

## CHAPTER 8

## DANCING WITH PERDITA

*The Choreography of Lost Time in The Winter's Tale*

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When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that; move still, still so.

(*The Winter's Tale*, 4.4.140–42)<sup>1</sup>

FLORIZEL's image of Perdita as a "A wave" cresting "o' th' sea," or as a dancer suspended in mid-motion ("move still"), gives Shakespeare's play about loss and perdition its central choreographic conceit: time dancing. Time, who appears allegorically in the play's middle as Time, dances throughout Shakespeare's play in different guises—and this despite the fact that Shakespeare's play is centrally about questions of death and hibernation. From the loss of Polixenes and Leontes' childhood love, to the loss of Perdita, who is the material embodiment of Leontes' disavowed friendship, to the death of Hermione, loss accumulates in Shakespeare's play as a series of unaccounted and unaccountable "Nothing[s]." And yet, time "move[s] still" *inside* these periods of loss and cessation, as Hermione's living statue, a figure of suspended animation, represents.

This chapter argues that *The Winter's Tale* foregrounds time's dance as an animating condition of life's individuation. I adapt the term "individuation" from Gilbert Simondon, who puts forth the simple premise that individuals, whether subjects or objects, individuate or emerge through processual relations: they come to be.<sup>2</sup> Rather than portray time as a linear unfolding *from* life to death, or *from* self to self, Shakespeare portrays time's dance as an active assemblage of bodies, elements, and things, each of them acting in concert across temporal strata in the making of any given moment. In this untimely choreography, subject and object, inside and outside, past and present do not stand dialectically opposed; rather, they emerge in relation. From the perspective of process, time is not "lost" because it never belongs. Time carries with the negative of lost

time (the “Nothing” in Florizel’s words) by unfolding multiple, incommensurable strata of space-time within the space of delay.

Drawing on recent developments in dance theory, as well as on related developments in disability and ecological studies, this chapter sets out to choreograph lost time as a relation of *composition* between bodies, temporalities, and environments. As Erin Manning writes, “Each foray into [dance] involves the generating of a field that is constituted by all the pastnesses and futurities that compose it.”<sup>3</sup> Each coming-together (com-position) of dance comes together *in relation* to “pastnesses and futurities” that are not yet settled or determined (not yet lost or on the horizon), but are still in germ. By examining the relation between time and dance as one of individuation and composition *rather than contradiction*, my goal is not to analogize time and dance, but rather to show that the essence of dance in Shakespeare’s play *is* time.

## DANCING THROUGH THEORY

Although contemporary dance theory can be accused of (ab)using dance in a hypothetical and abstracted sense (Dance), as a way to give flesh to a variety of philosophical concepts (Time, Becoming, Individuation), there is no reason to think that a writer such as Shakespeare would have shared this disembodied view.<sup>4</sup> In the Neoplatonic and Pythagorean tradition of Renaissance dance theory, for example, the movement of the dancer not only reflected the movements of the celestial orbs; more concretely, the dancer was thought to move *with* the harmony of the spheres: both dancer and dance, body and cosmos, took part in the same celestial choreography.<sup>5</sup> Likewise, taking us to a more terrestrial plane, early modern dance scholar Jennifer Nevile has shown that both dancer and cosmos moved with the patterns, geometrical figures, and still and perambulatory designs of the English garden.<sup>6</sup> Rarely do we think of gardens as having movement, much less choreographed movement, beyond the natural trajectories of growth and decay. And yet, according to Nevile, “the principles which underlaid the design of grand gardens in Europe also underlaid the construction of choreographies.”<sup>7</sup> Nevile writes,

Both garden design and choreography are concerned with manipulating, controlling, and ordering space. Dance can be seen as the creation of patterns in space: patterns which form and reform, and trace out shapes in the air and on the ground. Formal gardens can also be viewed as the creation of patterns on the ground: their shapes are static, but they still present changing images as viewers stroll from section to section, and new shapes open up before them.<sup>8</sup>

Both the court culture of the dance and the horticulture of the garden were, Nevile argues, kinetic arts. And this was so because the garden, as an expression of two cultures—the natural “culture” created by God and the artificial culture created by

human beings—echoed in its labyrinthine regularity the order and proportion of the universe, which privileged “measure, symmetry, geometrical forms, straight lines, the construction of the whole out of small compartments, and the creation of enclosed spaces with clear boundaries.”<sup>9</sup> Within this formalized context—at once historical, natural, and cosmological—Florizel’s wish, “that you might ever do / Nothing but that, move still, still so,” can be read as both an allusion to and re-enactment of the choreographed space of the English garden, which the natural setting of the play reflects. Not only does Florizel’s name have its origin in the word for flower, but his wish, too, which he addresses to Perdita, whom he also calls “Flora,” evokes the stillness and perambulatory movement that Nevile attributes to the garden-spectator dynamic.

I offer these initial material-historical examples of Renaissance dance theory for two reasons: first, as previously mentioned, as a reminder that early modern dance practices carried specific meanings, connotations, and forms, which we elide all too easily in the turn to capital Dance Theory; second, as a way of suggesting that what makes Shakespeare’s work of critical importance to dance studies, both past and present, is its *deviation* from the norms of unity, world harmony, proportion, and geometric symmetry.

Take Perdita, for example: the image of Perdita cresting over the sea makes reference to an entire repertoire of images drawn from the annals of dance history in which beautiful woman still the spectator’s wandering gaze. One of the most famous of these images is Sandro Botticelli’s painting, *Birth of Venus* (ca. 1486). In it, we encounter Venus rising from the sea. She appears naked, aloft a seashell that is driven by the wind-god, Zephyrus, who bears Venus to the shore above a turbulent sea. Soft, flocculent foam whirls beneath her feet as cascades of roses shower her from above. To the right, a nymph dressed in billowing draperies moves to receive Venus. Limning the edges of Venus’s naked body, the nymph extends a purple cloak that has been embroidered, as if to match the surrounding scenery, with the flowers and foliage of Spring. In the center of the image is Venus, naked and serene. To the left and right of her are two symmetrical poses. Yet amidst these poses a disequilibrium of forces courses throughout the picture, tearing the figures from the ideality of their poses and exposing them to a movement that dissolves the very edges of their bodies.

Writing on this inversion of movement and form in the literary and visual culture of the Quattrocento, the German art historian and cultural theorist Aby Warburg (who is best known for his research on the transmission of classical representation in Western culture) describes the nymph figure in *Birth of Venus* not as a stable entity or iconographic reproduction, but as an assemblage of moving, interacting parts.<sup>10</sup> From billowing garments to loosened hair, Warburg asserts that the so-called secondary attributes or accidents take on a supplementary relationship to bodily substance in Botticelli’s painting, framing the contours of the body while at the same time displacing that body into a play of ecstatic forces.<sup>11</sup> Such fearful symmetry, Warburg suggests, is born from the painting’s movement, a movement that is not just external but also internal to the figuration of the painting’s mythological bodies.<sup>12</sup> The nymph’s body ripples out into the billows of her clothing; the pleats of her dress ramify the contours

of her flesh; her mantle catches the curls of the wind that courses through Venus's hair; and the flowers embroidered on her clothes sprout forth as though they were woven from the lineaments of the garden. Far from reproducing stable iconographic figures, what the painting gives us to see is the movement of figuration itself. In a note drafted in September 1890, Warburg extends this movement to the body of the spectator. He writes,

To attribute motion to a figure that is not moving, it is necessary to reawaken in oneself a series of experienced images following one from the other—not a single image: a loss of calm contemplation [ . . . ]. With clothing in motion, every part of the contour is seen as the trace of a person moving forward whom one is following step-by-step.<sup>13</sup>

The “loss of calm contemplation” that Warburg invokes suggests an almost hallucinatory exchange between subject and object in the perception of the image. In the case of Botticelli's nymph, it is not enough to trace her movements at a distance; one has to surrender to “following [her] step-by-step.” The spectator in Warburg's analysis follows the female image as if in a trance, becoming as much object as subject in relation to her ecstatic movement. Between them, what transpires is not an identification or visualization, but rather an involution—seer and seen, image and spectator, encounter and mingle. One could say they dance.

Drawing on Warburg's analysis of the movement-image (or *Pathosformel*, an image charged with affect and vitality), Giorgio Agamben repeats Florizel's central observation concerning the relation between time and dance, asking, “How can an image charge itself with time? How are time and images related?”<sup>14</sup> Turning to the figure of the nymph, “a being whose form punctually coincides with its matter and whose origin is indissoluble from its becoming,” Agamben suggests that “every image virtually anticipates its future development and remembers its former gestures.”<sup>15</sup> The image, though seemingly still, moves with the very “life of images,” Agamben says, since the image itself contracts the history of its past and future relations. Agamben writes,

When [ . . . ] the iconographic theme has been recomposed and the images seem to come to rest, they have actually charged themselves with time, almost to the point of exploding. Precisely this kairological saturation imbues them with a sort of tremor that in turn constitutes their particular aura.<sup>16</sup>

This is precisely the paradoxical relation between stillness and motion identified by Shakespeare's Florizel: the image of Perdita dancing does not expire in the word “still”; rather, stillness, or the interval or pause between movements, folds within itself an untimely sense of becoming that, being overfull, is without origin or end. To “still,” in this sense of the verb, means to charge time “to the point of exploding.” This is why Agamben writes that “[t]he true locus of the dancer is not the body and its movements but the image as a ‘Medusa's head,’ as a pause that is not immobile but simultaneously charged

with memory and dynamic energy.<sup>17</sup> What fascinates Florizel is how the *being* of the dancer can emerge from a state of *becoming* in which being and “Nothing” are coeval. Florizel’s wish, “that you might ever do / Nothing but that, move still, still so,” highlights the essential paradox of time in Shakespeare’s play: that movement eventuates from nonmovement, life from nonlife, and sentience from insentience. Perdita, whose name means “lost,” moves *within* the space of “Nothing”—indeed is born from the multiplication of “nothing” (as I will show later)—with the startling consequence that life moves not just toward death but from it as well. The life of the human subject, no less than the dancer, emerges from this primordial “Nothing,” but it is a nothing that is nonetheless necessary for life’s flourishing. Just as the image or “Medusa’s head,” for Agamben, brings the “kairological saturation” (that is, the *now* time of qualitative action and decision, *kairos*, as contrasted with the chronological and sequential time of *chronos* in Greek tragedy) of the dance to the point of bursting, so the image of life as a “wave” cresting over the sea registers life’s paradoxical movement as it halts and contracts while leaping forward. Each instant of life crystallizes a multi-vectored milieu. This milieu, according to Erin Manning, “is never ‘between’ constituted selves: the associated milieu is the resonant field of individuation, active always in concert with the becomings it engenders.”<sup>18</sup> The catalyst of individuation is affect: “Affective attunement is another mode of immanent relation where the relation radically precedes the purported unity of the self.”<sup>19</sup> Through affect, which for Manning works on the body at a pre-individual level, “the unity of the self” gives way to series of micro-movements and displacements, thus triggering further differentiation. Dance foregrounds this process of differentiation: “in the dancing, what we experience is a lived extraction from the plane of immanence that is total movement, leaving us in the vibration of what is beyond the predetermined body.”<sup>20</sup> To dance, in other words, is to move *with*.

Indeed, as I will show in the next section, Shakespeare “crips” the idea of spatial and temporal unity by adopting a disability aesthetic at odds with the Pythagorean and Neoplatonic tradition of *universal* harmony on the one hand, and natural order on the other. Renaissance scholars such as Nevile, whom I cited earlier, usefully excavate the choreographic as an expression of the “Renaissance mind,” therefore providing the groundwork for considering, with insight from disability studies, also disharmony, disunity, and embodied difference as *positive* expressions of that same choreographic “mind.”<sup>21</sup> Such examples typically fall outside the norms of bodily representation. And yet, as disability theorist and early modern scholar Sujata Iyengar argues, Shakespeare often “presents able-bodiedness, health, and happiness”—terms that map easily onto Pythagorean (if not strictly *early modern*) ideals of unity, harmony, and perfection—“as contested terms,” leaving the ultimate value of dance in suspense in his plays.<sup>22</sup>

Or to put this again in Manning’s words, Shakespeare’s treatment of dance “is not reducible to the poles of the event” (i.e., self–other, unity–disunity). Instead, “[i]t happens in their interval and is co-constitutive of a becoming that always exceeds their ‘selves.’”<sup>23</sup> Through time, in other words, selves become extended in space and form recognizable outlines, but these outlines are always etched by affects, relations, and prehistories that preexist the self. The self, then, never being fully individualized, finds itself suspended

in an ambient milieu of relations, like a yolk suspended in an egg's albumen. Such suspended animation is precisely what Perdita's dance gives us to see: both an image of becoming that points us back to relation, and an image of "Nothing" that nonetheless produces queer births.

Florizel's "Nothing" haunts Shakespeare's entire play. It is thus necessary to account for the annihilating force of this autumnal refrain as it empties life of its force and vitality, turning time to winter. Agamben notes that "[t]he images that constitute our memory tend incessantly to rigidify into spectres in the course of their (collective and individual) historical transmission."<sup>24</sup> "The task," Agamben writes, "is to bring them back to life. Images are alive, but, because they are made of time and memory, their life is always-already *Nachleben* (posthumous life or afterlife); it is always-already threatened and in the process of taking on a spectral form."<sup>25</sup> Over the course of Shakespeare's play, Hermione's stone statue will come to represent the rigidification of time in both concrete and spectral form. Prior to that, however, the play foregrounds a different image of time related to dance and disability; this image challenges the presumed unity and linearity of temporal subjects. And because it will prove crucial to the play's stony ending, it is this second sense of time that I turn to next.

## TIME'S CRUTCHES: CRACKED EGGS AND UNTIMELY BIRTHS

They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see  
him a man.

(*The Winter's Tale*, 1.1.39–40)

Disability theorists Robert McRuer and Alison Kafer define "crip time" as the suspension of heteronormative and ablest narratives of progression in which time unfolds in a linear, unerring, and steadfast motion *away* from the past and *toward* the future.<sup>26</sup> The "crip" in "crip time" thus refers to the various ways that thinking *with* disability can suspend time's linearity, or what Lee Edelman calls "reproductive futurism."<sup>27</sup> Instead of each present of experience giving birth to an identical present, crip time suspends the present moment by pointing to the nonlinearity of the suspended middle, where relations of ability and disability, movement and nonmovement, coincide and give shape to the body's becoming. In other words, "crip time," disability theory's name for the "lost" middle, inhabits every supposed unity. Time is not a succession of independent and self-same "nows." Time is relational and interdependent. From a crip perspective, time does not proceed in distinct stages; it grows from the middle, where multiple layers or strata of space-time inflect the present moment. Lost time, in this sense, is never lost and never regained. It is always in germ.

*The Winter's Tale* captures this sense of “crip time” by linking time in the play to the body of disability; as the play unfolds, however, the negative association between disability and loss gives way to an alternative sense of time in which disability and dance play a generative role. In the opening pages, Archidamus, a lord of Bohemia, says to his counterpart from Sicilia, Camillo,

You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. (1.1.34–36)

To which Camillo responds:

I very well agree with you in the hopes of him; it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man. (1.1.37–41)

Mamillius, child of Leontes, who is King of Sicilia, is a figure of unspeakability in the play: his “promise” and “note” derive from what is “unspeakable” about his past; likewise his “comfort”—an “unspeakable comfort”—is a comfort only in the limited sense that he cannot speak of the “nothing” from which he came. This “nothing,” which we have already encountered in the image of Perdita, appears in a number of guises throughout the play: it first appears in the name Mamillius, which is a play on the Latin *mammilia* or *mamma*, a breast or dug; as a reference to early infancy, Mamillius’s name registers the definition of *infans*, meaning “unable to speak”; second, his name refers to maternal origins—origins that, as the play develops, are shunned and repudiated as sinful “temptations.” Last but not least, Mamillius embodies the absent prehistory of the play’s central drama: the “unspeakable” love between Leontes and Polixenes. As Camillo explains,

Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were train’d together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. (1.1.21–24)

“Sicilia cannot”: a familiar pattern in *The Winter's Tale* is the doubling of action and negation. Here, Leontes “cannot show” his “affection” for Polixenes both because that affection is exceedingly great and because it is barred by the laws of heteronormativity and primogeniture. As Polixenes says to Leontes not too much later, “like a cipher / . . . I multiply / With one ‘We thank you’ many thousands more / That go before it,” indicating with this “cipher” both the inexpressibility of his passion, which can be multiplied indefinitely, and the obverse: the impossibility of putting into speech the love that they share. This twinning of action and negation continues from “Sicilia cannot” to the following line: “and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now.” Between the two senses of “cannot” (action/negation), the second predominates: the “affection” between Leontes and Polixenes still grows like a

tree “rooted” long ago; but this “branch” also signals difference and division, a “now” suspended between what was (which is “unspeakable”) and what is. This “branch” represents not only new growth or the “promise” of the present (i.e., Mamillius), but also the “separation” and loss that was necessary for its emergence. As Camillo relates, “Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their [Leontes and Polixenes] encounters (though not personal) hath been royally attorney’d with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem’d to be together, though absent” (1.1.24–29). As Camillo and Archidamus continue, the language of this absence multiplies: there is, we are told, “great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia”; since their separation, they “shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac’d as it were from the ends of oppos’d winds.” Mamillius represents the outcome of this “separation,” a queer birth *within* negation. Not only is he the product of Leontes’ “royal necessities,” including marriage and reproduction; he is the product of Leontes’ lost and disavowed “affection.”

But after rehearsing the tale of the kings’ separation, Camillo turns to an image of disability to illustrate the delay between loss and fulfillment, embodied by Mamillius. The latter “physics the subject” and “makes old hearts fresh” by bringing to life the “promise” of time regained; his face, “[t]hey say,” is a “copy” of Leontes’, suggesting that while division and separation have stalled the king’s image of boyhood “affection,” Mamillius represents a new start. As for the period of delay between loss and restoration, Camillo figures this time as one of death and impairment. “They that went on crutches ere he,” Mamillius, “was born desire yet their life”—but a life that is little more than a living death, according to Camillo. When Archidamus asks, “Would they else be content to die?” Camillo responds in the affirmative: “Yes; if there were no other excuse why should desire to live” (1.1.42–44). Disability, here, is rendered as a delay, a kind of suspended animation between life and death. Moreover, disability marks the interval between birth and rebirth: even after Mamillius was “born,” they “that went on crutches” desired to see him reborn as a “man.” The adverb “yet” prefigures Florizel’s eventual use of “still” in “move still, still so,” insofar as “yet” captures the time of suspended animation, implying both continuation (they “desire yet their life”) and discontinuation or negation in the sense of “no longer”: “they desire yet their life,” which is no life at all. Finally, the word “crutch” is a variant of “crotch,” derived from the Middle English *croche*, which, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, could refer to (1) a forked instrument used for agriculture, (2) “the bifurcation of the human body where the legs join the trunk,” or (3) “the fork of a tree or bough, where it divides into limbs or branches” (*OED*, “crotch,” n.). As a figure of “crip time,” of a time that is (à la Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*) out of joint, the image of “crutches” doubles and repeats the previous image of a branching tree, further replicating the sense of difference, separation, and fracture that characterizes the space of delay between the kings’ lost boyhood “affection” and its future renewal in the image of Mamillius.

Interestingly, while the body of disability is used pejoratively as a figure of winter, that is, of life in death, the “[t]hey” to whom Camillo refers encircles all those who inhabit the play. In other words, the “crip time” figured by Camillo applies as much to Leontes



and the people of his court as to the physically disabled. Time's "crutches" does not distinguish between able-bodied and non-able-bodied; it recasts even the so-called normative time of futurity and reproduction (figured as a child) as forked or crippled. Against the "sovereignty model of temporality" as theorized by Jonathan Gil Harris, which assumes a direct line of development from past to present, Shakespeare mobilizes "crip time" as a way of questioning not only the pejorative nature of disability, but also the negativity associated with time's middle, represented as a fork or crutch.<sup>28</sup> He does so by figuring "crip time" not as a relation of presence versus absence, but as a relation of co-composition, in which multiple speeds, affects, and potentials intersect in the making of each "now." In this latter sense, disability marks not the cessation of all movement, but rather the paradoxical movement discussed earlier in relation to dance, in which the *being* of the dancer emerges from a multiplicity of speeds and forces that go beyond the bounded individual. Time's dance is profoundly relational. So, too, time conceived as "crip time" is profoundly interdependent. Whereas Leontes, working from a sovereignty model of time, would reduce time's "crutches," or the interval dividing each present, to "nothing," Shakespeare uses the idea of crip time to show that the interval separating each moment, not to mention each individual, is overfull. Just as Perdita's dance emerges from "Nothing," so, too, with Leontes. He references time's dance in the following:

Too hot, too hot!  
 To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.  
 I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances,  
 But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment  
 May a free face put on, derive a liberty  
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
 And well become the agent; 't may-I grant.  
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are, and making practi'd smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' th' deer-O, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,  
 Art thou my boy? (1.2.108–118)

Leontes' question to Mamillius hangs on the interrogative "Art," which doubles as a question about the artifice he sees (or that he *believes* he sees) around him, including "paddling palms and pinching fingers," and "practi'd smiles" between Polixenes and Hermione. Are these merely the expressions of courtly custom, innocent flirtations between Polixenes (his childhood friend) and Hermione (his wife), or do they hide something deeper and more sinister? Leontes' question, "Art thou my boy?" reveals that he can no longer differentiate between the artifice of the court and the truth of his own feelings. Kathryn Bond Stockton, for instance, reads Leontes' jealousy as a sign that "he is unconsciously projecting his feelings for Polixenes onto Hermione—making his own heat for Polixenes supposedly hers ("Too hot, too hot!")."<sup>29</sup> Not only that, "he has ordered Hermione, in her words, to echo strongly his own pleadings; hence, Herimone's words

speaking his. Hermione's supposed lust for Polixenes is nothing but his own."<sup>30</sup> This reading highlights yet another possible interpretation of the "Art" in Leontes' question: that the infidelity he perceives is the product of his own invention; it is as much a child of his own "Art" as Mamillius his son.

Stockton's provocative reading of Leontes' disavowed feelings for Polixenes finds support in Polixenes' own retelling of their childhood past. Spurred by Hermione (who is compelled by Leontes) to recount their childhood "affection," Polixenes responds:

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk I' th' sun,  
 And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd  
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
 That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
 Boldly, "Not guilty"; the imposition clear'd,  
 Hereditary ours. (1.2.67–74)

Echoing Camillo's abbreviated account at the start of the play, Polixenes' tale of pastoral "innocence" and boyhood "affection" ends in separation and division. "Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes / Of my young playfellow," Polixenes says to Hermione, suggesting that she was the "crutch" or cause of their eventual separation, the "fault" that ended their wish to be "boy eternal" (1.2.78–79, 85). I have already suggested that Mamillius embodies the loss and rebirth of this "unspeakable" boyhood romance. Strangely, queerly, he is the product of Leontes and Polixenes' lost love. When, however, Leontes projects this disavowed love onto Hermione, their "cross'd" history wells to the surface, calling into question Leontes' sovereign sense of time. In asking Mamillius, "Art thou my boy?" he acknowledges not only his jealousy, imagining himself to be cuckolded by Hermione (yet another connotation of "crutch" as synonym for "forked"); he also calls into question the "[h]ereditary" unity of time as that which proceeds from present to present, or from self to self, without delay or detour. He says to Mamillius:

Why, that's my bawcock. What? [hast] smutch'd thy nose?  
 They say it is a copy out of mine.  
 ...  
 Art thou my calf? (1.2.121–122, 127)

And again:

Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,  
 To be full like me; yet they say we are  
 Almost as like as eggs. (1.2.128–130)

Desiring to straighten time and to put an end to “*tremor cordis*,” the troubling motion that sets his heart to dance (“my heart dances”), Leontes tries to stabilize his self-image by seeking its reflection in Mamillius. As the King observes, “They say it [Mamillius’s nose] is a copy of my own.” Leontes’ remark is meant to dispel suspicion (his own) about his son’s origin; what’s more, the language of origin and “copy” draws the reader’s attention back to a hereditary language free from the “mingling bloods” that call that origin into question. If Mamillius is his “copy,” “[a]lmost as like as eggs,” then nothing can stand in Leontes way as author and source—not even Polixenes. And yet “nothing” *does* interfere with Leontes’ vision. Despite his insistence that Mamillius is his offspring, his patent and “copy,” this does not prevent Leontes from imagining other copies or simulacra at the source, exclaiming: “No, in good earnest, / How sometimes nature will betray its folly!” (1.2.151–151).

Although Leontes projects his love for Polixenes onto Hermione, this does not prevent his past feelings from welling to the surface. The dance that overtakes Leontes’ heart—what he calls his “*tremor cordis*”—is yet another figure of disability used to represent a time that is out of joint, in which negated affects continue to act on the present moment, in effect “cripping” the straight time, or the sovereign time, that Leontes seeks to maintain. As Leontes’ “heart dances,” time gives way to “unspeakable” feelings; as a result, Leontes begins to communicate with “dreams” that are at once real (they destabilize Leontes’ self-image) and “unreal” (because they are projected onto Hermione, they become the product of his own “art”). Echoing Erin Manning’s definition of dance as an event fed by pre-individual affects, affects that “have not yet succumbed to the promise of linear time, living instead in the active topology of space-times of experience”—such as Polixenes’ “boy eternal”—“that many adults spend their lifetimes resisting,” Leontes registers his heart’s “*tremor*” as a dance triggered by wayward “Affection.”<sup>31</sup> He apostrophizes:

Affection! Thy intention stabs the centre.  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat’st with dreams (how can this be?),  
With what’s unreal thou co-active art,  
And fellow’st nothing. (1.2.138–142)

Just as Perdita, earlier, moved in and from the “Nothing” described by Florizel, recasting our vision of lost time as an active becoming, so Leontes moves with the intensity (“intention”) that “stabs” his heart’s “centre,” provoking it to dance in relation “with dreams,” “[w]ith what’s unreal,” and with the play’s refrain of “nothing.” Dance, that “co-active art,” unfixes past, present, and future from their linear movement, bringing to the fore actual and virtual relations that exceed the present. Overcome with (e)motion, Leontes’ heart moves *with* space-times that run contrary to the “[h]ereditary” line of reproduction, origin and “copy”; rather than being at the center of time’s movement, Leontes’ “centre” gives way to a dancing that “[c]ommunicat’st” co-actively from time’s suspended middle—time’s crutch. Within this co-active topology, relation is key; in fact,

it's Leontes' relation to "nothing"—to those things that are "unspeakable" but that "move still" (like Perdita) within the space of loss, such as his homoerotic feelings for Polixenes—that drive the play's central drama.

As Leontes' absorption by his heart's "Affection" worsens, he begins to multiply the "nothing" in a manner akin to Polixenes, who, "like a cipher," had previously multiplied "[w]ith one 'we thank you' many thousands more." The difference is that Leontes, unlike Polixenes, multiplies the "nothing" as a vehicle for his own projected desire, with the result that the world outside Leontes' mind is eliminated. Unable to reconcile his heart's dance with the wish for self-unity, he projects his "dreams" outward, finding everywhere around him the "nothing" of his own art:

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip?  
...  
Is this nothing?  
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing,  
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing. (1.2.284–295)

Of course, as Marjorie Garber writes, these nothings *are* "nothing," merely the superficialities and customary manners of the court.<sup>32</sup> And yet as Leontes invents these nothings *ex nihilo*, they take on more than mere rhetorical force; they become real. After accusing Hermione of making him into a cuckold, that is, "a forked one!" (note the allusion again to time's "crutches," to the forks and branches signaled at the beginning of the play), Leontes imprisons Hermione; from prison, she bears an untimely birth: "She is," says Emilia, "before her time, deliver'd" (2.2.22). Paulina continues: "A boy?" (2.2.23). To which Emilia responds, echoing Camillo's comments about Mamillius:

A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live. The Queen receives  
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you." (2.2.24–27)

Born a prisoner, Perdita proves a "comfort" to Hermione because she, like Mamillius, represents the potential for rebirth, in the dual sense of innocence from sin and freedom from bondage. A near repetition of the "unspeakable comfort" said of Mamillius, she also represents the contradictory ideas of freedom and captivity, and life and death. Her emergence is untimely, not only in the strict sense that she is born prematurely, but also in the more theoretical sense that she is born from "nothing." All the nothings that lead up to Hermione's imprisonment; all the nothings that separate Leontes from Polixenes and result in their "royal necessities," such as marriage and reproduction; all the nothings that emerge from time's "crutches" and co-assemble in Leontes' "co-active"

dance, *contribute* to Perdita's untimely birth, that is, to her generation and transformation from nothing. Perdita, as we saw in the last section, is a figure for time's movement within intervals of seeming inactivity. Her dance, which moves from "Nothing," is a lasting embodiment of that "Affection" and heart's dance that Leontes, since childhood, has had to deny.

When Leontes hears of Hermione's (supposed) death, following soon after the death of Mamillius, the language of origin and copy, like egg for like egg, begins to crack open. Arriving just after the scene in which Leontes imagines a poisonous spider hidden in his cup and states, "if one present / Th' abhorr'd ingredient to [one's] eye, make known / How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, / With violent hefts," the news of Hermione's death cracks the hearts of those who knew her: "Woe the while! / O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, / Break too!" shouts Paulina (3.2.173–174). The idea of selves as discreet, bounded individuals, "eggs" as identical as they are repeatable, gives way in this moment to a cracked sense of self in which relation and affective porousness exceed the boundaries of the individual. Here, once again, "Affection" erodes the heart's walls and causes the heart to dance.

Earlier in the play, Camillo says to Leontes: "I cannot / Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress" (1.2.321–322). Whereas Leontes confides in Camillo his plot to expose Hermione's flaw, explaining that though "thou hast the one half of my heart; / Do't not, thou split'st thine own," his attempt to suture his own split-self by projecting it onto Hermione results in her undoing (1.2.349–350). By seeking to escape time's "crutches," the idea that time is always more than one, always more variegated and cracked than a linear sense of time would have us believe, Leontes confuses the assemblage of his relations as something negative rather than positive. The result is a winter's tale in which life itself is reduced to nothing.

Or, so it would seem. By the end of the play, we learn that Paulina has in fact transformed Hermione into a statue made of stone, her life suspended in mineral repose. And yet, despite appearances, this statue still moves within the space of her "absence." Hermione, like Perdita (who is named for what is "lost for ever"), defies the logic of contradiction—of absence and presence—by mixing human time scales with nonhuman durations. The result is a paradoxical image in which life and death, human and stone, spectator and object, co-compose in suspended animation. Suspended with and by inhuman materialities, Hermione triggers untoward (e)motions; she shows that even stone can dance.

## IT STILL MOVES: STONY MATTER AND THE DANCE OF MEDUSA

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Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione.

*(The Winter's Tale, 5.3.24–25)*

Wracked by melancholy and “saint-like sorrow,” Leontes reappears in Act 5 unable to “forget / The blemishes” he attributed to Hermione, and the consequent “wrong [he] did [him] self” (5.1.7–9). “So much” was this “wrong,” Leontes remarks, that “heirless it hath made my kingdom, and / Destroy’d the sweet’st companion that e’er man / Bred his hopes out of” (5.1.9–12). Earlier in this chapter I suggested that Leontes envisions time through a heteronormative lens of reproduction: the future, imagined as a child, unfolds from the present, just as a copy pays homage to its original. By the end of the play, Leontes still clings to a “[h]ereditary” model of temporality akin to the “sovereignty model” elaborated by Harris, whereby each bounded present or individual gives birth to the next, without recognizing the myriad material actors and temporalities that co-mingle in the emergence of each second. One such material actor is Hermione, who Leontes (though mournful) still recognizes as a mere material support or matrix for his “kingdom” and “his hopes.” He might feel sorrow for her loss, but this sorrow is as much a symptom of his own fidelity to a sovereignty model of time that does not recognize the (ongoing) dance of multiple partners. Hermione, Leontes believes, is lost (cue melancholy), yet the future demands an heir. It cannot not demand an heir.

The conclusion to *The Winter’s Tale* problematizes this demand. Just as the crip in “crip time” challenges the association between disability and loss, as discussed in the previous section, so the emergence of stony matter in the final act challenges the association between stillness and death. Even before we lay eyes on Hermione’s statue, which has been secreted away until the play’s final action, we witness the return of “the most peerless piece of earth,” Leontes’ daughter, Perdita, who is an echo of Mamillius, that “Jewel of children” (5.1.94, 116). Together with Florizel, son of Polixenes, they resemble “a lost couple, that,” in Leontes words, “twixt heaven and earth / Might thus have stood, begetting wonder” (5.1.132–133). And indeed, as peerless pieces of the earth, Perdita and Florizel do strike wonder; as one Lord puts it: “I speak amazedly, and it becomes / My marvel and my message” (5.1.187–188). To be *amazed* means to be “put out of one’s wits; to stun or stupefy,” to be rendered as senseless as stone (*OED* “amaze,” v.). The reappearance of Perdita, Florizel, and Polixenes stuns Leontes and his company, making each of them as mazy, as stone-like, as the earth with which they are metaphorically compared. What’s important for my purposes is the significance of this stony amazement for the play’s concern with time.

“To dwell in a Stone Age,” writes medievalist and ecocritic Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, “is to inhabit a time that, like the slow glide of tectonic plates or the sedimentation of geological strata, hardly seems to move.” Cohen continues:

To dwell in the grip of stone is to be fastened in history and place, rock bottom of a ladder of progress. Such petrified primitivism is what we place upon others, whether living or dead. . . . Disdained, abjected, quietly racialized, the Stone Age is what we have left behind. *Except, of course, we have not.* (emphasis mine)<sup>33</sup>

Stone is often a synonym for cold, unfeeling, inert matter. Consequently, stone often bears the metaphorical weight of history’s losses; it is a metaphor for all that is bygone, primitive, and rigid. Clearly Agamben has this stony vocabulary in mind when, in theorizing dance, he refers to time’s dance—or the interval between movements—as a “Medusa’s head,” a

pause that crystallizes or indeed mineralizes a dancer's movement and transforms the viewer in turn. As "a peerless piece of earth," Perdita not only stands for lost time; she also embodies the various strata that, in a geological vein, preserve that loss for future generations. As such, she has the power, like Medusa, to turn the viewer into stone, to make him feel the weight of history in all its heft in his very bones (bones being one reminder that the boundary between mineral and flesh is porous). As Agamben writes, images tend to petrify in time, making it the task of the viewer "to bring them back to life." Unfortunately, Agamben adopts a highly gendered division of labor in imagining this life giving activity. Like Leontes, he imagines the male viewer as a progenitor of living figures; woman, by contrast, represents the petrified image, the matrix, but not the agent, of life. Although Agamben goes far in theorizing time's dance as a blending of movement and cessation, "as a pause that is not immobile but simultaneously charged with memory and dynamic energy," he resorts in the end to a familiar chain of associations, equating woman-matter-stone with ahistoricity and lifelessness, and man-spectator-human with agency and dynamism.<sup>34</sup>

Cohen, by contrast, presents a picture of stony matter that is rich with the lively relationality that Manning associates with dance specifically, and time more generally. "Because of its exceptional durability," Cohen writes,

[S]tone is time's most tangible conveyor [ . . . ]. Stone conjures spans that transient humans cannot witness and yet are called upon, anxiously, to narrate. We crave apocalypse and its oblivions because they suit our small historical frames: there is comfort in the tidy closure they yield [ . . . ]. Stone's stories, though, are more intimate, affective, and creative than such stark differences in endurance imply.<sup>35</sup>

To be sure, *The Winter's Tale* teases with apocalyptic time frames, presenting us with a King whose image of untimely perdurance clashes with the logic of perdition. Leontes adopts the melancholic's attitude toward time as both rupture and loss, whereas Hermione and Perdita figure time as a slow, inhuman condescension—an earthly movement that moves *still* within the space of loss. "Lost time" for Leontes makes sense only as an index of human reproduction; to imagine time scales beyond the individual and its copy is to open up to a world of becoming in which the transient individual is but one inflexion of a much livelier and untimely dance.

Enter Hermione's statue. True to the play's thematics of loss and redemption, Hermione's statue has been absconded from sight until the play's final denouement. Introduced as "the Queen's picture," a copy of Hermione carved from stone, the statue surpasses any other likeness, either living or dead: "As she liv'd peerless," Paulina says, "So her dead likeness, I do well believe, / Excels what ever yet you look'd upon" (5.2.173–174, 5.3.14–16). Amazed by this statue, which is "so lively mock'd as ever / Still sleep mock'd death," Leontes grows heavy with shame as he, senseless with wonder, stands stonier than stone itself (5.3.19–20). Leontes says,

I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,

There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and  
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
 Standing like stone with thee. (5.3.37–42)

Earlier I discussed “crip time” as a disabling “crack” within the logic of identity, sovereignty, and succession; often figured pejoratively as a period of loss and cessation, “crip time” does not settle neatly into ablest categories of (straight) time and (solo) progression, but rather explodes those categories in moments of intense feeling, vitiating the present moment while setting hearts, bodies, and minds in motion. The “crip” does not desist but rather insists through time, co-assembling bodies through time's many-vector dance. Hermione's stony matter is the last, and perhaps most provocative, instance of time's dance. A Medusa's head, her stony physique not only captures Agamben's sense of the petrified image, of history reduced to inert form; it also transfixes her onlookers (Leontes and Perdita) by turning them to stone (“Standing like stone with thee”). And yet Shakespeare's stone is not exactly Agamben's; although Hermione, like Perdita, bears the weight of Leontes' “nothings,” and is herself a figure for “nothing,” we learn she has been active—still growing—within this period of suspense. Leontes remarks: “But yet, Paulina, / Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing / So aged as this seems” (5.3.27–29).

So much the more our carver's excellence [Paulina responds],  
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
 As she liv'd now. (5.3.30–32)

Leontes' statement, “nothing / So aged as this,” reveals once more his bafflement that *something* can come from “nothing.” However, Paulina's reply does not suggest that Hermione's wrinkles emerged *ex nihilo*; rather, she attests to the slow movement of time's “carver,” that is, to the co-temporal art of stone's becoming, and to inhuman durations not circumscribable by human sight.

As Leontes familiarizes himself with Hermione's transformed visage, the stoniness that overcame him also begins to change. Leontes awakens to the feeling of suppressed (e)motion. Whereas Paulina, in concert with Polixenes, says to Leontes, “If I had thought the sight of my poor image / Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine), / I'd not have show'd it. / . . . No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy / May think anon it moves,” Leontes, instead, rebuffs their (half-hearted) efforts to calm his emotion. Hermione's stone statue—a figure of hibernation *and* mutation—triggers once again the “*tremor cordis*” that, at the start of the play, collapsed past and present in one “co-active art.” The difference this time is that Leontes welcomes its disturbance. He states:

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,  
 As we are mock'd with art.  
 . . .



O sweet Paulina,  
 Make me to think so twenty years together!  
 No settled sense of the world can match  
 The pleasure of that madness. (5.3.67–68, 70–73)

The paradox of “fixture” containing “motion” returns us at last to the image of Perdita dancing. I began this chapter by asserting that the relation of time to dance is more than just analogy; instead, time captures the very essence of dance, as theorists such as Agamben and Manning propose, just as dance brings into focus certain peculiarities of time. Although *The Winter’s Tale* uses a number of figures to represent time’s oddities—including subjects on “crutches” and a statue of living stone—it is the image of Perdita dancing that provides the grammar of those images and, in the end, makes sense of the coexistence of “fixture” and “motion”—a kind of sense-making that, as Leontes rightly observes, “No settled sense of the world can match.” Like the dancer-spectator relation theorized by Warburg and Agamben, Leontes loses his sense of place in the world; no longer simply a being *in* the world, Leontes moves *with* it, and in doing so gives himself over to a different “sense of the world.” This is a world in which “twenty years” occupy the same middle. Here the middle is not merely the space *between* loss and renewal, birth and rebirth, or self and self; it is the space of *relation* from which bodies, affects, and selves emerge. Whereas previously Leontes rejected relation as “nothing”—or worse: a madness resulting from Hermione’s infidelity—here he embraces the “pleasure” of that “madness” and seeks it in full. When Paulina says, “I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr’d you; / but I could afflict you farther,” Leontes responds, “Do, Paulina; / For this affliction has a taste as sweet / As any cordial comfort” (5.3.74–77). What were once held separate—“unspeakable comforts” (time as reproduction) and “*tremor cordis*” (time as nonreproductive assemblage)—are now linked: “cordial comfort.” The dance of Medusa imagined in the play’s final scene recapitulates the language of “fixture” and “motion” introduced by Perdita. It’s an image of dance in which animacy and suspension commingle, and in which time is no less dynamic for being hibernal.

## NOTES

1. All quotations from *The Winter’s Tale* are taken from *The Riverside Shakespeare*, 2nd ed., eds. G. Blakemore Evans and J. J. M. Tobin (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1997).
2. For an overview of Simondon’s philosophy of individuation, see Muriel Combes, *Gilbert Simondon and the Philosophy of the Transindividual*, trans. Thomas LaMarre (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2013).
3. Erin Manning, *Always More Than One: Individuation’s Dance* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2013), 22.
4. For an incisive critique of poststructuralist and deconstructive readings of dance as “text,” see Susan Leigh Foster, “Choreographies of Gender,” *Signs* 24, no. 1 (1998): 1–33. Foster focuses her argument on an interview with Jacques Derrida, “Choreographies,” in which dance “serves as a signifier for the kind of agile, contingent action that

- Derrida estimates is necessary for the ongoing struggle of feminist politics” (21). Although this definition of dance as “epiphanic evanescence” accords with a certain high modernist idea of art as the refusal of history and tradition, Foster points out that Derrida’s version of dance bears “no choreographic substance”: “It merely happens in the blink of an eye, as quickly as the dance changes places [ . . . ]. Consequently, feminist politics can only oscillate between the essentials of biological, sexual identity and the mad leaps that might position women momentarily in a different place” (21–22). Notably, Foster’s analysis does not dismiss the anarchic play of deconstructive readings outright; rather, she looks to specific choreographic practices by women “in which dance serves as both subject and interpretive framework for dance’s relationship to cultural theory” (23). For a more recent entry in the annals of dance theory that takes dance as both subject and interpretive framework, see Jacques Rancière’s fascinating discussion of Loïe Fuller’s “serpentine dance” in *Aisthesis: Scenes from the Aesthetic Regime of Art*, trans. Zakir Paul (London: Verso, 2013), 93–109. While Rancière’s argument is distinctly anti-modernist insofar as it claims that aesthetic “works only create ruptures by condensing features of regimes of perception and thought that precede them, and are formed elsewhere”—a point that Rancière’s book illustrates nicely by taking the reader to a particular, historically laden event or “scene” in each chapter—he, too, elides somewhat the history of Loïe Fuller’s gendered choreography by focusing on its evanescence: “This new art comes from a new body, relieved of the weight of its flesh, reduced to a play of lines and tones, whirling in space,” Rancière writes (xii, 94). Indeed, despite Rancière’s insistence on Fuller’s historical novelty, the language he uses to render her dance is (at least) as old as Shakespeare. Notice, in the following, the echo of Florizel’s description of Perdita, not to mention Warburg’s description of Venus: “Her apparition thus follows the appearance of light itself. . . . Mallarmé used to call these forms and elementary relations of forms ‘aspects,’ which he readily metaphorized as the folds and unfolding of a fan, *swaying hair, or the foam on the crest of a wave*” (98, emphasis mine).
5. On the Pythagorean concept of *kosmos* and world harmony, see Günter Berghaus, “Neoplatonic and Pythagorean Notions of World Harmony and Unity and Their Influence on Renaissance Dance Theory,” *Dance Research: The Journal of the Society for Dance Research* 10, no. 2 (Autumn 1992): 43–70.
  6. Jennifer Nevile, “Dance and the Garden: Moving and Static Choreography in Renaissance Europe,” *Renaissance Quarterly* 52, no. 3 (Autumn 1999): 805–836.
  7. Nevile, “Dance and the Garden,” 806.
  8. Nevile, “Dance and the Garden,” 806.
  9. Nevile, “Dance and the Garden,” 806.
  10. See Aby Warburg, “Sandro Botticelli’s *Birth of Venus and Spring*,” in *The Renewal of Pagan Antiquity: Contributions to the Cultural History of the European Renaissance*, trans. David Britt (Los Angeles: Getty Research Institute, 1999), 89–156.
  11. On the relation of bodily substance to parts *without* a whole, see Brandon Shaw’s interpretation of “love-melancholy” in Chapter 7 in this volume. Drawing on humoral understandings of the body, including Gail Kern Paster’s Deleuzian notion of the early modern “body without organs,” Shaw claims that “external organs . . . and parts . . . are no less capable of influencing or commandeering the entire body,” especially when that body is besieged by nomadic affects of love and melancholy, as is the case in Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*.

12. See Philippe-Alain Michaud, *Aby Warburg and the Image in Motion*, trans. Sophie Hawkes (New York: Zone Books, 2007), 67–91.
13. Quoted in Michaud, *Aby Warburg and the Image in Motion*, 83–84.
14. Giorgio Agamben, *Nymphs*, trans. Amanda Minervini (London: Seagull Books, 2013), 6.
15. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 4.
16. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 4.
17. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 10.
18. Manning, *Always More Than One*, 2.
19. Manning, *Always More Than One*, 7.
20. Manning, *Always More Than One*, 15.
21. Indeed, as Roger Clegg argues in Chapter 3 of this volume, Renaissance “dances functioned in different ways. Dancing that concluded the plot of the play might symbolize harmony, restore character roles or hierarchy, and offer closure to the dramatic plot; however, *the type of dance may lay challenge to collective order*” (emphasis mine). In the case of the jig, for example, Clegg explains that “the [theater] company’s clowns . . . could, through ambivalent or critical laughter, lay challenge to the notion of social harmony, reinscribe hierarchy, and disrupt any sense of closure.”
22. Sujata Iyengar, “Introduction: Shakespeare’s ‘Discourse of Disability,’” in *Disability, Health, and Happiness in the Shakespearean Body*, ed. Sujata Iyengar (New York: Routledge, 2015), 13.
23. Manning, *Always More Than One*, 8.
24. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 19.
25. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 20.
26. On “crip” as a multifaceted cultural signifier, see Robert McRuer, *Crip Theory: Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability* (New York: New York University Press, 2006). On “crip” as a nonlinear dimension of time, see Alison Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2013). For an analysis of disability that directly addresses its relevance to artistic performance, including dance, see Petra Kupperts, *Disability and Contemporary Performance: Bodies on Edge* (New York: Routledge, 2004).
27. See Lee Edelman, *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2004).
28. Jonathan Gil Harris, *Untimely Matter in the Time of Shakespeare* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2009), 2.
29. Kathryn Bond Stockton, “Lost, or ‘Exit, Pursued by a Bear’: Causing Queer Children on Shakespeare’s TV,” in *Shakespeare: A Queer Companion to the Complete Works of Shakespeare*, ed. Madhavi Menon (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2011), 424.
30. Stockton, “Lost, or ‘Exit, Pursued by a Bear’: Causing Queer Children on Shakespeare’s TV,” 424.
31. Manning, *Always More Than One*, 16.
32. Garber writes, “The manifest irony here is that all these nothings *are* nothing. They have no significance, and represent only Leontes’ own projection.” See Marjorie Garber, *Shakespeare After All* (New York: Anchor Books, 2004), 835.
33. Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, *Stone: An Ecology of the Inhuman* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015), 197.
34. Agamben, *Nymphs*, 10.
35. Cohen, *Stone*, 85.

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