



At 11:30 AM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.

At 12:30 PM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.

Days are full, so
 so full of things, big
 in what we do
 second supper
 'real' to stuff
 Deal with like
 A. some

At 1:30 PM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.

Saw
 some
 things
 in the
 water.

At 2:30 PM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.



At 3:30 PM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.

At 4:30 PM I went to the
 beach and found a large
 piece of coral in the
 water.

11/11/11

Reading Now

dispersed holdings

| | |
|---|----|
| <i>About Reading Now</i> , Sal Randolph and David Richardson | 3 |
| <i>About to Happen</i> , Cecilia Vicuña | |
| <i>Absorption and Theatricality</i> , Jeff Dolven | 5 |
| <i>Absence of Clutter: Minimal Writing as Art</i> <i>Categories of My Own</i> , and <i>Literature</i> , Paul Stephens | |
| Michael Cunningham | 6 |
| <i>Acupressure for Lovers: Secrets of Touch for</i> <i>Dream Has No Antonym</i> , Hermione Spriggs | 12 |
| <i>Increasing Intimacy</i> , Michael Reed Gach | |
| <i>Four Theses on Reading</i> , John Muse | 19 |
| <i>Adaptive Farms, Resilient Tables</i> , Andrea Egan | |
| <i>The Invalid Tries to Lie Well, Or</i> , and Jennifer Baumwoll | |
| <i>Plague Reading</i> , D. Graham Burnett | 24 |
| <i>The Address Book</i> , Sophie Calle | |
| <i>Jabès (a Dialogue)</i> , Alan Huck | 31 |
| <i>The Adventures of Owen Hatherly in the</i> <i>The Limbo of Vanity</i> , Luc Rioual | 33 |
| <i>Post-Soviet Space</i> , Owen Hatherley | |
| <i>No New Feelings</i> , Alyssa Loh | 39 |

dispersed holdings

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| <i>The Affect Theory Reader</i> , eds. Melissa Gregg and <i>On (Not) Reading Now</i> , Leonard Nalencz | 43 |
| Gregory J. Seigworth <i>Reading in the New Year</i> , <i>Affective Ecologies: Empathy, Emotion,</i> The Nooy-Millers | 49 |
| <i>and Environmental Narrative</i> , <i>Reading the Mountain</i> , Sal Randolph | 54 |
| Alexa Weik von Mossner <i>Reading Now</i> , Paul Soulellis | 60 |
| <i>African American Philosophers and Philosophy:</i> <i>Reena Hours</i> , Nicholas Weltyk | 67 |
| <i>An Introduction to the History, Concepts and</i> <i>The River Valley</i> , Joshua Mathews | 74 |
| <i>Contemporary Issues</i> , Stephen c. Ferguson II <i>What is reading's relationship to</i> and John H. McClendon <i>direct action?</i> , David Richardson | 76 |
| <i>Afropessimism</i> , Frank B. Wilderson III Imprint | 83 |
| <i>Afropessimism</i> , Frank B. Wilderson III <i>dreamt I was at the farm house w/ 26 people and</i> <i>Afropessimism</i> , Frank B. Wilderson III <i>everyone dropped acid except me</i> (from <i>Afternoon Men</i> , Anthony Powell <i>One Off</i>), Sofia Theodore-Pierce | Cover |
| <i>After the Future</i> , Franco Berardi <i>Pieces of Beekman</i> , <i>Against Ambience</i> , Seth Kim-Cohen Kyla Arsadjaja | Interior drawings |

Alexei Yurchak

The Invalid Tries to Lie Well,

Everywhere Being is Dancing, Robert Bringhurst

Or, Plague Reading

Excellent Women, Barbara Pym

D. Graham Burnett

Explications / Interpretations, Jay Wright

Exposition, Nathalie Léger

As the mounting fears of early March crested to

Extreme Europe, Stephen Barber

panic (stripped shelves in the supermarket; spik-

Eye Level, Jenny Xie

ing price of bleach), I fell ill. It started with an

Eyes Bottle Dark with a Mouthful of Flowers,

alien swallowing reflex deep in my throat, and

Jake Skeets

moved into my lungs with an inexorable, plod-

ding force. Strangely, my body did not feel like it

was fighting. I lost taste and smell, creating weird

effects (toothpaste, stripped of its mint, became

pure volatile camphor). My fever spiked. Outside,

the Doppler howl of sirens.

Each day for three weeks, trying to get better,

Faces in the Crowd, Valeria Luiselli

I took a long bath. And read. Lying in the tub.

Faces in the Crowd, Valeria Luiselli

Always the same book: Manzoni's *The Betrothed*,

Facing the Moon, Li Bai and Du Fu,

that extraordinary novel of love and Providence

(trans.) Keith Holyoak

and history; a story of plague in Milan in 1630. My

Fake Accounts, Lauren Oyler

copy, which I first read in the mid-1990s, bears var-

Falcon, Helen Macdonald

ious pencil annotations inside the front and back

The Fall of the House of Usher and Other Writings,

covers, including telegraphic notes on a dream I no

Edgar Allan Poe

longer remember: "the girl being mean to the poor

Fascination, Kevin Killian

/ the crazy priest secretary / the cut peoples' faces."

A Feather on the Breath of God, Sigrid Nunez

Two doodled hands, one making a fork-fingered

Females, Andrea Long Chu

gesture of peace, accompany a scribbled reference

Females, Andrea Long Chu

(creatively misspelled) to the Canadian architect-

Ferdydurke, Witold Gombrowicz

tural theorist Witold Rybczynski, whose memoir

A Field Guide to Mammal Tracking in

The Most Beautiful House in the World had been

North America, James Halpenny and

recommended to me, and which I have never read.

Elizabeth Biesiot

A Metro-North ticket stub from the morning of
Field Theories, Samiya Bashir

19 February 2001 suggests the volume resurfaced
The Fifth Season, N. K. Jemisin
for a perusal in the months before 9/11.

Fifty-five T'ang Poems, Hugh M. Stimson

In the tub, trying not to cough, turning the
Figures in Air: Essays Towards a Philosophy
yellowed pages, feeling very afraid of not being
of Audio, Micah Silver

able to breathe, I suddenly became overwhelmed
Fingersmith, Sarah Waters

with an incomprehensible desire to hear King
Finks: How the CIA Tricked the World's Best Writers,
Harvest's old frat-house standard "Dancing in the
Joel Whitney

Moonlight." This was weird. It is not a song with
Flights, Olga Tokarczuk

which I have any connection. No memories. It isn't
Flights, Olga Tokarczuk

an anthem of my youth. I am not even sure I like it.
The Floating Egg, Roger Osborne

But as it sounded from the little Bluetooth speaker
Forms of Hope, Tomas Venclova

perched on the window-ledge, I began to sob freely.
Fors Clavigera, John Ruskin

This feels shameful to confess. The tune
For the Time Being, Annie Dillard

lives in a miasma of early 1970s dope-rock that

Fragments of an Anarchist Anthropology,
struggles to stand clear of kitsch. One thinks

David Graeber

of early Steely Dan and B-side Van Morrison.

Fragments of the European City, Stephen Barber
King Harvest themselves were a one-hit outfit.

Frantumaglia, Elena Ferrante

They knocked around Europe retailing an *Easy*

The Friend of the Desert, Pablo d'Ors

Rider aesthetic for French college students as

From Hegel to Nietzsche, Karl Löwith

the urgency of 1968 went all pear-shaped. And

Fup, Jim Dodge

the song? Its lyrics invoke a non-specific party—

Futures of Black Radicalism, eds. Gaye Theresa

people are having an uncomplicated good time:

Johnson and Alex Lubin

Dancin' in the moonlight

Everybody's feelin' warm and right

It's such a fine and natural sight

Everybody's dancin' in the moonlight

It was dark. I was afraid. Outside, the sirens. In this
Gargantua and Pantagruel, François Rabelais

context, feeling fragile, and touched by the fatality

Gestures, Artis Ostups

attendant on all living things, the sense of a place

The Ghost Writer, Philip Roth

where people might dance and feel good together

Giovanni's Room, James Baldwin

achieved, for a moment, a spectral, primitive force.

Girl, Woman, Other, Bernardine Evaristo

Everybody here is outta sight

Gitanjali, Rabindranath Tagore

They don't bark and they don't bite

The Glass Hotel, Emily St. John Mandel

They keep things loose, they keep things light

Glass, Irony, and God, Anne Carson

Everybody was dancin' in the moonlight

The Gloria Anzaldúa Reader, Gloria Anzaldúa,

Loose and light. Yes. That was very much what was

(ed.) AnaLouise Keating

wanted. Only later I would learn that Sherman

Glottal Stop: 101 Poems by Paul Celan, Paul Celan,

Kelly drafted those verses while recuperating from

(trans.) Nikolai Popov and Heather McHugh

a nearly fatal gang attack in the Caribbean, a beat-

Go Tell It on the Mountain, James Baldwin

ing that would break multiple bones in his face

The Grand Union, Wendy Perron

and substantially change his life (his girlfriend was

Grand Union, Zadie Smith

raped; he was left for dead). As he would put it

Grapefruit, Yoko Ono

later, "I envisioned an alternate reality, the dream

Grateful Prey, Robert A. Brightman

of a peaceful and joyous celebration of life. It was

The Great Camouflage: Writings of Dissent
just me imagining a better world than the one I
(1941–1945), Suzanne Césaire
had just experienced.” Some of that may actually
The Great Concert of the Night, James Buckley
be in the song. And might be part of why I cried.
The Great Derangement: Climate Change and
Looking back at my well-steamed copy of
the Unthinkable, Amitav Ghosh
Manzoni, I find that at this last reading I circled
The Great Derangement: Climate Change and
a passage on page 718—which is to say, the pen-
the Unthinkable, Amitav Ghosh
ultimate leaf of the volume, a page I would have
The Great Fire of London, Jacques Roubaud
read in the bath in the second week of April, by
The Great Hotel Murder, Vincent Starrett
which time I was mostly recovered. It might merit
The Great Mortality: An Intimate History of the
citation here, as a gentle prod to those of us who
Black Death, John Kelly
made it through 2020, and now face the start of
Great Noon, Édouard Glissant,
2021 (which has launched in the United States
(trans.) Dante Micheaux
with more grief and violence):
Green Buddhism: Practice and Compassionate
As long as a man stays in this world ...
Activism in Uncertain Times, Stephanie Kaza
he is like an invalid lying on a bed which

Grid Systems in Graphic Design,

is always more or less uncomfortable.

Josef Müller-Brockmann

Around him he sees other beds, with the

Groundless, Vilém Flusser

bedclothes to outward appearances very

neatly arranged smooth and level; and he

concludes that those who lie there must lie

very well indeed. But if he should contrive

to change, no sooner is he in his new bed,

The Hall of Uselessness, Simon Leys

and letting his weight rest on it, than bris-

The Happiness Trap, Russ Harris

tles in the mattress begin to prick him, and

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets,

bumps begin to bruise him, so that the last

J. K. Rowling

state of the patient is very much like the

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows,

first. And this shows us ... that we should

J. K. Rowling

think less about lying well and more about

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, J. K. Rowling

doing good; and this ... will make us lie

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince,

more comfortably into the bargain.

