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In a paper he wrote for another student, the topic was voyeurism & he found that when Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the Conciergerie

awaiting execution, *une garde* never left her room. She slept, ate & prayed all under his gaze, his body hidden behind a tall screen but his head protruding above, like a phantasm, a secret eye hidden in plain sight, a panopticon of one, *voyeur* itself French, for “to see.”

The concierge named his castle after himself, proud master of the keep, master of the three towers: Caesar, Silver & Bonbec, the last,

where the torturer slept, between prisoners, *bon bec*, or *good beak*, which is the problem with the literal, since the torturer operates by analogies: *make him squeal, make him sing, bring in the Judas chair, break out the veil.* Hamida Djandoubi, the last one guillotined, 1977, a Tunisian, an amputee

before his execution, “quite flexible despite his wound,” himself a torturer, selling Algerian girls for sex, like Barthes said of France

(by analogy). Marcel Chevalier, the last executioner, beheader-in-chief, knight on horseback, *chivalrous* because he drew the veil, forty times. “You have informed us that he appears to have a fear of insects.” When they kept him awake, in that room with lights, where the mornings

kept tripping over night, Yoo wrote, “no more than eleven days at a time.” Did he go blind from all the seeing . . . have I?