

Gertrude and Ludwig in the House Made of Sugar

Today I sing

I sing with a voice that is not my own.

Before it would have upset me, but now I enjoy it.

I'm someone else - perhaps someone happier than I

How much I'm doing is persuading people

How much I'm doing is persuading people?

Today

Today I say 'There is a chair'. What if I go up to it, meaning to fetch it, and it suddenly disappears from sight? - 'So it wasn't a chair, but some kind of illusion'. - But in a few moments we see it again and are able to touch it and so on. - 'So the chair was there after all and its disappearance was some kind of illusion'. - But suppose that after a time it disappears again - or seems to disappear. What are we to say now?

Today

This thread is from Sappho. It is a thread of words both lost and not lost. Lost because the songs these words helped form are gone; not lost because they echo still in the mouths of others,

- from where they have been plucked, gathered and strung by Anne Carson. They are, just as all language is for all of us everywhere, quotations, exemplary borrowings for the purpose of making more song.

Oh nothing, nothing is mine,
not the tone of my voice, nor my absent hands,
nor my distant arms!

- says Silvina Ocampo in her poem, Song.

I am the woman I hated most,
and the perfume that wounded me one night
with decrees of an uncertain destiny.

I am all the words I adored on the lips,
in the books that I admired.

I am everything, but nothing, nothing is mine,
not the pain, nor the joy, nor the terror,
not even the words of my song.

Medeia:

Medeia says: And I will go into another country

It is obvious that an imagined world, however different it may be from the real one, must have *something* – a form – in common with it.

Today

Today was another day

Today

One day is the same as another day

And yet every day is different

And so every day is any day

Today

Today was another day

Today

I would lead -

Heraclitus says:

i The path up and down is one and the same.

and he says

ii Things taken together are wholes and not wholes, something which is being brought together and brought apart, which is in tune and out of tune; out of all things there comes a unity, and out of a unity all things.

and he says

iii They do not comprehend how being at variance it agrees with itself: there is a back-stretched connection, as in the bow and the lyre.

and he says

iv War is the father of all and the king of all, and some he shows as gods, others as men; some he makes slaves, others free.

and he says

v Thunderbolt steers all things.

And so every day is any day

Wedding gifts –

Associated Press in Kabul

20.12 GMT Wednesday, 31 December 2014: Afghan police say that at least 26 people have been killed by a rocket that hit a house during a wedding party in the southern province of Helmand.

Police spokesman Fareed Ahmad Obaid said about 45 people were also wounded when the rocket struck late on Wednesday night during a firefight between government forces and Taliban insurgents nearby.

Bashir Ahmad Shakir, a provincial council member, said the death toll could rise as high as 30, with as many as 60 wounded.

Reuters in Sana'a

10.52 BST Tuesday, 29 September 2015: Residents said on Monday that two missiles tore through tents in the Red Sea village of Al-Wahijah, near the port of Al-Mokha. A local man affiliated with the Houthis – the Shia rebel group who are fighting the coalition – was holding his wedding reception.

A source at a hospital in Maqbana, where the casualties were taken, said on Tuesday that the death toll from the attack had risen to 131, from 27 reported on Monday.

Aiga -

Aiga is goat, the name of the headland in Asia Minor visible across the strait from Lesbos. We do not say Asia Minor so much now, but it is not so long since we did.

Today the Asia Minor Agreement reaches its century, only its century.

May, 1916. Sykes and Picot dispose of Syria, Lebanon and Iraq for the imagined convenience and benefit of Britain and France.

It is obvious that an imagined world, however different from the real one

1916. Wittgenstein is at the Front. He sees:

The world of the happy man is a different one from that of the unhappy man.

And he sees:

The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.

Frieze tweets:

Each time you speak to someone you reinvent yourself; your voice recalibrates.

Limits, we say, as a way of rendering the word he uses: Grenzen: Borders.

1916. Ferdinand de Saussure, already dead, sees published his Course in General Linguistics.

He says:

Dialects have no natural boundaries, languages have no natural boundaries.

Frieze tweets:

A voice is in some way a document of everyone you've ever spoken to in your life.

non-evil -

don't do

enough

enough!

It is obvious that an imagined world, however different from the real one

And yet every day is different

And yet every day is different

paingiver -

which is to say, Eros,

love,

bitter-sweet,

love as a kind of death,

love as the god of death

This is not Orpheus and his lyre, as Ficino thought / assumed, but Sappho and her lyre

Not him - her

a vine that grows up trees -

an otherwise unknown word.

Early 1917 my grandfather enlisted as a private in the London Scottish regiment. He worked for a wine merchant, and he was a keen amateur cricketer. Recognising that as a result of his sporting activities he had a good arm, his commanding officer recommended that he put in to become a thrower. My grandfather thought this meant he would get a nice new badge in the shape of a bomb to sew onto his epaulette. And it did mean this, but he found out that what it also meant was that from then on he would have to be the first man over the top whenever a bombing party went out.

He was laughing as he told me this.

channel -

an otherwise unknown word.

May 8, 2016, Frieze tweets Lawrence Abu Hamdan from a talk at its New York fair:

He says, A life in migration means a more or less unstable voice.

The talk is titled, When does the voice become political

When
Does
The
Voice
Become
Political

There is always politics, Eliades said.

...

A Greek word, of course. Politics.

Do you know Greek? he said.

I'm having a hard time learning. I've felt at a constant disadvantage since my first day in this part of the world. I've felt stupid in fact. How is it so many people know three, four, five languages?

That's politics too, he said, and his teeth showed yellowish in the mass of hair. The politics of occupation, the politics of dispersal, the politics of resettlement, the politics of military bases.

... according to necessity; for they pay penalty and retribution to each other for their injustice according to the assessment of Time.

dawn -

Asia Minor, Anatolia

- which is to say, the land where the sun rises.

I say 'There is a chair'. What if I go up to it, meaning to fetch it, and it suddenly disappears from sight? - 'So it wasn't a chair, but some kind of illusion'. - But in a few moments we see it again and are able to touch it and so on. -

From the land where the sun rises

From the land of the lotus eaters

'So the chair was there after all and its disappearance was some kind of illusion'.

What are we to say now?

And Medeia says:

There is no justice in people's perception:

there are some who, before they know a person inside out, hate him on sight,

even if they have never been wronged by him.

lyre lyre lyre -

Βάρβιτος Βάρωμος Βάρμος - lyre lyre lyre

a word play

A back-stretched connection.

Consider games consider

For example games

Consider

Consider the proceedings

Consider for example Sykes-Picot

Consider games

Consider the proceedings that we call games

And Medeia says:

This unexpected disaster has wrecked my life. I am cast adrift.

transparent dress -

From Amanda, December 22, 2015 at 2.00pm

Help a Bitch Out: Heroine Given as a Gift in a Transparent Dress

I just remember that she is wearing a transparent dress when she is presented to the hero as a gift.

I know there are quite a few romances with this plot, but maybe the transparent dress thing will help narrow it down.

On Christmas Day MMVZ posts a comment and says:

This link seems to offer a few possible titles:

The Silver Devil by Teresa Denys
Into the Dark Lands (The Sundered, book 1) by Michelle Sagara
Enslaved by Virginia Henley
Shadowheart by Laura Kinsale
Honor's Splendour by Julie Garwood
Dream of Me by Josie Litton
Uncommon Vows by Mary Jo Putney
Perfect by Judith McNaught
Compulsion by Charlotte Lamb
The Blue Sword by Robin McKinley
So Speaks the Heart by Johanna Lindsey
Fires of Winter by Johanna Lindsey
Rules of Marriage by Wilma Counts
The Bride and the Beast by Teresa Medeiros

There are sixty eight more such comments.

makeup bag -

Think of the tools in a tool box: there is a hammer, pliers, a saw, a screwdriver, a rule, a glue-pot, glue, nails and screws.

Think of the tools

I am the woman I hated most,
and the perfume that wounded me one night
with decrees of an uncertain destiny.

holder -

which is to say, Hector

crossable -

'We name things and then we can talk about them: can refer to them in talk'. Ha.
As if what we did next were given with the mere act of naming.
As if there were only one thing called 'talking about a thing'.
Whereas in fact we do the most various things with our sentences.
Think of exclamations alone, with their completely different functions.

Water!

Away!

Ow!

Help!

Fine!

No!

Are you inclined still to call these words 'names of objects'?

Someone coming into a strange country will sometimes learn the language of the inhabitants from ostensive definitions that they give them; and they will often have to *guess* the meaning of these definitions; and will guess sometimes right, sometimes wrong.

And now, I think, we can say: Augustine describes the learning of human language as if the child came into a strange country and did not understand the language of the country; that is, as if it already had a language, only not this one.

I might go -

And Medeia says:

I am ruined ... desperate!

My enemies are unfurling all the sails

And there is no clear landing place from ruin.

downrushing –

the wind through the now-gone trees of Lesbos

danger -

The attraction of certain kinds of explanation is overwhelming. At a given time the attraction of a certain kind of explanation is greater than you can conceive. In particular, explanation of the kind 'This is really only this'.

I say 'There is a chair'. What if I go up to it and it suddenly disappears from sight? –

'So it wasn't a chair, but some kind of illusion'?

From the land where the sun rises

From the land of the lotus eaters

honeyvoiced -

The attraction of certain kinds of explanation is overwhelming. Those sentences have the form of persuasion in particular which say 'This is *really* this'. This means there are certain differences which you have been persuaded to neglect. It reminds me of that marvellous motto: 'Everything is what it is and not another thing'.

And Medeia says:

Anyone who is dishonest but speaks well deserves the greatest censure.

In his confidence that he can conceal his injustice with rhetoric, he has the heart for any wrong.

And you, then, do not try your specious argument on me.

For one word will lay you flat.

Medeia -

Wise sorceress, enabler, mother, wife, child killer?

Betrayed.

By Jason,

the hero Jason,

the duplicitous Jason,

Jason the double-crosser,

Jason the wheedler,

Jason the money-grubber,

Jason the status seeker,

Jason

the hero

And Medeia says:

I will begin at the beginning.

I saved our skin, as all the Greeks know who boarded the Argo with you,

when you were sent to master the fire-breathing bulls with yokes

and to sow the deadly field;

and the dragon which guarded the golden fleece and, never sleeping, protected it with its many coils,

I killed it and held up the light of safety for you.

of the Muses -

nine.

And she was the tenth

One day is the same as another day

And yet every day is different

And so every day is any day

Today

Today was another day

mythweaver -

How much we are doing is changing the style of thinking
and how much I'm doing is changing the style of thinking
and how much I'm doing is persuading people to change their style of thinking.

Would you like my name to be Violeta?

soda -

When I talk about language I must speak the language of every day.

Of course, what confuses us is the uniform appearance of words when we hear them spoken or meet them in script and print.

For their *application* is not presented to us so clearly.

My name isn't Violeta

Would you like my name to be Violeta?

manyskilled -

The modification of materials and of the spirit, in an interaction between thought and the prolongation of the hand -

says Víctor Grippo

and he says:

While someone is at work there are perfect moments when it is impossible to discern whether they are guiding the tool, or if it is the tool that guides their hand.

A voice is in some way a document of everyone you've ever spoken to in your life.

Each time you speak to someone you reinvent yourself; your voice recalibrates.

celery -

from the Greek for parsley.

The earliest attested form of the word is the Mycenaean Greek, se-ri-no, written in Linear B syllabic script.

gold anklebone cups -