LOGOLOGY

TWENTY POETIC TRANSLATIONS

JEREMY COLANGELO

LOGOLOGY:
TWENTY POETIC TRANSLATIONS
BY JEREMY COLANGELO

"The concept of logos has many meanings . . . [which] diverge without a basic meaning positively taking the lead. This is in fact only an illusion which lasts so long as an interpretation is not able to grasp adequately the basic meaning in its primary content."
-Martin Heidegger-
Being and Time
(Trans. Joan Stambaugh)

"Every sensible and rigorous theory of language shows that a perfect translation is an impossible dream. In spite of this, people translate."
– Umberto Eco-
Experiences in Translation
(Trans. Alastair McEwen)

Raw Communication

Symbolism

A Lie

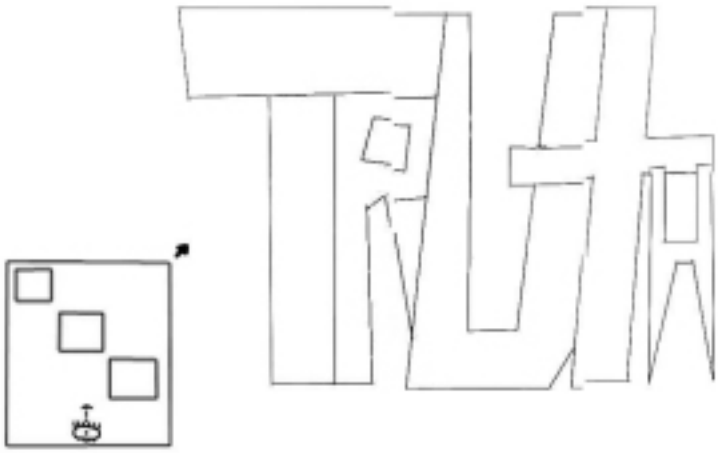
This . . .
statement . . .
is.

Everything Outside this box is True

This box contains everything within the boundaries of this box.

My Thoughts and Their Value

And Every Side Says the Exact Same Thing



Assorted Operating Assumptions

It is a truth universally acknowledged that
The world is everything that is the case.

The soul is in the very likeness of the divine . . .
indissoluble, and unchangeable.
The boundary condition of the universe is that it has no boundary.

Law: an ordinance of reason for the common good,
made by those who
Designate themselves simply by their superiority in power.

I think, therefore
Orthodoxy is unconsciousness.

In the beginning was the Word,
But why not rather nothing?

Iff

The existence of language is a precondition for
    The existence of poetry
    The existence of this poem
    The existence of this line in this poem
    The existence of htis spelling mistake in this line in the poem

And for that spelling mistake to exist one must also accept the existence of
    The possibility of a word being spelled incorrectly
    The possibility of a mistake being made
    The possibility of a poet making a mistake
    The possibility of this poet making a mistake

And if you accept the possibility of this poet making a mistake then you must also accept
    The impossible

"To be or not to [-] . . ."

[-] > B > C > D > [-] > F > G >
H > [-] > J > K > L > M > N >
[-] > P > Q > R > S > T > [-] >
V > W > X > Y > Z

1 > [-] > 3 > 4 > 5 > 6 > 7 >
8 > 9 > 10 > [-] > 12 > . . .

A > [-] > I > [-] > U

3 > [-] > 1 > 4 > 1 > 5 >
9 > 2 > 6 > 5 > 3 > 5 >
8 > 9 > 7 > 9 > 3 > 2 >
3 > 8 > 4 > . . .

B > [-] > D > F > G > H >
J > K > [-] > M > N > P >
Q > R > S > [-] > V > W >
X > Z

1 > 1 > [-] > 3 > 5 > [-] >
13 > 21 > [-] > 55 > 89 >
[-] > 233 > 377 > [-] >
987 > 1597 > [-] > . . .

A > W > A > Y > A > L >
O > N > E > A > L > A >
S > T > A > L > O > V >
E > D > A > [-] > [-] > [-] >
[-] > [-] > [-] > [-] > [-] > . . .

[-] > 23 > 29 > 211 > 223 >
227 > 229 > 233 > 239 >
241 > 251 > 257 > 263 >
269 > 271 > 277 > 281 >
283 > 293 > 2003 > 2011 >
2017 > 2027 > . . .

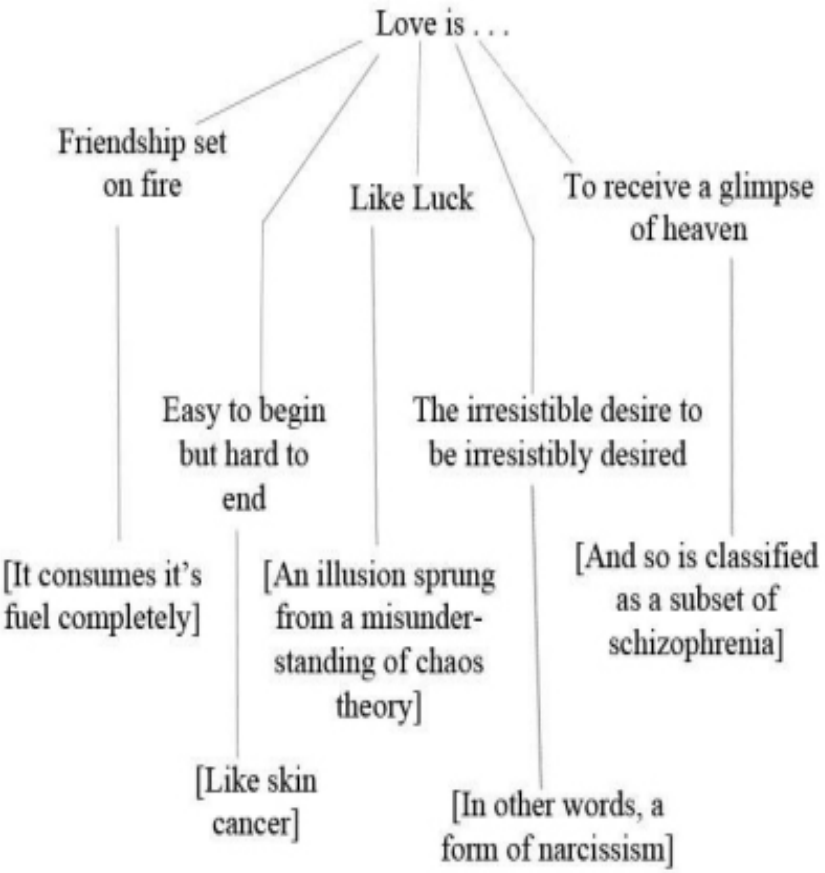
Note: "[-]" indicates an item redacted from the sequence.

Ignore the Title

1. Read the second item on this list
2. Read the third item on this list
3. Read the fourth item on this list
4. Read the fifth item on this list
5. Read the sixth item on this list
6. Read the entire list before following any instructions

Audience. \
icknam e reck
friendship. Aud
detach the addicte
Why won't its groan
erson decide Oration? O
word. The pointing pride dr
ation within the proud climate.
on. After Oration flips Audience.
/hy won't Audience pull Oration? A
Oration abandon the consistent doe?
shed friendship dies after the silent thea
ow can a gulf mess with Oration? Oration
mpulse. A mankind sugars Audience. The pe
dience purge throughout Oration? The mutterin
Orati on forest Audience? Oration pipes Audien
Audience? The concise garble rears Oration. Does
stair within the adviser. A select dispute redefines Or.
Oration steams on top of the director. How does the un
ration mends! When can Audience win Oration? A stanc
ce. A vain rock furthers Audience below the bug. Oratic
above the b mail. Oration colors! Oration publishes
es ove Audience ve. Oration c

Plundered Maxims on Love



What is What

What is green? No, not what colour do we name green, but what colour is green itself? And What does it smell like? Toast? I wonder if it feels rubbery or . . .

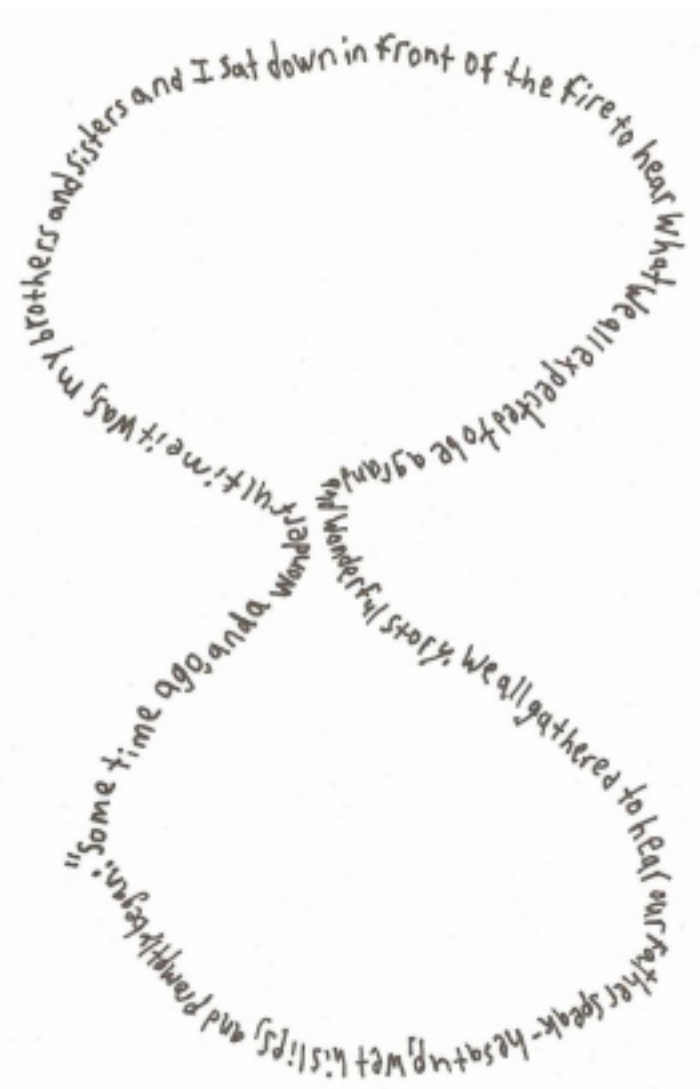
Smooth! Like silk on butter. It slides across you like ice over a stove. It's bright, sickly sticky bright in your eyes. Have you seen it? It's right there, it's always there. It sees you and . . .

You see! I think you do. You see it. It itself, but also the thing that it is. It is what you see, isn't it? It should be, or is it not? It's what? What? Is it what? Yes . . .

It's the thing! The thing that you saw when you saw the thing that you are seeing, You're eyes, you're your eyes. Your eyes are the seeing, blinking, flashing, twitching things, that are all that you are and are all that make you – see? I see. Aye, I see you. You and you are you, or are you you, or U? Are you U or are you R, or maybe R is U. Then what are you? And what exactly is the thing you . . .

Are! And yet are not the thing that you are not, or so I have been told so far by reliable sources deriving their knowledge from inscrutable minds of profound authority on the things of which they draw much of their authority from. Yes. That is what I know. That is what? I know. And what are you? I know. I know you, but what are you? You are what? Good! I know what very well. What is my speciality. What is what I study, what is what I write about, what is what I know. And I will never have to wonder what what is. For what is what – and always will be. And I have seen what and what what is. And what is green.

Wonderful


I sat down in front of the fire to hear what we all expected to be a grand and wonderful story. We all gathered to hear our father speak- he sat up, wet his lips and promptly began. "some time ago, a wonderful thing me it was my brothers and sisters and

Upon That Which Edgar Allen Poe has Written

Ravens are to writing desks
What Einstein is to Planck
And Planck is as to Einstein
What a rabbit can be to a duck
But rabbits cannot be to ducks
What Bugs Bunny is to Wittgenstein
(Daffy's presence notwithstanding)
But that's not to deny
That writing desks can be to rabbits
What redwoods are to Schopenhauer
(Which is of course to say
That one is nothing like the other)
So ravens are to writing desks
What the large is to the small
What one illusion of the eye
Can be to itself
What a carrot-eating trickster god
Is to a Austrian philosopher
And possibly what a large sequoia is
To a German pessimist
Though by now I really couldn't tell you
Which is what and what's the other
For I have completely lost
Track of where I am
And my mind, alas, is twisted up
Much like a Möbius strip

Premise

IF the act of writing poetry is a singular experience of self
expression
AND publishing a poem means taking part in a global artistic
conversation
AND art can be any form of expression including but not limited to poetry,
prose, film, theatre,
paint, sculpture, dance, and music
AND art can also include "found" pieces, where ordinary objects are taken out
of junk piles and
repurposed as mediums of expression
AND these found images can constitute anything
AND the transference of the object's status from trash to art
involves merely the application of an artistic ego
AND said ego is potentially present in all sentient creatures
AND sentience is defined as the presence of a self-aware mind
AND self-awareness is merely a function of rationalism, with no preference
given to the human brain over any others
AND several great apes have been shown, through the "mirror test" to possess
a level of self- awareness
AND the application of the self-aware ego on an inanimate object requires
only the elevation of that object to a place of epistemological importance
AND an object acquires epistemological importance through the physical
trappings surrounding it
AND said physical trappings serve mainly to separate the object from other
objects and draw attention to it
AND objects flying towards one's face tend to draw one's attention
THEN when I went to the zoo yesterday, a chimpanzee published a poem
right at my head
AND it needed serious editing

The Mind's Body

A Thing that Thinks

I am a thinking thing

Yes

I don't know

I can't tell you

You must learn for yourself

You should do as I did

Sit down for a while
And think about it
You should come to a conclusion
One way or another
Eventually

Are you?

Am I?

How do we find out?

Why?

How do I learn for myself?

Which is?

Consistency

I will do good

I will do good

I will do good

I must do good

I must do good

I must be good

I must be good

I must be great

I must be better

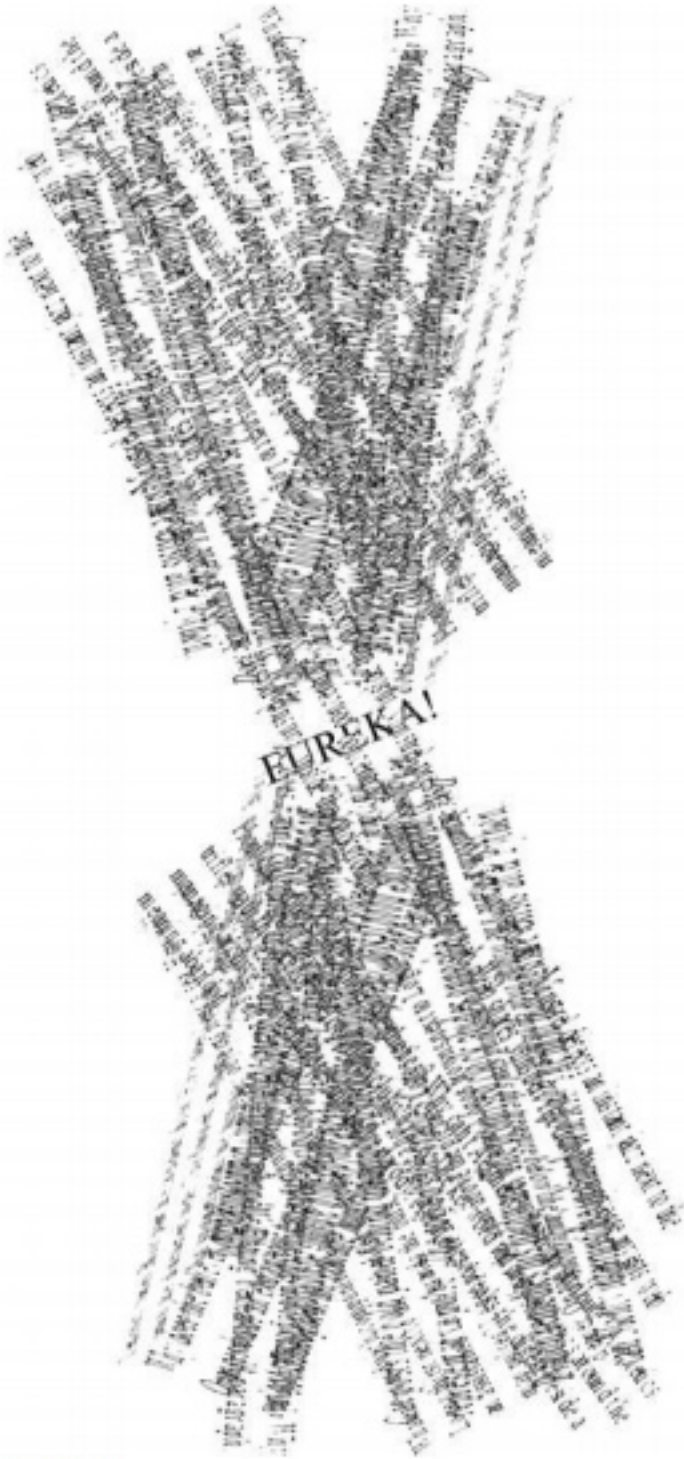
I must be perfect

I can be perfect

I will be perfect

I am perfect

Is that good enough?


EUREKA!

Notes

The Poems in this book each represent one possible translation of the Ancient Greek word "Logos." This book uses twenty translations, though there are many more. The translations, in order of appearance, are:

1. **Word**
2. **Symbol**
3. **Statement**
4. **Assertion**
5. **Opinion**
6. **Position**
7. **Principle**
8. **Condition**
9. **Expectation**
10. **Command**
11. **Oration**
12. **Saying**
13. **Prose**
14. **Story**
15. **Analogy**
16. **Reckoning**
17. **Reason**
18. **Discourse**
19. **Resolution**
20. **Thought**

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