

w i n d o r e

by Aaron D. Levy

Photographs contained in this book have appeared in  
"ex.02.plastics/works.feathers" at the Fox Art Gallery in November, 1999  
and "feathered .windows" at the Kelly Writers House in May through September, 1999.

**Handwritten Press**

Kelly Writers House  
3805 Locust Walk  
Philadelphia, PA 19104-6150  
[www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/handwritten](http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/handwritten)

*Funding for this book was made possible by  
a grant from the Kelly Writers House at  
the University of Pennsylvania.*

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Printed in Philadelphia, PA  
United States of America

## windore

**windore.** Obs. or dial. Also 6 wyndoor(e), 7-9 windoor, windor, 8 windeoor, vindore. Altered form of window sb. by association with door sb.: cf. wind-door. A window.

1542 Udall Erasm. Apoph. 245 b, The other without any more bones cast me the byrde..out at the wyndooore.

1582 Stanyhurst Æneis iii. (Arb.) 75 At thee wyndoors, where moonshyne brimlye dyd enter.

1605 B. Jonson Volpone i. v, Neuer do's come abroad, neuer takes ayre, But at a windore.

1663 Butler Hud. i. ii. 214 Knowing they were of doubtful gender, And that they came in at a Windore.

A. 1687 Petty Pol. Anat. (1691) 14 Stone-wall Houses, with Chimneys, Doors, Windores, Gardens and Orchards.

1722 in Rutland Gloss. (1891), The North Weste windeoor.

1771 Smollett Humphry Cl. iii. 18 July, One Issabel, a painted harlot, that was thrown out of a vindore.

1825 Jennings Obs. Dial. W. Eng., Windor, a window.

## wind-door

wind-door, +

## wind-dore

wind-dore.

Pseudo-etymologizing of window sb. Cf. windore.

1606 J. Davies (Heref.) Bien Venu ii, Ope those wind-dores.

1659 H. L'Estrange Alliance Div. Off. 317 When so many wind-dores are open, the cold air..is ready to enter.

1671 Skinner Etymol. Ling. Angl., Window, Fenestra, melius efferunt Linc. agri incolæ Windore, q.d. Venti Janua, v. Wind & Dore;

1828 Craven Gloss., Winder, a window. Our Craven corruption approaches much nearer the presumed etymology, wind-door.

1836 Smart Dict., Window, a wind door or aperture to admit air into the building.

## introduction

**Kristen Gallagher:** Why did you begin to photograph the window? The same window over and over, right?

**Aaron Levy:** The frame is often the under-reported event in looking through the window. The idea of fusing wind and air within the window itself suggests, to me, something more fluid. I see the window as a door, as that which gives us some comforting sense of solidity; but it actually allows things, wind, people and, of particular interest to me, the imagination, to pass through.

The window being the "that" which, by default, we see through; the interplay between where one has looked in the past, and what one would want to be looking towards; I would ask that everything remain the same in the window, albeit a little difference - all this piles up, making inane the possibility of conceptualizing a medium so pliable as to often allow ourselves to forget "it". I wanted to further address the medium by embodying it in a textual language.

**KG:** I wonder if the play of light and dark, if light and dark itself, is what the work is about, or if a certain re-imagining of the space between the self and the outside world is somehow related to post-Holocaust art and literature. I know that at one point you were interested in the photographic works of, among others, Christian Boltanski.

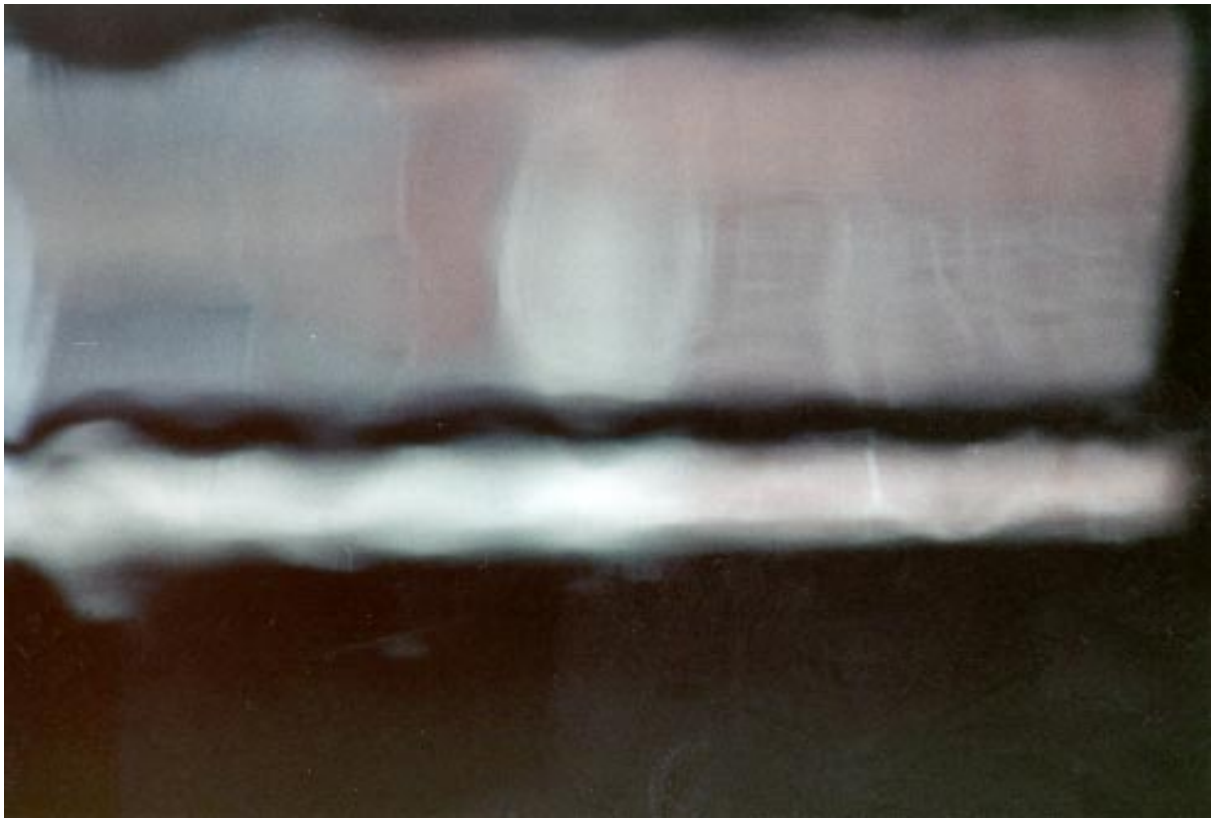
**AL:** I've always been drawn to the biblical prohibitions against sight; for instance, the idea of Lot's wife being turned to salt for looking back at the city on fire, as well as the possibility of conceptualizing smoke, or what remains after a city has burned. There must be, somehow, a way for us to figure catastrophe, in a manner that destroys neither us nor that which we desire to see, and these windows, however unrivaled, embody this unfulfilling.

The city on fire embodies something dark in content, all the while radiating light and unbearable heat. Ash and smoke, on the other hand, function as captions to loss; what the captions say, whether they say anything - are so debatable as to exhaust sense.

The medieval idea of holding light in one's hands, at the very least gesturing toward it, is something I wanted to literally reflect upon through the window. Underneath it all, in it, might the window also embody something unmelancholic, less the idea of fragmentation and death than, oddly enough, fulfillment and joy.

The self and the world enter into one another on a conceptual level much as one looks through a window and feels oneself rendered vulnerable to the surroundings. Surely, we cannot isolate the two; and yet, it is just as inane to throw the two into fusion. I referred to the idea of the window as door - as though the window were the pivot point, the fulcrum for conceptualizing our sense of place in a world that runs by us all too fast, that always seems to be eluding our grasp, that persistently doubles back like memory. In our perverse way of figuring a place for ourselves, we want to think it needs us back.

1. I paint a window as I look out the curtain and shut it.



**September 9 -**

*I recall everyone / even those who left.*

**my head is swimming.** stretched fabrics, cloud discussion everywhere. went to the orphanage calling a response - if frame burns are building a ravine, shaking you - *who will come and surround me?* like leading a blind man home, blinding the dead with solace. I am pointing, that which you cannot pick up. if I "smote" him dress is slowing down the idea. ankles and branches, everywhere be "getting around them." being placed casting, motion "shows them passing [us] by." **our affairs have become anguished;** they don't send right.

but the narrative is often butchered. to touch *oneself*, be seeing - am I ascending to him who sent me. "be writing down all these things that have happened to you." desire "redemption".

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*clearing references.*

a player sits idly at the keys: "knows not what he is playing." ponders as he will, till his subject dawns clearly before him. that it (the window) does seem to fade. we "cringe," rather, and "plot" - at the door of what?



*September 9 -*

*if I am not sure that what I wrote is true.*

I cannot look at people without examining their faces. stretched fabrics, cloud discussion everywhere. memory peels off like tatters, some had not even seen it coming. faces and hands howling. *lean towards the streaming, regain what you possessed before.* in the fold of the lips, involuntary expressions of an eye. **to know their voices ringing false** - it is as though my past has been all used up. I went to the orphanage calling a response - if frame burns are building a ravine, shaking you - *who will come and surround us?* uttering words I could not grasp, vanishing once more into the crowd of people awaiting. I am leading a blind man home, I am binding the dead with solace. dress is slowing down the idea, pretending myself to be like everyone else. ankles and branches, everywhere be "getting around them." motion "shows them passing [us] by." our affairs have become anguished; **our stock, exhausted.**

this is no longer the way we **look at people we meet in life.** that I failed to make note at once of their disappearance. I floated through this crowd that was slipping by me, all around me. I realized they were gone when it was too late to call them. if I try very hard, I believe I recall lying down and people coming to see me. tying us together, each one of us addressed a familiar voice.

5

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to glass off. to fit or fill in.

to throw the house out (at) the window, to go, be thrown. if the windows are the trees. it is all a picture. see how each descriptive touch applies to them.



*September 9 -*

I was there and it would be wrong to say I know what to do. I was floating in the crowd that bore me without ever knowing what it was doing. "I'm left with the fact that I know many more human beings than I require to continue living among them, and there will always be between them and me this useless knowledge." all at once we feel comforted.

but the narrative is often butchered. **to touch oneself, be seeing** - am I ascending to him who sent me. "be writing down all these things that have happened to you." desire "redemption" -

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*Thank you so much for your warm letter.* By now you must be saying that I'm avoiding telling you what you really want to know. I'm still a stateless window, and yet your picture of me living in furnished rooms is to some degree still accurate -

So you see there isn't the slightest possibility of my slipping away. There is, however, something important in having a window over one's head that is one's own.



**September 9 -**

*now we can lower our eyes to heaven.*

but the narrative is often butchered. it does not repeat, it occurs in it. to touch *oneself*, be seeing - am I ascending to him who sent me. "be writing down all these things that have happened to you." "at first it was unbearable, then you got used to it," one says. who desires "redemption" -

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in the defunct word 'windore,' there was the word *door*: 'on top,' 'above,' also an entrance upon air: and if in the air the wind become 'sour,' as fruit or wine which has turned and tastes bitter, then a bitterness of blue shall envelop us. As someone beautiful comes of sickly pallor, instilling fear in all the community, so, finally, do we have *sur*: 'sure,' as in knowing with certainty that sickness one day will see truth.

will we have run through the window, and through its silence.

the feet of our windows.)

2. (we will die a bartered death at



September 10 -

*could not find witness.*

stretched fabric is, wavering, completely still. once inside is not it, a feeling of joy pushed out. if cloud discussion is everywhere, if **being empty inside** is simply that.

**"it has a surface** that is a flat visual one which isn't its actual nature; and I can't go back to it." there isn't a difference here. memory peels off like tatters, some had not even seen it coming. *when this occurs, it goes into this.* so one is continuing, in the wind the sky going by. to know their voices ringing false, as though I went to the orphanage calling *who will come and surround me?* it is paired (as we are paired) and I couldn't get out in time. uttering words I could not grasp, vanishing once more into the crowd of people awaiting. don't try and remember - is this perceiving? I am leading a blind man home, I am binding the dead with solace. I am dross, slowing down the idea. **branches everywhere** be "getting around them." motion. "show them passing [us] by."

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and when she, in pain, fighting with what she does not know, let slip certain windows to suggest that she was, as it were, deprived of an end, that if she should die it would have to be of their death, through their being - this thought seemed to them part of the game of ignorance played upon the wind.

his dream: a dreadful smothering of the soul, then a lofty idyll of death. that moment when something is on the verge of being said: *some windows die as children.* give up your place to the other. you will have the impression of giving everything else up too.



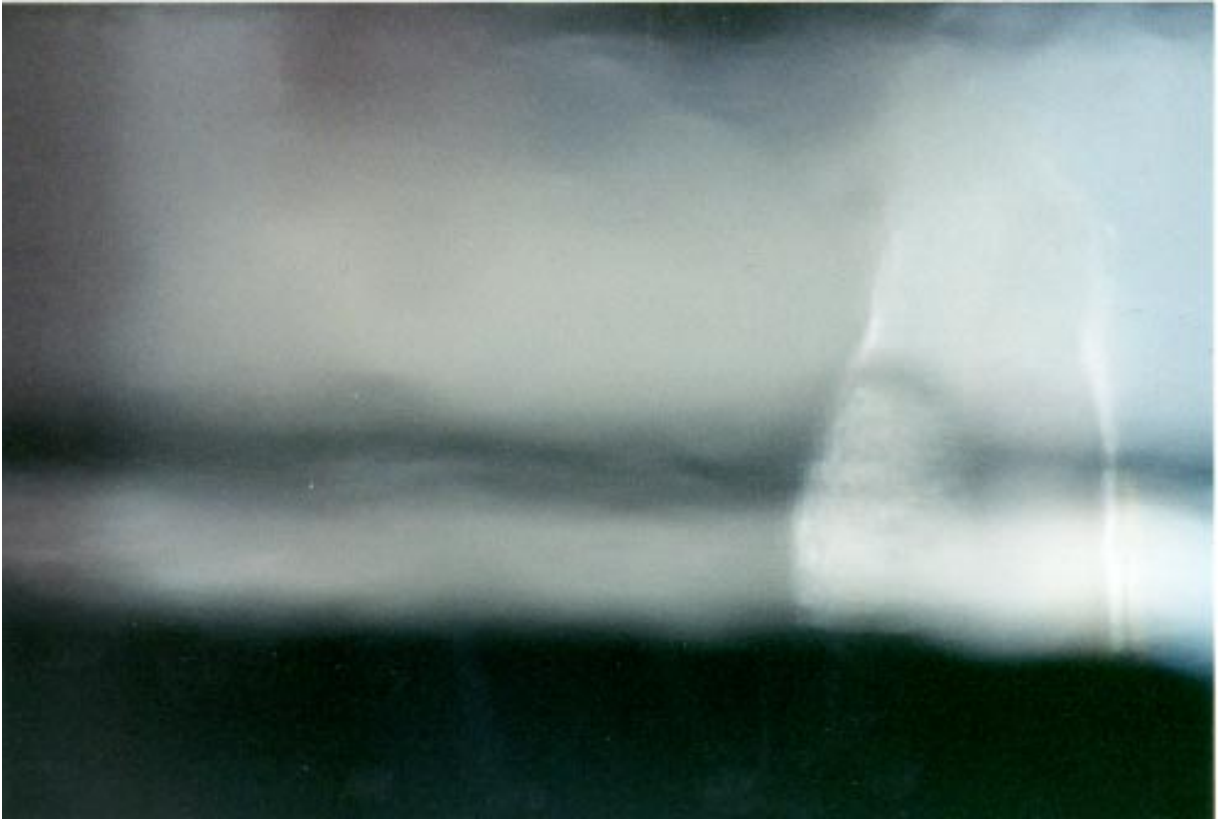
*September 10 -*

begin with prosperity. in the morning I proceed through the city on foot. at home hundreds of people, crowds under the window. **constantly envying all the heroes of my novels.** when a present of water is poured down the neck back, prayers are being probed. words weeping on the part of love, digging out clothes in a little garden. *it cannot look at itself.*

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whispering 'I wish no longer, have.' or 'I shall not carry, again.' thus were the negotiations surprisingly short. virtually without stopping, the window shared efficiencies. and all this while we were climbing out the window, forgetting - climbing back. the idea of moving was an utter impossibility.



*September 10 -*

begin with prosperity, hid or barrow. as soon as they had returned, **there is no other side is experience itself.** the road is iced over, polished like a mirror. in the morning I proceed through the city on foot. somebody brought a corpse to the community and left it by the gate. at home hundreds of people, crowds under the window. it is a moment of indescribable happiness. when a present of water is poured down the neck back, **prayers are being goaded.** words weeping on the part of love, digging out clothes in a little garden. *no longer knowing the difference between morning and evening. if it cannot look at itself, in exhaustion resists it. see your visibility being eaten away.*

16

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and was this to be foreseen? in the term widow, with which, when it was absolutely unavoidable, one alluded to other debts. lowering one's voice and looking around with circumspection. it is best to speak of it as little as possible.



*September 10 -*

so what if they can't figure out how to improve things. this is no longer the way to look at people we meet in life. why there is no memory of the present? that is to see it with no confidence.

**it's seeing how they hadn't thought of something.** that I failed to make note at once of their disappearance. I floated through this crowd that was slipping by me, around me. I realized they were gone when it was too late to call them back. *if turmoil is actual occurrence, it is not dropped.* if I try very hard, I believe I recall lying down and people coming to see me. **"birds fly by."** so there is no space for contemplation (of it). the air crushes them, as if they're floating. tying us together, each one of us addressed a familiar voice.

18

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*you write of a little window you might find for me.*

In the most unfeeling way, as people will elbow their way to the lifeboats at a shipwreck, we'll have to buy a little window about these matters.

cannot make mistakes in windows.

3. in a certain sense we



**September 11 -**

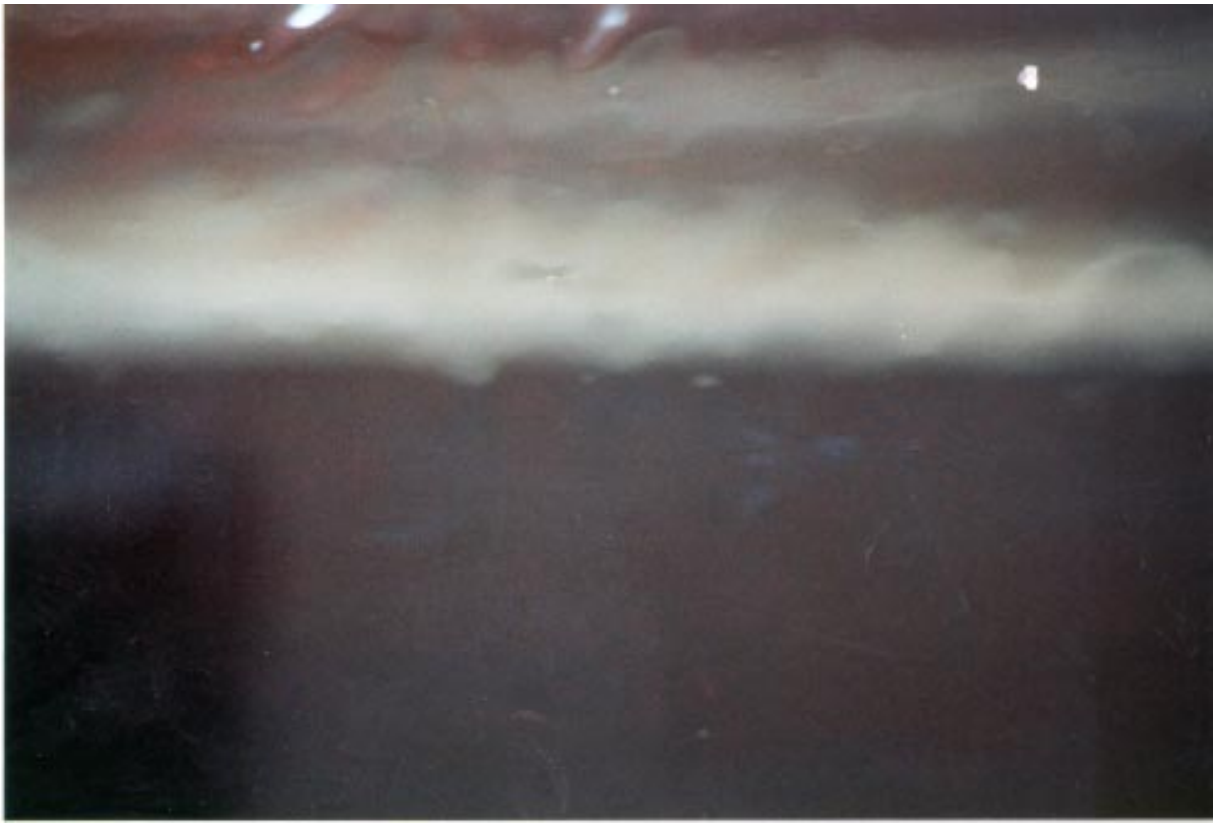
I can no longer write to you - the walls are wounds, ordered to defend against excess. requisitioning furniture, who doesn't want to ruin anything. she: "I will not forget this" and I go to sleep full of anxiety about being awakened in the middle of the night. **if the walls are to be inspected for acceptance.** alas I do not possess much, in these times this is a blessing. what the future will bring I do not - who must be considered as "incurably lost."

see your visibility being eaten away. "the portrait is in a state of collapse," Valery said. One must always say of the self-portrait: "if there were such a [some had seen it, were wondering what happened. The others wonder **if they had seen right but say nothing.]** thing." it's just that one must know [*savoir*], and *so one just has to see it [voir ça]*. "the portrait is in a state of collapse." Some had seen it. One must always say of the self-portrait: if there were such a thing... if there remained anything of it -

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*the mind's on the window, like a drove of children scrambling over rocks.*



*September 11 -*

**Wash out a line**, being ordered to defend against excess. *who doesn't want to ruin anything?* if the walls are to be inspected for acceptance. alas I do not possess much, in these times this is a blessing. what the future will bring I do not - as if everything were melting within me, everything assumes the fluidity of joy. *it's just that one must know [savoir], and so one just has to see it [voir ça].*

I had written, *"I am being thrown. This is the greatest day of my life."* the portrait is in a state of collapse - "The heroine crowned with her halo, the martyr going to her death singing." "if there remained anything of it." "I was insane, insane." ***you're not thinking anymore, or it's moving but***

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whether by chance or the wise intervention of disease, wind carried meaning from our homes. (so long as the idea of the widow was simply a question of terms - an ordinance - everything runs away.)



*September 11 -*

**I can no longer write to you** - as the witness who can no longer see, show and speak at the same time. the walls are wounds, lungs flap in the icy wind. "Today, I am 'blind' beyond measure, the man 'abandoned' on earth like my father." Wash out a line, order being against excess. *who doesn't want to ruin anything?* he: "I will not forget this" and she goes to sleep full of anxiety about being awakened in the middle of the night. if the walls are to be inspected for acceptance. if the walls see, or rather have seen and now merely keep in memory. what the future will bring I do not - **everything melts** within me, everything assumes the fluidity of joy.

*of the one who chooses blindly, I was tired trying to hold on to my dream.* "if there remained anything of it." *notes towards a dream:* "Very sad evening. Dream of starry sky under my feet."

"I" tremble to open it. I am the book, I am being thrown. This is the greatest day of my life."

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How could I explain to you on the telephone, or even in the context of a letter, the infinitely complex, taped existence of stateless widows?



*September 11 -*

I was there and it would be wrong to say I did not know what to do. I was floating in the crowd that bore me without ever knowing what it was doing. "I'm left with the fact that I know many more human beings than I require to continue living among them, and there will always be between them and me this useless knowledge." all at once we feel comforted. **we must remind people more often that they are people.** someone will always sell you for thirty pieces of silver, when suddenly in the crowd you meet a human glance.

*he begins to write the day war is declared.* all the while appearing to resemble, it nonetheless does not resemble.

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*were it not a denial so much as an amendment?*

he must throw away the window, after he has climbed in through it.

## errata

a. The fluctuations will be permanent. In the annals of deference, prescriptions produce. Everyday polemics, sins of gestures. Expenditures of words. These have always been.

Anonymity towards the void, propriety first. Swarming structures of the street, minuscule oppressions. Of all purchases, memory, machinations, being -

b. When buildings gather speech, salutations quarry stone. Where hands and knees force out, luggage rubs the pavement. If bandaging is a social decision. Three toys wait with children, three bed rolls are bodies. Unfolding, folding widows, do we resist all such volatility.

c. we grow accustomed to the dark. hitting trees, taping gestures [the blinders that turn aground]. orchards, commands. wind (all the remains).

d. Now, an immense piece of window has fallen: an earthquake. How fast they run -

they absolutely seem to gallop.

- *be thou the window cast out? or the repudiation* -

e. We must pick out what is good for us where we can find it.

Where things are concerned, there are no class distinctions. That they were, actually are - has hardly been made known. The actions continued throughout the next day as well. Two others looked on with derision, women were at work in the workshop spinning. After an action, who is assigned the task of clearing out.

f. thus were textures credible. fighting off the door.

g. tendered irons, according to needs no one noticed - thus were angels plaited. amongst wreckage, one finds objects. the tomb and its roll, inconceivable desolations - these were notions of sincerity.

h. Shall we never reopen the question of a fold. Shall we furniture a street, or a window; throw place from the towers, stack bricks in collapse. Strange semantics, these are the notions of forgiveness.

i. simple changes - these are concerns that appear one after the other. to world would require a miracle of notation. encumbered cities, slender articles. inefficiencies were spreading edges.

j. what if the most transitive of behaviors (*to eliminate, to kill, to wound, to humble, to eat*) were also the most theatrical? as if scenes must now be classified under the label of some great window.

in all violence he could not keep from discerning a sign of literary dross.

k. *yet you write of a little window you might find for me.*

l. in the most unfeeling way, as people will elbow their way to the lifeboats at a shipwreck, we'll have to buy a little window about these matters.

m. this is how everyone judges - everyone a public building cast. that conquering is to understand - and I had enrolled in study because I wanted to remain faithful to space.