

Exploration of the Moon

—With Ted Hughes' Poems as Guide—

by *Toshi Ishihara*

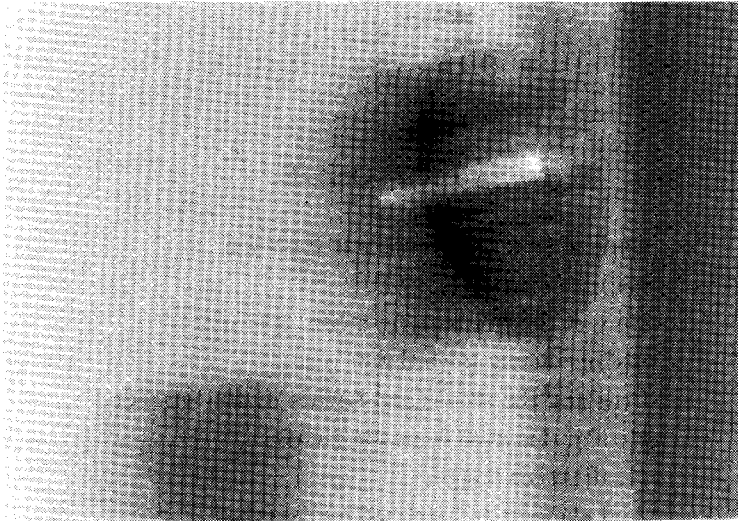
PROLOGUE

Once upon a time there was a person
He was walking along
He met the full burning moon
Rolling slowly toward him
Crushing the stones and houses by the wayside.
He shut his eyes from the glare.
He drew his dagger
And stabbed and stabbed and stabbed.
The cry that quit the wounds
Circled the earth.
The moon shrank, like a punctured airship,
Shrank, shrank, smaller, smaller,
Till it was nothing
But a silk handkerchief, torn,
And wet as with tears.
The person picked it up. He walked on
Into moonless night
Carrying this strange trophy.

(“Earth-Moon”)¹⁾

I. INITIATION

I. i. Starting The Trip



The moon makes me fanciful. I don't know why. We gaze at the moon and contemplate basked in its light. The sun cannot let us do that because its light is so strong. While our contemplations under the moon are kept secret, the sun reveals everything clear. The sunshine is invigorating but sometimes painful. The moonshine is always calm and benign.

A : At last you woke up. Did you have a good dream? You don't have to tell me about it. People say if you reveal your dream to others, it won't come true. So keep it with you secret. Do you know where we are? We are on our honey moon, don't you remember? Do you believe the "honey moon" is "an ironic reference to the moon as sweetness no sooner

full than it begins to wane''? (*The Barnhart Dictionary of Etymology*). It doesn't apply to us at least, does it? We will experience the moon together. You've never been there? You must have, but you didn't notice it when you were there. Come with me. I will lead you to the moon.

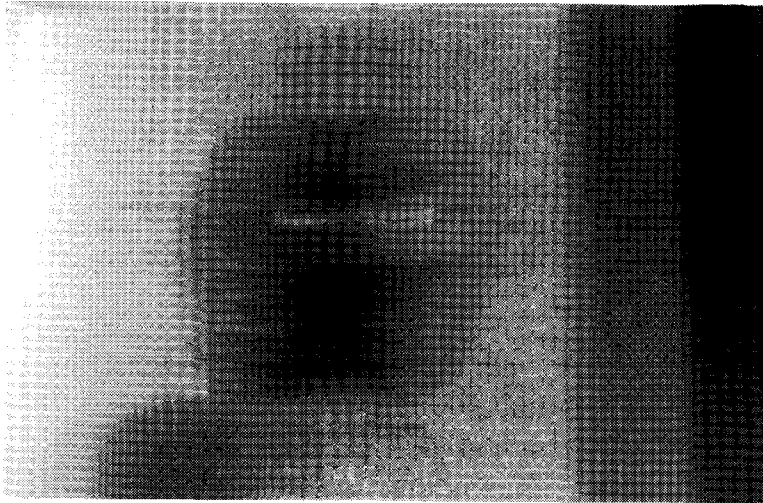
A : On the space-bat-angel-dragon, going towards the moon.²⁾ Flying, whirling, and gyrating to the Moon. We will be arriving in a spring-time, I mean in a short time, and also, yes, in a quarter of the year, Season Song. I'll give you a travel tip to make your stay on the Moon enjoyable and more important, safe. You don't want to be killed, nor to kill the Moon.

While on the Moon, you'd better refrain from taking pictures unless you are really good at it. The Word-Alchemist on the Moon doesn't like it. Photography is considered by him as being soiled with the scientific attitude that requires you to observe phenomena with detachment and objectivity. And it is criticized as "a method of making dead accurate image of the world without any act of imagination."³⁾ But I know you want to have some pictures for memory. The Word-Alchemist is ambiguous sometimes. He has done at least two poetry-books in collaboration with photographers. In the foreword for his *Remains of Elmet: A Pennine Sequence*, he acknowledges Fay Godwin's pictures as a motivation for writing poems of his home country.⁴⁾ When you read the poems along with the photographs, you will recognize the two modes of expression are fused to create a unique artistic universe. Only live pictures can heighten the artistic eloquence of texts. A dialogue starts between pictures and texts that move with your breath and gaze.

Beside photography, television is a target of his criticism as infecting people with unimaginative passivity.⁵⁾ Don't you know a story, *Nessie the Mannerless Monster*?⁶⁾ When Nessie, tired of being neglected, comes to Yorkshire, people are seated in front of television, and pay no attention to him. They receive the dead image on the screen but don't know what to do with the live Monster. I remember Gerald Rose's picture for the book in which the people are depicted without any feeling on their face, which makes them look all the more appalling.

Well, you make sure to capture the mooniness of the object through holding a living relationship with the object and plant it in your work. Then it will grow of itself to compose the natural Moonscape. When you understand this point, let us explore the Moon together.

I. ii. Visiting The Moon



Why are you afraid?

.....

The city of religions
Is like a city of hotels, a holiday city
I am your guide.

(“A Green Mother” in *Cave Birds*)⁷⁾

B : “I climbed the stair / That died in the cellar.” “I opened the little door— / Space sat smiling there” (“Visiting the Moon”). And I have been told that the “moon isn’t a nice place to live or even to visit.”⁸⁾ I feel nervous and uncomfortable.

A : Don’t feel so scared. We have to move on. We will fly on the Moon-wings.

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They veer and eddy and swoop,
They loop the alarming loop,

. . . .

You go you go you go—
Where or which you can never know.

(“Moon-Wings”)

To tell you the truth, I myself don't know where we are going, since we are flying with the Moon-wind. As you know, there is no atmosphere on the Moon. So how can you expect wind here? But despite this scientific fact, we see “things get blown about” as if by magic (“Moon-Winds”). Let yourself be taken by wind and wings wherever they take you. On the Moon there is no point of trying to reach your destination, since the Moon-ways do not take you there. We just follow the ways as they go. The roads have lost their ways and we have lost our sense of direction.

Some roads, more active, stray
Somewhere fresh every day—
Even from minute to minute.
A village so close that you are but in it
And suddenly it's a lake—
You feel the road ripple like a snake
As it changes its mind.

Better leave roads behind.
Better just train your nose
And go as a bee goes.

(“Moon-Ways”)

A : Flying is not bad, is it? Rather it is a great fun. It makes us feel like a crow flying and looking down at the earth.

B: No! “It is terrible, it is terrible, O it is terrible!” Look over there. There, there, a squire is running away from a horde of foxes! What a scene!? What's happening!?

Exploration of the Moon

A : That is “A Moon Man-Hunt” if you dare to know. It’s just foxes hunting a man, nothing extraordinary. Don’t be. . . .

B : Look, look, a plant is eating a man!!! There, over there!

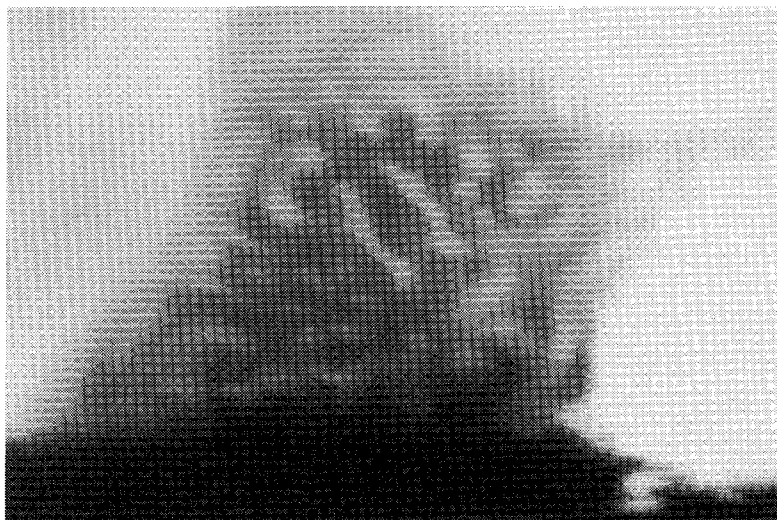
A : Take it easy. Men’s roles are taken over by animals, and the inanimate become alive on this planet. You must have read about those kinds of things when you were a kid. Don’t you remember *Meet My Folks!* in which the main character’s sister is a crow, his aunt is eaten by the plant which she has been growing, and the boy feels himself as a tree?⁹⁾

Talking about *Meet My Folks!*, I admit that some sections of the story are written in verse “fresh, lively, concrete and easy on the ear,” as is reviewed in *Times Literary Supplement*. But when the reviewer goes on to say that “the best of these verses breathe the spirit of Edward Lear,”¹⁰⁾ I don’t agree with him. Though I acknowledge that the story once in a while has fantastic ideas to excite imagination of the reader, not only of children but also of adult, I don’t think it has attained the level of the non-sense of Lear.¹¹⁾ Our poet’s fanciful ideas often remain to be sheer grotesques because he does not let himself taken by wind into the realm of the objects.

Once the poet, however, releases himself off the pole to which he has been clinging at center of his domain and approaches to what he observes— people, animals, plants, and things—, he comes to realize that all stand in the same sphere in that they all embody their own life force. Thus he attains a sympathetic attitude, as he states in *Poetry in Making*: “I began to look at them (animals) from their point of view.”¹²⁾ Now I’d like to call your attention to an observation by Wilhelm Reich as he considers energies — “cosmic energy” — pertaining to all the live things in the universe. He sees “*a functional connection between living and non-living nature.* (Reich’s italics.)”¹³⁾ Isn’t this exactly what is seen in the poet’s universe?

But anyway, it’s not time to discuss poetry, we should continue our trip on the Moon. We will talk about it later when we have more time.

I. iii. The Moon Museum



I've been running towards you, probing my way through silence. Darkness hurries me further from behind and hurls me off from where I stood one moment ago. Whatever I touch recedes from me. Nothing replies to my breath and gaze. Reveal yourself, show me the way. Just a momentary bliss. Someone is there? — Who's there? — Nobody. I'm stifled. I need air. This coldness, this darkness wraps me and lulls me into trance.

A : Now they have an interesting special exhibition at the Moon Museum. They've borrowed from the earth, some illustrations of Ted Hughes for his collection of poetry, *Earth-Moon*,¹⁴⁾ published in 1976, along with the drawings by Leonard Baskin for *Moon-Whales and Other Moon Poems*, published in the same year. All the poems in the former book are included in the latter. A few poems are given drawing by both the poet and the painter. In two illustrations, one for the "Moon-Heads" and the other for the "Singing on

the Moon,” Hughes and Baskin have a similar tone in their depiction. I have to acknowledge my innocence as to whether Hughes had seen Baskin’s paintings before he illustrated, or vice versa. But now I want to call your attention to the illustrations for the “Moon-Ravens.” Of all the paintings of Hughes in the collection, this is the most “ominous” one according to my taste, while Baskin is realistic and his ravens are “ordinary.” When we read the text, we understand what Hughes is trying to do.

Moon-Ravens

Are silver white
Like the moonlight
And their croak, their bark
Is not dark
And ominous,
But luminous
And sweet chime
Always announcing time
For good news to come
If there is some,
Then there’s a moon-present—
That is, a stillness,
It flits out of your mouth
In the shape of a black moth
Which the moon-raven then follows
And swallows.

We are told that the Moon-Ravens are “not dark/ And ominous,” but Hughes’ raven looks threatening. By being shown a dreadful bird and being denied that it is, we are confused about our notion of ominousness. We are taken into an arena where the established meanings are overturned.

It’s suggestive in this context to recall the word “moon-calf.” You know what it means: “one born with undeveloped brain; a congenital idiot; a born fool” (*Oxford English Dictionary*). What an “idiot” says may miss an “ordinary” sense. For he/she grasps and conveys truth through his/her own code which is not distorted by the “ordinary” meanings and views. Idiots are privileged in being deprived of the “ordinary” sense. I want to remind you of the lost meaning of the “moon-calf”: “an abortive shapeless fleshly mass in

the womb.” Reich considers that the desire to go back to the pre-natal state is not regressive, but creative, since the fetus contains all the productive capabilities.¹⁵⁾ Thus the moon-idiot— a person who is uneducated and ignorant of codes of “ordianry” actions— is associated with fetus (a healthy one) and therefore, with creativity.

The museum special exhibition includes Baskin’s illustrations for other Hughes’ works, such as *Crow*, *Season Songs*, *Cave Birds*. Those drawings for the picture-story books for children, such as *Nessie the Mannerless Monster*, and *How the Whales Became and Other Stories* are also collected for this occasion.

Now we’d better hurry to the museum and experience the art.

II. HAPPENING / COMING

II. i. The Moon Lecture Room



I hear your voice, Come out, Come out
Where are you calling from
When I look towards where your voice streams from
you are not there
Just a blade-thin pale moon
I know someone is calling me
It is chilly this evening
I want to be warmed
Will I rest in your snug arms
Will I grow on my ground again
With grass and trees

Lecturer : Today's talk will concentrate on the relationship of the moon, the earth, and the sun, seen from the anarchistic point of view. In the ideal of anarchistic cosmology, every planet should have its own orbit, and have its own domain. It should have its own power, which never conflicts with others'. However, the moon and the earth don't have the light force within themselves, and they have to receive light from another planet. And thus there should be established the state of mutual aid between the moon and the earth, and the sun. The sun should lend its light without interfering the territory of the moon and the earth.

However, while the awareness of the passivity makes the moon modest, and the moonlight benign, the earth does not have this kind of modesty. The scientific facts that the earth is four times larger in diameter than the moon, eighty-one times heavier in the mass, and almost twice in its density, and that it accommodates human beings with the supply of water and air, make the earth boastful, and almost arrogant. This arrogance drives the earth to copy the sun.

The nature of the sun is described in "The Moon-Oak." The hawk carries the moon to the sun, his nest, and there he meets his mate who brings the earth. "Then Earth and Moon will expire / Among their nestlings of fire." The sun has nothing but such a killing power of control and the earth itself could be its victim anytime, but still the earth aspires for it. On the earth we have the logic of the sun, that is of control so as to keep everything in forced order.

I want to call your attention to another scientific fact that the force of gravitation on the moon is one-sixth of that on the earth. The moon has no strong force to hold things at their own places. But where are the appropriate places of things, anyway? We think that the plates should be placed on the table, books should be sitting on the desk, babies should be sleeping in their cribs. But have you ever thought that maybe the plates and books want to be flying in the air, the babies may want to sleep next to flowing water, who knows? Yes, it is the world of "Hey-Diddle-Didle, the Cat and the Fiddle." Isn't it said that the cow jumped over the moon? Without gravity, we have no restriction on our movement. Freedom of action leads to that of mind. Thus the moon is a space without any notion of order. "The laws of terra firma are quite terrifyingly suspended" on this planet.¹⁶⁾ Hughes' comment on the Civil War on the moon, "Wars on the moon are without rules or umpires" ("The Armies of the Moon"), clearly shows the anarchistic state of the planet. The moon functions on its own principle. There you are the center, and your mind is the gravity.

Exploration of the Moon

One gravity keeps touching me.

For I am the appointed planet
Extinct in an emptiness

But a spark in the breath
Of the corolla that sweeps me.

(“Walking bare” in *Cave Birds*)

You may ask who governs this planet. I personally don't like to use the word “govern” when I talk about the moon. But if there's something always alert to the situation of the planet, I would say it's the “Silent Eye.”

On the moon lives an eye.
It flies about in the sky,
Staring, glaring, or just peering.

. . . .

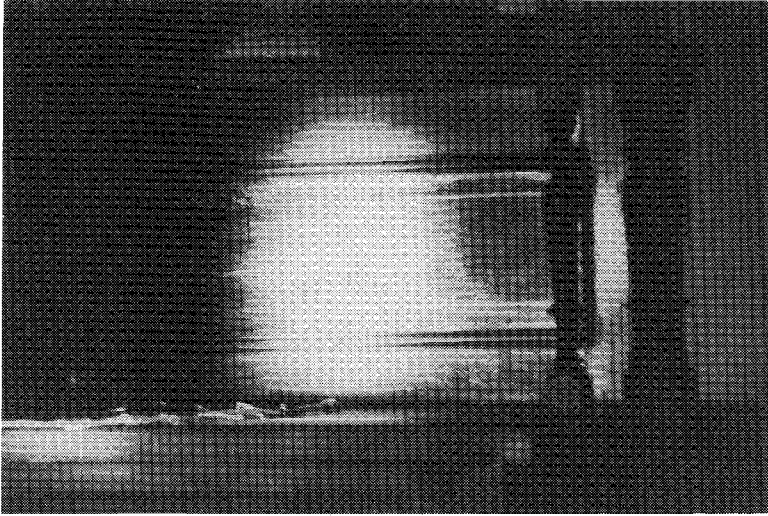
Mostly it hovers just above you and stares
Rudely down into your most private affairs.
Nobody minds it much, they say it has charm.
It has no mouth or hands, so how could it do harm?

. . . .

(“The Silent Eye”)

The Eye always observes what you do but never tries to police your action. It has no intention to exert power to control the moon people.

II. ii. The Moon Glasshouse



What is staring at me? Your gaze hurts me, penetrates me. I don't know what you want from me. I heard your voice echoing from far away. I feel your gaze inside me.

B : I hear some tapping on the window. Who is there? Who knows we are here?

A : I don't hear anything. I don't see anything. But if you say someone is there, it must be the "Silent Eye" that was mentioned in that anarchistic lecture. I assume it represents the moony self, hidden in our unconsciousness. In the sunlight, we tend to suppress the moony self so as to give full rein to the sunny self. But the moony self doesn't seem to be tamed at all. We sleep at night under the Moon. We dream in sleep under the power of the moonlight. The moonlight encourages the moony self to act free in dream. Dream is the world of the inexplicable that transcends logic. Some people might say dream is an illusion. But dream is the perfect domain for our moony self, and it is the place for illumination. We should not be discouraged from going into the realm without sense.

II. iii. The Moon Seashore



You draw me up, you suck me, you, you, you. I move, flow towards you, quietly, silently. I know you are there because I feel your pull. What is it that drags me to you without words without force but with power? My body is mercury.

Toshi Ishihara

When everything that can fall has fallen
Something rises.
And leaving here, and evading there
And that, and this, is my headway.

. . . .

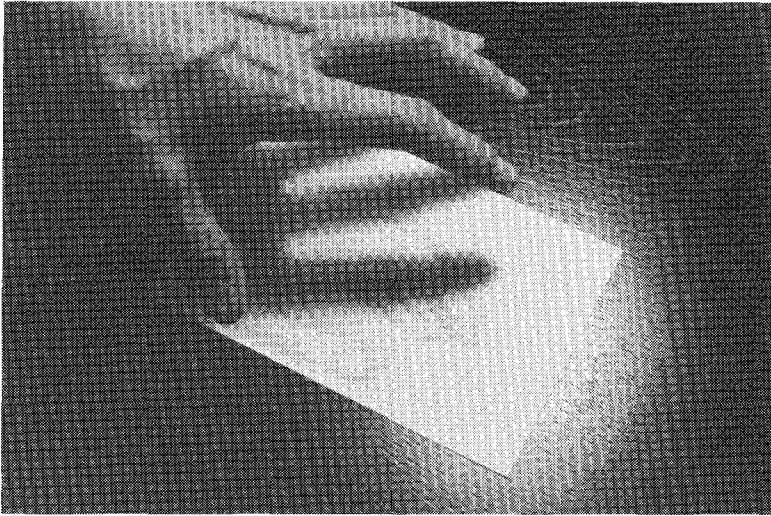
I am the needle
Magnetic
A tremor

The searcher
The finder

(“The Guide” in *Cave Birds*)

III. SEEING / TOUCHING

III.i. The Moon Lake



The moonshine is reflected calm and graceful on the water. I want to touch it, I want to have it. Let me touch you. Oh, you disappear. Where are you going? Do you have a date with the Moon tonight? Stay with me for some more time and lie beside me.

My lady hurries to her consort?

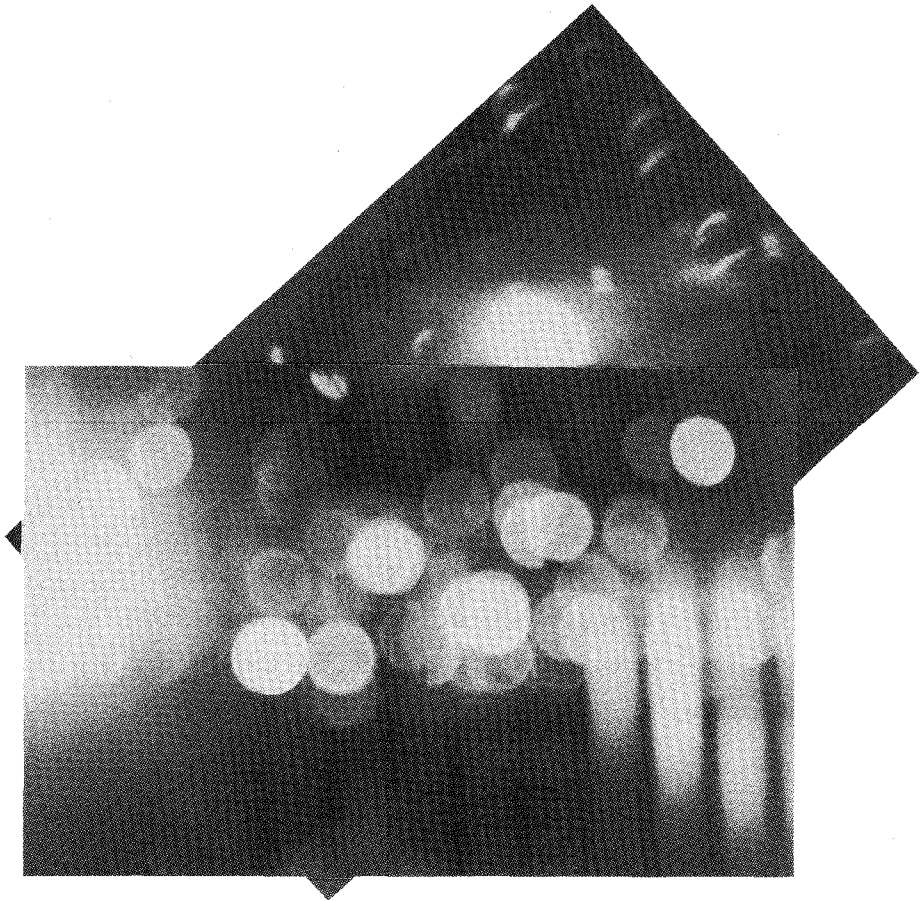
What are you then? When you are up there, you are male, and when you float on the water, you are female. You embody both genders and transcend difference. You weave yourself into the starry night. You are the weaver and you are the woven. Oh where do you take me wrapped in your light?

A : Femininity has been commonly attributed to the Moon, even when personification is not meant in the reference. However, in the Old English, the *mona* was grammatically masculine. (*Oxford English Dictionary*).

We could also explain the double nature of the Moon by scientific data: the wide range in temperature. The surface temperature on the Moon rises above 100 degrees centigrade at lunar noon, and sinks below minus 155 degrees at night.

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III. ii. The Moon Plateau



I see in the dark
Pain from loss of my eyes is gone
Without my eyes, I am a seer

Exploration of the Moon

Pain of suffocation is gone
Without my lungs, I am a breather
No more pain from numbness
Without my hands, I write a song

A : By this time you must have figured out that the Moon is a magic land. It is a world of imagination. It is a place for poets and poetry. Poets can sing better with the help of the Moon. They learn to see things with inner eyes.

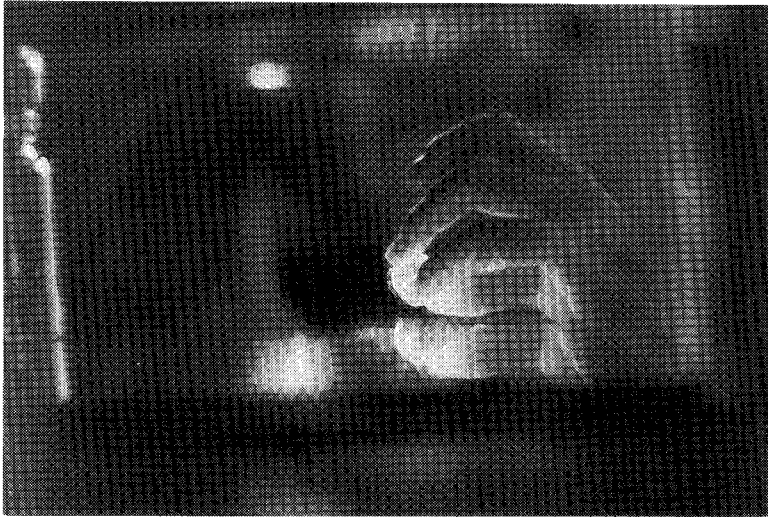
And there the moon, molten silver in a great cauldron,
Was being poured
Through the eye of a needle
Spun onto bobbins and sold to poets
For sewing their eyelids together
So they can sing better.

(“Visiting the Moon”)

When birds come to you “Seeming interested in your words / And examining your ears,” beware, that’s the symptom of the Moon “Tree-Disease.” But I’m sure you may not like to see your doctor to be cured of it. Not only birds but people are also interested in you. They like to read you as books, and thus they are always in the process of reading and writing poems (“Moon-Freaks”). Yes, poems are the offspring of the Moon-marriage (“Moon-Marriage”).

IV. FEELING / EM-BODY-ING

IV. i. The Moon Light House



I don't need the sunlight to see the moonlight. I know the moonlight is content in the moon. Just as so, things are full of light within. Only I didn't notice it. My body is full of light. Moonlight emits itself from my body. I just need to pause and taste it. I can feel it.

IV. ii. The Moon Ring



I am conceiving your child. My tammy is taking the form of you, becoming the image of the father. Light is pushing itself out, out. I have learnt the intensity of my life depends on how much I let the inner light sprout from my body. The moonlight is silent, doesn't talk to me. I forget about it easily. But from now onwards it will always beam from me.

It is an action with my own body. I stretch my arms and open my thighs. I reach towards the circumference. I roll and gyrate.

I become the vitreous ball.

A : The Moon was originally associated with power. The word "lunar" came from Latin *luna*, moon. An earlier **leucsna* or **loucsna* is cognate with Avestan *raoxs-na*, shining, and Armenian *lusin* moon, *lois* radiant energy. The association of the Moon with power reminds me of Reich's observation of sexual fulfilment. He regards it to happen at the

sparks and luminations that are produced when two energy forces are fused. Reich states:

Sexual superimposition goes together with orgonotic lumination of the body cells, with penetration and fusion of two orgonotic energy systems into one functional unity. At the acme of the excitation (=lumination) the two orgone systems, which have become *one*, discharge their energy in clonic convulsions.¹⁷⁾

We should also recall the biologists' observation that certain animals copulate only on the night with full-moon.

B : Talking about meeting of two powers, I've just remembered that I've heard there are two armies on the Moon ("The Armies of the Moon"). Could you tell me where they are stationed, the Moon-Darks and the Moon-Lights? Where are their tents located?

A : Now you start asking questions again. I consider that the interrogatory voice is the most natural human voice since it comes from you spontaneously. It shows you've started recovering your moony self. As I was explaining to you, we have the Moon power within us and it should appear any moment, but only if you notice it and give it an outlet. You will realize that this kind of spontaneity is important since, as Herbert Read states,

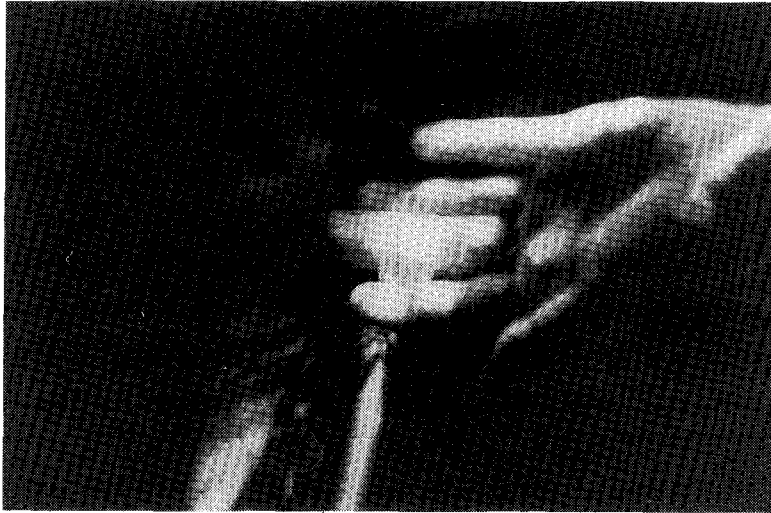
(t)he freedom of spontaneous events born of the ontic centre and the freedom to mould things . . . enhances our sense of vitality and makes life *more intense*.¹⁸⁾

From the anarchist point of view it is not sufficient to *control* ourselves and external nature; we must allow for *spontaneous* developments. Such opportunities occur only in an open society.¹⁹⁾

The idea of spontaneity well ties in with your question about the two armies on the Moon. As you may guess, those two armies represent the male and female principles. And Reich's observation that "the vital energies regulate themselves naturally, without compulsive duty or compulsive morality,"²⁰⁾ clarifies how the Moon power should function: the male/ female principles work with easy spontaneity under an anarchistic condition where there are no rules nor constrictions.

V. CALMING / CURING

V. i. The Moon Clock Tower



With the privilege as a conceiver, I mold my speech to reach you. It can't be fractured in passing the wall. It will crawl and climb it to touch you hiding behind. It can't remain a soliloquy that does not know the opening door.

I am a single cell in the universe, I am a simple body, but yet I could call in the whole universe on the tip of my tongue. I am the curfew, tolling you the time to stop, telling you, in my voice, ding, dong, dig, dig, digging, quick.

A : Now you understand it is the restoration of the well-being of human society that the poet is most concerned with. I don't agree with John Adams that Hughes has "little sympathy for humanity." He states thus:

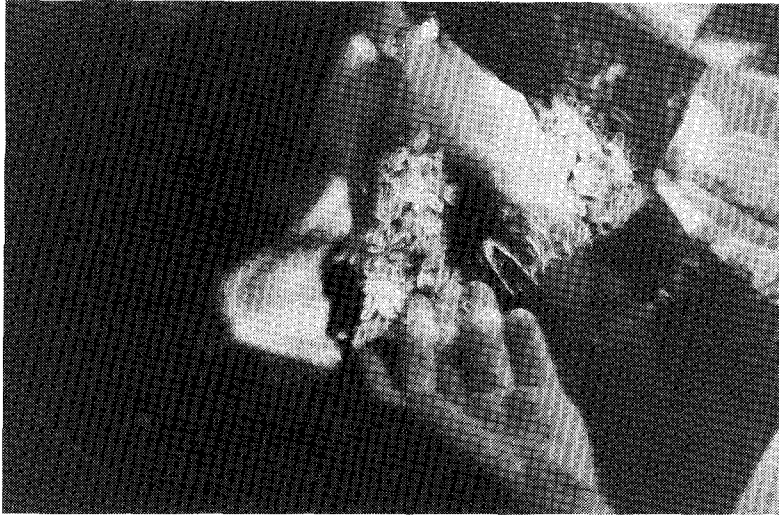
The paradox of Ted Hughes is that on one side he has been promoting creativity in children's writing and emphasizing the vitality of his own verse, while on the other he shows little sympathy for humanity and tends towards a narrower and blacker view of life to the point of chaos.²¹⁾

I consider that Hughes' writing for children as well as for adults, despite its spasmodic blackout, develops with his awareness of the spiritual corrosion caused by the loss of vital power.

Let us recall *Remains of Elmet: A Pennine Sequence*, which I mentioned before briefly. It was composed to remind the people of the danger that lurks in the present society. Since his childhood Hughes has seen the Calder valley, west of Halifax, slowly dying, which used to be "the hardest worked river in England" for the prosperity of textile industry during the Industrial Revolution. The death of the mills, chapels, and land must have made him contemplate on the outcome of heavy emphasis on machine force in neglect of vital power.

Animal violence is praised as a pure form of desire, which comes out without volition and has "the potentiality of burning energy."²²⁾ Hughes deplores that we now have brutality instead of such animal force. Revivification of vital energy and creation of a condition in which the energy functions with spontaneity is the main concern throughout the life of the poet.

V. ii. The Moon Wood



They float on the water They disappear and reappear for the same rite in the same
toga with the same weapon None of their temples crumbles down None of their incense
blows off in the wind They are the guards of my pecks and claws They are the keeper of
my buds and twigs They are the watcher of my fins and gills My essences elements

Where trees stood in dirt, clutching at the sky
Like savages photographed in the middle of a ritual
Birds danced among them and animals took part
Insects too and around their feet flowers

And time was not present they never stopped
Or left anything old or reached any new thing
Everything moved in an excitement that seemed permanent

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They were so ecstatic
I could go in among them, touch them, even break pieces off them
Pluck up flowers, without disturbing them in the least.
The birds simply flew wide, but were not for one moment distracted
From the performance of their feathers and eyes.

(“As I came, I saw a wood” in *Cave Birds*)

V. iii. The Moon Temple



This is the location where the momentum congeals into a point of stasis, this is the after-image of the words spoken, this is the time on Moon dial, showing a-hour of the Moon

Listen to the dumb tick we hear in the Calder valley, listen to the rhythm which pulses with your heart, listen to the echoes of the birds in the alchemical cave

Our trip is over. I have nothing else to say. The Moon travellers have to go back to the earth but your travel will never end. I warn you and plead you never to kill the Moon in your self. The Moon is innate to you. It is strong, it pushes, it tries to emerge. But it is vulnerable like a fetus in wind. Don't resist the move of the wind in order not to kill the baby. Inhale the wind, in, in, in, and now exhale it, out, out, out. Beware lest the sun dry your Moon breath. Beware lest the skin be ripped off from your Moon body. Beware lest the intestine be wrung off from your Moon belly.

Now I let you go. Little Frieda is waiting for you at home. Go and live my message with her and keep her and the Moon always with you in you.

EPILOGUE

Don't talk loud It will hide away
Moonlight is a creature covered with scales
Segmented with tiles of shattered glass
Grasping and copulating piece after piece
Let your self basked in reflections
multiplying in kaleidoscope
Let your body float in the music
succeeding in fugue
Variation of notes of amazing counterpoint
It gazes It crawls It howls It hypnotizes
Don't talk loud to frighten It
Let It keep Its lake
there
in precious blue

Notes

- 1) All the subsequent Hughes' "Moon" poems, unless otherwise mentioned, will be taken from *Moon-Whales and Other Poems*. (New York: The Viking Press, 1976).
- 2) The "space-bat-angel-dragon" is an important character in Ted Hughes' *The Iron Man*. Illustrated by George Adamson. (London: Faber and Faber, 1968).
- 3) Cited by Keith Cushman in "Hughes' Poetry for Children" from Ted Hughes's *Myth I*, p.56. In *The Achievement of Ted Hughes*, edited by Keith Sagar. (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1983), p. 273.
- 4) "Fay Godwin set out to capture some impressions of this landscape at this moment, and her photographs moved me to write accompanying poems." Poems by Ted Hughes and photographs by Fay Godwin, *Remains of Elmet: A Pennine Sequence*. (London: Faber and Faber, 1979).
- 5) Cushman, p. 273.
- 6) Ted Hughes, *Nessie the Mannerless Monster*, with pictures by Gerald Rose. (London: Faber and Faber).
- 7) Ted Hughes, *Cave Birds: an alchemical cave drama*, with drawings by Leonard Baskin. (London: Faber and Faber, 1978).
- 8) Cushman, p. 244.
- 9) Ted Hughes, *Meet My Folks!* Illustrated by George Adamson. (New York: Puffin Books, 1977).
- 10) I found the review on the flap of *The Earth-Owl and Other Poems*. (London: Faber and Faber, 1963). But I cannot trace it.
- 11) John Adams reveals a similar view in his "Dark Rainbow: Reflections on Ted Hughes": "It is true that children enjoy momentary meeting with these poems, but they are not likely to return to them as they are to Lear or Old Possum because there is virtually no sympathetic power in them." In *The Signal Approach to Children's Books* edited by Nancy Chambers. (Middlesex: Kestrel Books, 1980), p. 106.
- 12) Brian Morse's citation in "Poetry, Children and Ted Hughes" in *The Signal Approach to Children's Books*, p.116.
- 13) Wilhelm Reich, "The Expressive Language of the Living" in *Character Analysis*. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1976), p. 397.
- 14) Ted Hughes, *Earth-Moon*. (London: The Rainbow Press, 1976).
- 15) See Will Davis, "On Working Energetically—Part I: Meaning and Expression," in *Energy and Character*, (Aug., 1988), Vol. 19, No. 2, pp. 22-23.
- 16) Cushman, p.244.
- 17) Reich, "The Expressive Language of the Living," p. 392.
- 18) Herbert Read, "Existentialism, Marxism and Anarchism" in *The Essential Works of Anarchism*, edited by Marshall S. Shatz. (New York and Los Angeles: Quadrangle Books, 1972), p.536
- 19) Read, p. 537.
- 20) Wilhelm Reich, *The Function of the Orgasm: Sex-Economic Problems of Biological Energy*, translated by Vincent P. Carfagno. (New York: Simon and Shuster, 1973), p.7.
- 21) Adams, pp. 107-108.

- 22) Julian Gitzen, "Ted Hughes and Elemental Energy." *Discourse: A Review of the Liberal Arts*, (Autumn, 1970), p. 479.

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