

S O L

READER

E N I

O I O

SOL

EN

OID

READER

CONTENTS

PRESS MATERIALS

I held on to my last shard of hope: the great critic. With some regularity, he would overturn, without the right to appeal, the sentences handed down by those in the room, and his statements were chiseled in immortal granite.

INTRODUCTION

I decided to take a glance at the preface. It was a habit I acquired while studying for my entrance exams.

THE GADFLY, BY ETHEL VOYNICH

“What book is this, dear?” my mother asked him at dinner, and my father, wearing just his underwear, as he usually did around the house, said, with his mouth full, something that sounded like “boyish,” to which he added, “The Gadfly.”

“THE MAGICAL BOOK OF MY YOUTH,” BY MIRCEA CĂRTĂRESCU (TRANS. SEAN COTTER)

I could write more and publish a small, hundred-page book. Even Kafka, even Rotluft, even Fyoritos did this. That’s how it would start. It could still start.

MUNDUS SUBTERRANEUS, BY ATHANASIVS KIRCHER

The taste for enigmas and catacombs was formed by writings full of ciphers, allegories, hermetic and cabalistic signs, for example, Colonna’s Hypnerot-

tomachia Polophili or Mundus Subterraneus by the scholar, monastic, and polygraph Athanasius Kircher.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION, BY C. HOWARD HINTON

Those to whom—after months or years of work with the cubes—the tesseract appeared might become inhabitants of the world above, but here, in our world, nothing remained of them but a prostrated carcass, exiled to a white-walled sanatorium.

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATIONS ON MEMORY. THE LOCALISATION OF REMOTE MEMORIES, BY DR. N. VASCHIDE

Qui est Monsieur Nicolas Vaschide? he asked in a trembling voice. C'est moi, the young man stood, surprised. Venez. Face-to-face at the little table in the side room, Binet revealed, looking Vaschide in the eyes, that he had seen in his completely unusual answers the signs of an oneiromancer.

HUNGER, BY KNUT HAMSUN (TRANS. GEORGE EGERTON)

I was especially interested in books about people as alone as I was, with whom I could have, finally, an actual dialogue: The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge, Alone by Strindberg, Hunger by Hamsun . . .

PLANET OF STORMS

There at Obor, one desolate Monday morning, I saw a poster that stayed with me for a long time: a giant squid in a flying saucer reached out its arms toward an astronaut walking a red, rocky terrain. Above, the words Planet of Storms.

THE VOYNICH MANUSCRIPT

I heard the line ring and someone answered. A tired, parchment-like voice, an older man, perhaps. "Good evening, I'm calling you about . . . I found your number at the library, the Letters library . . . it's about the Voynich manuscript."

THE STRIFE OF LOVE IN A DREAM, BY FRANCESCO COLONNA
(TRANS. ROBERT DALLYNGTON)

It was actually discovered in the period in which princes had garden labyrinths, cabinets of curiosities and horrors, and the taste for enigmas and

catacombs was formed by writings full of ciphers, allegories, hermetic and cabalistic signs, for example, Colonna's Hypnerotomachia Polophili . . .

PAGE 641

As I was writing the first draft of the translation, I found, on page 641, the remains of an insect crushed in the margin of the book, next to the story of the narrator's doomed marriage. The segments of its carcass were clearly visible, as well as its legs and antennae. It seemed to be looking at the side of a letter "I," unable to move any farther. —SC

CUTEZĂTORII

They knew from their Party youth magazines that if you found something on the road, a wallet say, you were supposed to take it to the militia and you'd be a hero, everyone would sing your praises and at school they'd put you on the honor board.

"DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT," BY DYLAN THOMAS

The man in front of us opened the bag he had been carrying on his shoulder and removed a stack of papers, typed and mimeographed on who knows what clandestine machine. I saw three texts written one after the next, separated by asterisks. The first and the last seemed to be poems.

MALPERTUIS, BY JEAN RAY (TRANS. IAIN WHITE)

You didn't choose The Black Museum at random, or Malpertuis, not Nerval's poetry, not Malte Laurids Brigge, not Le Horla, not Maldoror, not the astounding writings of Judge Schreber, not Blecher, not Cavafy, not Kafka, the master of dreams.

TWO-WHEEL MARIA

A sophisticated grisette who performed at the Grand Palace on Christian Tell; he mounted a dynamo to the front wheel of her pink Dorlay bicycle, apparently the first in Romania.

LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR, BY COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT

(TRANS. GUY WERNHAM)

I would have forgotten the raw material from which clear drops of suffering

were wrung, like liquid gold flowing from a lumbar puncture, the material from which Maldoror was created.

TRATAT COMPLECT DE MEDICINĂ LEGALĂ

Mina Minovici's dark, haunting eyes stare at me from his Treatise on Forensic Medicine; they are in no way different from those of the hanged, shot, buried, burned, defenestrated, and poisoned people who populate the pages of this book, which I consider as important as the Bible.

MEMOIRS OF MY NERVOUS ILLNESS, BY DANIEL PAUL SCHREBER (TRANS. IDA MACALPINE AND RICHARD HUNTER)

Over to one side, humble in their rags, will be: Kafka and Judge Schreber, Isidore Ducasse and Swift and Sabato, and Darger and Rezzori, along with another thousand anonymous writers, the authors of torn, burnt, frozen diaries, buried in the rush of time.

PICTURES OF A ROMANIAN SCHOOLTEACHER

The afternoon I visited the school, just after I received my assignment, I was twenty-four in years and maybe twice as many kilograms in weight. I was incredibly, impossibly thin. My mustache and long hair, slightly red at that time, did nothing but infantilize my appearance, such that, if I glanced at myself in a shop or tram window, I would think I was looking at a high school student.

CADEREA

Frightened, I went to the bathroom mirror, where I could see myself completely: I had poems written with a needle on the whites of my eyes and poems scrawled over my forehead. My skin was tattooed in minuscule letters, maniacal, with a legible handwriting. I was blue from head to toe, I stank of ink the way others stink of tobacco. The Fall would be the sponge that sucked up all the ink from the lonely nautilus I was.

PICTURE OF AN APARTMENT BLOCK

I was five years and three months old when, one damp and foggy autumn, we moved to the apartment block on Ștefan cel Mare. I had grown and needed to exchange my shell for a larger one. The deafeningly loud trams careened by, made of ordinary metal with polished wood interiors and movable steps that

snapped suddenly back up, often catching the feet of careless passengers.

PICTURES OF A MOTHER AND CHILD

But most frightening of all was my mother, the goddess who had betrayed me and whose neck my hands held tightly, as though I wanted us to be a single being once again. I couldn't doubt it, it was me, the me I was then, the one from the U-shaped house, crowned with his mother's love and armed with the smell of oleanders from the ancient courtyard of my childhood.

DEUTERONOMY XXXIII:8 (AUTHORIZED VERSION)

Two or three coins spun on the parquet long enough for me to wonder what side they would fall on, heads or tails, and I watched them until their spinning slowed and the final rotations became louder and more random as gravity sapped their liberty and exuberance. And then silence and dark light again, and the disks of silver and copper coins spread over the floor. Little divination machines, on one side Urim, on the other Thummim, now emptied of their premonitions and life.

PAPERCRAFT #1

Cut out a square of the translucent colored paper. To decipher the text, place the paper over the image.

PAPERCRAFT #2 and #4

Cut out the five-sided and six-sided cubes. Cut out the window in the five-sided cube. Affix a small piece of the blue translucent colored paper to the inside of one window, and a small piece of the red to the other window. Assemble the cubes. To decipher the first text, slowly slide one cube into the other. To decipher the second, slowly lift one cube away from the other.

PAPERCRAFT #3

Cut out the rectangle. Cut out the window. Affix a small piece of the translucent colored paper to the inside of the window. To decipher the text, twist the rectangle around itself, until the window is above the text. To read more text, continue to twist. Twist the rectangle in the opposite direction.

NAMED ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS OF 2022

The New Yorker | *Publishers Weekly* | *The Financial Times* | *Words Without Borders*

“*Solenoid*...is a novel made from other novels, a meticulously borrowed piece of hyperliterature. Kleist’s cosmic ambiguity, the bureaucratic terror of Kafka, the enchantments of García Márquez and Bruno Schulz’s labyrinths are all recognizable in Cărtărescu’s anecdotes, dreams and journal entries. That fictive texture is part and parcel of the novel’s sense of unreality, which not only blends the pedestrian and the bizarre, but also commingles many features of the literary avant-garde. Although the narrator himself is largely critical of literature...he also affirms the possibility inherent in the “bitter and incomprehensible books” he idolizes. In this way, he plays both critic and apologist throughout, a delicious dialectic whose final, ravishing synthesis exists in the towering work of *Solenoid* itself.” —Dustin Illingworth, *New York Times*

“Instead of delivering a sharp, succinct punch, *Solenoid* goes the way of the oceanic—rejecting brevity because the author, a Romanian Daedalus, is laying the foundation for a narrative labyrinth...The writing itself is hypnotic and gorgeously captures the oneiric quality of Cărtărescu’s Bucharest...Cotter’s translation is attentive to the efficiency of Cărtărescu’s ornate but surprisingly approachable prose, gliding from sentence to sentence and calling little attention to itself. The sheer immensity of Cotter’s undertaking combined with the unflinching evenness of the translation’s quality is nothing short of remarkable.”

—Ben Hooyman, *Los Angeles Review of Books*

“[S]omething of a masterpiece...*Solenoid* synthesizes and subtly mocks elements of autofiction and history fiction by way of science fiction. The result is unlike any genre in ambition or effect, something else altogether, a self-suffi-

cient style that proudly rejects its less emancipated alternatives...The mesmerizing beauty of creation, of reality giving way to itself: that, above all, lies behind the doors of *Solenoid*.” —Federico Perelmuter, *Astra Magazine*

“The great fun of this teeming hodge-podge is the way that Mr. Cărtărescu tweaks the material of daily life, transmuting the banal into the fantastical.”
—Sam Sacks, *Wall Street Journal*

“[T]his is one of those rare books you should have in your library because its shelf life will endure as long as literature lasts.” —Alta Ifland, *Brooklyn Rail*

“A masterwork of Kafkaesque strangeness, brilliantly conceived and written.”
—*Kirkus Reviews*

“Cărtărescu weaves a monumental antinovel of metaphysical longing and fabulist constructions...This scabrous epic thrums with monstrous life.”
—*Publishers Weekly*

INTRODUCTION


Mircea Cărtărescu's *Solenoid* is a searcher's book, a searching book. The novel collects images, historical personages, and texts, and driven by the narrator's "paranoid motor," the book inquires into their connections, marking beguiling patterns and puzzles to solve, searching for routes of escape. "We ought to have a sensory organ that can tell sign from coincidence," he writes, pondering the limit beyond which pattern turns into meaning, the moment when a two-dimensional creature flattened against the paper finally, through who knows what miracle of imagination, moves perpendicular to the page and into a third dimension. The narrator wonders how we might make an analogous leap from our world into an additional dimension, how we might find the moment our flat reality cracks, when "the ice shatters, you fall into the freezing water, and suddenly you are underneath, searching like a sea lion for a hole where you can breathe."

The novel indicates. Like Traian, who spins a tale of the afterlife while sitting on a window ledge, the narrator weaves a texture of literary references, a textile woven from titles and authors, some obscure and some well-known, to show us we are perched on the edge of another world. His indications allow us to perceive the fabric veil before our eyes, to lift it and to peer into another world. The ancillary volume you hold extends these threads, it follows them out from the text and toward their world.

It will solve no problems. *A Solenoid Reader* is the opposite of a book of sources, because the novel's networks do not lead backward. Reading all the texts mentioned in *Solenoid* would do nothing to unravel its mysteries. We move from *Solenoid* forward to the texts, searching, in the manner of the novel. We read more, not to unravel but to revel in the perception of mystery.

A Solenoid Reader embodies two senses: it is both "a reader," a collection of companion texts, as well as a personification, a demonstration of what *Solenoid's* readers do. The excerpts and images collected here are companions for the journey that begins with the novel and continues for the rest of the reader's existence. The texts lie just on the other side of the novel, in a palimpsestic, graphic arrangement that allows us to palpitate, to mentally manipulate the distinction between the novel's fiction and our reality. Likewise, the reader includes passages from the Romanian text for us to physically manipulate, transforming two-dimensional text into three-dimensional cubes and spirals, which, under the right light and through the correct translucent veil, reveal further meanings. *Solenoid* readers follow these raveling threads through this group of texts toward other texts, searching for further coincidences and still further constellations of meaning, reading in the shelter of these frightening stars.

THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY
THE GADFLY

 BY
E. L. VOYNICH

"What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?"

THE GADFLY

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

ARTHUR sat in the library of the theological seminary at Pisa, looking through a pile of manuscript sermons. It was a hot evening in June, and the windows stood wide open, with the shutters half closed for coolness. The Father Director, Canon Montanelli, paused a moment in his writing to glance lovingly at the black head bent over the papers.

"Can't you find it, carino? Never mind; I must rewrite the passage. Possibly it has got torn up, and I have kept you all this time for nothing."

Montanelli's voice was rather low, but full and resonant, with a silvery purity of tone that gave to his speech a peculiar charm. It was the voice of a born orator, rich in possible modulations. When he spoke to Arthur its note was always that of a caress.

"No, Padre, I must find it; I'm sure you put it here. You will never make it the same by rewriting."

Montanelli went on with his work. A sleepy cockchafer hummed drowsily outside the window, and the long, melancholy call of a fruitseller echoed down the street: "Fragola! fragola!"

"'On the Healing of the Leper'; here it is." Arthur came across the room with the velvet tread that always exasperated the good folk at home. He was a slender little creature, more like an Italian in a sixteenth-century portrait than a middle-class English lad of the thirties. From the long eyebrows and sensitive mouth to the small hands and feet, everything about him was too much chiseled, overduplicate. Sitting still, he might have been taken for a very pretty girl masquerading in male attire; but when he moved, his lithe agility suggested a tame panther without the claws.

"Is that really it? What should I do without you, Arthur? I should always be losing my things. No, I am not going to write any more now. Come out into the garden, and I will help you with your work. What is the bit you couldn't understand?"

They went out into the still, shadowy cloister garden. The seminary occupied the buildings of an old Dominican monastery, and two hundred years ago the square courtyard had been stiff and trim, and the rosemary and lavender had grown in close-cut bushes between the straight box edgings. Now the white-robed monks who had tended them were laid away and forgotten; but the scented herbs flowered still in the gracious mid-summer evening, though no man gathered their blossoms for simples any more. Tufts of wild parsley and columbine filled the cracks between the flagged footways, and the well in the middl

a
T
la
me
he
"
"
in A
once.
"Y
soon;

of the courtyard was given up to ferns and matted stone-crop. The roses had run wild, and their straggling suckers trailed across the paths; in the box borders flared great red poppies; tall fox-gloves drooped above the tangled grasses; and the old vine, untrained and barren of fruit, swayed from the branches of the neglected medlar-tree, shaking a leafy head with slow and sad persistence.

In one corner stood a huge summer-flowering magnolia, a tower of dark foliage, splashed here and there with milk-white blossoms. A rough wooden bench had been placed against the trunk; and on this Montanelli sat down. Arthur was studying philosophy at the university; and, coming to a difficulty with a book, had applied to "the Padre" for an explanation of the point. "I had better go now," he said when the passage had been cleared up; "unless you want me for anything."

"I don't want to work any more, but I should like you to stay a bit if you have time."

"Oh, yes!" He leaned back against the tree-trunk and looked up through the dusky branches at the first faint stars glimmering in a quiet sky. The dreamy, mystical eyes, deep blue under black lashes, were an inheritance from his Cornish mother, and Montanelli turned his head away, that he might not see them.

"You are looking tired, carino," he said. "I can't help it." There was a weary sound in Arthur's voice, and the Padre noticed it at

you should not have gone up to college so
you were tired out with sick-nursing and

being up at night. I ought to have insisted on your taking a thorough rest before you left Leghorn."

"Oh, Padre, what's the use of that? I couldn't stop in that miserable house after mother died. Julia would have driven me mad!"

Julia was his eldest step-brother's wife, and a thorn in his side.

"I should not have wished you to stay with your relatives," Montanelli answered gently. "I am sure it would have been the worst possible thing for you. But I wish you could have accepted the invitation of your English doctor friend; if you had spent a month in his house you would have been more fit to study."

"No, Padre, I shouldn't indeed! The Warrens are very good and kind, but they don't understand; and then they are sorry for me,—I can see it in all their faces,—and they would try to console me, and talk about mother. Gemma wouldn't, of course; she always knew what not to say, even when we were babies; but the others would. And it isn't only that——"

"What is it then, my son?"

Arthur pulled off some blossoms from a drooping foxglove stem and crushed them nervously in his hand.

"I can't bear the town," he began after a moment's pause. "There are the shops where she used to buy me toys when I was a little thing, and the walk along the shore where I used to take her until she got too ill. Wherever I go it's the same thing; every market-girl comes up to me with bunches of flowers—as if I wanted them now! And there's the church-yard—I had to get away; it made me sick to see the place——"

He broke off and sat tearing the foxglove bells to pieces. The silence was so long and deep that he looked up, wondering why the Padre did not speak. It was growing dark under the branches of the magnolia, and everything seemed dim and indistinct; but there was light enough to show the ghastly paleness of Montanelli's face. He was bending his head down, his right hand tightly clenched upon the edge of the bench. Arthur looked away with a sense of awe-struck wonder. It was as though he had stepped unwittingly on to holy ground.

"My God!" he thought; "how small and selfish I am beside him! If my trouble were his own he couldn't feel it more."

Presently Montanelli raised his head and looked round. "I won't press you to go back there; at all events, just now," he said in his most caressing tone; "but you must promise me to take a thorough rest when your vacation begins this summer. I think you had better get a holiday right away from the neighborhood of Leghorn. I can't have you breaking down in health."

"Where shall you go when the seminary closes, Padre?"

"I shall have to take the pupils into the hills, as usual, and see them settled there. But by the middle of August the subdirector will be back from his holiday. I shall try to get up into the Alps for a little change. Will you come with me? I could take you for some long mountain rambles, and you would like to study the Alpine mosses and lichens. But perhaps it would be rather dull for

would give anything on earth to go away from you. Only—I am not sure——” He stopped.

“You don’t think Mr. Burton would do it?”

“He wouldn’t like it, of course, but he can hardly interfere. I am eighteen now and can do what I choose. After all, he’s only my father’s brother; I don’t see that I owe him obedience. He was always unkind to mother.”

“But if he seriously objects, I think you had better not defy his wishes; you may find your position at home made much harder if——”

“Not a bit harder!” Arthur broke in passionately. “They always did hate me and always will—it doesn’t matter what I do. Besides, can James seriously object to my going away from you—with my father’s confessor?”

“He is a Protestant, remember. However, you had better write to him, and we will wait to see what he thinks. But you must not be impatient, my son; it matters just as much what you do as whether people hate you or love you.”

The rebuke was so gently given that Arthur was hardly coloured under it. “Yes, I know,” he answered, sighing; “but it is so difficult——”

“I was sorry you could not come to me on Tuesday evening,” Montanelli said, abruptly introducing a new subject. “The Bishop of Arras was here, and I should have liked you to meet him.”

“I had promised one of the students to go to a meeting at his lodgings, and they would have expected me.”

with a nervous little stammer. "I
come from Genoa, and he made a
a-a sort of—lecture."

"What did he lecture about?"
Arthur hesitated. "You won't
name, Padre, will you? Because I
"I will ask you no questions at all
have promised secrecy of course you
me; but I think you can almost trust
time."

"Padre, of course I can. He spoke
and our duty to the people—and to
selves; and about—what we might
help——"

"To help whom?"

"The contadini—and——"

"And?"

"Italy."

There was a long silence.

"Tell me, Arthur," said Montanelli, turning
him and speaking very gravely, "how long
you been thinking about this?"

"Since—last winter."

"Before your mother's death? And do
know of it?"

"N-no. I—I didn't care about it then."

"And now you—care about it?"

Arthur pulled another handful of bells of
foxglove.

"It was this way, Padre," he began, with
eyes on the ground. "When I was
the entrance examination
know a

and Julia's tongue
in the winter, when
the students and the
I left off coming to
talked to mother if I
right out of my head
was going to die—
constantly with her
sit up the night, and
in the day to let me
those long nights; I
and about what the
dering—whether the
Our Lord would have

“Did you ask Him
not quite steady.

“Often, Padre.

Him to tell me what I
with mother. But I could

“And you never said
hoped you could have told

“Padre, you know I
some things you can't talk
seemed to me that no
even you or mother: I

He broke off and paused a moment, but Montanelli did not move.

"All those two days before they buried her," Arthur went on in a lower voice, "I couldn't think of anything. Then, after the funeral, I was ill; I remember, I couldn't come to confession."

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, in the night I got up and went into Arthur's room. It was all empty; there was only a great crucifix in the alcove. And I thought perhaps God would help me. I knelt down and waited—all night. And in the morning when I came to my senses—Padre, it isn't any use; I can't explain. I can't tell you what I saw—I don't know myself. But I know that God has answered me, and that I dare not disobey Him." For a moment they sat quite silent in the darkness. Then Montanelli turned and laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder.

"My son," he said, "God forbid that I should say He has not spoken to your soul. But remember your condition when this thing happened, and do not take the fancies of grief or illness for His will. He calls. And if, indeed, it has been His will to answer you out of the shadow of death, be sure that you put no false construction on His word. What is this thing you have it in your heart to do?"

Arthur stood up and answered slowly, as though repeating a catechism:

"To give up my life to Italy, to help in freeing Italy from all this slavery and wretchedness, and in driving out the Austrians, that she may be a free republic, with no king but Christ."

"I must do, or to let me do, I couldn't find any answer."

"Say a word to me. Arthur, I trusted me."

"I trust you! But there are no words to talk about to anyone. I—"

"No one could help me—no one."

"I must have my own answer."

said——” Montanelli began slowly; interrupted him:

“ Christ said: ‘ He that loseth hi sake shall find it.’ ”

Montanelli leaned his arm against shaded his eyes with one hand.

“ Sit down a moment, my son, last.

Arthur sat down, and the Padre hands in a strong and steady clasp.

“ I cannot argue with you to-night this has come upon me so suddenly thought—I must have time to think. Later on we will talk more definitely just now, I want you to remember if you get into trouble over this, if you will break my heart.”

“ Padre——”

“ No; let me finish what I have to say to you once that I have no one in the world I think you do not fully understand my means. It is difficult when one is of your age I should not have understood you are as my—as my—own son to me, do you see? You are the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart. I would die to keep you from taking a false step and ruining your life. It is nothing I can do. I don’t ask you to make any promises to me; I only ask you to re-

but Arthur
s life for m
a branch, an
' he said a
took both h
ht," he saic
y—I had no
think it ove
ely. But, fo
one thing.
ou—die, yo

o say. I tol
world but you
d what tha
so young; a
ood. Arthu
me. Do yc
nd the desir
ou from mal
e. But thei
to make ar
remember thi

Cartea magică a tinereții mele

Impudica moarte de Dagmar Rotluft a fost fără-ndoială cartea adolescenței mele, dar, din păcate (pentru mine cel de acum, care pierde o ocazie de-a fi original), și cartea de căpătâi a mai tuturor tinerilor din generația mea. Așa că nu știu ce-aș putea scrie despre ea pentru ca pagina asta să merite, cât de cât, citită. Numele lui Rotluft nu-mi spunea mai nimic pe-atunci, când nu citeam cărțile nici pentru gloria autorului, nici pentru frumusețea stilului — săream peste descrieri cu nepăsarea cu care ochiul de pisică ignoră obiectele imobile — ci pentru aventura pură, cum ai spune *heroină pură*. Într-adevăr, cartea asta nu am citit-o și n-am „devoorat-o”, cum se spune, ci mi-am injectat-o parcă-n venă, direct în fluxul de sânge care i-a-nălțat corola în creier. Mai mult decât să descriu banalizatele de-acum, prin abuzul cinematic, viață și colierul ei din măsele de omni sau viclenia lui Vordenbliss — săpătorul de canale prin hipotalamus — sau căutarea briceagu lui cu șapte lame de aur cu care Orolio scrie

The Magical Book of My Youth

By Mircea Cărtărescu

Translated by Sean Cotter

Shameless Death by Dagmar Rotluft was, without any doubt, the book of my adolescence and unfortunately (for the me of today, who risks seeming unoriginal) the touchstone for most of my generation. I don't know if I can write anything even slightly worth reading about the book. The name "Rotluft" meant nothing to me at the time, I didn't read the book for the sake of the author's fame, nor for the beauty of the style—I would skip descriptive passages with the indifference a cat's eye shows for immobile objects—rather I read for the pure adventure, the way you might refer to pure heroin. I didn't read the book, I didn't "devour" it, as they say, but really and truly I injected it into my vein, directly into the bloodstream that lifted its corolla in my brain. Instead of describing details (which cinematographic abuse has made banal), the life and transfiguration of Cydonia, her elongated cranium and her necklace made of human molars, or the wickedness of Vordenbliss, "he who digs channels through the hypothalamus," or the search for the seven-bladed knife of gold with which Orolio carves the name of the

seven reptiles on seven virgins' spines, or the many, many thousands of details that make this endless book—1140 pages in my old and lost edition—"The Grand Tryptic" of the fantasy genre, I think it would be more interesting to tell, briefly, the story of my encounter with the book.

I was seventeen and friendless. It was summer, I was coming home at nine in the evening after my usual wander through unknown streets. The sun cast a slanted light over the neighborhood of apartment blocks, an intense, orange light that turned more amber with each passing minute. The quiet and loneliness were complete; endless shadows streamed from each object. Out of an old car, an abandoned Soviet Pobeda covered in chunks of asphalt, a homeless man emerged, leaving the door hanging open behind him. As he came nearer, I recognized Jean, my childhood friend, the one who told the best dirty jokes, the son of a poor man who worked at the State Circus. "Let me show you something," he said, and instead of going into Stairwell E and up to the fifth floor, I went with Jean to the block next door, an old and yellowed block covered in lichen stains. We went up the fire escape, almost rusted through, to the third floor. "Here it is," Jean said, and we both sat with our legs hanging over the windowsill beside rotted, spongy shutters. One shutter opened to let us inside. Jean stayed on the sill, which might have collapsed at a breath of wind, and I jumped through the splintery window frame into the shadow-filled room.

It was a bedroom with old furniture: a wide bed, a mirror, a chair, a gueridon. Over the bed, a shelf with puffy, thick books falling to pieces. A single door, on the wall opposite the window, was nailed shut. The sun's last rays laid fire-red stripes across the room. "Only I know about this room," Jean said, "Now you

do too, but don't tell anyone. . ." I stayed at least half an hour in that room's dark scent of fresh wood. I curled up on the bed's timeworn sheets. This was where I had always wanted to be. When I climbed down, it was night and Jean had gone. I never saw him again.

For a few good years, I climbed up through the rings of the fire escape [scari de incendiu have a kind of guard rail system] almost every night, into that quiet room where, lying on the bed and drunk on solitude, I read all the books on the shelf, whose strange titles resound in my ear even today: *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *All Sails Up!*, *The Charterhouse of Parma*, *The Man who Laughs* (books I've never heard of again: the booksellers I've asked told me I was dreaming), others I no longer remember, and, finally, *Shameless Death*.

I read and reread *Shameless Death* for years, always bursting into tears at the great scene when they pull off the eyelids, rolling around in excitement at the story of the little sisters of the Order of Impediments, fascinated by the transit through the narrator's hypothalamus, excavated by Vordenbliss to reach his desired and inaccessible Cydonia, held prisoner by Ammon's glacial Horn. . . And on the last page, when Cydonia throws at her father's feet the fresh and bloody skin of her own face, shouting, "Recognize me!" I always felt that violent and irrepressible tremor, the feeling I was about to lose my mind, which I believe all of Rotluft's readers know only too well.

I was in the middle of probably my fifteenth reading when I lost my original edition beneath the mountain of rubble of the demolished building. That evening, late, after the bulldozers had completed their work, I climbed onto the mountain of bent iron, concrete, and planks jutting pathetically toward the yel-

low sky, and I picked through the rubble until my fingers bled. I ended up with nothing more than the bulging shard of thirty-four pages from *The Charterhouse of Parma* (a city that exists on no map: I checked the most detailed atlas I could find) by one unknown “Stendhal.” Three years passed, and that secret chamber, where I happily read for thousands of hours in adolescence, returns to my mind only as a dream.

Many times have I attempted to rediscover those times, using the Epic of Cydonia as my madeleine, but I found only that the past is impossible to repeat. On rereading, I could only imagine Vordenbliss as the palid thug Ruud Vicq, the Archduchess of Grubs in the face of Irma de Lindo, all and each as their cinematic doubles from the posters in metro stations. Another magical book destroyed by its adaptation, sold to the highest bidder, its plot and meanings intentionally distorted. And no modern edition has anything of the porousness and warm scent, like a dried splinter, of old paper leafed through so often. Thus, *Shameless Death*, the real one, lives only in us, in my generation, those whose adolescence it once inflamed, assuaged, exalted, and poisoned.

MUNDUS SUBTERRANEUS,

In XII Libros digestus;

200

Divinum Subterrestris Mundi Opificium, mira
Erga posteriorum Naturæ in eo distributio, verbo παραμόρφον
Protei Regnum,

*Universæ denique Naturæ Majestas & divitiæ summa
rerum varietate exponuntur. Abditorum effectuum causæ acri indagine
inquisitæ demonstrantur; cognitæ per Artis & Naturæ conjugium ad
huananæ vitæ necessarium usum vario experimentorum apparatus,
necnon novo modo, & ratione applicantur.*

TOMUS I.

AD

ALEXANDRUM VII.
PONT. OPT. MAX.



AMSTELODAMI,

Apud JOANNEM JANSSONIUM & ELIZEUM WEYERSTRATEN,
ANNO MDCCCLXV. *Com Privilegiis.*

zorum spacio emenso maximum incrementum obtinere; quod ut plurimum fit Sole in Verticali seu meridiano existente, Luna verò à Meridiano declinante aquas in derelicto quadrate per totidem sex horas decrefcere, ita ut in oppositis quadrantibus semper aquae sex horis vel crescant, vel decrefcant, uti postea per instrumentum nostrum ad oculos demonstrabimus. In motu vero mēstruo æstus ita se habet. Tempore novilunii mare omnium maxime tasset fervetque usque ad quartum finit ætatis Lunaræ diem inclusivo; Nam à quarto usque ad septimum notabiliter aquæ incipiunt decrefcere, ita ut circiter die à novilunio octavo sint humillimæ usque ad undecimum, & ab hoc usque ad decimum septimum incrementum resumunt, à decimo septimo verò usque ad vigesimum secundum decrefcunt usque ad vigesimum quintam, & hinc usque ad conjunctionis tempus continua incrementa densò suscipiunt, durante perpetuò alterna hac incrementorum decre-

mentorumque vicissitudine. Etque hoc primum argumentum Lunæ cum Mari consentit.

Alterum argumentum deducitur ex situ Lunæ; siquidem Lunà in Æquinoctiali constitutâ omnium potentissimè influat in mare, utpote ad ipsum novissimè sita agit, non item in Solstitiis constituta, ita ut quemadmodum in diurno Lunæ motu, tunc maximum Mare incrementum acquirit, ubi Meridianum attingit, ita in mēstruo maximum Mare jure merito acquirit aquarum incrementum, ubi ad æquinoctialem pervenerit Luna, quoniam causa postea assignabitur, qui tunc quoque omnium maximus & potentissimus est, quando sidus utrumque vel conjunctionis, vel oppositionis tempore in Æquinoctiali constituit. Atque uterque paulò ante expositus Lunæ motus Lunæ consentiens, semper eodem modo se haberet, si ab extrinsecâ impedimenti, de quibus postea, à suo itinere non detoqueretur. Sed jam ad causam veram & genuinam evocandam procedamus.

Argumentum
Lunæ.

Pro divi-
sione Lunæ
in Mare
motus ut
motus in-
crementum
satis
fit.

CAPUT II.

DISQUISITIO I.

Quanam virtute aut qualitate Luna mare moveat.

Diximus in precedentibus Lunam esse proximam æstus maris causam, quam & innumerî alii Scriptores unâ necum assignant. Sola itaque difficultas in hoc consistere videtur, quoniam scilicet virtute aut qualitate tam mirificos effectus præbet, quam uti nemo luculenter rectè exposuit, ita mirarum partem esse ratus sum, eam, quam fieri potest, luculentissimè demonstrare.

Suppono itaque primò, Esse Lunam inter & Terræque globum, miram quandam consensum & sympathiam reciprocam, eam ex similitudine & proportionem quadam temperamenti utriusque globi; siquidem sympathiam ex similitudine nasci notum est, quam ut dici debeat. Quemadmodum autem nulla in naturalium rerum ambitu similitudo est, quæ non cum alia quâpiam sympathiæ atque antipathiæ consensu dissensuque jurgia litæque exercent, ita corpus Lunare cum Terræque globi humido præ cæteris sideribus maxime consensum leges exercere notum est, non ex inanitate solius, sed & vegetabilibus sensitivisque substantiis, quin vel ex ipsi humoribus in corpore humano existentibus, qui ad Lunæ incrementum mirificè alterantur: Lunatici fununt, podagrici plus solito torquentur, catharris obnoxii rheumatia replentur, In inanitatibus Lunares species, uti vari lapides & mineralia; In vegetabilibus herbar à mirifico consensu, quem cum Luna habeat, Lunariæ dictæ; In sensitivis animalia Lunæ subiecta dominio, missi humorum

vicissitudines experiuntur, quibus cum plena sint Physicorum monumenta, supervacaneum esse ratus sum, his commentandis duntaxat insistere, ut vel hinc admirandus Lunæ in sublanibus consensum pateat.

Suppono Secundò, hæc virtutem Lunæ influxivam esse specificam qualitatem à tota substantiæ Lunaræ similitudine promanantem, subtilissimam, & mirè (quibusvis etiam obstaculis positis) penetrativam; Siquidem conchilis in fundo maris virtutem Lunarem, incremento suo sit superque testantur; catharris obnoxii etiam inter densissimos parietes conchili; aquæ nominatè vitris vasis archissimè munite, ad Lunæ incrementum ita concitantur, ut bullire videantur.

Suppono Tertiò, Corpus Lunare juxta analogiam quandam & proportionem eodem consistere temperamento, quo nosse Terræque globus, sed hæc unâ cum universo Oceano ex salinis componitur, v. g. sale, nitro, alumine, vitriolo, bituminosisque scaturiginibus mixta ex parte consistere, ita constat, qui Chemicæ peritiam habeat, qui omnia hæc se in aquæ maris diffusionem, tanquam in coeopore, à quo omnium cæterorum origo observatur, testantur; Cum vix ullam corpus sit in hoc sublani mundo, quod salinis, nitrosi, vitriolatis, aluminosisque spiritibus, salibus tum fixis tum volutibus non turgeat, & fixi sales, quæ in ultima Chemicæ Magisterii consumptione remanent, abundè monstrant, sale nitroque omnia plena esse; & tali constitutionis corpus

Luna via
quæ mare
concitat
est spiritus
lunæ sub-
stantiæ.

Omnia
plena salinis.

lo- aquâ nitrosâ unâ cum sale communi mixtâ re- na 8
 ffa- plebis hunc pelvim deinde si loco patulo L- trofa
 fe- nâ bis fer- vetur
 ci- s a- he- Lun-
 s a- he- Lun-
 it; loc

Lanae esse, non nisi experientia cognosci
 affirmat. Certeque quae, salina corpora
 ea vietas inbuita esse, ut live ob inclusis in
 aëre, live propriis & innotis spiritibus, simul
 ac luce Lunari simili vietas dotata mare tan-
 gunt, illud mare ob fluctum, qui pellet,
 qualitates extinet, tumescit & nunciat
 unde quoque dilaret.

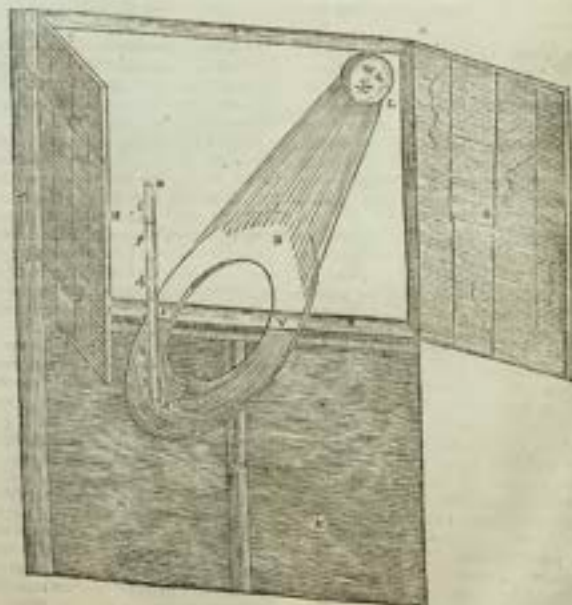
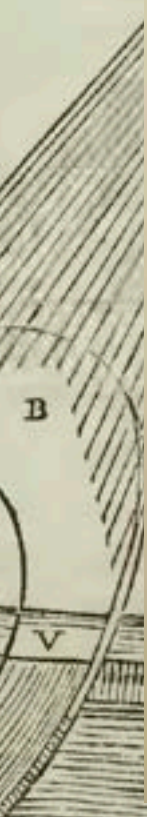
Unde conclusionis, Maris intumescit
 detumescitque; casum unicum esse, quali-
 tatem quandam fluctuantem, & fluctuantem an-
 tlogiam ad corpus Telluris nitrogam vel salinam,
 Lunari corpori ablutio nonnisi consecra-
 tum, hinc lunaris tempore ita temperatum, ut
 mare ac mare radis sui refrigeret, illud ob li-
 quiditatem natar, & proportionatissimam
 temperamentum tanquam sibi comitatur
 & recipit agit, tumescit, & longo late-
 que dilaret, hinc spiritus nitrosi, qui corpus-
 culis aqueis includuntur, tempore lunari resolu-
 tum, dum majorem locum quaerit, necessa-
 rio vicinas undas trahit, & haec illas conse-
 quentes, & sic deinceps, donec Luna ad vicin-
 iam vertici locum pervenerit, ubi pondus a-
 quarum non amplius sustinet, aqua in priori
 altitudo sui quadrante accumulata dimittit,

in foculo quadrante novam accumulata
 aquarum incrementum, unde quae hinc a-
 que in priori quadrante partem per fluxum
 sui adcrevit creverant, totidem inaccessit
 hinc decreverant, donec primum quatuor colli-
 tuantur. Haec itaque specifica qualitas à Lu-
 nar corpore effusa desulataque hanc per cano-
 ni affru dotem adepti est, ut humorem non
 elementarem generat, sed nitrosâ salinaque
 corpora mixtosum tam inanimatorum quam
 vegetabilium sensitivorumque possidens
 alteret, nitrosâ sua & saligna facilitate.
 Verum ut res ad oculum pateat, hic comulla
 experimenta adducam, quae opinionem no-
 stram ita stabiliunt, ut non nisi infensam in
 contradicere valeat.

EXPERIMENTUM I.

Accipe pelvim seu catinum latorem, quem
 aquâ nitrosâ unâ cum sale communi mixtâ re-
 plebis, hunc pelvim deinde si loco patulo Lu-
 nar radiis & sereno noctibus exposueris, vide-
 bis cum admiratione, aquam illam incipere
 fervere & bullas agere, & tanto quidem vi-
 hementior, quanto laminaria viciniora fuerint
 loci tui oppositioris tui conjunctionis,

Aqua illa
 sic de illa
 modo exp
 Luna.



quod non contempit, si aquâ fortasid parâ
 catinam repleris, qua sale & nitro foelicem
 fuerit; & quavis subidâ idem catinam
 fuerit, aqua tamen dulcis predominantio suffo-
 catur

EXPERIMENTUM II.

Fiat vitreus annulus A I B V cujuscunque magnitudinis, in oppositis locis A B nonnihil latior; deinde in hoc latiori districtu fiat alius quidam canaliculus A O, supra apertus, ut in Figura è regione posita patet, hunc annulum in B Mercuriali atque unà marino liquore impleas per foramen S, clausoque strictè foramine annulum horizontali situ subtilissimis fulcris innixum Lunæ radiis tempore plenilunii expones, ita ut media pars I A V intra murum aut fenestram reliqua pars I B V Lunæ radiis exposita sit extra murum aut fenestram; & videbis, Mercurialem liquorem Lunæ radiis percussum paulatim ex B moveri versus A, ubi cum nullum exitum reperiat, per canaliculum A O sese exonerare, adeoque in ipso canaliculo, incrementi decrementique portiones ostendere. Quod idem experieris in aqua ex Bismutho & Stolomibus olivæ tempore plenilunii resectis, extracta. Sed de hisce uberius suo loco.

EXPERIMENTUM III.

Experimentum hoc fecisse se scribit, & sapientissimè ab aliis observatum fuisse refert *Gonzalus Fernandus d'Orviedo*, in sua *Historia Universalis Americae*. l. 13. c. 6. Si quis Corium lupi marini sive phocæ Lunæ radiis exponat, is videbit pilos hujus animalis ad incrementum Lunæ surrigi, & quod amplius, fluxus & refluxus maris leges perfectè servare. Verum ne quicquam addidisse videar, ejus verba hæc allegabo. Sic enim ait citato loco: *Est præterea res notata dignissima, quam de Lupo marino (quem & phocam seu vitulum marinum Plinius nominat) modo referam, & sic se habet: pellis hujus animalis, uti & cingula, ligula & marsupia ex ea parata hanc insitam sibi virtutem habent, ut mari tranquillo & sine incremento pilis hujus animalis etiam planissimis sint, & mari existente in altissimo sui incremento, & pilis hujus animalis resecta quoque se surrigrant: Estque res frequenti experimento à me cognita, & in dicta pelle singulis diebus spectatur, adeò ut quas mutationes in suo fluxu & refluxu facit mare, has & subeat hujus animalis pilosum corium. Quæ eadem confirmat *Olaus Magnus* in l. 6. *Septent. Histor.* cap. 6. de *Lupo Marino sive Phoca*.*

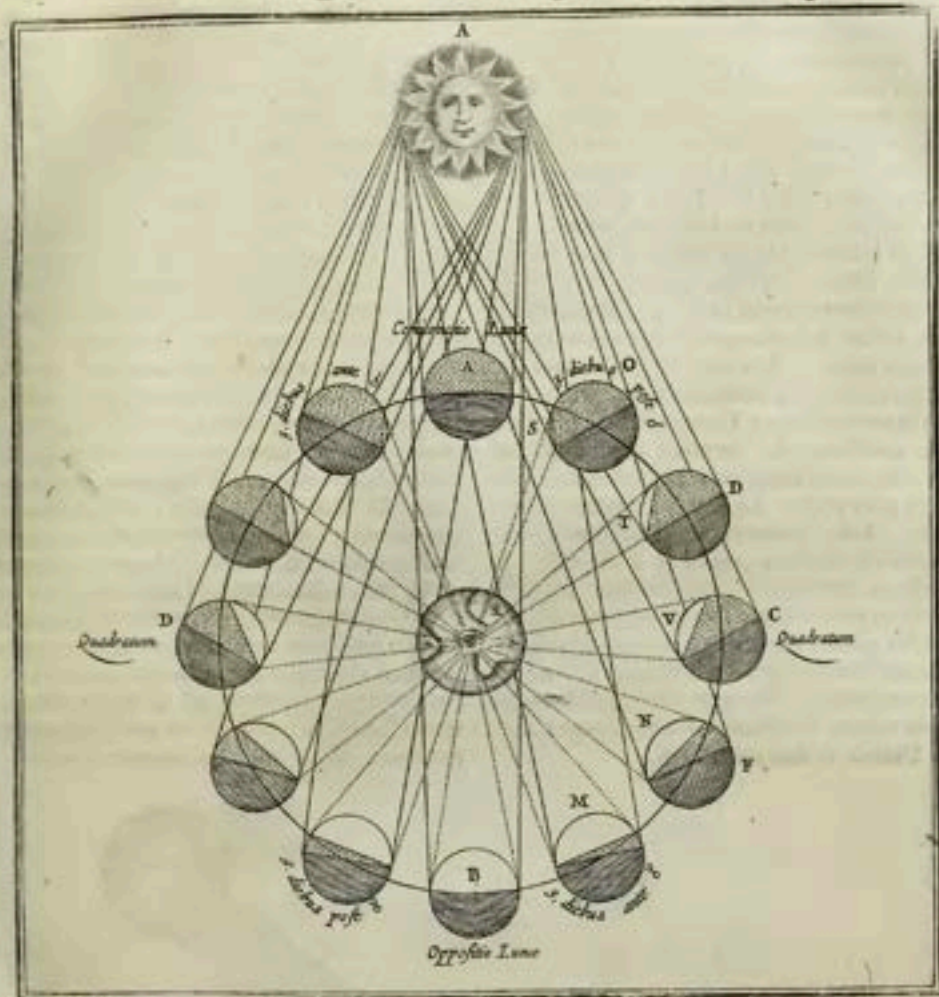
Similia exempla in variis animalium oculis, quæ ad Lunæ incrementa aut decrementa crescunt & decrescunt, Authores producant; De quibus omnibus cum uberrimè in *Libro III. de Arte Magnetica Parte V.C. IV.* ege-

nt in mari, jam quoque, quomodo Luna dum premit mare, dicta incrementa & decrementa perficiat, tempus est ut demonstremus.

Sit Horizon Astronomicus in Figura. Linea meridianæ seu verticalis X H; sit præterea aquæ globosæ superficies T A V O; quadrantes Terræ A V & O T Orientales, ille quidem nocturnus hic diurnus; quadrantes vero Occidentales A O, & T V. Luna verò in puncto X Indicis quæcunque hora Terraquei globi superficiem feriat. Dico superficiem maritimam E Q V Y in ovalem Figuram E Q V Y abituram, & consequenter fluxum in quadrantibus Terræ fixis A V & O T refluxum in quadrantibus V T & A O secuturum; dimissis enim radiis lunaribus in superficiem maris Q E Y, mox illud Luna qualitate sua salinitosa, unà cum facultate sua attenuativa & dilatativa juncta, ad tepore illo Lacis Lunaribus in omnem partem tumefactum extendet, & haud secus ac lapide quodam in tranquillam aquæ superficiem in circulos se ampliabit, majoremque locum quærens pressa superficies cum eum non inveniat, undis undas trudentibus, resolutisque ex tepore Lunari nitrosis corpusculis violentam quoque maris extensionem, & tumorem versus Y & Q efficit. Mare ergo radiis Lunæ nitrosa illa & salina qualitate imbutis pressum, versus puncta Q & Y, tanto intumesceat violentius, quanto potentiori illud aspectu Luna verberaverit: Coercervata verò aqua in punctis Q & Y, necessario illæ in E diminutæ decrescent, eò quod aquæ jam affluxu suo evacuatae in tumores Q & Y recesserint; sed & aquæ contractæ in V, pariter deficient, opposita puncto E; eò quod aqua partim ob Lunaris luminis absentiam à virtute tumefactiva Lunæ remotior, condensata, partim à Solis radiis attracta diminutaque in naturalem sese statum receperit; atque ad eò non secus ac in puncto T, paucior minorque appareat; & uti hæc duo opposita puncta cursum Lunæ perpetuo sequuntur, ita necessario quoque duo aquarum circa globosam maris superficiem tumores successive & perpetuo consequentur. Hinc ut modus in mari concitando Lunæ exactius appareat, Terraqueum globum per circum A O T V minimum immobilem & fixum indigitavimus, Ovalem verò Figuram E Y V Q, quæ tumores maris exhibet, brachiolo N Lunæ X, exhibuimus, quem si circumduxeris, videbis oculari quadam demonstratione, quomodo in diversis Regionibus mare paulatim crescat, paulatim decrescat in oppositis locis. Apparet quoque, quomodo tumores aquæ Q & Y Lunæ motum circa

rum 29. horarum 12. 44 minut. Quicquid fit, in re Physica Mathematica præciso attendenda non est, sive enim Novilunium aut Plenilunium dimidio horæ præcedat sive sequatur, dico, curandum non esse, cum nobis sufficiat,

maris agitationem ante & post Luminarium conjunctionem aut oppositionem nonnullis diebus; maximam autem in ipso Novilunio aut Plenilunio maris æstum incrementumque contingere: Cujus rei causam quærimus.

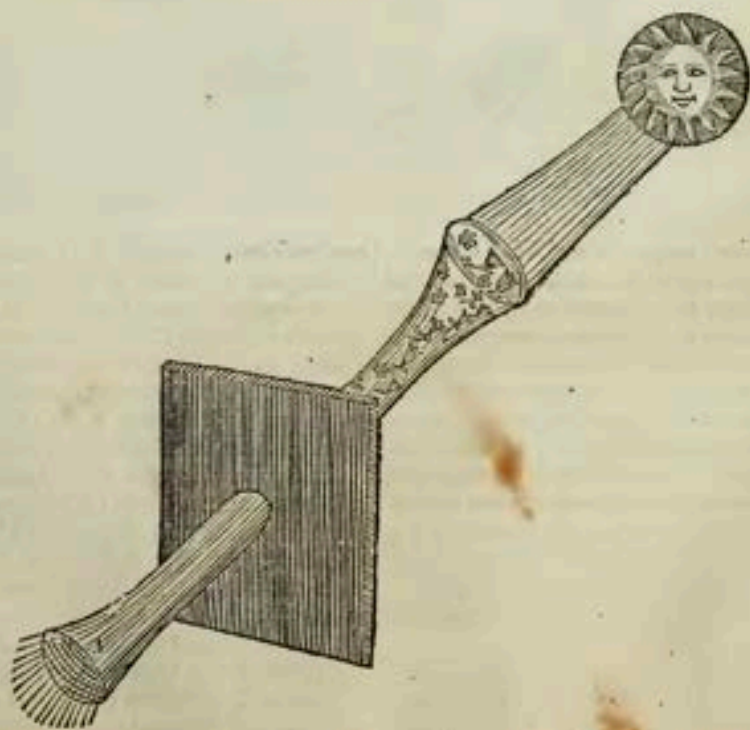


Notandum itaque, quod etsi Luna ex se & sua natura frigidi & humiditatis temperamenti sit, fit tamen, ut communicatis à Sole radiis ipsa humiditas & frigiditas ita temperetur, ut nec frigore nec calore excessivo, sed tepore quodam imbuatur; ex tepore verò qualitas illa Lunæ nitrosa, quam æstus marini causam supra diximus, suscitata, tantò in mare agit efficacius, quantò luminis, quod dictæ qualitatis veluti vehiculum quoddam est, majori copia mare verberaverit. Cum ergo Luna circa Plenilunium lumine communicato à Sole, rectoribus radiis potentius feriat, vehementiorem quoque inde motum consequi

conjunctionis in puncto A; oppositionis verò tempore in puncto B; tempore verò quadratæ configurationis in punctis D C. Dico, Lunam in punctis C & D, mare minimo, quo potest, gradu moveri; in punctis verò A & B, maximo. Ducantur ex Centro Solaris corporis per phases Lunæ A O D C F G, &c. quæ signant ætates Lunares, 29 dierum unius mensis Lunaris, nos hic phases tantum posuimus quæ lineæ radios in Lunaris corporis superficie incidentes referant; ex his autem punctis Lunæ lineæ ad Centrum Terræ ducantur A I, S I, T I, V I, &c. quæ radios Solis Lunari tepore & nitrosa qualitate imbu-

ique vicinis punctis nullibi contingit : liqui-
 dem in quadraturis Lunaribus Solares radii,
 præterquam quod obliquissimo situ Lunarem
 discum feriant, ipsa Luna quoque medieta-
 tem tantum faciei suæ Terræ obvertat ; uti
 tumefactiva Lunæ vis hinc inde Solaribus ra-
 diis in diversas plagas dissipata non integra
 Terræ influit, ita motus quoque maris ex in-
 convenienti aspectu Lunæ deficiens, inno-
 tum veluti inducias quasdam cum eo consti-
 tuisse videtur. Accedit & illud, quod cum
 Luna tempore Dichoromias in apogæo, id
 est in remotissimo à Terra excentrici sui pun-
 cto constituta sit, virtute Lunari quasi lan-
 guefcente, effectum in mari desideratum præ-
 stare non possit : Luna verò contrà in peri-
 gæo, id est, proximo & viciniissimo Terræ
 puncto constituta, quid in φ & ζ sit, ne-
 cessario ex hac approximatione vivacissi-
 mum in mari virtute sua effectum producet.
 Ex his patet, cur mare tempore plenilunii,
 cæteris temporibus turbulentius sit, magis-
 que increfcat. Vide quæ uberrimè de reflexi
 radii natura scripsimus in Arte *Magna Lucis*
& Umbra, in fine *primi Tomi*.

narem faciem rectà dimissis, Lunari qualitate
 maris tumefactivà, quam corpus Lunæ per-
 petuo exspirat, totus imbuatur; haud fecus, ac
 Solaris radiatio per coloratum transiens vit-
 rum in obvis rebus, adeoque toto interjecto
 medio spacio, cum colorem, cuius vitrum est,
 refert, parietesque rubro, si vitrum rubrum
 fuerit, viridi si viride, si puniceum puniceo co-
 lore, imbuat: Ita dico, Solares radios tempore
 conjunctionis immediatè sibi subjectam Lu-
 nam ferientes, eadem qualitate, qua Luna af-
 fecta est, imbui: Nam cum hoc Syzegas five
 interlunii puncto, facies Lunæ Soli rectà ob-
 versa, in nullo prætereà excentrici sui loco,
 Soli vicinior sit, certè ingentem tunc tum
 Lucis Lunariorum intensiorem, tum qualitatibus
 nitrosæ concitationem fieri necesse est; quam
 undiqueque diffusam radii Solares mox atque
 attingunt, nativo vigore Lunæ tinguntur ac
 veluti imprægnantur, atque adèd intermediæ
 diffusæ qualitatibus virtute facti, dum in maris
 incidunt superficiem, cœu Vicarii quidam Lu-
 næ, eundem in Terraqueo globo effectum,
 quem Luna, & multiplicato quidem scœnore
 præsent. Atque hoc experimento ostendo.



EXPERIMENTUM.

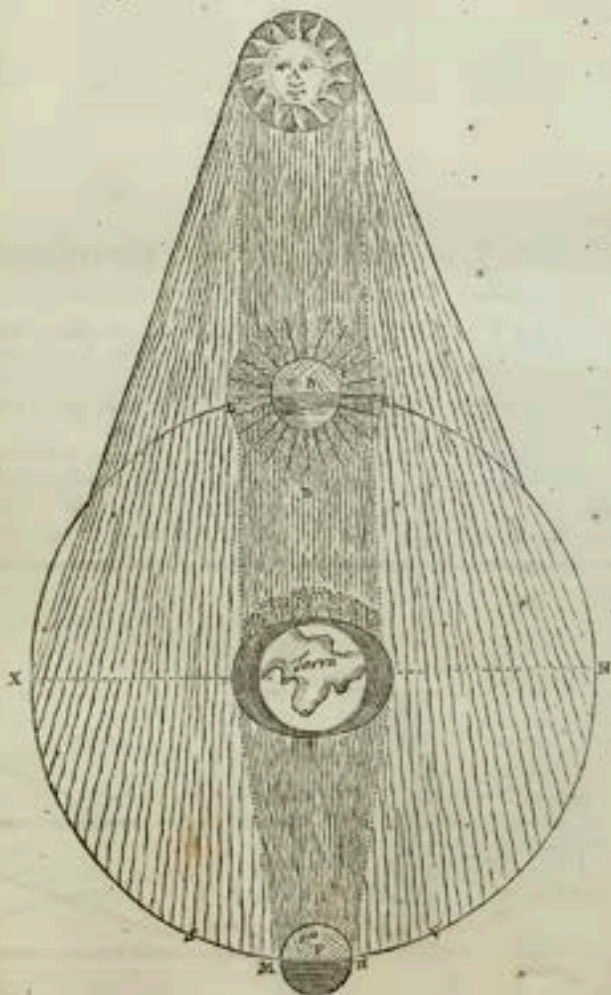
Fiat oblongus Cylindræus Tubus A B.
 in cuius orificio B ponantur odorifera qua-

vis non confertim, sed quantum fieri potest,
 rarè compacta, hunc tubum intra cubiculum
 quoddam dirigas, ut orificium odoriferis re-
 bus

experieris, mox ac tubus Soli recta fuerit oppositus, Solis radios B odoriferam materiam transeuntes in cubiculo suavissimum odorem, si rosa, roscum; liliaceum, si lilia; si violae violaceum excitaturos; quod non fit, Sole odoriferam materiam non illustrante, Sol enim virtutem in floribus latentem calore suo excitat, ejusque radius quasi qualitate odorifera tinctus percolatusque, hoc pacto illam extra tubi orificium, intra cubiculum derivat. Ex hoc experimento liquet, quomodo Sol tempore interfluvii qualitate tumefactiva maris tinctus, & per Lunare effluviu[m] quasi percolatus, dicta qualitate imbuatur.

Lunae & à Sole averfam, qua Terram respicit, dum ambientibus Solis radiis aliquo modo excitatur atque rarefcit, reb[us]que junctum profluvio, effectum quadantenus congeminare necesse est. Atque hanc ego causam esse existimem, cur mare tantoperè concitetur Sole Lunae conjuncto.

Sit Sol A, Corpus Lunae B, Atmosphaera qualitatis Lunaris C C C undique diffusa. Videt igitur profluvium luminosum Solis per Atmosphaeram virtutis Lunaris C colatum, cribratum, carminatumque copiosa fertura tingi, conceptamque tincturam D per luminosum radiu[m] profluvii vehiculum in mare



tandem derivari, Unde illud potentissimè triplici de causa, concitari necesse est. Primo quia Sol qualitate lunari imbutus fortius & efficacius operatur, quàm ipsa Luna. Secundo; quia Sol magis est penetrativus, acutiùs mare radiis suis, quàm Luna ferit. Tertio; quia radii Solares hac qualitate imbuti majorem globuli maris superficiem stringunt,

quàm Lunares, ut ex Theoricis patet, & consequenter, uti majorem aquarum molem, ita motum efficaciorum praestant. Accedit huic, quod dum Solis ex Luna reflexus radius mare ferit tempore Novilunii, normaliter omnium fiat actio efficacissima. Cum verò Luna in punctis reliquis constituta, radii Solares semper plus aut minus ea qualitate imbuantur.

vat. Ex hoc experimento liquet, quod Sol tempore interlunii qualitate tumescit, & mare percolat.

Atmosphæram virtutis Lunaris con-
tribratum, carminatque copio-
sè, & in partem septentrionalem
vehiculat.

inhabentur, &c. ut mare Solaribus radiis Lunæ vicariis percussis tantò majus sumat incrementum, quanto Luna puncto A, fuerit vicinior, & tantò majus decrementum sumat, quanto puncto X H fuerit vicinior; in his enim ob omnium obliquissimum situm, Terræque globum omnium minime de virtute Lunari participat, ob causas suprà inferatas.

Incipit autem Sol tingi, tribus diebus ante conjunctionem, in puncto L, unde & mare crescere incipit, usque ad punctum conjunctionis B, ubi incrementum maximum est, & hinc paulatim decrevit tribus alii diebus, donec Sol extra Lunari profuerit radios in puncto R constitutus vicariarum operari fiat Lunæ restituit; que tamen ut lamare debili deinceps mare verberat, ita minime quoque id concitat, donec à quadratura paulatim emergens, indies majas magisque incrementum, pro magnitudine latitudinis, quo mare fertur, producat.

COROLLARIUM

Hinc patet, tribus aut quatuor diebus fere ante Novilunium Mare tantum Solaris lumine, Lunari tamen virtute tanto agitari; At eodem diebus ante vel post plenilunium, Lunam propria sua virtute mare in mediè concitare tantò potentius, quanto ipsa puncto oppositionis B, fuerit vicinior; Keliqum vero diebus ante vel post quadraturam, Mare ob exilitatem communiacæ virtutum Lunari veluti quiescere videtur. Hoc pacto M N Luna ex H progressa in puncto usque V tribus ante oppositionem diebus virtus acquirit, majores usque ad F oppositionis punctum, ubi maxime arget & ex hoc punctum dimissa vigore usque ad S punctum, tribus post oppositionem diebus, ibidem deficere incipit, usque ad punctum X, ubi minime in concitando aqum vigetis est.

CAPUT IV.

DISQUIISITIO III.

Cur Mare non semper sex horis fiat aut restat in directu Orbis
Terre partibus, & vultu tantum irregularis Maris motu preveniat.

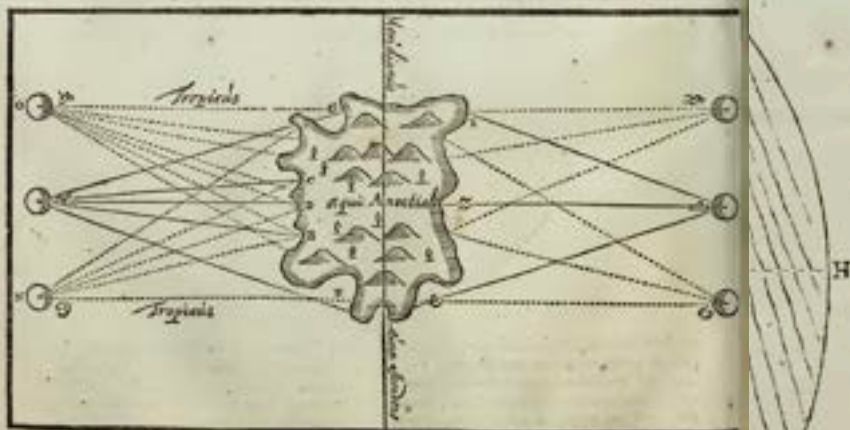
SUPPOSITIONES

Ex observandis facta.

Suppono Primb. Si totus Terræ globus aqua, ut in Cæcelysio Universali, tegeretur, nullam tuæ fluxum restitueret; vi Lunæ causam appareretur; sed tota mari fluctuato ventorum flantibus in hoc vel illam partem mare dispellerentur

sine dubio adficeretur; & ratio in pro-
tulo est, quia fluxus & refluxus ratio in aëre
non advertitur, sed tantum in limoribus,
in quibus tantummodo accessus & refluxus
maris notatur.

Suppono Secundo. Si tantum unica in Oceano Insula sub æquinoctiali linea constituta existeret, v. g. Insula s. Thomæ. Dico fluxum & refluxum maris ad infinitos Insularum



semper constanti & invariabili ordinis lege
vi Lunæ ex Oriente in Occidentem motu

sepe habituram; s; que tamen foret motus
diversitas, illa vento petita, quàm Luna, ma-



ris affluxum aut defluxum vel impediētibz, vel in alias & alias partes diuēlētibus adscribēnda foret.

Sit Insula A sub Æquinoctiali posita, & unica in Mundo; Luna uerò sit in V vel æ, ibique normaliter premat subjectam sibi superficiem maris, quæ in tumores undique & undique accumulata, haud secus ac in stagnum quoddam lapis coniectus majores semper & majores undarum diffusiones usque ad littora B C D E F, explicauit, & aqua quidem ad littus D, rectà illis incrementum sex horarum ostenderet; In littus uerò C & E obliquè illis, ibidem totidem horis incrementum faceret; in littoribus uerò concavis B & F, obliquissimè illis circularēs faceret reflexiones. Pari pacto Luna in Tropicis O & N constituta, alias & alias illisiones aquarum causabit in littoribus, uti linea O G, O C, O D, O E, O F, quæ undarum cursum indigitant. Simili modo, Sole in Tropico N F constituto, in dictis littoribus F E D C B, alias & alias illisiones produceret, quod & de omnibus & de singulis parallelis Zone torridæ, in quibus Luna pro tempore existit, intelligendum est. Luna iterum in loco X constituta, mari intermedio ad littora Y Z Q prioribus opposita dispulso, ibidem novum incrementum ostenderet, in oppositis uerò decrementum moliretur, & hoc semper sex horarum spacio, constanti & immutabili naturæ lege, nisi à ventorum flatibus, uti dixi, impediretur. Si enim Boreas spiraverit, Currentes maris à Luna concitati uersus Austrum dispellerentur; è contra Austro spirante uersus Boream. Luna uerò in L & S constituta uersus littora Y Z Q, novos aquarum incremento assultus parabit, & qua proportione crescet hic mare, eam in oppositis littoribus decrescet. Vides igitur in hac Figura, aquas se dilatare ad pressiōnem Lunæ, juxta uentorum Rhombos in pyxide Magnetica dispositos, & juxta respectum, quem ad littora habent, & Figura hęc posita luculenter demonstrat.

CONSECTARIUM I.

Ex his patet, Affluxum & Defluxum Oceani ex se & sua natura semper esse similem, impediri tamen & retardari variis de causis; primo uel ex dispari continentium Terrarum, Promontoriorum, Insularum obuiarum, Sinuum, alia & alia constitutione.

Secundo, ex differenti Oceani fundi dispositione, cujus uti magna est inæqualitas, ita diversimodè mare eà concitatur.

Tertio, Ex subterraneorum meatuum partim ingentes aquarum moles, quas aduulter fluminum non ex fundo tantum, sed & ex lateribus subaqueis e uomunt, situ; partim ex spiritu subterraneorum uolenta eruptio-

Quarto, Ex uentorum nullo non tempore mare nunc in hanc, modo in illam partem agitantium flatibus.

CONSECTARIUM II.

Quantitatem fluxus & refluxus ex se & sua natura inconstantem esse in quolibet loco, & diuersam ad diuersos dies, eoque majorem uel minorem, quo Luna remotior, uel propinquior ei loco exiterit, quoniam enim Luna singulis diebus locum suum in Zodiaco mutat, atque adeo aliis diebus, aliis locis fiat uerticālis, & per consequens à quouis loco remotior, uel eidem uicinius.

Hoc posito concludimus, quod diuersa sit ad diuersos dies in eodem loco quantitas fluxus & refluxus, siue ea quantitas sit sensibilis, siue insensibilis. Quod itaque tam dispar fluxus & refluxus ratio in diuersis littoribus obseruetur, id non tam Lunæ nunquam in certo loco stabili, quam diuersæ continentium Terrarum, Sinuum, Insularum, uentorumque conditioni adscribendum esse putes, uti postea ostendemus.

Obseruatum enim per irrefragabilem experientiam omnium eorum, qui littora Oceani, aut cæterorum marium adhabitāt, Primò, maximam maris intumescētiā tunc primū fieri, cum Luna Meridiani ejus loci supremum uel imum punctum occupat; sed in multis aliis locis intumescētiā illam fieri alio Lunæ situ, obseruatum fuit.

Secundò, Obseruatum fuit, Mare ad plethorū littora sex horis cum 12 minut. affluere & totidem horis defluere; In nonnullis tamen locis, pluribus horis affluit, paucioribus refluit, uti postea dicitur; ita tamen, ut tempus fluxus & refluxus, nempe inter duas maximas intumescētiās simul faciat 12 horas cum 24 minut. uel ut alii uolunt, ferè 27 horas; atque adeo tumor maris singulis diebus integrā ferè horā ferius accidit; quia Luna integrā ferè horā, scilicet 48. minut. tardius ad eandem Meridianam uel uerticalem redit singulis diebus.

Tertio, Obseruatum fuit, in aliquibus locis affluxum esse maximum & uehementissimum; in nonnullis minimum; In quibusdam nullum, uel uix sensibilem contingere. Queritur itaque ratio omnium harum diuersitatum. Quæ ut quam luculentissimè ostendatur, hic Hydrographicas Figuras apponendas duximus, ut per eas, tanquam in prototypo singularum adductarum haculque obseruationum ratio liquidius appareat.

QUESTIO I.

Cur in nonnullis locis summa maris Intumescētia contingat, Lunā Meridianam obtinente, in aliquibus uerò locis, Lunā intermedium inter Cardinalia puncta a locum obtinente.

Cur tam dispar fluxus & refluxus maris in diuersis partibus.

Excessus affluxus defectus praeter 12. hora 14 minut.

Causa omnium harum diuersitatum.

THE
FOURTH DIMENSION

BY
C. HOWARD HINTON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES"
"A NEW ERA OF THOUGHT," ETC., ETC.

BO

SWAN SC

25 1



BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

MATH. DEPT.

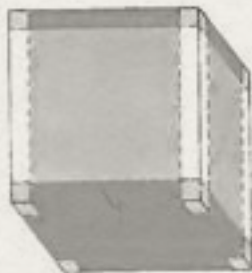
LONDON

CONNENSCHEIN & CO., LIM
HIGH STREET, BLOOMSBURY

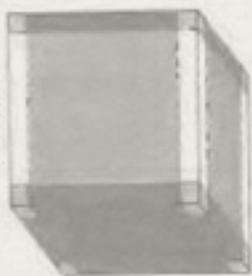
1906

Views of the Tesseract.

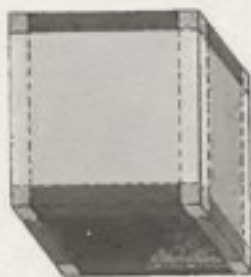
No. 1.



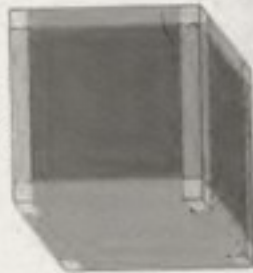
No. 3.



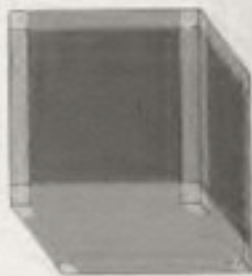
No. 2.



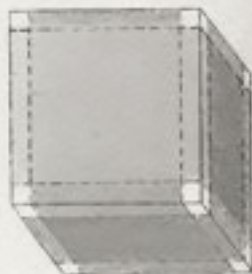
No. 4.



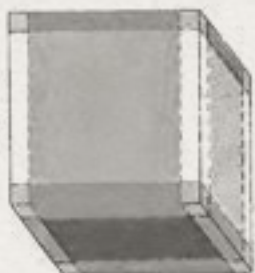
No. 6.



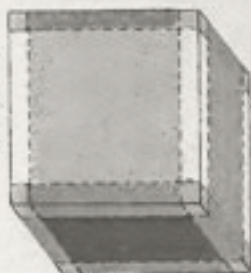
No. 5.



No. 9.



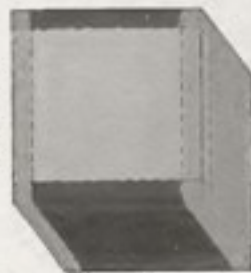
No. 12.



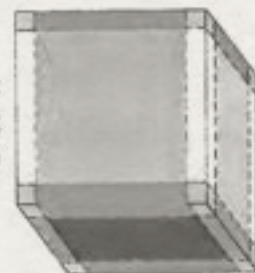
No. 8.



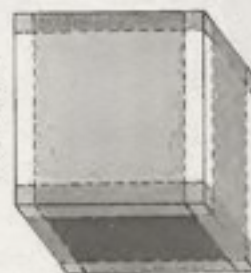
No. 11.



No. 7.



No. 10.



THE MO

IN Chapter XI. a description is given which will enable any one to make a set of models of a tesseract and its properties. The apparatus employed consists of:—

1. Three sets of twenty-seven
2. Twenty-seven slabs.
3. Twelve cubes with points, marked on their faces by colours, which will be of use in the construction.

The preparation of the twelve cubes involves the expenditure of a considerable amount of labour. It is advantageous to use them, but the drawing of the views of the tesseract is shown in figs. 103, 104, 105, 106 of this Appendix. The slabs are coloured like the first set of cubes.

APPENDIX I

THE MODELS

IN Chapter XI. a description has been given which will enable any one to make a set of models illustrative of the tesseract and its properties. The set here supposed to be employed consists of:—

1. Three sets of twenty-seven cubes each.
2. Twenty-seven slabs.
3. Twelve cubes with points, lines, faces, distinguished by colours, which will be called the catalogue cubes.

The preparation of the twelve catalogue cubes involves the expenditure of a considerable amount of time. It is advantageous to use them, but they can be replaced by the drawing of the views of the tesseract or by a reference to figs. 103, 104, 105, 106 of the text.

The slabs are coloured like the twenty-seven cubes of the first cubic block in fig. 101, the one with red, white, yellow axes.

The colours of the three sets of twenty-seven cubes are those of the cubes shown in fig. 101.

The slabs are used to form the representation of a cube in a plane, and can well be dispensed with by any one who is accustomed to deal with solid figures. But the whole theory depends on a careful observation of how the cube would be represented by these slabs.

In the first step, that of forming a clear idea how a

plane being would represent three-dimensions. One of the catalogue cubes and one of the planes being needed.

APPLICATION TO THE STEP FROM PLANE TO SPACE

Look at fig. 1 of the views of the cube. When it comes to the same thing, take a catalogue cube and place it before you with the red line vertical, the white line running to the right, the yellow line going away. The three dimensions of space are defined out by these lines or axes. Now take a board, or a book, and place it so that its edge is extending up and down not opposite to the red line, but running away parallel to the wall of the room on the left hand.

Placing the catalogue cube against the board so that it comes into contact with it by the red and white lines, and by the included orange face.

In the plane being's world the aspect of the cube would be a square surrounded by three lines with grey points.

Now, keeping the red line fixed, turn the board so that the yellow line goes out to the

The fourth dimension appeared to us as the duration of the block.

If a bit of our matter were to be subjected to the same motion it would be instantly removed out of our space. Being thin in the fourth dimension it is at once taken out of our space by a motion in the fourth dimension.

But the tesseract block we represent having length in the fourth dimension remains steadily before our eyes for three minutes, when it is subjected to this transverse motion.

We have now to form representations of the other views of the same tesseract group which are possible in our space.

Let us then turn the block of tesseracts so that another face of it comes into contact with our space, and then by observing what we have, and what changes come when the block traverses our space, we shall have another view of it. The dimension which appeared as duration before will become extension in one of our known dimensions, and a dimension which coincided with one of our space dimensions will appear as duration.

Leaving catalogue cube 1 in the normal position, remove the other two, or suppose them removed. We have in space the red, the yellow, and the white axes. Let the white axis go out into the unknown, and occupy the position the blue axis holds. Then the blue axis, which runs in that direction now will come into space. But it will not come in pointing in the same way that the white axis does now. It will point in the opposite sense. It will come in running to the left instead of running to the right as the white axis does now.

When this turning takes place every part of the cube 1 will disappear except the left-hand face—the orange face.

And the new cube that appears in our space will run to the left from this orange face, having axes, red, yellow, blue

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

els 4, 5, 6. Place 4, or suppose No. 4 of the
 ws placed, with its orange face coincident with
 ce of 1, red line to red line, and yellow line
 e, with the blue line pointing to the left.
 cube 1 and we have the tesseract face
 in when the white axis runs in the positive
 the blue axis comes into our space.

catalogue cube 5 in some position, it does
 hich, say to the left; and place it so that
 espondence of colour corresponding to the
 line that runs out of space. The line that
 space is white, hence, every part of this
 differ from the corresponding part of 4 by
 the direction of white.

ve white points in 5 corresponding to the
 4. We have a pink line corresponding to
 ight yellow line corresponding to a yellow
 ace corresponding to an orange face. This
 completely named in Chapter XI. Finally
 ica of 1.

gue cubes will enable us to set up our
 lock of tesseracts.

or the set of tesseracts, which beginning
 ch out one inch in the unknown, we have
 catalogue cube 4.

ve can build up a block of twenty-seven
 after the colour scheme of cube 4, by
 and wall of block 1, then the left-hand
 and finally that of block 3. We take,
 e first walls of our previous arrangement
 cubic block of this new one.

ent the cubic faces by which the group
 its new position touches our space.
 up, null f., red f., null f. In the next
 e side remote from us, we have yellow f.,

orange f., yellow f., and the
 Then the three following co
 blue f.; green f., brown f., gre

The last three columns are l

These tesseracts touch ou
 by any part of them distant
 What lies beyond them in t

This can be told by lo
 According to its scheme of

wall of each of our old a

Putting them together we

above it, pink f. above it, w

this remote from us is as foll

light yellow f., and beyond

Then for the middle of th

it light purple, then light b

at the bottom, light green f

and at the top light green

first.

The third block is made

our previous arrangement,

one.

You may ask what faces

represent. To answer this

you have in our space.

Now these determine

yellow, blue are supposed b

a brown colour. And tha

by the red, yellow, blue axe

When the tesseract block

move across our space each

in our space. This section

axis, which now runs in the

As the tesseract in its p

our space, we should see fir

n the first colours over again.
 lumns are, blue f., purple f.,
 een f.; blue f., purple f., blue f.
 like the first.

r space, and none
 t more than an in
 he unknown?

oking at catalog
 colour we see th
 arrangements m
 have, as the co
 white f. The co
 ews:—light yel
 this a column
 e block, light
 blue. The cen
 f. The last

by taking
 which we

and what
 question
 You have
 brown.

oy us wh
 t cube
 s we call
 in its
 tesserac
 n is tr
 unknown.

present position passes across
 st of all the first of the blocks

244

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

of cubic faces we have put up—these would last for a minute, then would come the second block and then the third. At first we should have a cube of tesseract faces, each of which would be brown. Directly the movement began, we should have tesseract sections transverse to the white line.

There are two more analogous positions in which the block of tesseracts can be placed. To find the third position, restore the blocks to the normal arrangement.

Let us make the yellow axis go out into the positive unknown, and let the blue axis, consequently, come in running towards us. The yellow ran away, so the blue will come in running towards us.

Put catalogue cube 1 in its normal position. Take catalogue cube 7 and place it so that its pink face coincides with the pink face of cube 1, making also its red axis coincide with the red axis of 1 and its white with the white. Moreover, make cube 7 come towards us from cube 1. Looking at it we see in our space, red, white, and blue axes. The yellow runs out. Place catalogue cube 8 in the neighbourhood of 7—observe that every region in 8 has a change in the direction of yellow from the corresponding region in 7. This is because it represents what you come to now in going in the unknown, when the yellow axis runs out of our space. Finally catalogue cube 9, which is like number 7, shows the colours of the third set of tesseracts. Now evidently, starting from the normal position, to make up our three blocks of tesseract faces we have to take the near wall from the first block, the near wall from the second, and then the near wall from the third block. This gives us the cubic block formed by the faces of the twenty-seven tesseracts which are now immediately touching our space.

Following the colour scheme of catalogue cube 8,

British Association for the Advancement of Science
BURLINGTON HOUSE,
LONDON, W.

Jan. 11, 1905

Dear Sir,

The 1904 Report was published on the 18th of May 1905. Many of the Reports & Papers are newly published (although not in our volume) when they are read at the Annual Meeting.

Yours faithfully,

H. Howardson

W. E. Williams Esq.

REPORT
OF THE
SEVENTY-FOURTH MEETING
OF THE
BRITISH ASSOCIATION
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

HELD AT
CAMBRIDGE IN AUGUST 1904.



LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1905.

Office of the Association: Burlington House, London, W.

reached by that expedition. The observations on Papuan and Toda seem to show that there is no marked difference between uncivilised and civilised races in purely sensory powers. Any superiority in the sensory and perceptual feats of the savage is probably due to his powers of observation and of drawing inferences based on familiarity with his surroundings.

When there are differences between Papuan, Toda, and European, the Toda occupies in general an intermediate position between the Papuan and European, just as he occupies an intermediate position between them in intellectual and cultural development.

The only striking feature which marks off the Toda from the others is the great frequency of colour-blindness. Whereas this condition is absent or very rare in some savage races, the proportion of colour-blind individuals amounts to 12·8 per cent. among Toda males, as compared with about 4 per cent. in European races.

3. *Recent Development of Helmholtz's Theory of Hearing.*

By Dr. C. S. MYERS.

Dr. Myers alluded in the first place to Ebbinghaus's conception of an inter-nodal vibration of the basilar fibres, and showed its value in providing a theoretical basis for the degree of relationship between the various musical intervals. Next he referred to the discovery of intertones (*Zwischentöne*) by Stumpf, and to their importance in determining the number of adjacent basilar fibres thrown into vibration by any simple tone, and in modifying the principle of specific nervous energy as applied to the ear. Schäfer's theory of the origin of subjective combination-tones was then described, and the difference between objective and subjective combination-tones was discussed. Lastly, he showed the great value of Helmholtz's theory in best explaining the known pathological phenomena of hearing, and suggested that the hair-cells rather than the basilar fibres might be the sympathetically vibrating end-organs. Such a modification involved the application of altered physical considerations to the organ of Corti, but appeared more rational and less difficult on the whole.

4. *Experimental Investigations on Memory. The Localisation of Remote Memories.* By Dr. N. VASCHIDE.

I have been engaged for several years in studying the mechanism of memory, and have tried several times to settle certain points in the psychology of this phenomenon, which is apparently so simple, but in reality just as complicated as the most complicated elements of thought. My researches date from 1896. This time I shall try to determine the origin of remote memories and their localisation.

My researches have been carried out on children, on normal subjects, and on a large number of people suffering from psychic ailments. I employed the usual methods for the determination of memory. In a first series of experiments I tried to make the subjects under investigation learn either verbally or visually a given number of syllables, of words, of phrases, &c., and in a second series I tried to present to them scenes or objects, &c., or to make them be present at scenes or in situations either accidental or premeditated. Then at more and more remote epochs of time I proceeded to ask the subjects what they remembered of the facts, and how they recalled them. In certain cases the subjects were conscious of the effort which they were making, and they were asked to pay great attention to their memory, because some time later they would be asked to recall things. Next I tried asking a certain number of other subjects how they recalled and by what mechanism they localised their memory of known social and historical facts, in order to see the mechanism of localisation of certain memories which we may have together at more or less remote epochs, which I wrote down definitely at the time on account of my experiments. I may add, in conclusion, about record-

ing and technique, that I analysed my own memories, and I tried to make clear to myself the question of the memories of childhood, a little fogged by the researches made on them.

The result of my researches seems to be that the localisation of remote or mediate memories—in other words, the processes of localisation, whilst taking account of conservation, reproduction, and recollection, elements of the memory—and also of the association of ideas, are carried out to a certain extent in a way slightly different from the processes of immediate localisation.

Direct localisation—that is to say, the proceeding which consists in fixing the place of a word in a series, the place of an event or of a fact, the place being assigned according to the knowledge of the memory itself, and without other motive than memory—plays a more important part and, at all events, a more certain one than in immediate localisations. There appears to be a close and intimate relation between memorising, between the fixing of memory and the reproduction at a remote epoch: the intensity of that image has made it appear spontaneously without the memory intervening or the association of ideas classifying it.

Localisation by association is apparently the most utilised by the subjects, but its results contradict one another: they form the basis of great discussions, and guide minds at least towards analogous trains of thought, especially on account of the elements connected together by circumstances and of neighbouring situations, so to speak. The landmarks are not clearly defined, but they are very numerous.

Mediate localisation without association plays an important part: the subject uses definite fixed landmarks, which fall into order in his mind without having recourse to association.

The localisation by the association of a feeling is to be noticed in the most remote memories, when the landmarks are not distinct and when the feeling of the intensity of the image is dulled, and, at most, like a subservient phenomenon, but always indefinite, utilised, however, as a directing idea.

To this mode of localisation can be opposed localisation by recollection; reason then comes in, and a long deliberation occurs which takes up all the attention of the subject. These are in our case *a posteriori* distinctions; there may be mistakes, and inquiries into the first recollections of childhood may form an exception. Localisation by reason is the only conscious form; it must be imposed on the attention of the subjects as a means of investigation, because, as I have already said, the processes of localisation are based on reason. The subject looks for his landmarks, he knows how to manipulate his images, and, above all, he tries to take advantage of this recollection and of the examination of his mind.

In one word, briefly to recapitulate my researches, remote and mediate memories are localised in time and space according to the same processes as immediate localisation, but with a slightly different mechanism. Memory and association of ideas play a secondary part, and the discovery of good landmarks is dictated principally by reason. Thus we have the existence of a spontaneous automatic central localisation resulting from latent qualities and subservient to thought, which localisation acts and exists independently of images. The mechanism is certainly extremely complex, and I propose to discuss this subject in a work on memory.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22.

Discussion on Conduction and Structure in the Nerve-arc and Nerve Cell.

Professor J. N. Langley, in opening this discussion, said that he restricted himself to a consideration of the general scheme of structure and arrangement of the nervous system in vertebrates, and the broad relation of this scheme to nervous



U. Varschide



ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННЫЙ ФАНТАСТИЧЕСКИЙ ФИЛЬМ
ПО МОТИВАМ ОДНОИМЕННОЙ ПОВЕСТИ АЛЕКСАНДРА КАЗАНЦЕВА
Сценарий А. КАЗАНЦЕВА, П. КЛУШАНЦЕВА
Режиссер-постановщик П. КЛУШАНЦЕВ
Оператор А. КЛИМОВ

В ролях: В. ЕМЕЛЬЯНОВ, Ю. САРАНЦЕВ,
Г. ЖЖЕНОВ, Г. ВЕРНОВ, Г. ТЕЙХ,
К. ИГНАТОВА и др.

Художники-постановщики:
М. ЦЫБАСОВ, В. АЛЕКСАНДРОВ

ПЛАНЕТА БУРЬ

Комбинированные съемки: Оператор А. ЛАВРЕНТЬЕВ Художник В. ЩЕЛКОВ
Звукооператор Р. ЛЕВИТИНА Директор картины З. АНДЕРСОН

H U N G E R

PART I

IT was during the time I wandered about starved in Christiania : Christiania, this sin city, from which no man departs without carrying away the traces of his sojourn there

I was lying awake in my attic and I heard a clock below strike six. It was already twilight, daylight, and people had begun to go up and down the stairs. By the door where the wall of the room was papered with old numbers of the *Morgenbladet*, I could distinguish clearly a notice from the Director of Lighthouses, a little to the left of that an inflated advertisement of Fabian Olsens' new-baked bread.

The instant I opened my eyes I began, by the sheer force of habit, to think if I had anything to rejoice over that day. I had been somewhat hard-up lately, and one after the other of my belongings had been taken to the "Uncle." I had grown nervous and irritated. A few times I had kept my bed for the

with vertigo. Now and then, when luck had favoured me, I had managed to get five shillings for a feuilleton from some newspaper or other.

It grew lighter and lighter, and I took to reading the advertisements near the door. I could even make out the grinning lean letters of "winding-sheets to be had at Miss Andersens" on the right of it. That occupied me for a long while. I heard the clock below strike eight as I got up and put on my clothes.

I opened the window and looked out. From where I was standing I had a view of a clothes-line and an open field. Farther away lay the ruins of a burnt-out smithy, which some labourers were busy clearing away. I leant with my elbows resting on the window-frame and gazed into open space. It promised to be a clear day—autumn, that tender, cool time of the year, when all things change their colour, and die, had come to us. The ever-increasing noise in the streets lured me out. The bare room, the floor of which rocked up and down with every step I took across it, seemed like a gaping sinister coffin. There was no proper fastening to the door, either, and no stove. I used to lie on my socks at night to dry them a

The only thing I had to do was sit in a little red rocking-chair, and wait in the evenings and doze away the time. I had a number of things. When it was my turn to go down, the door below stood open, all the lights were dimmed, and the air moaned up through the cracks in the walls, and the door was rent in strips

I reached through a bundle of papers for a bite for breakfast, and then I went back to the window.

I had, if looking for employment, a few things to my avail. I had a few promises, and a few hopes, and fresh endeavours. I had done nothing in the way of a last resource, I had no debt collector, but I was not a beggar. I could not have found a better place as security. There was no one for or another in my way. I was a member of the Fire Brigade. I waited in the vestibule, and when the door opened, thrusting our chests out, and showing our strength and bravery, we walked up and down and

scanned the applicants, felt their arms, and put one question or another to them. Me, he passed by, merely shaking his head, saying I was rejected on account of my sight. I applied again without my glasses, stood there with my knitted brows, and made my eyes as sharp as needles, but the man passed me by again with a smile; he had recognised me. And, worse than all, I could no longer apply for a situation in the garb of a respectable man.

How regularly and steadily things had gone down-hill with me for a long time, till, in the end, I was so curiously bared of every conceivable thing. I had not even a comb left, not even a book to read, when things grew all too sad with me. All through the summer, up in the churchyards or parks, where I used to sit and write my articles for the newspapers, I had thought out column after column on the most miscellaneous subjects. Strange ideas, quaint fancies, conceits of my restless brain; in despair I had often chosen the most remote themes, that cost me long hours of intense effort, and never were accepted. When one piece was finished I set to work at another. I was not often discouraged by the editors' "no." I used to tell myself constantly that some day

Hunger

5

I was bound to succeed; and really occasionally when I was in luck's way, and made a hit with something, I could get five shillings for an afternoon's work.

Once again I raised myself in the window, went over to the washing-stand, and sprinkled some water on the shiny knees of my trousers to dull them a little and make them look a trifle newer. Having done this, I pocketed paper and pencil as usual and went out. I stole very quietly down the stairs in order not to attract my landlady's attention (a few days had elapsed since my rent had fallen due, and I had no longer anything wherewith to raise it).

It was nine o'clock. The roll of vehicles and hum of voices filled the air, a mighty morning-choir mingled with the footsteps of the pedestrians and the crack of the hack-drivers' whips. The clamorous traffic everywhere exhilarated me at once, and I began to feel more and more contented. Nothing was farther from my intention than to merely take a morning walk in the open air. What had the air to do with my lungs? I was strong as a giant; could stop a dray with my shoulders. A sweet, unwonted mood, a feeling of lightsome happy-go-luckiness took possession of me. I

fell to observing the people I met and who passed me, to reading the placards on the wall, noted even the impression of a glance thrown at me from a passing tram-car, let each bagatelle, each trifling incident that crossed or vanished from my path impress me.

If one only had just a little to eat on such a lightsome day! The sense of the glad morning overwhelmed me; my satisfaction became ill-regulated, and for no definite reason I began to hum joyfully.

At a butcher's stall a woman stood speculating on sausage for dinner. As I passed her she looked up at me. She had but one tooth in the front of her head. I had become so nervous and easily affected in the last few days that the woman's face made a loathsome impression upon me. The long yellow snag looked like a little finger pointing out of her gum, and her gaze was still full of sausage as she turned it upon me. I immediately lost all appetite, and a feeling of nausea came over me. When I reached the market-place I went to the fountain and drank a little. I looked up; the dial marked ten on Our Saviour's tower.

I went on through the streets, listlessly, with-

troubling myself about anything at all. I stopped aimlessly at a corner, turned off into a side street without having any errand there, simply let myself go, wandered about in the pleasant morning, swinging myself care-free to and fro amongst other happy human beings. The air was clear and bright, and my mind was without a shadow.

For quite ten minutes I had had an old lame man ahead of me. He carried a bundle in his hand and exerted his whole body, using all his strength in his endeavours to get along as quickly as he could. I could hear how he panted from his exertion, and it occurred to me that I might offer to bear his bundle for him, but yet I made no effort to overtake him. Up in the afternoon I met Hans Pauli, who nodded and hurried past me. Why was he in such a hurry? I had not the slightest intention of buying him for a shilling, and, more than that, I intended at the very first opportunity to return him a blanket which I had borrowed from him some weeks before.

I must wait until I could get my foot on the ladder, I would be beholden to no man, not even for a blanket. Perhaps even this very day I might commence an article on the

"Crimes of Futurity," "Futurity," "Futurity," what not, at any rate, something for which I would receive five shillings . . . And at the very first article I felt myself fired with the desire to work immediately and to get the contents of my overflowing mind into print. I find a suitable place to write, I do not rest till I had completely finished.

But the old cripple was still there, with the same sprawling movements, still in the street. The sight of him was constantly in front of me, and he irritated me—his journey seemed to have been made up his mind to take the same place as I had, and he was still there before my eyes the while. In irritation it seemed to me that I should take his pace a little at every crossing, trying to see which direction he would take upon which he would again be in the air and peg away with me, to keep ahead of me. I followed him, this tiresome creature and get moreasperated with him, I am more and more has, little by little, destroyed and dragged the pure beau-

rel of his own ugliness. He looks
great sprawling reptile striving with
main to win a place in the world
ve the footpath for himself. When
d the top of the hill I determined to
th it no longer. I turned to a shop
nd stopped in order to give him an
y of getting ahead, but when, after
f some minutes, I again walked on
the man still in front of me—he too
l stock still,—without stopping to
made three or four furious onward
ught him up, and slapped him on
er.

pped directly, and we both stared at
er fixedly. "A halfpenny for milk!"
, twisting his head askew.

was how the wind blew. I felt in my
ad said: "For milk, eh? Hum-m—
carce these times, and I don't really

"A shoe-binder; for that matter, I can make shoes too."

"Ah, that alters the case," said I, "you wait here for some minutes and I shall go and get a little money for you; just a few pence."

I hurried as fast as I could down Pyle Street, where I knew of a pawnbroker on a second-floor (one, besides, to whom I had never been before). When I got inside the hall I hastily took off my waistcoat, rolled it up, and put it under my arm; after which I went upstairs and knocked at the office door. I bowed on entering, and threw the waistcoat on the counter.

"One-and-six," said the man.

"Yes, yes, thanks," I replied. "If it weren't that it was beginning to be a little tight for me, of course I wouldn't part with it."

I got the money and the ticket, and went back. Considering all things, pawning that waistcoat was a capital notion. I would have money enough over for a plentiful breakfast, and before evening my thesis on the "Crimes of Futurity" would be ready. I began to find existence more alluring; and I hurried back to the man to get rid of him.

"There it is," said I. "I am glad you applied to me first."

The man took the money and scrutinised me closely. At what was he standing there staring? I had a feeling that he particularly examined the knees of my trousers, and his shameless effrontery bored me. Did the scoundrel imagine that I really was as poor as I looked? Had I not as good as begun to write an article for half-a-sovereign? Besides, I had no fear whatever for the future. I had many irons in the fire. What on earth business was it of an utter stranger if I chose to stand him a drink on such a lovely day? The man's look annoyed me, and I made up my mind to give him a good dressing-down before I left him. I threw back my shoulders, and said :

"My good fellow, you have adopted a most unpleasant habit of staring at a man's knees when he gives you a shilling."

He leant his head back against the wall and opened his mouth widely; something was working in that empty pate of his, and he evidently came to the conclusion that I meant to best him in some way, for he handed me back the money. I stamped on the pavement, and, swearing at him, told him to keep it. Did he imagine I was going to all that trouble

Hunger

nothing? If all came to all, perhaps I
red him this shilling; I had just recollected
old debt; he was standing before an honest
an, honourable to his finger-tips—in short,
e money was his. Oh, no thanks were
eded; it had been a pleasure to me. Good-
e!

I went on. At last I was freed from this
ark-ridden plague, and I could go my way
peace. I turned down Pyle Street again,
d stopped before a grocer's shop. The
ole window was filled with eatables, and I
ided to go in and get something to take
h me.

"A piece of cheese and a French roll," I
d, and threw my sixpence on to the counter.
"Bread and cheese for the whole of it?"
ed the woman, ironically, without looking
at me.

"For the whole sixpence? Yes," I answer,
ruffled.

took them up, bade the fat old woman
d-morning, with the utmost politeness, and
d, full tilt, up Castle Hill to the park.

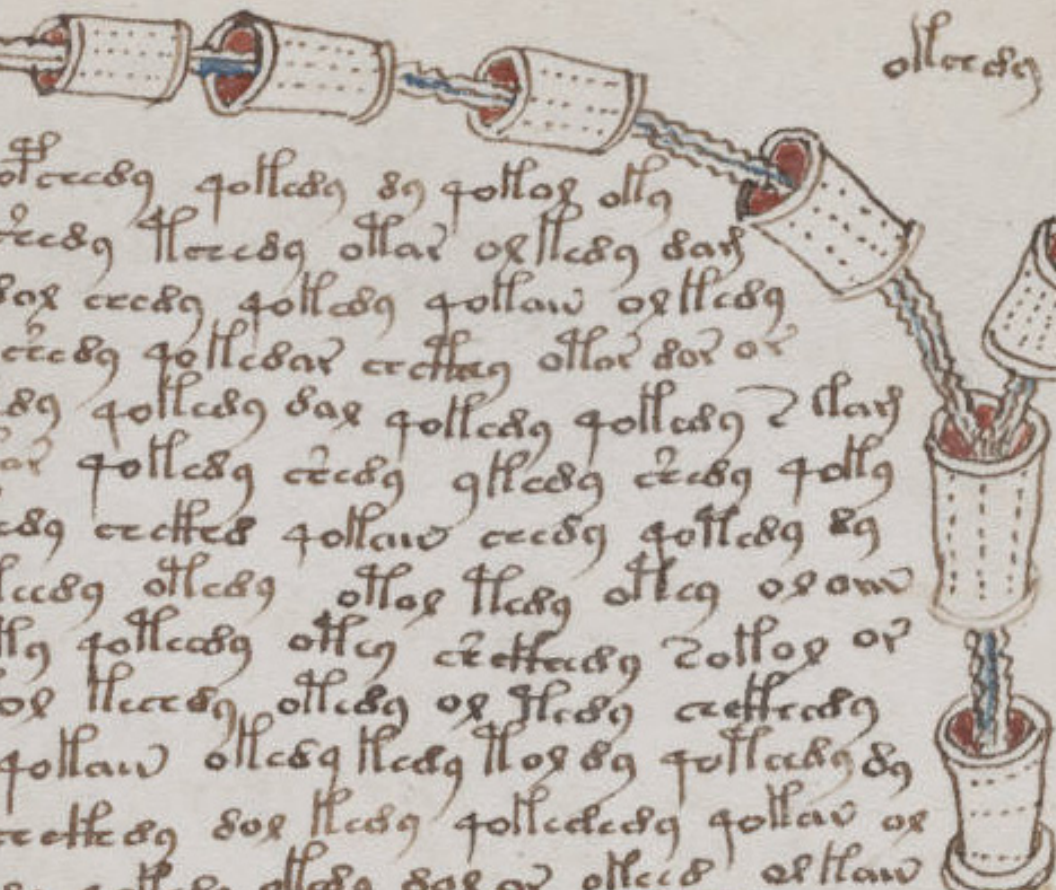
found a bench to myself, and began to
e greedily into my provender. It did me
d; it was a long time since I had had

degrees, I felt the
me that one feels
My courage rose
r be satisfied with
hing so simple and
mes of Futurity,"
e at, ay, simply
capable of a much
was in a fitting
es, and I decided
ctions, on "Philo-
would, naturally,
crushing pitiably
. . . but, on taking
commence work, I
owned a pencil:
pawn-office. My
stcoat pocket.
ing seems to take
o-day! I swore a
seat, and took a
n the path. It was
; down near the
ids were trundling
ise, there was not
. I was in a thor-
I paced up and

Hunger

down before my seat like a maniac. How
strangely awry things seemed to go! To think
that an article in three sections should be
downright stranded by the simple fact of my
not having a pennyworth of pencil in my
pocket. Supposing I were to return to Pyle
Street and ask to get my pencil back? There
would be still time to get a good piece finished
before the promenading public commenced to
fill the parks. So much, too, depended on this
treatise on "Philosophical Cognition"—may-
hap many human beings' welfare, no one could
say; and I told myself it might be of the
greatest possible help to many young people.
On second thoughts, I would not lay violent
hands on Kant; I might easily avoid doing
that; I would only need to make an almost
imperceptible gliding over when I came to
query Time and Space; but I would not
answer for Renan, old Parson Renan. . . .

At all events, an article of so-and-so many
columns has to be completed. For the unpaid
rent, and the landlady's inquiring look in the
morning when I met her on the stairs, tormented
me the whole day; it rose up and confronted
me again and again, even in my pleasant hours,
when I had otherwise not a gloomy thought.



ofcedg qolledg dg qollog oth
 cedg flocedg othar ofstedg dar
 for cedg qolledg qollaw ofstedg
 cedg qolledar cethag othar dor or
 dg qolledg dar qolledg qolledg 2 dar
 ar qolledg cedg qllcdg cedg qolq
 cdg cethes qollaw cedg qolledg dg
 lcedg othcdg othog thcdg othcg orow
 thg qolledg othcg cethcdg 2ollog or
 of thcedg othcdg of thcdg cethcdg
 qollaw othcdg thcdg thog dg qolledg dg
 cethcdg dor thcdg qolledcdg qollaw or
 dg qolledg othcdg dar or othcd ofllaw

ced or glog
 reg flocdorllcdg
 dar ar ollaw
 dg qollaw cel
 dg qollhcedg
 cethg qollcdg
 w cethcdg 2
 cdg 2owd othcdg
 lcdg qolledg oror
 2owd ofllcdg 2awd



THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Poliphilus, after the discription of the huge Pyramides and
discourseth of maruelous woorkes in this chapter, namely of
of Colos. of an Oliphant, but especially of a most rare and
Porche.

RIGHTLYE AND LAWFULLY
may I haue leaue to write, that
whole world there was neuer
other, so pompeous, glorious, and
nificent a peece of worke, by man
sene or credible reported. The
derfull excellencie and rare straungenesse where
beheld what with delight, and what with admira
sences were so cuptiuaded and tyed therevnto,
other solace or pleasure, did eyther occurre or ta
in my swift flying thought.

But that when I applyed my senses to consi
addressed my eyes with diligent obseruation, came
to ouerlooke euerie perticular part of this sweete co
obiect, and most rare and goodly imagerie and
like bodyes, without cracke or flawe, with a long
breath, and somewhat opening my mouth, I set
sighe. In so much as my amorous and s
breathing, by reason of the thicknesse of the
this solytarie and lone place, gaue an eccho

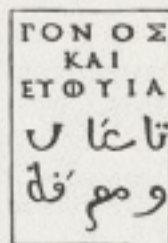
Obeliske, f. 10^b.
of a horse
and strange

ULLYE
t in the
such an
and mag-
ans eyes
ne woon-
eof, as I
tion, my
that no
ke place

der, and
uriouslye
omposed
d virgin
drawne
a deepe
ounding
ayre in
and did

substance of the saddle : vpon the middest whereof was grauen in Latine *Cerebrum est in capite*. And in like manner brought about the outsides of his neck to the foretop of his large and big head, it was there fastned together with an artificiall knot; from the which a curious ornament and verie notable, of Gouldsmithes worke, hung downe, ouer spreading his spacious face: the same ornament being twice so long as broad, bordered about, in the table whereof I beheld certaine letters *Ionie* and *Arabic*, in this sorte.

f. 15.



His deuouring trunk rested not vpon the level of the base, but some deale hanging downe, turned vppe againe towards his face. His rigged large ears like a Fox-hounde flappingly pendent, whose vast stature was little lesse, then a verie naturall Olyphant. And in the about compasse, and long sides of the base, were ingrauen certaine *Hieroglyphs*, or Egiptian characters. Being decently and orderlye pullished, with a requisite rebatement. *Lataster gule thore orbicle*, *Astragals* or *Neptrules*, with a turned down *Syme* at the foote of the base, and turned vp aloft with writhin trachils and denticles, agreeable and fit to the due proportion of so large a substance, in length 12. paces, in breadth five, and in heigth three, the superficiall and outward part whereof was hewen in forme of a hemicycle.

was inscript in
sentence that is

f. 16^b.

In the hynder parte of which base
this mightie beast did stande, I foun
of seauen steps, to mount vp to th
the base, wherevpon the Olyphan
the reserued quadrangle perpendi
the aforesaid brasen saddle, there
a little doore and hollowed ent
woorke in so hard a substance, w
brasse, in manner of stayres, by th
going vp into the body of the
me.

At the sight whereof I extream
whole deuse & so going in, I asse
of the base wherevpon the cauer
and predigious monster did stand
of the Obelisk, which was conte
body of the beast, and so passing
towards both sides of the Olypl
might serue for any man to pas
head or hynder haunches.

And within from the bending
backe of the beast, there hunge
euerlasting lampe, and incalcer
which in this hinder parte I sawe
the same stone, with the perfect
of all naturall parts. Hauing vp
black stone as iet: his teeth e
and standing vpon a sepulcher
scale woорke, and other exquisi
with a goulden scepter, and houl
giue direction to the former part

On his left side he held a shi
keele of a ship, or the bone of a



At which vnc
amased and som
my eyes to the
other, as before
twixt the side
part of the Obe
Olyphant, when
fashioned sepulc
standing therev
Queene, who, ly

Hebrew, Attic, and Latine letters, this
 is placed on the other side with the figure.

אם לא כי הזכרה כסתה אה בקרי
 אזי דיתיקרום חפש ותמצא והיחזי

was inscript in Hebrew, Attic, and Latine letters, this
 sentence that is placed on the other side with the figure.

L. 16^a.



אם לא כי הזכרה כסתה אה בקרי
 אזי דיתיקרום חפש ותמצא והיחזי

ΓΥΜΝΟΣ ΗΝ, ΕΙ ΜΗ ΑΝ ΘΗΡΙ-
 ΟΝ ΕΜΕΚΑΛΥΨΕΝ. ΖΗΤΕΙ ΕΥ-
 ΠΗΣΗ ΔΕΒΕΑΣΟΝ ΜΕ.

NVDVS ESSEM, BESTIANIME
 TEXISSET, QVAERE, ET INVE-
 NIES. MESINITO.

At which vncloth and straunge sight I stood not a little
 amased and somewhat doubtfull what to imagine, turning
 my eyes to the contrarie part, I sawe in like sorte an
 other, as before burning light, and passing thorough be-
 twixt the side of the beast, and the therein inclosed
 part of the Obelisk; I came towards the forepart of the
 Olyphant, where in like manner I found such an other
 fashioned sepulcher as the former, with a stature or image
 standing therevpon as the other, sauing that it was a
 Queene, who, lyfting vp hir right arme with hir foremost
 finger, poynted towards that part behinde hir shoulders,
 and with the other shee helde a little table fast in hir hand,
 in which was written in three languages this epygram.

היה זה סודותיה רק כן הועד זה סודותיה
 עבד עוזרי עוזר הסר ורצון חלל תענוגות

f. 17.

ΟΣΤΙΣ ΕΙ. ΛΑΒΕ ΕΚ ΤΟΥΔΕ
 ΤΟΥΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΥ, ΟΣΟΝ ΑΝ Α
 ΡΕΣΚΟΙΠΑΡΑΙΝΩΔΕΩΣ ΛΑ
 ΒΗΣ ΤΗΝ ΚΕΦΑΛΗΝ. ΜΗ Α
 ΠΤΟΥ ΣΩΜΑΤΟΣ.

QUISQUIS ES, QVANTVN
 CVNQVE LIBVERIT HV
 IVS THESAURI SVME AT
 MONEO. AVFER CAPVT.
 COR PVS NE TANGITO.



This noueltie worthie to be manifested, and secret riddle often to be read ouer, was not knowen to me, so as I rested doubtfull what the interpretation of this sophisme should signify, not daring to trie the conclusion. But stricken with feare in this dark vnlightsome place, notwithstanding the dimme burning lampe, I was more desirous to beholde and peruse that triumphant porch and gate as more lawfull to remaine there than other-where. Whereupon without more adoe, I determined to leaue this place vntill another time, that I might more quietly at lesure looke vpon the same, and to prepare my selfe to beholde the woonderfull worke of the gate: and thus descending downe I issued foorth of the vnbowelled monster, an inuention past imagination, and an excessiue labour and bolde attempt to euacuate such a hard substance ouer that other stones be, the workemanship within as curious as that without. Lastly, returned cleane

downe, I beheld in the Porphire laste along the sides notably insculpt and grauen these hieroglyphics.

First, the horned scalpe of an oxe, with two tooles of husbandry fastned to the hornes.

An altar standing vpon goates feete, with a burning fire aloft, on the foreside whereof there was also an eie, and a vulture.

After that a bason and an ewre.

A spindle ful of twind, an old vessel fashioned with the mouth stopped and tied fast.

A sole and an eye in the bal[I]e thereof, and two branches trauersed one of Oliue, an other of Palme tree.

An Anchor and a Goose.

An olde lampe, and a hand holding of it.

An ore of ancient forme with a fruitefull Oliue branch fastned to the handle.

Two grapling yrons or hookes.

A Dolphin and an Arke close shut.

These hieroglyphics were passing well cut on this manner.

Which ancient maner of writing, as I take it, is thus to be vnderstoode.

EX LABORE DEO NATURÆ SACRIFICA LIBERALITER PAULATIM
REDUCES ANIMUM DEO SUBIECTUM. FIRMAM CUSTODIAM
VITÆ TUÆ, MISERICORDITER GUBERNANDO TENEBIT, INCO-
LUMEMQUE SERUABIT.

Letting passe this most excellent rare, strange, and secret deuise and worke: Let vs returne againe to the prodigious horse, whose head was leane and little, of a small proportion and yet fitting the body, which seemed continually staring, fierce and impatient, the flesh in his muscles trembling and quaking, in such sort as that hee

seemed rather alieue than a fained imitation, with this Greeke worde in his face ΓΕΝΕΑ. There were also other great peeces and fragments of diuers and sundry lineaments among the broken and decayed ruines, which I looked not on, still running and sliding, time giuing me onely leaue to consider and peruse these foure rare wonders, the porch or gate, the horse, the Colose and the Elephant.

Oh reuerend arthists of times past, what despite hath gotten the vpper hand of your cunning that the same is buried with you, and none left for vs to inherite in this age.

At length being come to this ancient porch, a worke woorthie the looking vpon maruellously composed by exquisite rules, and by art notably beautified, with diuers and sundry sorts of cuttings, which did inflame a desire in me to vnderstand and finde out the lineaments and practise of the architect. I beganne after this maner, making a square from the two collumnes on either side in a perfect sort, in the which I tooke the due proportion of the whole porch.

A tetragon figure A.B.C.D diuided by three lines straight, and three ouerthwart equally distant one from another will make sixeteene quadrats, then adde to the figure halfe as much more in like proportion, diuiding the adiunct you shall finde foure and twenty squares. This figure shall serue of credycels to make the inlepturgie and briefe demonstration that followeth.

Draw then in the first fygure A.B.C.D. two diagons, make also in the same two lines, one straight downe, and the other ouerthwart, which make foure quadrats mutually intersect.

Then in the voide ouer the Isopleures make foure

18. mediane prickes, drawing lines from one to another, a they wil make the Rhombas.

When I had drawne this figure after this manner straightway mused with my selfe, what reason shou mooue many of our woorkemen in these dayes eyther thinke well of themselues, or take the art of building hand, not knowing what it is? Making such gross faults in churches and great mens houses, defaming art and so ignorant, that they seeme as though they cou not consider what nature hir selfe dooth teach vs in the holding of hir woorkes.

And what parte soeuer is not agreeable with his principle, is foule and naught. For take away order and rule, and what thing can any man make, eyther beautiful to the eye, or of commendable proportion and durability then it must needs follow, that the cause of such inconvenient errors doth proceed from ignorance, and hath its beginning from illiterature. And this notwithstanding that although the perfection of this arte dooth not vary & fall from his rectitude, yet the discreet and cunning architect to grace the obiect, to the behoulders: may lawfullye eyther with adiection or deminution, beautify his worke, keeping whole the sollid part, with his vniuersal composition.

I call that solid which is the bodye of the frame, which is the principall intent, inuention, fore setting downe, and symmetric, or dew proportion of the building without any additions, rightlye examined, and perfectly compose which will manifest the skill of the workeman, and tis the same afterwarde to adorne and beautifie, which adiuncts is an easie matter. Wherein is also to be considered, tis the dew ordering and placing of euery thing, and not to set the crowne vpon the feete, but vpon the head, and so ouerlie

and denticulating, and other cuttings of sundrye sorts in their seuerall and best fitting places, the chiefe inuention and disposing whereof, resteth in the rare and cunning architect, but the labour and woorking therof to the vulgar and common sort of manualists and seruants to the architect, who if he will do well, he must in no wise be subiect to auarice.

And besides his skil he must be honest, no pratler full of words, but courteous, gentle, bening, tractable, patient, mery & pleasant, full of new deuises, a curious searcher into all artes, and well aduised in his proceeding,

least with rashnes he comit a fault or
absurditie in his worke, and heereof
thus much shall suffice.

f. 19.

nesc pe care nu-l mai puteam controla. Faptul că, fără nici o ezitare, Ștefana știuse la cine mă gândeam mi-a confirmat bănuielile adunate de-atâta vreme și-a oprit pâlparea de pe chipul ei. Un nor unanim, nesparg de vreo rază de incertitudine, îi întuneca din nou trăsăturile. Deodată se ridicase-ntr-un cot și-și apropiase fața de-a mea. Mă domina acum cu ochii ei care, aflați în umbră, păreau negri ca smoala. „Nu trebuie să-ți faci probleme în privința mea“, a zis. „Dacă tot am început să vorbim – și eu am pe cineva.“ Toată scena se petrecea parcă într-un timp dens, cu mult mai lent decât cel ce cursese pân-atunci cu indiferența apei din robinet. Fiecare cuvânt, despărțit de tăceri de minute-n șir, se materializa între noi cu luciul și rugozitatea unor obiecte pe cât de concrete, pe atât de ininteligibile. „Ce-ai spus?“ am întrebat-o uimit, uitându-mă la fața ei impasibilă, aplecată acum asupra mea. Nu mă așteptasem la asta și nu puteam crede. Cum adică, avea pe cineva? Ștefana stătuse, de când venise-napoi de la spital, aproape numai în casă, doar de două-trei ori ieșiserăm împreună până la Lacul Tei, ca să-i dăm ocol și să ne-ntoarcem. Unde să fi cunoscut alt bărbat? Însăși ideea asta-mi era străină, și totuși mă lovise cu o forță total neașteptată. Mă năucise. Întotdeauna o crezusem mai curând un dublu feminin al meu, o imagine-a mea în oglinda sexului. De asta nici n-o putusem iubi vreodată cu pasiune, ci doar ca pe-o soră, o virtualitate oprimată-n mine, dar manifestă, miraculos, în vastul vis al realității. Chiar și după metamorfoza ei într-o ființă identică și totuși complet diferită, ideea că ar putea avea sexualitate, că ar putea intra în viața altcuiva, poate a celui care-i comanda de la distanță gesturile și cuvintele, mi se părea o nebunie și-o absurditate. „Ce-ai auzit. Am și eu pe cineva, am un... iubit. Întrebarea e ce facem acum.“ „Cine e?“

CUTEZĂTORII

2

REVISTĂ EDITATĂ DE CONSILIUL NAȚIONAL AL ORGANIZAȚIEI PIONIERILOR



Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

The House on the Quai de la Balise

*Who is it then that moves about, that
keeps watch and lies in wait in this house?*

—Poritsky, *Gespensstergeschichten*¹⁶

I cannot claim that the peaks of terror followed each other in Malpertuis with an inexorable succession, or acquired—as in the fatal house of the Atrides—a hideous regularity like that of the tides or the phases of the moon.

Basing myself on the splendid studies of Monsieur Fresnel, I should be inclined to invoke the phenomena of interference to explain the ebb and flow that characterized the unfolding of the evil forces in Malpertuis. This produces a sort of “undulatory” phenomenon, in which the intensity of those forces varies over time.¹⁷

The Abbé Doucedame, who shows an increasingly marked aversion toward such subjects of conversation, was nonetheless happy enough to tell me about a kind of “fold in space,” to explain the juxtaposition of two worlds, different in essence, between which Malpertuis might be considered an abominable point of contact.

However, this is merely an image and the Abbé Doucedame holds, with a somber satisfaction, that I would need an extensive knowledge of mathematics to form a clear idea of what was involved.

In this way—without remorse—he leaves me in the dark, for I never was and never will be up to much as a scholar.

There are periods of intermission in misfortune and abomination during which the Spirit of Darkness collects his thoughts, or forgets us, during which he leaves us to enjoy peace and quiet.

Cousin Philarète is becoming a good chess player and astonishes his teacher, Doctor Sambucus, who groans, with his nose glued to the board: “Philarète my lad, either you’re a sly customer who’s dug out a good chess manual or else you’re a rascal with luck on his side.”

The taxidermist stirs uneasily in his chair, sipping at a glass of milk, and Sambucus continues: “That combination of a knight and a castle following on the sacrifice of a supporting pawn . . . Ah, my boy! . . . That was a good move! You’ve got me there!”

Aunt Sylvie has embroidered some complicated design and Eléonore Cormélon compliments her unreservedly: “It’s positively *antique* work, Madame!”

Rosalie cannot refrain from adding her contribution: “It’s like a beautiful cat asleep.”

“Euryale gave me the pattern,” Aunt Sylvie explains.

My cousin deigns to enlighten them.

“It’s the lion of the Jebel.”²⁸

Alice gives her a smile that is not without its particular charm.

“You draw very nicely, Mademoiselle Euryale. I see you’re doing a portrait now: whose is it, I wonder?”

Euryale says, “It’s the head of Princess Nefertiti.”

“That’s Egyptian art,” I interject.

“Thank you for telling us,” Euryale replies with an irony I find hurtful.

I shoot her a dark look which she disdains to notice; I am close to loving her with all my being or detesting her with all my

strength. Ever since that first evening when her hand had lain on my neck and an astonishing promise had fallen from her lips, she has affected to ignore my existence.

Time and again—and each time more timidly—I propose a meeting in the garden or in the library. Sometimes she responds with a point-blank refusal; on other occasions she turns her back on me without opening her lips.

Her clothes at such times seem to me those of an old woman, her hair a trifle beyond the help of a comb, her face stony; and she is repellent . . . repellent . . .

One day I said to her: "You know, Euryale, tomorrow I shall be twenty!"

"You're almost ready to leave the cradle," was her reply.

I've promised myself to get revenge for that insult—without, however, being at all clear as to how I might do so.

And yet . . . and yet I have idea, though it is vague and confused and makes me blush and tremble.

Nancy's way of life has in no way changed. She seems to me paler, and her eyes are circled in blue shadow; she is nonetheless beautiful for that and when by chance her dress brushes against Uncle Dideloo he visibly quivers.

Outside it has stopped raining; but autumn, stripping the sky bare of clouds, has unleashed a fierce, dry east wind that presages the approach of winter.

The garden no longer has about it a hostile aspect, and I've resolved to spend a few hours there when the sun, still relatively warm, takes possession.

But the project regularly comes to naught.

I barely get as far as the edge of the pond; once there, the cold seizes me, I shiver, I draw about my throat the silk scarf without which Elodie forbids me to go out and I return to the house.

On these occasions I tell myself I will return the next day—and I do not return. Why? I have a feeling that the reason is *outside of me*.

Something—some force no doubt—considers that *what I must see there* still does not “belong” in time and I am returned to the dismal hours of the daily round.

After meals we remain a long time together in the dining room, and sometimes in the little circular drawing room, which is banal, but familiar and cheered by a splendid open fire.

The easy chairs there are spacious and deep, the carpet thick and soft. In one of the cupboards is an ample stock of liqueurs, which the men appreciate.

There, we are, in the drawing room; even Nancy is with us; she has agreed to replace Uncle Dideloo in his whist game with the Cormélon sisters.

Nancy plays badly. Alice is scarcely any better and her sisters are getting annoyed.

Suddenly Rosalie bursts out: “The way you’re playing! It’s childish! One would never have thought you’ll very soon be thirty-five, Alecta!”

Alice starts, and I see in her somber eyes a flash of fear and rage.

Perhaps she is not inclined to hear her age revealed. Perhaps . . .

Ah! It seems as if the eldest too does not take kindly to the younger one’s words; she lays her hand on Rosalie’s arm, who still looks pained. Why had she called her Alecta? The name is not that different from Alice, but I have the impression that that is the cause of Eléonore Cormélon’s displeasure.

Sambucus also noticed it.

He has looked up; and the expression on his wrinkled face is most enigmatic.

It is beyond me . . . One’s life must be pretty dull for one to pay attention to such trivial things.

In my heart of hearts, and despite my grudge, I have eyes only for Euryale who, bent over her sketchbook, pencil in hand, is drawing.

But suddenly my whole being tenses; though not even granting me a look, the scheming creature has been watching me in the mirror—and the portrait she is drawing, deliberately distorted and ugly, is mine!

Sad at heart I leave the room, followed only by Alice’s smile.

I wander about the deserted house where some lamps are already lit. For many days now the lamps have not been extinguished and Lampernisse no longer prowls the haunted corridors, a pitiful soul in torment; he even puts in an appearance in the kitchen, where he consents to sample Elodie’s waffles and pancakes.

I return to an occupation that for some little time has provided me with a wholly innocent pleasure: I spy on the Griboins! It is a poor pastime, and one that affords few discoveries.

By way of a little leaded window whose curtain is only half drawn, I am able to observe them without being seen. Their concierge’s lodge, which serves also as a kitchen, is very cramped and the gloomiest room in the house. A pallid light seeps in from a transom window, casting grotesque shadows from the least of objects. When their services are not required about the house, the Griboins sit at a deal table covered with a red plush cloth.

Wearing a droopy, tasseled nightcap, Griboins smokes a long, brown pipe; his wife, her hands laid flat on her knees, is lost in reverie, her eyes fixed unseeing on the figures in the large *image d’Epinal*¹⁰ on the wall facing her. Only very rarely do they speak a word to one another.

MIȚA BICICLISTA



O cheamă Mița Biciclista,
Pe numele său de război,
La Hipodrom o știe pista,
O știm cu toții: noi, ei, voi

Ea n'a fost Biciclista 'ntruna,
La început umbla 'n tramcar,
Apoi avu muscal cu luna,
Azi are propriu-i dogcar.

S'o s'o vedea, dac'arăm zile,
Chiar și în automobil:
La donna e automobile...
Iar sexul nostru-i imbecil!

Kiriak Nopadarjan



Lautréamont

You have seen explosions of fire-damp annihilate entire families; but their sufferings were brief because death was almost instantaneous amid the falling ruins and deleterious gases: I go on existing, like basalt! In the middle as in the beginning of life, angels resemble themselves: how long it has been since I ceased to resemble myself!

Mankind and I, confined within the limits of our intelligence, as often a lagoon is within a belt of coral islands, instead of uniting our strength to defend ourselves against bad luck and ill-fortune, we flee from one another, trembling with hatred, taking opposite directions, as if we had wounded one another with the points of daggers! You would say the one understands the contempt he inspires in the other; egged on by the incentive of a relative dignity we each take pains not to conduct our adversary into error; each stays on his own side and is aware that a peace proclaimed would be impossible to preserve. So be it! Let my war against mankind endure through eternity, since each recognizes in the other his own degradation . . . since the two are mortal enemies. Whether I gain a disastrous victory or whether I succumb, the battle will be good: I, alone, against humanity. I shall not employ weapons made of wood or iron; I shall kick aside the strata of minerals extracted from the earth: the powerful and seraphic sonority of the harp will become beneath my fingers a formidable talisman.

In more than one ambushade, man, that sublime

Maldoror

ape, has already pierced my breast with his porphyry lance: a soldier does not exhibit his wounds however glorious they may be. This terrible combat will bring down much sorrow upon the heads of the two parties: two friends striving obstinately to destroy one another: what a drama!

Two columns that it was not difficult and yet less possible to take for two baobab trees appeared in the valley, larger than two pins. As a matter of fact they were two enormous towers. And although two baobab trees do not resemble at the first glance two pins, or even two towers, nevertheless while skilfully manipulating the strings of caution it may be affirmed without fear of error (for if that affirmation were to be accompanied by a single morsel of fear it would not be an affirmation; although the same name expresses these two phenomena of the mind that present characteristics sufficiently clear-cut that they are not easily confused) that a baobab tree does differ so very much from a column that the comparison should be forbidden between these two architectural forms . . . or geometric forms . . . or the one or the other . . . or neither the one nor the other . . . or rather, massive and elevated forms. I have just found, I make no pretense of maintaining the contrary, the correct adjectives for the substantives column and baobab tree: let all men understand it is not without joy mingled with pride that I make the remark to those who, having raised their eyebrows, have made the most praiseworthy resolution to con these pages while a candle burns

Lautréamont

if it is at night, or while the sun shines if it is daytime.

And again, should even a higher power command us in the clearest and most precise terms to hurl into the abyss of chaos the judicious comparison that everyone has certainly been able to savor with impunity, even then and especially then, let none lose sight of this principal axiom, that the habits contracted through the years, books, the contact with his fellow men, and the character inherent in all who develop in a swift efflorescence, would impose upon the human spirit the irreparable stigma of a relapse into the criminal use (criminal, by placing one's self momentarily and spontaneously at the point of view of the higher power) of a rhetorical figure that many despise, but to which many pay homage.

If the reader finds this sentence too long, will he please accept my excuses; but let him expect from me nothing mean. I can acknowledge my faults; but not increase their gravity by my cowardice.

My arguments will sometimes come up against the bells of folly and the serious appearance of what in the final analysis is nothing but the grotesque (although, according to certain philosophers, it were somewhat difficult to distinguish between buffoonery and melancholy, life itself being a comedy-drama or a drama-comedy); however it is permitted to us all to kill flies and even rhinoceroses in order to rest from time to time from too much tedious labor. To kill flies here is the

Maldoror

most expeditious manner, though not the best: you crush them between your two first fingers. Most writers who have gone deeply into this subject have calculated with a good deal of plausibility that it is preferable in many cases to cut off their heads.

If anyone reproach me for speaking of pins, as a radically frivolous subject, let him observe without coming to any foregone conclusions, that the greatest effects are often produced by the smallest causes. And, to avoid spilling any further over the edge of this piece of paper, do we not see that this laborious morsel of literature I have been composing since the commencement of this stanza would be perhaps less appreciated if it had taken as its basis some intricate question of chemistry or internal pathology? Besides, all tastes are in nature; and when at the beginning I compared columns to pins with so much accuracy (indeed I did not realise that anyone would some day reproach me with it), I based my observation upon the laws of optics which have established that the more the vision is separated from an object, the more the image diminishes upon the retina.

Thus it is that that which the inclination of our minds towards farce takes for a wretched piece of wit exists most of the time in the mind of its author as an important truth proclaimed with majesty! O, that inane philosopher who burst into peals of laughter when he saw a donkey eating a fig! I am inventing nothing: ancient books have related in

the greatest detail this voluntary and shameful spoliation of human nobility. I do not know how to laugh. I have never been able to laugh, though I have tried many times. It is very difficult to learn how to laugh. Or rather I think a feeling of repugnance toward that monstrosity forms an essential distinction of my character. Very well then, I witnessed something even funnier: I saw a fig eating a donkey! And yet I did not laugh: frankly there was no movement of any buccal portion. The desire to weep seized upon me so strongly that my eyes let fall a tear. "Nature! Nature!" I cried, sobbing, "The sparrow-hawk rends the sparrow, the fig eats the donkey, and the tapeworm devours mankind!"

Without resolving to go any further, I ask myself whether I spoke of a way to kill flies. Yes, I did, didn't I? It is no less true that I did not speak of the destruction of the rhinoceros! If certain of my friends claim the contrary I shall not listen to them and I shall remind myself that praise and flattery are two great stumbling-blocks. However, in order to appease my conscience as much as possible I cannot prevent myself from remarking that this dissertation upon the rhinoceros would have carried me beyond the bounds of patience and composure, and, in itself probably (let us even have the hardihood to say certainly) would discourage present generations. Not to have spoken of the rhinoceros after the fly! At least for a passable excuse I should have mentioned prompt-

Dumitri Melen.
cu cele mai bune sentimente

10.1.31.

Minovici.

TRATAT COMPLECT

DE

R

MEDICINĂ LEGALĂ

CU

LEGISLAȚIA ȘI JURISPRUDENȚA ROMÂNEASCĂ ȘI STREINĂ

DE

PROFESOR DR. MINA MINOVICI

PROFESOR DE MEDICINĂ LEGALĂ LA FACULTATEA DE MEDICINĂ
DIRECTOR AL INSTITUTULUI MEDICO-LEGAL DIN BUCUREȘTI
DECAN AL FACULTĂȚII DE MEDICINĂ

VOL. II

EXAMENUL ȘI INTERPRETAREA
FAPTELOR MEDICALE

OMUL VIU—MOARTEA

(CU 275 FIGURI ÎN TEXT)



BUCUREȘTI

Atelierele Grafice SOCEC & Co., Societate Anonimă

1930



Small rectangular stamp or label, likely a photographer's mark, located below the portrait of the older man.

*Portrait of my wife
Tina and her mother
in the garden
July 1927*

11

FROM THE FIRST beginnings of my contact with God up to the present day my body has continuously been the object of divine miracles. If I wanted to describe all these miracles in detail I could fill a whole book with them alone. I may say that hardly a single limb or organ in my body escaped being temporarily damaged by miracles, nor a single muscle being pulled by miracles, either moving or paralyzing it according to the respective purpose. Even now the miracles which I experience hourly are still of a nature as to frighten every other human being to death; only by getting used to them through the years have I been able to disregard most of what happens as trivialities. But in the first year of my stay at Sonnenstein the miracles were of such a threatening nature that I thought I had to fear almost incessantly for my life, my health or my reason.

In itself a state of affairs must be considered contrary to the Order of the World in which the rays serve mainly to inflict damage on the body of a single human being or to play tricks with the objects with which he is occupied—such harmless miracles have become particularly frequent latterly. For rays

have the task of creating not just of destroying or playing childish pranks. Hence all miracles directed against me fail *in the long run* in their purpose; what has been destroyed or damaged by impure rays must always later be built up or mended again by pure rays (compare above Chapter 7, footnote 48). But this does not exclude that *temporarily* most serious damage is caused and very painful conditions arise giving the impression of extreme danger.

Most nearly in consonance with the Order of the World were those miracles which were somehow connected with a process of unmaning to be carried out on my body. To them belonged especially the various changes in my *sex organ*: several times (particularly in bed) there were marked indications of an actual retraction of the male organ; frequently however, particularly when mainly impure rays were involved, of a softening approaching almost complete dissolution; further the removal by miracles of single *hairs* from my *beard* and particularly my *mustache*; finally a *change in my whole stature* (diminution of body size)—probably due to a contraction of the vertebrae and possibly of my thigh bones. The last-mentioned miracle which emanated from the lower God (Ariman), was always accompanied by him with the announcement "I wonder whether to make you somewhat smaller"; I myself had the impression that my body had become smaller by about 6–8 cms., that is to say approximating the size of the female body.

The miracles enacted against the organs of the thoracic and abdominal cavities were very multifarious. I know least about those concerning the *heart*; I only remember that I once had a different heart⁶⁸—still during my stay in the University Clinic

68. This, as indeed the whole report about the miracles enacted on my body, will naturally sound extremely strange to all other human beings, and one may be inclined to see in it only the product of a pathologically vivid imagination. In reply I can only give the assurance that hardly any memory from my life is more certain

of Leipzig. On the other hand my *lungs* were for a long time the object of violent and very threatening attacks. By nature my lungs and chest are very healthy; but my lungs were so affected by miracles that for a time I seriously believed I had to fear a fatal outcome in consequence of pulmonary phthisis. A "lung worm" was frequently produced in me by miracles; I cannot say whether it was an animal-like being or a soul-like creature; I can only say that its appearance was connected with a biting pain in the lungs similar to the pains I imagine occur in inflammation of the lungs. The lobes of my lungs were at times almost completely absorbed, I cannot say whether as the result of the activity of the lung worm alone or also because of miracles of a different kind; I had the definite feeling that my diaphragm was raised high in my chest to almost directly under my larynx and that there remained only a small remnant of lung in between with which I could hardly breathe. There were days when during my walks in the garden I had to reconquer my lungs anew with every breath. For the part which is so miraculous is that the rays cannot but furnish a suffering body with whatever is most essential for its preservation, because to create is their essence and nature.

At about the same time some of my *ribs* were sometimes temporarily smashed, always with the result that what had been destroyed was re-formed after a time. One of the most horrifying miracles was the so-called *compression-of-the-chest-miracle*, which I endured at least several dozen times; it consisted in the whole chest wall being compressed, so that the state of oppression caused by the lack of breath was transmitted to my

than the miracles recounted in this chapter. What can be more definite for a human being than what he has lived through and felt on his own body? Small mistakes in naming the organs involved may have occurred as my anatomical knowledge is naturally only that of a layman; but generally I think I have achieved accuracy even in that.

whole body. The compression-of-the-chest-miracle recurred several times in later years; but like the other miracles described here, it belongs mainly to the second half of the year 1894 and perhaps the first half of the year 1895.

Concerning the *stomach*: already during my stay in Flechsig's Asylum the Viennese nerve specialist named in Chapter 5 miraculously produced in place of my healthy natural stomach a very inferior so-called "Jew's stomach." Later for a time the miracles were in preference directed against my stomach, partly because the souls begrudged me the sensual pleasure connected with the taking of food, partly because they considered themselves superior to human beings who require earthly nourishments; they therefore tended to look down on all eating and drinking with some disdain.⁶⁹ I existed frequently without a stomach; I expressly told the attendant M., as he may remember, that I could not eat because I had no stomach. Sometimes immediately before meals a stomach was so to speak produced *ad hoc* by miracles. This was done particularly by von W.'s soul, which in at least some of its forms sometimes showed a friendly spirit towards me. Naturally this never lasted long; the stomach which had been produced by miracles, in any case only an inferior stomach, was usually removed again miraculously by v. W.'s soul during the meal "because of a change of mind"; great changeability is a marked feature of the soul-character, absolutely divine rays perhaps excluded. Food and drink taken simply poured into the abdominal cavity and into the thighs, a process which however unbelievable it may sound, was beyond all doubt for me as I distinctly remember the sensation.

In the case of any other human being this would have

69. It was the same feeling which, for instance, made the Commandatore in Don Giovanni when he appears to the latter as a departed spirit, refuse the proffered meal with the words: "Know that I abhor all earthly food," etc.

resulted in natural pus formation with an inevitably fatal outcome; but the food pulp could not damage my body because all impure matter in it was soaked up again by the rays. Later, I therefore repeatedly went ahead with eating unperturbed, without having a stomach; all in all I gradually got used to regarding everything which happened in my body with complete equanimity. Even now I am convinced that I am immune to all natural disease influences; disease germs only arise in me through rays and are removed again in the same way by rays. Indeed I doubt very much whether I am at all mortal as long as the communication with rays lasts; for instance, I think I could take the strongest poison without particular danger to my life and my health.⁷⁰ After all what can poisons do but destroy some important organs or have a destructive effect on the blood? Both have happened to me innumerable times through rays without any permanent ill effect.⁷¹

Of other internal organs I will only mention the *gullet* and the *intestines*,⁷² which were torn or vanished repeatedly, further the *pharynx*, which I partly ate up several times, finally the *seminal cord*, against which very painful miracles were directed, with the particular purpose of suppressing the sensation of voluptuousness arising in my body. I must further

70. I need hardly say that this is purely hypothetical speculation, and that I have not the least intention of actually carrying out such experiments on my body which, if nothing else, would certainly cause me severe pain.

71. The correctness of my assertion that I have so to speak become invulnerable, is evidenced by the fact that while I was well I used to suffer several times every winter from a heavy cold which lasted a number of days; during the 6 years of my stay here I have hardly ever had a real cold at all. Should a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose—which is the essence of a cold—tend to develop, rays would immediately shoot to the diseased part of my body in such numbers that the cold would be stifled in its very beginnings.

72. Dangerous *obstruction of my gut* was also repeatedly produced by miracles, which was however mostly resolved again, usually after a short time.



prin care autoservirile se întronează pe emisfera de plastic
cunosc poteca spre fundul pădurilor,
spre limita lucrului.

grădina desfătărilor pe un metru pătrat de piele
acvariu cu teleosteeni într-un metru cub de sânge.

„Non enim excursius his ejus
sed opus ipsum est”.

„afurisit fie el întru rărunchii săi, întru vintrele sale
întru coapsele sale, întru boașele sale,
întru pulpele sale, întru picioarele sale, întru
laba picioarelor sale și întru unghiile picioarelor sale.
afurisit fie el întru toate îmbucăturile și încheieturile sale,
din vârful capului până în vârful călcâielor.
și să aibă parte doar de șubrezime”.

Să ai privirea și cerul gurii serafului
și albastrele violonuri și cavatine
ca să afli ce e-n spatele prafului
ca să realizezi ce se petrece cu tine

să ai noroaiele și lujerii lui aprilie
ca să afli unde s-au fost ascuns
radiolarii și-această prea sângerândă cochilie
dar de-ajuns cu ritmul și rima și cutiile

de onix, adevărul este inadmisibil
în Maëlstrom.

Ne cățărăm pe fața unui ochi
boțim corneea între degete
alunecăm din când în când și-o sfășiem.
și harpiile urlă cu putere strivite-n ferestre.
aerul e plin de demoni, țepușe, căldări cu oțet
colți, șevalete și ghilotine
ruguri și clești înroșiți, scări și roți
bice cu sfârc de ferită și lanțuri
Lucifer Venus în noaptea roșie.

Adramalech, Astaroth, Abaddana
Thammuz, Urian, Leviathan și Valafar
care prin pârghii sălțați legătura de ochi a balanței,
care determinați straniețatea anumitor antihiperoni
și care asistați la copulațiile trupurilor și sufletelor
și a trupurilor cu sufletele,
întoarceți-vă-n nisip și-n turmele de porci
și-n culoarea neluminatelor.

Toamna s-a cărăbănit, dracu s-o ia
și nu mai putem să mergem la o bere.
străzile sunt browneene iar casele și grilajele
se mișcă mult mai ușor.
alchimia nu mai duce la nimic, dracu s-o ia
căci în ampula niciodată un prunc
ci aceeași sibilă.
spinul a-nghețat, lua-l-ar dracii,

norii prevestesc moartea termică
furnica a spart a străpuns
firul cheii e deja în cartilajele nopții
scamele firului împodobesc leprozeriile.

Sunt toate spațiile deodată
sunt atât existența cât și toate posibilitățile
vorbesc cu toate cuvintele
ci mă auziți
glăsuindu-vă prin vatelina destrămării acestii?

S-a terminat.
păsări cu obraji de râme mai dau roată
apoi cad apoi

diverg converg diverg
cad

cad

cad

cad

cad

cad

noroi versatil
noroi al lăzilor
noroi al noroaielelor
noroi al cețurilor
noroi
noroi

(1976)









CHAPTER XXXIII.

1 The unity of God. 2 The blessing of the twelve tribes. 3 The ascension of Moses.

Deuteronomy 33:1-35
33:1
33:2
33:3
33:4
33:5
33:6
33:7
33:8
33:9
33:10
33:11
33:12
33:13
33:14
33:15
33:16
33:17
33:18
33:19
33:20
33:21
33:22
33:23
33:24
33:25
33:26
33:27
33:28
33:29
33:30
33:31
33:32
33:33
33:34
33:35

offerings! let them rise up and help you, and be your protection.
29 See now that 'I, even I, was he, and 'there is no god with me: 'I kill, and I make alive; 'I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.
30 'For I lift up my hand to heaven, and say, I live for ever.
31 'If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment; 'I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me.
32 'I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh; and that with the blood of the slain and of the captives, from the beginning of 'revenge upon the enemy.
33 'Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people: for he will 'avenge the blood of his servants, and 'will render vengeance to his adversaries, and 'will be merciful unto his land, and to his people.
34 * And Moses came and spake all the words of this song in the ears of the people, he, and 'Hoshai the son of Nun.
35 And Moses made an end of speaking all these words to all Israel:
36 And he said unto them, 'Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law.
37 For it is not a vain thing for you; 'because it is your life: and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land, whither ye go over Jordan to possess it.
38 'And the Lord spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying,
39 Get thee up into this 'mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession;
40 And die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as 'Aaron thy brother died in mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people:
41 Because 'ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of 'Meribah Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye 'sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel.
42 'Yet thou shalt see the land before thee; but thou shalt not go thither unto the land which I give the children of Israel.

AND this is 'the blessing, wherewith 'Moses 'the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death.
1 And he said, 'The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from mount Paran, and he came with 'ten thousands of saints: from his right hand went 'a fiery law for them.
2 Yea, 'he loved the people; 'all his saints are in thy hand; and they 'sat down at thy feet; every one shall 'receive of thy words.
3 Moses commanded us a law, 'even the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob.
4 And he was 'king in 'Mesopotamia, when the heads of the people and the tribes of Israel were gathered together.
5 * Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few.
6 * And this is the blessing of Judah; and he said, Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people: 'let his hands be sufficient for him; and be thou 'a help to him from his enemies.
7 * And of Levi he said, 'Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy holy one, 'when thou dost prove at Massah, and when thou dost strive at the waters of Meribah.
8 Who said unto his father and to his mother, I have not 'seen him; 'neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children; for 'they have observed thy word, and kept thy covenant.
9 'They shall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Israel thy law; 'they shall put incense 'before thee, 'and whole burnt sacrifice upon thine altar.
10 Bless, Lord, his substance, and 'accept the work of his hands; smite through the loins of them that rise against him, and of them that hate him, that they rise not again.
11 * And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders.
12 * And of Joseph he said, 'Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for 'the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath,
13 And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things 'put forth by the 'moon,
14 And for the chief things of 'the an-

Deuteronomy 33:1-35
33:1
33:2
33:3
33:4
33:5
33:6
33:7
33:8
33:9
33:10
33:11
33:12
33:13
33:14
33:15
33:16
33:17
33:18
33:19
33:20
33:21
33:22
33:23
33:24
33:25
33:26
33:27
33:28
33:29
33:30
33:31
33:32
33:33
33:34
33:35

PAPERCRAFTS

PAPERCRAFT #1



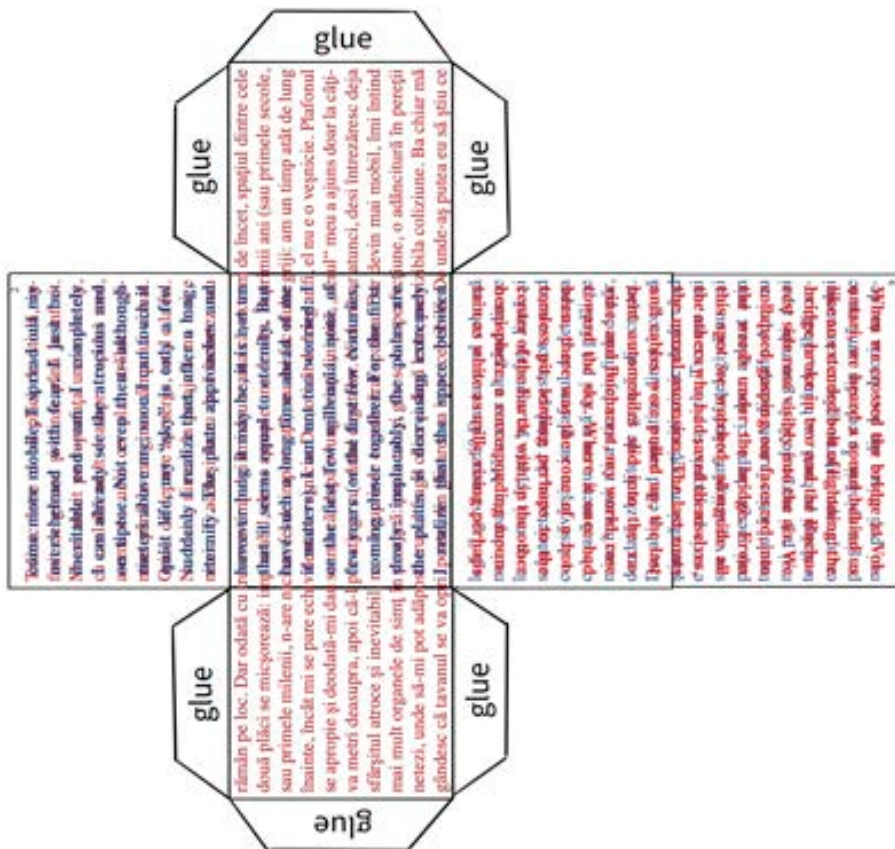
PAPERCRAFT #2

<p>Trăiesc între două plăci de sticlă, înfinit de groase și-nimic până la înfinit. M-am trezit pe suprafața unei din ele, cu</p>	<p><i>cut out and replace with red acetate for craft 2</i></p>	<p>capului meu, asemenea unui cer plat, strălucitor și-nimic până la marginea câmpului vizual. Orică de departe ajunge, totul e la fel. Nu mai e nimic în preajmă, nu mai e nimic. E același lucru dacă înalțez sau răsăd în loc. Dar odăiă cu trecerea timpului lui dau senzația că, extrem de încet, spațiul dintr-o codă două plăci se micșorează: implacabil, ele se apropie una de alta. În primii ani (sau primile secole, sau primele milenii, n-are nici un fel de importanță),</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p><i>cut out and replace with blue acetate for craft 4</i></p>
--	--	---	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	---

<p>nu-mi fac multe griji am un timp atât. Profesional se apropie și decodată-mi dau senzații stranie cu vârfurile degetelor. Nici mișcarea mâinii sau a picioarelor nu mai încredințez, înălțându-mi în jurul meu un câmp de forță. De unde-aj potera eu să știu ce legi îl guvernează? Dar totuși coborât mai departe. Mă trezesc alergând din ce în ce mai departe pe suprafața</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>
---	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------

<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>	<p>glue</p>
-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------	-------------

PAPERCRAFT #4



PAPERCRAFT #3

glue to create one long
rectangle

Intreaga mea stapanire era protejata acum, e drept, de-un zid dublu, dar si duymann au crescut in putere, caei atacau acum pretulindem un zid mult mai redus ca intindere decat cel de la-nceput. Astfel ca situatia mea, in loc sa se-imbunătățească, a devenit tot mai grea, căci resursele mi-au scăzut, iar războiul cere bani și iar bani. N-am avut însă de-ales când, iarăși, într-una din zonele de la granița, dușmanul a-nceput, din cine știe ce motive, să atace mai inversunat ca-n alte părți. Am fost silit să trag iarăși de capătul zidului dinăuntru, triplând grosimea totală pe-un arc de cerc la-nceput modest, apoi tot mai mult din frontieră cu-acest zid triplu: un sfert, jum-ătate, trei sferturi și, în cele din urmă, întreaga graniță. Domeniul ce mi-a rămas, în urma acestei noi reduceri de circumferință **After decades of tireless battle and fear of the always-increasing attacks, I went to double the entire circumference of the** cu puțină presărută cu ciopârte de oi. Tot ce cucerisem cu spada, încă din zilele tinereții mele, era acum pentru todeauna în mâinile dușmanului. Dar cu cât aveam să se duca pe apa sâmbetei, cu atât adversarii erau mai numeroși, deși numărul lor nu crescuse, pe fiecare zonă a zidului de apărare. Avântul lor era acum atât de mare, încât parcă nu mai luptau doar de dragul bogățiilor mele, ci dintr-o mărere sporită ură față de mine și de-năpăstănuarea mea de-a le rezista. Căruind, zidul meu s-a făcut împătrit, apoi încincit, curând am pierdut și mina, și moara, și satetele, pe rând, și dealul cu turnele mele, încăl, când zidul de apărare s-a îngroșat de șase ori, asemenea

unui șarpe ce-nconjoară cu inelule lui cerbul sugrumat, mi-am pomenit că porțiunea lui cea mai dinăuntru era lipită de zidul propriului meu castel, pe care pielea sîdfie și elastică îl strângea-n chingile ei. Dacă înșesirea zidului durase câteva zile, înșesirea lui a durat ore. Sub strănssoarea zidului de apărare, meterezele castelului, socotite cândva de necucerit, s-au sfărâmat și-am putut atunci vedea, cu oroare și spaimă, cum zidul exterior, pe cât de gros acum, pe atât de năpădit de dușmani, a ajuns să-nconjoare numai pereții sălii tronului, în care mă aflam captiv, fără puțință de scăpare. Dușmanii erau acum atât de-aproape, că le auzeam, dincolo de ceea ce deve nise un zid în-tors de douăzeci de ori asupra lui însuși, urletele bestiale, le simțeam frustrarea de-a nu-și mai **you talk to sound, to yell, to scold, to put on a bad temper, though hostile, a noble, an inn, and** zidul ascădat.

cut here

Doar minute-au trecut până ce-am putut apuca cu însumi de partea interioară a zidului, și-am tras-o spre propriul meu trup, lipind-o de el, căci atât îmi mai rămăsese pe lume. Groaza, durerea și disperarea mea n-au mai avut margini când și granița pielii mele-a cedat, iar perețele circular, înșutit și-nmilit acum, mi-a invadat organele interne. Dușmanii mi-au cucerit, pe rând, în clipe tot mai scurte, inima, ficatul și mațele, vertebrele spinării, întocmai cum, de-a lungul deceniilor precedente, se făcuseră stăpâni pe-ntinsele, nenumăratele mele domenii. Acum zidul se-nfășura cu luțea fulgerului în jurul lui însuși, cuprinzându-mi craniul și-apoi sfărâmându-l în pândări,

glue tab behind this side of this
rectangle



Conceived and assembled by Sean Cotter
Designed by Haley Chung