

Brackett Apartments
Santa Barbara, Calif.
August 12, 1946.

Dear William Schumann;

At long last this is ready to send. Of course it is in way satisfactory and as I read it over I am tempted not to send it. But I know that I must send it so that you can make your decision.

I hope you will not make it solely on the script. If you think that you can and be frank as to what changes seem inevitable from your point of view I will work it over or try again. The principal thing is if you feel that you can work with me or attempt to change or guide me with all the other commitments you have.

As you know it is hard to make a so-called script for dance action because the working in the medium dictates so much and when it is described in other terms it is not the same at all as one imagines. It is as though words were given to explain an absolute of an emotional passage in music. Before it is written, at that.

I am sending you two ideas. One, the ballad one, has been worked out in more detail because I started it first. And also we had spoken about it. The other is essentially a tragedy and has no words. I am sending a rough draft and you judge whether you would rather do something like that. As you see they both start with a literary allusion. But the work itself need have none of it and probably will not have in the strict sense.

As far as the musical form is concerned I hate to suggest but I will. The ballad might possibly be in rondo form, using the theme and variation. But if so I do want to say that the actual dance movement may not use or rather stick closely to the variation in the dance movement as for the eye on the stage there has to be another form used not the strict visualizing of the steps in variation form. But it would have the feeling of variation.

For the other, it could have a development along a different line. There could be feeling of the various movements in it to make the whole. Or it so worked out as I re-work it. The hardest form for me to use in an emotional piece is the suite.

I think your suggestion about the orchestra is wonderful. I can see what you mean and I think what you suggested at that time is excellent and will be very exciting. You spoke of an oboe and cello carrying the main line as I remember and of using the other instruments as under and around those two. I think that might well suit either of these ideas.

If you can do this I do not know when you would want to begin. I shall be in New York about the middle of September at the latest and could be there earlier if necessary. I plan to begin my vacation now because this has been a hard pull as it always is because I find it hard to tell about something that has not happened in dance and because I never plan the movement until I actually work. I can as a result only sketch an emotional line and what might happen. So please know that when you read it.

I hope with all my heart that you can write something as I have wanted to work with you for such a long time. I shall await your reply with anxiety.

There are several versions of the ballad. I have used from two versions and I hear that the other versions I have tried to get at have arrived. I shall copy them and send. I am also sending you a copy of the entire ballad so that you can see it as a whole and make your decision as to the use of the words .

I hope your work is going well and that you are having a good summer.

With best wishes always,

TAM LIN.

Ballad #39, Version "A".
Child Collection of
English and Scottish
Popular Ballads.
Introduction by Child.

'The Tayl of the song TAMLENE' is spoken of as told among a company of shepherds, in Vedderburn's COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND, 1549. 'THOM OF LYN' is mentioned as a dance of the same party a little further on, and 'YOUNG THOMLIN' is the name of an air in a medley in Wood's MS., inserted, as David Laing thought, between 1600 and 1620, and printed in Forbes Cantus 1666 (Stenhouse's ed. of the SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM, 1853, lv, 440). 'A BALLETT OF THOMALYN' is licensed to master John Wallye and Mistress Toye in 1559 (Arber, Registers of the Company of Stationers, 1, 22.)

This fine ballad stands by itself, and is not, as might have been expected, found in possession of any people but the Scottish. Yet it has connections through the principal feature in the story, the transformation of Tam Lin, with Greek popular tradition older than Homer.

There is a Cretan Fairy Tale cited by Bernhard Schmidt (Volksleben der Neugriechen, pp. 115-117), which comes surprisingly near to the principal event of the Scottish ballad.

A young peasant, who was a good player on the rothe, used to be taken by the Nereids into their grotto, for the sake of his music. He fell in love with one of them, and, not knowing how to help himself, had recourse to an old woman of his village. She gave him this advice; that just before cock-crow he should seize his beloved by the hair, and hold on, unterrified, till the cock crew, whatever forms she should assume. The peasant gave good heed, and the next time he was taken into the wave, fell to playing as usual, and the nereids to dancing. But as the cock-crow drew nigh, he put down his instrument, sprang upon the object of his passion, and grasped her by her locks. She instantly changed shape; she became a dog, a snake, a camel, fire. But he kept his courage and held on, and presently the cock crew and the nereids vanished, all but one.

His love returned to her proper beauty and went with him to his home. After the lapse of a year she bore a son but all this time had never uttered a word. The good husband was fain to ask the counsel of the old woman again, who told him to heat the oven hot, and say to his wife that if she would not speak he would throw the boy into the oven. He acted upon this prescription; the nereid cried out, 'Let go my child, dog!', tore the infant from his arms, and vanished.

This Cretan tale recovered from tradition even later than our ballad, repeats all the important circumstances of the forced marriage of Thetis and Peleus (Apollodorus, Bibliotheca, lll, 13, 5, 6,). The Cretan tale does not differ from the one repeated by Apollodorus from earlier writers a couple of thousand years ago more than two versions of a story gathered from oral tradition in these days are apt to do. Whether it has come down from mouth to mouth through twenty-four centuries or more, or whether, having died out of the popular memory, it was re-introduced through literature, is a question that cannot be decided with certainty. but there will be nothing unlikely in the former supposition to those who bear in mind the tenacity of tradition among people who have never known books.

TAM LIN.

"A"

'Tam Lin', Johnson's Museum, 1792, p.423, No. 411. Communicated by Robert Burns.

O, I FORBID YOU MAIDENS A',
THAT WEAR GOWD IN YOUR HAIR,
TO COME OR GAE BY CARTERHAUGH,
FOR YOUNG TAM LIN IS THERE.

THERE'S NANE THAT GAES BY CARTERHAUGH
BUT THEY LEAVE HIM A WAD,
EITHER THEIR RINGS, OR GREEN MANTLES,
OR ELSE THEIR MAIDENHEAD.

JANET HAS KILTED HER GREEN KIRTLE
A LITTLE ABOON HER KNEE,
AND SHE HAS BRODED HER YELLOW HAIR
A LITTLE ABOON HER BREE,
AND SHES AWA' TO CARTERHAUGH
AS FAST AS SHE CAN HIE.

WHEN SHE CAME TO CARTERHAUGH
TAM LIN WAS AT THE WELL,
AND THERE SHE FAND HIS STEED STANDING,
BUT AWAY WAS HIMSEL.

SHE HAD NA PU'D A DOUBLE ROSE,
A ROSE BUT ONLY TWA,
TILL UP THEN STARTED YOUNG TAM LIN,
SAYS, LADY, THOU'S PU NAE MAE.

WHY PU'S THOU THE ROSE, JANET,
AND WHY BREAKS THOU THE WAND?
OR WHY WOMES THOU TO CARTERHAUGH
WITTHOUTTEN MY COMMAND?

CARTERHAUGH IT IS MY AIN,
MY DADDIE GAVE IT ME;
I'LL COME AND GANG BY CARTERHAUGH
AND ASK NAE LEAVE AT TREE.

* * * * *

(as is)

JANET HAS KILTED HER GREEN KIRTLE
A LITTLE ABOON HER KNEE,
AND SHE HAS SMOODED HER YELLOW HAIR
A LITTLE ABOON HER BREE,
AND SHE IS TO HER FATHER'S HA',
AS FAST AS SHE CAN HIE.

FOUR AND TWENTY LADIES FAIR
WERE PLAYING AT THE BA,
AND OUT THERE CAME THE FAIR JANET,
ANCE THE FLOWER AMANG THEM A'.

FOUR AND TWENTY LADIES FAIR
WERE PLAYING AT THE CHESS,
AND OUT THEN CAME THE FAIR JANET,
AS GREEN AS ONIE GLASS.

OUT THEN SPAK AN AULD GREY KNIGHT,
LAY OER THE CASTLE WA,
AND SAYS, ALAS, FAIR JANET, FOR TREE,
BUT WE'LL BE BLAMED A'.

'HAUD YOUR TONGUE, YE AULD FACED KNIGHT,
SOME ILL DEATH MAY YE DIE!
FATHER MY BAIRN ON WHOM I WILL,
I'LL FATHER-NANE ON TREE.'

OUT THEN SPAK HER FATHER DEAR,
AND HE SPAK HE K AND MILD,
' AND EVER ALAS, SWEET JANET; HE SAYS,
' I THINK THOU GAES WITH CHILD'.

' IF THAT I GAR WITH CHILD, FATHER,
MYSEL MAUN BEAR THE BLAME;
THERE(S) NEEER A LAIRD ABOUT YOUR HA
SHALL GET THE BAIRN'S NAME.

IF MY LOVE WERE AN EARTHLY KNIGHT
AS HE'S NAN ELFIN GREY,
I WAD NA GIE MY AIN TRUE-LOVE,
FOR NAE LORD THAT YE HAE.

THE STEED THAT MY TRUE-LOVE RIDES ON
IS LIGHTER THAN THE WIND,
WI SILLER HE SHOD BEFORE,
WI BURNING GOWD BEHIND.'

JANET HAS KILTED HER GREEN KIRTLE
A LITTLE ABOON HER KNEE,
AND SHE HAS SNOODED HER YELLOW HAIR
A LITTLE ABOON HER BREE,
AND SHES AWA TO CARTERHAUGH
AS FAST AS SHE CAN HIE.

WHEN SHE CAME TO CARTERHAUGH,
TAM LIN WAS AT THE WHEEL,
AND THERE SHE FAND HIS STEED STANDING
BUT AWAY WAS HIMSEL.

SHE HAD NA PU'D A DOUBLE ROSE,
A ROSE BUT ONLY TWA,
TELL UP THEN STARTED YOUNG TAM LIN,
SAYS, LADY, THOU PU'S NAE MAE,.

WHY PU'S THOU THE ROSE, JANET,
AMANG THE GROVES SAE GREEN,
AND A' TO KILL THE BONIE BABE
THAT WE GAT US BETWEEN?

'DEBELLEME, TELL ME, TAM LIN,' SHE SAYS,
'FOR'S SAKE THAT DIED ON TREE,
IF EER YE WAS IN HOLY CHAPEL,
OR CHRISTENDOM DID SEE?'

'ROXBURGH WAS MY MY GRANDFATHER,
TOOK ME WITH HIM TO BIDE,
AND ANCE IT FELL UPON A DAY
THAT WAE DID ME BETIDE.

AND ANCE IT FELL UPON A DAY,
A CAULD DAY AND A SNELL,
THAT WE WERE FRAE THE HUNTING GAME,
THAT FRAE MY HORSE I FELL;
THE QUEEN O' FAIRIES SHE CAUGHT ME,
IN YON GREEN HILL TO DWELL.

AND PLEASANT IS THE FAIRIE LAND,
BUT, AN EERIE TALE TO TELL,
AY AT THE END OF SEVEN YEARS
WE PAY A TIEND TO HELL;
I AM SAE FAIR AND PU' O FLESH,
I'M FEARDIT BE MYSEL.

BUT THE NIGHT IS HADLOWEEN, LADY,
THE MORN IS HALLOWDAY;
THEN WIN ME , WIN ME, AN YE WILL,
FOR WEEL I WAT YE MAY.

JUST AT THE MIRK AND MIDNIGHT HOUR
THE FAIRIE FOLK WILL RIDE,
AND THEY THAT WOULD THEIR TRUE-LOVE WIN,
AT MILES CROSS THEY MAUN BIDE.'

'BUT HOW SHALL I THEE KEN, TAM LIN,
OR HOW MY TRUE-LOVE KNOW,
AMANG SAE MONY UNCO KNIGHTS
THE LIKE I NEVER SAW?'

' O FIRST LET PASS THE BLACK, LADY,
AND SYNE LET PASS THE BROWN,
BUT QUICKLY RUN TO THE MILK WHITE STEED,
PU YE HIS RIDER DOWN.

FOR I'LL RIDE ON THE MILK-WHITE STEED,
 AND AY NEAREST THE TOWN;
 BECAUSE I WAS AN EARTHY KNIGHT
 THEY GIE ME THAT RENOWN.

MY RIGHT HAND WILL BE GLOVED, LADY,
 MY LEFT HAND WILL BE BARE,
 COCKT UP SHALL MY BONNET BE,
 AND KAIMED DOWN SHALL BE MY HAIR,
 AND THRES THE TAKENS I GIE THEE,
 NAE DOUBT I SHALL BE THERE.

THEY'LL TURN ME IN YOUR ARMS, LADY,
 INTO AN ESK AND ADDER;
 BUT HOLD ME FAST AND FEAR ME NOT,
 I AM YOUR BAIRN(S) FATHER.

THEY'LL TURN ME TO A BEAR SAE GRIM,
 AND THEN A LION BOLD;
 BUT HOLD ME FAST AND FEAR ME NOT,
 AN YE SHALL LOVE YOUR CHILD.

AGAIN THEY'LL TURN ME IN YOUR ARMS
 TO A RED HET GAUD OF AIRN;
 BUT HULD ME FAST AND FEAR ME NOT,
 I'LL DO TO YOU NAE HARM.

AND LAST THEY'LL TURN ME IN YOUR ARMS
 INTO THE BURNING GLEED;
 THEN THROW ME INTO WELL WATER,
 O THROW ME IN WITH SPEED.

AND THEN I'LL BE YOUR AIN TRUE-LOVE,
 I'LL TURN A NAKED KNIGHT;
 THEN COVER ME WITH YOUR GREENN MANTLE,
 AND COVER ME OUT O' SIGHT. '

GLOOMY, GLOOMY WAS THE NIGHT,
 AND EERIE WAS THE WAY,
 AS FAIR JENNY IN HER GREEN MANTLE
 TO MILES CROSS SHE DID GAE.

ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
 SHE HEARD THE BRIDLES RING;
 THIS LADY WAS AS GLAD AT THAT
 AS ANY EARTHY THING.

FIRST SHE LET THE BLACK PASS BY,
 AND SYNE SHE LET THE BROWN;
 BUT QUICKLY SHE RAN TO THE MILK-WHITE STEED,
 AND PU'D THE RIDER DOWN.

SAE WEEL SHE MINDED WHAT HE DID SAY,
 AND YOUNG TAM LIN DID WIN;
 SYNE COVERD HIM WITH HER GREEN MANTLE,
 AS BLYTHE'S A BIRD IN SPRING.

OUT THEN SPAK THE QUEEN O FAIRIES,
 OUT OF THE BUSH O BROOM;
 'THEM THAT HAS GOTTEN YOUNG TAM LIN
 HAS GOTTEN A STATELY GROOM.'

OUT THEN SPAK THE QUEEN O FAIRIES,
 AND AN ANGRY WOMAN WAS SHE;
 ' SHAME BETIDE HER ILL-FARD FACE,
 AND AN ILL DEATH MAY SHE DIE,
 FOR SHE'S TAEN AWA THE BONIEST KNIGHT
 IN A' MY COMPANIE.

BUT HAD I KEND, TAM LIN, ' SHE SAYS,
 ' WHAT NOW THIS NIGHT I SEE,
 I WAD HAE TAEN OUT THY TWA GAEBY EEN,
 AND PUT IN TWA EEN O TREE.'

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The other verses I used are from another version which I will send to you under other cover. I have to get it from the Library as they did not have it up to now.

TIME:

This exists out of specific time as far as any period is concerned. The action is essentially on the level of the emotional.

The legend concerns those forces which may separate any two people at any given instant from the state of hearts union and the endeavor of two people to dispell these powers.

While the stage figures are recognizable as people they also can be identified with those less real things or rather less tangible, the the fears , the superstitions, the compulsions, which are the real beings we do battle against.

The SINGER is the arch-type, the ancestral figure, what we might call in the terms of the Fairy Tale , a ghost. But it is a ghost in the sense it is called so in the NOH play, a state of reality which is deathless.

The MAND and the WOMAN are of any time.

None of the piece is "light" or fanciful.

Rather it has some feeling of impending happening which is primarily tragical.

It is at times dark and sombre with a feeling of the unknown pressing too close. Throughout there is also a luminousness , and at times an exultant sense of ultimate order.

PLACE:

There is no specific geographic area.

The staging should be such as to evoke the emotional condition rather than the recognition of area.

In that the whole is concerned with an instant of decision the feeling of a cross-roads is strong. This is because it at the cross-roads where the ancients made sacrifice aften. The ballad names the cross-roads as the place of the final action. In hat it runs true to the myth of decision.

ACTION:

I can only endeavor to give some feeling of the emotional line because I cannot speak of the dance terms or dance action until I have begun to work physically.

There is no telling of a story.

It is the enactment of an emotional experience with certain symbols of act and design used to heighten the dance to the point where it becomes a theatrical experience.

In indicating as much as I do in terms of words I do not intend it to be arbitrary or anything other than a point of discussion from which to begin. It will all assume such a different color and aspect when the music and the dance take over.

This is a myth of the heart.

It has to do with acts of the heart as staged by the imagination. There may be certain moments reminiscent of the Ballad but it is never folk-tale or folk-lore. It should have, however, the irrational logic of its own which Fairy Tales have and as such it should create its own laws of behaviour.

Over and through it I hope it will have the non-graphic quality, the emotional abstract of music rather than the mimetic, narrative of the drama. The whole, however, should have an overall dramatic drive and excitement.

In no sense is it a Ballet as the term is meant to imply story or narrative. Neither is it a fantasy as the term is usually employed. Rather it is the psychological aspect of a dramatic happening, lacking all adherence to story development.

In using the SINGER and the Ballad verses it should appear as though the emotional situation evoked a memory which made the singing of the Ballad come to mind rather than that the singing created the circumstance or explained the action.

All this can be symbolic as a struggle to escape death in one of the several of its forms, dream, fear, mediocrity, the land of inner defeat.

CHARACTERS.

THE SINGER:

I feel her to be an ancestral figure. There is something spectral about her but not morbidly so. She is dressed in a costume more suggestive of period than anyone else in the piece. It should be suitable in ones imagination to the ballad time, and should have the richness of color which the imagination demands.

At times she acts as an invisible stage manager and she has certain legendary qualities.

If it is possible I should like to have Susan Reed sing this part. She sings ballads with an inner vitality which keeps them from sounding simply quaint. Her voice with her ability to sing strange intervals evokes some legendary quality which arouses an emotion. Also she can move well. She has danced all her life and could appear on the stage with dancers without injecting a false note.

She should have a definite part in the movement but no contact actually with anyone. It is as though she were a ghost or a memory of the heart.

THE MAN:

He has a strong sense of himself as moving physically and well. His dancing has a vigor but also an inner vitality. There is also about him the strangeness of a person possessed, under a spell. There is a kind of thwarted thing at times, a madness.

The dance itself could have the driving sense and fiery action of a reel or a sword dance. But it has no element of the folk-dance as such. None of the piece has this in the dancing although if wished the music could have that something reminiscent of the ballad and then we as dancers would work as it indicated. I do know that the folk will probably be evident in the music of the verses.

THE WOMAN:

She is of any period. She has, however, a certain archaic quality which all women have at times. Not primitive. She might be a Druidic priestess, an ancient Irish queen, or a woman of today. There is an inscrutability, a changeless realism, and in that sense she is archaic.

When she dances to a Runic song she evokes the far past and about it there is an ecstatic almost tragic acceptance of her destiny. There should be nothing morbid about her, rather a secret strength.

OTHERWORLD FIGURES:

These are comparable to the folk the Irish and Scotch call Fairies.

They are outside reality entirely, human and not human. They are the imagination's concept of the free creature who has supernatural qualities and properties.

Symbolically they are the fears, superstitions, compulsions and as such we sometimes recognize them as they assume a demonic nature. They are even at times reminiscent of people we know, family, perhaps.

They are not grotesque but strange and at times very beautiful in an indescribable way.

There is one, a leader, who corresponds to the Queen. She is the most beautiful and the most dangerous. She exists as a power for us and she can assume various shapes as her perverse will dictates. At times she represents the figure of love and at other the figure of death.

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ACTION.

Whether there will be an overture is as you feel it.

In the beginning the quality could be arrived at in one of several ways. I can suggest three.

It could have the frank violence and energy of a Scottish Reel without being either a reel or quaintly Scottish. I meant the whole could break open with a certain shock and savagery which ballads and reels sometimes have.

Or it could begin with a quiet feeling, a certain mystery, such as a horn-like sound coming like a summons from a great distance. It could have the prophetic quality which an act of enchantment possesses in the imagination, in a way like a summons to perform the acts of ones Destiny.

Or it could begin in a certain ghost-like way with the singing of a verse of the ballad

These are merely suggestions and in no way closes the way to other and no doubt better suggestions. Whichever way it may be I shall begin a sequence of stage action which probably will not change any decision you may arrive at.

-CURTAIN.

The first stage action begins on a rather darkly lighted stage with shafts of light isolating certain zones of action. The feeling is that it is out of doors at night, or at least that one is apart from recognized objects, that there is a feeling of mystery about the place where unusual things could happen.

A man walks across into one shaft of light almost disappearing in the shadows, a woman walks across in another direction in another shaft of light, then partly turns as though to go in another direction.

At this point the SINGER as though she has been invisible turns into the light and sings the first verse with a kind of prophetic simplicity.

O, I FORBIDE YOU MAIDENS A',
THAT WEAR GOWD IN YOUR HAIR,
TO COME OR GAE BY CARTERHAUGH,
FOR YOUNG TAM LIN IS THERE.

It is as though the song ripped a curtain from in front of the eyes and the action is in focus for us to see. There should be the feeling that the emotional

action has been established before the actual stage action begins, that this is a resuming of that action, that we are about to enter upon the instant of crisis. But throughout there is the irrationality of an imagined situation rather than the logical sequence of events.

Suddenly the MAN begins to dance.

His dance has a fire and intensity such as the sword dance or reel possesses. It has some of the desperate ritualism of the spirit as it focuses itself inward, about to begin a test of some kind.

There is about it the madness, too, of someone under a spell, no matter what the compulsion which comprises the spell. It fifflbles in some unresolved way.

Then there comes a sound which I can only describe as a runic singing.

It can be unaccompanied, it could be melody without words, or it could have words strange to us, such as Gaelic or Welsh. It bears in my imagination some relation to the verse singing but it is older, more abstract, without period style, but in no way primitive, pagan, rather. Or you may choose to use an instrumental means here.

I had heard it on my skin as having a kind of humming under the melody at times. I can only describe it in a way as the sound one hears from insects in a summer night. I suppose it is the vibration violins can give, too. What it does is to rock the sense, to give a feeling of physical unbalance, a dizziness as though space limits were removed. But as I say it is not primitive for I have the sensation in very sophisticated music. It is pagan, I suppose.

It is on this music that the WOMAN appears to move in a dance way for the first time.

I had felt her using this kind of sound because of the essentially primordial quality of woman's being. It is a secret of female strength.

Her dance should have the emotional intensity, the disturbing insistency, of a love rune. She is not, however, dancing to the man at any time. There is an aloneness and freshness about it rather than a seductive feeling.

At a certain point in the dance she plucks a flower seemingly from the air in a magical kind of way, not realistic at all is such a thing can be arranged. There is a moment of pause.

(There will be moments of pause in the action at various times throughout the piece. It does not mean that the music has to catch those moments in any way. It is intended to heighten the tension and is used as an emotional device. It happens at the time of some irrational act which can only be explained in terms of imagination or magic. It presages a change of emotional plane from the abstract to the specific in action, or the other way round.

As she plucks the flower and the action suspends she faces the MAN for the first time. A relationship is established.

The focus becomes smaller, there is a moment of reality in behaviour when the two become specific persons, and the SINGER sings a verse.

ACTION, cont'd.

WHY PU'S THOU THE ROSE, JANET,
AND WHY BREAKS THOU THE WAND?
OR WHY COMES THOU TO CARTERSHAUGH
WITHOUTTEN MY COMMAND?

The conclusive stage action will have to come later when I start to work at the dance. I can only indicate something of what the emotional instant might induce.

Following the singing the man and the woman who have been facing each other, bow as she gives him the flower. At least it is a return to a much older time. There is manifest a formality which suggests some court period because the pattern of behaviour is suddenly old and general. It might be in the nature of an old court dance, sarabande, or some other. But I will not use it in the dance in its strict sense. The outline of the form would be lost very soon. It is only that it harks back in time to the classic behaviour for that instant. It is essentially a psychological episode rather than a pattern of social behaviour.

There follows a duet.

What has been started as a cool and essentially innocent forthright pattern is changed, or rather develops into something quite different as the stage action follows the emotional line.

It is after the duet has progressed that the Figures of the OTHERWORLD begin to appear. They enter silently, taking no direct part in the action of the dance but essentially objectifying its changed quality. There is in the two dancers a feeling of impending separation. There is a nervousness, a desperation, a fear. It is what we feel when the essential contact in a relationship is lost and there enters intruding elements of fear, compulsion, superstition.

These intruding figures are human and not human at the same time. There is an elaborate and sophisticated eeriness about them at times. They are the real enchanters and enchantresses, of another world than ours. They are what the Irish and Scotch, even the other countries, would have called Fairies, beings over whom we have little control. They are a subtle interference and can be as implacable as the Furies.

During this time there has been a curious dance progressing, with the two dancing as though against a ground bass of enchanted movement.

The separation of the MAN and the WOMAN is accomplished. At this point there is a break in the action again. It should be a kind of climax in that it is the moment of the enchantment in ballad terms, the instant when the Queen touches the MAN. But I cannot say anymore about the action as it has to be danced and grow out of the music and dance.

At this point the SINGER sings again.

4. ACTION, cont'd.

AND ANCE IT FELL UPON A DAY,
A COLD DAY AND A SNELL,
WHEN WE WERE FRAE THE HUNTING CAME
THAT FRAE MY HORSE I FELL;
THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES SHE CAUGHT ME
IN YON GREEN HILL TO DWELL.

BUT THE NIGHT IS HALLOW-EEN, LADY,
THE MORN IS HALLOWDAY,
THEN WIN ME , WIN ME, AN YE WILL,
FOR WEEL I WAT YE MAY.

JUST AT THE MIRK AND MIDNIGHT HOUR
THE FAIRY FOLK WILL RIDE;
AND THEY THAT WOULD THEIR TRUE-LOVE WIN,
AT MILES CROSS THEY MAUN BIDE,

THEN HIE TREE TO THE MILK*-WHITE STEED,
AND PU ME QUICKLY DOWN,
CAST THY GREEN KIRTLE OVER ME,
AND KEEP ME FRAE THE RAIN.

SHE RID DOWN TO MILES CROSS,
BETWEEN TWELVE HOURS AND ONE;
TOOK HOLY WATER IN HER HAND,
AND MADE A COMPASS ROUND.

Here occurs the WOMAN'S principal dance.
It is as though she drives the figures back into the shadows.
She dances with some of the archaic feeling again.
I feel again the runic music or singing but that may not work for yo u.

There is an intensity and at the same time a secret joyousness as though the very act of driving them back gave her a power. It is like an act of faith, an incantation at times, an ecsataic acceptance of her destiny as a ruthless drive as well. She prepares to give battle in a definite way.

When she finishes the MAN leaps into his fiery dance again with a freedom which presages his release from the fear of the spell.

At the finish of it there is another moment of arrest with the two figures facing each other as though in a form of communication, an understanding.

All this time the OTHERWORBD FIGURES have been barely seen in the shadows as though waiting. They may have to be off stage.

Again the SINGER sings:

ACTION, cont'd.

THEY'LL TURN ME IN YOUR ARMS, LADY,
 INTO AN ESK AND ADDER;
 BUT HOLD ME FAST AND FEAR ME NOT,
 I AM YOUR BAIRNS FATHER,.

THEY'LL TURN ME INTO A BEAR SAE GRIM,
 AND THEN A LION BOLD;
 BUT HOLD ME FAST AND FEAR ME NOT,
 AN YE SHALL LOVE YOUR CHIELD.

THEY NEXT SHAPED HIM INTO HER ARMS
 LIKE THE LAIDLIEST WORM OF IND;
 BUT SHE HELD HIM FAST, LET HIM NOT GO,
 AND CRIED 'AYE, YOUNG TAM LIN'.

AT LAST THEY'LL TURN ME INNO YOUR ARMS
 INTO THE BURNING GLEED;
 THEN THROW ME INTO THE WELL WATER,
 O, THROW ME IN WITH SPEED.

AND THEN I'LL BE YOUR SEN TRUE-LOVE,
 I'LL TURN A NAKED KNIGHT;
 THEN COVER ME WI YOUR GREEN MANTLE,
 AND COVER ME OUT OF SIGHT.

At the conclusion of the song the second duet begins.

It begins in a restrained manner. I feel it should hold that against the background of the great activity of the group with an insistency. During it the group fulfills the prophecy of the song but in a fantastic manner rather than realistically. There should be great inner excitement about the whole and a condition of suspense from the action. The group activity should embrace as much brilliant dancing in a strange way as possible.

It is hard to say what the action should be here other than that it should be exciting and brilliant dancing.

The MAN AND WOMAN has a ruthless steady beat in the movement while the Group has the flashing brilliance of the Furies beating against a wall of spiritual force.

How the changes, the transformations, can take place at this moment I cannot tell. Perhaps he will not change because she will not admit that he changes but the action will be mimed by the group itself, as a masque within the major action, a play within a play.

There is a sombre quality at times, a sense of forboding, sinister and very wild. It has the drive and sudden change and perversity of a Witch's Sabbath. The Cotter's Saturday Night. There is the exaggeration and distortion of a nightmare.

During this the SINGER might use the line at various times like a shout:

AYE, YOUNG TAM LIN.

ACTION, cont'd.

During any enchantment one of the means of combating the power of it is to keep calling the name, personalizing the victim until the abstract fear or power has no strength to operate. But this is not arbitrary.

The ending will depend largely on the mood of the piece and it will shape in a way from the music and action which I cannot tell at this time.

But the ending is triumphant whether it is quiet or otherwise. The action should embrace some dance of the two again but different. Perhaps also the flower episode can be repeated but changed in that the man picks it and gives it to the woman.

There might be some sense of the bow again to each other and to the SINGER and to the audience if it will not throw it all out of its frame too much, as it can be a dangerous device.

There is also another verse to the song which might be used as the light fades.

THEN SOUNDED OUT THROUGH ELPHAN COURT
WITH A LOUD SHOUT AND A CRY,
THAT THE PRETTY MAID OF CHASTERS WOOD
THAT DAY HAD CAUGHT HER PREY.

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JOCASTA'S DANCE.

UNTITLED.

This is a very rough synopsis and there is much to be worked over and made clear. It stems from the OEDIPUS but the action takes place outside the range of the play. The nearest it comes to the play is in the long speech of the MESSENGER near the end when he describes the death of JOCASTA and the maiming of OEDIPUS.

The action starts when JOCASTA has left the stage and has run to her room. It is rather what the imagination fills in as passing through her mind after she knows the truth of the situation and what she must do.

"A revolution in Heroic action" has taken place.

JOCASTA runs from the scene with OEDIPUS to her rooms where her memories and the women of her household await her.

The scene opens in a room which evokes the room of her marriage, the women are standing like granite figures.

JOCASTA rushes into the room, sees them, stops and throws her arm over her eyes to protect herself from their gaze.

Then she drops her arm and deliberately faces them as though she were unveiling her face. It is not done defiantly but rather in the way such a gesture would be made by a person who has nothing to fear anymore, very simply.

There is a wave of movement passes through the group of women like a sigh.

There exists between JOCASTA and her women something almost oriental. There is veneration, gentleness, a sense of a kind of equality, a forbearance, an understanding above all of the despair of a woman's destiny.

The CHORUS dances in front of JOCASTA as she stands frozen.

The dance has the qualities in it of love, there is no judgement.

It is elegiac in feeling because they know what she must do now that she cannot meet her own eyes any longer.

It is filled with compassion but is stoical.

There is in their pride in her strength and a sense of honor to themselves for having served such a Queen.

But the dance is terrifying in that it has some of the ritualistic resonance of a Death Chant. To them she is already dead.

Following the dance of the CHORUS there is short dance by JOCASTA in the similar formal vein. It has the dignity of a great Queen in her anguish.

It is an acknowledgment done with a great Queen's courtesy of their presence. It has the feeling that she is dancing before her children.

But throughout the dance she is wooden, like a doll. She dances as some hypnotized being, performing carefully and with utmost precision what she has been taught, what is expected.

JOCASTA'S DANCE...Cont'd.

Suddenly she awakes to pain. The protection of formality has left her. She faces her memories.

The second part of her dance has that quality of one smitten with a deep sorrow. It is a trapped creature and there is no escape. It is not a fighting against the circumstance but rather an acceptance of the reality of it and the pain is not even grief. It bites too deep into the sinews for that and is like a something feeding on the heart.

In the MESSENGER'S speech which will follow all this in the time of the play which is at that instant happening without the PALACE, it speaks of her crying on the name of LAIUS, HER HUSBAND.

(I do not have a very good translation here but I will quote from it as it reveals the meaning.)

Speaking of her death:

" BY HER OWN HAND, . BUT OF THE ACTION THE MOST PAINFUL PART IS SPARED US, SINCE THE EYE-WITNESS IS NOT OURS; BUT YET AS ~~FOR~~ AT LEAST AS THE MEMORY OF THEM RE* SIDES IN ME, THOU SHALT HEAR THE SUFFERINGS OF THAT LOST PRINCESS.

FOR WHEN, ENSTENTIN WITH FURY, SHE PASSED BY WITHIN THE PORTAL, SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HER BRIDAL BED, TEARING HER HAIR WITH BOTH HER HANDS; AND HAVING AS SOON AS SHE WAS WITHIN, VIOLENTLY CLOSED THE DOORS ON THE INSIDE, SHE CRIES ON LAIUS, NOW LONG SINCE DEAD, BEARING IN MEMORY THAT ANCIENT ISSUE BY WHOSE HANDS HE WAS HIMSELF TO DIE, AND LEAVE THE MOTHER TO HIS OWN, A PROCREATRICE OF WRETCHED CHILDREN. BUT SHE MOURNED OVER THE COUCH WHERE SHE HAD BECOME, UNFORTUNATE, THE MOTHER OF A DOUBLE PROGENY, HUSBANDS BY HUSBAND, CHILDREN BY CHILDREN. AND OF HOW AFTER THIS SHE PERISHED I HAVE NO FURTHER KNOWLEDGE."

In those moments before her death much comes to her , sweet and now bitter. She has been arrogant as a barbarian queen. She has loved greatly and she has been greatly loved. Her position has been attended with cares but has been impenetrable. By a slow mounting of innocent circumstance it is in a swift instant gone. And with it the crown of her life... her honor as a woman.

The dance ends as she pitches headlong to the floor and is caught in the arms of the CHORUS. She lies across their knees like a child. There follows a dance by part of the CHORUS.

It has the gentleness of a lullaby. It is as though they spoke to a child. The feeling should be that she is unconscious.

At the end of the dance of the CHORUS there has been an instant when her place is taken, unseen, by some member of the CHORUS. AND WHILE SHE SEEMS TO LIE THERE still she rises and begins to dance her dream.

It is a vision or dream in which she plays her part and which has a strange tale.

3.
JOCASTA'S DANCE, cont'd.

Before her eyes must have passed strange memories but nothing could have quite the truth of life. There would be distortions and some things happen which were seemingly irrelevant. Things would become mixed and curious.

It is a SAVAGE PARADE of memories and unconscious realities.

Some are bitter, some horrible to think on, some of an incredible beauty in spite of the tragic truth.

She seems to become herself many years back,
I cannot sketch it entirely because I have not worked enough on it. I can, however, give some feeling of it, I think.

In it there is JOCASTA, and the figure of the SPHINX, who is a young girl.
There is OEDIPUS when he was quite young

There are times when they dance together, the SPHINX and OEDIPUS.
There is a time when they all three dance together.

There is a time when JOCASTA dances with the young boy OEDIPUS.

At one instant he seems to be her son, at another, her ~~son~~ *husband*

There might be a Sibyl-like figure, a prophetic one, an oracle priestess
move through the action as well as part of her fear and her defiance.

This would be danced in the flashing of episodes something like a motion picture as against the tragic formalism of the earlier dances.

There will some stage device such as a doorway used, perhaps.

After the dream JOCASTA returns to the arms of the CHORUS. The others leave
leave the stage or sit against the side as though they were players in this
inner drama. They have played their part.

There follows a dance of farewell between the CHORUS and JOCASTA.
It has nobility and tenderness but the pacing quality of a Doom.
She sends them from her.

There is a final short dance as she prepares herself.
Near the end there are measures of music when there is no movement on her part.

Then she bends to the floor and lays the palm of her hand on the ground. It
is very simple and grave. Then she removes her girdle and approaches the door.

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