Il n’â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­â­­ã¬...
We pause to absorb the shock. The text affronts its readers on every level. In its intended capacity as a pendant to Les Fleurs du mal, the prose poem confronts its humble glazier with the destructive force of officially certified obscenity embodied in the morally and physically disproportional auxesis of his fearful missile, a little flowerpot (A14). Through recalling the real Crystal Palace, an enormous receptacle of international arts and crafts designed and erected in Hyde Park by Sir Joseph Paxton with the Royal Commission and building contractors Fox & Henderson, officially opened by Her Royal Majesty Queen Victoria on 1st May 1851 as the Exhibition of Industry of All Nations, and its continental sequel in the 1855 Exposition Universelle in Paris with its Palais des Beaux-Arts constructed in metal and glass, it turns the ambling entrepreneurial victim of its violence into a lowly proxy for the proudest material and cultural feats of the bourgeois century. Taken as a reply to Houssaye, Le mausolée vénérable布鲁ls the fellow-feeling with its sudden and inexplicable hatred (A11), a sentiment generally unacknowledged in polite society. Instead of offering to his moderately republican readers a well-behaved specimen of the â€œalterity of good sentimentsâ€ Baudelaire revels in provocation complementary to that, which at the peak of his career had exercised the Parisian journalists and magistrates to the point of earning the official condemnation of his poems by the Imperial tribunal.

William-Adolphe Bouguereau, *Dante et Virgile en enfer* (Dante and Virgil in Hell), 1850, oil on canvas, 281x225 cm.

The Great Crystal Palace

Les Fleurs du mal gave public offense with its ostensible blasphemy and unfinishing eroticism. On this occasion, the provocation is of a violent nature. What shocked the Parisian bourgeois in 1857, was a literary representation of female sexuality, the likes of which had been accepted in the plastic arts for many decades. By contrast, the prose poems, bereft of prurience, scandalize by their deliberate travesty of moral sentiment, and nowhere more so than in the bohemian tormentor of the hapless glazier, with its ostensible â€œrenegativeness toward baseness and inhumanity. And yet, in writing to the eminent critic Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve four years later, Baudelaire will describe his prose poems as a virtual promenade of a Parisian flâneur, hoping to display a new Joseph Delorme hanging his rhapsodic thought upon each accident of his dawdling and drawing a disagreeable moral from each of its objects. The qualification of this moral challenges us in several ways, from the logical to the physiological, cutting across the ethical and the aesthetic.

The poem divides into three parts according to the simplest rules of classical rhetoric. Following a pithy announcement (A1) of a mysterious and unknown impulse that precipitates sudden action within a thitherto purely contemplative being, its *exordium* recounts four *chreia* anecdotes illustrating a singular yet universal aspect of human nature. This trait is manifested in certain characters in the opposition between their habitual dreamy indolence and inexplicable rapid action. The impulse that precipitates sudden action within thitherto purely contemplative beings, its *auxesis* sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience, it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth. If it follows that the phenomenon seemingly provoked by a mysterious and unknown force inexplicable either by the Intellectâ€™s proxy â€“ sticking around to jest with the provocateur of his fearful missile, a little flowerpotâ€”it is only by the acolyte of Conscience, le moraliste,â€”it is a quintessentially Poetic subject. Such inexplicable spontaneity of body and mind is a recurring concern. Writing to Baudelaire in 1860, Gustave Flaubert had objected to the encroachment of mystical appeals to â€œEsprit du Malâ€ into Les Paradis artificiels, a rhapsodic and cautionary treatise juxtaposing the poetâ€™s own encomium to hashish and an enhanced translation of Thomas de Quinceyâ€™s *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.  

Aside from that leaven of Catholicism, the book was soundly grounded in empirical observation. In responding, the poet avowed an enduring obsession with being unable to account for certain sudden actions or thoughts without postulating an intervention by a malicious external force. Nonetheless, he reserved the right to change his mind or to contradict himself. The pleasure of self-contradiction is one of the cornerstone of Baudelaian aesthetics. It permeates the present paradox of sudden and thoughtless action without agency, of explicitly accepting responsibility while implicitly denying it. The phenomena recounted in the poem, having been caused by an external force, owe nothing to oneâ€™s proper volition, and thus cannot qualify as actions. This failure is not due to their want of origin in conscious deliberation. This origin is neither a sufficient nor a necessary condition of agency. The sole determining condition of agency is freedom of choice.
world, wagering with their own lives, playing out their mystifications (A10), these jeux funestes sinon funestes. They play to amuse themselves with public danger, to transgress the bonds of their timidity, or to seek distraction in their own anxiety. Their ostensible escapist only appears as such from the standpoint behoarding to the bonds of bourgeois banality. A more generous perspective reveals it as a refusal, or more radically, an indifference, a trait equally unacceptable for the doctrinaire moralist and the positivist medico.

In the discursive narratio (A8-A15) of the poem, the impersonal mask of the narrator slips. He confesses his own propensity to suffer from the inexplicable outbursts. He then outstretches a striking instance of gratuitous destruction (A8). The sullen idleness of his character fulfills his friend’s défri™ formerly recounted disqualifications for their brazen impetuses (A9). This fulfillment forebodes explosive destruction. Nevertheless, his tale is thrown into immediate confusion by relating the probable causes of these episodes to bodily or moral disorders. This relation to the spontaneous spirit of mystification alerts the reader to the likelihood of the prose poem befuddling his intellect and twitting his sensibilities (A10). The narratô™ victim fails to register any attribute more human than inarticulate noises (A11-A12). This insubstantially further suggests standing for something more abstract than a working-class staff who annoys a callous incognito by plying his pathy waves in his proximity. And as the narrator avers an intoxication with his madness (A15), he appears to reinstate the selfsame medical authority with whose jurisdiction over his predicament he derided earlier (A2-A10).

Returning to the moralizing tone of the preambule, the prose poem concludes with its didactic epitrope. These nervous jets are not without danger, and one often can pay for them dearly. But what matters the eternity of damnation to him who has found in a second the infinity of delight (A16)? The threat of the eternity of damnation reinstates the religious authority. Likewise, the invocation of madness rehabilitates the medico. But the moral case purports to be open and shut. The final question, an epitrope that turns the task of proving the disagreeable moral of the poem over to its readers, poses the problem no sooner than it dismisses the epitrope. The definitive biography of Charles Baudelaire is Claude Pichois and Jean Ziegler, Mon cœur mis à nu (Œuvres complètes, tome I, texte, établir, présenter et annoté par Claude Pichois, Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1975-1976, Vol. I, p. 684. All translations are by MZ, unless noted otherwise.


In my old studies of architecture I always used to have great regard to the apse of a cathedral, and whatever else failed, looked always to the close of the great aisled vastas as the principle joy of onâ€™s heart. [MC] One has a natural tendency to look also to the apse of this modern cathedral of faith to see the symbol of it, as one used to look to see the conchs of the Cathedral of Pisa for the face of Christ, or to the apse of Tavistica for the figure of the Madonna. Well, do you recollect what occupied the place of these â€” in the apse of the Crystal Palace? The head of one’s heart. […] So one has a natural tendency to look also to the apse of this cathedral of modern faith to see the symbol of it, as one used to look to see the conchs of the Cathedral of Pisa for the face of Christ, or to the apse of Tavistica for the figure of the Madonna. Well, do you recollect what occupied the place of these â€” in the apse of the Crystal Palace? The head of one’s heart. […] So one has a natural tendency to look also to the apse of this cathedral of modern faith to see the symbol of it, as one used to look to see the conchs of the Cathedral of Pisa for the face of Christ, or to the apse of Tavistica for the figure of the Madonna. Well, do you recollect what occupied the place of these â€” in the apse of the Crystal Palace?

The striking thing of all was that, though as in MC, the alliteration of English wisdom inscribed above — “Here we are again.” — I said the humour of the thing could not but have been perfect — being provided for by machinery — nobody laughed at it. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it or flip it the finger on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly. As for me, perhaps that is just why I fear this edifice, because it is made of crystal and forever indestructible and no one might stick out his tongue at it even on the sly.
I’ll read your text(s) more accurately as soon as I can take some more time, so that I can take a stand to this or that.

Thank You.

individuals interest there. I’d appreciate if you’d post your work (specially those about Baudelaire and Mallarmé) at “supercharged” in a philosophical sense; noone seems to dedicate more attention to this piece of Charles tho.

Salve!, 2006-05-06 18:56

andthro_femme@lj

Crossposted to

We Care About

Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988, pp. 1-10. This issue will be taken up in the following chapters.

This matter really calls for writing grants and writer’s assistants. Got any leads?

Taking his cue from the discovery of greatness

tale of the bad glazier alongside with the examples of


References on rhetoric: TBA.


Here ends the first chapter of the second part of the book previously entitled Representation and Modernity, begun in 1986 and submitted by the author and accepted by Hilary Putnam and William Mills Todd III, in partial satisfaction of 1993 degree requirements at Harvard University. Some of the subsequent chapters have been posted elsewhere in this journal. Comments, questions, suggestions, and requests shall be gratefully considered and promptly answered.

Crossposted to

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about poetry

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history

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philosophy

I really enjoyed reading through your text. (You should take a closer look at Les Paradis Artificiels). À Iâ€™ve always found that it is especially “supercharged” in a philosophical sense; someone seems to dedicate more attention to this piece of Charles tho. À I appreciate it â€“ Iâ€™m a juror the Assisses of Rouen and described in the terms of jou, niace, dâ€™appense, and laxeu, under evident influence of Le mauvais vitrier. See André Gide, Romans ; introduction by Maurice Nadeau ; notices et bibliographie par Yvonne Davet et Jean-Jacques Thierry ; Paris : Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1958, pp. 824-837; Patrick Pollard. André Gide: The Homosexual Morality. Yale University Press, 1991, pp. 131-137, 365-372. The interpretation of Baudelaire bursting out with extravagant paradoxes and laborious mystifications borne out of disdain for vulgarity is due to the purveyor of Les Caves du Vatican Paul Bourget. À En même temps, son intense d’aimûr du vulgare d’être en paradoxes outranciers, en mystifications laborieuses. À Paul Bourget, Ésais de psychologie contemporaine; tome premier, Paris, Plon, 1924, pp. 19-26.


Thank you very much for your kind words. I am certainly taking a closer look at Les Paradis Artificiels. In the history of ideas that serves as the basis of this work, I contended myself with using Thomas de Quincey’s™ notion of the palimpsest of memory, as the means for explaining the notion of infinity. In a philosophical sense; someone seems to dedicate more attention to this piece of Charles tho. À I appreciate it â€“ I’m a juror the Assisses of Rouen and described in the terms of jou, niace, d’appense, and laxeu, under evident influence of Le mauvais vitrier. See André Gide, Romans ; introduction by Maurice Nadeau ; notices et bibliographie par Yvonne Davet et Jean-Jacques Thierry ; Paris : Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1958, pp. 824-837; Patrick Pollard. André Gide: The Homosexual Morality. Yale University Press, 1991, pp. 131-137, 365-372. The interpretation of Baudelaire bursting out with extravagant paradoxes and laborious mystifications borne out of disdain for vulgarity is due to the purveyor of Les Caves du Vatican Paul Bourget. À En même temps, son intense d’aimûr du vulgare d’être en paradoxes outranciers, en mystifications laborieuses. À Paul Bourget, Ésais de psychologie contemporaine; tome premier, Paris, Plon, 1924, pp. 19-26.
as for the older research the younger authors consider the decadents as not only a result of the romantic world-view, but also as directly dependent form it... I’d say, as every modernist movement, the decadents may be in fact a result of romantic individualist attitude, even in an excessively overexcited way, following totally contrary “values”, but they’re still not dependent from it’s intent in a farer sense.

(# please do post your disquisitions on decadent themes at les_nerfs in the future, simply post the text twice to both sites when updating your journal)

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Thanks again for your kind attention to my text. I am not terribly concerned about falling in lockstep with other authors, be they younger or older. On the other hand, I am always happy to attend to good counsel.

First off, I should qualify any attribution of -isms. Paul Valéry put it best: Il est impossible de penser sérieusement avec des mots comme Classicisme, Romantisme, Humanisme, Réalisme… On ne s’enivre ni se désaltère avec des étiquettes de bouteilles. I think the same goes for attributions of decadence. As for Baudelaire in his relations with nature, he follows Delacroix in regarding her as only a dictionary, but by the same token, no less than a dictionary. Thus also Pascal: there are perfections in nature to show that she is the image of God, and imperfections to show that she is no more than his image (Pensées §934/580 Lafuma/Brunschvicg). Further, Romantic poetry has been infected with the desire to represent itself as philosophy at least since Shelley and Lamartine translated and versified Socratic dialogues. Nevertheless, it failed to embody philosophical concepts and arguments until Coleridge and Vigny made short work of Kantian aesthetics and Stoic ethics. Baudelaire inherited these concerns from his elders, through direct and personal connections with Vigny and access to Cambridge neo-Platonists by way of Poe. His concern with Pascalité™s Wager and his practice of its prescriptions is witnessed in the journals, under the heading of Hygiène. Needless to say, this game-theoretic argument is practically the sole vestige of Cartesianism in Pascalité™s body of writings. As answered by Baudelaire in ¶16 of Le mauvais vitrier, it is a matter of fighting fire with fire. Because the availability of memory is a prerequisite for the experience of punishment, the unrepentant transgressor needs must have recourse to moral satisfaction in reflection on whatever solace he ever took in his crimes. In addition to the aforementioned palimpsest, the key text here is the journal note on Satan, in the manner of Milton, as the most perfect type of virile Beauty. I have discussed some of these issues elsewhere.

Fantastic read Larvatus. Was a great insight into Charles-Pierre Baudelaire.

Glazier (http://www.uk-glazier.co.uk/glass.html)