

PAMPHLET

"Daydreaming even has a privilege of autovalorization."\*

Note 1

Now, in front of me was a round window.

At the same height as my eyesight, it seemed as if a water droplet had frozen on the white concrete wall in front of me.

This was a corridor that I would pass every day. I always came across this window somewhere in the corridor.

On Monday, it was clear and immaculate, faithfully reflecting the blue sky and white clouds in the sky outdoors.

On Tuesday, it fogged up. Its language became thicker, and its thoughts swam in a creamy minnow soup.

On Wednesday, a film of water clung to the pane.

On Thursday, those dense droplets of water still lingered. On a closer inspection, I discovered that the water droplets on the window had solidified into frozen crystals.

On Friday, the window regained its clarity.

I had a hunch that this window was, in fact, an eye. It kept peering at my body. A smouldering stare seemed to reach down into my stomach cavity.

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\* Gaston Bachelard et al., *The Poetics of Space* (New York: Penguin Books, 2014), 42.

At this moment, I stood in front of the window.

I started paying close attention to the margins of the glass. The edge of the window was relatively thin, embedded in the wall by scarcely a centimetre. Every inch of the ring's interior was free of dust.

My gaze followed the edge in a circular route. Once this circular movement had begun, I could no longer locate the starting point. It was gradually evolving into an unconscious loop.

Was this resolute shape, by default, a threshold to another space?

Perhaps it was a trajectory of the subliminal. Like turning a screwdriver, it pulled the distant image towards me. Zooming in on the distant trees, no matter if it was reality or phantom, I could see insects, the lines of the leaves, the projection of sunlight.

The circle shrunk and faded.....  
My world fell back into silence<sup>\*</sup>.

I was, once again, in endless grief, waiting, in this eternal circular room, for the next window which would grow somewhere on the wall.

In my heart, a tree was bearing fruit.

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\* I keep thinking of Yuanji, a Chinese word evolved from Buddhism, which combines two characters with meanings of "circle" (Yuan) and "silence" (Ji). It refers to perfect death.

Instruction:

Roll this booklet into a cylinder.  
Face towards a mirror.  
See through the cylinder.  
Watch yourself watching.



## Note 2

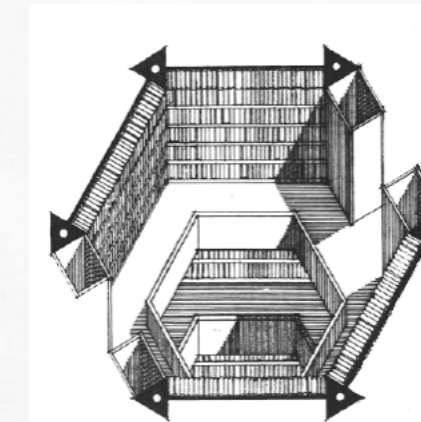
One o'clock in the morning.

I found a door lying in the middle of my bed.

It was a lovely little wooden door, roughly a metre high and half a metre wide. The doorknob was a brass orb. The camphor wood door panel was virtually brand new and smelled of the tree's fragrance. Still, the surface of the doorknob was pockmarked with some oil (or possibly lubricant) as if it had been installed in front of the entrance to a school or factory that hadn't been taken care of in decades.

I opened the little door by turning the knob, which was quite smooth, and pushed it open. I became aware of the shift in the direction of gravity as soon as my right foot poked through the door. I stepped onto a plane perpendicular to the bed. The section of my leg that I entered was subjected to a significant push as a result of the shift in the gravitational pull of space. With some efforts, I managed to burrow my way through.

Inside was the circular library. It was crammed with bookshelves that formed a maze of pathways. All of the shelves were bare, with no books on them. The labels on the shelves for sorting and finding had been peeled off, leaving just traces of sticky paper on the shelves.



An illustration of "Borges' Babel Library"\*

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\* Pictures in this note from <https://libraryofbabel.info/> . Jonathan Basile, J., 2022. Library of Babel. [online] Libraryofbabel.info. Available at: <<https://libraryofbabel.info/>> [Accessed 19 January 2022]; "Aquel S ó tano Guardaba El Universo," [www.paginasiete.bo](http://www.paginasiete.bo), accessed March 10, 2022, <https://www.paginasiete.bo/letrasiete/2016/6/11/aquel-sotano-guardaba-universo-99068.html#>.



I noticed an illustration hanging on the wall at the entrance, an architectural drawing in ink. It was a section of a hexagonal tower with no visible foundation or top, suspending in the air. Each floor was a library. The marker read "Borges' Babel Library".

I took a stroll down the hallways formed by the bookcases. Each route seemed to be a rehash of the previous ones. My pace speeded up as I grew more impatient and eventually I began to run. The shelves on either side became a blur of glances as I passed them.

My chest tightened. It was a little unnerving. A faint rumble filled my ears. At some point, after a dozen turns, it dawned on me that I was getting close to the centre of the room because the radiuses of the circles I had travelled through each time had grown smaller and smaller.

I looked backwards, towards an attempt to make sense of the journey I had taken, through the dense cage formed by the wooden panels of the bookcases. At this point, I stumbled on a tiny, smooth ball and fell to the ground. My forehead smacked onto the bookcase edge, my face twisting in pain and my brain buzzing. I slumped to the ground.

This particular stone ball, made of black marble with its surface polished to a mirror shine, was rolling past me. In a great curiosity, I lifted my head, despite the ache in my neck, to glimpse the stone ball before it slid away. I focussed my gaze on the stone sphere. The shelves, in its shimmering reflection, were packed full of books! With light and shadow rotating in a circle, the sphere resembled a weeping eye. Miraculously, the marble ball went parallel to the path of the corridor, appearing to roll at a constant pace without scraping against the old hardwood floor under its way. It reminded me of a floating eyeball, a free meteorite; a whispered word, a teardrop with endless sorrow; an astrologer's secret book, a philosopher's meditation; the youngest fruit of the Bodhi tree, the sun and the moon.

It ultimately vanished into the darkness that lay ahead.

I recalled that this space was vertical. So this ball might lead to the deep core of the earth or the infinite beyond.

Did this circular library indicate the completeness comparing to the Babel Library? Was the hexagonal description from Borges his humility in front of infinity?

What I saw at the moment was its ruins, its empty shell.

It was necessary to dissociate the fictitious world from materiality. This sensation I had, the indisputable exactness of the shelves and labyrinths, was the illusion of the illusion, the truth underneath the reality, the reality covered by the reality. The subconscious of illusion was represented by the matter.

I'd never been able to achieve that unbounded infinity.

My feet were completely devoid of sensation, and I became unbearably sober.



Instruction:

Draw a map.

Use the map to find the picture.

Check your dishwasher carefully.



Suppose that,  
the skin is both surface and subsurface.

### Note 3

My pregnant twin sister gave birth to an "O".

I was in the delivery room as a black rim gradually emerged from her vagina.

The cold white light shone on her taut belly and thighs.

The object was exceptionally dark - no single beam of light could reflect off its surface. Consequently, its size and shape were difficult to tell. Utter darkness and shade occupied my perception of it.

Perhaps it was a black round slate, squeezed into an oval shape and slowly sliding out of my sister's vagina. It seemed like a real egg with the shell removed, leaving only a resilient membrane and the egg liquid inside. The part outside the body returned to be round at the same slow rate. It seemed as if it weighed nothing.

I could smell an enchanting scent, melancholy and mysterious, emanating from the object, burrowing into the corners of the delivery room; I could even feel this gloomy scent seeping out of the edges of the windows and becoming diluted in the wide atmosphere of the outside world.

I gazed at my sister. It appeared as if she had fallen into a coma. The pain that her body was stretched open seemed to disappear, just like the thin beads of sweat slowly evaporating from her forehead.

At that very moment, I felt the shape of my breath, the volume of my life, and the colour of time.

The object had unfolded to a one-metre-wide cycle. It touched my sister's thighs and then hovered above her body. Now I had a better idea of the dark thing - It was in fact an absolute sphere. It displayed the appearance of a perfect black circle from every side, floating in the middle of the white maternity ward.

I felt a pain resembling menstrual cramps in my lower abdomen. My vagina also began to become moist. Subsequently, a warm liquid flowed down through my thighs, calves and ankles on either side of my legs.

I looked down to my feet and saw that it was black fluid that had run down the end of my trousers. But I didn't move. I felt too exhausted. The blood in me became inert. The liquid turned sticky as soon as it left my skin (maybe my body's warmth), spreading sluggishly across the green vinyl floor.

I started to weep, unable to contain myself. When I recollected it later, I attributed the emotional outburst to two parallel incidents.

First, I noticed that the ball was shrinking very slowly. It took a whole hour to reduce to a single throbbing point, finally hiding into an unknown corner of this room.

The silence of the clean white maternity ward became noisy - the sound of my sister's breathing, she gradually gasped loudly and in between began to repeat some indecipherable words, her voice growing louder and raspier. The high-frequency noise of fluorescent lights screamed, the bed, the table, the operating table, and the cabinets began to vibrate more and more violently, the distant sound of brakes, bells chiming.

The second anomalous thing was that amid its shrinking I found it was actually reflecting its surroundings from the absolute blackness. I saw myself in its reflection. Only myself. There wasn't a delivery room behind me any more; there were no metal shelves with curtains, no flashing signal lights above the doorway, no objects, no light whatsoever. Apart from myself, there was the endless abyss. The reflective surface was clear, but my features were quite blurred, including the hairstyle, facial expressions, clothes, only the volume of my body was perceptible.

I recalled a dream of a shape-shifting mirror, fluid, a faithful reflection of a thousand worlds in one single page from a novel. Everything became numb. The proximity of the dots of colour became pointless. The adjacency among things was sentenced to be meaningless.

It was like I'd taken a sedative.

The black fluid beneath my feet, now a shape of a ring, seeped deeper into the ground.



Instruction:

Tear off this piece of paper.

Use your index finger to pierce through the paper from the middle.

Put your tongue through the hole.

Put your hand through the hole.

Dear Nancy Holt,

Your resolute circles are rough punctuation on the wall or the earth, where linguistic thoughts fold back.

I prefer to address it as a qualifier rather than a guide. This is the discipline of this absolute form. To imagine one's own limits is, at the same time, to imagine one's own infinity. Conversely, imagining one's own infinity is also equivalent to being clearly aware of and then suffering from one's limitations.

Thank you for your inspiring resolution.

Best,

A dreamer of the circle



"Oneirism" refers to:  
(psychiatry) A state of abnormal consciousness in which dream-like experiences and hallucinations happen while awake.\*

She. I.

\*  
She/I swallowed a glass ball. She/I couldn't be sure why she/I did it. But she/I was aware that she/I did it on purpose.

How tempting, how beautiful that glass bead was back then!

Its dark surface reflected an amber sheen in the sunlight, like an attractive pupil with an amorous mood. The ball had a little transparency around the edges, like the texture of flesh, and a deep, dark centre that seemed to connect to another world. It left the impression that a surge of energy was retained within it, that it could be immediately freed and slid to where it belonged, by being shoved into a drain, a vagina, or an oesophagus, or thrown out towards the sun.

\* "Oneirism," Wiktionary, October 14, 2019, <https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/oneirism>.

She/I licked the smooth surface of the glass bead with the tip of the tongue, kissing it with the dry, cracked lips, and then knocked it against her/my teeth a few times.

She/I watched as her/my lips opened and closed slightly near the ball, whispering something softly before swallowing it down in one gulp.

The faint murmur of breathing and whispers filled the air.  
She/I could feel the round, hard object sliding down her/my lean neck.

The fact that she/I was gazing at her/me with concern did not register with her/me. Perhaps the emotional energy was invisible. Perhaps she/I was just a mirror, bouncing emotions and thoughts back as they originally were.

A green wasp was resting in the middle of her/my collarbone. A dried-out tail of a gecko on the concrete floor. Behind her/me was a puddle of red wine.

She/I knew she/I was a phantom.  
She/I was she/I, and she/I was she/I. She/I was her/my shadow and she/I was her/my lucid desire.

Her/my life was in a state of flux, just like a glass ball now floating in the middle of her/my body.

She/I had become an endlessly hollow box.



# flyer

Theresa Hak Kyung Cha in a photo

Her upper and lower lips form a dry,  
crappy 'O' in her mouth.  
Fine beads of sweat; anxious frown.  
A thirsty throat.

The struggle is associated with an  
effort she depicted to be autonomous  
and self-generating in *Dictee*.  
'...Endless drone, refuelling itself.  
**Autonomous. Self-generating.**  
Swallows with last efforts last  
wills against the pain that wishes  
it to speak.'<sup>1</sup>

Instruction:  
Breathe the air. Make the air inside  
your body a shape of 'O'.  
Provoke it;  
Utter it;  
Launch it.

A poem for *Fang Si-qi's Paradise*<sup>2</sup>

*On suffering and beauty, poetry and eternity, and the  
miracle of life in cyclical form*

The bird's call is circular.  
The Mirror of the Earth.  
The sound is full of sand and wind  
Not the sand of gravel and dust  
but the sands of gold mine, gold

The ceiling goes up and down like a  
floating boat  
Piercing through the dresses of  
childhood  
Heart on tiptoe  
Faces wrinkled by the wind  
The sun pierces her eyelids  
Our necks rest against the golden  
lift handrail

Love is as objective and  
straightforward as lava  
Great, the soul is leaving the body.  
I'll forget the indignity of the  
present.  
When I come back again.  
I'll be as good as new again.

If he starts knocking on the door  
He'll keep on knocking

If she starts knocking on the door  
She'll keep on knocking

A dreamer of the circle  
Jan 2022

“房思琪的初戀樂園,” Wikipedia.org (Wikimedia  
Foundation, Inc., May 4, 2017),  
<https://zh.wikipedia.org/zh/%E6%88%BF%E6%80%9D%E7%90%AA%E7%9A%84%E5%88%9D%E6%88%80%E6%A8%82%E5%9C%92>

(A flyer found in the pamphlet,  
folded two times)

Note for the flyer page A & B:

It seems to me that the lives of  
Theresa Hak Kyung Cha<sup>3</sup> and Lin Yi-  
han<sup>4</sup>, together with the extension of  
their lives, by which I mean, the  
protagonists their autofictions,  
form a noteworthy maternal cycle.

<sup>3</sup>Theresa Hak Kyung Cha was an American novelist,  
producer, director, and artist of South Korean origin,  
best known for her 1982 novel, *Dictee*. Considered to  
be Cha's magnum opus, the book, a genre-bending  
poetry collection, focuses on several women: the  
Korean revolutionary Yu Guan Soon, Joan of Arc,  
Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, Demeter and Persephone,  
Cha's mother Hyun Soon Huo, and Cha herself. All  
these women are linked by their struggles.  
A week after her novel *Dictee* was published, Cha was  
raped and murdered by a security guard at the Puck  
Building in New York City, on November 5, 1982.

<sup>4</sup> Lin Yi-han was a Taiwanese writer. She committed  
suicide at her apartment in Taipei on April 27, 2017,  
shortly after the publication of her first and only  
complete novel *Fang Si-Qi's First Love Paradise* (房  
思琪的初戀樂園), which tells a story of a teenage girl  
being sexually abused by her tutor. There's been  
speculation that the protagonist in this novel implies  
back to Lin herself. Lin's parents accused Chen Guo  
Xing of sexual assault against their daughter, but  
lacking physical evidence, Chen was not charged with  
a crime.

<sup>1</sup> Theresa Hak, *Dictee* (Berkeley: University Of  
California Press, 2008), 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Fang Siqi's First Love Paradise*, the only full-length  
novel by Taiwanese author Lin Yi-han, was published  
in February 2017.



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She/I opened her/my legs towards a functioning video camera. The video camera was placed a metre away from her/me, and with a 135mm lens, she/I could assume that it was recording a detailed close-up of her/my body.

Later that night, she/I removed the camera and replaced it with a projector in the spot where the camera lens used to be. The projector's bright light illuminated the distance between her/me and her/me, dust floating in the air around.

The projector was displaying a circular image with a sharp edge, highlighting a clear area out in her/my lower abdomen, thighs, and vulva. But she/I was quivering. The moving image was distorted back and forth with her/my movement. She/I couldn't decipher any of the content on this shifting, flowing white light.

Her/my fingernails glowed.  
The tips of fingers were burning.

She/I rubbed her/my own eyeballs anxiously.  
She/I rubbed her/my own eyeballs erotically.  
She/I rubbed her/my own eyeballs mechanically.

The nurse applied gel to her/my belly and then rolled an ultrasound probe over the skin. A distinct solid circle appeared in the centre of the stomach on the screen. It appeared slightly more distended than it had been before she/I swallowed it.

The ultrasonic image came to a screeching halt a few minutes later. A power failure occurred in the hospital.

The nurses put away their equipment and left the ward.

She/I went to her/my side, pressed her/my hand against her/my belly and she/I felt it. Based on her/my memory of the ultrasound image, she/I found a hard object around five centimetres below the left rib cage. It was the glass ball.

She/I rubbed that spot anxiously, erotically, mechanically.

Instruction:

Write an ending that can work for all novels, including yours.

Write an opening paragraph that can't apply to any existing novel, except yours.

“Au...au...”

The mother opened her mouth in panic, her lips forming a full O and expanding and contracting rhythmically. “Au...au...”

Auch!

She blew out a colourful bubble, trembling, glistening in the sunlight.



Au...auto...auto-fiction!

Dear Jorge Luis Borges,

I find the infinity in the linear form to be incredibly fragile. It is hard to imagine how incongruous it would be if it existed in physical space. I propose infinity as a cycle, a spiral, a self-consistent, self-preserving existence.

You've inspired me to compile a list of items (I am a fan of yours). If I were to travel back to a point on Earth that is diametrically opposed to my current location, I would try to find, craft, and carry these objects with me.

Inventory list:

- The Aleph.
- Burnt ashes of the Circular Ruins.
- Transcript of a conversation with a fictional student.
- Observation of the mysterious language in the Babel library.
- Page 646 from the Book of Sand. (If I am successful in locating it.)
- A round mirror that reflects the sun and moon's light
- A round plate inside a palm
- A single eye patch
- A poem with a beginning similar to its ending, which is possibly inspired by a daytime dream

What matters is indeed a metaphor for the shape of the world.

Namely,

Roundness (of life).

Cyclical structure (of life).

Best,

A dreamer of the circle



Postscript/ Note null

I had some problems with my left eye in my writing process.

I created an exercise both on the computer screen and draft papers where I drew a circle and then wrote in it, cramming it full of linguistic symbols. I found this approach appealing. The lack of "justification" for my textual content was alleviated by this approach, adding some plausibility of the history of minimalism and some flavour of the concrete poetry to it. At the very least, it had a constant and elegant appearance.

One Monday in February, I suddenly noticed a ring of red blood veins developed around the pupil of my left eye, a very subtle circle that tightly surrounded my brown pupil and spread out like a mist around the edge.

It started out as a simple itch, but soon became red and swollen on my entire eye socket. Things I observed began to appear to be out of the ordinary as well. In the middle of vision in the left eye, a circle appeared after I woke up from a nap at noon on Tuesday. I didn't actually notice the abnormality in my vision at first because the circle would only appear when I closed my right eye and looked with the left eye. Wherever I looked, the object in the centre of my vision was projected with a white, glowing circle. With a diameter of roughly one-eighth of the visual field, the area of that circle remained equal in size to my vision. It remained in the centre of my left eye's vision, attaching itself to the physical environment that my gaze touched. For example, when I was typing, a dazzling white circle of light appeared in the centre of the screen, with the area near the white circle glowing purple and blurred as if it were fiery. The other areas of the view away from the circle were completely normal. The circle's centre, in particular, appears to be the centre of a convex lens, with an exceptionally clear image (I am near-sighted with 2 diopters in my left eye).

In-between a corner of two walls, the circle was folded in half; across the quilt's wrinkled surface, it rippled; among the dense foliage of distant trees, it was fragmented about.

But, strangely enough, when I looked up at the sun in the sky, it right away turned into a black hole! When I scrolled my left eyeball and the circle slid into the sun, like a solar eclipse, the sun's light was gradually devoured. Even though the world was dimming, I felt at peace. When I averted my gaze, the sky became bright once more. I could not confirm this strange phenomenon with the moon, as the moon was waning in those nights.

I had to live with this circle now.

Borges wrote in *Blindness* that a writer, or any man, must believe that whatever happens to him is an instrument; everything has been given for an end. This is even stronger in the case of the artist; everything that happens, including humiliations, embarrassments, misfortunes, all has been given like clay, like material for one's art\*.

After a circular mark appeared in the centre of my vision, I was thrown into an anxiety-ridden state due to this unfamiliar reality. I had no way of knowing when this mark had entered into a contract with me, when it would change and disappear, or whether it would remain in the centre of my left eye indefinitely. But it acted as an imperative sentence, compelling me to question reality, question other languages, and ultimately develop my reliable language. It was a connecting hole to which another interpretation was attached. Through it, I was able to project my own language to the outside world while at the same time allowing the light from the outside world to pierce my body, exchanging gases and painting myself with the pigments of the surroundings.

I finally met the circle in a tangible world. It landed slowly on a large lawn, lying flat, and I walked forward until I stepped into that halo and was wrapped in infinite time.

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\* Jorge Luis Borges and Eliot Weinberger, *Seven Nights* (New York, Ny: New Directions, 2009), p.95.