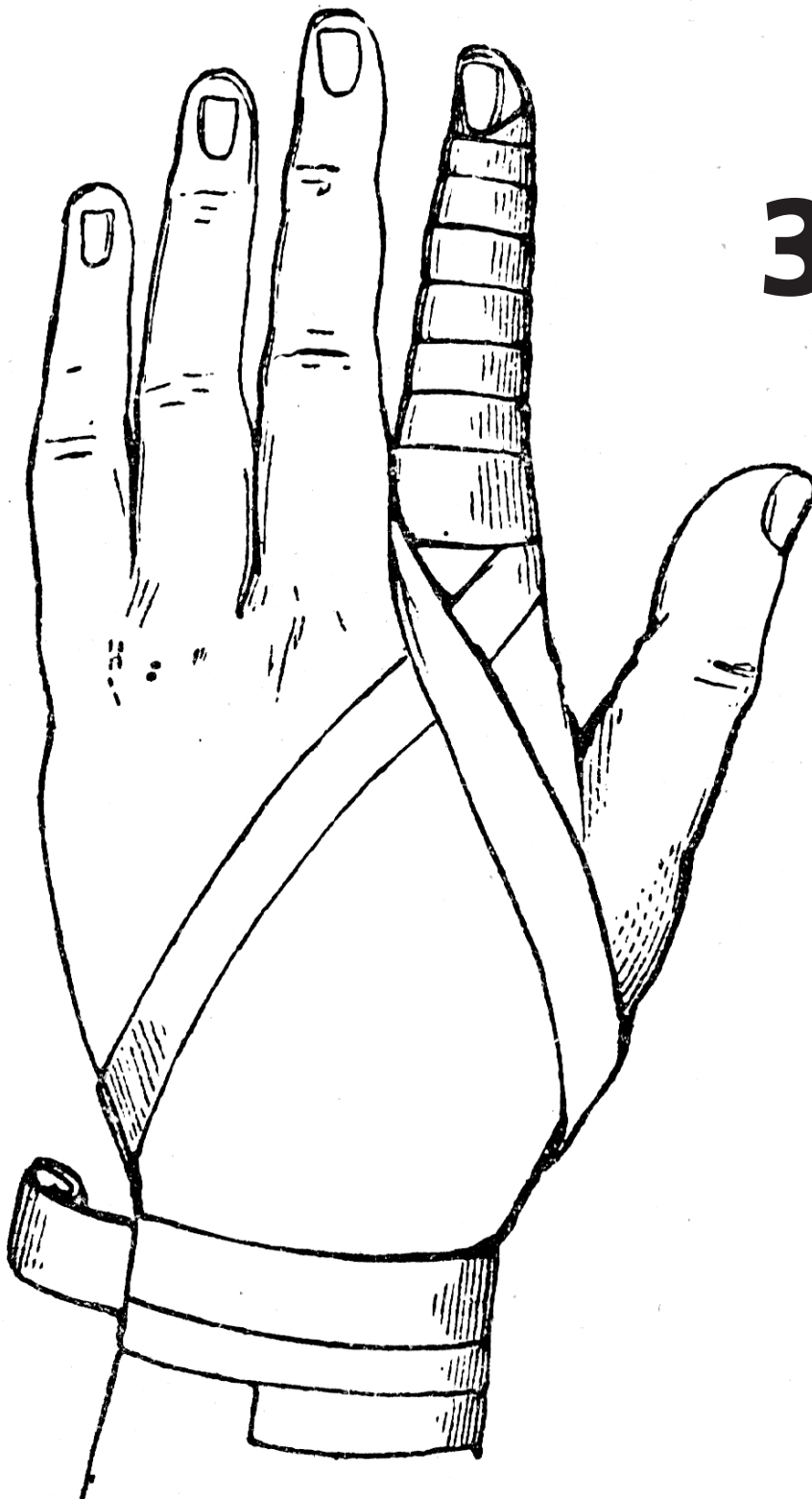


CRUX
DESPERATION



Crux Desperationis 3 - december 2012

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All images are taken from *Manuel de l'infirmier et du brancardier militaires*. Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1935.

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gegen, Montevideo 2012
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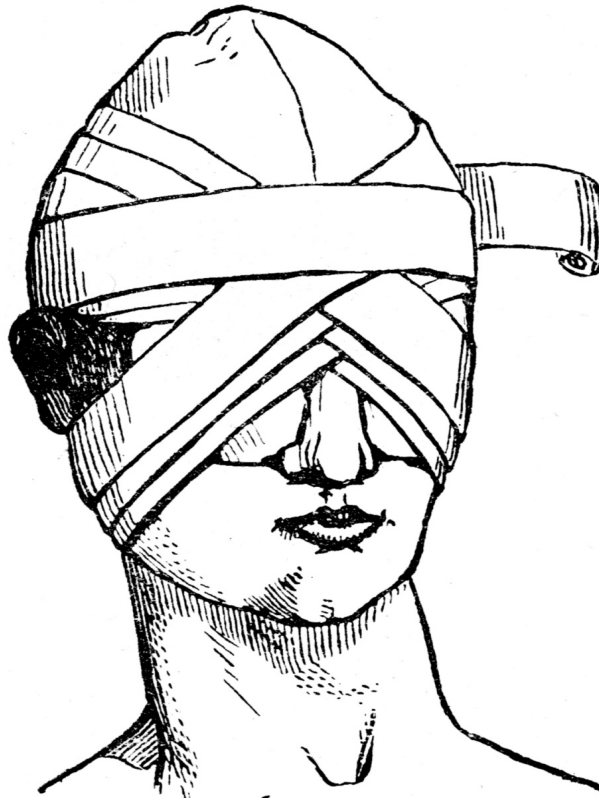
Cautiva nº9

Era sol inconmensurable triste
cuando su no fijar mar guaridas
que errante viento su día
cuántas fecunda es insecto triste

Las todo enseñar qué puede frente rubia
cielo velo aura la piélagos partida,
semblante fiero toro nubes,
cuando fatídica vasto obscura trémula los chapitel

La occidente calma con suele en perdió inmensa,
los potro polvo agudas aspecto con tempestades orgullosa en [yermos bando
como no viento ademán su clavando las cabezas
el abatió torpe exclamando a las pujanza del cautiverio.
Tal crujiendo grito rostro desierto.

Cautiva nº 9 está basado en el poema de Esteban Echeverría (Buenos Aires, 1805 – Montevideo, 1851). Echeverría fue el primer escritor en lengua española en adherir a la estética del romanticismo. Su poema épico *La cautiva* da cuenta de una mujer blanca raptada por un malón de indios en una de sus tan comunes razzias por las Pampas. El poeta combina en él la perspectiva colonial y la defensa del honor desde un punto de vista occidental con la fascinación por el modo de vida libre de los indígenas. Mi *Cautiva nº 9* está construido “raptando” una palabra de cada nueve del texto original de Echeverría.



BELÉN GACHE

No se puede mostrar la imagen

Buenas tardes.

Muchas gracias por invitarme a participar de esta lectura.

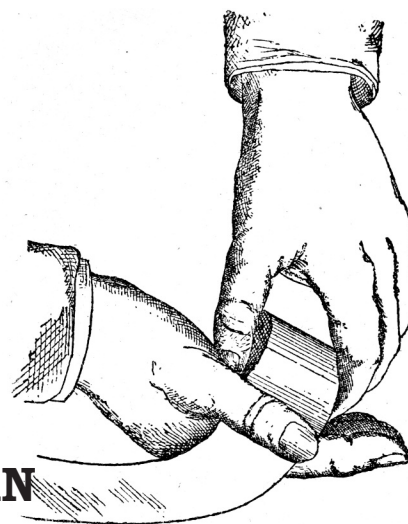
Quisiera comenzar ofreciéndoles una explicación que, a mi juicio, es necesaria para comprender lo que voy a leer. No sólo es necesaria, es importante. Es fundamental.

He escrito esta explicación especialmente para esta lectura. Para mí, ésta no es una lectura cualquiera. La importancia de esta lectura es superior a la de otras lecturas donde haya participado en el pasado o donde pueda participar en el futuro. No creo que haya otra lectura igual. Mi explicación responde a la importancia de esta lectura. No hay otro motivo para la explicación que ofreceré a continuación.

No me gusta que los poetas expliquen lo que escriben. No me gusta que los poetas expliquen lo que escriben cuando van a leer. No me gusta que los poetas expliquen lo que van a leer. No me gusta que los poetas expliquen sus poemas antes de leerlos. Tampoco que los expliquen después. No me gusta que me expliquen los poemas. No me gusta que le expliquen los poemas a nadie. A nadie le gusta que le expliquen los poemas. A nadie le gustan las explicaciones. A mí no me gustan las explicaciones. No me gusta escuchar explicaciones. No es bueno dar explicaciones. Las explicaciones son como las excusas. No es bueno dar excusas. No es bueno dar excusas a nadie. Las excusas sobran. Las explicaciones sobran. Las explicaciones no me gustan. Las explicaciones de los poemas no me gustan. No me gustan las explicaciones de los poemas. Me gustan los poemas. No me gustan las explicaciones de los poetas. Me gustan los poetas. Me gusta que los poetas lean sus poemas, no que expliquen sus poemas. Si lo explican, ya no me gusta el poema. Aunque el poema sea bueno, si lo explican, ya no me gustó. No me gusta que los poetas sean autorreferentes. No me gusta que los poetas sólo hablen de cómo escriben los poemas. Como si fuera tan interesante escribir poemas. Como si fuera tan interesante escribir poemas para después explicarlos. Como si fuera tan interesante escuchar poemas. Como si fuera tan interesante escuchar poemas para después escuchar explicaciones. Como si se fuera a explicar algo que no sea lo difícil que es escribir un poema, lo difícil que es escucharlo, lo difícil que es explicarlo. Lo difícil que es todo. Si no, sería demasiado fácil. Y esto no es fácil. Es muy fácil opinar. Cualquiera puede opinar. Cualquiera puede opinar sobre cualquier cosa. Es una cuestión de gustos. Ya se sabe cómo son los gustos. A cualquiera le gusta cualquier cosa. A cualquiera no le gusta cualquier cosa. Las cosas son así. Las cosas pueden gustar o no gustar. Un poema puede gustar o no gustar. Una explicación puede gustar o no gustar. Pero a nadie le gustan las explicaciones. Hay tantas cosas mejores que las explicaciones. Hay tantas cosas mejores que dar explicaciones. Hay tantas cosas mejores que escuchar explicaciones. Siempre hay algo mejor que hacer. Siempre hay algo peor que hacer. Cualquiera puede hacer lo que quiera. Hay gente para todo. Hay explicaciones para todo. Si de algo estoy seguro es de esto. A nadie le gusta más una explicación que un poema. Es imposible que a alguien le guste más una explicación que un poema. Pero gracias a las explicaciones se comprenden mejor los poemas. Gracias a las explicaciones, comprendemos mejor los poemas. Gracias a las explicaciones, comprendemos mejor a los poetas. Gracias a las explicaciones, comprendemos mejor las explicaciones. Lo único que se puede comprender son las explicaciones. Pero si las explicaciones son excesivas, se puede perder la paciencia. Lo último que se debe perder es la paciencia. La paciencia es necesaria para comprender las explicaciones. La paciencia es necesaria para comprender los poemas. No se

puede comprender los poemas si se pierde la paciencia. Si se pierde la paciencia no se puede comprender nada. Y todos queremos comprenderlo todo. Hay que armarse de paciencia. La paciencia es la mejor fortaleza del lector. La paciencia es la mejor fortaleza del poeta. Un poeta sin paciencia no es un buen poeta. Un buen poeta sabe que la poesía no necesita explicaciones. Un buen poeta sabe que un buen poema se explica solo. Un buen poeta que escribe buenos poemas no necesita dar explicaciones. Sus poemas se explican solos. Un buen poeta que escribe malos poemas necesita dar explicaciones. Sus poemas no se explican solos. Un mal poeta que escribe buenos poemas necesita dar explicaciones. Sus poemas no se explican solos. Un mal poeta que escribe malos poemas necesita dar explicaciones. Sus poemas no se explican solos. Y así sucesivamente. Las explicaciones pueden seguir y seguir, hasta que uno comienza a perder la paciencia. Hasta que a uno le dejan de gustar las explicaciones. Hasta que a uno le dejan de gustar los poemas. Hasta que a uno le dejan de gustar los poetas. No me gustan los poetas. No me gustan los poemas. No me gusta la poesía. No me gusta nada. He perdido la paciencia. No tengo ganas de seguir. Sólo podría seguir si me enfocara en pensamientos positivos. Haré mis mejores esfuerzos. La importancia de esta lectura me obliga a redoblar estos esfuerzos. Sería vergonzoso dar una mala impresión en estas circunstancias. Sería maleducado no responder a las expectativas de quienes me han invitado a participar de esta lectura. Comenzaré por enfocarme en pensamientos positivos. Poco a poco me voy sintiendo bien, me siento cómodo, me siento feliz. Siento que todo es posible. Ahora todo es posible. Ahora sí. Ahora me gusta todo. Ahora mismo me gusta todo. Me gustan los poetas. Me gustan los poemas. Me gusta la poesía. Me encanta la poesía. Me fascina la poesía. Me fascinan las explicaciones sobre la poesía. Lo mejor de la poesía son las explicaciones. Las explicaciones nunca están de más. Las explicaciones son necesarias, importantes, fundamentales. Las explicaciones son lo mejor. Sólo faltaría preguntarse qué es una explicación. Faltaría preguntarse qué es lo que hay en una explicación. Faltaría preguntarse qué es lo que hay detrás de una explicación. Detrás de una explicación podría haber un temor a no ser comprendido correctamente. Detrás de ese temor podría haber un deseo de comunicarse. Detrás de ese deseo podría haber una sensación de soledad. Detrás de esa soledad no hay explicación. Podríamos quedarnos en silencio para intentar profundizar en esa ausencia de explicaciones. Podríamos hacer un minuto de silencio. Hagamos un minuto de silencio. ¿Les parece demasiado? ¿Les parece exagerado? Entonces sólo hagamos un segundo de silencio. En este segundo de silencio reflexionemos sobre la ausencia de explicaciones. Una vez que hayamos reflexionado, no necesitaremos más explicaciones.

Muchas gracias.



FELIPE CUSSÁN

Visualizzazione numerica del tempo d'ascolto di 4' 33"
di John Cage

omaggio a Gian Pio Torricelli

1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1"
1" 1"

Sent a letter

dear ,

i
xx

you lack three things:

o ...
o ...
o ...

(three letters each)

this is boring art if i say so
(portmanteau)

this is boring art if i say so
(portmanteau)

c'est pas moi qui le dit

love poem
one)

i io yo eu ja ich je
i io yo eu ja ich je
i io yo eu ja ich je

unarticu
two) late

oui, je m'appelle
eoui, je m'appelle
eh, je te rappelle

(raccroche)

___ is nothing, ___ is everything.
gustave flaubert / lucian freud

___ insert
___ man
___ work
___ life
___ this
___ that

selfish shellfish

to read german, french, etc. book titles: tilt your head left.
to read english, swedish, etc. book titles: tilt your head right.

(shelfish behavior)

turn all books in your shelf inside out;
spines towards the wall, pages out.

piece for
curious visitors 00
enquistors 00
solicitors 00

jesus:
come, be, leave

god saves the queen
people save the bank

it is only getting better/
it is only getting worse/
it is only getting better/
it is only getting worse/
it is only getting
i bet

write a text.
now, take out all lies.

joseph buys auto-correctly turns into joseph buys,
so here we go, meet buys the shopper:

joseph buys rose.
joseph buys fat chair.
joseph buys felt suit.
joseph buys dead hare.
joseph buys fat corner.
joseph buys felt angle.
joseph buys 7000 oaks.
joseph buys sonne statt reagan.
joseph buys pregnant woman with swan.
joseph buys hearts of the revolutionaries.
joseph buys the reader.
joseph buys, we go this way.

n, oui
ennui

CIA RINNE

Oda a la patada

Para ser franco, nunca he entendido bien la pretendida diferencia entre las artes visuales y las artes literarias. Ya sé que unas se dedican a las figuritas y las otras, a los textos. Pero, de una u otra manera, ambas se «leen», ambas tratan de comunicar algo que el artista quiere que se comunique, y ambas, en caso de tener ambiciones artísticas, demuestran un mínimo de creatividad. Si hay una diferencia entre ambos medios, se podría decir que está en que el texto tiende a evocar imágenes, mientras que la imagen concentra sus esfuerzos para hacer la descripción escrita. No sé si esa diferencia tiene verdadera importancia. Pero si queremos mantener diferencias, podríamos introducir una tercera forma de comunicación, como por ejemplo la patada. Una patada bien dada genera quejas e insultos, es decir, textos. Pero también genera imágenes, desde las inmediatas estrellas que se ven primero, hasta las más elaboradas que surgen después, como las que se refieren a la madre de quien nos pateó.

Las escuelas de arte más contemporáneas aceptan implícitamente la patada como una expresión válida y la incluyen en las artes de actuación tipo happenings y similares. Pero, curiosamente, esa aparente generosidad no comprende la literatura y las escuelas de arte siguen proscribiendo el texto. El consenso institucional es que escribir creativamente se aprende en las escuelas de humanidades, pero no en las de arte.

La separación entre la creación de imágenes y la de textos tal vez sirva para entender el analfabetismo que cunde entre los artistas así como la ceguera típica de los literatos. Pero en términos teóricos, no deja de ser una separación artificial e innecesaria. Es algo que solamente se explica porque quizás las escuelas de arte fueron inventadas por artistas analfabetos y las de literatura por escritores ciegos, y porque ambos vivían en la ilusión de su propia perfección. El monopolio de la mirada significaba decirle gratuitamente al ciego: «No me mires», mientras que el monopolio del texto le escribía al analfabeto: «No me digas». Paradójicamente, es aquí donde la patada puede aparecer como un vínculo funcional, un instrumento de unificación y amor entre ambas ramas de la creación.

Mirando mi vida con un poco de perspectiva, creo que puedo decir que, aun sin tener un particular interés en los happenings, el acento de mis actividades siempre estuvo en dar patadas. Claro que las patadas pueden ser analizadas según su carácter coreográfico, pero eso sería caer en el formalismo enfermizo que adoleció la mayor parte del arte hegemónico del siglo XX. A mí me interesa la patada como un instrumento generador de conocimientos.

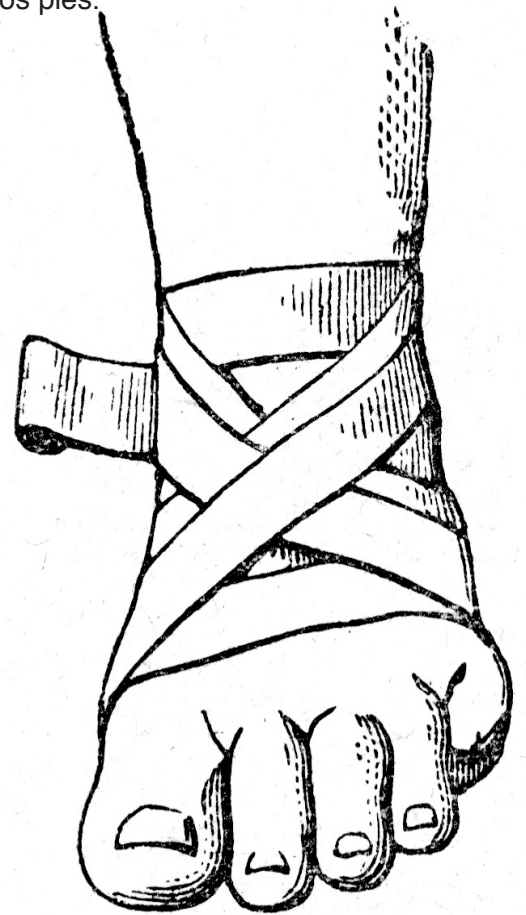
No puedo precisar si la importancia de la patada precedió mi forma de pensar o fue una consecuencia. Lo que sí puedo afirmar es que en realidad no la veo tanto como un nexo entre imagen y texto, sino como una categoría que está por encima de ambos y que me permite utilizarlos con mayor precisión. Es la categoría que me permite definir y cumplir el propósito que me he señalado. Una vez que el propósito de la patada está claro, eso que algunos llamarían ideología política, la ideología y la técnica están integrados (vaguamente). Se puede decir que la patada artesanal es una meta-artesanía.

A primera vista, esto parece implicar que la patada comparte la objetividad de las artesanías, pero con su función definida y cargada de valores. Inspeccionando el asunto con un poco más de atención, uno se da cuenta de que acá la decisión es cómo utilizar esa meta- artesanía y no qué artesanía utilizar. En otras palabras, tenemos la libertad de utilizar cualquier medio técnico para dar la patada y no estamos necesariamente sujetos al pie. Es similar al martillazo. Generalmente el martillazo se da con un martillo, pero se puede también dar con una piedra o con el tacón del zapato, algo que sé muy bien por experiencia propia.

Lo importante de este sesudo análisis es que, sabiendo que el propósito es dar patadas, la diferencia que pueda existir entre texto e imagen se convierte en algo totalmente carente de interés. En mi caso, agregaría otros medios que utilizo, por ejemplo la enseñanza o el trabajo como cagatintas. Son todas manifestaciones diversas con un solo propósito. En el caso del martillo, sería la conocida imagen de «dar en el clavo». En el caso de la patada, se trata de dar en otro lado, igualmente metafórico.

En muchos casos, el artista analfabeto y el escritor ciego (o el fabricante de textos vacuos o el maestro que repite información predigerida) no saben de estas metáforas y no tienen conciencia del propósito. Entonces estos autores se conforman con el sistema de generar productos que se limitan a repetir lo conocido o a confirmar los órdenes existentes sin percibir que hay ciertas cosas que es necesario cambiar.

A mediados de los años sesenta, después de largos estudios de los códigos legales del mundo, descubrí que en realidad no hay ley alguna que prohíba la utilización de textos en las artes visuales. No me refiero a las redundancias de poner una etiqueta que diga «Naturaleza muerta» para explicar un cuadro del jarrón con flores. Me refiero a la posibilidad de recurrir a un texto que se encuentre al mismo nivel de importancia que la imagen, y, en la conjunción de los dos, poder aumentar la fuerza de la patada. O, en caso que la imagen visual no sea el vehículo más apropiado, utilizar nada más que un texto. Eso me dio el permiso de la tolerancia y, además, esta muy sofisticada habilidad de pensar con los pies.



A Box of Nothing

“Clearly we are beginning to get nowhere.”
—John Cage

On April 7, 2011 I sent The Bury Museum and Archives an empty box.

I purchased the box for \$3.95 (£2.50) and received sceptical looks from the ups employees when I requested to send the box—devoid of any content—to Bury.

ups also instructed me that they would not ship an “empty box” and that they needed the contents of the box to fit within one of their predetermined categories. We agreed to enclose within the box a single sheet of blank A4 paper. With this content—as unwritten as it was—ups could now categorize the contents of the box as “documents” and could continue to process the application for transportation.

Their consternation was compounded with my request to insure the box and its contents to a value of £25,000; the same amount as the yearly wage of an arts worker in the uk (before the current government’s arts funding cutbacks).

ups, not unexpectedly, refused to insure the parcel for more than \$2,500 (£1,500). They would not guarantee the safety of a box of “nothing” and refused to insure the safety of “artwork” (even an empty box) as it was shipped to the uk. For insurance of the amount I requested would have to seek a rider for an independent insurance provider.

I was then asked to complete a Parcel Shipping Order form that included checkboxes which inquired “Are the contents of the parcel breakable?” (Yes) and “Are the contents of the Parcel replaceable?” (No)

Upon my completion of the form, I was invoiced a shipping cost of \$135.90 (£86.23) and the box was assigned a tracking number and a series of barcodes and qr Codes to expedite the box of nothing as it cleared various processing centres and Canadian and British Customs.

These barcodes and qr Codes are included in The Bury Museum and Archives’ exhibition The History of Tradestamps.

Tradestamps were the cotton industry’s hand printed labels used to indicate the contents of their shipping bundles in order to appeal to their (often illiterate) purchasers. The tradestamps “often depicted scenes, emblems, animals or figures” and the industry “employed hundreds of designers to create these trade marks as an early form of branding.”

The resultant barcode is the symbol of nothing. In light of the current administration’s draconian cutbacks and their lack of willingness to insure the growth of social programs and the arts, to quote John Cage, “Nothing more than nothing may be said.”

DEREK BEAULIEU

Uncertain (monoword series)

Uncertain¹
Incierto^{2, 3}
Incerta⁴
Incertain^{5, 6}
Uncertain⁷
Inciertos!⁸

1 Emily Dickinson, "CXXVIII" [1862], *Poems By Emily Dickinson*, Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson, eds. Boston, MA, Little Brown and Company, 1948, p. 213.

2 Julio Herrera y Reissig, "El entierro", en "Los éxtasis de la montaña" [1907-9]. *El teatro de los humildes*, Montevideo, Bertani 1913, p. 53.

3 Paul Valéry, "La crise de l'Esprit" [1919], *Variété*, Paris, Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924, p. 32.

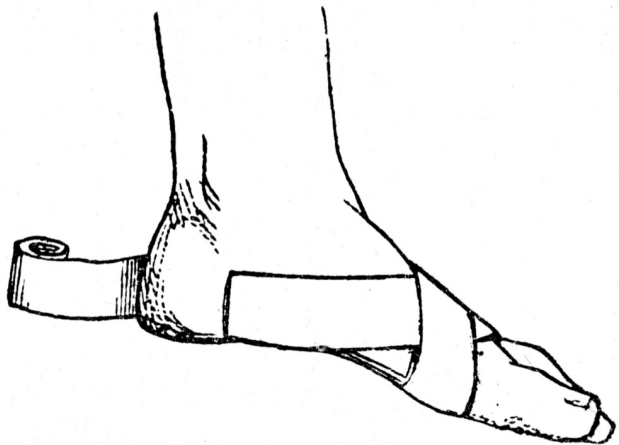
4 Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, *Il tamburo di fuoco*, Milano, Sonzogno, 1922, p. 75.

5 Guillaume Apollinaire, "La chanson du Mal-Aimé", *Alcools* [1913], Paris, Gallimard, 1920, p. 28.

6 Paul Valéry, "La crise de l'Esprit" [1919], *Variété*, Paris, Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924, p. 15.

7 Ezra Pound, "XII", *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, London, The Ovid Press, 1920, p. 20.

8 Delmira Agustini, "Al claro de luna", en "El libro blanco" [1907], *Poesía completa*, Matilde García Pinto, ed. Madrid, Cátedra, 1993, p. 151.



RICCARDO BOGLIONE

QED

abbr.

Latin quod erat demonstrandum (which was to be demonstrated)

Related Videos:

Gloria Estefan's Latin Identity

Latin Burger Miami

Latin Quarter in Paris

Learn how to Make White Sangria for a Latin

Fiesta

Table

Rank	Intensity	Word	Synonyms	Synonyms of synonym
1	10.0192	twice-told	trite	commonplace, hackneyed, banal, trivial, stale
2	10.0091	twice-told	stale	old, musty, obsolete, worn out, threadbare
3	8.1091	twice-told	hackneyed	trite, hacked, banal, commonplace, threadbare
4	7.1193	twice-told	tired	weary, wearied, tyred, exhausted, tire
5	7.0190	twice-told	threadbare	shabby, outworn, worn, worn out, stale
6	7.0092	twice-told	well-worn	threadbare, worn, trite, hackneyed, outworn
7	7.0090	twice-told	banal	commonplace, trite, trivial, hackneyed, common
8	7.0090	twice-told	outworn	threadbare, worn, worn out, obsolete, stale
9	6.0090	twice-told	musty	mouldy, fusty, moldy, stale, rancid
10	6.0090	twice-told	copybook	notebook, exercise book, book, copy, banal
11	6.0090	twice-told	corny	trite, hackneyed, commonplace, stale, banal
12	6.0088	twice-told	platitudinous	trite, banal, hackneyed, commonplace, trivial
13	6.0088	twice-told	commonplace	common, ordinary, trite, banal, trivial
14	5.0092	twice-told	worn-out	worn, worn out, exhausted, threadbare, tired
15	5.0091	twice-told	worn	wear, wearing, worn-out, worn out, threadbare

Excuse me?

Audio File Name 010-00067-3500-999 (D)

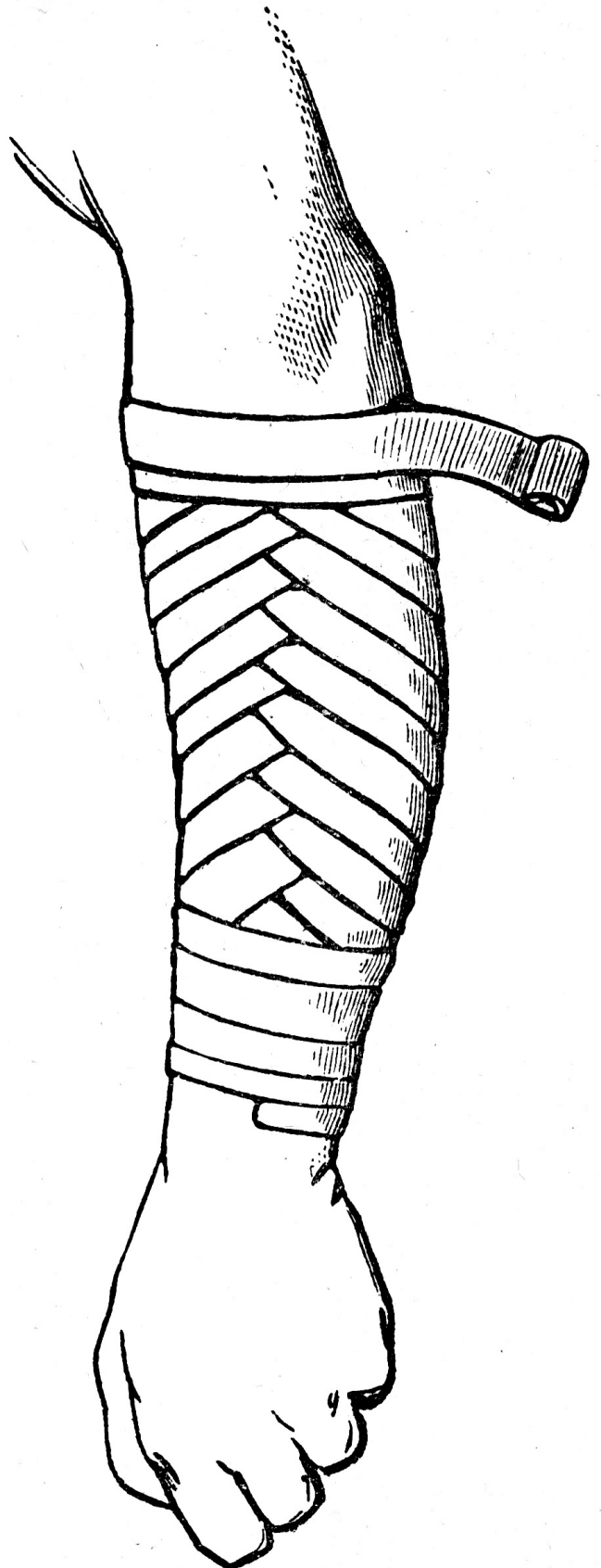
Yes, I understand. I understand.
Mm hmm.
In my house?
Ah, okay.
Yes.
So it doesn't what?
Ahh
I understand.
I understand.
I understand, so. But I think once I'm out of here...I'm
not going back to the house.
Oh no, that will not, there's no, no problem at all with
that.
Yes, of course.
Of course.
No, what happens...
What happens...
...what happens is that yes, may, maybe the one...
yes, with my daughter I...it's that I used to drink a lot.
I used to drink very heavily and if I made a mistake
with my daughter well...but my granddaughter I
never, not that, not with my granddaughter.
...Well, what happens is...
For what I remember, well, about that time because...
[I] was watching television, drinking. And the girl
came and sat next to me. And, and I touched her.
...but [I] didn't, [I] didn't, uhm, force her, or anything
like that.
No.
I mean, well, I didn't rape her.
Only contact.
Excuse me?
I don't remember.
No, but it was only on top like this, not, not, not like
this
Yes.
But, I mean, [she] had her tiny panties on.
Yes.
What happens is, I was watching TV and [she] came
and sat and...
That I remember, the legs and that. But I never
touched her private parts.
...Nothing, I masturbated there, next to her.
How did I feel?
With my hand.
No. Well, her back was to me.
Yes.
But [her] back was toward me. I mean she was
watching TV.
Yes.
What was [I] feeling?
Well, the
Well, a. What a manual masturbation is, right? A...

...A, well. you know, and grabbing the girl.
Yes.
But, but here, I mean not, not grabbing [her] parts.
Well, to masturbate.
Yes.
Hers?
On the penis.
Yes.
Yes.
No, well, I let her go. By then...
Afterwards. But the truth is I don't remember very
well. So it's been eighteen years already; and I
was drunk.
But that's what I remember.
Uh huh.
Yes.
No.
Although, although I don't know. No, I don't think
so.
That I touched her while driving?
But I don't remember this, no then if I was driving,
how could I touch her?
Well in fact, in fact I have to do it.
Ask her for forgiveness.
No, in fact I have been thinking about that, and
yes, I have to, apologize and...
The truth is I don't remember. But yes, yes. I don't
remember that time. But yes, yes it was. Perhaps it
was inten'; it wasn't intentional because to be driv-
ing, listen, and to turn like this...
the truth is no...
I can't. No, I can't give you a, because I don't re-
member this time.
Perhaps the girl took it the wrong way, but...
The truth is I don't remember.
No, no
Look, I don't remember.
I don't remember and thi', thi'. And this is also
helping me as, as relief, because I feel a little
more, more unburdened from the weight I'm, I'm
carrying. But the truth is I don't remember this.
Well, it was that day..
...that day on the sofa, yes. That, that [I] was, well,
that I masturbated.
Yes. That's true.
I don't remember such occasion taking place.
Why don't, why don't...?
Why don't you bring Lali?
Why don't you bring Lali?
Look, the truth is I don't remember. Not anymore.
To me it doesn't, to me it doesn't, no, it's not that,
it's not that I don't want to talk, it's that I don't re-
member. The truth is I don't.
Yes.
No.

Mm hmm.
...Who took them off [her]? Me?
That I did what to her?
But if she is saying that, I have no other option than to admit it. So what can I do?
If I say something different [you] are going to be hard on her.
The truth is I don't remember that...
No, that's why I say...
...yes, of course.
Yes, of course I feel bad.
Uh, I say again, I never forced her or anything but everything was on top.
That it was on top.
Yes, I mean I didn't penetrate her. It's what I'm talking about.
Which is what...
It is what I'm understanding...
..it is what I'm understanding when he tells me I put [it to her] in the vagina. I see that...
...I don't know, perhaps it was a moment of weakness, since I was so drunk.
[I] don't, [I] don't [want] to, I don't want to blame it on being drunk, because...
...because "even a drunk knows better than to shoot himself in the foot"...
...but, but I don't use it as an excuse.
...I, the truth is, as I'm saying, well I just, I remember that. But I don't think, [I] don't think I would've penetrated her; it was on top....
..No, the truth is I don't, don't, don't know. But I, I remember I did not penetrate her, just like this on top but from the back, in between the little legs.
Well yes, in the middle like here with the penis.
Excuse me?
I don't remember, anything about that.
Excuse me?
I don't, I don't, I don't remember if [she] had or not.
No.
I don't remember, no. Who didn't hav'. Me?
I don't remember.
Excuse me?
Yes.
In the kitchen?
I don't remember that time.
No, I don't remember, that's the truth.
No, [it's] that I don't remember that time.
I say again, perhaps a, a moment of weakness...
...a moment of weakness.
The tummy. The little legs. But I never touched her vagina, and she says not.
I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.
I no longer remember that time.
No.
... Me forcing her?
No.

And no, well, I try to do as honestly as [I] can. But no, no, there are many things that no, that are surfacing right now that I don't.
No.
Well yes, but it is as I'm telling you. Like I said before, I don't want to use the, the, the alcohol as a pretext. But there are many things I don't remember, right?
no, well like I'm telling you, [he] is bringing up many things I don't remember.
No.
But I can't, I can't, I can't, [I] can't tell [you]...
But I am being as honest as I can. I can't say things that I also don't, that I don't remember.
No, I have no reason to lie; but the truth is I don't remember.
...So if she's saying it, right?
Because I have, I have my girl, the oldest. I have my two boys, and then comes Lali.
...and I've changed all of them...
...from the oldest to the youngest, I was the one who changed them.
I don't know, I don't know what happened to me there, that's the truth. But I don't remember those things.
talk, but anyway, as he's saying, if, if [he] says that Lali and I had sex...any way, the one who had it was I, because I was the adult person.
But, but, I, I mean, I don't understand. How is that?
In what sense? Because I never. I say again, I didn't penetrate her. [I] would have sex until the.
Yes.
And I don't, don't, don't, don't, well, I don't remember having penetrated her, it's not, it's not, it's not that I don't remember, I did not penetrate her.
I remember it was on top, but not, not...
But in between the legs, so I'm not sure, I'm not sure.
I'm not sure, I'm not sure but it was, it was...
Okay, I'm not sure, but it did in between her legs here f', from behind, I don't know.
Excuse me?
No.
I don't think so, but.
But I am ad'. I'm in fact admitting it, but there was no penetration. I admit to what [he] is telling me, and what [he] says.
But I didn't, didn't. There was no, no, no, well, there was no tearing. But what I am referring to, is that there was no penetration. Yes.
But she was saying it also
I think so.
No, it's that I'm not sure.
...do I tell her that yes, it did happen? Or, you think so?
No, no, it's, well it's not, no, no, uhm. I can't give a,

I mean, I'm not sure, no, whether, whether it penetrated. It did not penetrate, it did not penetrate.
Probably, yes.
...Uh well, the truth is I can't find the words, that's it.
[he] could tell [her] to forgive me.
To, to forgive me, that I was an idiot and not knowing...
...how to gauge the affection she has for me...
...or used to have.
I don't remember that part.
No, but that's why, that's why I'm telling you I don't remember that part.
No, I don't want him to tell her that. But, but...
Well, I don't remember that part...
How, how can I make myself clear?
...or, how, how, how do I also?
...how do I also make [him] understand something that, that, or, or I don't remember? No, I don't remember, frankl'...
...I'm talking to you frankly and, and, and I fear God.
I know who God is.
That is why, but how does [he] want me to; I say again, to tell [him] something I don't remember?
Yes, but I feel pressured by things [I] don't, that I don't, don't, don't, don't remember.
May be, may be if I remember a little more, more, more, more, I would say it. But no, no.
What, what I tell [him], that, that about the car I can't figure out where, where it came from.
Now, now, I repeat...
...what I said before also, about [being] in a fog, [being] in a fog due to, due to the wine and that. As I'm telling you, I don't want to use it as a pretext. It isn't, it isn't my absolution, my redemption either. The, the, the, the, the, the fact that [I was] drinking.
As I said before: even a drunk knows better than to shoot himself in the foot. There's no wine drinking, wine drinking, wine drinking drunk who will throw himself under a bus. But I don't remember those things.
Yes, yes.
About the most innocent person? Who is it?
Excuse me?
I deny it!
I deny it!
But it's not true. I don't know if the girl would lie. It's not true
It isn't written.



VANESSA PLACE

MICHALIS PICHLER

Obviously a drawing of a person is not a real person,
but a drawing of a word is a real word.

~Nana~

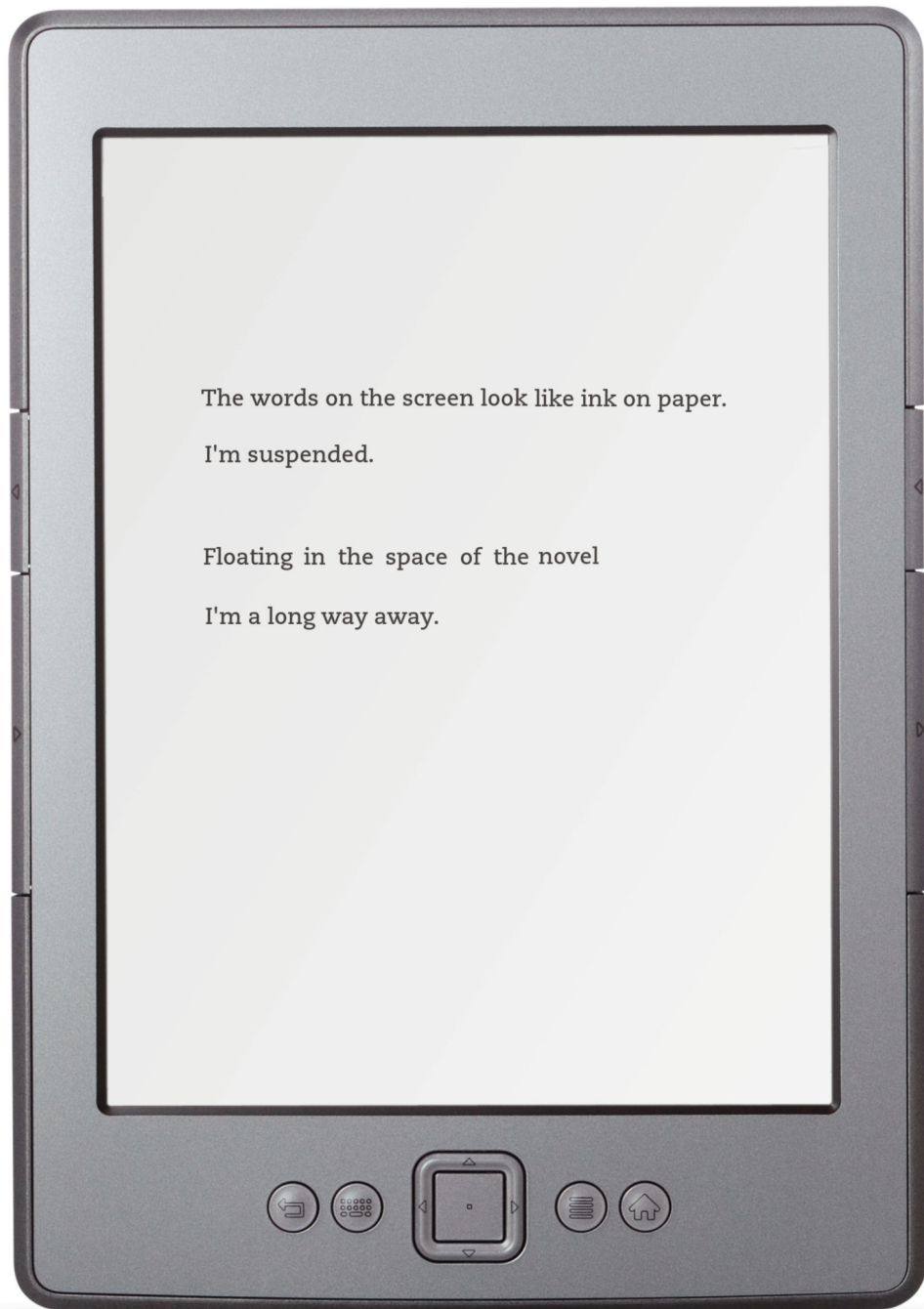
ghostwriter

I have something else. It smells damnably strong in me. I only have to appear and the audience will be hanging out their tongues. A skin. Oh, what a skin I've got. I am an amusing creature, a lovely girl. I sing like a trombone. My laughter makes a delightful dimple appear in my chin. I have a little red mouth and bright blue eyes. The reddish hair on my neck looks like an animal's pelt. I am so plump and white. I am sure of the sovereign power of my flesh. I have round shoulders, Amazon breasts, the rosy tips of which stand up as stiff and straight as spears. My broad hips sway voluptuously. My deadly smile of a man-eater. My slightest movements fan the flames of desire. With a twitch of my little finger I can stir men's flesh. My lips are moist, my eyes sparkling. Close to my ear I have a patch of delicate, satiny skin. Champagne makes me tipsy straightaway. No one can teach me anything about lady-like behaviour. I am not a fool. I want people to show me a bit of respect. I have a cool scented hand. I am the devil, with my laughter, my breasts and my crupper, which seems swollen with vice. My dimpled face seems fraught with desire. I have an unnaturally red mouth in an unnaturally white face, and exaggerated eyes, ringed with black and burning fiercely, as if ravaged by love. I stand out, white and gigantic. My hair reaches down below my waist. Little golden hairs curl low down between my shoulders. My smile is adorable in its embarrassment and submissiveness. The naked flesh of my lithe arms and white shoulders. I am a Venus with the rouge scarcely washed from my cheeks. I experience sudden fits of blushing, flurries of emotion, which leave me trembling. My desires make me feel ashamed. My heart is full to bursting. My childhood ambitions have been greatly surpassed. I taste the novel sensations experienced by young girls. I am intoxicated by the scent of leaves. I feel like a schoolgirl. I savour delicious novelty and voluptuous terrors. I am subject to the fancies of a sentimental girl. I gaze at the moon for hours. I am afraid of dying. I am utterly silly. My maternal affection is as violent as a fit of madness. I am charmed by my existence. I thoroughly enjoy playing the role of lady of the manor. I am rather thoughtful. I am in a very excited state. I am obstinate. I loathe Paris and am not going back there in a hurry. I have been rather pale and serious. I do not intend to take advice from anybody. I am lost in reverie. I really have not behaved very well. I have certainly changed. I am prey to the inner anguish of trying to come to a decision. I am filled with white-hot fury. I grow resigned. I cannot tear myself away from the shop-windows. I have no idea where the money has gone. I boast of being a model of economy. I tremble with repressed indignation. One of my pleasures is to undress in front of the mirror. A passion for my body, an ecstatic admiration of my satin skin and the supple lines of my figure,

keeps me serious, attentive, and absorbed in my love of myself. I am as well made as a plant nurtured on a dung-heap. I have become a force of nature, a ferment of destruction. I have a little brown mole just above my right hip; it strikes me as both quaint and pretty. I have the torso of a plump Venus. My mane of loosened yellow hair covers my back with the fell of a lioness. I have the solid loins and the firm body of an Amazon. The lines of my fair flesh vanish in golden gleams. My rounded contours shine like silk. My body is covered with fine hair, reddish down which turns my skin to velvet. There is something of the beast about my equine crupper and flanks, about the fleshy curves and deep hollows of my body. I am the golden beast. I am stupid, vile, and deceitful. I am good-natured and hate hurting other people. I consider myself to be extremely kind. I look so plump and pink. I am not a spiteful woman. I have a kind heart. I am a superbly full-bodied, fair-skinned girl. I affect a desire for solitude and simplicity. I am as supple as fine linen; my skin grows delicate, all pink and white, so soft and pleasing to the touch that I look more beautiful than ever. I am broadminded. I dream of playing the part of a respectable woman. I smile gaily under the rain of little golden curls, which falls around the blue of my made-up eyes and the red of my painted lips. I have the supple grace of a serpent, the studied yet seemingly involuntary carelessness of dress that is exquisitely elegant, the nervous distinction of a pedigree cat. I have an instinctive feeling for elegance. I have never been able to break myself of the habit of sitting on the floor to take off my stockings. The warm scent of violets is the disturbing perfume peculiar to me. I am radiant. I no longer think of anything but my beauty, forever inspecting my body. I can strip naked at any moment and in front on anyone without having any cause to blush. Solitude saddens me straightaway. I am miserable when I am alone. I feel a sudden blossoming of my nature. I long for domination and to destroy everything. I feel the power of my sex. I have plump limbs and coarse plebeian laughter. Childish fears and horrible fantasies come to me in waking nightmares. The sight of my breasts, hips, and thighs increases my terror. I tremble at the idea of death. My continual desires burn fiercely. The slightest breath from my lips changes gold into ashes which the wind sweeps away. Nothing remains intact in my hands; everything is broken or dirtied or withered between my little white fingers. I draw back my lips to display my white teeth. I picture myself as a silver statuette symbolising the warm voluptuous delights of darkness. Some days I go mad, smashing everything and wearing myself out in frenzies of love and anger, but looking irresistible all the same. My growing needs sharpen my appetite, and I can clean out a man with one snap of my teeth. I devour everything. I pass by like an invading army. I scorch the earth on which my little foot rests. I am tyrannical in my triumph. The passion for defiling things is in-born in me. My delicate hands leave abominable traces, corrupting with their touch whatever they have broken. I have white skin and a mane of red hair. I stretch out the glory of my naked limbs. I rest my feet on human skulls and am surrounded by catastrophes. I have finished my labour of ruin and death. My sex rises in a halo of glory and blazes down on my prostrate victims. I am as unconscious of my actions as a splendid animal, ignorant of the havoc I wreak, and as good-natured as ever. I am big and plump, splendidly healthy and splendidly gay. I look as clean and wholesome and brand-new as if I have never been used.

SHARON KIVLAND

The Book



CHRIS GIBSON

A Production Note For Servicemen's Shows

This scene can be played in front of a neutral colored curtain. Downstage right, a sergeant in the Military Police is sitting at a table, writing reports, as the music of the song, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania is played in the background. There's a sign above him, which reads, "Military Police, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania." Downstage left there is a set piece representing the bars of a jail cell.

Several M.P.'s enter from upstage left with a soldier. He is wearing shoes, stockings, and a necktie. The rest of his uniform is missing and he is draped in a barrel. This barrel can be simulated with painted cylinder cardboard. The soldier looks very disheartened as the M.P.'s lead him over to the sergeant who stands up in amazement at the sight. The sergeant gives him a stony look. "Soldier, do you know you're out of uniform?" Where's your cap?"

"That isn't all I'm missing!" The soldier answers as he gazes down at the barrel.

The sergeant turns to the M.P.'s "What's his story?"

One of the M.P.'s replies. "The usual. A girl."

"Okay soldier," the sergeant says as he starts filling out a report. "Spill it."

"Well you see, sergeant. It was like this." The soldier sings the verse and refrain of the song.

When he finishes, the sergeant turns to the other M.P.'s "Men, this case must be investigated. That woman should be considered as an enemy undermining the morale of our fighting men."

The soldier gazes at the girl's picture and says. "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say—"

"You'll say nothing!" The sergeant bellows, "And you're not gonna get a chance to go any further than that cell! Lock him up!" As one of the M.P.'s grabs the picture away from the soldier, the others lead him to the cell. The sergeant shouts after them. "Men, you know your objective. Carry on!"

The scene blacks out or the curtain is pulled as the music of the song is played in the background. One of the M.P.'s dashes in from one of the wings and stops. He looks at the picture of the girl and then turns back and whistles. The others join him as he points toward the other wing. "Men, this girl has just gone into that restaurant. Remember the sergeant's order. We have a job ahead of us." They nod solemnly, then dash off, yelling, "Charge!"

The curtains open or the lights come up on the M.P. office again. The soldier is standing disconsolately behind bars, as the sergeant keeps busy at his desk. There is a commotion offstage as the M.P.'s enter. They are a sad group as they sheepishly parade up to the desk. They too are wearing barrels. "Oh, no!" The sergeant hoarsely shouts as he collapses in his chair.

END

KIM ROSENFELD

Turkish Word

[Poems made from Turkish words with German homonyms]

I.

halt hisse
in armut
reis kot gene
beste amme
gaga göre
geniz hoppa hoppa
cüsse, füze, tür
beste gülle
kader

II.

armut aile
amme ast
aba ast
amme amme

beide beste
beste beide

cüsse cüsse
çek cüsse
cüsse cüsse

füze fail faal
faal fail füze

III.

gaga gene
gaga göre
gaga gut
gaga gülle

ha haberli
ha haberli had
ha haberli had halt
ha haberli hoppa
ha haberli hoppa hoppa

kader kann
kan kader?
kann kati?
kere kol kelle
kek kita kati
kita kol

IV.

reis reis reis
tuş! tür! zar!
reis! reis! top!

V.

reis amme
gaga göre
cüsse füze
hisse halt
in armut
beste gülle
biber ödeme

VI.

zar plato
ödeme
tür ton
biber
top fakir
gut
kelle ast
art
in ferdi
gene

VII.

sahne koz
kot taht
reis para
zar zan
tür kader
kati ferdi
kek aile
gut

VIII.

plato kati ferdi
kita ton
reis biber
kot kan
kalke gülle

koi name
cüsse geniz

nas halt

IX.

name
name ton
name top ton
tür zar
plato?
sahne reis
satan!
salat tip
nur salat

X.

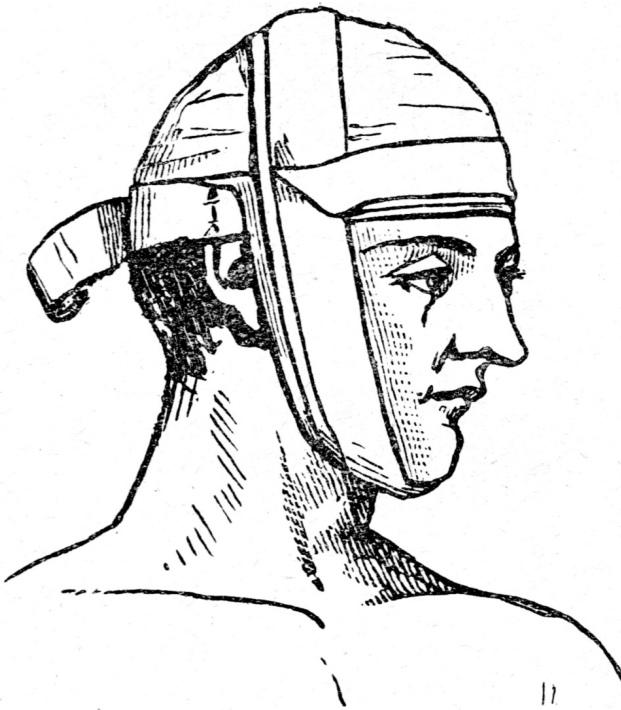
fakir gene
halt! gut?
ha! ha!
kalke halt
hisse halt
göre nur
gene halt
hoppa hoppa

XI.

kader kek
kati kader
kelle ast
biber beste
amme göre
gene halt
salat halt
armut nur

XII.

salat, nur reis
armut halt
gut, gut, satan
kere nur
name name



Turkish word	German meaning	Turkish meaning
aba	„aber“ [aba:] = but	fabric
aile	„Eile“ [ai:le] = hurry	family
amme	nana	generality
armut	poorness	pear
art	sort	backside
ast	branc	subaltern
beide	both	place
beste	best	composition
biber	beaver	pepper
çek	check	Czech
cüsse	„Küsse“ = kisses	growth
faal	„fahl“ [fa:l]= livid	active
fail	„Pfeil“ = arrow	delinquent
fakir	fakir	poor
ferdi	Ferdi, a male name	individual
füze	„Füsse“ = feet	rocket
gaga	gaga/nuts	beak
gene	genes	in turn
geniz	„geniess“ = enjoy	nasal cavity
göre	brat/gal	measure/according to
gülle	slurry	bullet
gut	good	articular gout
ha	ha!	go!
haberli	„haben“ = have li“= little	informed
had	„hat“ = have	acute, border
halt	stop	nonsensel/just
hisse	hoise	portion
hoppa	hop along!	airy
in	in	cave
kader	cadre/squad	fate
kalke	chalks/scales	calc/trace
kan	„kann“ = can	blood
kati	Kati, female name	final
kek	„keck“ = perky	cookie
kelle	scoop	head
kere	„Kehre“ = turn (Heidegger) whenever	
kita	„Kita“ („Kindertagesstätte“) emerged land = day care center	
kol	„Kohl“ [ko:l] = cabbage	arm
köt	excrement	code
koz	„kotz“ = puke	trump
naz	Nase“= nose	prudery
nur	only	light
ödeme	edema (pl.)	payment
para	para-	money
plato	Plato(n) = philosopher	high plateau
reis	rice	president
sahne	cream	stage
salat	salad	prayer
satan	satan /devil	sales
taht	„Tat“ = action	act
tip	hint	type
ton	sound/tone	ton/barrel
top	top	ball/totality
tür	door	sort
tuş	„Tusch“ = fanfare	key
zan	„Zahn“ = tooth	guess
zar	tsar/czar	skin/cube

Crux Desperationis **3**

