

Welsh Dresser', *Site-Writing: The Architecture of Art Criticism*, The All scenes (texts in plain font) are taken from Jane Kendell, "The

Red Die ■ The table next to the Welsh dresser had six settings, my place was between my sister and great aunt, facing my mother, and diagonally opposite my grandfather, with a chair by the window for my father, which was only sometimes occupied. In the scene I am poised cautiously on a turquoise cushion unperched on the polished surface of my wooden chair, nervously waiting for that moment when it slips sideways

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My Junior Jet Club Badge ■ The Welsh dresser tells the story of my mother's family. A traveller, with more than one home, it has made several journeys, from a farm, to a house in the next Welsh village, and then to my mother's home in England. From mother to daughter, the Welsh Dresser travels between women. My mother sometimes regrets how far she travelled from home, from her mother. How she left Cwmgorf for Aberystwyth, Aberystwyth for London, Wales for England. When she married my father, she went to live in the Middle East. Fregant with me, she arrived alone at night on a desert airstrip. My great aunt never married so the Welsh Dresser went to my mother, her eldest niece. Tradition has it that one day the Welsh dresser will be mine.

White Linen ■ I dream of the house at least five generations; in my childhood it occupied the dining room of my great aunt's house in a small Wales. As a child it was the place where it always last night, my mother's home in Cwmgorf, South Wales. As a child it was the place where it always rained in the holidays, but now, as it slips away from me, I already begin to miss. I was in the dining room; the rest of the house was empty except this one room. 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 ■ Constructed in the 1830s, and made of light oak in a form typical of dressers of its age from South Wales, the Welsh dresser has an open rack with three shelves, a base with four side-drawers and a short centre drawer with a shaped apron beneath. The open potboard base has four turned front legs, terminating in block feet. The Welsh dresser been in the family at

Key ■ Hung with gorgeous antique jugs – which could never be touched – and that rattled every time a coal lorry passed by on the road outside, the Welsh dresser gleamed through my childhood, through Christmas dinners and Sunday lunches, through rice puddings, cherry corona, beetroot chutney, faggots and chips. My great aunt taught needlework and cookery; not a day passed without being asked to go from the kitchen to the Welsh dresser to fetch an item for some kind of domestic task. These trips were fraught with anxiety for the Welsh Dresser was a little unsteady on its feet, the drawers stuck as you pulled, causing the delicate jugs dangling above them to sway a little and chink. The drawers still smell of the hems they contained – a wooden ruler, pencils with rubber tops, carbon-copy notebooks, buttons, coins, tailor's chalk, a hook (without an eye), a red die (rather strangely), and a key. The Welsh dresser is an archive: it holds a key to my past, and the past of a place where it always rained in the holidays.

Tailor's Chalk ■ Tailor's chalk makes marks for action, which have a certain short life span. Like chalk on a blackboard, these marks will be rubbed out. Unlike chalk on a blackboard, they are marks for another making, for a line of cutting, folding or sewing, which will partially erase the first response in me, in you. What is a hook without an eye? My spinster aunt loved detective stories. She perched on the polished surface of my wooden chair, left behind her a mystery surrounding an unengaged ring.

Cutting ■ Tucked in between the jugs on the shelves of the Welsh Dresser were smaller pots and tins that held many useful things: needles, threads, elastic bands, but also a selection of yellowed local newspaper cuttings registering events in the family. Reading them reminds me of my motherland, not the country of my own birth, but that of my mother, and the coming together of the family around the dining table, on ordinary days, at special times of the year and for big occasions – births, marriages and deaths.

Coin ■ My grandfather had a favourite joke. At Christmas, having bathed the pudding with brandy and set fire to it, he would cut slices, placing one in each dish and then distribute the portions around the table. On discovering a copper coin in my own pudding, I would be delighted, thinking I was the lucky one. My grandfather would search in his own dish and feigning surprise would pull out a piece of folded foil. On unwrapping it, a pound note would be discovered. As my disappointment registered across my face, he would laugh and hand it over to me as a generous gift. After his stroke when he failed to find the words he required – objects were still able to speak for themselves.

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pp. 253–263, pp. 258–259.

Volume I, 1913–1926, edited by Marcus Bullock and Michael W. Jennings, (Harvard: Harvard University Press, 1966/2004).

Walter Benjamin, 'The Task of the Translator', [1921] translated by Harry Zohn, *Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings*,

Jean Laplanche, 'Notes on Afterwardness' [1998], *Essays on Otherness*, edited by John Reichert (London: Routledge, 1999) pp. 260–265.

p. 265. 'These 'notes' are based on a conversation between Jean Laplanche and Martin Stanton recorded in 1991. They appeared in *Jean-Sigmund Freud, 'Screen Memories', [1899] The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud, Volume 1*, 1913–1926, edited by Marcus Bullock and Michael W. Jennings, (Harvard: Harvard University Press, 1996/2004).

Arts, 1992; and have been added to and revised by Laplanche for this volume (1998).

(London: The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 1962), pp. 299–322, pp. 320–321.

the reverberation of the work in the alien one.'

single spot where the echo is able to give, in its own language, wooded ridge; it calls into it without entering, aiming at that center of the language forest but on the outside facing the Unlike a work of literature, translation finds itself not in the and immediately at the specific linguistic contextual aspects toward the language as such, as its totality, but its aimed solely poet's work, because the intention of the latter is never directed feature of translation that basically differentiates it from the produces in that language the echo of the original. This is a the particular intention toward the target language which the original, ... The task of the translator consists in finding its life as from its afterlife. For a translation comes later than it, a translation issues from the original – not so much from with the phenomenon of life without being of importance to just as the manifestations of life are intimately connected

ቅይሮ፡ጊዳቦ

ከመጠን ጋር ሳይቀረጸ ለግሉ ገደብ ላይ ለሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለው ሲሆን፣ ግንባታው በግንባታው ላይ የተጠቀሱትን ሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለውን ማሳደግ ማለት ነው።

ታሪክ፡ግንብ

ግንብ የሚለው ስም ለግንብ ማሳደግ ማለት ነው። ሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለውን ማሳደግ ማለት ነው።

ወንጌል

የግንብ ማሳደግ ማለት ነው። ሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለውን ማሳደግ ማለት ነው።

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የግንብ ማሳደግ ማለት ነው። ሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለውን ማሳደግ ማለት ነው።

የወልሽ

ግንብ

“Writing: a way of leaving no space for death, of pushing back forgetfulness, of never letting oneself be surprised by the abyss. Of never becoming resigned, consoled; never turning over in bed to face the wall and drift asleep again as if nothing had happened; as if nothing could happen. ... There is a language that I speak or that speaks (to) me in all tongues. A language at once unique and universal that resounds in each national tongue when a poet speaks it. In each tongue, there flows milk and honey. And this language I know. I don’t need to enter it, it surges from me, it flows, it is the milk of love, the honey of 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 ...’

ግንብ፡ኮሙኒኬሽን

የወልሽ ግንብ፡ኮሙኒኬሽን

ኮሙኒኬሽን

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የግንብ ማሳደግ ማለት ነው። ሌሎች ጥቅም ላይ የዋለውን ማሳደግ ማለት ነው።

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'Some of these screen memories dealing with events later in life owe their importance to a connection with experiences in early youth which have remained suppressed. The connection, that is, is the reverse of the one in the case which I have analysed, where a childhood memory was accounted for by later experiences. A screen memory may be described as 'retrogressive' or as having 'pushed forward' according to the one chronological relation or the other holds between the screen and the thing screened-off. From another point of view, we can distinguish positive screen memories from negative ones (or refractory memories) whose content stands in a contrary relation to the suppressed material. The whole subject deserves a more thorough examination; but I must 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.'

Freud, 1985) p. 142.

Virginia Woolf, *Moments of Being* [1939–1940] edited with an introduction and notes by Elaine Scobie (London: The Hogarth Press, 1985) p. 142.

^[1] Hélène Cixous, 'Coming to Writing', [1977], in Hélène Cixous 'Coming to writing' and other essays, edited by Deborah Jenson, translated by Sarah Cornell, Deborah Jenson, Ann Liddle, Susan Sellers (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1991), pp. 1–58, p. 3 and p. 21.

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