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TWO FACES OF DEATH
IN ANAIS NIN'S
SEDUCTION OF THE MINOTAUR

Wayne McEvilly

("They awaken, to become guardians of all the living and
the dead." Heraclitus)

In what Jung called the process of individuation there comes the moment, crucial, heightened with archetypal significance, of the meeting with the minotaur of one's own self, the minotaur whose foreboding countenance we spend so much of our days, and nights, avoiding as if to face it would bring instantaneous and total dispersion, oblivion. Yet as awareness grows and the face remains unseen we are seized by the certain knowledge that everything depends on removing the veil, a knowledge we would like to relegate to the vague and uncertain realm of suspicion, hunch, where it might easily be dismissed so that we might be free to "do other things," "get on with living." And it is at such a point that the suspicion takes other forms: perhaps there is no life, without this encounter which we avoid; perhaps we are all dead here, until we look into the face which alone can waken us. Life seems to expand, and we become conscious that the point which we occupy might constitute only a narrow corner from which we fearfully project what might be put parcels of the self into a future whose rigid, unmoving, Parmenidean constrictions serve to stifle and to kill. There is that within us which wants us to expand with the flow of life, to occupy points ever farther removed from the quiet center of the vortex of living, to become flowing selves, free and at home with our essential condition.

Anais Nin has written about the growth of awareness of a woman, Lillian, who as a result of her journeys into the cities of the interior (a phrase which forms the title of Miss Nin's "continuous novel") has begun the journey homeward. Many journeys, one journey.

Seduction of The Minotaur, like all of Miss Nin's novels, touches reverberations in us, sometimes of themes long familiar, problems long since met and solved, sometimes of those as yet unannounced themes

the import of which still escapes us, themes which we yet clearly anticipate. She who has been there, where we have been, and she who has been there before us, where, we suspect, we must go if we are to continue the journey, she who holds the golden thread, she leads the way. That is to say, the novel has something to teach. As do all of Nin's novels. Their resonance in life must be charted at depths to which few novels reach. That is to say, the novel is difficult. As are all of Nin's novels. It is a novel which requires not merely reading, but meditating, or, to use a most exact word here, reflecting.

To read Nin's novels, one must become reflective. The femininity of this author has been universally acknowledged. Everyone has said it, in one way or another: "Nin is a woman." Henry Miller. William Carlos Williams. Lawrence Durrell. *The New York Times*. Even a scientist at Stanford. This "feminine touch in the arts," as William Carlos Williams called it, is not something which, like truth, loves to hide! But what does it mean? What about the men who read Nin? What might they need to know about how to read her, given the fact that it is woman writing? "It's disturbing, it forces a man to an opposite extreme," said William Carlos Williams, of the feminine touch in Nin's work.¹

It would be terribly easy—and dangerous—for the mind to begin playing games at this point. But what if it were already too late for playing games? What then?

First of all, one must beware: not every woman who writes has this feminine touch. Unfortunately, however, all the comments made by all the men about femininity in art are posed in such a way as to propagate such a fiction. The fact is otherwise: this so-called feminine touch is a rare quality, found in so few writers that the possession of it by one, Anais Nin, is alone enough to distinguish her as among the very finest, subtlest, most acute sensibilities in recent literature. The possession of this quality is a rare gift. Should we not, then, consider ourselves responsible for a more honest articulation of its defining properties than is conveyed by the vague term "feminine touch"?

If it were a matter of a "feminine touch" alone, all women writers would convey what Nin conveys. Not so. Her vision is distinguished, and even in ways unique. Her metaphysic reveals a particular point of departure, a place from which the voice of this extraordinary woman and novelist speaks to us in such a way as to invite our reflection. For

1. Quoted on the jackets of many of Miss Nin's novels.

it immediately strikes an attentive reader of Nin's books: here is a world I would do well to enter, a world rich in promise of insights, revelations, perhaps the golden thread itself, leading to the very center of the labyrinth.

But there is difficulty at the beginning. ("It's disturbing," said William Carlos Williams.) One suspects very early in his explorations of the world of Anais Nin that it is one difficult to know, that to read the novel *Seduction of The Minotaur* without somehow encountering one's own shadowy self at the center of one's own labyrinth is not to have read the book. The path to the book ought to be well-marked: "Danger" "Not For Everyone" "For Lovers of Self-Knowledge Only, If Any There Be" "Magic Theatre". For just as in Hesse's *Steppenwolf* there is a magic theatre containing all the doors to the self, doors opening onto archetype after archetype, so in the magic theatre of the world of Nin's fiction (where everyday reality is infused with the glow and "patina," to use one of the novelist's favorite words, of symbolical transformation) one finds himself face to face with the mythical proportions of the everyday and the near-at-hand. It does not take much exposure to this world to begin to suspect that here nothing is absent, nothing avoided, that somehow the theme is life itself, far beyond any "feminine touch." Life itself, seen through the eyes of woman. Yes. That is more like it.

Increasingly, then, as one reflects on the world of Anais Nin, he begins to see that openness to that world is prerequisite to entering it. It is the world of woman, yes. But not only that. It is the world of woman's wisdom. She has offered it to us, the woman of clear insight; clairvoyance, the artist, the maker of illusions. This distinguishes her. One cannot insist too strongly on that.

The feminine touch which truly disturbs, disturbs in the creative sense, which urges toward openness, expansion, insight, entry into the Heraclitean fire of nature and life, that indeed is present in all of Nin's work. "It forces a man to an opposite extreme," said William Carlos Williams. Yes. Toward the anima. As though Nin's success as an artist were proven by the effect her work has on the psyche. The Literature of Bread: all of Nin's work belongs to this genre, as yet an uncatalogued company. Perhaps never before in the history of literature has the anima been so conscious of itself as it is in the works of Anais Nin: a consciousness which belies the presence of animus at the very core of the being—so that within the work one feels the most compelling evidence

of the reality of that toward which those who strive do indeed strive: precisely that totality of being which is the end toward which the process of individuation tends as towards a fate. Caught up in the dynamics of this process, the individual who happens to have the good fortune to come upon the door to the world of Nin's work will immediately recognize within a clearly articulated image of that process, a body of work which provides an enlightening guide to those cities of the interior through which he himself will have been traveling. This will, of course, be an exciting moment in his life. Even if disturbing.

Miss Nin's work has recently gained a careful, a concerned audience among the young. She has virtually become the Princess of the young, much as Cocteau at another time and for different reasons was the Prince of the young, and indeed in many ways still is. That audience comprising those who read Hesse, consult the I Ching, search for meaning and truth (to use the old-fashioned words), those who are listening to Indian music and the soundless sound of OM, those chanting mantras, those many who are seriously studying oriental philosophies, that is, increasingly more of the young, are also turning toward the work of the writers who know. (Wisdom—that attentive and receptive activity of giving heed to the nature of things—stands apart, said Heraclitus, from all else.) This increasing audience is simply the latest addition to Nin's previous one, but it is a significant addition: there seems now to be an intense awareness of the crucial importance of awareness. And Nin is above all aware.

Anais Nin, like everyone else who writes, has two kinds of readers: those who are searching, and those highly skilled in traveling the labyrinthine roads of the cities of the interior, deep-sea divers, old salts. In *The Novel of The Future* Anais Nin confides that she has a whole trunk full of letters from those who have said, "You are writing my diary." Those would be the searchers, I suppose. The old salts would know that she is writing her own diary, which is my diary, your diary, his diary, everyone's diary. A man at home with the Upanishads, with the Koan approach to awareness, with Nietzsche, with Jung—he will readily enter the world of Anais Nin. He will know, surely, its vastness soon after he enters. "This is no small world," he will be obliged to say. "In it, one must spend much time—before its dimensions begin to reveal themselves, vast dimensions, perhaps illimitable." To say that is to say something which distinguishes a work. This no mere matter of a "feminine touch," a phrase which begins to sound more than ridiculous at this point.

The Golden Thread:

Some voyages have their inception in the blueprint of a dream, some in the urgency of contradicting a dream. Lillian's recurrent dream of a ship that could not reach the water, that sailed laboriously, pushed by her with great effort, through city streets, had determined her course toward the sea, as if she would give this ship, once and for all, its proper sea bed. (*Seduction of The Minotaur*, p. 5)²

A magnificent opening! We are in the heart of the myth. ("Proceed from the dream outward," said Jung.) There is the sense of wonder which comes from closeness to the elements. Something momentous is about to occur, a breakthrough.

She had landed in the city of Golconda, where the sun painted everything with gold, the lining of her thoughts, the worn valises, the plain beetles, Golconda of the golden age, the golden aster, the golden eagle, the golden goose, the golden fleece, the golden robin, the golden-rod, the golden seal, the golden warbler, the golden wattles, the golden wedding, and the gold fish, and the gold of pleasure, the goldstone, the gold thread, the fool's gold. (S. M., p. 5).

Taste that prose! If ever prose tasted good, really good, this must be it. Wattles, warblers, weddings—all suffused with gold. What can this mean? There is something vulgar in talking about symbols.

The visionary artist doesn't merely use symbols. He sees that they are there. His seeing is itself in essence symbolic transformation, and he knows this as his point of departure, it being that which gives his work life. He sees that things are golden, and so they are.

Lillian has come to Golconda to escape. She, fugitive from herself, would like to burrow into forgetfulness. Yet her fate (yes, fate—as though at times things are decided for us) is to meet the golden illumination of Golconda, and through her very first encounter there its human counterpart: the wise, visionary, illuminating, clairvoyant Dr. Hernandez. He is marked for death, and this fact touches him profoundly. It is that which does not allow him to join the games which the others play. It is that which dictates his truth and his concern. It opens him, this death (has he chosen his death, could he not have escaped it?) for deep encounter. But as Lillian will later have reason to see, he has not been fully opened, he has lived with more caution than

2. Hereafter, all quotes from *Seduction of the Minotaur* will be identified by page reference in parentheses.

one would have thought necessary or proper for a man living so close to the realization of our mortality:

He had something to say, which he had not said, and he had left taking with him his secrets.

If only Dr. Hernandez had not postponed that deeper, wilder talk which ran underground through the myths of dreams, shouted through architectural crevices, screamed eloquently through the eyes of statues, from the depths of all the ancient cities within ourselves, if he had not merely signaled distress like a deaf-mute if only awareness had not appeared through the interstices of memory, between bars of lights and bars of shadows . . . if only human beings did not draw the blinds, don disguises, and live in isolation cells marked: not yet time for revelations . . . (S.M., p. 95)

Yet it is this powerful passage of regret for things unsaid which leads directly to the magnificent moment of effective discovery: "Lillian was journeying homeward." (S.M., p. 95) There is an aesthetic swing here in the novel, impossible to convey, where the poetry of revelation and the music of the prose come together in a rhythmic pulsation wholly appropriate to the dramatic and psychological situation, and Lillian is borne forth toward the future on a wave whose force is brilliantly conveyed by the chemistry of art. We experience directly the fact of her growth, and because the art is finely wrought, the experience is an exciting one. Anais Nin, not unlike her own character Dr. Hernandez, issues, through her work, compelling invitations to live differently, more fully, more flowingly. This is not to say she is a moralist; it is to say that she is an artist, one of the rare artists whose work it has been to fashion a literature of bread, a work which feeds the soul (let us allow ourselves the old-fashioned word, for the word psyche seems to resist flow).

Our criticism does not allow a grouping of works into anything like a literature of bread. That is a pity, for if it were possible so to place a work, we would have gone some way toward defining the crucial importance of Anais Nin, in simply placing her work there. Many correlations would be seen directly which otherwise would, as is indeed the case, have been invisible and therefore in need of explanation. What we need is some kind of explanatory principle, akin to the notion of a bead game in Hesse's fiction, which would, by placing Nin where she truly is, show us who her companions in art and in life are. Hesse did

this for himself, choosing those companions whom we meet in *Magister Ludi*, *Journey To The East*, and *Steppenwolf*: Goethe, Albertus Magnus, Paul Klee, Mozart, Schubert, the I Ching, Pablo the drug user, St. Thomas Aquinas. And into this magic circle steps Anais Nin. There is much more than a "feminine touch in the arts" at work here. Her readers have placed her in a very special circle, the circle of magicians.

Henry has fallen under the spell of a remarkable old man who is fantastic and psychic, a painter gone mad in Zurich, who talks in symbols. When this old man Crowley met me he refused to look at me. He said I was a mystic, all light, thousands of years old, that I ensorcelled men's souls and that he did not dare look into my eyes.³

Perhaps the old man was right. In any case, he saw the light and the wisdom ("thousands of years old") without reading the books (then, of course, mostly unwritten) and that is more than one can say for the more myopic of the literary critics, those who fail to see that the artist, too, incarnates spirit. Our age has forgotten this, the ancient and indeed sacred role of the artist, who brings us the bread which nourishes and sustains, the bread which is the wafer, the symbol, the cipher, that which we absolutely require if we are not to be lost in the ever expanding regions of the space which life reveals to us as we move on toward the ultimate dispersion, that which perhaps has spoken to us haltingly in natural phenomena, as wind over water, that which speaks to us so clearly in the work of Anais Nin.

The artist, too, incarnates spirit. It bears repeating. Our age has forgotten this—has chosen to forget it, one is almost tempted to say—and thus the lack of energy, the lack of a real aristocracy of art, the lack of a metaphysical and psychological literature which I have called the literature of bread. But Nin is the princess of the young—showing the way—and one of the miracles is that she is of our age, our tired age which has produced more trash and taken it more seriously than any other age in the history of man.

The Encounter:

There were tears in Lillian's eyes, for having made friends immediately not with a new, a beautiful, a drugging place, but with a man in-

3. February, 1934, *Unpublished Selections from The Diary*, The Duane Schneider Press, Athens, Ohio, 1968.

tent on penetrating the mysteries of the human labyrinth from which she was a fugitive. (S. M., p. 19).

It is Dr. Hernandez, marked for deep encounter, he who investigates in his laboratories the ancient Indian drugs of remembrance (Pablo, of Hesse's *Steppenwolf*), he who controls the traffic in the drugs of forgetfulness (he has enemies, mortal enemies), he who is called "The Lie Detector" in *A Spy In The House of Love*, and perhaps the modern Christ in *House of Incest*. "He was suffering and it was this which made him so aware of others' difficulties." (*Seduction of The Minotaur*, p. 21). Lillian has come to Golconda to forget, but she encounters Dr. Hernandez, and sees that there is too much light for forgetfulness. She has arrived at her destination, only to see that the journey has just begun. But it does not really begin, not the swing homeward, the real entry into Heraclitean fire, until the death of Dr. Hernandez. "Lillian could not believe in the Doctor's death." (p. 93). A death impossible to believe. The modern Christ. Only in the refusal to accept death, even in the very face of the most brutally telling facts, does Lillian begin to move toward the minotaur. The passage in which this movement is traced is one of such beauty, and such power, that it must be quoted in full here.

Lillian did not believe in the death of Doctor Hernandez, and yet she heard the shot, she felt in her body the sound of the car hitting the pole, she knew the moment of death, as if all of them had happened to her.

He had something to say, which he had not said, and he had left taking with him his secrets.

If only Doctor Hernandez had not postponed that deeper, wilder talk which ran underground through the myths of dreams, shouted through architectural crevices, screamed eloquently through the eyes of statues, from the depths of all the ancient cities within ourselves, if he had not merely signaled distress like a deaf mute if only awareness had not appeared through the interstices of memory, between bars of lights and bars of shadows if only human beings did not draw the blinds, don disguises, and live in isolation cells marked: not yet time for revelations

. if only they had gone down together, down the caverns of the soul with picks, lanterns, cords, oxygen, X-rays, food, following the blueprints of all the messages from the geological depths where lay hidden the imprisoned self. . . .

According to the definition, tropic meant a turning and changing, and with the tropics Lillian turned and changed, and she swung between the drug of forgetfulness and the drug of awareness, as the natives swung in their hammocks, as the jazz players swung into their rhythms, as the sea swung in its bed

turned
changed

Lillian was journeying homeward. (pp. 94-95).

After this passage, Lillian moves out of the present of Golconda, backward into the deep abysm of her past, forward into a future where she will be able to see things, as though for the first time, with her own eyes. She has climbed the ladder to fire, has touched the fiery center, has descended into the labyrinth even with the golden thread of her inability to believe in the death of Doctor Hernandez, has met the minotaur, has come through:

Lillian was journeying homeward. The detours of the labyrinth did not expose disillusion, but unexplored dimensions. Archeologists of the soul never returned empty handed. Lillian had felt the existence of the labyrinth beneath her feet like the excavated passageways under Mexico City, but she had feared entering it and meeting the Minotaur who would devour her.

Yet now that she had come face to face with it, the Minotaur resembled someone she knew. It was not a monster. It was a reflection upon a mirror, a masked woman, Lillian herself, the hidden masked part of herself unknown to her, who had ruled her acts. She extended her hand toward this tyrant who could no longer harm her. It lay upon the mirror of the plane's round portholes, traveling through the clouds, a fleeting face, her own, clear and definable only when darkness came, (p. 111).

It was Heraclitus, master of clear obscurity, who first articulated the premise that it is in changing that things find repose. This is something we hear directly in music, where eternity and the transitory become one in the most illogical, improbable and yet totally compelling union of opposites. *Seduction of The Minotaur* ought to be read, at least on one of its many levels, as music. Then we would understand readily enough the dynamic peace which pervades the glorious ending of the book, not a peace without strife (the common condition is strife, said Heraclitus, without which nothing would be) but a passionate serenity, a belief in the richness of life, a fullness, an illumination, a fire, gold.

The death of Doctor Hernandez has been the death which brings life, and Lillian is Lazarus, come back from the dead with a new and keen awareness of our mortality and thus of our vividness. About this return there is great sadness ("Jesus wept.") but no morbidity. Lillian is alive when she leaves Golconda, and we, who have been with her on her journey into the cities of the interior, are disposed toward her with a trust in her capacity to remain alive, even to bring others to life through awareness.

As though to balance the light which suffuses this book, at the very core the novelist has let fall over the structure the shadow of death, not a death in which it is not possible to believe but a death of living, palpable, black, silent, ominous, sterile presence.

In the middle of a party on a Mexican general's yacht, in the middle of the fireworks of illusion, the comet tails showering light on the water, Lillian meets a young man, Michael Lomax, and confides in him: "Every now and then, at a party, in the middle of living, I get this feeling that I have slipped off." (p. 59). And he answers, "I have that feeling all the time, not now and then." (p. 59). He invites Lillian to his house, in an ancient city, and she travels with him through the night, through the valley of the shadow of death, into the ancient city, into the heart of darkness, death itself. Here she finds ruins, silence, muted streets, vultures, but no singing birds, and no wind. Even the fireworks here have an aura of desperation, and the children fling themselves under the showers of gold, as if to take upon themselves the momentary promise of life which the dispersing intensity seems to offer, but in vain. Here, Michael is king of all the dead, but he has no subjects, for the dead do not exist at all, not at all. They who do not move, do not exist. This is not the death of Doctor Hernandez, who set in motion the wheel of the dharma. Perhaps in the case of Doctor Hernandez, there is no death. One would do well here to reflect on the meaning which so clearly strikes home in the last pages of Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilych." Not that Doctor Hernandez is Ivan Ilych! No, nothing like that is meant. Rather, what is being suggested is the genesis of the book, *Seduction of The Minotaur*, itself. Why not come right out and say it? Anais Nin as bodhisattva! Perhaps that would be a bit crude, after all.

For what we see when we look behind the book, to the artist, this artist who possesses a certain "feminine touch," to use that phrase again, is not precisely she who sees clearly that what people need, absolutely need, more than anything else perhaps, is the transfiguration of things, transmogrification, transcendence, transformation, the artist

transpiring (wonderful word!) to transmit the truth if not the fact, death and transfiguration. And so Anais Nin shows us the two faces of death.

Michael is a fool: time's fool, and his homosexuality is but one manifestation of his more fundamental fleeing from the truth of his own being as incarnate. To Lillian he has said: "All I ask, since I can't keep you here, is that in your next incarnation you be born a boy, and then I will love you." (p. 67). Not being able to live within the real channels of his present incarnation, he lives within the dream channels of a world without women. Could Michael Lomax be saved through awareness? The answer to that would be another novel, and, of necessity, a seduction of the minotaur. But for the present novel, as for the present life, Lillian has no choice but to leave him in hell with his dream, which is death. He has refused the gift of presence. While present, he is absent, even as in his city, the city of the dead, there are tolling church bells without ritual:

The church bells tolled persistently although there was no ritual to be attended, as if calling day and night to the natives buried by the volcano's eruption years before. (p. 60).

Has any philosopher ever defined the real as that which is truly capable of receiving love?

It was St. John of the Cross who said, "Where you do not find love, put love, and there you will find it." Yet everything would seem—would it not?—to depend on receptivity. The valley of some dreams is not receptive to love.

Michael's dream is of that which cannot be realized. It is the dream of death. Lillian says, "But not to feel . . . not to love . . . is like dying within life, Michael." Precisely. Anais Nin has shown us the two faces of death. That has been the place within the form of this book of this shadow of death which falls in its midst, reminding us that the lights of the carnival which dominate the book's many scapes are transitory, fleeing, fleeting, fire. In light of the level at which Anais Nin's vision is here operative such a complaint as Oliver Evans makes, in his book *Anais Nin*,⁴ that the author's portrait of Michael "is lacking in sympathy" must be judged irrelevant. The author's compassion touches Michael as it touches and illumines all her characters—as though to know precisely where a character is is thereby to create him in compassion—but her vision is too clear, and she sees far too much, to allow

4. Southern Illinois University Press, 1968, p. 172.

her to tell anything but the truth. If the truth is devastating, it is devastating. Sympathy has nothing to do with it. As far as the vision of this particular book extends, Michael is lost. But Anais Nin's world is in the deepest sense one which nourishes hope. There is no finality, no system, no judge, no absolute. There is the river, the flow, and always the possibility of encounter. Such an encounter as between Lillian and Doctor Hernandez. Michael Lomax might in another context emerge as Lazarus, wakened from the sleep of death. Wakened; drawn from absence into the epiphany of presence itself, unadorned and irrevocably real.

Wind over Water: an Image of Dispersion

In the ancient city of the interior where Michael Lomax dwells with his dream of an impossible, an unreal, world, there is no wind, no wind which moves, which animates, which gives life that exists only in the act of constant dispersion. Michael wants eternity, a frozen world from which the mischievous work of the womb will have been banned, a world where Eve stands frozen in the snow. Eve is never frozen. Nietzsche knew it well, for he asked, "What if truth were a woman, what then?" What then? Heraclitus, in a word. The river, the moving water which is fire. Water in communion with wind—dispersion, life itself, flux, change, chance, epiphany, flow. A world where fire and water do not combat each other.⁵ The union of opposites. The magic circle of yin and yang. Love, and bread.

But there is water, even as the book began with a thrust toward water. There are fountains playing on the terraces of that ancient city, yet they seem akin to the stone statue in *Don Giovanni* whose voice echoes from the hollow realm of shades, and what it says is Death.

With one of those quick transitions of which she is a master, Anais Nin brings us out of this valley of shades into the dazzling light of Lillian's new life, there where she has reached that point from which it is possible for her to look backward into the abyss of time which we call the past, there to see the receding distances, the muted cries of regretted acts, the dead loves, the things which, though remembered with what exquisite care, have receded utterly into oblivion. It is then that she sees that time does not recede in two directions, but only in one, the direction of the past, and that what seems to lie before her is

5. In the language of the Crow Indians of Montana, the same word is used to designate both fire and water. The meaning must be taken from the context.

something which men have been compelled to call the eternal return. Everything returns. It was Doctor Hernandez who said that to Lillian:

And one day we open our eyes, and there we are caught in the same pattern, repeating the same story. How could it be otherwise? The design comes from within us. It is internal. (p. 19).

And at that moment, he gave her a key to the labyrinth. The face of the Minotaur was her own face, hidden in the shades of what the Vedantins have so accurately termed avidya, unawareness. Doctor Hernandez was awake, he was wise. It was his death in which Lillian could not believe.

"Lillian was journeying homeward." (p. 95). She had begun to accept the gift of presence, the immensity of the persona, the heraldic proportions of things, events, relations. Life moves out of the picture frame, ceases to be one-dimensional, begins to astonish even where one would expect never to find the astonishing, even in the most humble, everyday reality:

It was as if having begun to see the true Doctor Hernandez, solitary, estranged from his wife and his children by her jealousy and hatred of Golconda immersed only in the troubled, tragic life of a pleasure city, she could also see for the first time, around the one dimensional profile of her husband, a husband leaving for work, a father bending over his children, an immense new personality. (p. 98).

And not only does Lillian begin to see the vastness of the face of her husband, she begins to see his face in other faces, that in freeing a prisoner who was a stranger she had in reality been freeing a prisoner who was her husband, that we are all prisoners whose freedom, if realized, would never cease to astonish, never cease to nourish, never cease to grow and to create. Yes, she is on her way, homeward:

Sudden death had exposed the preciousness of human love and human life. All the negations, withdrawals, indifferences seemed like the precursors of absolute death, and were to be condemned. (p. 103).

Camus said that we must imagine Sisyphus happy. Lillian is journeying homeward, perhaps even to teach her children to wipe the crumbs off the table. Perhaps to remember a black dog which, having eaten a

piece of newly baked bread, had crumbs scattered like stars on his snout. For on the journey homeward Lillian remembers. We could say that this remembering is all a part of the process of individuation, or we could simply see it as part of the poetry of living with one's own eyes open. Remember to remember. Here are we again, as we always were, in the cities of the interior, where dwell the archetypes, the hidden faces, the fatalities which we seem bound to repeat. Prospero, with what an informed love for his daughter Miranda, bids her remember, remember. Forgetfulness is misery, condemnation to abysmal repetition. Wakefulness is reality, even moksha, release.

In form, *Seduction of The Minotaur* is a perfect Sonata, in three movements: Allegro vivace; Largo, con molto affeto; Rondo, Allegro. The Largo movement is comprised of the dark, somber section on Michael Lomax. All else is the rondo, the round, the ever-recurring, the common ground of waking into joy—and we are left imagining Sisyphus happy. "Never separate depth from form," a friend said to me. "Say that, but do not use the word depth and do not use the word form," I said to him. "Art in service of release," he answered, with what a marvelous directness I had thought then.