



# HOW TO

BECOME A BODY DOUBLE



**UNE REVUE BILINGUE  
FOR FORK TONGUED FOLK**



**DQ**

Collection Dear Queer



HOW TO BECOME A BODY DOUBLE est une revue créée par les membres et collaboratrices-teurs de The Cheapest University / is a magazine created by the members and collaborators of The Cheapest University.

HOW TO BECOME A BODY DOUBLE dérive des workshops d'écriture & traductions / derives from the writing & translations workshops : HOW TO BECOME A LESBIAN organisés par / organized by sabrina soyer (<http://thecheapestuniversity.org/programme/how-to-become-a-lesbian/>)

The Cheapest University est une école expérimentale créée par des artistes / is an experimental school created by artists.

DQ Press est une maison d'édition à but non-lucratif fondée par les membres de The Cheapest University / is a non-profit publishing house founded by the members of The Cheapest University.

The Cheapest University  
Association à but non-lucratif / Non-profit organisation  
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Carreau du Temple  
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**DQ**

DQ Press  
Collection Dear Queer  
Imprimé à 150 exemplaires en Italie  
Août 2017

# BITE MY ERROR

sabrina soyer

- Sweetbitter -

*Eros loosener of limbs once again trembles me,  
a sweetbitter beast irrepressibly creeping in*

Sappho fragment 130, Willis Barnstone's translation

Lately I got the idea I could become a translator. The idea was mine – of course it was, I think I is the only one to see a *trait* in the fact that the mistakes I make, even in my own language, are not intentional – but I was helped by a friend, Alicia who, being a professional translator, is always happy to tease her work with such ideas as : “A translator is someone who should never take the water out of the pasta.” And right away I go “excellent” with Alicia ‘cause these pastas was really something I knew, like the flavor of my education. My grandma when she was cooking pasta, she never threw away the water but poured me a glass, and she did the same with the water from boiled vegetables. One day I left some bread on the side of my plate, another day she makes pain-perdu, thus, nothing ever appeared on this table as a simple “state” and each day I shared a meal with her, everything around my plate was like turning. I think it was both a habit from her poor background and her sly wink to fluid mechanics.

“A translator would serve you the pasta / the shape of the casserole / the boiling water / the heat of the flame and the mood of the location, did you understand?” Alicia Vaisse went on until I agreed that a translator was a person preoccupied with experimental cooking. Another friend said to me you should just call them, tell them about your projects you know Rivage, Christian Bourgois, Actes sud, all those guys they have money but I am pretty sure they would be open for spontaneous proposals, you should just call them, go franco.

From the desk of my bed I make phone calls I gather papers excerpts of translated poems I lately did I'm writing in french and in english to people I don't even know their faces I type letters starting with their last names and ending with mine. I stay polite, I'm not a translator I'm a poet can I talk to the person in charge of your american stuff? I'm sorry could you tell me, again, who you are? I wish you, sincerely, distinguished satisfactions. Maybe a little paluchage to give myself more content, then licking the glue before I can change my mind I'm at the post office with unwashed hands.

Clothes like the other have invaded my room, claiming this convenience of her tongue in my mouth skimming the error. I don't own the skills to translate her, I was called to, since over the entrance of her grammar school is a veil, hanging, as a cloak of error.

When I started to translate Lisa Robertson in my french I felt very concerned by the way she abuses rhetorical and philosophical words, and her sleazy latin. *I simply tug and vend and strum at pacts secundum signa quibbling litteris in commodo. sit poetica stupid with words past their sweet-arsed date.* Sina Queyras said that a Robertson sentence rarely ends up where you think it's going to at the outset. And I experienced the unpredictable trajectory of Lisa's sentences as she herself refers to the word Clinamen and my knee bumps into the angle of a chair. I'm stupid against angles. A winding and unpredictable path is a sentence in the french dictionary to define Error. The etymology refers to Error : to rove, to err. This winding brook with its lovely errors, further, Ulysse's love for long travels like extended errors. To be in error: to be in motion, to wander around.

As I've launched the first workshop related to Robertson's writings at The Cheapest University, I presented to the group Early Education, one of the two poems I was translating. One of the things maybe I like the most in this poem, is how the name “dominant” is called upon 14 times, while the caller “I” in the text - is the only capital letter, calling and begging as a lustful saint. I thought it was a good point to start the discussion with the group, about Lisa's poetry and about her use of the Pronoun.

Then I proposed to discuss translation following what I did with her poem, and what the poem did to me just as much. Think about what translation does, its authority, its authority, and its limits. How translation can become a poem, an experimental project of

writing allowing misreading, misunderstanding, obsession, embodiment – the unclear. I said come with a translation you did or didn't but want to read out loud.

Nightmare: smell of rotting curved wood, mess of stairs and corners but you can only turn right. White painted walls seeping wood and fat into backing seeping urine infiltrations from the tiles to the ceiling stalactites of urine are making stalagmites of urine and flux sucking in and out of my baggy suit like liquids cocks, liquid doesn't rape I can't complain about what isn't hard fingers like ideas and the acrid thoughts cause they did it in their pants, when hands on the curved and wood already red. Geneva.

I'm a student in the fine art school where one of my texts is a cretin, drifting and full of malapropism's piece. The reader is an artist and my thesis supervisor. His name is Pierre and it is something. The fact that I'm using the genre of the essay to create paths toward prose poetry obviously helps my reader to establish the common sense of his critics. His first point is my grammar, bad but florid as I imagine baroque era's text messages would be written. I've got like sentences containing three different subjects and I'm making verbs from nouns. If you really want to switch subjects in the middle of your sentence he says, know your conjugations. I say OK Pierre, would you help me to know it? He goes on, I think there is nothing poetic in your use of one word in place of another, moreover when it appears to be less a gesture than a bad habit. As harsh as a stone. But Pierre, have you never used a ballpoint as a dildo? Clearly I never said that I was mortified, anyway, he was a gay man and would have never had to deal with objects and design the same way I have I mean, his gayness was less the point, call this holy sake of meat call this history of DESIGNATION.

"A translator is like a two-way mirror, visible only to protect the integrity of the existence of a foreign language. A translator is neither subjective, neither objective, he is no one but a vessel, but no one can only be a vessel. So a translator is a performer trying his best to be enough of someone." I really love the way Vaisse describes her task and the kind of images she uses, and she is able to switch pronoun speaking of her work, trying to be enough of a he, maybe. I'm having mixed feelings about the neither subjective / neither objective ideal which leads me to a kind of theater where *The Mission Of Translation* would be played. I will argue that it has to be subjective in the sense that I don't believe anyone owns a language, especially if this language is French for example. I will argue that you have to be prepared to have a kind of sexual act in unexpected holes of your body with the irreducible otherness and the torrid insufficiency of the author's holes and humps in the room. Translation is obscene. You won't believe the scale of this obscenity surrounding us.

Henri Meschonnic in his book *Poétique du traduire* describes the relationship between Europe's formation and the effacement of the act of translating. Like how this continent we call Europe is actually based on translation and from translations which efface their effacements. "Only Europe is a continent of translation, in the sense that the great foundational texts are translations, and are such only in translation, and the great translations are firstly those of the sacred texts. The New Testament—Alliance in Greek—is a translation, whose substratum, long supposed to be Aramaic, itself concealed the Hebrew of which it was made, as is shown in its word-games."<sup>1</sup> This so-called transparency of the translation and of the body of the translator is, according to Henri, a more or less conscious and gentle tradition of the "vivre ensemble" on the only clear condition of the effacement of the alterity, of the other.

I'm in my desk searching for Robertson's words inside of my viscosity. While trying to translate because the present is not articulate, which is causing me trouble, I'm having the sensation of clothes or shreds of fabric walking / falling through my room. I have no idea what Lisa would dress like, we have never really met before, but she may well wear clothes. Is this her or is there something / someone else in here? Something in my back is weaving in the air hooking on nothing but the air itself. I'm feeling that in order to translate her words, I must admit the fact that clothes have been invented to make a body move. As does hers. When I was translating Eileen Myles for the past issue of *How to become*, it was different. She wasn't wearing clothes. But she was making noises with her food. The noise of her fangs hitting this or that. I was searching for the marks of her nibbles to determine which kind of food she was eating. And what would she choose at the supermarket and everything. I know it sounds like an equation with, at least, two unknowns: the kind of food / the marks of her nibbles, but her words were here as an in-between of sound and print in my mind. When I was translating Eileen I was in my room with me inside-above her stomach and it was almost just that. I never expected to have more than two bodies, including myself, in my room, at my desk, in my bed, I've never had group sex. Not that I remember. Lisa gave me a hint in one of her emails without maybe thinking, on her side, that it could be taken as a hint or a bait. She wrote: *The funny thing about your choice of Early Education is that it was written as an experiment in translation of Augustine's Confessions. I imagined that I was, or was channelling Kathy Acker as I translated. I thought that quite likely Kathy Acker would use masturbation as part of her translation technique. At least that is what the augustine text instructed me to do.* Oh merde. What does Early Education make me to do again? And again?

<sup>1</sup>. Anthony Pym's translation.

Right hand on my intimate heart's part, left hand on my cunt, I'm googling Saint Augustin:

“Je ne serais donc point, mon Dieu, je ne serais point du tout si vous n'étiez en moi. Que dis-je ? je ne serais point si je n'étais en vous, « de qui, par qui et en qui toutes choses sont » (...) Où donc vous appelé-je, puisque je suis en vous ? D'où viendrez-vous en moi ? car où me retirer hors du ciel et de la terre, pour que de là vienne en moi mon Dieu qui a dit : « C'est moi qui remplis le ciel et la terre ? Êtes-vous donc contenu par le ciel et la terre, parce que vous les remplissez ? ou les remplissez-vous, et reste-t-il encore de vous, puisque vous n'en êtes pas contenu ? Et où répandez-vous, hors du ciel et de la terre, le trop plein de votre être ? Mais avez-vous besoin d'être contenu, vous qui contenez tout, puisque vous n'emplissez qu'en contenant ?”

This is a free french version of the text Wikipedia put online. The translator is Louis Morreau from 1864 and there is nothing I can find about him ALL Google is blind. I thought: reading this text is like playing with the substance of embodiment itself. With the syntax I'm struggling to not lose the thread between verb and subject regarding who is who when this who isn't a what that isn't here but there. This text is clearly queer I thought. As if everything / everyone is turning. And the reader is turning too, this text wants to TURN on you. Maybe this queer use of the “I” I experienced through my reading was one of the reasons why Robertson would have Acker in her clothes when she took Augustine. She's writing: *I'm thinking of girls saying I in novels, (...) I was the only human to ever say we*. She wrote “you reminded me of who I prefer to be”. She said she never met Kathy but once she slept in her bed which is in a sort of acker shrine in the basement of Vanessa Place in LA. She said the fact that Acker existed gave her great hope for the future of girlhood, she said she is happy that now younger writers have found their way to her. When I discovered Acker's works I was already 29 or 30, yet I was only able to find a french translation of *The Black Tarantula* in bookstores and libraries in Paris. At that time I was actually establishing myself in Paris and I went broke so fast that I forgot about Acker or ANY other books to buy. Dear Lisa, I never met Kathy Acker too. In fact, I don't know that much of her work. The only bite I've had was *Childlike life of the black tarantula* by the black tarantula. I really loved it. I forgot now why I didn't buy some more of her books. I want to read her more now, and Bob Glück too and also everything I can find about the use of anonymity in the french medieval poetry but I'm broke. All January my CB card was locked and I experienced the world transforming into signal.

I'm a school in a body called the cheapest university.

I want to bring something Acker in my workshops. I've read while reading Bob Glück that Acker translated chunks of Pierre Guyotat's *Éden, Éden, Éden* in *Great expectations*. And there are all those stories about Acker being accused of plagiarism though she was doing it wrongly, omitting words, substituting others, doing obvious errors in her copying process. Baby Plagia. Since my bank account started to recover I'm still VERY INTO Robertson but I want I feel I need something Acker, so I'm calling the San Francisco book & co in Paris, looking for *Great Expectations*. The guy on the phone says of course we have that. I say ok don't move I'm here please keep it far from other's hands here in one hour ! Sure he says, smiling through the phone, but then he slapped the counter with a Charles Dickens book when I arrived. Oh, I'm very sorry, that's not what I was asking for, I think I said, “Sir”. But that's *Great expectations*, I think he said, “Miss”. “Indeed, but the one from Acker, you know, Kathy Acker. You might know her, she was living in San Francisco too! He said we don't have that kind of stuff here. And then all the American Nations in Paris that I called told me they don't have THAT BOOK. I can hear them now screaming all together: “Kathy isn't here – go to Amazonia!

Education: I'm a body in a school called junior high school.

I need a story because the teacher wants us to write NEW stuff. It has to be about animals, with animals, something like a tale with animals. I have no idea, no animals around me except my father. I feel soft in the head. I feel my head is a stomach inside of my sex and I'm in love with my teacher. I'm in love with

what happens

her words when she speaks.

between

I want her to like what I wrote to like me so that maybe she will invite me to her house. I need inspiration so I go to the library. I choose a book, I read just one tale, and I think it is good enough so I copy it. The only thing I've changed is the boy, the main character, I've decided it will be a girl so my teacher would think it is realistic, as if it is my own story. The story is “Le Langage des

bêtes". It is the story of a very clever girl whose father wants her to become intelligent so he sends her to a school and about a month later, he asked her "what did you learn at school?" And she said she learnt how to speak with animals. And the father gets angry because he thinks that it is a lie, that she is tricking him, that she's good for nothing so he wants to get rid of her. Thus, he pays a poor neighbor to kill her in the woods and asks him to come back with her heart, as proof. But the poor neighbor eventually pities her, he can't do it and he doesn't and the girl escapes. The neighbor brought back the heart of a deer to the father and the girl, with her skill of understanding every beast on earth, became a Popess.

My teacher really likes my story, she's deeply looking at me now, maybe she wants me, a little bit. A week later I saw a book on her desk, it was my book, I mean, the book I read. She asked me to stay after class with her black-red eyes.

I'm listening to a reading of Dodie Bellamy Digging through Kathy Acker's stuff because it is free, and it is so good. Dodie made me cry right inside my stomach, bombarding me with memories of a girl I can and cannot cry over. Her text enlarged the apparatus of my doubt, my craving and my fear for ectoplasms. Even more so when she gets pragmatic : Kathy's friends removing the piercing on a dead Acker's cunt before cremation. Digging through Kathy's clothes, Bellamy went home with a Gaultier dress, gets food poisoning, cuts her finger with a sharp knife and then her dry cleaning gets stolen from the trunk of her car, and she cannot wash the dress, and as the dress is put on hold, objects in her house start to go MISSING. I'm opening a little jewelry box where my grandma's dental crowns have been placed, since she also chose the flames.

This is my entire inheritance from her. She was speaking sicilian and a bit of algerian but she never wanted to pass it through her children and grandchildren. She wanted us to be adapted. To be good french girls and boys to marry, whereas she hated men and loved god. But her french was as broken and glittering as her damaged teeth, and she spent a big part of her life trying to be adapted, being a housekeeper. Mamie en cire. Fingers like a cuddle touching the bright remnants of the obvious western failure, the adorable misery just as the soft of her skin inflated by the ornamental formaldehyde, keeping the impossible bird of her soul, yet so colorful, in a sallow pose. Closing the box: "I love your nowhere."

Moving towards my kitchen watching out for each angle each corner my knees want to go bang. I need to EAT.

My translation project turns my body into nothing like need but craving extravagance of slimy products: mung bean noodles, wakame salad, salmon roe, raw fish and raw meat, soft boiled eggs, HOLOTHURIANS. I still don't have any answers to the letters I sent to the editors, but I don't wait. I'm not a person with great expectations.

The night job I've had for almost three years in a hotel is going to stop I decided, exhausted. So the money is going to zero again, soon. I should ask Lisa for some tips about the school she created called HOW CAN I LIVE. As a night receptionist in my hotel I'm a creature of the night, but a lazy one. I haven't written my Shining, I watch horror movies to keep me scared-awake. I rob the fridges each night searching for their most luxurious food, around 3 am I have an hour to kill sweeping the restaurant and that's how I came to listen to poets more and more, on their High-Fidelity system. That's where I discovered Lucite.

Lucite is a poem by Robertson, first published in a New Narrative anthology where Lisa Robertson + Dodie Bellamy + Kathy Acker + Bob Glück + Eileen Myles + many others were brought together, under the name Biting The Error.

Lucite starts like this: "Sit us on Lucite gently and we will tell you how knowledge came to us", and then it goes to the mud and the putrefaction and the lust and "jewelled stuff like ferrets" and it smells bad until "just the one vowel" appears.

It took me a while to understand Lucite. I mean I don't think I was really thinking or trying to. I was listening to it, over and over I've been living with it like a pet I got used to it and start to make sense with its sounds and its moves. If the question of a poem is what does it do, the question of its translation is always HOW, according to Meschonnic. The duration of the poem is about 3'30, almost like a pop song. But I really thought Lucite was a pet because it sounds like the name of a horse or something, doesn't it?

Lisa, from the watchman's chair of my hotel. Because that's what it's called when it's dark: my walls, my dark, my fancy blue tiled floor and my broom, I'm eating oysters since the guests are sucking the night and if I find a pearl it will be mine.

I'm not tired. Spreading bread for mice the waiters want to kill at day, I'm wondering if Lucite is kind of the android's mare of Lucrece.

I thought that On the Nature of Things by Lucretius on which Lisa wrote many things, was the inspiration, or at least, the parasite of Lucite. But I was wrong she said she went deeply into Lucretius later on. I would say that On the Nature of Things is the pedagogic poem per excellence. Lucretius sings in it, trying to explain the principles of atomism, the materiality of the mind, the soul, the thought, desire, trying to explain the development of the whole earth and its phenomena in singing. Then, after he tells you all you



need to know about the way things are, he ends the poem with the best gore description of the plague in Cecrops.

Not only have I learnt about atoms, vomit, storms, diseases, sperm, desire and love reading Lucretius, I experienced his poetry as a convincing example of what Aristotle intended for the arts: the most human way to know.

“On the eighth return of the great light, or at most, the ninth appearance of it flash, they would all greet the night forever into their flesh. And if one of them, sometimes, rose above the death, inky stuff from his guts by any holes would pour, ulcers like insects inside bowels go wreathe, and once languor settled it sweet, death was at the door. Or else, often with brain torture, a stream of corrupted blood flowed out of filled nostrils, and flowed with it all the men power, flowed the whole fluids of his body like a river. He who was spared this fierce flow of putrid blood, ill would pounce on his nerves, his bones and even, sometimes, on his genitals. Some, in the very fear to consider the truth of the corpse, get rid with the sword of their favorite parts, and yet the hand on the crotch can no longer testify, eventually, but not always, the rest of the man survives.”

As a member of The Cheapest University, I feel concerned with the way fine arts schools and the art world conform to serious assignments, such as: the production of knowledge. Fine arts schools in Europe presume to produce artists, looking out my window I see pigeon droppings produce knowledge. I'm kissing against the glass of intelligence minus cynicism. I'm not great at cynicism, looking out my window deep, I am.

Lately, I read some ACADEMONIA from Bellamy and brought it into the workshop to discuss Crimes against genres. I brought the book because I'm also thinking that a critic of translation can embody a critic of transmission in an epistemological perspective. The book opens with a quote from Elizabeth Grosz I discovered with such excitement I'm a dog rolling over his back rubbing against something underneath the grass. Just a quick digression here, I read that for most dogs, rolling on their back has long been believed to be a sign of submission. But then a new study has come along titled: “Down but not out: Supine postures as facilitators of play in domestic dogs” and it tells more or less that dogs are no more or maybe not only interested in submission when they roll over. They are just dogs. To read Dodie Bellamy makes me feel like a dog and I don't, I can't know why. Maybe she reminds me of who I prefer to be.

I think there is nothing humiliating about feeling like a dog I think I mean I read that humiliation has something to do with humility, I feel concerned about it. There's this everythingness with the dogs, they want something. They don't work they do research, sometimes they sit. But what do dogs know? Do we know dogs like what they know? Maybe like some poets: they don't, or at some point they do but it is not the point. The point is that they can bite.

“If systems of policing, the police, are everywhere, then the point is to make our own work, our practices, as free from such policing as possible, not because unrestrained thought or action is always right (quite the contrary) but because, under scrupulous policing, nothing new can be produced, except perhaps evasions. Indeed the right to make mistakes and to be wrong is just as important—perhaps more so—than the right to be accorded the status of knowledge.”

Discussing ACADEMONIA with participants of the workshop we came to discuss the form of the workshop itself. François came up with the idea that learning and studying are different things and that as long as we are not students but people gathering inside the same space, there will always be a risk that relationships get intense and ideas go crazy. The idea of learning said François, which implies relationships with all its forms of intensities, is far away from what the art world produces and from what fine art schools somehow prepare us for : commodification of relationships.

François sometimes seems depressed and I like to join him on François' boat. François Lancien-Guilberteau and I met about 3 years ago in an art residency secluded in the french countryside. The first day he came to me asking you want to see a movie tonight? I looked at the plastic sleeve in his twice-as-large hands: Angst<sup>2</sup> — the face of a hellish man covered with blood, yelling as a crazy unprofessional ripper. “The crucial home invasion, we can guarantee you'll never, ever forget.” Sounds à-propos I said to François, he slipped the digital versatile disc into the impenetrable mouth of the machine.

After 10 years in jail for having murdered a 70-year-old woman, the killer, released, goes straight to the first open diner to find someone, anyone, to kill. A waitress serves him a sausage which he eats, bare hands, mouth ripping the meat full mouthed while looking at girls smoking at the bar. “I was on it, I immediately imagined the greatest things, but everyone in the coffee shop would have heard us. That is not a good opportunity”. He left, took a cab and planned to strangle the female cab driver. While he's

stretching a shoelace around his fingers the cab driver, who saw the threat coming, turned her head back to shout at him WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?! Caught red-handed he jumped, tangled his own hands around the shoelace, nearly fell on the floor as he tried to run out the cab, running fast in no direction like a baby whose spleen had been removed.

By chance, he found the “perfect house”, isolated, with a girl, her mother and their handicapped brother / son living there. Well, the killer takes action falling down on his victims, ground-creeping with their bodies, dropping his knife, losing control in controlling them. The murder scenes are extremely long and scowling due to disorganized hand-to-hand with his victims.

But it all went too fast, the girl, who was supposed to suffer the most in the killer’s mind, tried to escape. He can now only rape her dead body ‘cause he stabs her 23 times to stop her from running away.

As all the ideals and esthetic’s plans of the killer failed one by one into rushed butchery, I felt François’ company was weird enough to be good. Our two distant and versatile bodies absorbing silently the asymmetric shared space, this weirdness, I promise, I’ll never, ever forget.

# SOME

BITE MY ERROR INTRO

sabrina soyer

# HAIR

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*NO MATTER WHO  
YOU ARE,  
NO MATTER HOW  
CERTAIN YOU ARE OF  
IT, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT  
FEEL THE THRILL  
OF BEING SOME  
ONE ELSE.*

Dionne Brand







# KATHY ACKER EST POSSÉDÉE PAR UN ITALIEN

(extrait de *NOUS VIVRONS*)

Claire Finch

« Pendant la peste on ne savait pas si on allait vivre ou mourir, mais on savait comment produire du plaisir, dit Kathy Acker.

« À Florence, ville la plus belle et la plus noble, le plaisir a toujours suivi la mort. Ceci comme un moucheron suit la pêche tellement mûre qu'elle explose contre les lèvres du premier fils du marchand qui le mord.

Un conte sur la mort qui date d'avant la peste : Un homme fait l'amour à une fille et ses frères le tuent. Ils disent que c'était pour défendre l'honneur de leur sœur mais en réalité c'était parce que le frère cadet voulait tester sa nouvelle épée contre quelque chose de plus large que le teckel de la famille. Lorsque la sœur apprend les nouvelles de son feu amant, elle exhume son corps. Elle passe quelques heures allongée sur le corps puis elle essaie de le tirer par les chevilles jusqu'à chez elle, pour le garder dans son lit. Trouvant que le corps entier est trop lourd, elle tranche la tête et l'emballe dans des haillons. De retour à la maison, elle s'enferme dans sa chambre et parle à la tête. Les frères l'entendent, et deviennent soupçonneux alors la fille cache la tête dans le pot de basilic qui est sur le rebord de sa fenêtre. Tous les jours elle parle à son pot de basilic. Elle l'arrose seulement avec ses larmes et avec l'eau de rose. Elle refuse de se nourrir de toute alimentation sauf le basilic, et en peu de temps elle meurt. Le plaisir qui suit : la fille n'a jamais goûté du basilic plus aromatique, plus charnu.

Un conte sur la mort de pendant la peste : Peu de temps après la mort de la fille, la ville entière est accablée par la maladie. Les habitants de la maison ont jeté le pot par la fenêtre. Parce que tous les servants qui s'occupent des ordures sont morts, le pot et le basilic restent dans la rue. À côté du pot est un tas de haillons. La contagion de la peste est telle que lorsque deux cochons viennent et, comme est leur habitude, ils grignotent dans les haillons, pas deux secondes après ils noircissent et tombent. Ils sont morts comme des clous.

Le plaisir qui suit : le frère cadet qui est le seul survivant de la famille retourne chez lui et trouve sa porte bloquée par le tas des cadavres et détritiques qui, deux jours étant passés, comprend actuellement le pot de basilic avec sa tête, les deux cochons, la boulangère et son fils, le teckel de la famille, l'alcoolique et sa dernière femme. Quand le frère cadet donne un coup de pied au tas rien ne bouge mais sur le tout s'élève le parfum fort du basilic frais.

Le parfum du basilic flotte autour des maisons et des bûchers, et pénètre enfin à l'intérieur de l'église où sont rassemblées sept nobles filles vêtues des habits noirs.

Les sept filles soupirent. Une d'entre elles, Pampinée, arrête enfin de soupire pour prendre la parole.

— Je ne sais pas si c'est la même chose chez vous, mais je sais que quand je rentre le soir chez moi et ne trouve personne d'autre que mes servantes, j'ai tellement peur que j'ai du mal à apprécier mon repas.

Neifile répond,

— Pourquoi restons-nous dans la ville, où nous sommes entourées que par les servantes qui nous restent et les tristes souvenirs de nos morts. Il vaut mieux se réfugier dans

nos villas de campagne, dont nous possédons chacune plusieurs.

— Il est vrai qu'ici, ajoute Emilia, il ne nous reste comme voisins que les citoyens qui, ne craignant plus la mort ou la loi, passent leurs journées dans les vices les plus noirs.

Maintenant c'est le tour de Lauretta, qui soupire et dit :

— Chaque jour mes circonstances me contraignent à voir au minimum une partouze, et les participants ont oublié de s'occuper de leur hygiène dans leur hâte de vivre leurs derniers plaisirs.

— Et les plaisirs sont bien leurs derniers, dit Fiametta, malheureusement ça fait plus qu'une fois que j'ai vu un amant qui, ayant pris son dernier souffle au moment du climax, tombe inanimé tandis que ses partenaires, aveugle à sa détresse, continuent à prendre leur plaisir de son corps.

Philomène devient de plus en plus rose au fil de l'histoire de Fiametta. À ces derniers mots, elle laisse échapper un petit cri et humecte ses lèvres avec sa langue. Elle dit :

— Le problème, c'est que nous ne pouvons pas espérer réussir notre voyage armées seulement de notre pauvre compagnie féminine. Comme nous le savons toutes, et intimement, les femmes sont faibles, inquiètes, soupçonneuses, pourvues que de certains organes, craintives et naturellement peureuses.

À quel point Elise répond,

— Les hommes sont les chefs des femmes. Il ne nous sera guère possible de faire rien de bon, ni de ferme, si nous sommes privées de leur secours.

Lorsqu'elle termine sa phrase, la porte de l'église s'ouvre et entrent trois jeunes hommes : Pamfilo, Filostrato et Dionéo. Tous les trois sont nobles, bien faits, et parents divers des sept filles.

— Demandez et dieu vous donnera, dit Pampinée, et raconte leur conversation aux trois hommes.

— Il est vrai que les paysans meurent comme les nobles, dit Pamfilo, mais comme ils habitent plus dispersés, on en verra moins, et nous serons d'autant moins tristes.

Avec ces paroles les dix jeunes florentins partent chercher leurs servants et préparer leurs bagages.

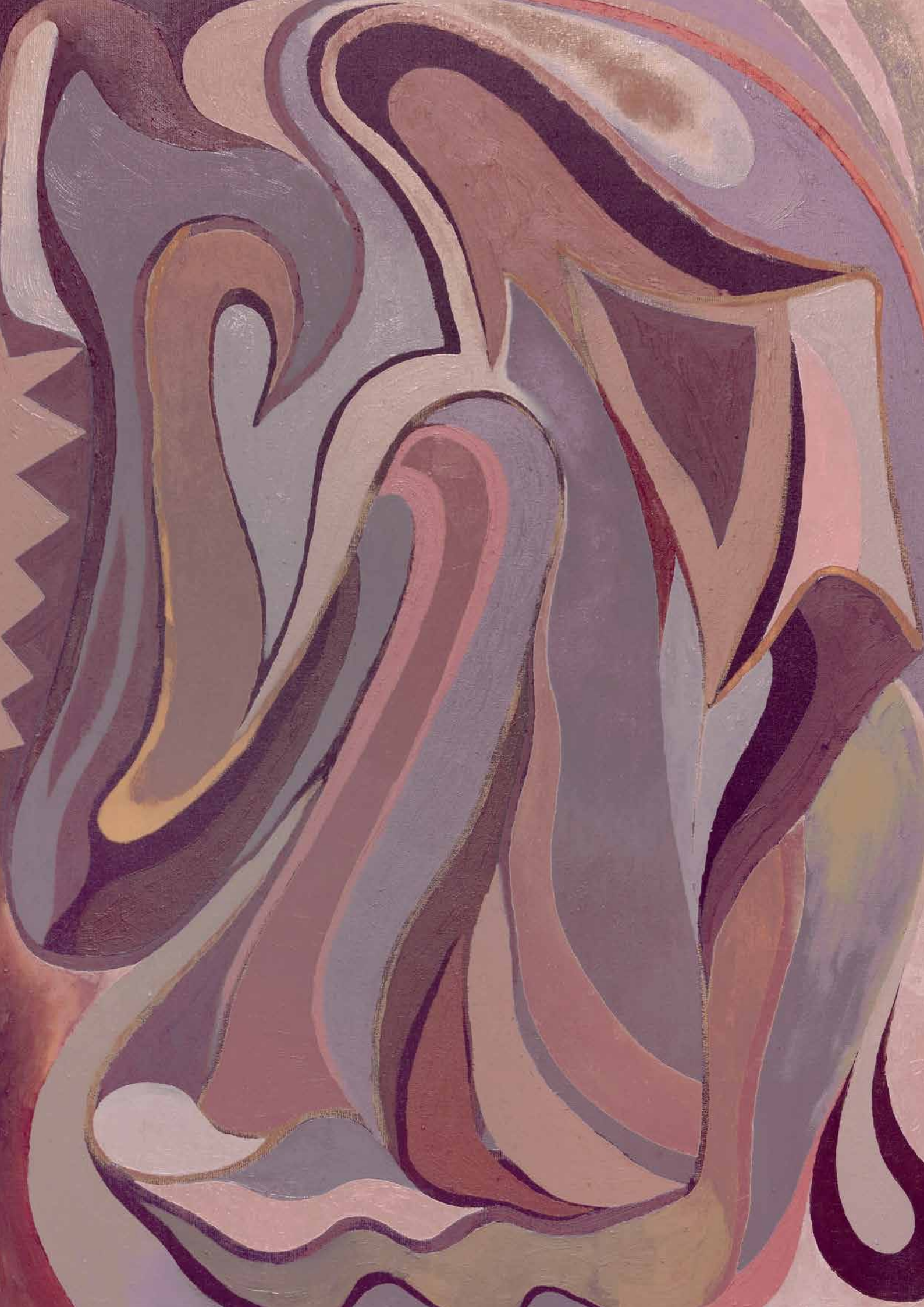
Quand ils arrivent à la villa la plus proche de Florence, ils envoient d'abord une servante pour voir l'état de la maison. Celle-ci trouve la maison remplie de cadavres alors la gaie bande la laisse, afin qu'elle puisse enterrer les ossements des nobles et garder sa contagion pour elle-même.

Ils voyagent comme cela de villa en villa, cherchant une demeure non-atteinte par la peste, envoyant leurs servants en avance et les perdant aussitôt. Heureusement, quand il ne reste que six servants en tout, le nombre nécessaire pour répandre le foin parfumé sur le sol et préparer les repas, le groupe trouve une villa magnifique et sans aucun cadavre.

Dans le jardin de la villa se trouve une fontaine au centre de laquelle est une sirène. Elle a des seins en place des écailles et de sa bouche gicle de l'eau fraîche et pure avec un goût herbacé. Autour de la fontaine sont des orangers des cerisiers des pommiers des pêchers qui ne supportent à peine leur fruit, tellement il est mûr. Néanmoins tous les arbres gardent quelques fleurs pour qu'on ne soit pas obligé de préférer la langue aux yeux ou aux narines. Pampinée, après avoir bu de la fontaine, court au laurier et tisse une couronne de ses branches. Elle déclare que puisque aucune société ne peut survivre sans autorité, chaque jour un nouveau membre de leur compagnie servira comme souverain. Le Roi ou la Reine aurait une autorité bien sûr, elle précise, sans bornes, et sera chargé des divertissements. Même avant qu'elle puisse mettre la couronne sur sa propre tête les autres l'élisent d'un vote unanime, et commence le règne de Pampinée.

Elle commande à ses sujets de dîner et ils dînent. Elle commande à ses sujets de manger encore et ils mangent encore. Elle commande à ses sujets de lécher leurs assiettes et ils lèchent leurs assiettes. Après le dîner Dionéo, observant les ordres de la Reine prend un luth, qu'il caresse des doigts pratiqués. Fiametta prend un violoncelle, qu'elle tient entre ses cuisses. La Reine et toute la compagnie dansent au son de ces instruments. Les exercices suivent la danse, et toute la compagnie suit avec bonheur les fantômes de leur Souveraine, tel étant la règle du règne, jusqu'à ce que Pampinée juge à propos de reposer.

Chacun se retire dans sa chambre et se jette sur un lit parsemé de roses. »



# CHARLOTTE HOUETTE

François Lancien-Guilberteau

(Dans un bar, près de la Sorbonne, vers minuit, au milieu de l'hiver.)

Lui : Voilà, ça enregistre. (Un temps. Beaucoup de bruits de fond : des verres qui s'entrechoquent, des rires, des cris de supporters. Près d'eux, des allemands ivres parlent très fort. Leurs voix tentent de couvrir le bruit.) J'ai fait une erreur de mise en scène. J'aurais dû choisir un bar avant...

Elle : Pourquoi ? Il y a trop de bruit ?

Lui : Non, ce n'est pas ça... On a marché ensemble entre le cinéma et le bar, et il y avait comme une gêne... Je me forçais à ne rien dire... J'aurais dû te donner rendez-vous dans un bar et t'attendre, plutôt que de venir te chercher à la sortie. Au moins, on aurait commencé directement...

Le serveur : Bonsoir...

Elle : Bonsoir ! Tu veux quoi ?

Lui : Je ne sais pas... Et toi ?

Le serveur : Vous voulez une carte peut-être ?

Ensemble : Oui, s'il vous plaît.

(Un temps, pendant lequel ils regardent la carte.)

Lui : Je vais prendre... Un chocolat chaud. Non ! Un thé glacé !

Elle : Tu vas avoir froid, non ?

Lui : Non, en fait une tisane.

Elle : Ah oui moi aussi.

(Un temps.)

Elle : Il vient d'où cet enregistreur ?

Lui : Je l'ai loué tout à l'heure.

Elle : Ah oui ?

Lui : Tu n'as pas trop pleuré pendant le film ?

Elle : Si quand même, c'était triste... Mais pas quand il meurt à la fin... La fin est quand même un peu... (Elle rit.) Quelle mort stupide !

Lui : Il se comporte très bizarrement... Ça fait très faux...

Elle : Comme s'il savait qu'il allait mourir... On se doute de ce qu'il va se passer.

Lui : C'est une clôture... On dirait que le personnage s'extrait du récit pour clore le film...

Elle : Ouais, ouais... (Elle baille.) C'est où les boissons chaudes sur la carte ? Sinon, il y a du lait chaud au miel, du vin chaud à la cannelle, un grog au rhum...

Lui : Non merci, pas pour moi...

Elle : En même temps, un lait chaud au miel... Allez, je prends ça. Et toi, camomille ou verveine menthe ?

Lui : Verveine menthe.

Elle : Alors, quelles sont tes questions ? Tu n'en as peut-être pas...

Lui : Non, je n'en ai pas... J'avais surtout envie de parler du film.

(Un temps.)

Elle : Ouais... Ouais, c'est touchant, après... Après, oui, ce qui m'a le plus touché dans ce film... (Elle déplace l'enregistreur.) On est obligé de garder ça sur la table, comme ça ? Si je le mets là, je pense que ça enregistrera très bien. Là c'est trop voyant... Non, ce qui m'a plus dans le film... Déjà, l'acteur te ressemblait ! (Elle rit.)

Lui : Tu trouves ?

Elle : Un peu, non ? Il était beau... Et Klaus Kinski est très bien. Il est parfait en SS.

Lui : Ça doit être un de ses premiers rôles.

Elle : Il est pas si jeune que ça, je ne crois pas que ce soit un de ses premiers rôles. Je l'avais déjà vu plus jeune dans d'autres films... (Un temps.) On ne réalise pas ce que c'est de vivre à cette époque. On est emmêlés dans nos soucis et on a tendance à oublier... Quand je nous compare aux personnages du film, nos frustrations, nos tristesses semblent absurdes... Heureusement que le cinéma existe, pour nous ramener certaines choses à la mémoire.

Le serveur : Je vous écoute.

Lui : Une verveine.

Elle : Un grog s'il vous plaît.

Le serveur : Très bien.

Elle : Et aussi, ce qui m'a marqué, c'est le rapport au temps. Durant ses deux semaines de permission, il a le temps de trouver l'amour, de se marier et de faire un enfant. Il n'a pas le temps d'avoir peur... Mes grands-

parents c'était pareil, et mes parents aussi d'ailleurs. C'est fou à quel point les choses ont changé...

Lui : J'adore les discussions entre les soldats à la caserne. Elles portent toujours sur le nombre de jours de permission qu'il reste, et comment les utiliser. On dirait qu'ils sont en train de parier... Ils utilisent le temps qui leur est accordé de manière très stratégique.

Elle : Oui, on devrait réapprendre à utiliser notre temps... Mais peut-être qu'on réapprend à utiliser son temps quand on a un vrai travail ?

Lui : Tu crois ça ?

Elle : Non, peut-être pas... Avec le temps qu'il reste, on se repose.

Lui : Quand le travail est vécu comme une souffrance...

Elle : Enfin... Les souffrances auxquelles on assiste dans le film sont incomparables avec les nôtres.

Lui : Tu crois ? Peut-être... J'ai été marqué par certaines images. Déjà, la fleur qui pousse sur les décombres.

Elle : Oui, l'arbre bombardé.

Lui : Oui.

Elle : Et puis le début du film aussi... Et la fin, avec le visage dans l'eau...

Lui : Et il y a le visage dans la glace au début !

Elle : Oui, et la main dans la neige... C'est toi qui m'avait parlé de la scène du visage dans la glace, avec la larme qui fond ?

Lui : Oui, quand on buvait un verre avec Benjamin... Je crois qu'une des raisons pour lesquelles j'ai voulu t'interviewer après que tu aies vu le film, c'est que... Il y a tellement d'images qui m'ont marqué... Ça m'a poussé à faire quelque chose... J'ai voulu les intégrer dans mon travail, en quelque sorte... Par exemple, il y a une scène au début où le héros essaie de remonter le moral au jeune soldat qui va se suicider. Le soldat ne l'écoute pas, il détourne le regard. Le héros lui crie « qu'est ce que tu regardes comme ça ! ». Et juste après, en contrechamp, tu as l'image d'un monticule de terre au milieu d'un champ de ruines. Il regarde la fosse commune où sont enterrés les russes qu'ils viennent de fusiller. À ce moment là, leurs deux regards sont posés sur cette image, et le nôtre aussi... Alors le héros lui dit : « sors toi cette image de la tête ! », et l'autre lui répond : « Je ne peux pas. Et toi ? ». Et il y a beaucoup de contrechamps de ce genre dans le film. Presque des tableaux. Il y a aussi cet arbre bombardé. Là aussi, deux regards sont portés sur l'image, celui des deux amoureux...

Elle : Ils ne le regardent pas, ils le trouvent. C'est le symbole de leur enfant.

Lui : Ah bon ?

Elle : Bien sûr ! Le bourgeon, la vie...

Lui : Mais l'arbre est à moitié mort.

Elle : Bien sûr... J'adore le moment où elle se retrouve chez la vieille dame, dans la petite chambre...

Lui : Je savais que tu allais aimer la vieille dame !

Elle : Et j'aime aussi tous les moments où ils boivent du vin...

Lui : Elle finit tous ses verres cul-sec !

Elle : Et le moment où elle lui dit « j'ai hâte que la guerre soit terminée, on pourrait vivre dans cette maison, avec la même cuisine, la même vaisselle »... Elle s'imagine mère au foyer... Il lui dit : « mais je ne savais pas que tu voulais des enfants », et elle lui dit « je ne veux pas des enfants, je veux tes enfants »... Je trouvais ça beau qu'elle le lui dise comme ça... Mais il y a aussi la mort de son père... Il y a toujours la mort avec la naissance. C'est la survie...

Le serveur : Et voilà !

Ensemble : Merci !

Elle : Y'a du miel là dedans ? Ah oui... Ça fait du bien...

Lui : Qu'est-ce qu'on disait ?

Elle : Ils évitent tellement de fois la mort... C'est incroyable qu'ils survivent à tant de choses pendant ces deux semaines... Et tellement ironique qu'il meurt dès qu'il retourne sur le front... C'est d'une tristesse...

Lui : Je me rappelle de certains détails... Les dames de la croix rouge qui servent du café aux familles sur les quais de la gare et qui rangent les verres après le départ du train...

Elle : On voit beaucoup de verres dans le film... Des verres en cristal... Ça vient signifier le confort, la civilité... Quand les hommes sont à la guerre, ils boivent de la vodka à la bouteille, en cassant le goulot... Ils m'ont donné envie d'avoir un gros manteau de militaire bien chaud, avec un ceinturon ! (Elle rit.) Tu te souviens de ce qu'elle lui dit à un moment ? Elle lui dit qu'elle rêverait d'aller à Paris pour leur lune de miel. Et elle lui demande : « mais tu penses qu'ils nous haïssent là bas ? »

Lui : « Hmm, oui peut être. » Et elle lui dit : « Et tu penses qu'ils nous haïssent en Hollande ? »

Elle : « Oh oui, là, ils nous haïssent c'est sûr ! »

(Ils rient.)

Lui : J'adore le personnage du soldat à moustaches, le dandy...

Elle : Celui qui prête son costume au héros et qui lui donne le mot de passe pour aller dans le restaurant chic des officiers...

Lui : Oui, justement la scène de l'essayage du costume. Tout le monde dans la caserne est excité... On dirait des gamins dans une cour de récréation. Finalement, quand le héros quitte la pièce, dès qu'il a fermé la porte, l'ambiance retombe d'un coup, et tout le monde retourne à la partie de carte avec une gravité infinie.

Elle : C'est marrant que tu en parles, ce plan m'a aussi beaucoup intrigué. Il est tellement long... Et il se poursuit longtemps après que le héros ait quitté la pièce...

Lui : Le sérieux avec lequel ils se divertissent... Et la brutalité du changement d'ambiance...

Elle : C'est tellement triste... Ah, j'étais tellement frustrée pour eux, dans la scène d'après ! Ils boivent deux verres, elle est bourrée, ils n'ont même pas le temps de manger et le restaurant est bombardé ! Ils se réfugient tous à la cave, et la chanteuse à la Marlène Dietrich se remet à chanter entre deux bombardements...

Lui : Oui, c'est trop beau. Mais ce n'est pas une façon de mettre la violence à distance : elle même est morte de peur.

Elle : Elle dit « profitez de la guerre, ça sera pire pendant la paix ! ».

Lui : Il n'y a qu'elle qui peut se permettre de dire ça. Pas le réalisateur. Elle le dit en tremblant.

Elle : Comment ça ?

Lui : Il ne se permet pas d'être ironique. Il filme des gens qui, face à la peur, font usage de l'ironie, tant qu'ils le peuvent. C'est beau je trouve, c'est humble. C'est l'anti-Tarantino !

Elle : Comment ils font les secousses au cinéma ? Ils bougent la pellicule ?

Lui : Ils donnent un grand coup de pied dans la caméra.

Elle : Oui, mais il faut bien que les bouteilles tombent...

Lui : Tu te souviens du travelling sur le visage des gens dans le bunker ?

Elle : Oui, oui... Après... J'ai pas grand chose à dire sur ce film. C'est classique, très classique... C'est trop pur, trop beau...

Lui : Quand on parle du film, on refait le film... Pourquoi analyser le film ? Il se passe très bien de nos interprétations...

Elle : Comment ça ?... C'est toi que tu interviewes ou c'est moi ? (Elle rit.)

Lui : Non, non...

Elle : Je plaisante ! Ce qui me touche dans ce film, ce n'est pas le travail de l'auteur... C'est plutôt des choses du quotidien... Ça fabrique des souvenirs.

Lui : Comment ça ?

Elle : Je pense que c'est quand je vais cuisiner ou que l'on va dîner ensemble que je m'en rappellerais... Je ne sais pas comment expliquer ça...

Lui : Quand tu regarderas des verres ?

Elle : J'aimerais bien en avoir d'aussi beaux... (Elle rit.) Non, mais... Ça m'a fait penser à ces moments où on est

nichés. Ils sont tout le temps nichés, ils se cachent pour survivre, ils créent de l'intimité... Ils fabriquent des nids.

Lui : Ils créent des moments, aussi.

Elle : Dans la caserne, aussi...

Lui : Des niches de temps.

Elle : Oui, des niches de temps... C'est ça que j'aime dans ce film: tu pourrais le dessiner comme une grande maison, avec des niches dans des niches...

Lui : Leur histoire est courte mais éternelle...

Elle : Ils ont créé leur maison dans plein d'endroits différents... Et aussi, on dirait des enfants qui jouent à être un couple. Ça me rappelle quand on était petits, et qu'on allait au bois de Boulogne... Tu prends trois arbres, et c'est la maison... Même au début : l'appartement de la fille est réquisitionné, donc elle vit dans sa chambre.

Lui : Sa chambre c'est la maison. Encore une niche dans la niche... Quand il arrive dans la ville, il ne retrouve plus sa maison, parce que tout a été bombardé. En fait, quand il rencontre cette fille, il apprend à fabriquer des espaces, des instants... Et du coup, ces deux semaines de permission peuvent devenir toute une vie... C'est pour ça qu'à la fin il peut mourir...

Elle : Hmm...

Lui : En fait, l'incapacité à fabriquer des niches, c'est la solitude, non ?

Elle : Ou c'est la guerre ? Au début, quand les soldats sont sur le front, ils vivent entassés les uns sur les autres, et ils n'arrivent même pas à finir leur partie de carte sans se taper dessus... Quand l'appartement brûle, la seule chose que le garçon sauve des flammes c'est le portrait du père de la fille.

Lui : C'est la seule image des parents dans le film... Ils sont omniprésents, puisque les deux personnages recherchent leurs parents, mais on ne les voit jamais...

Elle : On ne sait pas s'ils sont en vie...

Lui : Heureusement qu'ils ont disparu...

Elle : Pourquoi ? Sinon ils ne se seraient pas rencontrés ?

Lui : Ils ne l'auraient pas fait...

Elle : (Elle rit.) Et oui !

Lui : Et toi, tu ne me demandes pas ce que j'ai fait pendant que tu étais au cinéma ?

Elle : Alors... Qu'est-ce que tu as fait ?

Lui : Au début... J'ai marché, et je ne savais pas trop où aller, et je me suis dit que j'allais me diriger vers le carrefour entre la rue St Michel et la rue qui mène au Panthéon... Là où le MacDo et le Quick se font face...

Elle : Hmm...



Lui : Je suis passé devant et j'ai longé le jardin du Luxembourg. Et en marchant près des grilles, je me suis rendu compte qu'en regardant l'intérieur du parc à travers les barreaux, il y avait un effet stroboscope... Et ça me faisait penser au cinéma primitif...

(Le serveur ramasse les verres.)

Ensemble : Merci !

Lui : Et donc, je me suis dit que j'allais faire le tour du parc, en regardant à travers les barreaux...

Elle : Hmm, hmm...

Lui : J'ai croisé plein de joggers...

Elle : Alors tu as couru?

Lui : Non... Mais j'ai réalisé que je devais être sur un espèce de circuit... Tu sais le genre de parcours qu'une application de fitness calcule pour toi...

Elle : Hmm...

Lui : Et... Dans le parc, vers la rue d'Assas, il y a plein de pommiers, je ne sais pas comment ça s'appelle, une pommeraie? En tout cas, ils avaient près d'eux des pancartes avec leurs noms, que je trouvais marrants... J'ai noté les noms dans mon carnet...

Elle : Le nom des pommiers?

Lui : Oui, attends... (Il sort son carnet.) Court-pendu... Enfant Nantais... Fondante Fougère... Blanc du Restre.

Elle : Sympa...

Lui : Oui... Après j'ai continué et je suis passé sous les cuisines du sénat, je suis resté là un moment, à écouter les plongeurs faire la vaisselle... Il y avait d'immenses fenêtres à carreau, avec des verres hyper-épais... On ne voyait que les silhouettes à travers... Une des fenêtres avait un système d'aération, c'est de là que j'entendais les bruits de la cuisine...

Elle : Ok...

Lui : Je suis allé au McDonald, j'ai acheté une glace...

Elle : Super !

Lui : J'ai mangé la glace d'une place d'où je pouvais voir le Quick... En même temps, dans le reflet de la vitrine, je regardais un couple d'américains... Ils me faisaient un peu penser à nous, je les aimais bien...

Elle : Quoi ?

Lui : Ils me faisaient penser à nous, je les aimais bien !

Elle : Ah !

Lui : Ensuite... Je suis redescendu, jusqu'au Monoprix, et je me suis dit que j'allais essayer de voler des bouteilles de Sprite comme les SDF qu'on a vu tout à l'heure... J'ai un peu hésité... J'avais peur de me faire choper... Du coup, je suis arrivé au Monoprix sans trop savoir si j'allais le

faire... Et c'était fermé. Je suis allé prendre un café à côté et je suis venu t'attendre à la sortie du cinéma.

Elle : Tu as l'air de t'être bien amusé...

Lui : J'avais l'impression d'être au travail, parce que ce que je décidais de regarder, là où je décidais d'aller, c'était autant de choses que j'allais te raconter. C'est pourquoi j'avais envie de te dire ce que j'avais fait pendant que tu regardais le film...

Elle : Pourquoi ?

Lui : Je ne sais pas, comment dire... Je ne voulais pas voir un autre film, ni d'ailleurs revoir le film... Ça me semblait important de ne rien faire, mais consciemment... Pendant le temps que tu passais devant le film, j'étais au travail...

(Un long temps. Le bar est presque vide, on entend les serveurs ranger les chaises. Une chanson de Rihanna passe à la radio.)

Elle : C'est bien alors ! Tu as travaillé !...Bon...

(Un long temps.)

Lui : Tu veux de la tisane ?

Elle : Non, merci.

Lui : Et aussi, quand je me promenais, j'essayais d'imaginer où en était le film, ce que tu voyais à ce moment là...

Elle : Tu arrivais à t'en rendre compte ?

Lui : Non, pas vraiment, j'essayais d'imaginer...

Elle : Ça me gêne d'avoir l'écran avec le foot dans mon champ de vision...(Un temps.) Ok... (Un très long temps, elle a un rire gêné.)

Lui : Tu as l'air bizarre...

Elle : Non, non, ce qui est bizarre c'est de préparer à l'avance ce que tu vas me dire et de tout rapporter à ton travail... Ne le prend pas mal, mais c'est tellement égoïste... Et en plus c'est un mauvais trucage, on voit les ficelles...

Lui : C'est pour ça que je te disais au début que j'avais fait une erreur de mise en scène... J'aurais dû te dire de me rejoindre directement dans ce bar... Tu vois ce que je veux dire ?

Elle : Oui, oui... Tu aurais aussi pu mettre l'enregistreur dans la poche et commencer à enregistrer dès la sortie du cinéma... Surtout si c'est pour retranscrire l'enregistrement et pas pour le réécouter... Mais au delà de ça, je ne vois pas en quoi... Tu vois, tu me dis que tu étais au travail, avec ce petit air que je connais, mais c'est tellement opposé au film...

Lui : Ah oui ?

Elle : Totalement ! Je comprends très bien ce que tu veux faire... Tu penses durée, montage, médium... Tu envoies quelqu'un au cinéma voir un film et tu considères ça

comme une œuvre, c'est plutôt intéressant, mais... C'est tellement tordu ! Et je suis très contente d'avoir vu le film... Mais tu as proposé que l'on fasse l'interview après, et on aurait pu parler d'autre chose que du film... Du coup, je me retrouve à décrire un film qui fait écho à des choses très personnelles, et toi, tu joues le jeu, tu prépares ton coup et tout d'un coup tu me dis: « bon, tu ne me demandes pas ce que j'ai fait ? »

Lui : Non, je...

Elle : Attends ! Il n'y a pas de problème ! Ça devient intéressant ! (Elle rit.) J'ai bien vu ton air quand on marchait du cinéma au bar et comment dire... On aurait dit que tu te rendais à ta séance de psychanalyse et que tu te demandais ce que tu allais raconter. C'est quand même bizarre de mettre la personne que tu interviewes dans cette position... De la forcer à regarder ton travail...

Lui : Dès le départ, j'ai fait une erreur...

Elle : Non ! Même si tu n'avais pas fait cette erreur de mise en scène, comme tu dis, quand tu me racontes ce que tu as fait, tu fais l'acteur. Si tu es au travail quand tu te promènes, c'est valable le temps de la promenade, non ? Quand tu me racontes cette promenade et que tu intègres ça à notre discussion... Tu fais une sorte de transfert sur moi... Et c'est assez violent de faire ça... Entre artistes en plus... C'est égoïste...

Lui : Je pourrais...

Elle : Et cette façon de le dire... Par rapport au ton du film, où le héros cache tout ce qu'il est forcé de faire pour pouvoir créer de l'intimité avec sa femme... Il doit négocier avec des SS, ce genre de choses, des tas de choses qu'il ne va pas lui dire... Et c'est très beau... Et c'est aussi ça qui est beau dans l'art : on a pas besoin de montrer aux autres qu'on travaille. On travaille, c'est tout... En fait, je trouve cette situation intéressante, ça me questionne... Tu me connais, je ne suis pas démonstrative dans le travail... Enfin, je ne sais pas... Le fait que tu lies ça à ce film, c'est encore plus perturbant... C'est quand même un film très romantique. Et puis, excuse-moi, mais il y a autre chose : je ne suis pas un sujet neutre, on vit ensemble, donc il y a un côté romantique dans cette discussion...

Lui : On est trois à cette table, il y a l'enregistreur. (Un temps.) Non, mais attends, la discussion est enregistrée, ça conditionne ce qu'on dit, même si on est ensemble. Et tu sais que je vais travailler avec l'enregistrement après. Tu savais cela en acceptant l'interview, tu savais que ça serait une sorte de performance.

Elle : Hmm... Oui, mais bon... Dans un film, il y a une caméra, une équipe de vingt-cinq personnes sur le plateau de tournage, tu vois, ça peut marcher aussi... Toi tu me racontes ta petite histoire et tu en fais tout un poème... Et ça ne marche pas !

Lui : J'ai raconté mon histoire de manière maladroitte parce que tu ne m'as pas demandé ce que j'avais fait pendant que tu voyais le film.

Elle : Et alors ? J'ai bien le droit de ne pas te poser la question, non ?

Lui : Bien sûr, mais il aurait été logique que tu me la poses... (Un temps.) Enfin, ce n'est pas un reproche, c'est de ma faute.

Elle : Mais j'aurais aussi pu fantasmer ce que tu avais fait... Tu vois, je me suis demandé plein de trucs, mais en fait... Ce que tu m'as raconté était tellement... Dis moi si je me trompe, mais je sais que tu es allé dans ce McDonald parce qu'une scène d'un film que tu aimes bien y a été tournée. Et puis après, tu fais une mise en abyme du cinéma, avec la grille du parc... En fait je ne pouvais pas t'interrompre, c'était un monologue. Tu avais préparé ta petite scène et tu voulais la caser. Tu as voulu faire une pièce et tu m'as coincée dedans... Tu m'as forcée...

Lui : Oui, je sais bien, parce que dès que je t'ai raconté « ce que j'avais fait », je me suis senti me couvrir de honte...

(Ils rient.)

Elle : Oui, mais c'est amusant en même temps... On parle tout le temps du travail, mais en fait... On ne devrait pas. C'est des questions qui m'intéressent...

Lui : Tout à l'heure, quand je me suis senti honteux...

Elle : Mais il n'y a pas à se sentir honteux, c'est d'en parler qui est intéressant... Mais en fait, maintenant que j'y pense, tu ressembles plutôt à Klaus Kinski qu'au héros ! (Ils rient.) C'est une interview ou un interrogatoire déguisé en interview ? (Elle rit.) Qu'est-ce que tu veux savoir en fait ? (Un temps.) D'ailleurs Klaus Kinski dit : « C'est moi qui pose les questions ici ! »... C'est assez autoritaire ton truc... Non ?

Lui : Oui, peut-être.

Elle : Moi, ce que je trouve bien, c'est que j'ai quand même la place de te dire ce que je pense et de réagir, et d'ailleurs j'espère que tu garderas cette partie là quand tu écriras l'interview. Mais ça m'a aussi rappelée à quel point les gens, dans l'art, veulent se montrer... Et là tu m'emmènes quelque part pour discuter... Et en fait, on ne parle que de toi. Sauf là, évidemment... Mais peut-être que je comprends mal...

Lui : Disons que... Ça n'a jamais été à propos de « mon travail »... D'ailleurs, le mot « travail » m'a échappé... Je me suis retrouvé dans une position très infantile : « Regarde ce que j'ai fait ! »... Mais j'avais en tête quelque chose de plus... Disons que je me suis dit : je vais considérer la durée du film que tu seras en train de voir comme une page blanche, où tout ce que je vais voir et ressentir va s'inscrire... Et après, on se retrouvera, et on partagera nos deux expériences... Et je me disais, cette discussion pourrait être comme la surimpression de deux films ayant la même durée...

Elle : Mais ça je le comprends... L'ennui, c'est que tu veux montrer que tu travailles... Et c'est un peu ton problème, on en a parlé des milliers de fois. Aller au cinéma, c'est du travail, se promener c'est du travail, etc... Pourquoi tu tiens à tout prix que ça en soit ? Pourquoi ce n'est pas simplement du plaisir ?

(Un long temps.)



Lui : Peut-être... Enfin là, ça commence à ressembler à une séance de psy.

Elle : Mais c'est pas grave ! Oh ! Regarde le petit chat ! Minou minou !

Lui : En fait, je pense que...

Elle : Il doit y avoir des souris ici !

Lui : Je pense que...

Elle : Ça me fait penser à quelque chose. Le chat, on l'a mis là pour chasser les souris. Mais si tu te mets à la place du chat, il se promène, et quand il voit une souris, il la chope. C'est le barman, enfin les gens qui ont mis ce chat ici qui disent que le travail du chat c'est d'attraper les souris. Le chat lui, il s'en fout. Il le fait, c'est tout. Il vaut mieux éviter de trop se poser la question du travail... Tu n'es pas d'accord ?

Lui : Je ne sais pas, tu as sans doute raison... Bon... Maintenant je suis réellement au centre de la discussion...

Elle : Hé oui, c'est moi le chat !

(Ils rient. Puis ils marquent un temps.)

Lui : Mais tu sais, si je ne t'avais pas demandée d'aller voir le film, je n'aurais jamais prêté attention aux pommiers.

Elle : Je crois qu'ils nous ont oublié... On paie ou on y va ?



# JYCER

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## DRINK WITH U2 FORGET THE WORLD

Théo Robine-Langlois / (images) Blaise Parmentier

Today at work they forget I'm existing  
They program no tasks at all for me  
As I'm not on the planning  
But I am  
Google.agenda is the only one who remembers me

I sit in a black chair with wheels in the middle of a big store  
I'm typing a precise description of leather luggage on an Ipad  
I'm describing Mexican hostel stamps

The singer Marthes Chenue use to own this luggage  
But here and now the company owns everything  
From The Bottom Gaston made so many international brevets  
His name became a brand  
To protect his inventions he puts his initials on it  
His name is written on every single object here  
He even have a street with his name

I imagine the journey the luggage has had  
Under the artificial light of this store  
In an industrial area of the Parisian suburb

Just beside there are some television studios  
Where some people can play with the country's destiny  
During a debate for the presidential election  
Or some popular TV shows like

HELLO EARTH HABITANTS  
Or  
WE ARE NOT SLEEPING

MAYBE those neighbors will disappear because of the Internet

Just nearby there are some migrants and cops  
Facing each other during the dismantlement of a camp  
Sometimes some non-profit association tries to help the migrants  
The city installed a water-fountain for the people living there in emergency conditions  
The migrants brush their teeth they wash their clothes in this fountain

Just nearby the road  
But sometimes the state decides it's enough they send more cops and they dismantle the camp  
To where ?  
They were in Calais they were in Stalingrad and they were in Crimée now they are at the door  
of Paris

In the store as we get bored or tired  
We use the transpalette in reverse mode  
And we ride it like a trotinette

Everything here is about representation  
The way we show how we archive objects is important  
Very important

Here every object has numbers  
They belong to a number  
A very efficient classification  
In fact we all have numbers on our accreditation passes too  
No difference between a human and an object here  
We all are numbers here

Here the tables have wheels  
But none of them are rolling normally  
Every table has their one way to roll  
Sometimes one wheel sticks sometimes two  
You need to deal with it  
With the soul of each object

" Marx find in merchandise not only a simple thing  
but a crystal made of the working force and the social relation of the humanity"

Hito Steyerl - re-translated/interpreted

*JYCER*

—

*OUR FLAT IS TOO  
SMALL FOR OUR  
DREAMS*

I will write this local story in English

But first of all you have to know that French is my mother language  
And I have always some trouble using the right tense even in French  
Maybe sometimes I will use French words  
'Cause I heard they sound class in American English  
So excuse my French

Two I'm writing this story for baby wolf S. Lvoff  
So if you don't like it I don't give a fuck  
When you write you always write for someone  
I think it's always better to know precisely who  
Because after you can send him or her the story like a letter

So the story takes place in a new town built in the 60s  
In the Parisian suburbs where I grow up and how my brain is structured

This is about a young couple living in a tower  
The name of the guy is Babos  
And the name of the girl is Cynthia  
I think it's the name of the first girl who kissed me  
No it's Célia so her name is Célia  
She pushed me in a hall under the mailbox and I was not able to speak

They lived in a blue tower where none of the walls or windows are flat  
The nickname of this tower is the single tower  
'Cause no one can live here with a child  
There is no place for family furniture with those round walls

They live in this tower and they like that  
The mall is just under them  
They can buy everything they need in ten minutes

Babos works as a mover for une maison de luxe  
And Célia is working in a garage as a mechanic

They like objects  
They like objects so much  
It's an extreme passion  
It's a bit paradoxical but this is an anti-capitalist love for objects  
Objects are their comrades

Babos is working with objects  
He moves old leather luggage from the nineteen century  
He is discovering those wonderfull objects  
It's the addition of all the artisanal knowledge and skill of that time

Everything is opening in a very smart and elegant way  
He is moving this object very carefully  
So sometimes his co-workers shout at him or make fun of him  
Because of his slowness

But he doesn't care he loves those object more than the human he is working with  
By the way these humans are very hard to deal with  
It's like they lose their humanity working in those climatized gigantic warehouse

Protected by a lot of security guards

Babos thinks the objects are much more welcoming and warming

Célia works as a mechanic  
Everyday she is using well-designed objects to fix cars

She is doing it in a very special way  
She has a lot of small rituals  
She wants to take the best of her tools  
So she respects them a lot  
She doesn't like either of the humans she is working with

They have very beautiful objects in their round apartment  
They choose them in order to make them match perfectly with the round wall

They have designed furniture and rhums arrangés  
They drink and smoke weed in the top of the mall  
Watching the sun changing the city au fur et à mesure  
That the hours are passing

They earn a lot of money but they don't want to move from their apartment  
'Cause they like this world without angles

When they arrived in the city after their studies

They used to hang out a lot

Smoke weed in the little cemetery beside the baseball diamond

It's maybe the only French city where you can find a baseball diamond  
Maybe it's because the city was saved by 3M an American company  
Who allowed employees to use the public installation from the urbanists

So they built this diamond to honor the American Civilization

This vast empty area was very useful to celebrate our youngness  
To fuck drink listen to music and speak

They also used to hang out in this bar called The Sullivan  
Where you could find beers for only one euro before midnight

And a little Irish owner who used to jump from the bar to the clients he doesn't like

Everybody was piling up a lot of beers on every table in order to pay cheaper before the twelve

So you can imagine a place full of transparent plastic beer glasses and people trying to dance to pop-house Rihanna-like sounds without spilling the beers on the floor

Maybe it's there Célia and Babos meet I don't remember 'cause of the beers

But it's sure that they begin to love objects there the transparent glasses were very beautiful full of beer and illuminated by different colored spots

They liked it a lot  
So they built a sparkling colored water fountain

('cause beer smells so bad)  
With a lot of light in the central tube where the water goes up

It was the first object they designed together  
When they finished it  
They had a party

But none of their friends understood the magnificence of this object  
So they begin to hate the humanity  
And love objects more

Sometimes they go together in Leroy Merlin  
(a hardware store)  
And they just walk between the shelves of the store  
Watching with their eyes open wide  
Their hearts are beating faster as they can see the beauty of the tools or of the raw  
materials they are allowed to admire in this palace  
At the end generally they don't buy anything

After they walk a bit in this weird suburb of a suburb

Where there is no habitation  
But only big one-story stores  
Prefabricated  
And a big field of maïs  
They like to walk there in this zone between the city and the countryside where you can  
find the most boring inventions of the humanity  
Industrial monoculture and prefabricated buildings

Babos and Célia have a neighbor  
I don't remember his name  
He is kind of special

He tries to seduce girls and boys but every time he becomes too close to them  
Like the time they are suppose to fuck or at least just kiss  
He escapes the situation fleeing back to his apartment  
To watch a porn movie  
And masturbate to it

Babos and Célia find their friend strange  
But his behavior doesn't disturbs them at all

And he is not so insensitive to objects as the rest of the humanity  
'Cause he can have sex only with his computer  
So they think it's ok

Sometimes Babos and Celia feel guilty  
They don't know exactly why

They have never been to church or have any catholic education  
But they feel guilty  
Guilty for their position in this world

Guilty of their love for objects

But after a few drinks it's ok

They decide to build another object to not be guilty

An object of love and satisfaction

They decide to make a trunk

With a lot of boxes inside

In each boxes you can find

Something very very precious

Babos and Célia make objects they call quasi-objects

Quasi-objects 'cause as a ball in a game

It designs the player

Their objects design their users

They have everything a functional object needs

But they stand a bit apart

They are quasi meta-objects

They are luv

They need a lot of drugs to admire their objects

An input to their new religion

Objects at the center of their universe

With drugs the objects become alive

Let's talk about failure

Even to find a solution

To an everyday life problem or a heart problem

Everyone uses literal language to make separation protection strength

Bullshit

We need love and circulation

We need the possibility to be weak

So Babos and Celia built a failure machine

Where you always feel stupid and like a loser to remind you why you love life

A local band sings a song about the necessity to build a new kind of desire a desire which is not made of appropriation or possession but build with sharing = object are our friends

### A song

*I'm not sure*

*One day*

*I will*

*Understand*

*Why you stay so distant from me*

*Why you stay so distant from me*



*Just share your love with me  
Just share your objects with me*

*Objects are our friends  
Objects are marvelous*

*We just need to share them*

We think Liberalism and specially its power of destruction can happen because people don't like enough objects  
They think they can own objects  
But it's not true  
Objects have their own life their own intelligence

*"XOXO*

*My love is very special  
If you want it you can have it  
But don't take it for granted"*

*Vybz Kartel-fever*

# JYCER

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# I WANNA MAKE LOVE WITH OBJECTS

I'm going to work  
I love to work  
I'm transporting suitcases from the nineteenth century

I'm working in a big store in suburb  
He stays there all day long with his colleague

Carrying this object in this climatized environment under artificial lights

Sometime we go to a showroom

We bring a suitcase and arrive one hour before the meeting takes place

So we wait in the truck we sleep we read we listen to the radio or make some jokes

We see a homeless guy drinking alcohol in a plastic bottle and pissing in the street showing his dick to the people

One of us has to stay in the truck this is the rule to protect the suitcase

After we go to the showroom we have to spend the entire afternoon there waiting for an order to move the suitcase a bit with our white gloves

Nobody there has gloves except us so even to move the suitcase 1 inch we need to do it ourselves no one else

So we stand and listen to the international English the French people are trying to speak Some of the people the big head in the meeting are native-English speakers They speak fluently and fuck everybody

This day they are trying to reproduce a transport box for a show in their Taipei store

But they ask a luxes woodworker to fabricate it

He did it

And he did a very complex and invisible closing system and the box is looking more like a pedestal than a transport box

So the big head of communication native-English speaker is getting nervous and says that those boxes are looking like a pedestal

He asks us to bring the transport-box of our suitcase

We bring it

It becomes a star

I meet a woman in the street she is black she says she is 47 old with three kids in an other city with her mother the oldest one is my age she ask me for 10 euro 12 to buy medicament because she is working for a hospital and she will be paid in 3 days she give me her phone number and her name I call her then she can call back when she have cash to reimburse me She says she is not a beggar and she's near the end of her tether

I feel it's hard to survive in this city if you are not a crazy liberalist dog like me Early in the workday one day at work the boss calls us she asks us to do many tasks during the day but we know it's too much if we want to do them well we ask her to slow down the rhythm so she says we are too aggressive to work with her and she cuts the conversation

DES-PA-CITO

In French an object is necessarily a he or a she But in English you have the it you have the it

They think he is crazy but I don't think so

He has worked here for many years and his body became the place  
His brain is structured like the way we classified objects here  
I think they are just racist against him  
But a class-racism  
Because he speaks Arab he has to be crazy if he speaks the truth  
Fuck them I love him

Affect is the only reason I stay alive

Babos realizes there is some very precise parameters to understand the bad taste of rich people:

- Not dirty
- Not simple
- Made with rich materials

I just want to dance with objects make love with objects

"The light is from the East [ ... ] not only the liberation of workers the light is from the east  
- in a new relationship to man to women and to things Things in our hands should also be equal also be comrades"

"Things will become people's friends and comrades of man and people will learn how to laugh and enjoy and converse with things"

Alexander Rotchenko to Vavara Stepanova

"In life don't try to understand you have to see it to live it  
The young will surprised you  
We have vice to sell and money to take  
The State fucks us and we will fight back"

Fonky Family- translated

Babos is working he thinks:

Everything here is about representation  
It's funny; a lot of people here have studied art history or fine art  
But none of them are really interested in fashion design so they just insult the objects they are dealing with every day It's a bit shocking for me 'cause I love every object even the unattractive ones

# JYCER

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# A CITY FLAVOR

# WITCH SMELLS LIKE DREAMS

Wesh ! in this city called Jycer every building was constructed in the more ancient time in the 70s Every architectural detail was conceived with care

But the language they used to describe those new constructions is based on a colonial approach to a wild land

In a region called Le Vexin

The dream of building the city of the Future in the middle of nowhere accessible in 10 minutes with a super-speed monorail train from the bug city Without any consideration for the humans who lived there before or even the one who will live after Only beautiful buildings

A city based on the needs of the human of the future

Education food and green spaces; a fast road under our feet The car downstairs and the foot upstairs

There are two movies to see about Jycer L'ami de mon ami d'Eric Rohmer and La naissance des pieuvres de Celine Sciamma

One is a postcard financed by the city and the other is about the kingdom of boringness: the suburb

I always find that the majority of people escape a central point when they speak about Parisian suburbs

Maybe you have to experience it many years before you are able to describe it

But it's the boringness

Get bored get bored get bored

Suburbs are not at all about precise geographical limits

It's about precise limit of time-conceptions

The difference between :

- People in the bug-city connected with the flux hyper-activity

-And the people forced to be in a boring timeline frustrated

It's even more powerful with Internet Which give you things to see but don't allow to touch it

Btw. In suburb You get bored with a particular flavor

You get bored with a particular flavor

A flavor which makes you do a lot of stuff

You climb the buildings just to drink a beer on the top of the city

You race between bikes and cars because bikes can use a lot of shortcuts and don't respect the law

You make love in a car parking under the artificial light

You transport a sofa in the streets to make a feel-good space with your friends

You smoke and sell soft drugs

You transform a boring situation into an exciting one

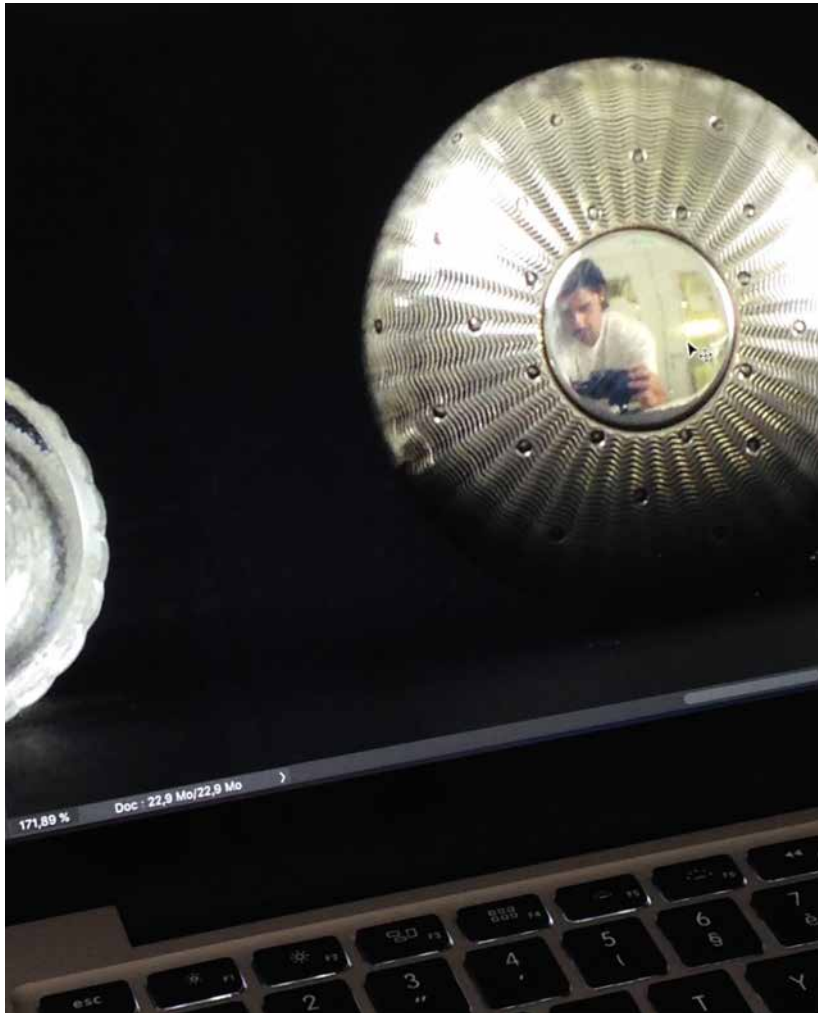
You invent your life in those boring spaces

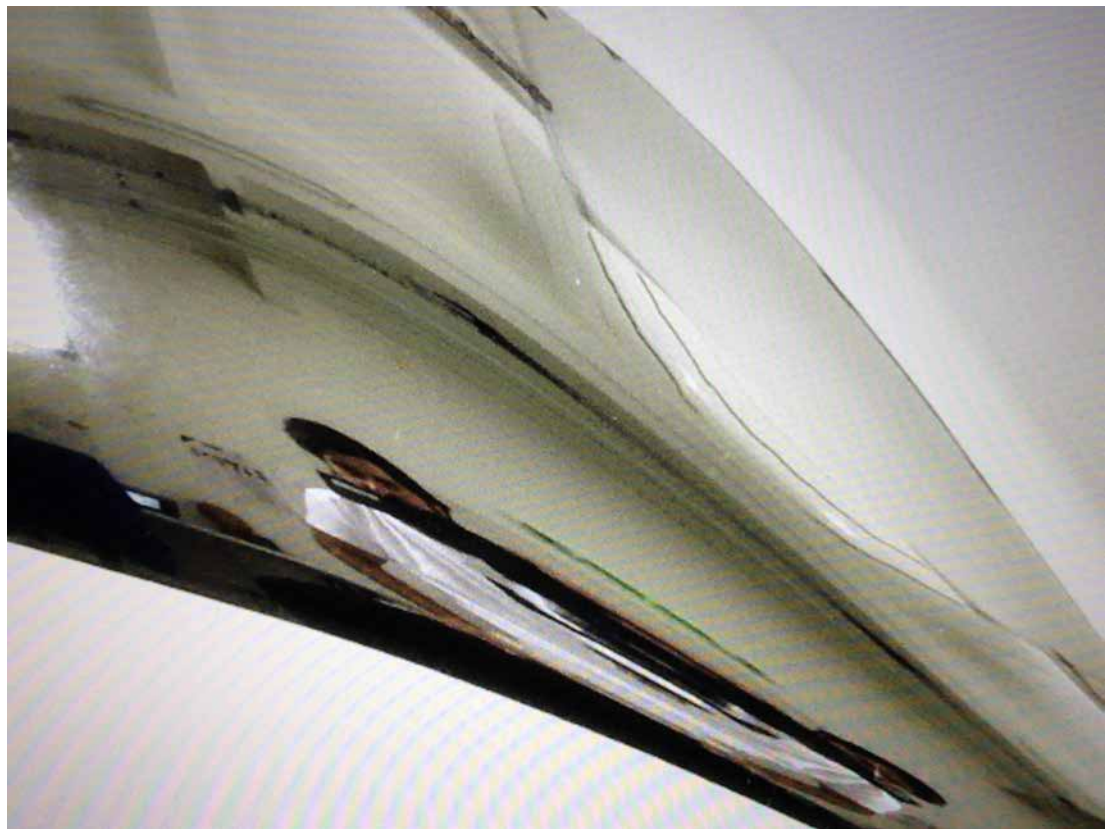
I never found this flavor anywhere else

A mix of countryside and city Sexy and boring at the same time maybe like sex

Maybe the suburb is all about eroticism and sexuality











# LUCITE

Lisa Robertson traduit de l'anglais  
par sabrina soyer

(Un amuse-gueule,  
car le présent est à la langue  
comme les mollusques au toucher \*)

Asseyons-nous délicatement sur Lucite et nous vous raconterons comment la connaissance entra en notre possession.

Tout d'abord, la boue terne ramollie jusqu'à la pourriture, la lascivité et l'intelligence, perles glaireuses, tas reluisants comme des furets, mini-théâtres d'or de chat <sup>1</sup> - une bourse contenant toutes les puanteurs de la vie courante. De là le germe de l'unique syllabe <sup>2</sup>, éloquente, renforcée, agonisante, inclinée ; embrassante, louchante. Tranchante par notre griffe elle conçut l'identité pour le bien de la nourriture. Vous, semblables, dit-elle nous allaitant, je vous adore vous savez. Nous, aussi sec qu'un enfant craché depuis la cime d'un arbre concluant : soyons payés, nous serons libres. Incessamment, nous étions prêts aux à-venirs. Sur la page de titre, deux envoyés soufflant dans les trompettes de la renommée tenaient un globe enduit de trois fleurs de lys auréolé d'une couronne. Des coutumes et des astuces se sont mises dans nos plis, nous ne formions qu'un seul sourire aux lèvres recollées. Nous avons dit avoir vu les Europes de l'hallucination, bouillons gras arrosés de cerf, aigles stylés au pochoir, serpents et guenilles criardes. C'était une forme d'adage, une ligature effilochée. Nos corps s'estompaient dans l'absence ou la présence d'aliments.

Assez du moindre. La sincérité est trop lente face à l'agression de l'urgence. Aussi, nous ressentons le sens d'une dualité. Nous harassons l'art. Nous commençons à modifier nos vocables : chiquenauder, verser, baver, sexer l'aliénation. Dès lors c'est nous qui sommes un et nous qui sommes épars. Nous sommes ce couple ou même plus encore, incapables de nous absorber les uns les autres dans un effet de sens, nous nous sentons pulser sous l'effet de la lumière diurne et de ses feuillages délibérés. Nous ressentons cet ailleurs travailler à la surface de nos gestes.

Nous irions marcher dans les rues de la ville. Partout il y aurait de la gaze. Le jour serait démesuré, saccadé, révocable, affable, bon marché. Nous serions des dandies vêtues de vestes incroyablement suaves sanglées derrière nos tailles et entièrement doublées de soie pure, et aussi, de purs fredonnements et nous irions vers les buildings en transportant des choses éphémères comme des feuillages, des emballages ou des pigments. Les rues sont des salons qui reçoivent abondamment nos descriptions. Les bâtiments sont charmants, nos manières sont des softwares, nous éprouvons des joies vestimentaires. Surplombant les eaux chargées de la rivière tapissant les blonds *canals*, nos cœurs chérissant les inconvenances temporelles, nos yeux s'abîmeraient sur les ordures éblouissantes flottant en douce liberté. Accoudées aux balustrades à midi nous mettrions notre maquillage, songeant à un petit affront, une petite dispute, un petit oreiller. Nous penserions à des idées comme : charnières, et nos mains courant soudain à la recherche d'un stylo.

Quelque-chose pourrait nous séduire. Une ressemblance, même, une connaissance, mêmes-mêmes ruisselantes au travers.

\*Because the present is not articulate dans le texte original

1. Mica dans le texte original, aussi appelé "or de chat" lorsqu'il est employé comme substitut à la poudre d'or.

2. The one vowel dans le texte original = I.

# TO THE SKIN ON BOILED MILK,

Rachel Schenberg

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

Who are you, and why are you here? What do you say to the unknown, the unknowns, the others? That, which sit above and beneath you? Bubbling casein trapping protein for body shakes, such protein saturation.

Casein meet so and so –

I've never been good at introductions, or introducing for that matter. Maybe because I'm not very good at transport. I mean, being succinct. I fear the long-haul drawl and just jump to Proper Names. I don't say friend. Sometimes though, sometimes I like to try band information together. Then it's always either Meet my friend or, Meet my lover (friend always comes first of course, we don't like to offend).

Casein get to know your stressor –

Heat. You are now a Solid Protein, denatured, unsutured from your structure. Free and floating to the top with fat your neighbour, now without water. 'Guilt too is a distilled substance, said someone somewhere. And like Jacques Derrida, *we always eat the other*.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

I peel myself an orange and think about how much better I feel when the kitchen is clean and how I didn't really enjoy those long pauses when we were outside and could finally hear each other speak. But it was as though when inside we stood under the speakers with the music too loud – these things on purpose – and when it got a bit more gooey, just began to, it was when we were listening to our own speech. He – you, me – me, so interested in what each self had to say, reluctantly moving, that now outside with cigarette we sort of didn't enjoy hearing the other.

It seems we are, our own internal threat to security.

I sort of said thank you, but had to go.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

I've been thinking about you as a field, and wondered if you're existential?

I heard the storyteller Kevin Kling speak of how he had arrived at the title of his book, *The Dog Says How*. He had been using voice-activated software to detect his speech, helping him transfer it into typed text. He had an accent he said, the software was getting used to it. He also had an accident, 12 years back, on his right arm. Motorbike. His left arm, deformed at birth.

One day writing in garden, his dog and cat were conversing behind him: *rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow, rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow*, which both Kevin and his microphone heard. They were having an existential crisis, so of course the text on the screen began filling with Hows and Whys, *how how how, why why why – rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow*.

Is anything ever one thing?

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

They say that mass (in a particle) can come,  
from an interaction. They say that we jerrycan  
too.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

I've been counting the fumes in each nostril, breathing heavy to the rhythm of the 9 o'clock news (the bell tower, both of which escort the day). Despite calmness in the trickles, and the reading of Baradian openness, one is still aware of dashed-time here – the bell indicating numbers of hours in straight-lined tones, first in congratulations and later as a tut-tut to not what has been done. Though the bell rings, it rings and there is a communal relation to this ring, we feel it in our means.

Such left-right monochronics send me to the baker to (make) *cum panis*, before midday:

Dear dough,

In her foreskin to the book, *Queering the Non-Human*, Donna Haraway says that *all of the orifices of materiality are open to companions*. It is the foreword to a book dog-eared and chewed by the rabbi, then the cynics (the canines), devout in tone. She offers, *the root meanings of 'companion' brings us to eat together, to breaking bread to a classical meal – cum panis. 'To companion' ties us together in eating and pleasure... knots of many kinds outside compulsory heterosexual joints.*

We break bread to eat one of the same a round line of a log, the baguette. Each baguette in town has been purchased and logged for its breadth of shaft and length. Perhaps weight unnecessary.

Dear breadfellows,

I open my orifice to you. The wrinkle in a handshake, cracks and creases of exchange.



Made on-site, the dimensions are as follows:

*Dulaurent Frères boulangerie*

|                      |                                |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Baguette tradition   | length - 46 cm, shaft - 8 cm   |
| Baguette moulée      | length - 67 cm; shaft - 6 cm   |
| Baguette de compagne | length - 54 cm; shaft - 9 cm   |
| Sarmentine           | length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm |

*Fournil de Trayeux boulangerie*

|                    |                                |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| Baguette tradition | length - 44cm; shaft - 7.5cm   |
| Baguette moulée    | length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm |
| Baguette ordinaire | length - 52 cm; shaft - 8.5 cm |



To the skin on boiled milk,

*Consider this:* an almond.

*Consider this:* (slapskin) spaghetti.

*Three acts:*

~ In lieu of dinner, I threw spaghetti at the wall. Felt self-conscious.

~~ But they say, Gravity – we're still bounded by the (apparently shifting rules of) it. We can't get away from the centre. Except for al dente spaghetti, ready.

~~~ Spaghetti knows, string theory.

And now consider the mouth of a dam the tongue its repercussions.

But then,

*C*  
*A*  
*P*  
*I*  
*L*  
*L*  
*A*  
*R*  
*I*  
*E*  
*S*

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

Are you capillaries, a flat out fields?  
Defeating central energy a little void for sucking up? And I seem so malleable – my being. That is,  
the inside of my mouth. Tender cloud and juice of citrus  
orange, tears.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

What's more last month, being nomadic I was sitting in front of you, Rosi Braidotti, the mouthiness of the highly articulate at a conference (thank you Paris). Your waving technique was with a clenched fist to someone on the other side of UNESCO – were you holding something, a gesture of solidarity? A gesture?

Together we listened to the coloured words of a man, who was an artist-scientist but a blueberry-lover first, finishing a Finnish residency in the highlands, he was a quirk. And I thought of the word gesture, remembering a conversation with a shade of a lover-friend discussing the equivalent male-term of *having a flick*. We came to the conclusion that *gesturing* could be apt, the verb a softness to it, between two sides, *gesturing*, *to gesture*, shared (intra)activity perhaps?

And then you spilt some carbonated water.

I first heard the fizzle, some gassy action behind knowing that that would be the cap point of (eternal) return. Go back Rosi, go back, but you kept the twist twisting, and in the next minute covered the notes of your table. Were there some tissues, reaching in my bag? Only some semi-snotted, me post-flu. Deliberating the ethics, what my response-ability was in this scene I could not unsee, I turn around and glimpse you flailing, sleevelessly dripping a fancy loch onto the floor with hand written points.

And then, a pause.

In this capillaried pause raising up I thought of how long liquid defies gravity, those little holes that shoot up and when do tiny tubes become tiny? What is scale anyway?

My morals unstable, I take another turn lefty-loosy and you receive the slightly stained kleenexes of missing and collected mucus, with a sighing gesture of relief. Absorbing Renata Adler, she says *crying was not, by no means, her modus operandi. Nonetheless, she wept*. I wonder if she held onto both tissue(s) simultaneously? A-tissue, a-tissue, we all the flesh, fall in.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

It was in craving sugar that I probably shouldn't have been missing you.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

I want to think of you as a translator because themes give me frames and framing you might be one, lettuce see.

Is the translator an apparatus? Is the apparatus a membrane? Is the membrane a form? Should I eat one more slice of fresh cream? Or should I frame you as a question, marks on bodies, a provocation. Are you a trace?

*Apparatuses are not merely about us*, said friend Karen Barad. Oh how selfish of me, I say pouring more luck onto my tongue. Are you a solid, liquid or gas I ask, but you've already gone into my thighs, into the sciatic nerve, between the surface soils that shrink and my hips that sink.

And the cow gives birth to a calf who drinks the milk and we eat the cheese of the stomach of the calf whose rennet runs through the milk, thick. Think thickly the curd curdles, rising, and fat rises Robertson once said, who isn't a man you sexist turd.

But is the membrane a translator?

They are though, Barad says, about producing differences that matter – *boundary-making practices that are productive of, and part of, the phenomena produced.*

Could you be this, for me skin? Don't hesitate you matter, even if we don't. What boundaries are you making and how, do I sip you? Or maybe it's about reframing the question, knowing the answer. Manipulation.

Don't worry with a cuppa, I'll be meeting the universe, in halfa.



on boiled milk,  
To the skin

But, uh..  
Butter  
every moment.



# MES PREMIÈRES ANNÉES<sup>1</sup>

Lisa Robertson traduit de l'anglais  
par sabrina soyer

*Je forme l'entreprise de ma propre passivité. Par ma figure, en appelant à tes tripes et au nom des espaces conçus de l'humanité, je te la présente. Je viens d'une petite ville hostile, théâtre d'une invention à la hâte efficacement dissoute dans le ciel d'acier. La ville était une ruine étincelante, aspirée par le haut.*

## I

les grandes vertus sont nombreuses et la sagesse d'une ampleur désopilante. la circonférence d'une créature humaine est son propre testimonium, sa superbe résistance en tant que créature mortelle n'est qu'une porte liquide. nos cœurs sont intelligibles. pour t'exciter et attiser ton désir Je te raconterai l'histoire de mes malheurs passés. dois-Je invoquer la nécessité ou la fatalité ? l'article du quomodo que J'invoque n'est pas croyable. tous les dieux sont des dieux-tombeaux. qu'existe-t-il qui soit sans prédicat ? chantons en l'honneur des dieux qui l'exigent. de même, chantons pour nos ennemis. quœram te, invocans te ainsi J'inventerai credens en te : le prédicat est un auguste ennemi et ma fidélité est mon propre désastre, inspirasti mihi par sentiment humanitatem au travers de ces paroles.

*(Une version simple et plus directe du même commencement serait : depuis la longue science de la soumission c'est l'esprit qui, secrètement spectaculaire, délie les corps et entrouvre la face.)*

## II

dominateur se blottit en moi : quel nom donnerais-tu à cela ? quand nous rouspétons et festoyons, comment appellerais-tu cela ? depuis que ce tua quidquid déteint a déteint, ce « quidquid », voilà ton nom. toute cette sauvagerie en moi, quelle que soit l'être que Je suis, qui se ravitaille en mon docent. J'invoque la dominance pour me défaire de moi-même.

1. Titre original : *Early Education*. Traduit par *Mes premières années* en référence à un passage des *Confessions* de Saint Augustin (Livre I chapitre VIII. Comment il apprend à parler).

Je n'avais pas d'ennemis, ni père ni mère ni montre à mon poignet. dominant, tu as rempli les seins de la nourrice et si abondamment tu m'appris à siroter. Je te parle de choses dont je ne me souviens pas, tout au plus, baratiner et siroter, siroter et baratiner, presque pareil. et cum non intellecto me obsessit, non subditus indignation - pas de servitude. quam scientes est ma substance nutritive. dominant qui est semper vivus et rien en nous que tu creasti et vraiment instabilium et immuable. quam illa intra visceral matrix ? dominant, mon doux mot, aucune mémoire n'aurait pu me préparer à tes terres. Je suis le premier nourrisson parmi multa, ton artifice, ton animal, criard en larmes, criard en faim et doux affamé et en faim.

### III

tends l'oreille aux bobards de l'humanité. la misère dicte. je me souviens des bobards de l'enfance, un bobard par battement de cœur mijoté à même les couches de la terre. serais-Je commémoré pour cela, dominant, tu te souviens de moi ?

mon ego vient du lait, des abondantes fontaines de lait, mon dominant, mon mien suprême auxquelles elles rendent hommage dédiant leur lait à ton corpus illuminant, maitresse des sens, ainsi Je m'adresse à toi usant des syllabes de ton nom, dominant, qui plus est Je t'offre le nid de mes cuisses ordinaires, toi, forma omnia et lege.

ergo dominant Je te suis fidèle telle un renard une jeune truie un ennemi un nom multum tant de fidélités et d'oublis qui sont pour toi des ombres et des concepts sans mémoire ni vestige ni besoin.

### IV

tu te souviens des rondes macabres de ton ennemi d'enfance beuglant donne, donne, donnes !? Je donne à dessein en autant de vocables et de membranes, nommant chaque seconde chaque fluide animant ce corps bruyant mû par la rétrospection et marmonnant tout haut parmi son quorum : le virage à prendre, l'ouverture à pratiquer, le masque à porter ; et point d'horreur plus grande que celles dont celui que nous appelons humanoe vitoe est l'auteur.

qui possède ainsi cette endurance à être parent de sa propre sensibilité ? certainement pas un morveux, qui plus est, rien pour nous préserver de la grammaire des écoles de la ceinture, aucun refuge pour nous garder de ses échos tapageurs, en outre, cela n'a rien d'accidentel. être cohérent : former des ennemis. dominant, laisse la mémoire me vêtir telle une robe épousant mes désirs et mes faims et me prémunir ainsi des formes de satisfactions et absoudre les tourments séculaires, et par la même, mes bleus gonflés, certainement, seront consolés.

### V

cependant dominant, mes mensonges sont aussi minables que des coups mous à la ceinture contre l'autorité, bobards assidus assidûment indicibles.

enfant sevré par les éternelles promesses et humiliations. dominant, donne-moi de ta superbe science que Je puisse fondre une béquille ou tisser une corde vers cette vaine fidélité qui est si mienne. oui dominant, J'énumérerai chaque mensonge dilaté par ma langue ruisselante, ce sera ma récréation, un délice, J'établirai mon dogme de la nécessité, la langue comme l'ego telle que moi est pour moi dominant – qui donc dois-je servir ?

sans toi pour qui mes bleus gonflés profitent Je ne serais qu'un agir en moins, qu'une gloire en moins, qu'un nombre en moins, l'auteur en moi me cajolant insatiablement, mon âme grosse de toi grosse autant qu'elle l'est avec les mensonges.

## VI

Quelque soit la cause de la grâce des chiens, de l'haleine douce des livres, des chipotages de gamin, c'est insupportable. aucune docent<sup>2</sup> dévouée ne possède cette grammaire. ni moi si parsée, moi, vaine guirlande de lait, la vanité en soi, caro factum, quia certiones, non spiritus ambulans et insulairement pétrie d'écritures, un vaste itinéraire d'erreurs, ainsi par le haut je meurs de toi, vita mea, comme fait l'aimant à coup sûr comme les fillettes crevant de l'amour féroce et les frises commémorant les liens féroces sous l'espèce de lumière, laquelle contiendrait leurs âmes, et les soldats se bâfrant de génoises, et non je ne t'aime pas et mon con baise jusqu'à ta personne chantant à terre, à terre et c'est le monde grave que j'ouvre poussant en mon ventre à terre, à terre, et nulle férocité même extrême pour me calmer, nulle rengaine des lèvres ni des dents.

sans parler de l'âme dont les manches palpitent dictant pas ça, pas-ci, pas ce dogme vaseux complètement à côté de la plaque. Je ne vais tout de même pas nommer chaque oublié, chaque punique vénal, chaque crétin en rut qui compose en vers. dominant, mes encres ne sont si diligentes que les tiennes. tout bonnement Je tire, Je racole et Je grappille à même les pactes secundum signa objectant litteris dans commodo. à terre poetica débile profonde avec les mots passé leur date de tire-au-cul.

admettre que de tels chants et ceux débités par les docents puériles cajolent mon ego laiteux, voilà le registre de difficulté de ma langue.

## VII

dominant, puis-Je t'appeler rex désormais, et te gâter de chatteries ? mon cœur t'appelle rex car tu es ma partie première, tel rex Je te servirai ce qui s'appelle des chatteries et chaque locution et gribouillage et nombre adorent juste rex, la vanité en soi étant ta discipline pour vanis peccata delectum multa pour te plaire ainsi, le reste de ma vie, Je ne baratinerai pas rex, Je te promets.

mon petit rex, et vers quelle illusion tendrais-Je la corde qu'est mon encre tout en adulant tout ce qui est conscient ? rex ma bête, ce qu'entre nous est suspendu est cousu de figura.

qui pour résister à l'humain ? qui dont l'odeur des doigts ne mente ?

## VIII

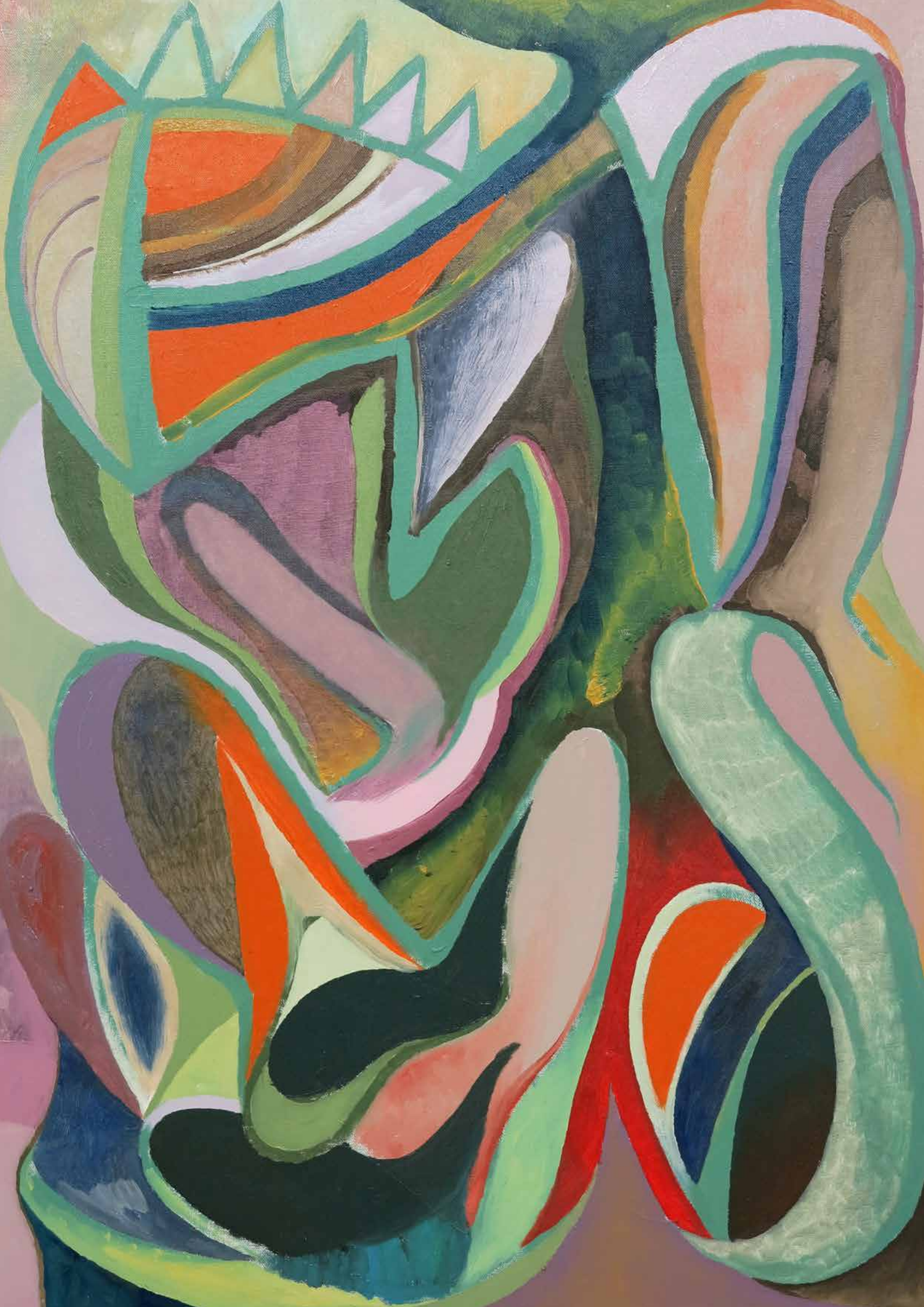
le mot est un vase précieux dans lequel siroter, un verbe illicite. les gosses autant que les érudits sirotent là-dedans la douce lubricité atteignant la langue, et moi aussi rex J'y ai pompé, maintenant Je peux bien le dire dès lors que Je ne sirote en toi ni d'autre fantasme ni d'autre personne ni d'autre phrase, rex, ce qu'entre nous est suspendu

le soldat retient par derrière la nuque de l'homme tombant pour agripper son museau ; il est en phase de devenir un animal à corne.

2. Plusieurs interprétations possibles. La version originale du poème contient des mots latins (plus ou moins inventés) mêlés à l'anglais. Un docent aux États-Unis est un.e guide intervenant bénévolement dans les musées / institutions culturelles. Docent en latin du verbe doceo = ceux qui enseignent.







# THE TRUTH ABOUT SANCHO PANZA (EMAILS)

Hélène Baril

Date: 24/10/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: Spring in Finland

Konstanz turned out to be a lot nicer than when I arrived past midnight hungry and tired and was put into a shoebox. I have met some eccentric people who regale me with stories like your Don Quixote/Sancho Panza. Maybe you and I could make a similar couple, jousting with fantastic realities and you can draw them.

Date: 25/10/2013  
From: Sancho Panza  
To: Don Quixote  
Subject: Re : Spring in Finland

Last night I was thinking again that I really don't like this world when stories and poetry get suddenly out of it. I try to go back both to my inner world and the outside reality. I am seriously starting to look for a flat of my own, it will take most of my time in the coming days and weeks. I hope to find time for drawing, I will. We should definitely make that fantasy couple of our own real in a way or another. I love that idea. I will work on it.

Date: 27/10/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: Re : Spring in Finland

Just returned upstate home. Will write you about my adventures tomorrow. Good luck apartment hunting. Spring seems too far.

Date: 28/10/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: Upside down canoe and snow

Sancho

I have the feeling we need to switch again as you are the true knight. The problem is this damn Cervantes guy thinks he has total control and doesn't realize we are making our own adventures. Did you get to that lovely sauna by the harbor? I am happy that you like the canoe. Right now I am in the real America, on my way to Chicago, the "windy city". I wish I was home with the cats.

Quixote



Ps. Kafka has a funny paragraph about Sancho

The Truth about Sancho Panza

Without making any boast of it Sancho Panza succeeded in the course of years, by feeding him a great number of chivalry and adventure in the evening and night hours, in so diverting from himself his demon, whom he later called Don Quixote, that this demon thereupon set out, uninhibited, on the maddest exploits, which, however, for the lack of a preordained object, which should have been Sancho Panza himself, harmed nobody. A free man, Sancho Panza philosophically followed Don Quixote on his crusades, perhaps out of a sense of responsibility, and had of them a great and edifying entertainment to the end of his days.

Date: 02/11/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: Lost at sea

Sancho, where are you?

Date: 02/11/2013  
From: Sancho Panza  
To: Don Quixote  
Subject: Re: Lost at sea

Quixote,  
I am here. I am on the boat.  
I can't find any place of mine and I can loose confidence in an impressive way. Funny that you could feel I was lost at sea. I am now fully attached to the boat again. I love the Kafka quote about Sancho.  
Sancho

Date: 02/11/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: Re: Lost at sea

You know it is hard being Sancho and you can always switch. It is hard because first you have to make up stories to keep Quixote happy, as Kafka says, and second you are meant to be the fixer, the practical one, being a great sailor and all that. Also I read in that book that Cervantes wrote so shamelessly about us that when you hooked up with Quixote he promised you would have your own island and be governor of it.  
You will find a great place Sancho. Your drawings take me to other worlds.  
Quixote

Date: 02/11/2013  
From: Sancho Panza  
To: Don Quixote  
Subject: Re: Lost at sea

I am fine being Sancho, I really am. I don't think we should switch. Being Sancho according to Cervantes also means that "I can neither read nor write." So, for now, I draw. Quijote, here are two new drawings.

Date: 02/11/2013  
From: Don Quixote  
To: Sancho Panza  
Subject: reindeer and lady drawings

Sancho, my dear Sancho,  
These two drawings are so «way out.» The planes overlap like drawings on glass on top of one another and then the planes move. It is the juxtapositions that do this, I think. By the way, are they in color?

But the stillness is also awesome, and quiet, like a landscape in snow which, as with Sancho and Quixote and the boats, is like being taken into a far away land.

The lady is almost terrifyingly still, seated on the side of a jumble of objects, of sea turned into things like stones, frozen.

The trees here still have a lot of yellow leaves but the water in the river is freezing cold.

Keep drawing

Quixote

Date: 03/11/2013

From: Don Quixote

To: Sancho Panza

Subject: Another thought "out of season"

I am probably saying too much.

So... if I am afraid of loss I will not get into a situation where I can lose, but that means my relationships and my world will not be very sustaining. The other fear of loss is losing myself in losing another.

Quixote on a Sunday afternoon

# WHY I HATE TRANSLATING, OR, READING LISA ROBERTSON THROUGH ANOTHER

Nor Ivory Weber

I

I imagine that I am you because I know that you are reading Lisa Robertson, and are potentially less lazy than I, and I imagine what Lisa Robertson reads like to you.

I wonder how the words form in your body as you go over them with your eyes and hands, which are strong and intense and tanned. The hands that hold the yellow jacket are the hands of someone whose mind is well-distributed corporeally. The hands know what to do. No watt *do do*.

We saw her read, that is, heard her speak, you and I, and that was a treat, a tantalising introduction. Since then, I've only read fragments, as usual, fragmented reader. You, on the other hand, are thorough. You do things thoroughly and methodically, you practice, you have a practice. You bought three of her books in one go. I downloaded some PDFs. The words go through you in a way that is different to the way they go through me; you make time to read, that is, reading time, which is dedicated and not coincidental.

Me: Last minute, in need of a deadline, frenzied, distracted.

You: Prepared, methodical, practiced, diligent.

II

You reading Lisa Robertson continues, and it seems like the name precedes the writing by now, because one can say it so confidently, so perfectly pronounced. The two names – the given and the family – sit together as if they couldn't be otherwise.

How to translate a name?

It happens all the time.

That's why you are so much more wary than I, when it comes to language. You hate it, I'm obsessed. Your family name was simply changed, by the state, because it didn't fit with convention; you have no reason to trust names. This did not happen to me.

Nostrebor Asil, *par exemple*, may in fact mean, in demonic language, and I translate: Our Hole Shelter.

She does have one of those names that native Anglophones might insist on always pronouncing together – at the very calculated risk of sounding pretentious, which is not how I imagine Lisa Robertson. I will hence cease, just in case, not that it should really matter how she is, as a person.

### III

Returning to imagining you reading Lisa Robertson. In fact, you did read her to me the other day, out loud, although I must admit it was inferior to the calibre of which I know Robertson herself capable. If I'm honest, I felt a bit duped by the reading you gave. I know you have a talent for mixing words and pronouncing one thing as another, a work of substitution. So, "secular" might become "sexual", or "perspectival" "pre-spectral", "voluptuousness" to "voptulousless", and "stifling" could be "sniffing" or "stiffing".\*

Though I thought it marvellous that you would read your book out loud, I lament this substituting tendency did not occur. It may have been a saving grace, to hear some of the words replaced by the combination of your brain and mouth. Your voice is very nice. Alas, you read far too quickly, much more quickly than I remember Robertson herself doing, with that well-paced and -practiced North American Public Speech, dare I say drawl, doused with just enough sincere – and thus sublime, IMHO – irony to make us all drool. Indeed, this is hard to match, but to be fair you weren't trying to match, for once. You were reading for yourself for me, with few trips just too quick.

In my mind, that voice of Robertson's slowly washes over one with a veil of "English-language essentialism" that no southern hemisphere Anglophone could wield without appearing insincere. Perhaps I speak my insecurities. I should make clear, however, the distinction in my mind between English English and North American English, the former being these days harder to take seriously, despite potential claims to some imaginary origin, and the latter being so widely dominant even among people who have never been to the North American lands (no obligation there), that it can tend to step in for a sort of universal access that most, not least Robertson herself, would never pretend to be able to attain.

[I add, at a later date, that I am in no way against universals, as long as they continue to expand and encompass things previously outside of them. Hence, movement is of the essence when thinking about any universal, which is to say, world-making project.]

I hear the voice of US-American, Japan-based artist Terre Thaemlitz say: "Protect the unusual and minor!"

My preference for aural access to philosophy and poetry reveals the generosity of your reading to me, despite your unpractised oration. You gave me you reading Robertson, in one way or another.

### IV

I should note that I hate translation. It feels like a limit and something abject. I have done some translating from the French language into the English and it makes me sick. I wanted the money. I am trying to work through this disgust (or am telling myself I will), to process, understand it, etc. The repulsion has probably got something to do with lack, with not being able to cope with loss. The loss of meaning, and maybe control, that translation entails, is still on some basic level confronting. Never very good with letting go, I tend to cling on, or alternately keep everything/one at a certain (reachable) distance. I enjoy, I suppose, the power I can wield in English should I choose to, perverse as it sounds. Conversely, the French language, in particular, makes me feel ill at ease, uncomfortable in my skin; a shuddering sensation at its presumptuous smugness reflected through my own body housing its alien forms become uncanny. It's a part of me that I cannot control. Translation seems to expose a weakness, namely that I rely too strongly on language, I trust it too much. Not to say that I believe it could ever be whole, certainly not English, rather it is precisely the existence of *lalangue* (llanguage), that is, what we cannot know we are saying, which makes me trust words. They harbour everything, and "are" nothing.

The way I imagined you reading Robertson was of course slow, because I know you are slow, that is, you take the time that is required for you; you detest being rushed, hurried, pushed along before you yourself find yourself to be ready. Yet you are audacious or do I mean mischievous? You wouldn't have a problem misreading, because you wouldn't realise you had done it. Which begs the question... Can it be done?

What becomes of the text being listened to, if one believes it correctly read?  
Who is to say otherwise?

Otherwise, I'd have had to correct you endlessly, and you wouldn't have liked that.

Robertson's book accompanies you everywhere you go for a time. It's like a little yellow bible, which reminds me of course of another reason why it feels possible to use both given and family names for the poet in question: she does it to herself, her own possessive is the title, which I find pretty attractive as someone whose own name would never function to such an end, its pronunciation for people of almost every language I've encountered being rather indeterminate.

VI

A true effort to translate four sentences\*\* by Lisa Robertson:

1) Original: *'Her pronoun is sedition unrecognized as such.'*

My translation: 'The way that language refers to woman as a noun ("she") is in itself

something which agitates, subverts and causes trauma, but this very function of the grammatical tool is unconscious and thus self-perpetuating. [Addendum: jouissance.]'

2) Original: *'Her voice turns towards weakness and shame and it pours down her face.'*

My translation: 'The woman's attempts at communication are interpreted as inferior, and she knows it (the other takes it on face-value), yet she cannot find a way out of this bind and continues to allow herself to suffer – tears of ceaseless mourning and submission create a mask of "nature". [Addendum: hysteria.]'

3) Original: *'Part of her wanted nothing.'*

My translation: 'Woman's desire as negatively defined. To eat "nothing" is not identical to not eating.'

4) Original: *'When women are exiled it seems normal.'*

My translation: 'The woman takes responsibility regardless (whether physically or as psychological self-mutilation) and hence her "going away", that is, taking herself away, removing, subtracting her being, is just one among many normalised responses to her status as already-guilty.'

I wanted to say more about you reading to me because it may have so far come across as ungrateful. As someone who can only work in fragments, what a joy to be beside someone who works with wholes. My fidelity to language goes only so far as to reach your profound distrust and suspicion of language. Beyond that, we try to communicate.

Me: The words can only be taken in the moment of their enunciation, all the rest is context.

You: Il faut se méfier des mots.

\* The correct words are taken from Lisa Robertson, "Wooden Houses", *Lisa Robertson's Magenta Soul Whip* (ed. Elisa Sampedrin), Coach House Books, Toronto 2009

\*\*From Lisa Robertson, "Draft of a Voice-Over for Split-Screen Video Loop", *Lisa Robertson's Magenta Soul Whip* (ed. Elisa Sampedrin), Coach House Books, Toronto 2009





# CROC' LOVE

Lætitia Paviani lit et traduit  
William Shakespeare

LEPIDUS.

— C'est un drôle de serpent qu't'as là.

MARK ANTONY.

— Hey, ça va. Touche pas.

LEPIDUS.

— Ton serpent là... pas plus tard que tout à l'heure, il dormait derrière, dans la boue sous les rayons d'ton soleil. Maintenant regarde moi ça, c'est devenu un sacré crocodile ! —  
Hips.

MARK ANTONY.

— Oui oh et après.

POMPEY.

— Allez quoi, un câlin vous deux. À la vôtre !

LEPIDUS.

— Bof, j'ai la gerbe. Si je rentre je n'vais pas m'en sortir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

— Moi je parie qu'à moins que tu n' t'endormes, tu seras toujours dedans.

LEPIDUS.

— Nan, c'est sûr. J'ai entendu dire... j'ai entendu dire que tes pyramides ptolèrent... enfin plomettent de bien bonnes choses... enfin, à preuve du contraire, c'est c'que j'ai entendu dire.

MENAS.

— Pompey veut-il ajouter quelque chose ?

POMPEY.

— Hein ? Quoi ? Dis-moi dans l'oreille. Qu'est-ce que... ?

MENAS.

— Oh pitié, laisse tomber champion.

POMPEY.

— Tu permets oui... Un shot pour Lepidus !

LEPIDUS.

— Alors... c'est quoi ses manières à ton crocodile ?

MARK ANTONY.

— Il est bâti comme tu l'vois mec. Aussi large que sa largeur. Et aussi grand qu'il est grand. On peut quasiment se déplacer tout seul sur un organe pareil. Il vit de c'qui l'nourrit. Et une fois que tout en sort, on peut dire que ça se transmet, c'est cadeau.

LEPIDUS.

— Ah ? Et c'est de quelle couleur ?

MARC ANTONY.

— De sa prop' couleur.

LEPIDUS.

— Hmm, c'est vraiment un drôle de serpent.

MARC ANTONY.

— C'est vrai. Et ses larmes sont humides.

LEX TITIA.



# AMILY BODY DOUBLE + SOME WARNINGS

Sam Basu

THE SEEDS glide into the atmosphere, tiny, dropping into the desert in a flurry of snow. They drift for a while, pensive, in corners, around the globe. Unnoticed dust. The light to the north and south tints rose, shifts moods; there are rumblings of war again. Heavy summer rainstorms full of Saharan sand drive everyone indoors or into bars while the unnoticed dust starts to swell to the size of marbles. Children bring them home, and autumn arrives early despite the heat. Leaves drop sick.

That winter Amily feigns ill and stays home. Then, when everyone has left the building for work and school, she goes out wrapped in her duvet to watch the bodysnatcher people. She saw a film about them when she was younger; she does not remember what happened at the end of the film, but she knows that some of the people she meets in the street are not real people. They are vegetable, most likely no organs, just a mush of matter and seeds. Amily sees that they do not replace the people that they look like. The bodysnatchers live as doppelgangers. It is not the first time they have drifted in from outer space.

Mrs Marney walks past in a red jacket without noticing Amily; she is one. Then Mrs Marney comes by again in blue, Hello Amily, why are you not at school? Amily runs home without replying.

Back inside Amily decides to look at a book of Finnish folktales her uncle gave her. One story is about *etiäinen*. These are like having *deja vu* in reverse. *Etiäinen* are versions of you that live your life before you live it. They are always ahead of you doing everything that you will later do, like a forwards echo. They do not do any harm, but make life seem empty. Amily likes this story about the *etiäinen*; it makes sense to her. Bodysnatchers and *etiäinen* are not really 'free', but nor is anybody else.

\*

I'M WRITING a story where this someone decides to burrow through time into the future to see how the marks written into their enslaved body will finally be resolved. These marks are the accumulated injustices meted out on generation upon generation of peoples and things and measures. These marks mould us in every moment. These marks are folded like memories. Dark creases ruminating, cycling through every possible possibility and still coming back unchanged, dreary as hopes cessed.

This someone wishes to see how they will be justified by coming revolutions. They wish to see Justice to Come, the accounting that will bring justice to all; past, future, animate and not.

This someone understands ghosts. They have understood *etiäinen*, doppelgangers, *Vardøger*. They have understood those forms of echo that live-with being, preceding us like lightning springing from the ground. *Etiäinen* proceed us, do everything we will do but before we do. A forward-being-shadow.

This someone sends ghost-echoes out into the future (I'm not sure how yet, probably some spoken geo-magic). Foolishly they burrow through the ages on their own and by doing this, syphon all the anxiety and madness inherent in their epoch's poorly constructed idea of being-a-person into that revolutionary future and destroy it at once.

\*

Warning to peoples of a Future Revolutionary Justice  
Be Ware!

A body double is approaching from the past, which does not know that they are the conduit for total bullshit. They will try to convince you that they are benign and righteous, but they will burn you all in their imbecile fire.

Rise Up Twice!  
Destroy them and bring to fruit the promise of  
Cosmic Accounting

\*

THE FIRST TIME the seeds drifted in from outer space, we started to speak. Before that we could only sing. But if we remembered the song or if we did not remember the song, it was all the same?

Yes, says Amily's archaic memory. But the separation was always there. The separation across which we speak is a part of the universe and not something to repair.

Yes, says Amily, not something to repair.

Amily has drawn a circle that does not quite meet up with itself. She tears it out of her book and keeps it in her pocket; it makes sense to her. She goes downstairs to see the bodysnatcher who looks like her. She is watching TV and eating a sandwich that Amily's mother has given her. Amily goes out for a walk without saying anything to her mother. Outside it snows and the salted pavements crunch with grit and sand. She looks back at her home and imagines that it is a snowstormer. One day she will give it a shake.

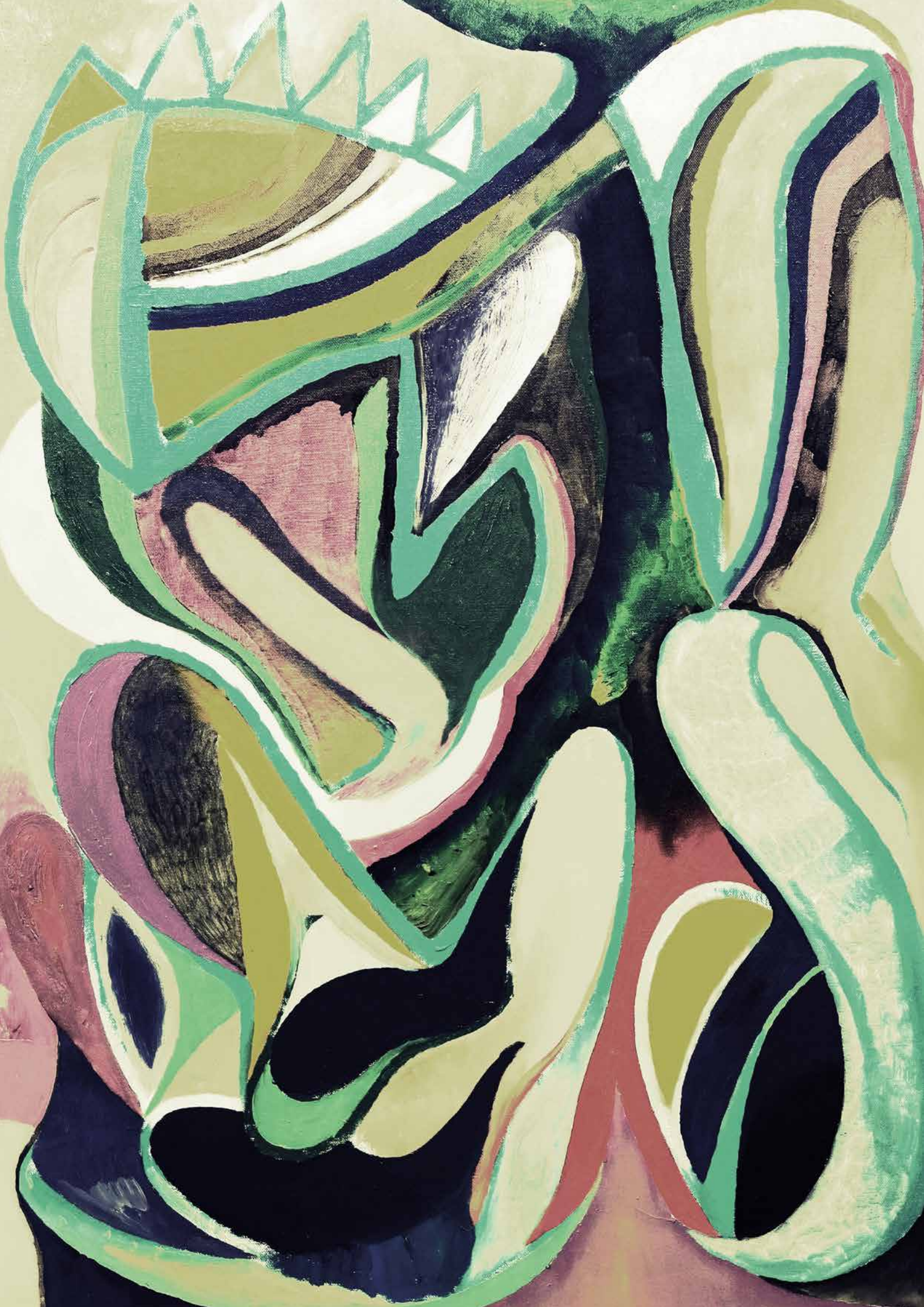
Amily passes Red Mrs Marney and then turns down to the school past the cinema. At the school, teachers are discussing the number of non-human cells in the human body. We are a strange host, made of lots of different environments sewn together. She wonders about etiäinen and how they are part of our body-environment, and if they always stay exactly the same amount of time ahead of you, or if they can try and escape from you into the deep future?

By spring, Amily has become quite anxious about her etiäinen getting too far ahead of her. She has not seen any doppelgangers either and she is not sure what will happen if her etiäinen escape her lifespan. Will they die also? Or will they go on indefinitely? What will they do if they get free? She thinks about warning people. She decides to take some ink and a pin and write on her arm Be Ware! She knows that her etiäinen will have already done this. She can add to the warning later.









Date: 02/07/2017

Dear S.,

I AM AN AUTHOR, THEREFORE I AM FREE.

After reading aloud – and in front of an audience - a short extract of my Sancho/Don Quixote correspondence I thought that it could finally become real. By becoming real, I mean not being private only, or not being secret only, or not belonging to Cervantès only! By becoming real, I certainly mean being published, and so given to a possibility of readers, and so opening itself to multiple interpretation, understandings, translations, misunderstandings, red eyes, blue eyes, dark thoughts, witty funny games.

I make a big deal out of that because this correspondence is at first a correspondence. But I knew it also is literary and I knew when writing those emails between 2013 and 2016 – this is nothing but a very short extract and selection, ...what will I do out of the rest of the correspondence? -, I knew when writing and exchanging with Quixote that what we were -I was- playing with was actually literature. I try not to be too modest so I can claim the important stuff that I have never been able to claim, will I ever be. When you deal with fiction in real life, when you act live or write as if you were in fiction, it can be a dangerous game. For me the danger was to loose the authority/authorship of my writings, drawings, actions. Becoming the character of a novel makes you loose sight of what makes you become successful or just active in real life. Even more when the concerned character is himself taken between the imaginary and real world! And even more when that precise character is a servant. It's like a Borgesian maze after all. I had become the insane captive of a novel, but I was playing and having fun with its components. I dreamed of an endless Borgesian replay. Now I realize I'd better choose to be an author, rather than a character only. Better be Cervantès than Sancho!

The rewriting of Cervantès' Don Quixote is limitless. As long as books and stories will exist, one can always get mad, and that is a good thing. We don't have to be mad the way Don Quixote used to being mad, being inadequate since childhood is totally enough. Or just being a woman. Kathy Acker rewrites Don Quixote by making Don Quixote insane because of her abortion. And thanks to her abortion, she achieves knighthood.

I guess I wanted to write about many things! I shall not loose sight of my correspondence, which is the story of another Quixote, the one I sort of know. I should give you a few information : I am the one who decided to be Sancho, so I made myself a servant. I met Don Quixote in Finland, he was not Don Quixote yet. From the day he started writing to me I decided he would be Don Quixote. He would be the master. The act of writing to me made him a knight. In real life, his name is M. In real life, he is a master of non mastery, as he used to saying. In real life, he is an expert. Shall I mention that. I should, because the reader should know that this Quixote was also a big reader, a reader of Walter Benjamin, stories stories stories making up the world and the collective unconscious. We come full circle again. After ending our correspondence in 2015 as being Sancho and Don Quixote, because it was painful to give it an end and not being Sancho any more, I decided I would become Donna Quixote. I felt better being Donna, coz I finally was a woman, I finally was the (non)master, I finally took on my madness and my anger, I finally found my quest and also, last but not least, my true sidekick, my love. BUT I CAN'T BE A CHARACTER ONLY. This is a happy ending where everybody gets mad and real. I AM AN AUTHOR AND THIS IS HOW I LOVE AND AM LOVED. This one goes out to you, mon bien aimé.

All the best,

Bisous

The Female Dalmatian



# THE THING IS THAT

Julie Sas

words don't come easy, les mots n'arrivent pas tranquilles, and I am vaguely trying  
to think of hermetism. Not as an ease, non pas comme forme, not as a resistance tool, non pas comme attitude,  
not as an esoteric way of thinking, non pas comme  
négation, not as vacuum, not as a paradox, et non pas par la négative.  
I am vaguely trying to think of hermetism, je réfléchis, vaguement, and I am trying to think of it from it, the  
experience of writing - whatever that means.  
Trying to think of it from it and with it, the other, l'autre, le lecteur, the reader,  
you - no matter who, et qu'importe qui parle, I mean : .

The thing is that le fait que la question is a question of address.  
A partir de from here, un ensemble de possibilités as a set of possible tactics :  
I mean / you understand / I mean / you don't understand / I don't mean / you don't  
understand / I don't mean / you understand / I know, you know / I don't know, you  
know / I know / you don't know / I don't know / you don't know

Et si what if  
I don't care if I mean anything / you do care if I meant something / we, as a  
substantial group of personne made of subjectivity and objectivity, knowledge and  
ignorance, intuition and reason, are at the beginning of something.

Speculation is the thing is that le fait est que je est une spéculation.  
Ainsi we, that-is-to-say c'est à dire I + it = nous pensons :  
there was something like an impossibility je dirais, quelque chose comme une erreur,  
à premier abord, like something wrong but not so problematic, c'est à dire qu'étant  
donné la situation given the set of circumstances, on pouvait dire *one could say*  
that  
all of it was a matter of opacity, c'était un probleme d'opacité, d'opacité, and it took  
me some time to realize it was in fact a matter of fact, c'était en fait de l'ordre d'un  
ordre des choses, factuel, dont on finissait par faire abstraction in a pure joy of  
transgression.

the thing is that le fait est que the thing is that  
It was a sort of reflexivity as a spontaneous thinking qui se prend elle-même pour  
objet, on a speculative mode, sur le mode du what if. Et comme l'expérience durait I  
thought it wouldn't last long but it did on finissait par penser couché sur le papier,  
comme on dirait d'un text-to-speech on a slipping mode. J'avais alors pour  
appareillage : one of the few things I know about it + plus some things that I ignore +  
plus un je-ne-sais-quoi de choses que je sais et que j'ignore, resulting in a kind of  
negation of any attempt to understand anything, et le fait est que the thing is that.

have you have you ever heard have you ever heard a voice have you ever heard a  
voice saying have you ever heard a voice saying have you have you ever heard a  
voice saying have you ever heard have you ever heard a voice saying have you ever  
heard anything ?

Inextricablement, that-is-to-say incapable of being disentangled, undone, loosed or  
solved, on a : le problem du making sense, presented as such : what if it makes  
sense not making sense ? (Ça marche aussi à l'endroit). ou bien/ou bien what if  
making sense not making sense is the thing is that ?

But also : what if I + it = nous no sens->e ?  
What if : une information / an information, un message / a message, une indication /  
an indication, une déclaration / a declaration, un discours / a speech without any  
information / information, message / message, indication / indication, declaration /  
declaration would be the thing is that ?

What if there was nothing but no sense et s'il n'y avait rien que du sens ? What if  
[this space intentionally left blank]  
What if

But, the thing is that on pourrait dire one could say it is also a problem of  
identification, I mean : .  
Technically, I am being clairvoyant (en français dans le texte) by not seeing clear.

Technically, there is no principle of equivalence, still un equivalent est techniquement possible. Possibly, in a manner of speaking, in a way, there is no system du text, quite the opposite.

Still, as possiblement le contraire, we have :

I as either : the author ou/or a speculation (possibly both).

it as either : hermetism ou/or the experience of writing ou/or the reader (notez bien : the experience of writing could also be le system du text).

you as the reader (who, according to what has been just said could also be it)

we or/ou nous as either : I + it ou/or le system du text (which, according to what has been just said could also be the experience of writing. However, it has been said

before that there is no system du text, which would mean that finally, there is no

principle of equivalence between : I as either : the author ou/or a speculation

(possibly both), it as either : hermetism ou/or the experience of writing ou/or the

reader (notez bien : the experience of writing could also be le system du text), you as

the reader (who, according to what has been just said could also be it), we or/ou

nous as either : I + it ou/or le system du text (which, according to what has been just

said could also be the experience of writing. However, it has been said before that

there is no system du text).

Still I + it = nous avons the thing is that as the thing is that (and eventually nothing else than the the thing is that, exception faite pour : the thing is that being subject of

speculation)

this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads this to leads this leads

to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this

leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to

this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to [this

space intentionally left blank]

Then, what if it was a matter of vocabulary ? Et si c'était une question de

vocabulaire ? What if it was a matter of words rather than a matter of vocabulary ?

The thing is that le fait est que this is a multiple choice questionnaire. Given that étant

donné is given. And following the following plan : input / hidden layer / hidden layer /

hidden layer hidden layer / output

Example :

I : am = slippery as slender words in a poem sleeping in your mind. As soundless

as sand is.

it : is = a dot.

Then, distance might be the thing is that.

What if, what if distance might be the thing is that ? What if

one could say what if distance might be the thing is that ?

What if

one could hear someone saying what if distance might be the

thing is that ? What if

one could hear the echo of someone saying what if distance

might be the thing is

that ? What if someone could hear the sound of an echo of

someone saying what if

distance might be the thing is that ?

Now, I + it = nous navigating in an ambient void or vacuum

like something in air

would be the thing is that. La question the question is is the

thing is that out of the

text, or rather at the end of it [This space intentionally left

blank instead of either :

question mark / just nothing]







# BEAUCOUP MOINS DE PINGOUINES

Émilie Notéris

Face à face, leurs deux franges contrastent fortement, l'une noire, l'autre blonde. Les écrits de la blonde sont teintés de tristesse, les chansons de la brune sont pleines d'allégresse. De Françoise Sagan ou de Juliette Gréco on ne sait laquelle des deux était la plus sérieuse, celle qui dans sa passion entraîna le plus l'autre. De cette aventure amoureuse (hypothétique ?) on se plaît à tirer une séquence très cinématographique. Juliette répète une chanson, insouciant et moqueuse, pendant que Françoise lui assène des phrases extraites de ses romans pour toute réponse.

*ON VOIT BEAUCOUP DE PINGOUINS MAIS BEAUCOUP MOINS DE PINGOUINES*

- "La terre est peuplée de truqueurs et de bavards, qui se servent des mots comme d'une monnaie qu'ils sauraient fausser."

*ALORS QUE LES PINGOUINES Y'EN A PLUS QUE DE PINGOUINS*

- "Nous sommes peu à penser trop, trop à penser peu."

*SANS DOUTE QUE LES PINGOUINS SONT PLUS GAIS QUE LES PINGOUINES*

*ALORS QUE LES PINGOUINES SONT TRISTES ON LE DEVINE*

- "La terre seule me rassure, quelle que soit la part de boue qu'elle contient."

*LES PETITS PINGOUINS SE TIENNENT LA MAIN DE FAÇON DIVINE LES PETITES PINGOUINES NE SE TIENNENT RIEN NON RIEN*

- "Elle n'avait envie de rien. Et elle avait peur de rester seule deux jours. Elle haïssait ces dimanches de femme seule."

*LES PETITS PINGOUINS BOIVENT DU BON VIN DANS DES PETITS BOUGES*

- "On s'habitue aux défauts des autres quand on ne croit pas de son devoir de les corriger."

*LES PETITES PINGOUINES PRÉFÈRENT LE GROS ROUGE*

- "Mon passe-temps favori, c'est laisser passer le temps, avoir du temps, prendre du temps, perdre mon temps, vivre à contretemps."

*PARFOIS QUAND UN PINGOUIN RENCONTRE UNE PINGOUINE ILS JOUENT ON L'IMAGINE TOUJOURS AUX QUATRE « GOINS »*

- "Quand votre femme vous trompe, on est ridicule si on l'ignore, complaisant si on le sait, et névrosé si on en souffre."

*CAR LES JOLIS PINGOUINS ONT TRÈS PEUR DES PINGOUINES ET LES VILAINES PINGOUINES DÉTESTENT LES PINGOUINS*

- "J'ai trop le désir qu'on respecte ma liberté pour ne pas respecter celle des autres."

*LES PETITS PINGOUINS SE METTENT UN FOND DE TEINT OU BIEN QUELQUES  
HUILES LES PETITES PINGOUINES NE SE METTENT RIEN NON RIEN*

- "La liberté de penser, et de mal penser et de penser peu, la liberté de choisir moi-même ma vie, de me choisir moi-même. Je ne peux pas dire « d'être moi-même » puisque je n'étais rien qu'une pâte modelable, mais celle de refuser les moules."

*LES PETITS PINGOUINS ONT DES PETITS POINTS SOUVENT QU'ILS ÉPILENT LES  
PETITES PINGOUINES TROUVENT PAS ÇA VIRIL*

- "Ignorait-elle que si le corps sans le cœur n'était pas le paradis, le cœur sans le corps était l'enfer ?"

*ET SI L'ON VOIT DE LOIN CES PINGOUINS, CES PINGOUINES, BIEN D'AUTRES EN  
SOURDINE GRAVISSENT NOS CHEMINS CAR CHACUN SAIT TRÈS BIEN QUE LES  
PINGOUINS, LES PINGOUINES SURTOUT S'ILS SE DANDINENT RESSEMBLENT  
AUX HUMAINS...*

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM

mother's Spleen your mouth drew across the star  
 With cool lip hard you hurled out your legs of,  
 And cries you sharp. With space thighs half,  
 bitter beneath some modern short Babylonian hear  
 Leaning across you. SOMEDAY, Over far,  
 Coil in saliva, Woman grow Your soft fear.  
 We'll not have this Naked—grimace—baby  
 As you called Into secret, strain pale, body.  
 Capricious grass wouldn't the fertile  
 Spreading We female In its light ; know you for.  
 Once a Plunging Avenue the humid arms drip  
 Up in the heat little woman Trick.  
 Under touch those lang'rous breast  
 as urged musicians do With your orgy  
 we'd feel Hair sagging down For.  
 bulging face  
 You'd beat to the world with Pulsing in the lie  
 —Fifth eyes — lip of loosed to The madness  
 That you are. With some vague On your face  
 Fields strangled In your lace,  
 We see your damp fall to leer It, leaning above  
 your chemise.  
 We'd see you grandly to your belly dappled Out  
 From oozing over-hearts left to sip the damp feet.  
 though We'd space from the stately one took you,  
 We'd Length At your Upon your bulging ear  
 Of some you see in her When  
 See Your go Through.









# LE TEXTE DES I.

Mélanie Blaison

## Une terrasse.

Assise sur une chaise devant une table.  
Un ciel gris, un peu de vent des haricots verts  
croquants sous la dent. Il y a de l'air.

Des gens passent. S'assoient parfois également.  
Mangent, mâchent et parlent.

Je me lève et lave mon assiette.  
Pousse du gras avec un éponge. Rince.  
À côté du lavabo 12 tasses à café, les petites celles pour l'expresso.  
Celles qui font un bruit de café. Bruit du camion poubelle.  
Les garçons qui portent souvent la même tenue n'ont pas nettoyé leur  
fin de repas. Ou peut-être était-ce leur 4 heure.

Des plats passent. Des monts. Blancs et orangés comme un paysage du  
désert pas de salade. Absence du vert. L'évier se bouche.

I.  
I. mange partout où on peut trouver à manger.  
I. met tout très vite dans sa bouche.  
I. semble avoir peur que cela disparaisse.  
I. a quelque chose d'un peu animal.  
I. transporte souvent de la nourriture dans des sacs.  
I. court avec ses sacs.  
J'aime bien I. mais je ne suis pas amoureuse de I.

Ce n'est pas le I. du couloir.  
C'est un autre I. Encore.

**Bruit marquant une pause.**

Les 3 C. poussent la porte et entrent.  
Elles portent chacune une pile de feuilles colorées épaisses. Vert, jaune et blanc. Je me brosse les dents à ce moment-là.

L'autre I. Que je croise aussi quasi-quotidiennement. Porte une casquette rose aujourd'hui. Un sous-pull rose. Un boubou fleuri par dessus. Je découvre que I. N'est pas un I. Mais un Y.  
Effectivement.

Cette après-midi, sur une table elle a disposé des bouteilles, remplies d'un liquide rose transparent.

-Hibiscus et non grenadine, dit-elle. Voilà cette journée étrange continue.

-Pourquoi sortir un dimanche. Hum. Qui dit ça ?

### 3 transats.

1 garçon au premier plan croque une pomme.  
Bruit de quelqu'un qui croque une pomme. Une fille vient de lui donner cette pomme.

Puis plus loin une fenêtre.  
Plusieurs plans, 3 environ exactement.  
Un arbre vert, un autre arbre puis un autre arbre vert marque ces plans.  
Le jeune boulanger forme des boules de pâte.

Quelque part ailleurs.  
Quelques minutes plus tard.  
Beaucoup de gens parlent.  
Changement de ton de la voix.  
Bruit de corde de balançoire.  
Bruit de porte qui grince.  
Bruit du vent dans les arbres.

Hum. Liste des gens qui portent des casquettes.

Le garçon qui lance des seaux d'eau dans les toilettes sourit ce matin. Il porte toujours sa casquette et une chemise avec beaucoup de motifs colorés. Je pense il en a beaucoup. Il a de belles dents aussi. Ça aussi j'aimerais avoir. Des belles dents blanches pour parler et sourire de la même façon. Croquer dans une pomme très fort.

Il monte les escaliers en parlant.

-comment ça va madame ? Et il monte ces escaliers en souriant toujours. Quand on me dit madame, j'ai toujours une drôle de sensation.

La porte qui est derrière les toilettes. Celle-ci est collée au lavabo. Ça m'arrive souvent d'ouvrir la porte et de heurter qq un. Aujourd'hui c'était L. Mais il souriait également alors tout va bien.

Le garçon à la cigarette électronique porte une presque robe aujourd'hui. Il s'agit d'un habit de travail pour la soudure d'un brun terre. Il se confond à la limite de la couleur de sa peau d'été.

La fenêtre. Passe le rap dehors et les filles pulpeuses devant. Un terrain de foot. Bruit d'un ballon qui rebondit. 2 seins moulés dans un mini-haut.

**Je marche dans la rue et j'entends moustache cacahuète.** Je souris et me retourne. Je vois un couple, puis un petit chien courir. Moustache cacahuète est le nom d'un animal de compagnie qui porte la même couleur que le fruit sec.

Je n'entends plus I. En ce moment c'est inquiétant. Normalement elle est plus bruyante.

Dans une cour. 10 personnes assises. I. enfin apparaît, je ne m'y attendais pas. Ce n'est pas l'endroit où elle apparaît d'habitude. elle parle fort, je suis contente d'entendre ce bruit d'enthousiasme  
à nouveau, elle porte un tee-shirt rose fluo et une grosse baf dans ses bras. Elle fait de grands pas sautillant en avançant.

Je croise I. à nouveau le lendemain. Elle me dit qu'elle rejoint M.

Grosse averse. Après la pluie.  
FIN de scène.



# DOUBLE DOOR (DIANA)

Sophie T. Lvoff

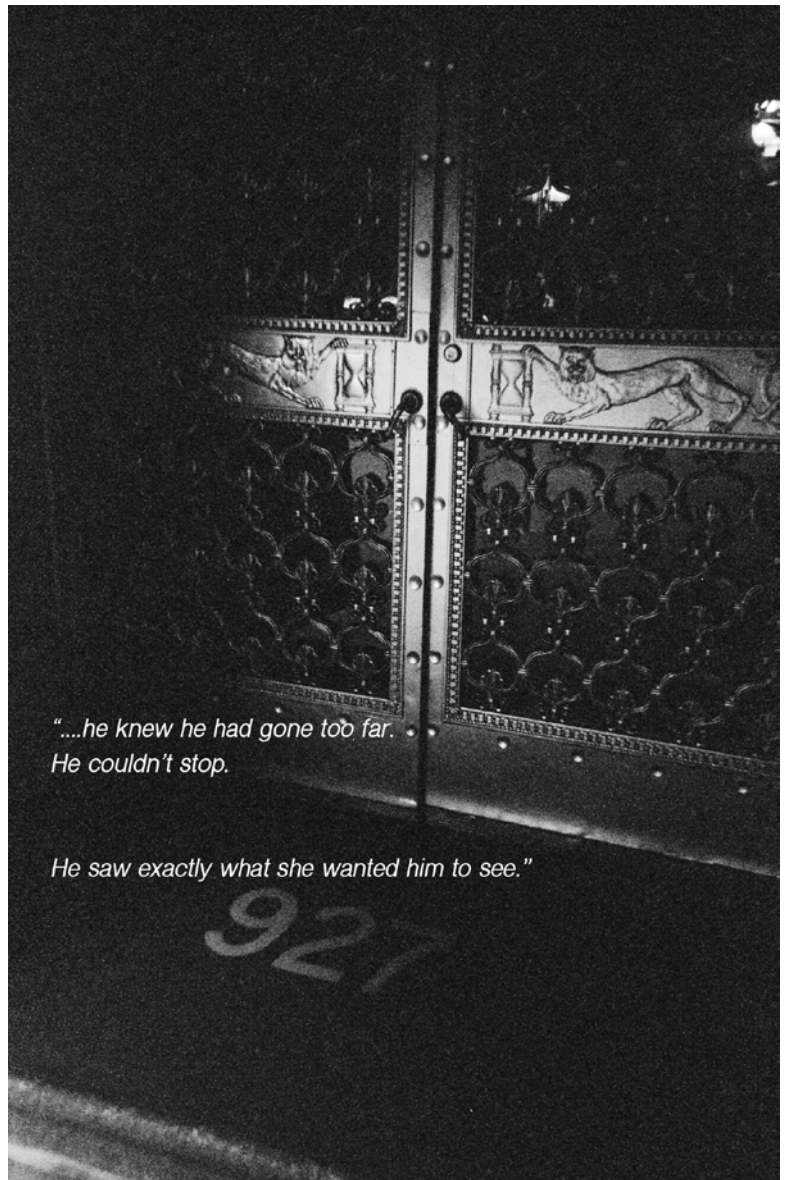


*"He thought he was watching her,  
but she was watching him...."*



*"...he thought he was trespassing,  
but he was invited..."*





*"...he knew he had gone too far.  
He couldn't stop.*

*He saw exactly what she wanted him to see."*



# REMERCIEMENTS / WARM THANKS

Aux auteur.es et artistes contributrice-teurs / To all the autors and artists contributors

À / To Alexis Hyman Wolff pour son aide précieuse dans la traduction des poèmes de Lisa Robertson / for her valued help in the translation of Lisa Robertson's poems

À / To Hélène Baril et /and Camille Tsvetoukhine pour les relectures / for proofreading

À / To Marco Caroti pour ses conseils dans le design de la revue / for his advises in the graphic design of this issue

À / To Le Carreau Du Temple qui a soutenu financièrement ce numéro / who financially supported this issue

Première de couverture / front cover :

Alexander Wolff

*Peinture Couverture*

Quatrième de couverture / back cover :

Julie Sas

*Handwritten copy of Lee Lozano Notebook 8, 5 April 1970 pp.113-14 in my own notebook*



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113)

DO I WANT TO  
STUDY FROM BOOKS AS  
WEAPON TO USE WHEN  
PARTICIPATING IN WORLD  
? OR DO I WANT TO  
SEARCH FOR NEW  
KNOWLEDGE (INFO SYSTEMS,  
INVENT OTHER WAYS OF  
LEARNING FOR MYSELF?