

Slow black with ruin true refuge four walls over backwards no sound. Earth sky as one all sides endlessness little body only upright. One step more one alone all alone in the sand no hold he will make it. Ash grey little body only upright heart beating face to endlessness. Light refuge sheer white blank planes all gone from mind. All sides endlessness earth sky as one no sound no stir.

Legs a single block arms fast to sides little body face to endlessness. True refuge long last issueless scattered backwards no sound. Blank down four walls over planes sheer white eye calm long last all gone from mind. He will curse God again as in the blessed days face to the open sky the passing deluge. Face to calm eye touch close all calm all white all gone from mind.

Little body little block heart beating ash grey only upright. Little body ash grey locked rigid heart beating face to endlessness. Little body little block genitals overrun arse a single block grey crack overrun. Figment dawn dispeller of figments and the other called dusk.

THERESA HAK KYUNG CHA

Dictée (1982)

Thalia

Comedy

She decides to take the call. Takes it at once. Her voice is as if she holds this receiver for the first time. This foreign instrument that carries the very sound to the words. The very words.

From when the call is announced to her to the moment she picks up the receiver she does not think. She hears the ringing and the call is announced. She walks to it, picks it up but she has not had the time to think. All had been prepared. All had been rehearsed beforehand. To the pause, over and over in her mind. The brief pause in the beginning before she would say yes. Each phrase according to its physical impact, its notable effect once pronounced to the accentuation of certain articles. To highlight the very object that followed them. The voice would reach a crescendo, pause, begin again in a barely audible whisper with either coughing or choking in the throat. Rarely audible. Inaudible. Hardly audible at all. Reduced to a moan, a hum, staccato inhalation, and finally, a wail. She cannot contain any longer. Muffled through her door upstairs through another door.

She is the first to announce her arrival. Voice of anticipation. She wishes that it would metamorphose to the other. The voice alone, by its force by its pleading by some inexplicable power. Of wishing.

Wishing hard enough. She wishes that this person would be back into the person that was previously, she prays, invents, if it is necessary.

It took less time for her to realise that there would be no magical shifting. It did not matter anymore. She wanted to abolish it quickly, the formula, the ritual. All too quickly the form and the skin that resembles a past. Any past. With this, there would be no more rehearsals. No more memorization.

No end in sight. No ending and not a satisfactory one. One that might appease. If to appease was too much to ask for, then, soothe. Painless, at least numb. To keep the pain from translating itself into memory. She begins each day by charting every movement, the date, the time of day, the weather, a brief notation on the events that have occurred or that are to come. She begins each time with this ablution as if this act would release her from the very antiphony to follow. She begins the search the words of equivalence to that of her feeling. Or the absence of it. Synonym, simile, metaphor, byword, byname, ghostword, phantomnation. In documenting the map of her journey.

The extended journey, horizontal in form, in concept. From which a portion has been severed without evidence of a mark even, except that now it was necessary to comply to the preface, "extension" to "journey."

There is no future, only the onslaught of time. Unaccountable, vacuous, amorphous time, toward which she is expected to move. Forward. Ahead. And somehow bypassing the present. The present redeeming itself through the grace of oblivion. How could she justify it. Without the visibility of the present.

She says to herself she could displace real time. She says to herself she could display it before and become its voyeur. She says to herself that death would never come, could not possibly. She knowing too that there was no displacing death, there was no overcoming without the actual dying.

She says to herself that if she were able to write she continue to live. Says to herself if she would write without ceasing. To herself if by writing she could abolish real time. She would live. If she could display it before her and become its voyeur.

Holyoke, Apr. 22, 1915

Mrs. Laura Claxton,

53 Ashland Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Madam:—

Noticing a postal card addressed to Mr. Reardon with your name signed to same and having been living in the same apartment with him, I thought I would let you know that Mr. Reardon has not been living here since last July.

The last time I heard from him he was in Chicago, doing Cabaret word ad and shortly after was taken sick.

Of late I have not heard anything from him and cannot advise you of his present address. I might also state that Mr. Reardon's mother removed to Hartford about 3 months ago.

I shall keep your adress in case I hear from him and will be
please to advise if you so desire.

Trusting this will be acceptable and hoping to hear from you.

I remain.

Very Sincerely,

*H. J. Small,
173 Main St.,*