Summer 1986

Matoaka

June Nan Cooper
Old Dominion University

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MATOAKA

by

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B.S. May 1974, Skidmore College

A creative project Submitted to the Faculty of
Old Dominion University in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of

MASTER OF ARTS
HUMANITIES

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY
August, 1986

Approved by:

John Davye (Director)
ABSTRACT

"Matoaka"

A Music/Play in Two Acts

June Nan Cooper
Old Dominion University, 1986
Director: John Davye

"Matoaka" is the first draft and partial scoring of an original music/play about the Powhatan Indians of Tidewater, Virginia. This music/play is actually the second in a projected series of three about the Powhatan Indians and the Native American world view. "Matoaka" is staged from a Powhatan perspective on the events surrounding the English settlement of Jamestowne in the year 1607. As much of the Powhatan culture has been destroyed, the Powhatan world view is reconstructed and interpreted from current and historical readings about Native Americans. The introduction includes a discussion of the author's creative process in the writing of the work.
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INTRODUCTION

Five years ago I began with an idea of writing a music/play. I felt a strong sense of purpose behind what I wanted to do, despite the fact that I really did not know how or where to begin. I suspected at the end of it all I would have learned a good deal about music and writing. What I didn't know was that I would get more than I bargained for, that my determination would unknowingly set me off on a path of self discovery, a journey through my creative process. My determination to pursue this play changed me, changed the way I see art, changed the way I see my own work, changed my ideas about creativity. My determination began a process of exploration that was to stir up my feelings and challenge some of my long-standing values and beliefs. The play as it appears here is a work in progress. My creative process for this work is reflected in the play itself. The play, when seen in the context of how it was created, has given me new insights into my definition of the nature of creativity.

I began with inspiration. I guess you could say that I felt inspired to contribute something to the body of works by the great masters, to create a work of 'rare genius' and universal impact that in years to come would be
recognized, for its greatness! That was my ego speaking. The rest of me thought I had some talent but wasn't really sure I could come up with a profound idea, never mind one of universal dimensions. But, why not give it a go? You never know unless you try.

So how do you go about creating a profound idea for a play? I really don't know. But I started looking at the lives and works of some individuals who already wrote those profound works. Maybe I could figure out how they did it. Maybe some event in their lives or some aspect of their work would give me a clue. Mozart was the first to attract my attention.

I had studied Mozart before with little interest in his music. But now I was intrigued by his writing process and I listened with new ears. What seemed to be a struggle for so many creative people was for him so easy. That is, the actual process of creating something new was such an unblocked process that whole pieces were conceived at once and written down. I could hear a kind of ease and flow to his music even in its most sad and powerful moments. In looking at myself I had had glimpses of whole pieces appearing in my head at once. But I couldn't seem to hold on to the details. I struggled when it came time to write those ideas down. I realized in some way I was fighting myself but I didn't know why or how. I suspected that Mozart's unhampered way of creating reflected some basic part of his personality and that his way of viewing the
world (however that was) was different from mine.

There were other composers and writers I studied in the same way, from the perspective of how their creative process might be linked to their personalities and what their final creations really said. I began to understand something about play forms and musical styles as a reflection of the creators' values and attitudes. I began to look at my own preferences for certain works as a way of identifying and reinforcing some of my own values and attitudes. Kurt Weill's use of rhythm as setting a foundation for emotional expression appealed to my own passion for rhythm and communication. Wagner's opulence offended me even as part of me was drawn into it. I learned that the attitudes portrayed by the style and form as well as the content had different appeal to different audiences. This made me think about what I was trying to say and how I was going to communicate those ideas.

All this looking and still I had nothing to say, although I had a few new directions to pursue. For one, I knew I wanted to tell a story, a story with a triumphant (or not so triumphant depending on who was chosen) hero or heroine. And second I wanted to develop this person into a meaningful character. My search continued.

For several years I had been involved in a research organization designed to study parapsychological phenomena, creativity, and various histories of consciousness. In the course of comparing some non-western philosophies, I
discovered Tales of Power by Carlos Castaneda and Seven Arrows by Hyemeyohsts Storm. These books symbolically portrayed elements of a Native American world view. I was fascinated by this perspective in part because I felt it reflected feelings I had always had but had never quite understood. Some of that perspective emphasized the importance of intuition and dreams. It suggested there were awarenesses in waking life that went beyond what might be called normal perceptions. It suggested these awarenesses changed what happened in the 'real' world. It taught these awarenesses by teaching one to pay close attention to oneself, by listening first to one's own feelings and perspective. This was something I could write about.

It was soon after that I found my heroine in the legend of a local Tidewater Indian princess, Pocahontas. I became excited about discovering or reconstructing a Native American perspective on the story. The first step was to historically research her and her people, the Powhatan Indians. I started by reading the historical accounts left by the Westerners most involved with the Pocahontas story, the early Jamestowne settlers. I spent a great deal of time trying to reconstruct in my own mind what happened at Jamestowne and why. I tried to understand the English view of the Indians and the Indian view of the British. It was difficult because I felt the English did not understand the Native Americans very well. Even at best, there were
severe language barriers. Additionally, the strict Christian perspective of the English overshadowed the interpretation of many of the observations and accounts of Powhatan behavior. In the area of religion I felt this was particularly true. I sought a philosophical counterbalance by looking at the culture and religion of other Native Americans who were able to keep more of their culture together after the invasions of the white settlers. I read extensively about other Native American cultures, either statements by Natives themselves or anthropological studies. I included historical fiction in my reading such as *Hanta Yo* by Ruth Beebe Hill and *Sacajawea* by Anna Lee Waldo. Bit by bit I intellectually put together what I thought might have been close to the Powhatan world view. It was a combination of the world view subtly suggested in symbols in *Seven Arrows*, more clearly explained for a western reader in Jamaka Highwater's *Primal Mind*, and to some degree shown by example in the works of Carlos Castaneda and Lynn Andrews. It also had its own unique Powhatan perspective which I gleaned and extrapolated from the accounts of the Jamestowne settlers. I felt now I was ready to write a play about Pocahontas set against the backdrop of my own interpretation of the Powhatan culture.

I wrote a preliminary synopsis trying to tell an entertaining story and also say something important about Native American culture. I knew I wanted the work to be appealing on many levels: philosophical, intellectual,
emotional, etc. I hoped that would give it universal appeal. The story was based closely on actual historical events. To limit the scope of the play and to concentrate on the Powhatan perspective, I only told a story of Pocahontas' life in the tribe from the time the colonists landed in 1607 until she was kidnapped and brought to live in Jamestowne in 1613. Because of the Indian emphasis, I used Pocahontas' secret Indian name, Matoaka, as the title. For the most part I kept the characters and the story as close to the historical facts as possible. But there were two details I couldn't quite make fit into the story and yet I felt strongly about including. First was Matoaka's brother, Nantaquaus, who is mentioned casually if at all in the historical accounts. The second was a stone called the Pawcorance. This was a huge clear quartz crystal used in healing and other rituals. This too was hardly mentioned in the historical accounts. As neither Nantaquaus or the Pawcorance had an historical role in the play, I had to invent them in the context of the 'real' story. I was uncomfortable with this task but did complete an outline for a five act play anyway. It was a good story and accomplished the goals I had set for myself but I couldn't develop it further. It all stopped.

By "stopped" I mean I couldn't develop the scenario into a full fledged play. The dialogue I began felt all wrong. The music didn't flow. I was frustrated and began again looking for some answers, looking more deeply at
myself, what I wanted to write and why. I concluded the play was historical, philosophical, intellectual, and on the surface probably fun. But it wasn't what I wanted to write. It really didn't say what I wanted to say. It didn't have the quality of feeling I wanted to put into it.

When I decided I wanted to change the play into one that had much more feeling, I rewrote it placing more emphasis on the mystical side of the story. I wrote a six scene synopsis of a play focusing on Matoaka's vision quest and gave the play a very dream-like quality emphasizing the mutability of what is real and what is imaginary, and blending the boundaries of time and space. I had stopped reading so many books by this time and was doing much more work trying to capture the right feeling. To better tune into the feelings I wanted to create, I imagined what it was like to live in the woods. That summer I spent a great deal of time at Back Bay Wildlife Refuge walking in the wilderness, canoeing in the wilderness with no one around. I tried to imagine the wilderness as the Powhatans might have lived it. I was getting closer to the "right" feeling and I wrote another synopsis. But again I couldn't get past the scenario to produce any music or dialogue. It was then I decided that visiting the two remaining Powhatan Indian reservations near West Point, Virginia might be an inspiration.

It was Sunday morning when my husband and I set off
on this adventure. I was unduly anxious about making this trip, so much so that Ward almost turned the car around twice. I felt there was something significant up there for me to learn. I had heard there were two museums, one on each reservation, and that the museum at the Pamunkey reservation contained more of the actual information about how the culture existed. As the Pamunkeys figured prominently in my play we decided to leave the best and probably the most useful museum to last. So we headed for the Mattaponi reservation. As we drove up to the trading post (which was also the museum) my stomach began to squirm. We walked inside the small building. The walls and shelves were cluttered full of items and news clippings of some special significance. A boy scout troop was getting a mini-tour of the museum by a tribesman who was dressed in Indian type clothing and was wearing a colorful headdress. My heart sank at what I saw because I hoped to find some remnant of what I felt was the Indian spirit still alive. Instead there were news clippings of the Chief who became a Baptist minister. We listened as the tour for the boy scouts continued.

It is difficult to explain exactly what happened next. In the space of a moment I caught the eye of the tribesman and saw a vision in my head at the same moment. It was a vision of this tribesman sitting in the front row of the opening of my play. I knew he saw inside his own mind what I saw in mine. Had I not been comfortable with
the idea of telepathy (through my work with applied parapsychology) I might not have been able to see beyond the experience to understand the awareness inside of me that it awakened. Ward spoke to him afterward asking him important questions about the tribes and land boundaries. I couldn't speak at all. In a strange way what he taught was about all that was unspoken, all that was real and shared between people, and all the places of a way of life that were sacred. For the first time I felt full force a sacredness about what I was doing. I felt a different place of integrity inside myself. It made me realize that I couldn't write about that place I felt until I was living it from a place inside myself.

Now I was looking to find the way to put that sacredness I felt into the play. Words didn't seem to be doing it for me. Everything I wrote came out sounding artificial and it offended me. I had two problems. One I thought was the language, and the other the sacredness of Matoaka's vision. In a brainstorm, I decided I might be able to capture the feeling by using the original language. Powhatan was a dead language but still I attempted to reconstruct it using the scattered vocabulary found in the works of John Smith and William Strachey in their early accounts of the incidents at Jamestowne. With the help of some linguistics books, I compiled a list of common Powhatan words and phrases. Perhaps the most important part of this research was learning something
about Powhatan sentence construction. Although I eventually abandoned the idea of using the language in the play, studying it helped me understand the language rhythms. Beyond this I understood more about the importance of change as a part of their culture. There is a flow to their world view that is reflected in the language. People and objects are not named in a fixed way only for the purpose of identification. They are named in relationship to their essence. When their essence changes, their name changes.

Matoaka's vision presented a tougher problem for me, mostly because I knew the solution was not going to be found in a book. It had to come from inside me and I wasn't sure I was "in touch" enough with the subtleties of the Powhatan world view to perceive a vision from that cultural perspective. For the outside observer this probably was a minor point but to me it was crucial. The symbology in the play had to reach a certain depth for me to create the essence I was after. I even hoped at one point to dream some of her vision, thereby insuring some sort of authenticity to it by the fact the dream came from another state of awareness. But no such luck. I didn't have a single Indian dream. Not knowing Matoaka's vision became increasingly frustrating for me because at this point the revealing of it was the climax of the play and I felt I couldn't really develop other parts of the play without knowing where it all was headed. So I struggled
until other areas of my life let me put "Matoaka" aside for a short while.

All during the conception of this project, the composer in me was growing and changing in similar directions. I was changing my ideas and beliefs about what was good music and I was starting on a path of discovery to find what I could call my music. I found I was attracted to electronic sounds in part because one could create new sounds. I wanted to combine these new sounds with the energy of live performance. I was increasingly satisfied with the new directions my music was taking, although the actual writing process was still a push/pull that I was trying to work through. I put my obvious work on "Matoaka" aside to work on a twenty minute modern dance piece, Watersongs, performed in the 1985 Old Dominion Spring Rhapsody. Watersongs had a set dance tempo and meter to which I created sound images to fit the mood of the dance. In many ways, this was a musical dry run for "Matoaka". I had a chance to discover my own sounds and relate them to a different medium. I spent a great deal of time learning and experimenting with my own musical creativity. I learned to risk a certain intensity level within myself. I found that by personally letting go and allowing what was there to come out completely unedited and from a feeling place, there was a new freedom in my creativity. I was letting go of some of the intellectual judgements I placed on myself.
At this time I was also taking several classes in Jungian studies, primarily for the purpose of better understanding universal symbols and dreams. I was still looking for Matoaka's vision. That summer I continued my study of symbols in a summer-session class in Switzerland. Before returning home I spent a few short days traveling through Austria heading towards Vienna. I was excited about seeing this old music capital of the world. It was to bring me full circle inside myself with the questions I had about Mozart. It was in Austria where I had another experience which brought me to new awarenesses, this time about my own blocks or stopping places in creating my music.

It happened in Baden, a small resort town on the outskirts of Vienna. I had spent the previous day in Salzburg checking out Mozart's birthplace and such. My friend and I left Salzburg in the early morning and drove towards Vienna. I was tired and irritable. I thought the long trip was getting to me. As we approached Vienna the Autobahn divided. One fork went directly into the city. The other took a leisurely path through the Vienna woods. We only had one full day in Vienna and considered driving straight there to make the most of our time. But in the last minute at the turn off I headed instead for the Vienna woods route. I both wanted to go this way and yet was extremely annoyed at myself for having done that. We drove and by late afternoon we came to Baden. We decided we had
better try to find a room there before it got too late. It was a pretty town and also had a couple of music museums and other activities going on. Logic said this was a good idea but from the moment I drove into this town I was angry. I was sure we wouldn't be able to find a place to stay. Finding one easily made me angrier. As we walked through town looking for a place to eat, I heard the words, "I hate this place," echo in my head.

Now I was starting to think about my feelings. There was no reason I could think of for me to hate this place. I didn't know anything about it. The anger got stronger until a feeling inside me said I had to find Beethoven's house. I had read in a travel leaflet that there was a museum of his old residence, but at the time, I ignored it and was much more interested in the museum for Mozart and Schubert. Without stopping we got directions and arrived at the museum close to closing. No one was there except the lady who sold the admission tickets. The rooms were small and nearly empty. It was Beethoven's summer home for the last few years of his life. I walked into the smallest of the three rooms. There was no furniture, only a few pictures on the wall. I looked out of the window and I started to cry. I left the room hiding my tears and the feeling stopped. I did this a couple of times and each time I walked into the room I felt this overwhelming desire to cry. We left the museum and went to find a place to eat, a quiet place where I could piece together what
happened and try to explain it. Clearer statements came to my mind as well as the clearly spelled name Johanna. For the entire time I was in Baden I kept getting similar information.

On returning to Norfolk, I was barely off the plane when I literally found myself in the library music section looking through the indexes of all the Beethoven biographies I could find looking for a Johanna who knew Beethoven in Baden. I was sure she didn't exist. I found her almost right away. She was Beethoven's sister-in-law, and what I read about her fit exactly with the information that came to me while I was in Baden including an explanation of my emotional response to the room in Beethoven's house. Johanna's son Karl, for whom Beethoven continually fought Johanna for custody, attempted suicide outside Baden, leaving a note for Beethoven in his Baden summer home. Most probably this event connected to my experience in some way.

The event in Baden pushed me to look at Beethoven as a man and as a composer and to deal with my feelings about him. Oddly enough in my earlier music training I had managed to sidestep anything connected to him. I had never read any significant biographical material about him. I remember arguing constantly with my undergraduate roommate (who was a Beethoven fanatic) that I wasn't impressed in the least with his music. I remember joking with her about how I hated what he wrote. Now, many years later, I was
looking at those statements and this event and trying to discover why I felt like that. My strongest response was to Beethoven's personality and how I saw it reflected in his work. Psychologically, he was a disturbed man who found it impossible to sustain intimate relationships. He suffered a great deal emotionally and I feel this reflected in the force and power he put into his work. My being is disturbed by messages of anger and hate coming from a place of pain as I hear them in what is called the power and force of his music. The role model he set for the artist, one who struggles and finally conquers his art, is a model that has endured. How different from the picture of Mozart and the ease of his creative process, a creative process I feel comes from a place of joy and delight in sound rather than from a place of great sadness and hate. Just dealing with my feelings about these two composers started a whole new process of reevaluation in me, started me really looking at myself as a composer, started me really thinking about what I was communicating in what I produced.

I began to see myself clearly reflected in the work I produced. I began to see my beliefs and attitudes crystalized in the notes or words on the page. Perhaps others would or would not see what I saw in my work, but it was there none the less. I looked inside myself really wanting to know from whence my inspiration came. It was difficult for me to look at the value judgements of others, even of this culture, that I had accepted as my own and
that rattled incessantly on in my head. It was difficult for me to face the places in myself where I had let the opinions of others matter more to me than the opinions I held close to my heart. It was difficult for me to see my ego act from a place of winning approval and acceptance rather than being true to myself. I was beginning to see that my blocks to allowing my free flowing creativity were part of the struggle to be true to myself. The parts of my work that flow are the expression of my freer self. The parts that don't, correlate to the defenses in my own personality. The places where the creativity becomes difficult reflect my struggle against myself. The way I resolve these conflicts becomes apparent in the approach I take to resolving the conflict in my work. Seen together, my process and product reflect me at the time of the work's creation. To know one's own weakness and strength and to knowingly set them before the public eye takes courage. The comfort is perhaps in knowing not everyone will see or care to see that level of personal reflection.

I spent the rest of the fall listening to sounds and my own internal sounds and trying to let go of my preconceptions, the rules I carried around in my head. "Matoaka" came back off the shelf after this period of reevaluation. The film, The Emerald Forest (a story about South American Indian tribes that were losing their way of life), rekindled the feelings behind "Matoaka". I was pulled to study the Incas of Peru. Perhaps there is no
logical connection between the Incas and the Algonquins, but I felt some new understanding of my play emerge from my readings. I also recalled some events from my childhood that had interesting parallels.

I remembered that in fourth grade when we first studied American Indians, I was fascinated by the Algonquins. They were mentioned in passing as the New York State school I was attending focused on the local Indians, the Iroquois. I remembered hating the Iroquois. Something similar happened in studying the South American Indians that same year. I was fascinated by the Incas and we wound up studying the Aztecs, another culture I hated. I was beginning to see my attraction to American Indians as a topic for my play had a stronger and perhaps more long standing pull on me than I realized. As to interpreting the polarities of my feelings regarding the different Indian cultures, I haven't yet reached a satisfying conclusion. My feelings say there is some sort of link between the Incas and the Algonquins. Perhaps it is some link in world views. Perhaps the polarity of my feelings regarding these cultures has something to do with choosing a world view which forces itself against the flow of life rather than going with the flow of what is natural, the Iroquois and Aztec being the cultures that used force. But at this point the conclusion is speculative as I have very little information about the Iroquois, Aztec, and even Inca civilizations.
Coincidently, at this time I met a musician who spent most of his life in Peru. We played some music together and I was quite surprised when he told me my flute playing sounded like the music in the Peruvian mountains. At one point he was trying to show me something and reached toward my synthesizer to play. He hit a C major chord in root position in the lowest range of the instrument. I immediately told him it would sound better in the higher register because the sound wouldn't be so muddy. He countered me by saying that he got exactly the sound he wanted. It was the sound of these giant flute-like instruments heard in the Peruvian mountains. I saw again inside myself how quick I was to judge with what I was taught was 'right' and how that interfered with new perceptions, how that could limit my creativity.

By January of 1986, I had another draft of a first act that for the first time felt right. From this draft I began writing the script. It is the script included in the body of this thesis. I had doubts and questions along the way but was surprised at how easy the creative writing had become. I was no longer trying to consciously contrive the dialogue and plot. I was just letting out what seemed to be there. I was on the way to making Matoaka the heroine personifying my version of the Indian way. I wrote it one scene at a time and didn't reflect on it until I began the music.

An incongruity came up for me when I first attempted
to write the music. I could feel the play and I could feel the music, but they didn't make sense together. In my mind they didn't fit. I had tried to start at the beginning and score the first scene. I generated a great deal of music but none of it fit with the scene. The music I was writing was touching me in a different place than I expected inside of my emotions. I finally stopped trying to make some music fit and just let out what was there. I discovered I had the ending instead of the beginning. I knew it, the feeling was right. Yet, it puzzled me because the musical feeling was different from what I thought I was saying at the end of the play. I felt the play warranted a triumphant ending for Matoaka and yet the music was filled with sadness as well. This made me go back and in a sense rediscover what I had said in what I wrote. What story was I telling?

In reflecting on my work I could see places where I told myself I was doing one thing and yet when I let myself just do it, I actually did another. I had told myself all along that I was telling Matoaka's story. She was the main character through whose perspective I saw everyone else. I assumed her perspective was closest to my own beliefs, closest to the Indian way. In the actual writing of the script I had great difficulty identifying with her. I felt this and kind of pushed it out of my mind to get on with the writing and not stop the process. In rereading the story I was very disturbed by her behavior. It didn't
correlate to the message I was trying to express about the Indian way. She was not the character I felt when I was writing the story. Now for me she wasn't even a heroine. I concluded I must have in some way side-stepped my real feelings and avoided seeing them clearly by telling myself she was the heroine I wanted to create. So the question came up for me as to whose perspective I did use in order to tell the story.

It was clear to me with whom I identified as soon as I looked back on my other drafts. From the start I had contrived to include Nantaquaus as a part of every script. As well as Matoaka's little known brother, he was werowance of a tribe on the Eastern Shore. (A werowance was a chief of a tribe in the Powhatan Confederacy. The werowance also represented his tribe in the Great Council meetings held usually at Werowocomoco.) Almost nothing historically is known about Nantaquaus except his tall striking appearance and his kind attitude towards the settlers. Even so I knew his role was crucial to the story. I didn't know then that he was the 'teller' of the story. I didn't know that he was the closest personification of the values I was trying to express. I didn't know that there was no hero or heroine in his version of the story. I didn't know that he saw Matoaka's use of force against her father in much the same way as I saw force in Beethoven's creativity, a working against what is natural and flowing. Perhaps I didn't see this earlier because of the place inside myself.
that still struggles against that flow.

In reevaluating Matoaka's character I was soon to see there was much more to the Powhatan story than what I had already written. "Matoaka" evolved into what will be the second of three music/plays about the Powhatan Indians and their struggles with the Europeans. The first play is the story of Opechancancough and why he is called "one with the white soul." It lays the foundation for the conflict within the culture that is seen in "Matoaka." It is important that by the end of the second play Matoaka is seen as a heroine (although the music forshadows sadness and loss) because the third play shows the results of Matoaka's actions. Matoaka believes her cause was just, that there must be peace at any cost. But there can be no peace and no happiness when there is violation against another. Although Matoaka's motives for her actions against her father were admirable, the sacred trusts she broke with him and with herself destroyed the chance for real happiness.

What follows is the completed first draft of "Matoaka". The last scene has three versions the last of which is scored. The score appears in the appendix. The action takes place from the Spring of 1607, when the first settlers landed and settled Jamestowne to December 1612, just before Matoaka is kidnapped from the Patawomeck Indians by Samual Argall and taken to live in Jamestowne. From that point she never returns to live with her people,
yet it is because of her marriage to John Rolfe one year later that war between the settlers and the Indians comes to an end. Powhatan maintains the peace even after Matoaka dies in London. It isn't until Powhatan himself dies and the Council passes to Opechancancough that Indian/English relations again become warlike.

All the characters with the exception of the medicine woman, Tasamakin, are historical characters. I am speculating that it was possible for the existence of her as a real person. There is little historical information about Powhatan women but one woman werowance was described. In other Algonquin tribes certain women held highly prestigious positions where the powers of the older female shamans surpassed that of their male counterparts. A recent archaeological find described in the May 1, 1986 edition of the Virginian Pilot tells of a site on the Western side of the James river which might indicate a tribe of "high priests" or members of a tribal council lived there. I mention this only because the female werowance mentioned in the early accounts came from the western shore of the James, leaving to speculation that she could have been the werowance of the priest tribe.

Nantaquaus, as I have said earlier, is an actual person although his role in the story and his position as the dreamer is my own creation. He is mentioned by John Smith as being Matoaka's brother. Whether this is true by virtue of blood is impossible to tell, although Powhatan
was said to have hundreds of children.

The personalities and attitudes of the rest of the characters I have tried to keep consistent with the historical records. Opechancancough's name really does translate to 'one with the white soul'. There is an actual story of an Indian chief's son who was kidnapped by the Spanish and who returned to Tidewater years later with a Jesuit mission. The missionaries brought the chief's son back with them to help them convert the rest of the Indians. Instead, the chief's son 'reverted back to his savage ways' and brought a band of warriors to the mission slaughtering all but a young Spanish boy. One supposition is that this chief's son was Opechancancough. This might account for his unusual name and explain his hatred of the white settlers. Also, it was clearly evident from Opechancancough's later planned massacres of the white settlements in 1622 and again in 1644, that he was opposed to the English remaining in Virginia.

Mention of Nemattanon does not appear in the historical records until sometime after 1612. He was later known for his victories as a warrior and earned the English name Jack of the Feathers because of how he was adorned.

The story of the great Hare is William Strachey's version of the creation myth. The interpretation of the symbols and the creation of the other 'visions' around that story are my own, as is the use and meaning behind the Pawcorance. The naming ritual and the funeral ritual are
both my creation, although I feel such rituals were probable. The corn ritual in the John Smith scene is from Smith's own account.

Information for the interpretations of the symbols and rituals came mostly from sources about the Yaqui and Chippewa Indians. Although the Yaqui Indians are not Algonquin, I used references about them because of some of the explanations I found about their symbols. It is next to impossible for me to reconstruct what information exactly correlates to what interpretation I used regarding the Powhatans because of my creative process. Often a thought from a specific source would trigger an idea which would lead me through a series of other books and materials until the link made sense to me. An example of this is seen in the cutting of Matoaka's hair in her naming ritual. While writing the naming scene, I happened to be reading Jaguar Woman by Lynn Andrews. I was reading a part of the story in which she got her hair cut, straight bangs with long hair framing her face. I immediately flashed on the pictures drawn by John White of the Indians at the Roanoke Island settlement. The women in the pictures wore the same style bangs. In Jaguar Woman it was explained that the sharp corners of the hair cut represented the four corners of the world, North, South, East, and West. The John White drawings claimed the unmarried women wore their hair that way whereas married women wore their hair all one length. Assuming the Indians in the White drawings had a
similar custom and appearance to the Powhatans in 1607, and assuming there was some significance to the hair cut, I concluded the hair cut might have held the same meaning as stated in the Lynn Andrews book and also been part of a puberty ritual. In Matoaka's case her naming was also her puberty ritual. Historically Matoaka disappeared for a period of about four years in the accounts of the Jamestowne settlers. The reasons for her disappearance were unknown. It was also not known why she was with the Patawomecks at the time of her kidnapping. In the play the explanations for these events are contrived explanations and suggest possible reasons. Historically it was rumored that Matoaka was indeed married to Kocuum about whom very little is known except his name.

The story of Matoaka's mother is also my creation. It is not known who was Matoaka's real mother. It was also true that Powhatan had many wives usually having one child with them and then letting them go back to their tribe and marry again. Whether this was the real story of what happened with Matoaka's mother or not is not known.

The Pawcorance was never seen by a westerner but was rumored to have been a large clear crystal, either a healing stone or a stone where one had great visions. In many Native American cultures crystals have played an important role, especially in rituals where they are said to enhance one's power, for good or evil. In the play the crystal is also the symbol of the gift of power. The power
is then the responsibility of its owner.

"Matoaka" in many ways is a play about relating. The main issue between the characters is the question of how to relate to the settlers. Do the Powhatans eliminate the settlers, establish power over them, treat them as equals (which requires a great deal of trust and awareness), allow the settlers to dominate, or allow the settlers to eliminate them? The characters each have their own positions. Even as they seek to decide these questions in relationship to the English, they are deciding by their acts towards each other. Even as they band together to preserve and protect what is sacred to them from those outside who would take it away, it is beginning to be destroyed not from the outside but from within, by the actions they take with each other.

I have as a result of working on this project come to a new definition of creativity for myself. It is the ongoing process of self-expression. The value for me is no longer highly invested in the product, the greatness of the outcome, but rather in the growth, learning, and awareness of self that comes from the ever changing process. In reflecting on the changes in my play over the past several years I can see the changes in myself, a movement from a more ego-invested self wanting approval on some level from those that mattered to me to a closer expression of my deepest feelings, who I am, and what values are important to me. As the play stands now it is a working draft that I
expect to change as I continue working towards its completion. Though the casual and perhaps not-so-casual reader might not see it as such, it is a play about the Powhatan Indians as well as a personal statement and reflection of who I am at this point in time and space.
"MATOAKA"

A Music/Play in Two Acts

BY

JUNE NAN COOPER
CAST OF CHARACTERS

Powhatan: Chief of the Powhatan Great Council, also known as Wahunsonacock; Matoaka's father.

Opechancancough: Tribal elder; Werowance of the Pamunkey Indians.

Matoaka: Powhatan's favorite daughter.

Nantaquaus: Powhatan's son; Matoaka's brother; Werowance of the Accomacs. Dreamer for the Powhatan people.

Tasamakin: Powhatan medicine woman.

Nemattanon: Warrior medicine man for the Pamunkeys.

Wowinchopunk: Werowance of the Paspaheghs whose homeland was closest to the Jamestowne settlement.

John Smith: English settler.

The Powhatan Confederacy was comprised of many smaller tribes each governed by a chief called a werowance. The werowances also represented their tribe in the Great Council, the governing body of the Confederacy. In minor matters, each tribe conducted its own affairs. The Great Council was called when issues involved the Confederacy as a whole.
PROLOGUE

Time: Spring, 1607, a short time after the English settlers landed in Jamestowne, Virginia. Dusk.

Place: Outside Werowocomoco, the meeting place of the Powhatan Council, overlooking the Pamunkey River (now called the York River in Virginia).

Scene: Blackout. Music starts before the stage lights come up. Downstage there are four characters sitting in a circle. The set shows the river in the background and the setting sun so that there is a reddish glow to the stage when the lights come up. On cue the lights come up slowly only so far as to light the figures onstage in silhouette.

POWHATAN

(Most prominent figure on stage. Adorned with the most ornaments so as to be more easily identified. He holds a pipe from which he draws. He exhales and pauses a moment before speaking.)

The day fades. Twilight brings the time of power. (He hands the pipe to Wowinchopunk.)

Day becomes night. Night becomes day. Memories become dreams. Dreams awaken. The fading light builds bridges to the other world and beyond, past the door of ti:me. (He fixes his gaze at Wowinchopunk.) My brother, what brings you to Werowocomoco to seek my council?

WOWINCHOPUNK

(Takes a lengthy draw from the pipe and in time a slow exhale. Then he speaks.) I speak for those who live in the Pasphegh, as werowance of those who make their home there. I come to speak for those who have seen the tassantasses and been within the walls of their village. These tassantasses who have come in large canoes and made their home in the hunting grounds of my village. I too have seen these men and been inside their village, and spoke with them to learn of their nature and their intentions. We of the Pasphegh brought food and items of trade in good faith. We danced the dance of welcome and friendship and laid plans for a great feast in honor of
friendship. But trust is easily broken and sticks that breathe fire and balls of flame that come from the great canoes and explode on the land bring death and injury to my warriors and put fear in the hearts of the people. Their words and signs speak of trade and friendship, but their actions tell another story. They say they do not make this land their home, but merely a stopping place on their way North, up the great Powhatan river to the place where the water again turns to salt. But they build here a village of houses that cannot be moved and walls that cannot be penetrated. They are strong men who will use their power and sticks of fire against those they call the enemy. Yet as friends they could prove a strong ally against the Monacans. And there is much we can gain from trade with them; fire sticks for our warriors, osawass. (He handles a copper ornament and pauses before going on.)

The ways of the Paspaheghs and the tassantasses are very different. There is little trust and many of the Paspahegh fear for the safety of their families. Yet alone we have not the number of warriors to drive them off the land. I have come here to Werowocomoco to ask Powhatan and the Great Council to aid us in a decision for our protection, such is the threat of these tassantasses. (After a moment he passes the pipe to Opechancancough.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

(Opechancancough draws from the pipe and exhales before he speaks.) You remember the vision. The great prophesy; the word that a nation will arise from the Chesapeake and will put an end to the nation we know. This must not come to pass. (He pauses.) They must be destroyed as we have destroyed others who have come to fulfill the prophesy. As we have destroyed the nation of the Chesapeake so soon after the vision was seen and the prophesy given to us. As we have destroyed the other band of tassantasses who like these men made their home here having come from across the great waters. Those who came before came to destroy our healers, those of us who speak and hear and see more clearly into the other world, those who teach the people of The Four Winds and The Great Hare. They came to teach the rest of us the unnatural ways. Ways I was taught when I was taken by force from the people, as a young boy taken on a great canoe, first to the land in the South, and then across the great waters to their home; a land they call Spain. I have learned their ways; ways that go against all that is natural in this world. I had against my will been made to speak their tongue, to bow down before their chief, to renounce what in my heart I know to be true. (He pauses again.) After many seasons, I became a man, a man so mourning on the inside for the people he loved and would never see again. It was the Great Spirit that brought me back here to guide those who brought me and help them change the ways of the people the way they had changed me.
When I returned here it was I who spoke to the Great Council and told how these men came to fulfill the great prophesy. It was I, as warrior chief, who returned to their village and struck the first blow. (He pauses again.) These new tassantasses who build homes in the hunting grounds of the Pasahegh must be driven from the land or the words of the great prophesy will take hold. In times past we drew together in brotherhood; the Great Powhatans, the Pamunkeys who call me their werowance, the Pasahegh, the Accomacs. We drew together in brotherhood for protection and for survival. A time for protection is at hand. We must untie and destroy those who seek to destroy; those who come to fulfill the words of the prophesy. (He sits for a moment before passing the pipe to Nantaquaus.)

NANTAQUAUS

Before I speak you know my words. I am here not as the son of Powhatan, nor the werowance of the Accomacs, though I am both. But I am here to speak of the ways of the Grandfathers, and the message of the Four Winds. I have survived the huskenaw and become the dreamer, a seer into the world beyond. I know well the great prophesy and have seen it come to pass in the other world. And it shall come to pass when the ways of the Great Spirit are broken, when our warriors do not count coup to test their cleverness and bravery but return with blood on their hands, when the ways of the Circle are broken because the people are afraid. The Spirit of Okee is upon us. The Great Trickster has come to test the power of those who are leaders and those who aspire to be great warriors. These Tassantasses are neither friend or foe. They are here that we might learn new things, see from a new direction. We must not close our eyes and destroy or push away that which has been given to us as a gift. We must not be afraid of the changes that this gift may bring, for that is part of the world. If we kill the Great Bear so that he no longer walks the green earth, we need no longer fear him, yet we have lost all that he is; all the wisdom that he teaches the people. You know I speak true when I say these men must not be destroyed. They must not be driven away out of our fear. We must be watchful and learn to see with new eyes and feel the new changes as we come to understand what gifts they have brought. (He passes the pipe to Powhatan.)

POWHATAN

(After a moment he speaks.) There is great concern among us as to the changes that the new tassantasses bring to our nation. Our views are well spoken and our plans of action very different. It is still a time of waiting and understanding before any action is decided. So I say to you Wowinchopunk, werowance of those who live closest to
these tassantasses, that you and your village make your
decisions as you have and as the occasions arise, and that
you speak to the werowances of Quiyoughcohannock, Weanoc,
Appamatuck, and Kiskiack, who all make their homes close to
you on the great Powhatan River. And that you ask them to
send their warriors should you feel you need them. And
know that we will keep a watchful eye on all that
transpires and that there are many strong warriors from the
Powhatans and Pamunkeys in the North to come to your aid if
you need it.

(Lights dim, change to next scene.)
ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

Time: Dawn, several days later.

Place: A secluded spot overlooking the Pamunkey River outside Werowocomoco.

Scene: Lights come up on Pocahontas who is sleeping on the ground. She is wearing brown deerskin.

(Nantaquaus enters from the side and watches Pocahontas as she sleeps. She begins to stir and look around. Suddenly she sees Nantaquaus who is almost hiding himself by a tree.)

POCAHONTAS

Nantaquaus! (She runs up to him and throws her arms around him. He smiles as he holds her. She reaches for her head.) Oh! I am dizzy.

(He helps her to a comfortable place on the ground and they shortly are seated.)

POCAHONTAS

I forgot I have not had food or water for three days and four nights.

NANTAQUAUS

(Reaching for a pouch he has brought with him, he spreads out some food and water he has brought for her.) I bring you news that your fast has ended, my little sister.

POCAHONTAS

(She dives into the food.) My favorite brother, I have had such wonderful dreams. Some I can hardly remember at all. But that is as it should be. I was told I would remember when the time was right.

NANTAQUAUS

Enough talk for now. You need to eat. You need your strength. Your naming ceremony comes at the twilight time.
POCAHONTAS
Then you talk to me for I cannot easily be still now. There is too much excitement around me. How is our sweet father?

NANTAQUAUS
Ah ha! You ask difficult questions my sister. (He pauses.) Many thoughts fill his mind and answers do not come easily or without conflict with others who have strong wills and much influence among the people.

POCAHONTAS
He and Opechancancough speak again from different places?

NANTAQUAUS
You are too quick, my little sister! (He says with a chuckle in his voice.)

POCAHONTAS
I know my sweet father and I know his ways! (She says laughing all the while eating her food.)

NANTAQUAUS
And I suppose you know it concerns the tassantasses at Paspahegh. Wowinchopunk is asking the other werowances to join with his warriors and plan an attack of the tassantasses village. Opechancancough is encouraging him. Powhatan has left the decision to Wowinchopunk, as it rightly belongs. They have made their home within the boundaries of his village. But the problem does not have a clear solution in Powhatan's mind. More and more he has been listening to my words. He has seen and felt in his own heart how the seasons before there has been too much bloodshed in the name of defense and protection from the prophesy. But there are many that feel war is the only solution. And so the people are divided and this is not good. And this too weighs heavy in his thoughts. (He watches her thoughtfully for a moment.) Wowinchopunk will not be successful. Even now he plans his attack and I can see into the other world. They will not penetrate the wall of trees that surround the tassantasses village. There will be bloodshed for no purpose. And trust will be eaten away.

POCAHONTAS
My brother, what can we do?
NANTAQUAUS

My little sister, you know the answer. You do what is in your heart to do. You find your way and your answers by listening to your own rhythms. It is when we forget to listen for answers inside ourselves; it is when we turn outside or to someone else for our direction that we lose our way, that Okee the great trickster has fooled us and won.
Have three days and four nights without food caused you to forget what you are doing out here, alone in the forest? (He laughs at her.)

POCAHONTAS

(He smiles.) Let me tell you my vision!

(She starts to get up but Nantaquaus holds her arm and looks at her with concern and hesitation.)

POCAHONTAS

Are you not my brother who was chosen to see vision beyond dreams and into the other worlds?

NANTAQUAUS

None should hear your vision except Tasamakin. And even then there is some of your vision for you alone, that no one hears. That is your gift, for your purpose, for your learning.

POCAHONTAS

My brother, have faith that I have learned the ways well and am not a renegade from the sacred path. My vision speaks clearly to me in part saying you, Nantaquaus, the dreamer and healer of the people must know part of my vision. You must hear these words and see these dreams although I myself do not understand their meaning. (She looks at him in silence and finds no resistance from him when she gets up to tell her dream.)

This sequence is sung and danced by Pocahontas.

POCAHONTAS

The sun is setting. The animals in the forest are restless. I am sleeping on the sacred Pawcorance stone. The stone is not at its usual place at Uttamussack, but rather it is alone in the depths of the forest. An eagle drops a white feather and it falls across my face. It tickles my cheek and I awaken. There are herds
of deer around me, all staring at me. I ask them why they are looking at me. There is no answer. There are so many eyes staring at me. I know they want something. I am standing now on the stone because I am anxious. A brilliant white light shines forth from the great stone, through the crystal clear stone, and suddenly I am flying through the air. I am a bird. I have wings. I look down and the deer are chasing me, following me. I am not sure where I am headed, but there seems to be a clearing up ahead. I perch on the last tree and look across the cleared field. The many deer stop and stand hidden among the trees, not daring to venture into the field. There are strange men in the field. They carry bows and arrows and are hunting something in earnest. Finally I see what they hunt is a beautiful white rabbit. The men have many pelts on their waists. Most are rabbits, but all are brown rabbits. I see that they are going to kill the white rabbit for they have just spotted him. Without thinking I rush out and with my talons, I clutch the back of the great white rabbit. He is heavy to support. The men follow closely, but I lose them by flying in circles. Finally I reach the edge of the forest and set the rabbit down. He runs freely and stands erect in the midst of the deer and the deer rejoice. It is plain to me that the deer wanted me to rescue the rabbit. I fly back to the great stone and fall asleep. And I awake and I am here and the Great Stone is gone. (She pauses for a moment.) And this much I was told to tell you, my brother. Do you know its meaning?

NANTAQUAUS

(With a pensive look on his face he moves towards his sister.) We must go. The others are waiting. We will speak of this later.
SCENE TWO

Time: Later that evening, at twilight.

Place: Outside the Great House at Werowocomoco (also called Powhatan's house).

Scene: Naming ritual. Characters onstage include some village people, both men and women. There are four carved poles which stand on the right of the stage. Each pole represents a direction on the Medicine Wheel, one of the four winds. As the lights come up, the music is already started and there is a celebration dance being done around the poles. During the dance Nantaquaus enters and then also Opechancancough with his medicine man, Nemattanon (Jack of the Feathers). The dance continues until Powhatan enters from inside his house, followed by Pocahontas (who is now dressed in white deer skin) and the medicine woman Tasamakin.

(There is a great shout. The people gather around.)

POWHATAN

(He holds up his hand and the dancing stops.) We have come to gather and celebrate for she, Pocahontas, my favorite daughter, who has spent some time seeking the other world; who has given up the taste of food and drink for three days and four nights that those dream keepers will find her less of this place and take her with them, if they so choose, to the land of dreams. We celebrate, for she has been successful and the dreamers have spoken to her and given her food for her spirit. They have given her dreams, a great vision, a medicine song.

(There are joyful expressions and cries from those who are present. Pocahontas is taken by Tasamakin and brought to the center of the poles where the dancing occurred. Others all watch while Tasamakin begins her ritual.)

(Tasamakin raises her hands towards the sky and begins a dance in a circle around Pocahontas.)

(Onstage drummer begins.)

You stand at the center; you are the center; all that is around you is on the circle.
(Pocahontas moves towards one of the posts.)

(Tasamakin moves to take the place left by Pocahontas.) I stand at the center; I am the center; You stand on the circle. You stand by the East Wind and see through the eyes of the Great Eagle.

(Pocahontas moves towards the next post.)

I stand at the center; I am the center; You stand on the circle. You stand by the South Wind and see through the eyes of the Great Squirrel.

(Pocahontas moves to the next post.)

I stand at the center; I am the center; You stand on the circle. You stand by the West Wind and see through the eyes of the Great Bear.

(Pocahontas moves towards the next post.)

I stand at the center; I am the center; You stand on the circle. You stand by the North Wind and see through the eyes of the Great White Deer.

(Pocahontas moves back to the center.)

There is a circle within a circle. You are the center, the people stand outside the circle. The people are the center, you stand on the circle in your rightful place among them.

(There is a music change.)

The dreamers give you a new name for your spirit. The dreamers give you a new name to honor your most recent journey with them. They speak this name through your father's dreams, the Great Powhatan, who is called Wahunsonacock. A name given by the dreamers is one of great power. One that names your power. It is a secret, yet all who see your spirit will know your power, will know your name.

(There is another music change.)

(Tasamakin pulls some shears from her embroidered belt.) You will carry with you the sign of the Four Winds. (She shears off some of Pocahontas' hair to make bangs on her face.) North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, West Wind. (She touches the four points making a square on Pocahontas' face.)

(There is a pause.)
The dreamers call you a name you must grow to understand. One whose meaning is hidden, yet is clear to all who see your spirit. The dreamers call you Matoaka, Little Snow Feather.

MATOAKA

(Left alone in the center of the stage, Matoaka sings her medicine song, a song that has come to her in her vision.)

(Many crowd around while the music continues and then goes to a quick blackout.)
SCENE THREE

Time: First day of the Frost Moon (sometime late November.)

Place: Inside Powhatan's house. (This house was great enough to hold a hundred or more people and was not only where Powhatan and his family lived, but was also where the Great Council met, and in Winter, where the village celebrations were held.)

Scene: Hanging mats are lowered to subdivide the inside of the house. Powhatan and Tasamakin are behind one of these unrolled hanging mats. They are seated on the floor and Tasamakin is referring to a crude map on the floor of the house. (There is a fire going and smoke pours out of the top of the house.)

POWHATAN

The time for planting has come and gone. The great feast of the harvest has passed and these tassantasses neither plant nor harvest. They neither fish nor hunt to store food for the season of the snow moon. Only few men have ventured out past the great tree wall that surrounds their village. Wowinchopunk has been unsuccessful in his attacks. His warriors cannot pass the great tree walls and the fire sticks have injured many. There white warriors have Okee on their side for they attempt to trade with the people. There is confusion in the people. Many of them will trade food for the precious stones that cannot be found in this land, and for the copper pots that can be used for cooking. Our friends, those of the Chickahominy, welcome trade from these tassantasses. Perhaps they hope for allies this Spring when the Monacans begin their raids on our villages. Opechancancough has sent a feast and a slaughtered deer to these tassantasses to learn their nature, their plans. Their words hide their intentions. I too, have sent a feast and a slaughtered deer offering peace and friendship. But there is much there that cannot be trusted. Their ways are not the ways of the people. They do not understand our dances of friendship, our signs of war. We do not see how they live without planting or hunting. Can you, wise woman, see their strength, their wisdom, their medicine power?

TASAMAKIN

(She stirs the dirt in a circle with a stick.) These are few in number. There are many others who will come from
across the great Chesapeake. Many who will come to stand among the ranks of our great warriors.

(Opechancancough and Nemattanon enter and stand listening as she speaks.)

We must change with these tassantasses. We must see them as a part of our circle. Understand them and see through their eyes, learn from them as we learn from those of us whose ways are contrary to nature, those of us we call clowns whom we fear and also respect. So must we view these tassantasses. We must allow them to be who they are. We must not try to pretend they do not exist by killing them off or they will return and destroy us when we least expect it.

OPECHANCANCOUGH

Wise woman, whose vision has always been keen, you have not seen with your own eyes how these warriors with white skin have destroyed great villages and holy places of those who lived in the direction of the South Wind. I have seen with my own eyes how the women and children of these villages were killed and the men became slaves in their own land. I have seen these people in the South trust these white skinned warriors, and trade with them, and in the night die by their sword. I have seen where these white tassantasses live. There are many who live on the other side of the great Chesapeake. We must teach them that they cannot live here, that they cannot kill and rob us like they did to our brothers in the South; that they will not easily overrun our land. They will not return if we are strong, if we do not let them creep into villages in the night and woo us with precious stones.

(Matoaka enters and listens to the conversation. The others have joined the circle on the ground made first by Tasamakin and Powhatan.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

Death to them now while they sleep in the season of the coming Peponow. Death now so that in the Spring they will not be reborn and grow stronger.

TASAMAKIN

Our brother fears the great prophesy. Our brother fears his own nightmare. The nightmare he has seen as a youth, before he had a true understanding of the ways of the people. Our brother carries with him the spirit of the white soul.

(Opechancancough starts to become visibly angry.)
The great prophesy is not to be feared. It speaks to change. All that is now is for now and we are always becoming. This great nation of people will change as it has before. Everything changes. Each season becomes a new season. The people grow and change. The prophesy speaks to this. A nation will arise from the Chesapeake and destroy the great Powhatan nation. Those who have seen this vision, like brother Nemattanon, have said destroy; have seen the vision and speak of it in fear. I have seen and say not destroy but bring great change; a great change that the people will no longer live as they have lived. A change that can bring great wealth and happiness to the people. You who speak of death to these tassantasses make this a prophesy of doom with your fears.

NEMATTANON

I speak only truth when I tell my vision. The deer are slaughtered. We who are called the people of the deer are shot in the heart with an arrow and fall dead to the ground. Others of the deer flee, never to come out again in the open; never to again know the freedom of the forest, the changes of the seasons. Always hiding. Never again holding up their heads to the free spirit of the winds. This is the truth I speak. I say that we should fight before we are slaughtered at the hands of our enemies. (He throws his lance into the center of the circle.)

MATOAKA

My father, do I seek your company when you wish to speak with others alone?

POWHATAN

(He pauses before he speaks.) No my Pocahontas, you bring me great joy. You are always welcome at my side.

(Opechancancough and Nemattanon in anger look towards Powhatan and turn and leave.)

(Powhatan stands and Matoaka rushes up and gives him a hug.)

POWHATAN

You are welcome at my side my little daughter. . . (He hugs her affectionately.) . . . but I must now seek my own council. (He looks at Tasamakin.)

MATOAKA

I desire only your company and to bring you a smile.
POWHATAN

This you have done. (He leaves.)

(Matoaka sits down next to Tasamakin.)

TASAMAKIN

So what has my new apprentice learned for herself today?

MATOAKA

I have learned that the path of a medicine woman is difficult to follow. Why has this path been chosen for me? I fear I am too playful and light of heart. I fear I have not the qualities of seriousness and dedication that are needed for me to be respected by the people; for my visions to have meaning for all; for me to be able to give council to those who ask for my help.

TASAMAKIN

We do not know why we are chosen. Why we are who we are. All we know is that truth is inside each of us. It is that truth that we must hold on to. (She pauses.) Let me tell you again the story of the Great Hare.

Tasamakin's Song

It was in times past, before we who are known as the people of the deer that the Great Hare wondered how he might not be so lonely and how he might make creatures for this great world. He, the Great Spirit of rhythm and song, thought and thought and at last created men and women. And he made sustenance for them and kept them in a great bag. There were great beings who came to the Hare's dwelling place, those we call the Grandfathers and Grandmothers, beings towards the rising sun and having the shape of men and women. And they had come to eat the people but the Great Hare drove them away. Then the Great Hare made the water, and the fish, and the land, and a great deer which should feed upon the land. And those who keep the four corners of the earth heard what the Great Hare had done. And the four winds came, from the East, the West, the North and the South. And being envious, killed the deer with hunting poles, dressed him, and feasted on him before departing again to the East, the West, the North and the South. And the Great Hare on seeing this took all the hairs of the slain deer and spread them upon the earth, saying many powerful words and sayings and by which every hair became a deer. He then opened the great bag which held all the men and women and placed one man and one woman in each country. And so the world first took of the people.
And so with each retelling there is more to learn from each story. The deer that was created was the Deer People. And the spirit of the people was scattered to the four winds. Is that right?

TASAMAKIN

(She nods her head.) For each who hears the story there is a new meaning, a different meaning.

MATOAKA

And I am as a hair of the deer; a part of the people. But the deer is not whole. Its spirit has been scattered to the four winds. So I can only see from a small part of the spirit. And I am to hold onto that part of me which is truth and also part of the spirit of the people?

(Tasamakin smiles an approving smile.)

MATOAKA

And my vision. I think I see. I am part of the people who see with the vision of the eagle. I have some of the spirit of the deer that was eaten by the East Wind. And the people want something from me. The deer in my vision are staring at me. I cannot see what they want.

TASAMAKIN

You will see when the time is right.

(Black-out.)
SCENE FOUR

Time: January, 1607 (or approximately that date).

Place: Inside Powhatan's house, the Council meeting house at Werowocomoco.

Scene: There are townspeople gathered around. Matoaka is sitting on the floor downstage looking very pensive.

NANTAQUAUS

(Enters near where Matoaka is sitting. Walks up to her.) Opechancancough brings the white werowance of the tassantasses to be tried by the Great Council. (He waits. Matoaka is silent, almost preoccupied.) The white werowance will be tried as a spy. He was captured close to where those of the Pamunkey hunt to capture winter deer. (He waits again.) The feast is being prepared for the Great Council meeting.

MATOAKA

(Still pondering into space.) Nantaquaus, I have thought long and hard about my vision. I understand there are things the people want me to do. But I cannot see clearly. Tasamakin gives me this seeing stone that I may 'see' more clearly. (She unclasps her hand and reveals a clear quartz crystal.) It is the stone of the Pawcorance from my vision. She says I must use it with great wisdom. Do you understand? Do you know of my vision?

(Just then Opechancancough enters with John Smith, Nemattanon and several warriors. There is much stirring in the crowd. A low chanting is heard in the background. A young boy messenger is sent upstage and enters the room closed off by some unrolled mats. Smith is looking around sizing up the situation. Suddenly the mats swing open and Powhatan enters from upstage center with Tasamakin, several women and warriors. There is a great shout from the people at Powhatan's appearance. The sound of the low chanting can still be heard underneath everything. A woman brings Smith a bowl of water for him to wash his hands. Another brings him a bunch of feathers to dry them with. Powhatan raises his hand and there is silence.)
POWHATAN

We have all come here to this Council to determine the intention of this warrior who claims to speak for the tassantasses; who claims to be werowance of such a place. We will begin the Council with a great feast welcoming all who have come for this purpose.

(There is another great shout. Food is brought in and placed before Smith and also brought to the other side of the stage where the Council is to convene in a large circle. Matoaka moves to a position close to her father. Nantaquaus joins the circle as does Opechancancough. Nemattanon consults with several others near to where Powhatan entered and they soon disappear behind the unrolled mat. There is continual music onstage either drums or percussion of some sort. Smith stays occupied with eating and observing. Two warriors are left guarding him. The Council settles in, Powhatan being seated in a position facing the audience and slightly raised above the others. As each member of the Council speaks they stand. Opechancancough is the first to speak.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

Many of us band together for the winter deer hunt and we are traveling in the lands south of Orapax, where Wahunsonacock, the Powhatan lays his head when the meeting of the Council has ended. We are traveling close to the beginning place of the river of Chickahominy. These are sacred lands to my people. A young warrior looks to the river and sees a canoe moving in the shallow waters where canoes become hard to paddle. We watch these invaders come to shore and when the time is right they are killed. All but the werowance, who by custom we must bring to be tried by this Council. We have taken a long journey to reach this place that we might learn the purposes of these invaders. His words speak friendship. He calls those tassantasses of the nation Spain, from across the Chesapeake waters, his enemy. These of Spain are enemies of mine; great enemies of the Powhatan nation wishing to slaughter in their beds our wise healers; Tasamakin, Nemattanon, our seer of dreams, Nantaquaus. All who see and give direction to the people. These warriors of Spain will leave the people without direction that they might make slaves of the people and teach them the ways that are unnatural. This we know of the people of Spain. (He pauses.) This werowance calls himself friend to the Powhatan, enemy to those who are enemies. But can his words be trusted? These warriors are quick to hide their intentions behind gifts for trading and other such diversions to catch us unaware. I say they must be destroyed. Those who cannot be trusted must be killed.
(There is a great cry of agreement from the crowd.)

WOWINCHOPUNK

From the time of the planting moon these tassantasses have lived close to those of my villages. The land where they live is a place where the deer roam free. But the water from the river makes one sick and the giant flies feast on the skin. It is a place where the people of the Paspahegh would not build their house. Tassantasses can have the land.

(There is laughter among some.)

But my brothers and sisters, these tassantasses cannot be trusted. While others trade with these people, and offer friendship, these tassantasses with their sticks of fire have killed my warriors. Those whose families grieve for dead brothers and husbands ask for justice—ask for revenge. Our band of warriors have attacked their village. But the wall of trees and the sticks of fire have made us unsuccessful. Those families who grieve ask the brothers and sisters of this Council to help them regain their respect. There is no trust with these tassantasses. They have powerful medicine and must be stopped now before it becomes stronger.

(There is some shouting and low mumbling among the Council.)

NANTAQUAUS

It is true my brothers and sisters that I make my home far from the villages of the Paspahegh and that my people have not seen bloodshed from these tassantasses; that the families of my people have not suffered losses. But I ask that these people not turn their feelings of loss into revenge, not destroy these people who in may ways bring us great mysteries to solve. (He pauses.) You know me for my dreams. My dreams which in the past have guided the people to seeing the truth. My dreams say do not seek revenge on these people. My dreams say do not slaughter this man who was brought here and lays claim to be a werowance. Just as my visions and dreams have said Wowinchopunk would not have victory with these tassantasses; so too my dreams say this man will live. Is it not for us to understand our journey; to unravel our path; to hold onto our truth? When we try out of fear and anger to change what is, there is nothing left but failure. When we change what is, from a place of center, there is success, victory for all!

(There is more mumbling from the crowd. Nemattanon enters with several others. He is dressed with a
crown of feathers and he is covered with black paint. The others wear black and red paint with strokes of white. They perform a ritualistic dance. They lay on the floor concentric circles, one of meal, one of corn and one of sticks [representing the Powhatans, the sea and England]. It is a ritual to determine whether or not Smith should be killed. There is live music and percussion accompanying this. As the ritual continues there is a quintet in which the inner thoughts of Opechancancough, Nantaquaus, Powhatan, Tasamakin, and Matoaka are revealed and interspersed with the ritual, sometimes singing alone, sometimes singing together.)

SUNG QUINTET

MATOAKA

(Alternately stares at her seeing stone and wonders if there is something that she can do.)

POWHATAN

(Speaks of how these tassantasses are tearing apart the spirit of the people and what he must do about it.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

(Reveals his hatred of the tassantasses and how crafty he is in scheming to eliminate them.)

NANTAQUAUS

(Speaks of his concern for the people and his concern for his father.)

TASAMAKIN

(Speaks of her place of seeing, understanding everyone and how each perceives what is happening, and her own power in this situation.)

(Powhatan breaks off the ritual suddenly with a great shout and all fall quiet. It is clear the ritual has called for Smith's death.)

POWHATAN

He is to be executed.

(There is a great commotion. Two warriors bring in a large crystal quartz stone and place it in a central spot. Several warriors run to grab Smith and haul him off towards the stone. Others grab for their clubs.)
(Matoaka separates herself from the crowd and alternately stares at the execution stone and the seeing stone in her hand. At the critical moment she runs in front of the executors and places her body between Smith and the warriors. Then Powhatan gives another great shout and the further commotion settles to quiet murmurs.)

POWHATAN

(Powhatan is almost amused as he speaks.) The one called Matoaka is within her rights to claim for her servant the white werowance.

(There is great mumbling and anger.)

POWHATAN

It is the right of any woman who is not yet married to claim for herself a warrior captive. He becomes as her property. He becomes her responsibility and his actions become her responsibility.

(There is further mumbling and anger.)

POWHATAN

There is humor in the sight of such a werowance making strings of beads and makesens (moccasins) for the little Pocahontas.

(There is some laughter among the people and the tension is broken.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

(Throwing down his lance in anger.) Her deeds will not be forgotten.

(Black-out.)

Curtain, end of Act I.
ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

Time: Summer, 1608, late afternoon.

Place: Outside Werowocomoco in a secluded place in the forest.

Scene: Music and lights come up slowly. Matoaka is seen staring out into space apparently meditating. Music background. She is downstage and off to one side. Powhatan enters silently out of her sight.

(Almost as soon as Powhatan enters onstage she begins to speak.)

MATOAKA

My father, have you come to speak with me or to test my senses of perception, my oneness with the world?

POWHATAN

(Smiles before he speaks.) Tasamakin has taught you well, my daughter. You were difficult to find.

MATOAKA

And next time impossible to find even for the great Powhatan!

(They both laugh.)

POWHATAN

You have learned the trick of hiding as well as any of my great warriors, those who sit in silence and call the deer to eat the maize from their hand. You sense beyond the hearing and beyond the seeing of others whose medicine is powerful.

MATOAKA

And my greatest test, my father, is with you. Great master of hearing and seeing and knowing even when you sleep, even when the dream keepers take you to the land beyond. I have practiced well but not enough. None but the great Pownacan could find my place of solitude. (She says boastfully but also with a playful spirit.) And soon, not even will you find me if I choose.
(They both laugh at her boastfulness.)

POWHATAN

None but you could speak with so much pride and boastfulness to the great Powhatan! (He gives her a gentle caress.)

(A pause.)

POWHATAN

There are those who have spoken to me asking for your favors in their household. They have come to begin the courtship dance. (He pauses.) He who has been my trusted servant, Namontack, has brought me gifts of offering.

(They both are silent.)

POWHATAN

Kocoum, who lives at the Patawomeck, brings also the offering.

(Again, they both are silent.)

POWHATAN

I give them my approval. The choice becomes yours.

MATOAKA

I have no desire now to leave the household of my father. Is it his wish that I make my home elsewhere?

POWHATAN

There is a time when it is natural for a young woman to desire a male companion with whom she can share her bed. When the time has come you may choose whom you wish with my approval.

MATOAKA

The time has not yet come, my father. I am happy to live in and bring joy to the house of the great Powhatan! (She gives him a small hug.)
POWHATAN

In times of great stress, my little one, you do bring me great joy. (He pauses.) Kocoum brings news from the village Pastancie.

MATOAKA

(After a pause.) And what of this village?

POWHATAN

In times past there was a young woman of great beauty who lived in that village and made her home with her family on the banks of the great Patawomeck. She would rise each morning and walk to the banks to bathe herself and greet the day. And the sun would catch her beautiful hair, and her morning song would ring through the forest, and her laughing spirit greatly moved the cold heart of the Powhatan. I made her my wife as I had made many before her, and with her love she bore me a strong son, your brother Nantaquaus. Her love for me kept her close to my side at a time when there were unending wars from the people of the North. (He pauses.) No wife had borne me more than one child. But in that Spring our closeness conceived another. She traveled where I traveled and bore no complaint. Often she traveled with me alone, leaving Nantaquaus well cared for by my household. She traveled with me and a small hunting party up north of Orapax that Winter and on the first night of the Snow Moon, she bore me a daughter, a daughter who in many ways was the beautiful image of her mother. And there was joy in our hearts that night matched only by the great sorrow the next sunset when warriors of the hated Monacans slit her throat as she watched our camp. None who waited with her at our camp survived except the young infant. My sorrow was great. Three times had I seen the slaughter of my people in times of war and hatred. The Monacans destroyed the clan of my mother, the Susquahanocks burned the people of my father's clan. And now again I had lost those I loved.

MATOAKA

Was she my mother?

POWHATAN

One whose name cannot be spoken, that her spirit will be honored. She speaks to me often as her little Matoaka. (He pauses. He looks off into the distance.) There is a cry of war again. And now the enemy wears a new coat and breaths inside the hearts of the people. Your strong medicine spirit saved the white werowance and brought a
chance for peace between our nations. You have rightfully provided for him and his people in times of their need. I have given you from my own house what you have asked. You have not taken your responsibility for him lightly. For this effort there is great respect. But there are great difficulties with this nation and it brews trouble among others who sit upon the council. He who is called Smith has been made werowance of the village at the Capahowasic. Yet he will not give freely to the council in return for participation. Others see this and are resentful. Others feel these people can never be part of this nation. There is too much difference. The chances for peace are eaten away from inside the hearts of the people. These tassantasses cannot stay outside the ways of the people without others choosing to follow their example. When there is not trust, even in the giving and exchanging of gifts, there can be no trust in the sharing of power and weapons. So soon after you traveled to the village of the tassantasses to make peace, so soon after you sought out the release of those warriors who borrowed the tassantasses weapons and were captured and held prisoners, those tassantasses travel the waters of the Potomac and ask those of Pastancie of trading with our enemies in the north. So is the message that Kocoum brings. A message of little trust with a nation who pretends friendship but a nation who in truth may fulfill the prophesy and bring the downfall of the council. I fear my little daughter that the tide is turning from peace to dreaded war. (He pauses and she lays her head in his lap.)
SCENE TWO

Time: Fall, 1608, afternoon.

Place: Outside Werowocomoco.

Scene: In the background or even behind a scrim is a scene which includes Powhatan, Opechancancough, Nemattanon and some other council members. There is some kind of inference that the back stage area is divided and on the other side are several Indian women doing a 'stag dance' which is being witnessed by Smith and some other Indians. This is a ritual dance accompanied by music and the costumes including antlers as a headdress. An Indian, Namontack, travels from Smith's side and appears at the Council. Tasamakin all this time is downstage, seated, preparing some ingredients and working with some medicine objects. Nantaquaus is seated by her side (possibly beating a drum that is coincidentally in time and rhythm to the dance behind) and is in a meditative state. Matoaka is one of the dancers in the 'stag dance.'

NANTAQUAUS

(Sings after a while.) Namontack, trusted servant of Powhatan, has returned from the tassantasses, has returned from his journey across the waters of the Chesapeake to the home of the tassantasses. He speaks now with Powhatan before the Council. (He pauses.)

(Tasamakin blows smoke from a lit pipe; Nantaquaus sings rhythmic 'non-words'.)

(He pauses again.) Namontack speaks of the land of the tassantasses. There are many people who live in small places removed from the forests, and the sweet grasses. There are more people in the villages than in all the Powhatan nation. And they are ruled by a strong council leader. (He pauses.) It is clear that the tassantasses here show strong allegiance to that nation. They cannot be brothers to the Powhatans and be warriors in their own right for the white werowance across the Chesapeake. So says Namontack to the Council. (He pauses.) The hearts of the people cry for war against these invaders, against these tassantasses whose intentions seem less than honorable. Some of the Council fear the great numbers of warriors from a land of so many people. Powhatan's heart yearns for peace but he is being swayed for the people's
sake. He is not yet fully convinced it must be war.

TASAMAKIN

(After a pause.) You must find your little sister this night. (She hands him a perfect eagle feather which she has tied to a small bag and woven into some beadwork.) She has passed her last test and I give her the power of my medicine bag. Be ready. The time comes. She knows what she needs, but she is young. We cannot know if she will survive her next test. Her survival is within her. If she is to heal, if she is to be a healer of the people, she must do so from her own heart at whatever the cost that is reflected to her. She must conquer her greatest fear to move forth. She must surrender her greatest love. Be ready Nantaquaus when she calls.

(Fade out with music.) (Powhatan and the others in that part of the scene had become increasingly more agitated the longer Namontack spoke. The 'stag dance' scene had a kind of playfulness about it in stark contrast to the other scene of growing agitation. Yet underlying it all is a growing tension.)
SCENE THREE

Time: Two days after the last scene, immediately after Newport crowns Powhatan as a subject of King James I. After dark.

Place: Werowocomoco, outside the Matchocomoco (Great House).

Scene: Fires light the set. Council members are onstage as are all the characters except Matoaka, Nantaquaus, Nemattanon, and Tasamakin. There is steady rhythmic music going on. Nantaquaus appears late and stays slightly removed from the rest and somewhat downstage.

(The Council seems agitated.)

OPECHANCANCOUGH

It is clear there can be no more waiting, no more time for decisions about these tassantasses. We have lost face today in what was to have been a giving of gifts, a ceremony of great dignity between brothers and leaders. Instead a mockery was made of us all as our council leader was made to bow and wear a copper headdress. A sign as if we are to humble ourselves to the white werowance across the waters of the Chesapeake. It is clear these warriors have come to take from us our home and destroy the ways of the people. We have waited too long already. These warriors must be destroyed.

POWHATAN

My heart lies heavy for the suffering that is to come. But the choice is made. These who have come to destroy us must be eliminated. Our warriors must prepare for war.

(There is a 'hellish' scream that seemingly comes from nowhere and Nemattanon leaps out into center stage from behind several others. He is dressed as the Twilight Bird and begins a war dance. The pulse of the music becomes louder and stronger, and bit by bit more warriors join the circle. Matoaka enters close to Nantaquaus. He is watching her intently. Tears are screaming down her face.)

MATOAKA

I have spoken to them. I have warned them that Powhatan is
going to poison them, and if that is unsuccessful kill them full out in a raid. They will not leave. I cannot stop this no matter how I feel. There is no hope. (She quite unconsciously is stroking the medicine bag Tasamakin had given her and is now tied to her waist.)

NANTAQUAUS

When you view the world as your enemy, it will destroy you. When you see that nothing in nature, nothing in the world can hurt you, you will find the flow inside yourself to find your solution. There is great power in your hands even now.

(Matoaka looks down for a moment slightly confused. The rhythm of the dance is now becoming infectious as more people join in. Powhatan moves more downstage. Matoaka dries her tears and gains her composure. She is still stroking her medicine bag.)

In the quiet of your heart you will know the answer.

(Matoaka's mood changes entirely as if she suddenly knows what she is going to do. In a split second decision, she runs up to Powhatan.)

MATOAKA

(Giving him a hug.) Father, father, I have missed you! (With a quick tug she pulls his medicine bag from his waist and quickly runs offstage.)

(Powhatan yells in a fit of anger when he realizes what she has done. There is a lot of commotion.)

POWHATAN

Bring her to me!

(He yells commanding several warriors to follow her, which they do. Nantaquaus, meanwhile, exited from the other side of the stage as soon as all of this began.) (Black-out.)
SCENE FOUR

Time: One month later.

Place: Powhatan's house, Matchcomoco.

Scene: Opechancancough, Powhatan, Nemattanon and other council members are together deciding plans of action.

POWHATAN

It is best we move from this place, that we scatter to the four winds, that we might not so easily be defeated. I shall hold council in my village at Orapax. These tassentasses do not learn the ways of the land. Let it be the land and their own foolishness that brings about their own defeat. Let us find them starving in their beds for lack of maize and fish and deer. Let their conflict be with the land and not with the people. Let us unite together and withhold our food from these who would trade us beads and copper for their lives.

OPECHANCANCOUGH

Let us do this and more. Let our warriors be ready to strike out at those who seek to trade. Let us ... (He stops speaking as Nantaquaus walks into the room.)

POWHATAN

He who has disappeared in the night has returned. (Silence.)

NANTAQUAUS

I bring you news of a family matter that I might speak with you alone.

POWHATAN

Your arrival breaks council.

NANTAQUAUS

Words I speak to you may change the council's decisions.

(There is more silence until Powhatan signals the other council members to leave. Nantaquaus moves closer to Powhatan's side.)
NANTAQUAS

For one cycle of the moon she has alluded you.

POWHATAN

With your help! I should put you both to death for what you have done!

NANTAQUAS

She has survived on her own. She asks that I bring you these messages. That she loves the Great Powhatan. That she lives now with the people of the Patawomeck, the people of her mother, our mother. That they have accepted her as one of them. That the Patawomeck fear the wrath of the Powhatan and at first refused her. But a brave warrior stood out and brought her into his household. She says that you have given your approval of that union. She lives in the house of the warrior Kocoum.

POWHATAN

(After a pause.) She has learned well. She knows well I would never bring my wrath, as great as it is, down on the people of my wife. (An introspective pause.) My medicine is weakened because of her deed. There is a decision for war and my power for victory has been challenged. She is foolish to think weakness in war is a solution. It will not stop because we are weaker. It will mean slower killings, more painful time than a quick victory. As long as she remains with the peoples of the Patawomeck I will not seek my wrath against her. But neither will it change that stand we must take if we are to survive. We will pull back and let these people starve and come spring our warriors will pick off any who survive and are weak. You, Nantaquas, must stand with us on this. Your people of Accomac must not trade with them for food. You and those people of your mother at Patawomeck must unite against these invaders. This is the message you return to your sister. Dare she leave those people I will seek my wrath on her.

(Black-out.)
SCENE FIVE

Time: December 1612, about four years later.

Place: Uttamusak, village site near the Pamunkey. Usually only 'medicine men' (women) and werowances were permitted there. It was also the site of the Pawcorance stone. The stone is slightly off to one side of center stage.

Scene: Background music as the lights come up focusing on the stone. Matoaka enters and approaches the stone.

TASAMAKIN

(Voice heard from off stage.) You have come for it is time to make peace with your father's spirit. (Pause.) It is time you collected your spirit and once again take up your path, journey the journey of your vision.

(Music-percussion.)

For four Winters you have slept renewing your strength while the people were at war and your father struggles within himself and suffers great sorrow at all that is lost. For four Winters you have rested happily with one you call your husband. Yet the seeds you planted long ago have begun to grow and take root.

(Matoaka is now by the stone and climbs up it to sit on it. Her medicine bag, the one given to her by Tasamakin, and Powhatan's hang clearly from her waist. She is seated looking out into the audience. In front of her, processing from both sides is the beginning of a funeral ritual for Tasamakin. It should be clear visually that the funeral is happening at another place and that Matoaka is alone at the stone.) (The funeral: Tribal members enter from both sides of the stage. The women are chanting softly. Several tribe members bring in pieces of a scaffold and set it up on stage. The chanting continues. Tasamakin is carried in, partly wrapped for burial, but still alive. Various tribal members say words of encouragement to her at several times. Phrases include: "You are going to rejoin those that came before you," "You are going to the Four Winds," "You are going to join those who live in the land of the dreamers," "You will soon walk with the keepers of time." Powhatan and all others are on stage to
witness this. While this ceremony is going on
Tasamakin's voice is heard over the music as if
speaking inside of Matoaka's head."

It is time you take my place and become the healer of the
people. You can bring peace to these nations that are at
war. You have the power within to unite, to bring peace.
The spirit of the deer looks to you to bring the harmony.
Though the winds of opposition blow hard against your
cheeks, you draw strength from the medicine stone. You
stand as a rock against the blowing winds. All that was
mine is now yours.

(Tasamakin dies. When she dies, smoke comes up from
the stone. The women in the tribe begin singing loud
wails, the men begin a solemn dance. Matoaka remains
motionless on top of the stone and begins a soft
chant. The chanting begins to die down as the people
disappear off stage finally leaving Tasamakin,
Powhatan, and Matoaka onstage. Matoaka's words become
audible in drone which repeats until the lights fade.)

MATOAKA

The spirit is reborn.

(Fades with the music leaving only solitary drums.)

CURTAIN
SECOND DRAFT

SCENE FIVE

Time: December 1612, about four years later.

Place: Uttamusak, village in the Pamunkey territory; a sacred place where only werowances and 'medicine men' were allowed. Also the location of the Pawcorance stone (six foot high rectangular clear quartz crystal). This is where Matoaka is . . . Orapax, Powhatan's main village. This is where he moved from Werowocomoco. This is the site of Tasamakin's funeral.

Scene: Behind a scrim towards the back of the stage are dance scenes that reflect the ongoing struggle, 'war', between the Powhatans and the English. This effect is to suggest memories of the past four years, or suggest an 'out of time' historical picture of what has happened.

(Lights come up slowly revealing Matoaka facing the Pawcorance stone. Back lights at the sides of the stage remain dimmed. Music drum beat begins the scene. She is doing a ritual, facing the stone, and uses a rattle in her hand. While this continues, Tasamakin's voice is heard in a whisper from off stage.)

TASAMAKIN

You have come . . . for it is time to make peace with your father's spirit.

(Music: The 'dance' ritual continues.)

The time has come to renew your spirit . . . to make the journey of your vision.

(Pause)

For four winters you have rested happily with one who is your husband. Yet now the seeds that were planted long ago have begun to grow and take root.

(Matoaka moves around behind the stone and climbs it from behind.)

While you slept, the people were at war.
(At the sound of the word "war" Matoaka appears over the top of the stone. Her face is painted. The two medicine bags hang from her waist. She seats herself on the stone in 'meditation'. Also at the sound of the word "war" the lights from behind come up revealing a dance of 'battles that have been ongoing'. The music makes a dramatic change at this point.)

(The music changes back to the percussive drum beat. The scene changes to darkness behind.)

Your father suffers great sorrow at all that is lost.

(Matoaka opens her eyes wide as she looks straight forward. Dramatic music begins again. Back lights come up and a funeral procession begins all at the same time.)

The funeral: Tribe members enter from both sides of the stage. The women are chanting softly. Several tribe members bring in pieces of scaffold and set it on stage. The chanting continues. Tasamakin is carried in, partly wrapped for burial, but still alive. Various tribe members chant words of encouragement. Phrases include, "You are going to the land of the four winds," "You are going to the land of the dreamers," "You will soon walk with the keeper of time." Powhatan and others are on stage to witness this. While this is going on, Tasamakin's voice is still heard over the music as if she were speaking inside Matoaka's head. The music changes to drum beat as the funeral continues and these words are heard:

It is time you take my place and become the healer of the people. You can bring peace to these nations that are at war. You have the power within to unite, to bring peace. The spirit of the deer looks to you to bring the harmony. Though the winds of opposition blow hard on your cheeks, you draw strength from the medicine stone. You stand as a rock against the blowing winds. All that is mine is now yours.

(Tasamakin dies. Dramatic music comes in again. Smoke comes up from the stone at the same time. There is great wailing from the mourners behind stage. Matoaka is standing on the stone as the smoke clears. Her arms raised, she speaks.)

MATOAKA

The spirit is reborn.

(Lights and music fade together. Backstage has been gradually clearing through this ending. Only the drum
beat remains at the end.)

CURTAIN
THIRD DRAFT
SCENE FIVE

Time: December 12, about four years later.

Place: Uttamusak, village in the Pamunkey territory. (The village was only for medicine men and women. It is also the location of the Pawcorance stone, the six foot high quartz crystal and Matoaka is alone here.) . . Also, Orapax, Powhatan's main village. He moved the Council here from Werowocomoco. This is the site of Tasamakin's funeral.

Scene: Matoaka is called to the stone of her vision. Here she takes over the role of the dying Tasamakin.

(Lights come up. Matoaka is facing the Pawcorance stone, which is located towards center stage. The rest of the stage is dimly lit. The music begins with a steady drum beat. Matoaka is doing a ritual dance. She plays a rattle onstage as part of the score. While this happens, Tasamakin's voice is heard in a stage whisper from off stage as if appearing in Matoaka's head.)

TASAMAKIN

You have come . . . for it is time to make peace with your father's spirit . . . (long pause) . . . The time has come to renew your spirit . . . to make the journey of your vision . . . (long pause) . . . Four winters you rest happy with one who is your mate. Yet now the seeds that were planted long ago have begun to grow and take root.

(Matoaka moves around behind the stone and climbs it from behind.)

Four winters you sleep and your people are at war.

(At the sound of the word "war," Matoaka appears over the top of the stone, her face painted, and the two medicine bags hang at her waist. She sits on the stone in meditation. Also at the sound of the word "war," a memory scene appears behind the stone. It is a dance, possibly done behind a scrim to suggest vagueness, which depicts the fighting that has gone on the past four years. At this point there is a dramatic change in the music.)

(After a while the music changes back to a more simple
(Still as a voice only.) Your father suffers great sorrow at all that is lost.

(Matoaka opens her eyes wide and looks straight ahead. The dramatic music is heard again and a funeral procession appears behind the stone. The funeral: Tribe members enter. Several bring pieces of scaffolding and set it up on stage. Tasamakin is carried in, dressed to depart this world. Everyone is on the stage. The music dies down again and Tasamakin's voice is heard again as if inside Matoaka's head.)

TASAMAKIN

It is time you take my place. It is time you become the healer of the people. You can bring peace to these nations that are at war. You have the power within to unite. The spirit of the deer looks to you to bring the harmony. The winds of opposition will blow hard on your cheeks. Draw strength from the stone. You will stand as a rock against the blowing winds . . . All that was mine is now yours.

(Tasamakin dies. Dramatic music comes in again, along with the wailing of the women. Smoke comes up from the stone at the same time. Matoaka is kneeling on the stone as the smoke clears.)

MATOAKA

(Raising her arms.) The spirit is reborn.

(Lights fade with music. The characters gradually move off-stage. Matoaka is alone on stage as the lights dim. Only a drum beat is heard.)

CURTAIN
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3. INDIAN FICTION


4. MUSIC/THEATRE


APPENDIX
Matoaka

A Music/Play in Two Acts
Performance Notes

1. In general, place a strong accent on beat one.

2. a. Flute, ocarina played freely: use max. reverb
   pitch bend down from note G
   pitch bend up to note A
   b. Flute, fingering for G
       on pages 91, 95, 97, 107, 109
       full fade in over blow for 2

3. Suspended Cymbal: use yarn mallet

4. Voices: Male, female, or both. A wail sound is desired. Other voices may be used, ad lib.

5. Synthesizers I, II, III, IV are on tape.
   a. Synthesizer I: Full, brassy sound with sustain
   b. Synthesizer II: Bright descending wail,
      slur indicates release of descending wail
   c. Synthesizer III: Noise plus descending whistle,
      y indicates sound continues 8 beats
   d. Synthesizer IV: Bass, sounds one octave below what is written

J.N.C.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
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<td>Flute</td>
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<td>Indian Drum</td>
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<td>Indian Harps</td>
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<td>Electric Piano</td>
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Spoken Text
Thammakho: You have come ... for it is time to make
Peace with your father's spirit... The time has come to renew your spirit... to make the journey of your vision.
Once winners you rest happy with one who is quiet under
yet now the seeds that were planted long ago have
begun to grow and take fame.
Four winters you sleep and your people are at war.
your father suffers great...
It is time you take your place. It is time you become the healer of the people. You can bring peace to
These sections that are at work you have the Power within to unite. The spirit of the deer looks to you to bring the harmony. The winds of

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opposition will blast hard on your cheeks. Draw strength from the stone. ... You will stand as a rock against the blowing winds...
All that was mine is now yours.
Voices

HATOAKA: The spirit is reborn.