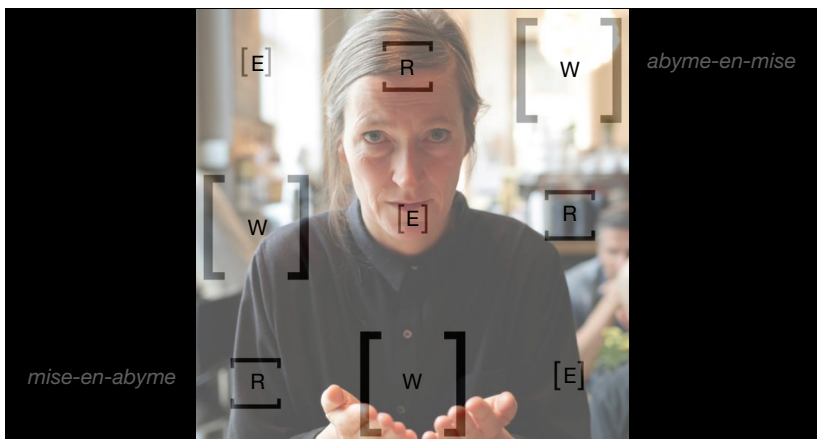




This is book-flyer: *Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine* (2019, facs. of book-title by Alexander Smith, appearing in *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury)—*A book on reading, writing, memory and forgetting in a library of living books*. An activity under the editorial directorship of Mette Edvardsen.

Soft-cover w/jacket, 290 pages, 18 named contributions (text), 144 *illustr.*, a list of 91 books *learned & told by heart*, a shadow-library of 123 books considered for this purpose, a list of 241 reference books that were relevant for the activity. In sum, a *richly annotated* mini-library catalogue.

In this descriptor the texts of the anthology and the illustrations are considered as library *meta-data*. The illustrations are placed after the text-materials in the book (in the manner of older art-books). The volume is one to have and to own, like a library. To read and to blend. A book at need.



During my preparation for an artistic research conversation with Mette Edvardsen—heeding the nature of her *living books* initiative—I had to determine how to *not* to let myself be involved in working with her book in the matter of a *project*. Especially, as I was about the complete my reading.

Reading the book in full—in an entourage of sparing readers—could readily make be act on the assumption that i should be able to render it, if not in full, then at least its essence: what the project is *about*. But that would entail that I considered it a project, and also that I made myself a part of it.

So, I involved the book in *two walks*: on the one walk I had the book in a knapsack as I hiked *across* Nordmarka—a lush forest outside of Oslo—following the direction of the sun. The other walk, the *smaller* one, was to cross the book itself, by spending sufficient time to read my way through.

If to present anything, it would have to be something that I had *made*: which is why I proceeded to make this flyer. I had to proceed with a certain amount of care—developing empathy and meticulousness—but also driven by the wish to operate as effectively as possible. Moving, making, measuring.

Operating as the geometer in Kafka's novel—the Castle—in that I was called for this job, but taking care of not seeking confirmation for my employment. I did not think of my activities in performance terms, but employed myself at working as the surveyor of Mette Edvardsen's terrain.

Can something be in display without being exhibited? I sensed that this question could serve to characterise the attempt in *Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine*. The question could also serve to characterise a book: any book. A book is a form of display, but of a non-exhibitive type.

The book is local—both to the writer, the reader and the editor—in the sense that it conveys a sense of place: but it is site-generic, not site-specific. Maybe it is possible to hold that the book does *not* take time, but that it takes *place*: or, it takes time till it transposes unto a venue.

But how to conceive something taking place in the abysmal gaps that separate & link the writer, reader and editor? In a self-induced trance state, this image appeared to me: I saw a procession of black cars, resembling the Austin cabs they have in the UK. Mette was the driver in each one of them.

In the back-seat, the authors of the volume—each in their cab—were sitting in the back seat, with enough space for leisure. While I myself was walking alongside, with the possibility of asking for a ride, and feeling the increasing potency from actually doing so. We were *together* but on asymmetric terms.

As such, the book is of little consequence for the course of the stony reality that we call life on Earth. But not if considered as a seed—a possibility building a potential, the longer it goes in: this is the place of the book, if seen in *geognostic* terms. As a seed it is a possibility: it may/not sprout.