

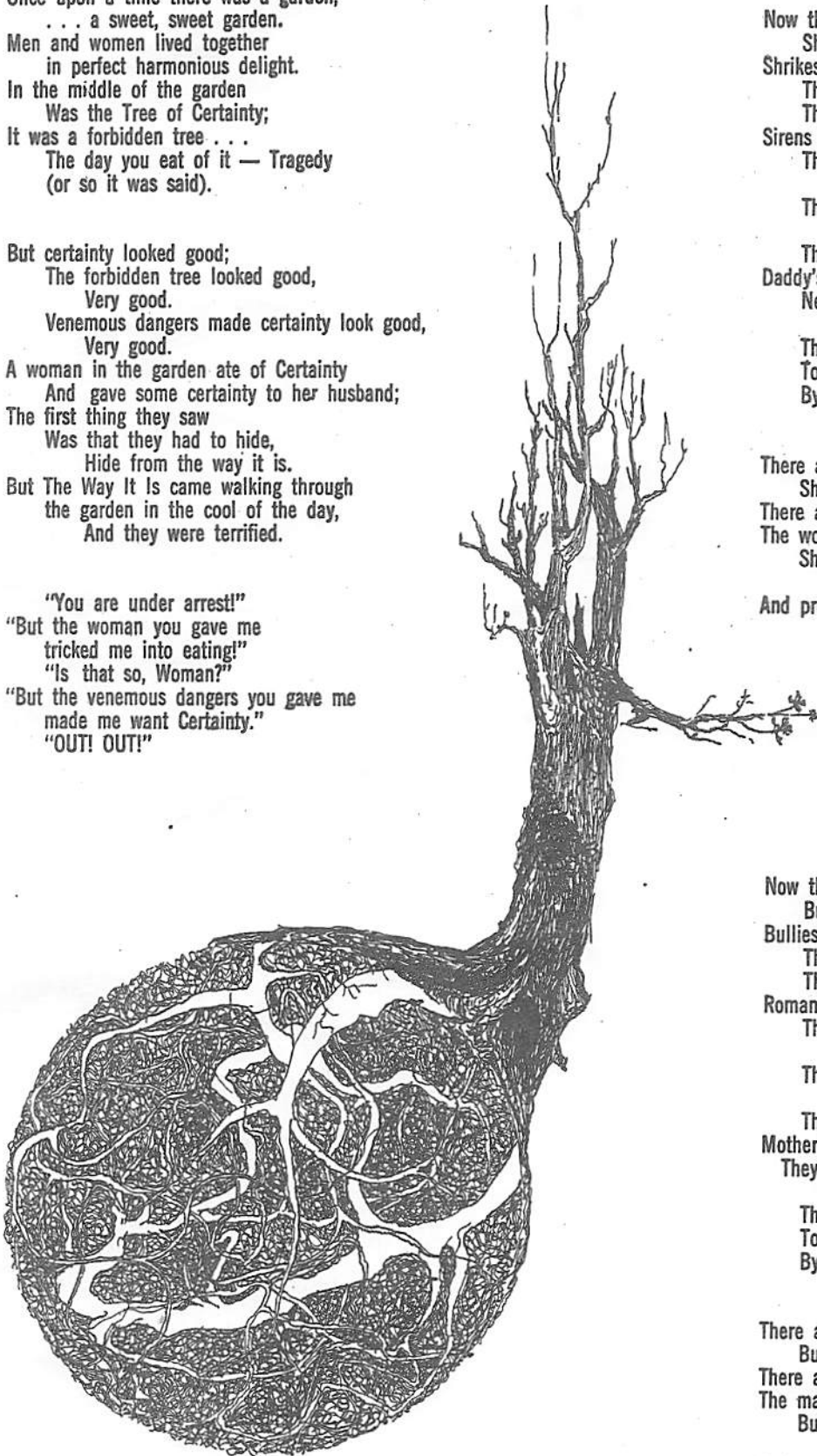
I

Once upon a time there was a garden,
 . . . a sweet, sweet garden.
 Men and women lived together
 in perfect harmonious delight.
 In the middle of the garden
 Was the Tree of Certainty;
 It was a forbidden tree . . .
 The day you eat of it — Tragedy
 (or so it was said).

But certainty looked good;
 The forbidden tree looked good,
 Very good.
 Venemous dangers made certainty look good,
 Very good.

A woman in the garden ate of Certainty
 And gave some certainty to her husband;
 The first thing they saw
 Was that they had to hide,
 Hide from the way it is.
 But The Way It Is came walking through
 the garden in the cool of the day,
 And they were terrified.

"You are under arrest!"
 "But the woman you gave me
 tricked me into eating!"
 "Is that so, Woman?"
 "But the venemous dangers you gave me
 made me want Certainty."
 "OUT! OUT!"



II

Now there are three kinds of women —
 Shrikes, Sirens, and Daddy's Little Girls.
 Shrikes work hard, have drive, pride and spirit;
 They have contempt for Boys and Girls;
 They have to excel or destroy man or woman.
 Sirens believe love will heal all voids;
 They seek fulfillment in the warm
 the wild and the ecstatic;
 They have contempt for the ugly
 the cold and the immature;
 They have to be the center of affection.
 Daddy's Little Girls are warm and sweet,
 Never violent, never cruel
 And can't stand cruel people;
 They fear ecstasies . . . Wish only
 To be cared for until life's end
 By some great big protector from all life's pain.

There are three kinds of women —
 Shrikes, Sirens, and Daddy's Little Girls.
 There are no others.
 The woman who protests to me that she is neither
 Shrike, Siren, nor Daddy's Little Girl
 is a liar.
 And probably a shrike.

III

Now there are three kinds of men —
 Bullies, Romantics, and Mother's Little Boys.
 Bullies work hard, have drive, pride and spirit;
 They have contempt for Boys and Girls;
 They have to excel or destroy woman or man.
 Romantics believe love will heal all voids;
 They seek fulfillment in the warm
 the wild and the ecstatic;
 They have contempt for the ugly
 the cold and the immature;
 They have to be the center of affection.
 Mother's Little Boys are tender and gentle,
 They are never violent, never cruel
 and can't stand cruel people;
 They fear ecstasies . . . Wish only
 To be cared for until life's end
 By some patient protector from all life's pain.

There are three kinds of men —
 Bullies, Romantics, and Mother's Little Boys.
 There are no others.
 The man who protests to me that he is neither
 Bully, Romantic, nor Mother's Little Boy
 is a liar.
 And probably a Bully.

IV

Dear Shrikes and Bullies,
Sirens and Romantics,
Girls and Boys:
Let me tell you another story . . .

Once upon a time there was a carpenter's son,
Frail, scared and uncertain
like all of us.
He was just Mother's Little Boy;
He was a Romantic;
He was another Bully.
But he decided — and I mean he decided.
(Shall I say that again?) **HE DECIDED.**
He decided to become **THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.**
But you see, it was all an act;
It was a role, it was a mask.

VI

He was just a carpenter's son,
Frail, scared and uncertain;
He was just Mother's Little Boy,
He was surely a Romantic,
And just one more Bully.
But he decided to put on an act;
The act was called **"THE MESSIAH!"**

The religious authorities would have liked
Jesus the man;
He was sensitive, learned, lucid, interesting, etc.
But that role, that arrogant, unbending,
Dogmatic, unaccepting, cryptic role.
They hated that role, they feared that role.
That role called their lives into question;

That role was the judgement. The demonic powers
were all disturbed by it.
Lives were healed by it. History was
Fascinated by it.
Not by Jesus. Not by Jesus. But
By that role Jesus had decided to act out.

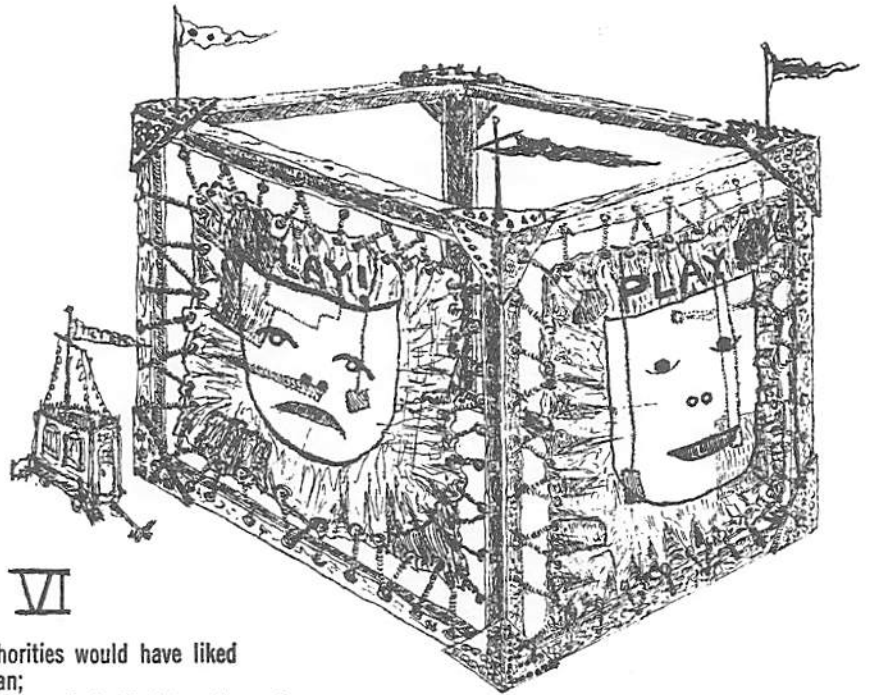
They killed that role — not Jesus.
If Jesus had given up that role they might
have turned him loose. But that role,
The role had to be killed, killed.
And they killed it.
And Jesus, our frail, scared, uncertain Mother's Little Boy,
Sensitive Romantic, lucid Bully;
Jesus was inside that role. Jesus got killed.

He was just one like us, but he decided to
Play the role of the Savior of the World,
And they killed him.
No, they did not kill Jesus;
They killed **THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.**

V

He played **THE ROLE,**
I mean he played **THE ROLE.**
He emptied himself for the sake of this role;
He became, by decision,
In the company of his closest companions
And for all the company of history
A ROLE.
an **ACT,**
a **SYMBOLIC FIGURE.**

When you looked, you didn't see Jesus;
You saw only this hard, incredible, iron role.
But back behind that role was a
Frail, scared, uncertain, struggling,
Intensely suffering carpenter's son,
Dying in order to be **A ROLE** in the company of man.
I mean he played **THE ROLE.**



VII

And Jesus is dead but **NOT** the Saviour of the World
He is not dead.
That **ROLE** is not dead
The Play goes on.

Many men have loved that role with all the passion
of their being.
They have loved it as a Role that died for them.
They have loved it as the Role they themselves
play with all the passion of their being.

Dear Shrikes and Bullies, Sirens and Romantics,
Girls and Boys,
Playing this Role is **PASSION FOR GOD.**