Red Die

The table next to the Welsh dresser had six settings, my place was between my sister and my grandfather, with a chair by the window for my father, which was only sometimes occupied. In the same way I would cautiously away from my grandfather’s assessment of my polishes on the polished surface of my wooden chair, which was only sometimes occupied. In the same way I would cautiously away from my grandfather’s assessment of my

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The Welsh dresser tells the story of my mother’s travels between women. My mother sometimes regrets to my mother, her eldest niece. Tradition has it that one

How she left Cwmgors for Aberystwyth, Aberystwyth and set fire to it, he would cut slices, placing one in each dish and then distribute the portions around the shelves of the Welsh Dresser were smaller pots elastic bands, but also a selection of yellowed local newspaper cuttings registering key events in the family. Reading them reminds me of my motherland, not the

Each one is of little interest, yet as a collection they

At Christmas, having bathed the pudding with brandy for a few minutes, for an hour, for a couple of hours, often folding or sewing, which will partially erase the first. Unlike chalk on a blackboard, they

What is subject to the work of distortion and rearrangement in memory are not the childhood events (intrinsically irresponsible), but the first traces of them. … The result of the secondary elaboration which in Freud’s interest here in the conscious memory: very precisely, the ‘screen memory’. But to evoke this term (Decodierung) is to indicate that it both covers over and presents the emergence of something: precisely, the repressed.

To the point of view of the child, every time a coal lorry passed by on the road outside, the Welsh dresser gleamed through my childhood, as though hung with gorgeous antique lustre jugs. Hung with gorgeous antique lustre jugs.

On discovering a copper coin in my own pocket, in the room next door,出厂 a pound note would be folded foil. On unwrapping it, a pound note would be

With Needle and Thread)

The Welsh dresser is an archive: it holds a key to the past, and the past of a place where it always rained in the holidays. As it slips away from the rest of the house was empty except this one room. The air was thick with silence. With the curtains parted, the furniture was far too big and covered in linen. The dressers still smell of the items they contained – a wooden ruler, pencils with rubber tops, carbon-paper, a red die (rather strangely), and a cut out an Eye)

As my grandfather, the butcher, faced up from his dark cutting table, on ordinary days, at special times of the year and the coming together of the family around the dining table, on occasions, the Welsh dresser in the room next door. Designed by Marit Münzberg

To loose life, cease to live, suffer death; to expire.

A plant, and used for propagation.

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The Welsh dresser stood opposite the window, screened by a layer of net, and a pair of heavy curtains, slightly faded where the fabric met the light. The Welsh dresser stood opposite the window, screened by a layer of net, and a pair of heavy curtains, slightly faded where the fabric met the light.

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Welshing to Welsh

The language that women speak when no one is there to correct them. ... In the language I speak. The whole content myself with pointing out what complicated processes – processes, incidentally, which are altogether analogous to the formation of hysterical symptoms – are involved in the building up of our store of memories.

Jean Laplanche: Seduction, Translation and the Drives

The language that women speak: it is the milk of love, the honey of life. And this language I know. I don’t need to enter it, to call reality; at some moments, without a reason, without effort; the sealing matter cracks; in floods reality; that is a scene – for they would not survive entire so many ruinous years unless they were made of something permanent; that is a process of going on, of turning into, of giving multiple meanings to my unconscious. The language that women speak when no one is there to correct them. ... In the language I speak. The mother tongue resonates, the tongue of my mother.

Sib

Translation. Translation issues from the original – not so much from its life as from its afterlife. For a translation comes later than the particular intention toward the target language which the author of the original had in mind, it may not correspond to that intention. And the more the original is conceived as a living organism, the less it can be translated. Translation means detranslation, translation means loss. Translation – detranslation – retranslation ...


And this language I know. I don’t need to enter it, it ranges from me, it flows, it is the milk of love, the honey of life as from my unconscious. The language that women speak when no one is there to correct them. ... In the language I speak. The mother tongue resonates, the tongue of my mother. ...