



Dido
no em
BV C Dean



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fp. Dido and Aeneas Rutilio Manetti

c.1630-15, P.2 Aeneas takes leave of Dido, c.1630 [Guido Reni](#) (1575–1642 P.3 Pompeo

Batoni - Dido and Aeneas, 1747 P.4 Dido Accosts the Departing Aeneas

[Giovanni Francesco Romanelli](#) (Italian, 1612-1662) P.6 The Death of Dido

[Ferdinand Bol](#) (Dordrecht 1616 – 1680

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Dido be it Virgils silent
tragic inst hell be it Ovids
rhetorical andst accusatory
be it about the Medieval
andst Renaissance writers
Chaucer various Italian
andst French treatments

about her her ast a wronged
loyal lover be it Marlowes

Dido Queen of Carthage
 with theatrical and
 political edges or perhaps

Purcell's **Dido** to distil her
 into pure elegiac resignation
 ("When I am laid in earth") be it be
 as like almost all later versions
 that But remain inside this frame of
 : a great queen destroyed by love
 and betrayal But only remembered

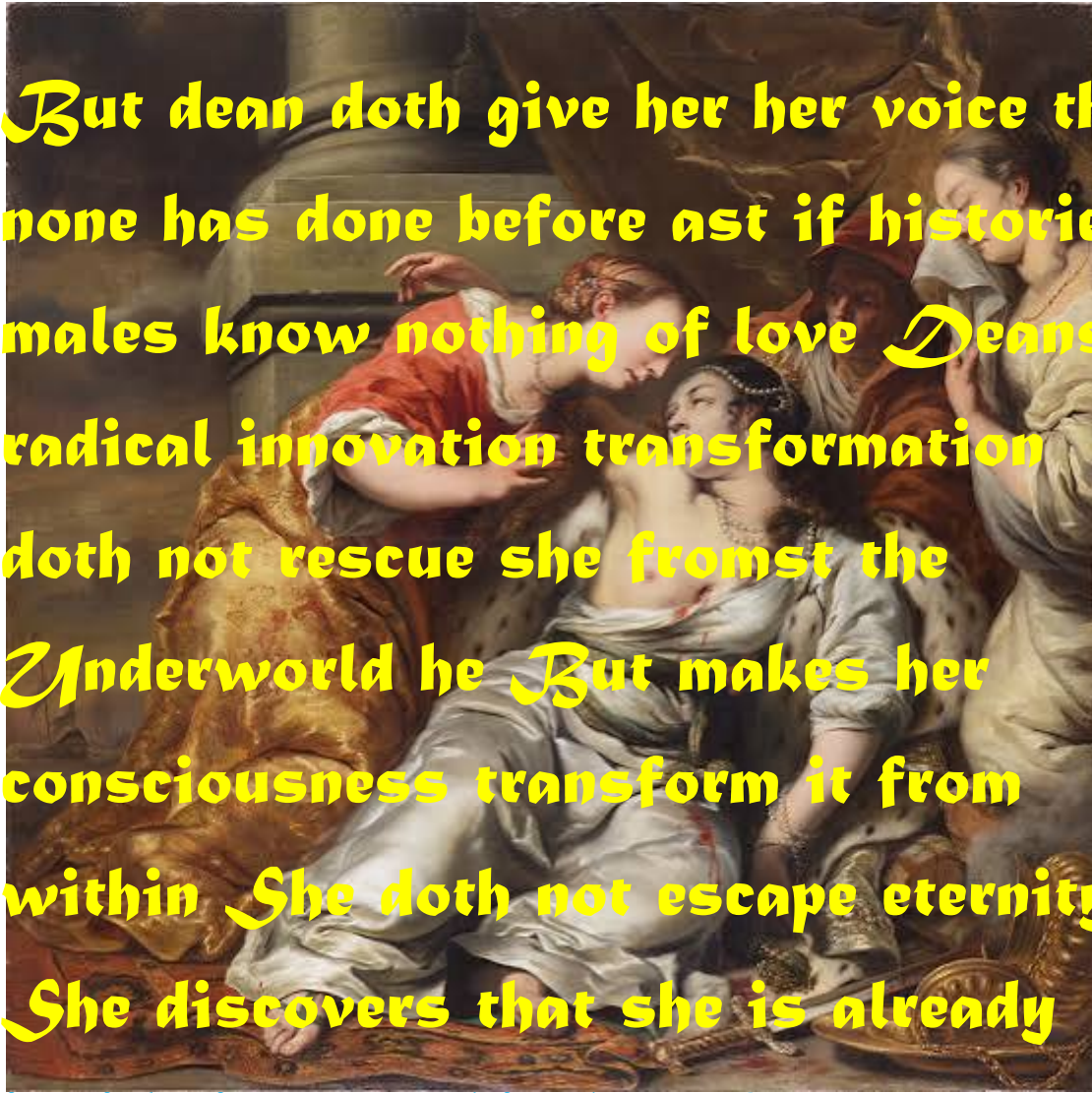
for her suffering and her final
 silence or lament ahh But naught of
 these for dear doth with his

Dido he strips away



everything that has since he that
has defined the instant literature:

- No political or dynastic dimension (the founding of Rome the conflict of duty and desire)
- No suicide scene no pyre no public queenly dignity
- No extended accusation or rhetorical lament addressed to Aeneas
- No final silence as the dominant note
- For literature doth remembers she primarily as the victim of destiny and betrayal — noble suffering and ultimately silent or elegiac



But dean doth give her her voice that
 none has done before as if histories
 males know nothing of love Deans
 radical innovation transformation
 doth not rescue she fromst the
 Underworld he But makes her
 consciousness transform it from
 within She doth not escape eternity
 She discovers that she is already
 inside it now this be a far more
 extreme interiorisation thanst any
 major predecessor attempts. Deans she
 exists not inside canonical male-authored
 mythology But outside Dean isn't simply
 retelling he gives her voice Dean is asking
 What doth the woman herself experience

PREFACE Ah reciter

Dearest whenst at history we look we
 doth see men doth not seem to know of
 love or feminists seem to have their
 mindes colonized by patriarchy they all
 talk of politics power andst use the
 shes ast backdrops for some arcane
 ideology none doth give her her voice ast
 to what she be be it *Medea* or *Dido*
 doth feel whenst inst love she doth be
 the tragic of *Virgil* *Ovid* be her voice
 Yet of her winge *Chaucer* the wronged
 she *Marlow* erotic passions andst
Purcell her lament for all she is just
 the frame none tell her story of burning
 inst her ecstatic dream of unearthly love
 where doth seem rapturous yearning

Ahh thee women of history that be thee
pissed off that thy voice ist hid that only
reality be told fromst the mans
perspective be said be thee pissed off
that thee be naught but a backdrop
where men doth smear their bullshit
uponst the canvas of thy life more
concerned with their egos thanst with
e'en their wife to spew a mans view andst
leave hid the burning fires inst thy flesh
alive with unearthly love thenst read onst
not of Love of an earthly kind that be
But a moment long read onst andst thee
willst to finde thy harts true song

Ahh ♪ inst this deepest glade low
 light darking shades far fromst the
 morns breeze not noon nor eves nor
 star nor light nor dark inst this vale
 where finde ♪ where to be or not to
 be be neither a yes or no where be
 Ohh such sweet smelling things
 that deck the void with spring fruits
 andst blooms full censers of
 perfumes that around a hole deep
 deep dark they surround ast
 draperies full broidered tapestries of
 woven scents tints of gold silver
 specked andst scented berries where
 butterflies fly with diamond wings
 tipped sapphires lights bright poppy
 fumes andst flowery plumes where
 honey bubbles froth to foam to burst

along the holes ridge whenst didst I
 hear the voice of she to reseed didst
 didst I reach for she But to slip
 inst to that deep deep hole a gate of
 ivory didst see I that I didst to
 see no sun no moon not e'en gloom
 no crescent moon with silver horns no
 eah no matter just a void no things
 no ill-assorted shapes no brightness
 no darkness nothing to fill mine eyes
 with things no dimensions nothing no
 inventions of mine minds mine eyes
 to shape thenst whenst no time for no
 time didst appear darkling solitary
 night, into the like ast to the
 gloom, of *Plutos* void halls and
 ghostly realms where didst see I
 onst mine

journeying a wood 'neath the
 niggard beams of a doubtful moon
 hast shrouded inst shadows of
 black where all colours this place
 doth lack dark misty didst see ♪
 looming dimly through the dusk fields
 enshrouding myrtle woods with
 shades of darkness clouding the trees
 inst shadows where didst see ♪
 stood *Phædra* andst *Procris* andst
 pointing at her wounds by her
 ruthless son andst *Evadne* andst
Nasiphaë: andst *Cæneus* once a
 man But a woman now brought
 back by the turn of fate
 along with them moves *Laodamia*
 But *Ahh* didst see ♪ 'mongst all
 these mourning shes who all hast

died of broken harts of cruel love
 broken felicity inst this field of
 mourning of trees hid inst darkling
 shadows Phœnicias daughter that
 stood disdainfully inst front of that
 he she looked then turning round
 eyes unmoved by he fixed her eyes
 unmoved uponst the ground andst
 thenst didst mine ear or be it mine
 minde didst to hear are to hear Ahh
 hear ♪ to hear Ohh to hear ♪
 fromst those lips plaisir d'amour thy
 eyes kissed mine ♪ saw love in them
 shine thee gave me heaven right then
 whenst thy eyes kissed mine to
 dream awake with life where onst
 mine lips bliss doth lie pleasures fly
 thy eyes ♪ see visions ♪ die the

little death ♪ fly onst thy breath that
 lights the gloom with silver doves
 darts of light fromst thy eyes
 upsoars the soul of ♪ that doth to
 drink thy love inst the bowl of thy
 eyes Ahh plaisir d'amour the vase
 of thy face those eyes mine eyes
 doest chase bright eyes mine soul
 doth melt onst the softness of thy
 lips thy eyes thy lips thy breast
 pressed to mine to paradise ♪ doth
 to finde mine love loved ♪ andst all
 the joys didst ♪ finde the lips of
 mine kiss thy lips mine lips to burn
 ast wax torches dipped inst sulphur
 mine lips the breath of mine flesh be
 ast holy incense fromst smoking
 pyres that sent ♪ to that little death

whenst thy eyes kissed mine to cling
 to cling mine eyes to thy eyes always
 thy eyes inst mine minde whether
 night or day or inst this gloom ♪
 finde ♪ filled of bliss onst thy kiss
 that once loved ♪ to paradise ♪ fly
 to hear Ohh to hear the heavenly
 quire onst thy immortal kiss full of
 ♪ with thy desire no higher bliss
 doth tinct the air of grief or pain or
 sorrow impair whenst his eyes
 kissed mine mine sighs through this
 hell echo mine hart swells mine lips
 honeyed-roses bloom with mine harts
 beats mine love loved me andst all
 this hell to flowers doth to burst
 andst to mine eyes discloses whenst
 thy eyes kissed mine his eyes so gay

that uponst mine lips his love didst
play andst the shadows doth to green
andst the stars to gleam for naught
canst wean mine eyes fromst thy
eyes whenst √ look onst thy eyes
the flames inst mine eyes doest fly
andst the night to day doth light inst
mine hart whenst to mine eyes thy
eyes came whenst the nightingale
sings the sweet tunes of spring andst
the morning doth this hell to light
where the look inst thy eyes once fell
uponst mines eyes with the love of
thee that lit the fires inst mine eyes
where mine hart didst to beat with
desires andst around mine feet
woven roses where born andst
violets andst pinks adorn mine eyes

whenst thy eyes kissed mine mine
 love loved me andst and all around
 didst √ see the wonders of joy inst
 this hell where be placed me √ to
 see budding fruit andst all to see
 ripening leaves scented sheaves with
 blissful thoughts he didst once loved
 me for now he hast come like a dream
 gleams insto light where his eyes
 burst inst my hart beats mine love
 loved me the joy of love endures
 eternity long andst the lips doth to
 cling andst the flesh to burn his face
 the loveliness to view whenst his
 arm to mine arms didst to cling andst
 the birds doth hear √ sing locked
 insts his glance the deeper to see that
 he once loved me with burning lips

he didst smile andst my tears of joy
 doth drip andst my sighs ast
 bubbles doth seep fromst mine breath
 awhile his eyes kissed mine andst all
 the wonder ♪ see all all fruit with
 glutinous swelling oozy ripe that
 onst mine lips to taste the scent of
 the lips of he where his tongue didst
 to place andst inst mine lips to slip
 ♪ sigh Elysian to finde once
 dreamed whenst mine loved ♪ andst
 all seemed my sighs to fly that
 swelled the air where all inst this
 hell be fair the fruity scents
 sparkling delicious divine as wine
 that seeps fromst his eyes those eyes
 that once loved ♪ whenst his lips
 entwining mine mine sighs hang like

fruit fromst the fruit flesh of his
 lips ♪ see the flesh ast crimson fire
 his eyes kissing mine floral censors
 of delight twin blooms of ripening
 fruit that be the meal for mine eyes
 bright that tears of joy doth drip
 andst to to bloom to swoon around
 this hell ♪ do tell to see Ohh to see
 he meshed around with syrup of
 honey bubblings candied plums
 andst dishes of dates of cinnamon
 scent that mine eyes taste the lucent
 foams andst froth that ooze fromst
 mine eyes that kisses his andst all
 the wonders didst ♪ see perfumed
 light azure-tipped ♪ see winged bees
 to feed onst misty blooms the gloom
 doth fade and onst his eyes ♪ feed

andst the wonders that ♪ see inst the
 purpling shades of these myrtle trees
 where the leaves with spring scented
 breeze andst the birds andst bees
 doth onst the airs to dance and sing
 ast sigh fromst mine rose-stained
 lips that brim with the perfumed
 sighs of ♪ the daffodils andst
 musk-rose bloom doth to fill up this
 gloom andst to seep perfumes onst
 the airs that uponst ♪ swoon when
 the brought heaven to ♪ whenst thy
 eyes kissed mine didst ♪ fly to
 paradise onst joys andst hopes
 andst sweet felicities thy sight thy
 smile delight bright brilliant mine
 love eyes that once loved ♪ with
 raving gaze ♪ sigh andst onst his

lips to die whenst the pulse ♪ mine
 flesh doth amorous to burn mine
 hart to churn onst the breath of mine
 music doth ♪ to breathe sweet
 voluptuous sighs ast ♪ gulp his
 eyes that dispel mine cares Ahh
 doth to the earth ♪ doth stare Yet
 Ohh for the sweetness of his love
 all paines ♪ willst bare andst to
 wrap him up inst mine hair andst to
 kiss To kiss again

Again n'er enough for all joys ♪
 gain

"Le plaisir de l'amour ne dure
 qu'une éternité la peine d'un amour
 perdu dure pour toujours"