations of gender reversal. And the extraordinary effect of that blinded gaze as I led my lover on, served to introduce memories of acting the *Oedipus* story, thus drawing into relief the many hints of incestual desire in Shakespeare's text. To have acted all that, to have shown it to an audience, had made me more bold in owning to experiences for which previously I had no name. Perhaps it is possible to be confused as to the object of desire without necessarily being as peculiar as I used to fear. More: perhaps such confusion is closer to the true nature of sexual desire than society finds it possible to imagine.

On Being Like

With these examples in mind, I want now to return to my earlier questions and propose an answer. I asked: what happens to our experience of being a person when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object, and how do "the three fallacies" help in exploring variations between movement and text? The answer I want to propose, which will draw on the examples I have given you, arises out of a dilation, or amplification, of the word "likeness". The thesis I am putting forward is that in being a person likeness is given into our keeping. Being a person makes us responsible for likeness. Theatre acknowledges and celebrates that responsibility.

I realise that I am treading on ground that has been much worked in the last few decades. Much that I have to say on likeness overlaps with what Jung says about symbol, and again with what has been written on metaphor (for instance in Murray Cox's excellent new book on *Mutative Metaphors in Psychotherapy*).

But I prefer to talk of likeness rather than of symbol or metaphor because it lodges both the familiarity and the urgency of what is at stake more surely in everyday language. And from its position in everyday language I think likeness reminds us more immediately of a problem to which "archetypal psychology" needs to pay more attention. I refer to the metaphysical problem, of the One and the Many. How is it that the world is both One and Many?

1. My interest in dilating or amplifying the word "likeness" began to constellate many years ago when I read an essay by the classical scholar Bruno Snell called *From Myth to Logic: the role of the Comparison*. (It is printed as one chapter in his book *The Discovery of the Mind*).

In this essay he is considering Homer's use of simile. He addresses himself in particular to a passage in the *Iliad* where Hector, wanting to breach the ranks of the Greeks, presses his attack where he saw the largest crowd and the best arms. But he was unable to disrupt the line ... for they endured like a tower ... just as a rock in the sea endures despite wind and waves.

He comments on this simile of the square of soldiers enduring like a rock in a stormy sea as follows. I will read you what he says in full, both as opening up our understanding of "likeness" and also as commentary on my question about what we get into at Hawkwood when we represent trees and stones and rivers as well as persons.

The source of each of these comparisons is a figuratively used verb: "to drive on", "to rush forth", "to roll against", "to refuse to be broken". (It would be a mistake to suppose that these similes answer only to the notorious tertium comparationis). Their implications may extend far beyond the nucleus of the explicit comparison; as a matter of fact the art of the Homeric simile often consists in its wealth of correlations, in the beauty and the aptness of its less obvious and more remote implications. But this does not contradict the fundamental rule that the story - in this case a human action - requires the comparison to achieve full expression.

If the rock contributes to the understanding of a human attitude, i.e. if a dead object elucidates animate behaviour, the reason is that the inanimate object is itself viewed anthropomorphically; the immobility of the boulder in the surf is interpreted as endurance, as a human being endures in the midst of a threatening situation. It appears, therefore, that one object is capable of casting fresh light upon another in the form of a simile, only because we read into the object the very qualities which it in turn illustrates. This peculiar situation, namely that human behaviour is made clear only through reference to something else which is in turn explained by analogy with human behaviour, pertains to all Homeric similes. More than that, it pertains to all genuine metaphors, and in fact to every single case of human comprehension. Thus it is not quite correct to say that the rock is viewed anthropomorphically, unless we add that our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically, and that the act of regarding the rock in human terms furnishes us with a means of apprehending and defining our own behaviour. In other words, and this is all-important in any explanation of the simile, man must listen to an echo of himself before he may hear or know himself.

Snell is reminding us of a time when the human mind took an extraordinary leap. That leap is what we get into when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object. Rocks are like humans because humans are like rocks. There is a principle of reciprocal comparison at work which takes us behind and beyond our distinction between I and it:

our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves etromorphically ... the act of regarding the rock in human terms furnishes us with a jeans if apprehending or defining our own behaviour.

This is all-important in any understanding of likeness: "man must listen to an echo of himself before he may hear or know himself".

In the play within the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when the Wall exits from the stage, the audience comment:

THESEUS Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
DEMETRIUS No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
THESEUS The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if
 imagination amend them.
HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.
THESEUS If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass
 for excellent men.

Play the wall yourself, and you will know what lies behind the sophistication of such teasing: the power of likeness, a power of which we are all seized, a power that puts us at hazard behind and beyond our distinction of subject and object.

2. Many years after reading Snell's essay I was reminded of his phrase about "listening for an echo of ourselves" by another formidable and scholarly study of the evolution of mind. This was in Suzanne Langer's three-volume *Mind: an essay on Human Feeling*, a great work in which she sets out to trace the evolution of feeling, imagination, language, thought, within the whole context of inorganic and organic, inanimate and animate worlds. Chapter 17 is titled *Symbols and the Evolution of Mind*. In it she links the recognition of likeness in waking life with the imagery of dreams, and the emergence of speech with the eliciting of an echoic answer in dance and song.

I find her argument rich and exciting. It took my interest in likeness out of the world of literature and aesthetic and into the worlds of evolutionary theory and animal behaviour. But let me give you one extract, in which she refers to echoic answer, the idea which I first got from Bruno Snell - out of which I want to draw my sense of our hazardous, personal, stake in the theatre.

One could undoubtedly make more guesses at the first sources of language, and still have no measure to apply to their relative probabilities. The only extreme improbability seems to me to be that language arose from some kind of previous communication by improvements that had survival value. Animal contact is not communication; animals may perform joint acts, even pick up an act one from another at some juncture, as bees seem to pick up the food-getting act in a round, without asking or telling anything. Suggestibility and a general community of feeling are enough. It is human mentality that does not remain in the animal pattern. The great individuation made by subjective activity, the symbolic finishing of excessive nervous impulses within the nervous system itself, breaks the system of instinctive responses and begets the first processes of ideation, which eventuate in wild expressions, dance, magic, then the wishing of curses and blessings on other creatures and investing implements such as arrows, fishhooks or weapons with potency and luck by solemn rites, and hallowing the places for dancing or feasting with sacrificial bloodshed. Speech was born, I believe, in such high reaches of proto-human activity, and gathered form when one individual knew by the symbolic utterance of another what that other was thinking about. For with such concentrated expression came real envisagement, the beginning of reflection, thought.

With that achievement, everything really was given. The intuition of meaning was no longer an elusive sense of import, giving emotional value to non-practical vocalizations and gestures, but became comprehension of the idea in the head of the titterer. Such insight probably elicited an echoic answer; the accompanying act was understood, since the articulated phrase itself could be repeated faster than the overt gestures and manipulations; they were called up in imagination by the formula, instead of performed; and that is mentioning, naming.

Our Hawkwood method of acting takes us into that. Energized by text, but uncoupled from the spoken word, we learn to explore kinaesthetically that break in instinctive response that begets "likeness". Likeness becomes as it were reflexive.

It is quite a common experience really, if only we would pay it some attention. The kind of echoic response I got in playing Wall was the feeling play-back even as I acted of "so this is what being like something is like". That is the reflexivity, the reciprocity, the echo, out of which language arises. But the very familiarity of words can conceal it from us. Perhaps we need to uncouple ourselves more often from the spoken word if we are to recover that original ekstasis in which "instinctive response" is broken so that suddenly, in its place, there is echo of a different kind altogether, an echo in which we are seized of likeness.

3. Nowhere that I know of is this moment of original ek-stasis caught so well as in a famous passage in William Golding's work *The Inheritors*. Many of you are probably familiar with it. The book tells the story of a group of protohuman beings as they return to their summer food gathering lands and are disturbed by the presence of another group with powers strangely different from theirs, a group of beings whom we call homo sapiens.

The story is told through the experience of one member of the protohumans group - Lok. Here is Golding's evocation of the transitory moment in which Lok discovers, and then loses, "likeness".

The noise of the people diminished a little until he could hear no more than the voice of the old man when it rose in command or fury. Down here where the forest changed to marsh and the sky opened over bushes, straggling willow and water, there was no other sign of their passage. The woodpigeons talked, preoccupied with their mating; nothing was changed, not even the great bough where a red-haired child had swung and laughed. All things profited and thrived in a warm windlessness. Lok got to his feet and wandered along by the marshes towards the mere where Fa had disappeared. To be Mal was proud and heavy. The new head knew that certain things were gone and done with like a wave of the sea. It knew that the misery must be embraced painfully as a man might hug thorns to him and it sought to comprehend the new people from whom all changes came.

Lok discovered "Like". He had used likeness all his life without being aware of it. Fungi on a tree were ears, the word was the same but acquired a distinction by circumstances that could never apply to the sensitive things on the side of his head. Now, in a convulsion of the understanding Lok found himself using likeness as a tool as surely as ever he had used a stone to hack at sticks or meat. Likeness could grasp the white-faced hunters with a hand, could put them into the world where they were thinkable and not a random and unrelated irruption.

He was picturing the hunters who went out with bent sticks in skill and malice.

"The people are like a famished wolf in the hollow of a tree".

He thought of the fat woman defending the new one from the old man, thought of her laughter, of men working at a single load and grinning at each other.

"The people are like honey trickling from a crevice in the rock".

He thought of Tanakil playing, her clever fingers, her laughter, and her stick.

"The people are like honey in the round stones, the new honey that smells of dead things and fire".

They had emptied the gap of its people with little more than a turn of their hands.

"They are like the river and the fall, they are a people of the fall; nothing stands against them".

He thought of their patience, of the broad man Tuam creating a stage out of coloured earth.

"They are like Oa".

There came a confusion in his head, a darkness; and then he was Lok again, wandering aimlessly by the marshes and the hunger that food would not satisfy was back.

To get the full effect of that extraordinary moment you need to read the whole book. But I hope that short extract gives you the excitement, the memory of familiar ek-stasis which I am trying to evoke in this amplification of the word "likeness". That is the moment to which Bruno Snell refers when he says "our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically..."

That is the moment which Suzanne Langer is describing when she writes of "the great individuation made by subjective activity" when "the symbolic finishing of excessive nervous impulses within the nervous system itself breaks the system of instinctive responses and begets the processes of ideation".

That is the moment to which I want to refer my experience of acting, so as to develop my thesis that in being a person, in assuming a persona, I am acknowledging and celebrating responsibility for likeness.

Making an Appearance

Which brings me finally to my title. I want us to consider how "making an appearance" both acknowledges and celebrates our responsibility for likeness, and how this acknowledgement and celebration requires that in facing each other not only we, but also the world in which we find ourselves, should play with masks.

"Making an appearance" is often spoken in a pejorative sense. We assume a kind of falling apart of appearance and reality. Appearances are deceptive. They are something to get behind so as to find the real. It is the same assumption that takes the face as more real than the mask.

But there is a different philosophical tradition in which appearances are allowed to speak for themselves. (It was concisely, beautifully and powerfully evoked thirty years ago in a book by Owen Barfield called *Saving the Appearances*.) Appearance is how the world comes to meet us, and we come to meet each other. It is the presence of what is real -presentation, representation. What separates it from the real is that we forget that both appearance and reality are *made*. One reason why theatre is good for us is that when we make an appearance we are reminded that appearances have to be kept up because reality has to be kept up too. To represent a wall or a tree or a rock as a person is to be reminded how making enters into both appearance and reality. Another such reminder is the face of the dead.

Making an appearance and making reality. It is the same kind of effort, yet there is a distinction to be made which is of the same order as the distinction between life and death, face and mask. And that is where our word "likeness" can carry such weight, such gravity, together with such lightness, such levity.

The likeness which Lok discovered is not just a matter of aesthetic comparison. It has a metaphysical, or I would prefer to say ontological, reach to it. It makes possible the recognition of the "suchness" of things, and of how that suchness allows for other suchnesses. It grounds the "howness" of things in the "thatness" of things, and the "thatness" of things in the "howness" of things. It is this reciprocal grounding of howness and thatness which Golding describes when he writes that Lok, in a convulsion of the understanding, found himself using likeness as a tool.

Likeness seizes on our understanding and in so doing enables us to seize on appearance with a maker's hand. As Golding puts it: "Likeness could grasp the white-faced hunters with a hand, could put them into the world where they were thinkable and not a random and unrelated irruption" Or as Snell puts it: "the dead object elucidates animal behaviour". Because of likeness, those early representatives of homo sapiens made their appearance.

To realize "likeness" on this ontological level we need to start from a strong sense of sameness and of difference, and of the gulf between them. Sameness allows of no difference. What is different can never be the same. I am not using "likeness" as equivalent to "the same". Likeness combines similarity with difference without collapsing, or indeed bridging, the gulf between them. Fully to appreciate the gift of likeness we have to come face to face with the irreducibly and unforgivably "other".

Likeness of this ontological kind is shy, hazardous, rare, precious. It trembles, or it is always uncertain. And yet it is binding. It binds like some interstitial glue or cement, holding everything together in relation to everything else. To bring the trembling and the binding together we have to think of the old metaphysical problem of the One and the Many. How is the world both One and Many? Likeness is what makes multiplicity and variety singular, and saves singularity from the entropy, the boredom, of sameness.

This is the likeness for which we take responsibility in making an appearance. The form of that responsibility is given us in words like show, make manifest, epiphany, present. The "isness" of the world is a showing, a making manifest, an epiphany, a presenting. Being in the world is an invitation, an invitation which comes to meet us. In making an appearance we take part in the invitation by taking part in the coming to meet. I think that's what we do when we act. This is what I mean by putting ourselves at hazard behind and beyond the distinction of subject and object.

Let me illustrate with reference to my experience in acting the part of Mariana in that scene from *Measure for Measure*, and to my more general questioning of the place of the human face in sexual attraction. In describing my response to the Mariana scene, I said earlier: perhaps it is possible to be confused as to the object of desire without necessarily being as peculiar as I used to fear. More: perhaps such confusion is closer to the true nature of sexual desire than society finds it possible to imagine.

I want to relate that thought to what has been said about likeness and the making of appearance. Is sex, sexual differentiation, sexual desire, an example of the trembling and the binding of ontological likeness?

There is a lot in the Bible, from *Genesis* on, which says that it is. I think there's a lot that goes on in the theatre which says so too. Certainly sex makes great play with the gulf between sameness and difference. We say, or at least I hope we say, "vive la différence". But we also dream of booted feet stamping on male and female genitals "so that the difference will be obliterated" and wake in a state of high sexual arousal. Mariana waits in the dark, welcoming, for the unseen, unseeing, groping phallus. There is indeed a blindness to sexual desire. The object of desire remains always obscure. If we see the face we may know ourselves to be betrayed. Yet faces light up, and desire can recognize in the trembling of the irreducibly and unforgivably other the binding of like to like.

The Bible relates sexual desire to the Godhead's creation of man and woman in its own image. Thinking of my experience with *Measure for Measure* I would like to be able to use the phrase "making an appearance" both within that theological tradition and also as invoking the spirit of charade. Something was at stake in my acting of Mariana which was both far more serious than I had expected, and also absurd. I am trying to make sense of both together.

What I am suggesting is that in playing with gender reversal we are playing with ontological likeness. When we set out to confuse the object of sexual desire we are playing with that binding-trembling in which "likeness" is given into our keeping. It is dangerous, because sexual differentiation and sexual desire is an example of the "likeness" which makes it possible for the world to be both One and Many. But that danger also makes it re-creational in every sense of the word.

To appreciate just how re-creational such play can be, I return to what I said earlier about movement and text, and to the threefold perspective I gave you for analysing the energy

between author, audience and actor. Think of sexual desire as movement, gender as text. Sex involves creation, affect, performance. But so also does "likeness". The likeness which Lok discovers irrupts in the "Ah, so it is" of creation. The affect was like a seizure. And it gave to the performance of his mind new hands with which to grasp and move what was "other". The way in which sex makes its appearance in *Measure for Measure* is like that. It presents us with what can happen when intention, affect and performance no longer agree what sex is like. Or, to use the words of the Bible, what sex is made in the image of.

Conclusion

In reading through what I have written, I realize there is one major omission to my argument which has to be acknowledged. That is about time. What I have been trying to say about likeness and making an appearance does not hang together intellectually or affectively unless it is combined with discussion of time. Likeness as given into our keeping goes together with time as given into our keeping.

That omission acknowledged, what have I said about face and mask?

I think the one idea I want to leave with you is that it is not only we who play with masks. The world does too. What I have been trying to say about making an appearance stands or falls with the idea of a world in which objects can be careful of subjects, in which likeness is out there in my milieu, an invitation coming to meet us. To do justice to my experience of theatre, there has to be a sense in which the world out there is "put on" in the same way that a play is "put on".

So my question as to the face and the mask: which is the more interesting? which is the more reliable? has to be answered by the world. In my essay on *The Winter's Tale* I say that death is an insistent reminder of how unbecoming creation is. I like the play of meaning in the words becoming and unbecoming. They help us conjugate time with likeness, likeness with time. Likeness isn't the tool Lok thought it was unless it can get into the world of becoming. Yet how much likeness is thoroughly unbecoming. If the world is to make its appearance we have to be able to imagine how much it is hiding even as we look it in the face. That's what the choice between face and mask is about. So in making that choice I think we do well to remind each other (as we did with the *Commedia del'Arte* yesterday evening), just how unbecoming the world can be. The hiding and the showing are both here, on the face, in its masking.

1994 - Discipline and Theatre

Why is sexual discipline *so* exciting?

I've been asking myself that for sixty years, for the last thirty as a professional psychologist who is occasionally called on to help others with similar questions. And the answer I have come up with is to do with theatre. I think the excitement of discipline is the excitement of theatre. Discipline makes sex theatrical. It energises the empty space between stage and audience which takes sex out of biology into the constraints and possibilities of culture.

I'd like to give AKSS members an example in the hope that it will encourage others to experiment with theatre as a middle ground between secrecy and exposure. We are rightly afraid of exposure that allows of no reflection, no sharing, no communion. But the theatre allows for exposure of a different kind: exposure that is reciprocal, that works both ways, an exposure in which all are involved.

For many years I've worked with theatre people in what we call 'enactment'. We act stories and plays without words. Our bodies have to carry the story or the plot of the play without the help of speech. It's like dance or mime. Nervous and muscular energy has to translate into meaning that can be shared. For most of us, as adults, this translation between body and meaning is usually carried by words. In denying ourselves speech we discover that there are other ways in which our bodies can both attract and discharge meaning. It is this discovery which I've come to associate with the excitement of sexual discipline.

Ten years ago we enacted Shakespeare's play *Measure for Measure*. This play has been frequently produced in the last twenty years, though when I was young it was considered to be a 'problem play', and was seldom to be seen. I think its growing popularity may well be evidence of a new social interest in sexual discipline and its enjoyment.

Here are the central features of the plot.

1. The Duke of Vienna has handed over his authority to his deputy Angelo, on the pretence of going on a long journey. In fact, he remains in hiding and in disguise in the city to observe events.

2. Angelo is intent on strict enforcement of the city laws against sexual licence, and to this end sentences young Claudio to death for having got his betrothed pregnant before they were married.

3. Isabella, the sister of Claudio, is about to enter a holy order as a nun, but agrees to leave her nunnery (she has not yet taken her vows) to plead with Angelo for her brother's life. She does so, and the strict and apparently asexual Angelo is fiercely and consumingly attracted to her. In the second of two interviews he tells her he will relieve her brother if she goes to bed with him. Horrified, Isabella refuses. When she explains Angelo's offer to her brother, Claudio pleads with her to accede to Angelo's wish, to sacrifice her virginity to save his life.

4. As brother and sister fall apart in mutual recrimination, the Duke emerges, in disguise, to begin to straighten things out.

5. The plan he proposes is that Mariana, who was once betrothed to Angelo, then rejected by him when she appeared to have lost her dowry, but who nevertheless still continues to love him and want him as her husband, should substitute herself for Isabella in the darkness of the night, so that Angelo makes love (if that is the right word) to her, thinking that she is Claudio's sister, the nun-to-be for whom he has conceived so sharp a desire.

6. This plan is agreed to by both Isabella and Mariana, and it is out of the subsequent sightless sexual encounter between Mariana and Angelo that the play reaches its denouement.

The part I was given in our enactment was that of Mariana. I had to have sex with Angelo in the nighttime darkness of his garden, pretending to be another woman. Which meant that in the scene which I was to enact sexual desire was playfully, ludicrously, perhaps maliciously but perhaps also forgivingly, confused as to its object. Of the two bodies involved, one knew who the other was, one did not. And this particular scene was driven forward by all that had gone before, a developing plot energised by sexual desire: desire as free and fruitful outside the law, desire as worthy of sacrifice, desire as something to be tightly and if necessarily cruelly disciplined, desire as able to penetrate and turn round even its most dedicated enemy.

What did we make of it? In terms of production the two important decisions were to cast a woman as Angelo and a man, myself, as Mariana, and to represent the darkness by

having Angelo blindfold. The effect was to make the scene both comic and deadly serious. The obviousness of the gender reversal emphasised sexual ambiguity of a kind we associate with the circus or the burlesque theatre. The blindfolded groping, the intensity of the hidden gaze, brought something terrible into the performance, responding to its setting within the wider plot of the play in which sexual desire and death are crossed in sado-masochistic imagery; for instance, when Isabella whose part Mariana has taken in bed can reject Angelo's proposal in his office with

...were I under the terms of death
Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That long I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

The memory of that performance has stayed with me ever since, both as comfort and as incitement. As long as I can remember, sexual desire has involved for me more or less insistent intimations of gender reversal. The extraordinary effect of that blindfold as my predatory lover took my body as the body of another is now always with me as a reminder that sexual desire is easily deceived as to its object. To have acted all that, to have *shown* it to an audience, has made me more bold in owning to experiences for which I had previously had no name. Perhaps it is possible to be confused as to the object of desire without necessarily being as peculiar as I used to fear. More: perhaps such confusion is closer to the true nature of sexual desire than society likes to imagine.

How does experience like this help me with my question: why is discipline *so* exciting?

The answer I have come up with owes much to anthropology and psychoanalysis. It can be put in two words: artifice (artificial) and sacrifice (sacrificial).

When you act you realise that the space between stage and audience is not empty. It is full of artifice. It pulses with energy plotted by an author who is absent. Actor and audience are brought together by an art which is not their own.

Think of make up. We know the actors use make up. And the audience has made up its mind to go to the play, or as the French say, to assist at the play. But the play has been made up too. In the theatre different kinds of making have to negotiate with each other. Theatre is a

sharing in the artificiality of human society. Theatre is one place in which we come together in what anthropologists call 'the social construction of reality'.

Measure for Measure is artificial. In enacting the play without words there is no escape from this. Muscular and nervous energy is committed to representing sex as artifice. Brothels, the condemned cell, law courts as necessary but both stupid and cruel, the comforts and demands of religion, the joy and fear of pregnancy, marriage as an exchange of property, they are all about the social construction of sexuality. And at the heart of the play, the moment when it pivots between tragedy and resolution, a moment which is off stage and usually preceded in the theatre by the interval for drinks, refreshment and fresh air, is the scene in which the social construction of sexuality is celebrated as artifice. As Angelo mistakenly fucks Mariana lust and betrothal, property and marriage, are brought together by an artifice that is both comic and deadly serious. The social construction of sexuality is presented as cruel and comic.

I don't think we can feel both the cruelty and the comedy without allowing for the artificiality of what is being enacted, which is probably why it used to be called one of Shakespeare's problem plays. But the artificiality ceases to be problematic if we can admit that it has a purpose. And that purpose is sacrificial.

The idea of our bodies as sacrificial is a strange one for most people today. Let me try and introduce it with some thoughts about exposure and about pain.

As I have said, we are rightly afraid of exposure if it allows of no sharing, no reflection, no communion, the kind of exposure we associate with the tabloid press, with certain TV programmes, and with police investigation of the sort which led to the Spanner case convictions. But theatrical exposure is of a different kind. It not only allows for, it *depends on*, sharing, reflection, communion. How can we move from fear of exposure to enjoyment of exposure?

I think we have to learn a new confidence in the uses and abuses of mockery.

Rituals of discipline always include an element of mockery. The clothes we wear, the language we use, the behaviour we insist on. For a man, the state of his penis, even the choice

of name - penis, prick, cock - is an opening into mockery. For both sexes, the arse, which is perhaps one reason why for many of us it is so inviting of discipline (and again, between Americans and British, the variation between arse and ass in both spelling and pronunciation can lead into wider fields of mockery). However we use it in private places, mockery excites.

In the theatre a play like *Measure for Measure* shows sexual mockery at work in more public places. We realise that it can do more for us than we had thought. Mockery can mediate between privacy and exposure. Mockery can be used by society as an attack on its sexual minorities. But it can also be used to expose the pretension in all social construction of sexuality, in the constantly changing social definition of what is allowable and what is not.

But mockery is also cruel, which makes us afraid of it. Public discussion of rituals of sexual discipline are often cruel. They use mockery to rubbish, to depreciate, to dismiss. Mockery can be used to make people ashamed so that they have nowhere to go and have to hide themselves away. But if we can allow for its sacrificial function mockery can do something else. It can turn shame into something that can be shared, the recognition that our bodies involve us necessarily in sacrifice, that they actually *invite* sacrifice.

What do I mean by the sacrificial function of mockery? Let me turn for an answer to pain.

All our scenarios about discipline, exercise and submission, involve some negotiation as to the pain to be born. Pain is exalted. Pain is feared. Giving and taking are played against and across each other. "How much can you take?" "I'd like to give you more, but I daren't". "I'd like to take more, but I can't". "Yes, I can take more if you'll go slowly". "Make me give it you". "Make me take it". "No, I wasn't going to listen to you. I knew you could take more". Discipline defines itself in the giving and taking of pain.

I think a play like *Measure for Measure* shows what is happening when the giving and taking of pain are staked against each other like this. Private and public management of pain are dramatically compared and contrasted. Actors and audience together explore a bewildering range of alternatives, political, sacred, personal, that all come together in the sexuality of our bodies. The bewilderment, the sheer range of alternatives, is too much for any one person to carry on their own. The self sufficiency of our bodies has to be sacrificed.

"The self sufficiency of our bodies has to be sacrificed." I think that is what many of us are trying to get at in our rituals of discipline. It is a difficult thought for some. Let me try and sharpen its focus a bit.

Sacrificial rituals require a victim. Is there a victim when we use discipline with sexual intent? There is widespread public anxiety about sexual abuse, and some of this is certainly directed at reports of disciplinarian rituals. It is not only 'the victim' that can feel abused.

I have known one woman, who for seven years actively enjoyed herself exercising sexual discipline in the dominant role, say ten years later "I think I allowed myself to be abused". She meant that she had been abused by her 'victim'. Abuse there can certainly be. But how does a willing victim abuse? How does abuse relate to the comfort, the indescribable comfort, of submission to the give and take of pain?

I think abuse happens when sacrifice goes wrong. Sacrifice requires that giving and taking add up to more than simple exchange. Only then can we make sense of the willing victim. If it doesn't 'add up' everyone feels cheated. Which is where theatre comes in. Theatre can help us understand this 'adding up to more'. The exchange that takes place between stage and audience can help us recognise why we feel cheated if a sacrifice goes wrong.

For those who have never acted it is easy to think that in the exchange between stage and audience all the giving is being done by the actors, all the taking by the audience. But any actor who has moved from rehearsal to live performance knows that that is not so. Stage is energised by audience just as audience is energised by stage. The give and take has to be reciprocal for theatre to work. But it also has to add up to more. There has to be something to wonder at. Both actors and audience sacrifice their self sufficiency so that something else can come about: a joint recognition that our bodies are not simply something we inhabit, go about in, do our thing in. They are there to make us wonder.

Anthropologists make much of the links between theatre and religion. We should not be shy about the religious intensity of some of our rituals.

A woman with a real gift for administering discipline who was an active member of her local church told me how she felt when she realised that the words her submissive male partner was using to her in their rituals were almost identical with those she herself spoke in her church's annual service of 'renewal of vows'. She was both shocked and excited. The shock made it difficult for her to admit the excitement. But when the admission came she said that the effect was extraordinary, and the example she gave was that religious language such as "With my body I thee worship" flooded with new wonder.

Conclusion

Artifice and sacrifice: these are the words I want to use if I am to express why discipline excites me so. Disciplinarian sex celebrates and it experiments. It celebrates with artifice, and it experiments with sacrifice.

There comes a time in sex when I am beside myself. My body does not know which way to turn. There are so many places it could go. What is it that my body wants to do? There are so many parts it could play. On stage, the voice of discipline says that I must make up my mind. In the audience, the voice of mockery reminds me of all that I am missing when I limit myself to only one part. But if human nature is really theatrical, if I am both actor and audience, then I can join with others in wondering about body.

Sexuality is a performance. The human body has the power always to wonder about its limits. Performance reflects that power. Much of our enjoyment of sex, and much of our fear of sex, is enjoyment or fear of performance. In public a society wedding can be just lovely, or really rather nasty (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). The Spanner case videos landed the performers in prison, while the judge was allowed to wear his transvestite robes in dignity. In private, a sexual partnership is constantly negotiating performances which are more or less enjoyable, more or less fearful.

Theatre enables us to move between celebration and experiment. I would encourage fellow members of the AKSS, both full and associate, to explore the kind of exposure that theatre makes possible. It can offer us an opportunity to contribute our various experiences of discipline to a more comprehensive construction of sexuality, in which there is a better fit between public and private, between what we say we do and what we do.



Enter Mariana and Isabella

Welcome, how agreed?

ISABELLA

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

DUKE It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISABELLA Little have you to say
When you depart from him but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

MARIANA Fear me not.
DUKE

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.



FERMENTATIO

He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads
There have I made my promise,
The heavy middle of the night,

