

androgynous body of Jerry-Everyone, suspended by the navel in endless rotation, and ask it yourself.

Some species of the *Cyclosa* and *Uloborus* adorn their webs with a fake spider or two whipped up from their silk and the remains of their prey—the tough, stringy bits that don't taste good. They sculpt doubles of themselves and place them on the web so that predators will attack this bait instead of them. Ah, that's my favorite, the spider-sculptor ... making its own decoys.

The survival of the fittest, said Darwin, of the

[Qualities]

PLAYING HARD TO WED

From descriptions listed on cards included in Arranged!, a board game developed by Nashra Balagamwala, a Pakistani designer, and released in May in the United States. Game play consists of moving a teenaged girl around the board to escape encounters with the aunty, a matchmaker with unsavory suitors in tow. Players can compete as a girl or as the aunty. The following cards direct the aunty to approach or retreat from various girls on the basis of their marrying potential.

- You see a girl with naturally light hair.
- You see a girl whose skin color is A on the A-Z whiteness chart.
- You see a girl whose feet are softer and cleaner than her face.
- You see a girl who isn't fat but isn't skinny either.
- You see a girl with childbearing hips.
- You see a girl who makes perfectly round rotis.
- You see a girl whose sister is submissive to her mother-in-law.
- You see a girl whose parents have been collecting her dowry for ten years.
- You see a girl whose aim in life is to have nine children.
- You find a girl whose Instagram account is public.
- You see a girl with an eyebrow piercing.
- You see a girl using public transportation.
- You hear a girl talking about traveling with friends.
- A girl didn't look away during the kissing scene in a movie.
- You see an unmarried girl riding a horse.

best fit for a given niche. Whereas you're interested in the survival of the unfit, in the strategies of the handicapped, in the victory of the tortoise over the hare.

In a book, you read the story of a man who played billiards by himself. Against himself. He called it a game of the able against the one-armed. The able made a normal shot, while the one who played against him used only one hand.

One day, the one-armed man won.

The man stayed drunk for three days straight and never played billiards again.

So, you have to work with it. With the lacks, the weaknesses. The fatal inabilities. Work the handicaps against their grain. Survival of the unfit. Prove Darwin wrong. We must go further. Fueled by despair. The strategy of the besieged. Have confidence in weakness.

There are artists who work off their gifts—they may use them, overdo them, or even obstruct them, but no matter what they do, they're still gifted. Whether they accept their gifts or not makes no difference. And there are others who work off their inabilities, their incapacities, and their ineptitudes because they have no choice, though what they produce will never have the authority, the inevitability, or the definitive stature that is the mark of the gifted when they're great.

The ungifted tend not to like themselves very much, and they often don't like their work either. And so they work feverishly in an unconscious attempt to flee success when they glimpse it, unwittingly protecting their work. Their power to touch viewers, to say something, stays more alive by being constantly put off until later. And it's precisely in this *later* that their force resides. *Later* may well never arrive, but it retains a potential that *right now* quickly exhausts.

Which is why some among the inept can look forward to the lovely potential for revenge. It's always possible that the one-armed man might win. And when he does, it's both touching and troubling because it's the victory of fallibility.

You look at yourself in the mirror. You find yourself faded. You had a particular tenderness for Mother's soft belly. You recognize it—your belly is just like Mother's, which brought you into the world. You feel so small. If we didn't fiercely squelch all memory of our first three years, we would be crushed by the recognition of how small we were. This smallness will always be an integral part of us. You are not crushed; you have nipped that crushing in the bud. At times you feel drunk with smallness, and you dream of nothing but abandoning yourself to a sea strong enough to carry you away.



Photographs by Hayahisa Tomiyasu from his book TTP, which was published in May by MACK. TTP is a series of photographs taken from the window of Tomiyasu's former student apartment in Leipzig, Germany, which overlooks a Ping-Pong table (Tischtennisplatte) in a public park.