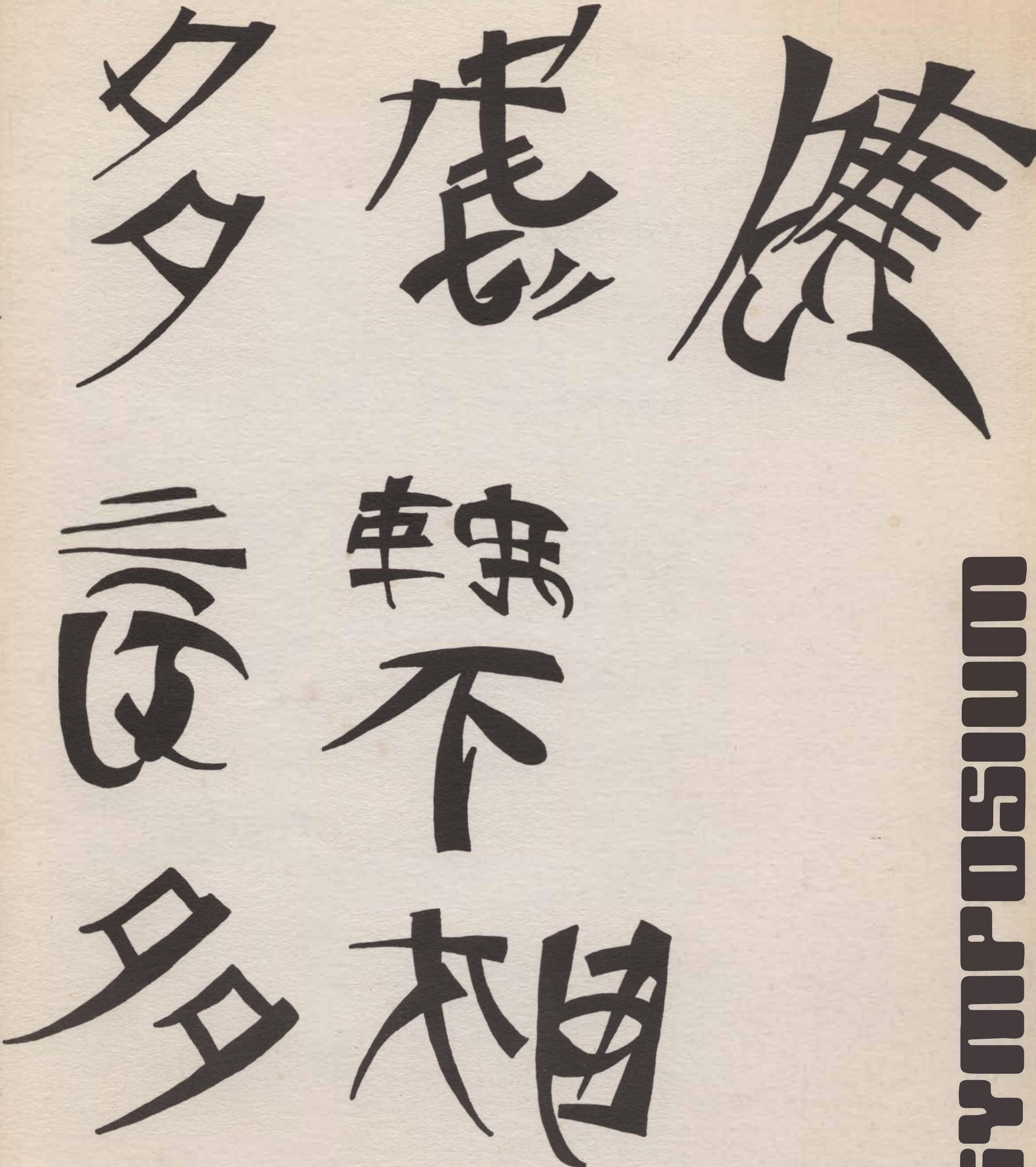

SYMPOSIUM

RYCENGA

THE

RYCENGA SYMPOSIUM

An interdisciplinary journal
published by the students of Sacred Heart University
with grants from
The Rycenga Memorial Fund
and
The Student Government Association

In Memory of
Professor John Rycenga
Sacred Heart University

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VOLUME TWO

NUMBER TWO

SPRING 1977

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PRUFROCK: A STUDY IN FORM

Peter J. von York

A fellow classmate, upon hearing a recitation of T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" for the first time, commented, "I didn't like it. It was sad, left me depressed, kind of blah. What's the message here, anyway? It didn't have, you know, punch." Here he made a motion of fist in hand.

This response is interesting and worth examining for several reasons. In many ways, it is the typical response to a work of modern poetry. Accustomed to gleaning ten word (or less) 'messages' from poetry, which accurately and succinctly articulate the "essence" of the poem, the modern reader is somewhat miffed by a poem like "Prufrock." Here, at first glance, is a seemingly disjointed jumble of unrelated activities and bizarre images, "sawdust restaurants with oyster shells,"1 which are, initially, totally confounding. The immediate conclusion that many draw is that the poem lacks form.

Readers so often respond in this manner because they are confusing form, in the generic sense, with a specific variety of form. A work of poetry or literature is often said to lack this form if it does not proceed with some semblance of time-sequential order and with some respect to cause and effect. Readers might prefer something along the lines of the following paraphrase, or at lease something as ultimately reducible to a level of clarity as:

Prufrock, bald, aging and thin,
With necktie rich and modest
But asserted by a simple pin
Went to a party one foggy evening
And seeing that they noticed his age
Knew more about art
Stifled attempted interaction
And, in general, made him feel
Empty, Lifeless, and Wasted
Departed
And was later seen by witnesses
Drowning in the river

or something not nearly so crass. This prosaic lucidity is what is generally associated with form today - 'This happened, **then** this happened' or 'This happened **because this** happened.'

Such an attitude becomes acutely problematic when someone like Eliot decides to connect thought-forms, and not events, and presents the reader not with a logical progression of experiences, but with fleeting glimpses of the frenetic vacillations of a human mind.

"Prufrock" does not, by any stretch of the imagination, represent the abandonment of form; rather, with its emphasis on recurrent images and motifs, and the elicitation of subtle patterns of emotional and more deeply intuitive responses, the poem creates a form which succeeds in portraying the twentieth century hollow man in all his abysmal resignation.

The reader is not 'told about' Prufrock. Rather, Prufrock's thoughts, cresting and falling before the reader, speak for themselves. We see a man who is a prisoner of time, whose chanting of the word indicates that he is bored to **death,**

> . . . there will be time for the yellow smoke . . . time to prepare a face . . . time to murder and create . . . time for all the works and days of hands . . . time for you . . . time for me . . . time for a hundred indecisions . . . visions and revisions.

We see a man who is self-conscious, both of his physique (They will say, "How his hair is growing thin.") and of his intellectual capabilities (In the room the women come and go, talking of Michelangelo).

This flitting from one idea to the next is far more revealing than a straight narrative technique, for the reader is being exposed not only to what the man thinks, but to **how** he thinks it as well, how the mind functions. Prufrock's etherized psyche is spread out on the table for all to behold. In "Prufrock" Eliot embarks on a journey to the deeper recesses of one man's conscious and unconscious mind. Seeing how he associates ideas, how and why they are grouped as they are, and what triggers various reactions and responses, provides knowledge of another human being that is terrifying in its scope.

Eliot's expert use of imagery bolsters this knowledge. Words like 'etherized' and the recurrent use of 'fog' and 'smoke' do more than conjure a certain fixed image as they are encountered in the poem. If the reader is sufficiently sensitive, these words will not merely register in his conscious memory, but will knife into **his** unconscious, triggering certain idea associations **within him** that enhance his understanding of the poem. Thus, 'etherized,' found at the very beginning of "Prufrock," sends slight ripples through the reader, who finds himself thinking 'disease,' 'immobility,' 'helplessness,' 'dreaminess,' etc., as he continues through the poem. The one word 'etherized' has fostered several more, whether the reader is consciously aware of it or not, which, in turn, direct the mind to clearer understanding.

'Fog' and 'smoke' act in much the same manner, inducing in the sensitive, **responsi**ble reader associations with words/emotions such as 'isolation,' 'lost,' and 'loss of consciousness.' One of Prufrock's most overwhelming fears (and he has many) is that of interaction, especially with the opposite sex. He is in a room full of people, and yet, is incapable of connecting with anyone. The words 'fog' and 'smoke' have been deliberately placed in their respective positions, and been repeated a certain number of times by Eliot, who would have the reader's unconscious act upon the words, again preparing the mind for perception, in as thorough a manner as possible, of the utter detachment and loneliness of the man Prufrock. In "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" then, form lies in this rendition of thought processes, and in the positioning of words/images so as to stimulate specific responses. By no means do these key words occur sporadically in the poem. The more times it is read, the more one realizes that "Prufrock," in its near entirety, is a complex, inter-connected mesh of motifs, which seem to surface at one point, submerge at another, only to reappear at a later stage, thereby renewing a sensation that may have begun to recede.

To cite yet another example: on several occasions, reference is made to characters who have descended into the underworld. The epigraph in Italian is excerpted from Dante's Inferno. The average reader absorbs the passage, relegating it to comparatively minor status. But then, much later, almost three quarters of the way through the poem, echo the words "I am Lazarus come from the dead, come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all," and suddenly the image of Dante's descent into Hell flashes back into the mind. Once again,

associations are perceived and questions arise. Something eventually clicks, and the first hazy traces of a deepened grasp of the poem manifest themselves. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is now viewed as something more than the recollections of a troubled mind. This agonized introspection is, in itself, a descent into the inferno, into the darkest chambers of the unconscious. As the poem progresses, so does this spiraling descent until finally - water, that ancient symbol of death, engulfs and obliterates the now vitiated Prufrock.

Form in "Prufrock" does not involve a rigid, coherent, logically progressive overall construction. Far more than that, it denotes this multi-faceted network of ideas evoking further ideas, leading to a totality of comprehension. That classmate can never hope to receive some trite message from "Prufrock;" there is only the poem as a whole. Of course he reacts with words like 'blah,' 'sad,' and 'no punch.' These adjectives describe the main character to a tee. A poem dealing with a man spiritually traumatized, incapable of deriving meaning either from life or its termination, traversing wastelands both external and internal, with the reader following in stride (Let us go then, YOU and I) will transmit this void. Whether he is aware of it or not, that classmate's reaction demonstrates a gut understanding of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," an essentially formal poem.

Endnote

1Thomas Stearns Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," *The Norton Anthology of English Literature,* eds. Abrams, Donaldson, Smith, *et.al.*(New York, 1974), vol. II, pp. 2164-7. All subsequent quotations are from this source.

Dorothy Pekar, "Rubbings," photograph.


WIFE OF

LIFE'S FOOL IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH
MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY

Fred Iannotti

Macbeth:
I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton:
The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth:
She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word. ---
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

(MacBeth, V, iv)

The moon is sicklier, pale overcast. And why not? Shakespeare's **Tragedy of Macbeth** begins amid the darkness of a desert place, where figures creep in "the fog and filthy air" of the shadows below the awning of the playwright's mind. This o'erhanging region is the claim of **Macbeth:** a realm early illuminated by the prescient action of thunder and lightning --- parallels in nature suggestive of the societal conflict of power soon to erupt in the play.

Diana, that indirect measure of the sun, may wane in her affections for the star of Macbeth, but the light shines unbounded upon this consummate literary whole --- a great pyramid atop which rests the central character, who for a moment seizes control of his

fated course to exorcise his destiny "ere the set of the sun." **The Tragedy of Macbeth** is first the story of the absolute moral corruption of the warrior-hero, a man who represents the best his culture has to offer. Further it is a telling of his day on life's stage before he begins "to be aweary of the sun." But it is also much more. **Macbeth:** the tragic dissembling of a man and his society is an august marvel of drama, a play constructed by Shakespeare with all the complexity of his art.

As always in Shakespearean tragedy, the major figure of the drama faces great trial for which he must meet a challenge, is unsuccessful in that bid to overcome his fated climax, and in the end, on the narrative level of progressing action, fails. Thus it is with Macbeth, whose trial is the characteristic Shakespearean test of discovering oneself to be wanting, then attempting to find oneself out, by which time the neglected string of woven Fate has been stretched too taut, and is cut loose from its earthly mooring. This loosing of temporal bonds is the direct result of the character's hopeless search for complete enlightenment.

We gain insight into Macbeth's character more from the projection of persona through dramatic speech than from dramatic action. The two elements are not naturally separable, but the study of Macbeth's inner conflict should focus on the famous "Macbeth Soliloquy," which occurs near the climax of the struggle for power between Macbeth and heir-apparent Macduff. Here, from lines 15 to 28, at the central point in action, the essence of Macbeth's feelings is encapsuled in a flight of poetry which seems to launch the play's structure from its very foundation. The soliloquy serves to position all which has gone before it as an extended observation by Macbeth on the outer world, leading to his present shocking introspection.

The outer emotive grappling for power and the corresponding inner will for destruction intersect in a surge which triggers Macbeth's dormant intellect to flow forth in inspired thought, a mind's leap which in an instant travels back to before the long train of grisly crimes began, and then returns. Macbeth apprehends his own position; he senses the conflict coming to an end which only a superior power can bring. The external life-force which forged him as one who comprehends was as necessary and aggression as a needful expression, itself will be conquered by its counterpart, an inner desire for death. These great urges for destruction which comprise the core of Macbeth possess a will amoral in attitude and are conceived in terms of the pureness of evil; thus, despite a humanist decoration, essentially Macbeth is pure evil.

As he stands towering above the heath, master of all that is left to him, his reverie (lines 9-14) about goals past earning is interrupted by the re-entrance of Seyton. But he cares little more for the wages of this world. The news of his wife's death taxes precious small sorrow from him; he makes but a wry comment about the untimeliness, no, rather the inconvenience of her departure. Nothing could mean less to Macbeth.

Macbeth's soliloquy serves as the epitaph to his own violent nature; he speaks the pessimistic verse of a warrior who has been defeated without fighting a real battle, in the open, against a recognizable enemy. But Macbeth would be yet blind if he could perceive the foe: Truth. Macbeth, like other principal characters of Shakespearean tragedy, cannot deal with and ultimately accept the truth of the reality about himself. Throughout the play Macbeth has evaded Truth, supplanting it with subconscious rationalizations which coalesce in the form of conscious, external violence; in short, Macbeth responds to Truth with irrationality and thus compounds his own misery. His worst enemy in life is his own sustained poor judgment. Macbeth must face all his prior acts in this soliloquy by transcending the falsity of his own persistent self-view of supposed purposeful action which begets itself through violence.

This is a clue to the real nature of Macbeth: he is a creature of incomprehensible will, at once almost anti-human, yet totally caught up in his fated action and in himself. He is a man of the moment, one who disregards the implications of the past, and reduces present time to sheer immediate experience. He feels the future as instant and now. Macbeth at the moment of murder becomes at once more and less than himself simply because he becomes other than himself. Macbeth's violence is unworldly---it begets itself of, for, and by itself. Macbeth's violence is creation in reverse, totally in keeping with the anti-universe in which Macbeth exists.

The warrior-king's speech is a reflection of God's abstinence from participation in Macbeth's universe. Since Macbeth has given his soul over to gain the accession, God will not intervene in the affairs of one spiritually dead; when the devil-based Macbeth is deposed, God is in His heaven and the universe is right. In other words, in the Elizabethan world-view, time will then be free; natural time and order will be restored. But for the moment, Macbeth is cast in frozen time, reciting words heard echoing from the heart of a spiritually dead person.

In the soliloquy, Macbeth yields---but for a second---to recall the horror of his barbarous deeds; he comprehends the Queen's abdication from life as, indeed only as, a symbol that his last link to life has dissolved. He now senses her death for what it is: a forewarning of his own impending murder.

The soliloquy itself comprises a mere twelve lines of verse; the motif of the onslaught of time is established quickly and effectively with the announcement of the Queen's demise; hence the flow of time into tomorrows untold appears nothing but inexorable. Macbeth responds dispassionately to such news, numbed by the totaling sum of shock, seemingly affected, not by the untimely passing of a loved one, but rather by the expected and presently confirmed departure of a partner in a now unprofitable venture. As he speaks, his usual predilection to emotional ranting falls away, stripping his speech down to lucid meditation of his wasted past and hopeless future. In an agonizing reversal of self-affirmation, Macbeth finally denies all meaning to the cycle of Life and Death, negating the import of his entire travels as Man---the reasoning mortal being.

The essential portion of Macbeth's recital begins on the tripling tomorrow motif, a device of multiplicity already well established in the Shakespearean tradition; the appearance of threeness held varied but significant meaning for the Elizabethan audience. The corresponding image of darkness is conjured by the slow, regular, tortuous repetition of implied pessimism for the future (lines 19-20). The darkness is not only a decorative device to cloak the blackened atmosphere surrounding Macbeth, but also a psychic shroud which helps define the desperate nature of his mind.

Macbeth's statement in line 20 and following that life "crawls" is at once satiric and tragic. Macbeth's self-ridiculing is nowhere more apparent. The language is satiric because he cannot stride off to death proud, defiant and laughing---ready for death; no, he must creep to meet death, as Birnam Wood (the wood of course symbolizing the core of rationality) chops off his rootless head of power. The mood is indeed tragic, for life moves too slowly for Macbeth, defying immortality from earthly accomplishment, i.e. the warrior's conquest for the Scottish throne. Macbeth's goal is mocked as it collapses under the weight of its own too-temporal based nature. Life is described by its "petty pace," and Macbeth ultimately views it as but a syllable in a larger language of time, which is itself but a broken shard in the looking-glass of eternity.

Line 22 is ironic, for Macbeth is indirectly speaking of his own self-image as a fool---a

person who lacks judgment, or "good judgment." The line is doubly ironic, for to have good judgment one must be able to reasonably answer the query "What is good?," an inherently stultifying question to Macbeth, because he is a man who has experienced all of life and yet knows not right judgment, nor even what is good for himself. He is indeed a foolish person, quite defined by the term 'idiot.' And Macbeth is a fool guided by divine evil (lines 22-23). His own meaningless path of life circles endlessly about death, his sure footing illuminated by the fiery brightness of Hell's cloven light.

The metaphor of light is carried further to the mention of the flaming candle (a person) consuming itself (death) through the burning of the wick (woven Fate) while giving off light (life). For Macbeth life has inevitably lighted the way to death, the elemental decomposition of a person to meaningless dust. A basic but eloquent insight.

The representation which follows of life as a "poor player" is particularly appropriate to the Elizabethan theatre, and especially notable for the insight it gives as an autobiographical comment with supremely pessimistic overtones. The fool on the stage is a person of the moment, one who is supposed to delight in playing with any of the audience's senses. But here, in life taken as a whole, he is nothing more significant than a shadow of his real jesting self; the fool is visible, and therefore real, only as an outline figure who is defined by intercepting the light cast by others. The fool, as Macbeth interprets himself to be, is something without substance.

Life is but a tale, an account of things with no importance, narrated by a shadow---something which is nothing. The shadow is a mere player in a larger dream. As dreams are but the shadows of our waking life, Macbeth sees his life in terms of a waking sleep. The shadow conveys the only meaning of life, that of non-existence.

The conclusion of Macbeth's soliloquy is, of course, representative of profound disappointment in the turn of events for the warrior in his tale of life---events which, for Macbeth, constitute life itself. He is unsuccessful in his attempt to conquer life by consuming others' lives. Macbeth acknowledges that it is better to have never been born.

The speech is a statement on life as a meaningless process. Life has made a fool of the warrior, for Macbeth took life too seriously, comprehending it as the total sum of the universe. When death faces him, he forgets to face it for what it is, the abyss on the other side; he forgets to laugh at death. Macbeth is not a great brinksman in the game of life; in retrospect he knows that life has laughed at him. Like all humankind, whose mortality makes of them great fools, Macbeth is life's fool and death's shadow. Possibly the greatest mistake Macbeth makes is not to realize that there can be no life without death. The final grand paradox of the **Tragedy of Macbeth** is the recognition that we die a little for every day that we live. For Macbeth this is a too final death.

F. Buglione, "Ship," pen and ink.

THE DOOR REBELLION
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
MAY 17, 1842

William P. Lane

Although the Dorr Rebellion occurred in 1842, the sources from which it sprang to life began over fifty years earlier. Rhode Island at that time did not have a republican constitution. Instead the Charter of 1663 issued to the "Collonie of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England in America" by King Charles of England was still in effect. However, it was neither the age of this charter nor the government from which it was issued which stirred the opposition from the masses. What aroused the ire of the populace were two provisions of the charter: A) the only people who were allowed to vote were adult males over 21 years of age who owned more than $134 worth of land, and their eldest son, provided he also was 21; and B) a fixed system of apportionment of representatives to the General Assembly which since 1663 had become unfair. A third problem was the fact that the charter had no provision for amendment. The Charter of 1663 was, in essence, a political anachronism, a fact which was becoming increasingly evident to the nineteenth-century middle-class Rhode Islander.

Industry and commerce had been expanding in Rhode Island with increasing momentum during the previous half century. This expansion brought to Rhode Island a large, diverse, lower-middle class composed of mechanics, mill-workers and general factory laborers, most of whom resided in the northern, industrial portion of the state.

Most (if not all) of these middle-class laborers lived in rented or factory-owned houses and owned little or no private property, much less the $134 worth required before a person could apply for the status of "freeman," and therefore they were denied the right to vote. As a result of this, the apportionment of representatives to the state General Assembly, because it was based on the number of registered freemen in each district, was low in the northern section of the state, although in fact the populations of these districts were equal to, if not greater than, those of the southern freeman districts.

Along with the increase in middle-class laborers came a proportionate increase in the demand for a republican constitution for the state. As early as 1796, conventions were being held for the forming of a "written" state constitution. Between 1796 and 1829 there were six organized attempts at constitutional reform (1799, 1811, 1817, 1821, 1822, and 1824). Some of these attempts enjoyed more success than others, but the end result was always the same: failure.

With 1829 the movement for constitutional reform in Rhode Island became distinctly a movement for enlarged suffrage.1 Petitions for enlarged suffrage were presented in the lower house of the General Assembly, but they were referred to a committee by which they were contemptuously dismissed.

It is important to remember that the General Assembly was predominantly composed of landowners from the southern farming regions of the state. They had long enjoyed

unchallenged control of state policies and government, not the least of which were the state tax laws, which required only a nominal tax on land. Needless to say, they were reluctant to surrender any of their authority to a group of immigrants, emigrating black slaves and commoners whom they considered too ignorant to rule. Hence what had previously been a predominantly political conflict was in 1829 taking on the appearance of class antagonisms.

After the presidential election of 1832, the non-landowners renewed with great vigor their demand to vote.2 At first the initiative was taken by barbers, blacksmiths, shoemakers and other "mechanics." The next year they were joined by lawyers, physicians, and other men of prominence who moderated the somewhat militant attitude of the workingmen.

The first unified group to work to attain the reforms desired by the workingmen came in 1834. It was called the Rhode Island Constitutional Party. Their leaders were for the most part lawyers and businessmen from the northern industrialized district. These leaders encouraged the people to demand not only suffrage rights but equal legislative apportionment. Apparently the businessmen were looking forward to legislation which would favor the northern industrialized districts instead of the southern farming districts. Yet they encouraged the workingmen to fight for their rights politically, and they disregarded any radical or militant factions in the party.

The Constitutional Party's first candidate for governor was Nehemiah R. Knight. Knight had been a U.S. Senator from Rhode Island for most of the previous decade, and had intimated on diverse occasions that he was sympathetic to the cause of the Constitutionalists. Although he was also the Whig candidate, he was defeated by Democratic incumbent John Brown Francis.

It is at this point that Thomas Wilson Dorr enters into this political arena. One of the few representatives in the General Assembly sympathetic to the Constitutional Party (in fact a member), Dorr submitted a motion that the voting requirements be temporarily relaxed during the constitutional convention to be held that fall. After much debate (Dorr was an avid and skilled debator) his motion was rejected.

Dorr was appointed as a delegate to this convention. His proposal that a taxpayer suffrage be instituted, along with most of the other constitutional changes proposed, was defeated. Except for minor reapportionment legislation, no constitutional changes for the rights of the working class were effected. The old aristocracy still prevailed.

The Constitutional Party ran their own ticket in the Spring 1837 elections and received enough votes to give them the confidence to run against the major political parties (Whigs and Democrats) in the national elections. Dorr ran for one of Rhode Island's congressional seats, and a man by the name of Dan King ran for the other. These two Constitutional candidates received only a ridiculously small percent of the votes. Shortly after this the Constitutional Party collapsed.

The demand for constitutional reform and suffrage rights vanished from the picture for a few years and then suddenly reappeared in the form of the Rhode Island Suffrage Association, founded by a group of workingmen in Providence. The association acted quite cautiously at first. They set up local branches throughout the state, especially in the north. In December 1840 they purchased a weekly newspaper called **The New Age and Constitutional Advocate,** which carried appeals for constitutional reform, suffrage extension and popular rights.3 When a petition sent to the General Assembly from the Association was tabled in February, 1841, the Association resorted to political tactics

relatively new to Rhode Island. Throughout the spring and summer of 1841, they sponsored parades, rallies and barbecues in order to elicit an active response from the public.

Since his defeat in 1837, Dorr had withdrawn from his frustrating battle for constitutional reform. An invitation to speak at a mass convention in May, 1841, however, was all the impetus he needed once again to renew the struggle. At this convention the Association denounced the Charter Government and laid plans for a People's Convention which would draft its own constitution with no apparent regard for either the present constitution or the present state government.

During the June Legislative Assembly the state government once again was offered proposals to reform the constitution and once again they effected only minor legislation, apparently regarding the Association as a group of commoners with no effective power or authority. The Association, realizing that they could no longer expect even the slightest constitutional reforms from the General Assembly, delivered to them an Address which stated that they would begin to exercise their natural rights and powers to draft a republican constitution. Of course, Thomas Wilson Dorr was a delegate to this constitutional convention.

Disregarding the traditional landholding requirements, the People's Convention opened suffrage to any male citizens of a year's residence. They also equalized apportionment of legislative seats among the towns, greatly increasing the power of the expanding commercial and industrial towns.4

The only major problem faced by the delegates to the People's Convention was the question of black suffrage. Dorr was one of the few proponents of black suffrage. In his opinion the right of blacks to vote was as important as any other reform, and the denial of it would be a contradiction of the purposes of the Association. Many others, however, felt that black suffrage was a radical and revolutionary step and that it would lose the votes of many white people when the time came to vote for ratification of this constitution. After much heated debate it was decided to exclude black suffrage from the new constitution, and the blacks were forced to oppose its ratification.

Despite the opposition of both conservatives and blacks, the results of the ratification voting held on December 27, 28 and 29, 1841 surpassed Dorr's wildest dreams. The People's constitution was ratified by 13,947 votes; only 52 votes were cast in opposition. Of the approximately 8,000 voters who enjoyed the status of "freeman" under the Charter of 1663, 4,925 voted in favor of the new constitution.

Distressed by the success of the People's Constitution, the General Assembly drafted a Freeman's Constitution which abolished the land-holding requirement for voting and, to a certain extent, rectified the unequal legislative apportionment. Dorr and his followers were opposed to this constitution and when it was voted on on March 21, 22, and 23, 1842, it was defeated by the narrow margin of 676 votes.

Aggravated by the political agitation of the Association and enraged by the failure of their Freeman's Constitution to be ratified, the General Assembly enacted in late March a law which, because of its ruthlessness, was called the Algerine Law. This law declared all meetings for the election of state officers, except those in accordance with existing statutes, void and illegal. Heavy fines and imprisonment were prescribed against anyone who participated in these meetings or accepted nominations from them.5

April 18 was the day prescribed by the People's Constitution for the election of state officers and legislature. As this day approached, many of the nominees, including the

gubernatorial nominee, withdrew their names from the party ticket, fearing punishment under the Algerine Law. Dorr, although he never planned on doing so, ended up the Suffrage Party nominee for governor. Running unopposed, Dorr was elected Governor of Rhode Island.

On May 3, 1842, the first meeting of the new legislature was held. It requested the new governor to notify the President of the United States, the U.S. Congress, and various state governors that a republican constitution had been adopted in Rhode Island. They also passed an act repealing the Algerine law. Two things of obvious importance which the legislature failed to do were to take possession of the State House and all of its records and to elect a new judiciary.6

The General Assembly met on May 4 at Newport, and Samuel W. King, who had been reelected governor under the Charter government, was inaugurated. Both legislatures then appealed to President Tyler to uphold the authority of their respective governments. Tyler sided with the Charter government, but refused to send in federal troops unless the Dorrites took up arms against them.

Dorr had been long convinced that a show of force was needed to show that his government really had the backing of the people. On May 17, 1842, Dorr ordered his followers to requisition what arms they could. That evening, Dorr and an estimated 234 men with two cannons tried to take over the arsenal in Newport.

Dorr ordered the militiamen defending the arsenal to surrender to their governor. The militiamen replied that they knew no Governor Dorr and therefore could not comply with his request. Dorr immediately gave orders to fire the cannons. The cannons, however, were in a state of disrepair and merely flashed and sparked without going off. Meanwhile, alarms had been ringing throughout the city and a large number of militiamen and citizens were turning out. Dorr's forces began to scatter and Dorr himself had to make a hasty retreat.

The next day Dorr found himself abandoned except for a handful of friends. He received a letter announcing the resignation of practically his whole government, and an hour later he was on his way to Connecticut.

The rebels still were determined to fight and began mustering forces in the village of Chepachet, which was near the Connecticut border. When Dorr received word of this he went there, but when he perceived the smallness of the forces and their poor supply of munitions he ordered them to disperse and once again retreated to Connecticut.

Although the Dorr Rebellion was now over, Rhode Island remained under martial law, which had been proclaimed on June 26 by the governor when he became aware of the rebel forces gathering at Chepachet. Arrests under the Algerine Law were made freely and a $5,000 reward was offered for the "People's Governor."

Dorr's efforts, however, were not totally in vain. In November, 1842, a reluctant General Assembly resubmitted to the people the Freeman's Constitution (the one in force today), and it was adopted. Not one person had been killed in this rebellion for people's rights.

On October 31, 1843 Dorr returned to Rhode Island of his own accord. On his arrival in Providence he was immediately arrested for high treason. A lengthy legal debate ensued over whether one can commit treason against an individual state of the Union. In the end, however, Dorr was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, at hard labor and in solitary confinement.

Public sentiment soon arose for Dorr and in January, 1845 he was offered his freedom

on the condition that he swear an oath of allegiance to the state of Rhode Island. Dorr proudly rejected this offer, and in June, 1845, he was unconditionally liberated by an act of the General Assembly. In May, 1851, his civil and political rights were restored to him. On December 27, 1854 he died at the age of 49.

The Dorr Rebellion began as a peaceful and organized attempt at constitutional reform. This failing, the Dorrites tried civil disobedience, six years before Henry David Thoreau wrote his famous essay on this topic. Only as a last resort did they turn to violence as a means of achieving their goal.

This rebellion demonstrates that violence can be a viable and justifiable means of effecting change in government. The end, of course, does not always justify the means; most violence is more destructive than constructive. The Dorr Rebellion, however, is one example of the effective use of mass violence as an instrument of political change.

Endnotes

1Irving Richman, *Rhode Island: A Study in Separatism* (New York, 1905), p. 288.

2Marvin E. Gettleman, *The Dorr Rebellion: A Study in American Radicalism, 1833-1849* (New York, 1973), p. 18.

3*Ibid.*, pp. 36-7.

4*Ibid.*, p. 45.

5Richman, p. 296.

6*Ibid.*, p. 298.

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POE IN SEARCH OF SELF

D. Gulyas

"In all times the universe has presented itself to mankind as a page at once luminous and enigmatic, the decipherment of which would every moment reveal fresh glimpses, open unexpected and limitless horizons and furnish an excuse for inexhaustible commentaries."1 Many people have sought the Unknowable and the secrets of the phenonema found in nature. Religion, philosophy and science are attempts to explain the Unknown, and many of these have fallen by the wayside in the course of history. The way to Truth is exceedingly difficult, for nature's secrets are carefully hidden. However, the decipherment of the Great Mystery promises symbolic "gold," vast riches of a spiritual nature. Edgar Allan Poe, writer and philosopher, was one of many people who sought the decipherment of the Unknown and, although suffering severe inner torment, made the journey into the Unknown and did, indeed, find "gold."

The search for "gold" is centuries old, dating back to the Egyptians and the patriarchs of the Old Testament. The methods and results of their search were carefully bound in incomprehensible hieroglyphics and have been carefully preserved by the epochs of time. Their search evolved into the art of alchemy, which is strangely bound in science, philosophy and mysticism. In order to understand Poe's search for "gold," it is necessary to have a basic understanding of that elusive art of alchemy.

The aim of alchemy was to transmute base material into the purest of all elements, that of gold. The science was reserved for only a privileged few and its secrets were carefully hidden from the eyes of the profane. Those who sought the Truth and could not find it, failed because they misinterpreted the nature of the art. Heinrich Khunrath exemplified error and success in the "alchemic Citadel," a plate from his "Ampitheatrum aeternae Sapientiae." The plate depicts a labyrinth with twenty-one paths, twenty of which represent the errors made by the seekers of Truth. Only the twenty-first path represents the successful path and one could wander many years before realizing his foolishness and error.2

The art of alchemy was termed the Great Work and required several different processes for completion. These processes are interrelated and may occur simultaneously. The processes vary from alchemist to alchemist, indicating that the Great Work was of an individualistic nature. Seven processes were generally accepted, however, and these are: purgation, sublimation, calcination, exuberation, fixation, separation and coagulation or conjunction.3

The alchemists believed that the Creation resembled the alchemical process. The Ineffable One, or God, was the Prime Mover, Who set the universe into motion. However, He stopped at the fixation stage, whereby substances were arrested in an early stage of development. God endowed all substances with four elements. However, the alchemists believed that there were only three basic substances to which all matter could be reduced.4 Thus arises the hieroglyphic of the circle or triangle drawn within a square. The square represents the four elements, or imperfection. The circle represents the three substances, inseparable and perfect, to which all matter can be reduced. "The circle drawn within a square is, also, a symbol well known to Cabbalists; it stands for the spark of divine fire

hidden in matter and animating it with the fire of life."5 It is, also, a symbol well known to dream psychologists.

Since the works of the alchemists are couched in such mystical hyperbole and symbols, the question arises as to what exactly was the nature of their art. It seems that they were deliberately misleading and grudging the illuminating aspect of their work. Since it appears to be so incomprehensible, it has been called a science of NONSENSE.

For C. G. Jung, alchemy was "one of the greatest intellectual adventures of his life, one that was heralded by a whole series of premonitory dreams."6 He realized that alchemy was much more than an attempt to transmute metals into gold. "It is an attempt to penetrate the Mystery itself — the mystery Jung came to identify with the unconscious — and to discover the laws of the secret working of the universe."7 The alchemic process, he believed, was a psychic process aimed at the transformation of the personality into a god-like state, reminiscent of Nietzsche's "superman." He called the process "individuation." The Mystery was embedded in the unconscious and if a man was to become "whole," he had to extract that Mystery from its buried state.

The reason why so many failed to divine the Mystery was because they were looking in the wrong place. They were only observing the external manifestations of the Mystery. The *Bible,* a tantalizing hieroglyphic, itself, tells man in Luke 11:39, "Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also? ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not into yourselves . . .".

According to Jung, man has a four-sided nature, which he calls the "quaternity principle." These are the Father, Son, Holy Spirit and the "anima" or feminine principle. By the existence of the "anima" figure, humans were made different from God, Who has a three-sided nature. The "anima" figure is not Jung's own creation. References to it abound in Eastern and Western philosophies. It was called by the Easteners "p,o," and "written with the characters for 'white' and 'demon,' therefore known as the 'white ghost.'"8 By the alchemists it was known as the "anima" and was represented by "salt" or "water." "The mention of water opened out perspectives in which the ideas of dismemberment, killing, torture, and transformation all had their place."9 It was the "miraculour water" and stood for the "anima media natura" or "anima mundi" imprisoned in matter. The "anima" was set free by means of dissolution into the four elements.10 This theory is symbolized in the Christian rite of baptism, whereby the priest forms a cross over the waters, separating them into four parts. It is symbolic of rebirth; the water has an animating feature, "making the dead to rise again." "It is the water that kills and vivifies."11

Everything resides in one circle or vessel, which Jung associates with the head.12 The function of the head, therefore, is to imprison the soul. It is interesting to note that the alchemists spoke of the transmutation process occuring in a single vessel, completely enclosed, and resembling the oval shape of an egg.13 In ancient hieroglyphics, circular vessels are depicted. In the bottom of the circle is a dragon or serpent, which characteristically resides in "caverns or dark places."14 Thus, the "anima" resides in the darkest part of the human unconscious. "Unconsciousness has to be sacrificed; only then can one find the entrance into the head, and the way to conscious knowledge and understanding."15

It may well be asked, at this point, what relationship this bears to Poe. Poe's work is full of mystical and alchemical symbolism, which Jung refers to as "archetypes." Many of Poe's stories may be interpreted as archetypal dreams and indicate that a transformation

process is taking place in Poe. Throughout his Great Work, a man is seen struggling to find himself in a world of chaos and darkness, seeking to reconcile the opposing forces of his nature, to become "whole" or "individuated."

Poe's works can be divided into two categories - conscious and unconscious. His conscious works are the results of external observation of the world. Several of these include "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq.," "How to Write a Blackwood Article," and "The Philosophy of Furniture." His mysticism is apparent in such works as "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Facts in the Cast of M. Valdemar," and "Some Words with a Mummy." Many of his works are combinations of mysticism, transcendentalism, science, alchemy and Cabbalism intricately intermeshed.

His journey into another realm of existence begins with an initial state of consciousness, apparent in his detective stories, "The Gold Bug,"16"The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." The characters of Augustus Dupin and William Legrand have much in common. They both have "unusual powers of the mind" and often meditate. The attribute they share, therefore, is "imaginative knowledge," which is a "cognizance dependent on sense perception, and on the working up of such perception by reason known as objective cognition."17 This is also considered the first stage of the alchemical process, where a person uses intuition and meditation to come to conclusions. Dupin and Legrand share the success of solving seemingly undecipherable enigmas. However, they both share a somewhat melancholy nature. According to Jung, the embedded "anima" is the source of melancholy, for it is the side of the person which has not been reconciled.18

After Poe masters "imaginative knowledge," he enters into the second stage of metamorphosis, heralded by an entrance into the dream world. It is in this world that the soul is in complete command and opens new vistas to the dreamer. This is extremely important in Poe's relationship with the alchemists, who "themselves testify to the occurrence of dreams and visions during the opus."19 Within these dreams are the beginnings of conflict, mortification and purgation. The terror which arises from these dreams has its origin in the antagonism between Poe's conscious and unconscious.

"The Pit and the Pendulum" is clearly Poe's most horrible dream of destruction. The character is imprisoned by the Inquisition and subjected to extreme forms of torture. The Inquisition functions as a judgment by Poe's unconscious on his conscious. (An alchemist and occultist, Cagliostro, interestingly enough, died at the hands of the Inquisition. He was buried alive in darkness in a subterranean cell).20 The cell in which Poe's character finds himself is rectangular in shape and there is a pit within the cell. It is a clear image of the circle within the square. The pendulum is a symbol of Time, which represents the inevitable, always approaching time of death and points to the descent of man. The rats in the cell which swarm over the character are also symbolic. "During the process one is 'bitten' by animals; in other words, we have to expose ourselves to the animal impulses of the unconscious without identifying with them and without 'running away;' for flight from the unconscious would defeat the purpose of the whole proceeding."21 Poe's character is "bitten," and it appears that his unconscious has saved him from the grim embodiment of time.

His escape is temporary, for the walls begin to close, forcing the character to the edge of the pit. In dreams, the "pit" is associated with the womb, which in turn is associated with a "descent into the earth" from which life has risen.22 Poe's character is saved from that descent and this may be seen as an escape. He is saved by the conscious realm or human

intervention. He has, however, come closer to rebirth by the suffering he has gone through.

In the next stage of Poe's metamorphosis, through dreams, he comes into contact with the "anima" figure. This occurs in "The Fall of the House of Usher." The narrator receives a missive, a not unusual occurrence in dreams. It is a signal from the unconscious. The narrator responds to the missive and sets off on a journey. His depiction of the landscape indicates that he is entering another world. The starkness of the scenery indicates that the realm is the unconscious, which carries with it no images of the outside, conscious world. By entering the house, or head, the narrator comes in contact with Roderick and Madelaine Usher. Roderick represents the narrator's alter-ego, wholly given to perception and intuition. He suffers from a "morbid acuteness of the senses." Madelaine is the "anima" archetype. The narrator and Roderick bury Madelaine deep within the bowels of the house in a circular vault which alludes, again, to the womb.

In the narrator's dream, in essence, he attempts to bury the unconscious, which will not allow itself to be buried. He has attempted another escape mechanism from the feminine, irreconcilable part of his nature. Madelaine escapes from her "premature burial" and falls in a death-like embrace upon Roderick who dies. The narrator escapes from the house, at which point it collapses into two parts and crumbles into the tarn. This suggests a schizophrenia brought about by the inability to reconcile opposite natures of the personality. His escape is symbolic of turning away from psychic forces which are tremendously powerful. His escape is short lived, however, for he is "already far too much under the power of the unconscious."23

Poe's next conflicts with the "anima" figure, and his inability to deal with it, occur in "Berenice" and "Morella." In these stories, Poe attempts to dissociate himself from the power of the unconscious, not by running away, but by utterly destroying them. "'A collective image of woman exists in a man's unconscious,' says Jung in TWO ESSAYS ON ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. This image is projected onto the various women he meets, and since it corresponds to the deepest reality in a man, it may lead to completely unsuitable relations, for he may be forcing the woman into a kind of straitjacket.'"24 Of the female archetype, Frieda Fordham says, "she has a timeless quality - she often looks young - though there is often the suggestion of years of experience behind her. She is wise... something strangely meaningful clings to her, a secret knowledge or hidden wisdom."25

It was Poe's preoccupation with this "hidden wisdon" that attracted him to the female archetypes, Berenice and Morella. His narrators are not in love with them, only in love with what they represent. Their true natures are hideous however, and the narrators attempt to bury them forever. But the unconscious refuses to be destroyed; the two female characters rise again, and Poe's narrators are again subjected to terror.

An apparent transition takes place in "Ligeia," with regard to Poe's treatment of the female archetype. The narrator recognizes the divine nature of Ligeia and, in doing so, has finally accepted his unconscious forces. Not only does he recognize Ligeia as a powerful entity unto herself, but he accepts her guidance and loves her passionately. By alchemists, this was termed a "chymical marriage," the wedding of the conscious and the unconscious.26 Ligeia's triumphant return at the end of the story represents not only the unconscious, unwilling to be vanquished, but the narrator's will that his unconscious not be destroyed. He has conquered the fear of his unknown and mysterious other Self.

The sea-voyage stories of Poe constitute his complete metamorphosis. These stories are combinations of all the previous processes he has gone through — a descent from

consciousness into unconsciousness, torment and destruction, irreconciliation and reconciliation. They are three in number, which is important. "Three" not only represents complete Unity, but it is also significant that the alchemical process consisted of three works in which the entire transformation process must be repeated three times in order to be brought to perfection.27

In "A Descent into the Maelström," there is a guide, the Old Swede, and the narrator, who may be termed an "initiate." The description of the maelström is vivid and colorful. The water is symbolic of destruction and rebirth, whirling in a circular motion downward to the archetypal womb. The Swede speaks of the manifestation of colors in the maelström.According to the alchemists the changing of colors indicate that transformation is taking place. The Swede speaks first of a "smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water." Then, he speaks of a "singular copper-colored cloud" and a return to darkness or blackness. Through the darkness, he sees a "clear sky" of a "deep bright blue." Within the maelstrom, the walls are "ebony black" until a "flood of golden glory" bathes them in light. He speaks of a "magnificent rainbow" hanging over the black mist. The colors he describes are identical with the colors of the alchemic process of transformation.28 The Swede also reports physical changes in his appearance. Such changes were also recorded by alchemists who had tasted the "fire of life."29 They are symbolic of death and rebirth.

Poe's "Ms. in a Bottle" is very similar to "The Descent into the Maelström." The color symbolism of transformation again takes place. The narrator, after one ship-wreck and near destruction, manages to hide himself in the hold of a ship. His retreat to the hold is a symbolic retreat to the womb. In this security, he has time to muse and has feelings of an "indefinite sense of awe." He goes on, "a new sense - a new entity is added to my soul." The experience is an initial rebirth and he is able to leave his secure hiding place.

The ship is, indeed, very strange and the narrator names the ship "Discovery." The ship or vessel is symbolic of the "head." The crew consists of very old men, "imbued with the spirit of Eld." "Eld" means "of great antiquity,"30 but is used, perhaps, as a metaphor for "gold." The crew does not see nor hear the narrator, for they are in a deep state of meditation, dealing with the transformation of the soul. Their instruments are abandoned, for their higher aim is beyond observation — it is a most divine philosophy which can only be measured and observed by the unconscious. The narrator plunges into the abysmal whirlpool with the ship and its crew.

Poe's transformation is nearing completion, but the process must again be repeated. "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym" is the third and final work. Augustus, in this dream story, is Poe's alter-ego and it has been suggested that he is also Pym's "Imp of the Perverse."31 Augustus places Pym in jeopardizing situations and leads him into great danger. Together, they decide to go on a voyage to the South Seas. Necessity forces Pym to be hidden in a coffin-like box in the hold of the ship. The box and the hold symbolize death and rebirth. It is in this hiding place that Pym is subjected to grisly horror and it heralds the horror that is to follow on the journey.

Augustus adds to the horror by putting Tiger, Pym's dog, into the hold. The symbol of the "dog" is related to Hecate, the goddess of night, phantoms and nightmares. She is the "deadly mother" archetype and guardian of the gate of Hades. She is, also, the goddess of dogs. Tiger represents the "vanquished mother of death to the upper world." This amounts to an "invasion by the unconscious and an inundation of the conscious mind."32

Pym resourcefully escapes the maddened dog and is, at last, rescued by Augustus. The

ensuing scenes are all of destruction, mortification, torment and dismemberment. Augustus dies and it may be said that the alter-ego has been sacrificed. Dirk Peters takes his place as the alter-ego.

Peters, as an alter-ego, is much different from Augustus. He is a sort of "savage beast."33 He has a primitive nature in which there is no sharp delineation between the conscious and unconscious. Therefore, he is more in tune with the Self than is Pym or Augustus. As a companion to Pym, Peters is a saviour — strong and resourceful. Together, Pym and Peters are rescued by the "Jane Guy." As "guy" means "guide," the ship leads them into new and unexplored waters, ever journeying southward. The south is symbolic of the deepest part of the unconscious, the "collective unconscious."

Before reaching the pole, however, the ship stops at the island, Tsalal, inhabited by black savages who fear the color white. Their king is Tsalemon, whose name might be taken as a metaphor for salmon. The salmon is a fish of mystery. In fish folklore, the salmon is considered a "psychic being." It is a symbol of abundance and prowess and it represented "philosophical retirement because of its mysterious journeyings to the sea." However, it is primarily considered the "fish of wisdom."34 The color "white" is also symbolic. As the absence of all other colors, it represents Unity. Unity suggests annihilation and destruction. White is also a traditional death color.

The savages destroy the ship's crew, probably because they fear their whiteness. Peters and Pym, alone, survive and are forced to use resourcefulness to escape from their predicament. In descending down the fissure, Pym experiences a death-wish. He has a longing to fall and yields to that temptation. Peters saves him from destruction, but Pym feels that a "new being has been added to his soul." The "new being" is the acceptance of destruction, arising from his unconscious.

They escape from the island with one of the savages as a hostage. They continue to journey southward in a canoe made of the bark "of a tree unknown." The "bark" becomes symbolic of the "tree of knowledge," known by the alchemists as the "Philosophical Tree." "The tree is the giver of new birth, the mother is identical with the tree."35

As they travel nearer and nearer to the pole, the "bark" begins moving faster and faster. The atmosphere changes, and from the dark vapor, a white, ashy substance is formed. The alchemists spoke of a "white ash" which spewed forth from the alchemical process, signifying that transformation was about to take place.36 The water becomes a huge, swirling cataract and, at its entrance, is an enshrouded figure. This figure has a two-fold symbolism. It is, at once, mother-death, and, at the same time, the "white ghost" portraying the "anima" figure, completely arisen from its embedded state in the unconscious.

Out of the cataract arises the "lapidem philosophorum."37 In other words, Poe's transformation is now complete and the Great Mystery has been revealed to him. He succeeded on his odyssey and embarks on a treatise of Philosophy, EUREKA, which is "pure gold." EUREKA is a combination of all the works of Poe, without any of the hideous or horrible aspects. For Poe is now "individuated," and the "whole" man has no fears —— they have all been exorcised.

In this work, Poe establishes God as the Prime Mover or "First Cause," as did the alchemists. He then forms a theory of Creation and annihilation taking place in ever-lasting cycles. God set the Cosmos into motion, infusing all things with His nature, ether or quintessence. We are all "stamped with the Divine." If one wishes to find God, therefore, he must dissect himself. Only then, will he find the perfection of wholeness. Poe

states "through that deep tranquility of self-inspection through which alone we can hope to attain the presence of this, the most sublime of truths, and look it leisurely in the face." The need for perfection he characterizes as "the utter impossibility of any one soul feeling inferior to another; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought -- Along with the constant striving for perfection equal our struggles toward the original Unity." He concludes, "All is life-life-Life within Life-the less within the greater and all within the Spirit Divine." God is in all of us — if we are to know Him, we must know ourselves. In knowing ourselves, we have achieved the quintessence of life.

"It is impossible to still the activity of the human mind in those privileged beings who have received the priceless gift of observation and are consumed with a burning curiosity to understand whatever eludes them."38 Poe had that gift of insight and curiosity and entered the realm of the Unknown, where unexplored and limitless horizons were revealed to him. His "key to knowledge" was the unconscious and it was in that realm that he was bathed in ineffable light and was able to decipher the Great Mystery of the Universe.

Endnotes

1deGivry, *Witchcraft, Magic and Alchemy*, (New York, 1971), p. 220.

2*Ibid.*, p. 348.

3*Ibid.*, p. 361.

4Waite, ed., *The Hermetical and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus*, Vol. 1, (Berkeley, 1976), p.160.

5*Op.cit.*, p. 219.

6Wilson, *The Occult*, (New York, 1971), p. 249.

7*Ibid.*

8Jung, *Alchemical Studies*, (New York, 1967), p. 39.

9*Ibid.*, p. 67.

10*Ibid.*, p. 67-8.

11*Ibid.*, p. 68. "It is the water that kills and vivifies" (Rosarium philosophorum, in "Art," aurif., II, p. 214).

12*Ibid.*, p. 86.

13Sadoul, *Alchemists and Gold*, (New York, 1972), p. 42.

14*Op.cit.*, p. 89.

15*Ibid.*

16The scarab was an Egyptian amulet and was called the "kheprer." Its name derives from "kheper," to come into existence. It was a symbol of the Self-Existent One and used as a life-giving amulet for the dead. It also conferred, as a talisman, protection against evil. (Cavendish, ed., *Man, Myth & Magic,* New York, 1970, Vol. 18, p. 2488.)

17Triton, *The Magic of Space,* (Larchmont, 1962), p. 127.

18Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy,* (New York, 1953), p. 36.

19Jung, *Alchemical Studies,* p. 66.

20Wilson, *The Occult,* p. 309.

21Jung, *Symbols of Transformation,* Vol. II, (New York, 1956), p. 341.

23*Ibid.,* p. 369.

24Wilson, *The Occult,* p. 170.

25*Ibid.*

26Jung, *Alchemical Studies,* pp. 122-3.

27Sadoul, *Alchemists and Gold,* p. 248.

28*Ibid.,* pp. 244-53.

29*Ibid.,* p. 37.

30 Webster, *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* (Springfield, 1949), p. 264.

31Hoffman, *Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe,* (Garden City, 1972), p. 266.

32Jung, *Symbols of Transformation,* pp. 369-70.

33Wilson, *The Occult,* pp. 170-1.

34Cavendish, ed., *Man, Myth & Magic,* Vol. 18, p. 2474.

35Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy,* p. 420. (Numerous other references to the "Philosophical Tree.")

36Sadoul, *Alchemists and Gold,* p. 251, p. 243.

37Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy,* p. 148. (Numerous references in other sources).

38deGivry, *Witchcraft, Magic & Alchemy,* p. 220.

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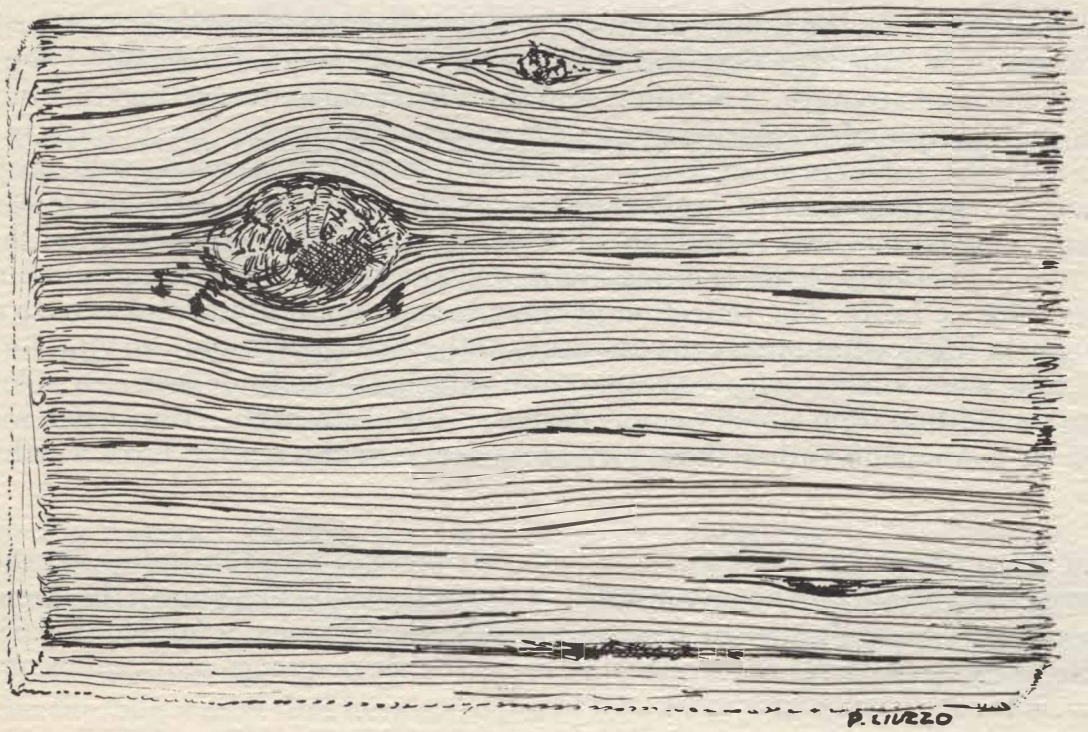

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE IN AMERICAN INDIAN AND ESKIMO PROSE AND POETRY

Paul V. Montefusco

One of the most prominent thematic elements in American Indian and Eskimo prose and poetry is the sense of solitude and the appreciation of silence and the stillness of nature, and the benefits that the individual may receive from this solitude and silence. The experience that the American Indians and Eskimoes had of solitude had a tremendous effect on their lives within their particular societies, in their communication, in their action, and in fact on their entire way of life.

The literature of the American Indian has been deeply influenced by this reverence for solitude. Thought, going hand in hand with the speech that issues forth for others to hear, was the individual's prized possession. Those thoughts that were spoken, and then consequently written down are, in many cases, those that were treasured by one man or woman in his or her own mind until near death, and then spoken.1 This brings us to the Indian concept of the 'secret.' Solitude and silence bred the ability of the individual to develop his **own** powers to influence the environment in which he "lived and moved and had his being." The word, when uttered, was believed to be an essence, belonging to the creative power of the world, and thus bringing with it great influence. To a people that believed in the sacredness of the word then, idle use of words was not only frivolous, but dangerous as well. The 'secret' was the individual's particular, unique revelation of the power of the universe. To tell it to others was, in effect, to lose it. The Yuma Indian knows this truth when he says that if a "man tells his dream, it passes with the day."2

Solitude was viewed by the Indian as, in the words of Margot Astrov who has written what has come to be called the first anthology of American Indian Prose and Poetry, a "reservoir of spiritual strength."3 Solitude, and the silence encountered therein, had, for the Indian, a healing and a creative power. Like Jesus fasting for forty days in the wilderness of Israel, or Moses going to the top of the mountain to receive the tablets of the law, or Buddha, who renounced life's pleasures to retire to poverty and seclusion to search for the truth, or even our own American sage Henry David Thoreau, who went to the woods to 'live deliberately,'4 the Indians knew well the secrets and regeneration that solitude and silence bring. The reflection of their respect for solitude and silence as a mystical force in life is what makes the literature of the American Indian so vital for our own day, a time when silence is feared rather than valued, and solitude seen as a sickness rather than a condition from which we may derive spiritual strength, a time when words are viewed as a weapon5 rather than viewed as a mystical, creative force worthy of reverence.

"Ohiyesa Remembers The Past"6 is a remarkable piece of prose in Indian literature which reflects the wisdom and beauty of spirit of the Indian who has known the strength of mind, body, and spirit that is the true fruit of solitude. Ohiyesa, a full-blooded Sioux from the Northern woodlands of Minnesota7 speaks with eloquence and candor on the spirituality of the first American:

> He believes profoundly in silence---the sign of perfect equilibrium. Silence is absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit...If you ask him: "What is silence?" he will answer "It is the Great Mystery"...If you ask: "What are the fruits of silence?" he will say: "They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity, and reverence." Silence is the cornerstone of character.8

Ohiseya further speaks in this beautifully written essay of the change in his life that came in adapting to western culture:

> As a child I understood how to give; I have forgotten this grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then; every growing tree an object of reverence. Now I worship the white man before a painted landscape, whose value is estimated in dollars.9

Ohiseya's short essay sheds much light on the value that solitude and silence had for the Indian, and how it dictated the 'word' on which his society was built. It also sheds some light on the problems of our own present-day society, where reliance on artificial or packaged, commercialized "transcendental meditation" or some other path of spiritual enlightenment (for which you sign on the dotted line and pay X dollars per month) is accepted as a path toward fulfillment. The "artificial" that Ohiseya spoke of becomes daily more evident.

The same theme that is expressed in "Ohiseya Remembers the Past" is manifested in many forms of both Indian and Eskimo literature. It finds its most terse expression in their poetry or songs. An astonishing economy of words, based on their philosophy of the sacredness of the word, is evident in much of their literature in any form. Like the Japanese Haiku, the Indian or Eskimo song, usually highly personal in nature, expresses one complete thought that, through its statement, through what the Indian calls the "power of the word,"10 communicates a fullness of understanding to the attentive reader or listener.

In the Alaskan Eskimo song, the sentiment of Ohiyesa "valuing any pretty pebble" is highly evident:

> "Glorious it is
> To see the long haired winter caribou
> Returning to the forest,
> While the herd follows the ebb mark of the sea
> With a storm of clattering hooves
> Glorious it is
> When wandering time is come."11

For the Alaskan Eskimo, the sight of caribou returning to the forest is "glorious;" wandering time is "glorious." The word glorious evokes a religious feeling. The Eskimo who has written this song is conscious of a sense of glory, of the beauty of life in the return to the forest and in the wandering. The caribou is used as a reference, but the poet could just as well have spoken of himself. It is the glory of being able to wander in the forests after the long winter that he is speaking of. The caribou is hunted by the Eskimo, and yet

loved; it is viewed as a "glorious" creature, a creature that has value as food and yet value in itself, in its own life and its own ability to survive in the elements; in its wandering.

An Eastern Eskimo song tells of the healing, creative qualities mentioned in reference to silence and solitude through its impact on the words:

"Ayii, Ayii,
I walked on the ice of the sea.
Wondering, I heard
The song of the sea
And the great sighing
Of new formed ice.
Go then go:
Strength of soul
Brings health
To the place of fasting."12

This lovely song reflects the idea expressed by Ohiyesa, that "true courage and endurance"13 are among the finest fruits of solitude. "The song of the sea and the sighing of new formed ice" gives the Eskimo author of this song the word to sing. The word is born of the silence of solitude, the "reservoir of spiritual strength"14 earlier discussed. The power of the word, born of silence, "Brings health to the place of fasting" because its 'health' is the spiritual power in life, just as necessary to survival as the physical power of life to be derived from the coming feast. Jesus' dictum that "Man does not live by bread alone" in the Sermon on the Mount is certainly analogous to the thoughts of this Eskimo, and of the Sioux Ohiyesa when he speaks of the power derived from silence. It speaks to the same human condition.

The words of these works, from a variety of Indian and Eskimo cultures, has great value for us today. We have become a people uncomfortable with silence; we fear aloneness. We forget that **loneliness** (being in direct confrontation with self and not being able to take it) and **aloneness** (solitude born of seeking, searching within a self that has been accepted) are two completely different things. For children, especially the children of today, these words are especially important. The noise of mechanized society along with the phonograph, radio, and television has become a wall, shutting out this healing side of life; the more strange we become to silence and to solitude, the more we fear it. Ohiyesa, in his book, the "Song of the Indian"15 has said:

> "All who have lived much out of doors know that there is a magnetic and nervous force that accumulates in solitude and that is quickly dissipated by life in a crowd."16

This "magnetic and nervous force" is the true recognition of self, of the self as an independent being, and yet a part of a whole that dwarfs us all in its immensity. It is the key to the "word," a word that must be spoken by each individual for himself. It is a side of our lives which too many modern-day children may never have the chance to know. Unless we approve of the deterioration of the word, unless we are willing to give the O.K. to wholesale meaninglessness in our writing, in our speech, in all of our media, we will have to re-discover, each for ourselves, the secrets held within the silence of solitude. Only then will the qualities that Ohiyesa called the "fruits of silence"17 become a reality in each of our lives.

Endnotes

1Margot Astrov, *American Indian Prose and Poetry* (New York, 1962), p.42.
2*Ibid.*
3*Ibid., p.* 39.
4Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (New York, 1965), p. 69.
5Astrov, p. 39.
6*Ibid.,* pp. 128-9.
7*Ibid.,* p. 129.
8*Ibid.,* p. 128.
9*Ibid.*
10*Ibid.,* pp. 19-52.
11Janes Houston, *Songs of the Dream People* (New York, 1972), p. 67.
12*Ibid.,* p. 81.
13Astrov, p. 128.
14*Ibid.,* p. 39.
15*Ibid.,* p. 41.
16*Ibid.*
17*Ibid.,* p. 128.

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Carolyn Wright, "Table of the House," woodcut.


TABLE OF THE HOUSE

HELPING OTHERS HELP THEMSELVES

Margaret Daly Parente

Twenty-three centuries ago Plato said that the unexamined life is not worth living. In our own time, Dag Hammarskjold echoed this though in a more personal way. He said, "Let me read with open eyes the book my days are writing - and learn."1

I believe I am ready to work with others in a counseling situation because I have delved into the vital, yet difficult, time-consuming and often painful job of beginning to know myself. It was and is a slow piecing together of the fragmented parts of me - the working at a puzzle or a mosaic. As I grow and change, new pieces of my humanity, my womanhood, my marriage and my motherhood come to light. I find I am dramatically different than I was twelve years ago because of my response to this self-knowledge in my daily living. It is becoming increasingly difficult to deceive myself as to the true motives behind my words and actions. A humorist once said that life is what happens to you while you are making your other plans. I know the truth to this statement. I find that while I better know what I really want and need in my life, I have become more flexible in my living. My feelings are well expressed in a verse sung by an American Indian folk singer, Buffy Sainte Marie. She says, "I was an oak, now I'm a willow, now I can bend." As I continue to gain insight into myself, I wish to give what I now know I need.

My experiences as a parent have helped and humbled me. As a parent, I attempt to allow my children to see the world as it is, while providing them with a stable home and the encouragement to begin to see meanings and possibilities in their own experiences. To use the words of the artist, Corita Kent, I wish to help my children "build a bridge between themselves and everything worth being one with." My husband and I wish to live our lives so that our children may respect us, for we know we cannot talk ideals we do not also live. We live with the questions and fears common to all parents as we take risks and make decisions that effect their lives. We know we must allow our children to accept more and more responsibility for their own lives for our fears could stunt their growth. We must watch while they make their own choices, make mistakes, strive for maturity, and live with the consequences of their actions.

I find myself developing a decidedly Eastern attitude toward life as I grow older. When I began to read about Zen Buddhism and other Eastern disciplines, I felt a kinship to the teachings. Zen is an art of looking into one's own being by oneself. It emphasizes the idea of the whole, integrated person, and the freedom and self-realization of the individual. I particularly like the writings of D. T. Suzuki, scholar and teacher of Zen. Suzuki lived his idea that "childlikeness" has to be restored in people, along with years of discipline in the art of self-forgetfulness.

I also experience a sense of "coming home" when I explore the Quaker tradition in America. I had long appreciated the courage of individual members of the Society of Friends as they attempted to "speak the truth to power" in moral conflicts. The basis of the Quaker theory of social behavior is to "answer that of God in everyone." Even in our early colonial history, Quakers were social pioneers who lived their philanthropic ideals

and peaceful principles in their daily lives. The gift of ministry was open to all - men and women, young and old, educated and illiterate, members of black, red and white races. It is in their example of active love that I am so attracted to this movement. As a contemporary writer has said, it is easy to love mankind - it's your individual neighbor who is so hard to love. The Quakers do not withdraw from the world, as did some early Christian mystics. They remain in the world, a far more difficult situation in my opinion. The main test of living their truth is the presence or absence of inner peace in their lives. They must always act in response to the truth, but their peace is not dependent on the result of their actions. The outcome is in the hands of God. The Quakers feel that people can be internally free and at peace even though they may be burdened with the world's sufferings.

When working to help alleviate human suffering, Quakers are admonished that they who believe in their own goodness because of their superiority have not yet faced the truth of their situation, and this attitude will hamper their effectiveness. They are asked to become, as far as possible, members of the community in which they find themselves and avoid the sense of help handed down. Quaker belief stresses the equality of all people in the eyes of God. Their concept of equality means that they must afford equality of respect to all people, with the resulting absence of all words and behavior based on class, social or racial distinction. The community of Friends endeavors to unite the whole of humanity into an interdependent community.

I have also been influenced by the thoughts of the Vienna psychiatrist, Viktor E. Frankl, who believes that success in life is not the absence of failure, pain or grief, but the capacity to transform them into spiritual gain. Frankl says that each of us must find meaning for our suffering and a sense of responsibility in our lives. His idea of the ultimate freedom, rooted in the ancient Stoic tradition, is the ability to "choose one's attitude in a given set of circumstances." He says, "To live is to suffer, to survive is to find meaning in the suffering. If there is a purpose in life at all, there must be a purpose in suffering and in dying. But no man can tell another what this purpose is. Each must find out for himself, and must accept the responsibility that his answer prescribes. If he succeeds he will continue to grow in spite of all indignities."2

Frankl lived his beliefs. He was subjected to despicable treatment at the hands of the Nazis in a concentration camp during the Second World War, and he survived a whole man. His life, with its celebration of living and absence of hardness and cynicism, inspires me and restores my hope.

So many of us feel alienated and exploited in today's world. Our material wealth does not satisfy us, but often adds guilt to our basic human problem. Our contemporary healers have been telling us for some time that our society can be sickening. Freud, Jung, Horney and Fromm, along with Frankl, all write that unless a person can see meaning and value in his continued existence, he will sicken or commit suicide. Many of us can cope with our daily living only with the aid of socially and medically approved anesthetics. We use and abuse alcohol to such a degree that it is our most serious drug problem today. We use barbiturates for sleep and amphetamines for wakefulness. It is estimated that approximately one quarter of our population is tranquilized regularly. Many of us feel we cannot relax without the help of a chemical agent. Psychotropic drugs such as anti-depressants and sedatives are now standard treatment for dealing with anxiety and emotional problems. I wonder how often these drugs are used to treat the symptoms and not the cause of our pain.

Many of us need further help that we are not receiving. We need models like Carlos

Casteneda's shaman, Don Juan, to teach us how to see the world with the vision of the child, the poet, the primitive. Don Juan explains to his disciple the difference between looking at the world and seeing it in the way his vision allows him to see. The difference in perception is vital for the person who has had his world shattered.

Some of us are blessed. We receive unconditional love and grow strong. We learn and practice discipline, we meditate, we receive true education, effective psychotherapy. We begin to understand life and our place in the pattern of life. Some of us also experiment with Gestalt therapy, sensory awareness and non-verbal communication in the desire to reclaim our whole identities.

I have been inspired by the work of the psychologist Sidney Jourard. He helps people make beneficial changes in their lives by being a nonjudgmental listener who endeavors to teach his clients about themselves without humiliating them in the process. He believes that effective helpers do not "take over" their client's problems or "solve" them for them. Rather he seems to "be and let be," trusting the person to draw upon his own solutions. The helper must be an exemplar, Jourard feels, the role model of a person growing. He must be more than a technically competent clinician. He says,

> Effective therapists seem to follow this implicit hypothesis: if they are themselves in the presence of the patient, if they let their patients and themselves be, avoiding the compulsions to silence, to reflection, to interpretation, to impersonal technique, and kindred character disorders, but instead striving to know their patient, involving themselves in his situation, and then responding to his utterances with their spontaneous selves, this fosters growth. In short, they love their patients. They employ their powers in the service of their patient's well-being and growth, rather than inflict them on him. Somehow there is a difference.3

I believe that we must be educated to become less dependent on societal institutions and more able to cope with the challenges and difficulties life offers us. People must remain open to the disclosures of the world and willing to allow exotic and disturbing ideas to be considered. Growth and change is often painful and anxiety producing. While teachers often indoctrinate their charges and teach them how to see the world and how to behave, they must instead concern themselves with ways to foster growth in their students. Herman Hesse speaks of this situation. He says, "Only within yourself exists that other reality for which you long. I can give you nothing that has not already its being within yourself. I can throw open to you no picture gallery but your own soul. All I can give you is the opportunity, the impulse, the key. I can help you make your own world possible. That is all."4

Eastern nations have built retreat houses and places of true education into their social structure for millenia. The Eastern guru is a teacher who instructs by living a more fully actualized existence himself. He focuses on the person, not the role. Exceptional teachers within our present system of education have managed to inspire their pupils and evoke thoughts and actions that their students might have been unaware they possessed. Effective teachers disclose what manner of men and women they are so that they might become growth guides to the struggling young. They reveal and share how they have found the way in their own lives.

I am acquainted with A. H. Maslow, a psychologist who was intrigued with the idea of the exceptional human being, a healthy, growing, creative and integrated view of the person. By studying extraordinary people, Maslow developed a hierarchy of needs for humankind, ranging from deficiency-needs to being-needs. The special people he studied had their basic or deficiency-needs gratified, and were able to explore the being-needs such as truth, beauty, wholeness, justice and perfection. I feel his work has a decided Eastern flavor when he speaks of "letting be," uncovering and then helping. He talks of helpers having an innocence in perceiving and behaving, ready to accept whatever happens in the relationship without shock, indignation or denial. He also speaks of a thought similar to the "childlikeness" of Suzuki, which he calls a "second innocence." He believes that children are innocent out of ignorance, but effective adults out of knowledge and acceptance of the world as it is, while transcending the world and seeing perfection. He says, "We express what we are. To the extent that we are split, our expressions and communications are split, partial, one-sided. To the extent that we are integrated, whole, unified, spontaneous, and fully functioning, to that extent are our expressions and communications complete, unique and idiosyncratic, alive and creative rather than inhibited, conventionalized, and artificial, honest rather than phoney."5

I believe we all have basic needs but we vary in our knowledge of them and in our ability to fulfill them. We can better understand ourselves when we truthfully interact with others. I like the expression voiced by the journalist and social reformer, Dorothy Day, when she said we are "fellow sufferers in this disordered world." I am confident that those truths I have found in myself I will be able to share with others. I am blessed with the gift of several friends to whom I may speak without the fear of accusation or judgment. They truthfully share with me their thoughts and feelings. I understand the deep need for a person to have someone to whom they can voice their inner convictions, someone who will listen to their revelations. I realize many of my faults and shortcomings. I still find it easier often to speak to a person's mind rather than to his heart, even though I know the simple words close to the senses are the better ones. I realize that I must deal with the way things are, not the way they ought to be. I am often comforted by the words of Dag Hammarskjold, "The pride of the cup is in the drink, its humility, in the serving. What, then, do its defects matter?"6

I have had a life-long love affair with words, but I find no English word to encompass the essence of my quest in life. I must borrow from the ancient Hebrew the word "shalom." Shalom, to me, speaks of a condition of community where justice, peace, truth and love are a lived reality. I must live shalom in my own life every day and evoke in others the desire to do the same.

I feel I can best contribute to others by affirming myself. I wish to speak clearly, simply and openly and be quietly receptive to others. I must share my dream - otherwise, I shall lose it.

Endnotes

1Dag Hammarskjold, *Markings,* (New York, 1970), p. 131.

2Viktor E. Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning,* (New York, 1959), p. 11.

3Sidney M. Jourard, *The Transparent Self,* (New York, 1971), p. 139.

4Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf,* (New York, 1971), p. 139.

5A.H. Maslow, *The Farther Reaches of Human Nature,* (New York, 1971), p. 157.

6Dag Hammarskjold, *Markings,* (New York, 1970), p. 95.

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SHELLEY'S THEORY OF THE APOCALYPSE AND THE PROMETHEAN ARCHETYPE IN *PROMETHEUS UNBOUND*

William Lane

The mythology of Percy Bysshe Shelley, or what some critics prefer to call his "cosmology," was based upon Godwin's doctrine of perfectibility, to which Shelley was a zealous adherent. According to this doctrine, people could, by sheer conscious power of will, expel evil from the world. This was the ultimate goal of the movement for Catholic emancipation in Ireland and of the French Revolution, both of which were wholeheartedly supported by Shelley and Godwin.

Shelley viewed both series of events as apocalyptic. He believed that the Golden Age was not in the past but in the future. He placed great faith in the power of social regeneration. He believed that evil was not a part of the system of creation, but was something accidental to it. People could be perfected to the point where they could expel evil from themselves and the world. This is the culmination of what Mary Shelley termed "Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species."

Later on, especially after viewing the miserable outcome of the French Revolution, Shelley began more and more to internalize this concept of an apocalypse. It became an apocalypse of the soul from which the individual expelled evil. Shelley did not abandon his dream of social regeneration; he merely realized that it was not, as he had previously believed, to occur in the immediate future.

Shelley chose the myth of Prometheus as the background against which to display his own myth of the apocalypse, on both the individual and the social levels. The Promethean archetype is ideally suited for Shelley's purposes, with its connotations of endless suffering inflicted by a remorseless tyrant upon the benefactor of humankind.

Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* differs, however, from that of Aeschylus, for while Aeschylus shows the reconciliation of Prometheus to Jupiter, Shelley does not, for he "was averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the Champion with the Oppressor of mankind."1 The reason for this is that Prometheus reaches the zenith of Shelley's spiritual apocalypse early in Act I, and as such cannot come to terms with the forces of evil which are accidental to his nature.

One of the main criticisms, in fact, of *Prometheus Unbound* is that the most important act in the play occurs almost immediately, and the rest of the play is merely the unfolding of the logical consequences of this act. Prometheus says in line 53 that he pities Jupiter and, after hearing his vengeful oath reiterated by the Phantasm of Jupiter, says:

> It doth repent me: words are quick and vain;
> Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine.
> I wish no living thing to suffer pain. (lines
> 303-305).

It is at this point that Prometheus has expelled evil from his soul and has experienced the internal apocalypse. He has now only to wait for the apocalypse of the world.

Unlike Aeschylus' Prometheus, Shelley's is not tortured by an eagle daily eating his liver; he is subjected to a more intellectual and emotional punishment. He is beset by Furies who show him nations fighting, cities burning and all sorts of manifestations of evil in the world. After his apocalypse, however, Prometheus stymies his tormentors, for instead of showing an intense hatred for the perpetrators of these evil deeds, as the Furies had hoped, Prometheus pities them.

It would be advantageous here to explain the time-scheme in Shelley's myth. There are three stages in the history of humanity. First is the reign of Saturn in which humanity's happiness is real yet incomplete, because the knowledge to create those things necessary for comfort and happiness is lacking. Second is the reign of Jupiter, to whom Prometheus (in this instance representing the creative power of the human mind) has given knowledge. Instead of using this knowledge in the manner in which it was intended, Jupiter uses it to perpetuate evil in the world. The third stage is the long awaited apocalypse in which this evil will be vanquished from the world.

The play begins during the second stage; everyone is waiting for Jupiter to be cast down and the "Golden Age" to begin. Since in Greek mythology Prometheus and Jupiter were reconciled, and Jupiter was not thrown down, Shelly had to create a character of his own, Demogorgon. The exact nature of this being is hard to perceive. He calls himself "Eternity" and warns "Demand no direr name" (III.i.50). Perhaps he is best described as "the force occupying the throne of Power (or necessity) . . . from which issued endless cycles of destruction and regeneration."2 The symbolic implications of Demogorgon can be better understood once the character of the one he is to cast down, Jupiter is known.

If Prometheus is the symbol for everything good in the world, Jupiter must be understood as the opposite extreme, everything evil in the world. He is the God who confuses people and robs them of some of their humanness. He is tyranny, avarice, lust for power and racial hatred. He is also famine, pestilence, war, plague and destruction. He is, in short, the malefactor of humankind. He is not, however, completely omnipotent. According to Greek legend Jupiter was still governed by Fate, or Necessity, which is one of the main characteristics of Demogorgon.

In Act III, scene i, the time for the apocalypse has come. Demogorgon is taken to heaven by the Spirit of the Hour and acquaints Jupiter with the nature of his visit. The action which follows, if it is (as I believe) symbolic of the overthrow of tyrannical forces, is ludicrous. Jupiter goes down to Hell with Demogorgon without a struggle. Moreover,he begs for the wise and merciful Prometheus to be his Judge. It seems incredible that Shelley could depict the downfall of tyranny in such a fashion, especially in view of the fact that he had in the past seen the need for proletarian revolution.

Be that as it may, the apocalypse had passed and Prometheus was set free at last. The remaining two acts describe the world in its "Golden Age." People awake to find the thrones of kings and bishops empty. There are no sovereigns to be found. The smirks and scowls are erased from people's faces and memories. Frogs, snakes, lizards, and all other heretofore ugly creatures appear beautiful, not because of any physiological change but because the "ugliness" was gone from their nature.

Demogorgon, it should be mentioned, descends to the underworld with Jupiter; hence both evil and eternity (which is meant to be time and its "endless cycles of destruction and regeneration") pass from the world. The play ends with Demogorgon's voice telling us that "Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom and Endurance" (IV.i.564) are the things which seal out evil in all its manifestations from our world, and if perchance it should reappear, it will be

these same things which we will need to drive it out again.

Shelley has been called a politicial scientist, a moralist, and a metaphysician. It is evident from the manner in which he built his own myth of the Apocalypse around the Promethean archetype that he was a combination of all three. Perhaps in composing *Prometheus Unbound* Shelley's only deficiency was as a dramatist.

Endnotes

1 Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Preface to *Prometheus Unbound,*" from *Percy Bysshe Shelley: Selected Poetry and Prose,* Kenneth Neill Cameron, ed. (New York, 1958), p. 300.
2 Donald H. Reiman, *Percy Bysshe Shelley* (New York, 1969), p. 78.

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G. Allsop

SHINKICHI TAKAHASHI: A ZEN AESTHETIC AND SATORI POETRY

Peter J. von York

The poetry of Shinkichi Takahashi is meaningful as the focal point for a discussion of aspects of aesthetic theory. In addition to being a highly respected poet in his own right, Takahashi also happens to be one of Japan's few recognized **satori** poets. Art and religion are, in themselves, topics of myriad facets and implications; but when the two are combined, as with Takahashi and his works, the result is quite unique.

The Artist and Satori

Takahashi was born in 1901 in a fishing village on Shikoku, the smallest of four main islands in Japan. His first works were published in 1924, and indicated a strong interest in Dadaism. In 1928, at the suggestion of an acquaintance, and in the hope of discovering whether ultimate truth lay in Marxism or Zen, Takahashi visited Shogenji, a Zen monastery well known for the severity of its discipline. Thus began seventeen years of intensive training, during which Takahashi experienced **satori**-enlightenment several times.

Briefly stated, **satori** is a mystical, transcendental experience in which the individual (usually after many years of sitting in **zazen**) undergoes "an intuitive looking into the nature of things in contradistinction to the analytical or logical understanding of it."1 It is often a profoundly intense religious experience, characterized by, among other things, unutterable joy, a total inability to verbalize within the framework of rational or logical terminology, and the authoritativeness accompanying an insight into the Ground of Being. With **satori,** all feelings of opposition vanish; with illusory ego obliterated, subject and object are united into an organic whole. It is important to bear in mind that **satori** transcends reason. No amount of coherent explanation can depict it; logical argument can not refute it because its realization is contingent precisely on a quelling of the bifurcating intellect. For the Zennist, thought is seen as an obstruction to the direct grasp of reality, necessitating a continual and irrevocable future orientation. **Satori** allows for an intuitive penetration through the barrier of idea into the realm of the eternal present. No longer, after experiencing **satori** does the individual operate in terms of 'subject-verb-object,' e.g. 'This is that.' Nor does he see in terms of 'This is.' With the duality of subject and object, ego and other, 'I' and 'not-I' having been annihilated, 'is' remains. For the Zen Buddhist, the 'is' is holy; being, in and of itself, is a supreme act in which all is One, One is the Void, and All is the Void of absolute freedom.

What then becomes initially impressive about Takahashi and his work, from the aesthetic point of view, is the medium he has chosen - words. For the follower of a discipline which openly eschews the use of words/language (in their normal rational context) as a means toward attaining the Truth, to dabble in words seems especially peculiar. Takahashi himself asserts that "we must have done with all words and letters, and attain Truth itself."2 and that "as a follower of the tradition of Zen which is above verbalization, I must confess that I feel ashamed at writing poems or having collections of them published in book form."3

Why then should Takahashi engage his time in such a seemingly objectionable medium

as words? Perhaps the key lies in the idea of 'explanation.' Takahashi's poetry makes no foolish attempt to "explain" Buddha-mind or the intuitive experience which has awakened the seasoned practitioner. Thus his poems can be thought of, in some respects, as similar to the sutras or the koan exercise (a type of riddle or otherwise wholly irrational statement, utilized in the Rinzai sect of Zen, contemplation upon which discourages the intellect and eventually helps in opening the 'Mind's Eye') as an embodiment of living Zen Buddhism.

This would generate several conclusions with regard to form. The following poem entitled "Here" might aid in the illustration of some of these points:

This hut is larger than the earth,
Since there is nothing that is not
In the small charcoal stove
Burn sun and counless stars,
And the corners of the kitchen
Buzz with humankind.4

Although it may be argued that many poems do not 'tell you about' something in a direct or succinct manner, the point is that Takahashi could not, even if he so desired with respect to **satori.** This poem is typical for many reasons. Stylistically, it (and others) is in free verse, unconcerned (even in the original Japanese version, too, of course) with bothersome metre and versification. The reader is at once struct by its "clean" sound. Poetic devices, most notably wild imagery and symbolism, do not run rampant. One should not make the mistake of hunting for meanings and (the favorite of many) 'messages,' for what is alluded to here is little less than the Truth from the gut of the enlightened Takahashi.

"This hut is larger than the earth. . ." refers to the aforementioned tenet in Zen cosmology of "All as One as Void." As Takahashi puts it in another poem, "Destruction," "the Universe is so much eye secretion."5

The remaining four lines again exemplify this All as One as Void belief. Also particularly noteworthy in "Here" are the down to earth types of images like "hut," "small charcoal stove," and corners of the kitchen." These refer to the joys of simplicity in the Zen person's life. Humble they may be, but paradoxically so, for they are at the same time identified with "none other than mountains, rivers, the great wide earth, the sun and the moon and the stars."6

From the aesthetic standpoint, **satori** and the **satori** poet embody much of what artists and aestheticians alike have striven both to define and implement. There is an uncanny resemblance between **satori** and its counterparts in the varieties of mysticism, and the 'Negative Capability' propounded by John Keats. By this term, Keats meant to suggest that the true artist practices a sort of self-abnegation: that in contemplating an object, he does not assert his own personality, but rather attempts to unite with the object, in the hope of establishing a more perfect understanding. Keats himself stated that this should occur "without any irritable reaching after fact or wisdom."7

One suspects that for Keats Negative Capability was precisely his vision of the ideal artist, a capability which he, and others of his time, were incapable of possessing. And yet, such is not the case with Takahashi. **Satori** has not only made Negative Capability possible, but has allowed it to be virtually his sole mode of perception. Takahashi's Zen poetry is an exteriorization of this ineffable selflessness and freedom.8

One crucial point of departure between Zen or **satori** poetry and more conventional forms of poetry lies in what is seen as its value. Andrew Cecil Bradley states that "no

doubt, one main reason why poetry has poetic value for us is that it presents to us in its own way something which we meet in another form in nature or life."9 Thus, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," with the aid of such implicating images as 'etherized,' and presented against the backdrop of 'fog' and 'smoke' enshroudments, embodies, for the beholder, the quintessence of alienation, resignation, and a void of meaning (not to be confused with the joyous Void referred to in Buddhist cosmology). In recalling the quote that a poem "does not mean, it is," Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" can be cited as a fine example.

And yet, Takahashi's poems could be said to fall into an entirely different category. Granted, they do not mean, but are. Nevertheless, they do not present us with anything we have met in another form in nature. Takahashi does not attempt to arouse a thought or emotion, or the thought of a thought or emotion which successfully reveals the poem. **Satori** poems may not stand alone; their purpose is to point beyond, far beyond themselves, to a point where words and the intellect, on whose level these words are primarily dealt with, are utterly useless. One must not confuse the pointer with the object. It is within this context, and only at such time, that Takahashi supposes to find value in words. In other forms of poetry, certain words and recurrent motifs trigger associations within the mind of the reader - other words and ideas which better his comprehension of the poem in its totality.

The **satori** poem, on the other hand, will not be satisfied with this trap, wherein words merely beget more words and thoughts merely beget more thoughts. The entire process remains confined within the realm of conceptualization.

Immutability

Immutable: no need of eyes and ears
Which, in any case, are no more use
Than glass beads and bamboo tubes
Nothing can be done about me, who am nothing10

"Immutability" again illustrates this point. Words themselves are put to an entirely different use. As with "Here," the earthiness and simplicity of noun images, the lack of flowery, "lyrical" language, in favor of 'eyes,' 'ears,' 'glass beads,' and 'bamboo tubes' is deliberate. There are but two descriptive adjectives in the entire poem! This style is designed precisely to deliver the reader from the world of meshing, colliding thought forms, and back to basic, direct experience. "Living experience ought to be told in a living language, and not in worn-out images and concepts," writes D. T. Suzuki.11 This utilization of 'living language' characterizes much of Zen literature.

A disciple once asked a master to convey the heart of the Buddah's teaching to him. Replied the master simply, "When hungry, I eat; when tired, I sleep." Another master would just as soon have answered with silence or possibly by clouting the novice on the side of the head --- all of which, perhaps, reveals the regard in which words are placed among the Zen Buddhists. Words lead to thought and

To think, muse, is to substitute time,
That beggar's dirty bag, for truth,
Which lasts one hundred billionth of a second.12

Takahashi himself offers his apologies in the preface of **Afterimages,** a collection of his poems, but he need not do so, for his works serve their purpose as pointers, as a means to an ultimate end.

That end, **satori**-enlightenment, shares a surprisingly close affinity with art and the

aesthetic sense itself. Art functions in a manner which quells the desire to dominate; **satori** obliterates so-called human chauvinism with crushing finality. Art is concerned with freedom; **satori,** again, in exploding the ego, banishes dualistic conceptions of good/bad, you/I, life/death, manifesting the all-pervasive ONE. Both involve the need for transcendence (although the difference between an aesthetic and a mystical transcendence may be argued here). It has been said that there is nothing which defies possession like a work of art; there is nothing like **satori** to make that possession undesirable and unnecessary. George Boas states that man's attempts at definition only point to the **in**definability of the world; **satori** reveals why that world **need not be** defined.

Zen would almost seem to qualify as an art form itself, but with many of the vaguaries removed. As with any work of art, there is an attempt by the artist to transmit that certain slice of existence (Christopher Caudwell's genotypical undercurrent?) to the beholder. Might Zen, with its emphasis on direct mind to mind transmission be considered art without a specific medium? To use a Zen saying: One unenlightened perceives a moon shining into a lake. One who has attained **satori** sees not moon, not lake, but only pure, unobstructed reflection.

In any event, Takahashi's role is unique among artists. The insight he is striving to elucidate is hardly the product of his individuated artistic mind; it is, rather the Buddah's **Dharma** itself, unchanged after several thousand years --- in the same way that a deeply rooted core of existence, with which so few are familiar, has remained unchanged.

Endnotes

1D. T. Suzuki, *Zen Buddhism* (Garden City, N.Y., 1956), p. 84.
2Shinkichi Takahashi, *Afterimages: Zen Poems* (Garden City, N.Y., 1972), p.xv.
3*Ibid.,* p.xvi.
4*Ibid.*,p. 110.
5*Ibid.*
6*Ibid.,* p. 68.
7Philip Kapleau, *The Three Pillars of Zen* (Boston, 1965), p. 205.
8Takahashi, p. 15.
9Andrew Cicil Bradley, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," *A Modern Book of Esthetics,* Melvin Rader, ed. (New York, 1973), p. 239.
10Takahashi, p. 108.
11Suzuki, p. 56.
12Takahashi, p. 75.

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Debbie Di Pasquale Gallo, "Fishy," woodcut.

ENCHANTING QUILL
A PHANTASY

Vivienne Knapp

"Melliflous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill Commandeth
Mirth or Passion, was but Will"

Thomas Heywood

Dramatis Personae: William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Robert Armin, John Hemmings, Augustine Phillips, The Host

Scene: A tavern in Bankside
Time: 1603, Spring

Enter Players and Host

Armin:
Such a jape, Will, I have ne'er seen before. Methought thine eyes would pop from thy head at seeing a third character enter!

Shakespeare:
Dick will cause us all to spend a year in jail with his quips! To introduce a woman in the piece! Anne Lee shall hear from me on this! The whoreson dog must have paid her well!

Host:
(Drawing sack) Some new jollity, gentlemen?

Hemmings:
That mad rascal, Dick Burbage, turned all to a merriment. Will was doubling as First Murderer today, when there appeared a figure so wrapped in a cloak that only the eyes could be seen. "Who bid thee join with us?" says Will and "Macbeth," says the voice of Anne Lee, put up to the gambol by Burbage. Never have I seen Will so confounded!

Host:
Then how played he the scene?

Hemmings:
How? By the good year, most trippingly. Will hath ever a good wit, mazed or no, and he prodded and pushed Mistress Lee about the stage till Banquo was murthered and she a part of it with not one of the groundlings the wiser.

Shakespeare:
(To Burbage) Here's my hand, Dick. 'Twas a proper repayment for my entertainment of a month past.

Burbage:
God save you for a rascal, Will, I have my revenge and am satisfied. I charge thee with a cup of sack.

Host:
Speak the good gentlemen of revenge in serious vein?

Armin:
Not a whit. Host, not a whit. Will Shakespeare and Dick Burbage have been sharers in the Globe since it was built five years gone, and fellows in the Lord Chamberlain's Company for many years ere that. A merry rivalry is all, good sir, a merry rivalry. And the occasion of Dick's revenge was a capital piece of sport played out by Will last month.

Host:
I should be glad to hear of it.

Armin:
And so you shall. The matter was that a fair lady of the town, having seen Dick play Richard III to such a nicety as he doth, grew so far in liking with him that before she went from the play, she appointed him to come that night unto her by the name of Richard III. Will overheard their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. Then, a message being brought that Richard III was at the door, Will caused return to be made that William the Conqueror came before Richard III. Thus it was today that Master Burbage was repaying that trick in this business with Will's doxie of the moment, Anne Lee.

Host:
But Master Shakespeare has a fair lady and two lovely daughters in Stratford, I have heard tell.

Armin:
To whom he will no doubt return some day. But affairs of business keep him ever in London at the present, and a man is a man. Necessity forces our Will into as many roles in life as on stage. You know that he is a sharer in both the Globe and the Company with much business to transact for both. As playwright, he must offer two or three plays a year. As guider, he must lead the players to enact them as he wishes. And he must choose divers other plays to be performed. 'Tis the labors of Hercules he performs each week, being as well a principal tragedian of great power. Hast seen his performance as the Ghost in "Hamlet?"

Host:
Indeed, no sir, for I am newly come to London, and the great companies do not often play in the provinces.

Hemmings:
A matter that may be mended if this abominable plague continues in London. Rumor abounds that the theatres may close, and we shall all have to take to the provinces.

Burbage:
Heaven forbid. We know we cannot save our charge with travel on the road. Loathe should I be to leave the ample stage of the Globe for a stinking innyard, and rack my bones in the journeying from town to town.

But I do see him often. He is your classical scholar without peer, and is aiding me in a play I have thought on about the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra. The Anthony would make a splendid part for thee, Dick.

Burbage:
Mayhap, Will, but the crux would be the part of Cleopatra. Which of our boys could assume such a role, a woman of parts, no timid maid? You know how churlish is young Gilburne in the part of Gertrude; neither maid nor woman.

Shakespeare:
Aye, 'tis true he is o'erparted, poor fellow. I feel for him.

Armin:
Haply Robert Goughe could take it on. He was a capital Juliet.

Burbage:
Eight years ago, Rob, eight years. A boy is not a boy forever. No Will, it would not play, I warrant you. There is none to take it on.

Shakespeare:
There is a substance in what you say, Dick. I will think on it. I am reading now a story in Cinthio concerning a senator of Venice whose daughter, Desdemona, marries a Moor. His Ensign, a man of great wickedness, so works on his mind to assure his jealousy that the Moor commissions the Ensign to kill the noble lady. After the deed is done the penitent Moor kills the Ensign, and in turn, is assassinated by the lady's family. 'Twill take some work but 'tis a noble story.

Burbage:
There would be rich and fashionable costumes to be worn at the court of Venice. The idea is a sound one. Look thee to it.

Shakespeare:
I'll do so. For the time perhaps we could revive something that has not been played latterly. What think you of "Love's Labour Lost?" 'Tis a sweet play.

Phillips:
True,Will,but never pleased. The last time we put it on, it scarce defrayed the sea coal fire and the doorkeepers.
Too, ere we revive such a long forgotten play, let us make sure nothing in the subject offends. Since the time the Essex faction persuaded us to revive "Richard II" on the eve of the rebellion, I have learned to let caution guide my choice of plays. Well do I remember the questioning I had to endure and the fears of spending my life in the Tower! And all for a fee of forty shillings more than the ordinary!

Shakespeare:
Blame not thyself, Gus, wert ever honest, and no blame attached. At any rate, 'tis now forgot, a new King on the throne who likes the play even more than her late majesty, and if the plague get no worse, we may look forward to a good year.
Now, fellows, enough of this talk; the hot venison pasty is here, let us fall to in good companionship!

Players All:
Amen!

(Shakespeare and Burbage walk aside)

But 'tis true the King must be approached wearing the proper finery. Keep thy raiment from being costlier than Alleyn's, and I'll agree.

Armin:

Will, if we are to present Macbeth before the King, there should be more of jollity in it. Should we not take out the witches, and write more scenes for the doorkeeper. That scene plays wondrous well, and many are the extempore cracks and jigs I could add to it.

Hemmings:

Beware, Rob, or you may follow the road with Will Kemp. Good Master Shakespeare here takes in ill part the clown's tampering with his words. 'Tis years since Kemp left us over such a matter to make his Morris dance to Norwich, and where may he be now? Who can say?

Shakespeare:

Nay, Rob, th'art a good fellow, but I cannot agree about the witches. They are the very thing to catch the interest of the King. He is a theologian and philosopher of much power, with much interest in such spirits. Hast not read his "Daemonologie?"

Armin:

Read? God's blood, Will, if any soul read all the books thou carriest about, 'twould shrivel his eyes in his head. And if not reading, th'art writing. Write, write, write. If thy father's ghost should appear to thee today, thou wouldst whip out a tablet and set down its words.

Shakespeare:

Hold, hold, Rob, there's matter in what you say. Write it down I will! How say you, Dick, would it not improve the encounter between Hamlet and the Ghost if Hamlet should take out his tablet and write down that which he is told. 'Twould early establish him as a schoolboy, and give much understanding to later events.

Burbage:

A hit, Will, a hit! I'll try it on when next we play it.

Shakespeare:

We'll encompass it in a short soliloquy after the first scene with the Ghost. I'll look to it.

Burbage:

The play carried all away when last we showed it. We must repeat it soon.

Hemmings:

You must try to procure a new play for the fellowship, too, Will. 'Tis weeks since we produced a new play, and we are hard put to stay up with the Admiral's Men.

Shakespeare:

All is topsy-turvy and out of sorts. I have nothing ready myself. Ben Jonson is hard at work on a new play to be called "Sejanus," which he swears will have a good part for me, and Tom Heywood is busy rewriting his new play.

Hemmings:

Canst thou not help him, Will? Thou two wert ever close, and his play, "The Royal King and the Loyal Subject" was a palpable success last year.

Shakespeare:

Try to help him I shall. His new work is to be called "A Woman Killed with Kindness," but whether poor Tom will kill her with his own drunkenness ere he reach the end of the play is much in doubt. He wrote the first draft on the backs of divers tavern bills for want of paper; then paid the bills in a fit of drunken honesty, and so lost them.

Burbage:
Will, th'art ever ingenious. It likes me mightily. 'Twould be sure to please the King and our license will be assured. King's Men we will be yet!

Shakespeare:
And none too soon. Only last year, the outlay of 320 pounds near beggared me.

Burbage:
320 pounds! 'Tis the ransom of a king!

Shakespeare:
Nay, the ransom of my life, 127 acres and the copyhold for a cottage in Chapel Lane in Stratford. More and more my heart is turning there. I am past the time of life for living alone in Silver Street over the jeweler's and eating in such inns as this. Next year I shall be forty.

Burbage:
Only a few years more than mine own, Will.

Shakespeare:
But without the consolation of thy Winifred, Dick and the child soon to come. Dost realize my only son was a stranger to me when he died with only eleven summers to his account? In my salad days, I thought all would wait for my coming; now I know that Time steals all, Time waits for none.

Burbage:
Fie on thee, Will. This melancholic fit sits on thee hardly. Bethink thee of this performance of Macbeth.
(To all) Ho, fellows, would you not think it fine to show our performance of Macbeth to their Majesties?

Players All:
Good, Capital.

Burbage:
Perchance 'twould be wise to order new costumes. Macbeth must not approach the King tired like a beggar, and that last leak in the tiring house (which thou, Will, had the charge to mend) hath quite destroyed my best costumes. Last week I saw a robe of copper net which might be suitable for the part.

Shakespeare:
How much, Dick?

Burbage:
It could be had for twenty pounds.

Shakespeare:
Twenty pounds, Dick, art mad?

Burbage:
Henslowe bought such a robe for that ranting knave, Ned Alleyn, scarce a month ago. We cannot allow the Rose to show finery superior to ours.

Shakespeare:
Remember thee that Ned's wife, Joan, is Henslowe's daughter, and both profit much from the miserable sport at the Bear Garden. We sharers here must mind our costs better.

Shakespeare:
Bones, is it, bones? Wherefore bones, fat knave? Even walking London Bridge each day to the Globe is not preventing thy transformation into a mountain of flesh. Last week when thou wert playing Hamlet, all could hear the groundlings shout at thy soliloquy. When you declaimed, "Oh that this too, too sallied flesh" all shouted, "Solid, Burbage solid, solid!"

Burbage:
I am old, good Will, I am old.

Shakespeare:
Art full of sack, good Dick, full of sack. Wilt take the role of Falstaff from our good friend, Lowine?

Burbage:
Never could I do so, for the merit he shows in the role is beyond my scope. I say it as an honest and true-hearted man. No, leave me to Hamlet, fat though I be.

Shakespeare:
Ay, that we will, for never could my lines be sung by sweeter voice, as we all know.

Burbage:
A word with thee, Will, about that last scene in "Hamlet." The bout plays like a low duel with sword and dagger both. I can tell it does not please. Could we not redo it to better purpose by employing rapiers only with an exchange of weapons so that the blame of violence lies not to Hamlet? 'Twould make a more pleasing character.

Shakespeare:
Mayhap th'art on the mark, Dick. I have noticed some falling off in that scene. Bethink me of it when next we perform it. 'Twill take small rewriting to go to an exchange and a better outcome.

But other matters press, Dick. The King commands a performance for the coming week upon which may hang our license as King's Men. What think you of offering Macbeth?

Burbage:
With a third murtherer?

Shakespeare:
Nay, nay, thy jest has gone far enough. The play as it is writ down for their majesties.

Burbage:
Would not Hamlet be more fitting and courtly?

Shakespeare:
Pox take thee for a forgetful knave! Remember Queen Anne is native of Denmark! Think thee she'll take it kindly when the Prince of Denmark proclaims of the Danes, "They clip us drunkards?" Thou'lt have our ears cut off. And more at point, the King wants ever shorter plays. Send "Hamlet" to the barber as you will he'll ne'er come up so short as to please the King. Nay, Macbeth's the King for our King this time. Speak fast and two hours will encompass all.
There's more. I have been thinking of a scene to please the King mightily. Thou knowst he claims descent from Banquo and Fleance. How say you in Act IV to a show of kings from Fleance to our good King James appearing as a dream to Macbeth. 'Twould show thy powers as mightily displayed as in the apparition scene of Richard III and as well confirm this king who will be shown with two orbs and three sceptres signifying his coronation both at Scones and Westminster. 'Twill have a fine effect, I warrant ye.

Shakespeare:

Ah, Dick, full well I know I should have engaged the scurvy carpenter to repair the roof, but it slipped my mind. Of late there is room for nothing but cares, cares, cares. Lack of money, lack of plays, lack of actors, lack of youth. And the eternal demands: "Will, write this play." "Will, revise this play," "Will, revise another's play," "Will, play this part," "Will, Will, Will!" Each time I write a play I must join day to night and press on without release until the deed is done and my vitals are bare for kites to gnaw.

Burbage:

But, Will, the outcome is fame and glory. Thy words will live forever.

Shakespeare:

The sonnets perhaps, Dick, and the other poems. But the plays? Fut! Well thou knowest the moment my back is turned, Armin and the other are playing extempore insolences and some dog in the groundlings such as Tom Creede is setting it down for that rogue printer, Nat Butter, to publish with my name writ as large over what I did not write as what I did. Nay, Dick each time a play is performed it is different, a fancy of the moment. If any survive me, how much of my thought will remain in them? A meaningless jumble of quiddities.

Burbage:

Well, Will, I have spoken thy lines so oft I know thy mind.
"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Shakespeare:

Nothing, Dick, nothing. And sure I am 'tis true. Nothing but a shadow, and we poor actors but shadow forth its lack of substance. "Tis a little life, live it as we will, and 'twill be rounded with a sleep." But the time is not yet ripe for sleep, dear friend, we must await the event. Meanwhile the drum and trumpet summon us, and the fellowship must answer. Let us play on Dick, play on.