Nocturnal Coleridge: the 1803 autumnal fragments

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IN AN ESSAY ENTITLED "POÉSIE ET LIBERTÉ",[1] French poet Yves Bonnefoy defines a concept, *presence,* which, I believe, underpins Coleridge's notebook writing, at least the writing he developed from his trip to Germany in 1798 to his return from Malta in 1806. Imagine, Yves Bonnefoy tells us, walking on a mountainous path, in the mist, with a bit of sunlight enhancing the murmur of a river. The feeling we have is one of being present to the world, of being part of a reality that is all-enveloping, not only right there in front of us, but also all around us and within us. This experience of *presence* is also a feeling of wholeness, of connectedness with the insubstantial or impalpable. But this reality that we feel, he adds, is unfathomable by words. For Yves Bonnefoy, what prevents us from *presence* is language. "Linguistic alienation"*,* he argues, is what has cut us from this *presence* to the world. Building sentences, thoughts, systems, talking, philosophizing divided the world in multiple parts, created forms and figures, spectral replications of our world, and forced us to live in something which he calls the "unreality of a vast image"*,*[2] this image being weaved by language. Coleridge may have sensed this necessity of intellectual effort and speech to keep *feeling* at arm's length when he writes in his notebooks:

> I talk loud or eager, or I read or meditate the abstrusest Researches, or I laugh, jest, tell tales of mirth / & ever as it were, within & behind I think, & image you/ (CN II 2036)

In this refusal of *presence,* Coleridge's notebooks have remarkable similarities with the *Cahiers* of French thinker, poet and essayist Paul Valery. He left behind him 261 notebooks (written from 1894—1945) which, as Coleridge's, were ceaselessly connecting natural observations with thoughts on a myriad of topics ranging from aesthetics to mathematics. As Coleridge also, Paul Valéry had no interest in journal writing. His notebooks aimed at analysing the process of thinking, hence the multitude of mathematical formulas, lists, sketches, graphs that re-organize the page in a non-linear form. As Coleridge as well, he mythologized a crisis of existence called "Nuit de Gêne" or "Genoa crisis" that happened on the night of the 4th to 5th October 1892:

> Nuit effroyable passé sur mon lit. Orage partout.
> Ma chambre éblouissante par chaque éclair.
> Et tout mon sort se jouait dans ma tête.
> Nuit infinie. *Critique.* Peut-être effet de cette tension de l'air et de l'esprit. Et ces crevaisons violentes redoublées du ciel, ces illuminations brusques saccadées entre les

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[1] Yves Bonnefoy, "Poésie et Liberté", *Entretiens sur la poésie,* Paris : Mercure de France, 1990.
[2] Ibid, p.310.

murs
purs
de chaux nue.
Je me sens AUTRE ce matin.[3]

Those lines, depicting a violent confrontation between the outward stormy night and the mind, and giving birth to a man who resolves to give up poetry for the intellectual effort, were given to his friend 42 years after this existential crisis. This rebirth as a purely intellectual man, described as a "fulgurance", occurred in fact on a far longer period, spanning at least 3 years. Forsaking poetry for abstruse research, his notebooks, from 1894 to his death, were to become his major companions and the mirror of a mind fascinated by the appropriation of different systems and languages, whether scientific or aesthetic, and their transformation by intellectual processes.

Paul Valéry was from an early age in the grips of anxiety, of a troubled relationship with his poetic Master, Mallarmé, of a passionate but obsessive love with a woman he had only seen a few times but never spoken to. The "Genoa crisis" was a rejection of *presence* connected to poetry, to find comfort and solace in the "unreality" of languages and systems. There are striking similarities between Coleridge's and Valéry's notebook writings as they are burdened with the same anxiety as to poetry and feeling.

Coleridge's existential crisis was also mythologized in his letter to Sara Hutchinson, later to become the more universal lines of *Dejection: an Ode*. We read in his letter the same "tension between air and spirit" to be read in Paul Valéry's fragment:

I see the Old Moon in her Lap, foretelling
The coming-on of Rain & squally Blast –
O! Sara! that the Gust ev'n now were swelling
And the slant Night-shower driving loud & fast!
A Grief without a pang, void, dark, & drear,
A stifling, drowsy, unimpassiond Grief
That finds no natural Outlet, no Relief
In word, or sigh, or tear—[4]

As for Paul Valéry, this self-dramatization is not the product of a sudden nocturnal realization that natural forms will not send his soul abroad anymore. I will not focus on this nocturnal *mise en scène* of anxiety. Reading his notebooks and letters, we know that this crisis was brooding for years. But, as he kept repeating that he had given up on poetry, natural forms and feelings,

[3] E. Noulet, *Les Cahiers de Paul Valéry, année 1934,* Bruxelles, Antoine, 1973, p.24. "An appalling night, spent lying on the bed. Storm everywhere / My room dazzlingly bright at every stroke of lightning / And my whole future played out in my head / Infinite night. *Critical.* Maybe the result of this tension between air and spirit. And those violent punctures doubled in the sky, those sudden and jerky illuminations between the / naked whitewashed / walls. I feel OTHER this morning."

[4] S.T. Coleridge, *La Ballade du Vieux Marin et autres textes,* (ed. Jacques Darras), Paris : Gallimard, 2007, p. 204.

his notebooks also show that he kept exploring different stylistic means to write about them, fragmented prose rather than poetic verse, immediate writing rather than recollection. The account of his 1802 Scafell expedition demonstrates the incredible energy of his "peregrine writing", where words and lines follow the footsteps of the poet on sinuous and off-the-beaten paths. In a less dramatized way, Coleridge wrote, to no one else than his notebooks, about this strange "tension between air and spirit" in October and November 1803 at night. Those fragments are quite puzzling since they depart from his usual descriptive entries, written outdoors almost concomitantly with the physical effort of walking. Neither do those entries have the specific form of those entries that would become poems over the years. They seem to belong solely to those nights that inspired their writing. So what was Coleridge doing and writing about when depicting the night-scapes from his bedroom in Greta Hall?

1. Romanticism and the nocturnal intuition

Coleridge's interest in night-scapes and nocturnal objects is a life-long one. Let's just think of the opening lines of *The Wanderings of Cain"* ("[…] the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude."),[5] *Lewti* ("At midnight by the stream I roved, / To forget the form I loved"),[6] *Christabel* ("'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock, / And the owls have awakened the crowing cock").[7] His first descriptive fragment written in September 1798 on board the ship taking him to Hamburg connects moonlight with his "dearest Sara", though not the one he would be thinking of a few years later: "Over what place does the Moon hang to your eye, my dearest Sara?" (CN I 335). One of his most fascinating nocturnal entry was written in Malta in April 1805:

> Saturday Night, April 14, 1805 – In looking at objects of Nature while I am thinking, as at yonder moon dim-glimmering thro' the dewy window-pane, I seem rather to be seeking, as it were *asking*, a symbolical language for something within me that already and forever exists, than observing anything new. Even when that latter is the case, yet still I have always an obscure feeling as if that new phaenomenon were the dim Awaking of a forgotten or hidden Truth of my inner Nature / (CN II 2546)

For Romantic critic Christian La Cassagnère, this Coleridgean meditation sketches the contours of a fundamental feature of Romanticism: the nocturnal intuition. This fragment creates a palimpsest of images, the misty nocturnal sky, the subject's reflection gazing both at the sky and at himself, the image of something gone or forgotten. The romantic nocturnal landscape is the intuition of "this symbolical language", a kind of "inner elsewhereness" which

[5] S.T. Coleridge, *Poetical Works* (ed. E.H. Coleridge), Oxford: OUP, 1980
[6] *Ibid,* p. 253, v.1-2.
[7] *Ibid,* p. 215, v. 1-2.

fascinated Coleridge. Unlike the demiurgic narrator of *Kubla Khan* who decrees the poetic image or the "Romantic chasm", the notebook writer patiently awaits the arising of this symbolic light, sensing that "linguistic alienation" might keep it out of reach.

The Coleridgean nights, and the nocturnal landscapes of Romanticism, are not empty voids. They do not exist without light either. Rather, they are the locus of confusion and revelation, both working hand in hand. As the French and English proverb says, "at night, all cats are grey". Night dissolves fixities and certainties. Mists, gleams, illuminations become more visible as daylight colours and forms gradually disappear. As Novalis writes in his *Hymns to the Night*: "Wears not everything that inspirits us the colour of the Night?" Coleridge expressed this same fascination for the "colour of the Night" in August 1800 but he envisaged it not as a substance or an object of representation but as the awaiting of the "*bright* of the Morning vale":

> N.B. What is it that makes the silent *bright* of the Morning vale so different from that other silence & bright gleams of late evening? Is it in the mind or in is there any physical cause? (CN I 789)

Yet, the nocturnal fragments of 1803 do not have this breaking dawn light. For a very simple reason, they were usually written in the midst of night, between 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. For a second reason, Coleridge was literally absorbed by a different kind of light which will be the focus of our attention here.

The diffluent function of night that loosens, dissolves, dissipates mirrors the thinking process of the nocturnal imagination that seizes upon those spectral forms and elevates the soul. Countless poets and artists, Rilke, Novalis, Shelley, Keats, Baudelaire, Alfred Musset, Victor Hugo, Caspar David Friedrich, Fussli, Goya have celebrated or painted the evocative power and energy of the night, the power to make visible, or rather palpable the intuition of "another vital order through which the unformed progressively comes to light".[8] Yet, in the nocturnal fragments of Coleridge, this spiritual elevation is always coupled with a deep anxiety. This "something within me" also conjures up the past of the poet, which, because repressed or denied, becomes monstrous and comes back to mind either through nightmarish shapes or through the detour of other objects. Kept at bay by the rational discourse of Enlightenment, the nocturnal allowed the re-emergence and the *mise-en-scene* of those monstrous figures; they were given a shape by this complex assemblage of images and an audience that fed upon those fantastic images.

As shown by historians also, the Romantic nocturnal fascination was both a reaction to the gradual receding of night due to technological advances in public lightning but also a fascination for this new source of light.[9] From the

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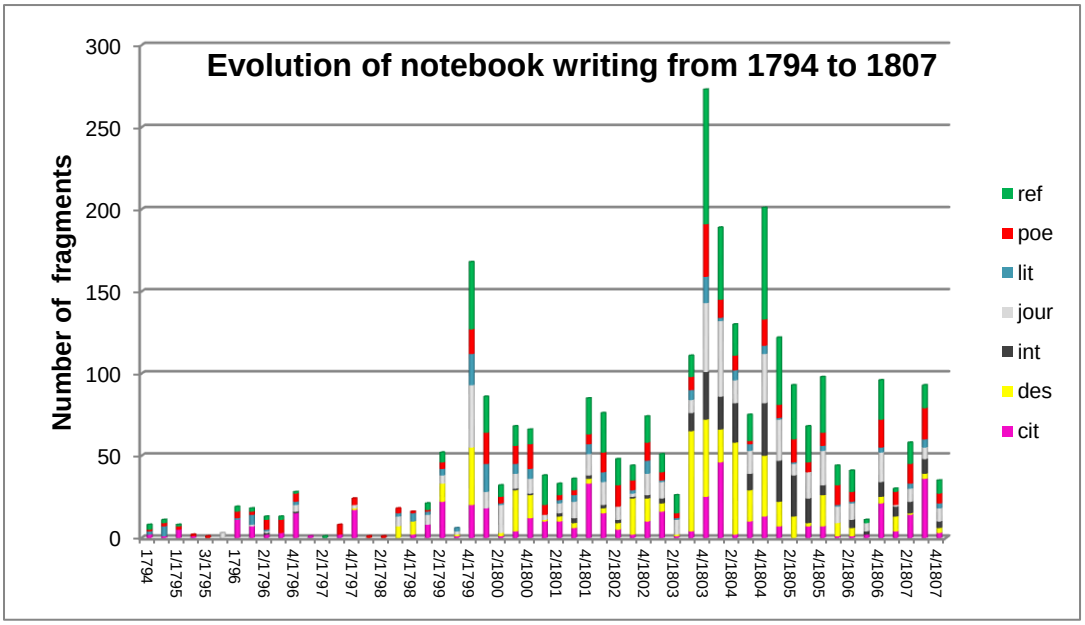
[8] Vladimir Jankélévitch, « Le nocturne », *La musique et les heures,* Paris : Seuil, 1988. « […] il consiste dans l'intuition d'un certain ordre vital selon lequel l'informe progressivement monte à la lumière. » (digital edition)

[9] Alain Cabantous, *Histoire de la nuit* (XVIIe-XVIIIe siècles), Paris : Fayard, 2009

mid-18th century, street lamps first lighted by oil, then coal and finally gas, developed in the factories and the streets of the capitals and main cities of Western Europe. In 1802, his friend Humphry Davy would conduct his first electrical discharge lighting experiments. Coleridge attended his lectures and detailed in his notebooks : "Ether (…) burns bright indeed in the atmosphere, but o! how brightly whitely vividly beautiful in Oxygen gas" (CN I 1098). From 1805, gaslight apparatus would gradually replace candles in factories and improve the working conditions of the factory people as underlined in the *Monthly Magazine* in 1808: "The peculiar softness and clearness of this light, with its almost unvarying intensity, have brought it into great favour with the work people".[10] Coleridge's fascination with those scientific experiments on lighting and the advent of gas lights in public areas, factories, mines and later streets, may have worked its way in those 1803 nocturnal fragments. A few years later, in an article published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, he would state his belief in the meliorative power of gaslight apparatus: "For whatever scruples may arise as to its being an enlightened age, there can be no doubt that it is an enlightening one – an era of *enlighteners*, from the Gas Light Company to the dazzling Illuminati in the Temple of Reason".[11]

2. *Presence* in the *Notebooks*

When Coleridge settled backed in Keswick in October 1803, his notebook writing took a strange shift. As shown on this graph, Coleridge was most prolific in notebook writing at the end of 1803 when he wrote those nocturnal fragments:



[10] "Important Experiments with Gas Lights", *Monthly Magazine, Or, British Register, vol. 26,* R. Phillips, 1808, p. 548. See also Leslie Tomory, *Progressive Enlightenment: the Origins of the Gaslight Industry,1780 – 1820,* MIT Press, 2012.

[11] Coleridge "Epistle Premonitory" in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, volume 11,* W. Blackood, 1822, p. 6.

This graph not only highlights the density of notebook writing over the period 1794–1807 but also attempts to show the changing nature of Coleridge's private writing over this period. The theme or function of each fragment has been "labelled" as such:

Category	Theme or function	Colour
Des(criptive)	Any entry or note that has a descriptive function, usually connected to a natural object, landscape, …	des
Jour(nal)	Notes and entries discussing or describing a daily life fact : an anecdote, a memorandum, a note on medication, meals, an itinerary, …	jour
Poe(tics)	Fragments of poems or poetic images	poe
Ref(lexion)	Notes or entries referring to "abstruse research": metaphysics, theories on language, historical reflections, political thoughts, …	ref
Int(eriority)	Notes or entries looking inside the self and the mind that describe without theorizing : dream fragments, reveries, nightmares, facts of mind, nightscapes, effect of melancholy or desire, notes on feelings, affects, ...	int.
Lit(erary)	Any note or entry referring to a work project.	lit
Cit(ation)	Any quote from another author.	cit

The most prolific private writing period covers his trip to Scotland with the Wordsworth, his 'nocturnal' Greta Hall period, his departure and voyage to Malta and the first few months on the island. What the graph tries to show visually is the emergence of 'affective writing' (int.), writing on the inner self - his dreams, personal feelings, bodily affections - following his trip to Scotland in August 1803, a function of writing that was relatively absent in the notebooks of the previous years. In October and November 1803, at the peak of his 'notebook' period, Coleridge carefully recorded his nightmares and "rheumatic tortures", his personal views on the pedantry of Wordsworth, his dispute with Hazlitt, his thoughts on incest, listing the works he would not achieve; he also made a series of wonderful meditations on the night-sky, foreshadowing his Malta fragment.

It would be tempting to see in October 1803 and those nocturnal fragments, the figuration of an existential crisis that severed Coleridge from poetry and natural objects. This crisis had been brooding for months and long

before his letter to Sara, he admitted chasing "metaphysical Game"[12] unable to connect sounds to make a rhyme. On his way back from his Scottish trip, he confessed that the rest of his literary life would be devoted to the "history of his mind":

> Seem to have made up my mind to write my metaphysical works, as my Life, & in my Life – intermixed with all the other events / or history of the mind & fortunes of S.T. Coleridge. (CN I 1515)

But this loss of poetic faith left him feeling disembodied - "I feel here as if I were to wander on the winds, a blessed Ghost" (CN I 1504)—and he would write to Wordsworth a few months later, before leaving to Malta: "I believe in your Tragedy, a wish to retire into stoniness, or to be diffused upon the winds & have no individual Existence."[13]

Presence, as defined by poet Yves Bonnefoy, is conjured up in a November fragment:

> When I am sad & sick, I'd fain persuade my heart, I do not wish to see you; but when my nature feels a *vernal breeze, a gleam of sunshine*, & begins to open, motions felt by me, & seen by none, for still I look sad; as the opening rose in its first opening seems shut, O then I *long* for you, till Longing turns to Grief - & I close up again, in despondent, sick at heart. (CN I 1669)

Nature as embodied by those "gleams of sunshine", those chiasmic images that intertwine the inner and outer worlds, lost the healing power of the 1802 fragments. Yearning for the absent one, whoever it was, became the 'symptom' or 'symptomatic presence' distorting the perception of the natural world.[14] He would later articulate this anguish "to have this aching freshness of Yearning - & no answering object – only remembrances of faithless change and unmerited alienation" (CN III 4083).

The symptomatic *presence* embodies itself in those "crevaisons violentes" of Paul Valéry's nocturnal crisis or in those "flashes of lightning" seen by Coleridge in Pisa in 1806 during a night's storm:

> Sunday, June 22nd 1806. Globe, Pisa. The concrete in nature nearest to the *abstract* of Death is Death by a Flash of Lightning. Repeatedly during this night's storm have I desired that I might be taken off, not

[12] 'Letter to Godwin', *CL*, p. 712–713.

[13] *CL*, p. 1115–1116.

[14] The 'symptom', as read by philosopher Georges Didi-Hubermann, is something that breaks through the image, a presence that looks at us in the picture/image we are staring at and that brings us back to an unwordable childhood anxiety. George Didi-Huberman, *Devant l'image. Question posée aux fins d'une histoire de l'art.* Paris : Minuit (digital edition), 2016. "[…] the symptom is a critical event, a singularity, an intrusion, but at the same time it reveals a meaningful structure, a system that the event will arouse but *partially, contradictorily,* so that the meaning will appear as an enigma […] and not as an aggregate of fixed significations." The word does not translate easily into English, so I have used the expression 'symptomatic presence' to refer to this concept.

> knowing when or where / but a few moments past a vivid flash passed across me, my nerves thrilled, and I earnestly wished, so help me God! Like a Love-longing, that it would pass through me! (CN II 2866)

This symptomatic *presence* in the *Notebooks* seems to move freely from one location to another, taking different shapes, sometimes being this empty void of melancholy: ("why this anguish—this Sickness, this sickly pang, this dying away?" (CN III 4032), sometimes taking shape in his dreams that he reads as "the real, substantial miseries of Life"[15] or at other times projected on the landscape: "My words & actions imaged on his mind, distorted & snaky as the Boatman's Oar reflected in the Lake—" (CN II 1473). Symptomatic *presence* is as slippery in shape as it is in meaning, the highly symbolic "Boatman's Oar" being an image reflected on the lake, a recollection of Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, and a feeling of his own poetic failure. Yet, although Coleridge rejected the *presence* of the natural world, he restated many times the necessary dependence of man upon outer things:

> I was standing gazing at the starry heaven, and said, I will go to bed the next star that shoots / **[**…**]** man's *dependence* on some thing *out of* him **[**…**]** (CN II 2672)

3. The "throb of Light" of the nocturnal fragments

I would now like to have a closer look at those nocturnal skies of October and November 1803 and read them as palimpsestic images with different layers covering one which has been partially erased; the one that Coleridge calls the "forgotten or hidden Truth of his inner Nature".

As I said earlier, the Romantic night is luminous in one sense, either violently through those flashes of lightning that tear the sky or through more misty and mysterious sources of light. In the three fragments we will look at (CN I 1614, 1616, 1635), the poet seems to bring those images on the edge of the visible world and the *presence* embodies itself in a very strange form of light which gradually disappears to become a pulsation of Light, "a throb of Light" (CN I 1614), which has the power to open up the image, or to pierce through those different layers of images and words and to reach, for a very short instant, this Coleridgean "beyond-and-within" *presence*.

The setting has a distinct Ossianic feel as we can read in the *Night-Song of the Bards* :

> Night is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam;no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it

[15] CL II, 986.

fades—it flies.[16]

Yet Coleridge's readings of night skies, if they give this same importance to murmurs and howlings, have a very different apprehension of night ; the Malta fragment quoted above provides reading keys to understand this poetic course from the visual to the visible or to use John Beer's comment upon those fragments, "the shift from seeing and hearing to gazing and listening":[17] the gaze mingles with the thought—"looking … while I am thinking" (CN II 2546)—to reach this Plotinian attitude awaiting for some kind of "inward Light" (CN I 1678). The gaze then becomes a quest, reaching beyond the visual—"as at yonder moon dim-glimmering" (CN II 2546). The compound adjective ("dim-glimmering"), as ambivalent as the Coleridgean night-skies, defines both a light that tries to pierce through darkness but also a fading light. Finally, a third poetic device is that of the window-pane which is dewy, further concealing the nocturnal objects. The window-pane has a kind of chiasmic function as it cuts off the poet from the natural world, yet he can still feed upon it with the eye.

Not only is the visual enhanced in those nocturnal fragments, there is also a heightening of the sense of hearing; this is where we have this typical Ossianic setting that also conjures up the opening scenes of *Christabel* or *Frost at Midnight*. The river Greta, flowing just beneath his window, is, in those nocturnal fragments, the constant voice and *presence* of those night-scapes:

> The only Sound is the murmur of the Greta, perpetual Dweller Voice of the Vale— (CN I 1624).
> The Voice of the Greta, and the Cock-crowing: the Voice seems to grow, like a Flower on or about the water beyond the Bridge, while the Cock crowing is nowhere particular (CN I 1635)

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Those fragments usually (and uncommonly) have an extremely precise temporal marker:

> Tuesday Midnight—it wants 15 minutes of One o'clock. Oct. 25 (CN I 1614)
> Thursday Morning, 40 Minutes past One o'clock (CN I 1616)
> Wednesday Morning, 20 minutes past 2 °clock. November 2nd. 1803 (CN I 1635)

The gaze first focuses on the moon in relation with other natural objects:

> the Moon now hangs midway over Cowdale Halse (CN I 1616)

Place-names disappear in the opening of a fragment:

[16] James Macpherson, *The Poems of Ossian, the son of Fingal,* Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1812, p. 192.
[17] John Beer, *Coleridge's Variety : Bicentenary Studies,* Springer, 1974, p.19.

> The moon setting over the ~~Swinside~~ B~~urn~~ ~~Mountains~~ Mountain pale—
> (CN I 1614)

Then the nocturnal writing seems gradually to dim the celestial lights:

> the Moon is more than a half moon / it sank to a rude —then to a crescent, its bow stiffly & imperfect & still keeping this shape, thinned & thinned & thinned, till *once* it became a star, at its vanishing"
> (CN I 1614)
>
> I observed that it became quite a shapeless, or perhaps unshapely, Lump in consequence/ (CN I 1616)

> The Moon, now waned to a perfect Ostrich's Eggs. (CN I 1635)

> The Moon descending aslant the (…) she being an egg, somewhat uncouthly shaped perhaps. (CN I 1683)

The visual seems to be almost extinguished with the adjectives "thin" and "dim" repeated several times: "the Sky very dim"; "the Stars all dim & lustreless"; "all the rest in the height of the Heaven bedimmed" (CN I 1660);

> but before the Moon reached the Hill, there was a space of Blue, only half its own length and so it emerged, an half in brightness/and so it sank, resembling in thinner & thinner Slips of Light, till just at the last it had a strong Likeness of a Sheep on the Mountain, head & all!
> (CN I 1616)

Yet, the nocturnal writing does not turn off all the stars; the bedimming of the stars gives birth to a light that is perceived as a rhythm, a pulsation:

> till *once* it became a star, at its vanishing - but immediately after sent up a *throb* of Light in its former Shape & dimension - & so for several Seconds it throbbed & heaved, a soft Boiling up or restlessness of a Fluid in carrying— (CN I 1614)

The chemical metaphor, maybe a recollection of Humphry Davy's 1802 experiment on oxygen gas, helps him word this something that is beyond the visual:

> Now while I have been writing this & gazing (…) the Break over the House is narrowed into a rude Circle, & on the edge of the its circumference one very bright Star - see! already the white mass thinning at its edge *fights* with its brilliance - see! it has bedimmed it - & now it is gone. (CN I 1635)

But this strange light, as soon as it is made visible, disappears: "& now it is gone !". The writing then seems to bring to light the *presence*, a "throb of Light", that pierces through the nocturnal image. In a kind of *fulgurance*, which is not that of the more violent and death-like "flash of lightning", the "throb of light" opens on something both intimate and universal. And in this very instant, because the throbbing and heaving is that of the night, the subject seems to become the thing gazed at, the nocturnal sky; the *presence* of the night then allowing this glimpse into the primordial unity of the world. But, as soon as worded, it disappears as if words took away this feeling of *presence.*

Although night allows this creative shift from the visual to the visible to "flash upon that inward Eye", it also illustrates the extreme fragility and reversibility of the act of creation. The Coleridgean imagination is always skating on thin ice, between creation and dissolution. With those nocturnal fragments, we almost enter the mind of the poet and visualize the poetic thought in act. Poetics or the creative act may locate itself in this pulsation, in the *presence*, something that needs to disappear to appear anew as the notebook image of this little cone of sand: "The spring with the little tiny cone of loose sand ever rising & sinking at the bottom, but its surface without a wrinkle. – W.W. M.H. D.W. S.H." (CN I 980). Those nocturnal images, whether worded or painted, are also a figuration of the paradox of melancholia, namely that what is felt in such an absolute closeness, "a forgotten or hidden Truth", can only be articulated through those complex palimpsestic and enigmatic nocturnal images. In this sense, they do find an echo in Thomas De Quincey's definition of "involutes": "far more of our deepest thoughts and feelings pass to us through perplexed combinations of *concrete* objects, pass to us as *involutes* in compound experiences incapable of being disentangled, than ever reach us *directly*, and in their own abstract shapes."[18]

[18] Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater,* Oxford: OUP, 1998, p. 104.