

ADOBE XL

The Teven - November 2016



“LE ROI EST MORT, VIVE LE ROI!”

To breath with intent, to let loose that which answers the passions of our Brotherhood is the new Teven, a Teven likened onto the blunt end of Mjölñir. (Thor’s Hammer)

And so we start afresh, looking at and for, cause and effect in the All that engages us. I invite those who wish to shape the content and direction of the Teven to submit written content for consideration.

It is my intention that this publication will reflect our enjoined journey along a Masonic path to the Victorious Life. How long this editor breathes life into it’s pages will always be at the will and pleasure of the Master, but make no mistake, the source of it’s life can only spring forth from a good editor, in format and purpose.

That said, the goodness of this editor it is hoped, will always be in question. But let not the Lazy Eye of contentment be the source of your discontent. For instance, the word ‘passion’, used in the opening sentence, did you give it it’s full account? ‘Passion’, means to suffer. Passions are weaknesses which consume vital energy whereas virtues give energy/vitality to life.

“LE ROI EST MORT, VIVE LE ROI!” The King is dead, long live the King. Indicates that there is never a time without a king, a time without a personal relational history, even if unrecorded. Our journey together for a time has been unrecorded and will again be in times to come. However, let us make the most of this moment, let us come together and share our stories and our desires of passing on to others the value of service, by our contributions of same to this publication.

So, the new format of the Teven will be that the first page is editorial with the following pages to be filled by submitted content if received in time, Lodge happenings, Masonic birthdays, officer communications, a calendar of events and such, with the last page containing the officers and their contact information. In reality, knowing that voluntary submissions are almost always far from adequate for a product of consequence, i.e. worth reading. This editor will endeavour to grind a few notable observations found upon his own path as an example of sharing in service to others in order to fill a page or two in the absence of submissions.

As usual, Most Worshipful has come to our aid in filling this month's pages with something of worth, and I think you will find it very interesting if you dig into Poe's biography and his supposed rejection at the ballot box which may, or may not, account for this story. What is not true however, is that he was found dead in a back alley from a death blow delivered to the head.

The Cask of Amontillado

To be buried while alive is, beyond question, the most terrific of ... extremes which has ever fallen to the lot of mere mortality.... We know of nothing so agonizing upon Earth—we can dream of nothing half so hideous in the realms of the nethermost Hell.

Edgar Allan Poe

The Premature Burial

Poe had a thing for madness. Many, if not most, of his characters betray a decided tilt toward insanity. In *The Masque of the Red Death*, Hoaxiepoe [read: hoax, i.e., Poe] actually tries to convince the reader that he is not,

“...you might either have misunderstood me altogether, or, with the rabble, have fancied me mad. As it is, you will easily perceive that I am one of the many uncounted victims of the Imp of the Perverse.”

Poe opens *The Tell-tale Heart* with this tight piece of self defense,

“How, then am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.”

It is indeed generally agreed that Poe himself greatly feared insanity. Another fear he may have had, and more to the point, dominates many of his short stories: *The Black Cat*, *The Premature Burial*, *The Tell-tale Heart*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and, yes, *The Cask of Amontillado*, all betray a preoccupation, if not fixation, with being buried alive.

Poe's mental state

A protagonist of supreme clarity of vision characterizes *The Cask of Amontillado*. Yet, that very clarity of vision and purpose arouses in the reader only fear and pity—Montresor is definitely insane. The very commonness of insanity in Poe's works forces speculation on his own state of mind.

Poe possessed all the features of psychological inadequacy expected in a child rejected by his own family, taken in physically, but not emotionally, by another. All his biographers agree that this experience scarred him for life. Yet, in a perverse way, we are the beneficiaries of his trauma. We have had bestowed upon us as a gift the ravings, if you will, of one of the most talented—and haunted—writers of the nineteenth century.

The Work

“The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.” This has become one of the most famous opening lines in the history of literature. The line is perhaps the ultimate in economy: it tells all and yet nothing. We learn nothing of the “injuries” borne; we learn nothing of the “insult” that seals Fortunato's fate; we are not told exactly where the diabolical act of revenge is taking place, or when—except that it was fifty years ago and we only know that at the end of the story. Nonetheless, we know a great deal: Fortunato is in trouble and the man whose very name means ‘Fortunate’ is perhaps not so; the as yet unknown device of the revenge is proceeding from a vow and therefore a sacred duty to be performed; the injured party is patient and will exact his revenge at his own time, place, and method of his choosing—all this in twenty-one words. One is tempted to agree with Quinn's succinct observation that, “There is not one word to spare in ‘The Cask of Amontillado’” (p. 500).

An interesting feature of the story lies in Montresor's clever way of manipulating Fortunato's ego. He has a cask of valuable and rare wine and Montresor intends to certify it by someone Fortunato does not respect, and thus Fortunato feels the need to judge the wine himself. Montresor continually urges that they return to the carnival and leave the dark dank crypt, secure in the knowledge that the combination of Fortunato's inebriation and egotistical personality will impel him on, to his own destruction. Fortunato's response to Montresor's claim that he has “pipe” of Amantillado is met with “Impossible!” Not impossible, but unlikely since a pipe is 126 gallons or four barrels. This is a true treasure and Fortunato is led by its appeal to his own destruction.

The Sacrifice

Early in the story, Montresor says, “...my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.” Poe is using this word in its earliest sense, that is, as an act of sacrifice. The word derives from the Latin for a sacrificial barley cake (*mola*) and only later became associated with burning the sacrifice. Fortunato is to become a sacrifice to Montresor's perverted ideal of justice.

The Masons

If there is an obscure portion in this short story, it is the following:

...He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

“Not I,” I replied.

“Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

“How?”

“You are not of the masons.”

“Yes, yes,” I said; “yes, yes.”

“You? Impossible! A mason?”

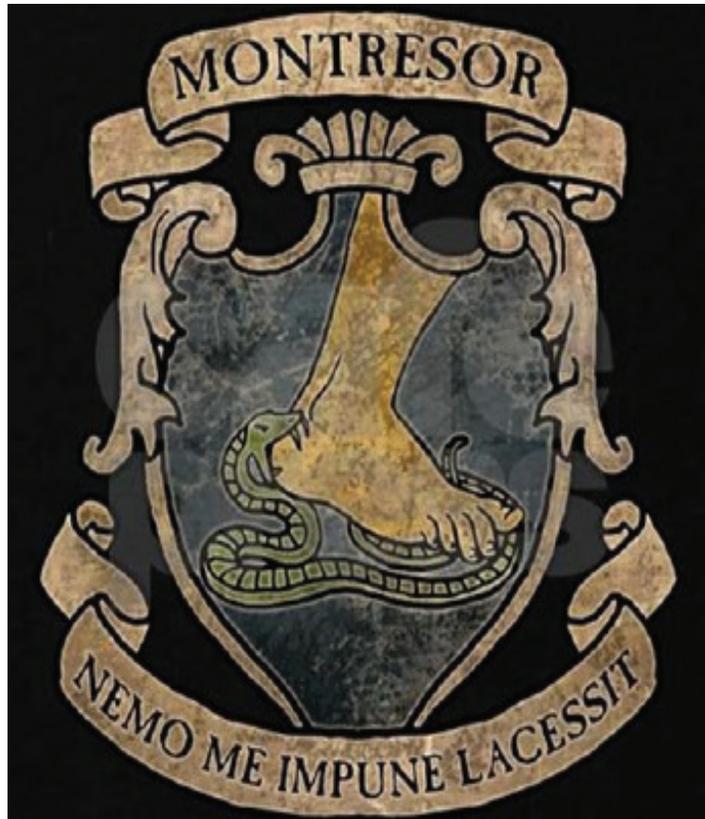
“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said.

“It is this,” I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaure.”

“You jest,” he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

Poe is making a play on words as Fortunato confuses Montresor’s claim to be a mason, that is a member of a fraternity, with Montresor’s ironic (and at this point, secret) intent to indeed become a mason and wall Fortunato up alive in the crypt. Here also we have the only hint of a possible insult that led to the murder. Fortunato finds it “Impossible” that Montresor could be a member of the elite fraternity to which he belonged; he obviously saw Montresor as a sort of second class citizen and may have verbalized this judgment. Obviously Fortunato’s inebriated condition betrays his obligation to temperance. If he is, indeed, a Mason, he is not a very good one.



A paper on coats of arms in general, and the specific symbolism of this one might make a good presentation.

Translation - “NO ONE INJURES ME WITH IMPUNITY”

Conclusion

Though masterfully wrought, *The Cask of Amontillado* is but of a type in the incredibly diverse works of Poe. The common themes: fear, death, fear of death, madness, are all there. Yet, there is a certain unique elegance of style amid terse diction that fairly suggests this as Poe's finest short story.

A striking example of Poe's enduring influence is the modern novel by Linda Fairstein, *Entombed* (Simon & Schuster, NY, 2005), which is rife with Poe allusions and the very plot is a play on *The Cask of Amontillado*.

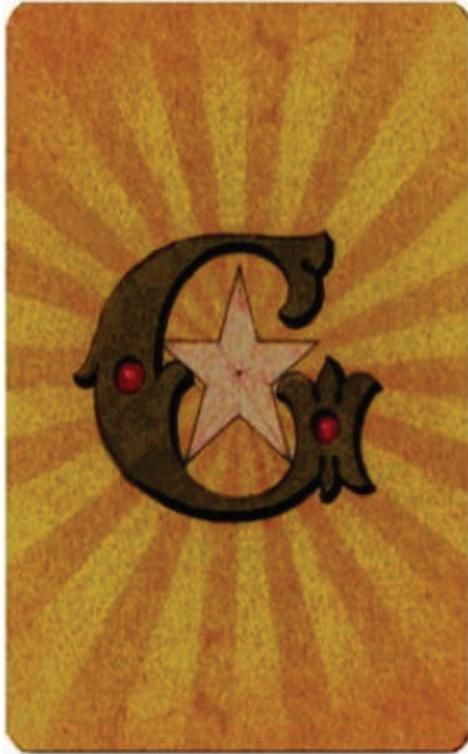
“Technically, it deserves being noted, the tale justifies Poe's pride in variety. It differs from most of his serious tales in being told largely through dialogue, anchored to vivid bits of scene painting that unfurl like a cyclorama as murderer and victim wind through the cellar. Its narrative neatness and speed are won by a fine economy of means: the sardonic double-edged dialogue, in which Montresor vengefully dangles his victim's fate before him in innocent-sounding conversation; the highlighting of a few telling sense details, especially the dampness of the catacomb walls and the jingling bells on Fortunato's cap; the spare typographical emphasis, such as the single use of italicized dialogue in Fortunato's desperate cry, “For the love of God, Montresor!” (Silverman, p. 500).

When was it written?

Interesting contrast: Silverman (p. 500) writes, “I follow Dwight Thomas in dating this piece around December 1846, although Mabbott dated it in 1849. The later date makes nonsense of the opening sentence of the piece, in which Poe refers to the December 1846 issue of GM [Burton's *Gentlemen's Magazine*] as a ‘late number’ of that magazine. Were he writing in 1849, ‘late number’ would mean an issue two and a half year earlier.” One must wonder what Silverman means by “the opening sentence of the piece” since no such reference is given. Yet, Quinn says, “One of his finest Arabesques, however, was probably a piece written early in 1846, although it did not appear in Goody's [sic; Godey's *Lady's Book*] until the November issue...” (pp. 499-500). Neither time frame is confirmed by Allen, “Nothing had appeared from his pen since the last of the *Literati Papers* in the October Godey's *Lady's Book* of 1846, except *The Cask of Amontillado*, probably written months before” (p. 582).

Bibliography

- Allen, Hervey - *Israfel, The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe*, Farrar & Rinehart, NY, 1934.
Haining, Peter - *The Edgar Allan Poe Scrapbook*, Schocken Books, NY, 1977.
Hoffman, Daniel - *Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe*, Doubleday, NY, 1972.
Quinn, Arthur Hobson - *Edgar Allan Poe, A Critical Biography*, Appleton-Century, NY, 1941.
Thompson G.R., ed. - *Edgar Allan Poe: Essays and Reviews, Literary Classics of the United States*, NY, 1984.
Silverman, Kenneth - *Edgar A. Poe: Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance*, HarperCollins, NY, 1991.



Hopefully I won't have to lean on Most Worshipful to often for worthy content. Over the years I have continually suggested that all papers presented in lodge be required to be submitted to the Orator and Teven prior to presentation. Sadly, this has never been the case and not being one to beat a dead horse, I will not suggest it again but will take a new tack on the subject of filling our Teven with content.

A MONTHLY SUBMISSION CONTEST

This may, or may not work, but I'm willing to give away some object or book to the person who submits the best piece of written work to the Teven for the month. However, I said it was a contest, so there must be at least three submissions for a prize to be awarded. The editor will be the sole decider and will make his determination based on absolutely nothing but his preference. I will however give a short explanation of why I preferred one over the others.

Next month's prize, a deck of Masonic playing cards. I'm not sure how any of you do your research when undertaking writing a paper, but I for one have always dived in and tried to surround myself with either additional books on the subject or items relating to the subject. By surrounding myself I mean exactly that, I purchase those items which may help in my Masonic writing journey. I realize that some of you think you can't afford this practice however it is just when these thoughts come that you need to recognize them for what they are and make the purchase secure in your belief that this was a test/opportunity to reaffirm what really matters to you.

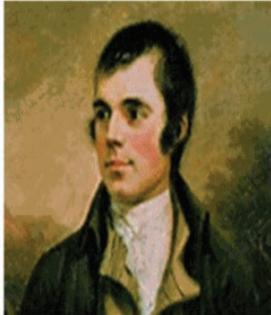
The title of my next paper is, "The Suicide King". It has to do with, what else.... playing cards. Well actually a bit more than that, but I prefer to deal out that hand of intrigue at a later date. Anyway, the illustration above is of an actual pack of cards I purchased to help me with my writing, and is the pack that will be given to the winner of the contest. Good Luck!

The beginning sentence and reference to Mjölnir, (Thor's Hammer) where the new Teven is likened on to the blunt end of the hammer should give you pause for reflection. What the heck was I really saying? And if you look deeper into the subject you might also have a clearer idea of what is meant when I said, "This editor will endeavour to grind a few notable observations". You might even want to get out a word origin book to look up where the word 'hammer' comes from.

The moral of this month's Teven - You must at some point begin your own struggles against the Lazy Eye of contentment to which the surface meanings to esoteric writings have no real transformative power. Transformation is almost always accompanied by personal struggles or sufferings (Passion). The Death card was not chosen at random... might I suggest a bit of study.

Masonry In Action

*The Tucson Knights of Saint Andrew
Presents...*



*An Evening with Robert Burns
Dinner, Concert, Cash Bar and Silent Auction
Featuring Scottish Folksinger Carl Peterson*

*January 21, 2017—5:00pm to 10:00pm
Tucson Scottish Rite Cathedral
160 S. Scott Avenue—Tucson, AZ
\$45.00 per person*

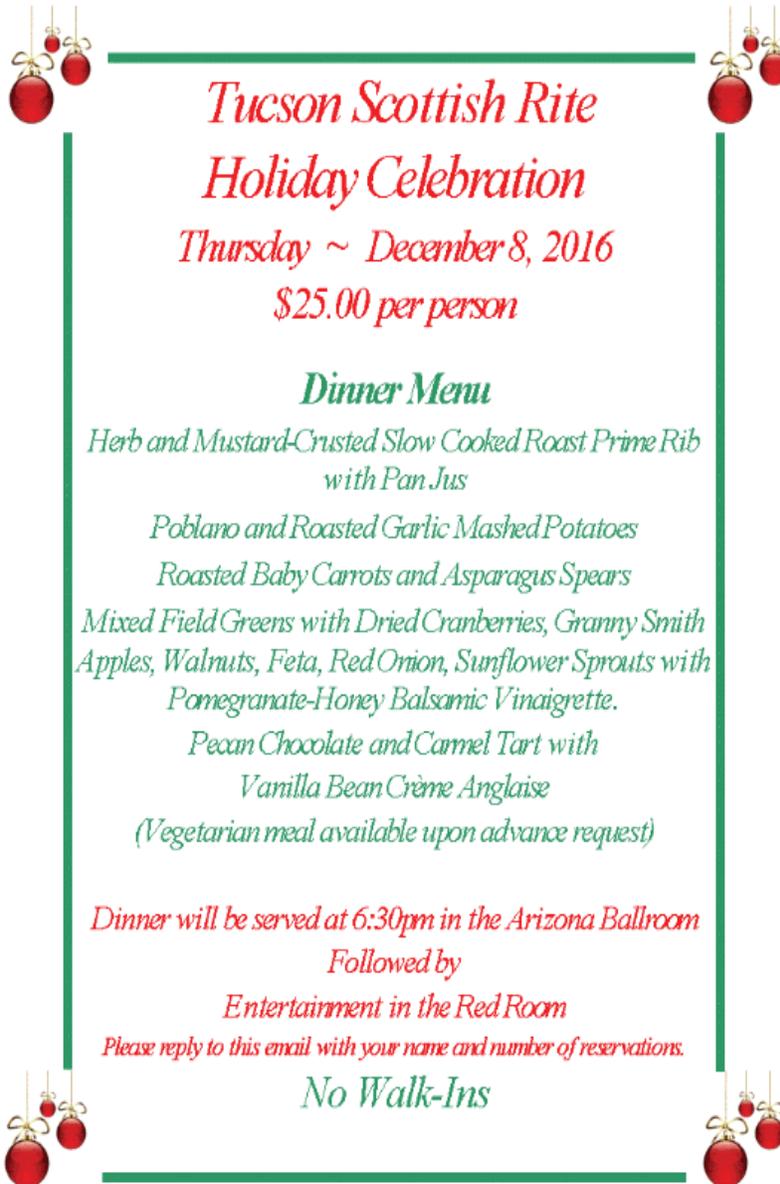
*For Additional Information, please contact
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This event last year was exceptional and heaped with praise by all who attended. It's the next best thing to a Table Lodge.

Hope to see all of you there.

If you are into Vocals... this might be your cup of tea. I might just try and make this one with my better half.

A decorative poster for the Sister Solace folk-based vocal harmony ensemble. The poster features a group photo of the ensemble members, a date banner for Friday, December 9th, and the venue name: Scottish Rite Cathedral, 160 South Scott Avenue, Tucson, AZ. The text at the bottom indicates doors open at 7:00 PM, the show starts at 7:30 PM, and the price is \$12 at the door. The poster is framed with a decorative border and includes a small copyright notice for POP! Nations, LLC.



*Tucson Scottish Rite
Holiday Celebration
Thursday ~ December 8, 2016
\$25.00 per person*

Dinner Menu

*Herb and Mustard-Crusted Slow Cooked Roast Prime Rib
with Pan Jus*

Poblano and Roasted Garlic Mashed Potatoes

Roasted Baby Carrots and Asparagus Spears

*Mixed Field Greens with Dried Cranberries, Granny Smith
Apples, Walnuts, Feta, Red Onion, Sunflower Sprouts with
Pomegranate-Honey Balsamic Vinaigrette.*

*Pecan Chocolate and Carmel Tart with
Vanilla Bean Crème Anglaise*

(Vegetarian meal available upon advance request)

*Dinner will be served at 6:30pm in the Arizona Ballroom
Followed by
Entertainment in the Red Room*

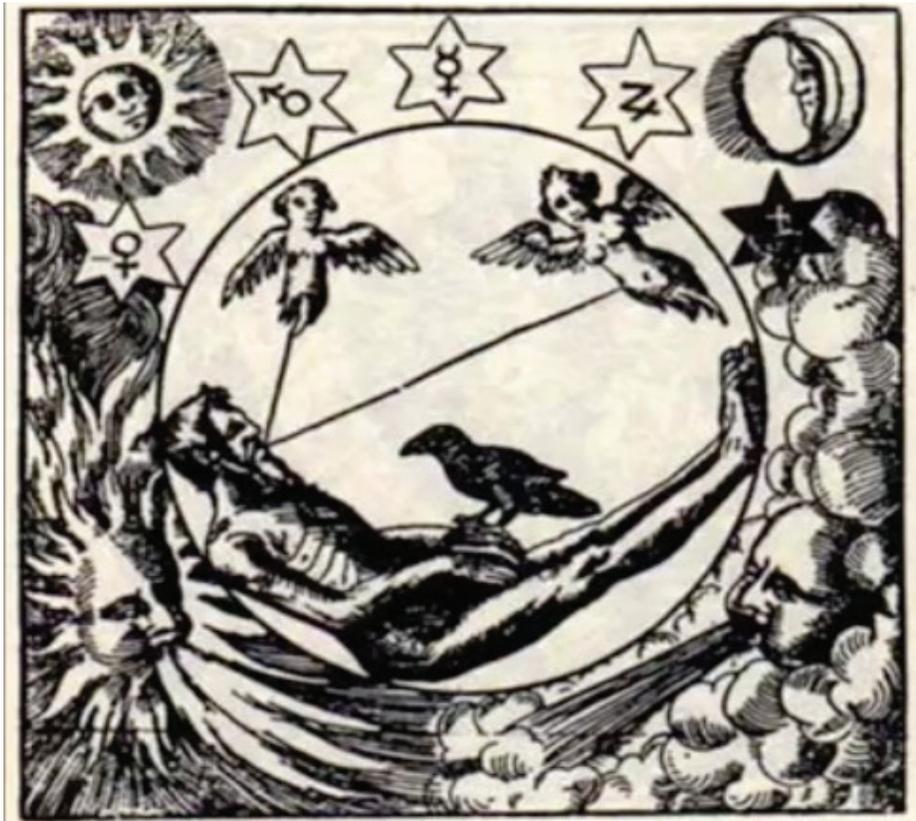
Please reply to this email with your name and number of reservations.

No Walk-Ins

Made my reservations today. Mike assures me the entertainment is going to be the talk of the town.

Masonic Birthdays & Necrology

NAME:	DATE PASSED
Akash S. Taggarse	11-06-99
Robert O. Kesterson	11-09-76
Robert A. Palmer	11-11-00
Kenney B. Andrews	11-17-87
Kuddusi Ramazanoglu	11-23-10
Francisco J. Arvizu, PM	11-23-71
Sean D. Litsky	11-27-12
Robert A. Nicholson	11-27-84



The Writers Corner

There is an old say'n / quote by someone I've forgotten, but what he said is worth remembering... Writers write. If we are to believe ourselves to be a lodge set apart from others by the distinction that the process of writing in service of others inculcates the lessons of Masonry in a deeper more profound way; there's no way around it, you have to write!

While it is true that at a minimum we are expected to write 6 papers on our journey to Master Mason may I suggest to you that this requirement was not set to rest your laurels upon but to rather get you started. The writers corner of the Teven is an area in which I will attempt to give you some kind of support in your writing endeavors.

For starters, writers write. Notice I didn't say writers publish. The first piece of advice this column puts forth is this, write one paragraph everyday. Sounds a lot like a journal entry, right? So there it is, get your journaling started by either a private blog entry or a written diary entry. Either way, make the commitment to write the paragraph without fail each day. No, Sundays are not excluded. You are going to find out soon enough that you don't really have the power yet, to make something as simple as a commitment to write a paragraph a day without fail, actually happen.

Excuse after excuse will often prevail, and these are exactly the moments when you have to choose. Will I progress or regress!

And here's the thing. If you can't even write a paragraph a day that no one but yourself will ever see, how can you possibly commit to writing a paper of service and worth to your Brothers that is open to criticism and rejection?

The "thing", the act of writing down thoughts almost has to become a habit so that you are at least comfortable at the keyboard pounding out a thought or two. The other aspect of writing daily is that you have life experiences happening all the time that are related to the subject/paper at hand. For instance, it's not by accident that the "Death" card was chosen for the front page of this Teven, nor was the idea of likening the new Teven onto the blunt end of Mjölnir (Thor's Hammer), handed down from on High. What's happening here is that I'm reusing those ideas and thoughts which have been surrounding me during my present paper efforts, "The Suicide King". It deals with playing cards as occult memory devices. In my research I have found that the sword of the King of Hearts is/was actually an axe handle, but was changed by someone without the knowledge of it's meaning. The reasoning for the blunt end being inside/hidden by the head is occult. That's my story and I'm sticking to it. Have fun, go write something.

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