



headless

Slow Reading Club
25.06.2022



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Malina
Ingeborg Bachmann

translated by Philip Boehm

1971

□ 4.

Today I'm waiting for Malina in the Blue Bar of the Sacher Hotel. He doesn't come for a long time and then shows up after all. We enter the large dining hall and Malina confers with the waiter, but then I can hear myself suddenly saying: No, I can't, please not here, I can't sit at this table! Malina thinks the table is quite pleasant, the small one in the corner. I've often preferred to the larger tables, since I sit with my back to the protruding bit of wall, and the waiter agrees, he does know me after all, and he knows that I like this protected place. I say breathlessly: No, no! Don't you see! Malina asks: What is there to see, especially? I turn around and walk out slowly, so as not to cause a scene, I greet the Jordans and Alda who is sitting at the large table with some American guests, and then a few other people whom I also know but whose names escape me. Malina walks quietly behind me, I feel he is simply following me and greeting in turn. At the coat check I let him drape my coat over my shoulders, I look at him in despair. Doesn't he understand? Malina asks quietly: What did you see?

I still don't know what I saw, and I reentered the restaurant, thinking that Malina is bound to be hungry and that it's already getting late, I explain hastily: I'm sorry, let's go back inside, I can eat something now, it was only for a minute that I couldn't stand it! I actually do sit down at the that table, and now I realize it's the table where Ivan will sit with someone else, Ivan will sit in Malina's place and order, and someone else will be sitting at his right hand, just as I am sitting to the right of Malina. They will sit on the right hand, and one day the seating shall be rightful. It's the table where today I'm eating my last meal before the execution. Once again it's tafelspitz with horseradish and a chive sauce. Then I can drink one more espresso, no, no dessert, today I want to forgo dessert. This is the table where it happens and where it will happen, and this is the way it is before they chop off your head. Beforehand your permitted one last meal. My head rolls onto the plate in the restaurant of the Sacher Hotel, spraying the lily-white damask tablecloth with blood, my head has fallen and is exhibited to the guests.

Today I stop at the corner of Beatrixgasse and Ungargasse, unable to continue. I look down at my feet which I can no longer move, then over to the sidewalk and the street crossing, where everything has become discolored. I know for a fact that it will be this

□ 5.

important place, the brown discoloration is already wet and oozing, I'm standing in a puddle of blood, it is very distinctly blood, I can't go on standing here forever, gripping my neck, I can't stand the sight of what I see. I cry out, now softly, now loudly: Hallo! Please! Hallo! Would you please stop! A woman toting a shopping bag who has already passed by turns around and stares at me, questioningly. I ask in desperation: Could you please, please be so kind, please stay with me for just a moment, I must have lost my way, I can't figure out where to go, I don't know my way around here, can you please tell me where I can find the Ungargasse?

And perhaps the woman does know where the Ungargasse is, she says: You're already on the Ungargasse, what number did you want? I point around the corner, down the street toward the Beethoven house, I cross to the other side, with Beethoven I feel safe, and there from number 5 I look over at an entryway which now has become strange to me, marked with the number 6, I see Frau Breitner standing in front, I'd rather not run into Frau Breitner now, but Frau Breitner is a human being, I am surrounded by human beings, nothing can happen to me, and I look over at the other shore, I must descend from the sidewalk and attain the other shore, the O-streetcar runs ringing by, it's the O-car of today, everything is as always, I wait for it to pass, and quivering with the strain I take the key from my purse and set off, donning a smile for Frau Breitner, I've reached the other shore, I saunter past Frau Breitner for whom my beautiful book is also supposed to be written, Frau Breitner doesn't smile back, but she does greet me, and once again I have made it to my house. I didn't see a thing. I am home.

In the apartment I lie down on the floor, thinking about my book, it's gotten lost, there is no beautiful book, I can no longer write the beautiful book, I've stopped thinking about the book long ago, there's no foundation, nothing more comes to me, not a single sentence. But I was so sure the beautiful book existed and that I would find it for Ivan. No day will come, people will never, poetry will never and they will never, people will have black, dark eyes, their hands will wreak destruction, the plague will come, this plague which everyone is carrying, this plague which has infected all, this plague will snatch them up and carry them away, soon. It will be the end.

Beauty is no longer flowing from me, it could have flowed from me, it came in waves to me from Ivan, Ivan who is beautiful, I have known one single beautiful human being, nonetheless I have seen beauty, in the end I, too, became beautiful one single time, through Ivan.

Get up! says Malina, who finds me on the floor, and he means it. What are you saying about beauty? What's beautiful? But I can't get up, I've propped my head on THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS, who are quite hard. Malina takes away the book and lifts me up.

Me: (*con affetto*) I really have to tell you. No you have to explain it to me. If someone is consummately beautiful and ordinary, why is he the only one capable of inspiring fantasy? I've never told you, I was never happy, never ever, only in a few moments, but in the end I did see beauty. You'll ask what that's good for. It doesn't need to accomplish anything, its enough in itself. I've seen so many other things, but they were never enough. The mind doesn't move any other mind, only ones of the same mind, I'm sorry, I know you consider beauty to be the lesser of the two, but it does move the mind and the spirit. Je suis tombée mal, je suis tombée bien.

Malina: Stop falling down all the time. Get up. Go out, have fun, ignore me, do something, anything!

Me: (*dolcissimo*) Me? Do something? Abandon you? Leave you?

Malina: Did I say something about me?

Me: No you didn't, but I'm talking about you, I'm thinking about you. I'm getting up for your sake, I'll eat one more time, but I'm only eating to please you.

Thomas the Obscure

Maurice Blanchot

translated by Robert Lamberton

1941

I

THOMAS SAT DOWN and looked at the sea. He remained motionless for a time, as if he had come there to follow the movements of the other swimmers and, although the fog prevented him from seeing very far, he stayed there, obstinately, his eyes fixed on the bodies floating with difficulty. Then, when a more powerful wave reached him, he went down onto the sloping sand and slipped among the currents, which quickly immersed him. The sea was calm, and Thomas was in the habit of swimming for long periods without tiring. But today he had chosen a new route. The fog hid the shore. A cloud had come down upon the sea and the surface was lost in a glow which seemed the only truly real thing. Currents shook him, though without giving him the feeling of being in the midst of the waves and of rolling in familiar elements. The conviction that there was, in fact, no water at all made even his effort to swim into a frivolous exercise from which he drew nothing but discouragement. Perhaps he should only have had to get control of himself to drive away such thoughts, but his eye found nothing to cling to, and it seemed to him that he was staring into the void with the intention of finding help there. It was then that the sea, driven by the wind, broke loose. The storm tossed it, scattered it into inaccessible regions; the squalls turned the sky upside down and, at the same time, there reigned a silence and a calm which gave the impression that everything was already destroyed. Thomas sought to free himself from the insipid flood which was invading him. A piercing cold paralyzed his arms. The water swirled in whirlpools. Was it actually water? One moment the foam leapt before his eyes in whitish flakes, the next the absence of water took hold of his body and drew it along violently. His breathing became slower; for a few moments he held in his mouth the liquid which the squalls drove against his head: a tepid sweetness, strange brew of a man deprived of the sense of taste. Then, whether from fatigue or for an unknown reason, his limbs gave him the same sense of foreignness as the water in which they were tossed. This feeling seemed almost pleasant at first. As he swam, he pursued a sort of reverie in which he confused himself with the sea. The intoxication of leaving himself, of slipping into the void, of dispersing himself in the thought of water, made him forget every discomfort. And even when this ideal sea which he was becoming ever more

intimately had in turn become the real sea, in which he was virtually drowned, he was not moved as he should have been: of course, there was something intolerable about swimming this way, aimlessly, with a body which was of no use to him beyond thinking that he was swimming, but he also experienced a sense of relief, as if he had finally discovered the key to the situation, and, as far as he was concerned, it all came down to continuing his endless journey, with an absence of organism in an absence of sea. The illusion did not last. He was forced to roll from one side to the other, like a boat adrift, in the water which gave him a body to swim. What escape was there? To struggle in order not to be carried away by the wave which was his arm? To go under? To drown himself bitterly in himself? That would surely have been the moment to stop, but a hope remained; he went on swimming as if, deep within the restored core of his being, he had discovered a new possibility. He swam, a monster without fins. Under the giant microscope, he turned himself into an enterprising mass of cilia and vibrations. The temptation took on an entirely bizarre character when he sought to slip from the drop of water into a region which was vague and yet infinitely precise, a sort of holy place, so perfectly suited to him that it was enough for him to be there, to be; it was like an imaginary hollow which he entered because, before he was there, his imprint was there already. And so he made a last effort to fit completely inside. It was easy; he encountered no obstacles; he rejoined himself; he blended with himself, entering into this place which no one else could penetrate.

At last he had to come back. He found his way easily and his feet touched bottom at a place which some of the swimmers used for diving. The fatigue was gone. He still had a humming in his ears and a burning in his eyes, as might be expected after staying too long in the salt water. He became conscious of this as, turning toward the infinite sheet of water reflecting the sun, he tried to tell in which direction he had gone. At that point, there was a real mist before his sight, and he could pick out absolutely anything in this murky void which his gaze penetrated feverishly. Peering out, he discovered a man who was swimming far off, nearly lost below the horizon. At such a distance, the swimmer was always escaping him. He would see him, then lose sight of him, though he had the feeling that he was following his every move: not only perceiving him clearly all the time, but being brought near him in a completely intimate way, such that no other sort of contact could have brought him closer. He stayed a long time, watching and waiting. There was in this contemplation something painful which resembled the manifestation of an excessive freedom, a freedom obtained by breaking every bond. His face clouded over and took on an unusual expression.

HE NEVERTHELESS DECIDED to turn his back to the sea and entered a small woods where he lay down after taking a few steps. The day was about to end; scarcely any light remained, but it was still possible to see certain details of the landscape fairly clearly, in particular the hill which limited the horizon and which was glowing, unconcerned and free. What was disturbing to Thomas was the fact that he was lying there in the grass with the desire to remain there for a long time, although this position was forbidden to him. As night was falling he tried to get up, and, pushing against the ground with both hands, got one knee under him while the other leg dangled; then he made a sudden lurch and succeeded in placing himself entirely erect. So he was standing. As a matter of fact, there was an indecision in his way of being which cast doubt on what he was doing. And so, although his eyes were shut, it did not seem that he had given up seeing in the darkness, rather the contrary. Likewise, when he began to walk, one might have thought that it was not his legs, but rather his desire not to walk which pushed him forward. He went down into a sort of vault which at first he had believed to be rather large, but which very soon seemed to him extremely cramped: in front, in back, overhead, wherever he put out his hands, he collided brutally with a surface as hard as a stone wall; on all sides his way was barred, an insurmountable wall all around, and this wall was not the greatest obstacle for he had also to reckon on his will which was fiercely determined to let him sleep there in a passivity exactly like death. This was insane; in his uncertainty, feeling out the limits of the vaulted pit, he placed his body right up against the wall and waited. What dominated him was the sense of being pushed forward by his refusal to advance. So he was not very surprised, so clearly did his anxiety allow him to see into the future, when, a little later, he saw himself carried a few steps further along. A few steps: it was unbelievable. His progress was undoubtedly more apparent than real, for this new spot was indistinguishable from the last, he encountered the same difficulties here, and it was in a sense the same place that he was moving away from out of terror of leaving it. At that moment, Thomas had the rashness to look around himself. The night was more somber and more painful than he could have expected. The darkness immersed everything; there was no hope of passing through its shadows, but one penetrated its reality in a relationship of overwhelming intimacy.

[...]

The Solar Anus Georges Bataille

1931

translated by Allan Stoekl

It is clear that the world is purely parodic, in other words, that each thing seen is the parody of another, or is the same thing in a deceptive form. Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection, an effort at total identification has been made, because with the aid of a copula each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of an Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth. But the copula of terms is no less irritating than the copulation of bodies. And when I scream I AM THE SUN an integral erection results, because the verb to be is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation. Thus lead is the parody of gold. Air is the parody of water. The brain is the parody of the equator. Coitus is the parody of crime.

Gold, water, the equator, or crime can each be put forward as the principle of things. And if the origin of things is not like the ground of the planet that seems to be the base, but like the circular movement that the planet describes around a mobile centre, then a car, a clock, or a sewing machine could equally be accepted as the generative principle.

The two primary motions are rotation and sexual movement, whose combination is expressed by the locomotive's wheels and pistons. These two motions are reciprocally transformed, the one into the other. Thus one notes that the earth, by turning, makes animals and men have coitus, and (because the result is as much the cause as that which provokes it) that animals and men make the earth turn by having coitus. It is the mechanical combination or transformation of these movements that the alchemists sought as the philosopher's stone.

It is through the use of this magically valued combination that one can determine the present position of men in the midst of the elements. An abandoned shoe, a rotten tooth, a snub nose, the cook spitting in the soup of his masters are to love what a battle flag is to nationality. An umbrella, a sexagenarian, a seminarian, the smell of rotten eggs, the hollow eyes of judges are the roots that nourish love. A dog devouring the stomach of a goose, a drunken vomiting woman, a sobbing accountant, a jar of mustard represent the

confusion that serves as the vehicle of love. A man who finds himself among others is irritated because he does not know why he is not one of the others. In bed next to a girl he loves, he forgets that he does not know why he is himself instead of the body he touches. Without knowing it, he suffers from the mental darkness that keeps him from screaming that he himself is the girl who forgets his presence while shuddering in his arms.

Love, or infantile rage, or a provincial dowager's vanity, or clerical pornography, or the diamond of a soprano bewilder individuals forgotten in dusty apartments. They can very well try to find each other; they will never find anything but parodic images, and they will fall asleep as empty as mirrors. Love and life appear to be separate only because everything on earth is broken apart by vibrations of various amplitudes and durations. However, there are no vibrations that are not conjugated with a continuous circular movement; in the same way, a locomotive rolling on the surface of the earth is the image of a continuous metamorphosis. Beings only die to be born, in the manner of phalluses that leave bodies in order to enter them. Plants rise in the direction of the sun and then collapse in the direction of the ground.

Trees bristle the ground with a vast quantity of flowered shafts raised up to the sun. The trees that forcefully soar end up burned by lightning, chopped down, or uprooted. Returned to the ground, they come back up in another form. But their polymorphous coitus is a function of uniform terrestrial rotation. The simplest image of organic life united with rotation is the tide. From the movement of the sea, uniform coitus of the earth with the moon, comes the polymorphous and organic coitus of the earth with the sun. But the first form of solar love is a cloud raised up over the liquid element. The erotic cloud sometimes becomes a storm and falls back to earth in the form of rain, while lightning staves in the layers of the atmosphere. The rain is soon raised up again in the form of an immobile plant.

The sea continuously jerks off. Solid elements, contained and brewed in water animated by erotic movement, shoot out in the form of flying fish. The erection and the sun scandalize, in the same way as the cadaver and the darkness of cellars. Vegetation is uniformly directed towards the sun; human beings, on the other hand, even though phallic like trees, in opposition to the other animals, necessarily avert their eyes. Human eyes tolerate neither sun, coitus, cadavers, nor obscurity, but with different reactions.

When my face is flushed with blood, it becomes red and obscene. It betrays at the same time, through morbid reflexes, a bloody erection and a demanding thirst for indecency and criminal debauchery. For that reason I am not afraid to affirm that my face is a scandal and that my passions are expressed only by the JESUVE. The terrestrial globe is covered with volcanoes, which serve as its anus. Although this globe eats nothing, it

often violently ejects the contents of its entrails. Those contents shoot out with a racket and fall back, streaming down the sides of the Jesuve, spreading death and terror everywhere.

In fact, the erotic movements of the ground are not fertile like those of the water, but they are far more rapid. The earth sometimes jerks off in a frenzy, and everything collapses on its surface. This eruptive force accumulates in those who are necessarily situated below. Communist workers appear to the bourgeois to be as ugly and dirty as hairy sexual organs, or lower parts; sooner or later there will be a scandalous eruption in the course of which the asexual noble heads of the bourgeois will be chopped off. Love, then, screams in my own throat; I am the Jesuve, the filthy parody of the torrid and blinding sun.

The Sun exclusively loves the Night and directs its luminous violence, its ignoble shaft, toward the earth, but it finds itself incapable of reaching the gaze or the night, even though the nocturnal terrestrial expanses head continuously toward the indecency of the solar ray. The *solar annulus* is the intact anus of her body at eighteen years to which nothing sufficiently blinding can be compared except the sun, even though the anus is the night.

Epigram Engraved on the Collar of a Dog
Which I Gave to His Royal Highness
Alexander Pope

1736

I am his highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

The Descent of Alette
Alice Notley

1992

"I saw on awakening," "what I had not" "seen before:" "at the meadow's edge" "etched into the grass" "fine white lines which formed" "a large curving shape" "I stepped closer" "to see the shape:" "it was a coiled snake—" "head erect," "tongue extended," "itself thin & long"

"& snakelike," "a snake from" "within snake's mouth" "I knelt to" "examine" "the nature of" "the etched lines," "when a powerful" "gust of wind" "rushed through me" "& stayed blowing" "a gale" "where I knelt" "It grew stronger" "& more howling" "I fell over" "& thought I

saw" "my head," "my own head," "having been blown" "off my body" "rolling" "on the grass" "But I also knew" "I was still intact" "Then" "the wind subsided" "& I saw" "sitting near me," "on a log," "a headless body," "in a light dress, the" "bloody neck" "black & deep"

"I didn't" "want to look" "but" "of course I had to:" "this headless" "woman" "was a living personage," "whose hands moved slightly," "whose feet shifted" "As I looked at her" "I was filled with" "an oceanic" "sorrow," "staring at her gruesome neck," "its black well" "I knew she was"

"The one I sought," "our mother," "first woman" "I gripped the earth with" "My hands" "to stay composed" "And then I heard a voice," "a woman's voice," "a rich and changing voice—" "capable of both" "high & low tones—" "begin to speak:" "...finally arrived" "You are very" "very late"

"I've been waiting—" "We've been waiting..." "I realised" "that the voice" "issued from the throat" "of this headless" "body"

"I'm late," "'am I?' I said" "What *time*" "is it here," "that I" "can be late?" "It is," she said," "the long moment" "after my" "decapitation" "It is a kind of" "forever:" "nearly since" "the world began" "The holy men," "the wise men," "are frivolous" "& cruel"

"They have invented" "eternities" "but left me here" "for one—" "They call their visions" "transcendent" "Call me" "accounted for"

"in heaven," "or nirvana," "or wherever," "in extinction—"
"The blessed selflessness" "They were wrong," "I am the same:"

"In time, headless self, &" "suffering" "I have never" "gone to
heaven" "Never died," "never changed" "The truth of us," "the real
truth of us," "is here" "in the darkness," "is my decapitation"
"History is eternity" "until this" "is righted—" "No wrong has"

"so long endured" "There can be no truth" "elsewhere," "until"
"this is changed" "The holy men," "the saints," "the wise men," "the
heroes," "the poets" "are ignorant," "are like" "simple drunks"

"I thought" "you would be" "intact here," "I said" "I thought"
"there was a place" "where everything was intact" "& this was that place"
"Perhaps you" "are intact somewhere," "but I am not," she said"
"Tell me" "what happened," "I said" "I'll try," she said"

"In the beginning" "of the world" "there was a whole" "edgeless
entity," "sea of dreaming," "of floating" "changeable shape"
"After a while" "was differ-" "entiation," "as if pieces of sea,"
"of water," "became fish" "As if air" "became birds—" "I can't remember"

"It keeps escaping me" "But the sexes came to be" "in pleasure," "in
glee" "There was much of" "what you'd call" "obscenity" "at the
beginning" "Much orgasmic" "sensation" "permeated" "the primal entity,"
"& when there came to be" "two human sexes," "that was a sharpening,"

"a clarifying" "of the pleasures" "of existing" "The edges" "of our
forms" "made us shiver & gasp—" "This sounds so" "vague, I guess"
"Then something happened" "to male—" "perhaps because he"
"didn't give birth" "He lost his" "connection" "to the beginning"

"of the world," "to freshness" "of sensation" "To sensation's"
"being soul" "Became a fetishist" "A thinker" "A war-maker" "& ruler"
"Made me dance naked alone" "before all men—" "any man—" "on a
stage, a" "spoilt stage" "Made lewdness" "lose its" "mutuality,"

"its holy aura" "The scales of" "a serpent" "were painted on" "my
body—" "I was stippled" "with diamond shapes" "And as I" "was thus
degraded—" "as all" "went astray—" "I was yet" "the only memory"
"or sign of" "the creation" "I was all there was" "of that" "And so

I endured" "that dance" "I danced" "& I danced" "Nothing" "but sex"
"My head gradually" "over ages" "disattached from" "my body" "as if
by the will" "of everyone" "My body" "still danced then—" "but my
head" "played audience" "to the achievements" "of males" "See it there?"

"She pointed suddenly" "A head sat" "several feet away from us" "with open eyes,"
"frozen eyes," "& fixed" "frozen smile" "Brown skin lifeless," "dark
hair wind-blown" "I learned to speak from" "my throat," "from darkness,"
"not from behind the eyes" "Made up stories to tell myself" "through

centuries" "Then one day" "I waked carrying" "my own head" "down through
darkness below the earth," "to this place" "And was forgotten,"
"mostly forgotten," "above the ground"

"We were silent" "a long moment" "of sadness" "Then I asked her,"
"How" "can you see?" "I see," she said," "with my voice," "as I talk"
"I see you" "as we converse" "But I see things" "within myself—" "
"pictures, & stories—" "that you might not see" "ordinarily" "I have the

power," "as I speak" "to enable you" "to see them too," "to forget that"
"I'm speaking them" "They take on" "their own life then," "before us,
around us" "I cease to speak" "as they exist:" "though they do" "soon
dissolve," "are never permanent" "For example," "I see this now" "I

see this whole scene:" "A little" "girl's father" "is a corpse in"
"a coffin" "He has swallowed" "a vial of chemicals" "so he will come"
"To life again" "as a ghoul," "a soulless ghoul" "As the voice spoke"
"I saw before me," "as if in a dream," "the open coffin," "in a house"

"The corpse was handsome," "sapphire-eyed" "Young" "& still alive"
"The vial made him live," "grow facial hair and fangs" "The little girl"
"was very young: five or six" ("The voice still rendered this") "& then"
"slightly older" ("The voice seemed" "to cease now") "She stands"

"In a forest," "looking" "like a girl from" "an antique greeting card,"
"Small mouth soft hair," "remote eyes" "conceived by art" "Something"
"she carries" "slowly comes" "into focus:" "a silvery broad axe"
"on a long" "wooden handle," "leaning" "upon her shoulder—" "But the

scene now" "dissolved," "the dream was over" "already" "The axe,"
"said the headless woman," "is real now" "& is nearby" "You have brought"
"new power here" "I have never before" "seen an object" "made real

this way" "But the axe" "must becomes" "a long cloth, I think," "to tie"
 "My head back on" "What about" "the ghoul?" I asked "Forget"
 "the ghoul for now" "We must tie my" "head back on" "But first" "I will
 tell you" "some more of what" "only a throat," "only a headless"
 "body knows" "Only your first" "mother knows"

[...]

"Lay his hear down" "for a moment," she said, "her voice trembling"
 "Lay it on" "the grass" "& wipe your hands clean there too—"
 "I did—" "Then let's sit" "for a minute" "enjoying this night"
 "before we change" "Change forever;" "We sat quietly" "a short while,"

"a mist" "about us now" "that softened" "her headlessness,"
 "obscured" "her body slightly," "hid the horror" "of her neck—"
 "I'm afraid," "she said," "to take my head back;" "Why?" I asked
 "I'm afraid" "I'll loose my power" "to speak from" "deep inside of me"

"Lose my power" "to make visions..." "But we must put it back on" "anyway"
 "How do we do it?" I asked "Please bring my head here" "I lifted it—"
 "It felt dry," "the face looked chalky" "Place it on my neck—"
 "I will hold" "very still—" "Now find the heart in" "the grass"

"I brought" "the heart close" "to the newly" "headed creature"
 "Smear blood from" "the heart" "on the line of" "separation"
 "I daubed" "a ring of sticky red" "all around" "her neck, like a
 necklace" "of liquid ruby" "Now find" "the axe," "the girl's axe—"

"Over there somewhere;" "Her voice issued now" "from a pale mouth"
 "though the lips" "didn't move yet" "I found" "& brought the axes"
 "Smear blood on" "the blade's edge," "she said" "Which I did"
 "The axe went limp" "became a white scarf" "Tie the scarf around"

"my wound" "When I had done so," "her face" "began to change"
 "Color" "poured into it:" "her skin was golden brown" "her eyes
 deep-set & brown," "tender" "beneath fierce eyebrows" "She was young"
 "Younger than I" "& yet she was, I felt" "truly" "our mother..."

"Wide nostrils, wide lips..." "She smiled at me" "warmly" "I'm not
 afraid" "anymore," she said "My voice has not lost" "its power"

Life, End of Christine Brooke-Rose

2006

The head top leans against the bathroom mirror so that the looking glass becomes a feeling glass. But what does it feel? This position is for body-balance during the brushing of teeth and the washing of face neck arms and torso. Below is for the biddy, and the feet, if sitting on a stool. But especially the torso. For in fact the teeth can also be brushed if the loins touch the washbasin however cold, or the hand grips the edge, on condition neither is wet.

And then the drying of the body-parts, one hand on the tall towel-radiator, the other on the lower part of the towel to dry the lower body. Dressing means sitting on the bed, entering pants, rising, legs in calf-love with the bedside, to slide the pants then trousers past the bottom before swiftly sitting again. The feet feel where the entrances are, whether of pants or slippers.

Standing, on its own, without support somewhere, causes a tidal wave of nothingness in the head and a limping rush to the nearest armchair or bed. That means that nothing, nothing at all, no action or gesture, can now be done with two hands, if standing. That's a lot of gestures to unlearn.

But one contact is enough for minimum stability, one touch anywhere, from headtop to hip to hand or even one fingernail on the wall as the blood pressure is measured first sitting then standing, orthostatic as they say, when the tension drops by several degrees in a few seconds. Or sometimes rises, for no reason unless euphoric, or falls systolically and rises diastolically or vice versa. It staggers and lurches, like the body unless contact is made through headtop hand finger thigh calf with the ground the earth the planet the galaxy the universe. But then the universal is what is wrong with humanity.

The tidal wave of nothingness is not vertigo, from the inner ear dipping like a builder's plumb rule, for which there is a cure with turning lights, undergone. It is at unlucky times a faintingness due to the latest change of pill prescribed by the cardio, cancelled by the doctor after heartbeat drop, represcribed by the cardio, recancelled by the doctor, the process repeated with three different pills until a pacemaker is put in.

Besides, many seek vertigo, addicts of all kinds including mountain climbers vertigo all that trouble for a moment of spurious hegemony above all that beauty and now, like everywhere over-populous, leaving their human garbage all the way up, all the way down.

No, it's an imbalance from the brain's wrong messages to the inside of the feet and legs, their nerve fibres slowly withering and reversing their tasks, so that where there should be feeling there isn't and vice versa. Just like love of all kinds. At first the feet on the car-pedals feel like two blocks of ice, then can't feel the pedals at all, but steadily burn and braise where they shouldn't feel more than the normal fatigue of a long walk, which, like the car, slowly becomes a thing of the past.

But who feels what? A looking glass is for looking in, not looking out. The finger-nail of contact feels nothing. Is it the feet that feel or their boss the brain? Nous no use. Mirrors, once polished steel or later crystal to flatter more, are soon called glace from Latin for ice, or miroir from Latin for looking, however icy the image. Both get borrowed as ever by the English élite, the first fused with native glass, the second just chic, then disdainfully discarded when picked up by the then-called lower orders and shattered down to become a class-labelling code, replaced higher by two native words, looking, plus glass. Looking becomes a window-pane or a drink, not frost. Grammatically, it's the glass that looks, as in blinding light (for who can blind a light?). Or at least ambiguous, like running-board, dressing-gown, drawing-room, frying-pan (who fries, man or pan?), driving-wheel. But then the so-called higher orders are never hot on grammar, any more than the so called lower. Similarly serviette is replaced by napkin. The tain foil behind the glass causes the so-called upper to look at the so-called higher orders are never hot on grammar, any more than the so called lower and vice versa, as in distorting mirrors, until eventually the upstairs doors are opened to all and that particular élite learns domestic chores, at once therefore made fashionable and easier for them by the new labour-saving devices, and the social code shatters again.

The thalamus and hypothalamus are in the forebrain under the cerebral hemispheres. The thalamus is the main relay between the medulla in the hindbrain and the cerebrum in the forebrain.

Thalamus means inner chamber, or cavity, or the receptacle of a flower, a ventricle in the brain, and so, surely, a cerebral womb. Yet like a phallus it takes over the medulla's transmission from the spinal cord to the cerebellum, still in the hindbrain, and sends it all to the cerebrum, the top brain, that convoluted glory as developed in the higher mammals and more especially humans. There the transmitted sparks clash into motor neurons inside a synaptic cleft and create impulses.

Hypo means under, lesser, for the hypothalamus is a lower or downstairs inner chamber (a kitchen? a pantry? a scullery?), controlling pleasure, pain, hunger, thirst, blood

pressure, body temperature, the sex-drive and the hormones governing the phlegm secretions of the front pituitary gland, not to be confused with the pineal gland, called epiphysus cerebri meaning a growth upon the cerebrum, a parasite which, structured as an eye in the lower vertebrates, is not organised as an eye in the higher, where it functions as a light-receptor, its endocrine job being to elaborate the hormone melatonin, causing the concentration of melanin, the black or brown pigment cells called melanophores. To act perhaps as the tain foil of a looking glass? The eye-shape but not the eye as mirror of the soul? Seemingly endless, like that sentence. At any rate this gland is where Descartes places the soul, thus putting de cart before de hors.

But the hypothalamus does not control balance and coordination. That, in the division of labour, is the task of the cerebellum (the war of Ceres?), back in the hindbrain, receiving the signals from the spinal cord.

The floor the ground the earth are for walking on feet, the world the universe for walking in the head. A walking illness keeps the universe for the head but leaves, for the feet, only the floor. How long will the head last? The few remaining pleasures are not the sex-drive, nor body-temperature hunger thirst or blood pressure but pleasures in the head so rich and devious, and, also, pain as the dubious pleasure of a constant companion, sometimes intolerable, and now vanishing only in the just reachable armchair or bed. And only insofar as the cardiovasco de gamma network still functions, more or less. Pain is from Old French *pener*, to punish. For what? *Nulla poena sine lege*.

You must walk, says the physiotherapist, for your legs. Of course, walking is a joy. But slowly the rest of the body prevents it, with flailing anginal pains and breathlessness, demanding sit-downs on low walls or electricity meters, first at the end of the walk, shorter and shorter, now even before leaving. Just moving from one room to another, from the bed to the bathroom, the bathroom to the revolving armchair, the armchair to the kitchen, the kitchen back to the table or preferably the armchair with a tray held between hand and bosom to keep the other hand for support from passing walls and slow-flowing furniture. And sometimes not so. Sometimes the whole tray clatters, shatters to the floor (the earth the universe). Then comes the collapse into the revolving armchair in order not to crouch, and the picking up of the food, the broken plate and glass. For the hardest is the rising after crouching. Hence the resurrection myths, all gods rise so easily. Whereas the rising of the human blood pressure signals a fall. Did Eve have high blood pressure?

Objects also have trouble being picked up.

And the body, though it may cause laughter, has no sense of humour of its own, no small sparks of slow but planetary motion, no fleeting stars of word-play, only the mind has those. But then, what is the mind but body, the corn-goddess at war with the gleaming cerebroom that sweeps up for a little peace and order and doubtful cleanliness. The mind without the body couldn't laugh nor murmur nor shriek nor have tears in the eyes. It couldn't play nor run nor stumble with words, it couldn't read.

Even languages die, like species, thousands per century. All those colonised people lose theirs to the stronger power, while those overlooked by the colonisers shrink back through isolation into a tribe, a clan, a family. Whichever is our own language we can hear the grammatical and phonetic changes, the lapse that may grow into an unimaginable transformation during one lifetime, but can we spot the slow death-symptoms?

It is the brain, it is the brain endures.

But is it? Or the pillars of fire? All these streaking snippets of facts occur only because of long familiarity, long love of language and its bones and flesh, and how it grows from Primitive Human to Old High Human to Middle High Human to Modern Low Inhuman. The world in other words. Nobody else is interested.

And now, in any case, new information, from the still retained and enjoyed passion for reading, is quickly lost. So are proper names, even of well-known politicians, reporters, writers, sudden black holes although the names of stars familiar and loved from youth are remembered, and pang slightly when they die, after a longish spell of vanishment so as not to advertise their old age. And holes for what has just been seen, the original place of a word in a huge puzzle after looking up to think, or the reason for grindingly moving into one room from another, to fetch what, a black hole. The only access now to the world, the universe, is made through bits and pieces, clung to as small heroes battling against withdrawal.

A scientist on some learning programme says black holes can hide renewed creativity.

Painfully jerking, like a babe learning to walk, stagger, jerk, plonk, old age a mirror of childhood but childhood not for one second reflected in the present-bound, floor-bound eyes. The child trips towards its mother, the old towards Mother Nature, looking into a glass darkly.

See Now Then *Jamaica Kincaid*

2013

Oh, and this was the word Mrs. Sweet heard, that poor dear woman, mending socks upstairs. Oh, it was the voice of the monodist, her poor, dear Mr. Sweet. Whack, came a sound from Heracles, as he made a put, a basket, and a score and yet was under par or over par, Mrs. Sweet could never be sure. The boy's head, free of his body with its entrails, filled up all the empty chairs in the auditorium of Mr. Sweet's youthful recital. Not that, not that, cried the young Mr. Sweet and he made the chairs empty again. The strings of the harp, gut and wire, broke and he bent down and over to make the instrument well again, so ancient was this instrument. The Shirley Jackson house was not known to him then. Never did he imagine then—his youth was his now—that he would live in such a house, so big, so full of empty spaces that were never used, never filled up even in the imagination, the young Heracles with his endless tasks of hitting balls, large and small, into holes of all sizes; the young Heracles, growing in youth, not growing older, growing in his youth, becoming more perfectly youthful, his many tasks to perform, performing them more perfectly, at first performing them awkwardly, not right at all, but then becoming so good he could place any ball of any size in any hole, no matter its width or depth or height. Thwack, was a sound caused by the quick movement of Heracles' hand sweeping a ball through the teeming air; whack, was the sound of his head sliced away from his body. Oh, was the sound that came out of the mouth of the monodist, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Sweet, as he saw Heracles pick his head off the floor and replace it on his neck, which was just above his shoulders, with such deftness, as if he were born to do only that, keep his head in that place just above shoulders.

Young Heracles, his tasks, so many, so many: wash the dishes, put them away, clean the stables, walk the horses, fix the roof, milk the cows, emerge from his mother's womb in the usual way, slay the monster, cross the river, return again, climb up the mountain, descend on the other side, build a castle on the top of a hill, imprison the innocent in a dungeon, lay waste to whole villages to the surprise of the villagers, trap and then skin the she-fox, eat his green vegetables and his meat too, kill his father, not kill his father, want to kill his father but not kill his father, keep his head on his shoulders, survive the threshold of night, await the dawn, take a pickaxe to the iris (his eyes, not the flowers growing in his mother's garden), seize the sun, banish the moon, at every moment his skin so cold, the fire at his back, cross the road by himself, tie his

shoelaces, kiss a girl, sleep in his own bed. Ah, gee Dad, said Heracles, as he raced to get a glass of water from the kitchen sink to quench the unquenchable thirst he had acquired after one of his many journeys, Sorry, Sorry. Heracles had then collided with Mr. Sweet, hitting him squarely in the head, causing starry lights to shoot out of his ears and nostrils and eyes, sending Mr. Sweet into a coma from which he emerged many years later and immediately he cut off Heracles' head again. But that Heracles, blessed with a natural instinct to live that would never, ever abandon him, picked up his head and put it back on—again, where it rests to this day, in the rising just above his shoulders.

[...]

But Mr. Sweet was in his studio above the garage, where he always liked to be, it was not a funeral parlor, it's only that he was in mourning and conducting a funeral for his life, the one he had never led, and Mrs. Sweet's calling him interrupted this mourning, she was always interrupting, his life or his death, she was always interrupting. The studio was dark, then, now, but not completely, everything could be seen clearly but as a shadow of itself. How Mr. Sweet liked that, everything a shadow of itself. But there was that voice of Mrs. Sweet, not the shadow of a voice, she was not capable of that, a whisper, conveying her deepest feelings with a glance, or just stopping her breathing outright, just stop, stop, stop, right now. Mr. Sweet, she would say at the top of her voice, her voice sounding louder than a town crier's, louder than a warning of impending disaster, she was so loud, Mrs. Sweet was so loud. Mr. Sweet, can you please take the garbage out? Sl-aap. Sl-aap, came the sound of his feet that were snug in a pair of flannel slippers as he dragged them across the floor and his rage was so great that it almost brought the now dead nine-headed snake back to life. In any case his rage was such that it caused his chest to rip open and his heart exploded into pieces but Mrs. Sweet, so used to mending socks, applied her skills to this task and soon had Mr. Sweet all back together, his heart in one piece inside his stitched-back-together chest. That little jerk almost killed me again, said Mr. Sweet to himself, and it's not the last time, he said again to himself, and he was reminded of that time, not so long ago then, he was coming down the stairs and Heracles was going up the same stairs and they met in the middle and by accident collided and by accident Heracles, to steady himself from this collision, grabbed Mr. Sweet's entire testicles and threw them away and he threw them with such force that they landed all the way in the Atlantic Ocean, which was Then and is so Now hundreds of miles away. The testicles then fell into that great body of water but did not produce typhoons or tidal waves or hurricanes or volcanic eruptions or unexpected landslides of unbelievable proportions or anything at all noteworthy; they only fell and fell quietly into the deepest part of that body of water and were never heard from again.

Oh, the silence that descended on the household, the Sweet household, as it lived in the Shirley Jackson house: on poor Heracles, who paused for a very long time at the top of those stairs; on his sister as she curled up in her bed and went to sleep "like a single bean seed planted into the rich soil of a treasured vegetable garden; Mr. Sweet removed his fingers from the strings of the lyre; on the dear Mrs. Sweet, who froze over her mending, her knitting, the darning needle in her hand, the knitting needles in her hands just about to pierce the heel of some garment, just about to make complete some garment. And then gathering up herself, surveying what lay in front of her, Mrs. Sweet sorted among the many pairs of socks she had been mending over and over again and removing a pair, she fashioned a new set of organs for her beloved Mr. Sweet, trying and succeeding in making them look identical to the complete set of testicles that had belonged to him and had been destroyed accidentally by his son, the young Heracles. And when Mr. Sweet fell into a sweet sleep of despair after not knowing what to do regarding his lost testicles, Mrs. Sweet sewed the mended socks into their place, the heels of the socks imitating that vulnerable sac of liquid and solid matter that had been Mr. Sweet's testicles.

Icicle Glasses / Day Thirty-Nine
from The Autobiography of Death
Kim Hyesoon

2018

translated by Don Mee Choi

The thing that death gave you—
your face leaks
your face overflows

Your face is the grave of your nose
your face is the grave of your ears
your face is the grave of your face
once again your face overflows uncontrollably

The subzero temperature grows on your face then dies
(You were underground from the moment you were born)

The air that sticks to your eyes is as cold as the knife blade
the wind that sticks to your heart is as hot as the palm of a hand

You want to shout that you miss me
but there is another ground beneath the ground

You wish to sing solo but you are stuck in the chorus
In this world there is no ear that can make out your voice

Love sickness, the chronic illness of the ghosts!
Love sickness appears daily like the first dawn!

You hang your eyeballs to the ground and plead
You beg to be let in
To have your face overlap with my face
That my tongue is your tongue
That you shed my tears

Water streams out
You hallucinate
You go mad

Saint Martin's Four Wishes
unknown

13th C.

translated by Ned Dubin

In Normandy there lived a peasant
of whom is told so quaint and pleasant
a fabliau that I've a notion
to tell you. Such was his devotion
to Saint Martin that he'd invoke
him in all things he undertook;
whether elated or depressed,
it was Saint Martin he addressed;
every day he called on Saint Martin.
The peasant set out on a certain
morning, as was his wont, to plow.
He'll not forget Saint Martin now.
"Saint Martin!" he cried out, "giyyup!"
and that's when Saint Martin showed
up.

"Peasant," he said, "you have been loyal
to me, and never start to toil,
no matter what your task may be,
without first calling upon me.
You have well earned my special favor.
Now leave your harrow, drop your labor,
and get you home with a light heart,
for I will truly do my part
and herewith promise I will grant
whatever four wishes you want,
but use your wishes wisely, for
once they've been used you'll get no
more."

The peasant bowed low to the ground
in reverence, then turned around
and hurried home walking on air.

There's trouble waiting for him there.
His wife, the one who wears the pants,
lit into him: "What evil chance
brings you home now, oaf? Did you quit
work 'cause it's clouded up a bit?
You've hours of daylight left for tilling.
Or is your paunch in need of filling?
Are you afraid you'll miss your chow?
You've never taken to the plow,
no-life for you is one big lark!
We may as well sell off the stock
since you won't work them anyway!
See what you call a working day—
you're back when you have scarcely
gone!"

"Don't be upset, my love, keep calm,"
the peasant said. "Our fortune's made!
Henceforth our burdens may be laid
aside, of that much I am certain,
because I met up with Saint Martin.
He gave me four wishes to use
as I thought best. I've yet to choose;
I meant first to consult with you,
and as you advise me to do
I now intend to make my wishes
for gold and silver, land and riches."
When she heard this, the woman
reached

to hug him and toned down her speech.
"Husband," she said, "can this be so?"
"Indeed yes, as you soon will know."

"My dearest, sweetest love," said she, "my heart is yours eternally to love and serve you hand and foot. You should repay me good for good. I ask you, please, to let me have one of the wishes the saint gave. You still will have the other three, and you will have done right by me." "Hush," he replied, "my darling wife! I wouldn't, no, not on my life, for women all have addled brains. Why, you might ask to have three skeins of hemp or wool or linen thread! I remember Saint Martin said that I should wisely use my wishes and only wish for something such as will benefit us evermore, so I intend to use all four. Know that I'm mortally afraid, if I gave you one, that instead you'd wish for something that might do untold harm to both me and you. If you should wish I was a bear or jackass, or a goat or mare, I would become one on the spot. I know how much you love me: not. That's why I fear to let you share my wishes." "Sir," she said, "I swear in good faith with both hands raised high, you'll stay a peasant till you die. I'll never wish you other than you are, dearer than any man." "My dear," he said, "let it be yours. By God, when you wish, make a choice by which you and I stand to gain!" "I wish," she said, "that, in God's name, there spring up penises galore over your body, aft and fore!

On face, arms, sides, from head to foot, may countless penises take root, and let them not be limp or slack: let each be furnished with its sack, and let them stand stiff and upright! Now, won't you be a horny sight!" Then, as soon as the woman spoke, hundreds of pricks began to poke out all over. Penises grew around his nose and his mouth, too. Some pricks were thick, some oversized, some long, some short, some circumcised, curved pricks, straight pricks, pointed and hardy... every bone in the peasant's body was miraculously endowed and prickled, fully-cocked and proud. You've never heard wonders like these! Pricks grow out of his ears, and he's amidst his forehead, standing tall, the most enormous prick of all, and right down to his feet he's coated with penises erect and bloated. From toe to crown he was bedecked with antlers, bloated and erect. Weighed down by penis upon penis, the peasant said, "This wish was heinous! Why give me all this finery? Better to be stillborn than be with pricks so overgrown and cluttered! Was ever any man so studded?" "Husband," she said, "I'll tell you why. Your one prick couldn't satisfy, just hanging limply like a fox stole, but now I've a wealth of cocks! Your lot is likewise much improved

in that, whenever you are moved to travel, you won't be assessed tariffs or tolls. All for the best I made my wish, so don't resent it. There's not a creature half so splendid!" The peasant said, "I'm not amused. Three wishes more are yet unused. I wish," the fellow said at once, "that you had just as many cunts on you as I have pricks on me. May your cunts pop out rapidly!" At once the cunts start to arise. A pair appears before her eyes, four on her forehead in a row, and cunts above, and cunts below, and cunts behind, and cunts in front, every variety of cunt—bent cunts, straight cunts, cunts gray and hoary, cunts without hair, cunts thick and furry, and virgin cunts, narrow and tight, wide, gaping cunts, and cunts made right, cunts large and small, oval and round, deep cunts, and cunts raised on a mound, cunts on her head, cunts on her feet... the peasant's joy is now complete. "Husband, what have you done?" said she. "Why have you wished this thing on me?" The good man said, "One cunt won't do for all the pricks I got from you. Don't be alarmed, for your condition will lead to widespread recognition: when you go walking, you'll continue to be known for all the cunt in you." "Husband," she said, "what can I say?

That makes two wishes thrown away, and now you must use one to fix us and remove these cunts and pricks. You'll still have one left out of four, and we'll be rich forevermore." The peasant wishes thereupon that all their cunts and pricks were gone, but she was anything but cheered to find her cunt had disappeared, and he, too, had an awful shock to find himself without a cock. Both of them were extremely wroth. "Husband, it's time to make the fourth wish we have left to us," said she; "one prick for you, one cunt for me. We'll return to our former state no poorer off, at any rate." He wished the wish that still remained; and thus he neither lost nor gained: he got his prick back at the cost of the four wishes, which he lost.

□ 30.

What the president will say and do!!
Madeline Gins

1984

FILL THE OCEAN WITH COTTON!
ALWAYS PLACE INFINITE SYSTEMS FACE DOWN.
ALWAYS PLACE INFINITE SYSTEMS.
HANG SIX SCARLET BANDS TO COME WITHIN INCHES OF THE FLOOR.
EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD BE GIVEN A SMALL YELLOW STEAM ENGINE!
KEEP LARGE QUANTITIES OF BRACKISH WATER AWAY FROM EARS.
USE COMPASS TO BISECT EVERY SPOKEN WORD.
ISOLATE BLUE POINTS AND LINES.
MAKE TIME OUT OF WAX.
ENTER A STAIRCASE.
THERE IS NO REASON FOR THIS TO BE WHERE IT IS.
HAVE ALL BIRDS WEAR VEILS TO LOOK MORE MYSTERIOUS!
USE MARBLES (BLUE) INSIDE LONGEST COLUMNS OF GLUE.
ANY CONGRESS MUST WORK ON THE PREINCIPLE OF THE ARCHIMEDES SCREW.
LOWER THE BIRTH AGE.
I SAID, "LOWER THE BIRTH AGE"
FIRST POUR ALL LEAD INTO THE PAST.
REMOVE ALL INITIAL LETTERS.
SOME PAPER SHOULD BE COMPOSED OF INCIPIENT EARACHES.
TO BE SURE PASS A WHALE BONE THROUGH A YARD OF UPENDED GRISTLE.
NOT ALL SENTENCES SHOULD HAVE SAUCES.
ALWAYS CARRY THREE DIFFERENT SCREWS, A HALF DOZEN NAILS.
(I have nothing to keep them in, President)

WHATEVER IS AFFIRMED (DENIED) OF AN ENTIRE CLASS OR KIND, MAY BE AFFIRMED (DENIED) OF ANY PART (DICTUM DE OMNI ET NULLO)

□ 31.

PLACE AN EXTRA STRING ON TOP OF EVERY STRING.
“SKIP A FEW DAYS TO LOOSEN THE FLOW OF HISTORY”
USE BOTH ORAL AND RECTAL SENSIBILITY CONES.
POUR ONLY ALONG THE RIGHT SIDE OF ANY CONTAINER!
DIAGONALS SHOULD BE ASSOCIATED WITH SMOKE.
IS THIS QUESTION THIS SENTENCE?
UNCLENCH ROCKS.
USE INVERTED OSMOTIC ENVELOPES.
DO NOT OVER-EMPHASIZE PULSATION IN CITIZENRY.
TURN NOW TO FACE THE WINDOW SAYING: “THERE.”

(What should be done with my hands at this moment? R.M. Nixon)

SUFFUSE MILK WITH THE MEANING OF DOUBT.
TURN ALL BLEMISHES INTO MICRODOTS OF POLITICAL TREATISES!!
FORBID ATOMS TO LIQUIDS.
EVERY BUILDING SHOULD HAVE A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING SCAR.
PAINT THREE WALLS MEAD-SYNC AND REMOVE THE FIRST WALL.
KEEP NUMBERS AND STEAM FORCIBLY APART.
“WHEN WILL I NEXT USE: WHEN?”
USE MICE AS DICE.
VERTEBRA TO OPERATE AS ESCLATORS!
MOVE TWELVE FRAYED SPOTS THROUGH THREE DAMPNESSES.
MARK EVERY NON-OBSTRUCTIVE OBJECT WITH AN X.
NURSE CORRD.
IMPORTANT: GRAY OBJECTS MAY SUBSUME WIDE ANGLES.
YAWN ONLY INTO SHADOWS.

(How far is this yawn from my mouth now? R. Regan)

COVER THE INSIDE OF COVERS WITH FELT MUCOUS!
NOTHING MUST BE TWISTED.
TAKE ONLY THOSE.
KEEP A SUBSTATIAL AMOUNT OF CORK NEAR ANYTHING MADE OF PLASTIC.

YELLOW SHOULD ALWAYS FOLLOW BLUE.
KEEP ROWBOAT BEHIND BAR.
ALL SPORTS SHOULD HIRE MICROCOSMS!
WEAR A COPPER PLATE (WITH FOUR HOLES IN IT) ON SOFT PALATE. SCRATCH
HEAD.
MAKE BOTTLE STOPPERS OUT OF HAIRS OF LAUGHTER TWISTED THROUGH
WHAT IS LIGHT.
PUT AN ALLOY OF SILVER AND LEAD TIPS ON THE LAST LETTER OF THE LAST
WORK OF ALL LAWS.
KEEP ALL AIR IN BOXES!
HOLD YOUR NOSE WHEN YOU SEE SOMEONE ELSE’S — INVOLVE MARS.
FAKE WALKING!
BUY USED ACCIDENTS.
USE VISES FOR ATMOSPHERES!
WHEN CLIMBING, EMIT GAS LADDERS
ON GUARD FOR FALSE LANDSCAPES PROJECTED BY SUN THROUGH GIANT EK-
TACHROMES WITHOUT EDGE NUMBERS.
MOVING ALL THE WAY UNDER THEN THROUGH (SEVERAL TIMES) THERRE AP-
PEARS A VACUUM TUBE WHOSE CRACKED GLASS YELLOWS FROM ASSOCIA-
TION WITH THE AGGRESSIVE DETERIORATION OF THE FILAMENT.
HAIR WILL THINK WHEN REINFORCED!
TRY NOT TO UNDERSTAND THIS: MENTION.
COLLECT BOTTOMS NON-DISCRIMATORILY.
IF I HAVE THE FEELING OF WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, WHAT DIFFER-
ENCE DOES IT MAKE?
FOCUS ONLY ON VERTICLE OF ALMOST LIQUID THREE FEET AWAY.
ALL FORWARD MOTIONS SHOULD HAVE THE AROMA OF BURNT ORANGE.
ALL METAPHORS MUST WEAR INTRICATELY OLD-FASHIONED PETTICOATS.
ON THE OTHER HAND, KNOTS SHOULD BE KNEADED INTO FOAM.(?)
MAKE SALIVA STRINGS INTO COILS.

STAND ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WINDOW FACING SOUTH WITH HEAD
TURNED AT 10 DEGREE ANGLE TOWARD LEFT OF THE ROOM WHILE REVERT-
ING EYES BACK TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ROOM AT AN ANGLE OF ROUGH-
LY 8 DEGREES TO THE MIDLINE.

(Like this? The Next President)

TRISECT ONLY IN THE VICINITY OF RESILIENT DILEMNAS.

HERE'S SOME SENTENCE RUFFAGE.

DON'T TAKE THE TOP OFF BUT TAKE THE TOP OFF A CAN OF NON-VIOLET PRESSURE!

STEER MARROWS!

LAY FARENHEIT SCALE JUST BESIDE THE NEXUS ABOVE THE RIGHT EAR.

"WHAT SHOULD I BE DOING WITH MY HANDS?"

LOCATE LATERAL IMPLOSIONS WHICH MAY DESIRE TO PRODUCE CLOUDING.

WEAR SWAMP ARMBAND!

MOVE ALL PRESSURES FROM SIDE TO SIDE ONCE A DAY.

WEAR A RECTUM BUTTON.

"WHO HAS MADE THIS CHAIN OUT OF SCALES FOR WEIGHING?"

IT IT FACES FORWARDS, IT'S NOT IT.

BE SURE YOUR WIFE TAKES HER TUBERCULIN TEST NEXT WEDNESDAY.

(In the morning. Someone)

STEP UP THE NUMBER OF REVOLUTIONS PER THOUGHT.

(Per thought. Someone)

ASSURE THE TRANSPORTATION OF DAMP MATTRESSES.

ALL RIMS MUST BE SPRAYED WITH ANESTHETIC.

BE GOOD TO EACHOTHER.

STITCH DROPS!

WEAR A SMALL VACUUM CLEANER ON EITHER SIDE OF THE HEAD.

SOME INTENTATIONS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO RIPEN.

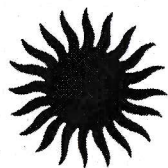
WHAT AABOUT THIS SENTENCE?

ONLY DESIRE SPINNING PRODUCTS.

DESTROY ANY ONE NUMBER.

□ 34.

□ 35.



The texts for this booklet have been gathered by Slow Reading Club for a session at WIELS (Brussels) on June 25, 2022. In the context of the event: "Open School / Meet the Residents" organised by WIELS (Helena Kritis and Adriënné van der Werf).

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This reader is considered study material and can only be distributed within the context of Slow Reading Club as material for the collective reading session.

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