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**In the Meantime, Examples of the Same Lily**  
**(A temporary androgyne for Lynda Benglis and Richard Tuttle)**

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the Royal College of Art for the  
degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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## The Tomb



“I would like you to know that if a human is able to find fire stripped of the accidentally acquired characteristics, the variable situations and whatever affects it when it joins its sisters, he would find it incapable of burning.”<sup>1</sup>



There has been talk of a Plexiglas parapet. If it is there, pass through it.



1.

Rising in greyscale: a squat tetrahedron broader at its base than its summit and staggered into three tiers. The incline of the walls is around  $20^\circ$  off the perpendicular. It stands alone in the room, rising almost to the ceiling, where it is flanked by two sets of five ceiling-mounted spotlights (assuming these are arranged equally, as only the right-hand array is fully visible). These lights are the only other objects visible in the room against which one might gauge scale. They are not, however, an enormous help in that matter. Still, if we were to assume that the camera was positioned at eyelevel, we might speculate the height of the structure to be around ten feet, setting the height of the ceiling at around twelve feet, which seems reasonable enough. The front of the ziggurat is punctured by a tall slot-like doorway reaching almost – say nine feet? – to its top. The floor leading in from this opening seems to take the form of a shallow ramp, but shadows cast across it by the doorway itself (the structure is lit from both sides, so two shadows intersect just within its threshold) make this hard to discern. These shadows similarly obscure the interior of the ziggurat, and make it impossible to gauge the thickness of its walls. The floor of the room in which the structure stands, facing us at a slight angle with its front turned roughly  $35^\circ$  clockwise from the picture plane, is shown as a blank, dark area with paler, empty walls which hem the structure in almost as closely as the ceiling – though leaving enough space to comfortably walk around it. The lighting may be stronger from the right-hand side, as the walls behind the ziggurat and to the left appear thrown more deeply into shadow.

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Gertrude Stein's white Standard Poodle Basket died on the fifth of November, 1938. An important part of Stein's home life, Basket appears in many of her works, sometimes fleetingly or obliquely, sometimes as a more central figure. Many photographs exist of Stein with Alice B. Toklas and Basket as a family group, and there is also an elegant portrait of the dog by Man Ray, which shows him sitting on a low table wearing a sort of jacket or harness and looking up toward the top left-hand corner of the photo. His face is slightly blurred while his paws, where his coat has been clipped neatly above the ankle like a pair of knickerbockers, are in sharp focus. The background of this photograph shows a blank area of dark floor and a paler square

of plain, empty wall, across the bottom left hand corner of which the shadow of the dog's back is cast. After Basket's death, Stein went to Bordeaux (where she had originally bought him) to purchase another Poodle, whom she also named Basket.

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It is no longer possible to move through a Paul Thek installation. We can only move through the documentation – the very scant documentation – of a Paul Thek installation. There are two known black and white photographs of his work *The Tomb* installed at the Stable Gallery: one showing the outside of the ziggurat-like structure, and one showing the inside. This does not give us much through which to move. The pink colour of the 'Hippie' figure that occupies the interior (the head and hands of which were cast from Thek's own body) was only known from reviews until photographs of Thek's studio taken during the run up to the show came to light.<sup>2</sup> Here we can see various elements that went to make up *The Tomb* as it was eventually installed. Later photographs of Thek's studio show elements from *The Tomb* and other installations jumbled together, at rest as they migrate between exhibitions where they might combine in different ways to compose new works, or new iterations of works. And so we see these things migrating and dispersing throughout a practice; and these are not maps of trajectories but indications of these.

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6 Jan

to london.intern

Hi Charlie

We just spoke on the phone regarding a question I have about a Pierre Huyghe work. If you wouldn't mind forwarding the message below to the appropriate person, I'd be enormously grateful.

Thanks for your help, and happy New Year,  
Lee.

Hi

I'm currently a PhD candidate at the Royal College of Art in London, and I'm writing to ask if you might be able to help me answer a question I have about Pierre Huyghe's recent work *Untilled*.

I'm interested in knowing more about Human, the white Podenco dog that appears in/is part of this work; specifically, I'm interested to know more about her name. My assumption is that the name "Human" was given to her by the artist, and I would be interested to find out if this is so. If it is, I'm then curious about any prior name(s) she may have had – assuming there were any, and that anyone knows anything about this.

Of course, I may be completely wrong about all of this, and Human may always have been called Human even before the artist came across her. Either way, I'm interested to find out as much as I can about her name(s) and the circumstances surrounding it/them, and I wonder if you think you can help? I'm happy to provide more details (about myself and the reasons for my interest) if that would be useful, but just wanted to make an initial contact to see if you might be able to help me get started tracking down the answer to my question.

Many thanks,  
Lee Triming

1.

Jasper Johns took Marcel Duchamp's cut paper self-portrait, made an enlarged copy, suspended it from a string and traced its shadow onto a sheet of paper. He cut out the shape of the anamorphic shadow and mounted it on a second sheet of paper. Now<sup>3</sup> browned and visibly aged, this work hangs framed in the Barbican as part of the exhibition *The Bride And The Bachelors*.

Duchamp as the tracing of a deformed absence. A lightness and sentimentality not usually associated with Johns.

Merce Cunningham represented by an empty dance floor, his name appearing on small plaques describing sets and props made by others for his performances. The dancers dancing on video (in the gallery shop, not the exhibition space, though they do appear here in the flesh at certain appointed times on Thursdays and Saturdays).

Rauschenberg's European tour with Cy Twombly is mentioned in the exhibition notes.

It is recorded in Victor Bokris' *The Life and Death of Andy Warhol* that neither Rauschenberg nor Johns would talk to Warhol at openings.<sup>4</sup>

Warhol/Cunningham/Duchamp/Cage. Rauschenberg/Johns/Twombly. Or otherwise.

In a dimly lit part of the Barbican: a small oval black and white photo of Marcel Duchamp in drag as Belle Haleine. Simultaneously, in a dimly lit room in Tate Modern: a colour Polaroid of Andy Warhol in drag, with a less-than-oblique reference to his portrait of Marilyn Monroe.

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In his book *Spectres of Marx*, Derrida describes the Spectre as equalling (among other things) a sensuous-non-sensuous, a tangible intangibility, a becoming body without flesh, a certain phenomenal and carnal form of the spirit.<sup>5</sup> Its mode of presence is imminence, the arrow that draws near but never strikes.

No longer physically extant in the world, the bodies of Thek's major installation works (e.g. *The Tomb*, *A Procession in Honor of Aesthetic Progress: Objects to Theoretically Wear, Carry, Pull or Wave* and *Ark, Pyramid*) are in many ways unavailable to us. Some point of contact, however, still feels possible. We move through their documentation – photographs, reviews, essays – and these are not like their bodies as we have imagined them and yet are bodies, are extensions of these bodies. They are not here and we are not there yet something is set up and it is an object and a space of the work, an extension of the work. It is a sort of mirror travel,<sup>6</sup> a penumbra of reflections punctuated and unfolded by encounters with other bodies (cameras, note books, memories, tongues); a body of images, stand-ins, copies and counterfeits, echoes and silhouettes fanned and stretched and staggered and smeared and mirrored and tiered so as to not only propose frame after melting, concentric frame, creating internal relations of parts, but also to bind and fold back on itself at the same time that it disperses and expands to potentially encompass all territories – thereby prohibiting neither specific object nor expanded field.<sup>7</sup> Parts, relations, manifest as instances, bodies in time, with multiple, non-defined, non-linear lifespans. Like salt thrown at an invisible Witch, essays and photographs documenting Thek's installations indicate (and form) the tiered, mobile, evanescent edges<sup>8</sup> of a dispersed arrangement, offering quivering points of resistance, detour and entry.

Like the Spectre, this experience of the artwork suggests a paradoxical body, confounding experiences of absence and presence, unsettled in time, never ceasing to return nor yet ceasing to fail to return. But is this particular to dismembered or lost works available to us only through mediation, or does the kind of object Thek's installations have become over time illuminate something more generally pertinent to the kinds of bodies artworks tend to articulate? If we can say that *The Tomb* and *Ark, Pyramid* are objects, now as much as ever, then what sort of objects are they and what do they suggest about the sorts of objects artworks can be and how these operate and become available to experience?

1.

Welcome: you are in a replica of the tomb.

A three-tiered pink ziggurat around 10 feet high.<sup>9</sup> Its entrance a deep slot, seen here from an angle that masks the interior.

It is a belief widely held as fundamental to the practice of magic that everything that is conceived exists. This way of thinking removes what might be considered arbitrarily placed boundaries between the 'actual' and the 'imaginary', proposing rather a gradient of existence that takes in and passes through these states (and others), thereby opening a broader ontic field across which various kinds of entities manifest in a variety of ways, making themselves available to radically heterogeneous modes of encounter.

Yoko Ono exists. The name Yoko Ono exists and is not the same thing. If I say Yoko Ono, I think of Yoko Ono, and the Yoko Ono I imagine exists, and is not the same thing. In a short story called *The Theologians*, Borges has stated "Every man is an organ put forth by the divinity in order to perceive the world."<sup>10</sup> Yoko Ono, in whichever way you choose to read that, is a point on a trajectory, greyscale or gradient. The division between Yoko Ono and her name – or between God and the name Yoko Ono – is as nominal a border as the mouth of a river 'separating' it out from a continuous body of water. This isn't to say that rivers don't have mouths. We take pleasure in this kind of flower arranging every day.

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The arrow in Zeno's paradox never strikes its target. The Spectre, moving quite differently in time,<sup>11</sup> dwells in a similar imminence, a relation that never quite resolves into something we could describe as contact. Imminence is also the mode of the work of art, and if the Spectre were subjected to some sort of mirror displacement – rendering it a spiritual-non-spiritual, an intangible tangibility, a becoming meaning without content, a phantasmatic form of matter, site of a significance or inhabitant yet-to-come – we might recognise the work of art at play within this

new articulation. If, then, the pressure of the Spectre is that of the imminence of the spectral body, the pressure of the artwork would be the imminence of a spectral significance: a presence, a body, differently yet similarly undone, absent from its own manifestation, yet threatening to unfold through it, and by its agency.<sup>12</sup>

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To cut out of paper a likeness of Marcel Duchamp made initially by Marcel Duchamp and to trace its shadow as it slants and warps and to cut out the tracing of that shadow and to mount it flat with the initials M.D. as if nothing had happened which of course in many ways it has not.

To present yourself for the camera in a white-blond wig and a white shirt and a tartan tie and bright red lipstick and white pan stick against a white ground going in and out of the white in a panicked indecision at once alien and akin to the Monroe you are fully aware of referencing and distorting.

To send your own tomb out into the world like a satellite piloted by your own effigy with pierced mauve tongue poking up like a lavender-flavoured ice lolly that circles you like a little ghost and that you will eventually send away and not take back into the palm of your flesh and blood hand intact.

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At several points in his essay collection *Is the Rectum a Grave?* Leo Bersani asks – rather archly – if the category of “queer” figured as an anti-normative positioning might, while embracing certain more radical straights, exclude certain other conservative gays?<sup>13</sup> This rhetorical over-simplification does serve to highlight the political difficulties that come with such an idea (Bersani’s scepticism is rooted in his concern to counter what he calls a “de-gaying” of gay identities and visibilities). Nevertheless, the consequences of tethering queerness to homosexuality in a fixed relation would be the paradoxical constraining of a universally disruptive current to operate only in accordance with a predefined set of constructed subject positions.

1.

The brochure for Pierre Huyghe's 2014 retrospective at LACMA<sup>14</sup> – the first text in which I saw Human, the white Podenco<sup>15</sup> that appeared in Huyghe's 2012 work *Untilled*, listed as an individual work (rather than as a component part within a more expanded piece)<sup>16</sup> – states that in many cases the artist made alterations to works for this exhibition, noting that “A temporal and spatial instability characterizes the works themselves”.<sup>17</sup> Human herself, while in many ways the epitome of the specific object, weaves in and out of works, contexts, architectures (during exhibitions she is provided with “a private room for respite”,<sup>18</sup> and is free to leave the building whenever she wishes), her passage simultaneously a disruption and a stitching together of parts. Youtube videos show her padding through the galleries, sniffing at visitors, stretching and yawning in darkened rooms and curling up next to works that light her with gently changing colours. At *Documenta*, my friends and I ambled around consulting maps that we found hard to make sense of in the park's open spaces. Not realising we were almost on top of *Untilled*, we suddenly saw this elegant white dog with one magenta foreleg shoot through the greenery ahead of us. Following her, she led us into the work's loose enclosure, by this time overgrown with rosebay willowherb – banks of dark pink, echoing her dyed leg, spreading in all directions.

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Description of the only known photograph of the interior of Paul Thek's *The Tomb* (also exhibited under the title *Death of a Hippie*):

The photograph shows the inside of a small room. A figure lies on the floor along the back wall, his head (to the left of the picture) resting on two pillows. The width of the room or chamber is such that the figure can lay at full stretch with a few inches of space between the walls and both the crown of his head and the soles of his shoes. While colour is impossible to gauge (the picture is in black and white), the image is tonally very even, with only a few dark areas standing out, these being: the figure's hair and moustache; a necklace with a medallion nailed to the wall just behind and to the right of the figure's head; another necklace worn by the figure, which appears to be made partly from hair; and the figure's mutilated right hand, which is missing

all four fingers. (The thumb, or the place where it would/should be, is not visible due to the camera angle. The figure's left hand is completely hidden from view.) Hanging to the left of the necklace on the left-hand wall are a folded piece of paper that appears to be a letter, and lower down the wall, by the bottom left corner of the paper, a small cloth pouch with its neck hanging open, as if weighted by contents not revealed from this point of view. Beneath these, propped against the wall, are two postcards or photographs, the smaller and further away of the two having slipped slightly so that it lies halfway on the floor, touching the corner of the bottommost pillow that supports the head of the supine figure. On the floor and arranged unevenly across the trajectory of a loose arc running from the larger postcard or photograph to midway up the figure's upper right arm, there are three small goblets which seem to have been unevenly painted or patinated with some pale, opaque substance. Three further objects occupy the floor of the small chamber to the right-hand side of the photograph: closest to the figure, by the side of his right lower leg, are two sheets of paper with curled edges. It is hard to say for sure, but they too seem to have been coated with a substance similar in tone to the other objects in the room, as if everything had been cut from a single piece of cloth. Closer to the camera, and also to the figure's wounded right hand, is a bowl covered with what looks like a piece of tin foil perforated by two small clusters of puncture marks. Closest to the camera, so that its nearest corner almost touches the edge of the picture, is a third pillow. None of these objects appear carefully arranged, more like items scattered about an archaeological site. Finally, at the bottom edges of the photograph two further structural elements intrude into the picture. At bottom centre a few inches of a wide metal plate with a waffle-textured surface can be seen. The shadow this throws on the floor to its left indicates that it is elevated from the floor by, I would guess, around six to twelve inches. Finally, the bottom right-hand corner of the photograph is cut off by a black isosceles triangle, presumably part of the entrance through which the photograph has been taken.

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“Spectral significance” – what might this mean? Not simply a meaning which has not yet arrived (though this is a part of it); for what sort of significance are we held waiting? “No progress of knowledge could saturate an opening that must have nothing to do with knowing. Nor therefore with ignorance.”<sup>19</sup> A spectral significance would then imply a non-signifying significance, a meaning neither with nor without meaning (and yet at the same time, both with and without it, taking the non in non-signifying as the mark of a sublation moving beyond distinction and division without extinguishing or prohibiting these). This would render the recognition of any spectral significance particularly difficult, so that one of the prerequisites of the experience of this significance must be an uncertainty as to whether one is witnessing or experiencing it at all. One would never know if it has arrived, if one is in receipt of it or not.

The artwork, as bearer of this contestable radiance, stands then like a sort of golem, a figure of uncertain wakefulness, not yet brought to a sure fruition; a body the variously congruent and discontinuous, identifiable and indistinguishable parts<sup>20</sup> of which will have never yet been assembled in their entirety; a body so strange and potentially disparate, ungraspable because so dissipated in both space and time, that not only are we unequipped to identify what it would mean for it to reach a culmination of 'full embodiment', but one to which the category of 'entire' may not ever apply; a body which remains both inert and lively, wanting and replete, an endlessly open channel. To encounter this body is to be the wasp to its particulate and labyrinthine orchid, the finger inscribing the name of God on the Golem's forehead: inscription here operating not as a one-sided authoring but as a coupling of parts to form an unstable conduit, a trumpet humming with the resonance of a voice yet to introduce itself.

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Abbreviated anecdote: Rachel Harrison, *Conquest of the Useless*, Whitechapel Gallery, 2010 – solo show, complex installation, lots of works, often with multiple elements, installations, objects etc. – consulting labels, still often hard to distinguish works. Time spent reading lists of media and checking against objects – confusion however not always dispelled. E.g. – bales of hay stacked in middle of room didn't appear attributed – no label nearby seemed to fit, no mention of hay, straw, bales, dried grass etc. in listing for any work. Likewise a cluster of broken stone pillars. Unable to place them within this or that work, asked gallery attendant – "Oh, those aren't works. They're just things she wanted in the show."

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Elsewhere, I have said a room. If one pair object is in a room and I have said it is, you will see, if you have not already, then one, by which I mean one reading this and you are, one assumes, I assume that one assumes, that the other pair object is also in a room. It has to be in something and the logical assumption to draw with regard to that something is that it is a room. Now. Will it be.

After all, when a dog walks out of a room, what does it walk into?

1.

“C.C.Spider, 2011.

A spider becomes a Ceiling Corner Spider when it exists under a protocol.

Protocol:

The spider should live on the ceiling in the corner of a space.

The spider co-exists with humans and is visible.

The C.C. Spider is still a work if it moves on the ceiling, the walls until it reaches the floor, but the ceiling corner is its ideal position.

A C.C. Spider in a garden or on the floor is not a work, it's a spider.”<sup>21</sup>

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Further details: the eyes of the figure lying in the tomb are closed, and the tongue protrudes stiffly from his mouth. On his cheeks, or rather on the one visible (right) cheek, rests a large, patterned disc. The wrist of the wounded right hand bears a bracelet ornamented with three similar discs. Aside from these decorative items, and the necklace previously mentioned, the figure wears a double-breasted jacket and jeans, and a pair of plain lace-up shoes. Seams show in the walls and floor, and an angled skirting board runs around the outside of the floor where the two meet. On closer inspection, the letter pinned to the wall seems to have more than one part: possibly the paper is crumpled or folded awkwardly where it is attached to the wall, or possibly an envelope or second, folded up sheet of paper is pinned there. The image doesn't yield enough detail to identify what is happening with any certainty. What does seem true however is that there is a pale silhouette on the wall behind the folded paper/letter, as if the latter had been smoothed out and painted over with a colour slightly darker than that of the original wall before being allowed to relax into its creased and folded shallow relief.

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Writing the name of God on the golem's forehead, the Rabbi animates the body he has modelled from clay mixed with dust and holy water. The tip of his writing finger gently opens a channel in the soft, damp clay, the lips of which deliver a sucking kiss reluctant to release the fingertip at the end of each letter.

Inscription is revealed then as a relation of parts a knot or juncture a mirrored jewel a point of contact necessarily multiple and so instrument, surface and product of inscription are each and together a convoluted complex, each and together already a labyrinthine conduit concentrated in and spilling out from their knotting together. For the point of the writing instrument if by point we can imagine a point in many ways, for example does the Spectre which we are claiming as an entity alien to direct contact have what sort of thing like a point if any and then how does it write because it would seem that it does and the artwork is a place where this writing is not read but suspected; but to continue we might imagine the point of a voice and a keyboard as well as of a pen pencil stylus finger etching tool etc. and the point of the instrument is the manifest tip of an intricate conduit brought into contact and again it will be useful to think contact in the broadest of terms with surfaces likewise broadly conceived and here we can remember the eardrum screen magnetic tape page cerebellum consciousness and otherwise in all manner of stratifications and feel the bodies of these each likewise the manifest tip of a conduit/labyrinth and what happens things meet and what happens what is thrown forth at this point of contact this knot or tumult of reflections notional or otherwise. In drawing one might note that the tip of the drawing instrument conceals the event of drawing so the point of the line's coming into being is always covered over and this is a third and also a fourth labyrinth conduit or abyss that of the instrument and that of the surface and that of the line and that of its concealment as it comes into being.

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It is a dog with a pink leg and its shadow extends across the floor and up one slanting wall, very slightly, as it moves, dipping and spiking, condensing and extending as it moves, the white dog, the shadow of the white dog, the white dog made pinkish by reflected light, moving with its shadow moving, a darker pink, charcoal, over surfaces, unusually wide now in one part and unusually narrow in another as it nears, the dog, a corner, one ear four times the size, divided as they are by a ninety degree angle, four times the size of its fellow, then sliding into position across the same wall now but still uneven in size due to the blush-pink head turned at an angle then dipping to sniff at a bowl covered with perforated foil, leaving a small wet mark that evaporates from the foil slowly effecting tiny intricate light effects as it dwindles and lifts away into vapour. And the shadow of the dog is long on the floor and fat on the sidewalls and on the back wall it is a silhouette more or less perfect, though perhaps a little squat, depending on the

dog's relation to the doorway, where the light comes in. Sometimes the dog will sit on or by a pillow by the doorway, one dark and one white pale pink almost white leg extended in front of it and sometimes it will move and its shadow will pass over the pillow, which will render it humped, or over two sheets of paper with curled edges and sometimes it will walk slowly with its shifting shadow to sniff guardedly at the contents of a pouch nailed to the left-hand wall and take in their faint, waxy smell.

1.

What does it mean to lay in a tomb, in a tetrahedron of pink light, in a pink suit,<sup>22</sup> with the fingers amputated from your right hand? “The right-handed artist portrayed himself unable to work,” opines Lynn Zelevansky.<sup>23</sup> But the interior of this ziggurat feels little enough like a manual workshop.<sup>24</sup>

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I am circling something like a dog not a good dog not a brave dog not an empty dog but a poor dog silly from hypnosis and not a gadfly because the gadfly is never afraid to land knows it will only light for a second and then move on has no fear of commitment knows not commitment and so commits fearlessly. What hypnotises the gadfly is nothing static and so we call this a trance and it is different from either stupor or assurance. “We have to believe in a God who is like the true God in everything, except that he does not exist, since we have not reached the point where God exists.”<sup>25</sup>

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What are the relationships here that is then, then then making here there when this there was also a here at the time and simultaneously a there and a then also, as well as a now, a then-now a now here, a then-here and there a then there at the same time as it was a now at the time, at the same time that it was then also a then both now being past and what is and will be this now by the time you read this at what sort of remove are and will be these absent things if they are absent the absences or parallaxes of these things their aberrations as they circulate or is that not the nature of their movement or of our movement and the absences of these figures moving or moved away from or towards names objects and relations, relations then, there, now, here, then-here, then-now, now-there and faced towards and away from themselves and their fellows each one reflected to infinity though not actually in contact or even speaking and lifted out with congruity possibly disruption now and refracting within the foldedness of itself themselves here and then in the now there spoken of and here addressed in the labyrinth of a surface page

mirror and we look into it and what do we see it is different from recognition.

Part of what I mean is this. What are the relations between the artists and objects here as they move past through around by each other wherever here is the here they make as they make it I could also say body or I could put it also in other ways their modes of combining of encounter of moving through by around or with.<sup>26</sup> They are not present the artists (nor now the objects because I am writing and you are reading or the pages are closed and nobody is either writing or reading and still of course the objects and artists remain absent as do you and I and the body remains), not at any point, though there are photographs and references and of course the hand strays in no matter what. The straying hand. What is the relationship between Jasper Johns and his *No* and Duchamp's *Female Fig Leaf* and Marcel Duchamp what is the relationship between Robert Rauschenberg and Cy Twombly and Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns and John Cage and Merce Cunningham and all of these men and the bodies of dancers gendered this way or that way dancers and Andy Warhol at art openings with Jasper Johns not speaking to him and Robert Rauschenberg not speaking to him and others also it would be difficult to compile an exhaustive list of names not speaking to him. Andy Warhol was a fairy. This is a word that was used and we must remember it was the Fifties. We must remember this for some reason perhaps it takes the edge off though which edge and off what is perhaps open to debate. Robert Rauschenberg's European tour with Cy Twombly is mentioned in the exhibition notes. Coily. It stands rather alone, a solitary object though of course it is not its body is very much extended whether displayed or otherwise. And so how is it present is it present and how and how do I feel about that as a viewer an artist a fairy that is the word that was used we must remember how do I feel now in this there that was then a here at the time with those objects now absent and those artists absent and their absent and now, as always, almost entirely inaccessible relations.

1.

Among his circle at the Factory, Warhol was known as Drella: a portmanteau alias combining the figures of Dracula and Cinderella. The name was coined by Dorothy Dean, the only African American in Warhol's entourage, who was reportedly fired from her job at *Essence* magazine for suggesting they put Warhol on the cover in blackface.

Warhol seems to have been a catalyst for this sort of metonymic exchange of attributes with those around him.<sup>27</sup> Edie Sedgewick dyed her hair silver to match his. Surrounded by drag queens, he photographed himself in drag too. There are countless pictures of Warhol and Edie wearing the same jacket, Warhol and Gerard Malanga in matching jeans and striped Breton shirts. In the Factory Warhol made himself part of an extended body, a body in flux, constantly shuffling its constituent parts like Bellmer's doll,<sup>28</sup> like a Torahic sentence subjected to Kabbalistic operations, like the characteristics of fire arranged in endless variation around a hidden core that refuses to burn.

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An arrow fired at a target will never strike it, because first it must pass half the distance between its point of departure and the target, then half the remaining distance, then again half of the remaining distance...

If the progress of the arrow described by Zeno's paradox suggests a smoothly interminable approach, the Spectre,<sup>29</sup> in its time of the will-have-been, is more intermittent, erratic, trembling. Like a reflection on the surface of a pond, or better, a reflection that somehow inhabits the water just below the surface without ever exposing its turbulent, diaphanous skin to the air.

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Fairies have been spat out. Fairy is a word that was used there are many others of course and they are also spat out and we are spat out with them.

Blanchot quotes a question asked by Pasternak about Jewishness: "What does being Jewish signify? Why does it exist?" Blanchot answers by way of a three part response: "it exists so the idea of exodus and the idea of exile can exist as a legitimate movement; it exists, through exile and through the initiative that is exodus, so that the experience of strangeness may affirm itself close at hand as an irreducible relation; it exists so that, by the authority of this experience, we might learn to speak."<sup>30</sup>

So what is it to speak when one has been spat out. The Kabbalist understands language as material. The closer one reads, the more a text a sentence a word opens and opens and it opens not into clarity but an increasing obscurity a proliferation a density a darkness, it is like Narcissus seduced by his own image which he knows not as his own image but as a strangeness and so we call this a trance and it is different from either recognition or understanding. And if this is our voice and our writing it might be thought to upset and muddy the place of speech.

So what is it to speak when one has been spat out. And how is one spat out and how far and where do you land.

So that the experience of strangeness may affirm itself close at hand.

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Abjection seeks to distance rejected material, preferably to the ultimate remove of a radical outside. The success of this strategy depends on separating inside and outside in ways that exclude the possibility of contact between the two. As bodies navigate the world, however, their porosity, their innate conviviality, gives the lie to this construction, drawing attention at every move to the impossibility of either identifying or establishing such an outside.<sup>31</sup> When the illusion of fixed boundaries gives way to the dynamism and instability of a phenomenon of bordering, the outside is never definitively outside. Rejected material is never so exactly defined, so thoroughly exorcised, that its Spectre ceases to disturb by virtue of the scrambled mode of its inherence, the abject, queering pressure of its imminence.

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Neither Rauschenberg nor Johns would speak to Warhol at openings. Rauschenberg's European tour with Cy Twombly is mentioned – obliquely – in the exhibition notes.

What is it to read a word and what is it to read a name to see one's own name in print or to hear it spoken to hear it spoken aloud. It opens and opens. A point on a greyscale or gradient. It opens and you can walk inside of it like a church tent bubble ziggurat bivouac or tomb and its light is on you then and so. Move around in it with your one dark leg and your one pale. You are an element in an operation God is there and there is Yoko Ono, however you choose to read that.

1.

At LACMA, at the Museum Ludwig, at the Centre Pompidou, Human wandered through galleries amidst a variety of Huyghe's other works.<sup>32</sup> Among these was a fourteen-minute film titled *A Way in Untilled*, documenting the large-scale outdoor installation at *Documenta 13* in which Human made her first appearance in Huyghe's work.

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*Deux soeurs qui ne sont pas soeurs* is a short text written by Gertrude Stein in her halting French and initially intended as a sketch for a film. In it, a set cast of characters (two women in a car, two laundresses, a young woman who looks as if she's just come from a beauty contest, and a young man) come and go in a series of slapstick exchanges involving the possession of a photograph of two white Poodles. At the end of the text, which runs to less than 400 words, the two women drive past with an actual Poodle in the back of the car. The young man, young woman and one of the laundresses watch the car pass by, and, notes the text "nobody understands anything."<sup>33</sup>

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Where is Marcel Duchamp I have cut a place for him it is a funny shape not his but also his in a way if you look right if you stand in the right place and look into the mirror and accept yourself for a skull slanting through everything and can he Marcel accept himself Jasper as a skull Cy beside a crumbling column a gigantic hand pointing up like something out of myth out of Guston out of the clouds like a judgement the severity of the left and of the right and where will you stand and look and then what will it be Andy I have cut a place for him. It is a funny shape.

1.

“When the curator Kasper König invited Thek to reconstruct *The Tomb* for the mega exhibition *Westkunst* in Cologne in 1981, Thek wrote to his friend Franz Deckwitz, “I really don’t want to have to do that piece AGAIN! Oh God no! Not THAT one. Imagine having to bury yourself over and over.” Ultimately, Thek compromised, allowing Deckwitz to install the work according to his very exacting specifications. When the sculpture returned from abroad, Thek refused to accept it and suggested that the shippers destroy it.”<sup>34</sup>

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“Instructions:

The spider should be a common, endemic spider not an exotic species.

A local spider from the Opiliones order is more interesting as it is very graphic.

As the spider is dark and small, the colour of the ceiling and walls should be bright.

In an apartment, the main living room or the bedroom are the best spaces for the C.C. Spider to live.

Place the spider in a corner near the ceiling. It can also be installed in a box (transparent plastic) for a day or two in order for the spider to create a nest, then remove the box.

If the C.C. Spider disappears or dies, find a new one.

Spiders eat small insects and drink water. The spider will usually take care of itself, but can also be helped.”<sup>35</sup>

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Basket I or Basket II. Without paying attention to dates (where these are even provided) it is next to impossible to work this out when looking at the many photographs that exist of Stein and Toklas with their Poodle(s). They also owned two Chihuahuas (small and dark, they stand in as effectively for Toklas as the statuesque white Poodles do for Stein): first Byron, who terrorized

Basket and died of a fever, succeeded by P  p   – a much milder character, who nevertheless remains difficult to distinguish from his predecessor in photos.

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*This is Not a Time for Dreaming* is a film by Pierre Huyghe of a puppet musical devised by the artist as part of a larger project on Le Corbusier’s Carpenter Centre for the Visual Arts at Harvard. Huyghe himself is one of the characters who appear – in puppet form – in the musical, which was filmed in the Carpenter Centre on the opening night of the exhibition (for which the work was commissioned), and subsequently shown as a 16mm film for the rest of the show. In the film, model buildings morph, pivot and unfold, the assured forms of modernism fidgeting nervously from one configuration to another under the puppeteers’ hands.

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Might it be that names and bodies share an intimacy and then of what kind. That to name is to establish a body then what kind of body. That things court naming with increasing insistence the closer they draw to assuming the qualities of a body then what is the movement of this insistence.

What, in Gertrude Stein’s *Lucy Church Amiably*, is Lucy Church? We take it for a name, but is it? If so, it is hard to think its referent might be anything consistent. As the text unwinds, Lucy Church appears more and more to be a deictic figure, wandering ‘it’-like from subject to subject, designating now this, now that person or thing. Based on a punning reference to the church at Lucey (a town close by to Bilignin, where the novel was written in the summer of 1927), we initially assume that the name refers not to that church but to a single and unified human subject. However, static and passive as many of the figures in Stein’s pastoral novel are, this seems an assumption open to question. Often referred to as ‘she’, Lucy Church has rather the quality of an icon than a character, like an image covering over some unknowable. We never see or know the subjects simultaneously indicated and concealed by this icon: they are designated without being shown. The name that points deictically towards them simultaneously points to the more (linguistically) ‘visible’ church at Lucey, which in turn becomes a sort of notional container for a faceless congregation. For Lucy Church is a name that may subsume many – temporarily, irregularly (much like the architectural shelter of a church). It is certain, for example, that on at least one occasion (where the book recounts how “Lucy Church rented a valuable house”),<sup>36</sup> in a clear retelling of an episode in Stein and Toklas’ day to day lives,<sup>37</sup> Lucy Church becomes a stand-in for Stein, or Toklas, or for the two of them as a couple. The name is like a territory that figures or subjects enter; but a peregrinating, shifting territory, fickle and amoebic: not a passive territory that waits statically to be entered, but one that shifts about, lighting here and there

at whim, expanding and contracting, encompassing figures for a while before moving on and abandoning them, thereby effecting its own habitations and exoduses. The potential plurality of what Lucy Church might at any point comprise is hinted at in the other names repeated throughout the text. John Mary, for example, punningly refers to the common French name Jean-Marie, as indicated when Stein remarks that “There are other John Mary’s in the town”.<sup>38</sup> John Mary is indicated as a placeholder, not (only) for a specific entity but for something more multiple and general, a clear acknowledgement of the slipperiness of a name so commonplace it becomes almost anonymous. It is also a name made itself of two names of differing genders (a common device in *Lucy Church*... James Mary, William Mary and Simon Therese being other principle figures). So it is unsurprising when Stein writes: “William Mary is not William Mary exactly. He is not William Mary exactly. William Mary is William and Mary exactly William Mary is William Mary is William Mary is exactly is exactly not William and Mary is William Mary.”<sup>39</sup> What then is William Mary? Ulla Dydo’s dry assurance that “Of course, it is William and Mary”<sup>40</sup> seems both to skip over the complexity of Stein’s sentences and to fail to absorb the full repercussions of Dydo’s own statement that “In the mutable, enchanted world of *Lucy Church*, words are freed of permanent reference and figures are “named naturally”, changeably, never categorically.”<sup>41</sup>

1.

A light grown pink from long containment, like a cloud absorbing and redistributing pigment from the insides of a coloured box. Pink walls, pillows, clothing, three pink chalices (these pinks of language). A necklace of human hair and gold, also touched pink. A letter, a small bowl. Two pinkish sheets of paper and a small pouch containing the severed fingers of the right hand.

•

The 1967 contact sheet documenting the dismantling of Paul Thek's *Tomb* shows the artist inspecting the three-tiered ziggurat with a team of carpenters as it is stripped down to a framework ready to be packaged and shipped. These images, which clearly index the structure against the size of the artist's body as well as the architecture of the workshop, sit on page 94 of the *Diver* monograph, directly opposite the exterior view of the work installed at the Stable Gallery. Here, suddenly bereft of references against which to judge scale, the ziggurat feels scale-less and somehow bereft of itself, like a Thomas Demand reconstruction. It is easy to imagine a hand (of a puppet or a human – either feels equally plausible) reaching into the frame to gently unfold the walls and rearrange their contents before setting the structure back in place and withdrawing.

•

If there are two sheets of paper on the floor and they are the same colour as the floor we will have to imagine it but it seems possible we might take one of these sheets, quite old by now with its edges curling if it were still to exist and I suppose it may, we might take one of these sheets and cut a shape into it the shape of a shadow of a Poodle of some other dog of anything you like a man's face or a woman's face a face at any rate or a cylinder some geometric form or other some lump or heap twisted or not through an anamorphosis and place it back on the floor, place it under the other sheet and all you see now when you look are its curled edges and they are very like the curled edges of the topmost sheet and this is all you see or would see if these things sheets of paper floor chamber with inward-slanting walls were still to exist which is still possible it is possible but unlikely.

1.

**MGG London Intern** <london.intern@mariangoodman.com>

13 Jan

to me

Hello Lee,

I just heard back from my colleague in the NY gallery and they have spoken to Huyghe's studio about your question.

The dog's name was Huma and Pierre changed it to Human.

I hope this helps,

Regards

Charlie

•

*C.C. Spider* depends on architecture. The protocols under which its status as an art object inhere presuppose an architectural structure, and beyond that, an orchestrated ubiquity of three dimensional space and time, in which the spider will be situated. If the spider is removed from these conditions (as occurs when it is conjured within a sentence devoid of references to anything other than the spider itself), how might one gauge its identity as either work or spider? In a sentence free of any and all architecture (excepting that of grammar), *C.C. Spider* is neither on the ceiling or walls, nor is it on the floor or in the garden. We can accept (can we?) that it is still a spider; but is it a work? (And, as something of a side note, casting one's eye back over Huyghe's protocol: when it's a work, is it still a spider?)

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The floor is a clear pink square. With my left hand I draw a diagram on it using the stump of a finger drawn from the pouch on the wall. In waxy lines, flesh-tone on pink, I mark out Agnes Martin Alan Turing a cube a set of cubes a tangle a small blurred something (scrub it out with your elbow and start again) Eva Hesse Holly Woodlawn all three members perhaps of General Idea dressed as doctors and students and Poodles and then here Cornelius Agrippa and then here a heap of dirt a mirror possibly Marcel Duchamp Marcel Duchamp unravelling in silhouette a mirror and here Billy Name there are lines of course connecting elements John Cage Grace Jones Cy Twombly Valerie Solanas triangles and asterisms like a score it might read in that way Yoko Ono Dorothy Podber Kenneth Williams and movements Morton Feldman are suggested Yvonne Rainer begin to be suggested along these lines though things seem fixed in place but this is not a ladder and one might spin the floor as if it were on a pivot and never know which way is up assuming up is a thing or north or forward or any of these there might only be lines like the wanderings of a fly inside a cloud, and I add a fly flesh-tone on pink and lines it might weave between Alice B. Toklas Robert Smithson Oscar the Grouch.

•

What would it be for the Spectre to write and what is the Spectre this Spectre and might we speak coherently regarding its provenance. Well we can try. We. Derrida I have said has written about the Spectre but is that Spectre this Spectre here as I write about it here using you may notice the English spelling, Spectre, not the American spelling, Specter, which is the one used in the translation Peggy Kamuf's translation that is the translation which I have read and been using and I do capitalize it and spell it with the English spelling which is of course the same as the French spelling used in the French version, prior to translation, which I have not read and so which Spectre is this Spectre to which I am not failing to return nor failing to fail to grasp and of course pretending as I still am to be this funny Gertrude Stein that is not of course Gertrude Stein and nor of course any single other who might like Pierre Huyghe or some other off-stage presence never of course truly off-stage because where then would you end up, bring momentarily the walls down the walls of the museum the walls of the ziggurat, the walls indeed of the stage seeing as we have brought that up, but she I he it we will indeed put the walls down and rearrange what may be inside things belonging to or indeed of a provenance linking them to Paul Thek Jasper Johns Man Ray and etc, for of course I this I I am calling he she it I have not yet finished writing. And so about the Spectre.

I have wondered about its not having a point and being alien to contact because it is Derrida suggests a thing that comes back but remains in imminence, it fails to return and it never fails to keep returning and so like the arrow that never strikes but moving as I have suggested differently

in time it points this arrow in another direction and moves not in a smooth yet interminable way but in a way more hovering and inconsistent as hard to position as an electron<sup>42</sup> and is this confounding of movement, position and velocity perhaps a writing of sorts the movement-non-movement of the point or might we better say part, the part of this arrow or spectral thing that impinges like an arrow in some ways this pressure of the arrow that never strikes is this perhaps then like the detour of writing as it trembles beneath the meniscus of the reflection and the movement of reading and looking and the movement of drawing where the point of the instrument covers the place where the line where the writing comes into being except here there is no contact so what sort of covering is happening and what sort of line or writing is emerging it is very confusing and perhaps like what I have suggested as a spectral significance which is so uncertain and intangible because of course it never comes and so what covers it could not be a physical covering. The line or writing, never coming, never establishing a place, could not be covered in at or as a place, could not be covered by matter, and what covers it would instead perhaps be a temporal covering where the writing executed by the movement of this I will not say point but incursion, by the movement, threat or pressure of this incursion, this writing by not "coming into being" but threatening rather beyond or outside of the time of direct presence would then exactly be covered over though we may find this word too spatial in its operation but covered or occulted exactly by this time into which it never enters and so its not-yet being undoes it as it is, and yet this being-undone under the power of its not-yet-having-become is the condition of its entelechy, these very unworkings the fabric of its body and I am wondering if this might be how something begins to assert itself as a work of art.

But this does not address the provenance of the Spectre at least not head on and well that would of course be horribly out of character but one must sometimes show willing it imparts a feeling of virtuousness. What, then, to be bald about it, is the Spectre and from whom and where does it come. Derrida's text is one place where its incursion can be felt, and I here as in any other place can know it only through suspicion and misreading. I can imagine no other circumstance under which it could it seduce me.<sup>43</sup> But Derrida's text is one place and one place is of course many places but still one place one multiple place and one multiple place only where the incursion of the Spectre can be felt and as such not the origin of the Spectre or of its incursion. But it is a place and there are also others where I can both read and feel it and this reading and the feeling of this reading like any other will and has been a detour and it would follow that this detour would be a mutual queering, a relation-non-relation, an undoing-as-entelechy, an opening into other places, insisting by the very virtue of its shortfall and impurity, as much a turbulence as a structure. And this might be queerness: the unworking of a position from which to speak as the founding of a position from which to speak, by the very authority of becoming undone.

1.

The puppet hand pats the white dog on his or her head. It folds down a wall and then another wall and it moves a number of objects it moves some pillows and a little bag of fingers and it does not move the figure laying down and it brings a photograph of one man in drag and another photograph of another man in drag and then it folds the walls back up and for a little while these two photographs hang in the dim pink light and the white dog looks from one to the other of them and lays down on a pillow by the door.

•

There has been talk of a glass or Plexiglas parapet,<sup>44</sup> but no clear evidence of this can be found in photographs. The contact sheet recording the ziggurat being dismantled for shipping to the Stable gallery shows nothing that looks like a transparent/plastic element. The sole known image of *The Tomb*'s interior shows something that might be the end of an elevated metal platform (part of an entry ramp?), but again, if any plastic partition or parapet is connected to this structure at any point, the photographic evidence remains inconclusive.

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In 1950 Warhol bought an apartment at 216 East 75<sup>th</sup> Street where he and his mother, Julia, lived “without beds or furniture but more than 25 cats.”<sup>45</sup> Julia named all the cats Sam. She also wrote out the text for Warhol’s book *25 Cats Name Sam and One Blue Pussy* (the spelling mistake is hers). This text, by Warhol’s friend Charles Lisanby, is an extended iteration of the book’s title<sup>46</sup> (though readers will find that the book repeats the name Sam just 17 times, as only that many of the indicated 25 “Cats Name Sam” are actually depicted – Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam and Sam presumably padding invisibly around each of the book’s 190 copies like invisible satellites).<sup>47</sup>

•

My hand is on the glass and I am waiting for a voice to move it. A gadfly. The glass is also a severed finger writing out a list of names in wax it spells Gertrude Stein it spells Claude Cahun it spells Donald Judd and Judith Butler Jasper Johns and subject of course to endless revision Mo Tucker but for now Philip Guston it spells Simone Weil it spells Edith Massey and you see it you see it it spells Georges Bataille and Ondine and Basket and Gordon Lish and Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as it moves and it spells Debbie Harry and it moves and spells Eerke and Veeke and Man Ray and Byron and Epko and P  p   and Lucy Church and it spells a problem that is not a problem but it spells it Alice B. Toklas it spells in language John John Mary William Mary John Barton Wolgamot using and trusting in grammar and grammar is our problem our flower arranging our sigil and our body when it is not a rule but an effort and not one way to move but movement as the game of trying to understand itself and the severed finger is a glass skipping over the surfaces of what it constructs stopping here and there for a moment, a quick spin, a flick, a sting, a lick, yes no yes indecipherable a tripping up on the surface of a diagram that cannot afford to be done with the insanity of the Borgesian world map a logic that undoes itself and works itself into a purposelessness that expands beyond the parapet the pink walls the space of writing the conceived image of the proxy where we have unsatisfactorily and only for the time being laid our faith.

1.

*The Tomb* itself rises in greyscale. A squat tetrahedron broader at its base than its summit and staggered into three tiers at an incline of around 70°. It stands alone in the room, rising almost to the ceiling, where it is flanked by two sets of five ceiling-mounted spotlights (assuming these are arranged equally, as only the right-hand array is fully visible). As they are the only other objects visible in the room against which one might gauge scale, the size of the ziggurat remains ambiguous. Assuming the camera to have been positioned at eyelevel, however, we might speculate the height of the structure to be around ten feet, setting the height of the ceiling at around twelve feet, which seems reasonable enough. The front of the ziggurat is punctured by a tall slot-like doorway reaching almost – say nine feet? – to its top. Shadows from the doorframe criss-crossing on the threshold (the structure is lit from both sides, then) make it difficult at first to discern much detail in the structure of the entrance. Powerfully graphic, the shadow cast on the inside left surface of the doorway echoes its staggered edge with an offset zigzag like that of a stylised lightning bolt. At the base of the shadow, where its intersection with another cast in its mirror image from left to right makes a sort of blunt arrowhead, the floor of the entrance can just be seen to lead inside by way of a shallow ramp. In the depths of the doorway's shadows<sup>48</sup> the actual entry to the structure can be seen as a black right-angled oblong, indicating that the interior space is unlikely to share the slanting walls of the exterior shell. The floor of the room in which the structure stands, facing us at a slight angle, with its front turned away clockwise from the picture plane by roughly 35°, is shown as a blank, dark area with paler walls hemming the structure in almost as closely as the ceiling – though leaving enough space to allow passage around it. If one were able to circumnavigate the structure, the full text written across these walls in bold, block capital typeface would become legible. As it is, the ziggurat largely obscures this text, leaving only a few fragments visible.<sup>49</sup> The structure may be more strongly lit from the right-hand side, as the walls behind it and to the left appear thrown more deeply into shadow, the writing there being much harder to make out.

1.

In Iranian, Turkish and Sufi mythology, the Huma is a phoenix-like bird said to live its entire life airborne, without ever coming to rest. To catch even a glimpse of the bird's shadow is said to grant life-long happiness; but the Huma habitually dwells at such an altitude that it remains invisible to the human eye. Some sources claim it combines male and female characteristics in a single body, each 'nature' abiding in one wing and one leg (though other sources claim that the bird has no legs: never roosting, it has no need of them).

•

"...queerness," claims Lee Edelman, "can never define an identity; it can only ever disturb one."<sup>50</sup> What would it mean then to take the word 'queer' as your flag: to shift it, this nominal, from adjective to noun, to so verb-like a noun (queers, queered, queering), how can one be a queer and what might it mean to claim or wish to be so. One is given a flag as often as one takes it up oneself and in either case you may chose to wave it or not and in either case it may may it reflect it may its colours up your forearm like an evening glove. What, to use the helpfully stark and literal metaphor of a McCarthyite paranoia, is or was it to be a Red a Red under the bed a Pinko. What is it to be named if names share an intimacy with bodies and express articulate and are part of them what is it to be named for an adjective a colour a colour the body of which has no edges because the body of the colour is not the body of the object coloured that is different. Colour moves from surface to surface, it rides on light from one place to another it spreads and soaks in and coats, as a body it is edgeless, vaporous and migrant and contingent unbounded as a wash of light, it may colour you even if very slightly without your awareness or consent you may look at your hand and what colour will it be what light does it send back to you. And if I name myself queer with this word that makes wishes to make a body for me out of disturbance a body that is an act that is a turbulence how do I occupy this body if I do and do I how and when do I how does it move and when it moves does it take me with it am I alone inside of it am I ever inside of it am I ever all inside of it all of me at once, me, if that might be something that can be in one place.

•

The corners are not such as to be familiar in their angles though what is a familiar angle. Or colour. Colour may be entirely unfamiliar there has been little scientific work undertaken to know if arachnids of the order Opiliones see or do not see in colour, others may, though most species having eyes do see they do see something. Proximity is a factor. But they may not see pink or other things in other ways they may not see it, here, it may not see the goblets bowl covered with foil the perforations in the foil and its wrinkles reflecting light values if not those of colour or at least not from a distance and what here would constitute a distance do you suppose the distance from the spider's eye (technically Opiliones is not a spider but let it rest it has been called one repeatedly by the artist and is only his preference after all any common, endemic spider will do) the eye of the spider and the sheet of unfolded paper possibly probably yes actually a letter why pretend not to know the letter pinned to the wall and the pouch that hangs next to it though it may climb inside the pouch weave and lay eggs among the cluster of wax fingers severed fingers it may wander over the stumps on the hand from which they have been cut over the face over the closed eyes climb the tongue that pokes out and know or not know in a different way something of its mauveness in proximity. Crawling over the tongue the discs on the cheeks the seam joining neck to torso the spider is of course no longer on the walls or ceiling nor is it on the floor or in the garden it is in the tomb and it moves there sometimes it stays still sometimes it is on the floor and then on the walls again and then back in the hair on the shoulder inside a goblet. Left undisturbed it builds webs indiscriminately between one thing and another.<sup>51</sup>