

The host is not a prey, for he offers and continues to give. Not a prey, but the host. The other one is not a predator but a parasite. Would you say that the mother's breast is the child's prey? It is more or less the child's home. But this relation is of the simplest sort; there is none simpler or easier; it always goes in the same direction. The same one is the host; the same one takes and eats; there is no change of direction. This is true of all beings. Of the and men.



The parasitic relation is intersubjective. It is the atomic form of our relations. Let us try to face it head-on, like death, like the sun. We are all attacked, together.

We parasite each other and live amidst parasites. Which is more or less a way of saying that they constitute our environment. We live in that black box called the collective; we live by it, on it, and in it. It so happens that this collective was given the form of an animal. Leviathan. We are certainly within something bestial; in more distinguished terms, we are speaking of an organic model for the members of a society. Our host? I don't know. But I do know that we are within. And that it is dark in there.

oprindeligt på fransk af Michel Serres, 1989

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Tak for dit køb af 10 billetter til  
Jeanne Dielman

Søndag 15:00  
Arens Kirke  
21. oktober 2019  
195,00 DKK  
6,00 DKK  
195,00 DKK

Denne billet skal bruges i billetteret hvor der er angivet at billetter er foreskrevet ved udsalgstidspunktet.

Sal 1  
Række 5, sæde 12, 11, 7, 6  
Række 6, sæde 2, 1  
Række 6, sæde 10, 8, 3, 2

Arens Kirke  
301 00 48  
arenskirke@gmail.com

Ordre nr. 67201460202

michael\_serres\_The Parasite(excerpt).docx

Let us stop for a moment. I am using words in an unusual way. For the science called parasitology, a rat, a carrier, not like the hyena, a man, he is peasant or high official, are not parasites at all. They are quite simply predators. The relation with a host presupposes a permanent or semipermanent contact with him, such as in the case for the louse, the tapeworm, the pasteuria pests. Not only living on but also living in-by him, with him, and in him. And thus a parasite cannot be large. Parasitism pertains only to invertebrates, coming to an end with mollusks, insects, and arthropods. There are no parasite animals. Not the rat, not the hyena, not even the administrator. Here's the answer: The basic vocabulary of this science comes from such ancient and common customs and habits that the earliest monuments of our culture tell of them, and we still see them, at least in part: hospitality, comensality, table manners, history, general relations with strangers. Thus the vocabulary is imported to this pure science and L bears several traces of anthropomorphism. The animal host offers a meal from the ladder or from his own flesh; as a host or a hosted, he provides a place to sleep, quite graciously, of course.



To parasite means to eat next to. Let us begin with this literal meaning. The country rat is invited by his colleague from town, who offers him supper. One would think that what is essential is their relation of resemblance or difference. But that is not enough; it is never was. The relation of the guest to the host is not a simple giving or receiving, on the rug or on the tablecloth, goes through a black box. I don't know what happens in there, but it functions like an automatic corrector. There is no exchange, nor will there be one. Abuse appears before us. Gifted in some fashions, the one eating next to, soon eating at the expense of, always eats the same thing, the host, and this eternal host gives over and over, constantly, till he breaks, even till death, drugged, enchanted, fascinated.

Tak for dit køb af 10 billetter til  
Jeanne Dielman

Søndag 15:00  
Arens Kirke  
21. oktober 2019  
195,00 DKK  
6,00 DKK  
195,00 DKK

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Sal 1  
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Ordre nr. 67201460200

**TERRASSEN:**  
**Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles, 8/3/2020**  
**15:00**  
**Chantal Akerman: Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles 1975, 201 min.**

**Gloria Biograf Rådhuspladsen 59, 1550 København**

**15:05**  
**Chantal Akerman: Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles 1975, 201 min.**

**Valby Kino Gammel Jernbanevej 40, 2500 København**



Kære Frederik

Tak fordi du har købt 5 billetter til Jeanne Dielman

Søndag 15:00  
Arens Kirke  
21. oktober 2019  
195,00 DKK  
6,00 DKK  
195,00 DKK

Denne billet skal bruges i billetteret hvor der er angivet at billetter er foreskrevet ved udsalgstidspunktet.

Sal 1  
Række 2, sæde 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

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Ordre nr. 67201460200

My Mother Laughs, Chantal Akerman\_excerpt.pdf

Sometimes we can feel its weight for hours. And neither of us likes it. It's too much. But my mother loves it. It's as though she believes it reveals our love for each other. The love which is maybe already there, I don't know. Probably. A certain kind of love. I don't know.

Sometimes I think I should give my mother a dog. But she doesn't want one because of the rain and because it might make her fall over.

I found myself a small room in my mother's big apartment where I could write with the door closed. The bedroom is full of rubbish. But I don't really mind. I like it.

I have a refuge where I can write and smoke with the window open.

My sister said that she mustn't smell the smoke because it would tempt her and with my mother's weak heart it could be the end.

Today my sister drove her to the hairdresser. It was her first outing after leaving hospital, her first outing was to the hairdresser. She said she could no longer bear to see herself looking so shabby.

Yes, just a few hairs left standing on the head of this woman who was once so beautiful. She finds it hard not to be so beautiful anymore. I can understand that. I can understand almost everything even though sometimes I don't want to. That's why I always feel sick to my stomach.

And then it's back to the kitchen table. It's lunchtime. And even before she sits down to eat she asks loudly,

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Now, after rereading all the emails she sent me over that period and all the others too, I regret it. Not our break up, no. But the fact that I didn't say what I really felt.

All I feel is regret and I'd like to tell her so. But I know it's too late and that it's probably better for me to leave it unsaid and that this time I should bear her feelings in mind, not just mine. All I feel is regret but only about the emails, not the rest. That was the first time we broke up and I should have held out.

I held out for a little while but then she knocked on my door and I hadn't expected her so I couldn't bring myself to tell her go away. I just said, what are you doing here. I wasn't happy. But she acted like nothing was the matter and came in. I should never have opened the door.

My mother appears at the door to the small bedroom. Won't you talk to me for a minute, please. Am I annoying you?

No, it's not that, I just have things on my mind. Well, you should work those things out.

Yes, I'll work them out.

Then I go to bed.

I hide in one room or another, then I feel ashamed for having hidden.

I return to the room where she sits. I try to think of something to say. Have you finished your book, I ask. No, I can't, my eyes hurt. The words are all blurry. I should never have asked her if she'd finished her book. I should have known I'd get an answer like that. I stay there for a moment and then I go and hide again.

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and what will we eat tomorrow. What she means is when my sister is gone. But that's not what she says. She wants to believe that I won't know how to cook for her.

I tell her that of course I know how, so she says that usually when I come to stay it's her who ends up cooking and then she tries to kiss me again and I wriggle out from her embrace and straightaway I feel cruel and even stupid. What would it cost me, I could just let myself be kissed, she'd be so pleased.

But it's hard to see why I've remained an old child in black and white like that. The reason I never knew how to make a life for myself. The only thing that can save me is writing. And even then.

And even when I write it's about her and so it doesn't give me the sort of release that people who don't write might imagine. No, it's not a release. Not a real one.

At the table her eyes start to close. Yes, the hairdresser tired her out. Straight after eating she went to bed on the sofa. Now she's asleep.

I feel depressed. But I'll pass. Tomorrow. And even if I fall depressed I won't reply to C's emails. That makes me feel strong. And I tell myself nothing can be done. But when there are no emails I spend my time waiting for them and I don't think about what C. must feel when she's in the same position, I think only of myself and how strong I am for being able to resist.

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But even when I'm hidden I can feel her presence, so I tell myself there's no point hiding, I might as well return to the room where she spends all day asleep, or half asleep. But just thinking about it makes my heart sink.

My heart sinks and a few tears follow. I wipe them away. I return to her room as if to a funeral. And then the shame comes back.

I try to let myself get swept up by my mother's impeccable organisation. After two or three days I realise that it does me good.

There's always something to eat in the fridge. We eat in a clean kitchen at the same times every day.

Not like in C's apartment where there's never anything in the fridge except when she suddenly decides she should get her life together.

But that's rare and even when she sets her mind to it she doesn't always manage the necessary steps. Going downstairs and walking to the supermarket feel like insurmountable tasks, and so does returning a phone call or spending the evening with friends.

Often she will have arranged to go out but when it gets to the afternoon she says, I won't go. I can't go. I wasn't that invested in going anyway. She ends up phoning the person and making something up and saying, but let's do something next week, without being sure that she'll man- age that either.

Sometimes it seems easy and she goes, especially if someone comes to pick her up.

But most of the time she stays in bed, takes sleeping pills and goes to sleep.

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That's probably why her friend who's from New York, her best friend in New York and maybe even in the world, said to her when she told him that she'd met someone, that's brilliant, you're going to have a new life, you can start over. But she's so young. That doesn't matter. I'd just met her and I didn't dare tell him how. I was embarrassed. I just said, she's beautiful and wonderful and intelligent, so my friend said, come out with us and bring her with you. Yes, I said, I'll come and bring her with me. She looks like a wrinkled old prune or a newborn lamb. I can't decide who.

Do you love her? Yes, I think so. Yes, I think I love her. She listens to me.

I talk to her all the time. I shouldn't have.

It started at a conference on the speed of light and Hiro- shima. The physics professor from the University of Nice explained that the dead bodies had left a lasting shadow and were built into the city-walls.

And suddenly I realised that I should be trying to re- create something like that in my work with images. Yes.

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And it could have remained a desire that we could have written about, with us saying how much we wanted to see each other and why. I was so happy and it was probably enough for me but I felt in my body and everywhere else this desire to see her and she felt the same. We were at ready telling each other how we'd kiss and how we could already feel those kisses, and that could have been enough. I was starting to live again. I would wake up excited, full up with what we'd said to each other the night before. I would go to bed reading the poems she'd sent me, after sending her anecdotes and songs, and I remember think- ing that sending poems and songs is something you do at fifteen but still I would listen to the songs on repeat and sing along, especially to 'My Funny Valentine' and 'Bang Bang'. These were the sad songs I would sing along to at the top of my voice.

I sang these songs over and over and it could have been enough, now that my heart was beating fast and my body had come back to life. I was so happy. I wondered if I'd ever been so happy in my life and more and more often one or other of us would say, I really, really want to see you.

Then one day it happened. She wrote, I'm going to see I can free myself up for two days next week to come and see you. I think it would be the best thing for both of us. Don't chat with any of your new FB friends or I'll get jealous. No. I'm just saying that to wind you up.

Lots of love.

I should have seen the signs but I thought it was just her sense of humour so I laughed. If only I'd known.

At the last minute she couldn't come, she wasn't feeling well. And I felt a vague sense of relief. She had an abscess

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that's what I should be doing. Then my sister came to meet me from Mexico and persuaded me to get a Facebook account. And that's how it started.

I saw that people were discussing shadows so I joined in.

When the important professor left the room I'd wanted to talk to him. But he didn't seem like someone you could just approach. Maybe if he hadn't seemed like someone you couldn't just approach it never would have happened. Maybe. I don't know. Or maybe that was the pretext I used to talk to someone I didn't know. But I don't think so. The conversation was interesting so the next day I continued it. Yes, on Facebook I tried to find it again but Facebook has made a fool of me. It says this conversation no longer exists and my memory's too short to remember it.

But anyway, after a short time the conversation completely changed. It was no longer about shadows, shadows had been replaced with more and more lots of love and speak to you sons. What else. That's it for the moment. For the moment yes but everything can change in an instant and so I would write shaking all over, waiting for her to wake up. I would stay in front of the computer and suddenly I would see a green dot appear to the left of her name and it would start all over again. It was exciting and emotion- al and it happened so quickly. And it went quicker and quicker. And I was happy.

So happy, I couldn't believe it. It could have continued that way, with us writing to each other. It could have and I would probably have been happy for the rest of my life, but one day we talked about our desire to see each other.

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that was causing her discomfort. She often got abscesses. I felt a vague sense of relief without knowing why, but probably because I already knew.

After that she said, you come instead. I said yes and then I said no. I'm not you. You won't like me when I'm not well. She said that she would, that she was good at dealing with things including my not being well, she could cope with that and with lots of other things too. I should have known that when someone puts your mind at rest so easily- ly they're not always telling the truth, as they work out all the other things too.

Then someone else told me you should go, what's the worst that could happen. So I went to England. That was where she lived. In London's Zone 2. An area where everything looked the same. I shouldn't have.

Today my mother woke up sobbing. Sobbing so hard it was heart- wrenching. Shouting, almost. I thought, this must be what horses sound like when they neigh. Even though I don't know horses very well. I don't know nature very well in general. I do know that being in nature is meant to be good for your breathing and I've often thought, I should go. But I've never known where in nature to go.

I knew that this sobbing was my fault. Even though I have always felt everything to be my fault even when it isn't. But this time it was. I couldn't stand being there and she could feel it, she knew I was hiding and running away from her. So I made an effort to be kind and tender and it almost calmed her down.

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