

Juan Beladrich

texts

Juan Beladrich - 2010
www.juanbeladrich.com

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[Maybe it's not important, but I'm being filmed while I write this]

You take your position. As with almost every possible subject, you take your position. You have already taken your position. Certain people take sides for everything. They may say that they don't, but they do. Always. I do. For everything.

As much as we discussed the matter, after all the talking was done, the position taken at the very beginning was the one that remained with each individual: the one that we already had. The only change I've seen on more than half of the people I've spoken with about this subject is that they had no clue that such questions could be formulated. They'd never considered the option of asking themselves such questions, basically because they couldn't care less.

A year ago I asked Luis Barca, a professor of linguistics in the University of the South: is it possible to do for doing's sake? Is it possible to talk about doing as message? Furthermore, is it possible to speak of tool, technique or even sender and receiver without message? He began pondering about the matter and making connections, both religious and literary, literally quoting Milton, Borges, Pasolini, Barthes, de Campos; talking about the existence of characters and the absence of character; making no sense. And then he asked me: is it possible to do 'bad' for bad's sake? No motive (no message)?

After my research, I've arrived at no concrete conclusion.

There has been a lot of discussion regarding the archetypical model of the communication process, from Teun van Dijk, with what he calls the 'symbolic elites' (politicians, journalists, writers), to communications theorist James W. Carey, who stated that "society exists not only by transmission, by communication, but [also] in transmission, in communication". Almost all experts focus on the necessity of several different elements that would, eventually, become communication. To

most scholars, communication occurs in several ways, the most identifiable being dialogue; but there's also non-verbal communication like gestures, clothing, body language and facial expressions. Most specialists agree on calling communication every information exchange between living organisms: from animal communication, which encompasses most of the issues in the study of animal behavior -or ethology- to a more basic level, such as cell signaling: cellular and chemical communication between organisms like bacteria, and within the vegetal and fungal kingdoms; all of these communication processes being very different from one another.

The basic act of communication is, for some linguists, the base of society. Then why is it so difficult for many to delimitate what the different parts of the communication process are? Where do sender, receiver, medium, tool, technique, message and, eventually, feedback separate from one another?

Barca spoke about the possibilities of dialogue, the idea that it could be practically possible to achieve dialogue without the need of a sender and a

receiver. He told me about an experiment in Spain just after the civil war where the Civil Guard would lock anarchists in individual, closed metal cells, one next to the other, where one of the walls, by means of a relatively difficult procedure, could be removed and the detainees would be able to walk into other cells. After a month of tests, no inmate tried to remove any of the walls. Instead, they spoke softly to each other (shouting was unbearable because of the resonance of the metal cells) and two prisoners even dug a small connection between their cells (underneath the thin removable wall) to be able to talk, but were too afraid of talking out loud; they were too afraid of being executed for what they were saying. He reasoned that dialogue existed although no word was spoken: the making of the little tunnel. It's the making of the tunnel that blurs the barrier between sender and receiver, but not the dialogue: the tunnel itself.

He went one step further and told me of an idea by the Icelandic philosopher Lana Ismulddóttir. She stated that, if wanted, dialogue existed already without any sender, receiver, medium or even message. Barca explained that sound waves (human, animal, vegetal, mineral,

analogue, digital, etc.) are constantly flowing from and into every direction and that this phenomenon, according to Ismulddóttir, has already an effect in the way our cities are being built, and that already means dialogue. The tools and techniques of architecture are already determining dialogue. Barca disagreed with her conclusion because, to him, it meant not only the constant existence of dialogue but it also implied the idea (existence) of sender, receiver, message, reason, tool and technique all being the same thing: no difference whatsoever. I just pointed out that the idea of an ever-present phenomenon could mean just about anything, including dialogue.

There are no examples of “bad’s own sake”. No results. There is always a reason, a *motive*, the FBI criminologists would say quoting Gibson while *profiling* a suspect of a crime. “Even with the most ruthless serial killers, there are always underlying reasons to commit murder (power, rage, getting away with it, hate, love, etc.) In some way, there are always reasons for ‘bad’”, the quote would continue.

Even in art, the specific subject of this article, there’s always a reason. To put it

bluntly, even when someone is just doing without a reason, that's the reason. When doing while not having a message, that's the message. And this can also raise a question: is reason message? And if not, could it be?

Georg Lec, a factory worker from Pljevlja, Montenegro, found guilty in 1992 of killing women (34, most of them found in or near the Tara River), police officers (3, but not investigating his case) and dinner guests (18, poison, birthday) confessed to the killings, after his apprehension, but could give no reason for them. He said to the detectives "life's a bit and sometimes you die". The police found hundreds of paintings in his apartment. Each painting made with an incredible eye for perfection, every 22 canvases he would change the style (abstract expressionism, baroque, impressionism, art brut, Cobra, art deco, mannerism, surrealism, naïve, pointillism, fauvism, orientalism, pop, romanticism); every piece signed, dated and with a description of the model's lifestyle written on the back; each model a victim. Art historians collaborating with the investigation discovered in every picture under a layer of paint, using X-rays, the

phrase “I’m not insane. Life’s a bit and sometimes you die”.

Although he was facing death on the electric chair, he never pleaded insanity. He was found clinically insane and was sent to a mental institution where he still lives not knowing who he is.

Another artist-murderer was Stu Shilling from Eyemouth, a small fishing town in the Scottish Borders. Besides serving as inspiration for half a character by Gaiman and more than a couple of lines by Auster, he was a chess player and a writer of relative success. Guilty of killing seven prostitutes between 1962 and 1964 in the outskirts of Edinburgh, he was later killed in prison by one of the girls’ customers who was in love with the victim. In Shilling’s studio, police officers found an unpublished but probably not unfinished story that resembled his doings, its name “D4/...”

Pick the victim, offer her a bigger amount of money than the one she’s asking for and invite her to our place. In case one wants to be really careful, if she doesn’t accept our proposal, go away and

don't go back there for a couple of days. If desperate, the plan goes on, although it's not really recommendable from my point of view. If the girl accepts our proposition, we stick to the plan. [...] Besides, I like to pretend I'm crazy, so a minimum of 70 to 80 stabs to each victim is a very good way of being treated like one. The press and the police will do the rest.

He wasn't insane. The detectives demanded reasons for two whole days; he never spoke a word, not even to ask to use the bathroom. He was in it already. Reason? The investigators said frustration towards a loved one (dead, natural causes) and a terrible childhood.

But what is the reason, the message, the connection between their doings and their art? Why the art? Although some artists make their work only for themselves and not for an audience, most art is made for a public, for "others", and these "others" are the ones that would (will?) give a reason and a message to the art piece and, what's

more, to the artist him/herself (the all-famous “why” after the “what”). Is it possible that these artists did what they did just to get a meaning from their audience? Is the work the message? And again, and yet even more firmly, is the message the reason? Or is it the other way around? Would any of this have happened if it wasn’t because of the fact that the separation between reason, message, tool, technique, etc. was made by someone else other than the artist? Or did the artist know all this from the very beginning and use it for him/herself?

You have already taken your position.

[I’m still being filmed]

The man who killed the man who
killed the man who killed my father

The man who killed the man who killed the man who killed my father was writing in cursive almost with the same cadence as he looked at me. He was thin and tall, almost without distance from shoulder to shoulder, which gave him a certain cartoon like image. Small eyed, he was looking at me seated at a table in the Legrín Café. He said nothing. He invited me to sit with one look and took out a small notebook from the inner pocket of his coat and a pencil not bigger than his ring finger's first phalange.

I ordered a coffee and the man who killed the man who killed the man who killed my father lifted his index and middle fingers (but not his eyes) indicating that he doubled the order.

Because of the wrinkles on his face he should have been at least eighty years old although the person that introduced us guaranteed that he was not older than fifty. He was a foreigner (from Tucumán and Croatia) and had an unpronounceable

last name but in Once he was “The Turkish”, God only knows why.

According to some, he had come to Buenos Aires in '77 chased by the government, and he had hidden for some time. It is also said that he had been found more than twice but had never been in a police station; and the policemen that had found him had never walked into one again.

It was Monday and it rained pointy dogs from Buenos Aires' sky. The Legrín Café was badly illuminated but it was the only one that opened at five in the morning; and at 5:30 I went in.

Besides the man who killed the man who killed the man who killed my father there were three regular customers, two workers from the factory on the street's corner that waited for the clock to strike six making themselves warm with crackers and gin, and the owner who was also the waiter. I hadn't finished taking my coat off and sitting down when the coffees arrived. The man who killed the man who killed the man who killed my father raised his sight from the little notebook while he covered it with his right hand, took the sugar with his left hand and looked at me in the eye, then looked at my sugar bag and looked at me again.

- My sugar? Yes, I drink it without.

He took the sugar bag from my plate, closed the notebook, shook both bags only once with his right hand (without dropping the little pencil), opened them and served them into his coffee.

- With, - he said with a deep voice that actually seemed to be coming from where the owner was standing more than from the person sitting in front of me.

- Sorry? - I stuttered with all the respect that the Turkish-Croatian-Tucumanian arose in me, and it was a lot.

- You don't drink it without, son. You drink it with me. - And he kept on writing.

I didn't know what to say and I decided to remain silent. I was lost not only because of the conversation, if you can call it that, but also because of how early it was and how Buenos Aires was behaving at this hour. While the man who killed the man who killed the man who killed my father was stirring his coffee and writing I took my glass of water, emptied it in one sip and asked for some more.

- It's done, - he said while the owner went to fill the glass.

- What? - I asked answering.

- That it is done. - There was a silence while the owner brought back the

glass and left again. - Here's everything, - and he gave me the little notebook.

My father was a severe person. All his life revolved around his business: buttons. In the "Four holed buttons shop" of Rawson street, in Almagro, he spent more time than at home, and devised sale strategies for his "specialized clients", his "big customers" and his "general clientele", as he used to divide the people that bought buttons there. The shop was his life and it was also his death and our ruin.

The button shop sold only one thing: buttons. But not just any buttons: four holed buttons. White, black, green, red, blue, of two, three or more colors, small as a sesame seed, big as a donut and every (I really think every) possible size in between.

He worked everyday from 7:30 in the morning until 9 in the evening except Sundays, his rest day, more because of the absolute absence of customers than a religious or personal reason. Besides taking care of the shop, his passions were the radio, he listened to every possible news and tango program; the newspaper, he read it all; and San Lorenzo, his football club, more because of the neighborhood than anything else. But his

biggest passion was the button shop, and excessive passions always end up wrong.

As I said, my father was a severe person; but his severity was directly proportional to his sense of justice. I could quote many examples, but the most vivid one comes from when I was still a kid... no more than eight years old. I remember that I'd stolen one of the whitest and biggest buttons my father had to exchange it for some football cards with a friend of mine (the players were "Marmalade" Benítez and "Stumpy" Gordini). We made the exchange and everything would've ended up perfectly if it wasn't for one detail: my friend was Carlitos Oltracaboya, son of the "Basque" Oltracaboya, owner of the "Oltracaboya Notions Shop", located in the same block as the button shop and my father's main rival regarding buttons who, proud of his well designed and even better carried out trick to get the "South African Hollow Ivory Button" (chosen 'Button of the year' in 1942), placed it on exhibition in his shop's window, with light arrangement included. When my father saw it, he accused him of being a thief but the Basque explained, unfortunately smiling and with all the details, how the prize-winning button came to his possession. And that's how I got a beating

that I'll never forget... that were actually two beatings: one for stealing the button and the other for being stupid.

This incident only brought even more trouble between Oltracaboya and my father. And this situation exploded when, in another strategy to raise the sales (to win customers from the competition), my father decided to drop his prices radically; and radical things never go anywhere. Oltracaboya, raging because of not being able to compete with my father without risking bankruptcy, went for the first time in his life to the button shop and both of them argued for a long time. The Basque shouted without stopping and my father's indifferent, slow and stubborn answers made him furious (my father was a specialist in this field) to the point that Oltracaboya ended up throwing the biggest button available aiming at my father's head; luckily he had no skill whatsoever and the button bounced against two walls and ended up somewhere on the floor. The Basque cursed and, seeing that nothing would change my father's opinion, turned around and left having killed his opponent, my father, when he walked two steps towards the radio, stepped on the previously thrown button, slipped and broke his neck;

a clear murder case that brought my mother and me to our ruin because we had to close the shop due to the fact that neither of us could (or knew) how to run it. And my vengeance didn't take long.

That's why thirty years later a little notebook in front of me says "It's done". That's why I woke up so early this morning. That's why the Turkish-Croatian-Tucumanian of unpronounceable name wrote that Oltracaboya, the man who killed my father, discovered that his wife, a very attractive lady in her fifties with a bad reputation and a teenage girl body, was cheating on him with García, the milkman, and this last, in the din of the battle, had killed the Basque with a fist blow in front of his wife still naked on the bed, who ended up marrying García and also cheating on him and was again caught in the middle of the sublime act with the Turkish-Croatian-Tucumanian now re-named sonofafuckingbitch who, in honor to moral convention, received a royal beating without complaining or even emitting a single sound, and also, some days later, the news of the milkman's suicide who slashed his veins with a broken milk bottle.

The Turkish looked at me in the eyes and passed me a letter, written in the same handwriting as the small notebook, that said that, due to my contract with him, he should kill the man who killed my father or, in case this person had been previously murdered, to kill his killer, or the killer's killer, and so on until he could find someone to murder.

When I raised my eyes from the letter, the Turkish was pointing at me with his .32.

- The contract is fulfilled. Partially.

I finished my coffee, left ten pesos on the table, took my coat and stood up.

- The contract is fulfilled. The coffee is on me.

Interval (pleasant drying for every
visitor)

Chapter 9

Voorschoterlaan: last underground station if you go to Nesselande, Ommoord or Capelle a/d IJssel; first underground station if you go in the opposite direction, towards Spijkenisse. I am going to Hesseplaats in the metro to Nesselande (that means, last underground station for me).

I adore when the metro goes to the surface (Kralingse Zoom) both because of the contrast of lights during the day as for the mist during the night. The exit takes me by surprise even when I'm conscious, when I'm waiting for it... the more I wait for it the more it takes me by surprise. In the rare autumn sunny days the light blinds me, the same as when I was a kid and in the trips from Mar del Plata to Chapadmalal I looked at the sun for several seconds, although in the former case it was involuntary blindness, enjoyable blindness... annoyingly enjoyable.

“The metro is the place where I spend most of my time, where I think almost all my time about the pleasure of not thinking.”

It’s raining, but not down here, but there above; I’m about to go out. And I’m next to the window.

Chapter 12

A six-wagon train can make a maximum of one meter up every one hundred meters driven. Not the metro. More.

Amazing.

Chapter 16

Delfshaven (port of the delta): last station before Marconiplein, the ex-last station.

Temporarily here (not here, but over there) I am sleeping (if you can call this sleeping). The neighborhood is beautiful, the people are not, almost never; it’s hard to see beautiful people when you take the last metro (specially in an underground station). I have to walk to go to sleep; I

have to walk to go to wake up; I have to walk. It's drizzling and cold, I'm fine. Probably I'm not myself, probably (more than probably, most likely) the one that walks to my bed (my bed?) is my reflection in the mirror (it's amazing how we can take possession of things that are not ours). (It's incredible). My mirror image walks fast; I think the rain is bothering him.

- Only when it's cold.
- Is it cold?
- The kind of cold that gets to your bones.
- Is it cold?
- Humid cold.
- Is it cold?
- Yes.
- It is cold.

It is cold and we are walking. I'm alone. It drizzles. And it's cold. And I still have three blocks to walk to get to what I consider my bed as long as I have money to pay for it.

"The metro helps me think. The metro is bad."

Chapter 21

Death crawls in every corner in Buenos Aires after dusk. Boredom crawls in every corner in Rotterdam before, during and after dusk. Great. This is almost home: it would be if it had a fireplace with fire with flame with logs with heat with me with you I love you I miss you I need you; I need you to give me fireplace warmth with your red lips. I need your moisture.

Chapter 27

I need water. I cough.

Do not smoke in the wagons or in the underground stations. Bicycles not allowed until 7:00 p.m. Do not use skates or roller-skates. Do not put the feet on the seats (green, completely green). Loud, bothering noises like music, both from a radio (or similar) or live (how would it be to play drums in the metro?) are forbidden. Do not eat. Do not litter. Do not paint the wagons (depending on the time of the day, one to three wagons; three only in rush hour). Do not think.

No.

Chapter 30

Coolhaven: underground. Next to the last station before the ex-last station. My third home.

I think I'm going to wake up for a bit, I'm tired of sleeping all day without sense, walking. He is going to continue sleeping standing on that bench. I need to wake up, I'm tired. I detest needing so much. I wish.

Dear diary:

“Roken is dodelijk. Verboden te roken.”

I want a cigarette. I cough. More. The floor is frozen. Waking up is complicated.

Chapter 34

Coolhaven's ceiling has textures. Why am I in an ambulance?

- I cough.
- (I don't understand dutch).
- I don't understand dutch.

- (I don't understand dutch).
- I don't understand dutch.
- We are taking you to a hospital.
- Why?
- (I don't understand dutch... do not speak dutch!)

Chapter 35

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Chapter 36

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Chapter 42

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Chapter 59

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Chapter 66

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Chapter 78

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Chapter 92

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Chapter 104

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Chapter 113

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Chapter 127

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Chapter 132

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Chapter 147

Waking up.

Chapter 153

And all the rest of the things I had to do still remain to be done. It's been a long time since I've written this much. That's the problem with reading: the rest of the things are secondary.

Chapter 157

Why did you doubt? You were going to place it where it belonged. Definitely that is a bear-like sweater. I can't look at you in the eyes, straight in the eyes... See? I thought you wanted to say something.

- You wanted to say something.
- ...
- Sometimes you do want to say something.
- Sometimes. Sometimes I want to be something.
- It's better not to be.
- Let's leave the play writer in peace.
- Better.

- Why is it better not to be?
- Let's leave the play writer...
- ... in peace.
- I want, suddenly, to cry.
- Don't need it.
- I need it. I detest needing, I told you.
- I am waiting for myself.
- Where are you planning to spend the winter?
- Under your bear-like sweater.
- If you turn the volume up you will listen.
- I know, and I'm not afraid.
- Neither am I; neither am I.
- Pay my bail.
- See? You don't pay attention to me...
- You have your souvenir.
- It fits in my pocket.
- Don't drop it.
- I threw it on the floor.
- See? You don't pay attention to me...
- I'm tired of standing on this bench.
- I am tired of watching the textures of the ceiling.
- Stop watching them then.
- I can't.
- Why?
- Coolhaven doesn't let me let go.
- If I could only remember her name.
- Distance, sometimes, is necessary.
- Distance, sometimes, is deadly.
- Do not fall asleep.

- I already am.
- Wake up.
- I've done it before, although the floor was colder.
- I cough.
- Damned the moment you decided to get naked.
- I still remember everything you said.
- That's why I keep myself away from you.
- I still remember seeing you asleep.
- Awake.
- Awake.
- I feel good, although bad.
- You never sat at the table.
- The manners didn't allow me to do so.

"I love the word death; use it."

Damned tyrant.

Chapter 168

It's only in that moment, the exact instant of waking up after a dream, that one turns into what it is... into what one really is.

Waking up

She's staying in again; looking out through the window at the stars, sleeping the whole day and researching the whole night with eventual breaks to get some tea, roll cigarettes and look outside, where there are no lights. And cry.

She is trying to understand why. Why is she feeling like she is feeling, why does the brain work like it does, why do thoughts and feelings work so much together and why is it that some of us try to separate them constantly although it's impossible. And she wonders why she is living all those whys (and all the rest of them) if she actually doesn't like the whys; or the becauses. In a way she is like me.

I see her walking through her house. It's time for a break. First to the kitchen for some green tea, then next to the stove because she's cold (she's always cold) and the heating works very badly, so she often sneezes three times in a row, the first two to the inside, the third one with her whole body while she walks towards

the window. And she looks outside for a while, but she doesn't see me.

It's freezing outside and she's crying again; I know. The water is boiling so she goes back to the kitchen. She always mixes different teas together and now it's green tea with chamomile to try to calm down, but it's not working. It's been three months since the burglary but she can't recover. That burglary was the last drop for her, everything went wrong in just one moment: her past fixed in the only thing the thieves took, the family jewelry; her present of not knowing (not knowing who she really was or what to do); the fact of knowing that nobody understood her and because of that nobody was able to help her -not him, not her mother, not me- and also that she almost wasn't talking at all with any of us; the four times she had to move in less than nine months; but above all her own instability and the insecurities surrounding her. And then there was me.

The tea waits to get colder while she rolls some cigarettes. She is alone, but too many thoughts go through her mind while the feelings accumulate inside of her and she just cries them out sometimes. Jazz is coming out of the speakers in her studio, but she's not listening; she is just smoking next to the window holding a big green cup

of tea with no handle, looking outside and occasionally to her reflection on the glass. Her eyes are swollen. She breaks into tears and sobs. She needs to sit down or she'll spill the other half of the tea on the small carpet too.

It's like a circle. Her home for over two years is being demolished and she was forced out of there. We went together to look for another apartment for her and we even talked about living together, but we couldn't; it would've been too much. I spent my birthday in this new apartment, on top of her, loving her; but you had to go out of there too less than two months afterwards, so you moved to a new place, to a new city, again, to my city. Closer, but more separate. And there was where the burglary occurred. And it changed you; and you moved away again, this time to your favorite city, the first one, the original one. God only knows for how long (and this uncertainty also affects you) but I hope you can stay there for as long as you want. Or need. But you don't want to need. We share that. But sometimes you just cannot help it and you need. Circles.

And you wake up on the carpet on the floor after crying your way into some now forgotten dream; half a cold cup of

tea, a consumed cigarette in an ashtray next to you and your face still wet because of the tears. “How long have I slept?” you wonder. No clue. (An hour and a bit more.) Drink your tea. I should go there, but I can see you from here too.

Do you remember when you told me that you loved me, when you were falling in love with me but you didn’t allow yourself to? Remember when we slept next to each other? When I talked so much and you were completely frustrated with me and with us? When we were awake until 5 and we had to get up at 7? Or when we just looked at each other’s eyes until one of us had to lower the sight...? Do you?

“You sound like you are in love.”

Yes.

She looks out the window drinking her cold tea. She’s not crying now. Time for research. I’ll wait.

She’s isolating herself, she needs to feel safe and she used to be her own safe place. When everything else failed she could trust herself. Not anymore. Something is broken and she has no clue how to fix it. I want to help her, although I don’t know how. She knows I’m here and waiting, she knows she can call me

anytime; I know that if I call she won't pick up and I don't want to put her under pressure. It may sound selfish, but it's hard for me; but I know it's much harder for you, so I'll wait. You know.

Daylight's breaking. Time to go to bed and cry into sleep.

I fear suicide. You told me that you don't consider it as an option anymore, but I fear it. I don't know if it works like it does for me -I know me more than I know you, although I don't know me at all- but you are special, different. I hope you still feel the same way as before and my fear is just me contemplating the worst possibility.

I like to watch you sleep. You are so gone, your skin is so soft. And your eyelids are kind of silver and your mouth is so red and a little bit open. Don't hide behind your hair; you don't have to. Just rest.

Sweet dreams...

I also cry. And so does he. He does it with you, I do it alone. We all feel alone. We are all alone. How many things are we actually hiding? Are our thoughts just lies that we are waiting to say at the right

moment (which is always the wrong moment)? There's too much violet under your eyes and there's no long good night sleep that is going to fix that. And you are not even sleeping well. Is it that dream chasing you again? Or is it the echo of the one you have when you are awake?

Four hours now and you haven't even moved from the position you cried into sleep. You are cold and your lips are whiter than before, but you have no clue. Are his feet also cold? Is the hot water bag still hot?

Whiteness. I've never met anyone as white as you. Who are you going to kill first: him, me or yourself? You know he cannot take it (I seriously doubt anyone can, and that includes you).

What's going on? You use to talk to me even while sleeping. Remember. Forget. I wrote both words in a notebook in September. I should forget you (and probably you should forget me too) but I should remember you too. You know? I want to remember, I want to, but what is want? Some things you want (and I mean you) you just put them aside because they are too difficult. Maybe that's exactly the reason not to put them aside. Maybe you are right: I want what I cannot have. But what about you, then?

Daylight. Coffee and a cigarette and a bit of walking and looking out your window. The grass outside is frozen and every time I step on it I break it and everything cracks. You still look straight into my eyes (or so it seems) but it's more in the middle point between your window and me, hanging from the ceiling outside. He's coming downstairs. Quick, hide! Another zip and you get burned, you are gone, back in there on the stained carpet, and as you look up you see the curtain still hanging tight going outside. He says hi and the curtain is gone. And you lower your eyes. I'm going back.

Wake up. Wake up. It's time. "How are you?" I'm waiting. How are you? "I'm better, sometimes even good". You told me "te amo" in February; what happened?

"Wake up". It's time.

are you ever going to write...?

are you ever going to write...?

"no."

why not?

Wait. Remember. Forget. There's so much of everything and so much nothing at the same time. Yes, I know, nothing is already something. And we had almost everything. "Too much." Maybe. But...

Measurements. Measurements mean nothing, right? You are not my toy, I don't possess you, neither do you; and you don't have me, although you do... but not.

Isles. Happy New Year! None of us know anything, and we were all about communication. Well, not all. Your window is empty. Maybe it's time for me to go. Home. Away. Go.

Palindromes of remember and forget. Open bridges.

Many. Maybe. Moments.

I still can't recover. You talked. We talked. Happy New Year and 69 hours of us with irregular breaks and cold and warmth and tea and one song that refused to be found. And so many other things that remain, that didn't die, that won't die. And the smiles...

Glad. tbc...

And six non-stop hours of crying
after none in three days. I'll stay. Come to
the window. I'll stay.

was it so terrible last night...?

Everything is quiet. It's nice to see
you walk. You spend less time sitting
down. You spend less time looking out the
window.

You still cry. You still cry, although
you are also doing other things. Thanks for
letting me in. Thanks for going out.

Seven. Thirteen. You by the
window, eyes closed. Red eyes closed
looking at the mist on the grass. I'm still
sitting here, just like for the last two
months (more, much more, take my word)
waiting. Looking at you as you go to the
kitchen to get some bread. Is it warm
inside? I hope so. How are you?

How are you? "I don't feel like
talking right now". Let's be quiet then. Let
me look at your eyes and you just start
smiling and looking down. Smile, it suits
you perfectly.

A car went by and your eyes
followed it with your red lips.

You probably went out today to go to class and I don't want to interrupt you by calling.

Your window curtain is closed and I cannot look inside. It's been four days now, although I've seen you outside and you've seen me too. It's cold and I'm just wearing a t-shirt.

Your eyes are here, though. And people are waving. Are you all in black?
I miss you here.

Movement. Moments.

I'm saving one of everything for you...

True. It's true. As much as I can think of it (as much as as much as I can feel it) it's true. I know when you go to the bathroom to cry and to vomit, and you know I know and that is sometimes too much to handle. For both of us. You keep on walking inside and I keep on taking notes.

You know I'm looking and seeing and watching and also waiting. And you are waiting too. No lines, no queuing, just a wait.

We can close our eyes but not our ears. Is that why nothing seems to go back to where (and what) it was?

No, it's not cancer. Keep breathing. I don't know why but with all this uncertainty you are the only certain face around here. Keep your eyes wide open. But if you close them read this. "It's beyond beautiful".

There's wind... listen. The top of all your trees are bending over... listen to them. It does matter.

If you open the book you will remember. And you will forget. And remember. Forget. Everything will come back to you like the triangle of four cities in the last months; but this time, hopefully, you'll smile.

And I will too.

Stop breathing the humid carpet.
Open. Open.

Boxes and boxes and boxes and books. Unopened, lying all around you. A couple of films reminding us that we've never watched one together except in a cinema (and they were like 30).

A keyboard, black bags with clothes, cigarettes to be rolled and a cameo of your hair on the table because you fell asleep

again at 2 in the morning after 38 hours of doing.

I'm at the door and your backyard is misty. Half your room is covered with smoke, but not your half. It usually rains on Friday nights over here and the wind has calmed down a bit.

I observe and people all around me look at what I'm listening to. Everything breaks down to your breathing sound because I don't believe in words anymore. But I can't seem to stop writing. Yes, I talk too much. I'm nervous.

And for the first time -maybe, but not- I'm waiting to hear (to see) or to see (to listen) your lips move slightly. Boxes. Everything is so quiet. How are you?

Islands. Islands that drift in two different cities. Islands from two different countries. Islands in a third country. It's about to rain but today is not so cold (for me). I walked with my coat open the whole morning, and with my scarf. You are still wearing your coat closed. Fifty-five minutes still. Fifty-five minutes yet. Tea.

Espresso. It's cloudy and the smell reminds me of you inside. Cigar, coffee, eyes. I don't want it to stop. I may want it to change, but that depends on how it

changes. Words. Again. Want, need,
change, how, why, what.

Emotions and instability and things
being too much. Writing things down,
supposedly, relieves the pain... there's no
pain. There's no pain to relieve. There are
thoughts, there are feelings, there's a
story, there's a history.

Thousands of questions that don't
have an answer; not in words (I should be
writing this down). But a look, a glance
says it all. And the smile.

You came by the window hours ago
and now you look at me. You are looking at
me. "Don't say sorry." I won't if you don't
say it either. You are staring at me. Sleep
tight.

0

*Hacia la nada,
directo a la nada,
proa hacia la nada.*
Amnesia by Sergio Rotman

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7.1.: Dad, I know you like this kind of puzzles and that you always read the last paragraph of every book and letter first. I hope you get this letter, I thought it might have needed to be safe. We are lost, fine. Me.

Mr. White and Blackie

I

Mr. White looks out the window.
- It is raining... Blackie's turn.
Blackie looks out the window
- It's raining... my turn. Fuck, - he
says.

It's raining heavily in Buenos Aires.
Although it's 3 o'clock in the afternoon, it's
nighttime outside. "This reminds me of
Norway", Mr. White thinks while he
drinks his tea in his apartment. "Where
did I put my axe?", Blackie asks himself
while he puts on his (black) raincoat.

Cap? Yes. Boots? Yes. Trousers? Yes.
Gloves? Yes. Raincoat? Yes.

Blackie goes out.

- Sir, my grandma asks if you can buy
a lettuce for her.

Blackie looks at the 4th floor woman's
grandson with an "I-know-this-line" face.

- Yes. Tell her I'll bring it around 8.

And the kid runs away.

“Sometimes I’d kill her”, Blackie thinks.

- And rules are rules- he says, quoting someone making faces and with his tongue out.

Blackie goes out. It’s raining even harder than before. “And I use to like the rain”, he thinks looking up until a big fat rain drop gets into his eye.

- Fuck! - and he keeps on walking.

He checks the inside of his raincoat. “Axe? Yes. Wire? Yes. Knife number 1? Yes. Knife number 2? Yes. Hammer? Yes.” And now the trousers. “Knife number 3? Yes. Knife number 4? Yes. Rope? Yes.” And keeps on walking.

“This used to make more sense. At least, besides giving the police a headache, we got rid of people that bothered us. Now not even that. It bores me a little. It’s almost a routine. Although at the same time it’s not because “if it becomes a routine one stops being careful”, he thinks while he mocks someone. “A bore, bah. And nobody goes out with this rain.”

At that moment a woman wearing a raincoat goes out of her apartment building and crashes into Blackie, hitting

her elbow with the head of the axe inside
his coat

- Almost nobody.

- Ouch! Not “almost”; I hit it! What do
you have in there? A lead cigar box?

- Sorry. Anyway, you were in quite a
hurry, right?

- It’s raining, right? - she says
sarcastically.

- Yes. I like walking in the rain.

- I don’t, but I’m out of milk for my
baby. - She rubs her elbow. - No, really,
what do you have there?

- An axe

- An axe? Why?

And Blackie showed her. In her head.

II

- Doesn’t it remind you of Norway,
Richardson?

- The truth is that I’ve never been to
Norway, White.

- Well, it’s something like this.

- Aha.

Mr. White, Richard White, and his
cat Richardson drink some more tea

sitting at the table. Richardson specifically on the table. Outside the day gets a bit clearer when the bell rings. White decides not to answer and dozes off on his chair. Richardson goes to the door.

- Who's there?

Another ring.

- Who is it? - the cat asks louder.

A man's footsteps walk away and Richardson, angry, goes back to White's feet, caresses himself with them and lies down to sleep. White, awoken by the cat, gets up and goes to the door. He opens it and Blackie walks in. He knows the apartment and goes straight to the living room. Richardson sees him, stands up and goes under the table, away from him. Blackie gets to a little table where there's only a chess game and moves D5, second move of the match after a white's D4 by White; he gets himself a cup of tea at the main table standing up, eats a scone and then he sits down.

Richardson runs away and White gets closer to the chess table, puts his reading glasses on ceremoniously on the tip of his nose and studies Blackie's move making all sorts of exaggerated faces like someone that cannot see almost anything; but Mr. White doesn't need glasses.

White is dressed in white: white suit, white shirt, white shoes. The only things that don't match are the cream-colored tie and the black R.B. monogram on the handkerchief coming out of his jacket's pocket. He looks at the board a bit longer, takes off his glasses -which he puts in one of the jacket's side pockets- and goes to the big table to get some more tea.

- Let me guess...- says Blackie- white tea.

- With a little bit of dried pear skin.

- Aren't you tired of all this routine?

All dressed in white, the tea, even the cat!

- Didn't the weather today make you think of Norway in March?

- But you've never been to Norway!

The closest you've ever been to Norway was when we met that Swedish girl in Mar del Plata like... how long ago?- Blackie thinks- Like 15 years ago.

- Twenty. Almost.

- So?

- What did I ask you?

- Again... No, it didn't make me think of Norway, and even less of Norway in March, White.

- It's beautiful.

- Oh yes. Living for six months in the dark has got to be very beautiful- he says ironically. - And let's not even start talking

about the other six with light. No thanks. Are you going to move? - Blackie asks looking at the chess game.

- Did you realize- White goes on as if he hasn't even listened- that during the last three years every time that it was your turn you did it on the first day of the month?

- Yes.

- Do you realize that it shows a pattern?

- Yes.

- And do you realize that it is dangerous?

- Yes.

- Good.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Mr. White tries the temperature of his tea with the tip of his elbow rolling up one of his jacket's sleeves -it's hot- and then he gets up and goes back to the chess table. He puts his glasses on with the same ceremony and studies the board for a while.

Blackie sips his tea, eats another scone and drinks some more while he looks at Richardson observing him from a prudential distance.

- Did you know that the cats, they say, perceive the "being" of humans? - asks Blackie.

Mr. White, as if he hasn't listened, sits in front of the board on his red couch.

- Maybe that's why he never gets close to me, right?

White looks at Blackie from over his glasses and smiles slightly. C4. Finally he gets up, goes to the tea table and starts drinking it slowly, satisfied by its taste.

- The truth is -Blackie goes on- that I'm tired of our routine.

- Richardson doesn't get close to you, my dear Blackie, because of your smell.

- Did you wake up formal today, man?

- You smell black.

- What's wrong with you today? -

Blackie asks offended. - Too much playing.

- It's your month.

- Could the gentleman, excuse my boldness, start talking to me the way he's been doing it for the last couple of decades, if it's not too much to ask, please? - Blackie reproaches.

- Gerunds, gerunds.

- Stop fucking around, Richard.

Enough. Blackie gets mad and stands up.

- Ok, ok, Charles. Sorry -says White-. Who was it today?

- I'm telling you, this routine is tiring me.

- And why do you think that I've been behaving like this today?

- That's not gonna change my mind.

- And I told you this is not a routine - says White and then recites- "if it becomes routine one stops being careful" -Blackie mimics his speech in the meantime- and don't make fun of me. You know it's true.

- You and your "you know"... You know what? Today was the last one. A woman.

- Well, at least I know it was a woman.

- Nice girl. You would've liked her.

- Where was it?

- Three blocks from here- says Blackie pointing over his shoulder.

- And we keep on not being careful - says White with a primary school teacher's tone.

- Stop. Enough. I think that by now the cops have surrendered already.

- But that's not true.

There are sirens outside and cars that pass by at full speed.

- You see? - says White.

- But they cannot get us!

- And why today? Why did you do it today?

- They are not going to get us.

Another patrol car passes by very fast with the siren loud on.

- Today- says White- is first of the month. And during...

- And during the last three years - interrupts Blackie, and recites- every time it was my turn I did it the first of the month. Yes. So?

- Many killings the first of the month, don't you think?

- Of the last 36 months it was my turn on 16. You did it 20 times. They didn't even get us when they brought the guy from the US. This game is no fun anymore.

Blackie stands up, goes to the chessboard and, without even thinking about it, moves E6.

III

Charles Arti, better known as Blackie, moves E6 on one of the chess tables in Rivadavia Park. In front of him, Old Penda raises his sight and lowers his hands to rub his thighs.

- The truth, boy -says the old man behind his thick green glasses- you and your Gambit have me up to here.

Penda, old grey trousers, shirt, coat and beret, looks around searching for someone among the seven or eight people looking at the game but, as he doesn't find him, he moves.

- Blackie, you have to change your way of playing. It's no fun if you always do the same. I know your game!

- So?

- So you always lose!

- I want to learn the Gambit. I like this opening.

- Yes, kid, but and Indian is more convenient for you. You are suicidal up front and have no defense in the back. You don't know how to defend, and you lose.

- I'll beat you, Don Félix. I'll beat you eventually.

- I know, but not today. Check.

The game goes on, just like the other five on the rest of the tables of the park.

- Be careful, Blackie. Be careful.
Check.

- You have checkmate in two, Don Félix- says Blackie dropping the King on the board.

- Take more care of your castling, ok?

- I will, Don. Thanks.

- Who's next?

- Me...

Everybody turns to look at the man all dressed in white. He sits down on the chair in front of Don Penda, extends his right hand and greets "Richard White" while he takes off his white hat with the other hand.

- Don Félix Penda- says the old man a bit surprised. And they choose color.

IV

- You always open the same way with black. D5 and E6 every time I do Gambit- says White.

- I tried King's Indian a couple of times and it went very wrong- answers Blackie looking at the board.

- You haven't beaten me yet.

- You never won, Blackie? - asks Richardson raising his right eyebrow just a little.

- Never.

The white cat laughs loudly while walking towards White's legs.

- It's incredible -says Blackie- that I've never beaten you after almost twenty years.

There are more sirens outside.

- It's not incredible -White corrects Blackie-. Not anymore. What are the odds that I've never lost a chess match in my whole life? This is not chance, Blackie, this is not about luck. It's almost not even a game. Not anymore - he says standing up and getting close to the window.

Down there the street is closed by a couple of patrol cars and the whole zone is cordoned off with plastic police tape. It starts raining even harder.

Blackie gets closer to the window too.

- Something tells me that they are gonna get wet.

White doesn't answer. He doesn't even look at him.

- Well -says Blackie- I'm gonna buy the lettuce for the woman of the 4th floor.

- Again?

- She can't walk, what do you want? If I don't do it, who will?

- To tell you the truth, the fact that you didn't go to the other side of the bridge to do it gave this whole thing a very interesting touch.

- It wasn't my intention- Blackie answers dryly.

- I know. But nevertheless...

- I'm out- he interrupts.

- Next time I'm going to try it too.

Maybe you are right: too much caution bores.

- All this bores- says Blackie showing White the axe still full of blood.

Richardson runs towards Blackie and starts rubbing himself against his legs. -

What's wrong with this one? - asks Blackie surprised. - It's the first time he even touches me.

The axe drips some blood onto the floor and Richardson starts licking it.

- It's the first time you show something like that here- smiles White.

Some of the blood falls on Richardson's back and the cat becomes crazy trying to lick it. Blackie startles and looks at White who's smiling ear-to-ear looking at Richardson wallow all over the floor.

- You are both crazy- says Blackie putting the axe away, opening the door and going out, slamming it shut afterwards.

- Maybe- says White getting near the door. He bends close to Richardson and the cat suddenly calms down, smiles, and gets a bloody claw close to his hand. White caresses the claw with one finger getting

some blood on it and then places it close to the cat's mouth who starts licking and chewing it until it's completely clean and goes back to wallowing between the blood drops that still are on the floor. - Maybe not.

V

- One per year- says Blackie.
- One per month- says White.
- Don't you think it's a little bit too much? - asks Blackie while moving a bishop. -It's twelve men per year...
- Or women.
- Or women.
- Or boys. Or girls.
- Also? - asks Blackie losing the concentration from the chess match for the first time.
- And why not? It would be dangerous to depict a pattern of behavior.
- That means, your turn, that it will be a bit random.
- Completely random- says White while moving a rook. -The victim, the method, the day, the place, even which one of us will do it, check, now that we are two.

Blackie doesn't know where that check came from.

- And how do we know which one of us is on? - he moves his Queen back.

- The weather.

- The weather? - Blackie is losing the match.

- Check mate in two. What do you like more, sun or rain?

- Sorry?

- Do you like more sunny or rainy days?

- It depends.

- Say goodbye to your Queen. To kill. Check.

- To kill? I've never thought about that while killing-. Blackie swallows, looks at the board and thinks. -It's been only two so far, by the way. And the truth is that it wasn't very premeditated- he moves his King to the last row.

- So it's the same to you, then, right? - White raises his eyes from the board for the first time, drinks some tea and lights a cigarette. -I prefer sunny days. And there are even more sunny than rainy days in this city; so if it's ok with you I'd rather have the sunny ones and you can keep the rainy. If it rains the first day of the month, it's yours; if there's sun it's mine. And if it is cloudy, we wait, and we decide at 10 in

the morning. - Rook to the last row. -
Checkmate.

- It really was checkmate in two.

- So I've won four and you nil. You
are going to have to practice a lot, Blackie.

- I can see that.

- More tea?

- Yes. Thanks.

VI

It rains even harder than before
outside. Blackie puts his coat's hood on,
goes out and walks to the right where all
the police cars are going.

- "The criminal always goes back to
the scene of the crime" -he recites-. "Never
go back to the scene of the crime. If it is in
front of Titi's bakery or some place like
that, obviously this rule doesn't apply.
Where else are you going to get such
croissants?"... Idiot.

- Twenty years listening to the same
verse. The same little verses, -Blackie
talks to himself. -And my ass is soaking
wet out here.

Some meters in front of him police warning signs close the street: two patrol cars on the corners and plastic tape side to side of the street. An old fat sergeant is standing next to the car talking with a corporal who tries to smoke a cigarette in spite of the storm.

- García and López. Typical, - says Blackie while he gets closer.

- Good evening- salutes the fat one. The badge reads "García, Z. Sergeant". -Do you live in this block?

- No, no- answers Blackie. -What happened?

- There's nothing to see- says the sergeant quoting the police book. -Move ahead.

- Sergeant García; ironic, don't you think? And are you Zorro or just corporal López?

- Corporal Pérez -answers García- and don't play funny-man or I'll have you arrested.

- And we wouldn't want that, - says Blackie sarcastically. -What happened?

- Someone cracked a woman's head open fifty meters from here.

- Ah -says Blackie indifferent. -Any suspects?

- With this rain? It's enough that we can see the victim's body. Why? Any idea of who may have done this?

- I was just wondering, you know that the criminal always comes back to the scene of the crime... maybe he'll be back. What do you think, sarge?

- I'll really have you arrested, ok? Don't tempt me. C'mon, move ahead, there's nothing to see here.

- I'll move ahead. Don't worry. Good evening.

Blackie gets some steps away and thinks about White. "They are never going to catch us. Not like this for sure."

VII

- So it's going to be twenty years next month - says Blackie astonished and trying to remember something.

- Why are you thinking about time so much?

- We are getting old, man.

- Speak for yourself. I'm still a kid - says White grabbing his belly with both hands.

- I'm not. And you are not a kid either.

Blackie sits at the table. He has a glass of water in front of him.

- Twenty years -Blackie goes on-. Two hundred and forty months. Two hundred and forty persons.

- Two hundred and thirty nine, but who's counting? Next month it's going to be two-forty.

- That's what you say. I'm out- says Blackie, and he drinks some water.

White sits in front of the chessboard.

- Always the same opening, little Blackie -grumbles White- this is really getting boring.

Blackie keeps on drinking water slowly. He's facing White, but his sight is lost, as if he was looking at the humidity hanging in the room.

- There's no out, you know it.

- There is- answers Blackie without moving his face.

- No, there's not. You swore it.

Blackie comes back to himself.

- That's why I'm telling you. To convince you to do the same.

- Well, let's think about this for some minutes-. White stands up and walks towards the red couch. -My answer is no. Period.

- And what about the minutes?

- Twenty.

- Twenty?

- Yes. Twenty are the minutes that I need to chop you into little pieces after you become number two hundred and forty, little Blackie. There's no way out of this one. Period.

- You and your periods-. Blackie drinks some more water, stands up and takes the axe out of his coat. - May I remind you that I'm the one with the axe - Richardson gets closer- so, besides the fact that I'm not afraid of you and that I've never been afraid of you and that I don't care about your threats, I've never been afraid of you and I don't care about your threats.

- Put that away, man, this is my house- White also stands up. He is not afraid. He is almost smiling because of the situation. - Sorry, son -he says to Richardson while he caresses him- but not today.

The cat walks back to the kitchen disappointed.

- We are civilized people, Blackie. Put that away, ok?

Blackie doubts and looks everywhere searching for something he cannot find. In

the end, he sits down and puts the axe away.

- You cannot stop, Blackie. What can you do? Rules are rules-. White also sits down. - You cannot move a rook diagonally, or a bishop straight, or the King more than one square per turn-. White arranges his tie and puts his hands inside his closed coat's side pockets. - You can kill me, yes, but you would have to face some serious problems.

- And thousands of solutions, - says Blackie ironically.

- The first one, Richardson. I don't think you want to be with him until who knows when.

- He'll be very well fed for several days- says Blackie pointing with his eyes to White's belly coming out of the coat.

- The second -White unbuttons his coat- would be to get rid of my body, although I see that you were already thinking of solving problems one and two at the same time. Well then, the real problem would be the amount of people that know that we know each other pretty well and for several years now -White crosses his legs- and that would lead the police, once they discover my half-chewed body thanks to a neighbor complaining about the shit-smell coming out of this

apartment, to make inquiries and ask questions to people that I would have met in the past, leading to two places: either your apartment full of weapons and, yes, circumstantial evidence of at least fifty crimes with the criminal inside; or to an apartment under your name full of weapons and, yes, circumstantial evidence of at least fifty crimes without the, now presumed, criminal, now also a fugitive; and Interpol, the FBI and who knows who else chasing you. What leads to your third problem: who knows that we know each other? - White asks waiting for an answer.

- No one. I didn't want to interrupt your complicated monologue, but there's nobody.

- You are wrong, and that's why Richardson is, I assume, very expectant in the kitchen- White smiles.

Blackie looks at White without understanding. After a while, he suddenly opens his eyes widely and his breathing stops.

- No! - he shouts while he runs towards the kitchen.

- Yes, yes, yes -laughs White almost frenetically. - The only living person that knows about us!

- But he's just a kid! - shouts Blackie from the kitchen.

- So?

Blackie comes back with the 4th floor woman's grandson in his arms.

- What did you do to him?

- Calm down, he's just sleeping. Let's just say that I saw all this coming tonight. Leave him over there- says White pointing at the floor.

- I'm taking him to his grandma- says Blackie walking to the door.

- Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. You are going to sit there -says White pointing to the red couch with a gun and immediately after to Blackie. - We are going to bet him in a nice chess match. If you win, the kid goes and then we'll figure out our little problem. If I win, the kid stays and I'll think and decide what to do with him and our own little predicament.

Blackie looks at the boy without knowing what to do.

- Have a sit, little Blackie; let's play for a while. You play black as usual?

VIII

Outside, Blackie is sitting in the patrol car looking up towards the apartment's balcony.

- Your rook is really getting on my nerves by now.

- Check mate.

- Rooks are bad news- says Richardson.

- But then, who won?

- Well... you- answers Richardson, alone in the apartment looking at the chessboard in front of him, checkmated. - You again.

H.A.D.

Compro vuelvo subo bajo I find myself
listening to three different languages and
the idea of choosing one glides around and
sets some music. Different would be if I
could just be on top of my desk, she says.
“Doe maar Changes” ok... Woorden
schrijven, visjes met gaten breien, dirty
cats with braining, hyperbaton; and
Changes paused. Play. Galaxie. La idea es
mantener el nederlands en un mínimo
posible, english will come up by itself. Is
this the place that I want to be,
muéstrame todo. Ella se vuelve más
interesante by the minute. Despertar,
ventilador de techo, arcoiris. “Por qué?” Es
el CD colgado del borde de la ventana,
donde tendría que estar la cortina. Pero
está el CD. Café instantáneo
oh God
how....?
not true
they left the drummer out of the name of
the band
...

y un cigarrillo en el baño. Un té y el otro despertador, 2 horas más tarde y con todos despiertos. No hay nada más viejo que el diario de ayer. Holanda Italia Bolivia Buenos Aires Roma Rotterdam smoking room. Galletitas mojadas en té y otro cigarrillo. Humo. De colectivos.

Encuentros al fin del mundo y nunca vuelvas a los lugares donde fuiste feliz. Dos semanas horribles, dos semanas buenísimas. Getting used to it. Caminar por Corrientes, pedir plata, huir por Callao, encontrar balcones y autos camionetas colectivos recuperadores edificios cafés, dar vueltas y pensar en terminar una novela una película en una noche.

How's China?

El té está todavía demasiado caliente. 14 horas de espera, 14 horas de vuelo. N-E de vuelo y espera. Gran no y reflejos en el vidrio y amenazas y una nena que vomita en italiano mitad en el suelo mitad en el hombro all black del padre. Understanding is impossible, that's why we try to understand. All three of us. Although you proposed it and I commented it first knowing that you wanted me to comment although it was in Dutch because my mail stated "understand" as its 12th word and she is your friend and thinks I'm

interesting too and can share some things and some others not and the problem with her would be even bigger than with you and you consider (the problem) (already) big enough. Can you tell me honestly do you wanna be me? And the 4th is not even in this conversation, nor the fifth.

Todo el mundo se cortó el pelo. Soy casi el único argentino de pelo largo en Buenos Aires y eso me sorprende. “Tendrías que cuidártelo un poco más. Shampoo sólo no alcanza” Y no. No importa. Muy probablemente me lo corte el mes que viene. Me ayudará ella, que sería como una sexta, pero como viene de antes, sería también una menos uno? Maybe. Probably. Most likely. Never surely. Verbal pocket play. Un alfajor y otro pucho. Plaza San Martín.

Not nots

Yes yess

God

Stop... hammertime

I'm walking towards places where I've been maybe once before, or maybe not. I have no clue why I am going this way but I feel strangely safe for the first time in several weeks although the thoughts of

leaving tomorrow keep on coming
bothering me. Not having a place does that
to me. "People motivate me, not places"
true up to a certain extent, then not. A
plane ticket printed out and a 5 hours wait
now after saying goodbye and emptiness
and the flash (ah-aaahhh) of all of you
coming back in those hours after these
weeks. 4 semanas para 6 años parece no
ser suficiente. Cómo sería volver a vivir en
Buenos Aires en lugar de en Rotterdam?
Cómo sería vivir en Buenos Aires en lugar
de estar de vacaciones? Después de 6 años
de cambios, cómo viviría yo en esta ciudad
que no me gusta pero a la que ya me
acostumbré? Sé que los voy a extrañar. Sé
que te voy a extrañar... Especialmente a
vos.

Pelo detrás de las orejas

Una harmónica

Agua

Sol de la 1:41 de la mañana

Sé que ya te extraño. And I've been
watching and listening and I'll keep on
missing you and asking myself what are
you doing awake at 10 am and how's
everything going and our goodbye was
simple and without shown drama and that
makes it even bigger and I'll probably cry
again and that's the shitty part of living
and leaving but I think (ratio ratio) that if

I lived again there things would be too different but I don't live there. Suddenly my internet connection works prima and that's fine. No crying. Words and red black white mistakes that are not quite let's carry on podría comerme algo, todavía no. Por qué será que no me sale escribir algo sin tener que pensarlo mil veces y sabiendo que al fin y al cabo estoy haciéndome el interesante aunque no sea mi intención? Cuando escribo sin pensar escribo algo equivocado y con errores pero como siempre termino pasándome de la raya con el pensar "Vos? Qué raro" Sarcasm. Y cada sms y cada mail y cada texto son horas de preparación para terminar casi igual de insatisfecho y un poco más frustrado (bizcochitos de grasa).

*Feel the thirst; it's time for pulling over
into the truck stop on my daddy's shoulder
out back where they plant all the trees
ten feet away my daddy buries me.
He'll leave me not alone*

Florida. Cambio Cambio Dólares Euro
Reales Cambio. Lluve una de las tres
veces en veintiocho días. Pumas. 5,45 200

mmmm plusmin40 y mejor le pido para
Noviembre al otro por si acaso (y menos
mal) I'm just too aware of everything and I
should try not to be so much but that
means being aware of the fact of trying to
be less aware of things so that would add
another awareness so I'll see how I can
deal with this without also feeling
frustrated about this and I just realized
that I started writing this with a very
different idea of its outcome so far and I'm
waiting for an answer that's not coming
and as usual I'm waiting and I also
shouldn't wait but I do wait. Smoke. Oh
how nice to have a point of view. Shuffle
and repeat. I have to wake up relatively
early tomorrow and I'm sleepy but not
feeling like sleep. Corrientes para el lado
de 9 de Julio. Obelisco. It's raining. I'll
have it made. Una disquería donde
preguntar por algún CD de Zu (nada) y
seguir caminando hasta Uruguay y doblar
a la derecha para el lado de Santa Fé (más
autos colectivos camiones recuperadores
urbanos uniformados y no tanto corbatas
trajes ojos miedo invierno y por eso de
noche e izquierda en Santa Fé hasta
Callao y a ver librerías some Argentine
photographer's book but two days later
was a no so I stopped looking for that and I

just continué buscando libros de Puig (3 + 1 de regalo). I'm talking to myself, boy.)
Are any of you not constantly aware of what you are doing?
if so... how do you do that?
Can you tell me?
Capuchino a la italiana. 15 pe, como dirías vos. Alcoholemia cero. Vamos para Gallardo. Pensar en plural me causa un poco de risa, pago y salgo. Casa se parece bastante a lo que era. "El boludo de Romero" la mantiene bien, por suerte. Algunos cambios, pero nada drástico (tengo el pelo atado y mi cuello está fresquito, el pelo se siente raro, el cuello está contento) (yet another pucho is gone) saco unas fotos y paso por la casa de un amigo (ya no) y me voy al Fortín a comer un par de porciones y después a Primera Junta vía el 53 (alcoholemia 2 sobre 10, Puig y helado) a verte de nuevo (completé el espacio, probablemente leas esto y yo me sigo manteniendo consciente de lo que estoy escribiendo) y fue muy lindo verte y charlar y tomar cerveza holandesa y belga y argentina en un pub irlandés sin pintas de cerveza roja y me pregunto cuándo voy a terminar de escribir esto, si es que alguna vez se termine (separando términos, no depende de mí que se termine; sin separar términos, tampoco) y

Limonada

Demasiada

gusto a chocolate en las muelas y los costados de atrás de la lengua.

Trompetingui y aplausos. Melón Borroso.

Un taxi de vuelta y nadie en tu casa entonces tv y té y una colorada y una travesti que comen medialunas con café con leche. How about dying? How about cleaning all the shelves knowing that once you put everything down you will put it back on again and in two weeks exactly the same dirt will appear out of nowhere? How about sitting down and putting photos in order for caralibro that will be very commented but they will be not-in-order and that will bother me a tiny bit? How about watching two documentaries on the same day and liking them both and then listening to some music you haven't listened to in years and remembering what it was to walk on the street while playing drums and care and not care and almost not being able to stop and not wanting to stop and smile and feel good for exactly ten seconds while you drum to yourself? And how about knowing that this could be the last sentence you may write at least tonight knowing you haven't talked about 99 percent of the things that happened to you and 99,9 percent of the things that are

happening to you right now and will
happen soon without you even knowing
what they could be but wanting them and
fearing them and loving hating nursing
kicking them and the sweat that your arm
stamps on your table while you are typing
and your hurry for finishing this question
knowing it's not over yet and could last
forever like that high pitched solo-achtig
guitar but it is of course over by now y no
saber cómo se dice acople en inglés and
several songs sound while you type this
and when you feel life ain't worth living
loving leaving arriving and one by one two
by four I'm talking to myself, boy.

Cigarette.
Bedtime.

- How...?
- Married separated complicated loved
talked walked listened
- Maar...
- Geen maar vandaag.
- Married separated complicated loved
- talked walked listened added jumped
erased mailed drank and it tasted

somewhat strange although it only lasted
for less than a second

- I thought you were going to take the
garbage out. It will do it itself

- Of course

- Then Santa Fé

- Sí. Un café y a seguir caminando. Como
el día que tenía la tarde libre y me fui al
Abasto a pasear y ver floggers y después
me aburrí y me tomé el subte hasta Callao
y Corrientes y mientras la esperaba me fui
caminando por Corrientes hasta
Pueyrredón, por Pueyrredón hasta Santa
Fé y por Santa Fé hasta Uruguay y volver
por enfrente hasta Callao de nuevo y hasta
Callao y Corrientes de nuevo y tuve que
esperar más de media hora porque llegó
tarde y llovía y un repartidor de volantes
me dijo gato y burgués y que no sabía lo
que era laburar pero me lo dijo hablando
con otra persona pero mirándome a mí lo
cual podría ser una práctica habitual si no
fuese porque la petaca de café al cognac se
terminó y mientras la tiraba en un tacho
de basura Jugá Limpio cambió de
conversación y terminó hablando de como
la mujer lo fue a buscar una vez a la
estación de lo borracho que estaba porque
no podía llegar a la casa y se reía y
hablaba con la señora con frío que vende
garrapiñadas delante del quiosco de

revistas cerrado y le ofrece papelitos de Salomé que le pone el pecho a la crisis con la foto de una chica que sería Salomé pero nunca lo es and you are gonna have to look behind you because walking at night in Buenos Aires can be dangerous “Después de las 11 usá sólo avenidas, nunca por adentro” and although it rained only three times I was outside all three of them and the rain doesn’t keep the feared inside nor the fearful so walking becomes a no-music adventure of waiting for a place to come into so I could go in we could go in and feel awkward for some hours until after eating with the karaoke upstairs and we laughing because Rodrigo was being murdered although he is already dead and how can someone sing a Natalia Oreiro song at this point in life?

- Prefiero No me vas a sacar a bailar
- Obviamente
- How about dancing?
- How about dancing?
- And a semi expected mail arriving after 6 weeks talking about blood and dreams (what could that mean? I should try some Freud although I always end up not trusting anything I read or anything punt uit)
- Is she back?
- She’s 24

- Still?
- I think so
- 21
- 25 since a month ago almost to the day
- So you took taxis all the time
- 2 euros was the price of my peace of mind. Live leave
- Hehehe
- Desde ya, igual la primera semana ni me avivé de los taxis de tan acostumbrado a caminar que estoy
- Hoy los vi por primera vez desde que volví y a la primera cerveza, al primer momento que pudieron, me preguntaron por la caminata a Lisboa. Creo que piensan que es medio raro y estoy casi seguro que creen que no la voy a llevar a cabo
- Es que estás casi seguro que no vas a llevarla acabo
- I know
- Muchos motivos
- Dinero, tiempo, miedos
- Married, she, complicated
- Y eso es si todavía estás solo, y no querés estar solo aunque hayas aprendido ya que estar solo no es malo de por sí aunque preferirías estar acompañado pero bien acompañado no acompañado por estar acompañado y nada más sino alguien que esté con vos porque quiere estar con vos no

que no esté con vos porque es complicado
si además a vos siempre que es complicado
te atrae más y si es imposible te quedás
como un estúpido esperando por dos años
sabiendo que no va a pasar nada pero
igual esperás y esperás y nunca llega y te
frustrás y frustrarse está bien siempre y
cuando te desfrustres después pero eso te
cuesta tanto a vos y por qué estás dejando
el cigarrillo de sahumero me querés decir?

- Es que no quiero cortar la frase por la
mitad

- No la cortás. La pensás un poco más y
después la escribís. Así después no te
encontrás con que lo que escribiste es una
reverenda basura digna de ser revoleada
por la ventana en lugar de ser la
posibilidad de un film

- Back up

- You should do that, yes

- Mail

- Also

- Mi remera empieza a heder

- Baño

- Ducha

- E lo mismo

- Sep

Paper scratcher

No rain

Soup

Lemonade

2x4

Car seat (God's presents)

Toes across the floor

Change

Galaxie

Soul one

and then I'll pain it

- It's like a voiceover related to BA while being in Rotterdam wearing tight hair, right? Because you can't help it, you write constant voiceovers and you talk voiceovers and you mentally dialogue voiceovers before falling asleep while being in bed. And you are slowly trying to talk to me again, or at least that's what I'd like to think every time you comment on something I've written somewhere (yes, there, like when you didn't explain your dream to me but you expected me to comment on it and I told you that I knew that you were expecting that and we laughed about it but you don't talk to me anymore but (I'm more at home in my galaxy) I think now you are trying to talk to me again but I'm probably wrong (no it isn't me) although I'd like to be right this time). Oh yes. Offline Online Busy. Sneezing? It's stress. Still, conversations that take place only in you and that seem like an *Elige tu propia aventura* book when you used to use four fingers to go

back in case the option you'd last chosen had killed you and most of the times those fingers were not enough and ended up not ever solving themselves and not killing you and not being actual conversations...

- Como este biólogo
- ... that eventually will drive you to do something stupid regarding
- Regarding
- Regarding regardings inderdaad.... then I'll keep on drumming here and standing in this state, with music, chat, text, external hard drives and mimics open like my 45 degrees window that's open 90.
- cheerful
- as usual
- only if you are smiling right now... are you?
- not really
- then is it as usual?
- yeah
- dacht het wel..... glad we can still understand each other

Silence. Blood. Cómo puedo entrar en tu habitación si no me invitaste? No sangraría, no, pero tampoco podría entrar. "Sometimes you know things you don't want to happen are going to happen and

there's nothing you can do except for accepting them when they happen” and they happen y no lo esperas porque esperas no tener que esperarlo. “Entonces quizá sí lo esperas” “No lo deseas”. No se lo deseo a nadie. Igualmente sé que lo busqué. “No lo deseas?” Se puede saber algo que va a pasar y ya sabiendo que es imposible que no pase no desearlo? I mean, cómo se escapa de eso? Termino deseándolo? Termino aceptándolo? Aceptar. Quizás esa sea la palabra. Mierda también podría ser. Mails en Rivadavia and a question to you with a known not yet said answer that becomes an answer. An ok. Then another mail, a bit longer. Another one some days later. Waving at a screen. Nothing. A lot, actually, but nothing because one accepts the complications and doesn't want to deal with the complications (there are two of them) and out to the streets to walk some more. It's not so cold. It's sunny. I'll get some cookies and go to have a café con mi viejo y después quedarme a comer. Pienso en masters y tesis y exámenes finales y películas vistas que inspiran ideas de posibles películas por venir y no tengo suficiente material porque sé que necesito más material pero no quiero filmar más ni sacar más fotos que las 142 que ya tengo.

TV on, politics, traffic, weather, same in every country and now I think of the few people that will be able to really read this but for once I shouldn't and I continue because football, pronunciation of specific dutch words like dijk y la diferencia entre las doble a y las a simples y comparaciones con el español y razonar reglas het de een één chimentos, policiales, cena charla besos taxi si estoy solo 39 si no.

First light

Tornasol

Ventilador

Foto

Bolivia

Café

Trincheras

FB (CL)

Hedwig

Operas mojadas en té. Página 6. In girum en el baño con cigarrillo armado (qué ganas de fumar!) y la bañadera de cenicero. “El último ringtone” y “un teléfono que no para de sonar”. Calle.

Familia. Facturas. Perra que se mea al saltar y todos la quieren calmar y eso lleva mucho tiempo. Lindas charlas con gente que solía no conocer oficialmente. Más comida y más gente que cae con más comida antes de la cena que traerá más comida y te vamos a extrañar un montón y

a quién invitar y a quién no y un 124 para volver y fui tantas veces que ya no puedo contarlas aunque la última vez fueron 24 facturas y no las elegí yo y después me llevaron al aeropuerto para volverme y una lata costó 11 pesos y un café 10 y cuando me quedé solo la chica de la caja no podía creer que yo la entendiese cuando el señor no podía creer que una coca costase 11 pesos y se fue indignado y nos miramos y nos reímos precio de aeropuerto alfajor y chocolatín 7 pesos para deshacerme de mis últimos 7 pesos mientras fumaba tanto afuera como adentro. Recapitular GPPTTAMJCAACAFMESR y más que no me acuerdo y los que venían adosados más esa fiesta rarísima llena de chicas que bailaban con chicas y nos miraban a nosotros cinco porque qué hacíamos ahí y nosotros las mirabamos a ellas porque qué hacíamos ahí muy divertido y las luces out and someone went from not smoking inside to a joint and the parents sleeping next door and a big problem never said and blame it on the dutch that's not actually dutch but you can blame me geen probleem y nos terminamos quedando como 3 horas cuando la idea era estar 15 minutos y nos reímos perplejamente varias veces. 2:29 am y el pescado sin vender. Hace calor y tendría que ir a buscar agua

al baño, tengo sed y ahora sí estoy por fumar. Caminar. El aeropuerto Leonardo da Vinci es realmente muy feo en mi opinión. Más o menos 30 minutos de filmación por Montevideo (un cajero), Paraná, Uruguay, Marcelo T, una puta se me acerca en Córdoba y Callao pero no dice nada y más café a 3 o 4 metros del balcón del 9A. Pienso: excepto por familia, no conozco personalmente a casi nadie que pueda leer español por estos lados. Very few people indeed. Fuoco.

- You know when you are looking for the song for one moment?

- I do

- I'm doing it now

- Doing what?

- It

- Ah

- I do

- But watcha gonna do

- You are good, good, good; good

- We could go on for hours

- We are

- Tea?

- Heb ik al

- Dank je

- Dank je

- Callao, Rodriguez Peña, Montevideo, Paraná, Uruguay, Talcahuano, Libertad, Santa Fé, Marcelo T. de Alvear, Paraguay,

Córdoba, Tucumán, Lavalle, Corrientes, Sarmiento, Tte. General Juan D. Perón, Bartolomé Mitre, Rivadavia, casillas caminadas de ida y vuelta y vuelta e ida sin motivo aparente o real mayormente bajo el sol mayormente de día por ambas manos dependiendo de lo transitadas que estuviesen no porn for a month and a very doable busy schema until the last week.

- Is it late or early at 5am?

- She lies in bed for over a year now. At least she's alive but I'm not counting on that the next time I get there. I wanted to say goodbye and I ended up saying get well soon. She's not painting anymore and wants me to send her drawings, but I don't draw. Should I draw just for her? I don't think I will although it wouldn't be because I don't want to but just because I don't want to. "The only thing she can cook is tea" and she laughs her one-sound-laugh. White hair, white robe, almost a hospital except for the dirt on the lamp that he cleans in the bathroom after many deliberations and the pulling of cables from under her bed. Alfajores (I've already eaten all of them... except for three that he ate in BA) and ravioles from the Gallego that helps them sometimes. 500 pesos for a bill of light and wrongly ordered vitamins, and more laughs. It was her birthday last

week, 86 if I'm not mistaken, and problems with her toenails that she's ashamed of showing to anyone but him. He's taking care of much. I love him. You know that I love you. We used to cry separated and you cried in front of me at the airport almost 7 years ago and I wasn't expecting that and I didn't cry but I have no clue why. I'm almost crying now. What does the trick regarding crying? How can one cry for such stupidities sometimes and not for things that matter? Why is it that I cried for stupidities and not for things that really mattered? Why the fuck am I asking why again? Why am I saying fuck? I'm not angry. I am a bit sad, though.

Escape. Kan niet.

- Who is she? Why did she say no? What's her reason? Is it different than the others?

- No. She says something different but it's the same.

- Salió de la cama?

- Él la ayudó a subirse a la silla de ruedas. Vino a comer raviolos al living unos 10 minutos y después pidió que la llevaran a la cama de nuevo porque le dolía estar sentada. Comió papas fritas, eso sí. Hacía mucho que ni siquiera veía papas fritas y se las comió casi todas. Me miraba y decía que tenía que volver yo de Holanda después de tanto tiempo para que ella

comiese papas fritas de nuevo. Estaba contenta y yo estoy sonriendo. Escribir sobre esto es raro porque me hace recordar y extrañar y pensar.

- There are some people that you may not see again.

- I know. I hope it's not like that, but I guess you are right.

- Is it complicated?

- It depends. Flying there once a year is not ideal. I don't think I want to go there next year, but I'd like to see them, of course. But this trip messed me up a bit. And I don't even really know how. And that's beginning to make my ratio work towards a new impossible answer. In that sense it didn't mess me up, but it's adding things to my life. Six years is a long time. I've changed. They've changed. I almost didn't know any of them when I got there, but I still loved and love some of them. "Oh no no no; no, it isn't me"

- So it is complicated

- It's actually fairly simple, thus complicated.

- Ergo. You could've used the word ergo there. You like that word very much.

- You like that word a lot, yes.

Qh-

Pg-

Pg-

Pg-

Lc-

Ja-

Ja-

Kb-

Kb-

Kb.

Being back. Does it hurt? Why can't you understand that I think in English even though I come from a Spanish speaking country and I have been living in Holland for 6 years now? Het is toch logisch.... I speak English since I'm 4, I speak Dutch since I'm 28. I speak. I know (I hate knowing) that it is difficult for you to understand that I'm not going to come back ("You shouldn't return. As much as I would like you to, you shouldn't") but I think that right now I should finish these open things that I have and afterwards the other thing and then the walk if there's money and chance and then see what possibilities (jobs) are available and where and you should know by now that coming back is kind of my last possible option. Returning now would mean that I've given up. It wouldn't be so if there were external factors (there are always external factors) (but I don't think that there are external factors to return there) (except for) (and) but right now I have to finish this and

then see what will happen because it's true that I'll miss you all (degrees, of course, degrees) but it's also true that I will miss myself. At least right now. And in the near future. It's easy to say you prefer red but it's hard to actually say it, I say. It just came to mind. It also came to mind to say sorry but I'm not going to. And I prefer black. Or green. Dark green. My ass hurts. I should stop smoking. I still haven't thrown the plane tickets away. It's not souvenir related, it's just laziness. They are 15 centimeters from my left hand right now. Left hand right. Now. Words. They are all we have left. I've told you this. And you haven't even read what I've written to you and when you do I hope you will say something but I should get used to the idea that you won't. Seven correction options for will. Sounds like a title but it's just a right click on another of those that are the only things we have left. Saturday night without heart of fever. Scratching sounds trying to hold them and it's not really working. Being back means thinking again. Again of things I thought about regularly for several months (years even, maybe) but were put aside (but not completely) for 34 days during which I thought about other things (but not completely). It's kind of late for another

tea so water will do while I actually should be thinking about sleeping instead of making a song list of 33,8 minutes (thus 33 minutes 48 seconds) or thinking about how many Beatles songs were sang by Ringo (11? 11 including Matchbox, yes) and Old Brown Shoe is great and I will smoke again before going to bed.

I'm using your words "Maar mensen met daadwerkelijk grotere problemen weigeren om hun problemen te relativieren aan de hand van deze last der schuldgevoel. Ik veracht dit en vind hiermee mensen met grote problemen maar kortzichtig en zeer narcistisch" although I don't agree with them and I know they are not seriously meant although they are like in every joke although it is no joke. I talked with you today (not you, you) and it made me feel. Better. I realize that it will be problematic for me to poke you but I will nevertheless "another word you really like" because I also like problematic. It's getting difficult to think about drawings and voices and writing and the film the meeting the selection the problems the not-receiving your drawings Sunday night although we agreed on that getting nervous but feeling fine although I'll say ok if asked my fourth year starts ideas ideas not-finished projects five or six different countries in

my mind and I should start getting nervous because of agreements not fulfilled not fulfilled not fulfilled I won't get nervous I will would could won't two hours to check and print everything and I'll start copying files right now. And you talked (wrote). And then not anymore.

- So... what's up?

- Pfft, geen idee... I got back yesterday... still getting used to here, you?

- Got back like 10 days ago, same story; I was almost used to BA and suddenly, puf! Gone... and now this

- How was it? Or do you want to save it for coffee?

- It was strange. It was horrible and great

- What was horrible?

- Buenos Aires. The city. Not the architecture... the "city"

- I got it. Was it very different now?

- Seeing everybody (not EVERYBODY, but ykwIm) was great. No, it's not that different. I'm just not used to it anymore

- Hm, yes understandable

- For the rest, mastercard. It's not places that motivate me, and it was very clear while being there. And in Rome too...

although Rome was photo/walking motivating, BA is about people. People is about people. I'm about people. The more

complicated, the better. And you and the Swiss?

- Eh, long story, nothing drastic, nice, but different, like watching TV. Maybe better for coffee os... not even very interesting, the pictures are nicer

- I don't have many, as I told you already

- Good for you, I'll never stop buying externals, I'll end up poor and full of data... tja

- Aren't you already? Is that the "tja"?

- Do you have any pictures? To send me via mail

- 142 and almost none with me in them... I really think it will be better with a computer... Do you?

- I do have. Around 1300.

Would you
want
to be
me
honestly

- You must be there sleeping right now... I know you can't read this until you are back (so actually you should be at home) but I wanted to write to you nevertheless... Here is ok as long as I'm not alone... Being alone (as I am right now) feels strange

because although I can cope with that back there, I can't seem to do it so well here... Maybe it's because I've just arrived and I still have to see lots of people but walking while smoking outside today (I can't smoke in here) I was thinking "what am I doing here?" but it can be that I'm here since not so long ago and I'm "supposed" to be outside enjoying this, but I'm not... people motivate me... not places... and it's cold and not so safe outside, doesn't help so much... and if there's no people around I feel a bit out of place... I'm not having a bad time at all, it's just that I do see that so far this is not "it"... It's not as "foreign" as expected, and I'm not as "outside" as I thought I would be... it's different... I guess I still have to adapt a bit... There are a lot of lights next to me in this room. I'm fine, and I hope you are too... I just wanted to tell you how I'm feeling at this moment (moments moments)... Maybe I can use this for a book... Maybe I will some other time.... we'll see.

- There was great, I still love it very much, I would totally live there, I feel completely relaxed there... I was kind of disappointed at the first part but then I got to the second part and that was awesome so I had a good time there. I'm somewhere else now, it's so different from there... I guess it

just has to do with adjusting a bit, you haven't been there for a long time.... anyway, I'll probably

- Here is better now.... Saturday night I suddenly found myself alone in this apartment and it was a bit much, I guess... just arrived, a bit lost... but now I'm better... I've seen lots of people so far and I'm fully booked until Sunday now... I'm enjoying myself here, that's important... Of course there are times where I just want to leave but then I just walk a bit and talk a lot and eat great food and that "ik wil weg" feeling fades away until it's gone... Great to know from you! Somewhere else is a mess (and I've only been at the airport) and it was 29 degrees when I was there... then I landed here and it was 4... (Bowie!) I hope you made photos of there and don't trust anyone.

- I'm ok, but I feel weird, I usually have that during this period because all of a sudden you sort of stop seeing lots of people and there is nothing that you have to do anymore and that always makes me feel so strange. One day I can be completely relaxed and then the next hour I'm stressed... I think I should just continue drawing and yes, I'm bored, I hate hospitals, there's too much going on and the atmosphere is so... well, I just

don't like it, because people die there,
makes me feel weird but of course I'll go if.
I like the old buildings, the fact that when
I put my suitcase down it got to the other
end of the room by itself; but most of all I
like the tiny streets and to not feel eyes on
me all the time. I feel really safe there and
I never have that, not here not and not etc.
It's a good feeling. And there's no traffic. I
actually bought lipstick today and thought
let's give it another try, I'm still not sure
though... When I got back yesterday she
attacked me with a story about what
happened to her last week (ik heb
medelijden met haar). She went out with
her and her, she ended up on some guy's
couch and she had to go home with her
and she kept talking about you so she got
back home the next day all frustrated. She
hates going out and dancing and drinking
a lot like me dus ik zei al gekkie moet je
ook niet doen but she also said that you
probably shouldn't talk to her, it won't
help at all, will only make it worse... I was
wondering, you call your house the
apartment and not home, why is it not a
home? What makes something a home?
- I think you should continue drawing and
taking photos. I have the same thing
during the vacations...
I'd like to see you with lipstick...

How does it feel? I talked to her when we
were at her expo and she told me the
same...
not to talk to her...
so I won't...
but I will repeat myself: I think it's time
for all of us to move on...
I'm fine. Whenever I'm with other people
it's great...
but I know I don't want to come back here
to live....
not really...
Even staying here for so many days is a bit
too long....
next time (in a long time) I think it won't
be a month....
You feel like home or you don't...
I don't feel like home there...
It used to be worse than now, but it's still
not home...
it's not even my house...
so it's definitely not home....
Does this make any sense? I hope it does...
I'll go to bed now...
You are probably waking up right now....
have a very good day at work...
*And now I'll close my eyes really, really
tight*
And make you all go away,
I'll make you all go all go away

See? I'm still a very boring person with no life and the animators should be worried that I haven't sent the mail yet but I know they are not worried at all although I'd like them to be a bit.

to do it

to do it riiiiiiiiight

- And what I also like is the fact that after we talk I still have these long conversations in my head with you.

It's a matter of trust. You know I don't trust you I trust you. I don't trust you but I trust you. Never start a sentence by saying "no". And this is the part where I talk to myself while walking on the street. Exercise. Final exams. Movement. Thus walk. You know that I don't trust you and you think that if I don't trust you we will talk for longer before everything explodes or turns or just changes (and I wish that you could stop spitting while you are talking to me) and at the same time you think that I don't trust you but you also know that I do and it couldn't be any other

way. I've even told you so today. I do trust you I don't trust you. Paradox. Dichotomy. Talking to myself. That's not the point. You also said that you have to talk to me and although you haven't said the word "because" it is because if not you won't be able to talk to anyone at least until January when she's back. What I keep on thinking is how it is possible that a very closed person like you can actually build up a relationship like the one we have (because it's not a relationship but we interact so it is a relationship) in little over two months with over a month of me being away. It's interesting. It is yet another interesting thing about all this. You also say that theoretically you have no problem with answering personal questions (depending on the question, of course) because that's what I like to do. Is it also what you like to answer, at least to me? Are there any other questions I should be asking? "He should have by now." Maybe all these questions. I've been thinking about this for some time now and of course I have no answers. At least not yet. It's actually terrible when you receive something unexpected that you don't like. A comment triggers this in me. An out-of-place comment. The lack of reaction if it's in first person. The disapproval if it's in

third. The impotence if it's in the distance. Ash. Should I care if you write that you are going to eat in a couple of minutes? Should I react the way I do if that is said under Flat Tires? But I do. I did just now. Smoke. I told you that depression is always the easier way. It can compete with frustration. Not because of being easy itself, but because it's so easy to get. I'm running out of water, I'm sleepy but almost not. My battery is almost empty and I'm still thinking of our talk three hours ago without going through the actual words but the feeling of it. I'm not sweating between my arm and the table and it itches close to my right elbow. I should've shaved but I didn't. I'm thinking that's fine. According to him 1 is lonely, 9 is very tall and 6 is so small it's almost impossible to see or decipher. Tempting. 578.

Creo que caminar no es lo que resuelva el problema. No es como empezar una oración con "It's" ni agregar un par de "maybes" perdidos para amortiguar un poco el dolor. Hoy fuiste a caminar con ella y resultó diferente. Tus vivencias esa misma noche ya fueron diferentes. Y eso que ella está durmiendo a 2 metros de donde estás vos! Si no serían aún más diferentes y no tendrías que tener

auriculares puestos para escuchar música y no estarías constantemente preguntándote si ella te está mirando o no (ella duerme) y lo que estás escribiendo ahora sería seguramente diferente. Estaticidad? No, no creo que llegue a tanto. No creo que te lo permitas. Igual, podría ser. Pero ni siquiera la Static Dérive es estaticidad. Por eso no creo que lo sea. Seguramente tomará otro camino, como siempre. Si incluso es muy visible que no te interesa ni un poco. I mean, if not you would've acted differently than you did tonight. It would've been different. No estarías pensando en té y Discovery Channel o pizza sino en otras cosas. Pero no es ella. Nunca lo fue. Y sabés que deberías de aceptar que finalmente no vas a hablar más con ella y, creo yo, dejar de hablar ya mismo. Es inútil seguir hablando cuando no querés hablar. Es lo mismo que vos decís acerca de otras personas pero esta vez te toca a vos. Qué hacés? Sabés que no querés realmente que ella esté durmiendo ahí ni que se haya quedado esta tarde y noche en tu cuarto y que preferirías no volver a verla. Pero jugás. Y esperás. Y ves qué es lo que puede llegar a pasar sin querer que pase algo y hacés lo posible para que nada pase y nada pasa, y entonces?

- 200 de paleta.
- Tachame la doble.
- Nunca te mandé las fotos? Yo creo que sí te mandé las fotos. Ah no, no te las mandé. Están en mi externo... en una carpeta entre las de mis alfajores favoritos y las recetas para hacer buseca.
- La televisión argentina es terrible.
- La holandesa no se queda atrás, creeme.
- En caso de emergencia rompa el cristal.
- O corra rápido rápido escaleras abajo. Siempre la opción divertida. No sea estúpida, señora; ir a la terraza no le hace bien a nadie. Mucho menos si hay fuego.
- Mucho menos.
- Estás de buen humor.
- No especialmente. Está bueno tomar decisiones.
- No siempre.
- Hoy.
- Hoy es un buen día para tomar decisiones?
- Eso no lo sé. Sé que hoy tomé una decisión.
- Y?
- Bueno, si no te importa no te digo nada más.
- No, no. No es eso. Sí me importa. Pero el texto escrito muchas veces no puede transmitir tonos de voz. Mi “y?” era más

- un interrogante relativo a mi curiosidad acerca de qué decisión tomaste.
- Ah. Eso no importa realmente.
 - Es verdad.
 - Mi comentario tenía más que ver con lo bien que se siente haber tomado la decisión que tomé, sin importar cuál haya sido.
 - Más relativo a tu estado de ánimo al haber decidido que al acto de decidir en sí mismo.
 - Exacto.
 - Igual ya sabes que querría saber qué decisión tomaste.
 - Sí.
 - Podríamos ir a filmar a la playa.
 - Ya te dije que iba a ir a filmar a la playa. Ahora parece que es tu idea, pero es mía.
 - Te lo estaba recordando.
 - Ah. Sí, podríamos. Tendríamos, en realidad.
 - Sabemos que, sea lo que sea que filmes, si no llevas un plan quedará en la nada. Aunque ese plan cambie, deberías tener uno.
 - Plan?
 - Sí.
 - Mi plan requiere actores y eso es complicado. Por ahora quiero ir a ver y filmar.
 - Muy probablemente eso llegue a nada.

- Muy probablemente. Trataré de sacar el boleto de tren con descuento y para el mismo día, entonces.

- Así parece.

- Pero vamos a ir con la cámara y sentarnos en la arena.

- Con el viento que hay acá mejor que la cubras en una bolsita de plástico.

- Sí, sí. Seguro.

- Productor, director.

- Escritor...

- No vas a decirme, no?

- Vos qué creés?

Todavía no sé cómo escribir esto. Se supone que tengo todas las respuestas. Es más, fui acusado de tener todas las respuestas y en más de una oportunidad creí tenerlas. Pero no es así. Desde ya que no es así. Aunque suene como respuesta. Hay cosas que sé: sé que no sé cómo escribir esto; sé que en mis discusiones mentales con gente que conozco pero con la cual en realidad no discuto como en mis discusiones mentales tengo una respuesta rápida para hacerles entender que tengo todas las respuestas, y si no tengo respuesta retrocedo un par de líneas de diálogo, busco la respuesta y, si la encuentro, vulevo a avanzar, y si no la encuentro, el diálogo suele cambiar de idioma o de tono y, aunque pocas veces, de

interlocutor; sé que estoy iniciando cada una de estas frases con un sé y que me gustaría quebrar la regla aunque pienso también que no quebrarla es difícil y me parece interesante mantenerla, entonces en este caso no sé qué voy a hacer: pasa como con mis diálogos mentales, y esta vez parece que, para utilizar una metáfora, va a cambiar el interlocutor. No sé qué es esto. Por ahora es un texto escrito en una computadora con idea de libro en, mayormente, dos idiomas con pequeños films, fotos, dibujos y textos que acompañen; pero podría ser cualquier otra cosa. Por ahora es texto. Estoy deprimido (sí, sé que reconocerlo es el primer paso para “mejorar”, pero lo reconozco desde hace ya más de diez años). Sí, che, terapia sería lo mejor que podría hacer, también sé eso. Y olvidarme de que ella puede ser una gran ayuda para moverme adelante (sí, lo sé, depende de mí y no de alguien más; sí, lo sé, lo sé) y seguir fracasando en ese aspecto (por el mero hecho del fracaso) no va a lograr nada (sí, lo sé, esta frase no dice nada). Qué es no lograr nada? Pienso en vos preguntándome por qué no me voy a dormir más temprano y diciéndome que no entendés por qué me quedo hasta las 3 (4) despierto y recuerdo explicarte que por mis horarios ésta es la mejor hora para ver

películas, trabajar para la academia, escribir, pensar, relajarme. La verdad es que no hay un motivo, o hay tantos que en realidad no hay uno o hay ninguno. Es tarde y no me quiero ir a dormir. Suele ser tarde y suelo no querer irme a dormir. Hay un corte. Hay una espera. (Constante. Ahora sos vos. Me pregunto realmente si estoy esperándote o en realidad esperándome. Y, ahora lo pienso, me parece que ya debería dejar de esperar). Quiero compartir. Me parece que es eso. Quiero compartir. Y, al menos ahora, quiero compartirlo con vos. Pienso: me gustaría que quisieses compartirlo conmigo. Y pienso: escribí de nuevo "me"... sigue siendo yo; sigue pasando por mí.

Qué pasa?

It was so strange to walk back to the apartment today... I was coming back from work and the sun was still out! And I had a very nice feeling in me to the point where I discovered that I was feeling good (maybe even very good, but I won't know that) and I tried to rationalize why I was feeling like that and at that point the feeling went away... Afterwards (after the "feeling gone because of thinking"), I kept on thinking (no, I

don't learn that easily)... and I thought that there should be a change in my life (I prefer not to use the word "need" unless it's really a need)... Even though I am afraid of changes, I think there should be one soon...

But probably nothing will happen...

I'm sure you'll do whatever's right.

I've always known you were incredibly bright

12:50: you went away

12:58 : shit.....

12:59 : sms.....

01:02 : don't do that again

02:28 : I still feel like an idiot

When I wake up early in the morning

lift my head, I'm still yawning

I'm still sleeping. 7:00, alarm clock; 7:18, out of bed; later, coffee bathroom and it's raining so tram one and I missed tram two by less than a second so walk because it's not raining anymore. 8:55, coffee and a cigarette; 9:32 appointment next Friday at 11:00 ("I'm useless in the morning") and tea (earl grey. yay!)

9:55. 9:58

Caminás y hablás y yo haciendo tiempo hasta después de las 12:00. El sol sale y

me gusta y me molesta porque me pega en la cara y estoy de espaldas a todos (dos) y escucho holandés detrás de mí.

Maybe in a few days: “This is not a present. This is me trying to make you an addict too, like you made me. And this is only one, so the other ten are up to you. So this is no present. Enjoy. Smile.” or something like that.

Sacás fotos mientras ella rompe papeles, como el año pasado. My hands are shaking more every time. Blake’s syndrome. I should probably exercise. Should and probably mean never so let’s.

Glasses. Don’t forget. Tenés que hacer lo posible para decorar este día que muere. Y todo sobre un plato. Pintura seca sobre una mesa con un papel con mi nombre escrito pegado con cinta y eso se supone que es mi lugar. Tan fácil! Emoción. La primera. La segunda. Gente con páginas de internet y voces gruesas usando computadoras y yo sigo esperando escuchar tus tacos mientras respondo en holandés si anda el sonido. Sonidos. Tres sonidos escritos en una línea o dos.

Diferentes sentidos para describir que para Y todo lo demás sin sentido pero buscándolo, desde ya, para variar un poco and still no heels. Silence. I’m alone in this big room but probably not for long now so I

better make the best of it now instead of waiting. The tree is moving and although its leaves grow to the right the wind is moving them to the left (set noise, stop) and it's almost autumn so it doesn't really matter. Again a window and my fascination for trains and the combination of both.

(Te acabo de mirar los ojos y me quemó la cabeza.)

Reflejos. Dioses Americanos y un dibujo empezado en el ángulo inferior derecho hacia el centro y que sigue en el medio arriba. No me voy a obsesionar. No voy a sacar fotos del proceso del dibujo ni de la hoja blanca colgada en la pared. Se hace lo que se puede y lo que no se compra hecho. Tacos. Voces. El libro como peregrinación en algún momento: Rayuela y París, Ficciones y Tlön. Todos lo hicimos. Y muchas veces. "Just one thing (and this may sound cryptic, or maybe you will think that I'm playing 'interesting'): be careful of obsessions. You of all people know that they are dangerous and that they lead only to more trouble." I should probably follow my own advice there (here). I should tattoo remember-forget on me by now. I'll definitely have H.A.D. tattooed. Rules. Rules.

I do have to be less of an idiot every once in a while. I do have to learn to stop and look around a little bit instead of trying to use always the same kind of way-of-doing for every single thing, because not everything is every single thing, because (and by the way) she is not every single thing.

Let me put you in the picture

let me show you what I mean

(And no “fuck off”. Oh no. Not this time. I don’t know what you think of this or how much beer you need or you have had but no.) (“So you do understand.” No she doesn’t.) Although she (not she, but she) does. And I hope she’ll be able to see through the idiocy. Difficult, I know (to see that, to hope that) but I still hope so. Hi. Bad end of text and sentence. Still looking for it. And a tattoo. Or the idea of a tattoo. The idea (and I can’t help but smiling at this thought).

- How come you started liking her?
- Well, I’ve already told you about that.
- Yeah, but it is still a bit strange.
- I know.
-
-
-
- Then...

- You are trying to force a conversation here.
- Am I?
- And that's the proof.
- You know me too well.
- I should stop writing quick answers. It seems that, at writing, I always have one at hand.
- That's because, at writing, you always have one at hand.
- You should stop.
- We should both stop.
- There's a phone ringing.
- Not picking up.
- I know that.
- Stop knowing.
- You are giving orders again.
- I always do.
- You always do.
- We both know we are the same person and nevertheless we are both trying to win this argument. It's a fact...
- You and facts.
- ... that one of us will win this argument.
- Unless we both die at the same time.
-
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-
-
-
-

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- No, because even if that happens, at that moment one of us would be winning the argument.

- But at that moment none of us would care.

-

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- You win.

- No. You are giving up. If you are giving up then I am giving up.

Silence

- We don't give up for some things.

- We don't. We wait. And we hope for that third (second) person to read this and because of that we hide things even from ourselves. It's so terrible to actually realize this. And it's even more terrible to realize this like this. Because I am just realizing this right now. Right at this moment.

There were hints before. Even in this very same text. Even in this very same dialogue. But I've only now realized this. Are you reading? Then, again "Hi", very consciously. Aren't you reading? Then "Hi", this is yours. It's not mine. It was mine, according to some, but it's not. Not that it matters, really. That doesn't matter.