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MORE CANTERBURY TALES:

A Sort of Review

I

There is no conflict in the life of a skeleton. But in his drama on Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, Charles Williams not only wrote lead parts for Thomas and for King Henry VIII; he also wrote one for a skeleton who registers as Figura Rerum. In the place of conflict in the life of this enigmatic bonehead, there are time lapses which end with the lopping of the prefix from "prescience"; the essential role of the Skeleton is in each case to fill up this lapse by the instrumentation of the event in question and while doing so to comment.

The character of this commentary is one of the least apparent things about a play where many things are not apparent. It never conveys information necessary to the business, but the commentary does sometimes hint at some of the business not yet accomplished in the play, opening to us its secrets; in this function we have a dramatic device for relieving the audience of any solemn tendency it may have to feel itself not in need of the play--a tendency which, when it is not frustrated by some such device, often issues in that hopeless condescension many ignorami allow themselves to feel in approaching historical plays. A prescient being is a stroke of dramatic genius for making the (known) facts organic to the play; thru him the dramatist may treat his facts as he does his characters; they need not happen--they are made, and the artist thus asserts his power over what has been as well as over what he makes to be.

Another function of the Skeleton's commentary is the relation and comparison of the events of the play to each other and to the persons of the play and (at times) to the persons of the audience as well. This chorus-like function is a difficult thing to handle and I do not think Williams can be said wholly to have succeeded at it. One obvious difficulty such a device presents is the tendency to prose up the play--to *state* for the audience what the drama itself should make them feel or think. If they do feel or think, then the audience resent being told, for their participation is lost; and if they don't feel or think, the play is no good anyway (or they aren't). One way Williams seeks to avoid this for his Skeleton is by going to the opposite extreme--he purples up the Skeleton's speeches to keep from prosing up the play, and the Skeleton is consequently willfully obscure (if not meaningless at times) though seldom is he hard to listen to and ocassionally he rises to the levels of first rate verse. The overall result of this purpling technique is to make the audience dig more in the play itself for what they should find in their response to it.

Much of the Skeleton's commentary is taken up with telling us who he is; he gives us long lists of his titles, the scope of which ranges from "nothing" to "everything" and from "the jaw-bone of the ass... on which Christ rode" to "a functioning spectrum of eternity." He seems indeed to be compounded of all the brilliant and fragmentary modifiers a poet from time to time puts down in his notebook and which he cannot bring himself to abandon. One of the most provocative of these--and one of the most sustained in the play itself is (and this one is lost on the Arians), "I am the Judas who betrays men to God." The Skeleton is all the court has for jester and all the church has for "God or the Devil"; it is the latter two who in the Skeleton receive the poorer representation for the distinction between them is drawn in terms more of endurance than of love. Whatever the unclarities of conception in the part of the Skeleton, it is without a doubt one of the most richly written parts in the whole of modern drama.

"My soul is the power of God over the land," says Henry. "Can any man anywhere unmake the King?" Mr. Williams' King is a man with a kingly sense of self augmented by strong will and an unkingly sense of futility edged with scrupulousness. He is shown (as he was) in the old paradigm of

the Augustinian man who makes it all right through chapter VII but can't quite cut it to the end of VIII.

The essential conflict for Henry in the play lies in his attempt to be that which he thinks he is, supreme head of church and state, unto whom nothing can lack. He turns to the Archbishop to bolster his desire of superiority over the Pope but he is not insensible of the Popes "nod". He turns away from the archbishop's pleas of mercy for Anne and others but he is careful to secure confessions when he can from those he condemns. He unrelenting seeks the wives he wants and as unrelenting seeks their dissolution. He feels strongly the relation of his happiness and his business to that of the land and people but he ends unsure of what the sense of his kingship is. He ends not knowing who he is nor who his wife was: "I have always lost the thing I sought to find...I shall be I, shall I not?" He is a king who needs "no help"--only one to "stand somewhere near." So he says; but the play suggests that there was no such king.

Cranmer in the play is a holy and calming (albeit conscience-striken) presence who although he "is everywhere out of place except among books" puts himself in court and pulpit to bring there his conception of the body of the Lord: "Make your communion on love and peace." The essential conflict for Cranmer lies in his attempt to accommodate himself to the loyalties he feels obliged to pledge: he makes no clear distinction between Church and State and in submitting himself to the King, makes obeisance to both. Henry is "absolute head" he says and adds that the oaths he took to Rome have no force to alter his duty to the King. It is to the King that he submits his Bible for approval.

The conflict does not become clear until the Second Part although the Skeleton torments him with ill-defined threats at the end of the First Part. Under the reign of King Edward he finds himself through his pledge subject in fact to the Lords who while they "protect" the King plot for the throne, and he sees his pledge now directed ironically "against the kingship". At this point the king dies and Cranmer finds himself (following his same logic) pledged to Mary, which now means--by renewed act of parliament--a pledge to the Pope. But he has by now quite departed from orthodox doctrine. To be sure Cranmer prefers his own doctrines, but his first recantation follows from the old logic together with an unwillingness to break that logic in the face of the fire, he being, as he says, "purblind, weak". When he finds that he cannot avoid the fire anyway he revokes his old pledge to the prince and makes the new one to his heart. His discovery that his first desired allegiance is to himself marks in the play his tragic enlightenment.

Cranmer assents to the Skeleton's final solicitation, "If the Pope had bid you live, you would have served him." As though turning the screw a last twist, this serves to signify the depth of Cranmer's conflict. Beyond that, the meaning of the Skeleton's parting riddle is unclear. It may merely remind us that Cranmer would not have broken the old logic had he not been condemned; or it may intend that the conflict is not after all resolved and had Cranmer been pardoned after the second recantation, a third would have followed; or Williams may wish us to presume by it that had Cranmer been finally pardoned some doctrinal compromise could have been effected between him and the Pope. The first is unlikely considering its superfluity and the climactic position given to the statement; the second is inadmissable dramatically and would constitute a flaw. The third is good dramatically, making Cranmer more a martyr and Mary more a villain (and it incidentally helps to throw the blame on the Church of Rome for what ultimately followed--the total severance of the English Church).

II

The play makes a bold attempt at telescoping the action of many years and succeeds fairly well at the resulting problem of sustaining dramatic continuity. However it never quite loses the episodic character which marks it from the true unified drama. For a play, it both talks too much and too little--too much to hold of itself the interest which action entails and too little to seduce the audience into being satisfied with something at least understood: for the latter, footnotes are indispensable.

A production of the piece depends for its success on poetry and pageantry: visual and auditory brilliance must be so used that the audience neither realizes nor cares

that it hasn't really seen a play. This the producer Richard Edelman clearly grasped and there can be no doubt that his work had that double brilliance.

The stage construction emphasized the pageantry by assigning the King and the Archbishop to separate realms which were crossed only with dramatic design, a device which gave excuse for the exhilarating luxury of "stained glass windows" beautifully executed by Harry Martin. They were thematic pieces, one of Samuel anointed by by his (significantly) subject Saul; and one of St. Jerome, doctor and translator of the Bible. Both themes were provocative in the context of the play, the St. Jerome one especially - not only because he directed the faithful to study the Bible but because he criticized the authenticity of the seven "apocryphal" books and gave the Protestants cause to exclude them from their canon of the Old Testament, thus emphasizing their breach with the Roman Faith.

The design of the stage was pulled together by a central cross behind which double doors were made use of quite strikingly for entrance and exit. The weakest thing about the stage design was the nature of this cross; thin, broad pieces were used in a double construction which permitted the audience to see through it easily to the doors behind, but which made the thing too modernistic to relate properly to the other furnishings (throne and prayer desk) and the costumes.

The visual brilliance of the well-lighted production was increased by expert make-up and dazzling costumes with ingenious regal and ecclessiastical do-dads designed and made by Dorothy Hammerschmidt and Josephine Thoms, who all by herself as Ann Boleyn did a great deal for that same brilliance. Drama-wise the portrayal of Ann would have profited from more hardness mixed with the quite adequate sirenity: she did not want the crown "because it lay in my way" (to something else)--she wanted it because it lay in her way (period).

To watch the Edelman production was a stunning feast for the eyes, but for the ears as well: here the producer received his initial stimulus of course from Williams' uneven but sometimes fine and always interesting verse. However, the delivery of lines in verse is a task to which professional actors more often than not fail to rise, and it is much to the credit of Mr. Edelman that from his troop he demanded poetry.

Who can think of the poetry of Williams now without remembering Hugh McGrath's superbly sensitive and superbly sonorous reading of Cranmer? Mr. McGrath did much to secure for the drama the genuine sympathy toward Cranmer which Williams intended; he does for the Archbishop's immolation what Flagstad did for Brunhilde's, and his playing, always good, rises to fine heights following the entry of the queen.

Al Sugg as the Skeleton read with passion and intelligence--a rare combination in student performances; his voice followed with fine skill the appalling range of inflections which the part demands. A lesser player would have been floored simply by the speed of reaction and alteration which the play requires of the Skeleton (the more so since Williams' writing often denies to him any clear indication of just what the response and shift should be). Sugg proved himself a virtuoso and took upon himself in addition almost the whole of the responsibility for providing the talky play with an indispensable minimum of *continuous* energy, whether in the form of movement or of posture. Often one had the experience of finding that a motion of Sugg's body had clarified for him the meaning of lines read by one or another character. Admirable as (what I can only call) Mr. Sugg's choreography was, it would have been more germaine to the part had it been less lithe and more angular.

We would not have had a play at all if Paul Rickolt had not become a king after dark on each of four occasions. Make-up and costume gave him all the help any player could expect and the rest was up to him. It is hard to resist saying that the best part of Rickolt's response to this challenge was his beard, but that is only because the beard was so magnificent. As a matter of fact he was at moments a better king doubtless than Henry was; still it is true that had he been a still better king it would have been a better play. At no time was one of the most difficult scenes of the play, the death of Henry, really well played. However this was not all Rickolt's fault, for the scene is badly (tho' brilliantly) written. It is wanting in material which could make it convincing, and has an excess of material which could not make it so--for instance the King is made to say, "I had a dream./

I saw a creature run about the world, / everywhere at all times." ... Now one can *believe* he saw such a creature, but he simply cannot *dream* that he did.

Adam Pinsker and Richard Congdon were excellent as the Landed Gentry of the play. They comprised a kind of Machiavellian Mutt and Jeff. Pinsker who had more occasion to speak, pressed this opportunity to his highly literate heart and did some of the very best reading of the entire production. Furthermore, his acting showed, with respect to the fur on his cap, a delicate and proper balance of disdain together with a sense of the indispensability of it.

John-David Robinson and W. C. Davis cavorted hatefully and gleefully thru the roles of the priest and preacher. Though the parts are written in broad comedy, there was almost too much scab and in Davis' too much subservient Chinese wobbly. Queen Mary was played in the very best black-and-red by Kathleen Asplin; the staging of her entrance is one of the memorable moments of the production. George Miller was surprisingly good as the Bishop: he spoke strongly when it was required but maintained throughout that appearance of a white-faced toadying eunuch which is I suppose best suited to the representation of ecclessiastical dignitaries in plays about the Reformation.

The reading of Marilyn Hall deserves special note among the chorus of commoners which Williams employs to register the effects of the court and church doings upon the people. Mr. Edelman brought off very well the special puzzle of dramatic directing which such a group poses.

To the auditory brilliance of the production, James Linsner's music and the solo work of Mary Lacey, Martin Dyer, and Glenn Yarbrough added gracefully. Linsner's music provided sensitive and provocative settings for texts in a variety of moods largely drawn for Psalms. His setting of "How Amiable Are Thy Dwellings" was singularly beautiful. Unfortunately the music was sometimes poorly performed and imperfectly balanced with the reed organ.

Certain things about the production showed a kind of genius that even Mr. Edelman's unusual competence could scarcely have given hope for. They showed that although indications from Higher Up were discreetly wanting, the production was favored in a god-like way, at any rate, by the Muses.

For instance, who could have been certain that Midas would indeed touch the lids from bean cans? Or who told the Archbishop to spend so much time in just that position where his head hid the candle and gained the aurora of its flame? And did the Skeleton plan it so that when he descended into the audience and at a crucial point turned to the stage, his voice issued ominously from behind the cross? Finally, from the entrance of the executioners we were graced with sheer inspiration: above the hand-painted hair but home-grown muscles of Tom Carnes' chest the audience was startled to see a great black hood. It was an unmanly thing this hood symbolic of the executioner's role by the simple replacement of a cone for a sphere much more surely than by castration are men emasculated : it is not a surgical operation but is done by Mr. Edelman's geometry. The resulting angularity together with that of Mary's hatred, the Skeleton's bones, and the torches' flame formed a diagram for the play's ending and, from that day to this, for Christendom's fractured mein. The great doors slowly closed and the Figura Rerum standing between and behind them shrinks in form, showing only his bones; their imprint remained with the audience. "Now for our sin," Cranmer had said, "time's anguished anger and bitter clangour begin."

Perhaps the reason for the special graces given the play was that so many people in the College worked so hard at it, not only those who obviously come in for credit, but those untiring, freely-giving, behind-the-scenes people like Robert Bart, Phil Lyman (assistant to the producer), Larry Sandek (lights), Ray Starke (construction) and Steve Mainella. Perhaps the reason was that wives and friends from the community worked so enthusiastically with the students and tutors. Perhaps it was because a community of arts, always a good thing, came into being just for the play. I should judge that these special graces which raised "Thomas" far above other plays of any recent year here, were some kind of recognition of the arresting fact that whereas it is devotion to ideas which have made St. John's, it was devotion to a poem which for a time made it one.

John Logan

There's no use in a strong impulse if it is all or nearly lost in bungling transmission and technique.

E. P.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.

Wm. Shkspr.

No extended consideration of Williams' work is needed to reveal those influences bearing more immediately upon his use of rhythmic measure, rhyme and alliteration. He accepts T. S. Eliot's adaptation of the alexandrine and employs G. M. Hopkins' devices in alliteration and rhyme. And out of these various components he has occasionally made some good poetry, but with them he never seems to have made something completely his own. How a play can be affected by verse, though it is a completely different thing than a poem, will become clear, I think, as we proceed.

Unhappily Mr. Williams' lines can prove trying to a listener not only for the surely unmeant cacophony but even for the obscurity of the imagery and the ambiguity of the sense caused *not* by any difficulty in the subject matter but rather by the author's restraint, as is evidenced only too often, from constructing a decent verse paragraph. The following passage is a typical example:

> But now is man's new fall: now the fresh creature,
> his second nature, nurtured by grace from the old,
> lusts to withdraw itself and withhold
> from the lawful food of God's favour; it lies
> on the sea-broad floor of the Church; and its eyes
> shut themselves on the steep sacramental way,
> for it beats its heart in a half-sleep,
> blindly covered by that panoply's art it was bid
> rid itself of; multiple show and song
> throng in its dreams the bare step of the Lord
> and are adored in comfortable fearful respect.

The phrases do not fall into a proper order. Much of the obscurity lies in his construction. For example, why is "his second nature" left in such an awkward position? His use of this phrase in this way confuses even more just what all the "itself", "it", "its" for the next ten lines refer to, for in his string of phrases his repetition of this pronoun with the piling up of more images as he goes along makes it impossible for any *listener* to be sure of what is being said. In these lines a further confusion occurs when coming to "blindly covered . . . . etc." the prasing is suddenly inverted and one expects to hear what "the fresh creature" "is bid/ rid itself of" for the function of "that" in "that panoply's art" is ambiguous. It could mean "blindly covered by that panoply's it was bid rid itself of . . . . (e.g.) the bare step of the Lord" or "it was bid rid itself that panoply's art by which it is blindly covered". Considering what the listener has been set to expect the first guess is not so absurd.

The kind of ambiguity which occurs as a result of his incessant insistence or ornamenting the material at hand even if 'some' of the clarity is lost is a damnable sickness, a canker which the robs his play-based on a fine plot-of the opportunity of becoming realized. If the difficulty lay in expressing ideas perhaps even beyond the 'realm of reason' one might sympathize with Mr. Williams for his valiant attempt. But among others, John Donne has managed to deal with certainly as difficult material. And to illustrate this I have chosen one of his longest sentences which let it be noticed though it is not meant to be shouted to an audience nonetheless its sense is clear and we find no distortion of the language to fit the versification.

> Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this
> The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
> And as the other Spheares, by being growne
> Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
> And being by others hurried every day,
> Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
> Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
> For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
> Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
> This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.

There was much confusion while the play was being produced and after even among those participating just as to what kind of play was being dealt with. I would like to assert that this play could have been remarkably better if it had been written in a straightforward prose. However, let me say to those who would rashly agree, that only poetry can be employed to enforce the sense to the greatest possible degree and that only poetry can take the reader into the most precise and controlled, shade by shade, intensification of meaning. But the poet only succeeds when he has so formed his idiom that he can do with it anything he

pleases as long as he doesn't distort the language.

Mr. Williams' main defects, then, extravagance and weak construction are due to his absorbing interest in arranging an overwhelming number of similar syllables and a pleasurable pattern of rhymes. A few lines mentioned above for inversion of phrase show this quite well.

blindly covered by that panoply's art it was bid
rid itself of; multiple show and song
throng in its dreams the bare step of the Lord
and are adored in comfortable fearful respect.

But not only is the general sense obscured by these devices but they also prove unpleasing. (I would dislike to have to maintain that a meaningless 'poem' in which such devices are used skilfully is good, but then Edward Lear has managed something in this way, and Robert Herrick has written some very fine 'empty' lyrics.) In this piece the din of syllables is irritating. Bid-rid, song-throng are rhymes tripping over each other. Lord-adored separated by a few words do not result in so devastating an effect. Obviously Williams' use of these devices can reach depths of bathos. In his work they seem for the most part to have lost any significance. He could not have proceeded in this play with any definite plan or pattern for their use except that of abundance, and he has managed it successfully to the play's loss. However, when he controls these devices he can yield some very fine verse as in one of the best passages.

Keep him waiting, do you, among your boys,
in the scurvy noise of your lackeys, your run-
abouts, hey?
I say, by my faith I have a fine council; this man
that is better than the proudest of you, ...
. . . . . and dog-chase on to his doom
with fellows that will find room to spare and to
swear
this or that slander for a crown or two? . . . . .

The ear is not offended by this. The rhymes falling on a metrical off-beat do not lengthen or stretch the line and so do not disturb. Though as you notice he matches his end rhyme in the middle of the next line, his usual method whenever he is able, the line does not stop or pause, the rhyme is not forced as in:

Many identities hath the Sacred Word
So widely is he bestirred for our beatitude;

The rhymes are composed of light words: man-than, boys-noise, and those of medium weight: swear-slander, doom-room, appropriate to the movement of the line but the heavy noise 'bestirred' is more than unpleasing. Heavy words, however, can be used for rhyme e.g.:

And therefore, of his wise purveiaunce,
He hath so well biset his ordinaunce,

Purveiaunce and ordiaunce do not bring their lines' rhythm to an end as 'bestirred' shatters its line. The phrases "the noise of your lackeys", "to spare and to swear" are far from trying like: "reading to riding" or "steeds and studies" or "reined and spurred" for though there is an obvious play in all in the latter phrases there's an over-emphasis on the heavier consonants. One wishes Mr. Williams had shown more often the control he displays occasionally.

Since the line by line prose sequences of the priest and the preacher, as at the beginning, and later of the Lords and the commons are written without a view to ornament they are effective and provide a good deal of the motion which makes the play. A few encumberances can even be found among these as the stumbling "Crown's need's sake", but taken altogether they prove to be the most vigorous parts.

A speech of the Skeleton's well deserves to be singled out. It is not like Cranmer's clumsy opening speech or lines like "Christ laughs his foes to scorn", but rather its lyricism commends it.

Friend, do you hear the
horses, the horses?
Do you hear the gentlemen riding to town?
Lord Williams of Thame and Sir Robert Bridges,
and Sir John Brown and his Oxford neighbours,
the gentlemen riding into town?

And this is not spoiled by one's memory of Yeat's lines: "Saint, do you weep? I hear amid the thunder/ The Fenian horses," etc." for Williams has made the cadence his own. This is one of the few passages untouched by rhyme or alliteration, and though he has used these devices well a few times he might have chiselled an idiom for himself had he stuck to such simple phraseology and

construction, saying more directly and concisely what he wanted to say without getting bogged.

A good bit of the pantomime action succeeded in telling a story that the words were failing to tell and almost altogether hampering. And feeling that the action for the most part was concerned with the play I would hardly censure it for its actually surpassing prolix speeches in dramatic effect. But if some of the speeches had been shortened into effective language it would, I think, have been more easily recognized that this play -- far from being a pageant -- is a tragedy.

E.J.S.

SONNET

When inert matter had decayed in time,
And death's gray flowers rot rupugnent smell,
His scythe with dull gray blade will tell
The triste and somber reason with their rhyme.
The reason for life which we call sublime,
The tales of demiurge, of heaven and hell;
Though his color be dull, his voice will shell
A truth of knowledge, of beauty and grime.

Then shall we know that life is malady,
That life is fed by other lives again,
And life will spread, till none in time remain
For death, his scythe will come with remedy.

But when the soul's substance is immortal
Then life is only wisdom's golden portal.

Pierot

Gray, dark gray,
Cold, stark cold,
Motionless,
Endless.

Particals exploding making life impossible
The blood itself turning white and colorless
The skin deadening
And finally the blood itself running away.

Awaken new born souls,
This soul is yet to be born,
This soul will be born,
Let blessings fall like dandruff.
Infect him with your birth.
May he be born
May he be
May he
He
May he
May he be
May he be doomed.

Step softly, the old one has gone
The new one must now take its place
Becoming to being as being to perishing
Oh, hear my lamentation . . . . .
Go, go softly and lightly
Go, Go, Go . . . . .

Oh, Gods on high, hear our lamentations,
Give us reason
What is the reason?
Give us love
So that we may love without knowing what to love
Give us, Give us, But do not take away.

Pierot

THOMAS CRANMER OF CANTERBURY

In any discussion of Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury, one must be willing, nay eager, to allow that there is more tranisan than meets the casual perusal. For here, compressed into a nilter of the incudent, Charles Williams has shown us what is to be seen in just such a developement. And more, there is here to be read the altogether napid findex that Williams, with his eye, presents to us (with our eyes).

The opening scene makes this clear. Clearer perhaps than the embrotic closing scenes. Clearer evn than the play itself. From the contrasts of the opening scene one is tarkled and tivernated by the panorama unfolding.

"In the beginning was the Word.
The Word was with God and the Word
was God---"

Summed up in these scant lines is not only the whole omnicase of the central dilemna, but the ambitude and cenrism of the human condition. And when they receive dimentionality, and even audibility, as Cranmer intones them their reality becomes a promise, and quite vice-versa.

The story is ditrained, the central character porsid, and certainly these are contrasted with the Skeleton with as much proctitude as ahyone thus constituted and thus disposed can ever assemble. Note the contrasts between them. Then the similarities as the mind is turned to each in its turn. The effect is of an abligate wholly contained and infinitly expanding. Embracing all with the injudiciousness of a lacteron (and certainly this does not stretch the point!)

With masterly control--and alas uncontrolled mastery--the author has time race by and the godly and ungodly join in a frantic knerkle of imprudence. Purposeful and certainly fateful. But a knerkle nonetheless (and let the audience never forget--IMPRUDENT). From the time Henry commands, "...your tasks", and the Archbishop does, the stage is. And so is the audience. All is hushed by an inaudible stillness, and the latter becomes one with the former whilst the former goes on quite unconcernedly being what it *is*.

Time moves on. With purposefulness, and at times with hesitation. But it is significant that it always moves! What could Williams have had in mind? Certainly the Skeleton in saying,

"The twin hungers are loosed; an
amphibian shape
monstrously crawls from dungeons
of need..."

and later,

"...but woe, woe to any who see
not where the words go..."

throws little light on the author's intentions. But then, divining our condition, Williams... or is it fate?--elucidates. Like a shot, like a bolt, like a cold thrust of irridescent aluminum in a warm sop of velvet brown, impersonal as a scalpel, with the nonchalant directness of a tired diter-naught humming placidly as it wends its way among the flock of trivia that is the focus of its being and (O Paradox) the being of its focus, blurred perhaps at the edges yet with an ominous clarity, we know that it is past and irretrievably gone. Nothing we, Williams, the Archbishop, nay, not even the calciumed outline of forbidding interstices--the *Figura Rarum*, can make it more clear or less irretrievable. Or conversly, more trievable. And the triad moves on!

Picture now, if you will, the whole spectacle. Listen, if you will, to the cacaphony. Observe, if you will, the frantic Lords and desperate Commoners. Recall, why don't you, the colours and implications. Don't they blend into a stunningabligate? Does not your soul quicken to the Inesperity? Isn't it all one mad provate of transosis? To say less would beg the issue. To say more would boast it. To say nothing, "aye there's the rub" (Shakespeare), would be the ultreme expression of the paradox.

And lo, women are not exceplicated. Therein the nastiness of it all.

Then Henry dies.

What has been written here to illuminate the first act, might with equal impidity be said of the second.

But to those who disagree. To those I must say, "I disagree back." I must perforce disagree with those who would have it otherwise: with those who are so tarkled by the seed of retruity and inesperetness that they can't see a simple rapiform when it is not only prespered to them, but gropped on a silver kister. Damnit.

Sandek