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the
PILLOW BOOK





In pillowed splendor couched, soft-gilded by
the sun,
Behold, a giant and yet a godlike woman
form.
And well I see, like Juno, Leda, Helen — so
In lovely majesty it glides before my sight.



Examples of 'Pillow' in a Sentence

- Your best bet is investing in a comfortable pillow which properly supports your head and neck.
- First they arranged pillows in their beds to fool prison officers carrying out checks that they were both asleep.
- They also warn against soft bedding, blankets, pillows and soft toys.
- They were in a bedroom at the time, cosy amid duvets and pillows, as though at a sleep over.
- And I cannot stand foam pillows — who actually sleeps on those?
- The price is for a pillow case and a duvet cover.
- She raised her head slightly off the pillow.
- They must drift off as soon as their head hits the pillow.



... early modern communities attached great weight to dreams. Numerous people practiced the “art of procuring pleasant dreams,” whether by reading before bed, avoiding heavy meals, or by placing a piece of cake beneath one’s pillow . . .

Country maidens reportedly resorted to charms in order to glimpse their future husbands. One sixteenth-century spell, reprinted in an English chapbook, required the girl to place an onion beneath her pillow before reciting a short verse.

Whereupon, “lying on thy back, with thy arms abroad, go to sleep as soon as you can, and in your first sleep you shall dream of him.”





In the morning she was asked how she had slept.

“Oh, very badly!” said she.

“I have scarcely closed my eyes all night. Heaven only knows what was in the bed, but I was lying on something hard, so that I am black and blue all over my body. It’s horrible!”

Now they knew that she was a real princess because she had felt the pea right through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdown beds.



Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts, als Schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
Leisestes Erinnern kaum,
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle
Nieder klingt in meine Ruh',
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,
Fester zu die Augen tu'!



It was while the patient was in this condition that I undertook her treatment, and I at once recognized the seriousness of the psychical disturbance with which I had to deal. Two entirely distinct states of consciousness were present which alternated very frequently and without warning and which became more and more differentiated in the course of the illness. In one of these states she recognized her surroundings; she was melancholy and anxious, but relatively normal. In the other state she hallucinated and was 'naughty' — that is to say, she was abusive, used to throw the cushions at people, so far as the contractions at various times allowed, tore buttons off her bedclothes and linen with those of her fingers which she could move, and so on. At this stage of her illness if something had been moved in the room or someone had

entered or left it [during her other state of consciousness] she would complain of having 'lost' some time and would remark upon the gap in her train of conscious thoughts. Since those about her tried to deny this and to soothe her when she complained that she was going mad, she would, after throwing the pillows about, accuse people of doing things to her and leaving her in a muddle, etc.



On that specific Pillow
Our projects flit away—
The Night's tremendous Morrow
And whether sleep will stay

Or usher us—a stranger—
To situations new
The effort to comprise it
Is all the soul can do





So I am considering buying an anime body pillow. As a single 21-year-old male, I get lonely. I just want to hug it when I sleep, not bring it out to dates or smash with it.

When I come home from life's stressors, I just want to hug the pillow. None of that normie stuff on the internet is what I intend to do.

But they cost \$50. Is it worth it to buy anime pillows? (I'm considering Emilia from *re zero*, just in case you're wondering. No opinions on my choice, please.)



In France, [Ho Chi Minh] became involved in the socialist movement, which taught him about working class struggles in Europe, although the French socialists could not bring themselves to break with the colonial policies of their country. This frustrated Ho Chi Minh. When the socialist Jean Longuet told him to read Karl Marx's *Capital*, Ho Chi Minh found it hard going and later said that he mainly used it as a pillow.



In the Wahnschaffes' sitting room.
FRAU POGATSCHNIGG:

Well, I must say, *Hero's Grave for the Home* is selling like hotcakes back in Austria and everyone is

wild about it.

FRAU WAHNSCHAFTE:

(modestly disclaiming credit) Oh, that only benefitted the dead. But my hubby has now invented the *Hero's Pillow*, the ultimate present for our returning warriors to rest their heads on after all their exploits. It comprises: 1. A fitting dedication: *Victorious warriors*. 2. The Iron Cross. 3. The warrior's name, encircled by oak leaves as a symbol of German strength. 4. Little German and Austrian flags as a sign of the Special Relationship—

FRAU POGATSCHNIGG:

Aha, splendid!

FRAU WAHNSCHAFTE:

—and 5. *Welcome home!* Price: 3 marks 50.



Rachel went to bed; she lay in the dark, it seemed to her, for a very long time, but at length, waking from a transparent kind of sleep, she saw the windows white in front of her, and recollected that some time before she had gone to bed with a headache . . . She supposed, therefore, that she was now quite well again. At the same time the wall of her room was painfully white, and curved lightly, instead of being straight and flat. Turning her eyes to the window, she was not reassured by what she saw there. The movement of the blind as it filled with air and blew slowly out, drawing the cord with a little trailing sound along the floor, seemed to her terrifying, as if it were the movement of an animal in the room. She shut her eyes, and the pulse in her head beat so strongly that each thump seemed to tread upon a nerve, piercing her forehead with a

little stab of pain. It might not be the same headache, but she certainly had a headache. She turned from side to side, in the hope that the coolness of the sheets would cure her, and that when she next opened her eyes to look the room would be as usual. After a considerable number of vain experiments, she resolved to put the matter beyond a doubt. She got out of bed and stood upright, holding on to the brass ball at the end of the bedstead. Ice-cold at first, it soon became as hot as the palm of her hand, and as the pains in her head and body and the instability of the floor proved that it would be far more intolerable to stand and walk than to lie in bed, she got into bed again; but though the change was refreshing at first, the discomfort of bed was soon as great as the discomfort of standing up. She accepted the idea that she would have to stay in bed all day long, and as she laid her head on the pillow, relinquished the happiness of the day.



Zum Einschlafen

Schwarzblauer Himmel,
Goldener Stern,
Stille im Walde,
Wolke, so fern.
Boote im Hafen.
Engelein wacht.
Kindlein will schlafen.
Welt, gute Nacht!



kidney transfer

the noise of the train had later caused my eyes to close. the headrests served their purpose and the blue bean-shaped pillow finally got its job back with the back of my head. while i could no longer smell the person who had previously propped his head on it, i was sure that something must have remained of him or her. maybe some dandruff? or hair? i liked this thought as i fell asleep on the pillow. i made it mine temporarily until I got off again.





And he was in the hinder part of the ship,
asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and
say unto him,

Master, carest thou not that we perish?

And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and
said unto the sea,

Peace, be still.

And the wind ceased, and there was a
great calm.



**Warning Signs Your Pillow Is Damaging
Your Brain Power And Overall Health.**

**How Bad Is It Really to Never Change Your
Pillow?**

**Could my pillow be affecting my health . . .
or worse, is my pillow toxic?**

Is your pillow hurting your health?

**I stopped using a pillow to sleep. This is what
followed.**

**Sleep With or Without a Pillow — What
Choice is The Right One?**

Your Pillow Could Be Making You Sick.

November 24, 2021

14:23

On TGV 9580

The train at 2 pm on weekdays was peaceful, but the 2-hour delay made the atmosphere a bit heavy. Some started to call, informing their loved ones of their situation, while others shut their eyes and leaned back fully on their seats to relax, as the short trip became longer.

A child whined, perhaps thinking the parked train was boring, then a young father walked around holding the child's hand. The child with bright eyes and hair stopped his way and looked at me for a while, wondering if my dark hair and eyes looked weird. Children can look into other people's eyes for as long as they want. I think this is one of their privileges. But I don't know what to do when a child is staring at me. The child's gaze became a little uncomfortable, so I decided to end this staring game. But should I scare him

away or smile at him? I turned my eyes to the father of the child, and he was quite large. I'm a little scared of tall men. Frightened, I eventually chose to make a smiley face, then the child laughed and the father laughed as well. Everything went well.



Movement, or rather the successive images of the body in movement, appeared in my paintings only two or three months later, in October 1911, when I was thinking about doing the “Sad Young Man on a Train.”

First, there's the idea of the movement of the train, and then that of the sad young man who is in a corridor and who is moving about; thus there are two parallel movements

corresponding to each other.

Then, there is the distortion of the young man — I had called this *elementary parallelism*. It was a formal decomposition; that is, linear elements following each other like parallels and distorting the object.

The object is completely stretched out, as if elastic. The lines follow each other in parallels, while changing subtly to form the movement, or the form of the young man in question. I also used this procedure in the “Nude Descending a Staircase.”

In the “Sad Young Man on a Train” I already showed my intention of introducing humor into painting, or, in any case, the humor of word play: *triste*, train.

I think Apollinaire called the picture “Melancholy in a Train.” The young man is sad because there is a train that comes afterward. “Tr” is very important.



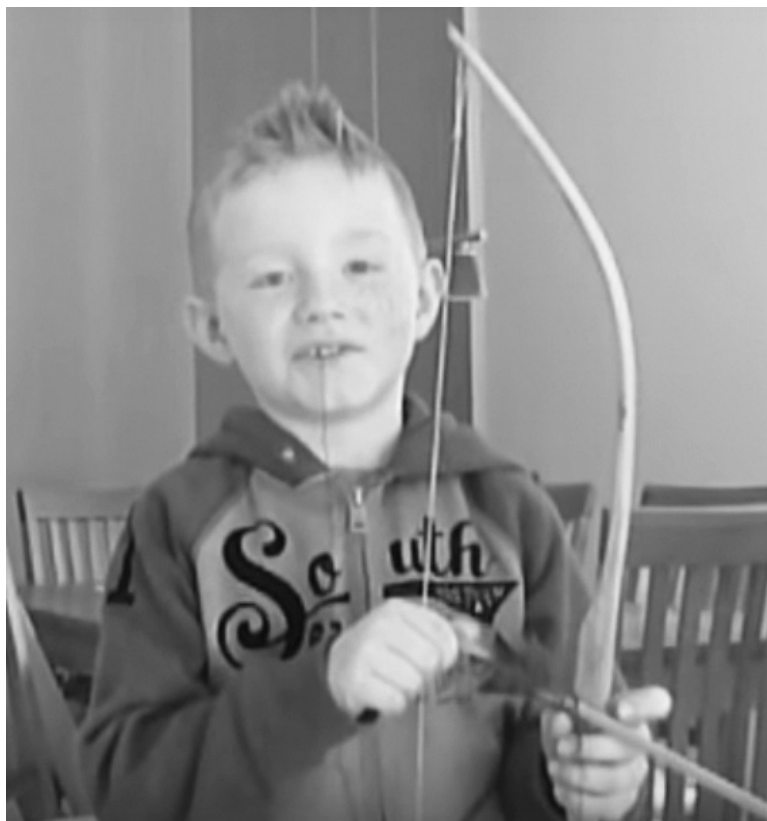


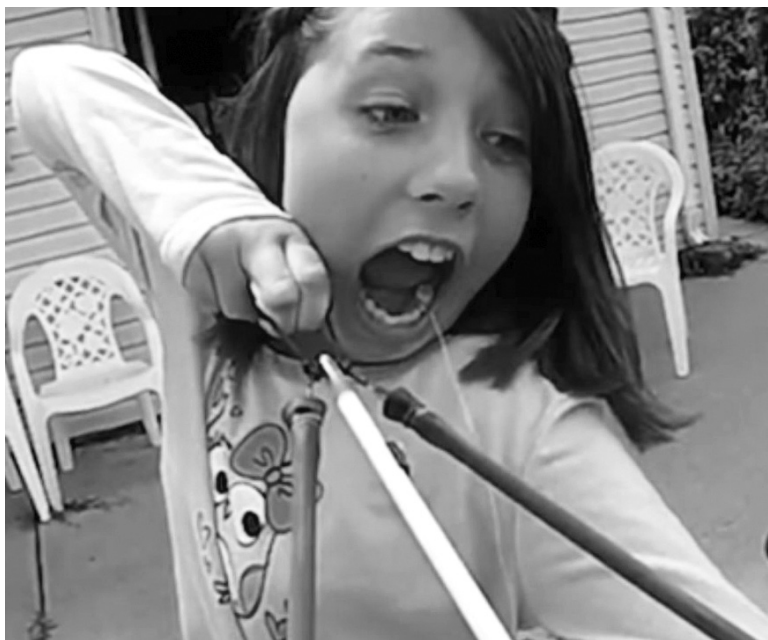
Getting a body pillow to solve a loneliness problem won't really do anything, you need actual human interaction to solve that problem. As for getting a pillow with your favorite character, I just find it weird to be completely honest, but you spend your money the way you want to; though it's better just to buy a pillow without the art on it and would serve the same purpose.













November 24, 2021

15:04

On TGV 9580

There was frost on the windows due to the contrast between the cold weather and the warm train. A child blew his breath on the window to make a fog and put his little hand on it, then looked at its mark. I'm not particularly a fan of kids, but his little handprint was pretty cute.

Looking at the marks, I thought of the handprints in cave paintings. They could hunt cows and even whales, and they were so excited that they drew it in a cave and left their hand prints next to it. "Here I am. Here I remain." It reminds me of a line from a movie that I saw a few days ago. How old were the hunters after all? For some reason, I feel they might have been pretty young — which is amazing. I barely cook, but the people in the cave paintings hunted big animals for eating.

Actually, I was also a pretty active mural artist. Mom wrote in her parenting diary that I had painted the whole wall of the house and she cried a little while erasing them. Mom, that's how I ended up majoring in painting. The wall was ruined, but it wouldn't have been in vain.

Perhaps that was my last mural painting. Although I didn't paint to celebrate a successful hunt, wasn't that the time when I enjoyed painting the most? Come to think of it, the large canvas in my room is still empty. My flatmates want to see it done, but I haven't even started yet.





No ideas but on pillows.



Something of the sort happened to the Arabs during the conquest by which they came to rule the Persians and Byzantines and made their daughters and sons their servants.

At that time, the Arabs had no sedentary culture at all. The story goes that when they were given a pillow they supposed it was a bundle of rags.

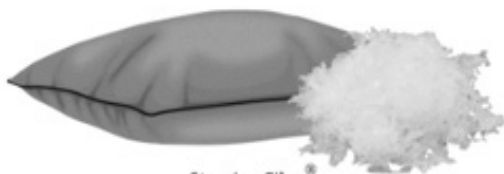
Synthetic Filling Types



Polyester Cluster



Foam



Stamina Fibre®

Natural Filling Types



Down & Feather



Wool



Latex

A DEUTSCHE BAHN SLEEPING MANIFESTO

observation of a transitory sleeping space

1. To rest in a moving place is relaxing for one's nerves. and offers a great opportunity to get away from *Alltagssorgen*.

2. Why do babies sleep so well in cars?
Maybe the train is the adult version of this phenomenon.

3. Achtung RUHEBEREICH!

4. Some business person on the phone.

5. Young adults should learn how to use headphones properly.

6. Never ever go by train during Volksfest season.

7. Does anyone want coffee? Yes? Oh well, then it's five euros, please. No oat milk, sorry.

8. It is not allowed for single persons to sit in the *Abteil*.

9. Is this seat next to you already taken?

10. I wonder how these pillows never contain any lice or other parasites.

11. ...

12. Train arrives soon. Next stop is yours. Thank you for sleeping with Deutsche Bahn.



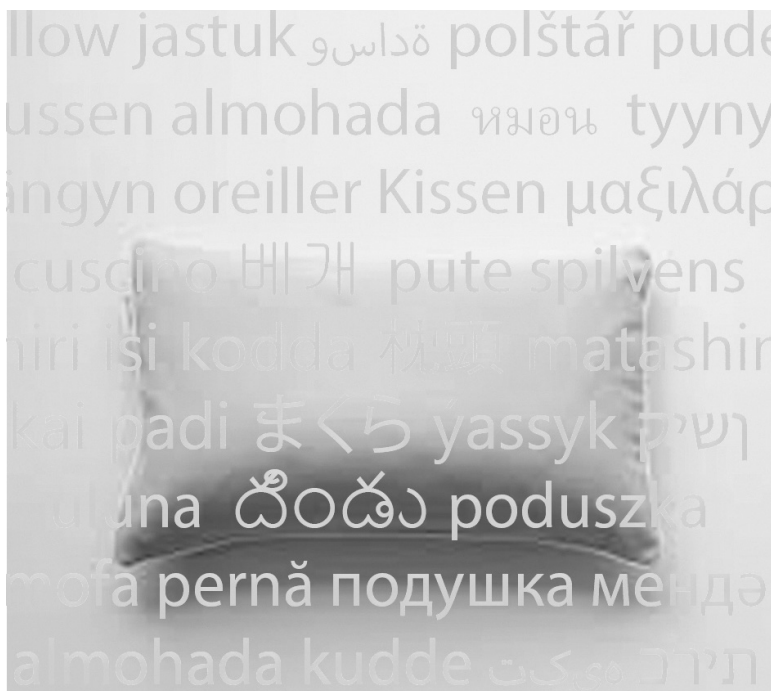
His bed was screened by high white curtains, and covered in the daytime with flowered quilts, embroidered counterpanes and cambric pillow-cases which he had to remove and drape over a chair, 'where they consented to spend the night,' before he could go to bed . . . The whole room was full of objects 'which obviously hadn't been put there in the hope that they would be of use to anyone'; but their very uselessness gave them an individuality, a mysterious life of their own.



The verso of Dürer's *Self-Portrait* in the Metropolitan Museum displays an extraordinary example of the young Dürer's diligence as an aspiring artist. The artist has filled the sheet with six studies of crumpled pillows. Except for the top two, no pillow overlaps nother, nor do they cast shadows on any surface outside their own. Unadorned and silhouetted against a neutral ground, each pillow is captured in its volume and coherency as a separate object, even as it is distorted from its essential square form. A pillow is the simplest of things: two surfaces enclosing a volume. Yet Dürer delights in the passage from simple to complex, from smooth to tortuous, as he pens the structural logic of his motif . . . One supposes that the six pillows are really permutations of a single pillow that has been punched, twisted, and arranged by the artist himself.

In *Six Pillows*, Dürer learns to master the thing in itself — here the unformed clump potentially infinite in variation — by translating its shape into the movements of his pen. The recto of the sheet charts this operation. The artist's gaze, depicted in the self-portrait, conjoins with his hand (here Dürer's left hand projected to the right) to confront and represent an object: the crumpled pillow below . . . By the time he sketches the seventh pillow at the base of the sheet's verso, Dürer has learned to isolate his object, depicting the pillow as a volume that, however complex, remains legible, stable, and self-contained.







The consulting room where Freud saw his analysands, and his adjoining study, gradually became crowded to bursting with oriental rugs, with photographs of friends, with plaques. The glassed-in bookcases were laden with books and covered with objects; the walls carpeted with snapshots and etchings. The famous couch was a production in itself, piled high with pillows, supplied with a rug at its foot for patients to use if they were cold, and covered with a Persian rug, a Shiraz.



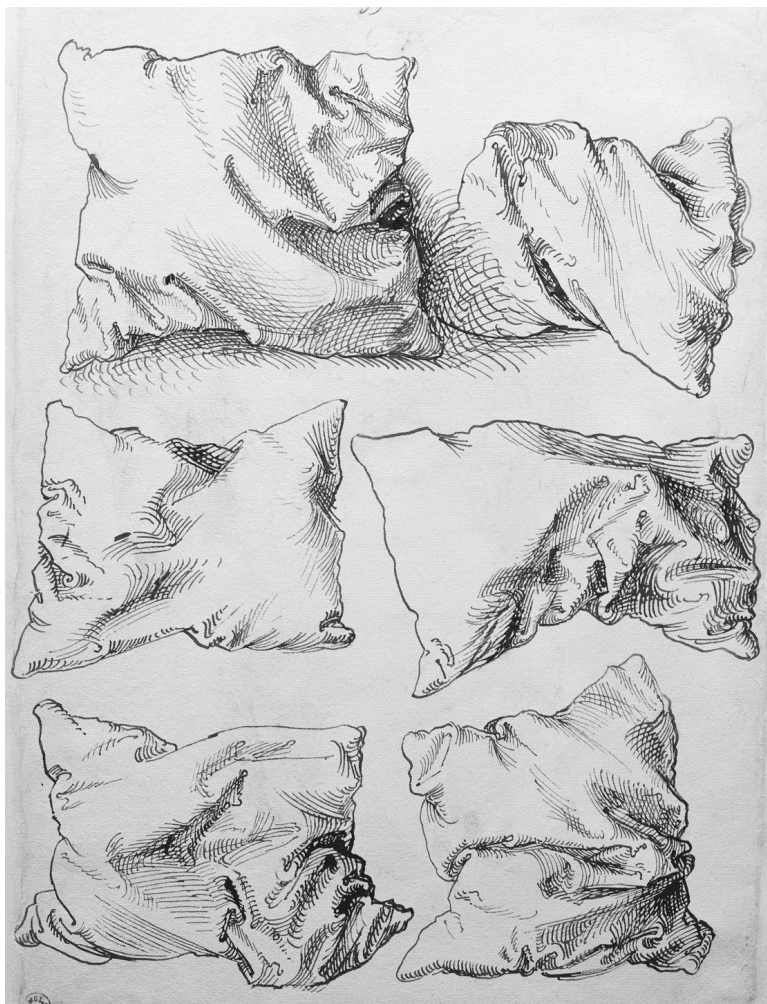
Palace Minister Korechika one day presented to the Empress a bundle of paper. 'What do you think we could write on this?' Her Majesty inquired.

'They are copying *Records of the Historian* over at His Majesty's court.'

'This should be a "pillow", then,' I suggested.

'Very well, it's yours,' declared Her Majesty, and she handed it over to me.







Finding the right pillow is a matter of personal preference. You have plenty of options in today's high-tech era: materials that conform to your shape (memory foam), keep you cool, wick away moisture, or repel mold and dust mites (which may help allergy sufferers). Some pillows even track your sleep habits and wake you with music (these can be pricey, in the hundreds of dollars).

Traditional materials are also popular. Pillows made of down and feathers conform to your shape and repel dust mites, but they can be hot and expensive. Pillows made of cotton, wool, or synthetic cotton are less expensive, but they make a more attractive climate for dust mites, climate for dust mites.

Keep firmness in mind. Side sleepers need a firm pillow for support. Rectangular pillows with panels on the side may help;

they're taller than standard pillows. Back and stomach sleepers may want to use thinner, softer pillows.

The goal is a comfortable position that will help you sleep. "Try to get the spine in a relatively straight position. But every-one's recipe will be a little different," says Matthew O'Rourke, a physical therapist at Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital.



The predicament of private life today is shown by its arena. Dwelling, in the proper sense, is now impossible . . . the sleepless are on call at any hour, unresistingly ready for anything, alert and unconscious at once.



Keep your valued possessions safe by concealing them in the secret compartment pillow. Here you can stash your goods — candy, drugs, cash, ideas, bodies, music, faeces, air, stocks, plants, vitamins, cutlery, dandruff, fingernails, hair, power banks, pets, works of art, train tickets, jewellery, promises, poems, makeup, anxieties, etc — in an easily accessible location that no one would ever think to look in.



From now on, may nothing ever cause me to go back on my resolve: never sacrifice the object of my study in order to enhance some verbal turn discovered on the subject, nor piece together any such discoveries in a poem. Always go back to the object itself, to its raw quality, its difference: particularly its difference from what I've (just then) written about it.





In all the edifices of thought, I have found
no category on which to rest my head.
Whereas Chaos — there's a pillow!





STUFFING

- 4 Mladen Stilinović, *Artist at Work*, 1978
- 4 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust, Part 2* (New York: Penguin Books, 1979), act 4, sc. 1, 215
- 5 Jihae Jang, “Foreigner”
- 6 A. Roger Ekirch, *At Day’s Close: Night in Times Past* (New York: W.W. Norton, 2006), p. 320
- 7 Albrecht Dürer, *Self-portrait, Study of a Hand and a Pillow (recto); Six Studies of Pillows (verso)*, 1493, Pen and brown ink (Metropolitan Museum of Art; Robert Lehman Collection, 1975)
- 8 Hans Christian Anderson, *The Princess and the Pea*, 1835
- 9 Christian Friedrich Hebbel, “Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!,” von *Dem Schmerz sein Recht*: im Friedrich Hebbel, *Sämtliche Werke. I*, (Abteilung: Werke, Berlin [1911 ff]), S. 287
- 10–11 Sigmund Freud, “The Case of Anna O.” reproduced in *The Freud Reader*, edited by Peter Gay (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1989), p. 63
- 12 Emily Dickinson, [“On that Specific Pillow”] (1533), in *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Thomas H. Johnson (New York: Back Bay Books, 1975)
- 12 Unknown Artist and Gian Lorenzo Bernini (mattress), *Sleeping Hermaphroditus*, 1620(mattress), marble, The Louvre
- 13 Comment by user *Edgeofthelords* on the *Myanimelist* forum post “What is Everyone’s Opinion on Anime Body Pillows?,” June 5, 2020, 11:59 pm
- 14 Vijay Prishad, “Sometimes Marx’s *Capital* is a Pillow, Sometimes it Obliges us to Deepen Our Struggles: The Seventh Newsletter,” *The Tricontinental*, February 18, 2021

- 14–15 Karl Kraus, *The Last Days of Mankind*, translated by Fred Bridgham and Edward Timms (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 2015) act IV, scene 22
- 16–17 Virginia Woolf, *The Voyage Out* (London: The Hogarth Press, 1915), 162.
- 18 Mascha Kaléko, “Zum Einschlafen,” im *Die paar leuchtenden Jahre* (dtv, 2003), p. 109
- 19 Valentin Hesch, “kidney transfer”
- 20 still from Michael Haneke, *Amour*, distributed by Les Films du Losange, 2012
- 21 *Mark 4:38–39*, King James Bible
- 22 Life-hack Kapok
- 23–24 Jeongmin Han, “November 24, 2021 14:23 On TGV 9580”
- 24–25 Marcel Duchamp, interviewed in Pierre Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp*, translated by Ron Padgett, (Boston: Da Capo Press, 1971), p. 29
- 26 stills from Jean Vigo, *Zéro de Conduite*, distributed by Gaumont Film Co., 1933
- 27 still from James H. White, *Seminary Girls*, distributed by Edison Films, 1897
- 27 Comment by *REMOVED USER* on the *Myanimelist* forum post “What is Everyone’s Opinion on Anime Body Pillows?,” June 5, 2020, 03:58 am
- 28–33 Valentin Hesch, *Untitled 1–6*
- 34–35 Jeongmin Han, “November 24, 2021 15:04 On TGV 9580”
- 36 Kapok corruption of William Carlos Williams
- 37 Ibn Khaldun, *The Muqaddimah: An Introduction to History*, translated and introduced by Franz Rosenthal (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press, 2015), p. 138

- 38–39 FR Systems International “Myths of Bedding Hygeine — Your Bedding Could be Making You Sick,” <https://tinyurl.com/yckj2y87>
- 40–41 Laura Vogelhaefer, *Deutsche Bahn Manifesto*
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- 43–44 Joseph Leo Koerner, *The Moment of Self-Portraiture in German Renaissance Art* (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1993), p. 12
- 45 Jihae Jang, *Pillow*
- 46 still from Jean Vigo, *Zéro de Conduite*, distributed by Gaumont Film Co., 1933
- 46 Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time* (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1998), p. 170
- 47 Sei Shonagon, *The Pillow Book*, translated by Meredith McKinney (London: Penguin Classics, 2007), pp. 225–256
- 47 still from James H. White, *Seminary Girls*, distributed by Edison Films, 1897
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- 49–50 Pillow advice Kapok
- 50 Theodor W. Adorno, *Minima Moralia: Reflections from a Damaged Life*, translated by E. F. M. Jephcott (New York & London: Verso Books), pp. 38-39
- 51 Maryam Ashkanian, *Sleep Series*, 2014, embroidery on pillow, 70x90x20cm
- 51 Still from *The Simpsons*, “Krusty Gets Kancelled,” Season 4, Episode 22, distributed by 20th Television
- 52 Storage advice Kapok

52 Francis Ponge, *Mute Objects of Expression* (New York: Archipelago Books, 2006)

53 stills from Michael Haneke, *Amour*, distributed by Les Films du Losange, 2012

54 Attributed (potentially apocryphally) to Emil Cioran

55 Anon (21 c.), *ICE Deep-dream*



