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EN LIKE

THIS READER HAS BEEN GATHERED BY SLOW READING CLUB TO ACCOMPANY A SESSION AT **MAK CENTER FOR ART AND ARCHITECTURE** (LOS ANGELES) ON FEB 16, 2019. IN THE CONTEXT OF THE EXHIBITION '**SHELTER OR PLAYGROUND**' CURATED BY SÉBASTIEN PLUOT, MAUD JACQUIN, & ANNA MILONE.

A JAR

UNERGONOMIC READING [45 DEGREE TILT]
SPINES OF BOOK AND READER, ASKEWN BY 45 DEGREES.
READING TOGETHER IN GROUPS. BODY AT HALF ELEVATION.

MONOCHROMING [YELLOW]
SILENT CHOOSING OF A LETTER WHOSE NOW BOLDING PRESENCE AT THE HEAD OF A WORD SPELLS THAT WORD AS "YELLOW". ALTERNATE THIS CIPHER BY READER. THUS, VERTIGOING AT MONOCHROME.

VERTICAL
SCAM THE TEXT WITHOUT MEANING; ON SOME SIGNAL, A SINGLE WORD IS SPOKEN (EACH LIKELY DIFFERENT). THUS, VERTICAL THE TEXT.

SKIN ON SKIN [WANTING NOTHING & DESIRING EVERYTHING]
WHILE PARTNERED, THE MUTUAL, COMFORTABLE TOUCHING OF SKINS IS HAD (E.G. HOLDING HANDS, TOUCHING WRISTS, A DESIRELESS FINGER IN THE NAVEL). THUS, PRACTICE ALTERNATING BETWEEN WANTING NOTHING AND DESIRING EVERYTHING FROM TOUCH AND TEXT ALIKE.

TRIANGLES
SUPPLECLUMP BODIES IN THREES. ARCHITECTING THE LEGS AT TRIANGLES. DOWNCAST DIAPHRAGM, SPEAKLOW, EYES TO EYES WHILE LISTENING.

WHITE NOISE
TWO ROLES: READER AND LISTENER, IN PERPENDICULAR RELATION. L FINDS A SEATED POSITION WITH THE R'S HEAD LAYING IN LAP. L PLACES HANDS ON THE VOCAL CHORDS OF THE R. HEAD STILL IN LAP, R READS ALOUD THE TEXT. REPEAT AND REPEAT. OXYCOTTON NOISING FROM THE WINGS. ALTERNATING ROLES IS ASKED, BUT NOT INSISTED.

TWICING
CLAD TEXT WITH ITS DOUBLE AT THE DISTANCE OF A LINE. THAT IS, WHILE READING, SPEAK TWICE EACH LINE. IN GROUPS, ONE READER EACH HER PARAGRAPH.

IF I DIE ON THE ROAD
IF ON THE ROAD I DIE. READING OUT LOUD AND UNTOGETHERLY.

STROBE
TEXT WITHDRAWLS (COYLY). READING OUT LOUD AND TOGETHER. WITH CONTESTING DILATION AND QUIVERPUPILS.

BACK TO BACK
SITTING BACK AGAINST BACK (NOT NECESSARILY SOLITUDE) AND READING IN ONE'S HEAD; IN THE STRANGE THICK OF READING BY ONE'S SELF. PLEASE, PLEASE, LEAVE AS YOU PLEASE.

A SEQUENCE

from **IT'S GO IN HORIZONTAL** (1974-2006)

by Leslie Scalapino

She heard the sounds of a couple having intercourse and then getting up they went into the shower so that she caught a sight of them naked before hearing the water running. The parts of their bodies which had been covered by clothes were those of leopards. During puberty her own organs and skin were not like this though when she first had intercourse with a man he removed his clothes and his organ and flesh were also a leopard's. She already felt pleasure in sexual activity and her body not resembling these adults made her come easily which also occurred when she had intercourse with another man a few months later.

— — — —

When sexual unions occurred between a brother and sister they weren't savages or primitive. She had that feeling about having intercourse with men whose organs were those of leopards and hers were not. Walking somewhere after one of these episodes she was excited by it though she might not have made this comparison if she'd actually had a brother. At least the woman she had seen in the shower had a leopard's parts. In these episodes when she'd had intercourse with a man he didn't remark about her not being like that. And if women had these characteristics which she didn't it made her come more easily with him.

— — — —

She overheard another couple together and happened to see them as she had the couple in the shower. The nude part of the woman was like herself and the man had the leopard's parts so that she had the same reaction and came easily with someone, as she had with a sense of other women having a leopard's traits and herself isolated. The man with whom she had intercourse did not say anything that showed he had seen a difference in her and that made her react physically. Yet other women seemed to have a leopard's characteristics except for this one she'd seen.

Again it seemed that a man with whom she had intercourse was her brother and was ardent with her — but this would not have occurred to her had she really had a brother. Yet her feeling about him was also related to her seeing a woman who was pregnant and was the only one to be so. The woman not receiving attention or remarks on the pregnancy excited her; and went together with her sense of herself coming easily and yet not being pregnant until quite a while after this time.

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She also felt that she came easily feeling herself isolated when she was pregnant since she had the sense of other women having leopards' organs. They had previously had children. She was the only one who was pregnant and again she saw a couple together, the man with leopard's parts and the woman not having these characteristics.

— — — —

Again she could come since her body was different from the adult who had some parts that were leopards, and having the sense of the women having had children earlier than her and their not having younger children now.

Her liking the other women to have had children when she was pregnant had to do with having them there and herself isolated — and yet people not saying much about or responding to the pregnancy. She thought of the man coming as when she caught a sight of the couple together — being able to come with someone a different time because she had a sense of a woman she'd seen having had her children earlier. There being a difference of age, even ten years, between a child she'd have and those the other women had had.

— — — —

She happened to see some men who were undressed, as if they were boys — one of them had the features and organ of a leopard and the others did not. The difference in this case gave her the sense of them being boys, all of them rather than those who didn't have leopards' characteristics and

this made her come easily with someone.

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It was not a feeling of their being a younger age, since the men were her own age, and she found the men who lacked the leopard features to be as attractive as the one who had those features. She had the feeling of them as adults and her the same age as them, yet had the other feeling as well in order for her to come then.

She saw a couple who were entwined together and her feeling about them came from the earlier episode of seeing the men who were nude and having the sense of them being adolescent boys. Really she'd had the sense of the men she'd seen as being adults and herself the same age as them. The couple she watched were also around the same age as herself—the man being aware of someone else's presence after a time and coming. The woman pleased then though she had not come. She had intercourse with the man who had the features and organ of a leopard and whom she had first seen with the group of men who lacked these characteristics. The other men were attractive as he was. Yet having the sense of the difference between him and the others, she found it pleasant for him to come and for her not to come that time. The same thing occurred on another occasion with him.

— — — —

She compared the man to plants, to the plants having a nervous aspect and being motionless. The man coming when he had the sense of being delayed in leaving — as if being slowed down had made him come and was exciting, and it was during the afternoon with people walking around. He was late and had to go somewhere, and came, with a feeling of delay and retarding — rather than out of nervousness.

NIGHTWOOD (1936)

by Djuna Barnes

CHAPTER 8: THE POSSESSED

When Robin, accompanied by Jenny Petherbridge, arrived in New York, she seemed distracted. She would not listen to Jenny's suggestion that they should make their home in the country. She said a hotel was 'good enough'. Jenny could do nothing with her; it was as if the motive power which had directed Robin's life, her day as well as her night, had been crippled. For the first week or two she would not go out, then, thinking herself alone, she began to haunt the terminals, taking trains into different parts of the country, wandering without design, going into many out-of-the-way churches, sitting in the darkest corner, or standing against the wall, one foot turned toward the toe of the other, her hands folded at their length, her head bent. As she had taken the Catholic vow long before, now she came into church as one renouncing something; her hands before her face, she knelt, her teeth against her palm, fixed in an unthinking stop as one who hears of death suddenly; death that cannot form until the shocked tongue has given its permission. Moving like a housewife come to set straight disorder in an unknown house, she came forward with a light taper, and setting it up, she turned, drawing on her thick white gloves, and with her slow headlong step, left the church. A moment later Jenny, who had followed her, looking about to be sure that she was unobserved, darted up to the sconce, snatched the candle from its spike, blew it out; relit it and set it back.

Robin walked the open country in the same manner, pulling at the flowers, speaking in a low voice to the animals. Those that came near, she grasped, straining their fur back until their eyes were narrowed and their teeth bare, her own teeth showing as if her hand were upon her own neck.

Because Robin's engagements were with something unseen; because in her speech and in her gestures there was a desperate anonymity, Jenny became hysterical. She accused Robin of a 'sensuous communion with unclean spirits'. And in putting her wickedness into words she struck

herself down. She did not understand anything Robin felt or did, which was more unendurable than her absence. Jenny walked up and down her darkened hotel room, crying and stumbling.

Robin now headed up into Nora's part of the country. She circled closer and closer. Sometimes she slept in the woods; the silence that she had caused by her coming was broken again by insect and bird flowing back over her intrusion, which was forgotten in her fixed stillness, obliterating her as a drop of water is made anonymous by the pond into which it has fallen. Sometimes she slept on a bench in the decaying chapel (she brought some of her things here) but she never went further. One night she woke up to the barking, far off, of Nora's dog. As she had frightened the woods into silence by her breathing, the barking of the dog brought her up rigid and still.

Half an acre away Nora, sitting by a kerosene lamp, raised her head. The dog was running about the house; she heard him first on one side then the other; he whined as he ran; barking and whining she heard him further and further away. Nora bent forward, listening; she began to shiver. After a moment she got up, unlocking the doors and windows. Then she sat down, her hands on her knees; but she couldn't wait. She went out. The night was well advanced. She no longer heard the dog, but she kept on. A level above her she heard things rustling in the grass, the briars made her stumble, but she did not call.

At the top of the hill she could see, rising faintly against the sky, the weather-beaten white of the chapel; a light ran the length of the door. She began to run, cursing and crying, and blindly, without warning, plunged into the jamb of the chapel door.

On a contrived altar, before a Madonna, two candles were burning. Their light fell across the floor and the dusty benches. Before the image lay flowers and toys. Standing before them in her boy's trousers was Robin. Her pose, startled and broken, was caught at the point where her hand had reached almost to the shoulder, and at the moment Nora's body struck the wood, Robin began going down. Sliding down she went; down, her hair swinging, her arms held out, and the dog stood there, rearing back, his forelegs slanting; his paws trembling under the trembling of his rump, his hackle standing; his mouth open, his tongue slung sideways over his sharp bright teeth; whining and waiting. And down she went,

until her head swung against his; on all fours now, dragging her knees. The veins stood out in her neck, under her ears, swelled in her arms and wide and throbbing rose up on her fingers as she moved forward.

The dog, quivering in every muscle, sprang back, his lips drawn, his tongue a stiff curving terror in his mouth; moved backward, back, as she came on, whimpering too now, coming forward, her head turned completely sideways, grinning and whimpering. Backed now into the farthest corner, the dog reared as if to avoid something that troubled him to such agony that he seemed to be rising from the floor; then he stopped, clawing sideways at the wall, his forepaws lifted and sliding. Then, head down, dragging her forelocks in the dust, she struck against his side. He let loose one howl of misery and bit at her, dashing about her, barking, and as he sprang on either side of her he kept his head toward her, dashing his rump now this side, now that, of the wall.

Then she began to bark also, crawling after him—barking in a fit of laughter, obscene and touching. The dog began to cry, running with her, head-on with her head, as if to circumvent her; soft and slow his feet went. He ran this way and that, low down in his throat crying, and she grinning and crying with him; crying in shorter and shorter spaces, moving head to head, until she gave up, lying out, her hands beside her, her face turned and weeping; and the dog too gave up then and lay down, his eyes bloodshot, his head flat along her knees.

SONG OF SKINS

from **ANXIETY OF WORDS: CONTEMPORARY POETRY BY
KOREAN WOMEN** (2006)

by Kim Hyesoon

trans. Don Mee Choi

*The open lips find my breasts
though they weren't told where mine were,
draining sweet water from my body.
They want to suckle again right after they've eaten.
First the saliva evaporates inside my mouth,
tears vanish from my eyes,
veins shrivel,
blood fades,
trees and plants collapse,
the Nakdong River dries up,
and its floor shrieks as it explodes.
My whole body is pumped out.
Even though you vomit what you've just eaten,
your open lips still hang onto my nipples
till my body is emptied
of everything but dry bones and skin,
till the heaven's castle splits
and the Milky Way shatters,
till I can think of nothing
and my soul withers and dies.*

SOLEA OF THE SIMOOMS

from **EXO BIOLOGY AS GODDESS** (2004)

by Will Alexander

Solea roams in a zone without mass
she is void & negation as density
spiraling
through scorched titanium as emptiness

not a tedium
but an endlessness
as though the sun were stretched by blinding cyclical blankness

her form then balanced
through incandescent speculation
through spell as contiguous proportion

such a light
filtered in her voice
like pernicious anthems
or marred ideals

or ungraspable edicts
her sounds
far beyond public seduction
or common asservation
enigmatic & protean
like a volatile eclipse mural

then her vocal monsoons
become a random blaze of bodies
become an interior location or acid
as is my gaze which forms through commensurate pontoons

as does Matta
she floats as transphysical haunting
as an in-fluorescent ruby
as summed albedo drachma

then the green electrical pivots whirling in her voice
writhing like triangular ambush feedings

I think of a ruthless anti-ballet
or a haunted architect's vapour
performed in a malleable turpentine castle
before a series of gamboling blood steeds
igniting jonquil vacillations
implying laws by which specters rave as cloudy Numidian hornets
moving in splintered anti-circles
as isodynamic resistance

she then responds with a tone of incredible vocal meridians
alive
in aleatoric limbo
like a bird in barbarian solitude
erupting through plotted liquor hives
restless
implicate
with a sound of rays imploding inside her vessel

Solea her cells now burning
above a dense rotational pathology
as she investigates suspension
seismically driven by "small organic units"
without cessation
mining forms of dyslogia
taking the form of an anarchic hawk
with her eclectic powers
filtered through compound bodily innuendo

she exists
as that which flashes through reversible noctiluca

& I can never seduce her as a noun
collected in the form of optic mineral branches

instead
there is scorpion chatter

shifting through different centigrades & spectrums
accruing as free invisible deities
throughout beatific loss
through telepathic isolation
her tripled solo anatomy
being fire at the core of ontological alteration
her velocity
convulsed & re-ignited
electrically combining
ratio
time
distance
exposure
maintaining her incessant as irregular equilibria
as a stunning occultation
as an immaculate insular genetic

the dust of her sound
conveying to my mind
polarized scintillation
"isoplanatic" angles
a deft flank of jewels chasms
of optical nuclei
then a low aluminum brooding
from a fragmented swan
evoking strange galactic latitudes
like clouds in curving minimum formations

much like luminous sidereal spectra
given over
to the grey corruptive prisms of "Bolometric Luminosity"

so she is heard & seen
by means of drills & fissures
by soils episodically transduced
by negative extension through aurora
so if I reflect myself as her interior commingling
I too am molten
I too am mirage
I am no longer consumed
by image which provokes old identity as spasm

so what I see is enigma
is neurogram which erupts
& drifts
& cascades
as electrokinetic nimbus
as the colour of oil minus spectrums

as libelous perspective
as sensation through splinters
as "mixed laterality"
creating her name from compound "Microphonia"

she is a sketch of flame
appearing & disappearing
like an aural clepsydra

with me
staring
with a dazed liminal fervour
from an opened turquoise hamlet
with a blaze of 7 vertical feathers blowing across my outlines

I say Solea
a ring of moons above a tripled field of doves
a black tableau
a streak of magenta
a prefigurement in wheat

as if a cold terrain existed on Venus
or a gulf of neon descending on Io
then various assortments of night sand on Pluto
being the various torments across the chain of non-existence

we both partake of turbulence
psychic ambits from the sun

such is our simoom canton
like a fissioning weight at undetermined scale

alive
in half light & carbon
we exchange with each other as electric proto-creation
our penultimate forge being a galaxy or a universe

depths are transcended
eddies magnetically erupt
as action remains rooted in the causeless

Solea as mercurial Hurqualya
an algae of limits thrust before oblivion

our aureate double bodies
suspended
like translucent equators
like powdered carnelian
being 4 suns linked
inside the core of a blackened clairvoyance

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION (1956)

by Yukio Mishima

trans. Ivan Morris

I remember an episode that took place in Kyoto towards the end of the war. It was something quite unbelievable, but I was not the only witness. Tsurukawa was next to me.

One day when the power supply was cut off, Tsurukawa and I went to visit the Nanzen Temple together. This was our first visit to the Nanzen Temple. We crossed the wide drive and went over the wooden bridge that spanned the incline where boats used to be launched.

It was a clear May day. The incline was no longer in use and the rails that ran down the slope were rusty and almost entirely overgrown with weeds. Amid the weeds, delicate little cross-shaped flowers trembled in the wind. Up to the point where the incline started, the water was dirty and stagnant, and the shadows of the rows of cherry trees on our side of the water were thoroughly immersed in it.

Standing on the small bridge, we gazed absently at the water. Amid all one's wartime memories, such short absent moments leave the most vivid impression. These brief moments of inactive abstraction lurked everywhere, like patches of blue sky that peep through the clouds. It is strange that a moment like this should have remained clearly in my mind, just as though it had been an occasion of poignant pleasure.

"It's pleasant, isn't it?" I said and smiled inconsequentially.

"Uh," replied Tsurukawa, and he too smiled. The two of us felt keenly that these few hours belonged to us.

Beside the wide gravelled path ran a ditch full of clear water, in which beautiful water plants were swaying with the flow. Soon the famous Sammon Gate reared itself before us. There was not a soul to be seen in the temple precincts. Among the fresh verdure, the tiles of the temple roof shone luxuriantly, as though some great smoked-silver book had been laid down there. What meaning could war have at this moment? At a certain place, at a certain time, it seemed to me that war had become a weird spiritual incident having no existence outside human consciousness.

Perhaps it was on top of this Sammon Gate that the famous robber of old, Ishikawa Goémon, had placed his feet on the railing and enjoyed the sight of flowers below in their full blossom. We were both in a childish mood and, although it was already the season in which the cherry trees have lost their blossoms and are covered in foliage, we thought that we should enjoy seeing the view from the same position as Goémon. We paid our small entrance fee and climbed the steep steps whose wood had now turned completely black. In the hall at the top, where religious dances used to be performed, Tsurukawa hit his head on the low ceiling. I laughed and immediately afterwards bumped my own head. We both made another turn climbed to the head of the stairs and emerged on top of the tower.

It was a pleasant tension, after climbing the stairs, which were as cramped as a cellar, to feel our bodies suddenly exposed to the wide outside scene. We stood there for a time gazing at the cherry trees and the pines, at the forest of the Heian Shrine that stretched tortuously in the distance beyond the rows of buildings, at the form of the mountain ranges—Arashiyama, Kitanokata, Kifune, Minoura, Kompira—all of them rising up hazily at the extremities of the streets of Kyoto. When we had satisfied ourselves with this, we removed our shoes and respectfully entered the hall like a couple of typical acolytes. In the dark hall twenty-four straw mats were spread out on the floor. In the centre was a statue of Sâkamuni, and the golden eyes of sixteen Arhants gleamed in the darkness. This was known as the Gohoro or the Tower of the Five Phoenixes.

The Nanzen Temple belonged to the same Rinzai sect as the Golden Temple, but whereas the latter adhered to the Sokokuji school, this was the headquarters of the Nanzenji school. In other words, we were now in a temple of the same sect as our own but of a different school. We stood there like two ordinary middle-school students, with a guide book in our hands, looking round at the vividly coloured paintings on the ceiling, which are attributed to Tanya Morinobu of the Kano school and to Hogan Tokuetso of the Tosa school. On one side of the ceiling were paintings of angels flying through the sky and playing the flute and the

ancient Biwa. Elsewhere, a Kalavinka was fluttering about with a white peony in its beak. This was the melodious bird that is described in the sutras as living on Mount Session: the upper part of its body is that of the plump girl and its lower part has a bird's form. In the centre was the bird on the summit of the Golden Temple; but this one was like a gorgeous rainbow, utterly different from that solemn golden bird with which I was so familiar.

Before the statue of Sâkamuni we knelt down and folded our hands in prayer. Then we left the hall. But it was hard to drag ourselves down from the top of the tower. We leaned against the railing facing south by the top of the steps that we had climbed. I felt as though somewhere I could see a small, beautiful, coloured spiral before my eyes. It must have been an after-image of the magnificent colours that I had just seen on the ceiling paintings. This feeling that I had of a condensation of rich colours was as though that Kalavinka bird were hiding somewhere amid those young leaves or on some branches of those green pines that spread out everywhere below, and as though it were letting me glimpse a corner of its splendid wings.

But it was not so. Across the road below us was the Tenju Hermitage. A path, paved with square stones, of which only the corners touched each other, bent its way across a garden, where low, peaceful trees had been planted in a simple style, and led to a large room with wide-open sliding-doors. One could see every detail of the alcove and of the staggered shelves in the room. A bright-scarlet carpet was spread out on the floor: evidently the room was frequently used for tea dedications and rented for tea ceremonies. A young woman was sitting there. It was she that had been reflected in my eyes. During the war one never saw a woman dressed in such a brilliant, long-sleeved kimono as she was wearing. Anyone who went out dressed as she was would almost certainly be rebuked for lack of patriotic sobriety and would have to return home and change. So gorgeous was her form of dress, I could not see the details of the pattern, but I noticed that flowers were painted and embroidered on a pale blue background, almost as though the surrounding air were illuminated by the brilliance of her costume. The beautiful young woman was sitting on the floor in a position of perfect elegance; her pale profile stood out in relief as if it were carved, and at first I could not help wondering

whether she was really a living person.

"Good heavens!" I said, stuttering badly. "Can she really be alive?"

"That's just what I was thinking. She's exactly like a doll, isn't she?" replied Tsurukawa, who stood leaning heavily against the railing without taking his eyes off the woman.

Just then a young army officer appeared in uniform from the back of the room. He sat down with stiff formality a few feet away from the woman and faced her. For a while the two of them sat facing each other quietly.

The woman stood up and disappeared silently into the darkness of the corridor. After a time, she returned holding a teacup in her hands; her long sleeves swayed to and fro in the breeze. She knelt directly in front of the man and offered him the tea. Having presented him with the teacup according to etiquette, she returned to her original place. The man said something. He still did not drink the tea. The moment that followed seemed strangely long and tense. The woman's head was deeply bowed.

It was then that the unbelievable thing happened. Still sitting absolutely straight, the woman suddenly loosened the collar of her kimono. I could almost hear the rustling of silk as she pulled the material of her dress from under the stiff sash. Then I saw her white breasts. I held my breath. The woman took one of her full white breasts in her own hands. The officer held out the dark, deep coloured teacup, and knelt before her. The woman rubbed her breast with both hands.

I cannot say that I saw it all, but I felt distinctly, as though it had all happened directly before my eyes, how the white warm milk gushed forth from her breast into the deep-green tea which foamed inside that cup, how it settled into the liquid, leaving white drops on the top, how the quiet surface of the tea was made turbid and foamy by that white breast.

The man held the cup to his mouth and drank every drop of that mysterious tea. The woman hid her full breast in the kimono.

Tsurukawa and I gazed tensely at the scene. Later when we examined the matter systematically, we decided that this must have been a

farewell ceremony between an officer who was leaving for the front and the woman who had conceived his child. But our emotions at that moment made any logical explanation impossible. Because we were staring so hard, we did not have time to notice that the man and woman had gone out of the room, leaving nothing but the great red carpet.

I had seen that white profile of hers in relief and I had seen her magnificent white breast. After the woman left, I thought persistently of one thing during the remaining hours of that day and also during the next day and the day after. I thought that this woman was none other than Uiko, who had been brought back to life.

CLOUD'S NOSTALGIA

from **SORROWTOOTHPASTE MIRRORCREAM** (2011)

by Kim Hyesoon

trans. Don Mee Choi

*Rabbit's ear entered as the white wall laughed
I pulled that smelly thing
Rabbit-cloud mushroomed-mushroomed*

*Buttocks-cloud came down from the ceiling
Those buttocks belong to the wrestler at our neighbourhood gym*

*A rope for strangling came down, but it dispersed as soon as it hanged
a neck
The walls floated in air and barked
The door to the room opened, where the angels were tortured and had
cried
My screams poured out like shit, so I opened an umbrella to receive them*

*A thousand nipples protruded from my body
Every nipple needed to be milked white milk
My body overflowing with milk was swollen like a jar
The jar smelled of white rabbit*

*Those plastic things, paper, cloths
I sang about the memories of my attachment to those things in my room*

*When I sang, all the sweat pores on my body salivated
my black fur got wet*

*I pulled the mask tightly like a shoestring
and waddled-waddled out like a wrestler*

*Now it's time to confess, my lover is that cloud
Water falls from its face every time its expression changes hundreds of
times a day*

*Shall I call it The morning nap of someone who has left?
(I almost said A dirty sight, for I'm unable to forget it)
Shall I say It's a flustered rabbit because its hutch has vanished?
Shall I say My melancholy's nostalgia?
or Your facial expressions fall off every second and get buried in the
ground?*

*Green-strawberry-summit-cloud
White-hair-cloud encircles god's neck
Hook-cloud hooks my neck's artery onto a cloud
Lens-cloud opens the lid of my house and peers into it*

*Over there, the boys from martial arts gym run into the sunset with red-
red briefs
over their heads and*

*I pull threads from the crimson cloud and weave my undergarments and
twist my fat fattened body*

MIMICRY AND LEGENDARY PSYCHASTHENIA (1984)

by Roger Caillios

trans. John Shepley

From whatever side one approaches things, the ultimate problem turns out in the final analysis to be that of *distinction*: distinctions between the real and the imaginary, between waking and sleeping, between ignorance and knowledge, etc. - all of them, in short, distinctions in which valid consideration must demonstrate a keen awareness and demand for resolution. Among distinctions, there is assuredly none more clear-cut than that between the organism and its surroundings; at least there is none in which the tangible experience of separation is more immediate. So it is worthwhile to observe the condition as pathology (the word here having only a statistical meaning) - i.e. all the facts that come under the heading of mimicry.

[...]

There are reasons more immediate, and at the same time less to be suspected of sophistry, that keep mimicry from being taken for a defense reaction. First of all, it would only apply to carnivores that hunt by sight and not by smell as is often the case. Carnivores, moreover, do not generally bother with motionless prey: immobility would thus be a better defense, and indeed insects are exceedingly prone to employ a false, corpselike rigidity. There are other means: a butterfly, in order to make itself invisible, may do nothing more than use the tactics of the *Satyride asiaticque*, whose flattened wings in repose appear simply as a line almost without thickness, imperceptible, perpendicular to the flower where it has alighted, and which turns simultaneously with the observer so that it is only this minimum surface that is always seen.

The experiments of Judd and Foucher have definitely resolved the question: predators are not at all fooled by homophony or homochromy: they eat crickets that mingle with the foliage of oak trees or weevils that resemble small stones, completely invisible to man. The phasma *Carasius*

Morosus, which by its form, colour, and attitude simulates a plant twig, cannot emerge into the open air without being immediately discovered and dined on by sparrows.

Generally speaking, one finds many remains of mimetic insects in the stomachs of predators. So it should come as no surprise that such insects sometimes have other and more effective ways of protecting themselves. Conversely, some species that are inedible, and would thus have nothing to fear, are also mimetic. It therefore seems that one ought to conclude with Cuénot that this is an "epiphenomenon" whose "defensive utility appears to be nul." Delage and Goldsmith had already pointed out in the Kallima an "exaggeration of precautions."

We are thus dealing with a *luxury* and even a dangerous luxury, for there are cases in which mimicry causes the creature to go from bad to worse: geometer-moth caterpillars simulate shoots of shrubbery so well that gardeners cut them with their pruning shears. The case of the Phyllia is even sadder: they browse amongst themselves, taking each other for real leaves, in such a way that one might accept the fate of a sort of collective masochism leading to mutual homophagy, the simulation of the leaf being a *provocation* to cannibalism in this kind of totem feast.

[...]

This tendency, whose universality thus becomes difficult to deny, may have been the determining force responsible for the present morphology of mimetic insects, at a time when their organisms were more plastic than they are today, as one must suppose in any case given the fact of transformation. Mimicry would thus be accurately defined as *an incantation fixed at its culminating point* and having caught the sorcerer in his own trap.

No one should say it is nonsense to attribute magic to insects: the fresh application of the words ought not to hide the profound simplicity of the thing. What else but *prestigious magic* and *fascination* can the phenomena be called that have been unanimously classified precisely under

the name of mimicry (incorrectly as I see it, one will recall, for in my opinion the perceived resemblances are too reducible in this case to anthropomorphism, but there is no doubt that once rid of these questionable additions and reduced to the essential, these facts are similar at least in their origins to those of true mimicry) phenomena some of which I have reported above.

[...]

Recourse to the magical tendency in the search for the similar can only, however, be an initial approximation, and it is advisable to take account of it in its turn. The search for the similar would seem to be a means, if not an intermediate stage. Indeed the end would appear to be an *assimilation to the surroundings*. Here instinct completes morphology: the *Kallima* places itself symmetrically on a real leaf, the appendage on its hind wings in the place that a real petiole would occupy; the *Oxydia* alights at right angles to the end of a branch because the arrangement of the spot representing the middle veining requires it; the *Clolia*, Brazilian butterflies, position themselves in a row on small stalks in such a way to represent bell flowers, in the manner of a sprig of lily of the valley, for example.

It is thus a real *temptation by space*.

[...]

I know where I am, but I do not feel as though I'm at the spot where I find myself. To [those schizophrenic subjects] space seems to be a devouring force. Space pursues them, encircles them, digests them in a gigantic phagocytosis. It ends by replacing them. Then the body separates itself from thought, the individual breaks the boundary of his skin and occupies the other side of his senses. He tries to look at *himself* from any point whatever in space. He feels himself becoming space, *dark space where things cannot be put*. He is similar, nor similar to something, but just *similar*. And he invents spaces of which he is "the convulsive possession."

All of these expressions shed light on a single process: *depersonalisation by assimilation to space*, i.e., what mimicry achieves morphologically in certain species. The magical hold (one can truly call it so without doing violence to the language) of night and obscurity, the *fear of the dark*, probably also has its roots in the peril in which it puts the opposition between the organism and the milieu.

Minkowski's analyses are invaluable here: darkness is not the mere absence of light; there is something positive about it. While light space is eliminated by the materiality of objects, darkness is "filled," it touches the individual directly, envelops him, penetrates him, and even passes through him: hence "the ego is *permeable* for darkness while it is not so for light"; the feeling of mystery that one experiences at night would not come from anything else. Minkowski likewise comes to speak of *dark space* and almost a lack of distinction between the milieu and the organism: "Dark space envelops me on all sides and penetrates me much deeper than light space, the distinction between inside and outside and consequently the sense organs as well, insofar as they are designed for external perception, here play only a totally modest role."

The assimilation to space is necessarily accompanied by a decline in the feeling of personality and life. It should be noted in any case that in mimetic species the phenomenon is never carried out except *in a single direction*: the animal mimics the plant, leaf, flower, or thorn, and dissembles or ceases to perform its function in relation to others. *Life takes a step backward*.

IF I DIE ON THE ROAD (1970)

by Virgilio Piñera

trans. Juliana Canal Paternina

SI MUERO EN LA CARRETERA

If I die on the road

(I)

Si muero en la carretera no me pongan flores.
If I die on the road do not put me flowers.

Si en la carretera muero no me pongan flores.
If on the road I die do not put me flowers.

En la carretera no me pongan flores si muero.
On the road do not put me flowers if I die.

No me pongan si muero flores en la carretera.
Do not put me if I die flowers on the road.

No me pongan en la carretera flores si muero.
Do not put me on the road flowers if I die.

No flores en la carretera si muero me pongan.
Do not Flowers on the road if I die put me.

No flores en la carretera me pongan si muero.
Do not flowers on the road put me if I die.

Si muero no flores en la carretera me pongan.
If I die do not flowers on the road put me.

Si flores me muero en la carretera no me pongan.
if flowers I die on the road do not put me.

Flores si muero no en la carretera me pongan.
Flowers if I die on the road do not put me.

Si flores muero pongan en me la no carretera.
If flowers I die put me on the do not road.

Flores si pongan muero me en no la carretera.
Flowers if put I die me on do not the road.

Muero si pongan flores la en me en carretera.
I Die if put flowers the on me on road.

La muero en si flores pongan no me carretera.
The die on if flowers put me do not road.

Si flores muero pongan en me la no carretera.
If flowers I die put on me the do not road.

Flores si pongan muero me en no la carretera.
Flowers if put I die me on do not the road.

Si muero en las flores no me pongan en la carretera.
If I die on the flowers do not put me on the road.

Si flores muero no me pongan en la carretera.
If flowers I die do not put me on the road.

Si en la carretera flores no me pongan si muero.
If on the road flowers do not put me if I die.

Si en el muero no me pongan en la carretera flores.
If in the I die do not put me on the road flowers.

(II)

Voy en cacharrito, en una cafetera,
going in a junky car*, in a coffee pot*

yo voy por la carretera;
I go on the road;

yo voy, voy yendo por la carretera.
I go, go going on the road.

Yo voy a un jardín de flores que está por la carretera,
I go to a garden of flowers that is near the road,

yo voy en un cacharrito, en una cafetera,
I go in a junky car, in a coffee pot,

voy a comprarles flores a mis muertos,
going to buy flowers to my dead ones,

pero no me pongan flores si muero en la carretera.
but do not put me flowers if I die on the road.

(III)

Si muero en la carretera me entierran en el jardín
If I die on the road bury me in the garden

que está por la carretera, pero no me pongan flores,
That is near the road, but do not put me flowers,

cuando uno tiene su fin yendo por la carretera
when one has his end going on the road

a uno no le ponen flores de ése ni de otro jardín.
one gets no flowers from that or any other garden.

(IV)

Si muero, si no muero,
If I die, if I don't die,

si muero porque no muero
if I die because I don't die

si no muero porque muero.
if I don't die because I die.

Si muero en la carretera.
If I die on the road.

Si no muero pero en la carretera si muero.
If I don't die but on the road I do die.

Si muero porque no muero en la carretera.
If I die because I don't die on the road.

Si no muero porque muero en la carretera,
If I don't die because I die on the road,

no me pongan f, no me pongan l, no me pongan o,
do not put me f, do not put me l, do not put me o,

no me pongan r, no me pongan e, no me pongan s,
do not put me w, do not put me e, do not put me r, do not put me s

no me pongan flo, no me pongan res,
do not put me flo, do not wers,

si muero en la c.
if I die in the r.

SAINT MARTIN'S FOUR WISHES

(13th century)

trans. Ned Dubin

IN NORMANDY THERE LIVED A PEASANT
OF WHOM IS TOLD SO QUAIN'T AND PLEASANT
A FABI'AU 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

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.
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 ANTLEERS, 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 STUDDERED?" "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 WONDERS, NOT ONE~~ **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.

"CARE OF THE BODY"

in **LOS ANGELES TIMES** (2 May 1926)

by Rudolf Schindler

Shelter or Playground

It is not enough appreciated how directly and clearly our attitude towards life is expressed through our houses. The peasant who is trying to build his house exactly like his father's modernizes it unconsciously. The architect, however, who does not work freely from memory, but who uses reproductions to help his imagination, is too consciously about his effort and creates dead replicas.

Our present houses are too strongly under the influence of the past and its outlook on life. Fear dictated originally the form and spirit of the house. The behaviour of our ancestors was over-shadowed by constant defense reactions against real and imaginary enemies. The emphasis of the historian upon war and its physical heroism proves the tremendous need to counteract these fear complexes.

No wonder that everybody's house was his castle, and that all rooms tried to appear comfortable by emphasising their safety through their heavy walls, small windows ponderous grilles, thick curtains and dim light.

The spirit was only partly broken when the crumbling of the caste system started the lower classes on a period of social climbing. The house was and is a source of social prestige. The parvenu who had access to the front rooms of the aristocrat insisted that his home be historical in design, and that every one of his own rooms be a replica of the luxurious salon which impressed him.

The American house of today is entirely a product of this attitude. Neglecting to consider the changes in our mental and physical life, it tries to give social prestige by masquerading in outworn historical styles.

These changes, however, demand expression. The earth, the sky, and the neighbour, the curse of the past and the retribution of the future have lost their frightfulness.

Our high mechanical development easily controls our living conditions. Our knowledge about our own bodies releases us from slavery, and Nature becomes a friend. The house and the tree of the future will give us control of our environment, without interfering with our meal and physical nakedness.

Our rooms will descend close to the ground and the garden will become an integral part of the house. The distinction between the indoors and the out-of-doors will disappear. The walls will be few, thin, and removable. All rooms will become part of an organic unit, instead of being small separate boxes with peepholes. How petty the attempt to erect each one of different materials and to decorate them separately in different "styles!" Each house needs to be composed as a symphony, with variations on a few themes.

Our present scheme of social life in which we drudge behind the scenes most of the time in order to present an "impressive" face for a few moments of company is outworn. In driving out the king, we have lost the careless instigator of fashionable social manners. Our own everyday actions must achieve the dignity of the past ceremonials. Each one shall create his own fashions—but only for himself.

Our house will lose its front-and-back-door aspect. It will cease being a group of dens, some larger ones for social effect, and a few smaller ones (bedrooms) in which to herd the family. Each individual will want a private room to gain a background for his life. He will sleep in the open. A work-and-play room, together with the garden, will satisfy the group needs. The bathroom will develop into a gymnasium and will become a social centre.

A simplified cooking will become part of a group play, instead of being the deadly routine for a lonely slave.

The architect will try to divine the possible development of his client, and will design a building which may grow with him. The house will be a form-book with a song, instead of an irrelevant page from a dictionary of dead form dialects.

And life will regain its fluidity.

TOWARDS THE PRIMEVAL LIGHTNING FIELD

(1998)

By Will Alexander

The old chronological towers are ash, are prisms of disfigurement, symbolic of a world cancelled by consumptive inmelodias. As for alchemical transition, we face the raising of new sea walls, of banished and re-engendered electorates, trying to cope with new intensities of weather, as the anomalous hypnotically increases with the power of inverse subjective.

The body is now weighed on a broken axial cart, its blood conjoined as it rises within a nuclear darkness of ravens. So as Piscean chronology now shatters, dawn becomes an unclaimed resurrection, a tumultuous eikon of skin no longer formed around its old dendritic artifacts. The calendar of draconian enfeeblement with its integers of the past 20 centuries, erased, its linear Babels darkened by the extreme necessity for a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanour, with history consumed in a roll of flaming aural dice, with its wizardry of tools subsumed in arcane vibration, turned into a power of splendiferous scorpions. The psychic wounds of the past eclipsed in this new millenium by the power of smelted dragon's blood.

And so, I speak of a new being of symbols, of lucid catcombs and spirals, its language being spun in fabulous iguana iridium. Now, with the decayed constitutional stages exploded by telepathy, by invulnerable oneiric intuitives, the mental axis transmutes, like a reddened swan, with a new cosmic skeletal reprieve, afloat amongst the forces of the primeval lightning field, taking on the dharma of the great sustained emotion of eternity.

SLOW READING CLUB (SRC) IS A SEMI-FICTIONAL READING GROUP INITIATED BY BRYANA

FRITZ & HENRY ANDERSEN IN 2017. THE GROUP DEALS IN CONSTRUCTED

SITUATIONS FOR COLLECTIVE READING.

SRC LOOKS AT, PROBES, AND INTERRUPTS 'READ

ERSHIP' AS A WAY TO
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ENCROACHING LIMBS.

FLOWING OVE-

R BODY

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