

Philosophy of the  
**SHIRT**  
by Arturo Silva  
Jionji Press





*Read with your shirt off.  
Write with your shirt on.*



*My father went mad; my mother won't  
stop talking; my brother, well, my  
brother...; but my sister gave me  
a shirt.*

*And from that sensibilitous shirt  
proceeded all other sisters: poetry,  
the city, and the woman I love.*

*Though I have my blue dahlia, and  
my great acorn, my raspberry is dying.*

*Shirts are a matter, not of design,  
but of engineering. Further: shirts  
are prose narratives in the third  
person singular. (Poetry? City plans,  
a total architecture: the ensemble  
of shirt, socks, tie, etc.)*

*What do I care for pants? I could wear  
the same pair for a month; but I have  
to change shirts at least three times  
a day.*



*Our resentments our hairshirts;  
the priest never removes his.*

*A year later, I revisited Zürich  
solely to revisit a shirt store  
(and to buy again the same shirt).  
In my ideal city, shirt stores  
would be open from dawn to sunset  
(as lingerie stores would be open  
from sunset to dawn).*

*I coveted a shirt t'other day,  
and resented the responsibilities  
that prevented me from buying it.  
Or: thralldom in a city (a city  
without a shirt): a week after payday,  
and still unable—even, that is,  
within the wide margin of a price  
range I allow myself—to find  
a shirt I can believe in.*

*Phenomenology, outdone—exceeded—  
and brought down, by the final slap,  
challenge: brought down...*



*by a*

*shirt.*



*The best shirts in the world are  
made in Japan, and in Germany.*

*The Japanese shirt possesses all the  
subtlety (of color, design), harmony,  
and ease (superficiality) we  
associate with that culture.*

*The German, on the other hand, is as  
rigorous, direct, and perfectly  
executed as we expect from a product  
of that culture. (What do we know of  
Kleist's shirts? Of Hölderlin's!)*

*But: the best wearer of shirts:  
The Spaniard.*

*A man's shirt; a woman's shoes;\**  
*a child's mood.*

*What's the difference between a  
blouse and a shirt? This: a blouse,  
whether worn or not, always already  
possesses all of its character.*

*(Though often then not very much:  
haven't they become simply "tops"?,  
ensembles mere "outfits"?)*

*But a shirt has no character until  
it is worn; and then only when  
it is admired both by a woman,  
and by another man.*

*\*Her philosophy!*



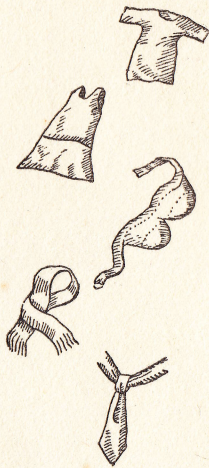
*Some shirts a*

*Some dresses an*

*Brassieres a*

*A scarf an*

*A necktie a*



*Whenever I have said "magazine",  
I could very well have said "shirt".  
With this difference, though:  
I know how shirts are made.  
(I.e., shirts, like magazines partake  
of the order of Poetry ((But can this  
be learnt only in Japan?)) )*

*A woman combing her hair;  
a man taking off his shirt.  
A woman admiring her nakedness;  
a man putting on his shirt.*

*Paradise of the Shirt: the shirt is  
the closest we come to a (re)union  
of the sexes. A shirt, properly made,  
chosen, and worn, possesses all the  
grace, sensuality, and ambiguity  
of womanhood.*

*A man unaware of this (his shirt)  
is kin to a savage unaware of  
his destiny.*



*Death of a Shirt (a fitting end):  
my favorite shirt was blown off the  
line in a typhoon.*







COLLARPHON



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*Richard Flavin*



*heart-pocket*



