

greek bodies of water

peter mcdonald

“pouring a watery roar from his many stream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth”

D: Listen to the Greeks, their breath runs hoarse, they are close to death, and exhausted. Tonight we will see them fall, their gifts after long days lost on the wind; what they forgot finally in turn forgotten.

N: Do you see the smile play upon their lips? It is precisely Greek death that we do not understand. Do you hear the murmur of the water? That is Greek death.

*last night I heard the murmur of water in my sleep and
it made me get up and walk to the bathroom.
I kept the light off
so that I wouldn't wake up, and brushed my teeth.
the murmur matched and did not match. I stood dreaming of springs,
of birth, of glacial streams, of sources,
I drifted to myth*

[part one: marine thiasos]

Here are the notes I have to begin

We know: Oceanus was the first born to Gaia and Uranus

We can imagine the monstrous ungainly /

child winding around its mother, suckling at a stone teet

the first freudian child attacking father with curled fists

...but what does it mean when a god gives birth?

- Not reproduction...

- Not a fall away from the origin...

because the second surpasses the first and

anthropomorphism must end.

this is the greek genius

Q: How do the earth and sky fuck?

A: the horizon, it is the unknown promise of an other

the prophecy of water

My mariner knowledge from the mediterranean-

atlantic edge

We know: Oceanus attempts to wait out the gods /

an archaic formalism? ...a leak?

A continual birth – the breaking
of water and suspended moment of
...contraction?

Does this explain why:

We know: Oceanus birthed 3000 daughters and 3000 sons turned

sunken wells, rivers, stagnant waters

sons bring grandfather's eddies

and currents

daughters all eking out grandmother's silt...

as currency

to feed the vast silent desert of salt

D: I hear only long breath. Hand to mouth it goes. The hand the mouth. The hand rasps wasp nest paper. The spring of river mouth is dust dry.

N: You have vulgar ears, unmetaphorical ears. Two days time and a dice game will tell us what slick creatures crawl on what slick sea.

*I've found myself thinking about
my parents this morning, and my son, imagining
the edwardian father I never knew – his rough
beliefs an impossible amalgam of tea time
battlefield charge and cheap nihilism
I imagine jack london characters swimming
and my son is also an old man, in new and old
masculinity.
this morning I've been drinking tea and my full bladder
stretches into the long morning's burnt sienna*

how to think the two-tone being of water-gods?

confounding of the subtle difference between body and substance

a body of water

first thesis: only a body in water?

the slow sink of a dead sailor
fear of asphyxiation / breath given to
the terrible calm of directionless sea

the slow heave-ho of water's respiration
in the planktonal sigh and slow
in-breath of diffusion

hearing the voice of displaced ocean in
conch shells, cupped hands,
concussions

a sea wandering on the wandering earth:

thin crust of tectonic arm wrapped and
cupping / water running / through salt and

basalt fingers in reverse

tickling up through crevices like a tree
deepening an inch a year
until this old man of the black sea

is chitinous and crustacean

*“For fashion was never anything other than the parody of the motley cadaver,
provocation of death through the woman, and bitter colloquy with decay whispered
between shrill bursts of mechanical laughter....For a hundred years she holds her own
against [death]. Now, finally, she is on the point of quitting the field. But he erects on
the banks of a new Lethe, which rolls its asphalt stream through arcades”*

D: [produces an elaborate dice-box] We microbial thinkers, molecular waiters,
hangers-on of evolution's palatial doorstep, how does luck attend our banquet and
our guest? [rolls a 2]

N: Even lacking luck we suppose luck.

D: But to attach luck to another?

N: Below the gambler's moneyless prayer, luck attends [rolls a 5] and without
tending attention fixes.

*My old habits seem loose or maybe
shallow
enough to take on uses. for six years I've been
a morning swimmer. woke up before
sun rise, put on a one piece suit under my
rain gear
and cycled to in tight wound senses until
water opened them – but
now the day opens onto an elsewhere*

spectral topology of water
dividing by
god-given angle,
ie. the angle gods are given at
87°, 88°, 89°, 91°, 92°, 93°
from docks, diving, ship-edge
second thesis: the body as water
= the mathematical attributes of the gods
or, the gods of mathematics:
god of addition
god of topology
god of differentiation

old Nereus:
god of extension and
god of approaching right angles
the deity inter, or between, faces
the becoming-honest of water
the becoming obscure of shape = hum of insect life in darkness
table a gift of salt
the weedy table wrapped in the confusion of fish
honest shape-changer
rising to the transparent clarity of shape
the honesty of water's translation
from ocean to cupped hand

D:[rolls a 6] Will you not organize time for her? This plodding gait and withdrawn tongue is the detour of an impossible linguist.

N: A mess of half-turns, half-lifts, half-leaps, a messy time indeed [rolls a 4] but this is the snail catching salt.

*more notes. My pen has become
oddly sure. that is, except
when I think about my reasons for writing.
Lydia asks why I've begun something so old so late.*

(avoid christian hymn in adjectival hum: fecundity not power /
imagine silent film)

Differently obscure, in three kinds of hidden:

time / mask / fog
a birth a birth and... a birth...the birth...a birth a birth
adjective that verbalizes, Gaia, verb
sight / murder / a sight / a murder / a sight / a murder
of the newborn oldborn newborn (eyes: a shared resource)
named: castration, gigantomachy, titanomachy

exhaustion of birth in the exhaustion of combinatorial elements
earth + air, earth self related, earth + water
fury in the exhaustion of combinatorial murder

Gaia knew and knew not conjunctive concubinage,
did and did not see her children's bodies thrown in the dark wash
before
earth encountered its rending other in Tartarus
shuddered and understood
depth in the lack of promise
still, in combinatorial fury, caught hold and pulled as teeth

old god shoulders sloped background to the cast of a luminous net
muscle tense / verb tense / pretense
the new opened the new – the door to make believe – made believe
Typhon stepped around each eye edge
the utterly peripheral

Typhon is totality. arms reach around right and left, up and down
head bathed in the movement of constellation
a hundred thousand serpentine bodies knotted together
the theatre of connection
feet where the dead gods trail like roots with bird wings,
hung unconscious

Typhon circles, spirals, draws in,
trails wind and rain like
ideas and dreams,
Or fury and fear. The gods turn
to crows, cattle, deer, and doves

Zeus fled
but his taught tendons cut
hurricane wind driving crab-grass
two metamorphoses of strength
birth become exhausted rage became cold earth,
the waters of Tartarus given loam abode,
murderer jailer both become justice
toys taken in to leave a sediment of sleep

“Simon and I saw her watering a plant that had died and been removed while she was at the hospital in April. The water ran across the top of the cabinet and dripped on the floor.”

D: Outrageous figure, do you hasten to tell of a choral collapse? [rolls a 3] Of song where voices and vocal chords separate at a distance but telescope in another scope?

N: [rolls a 1] And if I echo you? Sing a far-away song for atmosphere and mountain reflection?

*Read F.S. today for help decoding,
and asked myself sarcastically whether
I am a technical or divinatory genius.
The walls in the den are being taken
over by maps, writing
I've left off other things
and wonder about possession
if it is a divine transportation, a being written
or, a particular stage of attention*

old, old
feminine direction of water as sucking stone
charcoal filter, bone filter, coral filter
limestone filter
theft of water for aquifer for sustenance
Tethys takes her husband's water for her children
aquifer space is an and-also
inter- of stone and water supporting
named the nurse, the grandmother
qualitative symmetry in movement as food, food
as movement.
named the strained, the filtered
and what is strained and filtered
what pressure forces through silt and gravel is
the spring / [socratic etymology]
Tethys is water's narrative
the pure concept of current without substance
the commingling of waters and therefore
no water but waters. qualitative difference of name and place
a greek ontology of liquid [Thales]
to become dissolved here is not
for waters except
in Tethys except as the origin of monsters
and purity of the spring

D: We buy expensive misunderstanding using confused currency.
N: True, our role is to be the hand; limited to the guess and thought of fire.
D: Even the hand does not disappear with speed. Again your ignorance accumulates, a capital to be spent upon a dense thicket of [rolls a 1] thickets?
N: Ha-hah, a thicket of thick thickets! [rolls a 4] Your tongue thickens the broth of revelation. We'll discover together the interruption terror of self knowledge.

*today at the market with Lydia
 I needed to know
 the farmer's farms, who grew what vegetables
 to read ingredient lists to the end
 she said I was finally thinking practical
 but it was about sources*

1.
 poseidon prepares a long encounter / methodology:
 return to poseidon as the center of water's body [third thesis]
 in the difficulty of floating = heat and pressure strata
 long prepared lungs, geo-thermal-political current
 first equivocation in the meaning of return
 depth/essence/foundation and their negation are
 water or earth. tools = shovel or scuba gear

thales: "[the earth] rests on water...because
 it can float, like a log or something else
 of that sort
 (for none of these can rest
 on air, but
 they can rest on water")

aristotle: "as though the same does not hold
 of the water supporting
 the earth as holds of the earth
 itself (
 water cannot rest in mid-air")

= earthy misunderstanding, separation of layers
 of support and of logical ground. aristotle covered
 the different support of ocean with landfill
 (ie. supported water with earth)

logical supports of water:

1. surface tension → a certain refusal to break apart
 2. approaching uniformity of pressure → spherical freedom of sinking
 approaching the essence of poseidon: emphatically not
 the causal anthropomorphism of deadly ocean

2.
 first return (second equivocation)
 poseidon god of sea and... horses and... thunder
 the sea as plain with flipped y plane
 horse hoof stomp, the clutter of feet, and unknown
 tarot: the horse inverted produce stamping waves
 water's surface pawing gravity and... connective tissue sound
 clear (ie. false) image: thunder as crashing wave and...?
 periodic return, poseidon as epic poetry of and... and.. and..
 the becoming rhythmic of water

the page is not a digging but a sinking
 turquoise
 cerulean
 ulysses butterfly blue
 denim
 greek roof blue
 ultramarine
 the and structure reveals decoy attributes
 the stable foundation of gods rests on water

3.
 second return third equivocation
 = return as secondness

four figures:

1. horses and thunder
 the one who trails behind, who drags the feet; the one who sees the one
 ahead – body sees and follows the footpath; the rich tapioca of the
 everyday; the gossip; the one who seeks who searches for and returns
 with drowned bodies; returns triumphant; the storyteller; the second or
 left hand / glove or clock hand; the duel's seconds

2. waves
 the distance of behind of approached; forgetfulness of historical statistics;
 the one who must remain outside the illusion; the limit of body limit of
 chosen; what is forbidden in the moment of loss

3. waves and thunder

the long line of relatives; simulacra of what never was eaten; the one who labours at windmill, treadmill; the grain of the mill of the cement of the mill; the voice of dice and their response; stacks / laters; the day after; the day after groundhog's day; every holiday and the day after every holiday

4. thunder

ozone; the temporality of aerosol cans and their narrative end; air that hangs above bridge space; the one who counts to three; ladling to the order of meniscus; the one who expects messages

4.

final return as univocal sense of poseidon

D: Cycle back, be generous with the guilt of re-do-ubling while it is in your power.

N: Hearing is distance is interval, and your note is the correct rupture of play beyond the noontide luxury of the game. However, this demon has its own law to forbid false players, it requires the doubling, quadrupling, the piling up...of nothing.

*I've been a little worried about myself,
and want
to know what
I'm feeling while
I research, while I write, but can't
withdraw enough or place
my finger, at times I find my eyes water
then,
I thought I heard voices in the basement
and flattened with my ear to the floor, but
it was only the pipes hissing as if leaking*

yellow clouds → whirlpool, rainbow
water → wonder →

and not the converse!

wonder at water only or
a wonder of water

the proper of water sparkle innate sublimity
with its essential moment: safety
ocean crushing a womb wonder
under-water safety become

a holding breath, an opening eyes
belonging to the water
as Victorian suicides, weariness, lungwater

“Charon...carry me on; thrust me deep, deep; till every glimmer of light in me, of heat of knowledge, even the tingling I feel in my toes is dulled”

D: Camel-like I load myself with the pure risk of a questioning [rolls a 2] that purifies the will of deviousness, of excess. A risk of the gambler’s shadow.

N: [rolls a 5] Unacceptable risk, the game requires the gaudy materialism of a city politician – requires the deeping of lies if they are to return via the doubled detour to the scene of triumph and defeat.

*we fell asleep on the sofa drinking pimm’s
and ginger. I was taking notes between Lydia’s
legs but woke with ice and ink
running
into my lap.*

the cyclic wash set monstrous
holding romantic in tidal arms
oceans lack as desiring crush = slowness

the sea-monster three-times
manifold flatness of water

spherical dimension of water
continuity of force drag infinite point
twisting into whirl-pool density

depression of the twist – pathing down
flat rock storm-eye hides water’s approximation

orbital path of modernity, movement of shipwreck
centripetal – centipedal shipdeck swallow

the invagination of time ingestion of time

or simple gestation of time

<sail-or, approach>

six sailors from every ship snapped up by darting heads. six sisters sitting on ocean rock are a woman transfigured. twelve feet dangle, the clustering of women in woman, teeth in mouth, grisly aspect of wolf parts. skyllô: to rend. clustering and rending. fundamental verb of water itself sundered and connected. rows: porridge teeth, gnashing teeth, secret teeth cut to porridge men, cold men, stomach men. chewing aquatic quality of crab, shark, dog. viscous gnaw of waves.

D: I abide, [rolls a 3] and return to the figure. Echo layers of snail, archive endless catching, sniff cubic repetition of salt.

N: And I repeat in this we are held a high thrall of voice, [rolls a 3] languorous call of military sex from which dissolving saves soft comfort.

*What happened to my eyes? to change
from reading to culling
information?*

*I feel something is refocusing from what
is discovering to what is completing.
keep my life outside these designs*

sink heavy water sink

deuterium layers a density at 11%

water layer and bypass physical chemical separate the biological
the dimension in which the unconscious

separates

water figures unconscious divide , water organizes material imagination,
water’s unconscious

ceto mother of monsters / dimorphism of wonder

no theory but simple separation child steals part-ob

list of monstrous children

- ekhidna teeth viper-venomous-fold back
- skylla mouth crab-pincer-over developed
- ladon bent articulation dragon-turn-escape
- graia skin the grey-abrasive-contain
- gorgones plate eyes the terrible ones-stone-stiffening

simple answer ceto is the whale, is the shark

raises the question: what is a shark?

what is a shark whose grey can be taken, whose grey becomes monstrous
second legacy of the monstrous

kharbydis or keto treinos, ketos aithiopoulos, ketos troias, ketos indikoi

[thrice swallowing sea monster, ethiopian sea monster, trojan sea monster,
indian sea monster]

sink the viscous grey

sink the coming-apart of water?

ceto walked a circumference / ecliptic

set the line of a second unconscious and repose in

constellation, figural, guardposts to

“But here in the inlet there was neither sea nor river, but something compounded of both, in eternal movement, and eternal flux and change, as mysterious and multiform in its motion and being, and in the mind as the mind flowed with it, as was that other Eridanus, the constellation in the heavens, the starry river in the sky, whose source only was visible to us, and visible reflected in the inlet too on still nights with a high brimming tide, before it curved away behind the beautiful oil refinery round the Scepter of Brandenburg and into the Southern Hemisphere.”

D: Perhaps it is time to [rolls a 5] cut the shit? If the Greek mumble will roll us as a broken tooth, this is only senile proof of will and deed – or the writing of dispensation.

N: Do you mistake us all? Of course the god is unable to think-- [rolls a 4] here there can be no poet's nostalgia for poetry let alone the metaphors of bountiful cups and the aquatics of overflowing.

*I've made this writing
a routine that seems
to match the daily
cycle of
pipe creaking. Which
came first? Today the noise
is undeniable and
strange patterns of water
damage have shown up.
I've called a plumber but the house groans louder.*

Eat cattle, then eat rabbit, then eat lettuce, carrots, eat as the rabbit,
Next eat olives, but, plant their pits, then eat mushrooms (sucking trees),
Then become mushroom – eat dead leaves – eat nothing.

Pythagoras taught, cast horoscopes, thought about math
as we could not. We could never invent geometry because
light pollution drowns our points and our imaginary lines.
stars hid their third dimension, the long hand down to earth,
for mystics and hermaphrodites to augur in bird flights, in livers.

A rebuilt riddle: Where can we look for the fate of a star?

Geometry, the magnificent dream of cleanliness.
a line of evaporation – salt sediment pocked and boiled across-
these are the waters of starry Eridanus.
That before and after prophecy of Phaeton's fall,
doubling the waters waiting within the earth.
the burnt trail of mortal presumption,
And the first mortal.

D: No, interpretation splits in two ways of crawling: the first is the pallid luxury of truth and its fields of correct linguistic usage. The second proceeds by a groping that hyper-extends elbows and arms [rolls a 5].

N: Gods or water then; Greek power, whether or not in decline, or Greek death.

D: But, parodical loop, you will not grow in dung or molasses – the final ruse is the delay of our own game which produces a technics of divinatory language against the divine.

N: [rolls a 6] I do not understand.

*The house is in order.
I've re-written the notes as chapters,
and left off these
themes.
Ones that seemed so
important. Tonight we'll dance for hours.*

Tragedy.

work backwards,
attempt without myth. think nebulously
in terms of high-charged particles,
planck scales, gravity.
Phaeton was meteoric,
the bride strip-mined-bare
craters
are
zero-degree-naked.
core sample of a first generation sun,
gone nova,
(failed, return of myth)

where do wounds begin?
are stars scarred visible
against the night?
what fierce panic must be felt that
those marks of the moon
are seas:
where water will never collect.

Then a strophe in the catastrophe,
stopped the opening mouth of hades,
Transformation of a boy's body become magma
a boy's body become plutonic crust
Avernus: burnt body become cinderblock phoenix
And gods' mercy
the watery contradiction
a lake is a river,
a lake is a river,
and evaporation takes rock.
Slow bits of mirage collect in place of rain,
and a strange thirsty water was born.

[part two: hadic rivers]

“From here there is a road that leads to the waters / of Tartarean Acheron. Here thick with mud a whirlpool seethes / in the vast depths, and spews all its sands into Cocytus.”

“The big white houses were like partially sub-merged icebergs in the distance. There were no sidewalks, only drives, and these wound around and around in endless ridiculous circles.”

The second greatest water of the world: to think its secondness is to move inward, to see its loop as an internal mirror whose reflection inverts not the species of right and left but the genus direction: flow, but the inversion of flow is stagnation - this is what allows it to open the world, this is what makes it a marsh of frogs; Dionysus steals the timing song from the frogs equals the amphibious nature of time; Dionysus mistakes the gift for a theft and the gift is woe: woe? woe is an affliction, but not a lamentation (the waters distinguish through flow) the river is afflicted: it does not lament death; it does not lament passage; it is the rhythm of stagnation and of becoming stagnant water - but why a guide: Charon? Charon does not mean greed; Charon does not mean damnation; Charon means fascination: all of limbo is contained on Charon's boat as its wood, Charon is not fascinated by stories; Charon is not fascinated by reflection (there is none: Acheron being the pure reflection, the vampire); Charon represents something like a pure fascination, in fact a heroic image of life: the guardian of those who skate upon the stagnant- The boat is the turning of the water and Charon is in fact Acheron itself - ever revitalizing the titans, ever offering the drink: skeletal Charon means a “fierce brightness” = a will to brightness and therefore an affirmation of water's length; Charon and his inversion in the pure mirror a-charon.

The time of death is a bizarre glacial pace: abstract from alpine river time the periodic freezing of solar movement; abstract from pluto the possibility of a 2.5 billion year orbital change leaves only the river's internal question: how can frozen water be a river? Cocytus replies economically: a coin for 100 years of wandering unlit shores: 100 years of wandering eyeless for exposure of the face, exposure of the chest, and exposure of the stomach: an equation to hold closed eyelids or thicken a tongue - subordinating movement, trading movement, finally extracting movement from successive channels of wailing: four rounds secret the hadic ratio of wailing to shore-paces; lamentation takes place within the element of ownership and belonging, and the element of treachery: one: betrayal of kin means that there is an inner contradiction in the verbs to raise, to hold, to feed, to abide, to teach, to ween, to divide: the betrayal of kin takes root in the cell that rests itself away: two: treachery to country always also includes treachery of country itself and arrives from without though equally rooted in separation: three: betrayal of guests and hosts: the limit of betrayal and betrayal's dialectical contradiction, invite/reject::accept/provoke, perhaps the most interesting space of betrayal because a continual possibility of space itself: the actor rejects an inviting place or the space suddenly turns antagonist: the truth of wailing: four: those treacherous to masters, the degree of this place scorns sympathetic voyeurs: such a place can only exist on condition that true mastery exists and then--the recognition of a future and its betrayal? is this a distillation of lamentation to produce time?

“I saw a sort of paper-fall, not wholly unlike a water-fall; a scissory sound smote my ear, as of some cord being snapped; and down dropped an unfolded sheet of perfect foolscap”

“Charon...ruined by the installation of a wire footbridge over the Styx”

Twisting distinction of Phlegethon is the confounding of physics: a river for separation of matter is boiling mud; ether suspended under-ground, produces the air from out of itself in the liquefaction of fire; boiling mud divides into boiling blood, into a river of fire, into lava flow: further separates the passions of hate, desire, and confusion from treachery; a river of passion draws in and yet rejects the passion of water; Phlegethon overflows its banks and will not keep within upper bounds (exuberance of the pyriphlegethon): bodies boiled here are only one kind of escape and the centaurs only a allegorical repression: the allegory means the gaps of patrol and the individuation of force encounters the non-individuated death of force: a hail of arrows sink in boiling mud.

Gathering of Styx is the cutting of iron and the cutting of stone with a tool of acid: an acid to cut all but the opalescence of horn is a turning inward of radiance such that a caustic burn is a cold burn: an eternally still water colder but not precipitated to ice because her tears are salt-bitter: a passion for Phlegethon according to a divergent function; such a water does not kill (plants, animals) but destroys = the barrier of stillness to spirits: the Styx clarifies the role of each underworld water as barrier (Acheron cannot be recrossed for material turbulence): a river is a logic-gate: flow of unidirectional gates perpendicular (or is there a difference between crossing and drifting?); at this depth of death gods continue to cross: to swear an oath is to cross = the barrier of each river is the inversion of their equation for motion: to swear an oath is to risk drinking acid is (for a god) to become mute for nine years, and subsequently to be exiled for nine years; it is no accident that the Styx circles nine times: equation of flow = a year of mute wandering; progressive stripping of flesh, relation, responsivity is the refinement of time (to be dipped in the styx is to be immortal), now a time of exile, encircling, and silence = death as the time of a pause.

“It is not very often nowadays that people die during a simple bypass and also he really did not think about being mortal. He was just worried about things like whether he had turned the water off.”

Imperturbable laws of the dead contrasted with requirements of the dead: the dead drink from the river Lethe = the final barrier of memory and lost method of return, but at the same time preparation for return; infinite sweep of sticky water meant for ingestion: drug of water that is purified through poppies, decanted = sleep/hypnosis, contraction of absent bodies; the stream of oblivion of the ob-levis or smoothing over of flat water: vast undifferentiated mire: the return from dreamless sleep = the deepening of time as pause into the positive interruption of absence in time; equally return is no longer guarded by law, and return becomes possible as an unforgetting.

All flows move to Tartarus with the speed of anvil flight; the pit inverts the father Ouranos and the steepness of the sky, becomes a dark realm of tempest: the aquatic inseparable from ink.

two interpretations of chaos: first as gap = the equivalent of air space of the skies inversion only void: repressed truth of space and the orbital; second, later, as potentiality of space to diverge from itself = later, Ovid (no slouch) as first theorist of the quantum; chaos as gloomy air = the mutual belonging to gloom of void and potential, or gloom as attunement.

the interpenetration of spheres means the question of influence is a question of space; cave of the night = cave at the end of circumference = cave at the end of mortal beholdeness to daylight; more to the point: the question of influence is an incision of bone: the slipperiness of the dark: night suffuses and moves with the logic of an incision in clarity: includes the spreading wound in the nature of Nyx as a gown or wings spun in layers around twisting center of night: childless mother of desire: folds night to a point between simple shadow and complex shadow = figural and ambient shadow: Nyx as spatial logic of night unfolding.

a gesture made towards collecting or building and the the thickness of a dark mist = Erebus = to pull a mist and the fractal hooks of possible geometry; condensed dark = the precise point of the becoming liquid of the air's inversion.

What are the preconditions for the Greek equation of Tartarus and Hades: first, the equation of divine and mortal deaths; second, the recognition of a shared substance; third, the reorganization of spatial hypotheses = initial theta (letter/angle of incident) sphere topology or theology (ouranos—gaia—tartarus) undergoes mitosis or lemniscate transform according to cassini oval (for $a=1.02$): the greek world retains its relational distances but space shrinks = production of highly oblate spheroid base / mutual oblation of mortals: consequence of this transform = change in the original place of Hades (beyond world's edge) and original shape of Tartarus (below world's plane) = dip of an edge or creation of river-edge as waterfall dropping into tartaric space; this transform reveals to the greeks that water is the shared substance as precondition for such a dip; thus the specific difference of Tartarus = darkness understood as the productive point of double-egg-form-of-desire: what it produces: Tartarus as river and the final form of limit as a barrier for titans and gods = equalization of divine and mortal death; the structure of the barrier is darkness or the reduction from forgetfulness to random and counter-balanced use of forces: the solidification of a dark mist = gods' imprisonment and final form of death □ a specific and codeable topological adjustment decoded as the noncontradiction of a technics of divination.

