II-4 11/2/51-1

I know this knock. I heard it once before
~~I was sweating~~ I was sweating ~~to remember~~ to remember one
~~I'm only this~~
just one thing crying in my fever for
Help, help. ~~The door creaked~~
But the door opened and no
Kneeled ~~down to~~ to whisper what I had to say
~~to reveal the secret to the dead~~
Only my sisters wetted me with their tears.
~~But then the door closed~~
But ~~I~~ reveal no secrets. Love is slow
And when it comes it neither speaks nor
hears.
It only kisses and the kiss ~~did~~ raise
~~me from the dead but~~
Me from the dead but it was of no
use

II-4 5-22

~~I see the terror in my sisters' eyes~~
~~Who shuddered~~

My senses were restored to ~~my~~ me.

~~I knew of things~~

I should have tried to

I tried to be like everybody else
~~Not to forget~~
Forgetting all the terrors

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΩΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4 5-33

I know this knock. I heard it once before
As I was ~~sweating~~ sweating to remember one,
just one thing ~~burning me with fever.~~
which ~~my fever could not~~
no fever can kill, nor ~~fever cannot~~ nor ~~no fever could consume~~ nor

I know this knock. I heard it once before
As I was sweating to remember ~~only~~ what
just one thing ~~burning me with fever~~
which ~~my fever could not~~
no fever can kill, nor ~~fever cannot~~ nor ~~no fever could consume~~ nor

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4 5-4 4

I know this knock. I heard it once before
As I was ~~waiting~~ struggling to remember one
Just one thing crying in my fever for
Help, help. ~~But~~ Then the door opened and no one
Kneeled down to whisper what I had to know
Only my sisters wetted me with tears —
But tears reveal no secrets. Love is slow
And when she comes she neither speaks nor
Hears.

She only kisses and revives the dead
In vain. Because What ~~was~~ is the use
To be about again since instead
Of trying to remember the great news

~~Of Death not Love~~
~~Whispered~~ to me alone by Death and Love
Flitted
I ~~struggled~~ to forget them and become
Like ~~a stone~~ everybody else Forged
~~And talk like people who know~~
Like people

Hinted to me alone by Death and Love
I struggled to forget them and become
Like everybody else? I longed to move
~~And talk as if my~~ Old minds.
~~As everybody else? So I spent my days~~
~~Like My days in small talk and~~
And so I
~~Who had not long aye~~ drunk from the cup
Of Death and
~~Dark Tomb~~
As if I had been never overcome
~~Prayer~~ mysteries which made my sisters
By ~~Bell sacrifice~~ (shiver
As they prepared the Supper for our Friend.
~~Here is the recipe I learned by~~
~~The food~~
The food ~~I ate~~ came and ~~by my heart~~
~~He~~ He came and we received Him
But ~~asked~~ did not ask Him who
And now I hear the kind
~~And thoughts from~~
Adieu

II-4

And strive to make up for the ~~wasted~~ time,
But I cannot remember, and the door
Opens to let in my eternal Crime. 6

5-6

I stand alone just like a church
Which asked

a garden

I stand alone just like a church
Which desired
That would like much to be
A garden with a singing bird
Or a with a drunken

II-4 5-8 8

I stand ~~I~~ alone an empty church
That would prefer to be
A garden with a naughty bird
Or with a goblin bee.

~~The world is full of trees and birds~~
~~Of bees~~

The world is full of birds and bees
~~And these all of them will sleep noiseless~~
~~But not one comes in here,~~
Whole And all of them will die

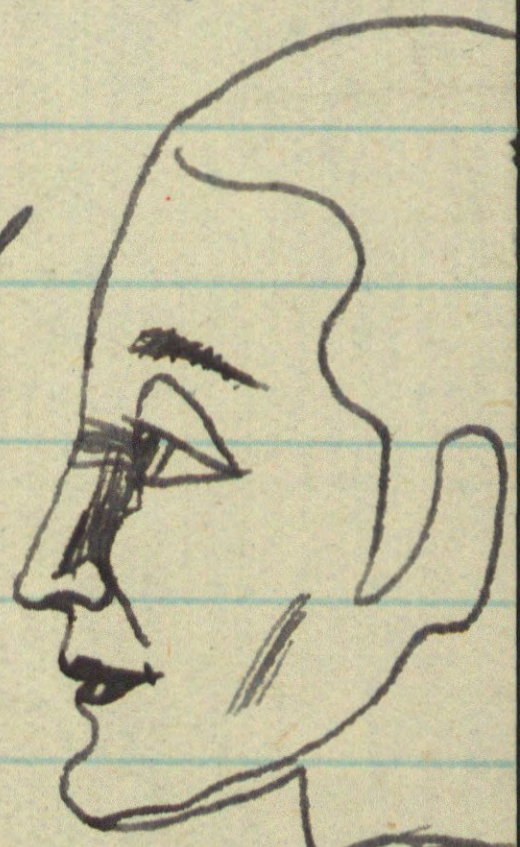
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

The world is full of birds an bees,
And all of them will die
Yet-

The world is full of birds and bees.
And all of them will die,

II-4 5-10 9

A body we have never hugged
Is like a Christian map,
Which promises Jerusalem
In it's Cop.



Hugh Willoughby
fair
Hugh Willoughby searched the North-East,
Dark Hudson the North-West,
But

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

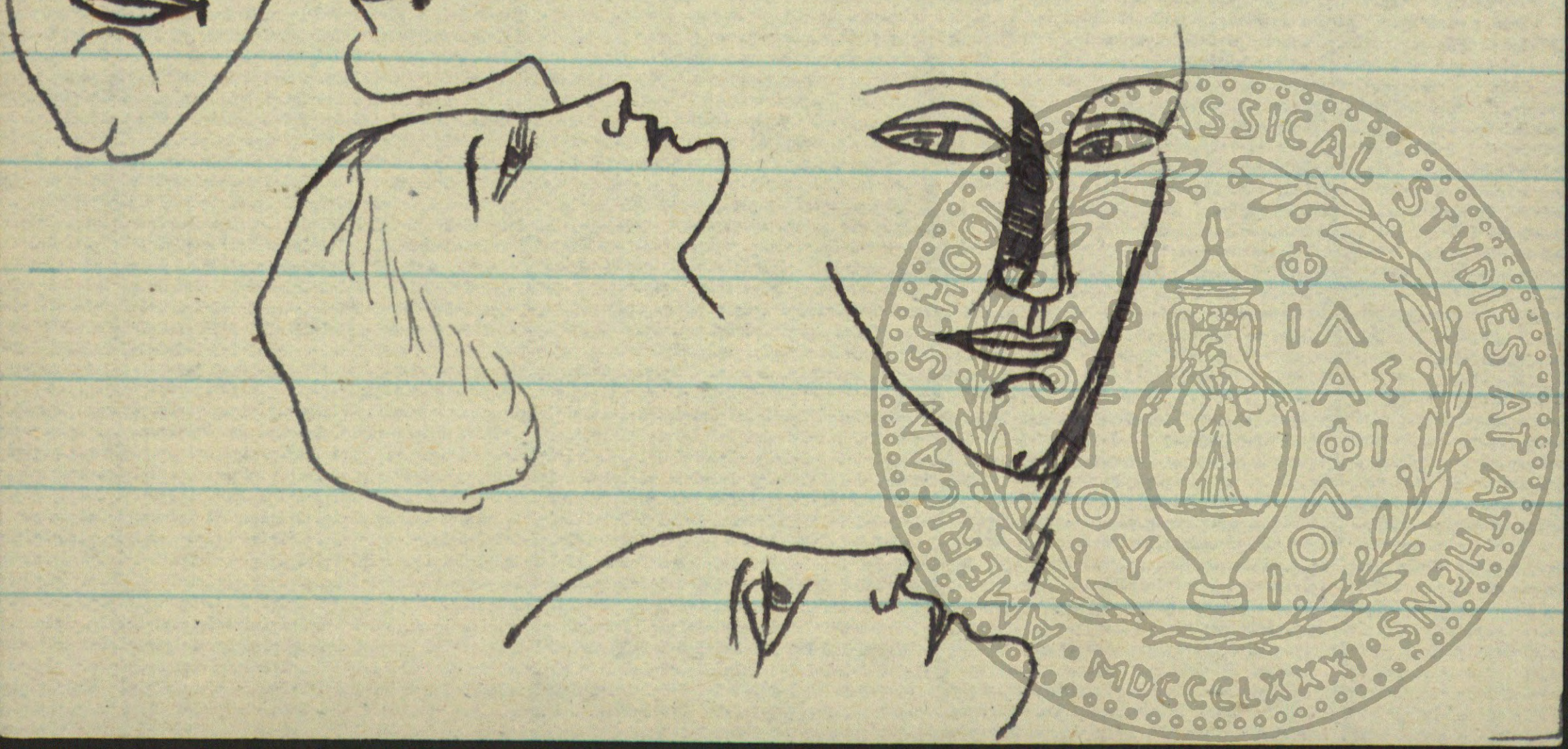
S-11

I-4

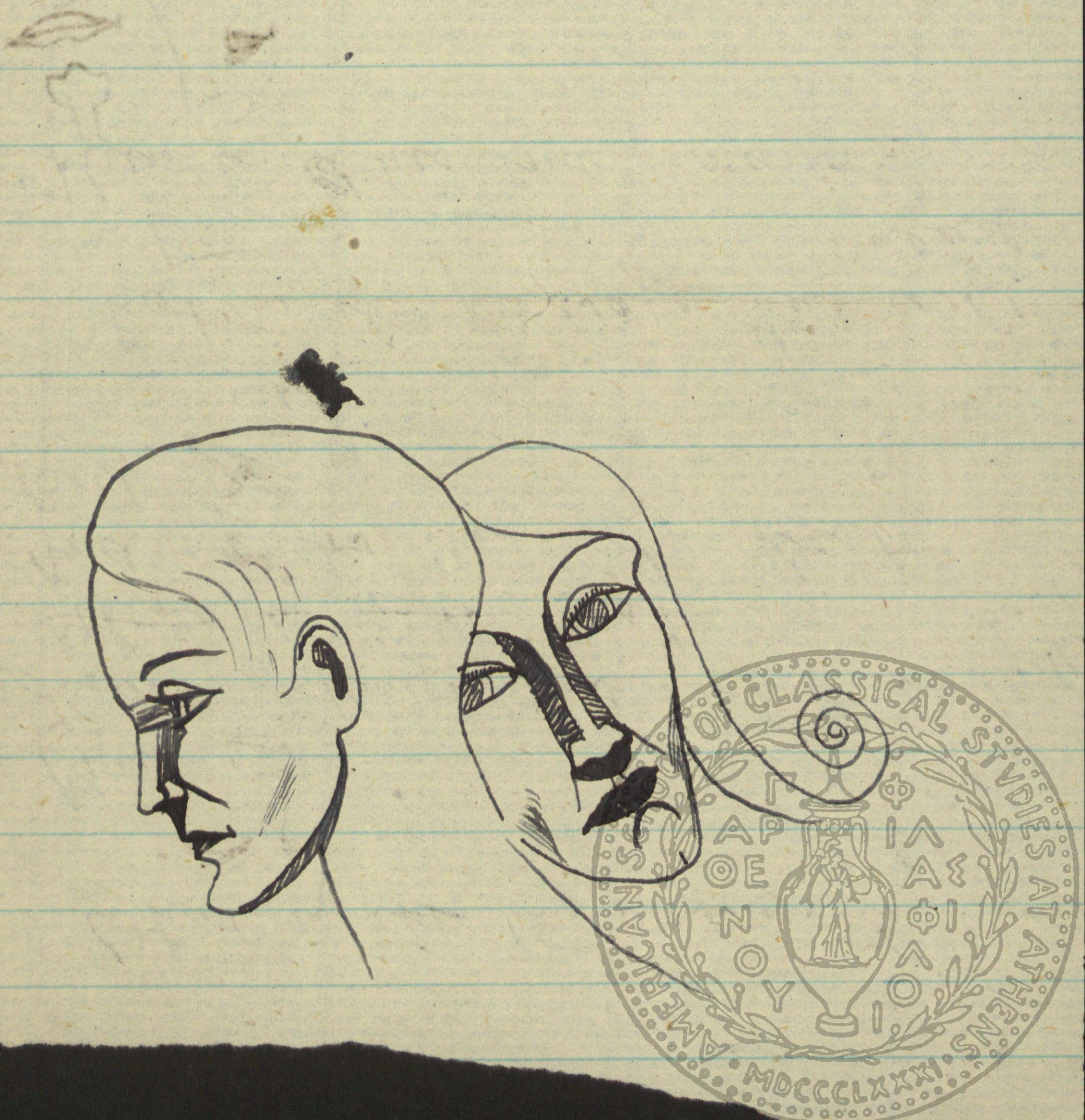
10

What is ~~that~~ the passage that could lead Man Hugh Willoughby searched the North-East, ~~Others the North West~~ And others the North-West, But-

What is the passage that could lead Man to ~~&~~ his true romance?



5-12


AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4 5-13

11

A body we have never hugged
Is like a fantastic map,
Which promises Cathay and all
In its uncharted lap.

A body we have never hugged
Is a map
~~Which promises the bliss~~
Which promises eternal bliss
In its lap.

A body we have never hugged
Is like a Christian map,
Which promises Jerusalem
In its lap.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4

5-14
12

What is the passage that could lead
Man to his land of

What is the passage that could lead
Man to his

Hugh Willoughby went to the East,
Others preferred the west,

5-15
13

II-4

A body we have never hugged
Is like a Christian map
Which promises Jerusalems
In its (unchattered) lap.

Hugh Willoughby was tall and fair,
~~A passage to Cathay,~~
Perhaps the real Cathay,
He should have let discovery
Explore his

Hugh Willoughby was tall and fair,
He should have done instead
what-

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

I stand alone an empty church
That would prefer to be
A garden with a naughty bird
hopping
Or with a gobbling bee
humming

5-16

II - 4

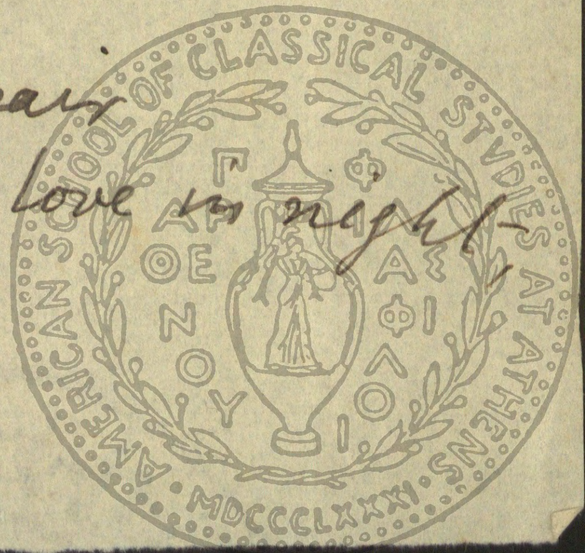
5-17

II-4

5-18

14

As complices in crime and dark despair
We kethed our souls in blood, our love to night-
We knocked the door of death



5-19
15

Our kindship dances on a rope
Tight stretched between despair and hope
Over eternal separation,
~~If knowing Kate~~
~~With motions measuring the sea~~
Meaning that motion in the ~~Kettle~~ core
~~Of nothingness is~~
~~Of de[redacted] is more th~~

Of nothingness is something more
Than

Our friendship dances on ~~the~~ a rope
Tight-stretched between despair and hope
Over eternal separation,
~~Keeping~~ Feeling ~~each~~ with
Feeling the narrowness of life
~~Cutting her soul~~ Wounding her ~~soul~~ sole like
a

Their kisses give birth
To children which ~~will eat~~ earth
~~will eat and~~
Remorseless will eat.

Their kisses give birth
To children which earth
will eat.
Their love is despair
Because

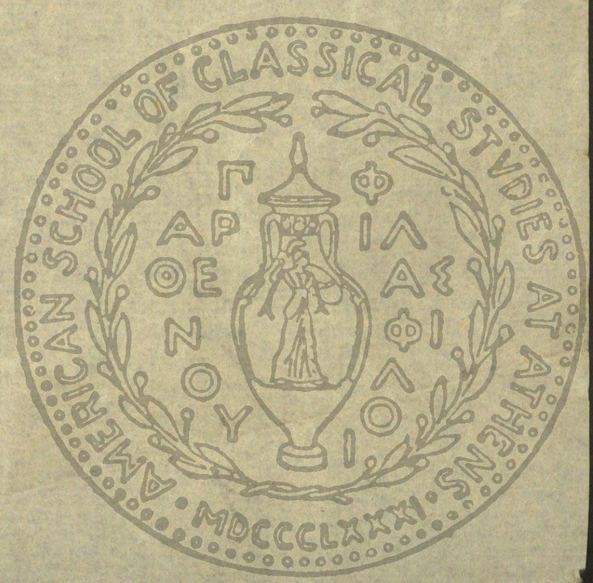
Their kisses give birth
To children which earth

O source of my life,

b c d f g h j k l m n p r s t v w z

grief

brief
grief
thief
stiff



5-23 18

II-4

He Eskimo

cold

He also brought a black stone

gold 18

A

A body we have never hugged
Is like a Christian map
Which promises Jerusalem
In.

5-24

II-4

19

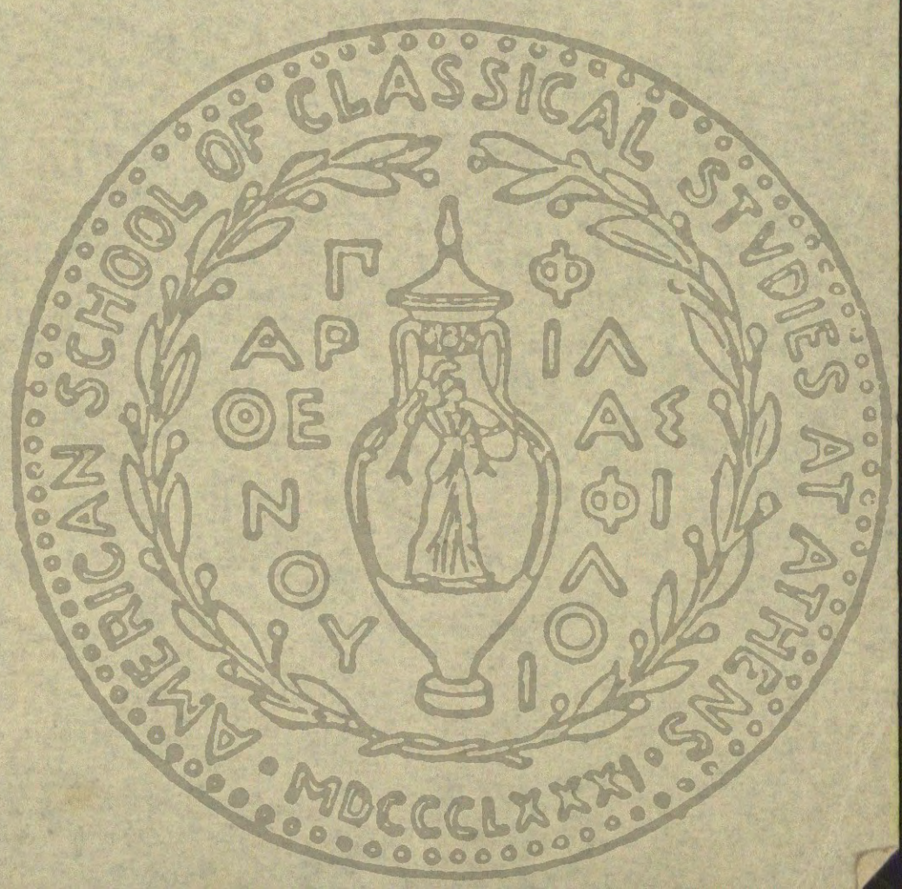
The ~~a~~ friend has killed his friend, the son
his father,
But if you ~~come~~ call, the dead will rise again,
In the deserted streets the tractors gather,
Longing

The friend has killed his friend, the son his
father
But if you ~~sing~~ come, the dead ~~might~~ will rise again.
~~In the city~~

~~Every~~ ~~and in the market place the~~
~~will gather~~

~~Thirsty to kiss~~
~~Thirsty~~ to kiss the.

~~Longing~~



Yet finally the gipsy went away
Dragging behind him the two show moving
Bears and was lost in
My heart urged me to take again the road ~~which leads~~
Which leads

And as I walked my heart was moaning:

"Will ever come the day when the ~~souls~~
of the Bear and the Gipsy, and my soul
Which
Shall celebrate together?"

~~And~~ As I went

On.
I felt again the darkness running ~~into~~ in-
to my heart- through that same ~~womb~~ which fate
Opened in me, as through a through a whole the wave
~~Rushed the~~ suddenly run into the ~~shandy~~ ~~ster~~ sinking
~~Ship~~ Ship. As if my heart was craving
For such ~~a~~ a flood, when it had sunk,
As if

A whisper fluttered over me, a whisper
Which seemed to say: "The day will come"

And as I looked at it I ~~could~~ left the time,
I went beyond and far away from time,
Free from the forms shut in the time, beyond
Statues and picture. I was outside time.

Yet there in front of me, made to stand up
~~By the~~ love,
I only saw the huge ~~white~~ bear with the blue
Beads on her head, a symbol
Of all the world, of all the past and present,
A

Because even she too
Was and still is in Hades.
And

Through the new wound which Fate
It seemed to me the sun.

The one
(Anité obviously the Mother), the big one,
~~Clad~~ With the whole brow adorned with rows of blue
Beads

Suddenly stood as if she was an ancient-
Statue of the Great-Godness, the eternal
Mother herself, who when
Because of for her daughter
Was ~~called~~ called Demeter here, and for her son,
at-on
And her side the ~~little~~ little bear,
Like a big toy, or like an unsuspicious
Child, stood up, not-guessing yet-
The

II -4

~~The truth I know would be a~~

~~When man's thought breaks and our love~~

~~When man's thought~~

~~When My friend, we met before the~~

~~I met my friend before the~~

Two or three pi

Three ~~fragments~~ ~~pieces~~ of a broken thought

~~Three fragment of a~~

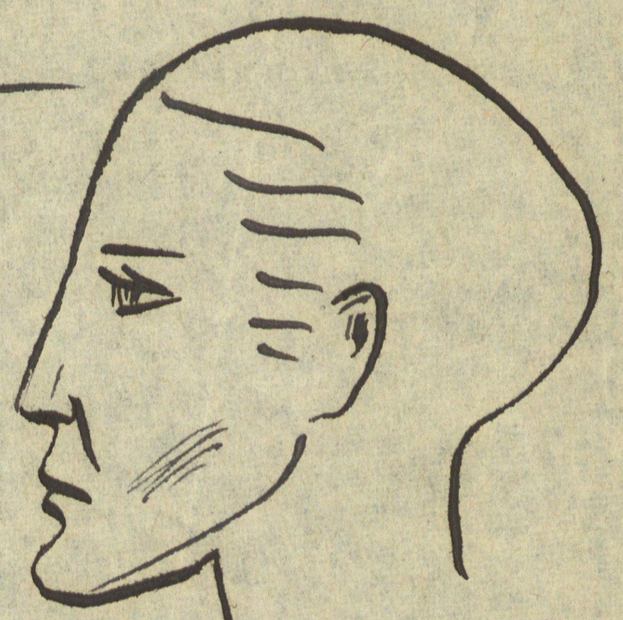
Three fragments of a broken thought
And

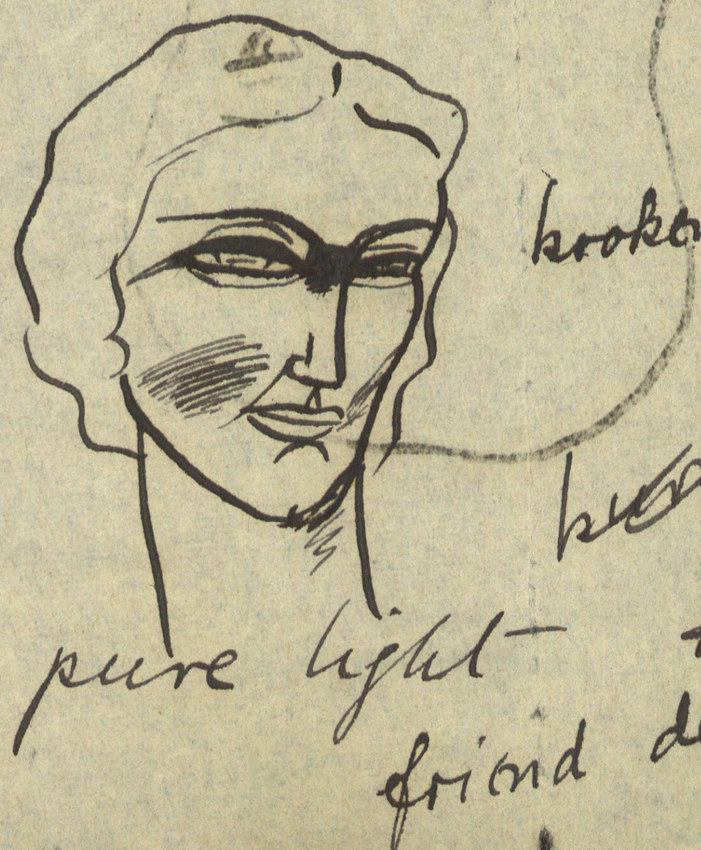
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΡΧΑΙΑΣ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΓΝΩΣΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

Listener, can you hear the silence howl
And crawl, an endless serpent, round the world?
I see your need for signs and symbols prowl
Along the folded tombs and the unfurled
Bliss of the ~~Heaven~~ sky. Hunter and source of light-
~~Glory of Heaven~~
Beloved, who did not find the straining of
The body ~~burning~~ burning at your ~~beauty broken by your friendship~~
The youthful body killed by love and cough,

What does your craving for atonement call
Out of the depths of man begetting dread?
An answer, or the thought that after all
Murder means less than nothing to the dead?

Hunter of light ~~proof~~





broken in a ~~peaceful~~ fight,

Hunter of ~~Hunter of~~ pure light- ~~body~~ bleeding friend defeated in

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

5-31

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΡΧΑΙΑΣ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

E

The nights have come. All. More them they should be
No one was absent
E Is all my life, and so is History.
Even the stars,

Like
Torturing my mind.

Unwritten books can guess their meaning.

Those who have ~~loved, but also those who've hated~~ have hated, but also those who've loved,
O yes, even those who loved, both of them have slapped
our Jesus' face.
The night is helpful. But the sun is deaf.

B
I do not
If ~~You~~ you said "let it be darkness", then perhaps.
If

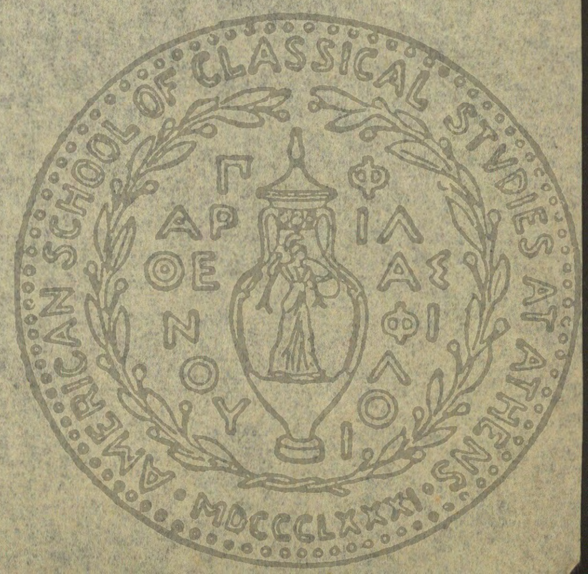
Our heart becomes a hungry beast of prey.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

b
c
d
f
g
h
j
k
l
m
n
p
s
t
u
v
w
x
y

urging
emerging
surgeon

guess
less
mess



II-4

5-35

27

I call myself Maria Monk,

5-36

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

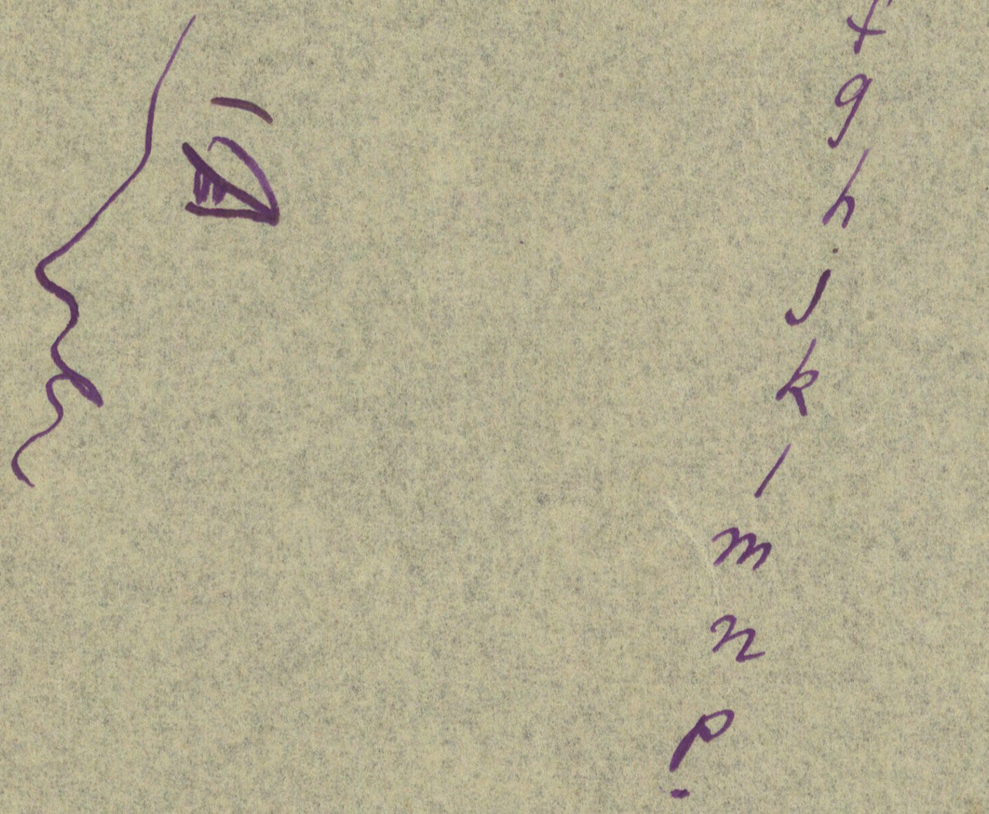
5-37

28

~~At the street corners, in the undergrounds~~

At the street corner or the underground
The symbols of ~~[illegible]~~ eternity are ground

A Polish officer with



AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

5-38

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΩΝ ΦΙΛΙΚΩΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4

5-39

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON

29

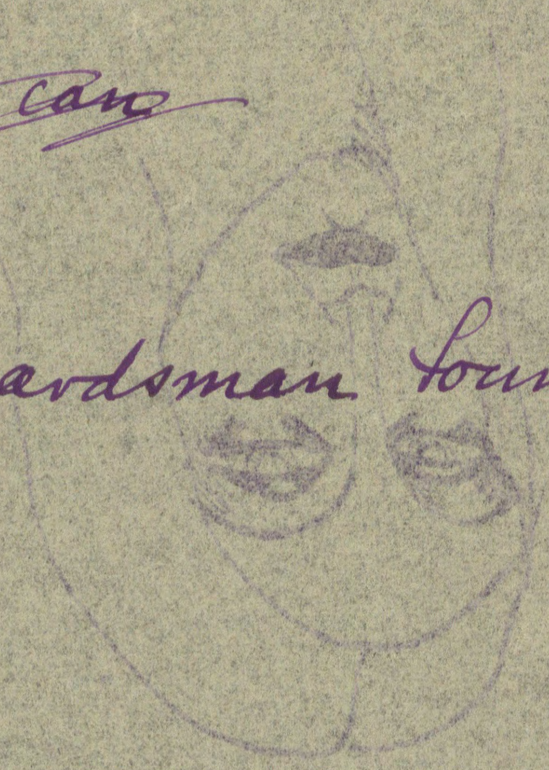
"Are you a stranger, mister?"

Lurking behind street corners the vampire
Waits for the

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΑΡΘΕΝΟΥ ΦΙΛΑΙ
MDCCCLXXXI

"Have a drink"

No beer can



A guardsman found unconscious in the street.

The vampire

Burns with a dark and

And when

When in the dawn the

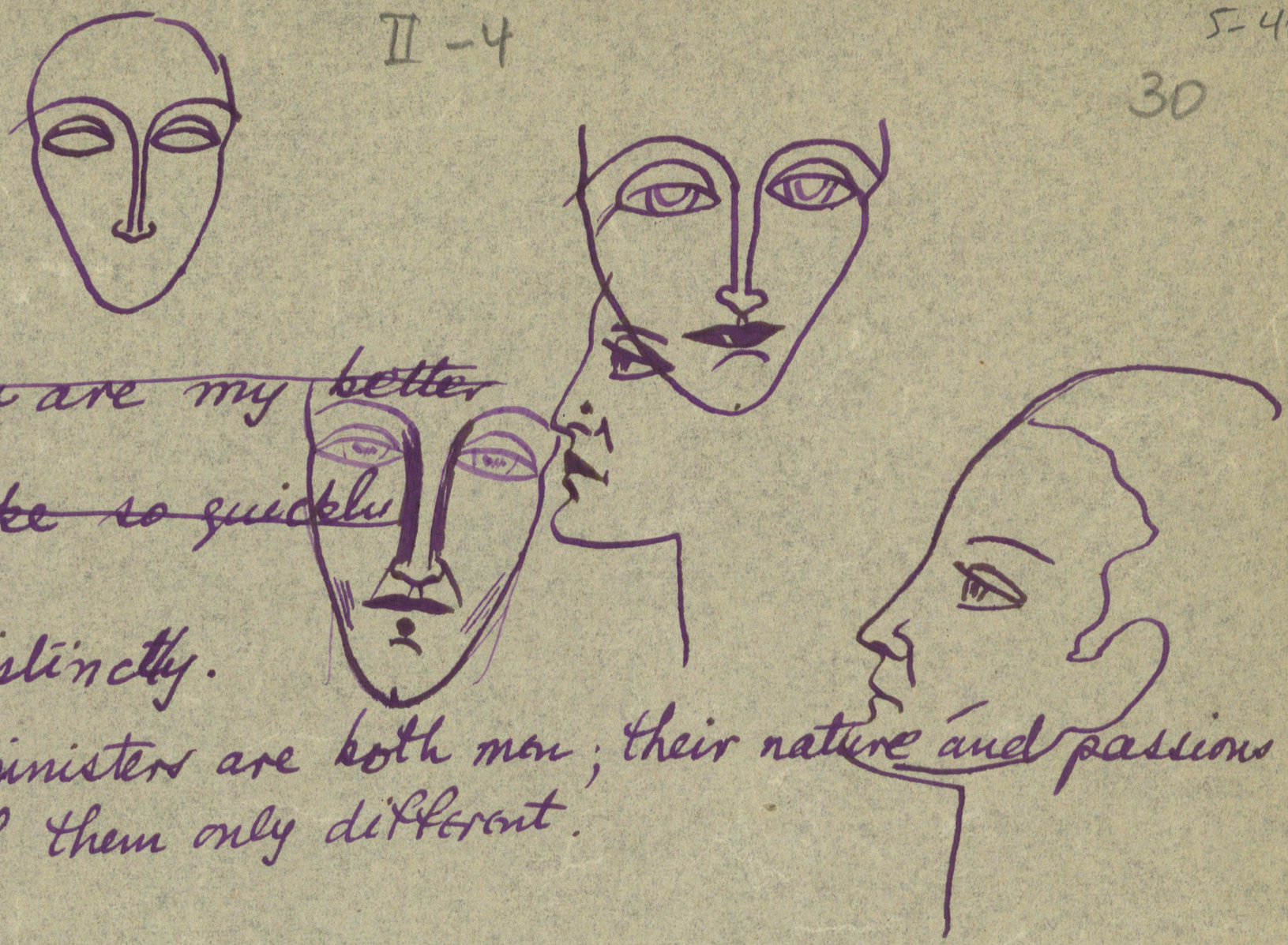
"This day must bring the

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
ΓΑΡΘΕΝΑΓΩΓΕΙΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4

5-41

30



~~My boy~~

~~Dear boy, you are my better~~

~~Somebody spoke so quickly~~

Speak more distinctly.

Shepherds and ministers are both men; their nature and passions the same, the modes of them only different.

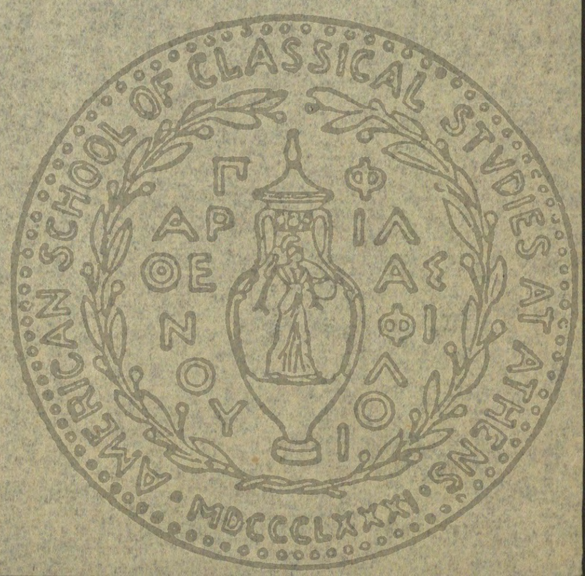
Briars and thorns have scratched my
But when I look into the

The Man who died from love

He did not look like a consumptive ~~virgin~~ virgin
~~And when night fell his~~
~~And when night fell he did not weep alone~~
~~She has surrendered to~~
~~who does would not light~~
~~who weeps by night~~

urging

He
His flesh to live



He did not look like a consumptive virgin

He was a man and spent his forces urging
~~He~~ His flesh to say the final

He did not look like a consumptive virgin
meek

He was a man and ~~spent his forces~~ used his reason urging
~~the~~ stubborn flesh to say the ~~final~~ yes.
healing

~~But in the depths where flesh and spirit mingle~~

S-45

II-4

33

Our mind has tasted the

SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES
ΓΑΦΙΑ
ΑΜΕΡΙΚΗΣ
ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ
ΑΘΗΝΩΝ