DRAMAS AS THE DEEP STRUCTURE
OF PSYCHOLOGY

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"Our understanding reaches as far as our anthropomorphism".

Sigmund Freud.
"A man cannot be shown without acting." This statement admits to two radically different interpretations: that of the science of behaviourism, according to which a man is shown by his behaviour divorced from its motives and goals; and that of the art of drama, according to which a man is shown by his behaviour in the context of its motives and goals, that is in the context of the single, indivisible act of the whole drama. The contrast between these two psychologies and the superiority of the latter approach, is the subject of this thesis.

It is argued that all good psychology is dramatistic by nature, being based on the conception of a person which is implicit in drama. The first part of this thesis consists in making this implicit conception explicit. A distinction is drawn between the person (the self-role), the personality (the interplay of psychological forces) and the persona (the social mask); and it is argued that the aim of psychological analysis and therapy, as of dramatic presentation, is the revealing of the person through the personality and the persona.

Chapters are devoted to the implications of this approach with regard to Hamlet's self-analysis, Shakespeare's theory of human nature and the problem of psychological language. It is argued, moreover, that this approach illuminates the holism versus compartmentalism, freedom versus determinism and idiography versus nomotheticism controversies. The relationship of this approach to those of sociological role theory, are also discussed.
A concluding chapter examines the concept of rationality as the distinguishing characteristic of man in its three major modes, scientific, artistic and religious; and shows how the dramatistic approach to psychology, while having the objectivity of science, escapes the limitations of scientism, and takes account of man's artistic and religious nature.
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INTRODUCTION

It is difficult to classify these five essays accurately. Knowing that they constitute a psychology thesis, and that their subject is the relationship between psychology and drama, one might be tempted to describe them as 'Essays in the psychology of drama'. But this would be misleading; for 'psychology of drama' suggests the application of ready-made psychological tools to the analysis of dramatic subject-matter, which is not the case here. Better, but still misleading, would be 'Essays in the drama of psychology'; for it is the main argument of this thesis that if psychologists are to do their job properly they must also, and first, be artists. But in fact drama pervades the whole structure of psychology, so I have chosen the title: 'Drama as the deep structure of psychology'.

The first essay, 'Psychology and Drama', develops the idea that a person is in his essence, and not merely in the superficial sociological sense, a dramatic role; and that psychology is a process of discovering, and bringing people round to, their core self-roles. The second essay, 'The drama of Hamlet, psychologist', might be subtitled 'an essay in reflexivity', in that it analyses Shakespeare's synthesis of man's struggle to know himself. The third essay, 'The psychology of Shakespearean man', shows how a comprehensive theory of personality, expressed in terms of roles and constructs, can be abstracted from the analysis of Shakespeare's Complete Works. The fourth essay, 'The language of dramatistic psychology', tackles the problem of psychological language, of how a psychologist can talk about mankind in general without denying
the uniqueness of people in particular. The fifth essay, 'The shadow of scientific psychology', returns to the theme of the first chapter but with the artistic metaphor changed from drama to iconography.

In a concluding chapter, the main strands of the thesis are drawn together in the context of a discussion of human rationality in its three major modes.

Each essay is linked by quotation and subject-matter with its predecessor. Thus the third and fourth essays share an awareness of the different levels of psychological language, while the fourth and fifth both discuss the ideography versus nomotheticism issue. They add up to a new - or perhaps, if one remembers Aristotle's Poetics, very old - approach to psychology; and the convergences and divergences of this approach with regard to other, psychoanalytic, behaviourist and humanist approaches, are discussed at several points, especially in the first, fourth and fifth essays.

I have drawn on a wide range of sources, literary, philosophical and theological, as well as scientific. This has been deliberate; for it is a corollary of the main argument of this thesis that the boundaries between psychology and other related disciplines need to be redrawn if psychology is to come to a better understanding of herself and her subject-matter. My thanks for allowing, and even encouraging, me to pursue this unconventional line, while checking my wilder excesses, are due especially to Professor T.R. Lee of the University of Surrey, to Dr. D. Bannister of High Royds Hospital, West Yorkshire, and to my father, E.H.St.G. Moss.
1. Psychology and Drama
Many psychologists will probably respond with scepticism to the idea that there is anything that they, as scientists, can learn from the art of the theatre. It can be a stimulus to creative work, certainly, and there are psychological insights to be found scattered throughout the dramatic literature. But these do not contribute to the discovery of abstract laws and dimensions of behaviour, which alone constitutes real scientific progress. A Shakespearean character-portrait tells us nothing more about the psychology of personality than a Turner landscape-painting does about physics or meteorology.

In this chapter, I shall attack this position from a variety of different approaches. I shall argue, first, that many psychological and psychiatric concepts can be re-expressed in purely theatrical terms; secondly, that even the concept of a person having a distinctive self and coherent destiny is one that derives from seeing the world through theatrical eyes; and, thirdly, that there is no use in the scientific analysis and measurement of a person unless the data gained thereby can be incorporated into an image of him speaking and acting in the world — in other words, into a dramatic role. So the psychologist must be something of a dramatist in order to fulfil his function — which may be described as an analysis-by-synthesis of the psychodramatic nature of man.
Drama has often attracted psychologists, and influenced their work. Thus Frye (1957) writes, with reference to the Oedipus Complex, that although this would seem to be "a psychological conception which throws some light on literary criticism", it may be that "we have got it the wrong way round":

that what actually happened was that the myth of Oedipus informed and gave structure to some psychological investigations at this point. Freud would in that case be exceptional only in having been well read enough to spot the source of the myth. It looks now as though the psychological discovery of an oracular mind "underneath" the conscious one forms an appropriate allegorical explanation of a poetic archetype that informed the discovery: it is after all considerably older, and to explain it in this way would involve us in less anachronism. (p. 353).

Freud himself admitted: "not I, but the poets discovered the unconscious". And in an article entitled 'Freud and the poet's eye' (Mannheim & Mannheim, 1966), Norman Holland writes:

What Freud admires in the writer are his powers as a seer, his ability to grasp intuitively truths the psychologist gets at only by hard work. As early as 1895, he wrote, "Local diagnosis and electrical reactions lead nowhere in the study of hysteria, whereas a detailed description of mental processes such as we are accustomed to find in the works of imaginative writers enables me, with the use of a few psychological formulas, to obtain at least some kind of insight". "Creative writers", he wrote in Delusions and Dreams, "are valuable allies and their evidence is to be prized highly, for they are apt to know a whole host of things between heaven and earth of which our philosophy has not yet let us dream". Writers could see, for example, the "necessary conditions for loving" before psychologists could. Shakespeare had understood the meaning of slips of the tongue long before Freud, and not only that, he had assumed that his audiences would understand, too. The writer, however, knows these things "through intuition - really from a delicate self-observation", while Freud himself had to "uncover" them through "laborious work". (p. 153).
Holland concludes:

Psycho-analysis could probably not have come into being in the heavily physiological atmosphere of medical science at the turn of the century, had it not been for a particular scientist with a particular need to create like an artist and through his intellectual offspring win that immortality that few but artist win. In a very real sense, by discovering psychoanalysis, Freud joined to the probing eye of the scientist the creating eye of the poet. Freud's own vision bodied forth the forms of things unknown and gave them a local habitation and a name. (p. 166-7).

And it is not only in the content of its discoveries that psycho-analysis owes a debt to drama: the technique of discovery itself resembles nothing more than the shape of a classical tragedy. Thus there is the initial miasma (clinical depression); the gradual increase of tension as the oracle (the analyst) begins to probe the hero's past; the carefully timed moment of anagnorisis (insight); and the end, "all passion spent" (libido redirected). Of course, the dramatist has more control over his material than the analyst. He will be able to eliminate every incident that does not contribute to the forward thrust of the action, so that, as Harre & Secord (1972) say, "the actions of the character are all meaningful with respect to the acts of which the plot consists"; whereas the analyst, bound by his respect for the reality principle, may have to include some facts which do not square with his 'plot'. But the resemblance is close enough to have made Freud feel the need, in Leonardo (1957), of forestalling the criticism that he had merely written a "psycho-analytic novel".

We may go further. Freud's theoretical schema of Id, Ego and SuperEgo is of the same form as the theatrical situation itself. Thus
the Id is the creative source of the action - the dramatist. The Ego is the one who puts the Id's wishes into effect - the actor. And the SuperEgo is the one who evaluates both the ideas and the performance of them - the spectator.

Much of psychoanalytic theory and therapy may therefore be construed as having a 'theatrical scaffolding', so to speak. Indeed, one begins to wonder whether the scaffolding may not be of a more durable quality than the building itself, so easy has it prove to translate psychoanalytic terminology into the language of the theatre. Consider, for example, Goffman's (1959) treatment of the concepts of repression and dissociation:

Earlier it was suggested that a performer may be taken in by his own act, convinced at the moment that the impression of reality that he fosters is the one and only reality. In such cases the performer comes to be his own audience; he comes to be performer and observer of the same show. Presumably he intracpets or incorporates the standards he attempts to maintain in the presence of others so that his conscience requires him to act in a socially proper way. It will have been necessary for the individual in his performing capacity to conceal from himself in his audience capacity the discreditable facts that he has had to learn about his performance; in everyday terms, there will be things he knows, or has known, that he will not be able to tell himself. This intricate manoeuvre of self-delusion constantly occurs; psychoanalysts have provided us with beautiful field data of this kind, under the headings of repression and dissociation. (p. 86).

Szasz (1972) has done a similar job for the concepts of hysteria and malingering. Both are defined as forms of impersonation, that is, of "inconsistent or dishonest role-playing". In both cases, the role of the bodily sick person is impersonated in order to gain the attention
which society accords to those it labels as 'sick'.

The difference between them is that, in hysteria, the individual (in his performing capacity) is having to conceal from himself (in his audience capacity) the truth about his impersonation; whereas, in malingering, the impersonation is conscious and deliberate.

Malingering has, as I noted, been usually conceptualised as deliberate cheating, and hysteria as unwitting or unintentional cheating. My aim here is to describe both as impersonation. Whether the impersonation is deliberate or otherwise may be ascertained by communicating with the person, and by making inferences from his behaviour.... In hysteria, the patient impersonates the role of a sick person, in part by identifying with and displaying his symptoms. Allegedly, however, he does not know that he is doing so. When it is said that the hysteric cannot afford to be aware of what he is doing - for, if he were, he could no longer do it - what is asserted in effect is that he cannot afford to tell himself the truth. By the same token, he also cannot afford to know that he is lying. He must lie both to himself and to others. (p. 227).

Szasz goes on to apply a similar analysis to psychotic 'illnesses':

Hypochondriasis and schizophrenic bodily delusions are additional examples of consciously unrecognised impersonations of bodily illness. Thus, a person's claim that he is dying, or that he is dead, is best regarded as an impersonation of the dead role. Of course, the less public support there is for an impersonation, the more unreflective the impersonator must be to maintain it. Indeed, the label of psychosis is often used to identify individuals who stubbornly cling to, and loudly proclaim, publicly unsupported role-definitions. (p. 228).

Theatrical impersonation is a very special type, says Szasz, "in that all of the participants are explicitly aware that it is impersonation".
The person in drama

The answer to both these questions is to be found, paradoxically, in the theatre. For just as, through the illusion of art in general, truth is revealed, so through the illusion of the art of drama, the truth about persons is revealed - together with the illusions, the everyday *persona*, they hide behind. But who, precisely, is revealed in, say, *Hamlet*?

The answer here would appear to be obvious. It is not the actor - he is expressing someone or something quite different from himself. It is not, or not necessarily, the author; for, as Wellek & Warren (1962) point out, "a work of art may rather embody the 'dream' of an author than his actual life, or it may be the 'mask', the 'anti-self' behind which his real person is hiding". There would seem, then, to be only one alternative. *Hamlet* is about Hamlet; the play is about a prince.

But this is too simple a conclusion. We should consider, first, the possibility that in order to play a realistic part convincingly, an actor must have some affinity with the character portrayed therein. Secondly, the author too must be related to his character if it is to be more than a mere type. Again we may quote from Wellek & Warren (1962):

The creation of characters may be supposed to blend, in varying degrees, inherited literary types, persons observed, and the self. The realist, we might say, chiefly observes behaviour or 'emphasises', while the Romantic writer 'projects'; yet it is to be doubted that mere observation can suffice for lifelike characterisation. Faust, Mephistopheles, Werther, and Wilhelm Meister are all, says one psychologist, 'projections into fiction of various aspects of Goethe's own nature'. The novelist's potential selves, including
those selves which are viewed as evil, are all potential personae. 'One man's mood is another man's character.' Dostoyevsky's four brothers Karamazov are all aspects of Dostoyevsky. Nor should we suppose that a novelist is necessarily limited to observation in his heroines. 'Madame Bovary, c'est moi', says Flaubert. Only selves recognised from within—as potential can become 'living characters', not 'flat' but 'round'. (pp. 89-90).

Thirdly, the character of Hamlet himself is not at all clear from the play. Many people of an inquisitive nature, from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to Sigmund Freud (1900) and Ernest Jones (1949) and the present writer (Moss, 1974a), have tried to pluck out the heart of this mystery. But the mystery remains. Some, like T.S. Eliot (1919), have attributed this to a failure, on Shakespeare's part, to find an 'objective correlative' of his own subjective emotions:

"Hamlet, like the sonnets, is full of some stuff that the writer could not drag to light, contemplate, or manipulate into art."

Others, like Tolstoy (1906), have been more blunt: the principal figure in the play "has no character whatever"; "Shakespeare did not succeed and did not even wish to give any character to Hamlet".

And yet the person lives. Even if the personality is shrouded in sepulchral darkness, the man himself is lit up in our memories in the most vivid of colours. More so, indeed, than many 'real' people of our acquaintance whose personalities we could describe with some precision. And this is characteristic of great drama in general: that, sometimes by means of the strangest of situations and most unlikely of characterisations, the reality of personal life is revealed. As Knight (1934) says of Shakespearean tragedy, "all these plays present a vision which deliberately looks deeper than 'character' even in the more poetic
sense .. deeper than character or any realistic experience".

It may seem that in going "deeper than character or any realistic experience" we are entering the realm of the mystical. But this is a misleading impression. Even if a person in his deepest being is a mystery, there is still more that we can say about his revelation in drama. For the dramatic experience moves in two directions, as it were: vertically, from persona to personality (if any) to the person as such, unique and unanalysable; and longitudinally, from the person at the beginning of the play to the person at the end of the play. We have located the person on the vertical dimension: it is now possible to 'unravel' him on the longitudinal dimension.

Aristotle wrote, in the Poetics, that of the elements that make up tragedy,

the most important is the plot, the ordering of the incidents; for tragedy is a representation, not of men, but of action and life, of happiness and unhappiness — and happiness and unhappiness are bound up with action. The purpose of living is an end which is a kind of activity, not a quality; it is their characters, indeed, that make men what they are, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Tragedies are not performed, therefore, in order to represent character, although character is involved for the sake of action... Tragedy is the representation of an action, and it is chiefly an account of the action that it is also a representation of persons. (pp. 39–40).

Now the plot, according to Aristotle, must be "complete in itself"; that is, it must have a beginning, a middle and an end. The beginning is usually an unhealthy condition of a state or individual. The middle is a 'reversal' or 'recognition', in which the reason for the unhealthy
condition is made clear. And the end is death, which sets the seal on the process of self-definition. For the death of the hero is not only the completion of the action: it is also the last word on his life. It enables us to see his person in its proper, longitudinal perspective for the first time. Thus, as Sinyavsky (1965) says, "death becomes the goal and stimulus of the action through which the hero's personality is wholly revealed and, in attaining its fulfilment, plays out its pre-ordained role."

What we see in art is true also of life: a person is not truly known as such except sub specie mortis, in the context of his completed destiny. Sinyavsky again:

Death communicates to life the direction in which its plot unfolds and gives it unity and definition. Death is a logical conclusion to which we are brought by the by the evidence of life. It is not a sudden break but a chord which has been long led up to, prepared for from the moment of birth. Compared with the dead (especially with historical figures and with characters in fiction) we look underdeveloped, unfinished. It’s as though our head and shoulders were lost in the mists of the problematical. This is why we are so uncertain of our own worth, why we know so little of our role, our destiny, our place. (p. 80).

Again, it may seem that we are becoming too mystical. But the following analogy should help us to see that the argument is still firmly 'down to earth'. The roles that a man plays - the personae he puts on - may be compared to a suit of clothes. These must be tailored to conform, on the one hand, to the fashions of the society in which he lives, and on the other hand, to the measurements of his physical body.
Now just as clothes fit, or do not fit, a body, so a man's *persona* may be said to fit, or not to fit, his personality. Thus authoritarian *persona* fit an authoritarian personality; but the role of leader does not suit a shy and retiring nature. Nevertheless, a personality must have a *persona*, just as a body must have clothes—in the climate of modern society, at any rate.

However, "the life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment" (Luke 12:23). And man is more than a personality plus *persona*. He is also, and essentially, a person. The trouble is that it is very difficult to define what a person— as opposed to a personality or *persona*—really is. We are familiar with the sociological definition of man as the sum of his *persona*, or as "a kind of holding company for a set of not very relevantly connected roles" (Goffman, 1971). And psychologists have analysed the psychosomatic unity, which I have identified with personality, in terms of various constructs and complexes, traits, drives and reflexes. But the very success of these analyses makes it easy to miss the still deeper level of 'personhood'.

This difficulty has been more clearly recognised by the continental, existentialist tradition, as represented by such thinkers as Gabriel Marcel, than by the Anglo-Saxon, empiricist tradition. Thus Marcel (1949) points out that there is "an imperceptible shading-off" from the kind of feeling that I can be said to have to the kind of feeling that I can be said to be. The one kind "can be limited, defined and intellectualised", and so is to be distinguished from myself, whereas the other "cannot be
isolated, and so distinguished" - it is "consubstantial with what I am".

In our terms, we may see a similarly imperceptible shading-off from the personality and personae (body and clothes) that I have to the person (soul, self) that I am. The one is analysable in sociological or psychological categories, whereas the other - "the thing itself, unaccommodated man", to use King Lear's phrase - defies classification.

But even if the person cannot be analysed and classified, he can be enacted. For, as Miller, Galanter and Pribram (1960) say,

Life is more than a thing, an object, a substance that exists. It is also a process that is enacted. We have a choice in our approach to it. We can choose to describe it, or we can choose to re-enact it. (p. 213).

But we can do more than simply enact the person or his destiny: we can also describe the idea of the person that is presupposed by the possibility of his enactment - the idea that a person is what he does.

Here again we come up against the difference between the empiricist and the existentialist approaches. Thus Macquarrie (1973) writes:

If there is a sense in which it would be true to say, from an existentialist point of view, that man is what he does, this sense is certainly very different from the understanding of man sometimes denoted by the expression functional man. It is true that both this conception and the existentialist one attempt to get away from substantial and static categories to ways of thinking that are more dynamic and more appropriate to man as a living, changing being. But the notion of functional man must be judged hopelessly abstract, and presumably it could be nothing else, in view of its origin in empirical sociology. Man is more than the tasks he performs and the roles he plays. He is the unity of a person who expresses himself in all these activities. His actions are more than empirically observable deeds, for in them he is both projecting and realising an image of personhood. (p. 137).
And yet this is simply our old distinction - albeit more clearly and fully expressed - between the vertical and the longitudinal approaches to the person. For the empiricist approach is the same as the vertical one, in which 'role' is defined as 'mask', 'persona' or 'that which is put on over personality'. The existentialist approach, however, is the same as the longitudinal one, in which 'role' is defined as 'action', 'destiny' or 'that which is played out through a lifetime'. Both approaches have a certain validity; for people do put on personae, as well as playing out destinies. But personae can deceive, whereas destinies unmask deception; so it is only in his destiny that a man can be said to be "both projecting and realising an image of personhood".

However, this is still not quite right. For most people's lives do not have that clear-cut, aesthetically pleasing shape which we see in the destiny of a tragic hero. Moreover, it is often the case, in life as in the theatre, that the destiny that we see would seem to express almost the polar opposite of the person as he really is - at least, if we take Polonius' criterion of 'self' or 'personhood' seriously:

| to thine own self be true, |
| And it must follow, as the night the day, |
| Thou canst not then be false to any man. (I, 3, 78). |

Hamlet, for example, can hardly be said to be acting in accordance with his true self when he causes, directly or indirectly, the deaths of most of the play's main characters. And Macbeth is false to everyone - except his wife, who is not so much his 'alter ego' as his 'anti-self'.

The main difference between a tragic destiny and an ordinary, everyday one consists in the presence or absence of dramatic change. In
tragedy, as Aristotle pointed out, there is almost always a reversal of
some kind, a catastrophic change of fortune from happiness to misery.

In everyday life, however, routine is the keynote. Again, in tragedy,
the change of fortune is accompanied by a change of personality; for the
reversal calls forth a reappraisal of the hero's past life, which leads
to a change of direction in the future. But in everyday life change is
gradual, almost imperceptible, and is not the consequence of any single
climatic event or decision.

Now a change of personality will be in one of two possible directions:
either towards, or away from, the person. Some tragedies, such as Hamlet,
Othello and Macbeth portray the divergence and alienation, in the hero, of
the person from the personality. Others, such as King Lear, Antony and
Cleopatra and Coriolanus, portray a double movement: first a divergence
to a state of extreme alienation of person and personality, and then a
convergence (which is also a conversion) to a state of inner integrity.
Such changes also take place, of course, in everyday life - but over a
much longer period of time and in a much less visible fashion. It is
rather, in the theatre, in the ebb and flow of dramatic change and
destiny, that the truth of Schiller's remark (quoted in Trilling, 1972)
may more clearly be seen:

Every individual human being, one may say, carries
within him, potentially and prescriptively, an ideal
man, the archetype of a human being, and it is his life's
task to be, through all his changing manifestations, in
harmony with the unchanging unity of this ideal.

Who, then (to return to our original question) is revealed in Hamlet?
The answer is: neither a mere putter-on of persona (although he does "put an antic disposition on"), nor a neurotic personality (although he is obsessed by death), but a person - a person revealed in a completed destiny ("the rest is silence"), which involves a change of personality -

Yea from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past... (I, 5, 98).

- and an unmasking of all personas -

For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show. (I, 2, 84)

And the whole vindicates his description of the purpose of drama,
whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. (III, 2, 22).

And how (to return to a still earlier question) are we to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the theatre of everyday life? The answer is: by distinguishing between the persona and the personality, on the one hand, and between the personality and the person, on the other. When the persona 'fits' the personality, let us say, then the person is 'sincere'; but when the personality fits the person, he is 'authentic' or 'true to himself' (Trilling, 1972). And a disjunction at either level leads to 'insincerity', 'inauthenticity' or 'self-deception'. Thus Hamlet is insincere when he puts "an antic disposition on" - he is not as mad as he pretends to be. But he is inauthentic when he says to his mother, "it is not madness that I have utter'd" - he is less sane than he supposes himself to be.
But the further question now arises: what differences does this idea of the person in drama make to the everyday practice of psychologists?
Bonarius (1970) has described a novel type of therapy called 'fixed-role therapy', in which the client, after giving the therapist a characterisation of himself, is given a new role to act by him. This role, while not diametrically opposite to his former one, is nevertheless significantly different in certain respects - it is at 90 degrees to the former one, as it were. This role is rehearsed with the therapist, then acted in real life, and finally altered again by the therapist in view of his client's experiences, until a viable new life-style is achieved.

It will be immediately obvious that this kind of therapy is very close to the theatre, and that the therapist's art is a combination of the dramatist's and the director's; and it is important to notice the relationship between science and art at each stage in the process. The first stage is really the first stage in any act of artistic creation - the receptive, intuitive contemplation of reality, which passes almost immediately into the formation of a mental image of that reality. And here, even if scientific, psychometric techniques were employed, these could be no more than preparatory to the therapist's forming an image of his client's present role in life (which is based mainly on the client's own image of himself).

The next stage - the imagination of a new fixed role for the client by the therapist - is still more obviously artistic. Again, a scientific technique could form part of this role if it were considered relevant to
the client's problems - for example, a form of behaviour therapy for 
snake phobia.¹ But the creation of a new role in life with all that 
that entails with regard to relations with parents, spouse, friends, 
enemies and his own old self, can only be the produce of the dramatic 
imagination.

Thirdly, the rehearsal of the client's new role with him is nothing 
more norless than the director's art. And fourthly, the acting out of 
the role in real life, is clearly the actor's art. It is only with the 
fifth and final stage of critical re-appraisal that we would appear to 
return to the scientific skills.

And yet, are scientists usually the best critics of works of 
dramatic art? And is not the dramatist constantly employing his critical 
faculty in his re-writing of old drafts until the final, near perfect one 
is attained? We must conclude, then, that in psychotherapy, "art 
includes and uses science, and ... is the master for whom science toils 
(Macmurray, 1935).

The reason for this is not merely that "all the world's a stage" 
in the sociologist's sense, so that getting on in life requires both: 
the dramatist's and the actor's skills. Nor is it that there is also a 
play within that play - the actor's mind, in which many psychic forces 
play their parts. The reason is more fundamental, that amidst all the 

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¹. And yet behaviour therapy is essentially a role-playing technique, 
which was clearly described by Shakespeare. See As You Like It, III, 
2, 368-398.
social pressures and psychic forces, there is a deeper, more 'fixed' role, the man's true self, struggling for expression. With this deepest, most central role all the other roles must be in harmony if the 'plot' of his life is not to end in tragedy. It is the psychologist's task, not to create this role (for true creation, creation out of nothing, belongs to the Divine Master-Craftsman alone), but to cooperate in the creation of a new situation in which the man will both intuit it accurately and enact it successfully on the stage of everyday life.
2. The Drama of Hamlet, psychologist
Hamlet is a play of particular relevance to psychologists. For it is a play about psychology - or rather, about man as a psychologist, as a "reflexive" being (Kelly, 1955) seeking to know himself. Thus Lawler (1960):

Hamlet is the universal tragedy. For, as the beginning of wisdom is self-knowledge, so the universal predicament is that of Hamlet; for all his impassioned questioning, man fails to know himself. (p. 73).

C.S. Lewis (1942) has also stressed this universal import of the play:

I would go a long way to meet Beatrice or Falstaff or Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck or Disraeli's Lord Monmouth. I would not cross the room to meet Hamlet. It would never be necessary. He is always where I am.... The play's true hero is man - haunted man - man with his mind on the frontier of two worlds, man unable quite to reject or quite to admit the supernatural, man struggling to get something done as man has struggled from the beginning, yet incapable of achievement because of his inability to understand either himself or his fellows or the real quality of the universe which has produced him.

Lewis goes on to say that Hamlet "is a mysterious play in the sense of being a play about mystery". But the mystery lies not so much in the recesses of one man's personality as in a universal human experience.

I believe that we read Hamlet's speeches with interest chiefly because they describe so well a certain spiritual region through which most of us have passed and anyone in his circumstances might be expected to pass, rather than because of our concern to understand how and why this particular man entered it.

Therefore, the questions which have plagued critics and psychologists alike for centuries - 'Why does Hamlet delay?' 'Is he really mad?' 'Why does he treat Ophelia so cruelly?' - do not go to the heart of the
matter. The real question which the play poses, and to which it gives a wholly satisfactory answer, is: 'What is it like for a man to try, but fail, to know himself?' And since this is the psychological question par excellence, it is well worth a psychologist's examining the answer.
Three levels of interpretation

This is not to say that the traditional problems are irrelevant, nor that psychological knowledge cannot contribute to their solution. The point is rather that we must distinguish between three different levels at which a psychologist may be interested in Hamlet. First, there is the level of the individual character and the problems which he experiences as expressed in his own terms: 'to be or not to be — that is the question.' Secondly, there is the level of the spectator in the audience, who sees Hamlet in the context of the play as a whole, and asks: 'why is he so preoccupied with metaphysical problems?' Thirdly, there is the level of the dramatist himself, who presents the play to the audience, and says: 'here is man probing the secrets of the universe in the quest for his own identity.' An approach to the play at the first level might be termed phenomenological or existential, and is the nearest to the purely literary; at the second level, we encounter explanations of the more familiar kind, in terms of the major theoretical orientations such as behaviourism, psychoanalysis (Jones, 1949), or personal construct theory (Moss, 1974a); the third level constitutes the interface between psychology, philosophy and theology, and is the area in which Jungians particularly have made their mark. I shall approach the play at the third level, although without employing any Jungian terminology, but I shall not ignore the relationships between questions arising at the third level and at the second and first levels.

The relationships between different levels may be illustrated by
a quotation from Winnicott (1971) who, after giving a second-level psychological explanation of the 'to be or not to be' soliloquy, continues:

As I see it, this-difficult soliloquy is difficult because Hamlet had himself not got the clue to his dilemma — since it lay in his own changed state. Shakespeare had the clue, but Hamlet could not go to Shakespeare's play.

If the play is looked at in this way it seems possible to use Hamlet's altered attitude to Ophelia and his cruelty to her as a picture of his ruthless rejection of his own female element, now split off and handed over to her, with his unwelcome male element threatening to take over his whole personality. The cruelty to Ophelia can be a measure of his reluctance to abandon his split-off female element.

In this way it is the play (if Hamlet could have read it, or seen it acted) that could have shown him the nature of his dilemma. (pp. 98-9).

In other words, Hamlet, from his (first-level) point of view, could not perceive what a member of the audience could see from his (second-level) point of view — although he made an effort to do just that in the play within the play scene. As for Shakespeare — he both created the first-level point of view, which made possible the second-level point of view, from which a third-level point of view could be attained — a synopsis of the relation between the individual's search for self-knowledge and explanatory theories in psychology.
Act I

The opening words of the play are an image, a microcosm, of its overall structure and rhythm: —

Bernardo. Who's there?
Francisco. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
Bernardo. Long live the King!
Francisco. Bernardo?
Bernardo. He.
Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.
Francisco. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold. And I am sick at heart.
Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?
Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. (I, i, 1)

Here an initial 'startle response' is succeeded by a depressive emotional reaction ("I am sick at heart") which is followed by the flat, monotonous sound of a sentinel's routine. In a similar way, the double shock of his father's death and mother's remarriage plunged Hamlet into a prolonged period of depression from which he emerged only towards the end of the play, in the withdrawn, almost schizoid tone of his words just before and after the duel.

We may see a similar rhythm in the course of a single scene. Thus in act I scene 4, the initial shock of his encounter with the ghost -

Angels and minsters of grace defend us! (39)
- is followed by his anguish on hearing the news of "murder most foul" -

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? (92)
- which is in turn followed by a calmer, more meditative mood:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, 
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (166)

Moreover, we may distinguish, within the five-act structure of the play as a whole, those acts in which agitated hysteria or morbid depression are dominant (I and III), and those in which a more meditative mood prevails (II and IV). So Hamlet's path to self-knowledge is not trodden with the measured detachment of the professional psychologist.

But let us now look a little more closely at the first act, beginning with the scene of Hamlet's first entry:

**King.** But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son -
**Hamlet.** (Aside) A little more than kin, and less than kind.
**King.** How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
**Hamlet.** Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.
**Queen.** Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
    And let thine eye look like a frind on Denmark.
    Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
    Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
    Thou know'st 'tis common - all that lives must die,
    Passing through nature to eternity.
**Hamlet.** Ay, madam, it is common.
**Queen.** If it be,
    Why seems it so particular with thee?
**Hamlet.** Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.
    'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
    Nor customary suits of solemn black,
    Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
    No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
    Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
    Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
    That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem;
    For they are actions that a man might play;
    But I have that within which passes show -
    These but the trappings and the suits of woe. (I, 2, 64)

"My cousin and my son" - Hamlet's analytical wit immediately seizes on the difference. Cousins are relations of kin, no more; but a son is of the same kind as his father, no less than 'a chip off the old block'.

Claudius has been less than kind in another sense: in combining the roles
of uncle and father, he has wronged the memory of Hamlet's real father and made Gertrude's position abhorrent to her son. The result is that Hamlet is in a 'double-bind' (Bateson et al., 1956); his loyalty to his dead father clashes with that owing to his living mother. He cannot be loyal to him without rebuking her: he cannot approve of her without rejecting him. He must therefore "seem", be what he really is only partially, hide behind the "inky cloak" and "suits of solemn black" of the melancholic. For "these are actions that a man may play"; but Hamlet has a true self within that belies the false one without (Laing, 1960); he is a performer who is independent of his character (Goffman, 1959).

All this is made more explicit in his first great soliloquy:

0 that this too too solid flesh would melt.... (I, 2, 129)

Here we see the cause of his depression:

Frailty, thy name is woman:
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears — why she, even she—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer — married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
Ere yet the morn of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. 0, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue. (I, 2, 146)

The schism between heart and tongue points to a deeper dividedness of will:

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
for he himself is subject to his birth. (I, 3, 17)

He is subject to his parents by birth, but since his loyalties to them conflict, his will is divided between them. He cannot follow Polonius'
advice -

  to thine own self be true,
  And it must follow, as the night the day,
  Thou canst not then be false to any man. (I, 3, 78)

- for now the night no longer follows the day -

  this sweaty haste
  Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day (I, 1, 77)

- and if he is true to that part of himself belonging to one parent,
  he will be false to the part which belongs to the other.

But Hamlet is not conscious of this yet - it requires the shock
of the ghost's entrance to set him thinking more deeply:

  Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
  Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
  Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
  Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
  Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
  That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
  King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
  Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
  Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
  Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
  Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
  Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
  To cast thee up again. What may this mean
  That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
  Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
  Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
  So horridly to shake our disposition
  With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? (I, 4, 39)

The key-note of this speech is its ambivalence: the ghost comes "in
a questionable shape"; he may be a "spirit of health" or "goblin damn'd";
his bones are "canoniz'd", and yet his appearance makes the night look
"hideous". Much will depend on which valuation prevails with Hamlet.

But Horatio is repelled by the vision:

  What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
  Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
  That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? (I, 4, 69)

But Hamlet's fate "cries out", and his greed for the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil is seconded by Marcello's curiosity:

Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcello. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Have after. To what issue will this come?
Marcello. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio. Heaven will direct it.
Marcello. Nay, let's follow him. (Exeunt.)

(I, 4, 87)

This is the decisive moment in the play: there will be no going back hereafter. For angels with flaming swords have been placed at the gates of his former life, while ahead lies only suffering and death:

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. (I, 5, 9)

It must not be, perhaps; but Hamlet has heard it now - which places him on the other side of the grave. From now on, his knowledge of the terrible secrets of death will increasingly isolate him from the more this-worldly characters. Moreover, the ghost's story of how, and by whom, he was murdered, has made his original condition much worse. For, as Wilson Knight (1949) points out, "his hope of recovery to the normal healthy life depended largely on his ability to forget his father, to
forgive his mother." But now "his mother's honour is more fouly
smirched than ever;... the living cause and symbol of his father's death is
firmly placed on Denmark's throne." And the ghost's parting "remember me" has burst like fire upon his-brain:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures, past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables — meet it is I set down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark (Writing).
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:
It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me'.
I have sworn't. (I, 5, 92)

He makes his companions swear too, and then warns them of his intention
To put an antic disposition on. (I, 5, 172)

For his new knowledge necessitates a different persona, another split
between true and false, personal and social, selves —

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. (I, 5, 188)

The difference this time is that outer disguise is accompanied by inner
repression. Not only must he "seem" in relation to others: he must
deny a part of himself. He must wipe out his love for his mother.

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to put it right. (I, 5, 189)
Thus in act I we see an initial 'double-bind' situation leading to inner schism and repression under the impulse of a 'duty' to exact revenge. This transformation is quite consciously perceived and engaged in by Hamlet - he has no need yet of an analyst (although he does need a priest). But his new condition will have consequences, in succeeding acts, which he is much less able to understand.
Act II

We see the first consequence at the beginning of the second act:

Ophelia. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Polonius. With what, i' th' name of God?
Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
        Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
        No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,
        Ungart'red and down-gyved to his ankle;
        Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
        And with a look so piteous in purport
        As if he had been loosed out of hell
        To speak of horrors - he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy love?
Ophelia. My lord, I do not know.
        But truly I do fear it.
Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
        Then goes to the length of all his arm,
        And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
        He falls to such perusal of my face
        As 'a would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
        At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
        And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
        He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
        As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
        And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
        And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
        He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
        For out adoors he went without their helps
        And to the last bended their light on me.  (II, 1, 75)

Several hypotheses are offered to explain this melancholy condition:
unrequited love (Polonius), grief at his father's death (Claudius),
frustrated ambition (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern). But it is Gertrude
who comes nearest the truth:

    I doubt it as no other but the main,
    His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.  (II, 2, 56)

Of course, none of them knows about the ghost - although some such
spirit would need to be postulated to explain the universal scope of
Hamlet's disgust:

I have of late - but wherefore I know not - lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof frotted with golden fire - why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me - no, nor woman neither...

We are reminded of William James' description of 'The Sick Soul' in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*.

A second result is Hamlet's notorious delay in carrying out his proposed revenge. But this is hinted at obliquely at first, in the central part of the Player's speech:

Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick.
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing. (II, 2, 465)

Pyrrhus' pause reflects Hamlet's hesitation; but the Player's impassioned portrayal, later in the speech, of Hecuba's grief at the death of Priam (so unlike Gertrude's grief at the death of her husband), reflects badly on Hamlet's listless mood:
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all her visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettl'd rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, un pregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, nor for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. (II, 2, 543)

He is prevented from acting, not by cowardice, as he supposes ("I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall.."), but by a combination of (repressed) love for his mother and moral scruples about vengeance. For

The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; you, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. (II, 2, 594)

In act II, then, we see the beginnings of that paralysis of that will which will plague Hamlet increasingly. Moreover, he is beginning to lose contact with the root cause of his malaise. Act I's consciously willed repression is now exerting an inhibitory effect in ways of which he is not consciously aware.
Act III

Act III is a kind of hall of mirrors, in which the character of each of the major performers is held up for inspection. For when not examining himself, each is spying on someone else. Thus in the first scene, Polonius and the King decide to be "lawful spies" while Ophelia engages Hamlet in conversation:

Polonius. Ophelia, walk you here. - Gracious, so please you, We will bestow ourselves. - Read on this book; That show of such an exercise may colour Your loneliness. - We are oft to blame in this: 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage And pious action we do sugar o'er The devil himself.

King. (Aside) O, 'tis too true! How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it Than is my deed to my most painted word. (44)

Evidently Hamlet is not the only character who is guilty of mauvaise foi. Indeed, as we shall see more clearly later, Hamlet and Claudius are in a deep sense each other's consciences. Each seeks to destroy the other, because each sees in the other a judge of his own duplicity.

Enter Hamlet:

To be, or not to be - that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep: No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause... (56)
This, as well as being the most famous soliloquy in literature, is perhaps the best-known example of man the psychologist in action.

I say 'action' because psychologising is indeed a form of action in the wider sense of the word - although, of course it is the seeming opposition between thought and action (in the narrower sense) which is the centre of Hamlet's concern:

Thus conscience d oth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. (83)

But 'conscience' also is an ambiguous word. The immediate context would suggest 'consciousness' as its equivalent - the consciousness of what lies behind the 'not to be' pole of Hamlet's initial construct -

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns. (79)

But the consciousness which lies in "the dread of something after death" has its roots in the consciousness of a guilty conscience. Hamlet is inhibited from acting, not because he thinks too much, but because his thinking has not yet unearthed the root cause of his malaise - his guilty conscience with regard to his feelings for, and behaviour towards, his mother. Thus the 'to be or not to be' soliloquy, under the guise of a searching self-analysis, in fact takes Hamlet further from a true knowledge of himself.

At this moment Ophelia enters -

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. (89)
The contrast between her innocence and his dark secret makes him courteous and respectful at first. But then his mood changes:

Hamlet. Ha, ha! Are you honest?
Ophelia. My lord?
Hamlet. Are you fair?
Ophelia. What means your lordship?
Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Hamlet. You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceived.
Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnercy. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnercy. (103)

What are we to make of this outburst? One possibility, put forward by Dover Wilson (1959), is that in the last act Hamlet overheard the plot to spy on him using Ophelia as a decoy (II, 2, 158-85). This would explain his next words:

Hamlet. Where's your father?
Ophelia. At home, my lord.
Hamlet. Let the doors be shut on him, that he play the fool nowhere but in's own house. (130)

However, it fails to explain the link between Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia and his denigration of himself - she is called a whore because he is an "arrant knave".
We may perhaps gain some further insight into this situation by comparing the relationship of Hamlet and Ophelia with those of two other couples - one fictional and the other real. The first is taken from Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward* (1968), in which an ex-political prisoner, Oleg, falls in love with the doctor who has been treating him for cancer. Discharged from hospital, he decides to take up her invitation to visit her at her flat; but when he arrives there, she is not in; and he eventually decides to break off the relationship. As he explains in a letter:

"You see, Vega, if I'd found you in, something false and forced might have started between us. I went for a walk afterwards and realised it was a good thing I hadn't found you in. Everything that you and I tormented ourselves with at least had a name and can be put into words. But what was about to begin between us was something we could never have confessed to anyone. You and I, and between us this thing: this sort of grey, decrepit yet ever-growing serpent. (p. 614)"

"This thing" is the knowledge of an evil so horrific that it destroys the lives not only of those who experience it directly but also of all those who are at all closely connected with them. Solzhenitsyn described it in an earlier short story, also set in a cancer ward:

"My heart was bursting with pity for someone: it might have been for myself and my contemporaries, frozen to death near Demiansk, burnt alive in Auschwitz, harried to exhaustion in Djezkazgan or dying in the wastes of Siberia, because these girls could never belong to us. Or it might have been for these girls, because of the things I could never tell them and which they would never find out. (1970, p. 147)"

Hamlet, like Oleg, cannot tell his girl what he has discovered; for that would involve her in his fall. Moreover, her presence would be an obstacle in the way of his plan to kill Claudius - which makes his situation similar to that of another, real-life Danish prince and
philosopher, Sören Kierkegaard, who broke off his engagement with Regine Olsen in order to concentrate on his attack on the established Church.

However, as De Rougemont (1961) says,

In all fairness, one should point to a profound difference between Kierkegaard and Hamlet here: the former did everything to see that Regine did not suffer, he wanted to take the whole drama on to his own shoulders, and he thought that he had succeeded, since he could write, not without some bitterness: "She has chosen the wailing, I have kept the sorrow" while Hamlet drives Ophelia to suicide and seems indifferent to her fate. (p. 98)

But we may explain this difference on the hypothesis that it is Gertrude, not Ophelia, who is the real obstacle to Hamlet's designs. For he cannot kill Claudius without also wounding Gertrude and exposing her blind sensuality — which would make him feel even more guilty, loving his mother as he still, in spite of himself, does. Ophelia is tarred with the same brush as Gertrude because she belongs to that same sex whose greed caused the first man to fall. "Frailty, thy name is woman!"

It is now Ophelia's turn to psychologise:

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword; The expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mould of form, Th' observ'd of all observers — quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth Blasted with ecstasy. (150)

The irony is that Hamlet's "ecstasy" will lead to Ophelia's own madness and suicide.
In the next scene, we see Hamlet declaiming against "ecstasy" to the players:

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and — as I may say — whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

1 Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. (III, 2, 1)

But Hamlet himself does not "suit the action to the word"; for the temperance which he preaches he is quite unable to practise; which is why he has such an affection for the temperate Horatio:

Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what step she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. (60)
The only way in which Hamlet can safely give vent to his feelings is in the analysis of the feelings of others —

\[ \text{the play's the thing} \]

\[ \text{Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. (II, 2, 600)} \]

Again that slippery word 'conscience' — is Hamlet trying to appease his own conscience by convicting Claudius? Our analysis so far would be consistent with this. At any rate, "th' observ'd of all observers" is taking a particular interest in observation. As he says to Horatio:

\[ \text{There is a play to-night before the King;}
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul}

As Vulcan's stithy. \( \text{ (III, 2, 73)} \)

But what are these "foul imaginations"? Jones' (1949) psychoanalytic interpretation would suggest that, underlying Hamlet's imagination of what Claudius has in fact done, is his imagination of what he (Hamlet) might still do:

The long "repressed" desire to take his father's place in his mother's affection is stimulated to unconscious activity by the sight of someone usurping this place exactly as he himself had once longed to do. More, this someone was a member of the same family, so that the actual usurpation further resembled the imaginary one in being incestuous... The call of duty to kill his stepfather cannot be obeyed because it links itself with the unconscious call of his nature to kill his mother's husband, whether this is the first or the second; the absolute "repression" of the former impulse involves the inner prohibition of the latter also... It is his moral duty, to which his father exhorts him, to put an end to the incestuous activities of his mother (by killing Claudius), but his unconscious does not want to put an end to them (he being identified with Claudius in the situation), and so he cannot. His lashings of self-reproach and remorse are ultimately because of this very failure, i.e. the refusal of his guilty wishes to undo the sin. (pp. 93-4, 102)
We do not have to agree with Jones that Hamlet's feelings for his mother are oedipal in order to accept that it is his love for her which is inhibiting him from killing her husband. His conscience resembles Claudius', not in having incestuous desires for Gertrude, but in having murderous ones against another member of the family. These are the "foul imaginations" which, while clearly to be seen, and easily to be reviled, in Claudius, are only with difficulty to be judged in himself, since such a judgement would involve forgetting the ghost's injunction.

This analysis is confirmed by the short conversation which Hamlet has with Polonius just before the play scene:

Hamlet. My lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say?
Polonius. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
Hamlet. What did you enact?
Polonius. I did enact Julius Caesar; I was kill'd i' th' Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.
Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. (III, 2, 96)

Brutus' part could be compared with both Claudius' (in killing Hamlet's father) and Hamlet's (in killing Claudius); but it is the dilatory Hamlet who particularly reminds us of the hero of Shakespeare's earlier tragedy. For Hamlet's shrinking from the deed -

0 God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had dreams (II, 2, 253)

- finds a very similar expression in Julius Caesar:

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma or a hideous dream. The Genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection. (II, 1, 61)
The difference is that in Brutus' case the conflict is a relatively simple one between duty to the state and loyalty to a friend, whereas in Hamlet no reason is given why the hero should not proceed with his chosen course. And here we see—also the difference between a play having "psychological interest", like Julius Caesar, and a play whose theme is psychology, like Hamlet: the one does not linger long on the conflict in the mind of its hero, but presses on to the climactic action; while the other spends nearly the whole of its length on the period between "first motion" and final (almost coincidental) execution, and on the hero's struggle to understand himself and his situation.

Turning now to the play scene, we find a phrase in the Player King's speech which sums up Hamlet's dilemma perfectly:

> Our wills and fates do so contrary run
> That our devices still are overthrown. (III, 2, 206)

Hamlet's will is the ghost's command: his fate is that he loves his mother. The result is that his "device" of killing Claudius never reaches fruition— he knows that it would kill his mother too. The best that he can do is "by indirection" to hit his mark— that is, by a dramatic presentation.

In this aim, at least, he succeeds:

> Ophelia. The King rises.
> Hamlet. What, frightened with false fire!
> Queen. How fares my lord?
> Polonius. Give o'er the play.
> King. Give me some light. Away!
> Polonius. Lights, lights, lights!
> (Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio).
> Hamlet. Why, let the striken deer go weep,
> The hart ungalled play;
> For some must watch, while some must sleep;
> Thus runs the world away. (259)
False fire lights up a false king's murky soul - and Hamlet is delighted. He can, in good conscience, goad another's conscience. But while he does that, the world runs away from him, and he finds himself unable to kill "his strucken deer":

How might I do it pat, now'a is a-praying;
And now I'll do it - and so 'a goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
'A took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't -
Then trip him, that his heals may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereeto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolonge thy sickly days. (III, 3, 73)

"The undiscover'd country" is still haunting his thoughts, providing him with material for rationalisations which seem particularly repellent in view of Claudius' agonised confession just before:

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't -
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect... (III, 3, 36)

Both the similarity and the difference between the two men is striking. On the one hand, if Hamlet kills Claudius, he too will be guilty of
"a brother's murder"; and he also, "stronger guilt" defeating "strong intent", neglects to do the "double business" to which he is bound. On the other hand, while Claudius is struggling to repent, Hamlet is quite unaware of his guilt - the ghost's "remember me" has thoroughly deadened him.

Indeed, in the next scene we see "the soul of Nero" inspiring Hamlet to a most violent torrent of abuse - all in the name of moral and psychological truth:

Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you...

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Hamlet. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty! (III, 4, 18, 88)

The deeper cause of this performance is the necessity for Hamlet of suppressing any trace of filial tenderness if he is to kill his mother's husband:

Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And - would it were not so! - you are my mother.

We remember his remark to Ophelia: "it were better my mother had not borne me". It was his mother whom he was thinking of all along. For he feels himself to be corrupted by her debauchery; and his love for her only increases his disgust - until the ghost interrupts him:

Hamlet. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
0, say!
Ghost. Do not forget; this visitation
Is but to what thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
0, step between her and her fighting-soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse? (III, 4, 103)

Here we see that, as in his earlier appearance, the ghost represents
two hardly compatible elements in Hamlet's conscience: the calling to
revenge his father's death, and the impulse to have mercy on his mother.
But whereas, in the first appearance, it was the former element which
impressed itself on Hamlet, now it is mercy that prevails, making him
much more gentle in his admonition:

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. (144)

For a brief moment, then, Hamlet is able to season justice with mercy -

O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet. (209)

However, this resolution is no more than superficial; it only skins
and films "the ulcerous place" while "rank corruption" - his hatred
of Claudius and continued desire for revenge - "infests unseen".
Act IV

After the sound and fury of act III, act IV comes as a point of relative repose - the psychological analysis is advanced by one or two stages, and the stage set for the final denouncement of act V.

First we see the tussle over Polonius' body, which is followed by Hamlet's exile to England:

Hamlet. For England!
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Hamlet. ... Good!
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Hamlet. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. (IV, 3, 46)

"I see a cherub that sees them" looks back to "th' observed of all observers" and the mutual spying that went on in act III; while "man and wife is one flesh" looks back to his earlier declaration:

I say we will have no more marriage: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. (III, 1, 145)

The fact is, as he now realises, one cannot harm one partner in a marriage bond without also harming the other. Hamlet cannot kill Claudius without also destroying his mother; he cannot implicate her in her husband's crime -

A bloody deed! - almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king and marry with his brother (III, 4, 28)

- without condemning her to the same punishment.
So the bonds of love, both filial and marital, are strong. But what of the bonds of honour, which enjoin revenge as a duty? Hamlet is pondering on their strength as he watches Fortinbras' army:

**Hamlet.** Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or for some frontier?

**Captain.** Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath no profit in it but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

**Hamlet.** Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

**Captain.** Yes, it is already garrison'd.

**Hamlet.** Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is th' inposthume of much wealth and peace

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies. (IV, 4, 15)

Hamlet is dying because the love of honour and revenge has undermined his peace. And yet, as he now sees, this motive can lead to the destruction of whole armies and treasuries. And for what? For nothing. For "a little patch of ground that hath in it no profit but the name".

It is in this questioning mood that he begins the famous soliloquy:

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! . . . (IV, 4, 32).

Fortinbras' army reminds him of the "honourable" course of action. But honour is not enough to take the 'dullness' from revenge. For there is something ridiculous in the love of honour taken to extremes, even if the courage that goes with it puts Hamlet's inactivity to shame:

Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? (46)

Hamlet is here on the verge of an important insight: namely, that as he suspected towards the end of act II, the ghost is in fact a devil, and the goal which he is urging him towards "a fantasy and trick" of his diseased imagination. But he quickly suppresses the thought—

O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! (65)

A ghost's honour is worth more to him than a mother's love.

The next scene, in which we see Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgement (IV, 5, 82) shows us where Hamlet's dividedness will ultimately lead. And her slightly obscene mad-songs reflect Hamlet's own obsession with lust:

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to 't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.

He answers:
'So would I 'a done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed'. (56)
Moreover, her brother's hardly less mad vengefulness shows us the true value of Hamlet's:

King. But to the quick of th' ulcer:
    Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
    To show yourself in-deed your father's son
    More than in words?
Laertes. To cut his throat i' th' church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise;
    Revenge should have no bounds. (IV, 7, 123)

Thus not only Claudius but also Ophelia and Laertes serve "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to" Hamlet's nature.
Act V

Act V is wholly concerned with death: in the first scene, suicide and bodily corruption are the main topics of conversation, while in the finale, Laertes, Claudius, Gertrude, and Hamlet himself follow Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in meeting with violent deaths.

Of course, death has never been far from the centre of attention. In the first act, the appearance of the ghost with his spine-chilling description of purgatory, made the most powerful impression. In act II, the consistency or "method" in Hamlet's madness consists in his harping on the theme of death:

Polonius. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
Hamlet. Into my grave?
Polonius. Indeed, that's out of the air... My lord, I take my leave of you.
Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal - except my life, except my life, except my life. (II, 2, 205, 213)

In act III, the 'not to be' pole of Hamlet's famous soliloquy is elaborated mainly in terms of the life after death. The same in act IV:

King. Where is Polonius?
Hamlet. In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger finds him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. (IV, 3, 32)

But the climax of this line of meditation is the graveyard scene in act V:

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole?
Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam where to he was converted might they not stop a bear-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. O, that the earth which kept the world in awe Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw! (V, 1, 197)

These melancholy thoughts are interrupted by Ophelia's funeral procession, and by Laertes' vehement protestation of his love for her — which goads the listless Hamlet into action:

Hamlet. 'Swounds, show me what th'out do: Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself, Woo't drink up eisal, eat a crocodile? I'll do't. Dost come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave — Be buried quick with her, and so will I; And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness, And thus awhile the fit will work on him; Anon, as patient as the female dove When that her golden couplets are disclos'd, His silence will sit drooping. (V, 1, 268)

The Queen is right: Hamlet's words are mere hysteria, springing from no great depth of feeling. For Thanatos, not Eros, is now the dominant power in his life.

And this induces a marked change in his behaviour during the final scene — he becomes fatalistic:

let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well, When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will. (V, 2, 7)
Chance is his divinity now - "belief in pure, blind luck can protect the individual from the remorse of knowing that something could and should have been done" (Goffman, 1967). Not that he has abandoned his plan - he has simply become more-detached about it:

Horatio. Why, what a king is this!
Hamlet. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon -
   He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother;
   Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
   Throw out his angle for my proper life,
   And with such coz'nage - is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil? (62)

And yet such words as "conscience" and "damn'd" carry less weight now.

For Hamlet is gradually, as it might seem, withdrawing himself from this world and its passions. "To die, to sleep" - he asks for no more; so that when Laertes challenges him to a duel, he shrugs off Horatio's caution with fatalistic calm:

Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come - the readiness is all.
Since no man knows of aught he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. (211)

Hamlet's attitude is: 'if I die now, I'll live later; if I live now, I'll die later. Let be.' It is the attitude of a suicide, a way of demonstrating his power in the face of repeated demonstrations of his impotence. For the alternatives have been specified with one hundred per cent certainty - Chance, the unpredictable, has been redefined so as to make it predictable. Thus "Chance lies in the attitude of the individual himself - his creative capacity to redefine the world around him into its decisional potentialities". (Goffman, 1967)
Schism in the Soul

We may summarise the preceding analysis by viewing it in the light of Arnold Toynbee's (1947) thesis on the historical phenomenon which he calls 'schism in the soul':

Schism in the souls of members of a disintegrating society displays itself in a variety of shapes because it arises in every one of the various ways of behaviour, feeling and life which we have found to be characteristic of the action of human beings who play their part in the geneeses and growths of civilisations. In the disintegration phase each of these single lines of action is apt to split into a pair of mutually antithetical and antipathetic variations or substitutes, in which the response to a challenge is polarised into two alternatives - one passive and the other active, but neither of them creative. A choice between the active and the passive option is the only freedom that is left to a soul which has lost the opportunity (though not, of course, the capacity) for creative action through being cast for a part in the tragedy of social disintegration. As the process of disintegration works itself out, the alternative choices tend to become more rigid in their limitations, more extreme in their divergence and more momentous in their consequences. That is to say, the spiritual experience of schism in the soul is a dynamic movement, not a static situation. (p. 429)

Now it is possible to see Hamlet as a study of "the spiritual experience of schism in the soul" resulting from an initial schism in the body social ("there is something rotten in the state of Denmark"), having as its centre-point a choice between "two alternatives - one passive and the other active" ("to be or not to be - that is the question"), and culminating in a total incapacity for any kind of creative action ("Let be").
Toynbee continues:

To begin with, there are two ways of personal behaviour which are alternative substitutes for the exercise of the creative faculty. Both of them are attempts at self-expression. The passive attempt consists in an abandon (ἐγκίνεσθαι) in which the soul 'lets itself go' in the belief that, by giving rein to its own spontaneous appetites and aversions, it will be 'living according to nature' and will automatically receive back from that mysterious goddess the precious gift of creativity which it has been conscious of losing. The active alternative is an effort at self-control (ἐγκλίνεσθαι) in which the soul 'takes itself in hand' and seeks to discipline its 'natural passions' in the opposite belief that nature is the bane of creativity and not its source and that to 'gain the mastery over nature' is the only way of recovering the lost creative faculty. (p.429)

Now the polarity between abandon and self-control is one of the leit-motive of Hamlet. Abandon (in a restrained kind of way) is to be seen in the frequent bawdiness of Hamlet's wit:

Hamlet. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? (Lying down at Ophelia's feet).
Ophelia. No, my lord.
Hamlet. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Ophelia. Ay, my lord.
Hamlet. Do you think I meant country matters?
Ophelia. I think nothing, my lord.
Hamlet. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
Ophelia. What is, my lord?
Hamlet. Nothing. (III, 2, 108)

On the other hand, we see Laertes (rather sententiously) urging his sister to self-control:

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmast'red importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon. (I, 3, 29)
Hamlet has the same concern in relation to his mother:

Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency. (III, 4, 165)

Toynbee's second polarity is between truancy and martyrdom:

The truancy of mere cowardice and the martyrdom of pure courage are not our concern. The truant soul of which we are in search is a soul whose truancy is inspired by a genuine feeling that the cause which it serves is not really worth the service that this cause demands of it. Similarly the martyr soul of which we are in search is the soul which goes to martyrdom not merely or mainly to render practical service to the furtherance of that cause but rather to satisfy a craving of the soul itself for deliverance from

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.
Such a martyr, noble as he may be, is psychologically more than half a suicide. He is, in modern jargon, an escapist, as is also of course our truant an escapist of a more ignoble variety. (pp. 441-2)

This description fits Hamlet perfectly. He feels that the cause he is serving - the avenging of his father's death - is not really worth the anguish which it brings him. Moreover, he sees through the hollowness of the ideals for which Fortinbras and his kind fight. And yet he also has the suicide's vocation; he cannot reconcile himself with the "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable ... uses of this world". He must be in order not to be, fight in order not to fight, act in order finally to cease from action.

A third polarity is that between the sense of drift and the sense of sin:
When we pass from the plane of behaviour to that of feeling, we may first take note of two ways of personal feeling which are the alternative reactions to a reversal of that movement of \textit{elan} in which the nature of growth seems to reveal itself. Both these feelings reflect a painful consciousness of being 'on the run' from forces of evil which have taken the offensive and established their ascendancy. The passive expression of this consciousness of continual and progressive moral defeat is a sense of drift. The routed soul is prostrated by a perception of its failure to control its environment; it comes to believe that the Universe, including the soul itself, is at the mercy of a power that is as irrational as it is invincible: the ungodly goddess with a double face who is propitiated under the name of Chance (\textit{τύχη}) or is endured under the name of Necessity (\textit{κακότητα}) — a pair of deities which have been given a literary incarnation in the choruses of Thomas Hardy's \textit{Dynasts}. Alternatively, the moral defeat which desolates the routed soul may be felt as a failure to master and control the soul's own self. In that case, instead of a sense of drift we have a sense of sin. (p. 430)

Again, we recognise Hamlet here. For although it is the sense of others' rather than his own sin which is usually uppermost in his mind, we have seen that this is at least partly to be explained by his feeling of having been himself contaminated by his mother's adultery. And we have also seen how this sense of sin is succeeded by a sense of drift in the last act.

Toynbee makes an interesting point in connection with this third polarity:

Our social reformers and philanthropists are very ready to see the sins of the poor as misfortunes due to external circumstances — 'What can you expect from the man, seeing that he was born in a slum?' And our psychoanalysts are equally ready to regard the sins of their patients as misfortunes due to internal circumstances, complexes and neuroses: in fact, to explain sin, and explain it away, as disease. In this line of thought they were anticipated by the philosophers of Samuel Butler's \textit{Erewhon}, where, as the reader may remember, poor Mr. Noænibor had to send for the family 'straightener' (\textit{docteur}) because he was suffering from an attack of embezzlement. (pp. 454-5)
This is a real issue - perhaps the basic one confronting what I have called a third-level approach to Hamlet. So I shall conclude this chapter with a brief discussion of it.

George Kelly wrote, in his paper 'Sin and Psychotherapy' (1962):

Man has always wondered if there isn't a relationship between evil and illness. At first he wondered if illness wasn't a symptom of evil. You remember Job decided that it wasn't, but was out-voted by his neighbours. More recently men have turned this hypothesis end-for-end and explored the possibility that evil is a symptom of illness. Understand and treat the illness, and the evil that tortures men's minds will evaporate. The only trouble with that apple that Adam ate was that it had worms in it. Treat his stomachache and he will be as good as new. (p. 184)

A third possibility is that what is appropriately described as evil at the phenomenological level is equally validly described as illness at a higher, more strictly psychological level - provided that, in coming to a diagnosis, the sense of sin (or lack of it) is accepted for what it is, not reduced to something which it is not. Thus we find Christ employing both levels of discourse, without inconsistency, in the course of a single sentence:

They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. (Mark 2:17)

The important point is that the best remedy for a sinner's pain, even from a medical point of view, may be for the sinner to view it from a moral point of view, i.e. to confess and repent of it.

Now our discussion of Hamlet introduces a further dimension to
the problem. For ultimately *Hamlet* is not about the sense of sin, nor about ways of dealing with it, but about how a would-be confessor/analyst destroys himself through doing an unprofessional job on himself. *Hamlet* begins with an overwhelming sense of the sin of the world around him, combined with a somewhat less strong sense of his personal responsibility. Then "honour", or the ghost, suggests to him a course of action which would both cure the disease and punish the sinners. But in order to carry out this action he must suppress his own guilt-feelings and destroy his love for his mother — which only makes him feel more guilty about the whole thing. Finding himself unable to carry out the task, he thinks of suicide, indulges in some unconvincing rationalisations (e.g. too much thought, or "conscience", inhibits action), and mounts a furious attack on his mother (to whom he links, by analogy, his lover) in an effort to prove that she is too sinful to be lovable. Failing in this, too, he begins to question the ethics of the "honourable" course of action. But by now his thinking has become very confused, so he relapses into the simplest, as well as the most comforting, philosophy: fatalism. Sin is not sin, but the inevitable result of chance factors. Having thus absolved, by deceiving, himself, he goes to his death in "peace".

A sad tale, certainly, but one which perhaps helps us to understand these words in a more fully reflexive sense:

> The important thing to remember is ... that the moment man gives up the enterprise (of seeking to answer the question of what is good and what is evil he is lost. The psychologist who attempts to assist his fellow man should keep this truth central to his practice. The task is to assist the individual man in what is singularly the most important undertaking in his life, the fullest possible understanding of the nature of good and evil.)

(Kelly, 1962, p. 186)
3. The Psychology of Shakespearean Man
A person, writes Lossky (1957), can be expressed only in a work of art. If this is so, then we should expect artists to be able to tell us much about personality. And what artist more than "our myriad-minded Shakespeare", as Coleridge called him?

Shakespeare the man or Shakespearean man?

The question is: which person - the poet himself, his fictional characters, or some universal Shakespearean man - is primarily revealed to us in the pages of The Complete Works? There would seem to be powerful objections against the first of these alternatives, that it is Shakespeare himself whom we see. Thus with regard to the biographical approach to literature, Wellek & Warren (1962) write:

One cannot, from fictional statements, especially those made in plays, draw any valid inference from as to the biography of a writer. One may gravely doubt even the usual view that Shakespeare passed through a period of depression, in which he wrote his tragedies and his bitter comedies, to achieve some serenity of resolution in The Tempest. It is not self-evident that a writer needs to be in a tragic mood to write tragedies or that he writes comedies when he feels pleased with life. There is simply no proof for the sorrows of Shakespeare. He cannot be made responsible for the views of Timon or Macbeth on life, just as he cannot be considered to hold the views of Doll Tarsheet or Iago. There is no reason to believe that Prospero speaks like Shakespeare: authors cannot be assigned the ideas, feelings, views, virtues, and vices of their heroes. And this is true not only of dramatic characters or characters in a novel but also of the I of the lyrical poem. The relation between the private life and the work is not a simple relation of cause and effect. (pp. 76-7)

Agreed: but is there not some kind of relation between the private life and the work? After all, the work is the product of this mind and
not of another, and moulded by his experience and not by another's.

Wellek & Warren seem to admit this when they go on to say:

The biographical approach ignores also quite simple psychological facts. A work of art may rather embody the 'dream' of an author than his actual life, or it may be the 'mask', the 'anti-self' behind which his real person is hiding, or it may be a picture of the life from which the author wants to escape. Furthermore, we must not forget that the artist may 'experience life differently in terms of his art: actual experiences are seen with a view to their use in literature and come to him already partially shaped by artistic traditions and preconceptions. (p. 78)

It is for the psychologist to determine whether a work is the direct self-expression of an author, or his dream, mask or anti-self. Biographical evidence could presumably help him to decide between these alternatives.

However, can the work not be seen in a personal light without the use of biographical data? Wellek & Warren appear to admit this possibility:

We read Dante or Goethe or Tolstoy and know that there is a person behind the work. There is an indubitable physiognomical similarity between the writings of one author. The question might be asked, however, whether it would not be better to distinguish sharply between the empirical person and the work, which can be called 'personal' only in a metaphorical sense. There is a quality which we may call 'Miltonic' or 'Keatsian' in the work of their authors. But this quality can be determined on the basis of the works themselves, while it may not be ascertainable upon purely biographical evidence. We know what is 'Virgilian' or 'Shakespearean' without having any really definite biographical knowledge of the two great poets. (p. 79)

And C. Day Lewis (1965) says (with reference to Thomas Hardy's poem To An Unborn Pauper Child): "there is a kind of poetry in which the
poet, not burrowing towards the roots of his own experience, not swaddling himself in his own many-coloured sensations, but looking freely outwards upon the human situation, may all unwittingly give us a creative image of himself".

Much, if not all of Shakespeare's poetry is personal in this sense; it gives us a creative image of himself without being intentionally autobiographical. Or perhaps we should say that his self-image is The Complete Works, taken as a whole. If so, then a study of Shakespeare's Complete Works might serve to confirm the critic Northrop Frye's (1970) hypothesis, that "a study of a poet's whole work might form the basis of a kind of 'psychological' criticism that would operate within literature, and so provide some balance for the kind that ends in the bosom of Freud". This would be in accord with another famous critic's judgement, that "the whole of Shakespeare's work is one poem" (Eliot, 1932). For "if any one of Shakespeare's plays were omitted we should not be able to understand the rest as well as we do". (Eliot, 1933).

One could argue, however, that it is only to the created characters or dramatis personae that one should look for the psychological truth to be gleaned from Shakespeare. For, as Langer (1953) points out, characters and their situations in drama "become visible on the stage, transparent and complete, as their analogues in the world are not". She then cites the German critic Peter Richard Rohden:

What distinguishes a character on stage from a 'real' person? Obviously the fact that the former stands before us as a fully articulated whole. Our fellowmen we
always perceive only in a fragmentary fashion, and our power of self-observation is usually reduced, by vanity and cupidity, to zero. What we call 'dramatic illusion' is, therefore, the paradoxical phenomenon that we know more about the mental processes of a Hamlet than about our own inner life. For the poet-actor Shakespeare shows not only the deed, but also its motives, and indeed more perfectly than we ever see them together in actual life."

The performance will be still more instructive from a psychological point of view if the character portrayed therein is representative of the whole of humanity, or if we can say of him as C.S. Lewis (1942) claims we can say of Hamlet: "He is always where I am."

A good illustration of Rohden's point is provided by the 'play within the play' scene from Hamlet. For in the performance of the Player King Claudius sees himself more clearly than when he relied on his own power of self-observation "reduced, by vanity and cupidity, to zero":

Ophelia. The King rises.
Hamlet. What, frightened with false fire!
Queen. How fares my lord?
Polonius. Give o'er the play.
King. Give me some light. Away!
Polonius. Lights, lights, lights!

(Exeunt all but Hamlet & Horatio).

False fire lights up a false king's murky soul; the truth of the mask strips off the mask from the truth. Thus Hamlet has succeeded in the plan that he devised when he said,

The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. (II, 2, 600)

But if Hamlet had been able to see himself in Hamlet as Claudius saw himself in The Murder of Gonzago, he, too, might have had a shock. For then (if the psychoanalytic theory is correct) he would have seen how
his censure of Claudius' "seeming" was a means of his own self-deception, and how his passionate interest in Claudius' crime concealed his own desire to commit the same crime himself. He would have seen that, in saying to his mother,

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife; And - would it were not so! - you are my mother, (III, 4, 15) he was in fact expressing his desire to kill her husband's brother and make her his queen and wife. And he would have seen that, in joking with the king:

Hamlet. Farewell, dear mother. King. Thy loving father, Hamlet. Hamlet. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother (IV, 3, 49) he was in fact expressing his desire to exchange the same-flesh relationship of mother and son into the one-flesh relationship of husband and wife. Thus when, at length, "th'observ'd of all observers", dying, looks out upon his audience both within and without the play:

You that look pale and tremble at this chance, That are but mutes or audience to this act, (V, 2, 326) we can in some measure appreciate the futility and danger of psychological observation and analysis when undertaken by those who have not yet cleansed the vision of their own mind's eye.

These are the kinds of insights that can be gained both by the psychologist and by his patients through a study of dramatic characterisation. Now it is, of course, true that, as Wellek & Warren point out:

Much great art continuously violates standards of psychology, either contemporary with it or subsequent. It works with improbable situations, with fantastic motifs. Like the demand for social realism, psychological truth is a naturalistic standard without universal validity. (p. 92)
But is it not rather the 'standards of psychology' which are often wrong in such comparisons? Are there not often more things in the mind of man than are dreamt of in our psychologies, restricted as they are by very narrow criteria of what is real—or possible? Did not many people dismiss Freud's discoveries as fairy tales, whereas he praised the poets, especially Shakespeare, as being the best psychologists? And was it not a novelist, Dostoevsky, who displayed such psychological and spiritual acumen in his writings that "the intellectual felt that Dostoevsky understood him as no one else" (Vitaly, 1972)? Let us recall Aristotle's remark that the function of the poet is to describe "the kinds of things that might happen, that is, that could happen because they are, in the circumstances, either probable or necessary". Shakespeare's portrayal of, for example, Iago extends the range of our psychological knowledge by showing how behaviour which might at first seem very improbable—mere "motiveless malignity", in Coleridge's phrase—is in fact very probable (if not necessary) given the motives that Shakespeare shows him to have, the circumstances in which he places him, and the cooperation of the dark powers which, as several of the characters hint (V, 2, 211, 224, 280), wait on the fallen nature of man.

But there is a third alternative: that through the variety of his fictional characters, each unique and particular, the reality of universal human nature is revealed—which is, of course, Shakespeare's own nature also. This nature may be said to mediate, as it were, between the person of the dramatist, on the one hand, and the dramatis personæ, on the other. It is neither Shakespeare, nor Othello, Lear or Macbeth,
but the common soil out of which each of these persons grows —
Shakespearean man.

Coleridge was speaking of this 'Shakespearean man' when he said:

Shakspere shaped his characters out of the nature within; but we cannot so safely say, out of his own nature as an individual person. No! this latter is itself but a nature naturata, — an effect, a product, not a power. It was Shakspere's prerogative to have the universal, which is potential in each particular, opened out to him, the homo generalis, not as an abstraction from observations of a variety of men, but as the substance capable of endless modifications, of which his own personal existence was but one, and to use this one as the eye that beheld the other, and as the tongue that could convey the discovery. (pp.347-8)

In another passage, he wrote that, in all Shakespeare's characters, "we still find ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours". And he went on to say that the excellence of the method of Shakespeare's works consists in "that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science", (p.486).

Similar to the universal nature/particular person distinction is that implied in the following passage by G. Wilson Knight (1951):

Interpretation... must be soaked in the dramatic consciousness; and the more we attend to such elements, the more often we shall find ourselves directed instinctively to form groups of themes, poetical colourings, throughout the plays. The dramatic persons and their names change from play to play: but the life they live, the poetic air they breathe, the fate that strikes or the joy that crowns them, the symbols and symphonies of dramatic poetry, these are not so variable. They are Shakespearean. More, they are Shakespeare. (p. 22)
But they are Shakespearean more than they are Shakespeare; for whereas the image of Shakespeare the man, the particular person, is the whole of *The Complete Works*, the image of Shakespearean man, universal human nature, is only those themes, symbols and roles which interpretation picks out as recurring from play to play.

Frye (1970) has pointed out that "every poet has his own distinctive structure of imagery, which usually emerges even in his earliest work, and which does not and cannot essentially change". The 'distinctive structure' of Shakespeare's imagery has been analysed by Clemens (1966). But no corresponding analysis has been undertaken of the distinctive structure of Shakespeare's themes and roles, which (especially the roles) one would expect to be more immediately and obviously relevant to an elucidation of his views on human nature. For, as St. John Chrysostom says, "a man cannot be shown without acting" (*Homily XIII on Ephesians*). Hence in the following sections five roles together with their associated dichotomous constructs will be briefly examined: - the lover: lust or chastity, the soldier: pride or humility, the ruler: wrath or mercy, the creator: dream or reality, the creature: noise or harmony.
1. **The Lover: Lust or Chastity**

The third of Shakespeare's seven ages of man is that of

- The lover,

  Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
  Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

*As You Like It, II, 7.*

who appears frequently in the early comedies and, of course, in *Romeo and Juliet*. But side by side with the relatively innocuous figure of the romantic minstrel is the much more sinister one of the rapist, whom we first see as Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The poet Ted Hughes (1971) has argued that the conflict between the roles of the chaste lover and the lustful rapist is the taproot of the Shakespearean *oeuvre*, so that the "symbolic fable" or myth "which nearly all his greatest passages tell, and which most of his plays in some form or other tell again" is "the posing of a chronic sexual dilemma, a highly dramatic and interesting collision of forces".

The elements of the fable, says Hughes, are all present, though imperfectly integrated, in *Titus Andronicus* (1593-4). But it is in the long poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1592) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1593), that we see "the whole fable, beautifully intact and very precisely analysed".

In the first a love-goddess - the love-goddess - tries to rape Adonis, a severely puritan youth. In the second, the lust-possessed king, Tarquin, rapes the severely puritan young wife, Lucrece. (p. 189)

The link between the two poems is the wild boar that kills Adonis, which, according to Hughes, symbolises

- his own repressed lust - crazed and bestialised by being separated from his intelligence and denied.
The Venus which he refused became a demon and supplanted his consciousness. (p. 192)

The result is that Adonis becomes Tarquin and rapes Lucrece.

The first of Shakespeare's Adonis-Tarquins is Richard Crookback who, having suffered rejection as a lover because of his physical deformity (3 Henry VI, III, 3, 146-71; Richard III, I, 1, 1-31), begins his reign as Richard the Third by seducing Queen Anne, before going on to rape the body politic of England. Then there is the 'I' of Sonnet 144:

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
Which like two angels do suggest me still;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.  

The possible relation of this poem to real persons or events in Shakespeare's life is not my concern here (Moss, 1974b). The interesting feature of it is the coexistence of a feminine principle of lust, Venus, whose character is "foul pride", with a masculine principle of chastity, Adonis, and an ambivalent 'I' figure who fears that his chastity will become corrupted by pride and thus turn into lust. For, as another great English poet, Langland, said: "Chastity without Charity is chained in Hell". (quoted in Rossiter, 1961). The great tragedies from Hamlet onwards may be construed as successively more accurate and profound attempts to represent what happens when Venus gets under the
skin of Adonis, when Shakespearean man's "bad angel" fires his good one out.

However, there is an approximately seven-year gap between *Richard III* and *Hamlet* during which the myth in its more explicit form seems to disappear. Instead, we are given a series of lessons on the nature of love. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost* (1593-4) we learn that chastity is not achieved by an act of will alone:

> For every man with his affects is born,
> Not by might master'd, but by special grace. (I, 1, 149)

*Romeo and Juliet* (1595) presents the possibility of a love which is sexual and yet stronger than death. But *A Midsummer Night's Dream* pours scorn on this idea: the tomb scene from *Romeo and Juliet* is parodied in Pyramus and Thisby's 'play within the play', and the lover is represented as being a madman who

> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. (V, 1, 11)

In *The Merchant of Venice* (1596-7) we learn that "all that glisters is not gold", and that true love is often hidden behind a dull exterior:

> Thus ornament is but the gull'd shore
> To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
> Veiling an Indian beauty... (III, 2, 97)

A darker note is sounded in *Much Ado About Nothing* (1597-8), when Claudio accuses Hero of unchastity:

> **Hero.** And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?  
> **Claudio.** Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it.  
> You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
> As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
> But you are more intemperate in your blood
> Than Venus, or those pomp'red animals
> That rage in savage sensuality. (IV, 1, 54)

But if *Much Ado* reminds us of Venus, *As You Like It* (1598-9) reminds us
of Adonis:

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity
as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana.
A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more
 religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

(III, 4, 12)

In Twelfth Night (1599–1600) we think of Venus' lament after her rejection
by Adonis, as Viola tells Orsino, whom she secretly loves, of one who

never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. (II, 4, 109)

In The Merry Wives of Windsor, finally, a comedy written at the beginning
of the tragic period, Shakespeare's moral is clear for all to see:

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. (V, 5, 91)

Thus the middle-period comedies are preoccupied with the theme of the
nature of romantic love, becoming more pessimistic and darker in tone
as the turn of the century approaches.

With Hamlet (1600–01), finally, the myth resurfaces. Thus Hughes:

Hamlet is Adonis, half-possessed by Venus (his black
suit), refusing to become Tarquin complete. His
madness is the first fear of the rip in his mind —
through which the boar will enter. When Ophelia
dies her flower-death, we know it has happened:
Hamlet must now act out his Tarquin destiny — but
in full consciousness, and resisting all the way,
and never quite ceasing to be Adonis. It is the
death of Adonis in very slow motion. (p. 195)
This madness (and this death) is in fact the central theme of most of the plays from Hamlet to The Winter's Tale (1610):

Hamlet, looking at Ophelia, sees his mother in bed with his uncle and goes mad; Othello, looking at his pure wife, sees Cassio's whore, and goes mad; Macbeth, looking at the throne of Scotland, and listening to his wife, hears the witches, the three faces of Hecate, and the invitation of Hell, and goes mad; Lear, looking at Cordelia, sees Goneril and Regan and goes mad; Antony, looking at his precious queen, sees the ribaudred nag of Egypt betraying him 'to the very heart of loss' and goes — in a sense — mad; Timon, looking at his loving friends, sees the wolfpack of Athenian creditors and greedy whores and goes mad; Coriolanus, looking at his wife and mother, sees the Roman mob who want to tear him to pieces, and begins to act like a madman; Posthumus, looking at his bride, who of his 'lawful pleasure oft restrained' him, sees the one Iachimo mounted 'like a full-acorned boar' and begins to act like a madman. (pp. 192-3)

We might describe this, in Kleinian terms, as the projection of an internal bad object on to the world outside. And certainly, such terms as 'projection', 'dissociation' and 'object-splitting' come naturally to mind when hearing Hamlet's tirade against his mother:

Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. 
See what a grace was seated on this brow; 
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; 
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; 
A station like the herald Mercury 
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill — 
A combination and a form indeed 
Where every god did seem to set his seal, 
To give the world assurance of a man. 
This was your husband. Look you now what follows: 
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear 
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? 
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, 
and batter on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes? 
You cannot call it love; for at your age 
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble, 
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgement 
Could step from this to this? (III, 4, 53)

—-'You cannot call it love' — here is the basic dichotomy which was first explored in Venus and Adonis:
'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled, 
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name; 
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed 
Upon fresh beauty, doting it with blame; 
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves, 
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain, 
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain: 
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done. 
Love surfeits not: Lust like a glutton dies. 
Love is all truth: Lust full of forged lies.' (793)

But the horror at this degradation of love, or rather, its disintegration into two loves, one of which is no love at all, is most vividly expressed in Troilus and Cressida (1601-2), in which the betrayed Troilus is, like Hamlet, "Adonis, half-possessed by Venus":

This she? No; this is Diomed's Cressida. 
If beauty have a soul, this is not she; 
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies, 
If there be rule in unity itself, 
This was not she. O madness of discourse, 
That cause sets up with and against itself! 
Bifold authority! where reason can revolt 
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason 
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. 
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight 
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable 
Divides more wider than the sky and earth; 
And yet the spacious breadth of this division 
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 
As Ariadne's broken woof to enter. 
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself: 
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd; 
And with another knot, five-finger-tied, 
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, 
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics 
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. (V, 2, 135)

"This is, and is not Cressid" : the role of the faithful lover, on the model of Juliet, is giving way to that of the fickle whore. "If there be rule in unity itself" : the unity of the concept of sexual love now "divides more wider than the sky and earth", or sexless love and loveless lust' (Moss 1974b).
Othello (1603) represents what is the clearest paradigm so far of Shakespeare's myth, with Othello playing the role of Adonis-Tarquin possessed by Venus, and Desdemona the role of Lucrece. Thus Othello's outburst —

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again

— recalls Venus on the death of Adonis:

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain
And, beauty dead, black chaos is come again.

But then he switches back to being Adonis, projecting Venus on to Desdemona:

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.
Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels.

Finally, seduced by Iago's cynical argument that Desdemona's love is merely "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will", he turns completely into Tarquin and kills her.

Iago's argument is examined in more detail in the two 'problem comedies' which Shakespeare wrote at about the same time as Othello: All's Well That Ends Well and Measure for Measure. The opening scene of All's Well contains a dialogue between Helena and Parolles on virginity, which is given relevance by the fact that Helena is in love with Parolles' master, Bertram. Bertram rejects Helena's love, as Adonis rejects Venus. So Helena invokes Venus' son, Cupid, to her
Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. (II, 3, 72)

But no sooner has she won him (as a reward for healing the King) than he flees from her to Italy, whereupon she begins to repent of her Venus-like role (III, 2, 98-121). Her repentance is not deep, however; for she eventually recaptures him by means of a 'bed-trick', substituting herself for another woman by his side. But this only increases her reaction against all the works of Venus:

O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night. So lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away. (IV, 4, 21)

We remember The Rape of Lucrece:

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination.
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination. (701)

The comedy of love has come very close to becoming a tragedy of lust.

There is another 'bed-trick' in Measure for Measure, whereby Mariana wins back Angelo for herself. But in this play the focus is less on the woman than the man, and his transformation from Adonis into Tarquin. Thus at the beginning we hear that

Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. (I, 3, 50)

However, remembering Rosaline's maxim in Love's Labour's Lost —

The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. (V, 2, 73)
we are prepared for Angelo's fall from grace (II, 2, 160-187), and his subsequent admission:

    Blood, thou art blood. 
    Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn;  
    'Tis not the devil's crest.  

Shakespeare's analysis of Angelo is as good a study of the psychological effects of repression as any of Freud's case-histories.

In Timon of Athens, the invective against lust and sexual hypocrisy reaches fever pitch:

    Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
    It is her habit only that is honest,  
    Herself's a bawd.  

In King Lear, in which Goneril and Regan represent lust and Cordelia chastity, the passion continues unabated:

    Behold you simp'ring dame  
    Whose face between her forks pressages snow,  
    That minces virtue and does shake the head  
    To hear of pleasure's name -  
    The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't  
    With a more riotous appetite.  

But with Antony and Cleopatra (1606-7), we return to a more idealistic vision:

    Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
    Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor  
    But was a race of heaven.  

There is less of that savage cynicism which we find in Troilus and Cressida:

    How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger tickles these two together! Fry, lecher, fry!  

A tenderer feeling holds sway:

    I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.
This is not to say that the Shakespearean myth and its passions are absent. Thus the opening speech of Philo (I, 1, 1-10) casts Cleopatra very much in the role of Venus, which role she continues to play until Antony's death. And Antony's rage at Cleopatra's fickleness reminds us very much of Othello's Tarquin-like tantrums against Desdemona (III, 13, 105-131; IV, 12, 10-39). But while Othello never forgave Desdemona her supposed infidelity, Antony both forgave Cleopatra her real weakness and wept for pardon himself. Thus his death-scene constitutes the first real reconciliation of the man and the woman, Adonis-Tarquin and Venus-Lucrece, in Shakespeare, combining the power of the tragedies with the lyricism of the romantic comedies and Romeo and Juliet:

**Cleopatra.** O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!
The varying shore o'th' world. O Antony,
Anthony, Antony! Help, Charmian; help, Ira, help;
Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

**Antony.** Peace!
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

**Cleopatra.** So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

**Antony.** I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

**Cleopatra.** I dare not, dear.
Dear my lord, pardon! I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th'imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me. If knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony —
Help me, my woman — we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

**Antony.** 0, quick, or I am gone.

**Cleopatra.** Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little. Wishers were ever fools. O come, come, come, They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd. Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power, Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!
Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying... (IV, 15, 9)

Cleopatra's metamorphosis is completed after Antony's death, when by a death matching his she sheds the fickle, Venus-like elements of her nature:

Husband, I come. Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. (V, 2, 285)

Like the Phoenix, like Shakespeare's "poor soul" in Sonnet 146, she is reborn from the ashes of her former life:

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men, And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Octavius Caesar's description of her when dead -

she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace. (V, 2, 343)

- reminds us of The Rape of Lucrece:

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace. (712)

But it is Grace, not Desire, that in Shakespeare's eyes has triumphed at the end of Antony and Cleopatra. And it is neither Venus and Adonis nor The Rape of Lucrece, but the last and most mysterious of Shakespeare's narrative poems, The Phoenix and Turtle, that gives us the clue to the play's meaning:

Death is now the phoenix' nest; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest.
Leaving no posterity —
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.  (56)

This is the ideal whose reality Shakespeare was always trying to ascertain: the ideal of a love which is both sexual and chaste. *Antony and Cleopatra* is his 'proof' that such a love is possible.

In the final plays, Shakespeare does not explore any new aspect of the role of the lover, but is content to echo themes from the tragedies (especially *Othello*), while recontinuing his invective against lust.

Thus Marina in *Pericles*:

> If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. (IV, 4, 100)

And Iachimo in *Cymbeline*:

> The cloyed will — That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub Both fill'd and running — ravening first the lamb, Longs after for the garbage. (I, 6, 46)

And Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*:

> There have been, Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; And many a man there is, even at this present, Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th'arm That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour. (I, 2, 190)

Even in the lyrical music of *The Tempest*, the struggle between lust (personified by Caliban) and chastity (Miranda) is never far from the surface. Thus Prospero to his future son-in-law, Ferdinand:

> Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition, Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But If thou dost break her virgin-knot before All sanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy rite be minist'red,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ev'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both...
Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th'fire i'th'blood. (IV, 1, 13, 51)

So the spectre described in Sonnet 129 still haunted Shakespeare at the end:

Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action...

And yet we can see in the "brave new world" of The Tempest a glimpse of that vision of true, chaste love towards which Shakespeare has been groping since the early comedies, and of which he had already given the clearest expression several years before, in Sonnet 116:

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 wond'ring 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.
2. The Soldier: Pride or Humility

The fourth of Shakespeare's seven ages of man is that of the soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. *As You Like It*, II, 7, 150.

But this is the lower kind of soldier, seeking only his own honour and reputation, and inflated by pride. There is another kind of soldier who humbly subordinates his own honour to that of God, king and country. Both kinds are to be found in Shakespeare's histories and tragedies.

And the conflict between the two kinds of honour-seeking, the one proud and self-centred and the other humble and self-sacrificing, constitutes the second main source of tension in Shakespearean man.

The emptiness of human vainglory is unforgottably expressed by Hastings in *Richard III*, just after he has heard the sentence of his own execution:

0 momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.  

*(III, 4, 98)*

His executioner, Richard Crookback, had already told in *3 Henry VI*, of the self-imposed isolation which ambition involves, just after killing Henry VI:

I have not brother, I am like no brother;  
And this word 'love', which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me! I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  (V, 6, 80)

The irony is Richard's day of doom is the occasion of another Henry's
triumph—on Bosworth field. And then soldier Richard finds all his
courage drain away, his loneliness too much for him to bear:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No—yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why—
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself.  (Richard III, V, 3, 182)

In King John (1596-7), the bastard Faulconbridge is at first a
soldier of the self-seeking, avaricious kind: He acquires a noble name
and serves the highest bidder:

Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.  (III, 3, 12)

He sees that avarice, "commodity", is "the bias of the world"; and so,

Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.  (II, 1, 597)

For ambition is a spiritual avarice.

But over the dead body of Prince Arthur he begins to change:

Go, bear him in thy arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th'teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of-wrested pomp.  (IV, 3, 138)

Disgusted by ambition, he turns to the true honour; and by the end of
the play he has become a selfless defender of legitimate authority.

The same theme is elaborated, in considerably more detail, in the
tetralogy of histories, Richard II, Henry IV parts 1 and 2, and Henry V.
Thus personal honour and ambition is the motive of the duel between
Mowbray and Bolingbroke at the beginning of Richard II. Mowbray to the
King:

My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.  (I, 1, 176)

This seems selfless, but is not. More obviously vainglorious is Hotspur's
bravado in 1 Henry IV:

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corruvall all her dignities.  (I, 3, 201)

Falstaff, however, has no such high opinion of a soldier's honour:

Falstaff.  'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him
before his day.  What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word? Honour. What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. (V, I, 126)

This is an honourable excuse for cowardice. And certainly, Honour, "past reason hunted", becomes, "no sooner had, past reason hated" - as Bolingbroke, now King Henry the Fourth, very eloquently describes:

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

(2 Henry IV, III, 1, 5)
It is left to his son, who has already destroyed Hotspur's honour ("Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!"), to show that the kingly crown can be worn, if not without anxiety, at any rate without shame. For in Henry V he goes into battle, not for his personal reputation, but for the sake of England's honour. Not that the Chorus does not have its doubts -

And so our scene must to the battle fly; Where - O for pity! - we shall much disgrace With four or five most vile and ragged foils, Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous, The name of Agincourt. (IV, Prologue, 48)

And King Henry, although fully aware of the emptiness of that "idol Ceremony", is nevertheless conscious that he is attracted by it:

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, Nor care I who doth not feed upon my cost; It yearns me not if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. (IV, 3, 24)

But after the victory he foregoes all opportunity for self-aggrandisement, for which the Chorus commends him:

'He forbids it, Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself to God. (V, Prologue, 19)

This, in Shakespeare's eyes, is the true honour: not proud, self-seeking ambition, but humble, self-effacing service and obedience.

But this obedience is not without suffering, especially for him whom all others obey:

Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins, lay on the King! We must bear all: O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own ringing! What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony - save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?... (IV, 1, 226)

However, by fighting for the true honour and bearing with the ceremony,
he can atone for the dishonour of his father:

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,
Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if th'opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not today, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!... (IV, 1, 285)

Honour rates higher than love in the soldier's scale of values, and
Shakespeare gives us several examples of a soldier's wife suffering,
e.g. Blanch in *King John* (III, 2, 300-16), Lady Percy in *1 Henry IV*
(II, 3, 33-99), and Portia in *Julius Caesar* (II, 1, 278-303). And the
conflict between love and honour becomes a major theme of the tragedies.
Thus Hamlet sacrifices his love for Ophelia on the altar of his dead
father's honour; Troilus justifies the Trojans' refusal to give back
Helen to her lawful husband on the grounds that she is "a theme of
honour and renown"; Othello murders Desdemona because her supposed
infidelity is a stain on his soldier's honour; Lear disinherits the daughter
he loves most because of her refusal to flatter him; Macbeth kills the
king he loves because he cannot bear his wife's taunts of unmanliness;
Antony is torn between his Egyptian love and his Roman honour;
Coriolanus turns against the city he has loved and served all his life
because of their ingratitude; and Timon does the same.
Particularly instructive is *Othello*, in which Othello's honour as a soldier is so intimately bound with his success as a lover that when her 'honour' (i.e. chastity) is impugned by 'honest' (i.e. honourable) Iago, he mourns first of all his career as a soldier:

I had been happy if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known. O, now for ever Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content! Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife, The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war! And O ye mortal engines whose rude throats Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone. (III, 3, 349)

It is his soldier's honour that has won him the heart of Desdemona:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd; And I lov'd her that she did pity them. (I, 3, 167)

And it is his concern for his reputation that Iago uses to bring him to destruction:

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls: Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him And makes me poor indeed. (III, 3, 159)

He murders Desdemona for honour's sake:

An honourable murderer, if you will; For nought I did in hate, but all in honour. (V, 2, 297)

And he kills himself to salvage some of his soldier's honour:

Set you down this: And say besides that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state, I took by th'throat—'the circumcised dog, And smote him—thus. He stabs himself. (V, 2, 354)
For "why should honour outlive honesty?"

Iago also loves his honour as a soldier. That is why he is jealous of the man who has pipped him for the post of Othello's lieutenant:

Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; 'For, certes,' says he
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoret,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he — mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. (I, 1, 8)

And just as Othello's vanity leads him to suspect Desdemona, so Iago leads him to suspect both Desdemona (with Cassio) and his own wife Emilia (with the Moor).

Another soldier-machiavel is Edmund in King Lear, who, like Falconbridge in King John, is a bastard who succeeds (temporarily) in supplanting his legitimate brother, Edgar. He invokes 'Nature' as his goddess (II, 1, 1-22), and the duel that he has with Edgar at the end of the play is really a duel between two rival conceptions of what is natural and legitimate — that expressed in the principle 'might is right', according to which honour is due to the strongest, no matter how he gains his strength; and that of 'God is right', whereby honour
is due to legitimate kings and parents, however weak they may be (Danby, 1952). The legitimate Edgar wins, and Edmund repents — the first such character to do so in the Shakespearean series.

The next in the series, Macbeth, is presented at the beginning of the play as the model soldier — brave, loyal and obedient (I, 2, 7-68). But while the witches stimulate his latent pride and ambition, his wife taunts him with the charge of cowardice:

Lady Macbeth. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would',
Like the poor cat i'th'adage?

Macbeth. Prithhee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none. (I, 7, 39)

Just as Othello killed Desdemona to wipe out the shame of his supposed cuckoldry, so Macbeth murders Duncan to stifle the taunts of his wife:

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinell, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravish ing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. (II, 1, 49)

Macbeth is Tarquin, fusing in his person the images of the lover-rapist and soldier-murderer; and the setting of his crime is described in the words of Lucrece's lament:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled baud! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whisp'ring conspirator,
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!...' (764)
Macbeth is indeed a "reviser"; for he kills in order to assert his sexual adequacy. And when the ghost of Banquo appears, he is again haunted by the fear of being called unmanly:

Lady Macbeth. — What, quite unmann'd in folly?..  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mock'ry, hence! (Exit Ghost)  
Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again. (III, 4, 73, 99)

His courage finally fails - and then only temporarily - only when he is faced with a man not born of a woman:

Macbeth. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.  
Macduff. Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.  
Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man. (V, 8, 12)

His "better part of man" is the masculine side of his nature, that part which is wedded to the ideal of martial honour and glory. The other, feminine side is represented by the ideal of love, "th' milk of human kindness". When his wife betrays her femininity, Macbeth is abandoned to a sterile masculinity - not his, but "the seeds of Banquo kings", was the witches' prophecy. Macbeth's fate shows, more clearly than the fate of any other literary hero, the result of sacrificing femininelove for the sake of masculine honour.

Coriolanus is no less obsessed by this masculine honour. And in his mother Volumnia he has a virile a female relation as Macbeth's own
spouse (I, 3, 1-25). But when Coriolanus, enraged by the people's
ingratitude for his service in the field against Rome's enemies, turns
against his native city, his mother changes her tune:

**Coriolanus.** Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
false to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

**Volumnia.** O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

**Coriolanus.** Let go.

**Volumnia.** You might have been enough the man you are
With striving less to be so. (III, 2, 14)

But Coriolanus continues with his chosen course. And it is only when
he meets his whole family again outside the gates of Rome that he begins
to melt:

**Coriolanus.** Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, 'Forgive our Romans'. O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgins'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsealed. Sink, my knee, i'th'earth; (Kneels
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

**Volumnia.** O stand up blest!
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. (Kneels

**Coriolanus.** What's this?
Your knees to me, to your corrected son?
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work. (V, 3, 40)

By this reversal of roles, a reversal in the hero's own soul takes place:
masculine pride is conquered by feminine humility; the warrior is redeemed
by his womenfolk. The exactly opposite reversal had taken place in the previous play, Antony and Cleopatra, when Cleopatra's feminine fickleness gave way to a masculine constancy of spirit:

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. (V, 2, 236)

Thus in his last two tragedies — which T.S. Eliot (1919) considered his most successful — Shakespeare achieved a reconciliation and fusion of the masculine, self-assertive principle of honour and the feminine, self-transcending principle of love; a fusion which, when translated into the terms of the aggressive and sexual emotions, is considered by Koestler (1964) to be the psychological function of all great art.

The theme of ambition reappears in the last plays (e.g. Pericles II, 4, 60-3; Cymbeline III, 3, 49-55); but it is not until Henry VIII (1613) that it again becomes of major importance. For in the two main characters of the earlier acts, Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Katherine, we see the two kinds of honour-seeking, self-centred and self-effacing, very clearly represented. Thus Wolsey is "the great child of honour" who seeks only his own:

All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please. (II, 2, 45)

Katherine, on the other hand, seeks only her husband's honour:

That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour nor
the dignity of your office, is the point of
My petition. (I, 2, 14)

But when Wolsey, having engineered the Queen's disgrace, falls from
Favour himself, he displays a moving repentance:

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a-frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new-open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again...
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all early dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!...
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in —
A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, flinging away ambition:
By that sin fall the angels. How can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! (III, 2, 351, 378, 435)

For it is above all God's honour that truly honourable people seek. Thus
at the end of the play, when Wolsey is dead —
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace (IV, 2, 29)

— the hope is expressed that the princess Elizabeth will revive her
nation's greatness by once more paying to God the honour that is due
to Him alone:

God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour... (V, 5, 36)
3. **The Ruler: Wrath or Mercy**

Fifth in the succession of Shakespeare's seven ages of man is the justice,

> In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
> With eyes severe and beard of form'd cut,
> Full of wise saws and modern instances...  

(II, 7, 153)

Now, if we except the court scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, the justice is not a prominent figure in Shakespearean drama. But the theme of justice is very important, as also is the figure in whom the power to mete punishment or clemency usually resides - the ruler.

In *Titus Andronicus*, Tamora urges Andronicus to be merciful and spare her son:

> Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
> Draw near them then in being merciful.
> Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.  

(I, 1, 117)

Portia elaborates this argument in *The Merchant of Venice*:

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway.
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
> Though justice be thy plea, consider this -
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.  

(IV, 1, 179)
The Divine Judge is again the model appealed to by Isabella in Measure for Measure:

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words. 

Isabella. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took Found out the remedy. How would you be If He, which is the top of judgement, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that; And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made. (II, 2, 71)

The whole play is a sermon on the texts: "Judge not, lest ye be judged", and "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy".

Indeed, a large part of the Shakespearean oeuvre is devoted to an examination of the passion of vengefulness. Thus in Titus-andronicus, Tamora and her two sons disguise themselves as Revenge, Murder and Rapine in order to avenge themselves on Titus for his lack of mercy. Revenge takes the lead; for that, the fall of the ruler or judge, is still more powerful than Murder, the soldier's fall, or Rapine, the lover's. It is, in Romeo's words,

savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea. (V, 3, 37)

It survives the death of all its hopes. Thus Aaron in Titus:

Ah; why should wrath be mute and fury dumb? I am no baby, I, that with base prayers I should repent the evils I have done; Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did Would I perform, if I might have my will. If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul. (V, 3, 184)

Indeed, death, for the vengeful man, is "a consummation devoutly to be wish'd". Thus Timon:
My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things...
Come not to me again; but say to Athens
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end;
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams. Timon hath done his reign.

(V, 1, 184, 212)

Justice and Revenge are very closely linked with Time in Shakespeare's pagan works. Queen Margaret to Queen Elizabeth in Richard III:

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about
And left thee but a very prey to time. (IV, 4, 105)

The theme is elaborated in The Rape of Lucrece, where Time, although "the ceaseless lackey of Eternity", is nevertheless very powerful:

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right...'

(939)

In Romeo and Juliet, Time appears as a frightening arbiter:

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity? (IV, 5, 60)

In Troilus and Cressida, Time appears as a monster of ingratitude (III, 3, 145-90) and the end of all things:

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it. (IV, 5, 224)

In The Winter's Tale, Time appears in his own person:

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. (IV, 1, 1)

On becoming king, Prince Hal does indeed seem to restore just rule, "redeeming time", as he said he would (I Henry IV, I, 2, 210). First comes the reformation in his personal life. As Canterbury says:

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd th'offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T'envelop and contain celestial spirits.  (I, 1, 25)

Then, at the public level, he shows a judicious mixture of justice and mercy, acquitting a man "that rail'd against our person" when Cambridge, Scroop and Grey urged punishment, but binding those three persons when their treason is revealed:

Cambridge.  I do confess my fault,
            And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.
Grey, Scroop.  To which we all appeal.
King.  The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you...
I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!  (II, 2, 76, 140)

At the international level, finally, justice is restored by the victory at Agincourt.

In the tragedies, the king's anointing is less emphasised (although Gloucester does refer to Lear's "anointed flesh"). This gives a superficially greater plausibility to the arguments for killing the king, and enables the dramatist to centre his attention on the tormented
soul of the killer. Thus Brutus is "with himself at war" : he wishes to kill Caesar because he is a tyrant —

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?____ (IV, 3, 19)

— but not brutally, because he was his friend:

Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius,
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
O that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act rage,
And after seem to chide them. (II, 1, 166)

Unfortunately, when Caesar's blood is spilled, Caesar's spirit fails to see this distinction and pursues Brutus, saying that he is his (Brutus') own "evil spirit". And Brutus has to recognise his victory:

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. (V, 3, 93)

Hamlet's problem is similar to Brutus'. He wishes to kill Claudius, because he is a usurper, but not brutally, because he is his mother's husband (Moss, 1974a).

Polonius. I did enact Julius Caesar; I was kill'd
i'th'Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.
Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. (III, 2, 100)

Like Brutus, he uses the thought that revenge is honourable to "spur" his "dull revenge":

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! (IV, 4, 53)

But the conflict between love and justice for honour's sake finally destroys him, as it did Brutus. Laertes expresses this 'honourable' desire for vengeance in replying to Hamlet's plea for forgiveness:

I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice of precedent of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. (V, 2, 236)

No peace without honour: and yet this love of honour brings no peace.

For Hamlet, dying, and with his revenge accomplished, is still worrying about the "wounded name" he will leave behind him. This pride is the root cause of vengefulness, no less than of ambition; it remains to stir up hatred (of both self and others) when all debts have been paid, all goals attained.

The demon of wrath is exorcised in King Lear, in which Lear, after wildly raging against his daughters' ingratitude, turns his attention to the injustices suffered by his former subjects, and acquires that "patience, pity, peace and love" which Cordelia possesses - she, the third daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to. (IV, 6, 207)
The turning-point for Lear comes during the storm on the heath:

Filia! gratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure...
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just. (III, 4, 15, 28)

But the mock trial-scene reveals him still lacking in mercy when his
own honour and justice is at stake (III, 6, 35-58). And when he rails
against false justicers, the "matter" is mixed with "imperinency", as
Edgar says:

_ Lear._ See how yond justice rails upon yond simple
  thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places and,
  handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
  thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
  beggar?

_Glocester._ Ay, sir.

_Lear._ And the creature run from the cur?
  There thou mightst behold the great image
  Of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.
  Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand.
  Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back;
  Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
  For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
  Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
  Robes and fur'd gownes hide all. Plate sin with gold,
  And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
  Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
  None does offend, none — I say, none; I'll able 'em.
  Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
  To seal th' accuser's lips. (IV, 6, 153)

Edgar, too, has been unjustly treated; but misfortune has taught him
mercy, not wrath:

_Glocester._ Now, good sir, what are you?

_Edgar._ A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
  Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
  Am pregnant to good pity. (IV, 6, 222)
Hamlet counselled patience: "readiness is all". But Edgar's similar advice rings truer, coming from a more truly patient heart:

Gloucester. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edgar. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. (V, 2, 8)

Meanwhile, Lear, converted by Cordelia's patience and love -

For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown
(V, 3, 5)

- has turned the corner from madness to sanity, only to die in the face of a final injustice - Cordelia's death:

No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more, Never, never, never, never, never. (V, 3, 305)

King Lear comes midway between Measure for Measure (1603-4) and Macbeth (1606-7). The first of these plays gives us the image of the perfect ruler:

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing. (III, 2, 243)

It also shows us the repentance of the bad, hypocritical ruler. The second deepens our understanding of repentance, and shows wherein true justice resides - not self-justification, but patience in suffering injustice oneself and pity for others' suffering. For the true king - he who has rule over both himself and others - should be like Christ on the Cross:
By the blood of God the poison of the serpent is washed away; and the curse of a just condemnation is loosed by the unjust punishment inflicted on the Just. (Great Vesper, Orthodox Feast of the Exaltation)

The third play shows us the murder of the true king, followed by the unrepentant murderer's horror at the vision of his judgement:

This even-handed justice
Commends th'ingratitude of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject -
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horse'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. (I, 7, 10)

For the meek will inherit the earth, and Mercy will judge the unmerciful.

Mercy and forgiveness are the central themes of the last plays, especially in their final acts. Thus Prospero in The Tempest:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. (V, 1, 25)

Shakespeare ended the play (he may have thought, his career) with a plea for mercy:

Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. (Epilogue, 13)
But he wrote one more play, *Henry VIII*, in which Queen Katherine, after her unjust trial by the king her husband, appeals to the King and Supreme Judge of all:

Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt. (III, 1, 100)

For "there", as Claudius says in *Hamlet*, "the action lies in his true nature..."
4. The Creator: Dream or Reality

The psychology of the creator, and the nature of his fictional creations, was, of course, of great interest and importance to Shakespeare, being, as he must have been aware, one of the greatest of all creators of fiction. Thus Sonnet 53:

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

This was addressed to his mistress. But since, in Sonnet 62, after bewailing the "sin of self-love" that "possesseth all mine eye", he addressed her as himself -

"Tis thee, my self, that for myself I praise,"

- we may suppose that he was thinking of himself (qua creator) in the earlier poem also. In any case, he had certainly thought about the psychological function of writing, as his advice in Sonnet 77 shows:

Look what thy memory cannot contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

And in Sonnet 111, he expresses the fear that his facility in fiction will make him into a permanent poseur:

my nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like a dyer's hand.

Thus he had a great personal need to answer the question: 'Do the shadows that an artist creates have any relation to the reality of himself as creator?'
In the early comedies, Shakespeare seems to be arguing that poetry is but the shadows of a dream. His frequent use of 'the play within the play' - in The Taming of the Shrew (Induction), Love's Labour's Lost (Pageant of the Nine Worthies) and A Midsummer Night's Dream (Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe) - emphasise this point. And the liberal use of disguise and mistaken identity - especially in The Comedy of Errors and The Two Gentlemen of Verona - also serve to emphasise the illusory character both of the theatre and of life generally in its theatrical - the sociologist would say, 'dramaturgical' - aspect.

Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia's lover Proteus has betrayed her and is paying court to Silvia. Julia goes to Silvia in the guise of Proteus' page. The subject of their conversation is Proteus' first love:

_Silvia._ How tall was she?
_Julia._ About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
One youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved thersithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow. (IV, 4, 153)

In this passage, we see "a series of illusions receding into depth of which the most remote, the tears wrung from Julia by the stage presentation of a lover's perfidy, in fact represents reality" (Righter, 1962). So while the theatre is an illusion, it is an illusion that tells the
truth - about our own disguises and play-acting.

However, after reaching reality through illusion in this way, Shakespeare may turn the tables-on his audience by framing even that reality within the bounds of artifice. Thus in Love's Labour's Lost, Berowne and his companions have been making fun of Holofernes' performance in the play within the play:

Holofernes. I will not be put out of countenance.
Berowne. Because thou hast no face.

Holofernes. You have put me out of countenance.
Berowne. False: we have given thee faces.
Holofernes. But you have outfac'd them all. (V, 2, 600, 613)

This serves to emphasise Berowne's reality at the expense of Holofernes' "faces". But then a messenger interrupts the comedy:

Marcade. God save you, madam!
Princess. Welcome, Marcade;
But that thou interruptest our merriment.
Marcade. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father -
Princess. Dead, for my life!
Marcade. Even so; my tale is told.
Berowne. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud. (V, 2, 703)

Berowne has been himself "outfac'd" - the jester's role no longer has a place in the real world where people die. And Shakespeare lays still more stress on the illusory character of the comedy by ending it in a most unromantic manner - the ladies impose a twelve-month period of abstention on the men to test the strength of their affection:

Berowne. Our wooing doth not end like an old play:
Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth an' a day,
And then 'twill end.
Berowne. That's too long for a play. (V, 2, 862)
Berowne here destroys the dramatic illusion by stepping into the real-life audience. Thus the very artificiality of the play has served to heighten the reality of its central character.

The play within the play is used for a similar purpose in The Midsummer Night's Dream; for the performance of Bottom and his players is treated in as condescending a manner as Holofernes' in Love's Labour's Lost:

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hippolyta. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Theseus. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.

(V, 1, 209)

Shakespeare may have been thinking here of the audience at the first performance of Romeo and Juliet. And certainly, Puck's words at the end of the play seem to be a sop to the more hard-headed sceptics in his audience, who could not take the more romantic, idealistic elements in his plays:

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumb'red here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend. (V, 1, 412)

But it is not perhaps Theseus and Hippolyta, and their scepticism, which, to Shakespeare, are the "shadows" needing "mending"? For they, who think love to be "madness" and poetry an "airy nothing", would not
In the play, Hamlet plays the roles of Prince, madman, and dramatist; and in the play within the play—chorus. The method in his madness is that it enables him to probe beneath the masks of others and yet "scape detecting", like Jacques in As You Like It:

Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine. (II, 7, 58)

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. (V, 4, 100)

Qua dramatist, too, he is searching for the truth:

Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming. (III, 2, 78)

And qua Prince and son of the Queen, he is still holding "the mirror up to nature":

O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct. (III, 4, 88)

Thus Hamlet, though a fiction, is very concerned with realism and truth. And we may suppose that Shakespeare, even if he did not agree with Touchstone in As You Like It that "the truest poetry is the most feigning", would have accepted that poetry must be, in Audrey's words, "a true thing" in some sense of the word 'true'.

However, Hamlet expresses some of the old doubts about his art in his reaction to the Player's speech:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? (II, 2, 544)

The theatre may mirror reality, but acting is an extraordinarily unreal profession. For the finest actor, even when most taken in by his act, presents no more than "a dream of passion". And, indeed, the actor who is most taken in by his act, keeping no 'role distance' (Goffman, 1961), is the most unreal of people, whether his performance is on the stage or in real life. Such is Malvolio in Twelfth Night:

_{Malvolio_. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter._ Exit.

_Sir Toby_. Is't possible?

_Fabian_. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. (III, 4, 117)

And yet man is often like this. And the theatre does a service to the truth in showing how, as Isabella says in Measure for Measure:

_man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal._ (II, 2, 117)

The grotesque is here on the point of becoming the tragic.

The later tragedies are the peak of Shakespeare's achievement. But even here the doubts reassert themselves, as most savagely, in Timon of Athens:
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apemantus. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apemantus. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apemantus. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apemantus. Then thou liest. (I, 1, 217)

But the theatrical metaphor is still being used— and with great effect:

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. — King Lear IV, 6, 183

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. — Macbeth V, 5, 24

Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. — Coriolanus, V, 3, 40

But in Antony and Cleopatra, the incommensurability of life and art,
"nature" and "fancy", is re-established:

Cleopatra. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man:
...
Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dolabella. Gentle madam, no.
Cleopatra. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet t' imagine
And Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite. — (V, 2, 76, 93)

The paradox is that it is often the "dream" or art that restores to us
a sense of the richness of reality.

In the last plays, the role of the creator becomes almost one with
that of the Creator of all things. And we also find an increased
confusion of, a blurring of the edges between, dream and reality.*

* Thus Prospero in The Tempest:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — (IV, 1, 156)
God, in these plays, reveals Himself more readily in dreams than in the reality of waking life. And man lives his so-called waking life in a dream of his own construction.

Thus, in *Cymbeline*, Imogen awakes from her dream only in order to fall into another kind of deception, mistaking the body of Cloten for that of her husband Posthumus (IV, 2, 292-333). Later, Posthumus, too, wakes from a dream, and refuses to believe the prophecy lying in front of him:

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like to it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy. (IV, 4, 144)

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes' life is like a dream:

_Hermione._ Sir,
    You speak a language that I understand not.  
    My life stands in the level of your dreams, 
    which I'll lay down. 
_Leontes._ Your actions are my dreams.  
    You had a bastard by Polixenes, 
    And I but dream'd it. (III, 2, 78)

And in *The Tempest*, Caliban also confuses dream and reality:

The isle is full of noises, 
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not, 
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments 
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, 
That, if I then had wak'd, after long sleep, 
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming, 
The clouds methought would open and show riches 
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd, 
I cried to dream again. (III, 2, 130)

The final recognition scenes often have a quality of waking from a dream, or falling into one. Thus Pericles, on finding his long-lost daughter:

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep 
Did mock sad fools withal. (V, 1, 160)
And Cymbeline, on recognising the voice of Imogen:

What, makes thou me a dullard in this act? (V, 5, 265)

The centrepiece of The Winter's Tale is a debate on the merits of breeding flowers, in which the distinction between dream and reality gives way to that between art and nature:

Polixenes.                   Shepherdess —
   A fair one are you — well you fit our ages
   With flow'rs of winter.

Perdita.                   Sir, the year growing ancient,
   Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth
   Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o'th'season
   Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
   Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
   Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
   To get slips of them.

Polixenes.                   Wherefore, gentle maiden,
   Do you neglect them?

Perdita.                   For I have heard it said
   There is an art which in their piedness shares—
   With great creating nature.

Polixenes.                   Say there be;
   Yet nature is made better by no mean
   But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
   Which you say adds to nature, is an art
   That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
   A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
   And make conceive a bark of baser kind
   By bud of nobler race. This is an art
   Which does mend nature — change it rather; but
   The art itself is nature. (IV, 111, 77)

Here, then, art is not opposed to nature, as in A Midsummer Night's Dream.
Nor does it simply mirror nature, as in Hamlet. It is nature — or rather, a part of nature, "a gentler scion" which when married to the wilder stock conceives a "bud of nobler race" — the discerning audience.

The participation of art in nature is dramatically realised in the final scene of the play, which centres on the coming to life of Hermione —
or rather, of her status:

a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd
by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had
he himself eternity and could breath into his work,
would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly is
he her ape. (V, 2, 93)

As Paulina says to Leontes, before unveiling the statue:

Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. (V, 3, 18)

But the sleeping are not dead, and art can come to life - Hermione steps
down from the pedestal:

0, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating. (V, 3, 109)

Magic, perhaps; but an art as lawful as poetic drama. For in this
magical art Shakespeare "apes" his own miraculous gift. Just as Romano's
statue, though dead, comes to life, so Shakespearean drama, though a dream,
both mirrors and plays a part in the real world.

In The Tempest, finally, the creator abjures his art:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid -
Weak masters though ye be - I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and firted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth,
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music — which even now I do —
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.  

Solemn music.
(V, 1, 33)

For this "rough magic" can no longer be interpreted as an allegory of
the poet-dramatist's art. It savours of spiritualism and the occult.
So Shakespeare, like a good Catholic, turns to the "heavenly music",
the Grace of the only True Creator; and drowns the book of his "so
potent", but no more than derivative, art in the depths of the original
creation.
5. The Creature: Noise or Harmony

Shakespearean man is born in the image of music, the music of a heavenly harmony:

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy restoration of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

_The Merchant of Venice, V, I, 54._

This image—"th'essential vesture of creation", in Michael Cassio's phrase—is seen (or heard) only by him who loves. So

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music. (V, I, 83)

We mark, then, the fact that Shylock dislikes music (II, 5, 27-33), and that Cassius in _Julius Caesar_ "hears no music". Such men are often to be seen disrupting lovers' harmony:

Desdemona. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

They kiss.

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. (Aside) O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the page that make this music,
As honest as I am. Othello, II, 1, 191.

He lures him on to listen to another, diabolic melody:

Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh. (V, 2, 118)
The result is that the "noble and most sovereign reason" becomes, in
Ophelia's words:

Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.  
Hamlet, III, 1, 158

As Pandarus says:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Troilus and Cressida, V, 10, 41.

The only hope then is that, under the influence of love, the evil genius
will depart:

2 Soldier. Peace, what noise?
3 Soldier. List, list!
2 Soldier. Hark!
3 Soldier. Music in' th'air.
4 Soldier. Under the earth.
5 Soldier. It signs well, does it not?
4 Soldier. No.

3 Soldier. Peace, I say! What should this mean?
2 Soldier. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
now leaves him.  
Antony and Cleopatra, IV, 3, 12.

Romantic love - 'fancy' in the Shakespearean vocabulary - has a
distinctively bitter-sweet tone:

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.
Venus and Adonis, 431.

For it is a mixture of love and lust, abiding affection and passing
infatuation:

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
0, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
Twelfth Night, I, 1, 1.

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1. cf. III, 4, 140-1.
Thus fancy's music has a valedictory quality:

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engend'red in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell. The Merchant of Venice, III, 2, 63.

Now the music of the soul, which in the major keys speaks of love, modulates into the minor keys "when honour's at the stake". Thus the voice of Antony

was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. Antony and Cleopatra, V, 2, 83.

However, when that 'honour' is personal pride or vainglory, then the 'music' is in fact noise, not harmony. Thus Antony:

Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tambourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. Antony and Cleopatra, IV, 8, 35.

The ambitious man will, like Richard Crookback, prefer the "stern alarums" of war to the "weak piping time of peace".

My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! Coriolanus, III, 2, 111.
The harmony of a man's soul should, ideally, be reflected in the harmony of his family life:

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each in mutual ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing.  Sonnet 8, 9

And in the harmony of the state:

For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,

But there can be no political harmony without justice and order:

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows! Each thing melts
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong —
Between whose endless jar justice resides —
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Troilus and Cressida, I, 3, 109.

"The time is out of joint" when there is no concord between the ruler and his people:

Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So it is in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke. Richard II, V, 5, 41.

This concord depends on whether the ruler's state (in both the psychological and the political senses) is in time with the heavenly kingdom. For

The fingers of the pow'rs above do tune
The harmony of this peace.  Cymbeline, V, 5, 464.
The creative artist's music can be of help here, although, to Shakespeare's ears, it has a very ambivalent quality:

Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her son,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music. \textit{A Midsummer Night's Dream}, II, 1, 149

This music made me. Let it sound no more;
For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad. \textit{Richard II}, V, 5, 61.

Music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good and good provoke to harm. \textit{Measure for Measure}, IV, 1, 14

But, in the late plays, music has an unambivalently good effect:

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air... \textit{The Tempest}, I, 2, 391.

That is why, according to Lorenzo,

the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature. \textit{The Merchant of Venice}, V, 1, 79.

Orpheus reappears at the end of Shakespeare's career:

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep or hearing die. \textit{Henry VIII}, III, 1, 9.

"Hearing die" or "hearing arise from the dead". For music raises even dead bodies to life - "Music, awake her", says Paulina in \textit{The Winter's Tale}.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!
...
Their understanding begins to swell, and the approaching tide will shortly fill the reasonable shore that now lies foul and muddy. 

The Tempest, V, 1, 58, 79.

Thus the created music of human artists symbolises, in Shakespeare's final phase, the Uncreated Energy of the Divine Artificer.

It is only this Uncreated Music that can make the created harmony of our souls resound. For the latter is made in the image of the former, as a lock is made in the image of the key that opens it. Every other combination of merely human resources is doomed to the same sentence that Hamlet pronounced on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those types of our modern failures in psychotherapy (Feinstein, 1967):

You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak... (III, 2, 355)
Roles, Constructs and Archetypes

Finally, we must now consider an objection that may be brought against this analysis by a Jungian psychologist. 'These roles and constructs', he may say, 'which you have picked out as embodying Shakespeare's implicit theory of human nature, are in fact no more than metamorphoses of the unconscious archetypes of the species. The lover is the animus and anima; the creator is the wise old man; the soldier in his proud role is the devil (cf. Bodkin, 1932). And the prominence of the resurrection motif in the late plays is due to activation of the rebirth archetype.'

Now this is not the place to embark on a detailed examination of the theory of the collective unconscious. Nor shall I attempt to turn this objection in its head by arguing that the Jungian archetypes are no more than the forms in which role-constructs appear during dreams; or that the highly organised, objective yet not-to-be-rationalised phenomenon of art is a much more reliable guide to the 'deep structure' of human personality than the disorganised, subjective nature of dreams. Instead I shall attempt a more constructive approach to this question, through an examination of Jung's (1950) distinction between visionary (archetypal) and psychological (non-archetypal) poetry in relation to Shakespeare.

According to Jung, the visionary mode of creation is something confusing and bewildering for which "we demand commentaries and explanations"; it reminds us "of nothing in everyday life, but rather of dreams, night-time fears, and the dark, uncanny recesses of the
human mind." Examples of this kind of creation include the second part of *Faust* and *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The psychological mode, on the other hand, "works with materials drawn from man's conscious life — with crucial experiences, powerful emotions, suffering, passion, the stuff of human fate in general". In dealing with this mode of creation, "we need never ask ourselves what the material consists of or what it means." Examples include the first part of *Faust* and innumerable psychological novels.

Now Shakespeare's poetry is hardly ever visionary without also being psychological. *Hamlet*, for example, is full of "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls". But it is no less psychological for all that. Again, the "baseless fabric" of Prospero's vision in *The Tempest*, while reaching out to a world beyond the play, nevertheless fits perfectly within its dramatic and psychological categories. Moreover, when Shakespeare himself speaks about poetry, as in the famous passage from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* —

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. (V, 1, 12)

— he does not oppose the visionary to the psychological, the mysterious to the everyday, but celebrates their coming together in the true poetic symbol.

For a symbol is not, as many psychologists imply, merely a symptom
or sign. It does not only point to "things unknown" : it also gives them shape, "a local habitation and a name". The psychologist who does not appreciate this fact, but treats works of art merely as quarries to be ransacked for material (whether personal or collective) is serving neither psychology nor art. Thus the critic Northrop Frye (1970) deplores the situation in which "the whiteness of Moby Dick is explained as a Lockian tabula rasa, or Alice in Wonderland discussed in terms of her hypothetical toilet training, or Arnold’s 'Where ignorant armies clash by night' taken as a covert reference to the copulation of his parents". What is needed is a psychology that recognises the integrative power of symbols, their ability to bring together conscious and unconscious, personal and collective, particular and universal.

Two ideas may help us here. The first is Frye’s advocacy of an holistic approach to literature –

a study of a poet’s whole work might form the basis of a kind of 'psychological' criticism that would operate within literature, and so provide some balance for the kind that ends in the bosom of Freud. Poetry is, after all, a technique of communication; it engages the conscious part of the mind as well as the murkier areas, and what a poet succeeds in communicating to others is at least as important as what he fails to resolve for himself. One soon becomes aware that every poet has his own distinctive structure of imagery, which usually emerges even in his earliest work, and which does not and cannot essentially change.

I have adopted a similarly holistic approach in this chapter. But instead of abstracting "a distinctive structure of imagery" from the Complete Works in the manner of Clemens (1966), I have concentrated on the distinctive structure of plot and characterisation, which is embodied in the relationships of the five major roles usually compressed into two or
three characters) with their associated dichotomous constructs.

The second is an application to the field of creative art of another of Jung's major ideas—individuation. Storr (1972) defines individuation as "coming to terms with oneself by means of reconciling the opposing factors within". And in a chapter entitled 'Symbols of Integration' he writes:

Throughout this book it has been asserted that we are all divided selves, and that this is part of the human condition. Neurotics, because of a deficiency in the controlling apparatus (a weak ego), suffer from neurotic symptoms, as we all may do at times. Creative people may be more divided than most of us, but, unlike neurotics, have a strong ego; and, although they may periodically suffer from neurotic symptoms, have an especial power of integrating opposites within themselves without recourse to displacement, denial, repression and other mechanisms of defence. Creative people, and potentially creative people, therefore, may suffer and be unhappy because of the divisions within them, but do not necessarily display neurosis. (p. 229)

Storr goes on to describe the technique of 'active imagination' whereby, so it is claimed, integration is achieved in Jung's patients. A relationship is then postulated between the mandalas drawn by these patients and the productions of creative artists:

creative people show a wider than usual division in the mind, an accentuation of opposites. It seems probable that when creative people produce a new work they are in fact attempting to reconcile opposites in exactly the way that Jung describes. Many of Jung's patients drew and painted so-called mandalas, circular forms which express and symbolise the union of opposites and the formation of this new centre of personality... Works of art have much in common with mandalas, just as mandalas can be regarded as primitive works of art. For the artist, the work of art serves the same purpose; that is, the union of opposites within himself, and the consequent integration of his own personality. Jung and his followers tend to describe
the individuation process in terms of a once-for-all achievement, like maturity, or self-realisation, or self-actualisation, or genitality for that matter. But every experienced psychotherapist knows that personality development is a process which is never complete; and no sooner is a new integration achieved, a new mandala painted, than it is seen as inadequate. Another must follow which will include some other omitted element, or be a more perfect expression of the new insight. (pp. 233, 234-5)

Then he explains why this artistic kind of integration is important for us:

By identifying ourselves, however fleetingly, with the creator, we can participate in the integrating process which he has carried out for himself. The more universal the problem with which the artist is dealing, the more universal the appeal. That is why the pursuit of the personal, the neurotic and the infantile in the work of artists is ultimately unrewarding, although it will always have some interest... The great creators, because their tensions are of universal rather than personal import, can appeal to all of us when they find, in their work, a new path of reconciliation. (pp. 236, 237).

There follows a discussion of music as the art of integration per excellence.

Now we may find much to agree with in this neo-Jungian approach without having to accept the full-blown theory of archetypes. Thus we may agree that Shakespeare, like all of us, was a deeply divided man. The deepest division within him, around which his whole personality was polarised, was that between the spirit and the flesh, 'reason' and 'will', love and lust. Unlike the ordinary neurotic, however, he was able both to represent this division to himself, and to imagine a way in which it might be healed, and his personality re-integrated. The form or symbol
of this re-integration was a basic plot, or 'myth' (to use Hughes' word), in which two, sometimes three main characters interacted, changed, re-emerged in new forms, clashed and were reconciled. This basic plot was the womb, as it were, of his whole output. It appeared, in whole or in part, in almost all of his 37 plays, as well as being more explicitly presented in the three narrative poems; and its development in fullness and depth parallels that of the plays themselves, reaching one climax (for two characters, the lover-soldier-ruler and his consort) in Antony and Cleopatra, and another (for three characters, including the creator) in The Tempest.

This myth is personal; that is, it constitutes, together with its successive poetic incarnations, Shakespeare's own, uniquely personal attempt to resolve his conflicts - not only the conflict between love and lust, but also those between pride and humility, justice and mercy, and dream and reality. But, of course, these themes are of universal import, too; for it is of the essence of Shakespeare's achievement that, in pursuing the solution of his own personal problems, he should have afforded us insights into universal human nature. Hence these themes and their associated roles - the lover, the soldier, the ruler and the creator, together with the more general one of the creature - are abstractions and personifications not only of elements in Shakespeare's own nature, but also of the basic driving forces in every man's nature. They are therefore neither personal nor collective, neither visionary nor psychological, if these terms are understood in an exclusive sense. Rather, they are the universally personal, the vision which each person
will see if he looks deep into his own psychology.

Finally, although, as we have seen in the last section, Shakespeare used music extensively as a symbol and more than a symbol of integration, we cannot say that Shakespeare's model of integration and personal reconciliation, as incarnated in, say, *The Tempest*, is an example of Jungian individuation. For while in a mandala opposites such as good and evil, light and darkness, seem to be reconciled without the submergence of either opposite, there can be no room in the Shakespearean integration for lust (as opposed to love) or pride (as opposed to humility). Rather, love drives out lust and pride is quenched by humility when the Uncreated Harmony of Divine Grace restores its created analogue in the human soul. For then the lover, his sexual energies not destroyed but purified, seeks an object really worthy of his love. Then the soldier, his aggression re-directed, seeks, not vain, but everlasting glory. Then the ruler seeks a kingdom through the subjection, not of others, but himself. This, the Shakespearean consummation, is one devoutly to be wished — but not even dreamed of in the Jungian psychology.
4. The Language of Dramatistic Psychology.
It is an interesting fact that psychology, alone among the sciences, does not have its own language. Rather, it has a variety of sub-languages borrowed from a series of other disciplines: medicine, biology, zoology, physiology, hydraulics, sociology, cybernetics, computer science. Efforts are sometimes made to create a truly 'psychological psychology', as in Kelly's (1955) psychology of personal constructs. But these, while often valuable in pointing to some aspect of human nature which other theories had neglected — Kelly, for example, stressed man's need to anticipate the future — are nearly always seen to exhibit a critical dependence on some other, non-psychological discipline — in Kelly's case, the philosophy of science — and tend to elevate the aspect which they have selected for attention to a position of exaggerated theoretical importance. In this application, I shall put forward arguments for exploring one possible solution to this problem, one way in which a Babel of conflicting tongues may be avoided.
Three reactions

Now there are three main kinds of reaction to psychology's continued dependence on other disciplines. The first is the familiar one that psychology is still a nascent science not yet weaned from philosophy, on the one hand, and biology on the other; and that it is only a matter of time before it comes to maturity and the command of its own, wholly individual language. This may have sounded convincing in 1900; but now, some 75 years since the publication of The Interpretation of Dreams, we need to go a little deeper.

A second, more sophisticated reaction is expressed by the claim that psychology already has a language quite adequate for its purposes—the ordinary language of everyday life. Thus Harre and Secord (1972):

Whenever it seems that the explanation of some pattern of social interaction should be sought in the reasons, rules, meanings and the like taken into account by the participants, it is clear that the description of the interaction would naturally in the first instance, at least, be expressed in language drawn from that commonly in use. The phenomena of social life are well-known, and a very elaborate system of concepts already exists in ordinary language for their description and explanation. This system has been extensively studied by linguistic philosophers, both in philosophical psychology and in modern ethics. It is a very powerful system, encompassing a great many kinds of social and individual phenomena, and showing great subtlety and refinement. Its present stage of sophistication is the product of a long historical process, in which it has been affected partly by the practical needs of social life, and partly by the refining effects of the need to express the subtleties of human interaction felt by dramatists, novelists, lawyers, doctors, teachers and other practical people. We contend that ordinary language and its conceptual system is a much more refined instrument for
scientific purposes than any terminology which can be produced a priori and ad hoc by a psychologist, though, of course, a psychological vocabulary of great sophistication could develop by the same processes as have produced ordinary language. Comparative studies have borne this contention out with some force.—(pp. 132-3)

It has also been borne out by the results of an experiment by Agnew and Bannister (1973), in which psychiatrists were shown to be more stable over time and have greater interjudge agreement in the use of ordinary, everyday language than in the use of their specialised diagnostic terminology. The conclusion was drawn that ordinary language would seem to offer "at least as structured, as reliable and as public a set of terms for describing human behaviour and characteristics"... as psychiatric language.¹

The problem here is that there seems nothing left for the psychologist to do. His language — the language of ordinary, everyday life — already exists; and the system implicit in it has already been studied by linguistic philosophers. As for the possibility of a psychological vocabulary developing "by the same processes as have produced ordinary language" — these processes exclude by definition any effort of deliberate ratification.

This brings us to a third kind of reaction, which consists in distinguishing between two levels of psychological language: the level of the ordinary language of the man in the street, which he uses in the

¹ An extreme example of the unreliability of psychiatrists' use of diagnostic terms is provided by the differences between British and American (not to mention Russian) definitions of 'schizophrenia'.
analysis of his own and others' psychological states and actions; and
the level of the technical language of the professional psychologist,
which he uses in the analysis and description of the man in the street's
psychology, as expressed in his language.

Such a distinction is implied by Kelly's conception of 'man is a
scientist'. Every man is engaged in the scientific construction and
anticipation of events, both those of the external world around him
and those of the internal world within him. His personal construct
system will therefore contain a psychological sub-system for the
anticipation of psychological events (McPherson et al., 1975). The
professional psychologist's task, in this view, is, first, to learn
the lower-level, ordinary language, then to construe the personal
constructs of the user, and finally to explicate his psychological system.
As a consequence of repeating this for further cases, he may devise a
higher-level, more technical language, i.e. a theory of personal
constructs, for the purpose of comparing and evaluating the lower-level
languages (Landfield, 1971).

This conception neatly bridges the gap between the idiographic
and nomothetic approaches to psychology. For a man must first express
himself idio graphically in terms of his own, idiosyncratic personal
construct system, before this can be nomothetically classified in terms
of an abstract theory of personal constructs. The great merit of
Kelly's theory is that, although like all theories, it seeks to classify
and generalise in a nomothetic manner, it does not do so at the expense
of the idiographic level of description and analysis. So, for example, Kelly's individuality corollary, 'persons differ from each other in their construction of events', is very different from Eysenck's 'theorem', 'people differ from each other in their degree of extraversion and neuroticism': the first is a general statement which guarantees that each individual's language will be treated as such, whereas the second eliminates all the richness of our personal languages in favour of no more than two construct dimensions, whose poverty is only highlighted by the pseudo-scientific measurement of degrees of extraversion and neuroticism. (What does it mean, for example, to distinguish between X as being 0.5 neurotic and 0.6 extravert, and Y as being 0.4 neurotic and 0.5 extravert?).

Kelly's superiority here follows from his recognition of the reflexivity of psychological inquiry, of the fact that psychological theories have to explain psychological theorists as well as ordinary men. Any attempt to take away the theorising nature of man results in pure 'nomothetism' and a higher-level language having only a generalised connection with its idiographic subject-matter. The attempt, on the other hand, to deny the possibility of theorising about other minds results in pure 'idiography' and a multiplicity of lower-level languages having no more than a subjective validity.

Thus the first step towards being truly objective here is to realise that each person already has his own way of understanding the mind, his own vocabulary for describing and system for explaining the
thoughts, feelings and actions of men. The next step is to realise
that 'understanding the mind' is not a simple subject-object relation,
a matter of the scientific construing of one's own and other people's
constructs. It is also, and primarily, a projective relation, involving
the dramatic imagination of one's own and other people's possibilities
for action.
Roles

However, we need a new set of terms with which to talk about this projective, imaginative quality of human psychology. A beginning might be made with the pentad of 'dramatic' terms picked out by Burke (1968):

Dramatism centers in observations of this sort: for there to be an act, there must be an agent. Similarly, there must be a scene in which the agent acts. To act in a scene, the agent must employ some means, or agency. And it can be called an act in the full sense of the term only if it involves a purpose (that is, if a support happens to give way and one falls, such motion on the agent's part is not an act, but an accident). These five terms (act, scene, agent, agency, purpose) have been labelled the dramatic pentad; the aim of drawing attention to them in this way is to show how the functions which they designate operate in the imputing of motive. (p. 446).

These five terms would certainly for part of any higher-level language that we might devise for psychology. Another, related word is, of course, 'person' which is dramatic in origin, being derived from the Latin 'persona', meaning 'mask' (Williams, 1976). And no list of dramatic terminology would be complete without that ubiquitous word 'role'.

The dramatist Luigi Pirandello said: "a play doesn't create people, people create a play". This is a good summing-up of the difference between what we may call the sociological and the psychological definitions of 'role'. According to the sociological definition, it is roles which create people, moulding them in accordance with the rules and conventions of society; whereas according to the psychological definition, it is people who create roles, spinning out possible
alternatives for action in their mind's eye.

More precisely, we may define a psychological role as a scenario for action of which the end is some desired goal or feared evil; and a sociological, or, better, a social role as a course of action defined by social rules and conventions. Marriage, for example, is a social role insofar as it is a course of action which has been defined by the rules governing brides, bridegrooms, best men, etc. But it is a psychological role (or part of one) insofar as it is imagined as leading to the goal of union with the beloved (or appropriation of her fortune).

A psychological role, therefore, is, quite simply, a path towards a goal, a way of getting from I-here-now to I-there-then. It may be very short and easy - the path I must take to get from here to the completion of my Ph.D. thesis, for example. Or it may be of such an ideal or ultimate nature as to constitute a norm against which all other roles are judged - the path from my present state to the holiness of the saints, for example. It may be imagined only, as when I think about getting out of bed but decide against it; or imagined and planned but not executed, as when I try to get out of bed but fall back exhausted; or imagined, planned and executed.

The social role definition takes its inspiration from Shakespeare's famous "all the world's a stage" speech, in which men and women are compared to players, "one man in his day" playing "many parts"; the
child, the schoolboy, the lover, the soldier, the judge, the academic, and finally the old man "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything". These "parts" are social roles, interlocking patterns of behaviour defined in terms of rules, conventions and expectations. The role of the judge, for example, is a pattern of behaviour that meshes with the complementary behaviour-patterns of the defendant, the juryman and the policeman in accordance with the rules of court procedure and the criminal code.

If we were to look for a corresponding inspiration for the psychological definition, we might find it in Richard's dungeon speech from Richard the Second, which begins:

\begin{quote}
I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself.
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented...
\end{quote}

Instead of "all the world's a stage" we have: "this stage is all my world". Instead of externally imposed social "parts" we have internally begotten psychological "thoughts". And what are these thoughts? Thoughts "of things divine" (how to become a saint), and "tending to ambition" (how to break out of prison), and "tending to content" (how to remain in prison but be at peace).

Thus play I in one person many people,
and none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing...

Here psychological thoughts run into social parts, the mental pre-text
or scenario into the social text or actual stage performance (Lyman and
Scott, 1975). Both are frustrated; for

\begin{verbatim}
whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eas'd.
With being nothing.
\end{verbatim}

(V, 5, 1-41)

It is not in the playing of roles, whether personal or social, that
peace, and one's true self, are to be found.

However, having renounced all roles, Richard suddenly finds himself,
at the moment when Exton and his accomplices burst into the cell in
order to assassinate him. Suddenly, he no longer plays at being king,
or mourns his failure in that role: he is a king. "Exton", he says,

\begin{verbatim}
thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land!
\end{verbatim}

And Exton acknowledges the fact soon afterwards:

\begin{verbatim}
As full of valour as of royal blood.
Both have I spill'd. O, would the deed were good!
\end{verbatim}

Richard was a king after all; but he had to go through failure in the
social role and frustration in the psychological role before coming to
a consciousness of what one calls his true self-role.

We find a similar pattern in several of Shakespeare's great dramas.
In King Lear, for example, we see Lear, at the beginning of the play,
shedding the social trappings of kingship - they are no longer appropriate
to this biological age. For most of the rest of the play, he suffers the
frustration and extinction of his psychological roles also. But then, just before his death, having come to the end of his term socially, personally and biologically, he becomes what he always was essentially — "every inch a king".

We thus have a distinction between social, psychological and self roles, which corresponds to the distinction between persona, personality and person sketched in chapter 1. To these terms we may add that of personification, which is defined by Mair (1975) as follows:

Personification involves treating events, experiences, things, feelings as if they were persons with whom we are engaged in some kind of relationship. In using this metaphoric mode it is possible sometimes to "enter" and sense as if from the "inside", some of our experiences which may otherwise remain external to us, separated, little known or threateningly formulated.

In personification we are attempting to penetrate a mystery by using the form of the mystery itself...

It is often readily possible for people to formulate aspects of their awareness as if different sub-selves were involved. (pp. 48, 51, 52).

Personification is the imaginative process whereby psychological and dramatic roles are created in the mind's eye. Richard personified his thoughts about escape, kingship, etc., in terms of psychological roles; Shakespeare personified his thoughts about Richard, Exton, etc. in terms of dramatic roles. Personification will be fundamental to psychological analysis in all its forms as long as psychology is about persons.
Role-constructs

The link between roles and constructs is provided by the term 'role-construct' (Radley, 1973; Moss, 1974a,b). A role-construct is simply a construct whose dichotomous poles are roles. One construes oneself (as an object) in terms of constructs - the nouns of one's personal language. One imagines oneself (as a project) in terms of roles - the verbs. One construes one's imaginings in terms of role-constructs - the verbal nouns.

Consider, for example, the beginning of Hamlet's famous soliloquy:

To be or not to be - that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take-up arms against a sea-of-troubles,
And by opposing end them?

The role-construct 'to be or not to be' provides the conceptual framework within which different possibilities for action - 'in the mind to suffer' and 'to take up arms' - are contemplated. For, as Radley (1973) points out, "what a person make of' a role-alternative is in some way a function of how he defines himself by means of the relevant role-construct".

Then a way of 'not being' by 'taking up arms' (against oneself) is evaluated:

To die, to sleep -
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause...
The imagined end makes Hamlet recoil from enacting this particular role-alternative. Thus he is practising on himself that therapeutic technique which Kelly called controlled elaboration. As Radley (1974) describes it:

In order to encourage an individual to spell out the detail of a role which he has failed to consider, or to explore alternatives to those he currently plays, Kelly outlined the technique of controlled elaboration. This technique involves asking the person to spell out in detail how, for example, his life would have been different if he had been cast in a different role from the one in which he now finds himself. In this way he may be encouraged to elaborate alternatives to those roles which he currently plays, e.g. how would he have acted if he had been a strong (as opposed to a weak) person? (p. 313)

Suicide appeals to Hamlet as a way of changing himself from a weak, inactive into a strong, active person while not having to suffer the real-life consequences of strong action. For, as Radley goes on to say:

Kelly's technique of controlled elaboration and Sarbin & Jones' role-playing method are both based upon the proposition that the person may change himself through enacting roles which he does not currently play... the covert sketching out of what he might do or become is an active process made possible by his assumption of the perspective which that alternative offers.

Hence the elaborative, imaginative employment of personal roles and constructs is an active process projecting into the future and changing one's very nature.

Hamlet's soliloquy serves to illustrate Mischel's (1964) thesis that, contrary to Kelly's idea that constructs are like hypotheses used to predict what will be done, they are in fact like rules used to decide what should be done —
Personal constructs explain behaviour, not by showing that such behaviour data are deducible from these constructs in conjunction with general principles, but by showing that such actions are intelligible because this would seem the right thing to do if one construed this way. (p. 189)

However, having seen what is the right thing to do, one cannot go on to do it unless one imagines a path leading thereto - which may in turn modify one's original construction. Hence construing alone, without the imagination of roles, is a barren activity, at best no better than a spectator sport (Foulds, 1973).

Each person, then, has his own personal language, which is made up of nouns (constructs), verbs (roles), and verbal nouns (role-constructs). This language has its own grammar and syntax (the rules for combining roles and constructs) which enables one to create meaningful sentences expressing real possibilities (cf. Miller et al's (1960) concept of plans), and coherent arguments issuing in rational decisions. One may speculate, further, that syntactical errors lead to failure in decision-making (neurosis), while semantic confusion leads to more basic disorders of thought and imagination (psychosis).
The Dramatistic Approach

Let us now consider briefly some characteristics of the dramatist's language which are of relevance to the psychological enterprise.

In the first place, the dramatist's language is nothing if not dynamic, projective and future-oriented; for, as Suzanne Langer (1953) says, "its basic abstraction is the act, which springs from the past, but is directed towards the future, and is always great with things to come". (p. 306)

Secondly, it is holistic, in the sense that it presents people and their destinies as wholes which are rounded off in time. As Rohden (quoted in Langer (1953)) says:

What distinguishes a character on stage from a 'real' person? Obviously the fact that the former stands before us as a fully articulated whole. Our fellowmen we always perceive only in fragmentary fashion, and our power of self-observation is usually reduced, by vanity and cupidity, to zero. What we call 'dramatic illusion' is therefore, the paradoxical phenomenon that we know more about the mental processes of a Hamlet than about our own inner life. For the poet-actor Shakespeare show not only the deed, but also its motives, and indeed more perfectly than we ever see them together in actual life. (p. 310)

The word 'behaviour' means action that has been divorced from the motives of the actor; and 'behaviourism' is its correspondingly un-holistic psychology. 'Drama', on the other hand, denotes action that is seen as both originating in a terminus a quo in the mind of the actor and ending in a terminus ad quem in his final destiny; for, as Aristotle says, "tragedy is the representation of an action that is complete in itself". Its correspondingly holistic psychology might
be called 'dramatism' (Burke, 1968), which is related to social action theory (Schutz, 1964), but is to be clearly distinguished from the 'dramaturgical' model of social interaction (Goffman, 1959). Thus the language of dramatistic psychology is characterised by the fact that it links together, in a seemingly inevitable sequence, the mentalism of a man's soliloquies and dialogues, the behaviourism of his alarums (stimuli) and excursions (responses), and the biologism of his love and death scenes.

Some psychologists are holistic in this sense; for example, Freud. Thus just as Shakespeare puts acts, scenes, soliloquies, dialogues and deaths together in order to create logically coherent plots, so Freud brings stray recollections, free associations and biographical data together in order to create logically coherent case-histories. The difference between them is, in the first place, one of language: Shakespeare speaks in terms of acts, persons and crises, and does not abstract from the lower-level languages of his characters; whereas Freud speaks in terms of stages, mechanisms and traumas, and tends to substitute this language for the lower-level languages of his patients. A second difference lies in the nature of the plots: Shakespeare's are always different, corresponding to the differences between the persons who are their subjects; whereas Freud's are always the same, invariably containing oral, anal, phallic and oedipal stages. A third difference lies in the method of explanation: Shakespeare explains his characters by explicating them, by unravelling the true nature of their thoughts and imaginations in terms of the consequences for their ultimate destiny; whereas Freud forces all his data to fit the pre-determined scheme of
his theory of neurosis.

Bannister (1975) has argued convincingly in favour of the use of biography as a source of data for psychology. I am arguing in favour of the use of drama, not merely as a source of data for psychology, but also as a source of language - and as a paradigm of psychological explanation. For the psychologist, in order to fulfil his own role, must also play the role of the dramatist, construing the constructs of his characters, imagining their imaginations, and then translating this lower-level language into the higher-level language of person, plot and destiny. This is how he explains his subjects - by putting their isolated, incoherent utterances into the context of a larger-scale utterance expressing a longer-term role (but a role, which he, and not they, have first imagined). For as Ray points out in his article, 'A psycho-linguistic account of causality' (1972), although we seek causes for events by looking for connections between them (Hume), we do not cease from our search until we have convinced ourselves that "we are in fact dealing with one continuous event".
Dramatists and Critics

But there is yet a third level beyond those of the dramatist and the *dramatis persona*: that of the dramatic critic. Consider Wilson Knight (1951):

Interpretation... must be soaked in the dramatic consciousness; and the more we attend to such elements, the more often we shall find ourselves directed instinctively to form groups of imaginative themes, poetical colourings, throughout the plays. The dramatic personas and their names change from play to play: but the life they live, the poetic air they breathe, the fate that strikes or the joy that crowns them, the symbols and symphonies of dramatic poetry, these are not so variable. They are Shakespearean. More, they are Shakespeare.

Two things are pointed out by the critic here: first, that in the creation of dramas and *dramatis persona*, the dramatist is also revealing himself; and secondly, that there is a distinction between what the dramatist creates *qua* dramatist - individual persons and plays, and what he creates *qua* poet - a common nature in which they 'live, move and have their being'.

Applying these points to psychology, we realise, first, that the psychologist's language for speaking about his subjects tells us much about himself. But, more important, we realise that he has two quite different roles. *Qua* clinician, he is like the dramatist, explicating characters in terms of dramatic plots and destinies. *Qua* theoretician, he is like the dramatic critic, comparing plots, classifying destinies, and discerning themes which are common to different characters (which is what I have done in the last chapter, 'The psychology of Shakespearean man'). For he is interested both in particular human persons and in
universal human nature.

Now this distinction may help to clarify the related distinction, discussed earlier in this chapter, between 'idiography' and 'nomotheticism'. We noted that the psychologist's higher-level language must not eliminate but rather 'comprehend' the lower-level languages of his subjects; and I proposed, as a paradigm of 'psychological comprehension', the way in which a dramatist such as Shakespeare includes the language of a character such as Hamlet within the language of Hamlet as a whole, thereby preserving idiography within and between the two linguistic levels. However, to explicate Hamlet in this way does not enable us to compare him with other characters, not to draw any general conclusions about Shakespearean characterisation. For that, we must ascend to the level of the dramatic critic, who 'places' the languages of different characters and plays within the Shakespearean 'universe of discourse' as a whole. Again, idiography is preserved - by keeping nomothetic analysis strictly within the context of personal languages, although, for the critic, the context is defined horizontally, across characters and plays, rather than longitudinally, within a single destiny.

Thus the psychologist as theoretician-critic can legitimately analyse his work as clinician-dramatist, provided that he limits himself to comparing personal languages and destinies as such. It is not legitimate for him to construct some super-personal language of extraversion and neuroticism, for example, or some sub-personal destiny of oral, anal and phallic stages. The ideal language for psychologists is
one which enables them to speak about people in general in recognizably the same terms as about people in particular — and which embraces the terms in which they express themselves.
5. The Shadow of Scientific Psychology.
"Who is it that can tell me who I am?" asked Lear. "Lear's shadow", replied the Fool. And truly, the only person who told Lear the unpleasant truth about himself was his shadow, the Fool. But who is it that can tell psychology the truth about itself? Psychology's shadow, evidently. There are few psychologists, however, who would be foolhardy enough to admit there was such a thing, let alone identify it. For, to most of them, psychology dwells in a light unapproachable—the light of 'pure', abstract science—where no shadows are cast.

But there was one psychologist (whose reputation among pure scientists is none too high) who came across this shadow. Ellenberger (1972) tells the story:

One of the most singular episodes of Jung's experiment occurred when one day, while writing under the dictation of the unconscious, he asked himself: "Is this really science that I am doing?" and heard a woman's voice answer him: "It is art!" He denied it, but the voice insisted that it was art and they conversed for a while. (p. 671)

Jung called the voice his anima; but Jung's anima is psychology's shadow—or rather, the shadow of that species of psychology which calls itself 'scientific'. Let us converse with it for a while.

'Who is it that can tell me who I am?' asks the scientific psychologist. 'Art', replies his shadow. 'Why art?' 'Because only art can describe human personality, and therefore only art—or the philosophy of art—can correspond to a science of human personality'.

'But there is a science—a scientific science—of human personality. It measures a person's traits, attitudes, abilities, complexes and many other things.' 'But those measures describe individuale, not persons.' 'I don't understand.'
This distinction between the words 'person' and 'individual' has been elucidated by Lossky (1957):

The human person cannot be expressed in concepts. It eludes all rational definitions, indeed all description, for all the properties whereby it could be characterised can be met with in other individuals. Personality can only be grasped in this life by a direct intuition; it can only be expressed in a work of art... We commonly use the words 'persons' or 'personal' to mean individuals, or individual. We are in the habit of thinking of these two terms, person and individual, almost as though they were synonyms. We employ them indifferently to express the same thing. But, in a certain sense, individual and person mean opposite things, the word individual expressing a certain mixture of the person with elements which belong to the common nature, while person, on the other hand, means that which distinguishes it from nature. In our present condition we know persons only through individuals, and as individuals. When we wish to define, to 'characterise' a person, we gather together individual characteristics, 'traits of character' which are to be met with elsewhere in other individuals, and which because they belong to nature are never absolutely 'personal'. Finally, we admit that what is most dear to us in someone, what makes him himself, remains indefinable, for there is nothing in nature which properly pertains to the person, which is always unique and incomparable. (pp. 53, 121)

Let us return to the conversation: - 'What I mean', says the shadow, 'is that there are two quite different subjects: a science of individual classification, and an art of personal representation. The science classifies individuals in terms of properties common in various degrees to all - 'intelligence', 'extraversion' and 'neuroticism', for example; but the art represents unique and incomparable persons'. 'But cannot a person and an individual be one and the same being?' 'In a sense, yes - in the sense that an individual classification and
a personal representation may refer to one and the same region of spacetime. But in a deeper sense, the person and the individual belong to two different worlds. 'Who am I - a person or an individual?' Qua N.N., you are a person: qua scientific psychologist, you are an individual.' And what is our relationship now - a personal one, or an individual one?' 'In life, there can only be personal relationships. The idea of an individual relationship - between one man's extraversion and another's neuroticism, for example - is hopelessly abstract.'

Granted, then, that there can be no real science of persons and personal relationships as such, can we nevertheless lay down certain basic principles of that subject, certain prolegomena (to adopt a Kantian tone) to the so-called science of human personality?

I believe that this is possible and that the principle formulated by Heron (1970-71) constitutes a good beginning:

My awareness of myself is in part constituted by my awareness of his awareness of me, and my awareness of him is in part constituted by my awareness of his awareness of me.

Heron's principle is formulated in the context of a discussion of the difference between two types of gaze: the one elicited by the direction, "Look at my eyes", and the other by the direction, "Look into my eyes". The one is characteristic of a photograph, and the other - of a portrait. Only the intuitive kind of gaze constitutes a personal meeting in the strict sense; for only beings who can look into, as opposed to simply looking at, each other, can be said to be persons.
We return here to the distinction between persons and individuals, but enriched now by an understanding of the difference between knowledge of persons, with whom one enters into a relationship through mutual trust and self-revelation, and knowledge about individuals, whose constituent traits or properties one describes through entering into a one-way, subject-object 'stream of consciousness' ('relationship' would be a misleading word). The importance of art consists in the fact that although an icon, say, can be looked at as though it were merely a coloured piece of wood, and the persons it represents as though they were merely individuals, nevertheless the possibility has been created by the artist of looking into the icon, as though one were entering into a personal relationship with its subject. Perhaps that is why Moslem vandals of Orthodox churches aim first to cut out the eyes of icons - then they can treat them impersonally, as mere objects. We come to the conclusion, then, that the peculiar nature, both personal and objective, of artistic representation makes of it a more suitable mode of personality study than scientific classification.

Let us now apply this conclusion to the understanding of three major issues that divide psychologists today: holism-compartmentalism, freedom-determinism and idiography-nomotheticism.
Holism-Compartmentalism

A work of art is a whole that is more than the sum of its parts. So is a human person. But psychologists have unfortunately taken little notice of that fact. Whereas an art critic would never think of assessing the value of a pictorial detail without relating it to the whole picture, psychologists, whose subject is the most consummate of all works of art, think nothing of devoting the whole of their lives to the analysis of a tiny, artificially isolated piece of human (or, more often, animal) behaviour. They justify this procedure on the grounds that when we have studied all the parts we shall be in a position to understand the whole by putting them all together again.

However, the need for a holistic approach to psychology has been emphasised recently by Ornstein (1975):

> Without the development of an overall perspective, we remain lost in our individual investigations. Such a perspective is a province of another mode of knowledge, and cannot be achieved in the same way that individual parts are explored. It does not arise out of a linear sum of independent observations. (p. 26)

This "other mode of knowledge" is related to that employed in the appreciation of 'psychological' portraits, in which one does not see 'cognition', 'learning', 'motivation' or any such isolated abstractions, but a whole man possessing all these faculties at once. Even in a sculpture such as Rodin's Le Penseur, the subject is not 'thought' or 'man the thinker', but 'a man who thinks'. For art portrays men with
characteristics, not characteristics that go to make up men; its subject is the indivisible whole of a person, not the independent parts of an individual.

Again, Neisser (1967) ends his survey of the cognitive compartment of psychology with the following words:

It is no accident that the cognitive approach gives us no way to know what the subject will think of next. We cannot possibly know this unless we have a detailed understanding of what he is trying to do and why. For this reason a really satisfactory theory of the higher mental processes can only come into being when we also have theories of motivation, personality, and social interaction. The study of cognition is only one fraction of psychology, and it cannot stand alone.

This goes part of the way towards a proper conception of the subject, except that 'personality' and 'social interaction' are not to be thought of as simply two further compartments with which 'cognition' is to liaise, but the very heart, the terminus a quo and terminus ad quem, of all psychological theorising. Indeed, until we have a satisfactory theory of personality, we shall not have even the beginnings of a theory of cognition or motivation. Our premise should be, not 'I think, therefore I am', but 'I am (a whole person), which is why I think, feel and will (in my individual functions)'.
Freedom-Determinism

However, Neisser's main concern was "to know what the subject will think of next". For one of the criteria of empirical science is predictive power. Such a power, moreover, would seem to have no analogue in art. For even where art does seem to foreshadow the shape of things to come - as Dostoyevsky's *The Devils*, for example, foreshadows the Russian Revolution (Berdyaev, 1957) - this is incidental to its value as art. For art is timeless; it represents people and events *sub specie aeternitatis* - that is, as having no essential reference to any specific spatiotemporal region.

But what of man himself? Is he in time or out of time? Does he belong to the determinist nexus of causes and effects, or is he free - "looking before and after", in Hamlet's phrase, but neither pushed by the before nor pulled by the after?

It is useful, at this point, to examine the relationship of psychology to history. For history is a discipline which is both quasi-scientific in its treatment of data and non-determinist (or not necessarily determinist) in its assumptions about man. Moreover, in his book *The Idea of History* (1946), the historian and philosopher, R.G. Collingwood, argues that "whereas the right way of investigating nature is by the methods called scientific, the right way of investigating mind is by the methods of history". Therefore "the work which was to be done by the (seventeenth and eighteenth century) science
of human nature is actually done, and can only be done, by history". Consider, for example, the question: 'Why did Brutus stab Caesar?'.

Now this question is psychological in form — it seems to be about the causes and effects of mental events. But it cannot be treated as a typical scientific question — as 'Why did that litmus paper turn pink?' for example. For whereas the scientific question can be answered by generalising it to the non-historical form: 'On what kinds of occasions do pieces of litmus paper turn pink?', the psychological question is equivalent to: 'What did Brutus think, which made him decide to stab Caesar?' — which can only be answered by means of a concrete historical inquiry. Therefore psychology cannot be a non-historical science in the way that physics and chemistry are: it can only be a science "which generalises from historical facts". Moreover, "in order to serve as data", these facts "must first be historically known; and historical knowledge is... the discerning of the thought which is the inner side of the event".

Collingwood goes on to criticise a false, positivist idea of history in a way that applies directly to certain similarly false conceptions of psychology:

The methods of modern historical inquiry have grown up under the shadow of their elder sister, the method of natural science; in some ways helped by its example, in other ways hindered. Throughout this essay it has been necessary to engage in a running fight with what may be called a positivistic conception, or rather misconception, of history, as the study of successive events in a dead past, events to be understood as the scientist understands events, by classifying them and establishing relations between the classes thus defined. This misconception is not only an endemic
error in modern philosophical thought about history, it is also a constant peril to historical thought itself. So far as historians yield to it, they neglect their proper task of penetrating to the thought of the agents whose acts they are studying, and content themselves with determining the externals of these acts, the kind of things about them which can be studied statistically. Statistical research is for the historian a good servant but a bad master. It profits him nothing to make statistical generalisations, unless he can thereby detect the thoughts behind the facts about which he is generalising (p. 228).  

The same criticism could be levelled at the (determinist) science of behavioural analysis which, like history, is a younger sister of natural science, "the study of successive events lying in a dead past", and which also is plagued by an excess of statistical generalisations, so that behavioural psychologists are prevented from attending to "their proper task of penetrating to the thought of the agents whose acts they are studying".

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1. cf. Popper's (1960) argument that "history is characterised by its interest in actual, singular, or specific events, rather than in laws or generalisations":

The situation is simply this: while the theoretical sciences are mainly interested in finding and testing universal laws, the historical sciences take all kinds of natural laws for granted and are mainly interested in finding and testing singular statements. It is only in history that we are really interested in the causal explanation of a singular event... Insofar as we are concerned with the historical explanation of typical events they must necessarily be treated as typical, as belonging to kinds or classes of events. For only then is the deductive method of causal explanation applicable. History, however, is interested not only in the explanation of specific events but also in the description of a specific event as such. One of its important tasks is undoubtedly to describe happenings in their peculiarity or uniqueness; that is to say, to include aspects which it does not attempt to explain causally, such as the 'accidental' concurrence of causally unrelated events. These two tasks of history, the disentanglement of causal threads and the description of the 'accidental' manner in which these threads are interwoven, are both necessary, and they supplement each other; at one time an event may be considered as typical, i.e. from the standpoint of its causal explanation, and at another it may be considered uniquely and untypically.
Can, then, psychology regain its freedom (to study the free-will of man) by returning to the concrete, historical form of posing its questions? And what other effects would adopting an historical approach have? Or, as Bannister (1975) asks: "if we were to use biographies and autobiographies as a focus of study, a source of material and basis for argument in psychology, what effect would it have on our thinking as psychologists?"

In answer to this question, Bannister suggests that we should probably become more sensitive to the following five issues: (i) "the shifts of a person over time and within circumstances - the whole man" in his completed lifetime trajectory; (ii) "the significance of the differences in the contexts within which people live"; (iii) "the question what underlies our personal/scientific choice of focus", and "the whole issue of whether formal psychology can be or ought to be impersonal while it is rightly struggling to be public"; (iv) "the question of why people make choices", "the nature of major choices", and "the issue of consistency of choice throughout a person's life"; (v) "the nature of the 'psychological' situation wherein one person is always seen through the eyes of another".

(i) refers to the holism-compartmentalism issue, reminding us that non-historical psychology compartmentalises people, not only spatially as it were, by dividing them into 'cognition', 'perception', 'motivation', etc., but also temporally, in the few minutes or hours of the traditional laboratory experiment. (iii) is the question
whether psychologists qua psychologists should be persons or individuals, and whether there can be a study of human personality which is both personal and objective. (v) reminds us that "we cannot rely on 'objectivity' as opposed to 'subjectivity' or on a rigid separation of 'subject' and 'object'; we must learn to examine the 'between'" (Globerman, 1973). And (iv) brings us up squarely against the issue of whether we have freedom of choice.

Thus an historic-biographical approach may bring us to a recognition both of our actual freedom (in that we can choose 'to be' in spite of apparently stronger pressure 'not to be') and of our relative bondage (in that we are sometimes pulled against our will into non-being). But the question is: can it also represent how they interact in the inner recesses of the personality? Or can that relationship be represented only as, say, Shakespeare has represented it in his 'to be or not to be' soliloquy?

Consider (to revert to a previous example) how Shakespeare began to answer the question: 'What did Brutus think, which made him decide to stab Caesar?':

Since Cassius first did what me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like as a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

*Julius Caesar, II, 1, 61.*
'It's magnificent', says the scientific psychologist. 'But is it science?' 'Of course not', says his shadow. 'But can science do any better?'

Certainly, no amount of historical generalisation concerning the behaviour of dictators' best friends, or personality questionnaire data about individuals of (say) high ego strength, low extraversion and high conscientiousness, can do more than prepare the ground for the act of creative historico-dramatic imagination which will take us into the mind of Brutus. Nor can we bypass his mind if we wish to predict his future behaviour; for, man being free, the knowledge of what, and how strong, are the various motives impelling him is not equivalent to the knowledge of which of them he will choose. Therefore the psychologist predicting the actions of his subjects is like the dramatist writing the scripts of his characters. They both resemble the witches in Macbeth in trying to

look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not. (I, 3, 58)

And in the performance of this task they must both make use of a sense of poetic truth, always remembering that it is the dramatist's, no less than the psychologist's, task to describe, in the words of Aristotle in the Poetics, "the kinds of thing that might happen, that is, that could happen because they are, in the circumstances, either probable or necessary".
Idiography-Nomotheticism

'Idiography' means the drawing ('graphos') of that which is personal ('idios'); and the idiographic approach to psychology involves the use of quasi-artistic, 'projective' techniques - the Rorschach inkblot test, for example - in the drawing of human uniqueness and idiosyncracy.

'Nomotheticism', on the other hand, means the placing ('thesis') of that which is lawful ('nomicos'); and the nomothetic approach to psychology involves the use of scientific, statistical techniques in the plotting of each man's place on certain universal dimensions of behaviour which have a basis in natural law - as extraversion-introversion, for example, has a basis in the laws of classical conditioning. Thus idiography would seem to be a science of persons, and nomotheticism - of individuals.

However, it is not quite as simple as that. For the idiographers, too, use classifications; and although they claim to represent human uniqueness and idiosyncracy, they do not (usually) do that in the only way that it can be done - through the creation of works of art. Therefore, if we truly desire to go 'towards an idiographic psychology' (Jones, 1971), we must be more radical both in our choice of philosophical presuppositions and in our methodology.

The basic presupposition must be, not simply that a person is like a work of art, but that he is a work of art. This is, of course, the teaching of Christian anthropology, which sees men as the chef-d'oeuvre.
of that Master Craftsman who said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness" (Genesis 1:26). But the likeness has been distorted by sin, and it is the aim of the Christian life to restore man to his original beauty, "leaving as it were the Royal Image and restoring its ancient form" (St. Basil the Great On the Holy Spirit). And the content of the image is the virtuous state of the soul. For just as "painters transfer human forms to their pictures by means of certain colours, laying on their copy the proper and corresponding tints, so that the beauty of the original may be accurately transferred to the likeness, so... our Maker also, painting the portrait to resemble His own beauty, by the addition of virtues, as it were with colours shows in us His own sovereignty", (St. Gregory of Nyssa, On the Making of Man, 5).

Thus prayer, as Collinder (1961) says:

is the science of sciences and the art of arts. The artist works in clay or colours, in word or tones, according to his ability he gives them pregnancy and beauty. The working material of the praying person is living humanity. By his prayer he shapes it, gives it pregnancy and beauty: first himself and thereby many others. (p. 73)

Nor is it only in Christian thought that we find the notion of the self as a work of art. In Renaissance humanism - Castiglione's The Courtier, for example - it is also present, although the maker of image is now man, not God, and the archetype is also no longer Divine. Thus Mazzeo (1965):

The aim of education (according to Castiglione) is to develop our consciousness, to make us aware of a wide range of different kinds of human possibilities and activities, and to unify thought and action, learning and feeling, by imposing on them, as it were, a common
**style.** This remains a unique human possibility because only in man are contradictory impulses and disparate, fragmented experiences brought together in a single consciousness, only man can impose those relations, rhythms, accents, and symmetries on experience that are the essence of style itself. As men may turn the contents of consciousness into works of art, so may they manipulate and form themselves into works of art. (p. 150)

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the classical notion of an imposed style gave way to the romantic notion of spontaneous generation, as Balzac's saying (quoted in Cohen, 1958) illustrates:

> "I have a brain working in two compartments. In the first is the book I am writing. In the second, behind, is another which is writing itself."

The wheel would appear to have come full circle back to Christian modes of thought in the twentieth-century Jungian identification of the self-archetype with the image of God in man — except that, as Moreno (1974) points out, "when Jung is speaking of God he usually means a psychological image, not God as such".

Most recently, Hudson (1976) has indicated the range of the concept of art, "from art as an object-on-a-wall... some entity wrought 'out there', to the individual's life as the object of his own aesthetic ambitions and skills". Not that the motives for one's self-artistry are always aesthetic —

> A woman may dress to excite, a man to pass muster. But for many people, the creation of a lifestyle — the car, the spouse, the house, the clothes — springs from an impulse that exists in its own right, and cannot helpfully be explained away in terms of other impulses: greed, snobbery, concupiscence. (p. 319)
Price (1968) has pointed out that "there is considerable artistry inherent in our normal behaviour", and that "the intensification and direction it gains in a work of art does not obliterate the continuity of art and life". And the spectrum can be extended to include abnormal life and behaviour. Thus Otto Rank believed "that neurosis should be regarded not as an illness but as "a failed work of art!"", and "that men and women who were emotionally disabled should be treated not as candidates for psychic surgery, in which festering conflicts are lifted clear and the healthy mind is left intact, but as 'failed artists!'" (Hudson, 1976).

Thus the self-as-art concept, the only firm base on which to build a truly idiographic psychology, has a long history which is by no means finished yet, although purged now of its theological content. This purge was accelerated, at the beginning of this century, by Freud, and has been turned into something of an iconoclast fury towards its end by Skinner. Ironically, neither of these theorists has been insensitive to art or uninfluenced by its power.
Psychological iconoclasm: Freud and Skinner

As we have already noted in chapters 1 and 4, there is a considerable element of drama in Freud's work. He himself always acknowledged his debt to the Greek tragedians, Goethe and Shakespeare; he included literary history and literary criticism among the disciplines to be studied in the ideal Faculty of Psychoanalysis (Ellenberger, 1972); and, as appears already in his early (1893) obituary on Charcot, he saw the relationship between "the poet's eye" and the gift of clinical diagnosis. Moreover, he saw the poet's function of giving "a local habitation and a name" to the unexpressed desire as being at the root of the distinction between the conscious and the unconscious:

What we have permissibly called the conscious presentation of the object can now be split up into the presentation of the word and the presentation of the thing... We now seem to know all at once what the difference is between a conscious and an unconscious presentation. The two are not, as we supposed, different registrations of the same content in different psychical localities, nor yet different functional states of cathexis in the same locality; but the conscious presentation comprises the presentation of the thing plus the representation of the word belonging to it, while the unconscious presentation is the presentation of the thing alone...

Now, too, we are in a position to state precisely what it is that repression denies to the rejected presentation-in the transference neuroses: what it denies to the presentation is translation into words which shall remain attached to the object. A presentation which is not put into words, or a psychical act which is not hypercathexised, remains thereafter in the unconscious in a state of repression.

(1915, pp. 201-2)

Dreams, according to Freud, are a kind of language for repressed presentations: we are to read them as we read a poem, treating the
techniques of "dream work"—displacement, condensation, symbolisation, dramatisation, etc.—as a critic might treat the devices of poetry. Indeed, the French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan (1956, translated in Wilden, 1968) says of the "rhetoric" of dreaming: "Ellipsis and pleonasm, hyperbaton or syllepsis, regression, repetition, apposition—are the syntactical displacements; metaphor, catachresis, autonomasis, allegery, metonymy, and synecdoche—are the semantic condensations in which Freud teaches us to read the intentions—ostentatious or demonstrative, dissimulating or persuasive, retaliatory or seductive—out of which the subject modulates his discourse". And the critic Lionel Trilling (1947) identified as Freud's greatest achievement his discovery that "poetry is indigenous to the very constitution of the mind", which is "in the greater part of its tendency exactly a poetry-making organ", so that psychoanalysis is, in effect, "a science of tropes, of metaphor and its variants, synecdoche and metonymy".

With this all-pervasive influence of dramatic and poetic categories in his work, it comes as a surprise to realise that Freud considered art itself to be no more than "substitute gratification". It is as if the explorer of the mind's creativity, being frightened by his discovery, tried to deny it by ascribing its origin to the essentially uncreative force of libido. But the effect is to undermine the credibility of the whole intellectual enterprise; for if art, and the higher mental processes generally, are no more than sublimated libido, then there is no reason to suppose that they can ever come to represent objective reality.
In any case, the critic Lionel Trilling (1947b) has shown that the relationship between art and biological need and neurosis is not as simple as Freud suggests:

The reference to the artist's neurosis tells us something about the material on which the artist exercises his powers, and even something about his reasons for bringing his powers into play, but it does not tell us anything about the source of his power, it makes no causal connection between them and neurosis. And if we look into the matter, we see that there is in fact no causal connection between them. For, still granting that the poet is uniquely neurotic, what indeed suggests nothing but health, is his power of using his neuroticism. He shapes his fantasies, he gives them social form and reference...

Nothing is so characteristic of the artist as his power of shaping his work, of subjugating his raw material, however aberrant it be from what we call normality, to the consistency of nature. It would be impossible to deny that whatever disease or mutilation the artist may suffer is an element of his production which has its effect on every part of it, but disease and mutilation are available to us all - life provides them with prodigious generosity. What marks the artist is his power to shape the material of pain we all have...

But the artist is indeed unique in one respect, in the respect of his relation to his neurosis. He is what he is by virtue of his successful objectification of his neurosis, by his shaping it and making it available to others in a way which has its effect upon their own egos in struggle. His genius, that is, may be defined in terms of his faculties of perception, representation, and realisation, and in these terms alone. It can no more be defined in terms of neurosis than can his power of walking and talking, or his sexuality. The use to which he puts his power, or the manner and style of his power, may be discussed with reference to his particular neurosis, and so may such matters as the untimely diminution or cessation of its exercise. But its essence is irreducible. It is, as we say, a gift. (pp. 172, 173, 177)

But a gift implies a giver; and if that giver is not to be identified with our biological organism, what - or who - is it? A bygone age would
have been ready enough with the answer to this question: God, Who by His breathing of a soul into man's earthly constitution, gave him a freedom and creativity in the image of His own Freedom and Creativity. Today, we are afraid of such freedom, and there has even risen from amongst us the author of a book entitled *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (Skinner, 1973), in which the seat of our freedom, the self, is reduced to "a repertoire of behaviour appropriate to a given set of contingencies".

But what, we may ask, was the set of contingencies to which the *Complete Works* of Shakespeare was the appropriate response? Or *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* itself? Actually, a partial answer to this latter question may be contained in a sentence from Skinner's (1976) autobiography: "I had apparently failed as a writer, but was it not possible that literature had failed me as a method?" Perhaps Skinner's attack on creativity was elicited by frustration at his own earlier failure to be creative. In any case, even if this is quite untrue, it shows that the contemporary attack on the freedom and dignity of man is closely linked with the attack on art as a mode of psychological knowledge.

But even if it were true, it would not go to prove Skinner's theory. For however strong the environmental contingencies prompting a writer to write, the actual act of creation cannot be explained by environmental contingencies, any more than the liquidity of water, or the gaseousness of steam, is explained by the process of heating ice. Thus it remains true that Skinner's attack on creativity is an exercise of his creative
faculty, albeit misguided. His attack on freedom, similarly, is an exercise of his own free-will. But whether it has dignity is much more debatable; for it is in danger of fulfilling the psalmist's words: "man, being in honour, did not understand; he is compared to the mindless cattle, and is become like unto them" (48 : 12, LXX).
The Living Icon

We are now in a position to look again at the notion of man as the living icon, made in the image and likeness of God (the Greek word for 'likeness' is 'ikon'), and deriving from Him his freedom and dignity.

All the human capacities we have examined in this thesis so far, from the devising of constructs to the acting of roles to the creation of art, witness, insofar as they are free and creative, to the image of God in man, being, in their proper exercise, likenesses of His supreme Omniscience, Power and Creativity (whereas to their improper exercise the words of the prophet Isaiah apply: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord" (55: 8)). Moreover, it is not only our capacities as static potentialities that are made in the Divine image. The desire to activate these potentialities in time, and fulfil them in eternity, is also both God-given and God-like.

Hamlet saw this, even while expressing his disgust at man's beast-like image:

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me...

Man's god-like apprehension was expressed in its dynamic aspect by the most recent saint of the Greek Church, Nektarios of Pentapolis (1901, in Cavarnos, 1967):
Man is born a lover of knowledge, a lover of knowing...
It is a strange desire. Whence was it born in him?
It is quite impossible to explain it without admitting a rational power in man, conjoined with spiritual powers and impelling man to pursue knowledge. The inclination to know is a demand of a rational soul, which delights not in an abundance of enjoyments, but in finding the reason for this creation of each creature and the discovery of the laws of their preservation. The soul seeks the wisdom of the Creator in the creation. It seeks to acquaint itself with, and enter into, the depths of the Creative Spirit. It seeks to know all things and to encompass them in the mind. It seeks to render itself like God.

Again, Hamlet saw the direction that psychological iconoclasm would take:

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!

And, over three hundred years later, the schools of Freud, Pavlov and Watson had made the bestial conception of man a commonplace. Only Christian writers like St. Nektarios pointed to man's cognitive nature as giving the lie to this conception:

In which species of animal is such a phenomenon observed? What animal abandoned the things of sense and turned to the search of things that are above sense? Which epoch throughout the centuries pointed to even a single such example? How, then, having such testimonies of man's supersensible delight do we not rise to that spiritual world, in order to find there man's true character?

Moreover, since the love of truth is as unquenchable as its object is indestructible, it points to eternity as being another attribute of the Divine image. "For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own eternity" (Wisdom of Solomon 2:24). And, as St. Nektarios says:

is it possible for spirit, which has received such longings, which thus rises up towards God, which seeks him in all things, which is perfected by its knowledge of Him, to be a part of matter and to return to it at
death? No! a myriad times no! The acceptance of such an idea is an insult to truth, is an insult to spirit. No, the spirit is not matter, is not a secretion of the brain, but is a special creature of God, made to image the Creator on earth and to live eternally in the world of spirits.

This is not to say that the body will have no part in man's immortality - it will, through the resurrection from the dead. But since, as Solomon says, "the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the early tabernacle weighteth down the mind the museth upon many things" (Wisdom 9:15), it is necessary for the soul first to master the body, by striving for that which is immaterial. Only then will the body be in harmony with the soul, so that both together can image forth the Beauty of the Holy Spirit.

This theory of human nature is expressed - one might almost say, demonstrated - by the sacred art of iconography. A great defender of icon-veneration, St. Theodore the Studite (quoted in Ware, 1976) said that "since man is made in the image and likeness of God, there is something Divine in the act of painting an icon, and, indeed, there is something Divine in the way in which simple matter, wood and pigments, become the medium, not only for the expression of an immaterial but space-and-time-bound soul (for that is achieved by humanist art, too), but also for the wholly unbound, infinite Spirit, Who transfigures the images of the saints as He transfigures their archetypes, lifting up both soul and body beyond the bounds of the spatio-temporal universe.

The model, therefore, for iconographers, and one of their most frequently painted subjects, is the Transfiguration of Christ on
Mount Tabor. For Christ then revealed the image and likeness of God in man transfigured by the Light of His own Divinity. The idea is clearly expressed in the Orthodox Liturgical texts for the Transfiguration:

Today Christ on Mount Tabor has changed the darkened nature of Adam, and filling it with brightness He has made it godlike... He showed them the nature of man, arrayed in the original beauty of the Image... Thou, O Christ, with invisible hands has fashioned man in Thine image; and Thou hast now displayed the original beauty in this same human body formed by Thee, revealing it, not as in an image, but as Thou art in Thine own self according to Thine essence, being both God and man.

Other subjects for the iconographer are the Mother of God and the saints. For they, having cleansed the image of God in themselves, became living icons, visibly transfigured by the Uncreated Light, which is the real Subject of iconography. The ordinary man, however, being darkened by the passions of pride, lust and envy, cannot become an icon of the Divine Light, or a subject for iconographers.

Now "the icon", said another great defender of icon-veneration, St. Stephen the Younger (in Ware, 1976), "is a door". Just as a door is made of wood and pigments, so is the icon. And just as a door can be opened or shut, so with the icon. When it is closed (or rather, when our minds are closed to its true significance) we can only analyse the hardness of the wood it is made of, or the colours of the pigments it is painted with, or the curiously two-dimensional character of its pattern. But when it is open (or rather, when we are looking through, not at it), we enter another world.
Persons, too, are like doors. Or rather, they are like rooms with a door at either end. The first, outer door is, from a sociological point of view, the persona, and from a biological point of view, the behaviour. Many scientists never get beyond this door, spending their professional lives in the analysis of its two-dimensional qualities. They deny the essential fact about it, namely, that it opens. But others argue that there must be someone on the other side of the door who is responsible for the organised, aesthetic quality of its decoration, and for the appearance, after periods of intensive research, of signs such as 'closed' or 'don't disturb' on it. Moreover, during research, a tiny chink occasionally appears; and then scientists find themselves having to cope with such phenomena as 'role distance' (Goffman, 1961) within a theory of personae, or 'emotional reaction' within a theory of behaviour.

At this point, some of the former doubters may be persuaded that there is a world on the other side of the door, and venture to enter in. But then a practical difficulty presents itself: doors cannot go through doors— even open ones. The scientist must take off his mask if he is to discover the subject behind his mask. And what does he find when he does that? A whirling mass of leering, grimacing creatures called pride, lust, fear, greed, envy, etc.

Frightened by this, the scientist retreats behind the door, shuts it, and takes up again his old and trusted weapon of defence: the method of statistical abstraction and objectification. At first, while
the memory of his experience is fresh, there may still be something personal about his objectifications - 'ego', 'superego', 'id', etc. But later, these dynamic quasi-personalities give way to the more static entities of 'object-relations' theory. And later still, that most impersonal of all personality theories, trait psychology, holds away, with only a few of its terms, such as 'ego strength', giving us any hints about its murky past. For by now those dark creatures in the room have been transformed in the scientist's memory into pieces of furniture - of the same nature, basically, as the door at the entrance.

The scientist's problem is that, behind the door of his persona, his personality, too, is peopled by such creatures as pride and lust. And the pride of one man cannot penetrate the pride of another - they are like two closed doors facing each other and both bolted from the inside. He must first subdue his own personality before he can understand the personality of the other.

The Freudians understand this (albeit in part and in a distorted way); for they insist that would-be analysts undergo a training analysis. It was understood by Shakespeare in his study of Hamlet's failure to come to a knowledge of himself. But those who realise it best are the Christian ascetics, who try scrupulously to follow their Master's command: "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye" (Matthew 7:5).

Thus the iconographer prepares for his sacred task by prayer and
fasting. In this way he hopes to raise his art from the level of a dark
shadow of man's darkened, fallen nature into a radiant window into heaven,
the heaven in which man will shine forth in his original nature as the
living icon of God. For, as St.-Paul said: "Now we see through a glass,
darkly; but then shall I know even as also I am known" (I Corinthians
13:12).
Conclusion: Three Modes of Psychological Thought
In this thesis, the argument has ranged widely through areas which usually are carefully segregated from each other: science, art and religion. Some may say that this displays a lack of conceptual clarity, a tendency to make what Ryle (1949) would call 'category mistakes'. I hope that I have shown that this is not so, and that the mistake in fact lies in the attempt to encompass man within a too narrow set of categories, the categories of physical and biological science. Man is more than a very complicated machine, or a very sensitive animal (although he shares certain properties with both machines and animals); he is also a deviser of scientific hypotheses, a creator of works of art, and a worshipper of God. An adequate theory of human nature must take account of the heights while not ignoring the depths, and without attempting to reduce the one to the other.

If we are looking for a definition of man which will not restrict us and yet will point out a definite point of entry into the subject, we can do no better than return to Aristotle's famous dictum : man is the rational animal. For centuries, the emphasis has been on man's animality, about which a great deal has been learned (although no more, perhaps, than was learned by the fathers of the Egyptian desert in the course of struggling against their passions, whereby they accomplished what Evdokimov (1964) has described as "an enormous psycho-analysis followed by a psycho-synthesis of the universal human soul"). It is high time that the balance is restored by the study of human rationality in its
three major modes, the scientific, the artistic and the religious.

Fortunately, a good start has already been made in this direction by the philosopher, John Macmurray (1933, 1935, 1961). Thus he writes:

The traditional definition of humanity is that man is a rational animal. This, however, is merely a verbal definition until we have defined what we mean by rationality. The question becomes 'What is reason as we know it in immediate experience?' A very natural answer to this question is that reason is the capacity to think. I am afraid it is a bad answer. Thinking, in that sense, means thinking rationally, and the explanation is tautologous. From the psychologist's point of view, thinking is as often as not quite irrational, so that the question 'When is thought rational?' - the question that logic tries to answer - is really part of the question 'What is reason?' I venture, therefore, to offer another definition, that reason is the capacity for objectivity, and to say that it is the possession of this capacity which distinguishes persons from whatever is sub-personal.

By the capacity for objectivity, I mean the capacity to stand in conscious relation to that which is recognised as not ourselves. Everything, of course, stands in relation to what is not itself, and everything that is capable of consciousness stands in conscious relation to what is not itself. This, however, is not sufficient to constitute rationality. We must add that that to which we stand in conscious relation is recognised, is consciously apprehended, as not ourselves. (1933, pp. 127-8)

Macmurray goes on to distinguish between objectivity and consciousness. It is possible to stand in conscious relation to that which is not ourselves without being objectively conscious of it - as in dream-consciousness, for example. "Thus, an objective consciousness or a rational consciousness - the two phrases have the same meaning - is a consciousness of what is recognised in the consciousness itself as an object independent of the subject".
Now there are three modes of objective consciousness or rationality:

science, art and religion.

Science grows out of our rationality in relation to material things. Art grows out of our relation to living beings. Religion grows out of our relation to persons. (1935, p. 196)

Of these three modes, religion is the fullest, because persons are also living creatures and material things, although not reducible to either of these categories.

Religion is the fullest expression of rationality for another reason — that it is the only mode which employs all three persons, 'I', 'you', and 'he', 'she' or 'it' in the speech-situation. Science is less rational insofar as it uses only the third person; and scientific discourse, being a matter, not of self-expression or inter-self communion, but of exchange of information, is in fact "profoundly impersonal".

It seeks to degrade language from its primary use as a means of self-communication, by eradicating from it all the character, the complex of imagery and magic, which makes it a carrier of emotion and a means of self-communication. For science is only interested in the object, and therefore speaks and thinks, even of itself, in the third person; like a child that has not yet become self-conscious. There is no 'I' nor 'you' for science, only 'it'; and because of this science is utterly at sea in the personal field. As soon as the scientist is disturbed by a strong emotion, his work is deranged; he ceases to be scientific and becomes a human being. When he escapes from the real world of home and friendship and the traffic of life, and shuts himself into his laboratory, he escapes from himself and loses himself in a world of information.

Of information, however, not of knowledge. (1935, p. 150)

This is a little unfair to the scientist, who often feels strong
emotion in the course of his work. Indeed, scientific discovery, no less
than aesthetic experience, "combines intellectual illumination and
emotional catharsis" (Koestler, 1976). However, it is true to say that
science, although sometimes emotional, is never personal, and hence not
fully rational according to Macmurray's definition.

He goes on:

Because science is impersonal it is always worried
about the 'observer'. It wants to find an 'absolute
observer', an indifferent observer, that is to say an
impersonal observer, a person who isn't a person. For
only a person can even hold information, while no
person can merely hold it. Whoever he is, he is sure
to do something with it that makes it a little more
than information, perhaps by using it to make a corner
in wheat, perhaps merely by getting excited about it
and colouring it with his emotion, perhaps by using it to
show his wife what an admirable fellow he is.

This concentration on the object, this indifference
to the persons concerned, which is characteristic of the
'information' attitude, is often called objectivity. It
is really only impersonality. For the strange thing is
that when we concentrate on the 'object' - the third
person, what we talk about - to the exclusion of the
persons who know it and talk about it, we lose the
reality of the object. Information is always information
about something, not knowledge of it. Science cannot
teach you to know your dog; it can only tell you about
dogs in general. You can only get to know your dog by
nursing him through distemper, teaching him how to
behave about the house, and playing ball with him. Of
course you can use the information that science gives
you about dogs in general to get to know your dog better,
but that is another matter. Science is concerned with
generalities, with more or less universal characteristics
of things in general, not with anything in particular.
And anything real is always something in particular.
(pp. 151-2)

If that is the case with dogs and veterinary science, how much more
is it so with men and human science:
Any objective or impersonal knowledge of the human, any science of man, whether psychological or sociological, involves a negation of the personal relation of the 'I' and the 'You', and so of the relation which constitutes them persons. Formally, such knowledge is knowledge of the 'You', that is, of the other person; but not—of the other person in personal relation to the knower, but as object in the world. I can know another person as a person only by entering into personal relation with him. Without this I can know him only by observation and inference; only objectively. The knowledge which I can obtain in this way is valid knowledge; my conclusions from observations can be true or false, they can be verified or falsified by further observation or by experiment. But it is abstract knowledge, since it constructs its object by limitation of attention to what can be known about other persons without entering into personal relations with them. (1961, pp. 28-9)

Art is more personal than science because "by retaining the object in full relation to the artist — the first person — art secures knowledge of the object by maintaining its reality; and also it secures, for the same reason, the free creativeness of the person". However, the second person, the 'You', is universalised and abstracted from by artists.

The artist wants to give, not to receive; so that mutuality is lost, and his experience, though it remains intensely personal, is one-sided, has lost part of the fullness of personal experience. Knowledge there is, and the pouring out of knowledge, which is self-expression, but not mutuality; and therefore the second person is generalised to a listener, negative and receptive, and tends to fade out of the picture and become hypothetical and imaginary. The artist can write his description for anyone to read, or paint his picture for anyone to see, He gives himself, not to anyone in particular but to the world at large. That is not a fuller but a narrower experience; because personally, to give yourself to everyone, is to give yourself to none. The mutuality of the personal belongs to its essence. (1935, p. 154)

The mutuality which is seen by Macmurray to be the essence of the
personal is defined by him as follows: 'I am I because I know you, and you are you because you know me'. This is a more precise expression of the sixth, phenomenological postulate which we considered in chapter I.

For "my consciousness is rational or objective because it is a consciousness of someone who is in personal relation to me and therefore, knows me and knows that I am I".

This leads us, finally, to the question:

How are we to represent the type of unity which we know in our experience of the personal? A person cannot be represented as a mathematical unit because, though each person can say of himself 'I am I', no person can say of any other 'I am I' or 'I am you', but only 'you are you and not I'. And apart from this difference of I and you, there would be neither the one nor the other. The units of material existence are bare identities. One unit is identical with every other and its equivalent. Thus, two mathematical units have no real otherness between them. In the case of two persons, both are individuals, yet their otherness is essential to their individuality. For each of us, there can be only one 'I'. The other person is always 'you'. Yet it is equally essential to my being that in knowing you I know that for yourself you are 'I' and for you I am the other, the 'you'. This can obviously not be represented by mathematical thought, for which all units are equally 'it'. The difference between I and you must be represented in any symbolism which is to be of use in formulating our experience of the personal.

Organic thought... does involve the representation of the essential differences between elements of the whole. But this expression of difference is in terms of complementary functions, so that no element in an organic whole can be really individual. Only the whole can possess true individuality. For this reason organic thought, in its turn, cannot express the nature of the personal. For the personal involves the essential individuality of all persons as well as their differences. Two persons in personal relation are not complementary. They do not lose their individuality to become functional elements in an individuality which includes them both.
In fact, in the personal field, the only real individuals are individual persons. Groups of persons are not individuals. Nevertheless, the individuality of a person exists only in and through his relationship to other persons and the more objective his relations become with other persons, the more his individuality is enhanced. It would seem, therefore, that the unity-pattern of psychological thought must somehow succeed in combining the characteristics both of organic and mathematical thought. It must express at once the independent reality of the individual and the fact that this individuality is constituted by the relationship in which he stands to other independent persons who are different individuals. To put it in the familiar terms of modern controversy, mathematical relations are external to the terms they relate. Organic relations are internal to the terms they relate. But personal relations are at once internal and external. They create not merely a unity between individuals, but also the difference of the individuals which they unite. Further than this we are not in a position to go... (1933, pp. 138-41)

Neither shall I go further in this direction except to say that the personal unity-in-difference which Macmurray sees as constituting the fullest expression of human rationality is to be found, I believe, only in the society of those who with true faith worship the One God in Three Persons, and who exhibit His unity in their life. This society, I further believe, is the True Orthodox Church of Christ. However, since this statement is a confession of faith which, while fully consistent with reason, is nevertheless supra-rational in its ultimate source and justification, I shall turn now to the other, less full modes of human rationality.

These, as we have seen, are science and art. I shall say no more about the strictly scientific (which, in psychology, is the scientific) mode except to point out that, since there is neither 'I' nor 'you' but
only 'it' for science, science must inevitably try to represent the mind by means of a mechanical or mechanico-biological model. And a machine, however complex, can only model what is pre-programmed into it; it cannot initiate a process of any kind which the programme does not 'foresee'.

Thus Polanyi (1958) points out that a neurological or psychological model of an individual's mind can never represent more than those mental functions which the neurologist's mind attributes to him. "The informal, and hence personal functions of the subject's mind are in fact not represented at all."

He goes on:

These personal powers include the capacity for understanding a meaning, for believing a factual statement, for interpreting a mechanism in relation to its purpose, and on a higher level, for reflecting on problems and exercising originality in solving them. They include, indeed, every manner of reaching convictions by an act of personal judgement. The neurologist exercises these powers to the highest degree in constructing the neurological model of a man - to whom he denies in this very act any similar powers. The same is true of a psychologist who reduces the mental manifestations of man to specifiable relations of measured quantities, for as such these can always be represented by the performances of a robot.

This disparity between the powers which the interpreting mind is confidently exercising in the act of denying them to the subject interpreted by it, is justified, so long as the observer is concerned only with the automatic responses of his subject. When a physiologist records the reflexes of a person, he is rightly claiming for himself powers of judgement which are absent in the faculties he is examining in another person. To the extent to which mental illness deprives those suffering from it of control over their thoughts, a psychiatrist will also observe the pathological mechanism in question from the superior position assumed by him towards his subject.

By contrast, to acknowledge someone as a sane person is to establish a reciprocal relation to him. By virtue of our own act of comprehension we experience another
person's similar faculties as the presence of that person's mind. Our capacity for knowing things either focally or subsidiarily is decisive here. Mind is not the aggregate of its focally known manifestations, but it is that on which we focus our attention while being subsidiarily aware of its manifestations. This is the way (to be analysed further in Part Four) by which we acknowledge a person's judgement and share also other forms of his consciousness. This manner of knowing a person qualifies him fully for the functions of a mind. (pp. 262-3)

This argument holds however much scientists may discover about the neuro-physiological substrates of intentional action. Thus Luria (1973, chapter 7) has shown that massive lesions of the frontal lobes disturb "the most complex forms of regulation of conscious activity and, in particular, activity which is controlled by motives formulated with the aid of speech", while leaving simpler and more basic forms of behaviour unimpaired.

I shall never forget one patient with a marked frontal syndrome who, after being discharged from hospital, expressed the wish to go home but, while he was still some tens of kilometres away from home he followed the example of his companion and settled in a small town there in order to start work in a shoe factory. Hence, neither spoken instructions given to these patients nor their own intentions any longer provide a stable programme for their behaviour, and their regulatory function is lost. (p. 200)

This example shows that certain physiological mechanisms are necessary for the execution of intentions, and perhaps also for the formation of 'scenarios' connecting the intentions with their goals; but it does not show that the mechanisms are the intentions. On the contrary, the intention to go home was clearly present even while the physical machinery for putting the intention into action was destroyed. Thus intentions, even when expressible only in terms of physically observable
actions, are peculiarly mental phenomena which will ever elude the net of neurophysiological theory.

Returning to that mode of rationality whose relation to psychology has been the main subject of this thesis, let us note again that limitation of art which consists in the exclusively one-way direction of communication from artist to audience.

Now it is possible to construe the psychotherapeutic situation as a debased form of artistic communication, in which an unskilled performer tries to put across a character or life-drama to the psychologist in the audience, while he tries to discern the real person behind that persona. And non-directive forms of therapy make a virtue out of this unidirectional flow. But of course no therapy is completely non-directive (any more than a theatrical performance is completely uninfluenced by its audience); and the research finding that success in therapy correlates highly with such qualities as warmth and genuineness in the therapist shows that artistic rationality in the therapeutic field is constantly spilling over into that fuller kind of inter-personal rationality which Macmurray would call religious.

Alternatively, one could argue that the client and his therapist are dividing the functions of artistic rationality between them. For if art may be defined as a combination of receptivity and spontaneity - "intuition as the receptivity by which we contemplate reality; expression as the spontaneity by which we express ourselves through it" (Macmurray, 1935) - then the client exhibits spontaneity and expression while the
psychologist exhibits receptivity and intuition. In the 'aesthetic' arts, the artist first intuits reality before expressing himself through it. (In the theatre, two stages of expression are involved: the playwright's expression in the written word—and the actor's expression of that expression in the spoken word and act.) But in psychotherapy, the client expresses his feelings at the same time that the therapist intuits them.

However, the situation is still more complicated than that. For the client is not only expressing his own feelings: he is also trying to intuit the therapist's intuition, and manipulate it. And the therapist is not only intuiting his client's feelings: he is also trying to express his own feelings, so as to influence the expression of the client's.

To the degree that both the client and the therapist are exercising their full rationality in this (artistic) mode, the interaction approaches a fully personal encounter in the religious mode. Such an ideal interaction, involving full knowledge both of self and other, is in fact never attained. (Nor is it attainable, I believe, except in the practice of the Christian religion.) But it should be the norm of human relations towards which psychotherapy strives. And psychology should be the study both of the norm and of the abnormalities resulting from failures to achieve full rationality.

Thus, just as the attempt to study human rationality from an exclusively scientific point of view does not allow us to see the
intentionality, the 'spirit' of a man ('the ghost in the machine'), so the attempt to study human rationality from an exclusively artistic point of view, while revealing the 'spirit' (for artistic intuition always sees its object as a form expressing an inner content), does not allow us to see the 'truth'. For suppose that a client and his therapist are both expressing and intuiting superbly well. It is nevertheless possible that the client is expressing a content which does not correspond to the ultimate reality of his inner life. Either he is insincerely putting on an act; or he is sincerely expressing a part of his personality which is not the authentic expression of his person, his true self-role. In the same way, the therapist may convince the client that he understands him when he does not - either because he is consciously trying to deceive his client (so as to keep him talking and happy), or because he sincerely believes the personality he sees to be the authentic expression of the person he does not.

For ultimately, just as the ghost in the machine cannot be represented in mechanistic terms, so the real nature of the ghost cannot be represented in artistic terms. A failure in acting technique may give a clue to what is happening backstage; and this can be represented in 'the play within the play'. But the insincerity of a faultless performance, or the inauthenticity of a genuine one, is open only to God "that triest the reins and the heart" (Jeremiah 11:20), Who created "the hidden man of the heart" (I Peter 3:4), and Who reveals His secrets only to those who worship Him "in spirit and in truth" (John 4:23).
APPENDIX I.

Hamlet and Role-Construct Theory.
Hamlet and role-construct theory

By A. E. ST G. MOSS*

'To be or not to be - that is the question' - and that is also Hamlet's most superordinate personal construct (Kelly, 1955). The following soliloquy elaborates a number of subordinate constructs such as 'fighter-pacifist', 'thinker-doer', 'hero-coward'. Each of these dichotomies is also a pair of discrepant roles (Goffman, 1959). They might better be called 'role constructs'. My aim is to put forward an interpretation of Hamlet in terms of roles and constructs, and on this basis to discuss the possibility of an integrated role-construct theory.

Although this is primarily a piece of psychological analysis, certain questions naturally arise concerning the relations of psychology to literature and literary criticism, questions which it is beyond the scope of this paper to discuss adequately. I wish only to point out that there is an analogy between the critic's analysis of a role or a scene and the psychologist's analysis of a person or a social episode. Both disciplines are concerned with the ways in which thought and emotion are communicated through language, and the critic's approach may be complementary with the psychologist's in this respect. Moreover, there is at least the possibility that personality theory could benefit from a study of the techniques of character portrayal, just as sociological theory has been enriched by the notion of role-playing. I hope that a study of the way in which Shakespeare has portrayed the character of Hamlet may contribute to the verification and elaboration of certain important concepts in role theory and personal construct psychology.

First, some definitions. A construct, in Kelly's theory, is a bipolar conceptual tool through which one discriminates between people, objects or events, e.g. 'long-short' or 'nasty-nice'. 'Role' is harder to define. Kelly's sociality corollary states: 'to the extent that one person construes the construction processes of another, he may play a role in a social process involving the other'. This definition has the advantage, according to Kelly (1970), of making no reference to extrapsychological entities such as norms, rights and obligations. But in so doing, Holland (1970) argues, it ceases to be truly social. A social process involves not only two individuals construing each other's constructs, but also the external constraints that G. H. Mead summed up under the heading of 'the generalized other'. Holland makes the further point that constructs, like roles, are for the most part products of socialization. Neither roles nor constructs can be completely idiosyncratic, and what idiosyncrasy they have is recognized by comparison with the normative core of meaning constituted by the rules of language and society. I shall therefore follow Harré & Secord (1972) in defining roles in terms of rules: 'a role is what a person in a specific category does' insofar as 'his actions and sayings are generated by his following the appropriate subset of rules' (p. 184).

Let us begin with the description of a condition very similar to Hamlet's:

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

_A Winter's Tale_, ii, 3

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Hamlet's mother, too, brought shame on herself - that much is clear.

Frailty, thy name is woman: -
A little month, or ere these shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears - why she even she -
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer - married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes;
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

Hamlet, 1, 2

What is not immediately clear is why Hamlet 'fix'd the shame on't in himself'. Perhaps science can help the literary critics in this connexion.

Jones (1949), in his psychoanalytic interpretation of the play, makes the important point that Hamlet's remorse is fully fledged before the ghost tells him of his father's murder. This is shown by the beginning of his first great soliloquy, the first part of which has just been quoted.

Jones' explanation rests on the assumption that Hamlet had incestuous feelings towards his mother in infancy. These were repressed, but are reawakened by his father's death and his mother's remarriage.

The long 'repressed' desire to take his father's place in his mother's affection is stimulated to unconscious activity by the sight of someone usurping this place exactly as he himself had once longed to do so. More, this was a member of the same family, so that the actual usurpation further resembled the imaginary one in being incestuous [pp. 58-9].

The delay in carrying out the ghost's revenge is also explained.

It is his moral duty, to which his father exhorts him, to put an end to the incestuous activities of his mother (by killing Claudius), but his Unconscious does not want to put an end to them (he being identified with Claudius in the situation) and so he cannot. His lashings of self-reproach and remorse are ultimately because of this very failure, i.e. the refusal of his guilty wishes to undo the sin. By refusing to abandon his incestuous wishes he perpetuates the sin and so must endure the stings of torturing conscience. And yet killing his mother's husband would be equivalent to committing the original sin itself, which would if anything be even more guilty [p. 63].

The extra energy required to control his reawakened feelings explains why, as T. S. Eliot pointed out, Hamlet's emotions are so much in excess of the facts as they appear.

However, this interpretation rests on assumptions concerning Hamlet's sexuality that have no direct support from the play. Moreover, it tends to explain away the play's metaphysical dimension without really illuminating it.

By means of various psychological defensive mechanisms, the depression, doubt, despair, and other manifestations of the conflict are transferred on to more tolerable and permissible topics, such as anxiety about worldly success or failure, about immortality and the salvation of the soul, philosophical considerations about the value of life, the future of the world, and so on (pp. 52-3).
A repressed Oedipus complex can hardly bear the whole weight of Hamlet’s complex and elaborate construct system.

Let us consider now the scene of Hamlet’s first entry.

King. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Hamlet. (Aside) A little more than kin and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet. Not so, my lord: I am too much in the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know’st ’tis common— all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.
’Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspicion of fore’d breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within me which passes show—
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Hamlet, 1, 2

His is a classic example of role discrepancy, and of the divorce between true and false self (Laing, 1960), performer and character (Goffman, 1959), that the demands of a ‘double- hind’ conflict can produce.

‘My cousin and my son’—Hamlet’s analytical wit immediately seizes on the difference. Cousins are relations of kin, no more; but a son is of the same kind as his father, no less than ‘a chip off the old block’. Claudius is less than kind in another sense. In combining the roles of uncle and father, he has wronged the memory of Hamlet’s real father and made it very difficult for Hamlet to be kind to his mother. For Claudius and Gertrude, being husband and wife, stand or fall together.

Hamlet cannot now be unequivocally kind to his mother: but neither can he give vent to his gressation. He must ‘seem’—be what he ally is only partially. He must play a role, hide behind a persona—the ‘inky cloak’ and ‘suits of solemn black’ of the melancholic.

Laertes unwittingly puts Hamlet’s problem in a nutshell.

Hamlet, 1, 3

*Incongruous union is one of the peculiar characteristics of the play’s language and imagery.

1, 1, 77–8; 1, 2, 180–1; 1, 5, 29–31; ii, 1, 62–6; iii, 1, 47–9; iii, 1, 158; iii, 3, 15–23; iv, 4, 40–5; 3, 17–31; v, 1, 207–8. See also Troilus and Cressida, v, 2, 146–50.
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He is subject to his father and mother; but identify them. He cannot follow. Polonius’ advice to Laertes -

to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, i, 3

For now the night no longer follows the day -

this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.

Hamlet, i, 1

And if he is true to that part of himself which belongs to his mother, he will be false to his father.

Enter the ghost, with news of 'murder most foul'.

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift,
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Hamlet, i, 5

Love, revenge and meditation - three incom-patibles that Hamlet must somehow compose into a single scenario. We remember Kelly’s fragmentation corollary: a person may successively employ a variety of construction sub-

The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword.

Hamlet, iii, 1

But it is asking too much of him to be simultaneously both the loving courtier, and the vengeful soldier, and the meditative scholar. He must sweep to his revenge: but

Howsomever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught.

Hamlet, i, 5

Murder your mother’s husband, but be kind to her, and keep your hands clean!

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?

Hamlet, i, 5

Hellish is revenge, and hellish the ghost that urges him to it.

The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.

Hamlet, ii, 2
There are more things in heaven, earth, and hell, that can be assimilated in Hamlet's system, let alone Horatio's.

Let us consider this now in terms of roles and constructs. It is clear that, as Ernest Jones saw, Hamlet's relation to his mother is at the centre of his dilemma. Through her he has suffered the invalidation of his role-construct, 'faithful wife-unfaithful wife'. More precisely, he has been forced to change his construction of Gertrude from 'faithful wife' to 'unfaithful wife', so that his use of the construct as a means of discriminating between people is no longer reliable and likely to lead to false predictions with regard to other, related constructs. One related construct is 'good mother-bad mother', whose complementary is 'good son-bad son'. So if Hamlet is to retain the integrity of the predictive links within his system, he must now construe Gertrude both as an unfaithful wife and as a bad mother, which implies that it would be appropriate for him to behave as a bad son in relation to her.

Now the role construct 'good son-bad son'

```
        Mother (good)
       /     \
Hamlet  \\
       /     \
Father  Uncle
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he reason is that, with his mother’s re-arriage and his father’s murder, Hamlet is unable to assign the same value to the ghost to his mother and Claudius. Either his other is good, in which case Claudius also good, and the ghost is bad. Or the ghost is good, in which case both his mother and Claudius are bad.

Neither alternative is attractive. He cannot replace his mother by the ghost as the player from whom he must take his cue. For not only is the role of avenger discrepant with that of
Christian or scholar of Wittenberg: the image of the good mother — and hence of himself as the good son — is too sweet to relinquish entirely. But neither can he seriously (i.e. consciously) construe his mother as good; for that would entail whitewashing Claudius and condemning the ghost to further tortures. So he adopts the good ghost system at the conscious level, while the good mother system works on at the unconscious level exciting remorse and inhibiting revenge. "The time is out of joint." The best Hamlet can do is change the mask of the melancholic for that of the madman, decide

To put an antic disposition on.

Hamlet, i, 5

There is method in this madness if we see it as an extreme example of what Goffman (1961) has called 'role-distance'. 'One enters the situation to the degree that one can demonstrate that one does not belong' (p. 97). Hamlet wants to dissociate himself from the role into which the marriage of his mother and Claudius has forced him. He is now the king's 'son', a part he despises; but he is also his mother's darling, the people's favourite, the late king's real son, and heir apparent. Claudius cannot compel him to show proper filial respect because of this penumbral of other selves over which he has no control. Hence Hamlet has something of the immunity of the court jester. And just as the fool is Lear's conscience, so Hamlet is Claudius'.

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hamlet, ii, 2

The tragic irony is that Claudius' tortured conscience reflects Hamlet's own. Just as Claudius is guilty of murdering his brother, so Hamlet, if he kills Claudius, will in effect be guilty of murdering his mother — 'man and wife is one flesh'.

At the beginning of Act iii, we find Hamlet desperately trying to resolve the dilemma by elaborating his superordinate constructs. 'Different constructs sometimes lead to incompatible predictions, as everyone who has experienced personal conflict is painfully aware. Man, therefore, finds it necessary to develop ways of anticipating events which transcend contradictions' (Kelly, 1955; quoted in Bannister & Fransella, 1971, p. 140). So 'to be or not to be', to fight or not to fight, to live or to take one's life — these are the questions.

O . . . that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!

Hamlet, i, 2

But now he is exploring a Stoic, not a Christian construct subsystem. To Stoics like Brutus and Othello suicide is an honourable course of action.* And Hamlet has the example of Horatio, who describes himself as 'more an antique Roman than a Dane', to inspire him.

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of man distinguish her election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards

* But contrast Macbeth, v, 8, 1–2; Julius Caesar, v, 1, 100–7.
Hamlet and role-construct theory

Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well compeeded
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Hamlet, iii, 2

However, 'to die, to sleep . . .' — and to wake
on the other side, a ghost. The fear of death —
or rather, the fear of his dead father's ghost,
and his own still living duty towards him —
deter him still, and make him prefer this living
death to the death of those that live in hell.

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Hamlet, iii, 1

And Hamlet is still stuck in his dilemma.

Enter Ophelia, and Hamlet is immediately
reminded of the innocence and purity which he
and his mother have lost for ever.

Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia. — Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins rememb'red.

Hamlet, iii, 1

The mood is similar when he prepares to meet
his mother shortly afterwards — 'Soft! now to
my mother'. In both cases he is trying to sup-
press the good mother—good woman—good
Ophelia subsystem out of consciousness.

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunner.

Hamlet, iii, 1

Consequently, he cannot allow the good son—good man—good Hamlet subsystem to emerge
either.

I could accuse me of such things that it were better that my mother had not borne me.

Hamlet, iii, 1

In Kelly's theory, hostility is defined as the
continued effort to extort validational evidence
in favour of a type of social prediction that has
already proved itself a failure. The prediction
in this case is that all women are frail and
likely to become whores (with the corollary
that all men are 'arrant knaves'). It has failed
because it has made Hamlet miserable,
burdened with a duty he abhors. The evidence
is Polonius' hiding behind the arras, and both
Gertrude's and Ophelia's connivance at it.

Hamlet. Where's your father?
Ophelia. At home, my lord.
Hamlet. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. . . .
I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make your-
selves another. You jig, and amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your
wantonness your ignorance.

Hamlet, iii, 1
So he sends Polonius to 'a certain convocation' and Ophelia to the nunnery where his mother should have gone before.

But then he suffers a reaction from his violence. He exhorts the players:

In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness.

- a temperance that neither he nor his mother possess.

Hamlet, Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an ensnared bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty! . . .

Queen. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience!

Hamlet, in, 4

On the other hand, when he comes upon Claudius at his prayers, he has not the passion to kill him. As the Player King says,

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.

The reason is that

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.

Hamlet, in, 2

Hamlet's will is the ghost's command: his fate is that he loves his mother. The good mother system runs contrary to the good ghost system, so that Hamlet's 'device' of killing Claudius is overthrown. Thus when, in the closet scene, he identifies his father with virtue and his mother with vice, he feels himself to be violating the image of his good mother - for which he begs forgiveness.

Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, and curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Hamlet, in, 4

Again, 'the time is out of joint'.

Hamlet tries once more to spur his dull revenge. The sight of Fortinbras, a man of honour and forthright action, exhorts him. But he is an example 'gross as earth': Hamlet is turning away from any thought of action. The best he can do is hoist Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with their own petard. He comes back from England a broken man, his construct and role systems in ruins.

Now 'when a particular effort at organization fails, constriction may occur in an attempt to retain some meaning' (Bannister & Fransella, 1971, p. 140). The restricted system
Hamlet and role-construct theory

Hich Hamlet adopts is fatalism – ‘a more primitive and less effectual system, albeit a more ermeable’ (Kelly, 1955, p. 90).

There’s a divinity that shapes our ends;
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet, v, 2

Chance is his divinity now – ‘belief in pure, blind luck can protect the individual from the emorse of knowing that something could and should have been done’ (Goffman, 1967, p. 180). Thus when Laertes challenges him to a duel, Hamlet shrugs off Horatio’s caution with fatalistic unconcern.

O a wht, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, ‘tis not to ome; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come – the readiness is all. Since o man owes of aught he leaves, what is’t to leave betimes. Let be.

Hamlet, v, 2

Hamlet is gambling with his life in much the same way as a suicide. Landfield (1971) found that the construct systems of suicides are more isorganized and constricted than those of normals. He suggested, following Kelly, that suicide is a desperate attempt to bring some predictability into life. Suicide is a way of demonstrating one’s power in the face of expected demonstrations of one’s impotence.

ow chance is the unpredictable. But in predicting the unpredictable as Chance, one is aradoxically defining unpredictability in such a way as to make it predictable. Hamlet’s attitude to the duel is: ‘if I die now, I’ll live later; if I live now, I’ll die later. “Let be”.’ The alternatives have been specified with one hundred per cent certainty. Thus ‘Chance lies in the attitude of the individual himself – his creative capacity to redefine the world around him into its decisional potentialities’ (Goffman, 1967, p. 201).

So Hamlet accomplishes his revenge – by chance; and with the absolution of Chance he goes to his death in peace. But it is the peace of exhaustion, not of final achievement; and when Horatio says

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Hamlet, v, 2

we think of Ophelia’s more accurate appraisal:

O, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword;
Th’expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th’observed of all observers – quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck’d the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangle, out of time and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with-ecstasy.

Hamlet, iii, 1

The time is out of joint’ – even at the end.

very roughly, we may say that roles are constructs in action. Now the meaning of this will become clearer if we consider social life, first from the viewpoint of the spectator, and
then from the viewpoint of the actor. The spectator typically tries to construe the construction processes of those whom he is observing – he plays a ‘role’ in Kelly’s sense of the word. He compares and discriminates in terms of bipolar dimensions such as ‘introvert–extravert’, ‘kind–unkind’, ‘intelligent–stupid’. The actor also observes and construes; but he does so in the process, and with the purpose, of communicating with those whom he is observing. And for that reason he is interested not so much in their personal constructs (though they also are relevant) as in the roles they are trying to play. For when he knows what they are trying to do, he can choose the appropriate persona that will enable him to achieve what he is trying to do.

Now the causes of Hamlet’s malaise have often been attributed to an over-intellectualized attitude to life. However, this criticism ignores the degree to which Hamlet’s behaviour is determined by the very concrete role system in which he is almost too dynamically involved.

Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your husband’s brother’s wife;
And – would it were not so! – you are my mother.

If Hamlet could adopt the viewpoint of the spectator, and see Gertrude’s adultery as simply another illustration of the frailty of women, he would have no problem. But she is his mother, and he is her son, which makes the situation quite unique – and uniquely problematic.

Personal construct theory has been similarly criticized for being too ‘cognitive’, too concerned with the perceptual and conceptual aspects of human psychology at the expense of the more dynamic, ‘hormic’ aspects. This criticism is justified insofar as the dynamic process of role-playing is reduced to the static construction of others’ constructs. However, the insights of role theory can be included within its ‘focus of convenience’ by means of the bridge concept ‘role construct’. A role construct is, quite simply, a construct whose dichotomous poles are discrepant roles – discrepant, that is, according to the individual’s construction. Thus the role construct ‘good mother–bad mother’ is the individual’s construction of the role of the good mother as opposed to that of bad mother.

Role constructs may have very wide foci of convenience, e.g. ‘male–female’, or very narrow ones. The relations between them are the same as those between personal constructs – for example, implication and mutual exclusion (Adams-Webber, 1970) – with the addition of the relation of complementarity. This last is very important, for it enables us to explain phenomena such as Hamlet’s taking his mother’s shame on himself in virtue of the complementarity of such constructs as ‘good mother–bad mother’ and ‘good son–bad son’.

Indeed, Laing (1961) defines shame in terms of complementarity, and in terms that apply directly to Hamlet: ‘shame ... appears to arise when a person finds himself condemned to an identity as the complement of another he wishes to repudiate, but cannot’ (p. 87).

Role constructs bear a superficial resemblance to that set of personal constructs known as ‘whole-figure constructs’. Examples of these are: ‘like mother–unlike mother’, ‘like self–unlike self’, ‘like I’d like to be–unlike I’d like to be’. They differ from ordinary constructs in ways that make their position in personal construct theory problematic (Mair, 1967). For example, if a person construes an element as being like mother, one immediately wants to ask: ‘in what respect–in being kind or intelligent or something quite different?’ Whole-figure constructs need to be filled out, as it were, before their meaning becomes clear. This is not the case with ordinary constructs – nor with role constructs. The role construct ‘good mother–bad mother’ does not provoke
The question ‘in what respect?’ because it does not refer to the person of one particular mother, but to the role of mothers in general, to the utility of motherliness. We may then need to now what the individual means by ‘good mother’ in terms of its relations to other role and personal constructs. But this is the case with any personal construct. The point is that good mother’ or ‘motherliness’ has a general connotation which ‘like mother’ (i.e. like my other) does not.

What, finally, is the relation of role constructs to the ‘core role structure’, the sense of personal identity?

Now the position of the self within personal construct theory as it stands is obscure. The self can be either an element, or a whole-figure construct, or a dimension of tightness-looseness applying to the construct system as a whole (as in the Bannister-Fransella schizophrenic thought-disorder test). The situation is clarified to some extent if we consider the set of role constructs complementary to those role constructs under which the individual subsumes the important people in his life. (It is not by accident that Kelly called his basic assessment technique the Role Construct Repertory Grid). If Hamlet constructs his mother as a good mother, then he must construe himself as a good son, and this is part of his sense of identity. His construction of others’ roles in relation to himself enables him to define his self-image further. Thus he is a courtier, a scholar, and a soldier; a sinner, a stoic, and a saint; loving to mothers, dutiful to fathers, and hostile to lovers; scornful of old men, gallant with young men; loyal to friends and vengeful to traitors.

But is there a further, unitary Hamlet independent of these multiple complementary identities? Is there a self that regulates these roles and the relations between them? Is there a supreme role construct ‘to be or not to be one self’, and if so where do its normative rules come from?

In order to answer these questions it is necessary to distinguish, as Sir Geoffrey Vickers (1970) points out, between those role-expectations which are attached by society and those which derive from the behaviour of the role-player himself. Those who rely on him as doctor, employer, father, can appeal to a standard socially set of what is expected of any player of that role. But within these expectations, they appeal to others generated by the past performance of the role-player himself. The greater the discretion which the role allows, the greater is the range over which those affected might complain. Though what you have done is within the range of what our society expects of you, it is out of the range of what you have led us to expect of you.* At the extreme, what we expect of A, simply as A, is based solely on what A himself, by his past behaviour, has invited us to expect of him – a completely individualized role, but none the less a role. For A himself the distinction is even slighter. For he conceives of ‘being himself’ as making a coherent personality, the self-expectations which he derives from accepting his social and functional roles are no different in character from the self-expectations posed by his idea of himself’ [p. 93, footnote].

This answers the question of how several roles coalesce to form a single personality. But it does not answer the question of self-regulation. We still need to now: when a break in the role-system occurs, when Hamlet ceases to construe Gertrude as a good mother, according to what standards in the individual reintegrate his world?

There are two alternatives. Either one olives a philosophical system or code of rules to cope with any conflicts that may arise; or one assumes an heroic role transcending and overruling all others. The second alternative is more effective in practice, and almost all major ideologies and religions have an heroic role. But whether the super-role is Christ or Lenin or Zarathustra, the general principle applies: in order to find his identity a man must lose his many selves in a single self higher than his own.
REFERENCES


APPENDIX 2.

Shakespeare and Role-Construct Theory.
Shakespeare and role-construct therapy

By A. E. ST G. MOSS*

Many critics have speculated that Shakespeare suffered from some kind of mental illness at the peak of his tragic period. They point to the violent eruptions of sexual disgust which are sometimes considerably extended (e.g., Timon of Athens, act iv) and disfigure even the greatest of plays:

Behold yond simp’ring dame
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure’s name –
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to’t
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends’;
There’s hell, there’s darkness, there is the sulphurous pit –
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption.
Fie, fie, fie! Pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

King Lear, iv, 6

...his certainly seems symptomatic of a bessional neurosis. My aim is to analyse the nature and origins of Shakespeare’s obsession whether neurotic or otherwise, I shall leave undetermined for the time being and to show how he attempted to sweeten his imagination through his art.

My theoretical position may be described as personal construct psychology (Kelly, 1955) from a dramaturgical viewpoint (Goffman, 1959), or alternatively ‘role-construct theory’ (Moss, 1973a).

Now roles and constructs may seem to belong to quite different universes of discourse. However, their intimate connexion is attested by Shakespeare’s actual practice as a playwright. As we should expect, he shows an actor’s natural curiosity in the techniques of ‘impression management’:

Gloucester. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them ‘tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey;

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But then I sigh and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil,
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Richard III, i, 3

Goffman's (1955) notion of 'face-work' was anticipated by Shakespeare:

_Holofemes._ I will not be put out of countenance.
_Berowne._ Because thou hast no face.

... ...

_Holofemes._ You have put me out of countenance.
_Berowne._ False: we have given thee faces.
_Holofemes._ But you have outfaced them all.

Love's Labour's Lost, v, 2

But when his actors withdraw from the context of social interaction, and pause for reflexion, they naturally employ the language of personal constructs:

_Posthumus._ Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth where semblance; love
Where there's another man.

Cymbeline, ii, 4

'Honourable-beautiful', 'truthful-dissembling', 'faithful to one man-attracted to many'; these are the dimensions along which Posthumus construes the female sex. I have suggested in another article that Hamlet's famous 'to be or not to be' soliloquy is an example of personal construing in terms of discrepant roles (Moss, 1974), and the fundamental rhythm of the play can be seen as a dialectic movement between role-playing and person-construing, _diachrony_ and _synchrony_ (Levi-Strauss, 1962), action and abstraction.

But further discussion of the relation of roles to constructs, and of role-construct theory to the psychopathology of art, is best left until after attempting to apply these theoretical categories to the specific case of Shakespeare's development.

Shakespearean tragedy, from Caesar's 'et tu, Brute' to the death of Coriolanus, seems to be centred on the experience of betrayal. And sexual betrayal arouses perhaps the strongest emotions of all. Thus Troilus on being betrayed by Cressida:

This she? No; this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bifold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle.
As Ariadne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates:
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-caten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Troilus and Cressida, v, 2

The highly emotional yet also intellectual nature of this speech shows that Troilus is trying to accommodate a new experience which lies outside the range of convenience of his former role and construct systems. 'This is and is not Cressid': the role of the faithful lover, on the model of Juliet, is giving way to that of the fickle whore. 'If there be rule in

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves.
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain:
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not: Lust like a glutton dies.
Love is all truth: Lust full of forged lies.

Venus and Adonis, 793

The poet Ted Hughes (1971) has pointed out that the roles of Venus and Adonis, together with those of Tarquin and Lucrece, the protagonists of The Rape of Lucrece, determine the basic plot of the Shakespearean revenge tragedy. The initial role relationship is one of two lovers in blissful harmony. Then the man sees, or thinks he sees, a Venus in the woman, and reacts like the puritanical Adonis:

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels.

Othello, iii, 4
A. E. St G. Moss

Shakespeare felt a Venus and Adonis in himself:

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be-turned fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Sonnet 144

The revenge tragedies may be described as a single controlled experiment to discover what happens when the 'bad angel' fires 'the good one out'. The answer is that the man goes mad; he sheds the white skin of the beautiful Adonis and emerges as the black boar, Tarquin. The onset of this madness can be seen in the appropriately named Angelo, the acting ruler of Vienna. After a life of abstinence, he comes to lust after the no less chaste Isabella, who has come to plead for the life of her brother, condemned to death for fornication:

Isabella. Save your honour!

[Exeunt all but Angelo.]

Angelo. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fouly for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
to sin in loving virtue.

Measure for Measure, ii, 2
As a piece of self-analysis, this is not unworthy of that other well-known resident of Vienna, Sigmund Freud. Tarquin now rapes or murders the innocent Lucrece. Finally, he repents in anguished remorse:

Othello. Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur;
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
O Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead!
O! O!

Now self-esteem, or 'honour', is the major theme of Shakespeare's histories, as love is of the comedies. Bolingbroke suffered a loss of self-esteem when he was forced to eat 'the bitter bread of banishment' by Richard II. He restored his self-esteem by forcing Richard to abdicate, but in so doing besmirched the honour of England, the Lucrece of the histories. England's honour was finally restored by a legitimate king, Henry V, at the battle of Agincourt.

The themes of honour and love were first linked in the tragedy of Richard Crookback, whose honour was insulted by his failure as a lover:

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To bright the souls of nimble adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. 
But I - that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass -  
I - that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty 
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph -  
I - that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them -
A. E. St G. Moss

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard III, 1, 1

This is the man whose first political act was
also a sexual one - the seduction of Queen
Anne - the first Tarquin, the boar who first
gored Adonis and then raped the fair body of
England. His genesis might be explained, in
Freudian terms, as 'compensation'. Goffman
(1963) would call it 'the management of
spoiled identity'. In the language of personal
construct theory, it is the natural reaction to
'threat', 'the awareness of an imminent
comprehensive change in one's core struc-
tures' (Bannister & Fransella, 1971, p. 206).
The convergence of honour and love is
always fatal in Shakespeare. In Romeo and
Juliet, for example, the lovers are split by the
feud of honour between their families. But at
least they are reunited in death, the quality of
their love remaining unsullied. The same can-
not be said of Troilus and Cressida. Here is
another world split by a quarrel, the cause,
this time, being the abduction of Helen - in
Troilus' words, 'a theme of honour and
renown'. But now the demands of honour and
political expediency effect a more profound
separation. For when honour is reduced to
pride, and 'pride eats up himself', love, too,
becomes a movable feast:

_Ulysses_.

*Fie, fie upon her!*
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body
O these encounters so glib of tongue
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! Set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

_Troilus and Cressida, iv, 5_

Troilus' honour is bound up with Cressida's
love for him. So when her love fails, and turns
to fickle lust, his love turns to hatred and the
desire to restore his honour through venge-
ance (Moss, 1973a, chapter I).

In _Hamlet_, the interaction of love and
honour is more complex. Honour dictates that
Hamlet kill Claudius for the murder of his
father. This would also go some of the way
towards wiping out the shame of his mother's
adultery:

_Hamlet_.

*Rightly to be great*
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereto the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Hamlet, iv, 4

But the excitements of his reason run counter
to those of his blood. For his blood says that he
loves his mother, however disgusted he may
be at her sensuality. And though

Hamlet.
‘tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,

Hamlet, iii, 4

the ‘craft’ of killing his uncle does not
‘directly meet’ with that of hurting his mother
—he is no more than kin, but she is no less than
‘kind’ (Moss, 1974).

An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Othello, v, 2

And honour is Iago’s motive also:

I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that ’twixt my sheets
Has done my office. I know not if’t be true;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety.

Othello, i, 3

It is appropriate, therefore, that it should be
Iago who corrupts Othello, as that Isabella
should tempt Angelo – their personalities are
vulnerable in the same places.

Lady Macbeth.
Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since,
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
‘Letting’ I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would’,
Like the poor cat i’ th’ adage?

Macbeth.
Prithee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady Macbeth.
What beast was't then
That made you make break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.

Macbeth, 1, 7

So Macbeth murders Duncan in order to prove his manliness, just as Othello murders Desdemona in order to stifle the shame of his supposed cuckoldry. Indeed, 'withered murder' is said to walk 'with Tarquin’s ravishing strides', an image that completes the fusion of political and sexual betrayal.

Thus from Troilus and Cressida (1600–1) to Macbeth (1605–6) we see a progressive tightening of Shakespeare’s personal construct system. Before 1600 there were two relatively independent subsystems centring on the themes of honour and love. Only in Richard III

To be psychotic or neurotic a man’s psychopathology must be, to some extent, out of control, and showing in the form of symptoms. One of the reasons that creative people are apt to be labelled neurotic even when they are not is that their psychopathology is also showing; but it is showing in their works, and not in the form of neurotic symptoms. The work is a positive adaptation, whereas neurosis is a failure in adaptation [p. 204].

Shakespeare’s obsessional psychopathology certainly shows in his works. Hamlet, for example, shows wide separation between his actual and ideal self constructs, places himself at both ends of several constructs, and consequently has difficulties in decision-making – all symptoms of obsessional neurosis (Makhlof-Morris & Jones, 1971; Milner et al., 1971). But the creation of Hamlet must surely be counted a positive adaptation.

Nevertheless, it was obviously not adaptive enough for Shakespeare. For he made several further, and different kinds of, adaptation in the years from All’s Well That Ends Well (1602–4), to Antony and Cleopatra (1606–7), to The Two Noble Kinsmen (1612–13). We shall now examine these briefly.

All’s Well and Measure for Measure are aptly called ‘problem comedies’, for they show Shakespeare wrestling with the problem of how to break down the impasse created by his superordinate construct ‘loving–lustful’. First, he attacks the ‘loving’ pole of the construct, and asks: is it necessarily associated with chastity?

Parolles. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by once being lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost.

'Tis too cold a companion; away with’t.

Helena. I will stand for’t a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Parolles. There’s little can be said in’t; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infaillible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very
Some critics have thought this unworthy of the bard, but it makes very good psychological sense. For Helena, like Shakespeare, has a problem. She has conceived an ‘idolatrous fancy’ for Bertram, and would dearly love to lose her virginity to him. But he will not think of marrying a physician’s daughter – she is too far beneath him in social status.

These echoes of Venus and Adonis are swiftly dispelled by Shakespeare. He vilifies the proud Bertram and rewards the patience of Helena. By curing the King of his disease she wins the right to marry Bertram, and finally secures him (as does Mariana Angelo in Measure for Measure) by means of a ‘bed-trick’.

Thus a new synthesis is beginning to emerge. Helena is both a lustful Venus, and a long-suffering Lucrece, and the first player of a new role character – the Good Woman–Redeemer. Moreover, a new construct, ‘proud–patient’, is taking over the control mechanism at the heart of Shakespeare’s system. The root of all evil is pride, and while the combination of pride and lust may have terrible consequences, as in Troilus and Cressida, the combination of pride and chastity can be no less destructive, as when Isabella refuses to surrender her virginity to Angelo in order to save her brother’s life:

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.

She exemplifies Langland’s ‘Chastity without Charity is chained in hell’ (quoted by Rossiter, 1961), and in her pride shows herself unfit to play the role of the Good Woman–Redeemer.

Now the related role of the Good King–Redeemer we have already come across in the shape of Henry V; and his descendants are the King in All’s Well and the Duke in Measure for Measure (as well as Prospero in The Tempest). The Duke, however, is not amused by the bawdy Lucio, and eventually marries the chaste Isabella; whereas Prince Hal was educated in bawdiness by Jack Falstaff and his companions of the Cheapside tavern. Evidently a sympathy with the ‘lower’ elements of life was part of Shakespeare’s conception of the fully rounded person; and his concern to unmask hypocrisy in this respect is shown not only in the histories but also in the comedies, from where it passed, by that process of systematic tightening which we have already observed, into the plays of the tragic period. Thus Touchstone of his desire to marry Audrey:

I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

And the same theme in another key:

Countess. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
For, as Angelo discovers,

Blood, thou art blood.
Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Measure for Measure, ii, 4

Human nature must be respected as a fact, whatever value one puts on it.
But reconsideration of the fact of betrayal made Shakespeare revalue this movement towards greater toleration, which resulted in a convulsive retightening of his system, accompanied by violent expulsion of alien elements:

Timon. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty,
Creep in their minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

Timon of Athens, iv, 1

If the Dark Lady was the precipitating cause of this vision of universal chaos, then we may wonder whether Shakespeare did not have a hand in the Authorized Version of 1611:
And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, 'Come hither; I will shew unto thee the judgement of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters: with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication.' So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: and upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

Revelation, 17, vv. 1-6

In any case, there seems to have been some therapeutic effect:

Timon. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.

Timon of Athens, v, 1

But we can hardly call this a positive adaptation - for Timon, that is: for Shakespeare, the creation of Timon may have been positively adaptive after the manner of the behaviourist techniques of 'modelling' and 'implosion therapy' (Rachman et al., 1971; Horowitz & Becker, 1971).

The position of Timon of Athens will become clearer if we compare it with the not dissimilar

King Lear, for which it may have been a first draft.

Now the obsessional elements in King Lear were illustrated at the beginning of this paper. The precipitating cause of that outburst (or 'implosion') was the lust and treachery of the sisters Goneril and Regan, whose nature is contrasted with that of Cordelia, the third sister.

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

King Lear, iv, 6

‘The Two Natures’ (Danby, 1948), the one of pride and lust and the other of patience and charity, are elevated into a single, most superordinate construct in terms of which the whole of life is construed and evaluated. For, as Goffman (1971) says,

these core values establish for everyone in the society an understanding of how he might be judged wanting. Furthermore, these understandings do not refer only to specific demands but also to principles that can be applied to every face-to-face social situation. Given this primal lore, the individual finds himself not so much with a guide for action (although presumably on occasions there is that), but a guide as to what to be alive to, a guide that tells him what is scabby in a particular situation and therefore what it is to which he might be well advised to take a stand [pp. 222-3].

Lear takes a stand against lust, because lust is associated with pride and hypocrisy under one pole of the two natures construct. What appears to have happened is that the orthogonal structure of the problem comedies’ system:

```
p pride
|   |
|---|---|---|
| lust | charity |
|   | patience |
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has given way to a single axis

pride —— patience
lust
charity

along which all the major constructs are ranged. This brings greater simplicity to the system as a whole, but still leaves certain vital questions unanswered. For what, we may ask, has happened to chastity? The answer of the problem comedies was that chastity may partake of pride (Angelo, Isabella) and lust of patience (Helena, Mariana), and that the combination of pride and chastity is ultimately the more dangerous because it involves the repression of lust untempered by patience. *King Lear*, on the other hand, makes no mention of chastity: it is charity, rather, which Cordelia embodies. But as if to make up for this omission, lust is construed as even more fundamentally evil than pride. For while pride can be humbled and hypocrisy unmasked, lust is an ineradicable part of human nature which therefore cannot be redeemed. Lear is redeemed; in the course of the play he travels the whole distance from the Nature of pride to the Nature of humility, the mad scenes on the heath representing the midpoint in his journey of the soul. And even Edmund, the quintessential machiavel, finds a place within the charmed circle:

*Edmund.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'ret noble,
I do forgive thee.

*Edgar.* Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more th'hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

*Edmund.* Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle . . .
I pant for life. Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in't— to th' castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.

*King Lear,* v, 3

But even in the middle of this scene of mutual forgiveness, Shakespeare cannot withhold a reference to 'the dark and vicious place'. The lustful Goneril and Regan feel no remorse. So Shakespeare, too, feels no remorse in condemning them to outer darkness amidst the foulest language that even he ever penned to paper. For lust and chastity still do not quite fit into his system; and 'the fact which does not fit into the current scientific hypothesis may give rise to the same irritation as the crooked picture, the dirt in the corner, or the clothes dropped on the floor. It is something outside the ordered scheme, and therefore out of control' (Storr, 1972, p. 110).

And so we come to *Antony and Cleopatra*, a play which has baffled the critics no less than it has dazzled them (Moss, 1973b). Thus Bradley (1909): 'although *Antony and Cleopatra* may be for us as wonderful an achievement as the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, it has not an equal value'(!). Part of this critical discomfort seems to arise from the belief that Shakespeare has loved his lovers not wisely
Shakespeare and role-construct therapy

but too well. The play is 'immoral', some feel (e.g. Wimsatt, 1954), hastily tightening their critical construct systems. The reconciliation of Antony and Cleopatra cannot, it is felt, be placed on the same level as that of Lear and Cordelia – 'to the Shakespeare who wrote King Lear it would surely smack of blasphemy'. (Danby, 1952).

Blasphemy or not, I believe that the play is best construed as a tragedy of reconciliation and redemption through mutual forgiveness, with Antony playing the role of Adonis–Tarquin–Redeemer and Cleopatra that of Venus–Lucrce–Redeemer.

In Antony and Cleopatra, as in Troilus and Cressida, the world is split by a quarrel:

_Enobarbus._ Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.

_Antony and Cleopatra, iii, 5_

Ostensibly, the quarrel is between Caesar and Antony, but in fact it is between Caesar and Cleopatra, Rome and Egypt, Honour and Eros – with the soul of Antony as their bone of contention. He hesitates, like Hamlet; but unlike Hamlet he finally makes a decision – in favour of Cleopatra.

The decision costs him dear. For she betrays him twice, and after the second time he feels more than ever a victim of Venus’ evil genius.

_Antony._ All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn’d whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit Scarus.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanielled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked,
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me, to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

[Enter Cleopatra.]

_Antony._ Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
_Cleopatra._ Why is my lord enraged against his love?
_Antony._ Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar’s triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor’st diminutives, for dolts, and let
At this moment Cleopatra, deeply hurt, is more like Desdemona than Cressida. And 'Antony's 'the witch must die' reminds us of Othello:

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

...continuing love and fidelity to her and leaving her to lament 'the noble ruin of her magic'.

What happens now can only be described as the complete metamorphosis of Cleopatra and a breathtaking demonstration of the possibilities of 'art therapy'.

...She becomes first,

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

In other words, she sheds her pride. Next, she decides to purge frail femininity through a manly death:

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. How from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

This abjuration of the moon, symbol of fickle lust, proves her descent from the faithful Juliet:

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Finally, she is ready to rejoin her Romeo:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call. I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.
The function of this last image will become clearer if we remember Antony's description of the Nile crocodile:

It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Antony and Cleopatra, II, 7

Antony's elements were fire and air – he enabled to leave her elements of earth and water – further symbols of fickle lust – 'to baser life'. Indeed, the logic of the imagery suggests that their better selves are identified at this moment; Roman Honour is atoned with Egyptian Eros, the male and female principles reconciled.

Caesar sums up the significance of her death:

'She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.'

Antony and Cleopatra, V, 2

'Grace' always means redemption in Shakespeare's tragic period, and 'her strong toil of grace' makes us think of her former coils of desire –

'The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace'

The Rape of Lucrece, 712

But she who was the incarnation of Desire is now become the image of Grace; Lust has been redeemed through Love; and Chastity has been given a new meaning:

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
Leaving no posterity –
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

The Phoenix and Turtle

And so Shakespeare has finally convinced himself that

A woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress her not.

Antony and Cleopatra, V, 2 (contrast Troilus and Cressida v, 2, 55)

He has done it through providing a paragon for the Dark Lady:

'So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.'

Sonnet 146

He has forgiven her as Antony forgave Cleopatra.

But the synthesis of Antony and Cleopatra was too comprehensive even for Shakespeare to sustain. After one last – and very chaste – tragedy, Coriolanus, the beast of unredeemed lust broke out again:

The cloyed will –
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
All the romances are dramas of forgiveness and redemption; but the angel of Grace in these late plays is no more than a shadow of Cordelia and quite unlike Cleopatra. Once music was the food of love, but now

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air.

Once almost the whole of nature could be redeemed. But now the range is circumscribed: all women are chaste and fair, all colours ‘white as driven snow’, all spirits ‘melted into air, into thin air’.

The ritualistic nature of this final phase of Shakespeare’s career is the clearest indication of the obsessional nature of his psychopathology. This reaches its peak in the last play in which he is thought to have participated, The Two Noble Kinsmen. Two cousins, Palamon and Arcite, both love Emilia, so they decide to fight a duel to determine who shall have her. First Arcite invokes Mars in his defence. Then Palamon calls on Venus; for whom Shakespeare summons up his waning powers:

Hail sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage-
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars’ drum
And turn th’ alarm to whisper; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may’st force the king
To be his subject’s vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance: the polled bachelor
Whose youth like wanton boys through bonfires
Have skipped thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love; what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon?

Mars helps Arcite to win the duel; but Venus, the real winner, it seems, is Emilia’s patron, Diana, the goddess of chastity:

O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
Allow’st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order’s robe! I here thy priest
Am humbled ’fore thy altar. O vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin;
And sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne’er heard scurrile term, into whose port
The fear of lust has driven Shakespeare into the frigid embrace of chastity, while ‘true’ love, that of the kinsmen for each other, is dead:

_Palamon._

O cousin,
That we should things desire that do cost us
The loss of our desire! That naught could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!

We are back to Love and Lust, and their incompatibility.

To sum up, at the centre of Shakespeare’s personal construct system was a tightly knit group of ideas revolving round what he construed to be the incompatibility of love and lust. He sought to unravel this knot in the plot of the revenge tragedy, in the role relationships of Adonis–Tarquin and Venus–Lucrece. But this attempt was only partially successful; and full adaptation was achieved only after the addition of a new role, the Redeemer, and a new construct, ‘pride-patience’, in the story of _Antony and Cleopatra_. This play marks the climax of Shakespeare’s creative career: the romances represent no more than ‘a dying fall’, a ritualistic obeisance to the magic formula of redemption. Finally, _rigor mortis_ sets in, with the vultures of lust and chastity devouring the corpse whose spirit, with love, had fled to heaven.

Now our analysis of the creative phase of Shakespeare’s career reveals a pattern similar to that of the Kellyan technique known as ‘fixed role therapy’. Bonarius (1970) has described this as (i) the diagnostic analysis of the patient’s construct system; (ii) the creation of a role character completely different from the patient’s own personality but fitting his life situation; (iii) guidance by role rehearsal in the therapeutic sessions. If roles are, very roughly, constructs in action (Moss, 1973b), then role-playing, whether _in vivo_ or in ‘the mind’s eye’, should have an effect on person-construing. The only proviso that needs to be made is that the roles played, while fitting the life situation, should also be sufficiently different from that situation to offer hope of a different behavioural outcome. Thus while the dramas of Troilus and Cressida, Othello and Desdemona, and Antony and Cleopatra all, in their different ways, reflect the real-life situation of Shakespeare and the Dark Lady, only the plot of _Antony and Cleopatra_ promised a real solution to his problems.

One may object, finally, that a whole person is not the sum of his constructs, nor even of his roles. To say, for example, that both Hamlet and Othello play the role of Adonis–Tarquin is to ignore the way in which

_A little more than kin, and less than kind_ 
*Hamlet, i, 2*

and

_Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them_ 
*Othello, i, 2*

the utterances of such different personalities. These utterances are what Garfinkel (1967) calls ‘indexical expressions’; they identify their speaker uniquely without using any of the ‘typifying’ categories used by science. For the uniqueness of a person, and the ability to portray uniqueness in art, are not susceptible of scientific explanation. The
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psychologist can only plead that the structural, role-construct analysis of a person such as Cleopatra may increase our appreciation of the unique 'indexicality' of

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desir'd

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2

by making us think of all the other, very different ways in which the roles of lover and suicide are combined in Shakespeare.

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APPENDIX 3.

Towards a More Literate Psychology.
There are basically two ways of describing a man: either as a set of measurements on various abstract dimensions, social, economic, and otherwise; or in a concrete image. The first is the way of science; the second, that of art. Now psychology is a science, and as such is committed to the abstractive methods of scientific measurement. But its aim is the understanding of man, so it cannot ignore the major non-scientific path to that understanding. My aim in this essay is to show how the understanding of art — and in particular, of dramatic art — can deepen and inform the scientific understanding of man.

There is, of course, one area, role theory, in which art has already made a considerable contribution to science. But the full range of the dramatic metaphor has hardly begun to be exploited. Thus a role can be considered in relation (i) to itself, (ii) to its creator, (iii) to its constituent sub-roles, (iv) to its actor, and (v) to its spectators. Each of these aspects opens up a different perspective on to what one might call a more literate psychology. I shall examine each in turn, and then turn to the notion of the imagination as that which makes them cohere in the real life of a man.

(i) The role in relation to itself is simply the role as a work of art, the more or less precise form of a more or less inchoate content. Thus the role of Hamlet in relation to itself is the finished character as we see him in the modern text in relation to the cloudy shape which Shakespeare had in mind when he first came to write the play.

Now while the relation of form to content in general is a subject
for the philosopher of art, the particular relation of Hamlet to himself is the literary critic's concern. He must first analyse the rhetorical devices of imagery, rhythm, diction, etc., which go to make up the whole form. Then he must judge whether the form, thus illuminated, reveals a substantial content.

The psychologist can help both the philosopher and the critic. He can help the philosopher by attempting to construct a theory of the creative imagination, including a description of the routes whereby preliminary ideas achieve finished expression, which would provide a solid base for philosophical generalisation. He can help the critic by pursuing the analogy between the critic's analysis of a role and the psychologist's assessment of a person. For both psychology and literary criticism are concerned with the ways in which thought and emotion are communicated through language; and the psychologist's approach may be complementary with the critic's in this respect. Thus I have made a case-study of Hamlet from the viewpoint of personal construct theory and role theory combined (Moss, 1974a).

The essential difference between a person and a dramatic role lies in the more finished, formal quality of the work of art. A role has form; it is bounded both spatially and temporally; and in a successful play it has a coherence and continuity that we look for in vain in everyday life. That is why, paradoxically, the illusion of a real person is much more vividly conveyed in the artistic form of a play than in any amount of naturalistic documentary. Queen Elizabeth I
was so convinced of the reality of Falstaff in *Henry IV* that she demanded to know how he would behave when in love—hence *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For just as there is more to a person than we can ever see, so we see more in a role than is in fact in the script.

We have two parallel distinctions here, both stemming from the more general distinction between form and content. The first is between the dramatic role and the imaginary person portrayed in the role. This person may start as a shadowy figure in the creator's mind suggested either by some literary source (e.g., for Hamlet, Amleth in *Historia Danica*) or a personal acquaintance (The Earl of Essex has been suggested as Hamlet's model). He is gradually shaped and defined through successive drafts until he finds his most concrete and vivid form in the finished script. The second distinction is between the mass of confused sensations, thoughts, and feelings which one usually feels oneself to be, and the coherent self which one would like to be and which, one feels, one essentially is.

There is a real sense, therefore, in which *tut le monde existe pour aboutir a un livre*. It is not that one wishes to resemble any literary character or role in its content, for each individual is essentially unique. It is rather the finished, formal quality of a role that one would do well to emulate, the way in which each word and action is expressive of that role's developing personality with no distractions or irrelevancies. Similarly, a psychotherapist does not attempt to change a person's personality in any fundamental way. Rather, he attempts
to 'bring him round' to himself, his role in life, and to create a context in which his words and actions will be more directly expressive of that role.

(ii) I have already touched upon the relation of a role to its creator, a field where psychologists have not feared to tread — and with some most unholy consequences. The critic Northrop Frye (1970) has warned of the dangers of an approach in which "the whiteness of Moby Dick is explained as a Lockian tabula rasa, or Alice in Wonderland discussed in terms of her hypothetical toilet training, or Arnold's 'Where ignorant armies clash by night' taken as a covert reference to the copulation of his parents". He proposes, as "a corrective to the excesses of biographical criticism", "a study of a poet's whole work", which "might form the basis of a kind of 'psychological' criticism that would operate within literature, and so provide some balance for the kind that ends in the bosom of Freud. Poetry is, after all, a technique of communication: it engages the conscious part of the mind as well as the murkier areas, and what a poet succeeds in communicating to others is at least as important as what he fails to resolve for himself. One soon becomes aware that every poet has his own distinctive structure of imagery, which usually emerges even in his earliest work, and which does not and cannot essentially change".

Let us consider how these strictures would apply to the relation of Hamlet to Shakespeare. Many people have speculated that Shakespeare put a lot of himself into Hamlet. Not only did he call his only son Hamnet: Hamlet is something of a dramatist himself, while his advice to the Players shows that he knew a lot about acting. It is a reasonable
supposition, therefore, that Hamlet's problems are similar to Shakespeare's own. But one must not immediately jump to the conclusion that Shakespeare also had an adulterous mother — much less an Oedipus complex.

What one might call structuralist approach would proceed more cautiously, and start by examining the 'surface' plot: A wife betrays her husband. Her son reacts with puritanical disgust. Then he learns that his mother's lover has murdered his father. He decides on revenge, and eventually succeeds, having humiliated his mother and driven his girlfriend to a muddy death.

If we now compare this plot with others in Shakespeare, we notice that in all of the plays written between 1600 and 1607 — that is, from Troilus and Cressida, through Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, to Antony and Cleopatra — sexual betrayal is the main or a subsidiary theme. Only in Hamlet and Lear is this theme linked with parent-child relationships, so we have no firm evidence for such a linkage in the 'deep structure' of Shakespeare's personality. But there is the suggestion that Shakespeare had some kind of sexual problem, the symptoms of which are to be found in Lear's (and Timon's) ferocious but dramatically irrelevant invectives against lust. The evidence becomes compelling if we include the probably autobiographical origin of the Dark Lady Sonnets and "the distinctive structure of imagery" which, from Venus and Adonis onwards, links lust with gluttony, avarice, and murder. I have discussed this hypothesis in more detail in my case-study of Shakespeare (Moss, 1974b).
I have called this approach 'structuralist' insofar as its inferences are based on the structure common to several works rather than on the content of a single work. In this respect it resembles the structuralist study of myth and totemism as practised by Levi-Strauss. "Considered as individual items of culture a totemic ritual or myth is syntagmatic — it consists of a sequence of details linked together in a chain; animals and men are apparently interchangeable, Culture and Nature are confused. But if we take a whole set of such rituals and myths and superimpose one upon another, than a paradigmatic—metaphoric pattern is seen to emerge — it becomes apparent that the variations of what happens to the animals are algebraic transformations of the variations of what happens to men" (Leach, 1970, pp. 49-50). The variations of what happens to Shakespeare's tragic heroes in relation to their lovers are transformations of what happened to Shakespeare himself in relation to the Dark Lady; while the general relation of Culture to Nature is paralleled by that of Art to Life.

Now "the purpose of myth", says Levi-Strauss (quoted in Burridge, 1967), "is to provide a logical model capable of overcoming a (real) contradiction". Shakespeare's 'myth' arose from what he perceived to be a contradiction between love and lust:

\begin{verbatim}
Love surfeits not : Lust like a glutton dies.
Love is all truth : Lust full of forged lies.
\end{verbatim}

\textit{Venus and Adonis, 803.}

It involved a cast of four archetypal role-characters: Venus, Adonis, Tarquin, and Lucrece. Venus attempts to seduce Adonis, who reacts with puritanical disgust. Adonis then becomes Tarquin, who rapes the innocent Lucrece (Hughes, 1971).
The plot of *Hamlet* is a "syntagm", as Levi-Strauss would say, of this basic "paradigmatic-metaphoric pattern", with *Hamlet* playing the roles of Adonis and Tarquin, Gertrude the role of Venus, and Ophelia the role of Lucrece. *Othello-* is another Adonis-Tarquin, while *Cleopatra* is Venus-Lucrece. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, however, Shakespeare gave an extra twist to the plot by the addition of the fifth role of the Redeemer, an innovation which enabled him to reconcile love and lust in the concept of married fidelity (Moss, 1974b).

The use of the word "archetypal" points to a danger inherent in this approach, namely, that the structure abstracted from the poet's work as a whole may belong to the "collective unconscious" of the species rather than to the uniquely personal unconscious of the poet himself. The anthropological (and Jungian) perspective has been described by Levi-Strauss: "We are not... claiming to show how men think the myths, but rather how the myths think themselves out in men and without men's knowledge" (quoted in Leach, 1970, p. 51). The psychologist, by contrast, should try to show "how men think the myths", or, more precisely, how the dramatist generates a series of variations on a basic archetypal theme (wherever that may have come from) in order to represent and control his own unique experience. To that end he must not only isolate the theme but also show how the variations are linked in a developmental sequence. He must show, for example, why *Troilus and Cressida* and *Hamlet* are followed by *Othello*, and why the plot of that play should be less adequate than that of *Antony and Cleopatra* (Moss, 1974b).
(iii) The role of Hamlet can be analysed into several sub-roles. Thus "he is a courtier, a scholar, and a soldier; a sinner, a Stoic, and a saint; loving to mothers, dutiful to fathers, and hostile to lovers; scornful of old men, gallant with young men; loyal to friends and vengeful to traitors" (Moss, 1974a). His tragedy is that he cannot harmonise these sub-roles into a single ensemble - "the time is out of joint".

A similar failure in his own life is impressed upon Richard II as he waits for death in the prison of Pomfret castle:

Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

(The music plays
Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

Richard II, V, 5.

We remember Ophelia on Hamlet's "music vows" and

that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.

Hamlet, III, 1.

Music is the symbol, not only of the ordering power of successful art, but also of men's lives insofar as they approximate to such order and harmony.
Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagem's, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebos.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.
_The Merchant of Venice, V.1._

I shall mark the musical metaphor by showing how role analysis may proceed in both melodic (diachronic) and harmonic (synchronic) directions.

Melodic analysis seeks to show how one assumes and then sloughs off a series of selves in the trajectory from birth to old age. That _locus classicus_ of role theory, Jacques' speech on the seven ages of man, is a meditation on this diachronic theme:

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players;
> They have their exits and their entrances;
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages... _As You Like It, II, 7._

The third and fourth ages are those of the lover and the soldier; and two of Shakespeare's tragedies, _Othello_ and _Antony and Cleopatra_, revolve around the conflict between these roles.

Both Othello and Antony are soldiers who fall in love during middle age, which is felt to be a disruption of the natural melodic sequence. Thus Philo on Antony:

> Nay, but this dotage of our general's
> O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes
> That o'er the files and musters of the war
> Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.                   

Antony and Cleopatra, I, 1.

"Dotage" is the key word here - it is ridiculous for Antony to play
the swooning lover - he is too old, Philo feels.

When love and soldiership are combined in this way, a failing
of love is felt to be undermining of soldiership. Thus Othello, on
Desdemona's supposed faithlessness:

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again... O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pridge, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And 0 ye mortal engines whose rude throats
Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation gone.

Othello, III, 3.

Othello's real love is for his "occupation", his soldiership.
Indeed, he loved Desdemona because she loved that in him:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

Othello, I, 3.

And when he has killed her he kills himself to prove that he is still
a soldier:

In Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by th'throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him - thus. (He stabs himself.

Othello, V, 2.
Like Macbeth's "arm, arm, and out", this establishes which sub-role is closest to the hero's core role, his essential self.

Antony, however, undergoes a conversion at his death:

I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed.  

Antony and Cleopatra, IV, 14.

"To do thus", he says, as he stabs himself; and we remember Othello's words. But Antony dies for Eros, not Honour. "Unarm, Eros", he says, on hearing the (fabricated) news of Cleopatra's death - "no more a soldier". He recognised, finally, where his deepest loyalties lie.

Harmonic analysis is concerned with disentangling the different hierarchical levels at which obligations to family, friends, profession, and country exert their pull. In killing Caesar, Brutus fulfilled what he saw to be his obligations to his country but broke those to his friend. This role-conflict, with its attendant remorse, eventually destroyed him.

Since Cassius first did what me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.  

Julius Caesar, II, 1.

This anticipates both Hamlet and Macbeth. But Macbeth's tragedy is more like that of Caesar insofar as his commitment to his personal role (as a man without fear) overrides all social obligations:
Come, sealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale.

Macbeth, III, 2.

The nature of this bond, this umbilical cord which sustains both the individual and society, is explored in a later tragedy of pride:

There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accuse'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'th'midst o'th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th'other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body...
'True is it, my incorporate friends', quoth he
'That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th'seat o'th'brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live ...'

Coriolanus, I, 1.

In this allegory we see that an individual's role-structure cannot be considered in isolation from the role-structure of society as a whole.

(iv) It is from the relation of a role to its actor that the sociological notion of 'role' as 'social mask' or persona derives. And yet Hamlet is not a persona - not even to the actor - he is a person. Of course, there is an obvious sense in which the actor is more "real" than the part which he has to play. But a major theme of this paper so far has been there is a less obvious but more important sense in which a role is more vivid, usually, than its actors,
because more sharply definitive of a coherent self. It is only when the actor's performance is wooden that the role fails to come to life and can be detached from the actor as an empty persona.

Georg Simmel (c.1898) presents an opposing view. He disagrees with the idea of there being an ideal way of performing a role that is identical with the role itself and contained essentially within it; the preceding stage being the lengthy, precise and profound study of the pages of a text of Hamlet to develop the complete theatrical presentation so that eventually each role would have one single 'correct' style of stage performance to which the actual performer would more or less approximate. All this is easily refuted by the mere fact that three great actors could give three completely different readings of the role, each as good as the other, and none 'more correct' than the other".

However, the situation is no different in person perception. Just as actors may give different but equally valid (or invalid) interpretations of a role, so different people construe the same person in different ways. In neither case need one infer that there does not exist a real person or objective role to which the several descriptions or performances are attempting to approximate.

Consider Hamlet's advice to the Players:

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the
first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, 
the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own 
feature, scorn her own image, and the very age 
and body of the time his form and pressure.  
Hamlet, III, 2.

No mirror can be held up to nature from every possible angle, but some 
perspectives are more panoramic than others, and an actor is judged 
according to how adequate to the role his particular perspective is.  
Any performance, therefore, will be to some extent the product of an 
interaction between the actor's personality and that of the role.  
But its meaning is to be understood in terms of its intention, which 
is to imitate an objective and independent reality.

Role-playing in this sense is compatible with the definition 
contained in George Kelly's (1955) sociality corollary: to the extent 
that one person construes the construction processes of another, he 
may play a role in a social process involving the other. An actor 
tries to construe the construction processes of Hamlet. But he also 
tries to communicate that construing, so there is technique as well 
as intuition involved in acting. Moreover, the practice of the 
technique may deepen the intuition. But the main point is that over-
emphasis on technique may obscure the way in which acting is like 
getting to know another person.

Now it is by focussing on the technique of self-presentation 
rather than on the self presented - on the medium in abstraction from 
the message - that one arrives at that very fruitful field of 
investigation which Goffman and others have explored. But this
reduction of the actor's functions raises problems concerning the analogy between play-acting and real life. "The claim that all the world's a stage is sufficiently commonplace for readers to be familiar with its limitations and tolerant of its presentation, knowing that it is not to be taken too seriously. An action staged in a theatre is a relatively contrived illusion and an admitted one; unlike ordinary life, nothing real or actual can happen to the performed characters — although at another level of course something real and actual can happen to the reputation of performers qua professionals whose everyday job is to put on theatrical performances. And so here the language and mask of the stage will be dropped." (Goffman, 1959, p. 246).

However, if the actor comes to feel as his own not only the skill of the performance but also the role performed, then the 'credibility gap' between person and persona may be bridged, as Goffman has himself pointed out. "A performer may be taken in by his own act, convinced at the moment that the impression of reality which he fosters is the one and only reality. In such cases the performer comes to be his own audience; he comes to be performer and observer of the same show" (p.86). Like the performer who is his own audience, we are all observers of our own show. We must both construe our true role — "to thine own self be true" — and construct a scenario which will enable us to communicate that role without disrupting the communications of others — "thou canst not then be false to any man".
(v) In relation to the spectators the role is more distant and detached than it is in relation to the actor. The actor must live his part as spontaneously as possible, as if his life really did depend on his words and actions.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitin
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

Hamlet II, 2.

The spectators, however, like Hamlet, inevitably feel less fully involved - or, at any rate, involved through a different kind of feeling.

The nature of this feeling has been the subject of lively debate since Aristotle's Poetics. Koestler (1964) has greatly clarified the question by distinguishing between the self-assertive emotions such as anger and fear, and the self-transcending emotions such as love. "Self-assertive behaviour is focussed on the Here and Now; the transfer of interest and emotion to a different time and location is in itself an act of self-transcendence in the literal sense. It is achieved through the lure of heroes and victims on the stage who attract the spectator's sympathy, with whom he partially identifies himself, and for whose sake he temporarily renounces his preoccupations with his own worries and desires. Thus the act of participating in an illusion has an inhibiting effect on the self-assertive tendencies, and facilitates the unfolding of the self-transcending tendencies" (p. 303).
Hamlet is unable to transcend himself and participate in the player's performance because of the self-assertive vengefulness which is preoccupying him. But he can use the fact that people do transcend themselves in drama to expose the guilt of Claudius in 'the play within the play'. Claudius identifies with the Player King ('that's wormwood, wormwood'); while the Player Queen touches Gertrude to the quick - her

The lady doth protest too much, methinks Hamlet, III, 2.

is an attempt to reassert her separate existence, and the proper aesthetic distance that should obtain between the role and its spectators.

Another example of this noli me tangere stance is Tolstoy's description of King Lear, Act III, Scene 2. "Lear walks about the heath and says words which are meant to express his despair: he desires that the winds should blow so hard that they (the winds) should crack their cheeks and that the rain should flood everything, that lightning should singe his white head; and the thunder flatten the world and destroy all germs 'that make ungrateful man'! The fool keeps uttering still more senseless words. Enter Kent: Lear says that for some reason during this storm all criminals shall be found out and convicted. Kent, still unrecognized by Lear, endeavours to persuade him to take refuge in a howel. At this point the fool utters a prophecy in no wise related to the situation and they all depart" (quoted in Orwell, 1947). Tolstoy refuses to transcend himself. And yet is it not possible, as George Orwell suggested, "that he bore an
especial enmity towards this particular play because he was aware, consciously or unconsciously, of the resemblance between Lear's story and his own"? Certainly, Tolstoy's running away from his wife and family at the age of 82 resembles Lear running away from his home (though Tolstoy would never have admitted to being "a foolish, fond old man").

A distinction should be made between the self-transcendence of the spectator and actual identification with one of the roles. It is not necessary to identify oneself with Hamlet or Cleopatra in order to participate in their existence. What is necessary is that one should feel a common humanity with them, so that one can (to some extent) imagine what it would be like to be the son of an adulterous mother or the mistress of the world's greatest soldier, without ever having actually experienced such a role.

In fact, the faculty of imagination is what both creator and actor and spectator have to employ. For a role is an image of projected action; and whether in creating roles or in acting them or in observing them, a man must use his imagination to relate to them. I shall conclude with some elaboration of this statement.

The word 'role' is usually defined in terms of rules or social conventions - the role of the bridegroom, for example, is defined in terms of the conventions surrounding weddings. Now much of our everyday life may be seen as rule-governed - in retrospect. But that
which is rule-bound in retrospect may not appear so to the actor himself. Indeed, it may seem to him—especially at moments of decision—that he is making up his part as he goes along, with no more specific a guideline than "be yourself." "Role theory suggests, though without explicitly stating this, that social roles represent definite, well-established patterns of expectation and behaviour, governed largely by the social context, whether this is one of family, work, counselling, club, or any other setting. The creative nature of interpersonal interactions ... seems to play no part in this conception... However, the capacity of individuals to transcend the accepted parameters of the situation by inventing new ones, is what is essentially human about behaviour and what gives interpersonal relationships their most exciting quality" (Salmon, 1970, p. 212). A role theorist might argue, of course, that "creative interaction of this kind is outside the scope of his theory. But this is an unwarranted restriction of the original metaphor's range; for, as we have seen, neither the creator, in creating a role, nor the actor, in acting it, nor the spectator, in re-creating it, can treat it as if it were predetermined. And the reason is simple: no scientist has yet devised any rules for the imagination.

Let us look more closely at this tag: "be yourself". In order to be oneself one must first know oneself, which involves creating an image of oneself and one's situation—as Richard II tried to do:

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul, 
My soul the father; and these two beget 
A generation of still-breeding thoughts, 
And these same thoughts people this little world, 
In humours like the people of this world, 
For no thought is contented. 

Richard II, V, 5.

The operative phrase here is "still-breeding thoughts"—one's image of oneself must be dynamic, not like a still-born convention, if it is ever to be more creative than the correct bridegroom.

Now a dynamic role of this kind is both more general and more precise than a social role in the sociologist's sense. For, on the one hand, it tells one how to behave in all sorts of social roles and situations—not just weddings. And on the other hand, it marks one out uniquely from other occupants of those roles—"I'm not just any bridegroom".

"Because she's not just any bride", might come the rejoinder. And this is fair enough; for the creation of one's own role involves the construing of others'. The point is that it must be creative and individual, or else one could never deal with unique and unprecedented situations such as the wedding night. Creativity in this sense may involve the destruction of all old images and stereotypes, as when the priest or psychotherapist encourages one to reconstrue the past in order to face a "brave new world" in the future. And this may in turn involve analysing one's role into its constituent sub-roles before re-assembling them in a new order of precedence, as when Antony decided that he would run like a bridegroom to his death, not like a soldier to his death.
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