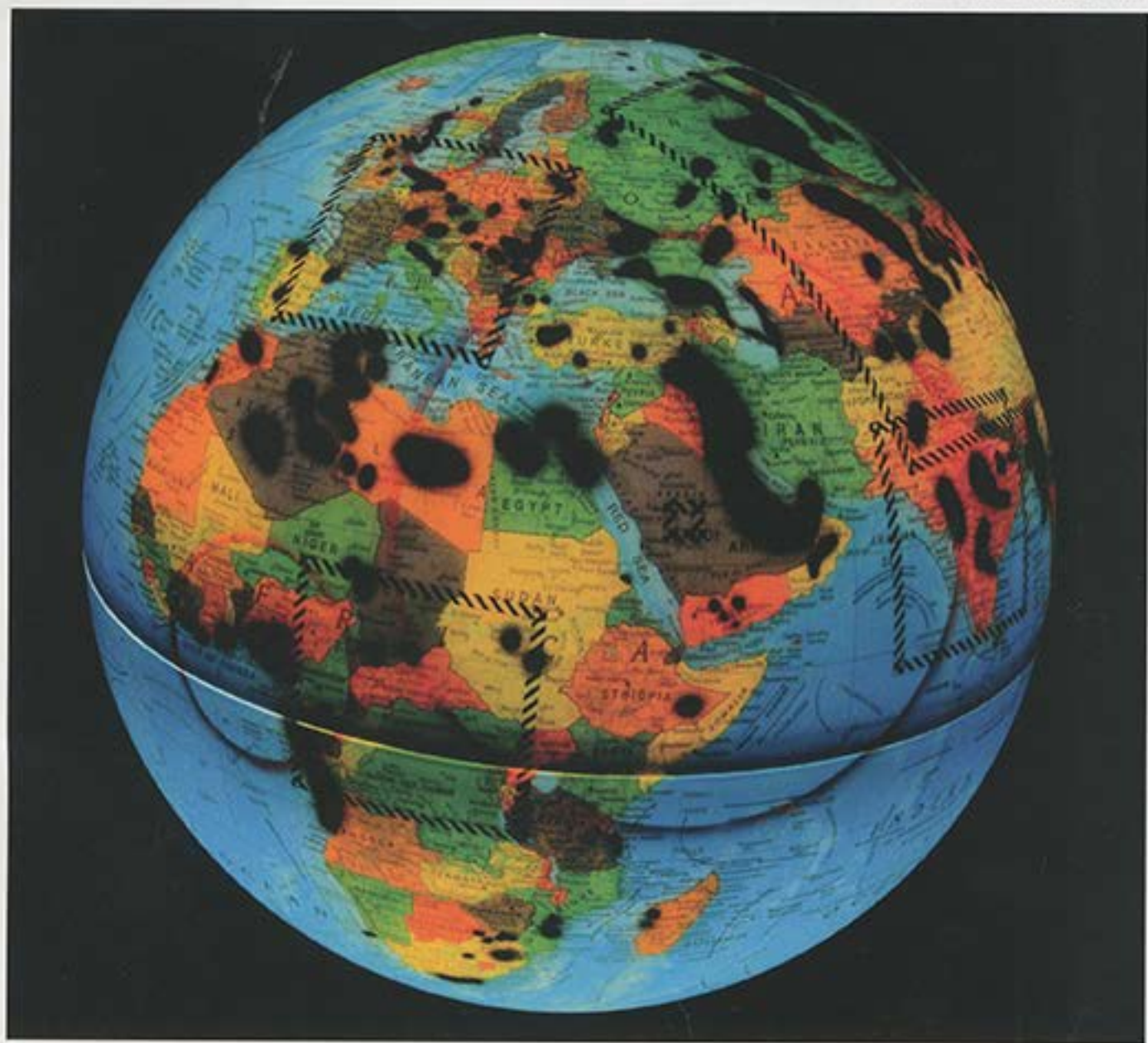


GEOFF DYER ON TENNIS  
ENABLING A SAUDI SLAUGHTER

# HARPER'S

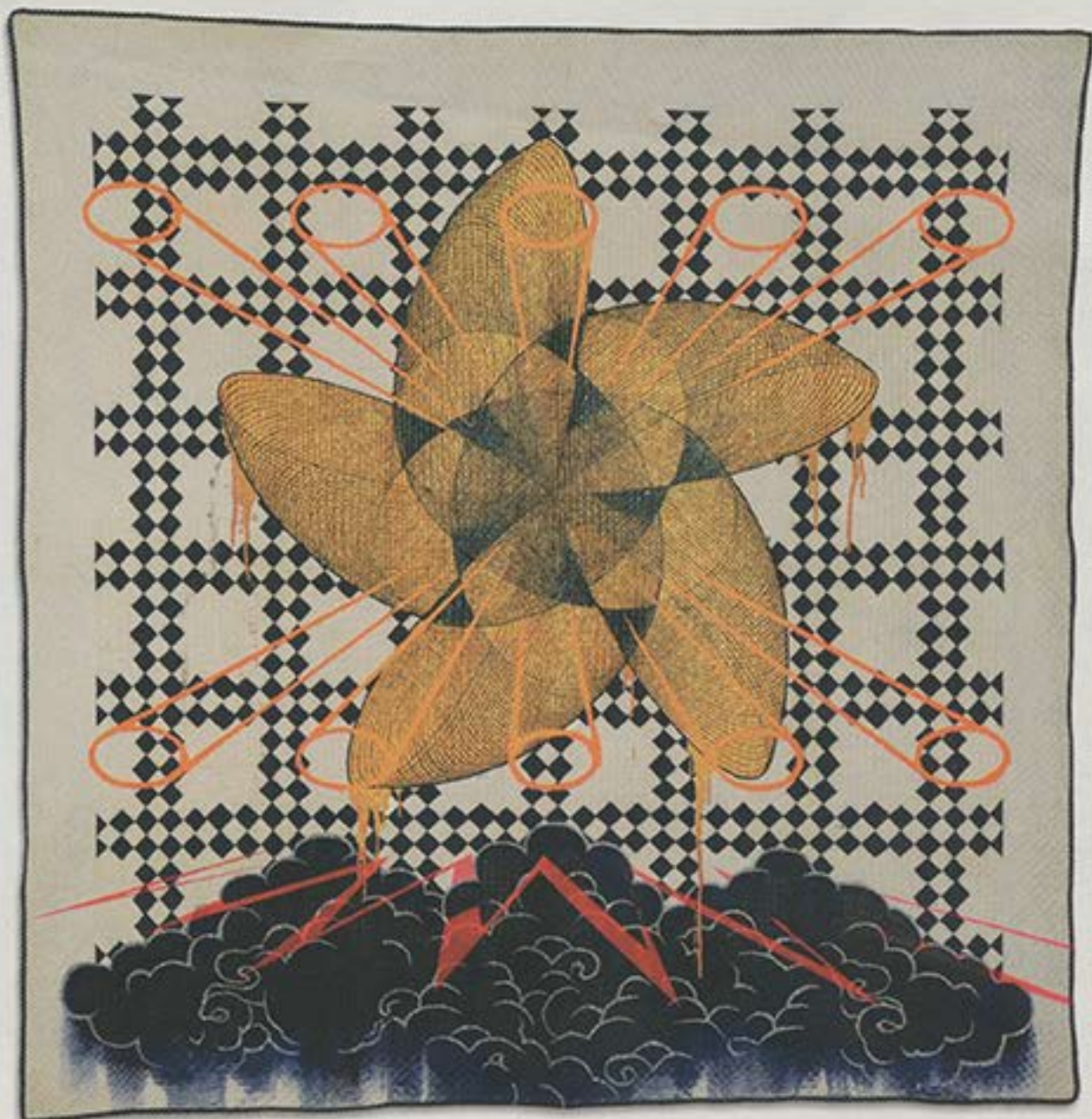
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## TEARING UP THE MAP

THE FOREIGN POLICY FIGHT WE SHOULD BE HAVING,  
WITH DOMINIQUE DE VILLEPIN, HAMID DABASHI,  
PAULA J. DOBRIANSKY, HASSAN HASSAN,  
KORI SCHAKE, AND ANDREW J. BACEVICH





Quilt #15, Harmonics 2, a mixed-media painting on quilt by Sanford Biggers, whose work is on view this month as part of *Southern Accent: Seeking the American South in Contemporary Art*, at the Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University, in Durham, North Carolina.

my mouth. I was ready for its philosophy; but when something is in the mouth, there is not always that clear relationship of container to contained. The thing inside you could be so enormous (in concept) or conversely so minutely intricate (like overlapping web structures) that although your body encloses it, it is the only reason you know your body. It is the only way you have to say, "There is something in my mouth." Something reversed on me when I tasted "sentence," as if now I was consumed, sealed inside some container; and though this sounded like a bad situation to find oneself in—mouth full of papier-mâché, a word that represented all thought-structure sitting right

on the tongue—it was like dreaming inside a machine, or dreaming up a machine that was your life.

I sat in front of it and felt distinctly without conflict that we were separate: I was a body and it was an object, albeit the thinnest I'd ever seen, and the most cavernous. I was a body and it was a page and we both had our proverbial blankness. I was poised to write. I was poised to open and write or to open and let writing happen. Since it had yet to be determined what writing actually was, how it formed, and where it went once it was made, you didn't know what