

PALAS[®]

Nick Collerson, Dithyramb, 20th June – 22nd August 2026

The Dithyramb is the mystery genre of Art, ready-found everywhere, yet all alone. It takes the form of many guises: painting, song, dendritology, animal handling, or all these together at once. In fact, owing to its *ubiq'* quality, it can go unnoticed, even though it is always very close by. Its tell-tail signs are play, raving and enthusiastic-intoxication, in All senses. There are many good remixes of this definitively unfinished track, in which metaphors and word play are like eddies in a river; turning thought back onto itself, momentarily becoming a stationary spiralling motion, embodying the whole form of its common and thus foreign way of thought. This mystery birthrenody requires nothing more than our innate capacity for following clues, called "Metis" [Μῆτις]: defined in the 5th century CE Hesychius of Alexandria Lexicon as, "*Metis: Uniting/Innate-wit/Sagacity. Council. Art [τέχνη]. Means of knowing, hence, mark or token. Cunning-bait, trickery. And the Goddess.*" To this Hesychius whispers, "*Do not fear anything said at the assembly: say nothing to me about retreat.*"

The broken-beats of Dithyrambic music are said to be uniting. The Renaissance called its play "*Serio Ludere*", "Tajnis" [تجنيس] by earlier Persian Alchemists, and the even earlier Greek name for puns and nick-names is "*Paronomasia*." The poet Mallarmé said "Dithyramb" without saying it in the 1890s, "*...broken verse, which plays with its own rhythms, like a Thyrsus of infinite complexity...*" His protégé Alfred Jarry wrote in 1895, "*It is the custom to call a MONSTER the unusual accord of discordant elements: the Centaur, the Chimera are defined as such for those who do not understand. I call all original, inexhaustible beauty a monster...*" Ironic Duchamp made a Wanted poster, "\$2,000 Reward George W. Welch, alias Bull... etc. etc... RROSE SÉLAVY." The Alchemist H.D., aka Hilda Doolittle, wrote in *The Flowering of the Rod* [1946], "*take care, do not know me, deny me, do not recognise me, shun me; for this reality is infectious— ecstasy.*" Dithyrambic unity welcomes all, as is attested to by the proverb recorded by Zenobius [2nd CE] regarding the Athenian "*Festival of Dionysus*", which reads "*Just about as much as the boundless greatness from the festival of Dionysus: applied to things unconditionally worthy of acceptance, of worthy things without exception.*" He also notes that Dionysus is called Dithyrambos [Διθύραμβος], because he was reared in a cave with two-doors [διθύρωφ], the subterranean "*turning point*" for Dithyrambic poets.

Plutarch the 1-2nd century Psyche-delic Guide at Delphi wrote a dithyramb called, *The Εἷ at Delphi* [Εἷ means "*you are yourself*"], including the line, "*...as the cosmos is birthing itself right now, then names itself by the most familiar of names...*" [ὡς γίγνεται νῦν ὁ κόσμος, ὀνομάζεται δὲ τῷ γνωριμωτάτῳ τῶν ὀνομάτων]. The Hesychius Lexicon also names Dionysus as, "*Eiraphiotes*" [Εἰραφιώτης] a compound word meaning "*Stitching together-speaking-as-a-goat*," a word derived, the entry states, "*from the stitching together within the thigh of Zeus, and a kid-goat*, and that this mixed-speech is ironically, "*Laconic*". Which is even more ironic, because one of the roots of "*Eiraphiotes*" is the same as our word "*ironic*", a surviving offspring of the ancient word "*eirōn*" [εἶρων], meaning a trickster, "*who says less than they think*"; all these grow from the root *eirō* [εἶρω], meaning "*speaking and stringing together in a row*". In the 9th century Etymologicum Magnum of Constantinople, anonymous Byzantine Greek grammarians hold that Hermes is also of *eirō* [εἶρω]. They write, "*Ερμῆς: Hermes: of him from 'Eirō', which is 'I speak', or 'I join together', from whence comes Hermeias / Ερμείας = Hermes/moon, by reason of [speech-stringing together in a row] being our guardian, and fortress of life: for logos-speech is discovered to be the greatest thing in life.*"

In book 3 of *The Republic*, the Dithyrambic poet Plato wrote of Socrates saying that his logos is, "*a report of the self of the poet*" [ἡ δὲ δι' ἀπαγγελίας αὐτοῦ τοῦ ποιητοῦ]... found anywhere within *Dithyrambs* [διθυράμβους], which uses many strange ways beside the imitation used in tragedy and comedy. Then in book 6 Socrates says to Plato's brother, "*do you mock me using images?... the logos is hard to demonstrate, so difficult are philosophers' singular experience of their 'cities of the Self'...* You must hear through images, yet it is so that you can really perceive/from the woods [pun, ἵδης] as I am painting an image like sticking things together with glue... just like painters of goat-stags [τραγελάφους] who in painting are mixing things together such as these."

Nick Collerson, 2026