

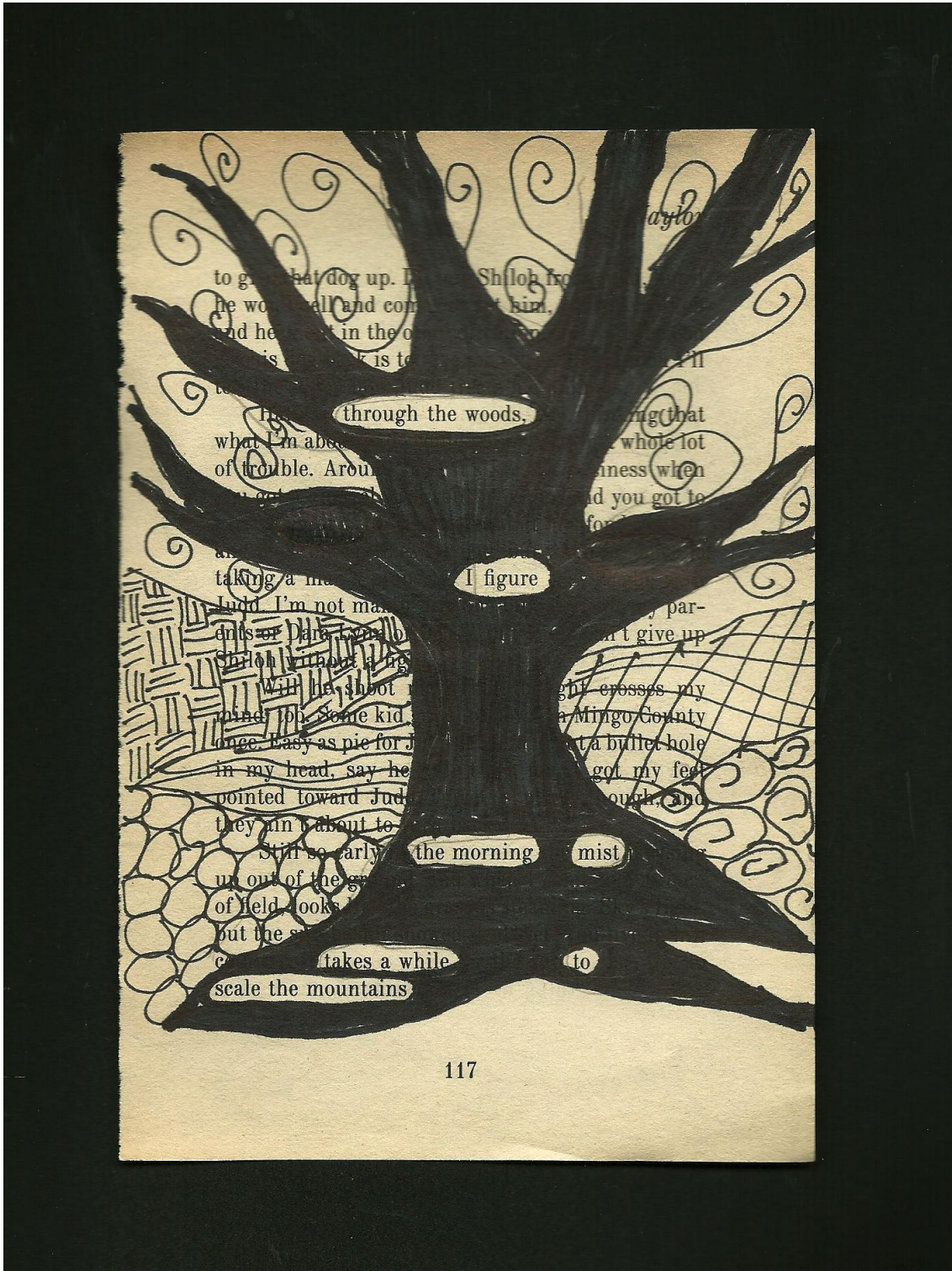
thing that thinks? That is to say, a thing that doubts, perceives, affirms, denies, does not will, that imagines also, and which feels. In all this is not a little, if all these properties belong to my nature. But why should they? Am I not a being who doubt of almost everything, who nevertheless understand certain things: as those one who wishes and desires to know, who wishes to be deceived, who imagines many things, even in spite of himself; and who also perceives many things through the ministry of the organs of the body? Is there anything in this which is as true as it is certain? I am, and that I exist, is in thought, always to sleeping, though he who has given me this being should have the power to deceive me? Is there also any one of my attributes which may be distinguished from my thought, so that one could separate it from me? I am, and that it is, is something so understood, that there is nothing here to explain anything to explain it. I am, and I am equally certain of my power to imagine, though it may be (as I have supposed above) that the things I imagine are not really there, nevertheless the capacity of imagining does not cease to be really in me, and this is of thinking. I am, and I am a being who knows that is, and who apprehends, and knows things through the sense-organs, when I see light, hear noise, feel heat, and so forth. I said that these senses are false and that I am dreaming. Let it be so, at least, it is very certain that it seems to me that I see light, hear noise, and feel heat; and this is perception in me is called perception, and this, taken in this precise sense, is something other than thinking. From this I begin to know that I am, a little more clearly and distinctly than hitherto.

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LEVENTHAL'S hair was curly, his head large; his nose, too, was large. He had wavy, coarse waves of it, and his eyes were their own deep brown, intensely black and of an unusual size. But though childishly large, they had a childlike expression. They seemed to be full of intelligence and greatly interested in its own affairs. Max did not seem to be bothered by them, indeed, not even his indifference appeared to be extended to others. He did not look sullen but rather unaccommodating, impassive. Tonight, because of the heat, he was disheveled, and he was even ordinarily not neat. His tie was pulled to the side and did not close with the collar; his shirt cuffs came out beyond his coatsleeves and covered his thick brown wrists; his trousers sagged loose at the knees.

Leventhal came originally from Hartford. He had gone through high school there and after that had left home. His father, who had owned a small drygoods store, was a turbulent man, harsh and selfish toward his sons. Their mother had died in an insane asylum when Leventhal was eight and his brother six. At the time of her disappearance from the house, the elder Leventhal had answered their questions about her with an embittered "gone away," suggestive of desertion. They were nearly full grown before they learned what had happened to her.

Max did not finish high school; he left in his second year. Leventhal graduated and then went to New York, where for a time he worked for an auctioneer named Harkavy,



<http://delightfuldabblings.files.wordpress.com/2012/03/found-poetry-tree.jpg>

Discourse on Method and Other Writings

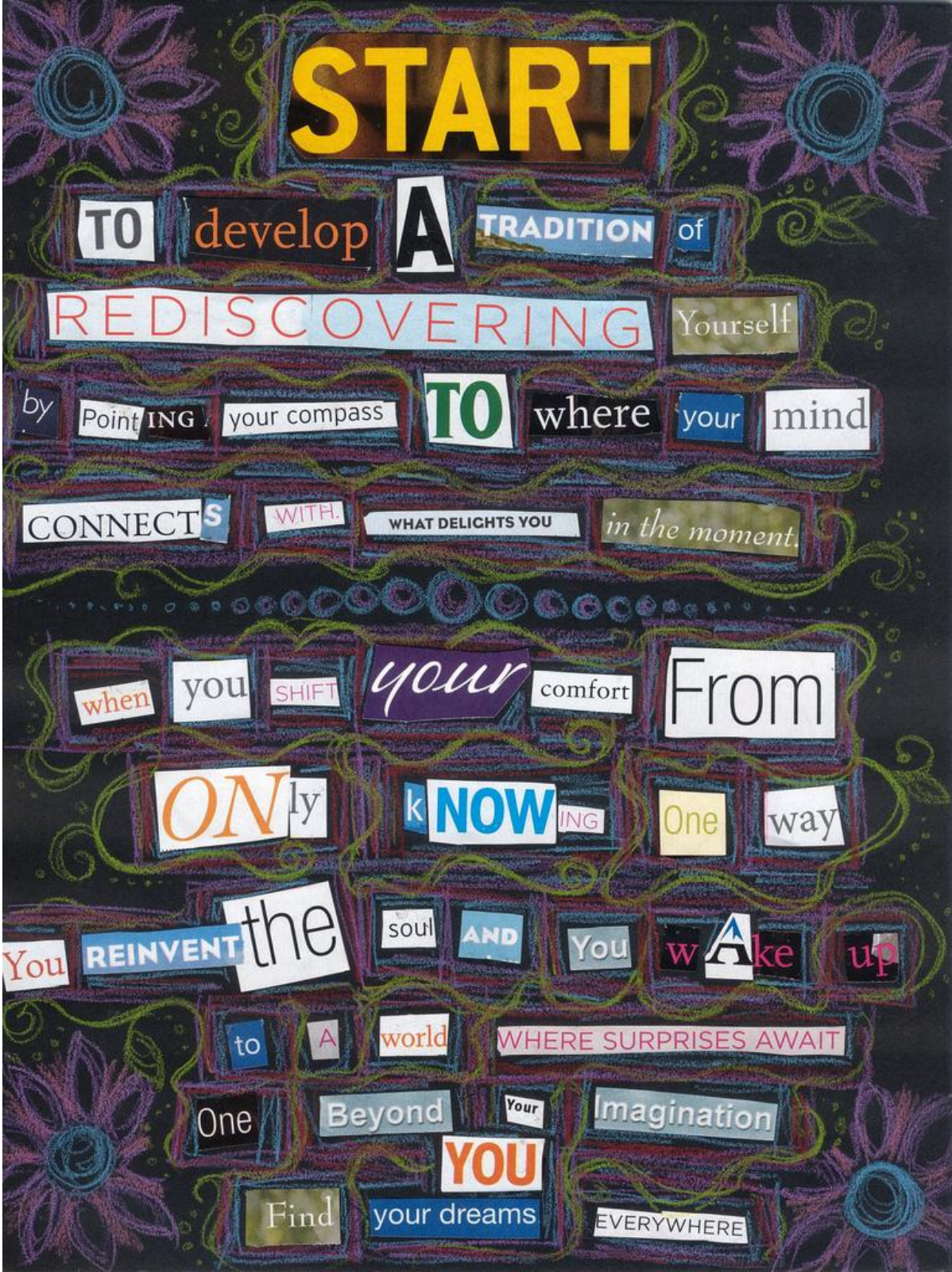
excellence there which seems incapable of coming from me; for, if I look at these ideas more closely, and if I examine them the same way as I yesterday examined the idea of wax, I find very few things there that I perceive clearly and distinctly: viz. magnitude of extension in length, width and depth; figure, which is formed by the limits and boundaries of extension; position, which bodies of different figure maintain among themselves, and movement or the change of position; to which can be added substance, duration and number. As for the other things, such as light, colour, sound, smell, taste, heat, cold, and the other tactile qualities, they are to be found in my thought with such obscurity and confusion that I do not know even whether they are true, or false and only apparent, that is to say, whether the ideas I form of these qualities are truly the ideas of real things, or whether they represent to me only chimeras which cannot exist. For, although I observed above that it is only in judgements that proper formal falsity can be met with, nevertheless a certain material falsity can be found in ideas, when they represent what is nothing as if it were something. For example, the ideas I have of cold and heat are so unclear and indistinct that I cannot discern from them if cold is only a privation of heat, or if heat is a privation of cold; or if they are both real qualities or not; and since, ideas being as it were images, there can be none which do not seem to us to represent something, if it is true to say that cold is nothing other than a privation of heat, the idea which represents it to me as something real and positive, will not unaptly be called false, and the same may be said of other similar ideas, to which indeed it is not necessary for me to attribute any other author than myself. For, if they are false, that is to say, if they represent things which are not, the natural light tells me that they originate from nothing, that they are within me only because something

milky skin. Could never take the sun. I protected her from the sun from the beginning. Even before they knew what horrible things sunlight can do to us. I dressed her in caps with little brims that shielded her from the sun. In fact on the very day that photo was taken I had only taken off her hat long enough for the photo to be taken then I put it right back on. Mothers nowadays don't seem to have time for hats. And look at Sidda now: a successful theater director, happily married. She looks ten years younger than she is. Her complexion is simply divine, and it's because of me.

In the photograph Mother was wearing a black, glowing, perfect, in her mind, I could make myself, simply gorgeous, glowing, perfect, in her mind, I could make myself, simply gorgeous.

We were in the kitchen by the hearth and I was kicking up dust ten months after Father was killed in a car accident while driving home from his law office. I had the feeling that Mother was coming off her mourning in some way looking that dress for Sidda. I think she was just kidding. She might have made herself a little dress, she made it for her first granddaughter.

We put Sidda on the round oak table and carefully pulled that dress over her head. Mother had gotten brand-new dressy socks with ruffles and a pair of the softest white little leather shoes you ever felt. I put them to my cheek just to feel them. I smelled that pure leather and the soft pink satin inside the slipper and I thought of my mother and how she loved fairy tales, how she believed in fairies. I never let



https://c2.staticflickr.com/6/5010/5374900888_9a0c4eafdf_b.jpg

Beat the blues

Feeling blue?

Try this!

Happiness can find you when you least expect it.

You deserve a little lift!

Flip on your happiness switch!

you Need a taste of sunshine!

Start off with citrus!

Take a happy break!

Imagine an island

like a tropical island!

Treat yourself to flowers!

Carnations! No Sels!

Pet a pooch!

Stay happy with sleep!

Sniff cinnamon!

Munch popcorn!

Eat

CHOCOLATE!

Brighten up!

Smile!

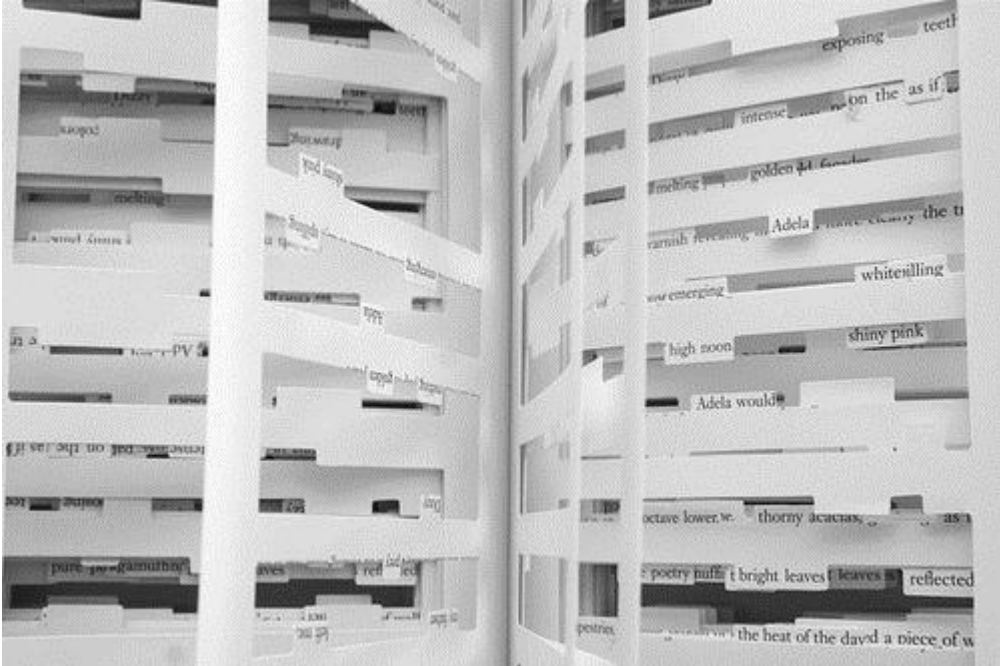
giggle

The Good News Is...

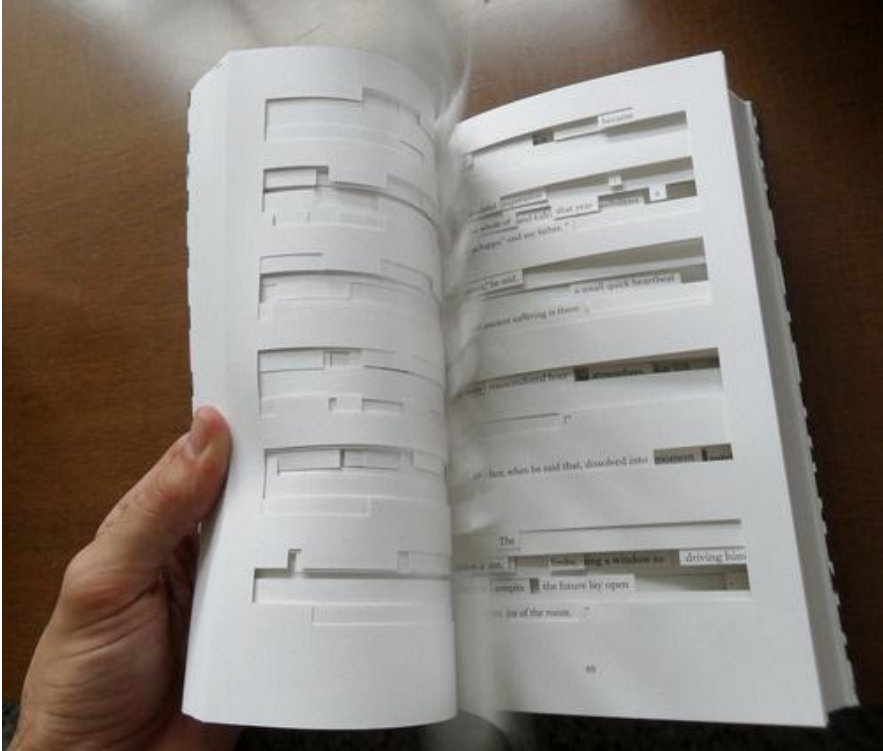
You never know What a difference it could make!

<http://dt78830.files.wordpress.com/2008/09/found-poem-7.jpg>

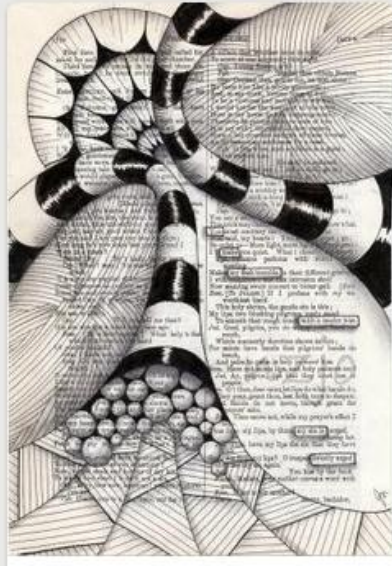
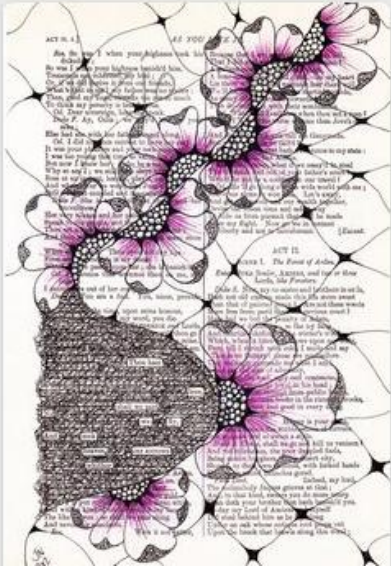
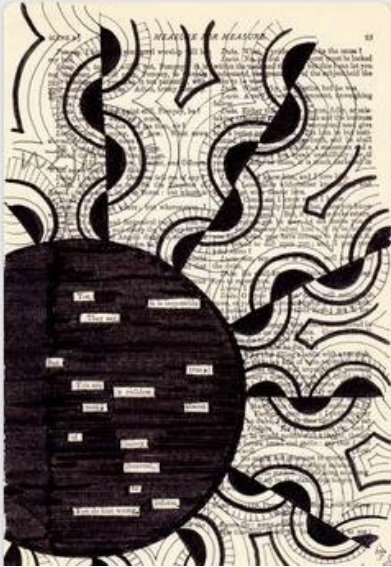
Code of Trees by Jonathan Safran Foer



<http://www.pinterest.com/pin/102245854012484292/>

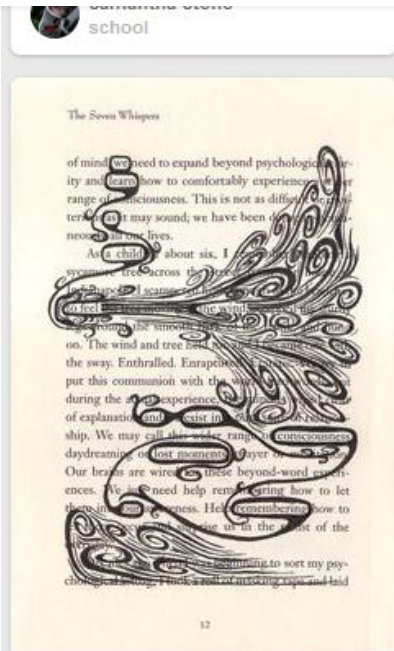


Found Poetry



Found Poetry. Use any page from the Bible. Highlight only words you love it!

Altered book art project A page



The Wind', Visual & found poetry by Melanie. "We learn, as a child, to feel the wind, And exist in



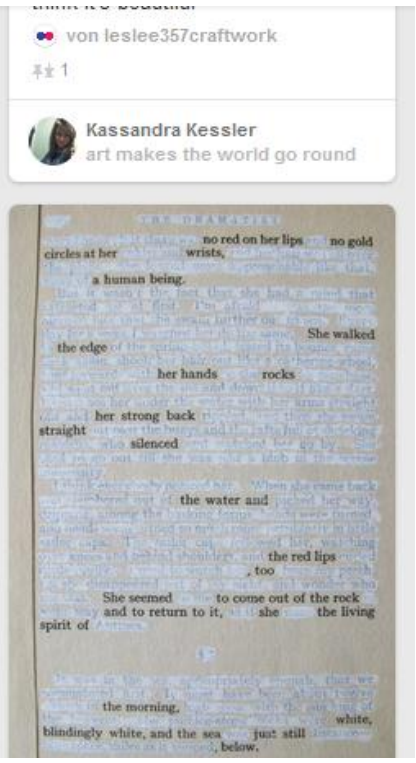
Altered book art project.... A page taken from an old book, with certain



arteascuola: WORKS. Highlighted, encircled words on the page of text. Pages from a book with words focused on



Not zentangle exactly, but this idea might appeal to those who love to tangle and doodle. It's done on a book page, bordering a section of text, and the highlighted words inside the main area make up a bit



von leslee357craftwork
Kassandra Kessler
art makes the world go round

