

KING LEAR - PART III

...Well, what about paganism? What is Shakespeare's attitude toward paganism? He's saying look... first of all Shakespeare's father was a Catholic, see? Who hated Jesuits. And two, he wasn't so orthodox, that he believes in everything the Pope, doesn't believe in infallibility, you know, I debauch, screw, drink this and that, but when I put on the Pope, the papal robes, suddenly I become infallible? I mean, tell that to the believers or the Borgias, if you like.

Alexander VI. The Borgias you see, Alexander VI, Pope Alexander VI lived in the reign of the grandfather of Elizabeth, Henry the VII. Lucrezia Borgia and Cesare Borgia. Alexander VI was the brother [actually father] of Cesare Borgia, Lucrezia was his daughter. And he [was rumored to have] made a child with Lucrezia. You know the story, you guys?... I know Henry VII is [king] 1485 -1509, and during that time the Borgias did their thing....and a little bit after, in Spain, Ferrara. He made a child with Lucrezia, married her off to give the child a name, and then killed the first husband [Sforza, not Alfonso Aragon], then got her married to the Duke of Ferrara, you know the stories, have you read it? Read, look at the operas anyhow, *Lucia di Lammermoor* [*Lucrezia Borgia*, G. Donizetti]. Don't look at the Orson Welles version, you know? The Orson Welles version (*Prince of Foxes*), I like is... this is an old Pope, you know, he liked young women... This pope had this nemesis, he's going to have power, go in the library, get the books, you know, the Roman Catholic business is here, he's going to put on the robes. he going to be holy after that. In the Orson Welles film, this pope is there, acted by Felix Aylmer, and the young girl is near him, and Welles comes up. "Spring is a lack of winter." The young girl is spring.

So, what about paganism and the different religions? People believe in all sorts of religions. There are animists, you know, an animist, who believes a chair has a spirit, a cup has a spirit. Animism. People have some kooky religions, you know, and what about those? The only religion that attracted me as a boy, was one, people used to exorcise, "I understand you've been exorcised." This guy used to be at a lot of the cross streets going to this street in Guyana, Georgetown. He beat them. I mean beat the men and they paid him for it! I used to envy the guy because, I'd like to get this... and get money for it too!... The devil is coming out, you know. He was beating the shit out of them, exorcism, not about that. It *looked* attractive. And you'd be surprised to see the people who would ... university graduates, and all that going to this thing, you know, and who came out? The body is belted and torn, contusions and abrasions. But he feels good afterwards. I tell you... I was so sorry that nobody believed in me sufficiently to come for that. I'd have made quite a bit. I wouldn't have been here, but by now I'd have been up to my *billions*, in floggings! They're stupid, you know. Anyway.

Shakespeare is saying, he doesn't, so I pass Catholic, I'm Puritan, you have pagans, you have this, you have infidels, Muslims, Jews, whatever - the important thing about all those beliefs, systems of belief is, whether they are consistent with Natural Law, consonant with Natural Law. If they are not consonant with Natural Law, they're bad. That's his interest.

So what does he do? Puts two Platonic figures in the play. And being Shakespeare, and not Tennessee Williams, he's clever. He makes a clown, the Fool, a Platonic figure. Then he makes a tragic fellow, Kent. So tragedy and comedy, in a tragedy, both talking Reason, speaking Reason. They're the good guys, if you like, if you follow this modern critical nonsense. They're the

Platonists, talking Reason, singing songs. Why would...you're mad, daughter nonsense, you know, that's mad, why'd you give power to, you know, you think I'm a fool, you're more fool, yes? You gave away all you have to your daughters, you know? You were their age. They're not you're age. It can never be. And Kent giving advice and [Lear] says, "false recreant, get thee hence. Leave the kingdom."

And then Shakespeare, don't dismiss this business of France. See, the superpowers. After Spain was defeated in 1588, the Spanish Armada, the superpowers became France and Britain. A superpower was not as strong as today. In those days a few ships and shooting a few guns, galleons and things. But they were the big powers, they could beat everybody else. And he's warring now with France. So Cordelia marries the King of France, so she comes over to help her father. You know what he lets the King of France do, which is not an historical fact? He does a Cleopatra. Before the battle is fought, the King of France goes back to France and leaves Cordelia. Just as Cleopatra at Actium, left the battle, and left Antony to face Octavius. Deserting, desertion in the face of the enemy, if you like. So he's warning them: It is all right to invite foreign powers to come and help you settle internal matters of succession. But they will consult their own interests. They're not going to act in your interests, you know? The King of France isn't going to come to put Lear on the throne, because Lear is a good man, or a worthy man. He will do whatever suits France. What suits France?

The whole thing is in chaos. Cordelia dies, Goneril dies, Regan dies, Lear dies, Edmund dies, the whole place dies, Gloucester's blind, you know? That's what suits France. Because once you have chaos, then you are weakened, and you are a wreck, aren't you? So that's what you have to watch for.

Shakespeare's saying that all these pagans exist, but make sure it's consistent with Natural Law. I don't give a damn if someone tells me, hey, look, I have a new religion. I'm an Orwellian, or I'm a Something-ellian, or whatever. What are the principles, hmm? You believe in abortion, and murder, and famine, and destruction, and locusts? If you believe in those things, then I don't believe in your religion. It must be consistent, every universal religion must satisfy *that* criterion, Natural Law. So he let's Edmund say, "Nature is my god." Edmund's a bastard. Well Nature's your god, too. Not because you're a bastard, born out of wedlock, that Nature's isn't your god, you know.

And Natural Law... the biggest crime, the biggest offenses, are the offenses against Natural Law. And if you hand over power to the wicked, you break the natural order of things, you introduce chaos. If you whimsically deal with succession by giving your daughters, you do it.

Now what is madness? That's his only thesis. Is Lear mad? We know for sure that some men pretend to be mad. Edgar, the lawful son of Gloucester, pretends to be mad. Lear at one stage says "...madman, is he really mad? Who is really mad? And what is madness?" Let us examine, all this reference to Bartholomew and Bedlam. He means, "What is madness?" I'm sure you must have met people who tell you, "Are you mad?" Or "LaRouche is mad," or whatever. People like thoughts with which they can be comfortable. If a person's uncomfortable with your thought, he thinks you're mad.

If you stand up in my class, as I did, one day, and said, "I'm tired of this damn shit about 'reaching out', every damn television thing says 'reach out' for a venereal disease. Reach out for this, reach out for... I said, "Fuck this reaching out. I'm tired of that." You know? I'll reach out to their minds... they think I'm mad. They think I'm mad. And liberals always think you're mad.

But if you want to see madness, in 1976, in the midst of my little bits and pieces, I go around the world. And I go to a conference in The Philippines, Manila, where this man Marcos and his wife Emelda, with many shoes... and this movement sometimes makes some peculiar judgements, this man's a thug, you hear? Anyway, I don't know Aquino, I'm not saying she's good. But, I know him, her [Marcos, Emelda].

Then I come across, after that I had to see Kissinger, so I leave, I went this way around...I went to San Francisco to come over to Washington ...and I was in San Francisco, California, they were trying this girl Patty Hearst. If that place isn't mad, I don't know what madness is! A woman is walking down Strand Street with half her ass - I mean this, literally - half her ass outside. And nobody bats an eyelid, you know. Guy says, "Get out of my space!" I say, "What space you talking about?" What's your definition of space, you know? That's, is that not madness? Where you...I don't know. I could detect no theme of rationality in California. San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, Los Angeles, you know? I could detect no theme of rationality. Really, I couldn't. 'The Angels', *Los Angeles*, hmm? Then there's a girl standing in a doorway, with a fellow, under my hotel - I'm staying at the big plush hotel that this Guyana Government had me at, Twenty First Century Fox - I'm coming downstairs and people were making love, right there! And she's making love in English, having orgasms in Spanish... "Honey, I love you. Honey..." ... And you tell me that place isn't mad?] Anyway...This place is gone towards madness.

The British define madness as being... (we have the late laugh...a late laugh... all right,) suffering from such a defect of Reason as not to know the difference between right and wrong. Or if you did know, not knowing it was against the law... not to know, a defect of Reason. Do you think that Reason is a state of mind, a condition you can suffer a defect of? Like a fixed quantity of Reason, and you lack some? Is that what Reason is about?... Isn't it really thinking...I remember seeing a briefing sometime this year, Lyn was saying that if you peel away, like the onion skin, you know, you peel away all the surface, you come to a hard core of truth, even with the biggest madman. The idea being... he didn't say it this way, but I took it this way. Madness is having a set of false theories of causation. A madman thinks he fell down because he's moving due to some damn forces of causation. And if you go behind these theories of causation you end up at some hypothesis which is true, from which he deviated, for the biggest madman.

So *Beyond Psychoanalysis*... breakthrough...As I read that, to go beyond psychoanalysis, you end up investigating the theories of causation of the individuals. You see our problem out there with the people you're trying to mobilize, they don't know what causes what. Isn't that what you've got to get through? That's why they're mad. They don't know what causes what.

...And we've got to analyze characters, people, and events, on the basis of why, what causes what. Is it really sufficient to say, "Hey, you know, 400 federal armed officers went to Leesburg with battering rams. They say they went because they wanted to get evidence of this, that, and the other. You ask, "Why?" again. "But, why?" And then "Why?" And then, "Why?" Until you

come to the unhypothesized hypothesis. That is what being a Platonist is about. And if you use that technique, epistemological technique in your private lives, half the grief won't happen. Some girl comes up to you, "I love you, let's get married." Why did she say that? Probably knows they can swell your head, pat you on the back and your head swells. Curious form of anatomy. Check "Why?" "Why?" You know, profile it, and check "Why?" You profile institutions, you profile events. You find out, "Why?" Do you do that, or do you just let what will be, be? That's Tennyson.

[From "Morte d'Arthur"]

" I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm...

I cannot last till morn...

Therefore go and take my sword Excalibur...

And fling him far into the middle mere...

What didst thou see, Sir Lawrence?"...

And the answer comes back:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds...

And the wild water lapping on the crag."

All this Middle Eastern mysticism. He said, "No! You didn't throw it!" The man, he wants to hide the sword...But in the end he threw it. "What happened?" *"Out came a hand... out of the middle mere and grasped the sword Excalibur."* Ohh...

I was telling somebody over there just now...Your duty is to be relentless in the pursuit of causation. Always ask, "Why?" And if you find the answer is irrational, it's wrong. Why did Lear divide up his kingdom between his daughters? He had no, gave no good reason, so it's wrong! It's irrational. Irrational. You are *supposed* to ask, don't let them ram things down your throat! Why is your daughter on dope? Some guy tells you, some liberal, "Her friends use it." So why does *she* use it? "Because her friends do." But why does she do what her friends do? "Because she doesn't use her mind." So why doesn't she use her mind? Now you see what's happening now? See where you're going? You're getting to the root of the problem. But you have to keep asking, "Why?"

You see, the difference between Leibniz and Newton is that Newton believes, and Descartes for that matter, in formal causation. You look at the universe and you see relationships, see? This thing falls and it increases its speed, whatever. What causes that, some force of gravity, that's formal causation. That's not sufficient. *Why* does that happen? You go home now, don't take my word. Go to a library or look at your own books, and see whether Newton can explain: "Why do all the planets orbit in the same direction?" It isn't that one, well you know that...it goes so and so

and so, so, but they are all in the same direction. Why? Or can you find him explaining what is the origin, how the planets got to be there in the first place? He can't. So he says "*Hypothesis non fingo est*," "I don't make hypotheses." I explain behavior, what I see. He doesn't ask why. Why does the Earth go around the Sun? Does the Sun move, if so, why? If the Sun doesn't move. Does it also move on its axis? The answer is yes, but "Why?" Why are there human beings on Earth, and not on Mars, and Mercury, and Venus? Why? That's what Science is about. Not some stupid ass thing I say I observe. Did you know that no...end