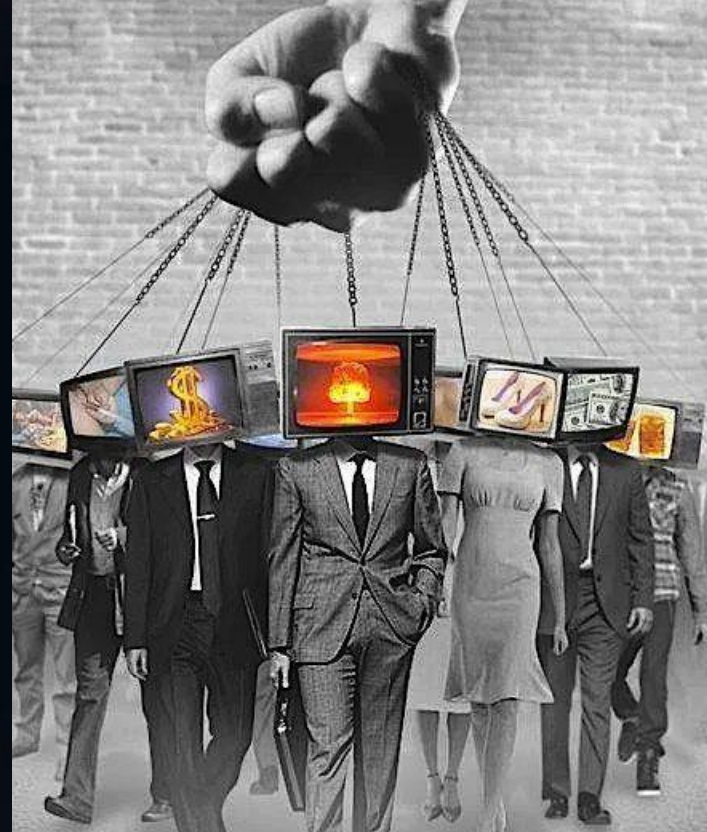
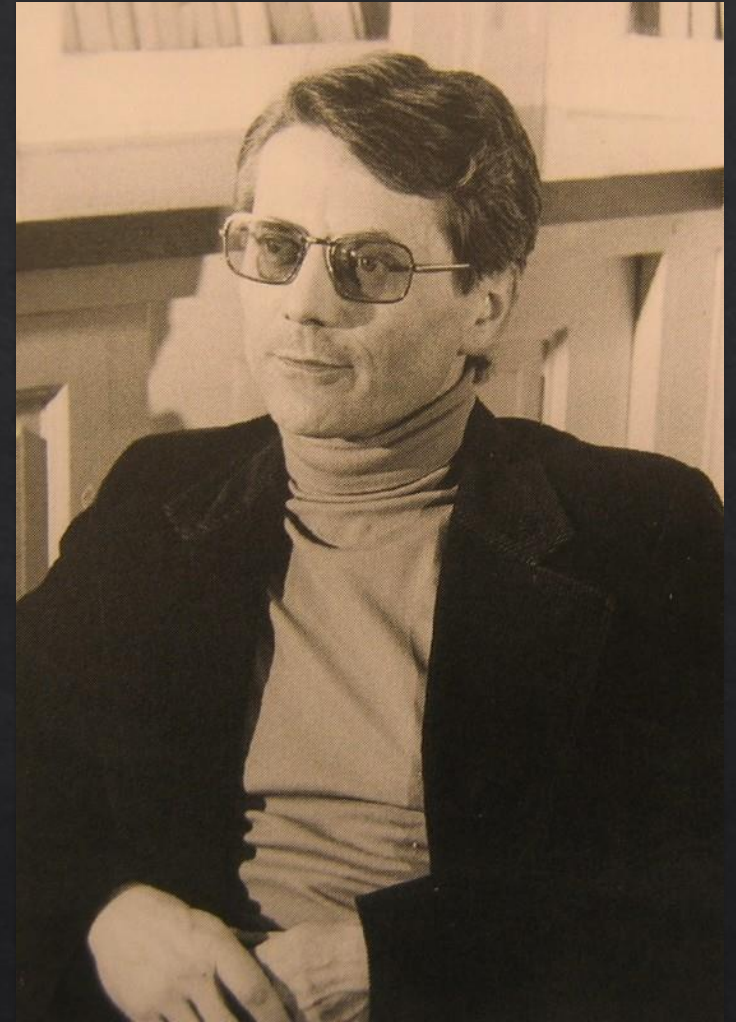


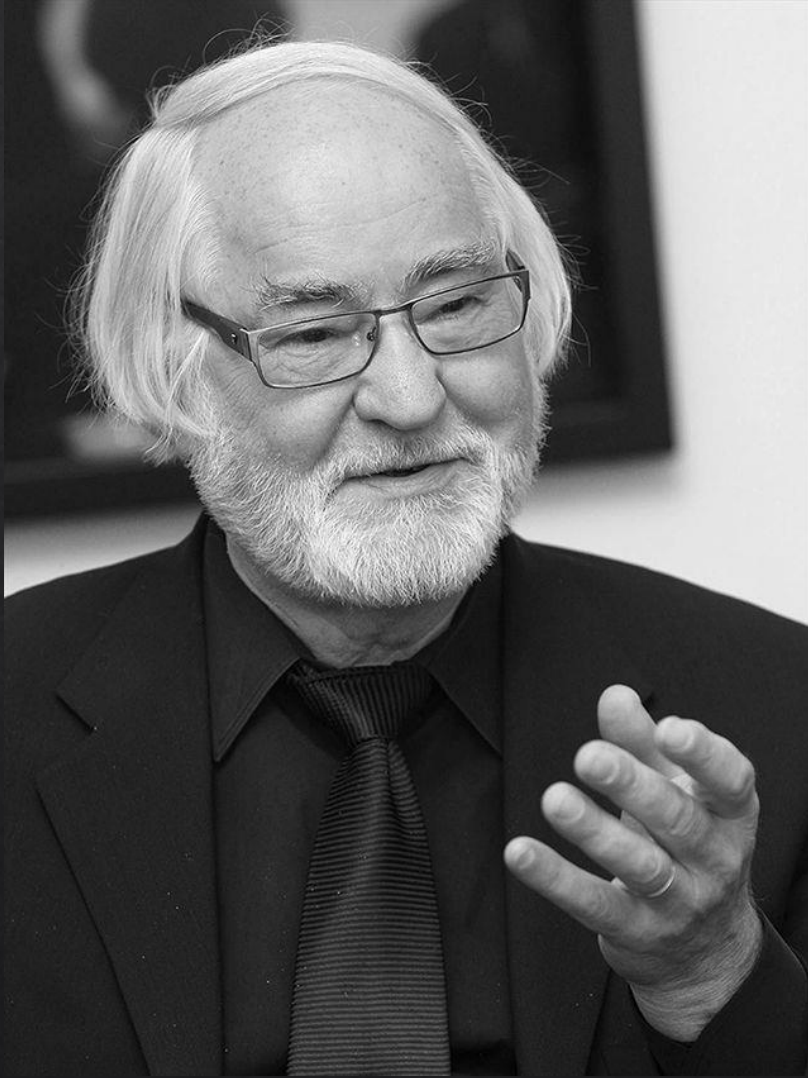
Edgar Allan Poe Rare Books Library at  
Yale University:  
The Rematerialization of Language



“The current industrial mass production of visual imagery tends to alienate vision from emotional involvement and identification, and to turn imagery into a mesmerizing flow without focus or participation. From television to newspapers, from advertising to all sorts of mercantile epiphanies, our society is characterized by a over saturated growth of vision, measuring everything by its ability to show or be shown.”

– Michel de Certeau





“The ceaseless bombardment of unrelated imagery leads only to a gradual emptying of images of their emotional content. Images are converted into endless commodities manufactured to postpone boredom; humans in turn are commodified, consuming themselves nonchalantly without having the courage or even the possibility of confronting their very existential reality.”

– Juhani Pallasmaa



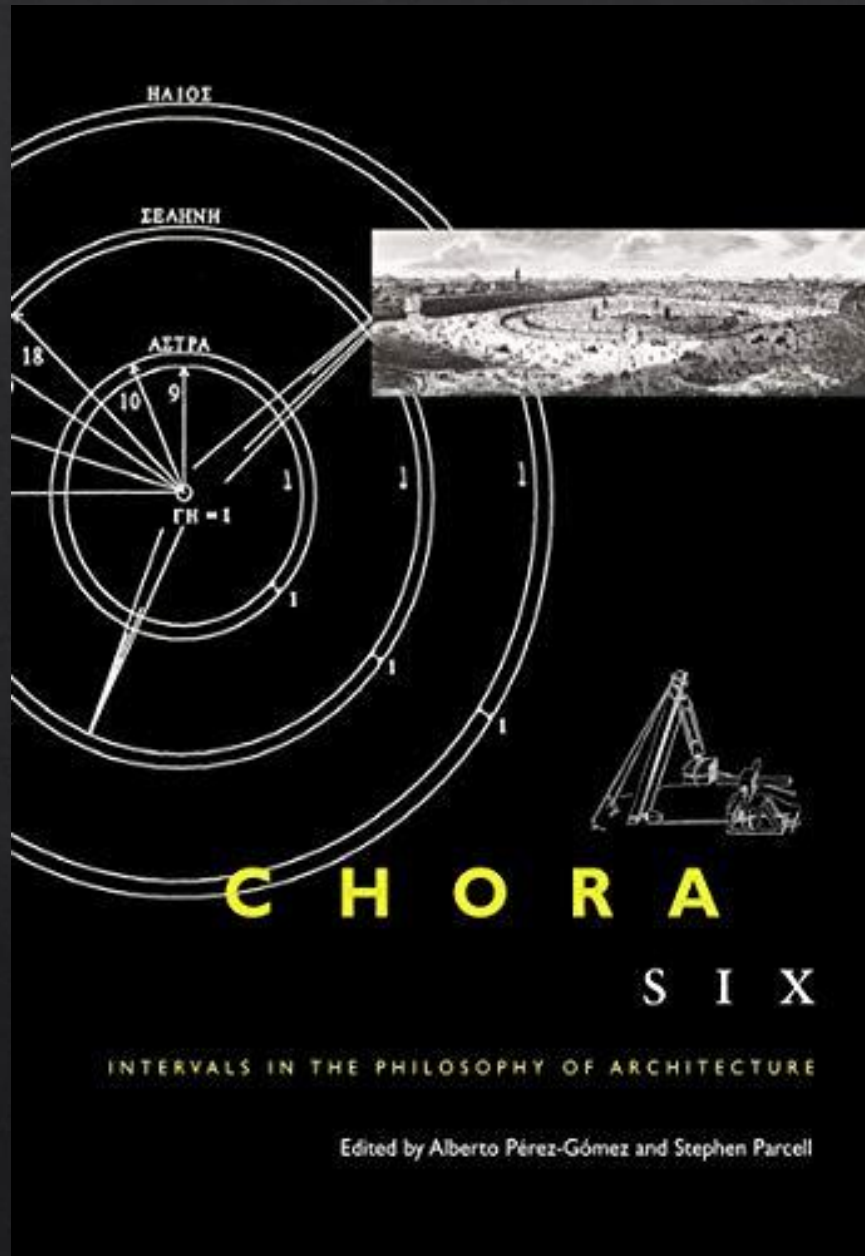


“Those who produce for the mass media ransack the entire range of past and present culture in the hope of finding suitable material. This material, moreover, cannot be offered as it is; it must be altered in order to become entertaining; it must be prepared to be easily consumed.”

– Hannah Arendt

“For nowadays we take in everything in the quickest and  
cheapest way, only to forget it just as quickly, instantly.”  
– Martin Heidegger



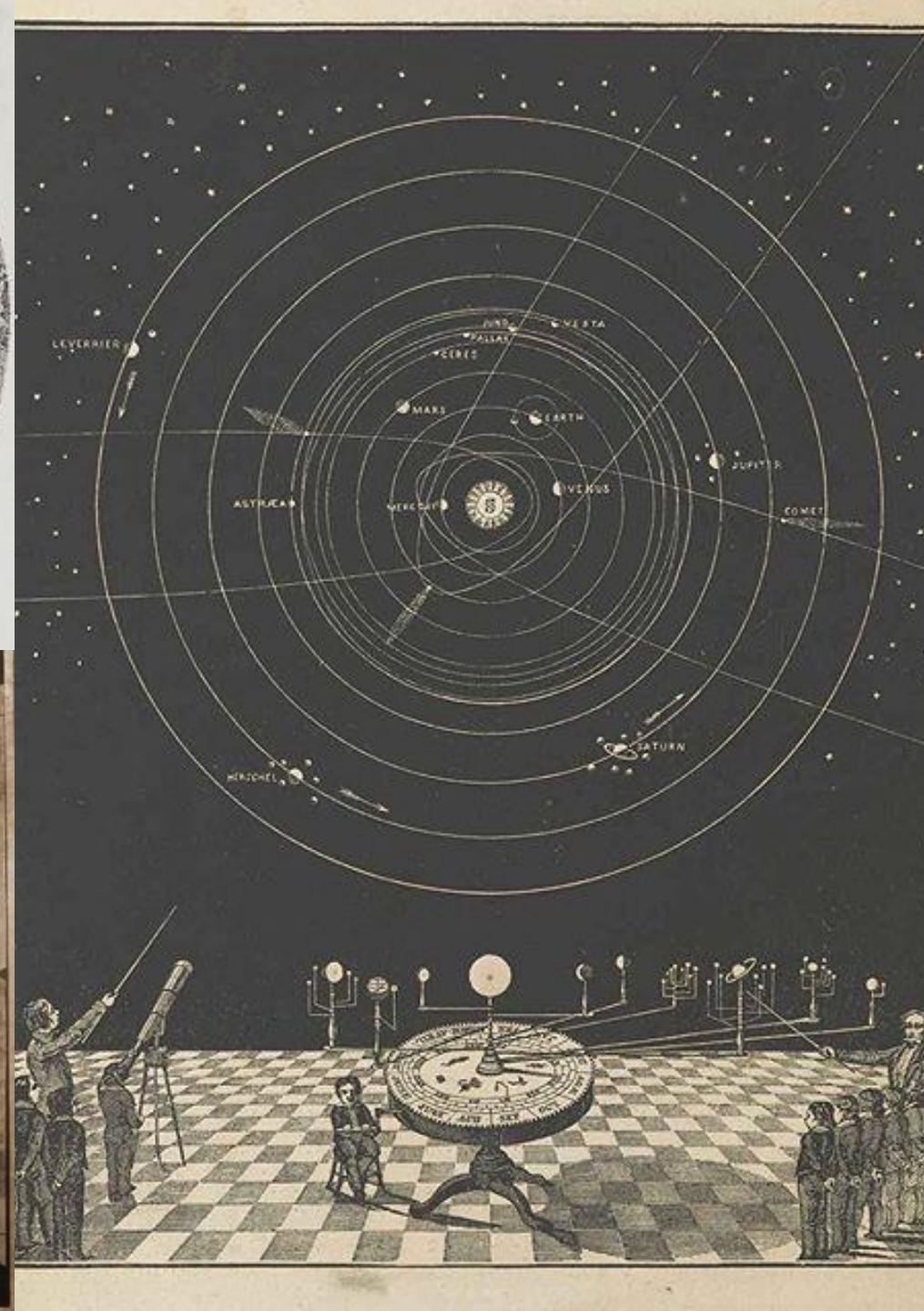






# The city of the sun

Tommaso Campanella





**The city of the**

Tommaso Campan





IOHAN-AMOS COMENIVS,  
MORAVVS. A<sup>o</sup> ÆTAT 50: 1642.  
*Cross Sculpsit.*

*Job. Amos Commenii*

ORBIS  
SENSUALIUM  
PICTUS.

*Hoc est,  
Omnium fundamentalium in Mundo  
Rerum, & in vitâ Actionum,  
Pictura & Nomenclatura.*

JOH. AMOS COMMENIUS'S  
Vifible WORLD.

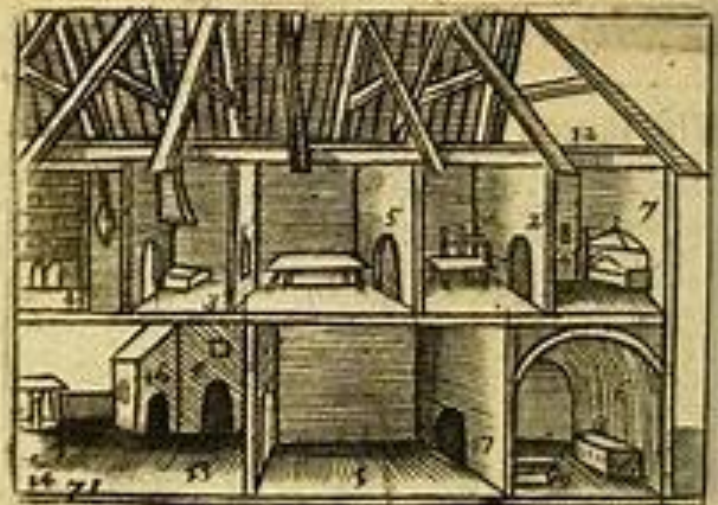
OR,  
A *Pictura* and *Nomenclature* of all the chief  
Things that are in the world; and of  
Mens Employments therein.  
A Work newly written by the Author in  
Latine, and High-Dutch (being one of his last  
*Essays*, and the most fuitable to Childrens  
capacities of any that he hath hither-  
to made) & translated into English,

By CHARLES HOOLE, Teacher of a  
Private Grammar-School in  
Lothbury, LONDON.

For the use of Young Latine-Scholars.  
*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuit in sensu.*

LONDON,  
Printed for J. Kirton, at the Kings Arms,  
Saint Pauls Church-yard, 1659.





A House is divided  
 into inner Rooms,  
 such as are the Entry, 1.  
 the Scove, 2.  
 the Kitchen, 3.  
 the Buttery, 4.  
 the Dining Room, 5.  
 the Gallery, 6.  
 the Bed Chamber, 7.  
 with a Privy made by it, 8.  
 Bakehouse, 9.  
 are of use for carrying things  
 to and fro,  
 and Chests, 10.  
 (which are made fast with a  
 Key) 11. for keeping them.  
 The Floor is under the  
 Roof, 12.  
 In the Yard, 13.  
 is a Well, 14.  
 & Stable, 15.

Domus distinguitur  
 in Conclavia,  
 ut sunt Atrium, 1.  
 Hypocaustum, 2.  
 Culina, 3.  
 Cella Penaria, 4.  
 Carnaculum, 5.  
 Camera, 6. Cubiculum, 7.  
 cum adstructo Seccello (Le-  
 trina) 8.  
 Corbes, 9.  
 inserviunt rebus  
 transferendis,  
 Arca, 10.  
 (quæ Clave, 11. recludun-  
 tur) adservandis illis.  
 Sub Testo, 12. est Solum  
 (Pavimentum)  
 In Arca, 13.  
 Puteus, 14.  
 Stabulum, 15.

Job. Amos Commens

# ORBI SENSUALI PICTUS.

Hoc est,  
Omnium fundamentalium in  
Rebus, & in vita Aliorum  
Pictura & Nomenclatura

JOH. AMOS COMMEN-  
SIBILE WORLD.

OR,  
A Picture and Nomenclature of all  
Things that are in the world,  
Mens Employments therein

A Work newly written by the  
Laine, and High-Dutch (being one of  
Essays, and the most suitable to Child  
capacities of any that he hath hitherto  
made) & translated into English

By CHARLES HOOLE, Teacher  
Private Grammar-School  
Latham, LONDON.

For the use of Young Laine-School  
Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuit in

LONDON,

printed for J. KISTON, at the Kings  
Saint Pauls Church-yard, 1685



JOH. AMOS COMENIVS,  
S. A. ETAT 50: 1642  
Crib. Lubus

Cornix cornicatur, *d d* Aa  
The Crow crieth.

Agnus balat, *b e e e* Bb  
The Lamb blaiteth.

Cicada stridet, *ci ci* Cc  
The Grasshopper chirpeth.

Upupa dicit, *du du* Dd  
The Whooppoo saith.

Infans ejulat, *e e e* Ee  
The Infant crieth.

Ventus flat, *si si* Ff  
The Wind bloweth.

Anser gignit, *ga ga* Gg  
The Goose gagleth.

Os halat, *ha ha ha* Hh  
The mouth breatheth out.

Mus mintrit, *i i i* Ii  
The Mouse chirpeth.

Anas tetrinnit, *kba kba* Kk  
The Duck quaketh.

Lupus ululat, *lu lu* Ll  
The Wolf howleth.

Ursus murmurat, *mam mam* Mm  
The Bear grumbleth.

B 2 Felis

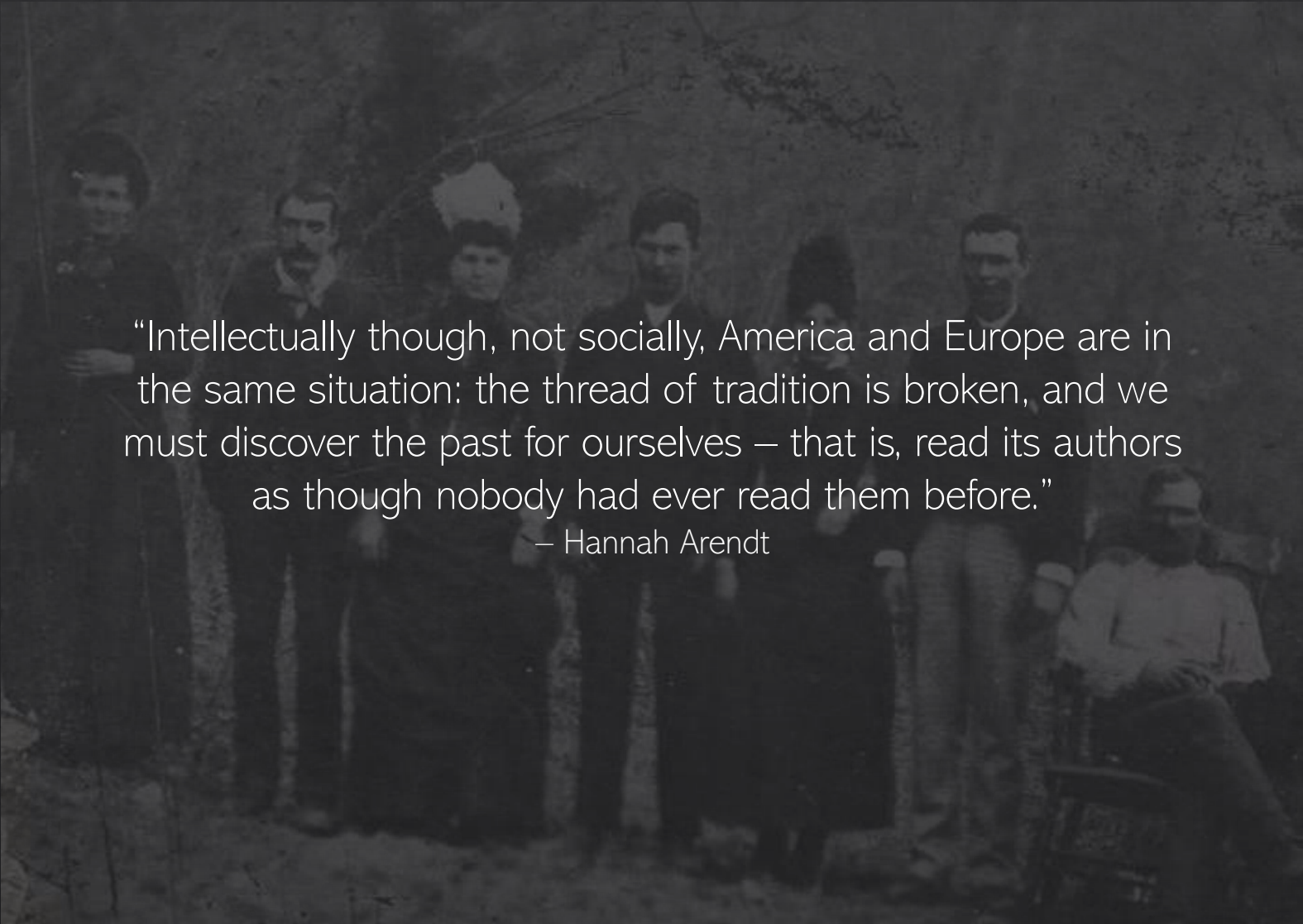




"Those things.. placed in front of young students must be real and not the shadow of that thing... real and useful things that can make an impression on the senses and on the imagination."

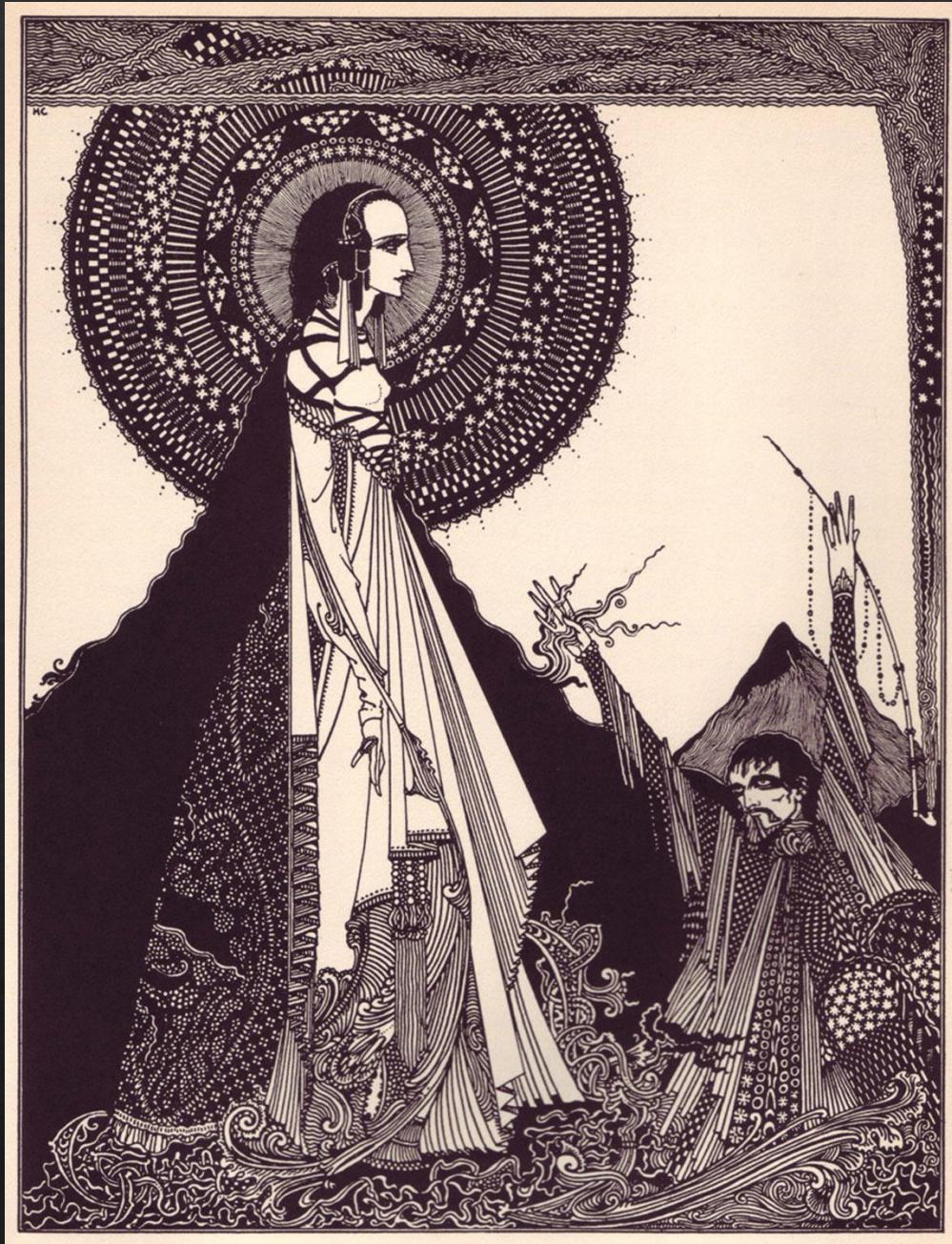
– John Commenius





“Intellectually though, not socially, America and Europe are in the same situation: the thread of tradition is broken, and we must discover the past for ourselves – that is, read its authors as though nobody had ever read them before.”


– Hannah Arendt





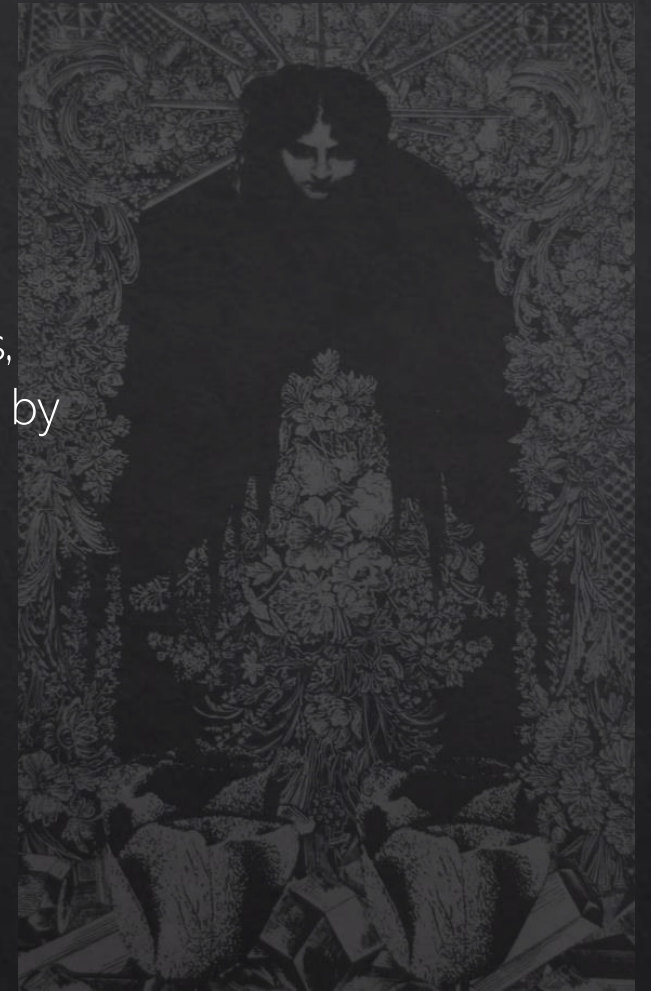
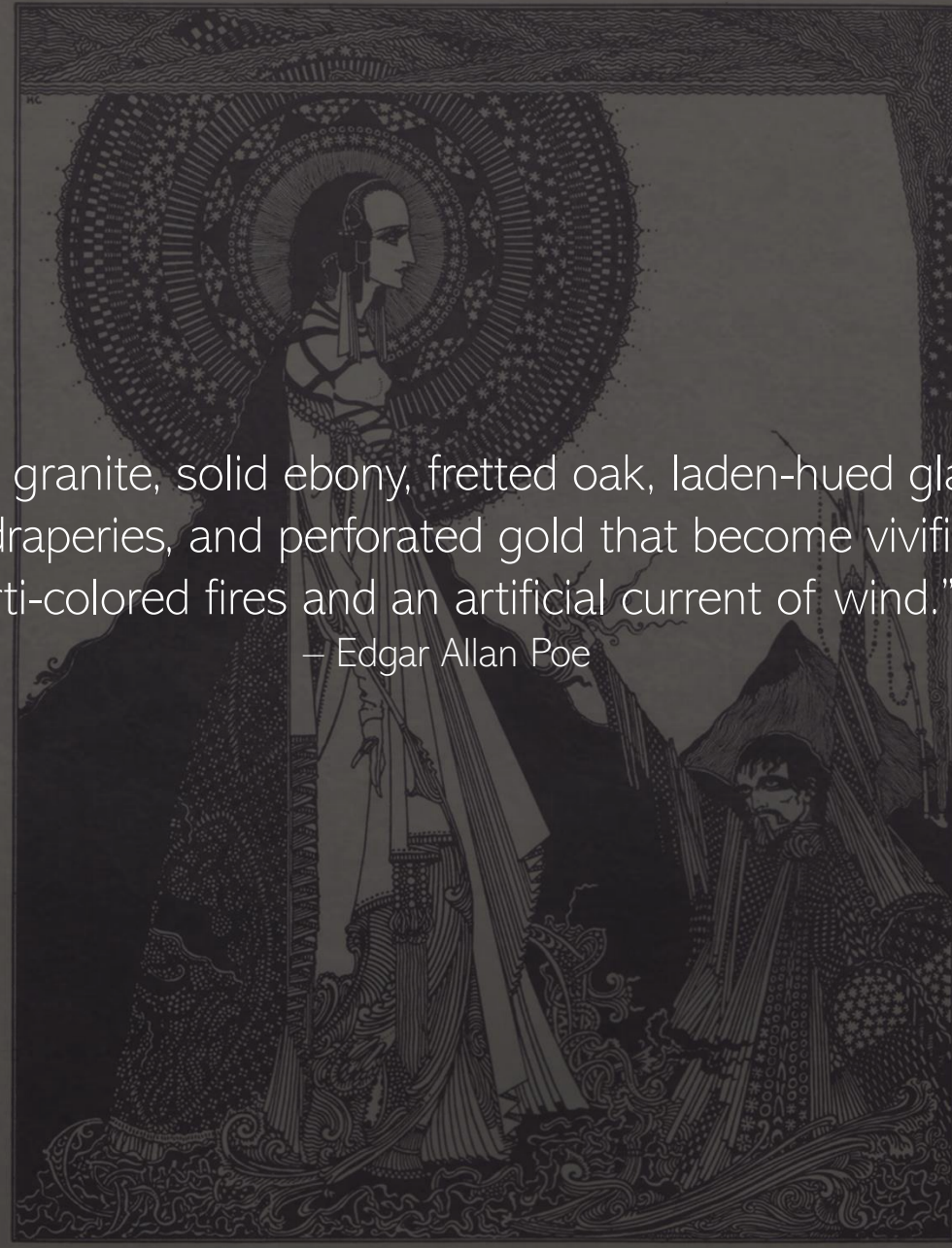


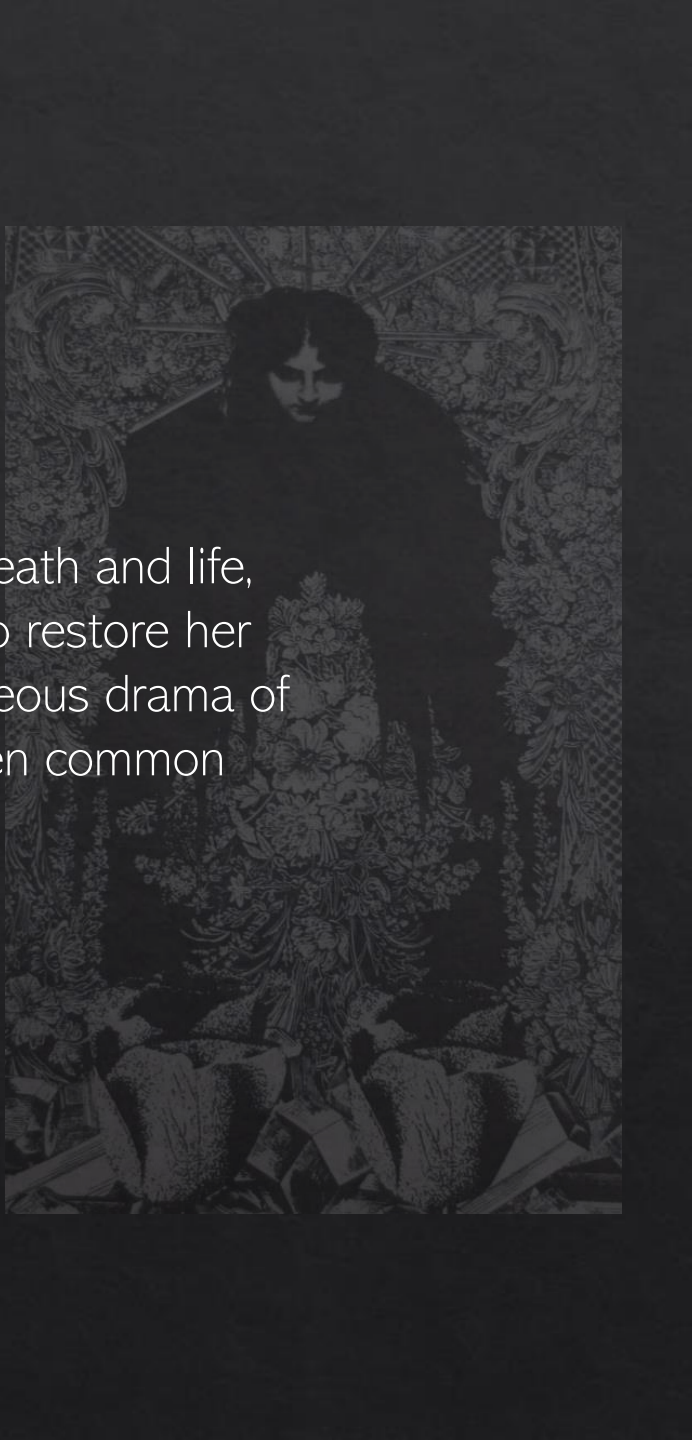
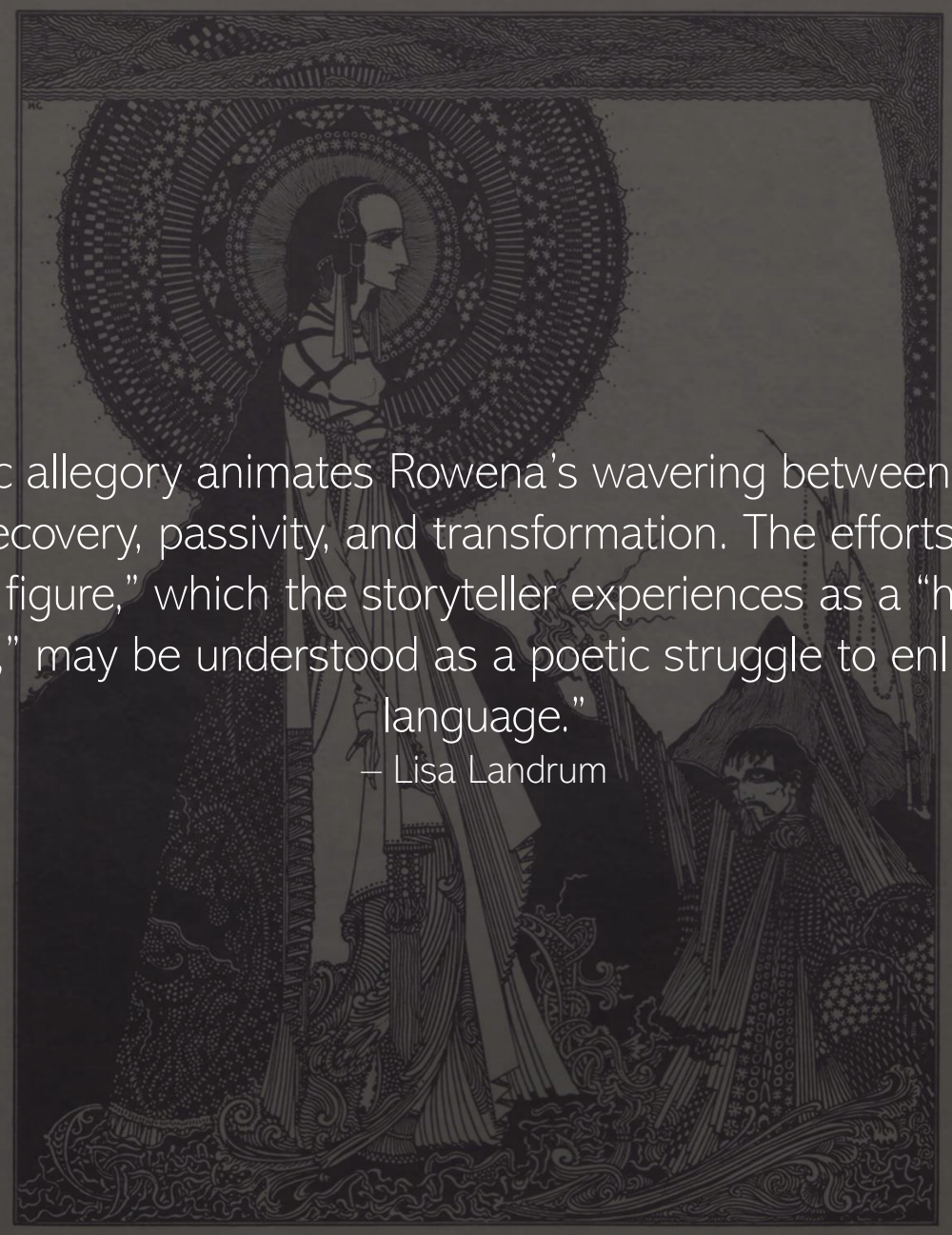





“Black granite, solid ebony, fretted oak, laden-hued glass,  
golden draperies, and perforated gold that become vivified by  
parti-colored fires and an artificial current of wind.”

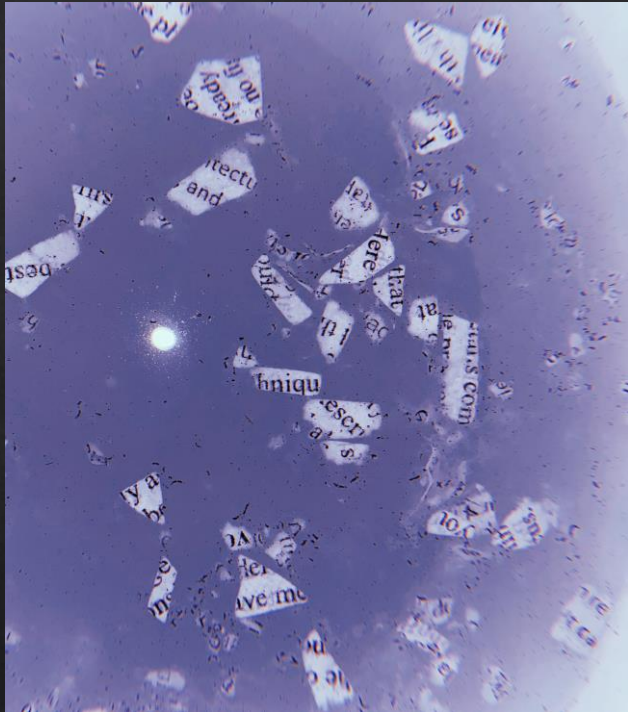
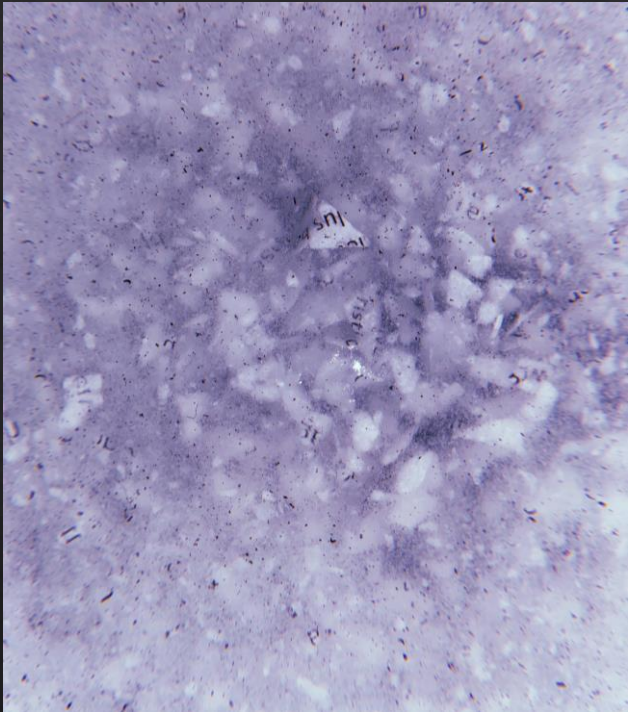
— Edgar Allan Poe





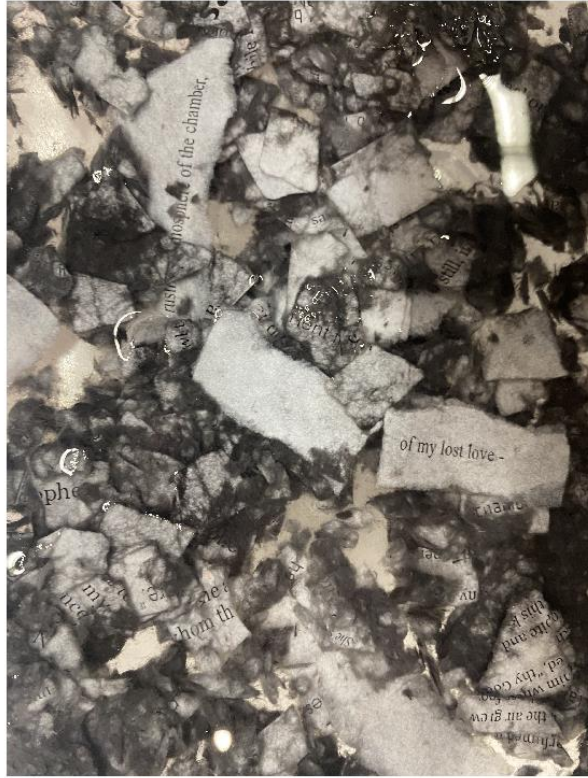
“A meta-poetic allegory animates Rowena’s wavering between death and life, relapse and recovery, passivity, and transformation. The efforts to restore her “pallid and rigid figure,” which the storyteller experiences as a “hideous drama of revivification,” may be understood as a poetic struggle to enliven common language.”

— Lisa Landrum



I trembled not —I stirred not —for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the stature, the demeanor of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, had paralyzed —had chilled me into stone. I stirred not —but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts —a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the living Rowena who confronted me? Could it indeed be Rowena at all —the fair-haired, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevion of Tremaine? Why, why should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth —but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks—there were the roses as in her noon of life —yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, might it not be hers? —but had she then grown taller since her malady? What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch, she let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and disheveled hair; it was blacker than the raven wings of the midnight! And now slowly opened the eyes of the figure which stood before me. “Here then, at least,” I shrieked aloud, “can I never —can I never be mistaken —these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes —of my lost love —of the lady —of the LADY LIGEIA.”

– Edgar Allan Poe, *La Ligeia*



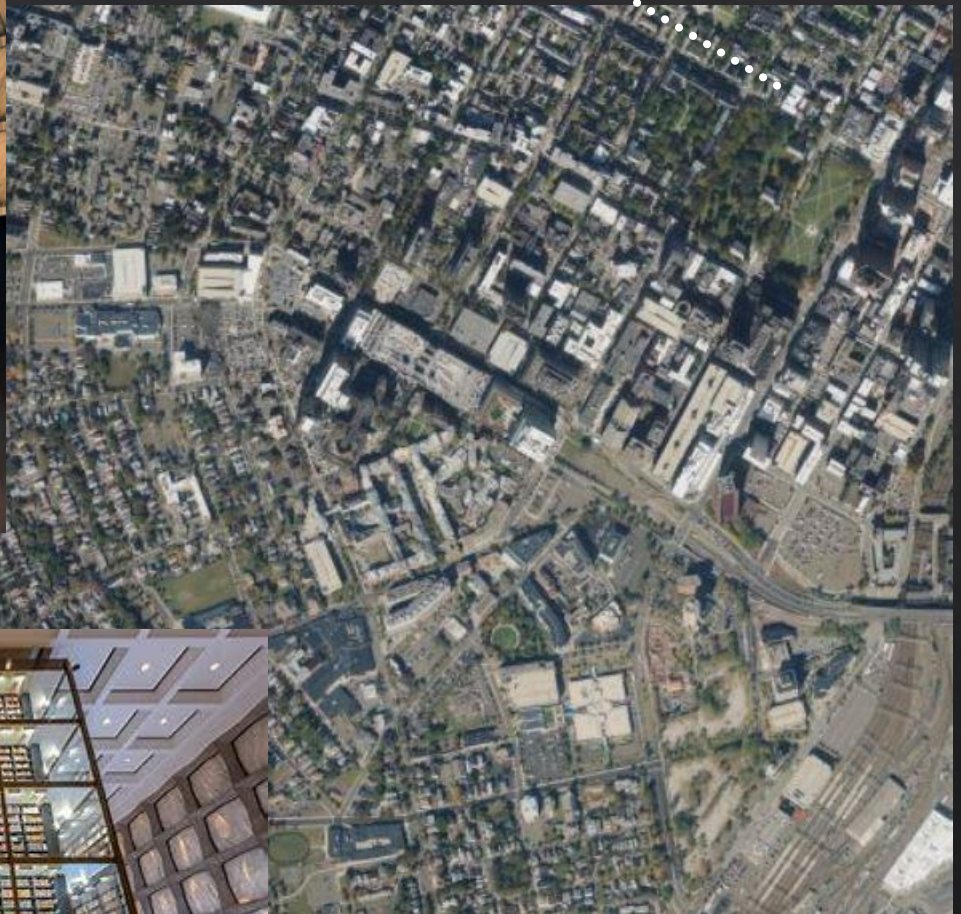
Beinecke Rare Books Library



West River Memorial Park



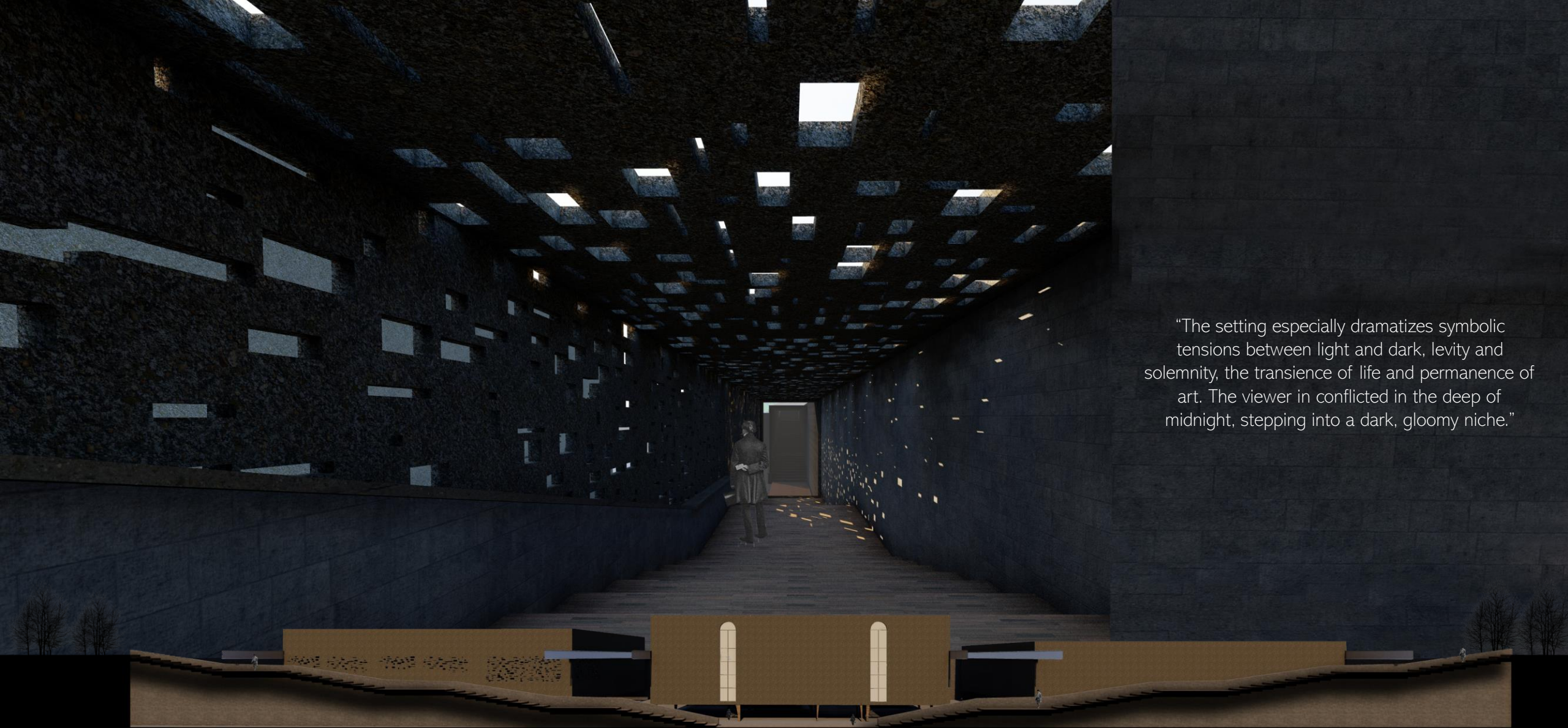
Beinecke Rare Books Library



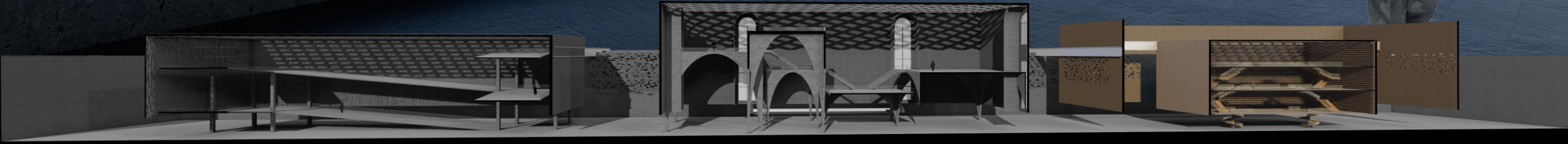


West River Memorial Park

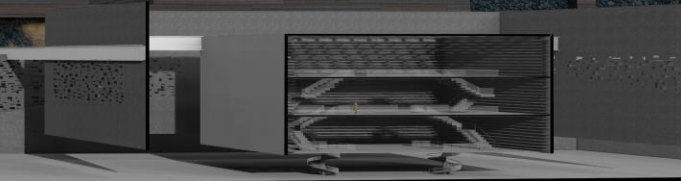
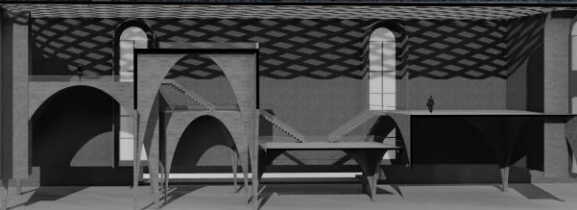
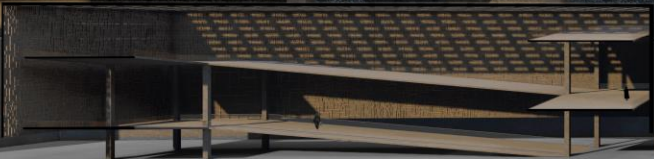
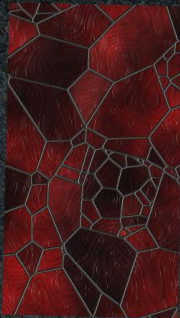
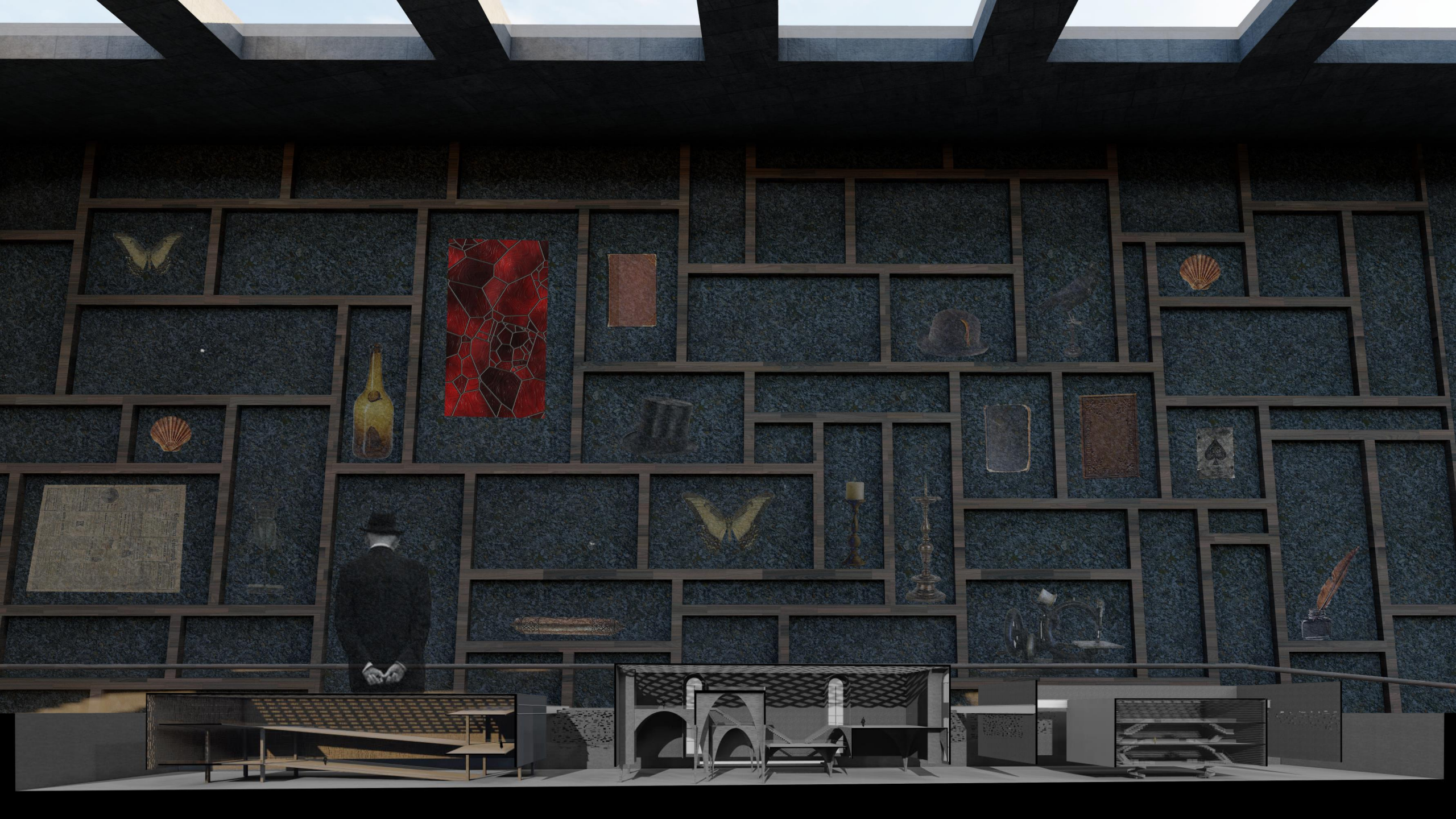


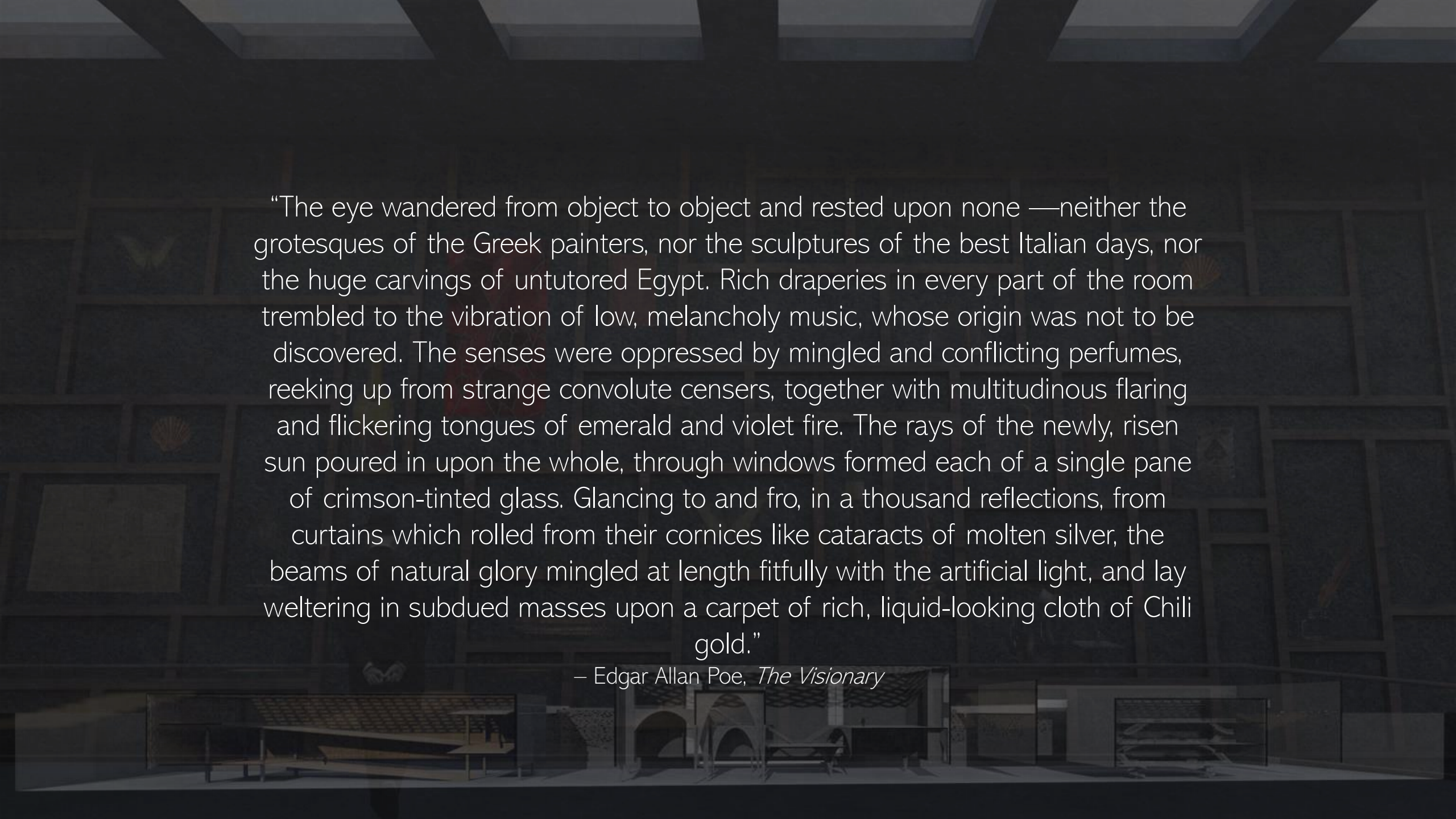


"The setting especially dramatizes symbolic tensions between light and dark, levity and solemnity, the transience of life and permanence of art. The viewer is conflicted in the deep of midnight, stepping into a dark, gloomy niche."









“The eye wandered from object to object and rested upon none —neither the grotesques of the Greek painters, nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt. Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibration of low, melancholy music, whose origin was not to be discovered. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, together with multitudinous flaring and flickering tongues of emerald and violet fire. The rays of the newly, risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold.”

– Edgar Allan Poe, *The Visionary*



