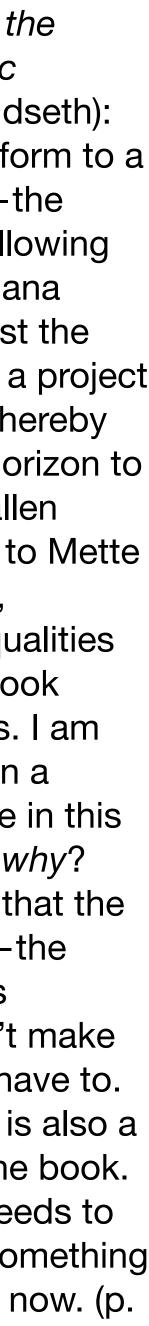
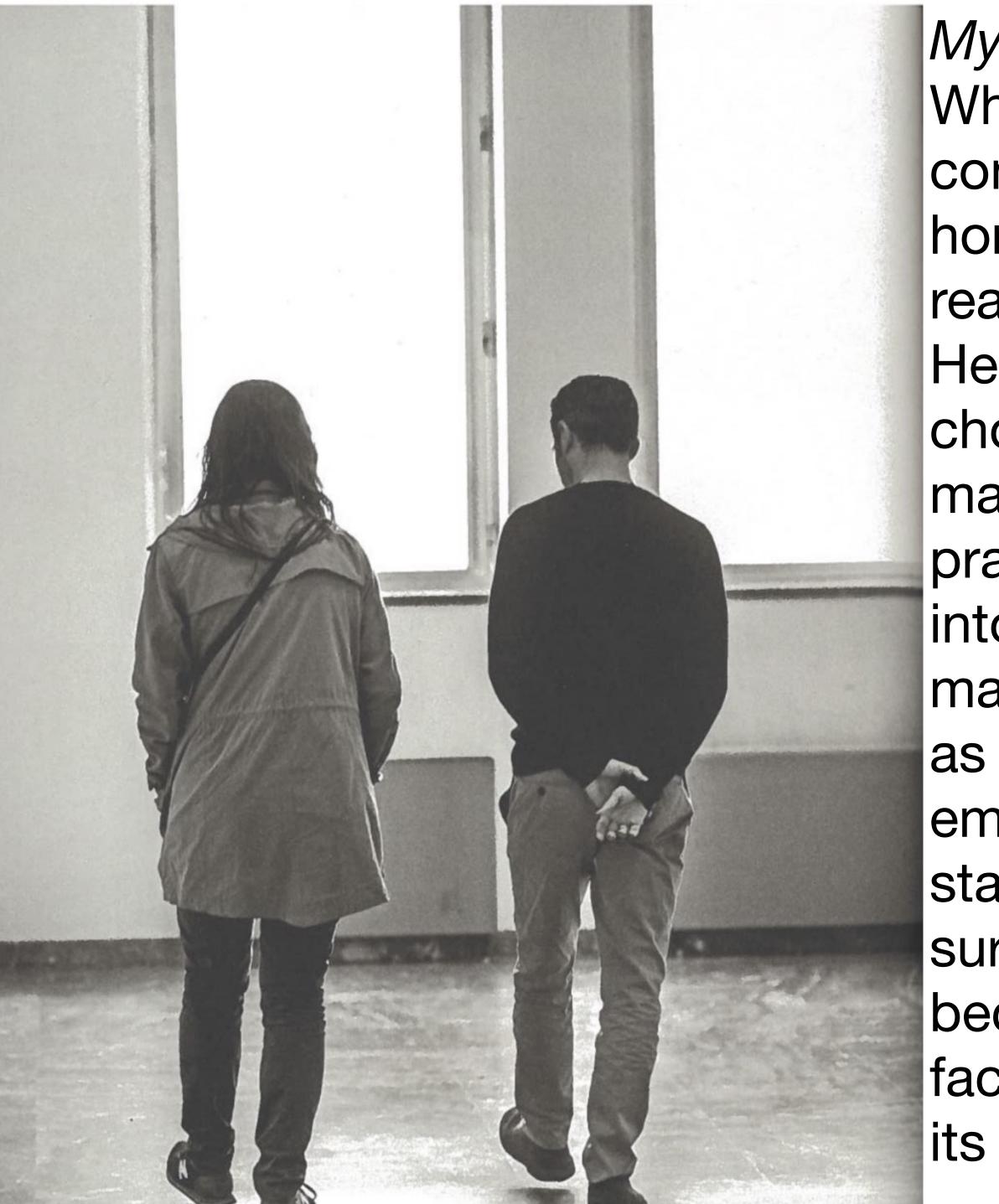
Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine (exp. 1)

Ean dag int jank' wook Fonsje Cen Dag in 't Jaar. P wille, woeste, meinlige nacht, Quavilde waste oneindige nacht eindeligt zijt ge ka etade gebracht. Gendely h Lijt ge ten cande gebracht No zyn no damper voorby, nue Lyn und dampen voorby nu blinkt de kleuxkledy ton the park. na blimket des klensileedy van unven jager, oneindige Van men jager. Oneindige, twelete, ceurviges, reissigen eluwige, trabele, keinigen reinigen laak is met Quiver water. Reihigen laat in met Luiver vater. hoor cen val homet nu aver u, laater How ee lat komt in over u, last en und vocten niet warchen, maar whicht, o which no voeten het wasse, maak vlucht hoor, hoor, nadert nu watergerucht. o Wincht, hoor hoor palent un watergerentet. O dierbare Lon, heider Lon mijn bondgenoot, rijs er, bron mign spiegelbron, dein en dein over Diekbare 200, teizer 200, The alou over eigen vloed, deiningen hloop er myn bondgeroof, Rejs er bron, undelvos diep in week khistal, myn spregol bron, dein en leih aver, water en licht a how it sal als ge nu hant een diedare bingen Vloei over eige Word, deiningen Hoof er het wrot in myn heel en wit al springen enlelos kiep in week kelstal. hoog boven menschen heizen unt Wheek in licht o kom, ik zal, een spiegelfontein von watergebuid. Ms ge nu komt ein in zingen, het wreat it mugh keel a wit at spring Water en licht in a gwenn ik Low kristal, waterval, u klem ik hoog bover mentschenhen 2en ut, O in mign beide roode armen en spregelfontein me watergeluid. naar u verlang ik, v ik arme het een oneindige wereldahe dorst, mog wel meer dan ik Zeggen dorst eens maar nu dal het verre klinken, ih wil woorden mign woorden drinken drinkend u toe en noemend u,

Time, comitment and the ongoingness of artistic research (Melanie Fieldseth): Reading can be transform to a special kind of work—the work of reception. Following Melanie Fieldseth/Bojana Kunst's critique, I resist the temptation of making a project out of my work, and thereby transmit the project-horizon to the book (Time has fallen asleep). I have to talk to Mette Edvardsen about this, because I think that qualities of *excellence* of the book reside precisely in this. I am not alone to have seen a potential of excellence in this book, the question is *why*? One reason might be that the book's activity basis—the living books—delivers *immediately*: it doesn't make promises. It doesn't have to. For this reason, there is also a sense of urgency in the book. Not something that needs to happen quickly, but something that needs to happen now. (p. 177)





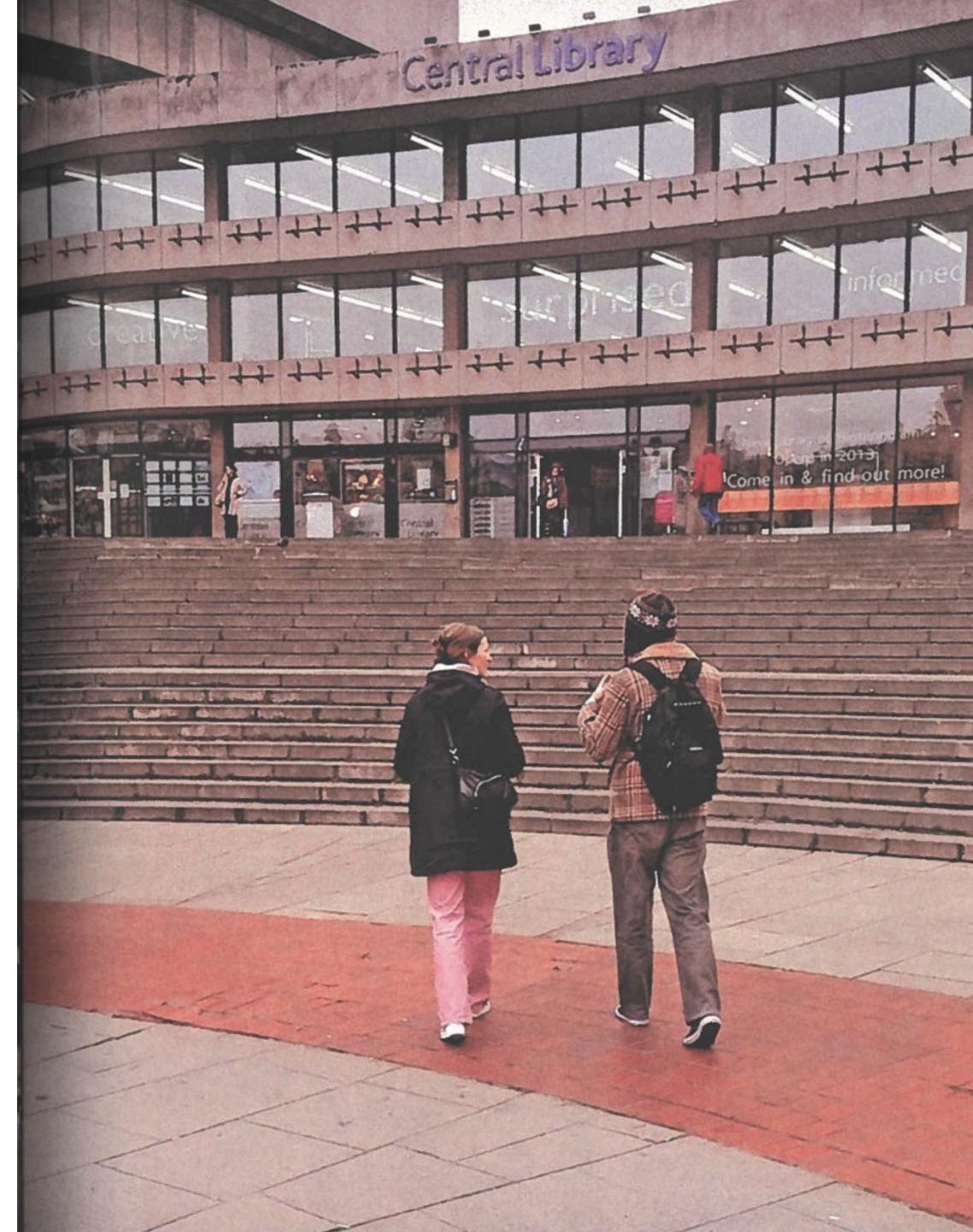
My days in the years (Johan Sonnenschein). What I appreciate in Johan Sonnenschein's contribution to the book, is that he proposes an horizon for reading, by placing his passion for reading in the context of his job as a postman. He does not merely present this as a pragmatic choice, but that his perception of his job as a mailman operates as a backdrop for this reading practice. In my reading, it transforms his day-job into something else. It does not transform it into mail-art. But in his job he has a full second life as a reader. Therefore when he obtains employment as an academic reader, there is a startle effect in his piece: as though he himself is surprised. Time is of essence, of course: because in the swooning of time, behind the face of a regular delivery, there is infinitude and its modes. A trail of footprints. (p.57)



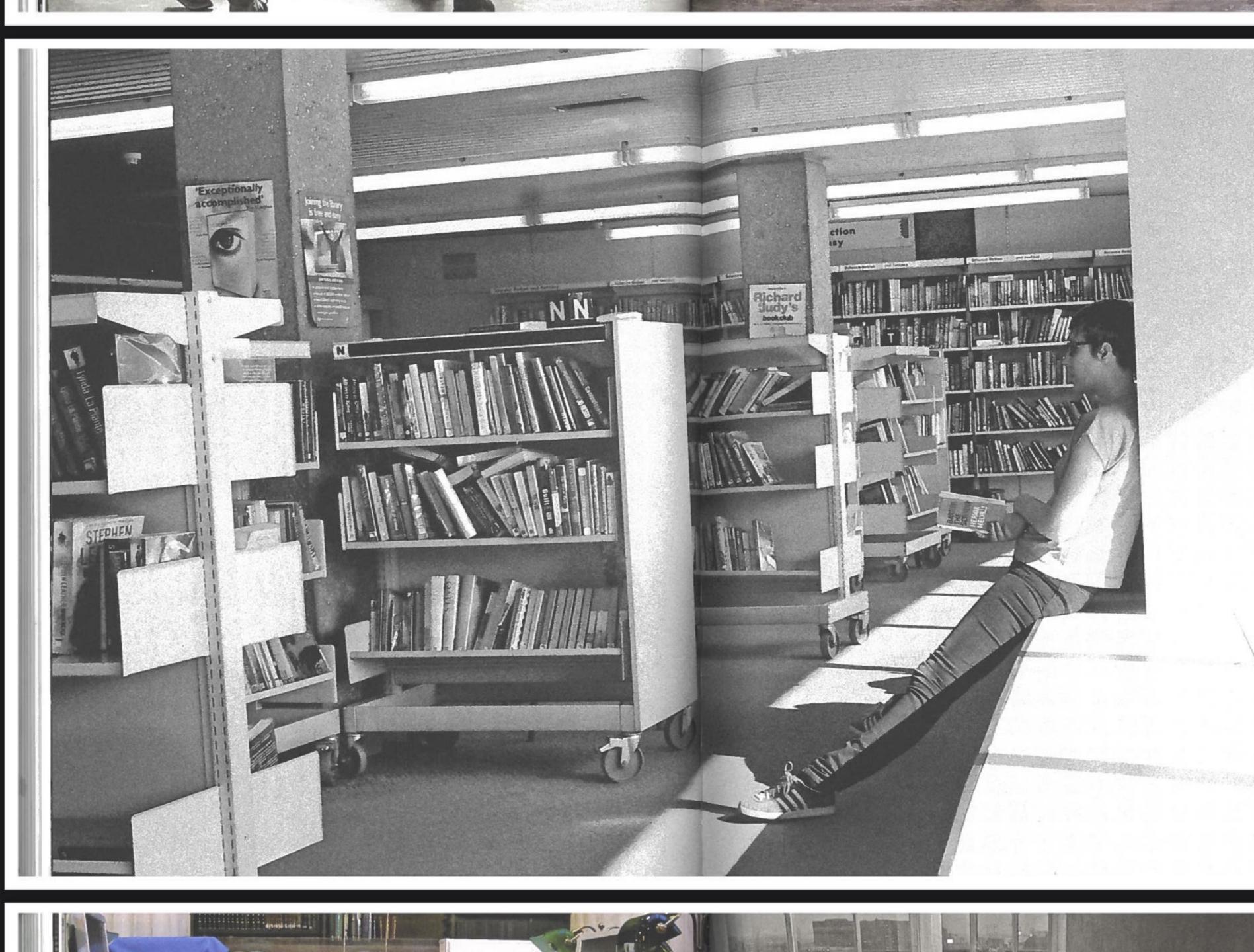




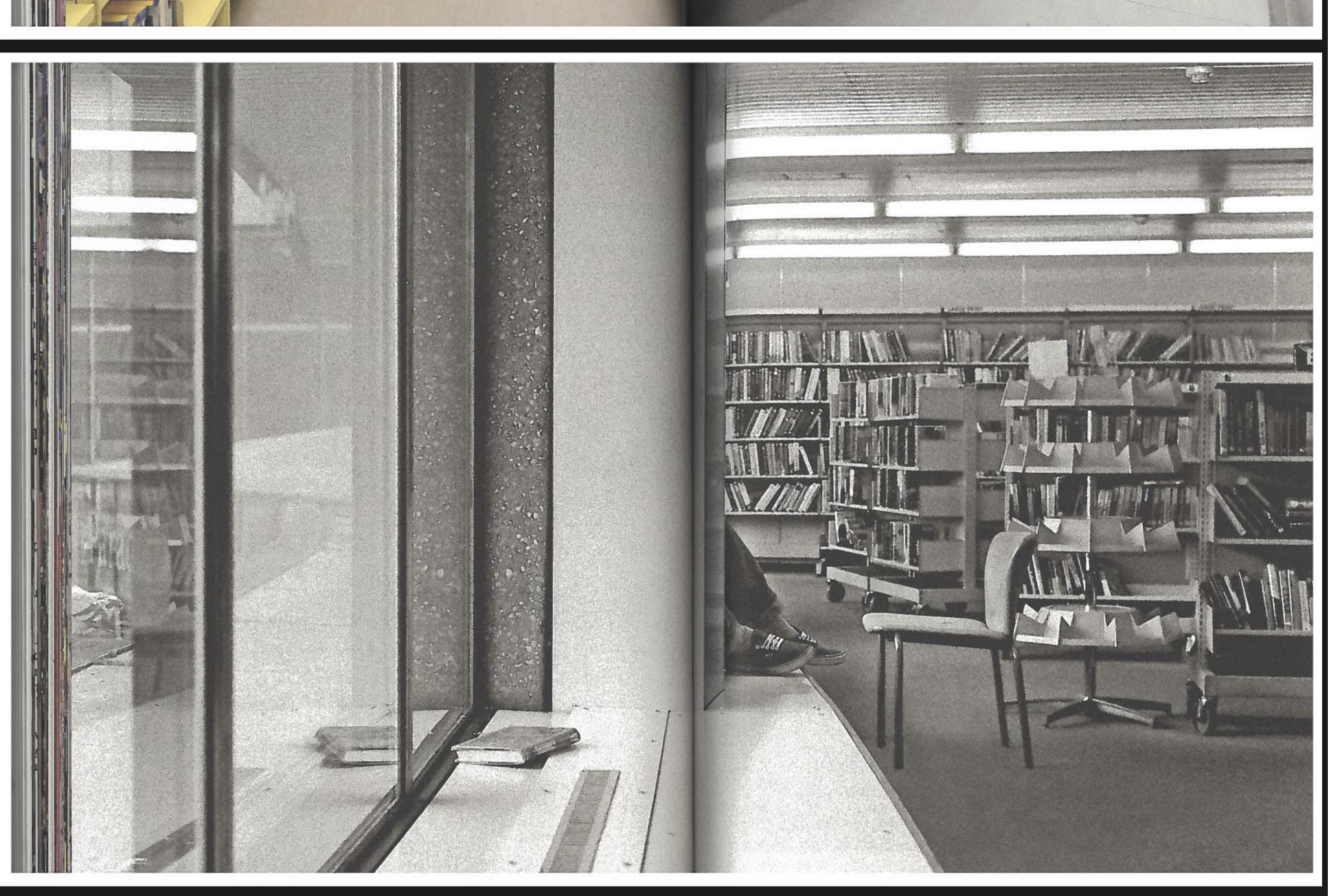
The library (that others call the universe) (Victoria Pérez Royo): what is conspicuous with the living books activity, is that there is no obvious relation between effort and reward. The effort of learning the books by heart exceed the reward. Still, throughout the book, there are multiple references to the decision to continue. Which it has for now 10 years. The activity thereby challenges expectation as a standard. So, it will either challenge expectation, or serve to liquify it. So, it will either frustrate or replace quiddity with liquitidy. I am tempted to link the idea that entire libraries can open in a single volume-like the present one—to this idea. The idea of inhabiting the present consistently, and the premise and consequence of this residing in the contingency of the book, and the possibility there in finding love. (p. 119)



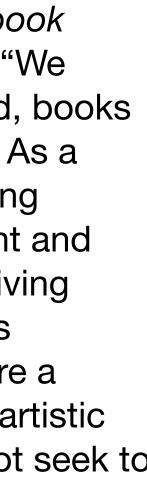
Reading, listening, enduring (Bojana Cvejicíc): though the living books activity is not a performance for an audience -it is the book speaking to each person borrowing them at the library—it could be conceived as a performance for the book. The book performing for itself, as it were, if that is possible. It makes sense if we think about the book as already embodied, and then a second embodiment in the live reading. As such a possible transition from an older world-view where bodies were more extant, and then turning to the body as a kind of modern turn. Paradoxically, the activity will frustrate the listener with the habit of making margin notes. As far as I can see, the living books are the only ones documented in taking notes (with each their system of memorising). Hence the seduction of unreadability may be amplified w/living books (p. 161)



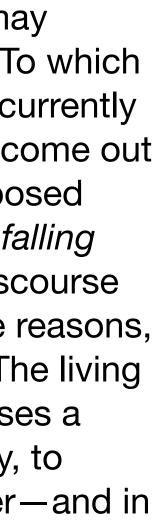


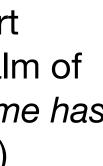


Some notes on the book (Emilioano Battista): "We become, Borges said, books when we are dying." As a placeholder alternating between embodiment and holding worlds, the living books activity comes interestingly to feature a verbal activity as an artistic practice that does not seek to self-historicise itself (Nietzsche). What are the interpenetration between artistic practice and -discourse that we may foresee in its wake? To which degree will what we currently call artistic research come out of the weft of superposed practices. In *Time is falling* asleep there is no discourse (just as, for the same reasons, there is no project). The living books project proposes a practice-specifically, to memorise and deliver—and in effect, features a transposition of an art practice unto the realm of reading, and unto *Time has* fallen asleep (p. 223)









TERM OF THOMEWAR

tourmenter, que je dors d'un marvins sommeil et que je vas nei réveiller rien soulage de ma Reine en me retrouvant avec

tourneld", que je pols o un narvins Johnnell er que je vas në febeiller sieh sudagë pe ma Peine en me set rouvant avec nës anis On sans porte, il frot que j'në fant sans que je n'en arerçosse un sant pe la veille av Johnnell, cu Pintot pe h'en arerçosse un sant pe la veille av Johnnell, cu Pintot pe h'en arerçosse un sant pe la veille av Johnnell, cu Pintot pe h'en arerçosse ico, pu tout et flus je teuse à ma situation mesente et moins je Pis Contech pre cù ye sa Eh comment he Pais - je Pu remer a ma situation misent le Pais - je concere avour fui que j'y sas lived " Pouris - je pars man ban sans per la canant po function he Pais - je concere avour per la canante, pe fasseans, je serais tem sans le memor pe je sus encore, pe fasseans, je serais tem sans le memor po le sus encore, pe fasseans, je serais tem sans le memor pole pe vu lour, manite nomme com jetas si ten stans de romanere pole for un nasite, un emer boumme que jetas in a situate cos je sus encore, prosente la salutation que la statuin, que je pourenopans fucreur pe la sace lumanine, le joset pe la canante, que toute la salutation que me génération toute entières s'annuserat ou accese vanantes à m'enterser tout vivant " Quano cette etamine sinologie, tourse vivant les fassants serait pe cacher sue and, qu'ene génération toute entières s'annuserat puis accese qui la race lumanine, le joset pe la canante, que termis cet intervalle, toute b'erseur de la canante, pe foute la salutation que me secterser tout vivant " Quano cette etamine secolution se tit, Paus av bérouran jen fous d'acces peleversé pe solution se tit, paus av bérouran jen fous d'acces deleversé pe solution se tit, paus av bérouran jen fous d'acces paleverse pe solution se tit, paus av bérouran far mes instrument se pe solute en solute pe son ans rour se columer, et pans cet intervalle, toute b'erseur en cetter tous intruorences dave pe solute teurs me destinée autout j'instruments qu'ils out habileneut mis en oeuvre tous a time pe la sans betout.

JE me suis perativ longteness, aussi violemment que Vancement Sins adresse, sans art, sans dissimulation, JANS PRUDENCE FRANC, OWERT, IMPANENT, EMPORTE, JE N'M Ant en me pébaltant que m'enlacer pavantage et leur Donner incessamment de nouvelles

BOWER MANDAR

PRISES qu'ils n'out eu garre de négliger sentant entin tou mes efforts invhlès et me toursmentant à rure perte, tous mes efforts involtes et me tourimentant a rure perte, j'an prus le seul part qui me restant à prendre, (elui de me soumetre à ma destaire sans plus regumber contre la necessité j'an trouvé sans cette regumation le dépondagement de tous mes mans par la tranquisté qu'elle me procure et qu'ué souvent s'allier avec le traveil continuel d'une Récetance avec peus le qu'infructiveuse Une avere chose à contre sur à cette tranquisté. Dans tous les rappinements de leur hanne, mes persécuteurs en out our un cort leur anne che peus and cette conteurs en

tous les rationements de leur annue, mes reflectives en out onn un que leur animosité leur a Faitouslier. C'étant d'en graduer si men les effets qu'ils possent entreteure et renouveler mes douleurs sans cesse en me portant toojours quelque nouvelle alleunte S'ils avanent eu l'adresse de me lasser quelque lueur d'espérance ils me temprient Encore par là ils porranent finre encore de moi leur jouet MAR Quelque Finx leverse et me unver Eurote de D'UN tourment toujours nouver PAR mon abente décie Mans ils Out d'anance énisé toutes levrs ressources, en ne me laissant eien ils se sont tout ôté à eux-mêmes La diffamation Instant Ref is se sour tour ore a eux-memos Dr Diramation for perression, la persion, l'opprobre Dont ils n'out convert pe sout pas plus suscertigles D'Angmentation que p'apoocisiement Rous sommes également hors o'état, eux de les aggraver et moi de n'y soustraire Ils se sont tellement Pressés de Porter à sou consile la mesure de ma misère, que toute la missance humanue andée de toutes les RUSES DE l'ENFER N'Y SAURAIT MUS Rien Alaoter LA Douleur Physique elle-meme no lieu D'Anginenter mes reines y RERAIT Riversion, En m'ARRACHANT Des crus, Peut-être, elle m'épargnerrant des gennissements, et les déchirements de mon corps suspendrament ceur de mon coedr

Qu'An- JE ELLORE À CRAINDRE D'EUX PUSQUE tout est But " HE PODRALT PLUS EMPIRER MON Etat ils me savranent plus m'inspirer d'alarme L'Inquietupe et l'effroi sont pes mans dont ils m'ont

PURCHIER PLANERS

Pois jamais pélivzé, c'est toujours un soulagement. Les mors réels out sur mai reu pe rrise. je rranos aisément mon parti sur ceux que l'étronne mais non pas sur ceux que je crains. Mon imagination efforencechée les combine, les retourne, les étend et les augmente cour alleute me tourmente ceut fois plus que leux frécence et la menace m'est rlus terrisle que le coor. Sitôt qu'ils arrivent, l'événement leur ôtant tout ce qu'ils avaient d'imaginaires les reduit à leur, jette taleur, je les trouve alors percecur moindres pre je ne me les étaient Figures et même au milieu de ma Souffrance je ne laisse tas de me sentir soulagé. Dans cet état, affrance de les toute nouvelle craiste et delivré de l'impoieture de les étaient, la seule hasiture suffira four me render de les étaient figures les les de la sufficience et de l'impoieture de les terrer alors pertir soulagé. Dans cet état, affrance de les terrer acuelle craiste et delivré de RENDRE DE JOUR EN JOUR Plus SUPPORTABLE UNE Situation que Rien NE REVE ENFIRER. Et à mesure que le sentiment s'en émosse PAR la puzze, ils n'ont plus per moyen port le Ramimer. Voilà le sien que m'ont sint mus persocuteurs en émisant sans mesore tous les traits de leur animasité. Ils se sont êté sur moi tout empire et je mis désarmais me moquer d'éve.

I n'y a ras peur mais Encore qu'on plein cabus est refacti Drus mon cour . Denis lougteurs je us craigunis plus rien mais j'erférnis encore, et cut espoir tautôt percé, tautôt Frustré, était une reise par laquelle mills passions diverses ne ceccaient pe m'agiter. Un chénement russi triste qu'intravu vient enfin d'effecer. De non cour ce prible ranon d'estérance et m'a trit voir ma destinée fixée à januais sans retour içi Gas. Des je per suis reisigné sans reiserse et j'an

Sitét que l'ai commence d'entrevoir la trame dans toute sun étendue, j'ai rerdu rour jamais l'idée de Ramener de mon vinant le Public sur mon compte, et mêmer ce retour, ne Pouvant plus être réciliroque mé sernit désermins bien invêle. Les hommes avraignt beau revenir à moi ils ne me Retrouveraient Mos. Avec le péonin qu'ils m'out inspire, hour commerce me servit insiripe et même à charge et je suis cent fois plus hoursen DATUS MA Solitude

que je me tourrens l'être en vivent mec eva. Is out are be realized intervention of the second and are constant and constant. Elles in a possibility of the german personal of the second of the second

Mais je constais encore sur l'areine. J'estrétais po'one génération meilleure examinant nieux et les pogeneints tartes rar celle-ci sur mon comité et sa convité Avec moi, pemélerait aisément l'arlifice de cen qu'i la dirigent et me verrait enfin tel que je suis. C'est cet estreir, qu'i n'a thit écrire mes Dialognes et qu'i d'a suggéré mille Folles tentatives rour les trires passer à la rostérité. Cet esnir prique éloigné, tenait mon âme Dins la méme Agitation que quand je cherchais encore dins le siècle un coeur juste. et mes esnirances que j'avais deru jeter au coeur juste. et mes esnirances que j'avais deru jeter au coeur juste. J'ai dit dins mes Pialognes sur gete Au loin de Remainent galement le joint des hommes d'avgord'hu. J'ai dit dins mes Pialognes sur quoi le foudris celle altente. le me tromaris, je l'ai deut de Bonheir Asisez à tenus por travere encore mont da permière heurs via intervalle re

tenner encare mont ma permière hours un intervalle se pleine quidroe et de reros asolu. Cet intervalle a commence à l'étoque dont je parle et j'ai lieu de croise qu'il de sera plus interroman.

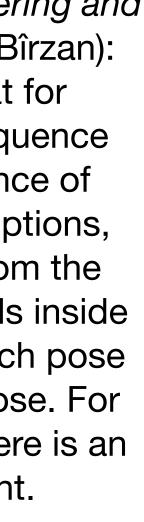
Il se rasse sien peu per jours sans que de nouvelles réflexions me me confirment compien j'étais dans l'error de compter son le retour du Public, même dans un artre âge. thispia est compart mans le qui me regarde the des quides on to renouvellent times cause prins les corrs opi m'out pris en mersion. Les Pheliculiers meurent mais les corps collectifs he mereat roint. Les memes radions s'y perpèrent et leur haine Appente, immortale

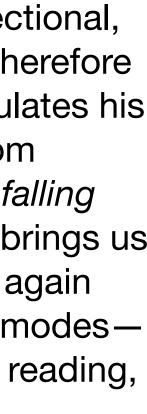


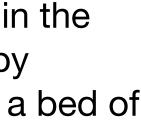
P. 93 * A (FERRE (il l'échit en minuscule) +) AVAN'S AIMA ... UN I Sint av miliev * MINES. Mr. - Miller? no taraquathe * Fih : JE himagine P. 19 + Fier ou tout, et Mus je perse * JAMS PAUDENCE, FRANC * File: + leve pon -P.45 + trut est Frit () PAS DE ? * MARMOS) + File : l'ETFANON SOUT DES 7.96 + ATRES tobjects in solAgement. no rangerilie * juste valeur. * meinokes * Empiler; * Itsrekais throkes * ma Fil: MA JOLITUDE QUE JE P. 47 *. Jun l'Annin (ET) ESPERAis (In mis un point à la Place) * .. UN D Juiter * APRES. Des hommes D'Ar) cupo hois no PARAGLATHE * .. Bith PER DE) MAS VOUE DE NOUVElles .. ()'M' Moute SANS) * DATUS UN ANTRE "AGE ()'m mis un point) * Fin: immortable comme le P.41 * Demon * Mercius Onatorias * virront Encone, et oumo * les médécins que l'in réellement ottebses (que) attensmi réellement) * S'APANTER (: h'offenda: JAmais, IMPLACABLESS. PATROOMMERA) ALMA'S ()

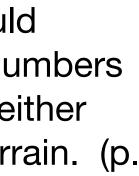
Back to paper: stuttering and saxifrages (Thomas Bîrzan): the book is such that for each continuous sequence there is a consequence of discontinuity. Interruptions, distractions away from the book, and loose ends inside it. As in Yoga, for each pose there is a counter-pose. For each timely point there is an untimely counterpoint. Moreover, these are asymmetric, uni-directional, non-reciprocal and therefore limping. Bîrzan articulates his theoretical points from examples in *Time is falling* asleep. Arguably he brings us to another horizon—again tangential to infinite modes not in the context of reading, but in the particular materiality featuring in the book itself. It's bumpy outskirts, as it were: a bed of saxifrages (as some mathematicians would experience natural numbers as a moonscape). Neither world nor body: a terrain. (p. 239)

1

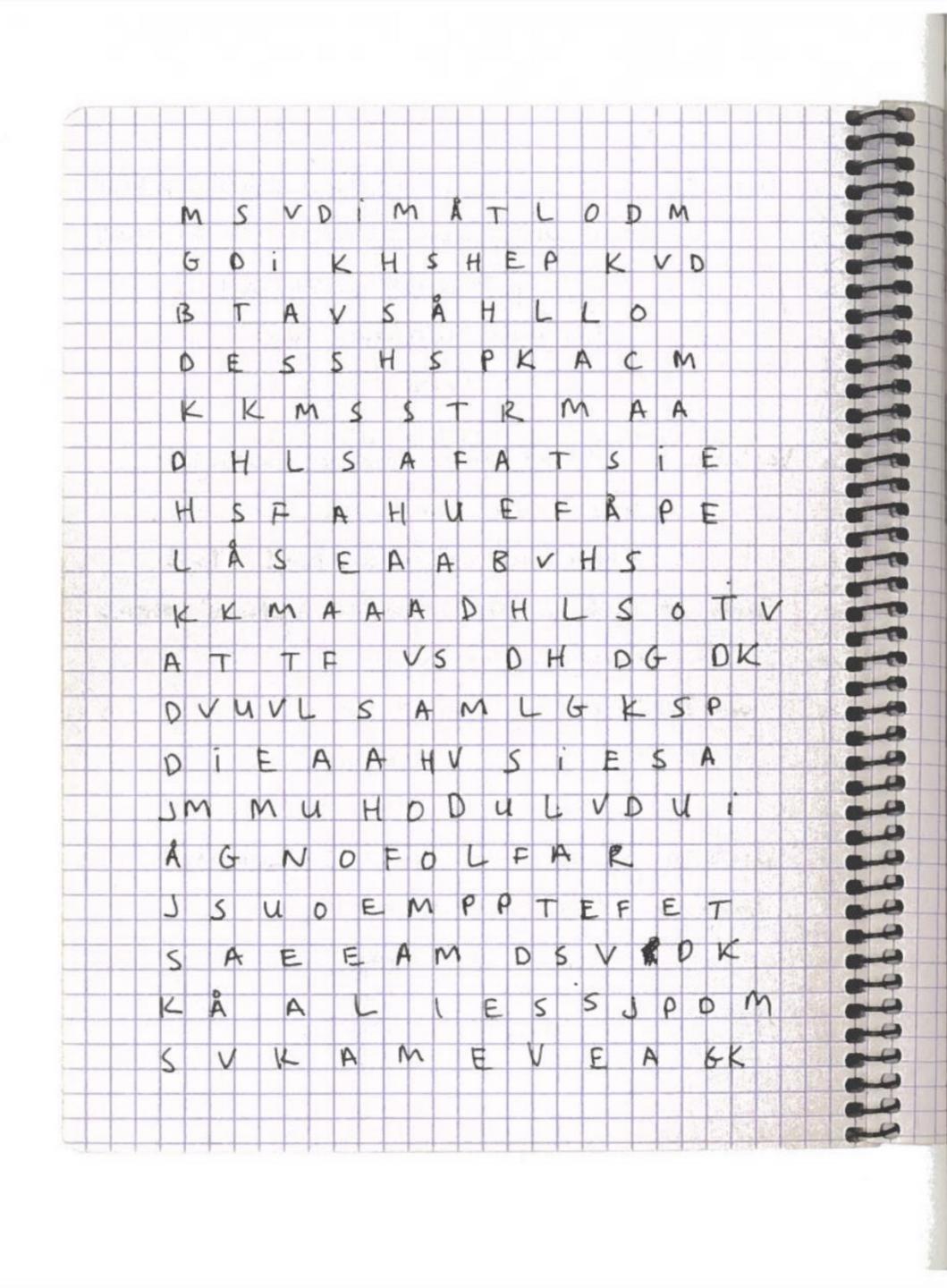








I don't remember the title of the work (Laurence Rassel): 'le souvenir n'est pas le contraire de l'oubli, mais son envers'. In this text, recapitulation is in a serif font, while momentary recollections are in a grotesque font. It is the between space that separates the two that vehicles meaning, in the sense of Derrida. I cannot but help thinking about Derrida's long swims (like, up to 6 hours or so). There is a time consuming element in Laurence Rassel's turning to and from the two fonts. They invite abductions: we never know all the premises, but only some of them. This is enhanced by the context of the piece, in which this contributor travels back and forth to Japan. Hence the piece is one striking example a geognostic form of knowing emerging. Related both to particular facts and taking knowledge of a monstrous, techno-organic object (p. 275)



To remember the common choreography that is our humanity (Susanne Christensen): the possibility of transposing the activity living books and time is falling asleep—via choreography back to dance is tempting. But here dance belongs to everyone. Ranging from Wilhelm Reich to Elvis Presley. Here a third horizon is drawn up, which I know is of one of Mette's core concerns: the horizon of the uncomprehending (potentially unsympathetic) audience, The challenge, I read, is how a perlocutionary consistency can develop and exist, on indigenous terms, without being cheaply mimetic. Kristien van den Brance;s I am Bartlelby, the Scrivener features, in some sense, the monstergenerating potential of crude mimetism: that of copying. Here the dance element is identified as one somehow forestalling mimetism (p. 249).

steeds ouderwetse houtgravuren uit "La Belgique Monumentale" willen kopiëren, romantische landschappen met bouwvallige burchten, kathedralen, rotsen en stormen op zee. Voor zulke dingen haalt ze de schouders op. "Je eigen handschrift, Elias, moet je leren beheersen, om dingen te beschrijven die je tegenstaan." Doch het zijn juist de spookachtige onderwerpen waar ik met drift aan werk, waar ik iets van mijn dolle waanbeelden in uitvieren kan.



MADONNERA) AMA S

straatweg waarvan hier en dartien losliggen.

Nu gaan we naar de remise waar de zieke hond naast een pot water op een zak te hijgen ligt. Ik ga naast het oude beest op de grond zitten en streel zijn bevende kop. Zacht begint hij te janken en tevergeefs probeert hij zijn houterige, half-verlamde poten te bewegen.

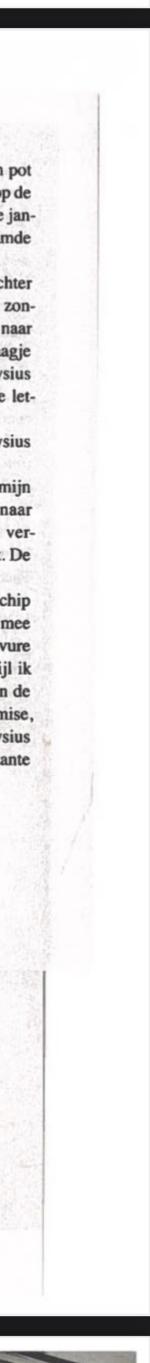
Ondertussen wandelt Aloysius langzaam rond. Vanachter de koets zie ik hem tevoorschijn komen, met een gezicht zonder uitdrukking, de armen naast het lijf hangend. Hij kijkt naar de hond. Hij kijkt naar de grauwe muren. Er ligt een dun laagje stof op het donkergroen gelakte rijtuig; daar begint Aloysius met zijn vingertop in te schrijven, het zijn geen leesbare lettertekens, het is louter wirwar zonder zin.

We verlaten samen het gebouwtje. De hond jankt. Aloysius kijkt al niet meer om.

Ik keer op mijn stappen terug en klop zachtjes met mijn kneukel op de hol-galmende deur. Als ik daarna weer naar Aloysius toe wil gaan, is hij van alle zichtbare wegen verdwenen. Talrijke kraaien zwermen krassend door de lucht. De hemel is bewolkt. Ik sta alleen.

Dan ga ik aan tante Henriette uitleg vragen over het schip waarmee Aloysius vertrekken zal. Ze neemt me dadelijk mee naar de bibliotheek, in boeken zoekt ze naar de staalgravure van een viermaster, op een woelige zee onder zeil. Terwijl ik nog vele andere plaatjes bekijk heeft ze de wereldbol van de hoge boekenkast genomen. Net zoals op de koets in de remise, ligt er een dun laagje stof over uitgespreid. En gelijk Aloysius er met zijn vinger wirwar in heeft geschreven, begint tante Henriette hetzelfde te doen, over landen en zeeën.

Als ik 's zondags met tante Henriette uit de mis kom, en ze stapt langzaam langs de graven rondom het dorpskerkje, dan heb ik wel eens voorzichtig een plantje uit de grond gehaald



When the time has fallen asleep (Mette Edvardsen): there are two elements I want to emphasise here — a) the launching of the idea of the living books activity in response to the call what do we bring with us for the *future?* (simile to Svalbard Seed Vault)I; b) and the tender she developed for the Great Public Sale of Unrealised but Brilliant Ideas' where it was sold to the highest bidder (STUK). Then they would have the means to work on the idea. To develop it in thought and extension. Perhaps the work of establishing telling and writing on an equal footing in the activity—though lopsided, prone to upheavals and reversals – prevented it from shipwrecking on mimetism, and helped to develop a practice. Perhaps the fact that the practice did develop, featuring a great variety, is what made the people involved sustain the activity (p. 11)





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Thoughts on performing (inside a work / as a work / as work) (Lizzie Thomson): to work works within works. What communicates from body-to-body before words and concepts (Bourdieu, 1968). Reading the Waves by Virginia Woolf, memorising it, and telling it. In the process, visits fo the pool. Mimetism? This piece features the book in its presentational aspects, one that does not seek to represent but to partake of its materials (as directly during a swim as reading the book). Here the book is not an embodiment by proxy, it really is a body in its own right. This is a very exciting piece from this point of view. Since what we bring with us to the future, unavoidably prompts the question of what we bring with us from the past. A question we know to be particularly acute in Virginia Woolf's authorship, e.g. haranguing Whitaker's table. (p. 103)

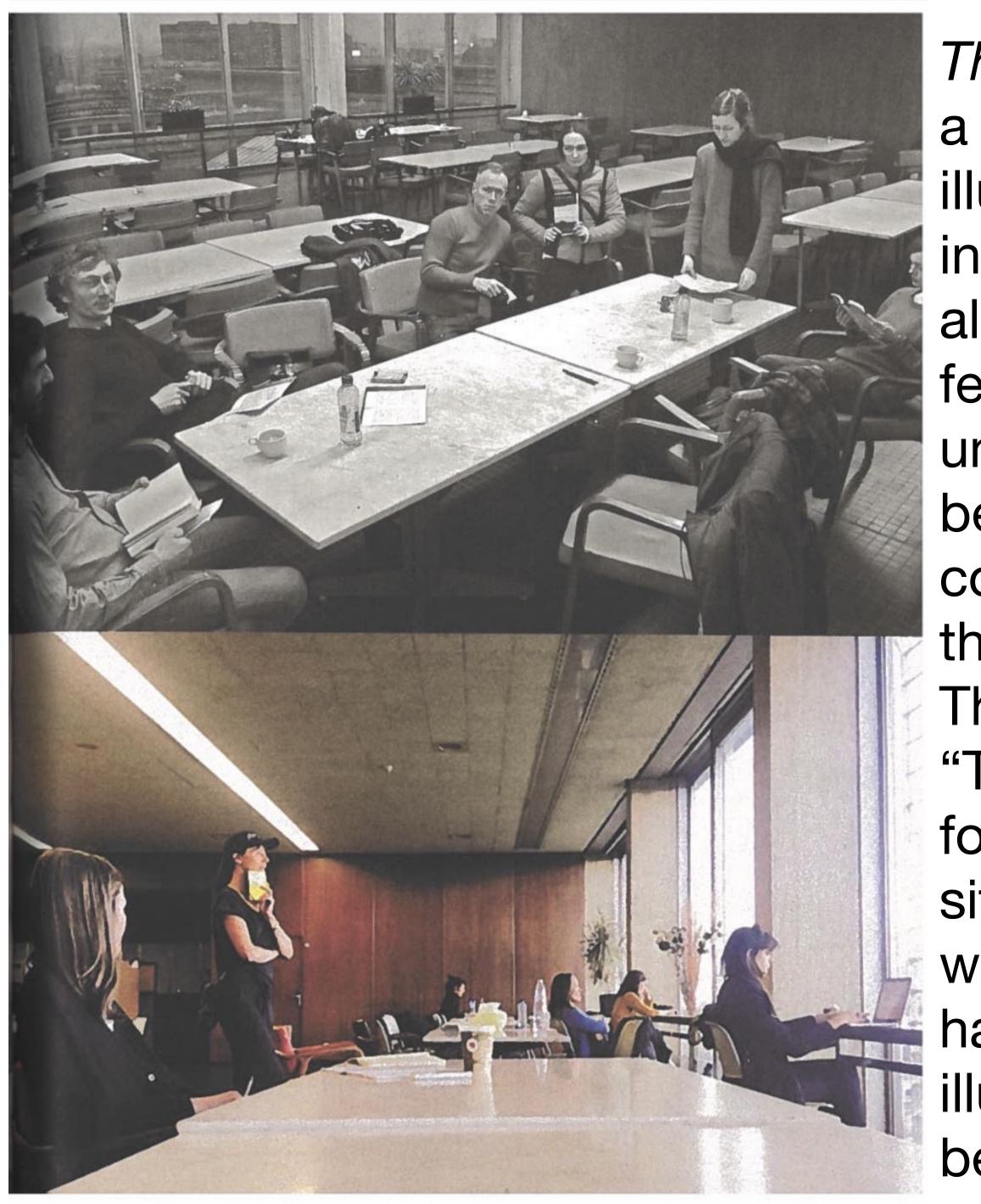












The page I'm at (Kristien van den Brande): this is a piece that evoked the work of mediaeval illuminations, where the illuminators - for instance of the Book of Kells—were working alongside copyists, whose work determined one feature of bookishness: that the manuscript be uniform throughout, flanked by wild creatures beyond our present-day imagination. When the copyists died, their names were proclaimed, as though they came out from years of anonymity. The passage that made me think of this was "The first email address of a librarian I had read for in Oslo on a mild spring afternoon, both of us sitting on a bench under a tree in which birds were nesting." Some monk of the scriptorium had written something similar. Melveille's book illuminates Bartley. The present text illuminates being the Bartley of a living book. (p. 43)

















The phantom archive—An email essay (Lara Khalidi): this contributor discusses emancipation in a cut-andpaste dialogue between her work to develop an essay for the *Time has fallen asleep* and a resistance to historicisa-tion in the Palestinian struggle getting attention to a situation, where nothing can be filed so long the situation is not recognised, and therefore the retrieval from storage is not politically available: "Thus if the Palestinian Museum exhibits any object in its exhibition hall, this object would be bearing witness to the end of a politics of emancipation. Therefore the audience committed an act of resistance: they refused to see that the struggle has ended and realised that the vampire had not reflection in the mirror. The vacuum became a radical site constructed by an emancipated public". (p. 205)



On the luxury problems related to compulsive reading and how the companionship of something slightly resembling a holy book helped med address them more or less (Sébastien Hendricks): initial quote of T.S. Eliot reminiscing on StAugustine's brink of infinity formula—the presence of things past, the presence of things presence and the presence of things future. He muses at this edge: for instance on how Moslems and Kabbalists (Sic) never tire of learning, reading and studying fragments of the Koran and Kabbalistic texts. "The relation between the believers and their sacred texts are recalibrated". The two terms of an equation f(x) = y are considered equal. But they are not the same, since otherwise the equation would be void. This relation of equality between nonsame terms produces information. (97)

nanna fi

"She always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day."

"Il était presque nuit quand je repris connaissance."

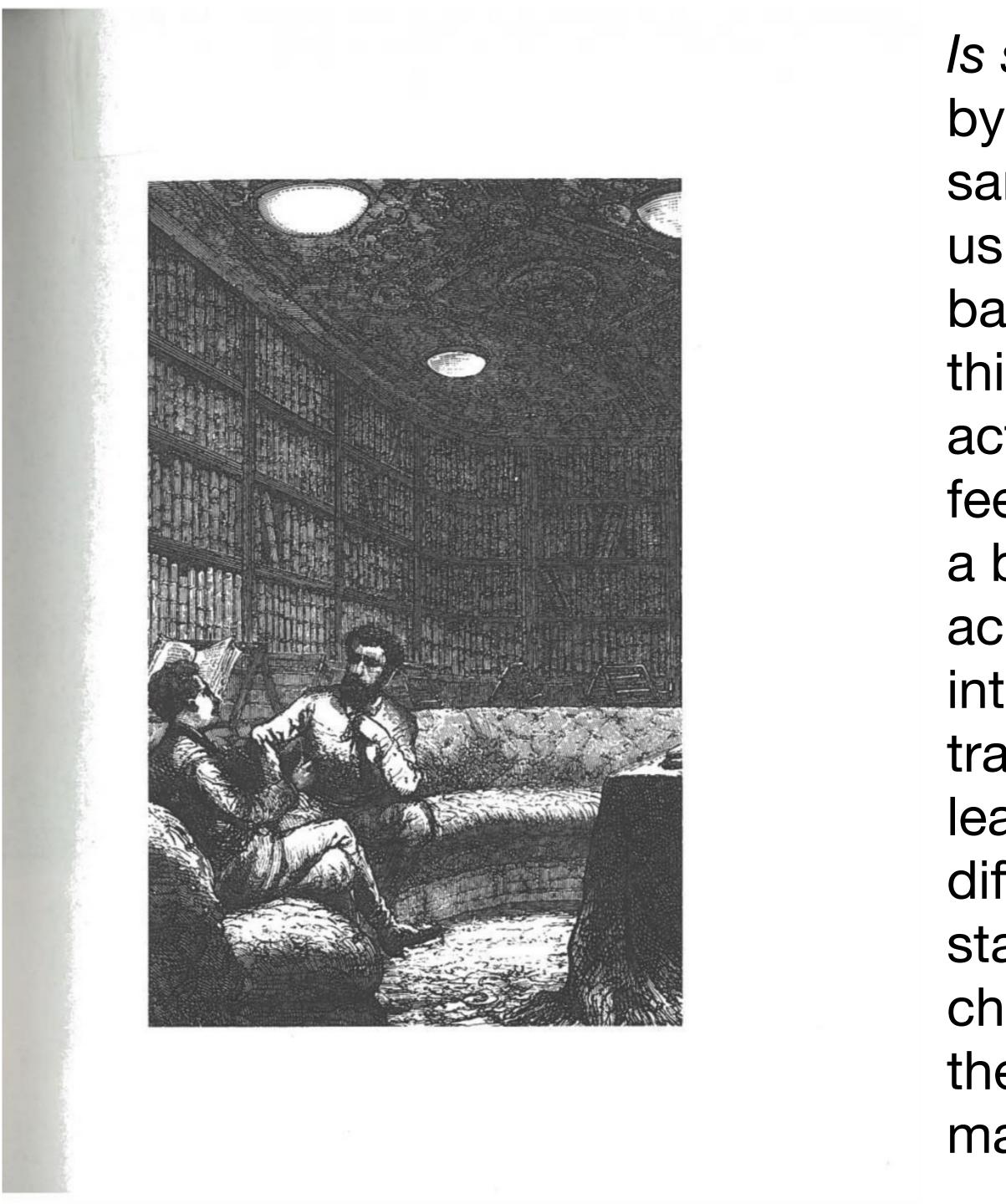
Mette Edvardsen

TIME HAS FALLEN ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON SUNSHINE A library of living books, a reading room, an exhibition, a workspace, a publishing house, a bookshop

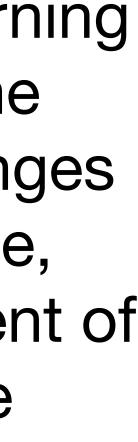
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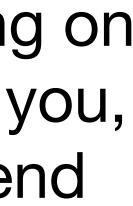
"Ik word van het nieuwe bewogen. Ik voel mij als een nieuw kind."





Is she a translator? (Olivia Fairwheather): learning by heart and delivering somehow exists in the same realm as translation. This piece challenges us to make up our minds about the difference, based on the suggestions and encouragement of this contributor. Her infatuation with a female actress is brought to contrast with this. The feelings of jealousy – picturing a couple sitting on a bed, where one of them should have been you, according to Harold Bloom – appears to extend into the relation between living books and translation, but in a relationship likely to make us learn more of what these practices are: "But, difference and repetition here cannot be made to stand in a dichotomy: translation by virtue of its character enacts both these forces." Acting, then, can be seen as translation and the manifestation of it. (263)







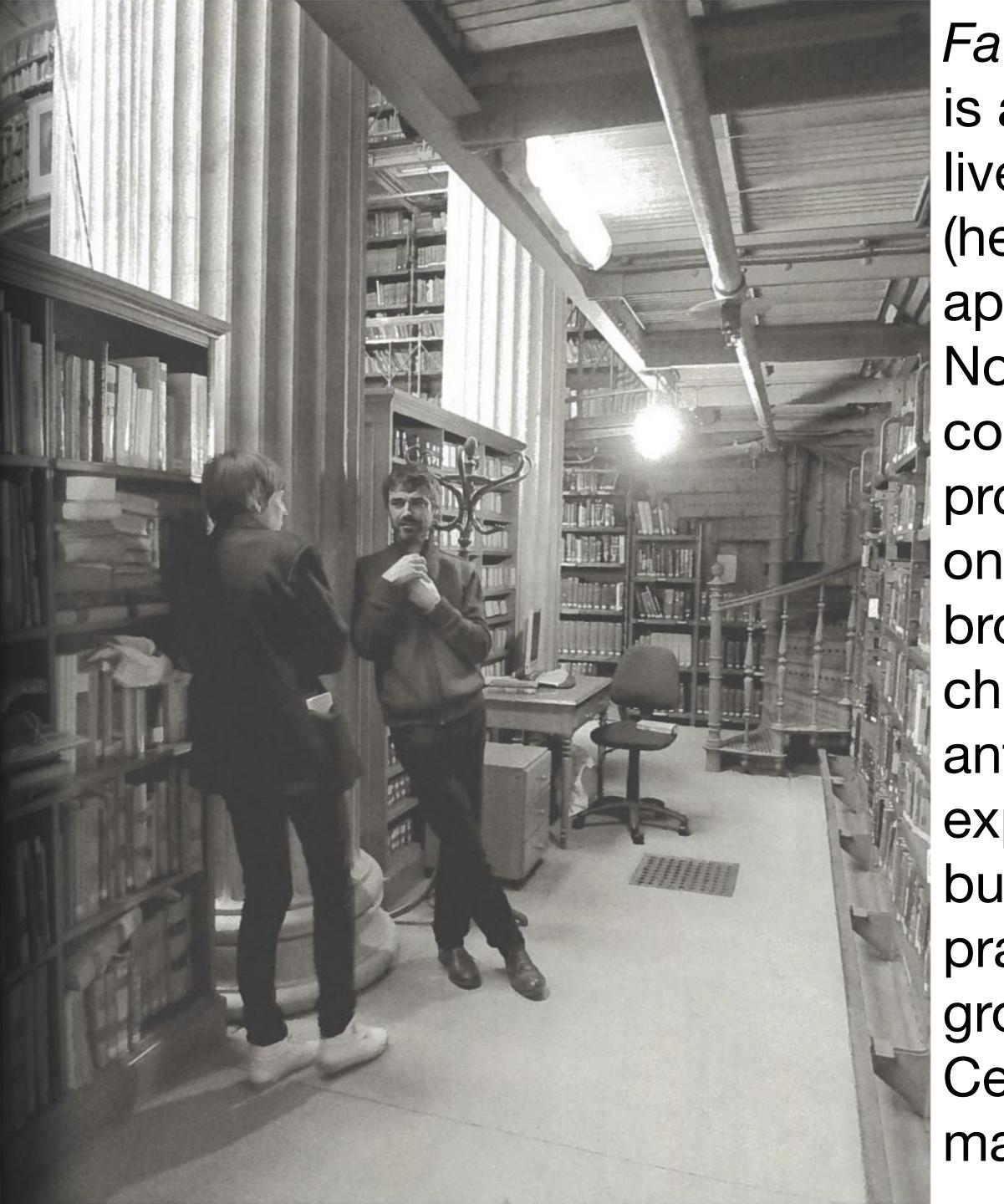
How I learned a poem by heart (Jon Refsdal Moe): in some ways, this piece states that – given their poetic ideals – people are what they are. In this way, Baudelaire's poem *Le chat* constitutes a backdrop for a story of the contributor's adolescence in Nordstrand, one of Oslo's better off suburbs. It invites the recognition of anyone with a similar background—turning the retrospective into a popular stereotype—while the more intricate relations to a French teacher, with whom he does a course in advanced French, asks him to memorise the poem over the summer. Which he does, with some mistakes that he eventually grew fond of. Through his dealings with the teacher—the curious part of the story—it becomes a refraction of Les Fleurs du mai (perhaps an oblique reference to Les fleurs du mâle. (p. 141)





Portrait, 2010-2018 (Sébastien Hendricks): the shortest piece in the anthology, but one of my preferred ones, because he attempts to gather the experience of the living book practice, in an act of portraiture. The reading of the text is left for others to read. The essence of it, as I read it, is that it forays into the practice by telling the practice. It relates to a practice in the making, by allowing a kind of contamination by refraction. It does not seek abstraction, but rather a kind of theoretical insight commanded by a desire for precision. The task of the living books is specific. The delivery requires precision at one level. The act of portraiture allows a second level of precision. It could serve the purpose of discussing the notion of excellence that exudes from the volume, and also its import for practices in artistic research. (P. 115)





Favery in Trieste (Bruno de Wachter): the piece is about the anticipation and postponement of a live delivery of Favery's poetry to his widow (herself a poet). After a wild goose chase for an appointment with her, he finally gets rejected. Not only rejected, but also challenged by her to comprehend her rejection. The piece therefore provides an educational—and delectable—case on the questions of expectancy, featuring more broadly above, by providing an example of a challenge inherent in the practice: abiding by anticipation and postponement without expecting that it somehow should be solved, but finding in this an instance of how the practice is programmed, and thereby how it can grow and evolve by simply making do (Miche de Certeau, 1984). It gives the sense of a field that may live to find its ethnography. (79)



ROBERT PINGET

MONSIEUR SONGE

suivi de

LE HARNAIS et CHARRUE

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VINCENT DUNOYER MON SONGE d'après MONSIEUR SONGE de ROBERT PINGET

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TIME HAS FALLEN ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON SUNSHINE

2016

<u>Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine (exp. 2)</u>

Subject: *The elusive* eloquence of dozing off (Jerome Peeters). I have saved this to the last because it features an exit and displacement featuring one paradox of the activity. All of the contributors are paradoxically pressed for time. This contributor is pressed for time on account of an exceedingly prolific author that he has become obsessed with. He has no time to contribute to *Time is* falling asleep and gives Mette Edvardsen a thorough account of his reasons. Which is why it is published as an email. A parallel to this emphasis on the format is a mention of a flyer that somehow has stuck in his mind. Not because of its contents, perhaps even the contrary: the contents are quite banal. It gave me reason to ponder on my own exceedingly prolific production of flyers. In a project(191)

