

THOREAU, THE FUTURIST, AND THE EMERGING HUMAN:

A.K.A Thoreau and Joe

Suggesting a humanity living in balance – the evolutionary upward spiral.

A Theatrical Reading

By Connie Baxter Marlow

Set: Henry David Thoreau and his Indian guide, Joe Polis sitting around the campfire after a long day's paddle in the Allagash wilderness of Maine.

The Performance:

Readings and Commentary

August 17, 2012 University of New England, Portland, Maine.

Andrew Cameron Bailey represents Thoreau and reads from “Thoreau’s Indians” the 1000 Indian-related references in Thoreau’s writings compiled by Bradley P. Dean, Ph.D.

James Neptune, Penobscot, represents Joe Polis, Thoreau's Indian guide, also reading from “Thoreau’s Indians” Joe Polis was one of three in Thoreau’s pantheon of heroes, along with John Brown and Walt Whitman.

Connie Baxter Marlow presents information and a new perspective which synthesizes Thoreau’s life-long interest in the American Indian, his epiphany on Mt. Katahdin and his belief in the human potential; proposing the relevance of Thoreau, the visionary, to the future, as humanity chooses to walk in alignment with an abundant, loving, conscious universe.

NATIVE AMERICAN FLUTE PLAYING WHILE PEOPLE ENTER

START PERFORMANCE:

THOREAU SPEAKS

Thus a man shall lead his life away here on the edge of the wilderness, ... in a new world, far in the dark of a continent, and have a flute to play at evening here, while his strains

echo to the stars, amid the howling of wolves; shall live, as it were, in the primitive age of the world, a primitive man. Yet he shall spend a sunny day, and in this century be my contemporary; perchance shall read some scattered leaves of literature, and sometimes talk with me. Why read history then if the ages and the generations are now? He lives three thousand years deep into time, an age not yet described by poets. Can you well go further back in history than this? Ay! ay!—for there turns up but now ... a still more ancient and primitive man, whose history is not brought down even to the former. In a bark vessel sewn with the roots of the spruce, with horn-beam paddles he dips his way along. He is but dim and misty to me, obscured by the æons that lie between the bark canoe and the batteau. He builds no house of logs, but a wigwam of skins. He eats no hot-bread and sweet-cake, but musquash and moose-meat and the fat of bears. He glides up the Millinocket and is lost to my sight, as a more distant and misty cloud is seen flitting by behind a nearer, and is lost in space. So he goes about his destiny, **the red face of man.**

646: Ktaadn 82

INTRODUCTION OF PIECE

Connie Baxter Marlow has spent two decades in close association with visionary Native American elders throughout the United States and Mexico: the Hopi, Maya, Tarahumara, Huichol, Wabanaki, Lakota and Ute as well as the Bushmen of the Kalahari in South Africa.

She feels that in the cosmology of the indigenous people are clues to many of the missing pieces of the prevailing paradigm; information about the true nature of the universe.

It is her understanding that humanity is about to make an evolutionary leap in consciousness to an understanding of the loving, interconnected, abundant universe and will align itself to this reality and subsequently choose to bring peace on earth in our lifetime.

Connie believes that when we come together with the indigenous peoples as equals, as family, and we each open our hearts and our minds to the other, the melding of our gifts

will bring a new perspective that is invisible at this time. To her this new perspective will allow humanity to see the path to true unity, peace and freedom.

Connie finds Henry David Thoreau an important bridge to this shift in consciousness and has produced a film series *THE AMERICAN EVOLUTION Voices of America* which weaves a tapestry of paradigm-shifting ideas with a visionary Thoreau scholar, Penobscot Indian elders, a Muslim Imam and other important thinkers addressing these ideas.

Connie is a Baxter of Maine. Her family bought and gave Mt. Katahdin and 200,000 acres to the people of Maine to be held forever wild as a public park. It was on Katahdin that Thoreau experienced a significant life-changing epiphany.

Andrew Cameron Bailey represents Thoreau himself tonight reading from "Thoreau's Indians" the 1000 Indian-related references in Thoreau's writings compiled by the late Bradley P. Dean, Ph.D, Thoreau scholar.

James Neptune, Penobscot, represents Joe Polis, Thoreau's Indian guide, also reading from "Thoreau's Indians." According to Ralph Waldo Emerson and others Joe Polis was one of three in Thoreau's pantheon of heroes, along with John Brown and Walt Whitman.

CONNIE SPEAKS

We are here today to touch on a little-known aspect of the life and works of Henry David Thoreau, American author and visionary: his life-long fascination with the American Indian. I believe this, once understood, will be significant for humanity's evolution of consciousness.

The simplest way to cut to the chase of what I am driving at tonight is to say that we will be addressing the mystical nature of the universe. "*The universe is wider than our views of it*" wrote Thoreau in the last chapter of *Walden*. This wider reality is the one we will be looking at. Why? Because I believe that humanity is about to take an evolutionary leap into seeing and experiencing this reality, just as the Transcendentalists - Thoreau and Emerson - did - and the mystics, visionaries and indigenous peoples of the world do.

In fact, Thoreau described himself as "*a mystic, a Transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot...*"

Tonight we are going to look at Thoreau, his life and his work from a future Thoreau envisioned, looking back. In his writing Thoreau alludes to the future, to the possible human, and the importance of the message carried by the arrowhead from the indigenous mind. We are going to show you a Thoreau and the Indian he experienced - give you some ideas to ponder and suggest a synthesis from which we can all open to a larger reality and take the human potential up a notch to the place Thoreau dedicated his life to modeling.

All the quotes in this reading are directly from Thoreau's *Indian Notebooks* and *Journals*.

THOREAU SPEAKS :

SETS THE STAGE with mental image. Sitting around the campfire after a long day's paddle in the Allagash Wilderness of Maine.

As much as sportsmen go in pursuit of ducks and gunners of musquash and scholars of rare books and travelers of adventures and poets of ideas and all men of money, I go in search of arrowheads when the proper season comes round again.

Journal March 28, 1859.

The larger pestles and axes may per chance grow scarce and be broken, **but the arrowhead shall perhaps never cease to wing its way through the ages to eternity. It was originally winged but for a short flight, but it still to my mind's eye, wings its way through the ages bearing a message from the hand that shot it.** They are not fossil bones, but as it were, fossil thoughts forever reminding me of the mind that shaped them. I would feign know that I am treading in the tracks of human game, **that I am on the trail of mind.** And these little reminders never fail to set me right. ~~Journal March 28,~~ 1859.

There is scarcely a square rod of sand exposed, in this neighborhood, but you may find on it the stone arrowheads of an extinct race. Far back as that time seems when men went armed with bows and pointed stones here, yet so numerous are the signs of it. The finer

particles of sand are blown away and the arrow-point remains. The race is as clean gone—from here—as this sand is clean swept by the wind. Such are our antiquities. These were our predecessors. **Why, then, make so great ado about the Roman and the Greek, and neglect the Indian?** We [need] not wander off with boys in our imaginations to Juan Fernandez, to wonder at footprints in the sand there. Here is a print still more significant at our doors, the print of a race that has preceded us, and this the little symbol that Nature has transmitted to us. **Yes, this arrow-headed character is probably more ancient than any other, and to my mind it has not been deciphered.** Men should not go to New Zealand to write or think of Greece and Rome, nor more to New England. New earths, new themes expect us. Celebrate not the Garden of Eden, but your own. Journal October 22, 1857.

CONNIE SPEAKS

Thoreau made three excursions to the Maine woods where he hired Indian guides to study their ways.

THOREAU SPEAKS

“I narrowly watched his motions and listened attentively to his observations for we had employed an Indian mainly that I might have an opportunity to study his ways.”

“Chesunhook” The Maine Woods

On his first excursion to Mt. Katahdin in September of 1846, the Indian guide he hired, Louis Neptune, failed to appear. Thoreau and his companions ended up climbing Katahdin without a guide - and on this climb he experienced his life-changing epiphany.

On Thoreau's second excursion to Maine he hired Joe Aitteon, son of the Governor, as his guide on a moose hunting expedition in 1853, and in 1857 on his last trip to Maine he hired Joe Polis as his guide. Thoreau died of tuberculosis 5 years later in 1862 at the age of 44 after taking a trip to Minnesota where he also explored the Indian culture.

The relationship that developed between Thoreau and Polis during his last Maine excursion was to solidify in Thoreau's mind the importance of the Indian experience. Thoreau had been fascinated by the Indian from childhood.

Thoreau saw that the Indian could see what he could see. Thoreau, as a mystic and Transcendentalist resonated to an expanded reality. He possessed the ability to see and sense the “spirit” that is at the essence of all life, and from this vantage point he could envision a society made up of the true human acting from a connectedness that is foreign to most people at this time. Why was Joe Polis one of three of Thoreau’s heroes? Because as Thoreau scholar Brad Dean stated Joe exemplified Thoreau's dream of the synthesis of the mystical indigenous connection to nature, to what I call “the conscious, loving universe,” with the worldly man who could function in the modern times – exhibiting capabilities which I see as “the emerging human” whose choices will take humanity closer to realizing our full potential as loving beings walking in balance. To me, this is the evolutionary leap of humanity.

Thoreau saw and bemoaned the limitations of the modern society and he resonated to the expanded reality of the mystic and often experienced the natural world the way the Indian did. He dreamed of a future that would bridge these realities, and Joe Polis symbolized this possibility.

In the *Voices of America Series. Part 1* Brad Dean notes that Thoreau saw a future in which humanity connects with its highest conscience and writes of this in *Civil Disobedience*. “That government is best which governs least. Carried out, it finally amounts to this...That government is best which governs not at all.” Brad Dean states: “...If you don’t mind me putting a parenthesis to Henry David Thoreau, what you need to do is say, “*That government is best which governs not at all (because in such a government, all the citizens govern themselves).’ That’s key.*” *What Thoreau wants is self-governors. Everyone is their own king and governor and congress and senate and you do not need laws to oppress you because you have a law inwardly that manifests itself in your conduct outwardly.*”

I will venture to say that there is a direct link between humanity’s expanded, mystical connection to the universe and its access to its highest conscience, its divine nature; that the message carried to the future by the arrowhead is the possibility of life lived in alignment with the oneness of creation and the sacredness of all things – concepts that lie at the foundation of indigenous cosmology.

In a little book called, *Mystics as a Force for Change*, an India Indian named Ghose states, “Mysticism proposes a revolution from above and by consciousness. To say technology is the grammar of the future is dangerous nonsense. Technique and transcendence must learn to work together. That would be the beginning of the total man and totality thinking. And the individuals who will most help humanity in the hour of crisis are those who recognize a willed change from within as a step to a total change in our relationship with reality, the harmony of the whole. The issue is plain. What is the true nature of things and how do we embody it in our social living?”

Well, Albert Einstein stated that no problem was ever solved in the same consciousness in which it was created. We have built a house of cards on a false foundation of false assumptions that our logical minds have, given the information we have, responded to logically and have gotten us to where we are right now. Once we have come to grasp the correct, accurate information about the nature of the universe, our logical minds will take us to peace on earth, will have us bringing heaven on earth

THOREAU SPEAKS

The Indian... begins where we leave off and seems so much the divine; and anything that fairly excites our admiration expands us.

From an August 18, 1857 letter to Harrison Blake, written shortly after Thoreau’s final excursion to the Maine woods.

Now Thoreau and Polis will speak for themselves through Thoreau’s writings - we will take you on a little adventure into the Maine woods.

THOREAU SPEAKS

The first man we saw on [Indian] island was an Indian named Joseph Polis, whom my relative had known from a boy, and now addressed familiarly as "Joe." He was dressing a deerskin in his yard. The skin was spread over a slanting log, and he was scraping it with a stick, held by both hands. He was stoutly built, perhaps a little above the middle height, with a broad face, and, as others said, perfect Indian features and complexion. His house was a two-story white one with blinds, the best looking that I noticed there, and as good as an average one on a New England village street. It was surrounded by a garden and fruit-trees, single cornstalks standing thinly amid the beans. He was one of the aristocracy. It appeared that he had represented his tribe at Augusta and also once at

Washington where he had met some Western chiefs. Also, he had called on Daniel Webster in Boston.. We asked him if he knew any good Indian who would like to go into the woods with us.. To which he answered, out of that strange remoteness in which the Indian ever dwells to the white man. 'Me like to go myself; me want to get some moose'; and kept on scraping the skin. Edited/compiled by CBM
707 & 777: The Allagash and East Branch 2 & 101

Early the next morning (July 23d) the stage called for us, the Indian having breakfasted with us, and already placed the baggage in the canoe to see how it would go. My companion and I had each a large knapsack as full as it would hold, and we had two large India-rubber bags which held our provision and utensils. As for the Indian, all the baggage he had, beside his axe and gun, was a blanket, which he brought loose in his hand. However, he had laid in a store of tobacco and a new pipe for the excursion. 711: The Allagash and East Branch 8

Our Indian said that he was a doctor, and could tell me some medicinal use for every plant I could show him. I immediately tried him. He said that the inner bark of the aspen was good for sore eyes; and so with various other plants, proving himself as good as his word. According to his account, he had acquired such knowledge in his youth from a wise old Indian with whom he associated, and he lamented that the present generation of Indians 'had lost a great deal.'

830: The Allagash and East Branch 191

JOE SPEAKS

Just before night we saw a musquash, (he did not say muskrat,) the only one we saw in this voyage, swimming downward on the opposite side of the stream. The Indian, wishing to get one to eat, hushed us, saying, "Stop, me call 'em"; and sitting flat on the bank, he began to make a curious squeaking, wiry sound with his lips, exerting himself considerably. I was greatly surprised,—thought that I had at last got into the wilderness, and that he was a wild man indeed, to be talking to a musquash! I did not know which of the two was the strangest to me. He seemed suddenly to have quite forsaken humanity, and gone over to the musquash side. The musquash, however, as near as I could see, did not turn aside, though he may have hesitated a little, and the Indian said that he saw our fire; but it was evident that he was in the habit of calling the musquash to him, as he said.

An acquaintance of mine who was hunting moose in the woods a month after this, tells me that his Indian in this way repeatedly called the musquash within reach of his paddle in the moonlight, and struck at them.

793: The Allagash and East Branch 122

THOREAU SPEAKS

We carried round the falls just below, on the west side. The rocks were on their edges, and very sharp. The distance was about three fourths of a mile. When we had carried over one load, the Indian returned by the shore, and I by the path; and though I made no particular haste, I was nevertheless surprised to find him at the other end as soon as I. It was remarkable how easily he got along over the worst ground. He said to me, 'I take canoe and you take the rest, suppose you can keep along with me?' I thought that he meant, that while he ran down the rapids I should keep along the shore, and be ready to assist him from time to time, as I had done before; but as the walking would be very bad, I answered, 'I suppose you will go too fast for me, but I will try.' But I was to go by the path, he said. This I thought would not help the matter, I should have so far to go to get to the river-side when he wanted me. But neither was this what he meant. He was proposing a race over the carry, and asked me if I thought I could keep along with him by the same path, adding that I must be pretty smart to do it. As his load, the canoe, would be much the heaviest and bulkiest, though the simplest, I thought that I ought to be able to do it, and said that I would try. So I proceeded to gather up the gun, axe, paddle, kettle, frying-pan, plates, dippers, carpets, &c., &c., and while I was thus engaged he threw me his cow-hide boots. 'What, are these in the bargain?' I asked. 'O yer,' said he; but before I could make a bundle of my load I saw him disappearing over a hill with the canoe on his head; so, hastily scraping the various articles together, I started on the run, and immediately went by him in the bushes, but I had no sooner left him out of sight in a rocky hollow, than the greasy plates, dippers, &c., took to themselves wings, and while I was employed in gathering them up again, he went by me; but hastily pressing the sooty kettle to my side, I started once more, and soon passing him again, I saw him no more on the carry. I do not mention this as anything of a feat, for it was but poor running on my part, and he was obliged to move with great caution for fear of breaking his canoe as well as his neck. When he made his appearance, puffing and panting like myself, in answer to my inquiries where he had been, he said, 'Locks (rocks) cut 'em feet,' and laughing added, 'O, me love to play sometimes.' He said that he and his companions when they

came to carries several miles long used to try who would get over first; each perhaps with a canoe on his head. I bore the sign of the kettle on my brown linen sack for the rest of the voyage.

896: The Allagash and East Branch 300:

He had previously complimented me on my paddling, saying that I paddled "just like anybody," giving me an Indian name which meant 'great paddler.'

917: The Allagash and East Branch 327 [326 in text]

I observed that I should like to go to school to him to learn his language, living on the Indian island the while; could not that be done? 'O, yer,' he replied, 'good many do so.' I asked how long he thought it would take. He said one week. I told him that in this voyage I would tell him all I knew, and he should tell me all he knew, to which he readily agreed.

724: The Allagash and East Branch 26

JOE SPEAKS

I was surprised to hear him say that he liked to go to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c., &c.; that he would like to live there. But then, as if relenting a little, when he thought what a poor figure he would make there, he added, "I suppose, I live in New York, I be poorest hunter, I expect." He understood very well both his superiority and his inferiority to the whites.

778: The Allagash and East Branch 102:

I asked him how he guided himself in the woods. He replied. 'Great difference between me and the white man.' It appeared as if the sources of information were so various that he did not give a distinct conscious attention to any one, and so could not readily refer to any when questioned about it, but he found his way very much as an animal does. Perhaps what is commonly called instinct in the animal, in this case is merely a sharpened and educated sense. Often, when an Indian says, 'I don't know' in regard to the route he is to take, he does not mean what a white man would by those words, for his Indian instinct may tell him still as much as the most confident white man knows. He does not carry things in his head, nor remember the route exactly like a white man, but relies on himself at the moment. Not having experienced the need of the other sort of knowledge, all labeled and arranged, he has not acquired it. (Edit by CBM.)

THOREAU SPEAKS

The next day the Indian told me their name for [the phosphorescent] light [I had seen in the night],—Artoosoqu',—and on my inquiring concerning the will-o'-the-wisp, and the like phenomena, he said that his "folks" sometimes saw fires passing along at various heights, even as high as the trees, and making a noise. I was prepared after this to hear of the most startling and unimagined phenomena witnessed by "his folks," they are abroad at all hours and seasons in scenes so unfrequented by white men. Nature must have made a thousand revelations to them which are still secrets to us.

745 & 746: The Allagash and East Branch 59

It suggested, too, that the same experience always gives birth to the same sort of belief or religion. One revelation has been made to the Indian, another to the white man. I have much to learn of the Indian, nothing of the missionary. I am not sure but all that would tempt me to teach the Indian my religion would be his promise to teach me his.

A scientific explanation, as it is called, would have been altogether out of place there. That is for pale daylight. Science with its retorts would have put me to sleep; it was the opportunity to be ignorant that I improved. It suggested to me that there was something to be seen if one had eyes. It made a believer of me more than before. I believed that the woods were not tenantless, but chock-full of honest spirits as good as myself any day, - not an empty chamber, in which chemistry was left to work alone, but an inhabited house - and for a few moments I enjoyed fellowship with them.

(The Maine Woods. Penguin edition 249)

While lying there listening to the Indians, I amused myself with trying to guess at their subject by their gestures, or some proper name introduced. There can be no more startling evidence of their being a distinct and comparatively aboriginal race, than to hear this unaltered Indian language, which the white man cannot speak nor understand. We may suspect change and deterioration in almost every other particular, but the language which is so wholly unintelligible to us...took me by surprise, though I had found so many arrow-heads ...[that had} convinced me that the Indian was not the invention of historians and poets. These were the sounds that issued from the wigwams of this country before

Columbus was born; they have not yet died away; and, with remarkably few exceptions, the language of their forefathers is still copious enough for them. I felt that I stood, or rather lay, as near to the primitive man of America, that night, as any of its discoverers ever did.

685: Chesuncook 78

As we drew near to Oldtown I asked Polis if he was not glad to get home again; but there was no relenting to his wildness, and he said, "It makes no difference to me where I am." The Allagash and East Branch 334 [333 in text (not in Brad's compilation)]

We stopped for an hour at [Polis'] house, where my companion shaved with his razor, which he pronounced in very good condition. Mrs. P. wore a hat and had a silver brooch on her breast, but she was not introduced to us. The house was roomy and neat.

922: The Allagash and East Branch 334 [333 in text]

This was the last that I saw of Joe Polis. We took the last train, and reached Bangor that night.

923: The Allagash and East Branch 335 [334 in text]

CONNIE SPEAKS

This experience with Polis was so significant to Thoreau that he would not immediately publish his account of the excursion for fear of offending Polis. On his death bed, Thoreau's last words were "Indian" and "moose."

Thoreau and the Indian transcend the experience of the everyday man. Thoreau saw salvation in this transcendence. It allowed him to see the human potential. He was not, however, a stranger to the shadow side of the Indian nor of the white man. He had an extraordinary insight into the human condition, its limitations and its possibilities. His dream was to inspire his readers – the human race - to a higher place. The truth will set us free and each race must acknowledge the dichotomy of its light and its shadow. Thoreau expresses this dichotomy in the following passage.

THOREAU SPEAKS

What an evidence it is, after all, of civilization, or of a capacity for improvement, that savages like our Indians, who in their protracted wars stealthily slay men, women, and children without mercy, . . . what a wonderful evidence it is, I say, of their capacity for improvement that even they can enter into the most formal compact or treaty of peace, burying the hatchet, etc., etc., and treating with each other with as much consideration as the most enlightened states. You would say that they had a genius for diplomacy as well as for war. Consider that Iroquois, torturing his captive, . . . and now behold him in the council-chamber, where he meets the representatives of the hostile nation to treat of peace, conducting with such perfect dignity and decorum, betraying such a sense of justness. These savages are equal to us civilized men in their treaties, and, I fear, not essentially worse in their wars.

387: JOURNAL December 30, 1856 (p. 1103 Dover, Volume 9)

CONNIE SPEAKS

Every race, every human, has a light and a shadow side. We cannot burden anyone with the idea that he has no shadow. Each race has passed through dark hours in our evolution. Without rose-colored glasses Thoreau could see beyond our limitations to the higher truths, because he shared a reality with the Indian from which he could see possibilities. JOE will now read Thoreau's writings that indicate this transcendence.

JOE SPEAKS

We talk of civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. If we could listen but for an instant to the chant of the Indian muse we should understand why he will not exchange his savageness for civilization. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods, and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with Nature. He has glances of starry recognition to which our saloons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and short-lived blaze of candles. We would not always be soothing and taming nature, breaking the horse and the ox, but sometimes ride the horse wild and chase the buffalo. The Indian's intercourse with Nature is at least such as admits of the greatest independence of each.

(CBM edit.)532: Sunday 12 A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

The white man comes, pale as the dawn, with a load of thought, with a slumbering intelligence as a fire raked up, knowing well what he knows, not guessing but calculating; strong in community, yielding obedience to authority; of experienced race; of wonderful, wonderful common sense; dull but capable, slow but persevering, severe but just, of little humor but genuine; a laboring man, despising game and sport; building a house that endures, a framed house. He buys the Indian's moccasins and baskets, then buys his hunting-grounds, and at length forgets where he is buried and ploughs up his bones. And here town records, old, tattered, time-worn, weather-stained chronicles, contain the Indian sachem's mark perchance, an arrow or a beaver, and the few fatal words by which he deeded his hunting-grounds away. He comes with a list of ancient Saxon, Norman, and Celtic names, and strews them up and down this river,—Framingham, Sudbury, Bedford, Carlisle, Billerica, Chelmsford,—and this is New Angle-land, and these are the New West Saxons whom the Red Men call, not Angle-ish or English, but Yengeese, and so at last they are known for Yankees.

530: Sunday 11. A WEEK

THOREAU SPEAKS

*The savage is far sighted, his eye, like the Poet's,
'Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven'*

1072:EARLY ESSAYS June 2, 1837

JOE SPEAKS

He looks far into futurity, wandering as familiarly through the land of spirits as the civilized man through his wood lot or pleasure grounds. His life is practical poetry—a perfect epic; the earth is his hunting ground—he lives suns and winters—the sun is his time-piece, he journeys to its rising or its setting, to the abode of winter or the land whence the summer comes. He never listens to the thunder but he is reminded of the Great Spirit—it is his voice. To him, the lightening is less terrible than it is sublime—the rainbow less beautiful than it is wonderful—the sun less warm than it is glorious.

The savage dies and is buried, he sleeps with his forefathers, & before many winters his dust returns to dust again, and his body is mingled with the elements. The civilized man

can scarce sleep even in his grave. Not even there are the weary at rest, nor do the wicked cease from troubling.

The savage may be, and often is, a sage. Our Indian is more of a man than the inhabitant of a city. He lives as a man—he thinks as a man—he dies as a man. The latter, it is true, is more learned; Learning is Art's creature; but it is not essential to the perfect man—it cannot educate.

1073: Ibid (p. 110).

CONNIE SPEAKS

I thought I might tell you a tiny bit of information you might enjoy: How Walden Pond got its name: Thoreau tells us in *Walden: My townsmen have all heard the tradition, the oldest people tell me that they heard it in their youth, that anciently the Indians were holding a pow-wow upon a hill here, which rose as high into the heavens as the pond now sinks deep into the earth, and they used much profanity, as the story goes, though this vice is one of which the Indians were never guilty, and while they were thus engaged the hill shook and suddenly sank, and only one old squaw, named Walden, escaped, and for her the pond was named.*

606. The Ponds 12

We will carry on with a few thoughts from Thoreau.

THOREAU SPEAKS

The true man of science will have a rare Indian wisdom—and will know nature better by his finer organization. He will smell, taste, see, hear, feel, better than other men. His will be a deeper and finer experience.

JOURNAL October 11, 1840 (p. 187 Princeton, Volume 1) 8

The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in nature—is her inhabitant—and not her guest—and wears her easily and gracefully. But the civilized man has the habits of the house. His house is a prison in which he finds himself oppressed and confined, not sheltered and protected. He walks as if he sustained the roof—he carries his arms as if the walls would fall in and crush him—and his feet remember the cellar beneath. His muscles are never relaxed— It is rare that he overcomes

the house, and learns to sit at home in it—and roof and floor—and walls support themselves—as the sky-and trees—and earth.

April 26, 1841(p. 304 Princeton, Volume 1) 13

For the Indian there is no safety but in the plow. If he would not be pushed into the Pacific, he must seize hold of a plow-tail and let go his bow and arrow, his fish-spear and rifle. This the only Christianity that will save him.

His fate says sternly to him, “Forsake the hunter’s life and enter into the agricultural, the second state of man. Root yourselves a little deeper in the soil, if you would continue to be the occupants of the country.” But I confess I have no little sympathy with the Indians and hunter men. They seem to me a distinct and equally respectable people, born to wander and to hunt, and not to be inoculated with the twilight civilization of the white man.

The Indian, perchance, has not made up his mind to some things which the white man has consented to; he has not, in all respects, stooped so low; and hence, though he too loves food and warmth, he draws his tattered blanket about him and follows his fathers, rather than barter his birthright. He dies, and no doubt his Genius judges well for him. But he is not worsted in the fight; he is not destroyed. He only migrates beyond the Pacific to more spacious and happier hunting-grounds.

A race of hunters can never withstand the inroads of a race of husbandmen. The latter burrow in the night into their country and undermine them; and [even] if the hunter is brave enough to resist, his game is timid and has already fled. The rifle alone would never exterminate it, but the plow is a more fatal weapon; it wins the country inch by inch and holds all it gets.

JOURNAL: [Variant of previous passage: 1837-1847 (pp 129-130 Dover, Volume I)]
30:

But this points to a distinction between the civilized man and the savage & No doubt they have designs on us in making of the life of a civilized people an institution in which the life of the individual is to a great extent absorbed, in order perchance to preserve & perfect the race—but I wish to show at what a sacrifice this advantage is obtained and to

suggest that we may possibly so live as to secure all the advantage without suffering any of the disadvantage.

166: JOURNAL February 14, 1852 (p. 347 Princeton, Volume 4)

I think myself in a wilder country and a little nearer to primitive times when I read in old books which spell the word savages with an l (salvages) reminding me of the derivation of the word from Sylva—there is some of the wild wood & its bristling branches still left in their language The savages they describe are really salvages men of the woods.

217: JOURNAL February 23, 1853 (p. 467 Princeton, Volume 5)

...These remind us, that, not only for strength, but for beauty, the poet must, from time to time, travel the logger's path and the Indian's trail, to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the Muses, far in the recesses of the wilderness.

704: Chesuncook 109

If, then, we would indeed restore mankind by truly Indian, botanic, magnetic, or natural means, let us first be as simple and well as Nature ourselves, dispel the clouds which hang over our own brows, and take up a little life into our pores. Do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavor to become one of the worthies of the world.

592: Economy 110: Walden

CONNIE SPEAKS

Thoreau's political life, his life in society, his role as an author exemplify the mystical connection to the universe. Thoreau WAS what I consider the "probable" human – his ability to see and experience an expanded reality drove his actions on a day-to-day basis – he acted according to his inner knowing, his conscience – and changed the world through modeling and communicating what he saw and resonated to. He dreamt of a nation of individuals operating in freedom that would actualize on earth the highest human potential and the power of the universe.

Thoreau desperately wanted the world to see what he could see and believed that one day we would, it was only a matter of humanity waking up to its true nature. On the title page of *Walden* Thoreau writes:

THOREAU SPEAKS

“I do not propose to write an ode to dejection but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning if only to wake my neighbors up.

I, for one, believe that Thoreau, the futurist, SAW, SENSED the evolution of consciousness that humanity was to undergo, the merging of the inner and outer self, and knew he was a front runner. It’s time for the vision of Thoreau, for the cosmology of the indigenous peoples, for the heart of humanity and the true destiny of America to become actualized through our day-to-day choices, as we bring Peace on Earth/ Heaven on Earth.

THOREAU SPEAKS

“New earths, new themes expect us.”

ALL - THANK YOU.

Originally performed in Sedona, Arizona:

Friday, March 16, 2007 Well Red Coyote Book Store Speaker Series Sedona, Az

Originally titled: “Thoreau and the Native American”

With Sunny Heartley - Algonquin Indian from Maine playing the Native American flute and representing Joe Polis, Andrew Cameron Bailey representing Thoreau.

Revised 10/25/07 revised to include new thinking that evolved during the evening of 3/16/07

Revised 6//21/11 – for Thoreau Annual Gathering presentation by Richard Smith and Maria Girouard (Joe Polis) along with DVD clips from “The American Evolution” created for the event.

PERFORMED:

May 24, 2019. [Sunrise Ranch](#), Loveland, Colorado. Thoreau: Gary Goodhue. Joe Polis: Soma Hunter

August 27, 2014. LC Bates Museum, Fairfield/Hinkley, Maine. Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: James Neptune, Penobscot. Celebrating The 150th Anniversary of the publishing of “The Maine Woods”

August 17, 2012 [University of New England](#), Portland, Maine. Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: James Neptune, Penobscot

August 16, 2012 Frontier Café, Brunswick, ME. Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: James Neptune, Penobscot

May 20, 2012 Olandar, Malibu, CA Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: Abel Kozkakuautli, Aztec

October 11, 2011 Colorado Rocky Mountain School Carbondale, CO
Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: Richard Lyons

July 10, 2011 [Annual Gathering Thoreau Society](#) Concord, MA

Thoreau: Richard Smith, Thoreau Impersonator. Joe Polis: Maria Girourard, Penobscot.

March 16, 2007 Well Red Coyote Book Store, Sedona, AZ. Thoreau: Andrew Cameron Bailey. Joe Polis: Sunny Heartley, Algonquin.

Marlow believes Thoreau's profound connection with the American Indian, and his life-changing epiphany on Mt. Katahdin in Maine, enable him to be a bridge into the future for the integration of indigenous cosmology with Western thought. "Why, then, make such a great ado about the Greek and Roman and neglect the Indian?" asked Thoreau in his Journal. "[The arrowhead] wings its way through the ages, bearing a message from the hand that shot it."

"I believe that Henry David Thoreau has yet to be truly understood for what he was intent on conveying in his writing," states Marlow. "Thoreau experienced an expanded reality, the reality he sensed the American Indian inhabited. He spent a good part of his life seeking that common ground. Thoreau bridges the spiritual and material worlds and breaks us loose from the scientific paradigm, as he declared in *The Maine Woods* 'A scientific *explanation*, as it is called would have been altogether out of place...Science with its retorts would have put me to sleep...there was something to be seen if one had eyes.'"

"The same experience always gives birth to the same sort of belief or religion. One revelation has been made to the Indian, another to the white man" wrote Thoreau in *The Maine Woods*.