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Introduction

Examples gross as earth exhort me
Ham. Q2 4.4.37 (Oxford 2^{e}717J)

Exemplariness is the phenomenon most directly informing Shakespeare's theater of likeness.[1] All cultures depend on copying exemplars or conventional likenesses. Try as you might, you cannot escape likeness—"Le plus profond," says Paul Valery, "c'est le

peau" ("The deepest thing, it's the skin").[2] And however you dress the skin, you're dressing it in a likeness, always. This likeness is also, always, a prescript—it is to one extent or another prescriptive. The prescriptiveness of exemplariness is a constant in early modern culture, and the relationship between exemplariness and drama is unintelligible without recognizing that every example prescribes a likeness you should copy in a rhetoric that is necessarily oriented toward drama, play. Whether you are learning to fence or to parse or to curtsy, you are a player fulfilling a role.

It is very difficult to document an idea and a phenomenon so fundamental to Europe, in particular, for so many generations. (Scholarly punctiliousness would have me "historicize" exemplariness, but I would never live so long.) Stephen Greenblatt attempts to do it with "self-fashioning"; Terence Cave and Patricia Parker, with *copia*, copiousness rhetorical and political; Joel Altman, Norman Rabkin, and others, with a focus on paradox and contrariety (contesting examples) in early modern European culture; materialists, such as Peter Stallybrass, Ann Rosalind Jones, and others, with an insistence on objects, such as clothing (another skin); Harry Berger, Jr. and James Calderwood, with an idea of the meta-fictionality of drama. These are just a few of a very great many. All look toward the same phenomenon of modeling according to an exemplar (which we find everywhere in the works of Shakespeare). Whether we consider the "mirrors for princes" (*Fürstenspiegel*), the numerous conduct and courtesy books of the period (for men, women, and children), the advice to courtiers (Castiglione, for example), the Neo-Platonic (Plotinian) insistence on likeness to God as the supreme human aspiration, or, perhaps most important of all, the ubiquitous *imitatio Christi* fundamental to all Christians of whatever confession, we find in early modern Europe a pedagogy, a rhetoric, a politics, and an ethics of copying exemplars.[3] Nothing is deeper than the skin—you must look like .... Or, to paraphrase George III, in Alan Bennett's play, *The Madness of George III*, it's not about being, it's about seeming (70). It is not enough to be; we must also seem —that is, be *like*—the role we must play.

Examples of exemplarity abound in the period.[4] But consider first Shakespeare himself. The italicized passages in the quotation that follows comprise a lexicon of likeness:

> "And wilt thou [Tarquin] be the *school* where lust shall learn?
> Must *he in thee read lectures* of such shame?
> Wilt thou be *glass* wherein it shall discern
> *Authority* for sin, warrant for blame …

"Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfil
When, *patterned by thy fault*, foul sin may say
He *learned* to sin, and thou didst *teach the way*?"

Luc. 617-20, 628-30 (emphasis added)

We may also, for confirmation's sake, listen to Shakespeare's great 17th-century successor meditate the same phenomenon:

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; *if thou accept*
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Paradise Lost 9.625-30 (emphasis added)

"If you copy my likeness, I can take you there. I can prescribe the way." Milton understands, and exquisitely, the stakes of post-lapsarian pedagogy —we only learn by copying—and Satan calculates precisely:

Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, *but others to make such*
As I ...

Paradise Lost 9.125-7 (emphasis added)

Copies of himself are his way (he thinks) to ruin God's image and likeness (Genesis 2:6: "imago et similitudo").

If now we consider a common complaint against theater in Elizabethan London, we can see its immediate and far-reaching relevance to the argument:

> We have signified to your Honours many times heretofore the great inconvenience which we find to grow by the common exercise of stage plays. ... specially being of that frame and matter as usually they are, containing nothing but profane fables, lascivious matters, cozening devices, and scurrilous behaviours, *which are so set forth as that they move wholly to imitation* and not to the avoiding of those faults and vices which they represent.... Whereby such as frequent them, being of the base and refuse sort of people, or such young

> gentlemen as have small regard of credit or conscience, *draw the same into imitation* and not the avoiding the *like* vices which they represent (Aughterson 190-1).

Drama is inseparable from likeness. This of course we already knew. But what must be new is our sense of the pandemic: copying oozes into everything, nothing is immune. And the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London cannot tolerate this.[5]

The impact of the culture of exemplariness on Shakespeare's theater of likeness is most readily measured in his history plays. Thus, for example, Howard and Rackin (18) observe that

> When apologists for the theater wished to defend it against attacks from critics who saw it as a place of idleness and moral danger, they often held up the history play as an example of theater's value. And they did so in terms that stressed the role of history plays in preserving the memory of English heroes and of encouraging patriotic feelings in the spectators. Thomas Nashe, for example, praised the genre because in it
>
>> our forefathers valiant acts (that have line long buried in rustic brasse and worm-eaten bookes) are revived, and they themselves raised from the Grave of Oblivion, and brought to pleade their aged Honours in open presence.... How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeares in his Tombe, hee should triumphe againe on the Stage, and have his bones newe embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at severall times), who, in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding? (Nashe 1592, in Chambers 1923: 4:238-9).

History plays are, apologists like Nashe claim, exemplary *in a positive sense*, reviving the past for the present to behold.[6] Moralists, we have seen, agree that plays are exemplary, but *in a negative sense*. This conflict, ultimately a political division as much as a moral one, I hope to show, lies behind Shakespeare's gradual disenchantment with history as a genre.[7] Shakespeare comes to think historiographically in terms of likenesses that invariably fall short of their ideal exemplars, produce consequences incompatible with their originals, or issue in copies the imitations of which have been only imprudently (because selfishly) foreseen. History, for Shakespeare, is the history of copies, where

copying is always fallible, mortal, interested, and incomplete—or, in the worst case, monstrous. "But thou art neither *like* thy sire nor dam, / But *like* a foul misshapen stigmatic," screams Margaret at Richard Crookback (*3HVI* 2.2.135-6; emphasis added), who in fact boasts that he is *like no one*:

> Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
> Let hell make crooked my mind to answer it.
> I had no father, I am *like* no father;
> I have no 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*.
>
> *Richard Duke of York* (*3 Henry VI*) 5.6.78-84
> (emphasis added)

It is impossible, Shakespeare learns, to infer character from likeness or likeness from character—except in the case of monsters. As we say, the exception proves the rule. Iago is honest—he acts like an honest man, hardly a monster.[8]

History and history plays are a site where the dynamics of exemplariness—ranging from birth (defects) to cultural (i)cons—are very easily and clearly shown and seen. In history plays, you can see very clearly how prescripts and prescriptiveness fail. History plays are thus also a sight—"theater" derives from Greek θέα, which means "viewing, seeing, a sight."[9] The theater is where the example and the likeness are seen—as the Mayor and Aldermen of London are all too unhappily aware. Theater is the sight as well as the site of likenesses, one important reason *like* occurs nearly 2,400 times in the canon of Shakespeare's writings: theater shows you what something or someone is like. Theater thus shows you a theory of that likeness—"theory" derives from the same Greek word, θέα, having the sense of "that which is contemplated."[10] Theater is a theory of how it happened. Theory is a theater of how it might happen or might have happened. Thus, obviously, all theater is theoretical and all theory is theatrical. We could do with a word like, say, "theatrist." Be that as it may, Shakespeare's theater of likeness, we will see time and again in my book, is also a theory of likeness.[11]

That theory of likeness, assuming exemplariness, is inseparable in Shakespeare's mind (and body, as well, I think) from the primordial datum in human being of sexual division. We are all copyists because we are all divided and, as divided, incomplete, divided first from our mothers at birth and then from each other throughout our lives—

by competition, envy, hatred, spite, and love and sex, too (no sex without division, even in masturbation).[12] We are, in fact, so constituted physiologically that copying is inescapable: we can only take our likeness from another, skin to skin. The first other from whom we take our likeness is our mother. (As the anxiety of the patriarchy makes repeatedly clear, it is a certain vexation whether we take our likeness from our father—DNA testing is a *very* recent phenomenon.)[13] Where feminism over the past 30 years has so often seen Shakespeare the misogynist and misogamist, I see Shakespeare the hater of sexual division as such, the man who could imagine (but never attain?) the condition in which

> Either was the other's mine.
>
> Property was thus appalled
> That the self was not the same.
> Single nature's double name
> Neither two nor one was called.
>
> Reason, in itself confounded,
> Saw division grow together
> To themselves, yet either neither,
> Simple were so well compounded
>
> That it cried "How true a twain
> Seemeth this concordant one!
> Love hath reason, reason none,
> If what parts can so remain."
>
> "The Phoenix and Turtle," lines 36-48

Shakespeare could be misogynistic, I doubt not, nor do I deny it, but, I will argue, what torments him is division itself—I am here, you are there; I am not, unless you are; why *must* this be so?

I assume, axiomatically, that he was wounded in his experience of sexual intimacy by his fortunes with Anne Hathaway (he was eight years her junior and, likely, a virgin), and I am not in any way repulsed by Duncan-Jones's hypothesis that he may have been dying of syphilis at the end of his life, nor would I be in the least surprised to know for a fact that he was the father of a son, christened William, no less (William Davenant), upon his best friend's wife, Jeanette ("'a very beautiful woman,' according to Aubrey, 'of a very good wit and of conversation extremely agreeable'").[14] Sex is a mess. But the case

I have to make is of a fundamentally deeper, even rawer, psychopathology: he was hurt to the quick by division itself, and the theater of likeness was his means of reconciling himself to the inescapable dynamic of difference and likeness, likeness and difference—"I'll look to like, if looking liking move," says Juliet to her mother when Lady Capulet asks, "[c]an you like of the county Paris's love?" (*Rom.* 1.3.98). What are we to do?

Torn asunder as we are—from our mothers, from our lovers, from ourselves—we are always looking to like if looking liking move. "Only connect," as Forster's Margaret says in *Howards End* (168). It is, as every one of us knows, very difficult to connect—and a penis inside a vagina or an anus or a mouth is hardly proof of a connection. Shakespeare wrote 40-some major works over 20-some years, call it one every six months, because he was driven, I believe, by a dilemma confronting us all and avoided by almost all of us like the plague, the intolerable question, what am I like? Whom do I like? What do I like? Why am I like this? Who will deliver me from the body of this likeness? Who will deliver me from the likeness of this body?

It would be a mistake to dismiss these questions as adolescent navel-gazing or daytime-TV psychobabble. These questions, the questions of sexual division, are also questions of utmost political moment—who will succeed Elizabeth Tudor to the throne of England? Who will be *like* her? She is childless. More, she is female. Shakespeare's career coincides with the moment in Europe's history of most exquisite anxiety over sexual succession or the uncertainty over the heir to the throne after the reign of Gloriana. Who will be like *her*? For 45 years, against almost unimaginable odds, she reigned gloriously, but she dies childless. In the event the throne will pass to the son whose mother she ordered executed—history beggars irony. Be that as it may, her life and her body insist year in and year out on the intractable and agonizing reality of sexual division: *if* she had married to beget an heir, what would have happened to England under her husband, supposedly her head (St. Paul's argument—e.g., Colossians 3:18)? As troubling as the absence of an heir was, the prospects of a husband for Elizabeth Tudor were more troubling by far. What if he had been a Spaniard? a Catholic? and worse?[15]

Shakespeare is also obsessed with succession, then, I will argue. Thus, for example, we have another way of accounting for his career-long fascination with bastardy, (il)legitimacy, the (un)likeness of offspring to progenitor.[16] Partly, I think this is bound up with Susanna Shakespeare, his first-born, who is also his *daughter,* and with therefore also the patriarchal dilemma he faced of having to accept a daughter as his heir—a dilemma exacerbated beyond endurance by the death of Hamnet, his son, in 1596 (funeral 11 August) at the age of 11.[17] But, important as these biographical facts are, his

obsession is not to be reduced to them since legitimacy is *the* canker in all political systems depending upon succession through primogeniture—depending, in other words, upon sex.[18]

They depend on women. They depend on women's bodies. They depend on that over which no man ever felt he had control, at least if he was in his right mind, a woman's genital, her "nothing." They depend upon a "product" (a fetus) no amount of male ingenuity can ever engineer (cloning has yet to work). They depend upon the (so-called) weaker vessel. Something somewhere has to give, doesn't it? I will argue, in my readings of the romances, where the word *he(i)r* is very prominent, and virgin daughters are principal protagonists, that Shakespeare reached some reconciliation with the idea of both Elizabeth and Susanna, not least because Susanna Shakespeare Hall, according to her epitaph, was "witty above her sexe" and "some of Shakespeare was in that" (Honan 400).

If succession and sexual division, engines of exemplariness, drive Shakespeare's constant exploration of the theater of likeness in human being ("That every like is not the same, O Caesar,/The heart of Brutus ernes [grieves] to think upon"—*JC* 2.2.128-9), they also impinge upon his language and his style. Whether we look to his fondness for hendiadys ("one from or by two"), his penchant for compounds, his tendency to generate verbs from nouns, his tireless, restless fascination with neologisms, his extraordinary daring in enjambment or whether, following Joel Fineman, we attempt to summarize his rhetoric by adopting Puttenham's "crosse-cople" (which is *synecíosis*, συνοικείωσις, or a type of oxymoron), we see, in every instance, how Shakespeare's language drives toward unitary two-ness (juxta-form and cruci-lingual), toward likenings that inscribe their differences and differences that inscribe their likenings, inter-relationships that a more quotidian language ignores for the sake of disambiguation[19]; and we can, following Fineman and Puttenham, also see that in the history of *synecíosis*, its etymology, we have a profound introduction to Shakespeare's language—"from Gk. *syn*, 'with' and *oikeios*, 'one's own'"—where the word in Greek for "one's own" means "of the household," οἶκος, where one lives and is most like oneself (one's οἰκονομία, one's *economy*). Shakespeare's writing finds, repeatedly, words (ideas and characters, too) that are "with their own" when we, without Shakespeare, would never have thought that they were with their own, at home with each other; without him, we would have mistaken them, misreading them for what they were not—"O, 'tis most sweet / When in one line two crafts directly meet" (*Ham*. Q2 3.4.8-9; Oxford 2[e] 717H), but we need him to show us (θεα) their meeting. Shakespeare is the supreme syneciotician (pronounce as if "sin ee see o tishun," on the model of "semiotician") in the

English tradition ("great Shapesphere," as James Joyce says [*Finnegans Wake* 295.3-4]).[20] Cross-coupling the least likely couples into likelihoods of unforgettable likenesses—Othello and Desdemona, Hal and Falstaff, Lear and the Fool, Prospero and Caliban, Hamlet and his mother Gertrude—Shakespeare repeatedly utters outrageous "at-home-together-with's" that nonetheless thrill our sensibilities:

> Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
> And in our faults by lies we flattered be.
>
> Sonnet #138

With a vocabulary exceeding 25,000 words (more than twice that of Milton [Norton 63]), Shakespeare confronted sexual division with verbal division ("lie," e.g.) and changed our understanding of coupling forever.[21]

As mutuality is to the body, so is Shakespeare's rhetoric to language: unlikely likenesses generating unpredictable life. The "cross-cople" is so relevant because every partnership is a kind of oxymoron, *synecíosis*, "together at home with," of two otherwise unlikely individuals bearing no apparent likeness to each other except their membership in the species. Moreover, the player, too, is a couple, of himself and the likeness he represents and performs. The play, then, as well, may be seen and said to couple a form and a performance, an idea and a theory of that idea—this is what it might have looked *like*, here is a theory of Henry V or Othello or Hermione or Juliet or Brutus.[22] Thus, as well, the script is not a prescript but a prompt, the speeches not a formula, to yield the same results every time applied, but a voice, to find its likeness in each new performance. Thus, in our experience of the play, for those two or three hours, we know and do not know at the same time, and this illusion of freedom within necessity gives us pleasure, the pleasure of feeling bounded but not constrained, "cross-cople."

We go to the play to see what we are like. For the Greeks, drama in the beginning was holy, a ritual, for a people must see what they are like else they will not know what it is like to be human—neither gods nor beasts, though perilously near to both.[23] Drama is a spectacle, theater a show, because we must see, we must have a *theory* of what we are like. Since we are going to copy our likenesses regardless, we might copy them in an amphitheater sacred to the gods. This idea did not endure, however. It could not have endured beyond Euripides and Aristophanes anyway—they deconstruct it with almost unerring precision. But the idea nonetheless retains and preserves a truth very hard to deny or suppress (even if you do close the theaters, as in the 1640s)—human beings love

to copy and to be copied ("simian" was a favorite image of early modern commentators on the phenomenon[24]).

In the early modern world, one sphere of human activity in which this proclivity amounted to nearly everything was rhetoric: copying examples is how Shakespeare and every other student of his time learned to read and write.[25] All writing was writing after (in every sense that the phrase will bear, as we shall see). Humanism as a culture was a culture of copying, from copying manuscripts in order to preserve them to copying Virgil and Ovid and Cicero to emulate them and, perhaps, achieve a style in Latin not unworthy of being associated with them (if distantly). We are confident that this is how Shakespeare became so intimately familiar with Ovid (even as we are now confident that Shakespeare was a better Latinist than earlier generations allowed—in my opinion, he is an accomplished Latinist).[26] Just how inseparable early modern rhetorical training is from copying and copiousness we can measure, too, by the title of Erasmus's influential treatise, *De copia*. And Latin itself, like its cradle, Rome, is a culture of copying: "Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit et artis/intulit agresti Latio" ("Captured Greece took captive her savage conqueror and brought civilization to rustic Latium")—to be a Roman was to have copied the Greeks.[27] This *paidea* is part of a vast tradition reaching back into prehistory and taking many forms—perhaps, though, most graphically remembered in the case of Spartan pedagogy, boys copying men in senses that many still find shocking[28]—and studies of it far exceed any précis I can offer here. But it is still important to stress it, the more so because of Shakespeare's extraordinary devotion to and knowledge of Ovid, the *Metamorphoses* in particular. The Ovidian impulse in the theater of likeness, I have to come to see over the past 25 years, is difficult to exaggerate, and though I acknowledge the importance of Golding's translation of the *Metamorphoses* as much as the next student of English literature, I think Shakespeare liked Ovid's Latin.

With reason. "Ars latet sua arte" ("Art is hidden under his art"—Pygmalion's statue).[29] "Legit et silet" ("She reads and is silent"—Procne reading Philomela's tapestry and becoming suddenly as speechless as her violated sister whose tongue Tereus has ripped out [*Metamorphoses* 6.582-3]). Ovid is the syneciotician who taught Shakespeare to be a syneciotician —one master of paradox bequeathing to another master a sense of "couplement" (Sonnet #21.5), of the power of the copula, rhetorical as well as sexual, to show (theatrically and theoretically) things together at home with each other that the rest of us would not even think to consider related, far less at home with each other (*how* can art be hidden under *art*?). If we read the first line of the *Metamorphoses*—"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas/corpora" ("Of shapes transformde to bodies straunge,

I purpose to entreate" [Golding trans.])—recalling that *like* in Anglo-Saxon is the word for "body" ("corpus"), we can retrieve a sense of how crucial to his theater of likeness Shakespeare found Ovid to be —"Of shapes transformed to *likenesses* strange, I purpose to entreate." In a sense neither trivial nor distorting, Shakespeare's plays can be said time and again to show "shapes transformed to likenesses strange," whether Bottom the ass or Hermione the statue or Lear on the heath with Edgar, Tom o' Bedlam, or Pericles unshorn and unshaven, or Tamora Revenge, et al. In sum, *Metamorphoses* is another name for *Theater of Likeness* and *Theater of Likeness* is another name for *Metamorphoses*.

And both are also, necessarily, a theory of likeness. Ultimately, that theory is Platonic, Neo-Platonic, in particular.[30] Although I have mentioned Neo-Platonism in the Preface to my book, here I need to be more specific. Most scholars and students of early modern culture will have so far missed a central focus on *imitatio* in my Introduction; for many, *imitatio* is what I have been going on about, so to speak.[31] For me, too. That is how I was trained. I still adhere to this training. But if you load the complete works of Shakespeare into your word-processor and search on *imitation* and related forms, you get 22 hits, less than 1% of the occurrences of the word *like*. It is not a theater of imitation; it is a theater of likeness.[32]

I think that this is owing to many factors. Not least among them is Greek *eidos*, Plato's word for *form*, a word also for *idea*, which can bear as well the senses of *likeness*, *image*, *shape*.[33] All of these are words that privilege the sense of sight, that which is seen or viewed. Shakespeare through humanists known to him would most likely have been aware of the importance of *like*(ness) to Platonism and Neo-Platonism—the core idea, Plotinian in essence, is that likeness to God is the telos of humanity.[34] It is very likely, however, that Shakespeare himself was well beyond the idealism of Marsiglio Ficino about Platonic forms and Plotinian mysticism, already (as Cavell argues) caught on the cusp of the Cartesian *cogito* and its desperate revolt from likeness (*Cogito* or *dubito*, *ergo sum* is an argument of a man radically isolated from others).[35] Indeed, Shakespeare could read already in Montaigne (in John Florio's translation published in 1603) that

> The consequence we seeke to draw from the conference of events, is unsure, because they are ever dissemblable. No quality is so universall in this surface of things, as variety and diversity. The Greekes, the Latines, and wee use for the most expresse examples of similitude, that of egs. Some have neverthelesse beene found, especially one in *Delphos*, that knew markes of difference betweene egges, and never tooke one for another. And having divers hennes, could rightly judge which had laid the egge. Dissimilitude doth of it selfe insinuate into our workes,

no arte can come neere unto similitude. Resemblance doth not so much make one, as difference maketh another. Nature hath bound herselfe to make nothing that may not be dissemblable (trans. Florio, 322 and Frame, 815).

Here, if I were asked to name "the smoking gun," is the contemporary analog to Shakespeare's theater of likeness: every likeness is also, logically and perforce, an unlikeness, and everything therefore depends for its place in the world on what you liken it to. Both Montaigne and Shakespeare struggle with a Platonic and Neo-Platonic inheritance of immense beauty and power that they know also to be finally, even so, ineffectual in experience (which is the title of the essay by Montaigne from which the quote is drawn). Not only does "the new philosophy call all into doubt" (John Donne, "The First Anniversary: An Anatomy of the World," line 205), even the "old" philosophy understood the paradox and the pain of our appetite for likeness: "nulla duo in universo per omnia aequalia esse possunt simpliciter" (no two things in the universe in every respect can be equal, simply speaking).[36] Nicholas of Cusa in the fifteenth century already clearly understands, though within a different confession, what Montaigne and Shakespeare, among numerous others, also see, all around them, that, to use St. Augustine's oft-cited phrase (itself ultimately Plotinian), we live in a "regio dissimilitudinis," a "land of unlikeness."[37] The new materialism of early capitalism will repeatedly concretize this unlikeness,[38] but it will never cease to be also the intellectual crisis of early modern skepticism. And yet, Shakespeare's skepticism (I agree with Cavell that that is what it is) did not lead him to abandon *like*(ness); to the contrary, he was motivated, I think, all the more to show and examine the very crisis of (un)likeness.

For, in addition to Neo-Platonism, on the one hand, and skepticism, on the other, is Shakespeare's Catholicism. Following Honan and other biographers, I consider Shakespeare to have been emotionally Catholic, though politically and socially Protestant, brought up in a recusant locale and likely close to Catholic sympathizers throughout his youth (see also Marotti 219). Impossible ever to prove definitively, this understanding of his early religiosity helps nevertheless to account for his insuperable sacramentalism throughout his career, even into his senescence of skepticism and, finally, probably, diffidence.[39] He was a man uncannily alive to the sacramentality of nature, its instinct for form and likeness, and this in part derived, I think, from his Catholic, ultimately Roman, sense of the Scriptures as they told him what the world is like: the Genesis case for creation of man in God's "imago et similitudo" (2:6, "image and likeness"); the Gospel's insistence on taking up the cross in *imitatio Christi* and the Eucharistic call to "do this in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19); and the Pauline

emphasis on the *kenosis* or *exinanitio*, the "emptying" of himself by Christ, to assume the *likeness* of man:

> 6: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: 7: But made himself of no reputation [ἀλλ῾ ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσεν], and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men [ὁμοιώματι ανθρώπων γενόμενος]: 8: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.
>
> 6: who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, 7: but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, *being born in the likeness of men*. 8: And being found in human form he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross.
>
> Philippians 2:7
> (I cite the KJV first, then the RSV)

Paul's argument that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made" (Romans 1:20; KJV) also meant much to Shakespeare and his theater of likeness, I assume, but the argument from *kenosis* to *homoiomati anthropon genomenos* (in the Latin, *in similitudinem hominum factus*) was, I speculate, the more compelling impetus toward the theater of likeness.[40] If even the Son of God would submit to being made in "the likeness of men," then the most fundamental question of human being is, what is "the likeness of men"? What shall I (be) like?

All of Shakespeare's writings strive to address if not answer this question, for women as well as for men, and the book that follows attempts to see and show this theater of likeness.