



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## Lorine's home-made book for Aeneas. 1956

[Niedecker, Lorine]

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1956

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/EPSCFPKWAZCBS8N>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

Original material owned by Dwight Foster Public Library.

For Permission to use contact Bob Arnold Longhouse, publishers & booksellers P.O. Box 2454 West Brattleboro, Vermont 05303 email: [poetry@sover.net](mailto:poetry@sover.net)

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

HF 156

The Black Mountain Review

6



# caesar's gate

Poems 1949-50 by ROBERT DUNCAN

With preface & illustrational poems 1955, in an edition of 200 copies, \$ 2.00; and a limited edition of 10 copies with each a unique collage & poem, signed by the artists, \$ 10.

With 17 collages by Jess Collins

THE DIVERS PRESS, BLACK MOUNTAIN COLLEGE, BLACK MOUNTAIN,  
NORTH CAROLINA

## in past issues...

articles, poems, stories & reproductions by artaud  
• blackburn • carroll • corman • duncan •  
levertov • kline • olson • siskind • zukofsky et al  
w. c. williams: "really a masterpiece, from the design  
of the jacket, the budget of the illustrations  
to the last word of the writing..."

**BMR, Black Mountain College,  
Black Mountain, N. C.**



## Songs of Degrees

1

With  
a Valentine  
(the 12 February)

Hear, her  
Clear  
Mirror,  
Care  
His error.  
In her  
Care  
Is clear.

2

With a Valentine  
(the 14 February)

Hear her  
(Clear mirror)  
Care.  
His error.  
In her care—  
Is clear.



Hear, her  
Clear  
Mirror,  
Care  
His error.  
In her,  
Care  
Is clear.

Hear her  
Clear mirror  
Care his error  
In her care  
Is clear

Hear  
Her  
Clear  
Mirror  
Care  
His  
Error in  
Her  
Care  
Is clear

Hear  
Her  
Clear,  
Mirror,

Care  
His  
Error in  
Her —  
Care  
Is  
Clear.

3

'Nor did the prophet \*

The birds are our friends —  
    Jannequin's,  
    The sun's.  
*The man is our friend?*  
*Our friend.*

I know why David moves me,  
"The worst bastard of them all"  
Never chartered nor coddled his ground.

The sound in the Temple built after exile  
Is never worth the sound  
At the earth where no temple stood  
And on which no law of exile can fall.

---

\* *Ezra* 1 — 6; *I Chr.* 6.31, 15.16; *IISam.* 23.4; *Gen.* 23

Blood flows; not hateful good,  
Not this measure is blood.  
Crabbed and lovely both is root.  
What is never imposes.

The tree's good of the field of Machpelah  
As of Persia or of Mytilene.

Who comes as Cyrus proclaims,  
Rocks later with Artaxerxes,

For all Darius gives —  
Rends coat, plucks hair of his head  
    and his beard  
Sits down astonished

And does not stop from drinking water  
As blood is shed —  
Does not see morning without a cloud  
Upon tender grass after rain.

On this earth  
We will not — nor did the prophet much—  
  mention

David,

The birds sing:  
*The man is our friend,*  
*Our friend.*



## Happiest February

Many more happy Valentines.

How many?

As the last

    makes no sense.

As many as many.

As more rolls out the vines

Which shade green in the snow

Of a cold fourteenth

Of their happiest February.

William  
Carlos  
Williams

    alive!

    thinking of  
    Billy

The kid  
shoots  
to  
kill,

But to  
the expanse  
of his  
*mind*

who heard  
that word  
before,

scape  
of a  
letter

soars  
with the  
rest of  
the letter

gulled by  
the kid's  
self-sacrifice :

reach  
C  
a cove —  
call it  
Carlos:

smell W  
double U

two W's,  
ravine and  
runnel:

these  
sink  
high

in  
high  
fog

which  
as  
it  
lifts,

the other  
world  
is  
*there*:

the sight  
*moves* —

open —

soothes

smoothes  
over



the  
same word

that  
may have,  
to touch,

two faces —  
the heart  
sees into —  
of one  
sound:

the  
kid  
's torn,  
shot

so quickly  
it sounds  
water:

purls

a  
high  
voice

as with  
a lien

on  
the sky

that becomes

low now  
frankly

water —

called also —

softly —

a kill.

6

A wish

Looking down at the water  
three blocks away at Clark Street  
if but once a day,  
    my valentines,  
but day after day,  
my mind going to work  
with eyes on the water  
tries me with a prayer,  
    my sweet,

that my wish wear our look  
well, care for our days:  
to long life!  
So the song be for good  
and that time a new's written  
the water flow on,  
as there now, it be a completion  
to wharves below, a street  
away. A way —

*a good sprag memory*  
so the boy profits lively.  
It would make sense. As if there now  
that time brightens a page —  
stretched as by Providence —  
of a mind that  
in the Latin of Parson Evans —  
telling the boy the vocative  
*Remember, William, is 'caret'* —  
Shakespeare went before  
to touch Bach who taught  
his choir boys Latin  
in the while  
proved by the fugue

*Look, where his master comes;  
'tis a playing-day,  
I see.*

See I, day— playing









a 'tis;  
comes master his  
where,  
Look.

7

March first

Remarkably all this March first  
Would-be, small leaves are making a hell  
of a noise,  
Littlest children fight with their fathers,  
The mothers are distracted or  
stark mad  
Rehearsing with them —  
Tiniest green and teemingest teen —  
Reciting  
"We are the generations of leaves."

Louis Zukofsky



## Noah's Vineyard

### 1.

AFTER a flood everything looks both dirty and washed.

Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard.

"How do you venture to do this, Noah?"

"Because," he said, "one day the prophet Isaiah shall come and prophesy, saying, 'They shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them.'"

"When will *that* come to pass?"

"It will come to pass!" cried Noah. "It will come to pass when God creates new heavens and a new earth. Then a man will build and inhabit, and plant and eat the fruit!"

"But Noah, look about: is *this* new heavens and a new earth?"

"No, now I am just practising."

Everything, after the flood, was dirty with silt and new-washed with water. The sun was hot and the plain was steaming. The farmer wore a straw hat, and bending his back to the spade he wore a little smile under his hat as though he too had been promised something.

"What did He promise *you*, Noah?"

## Bottom: on Shakespeare Part Two

*Music's master*: notes for Her music to *Pericles*  
and for a graph of culture

1

*Scarus*. I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

A.&C. IV vii 8

THE *H* in the title presumes after Shakespeare that *Her* means *Music: Herself!* — two syllables emboldened with a capital *M* showing Pericles' mastery (*P.* II v 30). Like Shakespeare's *M*, this *H*, which the hero, perhaps the printer of the first quarto of the play, visualized in the next verse as lower case of an intimate *her*, is a tillage of history, a devotion to over-precise learning — tho how can the action of learning be over-precise! Its scope appraises a refinement of eyes into mind, *affined* (in the sense, in which Shakespeare is said to have used the word, of being *bound by obligation*) to judgment as a phase of taste, when the sense of the tongue is changed into a draught and a morsel of thought.



Sounded upper-case *H* is unseen, like *h* is hoarse; printed it abstracts him who reads. As a spoken part of *Her*, obliged to breathe and thereby to love its aspirated limits, it is questionably happy, an absorption like the parenthesis 63 words back, in itself obviously incomplete. Even as visible *H* it ruffles surety of touch and look, turning aside to-the-thing and to-the-life proposals that attest themselves. But because it is uppercase with a reason that cannot altogether dispel bodies, it also helplessly calls up to itself the momentous eye — to which sound, smell, taste and touch are reciprocal incident — the implication of seeing that alone strengthens *Her* as present object.

Scarus had a wound that an added stroke to a T, turned either clockwise or counterclockwise by its head, made an upright visible H — and all invention headed off by thought in late cultures has this wound. The glass wall of the modern architect looks out of a similar wound on the few trees of the suburbs; he will not hunt in the woods again because a clock hand may be turned back but wilfully. Glass wall is of a time with radiant heat that diffuses vaguely in the remembering words *the hearth* and *the scar of a burn* derived from a Greek word, which the name *Scarus* echoes in part. Woods were destroyed for domestic fires before glass wall and radiant heat appeared transparent and innocent. An in-



nocence like Acteon's that somehow tempts its self-pursuing hounds at once proves and disputes at all times cycles and purpose in history. For glass wall is not primitive, but the *new* primitive: a late thought retrospective with or anticipating an earliest freshness. In this case the thought solves the fabrication of tensile strength of amorphous substance, so that the eye both savage and civilized when it looks thru glass wall and sees trees as if no wall were there flicks to a pun on an old word — *wall* — whose present abstract implications of *solid state* only the instruments of recent physics that are not eyes may study. From the point of view of an historian who would plot a graph of culture and not settle for the purpose of ordained cycles, the implications of the solid transparency of *new primitive* wall — as a phase of original opaque state — are not unlike those of the primitive old solidity of the sensible actor Wall clowning opposite Bottom in the character of Pyramus. Thru Wall, Bottom (Pyramus) either sees "no bliss" or sees "a voice," Thisby's.

*Pyr.* I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
Thisby!

*This.* My love, thou art my love, I think.

*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
grace; And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

*This.* And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

*M.N.D.* V i 194

There is no proof that the fates ever killed completely. But the pasts they have spun show that by them or across them solids were diffused, dispersed, and finally not seen.

*This.* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.  
M.N.D. V i 204

These words edge pleasure, innocence and terror. They canter towards a thoughtful, sensuous, and pre-archaic wall all at once; like Disney cartoons that may amuse children their animation is not childlike.

*Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

M.N.D. III i 69

Bottom's stage intent is to *hear Thisby's face*. And, of course, Bottom's intent is Shakespeare's text, and his thought, spun of a desire to make trust and grace *seen*; and therefore spun like a mathematical transformation, which founders a previous visible energy. But for all its intellectual thread, the text is opposed to a scholiast's assumption that *well seen* means *skilled*, as the scholiast would think it, according with the idiom of a time



when industry depends largely on thought. Shakespeare writes

as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music

T.S. I ii 133

The musical stress is on *well seen*, and there follows:

O this learning, what a thing it is!  
O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

T.S. I ii 160

An understanding three hundred years later than Shakespeare's breaks from his when it reads music and "sees" an enharmonic, to which abstract difference or illusory absolute no viable musical instrument — with the exception of the stringed? and rare voices that sing the Hindu scale of 22 notes — can help most ears.

Microtonic keyboard instruments have .. often been constructed in the past, the difficulty being not to make them but to play them — with only ten fingers .. Previous to the introduction of Equal Temperament, keyboard instruments were sometimes constructed with optional notes to allow of a greater variety of modulation without bad effect, e.g. Smith's organ in the Temple Church, London, built in 1684, had notes both for E flat and D sharp and A flat and G sharp. Zarlino had more



than a century earlier invented a keyboard of  
nineteen notes to the octave.

Percy A. Scholes

*The Listener's History of Music*, 1929,  
vol. III, 158

Bottom prefigures such skills, but weighing their  
worth by his love rejects the thought literally:

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man  
hath not seen

M.N.D. IV i 215

In Shakespeare also, a girl in love conceives an  
actual instrument may not play again if somebody's

lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

T.S. III i 23

To this conception the desires of an unwithering  
Cleopatra struggling to sleep out the great gap of  
time, where all that was seeing is away, corres-  
pond:

Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure  
in aught an eunuch has.

A.&C. I v 9

The clownish Petruccio, whose humoring ends  
effervesce modern *Kiss Me Kates*: so that his

eye may quickly witness Katherine's quality, in Shakespeare's original seeks access to her by way of a man

Cunning in music and the mathematics.

T.S. II i 56

This abstract duo the primitive and hearing Katherines of any time, who break lutes over scholars' heads, repulse with an expeditiousness surer than the soothsayer's reason for wishing he had never come from Egypt, nor that Antony had ever gone here:

I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue;

A.&C. II iii 12

— a soothsayer — whose physical vision is no doubt lately primitive, *new* as modern *musique concrète* — urging in his next breath

but yet

Hie you to Egypt again.

The physical vision that Shakespeare suggests, long after the syllabaries, often effuses like an old pictograph thru the syllabary or word it has become. Looking back to see itself with its acquired sound, it must "see" with a motion forward to a circuitous self-answer of an apocryphal soothsaying:

And I said .. whereunto was I born then?

And he said unto me, Number me the things that are not yet come, gather me the drops that are scattered abroad, make me the flowers green again that are withered.

Open me the places that are closed, and bring me forth the winds that in them are shut up, show me the image of a voice: and then I will declare to thee the thing that thou laborest to know.

And I said, O Lord that bearest rule, who may know these things but he that hath not his dwelling with men.

*II Esdras V 35*

*Simonides.* Sir, you are Music's master.

*Pericles.* The worst of all her scholars,  
my good lord.

*P. II v 30*

For want of *the image of a voice*, there is Shakespeare's confidence:

your sweet music this last night

*P. II v 26*

— the voice of a text without the soothsaying *in the tongue*.

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument  
Do it in notes.

*M.A. II iii 55*



## THE SONG

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leafy.

M.A. II iii 64

The music the skillful singer does not filch keeps time (*M. W. W.* I iii 28). Its discreet steps join syllables to notes that speaking plainly prompts.\*

Of such music Simonides protests that his ears were never better fed (*P.* II v 27). Its service, which glads the ears, is not removed from pleasing the eye as might a dance (*P.* I Gower 1, 4, 41). Given to this judgment this music is simply "a song," rather than an invention of sound that follows a thinking on singing, or an invention that follows a thinking on seeing, or that invention which is finally a thinking on thinking — tho even in these other phases of keeping time as in its phase of simple song, fortune is so constant as to supervene with no greater disclosure than to glad the ear and please the eye.

\*  
\* \*

---

\* See Part 3:

Celia Thaew's *Pericles*  
an opera to all the words  
of the play by William Shakespeare  
— the one excuse for all  
that follows in this part.

Shakespeare's writing argues with no one: only in itself. It says: *Love's reason's without reason* (*Cym.* IV ii 22); *Flaming in the .. sight .. Love hath reason, Reason none*. This writing exists as its own tempest (as in *The Tempest* or any of the other plays and poems) *where thought is free* (or *necessary* – the same difference after a while) and *music is for nothing* (*T.* III ii 132, 154) *music and nothing* in two senses: the first – debt-free *sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not* (*T.* III ii 145) – *nothing*, therefore, to riches, poverty, contract, succession, sovereignty (*T.* II i 147-184); the second – music, *hollow, confused* (stage directions *T.* IV i, following 138) even when ferreted by a thought like the lovable diligence (*T.* V i 241) that drinks the air before it to return before the pulse beats twice (*T.* V i 103), if the thought's put to service to mock tabor and pipe (*T.* III ii 130) – then it is *nothing, nothing* as it frightens a swimming, floating eye of a drunken, predatory Trinculo who, *brain'd* (*T.* III ii 7) like a metaphysician, listens to the tune of a *catch played by the picture of Nobody* (*T.* III ii 136). It is natural to one who flips the currency of his logic that wittily to say, after hearing that the servant-monster's eyes are almost set in his head:



Where should they be set else? He were a brave  
monster indeed, if they were set  
in his tail.

T. III ii 11

*I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing* (T. III ii 128), says his more predatory and envious drinking companion.

The *first music* and *nothing* cure addled brains in the skull (T. V i 58); the *second music* and *nothing*, unlike Amphion's music, do not raise the walls of Thebes by the *miraculous harp* (T. II i 86), but topple them and prey on men, animals and crops alike. Still, thought that is free, or at an equal pace necessary, is love's variable while love's, constant physical eye looks where all things and conditions exist to exist. Listening to or blindly making the *second music* and *nothing*, thought still has some proportion of love, as when it is sometimes moved to ask the hand of a friend it struck and to admonish: *while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head* (T. III ii 120). But the admonishment that precedes a *marriage-blessing, earth's increase, foison plenty* is superfluous, like Prospero who gives it. Intent on the *first music* and *nothing* that cure, it does not at the height of fortune consider the *good tongue* or *head* at all, rather:



No tongue! all eyes! Be silent.

T. IV i 59

In *Pericles*:

She sung, and made the night bed mute  
That still records with moan

P. IV Gower 26

In feather'd briefness sails are filled,  
And wishes fall out as they're willed.  
At Ephesus the temple see

P. V ii 15

In *Pericles*, his queen and daughter, *seen*,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preferd from fell destruction's blast

P. V iii 87

Malone reads *Virtue preserv'd* for the quarto's *preferd*. The quarto reading, tho the preposition *from* makes odd English with it, sounds more a matter of love's judgment than fortune — as appears suitable at the end of a pageant whose participants, the father, wife, and daughter, tossed apart by the seas over the years, at last meet to see themselves at the same time three-plied and one. No matter: the italics *see*, *seen* are this text's, not Shakespeare's.

Conceivably — musical notes set so they would tag the insistent plays on see thruout the entire

play of Shakespeare's text might, along with other notes voicing all the other words of his text, show up variational recurrences of sense more precisely than italics. (The sense of recurrence in Shakespeare is one of the values of the music in Part 3 of this book.) A music sounding Shakespeare's separate letters and language for their insistence would more readily show what virtue or sense is *preferd* as against the unavoidable blinding or blendings of sense of the *preserv'd* or destroyed humanity that fills his plots. Bottom's fulfilled promise to sing at the latter end of his play as the tongue loses its light and Pyramus dies might, if set to such music, take on the implication: when the seen object that causes the song blacks out, the singing soon tends to stop — and then, only words without ground? And if, as the musical analysis might emotionally prove in tagging all the warning offshoots of *to see*, this is what Shakespeare's text is saying over and over as *its* thought, its art hanging on some thing like the tree of all men's story, where all art thrives, is plain: the crest green with the sap of a deciduous culture, the sap running down thru the trunk timed to sightless words.

*No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.*

Weighing — probing — fearing silence after there is not a good tongue to follow: such a play or



music on a pale cast of thought as is probably unwise for this present text, which like Shakespeare must argue only in itself, to assume was his text and the boundary conditions of its record. A good painter shows his work and keeps still.

It is modestly unwise to presume on Shakespeare's text the lovable image he assumes at any moment of reading his work, as any explanation — if it has art — loves itself. Spontaneity is not Aristotle's order. "Spontaneity and chance are causes of effects which, tho they might result from intelligence or nature, have in fact been caused by something *incidentally*," says Aristotle in the *Physics* (II 6). And no one may deny Shakespeare's work spontaneity. But if explanation — which is contingent on intelligence or nature — must also have spontaneity no one may deny Shakespeare's text the *incidental* effect as culture of its insistence on a proportion that worries it like the bone the dog.

*love: reason :: eyes: mind*

Love needs no tongue of reason if love and the eyes are 1 — an identity. The good reasons of the mind's right judgment are but superfluties for saying: *Love sees* — if it needs saying at all in a text which is always hovering towards *The rest is silence*. The reasons of the mind are as un-



derstandable as the *negative resistance* of the electronic physicist — there, a desire to explain but unseen.

\*  
\* \*

Aristotle had embraced all the terms of Shakespeare's proportion with arming simplicity for a philosopher in the *Metaphysics*:

All men by nature desire to know. An indication of this is the delight we take in our senses; for even apart from their usefulness they are loved for themselves; and above all others the sense of sight. For not only with a view to action, but even when we are not going to do anything, we prefer seeing (one might say) to everything else. The reason is that this, most of all the senses, makes us know and brings to light many differences between things.

I 1

His logic ploughed the ground for his assertion:

This at least is an obvious characteristic of all animals .. they possess a congenital discriminative capacity which is called sense-perception .. *in some the sense-impression comes to persist, in others it does not.* So animals in which this persistence does not come to be have either no knowledge at all outside the act of perceiving, or no knowledge of objects of which no impression persists; animals in which it does come into

being have perception and can continue to retain the sense-impression in the soul: and when such persistence is frequently repeated a further distinction at once arises between those which out of the persistence of such sense-impressions develop a power of systematizing them and those which do not. So out of sense-perception comes to be what we call memory, and out of frequently repeated memories of the same thing develops experience; for a number of memories constitute a single experience. From experience again — i.e. from the universal now stabilized in its entirety within the soul, the one beside the many which is a single identity within them all — originate the skill of the craftsman and the knowledge of the man of science, skill in the sphere of coming to be and science in the sphere of being.

We conclude that these states of knowledge are neither innate in a determinate form, nor developed from other higher states of knowledge, but from sense-perception. It is like a rout in battle stopped by first one making a stand and then another, until the original formation has been restored. The soul is so constituted as to be capable of this process.

*Posterior Analytics* II 19

To Aristotle *the soul* meant life, and the scientist or craftsman today having at least statistically more of it behind him than Aristotle, having made many *stands* but with little claim to have restored



the *original formation* — to have restored his thought to the senses or plain sense so to speak — may out of self-interest perpend what life remains for him in the two ensuing paragraphs of Aristotle's analytics:

Let us now restate the account given already, tho with insufficient clearness. When one of a number of logically indiscriminable particulars has made a stand, the earliest universal is present in the soul: for tho the act of sense-perception is of the particular, its content is universal — is man, for example, not the man Callias. A fresh stand is made among these rudimentary universals, and the process does not cease until the indivisible concepts, the true universals, are established: e.g. such and such a species of animal is a step towards the genus animal, which by the same process is a step towards a further generalization.

The scientist, logically today's craftsman, may think of how the Philosopher with eyes fixed on biological specimens on Lesbos may have been led to articulate by some smooth, unjointed bone among indiscriminable particulars a very early universal — as out of *The Odyssey* all of which Aristotle said made a definition:

A man whose white bones lie on the ground and rot in the rain, undoubtedly, or roll in the brine of the sea —



And somehow recalling as logical craftsman Shakespeare who also knew Homer, Mytilene (the modern name for Lesbos in *Pericles*), the seas near Tarsus, where the play is Thaisa

scarcely coffin'd, in the oare;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones  
The ayre remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse  
Lying with simple shells.

P. III i 61

— the *ayre remaining, lamps* — a host of earliest universals making their origin as acts of sense-perception indiscriminable with lovely and loving implications of words — and the scientific craftsman takes in Aristotle's conclusion to *Posterior Analytics*:

.. the method by which .. sense-perception implants the universal is inductive. .. of the thinking states by which we grasp truth, some are unfailingly *true*, others admit of error — opinion, for instance, and calculation, whereas scientific knowing and intuition are always true: further, no other kind of thought except intuition is more accurate than scientific knowledge, whereas primary premisses are more knowable than demonstrations, and *all scientific knowledge is discursive*. .. it follows that there will be no scientific knowledge of the primary premisses, and since except intuition nothing can be truer than scientific knowledge, it will

be intuition that apprehends the primary premisses — a result which also follows from the fact that demonstration cannot be the originative source of demonstration, nor, consequently, scientific knowledge of scientific knowledge. If, therefore, it is the only kind of true thinking except scientific knowing, intuition will be the originative source of scientific knowledge. And the originative source of science *grasps* the original basic premiss, while science as a whole is similarly related as originative source to *the whole body of fact*.

*Grasps* means? The italic (not Aristotle's) *all scientific knowledge is discursive!* It only prompts the questions what is discourse? and what, whom is it for — as Aristotle asked frequently. But in this stand for the generalization *the whole body of fact* he lets intuition leap far from eyes, which made the first stand to see (what? the whole body of fact?), into a discourse for the ear where audible factors of seen particulars become indiscriminable.

Aristotle's method here is an old story of culture, probably as *true*, with varying *content* of sensation and abstraction, of the memorial savage as of the beings who preceded and followed him. For the first stand of *true*, according to Aristotle's explanation, must begin with the first persistence of sense which inevitably occludes the sense of sight, as iron *occludes* hydrogen? or perhaps the last



question should be worded more in the style of Aristotle's analysis of demonstration or science: how and what for does the visible indiscriminably make a stand for the invisible?

Aristotle who chartered logic as well as biology appears sometimes to have answered, *for science*; tho the praise of sight which opens the *Metaphysics* seems emotionally incompatible with his scientific bent for discursive knowledge — discourse, such as his, of indivisible concepts, true universals and generalizations, which are the objects and aims of talk in correct demonstration. Yet as philosophy — in his sense, defined as the biological end of human life (cf. *De Anima* II 4) — Aristotle's whole work reads no incompatibility between praising sight (or, as he suggests with point elsewhere, prizing happiness, *Ethics* I 12) and abstracting from it rigorous talk. The actuality of thought is life, he wrote (*Metaphysics* XII 7), and passionately refuted the material, mathematical, and vaguely dialectical philosophers whose thought whether of hard or abstract quanta, or Ideas or Forms had annihilated for him the whole study of nature (*Metaphysics* I 4-9). His criticism of these philosophers, especially Plato, is Aristophanic:

.. what *happens* is the contrary; the theory is not a reasonable one. For they make many things out of the matter, and the form generates only



once, but what we observe is that one table is made from one matter, while the man who applies the form, tho he is one, makes many tables. And the relation of the male to the female is similar; for the latter is impregnated by one copulation, but the male impregnates many females; yet these are analogues of those first principles.

*Metaphysics I 6*

For all that, Aristotle's use of the words *final cause* has usually been understood as a loss of face accruing to the unbiological Good of Plato who summarizers say comprehended otherworldly intention for natural species — the intention existing underived from and anterior to natural potential or potency. But while the biology of Plato's *Timaeus* is impressively a sensuous and witty mixture of humane Creative mindfulness and Timaeus' worldliness, the account of the origin of the universe in this dialogue embeds curious previsions of modern mathematical physics — of crystals, molecules, corpuscles, perhaps field, and a finite universe (e.g. *Timaeus* 55-63).

General histories of philosophy neglect to credit the anticipatory import of this work of Plato for later science. Yet Aristotle who perhaps had more time to read carefully pointed out that Plato's *inquiries in the regions of definitions* for a *final cause* resulted in *identifying mathematics with philosophy for modern thinkers, tho they say*

*that it should be studied for the sake of other things (Metaphysics I 6, 9):*

.. his (Plato's) making the other entity besides the One a dyad was due to the belief that the numbers, except those that were prime, could be neatly produced out of the dyad as out of some plastic material. .. that for whose sake actions and changes and movements take place they (i.e. Plato and his traditional compeers) assert to be a cause in a way, but .. not in the way in which it is its *nature* to be a cause. For those who speak of reason or friendship do not speak .. as if anything that exists either existed or came into being for the sake of these, but as if movements started from these. In the same way those who say the One or the existent is the good, say that it is the cause of substance, but not that substance either is or comes to be for the sake of this. Therefore it turns out that in a sense they both say and do not say the good is a cause; for they do not call it a cause *qua* good but only incidentally.

*Metaphysics I 6, 7*

Neither philosophy nor science has explained away those movements which act not for the thought of good, reason, or friendship, but appear within the range of it to make the universe a *mere series of episodes (Metaphysics XII 10)*. To explain away so decisively is only to remake into discourse, as Aristotle did, a relic of ancient treasure



that later implied but, as history guesses, did not in its beginnings say in so many words: first substances were gods in the form of men or like some other animals (*Metaphysics* XII 8). It is not to present the relic of fable but to explain it by analogy or proverb:

Those who suppose .. that supreme beauty and goodness are not present in the beginning, because the beginnings both of plants and animals are *causes* but beauty and completeness are in the *effects* of these, are wrong in their opinion. For the seed comes from other individuals which are prior and complete, and the first thing is not seed but the complete being; e.g. we must say that before the seed there is a man — not the man produced from the seed, but another from whom the seed comes.

*Metaphysics* XII 7

Since the nature of this explanation is filled only with such respect and longing for anterior time and state as would make the fable logically clear to the present, the oddity of having to be the fable's seed while speaking of it as a logical man may unwittingly — or even wittingly — affect careless reverence and offhand impiety:

We must be careful not to ignore the question whether soul can be defined in a single unambiguous formula, as in the case with animal, or

whether we must not give a separate formula for each sort of it, as we do for horse, dog, man, god (in the latter case the 'universal' animal [*sic*] — and so too every other 'common predicate' — being treated either as nothing at all or as a later product).

*De Anima* I 1

'*Universal*' animal .. '*common predicate*' .. *nothing at all* .. *later product* .. In questioning an unambiguous formula for soul, the third book of *De Anima* answers the ready implications of the Aristotelian logical terminology of the first:

.. that in the soul which is called mind (by mind I mean that whereby the soul thinks and judges) is, before it thinks, not actually any real thing.

.. we can distinguish between a spatial magnitude, and between water and what it is to be water .. flesh and what it is to be flesh are discriminated either by different faculties, or by the same faculty in two different states .. the essential character of flesh is apprehended by something different either wholly separate from the sensitive faculty or related to it as a bent line to the same line when it has been straightened out .. mind is in a sense potentially whatever is thinkable tho actually it is nothing until it has thought. What it thinks must be in it just as characters may be said to be on a writing-tablet on which as yet nothing actually stands written: this is exactly what happens with mind.



Mind is itself thinkable in exactly the same way as its objects are. For in the case of objects which involve no matter, what thinks and what is thought are identical; for speculative knowledge and its object are identical .. in the case of those which contain matter each of the objects of thought is only potentially present. It follows that while *they* will not have mind in them (for mind is a potentiality of them only in so far as they are capable of being disengaged from matter) mind may yet be thinkable.

.. mind as we have described it is what it is by virtue of becoming all things, while there is another which is what it is by virtue of making all things: this is a sort of positive state like light; for in a sense light makes potential colors into actual colors.

.. mind is not at one time knowing and at another not. When mind is set free from its present conditions it appears as just what it is and nothing more: this alone is immortal and eternal (.. mind in this sense is impassible, mind as passive is destructible), and without it nothing thinks.

The thinking then of the simple objects of thought is found in those cases where falsehood is impossible: where the alternative of true or false applies, there we always find a putting together of objects of thought in a quasi-unity.

.. there is nothing to prevent mind from knowing what is undivided, e.g. when it apprehends a

length (which is actually undivided) and that in an undivided time; for the time is divided or undivided in the same manner as the line .. what is not quantitatively simple but qualitatively simple is thought in a simple time and by a simple act of the soul.

*De Anima* III 4-6

The conclusion follows elsewhere — in character with the walking and talking Philosopher — as the word *substance* is transmuted and hypostasized:

It is clear .. there is a substance which is eternal and unmovable and separate from sensible things. It has been shown also that this substance cannot have any magnitude, but is without part and indivisible (for it produces movement through infinite time, but nothing finite has infinite power; and while every magnitude is either infinite or finite, it cannot for the above reason have finite magnitude, and it cannot have infinite magnitude because there is no infinite magnitude at all). But it has also been shown that it is impassive and unalterable; for all the other changes are posterior to change of place.

*Metaphysics* XII 7

Routine philosophy had before, and has since Aristotle been trained to leap from *transcendental* to *transcendent*, from what is thought to beyond thought. If Aristotle never intended his imperishable *substance* to be the *beyond-thought*,



his transmutation of a word and the related words *thought*, *knowing*, *mind* — which are not self-evidently sensuous — into an eternal, unmovable existence offered no impasse to mental drift — or action that assumes more exists than it acts: no more impasse, for example, than is offered when the inertia of the word *substance* is made to imply an infinite matter that exists without thought. But there is no general impasse to mental drift. So, again, a familiar condition of perishable mind is to think of imperishable mind, tho all possibly imagined single deaths could not reasonably argue an eternally perishable mind. Only the argument of a projected lovelessness for all possible thought or motion or absence of motion can suffer or prove this of itself, but to project it thus in nature it must be imperishably conceived as nothing.

### Threnos

Beauty, Truth, and Rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd, in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtles's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and Beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

• •

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded,

Indifferent whether what he had thought had already been thought before him by another, Ludwig Wittgenstein appears to have traveled with the flame of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. He expressed affective indifference in seven main propositions and not many subordinate ones, showing how little had been done to see the world rightly, in *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. (1918)

- 1 The world is everything that is the case.
- 1.1 The world is the totality of facts, not of things.
- 1.12 .. the totality of facts determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.

Aristotle had said :

.. specifically different things have specifically different elements; but *all* things have not the same



elements in this sense, but only analogically; i.e. one might say there are three principles — the form, the privation, and the matter. But each of these is different for each class; e.g. in colour they are white, black, and surface, and in day and night they are light, darkness, and air.

*Metaphysics XII 4*

### And Spinoza:

The ideas of individual things or modes which do not exist must be comprehended in the infinite idea of God in the same way as the formal essences of individual things or modes are contained in the attributes of God.

*Ethics Part II Prop. VIII*

- 1.13 The facts in logical space are the world.
- 1.2 The world divides into facts.
- 1.21 Anyone can either be the case or not be the case, and everything else remain the same.

*Tractatus*

Hamlet had also worded the metaphysical-epistemological question so concisely for philosophy in the opening six words of *the soliloquy*: and in "but thinking makes it so."

- 2. What is the case, the fact, is the existence of atomic facts.
- 2.01 An atomic fact is a combination of objects (entities, things.)

2.011 It is essential to a thing that it can be a constituent part of an atomic fact.

2.012 In logic nothing is accidental:

*Tractatus*

.. the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:

*H. V ii 231*

2.0121 .. (A logical entity cannot be merely possible. Logic treats of every possibility, and all possibilities are its facts.)

2.013 Everything is, as it were, in a space of possible atomic facts. I can think of this space as empty, but not of the thing without the space.

2.0131 A spatial object must lie in infinite space. (A point in space is a place for an argument.)

A speck in a visual field need not be red, but it must have a colour; it has, so to speak, a colour space around it. A tone must have a pitch, the object of the sense of touch a hardness, etc.

*Tractatus*

As the lines in the second quarto of *Hamlet* said, but which Heminge and Condell, their fellow actor's well-wishers, omitted from the



Folio. Shakespeare's lines? Granted they were, it will always be a question, of course, whether or not their dead friend had himself made the obvious cut "necessary" in the theater for the playgoer.

Sense sure you have,  
 Else could you not have motion; but sure,  
   that sense  
 Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference.

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.

H. III iv 71

Heminge and Condell seem to have been consistent in omitting the related thought, *nor doth the eye itself, | That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself* (T.&C. III iii 105) and the rest of this speech so indispensable to what has been read here as their friend's proposition thruout his text — that *Love sees*. Restored to this reading — as tho Fortune herself now recites Ulysses' *How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall, | While others play the idiots in her eyes* (T.&C. III iii 134) the lines stand well

in the shade of Bottom's argument that the *ear of man hath not seen*; and sound Shakespear-ean enough perhaps to some wondering least reader, for whom print as spatial object must lie in infinite space, as he discovers in the latest logic the inverse with which Bottom begins: *The eye of man hath not heard.*

(A point in space is a place for an argument,)  
.. A tone must have a pitch, the object of the sense of touch a hardness

As these lines retained in the Folio also say:

On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.

H. III iv 125

What audible need had Bottom if *apricocks, dewberries, purple grapes, green figs, mulberries, humble-bees*, the courtesies with which a sprite feeds air, could *Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes?* (M.N.D. III i 168)

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight  
M.N.D. III ii 369

Where heart doth hop

Hop as light as bird from brier

M.N.D. V i 304, 401



*When thou wak'st with thine own fool's eyes  
peep, (M.N.D. IV i 88)* The Old Vic disc of  
this play adds, with insight, a sound track of  
birds to the text, after Bottom wakes from the  
dream; and has Bottom sing again (he does not  
sing it twice in Shakespeare)

The ousel cock so black of hue  
With orange-tawny bill.  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill, —

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay; —

*M.N.D. III i 128, 136*

with just insight; for as the weaver discourses  
previously, not really twitting the seen birds of  
his song, after he has been changed into an ass

.. who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  
Who would give a bird the lie, tho he cry "cuckoo"  
never so?

*M.N.D. III i 137*

But in faithless marriages of words to birds in  
which the tongue is not able to conceive, nor  
the heart to report, the retention by wit of the  
clear song that bounds from seen birds may come

to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine (*M.N.D.* III i 61). Aristotle's stand in sense for the sake of *substance* distils logically the mystery of natural activity voiced to persist as essence of the human brain. In the stage of pursuing natural activity in words, men "will meet"; and as Bottom innocently puns, "there" (in the forest losing the trees) "we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously" (*M.N.D.* I ii 110). The pun is on *scene* heard as (while *ob* says *against*, therefore *not*) *seen*, and so rehearsed it may well strike the mind courageously that the Aristotelian *final cause*, or *for the sake of what*, or *what for* of it is: "Take pains; be perfect; adieu." (*M.N.D.* I ii 111)

2.014 Objects contain the possibility of all states of affairs.

2.02 The object is simple.

2.021 Objects form the substance of the world. Therefore they cannot be compound.

*Tractatus*

George Boole:

.. events are either *simple* or *compound*. By a compound event is meant one of which the expression in language, or the conception in thought, depends upon the expression or the conception of other events, which, in relation to it, may be



regarded as *simple* events. To say "it rains," or to say "it thunders," is to express the occurrence of a simple event; but to say "it rains and thunders," or to say "it either rains or thunders," is to express that of a compound event. For the expression of that event depends upon the elementary expression, "it rains," "it thunders." The criterion of simple events is not, therefore, any supposed simplicity in their nature. It is founded solely on the mode of their expression in language or conception in thought.

*An Investigation*  
of  
**THE LAWS OF THOUGHT**  
on which are founded  
*The Mathematical Theories of Logic*  
and *Probabilities*  
1854

*Simple were so well compounded.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

— What's this? what's this?

— A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal.

*R.&J.* I v 141

The dance is "simple," but the rhyme of *known*,  
*unknown* moves to

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face

*R.&J.* II ii 85

There is some thought *known* too late, some literally *unknown* as the question dances in itself its seen answer, as *sweet and twenty* (only a glossary questions the meaning of what is seen *unknown* in that phrase.)

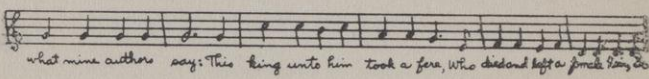
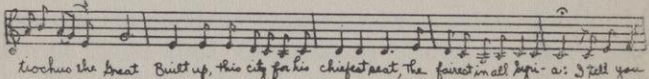
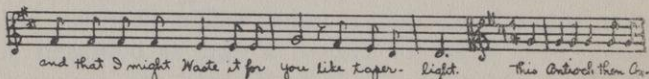
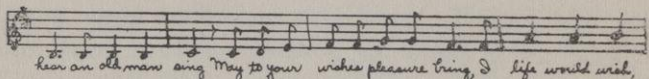
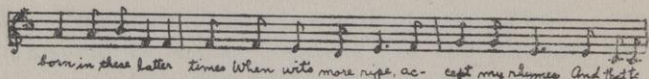
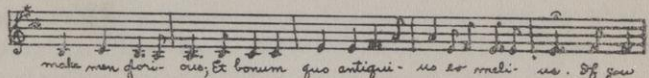
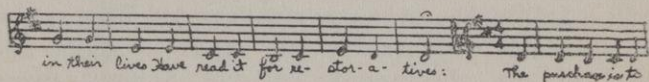
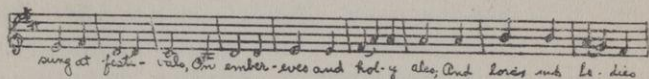
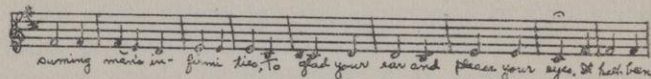
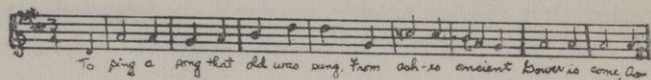
All told, these are the expressed or conceived limits of natural activity whose character is such that its words or thoughts must suppose simplicity that can be lawfully compounded — if only to balance *nothing* and *something* — or to equate *nothing* to *nothing*, or *something* to *something*, where *nothing* may always edge *something* — like the mask of night on a face, the unavoidable mask longing for the supposedly simple face known by a supposedly whole *thou*: for as there persists "*my* face," the possibility of at least one onlooker, reader of a face must also be there. The "simple" then cries out to be "well compounded" into the "wonder" of the phoenix and the turtle between whose two remote hearts *Distance, and no space was seen*. Before and for this *Love and Constancy is dead*, and Beauty, Truth, and Rarity are buried. Only live birds that are still *either true or fair* in thought may be heralded to sigh a prayer for dead birds (like Prospero for himself at the end of his tempest) because live birds cannot see more than the words *Love and Constancy* show of the dead. As Threnos for the phoenix and the turtle, *Love*



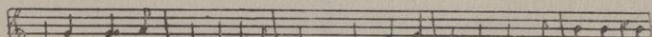
*and Constancy* is a "compound" sign or convention of the tongue or thought and not Wittgenstein's thing or object or substance of the world that makes reason in itself confounded say of dead love birds, "Love hath reason."

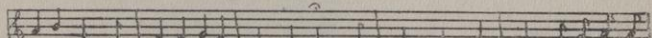
Pericles, Prince of Tyre  
William Shakespeare  
Celia Thaw

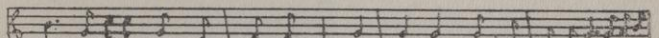
Flower (Act I)

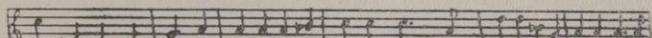


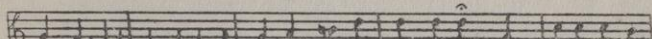


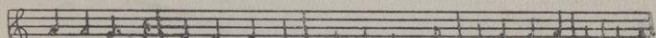
  
Duxon, black and full of face As heaven had lent her all his grace, With whom the father

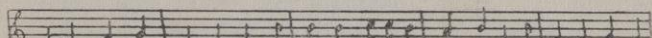
  
liking took, And her to incest did provoke: Bad child, worse fact- er! to entice her

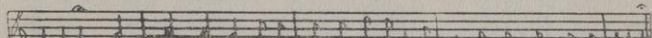
  
own To evil should be done by none: But custom what they did began Was call'd by

  
us account no sin. The beauty of this sinful dame Made many princes thither come To

  
seek her as a bed-fellow In marriage phrases play-fellow: Which to prevent the

  
made a law, To keep her still and men in awe, That who so ask'd her for his wife, the

  
riddle told met, lost his life: So for her many a night did die, As you gem looks do

  
satisfy. What now answers to the judgment of your eye? O you, my cause who best can justify.

## The Cause, The Cause

It is the cause the cause, still, it is (and she, still  
even though the method be  
new, be  
the rods and cones of, a pigeon's or, a rabbit's  
eye, or be  
who, man, is that woman you now dream of, who  
woman, is that  
man  
named & featured, yet  
who it is you sit beside, each of you, there, by the bubbling caldron in which bones  
and furniture are tossed (a grisly soup from which child's fingers drop, flames  
spill out  
on treacherous ground across which he leads you, i  
lead you on, in,  
a devils', angels'  
dancings, the measured feet (clean, & sweet as hair is, used  
to dry an ankle, toes  
hair, wild quiet hair crushed  
where cylinder & annulet compose  
no dream



## A Tragic Story

THEY had brought the poem to me, asked me if I could solve it.

You are a newspaperman of some worth, said the rather large gentleman, glasses in hand, smiling viciously.

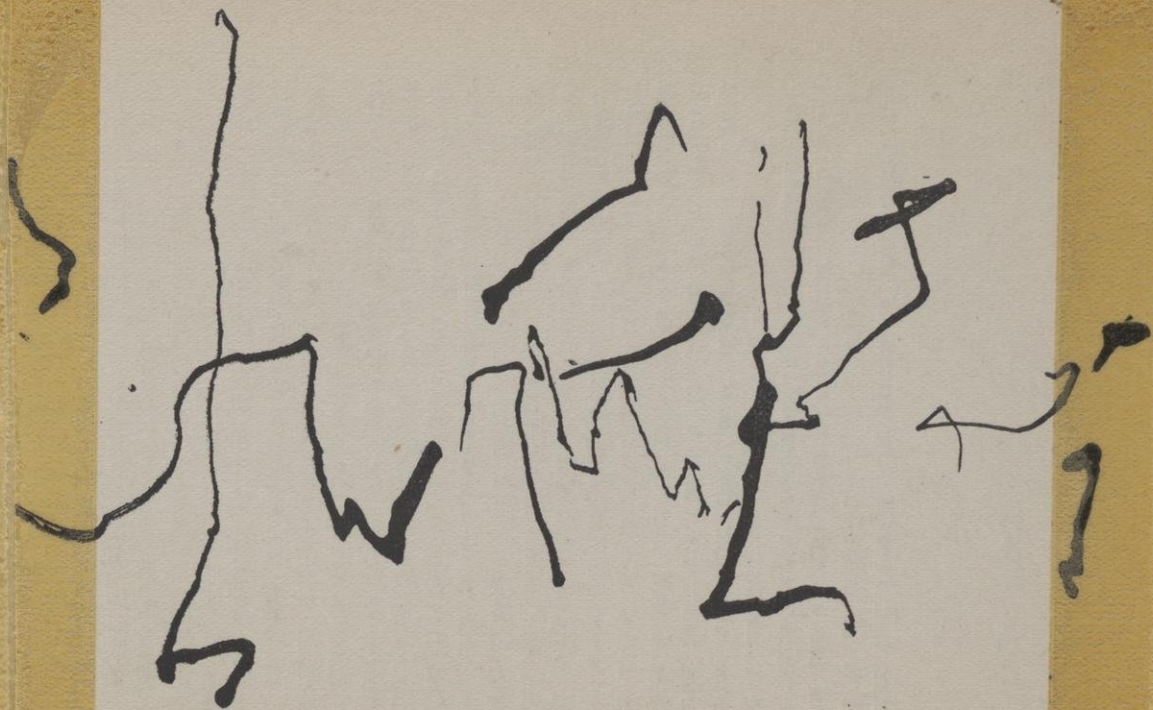
I imagined that they had asked him to figure it out, had teased him with it and, on his failure, rather forced him to bring it to me. Perhaps it was a bet of some sort, between his friends, for they were all laughing behind his back, snickering, jabbing each other in the ribs, carrying on much the same as children.

I said I would look into it.

Fine, the man answered dubiously, then, turning to his friends, he motioned them out of my office, and he, the last, followed them out, only to turn at the door, peer back at me through his glasses before he finally left.

I looked the poem over, read it several times. He told me it had been found beside the body, on the floor, had fallen from his hand. The poem :

In the field of love I found  
A circle lying on the ground.  
A circle! Round, complete,  
Lying, perfect, at my feet.



Fredrickson, D. W. 1925



## Four Poems

1

She now lay deaf to death.

She could have grown a good rutabaga  
in the burial ground  
and how she'd have loved these woods.

One of her pallbearers said I  
like a damfool followed a deer  
wanted to see her jump a fence  
never'd seen a deer jump a fence —

pretty thing  
the way she runs.

2

In Europe they grow a new bean while here  
we tie bundles of grass  
with strands of itself — as my grandfolks did grain —  
against the cold blast  
around my house.

From my cousin in Maine: We've found a warm place  
(did she say in the hay?)

for the winter. Charlie sleeps, late, I'm glad for his sake,  
it shortens the day  
around my house.

3

He built four houses  
to keep his life.  
Three got away  
before he was old.

He wonders now  
rocking his chair  
should he have built  
a boat

dipping, dipping  
and sitting so.

4

As I shook the dust  
from my father's door  
I saw young Aeneas  
on the shore

mulling the past  
— a large town  
and a wartime island —  
a pleasure now.

192



I'll wait, he said,  
till a star shows  
that's gone  
when it snows.

**Lorine Niedecker**

## Strangers To Each Other

I had red lungs saturated with blood and air,  
Her heart was brown and frayed;  
She would not send it to me to be repaired.

Although she went away she left  
A little metal disk in my hand  
with the words on it,  
"God, I love you."

I made money and wired her,  
"Central and peripheral, autonomic,  
Sympathetic, para-sympathetic sympathies to you—  
Nicotine, caffeine hormones — I know  
Of your discontinuities, pains, and most private cells  
Though you are in San Bernardino."

She wired back, "My blood has passed  
Into the flowers and stones,  
Has flowed into the sun at dawn —  
I can speak to you now only through  
The most obscure formulae,  
The most pure and rare solutions,  
And through stories about people like me."

Louis Dienes



ous étions heureux. Nous ne nous gardions pas d'aller et venir, inattentifs et insignifiants. en qu'indiciblement lâches nous étions prêts à mourir aussi légèrement que si la vie n'eût été aucun prix. Notre réflexion n'empêchait pas que s'inscrivissent pour toujours nos gestes décisifs sans autre beauté que l'attention surprenante que nous leur portions... Nous n'avions pas de souvenirs. Avant que périsse notre amour à l'aimer pour ce que nous le prenions notre ignorance faisait notre sagesse aussi dangereuse qu'affectée notre solitude d'aujourd'hui. Nous étions heureux. Malheureux aussi, mais sans effroi et sans honte: nous devinions seulement, quand nous serions dépossédés, la difficulté que nous aurions à sourire. C'est pour ne plus jamais retrouver cette inévitable liberté d'alors que nous vivons si mal maintenant, avec tant de fermeté et de sérieux... Nous étions debout hier à regarder s'éloigner ce que nous avions aimé en jouant. Aujourd'hui, quelle maladresse! Nous mentons et apprenons à devenir aussi vrais que nos mensonges... Nous avons tout perdu et notre temps. Oublié même ce qui faisait nos vies imparfaites d'autrefois.

MARC PIERRET



*Caricature*

**AFFICHE POUR DIRE QUE TOUT EST PERDU**

ch'un s'z

yen ts'as ju            pih s'z  
ts'in sang ti            luh chi  
tang k'ui            hwai kwei jih  
shi ts'ieh twan          yang shi  
ch'un fung            puh siang shih  
ho shi juh            lo wei



plumb time

yen grass veined like jade  
and  
T'sin mulberries  
                                 hanging green  
press on my heart till you return.  
Female is the bright season,  
                                 smelled her in the breeze  
and  
saw her push aside the gauze  
                                 at my window.

Li Tai Po  
trans. David Gordon



*Jargon* announces...

*Fables & Other Little Tales*, by Kenneth Patchen; *The Maximus Poems* | 1-10, by Charles Olson — are still in print. *The Maximus Poems* | 11-22, by Charles Olson; *Poemscapes, Songs & Proverbs*, by Kenneth Patchen; *100 Poems From The French*, by Kenneth Rexroth; *Letters*, by Robert Duncan; *Sometime*, by Louis Zukofsky — soon forthcoming.

For further information, please write to:

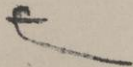
Jonathan Williams, *Jargon*, Box 344, Highlands, N. C.

RED  
JACKET

*New poems by Paul Goodman; copies  
of this book are available from  
the author, 142 West 23rd Street,  
New York, New York.*

2

H



one dollar