

TORVALD.

Anne Marie told me that you – you write these little books –

I didn't mean that in a – I meant – just she told me that that's
what you do now,
so I was curious,
and I walked into a bookstore.
I asked the man in the bookstore
what's the book that the women are reading,
I'd like to read that book,
and he said, well you must be thinking of this book,
and he handed me a book,
and it didn't have your name on it,
but I figured it was a uh –

And so I bought the book,
and I took it with me to the fjord,
and I sat on the rock,
and I read the book,
the whole thing,
from beginning to end.
And the book was about you,
and the book was about me,
and it was about all the things that happened between us.
It was hard for me to read it.

. . .I'm sitting there reading
and thinking every so often,
oh I remember that or I forgot that or –

And some things made me really mad and –

I come off pretty badly in the book. I come off as a real –

I'm going to read some parts out loud

"He looked at me with a look of condescension"

(Turns a page.)

– you say things like that often – "He sneered"
"He pontificated" ...
but this is the one.
This one is the one that really –

(Turns to a page.)

"I lived in terror of my husband.
He didn't so much look at me, as much as he looked through me.
I didn't exist.
Yes, he doted on me,
but he only doted because the act of doting made him feel good.
But you could have substituted in for me
any woman. It didn't matter.

Once I asked him what he liked about me.
He told me he liked everything.
I pressed for more.
He said I was pretty.
He said I was his.
He said I was perfect.
This is why I lived in terror.
Not because he was violent – he wasn't –
Not because he ever threatened my life – he never did –
Unless you count living with someone who can't see you
as life – threatening – which in a way it is."

That hurts.

I'm not like that – not *now*.