



**A Love Letter on Metaphysics, Poetry and Death,  
On the 400<sup>th</sup> year from Shakespeare's Death,  
Written by W.H., shortly before his Death.**

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**INTRODUCTORY NOTE.** What follows is a love letter that a very dear friend of mine wrote his love shortly before his death. Both their names shall remain untold, for reasons of Piety. And Piety does have many reasons. My friend, he chose the title of the letter<sup>1</sup> himself, and now, the three-timed Death, the three-paced Death, sounds like a chime. He chose Death four times. He signed the letter W.H., if I knew him a little, to play with the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets. In the presence of Death Silence is Word. So I shall be silent and say only this. He loved much. He was much loved. Nothing else matters. I will miss you my friend, and I shall forget you, often.

C.C.

And my most beautiful love,

It is April, *midwinter spring, sempiterna<sup>2</sup> season, the cruelest month*,<sup>3</sup> April 23<sup>rd</sup>, AD 2016.<sup>4</sup> And I am here, on the south bank of the river Thames, and I am writing you this letter, this love letter, now that you are away.

I waited for today and came here. I wanted it to be here. I wanted it to be today. Forty years ago I met you year today, for the first time I saw you here. I still

<sup>1</sup>Though he probably added the title later. It is written with the same blacker pen and with the same anguished calligraphy as the final part of the letter is. See footnote 47.

<sup>2</sup>T.S. Eliot, *Little Gidding*.

<sup>3</sup>T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

<sup>4</sup>The exact day of the 400<sup>th</sup> year from Shakespeare's death.

remember your large-brim hat, your silverish-silkerish scarf. The handkerchief you lost, feverishly pacing up and down the cobblestones, among the remnants of the puddles and the sun-beamed raindrops.

And I remember you suddenly stopped, and looked fiercely to the river, *your eyes wide open as if to enter Death*<sup>5</sup> and the Nile. And as if to the river,<sup>6</sup> you said:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give me  
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other element  
I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.<sup>7</sup>

And then you calmly turned to me: 'Are you giving me my handkerchief back, sir'? And I was still. Silence and Stillness. This is what I remember. Everything was silent and still. I didn't know I was holding the handkerchief with both of my hands. I only saw you. You looked like a queen in your long robe, and all of my struggle with words, all my resistance and woes, they all did not matter at all, they were all in vain, all them all.<sup>8</sup>

And I remember the things you said to me that day when having tea with mint-leaves like you learned in the holy city, for it was too early for wine. I remember them words. I did not understand them. I only have a few glimpses now.

That 'we should always have flowers, in our hair, in our hands, in our eyelets:

<sup>5</sup>M. Yourcenar, *Memoirs of Hadrian*.

<sup>6</sup>History and Nature might have no purpose but to grimly laugh at us, us foolish creatures. How else can we make sense of this first encounter, with love that blooms under the shadow of a death that shall become a promise. Are we such cowards that we simply suffer them, History and Nature laughing without taking arms against them?

<sup>7</sup>*Anthony and Cleopatra*, V, II: 277-289.

<sup>8</sup>Let me indulge for a moment in a silly tender detail that my friend confessed, after we had too much wine. After he saw her that first time he was too shy to even ask her name. He knew she was playing Cleopatra at the Globe theatre for a few nights to come. One of these nights he simply bought all the tickets in the standing pit of the Globe – spending all the money from his student fellowship – so that he could see her, so that she could see him. My friend, he was a man of no measure.

lilies, carnations, gardenias, jasmines. But the juniper is sad'.

That 'we should plunge in the caverns of tomorrow with just fireflies and our love. But I am suspicious of tails made of honey'.

That 'I want to read psalms to the ravens. But only after the night-rain'.

I remember all of the words. I remember them. I did not understand them then. I only have a few glimpses now.

It began with a handkerchief, it lasted forty years. I was a silly clumsy philosophy student back then. I am a silly ugly philosophy professor now. And you, my love, you were always, and from the beginning, as beautiful as *the first vision that set fire to the stars*.<sup>9</sup> O, I know how much you love when I say these silly things.

I am writing you this letter, my most beautiful love, now that you are away, to tell you that I finally found a way to give you the gift you always wanted, the gift you always asked for, since our wedding night along the river Jordan. I am sorry I could not give this thing to you while you were here. *Readiness is all*.<sup>10</sup> And you know me. I was never ripe.

T.T. finally agreed to publish the book on *Metaphysics and Poetry in Shakespeare* you longed for so long. So that you could understand what I had been doing these last forty years. And what did I do? O, my love, if it wasn't for you, everything happens without me.

O, my dear, I can picture you frowning a little already. And, as in a lullaby, ask: why just metaphysics, my lazy dear creature, why not philosophy?

I don't want to touch upon political philosophy, even if you know I would love to

[...] talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills;  
 And yet not so-for what can we bequeath  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our lands, our lives, and an, are Bolingbroke's.  
 And nothing can we can our own but death  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For God's sake let us sit upon the ground  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup>D. Thomas, *Love in the Asylum*.

<sup>10</sup>W. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

<sup>11</sup>*Richard II*, III, II: 146-156

I leave moral philosophy to those who have a weak, pale blood, or a stained soul.  
Me, I do not have a soul and my blood is barbaric and wild. And then what can  
I say (or could they say), more than

for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking  
makes it so. To me it is a prison.<sup>12</sup>

I simply can't do epistemology. Shakesperean characters, they know more than  
me. They know more than all of us really, now that you're away.

And do not even start with philosophy of psychology. That little rascal that he  
was, the Poet, he invented the human soul. She was a minuscule bird before  
him (I know you would take the rosary you got in the holy city and playfully say:  
some say it was god. Well, at least Shakespeare helped and it's easy to see who  
did a better job, and I am not sure god ever lived on the river Avon).

And so this leaves metaphysics. Not even all of it, I should add. I have no wit to  
write again about the fact that

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.<sup>13</sup>

I do not have the strength of a Iago to compare mythologies, let alone destroy  
ontology, as per:

The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.<sup>14</sup>

I have no fiber to be trapped into the *mousetrap*<sup>15</sup> of reality and its representa-  
tion, metaphor and life:

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one,<sup>16</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Hamlet*: II, II: 251-252.

<sup>13</sup> *Hamlet*: I, v: 166-167.

<sup>14</sup> *Othello*: I, I: 62-65.

<sup>15</sup> W. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

<sup>16</sup> *The Merchant of Venice*: I, I: 77-79

the fiber the melancholy philosopher<sup>17</sup> does have:

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages.<sup>18</sup>

Surely I am no Juliet to question:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.<sup>19</sup>

If not by saying<sup>20</sup> *The rose is a rose / And was always a rose. But the theory now goes / That the apple's a rose / And the pear is, and so's / The plum, I suppose. / The dear only knows / What will next prove a rose. / You, of course, are a rose - / But were always a rose.*

Now you would tell me, my love, *fire of my loins*,<sup>21</sup> that as usual I know what not to write, more than I know what to do write. And you would laugh, with your hands on my shoulder and say: this is no time for your *Anatomy of Melancholy*,<sup>22</sup> dear, this unsubstantial matter. And I know you'd make tea for me, with mint-leaves like you learned in the holy city, for it is not the time for my wine yet, and who will take care of me when you are gone?

But I know a few things I want to write, a few things unsubstantial, like vapors, like the souls we don't have, like fireflies and love. For unsubstantial things, they are what matters. So that I want to ask. If we silly philosophers, these mistresses of truth, were to hear these terrible words, and magnificent, hear them for the first time:

[...] is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>17</sup>Jacque, a major character in *As You Like It* is often portrayed as the 'melancholy philosopher'. My friend, if I knew him a little, here is wittingly playing with some sort of self-portrait and self-parody.

<sup>18</sup>*As You Like It*: II, VII: 139-143.

<sup>19</sup>*Romeo and Juliet*: II, II: 1-2.

<sup>20</sup>R. Frost, *The Rose Family*.

<sup>21</sup>V. Nabokov, *Lolita*.

<sup>22</sup>R. Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

<sup>23</sup>*The Winter's Tale*, I, II: 284-288.

What would we say? We will forget about green-eyed jealous hearts and just conclude that existence and nothingness are predicates and properties, that nothing is something, or that everything is nothing, or that *nothing is more real than nothing*<sup>24</sup>?

Will we finally grasp that composition and identity are one and the same, tender, lustful lovers in midspring winter? Were we fools not to understand that, as the wiser fool did:

Why, after I have cut the egg I'th'middle and eat up  
The meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest  
Thy crown I'th'middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou  
Bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt.<sup>25</sup>

And when caliban-wild creatures say:

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse.<sup>26</sup>

What shall we respond? That language is a living creature too, a form of life, that cuts the world in signs and traces, that other forms of life are not to use, or to understand, or use it badly? That if ravens and lions were to talk we would not understand them? That we

have been at a great feast of languages,  
and stol'n the scraps.<sup>27</sup>

And standing close to Antony over Caesar's body – *it must be by his death*<sup>28</sup> – we will wonder whether all the wounds were the same, all the 37 wounds, all the swords were the same, all the 37 swords, for they all looked alike. Or whether there was a particular sword and wound, and arm that wielded the sword and impressed the wound, and that particular sword and arm and wound did make a difference:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,

<sup>24</sup>S. Beckett, *Malone Dies*.

<sup>25</sup>*King Lear*, I, IV: 153-156.

<sup>26</sup>*The Tempest*, I, II: 365-366.

<sup>27</sup>*Love Labour's Lost*, V, I: 36-37.

<sup>28</sup>W. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*.

And as he plucked his cursed steel away  
 Make how the blood of Caesar followed it,  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or not;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
 This was the most unkindest wound of all.<sup>29</sup>

Shall we then answer differently to the old question whether Reality is at bottom qualitative, pure, or whether individuality does enrich its most fundamental character instead? And if so, is the identity of each and every thing, fixed, resolved, and vanished, in that quality and purity? And does that quality and purity prevent us to switch robes and roles as:

[...] But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Caesar that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.<sup>30</sup>

Then we shall think of change, how flowers bloom and wither – carnations, lilies, jasmines and gardenias, yet they remain the same:

There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was grub. This Martius is grown from man to dragon. He has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.<sup>31</sup>

And we will wonder again: are there some changes we can't suffer and endure? Gradual changes – as in the lord of Cowdor<sup>32</sup> – perhaps, these we can bear. But what of sudden drastic ones – as in the prince of Denmark<sup>33</sup> after England, as some say? And do things have a nature, a nature that can't change without dissolving into nothingness any such thing, a nature that almost can't be hidden?

[...] You souls of geese  
 That bear the shapes of men.<sup>34</sup>

<sup>29</sup> *Julius Caesar*, III, II: 175-184.

<sup>30</sup> *Julius Caesar*, III, II: 227-231.

<sup>31</sup> *Coriolanus*, V, IV: 11-14.

<sup>32</sup> *Macbeth*.

<sup>33</sup> *Hamlet*.

<sup>34</sup> *Coriolanus*, I, IV: 34-35.

O, my dear, I picture you, in our velvet purple chair, finally pouring me wine and asking if I saved my favorite for last, as you saved my wine for last. And I would say: yes, my love, my most beautiful love, here to the mechanics of bodies and souls, and the workings of Death:

Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth,  
My sinful earth these rebel powers array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms inheritors of this excess  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more,

So shall thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.<sup>35</sup>

And I know that you will say that body and soul are one, that *All Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors / That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a Soul [...]* But the following Contraries to these are True / *Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.*<sup>36</sup> And I will agree that they are one but *I sing the body electric / The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them, / They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them, / And discurrup them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul. / Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal themselves? / And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead? / And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul? / And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul? [...]* *O I say these are not the parts and poems of the body only, but of the soul, / O I say now these are the soul!*<sup>37</sup>

These unsubstantial things I want to write. Two more ambitious pieces too. Yes,

<sup>35</sup> *Sonnets*, 146.

<sup>36</sup> W. Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

<sup>37</sup> W. Whitman, *I Sing the Body Electric*.



my dear, fire of my loins, I can be ambitious at times, and certainly *I am not an honorable man*.<sup>38</sup>

The first one is about *Macbeth*. I shall have the audacity to ask whether in his heart there is a rage against a look on Nature that wants her to be filled with joints and hinges, a robust architecture of levers, pulleys, sheaves, a complex and intricate order as if of bones and tendons, to which a moral order corresponds, a natural love, a natural piety, a natural grief. The symbol of that order would be the procession of darkness and light, death and night, sleep and life. Macbeth's rage would be to take arms against this order, and the kingly defender of this order, and protector, and wash with blood a simple nature clean. This is why his deeds and actions are driven by things unnatural, such things that are beyond such nature, ghostly daggers, weird sisters, apparitions. To go beyond such nature, her moral cord, to go against this nature, to show there is no nature. To show we were the ones who weave this tapestry of senses, we are the ones who can unravel it. So that Lady Macbeth's terrible words are words of deep metaphysics:

[...] I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would while it was smiling in my face  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out.<sup>39</sup>

And this is why Macbeth himself, he recognizes that

Still it cried "Sleep no more" to all the house;  
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more".<sup>40</sup>

And thus Macbeth can't sleep, his wife she errs lunatic in the dark, a *brief candle*<sup>41</sup> like a firefly against the stained ocean of darkness, her love lost. The only way to restore sleep, and thus the order is that other sleep that has the name of Death. This is the metaphysics of the tragedy. Did I then learn from it that Nature comes in joints and fibers, like an animal under the butcher's knife? Is this Nature's nature? This is what I know from Glamis castle: the fabric of Nature is Murder and Blood.

The second more ambitious piece is from *Hamlet*. For in between his torments and his scattered restlessness it seems I see the trace, the sign, the stain of a

<sup>38</sup>W. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*.

<sup>39</sup>*Macbeth*, I, VII: 54-58.

<sup>40</sup>*Macbeth*, II, II: 41-43.

<sup>41</sup>W. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*.

genuine metaphysical anguish in the nightly prince. It has to do with his mechanistic inclinations about the human person. A metaphysics that whispers in his ear that we are just mechanical stupidity, parcels of the dust and dusty creatures, and dusty Death shall take us all. The signs of this penchant already appear in his love letter to Ophelia, in the 'machine that is to him', – and you my most beautiful love, forgive me if I'm not as good a Poet as the prince and only wrote you this love letter, not that one:

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
 Doubt that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt I love.  
 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;  
 I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most  
 best, believe it. Adieu.  
 'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him<sup>42</sup>,

And then we find these signs again in the response to Guildenstern, in the quintessence of dust:

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in  
 faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! in action  
 how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the  
 world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence  
 of dust<sup>43</sup>?

In Polonius' death:

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king and eat the fish  
 that hath fed of that worm [...] nothing but to show you how a king  
 may go a progress through the guts of a beggar<sup>44</sup>,

and in the great grave-diggers' scene:

How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot? Faith, if 'a be not rotten  
 before 'a die (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days that will  
 scarce hold the laying in, I will last you some eight year or nine year.  
 A tanner will last you nine year.

<sup>42</sup> *Hamlet*, II, II: 115-123.

<sup>43</sup> *Hamlet*, II, II: 309-314.

<sup>44</sup> *Hamlet*, IV, III: 29-34.

Why he more than another?

Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now. This skull hath lien you i' th' earth three-and-twenty years.

[...]

Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio. A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand tunes. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is!

My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

[...]

Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth? [...]

And smelt so? Pah!

[...] To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

[...]

No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus:

Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make

loam; and why of that loam (whereto he was converted) might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!<sup>45</sup>

<sup>45</sup> *Hamlet*, V, I: 166-220.

– and you, my most beautiful love, forgive me if I don't remember the entire scene. I am not wide enough, in my heart, to contain all of this beauty at once. It would be Hamlet's resistance to accept the consequences of this metaphysics, marvelously transformed in the shape of the father-ghost- that prevents him to kill some others (the king while on his knees and prayers) and himself.

And so you see, my dear, I have few things to say. And then I want to ask you a small thing unsubstantial. For you know beauty more than me. I had but a confused language. You gave me Word and Beauty. What should be the epigraph my dear, for this gift of yours? Maybe:

I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push at chance and sufferance<sup>46</sup>.

This shall be my gift to you, my love, that you waited for so long, from our wedding night along the river Jordan. I am sorry I never gave you a child.

.....

The book shall keep me busy.<sup>47</sup> Bees busy hands. Busy like the bees I need to be and long. For you shall be away for long. They say that busy hands they are the remedy and cure, the pharmacon against the mellifluous seductions of melancholy – *to aching Pleasure nigh*<sup>48</sup> –, the *horrible pleasures*<sup>49</sup> of anguish and despair.

But I am not melancholic, nor anguished. I am just tired. You are away and I'm just tired. You are in the cold river now. You're in the Nile, you're in the Jordan, you're in the Thames. You are in the lonesome sea. I still can hear your voice:

Full fathom five my body lies  
Of my bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were mine eyes.<sup>50</sup>

<sup>46</sup>*Much Ado About Nothing*, V, I: 31-38.

<sup>47</sup>The letter is interrupted and it reprises here. This part is written in another, darker black – the same used for the title. The calligraphy is nervous and fanatic, the calligraphy, a depiction of a changed heart.

<sup>48</sup>J. Keats, *Ode to Melancholy*.

<sup>49</sup>W. Shakespeare, *King Lear*.

<sup>50</sup>*The Tempest*, I, II: 399-401 (with slight modifications).

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!  
 What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
 What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!  
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
 Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.<sup>51</sup>

Your blood is like the river cold, and I am senseless and warm. I'm in the sun. And *I am tired of the sun.*<sup>52</sup> *Another sunbeam and I'll rot.*<sup>53</sup> O, rage against the sun! O fury! O heart! No, I'm not tired. I'm filled with hate. Each and every thing, I hate. I hate Poetry. The rhythm of the Word is not Legislation to the World. I hate Philosophy. Childless barren sophistry. I hate Knowledge, and all of her priests. Pontification all in vain.

But mostly I hate you. For you left me here alone. Here, on this muddy, sterile rock. Alone, in this inflammable darkness. *I cried for the night. It comes. Now cry in darkness.*<sup>54</sup>

Is it all there is my dear? Is it all gone my most beautiful love? It's all gone. I will see you in the flowers.

**ENDNOTE.** We are publishing this letter for just one simple reason. We hope that someone will read this letter and will then write the book my friend wanted and could not. May the dedication be:

*'To W.H. and his most beautiful love'*

C.C.

<sup>51</sup> *Richard III*, I, II: 9-33.

<sup>52</sup> W. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*.

<sup>53</sup> H. Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*.

<sup>54</sup> S. Beckett, *Endgame*.