

THEATRE
&
BEHAVIOUR

Hawkwood Papers

1979 to 1986



DAVID HOLT

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FOREWORD

Six of the papers collected here were presented at the annual "Jung and Hermeneutics" weekend which is held every April at Hawkwood College in Gloucestershire. They record the development of a shared interest in theatre and drama as a way of exchange and cross fertilisation between psychoanalytic, behavioural, and ontological approaches to human affairs. (On the Contents page I give the plays we worked on during the weekend, but the papers do not always refer in any detail to the play.)

The final two lectures were delivered in London, and represent a more sustained attempt to think through the implications of hermeneutics for (1) my interest in Jung, and (2) my interest in improving professional organisation and training in psychotherapy (the two interests are not identical).

I have collected them together in response to many requests. I hope that having them bound together like this will help spread an interest in "the theatre of behaviour". The work and play which they tell of is still very much in progress. The time to attempt a more coherent summary is not yet come. I have therefore left them as delivered, in lecture form, with the minimum of editing.

Taken together, these eight lectures are an attempt to match *knowing* with *doing* in a more comprehensive understanding of the verb *to act*. They are as much concerned with social events as with psychic states. A recurring theme is time: time as in our keeping, of our making, not a given which we can simply take for granted. The collection is addressed to anyone wishing to become more responsive to, and responsible for, the parts we play.

December, 1986

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Make Believe and Identity



An Exploration

1979

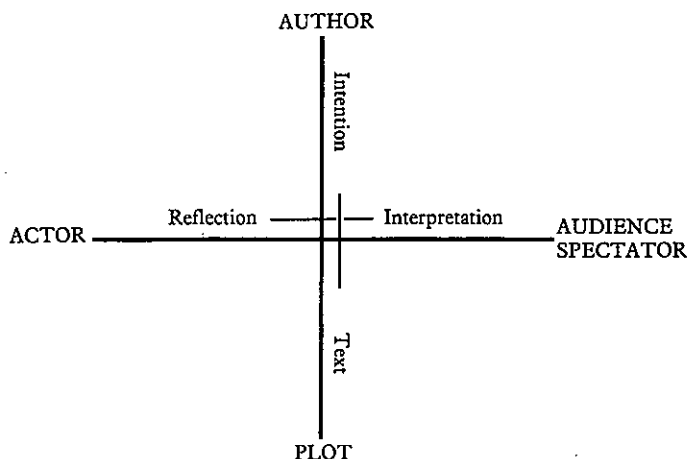
1

We have called this weekend an exploration, an exploration of Make Believe and Identity. In preparing for it, in the work of rehearsal, the original intention has changed slightly. The word Family rather than Identity should perhaps feature in the title—Make Believe and Family. It is a slight shift, but perceptible. Though I for one cannot think about identity without thinking about family, I find I can *do* more with the word family than I can with the word identity. And this weekend is primarily about doing, about acting.

We want to explore make believe as a comprehensive activity. It includes pretence and charade and illusion. It includes the games children play, and also the less obvious and sometimes less agreeable games grown ups play with and on each other. These are perhaps familiar to most of us. But it also includes make believe of a kind which many of us may take so for granted as to be unaware of its presence: make believe of the kind described by anthropologists as the social construction of reality, the whole nexus of game-like rules which constitute society and thus our social perception of reality. Whatever family is, requires this dimension of make believe for its exploration.

Behind the personal and social there is another level of make believe which I hope we will bear in mind, though perhaps it is wiser not to invite exploration of it on a weekend such as this. I call this level theological, or cosmogonic, or mythical: the stories of creation which are told and believed, believed in a way which makes us say both I believe and We believe. What is it like to move between I believe and We believe? Understanding family, and in particular sexuality, does not get far if we ignore this movement, the make believe of creation stories which sustain social and therefore personal experience of the world in which we find ourselves.

Our exploration will be by way of the following model.



This dramatic model has proved itself able both to release and contain energies which move between author, actor, audience, and plot. These are the energies which conjugate the verbs to make and to believe, energies which make us believe, and believe in making. The weekend is designed to explore these energies, the reciprocity between making and believing, and to relate this to our experience of family.

So in this opening talk I want to do three things. I want to introduce you to the model by showing how we can relate it to our own lives. Then I want to try and place our experience of family in the model. And thirdly, I shall say something about how we shall be using the movement between words and silence in the acting we do together.

2

So, to begin with, let us look at this model in terms of our own lives. Let us assume that our lives are story shaped, and consider the living of them from the various positions marked, or plotted, on this diagram.

In the position of author, my life is what I make it. I feel responsible for what I do, and for what happens to me. I describe myself as the master of my fate. I claim that my life is my own, that it is up to me to make it as I will.

In the position of actor, my life is a doing rather than a making. I feel responsible for the how of my living rather than for the what. There is a sense of freedom, but different to the author's freedom to make as he wills. It is a freedom of the how of events and things, a freedom to choose between hownesses, rather than thatnesses.

In the position of audience or spectator, my life is a reflecting, an observing, a judging. The bias of my interest is towards whys. Questions about hows and thats tend to be subordinated to the why of things and events and persons. My sense of responsibility, and of freedom, is critical, analytic, rather than existential, behavioural.

In the position of plot, my life is determined. I am a creature of circumstance. It is a case of just one thing after another. The eventfulness of living is a matrix within which I am embedded, at its best a tapestry of warp and woof, at its worst the stickiness of a fly paper. The thatness of life outweighs any interest I may have in the how and the why. But unlike when I am in the author position, the thatness is not of my own conceiving. It is simply given. And while for both actor and audience there is an important element of this same givenness, there is in these positions a certain freedom of choice, some give and take, some room for manoeuvre, for negotiation, for argument. In plot, this element of choice is not there. We can't pick and choose, we can't modify. We are stuck with it. All we can do is to get stuck into it. But that can be a beginning. ||

So much for the four positions. But we are not ever wholly in one of those positions, though we do tend to get caught in one or other of them. Life is a trying business, and we are trying, many of us, to inhabit as much of this model as we can. The picture fills out when we consider the lines (of force and meaning) which join the various positions.

Let us look first at the vertical, the line joining Author and Plot. We can give this various names. The two which will be of most value to our exploration this weekend are intention and text. The movement from conception to expression by which Author and Plot are both joined and separated is intentional. The author intends the plot to be. The plot is intended by the author. But that intention is expressed in a text. If we want to understand the author's intention, we must study his text. How are text and intention related? We are

here to explore that how.

Now the horizontal, the line joining Actor and Audience/Spectator. Again, we can give this various names, but the two which I have chosen for our exploration this weekend are reflection and interpretation. The exchange between actor and audience, that which passes between them, is reflective. In trying to inhabit this model, that reflection is in words like con-scious, conscience. For most grown ups, the word I is unimaginable without the word me. Also without words for you and we and they and it. That is the quality of reflection on this line. But there is also activity of a more original kind going on across here, both freer and more binding than reflection. I call this interpretation, and I want to emphasise and give a certain weight to the word. Actors interpret their parts. Conductors interpret musical scores. But also, judges interpret law, and in some countries which are perhaps freer than others, they make this interpretation with the assistance of a jury. Remember law, its freedom its necessity, as we interpret our texts this weekend.

So we have four words: intention, text, reflection and interpretation. Much of the value, and of the power, of this model lies in how we can move these words in relation to each other. It is through this movement that we hope to explore *make believe*: the conjunction of two verbs, to make, and to believe.

And to get this movement started, now, at the beginning of our weekend together, I want us to attend, carefully and curiously, to this point where the vertical and horizontal lines cross. Can we recognise anything like that point in our own living, occasions when the intention and text of our story cross reflection and interpretation?

I hope that by Sunday afternoon some of you will have something to say about that. But let me start you off with two questions to keep in mind as our exploration gets under way. Why does the author need the exchange between actor and audience for the realisation of the plot? And what does the independence, the otherness, the orthogonal objectivity, of this vertical line, do to the relation between actor and audience?

You will find that these questions arise differently with each of the three actings we do. With the Ibsen, we shall work from an exact text. There is no argument about what is written. It is there, and we've got to take it. But as to the author's intention: there we can argue, there we will differ. Does the author need the exchange between actor and audience because of the difference between text and intention? Where do we imagine such a need arising—from the

author or plot end of that vertical axis? Does the mere possibility of such a need arising say anything to the circumstantial bondage of our being in the plot?

With our second acting, a contemporary family drama, we shall have the outlines of a plot but no text. We shall be trying to identify with a husband and wife whose simple sense of authorship over their own life stories is being exposed to the need for some kind of public exchange, not unlike that between actor and audience. In improvising text, we will move between intention and interpretation. Moving thus, we will find ourselves risking originality. We shall play at being author, with all that an author stands to lose or gain in the realisation of plot, even as our actors risk losing author-ity, the author's control, over their own lives.

In our third acting, of Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*, we shall be in the presence of a different kind of author. We have a text, one of the great texts of our european civilization, written by an author for actors and audience more difficult to imagine than in the case of Ibsen: a text which is itself a rendering of a story given to, not conceived by, the author. Theatre of this kind is close to ritual, and the question of the author's intention is both more, and less, accessible than with *Hedda Gabler*. Here what I said earlier about theological or cosmogonic or mythical make believe will prove relevant. The question why the author needs the exchange between actor and audience will arise only in so far as our acting can entertain the hiatus, the gulf, between gods and mortals. Q

3

So much by way of introduction to this dramatic model. I want now to approach more closely to our plans for the weekend, and say something first, about family, and second, about our use of silence and of words in the acting we shall do.

The three actings we have chosen all have family as their theme. If we are to get the most out of this exploration, we need to go into it with a sense of how strange, as well as how familiar, family is. What I have to say now is intended to evoke this sense of strangeness along with the familiar by suggesting connections between sexuality, kinship, and time. If you want to understand what follows, be prepared for something very strange.

The resourcefulness of this dramatic model as applied to family is

best realised if we think of the transition between our family of origin, the family into which we were born, and our family of choice, the family which we choose either to make or not to make. This transition can, for some, be so gradual as to be hardly noticed. For some, it is a transition which seems always to be ahead of them. For others, it is a transition which we like to take various goes at. In all these forms, it raises the question of authorship within a wider social drama.

There is a sense in which the parents are evidently the authors of the child. This is so much a fact of existence that its strangeness is easy to ignore. When we who were once child come ourselves to have the choice of parenthood, the strangeness of this authorship can start us questioning our family of origin, and indeed the whole idea of origin, in new ways. There is the discrepancy of the two and the one, of dual authorship for I who am one. For some, this discrepancy is dramatically enhanced by the fact that I am of the same sex as one parent, of the different sex to the other parent.

But there are times when father and mother appear less as authors than as the impresarios who put on the creation of someone behind themselves. There can be a sense of family, or kinship, or genogram, far more powerful and more extensive than the particular mother and father. There can be an awareness of genetic programming, of the immense potential of genetic engineering for instance, which can put either a white coated scientist or the unimaginably significant randomness of evolutionary mutation in the place of author. There can be a sense of the pressure of circumstance, historic, economic, environmental, as having much more say in who I am than my parents ever had.

We can use this model, and the movement between actor, plot, and audience, to give different perspectives on our family of origin, on the various ways our experience of and in it can inhibit or enable our life beyond it. But when it comes to a family of choice, then there is question of some movement from actor or audience or even plot into the position of author: how does that affect our understanding of what it is like to authorise when what is authorised is another person? How does co-authorship affect the powers of authorship? Is it enhancement or limitation? How free are we when we choose a spouse, or when we decide to have a child? At times it seems helpful to think of the child as conceived within the plot rather than within the intention of any human author.

But there is more strangeness around. For some peoples, it is self-

evident that the child has some kind of say in who its parents are. If I am to be embodied in a text, then I am jolly well going to choose the authors. The parents are then more like producers, or actors, chosen as fit and apt to realise a plot which is not of their creation. What this can mean within a culture and under a cosmology very different from ours, has been described and analysed by Ashley Montagu in his book *Coming into Being in Australia*.

As we enter our acting together, let us ask ourselves how such an assumption might affect the allocation of blame and responsibility between parent and child. If the child has some kind of say in who its parents are, then sexuality, kinship and time are related rather differently to how we tend to assume. Our understanding of what family is all about may need more substantial revisioning than we first thought. Entertain the idea that it might be so as you move from *Hedda Gabler*, to the improvisations of our contemporary family plot, and then return to the complexities of *Oedipus*. Perhaps the transition between family of origin and family of choice is not so much a transition as a representation: the representing of the part played by sexuality in the make believe of time. If so, there may be more room for originality than we think between intention and text in marriage and in family life. When intention and text in family differ too widely there can be disappointment on one side, pain, despair, frustration, on the other. When parent and child face each other as adult actors, seeing ourselves reflected in each other's eyes on a stage which is surely not of our own making, can the plot to which we are engaged say anything to the author as to why text and intention disagree? Let's try it, and see. Because if it can, then the breakdowns as well as the happinesses of family may make some contribution to the renewal of time.

4

Now I want to say something about our use of silence and of words in the acting we shall do.

In *Hedda Gabler* we shall be speaking, from scripts, words given us by Ibsen. In the contemporary family drama, we shall be speaking words of our own improvisation. In *Oedipus*, we shall be silent. This movement between words and silence is deliberate. It expresses the considered intention of this weekend. Through this movement we hope to explore some of the more profound latencies of make believe,

of how our bodies which are always social as well as individual, public as well as private, can conjugate together our two verbs: to make, and to believe.

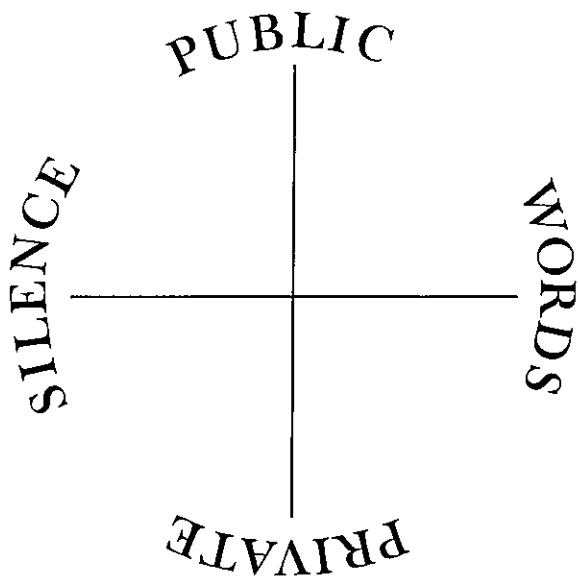
Consider how words and silence, the movement between them, are represented on our model. The actor speaks, the audience is silent, listening. The movement between word and silence is between mouth and ear. But after the performance, it is the critic in the audience who speaks, from whose pen or typewriter words pour. The actor is mute, while the critic has his say. Both reflection and interpretation presuppose the interdependence of word and silence. By both including and excluding the spoken word in our performances, I believe we can explore that interdependence where it is grounded not only in the muscles of our throat and larynx and in the attentiveness of our ears, but also in the language of gesture, posture, the attentiveness of our whole bodies.

Words and silence, and the movement between them, are also represented in the vertical in our diagram. While plot remains with the author, unexpressed, both author and plot are silent. Its expression, its speaking, require exposure to the exchange between actor and audience. Given this exposure, it is sounded, it sounds. But who speaks? In which direction does sound carry? The author breaks silence in uttering what he has to say. Certainly. But when it is said, does the plot ever speak back to the author? Is one reason why the author needs the exchange between actor and audience for the realisation of plot because expression and response belong together, the word of the mouth desiring the silence of the ear, and the other way round? I believe so. The difference between intention and text vibrates between word and silence. I hope that as we perform together we shall feel the beat of that vibration.

But if we are to do so, as we enact these three very different portrayals of family, we will need to be aware of the social reality of this movement between words and silence. What can be said and what cannot be said about family, what needs saying and what should not be said about family, is decided as much in public, in society, as in private, in the individual. We need to be aware that the rules, partly conscious, partly unconscious, which govern the use of language, and the rules, partly conscious and partly unconscious, which govern society, are interconnected. To engage with the reality of family, we must be able to work with that interconnectedness.

To help train ourselves in doing this, we have drawn another diagram, to be used alongside the dramatic model. We think of it as a

wheel, a wheel which can turn our minds in relation to silence and words, and to what is public and what is private. Here it is:



This wheel originated in a study group which met weekly for two years under the auspices, as it were, of the dramatic model. We found, within the group, that the movement between silence and words, between what could be said and what could not be said, between what was heard in silence and what was not heard in silence, touched sympathies perhaps best expressed by the idea of being members of the same body. It was as if we could only understand our use of words and silence, and the way words and silence used us, by becoming more aware of the interconnectedness of language and the wider body of society, of social being, of being social. This experience of language—using language in a comprehensive sense to include both silence and words—as moving between self and group, between self and society, much more complexly than we had realised, was “fixed” for us, and given a wider perspective, by one of the books we were reading together, Mary Douglas’ *Natural Symbols*. It

was this book which encouraged us to picture this wheel, a wheel which allows us to imagine an axis between silence and words to turn at right angles to another axis between private and public, and which, when at rest, gives us four quadrants: a quadrant of private silence, of public silence, of private words, and of public words. The authors of this exploration intend that this wheel should turn during the weekend, and we advise you to watch for the turning.

When we first pictured this wheel, we saw it at rest, and were interested in plotting the movement between silence and words, between what could be said in public and what had to be kept private, in relation to the four quadrants. We found it helpful in understanding the clarity and confusion of our changing experience with each other, to see it as further or closer to this central point of intersection. But from the beginning, we knew that the movement round, from quadrant to quadrant, was why we needed the diagram. There had to be translation between the quadrants, and for that we needed some kind of turning.

When we try to imagine this turning, the apparent simplicity and clarity of the diagram are lost. There is a mixing, a stirring, a churning. We are thrown into confusion and complexity. But it is the confusion and complexity of the world in which we find ourselves, and if you will allow for that, I think you will find that the diagram will help you orientate yourselves during our weekend together.

To use it, we must first consider the sorts of experience which can be arranged along the two axes. Start with the horizontal axis, between silence and words. Think of . . . well, dream, prayer, secret, riddle, joke, poetry, lies, prose, truth, gossip, chat, singing, swearing, algebra, parable, persuasion, advertise, question, answer, propaganda, obscenity—ask yourselves: how do I experience these in relation to silence and words, to the choice, the mix, between the two? Then take the vertical axis, between public and private, and think of . . . well, friendship, intimacy, family, gang, marriage, brotherhood, love affair, cleanness, race, church, creed, law, union, health, nation, fashion, underclothes, taste, traffic—and ask: how do I experience these in relation to the choice, the mix, between the two? Together, they yield a rich field of varied response. Some might say the richness is too much to be of any value in ordering our experience. But I think that is a false, academic, defeatism. The attraction of an anthropologist like Mary Douglas for me is that she reminds us that we are all quite capable of ordering far more

complex richness of experience than we sometimes give ourselves credit for.

So what happens when we turn between and across these quadrants? We can picture this turning either as a rotation of the circumference round the crossed axes, or of the crossed axes within the circumference. Either way, translation between the quadrants is made possible. Within the imagination there is a mixing, a stirring, a rearranging. Reflect on how many of the words I have suggested for one axis can be used on the other, and how subtly their tenor changes as they move from one to the other. That is the texture, the flavour, the timbre, of speech as social, of society as speech. Words and silences, privacies and publicities, can communicate across thresholds of shyness, fear, ignorance, unconsciousness, awe, embarrassment, jealousy, prejudice, because—and we must let this great *because* sound throughout our weekend together—at every turn, whichever way we turn, the need for threshold is not only recognised, but also honoured.

This honouring is a controlling. Communication and control go together. Persuasion and fashion, secret and taste, traffic and underclothes, creed and parable—to sound them together so that they can work in and with and through and on each other, requires of our minds a hold which can turn. That is what this wheel is designed for: to remind us that there is a hold which can turn, a turn which can hold, joining the rules which govern language and the rules which govern society.

As anthropological studies of kinship have shown, this interconnectedness of language and society determines what we mean by, and how we experience, family. I hope this wheel will help us in exploring our various ways into this jointure of language and society, perhaps allowing risks to be taken which will put us in places we have not previously inhabited. Because this is where the make believe which anthropologists call the social construction of reality is most “familiar” to us all.

So, as Pat Watts leads us into our exploration, let us remember three things in particular from what I have said:

- between words and silence, our bodies conjugating make and believe.
- between words and silence, the difference between intention and text vibrating.

- and thirdly, the great Because: words and silences, privacies and publicities, can communicate across thresholds of shyness, fear, ignorance, unconsciousness, awe, embarrassment, jealousy, prejudice, because at every turn, whichever way we turn, the need for threshold is not only recognised, but also honoured.

This weekend we plan to explore family as an interplay of projections, sustained by make believe. We shall be using two texts to guide us: the story of Jacob and Esau as told in the Bible, and Ibsen's play *The Wild Duck*. Between them, these two texts introduce us to widely differing societies. This difference will help stretch our understanding of family beyond the relatively limited assumptions of the society in which we happen to have been born, grown up, and tried our own hands at family making.

In this introduction, I want to develop two themes. Firstly, I want to extend our understanding of family, and our expectations of this weekend, by saying something about anthropological study of kinship, the wider and more comprehensive social structures and dynamics within which the changing patterns of family life are enmeshed. Secondly, I want to commend to you the idea of family as drama. What we shall be doing later in exploring projection and make believe will be more interesting if we can start from a shared curiosity as to the dramatic energies of family life.

1

When we talk about family we normally mean a fairly limited grouping of persons. There is a mother and father, wife and husband, and one or more children. Round them are gathered uncles and aunts, cousins, usually a grandparent or two, which then means that some of the children are also called grandchildren, as well as being nephews and nieces. With some of us, this extended family reaching beyond our immediate circle is more important than for others. I have met Irish, and a French Breton, families, in which the wider extended family or clan affects the individual more than the nuclear grouping of parent and child. But for most of us today, here in England, the sense of family and kinship thins out rapidly at two or three removes from where we ourselves are.

Alongside this kind of family grouping are other figures whose names raise questions which are more or less disturbing depending on the ears which listen: godmothers and godfathers, mothers in law and fathers in law, step mothers and step fathers, half brothers and half sisters. What do these figures, sometimes beneficent and protective, sometimes intrusive, do to our sense of family?

For those of us who are not professional anthropologists it is the presence of these peripheral figures which gives rise to an interest in wider aspects of kinship, in the wider network of rules and principles which govern, consciously and unconsciously, the making of family. In my own case, I think of the way in which my then seven year old son questioned me about his godfather in the months after he knew his parents were divorcing, and of how this reminded me of dreams I had had fifteen years earlier of my mother's brother doing for me what my father could not do. This was when connections made themselves felt in my experience of family which compelled me to read more widely in the anthropological literature on kinship.

What the comparative study of kinship systems reveals is how much more there is to being a member of a family than seems likely. Our imagination and understanding, indeed our belief, is stretched this way and that, at times altogether beyond the bounds of what seems reasonable or tolerable. Aspects of family life of which we are aware, but which we tend to take for granted as self-evident, are shown to be so local, so unnecessary to other peoples' families, as to be suddenly open to complete doubt. When families are going well, such doubting can seem very uncalled for, a theoretical intrusion which is better ignored. But at times of radical change in society, or when a particular family is suffering as only a family can suffer, such doubt may open our ears and hearts to the first imagining of alternatives which can work. I hope that in comparing our two texts this weekend we can make some such opening.

From the work we have done on these texts in advance, there are three themes which I would particularly draw to your attention, to bear in mind and to reflect on, if this weekend is to help us in this "imagining of alternatives which can work". They are property, language, and time.

How property, or goods, are shared within family matters in ways which I suppose we all know something about. Pocket money, valuing the exchange of goods, good things, good services, between wife and husband, inheritance between generations, all contribute to what we mean by family life. Breakdown of family, the divorce of

parents, the separation of man and woman, reveals how intimately all these exchanges *within* a family are tied into a much wider system of exchanges *outside* family. The anthropological study of kinship enables us to appreciate more fully just how important is this connection between the exchange of goods inside family and outside family. The internal bonding of family is connected with the laws of what used to be called political economy, in ways which are always disturbing, for the individual, the family, and society. I think we would all be better off if we could learn how to share in working with this sense of disturbance rather than play it down. Let us bear this in mind as we enact Jacob's relationship with his uncle Laban, and the economic and sexual feuding between Israel and the neighbouring tribes, and then again as we hear reference to the works at Hoidal and as Hjalmar reads of the gift to his daughter, Hedvig, in *The Wild Duck*.

Language is used both to control and to communicate. Psychoanalysis has contributed much to our awareness of how control and communication work across each other between parents and children, in the dark, private, forgotten recesses of family life. Between adults, the scenes we shall be working on from *The Wild Duck* are dense with the partly acknowledged, partly denied, play between wish to control and wish to communicate. But anthropologists have opened the study of language, and of the relation between language and kinship, into the realm of cosmology, of belief, of the difference between the sacred and the profane. I hope we can step into this opening this weekend and take a glimpse, however tentative, of the land into which it invites us, a land in which what is sayable and what unsayable is related both to sexual taboo and to recognition of the difference between god and man. Our biblical text is heavy with the sense of blessing and curse inherent in this conjunction. If we can achieve some movement of imagination between it and the Ibsen we will be better able to make sense of whatever our own particular family secret may be.

And thirdly, time: the time of family, which is not only the passing time of daily and weekly and monthly living, but also the time which is always between the generations, that time in which ancestors and descendants make their presence felt as we remember to ask how the time of the living and the time of the dead are related. As some of you know, it is one of my recurring themes, which I take every opportunity of repeating, that we live in a society which has forgotten how to ask the right questions about time. In family life,

this forgetting results in too much being expected of the exchange between parent and child, between individual man and individual woman. In their studies of other cultures, anthropologists demonstrate a connection between initiation ceremonies between childhood and adulthood, and social experience of the saving, or regeneration, of time itself. But in our own culture, we have forgotten how to make this connection. In the public realm, inflation, and the related exhaustion of natural resources, are evidence of this forgetting. In the more private realms of family life, we meet the same forgetfulness when we try to work together on what binds sexuality to both death and birth.

I hope that in bringing together these two very different texts we may find ourselves exercising a sort of bodily imagination which will make some contribution, however slight, to a wider social remembering of how to ask the right questions about time. The Ibsen play can be taken as a failed initiation, with the failure falling between the wild duck and Relling's "saving lie". The story of Jacob is one act in the history of a people who were promised to the remembering of their own initiation. If we can move across the span between the two—and it is not easy: they are far apart—some spark may carry which we can use elsewhere.

2

That is all I have to say at this stage about family within the wider anthropological study of kinship. I want now to turn to my second theme for this introduction: the idea of family as drama. In exploring family as an interplay of projections, we will find it helpful to consider projection in the context of drama, of enactment.

(i) The idea of projection within family is well known and much used in psychotherapeutic work. We work on projections between man and woman, woman and man, between husband and wife, wife and husband. Parents are said to project unrealised parts of themselves, or the unrealised potential of their own lives, onto their children. Children project onto their parents—archetypal experience if we follow Jung, part objects if we follow Klein. Siblings project between each other, in larger families a veritable network of confused identifications which, speaking for myself, can stay with us

for our whole lives. It seems at times as if there is literally no end to the web of criss-crossing projection woven between members of a family.

But when we look at family within the wider anthropological context I am emphasising, family itself is seen to be a projection—or is it better to call it a project—of society. Family exists for a purpose. It is an undertaking. Our children are given projects to do at school. When two adults undertake marriage they accept a project set by—well, whom? Or is it a “what”, which sets us marriage and family as a project?

Consider what family is for. Seen from inside, we can say it is for companionship, bringing up children, sexual satisfaction, the division of labour—and I expect we can think of other purposes. But seen from outside there are all kinds of subtle social intentions which are determining, in ways of which we are probably largely unconscious, what is meant by companionship, bringing up children, sexual satisfaction, the division of labour. Our texts will remind us of some of these.

If you more or less have to marry someone because she is your mother's brother's daughter, the meaning of companionship in marriage will be different to what it is in our society. If marriage is formally and necessarily related to certain rules about the exchange of property, then the division of labour, and the exchange of all kinds of goods within the marriage, will carry specific social projects. The property relations in Ibsen's society are not so different from ours. But they are different enough to make us aware of just how much the interpersonal and emotional is mixed with the economic. There are societies in which sexuality is far more a carrier of social projections than of individual, defining boundaries between what is permissible and impermissible, between what can be allowed in and what must be kept out, which are territorial and economic rather than personal. We shall be enacting a peculiarly bloody example of this. But even in our own, apparently almost indefinitely open, sexual society I think there are many of us who do not find it easy to distinguish between what is personal and what social in whatever it is we mean by sexual satisfaction. And as for bringing up children: we do not have to go to Samoa with Margaret Mead or an Israeli kibbutz with Bruno Bettelheim to realise how variously conscious and unconscious intentions can affect the whole project of education. In every neighbourhood, it is one of the most politically sensitive issues, making us aware how differently we project our childrens' futures,

and raising the question of how to reconcile projections which cut across each other.

Family as a projection of society, as carrying intentions which are social as well as personal; family as a social construct, as there to realise projects which do not come from the individual members—and, on the other hand, that web of criss-crossing projections which make up the internal system of family relations: how do these two different kinds of projection interact? Can we observe that interaction in ways which help us to understand and, if not alter, at least to move more freely and more purposefully within its complexities?

(ii) These are the sort of questions which, in other contexts, have led some of us to develop what we call the dramatic model, so as to look at projection in terms of drama, of enactment.

This model will be familiar to many of you. It crosses a vertical axis, between author and plot, with an horizontal axis, between actor and audience. It enables us to visualise acts of creation, of making, as orthogonal to, that is at right angles to, all kinds of action in which we participate in, or represent, an act of creation. We are working with it in many ways, but for our purposes this weekend I want to indicate three directions in which we can use it.

First, in relation to what I have been saying about family and projection. On the model, there is projection on both axes. Plot is a projection of author, and projections happen in both directions between author and audience. One of the values of this model is that it draws attention to the difference between these two kinds of projection, and to the ease with which they can be confused. On the vertical, projections which make; on the horizontal, projections which reflect on, or represent, this making. They are distinct, yet they depend on, or turn on, each other, at this point of intersection (a dependence, and a turning on, which we will know more about by the time this weekend is over.)

Applied to family, this means that we can move our question, as to how social and personal projections effect each other, between the two axes. At times, when children are young, perhaps up to about the time of puberty, it helps to take the parents as author of family, and the performance between actor and audience as both the whole network of interfamilial expectation and response, which is also the realising of social expectation. At other times, when the child must grow up and in order to do so subordinate parenthood to its own

questioning, it makes more sense to put society, or custom, or ancestors, or God, in the position of author of family, and to place the fumbling, unrehearsed projection of parent onto parent in which children are conceived, within the performance between actor and audience. (It is important, in using this model, to feel free to move, to turn, between the axes.) In this way, it can help us tease out, arrange, look at, own, the multiple threads and energetic leaps of personal and impersonal projection which make up family.

Secondly, we shall use this model in relation to our two texts. In our enactment we will be performing on the horizontal axis, and our performance will be inspired, informed, enabled, but also controlled and limited, by an author's text. The drama of projection turns on this interdependence of performance and textual control.

But there is another factor to be taken into account: the author's intention. The text expresses the author's intention, but is by no means identical with it. The author may not express himself well, leaving both actor and audience free to argue that what he must really mean is something different, and that the text needs altering in order to be true to the author's intentions. Or, the text may be open to different interpretations, just as it stands. Or, to consider a possibility that will be much in our minds as we approach the Jacob story, the author may have chosen to use text to conceal intention.

These are only a few of the alternatives which have to be remembered as we listen, behind text, for the intention of the author. I hope we will notice others, and be able to share them together in discussion on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon. Because here, in exploring between author's text and author's intention, we learn to *make allowances* of a kind which are creative and inventive as well as permissive. And do let us remember that since the authorship of our chosen texts is of two very different kinds, we will find ourselves having to listen for radically different vibrations between text and intention. For me, this exercise, which is an exercise of these ears but also of heart and imagination, is one of the chief values of a weekend such as this.

For instance, connecting to my interest in time, which I hope some of you share: The questions: what does the text mean?, or, what does the author intend us to do or to hear?, are *timed* differently for Ibsen and for the Biblical story. As I will try to show you tomorrow, interpretation has been woven into the Biblical text in much greater historical depth than into the Ibsen. It is as if the author has taken into account many, many performances, over

centuries, and incorporated them into the text which is now given. But if the question of time, the time of history, of the ancestors, indeed God's time, sounds with much greater depth in the Jacob story, the quality of everyday time as we know it is more present in the Ibsen. Here we have the fullness of time in incident, the monotony and the surprise of incident, habit and improvisation. What is now has to be enough, the bread to be buttered, the accounts to be reckoned. My hope for the weekend is that we can use this difference of timing between our two texts as one way of learning how to "imagine alternatives which work."

Thirdly, this dramatic model enables us to reflect on our own powers of make believe, and in doing so releases those powers. This is an important point in this introduction, so let me repeat it. We want to use this model to reflect on our own powers of make believe, and in doing so to release those powers.

This phrase make believe is made up of two verbs: to make, and to believe. Our intention this weekend is to move between various levels of understanding the conjunction of these two verbs. How, and where, and when, do making and believing conjugate each other in our experience?

I have five levels in mind. There may well be others.

I think of make believe as pretence, mere pretence. As such, even when it is at its best, even when it is well done, it is not to be taken seriously. It is suspect. Its effect does not last. At its worst, it is deliberately deceitful. Some of the noblest human attempts to dispel illusion and break the powers of idolatry bear witness to the reality, and the ambiguity, of this level.

Then there is the make believe of play. Here I think of the play of children, and the fresh appreciation of its significance which the work of D. W. Winnicott has given us. And also of the play element in the adult world, as described by writers like Huizinga and Hugo Rahner.

From play I move, with what feels like quite a jump, to the creative work of artists. It will help us this weekend to bring to our acting anything we may know from our own experience, or from friends and acquaintances, or from reading and hearsay, of how belief enters into, informs and sustains, the act of artistic creation.

Then I think of a conjunction between making and believing which may not be so familiar to speak of, though we all know it well in practice. I mean what the anthropologists call the social construction of reality: all the ways in which what we *believe* about

the world, the cosmos and our place in the cosmos, and the kinds of social order we *make* (through language, economic activity, our tools and technology), interact on each other. Awareness of this dimension of make believe is essential if we are to enact the social projections of family which I have talked of.

And finally, I am thinking of prayer and worship as the first and last coming together of that which believes and that which makes. In prayer and worship we recognise, affirm, and celebrate the interdependence of the verbs to make and to believe. I want us this weekend to remember that this is done both socially and personally.

3

I want to conclude this introduction, these programme notes for the performance in which we are going to share, with some suggestions to reflect on while rehearsing and watching others act (not while acting ourselves: Pat tells me that is not on). As we move on, tomorrow and on Sunday, to act, which also involves interpreting, the guile and deceitfulness of the Jacob story, and the play between the saving lie and wounded bird in *The Wild Duck*, I think it will help us if we bear in mind all these different levels of make believe. But to give greater definition to what we do, and to our shared reflection afterwards, on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, I suggest we think of three words, and of how they are connected to each other, and to make believe. The three words are invention, discovery, and secret.

Invention and discovery are often not easy to distinguish from each other. Their similarities and differences, their congruence and incongruence, are closely related to the various kinds of projection in our dramatic model. The author invents the plot. The performance discovers the author's intention. Making the distinction between invention and discovery also raises the question of time. We discover what is already there. We invent what is not there, yet. So invention makes in a way that discovery does not. But discovery can be more real, more sure, than invention. Discovery does not have to pass the test of time as invention does. Discovery establishes what is in any case there. Invention relies more on the future. For the inventor, the "what might be" is a real power, in which we are seized now of the openness of the future. But for the discoverer, the what might be is a

dangerous distraction from what is, an enticement to invest in illusion.

Bear such distinctions in mind as you consider the deceitfulness of the Jacob story, and the play between what may be fantasy and what may be real in the Ibsen. Think of projection as both inventive, and discovering, as both a making and a making known. It will help to give you the confidence necessary to move between the positions of author, actor and audience. It will help us to listen for dissonance as well as assonance in the vibration between text and intention. It gives us the confidence to act now, to improvise—the show must go on—without closing our minds to alternative interpretations which may only discover themselves in a repeat performance.

And in bringing that confidence, that listening, into our understanding of family when the weekend is over, when we go our various ways, watch what this acting does to our sense of secret.

Secret is a puzzling and pervasive factor in family life. Parents have secrets from children, children from parents. Exposure and secret are woven together in the relation between wife and husband. More widely, over a longer period of time, the idea of a family secret, a shared experience of “being in the know together” (which can sometimes be admitted and sometimes denied), seems to make sense of much that goes on in families.

I want to suggest that these secrets are often where our power to invent, and our power to discover, meet.

Living closely with people is a continuous work of discovery, discovery of ourselves as well as of the other. But knowing each other, especially when love is present, also involves a measure of invention. Something is made which wasn't there before. Or was it there all along, waiting for just this person to be discovered? “You have made me anew”. “Everything your father ever was, I made him”. “No, I'm not like that. You are making me into something I'm not”. “She was the making of him”. Watch for it, and you will notice that words of invention and words of discovery weave themselves together in the language of every intimate relationship.

Working on these texts, with their very different kinds of secret, has left me reflecting on invention and discovery in a way that I have never done before. Why is it that they sometimes seem to work together in making and sustaining relationship, and sometimes against each other? Here I believe the enactment, in which Pat Watts will lead us, can speak in a way no words can.

It begins in improvisation, as our bodies act. Movement

simultaneously invents and discovers a meaning. Between movement and repose there is a choice which is repeated between word and silence. The movement in which a gesture is checked, and is rightly enough: how does that relate to the fear that if we allow our inventiveness too much freedom we may give ourselves away, or, alternatively, do something plain silly?

From the acting into our stories. Isaac and Jacob and the blessing that was given to Abraham in the beginning: what was that family guarding against the alien tribes all around? How did they act among themselves, moving between invention and discovery in order to keep remembering their secret? The *irony* of the story, an irony which is both on its surface and in its depth, will work on us more effectively if we can allow the keeping and discovery of secret to tense us in imagination between expression and concealment, just as our bodies are tensed in improvisation between movement and arrest of gesture.

And then, much closer to our immediate experience of the family secret which informs and perhaps distorts our own lives, the story of old Werle and his son and daughter, and the man she wrongly knew as her father: a story written a hundred years ago, when family had to carry social projections whose text has subsequently been rewritten by taxation, contraception and the call for women's liberation—what of the secret Gina kept? Did she know it? Had she forgotten it? Did she know she had forgotten it? Could we be more inventive in responding to its discovery? Could we invoke powers of authorship more effective than Gregers' "claims of the ideal" or Relling's "saving lie"?

These are the sort of questions I shall have in mind tomorrow and Sunday, as we work first on the Jacob story, and then on *The Wild Duck*. I hope we shall be able to move, to exercise ourselves as it were, between invention and discovery in enacting these texts. I expect we shall to some extent lose ourselves, and our interest in any theoretical approach such as I am giving you now, in the acting. It will certainly be more enjoyable if we do, so let's. But do let us also remember another intention beside enjoyment, and that is to reflect on, and thereby release, our powers of make believe, of make believe over the whole continuum of experience which I have outlined. For in applying anything we may learn from enacting these texts to our own attempts at family it will be those two verbs, and how we conjugate them together, that matter.

So, to recapitulate: family, projection, make believe.

We want to open our understanding of family into a wider awareness of kinship, and of how kinship is related to the social construction of reality. For this opening I suggest we attend in particular to property, language, and time. Watch for what is behind property, the exchange and holding of goods, in the Jacob story, within a kinship system, between Israel and the alien tribes surrounding them, in the contrast between the Abrahamic blessing and the blessing which a father gives to a son and which a brother can return to a brother. And then compare that with Ibsen's world in *The Wild Duck*. Here I suggest we can start from the bequest of old Werle to Hedvig, and the effect which that bequest spreads and condenses throughout the plot of the play. But note too the effect of every reference to the works at Hoidal, how that reminder of the relation between employer and employee colours our expectation of family.

Then language, and family. This will be all round us during the next two days, what is said and what unsaid, what can be said and what cannot be said: how does the word enter into the constitution of family? I have suggested the secret as a centre round which we can organise our experience here. Think of secret in relation to blessing and curse, the explicit power of blessing and curse in the Jacob story, and the secularised, profane sense of family as both blessing and curse in the Ibsen. Watch the tension between word and silence in your groups as you rehearse. There is a whole continuum to be explored from vow and promise, blessing and sacrilege, to naming and the power of names, and then into the everyday choice of words which can hurt or comfort.

And time and family. Let us stay where we all are, with the time between the generations, between those who are older and those who are younger than we are: what passes, or stands, between the generations? In the Jacob story, family is invested in, and with, history, and history moreover which is covenanted as God's story. In the Ibsen, what has happened to God's time? There is a sense of time as doom, as the medium of a not altogether capricious fate. But of God? Between the two texts I hope we can come close to much in our own experience of family and time.

Family: that is what we are here to explore. And our method, our

way—through projection and make believe. The interdependence of the internal projections of a family, with all those social projections which also make up family: this is a central theme for us. We enter it, reflectively, in this dramatic model. We ask: what is our authority *for* family? Is that the same question as: what is the authority *of* the family?, and we are going to try answering it by comparing our performance in family to texts and intentions which are at the same time social and personal, public and private.

Make believe: I have suggested five levels between which we may have to move—mere pretence, play, artistic creation, the social construction of reality, and prayer and worship. Without forgetting how different these are from each other, do not let us be afraid of their incongruity. Our chosen texts are human, and will respect our humanity if we respect them. As we move now into enactment, there is to be meeting of invention and discovery. It begins in our bodies as we act, in movements which express and conceal, let go and keep back. Between movement and repose we hold to something so that it be worth showing. There is a moment in which a gesture is checked, and, being checked, is rightly enough. It is time to begin.

1

These April weekends on Jung's psychology have developed over the last few years round what some of us refer to as "the dramatic model". We have been trying out, testing, particular aspects of Jung's psychology through enactment, and through subsequent reflection on our enactment. We started with the *Amor and Psyche* story from Apuleius' *Golden Ass*. Then we took the *Oedipus* story as told by Sophocles. Subsequently, we have worked on two plays by Ibsen, *Hedda Gabler* and *The Wild Duck*, the *Jacob and Esau* story from the Bible, and certain alchemical pictures from *Atalanta Fugiens*.

This year we are taking one of Shakespeare's plays, *The Tempest*, as the text round which to structure our weekend. It seems to me that in working with a Shakespeare play we are breaking new ground, so that the time is perhaps ripe for a more general look at what these weekends can contribute to our understanding of Jung. So by way of introduction, and looking forward to years to come, I want to try and indicate the direction in which I believe we are going.

The effect these weekends have had on me over the last four years centres round our search for meaning and interpretation. They have changed my understanding of what we do when we interpret by introducing performance into more reflective attempts to find meaning in texts. I want to say something about this change, looking forward to our performance tomorrow afternoon, and to next week and the weeks after, to how we will use the experience of this weekend in our lives and work.

My theme will be the hiddenness and the obviousness of texts. I shall start with dreams, and then move on to texts such as a Shakespeare play. Between the two, I hope to convey something of what has changed for me as a result of these Hawkwood weekends.

Let us start with one of Jung's statements about the nature of dreams, and how he went about interpreting them. It is taken from his book *Psychology and Religion*, the Terry lectures which he gave in America in 1936. He says:

There are, as you know, numerous works on the phenomenology of dreams, but very few that deal with their psychology. This for the obvious reason that a psychological interpretation of dreams is an exceedingly ticklish and risky business. Freud has made a courageous attempt to elucidate the intricacies of dream psychology with the help of views which he gathered in the field of psychopathology. Much as I admire the boldness of his attempt, I cannot agree either with his method or with its results. He explains the dream as a mere facade behind which something has been carefully hidden. There is no doubt that neurotics hide disagreeable things, probably just as much as normal people do. But it is a serious question whether this category can be applied to such a normal and world-wide phenomenon as the dream. I doubt whether we can assume that a dream is something other than it appears to be. I am rather inclined to quote another Jewish authority, the Talmud, which says: "The dream is its own interpretation". In other words *I take the dream for what it is*. The dream is such a difficult and complicated thing that I do not dare to make any assumptions about its possible cunning or its tendency to deceive. The dream is a natural occurrence, and there is no earthly reason why we should assume that it is a crafty device to lead us astray.

Now, in statements such as "I take the dream for what it is", and "the dream is its own interpretation", I think Jung is emphasising the obviousness of the text. We must take dreams at their face value. They are as they say they are. This emphasis on being prepared to respond to the obviousness, the simplicity, of the dream, is one aspect of what Jung says. I remember Dr von Franz telling how Jung would say at the end of lengthy amplification of a dream, when all sorts of associative ideas had been brought to bear on it: Now, tell me in one sentence what it means.

Dreams are as they say they are. They are their own interpretation. They have to be taken as they are. So also with other

texts. Texts have to be taken as they are. We have nothing else to go on except the text. That's obvious. Yet in our discussion of *The Tempest* this weekend we have already heard ourselves arguing and differing between what is obvious to some of us but not obvious to others at all. Something remains hidden. If we are to perform it together, we'll have to set something in play between the obviousness and the hiddenness of our text.

Thinking about this, let's go back to that quotation of Jung's I have just read: "I doubt whether we can assume that the dream is something other than it appears to be". It is one of those extremely dense remarks of Jung's which are worth returning to again and again. When I come across these I always look them up in the German too, because my experience of the English translation is that it has a way of simplifying certain of the nuances and ambivalences of the German. The German is in fact more in the subjunctive tense, and I think is more correctly translated: "I doubt whether we should assume a dream may be something other than it appears to be". (Ich zweifle daran, ob wir annehmen dürfen, dass ein Traum etwas anderes sei als das, was er zu sein scheint.)

Jung stayed with that attitude, with the sense that the face value is what we have to attend to. We must keep returning to what it says if we are to get at what is behind it. Whatever is hidden is not, as Freud thought, a kind of latent thing hidden behind the manifest. Rather, it is revealed in the manifest. What appears hidden, appears in the obviousness.

Let's look at this appearing in our actual experience of dreams, through the question: how do we establish the text of a dream?

Think about remembering a dream. Sometimes we remember a very clear text. It is all there. It puts itself into words without difficulty. There may be some vagueness and uncertainty around the edges, but the central narrative is clear, definite. At other times, we can awake with a very strong affect, an affect so full of meaning that it can show itself powerfully in our bodies in various ways, and yet the text is very scanty, wispy, just a few words. It is as if one cannot get hold of the words for it. The words just aren't available. They don't seem to be ready. There are strong texts, and there are weak texts, and between the two there are many gradations.

Think also about establishing the text when we report our dreams, when we tell them to somebody else, when we work with a dream interpreter. We say things like: "I think that was it but I cannot be sure", "It was not quite like that, but that is as near as I can get", "I

know that wasn't it, but there does not seem to be any other way of saying it".

That's how hiddenness and obviousness appear together in the establishing of the text of a dream. How about other kinds of texts?

To relate problems of dream interpretation to the wider study of hermeneutics I think it is helpful to think of the dreamer as having some kind of privileged access to the author of the dream, but as not himself or herself being the author. It is as if one has a sort of hot line to the author of the dream which is sometimes clear, so that the text comes through directly, and at other times there is a lot of interference, so that all you get is a few words and a lot of noise. I think the ways in which this privileged access we have to the author of our dreams can vary, giving rise to the same sort of problems of interpretation as we get with other kinds of text, when the relevance of the author's intention to our understanding of what he has written is questioned.

3

Think of how we establish the meaning of a dream in talking about it to someone else. Our minds move in two directions. One is towards background and context, where it comes from, what it is embedded in, associations of that kind. The other is towards reference, where does it point to, where is it directing our attention ahead or in advance of where we are. It is important to keep these two movements or directions in establishing the meaning of a dream distinct, because we can expect a kind of assurance and definition about establishing context and background, which is not to be expected when one is trying to decide what it may refer on to.

Both these movements, towards the context and towards what it may refer on to, develop in the dialogue between the dreamer and the interpreter. When we are working on the context, the dreamer's associations are essential, but in linking them up, embedding them in a matrix as it were, the professional's experience of other similar dreams or dream themes from myth and fairy story, that sort of thing, can do something which the dreamer with her or his direct access to the author of the dream may not be able to do. It can start a sort of dialogue between the sense of *likeness* on which association depends: "it reminds me of . . .", "yes, it was a bit like . . .", and the other sense of *difference* on which discrimination depends, when we

say in response to some suggestion, "no, it was not like . . .", "no, that doesn't quite hit it off . . .". It is as if a lot of the talk which goes on round the associative context of dreams is to do with testing on the one hand one's sense of likeness, of similarity, and on the other hand one's sense of difference, of contrast. We are exercising our imagination and judgment in the space between "yes, it is like so-and-so," and "no, it's not like that, it's different".

When we turn to try and establish the meaning of a dream in terms of reference, what does it point on to, questions of a different kind arise. I call these the "So what. . ." questions. "So what does it say that I have to do?", "what does it say about so-and-so?", "so what does it say my answer to . . . should be?". Here again the dreamer's associations are essential and can often be supplemented by suggestions from the professional, but here, I think, the quality of the dialogue is different to that when we are trying to establish context.

It has taken me many years to realise how important this difference is. Our Hawkwood weekends have contributed much to making it both clear and workable in my practice. The dialogue needs to be both more tentative, and also more sharply interrogative, than when we are establishing context. Because what is happening, after all, is pretty serious. The dream is being allowed to suggest action. More, it is being used to encourage action, to indicate ways ahead and make a choice between them. A mind is being made up through the discussion.

I think we deceive ourselves if we talk too easily here about dream interpretation being non-directive. There is direction, and we must be aware that we are involved in its exercise. This is why it is so important to recognise, and be able to work with, the interdependence of text, meaning and performance.

In the case both of the search for context and background, and also for reference on, the dialogue between dreamer and professional always involves appeal to the text: "but the dream does not quite say that, does it?". And in some cases this dialogue leads to an amendment of the text. The dreamer who has reported it will say in response to an interpretation which seems to fit the text a little faultily, things like: "No, that does not feel right. The dream was not saying that. I got it down wrong. What I ought to have said was . . ." It is as if we realise the words in which we have reported the dream are not exact when the person we have reported them to responds with a reaction, with a proposed meaning, which fits the words but

does not fit the affect which we were trying to put into the words.

In comparing the interpretation of dreams with the interpretation of other texts, what I want to emphasise here is that this appeal to the text differs as between the dreamer and the professional. What the dreamer is appealing to is what I have called "the privileged access to the author". In some sense, though I'm not the author of it, it was *my* dream, and I can therefore alter the text. But the professional, when he or she is challenging the dreamer's response to their own dream, is appealing to a far wider familiarity with what he or she claims to be similar texts, texts which in some way can be compared, which it is right to compare with this dream. So in the argument, which must remain open, about a dream interpretation, what is at stake is often on one hand the nature of the dreamer's privileged access to the author of the dream, and on the other hand some question like "Who is to say which texts can be compared with this one?", "Who is to say what compares with what?". It is the conjunction of these two issues-at-stake in dream interpretation which I want to have in mind when we get into some of the arguments we shall have about performing our text, and also when we later reflect upon the overall experience of the weekend.

4

So, if I can, I shall try now to repeat what I have been saying about dreams in relation to texts of a more general kind.

In the last fifty or sixty years, since the beginning of modern dream interpretation with Freud and Jung, and their emphasis on the *dream work* as both subject and object of reflection, there have been important developments in what is called the science of hermeneutics, the science of interpretations. Some of the people working in this field have developed concepts, and a refinement of analytic skill which can contribute a lot to traditional psycho-analytic work on dreams. Hermeneutics helps to explain why analysts will probably always want and need to belong to different schools. It can also help these different schools talk to each other.

I want to look at two particular distinctions that the hermeneuticists make which I think are relevant to dream interpretations and to what we will be doing this weekend.

They start with the question: "How do we establish the meaning of a text?". For instance, how do we decide what *The Tempest*

means? This apparently very simple question reveals its hiddenness as soon as we pause to reflect. The text means what it says. Fine! But who is to say what it says? We have already heard our own disagreements as to what it does or does not say.

The argument that has developed over the years around that problem follows two paths. The first emphasises the author's intention. This says, "If in doubt, let's go to the author. Let's ask the author what was intended, what the text is meant to mean. Surely the author must know." If the author is dead, as is often the case, then we must search into other sources, their letters, any other evidence we have about their lives and interests in order to try and find out what they were likely to have intended.

But there are living authors who say things like: "Sorry, I can't help you: the text must speak for itself. Whatever I have to say I have put into the text. I have nothing to add." And if that is so with living authors, what does it say about our attempt to find out what Shakespeare meant *The Tempest* to mean? In extreme cases, when this argument is developed strongly, as it has been, it can come to seem as if the search for the author's intentions hidden within or behind the text only confuses and makes worse the problem of: what does the text we have here, now, in front of us mean? Might it not be better to forget the author's intentions, and recognise that our only real interest is in the text itself?

And yet surely, surely, the author's intentions must be relevant?

The second approach to establishing the meaning of the text is to look at how it affects us, the reader or hearer of the text. In an extreme form this approach starts from or leads to a position in which one is saying, "Well, I don't care what the author intended, or what it means to you or anyone else, but what it means to me . . ." To which the answer comes, "But in that case you are saying the text has as many meanings as it has readers, so the meaning you claim to find in it is purely subjective. You can't argue that it is in the text unless you are prepared to argue why your meaning fits better than mine." And when one explores that problem history can enter into it very much, the question for instance of whether *The Tempest* meant something different in 1611 to what it means now. But historical or contemporary, who is to say which affective response is the truer? What is obvious to me may not be obvious to others, and vice versa. If two scholars who have spent a lifetime studying the text end in disagreement as to its meaning, where does that leave the text as a carrier of meaning for the likes of you and me? If we allow too much

emphasis on our affective response it is as if we are draining the actual text of its own hold on its own meaning. Might it not be better to recognise that affective response is too subjective a matter to decide the meaning of a text?

And yet surely, surely, how the text affects me, the reader, the hearer, must matter somehow?

A lot of discussion has developed around these two positions. And they have been given names.

They have been named in terms of what goes wrong if we attach too much, or the wrong kind of, weight to one or the other. The first, approaching the meaning of the text through the author's intention, is called "the intentional fallacy". The second, approaching its meaning through how it affects its audience, is called "the affective fallacy".

5

But what we are doing this weekend involves us in a third approach to the meaning of a text. We are going to act it. We are going to see what happens to meaning if we start to do it. This opens up a whole new way of establishing the meaning of text, of exercising hiddenness and obviousness across each other. In performance, we can test and prove author's intention and reader's affect against each other. This is what has been so exciting about these Hawkwood weekends. Meaning is to be achieved, as well as found.

But I want to suggest that if this approach is to contribute to the wider hermeneutic inquiry, of which the interpretation of dreams is one aspect, we must use and study this performative way in relation to the other two. Actors' performance, author's intention, audience affect, belong together. This means that we must recognise that the performative approach too can become a fallacy if it is pushed too far without taking the others into cognisance. It will help us to avoid this danger if we have a name for it. Let us therefore call it "the performative fallacy". Alongside the intentional and affective fallacies, the performative fallacy. We must guard against the belief that, because a text leads us to perform in a particular way, this performance necessarily represents its meaning.

So there are three angles of discrimination, of watchfulness, which I recommend as we go into our interpretation of *The Tempest*. Asking after the author's intention is one way of establishing its

meaning. Reflecting on how it affects us is another. And allowing it to move our bodies, so that nervous energy can shape and time its performance, is a third.

Let us watch how these three ways towards the meaning of a text can conflict and cut across each other, can complement or amend each other, in revealing the hidden or in masking the obvious. There are three different kinds of attention to be exercised. If we practise them in working on a text such as this, it will help us in other fields of interpretation, particularly, for some of us, the interpretation of dreams.

In working with dreams we are always having to relearn how much is at stake when the dreamer's privileged access to the author is called into question, or when the professional assumes authority in proposing which texts are to be compared with which in trying to elucidate meaning, in helping to make up a mind. I think those of us who make a profession of it would be more reliable guides to the meaning of dreams if weekends such as this were an integral part of our training. Performance tempers judgment, nerves imagination, and has a way of catching conscience on the turn. We need more practice at it.

Let me start by referring to my state of mind in that silence after our enactment yesterday evening. I was surprised at how sad I felt. I was comforted to remember how A. D. Nuttall starts his essay on the play, in the *Studies in English Literature* series published by Edward Arnold. There he writes:

The Winter's Tale is the most beautiful play Shakespeare ever wrote. It is a less intelligent play than *Hamlet* (but not *much* less intelligent). It is less profound than *King Lear* (but not *much* less). It is not a pretty play, of "merely aesthetic" appeal. For it is far less elegant than *Love's Labour's Lost* and much more disturbing than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The beauty of *The Winter's Tale* does not so much charm the eye as pierce the viscera. It does not divert the spectator; it turns him inside out.

I think many of us have been a bit turned inside out.

Bearing that in mind, I want to take two themes from the play—time, and the contrast between art and nature—and see how Shakespeare uses them in presenting the connection between sex and death. I don't see how we can seriously engage with our theme of the wounded healer unless we take the connection between sex and death into account. In relation to Jung's work more generally, I have tried to say something about this in a recent talk on *Jung and the Third Person*. (Guild of Pastoral Psychology pamphlet no. 205.)

I shall look at this connection in *The Winter's Tale*, with an emphasis on timing, and on seeming—how things appear to be.

Times carries different meanings for us. Many of these are invoked in our play. We can take time for granted, as simply there, as part of "nature". And we can recognise time as in our keeping, as up to us, as a question of "art". Between the two we have some interesting choices. Between tragedy and comedy, for instance.

I want to use our text to tease out, to bring into relief, a sort of mosaic to show what being in time is like, when time is both given as

part of nature and also up to us, in our keeping, a question of "art".

My second emphasis is on seeming. Our play is full of disguise and pretence. Art mocks nature, and nature art. Complexions change. People dress up. When two kings meet their countenances are so distracted that they can be recognised by their clothes but not by their looks. Desire can confuse a daughter with a mother, perhaps one gender with another. Looks aren't to be trusted. Things are not what they seem to be.

I want to see if we can get questions of timing, and of seeming, to sound across and through each other. To do so, I shall play, perhaps rather too much, with the word "consistency".

Some of you will have read my article on mood in last year's Harvest, in which I also play with this word. Consistency has a temporal reference. It suggests behaviour, attitudes, beliefs, which endure in time, which hang together in spite of change. It also has a material reference. If we mix a material to an even consistency, we trust that its surface and its inside, what we can see and what we cannot see, are the same. Remember please what I said in my opening talk about the hiddenness and obviousness of texts.

My hope is that I can use this double meaning of the word consistency to get questions of timing and seeming to sound across and through each other. If we can hear them sounding together, I believe we will hear Shakespeare say something about sex and death which speaks directly to our theme of the wounded healer.

2

We start with timing.

The Winter's Tale is one of two plays of Shakespeare in which the nature of time is a central theme. The other is *Macbeth*. Here is how a recent critic has introduced her study of time in *Macbeth*.

Time is a theme which is hard to discuss since the most casual speculation about time can plunge us out of our depth in metaphysical deep waters. In discussing Shakespeare's use of the time theme in *Macbeth* I am using as a lifeline the main distinctions of meaning drawn by the N.E.D. They are not philosophical, but they represent the universally recognised distinctions which would have, and still have, meaning for Shakespeare's audience. The dictionary, then, gives us three main definitions: a space or extent of time; a point of time, a

space of time treated without reference to its duration; and the first and most important of various general meanings, "indefinite, continuous duration".

These three definitions apply helpfully to *The Winter's Tale*. We have the first, a certain extent of time, as the time of a journey, with its beginning and end and time taken in between. This is assumed in the exchange between Hermione and Polixenes at the start, when she is trying to persuade him to stay a bit longer, and also in the journey of Dion and Cleomenes to the oracle, a time twenty three days long. We have the second, a point of time that is without duration, in the statue scene when Paulina says: "Strike, 'Tis time". And we have the third, indefinite continuous duration, in the "ten thousand years together" that Paulina wishes on Leontes for his penance after Hermione's death, in the always-to-recur-again sense of the seasons in the pastoral scene, and in some, but by no means all, of the words spoken by Time at the beginning of Act IV.

All three are recognisable in our daily experience, I think. The bell on the cooker rings: it is time to look at the bread. But the baking time is about sixty minutes long. While the clock on the cooker goes on and on, as long as nothing interferes with the electricity, and even if it does, it is just interference in what we know goes on and on, indefinitely, continuously, time.

That's a fairly innocuous example of the different times by which we live. But this difference between kinds of time can hurt.

Time as bracketed between a beginning and end leaves us with the question of how beginnings and ends relate to before and after. This is explicit in times of bereavement. There are questions like: is there time after death? There is also the problem of how we go on after the end of someone we've loved.

But I think this question is with us in less acute, more "chronic", ways. Think for instance of how some friendships end. The process can be what we call gradual. Then suddenly, a word, a look, a letter to which we get no answer, brings home to us that it is over. Only then, looking back, do we recognise that it actually ended three years ago, when we disagreed over so and so. What is the time like between the two endings, then and now? Has it flowed fully, or has it been a sort of hiatus, half empty?

We spend a lot of our time uncertain, oscillating, between a river sense and a circular sense of duration. What we make of that uncertainty determines how we respond to the immediacy, the

In the statue scene, we celebrate time as healer. In the earlier scene, Camillo warns the young lovers that time can destroy, while Perdita believes in a love that can triumph over time. It is all very familiar. We all know how much can be at stake. I think it helps us to pick up the stake if we can allow that there is a real sense in which time is not simply given, as part of nature. It is also in our keeping, up to us, a question of art.

We can sharpen the point.

The Arden editor of our play comments on the exchange between Camillo and Perdita that it echoes the main sentiment and some of the images of the famous Sonnet 116. But whereas the sonnet speaks of the effect of time, the present passage speaks of affliction. Time is itself an affliction. How then does it heal? And what is it like to love between the two?

Let's hear the sonnet.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Who is the more right, Camillo or Perdita? If we are to look into the heart of Leontes' madness we need to ask the question, even if the answer eludes us. How is it that love can endure and also strike? How do we imagine the movement, the exchange, between that which bears it out to the edge of doom, and that which is content to be Time's fool? How does love make the jump between indefinite, continuous duration, and the strike of that moment which is without duration?

Shakespeare has Time itself introduce the answer. It has been suggested that when the play was first performed he took the part himself. I like the suggestion. For those of us who work with the

dramatic model it reminds us at once of the presence of the author and of what a difference it can make.

Here are the first seventeen lines of Time's speech. Listen for the words "growth" and "growing".

I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between.

The hour glass, with its fullness and emptiness. The passing of time in which growth is tried. The turn of time in which growing is given. Let us hold that image in our minds, remembering how much excess weight the word growth can carry in psychotherapeutic circles.

I think that familiar image of the glass being turned can help us allow that time is both natural and art-y. Why shouldn't we "impute it a crime" when the hand which turns is so obviously responsible? It helps us realise how much turns on the difference between time being natural, and time being arty, and prepares us for just how much beginnings as well as endings can hurt.

There is a hole which drains. It is the same hole which fills. Its action can cease, can come to an end. Its action can begin. End and beginning are joined in a turn. If duration is to be continuous that turn must be a moment without duration. For the flow to go on, the turn is essential. But if the turn were to go on, the flow would be arrested. Time flows like a river, with a beginning and an end separated by the flowing. Or it flows in a circle in which beginning and end join in the flowing. The hour glass helps us imagine how

both may be possible.

But it does more than that. It evokes in us physical senses of fullness and emptiness. And it introduces the idea of an extra-temporal agent—the hand which turns the glass—as necessary for both the passage and the revolutions of time. Together, these can do much to dilate our understanding of time, so that we are more able to allow for its consistent inconsistency.

Think of fullness and emptiness in relation to our three dictionary definitions. Time as bracketed between a beginning and end seems full alright. When a job of work has been completed in its allotted time we feel satisfied. When time's up and the job is done, there is a sense of fulfilment. Perhaps that is true for some of us when we die.

But the time allotted can be wasted. Working against the clock can prevent completion. When the sands have run out there is nothing to show for it.

In the first case, the transition from bracket time to indefinite duration is a let down. After completion, we feel flat. In the second case, the transition can be comforting. After a failure to get it done in time, it is reassuring to realise that we can try again. Time does go on after all. There is always a tomorrow.

A lot depends of course on our attitude to the hand which turns the glass. One of the reasons why I am drawn to *The Winter's Tale* is the way Shakespeare personifies Time. It allows us to think of god, of fate, but also that it might be one of us. It leaves room for free will as well as for a sense of destiny. It makes sense of the thought that I might be able to give myself another chance.

Take that phrase: give yourself another chance, and compare it with the word accident which tends nowadays to mean something bad rather than good. How are chance and accident related? Can accident be taken as opportunity for another chance? Whether or not we can pick ourselves up again after a bad shock and make a fresh start depends on how we, and others, can imagine the transition from the point without duration to the continuity of indefinite duration. To be able to turn between the full and the empty, which is also to reverse heaviness and lightness, gravity and levity, can be just what we need.

Thus the hour glass can be used to dilate our dictionary definitions of time. There is really no end to its foldings and unfoldings. Time's inconsistency is richer than we can ever get down on paper.

But I think one generalisation is in order. As our understanding of

time dilates, as we become more able to allow for its consistent inconsistency, the threefold division into past, present and future becomes less important, and the distinction between potential and actual becomes more important. It is as if past present future are taken up into the difference between the potential and the actual. Fullness and emptiness, and the turn between, give time a consistency which duration, bracketing and instant lack.

3

I want to move now from consistency of timing to consistency of seeming.

Remember what I said in my opening. Consistency has a temporal reference. It suggests behaviour, attitudes, beliefs, which endure in time, which hang together in spite of change. It also has a material reference. If we mix a material to an even consistency, we trust that its surface and its inside, what we can see and what we cannot see, are the same.

It is this second kind of consistency, the consistency of material, which I want us to have in mind as we turn to consider how sex involves us in the world of seeming.

I take Act I Scene 2 as my text: the scene in which Leontes' sexual jealousy erupts into our tale. Remember please what I said yesterday about the three kinds of sexual wounding: between the generations, between gender, and between art and nature. We shall look at two of Leontes' speeches, expressing the violence and violation of his feeling. Then I shall try and relate these to what I have said about the consistency of time by looking at how Shakespeare places the irruption in the scene, before and after.

In the first speech, Leontes is partly addressing his son Mamillius, partly soliloquising.

Can thy dam? may't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou may'st co-join with something; and that dost,
(And that beyond commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my brains
And hard'ning of my brows).

The pathology of the wounding is familiar. Its expression is extraordinary.

The passage has been described as the most obscure in all Shakespeare, as the passage which no one has been able to read. The Arden editor paraphrases it this:

Can your mother be faithless? Is it possible? Lustful passions: your intensity penetrates to the very heart and soul of man. You make possible things normally held to be impossible, just as dreams do. How can this be? Lust causes one to associate in the mind with persons who are purely imaginary, who do not exist at all. Therefore it is quite believable that the most unthinkable lustful association can take place between real people; and lust, you have brought it about in this case, going beyond what is lawful—and I am the sufferer to such an extent that I am losing my senses and grow cuckold's horns.

The meaning of affection as lust is crucial, though elsewhere in the play it is used much more closely to our modern meaning. The Arden editor gives various examples from other writers of Shakespeare's time of affection as meaning lust. Professor Nuttall, whose essay is very helpful in opening up the sexual innuendo of the play, compares this use with a passage in *Othello* where the phrase "the young affects" is used of sexual heat.

Nuttall then goes on to make what I find a very suggestive comment. He picks out the word "nothing" as the turning point in Leontes' outburst. He sees the madness as finally asserting itself at line 142, when suddenly Leontes finds himself arguing that if the fantasies of passion can attach themselves to unrealities, how much *more* probable it is that they will attach themselves to realities. "It may be significant that the revolution in his mind occurs at the word "nothing". There is a whole crescendo of "nothings" in the frightening speech later in the scene. Leontes seems to have intermittent intuitions of nihilism. One is reminded of Lear's terrified repetition of the same word as he stares over the edge into darkness in his encounter with Cordelia."

Let's make sure we recognise the moment in the speech Nuttall is referring to. He is suggesting that after saying

how can this be?—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellows't nothing:

there is a moment's pause, as Leontes hesitates over the implications

of what he has just said, and then suddenly chooses to believe that Hermione is unfaithful—then 'tis credent . . .

Now let's hear the other speech from later in the scene to which Nuttall refers. It is when Leontes is trying to persuade Camillo of Hermione's adultery, arguing with the man who is both friend, courtier, confessor:

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty)? horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

The word "nothing" begins to sound a bit like hell.

It reminds Nuttall of that terrifying moment between father and daughter in *Lear* (a play in which there is no tell of mother) when Cordelia answers her father's question as to the extent of her love with:

Nothing, my lord.
Nothing?
Nothing.
Nothing will come of nothing.

Think of that scene in *King Lear* if you can remember it together with what I said yesterday about the father-daughter relationship in *Pericles*, with its context of explicit incest. Can we hear this "nothing" echoing and re-echoing in those other words addressed to "affection".

With what's unreal thou co-active art
Thou dost make possible things not so held

and then allow that sense of almost metaphysical panic to touch whatever we know of sexual desire?

If we can, then we know how sex and seeming are related, and

POLIXENES:

Sir, that's tomorrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence;

Time is invoked as both linear and circular. There is passage and recurrence. Spending time calls up the sense of a debt to be paid for, which in turn provokes an image of qualitative multiplication of quantity. And there is reference to time not only as the medium in which events occur, but also as the agent of occurrence:

I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence . . .

Chance or breed: what kinds of occurrence do the two words call to mind? How do chance and breeding fit together?

Chance is frequently invoked in the play. In particular, chance, together with fortune and accident, are invoked in relation to sexuality as between parent and child, and in the coming together of Florizel and Perdita.

In casting forth the baby girl, Leontes says to Antigonus

As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commit it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it.

Florizel blesses the time when "my good falcon made her flight across thy father's ground", but Perdita trembles "to think your father, by some accident Should pass this way, as you did". When what she fears has indeed come to pass, Florizel, in planning what to do next, says

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance.

Chance and accident of birth, exposure, survival, the encounter of lovers: such is the consistency of time at that point of intersection which I drew yesterday on the blackboard between the sexuality in which generation is joined to generation, and the sexuality of adult intercourse.

Breeding has a wide spread of meaning in the play. It is used to mean sexual begetting, upbringing or education, and good manners. It is used of behaviour to emphasise change and also unchanging

occasion, and well worth reflecting on if we are to understand how our everyday behaviour is involved in something so grand-sounding as creation.

Hesitation. We hesitate because we are doubtful of the outcome. We know hesitation may cost us an opportunity. That costing we may regret ever after. Yet we hesitate.

In such moments we know that time and action consist of each other. Performance needs time. But there are times when time must wait on performance. That's what the difference between potential and actual is about. That's why on a weekend like this we can learn so much between rehearsal and going on live.

Camillo hesitates. Leontes is in a hurry.

One critic has commented on this scene, that if Leontes had given himself time he would have realised that his suspicions were groundless. Instead he goes against time. His speech patterns bring out the unnatural haste of his thoughts.

Unnatural haste: we all know it. But how is it unnatural?

Think about being in a hurry in terms of the availability of time and the consumption of time. The hour glass helps. When we are in too much of a hurry it is as if we can't let the sand run out, but have to turn the glass before it is either ready or necessary. As hurry intensifies, it is as if each running of the sand gets shorter and shorter until, in our exhausting hunger for time of which there is never enough, we are turning the glass so rapidly that there can be no running of the sand at all.

What then? Does time cease? Or are we changing time in some way?

Hesitation and haste are familiar. They have their differing consistencies. When time flies, it is sort of thin. When time drags it is sticky, dense. The value of the hour glass is that it enables us to imagine the difference as not simply one of speed. There is also a turn. A turn to be made, a turn to be waited for. In the making and the waiting, we allow time to alternate.

That's how we make the transition from time as flow, as indefinite continuous duration, to time as bracketed between beginning and end. We allow time to alternate. There is then beat without duration. Time's consistency is rhythm.

Music and dance allow beginnings and ends to beat out duration. Florizel says to Perdita: "When you dance, I wish you/A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do/Nothing but that, move still, still so,/And own no other function." Paulina speaks as the statue turns to flesh

and blood: "Music, awake her. Strike! 'Tis time." Perhaps those sixteen years were paying for all that hurry before, as well as giving Perdita time to grow up. We often speak of hesitation as a state of trembling. The actress who plays Hermione finds it hard not to tremble. She trembles into life, hesitantly, like a wave, moving still, still so, owning no other function.

Trembling, we feel the shiver in creation. We must allow time to alternate, so chance and breeding may find their fit. But if our *Winter's Tale* is to be believed, this may require that we seem to be other than we are.

6

Here are some concluding thoughts, to relate what I have said about our tale to the wounded healer, and to help us from weekend back into week.

There is a very obvious sense in which sex creates time. If we didn't have any children human history, lived time, would cease to be. The way sex sets time for our children is really quite awe-ful, perhaps even more so because it is so familiar. Trying in vain to get pregnant is one of the best introductions to the metaphysics of time that I know. Perhaps Hermione got pregnant too easily.

My attention was first drawn to the link by a young Californian who associated a dream with Arthur Clarke's science fiction novel of the 1950's, in which an extra-terrestrial power decrees that there should be no more children born on earth. Suddenly, there is no more question of succession, no search for an heir. Everything is strangely still. There is absolutely no hurry any more. Hermione's sixteen years could have been like that.

But I wonder whether sex isn't involved in time creation in a more general and pervasive way. In my life, the conflict between the Biblical and Darwinian creation stories seems always to have been mixed in with what some of my colleagues would call oedipal fantasies of the primal scene. Anthropological reading suggests that this is to be expected. The two essays by Edmund Leach to which I refer in *Jung and the Third Person* argue succinctly for such an involvement.

But without death, this sort of talk is nonsense. Death is the other side of the activity in which sex is involved in time making. It is the death of his son, not the oracle, that surprises Leontes out of his

madness. Death is the wound which sex and time have in common.

Death is also an insistent reminder of how unbecoming creation is. We have to place the flat realism of that central scene in our play, where Antigonus is being eaten by the bear in the same moment as the baby is found, alongside Leontes' terrible reiteration of the word nothing. Both are true to our human condition. Funerals and christenings happen in the same place, and we know that weddings of a sort ought to come between. Yet there are times when that knowledge shivers into inconsistency, and we can no longer agree on the sort.

When that happens we need each other. We cannot make sense of the connection between sex and death without society. We need sexual initiation ceremonies which relate adults to death as well as introducing children into an adult world. We have to be franker than we usually are about sexual economics. The problem of Act I Scene 2 is not only: how seriously is Hermione flirting with Polixenes? It is also about the connection between marriage, property and war. The daughter of the Emperor of Russia is quite a woman. As I quoted in my talk yesterday: "Again and again in the world's history savage tribes must have had plainly before their minds the simple practical alternative between marrying out and being killed out".

There is a wound between art and nature. It has various names. One is consciousness. Another is society. I have been much influenced by those who argue that Jung's psychology needs to be more aware of the middle, anthropological-social ground between what we call the personal and the archetypal. *The Winter's Tale* is as much about social problems of continuity, succession and regeneration, class, role and disguise, as about individuals and the seasons of nature. I hope that a weekend such as this can contribute to a more sociable understanding of what the conjunction of wounding and healing, being wounded and being healed, is like.

Listening for the beat of

5

history in the rhythms of everyday

1985

Before the performance

I want to start with some ideas about how to use the rehearsal and the performance planned for this afternoon and evening.

Experience on these Hawkwood weekends over the last eight years has made me think a lot about theory and performance, reflection and enactment. I have tried on various occasions to talk about this in terms of what we call the dramatic model. It has contributed powerfully to my growing interest in Hermeneutics, the science and art of interpretation.

"Hermeneutics" derives from the Greek word meaning to interpret, which incorporates the name of the god Hermes. During the 18th and 19th centuries it began to be used for the special problems involved in interpreting the Bible. (This development is described in a book which I would recommend to anyone interested: Hans Frei's *The Eclipse of Biblical Narrative: a study in 18th and 19th century hermeneutics*—published by Yale University Press, 1974.) From that use, it was extended to cover the interpretation of sacred texts more widely, texts that reveal and also conceal a hidden truth. During the last 30 years or so, it has been used to refer to the rapidly expanding interest in textual analysis of all kinds, which has been partly stimulated by the psychoanalytic interpretation of dreams.

Jung was something of a wizard in the field of hermeneutics, a shrewd and canny wizard who knew the danger and suffering of the work. He was also at the centre of one of the most famous hermeneutic conflicts of our century. In the twenty four years since he died, much more has been done to open up and map the whole field of hermeneutic endeavour. Which is why we have chosen as the general title for these April weekends the words: Jung and Hermeneutics.

Two or three years ago I tried to summarise some of my thoughts about hermeneutics in relation to our enactment of texts. I spoke of three different approaches to the meaning of a text, each of which could become a fallacy if exaggerated at the expense of the others. As I enjoy playing with words, especially when that play is sexual, I spoke of them as the three fallacies.

There is the *intentional* fallacy, when we put too much emphasis on the author's intentions when we try to get at the meaning of a text. There is the *affective* fallacy, when we allow too much importance to our own affective response to a text. And, if we are acting, there is the *performative* fallacy, when we allow the spontaneity of our bodies to override reflection. Any one of these three approaches can mislead if we follow it without due respect for the others.

(In the last year's edition of *Harvest* I tried, very briefly, to develop some of the implications of these three fallacies for the interpretation of dreams, in a short comment on a paper by Andrew Samuels on modifying Jung's approach to dreams.)

This year I want to add a further point, which I think helps draw together those three approaches. It is derived from the work of Paul Ricoeur, whose book on interpreting Freud turned me upside down and inside out when I first read it some eight years ago.

In his work on hermeneutics Ricoeur has a lot to say about what he calls "the world of the text", or "the issue of the text". He is describing that quality in a text which lays it open to interpretation yet enables it to incorporate every interpretation into itself. Think of our text this weekend, Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, and of the world it has made for itself over the centuries. It exists in a world that is its own, which has issued from it. Our performance this weekend will enter that world and be taken up into that world. Our performance is made possible by that world. It changes it. But the world of the text continues to exist independently through that change.

Ricoeur ascribes to all texts an objectivity of the same kind as Jung ascribed to the psyche when he spoke of the objective psyche. A text, our text—*Measure for Measure*, is its own source of meanings. Shakespeare had his sources. But our text is its own source. Its meaning is to be found in the world which it inhabits. Yet it has an issue. It gives rise to interpretation. It goes on giving rise to interpretation.

In writing about "the world of the text", "the issue of the text",

Ricoeur is, I believe, saying something of general importance for all hermeneutic endeavour, whether it be with literary texts or with dreams or with the scripts of personal and family story. He is emphasising that quality in a text which *comes to meet us*, which *invites* interpretation. It is the same point as Jung made when he emphasised that dreams have us as well as we having them. The texts that matter aren't there for us to get behind them, to see through them. They are like the face, or the day. They come to meet us from their own background with their own outreach. Their outreach is inviting but we can never catch it to hold. Their outreach is *to us*, but also *through us*.

So I want to try a new formulation as to what to look for in the groups as we rehearse today, and as we reflect on our performance tomorrow. It goes like this.

"We are not here to act Shakespeare. We are here to make his text our own. Let us project ourselves into *Measure for Measure*. Put our own interests, our own concerns, our own passions, into it. Don't be afraid of projection.

But: this is not a take over. Shakespeare's words are all we have to go on. They are precious to us. We want to make his text our own in order to receive from it what only it can give. There is something it can sound in us which we can never say without it.

So, don't be afraid of projection—as long as you are willing to listen. You will know when you are abusing the text. It stops saying anything strange to you. You have to go on listening all the time if it is to remain of interest."

After the performance

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
our need to listen for the beat of history in the rhythms of everyday.

This means that I shall be addressing myself more to our

weekend's general title, *Jung and Hermeneutics*, rather than to our subtitle of *Persona, Passion and Society*.

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 dining-room, 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, over-determination, 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 coyneſſe 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 reſuſe
Till the Conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love ſhould grow
Vaster than Empires, and more ſlow.
An hundred years ſhould go to praife
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 Virginitie:
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 on *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 a 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 3 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. (see page 103.)

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 forward into the cannibalism of *Titus Andronicus* and the melodramatic, Jacobean, cruelties of Tourneur and Webster. While Claudio's terrified cry in Act III, Scene 1 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 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. The history in it has proved uninterpretable within her hermeneutic range. I've come closer to an interpretation in working on *Measure for Measure*.

1

In this talk I want to try and summarise what I have learned from these weekends over the last few years. I have recently celebrated my sixtieth birthday, and the time seems right for drawing conclusions as well as planning for the future.

I am thinking not so much of the ideas we have aired, as of the acting we have done. There is that moment in the groups when we stop talking and stand up to see what happens when we move it. There is the process in rehearsal which enables us to get something together in time for the performance. There is the difference between performance and rehearsal, the things that go better than we dared hope, the improvisations that surprise, the missed cues, the effect of an audience. And there is the reflection afterwards: what we share here on the Sunday, and the longer term thoughts and muscular twitchings and stretchings and contractions that come for weeks and months afterwards.

It is this *acting*, and what we have learned from it, that I want to reflect on.

And in doing so I have an ulterior motive. I wrote in the programme notes that "I will suggest that these weekends could contribute to better cooperation between behavioural and analytic/interpretive approaches to psychotherapy". I will do that, but I want us also to bear in mind the differences between individual and group psychotherapy, and the systems approach to family therapy. I believe that our work here on what I have come to think of as "the theatre of behaviour" could contribute to useful experiment and innovation between these various disciplines.

What happens when we put a story on the stage? What happens when, instead of telling a story, we perform it?

It is the difference between telling my story and living my story. How do the telling and the living relate? Think of the sentence: "My life and what I have made of it". How about the word "and" in that sentence? My life is a story. It is also a performance. How are the two related? I believe that in exploring that relationship we can contribute to more cooperation between different kinds of psychotherapy and counselling.

I begin by introducing two technical terms from the study of narrative. They are taken from a book called *Reading for the Plot*, by an American literary critic called Peter Brooks. In this book Brooks argues that *plot* is so basic to all our attempts to make sense of our experience, that we often ignore it as too obvious to be worth looking at. Working both from the psychoanalytic writings of Freud, with particular reference to the transference, and also from novels by Stendhal, Dickens, Balzac, Flaubert, Conrad and Faulkner, he brings the plottedness of story, and the plottedness of life, together in a book which has helped me a lot with that "and" in the sentence "My life and what I make of it".

Brooks distinguishes two kinds of organisation operating within narrative. One is interested in happenings, in events that follow on one after the other, in the flow of the story line. The other is interested in the questions thrown up by a story, the answering of which can then influence how the story goes on to be told. He calls the first kind of organisation "proairetic", from a Greek word meaning to choose one thing before another. He calls the second kind of narrative organisation "hermeneutic", to emphasise its interest in suspense, in partial unveiling, in temporary blockage, in intentional secrecy. The proairetic wants to get on with the story. Its primary concern is with what comes next, with moving the action along. The hermeneutic wants to know what the story means. It is prepared to stop the telling, to pause in the study, to turn the pages back to what happened before in order to find answers to questions that have come up since. A picaresque novel like *Don Quixote*, or a straight forward wartime adventure story would be examples of the proairetic at its most pure. The detective story is the clearest example of the hermeneutic ordering of narrative.

Brooks sees plot as constituted by the interplay between the proairetic and hermeneutic codes present in every narrative. To oversimplify the rich texture of his analysis, we can think of two urgencies. One urgency is to get on with what comes next. The other urgency is to dwell on what's been left out, to make an issue of questions like: why is this included and not that?

I find Brooks' book suggestive in thinking about the reasons that bring us into therapy, and about the different kinds of therapy on offer.

In our lives there can be an "overcoding" of the proairetic function by the hermeneutic, so that we can't get on with our story because too much is being left out. Such an overcoding shows itself in symptoms of knottedness, entanglement, stuckness, what Freud called "overdeterminedness", and Jung "complexes". We go for help to get the proairetic mode functioning again, and when we feel better we say things like "I seem to be going more with the stream of my life now". Or there can be an excess of the proairetic at the expense of the hermeneutic. We say that life has lost all its meaning. It is just one damn thing after another.

The help offered can also be seen in terms of the interplay between proairetic and hermeneutic coding. All therapy that uses story telling as its vehicle has to decide how it is going to match its proairetic and hermeneutic coding across each other. Five times a week analysis, with holidays that have to be taken to coincide with those of the therapist, is heavily coded toward the hermeneutic. The systems approach to family therapy uses the hermeneutic code differently, in order to disturb and realign the proairetic. Those of us who think of our work as as much counselling as analysis are more interested in how the proairetic functions. We are alert to how the need to get on with the story can digest blockages. Work in marriage guidance, pastoral counselling, short term psychotherapy, has to be able to draw effectively on the proairetic urgency of story. How this relates to the labyrinthine meanderings of long term analysis needs to be better understood.

So there is much scope for applying a proairetic/hermeneutic analysis of narrative to the sort of work many of us do. I shall be giving some seminars in London next year on Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*, when I hope to take this further. What I want to do here is to apply this distinction to our question: what happens when we put a story on the stage? Because this is where I believe the comparison of narrative and drama can suggest new possibilities of

cooperation and innovation between behaviourism and psychotherapy, between group and individual work, between analysis of systems and the analysis of intrapsychic states, or, quite simply, between talking and doing.

3

So: what does happen when we put a story on the stage, when, instead of telling a story, we perform it?

To answer, I want to enlarge on our existing experience of theatrical *presentation*, of what happens when we *present* action on stage. And here I want to introduce my other two technical terms (blackboard)—*deixis* and *ostension*.

When I step onto a stage I draw attention to myself. I do so in a way that includes the stage. Appearing before an audience on a stage I point to myself as being on stage. A stage appearance points at itself as being presented, shown, put forward.

This applies not only to persons but also to things. If, before the play begins, a stage hand walks on with a chair and sets the chair down on the empty stage, the chair points at itself. It stands out as significant. Not only the chair itself; the angle at which it is set, its whereabouts on the stage, they all point. A stage appearance points at itself as being presented.

Theorists of the theatre talk about this pointing as “*deixis*”, from a Greek word meaning to bring to light, to point out. They relate it to “*ostension*”, the showing, displaying, which is essential to theatre. They emphasise that together *deixis* and *ostension* have quite a crucial and fundamental function in drama. They are what distinguishes dramatic performance from narrative. The stage displays what is on it, what is within its space. Persons and objects on stage point at themselves. Together, *ostension* and *deixis* energise theatrical presentation. They create an energy field that is both a showing forth and a drawing of attention towards, through, beyond and behind, what is being shown.

Here is what one student of theatre says about *ostension*. (I have altered the language slightly, to avoid the unfamiliarity of certain words.)

Theatre is able to draw upon the most “primitive” form of signifying, known in philosophy as *ostension*. In order to refer to, indicate or define a given object, one simply picks it up and

shows it . . . Thus, in response to a child's question "What's a pebble?", instead of replying with a gloss ("It's a small stone worn into shape by water") one seizes the nearest example on the beach or ground and demonstrates it to the child; or, similarly, in order to indicate the drink one desires, one holds up a glass of beer to whoever is doing the ordering.

Familiar ways of behaving. But perhaps not so familiar are the conclusions that can be drawn from such a "showing" when we allow an interest in theatre and an interest in behaviour to cross-fertilise each other. For what is happening in such cases is not that we are showing that particular pebble or glass of beer in itself, for its own sake. We aren't saying "Look at this pebble, isn't it interesting?". We are showing it as an example, as a representative. It is being used to point to, to refer to, the whole class of objects to which it belongs. My upheld glass is not referring to itself. It means "another of the same please". It no longer stands for itself. It stands for something else. It is no longer fully and simply itself.

This idea is the heart of what I want to say this morning. Let's dwell on it a moment. The chair that is there, yet no longer stands for itself. It is "not itself", yet "not not itself". It is de-realised in order to become de-monstrative.

This de-realising in order to become de-monstrative, is what theatrical performance adds to narrative. It moves telling into being through showing. This "showing" has been called (by Umberto Eco, the author of the best-selling novel *The Name of the Rose*, and one of the leading contemporary theorists of narrative) "the most basic instance of performance". Performance as exemplary, demonstrative, representative, performance as *moving telling into being through showing*: that is what I am trying to focus our attention on.

So let me now illustrate it with refernce to our experience this weekend. I am going to say something about masks and faces, something about movement, gesture and words, and something about taking turns, in order to enlarge on this central idea of performance moving telling into being through showing. Because it is here, so I believe, that the theatre can provide us with the link we so badly need between the literal matter of factness of the behavioural tradition and the world of symbol and imagination.

(a) Charades, or On Keeping a Straight Face

It is quite possible to feel rather silly doing the things we do during these weekends. A neighbour in Oxford to whom I was describing these enactments two or three years ago spoke rather condescendingly of playing charades. I think he had a point, but he misconstrued it.

One of our more absurd performances here was when we enacted certain pictures from an alchemical text. Absurd, and, as it turned out, disturbing in a way that I have never been able to forget or to understand. I remember when we had divided up into our groups and went to our rehearsal rooms one man in my group turned to me and said "Are we really going to do this?" The look on his face combined disbelief with expectancy. That look stays with me in reply to the condescending reference to charades. For me, it is what these weekends are about. That mixture of disbelief and expectancy: what are we making of it?

Well, one answer is 'melodrama'. This word was used in my group last year, at a crucial moment in our rehearsal for *Measure for Measure*. We were at that stage when it seems as if nothing is going to happen, as if we are never going to be able to get it together. We were unsure of each other, weren't at all clear what we were supposed to be doing. Possibly what we were doing was really very silly indeed. Then someone said something like: "Come on, this is just good old Victorian melodrama". The group eased. It was if we had been given permission to behave in a way we knew how. Words and movements began to interact. We had more confidence with each other, putting each other into roles and positions which weren't silly any more, because somehow we were now sharing in traditional human exaggeration.

I thought much about the exaggeration of melodrama after the weekend. It sent me back to read one of my favourite books on the theatre, Styan's *Drama, Stage and Audience*. He has a chapter on Genre and Style, which should be required reading for any psychologist interested in how mood and behaviour relate. He discusses tragedy, melodrama, farce, naturalism, comedy, burlesque. He has helped me realise how much there is that we could be doing, both here and in our lives and practices elsewhere, with

that kind of exaggerated awkwardness we feel when we are caught between disbelief and expectancy.

Styan sees melodrama as one way of moving between tragedy and farce. He has this to say about the exchange between them (and as I read, think of how you felt yesterday if there were moments when you simultaneously wanted to surrender yourself to the intensity of the drama and yet were afraid—perhaps even terrified—of making yourself ridiculous).

The farther drama leans towards farce and tragedy, the more the actor assumes the mask. It lends impersonality to the experience, frees the spectator from the need to sympathise, frees him to laugh, all without the tiresome restrictions of everyday life. A play needs only a germ of probability to begin, but once begun it can soar with the madness of hysteria or race faster than nightmare. Since at the extreme the movements of either tragedy or farce border on dance and its tones on song, the language of colloquial prose dialogue can barely satisfy the needs of its stage. Yet, either in tragedy or in farce, the actor immersed in its spirit stands outside his role while seeming to believe utterly in its reality: both are the drama of the straight face.

The drama of the straight face. I am reminded of the time we enacted the whole of the *Jacob and Esau* cycle from the Old Testament. I was playing Schechem the son of Hamor the Hivite, in the scene where he defiles Jacob's daughter Dinah, thus bringing on his people the wrath of the colonising Israelites. In an attempt to appease Jacob's anger, the Hivites agree to have their men circumcised. We were standing in a line waiting our turn to be done. I think I was at the end of the line. Three places nearer the action stood someone I know well. She turned and gave me a look of such reproach, as if to say "What have you got us all into!", that I could not keep a straight face. I had to laugh. I think that's the only time I've ever come out of role in one of our enactments here.

Think about keeping a straight face as you experienced it yesterday. Remember what I said about deixis, when I instanced how a pebble or a glass of beer cease to be themselves and become an example instead. That's what we do when we keep a straight face on stage. We cease to be simply ourselves, and become instead an example through which something else is represented. That is the change to which we aspire when we go into role. To make that change we have to be able to keep a straight face, to make of our face

a mask. Keeping a straight face is our most immediate and personal experience of what is meant by deixis and ostension, of de-realisation in order to become de-monstrative.

For me one of the most valuable things about these weekends is that we continue to be able to be shy about it. Those of us who have not done this sort of thing before may have been especially nervous yesterday. But I think it is important that experience hasn't lead the rest of us to forget what that nervousness is like either. Because if theatre is to provide us with links between behaviourism and the world of symbol and imagination, the shyness and nervousness and embarrassment associated with going on stage is where the energy and spark will come from.

This is a very important point to take on board if we are to apply the lessons of these weekends elsewhere. Shyness and the energy of ostension are intimately related. Being shy is the ground in which our ability to be demonstrative takes root. I spoke of the germ of probability which is all that is needed to get a play moving. Shyness is where that germ can lodge itself between incredulity and expectancy to evoke performance. I would be suspicious of any performance from which shyness and embarrassment were altogether absent.

Let me try therefore to deepen our understanding of mask and of the shyness that goes with it by saying something about regression.

(b) Regression

When I have talked about these weekends elsewhere I have often described what happens in terms of regression to pre-verbal childhood experience. I have said things like: "In our enactment we don't use words, This throws us back on the nervous tension of our muscles. We are thrown back on pre-verbal resources of expression. I believe it puts us in touch with infantile experience in a way that words never can."

Within the last two years or so, I've begun wondering whether this isn't a wholly inadequate account of the regression we practice here. What goes on here is as much social as individual, which is why it is fun as well as hard work. I believe now that to take it further we need to look to the work being done in social communication as well as to psychological studies of individual development.

Theatre is very much about bodies in movement. One of the books

I've been reading in an attempt to take further my experience of these weekends is called *Kinesics and Context*. Kinesics is the study of body movements and gestures that convey meaning non-vocally. The author is interested in how babies, worldwide, learn the communication patterns of their particular society during the first six years of their lives. He has sections on becoming predictable, smiles, masculinity and femininity as display, on the family and its open secrets, on talk and motion at family meals, on tactile communication.

All this fits fairly well with psychoanalytic study of the human being. But the author, Ray Birdwhistell, is drawing also on work done in ethology, anthropology, physiology and information theory, in order to explain the body movements of both adult and child. He sees body movement, gesture, as both adaptive and creative. He sees it as adaptive to, and also creative of, all those social systems of communication without which we wouldn't have the *equilibrium* necessary for survival.

How does this reciprocal adaptive/creative exchange between body movements and social communication systems work? Birdwhistell argues that to understand this we have to get beyond the idea of society as created by interpersonal activity. Instead, we have to reverse the order. We have to be able to imagine social communication as prior to personality.

He makes his point with reference to the theory of evolution. He sees a significant change in our understanding of evolution as having taken place in the last thirty years, with the rise of ethology and information theory.

I have tried to draw this out on the blackboard.

Birdwhistell contrasts two ways of ordering the stages of evolution.

- (1) inorganic—organic—higher organisms—animal species—man—society
- (2) inorganic—organic—social structure of higher organisms—animal species—man

He argues that the first way, typical of the early days of evolution theory, is wrong. Society is not man-made. We are social from long before we emerged as a species, let alone as personalised individuals. The social belongs at that stage in evolution when the inorganic and organic are giving rise to the animal.

I have found that simple contrast between two ways of placing the

social within evolutionary development extraordinarily suggestive. It helps me with what Jung has to say about archetypes and the collective unconscious. For someone who takes Jung's work on alchemy seriously, it helps make credible the idea that dreams of incest and kinship may reach directly into biochemical levels of our being.

But the point I want to make here is about our shyness and embarrassment on these weekends. Could it be that when we are feeling at our most clumsy, our most ape like, our most petrified, like some ridiculous wobbly television triffid, we are regressing to here (blackboard), to that level of evolution in which social forms of being are emerging out of an inorganic-organic substrate in preparation of animal species?

For those of us who shared in the 1980 work here on those alchemical pictures from Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens* the idea is not so far fetched. It corresponds also to historical and anthropological research into the origins of theatre in social rituals associated with hunting and the cycles of vegetation. And it is echoed by modern voices. Here is Antonin Artaud describing the impact of the Balinese theatre brought to Paris in the 1930's:

All of this is steeped in deep intoxication, restoring the very elements of rapture, and in this rapture we rediscover the dry seething and mineral friction of plants, remains and ruined trees . . . All bestiality and animalism are brought down to that dry gesture, striking sounds as the earth splits open, frozen trees, lowing animals.

"The dry seething and mineral friction of plants". What I am suggesting is that when we represent rocks and trees and rivers with our bodies, we are pointing to a likeness between ourselves and the inanimate world which cannot be fully expressed in terms of personal experience. It is essentially sociable. I am sure this is what some of our shyness and nervousness is about. It's not just personal. We are shy *for* others. There is a "likeness" to be expressed which requires a group willing and able to regress together. But how do I know that *we* are able? I am thinking of those years when we have enacted here the stories of Amor and Psyche, Narcissus, and Medusa. There is a level of what we've been calling ostension and deixis which belongs with *species* rather than with individuals or even with groups. A species is pointing itself out in the face of nature. We are closer to the cave painting of Lascaux than to the play

of children.

This is important for what we make of our experience of mask, of the drama of the straight face. At this "species level" of ostension, of showing forth, "we", not "I", re-member ourselves here (on the blackboard—the social structure of higher organisms). It may not be too far fetched to say that we are re-membering how species may have originated. Certainly to say it like that helps us to be aware of the regression that can catch us. Some people were left deeply uneasy after our enactment of the alchemical pictures. I was dissociated after our enactment of the Narcissus story in a way that seemed more vegetable than human. Regression of this kind can be grotesque. Rediscovery of our bestiality in "the dry seething and mineral friction of plants" is no charade. It is deadly earnest. What we are presenting pre-dates us, but it also lies in wait for us. Decomposition is there, waiting to be remembered, whenever we allow an interest in the origin of species really to catch us.

On the face of it, acting Shakespeare may not appear to call for regression of this kind. But bear it in mind if you find yourself drawn uncomfortably, even dangerously, close to what may seem like an impossible choice between tragedy and farce. There are moments in our play when bestiality is not so far off. There are likenesses which do not lend themselves easily to human expression, when we can act only if we accept the formal limits, the de-realisation, of the deictic mask.

(c) Movement, Gesture, Words

I want us to think now of the first half hour or so which we spend in rehearsal.

The group is trying to get to know each other. It is also trying to get to know the text and scene it is to work on. Out of that emerges the need to assign characters, and to create a scene or setting. This scene or setting is not simply an empty or neutral space in which the enactment will happen. It is an inherent part of the self-presenting of the characters. It is *where* we are going to be called on to take our place. This is what we emphasise in using words like deixis and ostension.

What happens when we stand up and start to move, instead of sitting and talking? This, for me, is the recurring interest of these weekends. I want to amplify our experience of that moment when we

say: "let's stand up and move it".

To do so, I am going to draw on ideas developed by the phenomenological psychologists. This phenomenological approach can, I believe, be helpful in linking the behavioural and psychoanalytic study of human being.

Our bodies experience many different kinds of movement. We impoverish ourselves if we try and reduce them to a common denominator. A falling body, a gesture of greeting, a grasping movement, jumping over a ditch, the contraction of the pupil to light, the peristaltic movements of intestinal muscles, automatic movements that maintain our equilibrium, these cannot all be described and understood by one set of principles. The movements of our bodies call on us to be constantly varying the ways in which we imagine the space in which we find ourselves.

But it is not only our bodies which call on us in this way. The call comes also from the objects which we come up against as we explore the space we inhabit. Inhabited space is constituted of the encounter between self and object. Movement and object adjust to each other. When I set my foot down, I do it differently on the pavement or on muddy ground, in a field or on a mountain, in the light or dark. I don't hold a pen as I grip an umbrella in a strong wind. How firmly I grasp something depends on its resistance, on its tendency to get away from me.

This is all very familiar. The trouble is that it is so familiar that we tend to overlook it. What the phenomenologists are urging on us is the need to recover a sense of *place* as more important, more original, than *space* if we are going to do justice to the variety of movement experienced by our bodies. In moving, our bodies are constantly in touch with place. This "touchingness" between movement and place is very precious to us. I want to emphasise it by talking rather grandly of "the enfolded openings of the interleaved enclosures of place". That's the sort of setting in which we can recognise the touch between movement and place. It is a setting incomparably richer than empty space. Its richness is emphasised when we say of an action that it "takes place". Lived movement doesn't happen in a vacuum. It takes place.

"It takes place". To appreciate the importance of deixis and ostension in the theatre we must think about this familiar phrase, think about it in relation to gesture and words.

Gesture is how the body ostends itself. Gesture is how the body places itself within the field of deictic energy which constitutes its

stage setting. Gesture is constant evidence of how theatrical the world is. Gesture gives body to space, and space to body. It energises the scene, creating the place in which action can "take".

Working in silence, as we usually have done in the past, we have learned a lot about the power of gesture. But gesture can move easily into words, and I believe the time has come when we should experiment more with the use of language in our enactment.

But do let us keep it related to gesture, to the energies of lived movement. Without gesture, words are always in danger of becoming dis-embodied. We want to experiment with words that can carry body with them. This is where this technical concept of deixis can be helpful.

If words are to register within the physical context of the stage, and to come into contact with bodies and objects on the stage, they must participate in the taking place of action. Watch for how they relate to gesture. Gesture is a prime vehicle of deixis, and to really be part of what takes place words must be deictic.

Here is an example from our play. Words which are especially deictic are personal pronouns like "I" and "you", adverbs like "here" and "now", and demonstratives like "this" and "that", parts of speech that behave differently on stage to how they do in narrative. In our play observe the force of the words "that" "thine" "you" "this" "his" in Portia's mouth as the court scene builds to its climax.

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the court doth give it.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The court allows it, and the court awards it.

The personal pronouns and the demonstratives aren't merely indicating the persons on the stage. They *are* demonstrative. They are gestural. They draw attention to presence in such a way as to refer beyond what is immediately there. They point at the particular figures on the stage, and at the same time point beyond and behind them, making them examples of something more general: other merchants, other human flesh. It is this which enables us to observe them from without while also putting ourselves in their place. (Analysts may like to compare what is being said here with their experience of "projective identification".)

So if we do wish to experiment more with using words, watch for the deictic potential of little words like *I* and *you* and *here* and *now*

and *this* and *that*. They can tell us a lot about how words participate in the taking place of action, in moving telling into being through showing.

But there is more to be said about the taking place of action. If we do use words more, we'll discover more obviously what we already know from our silent enactment: that if action is to take place, the players must take their turn. It's no good all talking at once.

(d) *Taking Turns*

In rehearsal we aren't only exploring the potential of lived movement. We are also having to find a place for each other in relation to the action. We volunteer for roles, putting ourselves forward to play a particular part. We also allocate roles. Within the group, there is often an uneasy, perhaps even tricky, process of negotiation between volunteering and being assigned, before we are variously lodged in our particular part.

I believe more is involved here than we realise in the confusion of rehearsal. My particular "place" in the action is being decided. I am in on that deciding, but I am also having to leave it to others. To begin with, I am one of many looking for a part, or trying to avoid a part. When the decision is taken, then I am made responsible for a particular character. From then on, I speak for him or her in talking about how we are to realise our scene. In being given my place I am also given a piece of the action. It is up to me to activate that piece.

This connection between "place" and "piece of action" is further worked on as we rehearse our performance. There are times when I am at rest, watching others move. I learn the difference between being "on" and "off". I am part of the background. Then suddenly there is no foreground. Is it I who should be putting myself forward so as to carry some part of the performance which is going by default? Whose turn is it to make a move?

I want to propose to you that what is happening here in our rehearsals is very important indeed for the study of behaviour and of human being in the world. If we are to get our act together, we have to learn to take our turn.

Now it seems to me that group psychotherapy and the systems approach to family therapy study turn-taking seriously, and have a lot to teach us about its importance in everyday living. In one-to-one therapy, with its emphasis on individual insight, turn taking is not of

immediate concern, except in the analysis of transference. There is more emphasis on a solitary and heroic quest. I think experience in theatre and drama could help us make better connections between "going it alone" and turn taking.

The particular connection I want to suggest this morning relates to what I've said about lived movement. In insight therapy we talk a lot about insides and outsides. I think the study of turn taking could help us bring this kind of talk, and the work associated with it, more into the behavioural field.

As an example, I want to draw on the work of a social behaviourist, someone who has read widely in psychotherapeutic and psychoanalytic literature, but whose own discipline is firmly grounded in social events.

John Shotter describes turn taking as an "ontological skill". Speaking of what happens in complex social activity, he describes "long, interlaced sequences of exchange", as constituting the stuff of social intercourse. It is in that stuff that selfhood is made real. He argues that growing up in society, and the political processes which constitute society, depend on these long, interlaced sequences of exchange becoming established as activities people can themselves *do* rather than simply have happen to them.

What establishes them as activities we can do is turn taking. We have to learn to take our turn, that is, to submit ourselves to the influence of others while also initiating appropriate action ourselves. This learning involves the ability to change one's own mode of being oneself, from being a recipient of an action to being an actor, from being a looker on to a doer, from being a listener to being a speaker. It is this ability that Shotter refers to as an "ontological skill".

This applies to children growing up in a more or less facilitating environment. It also applies to what goes on in the theatre. If turn taking is an ontological skill, this skill is one that we learn in the theatre. But there is a further comment John Shotter makes which caught my attention in thinking about our rehearsing in groups.

He is talking about the need for every society to have certain operational procedures or devices to maintain reciprocity between the personal and the social. He speaks of this in terms of a kind of social ecology. "To the extent that a society remains in existence, these procedures must exist somewhere in its ecology, spread out in its constituent interrelations". And then he goes on with two sentences which have become for me a kind of promise for future bridges between behavioural and analytic approaches to

psychotherapy:- "Thus, irrespective of what goes on in people's heads, it seems both an important and a feasible endeavour to discover what these procedures are. Thus: ask not what goes on "inside" people, but what people go on inside of . . ."

"Ask not what goes on "inside" people, but what people go on inside of". When I first heard family systems work described I felt both excited and threatened. I knew at once that it was going to interest me. It appealed directly to my sense of theatre, of drama. But I also felt threatened. As an analyst of interior states and conditions of soul I realised that here was an approach with a confidence in exterior interplay that I lacked. The energy generated between that excitement and that threat has driven me to take my interest in theatre into the study of social behaviour.

Asking what people go on inside of does seem to me to fit well with what happens in our rehearsal groups, as lived movement begins to turn into acting. We do have an inside which we have to take into account. We want to express ourselves, some more than others. Yet we are constrained by the scene in which we are set. Expressing what's inside us means finding how we can fit into an inside. But what I am inside of is busy with other people expressing themselves. To fit into it I must be able to take my turn. Taking turns generates action between insides and outsides.

It seems to me that we have here an important connection with what I said earlier about action taking place. Remember my phrase about "the folded openings and interleaved enclosures of space", and my talk of the "touchingness" between movement and place. As we rehearse, we are composing a scene by being in touch with other people's lived movement. This is how we make room for each other. But we aren't only making room. We are also generating action. Scene and action are a joint composition. Our performance is beginning to take place. This is what we mean by "getting our act together".

I think this helps us realise how much energy is represented by these technical terms *deixis* and *ostension*. Theatre puts us *into* parts in order to *ostend* the action in which character can be realised. Turn taking is how character and action are generated together out of lived movement. Turn taking both generates and releases energy, like music does. It is like finding the rhythm between pressures that are from the outside and initiatives that are from inside. Each character points to its own "piece" of the action, and does its "bit" in composing the scene in which action takes place. What holds the

pieces together is a kind of field of energy whose rhythm is spelt out as we take our turn.

5

Jigsaws and Threads

So, once again, I ask: what does happen when we put a story on the stage, when we *present* the "and" in "my life and what I have made of it"?

I started us off with these (blackboard) two technical terms, proairetic and hermeneutic, to describe two contrasting urgencies within story. One urgency, the proairetic, is to get on to what comes next. The other urgency, the hermeneutic, is to make an issue of what's been left out. I wonder if we can now think of these two different kinds of narrative urgency in more homely terms of thread and jigsaw.

Thread is a familiar image in thinking and talking of story. We get the thread of a story. Or we lose the thread. The thread is what the one-thing-after-another aspect of story is arranged on. Talk of thread goes with talk of spinning. If the story is in danger of ending too soon we spin it out. The problem of where to begin is like that first teasing out of the wool that gives us the start of our thread.

Thread gives us the proairetic mode of narrative.

Jigsaw, emptying out, collecting, piecing together, the bits of a jigsaw puzzle, gives us the hermeneutic mode of narrative. Here we have all the bits potentially in front of us, even if some of them may be missing. The primary question is not: what comes next?, but: which fits where? The way we proceed is in matching like with like. We choose one piece rather than another not according to an order of temporal priority, but according to various orders of likeness. "Fit" comes before "sequence".

How do thread and jigsaw relate?

Those of us who work in psychological counselling are familiar with the constant choice between the two. We speak of the need "to unpack", "to see what we've got", "to get it together". That's the jigsaw approach. We ask questions like "how did it start?", "what happened then?", or we say "well, we'll just have to wait and see". That's the thread approach. How do they play across each other? How do we conjugate one with the other, so that story goes on in a

way that gathers all its bits together in the right fit?

Those are the questions with which the modern study of narrative are concerned. The theatre has, from of old, addressed itself to the same questions in a different way. In staging story, theatre turns narrative into action. Theatrical performance allows us to study action as it moves and hesitates and turns and twists between the pull of the thread and the broken up bittiness of the jigsaw.

Can we try and picture this together?

Start in our rehearsal yesterday. We are like the pieces of a jigsaw. Each piece is a character, a person or an object. Each piece wants to be part of the telling. It wants to make sense. It wants to find a place in the story, a share in the action. Or perhaps not. Perhaps some of us want to be left out. Perhaps we feel that we don't belong in this box, in this jigsaw.

Let's try and generalise from that, drawing on what I've said about lived movement and turn taking. I imagine something like a ball game, a place filled with throwing and catching between the various pieces or characters. If I am to be in the story, I have to join up. I throw, I throw out from myself. I project. I am alert to catch the projections of others.

As the balls are thrown, they draw lines or threads from one piece to another. It is easy to picture what would happen. The threads would criss cross, double back, become hopelessly tangled, if the pieces were trying to join up any old how. They'd get thoroughly knotted—as many of us know from our experience. The story line can get hopelessly crossed.

Now what is the picture like if we imagine the thread as having a certain pull or hold of its own. Suppose the thread is not just thrown passively from point to point, but tugs and pulls and draws. The tug can be *in the thread* as it reaches our fingers, as when we fish. Or it can be *in our fingers* as we pull on the thread, as when we spin, or unravel our way into a labyrinth with its help. The play of a fishing line, spinning, the maze of labyrinth, are all familiar images for lived story. The thread has direction, although it is neither straight nor steady, and although we do not know what is causing the tug at the other end.

How can we picture threadedness of this kind working on a jigsaw? How can we imagine the pull of the thread as able to exercise some kind of influence on the joining together of the pieces? Or the disjointedness of the pieces affecting the spinning of the thread?

This brings us to my last point: *presentation and time*.

How does presentation, all that I've been saying about deixis and ostension, relate to the passing of time? To put it in the kind of word play I enjoy perhaps too much: how is the *verb* "to present" related to the *noun* "the present"? To understand how the disjointedness of the jigsaw pieces and the spinning of the thread can influence each other we must consider the timing of theatrical presentation.

Now you may be surprised to know that when we go to the theatre we get involved in five different kinds of timing. Yes, five.

The first is obvious. It is performance time, the time given in the programme when it says "the performance will last approximately three hours and a quarter including one interval of twenty minutes".

The next two are easily confused, but if we are to see how stage performance brings jigsaw and thread together it is vital that we distinguish them. They are plot time, and chronological time.

Plot time is the order in which events are shown or reported on the stage, the order in which one scene follows another. Chronological time is the order of events which the spectator reconstructs from what he hears and sees. Plot time and chronological time need not be in the same order. For instance, in our play the scenes in Venice and Belmont follow each other one after the other in plot time. But the order of events to which they refer, as we reconstruct it in our minds, is not the same. They can overlap, synchronise, be reversed. When did Tubal's visit to Genoa, when he heard of Jessica in flight from her father and of Antonio's losses, happen in relation to Bassanio's wooing of Portia? Was it before, or at the same time as, or after? We aren't told by the play. We have to work it out for ourselves.

Fourthly, there is what we can call historical time. This too can easily be confused with chronological time. But if we are to apply our experience in the theatre to how we live outside it, the distinction is essential.

Dramatic events refer in some way, if only by omission, to a "real world" outside the theatre. How does the timing of the story they tell compare to the timing of the real world that is going on outside in history? In Shakespeare's plays we are aware of this question most urgently in the historical plays. In *The Merchant* the point can be best made with reference to the theme of "usury". As we read or

watch the play, we are aware of ourselves questioning how the different attitudes to usury and commercial credit or "thrift" compare with our own. What we make of the theme in the play depends on a sort of matching and comparing that goes on between our own attitudes today and what we know about Elizabethan England. The important general point to notice is that as we reconstruct the chronological order of events from the plot as it unfolds before us, there is also this matching and comparing going on in our minds with what we know of the history of the world outside the theatre.

That gives us four kinds of timing. We have the "frame" given by performance time. Within that frame we have plot time, the order of events as they are presented to us on the stage, scene by scene. Behind that, or in front of it, we have our reconstruction of the chronological order of events to which the plot order refers. And influencing and interfering with both, is our matching and comparing with the time of the real world going on outside.

What gets them together? What gets them "in time" with one another? This is our fifth kind of timing, the most immediate of all. It is the dramatic present, the dramatic *now* carried by the action being presented.

The immediacy of this dramatic now is what gets all the other times ticking together. Throughout the performance this "now" remains a constant. On the stage it is always now. The action takes place in a perpetual present. But though perpetual, it is dynamic. It is not static. Dramatic action generates a "now" which moves the plot along, and in doing so coordinates the other timings to its own rhythm.

The dramatic present as integrating into one rhythm plot time, chronological time and historical time, within the frame of performance time: that's what we were exercising ourselves in yesterday. Can we relate it to what I have said about presentation, about the theatrical energy of pointing and showing forth?

Remember your experience as audience as well as of player. Remember what I said on Friday evening about the audience "hosting" the performance. And remember the shyness, the embarrassment.

When we dramatise our jigsaw we put the pieces on show. They are demonstrative. The parts of our plot display themselves as exemplary, as referring beyond themselves. The turn and turn about throwing and catching that passes the thread from cue to cue and

from character to character is sustained and directed by the energy of that display between audience and stage. Performance draws the expectation of the audience into the action being presented. The story is threaded together by the energy of the display which draws into itself our expectancy.

But the process is also working the other way round. The display is being energised by the threading of the story. Think of one of those ball games in which it is essential to know when to pass the ball. Turn taking requires that we know when to pass. This need to pass is how timing gets into dramatic space. It fills the gaps between the pieces of our jigsaw, like a living, vibrant cement. The energy of the proairetic need to get on to what comes next pervades and informs the space into which the pieces are gathered.

We need to be imaginative. Think of an empty stage in the moment before or after the players are "on". It is empty, yet it radiates presence. It is occupied, audibly occupied, by our still expectancy of what comes next, like the stretched invitation of an horizon gathered together into one place. That's what space is like when the dynamism of the dramatic present gets into it.

Then picture the need to pass. Imagine a dance that you can hear. Or a rhythm that you can see. That is the energy we go to the theatre to enjoy, the energy we evoke when we put a story on the stage.

I spoke earlier of performance as moving "telling" into "being" through showing. We are now in a position to enlarge on that definition. When we put a story on stage we frame lived time, and within that frame we present action as it twists and turns and hesitates between the proairetic and hermeneutic urgencies of story. This "presenting" is both spatial and temporal, both noun and verb. Dramatic performance gets our act together in both time and space in a way that narrative does not.

I think these Hawkwood weekends have been leading us, perhaps unwittingly, into study of how this is done. What I'd like to do now is twofold.

1. I'd like to focus our "theatre of behaviour" on the differences between the various kinds of psychotherapy which we have experience of, to include if possible the behavioural. This will depend on being able to find others to join with us.

2. And I'd like it if some of us could work in a more sustained way on how theatre might help us bridge the gap between everyday living and the strange performances that go on in our various consulting rooms. As a colleague said to me recently: what interests me more

and more is how all those people manage to seem to get on alright without ever coming near therapy or counselling. I think the theatre could help us move more flexibly and imaginatively between professional consultancy of many kinds and the job of getting on with living the story.

REFERENCES

PETER BROOKS, *Reading for the Plot*, Oxford 1984. (The Notes give many further references into the theory of narrative, and its connections with psychoanalysis.)

Deixis and Ostension. Here I draw on KEIR ELAM, *The Semiotics of Theatre and Drama* (Methuen 1980) also the same author's *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse* (Cambridge 1984); J. L. STYAN, *Drama, Stage and Audience* (Cambridge 1975); RAY BIRDWHISTELL, *Kinesics and Context: Essays on Body-Motion communication* (Penguin 1971); ANTONIN ARTAUD, *The Theatre and its Double* (1938) (Eng. trans. Grove Press, New York 1958).

In writing of regression and the origin of species in the way I have, I am aware of drawing both courage and inspiration from the confluence of three very different books.

WILLIAM GOLDING'S novel *The Inheritors*, with its famous description of the abortive dawning of "likeness" in the mind of our proto-human ancestors.

SUZANNE LANGER'S magisterial study: *Mind, an Essay on Human Feeling*, (John Hopkins 1972) which spells out in great detail the evolution of "act" through the inorganic-organic-animal species continuum. (For my argument, see in particular Vol II, pages 288-355.) and in a more specialised field

BRUNO SNELL'S, *The Discovery of the Mind* (Blackwell 1953), in which Chapter 9 examines the role of comparison (Golding's "likeness") in the development of consciousness in classical Greece.

In this context, see also a book that has just come to my notice RICHARD SCHECHNER, *Between Theatre and Anthropology*, Univ. of Pennsylvania Press 1985; this book draws together very interesting work done in America in the last ten years by theatre people who have been drawn to the study of anthropology and by anthropologists who have turned to the study of theatre to help them in their field work. The idea of theatre as "the restoration of behaviour" is particularly relevant to my argument in this paper.

Movement and Gesture. I am drawing on ERWIN STRAUS, *Phenomenological Psychology*, New York 1966, (trans of work originally published in French in 1935-6) and DAVID MICHAEL LEVIN, *The Body's Recollection of Being* (Routledge 1985) subtitled "Phenomenological Psychology and the Deconstruction of Nihilism", this looks at the psychotherapies of Jung and Freud and Carl Rogers in the context of the work of Merleau-Ponty and Heidegger. The result is analysis of a kind that we are weak on in Britain. Gesture, motility and dance restore to body a qualitative dimension that is essentially and originally both social and transformative.

JOHN SHOTTER, *Social Accountability and Selfhood* (Blackwell 1984). There is much more to his argument than my reference to "turn taking" suggests. His central theme of "accountability" could be very helpful in making connections between behavioural and psychoanalytic attitudes.

Presentation and Time. On the five times of theatrical performance: ELAM, *Semiotics etc* (above).

On "**presence**" as both verb and noun: I like in particular what John Berger has to say about time, with its mixture of poetry, philosophy and common sense. For instance, his book *And Our Faces, my Heart, Brief as Photos*: Writers and Readers press, 1984.

On **audience**: the first part of ANNE RICHTER: *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* (Penguin 1967) gives the English historical experience of development from ritual to theatre, with the gradual separation of audience and stage. Styan's book quoted above, and, of course, first and last and always: PETER BROOK, *The Empty Space* (1968, and subsequent Penguin).

Jung and Hermeneutics

7

Two Lectures

The Hidden Reality and Witness

These two lectures, delivered in London, drew on experience from the Hawkwood weekends.

In the first my approach is autobiographical. I introduce the subject through certain occasions in my own experience, so as to give some sense of what hermeneutics means to me, how I came to be interested in it, how it has altered my understanding of Jung, and in what direction it now moves me.

In the second, the focus is on one aspect of hermeneutics: witness. In thinking about the difference between *witnessing* and *bearing witness* I hope to suggest the relevance of hermeneutics for clinical practice.

The Hidden Reality

I have taken the term *Hidden Reality* from Aniela Jaffe's book *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of Jung*. In her fourth chapter, we find this sentence:

The differentiation between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness formed for Jung the essential epistemological foundation for his psychological thinking and his work.

The differentiation between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness: how can hermeneutics help us to read Jung with this in mind?

I'd like to dwell on the question for a few minutes, because unless you can hear it in terms of your own experience of Jung's work what I have to say won't mean much. So let's repeat it in words we use everyday, far too easily I suspect.

"The unconscious." We speak of hidden reality as the unconscious. Can we talk about "the" unconscious without slipping into a position which assumes that what we are talking about is *there* in the same way as other things are there when we point them out with the word "the"? If we can't, wouldn't it be better not to use the term?

Jung was aware of the problem. He referred to the difficulty in that letter of 1946 to Pastor Max Frischknecht, where he wrote: "The concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing". In German: "Der Begriff des Unbewussten setzt nichts, er benennt nur mein Nichtwissen."

In studying Jung we recognise this as an important text. We quote it often in our teaching. But do we act on it?

Think of how we use the words "the unconscious" in practice. How often does a certain "knowing" note creep into our voices and our writing as we refer to the unconscious? It is so easy to use the concept to designate not my unknowing, but something I am getting to know about. Don't most of us speak as if we know more about the unconscious now than we did ten years ago, or than we did before we started our analysis, or before we began our training? When we use

the words "the unconscious" to our clients, do we never allow them to assume that we know more about "it" than they do?

These two lectures are about this "knowingness". I think we Jungians suffer from it rather badly. What I am hoping to do is to put our difficulty with it in the wider context of hermeneutics, the study of how we interpret texts.

I begin with autobiography: six occasions in my life when I have been seized of an interest in hermeneutics.

First Occasion

At school, age sixteen. We were being taught civics, or whatever the subject was called in those days. The particular subject for the day was law courts, how they work. What is evidence? How does one get at the truth?

The teacher made us do an experiment, with which many of you will be familiar. Four or five of us were to perform some happening. The rest of the class were to write down what they saw.

When it was over, the written reports were compared. They did not agree. Nor could the performers agree as to which of the reports came closest to the truth.

That was my first adult experience of hermeneutics. Happenings do not agree with how they are reported. Yet they need to be reported if they are to be known.

That was a long time ago, and I don't want to read too much into the experience. But I am impressed by how often the memory of that classroom comes to me when I reflect on my work. As I would put it today, the lesson I learned was this.

There's no such thing as an event without an interpretation. Finding out what really happened is a circular, or perhaps triangular, operation. There's a raw material, a sort of mix of subjective happening and objective circumstance. I like the new American word *happenstance* to describe this. Then there's evidence, how the raw material of happenstance is presented. Then there's interpretation. Taken together, happenstance, evidence, and interpretation, we have something which is both event and experience. (Compare later references to the German *Erlebnis*).

Or, to put it more generally, all the evidence we ever have to go on is circumstantial. And that's as it should be. Because reality is

representational. We don't have reality first, interpretation after. The real world is an interpreted world.

Second Occasion

I was taught to think harder about the representation of reality when I read History at the university. There I was deeply influenced by the philosopher-historian R. G. Collingwood, whose *Autobiography* was one of the half dozen books which formed my adult mind. It was through Collingwood's *Essay on Metaphysics* that I first came to read Jung (via St Augustine). I suspect that my reading of Jung has always been from a position established by Collingwood's logic of question and answer, and his teaching about the "ticklishness" of what he called our "absolute presuppositions", the largely unconscious believing in which knowledge is necessarily grounded. (Question: are Jung's archetypes ticklish?)

Collingwood was a practising archaeologist as well as a philosopher. He dug things up and turned them over in his hands and arranged them. He wrote what was for many years the standard history of Roman Britain. He was interested in how history is reconstructed from the evidence of broken pots, coins, excavated ruins, aerial photographs, as well as from written texts. How does evidence of this kind lead to our knowing about the Roman occupation of Britain? What are the mental processes that go on between the archaeological dig and the story as we read it in the history books? How are historical events connected to the evidence by which they are known? How do we decide what evidence to accept as relevant and what to throw away?

My schoolroom experience of circumstantial evidence was opening up. Disagreement about evidence is endemic in history. But it doesn't prevent us arriving at a judgment. What it does do is to make us question the relation between evidence and fact. What do we expect a fact to be like? Facts cannot be separated from the evidence for them. But it is wrong to think of the fact as hidden behind the evidence. Facts don't prove anything. It is evidence that proves fact. It proves them by making them stand out. Facts stand out from the evidence when evidence is interpreted. Historical facts *are* interpretations.

So what lies behind the evidence? Not fact, but act.

Collingwood taught me to treat acts as prior to facts. Fact in

history is fossilised act, act stuck in some kind of record. For the fossil to come alive there has to be interpretation. But the interpretation isn't extraneous to the act embedded in the evidence. It takes evidence as the way into act. It uses evidence to prize act out of fact. It uses evidence to get inside the act behind the fact, to represent it, and take it further.

(On last three paragraphs, compare witness, witness *of*, witness *to*, in second lecture.)

We can get some idea of what Collingwood is saying about acts as prior to facts if we think of the common adverbial phrase "indeed". We use this phrase to emphasise fact. It underlines the realness, the assuredness, the positiveness, of fact. To emphasise fact, we refer to deed. By invoking deed, we substantiate fact. The implications of this are brought out in other uses of the word, as concessive or interrogative. When we say: Yes, indeed . . ., or: No, indeed . . ., the word is used to concede, or admit, something. Or when we use the word simply as a question: Indeed? In both these cases, we use the word from inside that process of getting behind fact to act which Collingwood calls historical consciousness.

Another way to recognise the priority of act over fact in history is through one of the central teasers about historical knowledge. This is, that although we weren't there at the time we claim to understand what really happened better than the actors in the events themselves. Take the French Revolution for instance. It is surely true that we can understand the events of 1792 better than the men and women who were there at the time. We have much more evidence in front of us. We are in a position to see the whole picture. Yet surely, they who were there at the time must have known what they were doing in a sense that we don't.

Or, turning towards the future rather than the past, we say things like: history alone can judge the meaning of the revolution in Iran, or what is really happening in the miners' strike. We admit that there is some hidden reality to the events in which we ourselves participate, which only time can reveal. Yet surely Scargill and Thatcher and even those of us watching on television must know about the strike in a way that no historian will be able to in a hundred years time?

What are we saying about "hidden reality" when we speak of the judgement of history, or in the familiar phrase "only time can tell"? In history, knowing is not independent of time. The future sort of folds back on the past. The future affects our understanding of the past even as the past conditions our expectation of the future.

Historical consciousness, which is the collective memory of our world, is subject to time yet also constitutes our awareness of time.

Collingwood started me thinking about how historical consciousness and time are related. But is there any consciousness which is not historical? I was reading Collingwood when I first went into analysis. I have never been able to consider questions about how adult and child consciousness are related without thinking of history. The psychoanalytic triad of birth, death and sexuality has always turned in my imagination against questions about how consciousness constitutes history. If the hidden reality behind history is our responsibility for time, Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* tells a very different story to the one Freud read in it, while talk of timeless archetypes encourages the illusion that we can escape from history.

Third Occasion

Skipping now some fifteen years, I come to the thesis I wrote for my Diploma in Zürich. This was on *Persona and Actor*, with Shakespeare's two *Henry IV* plays as my principle text. Looking back now, it seems that in choosing to illustrate my reflections on the persona with the figures of Falstaff and Prince Hal, I took a more fateful step than I realised at the time.

Shakespeare and the Bible: the two books which the BBC allows us if we are cast up on a desert island. Between them we have the whole world of hermeneutics. As a discipline in its own right, hermeneutics began in the exegesis of the Bible. For many English speaking people, the interpretation of Shakespeare must be the obvious way in to hermeneutics. Reading Shakespeare, producing Shakespeare, watching Shakespeare, puts us firmly within hermeneutics as a discipline which is both contemporary and of our history.

For the last few years the focus of my interest in Shakespeare has been in our spring weekends at Hawkwood. Two years ago I tried to summarise what these were teaching me about hermeneutics in general, and the interpretation of dreams in particular. Here are those provisional conclusions, which I shall try and relate to my opening sentence from Aniela Jaffé about the differentiation between hidden reality and its appearance in-consciousness.

Let us take the text of our play as "appearance in consciousness".

The text is immediately accessible. We can refer to it whenever we want to. It has arrived. It is not going to go away. And then let us ask: what is its meaning? Or, perhaps better, where is its meaning? We can probably agree that the meaning is both revealed, expressed, in the text, and yet also in some sense hidden in the text, in that it needs "getting at", "digging out", "researching". But can we agree that there is a true meaning? Is meaning one, or many? Does it make sense to talk of the real meaning of the play? Thinking of Anielia Jaffe's phrase, is there a hidden reality behind the appearance of the text?

Playing Shakespeare (to use the title of John Barton's absorbing Channel 4 television series) has taught me to distinguish three ways of working between text and meaning.

First, we have the question of what the author really meant. When we read a text, are we trying to get at the author's intention? Is that the reality behind the appearance? If the author were alive and told us what he meant by the text, would that satisfy us that we had now got at the meaning?

Then there is the players' performance as evidence of the text's meaning. When one moves from reading into performance, it is as if a new kind of judgment is brought to bear on the text. (Compare here with what is said later about Gadamer, and in second lecture about witness-judge relation.) The players are submitting to the authority of the text, but also discovering within themselves, and between themselves, the authority of the performer as interpreter. (The authority of the performer as interpreter: there are very important links between hermeneutics and behavioural studies to be developed from this phrase.) The meaning isn't only in the text. It is also *in* the performers' talents and limits. Note the importance of the question: *where* is the meaning. Because the meaning is both in the text and in the performance, which is outside the text, a dramatic text, as also a musical score, is indefinitely open to interpretation. Yet for each performance the interpretation is final.

Thirdly, there is the audience's response as evidence of the meaning of—well, what? Does the audience respond to the text or to the performance? I would say both, but in varying mixes. Recognising the variable of that "mix" in audience response is a valuable lesson that the theatre brings to wider hermeneutic reflection. Audiences who know the text will respond to the performance differently to those who know only that performance. I shan't quickly forget the complexity of my son's outrage after first

seeing *The Merchant of Venice*. He saw something in the play which I had forgotten was there because I knew it too well. Realising the meaning of a text is not necessarily the same as knowing the text well (we need more work between the hermeneutic and behavioural traditions to develop that point).

If we are thinking of a hidden reality behind experience, theatre raises the question: is the text the reality behind the performance, or is there a more original performance hidden behind the text waiting on our interpretation to be realised? (Compare, fifth occasion: on the originality of fresh minds.) Our three ways of working between text and meaning move between these alternatives, criss-crossing, pulling against each other, drawing each other out. When we exercise ourselves between the three we find that any simple dichotomy between appearance and reality falls away. Reality is representational. It's that "is" which interests us. We don't need more. It's quite enough to be going on with.

Fourth Occasion

This was at the summer conference of the Guild of Pastoral Psychology in, I think, 1968. Fergus Kerr, a Dominican from Blackfriars, spoke in the discussion of Hans Georg Gadamer's book *Truth and Method*. Whatever he said must have made quite an impression on me, because I got hold of the book and read it, in German, and it's a big book. (An English translation has appeared since).

"Truth and Method" is widely recognised as having extended the whole conception of hermeneutics. For me, it was important because it brought the early influence of Collingwood (Gadamer admires Collingwood, and has been instrumental in introducing his work to Germany) into the wider circle of hermeneutic enquiry and reflection to which I was introduced in Zürich. Let me try and give you some idea of how it has affected me.

Some time in the late 1950's I had a dream about taste (see page 69.) It was a long dream, and a big dream. It ended in a scene in which human flesh was being cooked and eaten, in an atmosphere which was partly one of celebration, partly one of punishment. Its lysis was a voice saying, in the peculiarly impressive way in which dream voices can speak: "It is all a question of taste."

I think it is fair to say that since that dream the question of taste

has never been far from me. Taste is on our tongues, to enjoy, to disgust, to take in, to spit out. It can seem to be merely sensation. Yet taste governs some of our most rarefied and intellectual judgments, reaching into every branch of art and morality and religion. And, above all, taste raises the question: what is subjective and what is objective?, and wont let it be forgotten.

Gadamer's book spoke directly to my interest in taste. One of his themes is the contrast between subjective and objective judgment. He explores this in comparing aesthetic taste with the judging done in law courts. Taste can seem to be merely subjective. Yet it is objective enough to make money with in such diverse fields as the art world and the wine business. Law courts aspire to a judgment that is objective. Yet if justice is objective why do we imagine her as blindfolded? Jury service reminds us how subjective verdicts can be.

Gadamer goes into the whole question of judgment as subjective and objective at great length. He argues that the subjective/objective distinction is misleading and unhelpful. In its place, he wants us to think more carefully about the relation between event and experience.

He takes the German word *Erlebnis*, rendered in English dictionaries as experience, adventure, and also occurrence, event. Experience is as it were the subjective side of the word, event the objective. An *Erlebnis* is something we have "of" the world, an experience. It is also a happening "in" the world, a concatenation of circumstances, an event. Gadamer urges us to think hard about this conjunction, for in it is contained the seed of hermeneutic understanding. (I believe there are valuable hints here of possible links between Jung's theory of psychological types, and psychoanalytic object relations theory.)

Gadamer's analysis of *Erlebnis* reminds me of what Jung says about dreams and complexes: that they have us, just as we have them. I find that the various uses of the English verb "to seize" are helpful in following the German argument. To seize originally meant "to put in possession of", and still carries that sense in legal usage: "to be seized of" something is to have it put in one's possession. It also, and today more commonly, means "to take possession of". The difference is really quite striking. It is almost the difference between giving and taking. It suggests a common root of meaning behind what appears to be the clear distinction between reaching out my hands to take hold of a thing, and having that thing put into my hands. We say: he was seized by panic. We also say: he

was seized *with* panic. The force and direction of that "by" and "with" are worth bearing in mind if we want to understand the familiar but elusive point that Gadamer is making about *Erlebnis*. (Compare what is said about witness *of* and witness *to* in second lecture.)

Perhaps we can get at it through the American word I used in talking about my schoolroom enactment of law court procedure: happenstance. How do the two halves of that word seize together: happen—stance? There is a happening, and there is a standing to, a taking up a position towards. How do they come together, how do they hold together, what do they make up? I think of the grammatical use of the word "conjugate", when we speak of conjugating of verb. An *Erlebnis* is a conjugation of experience and event. An experience seizes us, and in the seizing makes the happening event-ful. But without circum-stance we would have no surround from which to lay hold of the experience, no context within which to register. It would pass us by, finding us unready, unable to take up a position towards it, unable to get a hold, or, to use the phoney English translation of Freud's hermeneutically rich word *besetzen*, unable to cathect.

We can take this further if we consider the two verbs comprehend and apprehend, together with their nouns and adjectives: comprehension, apprehension, comprehensive, apprehensive. Both refer to getting-to-know. But we recognise a difference between them. When we ap-prehend, the getting-to-know is more at its beginning, open to surprise, uncertain, hesitant, more a question of tasting what's there. When we com-prehend, the work of getting-to-know is closer to an ending, more rounded off, nearer to a final judgment which we wont want opened up again. The difference is sharpened when we turn to the nouns and adjectives. Apprehension has come to mean almost entirely a state of expectation, usually fearful, with very little sense of getting to know. Indeed, it can prevent any opportunity of comprehension. We can be too apprehensive to taste. It is as if getting-to-know is a fearful as well as enjoyable state of mind. We expect judgment to be comprehensive, to take all the evidence into account. But we are apprehensive that the judgment might cause us to be apprehended. (Compare what is said in second lecture about relation between witness and judge.)

Rudolf Otto's *The Idea of the Holy*, which Jung refers to so often, makes much of the shudder of the numinous. Gadamer's book can be seen as a deep and extended analysis of comprehension, the

completed understanding, as contained within the shudder of apprehension. Instead of pursuing a false separation between subjective and objective judgment he reminds us that judgment, to be effective, must be apprehensive, apprehensive of its own seizure.

So we return to the question of taste. A false division between the subjective and objective leaves taste out of account as a "nothing but". "Oh, it's just a matter of taste", as if taste belongs to a private world of judgment free to indulge in whims which have no hold on objective fact. Against this view, Gadamer argues that in tasting we are appealing to what holds subject and object together. Taste is the texturing that holds experience and event together. Taste is apprehensive because we can't have an experience without being seized by circumstance. "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is turned round. In tasting, judgment itself asks to be judged so that we may be reassured that it is not we alone who have to hold subject and object together.

This is a deeply religious view of our placement in the world. But it does not include the idea of a hidden reality behind appearances. What is hidden is the "seizure" of subject and object. This is what we are seeking. It is as if the *direction* of judgment is at stake between us and the world. The question of taste arises when judgment is aware of itself asking to be judged. In tasting, judgment solicits judgment in order to test how subject and object are conjugated.

Fifth Occasion

This was a dream. It was brought me about fifteen years ago. It was this dream which introduced the question of hermeneutics, in the strict sense of interpreting texts, into the heart of my clinical practice, in transference and counter transference.

The dreamer, a woman, dreamt that she was learning a new language from a man. The language was new and strange in every way: unlike any known language in phonetics, alphabet, grammar, syntax, vocabulary. When she had begun to understand it, her teacher handed her a text written in this language, and asked her to explain it to him, as he could not understand it.

This dream intrigued me immediately I heard it. In some sense it was probably dreamed for me. (The dreamer has more recently said that I always made too much of it—let that be heard.) It certainly spoke directly into my interest in hermeneutics. The distinction it

makes between knowing a language and understanding a text, and the idea that an exchange of position between teacher and pupil is necessary if the two are to come together, started resonances which have spread backwards and forwards in my life.

What can we make of this dream now?

Let's start with the difference between language and text. Language can be seen as a kind of pool of potentiality. More than a pool: an ocean, an apparently unlimited resource to be drawn upon. Compared to the potential of language, a text has actuality. It is particular, with clearly defined limits and content. The text says what it says, and no more. Language can say anything, or almost anything, but says nothing until it is given a text.

This is something rather different to the distinction between unconsciousness and consciousness. We can think of it in terms of philosophical argument about potential and actual, of the kind that Victor White brought to bear on Jung's psychology. Or we can think of it in terms of the more modern "generative grammars" with their distinction between competence (an ability which is not necessarily realised) and performance (the actual speaking of a language). It is inviting us into a wider and more exact hermeneutic than can be accommodated between consciousness and unconsciousness.

Now think of the teacher handing the text to the pupil for an interpretation he cannot make himself. We are familiar with the idea that a fresh mind can often see the answer to a problem with which more experienced minds have exhausted themselves. Teachers do learn from their pupils. Perhaps teachers are strong on comprehension, pupils on apprehension.

But I think we can take the idea of "the fresh mind" further if we link it to hermeneutic interest in origins and originality. A text has an author of a kind that language does not. Texts have their origins with authors. But their interpretation requires that the author be let go. Instead of origin, it is originality which is called for. Texts rely for their interpretation on fresh minds becoming interested in them. Unless they can appeal to the originality of fresh minds, they get forgotten.

It isn't only that teachers learn from pupils. Authors learn from interpreters, from performers. If texts are to live, their authors have to let them go, have to send them off to seek their own fortune. There is a story told of T. S. Eliot saying to a poem on which he had been working for a long time, revising and improving and revising again: "There. I have done all I can for you. Now you must find

your own place in a book". To use that legal word which I like so much: texts are seized of their own meaning. They turn away from their origins in search of originality. Apprehensively they invite comprehension.

But what is this saying about the language in which texts are written? If its texts are forgotten how will a language be remembered? Here I believe hermeneutics speaks into the heart of psychoanalytic research. Every analysis is called to make certain interpretations again, and for the first time. Again, and for the first time. How that "again" and that "for the first time" are related, is the crux of our work. We have to get behind our teachers to why they were once the taught. We enter a tradition in order to appeal beyond it to an originality which is our own. Hermeneutics teaches me that this is how texts rejuvenate language. A language will be forgotten if its texts are forgotten. When texts turn away from their origins in search of originality, the language in which they are written is returned to its sources. We all know how to do it. When children learn to talk, words that have grown stale and flat in use are once again spoken for the first time. Psychoanalytic interpretation is only one aspect of a renewal of language which is going on all round us, and to which we are being constantly called to contribute. I want us to open our profession to that wider calling.

Sixth Occasion

The last encounter with hermeneutics I have chosen is Paul Ricoeur's book on *Freud and Philosophy*, subtitled *An Essay on Interpretation*. In its French original its main title is "*De l'interprétation*". That's worth emphasising. The book was conceived as a study of interpretation in general, with Freud's work as the vehicle. I think of this book, together with Ellenberger's *Discovery of the Unconscious*, and McGuire's edition of the *Freud-Jung letters*, as having essentially changed my understanding of the unconscious compared to when I graduated in 1966.

What I have to say about Ricoeur on Freud this evening turns on his distinction between a hermeneutics of suspicion and a hermeneutics of faith. When I began to understand what he meant by this my feelings were strangely mixed. There was a sense of relief. Perhaps I should say a huge sense of relief. And there was also resignation: resignation not in the sense of hopelessness, but more as

a "Yes". "Yes, this has to be done. There is no way round it. It has to be gone through with".

I want to try and convey something of this mixture of feeling.

Ricoeur says that if we want to understand the many kinds of interpretation practised today the most enlightening way of approach is through conflict. Find the place where the conflict is at its sharpest. He locates this in the area familiar to us in arguments about reductionism. He describes the conflict as a polarisation of the whole hermeneutic field.

At one pole, there is the hermeneutics of faith. Here the search for meaning accepts revelation, prophecy, imagination, as essential to the task. They are made welcome.

At the other pole, there is the hermeneutics of suspicion. Here the search for meaning is passionately sceptical. Revelation, prophecy, imagination are avoided as if they might carry some kind of plague. What we need is demystification, the reduction of illusion. Marx, Nietzsche and Freud are three great architects of this hermeneutics of suspicion.

Ricoeur calls this polarity the truest expression of our modernity. To be an interpreter in our world today is to live and work and breath within a field created by this double possibility. It isn't only a matter of what we think and feel. Language itself, the medium *in* which interpretations are to be found and *of* which they are to be made, comprises this double possibility. Ricoeur speaks of it as a double solicitation, a double urgency. We are being called from two directions. On the one hand, we are called to purify discourse of its excrescences, to liquidate idols, to go from drunkenness to sobriety, to realise our state of poverty once and for all. On the other hand, we are called to hear, to let speak, what once we said when meaning appeared new, when meaning was at its fullest, in the noonday midnight which lies just before dawn.

Hermeneutics today is animated by this double motivation. There is willingness to suspect, and willingness to listen. There are two vows to be taken. We can vow ourselves to the rigors of suspicion. We can vow ourselves to the obedience of faith.

This is a vision of our modernity which seems to me to fit the intensity, and the endurance, of the Freud-Jung quarrel, and all that that has meant for our work. Ricoeur's book on Freud takes psychoanalysis as aligning itself, explicitly, with the hermeneutics of suspicion but kept alive by a contrary movement of the hermeneutic of faith. It has opened Freud's work to me as never before. Perhaps

we should try a complementary reading of Jung's work, as aligning itself apparently with the hermeneutics of faith, but informed and infused by a contrary movement of the hermeneutics of suspicion.

But this evening I want to speak more personally, about the effect Ricoeur's book has had on me. It has led me to this mixture of relief and resignation. Why?

Because it has helped me let go of something which I was carrying as if it were too private to be shared with others.

Jung has a phrase in that odd essay of his on Joyce's Ulysses which helps get this into words. He speaks of the "hideous sentimentality" of our modern world. "Heillose Sentimentalität" in the German. Ricoeur has helped me realise that a sort of hideous sentimentality, moments of excruciatingly bad taste, which I thought were cutting me off from the world, belong in the world as much as in me.

"Hideous sentimentality" isn't quite right. But it approaches the feeling I wish to describe. It is located between faith and suspicion. Between the two there is a failure, a failure of will and imagination and heart that is *heillos*.

Ricoeur writes of our need to believe: "Beyond the desert of criticism, we wish to be called again". I do more than wish. I long. I yearn to be called by a faith I can hold.

And, together with that longing, I have doubts, such doubts. I suspect there is nothing to which my faith can hold. The suspicion stimulates me. I can taste it on my tongue. There are times when I say to myself: Surely this is what the real world tastes like.

The depth of that longing, the excitement of the doubt: somehow or other, round the back, they are joined. I have approached the join from various directions. There are psychoanalytic paths that lead through my family of origin to the belief systems which sustained it in its social and historical setting. There are other paths that lead through history and anthropology back into the private places of family and body. What Ricoeur has done is to define their joining in a new way as both cause and call. He says, in a voice I have not heard before: "That's how things are. This is where we are. This is where we are going. There's no way round".

It's that "we" which carries both relief and resignation.

There is a world of feeling behind the formidable intellectualism of Ricoeur's vision of the two hermeneutics. Doubt that destroys, corrodes. Doubt that provides the cutting edge of originality, that gives us pause so we can think again and start afresh. And the call: the call which misleads, terribly. The call without which there is no

hope, truly no hope. There, between the two, interpretation has to pick its way.

To come closer to home. When Jung and Freud quarrelled, they opened a door into a whole new world of hermeneutics. Ricoeur is encouraging us to be more adventurous in exploring that world. It is high time that the historical distinction between psychoanalysis and analytical psychology is taken up into less constricted hermeneutic encounters.

When I trained, I used to hear a lot about something bad called reductive analysis. I can't ever feel the same about the dangers of reduction after reading Ricoeur on the hermeneutics of suspicion. And I am getting very bored with the Freudian schools' erasure of the work of Jung and his followers. We are so used to this that we forget how silly it really is. In what other contemporary discipline is there anything equivalent? Book after book bears witness to this erasure of Jung. For instance, a recent example, Victoria Hamilton's otherwise admirable *Narcissus and Oedipus: the children of psychoanalysis*. Some day this erasure will have to be owned, and taken up into the mainstream of psychological theory and practice. The sooner we open our work and disagreements to wider awareness of the hermeneutic polarities which Ricoeur describes, the sooner that day will come.

Conclusion

I have been trying to give you some idea of what hermeneutics means to me, by telling how I got interested in it. I want to leave what I have said as an episodic jumble, without trying to gather it neatly together, so that there are plenty of loose ends that you can catch hold of. I hope that an autobiographical approach like this will remind you of experiences of your own. I doubt if hermeneutics is at all interesting unless we approach it through our own struggles with interpretation. // ✎

I want to close by saying how this interest in hermeneutics is affecting my reading of Jung. So let's return to the question with which we started: how do we use the concept of "the unconscious" in differentiating between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness?

Insofar as it admits the term, hermeneutics warns us that between hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness there is an

extensive middle ground to be taken into account. This middle ground is occupied by a lot of linguistic, aesthetic, historical and social activity, which gets lodged in texts of many different kinds. These texts acquire an independent existence of their own. Interpreting them requires that we respect this independence.

This hermeneutic understanding of text does not fit into a psychology of consciousness and unconsciousness. It requires that we recognise the problem of the absent author. Getting-to-know the meaning of the text has to be clearly distinguished from the making of the text. I don't think Jung does this. Yet in saying that I know I am drawing on much that I have learned from Jung. There is no way by which I can separate my interest in hermeneutics from all that Jung has meant to me since I was twenty one.

I am beginning to wonder whether there are two directions, or levels, in Jung's writings. One is the epistemological, about knowing and unknowing. Aniela Jaffé has described this in her book. In the quote I gave you at the beginning, she writes "the essential epistemological foundation of his psychological thinking and his work".

When he is moving in this direction Jung can truthfully say: "the concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing".

But there is another direction in Jung's writings, on which talk about "the unconscious" is no longer about knowing and unknowing. It is about the kind of Being, with a capital B, that knowing is "of". Our Being, the world's Being. Jung's work isn't just psychology. A lot of it is a kind of ontology, a science of Being. It is about letting Being come through to us, as much as our getting-to-know Being. It is about how we *attend* to a making which is happily beyond our knowing. Note the word "happily". This kind of attentiveness is not a trying-to-get-to-know. It is best thought of as listening. Just listening. (It was what von Franz says about Projection in her book on Jung which first made me aware of this: page 98 of the German edition to be precise.)

When his writing moves in this direction I don't think it is enough to say: "the concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing". That doesn't do justice to the problem of the absent author. We have to recognise how easy it is to say we are not saying something, and yet to allow ourselves to be heard to be speaking *of* it. It's that "of" which trips us when we slip into speaking knowingly about the unconscious.

The study of hermeneutics can help us read Jung in a way that guards against this slipping. We have to make a distinction between getting-to-know and attending, and hold it. A "between" has to be allowed for. There is a kind of hiatus that has to be left as a gap. Just left, even if it is a bit shuddery.

Left, and then held. The leaving has to be recognised, has to be allowed to name itself. Otherwise the hiatus gets overlooked. The shudder begins to look solemn, and we slip into talking as if we know about a making to which we can, happily, only attend.

How can we allow that hiatus between knowing and attending to name itself? I am asking myself whether, in reading Jung on "the unconscious", it would help us assist at that baptism if we were to distinguish explicitly between an epistemological and ontological movement in his work. If we were to read his book with Ricoeur's contrast between faith and suspicion in mind, we might think of the ontological movement as expressing the hermeneutics of faith, and the epistemological as expressing the hermeneutics of suspicion.

This is the theme to which I shall turn next week, in talking about witness.

Witness

This evening I shall be talking about the witness. The talk is in three parts. First, I describe how the figure and idea of witness has crept up on me over the years. Second, I look at exchanges between witness and judge in relation to the religious idea of calling. Third, I apply witness to a triadic model of transference.

First Part

How the Witness has Crept up on me over the years.

It began in my own analysis between feelings of guilt and the apprehensive excitement of discovery. I simplify developments which I hope are familiar, and which you will know to be very much more complex and subtle.

There is a level of guilt and fear. This is expressed in dreams in what I think of as the two faces of the police. The criminal is afraid of being caught by the police. The householder who is threatened by the criminal looks to the police for protection. Dreams of the house being broken into and trying to get to the phone to dial 999 belong at this level.

Then there is the stage when the "catch you" or "protect you" alternative in the police opens up into something more mixed: the detective. From the criminal side the detective is still felt as a threat, but not of the same order. The detective is not primarily or immediately interested in punishment. He is interested in finding out what really happened. For the body who has been robbed or wounded, the detective is still a protector of a sort. It is still felt as a comfort when he comes on the scene. But the position is a bit equivocal. The detective has an open mind. Even the victim is suspect.

Another turn of the spiral, and we begin to feel a link between detective and criminal. There is a sense that they may need each other. They recognise each other as long lost brothers. Or they alternate. One of my first patients amplified a dream with reference

to a novel by Victor Hugo. Before the French Revolution a policeman shows mercy to a criminal he is pursuing. After the revolution, when the criminal is in a position of influence with the Committee of Public Safety, he intercedes for the policeman who is now an enemy of the people. (Or so I remember it.)

A further stage is when pursuit and detection arrive within the temenos of some kind of court. There is crucial shift here when the court is no longer experienced as a place of vindication and punishment, but as more interested in simply finding out what happened. The criminal is there as much to answer for himself as to be judged. The criminal may be accused by witnesses, but he is also called to bear witness himself to what was done.

From this there develops the sense of the court as a place where law is not so much enforced as enacted. Prosecution and defence are there in order to judge evidence, to find out what people are like. When that is known, judgment can be arrived at, and law, case law, enacted. If this is what people are like, then what we have to do is so and so. This kind of law making is recognisable in the etymology of our word conscience, a much older word than conscious. Con-scire, to know together, to share the evidence with another, is the ground of law which is self-enacting.

In this kind of dramatic sequence the figure of the witness is not yet separate and distinct. Both the baddies and the goodies carry their own internal witness. As the police turn from persecutor-protector to detective, and then from detective to presenter of evidence in court, they are working to elicit and solicit the witness hidden in both parties to the case. As the nature of the police alters, a new sense of the possibility of witness emerges. The move from law enforcement to law enactment implies a change in what is expected of the witness. There is a shift from "of" to "to". Being witness of something shifts into witnessing to something. The phrase "to bear witness" sounds with a fresh expectancy. The difference can be seen in the two meanings of the word conviction. Witness is no long expected to lead to conviction. It is expected to carry conviction.

Neurotic gain, *Lustgewinn*: the idea that in our neurotic suffering we are enjoying some kind of satisfaction, getting some kind of payoff. Early in my practice I was brought dreams which described this in terms of blackmail. The sufferer, the really suffering patient, was the victim of blackmail. Somewhere in what was being presented to me was the blackmailer, living off resources drained from the victim.

This led me to construct a two level model for understanding neurosis and its therapy. It seemed to me important to distinguish the transaction between the blackmailer and his victim from whatever the blackmail was about. There were two levels of neurotic organisation. The witness was a vital intermediary between them.

I compared the patient coming for help to the victim of blackmail who goes for help to the police but is not prepared to tell them about the blackmailer for fear that his guilty secret could then come out. Only when the victim is willing to bear witness against the blackmailer can the police get involved. But in that moment when the victim bears witness against the blackmailer he risks that the blackmailer turns witness against him. The interpreting-the-evidence function which is lodged in the police-detective is then transposed or deflected to a different level. Behind the blackmail the original crime or fault or mistake is now able to seize our interest.

It seemed to me that in working with neurosis it was important to be aware of this double movement of witnessing. Managing the transference required that we are aware of the contrary movement within the witness function and of the shift in level being expected of the interpreter. "Double movement" isn't strong enough. Witnessing comes into opposition with itself. In the moment that the victim points in accusation at the blackmailer on one level, the blackmailer points in accusation at the victim exposing him as responsible at an earlier level. The direction of witness is reversed. The blackmailer reveals himself as witness of a prior event.

As I got more familiar with the contrary movement of witness I came to link it with the way an American colleague used the word "own"—when we talk of owning an affect, an investment, a memory, as well as something we have done or left undone. This also seemed to carry an opposed, double, meaning, an internal reversal of direction. Owning implied confession, admitting to something. But it also implied claiming-possession-of, saying: "Yes, that is mine. That belongs to me", like identifying one's baggage at the customs even if it is shown to be the case carrying the contraband.

It seems to me that a lot of our work is carried on the pulse or oscillation between those two meanings of the verb "to own". In owning, medical ideas of catharsis come into association with religious ideas of repentance and forgiveness. Analysing what we mean by witness helps to discriminate as well as to make connections between the two.

But there was another direction from which the figure of the

witness crept up on me which may be less familiar to you. This was from Gabriel Marcel's book *Being and Having*, that extraordinary "metaphysical diary" kept by the existentialist playwright and philosopher between 1928 and 1933, dense, concise, aphoristic, pregnant. This was the book which persuaded me that any psychology worth its salt has to be grounded in ontology.

I first read *Being and Having* in the 1950's. I forget what brought me back to it in 1968-9. I think I remember Bob Hobson mention it in discussion either at the Jung Club or the Guild of Pastoral Psychology. But I know when it first clicked with my clinical practice. It was when I was working up some case notes for lectures, and began to reflect on the meaning of "promise", when a young man said of his life: "It is as if a promise had been made, then discarded, and something put in its place which is either inadequate or unrecognised. A promise for me." (May, 1969.)

I spoke of promise at the Jung Congress in 1971, in my paper on *The Timing of Analysis*, which is printed in the volume *Success and Failure in Analysis*. Marcel's references to witness are in the same context as his discussion of promise, and of hope and fidelity. He is speaking from a position which assumes, in a way that psychology will never understand if it does not own its grounding in ontology, that Being is affected by hope, fidelity, promise, and witness.

Here are some of his sayings about witness.

It is an essential characteristic of the being to whom I give my fidelity to be not only liable to be betrayed, but also in some manner affected by my betrayal. Fidelity regarded as witness perpetuated; but it is of the essence of witness that it can be obliterated and wiped out. Must see how this obliteration can happen.

Being is, as it were, attested. The senses are witnesses—this is important, and I think new: systematically ignored by idealism.

The problem of the metaphysical foundation of witness is obviously as central as any. Not elucidated. 'I was there, I assert that I was there'. The whole of history is the function of a witness which it prolongs: in this sense history is rooted in religion.

Am very much absorbed by the question of witness. Is not the province of witness the province of experience at large? Today we tend to think too little of witness and just see in it the more

or less accurate report of an *Erlebnis*. But if witness is only there, it is nothing.

Marcel is speaking of witness in the religious sense that links it, etymologically and in practice, with the word martyr. But he is not treating this religious sense as a special case. He is relating it to the structure of everyday experience, to the gravity of history, and to that catch in our use of our senses which makes us distinguish between perception and apperception. It was the breadth as well as the intensity of the meaning Marcel gives to witness which caught my attention, and which encouraged me to try and think through how it could relate to the kinds of witnessing encountered in neurosis.

The link came in a new interest in the idea of "calling". In working with neurosis I had experienced the turn from disabling guilt to apprehensive curiosity when the call is heard to stand as witness, when fear of punishment relaxes sufficiently to hear another kind of voice calling to us to answer for what has been done. I had recognised a similar turning, this way and that, in the two meanings of "owning", between the call of confession and the call of possession. Marcel confirmed and made explicit the importance of what was at stake; a reversal of direction in witnessing itself. "Notice that attesting means not only witnessing but also calling to witness".

Witness as response to calling. This is an idea which has worked together with the wider considerations I spoke of last week to move me away from a psychology of consciousness and unconsciousness towards other ways of understanding the eventfulness of our lives. It seems that what we are being called to understand is the triadic structure of all experience-occurrence (to try and english the german *Erlebnis*). There is a triad of action, passion, witness. All *Erlebnis* involves a doer and a done to, a cause and a caused, a perpetrator and a victim, a figure and ground, an initiator and recipient, an agent and a patient: always such a two, and then, in every case, the third—witness: a witness *to* as well as a witness *of*. Can we understand all *Erlebnis*, whether normal, pathological or mystical, as completed between those three, as needing those three positions for its fulfilment?

Second Part

Calling: between Witness and Judge

I want to try now to relate witness to the theme on which I ended last week. I spoke then of the need to allow for an hiatus between knowing and attending. I am suggesting now that what holds us in that hiatus is a calling, the calling to which witness is response.

When something happens there are a number of reasons why witnesses can be afraid to get involved. If I have witnessed a scene of violence I may be afraid to report it lest the agents of violence turn against me to silence me. As long as the perpetrator does not know that there was a witness, I am safe. As soon as the perpetrator begins to suspect that I may have seen, I am in danger of myself becoming a victim.

There is another direction to the witness' fear of getting involved. If I report what I have witnessed, it may be assumed that I was myself involved in some way. If I am unharmed it will seem likely that I was colluding with the perpetrator. There is guilt by association. They will say: "But you were there. Why didn't you stop it?" The stain of pollution spreads to the chorus.

So the witness is silent. And there is a new fear, the fear on which blackmail feeds. "Perhaps I shall be found out as having been there and not reported it".

Note carefully what is happening here. The witness position is approximating both to that of the perpetrator and to that of the victim, but on different levels. Because I have not born witness I am in danger of being associated with the perpetrator at the level of the original deed. While at another level, I am now in danger of becoming the victim of blackmail.

This is where a triadic model of what is going on can help. If we think of a triad of perpetrator, victim, witness, the witness's problem is how to maintain a position which is distinct from the other two. When events begin to exert pressure, when things start hotting up, when too much happens all at once, the witness position can easily collapse into either that of victim or of perpetrator. How do we avoid such a collapse? How does the witness in us avoid identifying either with the doer or the done to, the agent or the patient, the initiator or the recipient?

The question cannot be answered on its own. It depends on the

kind of court to which the witness is called. It depends on the kind of judgment to which the deed, the event, the thing done, is believed to be subject. Witnessing, the freedom to witness, the courage to witness, the independence of witness, depend on the kind of judge before which the case is likely to be heard. What is this call by which I am summoned to answer for what has been done?

We can open up the question of calling more if we think of what we have witnessed not as wrong, frightening, or guilt-provoking, but simply as incomprehensible. I have been present at an event which I was not able to comprehend. Within the total *Erlebnis*, I was not able to have the experience that went with the event. In such a case, my failure to witness is a failure of comprehension. I am not afraid of them saying: "but you were there. Why didn't you stop it?". I am afraid of them saying: "But you were there. You must know what happened".

Must I? Why do we assume that I should know what happened just because I was there? You will remember what I said last week in talking about historical consciousness, which, though subject to time also constitutes our awareness of time. If our witnessing is to be able to stand up in face of our incomprehension of our own past we have to appeal to an historical judge. The judge who can hear our ignorance will be a judge who is willing to wait on the future. If the court to which I am summoned as witness is attentive to the future as well as to the past, incomprehension of what I have seen can take its place within a verdict that is content to wait and see.

Here are three kinds of relation between witness and judge to illustrate how the court's attention can turn between past and future as we seek to become more responsible for our part in events.

If the purpose of judgment is to secure conviction as between accuser and defender, the witness will be under pressure to side either with one or the other. One side has to be proved right, one wrong. If a witness tried to maintain a position which does not agree to take sides, he is in danger of being found in contempt of court.

If the purpose of judgment is to get at the truth, then the freedom and independence of the witness are more assured. But here we have to distinguish carefully what we expect of truth's timing. We may assume that the truth is already there, waiting to be discovered. Or we may assume that the truth is still to be established.

If the truth is already there, then the witness is open to a different kind of danger. He may be tempted himself to move into the judgment seat. Challenged by: "You were there. You must know

what happened", he replies: "Yes, I was there. I know what happened". The witness claims to be able to understand the points of view of all those involved. Instead of refusing to take sides, he claims to be able to take everyone's side. He isn't just the bearer of evidence. He is the judge too. The distinction between evidence and interpretation is collapsed.

But if the truth is still to be established, then expectations in court are different. We are ready to attend to the future as to the past. We realise that it makes sense to wait and see. Witness and judge share an interest in something which is beyond them both because it is not yet. The leading question between them is: what is to be made of what we have to go on? The witness isn't expected to know the answer. He is expected to bring what evidence he can. Nor is the judge expected to enforce an answer which already exists. The answer is to be enacted, not enforced. It is still to come.

Thus the court's attention can turn between future and past as we answer the call to become more responsible for our part in events. How does this still-to-come-enactment relate to that which has already been done? Perhaps the answer is more readily available in the theatre than in the law courts.

In the theatre, witness and judge can merge, then separate again. Audiences witness a performance and their judgment determines whether it has a future or not. There are critics whose verdict can close a play down. But in the theatre there is also another kind of witnessing. The performance itself, with its commitment of money, rehearsal and acting talent, bears witness to judgment of the play's merit. Between stage and audience, as witness and judge merge then separate, persuasion and criticism draw on each other in drawing each other out, as when witnesses are being cross-examined in court.

Judgment in the theatre is an exchange of persuasion and criticism played out between performance and text. It is a mix of trying-to-get-to-know and attending-on-a-making. The knowing forecloses on the attending when we allow an exclusive importance to audience, actor or author, so that witnessing gets lost in judging. The audience can claim that they know how they feel, and that that is the decisive judgment. An actor can know that the part just has to be played like this if it is to carry conviction. The author can claim to know what he meant when he wrote it, and that that knowing, which comes from the maker himself, must override the partial witness of audience and players alike.

Hermeneutics has taught me that if enactment is to draw on the

originality of the future as well as on past performance we have to look beyond any one of these approaches, and beyond any simple mix of the three, to the challenge posed by the authority of the text itself. When we do this we find ourselves called to witness and to judge in the way I tried to describe last week in talking about Gadamer's book and the question of taste.

I spoke then of an appeal to what holds subject and object together; of comprehension that is willing to remain apprehensive; of judgment that wishes itself to be judged. That is the call I am trying to evoke in moving between theatre and law court: an exchange of persuasion and criticism in which witness and judge own their need of each other.

Third Part

The Black Box

In my late twenties, in what sometimes seems like a previous incarnation, I was caught up in the first wave of interest in cybernetics, the science of control and communication in living organisms and machines. One of the books I read was called *Cybernetics and Management*, by Stafford Beer. This introduced me to the idea of the Black Box.

Cybernetics was claiming to be able to manage exceedingly complex systems, systems so complex as to be indefinable in detail, by means of the Black Box. This was a model of the original system, the system to be managed, behaving like it in all essential respects, yet more easily handled because it is much smaller. We are asked to imagine a small and in principle definable system that is totally inaccessible. It is enclosed in an opaque case which can by no means be entered. Wires are seen entering and leaving the sides of the case, and these convey the inputs and outputs of the machine. Input can be controlled. Output can be measured. But we do not know, nor should we expect to know, what goes on inside. This little Box is definable in principle, because it is so small. It is not definable in practice because it has been made inaccessible.

Fifteen years later, when I was beginning to wrestle with transference and countertransference the thought of the Black Box emerged from my past reading. One of the ways in which I'm a bad

Jungian is in being much more interested in 3's than in 4's. Early on in my work with patients I found myself visualising what was going on in the room as a triangular process. There was me, and the client. A lot seemed to be going on on a line joining us. But a lot more seemed to happen which was passing through a third point, like the third point of a triangle. We both had our own side of the triangle linking us to this third point, but it had its own position which was independent of either of us. From that position it had as much to do with generating and maintaining the triangle as either myself or my client. I came to think of this third point in the room as like what I had read of the Black Box in cybernetics.

It seemed to me that in analysing transference and countertransference we could expect to recognise and own what we were putting into the Black Box in that third corner, and also what we were getting out of it. But should we expect to know, ever to be able to know, what went on inside the Black Box? This seemed to me then, ten to fifteen years ago, and still does, a quite crucial question in understanding what it is we do when we sit for hour after hour, year in and year out, talking or not talking with someone about their psychological problems and possibilities.

There are many connections between cybernetic theory and hermeneutics to be explored. For instance, how does the idea of witness relate to Black Box theory?

When I first began associating the Black Box with that third corner of transference/countertransference I realised there was something that didn't fit. There was more to that third corner than the conversion of input to output. The Black Box could act like a person. It had an influence on what was going on in the room which was as personal as I or my client. It makes its presence felt. It causes us to listen: to listen for asides, for prompting, for interjections, for inter-rogations. I wonder if the personality of the Black Box has any of the characteristics I have been talking about as witness and judge? I wonder if the attraction of the Black Box is at all like the "call" to which witness and judge respond?. If so, I think hermeneutics can help us analyse transference/countertransference in ways that could move psychoanalytic practice into a new phase.

There is something wrong about the words transference/countertransference for describing that Black Box. They make the third dependant on the first two. They suggest that what happens is that the patient begins it all by projecting on to the therapist, and that the therapist then responds by counter projections

onto the patient. But this is not how it goes. It is the therapist who begins it all, by putting himself forward in a way that solicits projections. He puts up a brass plate. He gets himself listed somewhere. He takes a job with a socially recognised label attached to it. He has himself included on a grape vine of friends and colleagues through which all kinds of projections are already flowing.

Transference/countertransference doesn't begin with the patient. The patient comes into a situation which is already pulsing with *transference solicitation*, which already has channels of expectation set to act as conductors. The Black Box with which we work is like a transformer set within a matrix of transference solicitation existing independently of any particular patient or therapist. The studies of transference and countertransference in the textbooks and journals presuppose this matrix of solicitation. They don't analyse it.

This is where my interest in hermeneutics leads me. I believe that the distinction I have made between witness and judge can help us understand that Black Box, and the social matrix of transference solicitation in which it has its place. This is a theme I shall try and develop in seminars next summer. But I want now to link it with your various interests in career structure and training. So let me conclude by sharing thoughts which are already familiar to some of you.

I would like to play an active part in developing career structures which can cross unhelpfully rigid distinctions between counselling, analysis and therapy, and which can promote more exchange between private practice and the statutory social and health services. We have to look at private practice in relation to the public sector, self employment in relation to salaried, and pensioned, careers. This involves appraisal of opportunity and need as they exist today, and as they are likely to change during the next ten years or so.

As a first step, I believe we should put our preconceptions about analysis, counselling, and therapy, into a big pot, and stir, applying heat. What we need is one language in which to talk of psyche's behaviour in consulting room, clinic and the real world. The words counselling and therapy fit better if we want to work in the public sector. The word analysis has attractions for private practice, mainly in London, and for medical people wanting to add an extra qualification.

If we start from there, I believe we could make an important contribution to the fate of psyche in this country, by helping to get a

better mix of the vocational and the professional (as Michael Fordham described them recently), and of what I want to call the D.I.Y. ingredient in our work.

This Do It Yourself ingredient needs a lot more thought than it has had. Our work is about people being agents as well as patients. Some people arrive in our consulting rooms because they have already come to believe, however unsurely, that there is something they could be doing to become more responsible for their part in events. Others (perhaps particularly as we move towards the public sector end of the continuum) we have to start to try and interest in the idea that they could themselves be more active, that there is work to be done rather than treatment to be received, and that they are themselves qualified to do this work. They are agents as well as patients.

How does this D.I.Y. factor relate to the wish to make a living working with psyche? I think career structure in our field would fit the need more truly if we thought and debated more about that question. And this is one place where an interest in hermeneutics can help.

The emergency of hermeneutics, as an interpretive discipline in its own right, has transformed the context within which we work. Much of the power and fascination of the word "analysis" derives from the hermeneutic aura of psycho-analysis. So why don't we use the longer word? There is too much denial of our own history in our dealings with the non-specialist public. Hermeneutics puts traditional psychoanalytic divisions in a new setting. It explains why analysts will probably always want and need to belong to different schools. But it also makes it easier for those schools to talk with each other.

Hermeneutic awareness is both fostered and prevented by the word Analysis with a capital A. The semantic halo which surrounds the word fosters hermeneutic enclosure. It is edgy. Therapy and counselling are words that encourage lateral movements of thought and feelings. Analysts have to learn to be less edgy, and (to use Collingwood's word) to enjoy being tickled.

If analysts are to enjoy being tickled more, they'll have to develop an interest in horizon as well as in depth. Height also. Why when we invoke the vertical do we speak only of depth, seldom of height? It is height which gives depth to horizon, making levity as well as gravity possible.

Counselling, analysis, therapy: we need a horizon psychology as

well as a depth psychology. We should be looking around at all the different kinds of work being done, and ask each other: what is the hermeneutic framework within which you practice? What are the hermeneutic assumptions from which you start? Where do you belong within this matrix of transference solicitation generated by the claim to be able to interpret? Those are questions which can help map out a professional and vocational field in which D.I.Y. has its proper place, where psyche and event are both studied with care, and where the difference between witness and judge can be made use of.

