

*RE/CONNAISSANCES, IN MEMORIAM*

“In crisis their souls are visible. Temporarily.”

## For the things that mattered: The Idea of Michael Podro

Hampstead - Elegant, spare, spacious, civilized, a body lived in, worn, occupied, happy in its skin, as the saying goes. This body had long lived with its place and this place long embraced its content. *Content does not deplete expression and expression does not exhaust content.* On entering this environment of thought, a ms. lay near by, the evidence of still life, a deeper mortality, casual, given. Be seated. Who shall remember the old men? Their manner, their shapes of casual movement, the expressive diction of another time, the unstated disdain of shabby accommodations, but above all their conversation? How to love them? Listen. There's a deep investment in the French, and understandably. But it's all there, is it not, this stuff on *surréalisme* (the slightly antique diction), in Schiller, in the translations of Schopenhauer into nineteenth-century French, in the translations of Nietzsche by the friends of Gide, the *Mercure de France*? Yes. Indeed. The English elegance of foreign sensibility. Not Canetti. No. This expression does not even seek to exhaust content, seeks no break, no violence. Living is violence enough, and thought, the experience of thought, the restoration. This thought knows Klein, to be sure, but leaves that gravity to find its place, moving, opening, rather, to Winnicott, *très anglais*, and Joyce McDougall. Play. Yes, the infinitely open space where necessity finds its content, freedom its form, its infinite manifold. One more time and substance becomes the pure play of echo, universal memory.

## For Richard Wollheim looking-with Poussin

### What still remains of that un-recognized master-work

that is what he saw, so suddenly, so *clearly* as though with geometric clarity looking through the present *scene* into the past working for its future, the startled logic of crystal clarity: how it all became *this*, how it came here, the cost of sacrifice, its work upon perception, the effect of this particular *red*. The enigma of clarity, as dream-state. O love, so abstracted now frozen in snow forms which melt to the touch (where in nature is *that?* indeed) yet which remain to sight, to vision deferred