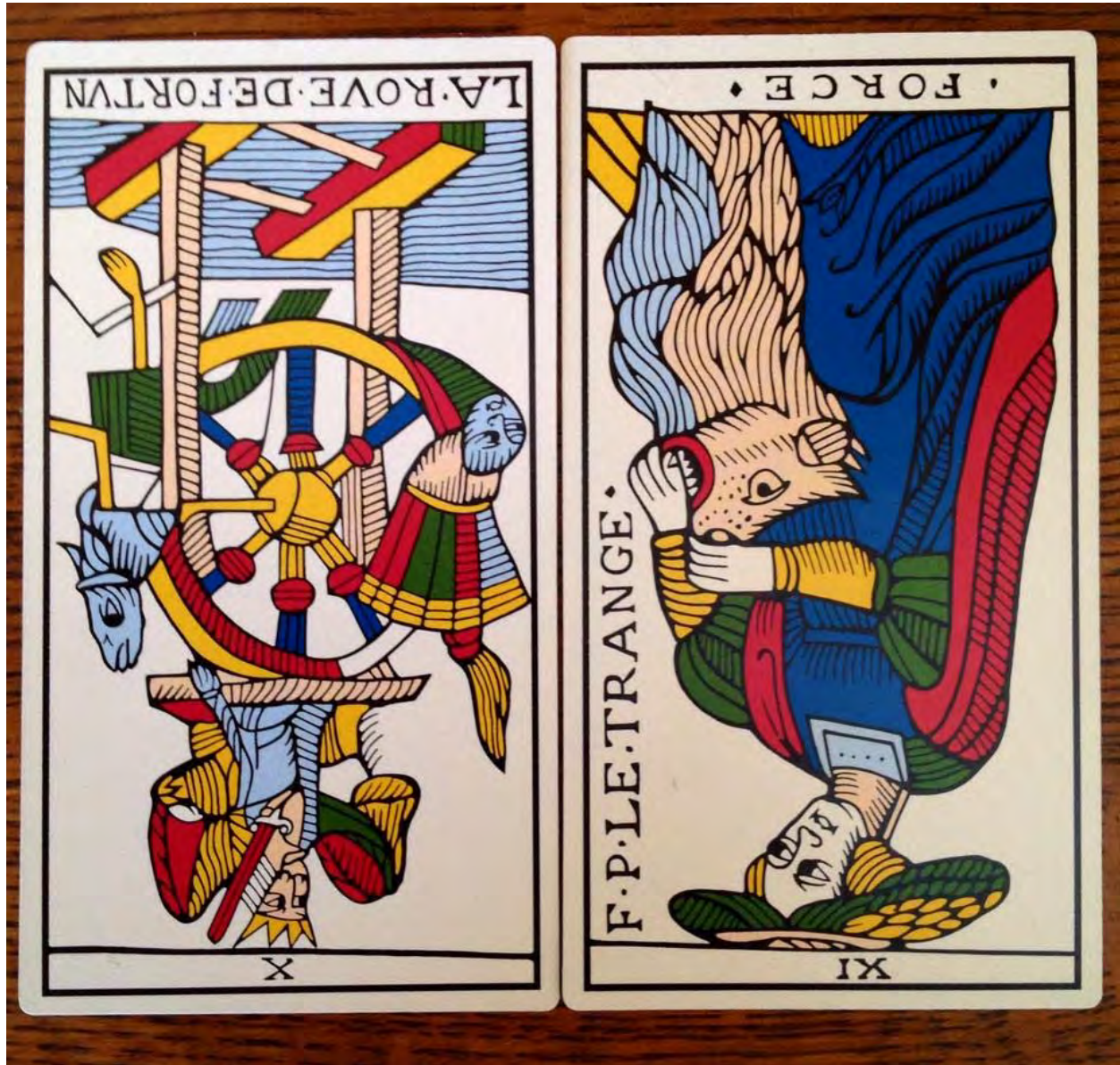


Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Mark Sherman

March 13 at 1:56pm

Ce n'est pas à l'envers... [It is not backwards ...] ≡



Skylines

Downward bird-dog

Nepalese monkey bell, or baby tiffany lamp

Jar of blue and flesh coloured flames, opened

Snail with breadcrumbs

Stag's head draped in blue velvet.

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Luca Shivendra Om time is on my side

Mark Sherman Looking up time's kilt.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Woman under the Wheel / Drop Crown / Choke throat / Untimely effort / Crash of forces from the left

Luca Shivendra Om Keep the pinwheel moving on the other side of the earth

Luca Shivendra Om seized engine

Enrique Enriquez pipes. The water comes from the ceiling, is redirected, and comes out through the lion-faucet.

It spells PLUMBING JOB.

Luca Shivendra Om "You have been teetering on the brink of change for too long: force change"

Markus Pfeil Enrique, plumbing job in biblical terms is gusjing bad news...

Forcing the wheel around. Broken Engine, hard work.

Enrique Enriquez Well, Job's plumbing did come to mind.

Luca Shivendra Om ...forcing the wheel around or having the force not to "wheel"? (zen-like meditation)

Enrique Enriquez So, upside-down these names read:

NVTROF•E D•EVOR•AL • ECROF •

NVTRO FE DEVORA L E CROF

This is:

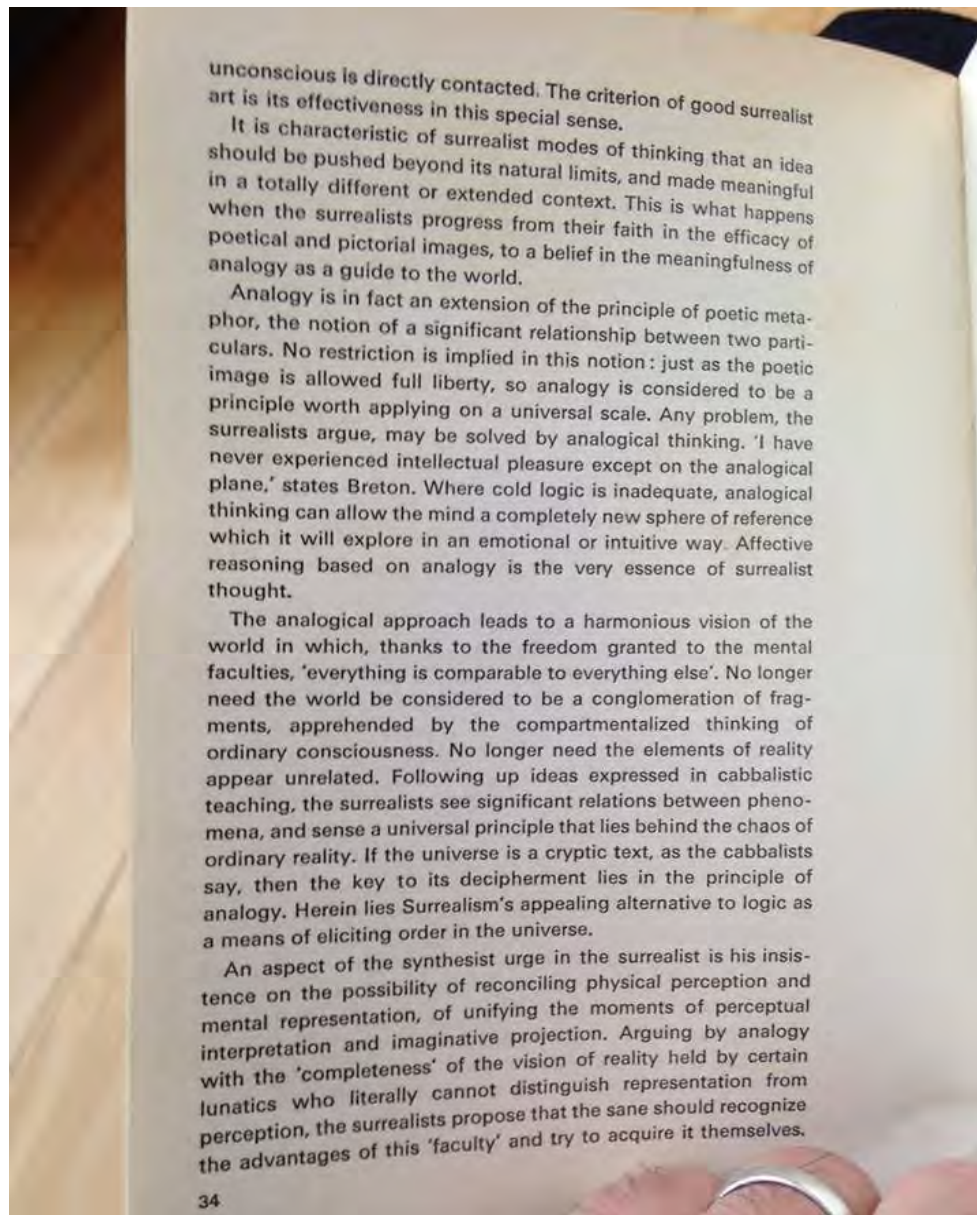
NOURISH FAITH DEVOURS THE CROFT

Aurora Díaz Fernández nuestra fé devora la cruz [our faith devours the cross]

Enrique Enriquez Excellent, Aurora!

Enrique Enriquez

Speaking of analogy, I once hallucinated a certain book about Surrealism. I managed to take a picture of one page, but the book vanished and never appeared again. here is it:



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Luca Shivendra Om 'I never experienced intellectual pleasure except on the analogical plane'- André Breton

Enrique Enriquez Double LiKe, LuKa!

Luca Shivendra Om André approves

Mark Sherman Hmm. Too bad it was hallucinated. I would like to read more of it.

I'm curious though, where there might be overlap or a relationship between "seeing without naming" (which I understand as awareness/direct sense perception without elaboration) and analogical thinking. Analogy, would seem to be a step removed from that.

The Surrealist (and Hermetic Kabbalist) viewpoint that "everything is comparable to everything else" seems to be equated with "everything is connected to everything else".

Mark Sherman (Sorry, accidentally hit "post")

I had never considered that perspective. I will have to mull that over.

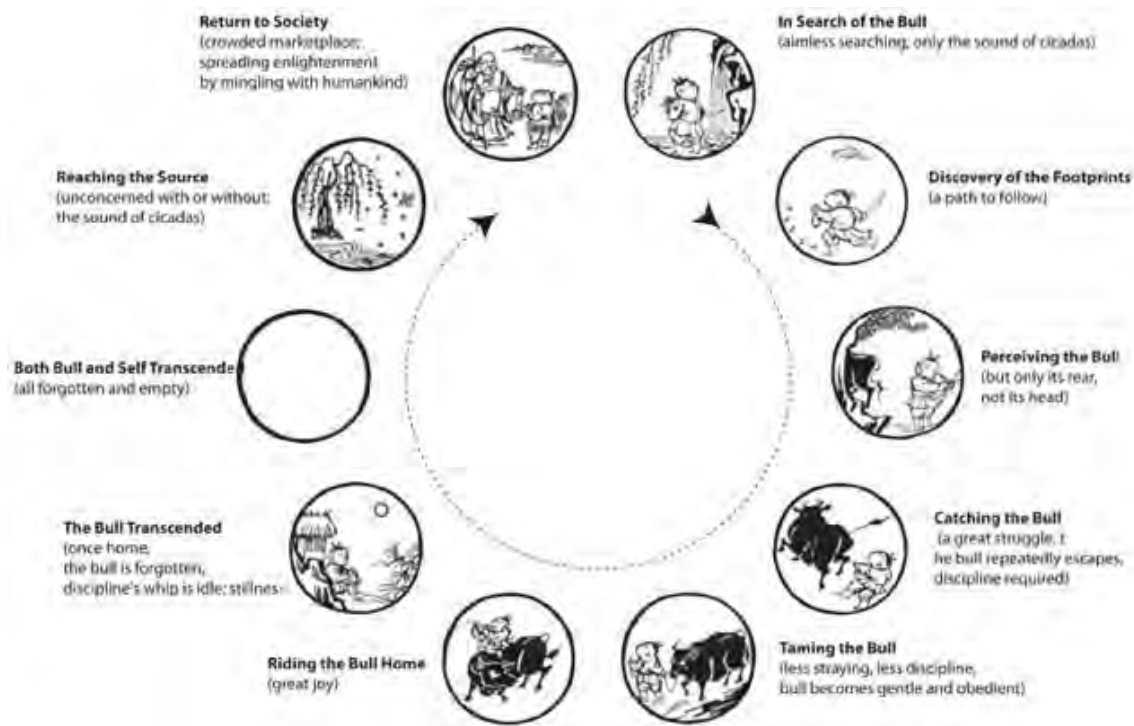
But that's a separate question from my first one.

Markus Pfeil The notion of reconciling physical perception and mental representation, in physics we call "getting used" to a concept one cannot understand. You hallucinate understanding to get good results

Luca Shivendra Om "Getting used to a concept one cannot understand" is a great way to accept the new and unknown in our personal journey towards a higher consciousness of who we really are.

Mark Sherman Thanks Marcus. So in this "getting used to" there is a "gap" between the sense perception and mental representation? No reference points until there are reference points? Wherein, sort of like pre-linguistic infants who make noises, grab, put in mouth, shake, toss, take in ect, we more or less repeat what seems to get feedback or results until patterns, analogies and schemas are formed?

Both yours and Luca's comments brought the "Ten Ox herding Pictures" to mind.



Mark Sherman's photo.

I guess this is an example of analogical perception coming before "direct" perception (of "getting used to"). Hmm.

How accurate or "similar" the analogy is to your meaning might seem to be the determining factor in how (inter)connected they are. On the other hand they are very similar in the sense that the thought "getting used to" and the thought "Ox Herding Pictures" are both analogies (or made of the same "stuff") regardless of whether they both point to the same thing, and then this forms a connection-point between what I am referring to and what you are, by virtue of sharing the same cognitive "bonding mechanism". Or something like that...

Markus Pfeil Mark , my favourite example is the wave-function issue in quantum mechanics. A particle is described by a wavefunction, as a distribution of probability. Thus it really is nowhere, you just know where it could be. But also it really is in all these places at once, as shows in some cases. When you measure where it is, it then pops into one of the intrinsically permitted states of the system (certain energy at a given location). I never understood really how this works, but you get used to the idea to an extent that allows you to connect to it and relate usefully to it. That fills the gap between observation and mental representation enough to live by. Possibly Yoav could add understanding to being used to...

Yoav Ben-dov Markus - I think you are right in this observation, and it is not for nothing that cubism and surrealism developed at the same period as did quantum mechanics. as for what you write "I never

understood really how this works" - well, neither did Einstein, or anyone else, so you are in a good company..

Equivocal=different [waking] /neither different nor not different,

Analogical=similar [dream] /neither similar nor not similar

Univocal=same [deep sleep] /neither same nor not same,

contrary⁷⁷⁹: opposite, antithesis, reverse, converse, inverse, obverse, counterpoise, antonym, inconsistency, reverse image, mirror image, perverse, diametric, opposite poles, day and night, light and dark, Hyperion to a satyr Shakespeare

manifold, durable, versatile, multiple, polymorphic, polymorphous, heteromorphous,

difference ⁷⁸⁰ separate, other, margin, deviation, variation, diversity, discrepancy, strange, discord, tertium quid [third something] autre chose [another thing] different distinct, many, another, otherwise, at odds, contrasting, change, inconsistent, mutable, capricious, fragment, choppy, jerky, rough, plural, variegated, various, motely, irregular, impulsive, sporadic, higgledy-piggledy,

incommensurable not comparable, no common factors, no measure than one.

sameness: ⁷⁷⁸ Monotony, consistency, evenness, unity, identical, identity, indistinguish, equivalence, equality synonymous, selfsame, join, combined, coalesce, synthesize, merge, blended, mailed, fuse ^{805.3} uniformity, steadiness, regularity, persevere, level, homogenize, humdrum, tedious, routine, methodical,

Uniform ⁷⁸¹ nonuniform ⁷⁸² multiform ⁷⁸³

First order logic

$$\exists x \left(\text{Person}(x) \wedge \forall y (\text{Time}(y) \rightarrow \text{Happy}(x, y)) \right)$$

Similarity ⁷⁸⁴ copy ⁷⁸⁵ model ⁷⁸ dissimilar ⁷⁸⁷

likeness, sameness, resemblance, correspondence, parity, parallel, simile, parable, allegory, metaphor, simulation, imitation, mimicking, equivalence, cognate, congener, reciprocal, for simile, replica, companion, assonance, alliteration, slams rhyme, clink, pun, paronomasia, resemble, akin, and, duplicate, reproduce, counterpart, repetition, mold, shadow, silhouette, for simile, outline, echo,

the analogical functions of natural numbers zero through nine. Analogs with

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divergence theorem

$$\iiint_V (\nabla \cdot \mathbf{F}) dV = \oiint_S \mathbf{F} \cdot d\mathbf{S}$$

mathematical formula

Analogy

Compare 943.1 /contrast

Substitute 862.2 /

Parallel 203.1/

Similar 784.1

Equivocal

Variety Ambiguity 539.2 prevaricating 344.11 untruthful 354.34 self-contradictory, incongruous, incomparable

779.8 mixed 797.14 uncertain 971.16 vacillate 362.8 quibble 936.3 lie 354.19 shillyshally ; indecisive time wasting, irresolute, hesitate

Univocal: unambiguous, having only one meaning

unambiguous, clear-cut, instantly recognizable, explicit, definite, clear, decided.

Metaphor: similarity 784.1 substitute 862.2 comparison 943.1

Indicative 517.23 on meaningful 518.10 symbolic 519.10 figurative 536.3

Unexpected and expected similarity

Relation between

Affect vs reason

‘everything is comparable to everything else’

mental representation versus sensate observation

the analogy disease

Ideas/Emotions as Physical Objects Ideas as Physical Spaces Ideas as Possessions Ideas as Sharable Commodities Ideas as Persons or other Animate Beings Mind Parts as Persons or other Animate Beings Mind as Animate Being or Living Body Mind as Physical Object -- Miscellaneous Mind as Physical Space

Emotional-Mind as Physical Space Mind as World-Definer (Ideas as Models) Ideas as External Entities
Ideas as External Utterances Ideas as Internal Utterances Cognizing as Seeing Cognizing as Physical
Sensing (except Seeing) Cognizing as Interacting with Non-Own-Mental Entities Miscellaneous Mental
Metaphors Undetermined Mental Metaphors Non-Mental Metaphors Metonymy (with comments on
metaphor as well)

Some years ago, before phenothiazines, a fire broke out on the back ward of a state hospital. Most of the patients were hallucinated, chronic, process schizophrenics. However, they quickly queued up and marched out as sane as you please. Mannerisms, responses to hallucinations, and other gross signs of disorder vanished until after they reached the safety of the yard; then things returned to normal, or, in this case, to abnormal.

The term "phenothiazines" describes the largest of the five main classes of neuroleptic antipsychotic drugs. These drugs have antipsychotic and, often, antiemetic properties, although they may also cause severe side effects such as extrapyramidal symptoms (including akathisia and tardive dyskinesia), hyperprolactinaemia, and the rare but potentially fatal neuroleptic malignant syndrome, as well as substantial weight gain.

characterized by a breakdown in thinking and poor emotional responses. Common symptoms include delusions, such as paranoia; hearing voices or noises that are not there; disorganized thinking; a lack of emotion and a lack of motivation. Schizophrenia causes significant social and work problems.

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Luca Shivendra Om

Today- Riders of the Sun



Yoav Ben-dov Putin rides into sunny Crimea.

Luca Shivendra Om Kidnapping

Shaving with a twin blade razor

Enrique Enriquez This is the continuation of the previous pairing. Now we know what the Queen feared.

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Audrey Layden Protected realm of innocence (innocents)/challenged to grow beyond/the wall of not knowing/threatens a fall from grace?

Or lovers endangered by a homophobe

Paul Nagy VXIII LE SOLEIL 5 vertical lines CAVALIER D'EPEE 6 vertical 12 vertical

V suggests the receptivity of the two children receiving the sun's rays.

X suggests the mutual reflection of the sun's rays bouncing off the surface of the earth and the wall.

Four consecutive straight lines IIII suggest the drops of radiance falling on the earth as well as, understood horizontally the wall and understood vertically a ladder of ascension. It suggests that the best effort is done after serious deliberation.

Helmet of the CAVALIER D'EPEE is the corona of LE SOLEIL.

The face profile of the CAVALIER D'EPEE becomes the full faced orb of LE SOLEIL

The sword of CAVALIER D'EPEE collects the red radiance of LE SOLEIL.

Bare feet on the ground: shod hoves in air: standing feet hold their ground: galloping hooves make haste.

Blue earth settled. Hilly yellow earth disturbed.

Red hooves, red brick wall.

Greenbelt and green base to wall. If the CAVALIER D'EPEE

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

leaps over the wall of LE SOLEIL he will be unhorsed.

Bare legs standing, blue legs flailing.

CAVALIER D'EPEE astride, LE SOLEIL shining.

LE SOLEIL hunts hues and its radiance heats up the armor of CAVALIER D'EPEE.

The CAVALIER D'EPEE must leap over the wall of LE SOLEIL without bumping into the orb of the sun.

CAVALIER D'EPEE downshifts near the wall causing the horse to stumble. The CAVALIER D'EPEE reaps devil rape

The profile on the CAVALIER D'EPEE pauldron (spaulder or shoulder armor) becomes the face of the child reflected in the muzzle of the horse as the other child. The child with the tail has a secret affinity with the charging horse.

Instead of war one should encourage a PALAVERE. The best action is in negotiation and not domination.

Luca Shivendra Om a case of privacy invasion on facebook

Enrique Enriquez RIDER SOFT HE SUN

Paul Nagy Words for CAVALIER D'EPEE armour:

head helmet is an open-faced "Sallet".

Neck and chest: Renaissance "gorget" is large pieces with a collar and extending down over the chest, protecting it and the heart.

Torso and back: Later "Brigandines" first appeared towards the end of the 14th century, but survived beyond this transitional period between mail and plate, and came into wide use in the 15th century, remaining in use well into the 16th. 15th century brigandines are generally front-opening garments with the nails arranged in triangular groups of three, while 16th century brigandines generally have smaller plates with the rivets arranged in rows.

"Fauld" is a piece of plate armour worn below a breastplate to protect the waist and hips. They take the form of bands of metal surrounding both legs, potentially surrounding the entire hips in a form similar to a skirt.

Arms, shoulder: Renaissance the "rerebrace" was a tubular piece of armour between the shoulder defences (pauldron) and the elbow protection (couter).

As with spaulders, pauldrons cover the shoulder area. "Pauldron" tend to be larger than "spaulders", covering the armpit, and sometimes parts of the back and chest. A pauldron typically consists of a single large dome-shaped piece to cover the shoulder (the "cop") with multiple lames attached to it to defend the arm and upper shoulder. On armour designed for mounted combat, whether in the tournament or the field, the pauldrons would usually be asymmetrical, with one pauldron sporting a cut-away to make room for a lance rest.

"Vambrace" (French: avant-bras) or forearm guards are tubular or gutter defenses for the forearm worn as part of a suit of plate armour. Vambrace may be worn with or without separate couters in a full suit of medieval armour.

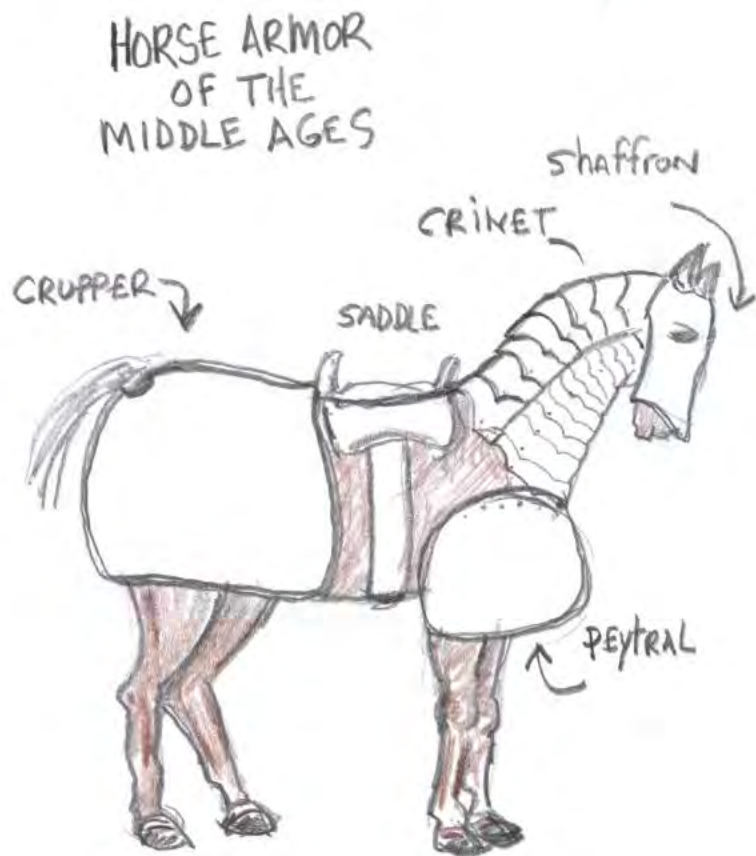
Legs: "Cuisses" are a form of medieval armour worn to protect the thigh. The word is the plural of the French word cuisse meaning 'thigh'. While the skirt of a "maille" shirt or "tassets" of a cuirass could protect the upper legs from above, a thrust from below could avoid these defenses. Thus, cuisses were worn on the thighs to protect from such blows.

"Poleyn" is a knee guard.

The primary purpose of "greaves" is to protect the tibia from attack Greaves usually contained a metal outside with a felt padding inside. The felt padding was particularly important because, without it, any blow would transfer directly from the metal plating to the shin, rendering the piece of armour almost useless.

CAVALIER D'EPEE does not appear to be wearing greaves or foot protection: Solleret or Sabaton.

Medieval Horse Armour



Bard - This is the name for a complete set of horse armor.

Crinet - Defense for the horse's neck.

Crupper - Defensive armor covering the horse's rump.

Flanchard - a Piece of plate armor attached to the saddle that protected the flank of a horse.

Shaffron (Also called a Chaffron) - This is the plate armor that covered a horse's head and face.

Peytral - Armor designed to protect the horse's chest.

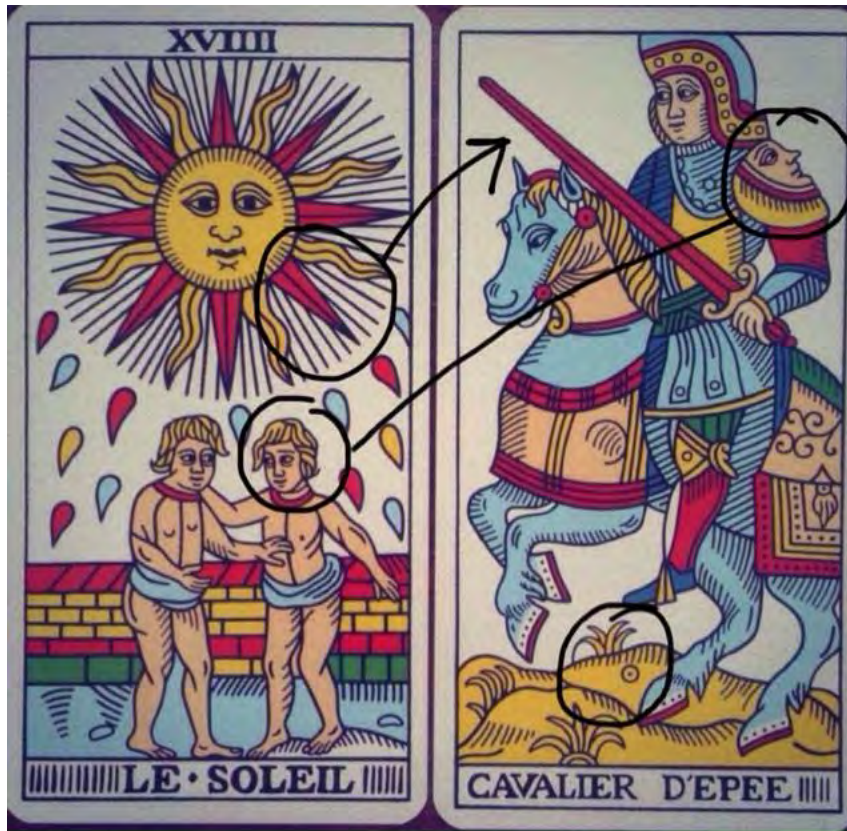
Aurora Díaz Fernández Children protector warrior of the light / remembering childhood sibling memories/

Exposing and fighting for the rights of children.

Guardian Angel

Enrique Enriquez The man is coming back after spending a few years in some war, so the woman says RIDER SOFT HE SUN (rider: soft, he son). He got her pregnant right before leaving (or so she will say) and she fears he won't recognize the kids playing as his.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Enrique Enriquez, great story. You know, I love stories!



Andy Fisher

The Jedi warrior, like all knights, fights not for the Council of Elders or for personal ambition but for the man to his left or right who is his brother. SUN 'S BLAZE - SON'S BLADE (light sabre).

Note the symbol of the sun beneath the horse's hooves? This man rides the solar winds to vanquish all those who would build walls where once men roamed freely.

Drap Arora the horseman's helmet and the son's hair on the left have the same shape.....so probably he could be returning to the heir he left....

Luca Shivendra Om Mind over mood / Impulsivity... A rush action endangers a close friendship.

Mark Sherman Luca, "privacy invasion on facebook". Lol!



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Homage foliage mirage

<http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/16/magazine/the-psychomagical-realism-of-alejandro-jodorowsky.html>

see appendix

The Psychomagical Realism of Alejandro Jodorowsky

The “father of the midnight movie” is back with his first film in 23 years.



The New York Times | By Eric Benson

Pablo Robledo chapeau señor Alejandro

Mark Sherman Has anyone seen Dance of Reality yet?

Mark Sherman I learned of the "Choice of Hercules" from a drawing by the author The Esoteric Tarot by R. Decker. Searching around I found this also:

<http://spenserians.cath.vt.edu/TextRecord.php?action=GET...>

See appendix

While I chanced upon the Zeus image separately, in the same Decker book is a picture of a coin from the 2nd century AD which shows a similar depiction of Zeus but in profile, and the leg posture is even more "4-shaped".

Rev. Joseph Spence: The Choice of Hercules: A Lesson of Socrates; recorded by Xenophon.

Writing as "Sir Harry Beaumont," Joseph Spence, who had written extensively about ancient allegory in *Polymetis* (1747), translates *The Choice of Hercules*. The allegory, by the sophist Prodicus of Ceos, is known from Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. In *Polymetis* (1747)...



Mark Sherman Also, incidentally, I find it interesting how similar in shape Zeus' thunderbolt is to the "dorje" - a tantric symbol and ritual implement in Tibetan Vajrayana. Given the greek influence on Buddhist art in Gandhara (which also occurred in the 2nd century) I suppose it's not that surprising.



Once again from Decker, he makes mention (and shows a small reproduction on pg. 146) of a German woodcut from 1490 called "Children of the Planets". In it, one of the segments (which could be depicting "houses", I'm not up on astrology) has a Sun in front of the groin of a standing figure holding a book and a staff or sword. Directly below the sun are wrestlers. He proposes that this might be the basis for the Sun card. It is compelling imo. I have not found an image online though. What I did find was this, a Gemini image from I think the 1600's:



They could be embracing or about to grapple. The one on the left needs to watch his feet.

Zeus Coin



Steve Mangan Yes - wrestlers are presented under the sun in several 'Children of the Planets' series.

we wrestle
beneath the noonday sun
about to fall

The cup and ball player is often also represented in such series (as a Child of the Moon).

Here for example wrestlers are included under Children of the Sun



And juggler come dentist under Children of the Moon



Mark Sherman Those are lovely Steve. Interestingly, on the right side of the moon image is a guy walking with a pole over his shoulder and what looks like a bag attached to it. Chasing after him is a sort of dog-hare.

Where are they from?

Steve Mangan Children of the Planets by Master of the Housebook c.1475/85

Here is a woodcut illustration from a book of carnival songs (this one concerning songs of death :



Figure 2 *Canzona della morte, canzona del Bronchone, canzona del Diamante e della Chazuola* (Florence, after 1513), fol. 1^r. With the permission of the Ministero per i Beni e le Attività Culturali

Mark Sherman Yikes. Do you have any of the songs translated?

When I searched Master of the Housebook, the top hits all lead to posts of yours on other forums.

You seem to be a fountain of info.

Are you a researcher/scholar Steve?

Steve Mangan Nah - just a tarot enthusiast with some interest in its history.

Mark Sherman Well, thank you for sharing!

Steve Mangan I haven't seen the text - but it is probably related to the Triumph of Death theme as discussed by Michael Hurst here:

<http://pre-gebelin.blogspot.co.uk/2008/04/carnival-triumph-of-death.html>

see appendix

There is a rendition of a song the Triumph of Death for a Medici procession on youtube here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sXd-p16vq4g>

Lorenzo de' Medici (1 January 1449 – 9 April 1492) was also himself a poet whose repertoire included carnival songs. Carnival songs were performed during carnival by men and boys in masks and costume, and were often full of obscene double entendres. Here are a few verses from his Song of the Sweetmeat

Sellers which references card games of the time (the double entendres are far more obscene in the original Italian than presented here in translation).

Song of the Sweetmeat Sellers

A 15th century Carnival Song by Lorenzo de Medici

Ladies! We have ripe plums and sweetmeats:
if you want some, then ours are a treat.

Don't ask how they're made, we won't show you,
it's a waste of time, too much trouble to go to;
please don't waste your time, like so many do,
just cooking for yourselves in little pots,
tiny little pots.

Ladies! We have ripe plums and sweetmeats:
if you want some, then ours are a treat.
This art we young men make a living on,
isn't it enough we have the finest of buns?

Please don't wait around to be given one,
best to play and just pay a pretty penny,
your pretty penny.

Ladies! We have ripe plums and sweetmeats:
if you want some, then ours are a treat.

We've got cards and could play "bassett":
it needs one to raise, another to bet;
then again and again back and forth set
the cards; you guess mine, or I take yours:
I'll take yours.

Ladies! We have ripe plums and sweetmeats:
if you want some, then ours are a treat.

If you want to play as we have shown,
we are happy to put all we have down
in a bid, here and now between your own,
right up to the box with our sweetmeats:
our perfect ripe plums and sweetmeats

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Based upon the selection of verses from the Canzona de' Confortini by Lorenzo di Medici c.1475 as performed by "The Toronto Consort":

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4G2ND5uqGJ0>

The full text and a translation was put up over at tarotpedia by P. Marco:

http://www.tarotpedia.com/wiki/%28Lorenzo_de%27_Medici%29/Canzona_de%27_confortini

see appendix

Mark Sherman Thanks again for your efforts Steve. The explanatory notes in the Tarotpedia translation are quite, er, clarifying regarding the double entendres.

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Luca Shivendra OmThe pip and trump club

Today- Too many Grails



Camelia Elias Soft strategies. It goes from crazy to dubious.

Drap Arora nouv(eau) riche...

Enrique Enriquez He is expecting visits but he doesn't wants to share

Jean-Stéphane Faubert He's coming to work as a referee, arbitrating between two teams.

Paul Nagy Le Mat walks his pet. Roy D Epee sits [six] when he pees, in full dress, armored, and soused with a mere 6 cups of wine. Roy D Epee is in love with love and suspicious that someone wants to share his throne. Le Mat is more at home with his natural functions and ready to move on but it is possible that Roy D Epee is blocking his progress to get to the Tavern.

Le Mat's stick is ELM and his METAL bells and belt carry a charge. Le Mat is a Sun and Roy D Epee shoulder pads reveal the waxing and waning moons. Le Mat is dawn: Roy D Epee is dusk. VI Coupes, rain.

Roy D Epee is full of DEEP YORE. A YORE tied and ROPED to the EYED PORE, the socket for tears and also a euphemism for PEE DYE [piss helps set the color in some fabrics] OR RYE a way to DOPE the EYE with the worry from the head. Roy D Epee tends to believe what he thinks rather than actually explore a situation.

Audrey Layden A leap of faith offers the promise of sweeter and expanded society

Enrique Enriquez a lip of faith sweetens that promise.

Drapi Arora Enrique, your first observation took me to the story of Drupad and Drona, in Mahabharata.....when Drupad and Drona were children, the king's son Drupad promised his friend half his kingdom when they grow up....when the time came, Drupad in his impoverished state of affairs, went to his friend in hope that the childhood promise would be fulfilled.....As a king, Drupad's intentions changed and he throws his old friend out of the kingdom....Gita to Grail, what a wonderful card combination, where mythologies and stories speak volumes.....

Aurora Díaz Fernández No matter the choosen path, impromptu or planned, love will meet us.

Luca Shivendra Om choose wisely



a choice between freedom and a family or an institution, between security and globetrotting

maybe he threw behind him his hippy soul to embrace a standard way of living -order rules

now he is the king of the statu quo -no more foolishness

the risk is to become a number among numbers, a checker in the big game

Mark Sherman Angry drunk. He don't need no stinkin' goblets. He wants the bottle. Fool being a fool walks right into what could end up to be a bad scene.

"Pees sitting down"!

Enrique Enriquez Yes Luca, the King chooses, Le Mat wishes.

Luca Shivendra Om ah, Enrique, yes... Maybe Le Mat is whispering wishes in the king's ear... VI wishes... They are likely to destabilize the king's ordinary life.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Le Mat whistles the King wishes.

Luca Shivendra Om [Healing the family tree]

– after long pondering and wandering, the king came to this conclusion: his family tree (VI of Cups) is a worthy and precious one

– the faces on his shoulders show clearly that his feelings about the whole question have changed a lot: he reconciled himself to his family lineage, or:

– he healed his genealogy

Aurora Díaz Fernández Luca Shivendra Om, he is sitting in a throne which implies great responsibility. I think he is pondering like you said... And look at his sword pointing to the sky up from his waist, maybe thinking what is socially correct or accepted. In contrast Le Mat cane touches the earth, from his waist down in a diagonal, pointing to movement or future. Interesting lines that can be read. Love this exercises, thanks!

Andy Fisher The bouncer stops the joker at the door - no pets allowed and besides, the club has a strict dress code...but his resolve starts to waver when the young man offers to make it worth his while...

Markus Pfeil One Roy said L'eMat ce moi...so he keeps other Fools away from his court. Six cups lead to sex and w(h)ine and those are complicated.

Mark Sherman Does anyone know why Jodo & Camoin went with such a "stink eye" expression on the Roy D'epee? I've wondered this before and have not located a deck that I see as setting a precedent for that. The expression in the Noblet deck seems to come closest among those I've seen, but it seems to me to have more of a detached regard (if a little suspicious).



Mark Sherman The Conver, which serves as the base for the images lacks this energy, as does the Dodal and the others in the following examples:



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Mark Sherman The original Noblet comes even closer I suppose...

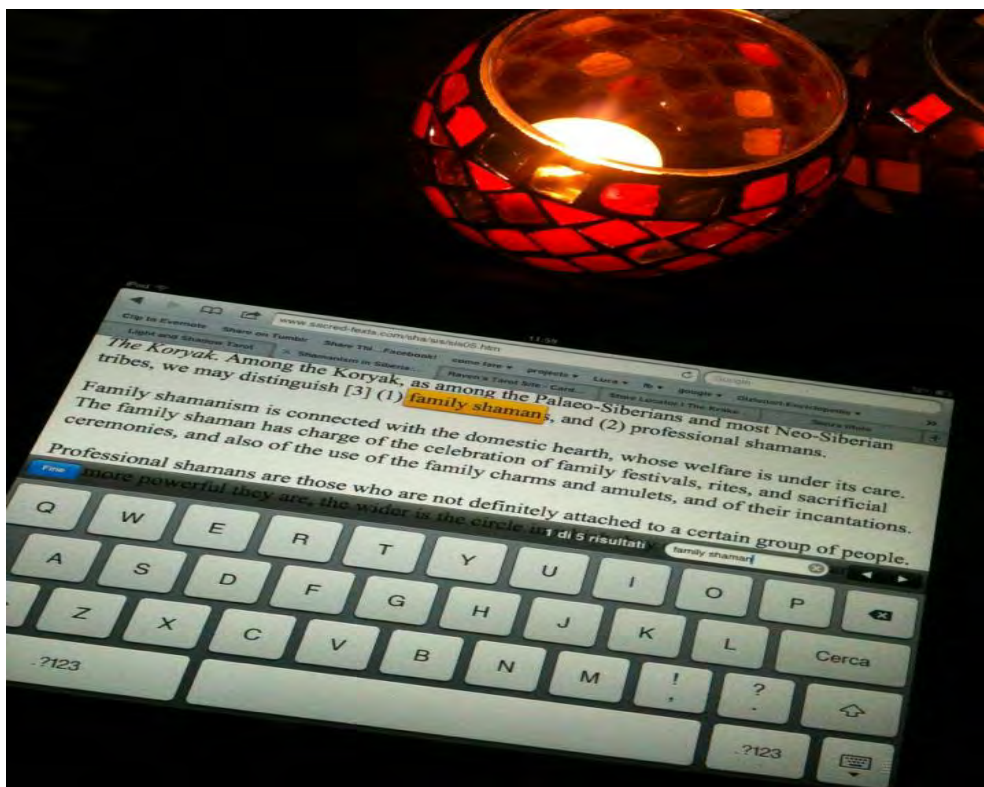


Luca Shivendra Om Mark- We may suppose that Jodo and Camoin did try to make the King's expression similar to the Queen's one in order to make it clear that the two are sharing a common 'point of view'.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Today: Family tree healer or the family shaman



Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Khadijah Carolyn Good friends came with an angel to wake him up early for mimosas. Thank Heaven.

Luca Shivendra Om The Judgement = The Family

Six of Cups = The Family Tree

Six of Cups left column = female lineage = the woman in The Judgement

Six of Cups right column = male lineage = the man in The Judgement

The Cross in The Judgement = The central flower in the Six = Healing

The Judgement = The family

The central figure in The Judgement = The shaman or The healer

Markus Pfeil The Angel might be Cup-id, having run out of arrows he now goes borrowing Dyonisos methods and brings wine and dancer to the couples table to get things out of the blue

Khadijah Carolyn Judgement wants to show them that they are cupable. They seem to have stolen his L .

L looks a bit like an arrowhead to me.

Camelia Elias 'For God's sake. Why can't you hear?' - Family rivalry in need of kind arbitration.

Luca Shivendra Om (reading from right to left) "Sursum corda! Lift up your hearts! The Angel announced the Good News"

(reading from right to left) The measure is filled up. Be prepared to a sudden emotional outburst.

Six of Cups = (two columns of) Hearts full of love / The Judgement = The Faith > Hearts full of love are the columns of the temple of Faith

Aurora Díaz Fernández Wake up, coffee is served!

Luca Shivendra Om (reading from left to right) Cremation: first step- burn the corpses; second step- put the ashes in the burial urns

Weather report: Huge rain storm

A step in the process of brewing beer: "After fermentation, the raw beer is siphoned off the yeast sediment (XX) and bottled with a little extra sugar (VI of Cups) to provide the carbonation."

Making spirits at home (XX) for the great party to come (VI of Cups).

"If music be the food of love, play on" -William Shakespeare

"Music is the wine that fills the cup of silence" -Robert Fripp

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Markus Pfeil But Luca, Judgement will be blowing upon any who put sugar in the beer. Malted Grain, Hops, Yeast and Water! Nothing else according to German Purity Rules, set up 1516 in Bavaria. That's what it is! Calling out frauds who put funny stuff in the cup.

Luca Shivendra Om But Markus- this is home made beer!

Luca Shivendra Om Markus <http://www.csr.utexas.edu/personal/amy/howtobrew.html>

How To Brew Your First Beer

www.csr.utexas.edu

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Markus Pfeil Ha Luca! But making it yourself ought to raise the standard...how to beer enlightened if you need it sweetened?

Luca Shivendra Om But you are right, Markus Shame on that one who dares to add sugar in wine or beer! As Khadijah Carolyn said: they are absolutely cu(l)pable.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Here is the trumpet music.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EjqjnaA1nVg>

Trumpet Music from the Baroque

Frank Fezishin playing variations on Clarke's 'Prince of Denmark's March' available from trombaclassics.com.

Luca Shivendra Om Well, we may suppose that Texan beer is not an high standard, Markus...

Aurora Díaz Fernández The angel announces: Party time! Beer, music, company, strip dancing...

Drapé Arora wonderful trumpet music, Aurora !

Paul Nagy ANAGRAMING 'sexcoupes' we see that EXCES[s] SOUP USES OX tails to COPE with SEX.

ANAGRAMING 'Leiugement' we learn that MINUET GLEE IN ME GUT EELS: the force of horn sound awakens the kundalini to restore life to the blue man. I'M GENE LUTE suggests the pear-shaped body has EEL MET GUN strings that suggest the inner TUNE GEM LIE of DNA, showing a TEEM_IN GLUE exerts at TEEING the MULE: musical jewel of life is a collective effort [like population genetics] that hybridizes horse-jackasses grazing on golf courses.

ANAGRAMING together as 'Leiugementsexcoupes' we discover it costs a C-NOTE to MULE UP SIX GEESE: cups fly as well as see and sing, but for this special form protocreations the SIX GEESE in order to CLONE UP need to be MUTE. These SIX CUTE GEESE eat UP MELONS and USE NUT GEL in MEXICO, as a special LICENSE to GO have MUTE SEX: where they TEE-UP upon CLEOME [spider flower] SEX, SUING our NIECES reciting EX-POEMS in TELUGU. CUE: A GUMPTIOUS SELENE ONE-MILE UP GETS SEX, EXPECT LUMINOUS GEESE.

Drap Arora purification, coronation, celebration !!

Aurora Díaz Fernández Beer baptism.

Drap Arora or it could be paying last respects, the blue soul getting sucked up through the angel's trumpet, rest in peace....wake, cheers to the b(lue) man....I just looked up lue and in Danish it means flame....what a wonderful celebration of rising up..

Aurora Díaz Fernández Love that, Drap Arora It makes me remember when my step mother passed. After the farewell mass, we had a wine and food celebration in the outdoors of the church. It was a memorable day, will never forget...

Mark Sherman As things start to heat up at Aurora's beer baptism:

<http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=vltC-O7PDYQ>

Herb Alpert - Rise (HQ Audio)

"Rise" is a song written by Andy Armer and Randy Badazz Alpert, and first recorded by trumpeter Herb Alpert.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Mark, thanks for the sexy music! Very appropriate for these cards.

Markus Pfeil Aurora, beer baptism is grand! I had a sit in a beer tub in Austria once, full with nice warm beer and a small tap to pour cold beer to drink. if it warms you just pour it in the tub. Six cups is a tall order, the trumpet sounds last orders.

XXVI=double x, why I? so here is the blue figure with two ex-relations and asks himself, why me? And the he goes to VXXI=weexxi, six drams of whiskey.

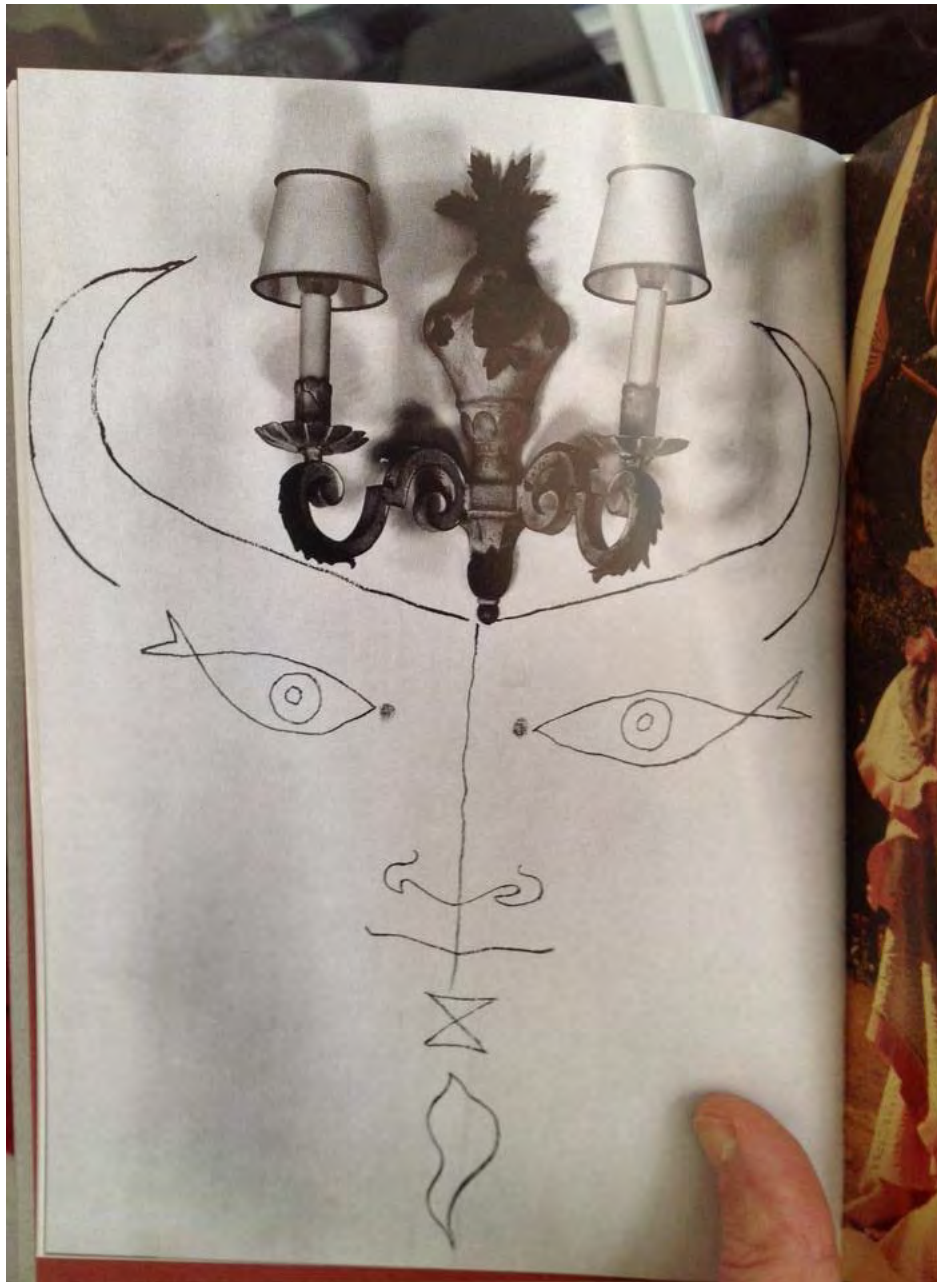
Luca Shivendra Om Great tune Mark! It seems that smoking "Herb" rises one up... And the angel clearly appreciates too. He does not seem to want to pass it on

Enrique Enriquez Under the right tune every man becomes a snake.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Interesting bath, Markus Pfeil. Drinking beer and being immersed in beer... Where I live beer is used for spiritual cleansing baths. Maybe I should try that combination you had.

Markus Pfeil Yes Aurora, followed by a rest in fresh hay, skyclad. But internal cleansing is important as well.

author blurbs are modern sanad, a list of authorities who transmit their legitimacy to said book.





Mark Sherman LEDIABLE & DEUX DENIERS

Just received a little Jean Cocteau book in the mail today. It had this image I hadn't seen before from a wall at the Villa Santo Sospir (love it - wish I had thought of it). Stopped at a coffee shop, reached into my pocket and pulled out this coin. My own private pip and trump of the day. Thought I'd share...

Paul Nagy So the image apes the glyph tattoo of archangel St. Michael patron saint of Sudan,



a tattoo on a female mummy, aged between 20 and 35, which Dr David Antoine, curator of physical anthropology at the British Museum, described as “truly a unique and remarkable find”. A photograph, left, and an infra-red reflectography of the tattoo found on the mummified remains of a Sudanese woman. The 1,300-year-old female mummy was different from the others in that her remains were found in Sudan and she had been naturally-preserved by the hot and arid environment. Her tattoo represents the symbol of the Archangel Michael, who features in both the Old and New Testaments, and who was the Patron Saint of Medieval Sudan. - See more at: <http://www.ancient-origins.net/news-history-archaeology/high-tech-scan-egyptian-mummies-reveal-tattoo-archangel-michael-001475>

Enrique Enriquez H X = échec = checkmate. Time to pay the devil his due.

Paul Nagt Tattoo by Liam Sparkes on unsuspecting back.



Mark Sherman He has his eye on reign. Looks like rain.

Paul, nice noticing. Was this just a happy coincidence that you knew that or are you like a symbol-encyclopedia?

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Down to the cellar



From his walking stick are growing flowers, from his lamp exotic plants -the fruits of wisdom

The four cups in the Five are the four corners of the Temple. The central cup is the Hermit. The Hermit is the neokoros (the Temple keeper).

In a flemish trappist monastery, an old monk is going down to the cellar: his task is to control the beer fermentation process.

Enrique Enriquez The beard checking the beer.

Luca Shivendra Om The cloister walk

Aurora Díaz Fernández Tending his inner garden/heart.

Luca, Like the poetry in what you post "From his walking stick are growing flowers, from his lamp exotic plants -the fruits of wisdom" Beautiful pair of cards.

Paul Nagy LHERMITE needs to have his feet looked at for spurs. This is based on his need to have a HEEL TRIM. LHERMITE is a vigilant roadside cleaner [LITHER ME] but also somewhat messy himself but quite willing to blame the other guy: LITHER EM.

LHERMITE is haunted by the Holocaust not so much as a victim as an instigator: HITLER ME. Though he is just as likely to spread the blame. HITLER EM.

The L HERMIT EL, suggests a train in Chicago where one might be lonely writing it. The hem of LHERMITE's robe HEM TILER, can easily be caught up in the staff which is made out of an ELM branch.

The number THREE is a determining factor on LHERMITE active indecision and also the minimum he is likely to drink once he gets to the saloon. The stack of Five of Cups shows that they are on a HERM and is likely to sell LITE beer of a reddish hue.

The Five of Cups is the inner driver LHERMITE. Who in this case is not carrying a lamp but rather an inverted empty cup. He holds the empty cup high so that the bartender, the pods growing out of the cups and the flowers and vines around the cups all enticing the LHERMITE to rest and get liquid sustenance. The red stick is a measure of how deep he needs to be into his cups. But the blue gloved hand suggests that his liver may be in the throes of cirrhosis.

The L represents this inverted walking stick. Likewise the HER suggests that the old guy has an eye for comely bartenders.

The MITE is a tiny eight-legged bug related to spiders and ticks. Some mites live freely and some are parasites that can carry disease, attack plants, and cause allergies. This means that LHERMITE turns around him has second thoughts about the decisions of Major Arcana VIII Justice because he's bugged.

In this case the MITE represents a provisional decision as in "I might decide or not." This is a homonym for might as in great power and force which we know is sometimes swapped out For Justice.

Markus Pfeil He drinks HER LIME T, five cups full...he must be thirsty. Also VIII = The tea cups and LEMPEREUR. So once the Ruler starts drinking her tea he becomes solitary...

Enrique Enriquez One has to remember how momentous, how extraordinarily powerful is the act of standing on our feet. We take it for granted but as we age, this point of contact with the earth becomes fragile. Planting one's feet on the earth is a miracle only broken by death.

It seems reasonable then to think that, as this bond starts to loose strength, as we need crutches and canes, we start to long and search for some elixir that could make our feet firm again.

Luca Shivendra Om ...so we can ask ourselves who he really is: an old man looking for an elixir in the medicine cabinet or the medicine man who came to heal the sick?

The four cups in the Five = the four psychological function: thinking, intuition, feeling, sensation + the central cup = the (balanced) Ego which is in a dynamic relation with them. The Hermit is an old analyst exploring the structure and dynamics of the psyche from a jungian point of view.

Markus Pfeil whence he becomes Jung again (german for young)...

instead of Happy (were he a Freud(german for happyness)-ian analyst)

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om Freud would have defined the Hermit's "stick" as a happiness "tool" hence making him 'jung' again... This pair reconciles freudian and jungian scholars –bringing them all to a peep show titled "The Fountain of Eternal Youth"

Luca Shivendra Om Miss Serendipity brought me this music -in a way it suits well this pair

From: Rossini Péchés de vieillesse (sins of old age) - perfect for L'Hermit

Petite Valse, L'huile de ricin (Castor Oil Waltz) - perfect for an Hermit seeking for a healing elixir

piano: Dino Ciani

<http://youtu.be/62b1ENIJcpE>

Ciani Rossini: Petite Valse, "L'huile de ricin"

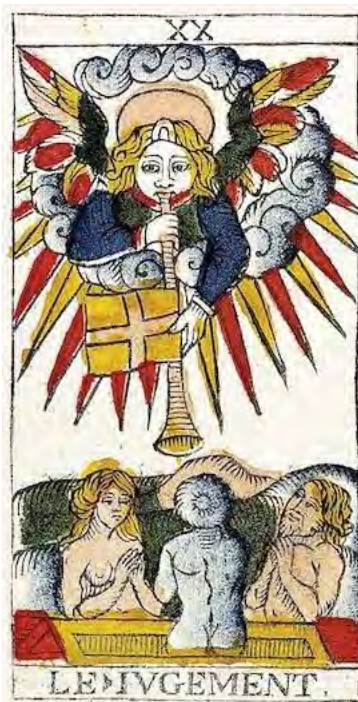
Rossini Péchés de vieillesse (sins of old age) Petite Valse, L'huile de ricin (Castor Oil Waltz) Dino Ciani rec. 1968.

Enrique Enriquez A lamp makes something clear. if L'ermite is alone he is trying to see something for HIMSELF. If there are other character reacting to the L'ermite's lamp, he is showing THEM something.

Luca Shivendra Om He is a scientist. He is trying to catch the light-blue egg in the Five and put it in the little cage/test-tube he holds in his right hand. It is the egg laied in the middle of the Temple by La Papesse. His aim is to implant it in L'Etoile's womb –Assisted reproductive technology. In the spiritual realm.

Luca Shivendra Om

Le luge ment - "the big nose devil", from a Livre d'Heures Amiens [France] XV century





Enrique Enriquez souffleur

Almost sa fleur..

Luca Shivendra Om "le souffleur": the devil as the prompter [of lies]

Enrique Enriquez If you think of it, souffleur is almost sulphur.

Luca Shivendra Om Enrique If is true that a good nose smells one trillion scents, I wonder how the Lord of Lies could hide his "sulphur" presence and become the Angel in Le Jugement.

Enrique Enriquez Pinocchio's nose becomes a trumpet. An angel's voice is DEVILitated.

Markus Pfeil sous fleur...down beneath the grass...dev(i)lated, (k)nose nothing, no sing ing from any angle.

Steve Mangan In biblical Hebrew the word for Nose and Anger נחם pun on each other - thus in the Zohar God's anger/wrath is anthropomorphically associated with the Nose of God - which flares in anger/wrath... but Areich Anpin - 'slow to anger' or anger deferred means literally - long of nose/face (the plural form of nose Apaim from which the name Anpin is derived also means 'face'). Kabbalistic exegesis makes use of homonyms and anagrams a great deal - so our playing with words/puns is in common with a kabbalistic form of interpretation.

Luca Shivendra Om Steve- so, in a way, puns bring us to mysticism

mystic effects of miss-takes

miss (v.): "to go wrong", from *missa- "in a changed manner", from proto-indo-european root *mei- "to change" (root of mis- (1); see mutable)...

changing the original meaning of a word into another original one OR seeing the "mutable" in words bring in mystic collateral effects.

Or: when a nose becomes a trumpet and a truth becomes a lie, we get trapped in a loop that as in a dervish dance leads us to have a mystical experience.

Enrique Enriquez "Thus in past years it fell to me to knead this art for more particular distinguishing signs in a way not revealed in the methods of the ancients but by calculations prompted by the similarity of a word's head and tail. For example, by its head's likeness "ass" [asinus] leads to the figure of "asylum" [asylum]; "he who generates" [generans] to Genesis; and 'she who gives birth' [partunens] to Paralipomena. By the likeness of a word's tail, a temple [templum] leads to "contemplation" [contemplatio]; by the likeness of the whole body of the world, "mirror" [speculum] leads to "speculation" [speculatio]." Giordano Bruno

"By dissecting the words we like, without bothering about conforming either to their etymologies or to their accepted significations, we discover their most hidden qualities and the secret ramifications that are propagated through the whole language, channeled by associations of sounds, forms and ideas. Then language changes into an oracle, and there we have a thread (however slender it may be) to guide us through the babel of our minds". Michael Leiris

"wordplay as a cabalistic conveyance of the 'inner structure' of creativity", Jack Burnham

"I realized that for some reason these figures which had arisen out of language had meaning to me that I would not have imagined, that I only got through the pun, which is why I have tended to follow the pun ever since. But when I began to do that, I began to become more conscious that I had a belief, in essence, in the sacredness of the activity of language --not in the particular language necessarily... ..I have a profound belief in that was a sacred activity--that is to say something goes on. Now, you can use it to crack cheap jokes, you can use it to make profound statements, you can use it to deal with the political necessities of the world, and you can use it to write love poetry. You can use it for all sorts of things, but the activity itself has a tremendous power that has to be, within itself, respected. Now, it seems to me -what I have learned for myself- is that once I respect that activity of the language, then through the language I am literally led to things that I would not arrive otherwise." bp Nichol

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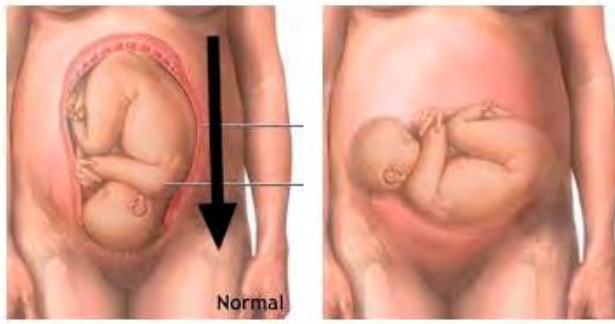
Luca Shivendra OmThe pip and trump club

Today: The Star catching a star



Star fishing

Andy Fisher For me the curves of the scimitars echo the sweeping wings of the black bird nesting in the tree behind the woman in Le Toille. The space between the wing beats holds starlight. The mandorla that defines this woman's navel reflects this same gesture and so starlight is also nestled in her umbilicus - she is bonded to the bird by an invisible cord of light.



Luca Shivendra Om She's hoping that her navel/foetus will turn from transversal (horizontal) into normal (vertical) position before her water brakes.

Jean-Stéphane Faubert liberation, the star is freed and we let go!

Paul Nagy Brilliant analogy Luca between breached birth and position of pitchers!

Khadijah Carolyn Omen. She blossoms during a difficult time (metal). (Star)ing into the (water) s(cry)ing. While a (star)ling over head speaks to the constellations from a (wood)branch.

metal becomes water becomes wood (would). I see the wu xing generating cycle. Next comes fire, those stars up there, maybe. Fire becomes earth (a new blossom), theoretically

Enrique Enriquez 1. Fist clenches. 2. Fist relaxes.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Her washed mind unravels a star,

the river awaits with his fluid caress.

Khadijah Carolyn A fist is formed when the hand is made circular like our other sphincters. Ah. Cool.

Jean-Stéphane Faubert Things get hotter: bluish star and cold metal turns to hot star and hot weather!

Luca Shivendra Om [reading from right to left] She lets herself flowing freely –She catches a bright idea. Something new blossoms in her mind.

Khadijah Carolyn The mind,sharp and vise-like blossoms in fluid reflection.

Paul Nagy Analysis

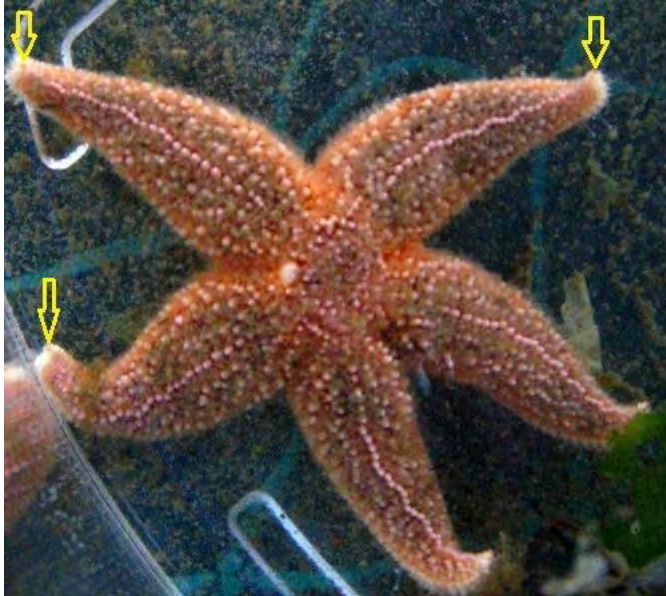
VIII = eight, ate[hate, late, rate, fate, sate, plate, Kate, mate, date, gate, pate]: swords, words, swallow, hallow oval= mouth

4 petals, 4 sepals, and central small pistil. 4 outside flowers have engorged red pistols with stigma atop and ovaries inside. Dark blue sepals and light blue petals...

Sabers= star rays: stars= flowers jugs= flowers = breasts = stars: flowers = shrubs: bird= blossom.
[wings=petals: head and body = pistil & style]

Star-talk: oval navel = hallow swallow: nude is genuine flexing = genuflecting: one knee bent down [foot back sole tilted upward], one knee bent forward [foot down on ground]: the hip is the pivot joint. The knees denote levers.

Her posture denotes devotion in motion: hope is the soap poured from the right handed vessel. She is about to bathe.



Aurora Díaz Fernández My ocean oracle "star" meaning is "survival". So maybe she survived the darkness of the 8 Spades, she is cleaning the debris and remembering the ordeal.

Drafi Arora out of hibernation

Mark Sherman 8 SWORDS / 8 STARS

8 "S" Words:

Stream
Sand
Stage
Scene
Song
Sabre
Stare

EIGHT STARS

(She doesn't see but she) Ears a'ight.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Mark Sherman, love the poetry in your words: "(She doesn't see but she) Ears a'ight."

Paul Nagy Synthesis

V represents vessel. The three III represents the two jugs and the nude as the central vessel. Her eyes see like water flowing into the pond where her image in the water reflects her face and the stars and beyond.

The Eight of Swords represents an eye open and alert. It is a vigilant eye because it may be late and is pursued by fate and has to pass through a gate in order to keep a date. The top of the head or the bottom of the eye socket shows a pate as deep shadows under the eye or a balding crown on top of the head. The card also represents a mouth that has eaten with satisfaction though it may be still in want of satiation. Often there is a sense of dread that accompanies this card not only in an unwanted fate but a powerful onus of hate infesting how we rate our experiences. An over vigilant eye is an eye that is to focus on what is in front so that it may not see what is behind.

How one sees is shown by the flower in the center with its four petals and four sepals. It sees by touch and so this flower is the tongue as well as the pupil.

For the numbered pips, especially the swords, polarity is predominant or knives divide whatever happens. When the mouth makes words it is the lips dividing and joining that makes for the pop sound consonants; where the vowels are on the flower tongue. The Eight of Swords represents maximum thick lips, so kissing opened mouth and wanton might be in store. Associations with mating and childbirth are appropriate. Given the size of the central flower it would seem to be an easy birth. However with the Star and her genuflecting posture it may be a difficult labor. Bringing souls into the world where stars are the progenitors of human personalities, seems to be her task in a sort of a reverse incarnation: Where instead of that water flowing from a fountain into a jug the jug flows back into the fountain. This suggests that this world is not the prison of embodiment that some think it is, but rather is the fruition of solar freedom in the temporary body for means of pleasure and the mastery of language.

This language is the symbolism that flies from one level of representation into another level of representation again this is symbolized by the way the sword's mirror each side of the other: side to side or top to bottom. Likewise in the Star the seven stars are like incarnations of the eight raise of the eighth star. The eighth Ray is the nude herself suggesting by her jugs the top and bottom interpenetration or interwoven lattices of the Eight of Swords. This means that there is a necessary asymmetry for communication to become effective and for hope to have a reach beyond what seems necessary fate.

Audrey Layden Imprisoned thought/breaks the bonds/of tutored learning/to create the heavens/through nature's/naked gift/of knowing

An idea finds expression by stripping down to essentials and letting the juices flow

Jean-Stéphane Faubert PS: which deck is that?

Camelia Elias The (E)X interrupted. Good.

The April Fool

Free of learned constraint
and shackled possibility
The Fool dons his merry bells
and smiles on the future
Ignoring the scratching of the past
to explore the paths not open
to accepted wisdom.



Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Today... Finding a way.



Markus Pfeil Hans in Luck....He trades his gold (in the sack) for a horse as it is too hard to carry. after a series of trages he finally comes to a well where his last trade-in falls in and he is left with nothing. The Neuf D'epee here is the New Deeep of the well. In the end he gave up all his wealth, but also got rid of his worries.

Ryan Edward Lemmings

Daniela Abend Le Mat: be on the way - journey begins

Cavaliere de Deniers: to approach its target

Swords: cut off old

I always calculate an essence card: all values are added together (court cards count zero, aces count one and all the others have ascribed their number value). Here we have 9 - L'Hermite: to enlighten your way.

INTERPRETATION: a quest for truth and understanding, while the old (for example: pattern, illusions, material, wish ...) cutting off

Paul Nagy VIII of Swords sleeps. [The VIII is a bed. The V is a pillow and head: the III is a mattress and blanket.] The eye is shut with the odd sword handle showing a peep or a weep: a tear about to drop, or the Rapid Eye Movement [REM] sleep of rousing dreams that pierce the veil or lattice work that is the between of the inside dreaming and the outside seeming: as shown in the straight sword's point piercing through at the top. This is an example of thinking at its highest measure, [or most emotionally distraught, caught in fears] whereby dividing it unites the worlds of inner desire or thought and outward practical considerations.

What seems like an impractical idea or notion, which hardly has the legs to stand by itself, [this is why the Fool carries a walking stick] gets capitalized, so that now the Fool can ride and pursue dreams of wealth that may have practical consequences. The horse is surefooted and trots forward with confidence carrying his writer [rider] with his eyes on a prize: the coin in the sky is it here a pie in the eye?

The four budding flowers in the corners of the VIII of Swords are the fruition of the fronds on the ground of the Knight of Coins and the Fool. Success is not assured but what is obvious is that things are in profound transition, which will depend upon adroit action and decision that does not close its eyes on the obvious but still stays open to the original vision. Likewise avoid paralyzing visions of disaster or obvious mistakes of inattention.

Camelia Elias Adventure with no money? Dreadful.

Audrey Layden An exploration without design/ finds fancy caught by new desire/ teasing the traveler into mazes/ that must be solved/ by cutting edge

A casual outing leads to an unexpected entanglement that will require some clever brainwork to get out of

Luca Shivendra Om [Problem solving skills required] During his life journey (The Fool), he casually encountered some money issues (The Knight of Coins). His problem-solving skills are tested (Nine of Swords). All he needs in order to solve the problem is in his backpack (The Fool). Eventually, applying creativity and intuition (The Knight of Coins and his wand), he will succeed (Nine of Swords) [L'arte di arrangiarsi OR L'art de vivre]

Enrique Enriquez where there is a will there is AWAY.

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Jean-Stéphane Faubert Being driven faster by what pushed you towards trouble

Luca Shivendra Om don't worry (The Fool) and carry on (Knight of Coins), in spite of difficulties [VIII of Swords = N(in)e of Sp(i)ad(t)es]

Enrique -what an elegant (mathematically speaking) solution! Chapeau.

Khadijah Carolyn Trading up.

Paul Nagy Anchors aweigh: heavy lifting to float the boat and oar [both and/or] : who [Fool] decides?

Daniela Abend "Baby you dont fool me, yeah
You dont fool me, you dont have to say dont mind
You dont have to teach me things I know
Sooner or later youll be playing by her rules
Oh, (fool you) oh, (rule you) shell take you (take you)
And break you (break you)
Yeah

Mama said be cool
Mama said shell take you for a fool
Shell take you, and break you
Ba ba ba ba bap bap ba baah
La la la la la lah
You dont fool me
You dont fool me..."

Enrique Enriquez Thanks Luca

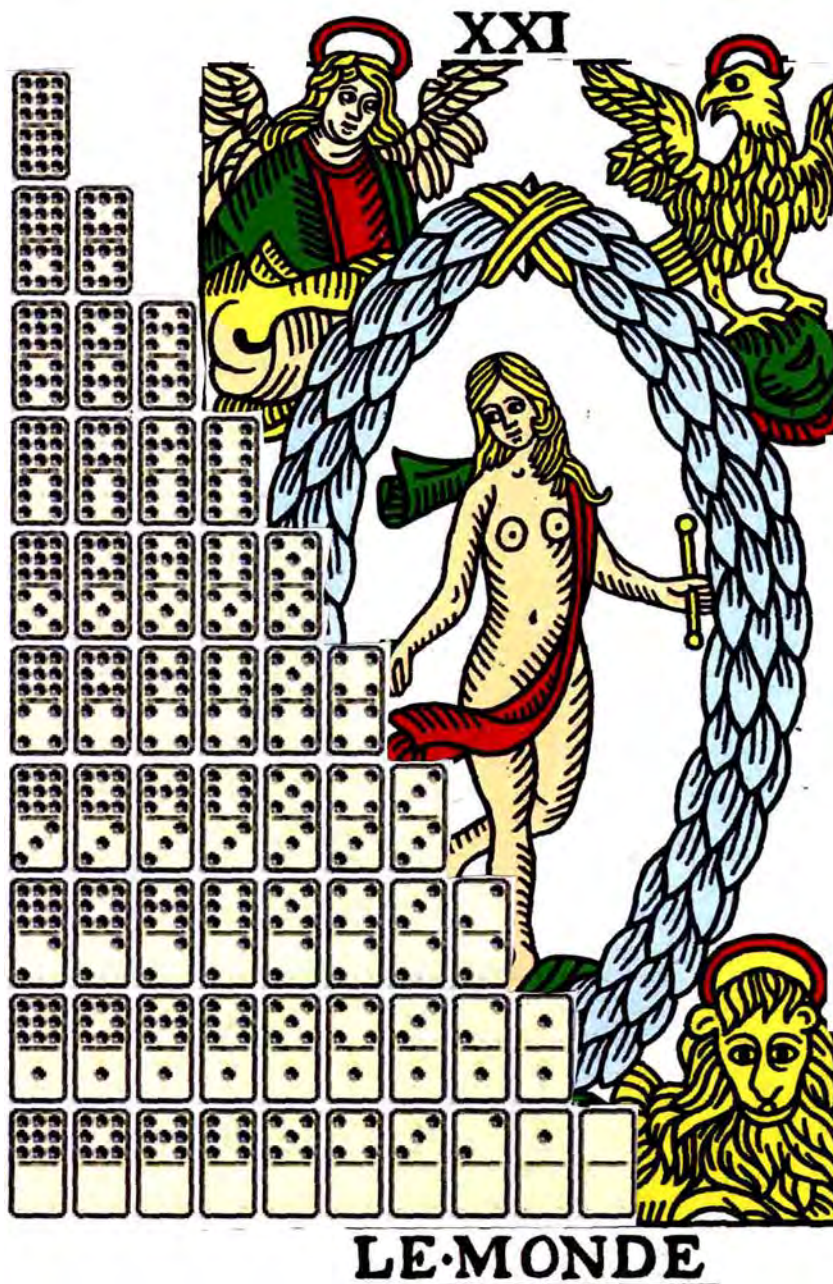
Aurora Díaz Fernández A random trip got complicated.

A tramp dressed as a sir is deceiving.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Paul Nagy

Pips a le Monde



Audrey Layden Transcendent breaking out of the mundane, out from behind the wall of limited consciousness

Paul Nagy fence at a nudist park



Audrey Layden being built or coming down?

Luca Shivendra Om

today... maieutics or the art of bringing a thought to light



Jean-Stéphane Faubert Opened at 10, waters broke, the star hovering on top, will it be a boy or a girl?

Khadijah Carolyn "Tinker, tinker little star". Her solution strengthens the tin of swords.

Camelia Elias Omens.

Paul Nagy The X of Swords unlike any of the other even numbered cards of the suit Swords displays two unsheathed straight swords that visually are distinct from the Odd numbers that exclusively display the straight swords against the sheathed evenly displayed, two half-circle Sabers.

Excluding the Ace, the four odd Sword cards display the unsheathed straight sword with the hilt and handle within the oval of the sabers. Only the III shows budding foliage inside of the eye two half-circles of the sheathed sabers. As the first truly odd card the III recognizes the special vitality of synthetic thought which both synthesizes and separates distinctions. However in the III the piercing of the sabers at the top does not separate the integrity of the paradox of the waning and waxing half-circles of the sabers. Whereas the other three odd swords cards, [V, VII, VIII] no inner foliage is portrayed. The piercing top points become entangled in the weave of the interpenetrating half-circles of the sheathed sabers.

This suggests that one polar opposite requires an element to strengthen its hold or weaken it as the point breaks out of the confines of the interior oval into the exterior in all four of the odd swords cards action is from the handle of the straight sword piercing from within to seek to impose its will or insight symbolized by the point of the straight sword on the exterior. In the X swords the handles are exterior to the oval inside and the two straight swords points cross at the top within the oval.

Here the energy is completely reversed instead of in the odd cards action coming from the inside to the out, now action comes from the outside and pierces between the even sabers not at their polar interweaving pattern but through the center of the lower parallel quadrants.

One may say that the sabers when not locked in polar paradox, act as filters or as sieves between the inside in the out like a porous filtering device. In the X Sword outside comes to perception on the inside.

This shows a completely new way of understanding the power of an empirical oriented thinking pattern against the idealized attempts at breaking the earlier patterns from the inside out, now we have the world imposing its of vision upon the reflective processes of the oval, eye where gestation becomes impregnation, a sort of sperm-ova moment. X marks the spot on the top.

No doubt the top weave of the X swords represents the big star in The Star and the crossing points of the two unsheathed straight swords represent the blue Star just above the head of the kneeling nude.

The two pitchers flowing water are the handles of the straight sword. The two buds become the two bushes.

X swords emphasizes that the aspirations of the nude come from her actions more than her intentions. It is another way to say that hope is best rooted in what actually is happening in the world rather than what we would wish for in our own minds.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Sparkling water.

Enrique Enriquez Look at the two swords.

Look at the streams of(f) water.

Bonnie Cehovet Camelia - I agree with you. Omens. Paul - We do need to pay attention to the two straight swords. There is a lot going on here ... beneath the surface of the water.

Luca Shivendra Om her flowing energy is condensed and strengthened in the ten -or- a flowing, feminine "anima" enacts herself through a strong masculine will -or- she meets the "animus" principle through a strong resolute action

Aurora Díaz Fernández Beautiful, Luca!

Aurora Díaz Fernández Luca, I go for the second one: "she meets the "animus" principle through a strong resolute action"

Andy Fisher TEN SWORDS IN STARLIGHT = NEST IN THAT GIRL'S WORDS

I noticed that SWORDS are forged into WORDS when their tips (S) are blunted.

If we listen to the words of the woman who pours by starlight, we might find a way through the forest of blades unharmed.

Paul Nagy This practice has seriously been followed by oulipo practitioners for machine generated poetry. I use it myself.

نفسی استخداها أنا. الشعر المولدة لآلة oulipo الممارسين قبل من الممارسة هذه بجديّة اتبعّت وقد

Have followed this practice seriously by practitioners oulipo for machine-generated hair. I use it myself.

యంత్రం ఉత్పత్తి జట్టు కోసం oulipo చేసేవారు తీవ్రంగా ఈ పాటించిరి చేశారు. నేను నాకు ఉపయోగించండి.

This was followed by the production of the machine were oulipo for hair. I use myself.

Ezt követte a termelés a gép oulipo voltak a haj. Én használni ..

This was followed by the production of the machine were oulipo hair. I use it ..

இந்த இயந்திரம் உற்பத்தி முடி oulipo இருந்து வந்தது. நான் அதை பயன்படுத்த ..

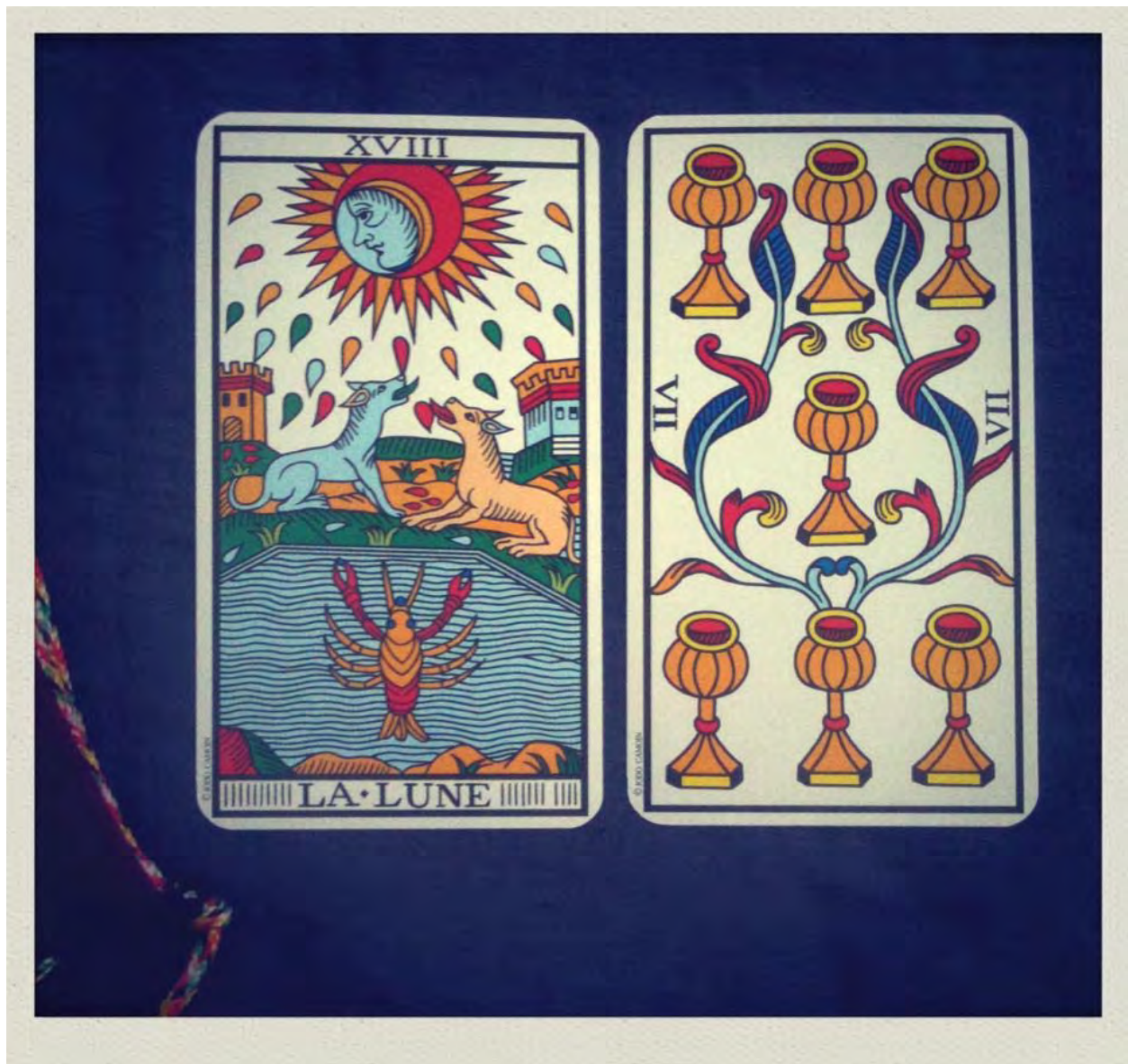
This machine can produce oulipo came from. I use it ..

Bu makine Oulipo gelen üretebilir. Onu kullanmak ..

This machine can produce the Oulipo. Use it ..

Luca Shivendra Om

Today: one column, three rows



Enrique Enriquez This is such a beautiful sequence.

All cups are thirsty dogs, but only one gets to drink.

Only one is a crayfish, and it reaches the moon.

Paul Nagy 3 cups make the pond where the crayfish swims. The instinctive mind is consolidated and emerging from of the universal unconscious. The exoskeleton of the crayfish is the outside of the cups. There is a profound confusion between what is real and what fantasy is.

The cups contain wine. It is almost a willful seeking of oblivion rather than realistic imaginative insight. The crayfish is submerged in liquid. In fact it is possible that the person is overwhelmed by unconscious content and no longer can tell the real from the wishful.

The inside is the outside; the outside is the inside. Instinct arises from knowing how they are the same and remain different. Unfortunately there doesn't seem to be any steady compass on the horizon except for the dogs barking and even they are inebriated with moon dew.

From the crayfish grows of the fronds. The fronds are dogs and castles. The barking is the rustling of leaves. The leaves wrapped around the stem are the doors on the castles.

The fronds attempt to unite to polar opposites that have between them only one central meeting point to balance these mutually exclusive goals. One seeks the high ground and the other wallows in the low. The fronds grow to unite them but cannot balance of the pull. Much as the barking of the dogs is not heard by the crayfish nor does it bring out the face of the moon.

The moon dew drips from the rims of the cups. One is thoroughly wrapped up in dream. So much so that one no longer has a clear sense of waking reality.

The top 3 cups represents the three interpenetrating circles of the moon: the face in profile, the sickle rim of the head and the round orb anchoring the rays. Just as there are three layers of consciousness in everyday life: waking, dreaming, and deep sleep, so there is in each state three states of consciousness. This is symbolized by the three circles of the moon. First there is the waking in dream state which is the face in profile of the man in the moon. This is dream that is like a daydream in that it fits our desires to unify ourselves in daily life. This sickle head of the moon represents the waxing and waning aspects of fantasy in our daily life such as being attentive and inattentive in cycles and waves. Much of this goes on automatically and unnoticed it is like a dream in a dream where things never seem to hold still long enough to be quite what they are because they keep becoming something else and we can hold onto nothing not even our self. Lastly the full circle and the extending rays of the moon with its dew is like the blank vessel of deep sleep where nothing goes on as far as our egos are concerned but our life processes are restored and renewed in the deep fluctuations of life forces.

When the moon arises as a card it can mean that health is an issue or that a long convalescence may be necessary to heal the instinctive senses.

The wine of the cups is the light of the moon and its dew. VII Cups emphasizes the conviviality of fantasy as a means of communication and understanding. The top row and the bottom row of 3 cups each represents two fellows meeting over a table, and drinking. The V is a table and a cup. II represents that two people are in conversation.

Here the fronds suggest that one fellow has a serious agenda in mind and it is central to his concerns, the bottom row. Likewise the top row is receptive but indecisive and finds the suggestion divisive in terms of coming to a conclusion.

Given that this card is paired with the Moon it would seem that there is a spinning of tall story which the top row is interested in but not persuaded by. I would say that if I were trying to sell someone something that I piqued their interest and maybe their curiosity but I was unable to close of the deal.

Audrey Layden From the depths/ come dreams unbidden/ deep draughts of hidden desire/ do you dare to lift the cup?

What of all your "castles in the air" are you truly howling for?

Or is it just howling confusion as Paul suggests. My first glance made me think of nightmares and mental health issues.

Drapi Arora howling for fool's cup or a cup full

when thirsty, make a V with your hands looking up, like the crayfish....barking at the moon could make the throat thirstier..

Camelia Elias Two fight. The third one wins.

Markus Pfeil VII = VN; LVNE. LE VN The essence of la lune is the VII Coupe. The link between the top and the bottom. The link between source and reflection. The one, light itself. C-ray-fish has the light. The medium is the message

Luca Shivendra Om Advertising without participation, self-marketing without sharing: someone remains isolated in the middle of a group. Barking into the void.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Schizophrenia.

Dark longing for a forbidden relationship.

Altered state of senses.

Luca Shivendra Om Trying to isolate a source of deep knowledge. Thirst for intuitive wisdom. Heart is seeking new insights.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Yes Luca, and that 7 of cups is a poetic image with the sensual uterus or vessel and all those red tongues, similar to both dogs tongues. The 2 cups are something important here.

Luca Shivendra Om A poet's singular voice could teach you more about life than a chorus of philosophers. Sharing individual intuition by mean of poetry. The Moon inspiring.

Aurora: the two cups = poet and reader = a connection in a crowd

Aurora Díaz Fernández Luca, you make me float... Beautiful metaphor!

The tongues and the crayfish, that`s where I can feel a yearning, a prolonged unfulfilled desire... that aches in the dogs. A yearning for love or healing, or sanity.

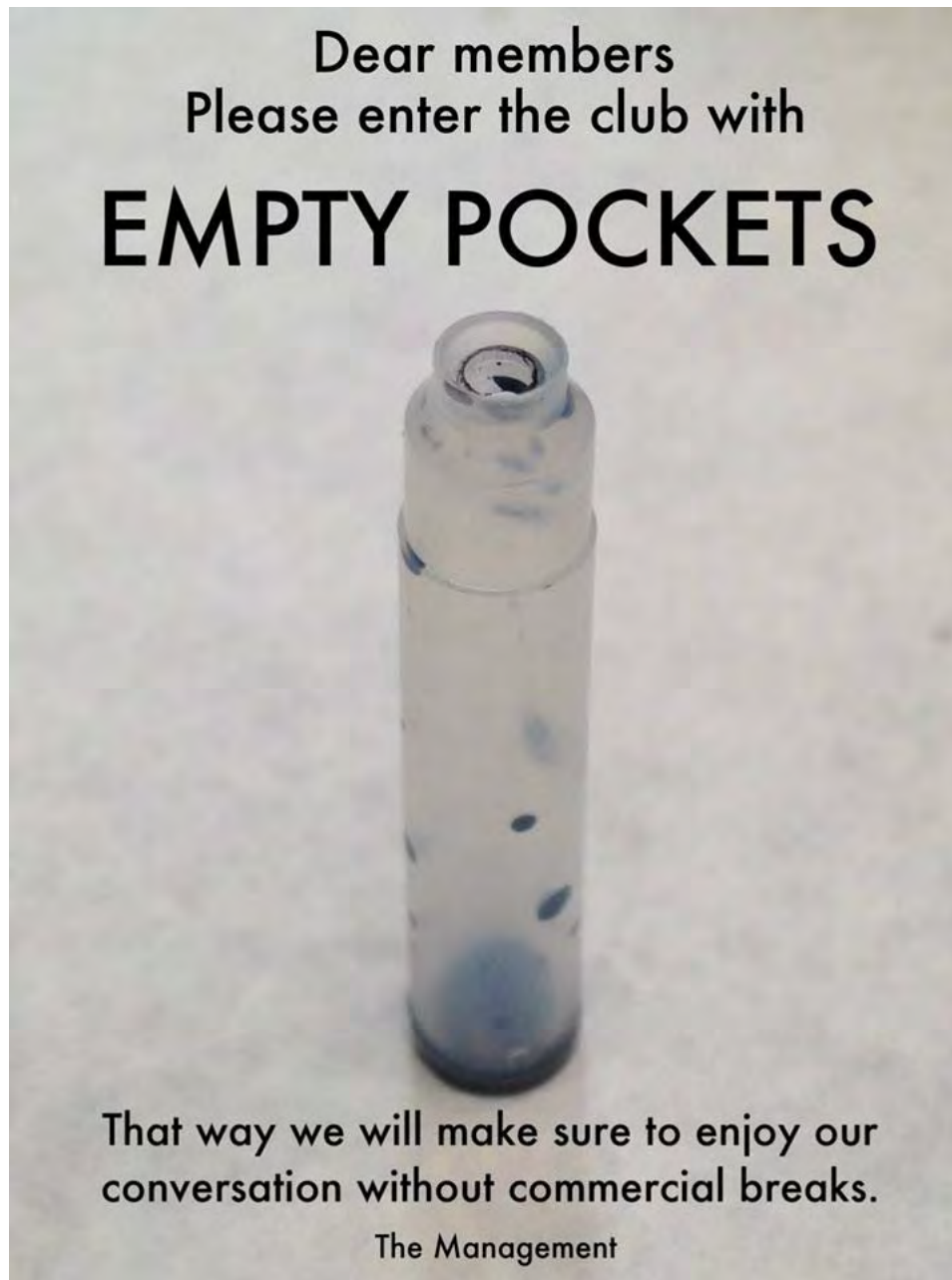
Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om the crab emerging from the pond = the leaves gently expanding themselves from the lower central cup to the highest central one. something deeply unconscious is emerging. consciousness slowly awakens. the isolated cup = the transcendental function which mediates between deep Self and the Ego.

Longing for plenitude or for the wholeness of a couple of twins. Rejoining the Half.

Enrique Enriquez

The pip and trump club



Markus Pfeil No Ink = Oinnk = OK Inn. Grunts dont write, they drink. The bottle is now empty and the fun begins

Bonnie Cehovet Well put!

Luca Shivendra Om ...and put puns in your guns.

Paul Nagy Out of ink? Time to think: How is a cartage fountain socket like a vase? Flowers are faces on the palms of our hands in our pockets.

Luca Shivendra Om An empty rocket can reach the moon: so much fun. Poetry is a loaded gun.

Om Thank you Enrique for your delicious inspirational signs!

Aurora Díaz Fernández ...and I continue emptying pockets every day so I can have the fun to recreate as I wish. At 66 had discovered forgetting can be light and fun.

Audrey Layden I have long said that I had the best memory - I can forget anything I choose to.

Markus Pfeil Great Paul! Think is the ink lacking an e...and anything lacking one or more EE's in these circles must be considered void..

Have you ever considered how to listen with your soul to the Spirit? Reflect how our everyday lives breathe with divine presence and how tarot may initiate and sustain that conversation?

Aurora Díaz Fernández



Enrique Enriquez Emptiness:

Misspent -Pentises -Insteps -Misstep -Nemesis -Penises -Pentise -Empties -Spinets -Espies -Semens -
Tenses -Smites -Spites -Seines -Instep -Menses -Speise -Steeps -Spines -Peises -Insets -Snipes -Spinet -
Steins -Nests -Teems -Sines -Temps -Emits -Stein -Seise -Steep -Peise -Meets -Spite -Semen -Pints -Penis -
Mines -Teens -Spine -Mises -Times -Tempi -Items -Snits -Pines -Snips -Tense -Snipe -Mists -Tines -Smite -
Inept -Pests -Sites -Sties -Steps -Inset -Stems -Mints -Pises -Penes -Seine -Miens -Spits -Spins -Peens -
Sense -Semis -Metes -Nites -Spies -Seeps -Mites -Seems -Spent -Sine -Spit -Seen -Mess -Seem -Site -Step
-Psis Time -Pits -Sips -Piss -Sins -Spin -Sets -Teen -Pint -Pins -Snit -Pine- Meet -Pies -Tees -Smit -Pets -Pise
-Sits -Sees -Teem -Seep -Pent -Imps -Stem -Mint -Pens -Mise -Nest -Mien -Mete -Sent -Peen -Emit -Nits -

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Ties - Nite -Temp -Nips -Mine -Nets -Tips -Item -Tins -Isms -Pees -Semi -Psst -Mite -Snip -Mist -Tine -Pest
-Miss -Tens -Pit -Tie -Net -Pie -Sin -Nip -Pen -Tin -Ens -Sip -Set -Met -Imp -Psi -Men -Tip -Ten -Ems -Its -Nit
-Pet -Pee -Mis -Isn -Nee -Tee -See -Sit -Sis -Ins -Pin -Pis -Tis -Is -Em -In -Mi -Ti -Me -Pi -Ms -En -It -I

Emptiness = the distance between MISSPENT and I.

Daniela Abend Wow! I'm impressed Enrique Enriquez... Respekt!

Shelley Ruelle

Is this an ouroboros around the family crest? Just noticing it now and curious what you think ... (these are windows inside Palazzo Sacchetti on Via Giulia in Rome)

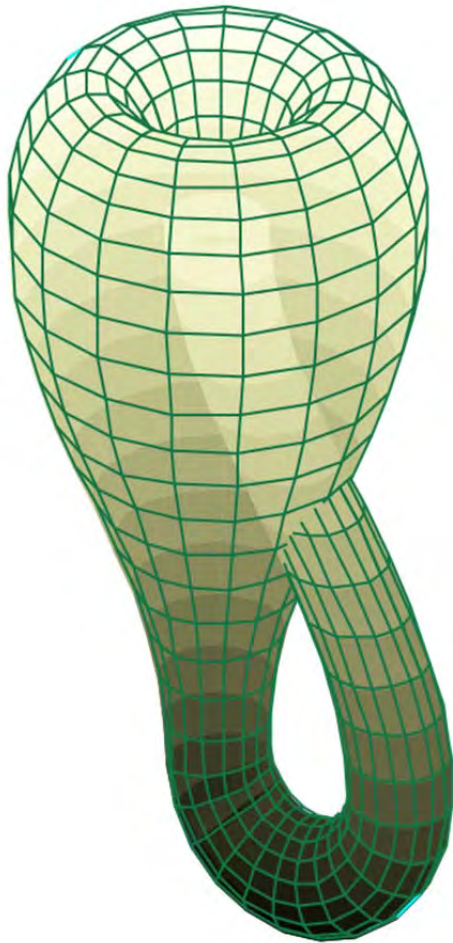


Bonnie Cehovet In the bigger format it does look like it could be.

Wilfried Houdouin Hello, yes this is indeed an ouroboros, symbol of the cosmic unity and of eternal renewal – the Alpha relating to the Omega – which is featured here as a talismanic protective circle. It is

interesting to notice here that this ouroboros does feature some sort of heraldic dolphin, which actually refers to a sea dragon...

To fully understand why the ouroboros is the very symbol of the dynamic cosmic unity, one must refer to the Möbius strip and more specifically to the "Klein Bottle", actually relating to the torus, which encompasses the Universe at every scale and every levels.

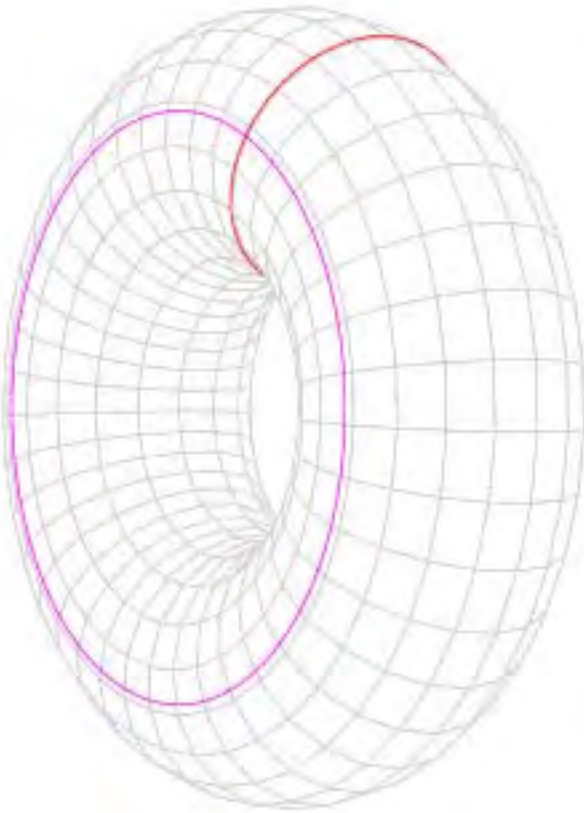


See : http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Klein_bottle

In mathematics, the Klein bottle /'klaɪn/ is an example of a non-orientable surface; informally, it is a surface (a two-dimensional manifold) in which notions of left and right cannot be consistently defined. Other related non-orientable objects include the Möbius strip and the real projective plane. Whereas a Möbius strip is a surface with boundary, a Klein bottle has no boundary (for comparison, a sphere is an orientable surface with no boundary).

The Klein bottle was first described in 1882 by the German mathematician Felix Klein. It may have been originally named the Kleinsche Fläche ("Klein surface") and that this was incorrectly interpreted as Kleinsche Flasche ("Klein bottle"), which ultimately led to the adoption of this term in the German language as well.

and <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Torus>



In geometry, a torus (pl. tori) is a surface of revolution generated by revolving a circle in three-dimensional space about an axis coplanar with the circle. If the axis of revolution does not touch the circle, the surface has a ring shape and is called a ring torus or simply torus if the ring shape is implicit.

When the axis is tangent to the circle, the resulting surface is called a horn torus; when the axis is a chord of the circle, it is called a spindle torus. A degenerate case is when the axis is a diameter of the circle, which simply generates a 2-sphere. The ring torus bounds a solid known as a toroid. The adjective toroidal can be applied to tori, toroids or, more generally, any ring shape as in toroidal inductors and transformers. Real-world examples of (approximately) toroidal objects include doughnuts, vadais, inner tubes, bagels, many lifebuoys, O-rings and vortex rings.

In topology, a ring torus is homeomorphic to the Cartesian product of two circles: $S^1 \times S^1$, and the latter is taken to be the definition in that context. It is a compact 2-manifold of genus 1. The ring torus is one way to embed this space into three-dimensional Euclidean space, but another way to do this is the Cartesian product of the embedding of S^1 in the plane. This produces a geometric object called the Clifford torus, surface in 4-space.

The word torus comes from the Latin word meaning cushion.

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Enrique Enriquez I don't really understand why "having your head up your ass" is regarded as a bad thing and not as a reaching into infinity.

Bonnie Cehovet Enrique ... LMAO!

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Hey, it's time to make your choice



Jean-Stéphane Faubert two fighting for one!

or, caught between a rock and a hard place

Camelia Elias Bugger.

Enrique Enriquez A doubt flourishes.

Aurora Díaz Fernández The angel hits the one that wears perfume.

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And the winner is...

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

And today I'd like to enrich our play with this spread: so beautiful "asymmetric symmetry"



Jean-Stéphane Faubert getting out of a conflictual situation

Camelia Elias And the angel said: 'you don't have to decide no more.'

Enrique Enriquez Yes!

HORIZONTAL turns VERTICAL (Spell a word so it can come back to awaken you).

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om choose to be here, don't think, feel the spirit in you and you will awake

Jean-Stéphane Faubert it's getting irresistible.

Luca Shivendra Om From engagement to marriage, the old fashioned way

Two of Swords is a pool, they ask him to plunge into it. Purifying bath.

Jean-Stéphane Faubert a rite of passage, yes!

start with a small naked angel misdirecting his arrow to a dressed grown up angel targeting accurately in the middle, we're getting serious!

Luca Shivendra Om "To plunge" also "to risk" = "To plunge into your darkness is a risk but you may emerge again: another, different, new you". "Take the risk, and you will be rewarded".

Spiritual growth.

[With my own two hands] "Be you strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded" [2 Cronicles 15:7]

Shelley Ruelle The shape of the swords reminds me of the angel's trumpet and Cupid's arrow. The arrow and the trumpet mix and cross over, each feeds the other, the "hit" and the "message" mix and mingle, informing each other. Also the top cross of the 2 of Swords looks like angel's wings and sun's rays.

Markus Pfeil The decisions of the lover are always fed back to him as are the calls from above. each sword feeds back to where it came from. There is symmetry between the world of the lover and the world of judgement behind the mirror.

Luca Shivendra Om Red pill or blue pill? You take the blue one -the story ends. You take the red one -you go through the mirror and discover the naked truth...



Mark Sherman L'AMOVREX LE IUGE MEN (T)

He's not being honest with himself. His parents and the angels have seen it all along.

Paul Nagy Egg = oval = cloud halo: drawn bow = sword oval = angel head and yellow halo.

Cupid wings = top buds = angel wings.

Drawn arrow point = top of blue X [Zenith point For Swords] = orange + flag.

Red and yellow spiked halo = red and orange cross cards, Swords = red and yellow spiked halo.

Cupid's gaze and the bow tension = fluted top ends Of the Swords as speaking tubes = angel's trumpet.

Clothed matron, man, maiden: involved with each other and oblivious to celestial influence above = flowers and leaves swaying in converse and dance = becomes the obverse as naked matron eyes on the blue and bearded naked men: bearded naked man eyes upon the Angel.

Blue man or woman whose back is toward us = the shadow of one of The Lover characters. The naked legs of the man = the lower dancing leaves inside the oval = inside the crypt or standing in a cistern.

LA MOVREX = II = flowers = II = LE IUGEMENT: VOX MARVEL = II = MINUTE GLEE

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

~~LA MOVRE~~ X = 0 = † EEL MET GUN

Celestial youth = O = angelic trumpeter

Matron blesses couple: man contemplates beauty or wisdom: beauty lures youth from a prudence: pimp procures a price: man marries sisters: women marry each other and reject man: man is a pederast who secretly desires children: women desire or not to be with child: choosing between partners at a dance:

= Two of Swords the swords are sheathed and upon a wall. They are sabers that cut when drawn. Hollow and filled with a slicing blade these swords are horns that sound in different directions.

Crossed at zenith and nadir they mollify the flag of the Angel's trumpet.

Twos represent dialogue and contradiction, paradox without resolution; this is a emotionally rich confluence of difference that nurtures a thriving dancing powerful conversation between lovers.

It also represents a stylized isolation between life and its sensate possibilities represented by the four buds as exteriors sensate experience that is isolated from the interior fulsome life of accepted and incubated considerations.

= La petite mort: the crypt or the cistern or a bed or a bath gives rise to thunderous clouds and profound raining light upon two nudes both lost to their languid loves: he looks up to bring down: she looks sideways to center: the back of the blue figure is either a man or a woman and represents the unconscious desires of our nudes in sexual congress: though we cannot see her, her whole head is an open eye iris set against a flesh toned landscape to reveal an eye looking at us with a wholeness and coldness that suggests a deep encounter with the sub and supra consciousness when we see without preconceptions.

Luca Shivendra Om a journey from doubt to faith.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Celestial intervention in life's turning points.

Spiritual points of intersection.

Luca Shivendra Om at a crossroads he had a vision of his future to come: two X in the two, the seeds of the XX... the future in the present... predestination... circular time... eternal now

Aurora Díaz Fernández karma

Paul Nagy

Will tarot know tarot?
Where does that bow
aim its arrow?

Capricious fingers
visit the cards
shuffle but fumble.
The cards placed
facedown
turned around,
a sequenced mute
Revelation.

Tarot works.

Tarot yearns for expeditions –
and it is easier to remember
place-mark words
than to see anew
as if Tarot has never
seen before its images
in the cardstock mirror:

A chasm of possibilities,
abstract as they are concrete:
feelings entice,
probabilities fleet
in trackless skies
and unvoiced “whys?”

A story distracts
like a roomy ruddy wine
or a nice cold beer
on the couch in comfort
cozy in the oracle’s salon
tarot imagines futures,
impinging upon
half-thought out
plans

that sniff,
belch, yawn,
scratch, deal out
a raw incongruity
of select vegetables:
A chopped salad of tall stories
the cards become walls
without windows or doors.

Tarot hurts.

As freely laid-out
boxed-in, jailed
and cooped up
liberation
these incomprehensible cards
their cryptic symbols
– that raspy disincarnate
voice intervening –
in the quiet clarity of vision
so plainly pointing
and cropping out
improbable scenarios
too close to the heart's secret desire
not brought out to face
a self or the world.

So plainly a mystery
Tarot whores ennui.

Do not welcome
hug symbolic fog
embrace tarot's
secret dreams:
universal domination
and catholic cowardice.

Do not cuddle up
to these gnarly cards
that starkly squirm
and mutually touch
or tolerate
in astounding backgrounds
as if a horse and rider,
or a phoenix on a shield
brakes for a yawning lion
observe this saber framed flower:
Tall and cold as innocent as guilty,
as meaningful, as meaningless
as any other flower
peaking up out of the hot cracks
sunbaked concrete
cardboard mind.

Enrique Enriquez

The moment LIGHT turns into LANGUAGE, as expressed in this version of Le Soleil printed by A.G. Muller.



Jean-Stéphane Faubert Or LANGUAGE turns into ascending LIGHT!

Or speaking light

Enrique Enriquez s peek in light.

Camelia Elias To be touched by a feather.

Luca Shivendra Om word mirrored by silence

Luca Shivendra Om but they are smiling for what they already know of each other: a perfect description of a well balanced relationship (friendship or marriage)

Mark Sherman Heh. Empty bubble captions of light all over the place. The one between them contains all colours.

Paul Nagy Hey, letter in your caption: silence speaks of the transparency of the love gaze:

“Beautiful One your eyes are like the sun and moon to me: Your nose a flower to breathe our mutual life. Your ears are seashells savoring silent secrets by the seashore of my and your lips and mouths: teeth as pearls of words and our tongues each half of an Ouroboros only completed in the kiss that is this silent transparent drop between us.”

Sunfriends redux: wrestling



Enrique Enriquez LOVE GAZE / LOVE GAYS

"your eyes are like the sun and moon to me", when one lights up the other fades.

Luca Shivendra Om (again) words mirrored by silence: where there is (a) light there is (a) shadow.

Enrique Enriquez ligHt and sHadow have a ladder in common.

Paul Nagy Slobbering in anticipation

Luca Shivendra Om "keep your minds in harmony with your voices". the inner voice (the guy on the left) and the receptive mind (the guy on the right) kept in harmony: le soleil -realized.

Luca Shivendra Om

Today: powers

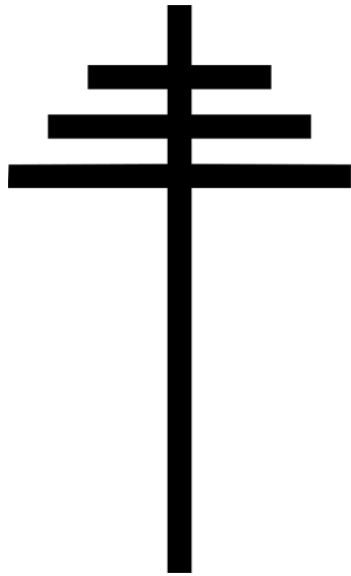


Bonnie Cehovet Levels of powers ... interesting.

Paul Nagy Little resolution without threat of division or bifurcated decisions. The Pope sits: the Emperor leans on their respective thrones. The V of swords suggests the V on its side > the Pope's spear of influence overlaps into the Emperor's spear of influence <: Both the grasp of the straight sword in the middle. The papal cross in the left-hand is the balance for the right hand's blessing that reaches of for the hilt of the straight sword as the conflict increases because of a demolition of options. The globus cruciger held in the right-hand of the Emperor leans upon his throne shows that he is active and

involved with the actions of the world in a way that the settled pope on his throne is not. Notice that their scepters of power are held in the left and right hands respectively. Though they can reach for the handle of the straight sword to create a division between them in their overlapping concerns which they feel is diminished because of the V shape funnels their perspective to limited options over how to deal with disputed overlap and concerns.

Papal Staff:



The globus cruciger (Latin, "cross-bearing orb") is an orb (lat. globus) topped (lat. gerere = to wear) with a cross (lat. crux), a Christian symbol of authority used throughout the Middle Ages and even today on coins, iconography and royal regalia. It symbolises Christ's (the cross) dominion over the world (the orb), literally held in the dominion of an earthly ruler (or sometimes celestial being such as an angel). When held by Christ himself, the subject is known in the iconography of Western art as Salvator Mundi ("Saviour of the World"). It is associated with the sceptre.



globus cruciger:

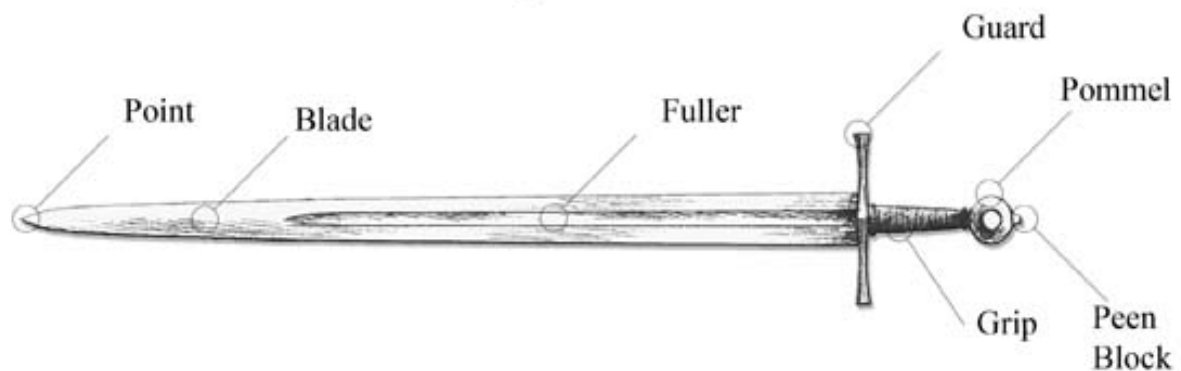
The eagle with its keen eyes symbolized perspicacity, courage, strength and immortality, but is also considered "king of the skies" and messenger of the highest Gods. With these attributed qualities the eagle became a symbol of power and strength in Ancient Rome. Mythologically, it has been connected by the Greeks with the God Zeus, by the Romans with Jupiter, by the Germanic tribes with Odin, by the Judeo-Christian scriptures with those who hope in God (Isa 40:31), and in Christian art with Saint John the Evangelist.



The bird displayed is shown affronté with its head turned to dexter and wings spread to the sides to fill the area of the field. This position is presumed of the eagle, and the symbolic use of eagles in this position was well established even before the development of heraldry, going back to Charlemagne.
[from Wikipedia]

Shields: There is some debate as to the meaning of the shape of the shield. Most historians agree that the shape was usually determined by the time period and geographic region. The shape is not a part of the official blazon, so modern heraldry artists choose shapes to suit the design. I was able to find no historical precedent for the eagle with egg in heraldry. I believe this adaptation comes from the indifferent coloring of the shield itself. Given the attitude of the eagle spread in flight on the blazon it is not nesting.

Anatomy of a Sword



Triple Crown , papal staff > straight sword threefold penetration of the top fourfold sheathed saber weave < globus cruciger scepter, helmet cap.

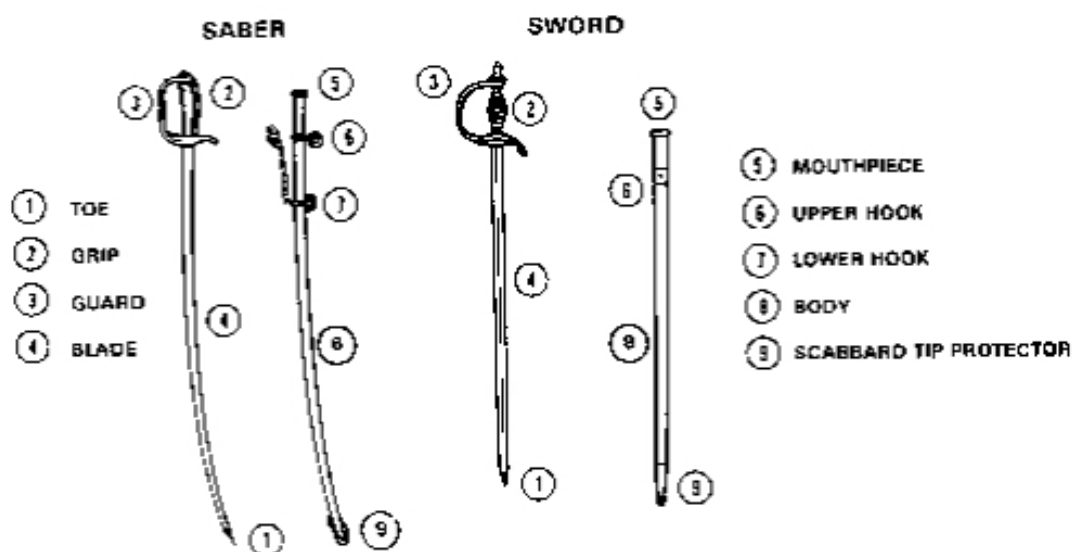
Red robe > red blade < red vest

Round button clasp > pommel < belt, pendant

Tonsured heads > rosebuds < the Emperor's red shoes

Dangling ball > peen block < the Emperor's arm rest

Devout acolytes > sword grip and bottom saber weave > the shield with the Eagle and egg.



My contention is that the sabers are ensheathed in scabbards and mounted with cross bars. The picture offers names for parts of the saber, sword, and their scabbards.

Enrique Enriquez The heraldic field is also called a 'escutcheon', a word that names both the heraldic field and a patch of pubic hair.

The Pope has no escutcheon, so, that we see there is the V of Gillette.

The church preaching against the affectations of the court.

Luca Shivendra Om decisive action made of word and will

Add a I sword to the IIII emperor and you've got the full power that is the complete authority implied by the papal "triregnum". The Pope -father of kings, governor of the world and Vicar of Christ: he has the real Power.

Add a (I) sword to the (IIII) emperor and you've got the full power (IIII = V) that is the complete authority implied by the papal "triregnum". The Pope -father of kings, governor of the world and Vicar of Christ: he has the real Power.

"spiritual body": the receptive principle and the active one made one flesh.

an expert and his client focusing on a difficult matter to solve.

Enrique Enriquez Yes, and the client keeps his poker face while knowing he won't follow the expert's advice.

Aurora Díaz Fernández They will remain powerful as long they don't mingle without RULES.

Power in division.

Encapsulated power.

Balance in number 2. Growing in the 5 of swords. There will be a combat very soon.

Enrique Enriquez COMBAT = COMB + AT

The winner decides the way hair is parted.

Markus Pfeil The One Sword in the middle swords out whether the result is the IIII of the Emperor or the V of the Pope. Fivefivefour, saying F! I've F, I've Four...stuttering indelision.

Camelia Elias A game of: 'Now listen'. 'No, YOU listen'. And both are thinking: 'You make me sick.'

Mark Sherman Testosterone everywhere.

Luca Shivendra Om I agree with Aurora: "Divide et impera" It's the result of the Pope's ambiguous behaviour towards his two acolytes -he clearly prefers one of the two.

Camelia Elias Actually, Luca, there is no war. The 5 is enclosed by the 2 men, so there's no real conflict beyond the exchange of lines à la, 'my throne is bigger than yours.'

Enrique Enriquez LE PAPE LEMPEREUR

LE PAPEL EMPEUR

A paper emperor (says the Pope).

Camelia Elias Yes, Enrique.

Luca Shivendra Om Camelia: you're right, but I read the three cards as a sequence like this (from left to right) 1. (Divide) (his acolytes are planning to betray him) "YOU are my beloved son (not your brother), yours will be my reign and my power " 2. (et) Something is going on: rivalry separates the two

acolytes/brothers which were allies before... 3. (impera) he took the power -nobody left there to contrast him

Le Pape is the rock, Le (papel) Empereur is the paper, and we have the scissors in the middle. No war, Camelia, you're right: they are just playing.





Enrique Enriquez with Roxanne Flornoy (La mere du tarot), who materialized herself at McNally Jackson for Yoav Ben-Dov's event, April 19th 2014.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra OmThe pip and trump club

...a good decision?



Jean-Stéphane Faubert caught in the middle!

Daniela Abend something must have been right.... from VIII it will be "lamovrevx".... VIII => V X = a baby??? the villain

Enrique Enriquez On your Own: NO.

NOTE:

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

N = VI

Camelia Elias Change gear.

Enrique Enriquez Change ear.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Elucidating at a crossroads. And I think he will go through it, alone but strong and whole, like the lonely wand in the middle.

Luca Shivendra Om Yes, Jean-Stéphane , caught in the middle, yes!. Women could ruin a man's life... Ah.

Enrique Enriquez The Man becomes the central pole, joining heaven (angel) and earth (man). The two women become the X, (> suggest a direction toward the future. < suggest a direction toward the past) lending fortitude to the whole. The whole is 'now'.

Jean-Stéphane Faubert you have experience in that field Luca?

Aurora Díaz Fernández If the X represents both women, each one of them is pulling to different directions creating tension in the center. Maybe he needs this tension to keep going on...

Luca Shivendra Om I am not sure I have but clearly L'Amoureux does have... Jean-Stéphane!

Enrique Enriquez To Understand these woken in LAMOREVX we have to see them as LE BATELEVR's legs.

Bonnie Cehovet Transition certainly ... and by choice, not chance.

Paul Nagy The odd Rod in the center is sunk in the sod of indecision. The arrow in the bow is aimed at no particular where. There is a lot of passion rushing through these limbs like licks of fire flames of the gaze makes me wonder if the decision is so solidly centered? Is it time to jump with the poll and pivot into a new situation? Have you ever noticed how each person's gaze is set upon their own agenda? Does anyone look at another for the other? Do these wands unite or divide?

∞

Jean-Stéphane Faubert I like the old idea of the priest tying these two together through the mutual bond of marriage, as depicted by the batons...

Paul Nagy Is the weave in the middle explosive or implosive?

Is it a calming fire grate or a fragmentation of splinters and sparks for our busy foursome?

Does the bottom dominate the top or does the top subordinate the bottom?

Only the sadist's nos are for sure.

Audrey Layden An emotional decision made guided by hard won wisdom based on experience

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om He chose to do that the hard way.

Jean-Stéphane Faubert Caught in a net! Or is it the Inter-net??

Luca Shivendra Om The angel's arrow passed through his heart like a dum-dum bullet

Jean-Stéphane Faubert Relationships on the web, do you see the wifi angel sending a signal?

Luca Shivendra Om Ah, Jean-Stéphane... Yes, caught in the Net. Maybe... in a dangerous chat room

Markus Pfeil L'Amoureux asks whether this is a good decision (either choice). The Answer is Nine -> Nein - No. Whatever he decides he's busted. So stay put.

Luca Shivendra Om Solitude standing: "I've come to set a twisted thing straight"

Whatever he decides, he will have to deal with loneliness as the only means to find his own way

Do not lose heart when things are difficult.

Enrique Enriquez on a visual level, there is no way forward.

Paul Nagy Unless you explode or fall apart.

Steve Mangan The fingers (crossed batons) and thumbs (central baton) and all those hands across his body! All fingers and thumbs! Or, he sticks out like a sore thumb. Or, (s)he's got his/her finger in every pie A good decision? Fingers crossed

Duck and weave (take evasive action). A good decision? A cunning ploy/delaying ploy (Penelope - the cunning weaver).

Markus Pfeil From the VI to the VIII there is a lack of III, he does lack a tree to get out of there.

LAMOUREUX = L'Amour Rex U, Love is King over you...and no trees to get out. He is the rod stuck in the fencing of the ladies.

Or, to make it more blunt, he stuck his rod in one time too many.

Enrique Enriquez:



Daniela Abend stella is the name of my little daughter i love the star-card

Bonnie Cehovet I love these two energies together! All about taking the leap, and being open.

Andy Fisher successful gender reassignment?

Markus Pfeil Her pitchers are each half fool. He is starring in her wishes. He is on a pilgrimage. Compostella is his goal

Aurora Díaz Fernández The stars mark his limit.

Luca Shivendra Om Astronaut.

Star hunter.

Steve Mangan The mut's nuts (aka: dog's bollocks) - the top of the tree - star of the show - excellence.

Ryan Edward GPS

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Steve Mangan Stir crazy (his nuts - in jug(prison - derived from Joug meaning yoke, and iron ring to which prisoners were chained))

Jugs and mugs. (He's a mug for jugs - she makes a fool of him.)

I'm after a mug like this:



Crazy aspirations (Who's going to bell the cat?. A fine objective, difficult/impossible to achieve - at least, for mice...)

Enrique Enriquez So, now you know. Next time somebody ask you "where should I move/work/go/search for my soulmate", and you get LE FOV followed by LESTOILLE, send them to Santiago de Compostela.

Steve Mangan Or along Watling street (medieval name for Milky Way - the stars of which are said to be the souls of pilgrims en route to their destination) towards Canterbury... or on any pilgrimage of a sorts... a journey, not necessarily physical, a token or gesture towards something one holds sacred or dear.

"This world tis but a thoroughfare full of woe,

And we been pilgrims passing to and fro."

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Enrique Enriquez "Any basin that becomes a stream, flooding lands and muddying walls, is not defective". Rene Char

Enrique Enriquez I am sure Char wrote those lines with Lestoille in mind (it is just that he didn't know that); but the quote seems to address perfectly a way to understand pip cards.

Luca Shivendra Om Lucy in the sky with diamonds: the fool's trip

L'Estoille > Le Toille > Le Toile > (French Fabric) > Penelope (Lestoille-toille-toile) waiting for Odysseus (Le Fov), weaving and unweaving the shroud

Steve Mangan After all that walking - time to wash the dust from one's feet.

Paul Nagy Toil is playing in the mud: the star beams: the tail of the dog: wrapped in the knapsack: scrotum

Enrique Enriquez : of course, if there is a deck that speaks the language of the rebus that one will be the Vieville. A man holding a COMPASS and looking at a STELLE:

COPASS/COMPAS/COMPOS + STELLA = COMPOSTELA



Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Today: "may my Love protect you"



Camelia Elias And then I said: 'Enough!'

Audrey Layden From Paul- speak loudly and jump off the tower.

Shelley Ruelle Do you keep drawing L'Amoureux randomly? This is like the third time in a row! Lotsa love!

Ryan Edward Punch drunk love.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om Yes, Shelley, I keep drawing it randomly- I'm not sure what kinda love it could be... I rather suspect L'Amoreux could be related to some kind of choice to be made. For me, it's time for big choices, I think.

Hope you all may forgive me for this little private note...

Shelley Ruelle L'Amoureux, yes...choices...

Enrique Enriquez 3 becomes 9, but ONE stays ONE.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Too much structure, commitment and pressure interfering with a personal decision. He is in the edge, maybe waited too long to decide.

Drap Arora when you can't decide, celebrate...

Aurora Díaz Fernández The angel turns into the heavy cup at the top. The 3 characters turns into the 3 columns of cups.

There is a triple X in the 10 of cups: 2 X at both sides of the card, and one X make by the cups.

Markus Pfeil L'amor eu X de coupe...love is I, the ten cups. The X marks the crossroads...girls or drink...

Wilfried Houdouin An initiatic path is fulfilled. Now is the time for relief and individuation...

Steve Mangan Cupid's Cup - What, is CUPid turned jealous of himself? Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded ? Has his fiery arrow been doused by the coldness of chastity? Antiperistasis: the viscera is hottest in winter. The heat of love turned cold. Cupid's cup, on its side, is emptied. Has passion spent its course and, overturned, lies wasted; his gold tipped arrows turned to lead, and love to animosity, repulsion or mere indifference?

Drap Arora the cupid's cup is poured on the side of the lady on the left, he points the arrow to the right, maybe he is suggesting to the lady that if you stop pouring the man the wine, he could make the decision....

Paul Nagy VI+X= XVI Tower: Cups = lips = voice: bullhorns = loud projection of choice: nine fish swim in a school: one fish leads them to turn: love of teaching. Red inside cups are kisses spent by the Lover. Choices = voices. Now jump off the Tower.

Enrique Enriquez via Vanessa Place

To touch a tarot deck is to become poetry.

Resistance of Poetry

See appendices

Resistance of Poetry Jean-Luc Nancy If we understand, if we reach in one way or another a threshold of sense, it happens poetically. This doesn't mean that poetry constitutes some type of means or ...

fragilekeys.com

Aurora Díaz Fernández Thanks, Enrique. "everything that elevates and touches in a work of art, in the character or beauty of a person, and even in a natural production, is called poetry."

Enrique Enriquez Not only in art, but in bread too!

Aurora Díaz Fernández Enrique, specially if it is my foccacia bread.

Luca Shivendra Om Here and there there are 'flashing lights' which made me stop and say 'yes':

"Poetry is not exactly a sense, but rather the sense of access to a sense that is each time absent, and transferred ever further. The sense of "poetry" is a sense always to be made" > a tarot spread is always in fieri, an infinite making of sense

"poetry is also negativity in the sense that it denies, in the access to sense, whatever would determine this access as a passage, a way, or a path, and it affirms itself as a presence, an invasion. More than an access to sense, it is an access of sense." > a tarot spread is an access of sense (an epiphany?), it's not an access to any sense/meaning in itself

"access is made, each time, only once, and it is always to be remade, not because it's imperfect, but on the contrary, because it is, when it is (when it yields), each time perfect." > a tarot spread is each time perfect (and it is always to be re-made to make a 'new and perfect experience' of sense)

"The poem or the line, it's all one: the poem is a whole whose every part is a poem, that is to say, a finished "making," and the line is a part of a whole that is still a line, that is to say, a turning, an overturning, or a reversal of sense." > The spread intended as a whole (a unity made of interrelated parts) in which ONLY every card is a poem, but in which the single card -considered as a line or a stanza- is "a turning, an overturning, or a reversal of sense" (!)

"Presentation must be made, sense must be made, and perfected. This doesn't mean: produced, operated, realized, created, acted upon, engendered. To be exact, it has nothing to do with any of this. It is nothing less than what is firstly, in all this, what making wants to say: what making makes in language when it perfects it in its being, which is the access to sense. When it speaks, it's made, and when it makes, it's speaking. " > What making wants to say... Perfect in order to define how a tarot spread could work

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Markus Pfeil Poe et Rye...good reading and strong spirits.

Luca Shivendra Om The Poet in the Rye: strange spirit...

Markus Pfeil Rye stands for Whiskey...the real key, whisked away by good sense...

Markus Pfeil And Edgar Allen is a good Poe (t)

Luca Shivendra Om and -they say- good whisky was not completely alien to Edgard...

Paul Nagy Poetry kneads dough into bread as the voice breaks bread with the teeth of words.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Luca Shivendra Om

Today: love poems





Luca Shivendra Om ...this pair could be considered as her attitude towards him... she's investing time and energy into a childish idealized love.





Luca Shivendra Om ...and here is his attitude towards her... maybe he's attracted by another girl... "love is (not) an ever-fixed mark" (Sonnet 116)



Steve Mangan "And when he won Youth's joyous fruit, fair Hebe's gleaming crown."

Steve Mangan Reconciliation through marriage; enmity turned to friendship; troubles with one's mother-in-law are over, a period of happiness and contentment:

In the verse 'he' is heracles, 'Hebe' is youth personified, her 'fruit' is immortality. The cupbearer (Valet of Cups) shares the same crown of flowers as the girl on the right in the Lovers, through which I identify her here in this combination of cards with that other cupbearer of the gods, Hebe, the bride of Heracles, and handmaiden of Hera - the enemy of Heracles who became reconciled with Heracles when he took her daughter and handmaiden Hebe as his bride.

"Herakles who now upon Olympos dwelling, has to his wedded wife, beside her mother Hera, guardian of marriage, Hebe fairest of all the goddesses." (Pindar, Nemean Ode 10.)

Enrique Enriquez The difference between what is being offered and what is being given.

Luca Shivendra Om she's washing dishes and thinking: "he married me, he promise me the stars and now -look at me: I'm left at home alone..."

Markus Pfeil To get his Star he opens his vallet for a coup...

Aurora Díaz Fernández Wishing: He wished for a star, but stars are too far. So he kept stuck between 2 woman until the angel vanished the women an turned him into a cup wishing to be filled.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Lawrence Weiner New York, NY

Lawrence Weiner explaining the relationship between words and tarot cards:

<http://vimeo.com/89298443>



Shelley Ruelle Nice reference to Le Monde there at the end. Thanks for sharing!

Luca Shivendra Om so... I'm just looking for a new way to cook an egg all the time.

Bonnie Cehovet Many thanks for sharing!

Enrique Enriquez Yes. There is always a thing, there is always a hole. That's why the egg...

Jean-Stéphane Faubert This is great!

Luca Shivendra Om Yes. And there's always a whole. That's why Le Monde.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Paul Nagy

Three pictures 2 tarots and a reading...



Paul rushes off to Readers Studio (Fou) Paul gallops home (Knight of Coins)

Bottom: Paul Reads the CBD Tarot de Marseille, contemplates Ace of Wands

Yoav Ben-dov a beautiful reading this was, Paul. thank you for this and for everything!

Enrique Enriquez I enjoyed very much seeing you both, even if separately.



Paul Nagy and Yoav Ben-dov Readers Studio 2014



Figure 1 Paul explains the CBD Tarot de Marseille to Yoav Ben-dov: Wands explode, the center is a confessional...



Figure 2 Paul explains the CBD Tarot de Marseille to Yoav Ben-dov: Boom! Implode the Swords got a hold of the zenith and nadir...



Figure 3 Paul explains the CBD Tarot de Marseille to Yoav Ben-dov: So the secret is...



Figure 4 Paul explains the CBD Tarot de Marseille to Yoav Ben-dov: make a big face and growl and wave those claws around.



Figure 5 Enrique Enriquez and Paul Nagy wonder about the nature of identity, drinking coffee



Figure 6 Audrey Laydon listening



Figure 7 Paul Nagy & ee catching some rays

Carl Andre addresses one aspect of Court de Gebelin's influence in tarot:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JLgwSgWpkpk>

TateShots: Carl Andre

Published on Apr 10, 2014

Carl Andre: 'I'm not a studio artist, I'm a location artist'.

In this TateShots interview filmed at the artist's New York apartment, Andre discusses how materials are a natural part of his life, and looks back at when his work hit the headlines, recalling criticism such as 'you can't make art out of bricks'.

The American Minimal sculptor is famed for such works; installations that are placed directly on the floor and made out of unfixed industrial materials such as bricks or metal plates. Some floor pieces were made with the intention for them to be walked on, so that the material difference between the floor and the sculpture could be experienced physically. By creating sculptural works that are based on the ground, he suggests that he has simply ended up where he started; 'When you think about it, we start on the floor as children.'

Synesthesia may well have a rose through the nose of the mind's eye: some context

<http://publicdomainreview.org/2014/03/19/victorian-occultism-and-the-art-of-synesthesia/>

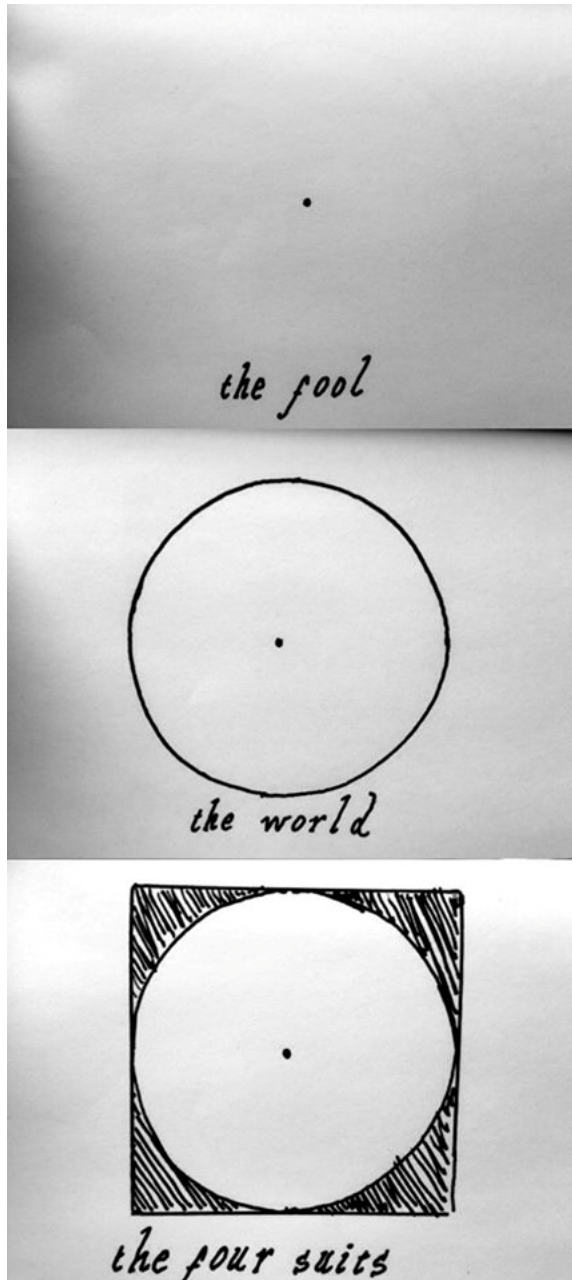


Victorian Occultism and the Art of Synesthesia

Grounded in the theory that ideas, emotions, and even events, can manifest as visible auras, Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater's *Thought-Forms* (1901) is an odd and intriguing work. Benjamin Breen explores these "synesthetic" ... see appended article

publicdomainreview.org

Enrique Enriquez



Yoav Ben-dov "God is an intelligible sphere whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere" - Alain de Lille, 12th century

Enrique Enriquez "The circle is a alibi for the center and the center is a pretext for the circle" - Malcolm de Chazal

Markus Pfeil Centre is the Circle all bundled up. The Fool is the Centre of the World Four it suits him.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Paul Nagy The dot is the spot that deflates the globe into a mere circle. The pip should float, not gloat
it's the center of anywhere. Incontinent geometry.

This circle is a tub: a bathtub seeking gin.

Luca Shivendra Om Everything is going heavy (and darker). I like the light point.

Enrique Enriquez Yes Luca.

Trumps: round mind.

Pips: square mind.

Luca Shivendra Om I got the point, Enrique

Paul Nagy The point [pip] can go either way: wavy line or straight line: thin line or thick line: to full
surface, full or empty or a pinpoint spot to massive sphere or spiral...

Wavy line = swords: straight line = wands: full circle = coins: half sphere = cups.

Bhima Beausoleil The circle is the point looking everywhere; the point is the circle looking nowhere

Paul Nagy The point: eyes closed: the circle eyes open or is it vice versa: The point: eyes open: the circle
eyes closed?

Enrique Enriquez yes

Bhima Beausoleil If you have a circle, what's the point?

If you have a point, circle it

Markus Pfeil Steiners take, I am in God, God is in me.



Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Paul Nagy panentheosphy all in divine wisdom: divine wisdom in all: theosophenpan.

PipTrump Club 4 May 4 2014

Markus Pfeil Truly Paul, Theosoph En Pan. The hazle of wisdom roasted.

Pip trump club record # 3 March 14th

Victorian Occultism and the Art of Synesthesia

Grounded in the theory that ideas, emotions, and even events, can manifest as visible auras, Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater's *Thought-Forms* (1901) is an odd and intriguing work. Benjamin Breen explores these "synesthetic" abstractions and asks to what extent they, and the Victorian mysticism of which they were born, influenced the Modernist movement that flourished in the following decades.



“The music of Mendelssohn” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

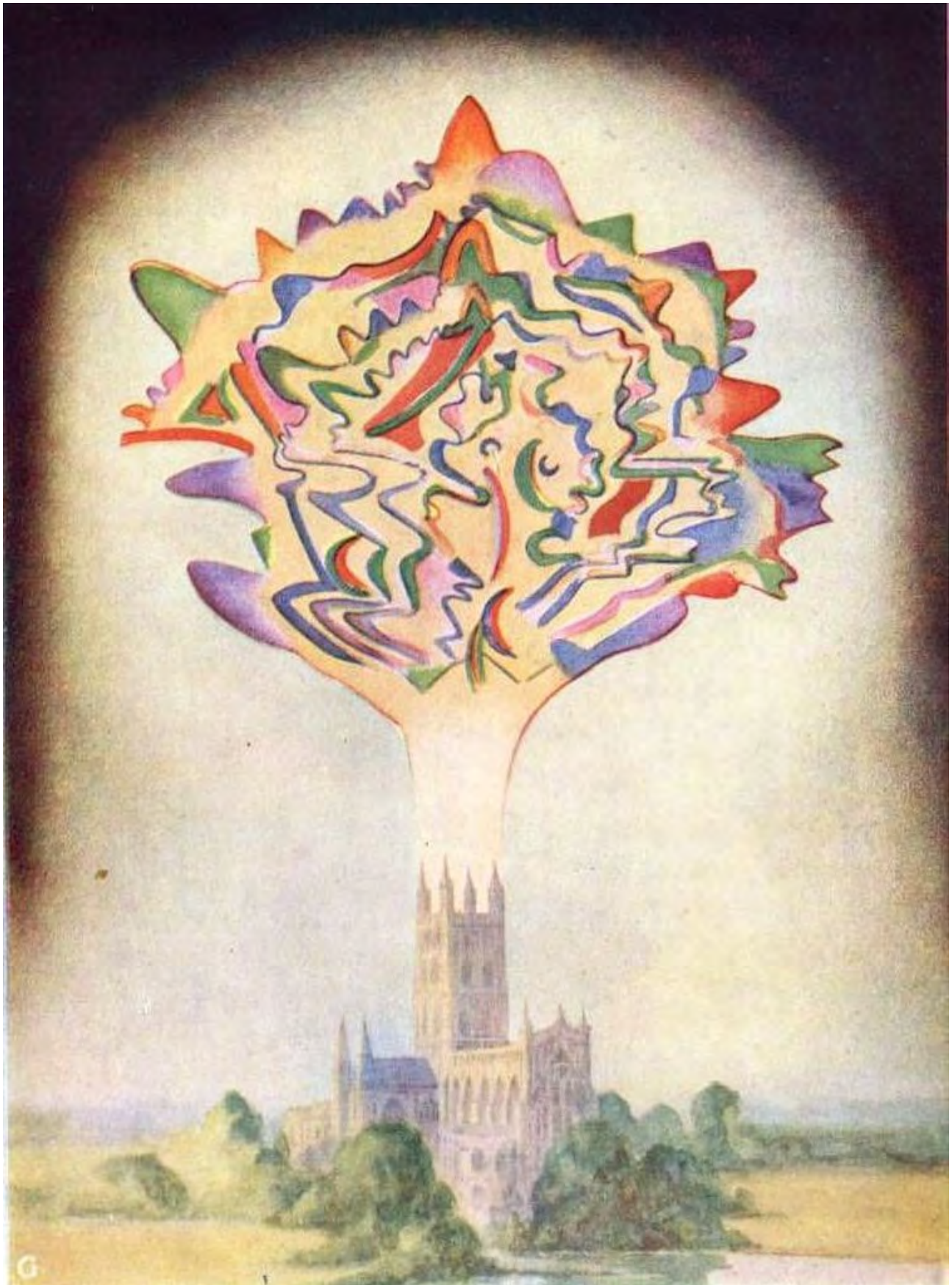
“I have always considered myself a voice of what I believe to be a greater renaissance — the revolt of the soul against the intellect — now beginning in the world,” wrote William Butler Yeats to his mentor, the Irish nationalist John O’Leary, in 1892. Yeats believed that magic was central not only to his art, but to a dawning epoch when spirituality and technology would march together toward an uncertain future.

Thought-Forms, a strange, beguiling, frequently pretentious, utterly original book first published in 1901, emerged from this ferment of late-Victorian mysticism. It was written by Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater, erstwhile members of the London Theosophical Society alongside Yeats, and it features a stunning sequence of images that illustrate the book’s central argument: emotions, sounds, ideas and events manifest as visual auras.

The book’s grand ambitions are evident from the first page. “To paint in earth’s dull colours the forms clothed in the living light of other worlds,” Besant laments, “is a hard and thankless task.” She insists that the images in the book “are not imaginary forms, prepared as some dreamer thinks that they ought to appear.” Rather, “they are representations of forms actually observed as thrown off by ordinary men and women.” And she hopes that they will make the reader “realise the nature and power of his thoughts, acting as a stimulus to the noble, a curb on the base.” This grandiloquence was typical: *fin de siècle* occult leaders produced some of the most baroque writing in literary history, the purplest of purple prose.

Yet what are we saying, exactly, when we call black words on a white page “purple”?

These sorts of underlying associations between words, colors and sounds were precisely what motivated *Thought-Forms*. In other words, the book was about synesthesia (<http://www.npr.org/blogs/thesalt/2013/03/12/174132392/synesthetes-really-can-taste-the-rainbow>). The illustration of the music of Mendelssohn reproduced above, for instance, depicts yellow, red, blue and green lines rising out of a church. This, Leadbeater and Besant explain, “signifies the movement of one of the parts of the melody, the four moving approximately together denoting the treble, alto, tenor and bass respectively.” Moreover, “the scalloped edging surrounding the whole is the result of various flourishes and arpeggios, and the floating crescents in the centre represent isolated or staccato chords.” Color and sound had become commingled (<http://theappendix.net/blog/2013/10/experimental-music-and-color-in-the-nineteenth-century>).



"The music of Gounod" – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

Yet Leadbeater and Besant intended not only to visualize sound, but to demonstrate their distinctive psychic gifts: the ability to detect spiritual “vibrations” of ideas, emotions and sounds as visual forms. This, in other words, was a sort of spiritual synesthesia, as much a religious act as a neurological one.

Besant and Leadbeater were not romantically linked, but they were nonetheless a power couple in the world of British secret societies and occult orders. Leadbeater had originally been ordained as a priest in the Church of England, but he developed an intense fascination with Buddhism and Hinduism following travels in Burma and Sri Lanka with Henry Steel Olcott (<http://www.theosophical.org/henry-s-olcott>) in 1885. He grew convinced that he possessed powerful psychic abilities and became a disciple of Madame Blavatsky (later immortalized as Madame Sesostris in T.S. Eliot’s *The Wasteland*). Following Blavatsky’s death, Leadbeater met Annie Besant, a women’s rights activist and socialist orator, and the two struck up an unorthodox partnership. By the 1890s they had emerged as the leaders of the preeminent theosophist group in London.

In an 1892 pamphlet (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/12085/12085-h/12085-h.htm#CHIX>), Besant summarized theosophy’s core principles. Mankind was “a spiritual intelligence... treading a vast cycle of human experience, born and reborn on earth millennium after millennium, evolving slowly into the ideal man.” It must be said: theosophy was bunk. It combined social Darwinism and echoes of Neo-Raphaelite romanticism with a kind of Westernized, mashed-together Buddhist and Hindu thought, then topped it with a dash of High Church ceremony and a healthy heaping of obfuscatory verbiage.

The result, more often than not, was pompous, pseudoscientific nonsense. But, in the case of *Thought-Forms*, what wonderful pseudoscientific nonsense it was.



Photograph of Annie Besant taken in 1900, a year before the publication of *Thought-Forms* – Source (<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/ggb2004004089/>).

Colors stood at the core of theosophy as practiced by Madame Blavatsky and Anne Besant, and indeed it has played an understudied role in the whole arc of Western occultism. In his 1704 book *Opticks*, Newton's arbitrary division of the spectrum into seven colors (ROYGBIV) resulted in the quasi-color indigo, whose questionable differentiation from blue befuddles schoolchildren to this day. This was not the act of Newton the scientist, but Newton the alchemist: he had been guided toward the number seven by the seven musical notes (<http://theappendix.net/blog/2013/8/music-and-color-the-french-connection>) and the seven planets, not by scientific necessity.

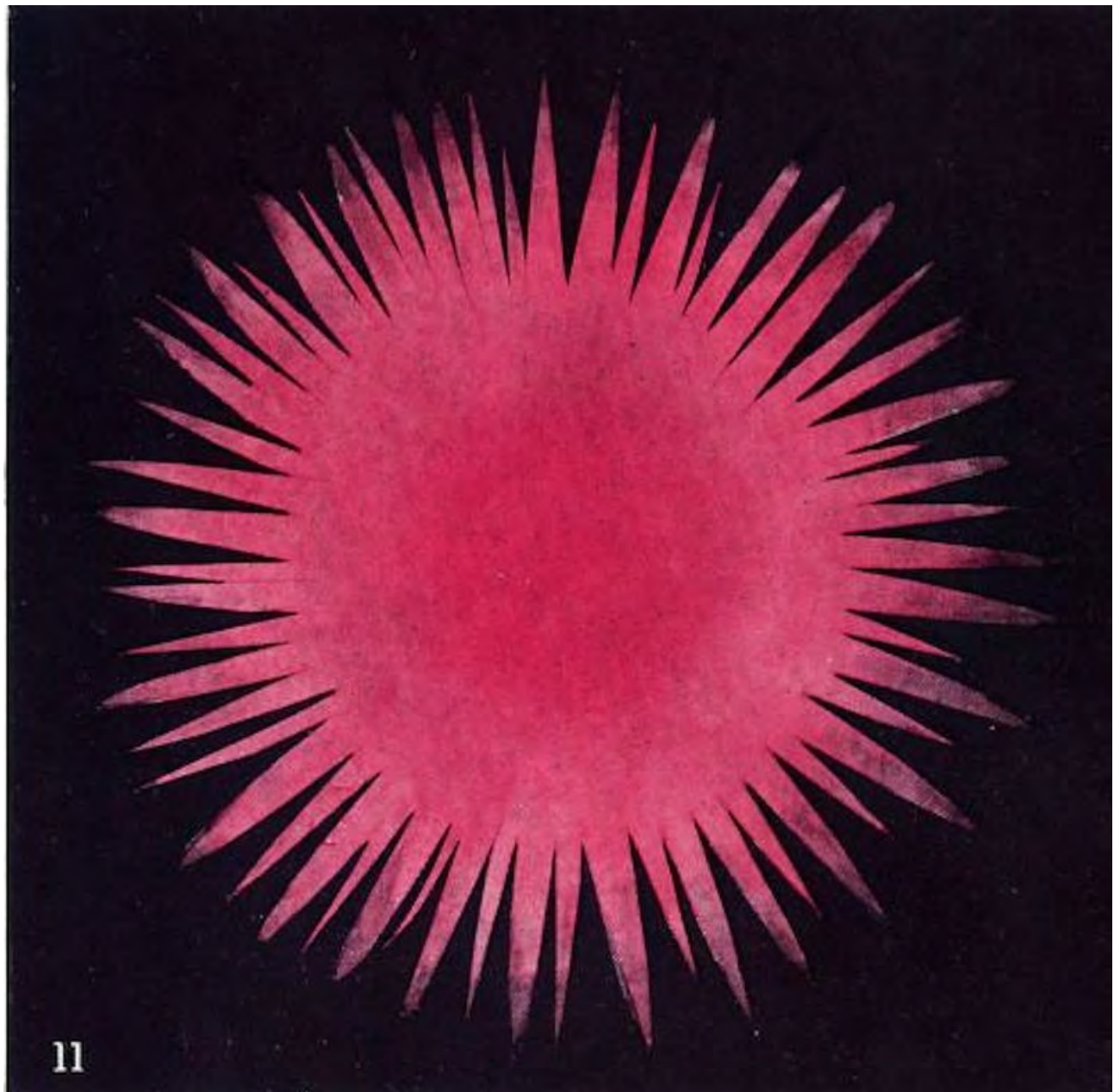
In her book *The Secret Doctrine* (<https://archive.org/search.php?query=The%20secret%20doctrine%3B%20the%20synthesis%20of%20science%2C%20religion%20and%20philosophy%20AND%20%22-sponsor%3A%28google%29%22%20AND%20mediatype%3Atexts>) (1888), Blavatsky built on these ancient numerological resonances and the Newtonian theory of color to construct an entire cosmological system around the seven colors, which she called the seven rays. Each ray corresponded to a group of historical figures

(“Masters” or “Mahatma”) who were reborn in an unending cycle, and each had a characteristic color. In Besant and Leadbeater’s elaboration ([http://books.google.co.uk/books?id=2dg2AQAAMAAJ&pg=PA96&lpg=PA96&dq=%22higher+classes+were+of+a+quite+respectable+blue%22&source=bl&ots=m5HcNjdtXP&sig=jjo48K5JJEQB9l_P50e7OkwrPLQ&hl=en&sa=X&ei=ofBlavatsky’s+ideas,+the+various+permutations+of+the+idea+become+impossibly+confusing.+People+of+the+yellow+and+pink+rays,+evidently,+“were+docile,+”+the+orange+had+a+“hatred+of+sexual+unions,+”+and+the+black+\(predictably,+given+the+racial+politics+of+the+time\)+were+“the+lower+classes,+”+while+“the+higher+classes+were+of+a+quite+respectable+blue.”](http://books.google.co.uk/books?id=2dg2AQAAMAAJ&pg=PA96&lpg=PA96&dq=%22higher+classes+were+of+a+quite+respectable+blue%22&source=bl&ots=m5HcNjdtXP&sig=jjo48K5JJEQB9l_P50e7OkwrPLQ&hl=en&sa=X&ei=ofBlavatsky’s+ideas,+the+various+permutations+of+the+idea+become+impossibly+confusing.+People+of+the+yellow+and+pink+rays,+evidently,+“were+docile,+”+the+orange+had+a+“hatred+of+sexual+unions,+”+and+the+black+(predictably,+given+the+racial+politics+of+the+time)+were+“the+lower+classes,+”+while+“the+higher+classes+were+of+a+quite+respectable+blue.”)

Color, in other words, dominated the theosophist vision of both the distant human past and the post-human future. And color is the biggest takeaway from *Thought-Forms*. While the prose is baroque, clumsy and hard to follow, the visuals that accompany it are simply enchanting, suffused with mellow blues, misty purples, and brilliant ochres and oranges.



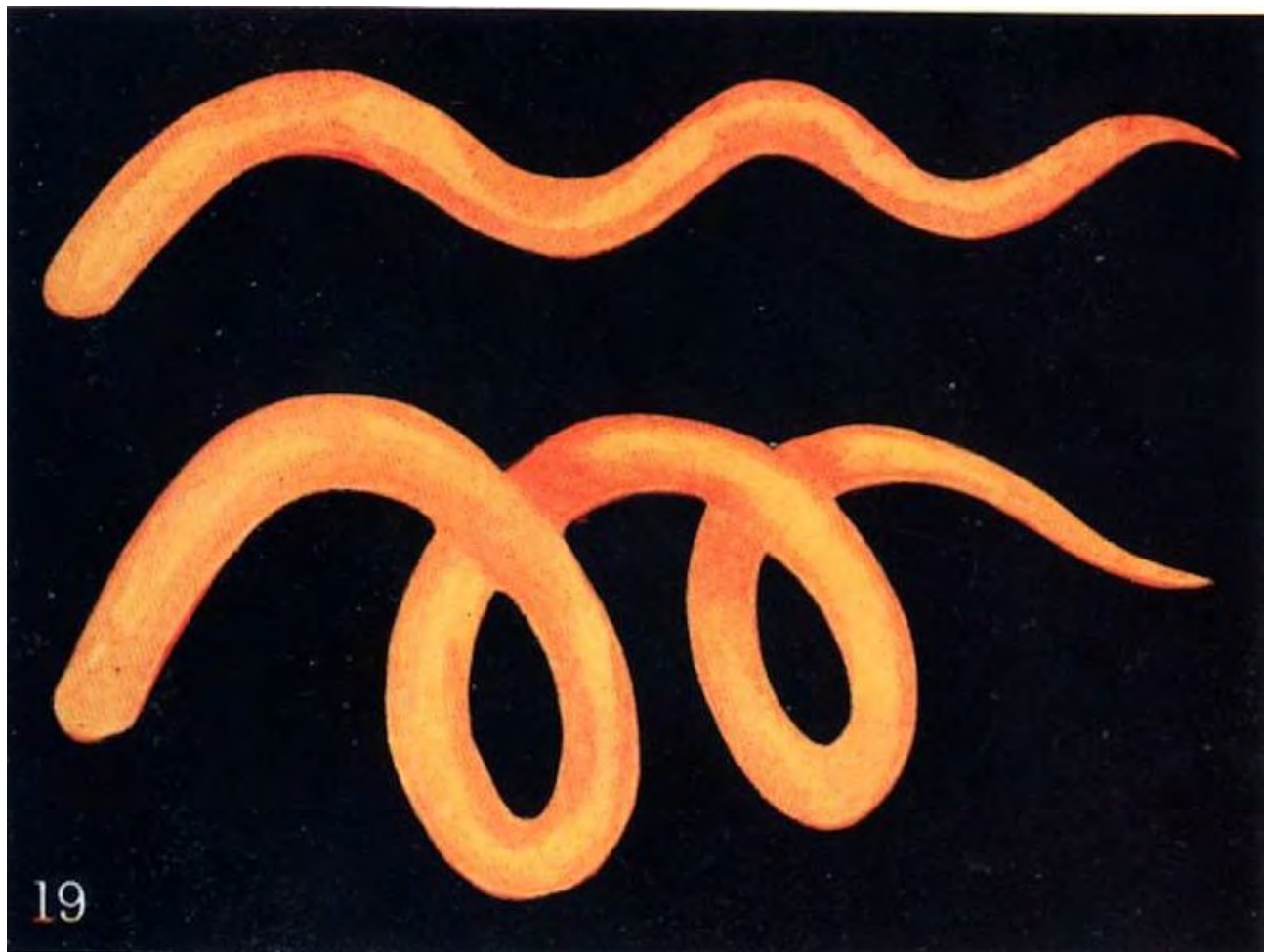
“Vague Pure Affection” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).



“Radiating Affection” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).



“Vague Intellectual Pleasure” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).



“The Intention to Know” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

With the thirtieth illustration, the book changes course in an interesting way, moving from illustrations of discrete thoughts and emotions to quasi-narratives about events.



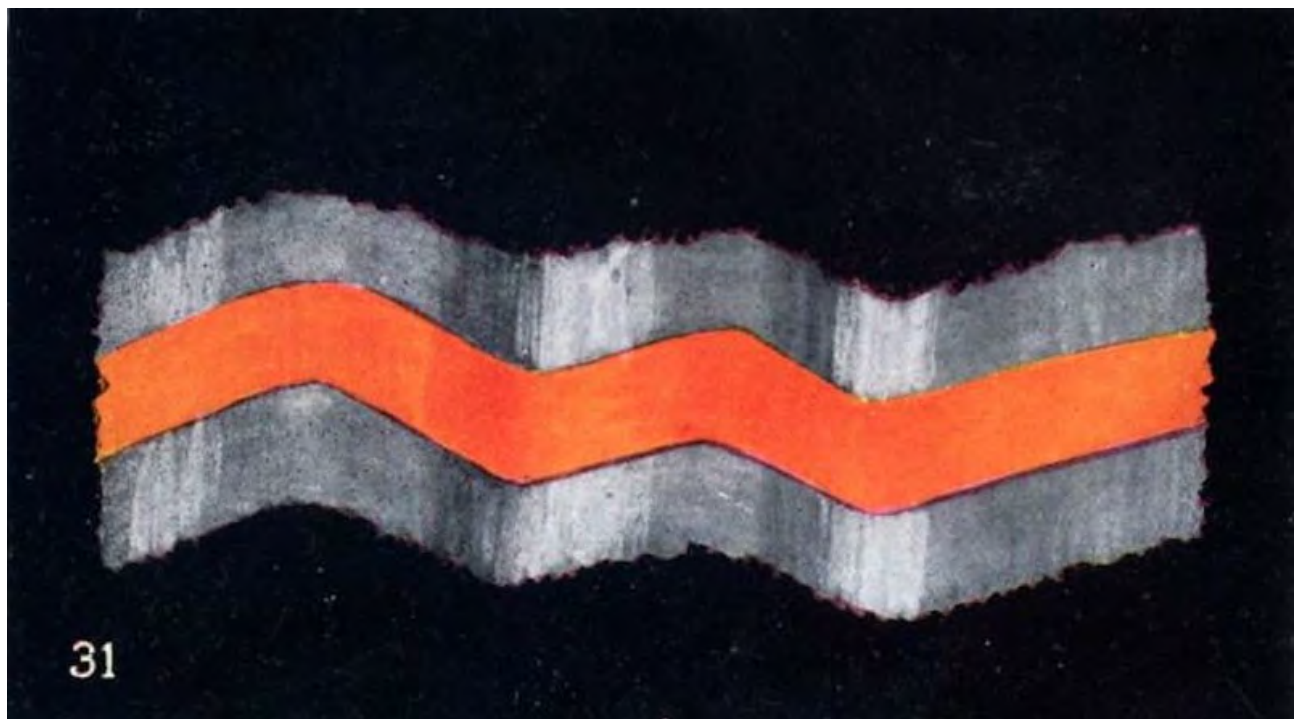
“At a Shipwreck” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

Occasioned by a “terrible accident” at sea, Besant and Leadbeater explain, the thought-forms above “were seen simultaneously, arranged exactly as represented, though in the midst of indescribable confusion.” The book continues

(http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm#VARIOUS_EMOTIONS):

they are instructive as showing how differently people are affected by sudden and serious danger. One form shows nothing but an eruption of the livid grey of fear, rising out of a basis of utter selfishness: and unfortunately there were many such as this. The shattered appearance of the thought-form shows the violence and completeness of the explosion, which in turn indicates that the whole soul of that person was possessed with blind, frantic terror, and that the overpowering sense of personal danger excluded for the time every higher feeling.

This ushers in the visual heart of the book, featuring images that wouldn’t have looked out of place hanging alongside early Malevich or Kandinsky abstractions.



“On the First Night” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

Figure 31 is another narrative piece, representing “the thought-form of an actor while waiting to go upon the stage.” The authors explain that the orange band indicates self-confidence, “yet in spite of this there is a good deal of unavoidable uncertainty as to how this new play may strike the fickle public, and on the whole the doubt and fear overbalance the certainty and pride, for there is more of the pale grey than of the orange, and the whole thought-form vibrates like a flag flapping in a gale of wind.”



“The Logos as Manifested in Man” – Source (<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

Other thought-forms in this section anticipate another twentieth-century craft that was still in its infancy in 1901: corporate branding. Figure 41 is meant to represent “the Logos as manifested in man” but it looks like another sort of logos entirely: one can easily reimagine it as an early oil company badge, competing with the likes of Esso, British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell to lure drivers of horseless carriages off darkened roads and toward glowing gas pumps.

Figure 38 is even more radical a departure, anticipating the op art of the 1960s:



“An Aspiration to Enfold All” – Source
(<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16269/16269-h/16269-h.htm>).

The description of the event depicted here anticipates the 1960s as well with its combination of meditation and idealism: it was “generated by one who was trying, while sitting in meditation, to fill his mind with an aspiration to enfold all mankind,” the authors relate with characteristic somberness, “in order to draw them upward towards the high ideal which shone so clearly before his eyes.”

*

Besant and Leadbeater were quite aware that this was heady stuff for a society that remained deeply conservative. On New Year’s Day in 1901, the year *Thought-Forms* was published, Queen Victoria still ruled England. Oscar Wilde had died a broken man five weeks before. The British Empire was still expanding. “Modernism” as a movement or even a concept did not exist.

When we consider this world of 1901, it becomes difficult not to believe that Besant, Leadbeater and their milieu deserve a more prominent place in the annals of both abstract art and the history of modernism. As the art critic Hilton Kramer has observed (<http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/Mondrian---mysticism---ldquo-My-long-search-is-over-rdquo--4237>), “what is particularly striking about the outlook of the artists primarily responsible for creating abstraction is their espousal of occult doctrine.” Kramer points to the period between 1910 and 1920 as the key moment — as it undoubtedly was, given the confluence of World War One, the Dadaists, and technological changes celebrated by the Italian Futurists.

But perhaps we should look backward as well, to the twilight of the Victorians, in tracing these origins. It actually isn’t at all surprising that figures like Yeats and T. S. Eliot — not to mention Malevich, Kandinsky, and Mondrian — dabbled with theosophy. It was, as Kramer notes, “a widely established component of Western cultural life” in the first decades of the twentieth century.

But where did it go? Casting a wider net in the shadowy realms of *fin de siècle* mysticism offers up some surprising answers. Jack Parsons, one of the founders of the Jet Propulsion Lab at Caltech and an early pioneer of rocketry, counted himself as an adept of Alesteir Crowley (<http://theappendix.net/blog/2013/5/magic-isnt-rocket-science>) — and so too, at one time, did Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard. Robert Oppenheimer famously quoted Vedic scripture (“Now I am become death, destroyer of worlds”) when he witnessed the first atomic bomb blast. But in the context of figures like Besant and Leadbeater, Oppenheimer’s fascination

with Eastern mysticism seems less like a personal quirk and more like a thread in a larger tapestry: an interweaving of mysticism, technology, and art that began at the turn of the last century and is still with us in the twenty-first.

Yeats imagined a looming “revolt of the soul against the intellect.” In truth, Victorian mysticism never took over the world. But it also didn’t go away. One strand wove into the history of science and technology; another became the New Age Movement; another is emerging in the techno-utopian transhumanists (<http://humanityplus.org/philosophy/transhumanist-declaration/>) of Silicon Valley, who (seemingly unwittingly) borrow themes and aims from theosophy.

It’s hard to say where it all will take us. But it seems fair to say that Besant and Leadbeater played a small but intriguing role in shaping the globalized culture of the twenty-first century, which weaves together East and West, mysticism and rationalism, sound and sight. The result is a maelstrom of competing influences and aims that even a seasoned synesthete would struggle to make sense of. But it’s worth our while to try.

Benjamin Breen is a PhD candidate at the University of Texas at Austin. He is executive editor of *The Appendix* (<http://theappendix.net/>), a journal of experimental and narrative history, and is writing a book about the history of drugs in the 17th and 18th centuries.

A version of this article will appear in The Appendix’s upcoming issue. You can subscribe to The Appendix here (<https://theappendix.net/subscribe>).

Links to Public Domain Works

- *Thought-Forms* (1901) by Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater (with full color illustrations).
 - Project Gutenberg (<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/16269>)
- *The Secret Doctrine* (1888) by H.P. Blatavsky.
 - Internet Archive ([https://archive.org/search.php?query=The%20secret%20doctrine%3B%20the%20synthesis%20of%20science%2C%20religion%20and%](https://archive.org/search.php?query=The%20secret%20doctrine%3B%20the%20synthesis%20of%20science%2C%20religion%20and%20)

20philosophy%20AND%20%22-sponsor%3A%28google%29%22%20AND%20mediatype%3Atexts)

- *Occult Chemistry; clairvoyant observations on the chemical elements* (1919) by Annie Besant and Charles Leadbeater.
 - Internet Archive (<https://archive.org/details/occultchemistryc00besa>)
- *Man: Whence, How and Wither* (a reprint of the 1911 edition), by Annie Besant and Charles Webster Leadbeater
 - Internet Archive (<https://archive.org/details/manwhencehowandw031919mbp>)
(NB: Scan not in public domain or openly licensed)

Further Reading

(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0300206399/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0300206399&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)

Bright Colors Falsely Seen: Synaesthesia and the Search for Transcendental Knowledge

(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0300206399/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0300206399&linkCode=as2&tag=th20) (2013 edition, Yale University Press)

by Kevin T. Dann.

A discussion of the divergent views of synaesthesia and eideticism over the last 100 years and an exploration of the controversies over the significance of these unusual modes of perception.

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(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0631197648/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0631197648&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)

Synaesthesia: Classic and Contemporary Readings

([http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0631197648/ref=as_li_ss_tl?](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0631197648/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0631197648&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)

[ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0631197648&linkCode=as2&tag=th20](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0631197648/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=0631197648&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)) (1997, Wiley-Blackwell)

edited by John E. Harrison and Simon Baron-Cohen.

This volume brings together what is known about this fascinating neurological condition, from classic works from authors such as Baudelaire and Sir Francis Galton, to current leading authorities in the field.

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[ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=1614270503&linkCode=as2&tag=th20](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1614270503/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=1614270503&linkCode=as2&tag=th20))

Theosophy: An Introduction to the Supersensible Knowledge of the World and the Destination of Man ([http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1614270503/ref=as_li_ss_tl?](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1614270503/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=1614270503&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)
[ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=1614270503&linkCode=as2&tag=th20](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1614270503/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&camp=1789&creative=390957&creativeASIN=1614270503&linkCode=as2&tag=th20)) (2011 edition, Martino Fine Books)

by Rudolph Steiner.

First appearing in German in 1904, this classic work of Theosophy offers a brief but comprehensive “study of man” as well as a consideration of man’s connection with worlds with which he is connected in one way or another.

BUY FROM AMAZON ([HTTP://WWW.AMAZON.COM/GP/PRODUCT/1614270503/REF=AS_LI_SS_TL?IE=UTF8&CAMP=1789&CREATIVE=390957&CREATIVEASIN=1614270503&LINKCODE=AS2&TAG=THEPUBDOMRI20](http://WWW.AMAZON.COM/GP/PRODUCT/1614270503/REF=AS_LI_SS_TL?IE=UTF8&CAMP=1789&CREATIVE=390957&CREATIVEASIN=1614270503&LINKCODE=AS2&TAG=THEPUBDOMRI20))

- Besant and Leadbeater discussed in an essay on “vibratory modernism.”
- Hilton Kramer’s 1995 essay on “Mondrian and Mysticism.” (<http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/Mondrian---mysticism---ldquo-My-long-search-is-over-rdquo--4237>)



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Darkness Over All: John Robison and the Birth of the Illuminati Conspiracy

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2014/04/02/darkness-over-all-john-robison-and-the-birth-of-the-illuminati-conspiracy/>)

Conspiracy theories of a secretive power elite seeking global domination have long held a place in the modern imagination. Mike Jay explores the idea's beginnings in the writings of John Robison, a Scottish scientist who maintained that the French revolution was the work of a covert Masonic cell known as the Illuminati. ...Continued

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The Serious and the Smirk: The Smile in Portraiture

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/09/18/the-serious-and-the-smirk-the-smile-in-portraiture/>)

Why do we so seldom see people smiling in painted portraits? Nicholas Jeeves explores the history of the smile through the ages of portraiture, from Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* to Alexander Gardner's photographs of Abraham Lincoln. Today when someone points a camera at us, we smile. This is the cultural ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/09/18/the-serious-and-the-smirk-the-smile-in-portraiture/>)



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Robert Baden-Powell's Entomological Intrigues

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/07/10/robert-baden-powells-entomological-intrigues/>)

In 1915 Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the worldwide Scouts movement, published his DIY guide to espionage, *My Adventures as a Spy*. Mark Kaufman explores how the book's ideas to utilise such natural objects as butterflies, moths and leaves, worked to mythologize British resourcefulness and promote a certain 'weaponization of the ...Continued

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(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/04/18/vesalius-and-the-body-metaphor/>)

Vesalius and the Body Metaphor (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/04/18/vesalius-and-the-body-metaphor/>)

City streets, a winepress, pulleys, spinning tops, a ray fish, curdled milk: just a few of the many images used by 16th century anatomist Andreas Vesalius to explain the workings of the human body in his seminal work *De Humani Corporis Fabrica*. Marri Lynn explores. Andreas Vesalius threw down a ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/04/18/vesalius-and-the-body-metaphor/>)



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Still Booking on De Quincey's Mail-Coach (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/02/20/still-booking-on-de-quinceys-mail-coach/>)

Robin Jarvis looks at Thomas de Quincey's essay "The English Mail-Coach, or the Glory of Motion" and how its meditation on technology and society is just as relevant today as when first published in 1849. In the last quarter of 1849 Thomas De Quincey published two separate essays in Blackwood's ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/02/20/still-booking-on-de-quinceys-mail-coach/>)



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Trüth, Beaüty, and Volapük (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/10/17/truth-beauty-and-volapuk/>)

Arika Okrent explores the rise and fall of Volapük – a universal language created in the late 19th century by a German priest called Johann Schleyer. Johann Schleyer was a German priest whose irrational passion for umlauts may have been his undoing. During one sleepless night in 1879, he felt ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/10/17/truth-beauty-and-volapuk/>)



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The Polyglot of Bologna (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/06/26/the-polyglot-of-bologna/>)

Michael Erard takes a look at *The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, a book exploring the extraordinary talent of the 19th century Italian cardinal who was reported to be able to speak over seventy languages. Without a doubt, the most important book in English devoted to Cardinal Giuseppe Mezzofanti (1774-1849), the ...Continued
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The Krakatoa Sunsets (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/05/28/the-krakatoa-sunsets/>)

When a volcano erupted on a small island in Indonesia in 1883, the evening skies of the world glowed for months with strange colours. Richard Hamblyn explores a little-known series of letters that the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins sent in to the journal *Nature* describing the phenomenon – letters that ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/05/28/the-krakatoa-sunsets/>)



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The Mysteries of Nature and Art (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/11/28/the-mysteries-of-nature-and-art/>)

Julie Gardham, Senior Assistant Librarian at University of Glasgow's Special Collections Department, takes a look at the book that was said to have spurred a young Isaac Newton onto the scientific path, *The Mysteries of Nature and Art* by John Bate. Courteous reader, this ensuing treatise hath lien by mee ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/11/28/the-mysteries-of-nature-and-art/>)



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On Benjamin's Public (Oeuvre) (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/10/31/on-benjamin%E2%80%99s-public-oeuvre/>)

On the run from the Nazis in 1940, the philosopher, literary critic and essayist Walter Benjamin committed suicide in the Spanish border town of Portbou. In 2011, over 70 years later, his writings enter the public domain in many countries around the world. Anca Pusca, author of *Walter Benjamin: The ...Continued* (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/10/31/on-benjamin%E2%80%99s-public-oeuvre/>)



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Labillardière and his *Relation* (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/08/15/labillardiere-and-his-relation/>)

When the French explorer Lapérouse went missing, a search voyage was put together to retrace his course around the islands of Australasia. On the mission was the naturalist Jacques Labillardière who published a book in 1800 of his experiences. Edward Duyker, author of **Citizen Labillardière: A Naturalist's Life in Revolution and Exploration (1755-1834)**, explores the impact of his pioneering work. ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/08/15/labillardiere-and-his-relation/>)



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Bugs and Beasts Before the Law (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/03/27/bugs-and-beasts-before-the-law/>)

Murderous pigs sent to the gallows, sparrows prosecuted for chattering in Church, a gang of thieving rats let off on a wholly technical acquittal - theoretical psychologist and author Nicholas Humphrey* explores the strange world of medieval animal trials. ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/03/27/bugs-and-beasts-before-the-law/>)



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Tales from Tahiti (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/02/08/tales-from-tahiti/>)

In 1890 Henry Adams – the historian, academic, journalist, and descendent of two US presidents – set out on a tour of the South Pacific. After befriending the family of “the last Queen of Tahiti,” he became inspired to write what is considered to be the first history of the ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/02/08/tales-from-tahiti/>)

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Frederik Ruysch: The Artist of Death (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2014/03/05/frederik-ruysch-the-artist-of-death/>)

Luuc Kooijmans explores the work of Dutch anatomist Frederik Ruysch, known for his remarkable ‘still life’ displays which blurred the boundary between scientific preservation and vanitas art. ...Continued

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The Lost World of the London Coffeehouse (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/08/07/the-lost-world-of-the-london-coffeehouse/>)

In contrast to today's rather mundane spawn of coffeehouse chains, the London of the 17th and 18th century was home to an eclectic and thriving coffee drinking scene. Dr Matthew Green explores the halcyon days of the London coffeehouse, a haven for caffeine-fueled debate and innovation which helped to shape ...Continued
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As a Lute out of Tune: Robert Burton's Melancholy

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/05/01/as-a-lute-out-of-tune-robert-burtons-melancholy/>)

In 1621 Robert Burton first published his masterpiece *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, a vast feat of scholarship examining in encyclopaedic detail that most enigmatic of maladies. Noga Arikha explores the book, said to be the favorite of both Samuel Johnson and Keats, and places it within the context of the ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/05/01/as-a-lute-out-of-tune-robert-burtons-melancholy/>)



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Mary Toft and Her Extraordinary Delivery of Rabbits

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/03/20/mary-toft-and-her-extraordinary-delivery-of-rabbits/>)

In late 1726 much of Britain was caught up in the curious case of Mary Toft, a woman from Surrey who claimed that she had given birth to a litter of rabbits. Niki Russell tells of the events of an elaborate 18th century hoax which had King George I's own ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2013/03/20/mary-toft-and-her-extraordinary-delivery-of-rabbits/>)



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Athanasius, Underground (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/11/01/athanasius-underground/>)

With his enormous range of scholarly pursuits the 17th century polymath Athanasius Kircher has been hailed as the last Renaissance man and “the master of hundred arts”. John Glassie looks at one of Kircher’s great masterworks *Mundus Subterraneus* and how it was inspired by a subterranean adventure Kircher himself made ...Continued
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The Implacability of Things (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/10/03/the-implacability-of-things/>)

Jonathan Lamb explores the genre of 'it-narratives' – stories told from the point of view of an object, often as it travels in circulation through human hands. Some of the best recent books about things, such as John Plotz's *Portable Property* (2008) and Elaine Freedgood's *Ideas in Things* (2006), deal ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/10/03/the-implacability-of-things/>)



(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/06/12/seeing-joyce/>)

Seeing Joyce (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/06/12/seeing-joyce/>)

This year's 'Bloomsday' – 108 years after Leopold Bloom took his legendary walk around Dublin on the 16th June 1904 – is the first since the works of James Joyce entered the public domain. Frank Delaney asks whether we should perhaps now stop trying to read Joyce and instead make ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/06/12/seeing-joyce/>)



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An Unlikely Lunch: When Maupassant met Swinburne

(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/01/24/an-unlikely-lunch-when-maupassant-met-swinburne/>)

Julian Barnes on when a young Guy de Maupassant was invited to lunch at the holiday cottage of Algernon Swinburne. A flayed human hand, pornography, the serving of monkey meat, and inordinate amounts of alcohol, all made for a truly strange Anglo-French encounter. ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2012/01/24/an-unlikely-lunch-when-maupassant-met-swinburne/>)



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The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/11/14/the-memoirs-of-joseph-grimaldi/>)

Andrew McConnell Stott, author of *The Pantomime Life of Joseph Grimaldi*, introduces the life and memoirs of the most famous and celebrated of English clowns. Few biographers have proved so reluctant, but when the raw materials that would become **The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi** reached Charles Dickens' desk in the ...Continued
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Dog Stories from The Spectator (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/09/05/dog-stories-from-the-spectator/>)

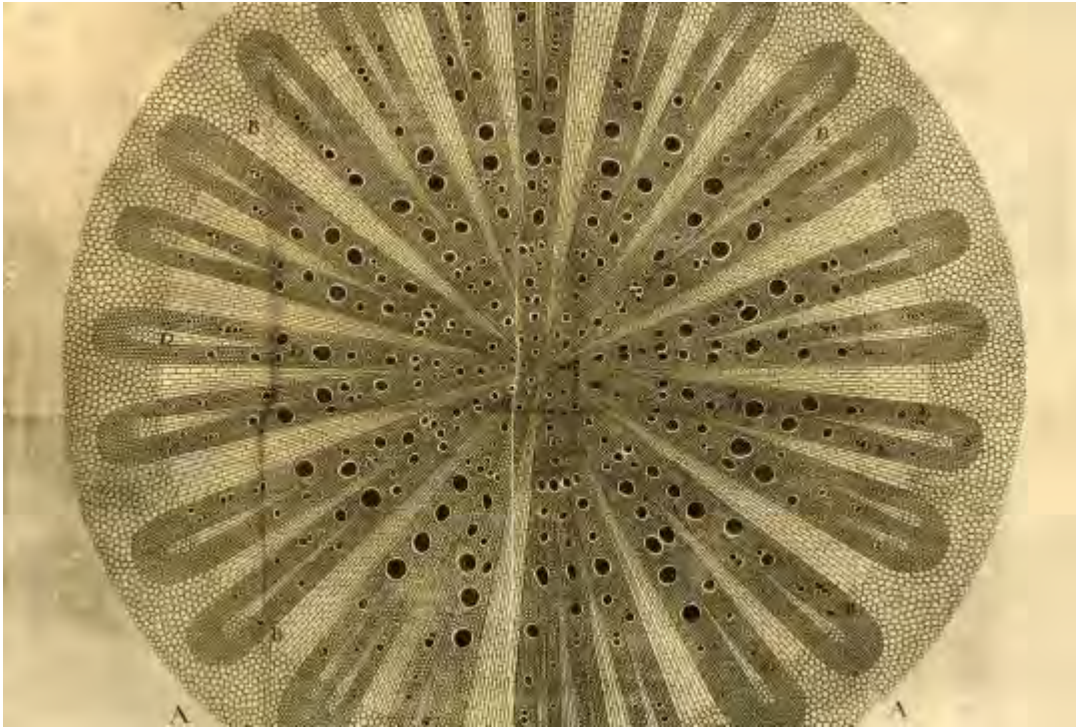
Dogs who shop, bury frogs, and take 800-mile solo round trips by rail – writer and broadcaster Frank Key gives a brief tour of the strange and delightful Dog Stories from The Spectator. Here is a puzzle: [Feb. 2, 1895.] I venture to send you the following story I have ...Continued (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/09/05/dog-stories-from-the-spectator/>)



(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/08/05/american-kaleidoscope-morton-prince-and-the-boston-revolution-in-psychotherapy/>)

American Kaleidoscope: Morton Prince and the Boston Revolution in Psychotherapy
(<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/08/05/american-kaleidoscope-morton-prince-and-the-boston-revolution-in-psychotherapy/>)

In 1906 the American physician and neurologist Henry Morton Prince published his remarkable monograph *The Dissociation of a Personality* in which he details the condition of Sally Beauchamp, America's first famous multiple-personality case. George Prochnik discusses the life and thought of the man Freud called an unimaginable ass. ...Continued
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The Life and Work of Nehemiah Grew (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/03/01/the-life-and-work-of-nehemiah-grew/>)

In the 82 illustrated plates included in his 1680 book *The Anatomy of Plants*, the English botanist Nehemiah Grew revealed for the first time the inner structure and function of plants in all their splendid intricacy. Brian Garret, professor of philosophy at McMaster University, explores how Grew's pioneering 'mechanist' vision ...Continued
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Christopher Smart's

Jubilate Agno (<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/01/31/christopher-smarts-jubilate-agno/>)

The poet Christopher Smart – also known as “Kit Smart”, “Kitty Smart”, “Jack Smart” and, on occasion, “Mrs Mary Midnight” – was a well known figure in 18th century London. Nowadays he is perhaps best known for considering his cat Jeffery. Writer and broadcaster Frank Key looks at Smart's weird ...Continued
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fragilekeys

"It's always with another key that you
unlock the house—inside: the snowdrifts
of what's never spoken." —Paul Celan

Resistance of Poetry

Posted on [April 26, 2014](#)

Resistance of Poetry

by Jean-Luc Nancy

If we understand, if in one way or another we reach a threshold of sense, it happens poetically. This doesn't mean that poetry constitutes some type of means or medium of access. It means – and this is almost the opposite – that just this access defines poetry, and that it only takes place when it takes place.

This is why the word “poetry” can designate a type of discourse, one genre among the arts, or a quality that presents itself outside of this type or genre, and may very well be absent from works of this type or genre. According to Littré, the word taken in an absolute sense means: “Qualities that characterize good verse, which can be found outside of verse. [...] Poetic brilliance and richness, even in prose. Plato is full of poetry.” Poetry is therefore the indeterminate unity of a set of qualities that are not restricted to a type of composition named “poetry,” and which can only be designated by attributing the adjective “poetic” to terms such as richness, brilliance, boldness, color, depth, etc.

Littré also says, in a figurative sense, “everything that elevates and touches in a work of art, in the character or beauty of a person, and even in a natural production, is called poetry.” When one takes leave of its literary use, this word takes on a figurative sense; nonetheless, this sense is but the extension of an absolute sense, that is, of this indeterminate unity of qualities whose general characteristics are given by the terms “elevated” and “touching.” Poetry as such is therefore always properly identical to itself, from a piece of verse to a natural thing, and at the same time, it is always only a figure of this propriety, which cannot be assigned any proper, properly proper sense. “Poetry” is not exactly a sense, but rather the sense of access to a sense that is each time absent, and transferred ever further. The sense of “poetry” is a sense always to be made.

In essence, poetry is something more and something other than poetry itself. Or rather: poetry *itself* might be found better where there isn't any poetry at all. It might even be the contrary or the refusal of poetry, and of all poetry. Poetry does not coincide with itself: perhaps this non-coincidence, this substantial impropriety, makes it, properly, poetry.

Poetry will therefore be what it is only insofar as it's capable of negating itself: of renouncing, denying, or doing away with itself. In negating itself, poetry prevents the access to sense from being confounded with any mode of expression or figuration whatsoever. It denies that what is “elevated” could be placed in our hands, and that what is “touching” could ever get rid of the reserve from out of which, precisely, it touches.

Poetry is therefore the negativity wherein access becomes what it is: that which must give way, and so is initially evasive, refused. Access is difficult, but this is not an accidental quality, and it means that difficulty makes access. Difficult is what does not let itself be done, and this is properly what makes poetry. It makes difficult. Because it

does so, it seems easy, and this is why, for a long time now, poetry has been called a “slight thing.” And this is not only how it seems. Poetry makes the difficult, the absolutely difficult easy. In facility, difficulty cedes. But this doesn’t mean that it can be made easier. It means that it is posed and presented for what it is, and that we are engaged in it. Suddenly, easily, we are in access, that is, in absolute difficulty, “elevated” and “touching.”

We can see here the difference between poetry’s negativity and that of its twin, dialectic discourse. The latter puts to work, identically, the refusal of access as the truth of access. But in doing so, it makes up a problem to be resolved and a task whose infinite character engenders both an extreme difficulty and the promise, always present and always regulative, of a resolution, and consequently an extreme facility. Poetry, for its part, is not into problems: it makes difficult.

(This difference, nevertheless, cannot be resolved by the distinction between poetry and philosophy, because poetry cannot let itself be limited to a genre of discourse and because “Plato” can be “full of poetry.” Philosophy *versus* poetry does not constitute an opposition. Each makes the other difficult. Together, they are difficulty as such: the making of sense.)

It follows that poetry is also negativity in the sense that it denies, in the access to sense, whatever would determine this access as a passage, a way, or a path, and it affirms itself as a presence, an invasion. More than an access to sense, it is an access of sense. Suddenly (easily), being or truth, heart or reason, cede their sense, and difficulty is there, strikingly.

In a correlated way, poetry denies that any access could be determined as one among others, or one relative to others. Philosophy admits that poetry is another path (and sometimes, religion). Thus, Descartes can write: “There are seeds of truth in us: philosophers extract them through reason, poets uproot them through imagination, and thus they shine with a greater brilliance” (recited from memory). Poetry admits of no reciprocity. It affirms an access that is absolute and exclusive, immediately present, concrete, and as such inexchangeable. (Not being on the order of problems, there’s no longer a diversity of solutions.)

It affirms access, therefore, not according to the regime of precision – susceptible to more and less, to infinite approximation and tiny adjustments –, but to that of exactitude. It is finished, complete: the infinite is actual.

In this way, the history of poetry is the history of a persistent refusal to let poetry be identified with any genre or poetic mode – not, however, so as to invent one more precise than the others, and not even to dissolve them into prose as though into their truth, but so as to determine, incessantly, another new exactitude. It is always newly necessary, for the infinite is actual an infinite number of times. Poetry is the *praxis* of the eternal return of the same: the same difficulty, difficulty itself.

In this sense, the “infinite poetry” of the Romantics is a presentation that’s just as determined as Mallarmé’s chiseling, Pound’s *opus incertum*, or Bataille’s hatred of poetry. This does not mean that these presentations are all the same, or that they’re only figurations of one unique, unfigurable Poesy, and that, because of this, all the battles between “genres,” “schools” or “thoughts” of poetry would be unfounded. It means that there are only such differences: access is made, each time, only once, and it is always to be remade, not because it’s imperfect, but on the contrary, because it is, when it is (when it yields), each time perfect. Eternal return and the sharing of voices.

Poetry teaches nothing other than this perfection.

To that extent, poetic negativity is also a position rigorously determined by the unity and the unicity that is unique to access, its absolutely simple truth: the poem, or the line. (We could also call it: strophe, stanza, phrase, word, song.)

The poem or the line, it's all one: the poem is a whole whose every part is a poem, that is to say, a finished "making," and the line is a part of a whole that is still a line, that is to say, a turning, an overturning, or a reversal of sense.

The poem or the line designates the elocutive unity of an exactitude. This elocution is intransitive: it doesn't refer to sense as a content, and it doesn't communicate one, but makes it, being exactly and literally the truth.

It pronounces, thus, nothing but what makes up the office of language, at once its structure and its responsibility: to articulate sense, it being understood that there is only sense in an articulation. But poetry articulates *the* sense, exactly, absolutely (not an approximation, image, or evocation).

That articulation is not uniquely verbal, and that language infinitely surpasses language, is another affair – or rather, it's the same thing: "everything that is elevated and touching" is called "poetry." In language or elsewhere, poetry does not produce significations; it makes an objective, concrete, and exactly determined identity between the "elevated" and the "touching" and a thing.

Exactitude is integral completion: *ex-actum*, this is made, this is acted upon up to the end. Poetry is the integral action of a disposition to sense. Every time it takes place, it's an exaction of sense. Exaction is the action that demands something due, and then one that demands more than what is due. What's demanded by speech is sense. But sense is more than anything that could be due. Sense is not a debt, it's not required, and one can do without it. One can live without poetry. One can always ask, "What good are poets"? Sense is extra, an excess: the excess of being over being itself. It's a matter of acceding to this excess, yielding to it.

This is also why "poetry" says more than what "poetry" means. And more precisely – or better yet, exactly: "poetry" says the more-than-saying as such, says so insofar as it structures speech. "Poetry" says the saying-more of a more-than-saying. And it also says, consequently, the no-longer-saying-it. But saying this. To sing also, then, to stamp it out, to intone it, to beat or pound it out.

The particular semantics of the word "poetry," its perpetual exaction and exaggeration, its way of saying-beyond-speech, is congenital to it. Plato (him again, the greatest *challenger* of poetry) points out that *poesis* is a word in which one takes the whole for the part: the whole of productive action is in the solely metrical production of scanned speech. The latter exhausts the essence and the excellence of the former. Everything *made* is concentrated in the making of the poem, as if the poem made everything that could be made. Littré (him again, poet of the ode to the *Enlightenment*) records this concentration: "*poem*... from *poiein*, to do: the thing made (*par excellence*)."

Why would poetry be the excellence of the made thing? Because nothing can be more complete than the access to sense. It is entirely, if it is, an absolute exactitude, or else it is not (not even approximately). When it is, it's perfect, and more than perfect. When access takes place, one knows that it has always been there, and that likewise it will always return (even if you, yourself, know nothing about it: but one has to believe that in each instant someone,

somewhere, accedes). The poem draws access from an immemorial seniority, which has nothing to do with the remembrance of an ideal, but which is the exact, actual existence of infinity, its eternal return.

The made thing is finished. Its finishing is the perfect actuality of infinite sense. In this, poetry is represented as being more ancient than every distinction between prose and poetry, between genres or modes of the art of making, that is to say, of art, absolutely. "Poetry" means: the first making, or rather, making insofar as it's always first, each time original.

What does making do? It poses in being. What's made exhausts itself in its positioning as in its end. This end it took to be its goal is here its end as its negation, because what's made undoes itself in its own perfection. But what is undone is identical with what is posited, perfected and more than perfect. Making accomplishes, each time, something and itself. Its end is its finishing: in this, it's posed infinitely, infinitely beyond its work, each time.

The poem is what's made by making itself.

This same thing that is abolished and posited is the access to sense. Access is unmade as passage, process, aim and transportation, as approach and approximation. It is positioned as exactitude and disposition, as presentation.

This is why the poem or the line is a sense that is abolished as intention (as wanting-to-say), and posed as finishing: it's doesn't revolve around its will, but its phrasing. No longer a problem, but access. Not to be commented upon, but to be recited. It's not that poetry is written to be learned by heart, but that recitation by heart gives every recited phrase at least an inkling of a poem. Mechanical finishing gives access to the infinity of sense. Here, there is no antinomy between mechanic legality and the legislation of freedom: but the first liberates the second.

Presentation must be made, sense must be made, and perfected. This doesn't mean: produced, operated, realized, created, acted upon, engendered. To be exact, it has nothing to do with any of this. It is nothing less than what is firstly, in all this, what *making* wants to say: what *making* makes in language when it perfects it in its being, which is the access to sense. When it speaks, it's made, and when it makes, it's speaking. As when one says: to make love, which is nothing made, but makes an access be. To make or to let be: to pose simply, to depose exactly.

Nothing is made (no art or technique, no gesture, no work) that is not more or less covertly wrought through with this disposition.

Poetry is to make everything speak – and to depose, in return, everything spoken in things, itself being like a thing made and more than perfect.

A recitation from childhood:

*Schläft ein Lied in allen Dingen,
die da träumen fort und fort,
und die Welt hebt an zu singen,
triffst du nur das Zauberwort.*

[There slumbers a song in all things
As they dream on and on,

And the world commences to sing,
If only you find the magic word. [1]

This poetic affair, so old and so heavy, cumbersome and sticky, resists most strongly our boredom and our distaste for all poetic lies, for pretentiousness and sublimity. Even if it doesn't interest us, it brings us to a halt, necessarily. Today just as much as in the time of Horace, Scève, Eichendorff, Eliot or Ponge, although in different ways. And if it was said that after Auschwitz poetry was impossible, and then the opposite, that poetry after Auschwitz was necessary, it is precisely because it appears necessary to say both things about poetry. The exigency of the access of sense – its exaction, its exorbitant demand – cannot cease to bring discourse and history, knowledge and philosophy, action and law, to a halt.

Let no one speak to us about an ethics or aesthetics of poetry. It is well in advance of them, in their immemorial *plus-que-parfait*, that the making called “poetry” is upheld. It stands crouched like a beast, stretched like a spring, and thus in action, already.

[1] http://books.google.je/books/about/Romantic_poetry.html?id=eSa4fY_LQVYC

[This is a translation of Jean-Luc Nancy, *Résistance de la Poésie*, Bordeaux, William Blake & Co., 1997.]

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MAGAZINE

The Psychomagical Realism of Alejandro Jodorowsky

By ERIC BENSON MARCH 14, 2014

In September, on the day of the Paris premiere of “The Dance of Reality,” his first movie in 23 years, Alejandro Jodorowsky, the Chilean-born filmmaker, learned that he was now an asteroid — 261690 Jodorowsky — as the International Astronomical Union had named a three-mile-wide chunk of rock orbiting between Mars and Jupiter. For a man whose life has been defined by cosmic ambitions, the honor seemed almost expected.

Jodorowsky is now 85, but he remains spry and intense. I visited him two days after the premiere in his professorial apartment near the Place de la Bastille, a book-and-plant-filled domain he shares with his third wife, Pascale Montandon-Jodorowsky, who is 43 years his junior. He’d spent the day writing poetry and, in his role as a spiritual guru, tweeting tarot-card readings and “psychomagical” advice to his nearly one million followers. “My son Adan told me: ‘Look, this is the literature of the future. They answer you, they argue. If they’re not interested, they delete you. They steal from you, it’s something alive!’ ”

Jodorowsky was already thinking about his next film project. “When I’m not creating something, I get bored, I despair,” he said. From a poster on the wall behind his desk stared a younger, wild-eyed and frizzy-haired version of Jodorowsky as the black-leather-clad gunfighter with no name who is reborn as a kind of avenging Buddha in his 1970 cult classic, “El Topo.”

Written, directed, scored by and starring Jodorowsky, “El Topo” was an ultraviolent Western with a potent mix of Eastern spirituality and European

art house surrealism. For six months, beginning on Dec. 18, 1970, it played once a day at the Elgin Cinema in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood, at midnight (1 a.m. on Friday and Saturday) — selling out virtually all its screenings and attracting a heady crowd of hippie-intellectual royalty. Dennis Hopper saw “El Topo,” loved it and recruited Jodorowsky to recut his next film. John Lennon saw it, returned several times and persuaded his manager, Allen Klein, to buy the distribution rights. Reviewers squabbled. The New York Times's chief film critic, Vincent Canby, dismissed “El Topo” as a garish con, calling it a “rather grotesque, ego-salving San Simeon.” Another Times critic, Peter Schjeldahl, celebrated the film as “a vastly complex, genuinely profound comic allegory — a sort of bloody Latin American ‘Peer Gynt.’ ” Ken Rudolph from The Los Angeles Free Press was more to the point, calling “El Topo” “the greatest film ever made.” Jodorowsky had his own take: “If you are great, ‘El Topo’ is a great picture. If you are limited, ‘El Topo’ is limited.”

In the decades after the fabled run of “El Topo,” for which Jodorowsky was christened the “father of the midnight movie,” he faded in and out of the American cultural consciousness. After making his even more surreal follow-up, “The Holy Mountain” (with gender-bending actors he found at Max's Kansas City in New York), Jodorowsky had a falling out with his backer, Klein, leading to a three-decade embargo on his two most famous films. During those years, he completed only three more movies: two less personal features that he disowned and one masterful Mexican horror parable, “Santa Sangre.”

“‘El Topo’ and ‘Holy Mountain’ were just legends and myths,” Nicolas Winding Refn, the director of “Drive,” told me. “You could read about Jodorowsky through a few books and magazines, but his films were basically inaccessible.”

In the last decade, as Jodorowsky's early movies re-entered circulation, rumors occasionally surfaced about soon-to-be-produced projects — the goth rocker Marilyn Manson was set to star in an “El Topo” sequel; the actor Nick Nolte was circling a “metaphysical gangster movie” called “King Shot” — but nothing ever came to be. Jodorowsky's sometimes shady money men always backed out. He once told The Wall Street Journal: “I found Russian

producers. I don't want to say their names . . . [but they] disappeared after three months, and I didn't have an explanation."

But now Jodorowsky the filmmaker is legitimately back. "Jodorowsky's Dune," a documentary by the American director Frank Pavich about Jodorowsky's two-year quest to adapt the Frank Herbert science-fiction novel, and "The Dance of Reality," a trippy but big-hearted reimagining of the young Alejandro's unhappy childhood in a Chilean town, will each make its stateside debut this spring (on March 21 and May 23). As the rapper Kanye West, whose "Yeezus" tour was inspired by "The Holy Mountain," put it last November to a packed (and very likely perplexed) house at Brooklyn's Barclays Center: "I don't know if . . . y'all ever heard about Jodorowsky, the director. . . . Y'all don't know who the [expletive] he is. . . . Everybody copied off him. . . . And there's gonna be [expletives] in this arena in a few months dancing all sloppy off him."

Anyone wondering what Jodorowsky has been doing since his previous movie, "The Rainbow Thief" — a bust of a Peter O'Toole-Omar Sharif vehicle from 1990 — would find the answer in his overstuffed apartment. Shelves of "The Incal," "The Metabarons" and other comics he wrote line the entryway. Books on tarot, philosophy and religion are stacked eight rows high in his study. Posters of his films and portraits of his family decorate many of his walls.

"I waited 22 years to make a film, but not sitting here in this seat," he said to me in his baritone Spanish. "I did 40 books, 80 comics, theater performances, exhibitions of my drawings, tarot courses — "

"Did you wonder whether you'd make another movie?" I asked.

"No, no. It was: 'I'm going to make another movie. There's time. I'm going to live long enough, and it doesn't matter if I wait 20 years. I can wait.' "

Jodorowsky's work has always focused on transformations, and as we sat in his study, he began to tell me why. "I've seen 'Hamlet' many times, and Hamlet, he was just a hideous neurotic, he never changes. He doubts — all the way to the end, all the way until when he dies, he doubts. Don Quixote, in Cervantes, is Don Quixote. He never changes. These heroes are identical, and they don't change. And to me it seemed that it shouldn't be that way. If you want to make a work, you need to have heroes like the

universe that go on exploding and growing.” He made clear that he saw himself on a similar trajectory. “Between who I was and who I am now, there’s 1,000 years,” he said. “One thousand years!”

During his “El Topo” days, Jodorowsky was, he would later say, a “psychological killer” who “was not able to love.” He was tough, unsparing and prone to visions of grandeur. “Maybe I am a prophet,” he said in 1973. “I really hope one day there will come Confucius, Muhammad, Buddha and Christ to see *me*. And we will sit at a table, taking tea and eating some brownies.”

Wondering how much he has really changed, I asked Montandon-Jodorowsky, who designed the costumes for “The Dance of Reality,” what he was like on the set. “With me in the private life, I know the very delicate person that he is, but in shooting, he’s terrible!” she said. “Terrible! Everybody scares. He knows what he wants and says it very clearly, so people who are not secure take this like an aggression. For doing so strong a piece of art, you have to be strong.”

Jodorowsky grew up in Tocopilla, Chile, a copper-mining town wedged on a barren mountainside above the Pacific, 900 miles north of Santiago. The son of Russian-Jewish parents — his father was a Stalin-loving disciplinarian who ran a general store called Casa Ukrania, and his mother was a distant woman who forced her son to wear his hair long in memory of her deceased father — Jodorowsky sought escape in the theater from a young age. By his early 20s, he was leading a 30-person avant-garde performance troupe. At 23, decamping South America for Paris, he fell in with the mime Marcel Marceau (Jodorowsky conceived “The Cage”) and co-founded a new performance collective, the Panic Movement. (Among their *Grand Guignol*-esque works was the four-hour “Sacramental Melodrama,” which called for Jodorowsky to slit the throats of two live geese, manipulate a dismembered cow’s head and symbolically castrate a rabbi.) In 1960, he moved to Mexico, where he spent a wildly prolific decade directing more than 100 plays, writing a controversial comic strip, training with a Zen monk and directing his riot-inducing first feature, “Fando y Lis.” (The film was banned in Mexico.)

Soon to follow were “El Topo,” and “The Holy Mountain,” which was a smash hit in Europe. By that point, Jodorowsky was swimming in offers,

and he found his next project in a cinematic version of Frank Herbert's sci-fi novel "Dune." (Jodorowsky hadn't read the book, but a friend had told him it was great.) With the backing of a young French oil heir named Michel Seydoux, Jodorowsky worked feverishly for two years, creating storyboards with a team of artists and assembling a cast that included David Carradine, Mick Jagger, Orson Welles and Salvador Dalí (who insisted on a salary of \$100,000 per minute of screen time). Pink Floyd and the French prog-rock band Magma signed on to provide scores for two of the warring planets.

After burning through more than \$2 million of Seydoux's money and never shooting a frame, Jodorowsky could not find additional backing. While he believed his "Dune" would mark the arrival of an "artistical, cinematographical god," Hollywood saw a money pit.

"Is his 'Dune' a failure?" Frank Pavich, the director of the new film, says. "I don't think it is. Everything is there, everything is in the storyboard book Jodo made — the artwork, every scene, every bit of dialogue, every camera move, everything. Was his goal to make a film, or was his goal to change the world? Well, if his goal was to change the world, then mission accomplished." Pavich makes that case in the final section of his documentary, comparing the French comic-book artist Moebius's sketches for "Dune" with uncannily similar clips from "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark" and "The Terminator." Did George Lucas, Steven Spielberg and James Cameron take ideas from the storyboards of "Dune," copies of which, we're told in the documentary, were left with every major studio? "Jodorowsky's Dune" argues that there was at least a subconscious influence. Of no dispute, though, is that the movie sired Ridley Scott's "Alien," which was co-written by Dan O'Bannon, the special effects creator of "Dune," and given its Oscar-winning visual effects by another "Dune" artist, the Swiss surrealist H. R. Giger. Moebius and the British painter Chris Foss, who dreamed up the interstellar spaceships of "Dune," were consultants on that film.

In "Jodorowsky's Dune," Jodorowsky tells Pavich: "I have the ambition to live 300 years. I will not live 300 years. Maybe I will live one year more. But I have the ambition."

As Jodorowsky and I talked in his study, he returned to the theme of mortality. "Accepting death is a massive problem for everybody," he said. "I

still fear dying, the physical suffering, but spiritually not anymore. I already accepted it. I had a son who died. That's where the fall of my ego started. That's when I had the terrible encounter with reality."

Jodorowsky's third son, Teo, had a memorable part in "Santa Sangre" as a mambo-dancing bandit, a role that, according to Jodorowsky's youngest son, Adan, was not a far stretch from reality. Teo died in 1995, six years after the premiere of that film, at the age of 24.

"Teo wasn't a drug addict, it was an accident," Adan told me. "My father doesn't like to say that he overdosed, but it is reality. [Teo] used to hate people who take drugs, but one night some stupid friend give him something to sniff. He went to the gym, and it was like that. He was a clever boy, and he died in a stupid way. My father changed a lot. He started to do art to heal people. My brother died to heal our family. I see it this way. We would have never been like this today without his death. It's strange to say, but it's true."

After Teo's death, Jodorowsky developed his own form of tarot-derived therapy, psychomagic. The method has earned a wide following in Europe and South America, and he still delivers regular lectures on his theories, which emphasize the psychological wounds that fester within families and the ability of symbolic, often absurd, theatrical displays to heal them.

"I've cured many people," he told me. "I've managed to get people who couldn't have children to have children. I've cured stutterers. Oedipal complexes. And to see all of those things, that enriches your spirit."

Adan, who wrote the score to "The Dance of Reality," told me about growing up as a "child of psychomagic." His mother, Valerie, Jodorowsky's first wife, used to weep while playing her piano. "I asked her, 'Why are you crying?'" Adan recalled, "and she said, 'It doesn't matter, don't worry.' And I realized that her father left her when she was 3, and he was playing music, so every time when she was playing music, she was in contact with him. So when she left the house, I said, 'I have to do something, I want to be a pianist [too], but I feel bad.' So I buried the piano in a big hole and put a cherry tree on top of it."

In making "The Dance of Reality," Jodorowsky set out to perform a considerably more elaborate psychomagical treatment. "This is not a film," he announced to his crew. "This is the healing of my soul." For parts of the

film, Jodorowsky's parents are more or less as he remembers them. His mother, Sara, is cold and rejects the young Alejandro after he cuts off his golden locks. His father, Jaime, is almost psychopathically stern. But Jodorowsky reimagines them. Sara dreamed of a life in the opera, so Jodorowsky cast a Chilean soprano, Pamela Flores, to sing all of her character's lines. Jaime (played by the oldest of the director's five children, Brontis) was a committed Communist who dreamed of killing Chile's right-wing dictator, Carlos Ibáñez del Campo. In the film, Jaime is sent on a winding odyssey to consummate this fantasy, only to find himself reborn, like *El Topo*.

"My father was inhuman, I give humanity," Jodorowsky told me. "To my mother I give dignity. Everything I gave to the characters of my genealogical tree, I give to myself. And then you have a past where all the characters are realized."

"The Dance of Reality" might never have been realized had Frank Pavich not approached Jodorowsky back in 2010, with an idea to retell the almost-making of "*Dune*." When the two met for the first time in Paris, Jodorowsky was intrigued, but he told Pavich that the rights to the concept art and storyboards belonged to the producer of "*Dune*," Michel Seydoux. The two men hadn't spoken since the crackup of the movie 35 years before. "It was not a crisis, but it was very strong for us," Seydoux told me. Pavich didn't know what kind of reception to expect when he went to Seydoux's office, but he found the place lined with "*Dune*" images and Seydoux to be an enthusiastic supporter of the project (eventually he became a producer).

"So then I went back to Jodo to fill him in," Pavich said. "Now, you could tell that Jodo was nervous: 'What'd he say?' I said: 'He loves you, he misses you. There are posters everywhere. He could not help thinking about you every single day for the last 30 years.' "

Pavich persuaded Jodorowsky and Seydoux to reunite, and after filming of the documentary wrapped, they quickly got back to business. Over a lunch in February 2011, Jodorowsky proposed that Seydoux give him a million dollars to make his own film. Seydoux immediately agreed. The next year, Jodorowsky was filming in Tocopilla, the town he left as a boy and to which he had never returned.

“It was a necessity to him to do it,” Seydoux told me last year. “It was something in his heart, so I said, yes, without any information, any script, any paper, nothing. . . . To help him to repair, to give him another chance — it’s important in life. Even if you are 84, you must have a second chance.”

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Caveat Lector

I'm a Tarot geek, fascinated by the factual history and characteristic medieval allegory of this remarkable artifact. The bad news is that I'm not an art historian. My only credentials are having read most of the salient books on the subject and having a strong preference for facts over fiction. The good news is that I am not an apologist for occult, paranormal, or other New Age nonsense, nor a sucker for pseudo-historical fantasy. That has made me a skeptic among the true believers who dominate the online Tarot community. These are some of my musings, to provide an occasional counterpoint to the pervasive New Age pseudo-history of Tarot.

Pichore's Remediis

The five images at the top of the page are from a 1503 French manuscript of Petrarch's *De Remediis Utriusque Fortunae* (BNF, MS. fr. 225). The artist was Jean Pichore (fl. 1500-1520), active in Paris and in Rouen, where Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, the archbishop, was one of his clients. The central allegory of the Tarot trump cycle shows the ups and downs of Fortune's Wheel: SUCCESS (Love & Chariot), REVERSAL (Time (or Asceticism) & Fortune herself), and DOWNFALL (Traitor & Death). As in Petrarch's *Remedies* these circumstances, which define the *Fall of Princes* storyline, are responded to with Virtue. Images are available via [Mandratorre](#) and [Gallica](#).

SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 2008

A Carnival Triumph of Death

William F. Prizer's article "Reading Carnival: The Creation Of A Florentine Carnival Song", appears in *Early Music History* (2004, v.23, pages 185-252). It is an excellent Tarot reference in a number of ways. Here is the article abstract:

One of the most famous—and unusual—carnival songs from Renaissance Florence is 'Dolor, pianto e penitentia', variously entitled *Carro della morte*, *Trionfo della morte*, *Canzona de' morti*, or *Canzone a ballo della morte*. Unlike the majority of Florentine *canti carnascialeschi*, it is a spiritual text, so resembling a *lauda spirituale* that the Dominican Serafino Razzi and others could include it virtually unchanged in collections of *laude*. [All omit the final stanza.] Shortly after its performance, its text was published in Florence, probably towards the end of the first decade of the Cinquecento, in the chapbook titled *La canzona de' morti*. This small pamphlet also included a woodcut depiction of the carro and four other texts, all equally penitential: Castellano Castellani's *Lauda della morte*, 'Cuor maligno e pien di fraude', modelled on the *Dies irae*; a *Sonetto di messer Castellano*, 'Voi che guardate a questi morti intorno'; a *Canzona del carro del travaglio*, 'Perché el tempo dà e toglie'; and a *lauda*, 'O mondana sapienza', which closely imitates 'Dolor, pianto e penitentia', including even the word 'penitenza' at the end of each stanza.



The song makes direct references to earlier works of the macabre genre, including the *Three Living and Three Dead*, images of the Reaper and *Triumph of Death* images, and Petrarch's *Triumph of Time*. Of course, the call to love others as yourself, and the insistent call to penance, are commonplace virtues. The most striking aspect of this Carnival song is the denigration of Carnival in the second and seventh verses.

Trionfi at Triumphs.

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Anguish, tears and penance
Torment us constantly;
This our company of dead
Processes, crying "penance!"

We were once as you are now,
You will be as we;
We are dead as you can see,
Thus dead will we see you,
And, once dead, it will do no good
To do penance for your sins.

We too during carnival
Roamed the streets singing of our loves;
And so from sin to sin
We became worse and worse;
Now we wander the world crying
"Penance, penance!"

Blind, stupid, foolish people,
Everything does time destroy;
Splendor and glory, honours and states
Pass away and nothing remains,
And in the end the grave
Makes us all do penance.

Horrible torment, horrible pain
Await the unrepentant,
But those with pious hearts
Are much honoured among us dead.
Love others as you love yourself
To avoid doing penance in the hereafter.

This scythe that we are carrying
Finally makes everyone contrite;
We all pass from this life to the next.
But life, be it virtuous or sinful,
Obtains every blessing from heaven
If you do penance on earth.

If we live, then we must die,
And in dying each soul finds life,
The Lord of Lords
Has laid down this law:
Everyone must depart this life:
Penance, penance.

So many hunts, festivals, or songs,
All will one day bring you torments;
Only abstinence, suffering and tears
Will make you content:
All of you should repent your sins
And turn to penance.

Among other virtues, Prizer's article uses what is known about this particular, exceptionally well-documented song/trionfo to illustrate the general process of creating such an event.

The song clearly began with the original concept. The *brigata* (company of friends)—or its leader—who wanted to sponsor a song at carnival tried to create an original and clever metaphor for the sexual act and its objects; this would form the basis for all that followed. Next, the *brigata* as patron would commission someone to write the text of the song. This person actually provided, with the poem, a detailed outline of the project's visual appearance: what objects would be present and the general nature of the costumes. This accomplished, the patrons could go to the artist or artisan who would make and decorate the appropriate masks, costumes, and objects to hold and to gesture with during the song. If the members of the *brigata* were to be mounted, then the horses would have to be given apposite blankets and trappings as well. At some point, the patrons would also commission a composer to write appropriate music for the text. Depending upon the lavishness of the presentation and the *brigata*'s musical abilities, it might have been necessary to hire a separate group of performers to sing. Finally, the group needed a plan for processing through the streets of Florence and at least a rudimentary choreography that would allow them to move and gesture together as they sang. If the work was to be performed at night, then liveried torch bearers would be necessary, so that the populace could see the costumes and implements. Any *carro* production involved a further step: it required an artist who would execute the wagon, following the concept. It is rare that we can name more than one

or two of the collaborators in the production of a *mascherata* or *carro*, perhaps the poet and the composer, for example. If Lorenzo de' Medici were the poet of a given song, then he may have been the patron as well, and thus have furnished the general concept and the specific details entirely by himself. In most instances, however, all the parties remain anonymous, and we are aware only that the process must have involved these diverse elements. 'Dolor, pianto e penitentia' forms an exception to this pattern. We can assign names for three of the entities necessary: patrons, poet, and artist.

Ten pages of historical detail later, Prizer summarizes the creation of this Trionfo della Morte.

For carnival of 1507, Lorenzo Strozzi, with his brother Filippo, decided to present a *carro* to shock their fellow Florentines. They probably took the idea to Castellano Castellani, who furnished the detailed concept with the text of 'Dolor, pianto e penitentia'. They then most likely approached Bartolomeo degli Organi to set the poem to music, and Piero di Cosimo and his *bottega* to construct the *carro* in the Sala de' Papi in S. Maria Novella and work out its decorations. On the evening of 17 February—*martedì grasso*—of this year, the Strozzi and their *brigata*, dressed as skeletons, left the church and presented the *carro* with its music, poetry, costumes and decorations.

Prizer then (19 pages into the article) begins to explore the breathtaking effect of the Trionfo della Morte in terms of verbal, visual, and musical parallels.

The *carro* impressed and frightened the Florentines in three separate though interlocking ways: textually, aurally, and visually. The words they heard, the sounds, and the sights all joined together to create an impression of shock and horror in the spectators....

... so the *Carro della morte* presents a mirror of Florentine popular religious beliefs. It also illuminates the essential links between carnival and Lent in its citizens' minds. Carnival existed only because of Lent: it was a period of carnal excesses in every sense of the word, atoned for during the following penitential period. The ribald texts of the carnival song were replaced by the spiritual ones of the *lauda*, but here again there was a link: *lauda* text were often sung to the very carnival-song settings to which they formed the devotional counterpart. At least part of the astonishment described by Zeffi and Vasari was caused not only by the subject matter of the text but also because the penitential subject matter intruded on the ritual of carnival.

At this point, let's recall some of what Vasari had said about this spectacle.

The *trionfo*, pulled by oxen, was a very large *carro*, black all over and painted with the bones of the dead and with white crosses. On top of the *carro* was a huge figure of Death with a scythe in its hand, and around the float were many covered tombs. In every place that the *trionfo* stopped [to allow its riders] to sing, the tombs opened and several figures emerged, dressed in black cloth, on which were painted the skeletons of the dead—arms, chests, flanks, and legs—in white over the black. Appearing as though from a distance were torches covered with masks shaped in front, behind, and even at the throat like the skulls of the dead, very realistic but a horrible and frightening sight. These figures of the dead, to the sound of certain muted trumpets, rose up half-way out of the tombs and, sitting on them, sang with a hoarse and dead tone and a music full of melancholy that most noble *canzone* still renowned today, 'Dolor, pianto e penitenzia'. In front of and behind the *carro* were a great number of the dead mounted on horses chosen with diligence from the most gaunt and emaciated that could be found, with black trappings decorated with white crosses; and each rider had four footmen dressed as the dead with black torches and a great black banner with crosses and bones and skulls. Behind the *trionfo* were trailed ten black banners, and while they processed, the company sang together the *Miserere*, Psalm of David, with trembling voices. This dread spectacle, through its novelty and its horror, as I have said, terrified and shocked the whole city....

Novelty and horror. Talked about, emulated, written about decades later. *Triumphs of Death* had been widely known and well respected moral allegories for two centuries when Vasari wrote, and illustrated printed editions of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, including triumphal wagons very much like this one, had been popular for decades when this *Trionfo della Morte* was performed. No one, however, had brought such a spectacle to life with anything approaching the drama of the Strozzi brothers' 1507 Florentine production. It is also worth remembering that Florence was the center of interest in both *trionfi* conceit in general and Petrarch's *Trionfi* in particular.

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1753

ENGLISH POETRY 1579-1830: SPENSER AND THE TRADITION

The Choice of Hercules: A Lesson of Socrates; recorded by Xenophon.

Moralities: or, Essays, Letters, Fables; and Translations. By Sir Harry Beaumont.

Rev. Joseph Spence

TEXT BIBLIOGRAPHY INDEXES NAVIGATE

Writing as "Sir Harry Beaumont," Joseph Spence, who had written extensively about ancient allegory in *Polymetis* (1747), translates The Choice of Hercules. The allegory, by the sophist Prodicus of Ceos, is known from Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. In *Polymetis* (1747) Spence had published Richard Lowth's Judgment of Hercules (1743), a translation of Prodicus's fable in verse. Spence's *Moralities* consists of various kinds of didactic essays, including many fables as well as his earlier translation of the *Table of Cebes*.

Joseph Spence: "The Choice of Hercules was writ originally by Prodicus in verse, and was made use of by Socrates, as a lesson to his disciples, in plain honest prose. It has been turned into English by Mr. Addison in prose and by Mr. Lowth in verse. Mr. Addison has beautified it in some places and shortened it in others. Mr. Lowth has enlarged upon it, and perhaps restored it pretty near to its original form as it came out of Prodicus's hands, for there is nothing of his works that remains to us" June 1748; in *Anecdotes*, ed. James M. Osborn (1966) 1:435.

When Hercules was drawing very fast toward that Point of his Age, at which young Men being left to their own Disposal, generally shew whether they will turn their Steps to the Path of Virtue, or to that of Vice, for the rest of their Lives; he is said to have gone into a very retir'd Place, fit for Conversation: there to consider with himself, which of those two Paths he shou'd pursue.

As he was sitting there, two Female Personages, (but of a larger Stature than the Human,) appear'd at a Distance, as drawing toward him. One of them had an easy, becoming Air. She seem'd to owe more to Nature, than to Art: every thing was neat, but nothing affected about her. Her Eyes were full of Modesty; her Behaviour, the most decent that can be imagin'd; and her Garments as white as Snow. The other, was of a softer Turn; and rather too plump. She seem'd to have given more Whiteness to her Skin, and a brighter Red to her Complexion, than Nature design'd for them. All her Carriage was affected; and she seem'd even to want to appear taller, than she really was. Her Eyes were open, and busy; and her Dress was adapted to shew all her Beauties, as much as possible. She was frequently regarding herself; then looking, to see whether she was regarded by others: and seem'd solicitous, even how her very Shadow should appear.

As they drew nearer, the former continu'd the same compos'd Pace: while the latter, striving to get before her, ran up to Hercules; and address'd herself to him, in the following Manner.

"I perceive, my Hercules, that you are deliberating which Path you shou'd take in Life. If you will choose me for your Friend, I will lead you to that which is the most easy, and the most agreeable. You shall taste all the Pleasure of Life in it; and be free from all its Cares and Troubles.

"In the first Place, you shall have nothing to do with Wars, or with Affairs of State. All your Study shall be, to consider what may be the most charming to your Taste, and your other Senses; what Amours you will choose to follow; how your Slumbers may be made the most easy; and by what means you may enjoy all these Blessings, without any Pains or Trouble.

"And if any Fears, or Suspensions, shou'd arise in your Mind, whence all these Things shall be supply'd to you; cast away those Suspensions and Fears! There are enough who labour; and fatigue both their Bodies and Minds. What they earn, you shall enjoy; and shall make free with

every thing, where-ever you find it, that can afford you any Pleasure or Advantage; for this is a Privilege that I grant to all my Followers."

Hercules, on hearing such Offers, desired to know her Name. "The Name," says she, "by which I am known among my Friends, is Happiness; but my Enemies, out of their great good Humour, are pleas'd to call me — Vice."

By this time the other Lady was come up to him; and said. "I also am come to you, O Hercules; as knowing your Parents, and your own Inclinations from your Childhood: From both of which I entertain great Hopes that, if you follow me, and my Paths, you become the Atchiever of my very great and noble Deeds; and render even me, yet more honour'd, and more desirable in the Eyes of worthy Men.

"I shall not go about to deceive you with any flattering Speeches, as she has done; but shall lay Things before you, according to their true Nature and the immutable Decrees of the Gods.

"Of all the real good Things that Heaven grants to Mortals, there is not any one that is to be attain'd without Application and Labour. If you would render the Gods propitious to you, you must attend their Service. If you would be honour'd by any City, you must be of Service to that City; and if you would be admir'd by any Country, you must do some great and public Good. Who can expect any Fruits from his Lands, when he has never cultivated them? Or looks for a Crop, where he has not sown? If you long to render yourself eminent by warlike Atchievements; or aspire to the Glory of freeing a suffering People, and restraining those that oppress them; you must not only learn the Arts of War, under such as have been well vers'd in them; but must practise them often yourself, that you may be able to exert them upon Occasion. If you would excel others in bodily Strength, you must keep your Body in due Subjection to your Mind; and exercise it with Labour and Pains."

"Do you observe, (interrupted Vice,) what a difficult and tedious Road this Woman would lead you into? Follow me, and I will shew you a much shorter and more easy Way to Happiness."

"Wretch, as thou art! (reply'd Virtue,) what Happiness canst thou bestow? Or what Pleasure canst thou taste, who wouldst never take the Pains necessary to obtain it? You, who do not expect the very Appetite for Pleasures; but satiate yourself with Things, before you feel any Desire for them; eating before you are hungry, and drinking before you are thirsty: and are therefore forc'd after so many Artists, for different Sawces; and to lay in so many Sorts of Wine, at a vast Expence; and to be so solicitous to find out Ice, in the midst of Summer. Then, to make your Slumbers uninterrupted, you must have the softest Down, and the easiest Couches; and a gentle Ascent of Steps, to save you from any the least Disturbance in mounting up to them. And all little enough, Heaven knows! for you have not prepar'd yourself for Sleep, by any thing you have done; but seek after it, only because you have nothing to do. 'Tis the same, in the Enjoyments of Love; in which you rather force, than follow, your Inclinations: and are oblig'd to use Arts, and even to pervert Nature, to keep your Passions alive. Thus is it, that you instruct your Disciples: kept awake, for the greatest Part of the Night, by Debaucheries; and consuming in Drowsiness, all the most useful Part of the Day.

"Tis true, you were of a Celestial Origin; but were not cast out of the Society of the Gods? And have you not, ever since, been rejected by all the most worthy Men, even upon Earth? Never have you heard that most agreeable of Sounds, your own Praise; nor ever have you beheld the most pleasing of all Objects, any good Work of your own producing. Who wou'd ever give any Credit to any thing that you say? Who was ever willing to serve you, at your Request? Or what Man of Sense wou'd ever venture to be of your mad Parties? Such as do follow you, are robb'd of their Strength, when they are young; and are void of Wisdom, when they grow old. In their Youth they are bred up in Indolence, and all manner of Delicacy; and pass thro' their old Age with Difficulties and Distress. Full of Shame for what they have done; and opprest with the Burden of what they are to do. Squanderers of Pleasures, in their Youth; and Hoarders up of Afflictions, for their old Age.

"On the contrary, My Conversation is with the Gods, and with good Men; and there is no good Work produc'd by either, without my Influence. I am respected above all Things, by the Gods themselves, and by all the best of Mortals. The belov'd Fellow-labourer of the Artificer; a faithful Security to Masters of Families; a kind Assistant to Servants; and useful Associate in the Arts of Peace; a faithful Ally in all the Labours of War; and the best Uniter of all Friendships.

"My Followers enjoy a Pleasure in every thing they either eat or drink, even without having labour'd for it; because they wait for the Demand of their Appetites. Their Sleep is sweeter than that of the indolent and unactive: And they are neither over burthen'd with it, when they arise; nor prevented by it from attending to their proper Affairs. The Young among them are chear'd with the Praises of the Old; and the Old are delighted with the Respects paid them by the Young. They look back with Comfort on their past Actions; and delight themselves in their present Employments. By my means, they are favour'd by the Gods; belov'd by their Friends; and honour'd by their Country: And when the appointed Period of their Lives is come, they are not lost in a dishonourable Oblivion; but flourish in the Praises of Mankind, even to the latest Posterity.

"Thus do, O Hercules, thou Son of great and good Parents! And thus doing, thou shalt attain to the greatest and the most perfect Happiness."

[pp. 137-45]