

# MIDWEEK DIARY

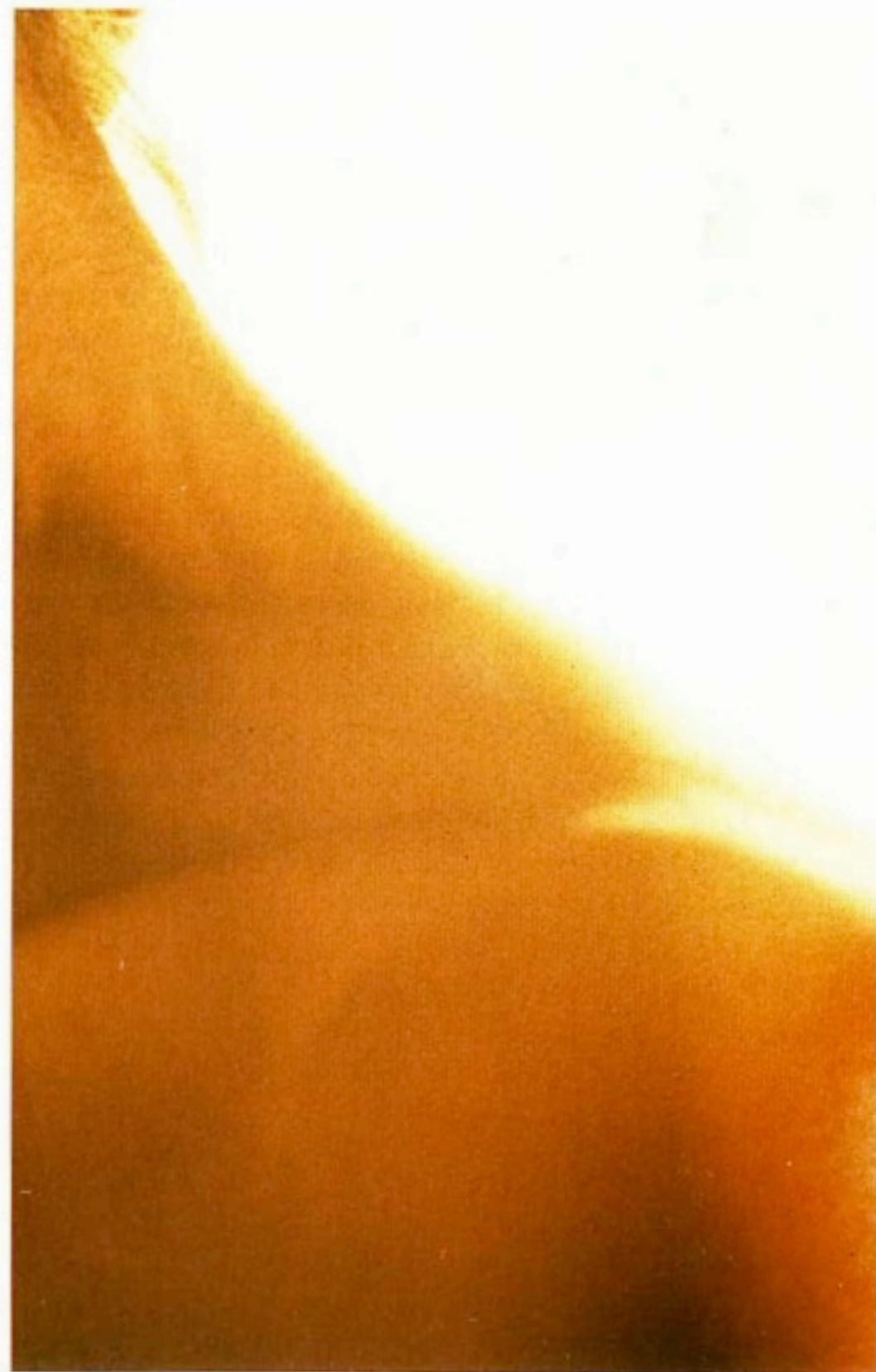
She sees hundreds of people everyday but quickly forgets them. She sees them in the street or in the market but seeing and forgetting is a simultaneous act. It's not forgetting it's not remembering. Through. People make themselves be seen by her. She walks quickly and thoughtfully without even taking any notice of their faces. On both sides. She sees hundreds of people everyday but at times they are only a blurred mass. Either way she doesn't remember them. On the tube station in the platform she reads the advertisements on the concave walls. He enters onto the platform wet due to the rain his hair dripping onto his face in his hand a brief-case. She doesn't see him enter because she is reading the advertisements. The case is of black leather. On the platform in the tunnel. Hundreds of people everyday forgotten. Concave. In his hand he has a black case dark blue suit with fine white lines. But she doesn't see him with his hair wet by the rain because she is reading the advertisements. They are stuck on the concave walls of the platform. He walks in a studios manner his suit far too big. She thinks about the hundreds of people she sees everyday. Thickness. At times they are only rears that move with the pace. Also backs. The train is late she always catches it on time. The sight tired of seeing so many people. He walks in a studious way. He walks towards her and asks her at which station he should get off to go to a certain place. He has a boy's face but his features are very strong. His wet hair dripping into his face his suit far too big. She responds with a monosyllable and continues reading the advertisement. She is wearing an artificial leopard skin coat horrible but she likes it. Furthermore. The collar of her coat tickles her nape. It is like a cotton wool necklace. Her nose gives her dignity. It is a big and long nose. The train is late she always catches it on time. He walks in a studious manner. He walks towards her and asks her which station he ought to get off to get to a certain place. She doesn't see him approach because she is reading the advertisements. Concave. When the train arrives she gets on and continues reading the advertisements. He sits in front of her and takes his newspaper out of the case.



Hundreds of people everyday forgotten. On the tube in the streets and in the supermarket. The entrance of the tube station is painted green. Everyday. Goes down the cemented stairs crosses a large corridor lets herself be taken down by the electric escalators crosses another long passage and arrives to the platform. In the tube station on the platform she reads the advertisements on the concave walls. She also reads them walking along the street. But not that much. When she seats on the bench on the platform she only sees shoes. Shoes for men and shoes for women of diverse style and colours. He enters the platform with his black leather case but she doesn't see him because she is reading the advertisements. He enters the platform wet because of the rain his wet hair dripping onto his face. She is ugly she has uneven teeth and her nose is too long but the collar of the coat tickles her nape. It is an artificial leopard skin coat. Horrible. It is a caress. It tickles her neck. The chaos in uneven teeth. He's only just entered but she hasn't seen him because she is reading the advertisements on the concave walls. He walks with a studious pace. He walks up to her and asks please which station he should get off at. To go to a certain place. She thinks about the hundreds of people she sees everyday. A blurred mass. Or rears and backs. Now she sees some lips cracked by the cold. Full. She responds with a monosyllable he thanks her. She continues reading the advertisements that cover the platform. The train is late she always catches it on time. His suit is far too big. Dark blue with fine white lines. She doesn't see him approach her because she is reading the advertisements. Then he asks her something about which station would be better to go to certain place and then thanks her. A noise is heard which is the noise of speed. She approaches the edge of the platform. The rails are full of shit and rats. Everyday. Thickness. When the train arrives she gets on and reads the advertisements on both sides of the tube map. They are the same advertisements that are on the concave walls of the platform. He also gets on to the train. Takes a newspaper out of his case and starts reading it.



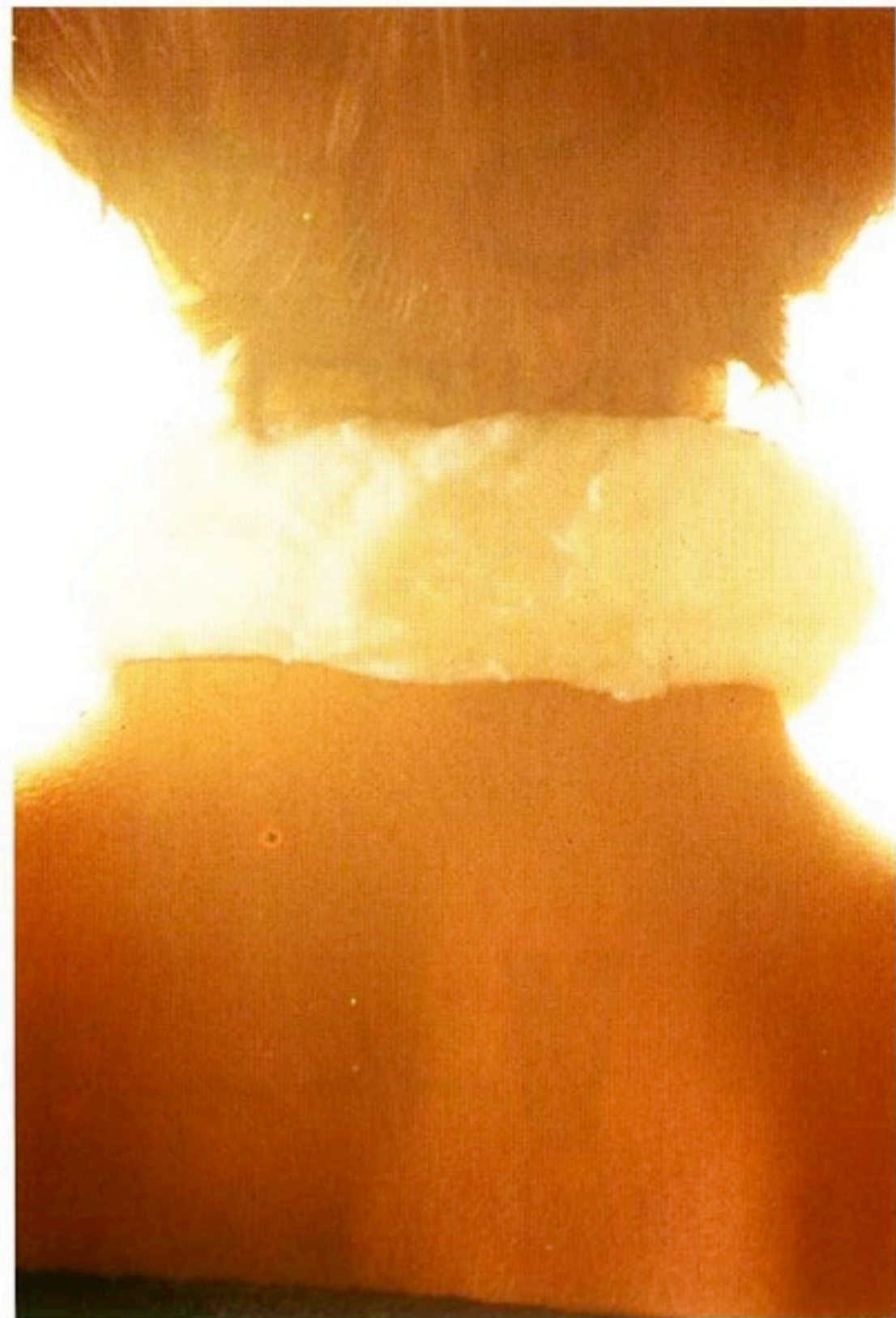
She wears an artificial leopard skin coat horrible but she likes it because the collar tickles her nape. She walks the streets thoughtful. She thinks about the hundreds of people she sees everyday. Like a caress. On the rears and backs that she also forgets. She crosses a gallery of columns and arrives at the tube station. Goes down the stairs walks along a long corridor goes down the escalator walks along another long corridor and gets to the platform. Hundreds of people. Forgotten everyday. Thickness. Across. At the sides. In the tube station on the platform. She reads the advertisements on the concave walls. The collar of the coat tickles her nape but nobody knows. It's a horrible coat. Of artificial leopard skin. He enters the platform wet from the rain his hair dripping onto his face. He walks in a studious manner a case in his hand. She doesn't see him enter because she is reading the advertisements. Stuck on the concave walls of the tunnel. The tunnel is lit in the part which is the platform. She sees hundreds of people everyday but she soon forgets them. On the street in the tube station. It's not forgetting it's not remembering. People make themselves be seen by her. Sometimes she bumps into someone and apologizes. But that rarely occurs. When she apologizes she does it in a very low voice. She feels embarrassed by her clumsiness. He enters the platform: dark blue suit white fine lines. She doesn't see him arrive because she is reading the advertisements. On the concave walls. The train is late she always catches it on time. He approaches and asks on which station he should get off to go to. With a case in his hand. His suit much too big. She responds with a monosyllable hardly looking at him. Full lips. A little cracked from the cold. Her lips are very thin. Like two lines that meet. He approaches and asks her something please. His voice cold and studious. The cotton wool necklace is a bliss. She is ugly a worthy ugliness anyway the collar of the coat tickles her.



Sometimes she bumps into people in the street but that rarely occurs. When it happens she apologizes. Embarrassed by her clumsiness. Hundreds of people everyday. She doesn't like to bother them. Tries not to bump into anyone. She sees them in the streets or in the markets. Also in the tube. But seeing and forgetting is a simultaneous act. It's not forgetting it's not remembering. Sometimes people are only a blurred stain. Thickness. She walks with a slight stoop. When she is tired she only sees shoes that come close and pass her by. She also sees heels. In front. Now she walks fast and thoughtfully and doesn't even notice the shoes. She wears an artificial leopard skin coat. The collar of the coat tickles her nape but nobody knows. It's a horrible coat. But it is not authentic skin. When she arrives at the station she goes down the stairs walks through a long corridor lets herself be taken down the escalator walks down the long corridor which comes out at the platform. The platform is covered with commercial advertisements. They are stuck on the concave walls of the platform. He enters wet from the rain but she doesn't see him because she is reading the advertisements. Saturation. A black case in his hand. Forgotten people. He approaches and asks which station he should get off for a certain place. Out of her voice comes nothing. She responds with a monosyllable. He is thankful. His lips have something aggressive about them. She continues reading the advertisements that are stuck on the concave walls which are the same as the ones on the corridors of the tube. She is ugly. Moderately. But the collar of her coat is a tremor of the neck. Normally it is never late. The texture of the lips cracked by cold. A noise is heard which is the noise of speed. He approaches her and asks her something and then thanks her. When the train arrives she starts to read the advertisements on the train. He sits in front of her and takes out his newspaper from the case. He starts reading it. The suit far too big.



It is a caress of artificial leopard. Now she crosses a gallery of columns. She sees hundreds of people but forgets them immediately. They disappear with the pace. Everyday. She goes down the tube stairs. Hundreds of people. Thickness. They go down the stairs everyday. In the station on the train she reads the advertisements. She walks along a long corridor goes down the stairs walks along another long corridor she arrives at the platform. She's not pretty. Sometimes she bumps into someone but that rarely occurs. When it does she apologizes. Embarrassed. She continues walking. He enters the platform with his case. Of black leather. He walks in a studious manner towards her and asks something please. She doesn't see him approach she is reading the advertisements on the concave walls of the platform. The coat's collar. Sometimes she only sees a blurred mass. In between advertisements. It tickles. Dark blue suit with very fine white lines. She responds with a monosyllable hardly looking at him. Artificial horrible but she likes it because it tickles her nape. Of leopard. The train is late she always catches it on time. He thanks her and moves away. On her nape. She gets closer to the edge of the platform the rails full of shit and rats. She responds with a monosyllable he says thanks. Tickles. Everyday. A noise is heard which is the noise of the train when it arrives. She gets on continues reading the advertisements. They are the same advertisements as in the platform as on the tube corridors. Saturation. It caresses her but nobody knows. He also gets on the train and sits in front of her. His lips cracked due to the cold. She continues reading the advertisements. He enters the platform wet from the rain. His hair dripping onto his face. She doesn't see him but the coat's collar tickles her. On all sides. Through. She sees hundreds of people everyday. Thickness. He sits in front of her takes out his newspaper from the case. She continues reading the advertisements. He takes out a newspaper from the case and starts reading it. The collar of the artificial leopard skin coat is a caress. Like a cotton wool necklace.



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