

## THE CHARACTERS

JIMI HENDRIX: Rock-and-roll guitarist/vocalist; wears a fringed leather vest with flared jeans and moccasins.

LEONARDO DaVINCI: Italian painter and military engineer, draped in a loose-fitting silk shirt over joint hose.

CARL JUNG: Swiss psychoanalyst, dressed professionally in a suit and tie, cropped mustache.

WILLIAM BLAKE: English poet, philosopher, and visual artist. He has receding gray hair and is attired in a black three-piece suit with a ruffled white shirt.

## THE SET

*An ovular enclosure with an archway at the top that is broader than the floor. Painted in calligraphic letters across the archway is the sentence: THERE IS A VOID OUTSIDE OF EXISTENCE WHICH IF ENTERED INTO ENBLOBS ITSELF AND BECOMES A WOMB.*

*Indeed, the room is a cross-section of a uterus with spongy, vascular, crimson walls and long fallopian tubes that extend from each side of the archway, culminating at bilaterally positioned ovaries.*

*Each fallopian entry has a door and a narrow staircase that descends into the enclosure, meeting at the cervical opening, from which flames periodically billow.*

*The door, stage left, is green with an image of hissing asp on it. The door, stage right, is blue with the image of an apple tree full of ripe fruit.*

*Behind the flaming cervix is a square table, a rudimentary wooden chair on each side. Atop the table are a tapped wine barrel and Leonardo's bound journal, accompanied by a feather quill and a jar of ink. Built into the base of the table are four deep drawers.*

*A clock with Roman numerals, but no hands, hangs on the rear wall.*

## THE ACTION

*The set is dark. Spotlight on Hendrix, outside the womb, stage left, asleep on a bed, tangled in grubby sheets.*

*He strains to breathe. A deep gasp is followed by a guttural noise.*

*The spot dims, and diluted light passes through a kaleidoscopic filter of soft*

*oranges, pinks, blues, and yellows.*

*Hendrix rises from the bed. He ties a pink scarf around his forehead and straps a white Fender Stratocaster over his shoulder.*

*The spotlight fades to black as the principal set illuminates.*

*DaVinci is alone in the womb. In his possession is a flying contraption: a length of sheep's intestine attached to a hand-whittled propeller. He climbs atop the table and blows air into the intestine, pinching the end to seal it closed. He releases it as Jung quietly enters through the blue door.*

*DaVinci's flying machine does not fly, but falls to the table surface.*

*A stuffed satchel strapped over his shoulder, Jung captures DaVinci's attention as he descends the stairs.*

JUNG: *(German accent.)* Ciao, Leonardo.

DaVINCI: *(Italian accent.)* Benvenuto, Dr. Jung.

JUNG: Is that the sheep's intestine Mr. Blake provided for you?

DaVINCI: Yes, but as you can see, I am having trouble inflating it.

*(Jung sets his satchel on the table. He reaches inside and produces a set of blacksmith's bellows.)*

JUNG: Perhaps this will help.

DaVINCI: Yes, gracie.

*(DaVinci eagerly receives the bellows and pumps air into the intestine until it inflates like a balloon. He releases it, and his creation spins up to the ceiling and twirls delicately to the floor. Delighted with his accomplishment, he climbs down and retrieves his device. He draws a goblet of red wine from the tap, which he passes to Jung. He draws a second one for himself and samples it.)*

DaVINCI: Where is he from again?

JUNG: Currently, he is in a flat in London; but he was born in North America.

DaVINCI: The western hemisphere.

JUNG: Yes.

*(DaVinci removes baskets of grapes, olives, and cheese from the drawers, arranging them decoratively on the tabletop.)*

JUNG: I see the womb has not stopped providing for you.

DaVINCI: Nor will she.

*(Jung removes a bound notebook from his satchel and places it on the table in front of the chair, stage left. He walks to the opposite side and sits in the chair, stage right. He removes another notebook, which he peruses.)*

*(DaVinci removes a stack of four ceramic plates from a drawer and sets one on each side of the table.)*

*(Hendrix enters the green door and cautiously descends the stairway.)*

HENDRIX: Wow, so this is what twenty-twenty vision looks like.

DaVINCI: That's an odd looking lute.

*(A flame bursts from the cervix.)*

HENDRIX: Whoa man, is this heaven or hell?

DaVINCI: The space between.

JUNG: Heaven and hell are different things to different people, James.

HENDRIX: I go by Jimi.

JUNG: Please sit, Jimi.

*(Hendrix leans his guitar against the table and sits in the chair, stage left.)*

DaVINCI: Wine?

HENDRIX: Hell no. The smell alone makes me wanna puke, brother.

JUNG: Please help yourself to anything you wish.

HENDRIX: Thank you, sir.

*(Hendrix samples an olive and spits the pit into his hand.)*

JUNG: I'm Dr. Jung.

HENDRIX: What kind of doctor are you?

JUNG: A doctor of neurology.

HENDRIX: A brain doctor?

JUNG: You might say that.

HENDRIX: You ain't a goddamn psycho doctor, are you?

*(DaVinci slices a loaf of bread and fills a basket.)*

HENDRIX: I mean...am I here to have my head shrunk?

JUNG: In a manner of speaking, we are all here to be analyzed.

*(DaVinci folds cloth napkins and places them by each plate.)*

HENDRIX: Right on. *(To DaVinci.)* Nice rags, brother.

DaVINCI: This shirt happens to be made from the finest silk. *(To Jung.)* I thought you said he is an artist.

HENDRIX: I *am* an artist.

DaVINCI: Yes, and so is Michelangelo...the mechanical, sweaty, filthy Michelangelo.

*(DaVinci assumes the seat facing the audience and opens his journal.)*

HENDRIX: If you don't mind me asking...where are we?

DaVINCI: The womb.

HENDRIX: You tellin' me this place is a big goddamn uterus? *(Recognizes DaVinci.)*  
Wait a minute...are you...?

DaVINCI: *(Interrupts.)* There are no minutes here. No hours or seconds either.

HENDRIX: I guess that explains why there are no hands on that clock.

JUNG: To quote an acquaintance of mine: The hours of folly are measured by the clock;  
but of wisdom, no clock can measure.

HENDRIX: Then why have a clock?

DaVINCI: In the event that this exercise turns out to be folly.

*(Hendrix picks up the notebook and fingers through its blank pages.)*

HENDRIX: What exercise are you cats talking about, anyway?

JUNG: We are going to do some role-playing.

HENDRIX: I'm not following you, man.

JUNG: It is simple. We will share a meal and some conversation...each recording his own notes...as a member of the Godhead. I will participate as Yahweh, Leonardo as Jehovah; and you, Jimi, will portray the Holy Spirit.

HENDRIX: Right on. I guess I can dig it. I've been told that my work is inspirational. But can we split this claustrophobic scene?

JUNG: You will be made aware of your options when we are finished with our experience.

HENDRIX: Experience, huh? If you cats don't mind, I just realized I have unfinished business with some friends.

*(Hendrix grabs his guitar and ascends the stairs to the green door, which is bolted.)*

JUNG: The material world is a cage, Jimi...bolted by neuroses. You are free to return if you wish, but only after we finish.

*(Hendrix slowly retraces his steps.)*

JUNG: When their mortality expires, your loved ones will be afforded similar agency to explore their eternal destinations.

*(Hendrix pauses on the stairs.)*

HENDRIX: What about my loved ones whose mortality has already expired?

JUNG: Do you have someone specifically in mind?

HENDRIX: My mother...Lucille Hendrix. Her liver exploded when I was fifteen.

JUNG: I know. She abandoned you at age nine.

HENDRIX: She abandoned me long before that. Do you know where she is?

JUNG: That is something you must determine.

HENDRIX: How?

JUNG: First things first. Please return to your chair, Jimi.

*(Hendrix complies.)*

*(DaVinci writes notes in his journal.)*

HENDRIX: Hey, you scribe from right to left.

DaVINCI: Yes...so curious pests won't meddle in my affairs.

HENDRIX: Hey Joe, I may be a curious pest, but I can play a right-handed guitar upside down.

DaVINCI: Music is fleeting. Even when one creates a pleasant sound, it disappears forever...unlike a painting.

HENDRIX: Sound doesn't disappear in my world.

JUNG: It is true Leonardo. In the world of the five senses, sounds can be permanently recorded on magnetic tape just like paint on canvas.

HENDRIX: And I can listen to those tapes backwards and easily identify the sequence of notes in reverse.

DaVINCI: Please do not suppose that you and I have common traits.

HENDRIX: Can you hear colors? And see sounds?

DaVINCI: No, of course not.

HENDRIX: You're right then; we have little in common.

DaVINCI: Praise the Lord.

HENDRIX: Okay...I guess I still don't know how everything works in this place...but can we get this shit underway?

JUNG: We're still missing one person.

HENDRIX: But I thought you said we were role playing as the Trinity.

JUNG: I never used the word Trinity.

*(Blake emerges from the flaming cervix, starting Hendrix out of his chair.)*

HENDRIX: Who are you?

DaVINCI: He is Satan.

JUNG: The fourth member of the Quaternity.

HENDRIX: The Devil is the fourth member of the Godhead?

BLAKE: (*British accent.*) Name's William Blake.

*(He assumes the fourth seat at the table, his back to the audience. He helps himself to a wedge of cheese.)*

BLAKE: Lucifer is the polar opposite of Jehovah...just as the Holy Spirit is the opposite of Yahweh. Together, the four beings form a cross, and divine truth exists in the center where the contraries collide...sometimes quite violently.

DaVINCI: That's not what the Bible says.

BLAKE: Stop the theatrics...the Pope's not watching.

JUNG: (*To DaVinci.*) You don't even believe the Bible.

DaVINCI: I believe it contains useful allegory.

BLAKE: Lawyers have suffocated the Biblical poets and bound their words in the form of commandments.

DaVINCI: And what is wrong with commandments?

BLAKE: Nothing I suppose, until they are codified for sociopolitical gain.

DaVINCI: I view the commandments as mechanisms of sociopolitical order.

BLAKE: Bore, bore...you may as well have been the Pope's concubine.

DaVINCI: And you are a vulgar engraver.

BLAKE: (*To Hendrix.*) Did you ever break any of the commandments, Jimi?

HENDRIX: Lots of 'em, I guess.

BLAKE: Why?

DaVINCI: The young are often lacking in reason.

BLAKE: And what is reason but inhibition?

DaVINCI: Experience is the mother of certainty; and when a hypothesis can be observed, quantified, and repeated, argument is destroyed forever.

BLAKE: Your hypothesis refutes the Ten Commandments, which must be repeated with such force and frequency because they are so contrary to human nature.

JUNG: Leonardo, commandments have precluded you and Jimi from individuating.

*(Hendrix dips his pen in his ink and scribbles the word in his notebook.)*

HENDRIX: So what exactly does that mean...to individuate?

JUNG: Think of it this way. Within each of us is a rhizome. And what are rhizomes but concentrations of energy? Timeless energy that has always existed.

HENDRIX: *(Writes.)* Okay, I can dig it.

BLAKE: Each life has its own intrinsic nature to which it must conform in order to blossom and not waste itself in endless conflict between desire and restraint.

DaVINCI: *(To Blake.)* Where do you demarcate desire and anarchy?

BLAKE: I don't. One who restrains desire does so because it is weak enough to be restrained.

HENDRIX: No one I know has been truer to his desires than I have.

JUNG: No one you *knew*.

HENDRIX: Hey Doc, I won't argue that you're smarter than I am...

JUNG: *(Interrupts.)* More experienced...which is why I can state with authority that, while rhizomes are eternal, blossoms die and are scattered by the wind.

DaVINCI: Yes, he died because of his inability to restrain desire.

HENDRIX: I'm going to Hell, aren't I?

BLAKE: Jimi, how would you describe Hell?

HENDRIX: Thirty shows in thirty nights in thirty different cities...with lawyers, managers, and promoters calling all the shots until you're having rows every day with band mates who used to be your dearest friends.



BLAKE: The world you just left.

HENDRIX: (*Points to the blue door.*) What's behind that door?

JUNG: The Garden of Eden. Many poets like yourself reside there.

HENDRIX: Does that mean they don't have sex there?

BLAKE: There is no wholeness in Eden. Don't forget...it was not Yahweh who gave Adam and Eve the power to create...it was Lucifer.

HENDRIX: I'm not sure you answered my question.

BLAKE: I presume you have lady friends, Jimi?

JUNG: Jimi had multiple lady friends...all of them protective matrons.

*(Hendrix writes in his journal.)*

HENDRIX: I don't even know what a matron is.

JUNG: They replaced your mother.

HENDRIX: I assure you, I didn't know my mother like I knew those ladies...if you know what I mean?

JUNG: Jimi, do you know that Leonardo was born out of wedlock?

HENDRIX: No...and I can't say that I care. So was I.

JUNG: Yes, I know. You never saw your father's face until you were nearly three years old. You shared your mother's tenderness with no one until that time.

HENDRIX: My father was in the war.

JUNG: Leonardo's father had no such explanation for abandoning his young son for the first five years of his life.

DaVINCI: But I did not replace my mother with other women.

JUNG: No, you replaced her with yourself.

HENDRIX: You're bending my mind, Doc.

JUNG: Leonardo, I believe that dwelling in Eden would align you with your rhizome.

DaVINCI: Scientific discovery is my rhizome.

JUNG: In this insulated existence? No rivers, lakes, or oceans? No wind? No flora or fauna?

DaVINCI: I do my best work in isolation.

JUNG: You disconnect from yourself in the womb.

DaVINCI: To the contrary; I am *most* myself in the womb.

JUNG: Jimi, there is a lesson in this for you. Leonardo was employed by royalty for much of his life, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church; so as an artist he was suppressed.

*(Hendrix takes notes.)*

HENDRIX: Suppressed? He's Leonardo fuckin' DaVinci.

JUNG: And he identifies himself with the Christ because his father created him, but left him...unfinished.

DaVINCI: You speak of things you cannot document.

JUNG: The Battle of Anghiari is a document.

DaVINCI: My father died while I was painting it, and my work was interrupted that I might tend to his affairs.

JUNG: Why did you not return to it at a later date?

DaVINCI: I had other commissions.

JUNG: You didn't even finish The Last Supper...your masterpiece.

DaVINCI: Mona Lisa is my masterpiece...the world's masterpiece.

JUNG: Of course...the dualistic smile.

BLAKE: Depicting both desire and restraint.

JUNG: Mona Lisa smiles because she knows a secret, Leonardo.

DaVINCI: A random trait.

JUNG: Analysis does not subscribe to randomness. Her smile communicates an intention.

DaVINCI: And I suppose you can mine my intentions, Doctor?

JUNG: If you were honest, you would do it yourself.

BLAKE: You took only handsome boys as pupils...and not one of them became a painter of importance.

JUNG: Substitutive figures of yourself during childhood.

BLAKE: It's no secret, Leonardo; Francesco Melzi accompanied you to Paris when you went to work for King Francis. He remained with you until your death and was named your heir.

*(Silence.)*

JUNG: For now, I believe our exercise is complete.

HENDRIX: But what about me? Where am I supposed to go?

BLAKE: Do you wish to behold the truly infinite?

HENDRIX: *(Points to the flaming cervix.)* You mean down there?

BLAKE: The palace of wisdom.

HENDRIX: Isn't it Hell?

BLAKE: It is Heaven to me.

HENDRIX: But how can I trust you? You're the Devil.

BLAKE: The poetic spirit is freed by the Devil. And don't forget...we're role playing.  
The Devil is in your imagination.

HENDRIX: What goes on down there?

BLAKE: If the doors of perception were cleansed, man would see things as they truly are: infinite.

HENDRIX: The Doors?

BLAKE: Who do you suppose gave Mr. Morrison the name for his band?

*(Blake rises from his chair and disappears into the flaming cervix.)*

*(Mesmerized, Hendrix straps his guitar over his shoulder and approaches the flame.)*

HENDRIX: The story of love is quicker than the wink of an eye. The story of love is hello and goodbye. Until we meet again.

*(He plays the heavy opening licks of "Fire" as he descends into the flames.)*

*(Jung packs his satchel and takes one last swallow of wine.)*

JUNG: Auf Wiedersehen, Leonardo.

DaVINCI: Arrive merci, Dr. Jung.

*(Jung ascends the stairs but pauses midway.)*

JUNG: I have a secret of my own, Leonardo.

DaVINCI: Yes?

JUNG: Francesco Melzi is a neighbor of mine. He asks about you frequently.

*(Without another word, Jung exits the blue door.)*

*(Leonardo straightens up the table, puts away food and dishes, sits in his chair and sips wine.)*

*(He removes a lyre from one of the bins and strums its strings with his left hand.)*

*(He rises and ascends the stairs toward Eden, pausing midway to ruminate.)*

*(Fade to black.)*

END OF PLAY