

Whispering gallery

Timothy Han's olfactory journey begins with smoky notes of benzoin and birch, reminiscent of the hot asphalt tar laid in New York in the height of summer, punctuated by fleeting clouds of tobacco akin to those described in the novel's enlightening jazz venues. The scent, like all of Han's, opens with base notes and becomes lighter with wear (the opposite of traditional scent structures). The middle notes evoke the dusty corn and wheat fields of the American Midwest, leading to a light citrus and cedar that brings to mind the forests of the Pacific Coast. It's clear that Han has inherited his former employer John Galliano's knack for storytelling and rich narrative. His next scent is inspired by Yukio Mishima's *The Decay of the Angel* – and who wouldn't want to smell like that?

Sound is carried by waves that travel around the circumference, clinging to the walls. A whisper originating at one point can be heard on the opposite side of the forty four foot wide space. Whisper: a light noise, like the noise of silk clothing or leaves blowing in the wind.

Marry me, says Charles Mingus in New York's Grand Central Terminal.

Murmur is a phonation in which the vocal folds vibrate, as they do in normal, modal voicing, but are adjusted to let more air escape which produces a sighing sound.

Abdiel is Maurice's guardian angel in *Anatole France*

Abdiel for the angels and saints, Arcade for mankind.

Nahasiel is the snake in Eden

apterous: of an insect having no wings.

Aristotelian telescopes are poetic lists and oemario is Spanish for poem.

I had a short dream wherein I wasn't a ghost, says a whisper.

rāga: from the Sanskrit 'the act of colouring or dyeing', or simply: colour, hue, tint, dye. Also: an emotional state referring to a feeling, affection, desire, interest, joy or delight.

rāga: a Buddhist concept of character affliction or poison referring to any form of greed, sensuality, lust, desire or attachment to a sensory object.

One of the three poisons

One of the three unwholesome roots

One of the six root kleshas

One of the fourteen unwholesome mental factors

Profound Dharma of Self-Liberation through the Intention of the Peaceful and Wrathful Ones, known in the West as the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

A number of species of animals have been observed to whisper, particularly cotton-top tamarins, the barbastelle bat, and the female of the fish species, croaking gouramis. The reasons for animal whispering vary, and are not fully understood, but whispering among the tamarins appears to serve a social purpose, while the species of bats appears to whisper in order to evade detection by eared moths, its prey.

Whispering or murmurando.

Auricle means ear.

Kikkoman means ten thousand turtle shells

Teaism means worship of the imperfect, an attempt to accomplish something possible. Its delicate bitterness reminds Wangyucheng of the aftertaste of a good counsel. Alexandra means a rhetorical device to indicate someone whose prophecies are not believed by those around them. Alexandra, prophetic daughter of the king of Troy. There is a cemetery behind the Bowery Hotel

There are the audio channel ping packets, the bottles for a bottle tree, the ivory fruit. There are the phrenology heads, the blow-up dolls, the crow curiosities and a blur slider for image processing. The visual effect of Gaussian blur is a smooth blur resembling that of viewing the image through a translucent screen. There is the fluxus box with outdated travel tickets, undoable puzzles, small rocks sent by members of the group from around the world and a machine to facilitate humming. There is a pigeon hole, abject voluptuousness, tiny incidents, space weather, a ghost rainbow and a decapitated cow's head. Solar wind is a constant stream of particles that stretches all the way beyond Pluto and audio channel ping packets are used as part of the connectivity checks on the audio transport layer. A flâneuse carrying a whisper slips in and out of the plot and points to an existence beyond the writer.

There are accumulations of suggestiveness in such everyday items as a newspaper advert about a lost tortoise and a typewriter test sheet, inconsequential fragments of conversation and demonstrations of verbal procedures. Action needs to be taken. Like taping a border around a thrown away object.

The rules of language are analogous to the rules of games, says Wittgenstein, thus saying something in a language is analogous to making a move in a game, he says.

One evening a square dance was held in the tunnels connecting the Pyramid to the missile field, dozens of partners dancing at the end of the world and a lone, unarmed Spartan missile standing upright in a local park, casting a shadow over a children's playset. The Doomsday Clock is still standing at three minutes to midnight. The Pyramid in Nekoma, North Dakota, remains for sale.

The illusion of a house, says Sagawa Chika.

It leaves poetry stranded on the beach of the already-known world. To expand and limit itself there, says Veronica Forrest-Thomson.

A poem should not mean, but be, says Archibald MacLeish after a long slender silence.

The refrigerator, on the other hand, was a project done by the Mukhomor group. The idea was that anyone who came to see it could take or add an object. When the KGB came, they confiscated five of the meaningless objects but left the refrigerator itself, says Andrew Solomon. It was sad to see these people bowing before such meaningless objects amidst such overwhelming beauty. Only in Thailand.

Of a lady's handbag:

contents sprawled beautifully and dramatically on the floor. The still-life king, the product of a desperate need to analyse, capture, record and remember. Little white relics of enjoyment in our mouths, in the world. We are always shown the end, says Alexander Montague-Spary.

But.

Object no.3.4562: Bracelet made of hair with lock of Mrs. Jean Burns' hair in the clasp. Standing-cup with bowl formed from a nautilus shell, set in silver-gilt mounts.

Domed oval base embossed with two scenes of combat featuring mermen, marine monsters and sea creatures. Stem of cup in form of a bearded merman with trident. British museum.

For clarity, this collection contains only a little over 100 objects.

Insignificant object remover:

Question: What exactly did you remove?

The universe and the human mind do not each separately cause the Absurd, but rather, the Absurd arises by the contradictory nature of the two existing simultaneously. How a seeker of meaning should act when suddenly confronted with the seeming concealment, or downright absence, of meaning in the universe:

Row with your hair, says James Tate, the oblivion Ha-Ha. Viper jazz, he says.

We have shibumi, which may involve incompleteness, we have sword-soul, fish swimming backwards, retro robots and Bauhaus knights. Ouija. Dowsing rods.

Planchettes. The Book of Tea. We have gunpowder, a water tower leak and tiny bells on the branches to keep off the birds.

Chowmushih slept in a boat so that his dreams might mingle with those of the lotus.

Let us be less luxurious but more magnificent.

Ray Johnson tells a story:

The next time a railroad train is seen going its way along the track, look quickly at the sides of the box cars because a moticos may be there, whether the train is standing still or speeding past you. Don't try to catch up with it. It wants to go its way. But have your camera ready to snap its picture. It likes those moments of being inside the box. When your film is printed and the moticos is finally seen, it will not be seen unless you paste the photograph of the moticos on the side of a box car so someone can see the moticos or take its picture. It may appear in your daily newspaper. Someone may put it there. Cut it out. Save it, treasure it. Make sure it is in a box or between the pages of a book for your grandchildren to find and enjoy.

from the Greek állos: other

Azrael has four faces and four thousand wings. He will be the last to die, recording and erasing in a large book the names of men at birth and death.

There is the mumble protocol, the whimsical hands, the secret blue and the silent desperation. The city seems empty from afar and the noise from an absent ocean.

There is Sariel who is of eternity and trembling.

There are the invisible graves and the shadowing tasks and the seven cups filled with the wrath of God

And there is fortune no.21:

Time passing by, everything turns out to be better, just like the sun shines all day long.

A comma stays behind. Slightness is a sliver inserted into the world.