

How did this start? We met outside the school entrance by the bike-rack where as we were both *locking* our transportation. When was it exactly? I remember Mette was wearing a coat, so it must have been like in the beginning of November.

As she comes from choreography, I was interested in her for having developed a practice in areas not usually associated with choreography, yet still hatched from it. What I associate with choreography: hard work on the floor, dedicated to find out, research.

I got a little taste of this with a bunch of MA students from dance and choreography, who sat in with us in one of our theory-classes, and worked very productively in this context, and entering enduring relationships. It gave me some idea of where the subject is moving.

Then, there is of course Per Roar Thorsnes' work with his *diary group*—that I got acquainted with during the ARW, two years back: in their 4-way reading of diaries, there was a performative element in how they set it up for the conference. This was also productive.

Picking up on what moves *within* and *beyond* language, not just *reading* about it as in Aristotle's treatise of the soul (*De anima*), but seeing it happen in performance, and discovering that these movements are not smooth, but a rugged contact zone with the unconscious.

*Movement* marks my words. Then came my memories of Mette Edvardsen, as I caught a glimpse of her presentation of the living books activity at the [Oslo Biennale](#), where I was caught up in activities of my own at some other end of the "pool". Looking forward to *this*.

That is, finding some way of interacting directly with her. So, over bike-rack she proposed to hand over a volume to me, an anthology of contributions reverberating from *living books*. Learning books by heart, delivering them to listeners, not performing.

I gave her book that contributed to from Jan Pettersson at the printmaking department, called [Printmaking in the Expanded Field](#). I thought of it as a didactic introduction to my practice of making, circulating and archiving *flyers*. This practice too is 10 years old.

Like Mette's *living books*. So here we are. Mette is going to say something about the Book project: featuring the title [Time is falling asleep in the afternoon sunshine](#). Then I am going to say some words about what I did with it, inspired both by the MA Dance and Choreography and Per Roar.

And the connection to *transpositions*. \_\_\_\_\_|\*\*\*

*I have contract with myself*: when someone gives me a book, I have to do something with it. And as soon as possible. Both Walter Benjamin—the philosopher—and the painter Asger Jorn were concerned with this: if you don't invest it *now* it is lost.

So, then the question is what *it* is. It is a *book*, that might seem obvious. But it is a *book in motion*: not only by the fact of Mette having passed it on to me. But where it *came from*, which is the living books project. It is a reverberation or a transposition.

Instead of explaining to you what transposition *is*—as one of these difficult but necessary contemporary concepts—I think it is more instructive and efficient to show what transposition *does*. Hence the things I did with the book. I incorporated it into *my* practice.

I lugged the book in my knapsack and walked with it on a rather long walk in Nordmarka—the forest North of Oslo—into the sunset. It was cold. Not late summer/early autumn as my inner image of the title: *time is falling asleep in the afternoon sunshine*.

I wanted to interact with it but without extending the method of delivery of the book; and to immerse myself into a practice of reading that would make the engagement real, but without becoming part of the project. So, I organised my harvest in two ways: two experiments.

First by incorporating my impressions of the *book-project* in itself: with Mette turning up by mention in each of the volume's contributions, as an editorial director. And blending these impressions into flyer series dealing with other topics.

Thinking that if I made a flyer series as a *modular diary* record of my reading, devoting it entirely to the book, I would have drawn portrait of a performance. Which she appeared to not want. So, blending it in with other stuff seemed more appropriate.

The next thing I did was to randomise my own practice, by asking Mette to select 18 images—the same as the number of chapters in the book—from the rich visual essay at the end of the volume, featuring her sense of the book without illustrating the texts.

Then I found a machine that randomised from 1-18, and used to pair up images with the short *précis* that I had written from each chapter. I also randomised their order; flipping a coin would determine the right-left order of image and text. Which one orders the other.

So, both the things I did with the volume were motivated by my urge to find ways of engaging with the book in *non-mimetic* ways: first with the container, containing the container; then with the content, finding a way of handing it back to Mette.

Question: why work so hard to mirror the practices informing the book, while avoid turning to mimetism (say, learning the book by heart and delivering it back to Mette)? Well it was to come up with a concrete example of transposition, but also to ask.

How did you move *from* the practice of learning by heart and delivery, *to* the critical documentation of that activity in this specific book volume. In other words what are the practices of book making that made it turn out the way it did?

Then I am talking about practices that are dissimilar from learning by heart and delivering as living books, to the practices of book making that transpose the activity, mirror it, and inhabit it, but in a non-mimetic way. My understanding of transposition. Indigenously.

I am thinking here about ways that practice can communicate, and that transposition can be a way to think about this communication and develop our practical understanding of it. In the learning by doing sense.

So, here are at what communicates from body to body, as a book is handed over. What communicates involving the book in body work. What communicates through the work of reception, disclaiming ownership through randomising.

Defining agency, in the sense of having a practice of my own, to hatch the possibility of a critical dialogue. Using random to harvest those aspects of the book that are material: not ideal, but the book as it turned out. To define this path.