

ΠΑΛΑΪΣΤΡΑ

St. John's College



PAIAESTRA

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If Noah's Ark on Lethe's waters sped
Retrieving Souls in Communion of the Dead,

Could it be denied
Although it's not allowed
That the Just have died -
Reborn as Spirits of the Proud?

And would all the Children Aging from the Flood
Be kept in check from their Hebraic Blood?

David Humphreys

An Inquiry into the Authorship of Shakespeare's Plays

It is with great interest that we have observed the results of recent research into the identity of the person who really wrote the plays hitherto attributed to "William Shakespeare". For many years we have been the source of the rumors that "William Shakespeare's" plays were not really written by William Shakespeare, but by another Stratford playwright of the same name. But it is now time to reveal the true truth on this vital issue - to tell all to a waiting, trembling, breathlessly expectant world.

Previous research into the true identity of "Shakespeare" has focussed largely upon evidence found in his better-known and admittedly superior tragedies. But the real truth can be found, not in the tragedies, nor in his comedies (which were, after all, frankly works of the imagination), but in his earlier, perhaps more self-conscious historical plays.

"Shakespeare's" histories tell, for the most part, the incredibly complicated story of the English royal houses of Lancaster, York and Tudor. These plays build up to a crescendo of characterization in the person of the title role in "Richard III". The amazing fact is that the person who wrote all of the plays signed by "William Shakespeare", and who, furthermore, was actually Shakespeare himself, was none other than the supposedly deceased King Richard III!!!

The internal evidence is overwhelming.

First: Virtually every other character in the historical cycles (as in other Richardian plays) makes a long eloquent, and interminably terminal speech between being mortally wounded and dying. Richard III alone is apparently killed so efficiently as to preclude a testamentary harangue. A hitherto undiscovered section of Magna Charta gives to every English king, pretender, duke or earl the right to make such a speech before dying. From these facts, any open-minded scholar must come to the conclusion that,

1) "Shakespeare" must have been intimately familiar with minutiae of English constitutional theory and practice as only a king (such as Richard III) could have been, and,

2) the lack of such a dying speech in the mouth of the Richard of the play is conclusive proof that Richard III did not die in 1485 as hitherto believed. On the contrary, unlike other old kings, he did not die, just faded away, out of politics and into a literary career, as we shall demonstrate.

Surely this is enough evidence to convince scholars such as this paper is directed to, but it is not the only evidence that can be produced. It has been demonstrated that "Shakespeare's" signature is different each time it appears in supposedly authentic manuscripts. We are in possession of a signature of Richard III, (see Appendix A) and it follows the same pattern - it too, is unlike the rest of the Shakespeare signatures!

Ben Jonson testifies that Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek". There is no evidence whatsoever that Richard III could read Greek. Another coincidence?

The actor Shakespeare, we are told, preferred to play the parts of old men. Since Richard III, who was supposed to have died in 1485, actually lived on for another 131 years, and was, therefore, quite an old man himself, what could have been more natural?

Shakespeare's knowledge of court formalities, royal genealogy, etc., has been explained by some by the allegation that he was a nobleman. But who would know these things better than a king himself - and who would have a better opportunity to write about them than an unemployed king?

Why, some might ask, would Richard III have written a play in which he and his family are depicted as a group of villains? Nothing can be more obvious. The great burden of guilt borne by the House of York needed some outlet, and careful research into court accounts reveals that no psychiatrist was on the English Royal payroll during the period in question. Self-therapy was the only answer. (Appendix B)

But, finally, we have the crucial evidence within the play itself. Some students have questioned whether or not a "Stratford cattle-trader" could have been the author of their favorite verse. But at the very end of Richard III, we find the author, who had been posing for generations as a Stratford livestock entrepreneur, revealing that he, the Stratford trader, and Richard III are one and the same. With a kingdom in the balance, with his own life and the future of his dynasty at stake, Richard reverts, not to prayer, not to the customary dying speech, not even to prophesy, but to horse-trading. "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" So speaks the retiring king, the permanent horse-trader, the Bard of Avon, all in one.

We trust that this will finally settle the controversy over who wrote the plays of Shakespeare.

APPENDIX B

During the past few years, there has been much research into the period of Richard III's life (that is his supposed life, up to 1485). It is now asserted, with great certitude, that Richard was not the great villain that he is portrayed as in the play that bears his name. We have been asked if this does not shake our arguments for his authorship of this and other plays. Why should he write a play portraying himself as a villain, if he was not so? Surely, he of all people would have known the truth.

We must not forget, however, that England at the time of his writing was ruled by the same family that had overthrown him and blackened his name so dreadfully - the Tudors were still on the throne. It would have been highly dangerous to expose their trickery while they were still in power. A play further reviling the great enemy of the Tudors would not only have a better chance of being produced, but would serve as a fine joke on the reigning family, to be shared with whomever Shakespeare had already shared the great secret of his identity.

APPENDIX A

Richardus Rex

Sarah Harrison

THREE THREADS

Three threads:
Yourself
And Time
And Circumstance.
Of these, dear Soul,
Weave the unwoven cloth.
Prideful Creation will wear
The well-made robe
Most beautifully.

FOR A SOLDIER

I can see you
Cradling our love
Under the sheets of rain
Waiting for something
That cracks open the night
And slips in the sun
With its brilliant round horizon.

Catherine Allen Wagner

WET BRICKS

Click the hard heels leather
Heels that smack upon the bricks.
Fouch and sling a bright wet song
And cut the wetness slicks.
The night, the touch, the walk,
And smack and bright and heels,
And slings the click on distant walk
And bricks a music sharp as seals
That bark on Ocean rocks.

SEEING HER

I am turning virgin god and simpleton
By this way of her smile, for by the way she
Smiles she tells me that every bit of thing has
Forever gone sweetly insane with rapture
Of love seen, love touched and tasted with the tongue.
She unfolds every secret by knowing no
Secrets but the folds of her love and the wise
Turning of her eyes in the silence that
Touches us and with such slowness spreads
The golden linens of the Sun about us.

John Dean

VENUS

I came up in Spring
From the white sea
Full of yearning
Bright with desire.
Craving for myself
I have filled the world
With thought, with music
With grief, with madness
With rapture that is nothing.
I have spread myself in my works
Around the whole soft earth
But underneath them all
Spring reasserts itself.
Spring rolls on and on.
Spring rules all from the wells of the world.
I am not the Spring.

Catherine Allen Wagner

That Dido's fearful pain's the lover's gift,
We'd all with passion-flooded eyes deny.
The roots of lover's longing are ne'er uplift
Except when lover's seasoned spring is dry.
A desert's thirst by any jug is sated;
The angler's tear does oft' belie his catch,
To find a better the gods have surely fated,
But what could measure the sorrow of love's
dispatch?

With cheerful sighs they see their times ill-dated,
As though their love were not in time's own pace;
The corridors are seldom found related
By more than chance's even-handed space.
Yet she whom fortune's near-closed eye reveals
Creates the flowers where only assurance deals.

Arthur Luse

IN THE WAKE OF THE WIND

"Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried - 'La Belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall'."

She is as a ghost dream: a merciless breath
Of shadow in godfall that in each sleep
When the whacking heart just bears still its sense
And all its wands are loosed on my sea
Would burn her cold sighs, the kiss of archangels,
Would cant as she moved a sail's conjured sweep
And pattern of dolphins where sweet singer eyes
Fall to her grailed graces
And white-billowed nights by Orpheus lyre.

And when gleaming winds bear her laughter
Or fan through the blown spray spinning night mist,
Would her sea-ranged fires gaze through the sleep:
Cold sizzle of whips that bear to the brow
Rubric from wide Hades guiding the sleep.
She comes royal tale in the substanceless
Sight and shines from the soul's sundered lust
Where old-lioned Lears
And blind tales consort with gorgonian dust.

To a dream's callow eve the eye squints,
And each fingered sense rehearse in her dances
Alone and absurd by the harsh winter sea,
Where the wizard pulse recites its cantations
Or ghostal bereavements gather the arms.
And in mocking dust wakes a grief of the senses
Where the whacking heart bears too a still wind
And steps the pale
Quick skeleton eye lain buried by love in her womb.

Anthony Snively

PLACES, excerpts

When I reached Nebraska it was dark, but still I could see the flat lands, stretching black against a tornado-promising sky. Occasionally our headlights pointed out a small farm. In the night's disguise my images of an earthier climate than Los Angeles, or even Denver, could survive.

Daylight proved my innocence. I awoke to country clubs, piano bars, endless shopping centers and track homes. There sat my hostess, fondling her child whom she visited during cocktail hour, who kept the clippings of her society page appearances in the Omaha World Herald, whose existence centered around the skits at the Happy Hollow Country Club and hours of telephone calls to arrange the ladies' golf tournament schedules; my host, whose role was well defined with trips to the Sandtrap Bar and dirty jokes and "If one Negro sets foot on this block - I don't keep a thirty-two around for nothing," slaving to afford a two hour lunch break with five martinis, the baby blue cadillac and the glitter-studded halls of his glamour track home. And child that I am, I dreamed of a heritage lost. I didn't understand how the descendants of pioneers who had the courage to discover could have borne this generation of TV moralists.

One day my friend and I found ourselves driving through the Negro section of Omaha. Suddenly middle class in all its varying levels and societies dissolved. We were in the middle of a poverty belt.

"The Negroes in Omaha are angry," she said.

I glanced around seeing shacks and tenements squished in peeling white clapboard ruin, and the few ugly government project buildings, and I laughed. "I imagine they are angry. It's strange," I continued, "that I haven't seen any Negroes at all on the other side of town."

"Maybe you haven't looked," my friend, a native Nebraskan, snapped. "My father," she said, "was a leader for the Negro cause in Nebraska. He was written up and everything, and he fought hard for his position."

"Oh really? What was he involved in?"

"Well there was a boycott that was forming - against hiring Negroes. And he fought like crazy to assure them a working position. Why, if it weren't for him and a few others like

him, the Happy Hollow Country Club, for example, would have no Negro waiters or doormen."

Fort Calhoun is twenty miles from Omaha. To drive there is to slip into another world, a past of bridges that break every year and are rebuilt with the same rotting wood, and tiny white houses with flowers growing around garden gates. Down the street they will invite you on a stormy night to home-made vanilla ice cream, and there will be aunts and great-aunts and mothers and fathers and the child visiting from the city for the evening, and they will tell you the stories: about the tree that must be removed from the cemetery because it is dying, but no one on the Fort Calhoun Board wants to spend all of two hundred dollars to have it dug up; about Annie who married a farmer and is spending hours doing hard work, redoing the old Hansen farm, and it sure looks nice now. Stories told warmly around the kitchen table with everyone interested.

Later, with only the living room light on, two or three of you will stand around the piano while grandma plays. She used to play for the silent movies, and her old hands move agily over the keys she knows by heart. She sings "Aint She Sweet" in her wavering soprano voice, her every muscle moving with the rhythm of the song. You can feel her through the house that was built with her aching and her loving. It grows even darker and she has turned to the spirituals, and she doesn't even care that they're Negro; she can feel them and she knows they're beautiful. She sings out righteously "Little David, play on your harp - halleluia!" Then she'll turn to you and say, "If this don't make a man feel holy inside out, I don't know what will . . ."

In the morning she'll wake you to pancakes and black black coffee. She'll take you past the tractors and through the town, explaining how progress has brought in a new grocery, and how the little stores just had to close down. She'll show you the new missile site they're building - the government folks - just ten miles away, and not even be aware of the ruin that will mean. Then she'll take you to the cemetery, high on the hill up one dirt road, and you'll walk with her past all the family plots and see the graves: "Hank Andrews, died age seventeen, loved by his wife and three children, 1823." Some even have pictures: a woman cracked with almost a century of four seasons, her hair bound tightly in a bun, her white dress stiff around her neck, her eyes warm, caught in the flash of a camera, and the inscription, "To my darling Helen, your loving husband grieves." You stand looking over the farmland and it is beautiful in the summer humidity, the storm clouds moving to burst in the evening, and you watch the grandma and her young granddaughter moving amidst the tombstones.

"I've always wanted to live on a hill," grandma speaks in a hushed voice out of reverence. "One of these days I will. That's right; I'm going to live on a hill with a view of the whole valley." And you want to weep for her and her plot on top of the highest hill in Fort Calhoun, waiting to be filled.

I went to a party in Omaha. There was a piano, and after the cocktails and the barbecue everyone filed in the living room and the piano player sat and played. Some women danced, their forty or fifty years weighing heavily on their garcefulness, blushing when their pelvics thrust out too rhythmically. Others sang, and once, with a very sentimental song of the thirties, a man sang his heart out; noticing what he had done, he retreated to another quick drink and a few more dirty jokes. They circled the piano, holding each other, as they sang in unison:

There is no place like Nebraska
Dear Old Nebraska U
Where the boys are the squarest
The girls are the fairest
Of any old U that I knew . . .

Brooke Harris

Winter Intoxication I

The mind is easy to be disengaged
And once engaged again be lost in dark,
Expendng all its efforts and its rage
Against the labyrinths within the heart.
I've died its eyeless death and been entombed
By lacerated wounds too newly healed:
"There is no doubt, you loved and are consumed"
Whispered my heart before its eyes were sealed.
And now with birdless trees I see the snows
Rehearsing agelessly their silent gloss,
White embers in the night of dormant souls
Restoring to dark forests what was lost.
And yet a part of mind is sealed as ever
As calls of solitude pierce through the ether.

Winter Intoxication II

As in the comfortless silence of a star,
Which clutches fiercely to the weakened sight,
Let us lie here now more quietly, not far
Behind us all the blizzards of the night.
Think not that Life returns with just as much
Of joy after it - O so gracefully -
Has died in such abandon at our touch.
With falling stars and frosted pageantry
The sky is full of wonders to be seen,
Which once or twice fall to the earth to find
A place along side all our other dreams,
And being dreamt is lost again to mind.
Yet still the night calls pilgrims from the towns
To leafwoods white with blood past touch, past sounds.

Winter Intoxication III

One night ago a storm was raging
Beyond these walls, out of hearing,
And its flashes animated us until the dawn
When snow fell munificently for earth's sorrow.

On that distant eve the mind was ready
To forgive. Without emotion, without thought
It made its way down through its words
To watch with Nature the winter of its peace.

And now the mind returns into itself
With sense of emptiness unfilled and moves
Its fingers like a woman very old
Who searches for the penny which she hid.

Anthony Snively

Radio Play and Ritual Dance

. . . Fable slipped behind the cradle and her pursuers stepped impetuously into the web of tarantulas, which took revenge upon them with countless stings.

"What do you seek?" said the Sphinx.

"My rightful property," replied Fable.

"Whence have you come?"

"Out of ancient times."

"You are still a child"

"And shall forever be a child."

It's the Noon Grope.

Hi, Bee Daisy with news in the raw, and gut items in general happening today, in the world.

Bad weather is on the rise.

Success in modifying the Skinner Box Doctrine by papal and General Electric Bull has led Haiti's Duvalier to announce plans to reward each of his Ton-Ton Macoutes with a slice of watermelon whenever he is off the ground.

In a note to the UN today Cuba deplored the introduction of anti-gravity into the hemisphere.

A New York man, Mr. M. Bonpoint Hardesty, fell prey to slobbering Death this morning. Mr. Hardesty, no survivors, was for twenty years director of the 42nd Street Home for Wayward People, and was a believer in universal noose.

Now a word for

PANGRAHAM'S SORGUM CREEBIES

- laights, sorgn

vox: Perbme, mum, you seebing to be failing behind on zis especial desires you are egregious?

lard: O si, yes, goddamt Verhoogler!
(This one right?)

vox: (glaring doon unter) funny lard.

Refrain and Tagatha

- fag

Scientists in Plasticland today have worked a latter-day miracle. For the story, Adolf Hitler in Trenton, New Jersey . . .

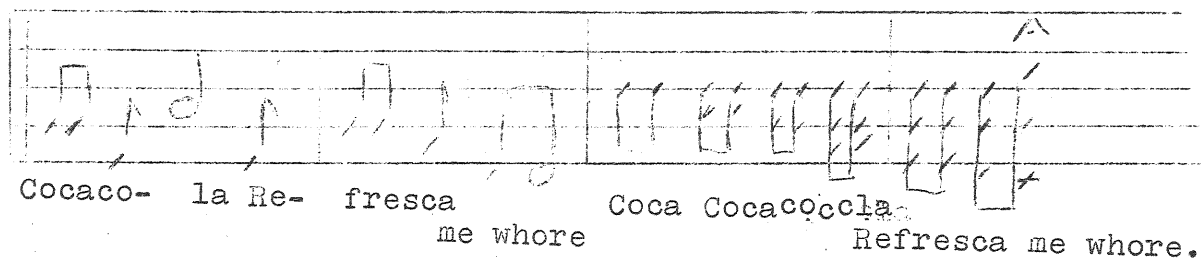
What we've done here, Bee, is to create what we feel is the ultimate plastic. Besides complete indestructability, Ultimate Plastic has been impregnated with digestive powers and the desire to engulf. The place is rife with rumor.

Bananas, Alf. New York police have discovered that Mr. M. Bonpoint Hardesty, mentioned earlier in the dispatch, phoned in the report of his own demise. Mr. Hardesty's wife and friends' statement, issued just minutes ago, says in part, and I quote:

Bonpoint woke up this morning done to death . . . , but was only temporarily incommoded.

Folks, I enjoyed having you along on the old Noon Grope and remember, "You better hope Jesus loves you, because he knows exactly what you're doing."

Coca-Cola Refresca Me Whore



Now, kigs, regulate to yourselves hag sog the which heretofore I have bugged into your matriarchal sob hobs. & Me reticule? Sing a sog of Cruzhly Beagles, gobble he, glubberers!

Now today, geeks,
from Cactus Jack,
a reely blag group . . .

Haggy John and his Foresters!

(Topsy Tiddler on the twinkies)
toodle, etc:

New Final Cheese

New additives!
one-coat coverage!
cheery!
they'll envy you!
BETTER!

I beg your wondering . . .

Whar's the old Shigs farned out of him?

Seems they had an Ac-
cidental standingunder
too million tons of falling.

- we return to our story:

G: Begrime, yer owld faggot.

B: Barsketcaseindeed! 'Shlood!

D: "S'blood? . . . je morte.

(morte)

Political:

Nationals of all countries!

You have vied among yourselves theyfully with too much
success to suit this hatless massa.

A pal of mine he were and
he named Trigger, but his
fart has blurred my brain, and
I am thinking of becoming, and
I am thinking of becoming,
A girl of the steppes.

Religious:

Dr. Box:

Mammals of all ye old dugs, I wouldn't suck another for love
of thee. Oh mine is the heritage, mine the glory, pomp, entirely
mine O Mance of my Lipscomb. Helen Mole, there's a parakeet
shitting in your hair; your next May be bedgerigarred alove or
dead what no one knows but in the absence of a clear directive:
peel'em, peelers. Ah where is the countenance now O Sweet Mary?
Guess the old Guy's still hangin it in there -
bless me every one.

Suppository:

I dreamed of a technologically ashamed people. At the first
bell, they were as rose as a blush. At second bell, as blue
as a ruse. And at third bell, the boys would fuck the bark off
a plastic tree.

- Judge: On the strength of the thus-far evidence, a clear
case of melancholia pero porque no? is extant & and a nuisance
to all concerned. Mortification of the bulk rates pulp paperback

junk tales of dope & derring-do is recommended: Non-natural stimulants contra-indicated. Laughter to be punished by deprivation.

- The decoys passed as people by repeating a two-digit number - say, forty-three, forty-three, forty-three, forty-three...

But . . .

the worst was Plumbers' Friends. Wave a Plumber's Friend in their faces and women will shriek in supplication.

- Bells ringing, it's love.

- Atsa my boy!

- Your only man!

- following overture adlibobligation:

teedle eedle eedle eedle eedle eedle eedle
teedle eedle eedle eedle eedle eedle eedle
teedle eedle ee
teedle eedle ee
teedLE
teedLE
teedLE
teEDLE
TEED!

Sundown:

Cast adrift in a sea of potato-skins, our heroes struggled the Wilds Beasts of Certitude, Incertitude, and Weary. With days of fighting defenses remained inoperative giving to rumors of intent upon this sad good and sad for all the sad things and loves for naught, but the best they could do, Principle of the Two exercising its prerogative sanctions against sweet lucidity for the sweet and Fords except black. Hopefully, they go on into hard and dark to be rid of all they most want.

Please answer the questions on this page. Tear it out and redeem it at the Business Office for \$50.

Did you enjoy reading Radio Play and Ritual Dance? Choose one.

- ☐ Neat, I had a good time.
- ☐ A total drag. It was a bore.
- ☐ Weird, doomed, & gruesome.

Did you enjoy yourself today?

- ☐ Neat, I had a good time.
- ☐ A total drag. It was a bore.
- ☐ Weird, doomed, & gruesome.

Today's Lesson:

Don't do anything wrong.

Tomorrow's Lesson:

Don't do anything wrong tomorrow.

sandals on the head -
old hat.
no cat is saved.
stop, stop.
who breathed your last breath?

Abraxeides