



THE
HYSTERICAL
ALPHABET

*Wherein we chart the course of that curious malady of the womb
or hysterus known as Hysteria, beginning with
the Letter A in Ancient Egypt, with the actual kinds, causes,
symptoms, prognostics, and several cures thereof.*


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❧ *for* ASET ❧

 SET has short hair and a wig for special occasions. Eye paint, hairpin, and bowl. All are Aset's. But Aset is an aberration in ancient Egypt. Her uterus is starving and rises upwards like a hungry fish and crowds her other organs.

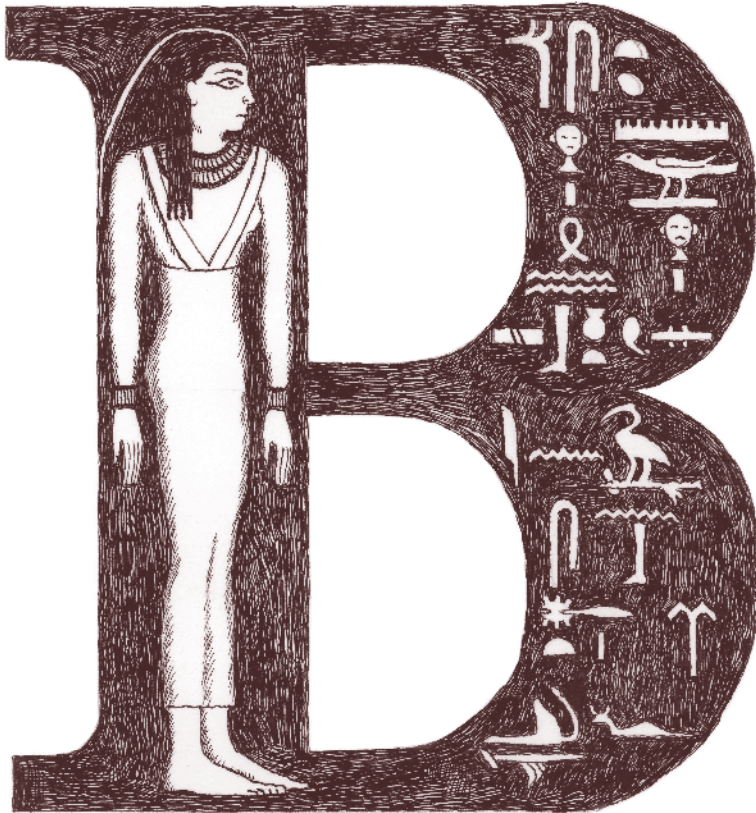
Already we speak of such curious anomalies? We are only at A, at the very beginning. Hard to imagine, a female organ with an appetite, but that is what they say.

Aset sees her dark womb floating above her bed like a rain cloud. The lady has pain and sorrow in her body. Poor Aset.

That organ must be lured back. Aset sniffs a strong smelling valerian to chase the womb from the upper body. Drive it like a stray goat back to its pelvic bone pen.

Artificial nipples will be hers in the afterlife.





for BAKTRE

BAKTRE takes a potion. Made of tar from the wood of a ship and the dregs of beer. With its evil taste, this medicament should cause Baktre's uterus to sink. They make the potion in her bowl. She wears her bead necklace. If this does not work, they will rub Baktre's affected parts with a balm of dry excrement moistened with beer. Beer again for Baktre. Or a fumigation. Blast the vulva with fumes from an ibis of wax and charcoal. That bony ibis is the symbol of god Thoth. Surely, he will help Baktre's womb return to its proper place.



We are at C. And it is time to speak of the Greeks. Those ancients had no C. Had no use for it. Alpha, yes. Beta too. Then a leap to Gamma. So we will take an intermission and present the following C words.

Calla lily.

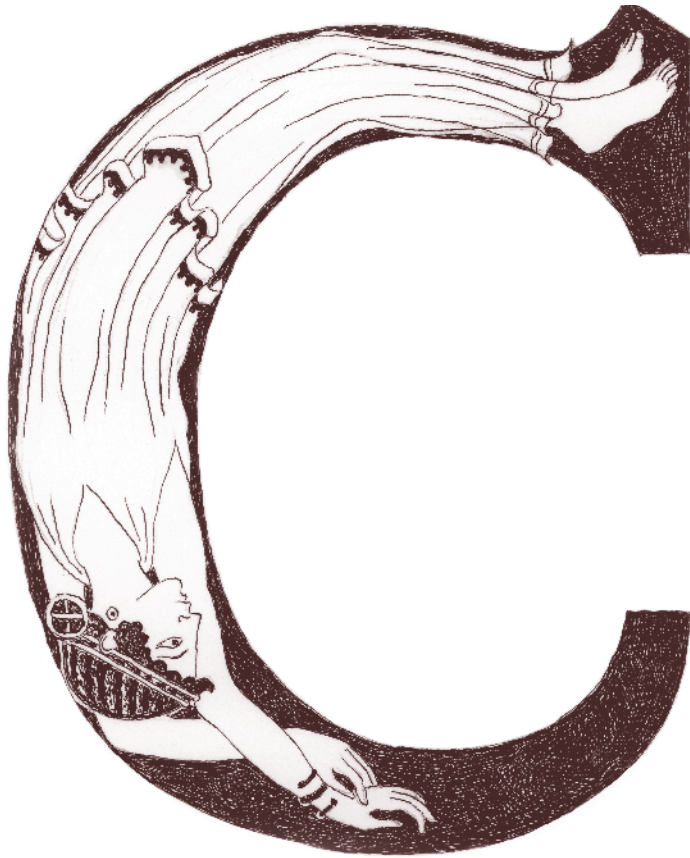
Cunt.

Certitude. That is enough.



On second thought, since we are not using the Greek alphabet,
we can discuss Corinna.





for CORINNA

CORINNA is a cloak-seller. She too has what Hippocrates calls a *hysterika*, a disease of the womb. No diagnosis, no hysteria yet, just a general term. Her womb is hot and light. So many rising wombs back then, like thousands of balloons into the sky!

Corinna is prone to sudden suffocation. Was something collecting in her heart? Her legs become cold. There is a cracking in her chest. Her teeth chatter. Her breath is gone. She coughs up acid saliva. She has lost her voice because of that stubborn womb of hers. It chokes poor Corinna.

Hippocrates says, *Corinna, eat cabbage. Drink cabbage juice, Corinna. Insert a pessary of wool dipped in myrtle or marjoram.*

The problem is Corinna is a widow and she works too hard. Her uterus is dry from fatigue. That uterus turns around and throws itself on the moist liver. Caution, liver. Watch out for Corinna's uterus!

Her womb is an animal. Just as Plato suspected all along.

