

It's particularly wonderful to have a painter make that introduction* since for most of us, land begins—our awareness of land begins—as landscape, and landscape is a painterly conception. It's as if you're walking along in my neighborhood, and you see a stunted tree or a new-grown trunk. The house we slept in last night had such a tree outside. You look at it, and you think, "I saw that in a Sassetta," or "I saw that in some medieval..."—a tree that has imitated the patterns of an earlier mind.

I'm mostly going to read a few pages tonight, now, and say a little bit, and I have to begin by saying that what I say tonight, I would not have said had we had this congress at the end of August, rather than in the middle of October.

I've been in Lawrence before, maybe twenty-five years ago. It's grown quite a lot. It's still a very agreeable place. It's a place that—well, this morning, Charlotte and I saw our first Swainson's hawk skimming down over the grassland, looking for—the book says it's looking for a rat or a gopher, so we looked for a rat or a gopher, too, but we saw only the hawk, and it stayed there for about an hour, going back and forth. So, I'll think of this visit as the hawk visit.

I used to dream about a city, a city that shimmered by the power of dream, through the daytime sense of stone, and concrete, and asphalt, of the common city where I was born. Now that city has changed. The so-called real one, the one where the towers fell, fell into the shadow where Castle Gardens had fallen long before, and the Battery itself, and the aquarium, where an electric eel in its murky box of water on display lit up my childhood. Early lessons in what it meant—eel, electricity, Edison, floodlights, the World's Fair, the War. Of course, I'm a New Yorker. Of course, I am used to things being gone, which makes it all the more important that we recollect together the interior city, or let me call it the *inherent* city. Re-collect the traces of the city that inheres inside the real one, the one anybody can see, or

* Robert Kelly and Denis Cosgrove were introduced by artist and conference organizer Paul Hotvedt.

see until a terrorist destroys it. But the inherent city can only be lost when the image of it fades from the mind of the dreamer or the visionary, Shinar Plain, or Lot in Sodom, or Aeneas's Rome, or Brigham Young's City of the Saints. Or say, I think, that the inherent city can never be destroyed; it can only be forgotten, which is why we have come here today, to unforget it, to unforget the dream.

When this conference was proposed—I guess we talked about it a year ago, over a year ago, perhaps the summer or autumn of 2000—when this conference was proposed, it was just supposed to be one more interesting thing that we could get to say about humans and landscape, women and geography, one more interesting variation in the long attentive sarabande of intelligence that we dance with Carl Sauer, and Charles Olson, and Edgar Anderson, James Malin, and Gary Snyder, and Ken Irby. Then suddenly, what we are doing here now seems immensely and differently important. We have suddenly been put in charge of the indestructible and, by paradox, we have to take very good care of it.

The longer I stay in any place, the clearer it becomes that we inhabit different levels of time. The ground we walk on is a recent word, but the sentence has been speaking for such a long time. We know that every land is a different land, the alien shore imbedded in our own, the land before this town that still lingers in the town, as the town. The town is the skin we see of all that's been. The town that we were reminded of, of 1854 and all that came after—massacres and posses and the grief of that, the quiet resurrections in a town, and all lying there, always present. "There's Quantrill now," said Ken Irby last night as we walked down the street, pointing to a figure on a wall somewhere, in a window. "There's Quantrill now." So, that hundred and some years doesn't simply disappear. It simply deepens our awareness of this place and this time. We know that there are strange, half-magical writers like Mary Butts in the wonderful story "Mappa Mundi" and Charles Williams in his strange novel *Descent into Hell*. The way they have seen and described the way time and place coinhere, the way Lutetia still lives inside Paris or Aeneas's Rome inside Moravia's Rome. All land, all place enshrines its history. A place never lets go of what happened there, but there are special places where the times show through. And one of the things it means to grow up in a place or come back to a place in

which you grew up is to know the times of the place—your times, your ages, all mapped on the supposed actuality. You walk on the street.

Bashō says, “One quality that poems have is a kind of sadness, like a man dressed up in all his finery, on his way to a party, only the man is an old man.” You walk on the street of all your life and somehow, step by step, you have to master the times imbedded in that place. If the place is Rome, then you have to be Aeneas, Virgil, Bruno, Verdi, Moravia, all at once, as well as whoever you are. Don’t you understand? The dead become everyone and you become everyone who lived before you. It may be that geography also is genetics.

But there’s another dimension to all this, that I’ve been excited by and bothered by—can’t tell—for years now, the place we dream. And that’s the subject that this conference got started by, an essay called “Hypnogeography.” It still strikes us all as a funny word—to write down the map of the world you find in dream. That’s simple enough. Now, that follows from a kind of major hypothesis; that’s another fancy word—we can never have enough long words; long words are wonderful, because long words give the mind a chance to rebut them as they pass by. Whereas a short word, like “puff,” you don’t know what to do with it. But a word like “hypnogeography” or “vososquasm,” a disease from which I pretend to suffer, these words are long enough to give you a chance to bite and spit out if necessary, or to swallow. But, a hypothesis that exercises me a lot is that we talk casually, or at least since the late nineteenth century we’ve talked casually, about the language of dream and dream language, and all that. And that has meant, I think, traditionally the “language of dream,” kind of “this means that” effect of the dream. The ancient Babylonians said that if you dreamt of eating your own excrement, it meant that great good fortune was on the way. And we find the old dream tablets and the *Oneirocritica* of Artemidorus contain lots of material, translation so to speak, of “this means that.” In that sense, the dream as a language is a familiar thing. But from the days of Freud and his immediate predecessors and his followers, dream language became more an exploration of what the dream was saying. Not about what would happen to you when you dreamed this; rather, the dream was an endless conversation that you were having with yourself. Or the dream was, according to some theories, an end-

less conversation that the god, or the over-soul, or the spirits, or the demons were having with you. In other words, the dream was, and remains, in Freudian and Jungian analysis, and even, one suspects, in Lacanian analysis, unless you get very deeply into it, the dream remains the voice of the other speaking to the self.

But that's not what language is in most of our experiences. Most of us learn language by being surrounded, by being wordless, surrounded by the other, and having to acquire words to address the other with. We have to speak to the other, saying "Feed me. Love me. Give me what I need." These commonsense notions of language as an exchange between the self and the other have traditionally for the dream analysis been pointed always in the same direction. So the hypothesis that came to me some years ago is what happens if we take the language the other way around and assume that the dream that I have is indeed language and it's indeed a word, but it's not a word that God is saying to me, or that my unconscious is saying to me, *but that I am saying to you*, as Whitman says, "whoever you are?" Suppose then that dream is the language of the self to the other. It's an hypothesis I think worth thinking about, worth examining.

If the dream talks to other, the dream is the self speaking to the other, a dream then is a word that you are speaking to the world, then it might be worthwhile to investigate what the dream says to the world, what that story is that the dream is telling, a story that you are not ready consciously or wakefully to tell the world. Perhaps a story you need to tell to the world. That's why it occurred to me years ago that I should try to gather a bunch of victims together who dreamt a lot and who would write their dreams down and publish them in a very small compass. I live in a tiny hamlet called Annandale, named for that unfortunate valley in Scotland where Lockerbie is and where things fall from the sky, the little town of Annandale, which is barely more than the college that's in it. And I suggested we start the *Annandale Dream Gazette*, which was a brief, short-lived publication, which a couple of good people, generous people as Paul would say, got together and put down their dreams every day and published them once in a while, on the theory that if dream is language speaking to the other, the other had better have a chance to hear it. Otherwise, we're just mumbling in the shower,

singing Verdi in the shower, the way I would, but no one was allowed to hear.

If that's then the major hypothesis, the minor hypothesis coupled with it is that dream might have something to do then with the world of geography, the word of place. The specific words that we dream when we dream of cities, as I explained in that tiny piece called "Hypnogeography" itself, two or three pages long, I oughtn't even to call it a story or an essay. I have all my life dreamt of New York City in a set of ways that have been standard throughout all the dream years. It's quite like New York in a lot of ways and quite unlike it in others, but it's repeatedly the same way. Only last year, for the first time, has another avenue opened in my dream New York and it opened by running across Broadway, forming an X with Broadway, an astonishing thing, since Broadway is the marker of true north in Manhattan Island where all the streets are running map north, but Broadway runs true north. Suddenly, another great St. Andrew's cross had been made. A great saltire had been declared and another avenue had gone off at an angle, reaching a cathedral, of all things—a thing New York does not notably need, since it has half a dozen cathedrals of one kind of another already that no one goes to except Tibetan Lamas when they need a place to perform to the white folk. But there was this cathedral. I have to deal with that. But it seems to me that the place, then, that we dream, the place that we standardly dream, not so much the dream of one night when you dream that an explosion occurs in such-and-such a place, but rather the dreams that you come back to, the dreams that you return to night after night or year after year, when you dream a predictable variant on them—that's the stuff that we need to hear about. And I would like someday a great mapping of that to come to pass.

The problem is, of course, the endless trash of the personal. I speak of the eel, the electric eel, the old aquarium, my memories, the child nose pressed against the dirty glass from the noses of all the children who had pressed against it before, looking at the eel swimming in the water dirty from its own excrement, the sense of just the warping, the thickening, the thickness of memory in shape—all the personal stuff that we bring to the dream. The dream crosses it and returns to the world. That's important. It's hard for me to look at the World Trade Center ruins and say,

“Yes, I miss the World Trade Center, but I also miss that eel that was there sixty years ago and that was wiped out long ago and the Battery Aquarium was wiped away long ago for other reasons altogether, said to be connected with yet another war, yet another time.” But these individual instances of personal memory seem to become the trash, or as the alchemists said, the feces from which we begin our operation, so that in the dream, as you know, with however you approach the dream, the individual details of your personal life that flood out into the great plain of Shinar, where the dream is building its tower of Babel, those individual feces, traces, the mere corruptions of memories, as you’d say, grow the Temple of Memory, memoria, from which we might learn something about this geography of the world that I’ve been talking about.

So I would just want to end by saying that I do want the hypnogeography to be a subject of inquiry. I want generous people to record their dreams when they dream about such things. They can do it for other purposes, too. But I think we might be able to assemble a dream geography of our world, as a dream geography of Lawrence, Kansas, might emerge Sunday afternoon from Soren Larsen’s workshop in mapping. That may happen. The notion that we might, in fact, be able to map something that is documentable, that we’d have something there at the end.

The goal then would be to find all the versions of a place that are needed to know the place.

I wanted to finish with reading what happened once when I tried to talk about a place. I tried to talk about the house I lived in. “I live in an old house that has no address,” I began. Then I had to go to a footnote and understand what that meant—no address: “A road, but no number—off east, beyond the sumac and the hill, the loosestrife of our small marsh anxious these nights with singing frogs, so there’s this ode of spring. There is a crossroads where the highway runs fast past the almost unseeable entrance of a road whose name is like mine. But that’s beyond 9G, beyond time, beyond the Ennead that stands this side of the Dodecad—that’s a region between the Nine and the Zodiac in which no fixed knowledge is. No steady knowing. Nine Gods look up and worship. Twelve look down and see me standing there, afraid as any four-year-old to cross the blazing highway. Corner of the Dog—Nine Gods. Turn west with me.

And then the house, with no address, too close to the Post Office to need one, just two houses down towards the stream. Known by name. This is the center of a vast, invisible city. Yesterday as we drove along, I saw a broken pump, its handle rusted, pointing towards the mountains. And saw the ultimate city, now only a dream inhering in that space. Certainly it too will have post offices and streets among its lily pools and tiger walks; I am less sure it will have numbers. No address except the name of the city, the City; and the mail gets there. When I first moved to this town, I computed that by the grid of my city down the river, I live now on 2,097th Street—West 2,097th Street—at the corner of Broadway. But that city is no longer anybody's system. The grid is more spacious now, builds up as well as out, comprises the nearer stars, has its root in water.”

I was trying to write about what it looked like to sit in a particular chair in my house and look across the room. I don't think we've paid enough attention to interior landscape, but that's for another conference—the conference of the crowded desk, the stuff under the bed, the things you find when you open the drawer. That is our Iliad yet to be written. But now we need a proper geography.

That's all I wanted to say now. I'll say more things tomorrow. I'd love to hear your comments, or reactions, or rebuttals, or castigations, or your reprisals—no, not reprisals! Renewals.

Audience member: In Douglas County, there are no places and no knowledge. Every intersection has numbers for both ways.

Kelly: It does. It does. But they're only available by use of the God of the machine. It's triangulation. We must talk about the triangle some time, how the triangle is what's left out of all of these issues, the way in which I can connect with you deeply only by some triangulation. And we keep forgetting that and that's why we keep walking against the—into the mirror, constantly. Mirrors resist triangles. Now you can find any place with the numbers.

Audience member: How would you contrast the dream place with the so-called real place?

Kelly: Well, the so-called real. I was afraid there might be a philosopher who would notice that. See, there's one of those short words—real. Oh! A horrific word. That's the worst four-letter word in all the world—real.

I would contrast it simply by the fact that I can see it only when I'm asleep and then remember it. It's very real when I'm asleep and less real when I'm awake. And when I'm awake I can't quite walk down that street, but I can remember it. So, I'm not saying that waking is more real than sleeping, God knows. I think perhaps the opposite, probably. But certainly whatever is conventionally called the waking world, maybe the waking world and the sleeping world—but that suggests the world is awake. It may not be. It may just be you, or just me, or some triangle between us. In proper terms, I think the contrast is that the sleep world, the dream world always seems slightly more persuasive to me than the waking one. The waking one where I'm walking down the street, it's always something of a surprise—"Oh yes, this is where Broadway is crossed by 17th Street, and I'll turn that corner, and there'll be that closed coffee shop,"—but in the dream, I may not know about the coffee shop, but it feels tremendously right. It feels, "This is how it actually is," whereas the real is only how it happens to seem at the moment. I think in dream I'm less of a skeptic than I am in waking. I'm speaking from my own few-and-far-between dreams. (One of the reasons why I want to get all those generous lads and lasses to write their dreams is that I have so few of them myself, which is my great shame and secret; I am not in that sense a dreamer. Therefore I look at the dream like a starved child looking through the window at the candy. The dream place seems, as I said before, to have this persuasive factness about it in the way that waking doesn't. Waking is iffy. Anything might happen, but in the dream, life just steadily runs along.

Audience member: [Question about the way travel in dreams is discontinuous.]

Kelly: That's not my experience of my own dreams, which are lamentably poor in jump cuts; I have to walk the whole way. I wish I could do that. I'd like to know your way of getting right to the goal—later tell me your secret. But I mean, we don't know that. We make grand statements about dreams. The poets of this

world make the grand statements, and yet the difference you and I discuss may be vastly important—that you dream jump cuts, and I dream without them. That might be far more important than anything else that we dream about, the very structure of the dream experience. I don't usually dream scenically, in the sense that was mentioned, but rather continuously and rather wonderfully boringly—the way lovemaking is boring; that it just is this wonderful going-on, in that sense that you don't have to do anything. It does itself when it's genuine. You're not doing something to someone; you are being with the experience. In that way, dream has a wonderful, pervasive ongoingness, in my sense, without the scenic quality of "I am witnessing an event," or "I'm leaping through an event."

But these structures may be terribly important. That might be a kind of macrostructural difference that we want to explore sometime.

All the more wonderful an introduction* because of the person from whom it comes, the poet from *whom* it comes. It would just be battering the badminton bagatelle of praise back and forth if I were to go on to say how much I like his work and how instructive that has been, specifically to me in the world of place, because one of the very earliest books of Ken that there is, maybe the first one that really got deeply into me, was the book with the strange title about the grasslands of North America. He had suddenly taken all that material between—as you know, the west—for a New Yorker, the west begins with the Hudson—had taken the rest of that three thousand miles west and dealt with it. I understood it in a way that I was beginning to understand also from that man up in Gloucester, not Eliot,** who just spent summers in Gloucester, but the man who spent years and years there.

Let me say first that I think, Paul, you and your friends have gotten another conference together. We've gone from dream, where we started out, to geography, but geography seeming so abstract we started on about place soon enough and land, the *tertius gaudens* between Earth and World, and then places, and then, soon enough, we were talking about places we know and places we've lived in, and places we came from, even New Jersey, even places as placy as that; not just this exotic British Columbian cloud forest, but New Jersey.

Maybe then, what we've been really talking about is *going public*. The theme that seems to unite all this, I suddenly realized, when Cosgrove showed the slide of the Cunard building in Liverpool, and I remembered that the first job I had as a teacher was in the Cunard mansion in Staten Island where the people watched those boats at the other end of the journey, steaming up New York Harbor, through the Narrows. I think you've really been talking, not about dream, or imagination, or place, but about public transportation, and so I propose "Going Public" as the name for your next conference, where I can bring my trolley

* Robert Kelly was introduced by poet Ken Irby.

** Allusion to Richard Schoeck's talk about T.S. Eliot, just concluded.

cars and the B-13 bus of Brooklyn. I grew up in Brooklyn in New York. New York City has an extraordinary transportation system—*had*. (I don't know what they have now since I haven't lived there in years.) That is a double system. I'm not talking about suburban, which I knew nothing of—only white people—I'm not white you know; I'm Irish, but that's not to be white in New York. White people are Protestants. Protestants, when I was a child, they lived in the great suburbs: New Jersey, to which you were carried by what we called the chube—that's t-u-b-e, chube-- or out on Long Island where you were carried by the Long Island Railroad, called the Lon Gisland. In the city, we who lived there were in the possession of two systems: one hierarchical and one, in DeLeuze's wonderful word, rhizomatic. The hierarchical took you from any part of New York to lower Manhattan. It was about getting you to work and back. It had nothing to do with the intercourse of people, but just the carrying of people like fodder, or whatever we are, from the place where you slept to the place where you earned your money. The rhizomatic were the buses and even trolley cars, which I vaguely remember (they all disappeared in World War II or soon after), but the buses carried people from themselves to other people. So, to go from neighborhood to neighborhood—and you could do that—meant this strange, nonlinear—and nonlinear they certainly were—rhizomatic method of getting an impulse from Sheepshead Bay, where I lived, out—for example you could go to Greenpoint or even the place from which my accent comes. (I speak with a particular accent of northern Brooklyn called North Side.)

So everybody comes from somewhere and that's the best thing about us, that we come from somewhere and when we go back home, even if I who can go back home and people talk to me on the street and say, "Where are you from?" and I'm walking down the street I'm born on. That's distressing, because accents change in places. They don't change in us. We carry them. I still carry my grandfather's—who died forty years before I was born, but I still carry his accent. I'm still carrying it here in Kansas where nobody knows where I come from and no one can tell where we come from. I was talking to Ed Casey downstairs while we were exchanging bathroom instructions, where he came from, because his pronunciation of one particular word was just like my wife's mother who comes from outside of Den-

ver. And the rhizomes of speech connect us deeply, even more deeply than walking.

But, anyway, if you go to public transportation, let me know, because that's... I do deeply wish, though, thinking about trolley cars, that Charles Olson were here. He is the one figure that we desperately miss. Cecil Giscombe has spoken his name and quoted him a few times, I was very happy to hear, because Olson was the one who, for my money, first connected place and poetry plausibly—not in a descriptive way, not in painting a word picture, which had been done ever since Petrarch and perhaps even Ausonius, painting those wonderful visions of the River Mosel, that prime old Luxemburg event of the Mosel River, but the one who connected poetry and place in a productive way, where the place spoke the poem, not where the poet sat back and described beautifully the place he saw, but rather where the energy of the place itself, or the disposition of the place in space, as Olson might have said, generates the text, so that Olson scrupulously, in the *Maximus* poems, examines, say, that glacial moraine, which incidentally is geologically continuous with the moraine that starts in Brooklyn, where I grew up, that moraine, the top of which is the old abandoned houses and reservoir called Dog Town. He examines the land occupation. What do they call it—land use, the history of land use? I hate the phrase because it suggests using a quart of milk and throwing it out and buying another one, but there is no more cow from which this land comes, so we don't dare use it their way. But I think they call it land use history. He would concern himself with the disposition of every house, every stone, every street: who lived there? What did they do? And the very disposition of those places in space generated in the text—some of his wilder, madder texts in the middle *Maximus*—generated the poem itself. The poem is speaking from and to that disposition of place in space.

When Olson was living (Ken may know this story better than I) he snuck away to London once and lived with a wealthy lady in her house in Hanover Square. One day he disappeared from the house. No one had any idea where he went and people began to get a little worried about him. As you know, he was ten feet tall, so he stood out, especially in England, where one isn't ten feet tall usually. They finally found him. He had gone for a week over to Bristol where he was sitting in the public records

office reading documents about the early codfishers of Bristol, the people we associate (if we associate them at all) with John Cabot and the so-called “English Voyages” of Cabot, who was not himself English, but who voyaged for the English at the very end of the fifteenth century, out of England, looking for fish. Olson was preoccupied with those things, public records. So he, much more than the essentially Romantic William Carlos Williams writing about Patterson, he—Olson—Romantic that he was, in an utterly unromantic way allowed the disposition of space, place, town, house, street, car to dispose the poem in ways that are obvious if you start reading his work.

One of the most wonderful poems in our century is his poem “The Librarian” in which he tells a dream, a dream he simply had, but a dream in which the topography of Gloucester, where the dream happens, largely figures and it ends with an extraordinary series of questions about the “real world,” like “When does 1A [the highway] get me home?” “What is buried behind Lufkin’s diner?” “Who is Frank Moore?” And the poem can end that way, with the simple questioning of the facts of place, a place to which he is summoned by the dream. So, in a way, the poem becomes a kind of sobering up experience from the dream, as if the poem is the way that the dream recovers our “normal” waking reality.

So I wish he were here. He would have bothered us considerably and I think he would have found fault with every remark that has been made, but in a way that would have made us feel, well, a little less than ten feet tall ourselves, but then we are less than ten feet tall. He was actually six eight. He was a very tall man. So the ten feet is clearly an exaggeration. I wish he were here. He’s not here, but his sense of poetry as place and from place has been important to my thinking about all this and important to the way I’ve been understanding the things that I’ve been hearing.

I’ve been especially interested this afternoon in the way in which anecdote has begun to flourish, in which anecdote has come away from the chit-chat after the talk to enter into the talk. That is, the anecdotal “This is where I come from,” “I saw this happening,” “This was interesting,” “My father saw this,” “This happened,” “I said this to my child.” I think anecdote is the closest we come to public dreaming. I think when people sit and tell anecdotes to each other, they are, in a way, dreaming to-

gether out loud and in real time. You'll come away, and—you know the interesting thing about anecdote, and I'm sure your experience will confirm this, is a year from now you won't remember who told the anecdote; you'll remember the anecdote. You'll remember it the way you remember a dream, free-floating.

We used to run a dream workshop at the college where I teach. I mean, I ran it; they didn't. They knew nothing about it. They would have killed me if they had known, but I had a dream workshop where we sat and discussed dream. This was back in the days where—Robert What's-his-name, in Buffalo—Barbara knows his name. He taught in Buffalo for years and years—yes. He was publishing extensively about dream and dream-sharing, and Barbara Tedlock has a new book just on dream-sharing and so it's not lost; it's something in the air. Anyway, what we noticed is that if you listened to a poem as if it were a dream, that is to say, if the class lay down or slumped in their chairs and closed their eyes and listened to a poem, turning off all the Brooks and Warren, or whatever the recent versions of that is, turning off all the critical machinery that they might have had and just listened to the damn thing as it went by, two things happened: it came alive in their minds as if it were something they had experienced, and it reminded them of dream. So even the most conscious, clear, hard-worked, Virgilian kind of poem, "I am making this as I am making it," would turn curiously into a dream when so listened to. So I think the relationship between dream and all the rest of it is not simply exhausted by taking dream as that which happens on one side of the sleep line, and everything else is on the other. Dream interpenetrates waking. Casey, I think you did this. You referred to Freud's *Tagesreste*, to the dream as the remnants of the day before. In just a similar way, I screamed out when I heard it, into my head, "No, no, no! The day is *Nachtsreste!* The day is the fragments and the leftover bits of the dream that we share with one another." And I think both ways we can deal with it.

And when we got to anecdote, I was with Cecil when he and his kid were somehow hassled in Steele, North Dakota—he didn't give us any of the particulars of the hassling, so therefore I could invent them myself and then forget them and remember them vaguely, I would remember them vaguely the way I would remember them vaguely if they had happened to me twenty years ago and if I had been somebody else. So you know, it's a

very strange thing that anecdotes give us, and I submit that they are a species of dreaming out loud. And we dream probably to give, my argument is that we dream for the other.

And let me just stop talking about that for a moment and move to the sense that what is wonderful about dream is the giving part of dream that we were talking about, the dream as imagination. The dream is something in which the ego has a very small investment. When you wake up in the morning you are so confused by the dream that you are anxious simply to disburden yourself of it, give it to another, and only later does it occur to you, “That was my dream! You have my dream! What are you doing with my dream?” because we don’t exactly do that. We’re used to giving the dream to the doctor who just publishes it. We’re used to telling the dreams with no particular consequence to ourselves. If only—God! If only we could write poems that way! If only we could give each other poems with the same failure of ego participation that we tell our dreams. Well, that may be something we could learn from dreams.

The word I want to bring in here, towards the end of what I have to say—I’m going to read a few pieces—the word is *locus*. *Locus* is the Latin word for “place” and I ran a series of readings once, back in Dutchess County, called *Locus Loquitur*. I chose the Latin word partly out of simple pomposity of spirit, but partly because I like the “*Loc-Loq*” sound. *Locus Loquitur*. It means “the place talks.” The Germans in the audience, of course, would remember that *locus* also means bathroom, “the place” in slang German, so *locus*—the bathroom talks. Well, we tried not to have too much potty talk in the poems. But *Locus Loquitur*, the place talks. But that reminds us in turn that the word “place” that we’ve talked about a lot, imagination and place, is also the Latin word for passage of a text and in fact, the plural, *loci*, or “low-kee” as I guess they say now in this modern, non-Catholic Latin, that plural doesn’t mean “places” at all. It means passages in texts. *Locus* doesn’t have a plural anymore that means places. The place when it’s a neuter means “military encampment,” *loca*. So there’s only one place in Latin, *locus*. That’s very interesting. You can express the plural otherwise, but if you say it with *locus*, the plural means “passages.”

So I’m fascinated by the way in which not just place, but passage summons grace. A couple of summers ago, I did a series of poems responding to the paintings of an extraordinary Italian

painter named Brigitte Mahlknecht, who lives in the Tyrol, the German-speaking region of Italy. Her paintings, paintings and drawings I should say, are deeply animated by a sense of aerial photograph of place, of maps. Topography seems to be the secret ingredient in all of her pictures. So I've written in response to some of her pictures, and I want to read two of these. The first one is this one. This is responding to a picture that looks like this. God knows you can't see it, but if it looks like a kind of a Xerox of a Xerox of a Xerox of a geodetic service topo map, then you're seeing it right. You see streets and houses and avenues and people and some giants, fat figures.

Now it happens that we are across the world from ourselves
and the ocean between is made up entirely of streets.

You have come at last to the inside of the body.
It is the only University — there is no end to what it tells,
and the business of the magic life
is to map the outer world inside, to map
the inner world out there until
you are master of the distances. And these distances
must be sung
suddenly
to come home.

Now it happens that we are each other
and can see who and how we are
only across an ocean made of streets,

nothing but houses forever.
Sometimes a park exists
the shimmer of far-off smiling cities
caught in a romantic self-deluding eye,
our senses only mean to sympathize
with everything we think we find.

The park is made of more of me.
Come lie down in such arms, this phony earth,
artful hillsides, grassy gun emplacements
of Fort Hamilton, by weird enclosures
where polar bears flounder in green water
under concrete fjords in sluggish Sons.

All I am is muscle.
There is no mind
except keep talking.

No flower but the *millepertuis*,
St. John's Wort, easing the tensions
of the Happy Few,
o small elite that lets words lick their skin,

when what they need to do is read these words you left so hidden in
your streets,
the gulfs of darkness
stretch inside our bodies, dark organs
trying to speak,
hidden like spores in dirt, like dirt
inside the cracks in rocks,
cretti
I cretti di Burn, a whole town
cast in the porcelain of time, craquelure,
the lines we walk on
to find ourselves,
to be with you,

prelude and fugue.
But we will never get there,
the famous flowers will come out and rave in color

and they, they fade, of course they fade, I will too,
animals like marmots burrow in the earth here,
they carry all the gold back into the ground,

and now I hear them tunneling in me,
the little mapping people
who measure out the world in yards of me
inside,
and your eyes project your body
to the ends of the earth.
To know at all is to map and to be mapped,

streets through our bodies,
and I will not tell you
what kind of people I am
who walk along your streets

but I am there, the cracks in rocks
are runes, the letters
you scratched on the wall, idly
your fingertip trailing in the dust,
the words your body meant

and here's my ugly body stretched out on yours
until we are exactly one,
a terrible wedding waits for us.

I am so alone, he said. I am so alone, she said.
There is no listening to some people,
all we ever do is complain, complain
you are too far, I am too near,
know me, my skin
must have some terrible sickness
it so craves your hands to touch me,
what am I, a victim of the strange green fiery disease
Grünewald's Christ writhes with on the cross,
as if it hurt him more than crucifixion does,

why do we need one another,
each one
on the other stretched,
stretched out
street of skin to the end of the world,
why are you so far away?
(But this day, he said, you will be with me in Paradise.)

I read last night from the beginning of a passage of chapter one. This is an interminable five-page story. It's almost literally unendable, but I'm going to read a little bit more of chapter one of *A Line of Sight*. And I'll go to the footnotes from it, which are important to read.

I'm looking across my living room. This is about twenty years ago. The living room as it was, it doesn't exist anymore, because nothing does exist anymore as it did even yesterday.

CHAPTER I

I live in an old house that has no address.¹ The house is dark most days. Years ago it had a name,² taken from the two lime trees that block the afternoon sun from the front windows, trees much sought by bees in May and June. Tea is made from the flowers.³

Especially at the foot of the stairs it is dark, bottom of a dry well. On the wall above the last few treads is a large map of the Kingdom of Bhutan (Druk Yul), showing in monochrome relief the ranges and valleys and waystations. In the uncertain light that at times falls on this map from the opposite room, the tan spread of Druk Yul (isolated from the uncolored surround, India, China, Tibet) sometimes resembles a large cookie,⁴ at other times a fallen leaf, which before withering rumbled into crests and gorges.

In one corner of the map there is a smaller replica, in outline, of the map itself. This diagram is called a Reliability Index, and shows sector by sector the confidence, expressed in percentages,⁵ that the viewer can feel in the information sketched or verbalized in the large map. It is to be wished that every map conceded in such a way the inevitable inad-vertency of its parts.

To the left of the map, and somewhat above it, there is a fierce grinning bright polychrome demon mask of unspecified origin, clearly enough the product of some tantric intelligence of the mountains. Bhutan. Tibet. Believers identify the mask as the face of an adept holding back his semen, resorbing his orgasm, swallowing the world. The face is the brightest object in the hall at the foot of the stairs.

Note 4: a large cookie. As one sits and hears the last large sumptuous measures of Richard Strauss's *Capriccio*, his last opera, written and performed (in the recording heard now) while the world was burning down around him, and no countesses ever again would read sonnets, or hum them aloud before the minor late, late after a desultory party, and no woman would ever again try to make up her mind, and for all I know, no mirror ever again would stand clear on a wall, calm in its gilt oval (that shape in which a woman sees herself most truly), it is false or feeble to think of food. Yet there are times, especially at night, when the house seems to be alive with a midnight appetite, an astral Dagwood planning strata of unlikely foods, a sweaty old rich Rossini turning from music to, what? What would Rossini have eaten late at night, when the sky was too bright with stars, too sculptural with cloud, too clever with nightingales, for him to go to bed, however pretty his companion or compliant nurse, what would he eat, while his kidneys ached and the moon sashayed across what he already knew must be one of the last lovely spring midnights of his life? Here again the thought of food is a blunder, fart of a woodnymph pursued. But what would he eat? Would he tinkle a bell, and a cadre of diligent, unsurprised servants fall into *sorbet* formation, or pull a mousse providently beforehand from the ferns around the ice-block in the double-doored chest? After the truffles and gooseliver and cockscombs at dinner, what would pacify the, not hunger, truly, the *need*, a pure spiritual need it may be, yes, Rossini's utter desperate agonizing need to take into himself now before sleep or love or dying, just one more morsel of this after all adorable cosmos. He

is silent as he watches them carry first a table, then a silver tray with Something on it across the dark lawn. We shall not stay to see him lift the cover.

In this house some similar tendency, less elegant, less poignant, for our sun will never fall from the sky, true?, it's always here, yes?, always as it is now, supreme and ordinary, forever, ewig, ja?, some similar nudge of appetite troubles the hours between midnight and sleep. What will it be? Not then the earnestness of cheese and oil and garlic and bread. A cookie, a biscuit, something heavy, crumbly as earth, dry, not juicy, not sweet, not very sweet, no creamy inwards, no chocolate, understood?, a dry fine halfsweet crumbly cookie, no slimy cakes, no deceptive froth or teeth-aching icing, Just the fine dry halfsweet, less than halfsweet cookie. That comes to mind some rare nights, when Bhutan becomes the half of an immense peanut butter cookie, say. But then a voice from the hallway cries: Man! Do not eat your world! Man! Man! Man!

Note 5: expressed in percentages. In fact the diagram in question reveals upon inspection only the alternatives: Good, Fair, Poor, distributed over the gradients. Memory said otherwise, and must have its little say, for fear of what She will do if balked of her constant ameliorative urge: Improve the Past, Improve the Past, Begin by Improving the Present, etc. A man who constantly corrects his memory may find himself eaten by tigers or bitten by scorpions, carried by eagles, trampled by bulls, disliked by other men—no pedant worse than the pedant of inner experience. An accurate memory is needed only when one is going somewhere, n'est-ce pas? Or has been somewhere. The intense static beauty of these nights needs no more memory than a dog has, between one bite and the next. Here it is.

Percentages have the advantage of being, by definition, relations to that definable Hundred (old Satem-Centum), a number in historical times roughly between 92 and 120, with a tendency for the higher sum to be operative in more northerly climes (Iceland, Wessex, Trondheim). Whereas in Hebrew the number Hundred is exactly equal to 10^2 , and is spelled exclusively by the ten successive *yods* emitted from Nowhere which implanted the Tree in whose branches, now in sun, now in shadow, we have for a while the right to live.

On the other hand, it was always peculiarly irritating to my father to hear any price over ninety dollars described as, for instance, ninety-four ninety-eight. He would insist, with some show of reason, that for such sums we must say, A Hundred Dollars, and get it over with. In this I felt an honesty of mind, anxious to hear the truth however horrid, so anxious in fact that it preferred, after endless years of pain, truth plainly swollen with trouble to truth corseted and faking a smile as it puffs its way in. Let's hear the worst, he'd say.

It is my hope that Pradyumna P. Karan, cartographer of the Druk Yul map, learned similarly to exaggerate the painful, and that his

“Poor” is a cautious way of saying fairly reliable. But I fear the reality is even worse than the disclaimer. Was it a lake or a mountain? I hear him thinking, was the government bungalow on the yang or the yin side of the hill, I must have written it down somewhere, is this the road to the airport or the path infested with giant leeches? is this little dot the leprosarium or the monastery? is that a cliff or a deer park, a forest or glacier, a pit or a pinnacle? There are no answers, there must be no answers, he has never been there, no one has ever been there. Most maps of this state do not show the town in which this house stands. There is a bridge over a river with an Indian name (Sepascot?), a small dam, a pool of deep quiet water dammed, apple trees, many locust trees, the kind of alder called red willow, whose inner bark is smoked. It is a place only real, without fame, without maps. No one has ever been here before.

If you can find anything hard-edged in what I said to ask a question about, please, feel free.

Audience Member 1: Could you say more about the disposition of the place in space?

Robert Kelly: With Olson in particular, you can actually see it on the page, where the page becomes a mimesis, the map. I was reminded a little bit by the pictographs that Denise was showing us last night. We get a mixture of words and I know in the [Indian] ledger books, the ledger images, those words were added, it is said, by others—but imagine them added by the very people who made the pictures. So that there are passages of Olson’s work, some of them very mysterious, where the words on the page seem to be mimetic of a place. Other times, the places are clearly mentioned, where he’ll give the names and who lived there and when they lived there, and so on. But the way in which I imagine Olson to have had this most patriarchal but innocent, if that’s possible, if there could be an innocent patriarchy—I don’t know, but I think there was—in which he stood before an Earth that seemed to him sublimely feminine and tried to read it with his body, let him not do anything to it, but let it make him swoon with understanding or swoon with desire. Somehow the place he looked at, which he was sometimes capable of immense acts of physical, numerical detail—the fisheries, the histories, who lived, how much, what the numbers were; get it right; translate it correctly, etc.—in which those very numbers work as meaning—I mean, after all, number two, number two is sexual. We imagine that when we quantify something we have

rescued it from our libido. Far from that. I mean, the libido is more at home, perhaps, with number than with anything else. It is, after all, the moon that teaches us measure, the moon that teaches us to count. It is the menstrual cycle that indicates to us something about the nature of our own progress. It is the moon that we see growing and diminishing, growing and diminishing, that teaches us number.

So I think, in a way in which Olson would have, perhaps, accepted my saying so, he stood with respect to the world in such a way that he wished to allow it to map the work in him. I'm not always sure that we can look at his poem and get the landscape back again. I don't know yet, if that answers it, but for my own work, I'm always conscious of the fact that landscape, "land-skip" as Cosgrove said earlier in the English way, does really come from a word that means "making," *schaffen* in German, *schöpfen*, to create. Because the land exists as itself, perhaps, but landscape is something we make. People make it. Landscape doesn't make itself. Landscape is something we make. The old word for poetry, like *poesis*, poetic, the old word for poet in English was *scop*. The one who made the scape was the *scop*, which was the Old English for poet.

So landscape is something we create by our perception of it. We put it on the wall of our houses. I was so happy to hear that all those people want landscapes on the wall. I guess that's because they live in tiny boxes of rooms and need extra windows, but what about the generic quality of landscape? That's an important thing. Olson was trying to be specific to landscape, but A.E. Housman was trying to do that too. He, too, was being specific *from it*, as was Olson. But you wonder about the generic quality of the landscape we see. Very few people put on the wall a painting of what they would see if they looked out the window, behind the wall, through the wall. I would like to do that. I mean, I can't imagine anything more wonderful to look at than what I look at out of the window. I mean, whatever is out there. That's it.

But so much landscape seems to be about a fanciful horizon to be embraced, and therefore it seems to be essentially pornographic. I think of landscape as a species—most of it—as a species of pornography because we wish the caress of an unmarried horizon and it's something that we have no right to out there. So pornography, I have a lot in favor of pornography, but

that particular species makes me more embarrassed than the Vargas girls on display in the KU museum, draped, or festooned, or the Helmut Lang photo that has replaced her. The pornographic sense of caress, because we started with the horizon as caress and the stars as caress. I think we have to earn our landscape by making it. We have to earn our horizon. It's not just given. And remember, too, that horizon is not just a caress, but like many a caress, it is also a restriction, because it is the Greek word for the boundary, the thing that hems us in—we're trapped—as was ocean to them, too, the ring, at the *alveolus oceani*.

Paul?

Paul Hotvedt: I want to recognize Bob Sudlow who is here today. For one, he is a landscape painter, a very celebrated one—but also because Bob told me one time that as he falls asleep at night after a day spent driving through the landscape and walking about in the fields, as is his daily practice, he recites in his mind all his daily travels. It replays, much like a dream. I want to connect that with what you said about the dreaming and the waking, they are not divided, all these experiences interweave.

RK: Is the recitation with pencil or with the words? Is it like reciting with a drawing instrument what one actually had seen?

PH: In imagining, in his mind.

RK: But landscape is one of those grand words that creates far many more problems than it solves. I mean, it's just so vast, what's at stake here.

Audience Member 2: Some of the themes that I see that we're celebrating here include mapping—two central themes—mapping and vehicles, both physical vehicles across the earth and also through the imagination and consciousness. There's another concept that we've focused on, which is getting our bearings, getting a fix and fixation and fixed things. I'm realizing that fixed things is an illusion. Space is an illusion because we're constantly traveling through time. In terms of mapping and navigators and people driving vehicles, I've noticed—I want to make two comments: First of all, does anyone else have the feeling that despite last night's and today's presentations that we are at a place right now that is not finished with what we congregated about. There's further to go on about what we're discussing.

Also, I'm surprised that there's certain central figures in this, whatever, genre, or area of consciousness that are missing to me, including the writer John McPhee and writer Annie Dillard.

PH: Actually, you did anticipate correctly. The notions you talked about of incompleteness were addressed directly in opening remarks last evening as being absolutely necessary. When we first started tossing ideas around we didn't have a theory—at all. And it didn't happen until we started saying, "Okay, let's talk about scope and limits." This is our little frame here, we're going to do whatever we can, because it can open up.

AM2: I would finish by saying that one possible direction is being wise to the Earth as informer of our consciousness and our vision. There are also navigators of the future vision and some people that formed who are cartographers to me include Clarisse Lispector, Helene Cixous, and others. We've got to start taking responsibility for creating our landscape—that's done through our thought and through our words and through how we build our lives.

RK: Okay, so do you want to talk it out, because Irigaray might be really where he is going towards.

Audience Member 3: You mean the elemental?

RK: Yes, that sense that he's asking for—I thought when he said Dillard and McPhee that he was talking about anecdotes of place and the emotionality of our relations to it, but I think with Lispector and Cixous . . . Do you know Irigaray's work?

AM2: I'm just starting to know these people, but...

RK: Edward Casey's book, the preface to Casey's book speaks about stuff that I think is exactly what you're after.

AM2: These people are like trailguides to a world or a reality that I'm only beginning to understand. It's like I'm in this night and they're showing me the way.

AM3: A sense of body that extends the body limit in such a way, questions it and melts it down in such a way that it rejoins landscape in a very passionate, elemental sense. And it might be another sense of Disposition, to continue with that term, because I was struck that disposition, if you take the word apart,

means somehow not being pinned to a position. Dis-position. And that's why I liked it so much. It seems very poetic, as if to release land from being positioned, that is, tied down, prematurely. And it seems to me that your poetry, Olson's poetry, and Irigaray's thought about body as at the disposition of the land, of the elemental, are all tied, together.

RK: That's beautiful, from my point of view, that's beautifully said and understood and kind of held together through the elemental.

AM3: I think just about everybody has talked about moving from one place to another, has represented the mobility of our society, the moving from place to place, and the idea of landscape is something that we shape in our mind signifies something that would fit a very mobile society, because then you take your place with you, even when you're leaving one place after another and I'm wondering if you have a sense in your—both of you—in your poetry which addressed the role of actual landscape, some image, a fixed place, a place that stays there year in, year out, season in, season out.

RK: Stays inside you mean? Stays inside your mind?

AM3: Well, that stays where it is and doesn't move with us, the role of actual landscape. What role does that play in your thought?

Richard Schoeck: Ed Casey was talking about his fondness for disposition. To that we could add transposition, which is moving from this place to that place. And there are so many wonderful overtones of that word in our culture. Transposition for a musician is an intriguing metaphor for what may take place, for what may happen in other dimensions of our culture. I'm coming at your question only askance.

RK: We have heard stories from people of spiritual disciplines of various kinds. I've heard these stories from American tribal sources. I don't know how reliable, it's just all anecdote by now with me, but you hear them at every level, of essentially getting an image into your mind of landscape and traveling around by the world until, by design or accident, you see that shape suddenly in front of you and then you know here it is. That, perhaps, was the way in which Salt Lake City, which was referred

to before, was founded, when someone saw that that particular weird little shelf under the mountain by the lake was something they had seen before. So, as to the portability of landscape, I mean, the Dutch invented the landscape painting as something you can tuck under your arm and sell, usually exchange for drink and food at the local inn, the owner of which will sell it onward as Vermeer's work entered into—I think twenty of his thirty-some paintings began life as objects of commerce in that way of trade. But I think this carrying of the landscape in the mind until the world comes to its senses and falls into place, maybe we are carrying the landscape with sufficient urgency so that the world, as I said, falls into place, or disposes itself in suitable connections. I don't know. I don't have that kind of landscape. Do you have that kind of landscape that you carry with you? Expecting the world...

AM3: It intrigues me that there is a whole literary genre in the eighteenth century, letters from American farmers, Thoreau's *Walden* . . .

Audience Member 4: It goes back much further . . .

AM3: There are dozens and dozens of books being written by people who live on a little farm and then write about a year on their farm. Annie Dillard has books like that. It seems like the rest of us, then, read that. We don't have such a little farm ourselves, but it becomes a literary commodity. They tell us about what it's like to live in close, intimate connection with a piece of earth and maybe, I don't know if that's kind of a pornographic landscape, but it is at one remove. It's at one remove and maybe sets the rest of us in search of such a place that we keep with us. Or maybe it's a substitute for such an experience.

AM1: But I think what you're talking about is something that suggests the *genius loci*, which is the sense that within the place itself, there is a genius . . . I think this may be what you were referring to about finding it or something which, over time and the different occupants, has always seemed to reassert itself, where—maybe a place of epiphany, where I think . . . the sacred or the timeless or the elemental erupts into the mundane . . .

RK: That *genius loci* is good to think about because genius is one of those words that represent our usual tendency to make

abstract that which begins as more concrete. The genius originally was the Latin word for the generative power, the sexual power of an animal, of a situation, so the genius loci was the power of a place to be productive of plants or animals or to feed your life, to feed the life of your children and the life of your crops and your herds. It's the same root that gives us generate, genital, and all the rest of it, which is—when we start talking about geniuses we have to remember the root of it. But that sense of finding a place, finding the fertile field, finding the place which will nourish our thoughts...

RS: There's another resource of language that was anticipated this morning when Ed Casey was talking about land and real estate. The word *realty* which we nowadays get only with realtors and the like—the world realty several centuries ago meant *reality* and obviously, that got buried in the language. There is this linkage of earth and reality that we have lost in our modern world, owing possibly to urbanization, possibly simply not understanding our own language well enough.

RK: Legally, then, real property contrasts with moveable property. Literally, I think so; I think that's the legal distinction, as if we were all about resisting the nomadic, down with nomadisme, escape from that.

RS: Those who did not own real property were excluded from the polis—they were excluded from a reality that has become “substance” and should have been better translated as “being . . .” So it's interesting that from a long tradition, not just in English but in other languages, there's this curious linkage between reality or “being” and real estate which seems to me to be a way of specifying, perhaps over-specifying, the reality that is there in the Latin, and that ambiguity is there several times over in Western culture.

RK: As if the language were reminding us, yes, it's all right to settle down here. It's all right to occupy this space.

RK: You have to heap—polis was originally “heaped up things”—you have to heap something up and have it protect you from the distraction of mere movement, I guess. And don't forget the scrape part of Casey's art, the scrape which is the incision in the ground, which is also the Roman *mundus* that divided the city from the non-city. To have a place is, in a way, to delimit it

from that which is not a place. The nomad, because he has everywhere, has nowhere. He has no place. He has not been scraped. The land has not been scraped out for him, if scraping is scratching, is writing. We are told that writing originally—writan—was a scratching gesture too, so that writing is a scraping as the pen still does if you're lucky enough to have a bad pen that scratches so you can hear yourself think, literally.

AM4: I'm sorry. I haven't been here all day, so this may have come up in a previous conversation, but what strikes me is that as a culture and specifically in North America, we have, it seems to me, a very mixed sense of place, so that—what happens, for instance, if the sense of place can only be an invention, can only be in the imagination. It cannot be physical. Your attitude towards place is that it is an imposed place, then it is not welcoming or inviting or a choice, perhaps that you made. It seems to me that that engenders another set of emotional ideas and connections. Do you know what I'm saying?

RK: Well, you bring two things to mind that I think are comparable, but very different in their moral weight. One is—well, I live on the Hudson, on the shores of the Hudson River, about a hundred miles north of New York, and all our “Indians” now live, if they live at all, in Oklahoma where they were forcibly dispossessed. So if you want to learn the language that names the rivers and streams and rocks in my neighborhood, you have to go to Oklahoma to learn them. Now, what did those people carry with them of our place, the place that is now “my place” that was their place, what do you carry with you into exile? Or those people in British Columbia who were displaced, not so dramatically as from the Hudson to Oklahoma, but still displaced from one part of the land to another part.

The other thing I think about it that there is a now considerable weight of interesting scholarship going on in classical studies, arguing that the Homeric poems, that we've heard about a little bit this weekend, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in fact constitute, in their geographical reach, a mapping of northern geography onto the southern seas. That the stories told in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in fact, did not “happen” in the Mediterranean world, but in the Baltic world and in northern Germany and the coast of the Baltic and even the Gulf of Bothnia. That those stories were handed down by tribes as they moved down into the

Mediterranean world, constantly readjusting the nomenclature of the story geography onto the real geography so that we wind up with names imposed upon the Mediterranean by the Greeks which reflect the shape of the Baltic world. There's an interesting book, not yet translated into English, Vinci's *Homero Baltico*, on this subject, a huge scholarship on this mapping. It's not a strange book. I mean, it's not about a weird "Finns wrote the *Iliad*." It's not about that. It's more a sense that we carry a vision of place with us and apply it time and again just as New York State is full of names like Carthage and Rome, Troy, Utica, places that we have no right to the names of, and nonetheless we found them in our hearts and we imposed them on the land. But I'm more interested in the other thing, the dispossession issue of what do you do when you've been thrown out of your country and you carry it, remembering Zion as the Jews were in the first Diaspora. What did they carry? Did they map Judea onto Babylon? And have we been, like the Mormons, or I suppose most do, mapping their sacred geography onto a common geography?