Parageography — Course Notes — 1982

Douglass S. Parker

These course notes were put together for an undergraduate course on ‘Parageography’ — the study of Imaginary Lands — that Parker taught while on sabbatical at Dartmouth College in 1982. For 25 years afterwards he developed the course at the University of Texas; it was very popular, and influenced a generation of students.

Parker’s short summary from a later course syllabus, in 2000:

A survey of imaginary worlds/countries, etc. from the Odyssey to C.20. How they work; how they’re used.

The one thing that I’ve published in the field appeared nearly 45 years ago. Course didn’t begin till 1973: ... Gradually became a course in Applied Creativity, with the object being the creation, by the student, of a world of her/his own.

(The thing ‘45 years ago’ was his 1957 article about Tolkien’s work.)

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— Douglass S. Parker, Jr., 2017
Imagination, the most essential part of the creative process, often lies dormant in a dark corner of the mind. Dr. Douglass Parker, a distinguished professor of UT's Classics Department, has created a fanciful way to wake it up. He teaches a course in parageography, the geography of imaginary countries.

Internationally known for his translations of Greek and Roman comedies, for which he won a Guggenheim Fellowship, Parker says his course evolved out of a plan to teach a class on the imaginary worlds in the literature of Homer, Virgil, and other classical writers. The course carries with it a list of required reading from the Odyssey to Spenser's Faerie Queene, but the principal goal of the class is to create an imaginary world.

"I suppose this whole course is based on the theory that at least once in your life you'll be confronted with a situation where you don't have to reaggregate something you have to make it up," Parker says.

His students come from a variety of academic backgrounds and he enjoys encouraging "the shy ones to examine their resources. Some of them are looking for rules, and there aren't any rules."

Each student brings his own experiences to the project, he says. Some rely on clichés — ninth-century Wales or Gothic kingdoms — but others create imaginative extensions of their own interests. An aerospace engineering student creates a world inside a hollow sphere and tries to solve the scientific problems it poses. Or a playwright creates a world in a section of Route 91 from New Hampshire to Montreal, a strip which has been somehow separated from the rest of the country for 80 years.

The second major creative project is the final examination, where students are faced with a series of questions about Parker's own world. High Thefarie. (The map is based on one Parker found of 17th-century Etruria and the language is basically Etruscan.) The world is inhabited by a variety of beings, including pigs ("They are totems and leaders") and a "bumbling professor in his mid-fifties" who attempts to fix things somewhat in the manner of Twain's Connecticut Yankee, but somehow never does it quite right. His name is Dionysius Simplicissimus Periphrastes.

Throughout the course the students are fed small pieces of information about High Thefarie and DSP, as the professor is called. On the final exam they are asked to create answers to situations that exist partly in their teacher's imagination and partly in their own. For example: "DSP was, of course, in his later years an absolute neurotic on the subject of heaven and hell. List and describe five of the volumes discovered on his bedside table when they excavated his rooms after The Departure. Give dates. Quote. Be full."

Parker says it is an "article of faith with me that everybody has creativity and has to get it out."

His creative impulses pose creative dilemmas for his students. In a class on wit and humor in antiquity, he calls on his students to do two projects. The first is to write an invective; the second is to write the end of a satirical Aristophanic comedy attacking something contemporary and using 24 armadillos as the Greek chorus. The exercise is not frivolous. Aristophanes used the chorus to sum up the play and Parker is intrigued to see how his students will use 24 armadillos, "basically self-sheltering animals," as a creative foil.

Parker also imposes creative exercises upon himself. A few years ago, he enjoyed acting in classical Shakespearean plays; now, he plays improvisational jazz with a six-man group. Several years ago he embarked on a poetic exercise, a series of poems written by Zeus — "a fairly mixed-up god who was in psychotherapy at the time." He calls these exercises "sort of self-blackmail — putting yourself in a position where you have to be creative."

Not everyone, he acknowledges, has the urge to go home and build a world in the family garage, but creative goals should be specific. "You must put yourself in a position where you have to be creative." With his Zeus poems he limited himself to one page for each poem. Something as simple as organizing a party and planning a skit for the entertainment can be a creative challenge. Parker says. There is a deadline. So corners will have to be cut and, in the process, you again discover the creative "thrill of the sculptor, the playwright, the painter. There is no challenge like that of creating a world that coheres, and no satisfaction to match ruling over it like a god.

Hilary Hylton is an author and free-lance writer.
'INTRODUCTION TO PARAGEOGRAPHY'

Classics Professor's Popular Course Takes Students on Rigorous Exploration of Imaginary Landscapes

By KATHERINE S. MANGAN

Imagine a world ruled by a large hog and threatened along its eastern border by fierce wyverns and snollygosters. Now describe in detail one of the following geographical features of this world: the Humongous Geode, the Mad Mesa, or the Flying Island of Tiusc.

For students at the University of Texas at Austin who are in the midst of creating their own fantasy worlds, the question seems perfectly reasonable. The world is "High Thefarie," and the landmarks exist only in the minds of the students who describe them. It's the kind of creative exercise that has made "Classical Civilization 322," also known as "Introduction to Parageography," one of the university's most popular courses.

The author of the course and the creator of High Thefarie is Douglass S. Parker, a professor of classics, a poet, a jazz trombonist, and a card-carrying member of the International Wizard of Oz Club. (The club, based in Escanaba, Mich., boasts 3,000 members, holds conventions, and publishes a journal.)

Gardens, Hells, and Utopias

Sitting in an office crammed floor to ceiling with books ranging from The Odyssey to C. S. Lewis's The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe, Mr. Parker discusses why he created a course about parageography, a word he coined to mean the study of imaginary worlds.

"I think it is important that at some point in your life, you make something," he says. "The imagination atrophies if you don't use it, and most people don't."

Behind him, the walls of his office are papered with posters of Narnia, Lewis's imaginary world; a scene from J. R. R. Tolkien's The Hobbit; and a map of the world turned upside-down. Lying on a table is a map of his own creation, High Thefarie.

For all its eccentricities, "Introduction to Parageography" is a rigorous course whose reading list includes parts of The Odyssey, Virgil's Aeneid, Dante's Inferno, Sir Thomas More's Utopia, and more-contemporary selections like Lewis's The Voyage of the Dawn Treader and L. Frank Baum's The Patchwork Girl of Oz.

Students study the way those authors treat their imaginary landscapes, gardens, hells, utopias, and fairylands. They then use these examples as models for their own imaginary worlds, which they must create and document by the end of the semester.

'Various and Complex'

In a course handout, Mr. Parker explains the main project as follows: "Your world should be as various and complex, as fully conceived and executed, as is possible, with the object of convincing me of its reality. It is to be bolstered by such items as maps, genealogies, pictures, official documents, letters, travelers' accounts, print-outs, tapes..."

The purpose, he says, is to get stu-
CAMPUS LIFE: Texas; A Course That Explores Fantasy Lands

AUSTIN, Tex.— The debauchery in the city of Clus rivals that of any college party. As the pleasure capital of the land of High Thefarie, seven owls preside over unbridled gambling, drinking and sex.

High Thefarie and Clus, of course, are fantasy lands. But to University of Texas students enrolled in the school's "Introduction to Parageography" course, such make-believe places come vividly alive.

"If everyone were studying or teaching this, I’d probably worry about it," said Douglass Parker, a classics professor, who in 1973 created the class in parageography, a word he coined to describe the study of imaginary places. "The thrust for me is having my students make something, to put their creativity to work."

Students enrolled in Professor Parker's course, one of the most popular classes at the university, examine how classical and modern authors describe fictional places. Although the class may not fit into the academic mainstream, it includes a vigorous reading schedule that ranges from Virgil's "Aeneid" and Herodotus's "Histories" to such contemporary books as J. R. R. Tolkien's "Fellowship of the Rings." Used in Final Exam

Professor Parker, who is also an improvisational jazz trombonist, created High Thefarie as an example of a fantasy world. He uses it as a basis for his final exam, which requires students to expand upon his ideas by creating new aspects of High Thefarie.

"It seems to me that people who are getting their undergraduate degrees have to deliberately stifle whatever creative faculties they may have," Professor Parker said. "You may not need creativity to get a job, but it is something that is important."

Students have been asked to explain the significance of several High Thefarie holidays that were not covered in Professor Parker’s lectures or notes. They were expected to use their knowledge of other High Thefarie customs to create their own explanations of the holidays.

Students are expected to complete "eight labours," a series of essays that draw on their creativity. For one project, Kathy Graef created a language for Cat people, beings she imagined who are half-human and half-feline. Ideas Come Hard

"It was a lot of fun coming up with the ideas and really working at it," said Ms. Graef, of Newton, Mass., who recently received a bachelor's degree in classical archaeology. "But the hardest part of the class definitely was just coming up with those ideas."

Varis Carey, a senior who is studying mathematics, said the parageography course was "my fun class." As his final project, Mr. Carey created a medieval world that included the history, language and layout of six countries.

"My paper for this class was longer than my master's thesis will probably be," said Mr. Carey, who is from Austin, Tex. "I really got into it."
N.B.: Items in [square brackets] are works not on the booklist. Some will be on reserve; some will be given as handouts; some are just bloody impractical. Familiarize yourself with them as you choose and can.

Week I  THE QUEST: We're off to ...
  Jan. 6: Homer, Odyssey, esp. Bks. 9-12.
  Jan. 8: Apollonius: The Voyage of Argo.

Week II THE QUEST CONTINUED: ...and get somewhere.
  Jan. 11: Vergil, Aeneid, esp. Bks. 3, 6, 8.
  Jan. 13: [Antonius Diogenes, The Wonders Beyond Thule, and other romancers]
  Jan. 15: [The Voyage of St. Brendan, and other trips]

Week III OTHERWHERE(S): Not quite next door...
  Jan. 20: "Men whose heads do grow beneath their..."
  Jan. 22: "The world turned upside down..."

Week IV THE PLEASAUNCE: ARCADIA, PARADISE: Come into the garden, Maud...
  Jan. 25: Homer, Odyssey 8, etc.
  [Plato, Phaedrus, init.]
  [Theocritus, Idyls; Vergil, Eclogues]
  Longus, Daphnis and Chloe
  Jan. 27: [Genesis; The Song of Songs]
  [Dante, Purgatorio, Paradiso]
  [Milton, Paradise Lost]
  Jan. 29: [Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata 16; 15]
  [Sidney, The Countesse of Pembroke’s Arcadia]
  Spenser, The Faerie Queene 2.12; 3.5; 6

Week V UTOPIA and ATLANTIS: The trains, if any, run strictly on time...
  Feb. 1: Plato, Critias
  [More, Utopia]
  Feb. 3: Rabelais, Gargantua and Pantagruel 1
  [Swift, Gulliver’s Travels 3]
Feb. 5: Utopias in profusion; Atlantides in confusion

Week VI  HELIs: Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it...

Feb. 8: Homer, Odyssey 13; 24  Vergil, Aeneid 6
Feb. 10: Dante, Inferno
Feb. 12: CARNIVAL

Week VII  THE BEWITCHED LANDSCAPE-- FAERIE: Ill-met by moonlight...

Feb. 15: Mabinogion
Feb. 17: Malory, Morte d'Arthur
Feb. 19: [Ariosto, Orlando Furioso]
  Spenser, The Faerie Queene
  [Drayton, Nimphidia]

Week VIII  THE ARCHIPELAGO EFFECT: So near, but yet...

Feb. 22: [Lucian, The Absolutely Veracious Narrative]
Feb. 24: Rabelais, Gargantua and Pantagruel 4; 5
Feb. 26: [Melville, Mardi]
  [Kingsley, The Water Babies]
  [Carroll, Alice...]
  [Carryl, Davy and the Goblin]

Week IX  TWENTIETH-CENTURY FANTASY: ...see the Wizard...

Mar. 1: [Baum, Thompson, et al.: The Oz Books (40 vols.)]
  [Lewis, The Chronicles of Narnia (7 vols.)]
Mar. 3: [Tolkien, The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings]
Mar. 5: [Parker, Kansas]

Week X  MODERN FANTASISTS AFTER TOLKIEN: No dearth of weird...

Mar. 8: [Joan Aiken, The Wolves of Willoughby Chase, et al.]
  [Joy Chant, Red Moon and Black Mountain, et al.]
  [Susan Cooper, The Dark is Rising (5 vols.)]
  [Stephen Donaldson, The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant, 4 vols.]
  [Katherine Kurtz, Deryni Rising, et al.]
  [Patricia McKillip, The Riddle-Master of Kris, et al.]
  [Evangeline Walton, The Isle of the Mighty, et al.]

Addendum I: To be put somewhere:
  [Vladimir Nabokov, ADA]

Addendum II: One science-fiction world, heavily developed.
  Possibles: [Frank Herbert, Dune]
  [Philip Jose Farmer, Riverworld]
  [Roger Zelazny, Amber]

Critical Effusion: One rather shortish paper, due at the end of the Fourth Week--29 January. This is to be your analysis of an
imaginary world--universe, country--one drawn from a text other than the principal items studied in the course of the course. It need not be a supernatural, or preternatural, or paraphysical, or 'paraphysical world...but that's more fun.

Term Project: I hesitate to say "paper," because that's so limiting, don't you think? The project, then, your creation of an imaginary world, etc., is due on the last class day, 8 March. The operative words here are "detail" and "realization"--the world, your world, should be as various and complex, as fully conceived and executed, as is possible. Maps, genealogies, pictures, official documents, letters, travellers' accounts, trivia--any and all things will help. Start thinking about this now; I'll begin having conferences with you in the Fifth Week.

Final Examination: Yes, Virginia, there will be a final. It will test your ability to prescind--I love that word--to prescind from the material covered in the course and apply it to a new and sudden situation: the confrontation with an imaginary world (etc.) which you have never seen before.

How do I know that you have never seen it before, even the most widely read of you? Because it's mine, all. It's name is High Thefarie, and I am its inventor and sole proprietor. You will, during the course, be given a modicum of knowledge about it, its perimeters and parameters and such, and then, on the final examination you will be asked very specific questions about it, the answers to which you will have to create and bolster on principles you have acquired during the reading and lectures. It is not as insane as it sounds, and is just as much a final as any other.

Primary Duties: Do the reading. Listen, and, with judicious restraint, interrupt. Your preceptor is garrulous in the extreme; he also digresses, from time to time. (This whole course, in fact, is a digression.) He is perfectly capable of total disregard of the principle of give-and-take, if he is allowed. Do what you can to rectify this, or him.
Texts: Homer, *Odyssey*; Apollonius, *Voyage of Argo*

I. Recapitulations (necessitated by the infinite perversity of inanimate things... or, alternatively, by your preceptor's inability to push a button correctly)

A. Some terms:
   1. Moral Space
   2. *Paysage moralise*
   3. Allegorical landscape
   4. Scene-actor ratio

B. Loose thoughts on mapping: where is the focus?

C. The Odyssean Grid:

   **CIVILIZATION**

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II. The Approach in Detail: Two examples, and a result

A. The Kyklopes: Negative space
B. The Phaiakians: Positive space
C. Ithaka: The result of triangulation

III. The Odyssey as Archetypal Quest

A. Characteristics of the voyage
   1. Eccentricity
   2. Goal
   3. Danger
   4. Battle
   5. Decimation
   6. Prolongation
   7. Prophecy
   8. Divine intervention
   9. Storm
   10. R & R
   11. The MARVELOUS
   12. Confusion and its Resolution
B. The Archetypal Situations

1. Subcivilization
2. Supercivilization
3. Hostile Nature
4. Seductive Nature
5. Apocalypse

C. The Archetypal Spots

1. Enclosed space: The Cave
2. Enclosed space: The Palace
3. Semi-Enclosed Space: The Pleasaunce
4. Semi-Enclosed Space: The Grove
5. Semi-Enclosed Space: The Bay
6. Open Space: The Sea

D. Archetypal Characters Who Determine Landscape

1. The Witch
2. The Monster
3. The Infinitely Evil Opponent
4. The Seer
5. The God
6. The Ghost

E. Archetypal Character-Traits

1. The Epic Flaw, Individual
2. The Epic Flaw, Collective
3. Confusion

Like it or not, Quest-literature from this time on is a series of glosses on, and developments and expansions of, the Odyssey.

NB: As I've said, I tend to work from a text in class, and it's as well for you to have that with you when I lecture. Ergo, for Monday:

Bring the Texts of Apollonius, The Voyage of Argo (which has a good map) and Vergil, The Aeneid (which doesn't)
(something like a flow chart)

TROY
↓
ISMAROS (lose 6 benches of men per ship)
↓
CAPE MALEA

LITOPHAGOS (lose 3 men) → GO HOME!

KYRLOPES (lose 6 men, gain cure)
↓
AIOLOS (gain winds, lose 1 month)
↓
CAPE MALEA

AIOLOS (lose winds, favor) → GO HOME!

LAISTRYGONES (lose all but 1 ship and men therein)
↓
AIAIA (lose 1 year, 1 man)
↓
LAND OF DEAD (gain information)

AIAIA (lose time) → GO HOME!

SIRENES (lose hearing?)

SKYLLA (lose 6 men) → KHARYBDIS

THRINAKIA (lose patience)

SKYLLA
→ KHARYBDIS (lose last ship, men) → GO HOME!

OGYGIA (lose 7 years)
↓
SKHERIA
↓
GO HOME!
LECTURE IV: Mostly the Argonauts

I. Pithy Restatement of the Course's Aims and Procedure:

He had bought a large map representing the sea, Without the least vestige of land: And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be A map they could all understand.

"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators, Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?"

So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply, "They are merely conventional signs!

"Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes! But we've got our brave Captain to thank" (So the crew would protest) "that he's bought us the best--- A perfect and absolute blank!"

---Lewis Carroll,
The Hunting of the Snark, Fit II.

II. Last Remarks on the Odyssey, for a bit....

A. Homer as realizer

B. The Cave of the Nymphs: An Interpretation by Porphyrius the Philosopher

C. A Fantasia on Caves

III. Apollonius and Parageographical Sophistication

A. Tradition and Reality as Limits
1. The Odyssey revisited, or previsited
   a. Aeaea (Aigaia) = Aea²
   b. The Sirens at Anthemoessa
   c. Scylla & Charybdis
   d. Thrinacia
   e. Wedding at Drepane (= Skheria = Kerkyra = Corcyra = Corfu)

2. The Traveller's Guide to the Black Sea
   a. The Thermodon R.
   b. The Chalybes
   c. The Tibareni
   d. The Mossynoeci

B. Aetiology: Time Gets Into Space

1. Ktistic legends
   a. The Apsyrtians
   b. The Temple of Concord on the island of Thynias
   c. Calliste

2. Odyssean forerunners
   a. Skheria

C. The Voyage Itself: Structure

1. The Axes of the Ellipse: From Aea to Aea
2. The Incidence of Marvels: There)(Back
3. Unlikely Expansions
   a. Portages
   b. Rechauffées
   c. Technology
   d. The Bell Jar

D. Variations on the Themes

1. Amechania and the anti-hero
2. Amis de voyage
3. Here there be Dragons
4. The Garden of Aeetes

IV. Other versions of the Argonautica

A. Pindar, Pythian IV (5th B.C.)
B. Valerius Flaccus, Argonautica (late 1st A.D.)
C. "Orpheus", Argonautica (4th A. D.)
D. William Caxton, The Historye of Jason (1550?)
E. William Morris, The Life and Death of Jason (1867)
F. Robert Graves, Hercules, My Shipmate (1945)
G. John Gardner, Jason and Medea (1973)

NB for Wednesday: Bring text of the Aeneid to class
Apollonius, the Voyage of Argo

Itinéraire des Argonautes d'après Apollonios.
I. The hand-tooled patriotic Epic

II. The Voyage: Through Confusion to Certainty

A. Landfalls

1. Aeneadæ/Aeneia #
2. Delos @
3. Crete: Pergamum # @
4. Strophades @
5. Leucata/Actium @
6. Buthrotum @
7. (Acro)ceraunia
8. Castrum Minervae
9. Sicily: Etna
10. Sicily: Drepanum
[11. Carthage]
12. Sicily: Segesta # @
13. Italy: Cumae & the Underworld @
14. Italy: Laurentum
15. Italy: Pallanteum

B. Prophecies

1. Creusa
2. Apollo
3. the Penates
4. Celaeno
5. Helenus
6. Anchises I
7. Anchises II

C. The Impelled Voyage: Heaven's Workers

1. Juno
2. Venus
3. Jupiter
4. Neptune
5. Apollo
6. Mercury

D. Names on the Land

1. Palinurus
2. Misenus/Misenum
3. Caieta

E. The Odyssey Revisited...or Not, As the Case May Be

1. Ithaca and environs
2. Scylla and Charybdis
3. The Cyclopes
4. Circe
F. Patterns

1. Troy destroyed
   a. Carthage

2. Troy restored
   a. Crete
   b. Buthrotum
   c. Acesta/Segesta

3. The Labyrinth
   a. The Troy Game
   b. The Doors at Cumae
   c. The Underworld
   d. Hercules and Cacus

III. Double Vision of Space in Time: Then and Now

A. The Catalogue
B. Pallanteum/Rome
C. Actium: Two Versions

IV. A Last and Highly Domestic, If Not Terribly Parageographical, Note to Demonstrate the Problems and the Solutions

A. Venus and Vulcan

NB: For class Friday: Read and bring the handouts on:

Iambulus
Antonius Diogenes
The Voyage of St. Brendan
LECTURE VI: QUEST AND RE-QUEST

I. Reflections on "The only creature known who fakes" (Auden)

II. Variations on the Odyssey

A. Iambulus: Islands of the Sun
   1. The verisimilitudinous voyage extraordinaire
   2. Hellenistic utopianism
   3. Odyssean motifs
   4. A few contributions

B. Antonius Diogenes: The Wonders Beyond Thule
   1. Some notes on the Greek novel
   2. Some notes on Thule
   3. Antonius and fictional chaos
   4. The improbably missing kitchen sink
   5. Verisimilitude above all: "MS found in a ...."
   6. Odyssean motifs
   7. Some notes on routes

C. The Navigatio Sancti Brendani
   1. Genre: The saint's life
   2. Genre: The imram
   3. Structure: Island-hopping
   4. Structure: The Christian year and the blessed life
   5. Verisimilitude
   6. Odyssean motifs
   7. The Luck of the Irish

Monday: Herodotus, Bk. II
55. But with regard to the island which has been discovered in the ocean to the south and the nearer days take, till then we endeavoured to give a brief account, after we have first set forth accurately the causes which led to its discovery. There was a certain Lambus 5 who from his being a merchant had been devoted to the pursuit of education, and after the death of his father, who had been a merchant, he also gave himself to that culturing; and while journeying inland to the gold-bearing region of Arabia he and his companions on the trip were taken captive by some robbers. Now at this time, and one of his fellow-captives were appointed to be brought as a present, but later he and his companions were made captive by certain Ethiopians and led off to the coast of Ethiopia. They were kidnapped in order that, being of an alien people, they might effect the purification of the land. For among the Ethiopians who lived in that place there was a custom, which had been handed down from ancient times, and had been ratified by oracles of the gods, after a period of twenty generations or six hundred years, the generation being reckoned at thirty years; and at the time when the purification was by means of the two men was to take place, a boat had been built for them sufficient in size and strong enough to withstand the storms of the sea, one which could easily be handled by two men, and then loading it with food enough to maintain two men for six months and putting them on board they commanded them to set out to sea as the oracle had ordered. Furthermore, they commanded them to steer towards the south; for, they told them, would come to a happy island and to men of honourable character, and among whom they would live a blissful existence. And in like manner, they stated, their own people, in case the men whom they sent forth should arrive safely at the island, would enjoy peace and a happy life in every respect throughout six hundred years; but if, dismayed at the extent of the sea, they should turn back on their course they would, as impious men and destroyers of the entire nation, suffer the severest penalties. Accordingly, the Ethiopians, they said, held a great feast assembly by the sea, and after offering costly sacrifices they crowned with flowers the men who were to seek out the island and effect the purification of the nation and then sent them forth. And these men, after having sailed over a vast sea and been tossed about for four months by storms, were carried to the island about which they had been informed beforehand: it was round in shape and had a circumference of about five thousand stadia.

56. But when they were now drawing near to the land, the account proceeds, some of the natives as soon as they drew their boat to land; and the inhabitants of the island, thonglong together, were astonished at the arrival of the strangers, but they treated them generously and shared with them the necessities of life which their country afforded. The dwellers upon this island differ greatly both in the characteristics of their bodies and in their manners from the men in our part of the inhabited world; for they are all nearly alike in the shape of their bodies and are never four cubits in height, but the base of the body hence the ability to bend to a certain extent and then straighten out again, like the slendy parts. They are also exceedingly tender in respect to their bodies and yet more vigorous in the opposite respect than any other people in their way, so to speak, to them. And they have a peculiarity in regard to the tongue, partly the work of nature and congenital with them and partly intentionally brought about by artifice. Among them, namely, the tongue is double for a certain distance, but they divide the inner portions still further, with the result that it becomes a double tongue as far as its base, consequently they are very versatile as to the sounds they can utter, since they imitate not only every articulate language used by man but also the varied clatterings of the birds; and in general, they can imitate any peculiarity of sound. And the most remarkable thing of all is that at one and the same time they can converse perfectly with one another, and all those who fall in with them, both answering questions and discussing pertinently on the circumstance of the moment; for with one division of the tongue they can converse with the fisherman, and lie together, neither from heat nor from cold. Moreover, the fruits in their island ripen throughout the entire year, even as the poet writes.

Here bear on pear grows old, and apple close
On apple, yew, and chested grapes on grapes.
And fig on fig.

And with them the day is always the same length as the night, and at midday no shadow is cast of any object because the sun is in the zenith.

57. These islanders, they go on, say, live in groups which are based on kinship and on political organizations, no more than four hundred at a time being gathered together in this way so that the members spend their time in the manual work supplying them with many things for sustenance; for by reason of the fertility of the island and the mildness of the climate, food-stuffs are produced of all kinds in greatest abundance, from this they profit themselves, and they live in abundance; and bears a fruit in great plenty that is very similar to the white cherry. Now when they have gathered this they steep it in warm water until it has become about the size of a pigeon's egg; then after having crushed it and rubbed it skillfully with their hands, they make it into a bar, which is baked and eaten, and that of surprising sweetness. There are also in the island, they say, abundant springs of water, the water potable for bathing and the relief of fatigue, the cold exhilarating in sweetness and possessing the power to contribute to good health. Moreover, the inhabitants give great attention to every branch of letters and especially to astronomy; and they are both wise, which, according to the value of the sound, they represent, are twenty-eight in number. I do not know the characters are only seven, each one of which can be formed in four different ways. Nor do they write their lines horizontally, as we do, but from the top to the bottom perpendicularly. And the inhabitants, they tell us, are extremely long-lived, living even to the age of one hundred and fifty years, and experiencing for the most part death in peace. Anyone among them who has become crippled or suffering, in general, from any physical infirmity is buried by them in accordance with an inexorable legal tenet, in order to preserve him from life. And there is also a law among them that they should live only for a stipulated number of years; and that at the completion of the period they should make an end of themselves at their own accord, by a strange manner of death; for then they grow among them a plant of a peculiar nature, and whenever a man lies down upon it, it immediately and greatly he falls and dies.

58. They do not marry, they are told, but possess their children in common, and maintaining the children who are born to the same extent as they belonged to all, they love them equally; and while the children are infants those who suckle them often change them around in order that even the modest may not know their own offspring. Consequently, there is no rivalry among them, they never experience civil disorders and they never cease placing the highest value upon intermarriage and well-bredness.

There are also animals among them, we are told, which are small in size but the object of wonder by reason of the nature of their bodies and the power of their blood: for they are round in form and very similar to tortoises, but they are marked on the surface by two diagonal yellow stripes, at each end of which they have an eye and a mouth and, especially, though seeing with four eyes and using as many mouths, yet it gathers its food into one gaulet, and down this its nourishment is swallowed and all its limbs are thrown together into one stomach; in like manner its other organs and all its inner parts are single. It also has beneath it all around its body many feet, by means of which it can move in whatever direction it pleases. And the blood of this animal, they say, has a marvellous potency; for it immediately glas-
served; even if a hand or the like should happen to have been cut off, by the aid of this blood it is gilded so again, provided that the cut is fresh, and the same thing is true of each other part of the body. Their eyes are not connected with the regions which are vital and sustain the present life. Each group of the inhabitants also keeps a bird of great size and of a nature peculiar to itself, by means of which a test is made of the infant children to learn what their spiritual disposition is; for they place them upon the birds, and such of them as are able to endure the flight through the air as the birds take wing they now, but such as become necessary and filled with consternation they cast out, as not likely either to live many years and being, besides, of no account because of their dispositions.

In each group the oldest man regularly exercises the leadership, just as if he were a kind of king, and is obeyed by all the members; and when the first such ruler makes an end of his life in accordance with the law upon the completion of his one hundred and fiftieth year, the next oldest succeeds to the leadership. The sea about the island has strong currents and is subject to great shoaling and ebbs of the tides and is sweet in taste. And as for the stars of our heaven, the hours and many more, we are informed, are not visible at all. The number of these birds is seven, and they are made the same in size and at about equal distances from one another, and all follow the same customs and laws.

50. Although all the inhabitants enjoy an abundant produce of everything that grows of itself in these islands, yet they do not indulge in the enjoyment of this abundance without restraint, but they practice simplicity and take for their food only what suffers for their needs. Meat and whatever else is toasted or boiled in water is prepared by them, but all the other dishes ingeniously concocted by experienced cooks, such as sauces and the various kinds of dressing, they have no notion whatsoever. And they worship gods that which encompasses all things and the sun, and, in general, all the heavenly bodies. Fishes of every kind in great numbers are caught by them by muddle devices and not a few birds. There is also found among them an abundance of fruit trees growing wild, and olive trees and vines grow there, from which they make both olive oil and wine in abundance. Sacks also, we are told, which are of immense size and yet do not break to the inhabitants, have a meat which is edible and exceedingly sweet. And their clothing they make themselves from a certain ravel which contains in the centre a shiny substance that is bright to the eye and soft, which they gather and mingle with crushed seaweeds and thus make remarkable garments of a purple hue. As for the animals of the islands, their natures are peculiar and so amazing as to defy credence.

All the details of their diet, we are told, follow a prescribed arrangement, since they do not all take their food at the same time nor is it always the same; but it has been ordained that on certain fixed days they shall eat at one time fish, at another time meat, sometimes the flesh of land animals, sometimes olives and the most simple side dishes. They also take turns in ministering to the needs of one another, some of them fishing, others cooking, some serving at the tables, others occupying themselves in other useful tasks, and still others, with the exception of those who have come to old age, performing the services of the group in a definite cycle. And at the festivals and feasts which are held among them there are both pronounced and sung in honour of the gods hallowed and spoken in praise of I and especially in honour of the sun, after whom they name both the island's names.

They fete their dead at the time when the tide is at the ebbs, burying them in the sand along the beach, the result being that at first the place has fresh sand heaped upon it. The reeds, they say, from which the fruit of their nourishment is derived, being a spin in thickness, increase at the time of full-moon and again decrease proportionately, as it wanes. And the water of the warm springs, being sweet and headlong, maintains its heat and never becomes cold, save when it is mixed with cold water or wine.

50. After remaining among these people for seven years, the account continues, Iambulus and his companion were ejected against their will, as being misfits and no longer being useful. Consequently, after they had again tossed about their little boat they were compelled to take their leave, and when they had come up over the sea if they continued their course for more than four months. Then they were shipwrecked upon a sandy and marshy region of India, and his companion lost his life in the swift, but Iambulus, having found his way to a certain village, was then brought by the natives into the presence of the king at Pallibotes, a city which was distant a journey of many days from the sea. And since the king was friendly to the Greeks and devoted to learning he considered Iambulus worthy ofcordial welcome; and at length, upon receiving a permission of safe conduct, he passed over first of all into Persia and later arrived safe in Greece.

Now Iambulus felt that these matters deserved to be written down, and he added to his account a few facts about India, facts of which all other men were ignorant at that time. But for our part, since we have fulfilled the promise made at the beginning of this book, we shall bring it to a conclusion at the present.
1. Work read: Antonius Diogenes' 24 books concerning the Wonders Beyond Thule. Full of incident; the style clear and so pure that it makes for easy reading, even in the narrative digressions. Pleasurable observations abound, since the narrative technique of the tales, unbelievable as they are, presents the material in a form and arrangement which is highly believable.

II. One DEINIAS is introduced in search of adventure. With his boy EUMENIDES, he left his homeland and wandered along the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea to the Hpaeanae Mountains, as they are called, until they reached the mouth of the River Tanais. At this point, because of the intense cold, they changed course to the Scythian Ocean, and, bearing East, they came to the Orient. From there, consuming a great deal of time in their varied wanderings, they circumnavigated the Outer Sea. Their comrades in their travels were KARHANES, MENISKOS, and AZONILIS. They reach the island of Thule, where they make a definite break in their journey.

III. On this island of Thule, Deinias falls in love with a woman named DERYKILLIS. By nationality she is Tyrian, from the upper class. She is with her brother MANTINIAS. In conversation with her, Deinias learned of the journey of the sister and brother and of all the evils committed by an Egyptian priest, one PA-APIIS. Following the devastation of his homeland, this Pa-apis settled in Tyre, where he was befriended by the parents of Derykllis and Mantinias. At first he seemed well-disposed to his benefactors and the whole household, but then treated the home and the children and the parents in an exceedingly vile fashion. After disaster was visited on her home, Derykllis went to Rhodes with her brother, and then journeyed to Crete, next to the Tyrrhenians, and from there to the people called Cimmerians. While with them, she saw the Underworld, and learned many things about it. She had a guide, or informant—one MYRENG, a family slave of hers who had died long before. She came from the ranks of the dead and instructed her mistress.

IV. Well, then, Deinias starts to relate this to KYMBA, an Arcadian, when the Arcadian council sent to Tyre (NB!!) with the request that Deinias return to his homeland and to them. Since the weight of his years prevented him, Deinias is brought on narrating
(a) what he saw in his travels or what he heard from others, and
(b) what he learned from the lips of Derykllis in Thule——I seem both her stereotyped journey and how, after her return from Hell with KERYLLOS and ASTRAIOS, already separated from her brother, they came to the touch of SIERRAINE, and what she (Derykllis) heard from Astrais about PYTHAGORAS and MENSEARCHOS, and all that Astrais heard from PHILOT]. And the events that he (Astrais) saw with his own eyes — plus everything that Derykllis related when she returned to the subject of her own travels:
how in Spain she encountered a city of men who saw at night but became blind every day; and everything that Astrais did there while playing the flute to their enemies; and how, escaping happily from that place, they encountered the Celts, a savage and stupid race since they fied on horseback; and everything that happened to them involving the change in the horses' color; and how they reached the Aquitani; and what honor both Derykllis and Keryllos achieved there, and Astrais even more because of the swelling and shrinking of his eyes (which indicated the waxing and waning of the moon); and how Astrais delivered the kings there from there contention about who should rule (there were two kings who replaced each other on the throne according to the phases of the moon) — wherefore the people there were quite pleased with Astrais and his comrades.

V. But there is more. He goes on to tell more things that Derykllis saw and experienced, among these:
how she went to the land of the Arcadians, where the women were at war and the men keep house and do women's work; in addition, what happened to her and Keryllos among the Asturian race, and, further, what happened to Astrais in private; and how, after Keryllos and Derykllis had escaped (when all hope was lost) the multiform dangers met among the Asturians, yet Keryllos, who had been convicted long before of a crime, did not escape punishment for that (though it was the last thing he expected), but, as he was saved from those other dangers, even so was flayed; thereafter, what she saw in her journeys in Italy and Sicily; and how
she was arrested in the Sicilian city of Eryx and haled before
ALEXANDRUS, then the tyrant over the Locontini. There she meets again
the foul Pa-apis, and discovers an unexpected consolation for this
disaster -- i.e., her brother Mantinias. He had travelled a great deal,
and was the narrator to her of many incredible things he had seen,
concerning the sun itself and the moon and plants and islands especially;
supplied her with copious story-material which she could recount later
to Deinias.

Deinias is brought on stringing all this together and telling it to Kymbas
the Arcadian.

VI: Further:
how Mantinias and Derkyllis, taking from Pa-apis a bag of books and a box
of plants, cross from Leontini to Rhegium, and go from there to Metapontum,
where Astraios catches up with them and discloses his intention to track
down Pa-apis; and how they accompany him when he leaves for Thrace and
the Massagetae to find his comrade ZAMOLOGIN; and what they saw on the
journey there; and how Astraios met Zamolxis, who was already worshipped
as a god among the Getae; and what Derkyllis and Mantinias asked Astraios
to tell Zamolxis and request from him on their behalf; and how an
oracle was given to them there, to the effect that it was fated for them
to go to Thule, after which they would see their homeland again,
but not before they had been involved in, among their other troubles,
an act of impiety against their parents (wrong, even if they had committed
it unwillingly) and had paid the penalty therefor, viz.: to exchange
life for death, and live at night but be
dead, killed himself, too.
Then, how they received such prophecies and departed, leaving Astraios
with Zamolxis, honored by the Getae; and all the astounding things
it fell to their lot to see and hear in the North.

VII: Deinias has heard all this from Derkyllis in Thule; he is now brought
on to tell it to Kymbas the Arcadian. But there's more:
how Pa-apis tracked Derkyllis and her companions, met them on the island,
and set a spell on them by magic art, to be dead during the daytime
and come to life again at the onset of night, a suffering which
he cast on them by spitting in their faces in public.
And how THROUSKANOS, a Thulite, deeply in love with Derkyllis, sees
his darling fall down because of Pa-apis's spell, and is so greatly
distressed that he immediately leaps upon Pa-apis without warning
and beats him to death, putting an end at last to these numberless
evils; and how Throuskanos, since Derkyllis was lying there to all
appearances dead, killed himself, too.
Having learned all this, and many more marvels besides --
their grave and their return from it; and the laws of Mantinias
and what they led to; and other such things --
from the mouth of Derkyllis on the island of Thule, Deinias commences to tell
it to Kymbas the Arcadian.

And Antonius Diogenes has finished Book 23 of The Wonders beyond Thule, and
as yet the work has said nothing, except a bit at the beginning, about Thule.

VIII: Book 24 introduces Azoulis telling his story. After him, Deinias
ties Azoulis's tale to the events he has recounted to Kymbas earlier:
how they recognized the sort of magic with which Pa-apis enchanted
Derkyllis and Mantinias into living at night and being dead during
the day; how he (Azoulis) delivered them the spell, discovering the
nature of curse and cure from Pa-apis's bag, which Mantinias and
Derkyllis brought along with them; and not just this, but how he
found out also the way in which Derkyllis and Mantinias could deliver
their parents who were lying under a great evil:
That by the wiles of Pa-apis, the children had injured their
parents greatly, thinking it would benefit them, so that they
had caused them to live as if dead for a great while.
And then how Derkyllis and Mantinias hurled to their homeland to
revive their parents and save them.

IX: Deinias, with Karmanes and Meniskos (Azoulis had gotten separated from
them), made a voyage to that which lies beyond Thule. Now he commences to tell
Kymbas, based on his voyage, the wonders there are to see beyond Thule, saying
that he saw those things which students of astronomy speculate on, viz.:
(a) it is possible for some people to live at the peak of the North pole;
(b) the night there is a month long, more or less, and six months long, and at most a year long;
(c) not only is the night so extended, but the day fits with it in an analogous fashion.

And he says he saw other such things, and he tells whoopers:
(d) he saw men and other things which no one ever claimed to see or hear up, or even imagined.

And the most incredible of all is:
(e) when they were making their way North, they came near to the moon, as though to some very sacred earth, and when they arrived they saw what it is very likely that such an inventor of such exaggerated creations would see.

And also:
(f) The Sibyl learned the art of prophecy from Feminae;
(g) after that, they all made private prayers, and each one of the others got what he prayed for;

and he says that:
(h) waking up, he was found in Tyre in the temple of Herakles, and rising up he discovered Derkyllis and Mantinias in happiness and prosperity; they had delivered their parents from a long sleep, or rather death, and were happy in other things.

X: These tales Deinias related to Kymbas, and, bringing out cypress tablets, asked Eustenides the Athenian (a companion of Kymbas), since he was a writer, to inscribe the tales on the tablets. And he showed the men Derkyllis, too. And she also brought cypress tablets, and set Kymbas the task of writing down a copy. Kymbas was to keep one copy by him, but when Derkyllis dies, he should put the other in a case and bury it near her grave.

XI: Well. Diogenes, also called Antonius, does bring on Deinias to tell all these monstrous tales to Kymbas, but he writes to Faustus that he is composing a work about the wonders beyond Thule, and that he is dedicating these marvelous tales to his sister Isadora, who is literarily inclined. He further says of himself that he is a poet of the Old Comedy and that, even if he proves to have written incredible falsehoods, still he has in his possession proofs by men of old about most of the stories he has told, proofs and testimonies from which he assembled this work with some trouble. And at the beginning of each book he extolls the men who have committed such things to writing, so that these wonders will not appear to lack proof.

XII: At the beginning of the work, he writes a letter to his sister Isadora, in which he does, admitted, dedicate the work to her, but he also introduces a letter from one Balagros to his wife Phile. (She was Antigater's sister.) Balagros says that when Tyre was being razed by Alexander, king of Macedon, most of it being wanted by fires, a soldier came to Alexander and said that he had something strange and unbelievable to show him, something that was to be seen outside the city. The king took with him Hephaestion and Parmenion, and they followed the soldier and discovered gravemakers beneath the ground which were made of stone. One was inscribed:

LYSILLA LIVED 35 YEARS

another:

MMASON SON OF MANTINIAS LIVED 66 YEARS OF 71.

Another:

ARISTION SON OF PHILOCLES LIVED 47 YEARS OF 52.

And another:

MANTINIAS SON OF MMASON LIVED 42 YEARS AND 760 NIGHTS.

And another:

DERKYLLIS DAUGHTER OF MMASON LIVED 39 YEARS AND 760 NIGHTS.

And the sixth grave:

DEINIAS OF ARCADIO LIVED 125 YEARS.

Confused by these — except for the first grave, whose inscription was obvious enough — they happened on a small chest by the wall, a chest made of cypress wood, inscribed:

STRANGER WHOEVER YOU ARE OPEN AND LEARN AMAZEMENT.
When Alexander and his companions had opened the chest, they found cypress tablets, the very ones, it seems likely, Derkyllis had deposited there at the order of Deinias. Balagros is presented as writing this to his wife, and he adds that he has had a copy made of the tablets and has sent it to her. And from there the story goes along to the reading and the writing of the cypress tablets, and there is Deinias telling the stories to Kymbas, as related above. Such, then, is the method and matter of composition of the dramatic fiction of Antonius Diogenes.

XIII: It appears that this author lived before those who were so devoted to the creation of such things, before Lucian, Lamblichus, Achilles Tatios, Heliodoros, and Damaskios. This must be the case, since this work seems the fount and root of Lucian’s True History and Lucius’ Metamorphoses, and not just of those, but of Simon and Rhadane, and Leukippa and Kleitophon, and Chariklea and Theagenes -- of the fictions about them and the travels, the loves, the abductions, and the dangers. Derkyllis and Kerylos and Throuskanos and Deinias very probably constituted the model for all that.

XIV: As to the date when Antonius Diogenes, author of such tales, flourished, we cannot yet speak with any accuracy. But we can conjecture that it was not very long after the days of Alexander the king. Diogenes makes mention of a certain Antiphanes, somewhat before his time, who he says devoted time and effort to such marvelous tales. In any case, it is most certain that in this work, as in other compositions and tales of this sort, that there are two points most worthy of contemplation: The first, that it always brings the wrongdoer, though he may appear to escape thousands of times, to full and complete punishment for his evil deeds; the second, that it often demonstrates that many innocents, though they have lived very close to great and utter disaster, are often saved when they have lost all hope.
Lives of the Saints

BRENDAN

Little is known about St. Brendan and few of those facts are undisputed. He was born in 484 or thereabouts in Kerry, the son of Finbar, and a descendant of Rughdagh. He was often known as Mucalil, from his great-grandfather's name Altc. Demlactg, his brother, was bishop of Tuam-Mooseraigh, and he himself made his sister Briga abbess of Armagh on the upper side of Long Cong in Galway. As a child he was put in the care of Bishop Eriu. The bishop put into the care of St. Fia, whose child he came to regard as his spiritual mother. On her advice he later confided himself to St. Jerath. In 537 he founded the monastery of Clonfert and the title, dictated to him by an angel, was so highly esteemed that it continued to be observed centuries after his death. He went on two voyages to the terra sancta sanctuarum; the first and unsuccessful attempt took place shortly after his ordination, and the second, the Navigatio, lasted from 537 to 539. The Latin version of his voyage enjoyed tremendous popularity and gave rise to prose and verse translations in French, English, Spanish, Flemish, Welsh, Boston, Irish, and Scottish Gaelic. Several incidents are paralleled in Arabian folk tales (the landing on the whole brings to mind the same occurrence in Sindbad the Sailor) and Scandinavian mythology. The inner or outer story of an international sea voyage, of which the Navigatio is a Christianized form, is common in early Irish literature. There are many borrowings in Brendan from the Invas Stadia.

Our student of truth, legend, and literary borrowing, one fact concerns that Brendan did in fact set out on a journey. His return for doing so has not been ignored to one of the more pedestrian practical practices of the Age of Saints, the practice of voluntary exile. Brendan, on the Holy Land, the tomb of the apostles, the birthplace of the church, became a popular movement in the fourth century and spread throughout the West during

Introducing

The Voyages of St. Brendan

1 Saint Brendan, the son of Flahado, great-grandson of Ada of the line of Fergaon, was born in the marshy region of Munster. He led a very modest life, was renowned for his powers as a miracle-worker, and was spiritual father to almost three thousand monks.

One evening, while he was engaged in spiritual meditation in the place known as Brendan's Meadow of Miracles, a monk called Barinbola, one of Brendan's own kinmen, came to visit him. Brendan questioned him at length, and, when the interrogation was over, Barinbola began to weep. He threw himself full-length on the ground, and remained there a long time in prayer until Brendan lifted him to his feet, kissed him, and said, "Father, you wish me to be tilling us with joy, not sadness. You wish me to be cheerful, so that when the word of God appears we may evoke our spirits with an account of the wonders you have seen on your voyage over the sea."

To answer this request Barinbola started to tell him about an island he had visited:

'"My son Mesroc, the successor of Christ's poet," he began, "old from my sight in order to live the life of a隐士. I discovered an island called the Island of Delight, named after a ruby mountain. A long ship against wind and tide, I sailed towards it. There were many monks with me on the island, and the God who had worked numerous miracles through me. So I went to visit him myself."

"After a three days' journey I reached the island, and found Mesroc and his brother building down in the three to nine miles from the land but not revealed to him that I was his next. As we went round the island monks pointed from their cells (a room of 

* "Meadow of Miracles" (Cathair na Mhaidhe), Carrowmore, Sligo, Ireland

† "Abode of the Blessed and Spirit of God,of Brendan,
out of my heart. I have resolved, if it be God's will, to seek out the Island of Promise of the Saints which our father
Brendan described. What do you think of my plan? Have
you any advice to offer?"

As soon as their father in God had made known his intention,
you all replied, as with one voice: "Farther, your will is
ours too. We have not left our parents and set aside our
earthly inheritance in order to put ourselves completely
in your hands? We are prepared to come with you, no matter
what the consequences may be. We seek to do one thing
above all the will of God.

3 St. Brendan and his companions observed a series of three-
day fasts, to cover the period of forty days before they were
due to set out. At the end of forty days, Brendan bade farewell
to the body of his community, commended them to the
priest's care (this prior later succeeded Brendan as abbot),
and set out westwards with his group of fourteen monks to the
island of a holy monk called Enda. There they remained
for three days and nights.

At the end of their stay Brendan received the blessing of
Enda and of all his monks and set out to the most distant
part of the region, where they lived. He did not wish to
visit them, but, rather, pitched his tent on the top of a mountain
that extended far out to sea, in the place that is called Brendan's
scáth. Below, at the water's edge, there was nowhere
only one boat to put in. Brendan and his companions made
a coakod, using Enda's tools. The ribs and frame were of wood,
the interior was in the usual way, and the covering was
exclusively stretch over oak bark. They gushed all the seas on
the outer surface of the skin with fat and stored away spare
skins inside the coakod, together with forty days' supplies
for water and food, and various pieces of equipment for steering
were fixed into the vessel; then Brendan commanded his brethren in
the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit to go abroad.

As Brendan was standing alone on the shore blessing the
harbour, three of his own monks, who had left the monastery in
•* of Anmoine and a friend of Brendan.
• Brendan's Mountain in the Dingle Peninsula.
Brendan: "Take care, brethren, not to take anything with you from this island.

Far be it from us, they rejoined, 'to mar our journey with theft.'

What I forecast yesterday has now come to pass. That brother of ours is hiding a silver necklace in his bosom; a devil handed it to him last night.'

At this the monk flung the necklace from him, fell at Brendan's feet, and cried: 'Father, I have sinned. Pardon me and pray for me lest I perish.'

The rest of the monks cast themselves to the ground and begged the Lord to save their brother's soul. Brendan lifted the culprit to his feet and the rest of the monks stood up— to see the little Ethiopian boy pop out of the culprit's breast and cry out: 'Man of God, why are you expelling me from the house I have lived in these past seven years? You are casting me off from my inheritance.'

In the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' Brendan replied, 'I forbid you to harm any of us and to disturb the Day of Judgement.' Then, turning to the monk, 'You must receive the Body and Blood of the Lord, for your body and soul are soon to part company. You will be buried here, but that brother of yours who accompanied you out of the monastery will rest only in hell.'

The monk received Communion, his soul left his body and was borne heavenwards by angels of light, as the brethren stood looking on. Brendan buried him where he had died.

St Brendan and his monks reached the shore of the island where the boat was moored and, just as they were embarking, a young man arrived carrying a basket full of bread and a large jug of water. He greeted them, saying: 'Accept a blessing from the hand of your servant. You have a long journey ahead of you before you will find the fulfillment of your desires, but at least you will not lack food and water between now and Easter.' They received his blessing and sailed into the open sea, where they refreshed themselves with food and drink every two days, while their barge was batted higher and higher over the face of the deep.

One day they sighted an island close at hand. A fair wind sprang up after they had set course for it and saved them from being overpowered by the Grief of Heaven. On arrival, the man of God ordered them all out, but was himself the last to disembark. A tour of the island led to the discovery of springs gushing forth to form vast streams teeming with fish. 'Let us sing the divine office here,' said Brendan, 'and offer to God the spoils of the encounter.' As they worked, two divine visions appeared to them then: the Cross, for morning Masses, was to be Masses named Thursday. They stayed there till Holy Saturday.

In their walks round the island they came across several flocks of sheep, all the same colour, white, and so enormous that their great bulky forms quite blotted out the ground from view. St Brendan called his brethren together and told them: 'Take as many as we shall need for the coming feasts.' They hurried away to carry out his order. One animal was singled out and its horns were tied. One of the monks took the cord attached to its horns and the sheep stood along behind him, like a domestic pet. On their return Brendan repeated his command to one of the monks, saying: 'Take an unspotted lamb from among the flock.' The monk hastily did as he was bidden.

When all preparations had been made for the following day, a man suddenly appeared before them, carrying a basket full of bread baked in hot ashes, and other victuals. He put these down in front of Brendan and fell down three times full length on the ground at the saint's feet, crying out: 'What have I done, you pearl of God, to deserve the honour of providing meat and drink for you by the sweat of my brow during this holy season?' Brendan raised him up and kissed him. 'My son,' he said, 'Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself has indicated the place in which we are to celebrate His holy Resurrection.'

'Father,' the man replied, 'you will celebrate Holy Saturday here, but God has decided that you will celebrate the Easter Vigil and tomorrow's masses on the island you can now catch a glimpse of.' Then the man began to wait on the servants of God and started collecting together whatever they would need the next day. He packed those supplies and carried them down to the coracles, then said to Brendan: 'The boat can hold no more, but in eight days' time I shall bring across to you everything you will need in the way of food and drink, sufficient to last you till Pentecost.'

And, how,' asked Brendan, 'do you know where we will be in eight days from now?'

By tonight,' the man rejoined, you will be on that island you see close by and you will remain there till the sixth hour tomorrow. Then you will sail across to a smaller island called the Para-Liv of Birds. There you will remain till the octave of Pentecost.'

St Brendan asked him how the sheep could possibly grow to such a great size—they were as big as bulls.

'There is nobody on the island to milk them, and since there is no winter to make them thin they stay out at pasture and feed the whole year round. That is why they are bigger than sheep in your country.'

They blessed each other, then St Brendan and his monks set out for their barge and were soon rowing away.

Before reaching the neighbouring island, their vessel came to a standstill and the monks, on their master's advice, jumped into the shallows and fixed ropes to either side of the boat to enable them to drag it in to the shore. The island was rocky and bare, there was hardly a grain of sand on the beach and only an occasional tree here and there. The monks landed and passed the whole night in prayer in the open, but Brendan stayed on board. He knew perfectly well what kind of an island it was but refrained from telling the others, lest they should take fright.

When morning came, he told the monks who were priests each to say his own mass, and this they did. After Brendan had sung mass in the boat, the monks took out of the coracles jars of oil and wine which they had brought over with them from the other island, and sprinkled them with salt. Then they lighted a fire and put a cooking-pot on it. When they had boiled the rice up with sticks and the pot began to boil, the island started to heave like a wave. The monks ran towards the boat, imploring their abbot to protect them. He dragged them in by the one and they set off, leaving

About noon,
behind all the things they had taken onboard. The island moved away across the sea, and when it had gone two miles and none the monks could still see their fire burning brightly. Brendan explained the situation: 'Bereft, does the island's behaviour surprise you?'

"Indeed it does! We are almost persistently frighten."

"Have no fear, my sons. Last night God revealed to me the meaning of this wonder in vision. It was no island that we landed on, but that animal which is the greatest of all creatures that swim in the sea. It is called Isacieniu."

They rowed towards the island on which they had previously made a three days' stay. They climbed its summit, which faces westwards across the sea, and from there they spied another island close at hand. It was grassy, covered with flowers, full of glades, and separated from the island they were on by only a narrow strait. They sailed round it, looking for a harbour, and put in at the mouth of a stream on the southern shore. This stream was about as wide as the coracle. The monks disembarked, and Brendan instructed them to fix ropes to the sides of the coracle and pull it, with himself on board, as hard as they could, against the current. He was convinced about a mile upstream to the source. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, he said, "be a place in which to stay and celebrate his Resurrection."

Then he added: 'I think that, even if we had brought no supplies at all, this spring would provide us with all the nourishment we need.'

Beyond the spring, on higher ground, there was an exceptionally tall tree growing with a trunk of colossal girth. This tree was full of pure white birds; so thickly had they settled on it that there was hardly a branch, or even a leaf, to be seen. Brendan wondered why so vast a number of birds should have flocked together. So keenly did he long to unravel the mystery that he threw himself on his knees in tears and prayed silently: 'O Lord, to whom nothing is unknown and who can bring to light every hidden fact, you know how anxious I am. I beseech your infinite mercy to deign to make known to me, a sinner, this secret design of yours which I see not. I presume to ask, not because of any merit or dignity of my own, but solely on account of your boundless clemency.

He sat down in the boat and one of the birds flew down from the tree towards him. The flapping of its wings sounded like a bell. It settled on the prow, spread out its wings as a sign of joy, and looked placidly at Brendan. He realized at once that God had paid heed to his prayer. 'If you are God's messengers,' he said to the bird, 'tell me where these birds came from and why they are gathered together.'

'We are fallen angels,' the bird replied, 'part of the host which was banished from Heaven through the sin of man's ancient foe. Our sin lay in approving the sin of Lot; when he and his hand fell, we fell with them. Our God is just and most merciful, but he has no need of our services any more.'

Brendan had sung at the community mass their steward had brought him and had all the flasks filled with water running out from the spring. When all the gear had been carried down to the shore, the bird that had previously spoken to Brendan flew quickly towards them and perched on the prow. The man of God realized it had a message for them. He added to its rapturous human voice: 'Next year you will celebrate Easter Sunday and the rest of the time up to the octave of Pentecost here with us, and you will celebrate Maundy Thursday in exactly the same place as you did this year. Easter Eve, too, you will spend in the same way as this year, on the back of Isacieniu. In eight months' time you will come across an island called the Island of the Community of St Albe. You will spend Christmas there. The bird left as soon as it had finished speaking. The monks stocked the sails and put out to sea with the birds singing 'Hark, O Lord, show that your love and joy shall come 'njoy shall come to all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea...'

The saintly bishop and his monks spent three months sailing hither and thither across the wide expanse of the ocean, and all the while they had only the sight of the sea and the sky. They took food every two or three days. One day they sighted an island close at hand, but, when they were approaching the shore, a breeze blew them back out to sea away from the harbour. Round and round the island they sailed for four days without being able to find anywhere to land. The monks, with tears in their eyes, implored the Lord to come to their aid, for they had come to the end of their strength and were completely exhausted. After three days of fasting and unceasing prayer, they came upon a small inlet, so narrow that only one of the birds could enter. Next by there were

*The text is not clear whether there are two springs or whether the island has changed his mind about the specific spring.
two springs, one clear and one muddy. The brethren were hurrying off to fill their flasks when Brendan called after them: 'My sons, do not take anything that does not belong to you without permission from the elders who live on this island. They will be willing to let us have water, if only we ask. There is no need to take it by stealth.'

As they were all standing on the beach, looking round and trying to decide which direction to take, an extremely grave and dignified old man with white hair and a shining face came up to them and presented himself three times on the ground. The brethren helped him to his feet. He kissed each of them, was kissed by all in return, and then, taking Brendan's hand, led them to a monastery about a furlong away. At the monastery gate, Brendan stopped and asked him who the abbot was and where the monks came from. Brendan repeated his question in several different ways but could elicit no response as all the monks looked at each other, except the greatest movement of the head indicating that the rule of silence ought to be kept.

As soon as Brendan realized that monastic silence was in force there, he instructed his monks to observe it. 'Keep guarded over your tongues,' he said, 'or you will destroy the spirit of recollection of the monks here with your boisterousness.' The attention of the brethren was distracted from this admonition by the arrival of twelve monks who came in procession, bearing crosses and reliquaries, to give them formal welcome. They were singing as they came in and greeted Brendan and his company with the following verse:


Rise up you holy ones of God, from your abode, and set out on the way of truth. Hallow this place with your presence, bless the people, and vouchsafe to keep your servants, in peace. When the veil had been hung, St Aubert the abbot came forward and kneeled. Then Brendan and the brethren in turn, each of the monks in procession did the same. Everyone gave everyone else the kiss of peace, the guests were led inside, and prayers were recited as they went, as is customary in monasteries in the East. Then the abbot and community washed their guests' feet, singing the antiphon: *A new commandment I give unto you.* . . . After this the abbot preceded them into the refectory in profound silence, a bell was rung, and they all washed their hands and were told to be seated. A second bell was rung, and one of the community rose from his place and laid out on the table roots and leaves of wonderfully white bread. The roots were incredibly tasty. The seating was so arranged that, all the way down the table, guests alternated with monks of the community between one and two. Then a third bell went and the drink was served.

With great amusement the abbot exhorted his guests to drink, saying: 'Now you can have your fill, with joy and fear of the Lord, of the water which, a short while ago, you wanted to take by stealth from the clear spring. That other spring, the muddy one, we use every day for washing our feet, because the water is always warm. Where the bread comes from or who brings it to our cellars are facts unknown to us. All we know is that God, in His kindness, sends it to us by one of His creatures. Every day we have two large white loaves; on Sundays and feast days God adds a roll for each of you, so that the pieces left over from dinner may be eaten for supper; and now, on your arrival, we have been given double rations. Christ has been used to feeding us in this way in the time of St Patrick and St Ailbe, our holy founder, to the present day. It is eighty years since this began and we never feel any older or more feeble. On this island we feel no need for cooked food, nor do we even suffer from extremes of heat or cold. When it is time for the night hours, the church lamps, which by divine ordinance, we brought with us from our own country, are always already lighted for us, they burn till daybreak and the flames never diminish.'

They drank three times, then the abbot rang the bell, and the monks rose from the table in a holy and, with great solemnity and in complete silence, filed out into church, with St Brendan and the abbot at the end of the line. As they entered the church, St Brendan was surprised to see a group of twelve monks hunched over, giving five rolls of parchment one to another. 'Father abbot,' he said, 'why did they not eat with us?'

'Because you are here. The refectory table is not long enough to accommodate us all at once. They are going to have their meal now; they will not go hungry. Let us sing together now, so that the rest of the monks will be able to come in and sing their vespers as soon as they have eaten.'

When the evening office was over, St Brendan looked round the church to see how it was built. It was square and had seven altars inside, three hugging before the high altar in the middle of the church and two in front of two other altars. The altars were square blocks of crystal and the sacred vessels—patens, chalices, cruets—and other articles used in divine worship were made of crystal. The twenty-four spots placed round the church were of crystal too. The abbot's seat was flanked on either side by a choir of monks. He would begin a line of mass, the choir on one side would take it up, and then he would conclude it; then the next line would be picked up by the choir on the other side. No monk in either choir would presume to start a line of singing; that was the abbot's privilege. Silence reigned throughout the monastery—none of the community would take it upon himself to speak or make any noise. If anyone needed anything, he would go up to the abbot, kneel down and make a simple and sincere request for whatever he required. The abbot at once would take his syllabus and write down on a tablet whatever God had revealed. This he handed to the monk who had made the petition. Brendan pondered over all this for a while, then said: 'Father abbot, it is time to break ourselves to refectory, so that we may eat while it is still light.' They did so and the usual mealtime order was followed.

The day's routine over, they all hastened to compline with great sincerity. After the abbot had intoned the *O Lord, make haste to help us* and sung the 'Glory be to the Father . . . in praise of the Holy Trinity, the monks intoned the following: 'We have acted unrighteously and done evil. Pardon us, O Lord, our merciful father. I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is true, Lord, only that.' Then they continued with the rest of compline.

*The Rule of St Benedict* (Chapter 43) explains that meals should be taken during daylight hours.

After finishing the day's office, each monk retired to his cell, talking with him one of the guests. Brendan and the abbot stayed behind in church to await the coming of the light. Brendan inspired about the way of life in the monastery and about the rule of silence, wondering whether it were not too severe for human nature to bear. 'With great respect and humility the abbot replied: 'Father, I testify before Christ that it is eighty years since we first came here and yet the only time we ever hear a human voice is in church. There is never a sound heard from the twenty-four of us, sometimes the eldest brethren might express themselves with a glance or gesture, but only the older ones. And we have never known illness, either physical or mental, since we arrived.'

'May we have permission to stay here?' Brendan asked.

'No,' came the reply. 'That cannot be. It is not God's will. Why do you ask, father? Before you set out, did not God tell you what you had to do? You and your brethren must one day return to your own monastery. It is the will of God that you should be buried there. Of those to other monks, one will journey to the Isle of Anchors, the other is doomed to everlasting death in hell.'

As they were speaking, a flaming arrow shot through the window and lighted all the sanctuary lamps. As soon as they were lit, the arrow shot out of the window, but the previous fire remained burning in the lamps. Brendan wanted to know who extinguished them in the morning. 'Come and examine the mystery for yourself,' replied the abbot. 'You see these candles burning in the lampstands—they have never lowered nor do their wicks leave any ash, because their light is spiritual.'

'But how,' Brendan protested, 'can material substance be on fire with spiritual light?'

'Have you not read of the bush on Mount Sinai, how it burned and was not consumed?'

They kept watch the whole night long, and when it was day, Brendan asked permission to set off on his journey.

'No father, not yet. You must first spend Christmas here with us and then stay on until the octave of the Epiphany.'
Brendan complied with the old man's request and stayed the required length of time in the monastery of twenty-four monks on the island of the Community of St. Ailese. At the end of the Epiphany festivities St. Brendan and his followers were given a good supply of victuals and received the blessing of the whole community. They set off in their little boat with all possible speed and voyaged bither and thither, sometimes treading and sometimes rowing, till the beginning of Lent.

Their supplies ran out, and three days later they caught sight of an island not far off. They immediately began to row hard towards it, for, by that time, the pangs of hunger and thirst had become severe. St. Brendan hoisted the sail where they landed and they all disembarked. Therefore there was a splendid spring set in the midst of a pretext of greture. A student left from the spring and it was full of every kind of fish pushing their way down to the sea. "Brothers," exclaimed the saint, "what a refreshing God has prepared for us after all our toil! Catch enough fish for supper, roast it, and pick salad to our taste with all the provisions we have brought on the island by our own ignorance."

When at last they were all awake again, their holy father addressed them: "Come, my sons, let us go this, before worse befall us this place be left to us. God provided us with food and drink, but you despised the gift and have done yourselves harm. Get in through the water, fish, and eat to last till Maundy Thursday - calculate at one fish, one root, and one cupful of water per head each day. Then let us be off." The sails were hauled and the boat set off southwards laden with all the supplies. St. Brendan had ordered.

Three days later the wind dropped and the calm was so great that the sea looked so smooth that it had curdled. "Map your course" St. Brendan bade. "Unfurl the sail and let God steer us where He will. And so they were carried back and forth for twenty days till God rained up a fine west wind for them. They hoisted the sail, at the same time running the course for greater speed. They saw three days.

One day an island appeared in the far distance, like a hill on the horizon. Do you recognize that island, my sons?" asked Brendan. "No, not all!"

"Well, I do. It is the island where we celebrated Maundy Thursday last year; that is where our good stewards live."

Come with joy we started to row with all the strength we could muster. 'But do not be so foolish,' Brendan showed. "You will tire yourselves out, is not the Lord our captain and helmsman? Then leave it to Him to direct us where He will."

Their steward ran down to meet them coming in and guided them to the place where the good stewards had prepared for them after the previous year. Fasting God, he kissed their feet, beginning with St. Brendan and going down in order to the lowest monk, saying as he did so: "God is wonderful in His sainthood. The God of Israel is he who will give power and strength to his people. Blessed are you, one for each year and when you have received the blessing of the whole community."

Once the Holy Saturday ceremonies were over, mass had been offered, and they had received Holy Communion, the steward made the following suggestion: "Board your vessel and depart to the place where you celebrated the holy night of Christ's Resurrection. You shall do so again this year and shall remain there until the sixth hour tomorrow. Afterwards you shall sail to the island called the Paradise of Birds, where you spent your Easter in the presence of Pentecost last year. Take with you all maize, oil, and drink. I shall pay you a visit next Sunday."

The vessel stocked up the boat with as much bread and water, meat, and other delicacies as it could hold. St. Brendan gave him a blessing and bade him speed, and they bade him farewell. They departed and came unawares and there, in front of them on the ground, was a cooking-glass they had left behind a year ago. St. Brendan stepped ashore, sang the hymn of the Three Children* and warned his monks: "My dear sons, watch and pray, lest you fall into temptation. Remember how God, without the smallest provocation, for our benefit, has punished all the world. The monks scattered themselves round the island and kept vigil till seven o'clock that night. St. Brendan made his way through the night to the third hour of the day. Then St. Brendan celebrated the divine sacrifice, returning to God the squired lands, his sins, his sins, his sins. At an age, he said, 'I keep the feast of the Lord's Resurrection here. I want to do the same now.' Then they proceeded on to the Island of Birds.

At their approach all the birds burst out in song: 'Salve, to Our God, who sits upon the throne, in the Lamb. The Lord is God and God's Holy Ghost on the Apostles.' With God's help I shall return with provisions on the day of the Ascension of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. St. Brendan and all the monks gave him a blessing and were off home. They remained till Pentecost, and when the festival was over Brendan ordered them to get the boat ready and to fill their vessel of God, the boundless ocean. They had already been down to the sea where the steward arrived with a boat full of fish. All that I transferred to Brendan's vessel, killed all the kitchen, and went back whence he had come.

Our venerable father and his companions set out to sea and called forty days. Looking round one day they espied a creature of gigantic proportions whirling aloft in the middle of the night. It was still far off but was charging towards them as we spoke, puffing out the surface of the water and showing its spikes from its mouth. It looked as though it would devour them. 'Good Lord, deliver us!' they yelled. 'Do not let the beast come near us!' Brendan tried to soothe them: 'Do not be afraid, O you of little faith,' he cried. 'God has always looked after us and He is sure to save us from this monster and all perils to come.' Great water boiled the boat, heralding the stormseer's approach, and the most fearful fear increased. St. Brendan raised his hand to Heaven and prayed: 'Lord, deliver your servants now, as of old you delivered David out of the hand of the giant, Goliath. Deliver us, O Lord, as you rewarded Joseph from the belly of a great whale, but as Brendan had finished, another huge sea monster lunged from the west towards their vessel and, spouting fire, began to attack. 'My sons,' cried out Brendan, 'look at the wonders of Almighty God. See how the creatures obey their Creator. The fight will soon be over and, for fear of doing harmful, you will be able to set down this event as one of

* The Benedicite, from Daniel, Chapter 4.
Three days later he ordered them to load the boat, fill their leather water bottles, and take all other vessels, as well as to choose and pick green places for their own use; for, since his instructions, Brendan had never eaten meat. Everything was loaded aboard, the boat was spread and they set off southwards. 17 One day they saw an island in the distance. "Do you see that island?" Brendan asked.

"Yes, we see it," they replied.

"There are three groups of people living there: boys, young men, and elders. One of our party will leave us to go and live with them."

The monks were eager to know who it was and ready in asking till, seeing how fastened they were, Brendan gave in. "That monk there," he said, pointing to one of the three who had left the monastery to follow him at the beginning of the voyage.

The boat came close in to the shore. The island itself was remarkably flat and low, and seemed to be literally at sea level; it was completely bare of trees or of anything which could act as a windbreak. It was very white and was covered with purple and white cloths. Three of the men could be discerned, just as Brendan had said, and there was no distinction apart from each other, the distance between them being roughly as far as a stone could be cast by a sling. They moved about methodically except when one took a trip and sang "The sun shall go on reaching its height, the God of gods shall be seen in Sun." When the group came to the end of the verse, another hand would take it up again, and so the singing went on unceasingly. The first band, the boys, was dressed in pure white garments, the second group in fanciful apparel, and the third in purple. 

Brendan's party landed about the fourth hour. At sunset the groups sang in unison: "God be merciful unto us...", which was sung right through to the end, "Haste me, O God, to deliver me..." and, as a third, "I believe, and there fore will I speak...". At night they sang another three psalms: "Out of the depths have I cried to thee..."

The meaning of this is uncertain. Is it to be translated as a veneration of Mary, God, and humanity?

Our venerable father and his companions began to sow away. At the ninth hour Brendan told them to sow their strength with colour from the island, and to take it from there. He picked one himself and was astonished to find it was of the very same colour and full of juice. "Never in my life," he exclaimed, "have I heard, or even read, of colour of this size. They were all the same size, large and globular in shape. He asked for a cup and drained out one fruit alone, and savoured its juice. This was shared among the twelve monks. At the end of the second day, three of the party lived on one fruit a day, the others a constant two, returning to their mains. 18 When the fruit had all been eaten, Brendan picked off another bunch. At the end of the third day, all the fruit had been picked off. The bird dropped the bunch into Brendan's lap. Calling together the monks, he exclaimed: "Look at the fruit God has sent you to eat. Each of the grapes was as big as an apple. Brendan shared the bunch out, grape by grape, and it lasted twelve days after this they lasted again. The island they came upon three days later was thickly set in every part with trees bearing the same kind of fruit as the bird had brought them. These trees were all the same colour and so full of fruit it was incredible - that the branches were bowed down to the ground. No other species of tree was to be found and not one of the fruit was visible. They put it to the birds, and Brendan foretold to the monks, that the birds would eat the fruit and the monks would go on board the boat and be carried back. The island exalted a fragrant smell, like the smell of spices permeating the rooms of a house. They were so much affected by the sweet smell that they then that the edge was quite taken off all their cares. Meanwhile Brendan had discovered six springs set in the middle of a path of herb ground which was thick with green plants and shoots. He came back with his arms full of the first fruits of the island's produce. "Come hither!" he shouted. "Fix the tent and take want full of these prime fruits of the land to which God has led us. Two forty days they fed off on grapes, salad, and shoots. Then..."
they left, taking with them as much at the boat could hold.

They hoisted sail and drove before the wind. As they were sailing along, a bird appeared in the distance, flying towards them. It was a gryphon. The brethren cried out to Brendan in consolation. "Help! This thing is coming to eat us!"

"Fear not," Brendan replied. "God has been our helper up to now and will not fail us this time."
The gryphon was stretching out its claw to catch the monks when suddenly, the bird that had brought the grapes stepped boldly upon it. The gryphon tried to devour it but the other defended itself and finally gained the upper hand, tore out the bird's eyes and the gryphon then flew higher and higher, till it was lost from sight. The other bird gave chase and killed it; the carrion fell to the wind. The vikings had flown to look where it had come from.

20. St. Brendan and his mariners caught sight of the Island of the Community of St. Abbe a few days later. Christmas was spent there, and after the feasts were over, Brendan's party received the blessing of the islanders and sailed across the ocean for a long while. The only news they had from navigating was at Christmas and Easter, which they spent at the usual place.

21. St. Peter's Day was celebrated by St. Brendan at sea, and the water was so clear that the monks could see every movement of life beneath the water; so clear, indeed, that the animals on the sea bed seemed near enough to touch. If the monks looked down into the deep, they could see many different kinds of creatures; lying on the sandy bed were fish like flaxets at maturity, or a number, that, being tied to a hill, and moving gently with the swell, they looked like a city on the march.

The monk urged his sexton to say Mass silently lest the fish, hearing the voice, might rise up and attack them. Brendan exclaimed: "I am surprised at your foolishness. What sea animal are you after in these waters? Have you not several times in your life on the monestry of the dog, the beast which eats all other sea creatures? Why, you have sin down on his back and under his palms, have even gathered seahs, lighted a fire and cooked food and all this without showing fear. Then how can you be afraid of a bird? Is not our Lord Jesus Christ the Lord of Creation? Can he not make all creatures shrivel?"

Brendan sang at the top of his voice, causing the brethren to cast an anxious eye in the direction of the ship, but at the sound of singing the fish gave up from the sea bed and swam round and round the vessel. There was nothing to be seen but crowds of swimming forms. They did not come close but, keeping their distance, swam back and forth till mass was over. Then they swarmed away on their own tracks over the parts of the ocean too far for the sound of the song. St. Brendan journeyed out and after going as sail for a week with fair winds every day, still had not crossed the open sea.

22. One day, when the waves were over, they noticed a column rising out of the sea. It seemed quite near at hand but turned out to be a great tower by the wind. When they reached it, Brendan, gazed upward but could hardly see the top because of its great height: it was higher than the sky. This column was covered with a most unusual canopy - so strange indeed that the monks could pass through the opening, in it but no one could tell what substance it was made of. It was the colour of silver and seemed harder than marble. The column itself was pure crystal!

"Ship the mast!" Brendan commanded. "Take down the sail and hold both ends of the canopy." The canopy was big: it could be set down on either side of the column and went down into the sea. "Now draw the boat through the opening," Brendan commanded, "and let me inspect the wonder of God, our Maker." They entered and gazed at each other. The sea was transformed as glass and everything was crystal clear; they could look at the four sides, lying below the surface and the top of the canopy reflected in the water. The sun shone inside the canopy at sight, as on the open sea. Brendan measured four different dimensions; the canopy and found that each one could hardly be long.

They spent a whole day moving along the side of the

The following day they set off southward. Some of the brethren held back the side of the canopy to let the others get on board and sail ready for hoisting as soon as the boat would be clear of the opening. Once the mast and sails were hoisted they were caught by a strong gale, which carried them north for eight days, so that all they did was to keep on the storage and coaling.

23. The eighth day they came near a sunny island quite unlike of great extent. The country was wild and dotted with slat heaps and numerous forses. "Brother!" said Brendan, "that island makes me feel uneasy. I have no desire to land nor even to go near, yet the wind is sailing us straight towards it."

They had only gone a short while when the following scene befell them: the clang of bongos on wind driven in their ears like thunder. Crossing himself with the sign of Christ's victory, he prayed: "Lord Jesus Christ, deliver us from this island." Hardly had he intoned the prayer when out of the inhabitants, a very tall, red-licking man, with a yellow face came out of a forge to perform some task or other. He caught sight of the monk approaching and turned back. St. Brendan crossed himself again. "My son," he shouted, "let me off from this ship. The sails with the masts and row as fast as you can." He had just finished the sentence when the savage rushed down to the back carrying a huge piece of blazing slag in a pair of bags. He tossed it at the boat, but it did not reach them and fell about a furlong or so. They waded in through the sea, waded into the sea, fell to swimming and kept on swimming.

When the boat had sailed about a mile from where the slag fell, all the inhabitants of the land piled into the boat, each carrying a portion of the same colour in the column. St. Brendan immediately picked up the væcna. "This miracle," he said, "is the work of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Two gifts have been given to me so that the story of our travels may be widely believed. He ordered them to sing the Ave, Orationa, but to the strokes, because the sight of the sun caused them all out of their minds all thoughts of food and drink.

The following day they set off southward. Some of the brethren held back the side of the canopy to let the others get on board and sail ready for hoisting as soon as the boat would be clear of the opening. Once the mast and sails were hoisted they were caught by a strong gale, which carried them north for eight days, so that all they did was to keep on the storage and coaling.

24. The next day a high wind came up towards the north. A distance it went a short distance in high cloud, the cloud then turned over to be strong holding from its peak. The wind carried them wildly towards it. The cliffs or the wind edge was so high that the waves were covered and it was as black as coal and wonderfully thin, like a veil.

One of the three months which fitted had followed Brendan out of the monastery suddenly kept overhead and started wailing to the bottom of the cliffs, calling out: "Wo ve, ve, veker; I am bringing thee over from you and am powerless to come back!" The monks hastily picked the last off, flying over to the Lord. "Have mercy upon O Lord of heaven and earth!"

And, after having eaten, the Lord ate as much as He had eaten, the Lord ate as much as He had eaten, and then took a seat on the throne, called out: "Woe unto you, O ye blind guides!"

This was done in such a way that they could not see him, nor the moon, nor the sun. They were still a king and a queen of the world. They were still a king and a queen of the world. Brendan approached the shore.

25. Seven days and six nights. Brendan spread a shape
The demons followed Brendan till Judas was out of sight, then they took hold and violently snatched away the miserable wretch with a loud gurgling cry.

26 St Brendan and his co-witnesses in Christ sailed away in a southerly direction, glorifying God in all things. The appearance of the small island in the distance towards the west made them more giddily. “Do not go too fast,” Brendan advised them, and so they went on in peace with God, and the year

Heaven and Earth, the Father and the Son, in the Holy Ghost. Amen and Amen. I implore you, therefore, to beg Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Redemer of the World, to let me stay here till morning, so that the devil may not take me away in his arms to torment and drag me off to the depth of the sea, I would not submit to so horrible a price.”

winds like that which the brethren at 5.50, John 17.

said, “God’s will be done,” the saint replied, “the devil will not grow you till morning. But tell me, what is that cloth for?”

“It is a sheet I gave a hermit when I was the Lord’s treasurer, but since it was not mine to give it belonged to Him and His brethren — it is more hindrance than help to me now. These hairs into which the cloth is tied are those I gave the tallow printers. A stand for cooking was used to be in the open street, where I hung it on the gutter to trip up passers-by, before I became His disciple.”

No sooner had twilight begun to close in over the deep than a vast cloud of devils wheeled about, yelling at the top of their voice, “Keep one of our ways, man of God! We cannot reach our college if you stay close to him, and, without him, we dare not face our prince. So give us up to morrow, or do not shield him from us tonight.”

“It is not I who shield him, but the Lord Jesus Christ. He has granted him refuge here until tomorrow morning.”

“How can you invoke the Lord’s name over His own servant?”

“I command you,” Brendan retorted, “in the name of that same Jesus Christ, not to lay hands on him till tomorrow.”

Once night was past and the man of God had not called an endless peace of devils covered the face of the deep, yelling hideously and crying out: “O man of God, cured by your great power and your coming in All night long we have been hounded with the utmost severity for not bringing our prince that damned slave.”

“Your maledictions shall light on your own head, not on us; for whosoever you curse is blessed, and cursed be whom you bless.”

“Because you shielded him from us last night, he shall receive twice as much punishment here next Sunday.”

“Neither you nor your leader have power to do so; this decision lies with God. Therefore I command both you and him, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to torment Judas no more severely than before.”

“Why should we take notice of what you say? Do you think you are Lord of all?”

“No. I have no power except what God has given me, but I

only his feet and eyes were visible, the rest of his body being covered from head to foot with his hair, beard and body hair — all of which was snow white on account of his age. Brendan felt sad within himself at the sight: “How a damned I feel, I who wear the habit of a monk and have jurisdiction over so many monks in our order, when I see this mortal man living like an angel and wholly free from the sins of the flesh.”

Venerable father,” the hermit replied, “God has worked many miraculous miracles on your behalf, such as have never been hitherto seen or heard of. You will remain with the holy father. You are not worthy to wear the habit of a monk, yet you are higher than any monk. A monk has to support himself by the sweat of his brow, but, for the past seven years, God has purely fed and clothed you and your family of monks.”

In answer to Brendan’s questions where he had come from, how he had come and how long he had been so far a bit, Paul replied: “For forty years I was brought up in St Patrick’s monastery, where I was caretaker of the cemetery. One day the prior told me to dig a grave in a certain spot for one of the monks. As I was digging, as old man, when I did not recognize, came up to me and said: ‘Do not dig the grave then, brother. That plot of ground is for someone else.”

“Who are you, father?” I asked.

“What! Do you not know me? Do you not recognize your abbot?”

“St Patrick is my abbot,” I answered.

“I am he,” the apparition replied. “Yesterday I digged this life and here I am to be buried.” He pointed to another spot: “This is the grave where the brother who died recently, and do not forget what I have told you. Go down to the grave tomorrow and you will find a small boat waiting. Step into it and it will take you to the place where you are to await the day of your death.”

The following morning I went down to the shore and found a boat, just as St Patrick had said. I boarded it and sailed for three days and nights. From the fourth day onward I let myself sail with the wind and on the seventh day I sighted this island and the wind came straight towards it. Once
When the office of the day was over, he set before them a meal, and, and on the evening of that same day they put to sea again, taking the steward with them.

They found James in the usual place, stemmed out on to his bench, and sang to the Lord the whole night, and said, their masses the next morning. After the last mass, the whole ship swayed away and all the brethren called out: 'Hear us, O God of our salvation, from thence the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.'

'Have no fear,' said Brendan, trying to comfort them: 'The beast will not hurt you; it is helping us on our way.'

The whole ship in a straight line towards the Island of Birds, and there they stayed till the octave of Pentecost.

When the solemn season had ended, the steward and to Brendan: Fill your water-bottles from this spring here and go back on board. This time I shall be your guide and companion, for without me you will never find the land of promised of the Saints. As they left, all the birds called out: 'May the God of our salvation grant you a safe journey!'

28 The steward took them back to his island and picked up his coracle with all they would need on the forty days journey, as which they were about to undertake. He led the way, sailing on its front of them. On the evening of the forty-ninth day they were marooned in darkness, so thick that they could hardly see each other. 'Do you know what this darkness is?' the steward asked.

'No,' said Brendan.

'It swells round that island which you have been seeking these seven long years.' An hour later a brilliant light shone round them - their boat had reached the shore. Before them lay open country covered with apple trees, laden with fruit. The months ate as much as they wanted and drank deeply from the springs. The island was so white that forty days wandering did not bring them to the farther shore. One day they came upon a vast river flowing through the middle of the country. 'What are we to do?' asked Brendan. 'We have no idea of the size of the country we have crossed this river.' While he was standing pondering, a young man approached, kissed the monks joyfully, called them each by

name, and said: 'Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord. They shall praise thee for ever and ever.'

He turned to Brendan. 'Now, at last, you have found the land you have been seeking all these years. The Lord Jesus Christ did not allow you to find it immediately, because first He wished to show you the riches of His wonders in the deep. Fill your ship brim-full with precious stones and return to the land of your birth. The day of your final journey is at hand; you shall soon be laid to rest with your fathers. After many more years have rolled by, this island will be revealed to your successors at the time when Christ will be undergoing persecution. This river divides the island in two. You must be thinking that it is autumn and the fruit is just ripened - it is like this the whole year round, dusk and darkness are unknown, for Christ Himself is our light.'

They gathered fruit and all kinds of game, hale the youngest man. Farewell, dismissed their steward with a blessing, and sailed away into the lands of darkness. Once they had passed beyond it, they soon came to the Island of Delight. After a three-days' stay they set sail, with the abbot's blessing, on a direct route for their own monastery.

29 Brendan's community was rapturous with joy at his return, and glorified God for His kindness in letting them once more enjoy the sight of their father from whom they had been separated so long. St Brendan returned their affection and recounted everything he remembered of the voyage and all the wonders God had designed to show him. Finally he informed them of the prophecy made by the young man on the Island of Promise, assuring them that he had not long to live. Events proved him right; he put all his affairs in order, and very shortly afterwards, fortified with the sacraments of the Church, lay back in the arms of his disciples and gave up his illustrious spirit to the Lord, to whom be honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

The end.
LECTURE VII: THE STRANDEST STRANGERS

I. Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Investigator & Digressor

II. Xenography and Xenology

III. Egypt: Mars Down The Block
   A. Vivent les différences!
      1. Ways and means
      2. Flora and fauna
      3. Love and death
      4. Wet and dry
      5. Old and new
      6. Them and us
      7. Notes and queries
   B. "That's a crock": The sceptical mode
   C. "Wow!": The pious mode

IV. Scythia: The Alley Men
   A. Not Our Sort
      1. Loathesome to Look At...
      2. ...Disgusting to Know
      3. Honor among
      4. The periphery of the periphery
      5. Love and death and table manners
      6. Them and us
      7. Notes and queries
   B. "Hmmm": The sceptical mode
   C. "Urrgh": The pious mode
   D. Anacharsis, or, The Noble Savage

V. Some Geographical Reflections

VI. The Nature of Fiction
I. A reiteration on otherness

   A. Attraction
   B. Repulsion

II. Your Basic Monster

   A. Types (per C. Plinius Secundus, Sr.)

   1. Abarimon
   2. Albanians
   3. Amazons
   4. Amyctyrae
   5. Androgini
   6. Anthropophagi
   7. Antipodes
   8. Artibatirae
   9. Astomi
   10. Bearded Ladies
   11. Blemmyae
   12. Bragmanni
   13. Conception at Age Five
   14. Cyclopes
   15. Cynocephali
   16. Donestre
   17. Epiphagi
   18. Ethiopians
   19. Garamantes
   20. Giants
   21. Gorgades (Gegetones, Gorgones)
   22. Hairy Men and Women
   23. Himantopodes
   24. Hippopodes
   25. Horned Men (Cornuti, Gegetones)
   26. Icthiophagi
   27. Maritime Ethiopians
   28. Monoculi
   29. Pandae
   30. Panotii
   31. Pygmies
   32. Raw-Meat-Eaters
   33. Redfooted Men
   34. Sciopodes
   35. Sciritae
   36. Shining-Eyed Men
   37. Speechless Men
   38. Straw-Drinkers
   39. Troglydotes
   40. Wife-Givers
B. Habitats, or, The Price of Progress

C. Purpose

1. The meaning of "Monster"
2. The cunning of God
3. The piety of man

D. Sources

1. Pliny, Historia Naturalis
3. The Alexander Romance
4. The Letter of Prester John
5. Sir John Mandeville

III. A few animals

A. The bestiary

B. Examples

1. The Dragon
2. The Lamia
3. The Manticore
4. The Unicorn

c. Purpose

IV. A further note on The Noble Savage: The Hyperboreans

V. Bibliographical Notes for the Interested


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I. Literary Apprehensions of Ideal Nature

A. Places: Terminology

1. Locus amoenus
2. Pleasaunce
3. Garden
4. Arcadia
5. Paradise
6. The Earthly Paradise
7. Eden
8. The Green World

B. Places: Odyssean Archetypes

1. Kalypso's Garden (9.55-74) [p. 83]
2. Alkinoos's Garden (7.81-132) [pp. 113-115]
3. Ideals
   a. Elysium (4.561-569) [p. 69]
   b. Olympus (6.41-47) [p. 100]
4. The Pastoral World
   a. The Cyclopes' Land (9.106-141; 181-191) [pp. 148-150]
   b. Thrinakia (12.127-136) [p. 213]
5. Laertes' Orchard (24. ) [pp. 452, 455]
C. Places: Some Precipitates

1. Corrupted Nature: Aietes' Garden  
   (Argonautica 3.213-258)  
   [VOC p. 115]
2. The Philosophical Pleasaunce: Discours sur l'herbe  
   (Plato, Phaedrus 227, 229, 230)
3. A Practical Garden: Nature and Art  
   (Longus, Daphnis and Chloe 4.2-3)
4. Encysted Specificities: Recipe for a Pleasaunce  
   (Tiberianus, "Amnis ibat inter arva")

II. The Pastoral (or Bucolic, or Eclogue, or Idyll) an sich

A. Practicioners
   1. Theocritus
   2. Vergil

B. Locales
   1. Sicily and Cos
   2. Italy
   3. Arcadia at last

C. Personnel
   1. The herdsmen
   2. The nymphs
   3. The resident deities
   4. The Cyclops
   5. The sojourners

D. Viewpoints
   1. Urban at rural
   2. Complex at simple
   3. Present at past
   4. Hard at easy
   5. Corrupt at pure

E. Subjects
   1. Love
   2. Death
   3. Art
   4. Politics
   5. Religion
   6. Pastoral
   7. etc.

F. Stigmata
   1. Allegory
   2. Competition
   3. Dislocation
   4. Dialect(ic)
   5. Discontinuance
As soon as the Argonauts had come in from the country and reached Aietes' palace, Hera dispersed the mist. At the entrance they paused for a moment to marvel at the king's courtyard with its wide gates, the rows of soaring columns round the palace walls, and high over all, the marble cornice resting on triglyphs of bronze.

The crossed the threshold of the court unchallenged.

Nearby, cultivated vines covered with greenery rose high in the air and underneath them four perennial springs gushed up. These were the work of the god Hephaestus. One flowed with milk, and one with wine, the third one swam with fragrant oil, the fourth was a fountain of water which grew warm when the Pleiades set, but changed when those stars rose, and bubbled up out of the hollow rock as cold as ice. Such were the marvels contrived by the great Engineer Hephaestus to deck the palace of Aietes of Cytai.

He had also made him bulls with feet of bronze, and mouths of bronze from which the breath flamed out in terrible blazing. And more: he had forged a plough without seam or joint from a piece of breakless steel. This he had made as a gift to Helios, in thanks for his rescue at Phlegra, made in the Sun-god's chariot when Hephaestus sank in exhaustion.

There was also an inner court with folding doors that led to various rooms, and richly adorned galleries left and right. And on both sides of this court, at angles, higher buildings stood....


Socrates: Whence come you, friend Phaedrus, and whither are you bound?

Phaedrus: I come from Lysias, the son of Cephalus; and I am going for a walk outside the walls; I've been sitting with him quite a long time---in fact, ever since daybreak. I take my walks in the open air, Socrates, on the advice of Asclepius, your friend and mine; he tells me that the roads are more refreshing than the covered promenades.

Soc: And right he is, my friend....

* * * * *
(The Philosophical Pleasaunce, cont.:)

229: Ph: Stop, Socrates, I confess; you have dashed the hope I was entertaining of practicing my memory on you. But where would you like us to sit down and read the speech?

Soc: Let's turn aside here, and go down by the River Ilissus, and then, wherever we find a spot we like, we'll sit down and rest.

Ph: How lucky that I happened to come out without my shoes—and you, Socrates, we know you never wear them. Our easiest plan, then, is to walk along the stream with our feet in the water, and we shall find it by no means disagreeable, considering the season of the year, and the hour of the day.

Soc: Come on, then, and keep at the same time a lookout for a place to sit.

Ph: Do you see that towering plane-tree over there?

Soc: Of course I do.

Ph: Well, there we shall find shade and a gentle breeze, and grass enough for a seat, or, if we prefer, to lie on.

Soc: Let's walk towards it.

Ph: Tell me, Socrates, wasn't it from somewhere around here on the Ilissus that Boreas, the North Wind, is supposed to have carried away the girl Orithyia?

Soc: So the story goes.

Ph: I think it must have been from this spot right here. The water's so beautiful here, so clear and transparent...you can just imagine girls loving to play beside it.

Soc: No, not here. About a quarter of a mile further down—just where we cross over to the temple of Artemis the Huntress. Unless I'm mistaken, there's an altar on the spot to Boreas.

Ph: I've never noticed it....

* * *

Soc: By the bye, Phaedrus, wasn't this the tree you were leading me to?

Ph: The very one.

Soc: Well, really, this is a glorious resting-place. This plane-tree, as I find, is thick and spreading, as well as tall, and the size and shadiness of the agnus castus here is very beautiful; it's in full flower, and will certainly make our retreat most fragrant. How fascinating, too—this spring trickling under the plane-tree...and the water's quite cold, to judge by my foot. And here we have images and votive offerings: the place must be sacred to some nymphs and river-god. There's no telling how lovely and
enjoyable the airiness of this place is. Summer-like and clear, there rings an answer to the chorus of the cicadas. But the most charming thing of all is this abundant grass, with its gentle slope just made for the head to fall back on luxuriously. Phaedrus, you are really a most admirable guide.

Ph: And you, Socrates, are a most unaccountable being. In fact, as you say, you are just like a stranger who is being shown the beauties of the place, and not at all like a native of this country. I suppose this comes from your never leaving the city, not to cross the frontier or even, I'm sure, for so much as a walk outside the city walls.

Soc: You must bear with me, Phaedrus—-I'm so fond of learning. Now trees, you know, and fields won't teach me anything, but men in the city will. But you would appear to have discovered the charm that can entice me outside. Shepherds draw their hungry flocks after them by shaking leafy branches or grain just ahead of their eyes; in the same fashion, I imagine that you could make me follow you all around Attica, or anywhere else you choose, simply by holding a written speech in front of me as bait. And, since we have reached this spot on the present occasion, I cannot do better than lay me down to listen. You, of course, may choose whatever posture you think most convenient for reading, and begin the speech.

* * * * *

Garden IV: Xenophon, Oeconomicus 4.18-25

"By Zeus," said Socrates, "I think that Cyrus [the Younger of Persia] would have made an excellent sovereign, if he had lived. He furnished a number of proofs of that, not least when he made the expedition to fight his brother for the kingdom. They say that no one deserted Cyrus for the King, but thousands and thousands deserted the King and went over to Cyrus. And this, to my way of thinking, is another substantial proof of a ruler's excellence, that people willingly put themselves under his command and then choose to stay by his side in extreme danger. His friends fought by him while he lived, and then, when he died, fought by his body and died by him, all of them——except Ariaeus, who had been assigned to the left wing. Well, the story goes that once, when [the Spartan general] Lysander came and brought him gifts from the Allies, this same Cyrus, among other testimonials of friendship (the source for this is Lysander himself, who told the story to his host when he was visiting in Megara), showed Lysander his paradeisos in Sardis.

Lysander conceived great admiration for it: how beautiful the trees were, planted equal distances apart; and the lines of trees were straight; and everything was arranged beautifully, at regular angles; and the many attractive odors accompanied them as they walked around it. He expressed his admiration aloud: 'I tell you, Cyrus, I marvel at all this for its beauty, but I admire much more the man who designed it and arranged it.' Cyrus was pleased to hear this, and said, 'Well, Lysander, I designed all this and arranged it, and there are even some trees,' he added, 'that I planted myself.'
And Lysander reported that he looked carefully at Cyrus, and, beholding the beauty of the garments he was wearing, and noticing the beauty of his scent, and the beauty of the necklaces and the bracelets and all the other adornment he was wearing, he remarked, 'What do you mean, Cyrus? That you planted part of this with your own hands?' And Cyrus replied, 'Does this surprise you, Lysander? I swear to you by Mithra that, when I am in good health, I never dine without working up a sweat by engaging in some labor related to war or farming, or by the consistent pursuit of some single object of ambition.' And Lysander related that, on hearing these words, he grasped Cyrus by the right hand and said, 'Rightly do you appear to me to be happy, Cyrus, since your happiness is due to your virtue.'

[NB: The standard interpretation of "everything was arranged beautifully, at regular angles" is: "all [trees] set out straight in the form of a quincunx. Cicero, On Old Age 17.59. And especially the curious (in all senses of the word) essay of Sir Thomas Browne, The Garden of Cyrus, Or, The Quincuncial, Lozenge, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered (1658).]
This garden was indeed a very beautiful place even by comparison with a royal garden. It was two hundred yards long, lay on high ground, and was about a hundred yards wide. It was not unlike a long field. It contained all sorts of trees, apple-trees, myrtles, pear-trees, pomegranate-trees, fig-trees, and olives. One one side there was a tall vine that grew over the apple-trees and pear-trees; its grapes were turning dark, as if ripening in competition with the apples and the pears. So much for the cultivated trees; but there were also cypresses and laurels and plane-trees and pines. All these were overgrown, not by a vine, but by ivy; and the clusters of ivy-berries, which were big and beginning to turn black, looked exactly like bunches of grapes.

The fruit-trees were in the middle, as if for protection, and the other trees stood round them, as if to wall them in; but these in their turn were encircled by a narrow fence. Each tree grew separate and distinct from all its neighbours, and there were spaces between trunk and trunk. But overhead the branches met each other and interlaced their foliage; and though it happened naturally this too gave the impression of having been done on purpose. There were also flowerbeds, in which some of the flowers were wild and some were cultivated. The cultivated ones were roses, hyacinths and lilies: the wild ones were violets, narcissi, and pimpernels. And there was shade in summer, and flowers in springtime, and fruit in autumn, and delight all the year round.

From that point there was a fine view of the plain, where you could see people grazing their flocks, and a fine view of the sea, where you could watch people sailing past; and this too contributed to the charm of the garden.

In the very middle of the length and breadth of the garden were a temple and an altar sacred to Dionysus. The altar was surrounded with ivy and the temple with vine-shoots. Inside the temple were some paintings on subjects connected with Dionysus—Semele giving birth to him, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces. There were also pictures of Indians being conquered and Tyrrhenians being turned into dolphins. Everywhere Satyrs were treading down grapes and everywhere Bacchants were dancing. Nor was Pan forgotten, for he was there too, sitting on a rock and playing his pipe as if to provide a musical accompaniment for both the treads and the dancers.

Such was the garden....
Through the fields there went a river,
    down the airy glen it wound,
Smiling mid its radiant pebbles,
    decked with flowery plants around.
Dark-hued laurels waved above it
    close by myrtle greeneries,
Gently swaying to the whispers
    and caresses of the breeze.
Underneath grew velvet greensward
    with a wealth of bloom for dower,
And the ground, agleam with lilies,
    coloured 'neath the saffron-flower.
While the grove was full of fragrance
    and of breath from violets.
Mid such guerdon of the spring-time,
    mid its jewelled coronets,
Shone the queen of all the perfumes,
    Star that loveliest colours shows,
Golden flame of fair Dione,
    passing every flower---the rose.
Dewsprent trees rose firmly upright
    with the lush grass at their feet:
Here, as yonder, streamlets murmured
    tumbling from each well-spring fleet.
Grottoes had an inner binding
    made of moss and ivy green,
Where soft-flowing runlets glided
    with their drops of crystal sheen.
Through those shades each bird, more tuneful
    than belief could entertain,
Warbled loud her chant of spring-tide,
    warbled low her sweet refrain.
Here the prattling river's murmur
    to the leaves made harmony,
As the Zephyr's airy music
    stirred them into melody.
To a wanderer through the coppice,
    fair and filled with song and scent,
Bird and river, breeze and woodland,
    flower and shade brought ravishment.
CLASS XI: A FUSION OF GARDENS

I. The Pagan Pastoral
   A. Theocritus, Idyll I
   B. Vergil, Eclogue IV

II. The Biblical Garden
   A. Eden: Genesis 1-3
   B. The Hortus Conclusus: The Song of Songs

III. Paradise: Milton's Might
   A. John Milton, Paradise Lost 4.172-357; 9.385-472

IV. Paradise: Marvell's Mind
   A. Andrew Marvell: The Garden
1. Thyrsis’ Lament for Daphnis

In your contest with Chromis of Lythya,
I shall give you a goat to milk three times,
which though it has twins will yield three pails.
And I shall give you a cup, deep, two-handled,
new made, lily-polished with perfumed wax,
yet smelling still of the engraver’s knife.
Along the lip wind shoots of ivy, rich ivy
with golden leaves, spiralling around itself,
exuding in its yellow fruit: beside a woman,
a woman worthy of a god, is carved:
she wears a cloak and headdress. On each side
stand two young men who both have fine long hair,
each quarrelling with the other, turn by turn.
But these things do not touch her heart.
For now she turns to him and smiles, and now
to him, while they, both hollow-eyed with love,
still waste themselves away in vain.
Beside them an old fisherman is carved
standing on a jagged rock, gathering his net
for a mighty cast: he struggles hard.
That old man, you’d say, puts all his strength
into his fishing. His hair is grey,
his shews heavy and swell around his neck;
yet he is the strength of a youth in his prime.
Close by that old and weather-beaten man
there is a vineyard, rich, well-stocked
with ripening, reddening bunches: a young boy,
loving on the wall, keeps watch. On either side
a fox: one ranges up and down among the vines,
sniffing the teats; the other eyes the boy’s wallet,
setting his vinedom heart upon it,
determined not to let the child alone
until it has deprived him of his breakfast.
This guard, meanwhile, is busy weaving,
threading reeds and rushes, fashioning a trap
for insects. His mind is on his work;
he has no thought of vineyards or of wallets.
And, last, around the cup at every turn
supple acarpeus winds. It is a sight to see,
to wonder at, to dazzle country eyes.
I paid Calydon’s ferryman a goat for it,
and I gave him a giant milk-white cheese,
but never has it come near my lips, never yet:
it lies untouched, immaculate. My friend,
if you will sing that song, it’s yours:
and gladly, too. Such beauty would deserve it.
No, no mockery. I mean it. Come, man
surely you don’t mean to take your song
to Hades? All is forgotten there.

Thysris

Sing, beloved Muses, sing my country song.

I am Thyris of Etna, blessed with a tuneful voice.

Where were you, Nymphs, where were you,
where when Daphnis died?
In the valleys of Peneius?
In Pindus’ pretty glades?
You were nowhere near Anapus,
nowhere near that mighty side,
you were not on Etna’s summit
nor by Acis’ spring.

Sing, beloved Muses, sing my country song.

For him the wolves were howling,
for him the jackals baying.
When Daphnis died, the lions
of the forest wept.

Sing, beloved Muses, sing my country song.

Great herds of bulls and cattle
were gathered round his feet
with crowds of howing heifers,
and their moaning calves.

Sing, beloved Muses, sing my country song.
Jealous Cypris,' Daphnis answered, 
'hated by mankind, 
so you think my sun is setting, 
that light is nearly spent? 
Daphnis even down in Hades 
will make war on love.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Don't men not talk of Cypris 
and the herdsman still? 
Go, take yourself to Ida, 
go see Anchises there. 
You'll find oak, and sedge, and honey-bees 
buzzing round their hives.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Is not Adonis in his heyday? 
Does not he too tend sheep? 
He shouts, kills hares, goes hunting 
for all kinds of beast.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Go, look for Diomedes; 
tell him, 'I have won, 
I've outdone Daphnis the herdsman. 
Now come, fight with me.'"

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Farewell now, wolves and jackals, 
now farewell, mountain bears. 
You'll see no more of Daphnis 
in your forests or your groves. 
Farewell to Arctius, 
and fair Thybris' streams.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'I am Daphnis, I'm the herdsman, 
here I brought my bulls and hens 
and I watered them.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'O Pan, O Pan, where are you? 
On Lycaeus' slopes? 
On Mænaus? On Helice? 
O come to Sicily! 
Leave the sacred tomb of Arcus 
to the gods' great love.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Come, Pan, may pipe acquire you, 
its breath still honey-sweet; 
its wax is firm, its binding 
still tight around the lip. 
Now I am bound for Hades: 
Eros calls me there.'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'Veil the stream, 
May violets grow on thistles, 
may they grow on thorns! 
May narcissus grow on juniper! 
The world must change.
Daphnis dies! Pears grow on pine trees! 
Now the deer must chase the hounds, 
and the screech-owl's song sound sweeter 
than the nightingale's!'

Sing, Muses, sing again my country song.

'And with these words, he finished. 
He would rise again 
if Asklepius' wish were granted. 
But his thread was spun. 
Ere took Daphnis to the river; 
the waters closed above his head, 
took the man the Nymphs had cherished; 
and the Muses loved.'
Sicilian muse, let's sing a nobler song:
Low shrubs and orchards do not always please;
Let us sing woods to dignify a consul.
The last great age the Sibyl's song foretold
Rolls round: the centuries are born anew!
The Maid returns, old Saturn's reign returns,
Offspring of heaven, a hero's race descends.
Now as the babe is born, with whom iron men
Shall cease, and golden men spread through the world,
Bless him, chaste goddess: now your Apollo reigns.
This age's glory and the mighty months
Begin their courses, Pollio, with you
As consul, and all traces of our crimes
Anulled release earth from continual fear.
He shall assume a god's life and see gods
Mingling with heroes and be seen by them,
Ruling the world calmed by his father's hand.
But first, child, earth's uncultivated gifts
Will spring up for you—wandering ivy, herbs,
Smiling acanthus and Egyptian beans.
Goats will come home, their udders swollen with milk,
All by themselves; herds will not fear huge lions;
Your crib itself will shower you with flowers.
Serpents shall die and poison-bearing plants
Die, and Assyrian spice grow everywhere.
But when heroic praise, parental deeds
You read and come to know what manhood is,
Plains slowly will turn gold with tender grain,
The crimson grape festoon neglected briers,
And rough-skinned oaks will sweat with honeydew.

Yet lingering traces of our ancient guilt
Will cause men to attempt the sea in ships,
Girdle walled towns, cleave furrows in the earth.
Another Argo, with another Tiphys,
Will carry chosen heroes; other wars
Will send the great Achilles back to Troy.
Later, when strengthening years have made you man,
Traders will leave the sea, no sailing pine
Will barter goods: all lands will grow all things.
Earth will not feel the hoe, nor vines the knife;
The plowman's strength will ease the oxen's yoke.
Wool will not learn to counterfeit its hues,
Since in the fields the ram himself will blush
All purple, or transmute his fleece to gold;
Spontaneous dyes will clothe the feeding lambs.
"O ages such as these, make haste!" declared
The spinners of the steadfast will of Fate.
Advance—now is the time—to triumphs wide,
Dear scion of the gods, Jove's generation.
Behold the trembling of the massy globe,
The lands, the far-flung seas, the depths of sky:
How all rejoices at the coming age!
O that a remnant of long life be mine,
Giving me breath to celebrate your deeds:
Orpheus would not vanquish me in song
Nor Linus, though their parents stand by them,
Calliope and beautiful Apollo.
Even Pan, though Arcady should judge our contest,
Pan would say Arcady judged him the loser.
Come now, sweet boy, with smiling greet your mother
(She carried you ten long and tedious months)
Come now, sweet boy: who smiles not on a parent
Graces no god's carouse nor goddess' bed.
CHAPTER 1

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.
5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.
6 ¶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. 7 And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.
8 And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.
9 ¶ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.
10 And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.
11 And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.
12 And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
13 And the evening and the morning were the third day.
14 ¶ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years;
15 And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.
16 And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.
17 And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,
18 And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.
19 And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.
20 And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.
21 And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
22 And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.
23 And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.
24 ¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.
25 And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
26 ¶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.
**CHAPTER 2**

1 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3 And he blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which he created and made.

4 These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

5 And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth; and there was not a man to till the ground.

6 But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7 And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

8 And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

9 And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

10 And a river went out of Eden to water the garden from whence it was parted, and became four heads.

11 The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold.

12 And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.

13 And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it that goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates.

14 And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

15 And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

16 But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

17 And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

18 And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become like one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of every tree of the garden, and eat, and live forever.

19 Therefore the Lord God sent him forth out of the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

20 And he said, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.

21 And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of any tree of the garden?

22 And the man saith unto the woman, Forasmuch as the serpent did deceive my wife, and my wife did eat: but I did not eat.

23 And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

24 And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:

25 And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

26 Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

27 And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;

28 And Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field:

29 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

30 And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living.

31 Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.

32 And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of every tree of the garden, and eat, and live forever.

33 Therefore the Lord God sent him forth out of the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

34 So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the tree of life.
THE SONG OF SOLOMON

CHAPTER 1

The Song of songs, which is Solomon's.
1. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.
2. Because of the savour of thy good name thy palace is like ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.
3. Draw me; we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will gladsomely rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee.

CHAPTER 2

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily among the valleys.
2. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
3. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.
4. I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
5. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
6. Stay me with apples: for I am sick at love.
7. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
8. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
9. The voice of my beloved! he knocketh at the doors. I said, Open to me, my love, my fair one, my vineyard's door.
10. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.
11. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
12. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the song of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
13. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vine bringeth forth her grapes, and the tender grape giveth a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
14. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
15. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.
16. My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.
17. Until the morn, and in the midst of the day, beholding the lilies, the lilies of the field, and the gladness of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER 3

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
2. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
3. I will rise now, and go about the city, and in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth.
4. It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, into the chamber of her that conceived me.
5. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
6. Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfrming with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?
7. Behold, his bed, which is Solomon's; thence were virgins, even maidens, that were of the company of his princes.
8. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.
9. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.
10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of nard, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.
11. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

CHAPTER 4

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.
2. Thy teeth are like a flock that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof one is born twins, and none is barren among them.
3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.
4. Thy neck is like the tower of David built for an arrow, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
5. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.
6. Unto the watchmen: go to the city, and bring us for our loved girl to the wineyards.
7. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no blemish in thee.
8. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse; from Lebanon top of the Cades, from the top of Saron and Hebron, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.
9. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one of thine eyes by which thou makest thyself all fair.
10. How fair art thou, my love, my spouse, how much better is thy love than wine, and the smell of thine ointments more than all spices.
11. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the
CHAPTER 5

I

AM come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten of my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my myrrh with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved. 2 If I sleep, but my heart wakeeth: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, Open to me, my sister, my beloved, my sparrow, myturtle-dove. 3 I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. 4 I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten of my honeycomb with my honey, I have drunk my myrrh with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved. 5 I have put off my coat; how shall I defile it? My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him. 6 I rose up to go to my beloved, and my hands were bound with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock. 7 I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. 8 I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten of my honeycomb with my honey, I have drunk my myrrh with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved. 9 I will see thee no more: mine eyes playeth, mine eyes playeth the little lions. 10 My beloved is white and ruddy, the workman without fault, standing in the midst of his breach. 11 His head is as the most fine gold; his locks are black as a raven. 12 His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rills of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. 13 His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping在我的 mouth. 14 His hands are as gold rings set with beryls: his belly is as ivory overlaid with sapphires. 15 His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his conformation is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. 16 His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem. 17 Wake, wake, my love, my fair one, my, my sparrow, my turtle-dove. 18 If she rise, she shall take of mine breasts, and of my ripe apples. 19 I will not set thee among the sparrowes, nor among the fowles of the air: because mine heart be cords of ivory, and none of burs. 20 I will set thee among sparrowes, and among the fowles of the air: I will set thee upon many waters: I will lead thee, and will bring thee into my mother's house, whom I have made to bring thee into a pit, and into the midddle of the sea. 21 I will cause thee to drink spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranates, and the smell of my myrrh, and my honey shall be given to thee in my cakes, and my spiced wine in my pillars. 22 I will not set thee among the sparrowes, nor among the fowles of the air; because mine heart is cords of ivory, and none of burs. 23 I will set thee upon many waters: I will lead thee, and will bring thee into my mother's house, whom I have made to bring thee into a pit, and into the midst of the sea. 24 I will cause thee to drink spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranates, and the smell of my myrrh, and my honey shall be given to thee in my cakes, and my spiced wine in my pillars. 25 And I will array thee with ornament, and I will lead thee, and will bring thee into my mother's house, whom I have made to bring thee into a pit, and into the midst of the sea. 26 I will cause thee to drink spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranates, and the smell of my myrrh, and my honey shall be given to thee in my cakes, and my spiced wine in my pillars.
The Garden

I
How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the Oak, or Bayes;
And their unceasing labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toyles upbraid;
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

II
Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And innocence thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In base companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

III
No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress name.
Lilies, alas, they know, or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fruit trees, where s'ever your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

IV
When we have run our passions heat,
Love makes her best retreat.
The Grief, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo lamented Daphne's fate,
Only that she might laurel grow.
And Pan did after Stag speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

V
What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The Luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their rind.
The Nectar, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Instead with flowers, I fall on grass.

VI
Mean while the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

VII
Here at the fountains sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the bodies vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings;
Then whets, and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various light.

VIII
Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure, and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

IX
How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flowers and herbs this Dial new;
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers!
CLASS XII: TWO FAERIE GARDENS:

THE BOWRE AND THE GLORY

I. A Few Loose Ends (see flowchart for Class XI)

II. A Note or Two On Allegorical Landscapes

III. A Quick Look At Two Forerunners
   A. Ludovico Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, Cantos VI-VII: Alcina's Garden
   B. Torquato Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata, Cantos XV-XVI: Armida's Garden

IV. The Poles of Faerie
   A. The Bowre of Blisse: The Faerie Queene, Book II, Canto XII
   B. The Garden(s) of Adonis: The Faerie Queene, Book III, Canto VI
I. What Makes A World-Class World?

A. The Silent "G"
   1. Goal

B. The Seven "W"s
   1. Model
   2. Method
   3. Metaphor
   4. Motion
   5. Mode
   6. Mutation
   7. Multiversity

C. The Single "S"
   1. System

II. A Sterling Example from the Class-A Allegorical World Produced by Grandmaster E. Spenser, Esq., Late of Kilcolman Castle, Ireland.

A. The Building of the Bowre of Blisse (FQ 2.12)
   1. Goals
      a. The XII Morall Vertues
      b. Temperaunce
      c. Fin de voyage
2. Models
   a. The Odyssean Voyage
   b. The Pleasaunce
   c. Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*
   d. Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

3. Methods
   a. The stanza
   b. Disciplined Diffusion
   c. Exploration
   d. Cross-cutting

4. Metaphor
   a. The analyzed allegory
   b. The synthesized allegory
   c. The Emblem

5. Motion
   a. Centrifugality: The Quest
   b. En avant!
   c. Generated geography
   d. Recurrent ticks

6. Modes
   a. The Heroic
   b. The Sensual
   c. The Moralistic
   d. The Makerly
   e. The Prodigal

7. Mutations
   a. "They'll love it twice"
   b. Charybdis Squared: Mutated Models
   c. The bowl, the cup, and the pool: Inner Variation
   d. The products of pattern: sea to mist to sound to song
   e. Temptation as generation

8. Multiversity
   a. The Nineteen Steps
   b. A Plussage of Gardens
      (1.) Phaedria's island paradise (2.6.12)
      (2.) Proserpina's Gardin (2.7.51)
      (3.) The Garden of Adonis (3.6.29)
      (4.) Mt. Acidale (6.10.6)
9. System
   a. The confluence of patterns
   b. Art on Art and Nature
   c. All Together, Now...

III. Turn These Tips to Your Practical Advantage!

   A. Sample Patterns That Have Stood Tyro Contractors in Good Stead
      1. The Four Seasons
      2. The Seven Deadly Sins
      3. The Stations of the Cross
      4. The Quincunx
      5. The Zodiac
      6. The Seven Liberal Arts

   B. A Source for Inspiration When All Else Has Failed
      1. Stith Thompson, Motif-Index of Folk Literature (Bloomington 1955); see especially rubric F0-F999.

IV. The Last "M": Maps
1. Calfe of Greedinesse
2. Rocke of Reproch
3. Phaedria's Island
4. Quicksand of Unthriftyhed
5. Whirlpoole of Decay
6. Surge and Sea-monsters
7. Doleful Mayd's Island
8. Mermayd's Sted
9. Mist and Fatal Birds
10. Bellowing and Beasts

Acrasia's Bowre of Bliss: The Outer Approaches

FQ 2.12.6-41
1. Gate of Ivory: Jason & Helen

2. Porch: Genius Loci: Idleness

3. Spacious Plain

4. Seeming Gate of Branches

5. Porch of Vine: Comely Dame Exessis

6. Most dainty Paradise

7. Fountaine: Two naked Damzelles

8. The Bower of Bliss

9. The Bed of Roses: Acrasia & Verdant

Acrasia's Bower of Bliss: The Inner Approaches

FQ2.12.42-80
I. W. H. Auden, "Atlantis"

II. Plato's Atlantis: Timaeus 20c-27c; Critias
   A. The unfinished trilogy
   B. The stated purpose
   C. The hidden purpose (?)
   D. Atlantis: Structure
   E. Atlantis: Tenure

III. The Enthusiast's Atlantis
   A. Ignatius Donnelley's
   B. Helena Blavatsky's
   C. James Churchward's
   D. Richard S. Shaver's
   E. Everybody else's
IV. The Geographer/Geologist's Atlantis
   A. The Sargasso Sea
   B. Somewhere on the bottom, anywhere on the bottom
   C. Crete
   D. Sicily (Sicily?)

V. The Thera/Santorini Eruption
VI. The State of the Art
VII. The Utopian's Atlantis
VIII. Your Atlantis and Mine

N.B.: For Friday, if you can get hold of a copy and care to, read Sir (or St.) Thomas More's Utopia. But, whether you care to or not, read Book I (the Gargantua) of Rabelais's Gargantua & Pantagruel; we'll concentrate particularly on that Utopian vision, The Abbey of Theleme.
W. H. Auden
Paragapher

Atlantis

You have discovered of course
Only the ship of Pools is
Making the voyage this year.
As gales of abnormal force
Are predicted, and that you
Must therefore be ready to
Behave absurdly enough.
To pass for one of The Boys,
At least appearing to love
Hard liquor, horseplay and noise.
Should storms, as may well happen,
Drive you to anchor a week
In some old harbour city
Of Juno, then speak
With her witty scholars, men
Who have proved there cannot be
Such a place as Atlantis:
Learn their logic, but notice
How their subtlety betrays
A simple enormous grief;
Thus they shall teach you the ways
To doubt that you may believe.

If, later, you run aground
Among the headlands of Thrace
Where with torches all night long
A naked barbarian race
Longs frenetically to the sound
Of conch and dissonant song;
On that many savage shore
Strip off your clothes and dance, for
Unless you are capable
Of forgetting completely
About Atlantis, you will
Never finish your journey.

Again, should you come to say
Carthage or Corinth, take part
In their endless satire,
And if in some far city
As she strokes your hair, should say
'This is Atlantis, dearie,'
Listen with attentiveness
To her history: unless
You become acquainted now
With each refuge that tries to
Counterfeit Atlantis, how
Will you recognize the true?

Assuming you beach at last
Near Atlantis, and begin
The terrible trek inland
Through squalid woods and frozen
Tundras where all are now lost;
If, forsaken then, you stand,
Disdain everywhere,
Stone and snow, silence and air,
Remember the noble dead;
And honour the fate you are,
Travelling and tormented,
Dialectic and bizarre.

Stagger onward rejecting;
And even then it, perhaps
Having actually got
To the last coil, you collapse
With all Atlantis gleaming
Below you yet you cannot
Descend, you should still be proud
Even to have been allowed
Just to peep at Atlantis
In a poetic vision.
Give thanks and lie down in peace,
Having seen your salvation.

All the little household gods
Have started crying, but say
Good-bye now, and put to sea.
Farewell, dear friend, farewell: may
Hermes, master of the roads
And the four dwarf Kabiris,
Protect and serve you always;
And may the Ancient of Days
Provide for all you must do
His invisible guidance,
Lifting up, friend, upon you
The light of His countenance.

From The Age of Anxiety (1947)

Quint said:

Since the neighbors did,
With a multitude I made the long
Visitors' voyage to Venus Island.
Elated as they, landed upon
The savage shore where old winds lay wrecked
Unfit for her table, followed up
The basilisk stairway by dusty jokes with
The thoughtless throng, but then, avoiding
The great gate where she gives all pilgrims
Her local wine, I logged it over
A concrete wall, was cold sober as
Pushing through brawbles, I peered out at
Her fascination. Frogs were shooting
Crapes in a corner; cupids on stilts
Their beautiful bottoms breaking wind,
Hunted hares with hurricane lanterns
Through woods on one side, while on the other,
Shining out through slivering poplars,
Stood a brick bath house where bathers mixed
With light-fingered ladies and louche trade.

Dancing in serpents and fairy chains
To mad music. In the mid distance
On deal chairs sat a dozen decoys
Gentlewomen with decorated backs
And raw fingers murderously stitching
Red flannel aprons for heroic heads.
Primroses, peacock and peaches made
A fair foreground but farther there, with
An early Madonna's oval face
And basilisk limbs, delighting that whole
Degraded glen, the Goddess herself
Presided smiling: a saucy wind,
Plucking from her thigh her pink wrapper
Of crépe-de-chine, disclosed a very
Indolent ulcer.

January 1944
5. VESPERS

If the hill overlooking our city has always been known as Adam's Grave, only at dusk can you see the recumbent giant, his head turned to the west, his right arm resting forever on Eve's haunch.

can you learn, from the way he looks up at the scandalous pair, what a citizen really thinks of his citizenship.

just as now you can hear in a drunkard's caterwaul his rebel sorrows crying for a parental discipline, in lustful eyes perceive a disconsolate soul.

scanning with desperation all passing limbs for some vestige of her faceless angel who in that long ago when wishing was a help mounted once and vanished:

For Sun and Moon supply their conforming masks, but in this hour of civil twilight all must wear their own faces.

And it is now that our two paths cross.

Both simultaneously recognize his Anti-type: that I am an Arcadian, that he is a Utopian.

He notes, with contempt, my Aquarian belly: I note, with alarm, his Scorpion's mouth.

He would like to see me cleaning latrines: I would like to see him removed to some other planet.

Neither speaks. What experience could we possibly share?

Glancing at a lampshade in a store window, I observe it is too hideous for anyone in their senses to buy: He observes it is too expensive for a peasant to buy.

Pasing a slum child with tickets, I look the other way; He looks the other way if he passes a chubby one.

I hope our senators will behave like saints, provided they don't reform me: I hope they will behave like baroni vattini, and, when lights turn late in the Citadel,

I who have never seen the inside of a police station am shocked and think, 'Were the city as free as they say, after sundown all her bureaus would be huge black stones'.

He (who has been beaten up several times) is not shocked at all but thinks, 'One fine night our boys will be working up there.'

You can see, then, why, between my Eden and his New Jerusalem, no treaty is negotiable.

In my Eden a person who dislikes Beethoven has the good manners not to get born: In his New Jerusalem a person who dislikes work will be very sorry he was born.

In my Eden we have a few beam-engines, saddle-tank locomotives, overshot waterwheels and other beautiful pieces of obsolete machinery to play with: In his New Jerusalem even chefs will be cucumber-cool machine windmills.

In my Eden our only source of political news is gossip: In his New Jerusalem there will be a special daily in simplified spelling for non-verbal types.

In my Eden each observes his compulsive rituals and superstitious tabus but we have no morals: In his New Jerusalem the temples will be empty but all will practise the rational virtues.

One reason for his contempt is that I have only to close my eyes, cross the iron footbridge to the tow-path, take the barge through the short brick tunnel and

there I stand in Eden again, welcomed back by the krumhorns, dappled, gourdumes of jolly miners and a bob major from the Cathedral (romanesque) of St. Sophie (Die Kult):

One reason for my alarm is that, when he closes his eyes, he arrives, not in New Jerusalem, but on some august day of outrage when hellkins cavort through ruined drawing-rooms and fishwives intervene in the Chamber or

some autumn night of delirium and noyades, when the repentant thieves (including me) are sequestered and those he hates shall hate themselves instead.

So with a passing glance we take the other's posture. Already our steps recede, heading, incorrigible each, towards his kind of meal and rest.
CLASS XV: ATLANTIS, UTOPIA, THELEME

1. Plato's Atlantis (before 348 BC)

A. Building Atlantis

1. Goals
   a. The Gold-Plated Philosophical Vehicle
   b. The Entertainment

2. Models
   a. Homer, Odyssey: Skheria and the Phaiakians
   b. Homer, Iliad 18: The Two Cities on the Shield
   c. Greece: The Two Cities on the Peninsula
   d. Sicily: The Golden West
   e. And somewhere else

      (1) Crete
      (2) Tartessos
      (3) Or....

3. Methods
   a. The eikōs lógos (eikōs logos, "likely story")
   b. The veracious historie
   c. The fictional narrative
   d. The family chronicle
   e. The detailed presentation

4. Metaphor
   a. The Golden Age
   b. Embodied Decadence
   c. System Triumphant: Triads and Decads and Such
   d. The Change in Scale
   e. Emblems: Elephant and Castle and Cataclysm

5. Motion
   a. The holographic approach
   b. The approaching end
   c. Divine Intervention: The Founding, the Council
   d. Potentialities: The Military
   e. Something About Drawing Lines

6. Modes
   a. The makerly
   b. The patriotic
   c. The family
   d. The priestly
   e. The Herodotean
   f. The shift....
7. Mutations
   a. Scale: From garden to plain
   b. Scale: From palace to megalopolis
   c. Internal: From hill to plain
   d. External: From ten to ten
   e. Whatever became of the late unpleasantness?

8. Multiversity
   a. A quote for Intolerance
   b. A note on the absence of multiversity...
   c. ...and its consequent presence

9. System
   a. The Well-Articulated Ruin
   b. The Well-Ruined Articulation

B. Atlantis: "Nothing in its life became it like its leaving of it"
   1. The enthusiast: Ignatius Donnelley
   2. The opportunist: Richard S. Shaver
   3. The archaeologist: Spyridon Marinatos

C. Further Reading

II. More's Utopia (1518 AD)
   A. Terminology: OUtopia or EUtopia? And what about DYStopia?

   B. Topographical Utopia
      1. Insularity
      2. Isolation
      3. Dislocation
      4. Fertility
      5. Systematicity

   C. Economic Utopia
      1. Communism
      2. Aplutia
      3. Self-Sufficiency
      4. Industry
      5. Agriculture
      6. Technology (!)
C. Moral Utopia

1. Goodness
2. Virtue
3. Puritanism
4. Hedonism
5. Levelling
6. Busy-ness
7. Hierarchy

D. Inconsistent Utopia

1. Moving day
2. The inspection rite
3. Mercenaries
4. Friends and allies
5. Enforcement: The Death Penalty

E. Influential Utopia

1. For a handy, up-to-date survey of the whole matter, try:

III. Rabelais's Thélème (1534 AD)

A. The World As Lists

1. The Scholastic List
2. The Abbey List
3. Do As You List
4. A Slight List To Starboard

[NB: Monday, HELL commences. Prepare yourself for this eventuality by reading and re-reading Odyssey, Books 11 and 24, and Aeneid, Book 6. Remember, Hell is Other People.]
CLASS XVI: UTOPIA, [THE ISLE OF BRAGMANS,] THELEME

We follow Friday's flowchart, with one insertion: As a centerpiece, flanked by More's enforced freedom and Rabelais' natural urge toward virtue, we shall consider briefly the island of the Bragmans, from Chapter XXXII of Mandeville's Voyages (at least, it's Chapter XXXII in some editions). The entire triptych thus becomes a three-finger exercise in the lineaments and delineations of Free Will, with a fascinating range of variation, if you fascinate easily.

The Handeville mandout is hereto attached.

Also, some items from More's Utopia, to help you with (a) maps and (b) languages.

Yes, there will be an X-period, tomorrow, Tuesday, 9 February, 1:00 to 1:50. The subject will be that announced, or hoped for, for today: Classical Underworlds: Homer, Odyssey 11 & 24; Vergil, Aeneid 6. And Dante on Wednesday.

And: Herewith another, muddier realization of Rabelais's [what is the possessive of that word?] Abbey. It seems to have exercised a considerable fascination:

turce murila,
UTOPIA, PREFATORY ADDRESSES, ET.

UTOPIENSVM ALPHABETVM.

abcdedefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 

TETRASTICHION VERNACULVA UTOPIENSVM LINGVA.

Vtopos ha Boccas peula chama.

EILLE GΩ ΘΛΩΘΩΘ ΓΟΘΘΟ ΓΟΘΘΟ
polta chamaan

EILLE GΩ ΘΛΩΘΩΘ ΓΟΘΘΟ

Bargol he maglomi baccan

EΩΩΛΩ ΩΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ
soma gymnosophon

EΩΩΛΩ ΩΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ

Agrama gymnosophon labarem

ΘΩΩΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ
bacha bodamilomin

ΘΩΩΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ

Voluala barchin heman la

ΘΩΩΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ
lauoluola dramme pagloni.

ΘΩΩΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ

HORVM VERSVM AD VERBUM HAEC
EST SENTENTIA.

Vtopus me dux ex non insula fecit insulam.

Vna ego terrarum omnium absque philosophia
Ciuitatem philosophicam expressi mortalibus.
Libenter impatiens homo, non grauatur accipio meliora.

1 VTOPIENSVM ALPHABETVM | Whole page om. 1517 1519 et al. except for footnote as in 1509 1513. The Utopian alphabet and tetracontabac are on sig. B in 1510v and 1516. In 1516 they occupy the second untrilled leaf (recto). 5 peula ha 1516; chamaan Latin, punct. 1516 6 EILLE GΩ | EILLE GΩ 1519; ΓΟΘΘΟ | ΓΟΘΘΟ 1516
8 ΩΩΩΛΩ | ΩΩΩΛΩ without punct. 1516 14 gymnosophon | gymnosophon 1516 13-15 labarem / bacha] labarem / bacha 1516

THE UTOPIAN ALPHABET

abcdedefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 

QUATRAIN IN THE UTOPIAN VERNACULAR

Vtopos ha Boccas peula chama.

ΕΙΛΛΕ ΕΩ ΘΛΩΘΩΘ ΓΟΘΘΟ ΓΟΘΘΟ polta chamaan

ΕΠΛΩ ΓΟΘΘΟ

Bargol he maglomi baccan

ΕΩΛΛΩ ΩΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ soma gymnosophon

ΕΩΛΛΩ ΩΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ soma gymnosophon

Αγραμα gymnosophon labarem

ΘΩΛΛΩ ΩΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ bacha bodamiloim

ΘΩΩΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ bacha bodamilomin

Βολουλα barchin heman la

ΘΩΛΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ lauoluola dramme pagloni.

ΘΩΛΛΩ ΩΘΛΛΛΛΩ ΩΘΘΘΘ

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE LINES

Utopus, my ruler, converted me, formerly not an island, into an
island. Alone of all lands, without the aid of abstract philosophy,
I represented for mortals the philosophical city. Ungrudgingly
I share my benefits with others; undemurringly do I adopt
whatever is better from others.
Of the Goodness of the Folk of the Isle of Bragman; of King Alexander; and Wherefore the Emperor of India Is Clept Prester John

Beyond this isle is another isle good and great and full of folk; and they are good folk and true and of good faith and good life after the manner of their conversation. And if all it be so that they are not Christian men, not farbye by law of kind they live a commendable life, and are folk of good virtue and flee all vices and sin and malice, and they keep well the Ten Commandments, for they are neither proud, ne covetous, ne lecherous, ne gluttons; and they do nought to another man but as they would were done to themselves. They set nought by riches of this world, ne by having of earthly goods. They make no usings, ne swear none oaths for nothing, but simply say it is or it is not; for they say he that swears is about to beguile his neighbour. This isle that this folk dwells in is called the Isle of Bragman; and some men call it the Land of Faith. And through this isle runs a great river, the which is called Thebe. And generally all the men of that isle and of other isles thereby are truer and rightwiser than are in other countries. In this isle are no thieves, ne men murderers, ne common women, ne liars, ne beggars; but they are sels clean men of conversation and als good as they were men of religion. And, for als nicle as they are so true folk and so good, there is moremore in that country neither thunder ne leavening [lightning], hail ne snow, ne other tempests of ill weathers; ne hunger, ne pestilence, ne war, ne other tribulations come there none among them, as do among us because of our sin. And therefore it seems that God loves them well and is well paid of their living and of their faith. They know is: God that made all thing, and him they worship at all their might; and all earthly things they set at nought. And they live so temperately and so soberly in meat and drink that they are the longest living folk of the world; and many of them die for pure eld [age] without sickness when the kind fails.

When Alexander the conqueror reigned and conquered all the world, in that time he came by that isle and sent his letters to them that dwell in that
isle and said that he would come and destroy their land, but if they would be under his sujection, as other lands were. And they wrote letters again to him in this manner: 'What thing might suffice to that man, to whom all the world may not suffice? Thou shalt find nothing with us wherefore thou shouldst warren [make war] upon us; for we have no riches of this world, ne none covert to have. All the places of our land and all our goods mobile and unmobile are common til ilk man. All our riches that we have is our meat and our drink, wherewith we sustain our bodies; our treasure is peace and accord and love that is among us. Instead of array of our bodies we use a vile cloth for to cover with our caftan carvans. Our wives also are not proudly and richly arrayed to pleasing of our eyes, for we hold such enornement great folly to put to the wretched body more beauty than God has kindly given it; our wives covert no more beauty than kind has given them. Our land serves us of two things, that is to say of our livelihood, which we live with, and of sepulture, when we are dead. And aye to this time have we been in peace, of the which thou wilt now despise us and disherit us. A king we have among us, not for to do right to any man, for among us no man does wrong til other, but all only to lere [teach] us to be obedient. Judges need us none to have among us, for none of us does till other but as he would were done til him. Forbye from us may thou reave nothing but peace, the which has aye unto this time been among us.' And when Alexander had seen their letters and read them, him thought in his heart that it were great harm and great unmanhood to grieve such folk or trouble them, and he granted them surety of peace, and bade that they should continue forth their good manners and use their good customs without dread having of him, for he should not dere [harm] them.

Near beside that isle is another isle that men call Oxidadace, and another that is called Gynoscrope, where for the most part they hold the manners of the Bragmans, living innocently in lewty [loyalty] and in love and charity ilk one til other; and they go evenmore naked. Into these isles came Alexander the conqueror; and from the time that he saw their conversation and their lewty [loyalty] and love ilk one til other, he said he would not grieve them, but bade them ask of him whatso they would, and he should grant them. And they answered and said that worldly riches would they none ask ne have, but all only meat and drink wherewith the feeble body might be sustained. For the goods and the riches of this world, quoth they, are not lasting but deceivable. But and he might give them things that were ayedlasting and not deadly, then would they thank him mickle. The king answered them and said that that might he not do, for he was deadly himself as well as they.

Whereeto, then' quoth they 'gathers thou the riches of this world, that are transitory and may not last; but, whether thou will or not, they shall leave thee, or else thou them, as it has befallen to them that were before thee. And out of this world shall thou bear nothing with thee, but naked as thou camest thou shall pass hence, and thy flesh shall turn again to earth that thou was made of. And therefore should thou think that nothing may last evermore, but God that made all the world. And yet, not having regard thereto, thou art so presumptuous and so proud that, right as thou wert God, thou would make all the world subject unto thee, and thou knows not the term of thy life, ne the day ne the hour.' When Alexander had heard these words and such other, he had great wonder thereof and was greatly compunct and went from them and did them no dis-ease. And if all it be so that this manner of folk have not the articles of our belief, nevertheless I trow that for their good faith that they have of kind and their good intent, God loves them well and holds him well paid for their living, as he did of Job, the which was a paynim, and not forbeye his deeds were acceptable to God as of his loyal servants. And if all there be many divers laws and divers sects in the world, never the latter I trow that God evermore loves well all those that love him in soothfastness and serve him meekly and truly and set not by the vainglory of the world, as this folk does and as Job did. And therefore said our Lord by the Prophet Ysaï [Hosea], Ponam en multiplices leges meas, that is to say, 'I shall put to them my laws manifold'. And also in the Gospel he says, Alias oves hæc, que non sunt ex herbis, that is to say, 'I have other sheep which are not of this fold', as if he said, 'Other servants I have than are under Christian law.' And hereto accords the vision that was showed to Saint Peter in the city of Jaffa, how an angel came from heaven and brought with him all manner of beasts and neddars [snakes] and fowles, and bade him take and eat; and Saint Peter answered and said, 'I eat never of unclean beasts.' And the angel said again to him, Quod non mand两条, tu ne immundum diéxeris, that is to say, 'Call thou not unclean that God has cleansed.' This was done in token that men despise no men for the diversity of their laws. For we wot not whom God loves ne whom he hates; and therefore when I pray for the dead and say my De Profundis, I say it for all Christian souls and also for all the souls that are to be prayed for. And of this folk I say thus mickle, that I trow they are full acceptable to God, they are so true and so good. And there are many prophets among them and have been of old time; for in these isles was some time the incarnation of Christ prophesied, how he should be born of a maiden, yet three thousand year and more before the time of his incarnation. And they trow well the incarnation of Christ, but they know not the manner of his passion.
Beyond these isles is another isle that is called Pyfan, where the folk neither till nor sow nor plant nor eat nor drink. And nevertheless they are right fair folk and well coloured and well shapen after the stature that they are of; for they are little like dwarfs, somewhat more than the pigmens. This folk live with the smell of wild apples that grow there; and, if they gang over far from home, they take with them these apples, for aloose as they forgo the smell of them they die. This folk is not full reasonable, but right simple and as it were beasts.

There near is another isle, where the folk are all full of feathers and rough, out-taken the visage and the palms of the hand. These men go all well upon the water as upon the land; and they eat flesh and fish raw. In this isle is a great river the breathed of two mile; and it is called Wymare. Beyond that river is a great wilderness, as men told me, for I saw it not, ne came not beyond the river. But men that dwell near the river told us that in those deserts are the Trees of the Sun and the Moon, which spake to King Alexander and told him of his death. And men say that folk that keep the trees eat of the fruit of them and of the balm that grows there, and they live four hundred years or five through the virtue of that fruit and of that balm. For there grows great plenty of balm and nowhere else that I could hear of, out-taken in Egypt beside Babylon, as I told you before. My fellows and I would fain have gone thither; but, as men told us, a hundred thousand men of arms should uneth the pass that wilderness because of the great multitude of wild beasts that are in that wilderness, as dragons and divers manners of spiders and other ravissant beasts that slay and devour all that they may get. In this foresaid isle are many elephants all white and some all blue and of other colour without number; there are also many unicorns and lions and many other hideous beasts. Many other isles there are in the lordship of Prester John and many marvels and also mickle riches and nobly of treasure and precious stones and other jewels, the which were over long to tell.

Now will I tell you why this emperor is called Prester John. There was some time an emperor in that land which was a noble prince and a doughty; and he had many knights with him that were Christian, as he has that now is emperor there. And on a time this emperor thought that he would see the manner of the service in Christian kirms. And that time occupied Christian men many countries towards those parts, that is to say, Turkey, Syria, Tartary, Jerusalem, Palestine, Arabia, Aleppo and all Egypt. And so it fell that this emperor and a Christian knight with him came into a kirk in Egypt upon a Saturday in Whitsun week, when the bishop gave Orders. And the emperor beheld the service and the manner of the making of priests, how solemnly and how busily and devoutly they were made, and then he asked the knight that was with him what manner of folk those were that were so ordained and what they hight; and he said that they were priests. And then the emperor said he would no more be called king no emperor but priest, and also he would have the name of the first priest that came out of the kirk. So it fell that the first priest that came first out of the kirk hight John; and therefore that emperor and all other emperors since have been called Prester John, that is as mickle at say as Priest John. In the land of Prester John are many good Christian men and well living, and men of good faith and of good law, and namely of men of the same country. And they have priests among them that sing them masses; but they make the sacrament of leavened bread, as the Greeks do. And also they say not their masses in all things as our priests do; but they say all only the Bitter Noster and the words of the consecration with which the sacrament is made, as Saint Thomas the Apostle taught them in old time. But of the ordinances and additions of the court of Rome which our priests use ken they nought.
CLASS XIX: DANTE'S INFERNO: A HELL OF A SUCCESS

I. Some Forerunners

A. The Allegorized Locale
   1. Cicero's Heaven: The Somnium Scipionis
   2. Ovid's Beauty Spots: The Metamorphoses

B. The Apocryphal Descents
   1. The Gospel of Nicodemus and the Harrowing of Hell
   2. The Apocalypse of Paul

C. The Literary Allegory
   1. Alanus de Insulis sends Prudence on a Trip: The Anticlaudianus

II. Polysemous Presentation

A. Sensus litteralis
B. Sensus allegoricus
[C. Sensus moralis]
[D. Sensus anagogicus]
E. Interpenetration

III. Numbers and Symmetry

A. One
B. Three
C. Seven [The Vice-Consul from SALIGIA]
D. Nine
E. Ten

IV. Structure

A. Your Basic, Stripped-Down Hell
B. Structural Markers
   1. The Three Beasts---Some Fundamental Disagreements
   2. The Four Rivers
   3. The City of Dis
   4. The Great Barrier and Waterfall

C. Extras
   1. The Vestibule
   2. Limbo
   3. Circle VII: Ring Job
   4. Circle VIII: Unsightly Bolgie
   5. Circle IX: In the Well
V. Staff

A. Charon
B. Minos
C. Cerberus
D. Plutus
E. Phlegyas
F. Allecto, Tisiphone, Megaera
G. The Minotaur
H. Geryon
I. Nimrod, Ephialtes, Briareus, Tityos, Typhon, Antaeus

VI. Sample Landscapes

A. Circle III
B. Circle VI
C. Circle VII, Ring 2
D. Circle VIII, Bolgia 2
E. Circle VIII, Bolgia 4
F. Circle IX, Round 4

VII. The Debt to Previous Visitors

A. Vergil: The Place Itself
B. Aeneas: Motion as Salvation
C. And Odysseus/Ulysses/Ulisse: What?

VIII. A Final Note on Inmates

[The Management, for good or ill, is going to hold an X-period tomorrow, Tuesday, 16 February 1982. The object is not to get back on schedule, but to demonstrate the use of parageography in non-fantastic contexts by (1) analyzing the "Hades" episode from James Joyce's Ulysses, and (2) attempting to do something prosaic with some screamingly non-realistic allegorical emblems from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Fun for all. Send your friends; it's short-straw time.

DSP]
CLASS XX: JOYCE'S ULYSSES'S "HADES", or, DIPLOPTIC THANATOPSIS = BIOTOPSY

I. Gilbert's Schema:

6. HADES

| SCENE    | The Graveyard          |
| HOUR     | 11 a.m.                |
| ORGAN    | Heart                  |
| ART      | Religion               |
| COLOURS  | White: Black           |
| SYMBOL   | Caretaker              |
| TECHNIC  | Incubism               |

--- Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses: A Study (1930)

II. The Odyssey Imposed on Dublin, per Victor Bérard, Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée (1902-1903)

[see attached map, from Michael Seidel, Epic Geography: James Joyce's Ulysses (1976)]

III. Agreed Equivalences

A. Paddy Dignam = Elpenor
B. Martin Cunningham = Sisyphus
C. Daniel O'Connell = Herakles *
D. Parnell = Agamemnon
E. John Henry Menton = Ajax
F. Father Coffey = Cerberus
G. The Cattledriver = Orion
H. The Land of the Dead = Glasnevin cemetery
I. R. Dodder, R. Liffey, Grand Canal, Royal Canal = R. Acheron, R. Styx, R. Pyrighlegethon, R. Cocytus

IV. Disagreed Equivalences

A. John O'Connell = Hades
B. "M'Intosh" = Melampus? Hades? Christ at Emmaus?

V. Suggested Equivalences

A. Simon Dedalus = Achilles
B. Father Coffey = Teiresias
C. John O'Connell = Herakles
D. Rudolph Virag = Laertes
E. Rudy Bloom = Telemachus

VI. Procedure, Odyssey

A. Arrival and preparation
B. Elpenor, Teiresias, Antikleia
C. Women
D. Heroes: Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax
E. Famous Dead: Minos, Orion, Tityos, Tantalos, Sisyphus, Herakles
VII. Procedure, Ulysses
    A. Cab to Glasnevin cemetery
    B. The Funeral service
    C. The Burial
    D. The Walk to the Gates

VIII. Readjustment and Reworking
    A. The Women
    B. Death
    C. Heroes
    D. Tortures
    E. Teiresias' Prophecy
    F. The Silence of Ajax

IX. Parallel Developments
    A. Father and Son: Parallax
    B. Life in Death
    C. From Death to Life
    D. The unknowing affirmation of self

X. Why the relocation?
CLASS XXI: FAERIE I: THE MABINOGION

I. A Tale from Giraldus Cambrensis
   A. The Good Bishop Elidor
   B. An Interpretation, per Alan Garner

II. The Sins of the Mabinogion
   A. Inconsistency
   B. Incoherency
   C. Insufficiency

III. The Busted Epiphany, or, M'Intosh's Revenge
   A. The Joycean Category
   B. An Augustinian Example: "Tolle et lege"
   C. Who Was That Masked Man in the Raincoat?

IV. Wales: A Forest of Epiphanies, An Epiphany of Forests
   A. The Welsh Triads
   B. The Thirteen Treasures of the Island of Britain
   C. Cad Goddeu: The Battle of the Trees

V. Mabinogion: The Spectrum
   A. The Four Branches
   B. Culhwech and Olwen
   C. The Romances

VI. Mabinogion: Space I
   A. Mediaeval Wales
   B. Ireland
   C. Logres (Lloegr)
   D. Annwn (Annwn)

VII. Mabinogion: Space II
   A. How Many Miles to Fairyland?
   B. The Mutable Landscape
   C. High Places
   D. Low Places

VIII. Mabinogion: Time
   A. A Year and a Day, or A Year to the Day
   B. Life's Little Interruptions
   C. When Is the Storyteller?

IX. Mabinogion: The Easy Coexistence of Extremes
   A. Shape-shifters and Bathtubs
   B. Armed Knights and Pigs
   C. High Words and Low Deeds
   D. Detail and Disregard
   E. Swordplay and Shoemaking
APPENDIX I: A Sampling of THE WELSH TRIADS

THE THREE ARDENT LOVERS OF BRITAIN:

1. Caswallawn son of Beli, the ardent lover of Flur daughter of Mugnach Gorr
2. Tristan [Tristram] son of Talluch, the ardent lover of Yseult [Isolde] wife of his uncle Mark Meirchawn [King Mark of Cornwall]
3. Kynon son of Clyno Eiddin, the ardent lover of Nervyth daughter of Urien of Rheged [i.e., Cumberland and environs]

THE THREE BATTLE KNIGHTS IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR:

1. Cadwr earl of Cornwall
2. Lancelot du Lac
3. Owain son of Urien prince of Rheged

THE THREE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR:

1. Gwenhwyrvar (Guinevere) wife of King Arthur
2. Enid, who dressed in 'azure robes,' wife of Geraint
3. Tegau [Tegau Euron]

THE THREE BLESSED RULERS OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN:

1. Bran [Vran] son of Llyr and father of Caradoc [Caractacus], called 'The Blessed' for that he brought Christianity into the nation of the Cymry, having learnt it during his 7 years' detention in Rome with his son
2. Lleurg ab Coel ab Cyllyn Sant, surnamed 'The Great Light,' for that he built the cathedral of Llandaff, the first sanctuary of Britain
3. Cadwaladyr, who gave refuge in his kingdom of Wales to all believers driven out by the Saxons from England

THE THREE CHIEF LADIES OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN:

1. Branwen daughter of Llyr, 'the fairest damsels in the world'
2. Gwenhwyrvar [Guinevere] wife of King Arthur
3. Aethelfled the wife of Aethelred

THE THREE CONCEALMENTS [CLOSURES] OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN:

1. The head of Bran [Vran] son of Llyr, surnamed 'The Blessed,' buried under the White Tower of London; so long as it remained there, no invader would enter the island
2. The bones of Vortimer, buried in the chief harbor of the island; so long as they remained there, no hostile ship would approach the island
3. The dragons buried by Lludd son of Beli in the city of Pharaoh, in the Snowdon rocks
APPENDIX II

THE THIRTEEN TREASURES OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN
(The Names of the) Thirteen Treasures of the Island of Britain, (which were in the North):

1. Dyrnwyn ('White-Hilt'), the Sword of Rhydderch the Generous: if a well-born man drew it himself, it burst into flame from its hilt to its tip. And everyone who used to ask for it would receive it; but because of this peculiarity everyone used to reject it. And therefore he was called Rhydderch the Generous.

2. The Hamper of Gwyddno Long-Shank: food for one man would be put in it, and when it was opened, food for a hundred men would be found in it.

3. The Horn of Bran the Niggard from the North: whatever drink might be wished for was found in it.

4. The Chariot of Morgan the Wealthy: if a man went in it, he might wish to be wherever he would, and he would be there quickly.

5. The Halter of Clydno Eiddyn, which was fixed to a staple at the foot of his bed: whatever horse he might wish for, he would find in the halter.

6. The Knife of Llawfrodedd the Horseman, which would serve for twenty-four men to eat at table.

7. The Cauldron of Dyrnwc'h the Giant: if meat for a coward were put in it to boil, it would never boil; but if meat for a brave man were put in it, it would boil quickly (and thus the brave could be distinguished from the cowardly).

8. The Whetstone of Tudwal Tudglyd: if a brave man sharpened his sword on it, if it (then) drew blood from a man, he would die. If a cowardly man (sharpened his sword on it), he (his opponent) would be no worse.

9. The Coat of Padarn Red-Coat: if a well-born man put it on, it would be the right size for him; if a churl, it would not go upon him.

10, 11. The Crock and the Dish of Rhygenydd the Cleric: whatever food might be wished for in them, it would be found.

12. The Chessboard of Gwenddolau son of Ceidio: if the pieces were set, they would play by themselves. The board was of gold, and the men of silver.

13. The Mantle of Arthur in Cornwall: whoever was under it could not be seen, and he could see everyone.

14. The Mantle of Tegau Gold-Breast: it would not serve for any (woman) who had violated her marriage or her virginity. And for whoever was faithful to her husband it would reach to the ground, and for whoever had violated her marriage it only reached to her lap. And therefore there was jealousy towards Tegau Gold-Breast.

15. The Stone and Ring of Eluned the Fortunate, which she gave to save Owain son of Urien, who was between the portcullis and the gate, in the contest with the Black Knight of the Fountain: it had a stone in it, and if the stone were hidden, the person who hid it was not seen at all.)
Appendix III: Cad Goddeu

I was in many shapes before I was released:
I was a slender, enchanted sword—I believe that it was done.
I was raindrops in the air, I was stars' beams;
I was a word in letters, I was a book in origin;
I was lanterns of light for a year and a half;
I was a bridge that stretched over sixty estuaries;
I was a path, I was an eagle, I was a coracle in seas;
I was a wife in the word, I was a drop in a shower;
I was a sword in hand, I was a shield in battle.
I was a string in a harp enchanted nine years, in the water as foam;
I was a spark in fire, I was wood in a bonfire;
I was a great scaly animal; a hundred heads on him
And a fierce host beneath the base of his tongue,
And another host is on his necks.
A black, forked toad: a hundred claws on him.
An enchanted, created snake in whose skin a hundred souls are punished.
I was in Cwr Nefedair where grass and trees attacked,
Poets sang, warriors rushed forth.
Gwydion raised his staff of enchantment,
Called upon the Lord, upon Christ, making pleas
So that he, the Lord who had made him, might deliver him.
The Lord replied in language and in the hand:
"Transform stalwart trees into armies with him
And instruct Pelig the powerful iron giving battle."
When the trees were enchanted, in the hope of our purpose,
They heaved down trees with . . . .
Three chief taunts fell in grievous days' battles.
A maiden uttered a bitter sigh, grief broke forth;
Foremost in lineage, pre-eminent maiden. Life and wakefulness
Gain us no vantage in Merlin: men's blood up to our thighs,
The three greatest upheavals that have happened in the world:
And once comes to pass in the story of the land,
And Christ's crucifying, and then Doomsday.
Alder, pre-eminent in lineage, attacked in the beginning;

Willow and rowan were late to the army;
Thorny plum was greedy for slaughter;
Powerful dogwood, reeling Prince;
Rose trees went against a host in wrath;
Raspberry bushes performed, did not make an enclosure
For the protection of life . . . . and honeysuckle
And ivy for its beauty; sea gorse for terror;
Cherries mocked; birch for high-mindedness—it was late that it armed,
Not because of cowardice, but because of greatness.
Goldcud held a shape, foreigners over foreign waters;
Fire trees to the fore, ruler in battles;
Ash performed excellently before monarchs;
Elm because of its ferocity did not judge a fact:
It would strike in the middle, on the flanks, and in the end.
Hazel wood was deemed arms for the tumult;
Happy the proudest, half of battle, lord of the world
. . . . . . fire trees prospered;
Holly turned green, it was in battle;
Fir hawthorn brought pain;
Attacking vines attacked in battle;
Destructive fern; broom before the host
Were plowed under. Corse was not lucky,
But despite that it was turned into an army, fine fighting heater
Was changed into a host, pursued of men.
Swift and mighty oak: before him trembled heaven and earth;
Fierce enemy of warriors, his name in wax tablets.
. . . . . . tree gave terror in combat;
He used to oppose, he opposed others from a hole.
Fear worked oppression in the battlefield,
Fearful drawing up of a flood of noble trees
Chestnut, shame of the prince of fire trees.
Jet is black, mountains are rounded, trees are sharp;
Great seas are swifter since I heard the scream.
Tips of birch sprouted for us, immutable energy;
Tips of oak stained for us from Guardian Machderne
Laughing from the hillside, a lord not . . . . . .
Not from a mother and father was I made;
As for creation, I was created from nine forms of elements;
From the fruit of fruits, from the fruit of God at the beginning.
From primroses and flowers of the hill, from the blooms of woods and trees;

From the essence of soils was I made,
From the cream of nettles, from water of the ninth wave.
Math enchanted me before I was male;
Gwydion made me, great magic from the staff of enchantment;
From Farrics and Fanns, from Know and Mohron.
From five Ethics of magicians and teachers like Math, was I produced.
The lord made me when he was quite inflamed.
The magician of magicians created me before the world—
When I had existence, there was expanse to the world.
Fair bard! Our custom is profit; I can put in song what the tongue can
utter.

I passed time at dawn, I slept in purple;
I was in the rampant with Dybun Eil Mor,
In a cloak in the middle between kings,
In two lazy spears that came from heaven;
In Annwfn they will sharpen in the battle to which they will come;
Four-score hundred I pierced because of their lust—
They are neither older nor younger than me in their passion.
The passion of a hundred men is needed by each, I had that of nine
hundred.

In an enchanted sword, renowned blood flowing in me
from a lord from his place of concealment;
from a drop was the warrior killed.
Peoples were made, re-made, and made again.
The brilliant one his name, the strong hand, like lightning he governed
the host.

They scattered in sparks from the same one on high.
I was a snake enchanted in a hill, I was a viper in a lake;
I was a star with a shaft, I was this hunting-shaft,
Not badly shall I prepare my cloak and cup.
Four twenties of smoke will come upon each.
Five fifties of bondsmaids the value of my knife;
Six yellowish-brown horses—a hundred times is better;
My pale-yellow horse is swift as a swan,
I myself am not feeble between sea and shore.
I shall cause a field of blood, on it a hundred warriors;
Scaly and red my shield, gold is my shield-sting.
There was not born in Adwy anyone who attacked me
Except Gwawwy from Dolau Edrywy.
Long and white are my fingers; long have I not been a shepherd;
I lived as a warrior before I was a man of letters;
I wandered, I encircled, I slept in a hundred islands, I dwelt in a
hundred forts.

Druid, wise one, prophecy to Arthur;
These is what is before, they perceive what has been.
And one occurs in the story of the flood
And Christ’s crucifying and then Doomsday.
Golden, gold-skinned, I shall deck myself in riches,
And I shall be in luxury because of the prophecy of Virgil.
Appendix IV: Map from
Katherine Kurtz, High Deryni

The Anvil of the Lord
I. The Description of the Otherworld

A. From Giraeddus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Kambriae* 1.8
   (See Appendix I)

B. From "Pwyll Prince of Dyfed" (See *Mabinogion* [Gantz], p. 48)

C. From "Manawydan Son of Llyr" (See *Mabinogion* [Gantz], p. 89)

D. From "Owein, or The Countess of the Fountain" (See *Mabinogion* [Gantz], pp. 194-5)

E. The Anti-Otherworld: From "The Dream of Rhonabwy" (See *Mabinogion* [Gantz], pp. 178-9)

II. Some Lineaments of the Otherworld (Celtic)

A. Locale: On island; in mound; under waves; through mist.
   (Mountain?)

B. Guide, if any: Fairy; the vehicle itself; animal

C. Vehicle, if any: Boat or coracle; bridge

D. Garden: Fruit trees

E. Garden: Well; fountain(s); spring(s)

F. Birds, usually singing

G. Architecture: Fortress; palace; splendid house

H. Appointments: A vessel (cup, cauldron, etc.) of some sort

I. Hospitality and general lifestyle: splendid and free

J. Inhabitants: The ruler, his consort, and the rest, generally
   including beautiful women

K. Colors: green; red

L. Time: If different from Real World's, usually slower

III. The Attack on the Otherworld: *Preiddeu Annwn* "The Spoils of Annwn"
   (See Appendix II)

IV. The Generated Landscape of Romance: *Peredur*

V. The Waste Land, or, What Happened to Bràn?

VI. Some Further Words on Some of the Items Touched Herein

   [a sober, scholarly, and very useful book]

   [a very strange book]

   [the greatest mad book in the world]
Somewhat before our own time an odd thing happened in these parts. The priest Eliodur always maintained that it was he who was the person concerned. When he was a young infant only twelve years old and busy learning to read, he ran away one day and hid under the hollow bank of some river or other, for he had had more than enough of the harsh discipline and frequent blows meted out by his teacher. As Solomon says: 'Learning's root is bitter, but the fruit it bears is sweet.' Two days passed and there he still lay hidden, with nothing at all to eat. Then two tiny men appeared, no bigger than pigmies. 'If you will come away with us,' they said, 'we will take you to a land where all is playtime and pleasure.' The boy agreed to go. He rose to his feet and followed them. They led him first through a dark underground tunnel and then into a most attractive country, where there were lovely rivers and meadows, and delightful woodlands and plains. It was rather dark, because the sun did not shine there. The days were all overcast, as if by clouds, and the nights were pitch-black, for there was no moon nor stars. The boy was taken to see their king and presented to him, with all his court standing round. They were amazed to see him, and the king stared at him for a long time. Then he handed him over to his own son, who was still a child. All these men were very tiny, but beautifully made and well-proportioned. In complexion they were fair, and they wore their hair long and flowing down over their shoulders like women. They had horses of a size which suited them, about as big as greyhounds. They never ate meat or fish. They lived on various milk dishes made up into jennets flavoured with saffron. They never gave their word, for they hated lies more than anything they could think of. Whenever they came back from the upper world, they would speak contemptuously of our own ambitions, infidelities and inconstancies. They had no wish for public worship, and what they revered and admired, or so it seemed, was the plain unvarnished truth. The boy used to frequently return to our upper world. Sometimes he came by the tunnel through which he had gone down, sometimes by another route. At first he was accompanied, but later on he came by himself. He made himself known only to his mother. He told her all about the country, the sort of people who lived there and his own relationship with them. His mother asked him to bring her back a present of gold, a substance which was extremely common in that country. He stole a golden ball, which he used when he was playing with the king's son. He hurried away from the game and carried the ball as fast as he could to his mother, using the customary route. He reached the door of his father's house rushed in and tripped over the threshold. The little folk were a hot pursuit. As he fell over in the very room where his mother was sitting, the ball slipped from his hand. Two little men who were at his heels snatched the ball and ran off with it, showing him every mark of scorn, contempt and derision. The boy got his feet, very red in the face with shame at what he had done. As he recovered his wits he realized that what his mother had asked him to do was very foolish. He set out back along the road which he usually followed, down the path to the river, but when he came to where the underground passage had been there was no entry to be found. For nearly a year he searched the overhanging banks of the river, but he could never find the tunnel again.

The passing of time helps us to forget our problems more surely than arguing rationally about them can ever hope to do, and our day-to-day preoccupations blunt the edge of our worries. As the months pass by we think less and less of our troubles. Once the boy had settled down among his friends and learned to find solace in his mother's company, he became himself once more and took up his studies again. In the process of time he became a priest. The years passed and he became an old man; but whenever David II, Bishop of St David's, questioned him about what had happened, he would burst into tears as he told the story. He still remembered the language of the little folk and he could repeat quite a number of words which, as young people do, he had learnt very quickly.

--- tr. Lewis Thorpe: Gerald of Wales: The Journey Through Wales/The Description of Wales (Harmondsworth 1978), pp. 133-5)
APPENDIX II

PRESENT ANNWN

THE SPOILS OF ANNWN

I worship the Lord, the Sovereign, the King of the Realm,
Who hath extended his sway over the world's strand.

I

Perfect was the prison of Gweir in the Faery Fortress [Caer Siddi],
According to the tale of Pwyll and Pryderi.
No one before him went into it,
Into the heavy blue chain which held him, faithful youth,
And before the spoils of Annwn dolefully he chanted.
And till the Judgement our bardic prayer will last.
Three shiploads of Prydwen we went into it;
Save seven none returned from the Faery Fortress.

II

I am illustrious if song be heard.
In the Four-Cornered Fortress [Caer Pedryvan], four-sided,
My first utterance, it is from the cauldron that it was spoken.
By the breath of nine maidens the cauldron was kindled.
Even the Chief of Annwn's cauldron, what is its nature?
Dark blue and pearls are round its rim.
It will not boil the food of a coward; it has not been destined.
The sword of Llwc Lleawc was .... to it,
And in the hand of Lleminawc it was left.
And before the gateway of hell lamps were burning,
And when we went with Arthur,---glorious hardship,---.
Save seven none returned from the Fortress of Carousal [Caer Veddwit].

III

I am illustrious; song is heard.
In the Four-Cornered Fortress, the isle of the strong door,
Noonday and jet blackness are mingled.
Bright wine was their liquor before their retinue.
Three shiploads of Prydwen we went on the sea;
Save seven none returned from Caer Rigor.

IV

I, lord of letters, do not reward mean folk.
Beyond the Fortress of Glass [Caer Wydyr] they had not seen the
prowess of Arthur.
Three score hundred men stood on the wall.
It was difficult to converse with their sentinel.
Three shiploads of Prydwen went with Arthur;
Save seven none returned from the Fortress of Frustration [Caer Goludd].

---tr. Roger Sherman Loomis,
Wales and the Arthurian Tradition
(Cardiff 1956), pp. 134-6
CLASS XXIII: ARTHUR ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU?

[punchline, knock-knock joke, ca. 1936]

I. The Historical Arthur, if any

A. Gildas, De Excidio Britanniæ, 26
B. Nennius, Historia Brittonum, 56
C. Annales Cambriae, entries under years 516 and 537

II. The Developed Traditional Arthur

A. Geoffrey of Monmouth, Historia Regum Britanniae IX-XI

III. Enter the Grail

A. Chrétien de Troyes, Perceval
B. ...et sequentia

IV. A Brief Note on Sir Thomas Malory, Knight

V. Building Arthur's Britain

A. Purposes

B. Givens

1. Tintagel
2. Avalon/Glastonbury
3. Caerleon/Caer Llion
4. Camelot
5. Camlann/Salisbury Plain
6. Corbenik/Carbonel

C. The Generated Landscape: Peredur

1. Leaving home: the earldom in the north; goats & knights
2. The Lady in the Pavilion, wife of the Pride of the Clearing
3. Arthur's court [Caer Llion]
4. Seventeen knights on the road
5. Fortress by the lake: The Lame King: training
6. Fortress by the meadow: testing: iron bar, spear, head
7. The widow and the knight in the clearing
8. The fair maid's ivy-covered fortress, under siege
9. The wife of the Pride of the Clearing again
10. The castle on the mountain: The countess and the hags of Gloucester
11. The hermit's cell in the valley: the snow; Arthur's knights
12. Caer Llion again: Angharad: the vow of silence
13. Castle in the Circular Valley and the hoary-headed man
14a. Poor house: The serpent and the ring
14b. Caer Llion again: tournament: Angharad and the vow again
15. The Hall of the Black Oppressor [gwyddbwyl]
16a. The Court of the Sons of the King of Suffering [revivifying]
16b. The valley of the sheep and the burning tree: the crossroads
16c. The Monster of the Cave
17. The Court of the Countess of the Feats: Tournament
18. The Mournful Mound: the serpent
19. The Valley of the Tournament: The Empress of Constantinople
[Here interveneth a possible 14-year break]

20. Caer Llion again: The Black Girl's Reproach
21. Gwalchmai: Fortress with Court and Towers [gwyddbwyll]
22. Peredur: Towerless Fortress: priest (Good Friday)
23. Fortress in River Valley: prison; battles
24a. Fortress of Marvels: self-playing gwyddbwyll
24b. Fortress of Ysbidinongyl
24c. Forest: the stag // Mountain: the black man by the stone
25. The Last Fortress: Gwalchmai and the hoary-headed man
   playing gwyddbwyll; the lightning ending, explaining
   (more or less) the black dwarf, black girl, and last black
   man; the role of silence and the spear and the head;
   plus the final disposition of the Hags of Gloucester
   [is this Castle Syberw? it seems to be the
   Fortress of Marvels again----or does it?]

D. The Generated Landscape: Possible Principles of order in Peredur

1. Talismans
2. Testing
3. Silence
4. Revenge
5. Religion
6. Monsters
7. The Otherworld
8. Women
9. Return to base

E. Malory's Generated Landscape: Complications

1. The Round Table and the Problem of Numbers: "Gawain, Uwayne, & Marhaus"
   a. Gawain and Uwayne into exile
      (1) The Castle in the Valley: The Despoiled Shield
   b. Gawain, Uwayne, and Marhaus
      (1) The Forest of Arroy: The Three Noblewomen at the Well
   c. Gawain to the North
      (1) Sir Pelleas at the Cross; the judgment
      (2) The Fight with Sir Carados
      (3) Gawain and the Lady Ettarde
   d. Marhaus to the South
      (1) The Duke of the South Marches
      (2) Lady Vawse's Tournament
      (3) The Young Earl Fergus and the Giant (6 mos. recup)
   e. Uwayne to the West
      (1) The Tournament of the Falcon
      (2) The Lady of the Roch and the Knights of the Red Castle
           (6 mos. recup)
   f. Gawain, Uwayne, and Marhaus
      (1) To the Well and back to Camelot

2. The Sangreal and the Problem of Allegory
   a. Percivale's Dream [383;384]
   b. Launcelot's Combat [391;392]
   c. Gawain's Vision [393;395]
   d. Sir Bors's Vision [399; 401,403]
VI. The Waste Land: An Archetype, willy-nilly

A. Before: Peredur: The Lame King fishing in the lake; The Other Uncle

B. After: Malory's Sangreal: Galahad heals the Maimed King at Sarras

C. During: Chrétien de Troyes' Perceval: The Castle of the Fisher King

D. Ms. Weston and Mr. Eliot: From Ritual to Romance and The Waste Land

VII. Relatively Recent Rewritings

A. John Steinbeck

B. Thomas Berger

C. Bernard Malamud

D. Walker Percy

E. and, of course, T. H. White

VIII. And don't forget to end it....
CLASS XXIV: SPENSERIAN LANDWRITING, or, 
A CHARY QUERY 
into the 
VISIONARY PRAIRIE 
of 
LEGENDARY FAERIE 

I. Malory's Legacies  
   A. Quest Simple  
   B. Quest Complex  

II. Galahad's Codicil  
   A. Allegory ad hoc ad loc.  

III. Ovid's Equity  
   A. Descriptio Domus Potentiae  

IV. Process-At-Law  
   A. The Law of Process  
   B. The Law of Procession  

V. The Fine Print  

VI: The Court Proceeds: Some Generated Irreal Estate  
   A. Into and Through The Wood of Error [FQ 1.1.6-20]  
   B. Lodging for the Night at Castle Joyeous [FQ 3.1.31-45]  

VII. The People One Meets....  
   A. And the Toll They Take: Pollente's Bridge [FQ 5.2.6-16]  
   B. Such Interesting Types: Envie, Detraction, and the Blatant Beast [FQ 5.12.28-43, 6.12.23-40]  

VIII. Visit to An Established Tourist Attraction  
   A. Duessa Goes to Hell [FQ 1.5.31-35]  
   B. Guyon Drops by Hell [FQ 2.7.51-66]  

IX. People as Landscape  
   A. Malbecco Suffers Change of Life [FQ 3.10.46-60]  

X. Landscape as People  
   A. The Wedding of the Rivers Thames and Medway [FQ 4.11.8-5.1.2]
CLASS XXV: THE ARCHIPELAGO EFFECT I:

LUCIAN'S ABSOLUTELY VERACIOUS NARRATIVE

I. Nature of the Problem
   A. Propinquity
   B. Variety
   C. Verisimilitude

II. Lucian of Samosata
   A. Times
   B. Life
   C. Works

III. The Verae Historiae: Sources
   A. Homer
   B. Herodotus
   C. Iambulus
   D. Plato
   E. Antonius Diogenes?
   F. Others

IV. The Verae Historiae: Structure
   A. Overall Arrangement (see Appendix I)
   B. Inner Transitions
   C. The Hierarchy of Events

V. The Verae Historiae: Features
   A. Developed Epicities
   B. Suggested Utopias
   C. Earthly Parodies
   D. Generated Inveracities
   E. Exotic Erotica

VI. Lucian and Jesting Pilate
   A. What is Truth?
   B. What is Fiction?
   C. What's the Difference?

VII. A Sail! A Sail!
   A. Assailed by Cheap Fiction
   B. Asea in the Tradition

VIII. Sweet Are The Uses....
   A. Bricabracolage
   B. Satire: The Reader
   C. Satire: Other Authors
   D. Satire: The World

A: Preliminaries

Book I

5: The crew prepare to sail.
7: L. measures footprints.
L. navigates a river of wine.
An unusual kind of fishing
(fish full of vine-leaves).
8: Women with roots of vine.

Book II

1f: The crew prepare to sail.
2: L. measures corpses.
An unusual kind of fishing
(digging fish out of ice).
3: L. navigates a sea of milk.
Vines full of milk.
4: Men with feet of cork.

B: The main episode

9-28: The moon.
9: Whirlwind.
10: Position of the islands.
11: L.'s crew are arrested by
harpies.
11: L. before Endymion.
13-16: Tribes on sun and moon.
17-19: Battle episode.
19-20: Council and parody treaty.
21: L. leaves after a dubious
proposal of marriage.
22-26: Customs on the moon.
26: L. sees his past home.
27: L. receives gifts.

C: Other adventures

28-29: L. lands on the morning star,
but passes Nephele kokkygia.
He sees the truthful
Aristophanes.
29: Lycophonius.
30: L. is swallowed by a whale,
and finds fish and birds inside.
31-36: L.'s meeting with Seintharus.
37-39: A land-battle inside
the whale.
40-42: L.'s men look on at a
naval battle.
40: Miraculous floating islands.
They have treetops for sails.
41: L. escapes from the whale
and resumes his adventures.
He sails on a sea of ice.
3: Hulks with horns below the
eyes.
4: Men with feet of cork.
45: Ships with all their masts.
46: Chariots of cork.
46: L. escapes from a trap and
resumes his adventures.
A TRUE STORY

A True Story is Lucian's tall-tale travelogue to end all tall-tale travelogues. Lucian, with Odysseus' fabulous adventures in mind, brands Homer as the founder of this literary form. That seems unfair: epic poets make no claim to be reciting reporters. A more likely candidate is Herodotus who, though called the "Father of History," wasn't above telling tales of ants bigger than forests, dog-headed men, and other such forerunners of the Abominable Snowman. He inspired a whole school of Greek Baron Münchhausen, such as the Ctesias and Iambulus whom Lucian mentions by name, none of whose writings, however, have survived.

In the present elaborate spoof there are many things we can recognize: the parodies of passages from Homer and Herodotus; a mimicking of the way Xenophon describes a land battle and Thucydides a sea battle; the quoting of the terms of a treaty verbatim as those of a Thucydides, and so on. We can guess that at times Lucian is poking fun at popular legends such as the version known to him of Jonah and the Whale or of Sindbad and the Roc. Had we the works that have been lost, very likely we could identify a parody behind almost every one of his exuberant inventions.

PART 1

No athlete or body-building enthusiast thinks only of exercising and being in condition. He thinks also of relaxing when the occasion calls for it and, as a matter of fact, he considers this the most important part of training. In my opinion the same holds for book enthusiasts: after poring over a lot of serious works, they ought give the mind a rest to get it into even better shape for the next workout. The most suitable way for them to spend the interval is with light, pleasant reading, instead of merely entertaining, furnishes some intellectual fare as well—and this I think they'll agree is true of the present work.

It is a work that will appeal to them not only because of the exotic subject matter, the amusing plot, and the way I've told all sorts of lies with an absolutely straight face, but because I've included comic allusions to all our noted poets, historians, and philosophers of old who have written so many fabulous tall stories. I don't need to name names: you'll recognize them yourselves as you read along. Ctesias of Caidus, the son of Ctesiochus, has written things about India and the Indians that he neither saw himself nor heard from anyone who had any respect for the truth. Iambulus has written a lot of unbelievable stuff about the ocean; everyone knows he made it all up, yet, for all that, he has put together an amusing account. Lots of other writers have shown a preference for the same technique: under the guise of reporting their travels abroad they spin yarns of huge monsters, savage tribes, and strange ways of life. The arch-expponent of, and model for, this sort of tomfoolery is Homer's Odysseus telling the court of Alcinous about a bag with the winds in it, one-eyed giants, cannibals, savages, even many-headed monsters and magic drugs that change shipsmates into swine—with one such story after another he had those simple-minded Phaeacians goggle-eyed.

Now, I've read all the practitioners of this art and I've never been very hard on them for not telling the truth—not when I see how common this failing is even among those who profess to be writing philosophy. What I have wondered at, though, is the way they're convinced they can write pure fable and get away with it. Since I'm vain enough myself to want to leave something behind to posterity and since I have nothing true to record—I never had any experiences worth talking about—in order not to be the only writer without a stake in the right to make up tall tales, I, too, have turned to lying—but a much more honest lying than all the others. The one and only truth you'll hear from me is that I am lying; by frankly admitting that there isn't a word of truth in what I say, I feel I'm avoiding the possibility of attack from any quarter.

Well, then, I'm writing about things I never saw nor heard of from another soul, things which don't exist and couldn't possibly exist. So all readers beware: don't believe any of it.

Some time ago I set out on a voyage from the Straits of Gibraltar. A favorable breeze carried me into the Atlantic Ocean, and I sailed on my way. The basic reasons for the trip were my intellectual curiosity, my thirst for novelty, and the desire to find out what formed the farther border of the ocean and what peoples lived there. I had consequently put aboard a large stock of provisions and plenty of water and had taken on as crew fifty acquaintances who shared my interests; I had also laid in a good supply of weapons, induced—by the offer of a handsome salary—the best navigator available to go along, and had our vessel, a fast brig, made shipshape for a long and hard stay at sea.

For a day and a night we sailed before a wind that was favorable but not strong enough to carry us out of sight of land. At dawn of the following day, however, the wind made up, the sea began to run, and the sky grew dark. There wasn't even time to take in sail; we gave up and let the ship scud before the gale. For the next seventy-nine days we were driven along by a furious storm. Suddenly, on the eightieth, the sun broke through and we saw, fairly near, a hilly island covered with forest. The sound of the surf was not too loud; by now the storm had mostly subsided. We landed for the shore, disembarked, and for hours just lay on the ground, a natural thing to do after such a long ordeal.

Finally we got up and decided that thirty of us would
To reconnoiter the island. We had advanced about a third of a mile through thick forest when we came upon a bronze river, tasting as such tangible evidence of a large number of enormous vines full of grapes. The roots like and ate. (Naturally, they would not have been allowed to survive; instead, they were cut open we found no signs of any spring but, instead, a large number of enormous vines full of grapes. The roots of each were oozing drops of clear white wine, and they formed the river. Under the surface we could see a good many wine-colored fish which, it turned out, also tasted like wine; in fact, we got drunk on some that we caught and ate. (Naturally, when we cut them open we found them full of drops.) Later, having given the matter some thought, we mixed them with fresh-water fish and thus made our sea-food cocktails less potent.

After fording the river at a narrow point, we came upon a shallow water just as our vintage Chian. The stream was so wide and deep that in places it was actually navigable in view of such tangible evidence of a visit from Dionysus I was now more inclined to believe the inscription on the shaft. I decided to track down the source of the Shatar and walked upriver. Here where the vines had dropped out of sight, instead, a typhoon suddenly hit us. It spun the ship around and lifted it about thirty miles high in the air. But, before it could let us drop back into the water, as we hung suspended in the sky, a wind filled our sails and carried us along. For seven days and nights we sailed the air. On the eighth we sighted a large land mass like an island in the sky. It was round and, illuminated by some immense light, shone brightly. We put in there, anchored, and disembarked, and, upon reconnoitering the countryside, found it was inhabited by some people. During the night we could see no other land about but, when night came on, we saw a good many other islands the color of fire, some bigger than ours and some smaller. Below was another land mass with cities, rivers, seas, forests, and mountains; we guessed it was another island of the same sort. We decided to push further inland. En route we ran into what is called locally the Buzzard Cavalry and were taken captive. Now the Buzzard Cavalry is made up of men who ride on buzzard back; they use birds the way we do horses. Their buzzards, you see, are enormous creatures, mostly of daze his lookouts reported that the enemy was approaching, and we rose and took our positions. Endymion had 100,000 troops, not counting supply corps, engineers, infantry, and contingents from foreign allies. Of these, 60,000 were Buzzard Cavalry and 40,000 Salabird Cavalry. The salabird is an enormous bird covered all over with solid green instead of feathers; its wings look exactly like lettuce leaves. Alongside these were units of Peacockers and Carickees. He also had some allied forces from the Big Dipper: 30,000 Fleaborne Bowmen and 50,000 Windrunners. The Fleaborne Bowmen are mounted on huge beasts—hence the name—each as big as twelve elephants. The Windrunners, though ground forces, are able to fly through the air without wings. This is the way they do it: they wear shirts that go down to their feet; by pulling these up through the belt and letting them belly before the wind like sails, they're carried along the way a boat would be. In battle they serve for the most part as mobile infantry. There was talk that 70,000 Ostrich-Atoms and 50,000 Crane Cavalry were expected from the stars over Cappadocia, but they never showed up so I didn't see them and, consequently, haven't dared to describe what they're like—the fabulous things I heard about them are unbelievable.

So much for the make-up of Endymion's army. The equipment was standard throughout: a helmet made from a bean (enormous, tough beans are grown there), a breastplate of overlapping lupine husks (since the husks of the local lupines are very hard, like horn, they are made into armor by being stitched together), and a sword and shield of the Greek type. At the appropriate moment Endymion drew up his forces for battle. The Buzzard Cavalry together with the king and his elite guard (including us) were on the right, the Salabird Cavalry on the left, and, in the center, the cavalry units from the foreign allies, each disposed as it chose. The infantry, numbering about 60,000, he po-
sitioned as follows. He ordered the local spiders—they are numerous and big, any one of them larger by far than the average Aegean island—to span the air between the moon and the Morning Star with a web; as soon as they finished, he stationed the infantry on the plain so formed, with General Nightly Goodday and two others in command.

On the enemy side the Ant Cavalry with Phäthon in command formed the left wing. This arm uses enormous winged beasts similar to our ants in size, for the largest can run upwards of two hundred feet in length. The mount as well as the rider fights, principally by using its feelers. Their number was reportedly 50,000.

On the right wing were the Aerognats, bowmen astride huge gnats, also 50,000 in number, and, behind them, the Aerojumpers. These, although light-armed infantrymen, are especially dangerous because they have slings that the elephantine radishes capable of inflicting in whomever they hit a gangrenous wound which spills instant death; rumor has it these missiles are tipped with mallow juice. 1 On the Aerojumpers’ flank were 10,000 Stalk-And-Mushroomers, heavy-armed troops for hand-to-hand combat, so called because they use mushrooms for shields and asparagus stools for spears. Nearby were 5000 Dog-Acorns, dog-faced men who fought mounted on dog-acorn acorns; they had been sent by the inhabitants of Sinus. According to reports, Phäthon had other allies who were late—the Cloud-Centuars and a detachment of sitters he had summoned from the Milky Way. The Cloud-Centuars arrived after the battle had been decided. (Now I wish they hadn’t been there at all!) The sitters never showed up, and I’ve heard say that Phäthon was so angry he subsequently laid their country waste with fire.

Such was the make-up of the force attacking us. The standards were raised; donkeys—the substitute in these armies for trumpets—bellowed the charge on both sides, the lines clashed, and the battle was on. The sun’s left immediately fled without waiting to engage our Buzzard Cavalry; we pursued, slaughtering as we galloped. Their right, however, overpowered our left, and the Aerognats gave chase all the way to where our infantry was drawn up. The infantry gave the rear, and the Aerognats, well aware that their left had been defeated, gave way and ran. The retreat turned into a full-scale rout: our men killed or captured huge numbers. Streams of blood spilled over the clouds, drenching them and turning them the scarlet color they take on at sunset. Clouds of dust dripped down on earth—which makes me wonder whether something similar hadn’t occurred centuries ago and Homer simply jumped to the conclusion it was Zeus sending down a shower of blood to honor Surpochen’s death.

As soon as we returned from the pursuit we erected two monuments, one on the coasts to commemorate the infantry battle, the other on the clouds for the air battle. Before we had finished, our observers reported the approach of the Cloud-Centuars, the forces which were to have joined Phäthon before the battle. Sure enough, they came into view, as absolutely incredible sight: each was a combination of man and winged horse, the human part as tall as the upper half of the Colossus of Rhodes and the equine as big as a large cargo vessel. I won’t put down their numbers; it was so great I’m afraid no one will believe it. Sagittarius, the archer from the Zodiac, was in command. When they realized their allies had been defeated, they sent word to Phäthon to return to the attack and, lining up in battle formation, charged. The Moonmen who, because of the chase and subsequent search for plunder, had broken ranks and scattered all over, were routed to a scan; the king himself was pursued to the walls of his capital, and most of his birds were killed. After tearing down our two monuments, the Cloud-Centuars overran the entire plain, menaced and, in the process, tore down one and two of our shipmates prisoner. When Phäthon arrived on the scene, monuments were again erected—this time for his side.

Sworn to by
Firestone
Heater
Burns
for the sun;
Nighting
Moon
Allbright
for the moon.

Peace was made on these terms, and the moment it took effect the wall was torn down and the prisoners, including us, released. When we arrived back on the moon, our shipmates and Endymion himself came out a little way to meet us and welcomed us with tears in their eyes. Endymion asked us to stay on and take part in founding the colony, promising to give me his own son in marriage (there are no women on the moon). I was not to be persuaded and requested instead to be sent back down to the ocean. When he realized my mind was made up he let us go after a week’s entertainment as his guests.
even stranger, namely the race called "tree people." The predecessors of tree people is as follows. A man's right testicle is cut off and planted in the ground. This produces a huge tree of flesh with a trunk like a penis. It has branches and leaves and, as fruit, bears eighteen-inch acorns. When ripe, these are gathered, the shells cracked open, and men are hatched from them.

Moonmen have artificial penises, generally of ivory but, in the case of the poor, of wood; these enable them to have intercourse when they mount their mates.

They never die of old age but dissolve and turn into air, like smoke.

The diet is the same for everyone: frog. Every time they light a fire they grill frogs on the coals because there's such a plentiful supply of these creatures flying about. While the cooking goes on, people seat themselves in a circle around the fire as if at a table and have a banquet smiling in the smoke that's given off. Frogs provide their food; for drink they compress air in a cup to produce a liquid resembling dew.

The rump grows a cabbage which hangs down long. (Among the inhabitants of the comets, on the other hand, the opposite is true, as some natives who were hatched from acorns are conspicuously bald.)

Another marvel I saw was in the royal palace. Here there is an enormous mirror suspended over a rather shallow well. If you stand in the well, you hear everything said on earth; if you look at the mirror, you see each city and nation as clearly as if you were standing over it. When I took a look, I saw my own homeland and my house and family; I can't say for sure whether they saw me.

Any person who doesn't believe that all this is so need only go there himself. He'll quickly discover I'm telling the truth.

When the time came, we bid farewell to the king and his court, embarked, and set off. Endymion gave me as a gift two glass and two copper shirts and a suit of linen-buck armor, all of which I left behind in the whale. He also sent a thousand of the Buzzard Cavalry to escort us for the first fifty miles. On the way we passed a number of other countries but didn't stop till we came to the Morning Star, which we found in the course of being colonized. Here we disembarked and took on water. Boarding ship again, we entered the Zodiac and passed the sun close to its seat, almost touching the shore. We didn't land, although my men were very anxious to, because the wind was foul. We could see, however, that the country-side was green and fertile, well-watered, and full of good things. The Cloud-Centaur, who in Phaethon's pay, spotted us and came after our ship but, on learning we were protected by the treaty, turned back. Our Buzzard Cavalry escort has left us earlier.

We continued sailing that night and the next day and, toward evening, when we had already begun the slant down to earth, arrived at Lamplotte. This city is located in mid-air halfway between the Pleiades and the Hyades, in a much lower altitude than the Zodiac. On going ashore, we found no humans but only great numbers of lamps scurrying about or lounging around the main square and the water front. Most were small, the smaller classes as it were; a few, the rich and influential, were conspicuously bright. The lamps had each their own house and bracket, bore names the way we do, and were capable of speech (we heard them talking). They did us no harm but actually offered hospitality; we, however, were afraid, and not one of us had the courage to accept their invitations to dine or spend the night. Downtown there is a city hall where the mayor, sitting in judgment all night, calls up each lamp by name. Those who don't answer are listening to earth, arrived at Lampville. This city is located among the inhabitants of the comets, on the other hand, the opposite is true, as some natives who were hatched from acorns are conspicuously bald.

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31 A TRUE STORY

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e of the settling of silt the monster had swallowed. As a matter of fact, a forest with all kinds of trees had taken root in it, garden truck had come up, and the whole expanse looked like a farm area. The coast was twenty-seven miles around. Sea birds—gulls and kingfishers—could be seen nesting in the trees.

At first we did nothing just weep. After a while I got my comrades on their feet and we took care of the ship by propelling it up and of ourselves by rubbing sticks together to make a fire and cooking a meal out of what was available. There was all we wanted of every kind of sea food scattered about, and we still had some of the wash we had taken off the Morning Star. The following day, after getting up, whenever the monster opened its mouth we would catch sight sometimes barking, and smoke was visible. Though we two are human beings, born and gods or men who have had the same sense of justice than the others. Along the paths, delighted, we swam along with this current, uninhabited. Oysters. That's how we got our name—they call us living growing vegetables and existing on fish, and nuts. The forest, as you can see, is extensive, but you can actually find inside it a good many various produce which a very sweet wine. And you may have observed the spring: it is delicious and ice-cold. We have leaves for bedding, burn all the wood we want, trap the birds that fly in, and catch the fish by going up to the monster's gills—where we can also bathe whenever we feel like it. What's more, not far away is a lake two miles around, full of all sorts of fish, and these we swim or sail in a little boat I built. It's been twenty-seven years since we were swallowed up. We can cope with just about everything except the people living around us; they're wild, savage, hard to get along with, and another serious trouble.

"You mean to say," I broke in, "that there are others besides us in this whale?"

"Lots," he replied. "Hostile creatures with weird features. In the western part of the forest, that is, toward the tail, live the Tiberopites who have a serpent's head and a bolo- The Oral's face; they're a bold, warlike people who eat their food raw. As for the sides, along the starboard flank live the Mermanaca, human from the waist up and polcoat below; they, however, have a somewhat less primitive sense of justice than the other. Along the port flank are the Crabhandas and the Tunahandas, bound to each other by a military pact as well as emotional ties. In the central sector are the Lobstertails and Flounderfoots, belligerent and fast as a flash on their feet. The eastern sector, near the mouth proper, suffers from flooding and is, consequently, mostly uninhabited. In spite of this I live in it and pay the Flounderfoots an annual levy of five hundred oysters. That's the kind of country we're in. What you people have to do now is figure out how to stay alive in it and how to contend with so many enemies.

"How many are there all told?" I asked. "Over a thousand," he said.

"How are they armed?" I asked.

"Nothing but fishbones," he replied.

"And..." I said, "since they're armed and they're unarmed, the best plan would be to fight it out with them. If we win, we'll live in peace for the rest of our lives."

Everybody agreed, so we went back to the ship and started our preparations. The provocation to war was to be a refusal to pay the tax. The due date was already at hand and, sure enough, messengers from the Flounderfoots arrived demanding payment. The old man gave them a contemptuous answer and chased them away. The first to react were the Flounderfoots and Lobstertails; in a rage at Scintharus—to give the old man his name—they raised a great uproar and advanced to attack us. We had anticipated this and were ready for them: we were armed to the teeth and twenty-five of us set off on the road in ambush. The ambuscade's orders were to lie low until they saw the enemy go by and then strike. They did precisely that. While they hit the enemy from behind and cut down his rear, the twenty-five of us—led by Scintharus and his son fought so advanced on the ene-

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[134-135]

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happening they made for the gills where they threw themselves into the sea. We advanced over the countryside, now wiped clean of enemies, and settled down to a life of peace from that moment on. Most of the time we spent in sports, hunting, raising vines, and gathering fruit from the trees—it was, in a word, like living a luxurious and untrammelled life in a vast prison from which there was no escape.

For twenty months we lived like this. On the fifth day of the twenty-first, toward the second opening of the mouth—the monster opened its mouth once every hour, and we used this as a way of reckoning time—toward the second opening of the mouth, as I was saying, we suddenly found a great shoaling and commotion plus what sounded like rowers at the oars and coxswains giving the stroke. In great excitement we crept right up to the mouth and, standing just back of the teeth, witnessed the strangest sight I have ever seen in my whole life; giants, three hundred feet tall, and all, like oars; some, working one behind the other along the two long sides of each island, were manipulating large cypress trees, leaves, branches, and all, like ours; all, on the part that would be the poop, the helmsman stood atop a lofty hill, holding a bronze steering oar a thousand yards long. On the foredeck were about forty giants under arms to do the fighting; they resembled men in every feature except their hair, which was flaming fire, thereby doing away with the need for a helmet. There were no sails; instead, the wind struck the trees which were too big to be blown away, and the body began to move; on the twelfth day the helmsman steered it again. So, seated one behind the other along the islands the way we do on war galleys. I know that what I'm going to describe will sound incredible, but I shall tell it anyway.

The islands, though not very high, were long, approximately ten miles around. Aboard each were nearly one hundred and twenty of these giants. Some, decided to hide the other along the two long sides of each island, were manipulating large cypress trees, leaves, branches, and all, like ours; all, on the part that would be the poop, the helmsman stood atop a lofty hill, holding a bronze steering oar a thousand yards long. On the foredeck were about forty giants under arms to do the fighting; they resembled men in every feature except their hair, which was flaming fire, thereby doing away with the need for a helmet. There were no sails; instead, the wind struck the trees which were too big to be blown away, and the body began to move; on the twelfth day the helmsman steered it again. So, seated one behind the other along the islands the way we do on war galleys.

A hundred fathoms deep as well, so that we were able to leave the boat and run about on the floor. When the wind persisted and we could not longer bear it, we solved the problem by following a suggestion of Scincatus; we excavated a large cave in the ice and stayed in it for a month, keeping a fire going and eating the fish we had found while digging. Eventually our food ran out, so we emerged, pulled the ship free from where it had been frozen in, and raising sail, glided easily and smoothly over the ice just as if we were traveling over water. Four days later the weather turned warm, the ice thawed, and all was water again.

After covering somewhat over thirty miles we put in at a small deserted island. Here we replenished our water supply, which had run out, and shot down two wild bulls. These had horns, not on the head, but under the eyes, just where Monus had argued horns ought to be.12 We sailed away and before long left salt water and entered a sea of milk. In it was visible a white, vine-covered island which proved to be, as we found out later when we ate some of it, an enormous solid piece of cheese three miles around. The vines were full of clusters; we pressed some and got milk from it instead of wine. In the center of the island was a shrine dedicated, as its inscription indicated, to Galatea,13 the sea nymph. During the whole of our stay there the ground furnished our bread and meat and the vines our drink. We heard that Salmoneus' daughter Tyro14 was queen of the place; Poseidon had given her the appointment after he let her go.

We spent five days on the island and then sailed away before a light breeze over a gentle sea. Two days later we were out of the milk and back in blue salt water. Here we found a great number of men running about on the surface of the sea. They were like us in body, size, and every other respect except feet: theirs were of cork, and I presume this is why they were called "Corkfoots." We were amazed at the way they traveled fearless over...
of their tops of the waves without going under. They came toward us, and, greeting us in Greek, told us they were hurrying to their homeland, Cork. For a while they ran alongside and kept us company; then, after wishing us bin voyage, they turned off to head in their own direction. Soon a great many islands came into view. Nearby, to port, was the Cork our friends were hurrying to, a town built on a large dome-shaped piece of cork. Further on, and more to starboard, five enormous stones were tossed up; huge flames were spurted from their summits. Dead ahead, over fifty miles away, was a low, flat island. When we finally came within range, we were caressed by a marvelous offshore wind, sweetly scented like the breeze the historian Herodotus tells us carries the perfume of southern Arabia.16 For it was like a blend of the fragrance of roses, narcissuses, hyacinths, lilies, and violets, plus myrrh, laurel, and wild-grape blooms. Soon we drew near, breathing in the aroma joyfully and looking forward to a respite from our long succession of hardships. We could see any number of harbors, all capacious and sheltered on every side, crystal-clear rivers flowing pliably toward the sea, meadows, woods, and a multitude of songbirds, some warbling on the shore and many in the trees. An atmosphere rare and pure pervaded the pleasant scents, gently blowing notes stirred the trees, and the movement of the leaves produced a continuous melodic whistling like the sound from a shepherd’s pipe in some deserted spot. And we could hear the mingled noises of a crowd, not a confused babel, but at a banquet where some are playing music, some singing, and others beating time to the flute or lyre.

Encountered by it all, we beached for shade, moored, and disembarked, leaving Scintaurus and two others in the boat. Advancing through a meadow filled with flowers, we ran into three menward with spears who bade us with rose garlands—the strongest fester us there—and took us to their ruler. On the way we learned from them that the

place was called the Isle of the Blest and that Rhadamanthus of Cete ruled it.17 Sure enough, we were brought before him, and our hearing was put fourth on his docket. In the first case the defendant was Ajax the Greater;17 charged with having gone mad and committed suicide, he was being tried to determine whether he should be allowed to associate with the Heroes. After a good deal of debate Rhadamanthus finally handed down his verdict: for the present Ajax was to take a dose of hellock18 and be turned over to Dr. Hippocrates; later, when he had regained his sanity, he could attend the daily Heroes’ banquet. The second involved the eternal internecine war: a wrangle between Theseus19 and Menelaus over which of them Helen should live with. Rhadamanthus decided in favor of Menelaus because of all the trouble and danger he had gone through on behalf of his marriage, plus the fact that Theseus had a number of other wives, the Amazon girl and Mino’s daughters. The third was an argument between Alexander the Great and Hannibal of Carthage over precedence; judgment was in favor of Alexander, and a threepenny was set up for his alongside Cyraus the Elder of Persia.20

The fourth case was ours. We were bought before Rhadamanthus; he asked us how it was we had set foot on halfflow soil while still alive, and we gave him a complete account of our adventures. He then had us removed and delivered for a long time with his associate judges—quite a few shared the bench with him, including Aesclis Aristides the Just.21 He closed the discussion, and they handed down their verdict: after death we were to stand trial for leaving home and meddling; for the present, however, to contain a specified time on the island, attend the Heroes’ banquet, and then leave. Our departure date was set at not more than seven months hence.

The next thing we knew, our fetters of flowers had fallen from us of our own accord and we were being led toward the city and the banquet of the blest. Now this city is all

of gold and encrusted with walls of emerald. There are seven gates, each guarded by a solid piece of cinnabrod. The city rests on foundations of ivory, and the entire area within the walls is paved with ivory. All the gods have temples built of beryl; inside each is an altar made of a huge single block of anthomaeth, on which the heamatobles are offered up. Around the city flows a river that has the finest myrth, almost two hundred feet wide and deep enough to swim in comfortably. The baths are large chambers of glass heated by cinnabrod wood fires; instead of water the tubs are filled with warm dew. All clothing is made of fine spun purple cobweb.

The inhabitants are disembodied, i.e., they are without flesh or substance. They do have a discernible outline and form but no more than this. In spite of having no body, they stand and move, think and talk; in short, it’s as if the linked sounds were walking about clad in the semblance of their bodies. Without testing them by touch, you would never know they weren’t looking at actual bodies; they’re like shadows but shadows that stand erect and have color. They never grow old but remain the age they were when they arrived.

The island experiences neither night nor the full light of day. Something like the bright gey we see preceding the dawn, when the sun hasn’t yet risen, illuminates the place at all times. There is only one season of the year, an eternal spring, and only one wind blows, the Zephyr. The country is covered with every variety of flower and of fruit and shade tree. The vines bear twelve times a year and are harvested monthly. The pomegranate, apple, and other fruit trees bear, we were told, thirteen times a year since they bear twice during Minosonath, as it’s called in the local calendar. Instead of wheat the grain stalks are tipped with leaves of bread like mushrooms. Around the city are 395 springs of water, 395 of honey, and 500 of myrth (smaller, however, than the others), plus seven rivers of milk and right of wine.

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was the only one from either army undergoing punishment in the land of the Damned. Of the non-Greeks, there were Cyrus the Elder and Younger, Scythia's Anacharsis, Thrace's Zartus, and Italy's Numa. Also present were Sparta's Lycurgus, Athens' Phocion and Tolus, and all the Sages except Periander. I saw Socrates chattering with Sestor and Polanedes amid a circle of good-looking boys, among whom were Hycæth, Narcissus, and Hylas. I got to believe that the one he was loud with at least it was mostly Hylas he was refuting. We heard that Rhadamantus was annoyed with him and had threatened a number of times to throw him off the island if he kept on with his nonsense and refused to give up his Socratic irony and have fun. Plato wasn't there—the only one missing, they told us he was living in the republic he had invented, running it with the constitution and laws he had written, Aristippus and Epicurus were not only there but were the island's favorites—they were such nice, pleasant fellows and such good company at parties. I saw Anesios, who's assigned the role of button at the banquet, and Diogenes, as changed as his ways that he had married Lais the courtesan and gone in for drink; he was always getting up from the table to go into a dance or other alcoholic carryings-on. None of the Stoics there: we were told that Chrysippus had been denied permission to enter the island until he had had his fourth dose of hellebore, and all the others were still touting up: they were all so narrow and petty to virtue. We heard that the people of the Academy wanted to come but were still holding off and arguing; the one point they couldn't come to any conclusion about was whether an island such as this existed. Besides, I imagine they were afraid to stand judgment before Rhadamantus; after all, they were the Sages who denied all standards of judgment. Rumor had it that a big group of them once did follow the people who were heading here but, being dullwitted and lacking the courage of eyes. I quizzed him like this on a number of occasions later on as well, whenever I saw he had time to spare, and he answered all my questions readily—particularly after his success in the lawsuit. This was an action for criminal assault brought by Thersites, who won a grand prize that the poet had seen at him in the Iliad, Homer retained Odysseus as attorney and won the case.

* About this time Pythagoras arrived; having gone through his seventh metamorphosis and seventh mortal existence, he was finally restored to the transmigration of his soul. The whole right side of his body was of gold. He was judged qualified to join the company, although even when I left there was still uncertainty under what name, whether Pythagoras or Euphobous. Then Empeocles showed up, cooked through and through, his whole body roasted. In spite of all his begging he was denied admission.

Time passed, and the date came around for the athletic contests they call the Mortuaric Games. The board of commissioners consisted of Achilles, serving his fifth consecutive term, and Agamemnon, serving his seventh. To go through the whole program would take too long, so I'll report on only the most important events. In wrestling Carus, one of Hercules' descendants, threw Odysseus to take the championship. In boxing Arena, the Egyptian whose grave is in Corinth, was paired with Epeus, and the match ended in a draw. Combined boxing and wrestling wasn't on the program; they don't go in for it. I can't remember any loser who was the winner in track. In the poets' contest Hesiod was awarded the victory, although Homer actually won by a wide margin. The prizes for all events were crowns made of palm and peacock feathers.

The games had scarcely ended when word came that the condemned in the Land of the Damned had broken their chains and overpowered the guards and were advancing on the island; the ringleaders were the Sicilian dictator Phalaris, the Egyptian despot Butis, the Thracian despot

conviction, fell behind and turned back at the halfway point.

These were the chief celebrants. Of them all the most respected was Achilles and, after him, Theseus.

Their attitude on sex and making love is as follows. They have intercourse with both males and females, and in public with everybody looking on; this doesn't strike them as anything to be the least bit ashamed of. Socrates is an exceptional case in keeping this up: he says that boys of this age was the Pythagoras, that everybody there accused him of perjuring himself; as a matter of fact, he still insisted on it even after Hycæth and Narcissus had a number of times confessed the truth. They all share women in common unjudgingly; on this point they're perfect Platonists. And young boys offer themselves without hesitation to whoever wants them.

I didn't let more than two or three days go by before I went to see Homer at a time when neither of us was busy and quizzed him at length. I made a point of asking him where his birthplace was, explaining that it was a matter people were still trying hard to settle at this late date. He told me he was aware that some thought it was Chios, others Smyrna, and most Célopón, but actually he was a Babylonian; his real name was Tigranes and he only changed it to Homer when he was later sent as a hostage (homerous) to Greece. Next I asked him about the verses marked by editors as spurious; had he written them?

His answer was yes, every one; this made me decide what a lot of nonsense Professors Zenodorus and Aristarchus had written. Since he had satisfied me on these points, I then asked why he had started the Iliad with the words "Singing of the wrath." For no particular reason, he replied; it had just come into his head that way. I also wanted to know what Homer had written of the Iliad as is generally held, and the answer was so. And he's not blind, as is also generally believed; I knew that immediately—I didn't have to ask; I could see it with my own
Cheese. Well in advance they swore in the three most reckless men in my crew as accomplices. To his father Cinyras didn’t mention a word; he knew the old man would have put a stop to the whole business. When the time seemed right they put their plan into action. After nightfall—I wasn’t there; I was still at the blanket where I happened to have dozed off—giving everybody the slip, Cinyras smuggled Helen aboard our ship and quickly got under way. Toward midnight Menelaus woke up and, seeing his wife’s bed raised a hue and cry, smuggled Cheese. Well to have dozed off—giving everybody the slip, Cinyras: rowing hard caught up around noon, just as we put face in aways. Rhadamanthus. When day dawned the lookouts reported they could see the ship well out to sea. So Rhadamanthus ordered fifty Heroes to take one of their men-of-war (galleys bewn from a single stalk of asphodel) and give chase. By rowing hard they caught up around noon, just as the runaways were about to enter the sea of milk near the Isle of Cheese; that’s how close they had come to making their escape. The ship was taken in tow with a hauser of roses, and everybody returned. Helen was in tears and hid her face in shame. Cinyras and his accomplices were brought to Rhadamanthus who, before passing sentence, asked them whether there were any more in on the scheme; when they said no, he had them bound with mallow, and sent off to the Land of the Damned. The Assembly of Heroes then voted to expel us from the island before our time was up; we could stay the next day and no longer.

This filled me with dismay; I broke into tears at the thought of leaving such a good life and becoming a wanderer all the time with the counsel that I would be back before many years had passed, and even pointed out my future assembly seat and banquet couch, both in cholee locations. I called on Rhadamanthus and begged him to tell me my future and show me my route." He vouchsafed that, after a good deal of wandering and danger, I would eventually return home, but he refused to add how long it would take. However, he did point to the surrounding islands—five were visible nearby and a sixth in the distance—and say, "These five, the ones you see spouting great fires, are the infernal islands. The sixth is the City of Dreams. Beyond it is Calypso’s island, but you can’t make it out from here. After sailing past all these you will come to the vast continent that lies across the sea from Europe." There you will have many adventures, pass through various lands, and live among holy tribes before you finally reach your own continent.”

This was all he would tell. But he plucked a mal­row root from the ground and, handing it to me, told me to pray to it when we were in mortal danger. And he warned me, when I did reach the land across the sea, not to poke fires with a sword, eat beans, or make love to boys over eighteen; if I kept these rules in mind, I could look forward to making my return to his island.

So I made the ship ready for sea and, when it was banana time, had my final feast with the Heroes. The fol­lowing day I went to see Homer and asked him to compose a two-line memorial for me. He did so, and I had it inscribed on a slab of beryl which I set up on the water front. The inscription read:

Lucian, a man who is dear to the blessed immortals in heaven, Witnessed the things that are here, then returned to his dearly loved homeland.

We stayed that day as well and the following morning, with all the Heroes on hand and sailed off, saved away. At the last minute, while Penelope wasn’t looking, Odysseus came up to me and handed me a letter to deliver to Calypso in Ogygia. Rhadamanthus had Nauplius the ferryman go along with us so, that in case we stopped off at the islands of the damned, we wouldn’t be mistaken for the usual callers and arrested.

We passed out of range of the island’s breeze, and the fragrance was suddenly replaced by a stink like burning asphalt, sulphur, and pitch combined. In addition there was an unbearable odor of human flesh roasting. The air was murky and misty, and a pitchy dew dripped steadily down. We could hear the crack of whips and the screams of a great many men.

Of these islands I will describe only the one we went ashore on; we didn’t go near the others. It was a parched expanse of jagged stone without a tree or spring on it, girdled by sheer rock walls. We managed to creep up along ledges of sheer rock inland by a path full of prickles and thorns over a revoltingly ugly countryside. We came up to the prison and punishmentarium, and the first thing to astonish us was the nature of the place. The very ground was carpeted with knife points and thorns. Three rivers ringed the area: the outer of slime, the middle of blood, and the inner of fire. This last was a vast and impassable body that flowed like water, had waves like the sea, and was full of fish, some of which looked like torches and others, a smaller variety called candlefish, like glowing coals. There was only one narrow entrance way across all three, and the man on guard at the gate was Timon of Athens. With Nauplius in the lead, however, we got through and witnessed the condemned undergoing punish­ment. There were plenty of kings as well as ordinary people; we even recognized some faces among the latter. We also spotted Cinyras hanging by the penis and smol­dering over a slow fire. Guides took us around and, for each one, filled in the biographical data and the sentence for punishment. The stiffest sentences of all were being served by those who, in life, had been liars or had written books that didn’t tell the truth;Cssias, Herodotus, and a good many others were in this group. The sight of them gave me high hopes for my own future. I didn’t have in my heart that I had never told a lie. But I couldn’t take any more of the sight, so I rushed back to the ship, said good-by to Nauplius, and sailed away.

Soon we sighted, not far off, the Isle of Dreams, dim and hard to make out. It behaved very much the way dreaming islands are approached, it receded further and further away and eluding us. Eventually we caught up and sailed into what is called Sleepy Harbor, situated near the ivory gates and the spot where the Shrine of the Holy Rooster stands. Late in the afternoon we went ashore, entered the city, and were confronted by hosts of dreams of all kinds.

I want first to describe the city itself, since no one else has ever written about it except Homer, who does little more than mention it and not very accurately at that. It’s completely surrounded by a forest of lofty popuppy and mandrake trees where hordes of bats, the only species of bird on the island, roost. Alongside flows NightTary River, as it’s named, and by the gates are two springs called Sleepytine and Allnight. The city wall is high and gaily painted the colors of the rainbow. There are four gates, not two as Homer says. One of them is called the gate of Sleep and leads to Drowsy Meadow; we were told that nightmares and dreams of murder and violence leave by these. Then two others lead to the water front and the sea, one of them and the one we came through, of ivory. As you enter the city, on the right is the Temple of Night—Night is one of the two chief local deities; the other is the Holy Rooster whose shrine is near the water front—and, on the left, the palace of Sleep. Sleep is king of the place along with two subordinates chosen by him, Prince A. Confusing Reverie and Prince I. Dreamful Wealth. In the middle of the hall stands a spring called Fragrance Soothing. Nearby are the twin temples of Trick and Truth as well as the holy of holies and the local seat of prophecy. This last is in the hands of Antiphon, the interpreter of dreams, who also delivers the oracle; he received his appointment from Sleep.

As for the dreams, no two are alike in either character
or appearance. Some are tall, with good figures and good looks, others short and ugly; some are golden (that was my impression, at least), others plain and cheap. There were dreams with wings, freakish dreams, and dreams which, dressed up like kings, queens, gods, and the like, looked as if they were going to a carnival. Many we recognized because we had seen them long ago. These actually came up and greeted us like old friends, then invited us to their homes and, putting us to sleep, extended us the warmest and most generous hospitality in the lavish entertainment of every sort plus a promise to make us kings and princes. Some of them even led us to our homelands, gave us a look at our families, and brought us back, all the same day. We stayed a month among them, regaling ourselves with plum. The sudden clap of thunder awoke us; we sprang up, provisioned the ship, and sailed off.

Three days later we put in at Ogygia and disembarked. The first thing I did was to open Odyssey's letter and read it. Here is what it said:

Dear Calypso,

Let me tell you what happened to me. Right after I finished the raft and sailed away from you, I was shipwrecked, and Leucothea barely managed to rescue me and bring me to Phaeacia. The Phaeacians escorted me home and there I found a mob of my wife's suitors living high, wide, and handsome at my expense. I killed them all, and Teleogon, the son I had by Circe, later on killed me. Now I'm on the Isle of the Blest full of regrets at having given up my life with you and the immortality you offered me. If I ever get the chance, I'll run away and come to you.

This is how the letter read, except for a postscript about us, a request to furnish us hospitality. I went a short distance in from the beach and came upon the cave—it was just as Homer had described it—and the lady herself busy.

dolphins, rearing and neighing just like horses, carried them in perfect safety. When they came within range they divided their forces and, from both sides at once, peppered us with dried cuttlefish and crabs' eyes. We replied with a volley of arrows and javelins which they couldn't stand up to; they fled back to their island, most of them nursing wounds.

About midnight, in a calm sea, before we realized what was happening we ran aground on an immense kingfisher's nest, no less than seven miles around. The kingfisher, not much smaller than the nest, wasailing along on it, hatching her eggs. She flew away in fright with a mournful cry, and the stream from her wings as she took off nearly capsized our ship. When day dawned we climbed into the nest and saw that it was constructed of huge logs, very much like a raft. There were five hundred eggs, each larger than a seven-gallon jug. The chicks inside were already alive and crying. As a matter of fact, we hatched one of the eggs open with axes and hatched out a chick that, even without feathers, was twenty times as big as a buzzard.

We had sailed a little over twenty miles from the nest when a series of tremendous mirages left our mark on us. The figurehead of the goose on our stern suddenly flapped its wings and honked; our helmsman Seintharos, who had been bald for years, grew a shock of hair; and, strangest of all, the mast burst into bloom, sprouting branches at its sides and bearing fruit at its tip. Figurehead and cluster of dark grapes not quite ripe. The sight naturally left us in consternation; we prayed to the gods at these singular apparitions.

A little over fifty miles further on we sighted a vast and thick forest free from undergrowth. We figured it out to be a bottomless sea overgrown with rootless trees. In spite of this the trees stood firm and erect, as if floating upright. When we drew near and sized up the situation, we were in a quandary as to what to do: to sail through the trees was impossible—they were too thickly massed—not did it seem any easier to go back the way we had come. I climbed to the top of the tallest tree and took a look at what lay beyond. I could see that the forest stretched for only five miles or a bit more, and after that was more ocean. So we decided to set the ship on the solidly matted foliage of the treetops and see if we couldn't transport it that way to the water on the other side. And so we did; we made a heavy cable fast to the vessel, heaved and hauled until we had swayed it up, set it on the treetops, and, hoisting sail, were drawn along by the force of the wind just as on water. At this point I was minded of a line by Antimachus, somewhere he writes of

Those who arrived after setting course through the shadowy forest. Having forced our way through the forest, we arrived at open water and, using the same technique, lowered the ship into it. We sailed on over a crystal-clear sea until we came to the nearest clearing where the wood parted to form a vast chasm like the fissures, caused by earthquake, that we so often see on land. We doused sail and the ship lost way just inches short of going over the brink. Leaning over, we peered down to a depth of more than a hundred miles. Indeed, so thick was the mist and frightening was the sea stood solid on each side as if split apart. We then looked about us and noticed that, not too far off on the right, the chasm was spanned by a bridge of water which, joining the surface of the sea on either side, flowed from the one into the other. We ran out the outer, drove the ship over the bridge, and, after a grueling struggle, completed a crossing we had never expected to make.

On the other side we were met by a calm sea and an island of no great size, inhabited and easy to approach. The natives, a race of savages called Bullheads, had horns and looked like the mental image we have of the Minotaur. We disembarked and headed inland to see if we could so—
cure water and provisions somewhere, for we had run out of both. We found water nearby but nothing else. However, we did hear not far off a great bellowing. Thinking it was a herd of bulls, we inched forward and came upon the Bullheads. The minute they saw us they charged and managed to snatch three of my men; the rest of us made it back to the sea. We armed ourselves—we had no intention of leaving our comrades go unavenged—and then fell on the Bullheads as they were dividing up the flesh of the men they had killed. They scattered in fear, and we went after them. After cutting down about fifty and taking two alive, we returned to the shore with our prisoners.

We still hadn’t found any food. All my shipmates were in favor of slaughtering the two captives, but I didn’t approve. Instead, I tied them up and kept them under guard until a delegation arrived from the Bullheads bringing an offer of ransom. We could make out what they were after from the way they nodded their heads and bel­lowed mournfully, as if pleading. The ransom consisted of a big batch of cheeses, dried fish, corn, and four deer of a species which had only three feet—two in back but in front, where the forelegs had fused, only one. We accepted these terms, surrendered our prisoners, and, after spending a day on the island, sailed off.

By now we were seeing fish, birds were flying by, and many other signs that we were nearing land kept appearing. A little farther along we saw men using a novel method to travel over water, one in which they were boat and passenger at one and the same time. This is the way it was done: a man would lie on his back, hold a sail on it (their penises were enormous) and, holding the sheets in his hands, bowl along before the wind. Behind these came others sitting on pieces of cork and driving, reins in hand, teams of dolphins; these plunged ahead, pulling the corks behind them. None of these people harmed us or fled from us; they continued fearlessly and peaceably on their way after looking our ship over from all sides and registering astonishment at its shape.

Toward evening we arrived at an island of middling size. It was inhabited by women—-at least so we thought. They spoke Greek, as we discovered when they came up to greet us and bid us welcome. They were all beautiful and young, heavily made up the way courtisans are, and dressed in flowing gowns that swept the ground. The place was called Nax Island and the city Waterburg. Each of the women paired off with one of my men and, leading him to her home, treated him as her guest. I held back a bit—I had a premonition all was not well. Looking about me more closely, I caught sight of piles of human bones and skulls lying about. But to raise an alarm, gather my men, and make a rush for our arms didn’t seem the thing to do. Instead I took out my mallow and prayed to it long and hard to rescue us from the tight spot we were in. A little while later, as my hostess was serving me, I got a glimpse of her legs—and they weren’t a woman’s limbs but a don­key’s shanks. Drawing my sword, I seized her and tied her up. Then I interrogated her thoroughly. Very reluctantly she admitted to me that she and the others were women of the sea called Asslegs and that their food was the strangers who came to the island. "We get them drunk," she explained, "go to bed with them, and then attack them in the morning." The minute I heard this I left her there trussed up and, climbing on the roof, summoned my ship­mates with a shout. When I had gotten them together, I told them the whole story, pointed out the bones, and led them inside to my prisoner. She dissolved into water on the spot. However, I did not forget to give her a thrash, I thrust my sword into it—and it turned into blood.

We rushed back to the ship and sailed off. When day dawned we sighted a continent that we took to be the one the ocean from Europe. After falling on our knees and praying, we held a council about the future. Some of us felt we should merely step ashore and then turn right around and sail back; others held we should leave the ship and proceed into the interior to see what the natives were like. In the midst of the discussion a violent storm broke which dashed our ship on the beach and smashed it to pieces. We barely managed to swim to safety, each of us clutching his weapons and anything else he could carry.

You now know our story up to the moment we reached this new continent: our adventures on the sea, during our trip around the islands, in the air, and, after that, inside the whale; then, after escaping from there, our further adventures among the Heroes, the dreams, and, finally, the Bullheads and Asslegs. What happened to us on the new continent I will tell in the subsequent volumes. 24

NOTES
1 Odyssey, Books 9-12.
2 A crack at Plato’s Myth of Er told in Book 10 of The Republic.
3 The Greeks drank their wine mixed with water; only alcoh­olics took it straight.
4 Daphne was a nymph who resisted Apollo’s advances and was changed into a laurel tree to be kept safe from him.
5 Selece, a region of the moon, seeing the beautiful youth Endymion asleep, fell passionately in love with him.
6 Son of Apollo who was god of the sun.
7 Mallow juice was used to heal wounds.
8 Ibid 16.459: Sarpedon, Zeus’s son by a mortal mother, was slain by Diomedes.
9 A crack at the Athenian Assembly which did just this on at least one historic occasion during the famous Peloponnesian War.
10 The Greek word for comet literally means “long-haired.”
11 In his Birds, Aristophanes has the birds create an empire in the air and build there a fully equipped capital named Cloudcuckooland.

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12 Momus (see p. 98) had criticized Poseidon, the creator of bulls, for not putting the horns where the animal could see what it was doing with them.
13 A pun: gola is the Greek word for “milk.” For Galatea, see p. 121.
14 Another pun: tyros is the Greek word for “cheese.” For Tyro, see p. 306, n. 1.
15 Herodotus 3.113.
16 For Rhadamanthus and other post-mortem officials, see p. 177.
17 The Trojan War hero who, when the dead Achilles’ arms were given to Odysseus, was so outraged he went mad and killed himself.
18 The standard ancient remedy for mental disorders.
19 Cf. p. 120, n. 9. Helen came early in Theseus’ career. His later conquests included the Amazon Hippolyta and Minos’ daughters Thesea and Ariadne.
21 See p. 189, n. 48.
22 Eumenides: Aion were semihistorical renowned mistrels, Anacreon and Stesichorus famous early lyric poets. There was a legend that Stesichorus wrote a lampoon against Helen with her brothers, Castor and Pollux, forced him to retract.
23 Wrecked and drowned by Poseidon for his insolence.
24 Cyrus the Younger, a brilliant and engaging Peri­tan prince, started the expedition (401 B.C.) immortalized in Xenophon’s Anabasis as an enterprise of the young Russian prince (6th century B.C.) interested in broadening his horizons, visited Athens and studied under Sokos, Xenophon’s ancestor. Xenophon, a slave of Phylargoras, returning to his native Thrace, he taught his former master’s disciples there and became a local god after death. Numa was a semihistorical king of Rome to whom the Roman notion of two gods and a goddess was borrowed.
25 Lycurgus was the founder of Sparta’s constitution. For Phocien, see p. 169, n. 48; for Tellus, p. 224; and for the Sages, p. 401. N. and P. Perlandcr was often left out of the list.
26 For Nestor and Talasandra, see p. 211, n. 12; for Nar­cissus and Hayacinth, p. 206, n. 1. Hylas was the young beauty whom Heracles took with him on the celebrated voyage of the Argo.
27 See p. 211, n. 13.
28 The notorious Laius had in real life numbered Aristippus among his lovers.
29 Aristippus (280-207 B.C.) was the chief figure of the
Stoicism, so called because its founder lectured under the Poecile Stoa (see p. 168, n. 17). Stoicism was an earnest, extremely demanding, moral philosophy which, in Lucian's day at least, made extravagant claims about what it could do for faithful adherents. It taught that all things beyond a man's power to choose—level of birth, physical abilities, and the like—were to be regarded as "indifferent." It held that reason was the guide of life and, consequently, paid great attention to logic and went in for thorny, hair-splitting technical terms. In Lucian's time Stoicism enjoyed a great vogue and numbered many more followers than any of the other schools.

So, I.e., the New Academy whose members were complete skeptics.

There was as much wrangling among the ancients about Homer's life and works as there is among us about Shakespeare's. Lucian touches on three key controversies: the poet's birthplace, the genuineness of certain verses, and the relation between the Iliad and Odyssey.

Famous editors (3rd and 2nd centuries B.C.) of Homer's works.

A crack at the pedants who insisted on scrutinizing every word of the poems.

Thersites was the only buck private Homer mentions—and not very sympathetically (Iliad 2.212-20).

For Pythagoras and Empedocles, see p. 210, n. 7 and p. 211, n. 9.

Cetus isn't otherwise known. Odysseus, among his other accomplishments, was a champion wrestler (Iliad 23.700-37).

Apeus was a philosopher at the court of Augustus and presumably a scrawny specimen. Epeus won the boxing crown at the funeral games for Patroclus (Iliad 23.664-99).

There was an apocryphal popular story to the effect that Hesiod had once won an unfair decision over Homer. Mystical rulers, all masters at particularly gruesome ways of killing people, cf. p. 168 and p. 169, n. 22.

At the Battle of Delium (424 B.C.) during the Peloponnesian War the Athenians suffered a signal defeat. Every man in the ranks broke and ran for the nearest exit from battle except Socrates—he walked.

The counterpart, presumably, of the famous Academy patronized by the living that his disciple Plato had founded.

A parody of the opening line of the Odyssey.

Agamemnon.

What follows is a telescoped parody of Circe's Instructions to Odysseus (Odyssey 12.37-141).
CLASS XXVI: THE ARCHIPELAGO EFFECT II:
RABELAIS' FOURTH [AND FIFTH] BOOKS

I. Not That It Matters For Our Purposes, A Brief Statement On The Dubious Authenticity Of The Fifth Book

II. Lucian Revived: The Self-Generating Quest
   A. Borrowings
   B. Departures
      1. The Company
      2. The Conversations
      3. The Goal

III. Book Four: Structure
   1. Departure
   2. Medamothi (2-4)
   3. The sheep dealer (5-8)
   4. Ennasin, the Island of Alliances (9)
   5. Cheli [Peace] (10-11)
   6. Clerkship (Procuration), the island of Process-Servers (12-16)
   7. Vacuum & Void (Thohu & Bohu); the Giant Slitnose (17)
   8. STORM (18-24)
   9. The Macreons (Long-Lived); the deaths of heroes (25-28)
   10. Sneaks' Island (Tapinois); King Lent (29-32)
   11. WHALE (33-34)
   12. The Chitterlings of Savage Island; BATTLE (35-42)
   13. Ruach (Wind; Spirit) (43-44)
   14. The Popefigs (45-47)
   15. The Papimaniacs; the Decretals (48-54)
   16. FROZEN WORDS (55-56)
   17. Messer Gaster's Island (Earthly Paradise? home of Arete?) (57-62)
   18. Chaneph (Hypocrisy); DOLDRUMS (63-65)
   19. Ganabin (Thieves') Island; three salutes (66-67)

IV. Book Five: Structure
   1. Ringing Island (Isle Sonante) (1-8)
   2. Tool Island (Isle des Ferremens) (9)
   3. Sharping (Cheating) Island (Isle de Cassade) (10)
   4. The Wicket (Guischet); Furrycats, Clawpuss, TRIAL (11-15)
   5. Ignoramuses (Apedeftes) (16)
   6. Out (Outre); bottles (17)
   7. BECALMED (18)
   8. The Kingdom of the Quintessence called Entelechy (19-25)
   9. The Isle of Odes (i.e., Roada) (26)
   10. Isle of Sandalin (Isle des Eclaats); the Quavering Friars (27-29)
   11. Satinland on Prieze Island; Hearsay (Ouy-dire) (30-31)
   12. Lanternland (Lanternoils) (32-33)
   13. The Oracle of the Bottle; the answer to Panurge (34-48)
V. A Little Background

A. The Sorbonne
B. Italians and Gallicans
C. The Council of Trent
D. Some Dates

VI. Groupings and Methods of Mapping

A. Fun

1. The sheep dealer (4.3)
2. The whale (4.11)
3. Making one's will in the doldrums (4.18)

B. Fantasy

1. Pictures of Ideas (4.2)
2. Frozen Words (4.16)
3. Tools on Trees (5.2)
4. Where does this road go? (5.9)
5. The temple of the Oracle (5.13)

C. Satire

1. The Church
   b. Birds (5.1)
   c. Fools of Friars (5.10)

2. The State
   a. The Law as assault (4.6)
   b. The Law as savage (5.3)

VII. The Way Out: TRINCH!
I. Entrance: Some Personal Notes

II. The Spatial Metaphor for Children's Reading in the Early Twentieth Century
   A. Journeys Through Bookland
   B. My Bookhouse

III. The Sacred Writings (See Appendix I)

IV. How To Get There
   A. Model: Alice and the Dream: Rabbit-Hole, Mirror
   B. Prototype: Dorothy without the Dream: Cyclone, Tempest, Earthquake, Road, and Magic Belt
   C. Prototype: Tip Runs Away
   D. The Sin of Victor Fleming

V. The Land of Oz
   A. Structure
   B. Regionalism
   C. History
   D. Location
   E. The Quality of Life

VI. The Lands of Oz
   A. The Quest-Generated Landscape
   B. Nonce-Places
   C. People as Landscape
   D. Locutions as Locations
   E. Exuberance as Rationale
   F. Groupings

VII. Traveling in Oz: The Centripetal Fugue
   A. Sample Safari I: Baum, The Patchwork Girl of Oz (1913)
      1. Goal: Restoration of Life
      2. Gimmicks: The Five Ingredients
         a. Three HAIRS from a Woozy's tail
         b. A six-leaved CLOVER
         c. A gill of WATER from a dark well
         d. A drop of OIL from a live man's body
         e. The left WING of a yellow butterfly
3. The Quest
   a. Beginning: The Munchkin Forest (Ojo, Unc Nunkie)
   b. Disaster at Dr. Pipt's (+ Patchwork Girl, Glass Cat)
   c. House of Invisibles
   d. # Victor Columbia Edison, the talking phonograph
   e. House of Foolish Owl and Wise Donkey
   f. Pen of Woozy (+Woozy) HAIR
   g. Man-Eating Plants; + Shaggy Man
   h. + Chiss, the Giant Porcupine
   i. Semi-Existential Gate
   j. Emerald City -- CLOVER; Trial
   k. Jack Pumpkinhead's House
   l. Tottenhot Town
   m. Cave of the Giant Yoop
   n. Hopper Country
   o. Horner Country
   p. The Dark Well WATER
   q. The Trick River
   r. Palace of the Tin Woodman OIL; FLAGON
   s. Emerald City

B. Sample Safari II: Thompson, Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz (1929)

1. Goals
   a. Regain a Princess
   b. Save the Emerald City
   c. Stop Belfaygor's beard growing
   d. Send Peter to Philadelphia

2. Gimmicks: Five Talismans
   a. Pirate's Sack
   b. Dinner Bell
   c. Sauce Box
   d. Forbidden Flagon
   e. Evergrowing Beard

3. The Quest
   a. Beginning: Philadelphia SACK
   b. Jack Pumpkinhead's House (+ Jack Pumpkinhead)
   c. Chimneyville (Soot City)
   d. Goody Shop
   e. Christmas Tree; Cave BELL
   f. Scare City
   g. + Iffin
   h. Land of the Barons
   i. Castle of Bourne; + Belfaygor BEARD
   j. City of Baffleburg; # Mogodore
   k. Mogodore's Castle BOX
   l. Labyrinth to Enchanted Cavern
   m. Swing City SACK; BELL
   n. Palace of the Red Jinn
   o. Emerald City FLAGON; SACK
   p. Philadelphia again
VIII. Oz: The American Otherwhere

A. The Totally Accepted Present Moment
   1. "But you must know something." "Must I?"

B. The Machine in the Garden
   1. "Tik-Tok does everything but live."

C. All Problems Have Solutions
   1. "With a mighty leap...."

D. The Western Frontier

E. Home Again
   1. "Pass GO and collect $200"

IX. Oz: Another View

A. The Exploration Experienced

B. The Lands Outside of Oz
   1. The Principle of Inclusion
   2. A Place for Evil
   3. Water, Water....
   4. Below and Above

C. End of the Road

X. Ending: Some Personal Notes
APPENDIX I:

THE OZ BOOKS

By L. Frank Baum
  Ill. W. W. Denslow
1. The Wizard of Oz (1900)

By L. Frank Baum
  Ill. John R. Neill
2. The Land of Oz (1904)
3. Ozma of Oz (1907)
4. Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz (1908)
5. The Road to Oz (1909)
6. The Emerald City of Oz (1910)
7. The Patchwork Girl of Oz (1913)
8. Tik-Tok of Oz (1914)
9. The Scarecrow of Oz (1915)
10. Rinkitink in Oz (1916)
11. The Lost Princess of Oz (1917)
12. The Tin Woodman of Oz (1918)
13. The Magic of Oz (1919)
14. Glinda of Oz (1920)

By Ruth Plumly Thompson
  Ill. John R. Neill
15. The Royal Book of Oz (1921)
16. Kabumpo in Oz (1922)
17. The Cowardly Lion of Oz (1923)
18. Crampa in Oz (1924)
19. The Lost King of Oz (1925)
20. The Hungry Tiger of Oz (1926)
21. The Gnome King of Oz (1927)
22. The Giant Horse of Oz (1928)
23. Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz (1929)
24. The Yellow Knight of Oz (1930)
25. Pirates in Oz (1931)
26. The Purple Prince of Oz (1932)
27. Ojo in Oz (1933)
28. Speedy in Oz (1934)
29. The Wishing Horse of Oz (1935)
30. Captain Salt in Oz (1936)
31. Handy Mandy in Oz (1937)
32. The Silver Princess in Oz (1938)
33. Ozoplaning with the Wizard of Oz (1939)

By Jack Snow
  Ill. Frank Kramer
37. The Magical Mimics in Oz (1947)
38. The Shaggy Man of Oz (1949)

By Rachel Cosgrove
  Ill. Dirk Gringhuis
39. The Hidden Valley of Oz (1951)

By Eloise McGraw
  Ill. Dick Martin
40. Merry-Go-Round in Oz (1955)

...which, in the absence of time and books, is as far as I go....
APPENDIX II:

Other Books by Baum that Fit into the Canon

Closely Related

Sea Fairies (1911)
Sky Island (1912)

Stretching a Point

The Enchanted Island of Yew (1903)
Queen Zixi of Ix (1905)
John Dough and the Cherub (1906)

Yet Further

The Magical Monarch of Mo (1900, 1903)
Dot and Tot of Merryland (1901)
The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus (1902)

APPENDIX III:

More or Less Scholarly Works

1. Biographies of L. Frank Baum

Baum, Frank Joslyn, and MacFall, Russell P. To Please a Child (Chicago 1962)

Gardner, Martin, and Nye, Russel B. The Wizard of Oz and Who He Was (East Lansing 1957)

Moore, Raylyn. Wonderful Wizard, Marvelous Land. (Bowling Green 1974)

2. Recent Criticism


Moore, Raylyn. [see above]

Sale, Roger. Fairy Tales and After: From Snow White to E. B. White (Cambridge, Mass. 1978), especially Chapter 9, "L. Frank Baum and Oz", pp. 223-244
"Anyone inheriting the fantastic device of human language can say the green sun. Many can then imagine or picture it. But that is not enough... To make a Secondary World inside which the green sun will be credible, commanding Secondary Belief, will probably require labour and thought, and will certainly demand a special skill, a kind of elvish craft. Few attempt such difficult tasks. But when they are attempted and in any degree accomplished then we have a rare achievement of Art..."

--- J. R. R. Tolkien
"On Fairy-Stories"

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   C. The Languages

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   B. Lif is laene: eal scaeceth, leoht ond lif somodh.*

From: Würm Wynn Ton-stud, The Atlas of Middle-earth
The Atlas of Middle-earth

Aman

Eckaia (The Encircling Sea)
Lands Under the Wave

Belegaer (The Sundering Seas)

Bay of Belfalas

Middle-earth
CLASS XXIX: THE WORLD OF NARNIA:
A LIGHT ON THE SHADOWLANDS

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X. The Sweetness of the Uses of Necessity

A. To Explain
B. To Fill In
C. To End It All
MASTER
OF THE
INNER STY

I slopped the Prince on Threeday

--The prime cachet of worth,
  Of privilege and prestige
  So recently reached.

Thinking
On my new five wives and back-hooked
Scimitar, I kept my gorge
In order and set the paten
Of mulse, and pulse, and spelt
Beneath the flattened nose
Of loftiness, His Lowness

PURP

Whose snorts and snuffles
Transported me.

i've saved
the bib
and shovel
came fiveday the wind rose
scoring the sun's rays
scarring the moon's rise
scattering the main's ruse

And scudding in circles, my boarskin coracle
Slipped from the insignificant source,
Between alluvial banks, atop
The rabidly roiling rapids... skipped
Sur les pointes above the delta's
Silt, and, insulting a pod of seals,
Shipped a hogshead of tepid salinity
As it sped and spiralled hard alee
Of an oddly potted olive tree... . .

come fiveday charybdis sucks
the moil of the maelstrom soaks
the well of the whirlpool sinks
absorbing race creed sex

and down
adown
adowndown

I was never
a sailor
any
way

MEDAL OF HONOR

[?CONVENTION BADGE?]

VIPIA: moral chutzpah
LUNCANE: with-[the]-elbow
PATNA: in-mild-superfluity
VELSNAL01: makes-the-mighty-magus
CONVERSATION WITH ENIACA

I thought you were viviparous.

You don't know everything, messire.

Evidently not.

Seems nice.

Oh, no. Don't give it back.

Why not?

Biology. You're the sire, messire.

And what do I do with this?

I see.

You keep it.

Where?

Between your thighs.

My thighs?

You keep it safe and warm. Until.

How long is that?

Your Choice.

A girl, six months. Or ten for a boy.

So. Which is better?

A lot to be said on both sides.

Please do.

Well, looked at strictly statistically, a girl has a better chance of getting through The Fire; something to do with genes. And then, there's the matter of education: she costs more, but has to repay it.

On clothes, they're even. The hair, that's strictly a boy's concern, of course.

Of course.

The greatest bother with boys is The Tour, at twelve. No girls can make The Tour, but all boys have to. A source of distress to the parents. All that performing, down in The Fens. They say the rewards are greater.

Rewards for the boys?

The parents. I wouldn't know. But only girls can Run the Knife at Clus. It balances out.

To generalize: A girl has Place, if she wants it; a boy has Pressure, whether he wants it or not. But you're to decide. I'm merely the mem.

Can I have some time?

You might as well give it total attention for, oh, six months. You're not going out. Until.

And now....

But aren't you staying?

Simply unheard-of.

Besides, there's The Knife, and the Viscri-Orgy.

But look,

it's yours, too.

No, not now; it's yours. Until.

I really have to run, but I do remember one thing they say men say about The Choice: no girl will ever have to go through this. Get comfy and think, and I'll check back. Goodbye.

Goodbye.
Pipples:

Have now got idea, huh? Are to be inflicted with well-nigh interminable effusions of deep essay, academic, of high middle age (not ages), who suddenly, circa Valentine's Day of 1979, found self transported to High Thefarie, very other otherworld, where lived rich, full existence until untimely retransport to here and now. (Had messed things up quite thoroughly, so was probably just as well, but still....) To here and now, where much less time (barely any, in fact) had passed than there and then. Is standard bit; is not standard otherworld.

The trouble is that Periphrastes labored with the mind of a poet and the soul of a reference librarian, a combination that pretty well vitiates success in either occupation. He strained towards system, but never had a chance. The result is that his coverage of High Thefarie was, and is, spotty; the dedicated student of the place (of which there are approximately 45 on this earth) will find that he/she will have to do a great deal of the work her/himself, when all the evidence is in, filling in Dionysius' lacunae, or rest content with a series of snapshots taken by heat lightning, as it were.

How different, I might remark, from your depiction of your world, a delineation so full and ordered, so sumptuous and systematic, that old Simplicissimus, on beholding it, might well weep for envy, and probably will....

TURCE MURILA,


CAVE WALL

CLTI: [though] trapped
NAξE: in-the-rock
AVIZA: [the] boar
APAINIES: has-does-and-will-ever-emerge

[NB: Writing goes from right in this reproduced graffito, presumably related to the cult of AVIZLA HUSHUR, "The Sons of the Boar." Beside this item, in The Notebook, is a cryptic scribbling in pencil, here transcribed tentatively:

?FQ 3/6/48?

Probably a date.]
AMIS DE VOYAGE

THE ENNA TOUR

Gun: Tarχi Matulna
fed through youth by ravens/
voice to dry bone-marrow/
had by heart max-μax scrolls/
shrivelled all saurians/
staked to bleach at entrance/

zal: Herins Lariste
chimera’s by-blow/
nasty lump between shoulders/
shape-shifter supreme/
as germ infected gorgons/
despatched by wonder drug/

max: Zarapiu Clante
joker of the pack/
laugh met at back of neck/
ever in terror/
guffawed at the omrush/
consumed with self/

Da: Nicipur Petsna
quite equably nurtured/
perfectly spherical/
flattener of all comers/
bounded down fissure/
punctured by stalagmite/

ci: Muceri Calisna
incurable high-liver/
breath to stop cyclones/
morbidly mephitic/
dodged strategically/
died downwind/

and i m home safe

and they’re no more

but then i ask

what are friends for

turce murila, Guys
LEGENDARY PORN:

THE HONEYMOON IN CLUS

The height, the depth, and the essence of Luvmakkyng in Defarie, High or Low, consists not in the Object but the Environs, viz.:

Gun: Fish paste on the counterpane
zal: Kohl on the eyes of the 5^2 voyeurs
ci: Friable seaweed, to smear
ša: Fog shrinking the tapestries
max: Bells on the springs

The simple recital of these specifics is more than enough to induce a shuddering climax in well-bred adult males.

[while Eniaca recumbent so recently ravished from cart and kin spearslits in earlobes philtres ingested eager and heaving pneumatic and unnoticed is participated]

funny how these things get to you
WINTER TERM

It was a fair report, considering that I was new in the program, and allowing for the usual mess of ameliorative jargon:

I made a Peak in JUSTICE. The double-bind exercise, with the pents of mothers and wives flanking the lab-table, showed, in the words of the prof, "...an almost fiendish grasp of the higher reaches of Right and Retribution. And lovely Pain."

I still go see the subject, on visiting days.

LEGENDS, a Point. I'd figured that, and let it slide, what with the WEATHER. Did the reading, of course, but fudged the Project: a basic, barebones Quest that didn't really connect with my Restoration. However: "Such disregard for heuristic substrate does not augur well for this quinquennial's professionalism." That, I thought, was unfair.

MICROCOSMOGONY: Busted my phalanges on this. A world the like of which he's never seen in that course. The interrelations, trouvailles... why, even the midges in the Garden picked up the Curve of Being. And when I stretched out my hand on the final and peaked the proto, the whole world clicked into life and moved and meshed like a well-ciled dial. And what did I get? A Prop. The comment? "Interesting Concept." That's all. The bastard. I'll Interesting Concept him.

CHANCE is a gut, and everyone knows it's a gut, a certain Prop no matter what you do. But how he can dull the brightest material, rough up the shine until it rubs you to sleep, is outside of nature itself. The Miracle unit dragged on for a month of yawns, and Sports and Mutations turned really exciting stuff into one long drone. "Good Work!" he said. Oh sure. He's down for CAUSE this Spring, when I have to take it. Should be a clutch.

And then there was WEATHER. Poke-Plus, and I was lucky: I might have Picked. A final has never been blown with such unswerving finesse: "A simple series of snowstorms, hanging on for a month; develop."

That was the question. Hell, I could have done it the second week of the course. But I tried too hard, used too much snow at the start, and when I corrected that, the temperature dropped through the floor, and when I
attended to that, it iced, and then I got rattled, watching the temperature swoop insanely up and down, and the snow make rain make ice make mist make snow make nothing at all. I was standing in shock, sopped through and blue, when it ended. "Demonstrates something less than adequate grasp of the aims and skills of the course." I rather tend to agree.

All told, I can't complain. It's a fair report. Prop-Minus. But Fair Won't Fare to Enphurli. I'll grind out my life managing landscape out in the boondocks, unless I get it together.

And learn how to handle snow.

* * * * *

HANGUIDE
TO THE 
MIDDLE ORDERS 
OF THE
CIVIL SERVICE

PICK: Favored Currier
POKE: Tail Spiraller
POINT: Filer of the Right Front Hoof
PROP: Changer of PUR®'s Straw
PEAK: Head Dunger/Supervisor 
of Sanitary Engineers
A Hand-Guide to

H A N G U I D E

The Simple Effective Method
to

Rank    Link

Arrange

List    Rate

1. Configuration: Hold right hand with fingertips toward you. Arrange them to form quincunx, with middle fingertip at center, thus:

2. Operation: Treat data proceeding in clockwise spiral from PICK to PEAK, thus:

3. Evaluation: Assess in ascending order, thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PICK</th>
<th>PGKE</th>
<th>POINT</th>
<th>PROP</th>
<th>PEAK</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
WHAT I DID ON MY
WINTER VACATION

FIELD TRIP: THE BOWRE

Grass in concentric circles swirls
With rose and ivy interspersed.
Down cypress, up the celery curls.
The finch sings till his heart will burst
And punctuates the fountain's lap
Along the rocks to flood the moss.
There is no spot upon the map
To put beside this without loss.
There centered in green, red, and white
A grotto opens to the shrine.
Played out, I stop, then follow sight
With step: New birth behind the vine.

No door but growth. A cluster hangs.
I enter to the goddess' fangs.

SIDE TRIP: SEAGIRT

Suddenly lighter
I turned to the riddled body
Of the all-too-fallible seer
To secure one final direction:
Turn left or right at the cairn?
But he was suppurating
Swiftly, deliquescing
Into a saffron pool....
And the throats were clustering round.
With a freehearted sigh
I shouldered my scroll
And palmed my paddle,
Setting off South by East
For the golden cumquats,
The soporific spring,
And the ultimate penultimate shore.

Alone at last.

BAD TRIP: PORT FARIE

The screams unstrung me.
Crushing the scrip in one hand
And scratching madly with the other
I left her with the Ministers
And limped spread-legged home to pack.
THE ARCHIVAL

QUINTAL SYSTEM

(selections)

040-044 Creation: ABYSS to DEW
100-104 Creation: DROP to MOONS
110-114 Creation: MOONS to SPERM
120-134 Creation: SUN to TIME
140-144 Creation: TONE to ZILCH

* * * * *

300-304 Gods: AITA the unseen
to ASHIRA the avenger
310-314 Gods: ASHLAKKH the lame
to CATH the sun
320-324 Gods: CILENS the mother
to CULSHANSH the two-faced

* * * * *

440-444 Battles: HORIZON to FENDWELLERS
1000-1004 Battles: WORMLESS to TURNAROUND
1010-1014 Battles: TROLLTRIAL to CONCERTINA
1020-1024 Battles: GODTRUST to QUINCUNX

* * * * *

3400-3404 Royalty: ARTIODACTYLA to SUIDAE
3410-3414 Royalty: SUINA to SUOIDEA

* * * * *

DO NOT REMOVE FROM THIS CRYPT
UNDER PENALTY OF TOTAL
DECLASSIFICATION

-------------------------------------------

MEDAL OF HONOR

Larruping my library-cord
Loaded with data-rings
Like to a chain-mace,
I whipped the witless to a draw
Until they buried me
In a hero's heap,
Still guarding the gate
To the Reference Room.

what a way to go
GRANFER TALES

I: BUDODON'S QUEST

When the world was five days old, Budodon the Boar awoke Outside, rolled over in the Abyss, and shook the Dew off his hide.

"I am old enough to know the meaning of Birth, Sin, Strain, Change, and Death," said Budodon the Boar to himself.

"Besides, I am hungry."

Budodon filed his backbone, whetted his tusks, and hid his genitalia in his stomach. "One cannot be too careful," he observed.

Squinting his eyes at the Sameness-On-All-Sides, Budodon picked his way through the Abyss until he came to the Bone Bridge across the Void.

"Looks pretty rickety."

His genitalia a cold knot in his stomach, Budodon tiptoed across the Bone Bridge to the Peripheral Hinterlands, all set about with joshua-trees.

Cross-legged on a flat rock beneath a flaccid joshua-tree sat Leinθ, the Fifth Woman. She was taking large, hurried bites out of something. Something dark, and bloody, and moving.

Budodon shuffled across to her. "Pardon me," he said, "but what is the meaning of Birth, Sin, Strain, Change, and Death?"

Leinθ swallowed hard and gnashed her fangs. "It is not polite to watch a person while that person it eating," she screamed.

"Where were you brought up?"

"Sorry," said Budodon, and obligingly closed his eyes. In a moment he felt a sharp pain in his groin. Leinθ's fangs were biting him, hard.

"Really!" said Budodon. He kicked out, tossed her on his tusks, and swallowed her whole. She screamed and struggled for a while, but then fell quiet.

"Ask a simple question."
Budodon the Boar sighed, and set out across the Peripheral Hinterland in search of knowledge. He learned quite a lot about joshua-trees, but nothing else, and when they ended at a sheer rock face, he stopped in despair and confusion. Then from his stomach came a smug rumbling:

"Left for the Gated Grove."

"Why not?" said Budodon, and turned to the left, and suddenly was treading a grassy meadow, soft to the trotters. The sun shone down. The air was soft and soothing. Ahead, the plashing of water, the singing of birds beckoned him on. Freshness tingled his snout.

And deep in his stomach pain burst.

Budodon's brisk pace dragged to a crawl. His stomach hammered and squeezed. He could barely drag himself through the high wide Gates.

The five springs jetted, but Budodon closed his eyes. The trees' soft shade invited, but Budodon fell in his tracks. Only one thing to do:
He opened his mouth and retched.

"Of all the stupid places to hide your genitalia," said Leinθ, the Fifth Woman. "I'm pregnant, thanks so much. A person scarcely needs that.

"Especially since the fruit of this union is fated to muddy the nature of things, to sabotage system, to ruin five days of absolute perfection.

"But, in reply to your question:

"Birth is the same as Death: They bound it all. And Sin is the same as Change: They give it a middle. And each and all of them are Strain. You'll see.

"So here...." With a single motion she reached and produced a small and sullen sphere, tossing it into the grass at Budodon's feet. "Look after this."

With a shake and a swirl, she was gone.

The Gates clanged firmly shut.

Budodon the Boar was still hungry.
ON GRANFER’S CASE

[cinquains]

See him serene among bright relics, glazed, composed, containing himself. Watch until he cracks.

WORNLESS
Rising technique confirmed my part in victory.
Sans fidget or warp, all forces combined.

TROLLTRIAL
Season, oh ripe hoplite, in disgust. Never slack.
Grant the mangiest host your last best thrust.

TURNAROUND
And oops.
So must to all.
Set and doubled, collapsed in setting sun to face myself.

HORIZON
Dawn broke.
I sputtered in the breach, but withstood that first mad enslaughter, managed to hold my own.

QUINCUNX
Zenith.
Peak of the world.
Pressed endlessly bendless before, behind, bestride, betop.
Beyond.
Anxiously scanning the waters hoping to see the surface split by the extrusion of a sudden something Arch-Patriarch Moi and his wee wards in their swiftly revolving craft with the four figureheads at what might be the corners neared what would have been the downtown business section of Bolsena if the waters swooping up the course of the usually so sluggishly slow River Merci had somehow not burst the Lake into blue ruin above its dykes sheltering blowfish boatfragments and a forbidding amount of lakebottom into the clogged thoroughfares of what had been until that very micromoment serene in its sorry status given its ranks of houses of joy its files of shops both curious and obscene and its clumps of disgraceful games befitting its suddenly annihilated honor as the area's quite unparalleled City of Sin.

Hopefully peering straight down through the crystalline water they noted the fresh nature of the justmade remainders of what had been such an obsessively grungy spot with its stews sponged to a startling white its sticky enclaves purged to a pearly pinkish and every scummy labyrinth scrubbed by the cataclysm till its glistening illumined its structure and pointed out a clear path to incandescence signalizing in the clarity of its inobscurity a new beginning more than enough to justify these drastic deletions massive and messy of worthless lives as part of a quite imponderable design by some divinity or other to manifest in this former swamp of godless indulgence an earthly equivalence to those shining precincts in the empyrean heights whose near approximation would serve to ready the world's depraved to shuck their many maculations and dwell in the City of Right.

"Looks like a fair enough place," said Moi. "Build a right nice complex down there," said Moi. "Water has to go down first," said Moi.


They had to wait forty days. On the twenty-ninth day, they caught a pimp who'd been trapped in an airpocket. Moi fed him to the figureheads. Otherwise, it was dull.
EPIPHANIC MONOSTICHS

OVERHEARD AT HORIZON LEDGE
"My mother would never use the telescope here."

GUIDE AT GER-BY-THE-SEA
"I never take parties through here during invasions."

SIGN AT THE DEADLY DALE
New Creation Budding. Dance With Care, Please.

PURE'S INTERPRETER OFF GUARD
"Of course, I edit a bit. He's weak on negatives."

RETIRED SWORDSMAN AT PERUSH
"If you go in over the horns, they fly away."

ENIACA TESTY
"If you were a real man, you wouldn't fidget."

ENIACA COY
"Goodness, you handle your spear like a native. It tickles."

ENIACA ANGRY
"May you fold and twist and meet your antitype!"

FROM A STANDARD DUEL CHALLENGE
"...and mock without cease, till that thou break the pattern..."

AN UNSATISFIED CLIENT
"It's pretty enough, but why all this free will?"

A FUNCTIONARY AT YEI
"The seepage causes a mess when the dead awaken."

FROM THE HANDBOOK TO HELL
"Upkeep, granted, continues to be a problem..."
25 Now a great sign appeared in the North, as of two serpents twined in an endless struggle. 2. And the one was red, even unto the tip of its tail, and on its three heads it wore five crowns. 3. And it cried aloud in a great voice, Khairokharon, which is to say, Open the gates and strew the rushes on the path, for lo, the Cyclist cometh, and waxeth exceeding wroth that ye have not kept His parameters. 4. And the other serpent was blotchy-green, save for the tip of its tail, 5. which was royal ecru, 6. and it was footed like unto a libbard, 7. and on its four heads it wore one crown and an half. 8. And it cried aloud in a tiny voice, Aussecours, Aussecours, 9. which is to say, A horrible mistake has been made. 10. And the two serpents did twist and twine, and strive that they might swallow each the other. 11. And the fury of their struggled did blot out a moon. 12. And a great sign appeared in the East, as of an hammer of adamant, 13. and its handle was of tin and of Tin, 14. and it did beat the earth, and everything on it, into garbled glebes. 15. And on it was scribed in letters of jasper, Schporol nu schwa radion, 16. which is to say, Who hath ever promised that it would be easy? 16. And a great sign appeared in the South, as of two mirrors, one in a frame of gilt, and one in a frame of deal. 17. And they did endlessly reflect each the other, emptiness of emptiness, world without end. 18. And the one is called, Love, which is to say, Bagatelle, 19. and the other is called, Hate, which is to say, Entelechy. 20. And a great sign appeared in the West, as of five crabs scuttling and waggling their great claws. 21. And they were of obsidian, with chased gold borders, and their claws were of silk. 22. And each did bear a letter, and they did scuttle in formation, 23. so that they did spell out, Klimt, 24. which is to say, Nothing in particular. 25. And a great sign appeared in the North-West, as of a winged seraph, bearing an ever and a spoon. 26. And a great sign appeared in the North-East, as of a ring of brass, and it was studded with diamonds the size of pumpkins. 27. And a great sign appeared in the South-East, as of an isosceles triangle of orichalc, 28. and its legs were equal in length each to the other, and to everything else that is. 29. And a great sign appeared in the South-West, as of an ark, or chest, of chased gypsum. 30. And out of it did project the head of a man, 31. and his hair was red, 32. and he did ceaselessly cry, Deefahns, Deefahns, 32, which is to say, The Book stoppeth here. 33. And a great sign appeared in the North-North-West, as of a grommet of glass. 34. And a great sign appeared in the North-North-East, as of a wheatsheaf ravaged by blue blight. 35. And a great
### VESTLIST

for

### PENTAPOLY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PERUSH</th>
<th>BOLSENA</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Calces</td>
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<td>Kneepads</td>
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<td>Alb</td>
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<td>Rope</td>
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<td>Handschuhen</td>
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<td>Feedbag</td>
<td>Almsack</td>
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<td>Crook</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>VEL</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Busby</td>
<td>Hood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackboots</td>
<td>Waders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carters</td>
<td>Antigropelos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jodhpurs</td>
<td>Skivvies</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cutaway</td>
<td>Burnoose</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stock</td>
<td>Cincture</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kids</td>
<td>Gauntlets</td>
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<tr>
<td>Briefbag</td>
<td>Bodybag</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crop</td>
<td>Spade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>( \pi 285/0 )</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

(N.B. Translation is by analogies, and merely serves as a suggestion. Prices, though converted to decimal, are unfortunately rather accurate.)
RITUAL

Fragment of a Cyclend Spell for
Weakening the Hairy Wyvern

(Original)

CEIA HIA  ETNAM CIZ VAEL
TRIN VELORE  MALE
CEIA HIA  ETNAM CIZ VAEL
AISVALE  MALE
CEIA HIA  TRIN0 ETNAM CIZ
ALE  MALE
CEIA HIA  ETNAM CIZ VAEL
VILE VALE
STAILE
ITRILE
HIA  CIZ TRINOASA

(Translation)

"HEY PRESTO!"  pour again three times
on the floor spread
clawcuttings

"HEY PRESTO!"  pour again three times
sanctified
clawcuttings

"HEY PRESTO!"  spread again three times
charred
clawcuttings

"HEY PRESTO!"  pour again three times

"SHRINK, SHAGGY!"

"RETRACT!"

"INVERT!"

"PRESTO!"  after spreading three times....
STATEMENT
ON THE
HIGH THEFARIE
TERMINAL PRAXIS

And so, Oh Best Beloved, we sidle to the end canorisantes, crabwise. Your worlds, in all their infinite variety, are finished; mine at this moment a simple if spotty unity, is about to be dragged apart in thirty sorts of Special Creation. On Wednesday next, I shall ask you searching questions about High Thefarie, questions to which you will reply with the utmost sang-froid and savvy, for High Thefarie is a Thing You Know. Know as well as the back of your hand, or the neighborhood where you grew up. It is merely a knight's move away, two blocks over and one block down, and you have been there. You may have marveled, during your first trip, at its close resemblance in particulars to many of the Otherwords we have studied, but that is no cause for wonder any more; the place is familiar, its ins and outs as much a part of your consciousness as the configurations of a trusted jogging shoe.

You have stood through Cyclend/Cyclarch and watched Mt. Turnaround revolve during the Ultimate/Initial Invasion and Destruction.

You have been with DSP (Dionysius Simplicissimus Periphrastes, in Thefarie called Tinusi Saturus) through every tick of the seventy years from XIV-556 to XV-I (which spanned in our time the space between two ticks of the clock on May 17, 1979), and you know his career, as middling magus, as failed freelance cosmogonist, as ridiculous warrior, as honored storyteller, and as addled archivist, better than he does.

You were there, at the Horrid Sausaging in the Dale, at the Futile Harangue when the Council ill-advisedly met in Clus, at the Profusion of Images which swept away the Concord of Lake Seemly.

You were watching when Mt. Punctilious erupted early and made the Rift in the Succession, when Lake Ruin's draining corrupted five classes of student priests at Bolsena, when DSP's creation of the Gardens of Barok came close to Breaking the Pattern.

And you know the Lands Around, ill-cartographed though they be. You have fare to the West on Quinquest, to see your centerboard carried away by the spire on the temple tower of the Sunken City of Ys; you have fared to the East, through the dreadful interplay of plain and desert and platte and steppe, to view the wholly abominable practices of the Races Without The Hoof; you have fared to the North, where the Cycle-Smashers huddle outside of Pattern in the Windless Wild.

You have not fared to the South, but who has?
S U P P L E M E N T A R Y C A V E A T

N very, very B: Inasmuch as it is stupefyingly possible, even at this late date, that what is to be done on the Praxis may be misconstrued, let me put it as baldly as I can, much as I hate to:

You have been supplied with a number of odd items composed by one DSP, presumably in reference to his stay in High Thefarie. These relate to each other---somewhat---but by no means constitute a full presentation of that marvelous, if rather small, Otherworld. The Necessary Fiction, however, is that you know everything about the place---which, put crassly, means that you will make up most of the information that you will hereinafter set down. Not at random, of course. You will have thought the matter over, and tried to make the sparse items fit. But you will have to engage in invention and creation, since DSP has been quite chary with hard evidence, and has only capriciously divagated into the systematic. What will emerge, then, is a collaboration between DSP and you. You must try hard not to contradict him; you must try equally hard, or even harder, to demonstrate the Staggering Fecundity of Your Own Creativity---without, of course, becoming so wild that you orbit, a tendency to which DSP's fixed points will, I trust, furnish a check.

Another check, or at least a guideline, is furnished by the works you have read and thought about in the course of the course. You have seen a wide variety of very competent authors go about the building of Otherworlds, the planting of gardens, the sending of ill-assorted groups on quests. If nothing else, they have shown you how to perform with some savoir-faire. This is important, because the statements you make on the Praxis will be judged, on some level, as artistic creations: How inventive are they? How various are they? How do they fit together? How do they show what you know? How do they take DSP's dross and make it into gold? Madness, Divine Madness is asked for...but it must have Method.

The questions—yes, Virginia, there will be choices—will be quite specific, and specificity will be requested in the answers, which means that you will have to create under pressure. The inscription (above, p. 2) and your translation of it will necessarily be a part of your examination, so be thinking it over; do not, however, finalize your version. It will mean, of course, what you want it to mean, but your wants will be subject to a question's requirements. In this connection, let me point out that there are three words---AUTA, ΘΕΦΑΡΛΗ, and ENIACA---whose meanings are pretty well fixed.

One last shudder: The questions themselves will supply additional information, quite a bit of it. Which means that, however elaborate your preparations, you will have to adapt to circumstances. Such, if you hadn't noticed, is one of the great lessons of Parageography.

This be your motto:

ULISSE NON GIASONE

"Be an Odysseus, not a Jason."
STATEMENT

ON THE

HIGH THEFARIEIEN

PRAXIS

And so, Oh Best Beloved, we side to the end cancrizantes, crabwise. Your worlds, in all their infinite variety, are finished; mine, at this moment a simple if spotty unity, is about to be dragged apart in forty-four sorts of Special Creation. On Saturday next, I shall ask you searching questions about High Thefarie, questions to which you will reply with the utmost sang-froid and savvy, for High Thefarie is a Thing You Know. Know as well as the back of your hand, or the neighborhood where you grew up. It is merely a knight's move away, two blocks over and one block down, and you have been there. You may have marvelled, during your first trip, at its close resemblance in particulars to many of the Otherworlds we have studied, but it is no cause for wonder any more; it is familiar, its ins and outs as much a part of your consciousness as the configurations of a trusted skiboot.

You have stood and watched Mt. Turnaround revolve during the Ultimate Invasion and Destruction, at least three times.

You have been with DSP [Dionysius Simplicissimus Periphrastes, in Thefarian called Tinusi Sature] through every tick of the seventy years from XIV-556 to XV-1 [which spanned in our time the space between two moments in 1979], and you know his career, as middling magus, as failed freelance cosmogonist, as ridiculous warrior, and as honored storyteller, better than he does.

You were there at the Horrid Sausaging in the Dale, at the Futile Harangue when the Council, ill-advisedly, met in Clus, at the Profusion of Images which swept away the Concord of Lake Seemly.

You were watching when Mt. Punctilious erupted early and made the Rift in the Succession, when Lake Ruin's draining corrupted five classes of student priests at Bolsena, when DSP's creation of the Gardens of Barok came close to Breaking the Pattern.

And you know the Lands Around, ill-cartographed though they be. You have fared to the West with The Five, to see your centerboard carried away by the spire on the temple tower of the Sunken City of Ys; you have fared to the East, through the dreadful interplay of plain and desert and platte and steppe, to view the wholly abominable practices of the Races Without The Roof; you have fared to the North, where the Cycle-Smashers huddle outside of Pattern in the Windless Wild.

You have not fared to the South, but who has?
You have known Eniaca as DSP knew her, from the fumbling student days to the Glorious Witness to the inevitable Unsilvering of the Mirror, as virgin, mother, and crone.

And, above all, you know the language: the complex twists of Old High Thefarien are to you as a mother tongue, each click and buzz, every last daunting ellipsis, all honorific inversions immediately apprehended; never would you be given pause by the most complicated inscription, not even

ITA TMIA ICAC, HERAM ASVA VATIEXE
UNIAL, ASTRES GEMIASA ME_X THUTA
THEFARIEI VELIANAS SAL CLUVIENAS.
TURUCE MUNISTAS QUVAS TAMERESCA.
ILACVE TULERASE NAC CI AVIL ÆURVAR
TESIAMEITALE, ILACVE ALSASE.
NAC ATRANES ZILACAL SELEITALA
ÆNASVERS ITANIM, HERAMVE AVIL
ENIACA PULUMÆVA.

---with your linguistic expertise, you could render that text into accurate colloquial English in a moment.

Awed by your knowledge---geography, history, politics, literature, sociology, music, biography, language, everything---I salute you on the threshold of your Praxis, your Grand Exhibition. You know it all, and I could ask you anything, even the tastes in bed-tapestry of the middle ranks of the Imperial Service in XIV-583, Spring. But I shall not; I shall rather draw my questions from the following areas of scholarship:

Tour and Quest: The Five
Growing Up in High Thefarie
Present at the Destruction/Creation
Boardom as a Way of Life

As I say, you know it all. But bring all handouts, and any notes you care to, and anything else you wish, to the final ex---sorry, to the Praxis. You will have two questions to do in three hours, and aide-memoires will be helpful under the press of time.

Turce Murila,
Fountain of Tin
God of Terminal Confusion
TERMINAL PRAXIS

STATEMENT OF ERRORS

To make it quite official: As you have already noted, Handout #19, the Statement on the Praxis, contains a horrid, nasty, creepy, crawly substantive error. On page 1, paragraph 3, line 3, the phrase

from XIV-556 to XV-1

should, of course, read

from XV-556 to XVI-1

a palmary correction which you have, of course, already made. But its statement here does give DSP a chance to set down, in black on white, the basic information white-on-blacked at the Last Class:

\[
5^4 \text{ years} = 625 \text{ years} = 1 \text{ CYCLE} \\
5 \text{ CYCLES} = 5^3 \text{ years} = 3,125 \text{ years} = 1 \text{ ROUND} \\
5 \text{ ROUNDS} = 5^6 \text{ years} = 15,625 \text{ years} = 1 \text{ MEGILLAH}
\]

DSP's sojourn in High Thefarie, then, spanned the transition from Cycle XV to Cycle XVI and the transition from Round THIRD to Round FOURTH. Of course.

There is also the little matter of the Gross Error in Handout #6, where the arrangement of the parts should run:

\[
\text{zal: Herins Lariste} \quad \text{ci: Muceti Calisna} \\
\text{ma: Zarpiau Sante} \quad \text{sa: Nicipur Pentsna}
\]

Also: Handout #16, verse 11: for struggled read struggles
Handout #19, p. 1, pgph. 1, line 2 for mine at read mine, at
Handout #19, p. 1, pgph. 6, line 2 for fare read fared
Handout #19, p. 2, pgph. 3, line 6 for XIV-583 read XV-583

these things happen
FINAL PRELIMINARY THROAT-CLEARING

You have three hours at your disposal. Use them. Expend a good part of that time in thoughtful doodling; you are, bless you, Building a Structure, NOT engaging in Ritual Regurgitation.

SHORT QUESTION

IDENTIFICATIONS

The fragments of DSP that have been transmitted to you have been notably lacking in proper names. It is not the case, however, that High Thefarie was/is inhabited merely by Eniaca, the Five, Targi the Revelationish, and Pur. As you know, edible fungi and Something In The Water combined to produce in Thefarie high degrees of Personal Integrity, Idealism, Devotion, and just plain Looniness. To jog your memory, here is a list of twenty (20) Eminent Thefarie from the End of XV. Give succinct identifications of any FIVE (5) (of course). They were/are enthralling individuals; make your identificatory paragraphs just as enthralling. (NB: Again, we're dealing in analogues. Names and Epithets, etc. have been more or less translated from the Thefarian.)

1. Mismire the Courteous
2. Cmfwyp Philmaron, O.B.
3. Langan Weizl, yclept "Knuckles"
4. Honest Kimber
5. Minni-Manni-Munni-Meeni-Mooni
6. Sal from Clus
7. Kesar Poliorch
8. Schnof Ill
9. Morris Leftwich
10. Threeday Janice
11. The Whoily Abominable Kharon
12. Twittipu Enkyste
13. Odon the Omnisanct
14. Heartstopper Helgon
15. Brek Gribbit
16. The Clagath
17. FitzMacsonides the Foul
18. Mr. Fester
19. Orsil, Drittill, & Fengwar
20. Peaches
LONG QUESTION

EXHIBIT A: Inscribed sheet of beaten gold, with rivet holes. Size negotiable. Writing runs from right to left. On accompanying transcription, writing runs from left to right.

ITAMIA ICAC, HERAM ASVA VATI-EXE UNIAL, ASTRES ßEMIA-SA MEX OUTA ΘΕΦΑ-RIEI VELIANAS SAL
CIVIENAS. TURU-CE MINISTAS ÒIVAS TAMERESCA. ILACVE TULERASE NAC CI AVI-
L ΧVRVAR TESIAMEIT-ALE, ILACVE ALSASE.
NAC ATRANES ZIAC-
AL SELEITALA ACNAS-
ERS ITANIM, HERAM-
VE AVIL EMIACA PUL-
UMVVA.

[You have already noted, of course, that ACNASVERS in lines 12-13 is an obvious error for AKNASVERS.]

EXHIBIT B: Freehand rendition of fresco from some wall somewhere. Size of original negotiable.
This, the Long Question, is the Important One. Having ripped through your Identifications, spend some time in reading and choosing ONE (1) of the following QUESTIONS to answer. Then, decision made, observe the following ground rules.

a) Your answer MUST INCLUDE a translation and discussion of EXHIBIT A—which is very relevant, of course, to the matter at hand. Any matter at hand.

b) Your answer MUST INCLUDE reference to ONE of the three other EXHIBITS. It MAY INCLUDE MORE, of course, but it MUST INCLUDE ONE.

c) You may use as much, or as little, of DSP's information as you wish [without contradiction, of course] while rearing your own structures and proliferating your own detail, but I would point out that clever interpretation of the givens is a point in your favor.

d) The use of characters from the Identification will also help.

e) The usual rules for answers—clarity, organization, specificity—apply here as well.

f) Let me cite to you the words of the late and highly lamented Thelonious Sphere Monk: "The cats I like are the cats who take chances."

QUESTIONS QUESTIONS QUESTIONS QUESTIONS QUESTIONS QUESTIONS

I. The Enna Tour, of course, was an alumni affair, an attempt by males in their thirties to relive the glorious peak of their puberty. That it ended in such disaster may possibly be attributed to the presence of DSP, who joined at the last minute and thus constituted that traditional cause of Bad Luck, the Sixth Man. But why Enna rather than the Fens? To investigate the unsubstantiated folk-rumor that the Caves of Enna were an alternate entrance to Hell, the Underworld. And it must be confessed that the discoveries of the Five (plus, of course, one) were in the highest degree interesting. Specifically, what did they find? What did their findings mean?

II. It is dangerous, of course, to take Eniaca's early life as typical. In character, birth, and breeding she was scarcely the average upper-middle (or even lower-upper) High Thefarien female. But she did touch all the bases, as it were, and even achieved distinction in three of the five Principal Happenings prescribed for young girls. Her attachment for an Outlander is thus all the more amazing, though careful students may note in her performance a tendency toward, let us say, wildness. Specifically, what and where were the Five Rites? What did she do in each?
III. It was, of course, the considered judgment of thinking Thofariens that the Cycles were too short. Rebuilding the World every $5^4$ years is, after all, a strain, and cuts down on progress, to say the least. On the other hand, there was a certain comfort in the determinism. The Pattern was set; they knew (within limits) what sort of Cataclysm would take place where and when (well, roughly where and roughly when). But the opening of the Gardens, as you know, distracted the Third Wave of Invaders, and the World went crazy. It was only with the greatest difficulty that They channelled the Destruction properly so that They could Create again. Specifically, what were the steps in the transition from FIFTEEN to SIXTEEN? How was DSP, who had nearly wrecked it all, employed to effect it?

IV. It is easy, of course, to dismiss AVIZLA HUSUR as a sty-bound bunch of romantic reactionaries, harmlessly intoning their prayers underneath Mt. Punctilious, engaging in the Spring Squelch at the Miasm, and manufacturing dietary foods in the Curious City of Mog. But this is to underestimate them seriously. The HUSUR were by no means harmless: They fostered the excesses of the Cult of Pur6, they controlled selection to the Magi, they plotted overthrow under the code name BREAKOUT. Had it not been for Eniaca...Specifically, how did BREAKOUT proceed in the Spring of 583 under the guise of eccentric religiosity? How did Eniaca frustrate the fell design?

ONE LAST POINT: The questions, of course, constitute further evidence. But only for themselves, unless you wish otherwise. Example: In answering question IV, you need not be bound by the information conveyed about Eniaca in question II. You may use it or not, as you choose.
13 March 1982

PARAGEOGRAPHY

THE TERMINAL PRAXIS

[N very, very B: Inasmuch as it is stupefyingly possible, even at this late date, that what is to be done here may be misconstrued, let me put it as baldly as I can, much as I hate to:

You have been supplied with a number of odd items composed by one DSP, presumably in reference to his stay in High Thefarie. These relate to each other, somehow, but by no means constitute a full presentation of that marvelous, if rather small, Otherworld. The Necessary Fiction, however, is that you know everything about the place—which, put crassly, means that you will make up most of the information that you will hereinafter set down. Not at random, of course. You have thought the matter over, and tried to make the sparse items fit. But you will have to engage in invention and creation, since DSP has been quite chary with hard evidence, and has only capriciously divagated into the systematic. What will emerge, then, is a collaboration between DSP and you. You must try hard not to contradict him; you must try equally hard, or even harder, to demonstrate the staggering fecundity of your own creativity—without, of course, becoming so wild that you orbit, a tendency to which DSP's fixed points will, I trust, furnish a check.

Another check, or at least a guideline, is furnished by the works you have read and thought about in the course of the course. You have seen a wide variety of [mostly] competent authors go about building Otherworlds, planting gardens, sending ill-assorted groups on quests. If nothing else, they show you how to do it with some savoir-faire. This is important, because the statements you here make will be judged, on some level, as artistic creations: How inventive are they? How various are they? How do they fit together? How do they show what you know? How do they take DSP's dross and make it into gold? Madness is asked for, but it must have method.

The inscription, of course, means what you want it to mean, subject to the question's requirements. I won't be picky about it, unless you ask me to be—except to point out that there are three words in it (GUTA, @EFARIEI, and ENLACA) whose meanings are pretty well fixed.

Oh. It's a two-hour examination, not a three-, so just write until 5:00 and then stop. Should you finish early, stick around, please, until the end of the period. DSP has a final statement to make.

I trust I have made everything clear.]
EXHIBIT A: Inscribed sheet of beaten gold, with rivet holes. Size negotiable. Writing runs from right to left. On accompanying transcription, writing runs from left to right.

[Image of inscribed sheet]

ITA TMIA ICAC, HERAM ASVA VATIEXE UNIAL, ASTRES OMEMIA- SA MEATA OEFAT- RIEI VELIANAS SAL CLUVIENAS. TURU- TURUCE MUNISTAS OUVAS TAMERESCA. ILACVE TULERASE NAC CI AVI- L XURVAR TESIAEMIT- ALE, ILACVE ALASE. NAC ATRANES ZILAC- AL SELITLALA ACNASV- ERS ITANIM, HERAN- VE AVIL ENIACA PUL- UMATA.

[You have already noted, of course, that ACNASVERS in lines 12-13 is an obvious error for A\(\chi\)NASVERS.]

EXHIBIT B: Freehand rendition of fresco from some wall somewhere. Size of original negotiable.

[Image of fresco]
EXHIBIT C: Ruined building. Size and materials negotiable.

EXHIBIT D: Thing. Size and material [e.g., stone? terra cotta?] negotiable.
Take the entire two hours and answer ONE of the following questions. [I know I said two, but that was when I thought it was three hours. What I'm after here is Quality.] Spend some time in choosing which one to answer. Then, decision made, observe the following ground rules:

a) Your answer MUST INCLUDE a translation and discussion of EXHIBIT A—which is very relevant, of course, to the matter at hand. Any matter at hand.

b) Your answer MUST INCLUDE reference to ONE of the three other EXHIBITS. It MAY INCLUDE MORE, of course, but it MUST INCLUDE ONE.

c) You may use as much, or as little, of DSP's information as you wish (without contradiction, of course) while rearing your own structures and proliferating your own detail, but I would point out that clever interpretation of the givens is a point in your favor.

d) The usual rules for answers—clarity, organization, specificity—apply here as well.

e) Let me cite to you again the words of the late and highly lamented Thelonious Sphere Monk: "The cats I like are the cats who take chances."

QUESTIONS

I. The Enna Tour, of course, was an alumni affair, an attempt by males in their thirties to relive the glorious peak of their puberty. That it ended in such disaster may possibly be attributed to the presence of DSP, who joined at the last minute and thus constituted that traditional cause of Bad Luck, the Sixth Man. But why Enna rather than the Fens? To investigate the unsubstantiated folk-rumor that the Caves of Enna were an alternate entrance to Hell, the Underworld. And it must be confessed that the discoveries of the Five (plus, of course, one) were in the highest degree interesting. Specifically, what did they find? What did their findings mean?

II. It is dangerous, of course, to take Eniaca's early life as typical. In character, birth, and breeding she was scarcely the average upper-middle (or even lower-upper) High Thefarian female. But she did touch all the bases, as it were, and even achieved distinction in three of the five Principal Happenings prescribed for young girls. Her attachment for an Outlander is thus all the more amazing, though careful students may note in her performance a tendency toward, let us say, wildness. Specifically, what and where were the Five Rites? What did she do in each?
III. It was, of course, the considered judgment of thinking Thefariens that the Cycle was too short. Rebuilding the world every 54 years is, after all, a strain, and cuts down on progress, to say the least. On the other hand, there was a certain comfort in the determinism. The Pattern was set; they knew (within limits) what sort of Cataclysm would take place where and when (well, roughly where and roughly when). But the opening of the Gardens, as you know, distracted the Third Wave of Invaders, and the world went crazy. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they channelled the Destruction properly so that they could Create again. Specifically, what were the steps in the transition from Fourteen to Fifteen? How was DSP, who had nearly wrecked it all, employed to effect it?

IV. It is easy, of course, to dismiss AVIZLA HUSUR as a sty-bound bunch of romantic reactionaries, harmlessly intoning their prayers underneath Mt. Punctilious, engaging in the Spring Squelch at the Miasm, and manufacturing dietary foods in the Curious City of Mog. But this is to underestimate them seriously. The HUSUR were by no means harmless: They fostered the excesses of the Cult of Purθ, they controlled selection to the Magi, they plotted overthrow under the code name BREAKOUT. Had it not been for Eniaca... Specifically, how did BREAKOUT proceed in the Spring of 583 under the guise of eccentric religiosity? How did Eniaca frustrate the fell design?

ONE LAST POINT: The questions, of course, constitute further evidence. But only for themselves, unless you wish otherwise. Example: In answering question IV, you need not be bound by the information conveyed about Eniaca in question II. You may use it or not, as you choose.
carissim

act ally id hoped to have a ceremony
a f~nal bash not tea and cookies or
knotted and ladyfingers no scarcely
talks cheap
rather what i intended was a salon
no particular refreshments instead
and so is he
a nice relaxing chat a c~auserie
he fishes for it
we could i thought stand around at ease
exchange remarks trade compliments
and so to speak compare our wounds
fancies himself too
and after thirty minutes or so
id make a witty presentation
a prize for b~est world
however i hadnt expected
what happened how was i
to know thered be a number
of excellent worlds but
as yet after once and a half
times through the lot
no clear absolute best
hes lazy too

but by next wednesday night
things should be clearly set
the winner or maybe winners
will be informed by mail
check on him
the prize to be picked up
next term unless the workings
of the dartmouth plan locate
it figures
the winner elsewhere say
madagascar in which case
incompetent
the prize which is a book
will be posted thither
going to know thered be a number

doing that things still im interested to know what
ego ego ego
heavy study of a thin text has yielded

did anyone catch i wonder
the metrical error in the
peak poem of graniers case
and how about
third line needs two more
ami$ de voyage
syllables and should read
i hadnt developed
"set, doubled, redoubled,"
guiltridden
and what you may ask
became of the mirrors
and what about
they were suppose to be
at least three times
fundamental but i never
stop pushing
get them in except for
though i have a
a sideways swipe
rationalization
in antitype

and what about
of course
anyway youve been hard masters
and mistresses perhaps id better say
hes hopeless
dominantpersons and its been fun
i may retch
i thank you and enlaca thanks you
from her lofty room with all the
which means
flowers so far away where i wish
of course
i were at this very moment
happy books

truce traca

which means