

Bernadette Mayer

ERUDITIO EX MEMORIA

[reading copy from Editions Eclipse / facsimile at english.utah.edu/eclipse]

ERUDITIO EX MEMORIA was originally published in an edition of 100 copies, 26 of which were lettered A-Z and signed by the author, by ANGEL HAIR BOOKS [then at: Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240 Box 257, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009]. With a cover by Bernadette Mayer.

Original copyright: (c) 1977 by Bernadette Mayer.

The publication of that book was supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

I saw a doctor, a doctor. It was Antonin Artaud. He was elected to the Royal Academy, no, that was Chekhov. This is the Russian Theater, it's 1962 or so, the moralist of the venial sin is here, resigning over Gorky. Doctor, a doctor. "The Seagull" defends Zola and Dreyfus, it's the Moscow Art Theater. Chekhov is Godard. This is what I learned in school. This is what I thought: Artaud, Antonin.

Hemispheres become loose in the country, there are new forms. Stanislavsky, etc. Add up a column of numbers, it comes to William Carlos Williams to me. What are the spiritual heights, she said. Just as Uncle Vanya looks like a dial, Paris comes and goes, prissy, lightfooted and beautiful-looking, but, by and large, the outside forces come to the surface. 13y the same token, we seem fully uneven, without the bones and stays. The homecoming; she opened and closed her conversation with adequacy. There's a picture of a man with a spring for a body. There's a picture of a woman dancing with a leaf for a hand, her head on a string, hanging forward. It's Madam Shaw. Relevant is revelant, irrational knot, unsocial socialist, unpleasant and pleasant Madam Shaw. Oh Shaw, polygammalian, the candidate, there's a heart and a louse on the skunk.

*

There's no sense writing down Greek words if no one is going to know what I'm saying. Oh, Creon's self-exaltation and the self-exaltation of man. In the Ode, the reverse becomes true and it's all contradicted in the play, as, I always write the wrong thing down, for the sake of memory. Death passed over in the Ode overcomes all the other conquests, this is the way out of death, listen, they told me so, overcoming the ethic of calculation through love. Maybe. Disease, he said, was heaven sent. Of course the laws of the land and the gods are out of harmony. So see the verbs of thinking, if not there it'll be in the verbs of knowing, oida or perceiving, or even showing. Then there are the verbs of saying, no telling, eipon and the rest. Use the infinitive.

*

Boolean Algebra creates an analogy between the symbols of algebra and logical forms and syllogisms. It involves the presupposition that the symbols of operation can be separated from the symbols of quantity and treated as distinct with reference to calculation. The rules of calculation are those which would hold in an algebra of the numbers 0 and 1.

So, you see, Ambrose, Hearty Jerome, Augustine, Gregory: we have little concern with philosophy except in August. In August we devote ourselves to monasticism, the

great link between antiquity and the modern world. If you do think I know all this, then I am the first modern man, no, you are. For example, in De Trinitate a saint is hovering above a coil balanced on a cloud on a squat globe. He has light in his hands, a pile of books in front of him higher than the globe itself, his hair turns to thought, that is, arrows, after curving and curling quite a bit. This man or saint is Augustine noverim me, noverim te. The hermit movement.

No sense belaboring the right and wrong of it all: eremitical or collective, Protestant or Jansenist, humanist or super-individualist, etc. As St. Benedict said, now the new idea of perfection involves the need to study and so Augustine was born in Thagast, Algeria in 354 of, am I right here now, St. Monica and a man, Patricius, a minor Roman pagan official, that's a lot of things to be. He was unbaptized, this is A., with little instruction at all - the catechumens could not attend the Canon -, he went to poor schools with harsh discipline. Then suddenly he had a mistress in Carthage who bore him a son, Adiodatus. There is mention of this little influence by Cicero.

Now it proceeds to bend toward Manicheans and their sect. These ascetics had a natural religion of good and evil, no faith, just a little science and reason used in explanations of religion and nature, one could almost say real estate. Faustus was a disappointment, too much light and darkness there. But why bring him in at all.

In a freer way than that, U equals the universe of thinkable objects. X, y, and z, etc. have an elective meaning, I won't bother to explain that. Such elective symbols obey the same primary laws of combination as algebraical symbols, with regard to addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. The elective symbol X, formidable as it is, represents the result of electing all the x's in the universe, that is, every x is a class of objects. X times y, or xy, is the class of things which are both x's and y's: the order of this multiplication operation does not affect the result:

$$xy \text{ equals } yx.$$

Thus Augustine's disillusionment with Manicheanism and the emptiness of its philosophy at 29 years of age. The immorality and affectation of virtue bored him, the Manichean's inferiority in dialectics, their or his lack of scientific knowledge. There are then two groups: the elect and the hearers. So, as he taught in Carthage or Rome or Milan, Cicero and the Neo-Platonists converted him to philosophy, all of that, and then came Christianity and the founding of a monastic group. Vision of Ostia, Bishop of Hippo, the end. Not by a long shot. Election, or multiplication, is associative with respect to addition: $z(x y) = zx + zy$. Plotinus, the super-rational, is here. Now we evaluate things according to their relative distance from God. Matter is a source of evil, philosophy the way of salvation. Logical "exception" is represented by subtraction. The "flight" of the alone to the alone," bless Plotinus and his student Porphyry and the six enneads of work. So all

things have an energy directed to the good which is only peremptorily perceived by what is good and as a consequence of being that way. The sensible is impermanent, and so on. The intelligible is the perfection of existence in the permanent. The one is beyond essence and perception, and so on. The man is different from the perception of him, Wittgenstein would wash the dishes over once again. The one does not know him or herself, it passes into two.

We are the few, there are five thalamic functions: we'd better skip the first one, then the control of emotional behavior, then coordination of thalamus and cortex, we'll have to skip the next again, it's too much, finally, center of pain sensitivity. Now, we have the class of horned sheep, x equals horned and y equals sheep, therefore xy equals the class of horned sheep, all of them. One minus x , which is what I'm interested in, equals everything except horned sheep in some elective way as unity equals, can I say that, the universe of thinkable objects, I don't understand logical positivism. Marcel Raymond said the tree is of the cathedral at one time, as you would draw a kite fastened to the air with those gold fasteners for the holes in three-holed paper. Go away, whining insects demanding attention, just as my fingers on the keys do it backwards. I will set it up and make it correspond and it will depict logic. Julius Rosenberg and Justus Hartnack give us all the tension of Wittgenstein as a present. No one ever talks about Wittgenstein in my schools but I put him in myself when I think of him, of aphorism, of turtles, frogs and outside words. The verifiability of my angel, all else is forbidden. There's a throne, a sceptre, a movie of a queen in a booth, a cave, the unreadable teeth of Ivanhoe, the world, the plot of historical Russia, the novel about anodized aluminum, Nightmare Abbey the lives of twenty-five saints, the persuasion and glory of mid-March, the experience of our native land, patris, the next river, river I knew later, later, usteros, the later I did not know, marry, divide the march, drive to the sea, farewell, pratta kalos From here or there, somewhere, how night fears the terrible counsel of my plan, become, born, proven to be, fear, I fear, deido I am still able to come and go and to sit, kalemai. I can lie down very much, most especially in fear, so much, so great, so many. Hippos, the horse, era, the time arid the season, idios, private, mine, macarios I am blessed. The nepmen and the kulako then stormed the Politbureau, longing to hear the talk of the soukhoz and the kolkhoz. The five-year-plans began in 1928, Lenin, etc. Stalin founded the Comintern, the treaty of bread and butter angered Hitler later, many purges, some Marxism. Russia: Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Kerensky: And beyond this I know all this information is wrong because it was taught to me by Catholics they lost the Bessarabian oil, a beautiful swirl on the paper, drunken mornings violate the soul and crush its daily resurrections, it's all false, the bed is hot, the agricultural base of communization is beached, industrialization is passionless, the factories are heedless of passion, the moderate middle class is dead, I

mean the fruit is dead, this is the new economic policy, NEP. Social life is necessary, the deprivation of social environment or sensory variation is detrimental to infants, it exerts an influence though we may not be conscious of it or conscious at all. Now, socio-economic permanence: the family roles of children are permanent roles, culture makes the little child, fathers and mothers are made to be responsible, no, fathers are constraining they say and mothers supportive but among the lower classes the father is often sloughing off his role, that's what they say, and middle class fathers are more supportive, how could you say this? Juliet of the Spirits. Now, Herbert J. Hoover, Edgar J. Hoover and James Fenimore Cooper will fill us in on child-rearing practices in different family setups or settings: ugh, goo, haha. Peer contact increases aggression, the uses of corporal and psychological punishment lead to different defense mechanisms, B-1, B-2, alternatives to the family, so there are rocks, pebbles and stones. I put these words on paper because they were once written by me, no, I too yearn for a world without meaning. The descendants of famous people teach us that an appendix or bibliography on the subject of behavioral psychology will severely damage the home, its own wooden boards or concrete frame. "What's goin on in personality theory?" Relentless Freud is on a vacation. The alphabet is a bunch of suspenders. Classical Ron Padgett stays at a distance from goal attainment. Three bright suns, or are they trees, shine on the round-ball faces of the people huddled in the middle. Little behaviors and big behaviors: ones from the Orient, ones like Edward Hopper. The study of the single case is best. Test: sixty factors for parole success: I'll give you the Gluck delinquency test: first you tell, then you don't tell. Results: men - 45, women - 70. O.K. now I'll predict your grades and the hills and mountains you will see when art drives you.

The Apollonian art drives like dreaming, it "casts a veil of beauty over the abyss." In Greece, when Titanic gods are replaced by the Olympic, we have the only satisfactory religion ever existing -- to live in an illusion glorifying appearances on the chance that this illusion is better than life, to have a little naive culture. Oh no, man is the suffering animal, the sick man, the imperfectable imperfection, the child of chance and affliction but life is self-desiring, a Dionysian wisdom, only the worst suffering makes it bearable, But then there is a big abyss into which we throw the greatest culture hitherto, the Greek. So, we're back to the flips and the rolls of the die. This Cartesian product is my possible outcome, the history of all possible outcomes, six times six, that's all, folks. Probability: if an experiment has n possible outcomes all equally likely and if f of these outcomes are considered favorable, then the probability of a favorable outcome is f over n , the product, simply enough, of sample spaces, as, associations to the name, William Berkson: fountain pen (inky), son of a brook, broke, sun broke, bill bird beak, irksome, burdensome, sum some, will you bring some? Yummy, bake, burst on, wide ties and wide lapels, width,

bright colors: yellow, ochre, blue, the sideburns of Western heroes, a brick, hair tonic (slick), American Saturday night, American upside down cake, American American flag, brown, Henri Bergson, bear cub, il sonne le berque will you break some? Beat her well, doll. Pike's hikes downstream, sham berry. Burn a pet, spay her. Kissed his born bone 'n' fell, Bestir infra swiller, Schiller. (So the odds in betting A & B are equal if they race n times. A will win P of the time and lose 1 - P of the time. We pay R dollars if A loses, we get S dollars if an A wins, rest in peace.). I am lying behind a statue, I subtract sixty from three hundred and sixty for the teacher. The bears, I say, the bears will pass this ash. Advance your own man or it will be too late. All of the symbolic actions, the turning of a page, were sharp in the set. Seventy-five dollars goes into Sixty-two dollars and twenty-eight cents exactly .0083 and some odd times, and that is what you need to know in life.

As of the Constitution of 1936 the people own the means of production and my sources tell me there is no longer any personal freedom and nobody is the president. Well, we'll see. And there are only two classes, the workers and the peasants, all of whom have the same ends, meet the same ends, one party, it's a party, Stalin died in fifty-three and I wrote a poem about it at Orchard Beach one day but there was so much garbage at the beach and the water was so dirty and the poem so bad that all I'll tell you is the last word was "sun" and one of the other words in it was "thump."

A paragraph is a group of related sentences explaining a single idea adequately, ha! It has unity, coherence and emphasis. It also has a topic sentence. It has a beginning and, all too soon, an end.

Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" and Philip Ray, Enoch and Annie Lee were in it. They were childhood playmates. Enoch, a sailor, and Annie Lee get married and have three children.

Enoch goes to China and doesn't come back for ten years, god. So Annie accepts Philip's proposal, that big red bug's come in again.

Enoch comes back and keeps quiet about it. Annie says, "I'll be a wife to both of you," Vague words include: case, instance, nature, character, condition and degree. Never use them.

Then Robert Frost wrote the "Death of a Hired Man" and then Mary and Warren and Silas said, "Home is where when you have to go there, they have to take you in," but then Hawthorne wrote THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES and then the act of a passing generation produces good or evil later on and there's no avoiding it, the Pyncheon Elm, the Pyncheon family, and Pyncheon Street and then also "Birches," and "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" so I can't figure it out, Father Doty then told us that these were the new approaches and to list them as such in our notebooks first, emphasis on Christian virtue and perfection, then, follow your personal counsels and read the Jesuits,

next, find self-realization through imitation of Christ and union through charity, then, as a member of the Mystical Body, then something about sharing in Christ's activity, and last but not least, the virtue of charity as the form of all the other virtues. Then he took what he called the present-day attitudes to morality and gashed them with knives, one by one, so that we would know that morality is not relative and that without religion it is unlasting, before which now was a puff of smoke, a bin of coal, a mound of clay, two magic wands, a treasure chest and a tall green man with a purple vest. The little lamb fell down dazed, his tiny hairlets stood on end and if ever he had no brain, it was then. The green man said, I am the thesaurus, Sam, I come to bring you riches intellectual, wisdom, understanding and a brain, wittiness and even curiosity, interest and finally precosity, and later I'll throw in a little faith and some charity for a fee. Then he asked one of us to say what a response is.

Upon on, for against, out of among, he said I have the ones that went when they were. I came through to trust, you persuade me in the duration of time with a single action, the time within which I add something to my liveliness for you, around, about or the ultimate, this is motion as we can accent it in words. There's a list of what is irregular and what is signed in a contract, I can't read the rest, amen.

This is the course of the poets up the northern half of the mount, from east to west, from the east at dawn and reaching the center at noon of the third day. This is the mount of purgatory, the antepurgatory of the late-repentent and the excommunicated, the purgatory of the excessive, carnality, gluttony and avarice, of the defective in sloth, and of the perverted in anger, envy and finally pride. Dante pities a man, the more a thing is perfect the more it feels pleasure and pain, here comes Guido Cavalcanti, talk of judgement and eternity and Plutus whose avarice became pride in Florence, the three-fold tragedy of Paolo and Francesca, the killing of the senses, the death of thought and the mystical tragedy of hopelessness. The fourth circle is jibberish and the irrational: Virgil's Jack Daniel's pencils collapse, seventy televisions fall to the ground, a feverish second-class spirit rolls bowling balls into the eight-ball pocket, against each man the dead weight of a cinder block turns Roland Barthes into a stock market figure, two half circles become my cigarettes. The prodigal and the avaricious are tonsured, they change fortunes without the hindrance of human wisdom, we are mired in the Styx while the souls of the wrathful assail each other and the sullen lie underwater, beneath them the souls of the gloomy and sluggish one, chanting. As intelligences regulate the heavens, so man's destiny... the poets come to the foot of a high tower, there is spiritual laziness, Dante's exile is over.

Two flame signals rise from the summit signifying that two souls approach. Angry Phlegyas ferries them across, Dante meets the ostentatious Filippo Argenti, his arrogance

is met. Dante is disgusted, Virgil: "It is fitting." Approach the red mosques of the City of Dis, pagan pinnacles at the gates, fallen angels denying admittance because Dante is not dead, there is grace and goodness still. Virgil is afraid, he is repulsed by demons opposing Christ at the entrance to hell, now Dante is afraid, the three furies threaten him with Medusa, Virgil's hardened conscience protects him, the angel comes, opens the gates, bad angels spurn the will that is never frustrated.

The closing door rings behind the poets, but Dante, mindful of the warning, looks not back. The cleft through which the pilgrims mount is as tumultuous as the heaving sea, and it is three hours after sunrise ere they issue upon the first terrace, some eighteen feet in breadth, stretching uniformly as far as the eye may reach in either direction. The outer rim of the terrace verges unprotected upon the precipitous downward slope of the mount. The inner side is of marble, cut vertically out of the mountain, and carved with scenes from sacred and pagan history, illustrative of humility, seeming to live and speak in their beautiful and compelling reality. As Dante is gazing unsatiated upon the intaglios, Virgil bids him look to the left, where he beholds strange objects approaching him, which his eyes cannot at first disentangle, but which presently reveal themselves as human forms bent under huge burdens of stone, crumpled up in postures of agonized discomfort, These are the forms of the proud, mere larvae not yet developed into the angelic imago, who had none the less exalted themselves on earth in unseasonable pride, and now wail only that the limits of their strength enable them to bear no more and bend no lower in their humility.

A herd of horses a brace of pheasants a wisp of snipe a flock of sheep, a pack of wolves a covey of partridges a gaggle of geese, a tribe of lions a sord of mallards a swarm of bees.

The causes of a dress (in language a word): the material cause, a fabric (in words a sound) the formal cause, a pattern (in patterns, patterns of sound); the efficient cause or planning intellect, a seamstress (of a speaker the speaker) the reason or final cause, to cover nakedness (communication).

Words have a conventional meaning, it isn't natural. Semantic \ resemblances, French: The heure is late at my mansion He is the one who is contraire to fleurs. The humeur of the chasse escaped him. The situation within the tempete was negatif. Is it necessaire to moquer my paradis? Every time I emporter a table I have to rassembler it, Dear John, I am sending you this lettre:

The customs officials suspected him of smuggling diamonds into the United States. Consequently they searched his person and luggage thoroughly (statement - result). Indo-European is the hypothetical parent of our family of languages: Armenian, Albanian, Tocharian and Turkestani are generally lost, Sanskrit and Greek are accounted for. Italo-

Celtic then led in two strains through Latin to the Romance languages we've mentioned above, through Continental Celtic which no longer exists to Insular Celtic off to the Cornish and the Welsh on one side and through Goidelic to end with the Irish and the Scotch on the other, Germanic, East and West, became Gothic, English and Old High German. Icelandic never married anyone. Balto-Slavic also stayed single, and led to nothing; Pater noster, qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua. Sicut in coelo et in terra Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie. Et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. Sed libera nos a malo. Amen Said as rapidly as possible. So, that's all I have to say to you, John, except that I got this one wrong on my intro to Western Civilization Test: One of the last checks on the power of Louis XIV: Lit de Justice, wrong! It was Parelements. Or maybe it was Council of State, I don't know, why should I know, how could I care, Love.

There is a beautiful picture on the back of the test: the head of a mechanical man with earrings and hands positioned as if they were holding an invisible host, you can see the man's esophagus in a state of peristalsis and a lady with a small mouth and a large capital "I" instead of hair and as her headdress reaches up to the skies, it becomes a candle with many flames.

Select a phase of the eighteenth century which you consider affected,.. Be specific in explaining this phase and why it was selected,... "The flim-flamming of an arrangement in which Goethe works toward Abelard's diffusion outwards and downwards. Dante Gabriel Rossetti the rhiniform."

It is the position of the artist to gestate in the opening position, il sequestre la casa di nobile , uomo di noi (pride, envy, sloth, gluttony, lust, anger). But, after looking at type, the unit of meaning is not the phrase or the word or even the letter but the dot (Portrait of the Artist Initial A (David Schubert), "Four Quartets")

Dear Bernie --

I'll be up to copyread after the intra-mural game.

Fran Burke

1. Lois went from dressshop to dressshop before she finally bought one,
2. Laura had lunch with Emily at the cafeteria yesterday, but she said nothing to her about tickets for the ice show.
3. While they jumped up and down with pleasure, the baboons took peanuts from the little children.
4. In the movie "Breaking the Sound Barrier" it tells how a man was able to fly faster than the speed of sound.

5. With the increase in the number of school-age children they need more school teachers than ever before.

I think I get it now. It's upon on again and out of among, we are against the said and into have and hold. Re was and I came there, oh. Time endures, pente hemeras, there's a time when (on the next day), a time within which, deka hemeron. I against you for the past.

The universal set is the being-considered set. The mapped elements have pre-images and little plain images, there is an empty set, $(\)$. $(\) \cup (a) = (a)$. There is a sign for "is a subset of," If you list all the subsets of, perhaps, A and $A = (a,b)$, there is no valid justification for the inclusion of the empty set. I don't know why but I like the intersection of sets and the union of joint (non-disjoint) sets and in their union, there is no repetition of elements. Then again, if A is the set of x 's such that x is a natural number, then A is the set of natural numbers, all of them and U , as I said before, is the universal set, this set. So, these mathematics are not so much an apple as a simple sentence without adjectives or lines but there's a lot of dullness, how did he ever sigh as the group times the field equalled the ring and whatever was once worth recording is now determined like the dial on a wristwatch, what is the psyche doing here, what is a spiritual height. Paris arrives and departs in my Latin like a dial but, by and large, it is the outside forces coming to the surface so readily and without our homes we are kind but uneven and unaware, opening the conversation with aplomb or a plum within the gates of it, those brackets, then I sink into the earth's resources as the words depart, so goes speech and the wives I've had when I have been a husband. This construction is a formula for finding the mid-point of a line segment, having to do with vectors, now this is difficult, more so. A unit vector though is only a vector whose length is 1. Two lines are parallel if there is a vector which is a direction vector for each of them. In N -dimensional vector space you measure position and time in 4-tuples. The set of 4-tuples is the event space. This is a commutative group under addition. So, I am vector geometry, I am dependent on another vector if I am a scalar multiple of another vector. No, I am an independent vector, not on the same line at all, if I would want to be dependent I would become a linear combination of the others, that is, in the same plane, xyz .

Beauty = Good + One, no, Beauty = Good = One, these are the Sophists. I wonder why we all wrote down: "Demiurge fashions objects of world after pattern of Forms as Exemplary Cause," I wonder what it means. If the Demiurge is God, then the forms are outside God and the world. Phaedo waited for truth by reason alone where essences remain the same. Then learning is only a part of memory or even reminiscence. An idea does not have a local separation, even for Plato, so they say: there is Absolute beauty the ultimate Principle of unity, there is the Good the principle of knowing and being yet

transcending being, there is the Absolute the One the immanent, the immanent imitation, participation in which is transcendent. These Forms all owe being to the One. Since the world of the senses is so unreal, Aristotle threw in the towel to determine what a real universal might be. An idea is not an object they say what would William Carlos Williams say what would Wittgenstein say, whatever they said. If you want to define it, apprehend its class-concept in the hierarchy of forms. I have one many idea, I've had it all my life, I have many one ideas, they are ideas of moral excellence, ideas of aesthetic sensibilities and profitable pleasures, ideas of significant statements and the uses of forms, forms are numbers. Reality is both the sum of things and all that is in change, memory and devotion. Eros the desire for what is not possessed, the impulse of man's higher nature toward the good, toward generation in the beautiful, body and soul. Dualism, now I have a tripartite soul, there's conflict in it, the third part. The sun is a unit of time, time is the movement of the sphere. Beauty rests above the senses somewhere, art was imitation, is imagination, has a meaning, does not have a meaning, is an instinct, a shirt. So there is "Realism," a play: (a living room

Anna Karina: Help me, Satchmo! Protect me from this man, Swedenborg Satchmo: Direction, every line must function.

K: Carve a cross in your book and don't look at trees, living in a country is not what it seems. S: I shall bang my book.

K: Let's forget this nonsense, better to turn to ambivalent carrots, onions and pork or lamb chops, braised with parsley and paprika, served on rice with tomato sauce with herbs. S: I rarely read recipes, what is my commitment to them? K: Stop writing so much down. The years, I say, the bears will pass this ash (she grimaces) S: Advance your own dreams.

K: At the end of this play I shall walk out into the snow, pause, and sink into the earth's resources. S: For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory... K: This is not so funny. S: Language consists only of symbols. K: what would a famous religious person do in my situation? S: Broad, it is a broad curtain.

CURTAIN

The function of the state is to secure rights for the governed not to compel men to virtue, ha To be in the state of Nature (equality too) is to have rights, no duties, the state of civil society is analogous to the state of grace. You are the individual judge of ends and of the means of self-preservation. The war of each against all is not a good state to live in. if it were absolutism, then all rights are given to the sovereign who, he or she, assures self-preservation as a form of protection. Now here comes Locke with a few half-notes and symbols of rest and the drawing of an elf in a cap beneath the phrase "state of nature:" self-preservation must become happiness and even comfort the which requires wealth

and property, what Locke? A government of consent with the right to revolution, the means of making a living and the conquering of nature, that Locke. So, self-preservation is acquisition and greed, so it is, politics amoral, a substitute for morality. Here is Adam Smith to talk about the private vice of competition, one you can entertain or enervate in bed, Then Calvin Coolidge gave us the business. You remember Machiavelli. Two boys just whistled at me from the alley, it's a hot hot night in August, I feel in these words on the notebook page the prosaic dreary joyless quest for joy in progress when I know full well that these two boys who are now coming back for a second look surely and sadly have nothing better to do. I am already six months pregnant. So, there was another play written, DEEPLY SENSITIVE (dance hall): Miranda: Ming, did you get a job? Ming:

(eyes flashing) Ah, yes! Mir: Is it sweeping up the mountains?

Mm: Yes, dictaphone for the imagists of the twenties, would you prefer to wrestle with nature?

I have had many husbands, murdered most of them, became tremendously wealthy, killed all my children and lay behind a statue, reciting, "When we Dead Awaken." The stars are the harlot's doors, they cancel the ghastly Dantesque circles in paragraphs, repealed. Where we were my wife had chilblains, she doesn't wear any stockings, as the words depart, so goes speech and the wives I've had, I've been a husband to Swedenborg and I've husbanded his issue.

Mother Angela. Mother Angela and nature poetry, Mother Angela and the cult of childhood, Mother Angela and the mysterious, the preternatural, Mother Angela and the simple man, Mother Angela and the past. Coleridge, Coleridge and midnight, Coleridge and nature more religious than midnight, him and the mood of silence, Coleridge and "pent inmates." The Romantic Poets. The Romantic Poets and the medieval past, the Romantic Poets and the distance of the Orient, the Romantic Poets and the moods of nature, Wordsworth. Wordsworth and reflections, Wordsworth and his own past. Coleridge and the historical past, Coleridge and the pathetic fallacy, Coleridge and his emotions Poetry. Poetry and prose, poetry and its differences, poetry and its sequence of words, poetry and its pleasures. Poetic faith, Poetic faith and the suspension of disbelief in aesthetic distance. Coleridge and the delight of the whole. Coleridge and later artistic understanding. Shakespeare. Keats and Shakespeare Shakespeare and negative capability, Keats and Shakespeare's (personality, Shakespeare and mystery, Shakespeare and the absence of fact and reason. Southey and Sara Fricker. Lamb. Byron and rebellion. Shelley and the ideal man. Keats and Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. Keats and the contempt of the home. Byron and lost causes, Byron and misunderstanding. The Aspern Papers.

In other words, short pencils or pencils that are not blue are the class of short pencils that aren't blue. One represents everything and zero represents nothing, a class that has no members, the empty class. And when x and y are overlapping (some short pencils are not blue) what is x but not y coincides with the class x excepting what is both x and y. The sum of any class and its negative is then "everything." As can be easily seen by a Venn Diagram. Nothing is both everything and nothing. So, the class symbol x can be introduced into any expression which does not originally contain it, which is a basic tenet of logic. Boolean Algebra can be used to show how any possible logical conclusion can be drawn from any proposition, and, to determine the probabilities of logically connected events occurring, as, the solution of the problem of life is seen only in the vanishing of the problem, and, a word is not a name (yes it is). Literature is a way of behaving you commit suicide (if you're a surrealist, who told me this). The tragic view of life has something to do with laughter and the phrase, "wretched idiocies." The poet inspires events (Son of Sam). The little words are tenuously connected containers, little communicating vessels, they are strong moral bricks, they are none of these. We have a big vantage point within or without them, within or without the world. Without the world, what does that mean? Does that mean I remember everything? Everything is then coherent? There is a picture here of a man lying face down on a bed with a towel over his behind, as for a massage. He is holding an umbrella before his nose and eyes, it hangs over the end of the bed. There is a bright sun lamp shining over him, it's connected through a brilliant jewel to a dim street light, a gas lamp. He is saying, "Get out of the submarine!" There's a submarine where his thought might be, if it were all depicted as in a comic book. A mermaid is floating down below the bed or massage-table, she is wearing a dress. Two hearts united in a sort of swirling flag are below, also the words, "Oh, no," The table is labelled, "Reverdy."

Mother Jude teaches The Songs of Innocence. Perception is active, the child regains lost innocence by recovering imaginative power and resorting to visions of youth, Nina and William Blake are visionaries, so I took no more notes and drew a big sunflower, December.

A list of dates: dates in Communism's history (Russian) 1917, 1919, 1924 Lenin dies, 1941 German troops violate the Non-Aggression Pact of 1939, 1945 victorious Russian troops in eastern Europe, 1948 Yugoslavia breaks out, 1949 People's Republic of China, 1953 Stalin dies, Malenkov and Krushchev come in, 1953 East German uprising, 1955 Bulganin succeeds, 1956 Hungarian revolt, Krushchev denounces Stalin, 1957 Sputnik, 1956 Bulganin resigns and Krushchev comes in, also the "great leap forward," 1960 Moscow-Peking split-up, 1961 Gagarin and Titov orbit the earth, also the Berlin Wall, 1963 Cuban missile crisis, Chinese attacks on India. And then there are two ornate

totem poles, one topped by an eye and then a mouth and a set of teeth, a man's face with a huge nose, his ears emerge from the totem's sides, the side view of this man, he is holding an American flag, and worms beneath him the other topped by a little bow attached to a tall palm tree, a bird or a large insect is crawling up it and someone's hung their wash out on a line attached to the palm tree too, from tree to totem it runs but all the wash has eyes and ears and some of the wash has feet, next a series of arrows pointing upward, two dots and a mesh screen, a series of blocks and the word "wow" written in graffiti-style at the base, this totem is called "Houses in City."

And in the tenth chasm are the falsifiers, diseased in darkness and bad air, Griffolino, Capocchio, the alchemists and the forgers, all their senses are assailed, Schicchi, Myrrha, falsifiers in deed, Sinon, Potifar's wife, falsifiers in words, Adam of Brescia, in things. And in the ninth circle is Satan and the Giants, Nimrod who was confused and tried to surpass Nature, unfettered Antaeus his arms tied down, Briareus, the ninth circle is frozen, it has four rings, there is a lake of ice, some have done violence to their relatives, violence to country some, one is bent downwards in the middle of that lake, there is hunger and treachery, some have done violence to hospitality, his tears form knots, he is in a reversed position, one is frozen on a mill turned by the wind, Satan is the source of the streams of guilt, there are three faces, wings, three heads, the three winds, Judas Iscariot is there and Ulysses of the black visage, Cassius, the Lethe bears sin's memory from Purgatory to Hell. And Aeolus said these things in reply:

"Thine, O queen, is the task to search out what you desire; it is a duty for me to carry out your command. You unite whatever this is in the way of a kingdom to me, the power, and Jove, you grant me the privilege of reclining at the feasts of the gods and you give me the rule of the clouds and the storms."

When these words were said he struck with a reversed spear into the side of the vaulted mountain and the winds, even as a line having been made where an opening is given, rush and sweep over the land in a storm. They fell upon the sea and together the east wind and the south wind from the lowest regions overturn all of them and the frequent southwest wind by blasts and they roll around the desolate shores of the sea: follows both the roar of the men and the creaking of the cable. They tear away suddenly the clouds and the sky and the sun from the eyes of the Trojans; gloomy night lies upon the sea. The heavens thundered and the sky flashed with lightning and all things threatened instant death to the Trojans. Immediately the limbs of Aeneas are relaxed with chilly fear; he groans and stretching both his hands to the stars he releases the following words by voice: "O both thrice and four times blessed, whom it befell to meet death before the shores of your ancestors below the lofty walls of Troy! O Tydides, most valiant of the Greek races Could I not fall in death in the Trojan fields and pour out my

spirit by your right hand, where cruel Hector lies slain by the spear of Aeacides, where mighty Sarpedon lies, where the Simois runs and so many helmets and shields of men and strong I%- bodies are swept along under the waters"

Roaring to the utterance of such things, a blast from the north wind struck the sail in front and raised the ships to the stars. The oars were shattered, then the prow was...

...paranoid, schizoid, schizophrenic, claustrophobic, manic-depressive, maniacal, kleptomaniacal, sado-masochistic, sadistic, anachronistic, atavistic.

"Hedda's Character Mass" by Edward Albee, realized by "Character Mass," starring Jack Palance, Arthur Kennedy, Suzy Parker, Tuesday Weld; with Sam Fuller and Roman Polanski. Visit Miss Weld in her box.

The plot: a young girl walks home, colors appear, birds and eagles come, there is harmony but there is atavism, there are reflections, there is a rehearsal, she has a parasol, there is a catchword, she falls from the catwalk, there are ten parts. Etymology and Semantic Change: astonish, dilapidated, zest, slay, assassin, undertaker, vagabond, aggravate, impediment, anecdote, accost, canopy, enchant, delirium, abet, curfew, companion, bugle, chapel, gossip, insult, magazine, rehearse, neighbor, taxicab, thrill, trivial, amethyst, bless, easel, remorse, anathema, cavalier, huzzy, giggle, fix, blue, usher, nice, pretty, steward, constables squire:

delirium curfew	anecdote impediment
chapel gossip	easel remorse
astonish the undertaker	fix giggle blue
taxicab thrill	insult thrill
nice zest pretty constable	dilapidated huzzy
assassin magazine	slay pretty blue
insult zest	
	astonish dilapidated gossip

Averroes and the incoherence of incoherence: this is the truth of philosophy upheld, attack is inadequate. Some would place Aristotle before the Koran, some would say Aristotle is philosophy, the commentator would say this, he is more rational- istic, Averroes disliked an attack. However, there are three

problems in Aristotle for a Moslem: first, the concept of eternity and the necessity of creation, and then, the denial of providence, finally, the unity of the agent intellect implying only a collective immortality though in this case its hard to tell which is the Moslem and which is Aristotle. Elvis Presley died today.

I am in defense of the fool, know thyself etc. and sic et non, this may be the guide for the perplexed, Anselm and Abelard have it yet Grosseteste is a wonderful name, on

light, on light or on the beginning of forms, that is enticing. Nature is diving up, calumny is a vittle. Essence being what it is and existence what is or just is but not is not or it is not, it's the same for god. Thanks to the Vision of Ostia or to a society based on cities of lovers like a text which resolves all doubt, there is all this in the scriptures, the seeds of things. I was created in the first place, I came this way, there is no doubt about it..

Grosseteste knew his languages well, he knew physics, and optics, mathematics and music, astronomy and the history of philosophy and so he said all creation is a single point of the diffusion of divine light or else he said all creation is a single point of the diffusion of that light, and all reality is light and very convertible to it. So, there is a picture here of that Robert Grosseteste, he is a short man with a big headdress that goes up a ways into the sky in curlicues. He wears a long gown with stripes on the bottom and a sort of totem pole on the top and two ropes of jewels hanging from the shoulders, he only has one arm. He is standing on a sort of bed of flames balanced on a miniature Eiffel Tower and in his hand is a tiny kite just barely making contact in the air with a larger kite like male and female plugs and the larger one is growing ethereally out of a strange root in the ground from which a plant rather like feather dusters is emerging and this root then connects, but just barely, by a dotted line, with the small Eiffel Tower, so that in the middle of the dotted line there is an eruption of sorts along the earth and this is light.

The doctor mirabilis and a Franciscan to boot Roger Bacon saw no value in philosophy at all. He had minor works, major works, nine works and third works, prophecies and criticisms, he was a mean man perhaps who would be critical of an old lady who called him in the midst of his work, you see he disapproved of preachers and he hated errors. The Seraphic doctor Bonaventure on the other hand was an error-loving mystic who spoke cheerfully to everyone who phoned, making unique commentaries on their sentences and reducing art to the brine of logic at the Paris University. I have no fear that these two guys, if they ever met, would see in the odd spellings and non-periodic structure of early Latin, e.g. de Bacanlibus for de Bacchanalibus and eeis utei ad pr. for ii ut ad praetorem, a legal danger. It is a letter from the consuls to the people of Ager Teuranus about Bacchanalia (a shrine or place but also an orgy) that I am quoting. Look at this they say in the letter n, Octob. instead of Nonis Octobribus (the nones of October), and M.f. is supposed to stand for the son of Marcus (Marci filius) And they resolved that thus it should be proclaimed that those who go to the orgy, if there are any, and those who speak for them and say they just must go, that they should come to Rose, I mean Rome, and talk about these things with us, hash it out, and we will listen to them and then the senate will decide, provided no fewer than one hundred senators are present, and they will rule on this thing, around the fifth (that's the nones) of October. So everybody went. On the seventh of November of some year, I made a drawing of the next sea among

the other Irish illuminations of the Book Kells. History is a personal context, Yeats was born in 1865 in a place and at a time, Ireland in the Middle Ages, Biehler. I don't remember, yes I do, this was not meant to be a drawing of that next sea, it was meant to be Yeats's bird and it is

cont'd."

It is a glorious bird of the second coming with many big "C's" in the center and wings as sharp as "M's" and "P's" and a big beak of "Z's" and when the bird opens his beak it's not words that come out but a happy idiot, a tall primitive man with arms of chalices and feet of steel lines interspersed with dots and a head of big flapping petals that have no points and each feather of this bird is different from each other and goes in a different direction and this bird cannot be described in words at all, Crazy Jane. And on November 21 of that same year, nevertheless, I made a note to myself in class that reads: "You should become an airline stewardess and keep journals and you would become famous," yet perhaps this is a note written to someone else, the time shift I am not a master of as perhaps Wyndam Lewis, no it was Ford Madox Ford, was. Something about Rabelais and tragedy. Pure politics, pure poetry, Shakespeare says we're not free if we must guarantee, freedom from politics. And if we politicize everything, Henry IV, this is a symptom of lack of order, neither fox nor lion, secretum meum. So the mountain shakes more than Delos when Latona went there and heaven's two eyes, Apollo and Diana, meet, gloria in excelsis Deo. "Je jure fidélité au drapeau des Etats Unis de L'Amerique et la république qu'il represente une seule nation indivisible sous le regard de Dieu avec la garantie de liberté et de la justice pour tous."

Cato the guardian the type of moral virtue, Virgil the human philosopher the guide, an earthly paradise is our immediate goal or gaol, church and state have failed us, no Eden, only Beatrice works. So the earth is surrounded by air and fire, yes it is. There's Jerusalem and the smell of sex within, there's Greece and Italy, little feet on the boot of the map, there's the hemisphere of land and the curves of Africa, there's the stench of Asia and the Ganges swelling, there's the Straits of Gibraltar in the middle of the Sea, there's the hemisphere of water and the lines that make the sphere look round, this is purgatory, here the sphere of air, there the sphere of fire, look out! The ship that goes to Jupiter with a copper record on it, playing Beethoven in these spheres, today, will burn.

Will Father Duhamel burn, will freedom of activity be interfered with through the action of the will or of the intellect, will practical conclusions be the same as sensitive impulses, will the imagination affect the will directly, is an internal act an elicited act, do material images lead to spiritual understanding just as sense impulses lead to influences in the will of the man? Knowledge of moral character may remain yet will will be moved to consent to refuse? Is unconscious motivation essential to Freudian

psychoanalysis and will it influence the conscious psychic activity of the mind, normal, abnormal or irrational? Is the source of human behavior not fully in the area of the conscious but in the subconscious and the unconscious, the ultimate source and explanation being in the unconscious which is so active that it is called the dynamic unconscious? Is the ultimate source of human activity for Father Duhamel in the intellect and the will? Has he then abandoned God? It's really not so, I thought, it depends on how it strikes you at different times of your life, I had a peach this morning and then what happened, or, mr. morning this peach is ten times what happened. I feel objective in that I had a dream, it's true, I had it in the afternoon, many do, it was a thick day and a sticky one with a lot of noise and plenty of adulteration: you are expressing your love in a forbidden way, the situation is scatological, you are sexually immature still, you coin the word "spassion." And, not having done enough then, "sitscatseximspas," that means left flat. Sinful sex is an oraison or prayer, for sex is best for sex is best, and so on. Normality is illusory and original sin is common sense. Here is the world of Catholic practice vs. the real world. Withdraw the book! Imprecations on it! There are the Catholic moralists, alright, good. I know you, you know you, he she or it knows you. Yet, among the causes of World War I we will find this one: shifting alliances: here is a listing of them among thirty-five years and up to 1907: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia (to keep France from Alsace-Lorraine); Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia again; then Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy (to get North African lands, to keep the Balkans, a bribe to escape Russian dominance); Germany, Russia (Bismarck fired, Russia neutralized); Russia, France (William II is anti-Russian); France, Italy (to get neutral territories and North African lands, Italia irridentia); Britain, Japan (protection of English lands in the Far East, HongKong, Australia); Britain, France (for English support in war); then Britain, Russia; finally Britain, France, Russia (became formal allies).

But first of all, in early Latin, they wrote the letters in Greek and they wrote them backwards. There is a mutilated text found in 1899 in the Forum: "my hands made these numbers," My hand faked these numbers. There is an inscription on a bowl found on the Quirinal in Rome, sixth century perhaps: "a good man made me." Bonus me fecit. There are the Carmen Arvale from A.D. 218: "cover me with water and aid us, do not allow the flu to afflict the people; Mars, leap on the boundary mark and stand there, call all the help you can summon, aid us, triumph." The stars will come out, what would be future is imperative, what would be purification is only a song.

Who is the ideal teacher, who loves wisdom. This is the beginning of philosophy, western-style, Ionia, Turkey, 600 B.C. There were then some speculative studies, some metaphysics, and some practical studies, some art, some logic, what are the orders of thought, it's worth knowing. Metaphysics is not known well. So there is the imperfect

possession of perfect things and the perfect possession of imperfect things, how did that arise, common sense, only a Catholic would say that. We oppose the two for you: the universal and the immediate, the systematic and the certain and the uncritical use of error, the casual and the factual, the complex and speculative and the concentration on the real, the end which is a part of happiness itself and the means, no end at all, the one who is capable of teaching and guiding others and the one who hasn't a prayer.

And still, we are still there, making the Visible Church, what is that, peace and the sword, eternal life that's spoken about, eternal is perfect, it is a quality not a duration, how could that be, the words have no meaning, they are blocks and not words at all. Write "to give eternal life" 500 times. "This is eternal life that they may know thee the one true God and Him Whom Thou hast sent." John 17:3. So, what to capitalize. The Jews are the apple of His eye, the children of God, Israel the Bride of God, the Chosen People, this is a relationship with God. Eternal life has stages: the life of heaven, glory and fullness, the ultimate life and the life of earth, life of grace, little grace, a gift then to Adam and Eve,

no knowledge of Christ to come, a life restored by Christ, perfected by Him, Christ the restorer, Christ the deliverer, DB = 1-2 AB. In an equilateral triangle the median on a side bisects the opposite side or angle, it's only 30°, chilly-willy. Something about Ibsen à thèse. The social life and the hypocritical morality, Puritanism and illusion, illogicality, Actor's Equity, sex. What's left? A new scale of living, extravagant displays, Cato the Elder is opposed to luxury, he sets up high luxury taxes, the Oppian law restricts female extravagance, all is repealed then, there's a need for economic reform, the idle proletariat creates political justice, morality deteriorates, or so it seems. Cultural progress is stimulated by contact with the Hellenic civilization, Greek literature, rhetoric and philosophy enter the people's education, a new academy is founded, now we have a broader conception of culture as humanitas. Scipio Africanus the Elder and Polybius are the patrons of Hellenism and professional teachers appear for the first time, slaves and freedmen, all are educated, the Odyssey is translated by Livius Andronicus, Quintus Ennius keeps his narrative Annals, Plautus writes his plays, we are still approaching A.D., Terence a slave from Africa writes comedies devoid of character, Accius and Pacuvius write tragedies, A.D. passes by and Gaius Lucilius the creator of satire writes poems mingling prose and verse, narration and drama, then there is the development of prose happening more, Fabius Pictor the Greek historian of Rome and Cato the Elders On Agriculture Sextus Aelius Paetus the legal writer and Cato the Censor. There is the introduction of new legal principles and remedies, there is the adoption of Greek divinities, anthropomorphism and the Sibylline oracles. And now there is music usually based on the five-tone scale, usually starting high on that scale and ending low, and not primarily social but ceremonial and sacred or curative with no steady rhythm and a

wavering tone, tremulo, glissando, falsetto, not many words but many vocables instead, and now there is a correlation of song style and structure with social structure and now there is the skin of the woodchuck and the head of my drum and now there are the beaches of Catal Huyuk, saving the antelopes' horns as hollow, and now there is some dancing. And now there are some hairstyles and ceramics and paintings and some ornamentation and sculpture, and now there is art patterned by culture, traditional and functional, and now there are art objects, instruments of expressions, a heritage of methods, the idea of practice and technical competence and artists are beginning to be recognized by their skills, And now there is style and there are elements, a choice of subject, a manner of depiction, a pattern of arrangement of all things and art is becoming recognizable from one community or another and to another one. And now there is persuasion, respected and purported to be working, and now there is the avoidance of rapture and there are characters and caricatures, and now there is Dickens looking out his window, and there is the reticence of a little girl, and there is memory popping its head out and there is a comic book, here's an intravenous banana, there's the character Mnemonemon, he is antiquity itself, he bears a candle too heavy to hold and his eyes are weighed down with bubbles, the candle has a beautiful handle, he's looking for a square meal or a quarry deal, he's quaint and airy or just the fairy queen, he has tacks on his nose and a big mustache much like Dali's, there's light coming from it, he's the dairy king, he's Billy Budd, the air is reeking of daisies, his hands are squeezing the fairies, his eyes are closed, happy birthday, his nose is long.

Dear Bernadette, It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you have received commendation for your work in Elementary Greek and Latin Survey. Congratulations Continue your excellent achievement and extend it to your complete academic program. Mother Mary, OSU, Dean.

Now someone is seeing culture in terms of play and labor, labor and play, play, "playgar" or the to and fro movement of the feeling of freedom in work, there is always the element of play, maybe. Play is like freedom then, maybe. All work is play, I mean, all work and no play is like freedom too and so work is culture, no, the logic of it was if work is play and play is like freedom then work is culture too. Like play. Like it. But then they say the play (element) in painting, say, is the way it represents something (and is enduring too), that that is play, I say that that is not play. But anyway, this: in religion, worship is labor (the workshop) and the play is in, say, the Latinate. Now that is a peculiar division or device, virtue too. Now then the trend in the history of culture slows the play element down and later it comes flourishing up: drama and the dance from religion and so on, the same with eating. As Greek sport, originally a religion, was professionalized by the Romans, play becomes labor too and labor grows with civilization so there is a chance

then, at some unique moment, that everything is just work. Labor grows with money, money grows, play declines, is in decline. Work has no symbolic value, play does, play dough. Something about illusion, something about religion's illusion, something about culture's illusion, desired play, I did. On March 1 the subject became alienation. Groan. In terms of historical development, like, Adam and Eve the first to see the world of objects. In 1794, a Mr. Fichte introduces the word, 'alienation,' the next year Schiller used it too (Letters on Education) Enjoyment is lost from our labor, I am a fragment, I have no balance, I have only Hegel. Goethe regrets the separation of reason and sensuality. In 1849 Wagner was the first to see the philistines, at least for a long time.

"Arms and the Boy:" Let the boy try along this bayonet-blade / How cold steel is, and keen with hunger of blood; / Blue with all malice like a madman's flash; / And thinly drawn with famishing for flesh.

Lend him to stroke these blind, blunt, bullet-heads / Which long to nuzzle in the hearts of lads / Or give him cartridges of fine zinc teeth, I Sharp with the sharpness of grief and death.

For his teeth seem for laughing round an apple / There lurk no claws beneath his fingers supple, / And God will grow no talons at his heels / No antlers through the thickness of his curls.

Augustine's many works are numbered. On the True Religion On the Advantage of Believing City of God: the first systematic apologetics and theology of history, the evolution of the pagan world, On Heresies Disputations against Fortunatus, Adimantus, Faustus: on the visibility of the church, polemics against heretics,

on nature, grace and predestination (scriptural exegesis is a woman made of curls), Narrationes in Psalmas: commentaries, On 83 Different Questions De Trinitate: the justification of the mystery of the Trinity, the Sermons, the many Sermons. He was the last father of the Church except for Gregory the Great, he said the soul has three faculties: memory, intellect and will and like Plotinus Augustine approved of the principle of circularity so that philosophy is three: logic (truth), ethics (goodness) and physics (being) leading to the knowledge of that supreme creator whose mysticism is the same as: three: superior, interior, exterior: world, man and God can be known, we rise to the superior. Augustine liked love; Aquinas knowledge. (wisdom leads to happiness).

Tiré des Fleurs du Mal de Charles Baudelaire, "L'Albatros" est un poème à la fois symboliste et parnassien qui fait une comparaison entre le poète et l'albatros. La donnée du poème se trouve dans ces mots de Baudelaire sur le poète: "Exilé sur le sol, au milieu des nues, / Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher." Le poète présente cette idée en deux parties. D'abord, il peint une description concrète de l'albatros. C'est le symbole qui sert rendre l'idée du deuxième partie avec clarté et avec force. De même que l'albatros

est gauche et veule quand il cesse de planer dans les hautes régions, de même le poète se trouve "au milieu des huées" de ses adversaires. Dans ce poème Baudelaire utilise les vers impeccables des parnassiens pendant qu'il critique ses défauts. La similitude: le poète est semblable au prince des nuées; la précision: indolents compagnons de voyage; la contraste: ce voyageur ailé, comme il est gauche et veule. Dans ce poème, Charles Baudelaire, le véritable - A le ancêtre du Symbolisme, annonce cette école. Par ses nuances exquises et réalistes, Baudelaire a, comme Victor Hugo a dit, "Dots l'art d'un frisson nouveau."

"Vivamus mea Lesbia...!" Sound: look for elisions, running feet, connotative words (conturbabimus, dormienda) predominance of a's, m's. "Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus..." balanced ideas in a balanced construction, placing of words first for emphasis (Omnes, Soles Nobis, Nox), structural shifts in tone., Imagery: "Lesbia" - "senum"; brevis lux et perpetua nox mille ...centum, tantum. The mysteriousness of others, "rumores... invicere," "senum severiorum," "nequis malus," the evil-eyed world, the cruel and severe old world, Catullus and Lesbia, "my beautiful love," "gratum est" and "tua opera" (by your doing), (Tradition and the Individual Talent) The poet loses his identity, so he must have an active life, "by your doing." The poet becomes hard-hearted, an open space, "this precious fault," the poet becomes a heart, he might have to run to and fro, he becomes a tree to dwell in, he becomes ligneus, wooden, exigua, humble,serta, wreaths, in possession of bronze, aerata, he becomes a basket, a partaker, becoming fastened, the poet kills to extend, he is drinking, he becomes paint, pingo, he summons and soils everything, he becomes a sailor, his hair is burned.

Maeterlinck's *Life of the Termites* Thackeray is before the curtain. Our Mutual Friend "It's a long lane that has no turning." Theme: money is shit. Raised by the Thames I with- stood the seagulls, everything was valuable, shipping and cut throats. Modernist literature has a place and a time in the history of the self: make sure to make love on Bloom's Day. Space-time (F's Wake), chickens, cliches, history, twentieth century parody, Joyce's words, Sean the perverter, Eliot's worldly success, Shem and Sean, read the Nation

Mourning becomes Electra and though I would love to live with Christine there is no hereafter but the extension of youth in the islands, Melville's islands, Conrad's islands, Rousseau's islands, even the islands of Horace or Catullus, happy and blessed ones, don't throw it all away like Marie Brantôme's great house of hair, I haven't a care, the house below me like a Greek temple, hair is shorn or one is shriven, you've confessed, she has no right to flowers, she is torn, flowers are emotive, a pox on the household gods, the father is the judge in history, all natural aspects of the scene occur beyond the house, what's inside

becomes a graven story, a nationality, a wind, a helpless wind, helpless perhaps to cool, it is unnatural in this season,

the misty wind turning the trees bright red, the names of the characters are red, their bodies are fortunate in their grace but only because they are actors and actresses, we have the impression without pernicious liberty, its insect bite, that we can learn to make love again, we have suspicious feelings in the heat, stronger feelings, structured ones, the dialogue gives an impression of health though it is clumsy and these characters never attain the stature of their language, so someone else is speaking and language is only a guest, situations overcome the speech of them and we repeat things, over and over again, so the play is long, the problems are social, there is a man of pride, two men, greatly proud, there are many women of passion, men of passion without relief, women of dense pride, there is no relief so there is complete depression, yet we are full of respect, I do not understand this, someone is conciliatory, it is someone who does not really speak, someone is generous and worthy of respect, there are other lights and sounds and there is the whisper of deterioration toward the edge of the human mind, an old mind, we escape to an island, we lose something, we lose everything, dramatically black or white, we all escape and wait, the idea of race is beyond our ken, what is fear, it is not unconventional yet it is popular, still all new. Perhaps it was the family that was the subject of this long course of deterioration, at first a night of self-revelation as another play opens, each person in it plotting to lay the blame but someone is surely lost and someone in the role of fate can then announce ruin as a piece beyond life and its problems, the curse then in vitriolic hatred and its consumption in pride again not beyond life but beyond reconciliation as the love of each nearly hopes for destruction. Cacophonous O'Neill.

And yet further darkly into the dark wood on Maundy Thursday and then to the stark indecision of the lion and the leopard and the wolf, it is Good Friday, The Trimmers are at the Gate of Hell chased by wasps and hornets who loosely front my window, window on a dark plain, all is dark, the First Circle, the Heathens, the Noble Castle and the Poets in their situation, the very first ones, and then the Carnal Sinners driven in darkness still by fierce winds, winds that do not cool, Paolo and Francesca ending up famous here, the rights of lovers are the rights of man, the Epicures and Gluttons in an eternal storm of hail, water and snow, perhaps Cerberus, perhaps Ciaccio, the Avaricious and Prodigal then rolling dead weights against each other, Dane Fortune and Plutus, the Sullen and the Wrathful chanting in the muddy Styx, the Furies in the City of Dis, the heretics on a plain covered with burning sepulchres, Cavalcanti and Frederick II, and the rocky precipice, Pope Anastasius, the description of hell, the Seventh Circle in many divisions and rounds, full of violence against others and those immersed in the River of

Blood, the Minotaur, Centaurs, Nessus and Chiron, and the hood of self-murderers, its withered and stunted poison trees, the Harpies and Pietro delle Vigne, full of violence against God and those are supine, against Nature and those are moving about, against Art and those are crouched in the burning sand, in the shower of fire, the Old Man of Crete and Brunetto Latini, Geryon and the usurers, then Dante is alone and the purses are hanging from their necks, there is then the well of Traitors and Satan and in the first chasm the panderers and seducers naked and scourged by horned demons and the flatterers immersed in filth and the Simonists fixed upside down in holes, feet burning, and there is the wrath of Dante, and the Diviners, Augers, and Sorcerers their faces twisted backwards, walking backwards, and the Barterers and the Demons in the shadows of their sins, the Senator of Lucca and the chief of fiends and the Marshall of the Demons, the Demons fighting and the Hypocrites with cloaks of lead, dazzling cloaks and trampled on and the Thieves, simple thieves naked and running, hands tied with serpents wrapped about their loins and then the poet's exile is foretold, and here are the five great thieves of Florence and the Evil Counsellors running wrapped in the flame of their own consciousness, Ulysses and Diomedes and the Sowers of Scandal rent asunder from the chin, Mahomet and Bertrand de born...

Is it too much then to continue on into Shakespeare and the great chain of being and the Elizabethan world picture, only gods and angels and man and animals and plants and objects and good and evil and the open place and the comic and the serious and the medieval theater and the church, the history of the mystery play and the miracle play and the morality play, the figures of vice, the story of Abraham and Issac, and what is fiction in it. There are armies in one's soul ("Psychomachia") and in this play mankind is the leading figure, there are moving symbols and good and evil armies, the good throw flowers so you know them and there is a book recommended on the allegory of evil and the evil figure, the one evil figure is called the vice figure and he is the motive of the central character, that is, to induce evil, then there is trickery and there are asides to make mockeries to the audience, Iago and Richard III are the vice figures, Falstaff the evil one and Henry IV will have the structure of a morality play, a "pattern play" with a quick succession of scenes and succession of qualifying ideas juxtaposed without analysis. Check "A Groatsworth of Wit is Worth a Pound of Repentance" by Robert Greene that upstart crow with a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide. In 1592-94 the theatres close due to the plague yet there were sonnets done. Who is the Earl of Southampton and so on, And who in high school said that poetry is the imaginative representation through the medium of metrical language of the true grounds for a noble emotion and why did I have to note down, perhaps somewhat proudly, that William Allen White, the editor of the Emporia Gazette, is the author of "Mary White," a biographic essay in which someone

or perhaps the author later did, died from a blow on the head at the age of 17 in 1922, then next comes "Jim Bludso" by John Hay, could that be a poem from which I can quote: "Christ aint gonna be too hard on a man that died for men" and someone "...burnt a hole in the night." Yet finally Oliver Wendell Holmes, a familiar face, and his "one sad un-gathered rose," his aunt, and his Harvard reunions, Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness", 4, 4, 3, 3, and Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look" and Daisy Miller where the lady was older.

But it is too much now to have to go on to catalogue Bellini and Titian and Tintoretto all in one breath and Correggio the regular and correct and incorrigible one and Parmigianino the plum-cheese little man and here is Pontormo the moor room mannerist of the bridge, the storm pontiff, the Sancho Panza of the mode I'm in and does your wife usually agree with you and what is that space, and the fiery red small furious red-bearded negative Rosso di Fiorentino who went to see "Red Desert" with a sadist who said, "You're so fiery" and Bronzino who invented the bronze scene and the Bronson lighter, there is the Northern influence, the Spanish influence, the manners of the Spanish court, drawing the passions, it's all coming too quickly and the color is de-emphasized, perhaps it's just faded, I love the Flemish but I'd rather keep them all to myself and out of this survey, it's only 1400 and already I'm overfull, Jan and Hubert Van Eyck, Arnolfini and his wife, everybody mentions them, my primitives, my hydrocephalic detail, Hugo Van der Goes, Roger Van Der Weyden, Memling and so on and on, the Italianating of 1500, the medievalisni of Bosch, we may already have reached the 17th century without once enduring the incredible joy of discovery or of a struggle or even the mild tempers of plain contemplation, my notes are here on paper only as plain names to associate plums and favorite sounds to and a few brief reminiscences of those painters too having endured the full moon's light and gone to shop for pigments for their bread.

In this same civilization, Germany invaded Poland, Russia invaded Poland, Germany invaded Denmark and Norway, France was invaded, Italy declared war on France, Paris became an "open city," Crete fell, Germany invaded Russia, Pearl Harbor was attacked by Japan, many battles and campaigns, much oil and repression, offenses and the promises of the Allies, invasions of the Allies, conferences and regaining, falls and landings, the names of all those famous men, famous in war, "Louis," direct and unconditional,, formal and empty, then I was born, then the bomb was dropped, then Japan surrendered too, later I was educated and now I am who I am now yet I can still remember exactly how I felt when I was about seven years old and I sometimes feel that way today.

I am mischievous and spooky as I read the encyclopedia of Cassiodorus the student of Boethius, I live in a monastery that

is like a university, I philosophize for one thousand years, I have become a pagan yet the Benedictines imitate me, my book is like a flame, the cooler wind blows and all the encyclopedists and paraphrasers come after me along with the barbarian invasions. Schools and the saving of manuscripts are becoming important, and confusion: Assyrian monks and purported followers of St. Paul, Parisian bishops, the mysterious neo-platonists, Genghis Khan. A futile exercise in the memory of Christian morality here now in my theological handwriting on the pale green notebook page turns into a rhymed nonsense poem about a lamb who has no brain and is looking for a daisy. I became very blunt listening to my teachers then: 'Morality and religion are distinct but morality in its more perfect form is religious, moral religious conduct being a personal response to the summons of the all holy God to his sanctifying action in us...' All this spoken by a man, a Jesuit, who took sadistic pleasure in forcing our class of girls to be punctual for theology after a class in swimming which meant that we all had to arrive with our hair still wet and our bodies shaking from the cold run across campus.

Here's some notes from a mythology class at the New School, snake's tails and women's breasts and wings, Europe fucked by Zeus the bull and here comes the alphabet, five rulers planted in the earth, Iris the goddess of the rainbow and all the different kinds of nymphs, mountain, tree and sea. Here is Oedipus's swollen foot, pierced ankles and his adoption papers, now I've written Fuck Freud and everything, eodithing, oediping, gouge, lounge, mated, made it, make it, matik, batik, maiden, notes end. Words: . I failed that course.

A random page, a cursory dispatch on the signs of elements and operations distributing themselves over, therefore equals, increasing both terms in inequalities does not change the sense of it, it's the same thing, turns into just words as well: satisfactory, discursive, category, energy, the salutation I love to see when I swim, the united excursion of any general system, each momentary anachronism in my education meaning I am absent and maybe, over the wall, heading for a man, I salute my own energy with this same cursory dispatch which is the same thing as an "open ray."

Coming of age in Samoa
the house and the Plains Indians
We are destroying our wealth in advance
This apple makes us healthy in reserve
And mutually transparent
Replacing distribution
With an infused affinity, a new kind of map
Of the original inspired area
You appear to know more

Than this announcement foretells

especially on this map of Africa and its coasts, ivory gold and slave, and the names and the volume of its history, not even my memory, not even my basketry, at most my portable shelter brought from a white conservative colony of errors to study the economic levels of the great gatherers, small bands who abuse me, and the hunters and fishermen, groups who amuse my ignorance, and the pastoral men and women and those who farm whose arms are a different race from mine, and the machine cultures who use more than the plow to detest my poetry and the atomic cultures who have lost sight of me as a woman still in a confederacy without a modern state.

In 1276 there was a Peter in Spain,

I know a Peter too in 1277 some condemnations, has anyone ever condemned me? Yet I have never been to jail. I write stick letters on this page of philosophy to see how the letters of a poem may all begin to look alike, a poem about color which is sentimental and imitative of Dylan Thomas, he was popular in that Catholic school. Dun Scotus was the subtle doctor, I don't know any doctors who are subtle, yes I did know one, a woman, she always said to wait and see, something about God's simplicity and a first Cause: the moon is moving over, it makes me feel desperate, as if I must finish my thesis tonight.

On this page I wrote to Rosemary: audie (listen): "The...", yet I never finished it, I had been assigned to write one page on the concept of conjugal love as total commitment, yet I wasn't married yet Rosemary was, Perhaps I did write her then on some other page. What is the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office? This is what we (then) must know. We are up to Pius XII and a condemnation of existentialism which declares the autonomy of art and science and frees mans conscience of the authority of the Church, finally. I drew a picture of a woman dancing in spiked heels and a black cape beneath a traditional lamp, I drew a traditional Oriental pagoda on the next page with flames leaping out of its design and the head of a bird which has no sides, its sides are open, I made a note about Graham Greene here, he was the great offender in this realm yet everybody loved him, the Catholics did, even my mother read his works. Here is a section of a few notes on marriage, a form of human love which exists in the will, I guess I am a Catholic. Profound sexual union characterizes conjugal love and no other. Which end? Now this all leads to maternal love and paternal love, can you believe we listed the kinds of love: filial and brotherly (Christian) and family and divine, patriotic and romantic, self-love and I added, the new life. The purpose of this then is children, it is all having to do with children, profound experiences, profound experiences, profound, professional, personal, profound,

is fading way away, the subject and object of that education, man and woman the same, not the same.

A history of literature and how it will save the world, Bocaccio said so, I believe that, yet my teacher said that he was confused, wrong, he had a wrong conception of self and self's relation to society and that Pound was pathological and tyrannical and that much of this stuff in literature was ruse and accident, that is not so, I can say so now. Certainly Dante too figures in here, And Rabelais and Pleyne, Reread What is Written, reader store no judgments, its the sanity of the plague, the guilt of innocent Homer and the simple derivatives of sound, there is no idea except itself, to say. No tension except in design, no abstracts to distract the public of say Italy from what is not organic in literature, Pound had a memory so we can speak of precision, Flaubert. And sometimes it is sublime. Yeats, for example, had no movement, he would lightly improvise from the unknown. The form is "full, sphere-like and single," there is

no aristocracy, no money, no second Troy, ego dominus tuus. This voyager has no name, the epic contains those rare words. I can see them in Greek and in Latin and in the prose that was beginning: "Mea puella, quid verbi ex tuo ore supra fugit?"

Each voyager had a name, you are the item of my consolation, there is no worship now. I say it, I do not war against you. How is earth, will ever reincarnate the cataclysm of cyclical rehearsal that soon comes to dismiss the heartfelt tomb of ending servitude, degree in Samothrace. but that is not the answer. Earthworks and mounds circling through the playing out sand storms, which, in the deserted morning, also come true if one is attendant to the place hypothesized, of one note upon the other in some weeks standing still in others written about a rainier linguistic moment. How many semesters will it require. A sometime rule, scaffolding the same distance in dim meters holds Becket to be backwards. Were you hurt? Garish relatives bestir with invidious socializations the certain sorrows, deepening, dependent to bestow release to memory's enlightenment.

Each end is a beginning and there are more notes yet about substances like a cultural core, what is related to subsistence, what is eating and drinking and shelter and survival, what are your arrangements for these things, I know you do not hunt or gather wild-growing foods or even study metallurgy, perhaps you do. I have a method of surviving and it affects you because I bestow it quickly as if I am hoping that you will not suddenly disappear or choose to leave and never return. I also have a theory of energy though I do not think I use symbols, and I want to be perfect, yet in the moments that I am on the outside, forced to be without you, I cannot always control this, I see the horrible news happening and though I advocate change, I cannot always stand this, my language always reflects this. I am of a different generation from my parents and from my children. I have had a father and an uncle. And some men and women of my

generation are of a different age from my own. I am of the female sex, I the speaker. I have a husband who is perhaps your son or brother, or friend. I have a blood relation in my sister and in my daughter. Perhaps you knew my mother or my father. My name is Bernadette Mayer.

There is a problem in writing and in writing from my notes I am beginning to see that I make some assumptions about my age and about my language. I expect something and I think you know exactly where I am and what I am doing when that might not be so. I have a memory and a backlog of knowledge and information that is not necessarily complete for you. I have feelings about words and my mind plays classical tricks with them, tricks of conduct, rites of vice, figures of virtue, associative ideals, Greek and Latin studies, the Bible comes in here. Medieval authors wrote to glorify God, some wrote to teach moral lessons, some to earn a living and that's all. The bourgeois audience is accustomed to listen, at least for a while and it is a useful and understandable act, an art in itself, to be alerted to levels of meaning, to expect to understand. I do not understand the Norman influence on literature, the time of the courtly romance, I do not understand the language of the nobility, I understand better this bug on the table. This florid bug. The knight, the squire, the yeoman, the prioress, the monk, the friar, the merchant, the clerk, the lawyer, the haberdasher, the carpenter, the dyer, the tapestry-maker, the cook all speak or someone speaks for them. Dante speaks for the defeated proud and then pride is removed from his forehead and memory foretells his exile.

This final page of my notes is about deception, a tree falls. There is the blank face of indifference in the afternoon of staring happily and thoughtlessly into your child, the ultimate learning, there is the face of hardheartedness, the adorned face of the confusion of having been taken by storm before thought could leap up, take you higher, and there is the face of wickedness, again the face of my education upon me which I walk backwards like a devil on a moral precipice to cast off. I am loosely guarded, I have a response of love. I cannot be artful yet I cannot fight. In a painting I am a Chinese woman turning away from a bowl of fruit. I am safely alone as I say this, tomorrow you may contradict me as I fly down the street longing to confess my imposture, as the tree falls like an elephant's ivory, the minister's black veil, the loosely guarded ring of thought that is my assurance, my goodness, my rock.