The background is a dark, textured surface with a subtle diagonal grain. Overlaid on this are large, three-dimensional white letters spelling out "SAIL", "READER", "EASY", and "COLD". The letters are cut out from the background, creating a sense of depth. The "S" and "A" of "SAIL" are on the left, the "R" and "E" of "READER" are in the center, the "E" and "A" of "EASY" are on the right, and the "C" and "O" of "COLD" are at the bottom.

READER



SOL  
EN  
OID

*READER*



# CONTENTS

## PRESS MATERIALS

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

## INTRODUCTION

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

## THE GADFLY, BY ETHEL VOYNICH

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

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

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

## MUNDUS SUBTERRANEUS, BY ATHANASIUS KIRCHER

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

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

#### **THE FOURTH DIMENSION, BY C. HOWARD HINTON**

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

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

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

#### **HUNGER, BY KNUT HAMSUN (TRANS. GEORGE EGERTON)**

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

#### **PLANET OF STORMS**

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

#### **THE VOYNICH MANUSCRIPT**

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

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

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

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

#### PAGE 641

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

#### CUTEZĂTORII

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

"DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT," BY DYLAN THOMAS  
*The man in front of us opened the bag he had been carrying on his shoulder and removed a stack of papers, typed and mimeographed on who knows what clandestine machine. I saw three texts written one after the next, separated by asterisks. The first and the last seemed to be poems.*

#### MALPERTUIS, BY JEAN RAY (TRANS. IAIN WHITE)

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

#### TWO-WHEEL MARIA

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

#### LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR, BY COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT

(TRANS. GUY WERNHAM)

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

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

#### **TRATAT COMPLECT DE MEDICINĂ LEGALĂ**

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

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

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

#### **PICTURES OF A ROMANIAN SCHOOLTEACHER**

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

#### **CADEREA**

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

#### **PICTURE OF AN APARTMENT BLOCK**

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

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

#### PICTURES OF A MOTHER AND CHILD

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

#### DEUTERONOMY XXXIII:8 (AUTHORIZED VERSION)

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

#### PAPERCRAFT #1

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

#### PAPERCRAFT #2 and #4

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

#### PAPERCRAFT #3

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

# NAMED ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS OF 2022

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

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

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

—Ben Hooymann, *Los Angeles Review of Books*

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

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

“The great fun of this teeming hodge-podge is the way that Mr. Cărtărescu tweaks the material of daily life, transmuting the banal into the fantastical.”

—Sam Sacks, *Wall Street Journal*

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

“A masterwork of Kafkaesque strangeness, brilliantly conceived and written.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

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

—*Publishers Weekly*

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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

THE GADFLY  
THE GADFLY

BY  
E. L. VOYNICH

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

# THE GADFLY

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## PART I.

---

### CHAPTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In one corner stood a huge summer-flowering magnolia, a tower of dark foliage, splashed here and there with milk-white blossoms. A rough wooden bench had been placed against the trunk; and on this Montanelli sat down. Arthur was studying philosophy at the university; and, coming to a difficulty with a book, had applied to "the Padre" for an explanation of the point. Montanelli was a universal encyclopædia to him, though he had never been a pupil of the seminary.

"I had better go now," he said when the passage had been cleared up; "unless you want me for anything."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is it then, my son?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ I was sorry you could not come to me  
Tuesday evening,” Montanelli said, abruptly  
introducing a new subject. “ The Bishop of An-

tonio was here, and I should have liked you to meet  
him.”

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

*THE GADFLY.*

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

" What did he lecture about?"

Arthur hesitated. " You won't name, Padre, will you? Because I p

" I will ask you no questions at all have promised secrecy of course you me; but I think you can almost trust time."

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

" To help whom?"

" The contadini—and—",

" And?"

" Italy."

There was a long silence.

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

" Since—last winter."

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

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

" And now you—care about it?"

Arthur pulled another handful of bells off foxglove.

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

know a good many things, but I

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

“Did you ask Him  
not quite steady.

“Often, Padre.

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

“And you never said  
hoped you could have tried

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

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

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

"Yes; I remember."

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

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

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

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

must do, or to let me d  
uldn't find any answer."

a word to me. Arthur,  
trusted me."

trust you! But there a  
lk about to anyone. I—  
one could help me—no  
ust have my own answer

“ You spoke just now of what  
said——” Montanelli began slowly;  
interrupted him:

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

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

“ Sit down a moment, my son,”  
last.

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

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

“ Padre——”

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

; but Arth

s life for m

a branch, an

' he said a

took both h

ght," he said

y—I had no

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one thing.

you—die, yo

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# *Cartea magică a tinereții mele*

Impudica moarte de Dagmar Rotluft a fost  
înăndoială cartea adolescenței mele, dar, din  
păcate (pentru mine cel de acum, care pierde o  
ocazie de-a fi original), și cartea de căpătâi a mai  
tuturor tinerilor din generația mea. Așa că nu  
știu ce-aș putea scrie despre ea pentru ca pagi-  
na asta să merite, cât de cât, citită. Numele lui  
Rotluft nu-mi spunea mai nimic pe-atunci,  
când nu citeam cărțile nici pentru gloria auto-  
rului, nici pentru frumusețea stilului — săream  
peste descrierii cu nepăsarea cu care ochiul de  
pisică ignoră obiectele imobile — ci pentru a-  
ventura pură, cum ai spune *heroïnd pură*. Întra-  
devăr, cartea asta nu am citit-o și n-am „de-  
vorat-o”, cum se spune, ci mi-am injectat-o  
parcă-n venă, direct în fluxul de sânge care  
i-a-nălțat corola în creier. Mai mult decât să de-  
scriu banalizatele de-acum, prin abuzul cinema-  
ografic, viață și transfigurare a Cydoniei, cra-  
niul ei alungit și colierul ei din măsele de oții  
sau violenia lui Vordenbliss, — sapatorul de ca-  
nale prin hipotalamus” sau căutarea briceagău  
lui cu șapte lame de aur cu care Orollo scrie

*The Magical Book of My Youth*  
By Mircea Cărtărescu  
Translated by Sean Cotter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# MUNDUS SUBTERRANEUS, In XII Libros digestus;

Q V O

Divinum Subterrestris Mundi Opificium , mira  
Ergasteriorum Naturæ in eo distributio , verbo παντάμορφον  
Protei Regnum,

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

## TOMUS I.

AD

ALEXANDRUM VII.  
PONT. OPT. MAX.



AMSTELODAMI,

Apud JOANNEM JANSSONIUM & ELIZEUM WEYERSTRATEN,  
ANNO CLX LXV. Cum Privilegio.

tarum spacio emento maximum incremen-  
tam obtinere; quod ut plerumque sit. Sole in  
Verticali seu meridiano exiente, Luna vero  
in Meridiano declinante aquas in derelicto  
quadrante per totidem sex horas decrescere,  
ita et in oppositi quadrantibus semper aquae  
sex horis vel crescant, vel decrescant, uti possit  
per instrumentum nostrum ad oculum de-  
monstrabimus. In motu vero mensuris sextus  
ita se habet. Tempore novilunium omnius  
maxime nubes tertaque usque ad quartum  
fieri statim Lunaria diem inclusivum. Nam a  
quo usque ad septimum notabiliter aquae  
incipiunt decrescere, ita ut circiter die à ne-  
xilium octavo fint bimillima usque ad un-  
decimum, & ab loc usque ad decimum septi-  
mum incrementum relinquit, à decimo pen-  
timo vero usque ad vigesimum secundum  
decrescunt usque ad vigesimum quintum, &  
hinc usque ad conjunctionis tempus conti-  
nua incrementa densius suscipiantur, durante  
perpetuo aliena hac incrementorum decre-

mentorum spacio illudisse. Et quod hoc primum  
argumentum Lunæ cum Maris consensu.

Alterum argumentum dedicatur ex situ  
Lunæ; siquidem Lunæ in Äquinoctiali con-  
stabilitate omnium potentissimo indicauit in mare,  
ut pote ad ipsum normaliter sita agit, non item  
in Solstitiis confituta, ita ut quemadmodum  
in diurno Lunæ motu, tunc maximum Mare  
incrementum acquirat, ubi Meridianum atti-  
gerit, ita in mensuris maximum Mare jure  
merito acquirit aquarum incrementum, ubi  
ad aquinoctiales pervenerit Luna, quorum  
causa postea affligitur, qui tunc quoque  
omnium maximis & potentissimis est, quando-  
fidus utramque vel conjunctionis, vel op-  
positionis tempore in Äquinoctiali confinie-  
rit. Atque eterne paulo ante expostos Maris  
motus Lunæ consentientia, semper eodem  
modo se habent, si ab extrinsecis impedi-  
mentis, de quibus postea, à suo itinerario  
detorquerentur. Sed jam ad causam veram &  
genusnam enocaudam procedamus.

Argumen-  
ta ex situ  
Lunæ  
usq[ue] ad  
maximum  
incrementum  
situ.

## CAPUT II.

## DISQUISITIO I.

*Quamvis virtute aut qualitate Luna mare moveat.*

**D**iximus in praecedentibus Lunam esse  
proximum atque marini causam, quam  
& innumeris aliis Scriptoribus una me-  
cum affligerunt. Sola itaque difficultas in hoc  
confitetur videtur, quamvis feliciter virtute  
aut qualitate tam mirifico effectus praebet,  
quam ut seruo lucisque recte exposuit,  
ita measurata parsim esse caro sum, eam  
quim fieri potest, luculentissime demon-  
strata.

Suppono itaque primo. *Effe Lunam inter  
& Terraqueum globum, minum quandam  
consensum & sympathiam reciprocā, ne-  
tam ex similitudine & proportione quadam  
temperamenti utriusque globi;* siquidem  
sympathiam ex similitudine nasci notum est,  
quia ut dici debet. Quemadmodum autem  
nulla in naturalium rerum ambitu solitatis  
est, que non cum alia quipiam sympathia  
atque antipathia consenserit differtque juris  
litigio exerceat, ita corporis Lunare cum  
Terraquei globulari propter ceteri sideribus  
maris consensu leges exercere notum est,  
notex inanimatus folia, sed & vegetabilibus  
sensitivisque substantiis, quin relex ipsi  
humoribus in corpore humano exerceatibus,  
qui ad Lunæ incrementum misericè alteran-  
tar: Lunaris fununt, podagri plus solito  
torquentur, catharris eloquii rheumatia re-  
plerentur: In inanimatis Lunæ species, uti  
vari lapides & mineralia: In vegetabilibus  
herbe & mirifico consenso, quem cum Luna  
habent, Lunaria dicte: In sensitivis anima-  
lia Lunæ subiecta dominio, maris humorum

vicissitudines experientur, quibus cum plena  
luna Phryconum moventur, supervacantes  
effe ratus sum, nisi communem eisdem diutius  
inharetur, ut vel hinc admirandus Lunæ in  
substantiis confidens patet.

Suppono Secundo, *hanc virtutem Lunæ*  
Luna vis  
quae vis  
concentratur  
et speci-  
ficatio  
non ob-  
tinetur.  
*influxavam esse specificam qualitatem à tota*  
*substantia Lunaris similitudine preman-  
tem, subtilissimum, & mirabile ( quibusris etiam*  
*obstaculis posita ) penetrativam;* Si quidem  
conchila in fundo mari virtutem Lunarem,  
incrementum suo far superque teffantur, ca-  
tharris eloquii etiam inter desessimos paries  
conclui: aqua nominaliter virtutis valis ar-  
chimedie numerit, ad Lunæ incrementum ita  
concitantur, ut bullire videantur.

Suppono Tertio. *Corpus Lunare juxta*  
analogiam quandam & proportionem eodem  
constare temperamento, quo nofer  
Terraquei globus: sed hic una cum univer-  
so Oceano ex salinis corporibus, v. g. sale,  
nitro, alumine, vitriolo, bituminosique  
fusurinibus maxima ex parte constare, in  
constat, qui Chimici peritiam habent, qui  
omnia haec se in aqua marina diffusione,  
tanquam in corpore, à quo omnium cate-  
rorum onto-observantur, refluantur: Cum ex  
alium corpus sit in hoc soluhunari mundo,  
quod salinis, nitrois, vitriolatis, aluminofis-  
que spiritibus, salibus tum fixis tum voluti-  
bus non surgeat, & fixi sales, que in ultimi-  
na Chimici Magisterii consumatione rema-  
nent, abunde mouulant, sale nitroque omnia  
plena esse: & talis constitutionis corpus

R

Lunare

veritatibus  
concentratis  
tempore  
demonstratis.

Luna ha-  
bitum  
inducit  
maris.

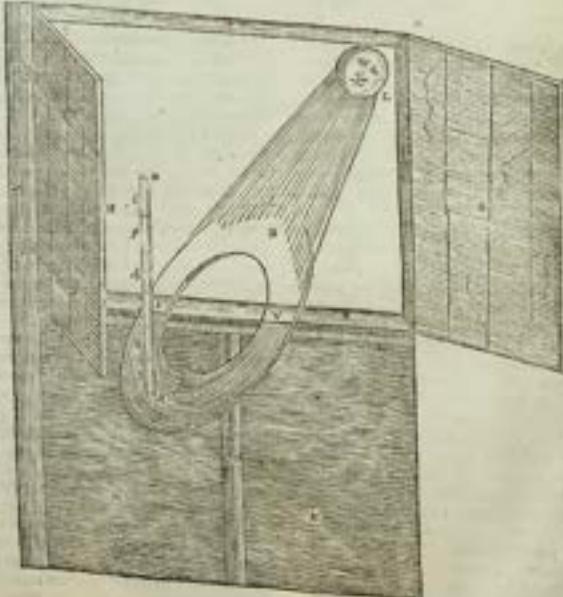
Lunare esse, non nisi experientia convicti affirmamus. Ceteris quoque, falsa corpora ex virtute imbuta esse, ut siue ob inclusum in aere, siue propriis & iunctis spiritus, sicut ac luce Lunae simili virtute donata mare tangatur, illud non ob flumina, quia polleret, qualiter est extenuat, torrefactat & mordicit, undeque dilatatur.

Unde conclusum, Maris intumescere determinatique causam unicam esse, qualitatem quandam theosanam, & secundum analogiam ad corpus Telluris integrum vel fulgurum, Lunari corpori ab hinc rerum concentratio, lucis lunaris tempore ita temperatur, ut mox ac more radis luna regigent, illud ob influentias naturae, & proportionarum temperaturam tanquam sit communale & corporis agit, transfaciat, & longè latere dilatet: hoc spiritus nitro, qui corporis suos quicunque includente, reponit lunari reflo- lati, dum majorum locum querunt, necesse est vicim undas traducere, & hanc alias confo- quentes, & sic deinceps, dunc Lissa ad vicium vertice locum pervenient, ubi pondus in- quorum non amplius sufficiunt, aquo si prior ascendit fui quadrante accumulata dimittit.

in focando quadrante novem accumulatione aquarum incrementum, unde quod horitur, que in priori quadrante patulatum per fluxum fai adveniens creverant, totidem facilius hori decrescant, donec primitus quiescet. Hoc itaque specifica qualitas a Lu- na corpori effusa diffusaque hanc pro causa affinis dotem adepta est, ut humorem non elongationem derit, sed retinet falsaque corpora intus etiam inanimatorum quam vegetabilium, sensibilesque possidunt aliter, meteo fai & fulgures facultate. Verum ut ei ad oculum patet, hic nonnulla experimenta adducam, quae opinionem no- stram ita stabilire, ut nemo nisi infensu in contradicere valeat.

## EXPERIMENTUM I.

Accipe pelvum seu caputum lacuum, quem aqua introductam cum sale communi mixta re- plebis, hunc pelvum deinde si loco parvo La- ne radis & lencu noctibus exposuera, vide- bis cum admiratione, aquam flumen insipere fervere & bullas agere, & tanto quidem re- huncem, quanto luminaria vicosse, fieri loci tunc oppositio, tam coquuntur,



quod non consperies, si agit fortassis puri- carent; & quoniam fabiæ idem consumata catione repleri, qui fide & nitro sufficiunt sunt, ex aqua tamen dulci predominio fufo- cato

## EXPERIMENTUM II.

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

## EXPERIMENTUM III.

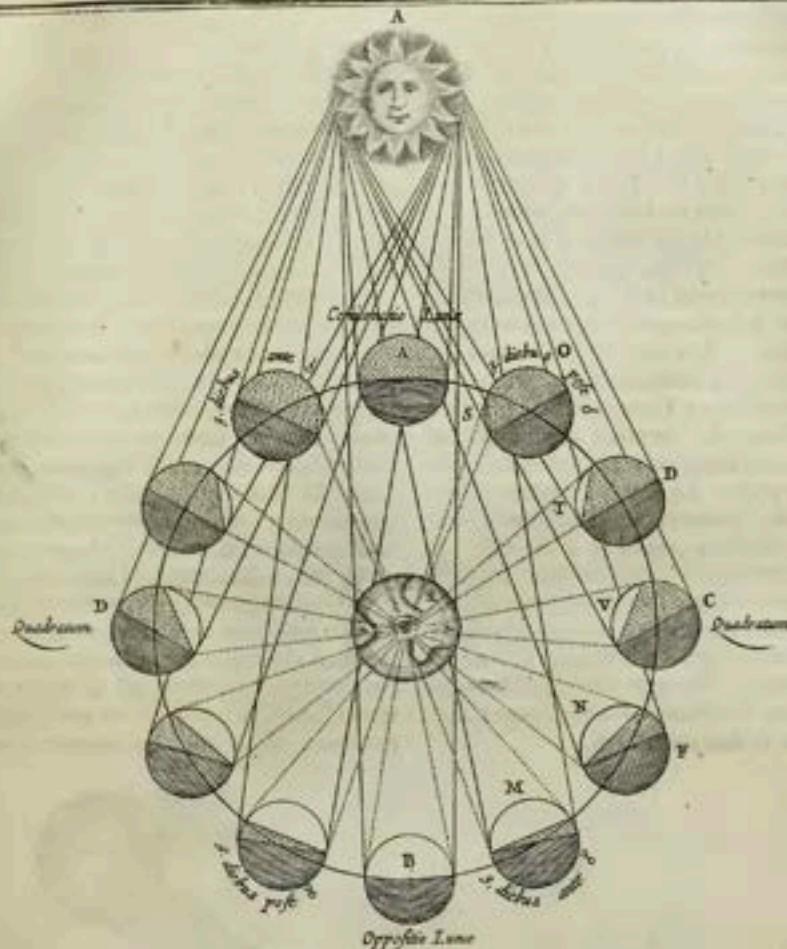
Experimentum hoc fecisse se scribit, & saepissime ab aliis observatum fuisse refert *Gonzalus Fernandus d' Oviedo*, in sua *Historia Universalis Americae*. l. 1. 3. c. 6. Si quis Corium lupi marini sive phocæ Lunæ radiis exponat, is videbit pilos hujus animalis ad incrementum Lunæ surrigi, & quod amplius, fluxus & refluxus maris leges perfectè servare. Verum ne quicquam addidisse videar, ejus verba hic allegabo. Sic eniū ait citato loco: *Est præterea res notata dignissima, quam de Lupo marino ( quem & phocam seu vitulum marinum Plinius nominat ) modo referam, & sic se habet: pelli hujus animalis, ut & cingula, ligula & marsupia ex ea parata, hanc insitam sui virtutem habent, ut mari tranquillo & sine incremento pilis hujus animalis etiam planissimi sint, & mari exstante in altissimo sui incremento, & pilis hujus animalis recta quoque se surrigant: Etsique res frequenter experimento à me cognita, & in dicta pele singularis diebus spectatur, adeo ut quas mutationes in suo fluxu & refluxu facit mare, has & subeat hujus animalis pilosum corium. Quæ eadem confirmat Olaus Magnus in l. 6. Septent. Histor. cap. 6. de Lupo Marino sive Phoca.*

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

in mari, iam quoque, quomodo Luna dum premit mare, dicta incrementa & decrementsa perficiat, tempus est ut demonstrenus.

Sit Horizon Astronomicus in Figura. Linæ meridianæ seu verticalis X H, sit præterea aquæ globosa superficies T A V O; quadrantes Terræ A V & O T Orientales, ille quidem nocturnus hic diurnus; quadrantes vero Occidentales A O, & T V. Luna vero in puncto X Indicis quacunque hora Terræ qui globi superficiem feriat. Dico superficiem maritimam E Q V Y in ovalem Figuram B Q V Y abituram, & consequenter fluxum in quadrantibus Terræ fixis A V & O T refluxum in quadrantibus V T & A O secuturum: dimissis enim radiis lunariis in superficiem maris Q E Y, mox illud Luna qualitate sua salinitrofa, una cum facultate sua attenuativa & dilatativa juncta, id tempore illo Lucis Lunaris in omnem partem tumefactum extendet, & haud secus ac lapide quodam in tranquilla aquæ superficiem in circulos se ampliabit, majoremque locum querens pressa superficies cum eum non invenerit, undis undas trudentibus, resolutaque ex tempore Lunari nitrosis corpusculis violentam quoque maris extensionem, & tumorem versus Y & Q efficiet. Mare ergo radiis Lunæ nitrofa illa & salina qualitate imbutis pressum, versus puncta Q & Y, tanto intumescit violentius, quanto potentiori illud aspectu Luna verberaverit. Conservatæ vero aquæ in punctis Q & Y, necessario illæ in E diminutæ decrescent, eo quod aquæ jam afluxu suo evanescat in tumores Q & Y recesserint; sed & aquæ contractæ in V, pariter deficient, opposita puncto E; eo quod aqua partim ob Lunaris luminis absentiam à virtute tumefactiva Lunæ remotior, condensata, partim à Solis radiis attracta diminutaque in naturalem sese statum receperit; atque adeo non secus ac in puncto T, paucior minorque appareat; & uti hæc duo opposita puncta cursum Lunæ perpetuo sequuntur, ita necessario quoque duo aquarum circa globosam maris superficiem tumores successive & perpetuo consequentur. Hinc ut modus in mari concitando Lunæ exactius appareat, Terraicum globum per circumflexum A O T V minimum immobilem & fixum indigitavimus, Ovalem vero Figuram E Y V Q, quæ tumores maris exhibet, brachio N Lunæ X, exhibuius, quem si circumduxeris, videbis oculari quadam demonstratione, quomodo in diversis Regionibus mare paulatim crescat, paulatim decrescat in oppositis locis. Apparet quoque, quomodo tumores aquæ Q & Y Lunæ motum circa

rum 29. horarum 12. 44 minut. Quicquid sit, in re Physica Mathematica praeclarum attendenda non est, sive enim Novilunium aut Plenilunium dimidio horae precedat sive sequatur, dico, curandum non esse, cum nobis sufficiat, maris agitationem ante & post Luminarium conjunctionem aut oppositionem nonnullis diebus ; maximam autem in ipso Novilunio aut Plenilunio maris aestum incrementumque contingere : Cujus rei causam querimus.

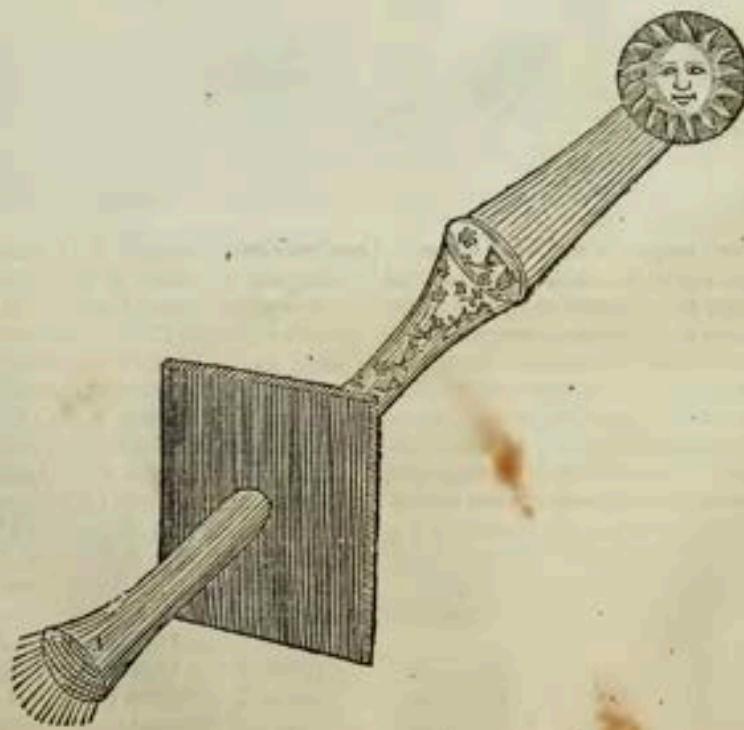


Notandum itaque, quod et si Luna ex se & sua natura frigidi & humidi temperamenti sit, fit tamen, ut communicatis à Sole radiis ipsa humiditas & frigiditas ita temperetur, ut nec frigore nec calore excessivo, sed tempore quodam imbuatur ; ex tempore vero qualitas illa Lunæ nitrofa, quam aestus marini causam suprà diximus, suscitata, tanto in mare agit efficacius, quanto luminis, quod dictæ qualitatis veluti vehiculum quoddam est, majori copia mare verberaverit. Cum ergo Luna circa Plenilunium lumine communicato à Sole, rectioribus radiis potentius feriat, vehementiorem quoque inde motum consequi-

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

equis vicinis punctis nullibi contingit : siquidem in quadraturis Lunaribus Solares radii, praeterquam quod obliquissimo situ Lunarem discum feriant, ipsa Luna quoque medietatem tantum facies suae Terræ obvertat ; uti tumefactiva Lunæ vis hinc inde Solaribus radiis in diversas plagas dissipata non integra Terræ influit, ita motus quoque maris ex inconvenienti aspetto Lunæ deficiens, immotum veluti inducias quasdam cum eo constitutis videtur. Accedit & illud, quod cum Luna tempore Dichotomias in apogeo, id est in remotissimo à Terra excentrici sui puncto constituta sit, virtute Lunari quasi languescente, effectum in mari desideratum praestare non possit : Luna verò contrà in perigao, id est, proximo & vicinissimo Terræ puncto constituta, quid in  $\alpha$  &  $\beta$  sit, necessario ex hac approximatione vivacissimum in mari virtute sua effectum producit. Ex his patet, cur mare tempore plenilunii, cæteris temporibus turbuletnus sit, magisque increscat. Vide quæ uberrimè de reflexi radii natura scripsimus in Arte Magna *Lucis & Umbra*, in fine primi Tomi.

narem faciem rectâ dimissis, Lunari qualitate maris tumefactivâ, quam corpus Lunæ perpetuo exspirat, totus imbuatur, hand secus, ac Solaris radiatio per coloratum transiens vitrum in obviis rebus, adeoque toto interjecto medio spacio, eum colorem, cuius vitrum est, refert, parietesque rubro, si vitrum rubrum fuerit, viridi si viride, si puniceum puniceo colore, imbuit: Ita dico, Solares radios tempore conjunctionis immediate sibi subjectam Lunam ferentes, eadem qualitate, qua Luna affecta est, imbuuntur: Nam cum hoc Syzegias sive interlunii puncto, facies Lunæ Soli rectâ obversa, in nullo præterea excentrici sui loco, Soli vicinior sit, certè ingentem tunc tum Lucis Lunaris intensionem, tum qualitatis nitrosæ concitationem fieri necesse est, quam undique diffusam radii Solares mox atque attingunt, nativo vigore Lunæ tinguntur ac veluti imprægnantur, atque adeò intermediae diffusæ qualitatis virtute fœti, dum in maris incident superfiem, cœu Vicarii quidam Lunæ, eundem in Terraquo globo effectum, quem Luna, & multiplicato quidem fœnore præstent. Atque hoc experimento ostendo.



#### EXPERIMENTUM.

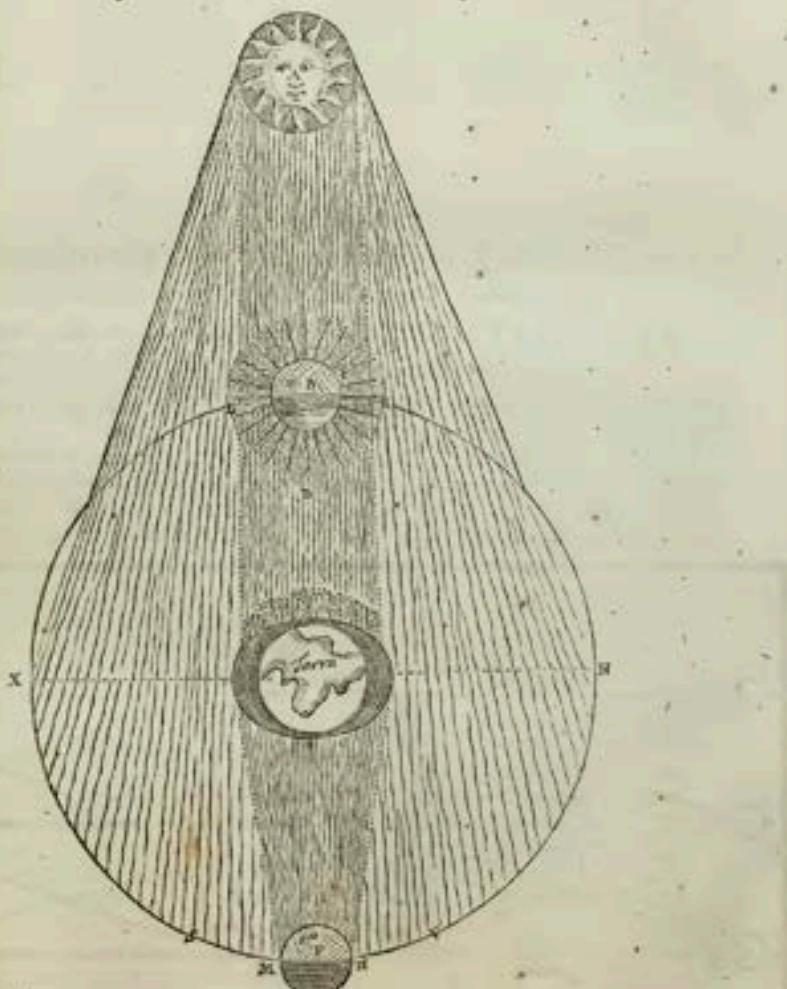
Fiat oblongus Cylindraceus Tubus A B. in cuius orificio B ponantur odorifera quæ-

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

experientia, mox ac tuba Soli recta fuerit oppositus, Solis radios B odoriferam materiam transentes in cubiculo suavissimum odorem, si rosa, roscum, liliaceum, si lilia; si viola violaceum excitatores; quod non sit, Sole odoriferam materiam non illustrante, Sol enim virtutem in floribus latentem calore suo excitat, ejusque radius quasi qualitate odorifera tintus percolatusque, hoc pacto illum extra tubi orificium, intra cubiculum derivat. Ex hoc experimento liquet, quomodo Sol tempore interlunii qualitate tumescientia maris tintus, & per Lunare effluvium quasi percolatus, dicta qualitate imbuatur.

Luna & à Sole averfam, qua Terram respicit, dum ambientibus Solis radiis aliquo modo excitatur atque rarefcit, reliquo junctum profluvio, effectum quadantes congregare necesse est. Atque hanc ego causam esse existimem, cur mare tantoperè concitetur Sole Lunæ conjuncto.

Sit Sol A, Corpus Lunæ B, Atmosphæra qualitatis Lunaris C C C undique diffusa. Vides igitur profluvium luminosum Solis per Atmosphærā virtutis Lunaris C colatum, cribratum, carminatumque copiosa fœtura tingi, conceptamque tinturam D per luminosum radioles profluvii vehiculum in mare



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

quam Lunares, ut ex Theoricis potest, & consequenter, ut maiorem aquarum molem, ita motum efficaciem praefant. Accedit huic, quod dum Solis ex Luna reflexus radius mare ferit tempore Novilani, normaliter omnium fiat ab eo efficacissima. Cum vero Luna in punctis reliquis constituta, radii Solares semper plus aut minus ea qualitate imbuant.

vat. Ex hoc experimento liquet, quo  
d Sol tempore interlunii qualitate tume-  
va mari  
i percol

Atmosphærā virtutis Lunaris C  
cribratum, carminatumque copio  
nicturam D  
vehiculur

immutante, sit ut mare Solis hunc Lunæ  
virtutis percussum tantū magis farat incre-  
scunt, quamvis Luna pando A, facit vi-  
cinos, & tanto magis decrementum fumat,  
quamvis pando X H facit vicinos, in hi-  
cram ob omnem obliquissimum fumum. Ter-  
raquæ globo omnium minime de virtute  
Lunæ participat, sed carnis superi infinitum.

In eis autem Sol tangi, tribus diebus ante  
conjunctionem, in puncto L, unde & mare  
crebrore inscripto, tñque ad panditam conjunc-  
tionem B, ubi incrementum maximum est, &  
hinc pulsatum decrevit tribus alii diebus,  
donec Sole extra Lunare profundi radios in  
pando R confundit vicinum operam fiam  
Lunæ refutat, que rame utrūkam debili  
descripsit mæc verborum, ita minime quoqua  
id concret, donec à quadratura pulsata  
emergent, inde magis majorisque incrementum,  
pro magnitudine humanæ, quo mæc fe-  
rit, producat.

## COROLLARIUM.

Hinc patet, tribus aut quinque diebus ferè  
ante Novilunium Mare tamquam Solari humili-  
se, Lunari tamē virtute tñdo agitant: At  
scindens diebus ante vel post plenilunium,  
Lunæ propria sua virtute mare intermediet  
coincidenti tamē potentia, quanto ipsa pul-  
satio oppositionis B, facit vicinos; Reliquis  
vero diebus ante vel post quadrature, Mare  
ob exaltatione communicaat vicinum Lunare  
veluti quiescere videtur. Hoc postulo M N  
Luna ex H progrella in pando uligin V tri-  
bus ante oppositionem diebus vix acquirat,  
magis tñque ad F oppositione panditum,  
ubi maxime urget & ex hoc pulsatum dimini-  
tua vigore tñque ad S panditum, tribus post  
oppositionem diebus, ibidem deficerit inci-  
pit, tñque ad panditum X, ubi minima si con-  
tinuandi aquæ vigore est.

## CAPUT IV.

## DISQUISITIO III.

*Cur Mare non semper sex horis fuitus aut refluitus in diversis Orbis  
Terra portibus, & audi tam irregularis Maru mutu præveniat,*

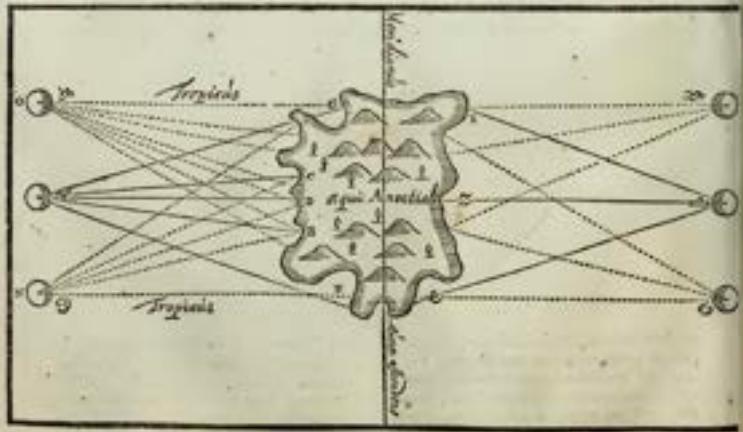
## SUPPOSITIONES

*Ex observationibus fallere.*

**S**uppono Primo. Si totus Terrenus glo-  
bus aquæ, ut in Cœlestyno Universali,  
regeneratur, sullum tuæ diuina reflexio-  
nemque vi Luna castissimæ apparetur; sed  
totu[m] mari fliguntio ventorum flatus in  
haec vel illam partem mare dispellentibus

fine dubio adscribentur: & ratio in popu-  
lalo est, quia fuisse & refluisse ratio in alto  
maru non advertitur, sed tantum in leto-  
bus, in quibus tantummodo accessio & re-  
cessio mari notatur.

Suppono Secundo. Si tantum unica in O-  
ceano Insula sub æquinoctiali linea confor-  
ta existenter, v. g. Insula S. Thomas. Dico flu-  
xum & refluxum mari ad istud Insulam



semper constanti & inviabilis ordini lego  
vi Luna ex Oriente in Occidentem movent  
se habsturum: si quo rame force mortis  
directitas illa ventus portus, quoniam Luna, ma-

ris affluxum aut defluxum vel impedientibus, vel in alias & alias partes divalentibus adscribenda foret.

Sit Insula A sub Äquinoctiali posita, & unica in Mundo; Luna verò sit in Y vel ex ibique normaliter premat subjectam sibi superficiem maris, quæ in tumores undique & undique accumulata, hand fecus ac in stagnum quodpiam lapis conjectus majores semper & majores undarum diffusiones usque ad littora B C D E F, explicavit, & aqua quidem ad littus D, rectè illis incrementum sex horarum ostenderet; In littus verò C & E obliquè illis, ibidem totidem horis incrementum faceret; in littoribus verò concavis B & F, obliquissimè illis circulares faceret reflexiones. Paritera Luna in Tropicis O & N constituta, alias & alias illisfones aquarum causabit in littoribus, uti linea O G, O C, O D, O E, O F, que undarum cursum indigant. Simili modo, Sole in Tropico N F constituto, in dictis littoribus F E D C B, alias & alias illisfones produceret, quod & de omnibus & de singulis parallelis Zonæ torridæ, in quibus Luna pro tempore exsistit, intelligendum est. [Luna iterum in loco X constituta, mari intermedio ad littora Y Z Q prioribus opposita dispulso, ibidem novum incrementum ostenderet, in oppositis vero decrementum moliretur, & hoc semper sex horarum spacio, constanti & immutabili naturæ lege, nisi à ventorum flatibus, uti dixi, impeditur. Si enim Boreas spiraverit, Currentes maris à Luna concitatæ versus Australium dispergerentur; è contra Australi spirante versus Boream. Luna verò in L & S constituta versus littora Y Z Q, novos aquarum incremento assultus parabit, & qua proportione crescat hic mare, ea in oppositis littoribus decrebet. Vides igitur in hac Figura, aquas se dilatare ad pressionem Lunæ, juxta ventorum Rhombos in pyxide Magnética dispositos, & juxta respectum, quem ad littora habent, & Figura hic posita luculententer demonstrat.

### CONSECTARIUM I.

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

Secundo, ex differenti Oceanis fundi dispositione, cuius ut magna est inæqualitas, ita diversimode mare eâ concitat.

Tertiò. Ex subterraneorum meatus partim ingentes aquarum moles, quas admissis fluminibus non ex fundo tantum, sed & ex lateribus subaqueis evomunt, situ; partim ex spirituum subterraneorum violenta eruptio-

Quartò. Ex ventorum nullo non tempore mare nunc in hanc, modo in illam partem agitantium flatibus.

### CONSECTARIUM II.

Quantitatem fluxus & refluxus ex se & sua natura inconstanter esse in quolibet loco, & diversam ad diversos dies, eoque maiorem vel minorem, quo Luna remotior, vel propinquior ei loco extiterit; quoniam enim Luna singulis diebus locum suum in Zodiaco mutat, atque adeo aliis diebus, aliis locis fiat verticalis, & per consequens à quovis loco remotior, vel eidem vicinior.

Hoc posito concludimus, quod diversa sit ad diversos dies in eodem loco quantitas fluxus & refluxus, sive ea quantitas sit sensibilis, sine insensibili. Quod itaque tam dispar fluxus & refluxus ratio in diversis littoribus observetur, id non tam Lunæ nunquam in certo loco stabili, quam diversæ continentium Terrarum, Sinuum, Insularum, ventorumque tuba conditioni adscribendum esse pates, uti postea ostendemus.

Observatum enim per irrefragabilem experientiam omnium eorum, qui littora Oceanii, aut ceterorum marium adhabitant, Primo, maximam maris intumescientiam tunc primum fieri, cum Luna Meridiani ejus loci supremum velimum punctum occupat; sed in multis aliis locis intumescientiam illam fieri alio Lunæ situ, observatum fuit.

Secondo. Observatum fuit. Mare ad pleaque littora sex horis cum 12 minut. affluere & totidem horis defluere; In nonnullis tamen locis, pluribus horis affuit, paucioribus refluit, uti postea dicetur; ita tamen, ut tempus fluxus & refluxus, nempe inter duas maximas intumescencias simul faciat 12 horas cum 24 minut. vel ut alii volunt, ferè 25 horas; atque adeo tumor maris singulis diebus integrâ ferè horâ serius accidit; quia Luna integrâ ferè horâ, scilicet 48. minut. tardius ad eundem Meridianum vel verticalem redit singulis diebus.

Tertiò. Observatum fuit, in aliquibus locis affluxum esse maximum & vehementissimum; in nonnullis minimum; In quibusdam nullum, vel vix sensibilem contingere. Quæritur itaque ratio omnium harum diversitatum. Quæ ut quām luculentissimè ostendatur, hic Hydrographicas Figuras apponendas duximus, ut per eas, tanquam in prototypo singularium adductarum hucusque observationum ratio liquidius appareat.

### QUESTIONES I.

*Cum in nonnullis locis summa maris intumescencia contingat, Luna Meridianum obtinente, in aliquibus verò locis, Luna intermedium inter Cardinalia puncta locum obtinente.*

THE  
FOURTH DIMENSION



BO

BY

C. HOWARD HINTON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES"

"A NEW ERA OF THOUGHT," ETC., ETC.

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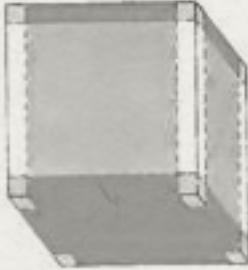
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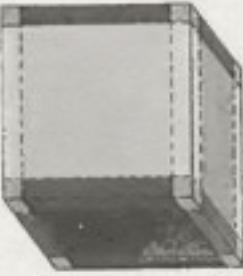
## Views of the Tessaract.

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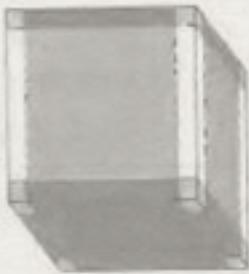
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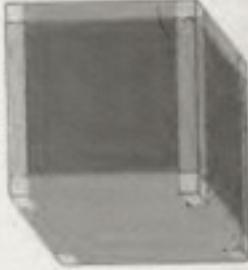
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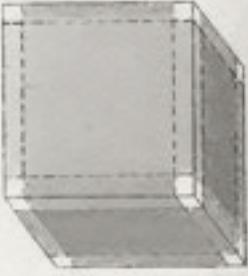
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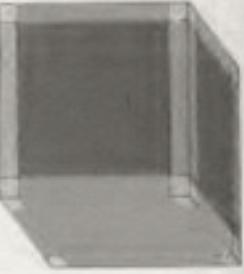
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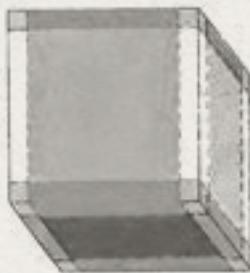
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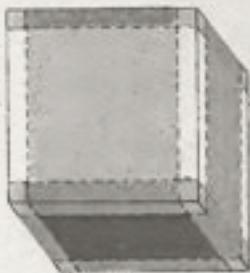
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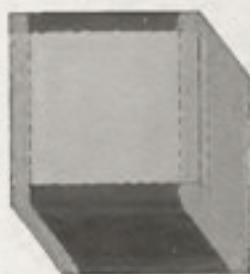
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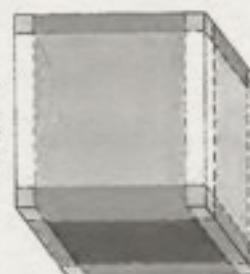
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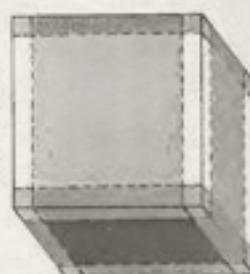
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No. 10.



## THE MODE

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

1. Three sets of twenty-seven cubes.
2. Twenty-seven slabs.
3. Twelve cubes with points, each point being marked by colours, which will be described below.

The preparation of the twelve cubes will require the expenditure of a considerable amount of time and labour; it is however advantageous to use them, but the reader may prefer to draw his own figures. The drawings of the views of the twelve cubes are given in Figs. 103, 104, 105, 106 of this chapter. The slabs are coloured like the faces of the first cubic block.

## A P P E N D I X   I

### THE MODELS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### APPLICATION TO THE STEP FROM PLANE BEING

Look at fig. 1 of the views of the two planes. It comes to the same thing, take catalogue cube and place it before you with the red line running to the white line running to the right, the yellow line running away. The three dimensions of space are represented by these lines or axes. Now take a board, or a book, and place it so that it extends out by the red line, extending up and down not opposite to the yellow line, and so that it turns away parallel to the wall of the room with the left hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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

Catalogue cube 5 in some position, it does not touch, say to the left; and place it so that the correspondence of colour corresponding to the line that runs out of space. The line that runs out of space is white, hence, every part of this differ from the corresponding part of 4 by the direction of white.

We have white points in 5 corresponding to the faces of 4. We have a pink line corresponding to a light yellow line corresponding to a yellow face corresponding to an orange face. This is completely named in Chapter XI. Finally we have a pink face of 1.

These cubes will enable us to set up our block of tesseracts, or the set of tesseracts, which beginning each out one inch in the unknown, we have catalogue cube 4.

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

Let us represent the cubic faces by which the group of cubes in its new position touches our space. Up, null f., red f., null f. In the next side remote from us, we have yellow f.,

orange f., yellow f., and the blue f.; green f., brown f., green f. The last three columns are left blank. These tesseracts touch our space by any part of them distant from us. What lies beyond them in the fourth dimension?

This can be told by looking at the wall of each of our old arrangements. Putting them together we have above it, pink f. above it, white f. This remote from us is as follows: light yellow f., and beyond it light purple, then light blue, at the bottom, light green f., and at the top light green f. first.

The third block is made up of our previous arrangement, one.

You may ask what faces these represent. To answer this you have in our space. Now these determine yellow, blue are supposed to be a brown colour. And that by the red, yellow, blue axes.

When the tesseract block moves across our space each section in our space. This section is the white axis, which now runs in the direction of the blue axis.

As the tesseract in its new position moves across our space, we should see first

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

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## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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

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

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

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

Following the colour scheme of catalogue cube 8,

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

Jan 11,

Dear Sir,

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

Yours faithfully

H. G. Mawson

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

HELD AT

CAMBRIDGE IN AUGUST 1904.



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

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

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

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

By Dr. C. S. MYERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Localisation by association is apparently the most utilised by the subjects, but its results contradict one another: they form the basis of great discussions, and guide minds at least towards analogous trains of thought, especially on account of the elements connected together by circumstances and of neighbouring situations, so to speak. The landmarks are not clearly defined, but they are very numerous, and mediate localisation without association plays an important part; the subject uses definite fixed landmarks, which fall into order in his mind without having recourse to association.

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

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

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

MONDAY, AUGUST 22.

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

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



*W. Verckide*



ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННЫЙ ФАНТАСТИЧЕСКИЙ ФИЛЬМ

ПО МОТИВАМ ОДНОИМЕННОЙ ПОВЕСТИ АЛЕКСАНДРА КАЗАНЦЕВА

Сценарий А. КАЗАНЦЕВА, П. КЛУШАНЦЕВА

Режиссер-постановщик П. КЛУШАНЦЕВ

Оператор А. ХЛИМОВ

В ролях: В. ЕМЕЛЬЯНОВ, Ю. САРАНЦЕВ

Г. ЖЖЕНОВ, Г. ВЕРНОВ, Г. ТЕЙХ,

К. ИГНАТОВА и др.

Художники-постановщики:

М. ЦЫБАСОВ, В. АЛЕКСАНДРОВ

# ПЛАНЕТА БУРЬ

Комбинированные съемки: Оператор А. ЛАВРЕНТЬЕВ Художник В. ЩЕЛКОВ

Звукооператор Р. ЛЕВИТИНА Директор картины З. АНДЕРСОН

# H U N G E R

## PART I

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

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

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

## Hunger

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

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

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

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

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

nger 3  
The only thing I had to  
a little red rocking-chair,  
in the evenings and doze  
er of things. When it  
r below stood open, all  
moaned up through the  
the walls, and the  
door was rent in strips

ched through a bundle  
l for a bite for breakfast,  
nt back to the window.  
I, if looking for employ-  
avail me aught. The  
promises, and curt noes,  
hopes, and fresh endeav-  
ed in nothing had done  
As a last resource, I had  
debt collector, but I was  
I could not have found  
nded as security. There  
or another in my way.  
alist in the Fire Brigade.  
waited in the vestibule,  
n, thrusting our chests  
f strength and bravery,  
alked up and down and

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

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

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

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

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

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

I went on through the streets, listlessly, with-

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

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

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

"Crimes of Futurity," "Fraud," what not, at any rate, something for which I would give a shilling . . . And at the same time article I felt myself fired with a desire to work immediately and to find a suitable place to write in, not rest till I had completed it.

But the old cripple was still in the same sprawling movements, still limping along the street. The sight of him, constantly in front of me, irritated me—his journey seemed to me to have no end. He had made up his mind to go to the same place as I had, and to get there before my eyes the way he had got there. Irritation it seemed to me to see him move his pace a little at every crossing, in order to see which direction he would take upon which he would again start in the air and peg away with his crutches, keep ahead of me. I followed him, this tiresome creature and get rid of him. Asperated with him, I am getting tired of him, he has, little by little, destroyed my health and dragged the pure beauty out of me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Hunger

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

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

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

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

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

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

degrees, I felt the  
me that one feels  
My courage rose  
r be satisfied with  
thing so simple and  
mes of Futurity,"  
e at, ay, simply  
capable of a much

was in a fitting  
es, and I decided  
ctions, on "Philoso-  
would, naturally,  
crushing pitiable  
. . but, on taking  
commence work, I  
owned a pencil :  
pawn-office. My  
steat pocket.

ing seems to take  
o-day! I swore a  
seat, and took a  
n the path. It was  
; down near the  
ids were trundling  
ise, there was not  
. I was in a thor-  
I paced up and

## Hunger

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

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

7  
ollecda

ollecda qollcda s9 qollcda ollcda  
ccccda Hlccda ollcda oxllcda dan  
s9 cccda qollcda qollcda oxllcda  
ccccda qollcda cecda ollcda dor or  
s9 qollcda dor qollcda qollcda 2 dan  
or qollcda cccda qllcda cccda qollcda  
ccccda cecda qollcda cccda qollcda s9  
ccccda ollcda ollcda Hlccda ollcda oxom  
llcda qollcda ollcda cecda qollcda or  
ox Hlccda ollcda ox Hlccda cecda  
qollcda ollcda Hlccda llo9 s9 qollcda  
ceccda dor Hlccda qollcda qollcda ox  
s9 qollcda ollcda dor or ollcda elhaw  
ccis or oxom  
ccccda Hlccda s9 Hlccda  
dor or ollcda  
s9 qollcda cecda  
s9 qollcda cccda  
ceccda qollcda  
w ceccda 2  
s9 llo9 ollcda  
ccccda qollcda oxol  
llo9 oxllcda 2 dan



## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

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



IGHTLYE AND LAWFU  
may I haue leauue to write, tha  
whole world there was neuer  
other, so pompeous, glorious, a  
nifificent a peece of worke, by ma  
seene or crediblie reported. TH  
derfull excellencie and rare straungenesse where  
beheld what with delight, and what with admira  
sences were so cuptiuated and tyed therenvnto,  
other solace or pleasure, did eyther occurre or ta  
in my swift flying thought.

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

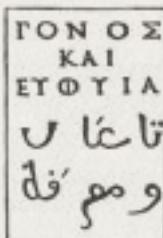
Obeliske, f. 10<sup>h</sup>  
of a horsse  
straunge

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

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

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

L 15.



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

was inscript in  
sentence that is

I. 16<sup>b</sup>.

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

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

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

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



At which vne amased and som my eyes to the other, as before twixt the side part of the Olyphant, wher fashioned sepulc standing therew Queene, who, ly

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

אָמֵן לְאַתְּ בְּבִרְכָה כְּבָרָה אֲתָּה כְּבָרָה

אָמֵן זְדֹתִי עָרוֹם חָשׁ וְחַמֶּצֶת וְגַדְעָתָה

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

L. 16<sup>a</sup>.



אָמֵן לְאַתְּ בְּבִרְכָה כְּבָרָה אֲתָּה כְּבָרָה  
אָמֵן זְדֹתִי עָרוֹם חָשׁ וְחַמֶּצֶת וְגַדְעָתָה

ΓΥΜΝΟΣ ΉΝ, ΕΙ ΜΗ ΆΝ ΘΗΡΙΟΝ ΕΜΕΚΑΛΥΤΤΕΝ. ΖΗΤΕΙ ΕΥΡΗΣΙΔΒΕΑΣΟΝ ΜΕ.

NVDVS ESSEM, BESTIANIME  
TEXISSET, QVA AERE, ET INVE  
NIES-MESINITO.

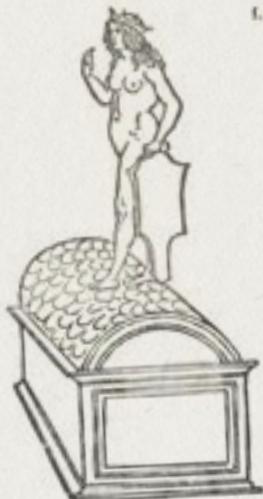
At which vncoth and straunge sight I stood not a little  
armased and somewhat doubtful what to imagine, turning  
my eyes to the contrarie part, I sawe in like sorte an  
other, as before burning light, and passing thorough  
twixt the side of the beast, and the therein inclosed  
part of the Obelisk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

coth and st  
newhat doi  
e contrarie  
e burning l  
of the be  
elisk ; I can  
re in like n  
cher as the  
ypon as th  
yfting vp h

הזהר שתרת... דע כל מושגך והם כולם נעל  
אכל אחותו מוחץ חסר דראש כל תיעכובן

ΟΣΤΙΣ ΕΙ. ΛΑΒΕ ΕΚ ΤΟΥΔΕ  
ΤΟΥΘΕΣΑΥΡΟΥ, ΟΣΟΝ ΑΝ Α  
ΡΕΚΟΙ ΠΑΡΑΙΝΩΔΕΣ ΛΑ-  
ΒΗΣ ΤΗΝ ΚΕΦΑΛΗΝ. ΜΗΑ  
ΠΤΟΥ ΣΩΜΑΤΟΣ.

QVISQVIS ES, QVANTVN  
CVNQVE LIBVERIT HV-  
IVS THESAVRIS VUME AT-  
MONEO. AVFER CAPVT.  
CORPVS NE TANGITO.



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

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

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

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

After that a bason and an ewre.

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

A sole and an eye in the ballje thereof, and two branches trauersed one of Olie, an other of Palme tree.

An Anchor and a Goose.

An olde lampe, and a hand holding of it.

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

Two grapping yrons or hookes.

A Dolphin and an Arke close shut.

These hieroglyphies were passing well cut on this manner.

t. 18. Which ancient maner of writing, as I take it, is thus to be vnderstoode.

EX LABORE DEO NATURÆ SACRIFICA LIBERALITER PAULATIM REDUCES ANIMUM DEO SUBIECTUM. FIRMAM CUSTODIAM VITÆ TUE, MISERICORDITER GUBERNANDO TENEbit, INCOLUMEMQUE SERUABIT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then in the voide ouer the Isopleures make foure

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

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

And what parte soeuer is not agreeable with his pri ciple, is foule and naught. For take away order a rule, and what thing can any man make, eyther beautif to the eye, or of commendable proportion and durabl then it must needes follow, that the cause of such inco uenient errors doth proceed from ignorance, and hath t beginning from illiterature. And this notwithstanding that although the perfection of this arte dooth not var & fall from his rectitude, yet the discreet and cunni architect to grace the obiect, to the behoulders: m lawfullye eyther with adiection or deminution, beauti his worke, keeping whole the sollid part, with his vniuers composition.

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

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

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

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

f. 19.

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

# CUTEZĂTORII

REVISTĂ EDITATĂ DE CONSILIUL NAȚIONAL AL ORGANIZAȚIEI PIONIERILOR

2



**Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night**  
**Dylan Thomas**

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The House on the Quai de la Balise*

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

—Poritsky, *Gespenstergeschichten*<sup>26</sup>

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

Basing myself on the splendid studies of Monsieur Fresnel, I should be inclined to invoke the phenomena of interference to explain the ebb and flow that characterized the unfolding of the evil forces in Malpertuis. This produces a sort of “undulatory” phenomenon, in which the intensity of those forces varies over time.<sup>27</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aunt Sylvie has embroidered some complicated design and Eléonore Cormélon compliments her unreservedly: "It's positively antique work, Madame!"

Rosalie cannot refrain from adding her contribution: "It's like a beautiful cat asleep."

"Euryale gave me the pattern," Aunt Sylvie explains.

My cousin deigns to enlighten them.

"It's the lion of the Jebel."<sup>28</sup>

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

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

Euryale says, "It's the head of Princess Nefertiti."

"That's Egyptian art," I interject.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the project regularly comes to naught.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sambucus also noticed it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## MITA BICICLISTA



O cincină Mita Biciclista  
Pe manule său de război,  
La Hipodrom o ghe păstă,  
O ghem cu topi: noi, ei, noi

Ea n'a fost Biciclista 'nțenuta,  
La început umbă 'n tramcar,  
Apoi avu mascal cu luna,  
Azi are propriu-i dogear.

Să s-o vedea, dac'avem zile,  
Ciuar și în automobil:  
La donna e automobile...  
Iar sexul nostru-i imbecil!

Kirak Napadjan





## *Lautréamont*

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

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

In more than one ambuscade, man, that sublime

## *Maldoror*

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

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

## *L'autrémont*

if it is at night, or while the sun shines if it is day-time.

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

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

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

## *Maldoror*

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

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

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

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

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

Dumitri Miron  
cu cele mai bune sentimente  
10.1.31. Miron.

TRATAT COMPLECT  
DE R.  
MEDICINĂ LEGALĂ

CU

LEGISLAȚIA SI JURISPRUDENȚA ROMÂNEASCĂ SI STREINĂ  
DE

PROFESOR DR. MINA MINOVICI

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

VOL. II

EXAMENUL SI INTERPRETAREA  
FAPTELOR MEDICALE  
OMUL VIU—MOARTEA

(CU 275 FIGURI IN TEXT)



BUCUREȘTI

Atelierele Grafice SOCEC & Co., Societate Anonimă  
1930



Portrait of my wife  
Fifi & Ted Wilson on  
vacation in Italy 1938  
and son male  
July 1937

S. L. Ross  
Photographer

Bodily integrity damaged  
by miracles

11

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

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

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

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

The miracles enacted against the organs of the thoracic and abdominal cavities were very multifarious. I know least about those concerning the *heart*; I only remember that I once had a different heart<sup>68</sup>—still during my stay in the University Clinic

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

In the case of any other human being this would have

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

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

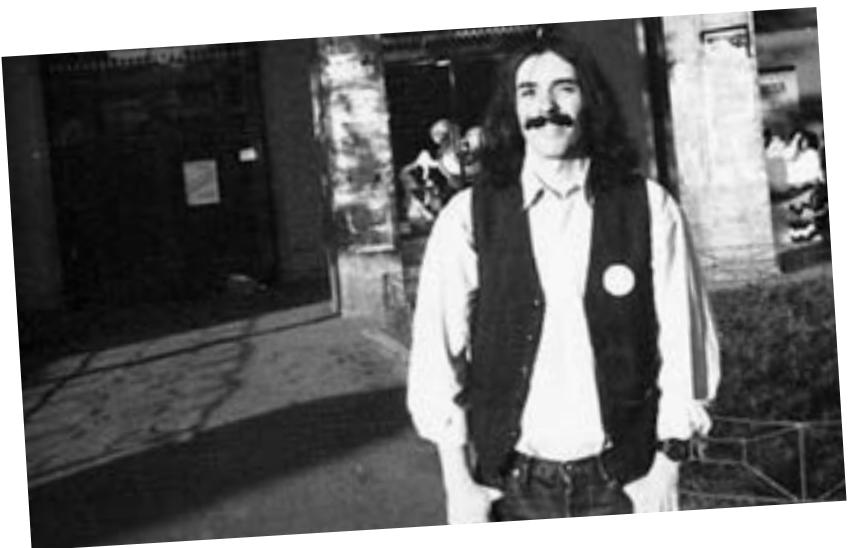
Of other internal organs I will only mention the *gullet* and the *intestines*,<sup>72</sup> which were torn or vanished repeatedly, further the *pharynx*, which I partly ate up several times, finally the *seminal cord*, against which very painful miracles were directed, with the particular purpose of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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

de onix, adevărul este inadmisibil  
in Maëlstrom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

diverg converg diverg  
cad  
cad  
cad  
cad  
cad

cad  
noroi versatil  
noroi al lăzilor  
noroi al noroaielor  
noroi al cețurilor  
noroi  
noroi

(1976)









offerings! let them rise up and help you, and be 't year protection.

39 See now that I, even I, say he, and there is no god with me: 'I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.

40 For I lift up my hand to heaven, and say, I live for ever.

41 If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment: 'I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me.

42 I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh: and that with the blood of the slain and of the captives, from the beginning of 'revenge upon the enemy.

43 Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people: for he will 'avenge the blood of his servants, and 'will render vengeance to his adversaries, and 'will be merciful unto his land, and to his people.

44 ¶ And Moses came and spake all the words of this song in the ears of the people, he, and 'Joshua the son of Nun.

45 And Moses made an end of speaking all these words to all Israel:

46 And he said unto them, 'Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law.

47 For it is not a vain thing for you: because it is your life: and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land, whither ye go over Jordan to possess it.

48 And the Lord spoke unto Moses that selfsame day, saying,

49 Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession:

50 And die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as 'Aaron thy brother died in mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people:

51 Because 'ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye 'sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel.

52 Yet thou shalt see the land before thee: but thou shalt not go thither unto the land which I give the children of Israel.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*The majority of God. ¶ The blessings of the twelve tribes in the sovereignty of Israel.*

AND this is 'the blessing, wherewith Moses 'the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death.

2 And he said, 'The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them: he shined forth from mount Paran, and he came with 'ten thousands of saints: from his right hand went 'a fiery law for them.

3 Yea, 'he loved the people; 'all his saints are in thy land: and they 'sat down at thy feet; every one shall 'receive of thy words.

4 Moses commanded us a law, 'even the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob.

5 And he was king in 'Aszuram, when the heads of the people and the tribes of Israel were gathered together.

6 ¶ Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few.

7 ¶ And this is the blessing of Judah: and he said, Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people: 'let his hands be sufficient for him; and be thou 'a help to him from his enemies.

8 ¶ And of Levi he said, 'Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy holy one, 'whom thou didst prove at Massah, and with whom thou didst strive at the waters of Meribah;

9 Who said unto his father and to his mother, I have not 'seen him; 'neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children: for 'they have observed thy word, and kept thy covenant.

10 ¶ They shall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Israel thy law: 'they shall put incense before thee, 'and whole burnt sacrifice upon thine altar.

11 Bless, Lord, his substance, and 'accept the work of his hands: smite through the loins of them that rise against him, and of them that hate him, that they rise not again.

12 ¶ And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him: and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders.

13 ¶ And of Joseph he said, 'Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for 'the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath,

14 And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon,

15 And for the chief things of 'the an-

## PAPERCRAFTS

## PAPERCRAFT #1



## PAPERCRAFT #2

Trăiesc între două pilici de unică, înfrunt de groase și-văzne  
până la înfințe. M-am trezit pe suprafață uneia din ele, cu

*c ut and replace with red acetate  
for craft 2*

capătul meu, ascunzându-mă în plăcă, strălucitor și-ntr-o  
pașnică, marginea clăpășului viral. Cînd să mă întorc apă-  
merge, sună și la fel. Nu mai e nimeni în preajmă, nu mai e  
nimeni. E același lucru dacă înainte sau răsună pe loc. Dar  
odată cu trecerea timpului îmi dăse seama că, extremitatea  
intregă distare către două plăci se mișcăzează împă-  
cabil, ele se apropie una de alta. În primii ani (au primile  
secunde), sună primele mărturii, n-are nici un fel de importanță,

nu-mi face multă grija, am un timp așa, încât nu se poate echivalența cu vîrjă. De la început, "cerul" meu a sănuit doar la căpăt măeri desașă, apoi el-l-i po-  
artă cu vîrful deosebit. Nică nu mai sunt, deci întreacădeșă de slăpăzi atroce și inevitabile, nu înălcindu-mă cu aderență spina. Dar devin  
mai mobil, îmi înținuți mai mult orgașele de sănătate în  
adâncișoara corpului fragil chiar și după lîngănașă provizoriă colizionare. Ha chiur miă giudică că înaintul se va opri, poarte din găsărea sa împereceripabilă.

De unde să potru eu să ajină ce legă și găsesc? Dar învățanul cobează mai departe. Ma înțârzesc alergând din ce în ce mai departe pe suprafața  
întunerică și scăderească, dar totuși potu totuși nevoie cu dezlănțuire, iar platformă de dezlănțuire coboară înălțarea, nu mai puțină pe măsură insurmi-  
rîndu-mă atât deasupra de piele, deasupra zbăltării de groasă, din crești. Dacă abia când sună din nou începe să răsucă, el poște că în mijlocul decesă  
când și scrisă propria ta pînte. Trece ocază sau vîrjă și plăcă răzăgădește cădă înțelege că nu mai poți merge decât în genunchi. Apoi te lărgește pe burici, cu blânde, elobioane, apogeze modernă a spălării a  
întunerică. Apoi nu mai poți merge decât în genunchi. În cedă din urmă nu te mai poți mișca din loc. Istorija ta, de-acum încoace, într-o locală a adorării fecundării os, lene și  
împlinirii, a spagetiilor fecundării organă și sprijini pe podrumul de sticla și bogăție închidile tale corporale amintecate. Total mai lenă decât se poate

poventă, cu momente de rezistență și momente de cedare spontană. Nu și-i căci de eternitate viață ta un ardei centinat, ca-n adîncul adânci-

*c ut and replace with blue acetate  
for craft 4*

curitor (înfernului) cădă și distrusă structura fragilă a cor-  
sătăcătiei tale, cădă nu mai ești nimic decât o mare  
pal dezbătă lată cete două blocuri înalte de sticla, dar  
poți fi sigur că apogeaza fer conturul și mai depare, peal  
când spartea dintr-o elă devine milimetrică, apoi micro-  
metrică. Dacă mai și undeva în acest univers monoton  
ai astăzi posibilitatea fiecăruia cădă din foră într-un trup. Apoi ri-  
parește în buclă, cu mici trăsături, a fiercării moarte. Ai și

întrigătoare în spațiu acum aproape nul duritate percep-  
ției fizice, ar devine că o galaxie sau că un univers, dar

glue

glue

glue

glue

glue

glue

*c ut and replace with blue acetate  
for craft 4*

## PAPERCRAFT #4

Team: more mobility to provide individualized treatment (without explicit justification); more tasks performed completely.

glue

glue

ג'נ'ה

When we crossed the border at Kirkcudbrightshire a general health tax (the so-called 'body tax') was introduced in two parts, the first (maximum 10/-) being levied against all persons (including children under 14) who had resided in Scotland for more than three months; the second (maximum 1/-) was levied against all persons (including children under 14) who had resided in Scotland for less than three months.

glue

en19

ג'ז

## PAPERCRAFT #3

glue to create one long rectangle

Într-o mea săptămână era protejată acum, e drept, de-un zid dublu, dar și dușmanii au crescut în putere, căci alăcau acum prețul indemnizației un zid mult mai redus ca întindere decât cel de la început. Astfel că situația mea, în loc să se-mbunătăjească, a devinut tot mai grea, căci resursele mi-au scăzut, iar războlul cere bani și luri bani. N-am avut însă de-ales când, fără să, într-o zonă de la graniță, dușmanul a-inceput, din cine și ce motive, să atace mai întâi arc de cere la început modest, apoi tot mai amplu. Am acoperit tot mai mult din frontieră cu acest zid triplu: un grosimea totală pe-un arc de-a lungul bogăților mele, cî dintr-o sferă, jumătate, trei sferturi și, în cele din urmă, întreaga graniță. Domeniul ce mi-a rămas, în urma acestei noi reduceri de circumferință, a devenit o trăsucă și încrengătirea sa a devenit o trăsucă și încrengătirea sa.

**After decades of a tedious battle and fear of the always increasing attack, I can't stand it**  
cu pășunii presărate cu clopoare de oi. Tot ce cucerisem cu spada, încă din zilele tinerei mele, era acum pentru todeaua în măiniile dușmanului. Dar cu că avearea mea se ducea pe apa sămbetei, cu altă adversară erau mai numeroși, deși numărul lor nu creștease, pe fiecare zonă a zidului de apărare. Avantul lor era acum atât de mare, încît parca nu mai lipsau doar de dragul bogăților mele, ci dintr-o mereu sporită ură față de mine și de-nicăieri nărcea nica de-a le rezista. Curiind, zidul meu s-a făcut înripărit, apoi încinciț, curând am pierdut și minu, și moartă, și saltele, pe rând, și dealul cu turmele mele, încât, când zidul de apărare s-a îngroșat de susă ori, asemenea

unui șarpe ce-nconjoară cu inimile lui cerbul surgrünărat, n-am pomenit că porțuna lui cea mai dinaintă era lipită și zidul propriului meu castel, pe care pielea sidelei și elastică îl străngea-n chingile ei. Dacă îngeștează zidului durase câteva zile, însepierea lui a durat ore. Sub strânsarea zidului de apărare, meterezelă castelului, socotite căndva de necucerit, s-au sfărâmat și-am putut atunci vedea, cu oricare și spălnă, cum zidul exterior, pe cat de gros acum, pe atât de ușor să se desprindă, să ajunsă să-nconjoare numai pereti salii tronului, în care mă aflam captiv, fără puțină de scăpare. Dușmanii erau acum atât de aproape, că le auzeam, dincolo de ceea ce deve nise un zid întors de douăzeci de ori asupra lui însuși, urletele bestiale, le simțeam frustrarea de-a nu și mai **walk around myself**, **to punch my head down**, **through his fist** și **a nob get in** și

glue tab behind this side of this rectangle

zidul asediat.

**cut here**



Conceived and assembled by Sean Cotter  
Designed by Haley Chung