

Sunapsis/Synopsis

My dearest trouvaille, common heliotrope, precious pearl,

What is a Fast-Fish? Alive or dead a fish is technically fast, when it is connected with an occupied ship or boat, by any medium at all controllable by the occupant or occupants, — a mast, an oar, a nine-inch cable, a telegraph wire, or a strand of cobweb, it is all the same.

A NOISELESS, patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

*great filamented spurts of jism traced the air like bullets and then settled slowly over Evelyn in her bed like falling **ticker tape***

"Object," exclaims, the tranquillity of knowledge, "object is the right expression, for the beloved is important to the lover only as this external object of the emotion of his soul, as the object in which he wishes to see his selfish feeling satisfied."

Object! Horrible! There is nothing more damnable, more profane, more mass-like than an *object—agrave; bas* the object! How could absolute subjectivity, the *actus puris*, "pure" Criticism, not see in love its *bête noire*, that Satan incarnate, in love, which first really teaches man to believe in the objective world outside himself, which not only makes man into an object, but even the object into a man!

Finally, love even makes one human being "*this external object of the emotion of the soul*" of another, the object in which the *selfish* feeling of

the other finds its satisfaction, a selfish feeling because it *looks for its own essence* in the other, and that must not be.

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.

Now let us make in each soul a sort of aviary of all kinds of birds; some in flocks separate from the others, some in small groups, and others flying about singly here and there among all the rest.

Then we must say that when we are children this receptacle is empty; and by the birds we must understand pieces of knowledge. When anyone takes possession of a piece of knowledge and shuts it up in the pen, we should say he has learned or has found out the thing of which this is the knowledge; an knowing, we should say, is this.

Now think: when he hunts again for any one of the piece of knowledge that he chooses, and takes it and "has" it, then lets it go again, what words are appropriate here?

For abstraction, love is "the maid from a foreign land" who has no dialectical passport and is therefore expelled from the country by the Critical police.

*He who binds to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sun rise
The look of love alarms
Because tis filld with fire*

26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft

feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.

27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.

29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

[...]

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

10:16 Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

a production of and by subjects already in social practices which always involve heterogeneous and often contradictory positions in ideologies. . . . Real readers are subjects in history rather than readers of a single text."

The wise are doubtful, and I should not be singular if, like them, I too doubted.... am I a monster more complicated and swollen with passion than the serpent Typho, or a creature of a gentler and simpler sort, to whom Nature has given a diviner and lowlier destiny? But let me ask you, friend:

*have we not reached the plane-tree to which you were conducting us?
By Here, a fair resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. How
delightful is the breeze:-so very sweet; and there is a sound in the air shrill
and summerlike which makes answer to the chorus of the cicadae. But the
greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head.
My dear Phaedrus, you have been an admirable guide.*

When Beatrice towards the left-hand side
I saw turned round, and gazing at the sun;
Thus of her action, through the eyes infused
In my imagination, mine I made,
And sunward fixed mine eyes beyond our wont.

the imaginary is that which tends to become real.

*Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.
They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets.
Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships,
while children gather pebbles and scatter them again.
They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.*

**rereading is no longer consumption but play (that play
which is the return of the different)**

The pharmakon is the movement, the locus, and the play: (the
production of) difference. It is the differance of difference.

*Isn't this like our sinewy way of being.
to be whipped on, then reined in?
Track and turning. But one touch: understanding.
New distances. And the two are one.*

*But are they? Or don't both signify
the road they take together? They're already
unspeakably divided by table and trough.*

*Even the linking of stars is a lie.
But for a while now let's be happy
to believe the symbol. That's enough.*

*Is the unspeakable slowly growing in your mouth?
Released from the fruit's pulp, astonished,
discoveries flow where words usually were.*

This "I" which approaches the text is already itself a plurality of other texts, of codes which are infinite, or more precisely lost.

There is nevertheless, a little connection when you read certain serious authors, like women, as if by chance.

as chance would have it (but what is chance?)

What I have wanted to do above all is to show the precautions and ruses which desire, in search of its object, employs as it tacks in the preconscious waters, and, once this object is discovered, the means (stupefying until some new order) it used to make it known by consciousness.

And what are you, reader, but a Loose-Fish and a Fast-Fish, too?

-your pharmacist

ps. Faire l'amour, as the very expression indicates, is poetry.