(1)
Here I am sitting here
thinking about life in all its forms.

If one day so far where nothing fits.
Breakfast at the Holiday Inn Hotel
where I live.
Ordinarily,
especially where I live in other places,
I look forward to breakfast.

I eat six cups of tea please.
Three pieces of toasted bread
margarine and honey.

and time for think about myself.
Coordination of body and mind.
That I can do in a simple form.

I don't take the tea to my table,
I pour myself or cups of tea in one place
and carry the cups to my table.

where I sit to drink it.

then I go back to the place for another cup
and so forth.
Six times more or less.
six cups of tea.
Same for the three pieces of toast

A COMMISSION
i like the getting up and dawn part
it's a kind of exercise
of something or other
one freedom of choice
two freedom of movement

i've been in too many
places in my life
where it was all at the table
and imposed a kind of discipline on me that
especially in the morning
i don't like
it's too social
or whatever that word is
let's call this one
tap dancing in the sand
yesterday because of the mental pressure i always feel when i don't eat breakfast alone. i ordered breakfast in my room. that was nice. i mean

i am looking out in glass doors over the little balcony to the river with the barges going back and forth and all the buildings across the river where all the people live. i thought to myself, what is in the barges? this is the kind of question i think about at breakfast. i asked yourself
according to Cicero

Whoever he is

only people with a powerful memory

know what they are going to say

and for how long they are going to speak

and in what style

what points they have already answered

and what still remains

and they can also remember

from other cases

many arguments which they have previously advanced

and many which they have heard from other people

but it is the presence of amazing powers of memory.

let us call them one

the last 1000 hours

or almost six weeks

the movement

of man

by man

photographer of contrasts

or

research into the colonization of German music

by the African Spirit

or both

the history

two the Casualties
I think of myself very much as an organization man. It's all outside me.
If you know what I mean? I think there are five kinds of people. One is the organization man. Another is what might be called the interpreter. Another is the helpful woman. Another is the woman of the different voice; or different way of speaking. And so on. Each of these characters has its equivalent, I suppose, in the world of unshared knowledge. The question of whether we add our characters to satisfy that requirement is a question I couldn't possibly answer here. It could be answered, and I could answer it, but not here.
Reconstruct our lineage if—may we
think of ourselves, individually,
each day to return from dreams to
is measurably difficult / nothing
up here is measurably difficult.

So it is not an interest in
the drama of skin and hair and bone
structure that brings us to this movie.

What brings us to this movie?

Not ignorance for to use that word
we would use about other anomalies,
ignorance I know there is not on
person in this audience who would
claim to be surprised. So, innocence
or ignorance is but. Let's call this one
what brings us to this movie.
be a truth/thing to

some others say here today.

This is not the answer to the question.

We can hardly bring ourselves to

seem/consider this many.

or even my intended that

and out to be a支部 in such a

instructed as plain go on/so long

believed/figuratively in any part for

no more than any other/more on

only to remind that the more/

as an answer to my various to

as any person would do enough

accounting for the fact she considered

important at that occurrence

don't enough/look, if possible, an


for a time
in high favor
though Plutarch hints that
he was
eventually put out of the way
by his brilliant and cruel master.

I think I understand that.
What brings us to this movie?

Isn’t it a commission from Fandango Spagnolo quote

Footnote that shield how nice

2/
in the earthly copies of justice and temperance,

and in other ideas which are precious to souls!

Here is no light!

But only a few

Approaching in image through the darkling organs of sense

Behold in them

An nature that which they imitate

End quote

I don’t understand that.

[ 2 ]

I don’t understand that.

[ 3 ]

I don’t understand that.
Anyway, later.

From Seespis
says Strabo

came Methodius

as man who changed from his pursuit of philosophy
to political life

and taught rhetoric

for the most part

in his written works.

and he used a brand new style and dazzled many.

He seems to have played

a considerable political

as well as cultural

role

at the Court

where he was,
Ecce homo.
E una povera creatura morta! Corpo morto.
Posso?
Morto?
Tod, vado corpo morto.
Ecco l'uomo.
Nulla! Morto.
Davvero, cervello, Misuriamo.
Cervello... tre. Povero cervello che non va più.
Il naso? Due e il naso. Che bello.
La bocca? Due due!
Facciamo un piccolo duetto.
Davvero.
Affanculo.
Sono povero creatura morto. Misuriamo sol petto.
La coscia o rusi lungagigli mio, lasciarche
nostri serve, mettiamo un quindici. Eppure l'altra
Coscia. Può essere differente. È chi lo sa?
Eh si. La coscia destra è molto più lunga.
Quindi e mezzo.
Le povere ginocchia. Oh, ginocchia.
Son due; son altrettante. Due. Due.
E sti piedi, sti piedi di sti povero essere,
Son lunghi, però quanto ha camminato! Ufa! Udici.
E sarà lo stesso, no? Udici.
Misuriamo l'uomo. Ah, sti povero uomo che è
crepato.
Facciamo un tre.
Here is the Man.
Here's a poor dead creature. Dead body.
Poor thing.
Dead?
Well, I see dead body.
Here is the Man.
Nothing! Dead.
Oh what a bore. Brain. Let's measure.
Brain... three. Poor brain which sings no more.
The nose? Two is the nose. How pretty.
The little mouth? Two too!
Let's do a little duo ("write a little two").
Oh what a bore.
Up his ass!
This poor dead idiot.
Let's measure this breast.
The thigh is so long, my son, the leg which is
no longer of any use to you, let's put down a fifteen.
And yet the other leg. It could be different. Who knows?
Oh yes. The right leg is much longer! Fifteen and a half.
The poor knees. Oh, knees.
They're two; they're another two. Two. Two.
And his feet, those feet of this poor bastard, they're
long. Wow has he walked? Boy has he got around? J!
Bah! Eleven.
And it will be the same, won't it? Eleven.
Let's measure man. Ah, this poor man who dropped
dead.
Let's settle for a three.
Brain. Oneum, twoum, threeum. Eh!
Museum: Vat lony is? Dumb-two. ¡También!
Mouth: dos.
Titties: eight.
Breast: Oneum, twoum, threeum, fourum, fiveum, etcetera.
Four the belly button. This poor human being.
The hip: Eleven. Fuck! (nothing).
Wait, wait. This is a little disturbance.
I'm fed up now.
Holy Water.
The leg: twenty inches, the leg.
And the knee, it seems like two to me.
Let's put down two.
Another tiny feet, these poor little feet.
Thay're ten and a half.
I'll sell both of them to you for very little.
Hear is the Bay. Dead. Well.
Who gives a damn?
Sorriousful Mother. Let him rest in peace. Poor
Child Paganini, my beauty.
Sleep. In peace.
Shitass! Sleep.
Cerebrum: Unum duum treum. Eh!
Nasum: quantum? Dum! ¡También!
Os: dos.
Tetine: octo.
Pectum: unum duum treum quattuor cincum, etcetera.
Quattro lombellico. Sto povero cristiano.
Aspetta, aspetta. Chesta è ’na Stubbating.
Me so’ stupato.
Acqua santa.
La gamba: venti pollici, la gamba.
È il ginocchio me sembra de due.
Mettiamo due.
È sti pedini, sti poveri pedini.
Son de dieci e mezzo.
Tutte due fe l’uendo per un poco.
Chi se ne frega?
Mater dolorosa. Requiescat in pace. Povero bambino
Paganini bello mio.
Dormi. Ju pace
Stronzo. Dormi.
I \textit{recognize one, who speaks in the tongue of the angels.}

\textit{Taking advantage of this unfeigned opportunity, I throw myself upon your moment of glory, not with intent of distraction, but with an inner desire to further illuminate the glory of this moment.}

\textit{Tho money may be the devil's lure, it is also food to sustain angels. Knowing that this money is a commision than which my genius is to be enhanced, I wish the stipend would send you here to boundary line so the union of the opposites of thunder and lightning can be accomplished for now and ever more.}
MY SON; TELL MONSIEUR BERLIOZ
THE FOLLOWING: AMONG THE GENIUS
ARTISTS, MYSELF I RECOGNIZE ONE
WHO SPEAKS WITH THE BRIDE OF
ANGELS.

THE MONEY MAY THE DEVIL'S
LUCRE IT IS ALSO FOOD TO
SUSTAIN ANGELS. ALTHOUGH THIS
MONEY IS A COMMISSION; THEN
WHICH MY GENIUS IS TO BE
ENHANCED; I WISH THE
STIPEND WOULD SEND YOU
HECTOR TO BOUNDLESS FLUTE
SO THE UNION OF THE OPPOSITE
CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED FOR
NOW + ETERNITY.