

Queen Victoria – Written in 2011/2012

In the words of Albert: Homeschooling is what Victoria needed as there was no way for her to anonymously acquire any knowledge of the real world.

She lived in the unreal world of royalty and pettiness. She had no sense of the true grandeur of a real life lived. Juggling responsibilities of child rearing, paying bills, trying to distinguish oneself from the common folk. She did not have the sense of grandeur found in small pleasures – strolling a young child in the park till they sleep, then sitting reading a book on a bench in a crowded park, so lost in the story that one hears nothing of the ruckus all around.

Fighting to be unique and special in the home, at school, in the social environment –

Victoria lived just grandness but never had the chance to see the magnificence in small, simple pleasures. That first dearly anticipated pair of patent shoes, the hair comb longingly gazed upon then bought when pennies had been carefully saved. The sense of anticipation and patience was not there.

Victoria, as all the most privileged were, was robbed of the delicious joy of expectation. Every desire, so quickly fulfilled left the recipient cold soon after. That is where their strong urge to accumulate works of art is born.

They gaze at beauty and are thrilled. The heart soars. They must have it. That is quickly arranged. Soon, they see another great work of art. The heart soars once more. ‘This must be mine’.

What they are really saying is ‘I would love to feel that delicious soaring emotion of anticipation again.’ Mistakenly, they think the object is what they crave. Not so. They really crave the feeling, the thrill, the raw wanting.

There is so little wanting. This is their great loss. All desires, so quickly met. Quickly too, the downside of acquisition – the numbing feeling of ‘now what?’ and the realization that having things doesn’t make them really happy.

Sublime joy emanates from the simple knowing that one is free. Royalty are not free.

Queen Victoria

I have but one goal at the moment: to abandon the imposition of order. Ever pervasive controlling order creates such a dull, dull existence. It also makes moments of chaos so much more difficult to endure. One has not practiced.

Oh, but one does practice many other things – languages, music, dance, etiquette. One practices things of order. Like one practices math.

I did try but was never strong in maths. One practices in order to master the part and what a part it is! Pomp, ceremony, removal and submission completely of personal will in order to play an actor's part of a lifetime. In fact, it is the part that constitutes the lifetime.

There is no removing the mask. Even in dreams one wears the costume to cover the longings for freedom.

I loved dolls as they were my only playmates. I would have gladly given them all up, save for one, to have a true, great childhood friend. The part grooming created a child in a childless world. Roots were carefully concealed under the script. I am hesitant to allow these words to flow (maybe that explains how the last two sentences don't make sense?) Appearances are everything. Personal happiness?

How to truly be happy if one is not free?

I do not wish to sound ungrateful. I am more raging bull than submissive mule and I am free to express myself.

One thinks of slavery applying only to the poor. It can apply to lofty positions as well.

Out of touch with the world, kept ignorant, is a prison of the mind. Unable to stroll down a street is a prison of the body. Denied true friendship without the background of intrigue, plots, jealousies and all manner of truly base human emotions is a prison of the soul.

The great irony of this kind of slavery, a sheltered existence, leaves one emotionally stunted, unable to face loss with grace, forcing oneself to endure in exaggerated misery that causes such misery for others as well.

I cringe to think of how much my deprivations became a burden of others and how their lives were affected adversely because of that.

I approve of the ring. (I wear a lovely ring with a red stone when I write.) Something I would have worn though your hands are so lovelier than mine. It is worthy of a regal.

It is still difficult to shed that role. I did have a moment in the early 1900's in Italy and was once again widowed young. It was too.....or not to deal with circumstances differently. (sentence unclear)

Initially, I had chosen this event to repattern my reaction to his death, to re-establish life and joy in my household. However, my culture curtailed me. I was to wear black. I was to touch only

the priest's hand. I was still a young woman yet imprisoned in ancient beliefs about the sorrowful nature of death.

I did not see it as I see it now – a truly radiant liberation.

So, much of the same agony was repeated only this time, a different cast of characters supported the same drama. It was, looking back, a sorry wasting of an opportunity to rejoice. I was too afraid of the condemnation of others. I conformed.

That is why I am now abandoning the imposition of order. It is time to embrace this chaos the planet is living. Embrace lives shaken up and once the hand wringing is done, space will be where anguish once was. From space will come a new kind of order, an order based on truer principles than I have been called to live by.

Gratitude, simplicity and surrender will usurp corruption, complacency and warring between neighbors. Only by abandoning the need to control will we be really free.

I heard much of Mr. Abraham Lincoln. As our mills began to grumble for wages lost, a movement appeared to send the ships to America to ensure a swift end to conflict and the reestablishment of cotton supply lines.

Heads were hot. Albert worked to preserve cool headedness. Letters were sent, not ships. A calmer course was steered. This was not our war to fight. Most of what we heard of Lincoln was slanderous, defamatory. I wonder what lies were spread about me?

It is a role one can't escape from except when with one's closest family and friends. There were many occasions where the mask was slipped on so effortlessly that I simply forgot it was a mask and thought it was my face.

There is great merit to distancing oneself physically from a role as well as emotionally. It is not enough to remove the makeup, the costume, the crown. One must remove the physicality. Thereupon one senses true freedom. When the role became me, I became intolerable.

I was young and did not know how to separate me from it. All those around me did not either. It was as if we were all trapped in the same absurd play (means play?). I was the most absurd of all, insisting on rank, protocol, unrealistic conduct. The pleasures of the role were most large, lest I sound ungrateful, but it was a role that consumed a life and it became my life.

It controlled me. My temperament was prisoner. My emotions not controlled by me just as my actions, acquaintances, outings and entourage were not controlled by me. I gave up all control as I realized I was in a role where one never is able to remove the makeup and mask completely.

This role also gave me the magic wand power. I waived and it was done. This meant no learning or growth except after years and years of repetitive contrariness that wore out Albert, the children and I.

I was at once, all powerful and an immature child, crying for small comforts yet receiving deference (which became both intoxicating and extremely tiring).

I would like to write of my relationship to Mr. Brown. It was never consumed physically although no man knew me better than him. He deferred not to me whereas Albert was very much a player of Victoria, Queen of England. Mr. Brown was not impressed by titles or rank. He loved and admired me for the person I was and for that I loved him back. His attention was not about being close to power and influence. It was about being close to me. For that, I loved him back.

Mr. Brown made me feel like I was truly the person behind the mask. Finally, with him, I became calmer, more well adjusted. Personality disorders that plagued me my whole life, were soothed. I was respected but as an equal. He was a loyal subject. I was his loyal subject as well.

To be the object of someone's subject. I see that no human should be subject to the whims and folly of another. The sovereign is a role created by man, not by God. This is a greater perception than what I carried in that lifetime.

I now understand that God created all men equal. Women, the great beasts of burden that we are, are created to recreate. We are the birthers of the world. My role was as exalted as that of all women of my time. It was no greater.

That is not how I saw it then. I saw myself as chosen by God. I had no rudder. I was never talked down to. Even my mother used such underhanded means I could scarcely understand what connivery was being dealt. It was petty. It was grand. It was in fact, grand theft of a life to force a role upon me that, with only 1 exception – Mr. Brown – made everyone my subject. Subject to my follies. Subject to my temper, my anger, my uncontrolled moods.

Poor Albert, my lavish praise could not drown out my scathing remarks. Such anger, such hatred poured from me and was always directed where it would hit its mark – at Albert. I see now, my outbursts were my reflection onto his pool.

Mr. Brown would not accept such treatment. He claimed me, he led me from the torturous prison of my uncontrolled anger to a calmer, better self more at home in my skin. I was able to separate from my role somewhat.

It was torturous, taking myself oh so seriously as did everyone else. Such is the absurd role of the monarchy. All, except for Mr. Brown.

I always called him Mr. Brown, it became an apt description of our link. He was my rock.

I see myself as having been both very weak and very strong. Strong to have lived the physical vagaries of childbirth, motherhood, family intrigue, squabbles and treachery. Very weak to have hidden behind the title and terrorized others when they were subject to my evil moods. It was abuse and enslavement. Their freedoms were cut. I used, at these times, my absolute power most unwisely. I was weak as my emotions controlled me even as the great irony raged about – I controlled all others but could not control myself.

I too was subject to the outcome of my emotional outbursts. Alienating those I loved, causing the disruption of harmony – my poor Albert walked 'on eggs'. I do believe this weakened him and led to his early death.

So much worse was my mourning as it was shrouded in guilt. I have not written this lightly. I am ready for this to be known.

Even a sovereign, with millions as subjects that will instantly bow to her will, yields no power if she cannot control her own emotions. I was subject to them and as such, reigned over nothing. I was at the mercy of my own uncontrollable temper. So, I know what it feels like to be subject to another's whims. One is not free.