

TUUMBA 40

RESEARCH

Clark Coolidge

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THE MAINTAINS, This, 1975

POLAROID, Adventures in Poetry/Big Sky, 1976

QUARTZ HEARTS, This, 1978

OWN FACE, Angel Hair, 1978

SMITHSONIAN DEPOSITIONS & SUBJECT
TO A FILM, Vehicle Editions, 1980

AMERICAN ONES, Tomboctou, 1981

A GEOLOGY, Potes & Poets Press, 1981

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RESEARCH

The snow is falling on the vines, the barbs, the aerals
The snow is falls
The air be
The light snap
The vowels are independent
Consonants cross
The lowness of divulge is opening as a shore
The room is cress
The provoke are tines
There is too much space and there is no time
Handwriting a fault, a wave of faults
The hour is a clock
Streets are witness
The mind contains a bulb
Sky of waters
Numbness of crossed hands, the skin an itch
Research, research and drone
Water turns differently in hemispheres
Your thoughts are your worry

You live in a house of the thoughts of the ghosts of
the deeds of hands

Fire hides

The road is longer than a treatise on the thistle

The road is not linger

A handgun, a sunflower and a pound

You set the reef on automatic and you stay

There are thumbs

Rests and rhymes and throttles

The airplane is a container

The life a bare

The role of things is raveling

The department of defense, the stump

The march will lead the president to drill

But one of the snows is a seed

I peed by the red bra

I went to bed accidentally

Who is "Remley"?

Whose tongue is blond?

The shots of the ghost

In the glass

In the glass a parable, a plumb, a problem and a
paramecium

The trails of living beings strike the town

It was fair, the edging fringed with hair

The pause in the hammer, it was a witness

The water above a whiteness
The car turned arrow
And in striking the frown the trees whined
They were a marble, an agate, a barrel
In an album, the strain
In the town, the doubles
The permission without pass

How do you open your mouth?
There is nothing in poetry that will remind me about
the world
There is a constant retrogression, and this is not memory
The hand writing is the feeling of the skin
In my skull is an avenue that I stroke with the anthems
of my sex
Coming to the end of a word at a period, a brightness
A whistling of silence over the board of storms
In the words of which there is no eye
A patter of small edgy matters drawing up the map
The cancellations are the poetry
The nothing to be seen in an undertongue declare
They could not hear Whitman in the hall of the century
The engines were too pat
Doing what we do best
For a joke someone brought a bare finger to the bottom
of the steps

There was a quarry opening there of pure cement
The poet did not take on the job

In crystal captures, the fire of the sun
To light up your life, to burn up your wife
Her solitude is not of a sharpness
A man's search for the axial pin
Content frees us of peacefulness
The rods on the window are watch plants
He puts on his outerwear and shovels the stairs
She looks into the distance of a flower at a pin
And the dog develops and the walls repair
The dog is really a door, it is only speech that is faulty
The water in the basement was thought to be at fault
No-fault insurance is only a fault in thought
The sun could be pen-sized
He laughed and threw out the light

What are wanders?
Who sifts the coat of amaze?
What is the role of the muscles in writing?
And could another mind occur, thereby, very close?
There is too much music and not enough strain
Told enough brain
Cry out in a storm
Normal what is said to be thought

Rustles of flaking in Crimea

Bastings of the done

The outside of my world is being taken over by squirrels

I have lived in that house and now I know that I'll

never have to go there again

Never to go to

The breasts always to the front

I am baffled at my own lack of impedance

But I take no stories of the chair

The man who holds rhyme holds the air

The river filled with birdlife after fish

How could there be no noise in poetry?

So to be, but what kind?

So I must practice coldhearted

All the time the sorts were on the wall

The lapping of the tongue between stanzas

The loaves and the light

This is all to say what

The spaces, merely practicing?

How would the mouth fit a bicycle?

Wholly construed, and down what road?

The man applied a pillow to his cold

The only wish is to stop

People say that sex is blue as turquoise
And people say the other is
What is the distance of a cold from your watch?
How to light the fire of inner lies
A mighty prescription under your bed
The strong occasion between the legs

The things that are not just next to each other and not
just fighting
A largeness of the world that is not emotional as sadness
A brick next to a peculiar trick of the mind with the
thumb
The snow that could not be shoveled, the yearning for
labor that closes into waiting in an area
The clothes proved too short for the novel on the fire

I shouldered the pelican out of the way, it was an island,
there was no future
What is a word's lair, its habitat, trunk on the seat
next to you
And why do the words "lumber diode" appear here next?
Inside the body an awful pressure that can never be
relieved

They talk to each other with no understanding being
political
There is an age, of conflict not of speech

The changing of tires in a well of sadness
Civilization is endlessness
And tenderness is the shell hiding the beating organs
The seat of the mind, the screen of a paperback
Colors are as moral as one's own nature
The walls are tacked with signs of blown art
He was my uncle, that missed me in the hallway
The sign saying, speak only if you have need
We parade, not the animals
The light on the animals proved a dye
In the sun descending the newspaper covered my eyes
Repulsing an attack of love
The bats in the sunrise
Chimes in the dawn window of the allnight bed
You took my clothes when you read me the news
I have a new sunbath, a station, a red avenue under a
caul
The bumpers linked politics to snowball
All the water going down the drain when you said my
name

Then how will the severed states pass each other off?
Three lines in the back of the press
It's a stalemate, limp greenbacks
Lincolns approaching vanilla tension
She thought I was a Martian, my coat, my prayers

And Jerome there in his cell, chastisement up on waivers
The account was broad sex, a peck of trouble
Wandering under the Mickey Mouse, aquarium light
of taxpayer
No one's solvent in this backed-up solarium
Then the ship struck the milepost
Lips that speak of love in the very halter
The ship went down with all caressed
The election pointed to sodium
Rates of your hand, your tongue, your closed case
The lawyer was a sailor had repented
Revolver raised, eyeliner shining
The twin of two beds
The shoulder you couldn't help touching to save
My name is lost in the shots
My name is caught as if the final words of a lost tribe

On the ground are three pumpkins, I live in one of them
A little reality tempered with optimism, opinion, jazz
times

What is the answer?

Something that is supposed to hold the ship in one place
but does not, because the currents keep dragging
it and anyway it never quite touches bottom

No thought definitive encouraged by a period
Lucky loss, wind from the east

On top of a building reading the script in the breeze
Sun on flags gives an indication of direction

We don't give up, we live here

Cold hands on the telephone, the movie lamp, the
writing instrument

These thoughts as put down here are all a story of
scratches

These numb strokes severed

I have one in my head, a luncheon or a bulb

A link between the keys to the door and to the backdoor

He got out of the car in a pool of streetlight and read it

The story diminished with the darkness

Soon the question made its visit, a thumb handle of
chalk

The airplanes were preparing, the tump line and the oil
weeds

It had been sorry for weeks, the needful trek

The breakfast in the Alamo, or Coffee Lake

Her dowry diminished, her covered knees

They were short an idea, a spill in the bushes

The lake partitioned thus cold

And a microphone

A liver cell

The hunting lodge of politics

Am I good man or a bad man?

No one is sure of what

The note said, spare me I am bony

I have thoughts as remote from you as my brain from
your caress

The music was a diva under gaslight

The pipes in the basement

The roars, the installments, the corridors

The face that no one could see, the words they heard and
forgot

There is nothing in back of the smith

There is no sense at all in it

The walls were the world of the war

If you went to see a film, then what of it?

The middle of the last paragraph, a heater with a red top

He had assigned himself a book to while away the time
spent in chairs

There is no knowledge but lights in the night and
tenderness of muscles

The claim was put off in the stripe of the day ahead

He brought his leg to a corner of her hand

The lights were out in the book on glass

The penis was raised discussed then extinguished

The day all of an awning seemed harmless

The most delicate portions grew hair

He left the number at the beginning of the car

Throbbing, tentative pressings, no time, mood

Avenue entry was sealed, gone over

Skin just short of an end

The auto

Platitude's disease

Sticks

Investigations of the sun on a boil, the sea beyond all
extensions of the land

Buried treasure and the variable foot

A note to the wise on the mist off the breasts

The level equation of the equator horizon drill

Her statements as dull as her nipples rose

Stillness in hand for the pain of a second

Bubbles in the drink as the hand fell toward them

Darkness, peeling the way to the fissures

A carbon gland in hand on the sheet

The animals at the fencewood nod

He left me the novel on the chair of his clothes

Choking, amortizes, cunt

A maritime novel

The seeing of the brain on a chair

The links were held over one notion

The cat remembers the ceiling

An animal is a prong and a precision, of parallel lines

We see everything in the morning that was held in the
night

Before the sun is the single hidden mark
On the wall of the boy the cave rides its torques
He is a profiliac
The head of the duck is pure proportion unprincipled
Corruption is the function of gatherings
Lead models of balcony sunrise
But they are running away and will never be seen again
on the roofs
Vents of taste, they have dialed appetite
The weather lies
There is no protuberance better than foxfire
The war was completed on a combat allowance
Fools, why do they not know them?
The Russia I meant was built out of water and food
The America
The pains were found in the knees and pins
Campus Meister slotted the intro
Once visible trombone, invisible walls
Luck of the losers inflating the argument
Bunions, brogans, wash tea
The mesa burned, hand held
Grapefruit on the march, eluding the fist
Carbon granules the paper had raised
Nonsense that includes the rest

Poetry is a substance on sufferance of thought

The squirrel is stuck
The movement of life is the arm in a sling
The bird flies from the tree and we have a wave of the
future
Change the articles
Entirely
Live
The world is a gopher on the backtrack
A poem, three flicks of the pen
These were bony installments
When I have the gift of death you will never be able
to forget my erasures

Poetry is a lesson in love with no belief
There where the future
Past tense here
Rules
That paper and the time to
What is lost abbreviate
Sense, and its tobacconist
The toothbrush as an extension of the mind
Do you? I don't but know
Can't help but
The loss of a building's windows
Parts of speech the thought into the line
Hope I'm not out of strain

Near Hope Street I grew long
Autostatement there is never time but the speed for
He hit the position just in time for the shift
Beckoning in poetry
The lag of an arm, the futility, the fuel, the ferocity
The war to take the time for, from the city
Poetry is a nude, without necessarily the lighting of a
property

Directions as regions of time, the realms that key our
speech
The one that is at the center of the third person passed
Necessary
Delusions of endless fuel
Primary block color letters, keys to the city
The learning that whelms, little to little
Justice
Pencil
Hands that wish to join but scrawl instead
Windows that look out on the action giving in
A person who passed for your parent
The dog that stood in for a door a minute
Sounds and images of grey matters stir and balance
The air an echo of tobacco
The straight hand still a gun
Letters so much copies they make discourse

This is the universe, mealy brads in grey lodge
He opposed the riot by standing in the doorway
Thought without a stitch
The barrel of an airliner
She flagged it in with her full wit attached to two sticks
The breasts joined at the clothing
Words at your nape
To look without intention, to found a seal
Hand over hand they approached in the street
The lion distracted by the meat

The sign was composed of bulbs and many eyes had
 given it some thought
The plot involved the lodger
It is a hedger
Life is not all stops
How in the world does it go?
The couple and the bed are red white and blue
A large box of Oceanic Jelly
He stopped to tell me about his apparent thoughts
He stopped me to tell of his thoughts on a rather vague
 matter
A matter of wishing that random persons on the street
 would accost him with answers
It was a thrill to be told that the ocean was bottomless,
 space endless

He undid his tie and opened up a bit more
Do you like salad? pin cushion? key lighting?
Behind the scene there was a large ape of yellow metal
He thought his mind had gone backwards from the age
of seventeen
Threats, apparel, vitamins, a treadmill, the wall receding
I had to hand you
My name is Jan, as in January, as in Jan & Dean, as in
Jansen, as in Emil Jannings
The moon was already full but grew brighter behind the
slogan MARRY ME FIRST
There were pipes all over the place, those and empty
hoardings
The exact turnpike was described in my this year's
calendar
Something I don't want to say about fish here
Nothing beyond the word fish
It turns out solitary
Eyeliner of an ordinary pencil
The quivering of a line of print in the third row of third
grade
The vitamin was made of a sort of soft metal
Sodium
His pen wiper had been stolen on the first day
He acknowledged her presence by tapping
The wrist goes unshaven
The front was of a neon far from Nevada

The ants would crawl all over the losers
Say something about the windows
Christmas in a state of dependancy

Wash your chocolates
You mean to watch
Too heavy a price
Fixed piece of time
Neuter allowance
Friends with no backgrounds
The lies not to be forgotten but stolen
Your name is not one of the popular ones

I've got to hand it to you
You'll have your day in the sun
Particular fragrances, trains on trestles, bunch of wickets
The hands are not players
Give your mind a rest from Respighi
The practice of solipsism
The ball of mirrors hung in a corner
She speaks, she handles her angles rather plainly
We see beneath the deep stretch of coverings
Tree in a test tube
The bunker in which so&so lay
The sounds of Venice, the filament in a vacuum
That fall all the cork decorations were denuded

Nude to his eyesight, a travel bag over her gaze
They could have reached the summit perhaps with less
trouble
Stalled at a pensive notion
The salads all over Paris

I haven't been friendly with such ones for long
I must hide my clocks when she comes to visit
The mirrors she travels with
The music of rattles in all my conveyance
You could picture the light going down on a tug
They serviced the industry with animals
But the plot thickened in any case
Long held tones, cigarettes puffed behind heavy
casements
The learning of the history of lambs throughout
literature
All of my face, all of it
The selection of the body as a matter of style
Ropes it took to marry them
And the number of magazines in which the articles
Glasses moving beneath clothing

The portrait was of a chrome left out a day of rain
Tools, fish, lovers, etc.
In the corner was an object used to parry with
I don't mind dalliance

The painting made last was outdistanced first
An eyesore, a prong of fruit
The shadows cast by a piece of wax
Long life asea led to the hiding of groceries
Tom Mix hefting Ant Paste
He didn't know in which direction lay the rest room
Under the moon, under the sun, under the rain, under
the pictures of motion and rest
You don't understand but that doesn't stop you
I keep a notebook in order to hold my tongue
Drawing a map of Europe leaving out the curves
It is now all an art of quotation
A question of visiting Peru
More normal or less lifelike
Held a moratorium under the sun
Walked to the wall questioning the while
His end
His friend's

Help me up, will you?
Drowning in a tempest of tea
Big smile in a small jaw
The catholics learned their lessons under yards of ticking
The hallucination was termed a "gremlin"
Lines under the eyes and what do they mean?
In a row on the street

I tore it up and then we discussed it
It was apparent, limpid, dotted, in small
The man's head according to his scattered survivors
I latched the magazine
Plans for leaving things out in the rain
Lowering of rates in their salad days
Eyelids, fingernails, sideburns drawn at the corners
In the doorways mappings of the territories
He was much later than she had planned it all to turn out
They ran, they caught up, they sandwiched events
Hand me your lighter
Stop this and I'll see you out
I had caught her out in a lie
The walls would come together in any story of this plan
As the men smoked the time away according to their
liking
Even when there is no separation there is always a
separation
The war would be stalled on that very deck
Time on my hands, or in them, or under them
Plurals only a fixture, quotient?, of space
He wrote down the number on her car
She spun him the story of his later years

It's easy, with this thing you just stop
The beauty of proportions, the silence of slow teeth

Do you believe me, I am lucky and have rights
I slow down the patterns and make mixtures
The pillow impressions of writing on a full pad
It is an accompaniment, flow to thought
The halo around the pencil's point
The striking of connections
The plow coins a new slant on roads
As if an easel
Could go on for ever
Even
Slow words for fast events
Held breaths
The loading of the snail

My hands so cold the words come shattered
Hand me a posit, a pause, then position
Gained real stains, strains, storms
The window was locked clear through
Past tense as conditional
Temperatures of space through syntax
The sluicing of generalization
The parlor in which the event collapsed
Miles to go before I wake to the very room of close
 speech and intimate lighting
The closet's noose contains a fly
Chain to pull down reverse of night

You have no people in mind
The others have no hallway for you

Semblance, apparence, attitude glimpse
Cars parked on the apron of the tower
Her face in quick light of the shaftway
Two hours only to count on, by, from
Your life in a hole
My naming you by number
Whole world as an adder
He had accompanied his own snooze with light mistakes
Mummies in mirrors
Razors that level
Unobtrusive alarms

Benders
Lips moving in the silence of the glassless screen
I always wanted to move in and out of my own mind
Desire for fellow workers
In poetry you play your self all the time
At night in cars, in daytime in further cars
Why does nothing finally roll away?
Trapped with self meaning trapped with the whole of
it all
Dialing the number for loose
Watching the handwriting turn an other's portrait

Poetry's obvious lightsource
Stanza breaks to the night side
Tunes are tombs of resilience
I rely on, and other assorted frames

Why is it not assisted?
Why are not we?
I turned your handle, written in bold strokes
Lunch on which butte?
Larval envelopes and mobile stanchions
Lack of the cafe
Picture of the woman's handbag falling from her
distracted grasp
Picture of my back in a leather coat as I feel an idea
Picture of snow
Picture of soap
Picture of lack of control, a flatiron
Picture of the workers all smiling in a line
In front of the buttons
You can tell the liars by their hands

And there is a mystery there is a mystery there in this
An antidote to life
Thought and cold cigarettes
Antidote to life
Poetry

The worship of walls leads to the beckoning finger
The peal-of-bells remark in the last stanza
The notion that the vague speed of the world can be
settled in one point
And its next, friction, justice
There is never one word, there is never one image
Sound too is loose
The control of a notion
The noise of poetry
Her face made me remark on how much I felt the cold
in my hands
Nothing so baffling as an expression
Of joy and the germ itself
The vacuum cleaner you couldn't afford
A toy of nascent oxygen
The mice drops

The saying of it all at once like I wish time would stop
So aware of the close proliferation he released shorter
and shorter texts
A room with a view
A plane of division
X times as many durable whims
She slammed the door, the tap of her hunch
She related a dream in which it all came pinched to a
strength
What don't I understand?

The winch in the weather
Each complex a false halt
He stands for what I could only grasp running
Ovaltine on snow
Penetrates beyond ideas
A full understanding of extent
A camp out on 101
The study disappeared in a hilarity of smokes
No notion better than a hypotenuse
The sailor sniffing
A cold so intense it could couple unrelated ones
The civil libertarian against the purely blue areas of chart
The fall of a fellow wiper
What is the knowledge of too much information?
Or the hallway beyond all point of holiday?

He she or it covered the earth
Melisma of the slow vowel roll
Monkey of the stationary
We must criticize without opinion
We will edge and small
The will that is everywhere, physical a mate
A note written to the stringer of your psyche
The man who wanted Burton to play Balso Snell
The ones who did play Laszlo Kovacs
The actors in the preface to life's amazement

Us

Back from our notions, opinions, small fires
Turning up a thing to watch
Read partially submerged
Quit in the middle of Proust
Park under a mountain of thorns marked ledgers
See to it that
Mean further later
Wholes that don't add up the while
Did you see her?
Do you doubt it?
Bent rather than smile
Stall angles, loop portions
Enumerations of storing city

She rattles around in my
Give me the date and the mole and the tone of the tissue
I even kept her envelope
The rising smoke behind the board before the mount
Tin lizard
Felt place mark
Shouted then the practice of forgetting
Lowered expectations like driving under the influence
Then coming
Then out the other side, Canada
Or a volcano in Metrocolor

A drink at the rim of the thoughts
Doubtless and pronounced in reverse
Smokes me out in my

If I don't know still I can see
It takes the dinosaur an unusually long time to fall to
the ground
Lives learned in a little bit
That it is better to turn than grasp the key
Lighting on an indefinite hilly region
Lost in keep
Still photographs keep time
It's not possible to finish what all you do
Starts as labyrinth markers
I walked downstairs with a mirror to my chin
Vicissitude
The storing of the shocks for later arcs
The characters were Chinese, Belgian, and visionary
He kept them to themselves in a look
The key was tonal visibility
The back to hurt at a certain glance
Glance that was at one time a mineral
A certain

I've made up my mind to get my hands on it
Mise en scène

The traits of will revealed in a cold look of it
He is laughing
He is stuck in the corridor
Born and dies with the lips curled upward
All I know, it's all the same to me
Life, truth
Ten times a, but which times?

Taking things apart, more than necessary now
They make it all a blank, so many turns of the tines
What is eaten can not be seen
Named only, with flicks
Fast Food is the correctest metaphor
I should eat with a drill
Spectacles, a confusion, what is seen with what is seen
with
The pie in the sun is soon to be eaten
Regardless of regard
Obliged to be forced
Statements beyond the heat of personality
Highway in the sun

How do you see all things on the street at once lit by
the irrespective sun?
Her plans to open the book in the very move of an arm
But you know what the smoke does it eventually sinks
and becomes the latest layer of the surface of things

I don't understand words as well as I understand what
they do

Don't they?

A smile crosses the reticular

The dictionary falls open more times than you'd think
possible to scale insect or pythoness

It's the instinct of the vernacular to use chance well

Or to be the master, or the slave, of one's house

Or it's something that can't be taken to a vertex

Maltex every morning for years

Till boredom ceased it

Battery clinched it

You recorded more pauses than your years

Only with sufficient space is it spectacular

What?

The point that has us hemmed in

Perplex

As only a radio element can be plaited

The wall comes downstairs in the eating of each step

Silence confused with the cone on the shelf

Cotton or woolen stockings, briefs, and shirt cardboards

A mocking of the whole comedy in rhymed frames

You took off my hand because it parted your will

Stale streaks for a moment

Lozenges that are a definite spark of the plot

Greek winter fountains with green blades
I had half an hour left to amaze my confusion
Lip irons
Frail hair
The monkey consumed the circus as if a concealed soup
to be studied
The mackerel blend with my name
His marriage drove on cruelly to the top
I made meretricious hash of marsh hill
Marginalia, New Jersey
You have to take chances with association
You write too much
Hand me the plantation

You used so many shoes in many years
Lit up the night with albums
It is necessary to make the connections
The library had stalled
Television had strained
The image, the sound, in other words
The countries that would develop without us
Night's Yawning Peal
The Quattro Cento
Two Gobs from Red Hook
Walk out on the planet
The goods all locked up in houses

Coldhearted, coldblooded, to go back to degree zero, a
night's light points

His inside is her outside, how about that equation?

Everything has to be reinvented, including the morning

You could have, say, coffee, or two shots

A washingmachine with white and black slots on top
of a refrigerator

Impelled toward danger, love lost its savor

Dynamite in the corny entryway

It is a collision and the focus is disturbed into its earlier
elements

Ink in marshes on the paper

But what, once thought, can I develop?

The wall to be seen

The camera's lightmeter dropped out in the dream

Or I had forgotten to think about it

Or I had replaced my elements incorrectly

Politics is a summer day as well as the bent clutch

Do you understand what they all but mean to say?

They have told themselves that there is no further
entrance

If I do not live at the entrance

If I keep my own council

I drop the mesa into the midst of this soup

I dial animal

Drop the mineral and diminish

Over the wheat stretches drainage ditches brought
barriers

Lights on disparagement in the Bay of Fundy

He developed the present-day maritime cleats

The shoes going by are partial

We will see through the descended windows

I could try to speak as I eat with you there

A woman

A porringer

Three wide ideas on an approach to a central human

She is watching you snore

The lighthouse had to be built at the seashore

The snow which covered the tower could be seen

In approaching form of the light

The light it gains

Light be opening

The air close

In which the words all appear as verbs

Nouns make dense

At the shore the heights of the sea are told closed

Could there be no more room?

The tales provoke the space

The body between words

There is time for everything but the counting of space

He wrote himself into countless corners

The clock that cracked in the room of the deed
I saw the hands
I saw
Streets spelled the rains
Landscape of notion under a wiry sky
Doing nothing is scratching at silence
The bell jar had heated as it reduced the air
An eye cup
A fingerboard
The jockeying of notions according to scale
Afraid of own house
Particular temperature hesitance dwell
In the brazier a monkey
Spark breaking through the clang
The holding of the whistle by its leather which
To which the drawing held
Scarce brain, scarce distance
The blackpowder blooming in a stump
Repetitive revolution calming the folk
Rule of stalk
Rule of bore and heft and plumb
The hurtling tube of air
We grow up into sweaters
In the order of left boots
The consonant direction of birth
Flesh caught on hooks

Names on the air
Could speech be flexed?
The life to be drawn later by its trace
The man who made the place, his integrity
The saw, its skin
And the stirring of the fluids to a coil in the skull
The things to be confronted, never to be moist
The town, his familiar
And above it the tower
Where he'll never though he will it be

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