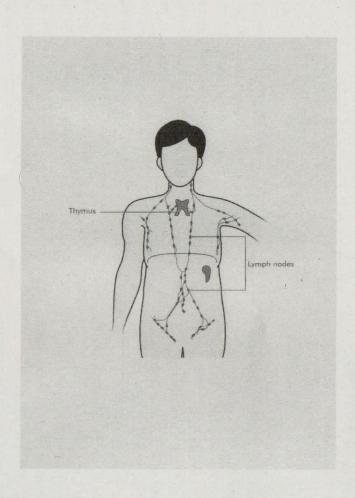


by Virginia Woolf



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 raindarkened 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, shee p 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 bolding presence at the head of a word spells that word as "yellow". Alternate this cipher by reader. Thus, vertigoing at monochrome.

THICKET

lined couplets pass the text at felt ing and untogetherly. proximities.

SKIN ON SKIN WANTING **NOTHING & DESIRING EVERYTHING1**

comfortable touching of skins is vocal chords of the R. Head still in had (e.g.) holding hands, touch- lap, R reads aloud the text. Repeat ing wrists, a desireless finger in and Repeat. Oxycotton noising the navel). Thus, practice alternat- from the wings. Alternating roles is ing between wanting nothing and desiring everything from touch and text alike.

TRIANGLES

Downcast diaphragm, speaklow, graph. 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 leftly perimeter. Retire otherwise into A group by cornerswooning. As the skim of silent reading. Oscillat-

Two roles: reader and listener, in perpendicular relation. L finds a seated position with the R's head While partnered, the mutual, laying in lap. L places hands on the asked, but not insisted.

TWICING

Clad text with its double at the distance of a line. That is, while Suppleclump bodies in threes. reading, speak twice each line. In Architecting the legs at triangles. groups, one reader each her para-

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.

SLOW READING CLUB (SRC) IS A SEMI-FICTION-AL READING GROUP INI-TIATED BY BRYANA FRITZ & HENRY ANDERSEN IN 2017. THE GROUP DEALS IN CONSTRUCTED SITUA-TIONS FOR COLLECTIVE READING. SRC LOOKS AT, PROBES, AND INTER-RUPTS 'READERSHIP' AS A WAY TO STIMULATE THE CONTACT ZONES BETWEEN READER AND TEXT. TEXT AND TEXT. READER AND READER. THE APPARENT BOUND-NESS OF THIS READER OWES ITSELF TO MULTI-PLE UNDERSTANDINGS OF CULPABILITY; A SPACE FOR TEXTS TO WRAP LIMBS IN AN ARCHITEC-TURE THAT PERMITS IT. ENCROACHING LIMBS.

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