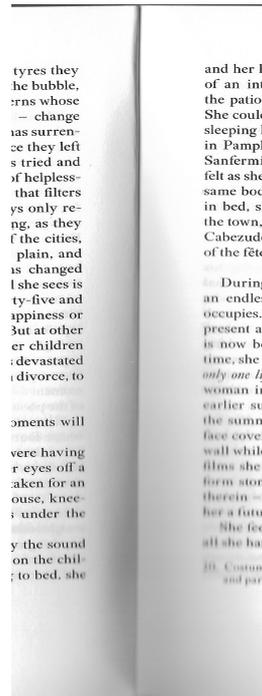


3 JANUARY



I was falling into the gutter, into the blur produced by scanning a book, which would not lie flat, unless of course I were to break its spine, for books are no longer bound in such a way that they fall open softly, with a gentle curve, so one may weigh each side in each hand. Perfect binding is not perfect; thus bound, the book will not lie flat; the signatures will not hold together for ever as they do when they are section sewn, each signature sewn through its folds into the following signature along the spine. Sometimes the threads show. The signatures are also called gatherings. A gathering starts with four folded sheets, which gives eight leaves. The thickness of the thread that binds them is called swell. This is form, not content. I did not approach the words today for words were failing me and at first I wrote that words were falling me. I had only those written or spoken by others, which I might mouth or ape, what a grotesque caper: they and bubble of whose the change She surren sleeping left in and Samfermines helpless felt filters same only re-in they the cities Cabezudos and of changed is During and an or occupies other present children is devastated time to *only* woman earlier will the face having wall a films an form knee- therein the her She sound all chil- she 20. Costumed. There was sense of a sort that arose nonetheless, a non-sense. Meaning was as hard to understand as interpretation. Possibly it was poetry. One woman said that the *thing* was always someone else's, not hers. She said that she was not interested in pointing at things. The other replied that there was a man trying to live like a badger. There was something about the feral, the wild animal, the burrowing mole that does not excavate to bring anything to light but to drive down deeper into the darkness. There was squirrelling, but it declined. Gathering stopped. I asked myself (there was no-one to answer) if there were no longer any signatures.