

Excerpts from these sections were read on the air March 15th , 2008.

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Week Ten

12/29/00 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus

Time closed: 8:37 p.m., C.S.T.

time — a dimension that enables two otherwise identical events that occur in the same point in space to be distinguished (*see space-time*). The interval between the two events forms the basis of time measurement. For general purposes, the earth's rotation on its axis provided the units of the clock (*see day*) and the earth's orbit round the sun (*see year*) provides the units of the calendar. For scientific purposes, intervals of time are now defined in terms of the frequency of a specified electromagnetic radiation (*see second*). *See also time dilation; time reversal.*

A Dictionary of Physics

Alan Isaacs, BSc, Phd, DIC, ed.

They have been a persistent yet intermittent phenomenon plaguing and blessing human existence since time immemorial. As sober an observer as Linneaus classified them as *Homo sapiens ferus*, but they have, over the millennia, acquired many other names. In the 16th century, in the Shandong Province of Northern China, they were called *ruren*, meaning "like a man." Professor Ivor Sanderson, the noted scholar of European medieval history, observes that the Anglo-Saxons referred to them as *wudewasa*, or "wild men of the woods." In Ceylon, they were called the *Nittaewo*, in the forests of Sumatra and Java, the *Orang pendek*, and in Malaysia the *Orang dalam*. All through the vast regions of Northern and Central Asia — Mongolia, Siberia, Kazakhstan, Tajikistan, Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Kirghizia, and in the Yuzhnyy Ural — they were called Alma. Here, their sightings have not been restricted to mountainous regions only, but seem to proliferate in any vast and lonely place, even in steppes and forests as far east as Russia, Belorussia, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Many cryptozoologists have noted, some with skepticism, that the creatures seem most prone to inhabit spaces where the imagination is unfettered by urban education or restrictive rationalistic ideologies. In the Himalayas, they are familiarly known as *Yetis* or *Abominable Snowmen*. In California, Oregon, Washington State and Western Canada, they have spawned a tourist industry, the souvenir shops referring to them as Sasquatch or Big Foot. Indeed, some area locals have become so familiar with certain of the creatures that they have christened them. Big Jim, Blue Back, and Buckskin (a female) serving as the beasts' homespun monikers. The reputable French anthropologist, Jacqueline Roumeguère Eberhardt, sites reports of them in the forests of Kenya. Her countryman, Bernard Heuvlemans, has published two large books on the subject: *L'homme de Neanderthal est toujours vivant* (1974) and *Les betes humaines d'Afrique* (1980), cataloging sightings in Europe, Asia, throughout the

Americas, in the islands of the Pacific and all across Africa. Ancient remains have been classified in China as Gigantopithecus and in Java as Meganthropus. Although it should be noted for the sake of accuracy that extraordinary bulk, while not unheard of, is not a universal characteristic of the creature, whose most distinguishing feature is simply its wildness. The majority H.s. fs. on record are human-sized, similar to the one reported by Ralph of Coggeshall, Abbot of the Monastery of Orford, Suffolk, England, whose description of the man/beast jives with many modern sightings, as is verified by the likeness captured in contemporary woodcuts.

Speculations regarding the origins and purposes of these seeming anomalies have run rampant throughout recorded history, some experts contending that the creatures represent their own distinct specie, or species. Others prefer to categorize them as mutated humans or animals, their DNA distorted by the falls of radioactive meteors, volcanic explosions, red tides or some other as yet to be determined climatological or celestial aberration. That they are often regarded as shape-shifters, there can be no doubt. The Naguals of the Sonoran Desert openly boast that they are *o'ou-ousei* (man-pumas) and the Yaqui's of that region describe them as *hunerasi anwa* (uncontrollable). Contemporary sorcerers (the *yee nanasonteme*) point to the many petroglyphs proliferating through the region as evidence of their primordial reign. Indeed, the *Mohave* call them *Numeta* when they appear with their tails in air and *Hatakulya* when they appear with their tails pointing down. The tribal shamans consider these *feri* to be the right and left hand helpers of *Mustambo* himself, their creator god. But why nature or any God we could rely on would perpetrate such monstrosities remains both a scientific as well as a religious mystery. One common presumption among the scientific minded is that *Homo sapiens feras* is not a separate species at all, but an abnormal condition of *Homo sapiens*. As such, it should simply be included as another odd example in humankind's extensive list of afflictions and diseases, akin to those piteous, eccentric impairments such as Vestigial Elongation of the Caudal Vertebrae, also known as growing a tail, or as Fictionecrosis (a.k.a. "Bibliophagia), whose symptoms include a crabbed, stooped posture and an impulse to sniff and devour the leaves and bindings of certain books, or as Grand Hirsute Confabulinosis Syndrome, the strange phenomenon observed in at least one unfortunate of the rampant elevation on face, palms and otherwise smooth skin surfaces of keratinized threadlike outgrowths, i.e., hair, whenever she was overwhelmed by an urge to prevaricate. About the only thing that can be said for certain about *Homo sapiens feras* is that the phenomenon exists, at least as an objectification of our collective imagination.

Disregarding, although with some trepidation, as mere myth, those tales of satyrs, Cyclopes, Centaurs or other callincantzari (the Greek's collective name for these wild and seemingly hybrid creatures), rational historical accounts of *ferus* can be dated at least as far back as the 2nd century of the Christian era, when the Roman physician, Marcellus Didetes, diagnosed the phenomenon as a malady characterized as a "species of melancholy." His recommendation was to treat the disease "with cold baths and a diet of curds and whey." The success of his leechcraft is not reported, but his name for the affliction, "lycanthropy" or "*were-wolfism*", has enjoyed an extended and expanded lifespan. Variations on the name of course have proliferated along with the phenomenon

itself. The creature being known as *guerulferus* in Old English, *luop-garou*, in French, *vaefulf* in Danish, and in Swedish, *varulf*. In Macedonia, *ferus* was called *lukokantzari*, while various Slavic tongues refer to the creature as *volkulaku*, *vokodlak*, or *wilkodlak*.

Besides the numerous legends of *were*-wolves, there have been other *were* animals reported, too. *Were*-tigers, or “taws” have terrorized the villagers of the Lahu mountains along the old Thailand-Burmese frontier for centuries. *Were*-foxes are a part of the lore of various remote mountain regions of China. And, in the foothills of the Pyrenees, in the little shepherd villages south of Toulouse, orthodox inquisitors claimed the existence of a *were*-mare, a Cathar horse endowed with what the region’s Bishop referred to as “heretical demonic powers.” Of course, these perversities are not only confined to primitive people in primitive places, *were*-rats and *were*-gators are notorious for roaming the labyrinthine sewers of New York, where their exploits have been magnified to the status of urban legend.

One of the more curious of these hybrid manifestations occurred in Eastern Pennsylvania in the years just prior to the American Revolution. A case of castoranthropy or *were*-beaver was referred to, albeit obliquely, in the minutes of a Quaker Annual Meeting for Philadelphia in the mid 1760’s. These sober guiding lights of the pacifist Sect deemed it necessary to report on the activities of a creature that reputedly gnawed the houses and shops of certain citizens who had profited in the fur and/or slave trades. Needless to say, the devout Quakers viewed the creature’s actions as providential. More curious yet, there exists an official civic memorandum from the annals of the corporation in which a *were*-beaver is implicated in the disappearance of an entire Philadelphia family, as well as that of a prominent local constable. Thomas Pynchon makes comic mention of another, or perhaps the same, Pennsylvania castroranthrop in his quasi-historical novel, *Mason and Dixon*, in which he depicts the creature in a race with a master woodcutter to clear sightlines for the famed English surveyors (one a Quaker) as they established the fateful boundary bearing their names. Fact, in this case, mates in conjugal syzygy with fiction, a not uncommon occurrence, but one which is always fraught with the possibility of spawning something fantastic, and thereby punching a hole in the rigid mask of our habitual perceptions.

More modern intrusions of *Homo sapiens ferus* include P.T. Barnum’s grotesque freakshow attraction, Jo Jo the Dog-faced boy. Jo Jo (a.k.a., Theodore Petrof) was found as a child foraging wild in a forest in Kostoma, Russia. The boy’s excessive hairiness has since been attributed to a genetic defect called prophyria or hypertrichosis, an oddity, to be sure, but hardly a supernatural one. A creature, smaller, but close in appearance to Jo Jo, was displayed in small towns throughout Minnesota in the late 1960s by Frank Hansen, a travelling showman. Mr. Hansen presented the creature in a block of ice, and claimed that it was “harvested,” *i.e.*, shot, by U.S. servicemen in Vietnam. No less a personage than Professor Sanderson examined this specimen and was convinced of its genuineness, but subsequent investigators have been thwarted by Hansen, who, before his retirement to southern Arizona in the late 1980’s, had substituted a replica in his exhibitions.

In the 20th century, “bunched” sightings quizzically occurred from 1912 until the outbreak of the First World War, with H.s.fs. appearing in the medieval Cloth Hall in the village of Ypres, in the Bois des Caures near Verdun, near the hamlet of La Boisselle along the Somme River, upon the rugged cliffs of Gallipoli, in the vicinity of the Masurian Lakes in East Prussia (some say the creatures lived *in* the Lakes), and in the mountains near the Italian village of Caporetto. Inexplicably, all of these place names were later made infamous as the locales of particularly virulent slaughters. In perhaps the most puzzling coincidence, police blotters from Sarajevo record the capture of “an excessively hairy dog-like man” a few days prior to the Archduke Franz Ferdinand’s fateful visit. The Sarajevo *ferus* escaped from custody and disappeared without a trace, the police suspecting a conspiracy of Serbian separatists. A contemporary “mug shot” of the Serbian “man-beast” was extant until the destruction of that city during the ethnic cleansing of the 1990s, the suspect’s features bearing a remarkable resemblance to a “wild man” captured running naked on High Street in Ipswich, East Anglia in January of 1915, and also photographed by authorities there.

Although Linneaus characterized his subspecies as being “stupid and hairy,” at least two instances on record belie the first half of his observation and give the creature literary pretensions. The famous Argentinean writer, Jorge Luis Borges, wrote to his friend and sometimes collaborator Bioy Casares that in 1939 while visiting the home of an English doctor, he had an experience that “revived my lagging interest in fiction and set the course for my entire literary career.” The two men were seated in the Doctor’s enormous library, when, near midnight, they suddenly saw something or someone emerging from the doctor’s antique ‘projecting’ mirror. Borges described the phenomenon as “a man-like creature with a cyclopean eye that whirled in the center of its forehead like a miniature replica of the entire universe.” The Argentinean fantasist claimed that this *were*-bibliophile showed him hitherto indecipherable passages among the Doctor’s rare medieval manuscripts. In one such “monument” attributed to the notorious Elizabethan necromancer, John Dee, the creature transcribed certain passages from the Enochian script. “These ideas were so original, so compelling,” wrote Borges, “that they prompted me to write such stories as *El Aleph* and *Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius*. Likewise, the Ipswich wild man, while proving incapable or unwilling to speak, was nevertheless obsessed with an encrypted book, thus, apparently the beast could read, and perhaps write as well, for he had in his possession at the time of his capture this large portfolio. The Chief of Staff at the Lowestoft military hospital where the unfortunate creature was confined reported that the hairy man’s book was filled with the most “astonishing and indecipherable hieroglyphics.” The C.O.S. (later to become a hopeless invalid as a consequence of a freak shooting) recounted in a private correspondence to the famous English BEF Commander, Sir Douglas Haig, (to whom he was related through marriage to one of the General’s cousins) that “the mute creature would pour over these encryptions day and night, relieving himself with bestial cries, as if he were trying to convey the gravity of their contents to his keepers.” Unfortunately for history, the Ipswich monster and his mysterious grimoire proved to be as ephemeral as his counterpart in Sarajevo. The English mutant or lunatic was released into the custody of a War Office psychiatrist, but vanished along with his benefactor, long before the cessation

of hostilities. Foul play being suspected, by either the patient, or more incredibly, by his physician,* a Scotland Yard detective was assigned to investigate the matter, along with the shooting of the aforementioned C.O.S., but this man too was swallowed by the unknown. The case has never been solved, and is disputed in the pubs of East Anglia to this day.

But of all the *were* creatures, perhaps the most curious are those which steal forth from the depths of the sea. *Were*-pinnipeds, *were*-dolphins, and even *were*-whales are referred to in a 12th century Icelandic bestiary called the *Konungs skuggsjá*, a.k.a., “The King’s Mirror.” The *Konungs skuggsjá* mixes accurate naturalistic descriptions of several species of marine mammal with outlandish, yet no less meticulously detailed, reports of *were*-seals and *were*-cetaceans. The most bizarre of these monstrosities was the *were-Burhvalur*, or *were*-sperm whale, an immense, pallid creature, “whit as a clowd and perforce able to withstond the onslaughte of the migtyeste broonz Haarpone.” Every child knows that sea-humanoids have been reported down through the ages and have subsequently been perverted as mythical tales of mermaids, mermen, and other mer-monsters. However, in spite of the rationalists’ attempts to discredit the existence of such “landings,” or the fantasists’ endeavors to mythologize them, large numbers of creditable accounts can be cited to verify their ubiquity. Huge, amorphous remains, fancifully referred to as “globsters” have washed up on Misaki Island in the Japans in 1756, in St. Augustine, Florida in 1896; in Trouville, France in 1914, in Natal, South Africa in 1926, several in the Orkney Islands during the 1940s war years, in Temma Tasmania in 1960; and most recently, in 1977, one was hauled in by the Japanese whaler, the *Zuiyo Maru*, in waters east of New Zealand.

The Trouville, France globster is particularly curious in that its appearance coincided with the disappearance of a notorious European “l’enfant sauvage” named Francis, whose guardian, the English physician, Clive Izard, was later to become the protector and perhaps the victim or murderer in the case of the Ipswich ferus, although the Doctor’s death was officially ruled accidental, specifically the result of a motorcycle mishap. Various reports have Izard surfacing later in London under the clownish assumed name of Fergus Dreamstone. There, in the swankier environs of the City that Carlyle refered to as a “monstrous tuberosity”, the said Doctor, perhaps a ferus himself, was reputed to have affected the most miraculous cures. Had not the guns of August shifted the world’s attention to other matters, the Trouville monster (or monsters) might now be as famous as the beast in Loch Ness. The local journal’s report, 14 July, 1914, although rambling and tainted with the verbal color of the period, is worth quoting at some length.

The creature, white, or whitish-gray, reared out of the water upwards of 100 meters (sic), and repeatedly struck at a pair of enormous whales, also an anomaly in our waters. The battle, if battle it was, continued for nearly three hours, while crowds of distinguished onlookers gathered on the beach. After that time, the whales departed, leaving their erstwhile adversary floating lifeless on the azure waves. Being washed ashore that night by the actions of the tides, the beast afforded the local authorities ample opportunity to study its vast remains. Many learned speculations ensued, but all the experts eventually confessed to the futility

of their learning and conceded their bafflement. The colossal creature was over 30 meters long, five wide, and as tall in its collapsed state as a three-story house. The monster was faceless, except for a pig-like snout, absurdly small on the enormous globe of its deflated head. Its tiny eyes, glazed and impacted with sand grains, seemed scarcely adequate to lend the creature light, especially in the depths of the sea. A cavernous, toothless gash deformed its head, presumably the creature's mouth. Most curious of all was its coat of hair, or more properly speaking, extended fur, which was up to 30 centimeters thick and as silky as a mink's. In spite of its battle with the whales, no sign of wounds or blood corrupted the huge corpse in any way. For ten days the gargantuan mystery fouled our beaches, attracting then repelling crowds of curiosity-seekers, until the stench of the decaying mass prompted authorities to take action. Thirty-three teams of oxen strained for three days to drag the noisome corpse back to its home in the sea, but their struggles were crowned with ignominious failure. On the twelfth night, however, an unpredicted, and abnormally high tide washed the remains back into the unknowable depths, leaving behind nothing but our memories of the mystery. One visiting Russian scientist quoted the apostate Darwin who wrote in his egregious work: "I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered by natural selection, more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale." This execrable observation, however, was rejected by our esteemed and learned local cleric, whose opinion, shared by this Organ of Truth and Piety, was that the monster was perhaps a throwback to the antediluvian days predating Noah. Its appearance at this time in France is no doubt a sign from the Most High of coming victories over the Kaiser's similarly faceless and blind hoards now mobilizing ineffectually on our Eastern borders.

One incidental literary note regarding the Misaki Island globster involves an 18th century tragedy, a famous series of Japanese woodcuts, and the great French novelist, Marcel Proust. The Misaki Islanders practiced a form of whaling, which involved an elaborate netting, or rather a series of nettings, woven from wisteria vines. The islanders gave chase to the whales in narrow boats, each of which was manned with several netters and harpooners. Their practice involved entangling the cetacean in their nets and then harpooning it. The enterprise required great skill and daring. Success by the stalkers depended on the precise execution of an intricate choreography of movements precariously staged on the turbulent boards of the sea. Up to 21 nets per boat and seven boats per whale were engaged in pursuit of the prey. Boats, flying lances, flailing flukes, enmeshing nets and enveloping waves all roiled in a vortex of excitement and murder, each hunt a recreation of the cosmos in its successive swirlings of predation, feasting and blood. The tragedy in question occurred shortly after the appearance of the globster, which the villagers mistook as a good omen for the hunt, a premonition shortly to be affirmed by the almost immediate sighting of an enormous white whale in local waters. Drunk with enthusiasm, the stalkers launched their attack, but their optimism was whelmed by calamity. This particular leviathan proved to be extraordinary, not only in size, but also in cunning and vigor. For after having become entangled in all of the nets of all of the boats, each netter, each harpooner, ensnared by his own devices, the

malicious creature performed a mighty sounding, dragging all vessels and nearly every male islander to a watery grave. The lone survivor of the massacre, was, oddly enough, an outsider, a Javanese ex-slave, who, after being freed by the last will and testament of his Dutch Master, had retreated to the island to practice at a local Zen monastery. Some say that this outsider was the cause of the disaster, in league with the cruel forces of nature through some jungle-acquired sorcery. Others, more generous, say that the foreigner achieved satori in the depths of the sea, and was cast back into the light of day by the buoyancy of his own inner light. Whatever the truth, the survivor left the island, and was never heard from again. No doubt an inevitable consequence, in so far as his mere appearance in the village invariably set up a howl of grief from the mothers, widows and orphans of the sea-devoured men. This horrendous event might have been lost to history, except that the famous Japanese artist, Yomada Yosei, commemorated the incident by publishing a portfolio of 29 woodcuts entitled *Yogioturu Eshi (Pictures of Whaling)*. More than a century later, these prints eventually made their way to France in the *fin d'siecle Japonais* craze, and two of them infiltrated the collection of Marcel Proust. The Proust impressions ironically were the only prints in the collection that did not portray the hunt *per se*, but rather were the “bookends” so to speak of the violent spectacle. Plate #1, “The Whale Catchers’ Dance” depicts the doomed men enacting a magical ceremony prior to the fateful hunt. Plate #29, the only plate untitled by the artist, is a portrait of a wild looking character, similar to those woodcut portrayals of Bodhidharma, the legendary founder of the Zen sect in China. To point out the uncanny similarity of this figure to the 13th century Orford, England woodcut and the mugshot of the Serajavo monster would be to stretch the reader’s patience and credulity to the point of absurdity. But an echo of resemblance does exist, an irrational synchronicity, which eludes our common notions of space, time and causality. How Proust came into possession of these prints is not definitely known, but that he made a gift of them to the famous *Ballets Russes’* danseuse, Ida Rubinstein, is a matter of record. The famous author inscribed and dated the works: “To my dear friend, the mistress of fantasy — Marcel, 1913.” The inscription considerably elevated the value of the woodcuts (negligable, to be sure, from an artistic sense) when they were auctioned at Christi’s in 1939, and purchased by the agent of an anonymous collector, rumored to have resided in Buenos Aires.

Questions about *Homo sapiens ferus* abound, and over the centuries humans have approached them with revulsion, wonder and even veneration. Every conceivable atrocity has been attributed to the creature: arson, the theft or mutilation of livestock, the evil eye, sodomy, coprophagia, necrophilia, rape, infanticide, murder, vampirism and, of course, cannibalism. Conversely, there are those, although in the minority, who have lauded *ferus* with supernatural, even saintly powers: flight, curative touch, the ability to communicate and/or control animals, winds and tides, preternatural strength, xenolalia, and ubiquity, to name a few. Speculations abound, with the skeptics and adherents casting their opinions and dispersions with equal ferocity and equivocation. The case of wild humanoids seems destined to remain forever fixed in that perpetual, yet shifting, twilight that separates the real from the unreal, grist for both the expansion and the truncation of human consciousness. The reader can no doubt cite examples *ad nauseum* of learned proofs and equally learned refutations, and to continue to multiply entities

seems fruitless, although it is invariably entertaining. That being admitted, the author(s) would like to close the current exposition with a letter found in a third class stateroom aboard the ocean liner, *The City of Sparta*, when she was scrapped in drydock in Liverpool in 1929. The epistle bears no signature, no salutations, no date, but the watermark on the handmade paper is odd enough to warrant disclosure: Serampore, India, 1914. The text, written in an English script that shows the influence of a Hindi or perhaps Bengali scribe, is reproduced below verbatim, and without additional comment.

But who or what is *Homo sapiens ferus*, and what is the explanation for these creatures' odd, but often, "timely" appearances? The word "time" seems the elemental feature of this anomaly, and the explanation, or explanations, cannot be fitted into earth vector space/time coordinates, except when precisely calculated "windows" open in the planet's consciousness envelope. When the time is ripe, the envelope becomes permeable to understanding, but only in those moments when the receiver (brain) and the transmitters (words) are precisely synchronized under the auspices, or more accurately, the pressures, of incalculably subtle cosmic oscillations. *Homo sapiens ferus* are elemental beings and their intrusion into this world involves elemental attributes of awareness. Like the ancient whale hunters waiting for the right phase of the moon to launch their fateful, fatal attack, we stalkers must also wait for the forces directed by the adepts to "line up," so that the lunar shine of revelation can splash its frigid radiance back upon us, encrypted by the savage, restless sea.

°The physician in this case being none other than the infamous Dr. Clive Izard, who, as a high-society psychiatrist, first gained notoriety treating the hysteria symptoms of the wives of the rich and famous in the coastal resorts of Normandy, most notably in Trouville. His cure of "hypnotic fantasization" in which he guided his patients through erotic trances until they reached sexual orgasm started his career with the dual lights of infamy and popularity. His article on the subject (*Illusio Senso in the Treatment of Hysterosyntonic Females*, circa 1911), although privately circulated among professional colleagues, (Freud being the most famous) was persistently rejected by the medical journals of the day. The famous Viennese Jew, in fact, warned his English colleague that his methods might trigger the onset of Female Hyper-Orgasmic Epilepsy, a.k.a., the infamous "Black Orgasm", which was known to have been fatal in the cases of several otherwise virtuous, but highly suggestible young, and not so young, women. Dr. Izard, undeterred, continued his nefarious interventions, although it must be noted that threats of criminal prosecution kept him from practicing in his more prudish native England, until he was called back for wartime duty to treat patients suffering from shellshock. What concerns us in this instance, however, is Dr. Izard's spectacular relationship with a "Sea Alma." After being netted by French fishermen in the frigid waters of the English Channel, the creature became a ward of the Doctor's. Through the psychiatrist's efforts, the boy-beast managed to acquire some education, and shared his benefactor's elegant quarters in Trouville, to both the scandal and delight of the Doctor's female clientele. Dr. Izard's once lauded, but now thoroughly discredited, and extremely rare book, *Ma vie avec Francis, L'enfant sauvage de la mer* (Paris, 1912) made him the toast of European society for the two years preceding the Great War. Unfortunately, Francis, like the wild man of East Anglia, a later ward of the Doctor's, also disappeared under unexplained circumstances, just prior to the commencement of hostilities. Following the Armistice, Dr. Izard was under yet another investigative cloud involving the shooting of his former C.O.S. at the Lowestoft Military Hospital, when his body, if indeed, it was Izard's body, was found wrapped around a venerable Oak in the marshy hinterlands of East Anglia, the apparent victim, like T.E. Lawrence, of a motorcycle suicide or accident.

1/03/01 Wednesday's Rock, Grace Maryanka
Time closed: 11:29 pm, C.S.T.

Najinsky's death was electrifying: "a fish tossed on to the sand," his wife wrote, and S.L. Grigoriev, Diaghilev's stage manager, after more than twenty years, still recalled:

The 'orgy' in the middle was especially striking. By means of intricate evolutions for the various groups of dancers woven in with a number of individual moves, Fokine contrived to endow this dance with such rich variety that its climax was tremendous. The strongest choreographic moment came when, having combined all the choreographic groups into one, he used a pause in the music suddenly to halt them, and then, while accelerating the pace still more, as it were to unravel this human tangle. The effect was overwhelming: the audience roared its applause . . ."

Lincoln Kirstein on the premier of *Scheherazade*
Four Centuries of Ballet

In which a mystery is cast forth from the sea and a larger mystery reclaimed

On August 6th, fifty-six years prior to the apocalyptic ignition, a less noted but equally noteworthy pair of linked events occurred in the fashionable beach resort of Trouville on the Coast of Normandy, France. In the morning, a lone, wounded swan crashed into one of the grand hotel's ornamental fountains and shortly thereafter, an animalistic boy of about ten with seal-like fur and webbed toes appeared in the casino. The child-beast commenced his escapades in the grand salon and was finally subdued in the dining room, stampeding as if terrified (some said "enraged"), while overturning tables of money, gaming paraphernalia, pork roasts, jellied tongue, pheasant and veal. Like some later-day subhuman version of Jesus come to torment the elegant gamblers and gourmands, the beast's first foray into society was this immature attempt to ravage it. Once the creature was safely in custody, the local gendarmes summoned the young English psychiatric physician, Doctor Clive Izard, who was a yearly summer resident of the resort, to examine the curiosity, and hopefully to discover some way to communicate with him. The twenty-five year old doctor, his professional interest piqued, and sensing a great boon to his budding career, adopted and tamed (some said "exploited") this *Homo sapiens ferus*. The beast was named Francis, not as is commonly assumed, for the saint and nature mystic, but for a girl who had titillated the libidinous young doctor in one of his many trysts, an undistinguished ballerina, a mere dancing doll in the later days of *la décadence*. Thus began the long association of student and teacher, ward and master, beast and man, which culminated in 1912 with the publication of Doctor Izard's notorious book, *Ma vie avec Francis, L'enfant sauvage de la mer*.

Although never able to decipher the boy's original tongue, which most experts dismissed as bestial babble, the cunning doctor, through a combination of mesmerism and sign-language, over the course of the years, managed to educate the boy to the extent that the creature seemed pliable. Fortunately, with the exception of his initial decimation of roulette wheels and the culinary presentations of one of the resort's most distinguished chefs, the creature showed no other indications to violence. After a short time, the

authorities, being convinced of his gentle nature, allowed the beast the run of the local environs, albeit always under the supervision of the good doctor. At least one hotel even exploited the presence of the gentle monster to attract clientele, the anomaly becoming a kind of unofficial mascot of the establishment, a minor celebrity fated to endure in his obliging (some even said “charming”) manner the solicitation and/or the opprobrium of Europe’s elite. Like a great upright dog, the boy was a constant companion of the Doctor, who seemed over the years to drop his professional bearing towards the creature, and even to acquire an attachment to his charge. Attiring his pet from the most distinguished haberdashers, and always carefully depilating the beast’s hands and face, the Doctor managed to insinuate his companion into the highest strata of society, the two being often seen together in the best drawing rooms or promenading on the boardwalks with the assembled glitterati.

More controversial was the Doctor’s insistence on the boy’s presence during his psychiatric consultations. Doctor Izard’s practice primarily consisted of women suffering from various symptoms of hysteria and/or barrenness, and it was his professional assertion that Francis, by the vary attribute of his primitivism, ignited a beneficial stimulation of both erotic and maternal hormones. The patients themselves nearly always lavished praises on the Doctor. But angry husbands and fathers were often shocked to discover the gist of the Doctor’s outrageous, although quite often, most effective techniques (Izard’s precise methods were always shrouded in secrecy, even in the doctor’s professional epistles and articles. Although it was rumored to have included some kind of autoerotic trance). Threats of law suits and duels continually fueled the doctor’s scandalous popularity, but somehow the two — man and mascot — oddities always managed to salve their adversaries patriarchal wounds, and often these disputes would culminate in the most extraordinary bestowal of gifts and accolades.

The pair’s local notoriety dramatically expanded when Doctor Izard’s book was published. It was an instant success with both laity and professionals, and from 1912 until Francis’s disappearance, the beast was constantly being subjected to the examinations of eminent men of letters. With some exceptions, the general academic conclusion was that the creature was certainly humanoid — *Homo sapiens ferus* or *Homo sapiens aquaticus* — if not altogether human, and was therefore pronounced an idiot. Although the primary justification for this diagnosis stemmed more from the creature’s extraordinary sensitivity to nature and his naïve (some said “honest”) manner of speaking, rather than from any demonstrable mental deficiency.

By dint of hard labor and his dog-like loyalty to Dr. Izard, by 1912, Francis, now a young man deemed to be in his early thirties, had managed to acquire at least the rudimentary veneer of European civilization. Dressed and shaved, and in the company of others, Francis appeared more or less like any fashionable young man of the period, although he continued to be plagued (some said “blessed”) by certain incurable idiosyncrasies. The Doctor never managed to habituate his ward’s system to the consumption of meat or alcohol. As such, Francis’s diet consisted mostly of washed ashore sea vegetables and fresh spring water. He was also known on occasion to partake of an apple or a pear, if he were convinced that said fruit had fallen from the tree without human intervention. In

addition to these peculiarities of diet, Dr. Izard was obliged to keep his charge inside with the curtains drawn during particularly beautiful sunsets. This precaution was necessary, in so far as the poor creature would often fall into a mute, catatonic rapture from such an incident, which might then incapacitate him for days. There is perhaps an irony in the fact that more than any other physical or mental abnormality, it was Francis's extraordinary fastidiousness of diet and his acute sensitivity to all forms of beauty that most prevented his full assimilation into society.

The excerpt below from Dr. Izard's book (in the manuscript's original flawed English) is reputed to have been written by Francis himself, and are his impressions of a trip he made to Paris with the Doctor in June of 1910. There, the pair attended a monumental reprise of Massenet's 1889 Operatic confection, *Esclarmode*, as well as a performance of the more visceral and savage *Ballets Russes*. Evidently, the refined Massenet's sugary melodies set to a fantastic libretto depicting the Byzantine permutations of the cunning sorceress, Esclarmonde, her clueless lover, Roland, and her odious father, Phorcus, left the depilated critic both cold and mute. But the *Ballets Russes*, as the emotional tone, if not the butchered words, of the excerpt makes painfully clear, was an altogether more volatile experience. The primitive grammar of the text must be viewed as an attribute of the creature's formative years of linguistic training. Some say, however, that this crudity of expression is proof that the document is apocryphal, since only two years later, in 1912, many of the continent's most esteemed academicians were astonished to find that the creature was indeed a most accomplished linguist, who was able to perfectly converse and write in several European tongues. Doctor Izard's explanation for this phenomenal acceleration of learning was always thin. He maintained that their trip to Paris and the accompanying injection of European civilization triggered an influx of evolutionary hormones in the beast and vastly compounded its capacity to learn. Whatever the explanation, the animal's insights, not only into specific languages, but also into the nature of language itself, helped Europeans translate several hitherto indecipherable native and archaic tongues. Of the many mysteries surrounding this mutant, perhaps none is more touching than the fact that our only record of his speech eschews what was by all accounts the most brilliant eloquence and is ironically set forth in a child-like pidgin.

Doctor Is gave me a sound and said it was my name. Also Is trained me by repeat to make these rings and lines which can turn back to sound. Doctor Is is kind to me, but sometimes severe, which he says must be if I am to be educate. Doctor Is feeds me and tells me what to do. He teachd me to sit quiet in the stone hollows of these surface caves and teachd me also not to cry or laff when the Sun drown in the Sea or rreturn. He teachd me not to shout when birds fly or talk by words to the swanbird in the stone round pool that shoots. He sys not to stare at people and close my mouth so water wont com out. Also he took me to see wonders like in my home under. Doctor Is frowns on home-talk. He sys I must not dulse in maginashun, but be reasonabl, and not say I see things I dont. Doctor Is is very reasonabl, but his eyes are thin and covered by bits of glass.

He takes me to a place with many stone caves in the Over. There are furless people, like here, with wondrous coverings. He pluck my fur and cover me with other fur, then trap my feet in stiff hides. They shine. But I feel the cry of the cow whose clothes they steel. We go in a steel room which makes a loud sea roar and covers itself with fog. The steel room goes fast on the Over on two steel bars, steeling time and miles. Doctor Is teach me to sit quiet. Not laff. Not cry. Not point with foreleg pointers. Doctor Is sys I must have manners, and then can go to society. We went to society. But there the people with manners point at me and laff til they cry. I cry too. We sit in a big Over cave with many. Men in black coverings sit in the Over caves pit and make a sound like surf with wood boxes whistling like birds or moaning like whales. Females with no fur came on a bright flat place. Males too. They stand on top of their feet, flying, springing, like my home in the sea that Doctor Is sys I mangined and cannot tell. I cry, but with foreleg pointers over face so Doctor Is cannot catch in his glass bits and scold. The furless people all pet each other, than kill, then get up and bend in the middle low. One female was butee full like light. All stared at her and beat their hands together like flippers. Some threw dead flowers, but not to hurt. Doctor Is sys it is Bal A, but I sai it is Home. He sys home is stone Over, Tru vil, Par ee. I m not educate, but I know Home is Under, in the sea.

In the days prior to the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, Francis became increasingly agitated, at times even to the point of being uncharacteristically abrupt with his prodding visitors. Then, on June 28th, 1914, the beast slipped away from Dr. Izard as the two promenaded on the crowded boardwalk, exactly (some said “fatefully”) at the hour when Garvrilo Prinip fired his two fatal shots.

Returning to his suite later that night, after a fruitless search with the authorities, that turned up only one of the creature’s expensive shoes at the water’s edge, the doctor, was surprised to find this unsigned note placed under the door, and written in a hand that was unfamiliar to him.

Giftng

There is a moment of sweetness born from service
As we subject ourselves to another’s gaze,
And endeavor to make our actions a gift of grace,
A moment of balance and beauty forged from madness.

We practice daily, flailing in one place,
Subduing floating words to fluid motions,
Transmuting grasping into pure devotion,
And shaping, from life’s barbarous contusions,
Gems of exquisite style and delicate taste.

So, the surf, as it crashes ashore, leaves a fringe of lace.

As he looked up from these words, and into the mirror over the mantle, the doctor was surprised to see a face that had suddenly grown unrecognizably old and sad, but which also had, behind the “glass bits”, a kind of ancient savagery about it. He held Francis’s salt-ruined shoe up to examine, wondering seriously if he should devour it.

The only other irregular event at the resort that day concerned the disappearance of the “the wild swan of Trouville” which had been warding the fountain of one of the grand hotels for nearly 25 years. The bird’s keeper was bereft, as he had devoted himself to the swan’s care since his boyhood, and had always assumed that his captive was incapable of flight.

1/5/01 Friday's Rock, Moby Polyphemus
Closing time: 11:54 p.m., C.S.T.

space 1. A property of the universe that enables physical phenomena to be extended into three mutually perpendicular directions. In Newtonian physics, space, time, and matter are treated as quite separate entities. In Einsteinian physics, space and time are combined into a four-dimensional continuum (*see space-time*) and in the general theory of relativity matter is regarded as having an effect on space, causing it to curve.

A Dictionary of Physics
Alan Isaacs, BSc, Phd, DIC, ed.

Over the last few days, as reports arrived from Our administrators, the most astounding coincidence revealed itself. On 6 of Our 8 estates, spread out over vast distances, but occurring, according to the reports, at the exact time, the appearance of strangers among Our thousands of beloved peasant souls has created a multitude of disturbances and disrupted the normal flow of work. These events have thrown the local authorities into a deep trough of suspicion, in so far as the strangers may well be members of some hitherto undetected revolutionary political cabal or heretical religious sect. Cases thus far reported bear an uncanny similarity. A stranger, always male, always naked and exceedingly hairy, suddenly appears in village, field or church, speaking, or more properly, raving, in an unknown language. The interloper is otherwise unwilling or unable to account for himself. The application of the knout or other forms of persuasion are impotent to dissolve the creature’s taciturnity, and within a day or two of capture, the suspicious man-beast, despite every precaution, disappears as mysteriously as he arrived. We find these reports most unsettling, and have issued instructions to administrators to take the most severe actions against any future intruders and also against any naïve soul foolish enough to offer these apostates comfort or sustenance.

Sergey Fydorovich, Count Bludov,
Proclamation to his chief Stewards
Saratov Province, Russia,

14 June, 1914

We have received your epistle informing our Blesséd Person of the death of Our little daughter in Christ, Sister Amadée, and have found Ourselves most aggrieved by your suspicions regarding the appearance of “an hairy and naked stranger” coincident with the time of her demise. Of late, We have noticed with increasing alarm reports of similar visions throughout Our domains, and fear greatly that Satan has taken an interest in destroying the piety and tranquility of Our flock. No doubt the Manichæan heresies now despoiling Our Lady’s pasturage have opened a fissure in the earth and released these dreadful demons. But be thou assured, Sister, that Our Person, being armored in Our Savior’s militant embrace, has no intention of allowing these abominations to continue to disrupt the peace of Our lambs. For it is Our firm intention to dispatch Inquisitors to root out these heretics and either return them to the serene lap of Our Holy Mother Church, or consign them back to the flames from which they have arisen.

The Bishop of Pamiers to the
Abbess of Saint-Martin-du-
Canigou,
14 June, *Anno domini*, 1196.

Mia Sorella, my dear Zia Beppa, We are always delighted to hear any news from our beloved village of Pietrelcina, but your account of Our little Francis’s vision of the “furry man with bloody feet and hands” has greatly troubled Our countenance. We know that Francis is a devout young soul with a lively imagination, but We believe that he has perhaps been unwisely allowed to pray when at his age he should be learning to work or playing. Also, we strongly disapprove of his depriving himself of food and drink, even if it should be as he claims “in the spirit of mortification.” We find these tendencies in the boy most disturbing. Therefore, with your permission, and with the consent of his father, Grazio Forgione, We would like to assume a more active part in the formation of Francis Forgione’s nascent character. We cannot be too vigilant in suppressing these idiosyncrasies, which might thwart the boy’s holy ambition to someday assume the responsibilities of a *monaco da Messa*. Yours in service, struggle, suffering and sacrifice . . .

Archpriest Don Salvatore Panullo
to Senora Forgione, Maria
Giuseppa De Nunzio
Benevenuto, Italia, 14 June, 1897

This afternoon I was in the company of young Edward Hicks who was much disturbed by a vision that he had after leaving his employment in the painting of Dr. Fenton’s house in Northhampton Township. Upon walking the five miles to the Middleton Meetinghouse in Langhorne, young Edward said he had stopped to rest himself under the canopy of a small gathering of trees, when he was suddenly

accosted by stranger who was oddly attired in the garb of a Southern Planter in the days before the Revolution. The man seemed bereft and lost, but when Edward attempted to speak to him in the way of offering comfort, the apparition, if such that it was, disappeared into the deeper recesses of the copse. Afterwards, young Hicks came upon yet another strange figure, a person of Oriental cast, having recently lost an eye, who spoke in riddles, but with an antique English inflection. Again, as our Friend attempted to engage this figure with questions, the Oriental proved ephemeral, and he too vanished into the little strip of woodland. Finally, a pair of figures, one a young Quaker and the other a roughclad ruffian, came by him, wailing cacophonously as if manacled unwillingly together. They too, when approached, disappeared into the denser greenery. By now, much troubled, but also enflamed with curiosity, Edward cautiously entered more deeply into what he had thought was only a remnant of trees. What he found instead seemed an immense forest, and from a clearing some distance away, he heard the sounds of singing, laughter and other sportiveness. Investigating, he was amazed to see a great congregation of animals and humans all partaking joyously in one another's company: men and women, slaves and masters, savages and whites, all intermingling peacefully together amidst a throng of devoted and placid animals, both wild and domestic. Our Friend was overcome by this vision, which seemed to him not a vision at all, but a scene of almost unbearable and preternatural reality. Afterwards, young Master Hicks and I, disdained the profane channels of verbal intercourse, and entered together into a profitable silence. Edward's new found sobriety subdued my mind to a most comforting state of inwardness and humility, and we latter parted as faster friends, having learned that quietude is a greater boon to companionship than loquacity.

Diary entry of John Comly,
Attleborough, Bucks County,
Pennsylvania, June 14th, 1801.

Theories as to what or who these wild ones are, and how they are able to materialize and dematerialize, abound among Scientists of Awareness, but none can be said to have been presented in anything remotely resembling a testable inquiry. Still, the speculations are a consuming sport for some observers, who in a few cases, seem to have drawn so near to the phenomenon that they have tumbled into its cognitive vortex.

Some say that *Homo sapiens feri* are vestigial throwbacks to earlier stages of human evolution whose members have retained certain wild talents, *i.e.*, a penchant for shamanic (a.k.a. "astral") travel and/or the ability to shape-shift. The eminent philologist David Leedom Shaul, co-author of the *Yoeme-English, English-Yoemi Standard Dictionary* enriches this rather ho-hum theory with an imaginative twist. In a paper written with the self-anointed Yaqui sorceress, Herminnia Valenzuela, he puts forth the notion that certain languages (or certain methods of ordering any language) stimulate the brain's synapses in such a way so as to allow for a kind of cross-input from what is externally perceived in a waking state with what is internally generated in dreams. His theory, as

bizarre as it seems untestable, is that a kind of internal self-talk in times of extreme stress, or paradoxically in times of insufferable ennui, can ignite private or consensus visions which harken back to a time when human beings were more “connected” to the natural world, and therefore possessed more “reality” choices. This perceptual state, of course, and its attendant entities, *i.e.*, *Homo sapiens ferus*, arises suddenly and disappears equally as suddenly, just as the meaning of a sentence arises in the mind through the contemplation of its words and subsides once again as those words fall from mental focus. In short, Dr. Shaul views *H.s.f.* as a kind of projection, not solely of the mind, but of the mind as it mates with its own weird spouse, language.

Dr. Shaul’s approach dovetails in some aspects with the theory promulgated by the learned French Priest Valentin Tomberg, the author of the “anonymously” and posthumously published *Meditations sur les 22 arcanes majeurs du Tarot*. The notorious Christian Hermeticist postulated that *Homo sapiens ferus* was a human magic(k)al projection deliberately fabricated from astral light by sorcerers or spontaneously generated by powerful unconscious processes. He cites Alexandra David-Neel’s exposition regarding the creation of *tulpas*, or “magical creatures” by the llamas of Tibet as a modern example of this phenomenon. Other examples include the *golem* created by certain medieval Kabbalists through the meditational permutation of Hebrew letters and also those horrible death-craving Gods such as Moloch of ancient Canaan or Quetzalcoatl of the warrior Aztecs, which were projected from the final terrors of holocaust or blood sacrifices. The Father claims that anyone, given the appropriate formulae and fueled by twisted desires, can fabricate such a creature, and he quotes with approval the following execration of his fellow magi, Eliphas Levi, regarding the process and its miscreant practitioners:

. . . the magic of sorcerers and of pious person who are not sorcerers, is truly a thing to be condemned in some and infinitely deplored in others. (*Ritual*, ch. xxii; Eliphas Levi, *Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual*.)

Father Tomberg (a.k.a. “anonymous”) refers to these creatures as *egregores*, *i.e.*, beings born of emotion and of thought, either willed into existence, as in the case of magicians, or unwilled, as in the case of mass manias, sexual extravaganzas, financial panics, inquisitions, pogroms, enslavements or war. Being a good, albeit eccentric, Catholic, the Father refers to communism as the quintessential *egregore* of his era, and musters his most spirited fulminations to denounce it. Who knows, perhaps he even considered Lenin a *ferus*, a being only hibernating in his glass case in Red Square, and ready to leap out at any moment when historical conditions are appropriately fertile. *Egregores*, Tomberg claims, if they are indeed identical with *Homo sapiens ferus*, are born from the psychic life of human beings and are, as such, fundamentally different from the demons or elementals created by the Divine Logos (a.k.a., the Word). The later are hierarchical beings “of the left” who have a just function in the universe in correcting wayward individuals and societies when they stray from the straight and narrow of the path divine. *Egregores*, by contrast, are tertiary entities. That is, they are not of the primary creation — angels — or of the secondary creation — men. As such, the good Father vituperates them as “microbes of evil,” *viz.*, free-radicals created by incarnated human beings and

acting beyond the reach of divine justice. “*Egregores*,” he says, “are demons whose soul is a special passion and whose body is the totality of ‘electro-magnetic’ vibrations produced by this passion.” As a way of adding credence to his hypothesis for those not so inclined to be persuaded by religious or magical metaphors, Father Tomberg brings in no less of a scientific authority than C.G. Jung to steel his argument:

It appears as an autonomous formation intruding upon consciousness . . . it is just as if the complexes were an autonomous being capable of interfering with the intentions of the ego. Complexes do indeed have secondary or partial personalities possessing a mental life of their own.

There are of course many Scientists of Awareness who reject all of these magical and psychological interpretations as examples of arrogant anthropomorphism. They claim that *Homo sapiens ferri* have a purpose like our own, and that their appearance in our world is an example of synchronicity and affinity, not projection. These S.As. point out that the cosmos that we know may have the characteristics of a vast living organism whose homeostasis requires the distribution of beings or events to keep its life-force in balance. They claim that the sudden appearance and disappearance of these creatures is caused by limitations in human perception, and not by supernatural anomalies, and that we are no more capable, even with our sophisticated instruments, of tracking *H.s.f.* through space, than the cells of our body are capable of knowing how hemoglobin releases oxygen to them. They say that the mystery surrounding the phenomenon is analogous to the mystery of the tides to primitive societies who know nothing of gravity or celestial mechanics.

Still other S.As. accept the affinity premise as a basis for the apparently non-mechanical transportations of H.s.fs. across space and time, but they assert that the forces involved are outside of our physical domain and that the “apports’ appear and disappear, not through gravity, magnetism or psychological rapport, but rather as a result of similar or complementary chrono-metrical (a.k.a. “spiritual”) vibrations. To give authority to their convictions, they refer to the doctrines of Kabbalists, Cathars, Manichaeans, Buddhists and others which claim that spirit (read: “time”) gathers angels together in the place of angels and demons together in the place of demons. They point to the discoveries of systems theorists and physicists studying the quantum domains, and hold that *H.s.fs.* are the result of phenomena referred to by Buddhists as “interdependent co-arising,” something analogous in the psychical realm to the association of ideas or images in dream, or to the morphic resonance hypothesized by Rupert Sheldrake and other avant-garde biologists and mathematicians to explain similar, separate, but simultaneous occurrences.

Scientists of Awareness who eschew all of these theories, say that those who hold them are the victims of narrow perceptions, and that if their spectrum of sensory input were broad enough, they would see that *Homo sapiens ferri* are nothing more nor less than elemental beings, specifically gnomes and undines, who thrive in the denser atmospheres of rock strata and deep ocean trenches. Contrary to humans, whose goal is to evolve into ever-quickening states of vibration, and therefore to become more gaseous, these

creatures, in a complimentary manner, are in the process of “in-volving,” that is to say, they slow their vibrations in order to become more material. The promulgators of this doctrine say that *Homo sapiens ferus* appear in our world when our individual or cultural vibrations “slow and densify,” as during the depressing throes of crises. It is, they say, reasonable to assume that just as there are a few human adepts who can quicken their metabolic and mental processes to affect astral travel, so too, a few wayward *H.s.fs.* can raise their vibrations to a sufficiently rapid enough intensity to ascend into our world. This ascent, however, is a “hell,” to them, just as our descent into their world is a hell to us, for they seek confinement, pressure and, ultimately, crystallization, just as we seek freedom, expansiveness and the ever-lasting sanctity of abstraction.

Finally, there are those, perhaps the strangest S.As. of them all, who claim the *H.s.f.* apports are examples of parallel dimensions of time and space, and that these intrusions and departures from our world are the result of intersecting consciousness vortices. This group, incredibly, and perhaps facetiously, holds that all the theories pertaining to *Homo sapiens ferus* are correct, and an infinite number more besides. They say that it is precisely our lack of understanding that is the most salient, and therefore the most useful, aspect of our investigations of *H.s.f.*, and that it is our not-knowingness alone, which can punch a hole in the wall of our habitual perceptions and allow us to glimpse other realities.

The writer, or the channeler, of these words, and perhaps the reader or listener, too, has had many similar experiences of transportation, suddenly finding the accustomed self in an unimaginable place at an inexplicable time. Given the current state of our awareness, the best we can say is that words rub against each other, and that when they do, explosions can disrupt the stream of events. At such times (excuse the regrettable and imprecise word) the laws of the universe, or our perception of those laws, become unstable and we enter a state of oscillating flux.

Elemental Joy

The intelligence endowed in energy
Willingly rushes into its confinements,
Making an eddy, a net, a body home.
The ant enjoys the prison of its antness;
The storm delights in riot, and the waves,
Crushing their lives against the rocky shore,
Find ecstasy in shattering. The grief
Of the dog abandoned by its master
Curls up and dreams within its whining throat.
The raven laughs within its blackened coat,
And human beings, engulfed by their emotions,
Grapple with broods of trouble, wrapped in skin.
And yet, the energy is not deceived.
It knows the truth of its relentless freedom,
Its fires rushing up through water-reeds,

Its cosmic star-births locked in every stone.