

Bhanu Kapil, *Ban en Banlieue*, Nightboat Books, 2015.

I wanted to write a book that was like lying down.

That took some time to write, that kept forgetting something, that took a diversion: from which it never returned.

I wanted to write a book on a butcher's table in New Delhi: the shop-front open to the street, a bare light bulb swinging above the table and next to it a hook.

Swinging from that hook in the window, I wanted to write a book. Inverted, corrupted, exposed to view: a person writes a book in their free time, calling that time what they want to call it.

I wanted to write a book about England.

⊗ I wanted to write a book about lying on the floor of England. I wanted to return to England. I went to England. I was born in England. I lived in a house in England until I was thirty years old. My parents were English. I was English. After 1984, we all shared the same nationality, but by 2006 or 7, this was no longer true. Between September 2010 and late December 2012, I studied a piece of the earth, no longer or wider than a girl's body prone upon it. The asphalt. As dusk fell: violet/amber—and filled—with the reflected lights coming from the discs, the tiny mirrors, positioned in the ivy as she "slept."

On a balcony or street.

The asphalt's green stars, the shed parts of a ragged elm come Spring.

Ban is a portal, a vortex, a curl: a mixture of clockwise and anti-

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clockwise movements in the sky above the street. I study the vapor as it rises, accumulates then starts to move. How a brisk wind organizes the soot or casings and bits of bark into whorls.

In 2017, Bhanu writes: -- we...  
I don't know, decided?  
To go back to.

Eng.  
I am just going to call it Eng because I don't even know what a country is anymore. No, no, no.  
Hate countries.  
Basically hate the idea of a country.

(Get away from me: Lolco)

That's how I feel now -- got to go back to Eng.,  
grudgingly -- although I should none of the same  
family history, migrational history, history of exile as Bhanu.  
that I want to lie down.

After talking to A. about Partition (it's the anniversary), learning more about the violent details of the dividing up of India to make India a history that we were never taught in school, and a history that forced his family to move like Bhanu's, I have a dream, which I record the next day as follows:

I ask a boy:  
why do your hands smell like soil?  
and he says:  
I was burying part of myself  
at the partition. I was saving this.

⊗

Pharm., Bar en Barliene.

"I wanted to write a book that was like lying down."

...  
Like eyes in the time that follows talking.

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Gore's formulation of the fragment — "rough" — where the edge of it is, like gaps or fr or light so that it adheres to other fragments, not through historical or plastic means: but through the force of attract or // repellent.

Adorno on fragment: "Fragment is the intrusion of death into the work. While destroying it, it removes the stain of semblance."

- somatic residue - shows the psychological work is not yet feeding / stomach stones. complete.

\* In a note from a stray (she says 'rogue') notebook included at the end of this book, BK writes: "To write about England far from England. To approach Englishness as the thing that decays and to watch it decay."

Hannah Gregory

Score: \_\_\_\_\_  
Shane products / my  
prints / add  
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KEPDACTED