

Revolution and the Fatally Clever Smile: Caryl Churchill's *Mad Forest*

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Mad Forest is the second play Caryl Churchill has written focusing closely on revolution (*Light Shining in Buckinghamshire* being the first). The project was launched at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London and began with a trip to Romania in the Spring following the 1989 December coup. Churchill, a group of final-year acting students, and the director spent three weeks observing and improvising in Bucharest. The resulting play opened in London in July 1990, and off-Broadway in New York in November 1991. The speed with which *Mad Forest* was presented in the West was impressive. The play's topicality caught the interest of critics, who were clearly feeling a loss of relevance in the British theatre in the late 1980s:

Obsequies are frequently pronounced on political theatre in Britain. But at this moment we have Moscow Gold at the Barbican, a new David Edgar play about Eastern Europe coming up at the National and Caryl Churchill's *Mad Forest* . . . [Michael Billington, *The Guardian*, October 1990]

Billington's observation is echoed by Mel Gussow in *The New York Times* (25 July 1990), who notes that political theatre had been "on the wane in London" in the 1980s, and who saw in *Mad Forest* "a reawakening of interest in what could be called Theatre of the Moment."

Mad Forest begins with a 'diary of events' (presumably the brute facts worked up by some anonymous, omniscient chronicler) which lists a number of dates, including "March 3rd--7th—Director and Writer go to Romania." The suggestion is that the play is somehow organically connected with events in Romania, bound up in the confusion of revolutionary days, becoming somehow a part of this particular history. There is the problem, of course, of legitimating

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the project before anyone who might balk at the notion of a group of foreign theatre artists undertaking to represent such profound affairs on the basis of a few weeks in Bucharest. But the first step in that legitimation begins here, where even the date of the phone call to Caryl Churchill to suggest the project is recorded by the 'omniscient chronicler' ("Director Mark Wing-Davey suggests Romania project to writer Caryl Churchill") along with the rest of the events ("December 25th: Ceausescu captured, tried by military tribunal and shot.")¹ Thus the diary demonstrates a synchronicity of events—revolution and play about revolution happening at once. The wisdom of this might be questioned by those like Mao Tse Tung who was said to have replied to the question 'what was the importance of the French Revolution?' by asserting that it was too early to tell.

That events move too swiftly in Europe these days to allow us to draw satisfactory conclusions does not preclude the importance of recording and reflecting upon them as they happen. *Mad Forest* makes an important contribution to that process. The play is constructed in three parts. The first concerns two families, Vladu and Antonescu, and portrays fictional events leading up to the wedding of Lucia Vladu, a young Romanian woman who is marrying an American. The second part shifts into docu-drama and is a collection of observations made by various people (students, a house-painter, a doctor, a flower-seller and others) who witnessed some of the events in Bucharest between 21 and 25 December 1989. The third section returns to the two families and leads up to the wedding of Radu Antonescu and Florina Vladu. The action of the play—despite its setting in the lead-up to and the aftermath of tremendous political upheaval—is focussed here on the small vicissitudes of family life: jealousies, quarrels, spoken and unspoken affection. This tight focus, the 'micro-politics' of the everyday, contributes substantially to the meaning of Churchill's play.

Part One takes place before the overthrow of Ceausescu. The play begins with a blaring radio, drowning out the voices of Irina and Bogdan Vladu mid-argument. The rest of the scene is played in silence as Florina and Lucia enter, happily displaying some rare commodities: eggs and American cigarettes. The next scene opens in silence as Mihai, Flavia and Radu Antonescu work until the lights go out. There is nothing exceptional about electrical failure in Romania, and they continue the scene in candlelight. The scene is brief (14 lines in total) but reveals much about the family: Mihai is an architect who quietly acquiesces when "He" disapproves of one of Mihai's designs; Flavia responds in thoroughly 'correct' if unenthusiastic manner (can't be too careful even at home) to the news of the re-design; Mihai and Flavia flatly rule out the possibility of their son Radu marrying Florina Vladu since her sister is about to marry an American.

In the first two scenes, which are dense almost beyond comprehension in the watching, Churchill sets up an atmosphere of isolation, silence, mistrust, alienation and deep divisions both within and between the families. The scenes which involve family members with 'officials' (a doctor, a Securitate man) are, unsurprisingly, conducted as 'meta-dialogues'—a 'correct' conversation is conducted on top of the real, unspoken business:

[While they talk the DOCTOR writes on a piece of paper, pushes it over to LUCIA, who writes a reply, and he writes again]. . . .

DOCTOR: There is no abortion in Romania. I am shocked that you even think of it. I am appalled that you dare suggest I might commit this crime.

LUCIA: Yes, I'm sorry.

[LUCIA gives the doctor an envelope thick with money and some more money.]

DOCTOR: Can you get married?

LUCIA: Yes.

DOCTOR: Good. Get married.

[The DOCTOR writes again, LUCIA nods.]

DOCTOR: I can do nothing for you. Goodbye.

[LUCIA smiles . . .] [25]

The quick conclusion is that Ceausescu's brand of wholesale repression engendered a kind of schizophrenia that operated effectively in both private and public spheres. This 'conclusion' inspires some questions, the most important being whether distinctions like public and private have meaning in deeply paranoid societies, and the second being the degree to which we can consider the kind of communication we witness here in both government offices and homes, to be 'inauthentic'. At stake in both questions is the notion of identity.

For Flavia, seen lecturing to her pupils about "the great personality of Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu"; for Mihai, busily carrying out "interesting

recommendations" made about his architectural plans, identity is a dangerous concept. To be identified in this society is to be under even closer scrutiny. To identify one's position in relation to a clearly corrupt and fascistic government, even if only in thought, is a danger to survival. Personal identity is not even allowed Ceausescu, whose "life and struggle cannot be detached from the most burning moments of the people's fight against fascism and war to achieve the ideals of freedom . . ."[20] But as Flavia's exchange with the ghost of her dead grandmother in Scene 12 suggests, it isn't simply thought and identity which are suppressed, it is the very force of life itself:

GRANDMOTHER: No, you still think your life hasn't started. You think it's ahead.

FLAVIA: Everyone feels like that.

GRANDMOTHER: How do you know? Who do you talk to? Your closest friend is your grandmother, and I'm dead, Flavia, don't forget that or you will be really mad.

FLAVIA: You want me to live in the past? [29]

But where is Flavia to live? And as who? Identity is always a hotly contested notion and there are those, of course, who would argue that in any society, permissive or repressed, identity is an ever illusive quest. But this debate aside, it is clear that Flavia hasn't even the illusion of identity. Mother, teacher, granddaughter, all are roles she takes on as though determined by someone else, and while it is impossible to write her own role in this society it is (as Flavia soon learns after the revolution) a pretty thankless task to assume these alien ones.

With everything floating—meaning, language, identity—the search is on for absolutes: freedom, equality, God. But the absolute can only be imagined or discussed with metaphysical partners. Besides Flavia and her grandmother, we witness a political discussion between a confused Priest and an Angel. The Priest imagines a certain safety in the exchange as "no one's ever known an Angel work for the Securitate . . ." [25] but as the scene develops the Priest discovers that even fantasy is infected under the old regime:

PRIEST: You've never been political?

ANGEL: Very little. The Iron Guard used to be rather charming and called themselves the League of the Archangel Michael and carried my picture about. They had lovely processions. So I dabbled.

PRIEST: But they were fascists.

ANGEL: They were mystical.

PRIEST: The Iron Guard threw Jews out of windows in '37, my father remembers it. He shouted and they beat him up.

ANGEL: Politics, you see. Their politics weren't very pleasant. I try to keep clear of political side. You should do the same.

PRIEST: I don't trust you any more.

ANGEL: That's a pity. Who else can you trust? [26]

The first section of the play is almost muffled in silence. Eight of the sixteen scenes are played in silence or have less than six lines, often delivered before or after a lengthy silence. 'Silence' as a direction appears frequently in the rubric ("They sit in silence for some time"; "They sit in candlelight in silence" [18]; "They sit in silence" [19]; "They stand a long time in silence" [21]; etc.). Some of the scenes with dialogue seem inscrutably elliptical. Here is the whole of scene 3:

[LUCIA is reading an airmail letter, smiling. She kisses the letter. She puts it away. FLORINA comes in from work.]

LUCIA: Tired?

[Pause. FLORINA is taking off her shoes.]

LUCIA: I'm sorry.

[FLORINA smiles and shrugs.]

LUCIA: No but all of you . . . because of me and Wayne.

FLORINA: You love him.

[Lucia takes out the letter and offers it to FLORINA. FLORINA hesitates. LUCIA insists. FLORINA reads the letter, she is serious. LUCIA watches her. FLORINA gives the letter back.]

LUCIA: And Radu? Have you seen him lately? [FLORINA shrugs.] [19-20]

The effect in watching the play is not unlike picking up a novel half-way through: the plot seems well underway and the characters are mysterious.

The second part of the play is a collection of eye-witness accounts of the last days of Ceausescu, which were collected by the actors in the Bucharest workshop. The people introduce themselves and "Each behaves as if the others are not there and each is the only one telling what happened." [33] As the individual stories proceed they become a testament to the confusion of the events surrounding the revolution. The important point made by these accounts is the apparent lack of organisation guiding these events, and the absence of any sense of an underground movement that might have directed the takeover of the palace and the television station. Instead there is the impression of cautious individual assistance where and whenever possible:

BULLDOZER DRIVER: I work till half past ten or eleven then I see tanks not with army, with men on them. I think I will take the bulldozer. But when I get to the gates my boss says 'There is no need, Ceausescu is no more, Ceausescu nu mai e'. I see no securitate so I go home to my family. [42]

STUDENT 2: People were shouting, 'Come with us,' but I thought, 'It's a romantic action, it's useless to go and fight and die.' I thought I was a coward to be scared. But I thought, 'I will die like a fool protecting someone I don't know. How can I stop bullets with my bare hands? It's the job of the army, I can do nothing, I will just die.' So I went home. [44]

Part Three begins with a curious confrontation between a vampire and a half-starved stray dog, both of whom are drawn to the revolution by the promise of blood:

VAMPIRE: Don't be frightened of me, I'm not hungry now. And if I was all I'd do is sip a little of your blood, I don't eat. I don't care for dogs' blood.

DOG: People's blood?

VAMPIRE: I came here for the revolution, I could smell it a long way off.

DOG: I've tasted man's blood. It was thick on the road, I gobbled it up quick, then somebody kicked me.

VAMPIRE: Nobody knew who was doing the killing, I could come up behind a man in a crowd.

DOG: Good times. [48/49]

The scene ends with the Vampire and the Dog teaming up, a pair forever dependent on blood, forever wandering at night, the unsuspected enemy within. Marginalised, but lacking the true privilege of the outsider, the Vampire and his Dog will follow the revolution in any direction it chooses to pursue, profiting quietly from what the scene takes as inevitable: the spilling of blood. The blood in another context might appear to be a waste, a disquieting puddle in the street, but here it becomes a terrible inversion of Christian sacrament—robbing the promise of an afterlife by endlessly fueling the spectral, aching need that moves unnoticed among us, "going about looking like anyone else, being friendly, nobody knowing you." [50]

In Scene 3.ii, we return to the Vladu and Antonescu families, now in the aftermath of the coup. Suddenly the silence has been overtaken with questions, assertions, accusations and guilt. The strangulated quality of the first third of the play is replaced by a confusion foreshadowed in the second. As each character struggles to ground that confusion in some kind of understanding, the legacy of Ceausescu's repression clings on in the form of nightmares, bad jokes, and blame. Caught on the television screen, lying face up in the snow, the dead Ceausescu has left many with no clear and present enemy. We now witness the process of people slowly reviewing the blur of events and piecing together as best they can a history of revolution. As the possibility of deception begins to overtake their hopes for the future, once again an aura of suspicion surrounds even the most intimate exchanges:

RADU: Do you remember once I came home from school and asked if you loved Elena Ceausescu?

FLAVIA: I don't remember, no. When was that?

RADU: And you said yes. I was seven.

FLAVIA: No, I don't remember. [Pause] But you can see now why somebody would say what they had to say to protect you.

RADU: I've always remembered that.

FLAVIA: I don't remember.

RADU: No, you wouldn't. [71]

Flavia is finding that even with what appeared to be the most profound of changes on a political front, the daily communication within the family is hopelessly damaged by years of stifling the schizophrenic gap between words and meaning during the dictatorship. The promise, throughout those years, was that there were 'authentic' voices, hiding behind the 'official' ones. For Mihai, even though relieved now of threat from the Securitate, that promise is unredeemed:

MIHAI: Radu, I don't know what to do with you. Nothing is on a realistic basis.

RADU: Please don't say that.

MIHAI: What's the matter now?

RADU: Don't say 'realistic basis'.

FLAVIA: It's true, Mihai, you do talk in terrible jargon from before, it's no longer correct. [70]

The question lingering after this exchange, of course, is how to determine what is correct in the post-Ceausescu era. In the hospital where many of those injured in the coup are recovering, one patient repeats a litany of questions about the mysterious circumstances surrounding an ostensibly spontaneous revolution:

Did we have a revolution or a putsch? Who was shooting on the 21st? And who was shooting on the 22nd? Was the army shooting on the 21st or did some shoot and some not shoot or were the Securitate disguised in army uniforms?. . . Most important of all were the terrorists and the army really fighting or were they only pretending to

fight? And for whose benefit? And by whose orders? Where did the flags come from? Who put loudhailers in the square? How could they publish a newspaper so soon? Why did no one turn off the power at the TV? Who got Ceausescu to call everyone together? And is he really dead? How many people died at Timisoara? And where are the bodies? Who mutilated the bodies? And were they mutilated after they'd been killed specially to provoke the revolution? By whom? For whose benefit? [54]

The unanswered questions are bold and direct—rare qualities in the dialogue of *Mad Forest*. As such they have a particular ability to unsettle. As time passes in the play, Flavia, who misses the emotional catharsis and freedom of the brief days of revolution, notes that in the aftermath "everyone's gone back behind their masks." Slowly the old paranoia begins to overtake the families as the revolutionary street-festival fades. In a confusing but powerful final scene the families conduct a number of overlapping exchanges at the wedding of Radu and Florina. The general disillusion and suspicion about the fate of the revolution surface in the increasingly drunken party, and Flavia announces her determination to uncover the mystery surrounding Ceausescu's final days: "I'm going to write a true history . . . so we'll know exactly what happened. . . . Where are the tapes . . .?" she asks and regrets that history may be "wasted." The wedding party degenerates into political argument, racial hatred and, finally, a pitiful brawl, but Flavia restores order and insists that the families remember their "programme": it is time to dance. Her last words are a reprise of her desire to know what, exactly, happened in December 1989: "Where are the tapes?", "I'm going to write a true history."

Viewing Churchill's play, one is aware that a 'true history' of the overthrow of Ceausescu is as difficult to discern as it may be desirable to have. But there are other equally intriguing issues raised by *Mad Forest*, the most difficult of which is to determine what the play's politics are.

II.

As a playwright, Caryl Churchill is often described as a socialist and a feminist. She is always included in the number of playwrights when critics refer to political theatre in Britain and certainly responses above, like those of Billington's and Gussow's, reinforce the idea that Churchill has quenched the public thirst for political drama after a long drought in the Thatcher years. For this reason Churchill's plays, perhaps *Mad Forest* in particular, offer us the

opportunity to examine what we mean when we talk about political drama at the close of the 20th Century.

There is of course no more exhaustive description of the shape and direction of political drama in this century than that provided by Bertolt Brecht in his many essays on politics and aesthetics. He is exhaustive because he was a master of subtlety (he might have said dialectics), well capable of expressing 'concrete' ideas with a kind of ambiguity that has kept exegetical Brecht scholars busy for years. Still, certain salient features of Brecht's political aesthetics could be said to have remained the working philosophy for political dramatists well into the latter half of this century:

1. "The field has to be defined in historically relative terms. In other words we must drop our habit of taking the different social structures of past periods, then stripping them of everything that makes them look different. . . ."²
2. ". . . we must infect a working-class audience with the urge to alter the world (and supply it with some of the relevant knowledge)."³
3. "So let us march ahead! Away with all obstacles! Since we seem to have landed in a battle, let us fight! Have we not seen how disbelief can move mountains! Is it not enough that we should have found that something is being kept from us? Before one thing and another there hangs a curtain: let us draw it up!"⁴

Some things are immediately obvious in this reductive 'guide'—the Enlightenment inheritance in the Brechtian epistemology and philosophy of history. Brecht's particular brand of Hegelian Marxism is succinctly captured in the phrase "let us march ahead": just the slogan for linear historical progressivists. Most if not all British political playwrights of the last decades have embraced Brecht's philosophy if not his aesthetics, which means that the overwhelming trend in contemporary British political drama has been firmly situated within an Enlightenment tradition, heralding reason and progress as the 'up' side of history's ruthless dynamism.

Caryl Churchill's work, *Mad Forest* in particular, marks a break with that tradition. Reinforcing neither a 'meta-narrative' of progress, nor the ideals of reason, the play inhabits a post-Enlightenment sphere, one of the distinguishing qualities of which is described in Peter Sloterdijk's *Critique of Cynical Reason* as "a universal, diffuse cynicism."⁵ Writing at perhaps the temporary twilight of the Left in Europe, it is not to be wondered that *Mad Forest* may remind one of Oscar Wilde's comment: "I am not at all cynical, I am only experienced—that's

pretty much the same thing." I wish to stress that I am in no manner suggesting that either Caryl Churchill or her play advocates cynicism but find that her history offers the opportunity to examine political cynicism and that the play illustrates, importantly, the manner in which that cynicism "crystallises."

Mad Forest examines the complexity of dismantling, or attempting to dismantle, a long-running hegemony of paranoia and double-think, and the play does suggest in a powerful way that history is unknowable. Unlike the writer of Brecht's description, Churchill does not see the possibility of depicting clearly the historical knowledge that will arm us for a struggle. Instead we are plunged into the immediate 'messiness' of the tortured links between two families and the recollection of many people who were involved in and witness to the uprising. Certainly the people Churchill depicts lack the clean, bright tools of Brecht's historical materialist overview, and her play reflects instead a disorganised subjectivism that must glimpse historical forces through a much smaller lens. Memories pile up but are fragmented and unreliable, and in the final scene, history seems to have escaped—to have become either a tale told as a kind of unmediated stream of consciousness:

LUCIA: Mi-a fost rusine ca nu am fost acolo. (I was so ashamed not to be here.) Dar ce inseamna asta? De ce parte a fost el? (But what does it mean? Whose side was he on?) De ce n-au scoala lor proprie? (Why shouldn't they have their own schools?) Nu sint sclava ta. (I'm not your slave).

IANOS: Esti acuzat de genocid. (You're on trial for genocide.) Cine este opozitia? Ungurii. (Who's the opposition? Hungarians.) Voi ati fost sub turci mult timp, voi sineteti ca slavii. (You were under Turks too long, you're like slaves. [90])

or as the analogue of the subconscious, unknowable and uncontrolled, surfacing in fragments or in the occasional slip of the tongue:

GABRIEL: Sint asa fericit, ca sint de cealalta parte. (I'm so happy I've put myself on the other side.) Diferit acum. (Different now.) Urasc francezii. (I hate the French.) Ungurii fac poporul sa ne dispretuiasca. (The Hungarians make people despise us.) As dori sa fiu mort. Glumesc. (I wish I'd been killed. Just joking.)

Churchill abandons the Enlightenment universal of Brecht's prescription for a fragmented particularism that better accommodates the complexity she means to convey.

The dramatisation of that complexity becomes most interesting when illustrating the relationship between a subjective survival response to massive oppression and the collective survival that finds its release in a deep-rooted cynicism. Peter Sloterdijk describes modern mass cynicism as "Enlightened false consciousness":

It is that modernized, unhappy consciousness, on which enlightenment has labored both successfully and in vain. It has learned its lessons in enlightenment, but it has not, and probably was not able to, put them into practice. . . . 'Enlightened false consciousness': To choose such a formulation seems to be a blow against the tradition of enlightenment. The sentence itself is cynicism in a crystalline state. . . . Logically it is a paradox, for how could enlightened consciousness still be false?⁶

Of course, Sloterdijk is writing from a Western European perspective and the enlightened false consciousness he refers to is not the product of repressive dictatorships (although the loss of the Marxist ideal in the violently distorted practices of Stalin, Ceausescu, and the like, is certainly a determining factor of that Western cynicism; it is precisely this degeneracy that has "ruined the much celebrated principle of hope and spoiled any pleasure in history . . ."7). But his characterisation of a knowledge that is expressed in the "fatally clever smile" that signals its *realistic* view of *the way things are* is applicable to the experiences of Churchill's characters, both before and after the revolution. And where this cynicism is in the first instance a quality of survival it becomes, in the second, a self-defeating element in the attempt to reconstruct either history or an ethical politics. Indeed, as *Mad Forest* seems to demonstrate, the effect of this widespread cynicism, like the rest of the hegemonic effects of the old Ceausescu regime, lingers on well into the post-revolutionary dawn and manifests itself in the characters' desire to be certain that they are not swindled again.

What *Mad Forest* shows a western audience is the probable theft of resistance in Romania, the suspicion of a revolution purloined. And while the play does not preclude the possibility of claiming that resistance back, neither does it show us a single character who is willing to imagine that better practice or finer theory will bring that about. The play does not show us this because we are not now in a position to receive such ideas.

Instead, we end with circularity. We are back at a wedding—weddings will go on; back to the ethnic hatred—ethnic hatred will go on; and back to suspicion—suspicion will go on. Angels and Vampires, legendary cultural figures, dance amidst the chaos. These figures have survived not only the revolution but they have survived the years of Ceausescu and come full circle.

We can take that circularity, the characters seem to suggest, but we won't be swindled—and this denial was the method of survival in the Ceausescu years. The oppression was terrible but ameliorated slightly by the knowledge of its corruption. They were hungry, they were tortured, murdered and silenced under Ceausescu, but they weren't suckers. In the last act of *Mad Forest* we see the true source of pain in the aftermath of the 'revolution'—for the first time in years members of this society were caught out believing in something. And the revolution was stolen while the stars were still in their eyes. So once again on the wrong side of a power relationship, the people decide they will not, at least, be taken in by the promises of a new regime.

This leaves us to wonder, then, how to read the politics of this play about revolution. The loss of Brechtian aesthetics and political certainties in the late 20th Century will no longer allow a drama of political history to do anything so crude as to "puncture holes in ideologies", or even, perhaps, to supply an audience with some weapons of change. Surely the point in dramatising such a history is to bring alive to us the pain of its continuing struggle, and *Mad Forest* serves that purpose. But there is a danger which one could imagine, when seeing Churchill's play, that a Western audience might come to see the turmoils of Eastern Europe in the 20th Century as just one damn thing after another, and while the particularity and complexity of the characters in the play help to obviate the numbness of a such a response, that same particularity keeps us from drawing any conclusions. This is not only an issue connected to the ways in which we can construct, but also the ways in which we can talk about political drama. We can no longer entertain the idea of puncturing holes in ideologies, since even ideologies must be conceived as diffuse and dialogical matrices, already disrupted and inconsistent. In *The Ideology of the Aesthetic*, Terry Eagleton reminds us of the error of conceiving dominant ideologies as monolithic, in a manner that is "considerably more rigid and 'extreme' than the internally differentiated, contradictory social discourses which now dominate us."⁸ Churchill's play does, certainly, recognise that these internally differentiated discourses constitute the *experience* of history for her characters, and that recognition is both the force behind what might be considered a sophisticated and complex rendering of an extraordinary historical moment, and also the factor determining that *Mad Forest* sinks into the mire of particularity without ever raising any of its conclusions to a level just high enough to constitute something like a point of view.

Similarly the 'history' within this history is more akin to the immutable: just when we might be tempted to make sense of it all for ourselves, we are confronted with ghosts, vampires, or angels. If ever the moment for Walter Benjamin's revolutionary nostalgia had come, surely it was here, in the "moment of danger"⁹, where the past may have shattered through an already deeply fissured present to help provide an anchoring ground on which to build a progressive politics. But the past only returns as ether, sedating and containing the present.

Where Churchill is concerned, the time for Benjamin's nostalgia may well have passed. Brecht could—indeed *did*—conceive of political drama in terms consistent with the 'meta-narratives' of Enlightenment reason, but the range of political drama today may remain restricted to the field of micro-politics. The micro-politics of *Mad Forest*, revealed in failed communications, ethnic hatreds, lost hopes and the dissolution of private/public distinctions within the families, add up, finally, to wariness and the "fatally clever smile." We can always beat the deception with suspicion¹⁰, the play seems to put forward as its strongest assertion. The question for the audience watching in the shadow of Eastern European turmoil is, of course, whether that will be enough.

Notes

1. Caryl Churchill, *Mad Forest*, London: Nick Hern Books, 1990. All subsequent quotations from this edition noted within the text.

2. *Brecht on Theatre*, tr. by John Willett, (London: Eyre Methuen, 1981) 190.

3. 247.

4. 189.

5. Peter Sloterdijk, *Critique of Cynical Reason*, (London: Verso, 1988) 3.

6. 5.

7. 90.

8. Terry Eagleton, *The Ideology of the Aesthetic*, (Oxford: Blackwell, 1991) 379.

9. Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations*, tr. by Harry Zohn, (Suffolk: Fontana Collins) 257.

10. Sloterdijk notes that in some contexts "enlightenment leads to a training in mistrust that strives to outdo deception through suspicion." 30.