

WHOSE OR-

GIOVANNI'S ROOM (James BALDWIN) 3
WHITE PHOSPHOROUS (Alice NOTELY) 6
IT'S GO IN HORIZONTAL (Leslie SCALAPINO) 8

GANs WE-

TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION (Yukio MISHIMA) 13
LEXICAL OF TAKEN RISK 18

RE THOSE

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE (Max BEERBOHM) 26

O F

SONNET FOR ACOUSTIC FEEDBACK LOOPING AND TRANSGENDER MEDIA REPRESENTATION (Sam RUSH) 29
COSMOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVES IN AMAZONIA AND ELSEWHERE
(Eduardo VIVIEROS DE CASTRO) 30

[SRC]

A LEOP

03/05/2018
17, 36, 44

[documentation ephemera]

THIS READER HAS BEEN GATHERED BY SLOW READING CLUB TO ACCOMPANY A SESSION AT LOUISE DANY (OSLO) ON MAY 3, 2018. WITH SUPPORT FROM KULTURRADET: NORWEGIAN ARTS COUNCIL & KUNSTEN EN ERFGØED. PRINTED IN 50 COPIES.

IF I DIE ON THE ROAD (Virgilio PIÑERA) 36
YONEC (Marei de FRANCE) 40
ORLANDO (Virginia WOOLF) 45

ARD

THIS BOOK IS THE PROPERTY OF:

by Avren Keating

When we climbed the fence and shoved open the door,
we found a wreck. The carpet gave under our feet like mud.
I flicked on fluorescent lights and a few buzzed on,
fuzzed like how purple and yellow vibrate
inside each other. Stale air and mildew shelved neatly in rows.
Sheets of dusty plywood and a saw dropped years ago to the floor
abandoned. Panic in my left side: a pressure
that wedges right into collar bone and lung.
Ceiling panels punched out to let in more darkness. How can I
be rid of you here, in a history that's already happened.
A guide in red: DICTIONARIES. ENCYCLOPEDIAS.
SPIRIT DUPLICATION MASTERS.

GIOVANNI'S ROOM (1956)

by James Baldwin

I scarcely know how to describe that room. It became, in a way, every room I had ever been in and every room I find myself in hereafter will remind me of Giovanni's room. I did not really stay there very long—we met before the spring began and I left there during the summer—but it still seems to me that I spent a lifetime there. Life in that room seemed to be occurring underwater, as I say, and it is certain that I underwent a sea change there.

To begin with, the room was not large enough for two. It looked out on a small courtyard. Looked out means only that the room had two windows, against which the courtyard malevolently pressed, encroaching day by day, as though it had confused itself with a jungle. We, or rather Giovanni kept the windows closed most of the time. He had never bought any curtains; neither did we buy any while I was in the room. To insure privacy, Giovanni had obscured the window panes with a heavy, white cleaning polish. We sometimes heard children playing outside our window, sometimes strange shapes loomed against it. At such moments, Giovanni, working in the room, or lying in bed, would stiffen like a hunting dog and remain perfectly silent until whatever seemed to threaten our safety had moved away.

He had always had great plans for remodeling this room, and before I arrived he had already begun. One of the walls was a dirty, streaked white where he had torn off the wallpaper. The wall facing it was destined never to be uncovered, and on this wall a lady in a hoop skirt and a man in knee breeches perpetually walked together, hemmed in by roses. The wallpaper lay on the floor, in great sheets and scrolls, in dust. On the floor also lay our dirty laundry, along with Giovanni's tools and the paint brushes and the bottles of oil and turpentine. Our suitcases teetered on top of something, so that we dreaded ever having to open them and sometimes went without some minor necessity, such as clean socks, for days.

No one ever came to see us, except Jacques, and he did not come often. We were far from the center of the city and we had no phone.

I remembered the first afternoon I woke up there, with Giovanni fast asleep beside me, heavy as a fallen rock. The sun

filtered through the room so faintly that I was worried about the time. I stealthily lit a cigarette, for I did not want to wake Giovanni. I did not yet know how I would face his eyes. I looked about me. Giovanni had said something in the taxi about his room being very dirty. 'I'm sure it is,' I had said lightly, and turned away from him, looking out of the window. Then we had both been silent. When I woke up in his room, I remembered that there had been something strained and painful in the quality of that silence, which had been broken when Giovanni said, with a shy, bitter smile: 'I must find some poetic figure.'

And he spread his heavy fingers in the air, as though a metaphor were tangible. I watched him.

'Look at the garbage of this city,' he said, finally, and his fingers indicated the flying street, 'all of the garbage of this city? Where do they take it? I don't know where they take it—but it might very well be my room.'

'It's much more likely,' I said, 'that they dump it into the Seine.'

But I sensed, when I woke up and looked around the room, the bravado and the cowardice of his figure of speech. This was not the garbage of Paris, which would have been anonymous; this was Giovanni's regurgitated life.

Before and beside me and all over the room, towering like a wall, were boxes of cardboard and leather, some tied with string, some locked, some bursting, and out of the topmost box before me spilled down sheets of violin music. There was a violin in the room, lying on the table in its warped, cracked case—it was impossible to guess from looking at it whether it had been laid to rest there yesterday or a hundred years before. The table was loaded with yellowing newspapers and empty bottles and it held a single brown and wrinkled potato in which even the sprouting eyes were rotten. Red wine had been spilled on the floor; it had been allowed to dry and it made the air in the room sweet and heavy. But it was not the room's disorder which was frightening; it was the fact that when one began searching for the key to this disorder, one realized that it was not to be found in any of the usual places. For this was not a matter of habit or circumstance or temperament; it was a matter of punishment and grief. I do not know how I knew this, but I knew it at once; perhaps I knew it because I wanted to live. And I stared at the room with the same, nervous, calculating extension of the intelligence and of all one's forces which occurs when gauging a mortal and unavoidable danger: at the silent walls of the room with its distant,

archaic lovers trapped in an interminable rose garden, and the staring windows, staring like two great eyes of ice and fire, and the ceiling which lowered like those clouds out of which fiends have sometimes spoken and which obscured but failed to soften its malevolence behind the yellow light which hung like a diseased and undefinable sex in its center. Under this blunted arrow, this smashed flower of fight lay the terrors which encompassed Giovanni's soul. I understood why Giovanni had wanted me and had brought me to his last retreat. I was to destroy this room and give to Giovanni a new and better life. This life could only be my own, which, in order to transform Giovanni's, must first become a part of Giovanni's room.

In the beginning, because the motives which led me to Giovanni's room were so mixed, had so little to do with his hopes and desires, and were so deeply a part of my own desperation, I invented in myself a kind of pleasure in playing the housewife after Giovanni had gone to work. I threw out the paper, the bottles, the fantastic accumulation of trash; I examined the contents of the innumerable boxes and suitcases and disposed of them. But I am not a housewife—men never can be housewives. And the pleasure was never real or deep, though Giovanni smiled his humble, grateful smile and told me in as many ways as he could find how wonderful it was to have me there, how I stood, with my love and my ingenuity, between him and the dark. Each day he invited me to witness how he had changed, how love had changed him, how he worked and sang and cherished me. I was in a terrible confusion. Sometimes I thought, but this is your life. Stop fighting it. Stop fighting. Or I thought, but I am happy. And he loves me. I am safe. Sometimes, when he was not near me, I thought, I will never let him touch me again. Then, when he touched me, I thought, it doesn't matter, it is only the body, it will soon be over. When it was over, I lay in the dark and listened to his breathing and dreamed of the touch of hands, of Giovanni's hands, or anybody's hands, hands which would have the power to crush me and make me whole again.

"Flowery mantle." "Homeric sacrifice?" "noise of darkness" "fear of darkness" "now mantle of innocence" "King of his death now" "Home" "I've come home" "He said, 'I've come home'" "They were sacrificed for nothing, for distant" "instants of thought" "All for your thinking" "He said, 'I've come home; I've finally come home' then he died" "flowers" "Magnolias & lilies" "innocent now" "I've come home. Who's there?" "at home? all the dead?" "To come home from the war" "years after" "To die" "To wear mantle light honey" "mantle dead white" "in sunlight, in late" "Homeric?" "he said it was hideous" "all of it" "hideous" "every instant in Nam" "theatre of worsts" "now mantle of white" "phosphorous & lilies?" "trees now lean down" "over our faces" "Tell details of battle?" "As" "in an epic?" "As" "in lies?" "We don't want that now" "We want only our mother of dirt" "our mantle of white" "want each other of soul; and" "we want" "our mother of spirit" ("rich sweet in dirt") "we want" "our father" "of leaves" "We want our fate fragmented to air for our children to breathe;" "light on water for widows to think near" "moonlight on water to ease you" "we want no poet, we want our homes in the earth" "that's all we can have" "want no place in history or poetry" "want our wanderings our sorrows, after the war not remembered," "we want not to pain her" "we want our love mingled" "with yours" "no place in history" "only in love" "remove us from history," "All of us sacrificed" "all for a thought" "They played with our souls." "Used our souls to fight, be their wilfulness" "wilfulness" "we were made their wilfulness," "nothing but that—" "And you too, you yielded, one way or another" "to their will." "They" "who are the subject" "of all history" "& of poems" "as if" "we have ever, in all ways" "yielded to them" "by speaking of" "always speaking of" "Kings" "presidents" "the Great Men" "their mistresses" "Generals" "Communist Kings" "Leaders" "Warriors" "West Point of Greeks" "West Point of Greeks against" "West Point of Trojans" "Isn't it more beautiful, under the Earth?" "Or to be sunlight, not history?" "Now I can love, & only" "now" "Remove us from history but not from your air" "History is wilfulness" "is" "precious parts" "History's for those" "who ask not" "to be forgiven" "We ask to be forgiven" "& loved" "No, we ask" "to be absolved" "And to be" "elemental" "ask leaves & wind" "Ask leaves bending down towards our faces" "Ask light & dirt" "we ask" "our children" "we ask our wives" "Ask that they live" "We ask to be" "with the ones that we killed" "To history" "saying nothing" "being that" ("nothing") "& to history" "having been" "nothing." "In this moment" "before" "anyone, ever" "died" "before we were born?" "in this moment forever before" "before we went to a war" "Before we died" "In this moment, now" "In this moment before, it is

not before" "In this very moment" "where is it" "where we haven't died" "or died inside" "In this moment we haven't" "in this moment, no one" "In this moment, no one has ever, died" ("But I have been born") "in this moment" "where, where is it" "In moment" "who's here" "Catch it catch it" "moment where we are" "merely as it is autonomous," "autonomous moment" "Without a war" "without a guilt," "Can we exist" "Outside of what was?" "in the air of our thoughtless, female, moment" "the air of our moment" "not grievous not iron" "moment, not air" "but air of our moment" ("woman-made?") "faithful, faithful & boundless" "relicent & light" "fond, & kindly" "not reticent but shiny," "morning-starry, not bloody" "not bloody, in the morning" "in the star" "it is a star" "it is autonomous" "star & it's mild" "is it a little" "of us" "from before" "we were born?" ("that was never") ("I know") "It is now" "autonomous" "moment of white," "white flowers, stars & white flowers," "not before we were born, in this moment of our childhood" "have we our childhood" "in this moment he has his childhood, I think, it is center of" "moment, of childhood" "center of, moment" "wings of his pigeons" "white & grey wings" "moment a feathery" "center of senses" "center of sensation, is this moment" "Center, as sensation falls away" "He has his love" "this moment" "forever" "center of brown eyes" "seen through his eyes" "Only through" "the eyes" "the real eyes" "of the dead" "this moment" "through his eyes" "as child, as childhood" "Only through" "the personality" "can this be" "of the dead" "the lovely person" "holding" "this moment" "this moment in place" "this moment forever" "center of sensation" "Soldiers, we are center" "of the morning" "we are moment" "we are dearest" "we are heart" "Soldiers," "we are pleasing" "we are center" "we are moment" "are not soldiers" "never soldiers" "never were," "Mask now" "is complies" "complies" "with the forms (too much of everything, everywhere)" "All of this is" "the mask" "my mother's mask" "& mine" "wronglike forms, too many of" "Complying, to live here" "always, more complying" "Too many things" "machines" "too many" "too many clothes" "cheap roses" "kleenexes" "membranous" "bags, of plastic" "Too many ideas" "vocabularies no color" "too many paintings" "too many songs" "too many Tarot decks" "& poems" "& books" "Too many" "things to eat" "too many" "machines" "magic machines" "too much magic" "much too much of it" "Stupor" "distress" "& abandoning of others" "too much news" "news" "everything" "made the same" "too many names" "too much knowledge" ("knowledge, so endless" "is nothing") "A war" "more news, more to know about, to know" "Excuse for anger" "indignation" "you can still keep your money" "know the terms of news" "terms" "& Not be nature" "don't be nature" "mute" "not knowing the" "terms" "Know what news knows" "What words know" "Do words know?" "No they don't, only flesh knows only

from
HMMMM
in

THE WOMAN WHO COULD READ THE MINDS OF DOGS

[EPILOGUE: anemone]

"About the night on which a man said he would spend a 100 dollars on me", a woman described, (and he did use up most of it simply on taxi fares), "I was able to describe my feelings:

"About the night on which a man said he would spend a 100 dollars on me", a woman described, (and he did use up most of it simply on taxi fares), "I was able to describe my feelings:

out into the flowers of a plant, and sucks from them, as we were (sucking) from the restaurants and bars of the city to which the taxi took us. All night we were surrounded by lights. As I lay back inside the taxi, just waiting for the man to make arrangements for me (in regard to that part of my feeling, I would describe the taxi as being more like a buoy), I had the feeling (thru-out it) of rising slowly, and of floating along side particular spots in the city. By morning, naturally, I was sated".

...

"One night, running after her thru the park", the man said to me (and he kept using the word "her", tho he was actually referring to me)

"One night, running after her thru the park", the man said to me (and he kept using the word "her", tho he was actually referring to me) "I found, that the deeper I followed her into the park (aware, having just left my bed, — after finding that she had left me, — and gone out looking for her, that the passers-by had begun to stare,

since I was calling her name) ; far from seeming to lose contact with my bed in my room, I was like a water lily", he said, (smiling at me), "or a lotus, with a stem attached deep in the bed of a lake. Meanwhile, I was running (altho it seemed like floating) with my head thrown back, and calling out very loudly LESLIE".

...

we put our heads into the windows of a car which was passing, and,

One woman (I heard about this several years later) said : "being a prostitute" (this was said, by-the-way , after her telling about approaching with 6 or so other women 2 men in a car, on a street at 3 am in the city) ; "means simply coming out of the hotels and streets of the city to the car (which is waiting with the men in it) in the same way that, say, the feelers of an anemone, (while being attached at the base to the anemone) in order to feed it, float out further and further into the water which encircles it. So it was: we put our heads into the windows of a car which was passing, and, putting our arms around the necks of the men, began kissing them".

...

(in order, he said, each time he revolved, to spit on the body

He, referring to the incident which occurred when he was a boy riding a bicycle around and around a block in the city, (in order, he said, each time he revolved, to spit on the body of the drunk who was lying on the sidewalk) said: "I felt not as if I were floating (since I was hardly pushing the pedals of the bicycle) but, rather, that the surface of the world was whirling. There was the man. Who was curled up in the center. And he, since he was at the hub of my circuit, probably saw me, as I leaned over him over and over to spit on him, as being simply like, say, the shoots of a plant, e.g. like shots of the grass as it flashed over him (since he was in the center of the world) i.e. First he would see me. Then the sky. Then me".

...

from side to side — like a fish weaving in and out of the limbs of plants in the water (this was the way she moved

Let me explain what I mean by saying I thought about someone (whom I saw ahead of me on the street one day) as looking like she were wagging her tail in the way someone will sway from side to side — like a fish weaving in and out of the limbs of plants in the water (this was the way she moved thru the people ahead of me on the street) . Since her arms, (as they were pressed to her sides), looked like the fins of the fish, and her head was lifted so she could "follow her nose", she seemed to be swimming ahead as if she had a hook in her mouth .

A SEQUENCE

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 awhile after this time.

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.

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.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION (1956)

by Yukio Mishima
trans. by 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 Goemon, 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 Helian Shrine that stretched tortuously in the distance beyond the rows of buildings, at the form of the mountain ranges—Arashiyama, Kitanokata, Kifune, Minoura, Kómpira—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 Sákamuni, 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 Hôgan 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 Sákamuni 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.

ØL / VIN 30,-
Vipps: 45276945

LEXICAL OF TAKEN RISK
LEXIQUE DE LA PRISE DE RISQUE

from the collection of Aeron Bergman and Alejandra Salinas

Lexique de la prise de risque

Lexical of taken risk

H

Hail	Grêle
to handle	Gérer
Handling costs	Frais de gestion
Hautes eaux	High water
Health examination	Examen de santé
Heavy sea	Grosse mer, forte mer
Heures de bureau	Office hours
Heures supplémentaires	Extra hours, overtime
High water	Hautes eaux
Hijacking	Détournement ou attaque à main armée d'un avion
Hire, rental	Location
to hold covered	Tenir couvert
Holder	Titulaire
Hold harmless agreement	Pacte de garantie
Holiday camp	Colonie de vacances
Honoraires (d'expert)	Fees (assessor's)
Huissier de justice	Bailiff
Hull	Corps
Hurricane	Ouragan
Hypothèques (ass. d')	Mortgage ins.

P

Pacte de garantie	Hold harmless agreement
Paid-up	Reçu, payé
Paie ment d'avance	Payment in advance
Paie ment à terme échu	Payment in arrears
Par accident	Any one accident
Pare-brise	Windscreen (GB), windshield (US)
Parent company	Maison mère
Par sinistre	Each and every loss
Part	Share
Par tête (en VIE)	Per capita
Partial loss	Sinistre partiel
Partial payment	Acompte
Participation aux bénéfices	Profit sharing
Particuliers (ass. des)	Personal lines insurance
Partie viciée	Faulty part
Passengers' personal accident	Individuelle passagers
Passif (le)	Liabilities
Patent	Brevet
Payé	Paid-up
Payment in advance	Paie ment d'avance
Payment in arrears	Paie ment à terme échu
Payment on account	Avance sur règlement
à payer	Outstanding
Payroll	Masse salariale
P.D.G.	President
Pénalité de retard	Losses due to delay
Penalty for bad loss experience	Malus
Pending loss	Sinistre en suspens
per capita	Par tête (en VIE)
Perçu	Paid-up
Performance bond	Caution de bonne exécution/de bonne fin
Peril	Risque
Period of indemnification	Durée d'indemnisation
Période d'indemnisation	Indemnity period
Permis de conduire	Driving licence
Personal accident	Individuelle accident
Personal effects	Effets personnels
Personal estate	Biens mobiliers
Personal lines ins.	Ass. des particuliers
Personalty	Biens mobiliers
Personne morale	Legal entity
Personne physique	Individual
Personnel (d'une entreprise)	Staff
Personnel de bureau	Office staff
le personnel comprend essentiellement	the personnel is mainly composed of
Personnel extérieur	Outside staff
Personnel interne	Inside staff
Personnes transportées (ass.)	Passengers ins.
Pertes d'exploitation	Business interruption

X

X-ray

Rayons X

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE (1896)

by Max Beerbohm

Lord George's eye travelled along the rows of framed letters from great personages, which lined the walls. He did not see them, though, for he was calculating the chances that La Gamboji had not observed him as he entered the mask-shop. He had come down so early that he had thought she would be still abed. The sinister old proverb, *La jalouse se lève de bonne heure*, rose in his memory. His eye fell unconsciously on a large, round mask made of dull silver, with features of a human face traced over its surface in faint filigree.

"Your lordship wonders what mask that is?" chirped Mr. Aeneas, tapping the thing with one of his little finger nails.

"What is that mask?" Lord George murmured.

"I ought not to divulge, my lord," said the mask-maker. "But I know your lordship would respect a professional secret, a secret of which I am pardonable proud. This," he said, "is a mask for the sun-god, Apollo, whom heaven bless!"

"You astound me," said Lord George.

"Of no less a person, I do assure you. When Jupiter, his father,

made him lord of the day, Apollo craved that he might sometimes see the doings of mankind in the hours of the night time. But," Mr. Aeneas added, with a smile, "his bright countenance made light all the darkness. Men rose from their couches or from their revels, wondering that the day was so soon come, and went to their work. And Apollo sank weeping into the sea. 'Surely,' he cried, 'it is a bitter thing that I alone, of all the gods, may not watch the world in the hours of night time. For in those hours, as I am told, men are even as gods are. They spill the wine and are wreathed with roses. Their daughters dance in the the light of torches. They laugh to the sound of flutes. On their long couches they lie down at last, and sleep comes to kiss their eyelids. None of these things may I see. Wherefore the brightness of my beauty is even a curse to me and I would put it from me.' And as he wept, Vulcan said to him, 'I am not the least cunning of the gods, nor the least pitiful. Do not weep, for I will give you that which shall end your sorrow. Nor need you put from you the brightness of your beauty.' And Vulcan made a mask of dull silver

and fastened it across his brother's face. And that night, thus masked, the sun-god rose from the sea and watched the doings of mankind in the night time. Nor any longer were men abashed by his bright beauty, for it was hidden by the mask of silver. Those whom he had so often seen haggard over their daily tasks, he saw feasting now and wreathed with red roses. He heard them laugh to the sound of flutes, as their daughters danced in the red light of torches. And when at length they lay upon their soft couches, and sleep kissed their eyelids, he sank back into the sea and hid his mask under a little rock in the bed of the sea. Not have men ever known that Apollo watches them often in the night time, but fancied it to be some pale goddess.

"I myself have always thought it was Diana," said Lord George Hell.

"An error, my lord!" said Mr. Aeneas, with a smile. "*Ecce signum!*" And he tapped the mask of dull silver.

"Strange!" said his lordship. "And pray how comes it that Apollo has ordered of you this new mask?"

"He has always worn twelve new masks every year, inasmuch as no mask can endure for many

nights the near brightness of his face, before which even a mask of the best and purest silver soon tarnishes, and wears away. Centuries ago, Vulcan tired of making so very many masks. And so Apollo sent Mercury down to Athens, to the shop of Phoron, a Phœnician mask-maker of great skill. Phoron made Apollo's masks for many years, and every month Mercury came to his shop for a new one. When Phoron died, another artist was chosen, and when he died, another, and so on through all the ages of the world. Conceive, my lord, my pride and pleasure when Mercury flew into my shop, one night last year, and made me Apollo's warrant-holder. It is the highest privilege that any mask-maker can desire. And when I die," said Mr. Aeneas, with some emotion, "Mercury will confer my post upon another."

"And do they pay you for your labour?" Lord George asked. Mr. Aeneas drew himself up to his full height, such as it was.

"In Olympus, my lord," he said, "they have no currency. For any mask-maker, so high a privilege is its own reward. Yet the sun-god is generous. He shines more brightly into my shop than into any other. Nor does he suffer his rays to melt

any waxen mask made by me, until its wearer doff it and be done with." At this moment, Julius came in with the Ripsby mask. "I must ask your lordship's pardon for having kept you so long," pleaded Mr. Aeneas. "But I have a large store of old masks and they are imperfectly catalogued."

It certainly was a beautiful mask, with its smooth, pink cheeks and devotional brow. It was made of the finest wax. Lord George took it gingerly in his hands and tried it on his face. It fitted à merveille.

"Is the expression exactly as your lordship would wish?" Said Mr. Aeneas.

Lord George laid it on the table and studied it intently. "I wish it were more as a perfect mirror of true love," he said at length. "It is too calm, too contemplative."

"Easily remedied!" Said Mr. Aeneas. Selecting a fine pencil, deftly he drew the eyebrows closer to each other. With a brush steeped in some scarlet pigment, he put a fuller curve upon the lips. And, behold! it was the mask of a saint who loves dearly. Lord George's heart throbbed with pleasure.

"And for how long does your lordship wish to wear it?" asked Mr. Aeneas.

"I must wear it until I die," replied Lord George.

"Kindly be seated then, I pray," rejoined the little man. "For I must apply the mask with great care. Julius, you will assist me!"

So, while Julius heated the inner side of the waxen mask over a little lamp, Mr. Aeneas stood over Lord George, gently smearing his features with some sweet-scented pomade. Then he took the mask and powdered its inner side, all soft and warm now, with a fluffy puff. "Keep quite still, for one instant," he said, and clapped the mask firmly on his lordship's upturned face. So soon as he was sure of its perfect adhesion, he took from his assistant's hand a silver file and a little wooden spatula, with which he proceeded to pare down the edge of the mask, where it joined the neck and ears. At length, all traces of the "join" were obliterated. It remained only to arrange the curls of the lordly wig over the waxen brow.

The disguise was done. When Lord George looked through the eyelets of his mask into the mirror that was placed in his hand, he saw a face that was saintly, itself a mirror of true love. How wonderful it was! He felt his past was a dream. He felt he was a new man indeed. His voice went strange through the mask's parted lips, as he thanked Mr. Aeneas.

SONNET FOR ACOUSTIC FEEDBACK LOOPING & TRANSGENDER MEDIA REPRESENTATION (2017) by Sam Rush

I WANT TO WATCH US FUCKING ON TV. (x2)
I MEAN: I'VE SEEN THE SNAKE, ITS ASS INSIDE (x2)
ITS GAPE & NAMED THE WAY WE HUNGER, (x2)
OR WHATEVER. FOR WHATEVER A MOUTH (x2)
AWAKE INSIDE ANOTHER MOUTH WOULD SAY. (x2)
WOULD SEE. MY HEARING AIDS SCREAM WHENEVER (x2)
WE COME CLOSE. SOUND OF A SOUND SWALLOWING (x2)
ITS TAIL TO TELL OUT LOUDER, STILL. TELL ME (x2)
A STORY. TELL ME A STORY, ONE WHERE (x2)
THE BOY LIKE US REPEATS HIMSELF. WAKES. WAKES. (x2)
& KEEPS DOING IT. WALKS HOME & WALKS HOME, (x2)
AGAIN. WATCHES, AS HE TAKES IN SOMETHING LIKE (x2)
HIMSELF & GROWS LOUDER. STILL, LOUDER. STILL, (x2)

COSMOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVISM IN AMAZONIA AND ELSEWHERE (1998)

by Eduardo Viveiros de Castro

SAVING THE APPEARANCES

The doctrine of animal "clothing," according to which animal bodies are visible shapes animated by normally invisible spiritual agencies, is directly linked to the notion of metamorphosis, which is probably one of the most difficult Amerindian notions to translate in our received ontological language. Amerindian metamorphosis is imagined, in the "literal" sense of this word, as a clothes—or skin-changing act in which humans and spirits put on the body of animals, or animals take off their bodies and appear in human form. Any body, the human body included, is imagined as being the outer shell of a soul. This notion is to be found all over the Americas. In some native languages, the term for "body" also means "envelope" or "casing," and as such is applied to things like baskets, shoes, clothes, hats, houses and so on—all these things are the "body-envelope" of something else. Referring to the Kwakiutl aesthetic of containers, Goldman wrote:

Among supernatural treasures, the house comes within the special category of containers that includes canoes, boxes, dishes, and animal skins. The idea that all forms of life and forms of vital force occupy a house or some container is widespread in North and South America.... The Kwakiutl speak of the body as the "house of the soul"...

We should observe that such images are not restricted to indigenous America. They play a major role, for instance, in (neo-)Platonic, Gnostic and Christian doctrines. In these traditions, the general idea of the body as container became the very specific one of the body as constrainer: the body as the prison of the soul. The notion of the body as a type of casing, however, can also be found in the many non-Western (and non-Amerindian) traditions where "skin" is used as the standard term for "body," although it is far from evident that the concept of "skin" is everywhere

understood mainly in terms of "casing." As a matter of fact, it is far from evident what a "casing" may signify. The Kwakiutl speak of the body as the house of the soul, but also take houses, boxes, and other containers to be "supernatural treasures." (The container not the content as the real, or rather, surreal, treasure. Curious idea.)

How are we to reconcile the idea that the body is the site of differentiating perspectives with the opposition between "appearance" and "essence," which frames the overwhelming majority of interpretations of Amerindian ontologies? Our problem here is the classic one of deciding what "appearance" means. The idea of the body as a casing or shell may at first sight deprive it of any intrinsic efficaciousness, suggesting images evocative of the familiar "ghost-in-the-machine," or giving it a zombie-like quality. Let us hear Gray, for instance, on the Arakmbut of Peruvian Amazonia: "The anatomy of the body is not a functioning system but a visible casing which operates only when animated by the potent presence within it of the wanokiren (soul)." Gray also wrote: "The invisible world provides life to the visible world which would otherwise consist of dead matter. I was once shown a dead animal and told that the difference between the corpse and life was the soul". Townsley, in the same vein, quotes a Yaminahua saying that "without the wëroyoshi [eye soul], this body is just meat".

This seems to leave us with a purely material, inert body animated by an efficacious spiritual principle. However, let us not forget that we are talking of cosmologies which held that the attributes of the species one eats—the meat one eats—pass on to the eater. These attributes, as Townsley understands it, reside in the soul; and indeed, I mentioned in the last lecture that the shamanistic desubjectivisation or despiritualization of animals is often an indispensable measure to make them fit to be eaten. But then we have a problem, for the souls of all species are identical, and identically humanoid. How could they be responsible for the specificity of the species?

[...]

Let us return to the image of the body as a type of clothing. It has proved rich in misunderstandings. The most egregious one is to take

clothing as something unimportant, inert, and ultimately false. I believe that nothing could be further from the Indians' minds when they speak of bodies in terms of clothing. It is not so much that the body is clothing, but rather that clothing is body. We are dealing with societies which inscribe efficacious meanings onto the skin, and which use animal masks (or at least know their principle) endowed with the power metaphysically to transform the identities of those who wear them. To put on mask-clothing is not to conceal a human essence beneath an animal appearance, but rather to activate the powers of a different body.

Let me quote Irving Goldman, on masks and animal skins:

In ritual the mask stands for the essential form of the being who is depicted or incarnated. Kwakiutl recognize a hidden reality behind the mask, but also insist that the mask be the only reality ordinarily exposed to mankind. . . . The animal skin is also a form, a garment that originally converts a human inner substance into animal form. . . . From the mythical perspective, the skin is the animal's essential attribute from which, however, it is separable, in the way in which soul separates from body. When, in myth, animals give their skins to humans they offer with them their characteristic animal qualities. . . . Thus the animal skin . . . which . . . Boas renders more blandly as "blanket," is like a mask. . . . For the Kwakiutl a mask is a disguise only in the ultimate metaphysical sense of being an appearance behind which is a deeper reality. The mask . . . is imagined as the visible outer form of all life. In myth the animals that deal with persons wear their forms as full body masks or coverings when they are behaving as animals, and remove them when diving for power or dancing in the Winter Ceremonial. They then appear in a human inner form. Basically, the mask stands for natural diversity, the inner form for consubstantial unity. As naturalists the Kwakiutl are far from disparaging natural diversity, and the mask for them is no mere outer trapping. Outer is as essential as inner.

Going back to Amazonia: Peter Gow tells me that the Piro conceive of

the act of putting on clothes as an animating of the clothes. The emphasis would seem to be less on covering the body, as it is amongst ourselves, but rather on the gesture of filling the clothes, activating them. In other words, to don clothing modifies the clothing more than it does the body it clothes. Goldman remarked that "the Kwakiutl masks get 'excited' during Winter dances." And Kensingler, speaking of the Amazonian Cashinahua, observed that feathers belong to the "medicine" category.

Thus, the animal clothes that shamans or sorcerers use to travel the cosmos are not fantasies but instruments: they are akin to diving equipment, or space suits, and not to carnival masks. The intention when donning a wet suit is to be able to function like a fish, to breathe underwater, not to conceal oneself under a strange covering. In the same way, the bodily "clothing" which, amongst animals, covers an internal "essence" of a human type, is not a mere disguise, but their distinctive equipment, endowed with the affects and capacities which define each animal.

[...]

Do not judge by appearances! I presume this warning is issued by virtually all cultural traditions, for it belongs to that universal fund of popular wisdom which includes many similar maxims. It belongs here because it is true, of course—in a sense; or rather, in many different, culture-specific senses. Appearances may indeed deceive, because appearances hide what is not apparent; in order for something to appear, something else must disappear. But what appearances hide is not necessarily the truth.

Hallowell, however, is saying a bit more than that "appearances deceive" in the abstract. He says that the caution about the deceptiveness of appearances applies above all to dealings with persons, and that the notion of metamorphosis has something to do with it. Indeed: if persons are the epitome of what should not be judged by appearances, and if every type, or most types, of beings are persons, you must never take appearances at their face value. What appears as a human may be an animal or a spirit, what appears as an animal or human may be a spirit, and so on. Things change—especially when they are persons.

This has very little to do with our familiar epistemological warning

"not to trust our senses." Be that as it may, appearances have other and more important functions than that of deceiving. My impression is that in Amerindian narratives which take as a theme animal "clothing" the interest lies more in what these clothes do rather than what they hide. Besides this, between a being and its "appearance" (its visible shape) is its body, which is more than just that—and the very same mythical narratives relate how appearances are always "unmasked" by bodily behavior which is inconsistent with them. (Take for instance this remark by Ann Fienup-Riordan about Eskimo animal transformation myths: "The hosts invariably betray their animal identity by some peculiar trait during the visit. . . .") In short: there is no doubt that bodies are discardable and exchangeable, and that "behind" them lie subjectivities which are formally identical to humans. But the idea is not similar to our opposition between appearance and essence; it merely manifests the objective permutability of bodies which is based in the subjective equivalence of souls.

```

WLAN report >>
*****
Connection : OK
*****

```

```

<<Configurations>
Network Name (SSID)
Hardware Address (MAC)
Communication Mode
Authentication Type
Encryption
Network Channel

Louise Dany
00:22:58:7d:4b:4e
Infrastructure
WPA/WPA2-PSK
AES
1

```


IF I DIE ON THE ROAD by Virgilio Piñera
(1970)

trans. by Juliana Canal Paternina

(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 wets,

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

YONEC (12th century)

by Marie de France

trans. by Judith P. Shoaf

It was the month of April; spring
 Set those little birds to sing.
 The lord arose in early morning,
 Dressed himself to go out hunting.
 He roused up, too, the old woman
 To lock the door tight behind him.
 He gave the order, she'd obey;
 The lord and his men rode away.
 The old woman took her psalm-book along,
 And sat mumbling David's song.
 The lady lay awake in distress;
 Now she picked out the sun's brightness.
 She saw the old woman had gone
 Out and left her all alone.
 She began to sigh and complain;
 Her weeping began all over again:
 "Alas! I was born on an evil day!
 Hard and cruel is my destiny!
 This tower is a prison for me,
 And only death will set me free.
 What's he afraid of, that jealous
 Old man, keeping me in this fortress?
 He's a fool, crazy, always afraid
 Somehow, somewhere, he'll be betrayed.
 I can't even go to church
 To hear Mass, do God's works.
 If I was able to talk with people,
 Go out, enjoy those pleasures peaceable,
 I'd be so sweet to him, so good,
 Even if I wasn't in the mood.
 A curse on my family
 And on all those, collectively,
 Who gave this jealous man my hand,
 Gave me his body for husband!
 I pull and pull--naught comes of it:
 I wish and wish, but he won't die of it.
 Instead of his being baptized,
 In Hell's river his boat capsized!
 His sinews are tough, his veins tough,
 The blood that fills them's alive enough...

"Often I've heard the tale told
 How people found, in days of old,
 In this same land, adventures bright,
 The sad redeemed, the wronged made right.
 A knight might find a maiden-lover
 Sweet and fair, by thinking of her;

Ladies could find lovers who
 Were handsome, gentle, valiant, true--
 Nor were they blamed for such affairs:
 They alone ever saw their lovers.
 If this can be--if it did happen--
 If this ever came to any woman--
 God, who have power over all,
 Please hear, please answer now my call!"

When she'd spoken this sad word,
 She picked out the shadow of a great bird
 Through a narrow window. She
 Didn't know what it might be.
 It entered her room flying--
 Jesses on its feet--a hawk it seemed,
 Moulded five or six times in its life.
 It settled there, in front of the wife.
 After it had rested a minute,
 And she'd closely inspected it,
 It became a knight, handsome, gentle.
 The lady thought this was a marvel--
 Her blood stirred and began to race.
 In her fear she hid her face.

The knight was gentle, courteous;
 He addressed her, speaking first, thus:
 "Lady," he said, "Fear ye not, no!
 The hawk's a gentle bird, you know;
 Though how and why remain a mystery,
 Still, you see that you may trust me,
 And take me for your friend, your dear.
 For this," he said, "I came here.
 I've loved you for a long time now.
 In my heart I yearned for you. I vow,
 I never loved any woman but you,
 Nor will love any other; I'll be true.
 Still, I couldn't come here where you are,
 Or come forth out of my own land
 Unless you had made that prayer.
 Now at last I can be your friend!"
 The lady was now reassured;
 She uncovered her head and spoke a word
 In response to what the knight asked of her;
 She told him she would make him her lover
 If he believed in God above;
 This would make possible their love.
 For his beauty was very great:

Never in her life, early nor late,
 Had she seen a knight so handsome,
 Nor will she ever, in days to come.
 "Lady," he said, "How well you speak!
 Not for anything would I wreak
 That wrong, be your occasion of sin--
 The guilt, the doubt, the suspicion.
 I firmly believe in the Creator,
 Who freed us from that sad state where
 We'd been thrust by Adam our father
 When he bit that apple bitter;
 He is and was and will be ever
 Light and life to each poor sinner.
 If my word you cannot credit,
 Ask for your chaplain to visit;
 Say you've a sudden ill, an ailment;
 For this you want the sacrament
 Which God established in this world
 So that we sinners may be healed.
 Then I'll take on your form and face,
 Receive Christ's body in your place.
 And so that you'll have no more need
 To doubt me, I'll say my whole Creed."
 She approved of what he'd said.
 He lay beside her on her bed,
 But he didn't want to caress her
 Nor embrace her yet, nor kiss her.

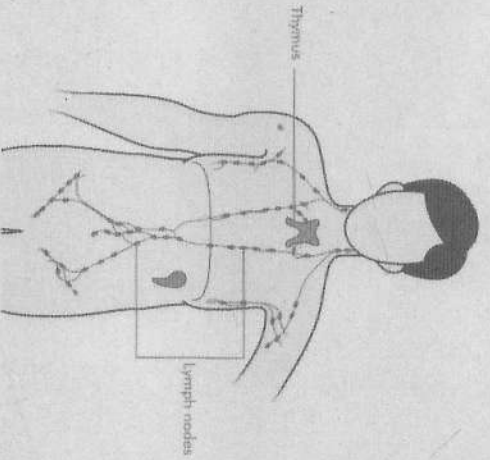
Just then the old woman came home,
 Found the lady awake in her room,
 Told her it was time she rose,
 Wanted to bring in the day's clothes.
 The lady said she had some disease--
 They'd better go alert her priest,
 And tell him to come to her, quick,
 She feared death, she was so sick.
 The old woman said, "Well, suffer away!
 My lord has gone to the woods today,
 And no-one but me will come in here!"
 The lady felt a terrible fear;
 She faked a faint, and there she lay.
 The old woman saw this with dismay.
 She unlocked the door and ran
 Off to find the good chaplain.
 Soon as he could, the priest came, swiftly,
 Bringing with him Corpus Christi.
 The knight received the sacred bread,
 Drank wine from the chalice in her stead.
 Now the good chaplain is gone;
 The old woman locks up the door again.

The lady lies beside her dear;
 You never saw such a lovely pair.
 When they've laughed and played enough,

And told each other their hearts' truth,
 The knight takes his leave of his dame
 To go back to his own land, as he came.
 Sweetly, softly she makes her prayer
 That he'll return often to see her.
 "Lady," he said, "when it's your pleasure!
 I won't let slip a single chance;
 But in your wishing find some measure,
 Or else our ruin you'll advance;
 That old woman's a traitor, all right;
 She'll spy on us both day and night.
 She'll learn of the love between us,
 And tell her lord how she's seen us.
 If it all happens as I've said,
 And we are indeed betrayed,
 I will never be able to fly
 Away again, except to die."

ORLANDO (1928)
by Virginia Woolf

A single feather quivered in the air and fell into the middle of it. Then, some strange ecstasy came over her. Some wild notion she had of following the birds to the rim of the world and flinging herself on the spongy turf and there drinking forgetfulness, while the rooks' hoarse laughter sounded over her. She quickened her pace; she ran; she tripped; the tough heather roots flung her to the ground. Her ankle was broken. She could not rise. But there she lay content. The scent of the bog myrtle and the meadow-sweet was in her nostrils. The rooks' hoarse laughter was in her ears. 'I have found my mate,' she murmured. 'It is the moor. I am nature's bride,' she whispered, giving herself in rapture to the cold embraces of the grass as she lay folded in her cloak in the hollow by the pool. 'Here will I lie. (A feather fell upon her brow.) I have found a greener laurel than the bay. My forehead will be cool always. These are wild birds' feathers--the owl's, the nightjar's. I shall dream wild dreams. My hands shall wear no wedding ring,' she continued, slipping it from her finger. 'The roots shall twine about them. Ah!' she sighed, pressing her head luxuriously on its spongy pillow, 'I have sought happiness through many ages and not found it; fame and missed it; love and not known it; life--and behold, death is better. I have known many men and many women,' she continued; 'none have I understood. It is better that I should lie at peace here with only the sky above me--as the gipsy told me years ago. That was in Turkey.' And she looked straight up into the marvelous golden foam into which the clouds had churned themselves, and saw next moment a track in it, and camels passing in single file through the rocky desert among clouds of red dust; and then, when the camels had passed, there were only mountains, very high and full of clefts and with pinnacles of rock, and she fancied she heard goat bells



ringing in their passes, and in their folds were fields of irises and gentian. So the sky changed and her eyes slowly lowered themselves down and down till they came to the rain-darkened earth and saw the great hump of the South Downs, flowing in one wave along the coast; and where the land parted, there was the sea, the sea with ships passing; and she fancied she heard a gun far out at sea, and thought at first, 'That's the Armada,' and then thought 'No, it's Nelson', and then remembered how those wars were over and the ships were busy merchant ships; and the sails on the winding river were those of pleasure boats. She saw, too, cattle sprinkled on the dark fields, sheep and cows, and she saw the lights coming here and there in farm-house windows, and lanterns moving among the cattle as the shepherd went his rounds and the cowman; and then the lights went out and the stars rose and tangled themselves about the sky. Indeed, she was falling asleep with the wet feathers on her face and her ear pressed to the ground when she heard, deep within, some hammer on an anvil, or was it a heart beating? Tick-tock, tick-tock, so it hammered, so it beat, the anvil, or the heart in the middle of the earth; until, as she listened, she thought it changed to the trot of a horse's hoofs; one, two, three, four, she counted; then she heard a stumble; then, as it came nearer and nearer, she could hear the crack of a twig and the suck of the wet bog in its hoofs. The horse was almost on her. She sat upright. Towering dark against the yellow-slashed sky of dawn, with the plovers rising and falling about him, she saw a man on horseback. He started. The horse stopped.

'Madam,' the man cried, leaping to the ground, 'you're hurt!'

'I'm dead, sir!' she replied.

MONOCHROMING [YELLOW]

Silent choosing of a letter whose now boding presence at the head of a word spells that word as "yellow". Alternate this cipher by reader. Thus, vertigoing at monochrome.

THICKET

A group by cornerswooning. As lined couplets pass the text at felt proximities.

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.

SONG

Song for two voices: resolve adjacently via columns. (L and R, to each her own)

PUNCTUREFOLD [RECLINING]

Elbow and floor. Voice only words poising at the column's lefty perimeter. Retire otherwise into the skim of silent reading. Oscillating and untogethery.

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. Oxy cotton 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 untogethery.

STROBE

Text withdraws (coyly). Reading out loud and together. With con-testing 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.

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 'READERSHIP' AS A WAY TO STIMULATE THE CONTACT ZONES BETWEEN READER AND TEXT, TEXT AND TEXT, READER AND READER. THE APPARENT BOUNDNESS OF THIS READER OWES ITSELF TO MULTIPLE UNDERSTANDINGS OF CULPABILITY; A SPACE FOR TEXTS TO WRAP LIMBS IN AN ARCHITECTURE THAT PERMITS IT. ENCROACHING LIMBS.

THIS READER HAS BEEN GATHERED TO ACCOMPANY A SESSION AT LOUISE DANY (OSLO) ON MAY 3, 2018, WITH SUPPORT FROM KULTURARDET: NORWEGIAN ARTS COUNCIL & KUNSTEN EN ERGOED. PRINTED IN 50 COPIES.

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 'READERSHIP' AS A WAY TO STIMULATE THE CONTACT ZONES BETWEEN READER AND TEXT, TEXT AND TEXT, READER AND READER. THE APPARENT BOUNDNESS OF THIS READER OWES ITSELF TO MULTIPLE UNDERSTANDINGS OF CULPABILITY; A SPACE FOR TEXTS TO WRAP LIMBS IN AN ARCHITECTURE THAT PERMITS IT, ENCROACHING LIMBS.

THIS READER HAS BEEN GATHERED TO ACCOMPANY A SESSION AT LOUISE DANY (OSLO) ON MAY 3, 2018, WITH SUPPORT FROM KULTURRÅDET: NORWEGIAN ARTS COUNCIL & KUNSTEN EN ERFGOED. GRAPHICAL LAYOUT BY HENRY ANDERSEN. TEXTS BY JAMES BALDWIN & YUKIO MISHIMA ARE LAYED OUT USING THE FONT 'FAKES-IMILE' DESIGNED BY DANIEL FROTA. PRINTED IN 50 COPIES.