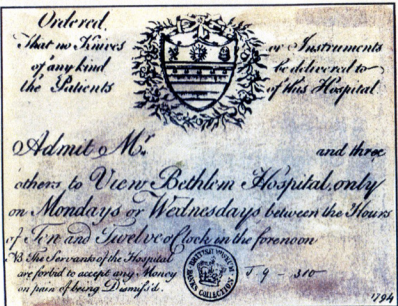


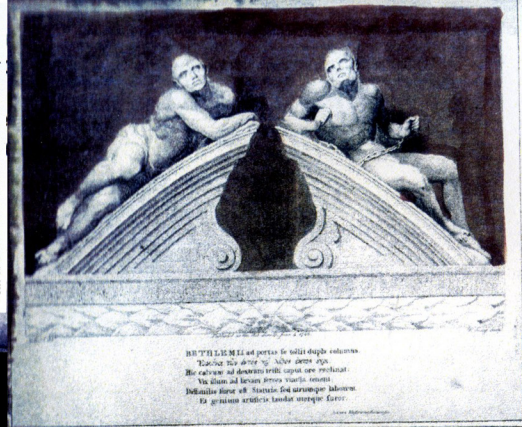
BEDLAM AND MADNESS

In 1753, a magazine claimed that there was no 'better lesson [to] be taught us in any part of the globe than in this school of misery. Here we may see the mighty reasoners of the earth, below even the insects that crawl upon it; and from so humbling a sight we may learn to moderate our self-control.'

Part of the function of both insane asylums and prisons in the Eighteenth century were as deterrents. By opening up an asylum and showing people the true horror of insanity, they would be deterred from leading a life of vice, and immoderation that would end in madness. Thus the 'theatrical' element of the prison and madhouse wasn't a grotesque perversion of it's function, but the function itself.



A 1794 notice for the human zoo. The Bethlem Hospital was one of the 'shows of London' in the 18th century.



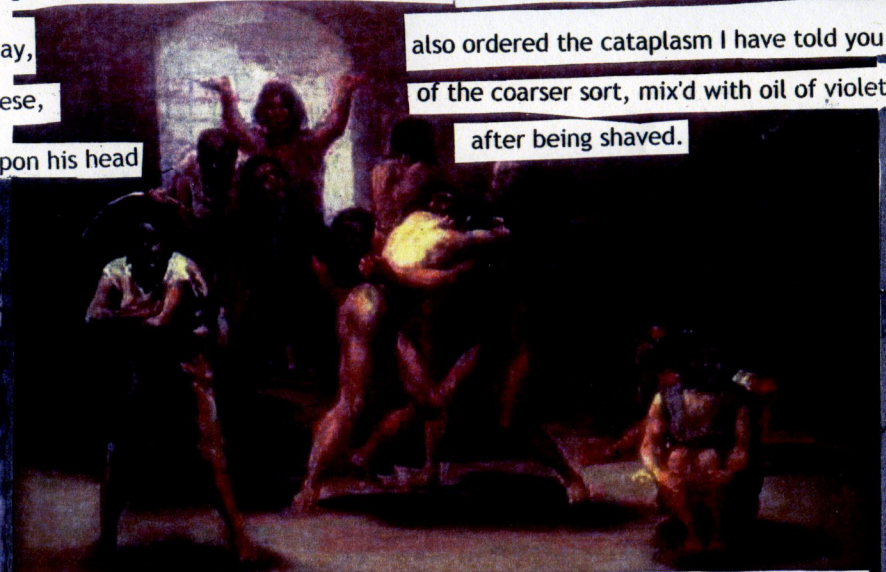
Raving and Melancholy Madness: a 1793 engraving illustrating the sculptures by Caius Cibber which stood above the entrance to the Bethlem Hospital, Moorfields, London.

It is the widespread belief that madness and insanity are punishment for vice. So the rakes progress - the great Hogarth series of prints depicting a promising young man's fall from grace - ends with the rake in Bedlam (in fact when Hogarth published the print edition of the series he actually added a final plate - Bartholomew's Fair... but that's another story!). Considering how many people went mad in the Eighteenth century as a result of syphilis the connection between vice and madness isn't perhaps as ludicrous as modern observers might think.

A strong man, by trade a blacksmith, having been liable, from a boy, to the incubus and vertigo, which had been brought on him by a fright, fell down suddenly in the winter-time, and complain'd, in contus'd words, of an internal pain in his breast. Being immediately brought into the hospital, he answer'd scarcely any thing to those who ask'd him questions; but shut his eyes, and cover'd his face with the sheet, like a man out of his senses. He was hot at the same time, and trembl'd nor had drunkenness, or any other cause of that kind preceded; and a fever likewise attended. On the following day, he began to leap out of bed, to cry out, to threaten, and even to strike, all about him; so that being evidently a maniac, it was necessary that he should be confin'd with. He cried out violently and continually; and, at the same time, his whole body was agitated with convulsive motions. Then the physician, having order'd a vein in the foot to be open'd, and a pound of blood to be

taken away,
[fresh cheese,
to be laid upon his head

also ordered the cataplasm I have told you of
of the coarser sort, mix'd with oil of violets]
after being shaved.



within twelve hours, he was restored to perfect sanity

THROUGH MOORFIELDS

Through Moorfields, and to Bedlam I went;
I heard a young damsel to sigh and lament;
She was wringing of her hands, and tearing of her hair,
Crying, Oh! cruel parents! you have been too severe!

You've banished my truelove o'er the seas away,
Which causes me in Bedlam to sigh, and to say
That your cruel, base actions cause me to complain,
For the loss of my dear has distracted my brain.

When the silk-mercier first came on shore,
As he was passing by Bedlam's door,
He heard his truelove lamenting full sore,
Saying, Oh! I shall never see him any more!

The mercier, hearing that, he was struck with surprise,
When he saw through the window her beautiful eyes;
He ran to the porter the truth for to tell,
Saying, Show me the way to the joy of my soul!

The porter on the mercier began for to stare,
To see how he was for the loss of his dear;
He gave to the porter a broad piece of gold,
Saying, Show me the way to the joy of my soul!

And when that his darling jewel he did see
He took her, and sat her all on his knee,
Says she, Are you the young man my father sent to sea,
My own dearest jewel, for loving of me?

Oh yes! I'm the man that your father sent to sea,
Your own dearest jewel, for loving of thee!
Then adieu to my sorrows, for they now are all fled,
Adieu to these chains, and likewise this straw bed!

They sent for their parents, who came then with speed;
They went to the church, and were married indeed.
So all you wealthy parents, do a warning take,
And never strive true lovers their promises to break.

The Ghost Lover

Johnny, he promised to marry me
But I fear he's with some fair one and gone
There's something bewails a man, I don't know what it is
And I'm weary of lying alone.

Well, Johnny he came there at the appointed hour
He tapped on the window so low
This fair maid arose and she hurried on her clothes
And she bid her true love welcome home.

She took him by the hand and she lay him down
She felt he was as cold as the clay
She said, My dearest dear, if I only had my wish
This long night would never turn to day.

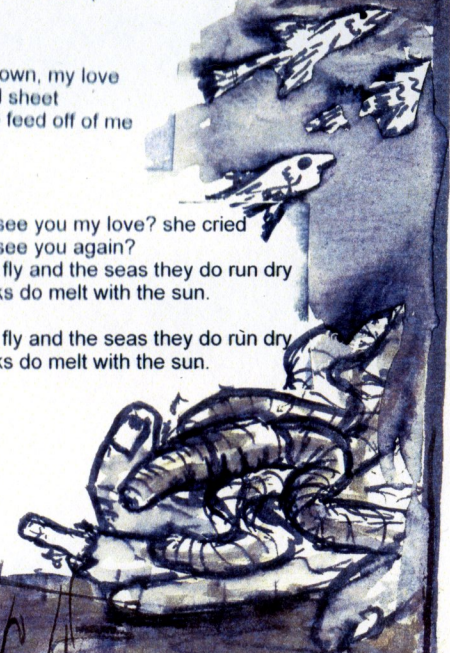
Oh, crow up, crow up my little bird
And don't crow before it is day
And you'll keep shielding made of the glittering gold
And your door of silver so gay.

And where is your soft bed of down, my love?
And where is your white hall and sheet?
And where is the fair maid who watches over you
As you lie in your long, dreamless sleep?

Oh, the sand is my soft bed of down, my love
And the sea is my white hall and sheet
The long, hungry worms they do feed off of me
As I lie every night in the deep.

Oh, when shall I see you my love? she cried
Oh, when shall I see you again?
When little fishes fly and the seas they do run dry
And the hard rocks do melt with the sun.

When little fishes fly and the seas they do run dry
And the hard rocks do melt with the sun.

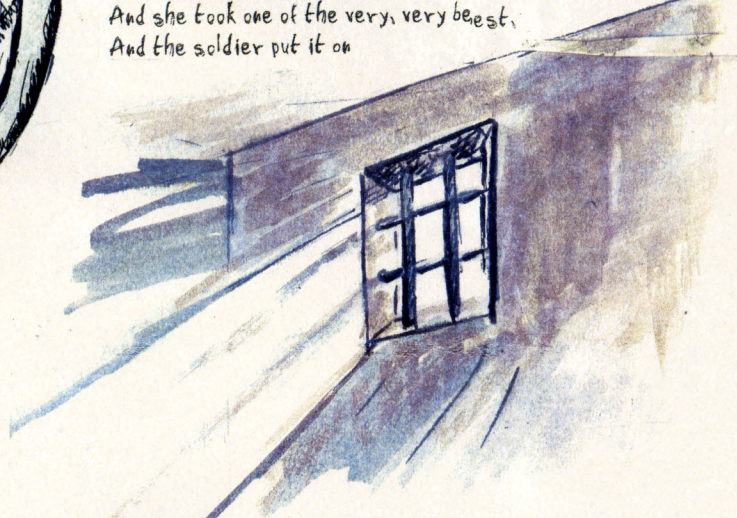


BROKEN HEART



Soldier Soldier

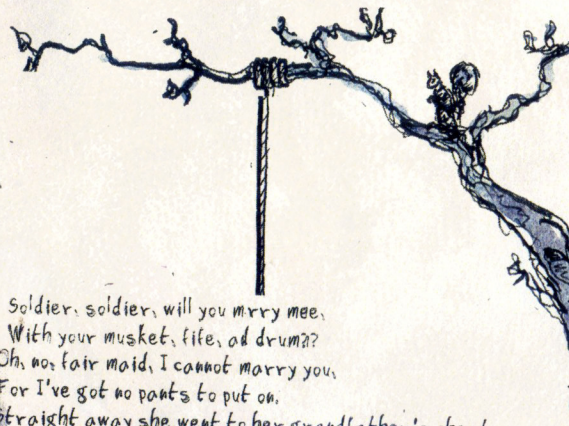
Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've got no shirt to put on.
Straight away she went to her grandfather's chest,
And she took one of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.



Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've got no cap to put on.
Straight away she went to her grandfather's chest,

And she took one of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, that's a thing that cannot be,
For I have a wife of my own.
Oh, no, fair maid, that's a thing that cannot be,
For I have a wife of my own.
Oh, no, fair maid, that's a thing that cannot be,
For I have a wife of my own.



Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've got no pants to put on.
Straight away she went to her grandfather's chest,
And she took a pair of the very, very best,
And the soldier put them on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've got no socks to put on.
Straight away she went to her grandfather's chest,
And she took a pair of the very, very best,
And the soldier put them on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no, fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I've got no boots to put on.
Straight away she went to her grandfather's chest,
And she took a pair of the very, very best,
And the soldier put them on.



Bedlam - English Trad

Abroad I was walking
One morning in the Spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam
So sweetly she did sing;
Her chains she rattled in her hands,
And always so sang she.

Chorus
I love my love
Because I know he first loved me.

My love he was sent from me
By friends that were unkind;
They sent him far beyond the seas

All to torment my mind.
Although I've suffer'd for his sake,
Content will I be, for

Chorus

My love he'll not come near me
To hear the moan I make,
And neither would he pity me
If my poor heart should break,
But, though I've suffer'd for his sake,
Contented will I be, For

Chorus

I said: My dearest Johnny,
Are you my love or no?
He said, My dearest Nancy,
I've proved our overthrow;
But though you've suffer'd for my sake,
Contented will I be, For

"Weeping
and
making
moon"

CHILD BIRTH

Robert Gooch on 'Puerperal insanity' 1831:

Nervous irritation is very common after delivery, more especially among fashionable ladies, and this may exist in any degree between mere peevishness and downright madness. Some women, though naturally amiable and good tempered, are so irritable after delivery that their husbands cannot enter their bed-rooms without getting a certain lecture; others are thoroughly mad.



Early-modern obstetrical manuals contained a detailed inventory of the many things that could go wrong in the birth room. And for good reason. It is estimated that one of ten women could expect to die from childbirth related causes in the Old Regime. A married woman would become pregnant, on average, five or six times. Given that up to 10% of the labors were fatal, this means a woman had a 50% to 60% chance of dying during her reproductive life.



Margery Brunham (1393) described her pregnancy as a difficult one, followed by a long labour and traumatic delivery. Afterwards, she acquired puerperal fever and feared she would die. She didn't, but her physical recovery was accompanied by a descent into madness so terrifying that she wanted to take her own life.

The delivery seems to have brought up extreme guilt related to a "sin" she committed as a teenager for which she had never confessed (and the details of which she never mentions). For weeks, she endured horrifying "visions" of devils and demons telling her that God would never forgive her and warning her not to confess — which was customary to do after childbirth.

For the next six months, Margery was in the grip of madness. She had near-constant hallucinations of demons torturing her and cursing Christianity, and she dreamed of being swallowed by burning hellfire, fuelling gruesome episodes of self-mutilation whose scars she carried for the rest of her life. Margery's imaginary tormentors threatened her, she claimed, inducing her to leave her faith, her friends, her family and the vanities of the world.

William Makepeace Thackeray on his wife's postnatal 'madness':

At first she was violent, then she was indifferent, now she is melancholy and silent and we are glad of it... She knows everybody and recollects things but in a stunned confused sort of way. She kissed me at first very warmly and with tears in her eyes, then she went away from me, as if she felt she was unworthy of having such a God of a husband.



Celestial Bed

In June 1781 Graham launched the Temple of Hymen in new premises at [Schomberg House](#), in [Pall Mall](#), designed to house the newly-built [Celestial Bed](#). His "wonder-working edifice" was 12 by 9 feet (37 by 27 dm), and canopied by a dome covered in musical automata, fresh flowers, and a pair of live turtle doves. Stimulating oriental fragrances and "aethereal" gases were released from a reservoir inside the dome. A tilting inner frame put couples in the best position to conceive, and their movements set off music from organ pipes which breathed out "celestial sounds", whose intensity increased with the ardour of the bed's occupants. The electrified, magnetic creation was insulated by 40 cut glass pillars. At the head of the bed, above a moving clockwork tableau celebrating [Hymen](#), the god of marriage, and sparkling with electricity, were the words:

"Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth!"

GIN ADDLED



XXIX. GIN LANE. 1751. Engraving. 11 1/2 x 14 in.

The Moonshiner

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long ways from home
And if you don't like me, well leave me alone
And if moonshine don't kill me, I'll live till I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
I'll go to some hollow and I'll set up my still
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree
No woman to follow, the world is all mine
And I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Oh, moonshine, dear moonshine, oh how I love thee
You killed me old father but dare you kill me
Oh, bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine
Oh, its breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

"This wicked gin of all Defence
bereft, & guilty found of Whoredom,
murder theft, OF rank sedition, treason
Blasphemy, should suffer death, the Judge
all agree"

Busy Curious Thirsty Fly

Busy curious thirsty fly
Drink with me and drink as I
Freely welcome to my cup
Could'st thou sip and sip it up
Make the most of life you may
Life is short and wears away.

GIN!

Geneva, mother's ruin,
Jenever, Madam Geneva
The Make shift, Slappy,
Bravita, "King theodor of
Corsica"



The yeards
he most
infamous gin
act was passed
was the same
year while
ceased to be
a statutory
offence

DRUNK!

been hit by a barn
mouse, loaded my
cart, killed my dog,
got corns in my head
been to Jerico, been at
the Geneva, seen a
flock of moons, lost
my rudder, been at the
salt water, been in the
bibbing plot, drunk more
than I have bled...

Staggerish, stewed, scall tub,
pidgian-eyed, ramp topsical,
cherry
merry,
muddy,
borachio,
foxed,
wet in



Detail from
GIN LANE:
MAN IN WHEEL
BARROW BEING
FED GIN

Oh the dear grog

It's oh dear grog to you I'll sing,
And to dear grog I'll always cling,
I like my cup filled to the brim,
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring.

And it's oh, dear grog, thou art my darling,
And my joy both night and morning.

If all the rest of Adam's race

Was assembled in this place,
I'd part with all without one tear
Before I'd part with you, my dear

The brewer brewed thee in his pan,
The tapster drew thee in his can,
Now I with thee will play my part,
And lodge thee ever near my heart

And if my wife should me despise,
By jove, I'd pluck out both her eyes,
But if she loved me as I love thee,
A happy couple we would be

Though oft hast made my friends my foes,
And oft hast made me pawn my clothes,
But since thou art so near my nose,
It's up, me boys, and down she goes

Now since this liquor's all drunk up,
Methinks to you I'll hand this cup,
And when you've filled it up with sling,
I'll drink your health all 'round again

both eyes, tipsy, wavy
bandy faced, chipping
merry, smelling of
pie-eyed, as dizzy as a
goose, bladder, travelled

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

The Cruel Mother (Version 2)

There was a lady, lived in York,
Oh the rose and the Lindsay, oh,
She fell in love wi' her father's clerk
Doon by the Greenwood side-i-o.

He loved her up, he loved her doon
He loved her 'til he filled her womb.

She leaned her back against an oak
First it bent and then it broke.

She leaned her back against a thorn,
And there she had two bonnie babies born,

She's ta'en her pen knife clean and shairp,
And pierced those little babes through the heart,

She's washed the pen knife in the brook,
But the mair she washed, the redder it looked,

She's ta'en a kerchief from her pleat
And made it intae a winding sheet

She's laid them under a marble stane
And she has ga'ed a maiden hame

As she was passing her fathers ha'
She spied two boys a-playing at ba',

Oh bonnie boys, gin ye were mine,
I'd dress ye up in silks sae fine.

Oh cruel mother, when we were thine,
Ye neither dressed us coarse nor fine,

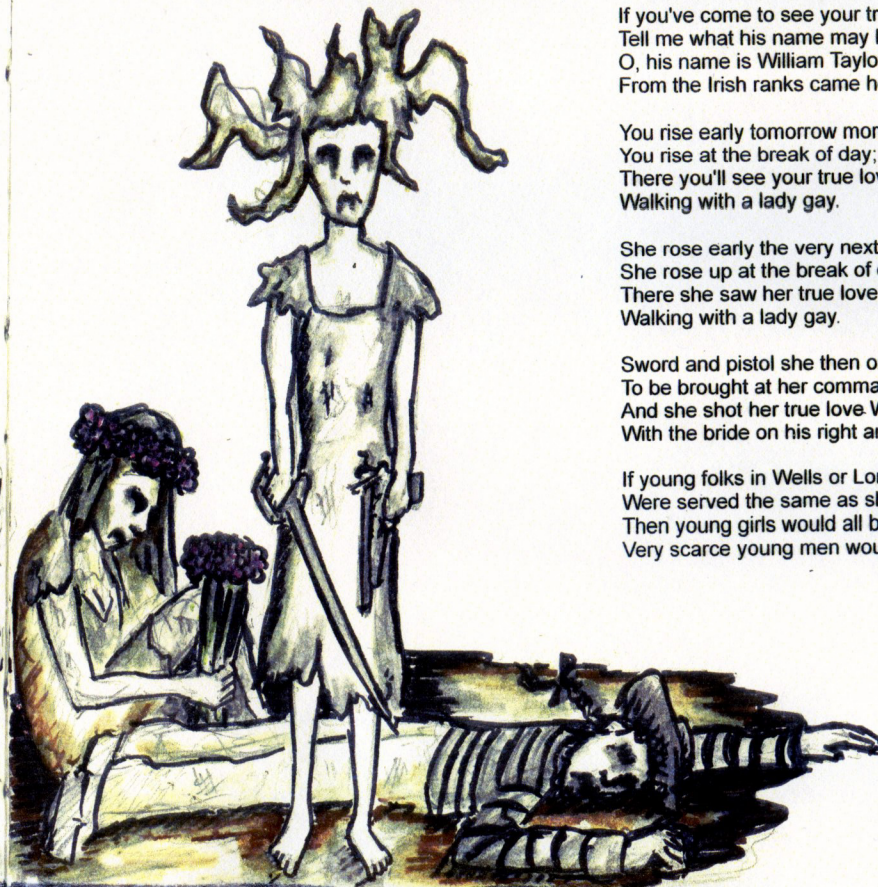
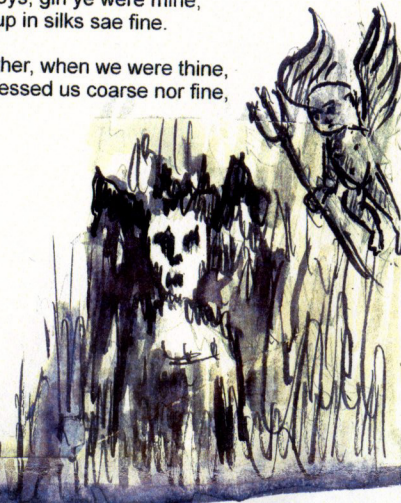
Oh bonnie boys can ye tell to me,
What kind of death I am to die,

Seven years a fish in the flood,
And seven years a bird in the wood,

Seven years the tongue of a bell,
And seven years in the flames of hell,

Welcome, welcome, fish in the flood,
And welcome welcome, bird in the wood.

And welcome, welcome warning bell,
But God save me from the flames of hell,



William Taylor

William Taylor was a brisk young sailor,
He who courted a lady fair;
Bells were ringing, sailors singing,
As to church they did repair.

Thirty couple at the wedding;
All were dress'd in rich array;
'Stead of William being married,
He was press'd and sent away.

She dress'd up in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on;
And she follow'd her true lover;
For to find him she is gone.

Then the Captain stepp'd up to her,
Asking her: What's brought you here?
I am come to seek my true love,
Whom I lately loved so dear.

If you've come to see your true love,
Tell me what his name may be.
O, his name is William Taylor,
From the Irish ranks came he.

You rise early tomorrow morning,
You rise at the break of day;
There you'll see your true love William
Walking with a lady gay.

She rose early the very next morning,
She rose up at the break of day;
There she saw her true love William;
Walking with a lady gay.

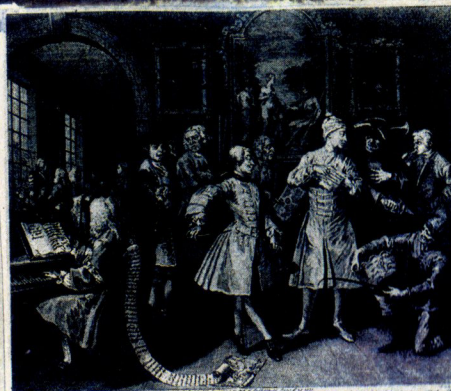
Sword and pistol she then order'd
To be brought at her command;
And she shot her true love William,
With the bride on his right arm.

If young folks in Wells or London
Were served the same as she served he,
Then young girls would all be undone,
Very scarce young men would be!

FAIL FROM GRACE



1. INHERITANCE
2. IN THE SALON
3. IN THE BAR
4. ARRESTED FOR DEPT (OVER LEAP)
5. MARRIED TO OLD MIND
6. GAMBLING DEN
7. IN PRISON
8. IN BEDLAM
9. SOUTHWARK FAIR (OVER LEAP)

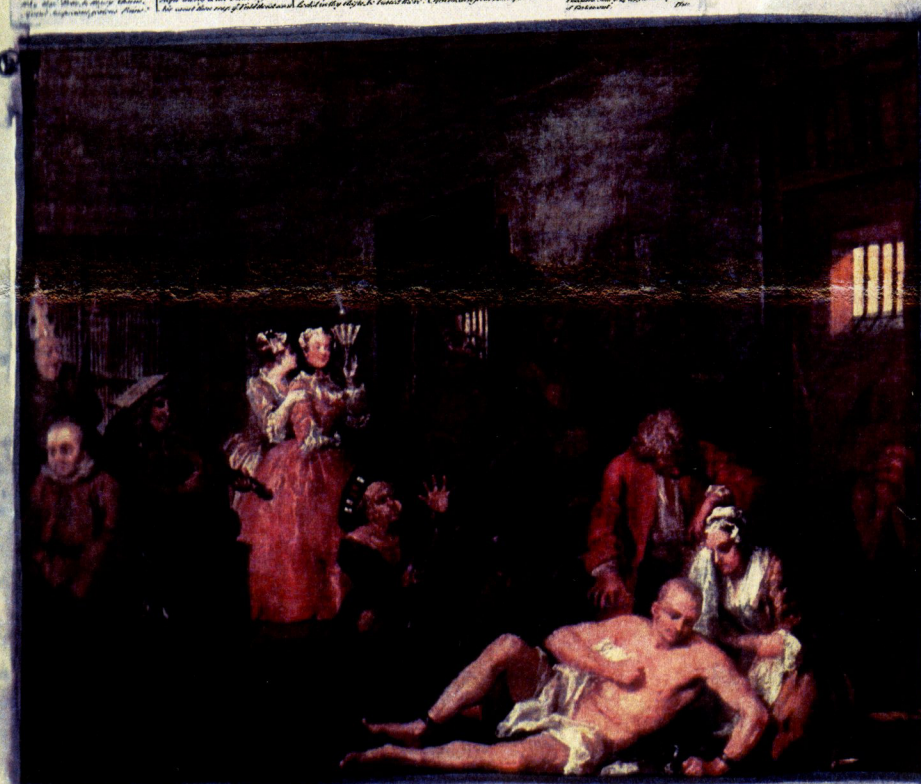
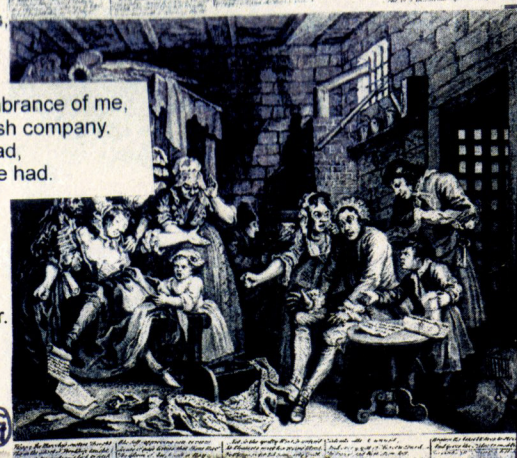


FLASH COMPANY

First I loved William and then I loved John,
But now I love Thomas, he's a clever young man.
With his white cotton stockings and his high ankle shoes,
He wears a velvet jacket, like a flash lad he goes.

Oh, take this yellow handkerchief in remembrance of me,
And wear it all round your neck when in flash company.
Dry up your briny tears and don't look so sad,
There's plenty more flash girls all wish to be had.

It's fiddling and dancing was all his delight,
And keeping flash company has ruined him quite,
Has ruined him quite and a great many more,
If he hadn't kept flash company he had never been so poor.



18C FAIRS



This great carnival, a dangerous sink for all the vices of London, was gradually growing unbearable.

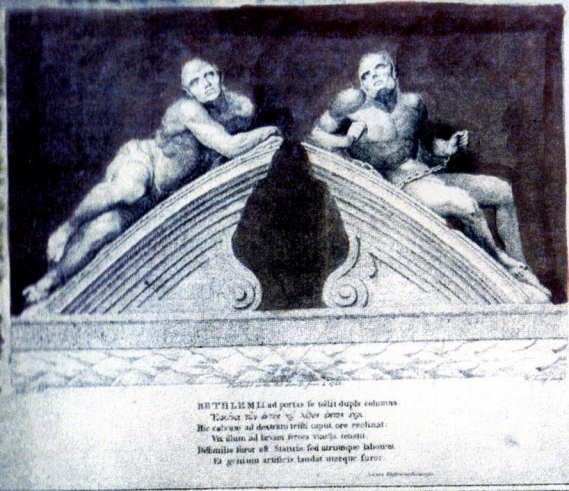


From the middle ages the fair had been seen as a space where the normal rules of social engagement were suspended. The 'Lord of Misrule' would be elected from the lower ranks and he would then lead the festivities. By the 18c these had got well and truly out of control - with even the army unable to suppress the revelers.



Again, in 1798, the City sought to restrict this fair, and proposed to reduce it to one day, but the scheme was abandoned for fear of a riot.





Raving and Melancholy Madness: a 1733 engraving illustrating the sculptures by Caius Cibber which stood above the entrance to the Bethlem Hospital, Moorfields. Topfoto

CUCKOO'S FIAR

We are currently working on a piece set in 18th Century Bedlam. It will be made up of a series of cautionary tales based on the lives of the inmates. The starting point for the show is considering the relationship of hospital as deterrence and 'exhibition'; with the idea of the sanctioned public madness, and suspension of normal rules of morality in the 18th Century Fair.

A WOMAN HEARING VOICES & BITING HER OWN ARMS. TAKE HER AWAY. BLISTER HER WITH MUSTARD, POSE HER WITH HELLEBORE TILL SHE SHITS BETWEEN HER TEETH & THE BUCKETS FULL OF VOMIT. GIVE HER A BATH COLD ENOUGH TO MAKE HER TOOTHY PEGS DANCE. TIE HER ARMS DOWN & PLACE HER IN THE DARK. LAXATIVES, LAXATIVES, GET THE BOWLS OPEN. THATS WHAT WE NEED, A NICE CLEAN BOWL.



JACKSONS LANE
NORTH LONDON'S
CREATIVE SPACE

2011 - Research and Development carried out with the support of Jacksons Lane

Cast

Ben Watson
Helen Taylor
Rachel Dawson

Director

Alexander Parsonage

Music Director and

Arrangement
Jesse Raccio

Based on a traditional 18C folk songs - 'Cuckoo's Nest'



A 1794 ticket for the human zoo. The Bethlem Hospital was one of the 'shows of London' in the 18th century.