

H:

It feels good to sit to write to you this way: not an email or a text or some other fleeting form but something maybe more thought through...giving myself the time to tend to us, to our thinking, to our thinking together, even (perhaps especially) from far away.

I am in the little cabin on Waldron with Jess. I have never been in this part of the world before— never so far north in this country, never so far west—and it's now hard to imagine leaving. Last night a thick fog rolled in and we went to sleep to the sound of raindrops tapping at the roof. This morning, the sea is totally cloaked in white fog, impossible to see. Jess has built a fire and is using the little window ledge as a desk and I am wrapped in the high bed, swathed in pillows and blankets. Every now and then she gets up to put another log into the stove or to give me a kiss. I almost never write from bed, too afraid to fall asleep, so this (along with everything else) feels especially good. And, too, your letter...I would love to talk to you...

i had that written and a bunch more but got annoyed at the form, bored by it, somehow. and, too, the strangeness of being pulled to write you something more private but knowing this will be for other eyes...and so there was a kind of double writing, a writing for you and for an unknown other—or set of others...

HW: ...I write you this time to ask if you would like to talk to me...

when i was little, i had a friend named Jihad (he has since changed it, i notice on facebook, and now goes by the name Joaquín). he was both merciless and hilarious, ripping people apart with his teasing. one year a new boy came to my school. his name was rabee sahyoun and he had a toucan nose with a little blush of deep rose colour right at the end of it, a big birthmark precisely placed. jihad decided rabee was going to be ostracized and started by telling everyone that rabee had come to school the first day, carrying a briefcase, extending his arm and saying earnestly, "my name is rabee sahyoun, do you want to be my friend?"

i thought of this often and it comes to me now.

TALKING — — — — — > SLEEP

what kind of talking is made possible in sleep?

what kinds of talking do we do near sleep?

what kind of talking does sleep make possible?

what does it mean to talk in one's sleep?

what would be sleep talking?

Ahmed: ...lines that direct us....depend on the repetition of norms and conventions...

(what norms / conventions are followed by gathering for sleep? what do they mean, what do they imply? and what of these might be disrupted when that gathering for sleep happens in a larger group of unfamiliar people?

i know you loved the Solnit book...i have a hard time with her, as you know...but i thought the idea of getting lost as a precursor to finding yourself was interesting...i thought about

what you told me that first long walk down to the hurricane flood from irene... something from your learning about critical pedagogy, i think...that if the students don't at some point turn from you, reject your or rebel in some way, then you haven't done the work of teaching. i keep thinking of this and thinking about that kind of negative model of teaching that really comes in some way from the dialectical tradition...the idea that always after a postulate there is the antithesis, all of which eventually ends in some kind of incorporating of the new knowledge or idea into the pre-existing ones...but i think lately when i teach, i think more and more about amalgamation...what if there was push back but not a lostness?

what if the difference that was interesting was not between being lost and being found but something more like the difference between being and being lost? is there a difference there?

*i'm not so sure.*

i keep thinking about this problem in relationships: friendships, marriages, longer term partnerships, creative and otherwise...

if you have to lose yourself before you can find yourself, what are you taking with you through these experiences and how is deeper transformation possible if you're taking some notion of "self" with you between both?

*again, i'm just not sure.*

*what if the "self" you "find" again is not one you have seen before?*

i keep thinking too about falling and about falling in love, falling asleep, falling into sleep, falling into love...what are similar in these states of falling? what is similar between love and sleep that has rendered a name for the being-in-between (the falling) necessary?

*when you are falling, you are neither here nor there, you have left where you were but you have not arrived* ... suspended somewhere (and in motion somewhere) else, somewhere other, somewhere in between.

→ how might we "get lost" by upsetting the patterns of these fallings by changing the room or context for where they happen? what about mingling them? so, love and sleep become synonymous? would that be possible? and if it could be arranged, could it allow us to find ourselves (again)?

and if so, what would this mean?

**P E D A G O G Y**

- > *sharing*
- > *taking risks / doing differently*
- > *walking new paths (some paths don't work)*

Ahmed's idea made me think that queer landscapes are paths grooved by desires that are evidence of deviations from the norm...

— falling in love } queer landscape  
of shifting configurations / openings to  
intimacy

— falling asleep } with others not usually  
shared

• vulnerable / intimacy / responsibility

## RESPONSE – ability

### [LISTENING]

• listening to someone else's breathing: regarding it as more than a nuisance because it is life. what if it tells you something?

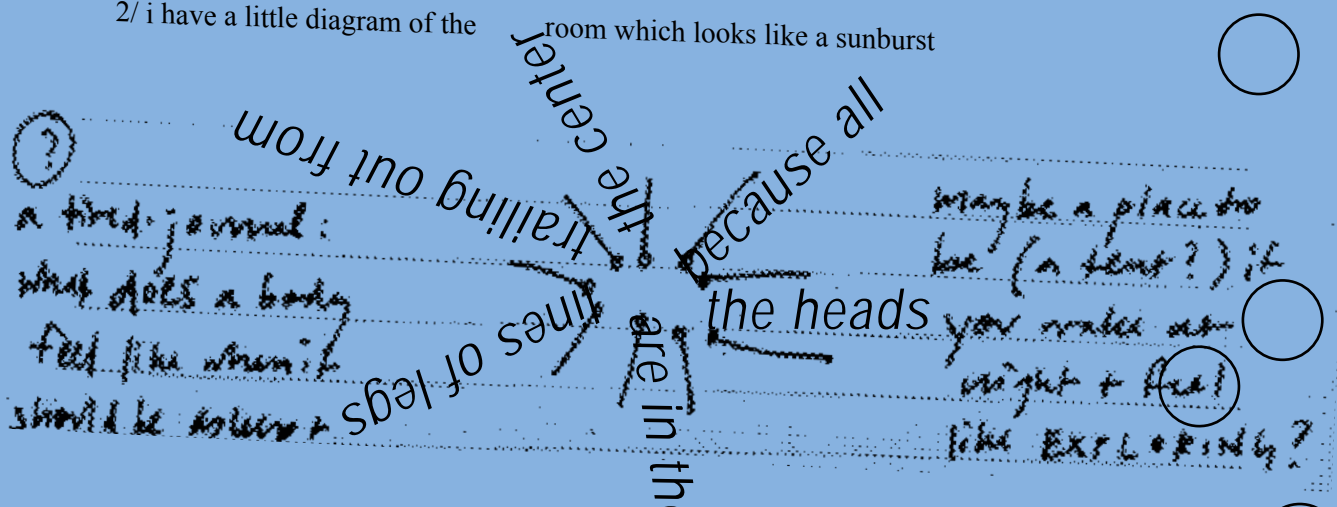
→ What is a public space? and how is sleeping together a kind of public and a kind of private space folded in on each other: the intimate and the foreign?

the discomfort of people using space differently (in groups, we are not accustomed to sleeping or to falling)

RSVP then we can set up:

1/ a tired journal...what does a body feel like when it should be asleep and is awake?

2/ i have a little diagram of the room which looks like a sunburst



...i like the idea of an organized(ish) sleeping space.

3/ maybe a place to be, a tent or some other area, so that if one wakes at night and feels like exploring with others, they can go inside that tent...?

4/ dream log?

you quote Ahmed as saying:

...if we began instead with disorientation, with the body that loses its chair, then the descriptions we offer will be quite different...

it reminded me of the man from martinique i'm sure i told you about in my kitchen in LA—his name is Edouard Glissant and his book is called *The Poetics of Relation*—all about how ethics must start precisely from a position, an assumption of non-understanding...because to “understand” something is so always already implicated by patriarchy...

— *non understanding as a ROOT of ethics*

HW: Can we, and if we can, how can we, take other directions when gathering for artistic and political dialogue?

this question feels like an articulation of my life right now: what i want to do in workshops and performances, what i do in the classroom, what i am so hopeful of doing on the page—pushing into a place which has been quiet all these years, push into places where openings might be, and shifts.

*sleep IS/AS disorientation*

*we tune towards our own experiences awake, alive, conscious — > what we THINK (active)*

but what if we tune together towards what happens when we are not fully conscious? what disorientation is (always already) performed by tuning the mind or the group toward that which is discounted as NOT ACTIVE enough? like sleep...

— > *what happens to conversation when we are lying down to sleep?*

? how can we document an event like this ?

i'm noticing a lot of discomfort coming up for me with the idea of EVENT —(as though this is a discrete thing with a beginning, middle, end)...

what if FALLING (like love, in sleep) *changes* you?

what if you are forevermore transformed?

some/one/thing entirely else?

— > *O P E N E R*

*how to become disoriented?*

*how might we be disoriented?*

*how might we disorient?*

*how might we loosen, fall, set ourselves adrift?*

*how might we be falling, fallen, falling?*

HW: ...how to travel according to a map with the desire to get lost...?

“collective attempt to translate these questions into an unfamiliar mode for how a room, bodies and linguistic acts can be organised, designed and choreographed...”

“things might even get quite uncomfortable”

“Yet discomfort allows things and bodies to move” (differently, non-habitual)

→ maybe our habits do not work...

→ what about the razor's edge...?

“You in the night, learning to unlearn the world.”

(Nelly Sachs)

jess saying in the car yesterday of falling/failing and then of writing a book about night when i asked her why she said i have an extraordinary relationship with night...you are both more in the night and not quite in it... because when everyone is asleep i am not enveloped in that whole way and so am in it more wholly but i am not enveloped in that whole way and so i am not in it as much...a double edge...

*Failing / Falling } Falling: A Memoir*

*German for idea is ein fall...I dea...I fall I'm fall...  
idea is / as a kind of falling...*

*why do i like the falling so much?*

trust falls, stories, reading aloud, leaning in, leaning on, sleeping in...

in the morning there is writing...

*blankets, roses, tea and nightcaps? projections?  
sleeping bags, a tent, little lamps...camping out?  
camping in? morning time coffees, notebooks,  
pens...bodies...*

Rabelais: *I go to seek a great perhaps...*

what stories do your organs have to tell?

some letter.

with love,

Litia