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Nisha Ramayya

Villein in Gross

The villain is one who rents space in her mind: there will always be a place for you, whether I want it or not. There will always be a circle drawn in white chalk, a place to sit and work in the hunting grounds.

The past actually happened, which is the present reality of your access to these grounds. One who offers to hide the birds and keep them safe in her mouth.

The duck and the goose and the flamingo, some of them fine, all of them wanting in fineness. For shitting in the garden is neither good nor bad, but gardening makes it so.

In her attempts to identify with the dream of the commons, she overidentifies with the object of the critique's critique. She is deeply involved in the commission of disgraceful crimes: inserting the skeleton of a small, common bird inside the skeleton of a big, common bird.

I would invest in the realisation of the commons were it not that I have gross dreams: puppy-loving, shit-claiming, full-timing, full-ownership. One who swallows small and big bones.

Villainous or base service means being bonded to the family, not the family home. One who is welcome to clean, not to use, the toilet.

To me, it is a prison, I never reach it in time. The desire to be timely, my shadow's shadow. It is the kind of ambition that you would describe as 'swallowing large fruit'. It is the kind of fruit that you would blame for being 'full of pulp, large and succulent'.

A monstrous fruit, full of bad seeds, like the small bodies of goldcrest wrens inside the big body of a cockroach. She pays to crush seeds.

Inheritance is a perishable body, sustained by food. A bowl of rice, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons. Rice's power of disposal is more or less limited by custom, the nameless dread of the dinner party. One who spits after eating.

A soiled table cloth, which invests the gross body, which invests the soul. It is thrice-framed like a sheath of repulsion in a sheath of protective custody in a sheath of affective debt. A bloodshot eyeball in a brown eggshell in a silkworm's cocoon. A rustic loaf of bread in a verbal contract in a comfortable family home.

One who breaks the circle, as if the grounds of inheritance never actually happened.

No comfort blankets, no enclosures, no borders. One whose flesh, bone, marrow, blood, fat, faeces, urine leave her body unambiguously.

A monstrous disposition, bound to looking back over the shoulder. A preoccupation with the past that is liable to be corrupted unless broken up into many small and big occupations and corrupted, one by one.

Villein Regardant

The villain is one who rents space outside her body, inside a forest. She can barely tell the difference between the big inside and outside of the forest and reality, and the small insides and outsides of the forest's realities, but the forest assures her that the difference is there to protect her.

Trained to believe that she has a manifest destiny to rent, a duty not to own, she sits and works on the inside in order to sit and work at all.

Inside the forest is a ghost town; the space is populated by voices without culpability, violent imagery without hermeneutic limits. One who is paid to set limits inside the seminar room that she knows to be unreal.

Imagine an ivory tower without windows, a forest without breaks in its canopy. Imagine the manifestations of dying and death at the centre, the reproduction of ghosts necessary to protect the establishment of the ghost town.

Imagine the lights that come to light at this kind of centre, where ideas may be grasped by the hands. The forest is infested with these kinds of lights, trained upon ideas that must make exhibitions of themselves, that must be handled by customs to be grasped.

Shoulders back, she walks into the opening between manifesto and manifest, to demonstrate her point about point's void. She knows not to look back over the shoulder as she walks, for people might make an example of her, and it is she who must disappear.

For example, one who looks back over the shoulder when walking in and out of doors, and disappears, when walking up and down stairs, and disappears, when walking in and out of rooms, and disappears, when walking up and down corridors, and disappears.

Whispers are bound to the institution. Everyone knows which doors to stay away from; not everyone knows. Didn't anyone tell you not to walk up and down those stairs; no one told me. Everyone knows which rooms to avoid; not everyone knows. Didn't anyone warn you about those corridors; no one warned me. Whisperers bear the marks of their disclosures.

We are the ones who must share these warnings. Step into the negative spaces between circles, the breaks between cliques. Rub up against becoming networks in these kinds of breaks, agitate for spaces as breaks.

Renounce the kind of protection afforded by the forest, the rationale of duty, the kind of safety afforded by ghosts, the duty of rationale.

Imagine boundless pleasures. Imagine break without point.