

CRUX

DESPERATIONLO



Crux Desperationis 1 - first semester 2011

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All fight images are taken from Joseph Jean Renaud, *La Defense Dans La Rue*, Editions Lafitte, Paris 1912. A suggestion: choon them as one of the fighter is Metaphor, the other Metonymy.

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gegen, Montevideo 2011
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Colours

1. Almond Antique Brass Apricot Aquamarine Asparagus Atomic Tangerine Banana Mania Beaver Bittersweet Black Blizzard Blue Blue Blue Bell Blue Gray Blue Green Blue Violet Blush Brick Red Brown Burnt Orange Burnt Sienna Cadet Blue Canary Caribbean Green Carnation Pink Cerise Cerulean Chestnut Copper Cornflower Cotton Candy Dandelion Denim Desert Sand Eggplant Electric Lime Fern Forest Green Fuchsia Fuzzy Wuzzy Gold Goldenrod Granny Smith Apple Gray Green Green Blue Green Yellow Hot Magenta Inchworm Indigo Jazzberry Jam Jungle Green Laser Lemon Lavender Lemon Yellow Macaroni and Cheese Magenta Magic Mint Mahogany Maize Manatee Mango Tango Maroon Mauvelous Melon Midnight Blue Mountain Meadow Mulberry Navy Blue Neon Carrot Olive Green Orange Orange Red Orange Yellow Orchid Outer Space Outrageous Orange Pacific Blue Peach Periwinkle Piggie Pink Pine Green Pink Flamingo Pink Sherbert Plum Purple Heart Purple Mountain's Majesty Purple Pizzazz Radical Red Raw Sienna Raw Umber Razzle Dazzle Rose Razzmatazz Red Red Orange Red Violet Robin's Egg Blue Royal Purple Salmon Scarlet Screamin` Green Sea Green Sepia Shadow Shamrock Shocking Pink Silver Sky Blue Spring Green Sun-glow Sunset Orange Tan Teal Blue Thistle Tickle Me Pink Timberwolf Tropical Rain Forest Tumbleweed Turquoise Blue Unmellow Yellow Violet Violet Blue Violet Red Vivid Tangerine Vivid Violet White Wild Blue Yonder Wild Strawberry Wild Watermelon Wisteria Yellow Yellow Green Yellow Orange
2. Aztec Gold Burnished Brown Cerulean Frost Cinnamon Satin Copper Penny Cosmic Cobalt Glossy Grape Granite Gray Green Sheen Lilac Luster Misty Moss Mystic Maroon Pearly Purple Pewter Blue Polished Pine Quick Silver Rose Dust Rusty Red Shadow Blue Shiny Shamrock Steel Teal Sugar Plum Twilight Lavender Wintergreen Dream
3. Baby Power Banana Blueberry Bubble Gum Cedar Chest Cherry Chocolate Coconut Daffodil Dirt Eucalyptus Fresh Air Grape Jelly Bean Leather Jacket Lemon Licorice Lilac Lime Lumber New Car Orange Peach Pine Rose Shampoo Smoke Soap Strawberry Tulip
4. Amethyst Citrine Emerald Jade Jasper Lapis Lazuli Malachite Moonstone Onyx Peridot Pink Pearl Rose Quartz Ruby Sapphire Smokey Topaz Tiger's Eye
5. Blue to magenta green to violet orange to black pink red to blue yellow to green
6. Baby's Blanket Blazing Bonfire Cool and Crazy Lemon Lime Zing Magenta Mix-up Mixed Veggies Off-Road Peaches 'n' Cream Rainforest Shrimp Cocktail Southwest Star Spangles Banner Stonewashed Surf's Up Twister Warm and Fuzzy
7. Aqua Pearl Black Coral Pearl Caribbean Pearl Cultured Pearl Key Lime Pearl Mandarin Pearl Midnight Pearl Mystic Pearl Ocean Blue Pearl Ocean Green Pearl Orchid Pearl Rose Pearl Salmon Pearl Sunny Pearl Sunset Pearl Turquoise Pearl
8. Alloy Orange B'dazzled Blue Big Dip O' Ruby Bittersweet Shimmer Blast Off Bronze Cyber Grape Deep Space Sparkle Gold Fusion Illuminating Emerald Metallic Seaweed Metallic Sunburst Razzmic Berry Sheen Green Shimmering Blush Sonic Silver Steel Blue
9. Alien Armpit Big Foot Feet Booger Buster Dingy Dungeon Gargoyle Gas Giant's Club Magic Potion Mummy's Tomb Ogre Odor Pixie Powder Princess Perfume Sasquatch Socks Sea Serpent Smashed Pumpkin Sunburnt Cyclops Winter Wizard
10. Sizzling Red Red Salsa Tart Orange Orange Soda Bright Yellow Yellow Sunshine Slimy Green Green Lizard Denim Blue Blue Jeans Plump Purple Purple Plum Sweet Brown Brown Sugar Eerie Black Black Shadows
11. Amazon Rainforest Caribbean Current Florida Sunrise Grand Canyon Maui Sunset Milky Way Sahara Desert Yosemite Campfire
12. Firey Rose Sizzling Sunset Heat Wave Lemon Glacier Spring Frost Absolute Zero Winter Sky Frostbite

Epilogue.

Ultra Yellow Ultra Blue Cranberry Indian Red Chartreuse Prussian Blue Ultra Orange Flesh Brink Pink Torch Red Ultra Green Ultra Pink Ultra Red

DEREK BEAULIEU

ROB'S WORD SHOP

robswordshop.blogspot.com

308 Bowery (Storefront)
between Bleecker St. & E. Houston
Shop Hours: Tuesday-Thursday 11AM-2PM

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Michael Rips



ROB FITTERMAN

EL DEL OFRECE POR
: 5 MILLONES DE DÓLARES,
EUROS O MONEDAS DE OTROS PAÍSES. POR
APODADO EL O EL
: 5 MILLONES DE DÓLARES,
EUROS O MONEDAS DE OTROS PAÍSES. POR
ALIAS EL : 500 MIL
DÓLARES. PAGAMOS CUALQUIER INFORME QUE
NOS LLEVE A SU CAPTURA. USTEDES SABEN CÓMO
LOCALIZARNOS. SOMOS DE PALABRA.

A LA COMUNIDAD:

LA GUERRA NO ES CONTRA EL , ES CONTRA
EL COBARDE, ASESINO Y SECUESTRADOR
Y TODA SU GENTE. HAN
ABUSADO DEL PODER QUE SE LES DIO. CON GENTE
INOCENTE. PERO SE ACABO TU INCÓGNITA. PERRO.
AHORA TODOS TE CONOCEMOS.

(ASÍ TE VAMOS A DEJAR)

Romanzo mentale

Fin da ragazzo ho sempre sentito di aver dentro me un grande romanzo, una pietra miliare della letteratura che sarei stato in grado facilmente di scrivere. Negli anni, ho spesso provato a comporre mentalmente dei frammenti e anche pagine intere, ma non ho mai cercato di fissarle su carta. Nella mia lunga carriera di critico musicale ho pubblicato migliaia di cartelle, quindi avrei potuto benissimo cimentarmi nell'impresa. Ma ho sempre ritenuto che su questo pianeta vengano già stampate molte più storie del necessario. Non volevo entrare nella competizione letteraria e ciò è ancor più vero oggi, in un'epoca in cui chiunque può pubblicare un facsimile digitale di libro e pressarlo impunemente sul resto dell'umanità. Suppongo si tratti di un atteggiamento alquanto snob da parte mia, proprio come il fatto di non aver mai accondisceso ad usare il telefono cellulare. Non ho intenzione di condividere il mio capolavoro mentale (c'è nessuno qui con poteri telepatici?) semplicemente perché ciò lo renderebbe tanto mondano, deprezzato e chiacchierabile. Di che parla il romanzo? Non rivelerò neppure il più piccolo indizio circa la trama o anche solo il genere. Non ho intenzione di vuotare il sacco, dopo quasi mezzo secolo di scrupolosa elaborazione interiore. Ma il lavoro ha fatto progressi enormi, in verità ho già venduto mentalmente da alcuni anni i diritti cinematografici. Ho perfino scritto una sceneggiatura, disegnato lo storyboard, selezionato i brani per la colonna sonora. Ho letto compiaciuto le mie recensioni e ho goduto un sacco alla prima mondiale sullo schermo del mio cervello. Ho perfino sperimentato quell'istante da pelle d'oca quando ti rendi conto d'aver creato qualcosa di così compiutamente sublime, da poter essere pervenuto solo direttamente da una fonte superiore: chi mi sta leggendo dietro gli occhi?



Mental Novel

Since I was a kid I always felt I had a book in me, a great milestone novel I could easily write. Through the years, I often rehearsed bits and pages in my mind, but I never attempted to put it on paper. In my long career as a music journalist I must have published thousands of pages, so I could have as well given it a try. But I always thought that there is way too much fiction already being published on this planet. I did not want to join the literary race, and this is particularly true today, when anyone can print a cheap digital facsimile of a book and push it scot-free on the rest of mankind. I guess it's a rather snobbish attitude from my part, just like the fact that I never acquiesced to use a cell phone. I'm not going to share my mental masterpiece (telepathic powers anyone?) simply because this would make it so debased, chatterable and mundane. What's the novel about? I'm not telling you, not the slightest clue on the plot or even the genre. I'm not going to spill the beans after almost five decades of cunning inner editing. But the work has progressed enormously, actually I mentally sold the rights for a movie adaptation several years ago. I even wrote the screenplay, I drew the storyboard, I selected the songs for the soundtrack. I enjoyed reading my own reviews and I had a lot of fun watching the world premiere on the back of my mind. I even experienced that goose-pimples moment when you realise that you have created something so utterly sublime, it could have come only directly from a higher source: who's reading behind my eyes?

VITTORE BARONI

Nana
by Emile Zola
digested according to light and lighting effects, including metaphor
by Sharon Kivland

The tiny flames of the huge crystal chandelier. The half-light of the chandelier. The swarming boulevards, ablaze with light. In the crude gaslight. The row of gas-jets blazing along the cornice of the theatre. Dotted with lights above the vague mass of an ever-moving crowd. The line of gas-jets. Tall jets of gas lit the great crystal chandeliers. A blaze of pink and yellow flames. A stream of light from gallery to pit. The footlights turned up. A flood of light. Three crystal chandeliers burning with a brilliant light. The windows of a hotel and club brightly lit up. A gas-jet was burning. The great chandelier. In the flickering glare of the gaslight. A ray of light. The daylight poured in. A sort of twilight. Dimly lit by a faint greenish light. The lamps and chandeliers burning. A lamp placed behind her. The two lamps on the mantelpiece. Shades of rose-coloured lace. A feeble light. The lamps seemed dimmer. The brightness of the lamps. In the glow of the fire. A bright ray of light shone under the door. Four candelabra with ten candles apiece. A pale yellow light. A silky gleam. The glow of the candles above the table grew yellower and duller. Two lamps illuminated the room. A dull light came from the lamps. Charred wicks glowed red inside their globes. A dull glow, full of poignant melancholy, was stealing through the windows. A livid colour. The daylight outside. The gas-jets on either side of the mirror. Their crude light. Two more gas-jets were flaring brightly. Brightly lit by a gas lamp just out of sight. The glare of the gas-jets. No longer lit by the footlights. Two gas-jets were blaring away. The gaslight in the vestibule. A gas-jet was blazing in the cupboard. Illuminated the stage with a wide beam of light. The gas-jets had been turned down. Gleamed like galaxies of little bluish stars. The blaze of lights. The burners in their red glasses. Gas burning down below. The sudden flood of light. Squares of yellow light. The gas-jets burning. In a rosy shadow. Lit by glaring patches of light. The appearance of a fiery brazier. Dots of light like fairy lamps. Dazzled. The dazzling arc formed by the footlights. Reddish smoke. The lines of gas-jets. Gas-jets burned. A crude light. A flood of light. In the flaring gaslight. Lit by gas-jets. Side-lights and battens. The gas-lamps set naked flesh dancing before his eyes. A lamp lit the room. Burning with a great flame. Glowing embers. A golden light. Ablaze with lights. White with reflected light. The glare of the reflectors. Brightly illuminated. A stream of light emanated from white globes, red lanterns, blue transparencies, lines of gas-jets. Ghastly pale in the gaslight. Shaded lamps cast a sleepy green light. The green light of one the lamps. Ablaze with lights. The glimmer of a dim light. Miserable darkness. The coloured lanterns. The lines of gas-jets. The giant fan blazing like a set piece in a firework display. The gas-lamps. Gas-jets were burning. Six candles in the brackets. The light of the big fire. The light of the fire. The bright lights. A brilliant band of lamplight. Bright patches of light from the gas-lamps. The light of a night-lamp. The line of light. The lamp again cast its discreet nightlight glow. The streak of light. Every gas-lamp. In lamplight. The flickering light of gas-lamps. The gas-lamps had just been lit. The bright patch of light. Blazed with light. The candle was still burning. A gas-jet on a support, fed by a pipe from the footlights, was burning in front of a reflector which was casting all its light on the proscenium. It flared with a sort of sinister melancholy. In the full glare of the light. A faint glow. The ray of sunlight. The chandelier. The sinister glow of the gas-lamp. Broad daylight. Yellow patches of light. Pale sunlight. A dingy light. The ray of yellow light from the gas-jet. Broad daylight. Ablaze. In the yellow glare of the gaslight. A couple of lamps shed a soft glow. The light played discreetly. In glowing embers. The milky light of a gas-jet in a globe of frosted glass. Its double row of gas-lamps. The yellow glow of her lantern. The rosy glow of the lamps. Bright bursts of sunlight. Noonday sunshine. A streak of gold. Gleamed white. A vivid light. A blaze of golden light. A sea of light. Sudden sunlight. The glorious sunshine. The festoons of gas-lamps. Dimly lit by a lamp. The chandeliers were about to be lit. Shimmering in the light from lofty candelabra. The chandeliers and the crystal sconces lit up. Bathed in transparent shadow and lit by Chinese lanterns. These lights. The bright light. The rosy glow of the Chinese lanterns. The candle flames were burning very high. The scorching heat that was coming from the chandeliers. The chandeliers gleaming on white skin. Bathed in a greenish light. The chandeliers exhaled a living heat, a glow of sunshine. A dull glow from the Chinese lanterns. A distant, fiery reflection. This red glow of light. The sudden glare. The lamps in the house. A faint pink glow. A slowly advancing flood of shadow. Pitch dark. A lamp. The gas-burners blazing away. The fading daylight. A blood-red cloud. Fading into the darkness. The bright dots of the gas-lamps. The darkness was deepening. Gas-lamps were lighting up one by one. A broad ray of electric light. The bright light cast by the shop windows. The flickering glare of the gas-lamps. A shaded lamp. A bright pool of light. The lamp-glass cast a moon-like patch of light. Windows ablaze with light. Reflections of gaslight were dancing. Lanterns and gas-lamps gleamed like sparks. A red glow. The lamp did not look right and what was needed was a candle. One of the brass candelabra. A bright light lit up the dead woman's face. **The hair, the beautiful hair, still blazed like sunlight and flowed in a stream of gold.**



Bordercrossing or what is a U.S. Visa?

A citizen of a foreign country who seeks to enter the United States (U.S.) generally must first obtain a U.S. visa, which is placed in the traveler's passport, a travel document issued by the traveler's country of citizenship. Certain international travelers may be eligible to travel to the U.S. without a visa if they meet the requirements for visa-free travel. The Visa section of this website is all about U.S. visas for foreign citizens to travel to the U.S. (Note: U.S. citizens don't need a U.S. visa for travel, but when planning travel abroad may need a visa issued by the embassy of the country they wish to visit. Justicia del estado.

In this situation, when planning travel abroad, learn about visa requirements by country, see Country Specific Travel Information in the International Travel section of this website.)

Having a U.S. visa allows you to travel to a port of entry, airport or land border crossing, and request permission of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS), Customs and Border Protection (CBP) inspector to enter the U.S. While having a visa does not guarantee entry to the U.S., it does indicate a consular officer at a U.S. Embassy or Consulate abroad has determined you are eligible to seek entry for that specific purpose. DHS/CBP inspectors, guardians of the nation's borders, are responsible for admission of travelers to the U.S., for a specified status and period of time. DHS also has responsibility for immigration matters while you are present in the U.S.

El gobierno mexicano desplegó desde diciembre de 2006 unos 36.000 militares a lo largo de su territorio para combatir a los cárteles.

The type of visa you must obtain is defined by U.S. immigration law, and relates to the purpose of your travel. There are two main categories of U.S. visas: guerra entre las organizaciones delictivas.

CRAIG DWORKIN

metonomatosis

HERBARIO POÉTICO

ROSA DICHOSA



(RAINER MARIA RILKE)

FLOR AZUL



(NOVALIS)

FLOR DE MAYO



(AMADO NERVO)

GIRASOL MARCHITO



(ALLEN GINSBERG)

FLOR DEL ARTICHO



(EMILY DICKINSON)

ROSA BLANCA



(JOSE MARTI)

ROSA ROSA



(GERTRUDE STEIN)

FLORES DEL MAL



(CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)

ROSA PRESUMIDA



(SOR JUANA INES
DE LA CRUZ)

FLOR SECRETA



(WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS)

FLOR DE PIEL



(MARIO BENEDETTI)

VIOLETA ENAMORADA



(TIRSO DE MOLINA)

MUERTE ROSA



(ANDRE BRETON)

ETERNOS CRISANTEMOS
TRAS EL CHUBASCO



(MATSUO BASHO)

MARGARITA BONITA



(RUBEN DARIO)

Conceptual Fictions (1000 words)

The radical idea developed by Conceptual Art in the 1970s was that statements alone could suggest experiences in the tradition of visual art. It grew out of esthetic minimalism's hypothesis that more could be experienced with less, much less. Both conceptual art and esthetic minimalism depend upon contextual framing initially realized with giving to radical new work the honorific epithet Art or placing it in an art context. (For an historic precedent, consider how Marcel Duchamp's urinal, which, purchased in a supply store, gained esthetic value from inclusion in a prominent art exhibition.)

Though most conceptual artists use words, sometimes concretely (Robert Barry), other times obscurely (Lawrence Weiner), their wordworks had little influence upon people who began as writers, except perhaps myself, who fortunately moved to SoHo in 1974.

If we agree that a Conceptual Fiction would suggest with words alone a story that need not be written, or more story than is written, then I've been producing such literature since around that time, initially with *Openings & Closings* (1974), a book of single sentences meant to be, alternately, either the openings or the closings of otherwise non-existent fictions.

I'd also developed the idea of Constructivist Fiction, which consisted of symmetrical line-drawing whose squares changed incrementally over a sequence of pages to suggest a narrative before concluding. The narrative experience comes from the reader's turning the page. In this context, I published limited editions of *Tabula Rasa: Stories and Inexistences: A Novel* (both 1978), one eight inches square, the latter four inches square. Each had a printed cover, a title page, and then a page with contextual information. All the remaining pages in both books were pristine white, the framing suggesting conceptually that they represented a narrative.

By the late 1970s I extended the concept of Conceptual Prose to Epiphanies, whose sentences were meant to be the coalescing moments—Epiphanies in the James Joycean sense—of otherwise nonexistent stories, suggesting through only a short text degrees of additional fiction that might have followed and might have come before. All these texts of mine depend upon strategic framing established with such indisputably literary titles as *Fiction, Stories, Novels, Epiphanies*. (A sentence published under one or another of those rubrics differs from the same sentence appearing without such a frame.)

Four decades ago, I called this work Inferential Art because so much of the meaning had to be inferred from resonant framing. The epitome in my mind was John Cage's so-called silent piece, *4'33"* (1952), where the audience was invited to infer from a situation where music was expected, a great pianist at a keyboard, that the "music" consisted of the sounds incidentally heard with the announced time-frame. Embedded in the initial perception of nothing could be significant meaning. (My own *In Memory of John Cage* (2009) is a thick piece of glass, 13" square, mounted frameless on a pedestal, the inferred theme being that the Art consists of whatever can be seen through this glass.)

What I called *Sketchy Stories*, collected in *Furtherest Fictions* (2006), broached the idea of suggesting a narrative with only a few discrete words, nonsyntactically connected, followed by a period, the closing punctuation mark (which the British call "a full stop") defining the fragments as fictions.

A more monumental Conceptual Novel would suggest the fullness of an extended narrative within a few sentences:

Here begins the novel.

This point occurs just after the beginning of the narrative.

Here a second character is introduced.

The third chapter starts now.

Perhaps this section should have been removed.

This chapter is a flashback.

Here the author lost track of his narrative (accounting for why a reader's attention wanders).

This must be the middle of the novel.

Nowhere else except here can be the climax.

The action, previously set in the past, now shifts into the present.

The last third of the book begins when the protagonist dies.

Either the author or the publisher made a strategic mistake.

Events within the story suggest continuance into the future.

This novel ends suddenly.

I also wrote single-sentence *Complete Stories*, which should suggest nothing beyond themselves, and then *Micro Stories*, which, since they were meant to conclude in three words or less, are really closer to *Minimal Art*, strictly defined, than *Conceptual Art*. In a limited edition, the latter are set one to a page in tiny type (for over 900 pages), the minimal visual fields likewise resembling those explored by minimal painters.

I later wrote a manuscript of just *Openings* based upon the same principle of suggesting something greater than or beyond what I wrote. Now that I more firmly understand *Conceptual Fictions* as an idea I've inadvertently developed for decades, I've recently been writing stories of three words or less that I call *Synopses*, By suggesting within a few words larger stories, depending often on gerunds, these represent the latest examples of my *Conceptual Fiction*.

Some of them appear in the next page:

Popularizing eccentric habits.
Throwing up moorings.
Dangerously excessive exercise.
Diffused concentration.
Metanarrative from narrative.
Being obnoxiously funny.
Entering an asylum.
Time costs money.
Memory obliterates time.
Fucking to sleep.
Disinterring father's bones.
Making oneself invulnerable.
Defoliating peasants' lands.
Vacating occupied homes.
Exasperating people terrorize.
Putative patrimony acknowledged.
Mosquitoes demoralize neighborhoods.
Destroying one's manuscripts.
Theorizing.
Greedy women warring,
Celebrating victory.
Urinating on everything.
Extended traveling abroad.
Writing unpopular truths.
Extravagant complexities sabotage.
Acting out secrets.
Forever posing questions.
Polydimensional experience.
Reconsidering fratricidal murder.
Propagating lies promiscuously.
Sharing another's possessions.
Opening a restaurant.
Continuous transformation.
Making exquisite corpses.
Action.

Move into Hell.
Wagering on sports.
Microscopically decreasing hyperneurasthenia.
Remembering too much.
Going deeply underground.
Entering heaven.
Diffuse attention.
A widening gyre.
Arrest development.
Entering heaven.
Going underground.
Otiose pretensions alienate.
Lucky unto death.
Scratching below surfaces.
Sexuality amok.
Tummy to tummy.
Scrupulously stochastic activity.
Demolishing illegitimate hierarchies.
Surreptitious investigative reporting.
Man seeks woman.
Undermining illegitimate authority.
Bottomless appetite barf.
Lost souls roaming.
Conspiracy theories.
Falling behind.
Generations of inbreeding.
Errant marrieds' adventures.
Crucifixion.
Men become women.
Interrogations.
One hundred epitaphs.
Winter wearing on.
Patently false stories.
Misters became misses.

Since no one else has followed me into this esthetic territory,
I continue mining alone.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Shoes

When the American poet Kenneth Goldsmith came over to talk to my students in 2001, I took a shine to his shoes (Camper 16937-004 EUR44 USA 16937MPM Black 44 XX CAT.35). I then found a pair in Paris and then another pair in Leeds and finally the fashionable clogs arrived in York. In total, I have worn what came to be known in our house as 'Kenny's shoes' for the last nine years. Once when I stayed with Kenny, Cheryl and Finnegan in New York, sleeping on Cheryl's studio floor, Kenny walked through the room and said: "Hey, aren't those my shoes?" and I just nonchalantly replied, "No, those are mine." Recently, I came across this short piece of text in my Samuel Beckett biography:

"When Beckett and Joyce were alone together, however, mutual silences were often one of their principal methods of communication - silences, as Beckett put it, 'directed towards each other'. Joyce usually sat in the attitude familiar from photographs, legs crossed, the toe of the crossed-over foot pointing downwards in its tight, patent leather shoe, or twined round the calf of the other leg. Beckett adopted a similar posture, the faithfulness and humility of the imitation being emphasized by the fact that he had also begun to wear similar footwear even though such natty shoes did not suit his feet and he suffered accordingly." Apparently, it is not uncommon to wear the same shoes as your literary heroes.

SIMON MORRIS



Détournement des sources

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Véra
5 r Campanie 57310 GUENANGE
03 XX 50 XX 07

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Christine
résid Madinina 26 r Frédéric Passy 06000 NICE
04 XX 55 XX 73

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Mireille
28 r Louis Blanc 06400 CANNES
04 XX 38 XX 97

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Mireille
20 r Marne 06400 CANNES
04 XX 99 XX 81

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Auguste
Villa la Tarentelle 9 chem Cimetière de l'Est 06300 NICE
04 XX 54 XX 53

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Andrée
chem Touars 83440 MONTAUROUX
04 XX 76 XX 46

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Carlo Francis
1 pl Erables 57970 STUCKANGE
03 XX 50 XX 71

Madame Bovari, c'est moi

Bovari Charles
Bat A3 22 bd Tzaréwitch 22 BOULEVARD TZAREWITCH 06000 NICE
04 XX 92 XX 77



INGE GRAO

CLAUDE CLOSKY



Alphabet tail

Percy Bysshe Shelley, January 1810

Here¹ I² sit³ with⁴ my⁵ paper^{6,7}, my⁸ pen⁹ and¹⁰ my¹¹ ink^{12,13}. First¹⁴ of¹⁵ this¹⁶
thing^{17,18}, and¹⁹ that²⁰ thing^{21,22} and²³ t'other²⁴ thing²⁵ think^{26,27},
Then²⁸ my²⁹ thoughts³⁰ come³¹ so³² pell-mell³³ all³⁴ into³⁵ my³⁶ mind^{37,38},
That³⁹ the⁴⁰ sense⁴¹ or⁴² the⁴³ subject⁴⁴ I⁴⁵ never⁴⁶ can⁴⁷ find^{48,49}.
This⁵⁰ word⁵¹ is⁵² wrong⁵³ placed^{54,55}—⁵⁶no⁵⁷ regard⁵⁸ to⁵⁹ the⁶⁰ sense^{61,62},
The⁶³ present⁶⁴ and⁶⁵ future^{66,67} instead⁶⁸ of⁶⁹ past⁷⁰ tense^{71,72},
Then⁷³ my⁷⁴ grammar⁷⁵ I⁷⁶ want^{77,78}; O⁷⁹ dear⁸⁰! what⁸² a⁸³ bore^{84,85},
I⁸⁶ think⁸⁷ I⁸⁸ shall⁸⁹ never⁹⁰ attempt⁹¹ to⁹² write⁹³ more⁹⁴,

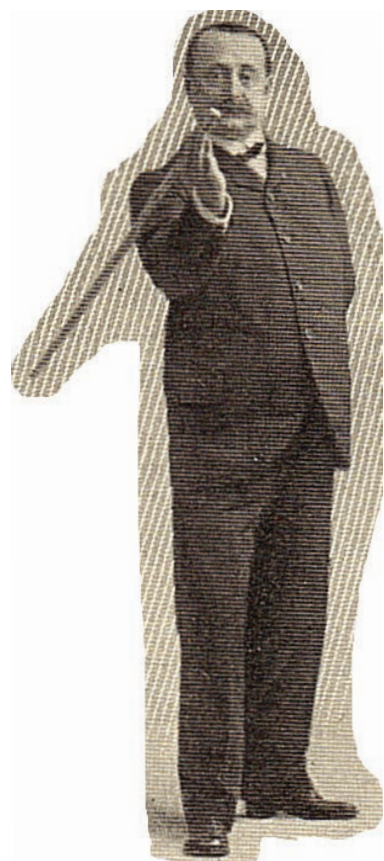


- ¹ Valentine Ackland, *Communist Poem*, 1935
² William Collins, *Ode on the Poetical Character*
³ Walt Whitman, *I Sit And Look Out*
⁴ John Milton, *L'Allegro*
⁵ Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Monadnoc*
⁶ Dylan Thomas, *The Hand That Signed the Paper*
⁷ Thomas Campion, *My Sweetest Lesbia*
⁸ Henry Vaughan, *Regeneration*
⁹ Rita Dove, *David Walker (1785-1830)*
¹⁰ Herman Melville, *In the Turret*
¹¹ John Wilmot, Second Earl of Rochester, *The Disabled Debauchee*
¹² Abraham Cowley, *The Mistress* (5. *Written in Juice of Lemmon*)
¹³ Jonathan Swift, *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*
¹⁴ Elisabeth Bishop, *First Death In Nova Scotia*
¹⁵ Diane Wakoski, *I Have Had to Learn to Live with My Face*
¹⁶ Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Andromeda*
¹⁷ Wallace Stevens, *Not Ideas About the Thing But the Thing Itself*
¹⁸ Edward Lear, *The Owl and the Pussycat* (1)
¹⁹ Lawrence Ferlinghetti, *Picture of the Gone World* (6)
²⁰ Baron Alfred Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*
²¹ Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *The Best Thing in the World*
²² Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea, *The Spleen: A Pindaric Poem*
²³ Diane Di Prima, *More or Less Love Poems*
²⁴ William Bingham Tappan, *Look at T'other Side*
²⁵ Emily Dickinson, *Love - Is That Later Thing than Death*
²⁶ Stephen Crane, *Think As I Think*
²⁷ George Barker, *Leaning in the Evenings*
²⁸ Luis Zukofsky, *A - 12*
²⁹ George Meredith, *Internal Harmony*
³⁰ Robert Browning, *Home Thoughts, From Abroad*
³¹ George Eliot, *Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love*
³² Jerome Rothenberg, *Seeding* (4)
³³ Samuel Butler, *Hudibras* (Part I, Canto 2)
³⁴ Christina Rossetti, *"I Gave a Sweet Smell"*
³⁵ Kenneth Rexroth, *New Objectives, New Cadres*
³⁶ Charles Bernstein, *My/My/My*
³⁷ Edward Estlin Cummings, *my mind is*
³⁸ Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*
³⁹ Hilda Doolittle, *Heat*
⁴⁰ Edith Sitwell, *Sir Beelzebub*
⁴¹ Alexander Pope, *Sound and Sense*
⁴² Kingsley Amis, *Against Romanticism*
⁴³ Ted Hughes, *Relic*
⁴⁴ Frank O'Hara, *To Hell With It*
⁴⁵ Amiri Baraka, *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note*
⁴⁶ David Herbert Richards Lawrence, *A Passing-Bell*
⁴⁷ Robert Creeley, *"To think..."*
⁴⁸ Emily Dickinson, *Ambition cannot find him*
⁴⁹ Jack Kerouac, *Sep. 16, 1961, Poem*
⁵⁰ Thomas Gray, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*
⁵¹ Anne Bronte, *A Word To The Calvinists*
⁵² Claude McKay, *Sweet Times*
⁵³ Edward Thomas, *This is No Case of Petty Right or Wrong*
⁵⁴ Anne Sexton, *Where It Was At Back Then*
⁵⁵ Robert Southey, *The Battle of Blenheim*
⁵⁶ Lyn Hejinian, *Redo*
⁵⁷ Mary Oliver, *Wild Geese*
⁵⁸ Ezra Pound, *Dieu! Qu'il La Fait*
⁵⁹ Stephen Spender, *Oh Young men Oh Young Comrades*
⁶⁰ Mina Loy, *Gertrude Stein*
⁶¹ Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Plus Intra*
⁶² Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, *The Slave Mother*
⁶³ John Keats, *On peace*
⁶⁴ Robert Frost, *Carpe Diem*
⁶⁵ William Wordsworth, *The Triad*
⁶⁶ James Monroe Whitfield, *How Long?*
⁶⁷ Edgar Saltus, *Infidelity*
⁶⁸ Thomas Love Peacock, *Instead of Sitting Wrapped up in Flannel*
⁶⁹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (Part II)
⁷⁰ William Butler Yeats, *An Image From A Past Life*
⁷¹ Susan Howe, *Pythagorean Silence (an excerpt)*
⁷² Carolyn Rodgers, *Breakthrough*
⁷³ Amy Lowell, *The Cremona Violin* (Part I)
⁷⁴ Philippe Lamantia, *Contra Satanus*
⁷⁵ Christopher Morley, *Inscription For A Grammar*
⁷⁶ Bernadette Mayer, *I Was One of the Skunks*
⁷⁷ John Ashbery, *Landscape (After Baudelaire)*
⁷⁸ William Makepeace Thackeray, *Sorrows of Werther*
⁷⁹ Sir Philip Sydney, *Astrophil and Stella* (39)
⁸⁰ Christopher Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*
⁸¹ Charles Olson, *The Kingfishers*
⁸² Mary Sydney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, *Si Vere Utique*
⁸³ Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales* (Prologue)
⁸⁴ Arthur Conan Doyle, *Master*
⁸⁵ William Bell Scott, *To the Artists Called P.R.B.*
⁸⁶ Walter De La Mare, *Arabia*
⁸⁷ Gwendolyn Brooks, *Jessie Mitchell's Mother*
⁸⁸ Norman Mailer, *The Economy of Love*
⁸⁹ Ed Sanders, *CIA Chaos*
⁹⁰ Dorothy Parker, *Superfluous Advice*
⁹¹ William Blake, *You Don't Believe*
⁹² Djuna Barnes, *To A Cabaret Dancer*
⁹³ Bruce Andrews, *Sun* (10)
⁹⁴ Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Letter*

Provisional Language

El lenguaje hoy se volvió un espacio provisional, temporario y desarraigado, mero material que puede ser recogido, reformado, acumulado y moldeado en cualquier forma sea necesario, sólo para ser descartado con igual velocidad. Como las palabras hoy son baratas y producidas infinitamente, son detritos que significan poco y valen menos. La desorientación obtenida a través de reenvíos, clonaciones y spam es la norma. Cualquier noción de auténtico y original es imposible de rastrear. Los teóricos franceses que anticiparon la desestabilización del lenguaje no hubieran podido prever en qué medida estas palabras se niegan a estar paradas; la impaciencia es lo único que conocen. Las palabras hoy son burbujas, cuerpos mutantes, significantes vacíos que flotan sobre la invisibilidad del network, ese gran nivelador del lenguaje, del que nosotros chupamos voraz y indiscriminadamente, llenando discos duros que luego reemplazamos para comprar otros, más capaces y económicos.

El texto digital es el doble de la imprenta, el fantasma en la máquina. El fantasma se volvió más útil que lo real; si no lo podemos descargar, no existe. Las palabras son aditivos, se amontonan sin fin, devienen indiferenciadas, rotas ahora en mil pedazos, las palabras se reforman más tarde en constelaciones lingüísticas, sólo para ser desmoronadas una vez más.



Esa tormenta de palabras induce a una amnesia; estas no son palabras para recordar. La parálisis es el nuevo movimiento. Una condición simultánea de obsolescencia y presencia ubicua, dinámica, aunque estable. Un ecosistema: reciclable, reusable, reclamable. La regurgitación es la nueva a-creatividad: en lugar de la creación, honoramos, apreciamos y adoptamos la manipulación y la reutilización.

Las letras son ladrillos indiferenciados – sin un significado a favor de otro; vocales y consonantes son reducidas a códigos decimales, temporáneamente orquestadas en un documento de word-processing; luego un video; después una imagen; tal vez, luego, otra vez en un texto. Ambas, la irregularidad y la unicidad son provisoriamente construidas con elementos textuales idénticos. En vez de intentar extraer el orden del caos, lo pintoresco ahora es extraído de lo homogéneo, lo singular liberado de lo estandarizado. Cada materialización es condicional: cortada, pegada, filtrada, reenviada, spamada.

Allí donde antes el ejercicio de la escritura sugería la unión – posiblemente eterna – de palabras y pensamientos, está ahora un acoplamiento transitorio, que espera a ser deshecho; una alianza fugaz con altas probabilidades de separación.

La industrialización del lenguaje: como son tan intensamente consumidas, las palabras son producidas fanáticamente y guardadas y almacenadas con fervor. Las palabras nunca duermen; torrentes y spider están haciendo flotar el lenguaje las 24 horas del día, siete días por semana.

Tradicionalmente, tipología implica demarcación, la definición de un modelo singular que excluye otras combinaciones. El lenguaje provisional representa una tipología contraria a la cumulativa, menos preocupada por el tipo que por la cantidad.

El lenguaje drena y es drenado a su vez; la escritura se ha vuelto el espacio del choque, un contendedor de átomos.

Existe una manera especial de vagabundear por el web, al mismo tiempo sin y con un fin. Mientras antes la narración prometía llevarte a donde tú querías ir, la tempestad lingüística del web hoy te ofusca y te lleva a un matorral de palabras que te condenan a desviaciones inesperadas, dejándote plantado justo cuando estás perdido: una *dérive* sobrecargada, un *flâneur* acelerado.

El lenguaje ha sido nivelado como mismidad, insipidez. ¿La insipidez puede ser diferenciada? ¿Lo indeterminado puede ser exagerado? ¿A través de la largueza? ¿La amplificación? ¿La variación? ¿La repetición? ¿Cambiaría algo? Las palabras existen para el *détournement*: toma el lenguaje más odioso que puedas encontrar y neutralízalo; toma el más dulce y vuélvelo horrible.

Reconstruir, resucitar, reensamblar, reaprender, renovar, refundir, recuperar, rediseñar, reestablecer, rehacer: los verbos que empiezan con re- producen lenguaje provisional.

Una mitad del mundo contamina para producir, la otra mitad contamina para consumir. La contaminación de todos los autos, las motos, los camiones, los ómnibus, las fábricas del Tercer Mundo palidece frente al calor generado por el lenguaje digital. Obras enteras de autores adoptan ahora un lenguaje provisional, estableciendo regímenes de desorientación calculada para instigar una política de confusión sistemática.

Babel fue malentendida; el lenguaje no es el problema, simplemente la nueva frontera.

El lenguaje provisional pretende unificar, pero en realidad divide. Crea comunidades no ya de intereses compartidos o de asociaciones libres, sino de similitudes estadísticas y demográficas inevitables, una trama oportunista de intereses personales.

Mata a tus maestros. Una escasez de maestros nunca paró la proliferación de obras maestras. Todo es una obra maestra; nada es una obra maestra. Algo es una obra maestra si yo lo digo. Inevitablemente, la muerte del autor desovó espacios huérfanos; el lenguaje provisional es sin autor, pero sorpresivamente autoritario, ya que viste indiscriminadamente el abrigo que arrebató a cualquiera sea el autor.

La oficina es la próxima frontera de la escritura. Ahora que se puede trabajar en casa, la oficina aspira a lo doméstico. La escritura provisional prevé la oficina como la casa urbana: los escritorios se vuelven esculturas; un universo electrónico de Post-it imbuye la nueva escritura, adoptando la jerga empresarial como su idioma: "memoria de equipo" y "management de información".

La escritura contemporánea necesita la habilidad de un secretario y la actitud de un pirata: replicar, organizar, copiar, archivar y reimprimir, junto a una tendencia más clandestina a duplicar, desvalijar, amontonar, intercambiar archivos. Tuvimos que adquirir todo un nuevo set de capacidades: nos volvimos grandes tipeadores, impecables copia-y-pegadores, ases del escaneo; pensamos que pocas cosas son más satisfactorias que la colación.

No hay museos o librerías en el mundo mejores que una buena papelería cerca de casa, llena de material en bruto para escribir: discos duros enormes, pilas de discos vírgenes, cartuchos de tinta y toners, impresoras con memoria y resmas de papel barato. El escritor ahora es productor, editor y distribuidor. Los párrafos son simultáneamente pirateados, quemados, copiados, impresos, encuadernados, cancelados y transmitidos. La cueva solitaria del escritor tradicional se ha transformado en un laboratorio alquímico de redes sociales, dedicado a la bruta fisicidad de las transferencias textuales. La sensualidad de copiar gigas de un disco a otro: el zumbido del disco duro, el revoltijo de la materia intelectual manifestado a través de un sonido. La excitación carnal generada por el calor de la computadora puesta al servicio de la literatura. El sonido del escáner mientras pela el lenguaje de la página, descongelándolo, liberándolo. El lenguaje jugando. El lenguaje fuera del juego. Lenguaje helado. Lenguaje derretido.

Esculpir con el texto.

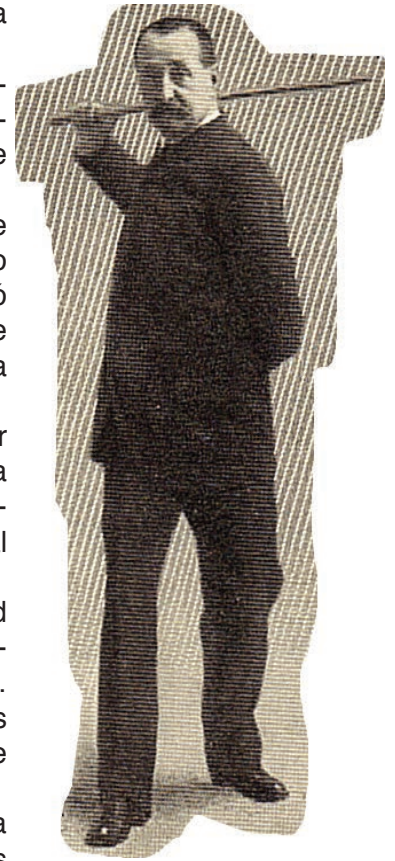
Excavar datos.

Chupar las palabras.

Nuestra tarea es simplemente dejar que la máquina haga el trabajo.

La globalización convierte todos los idiomas en lenguaje provisional. La ubicuidad del inglés: ahora que todo el mundo lo habla, nadie recuerda su uso. La bastardización del inglés es nuestro logro más impresionante; le rompimos la columna con la ignorancia, el acento, el slang, la jerga, el turismo y la multifuncionalidad. Podemos hacerle decir todo lo que queremos, como fuera un marioneta parlante.

Los reflejos narrativos que nos permitieron desde el principio de los tiempos unir los puntos, ahora se nos vienen encima. No podemos no notar que no hay secuencia demasiado absurda, trivial, sin sentido, insultante que no podamos no registrar, dándole sentido y sensatez, leyendo intenciones hasta en las palabras más atomizadas. El modernismo nos mostró que no podemos dejar de buscar sentidos en cualquier insensatez proferida. Se perdió el único discurso legítimo; solíamos renovar lo que estaba agotado, ahora intentamos resucitar lo que se fue.



text in English: <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2010/04/provisional-language/>

KENNETH GOLDSMITH

Mono*

2011. Serigrafía sobre papel kraft.
Políptico. Medidas variables.



* En 1939 Juan Carlos Onetti publicaba *El pozo*, un libro fundacional que marcaría un antes y un después en la literatura uruguaya. En la portada —impresa a dos tintas sobre papel de envolver fideos— aparecía un dibujo realizado por el impresor Casto Canel, pero firmado por Pablo Picasso.

In 1939 Juan Carlos Onetti published *The Pit*, a seminal book that became a milestone in Uruguayan literature. On the cover —a two-color print on brown paper wrapping— was a drawing by the printer Casto Canel, but signed by Pablo Picasso.

PABLO URIBE

MICHALIS PICHLER



Musica inudibile/inaudita

Mutevoli modalità dell'inudibile...

1. In *Humoreske* op. 20 per pianoforte, Schumann, a un certo punto, chiede al pianista di "suonare" una melodia con l'immaginazione, mentre le mani sono frettolosamente ("Hastig") impegnate sulla tastiera. In mezzo ai due pentagrammi consueti, quello per la mano destra e quello per la mano sinistra, infatti, all'improvviso ne spunta un terzo, su cui è scritta una melodia indicata come *Innere Stimme* (voce interna, interiore). Una melodia che non percepirà nessuno, se non l'esecutore dentro la propria testa.

Come ha dimostrato Charles Rosen in *The Romantic Generation*, ciò che si sprigiona dalla coda del pianoforte, per ventiquattro battute, non è che «l'eco» del mormorio intimo che non udiamo, il fantasma pianistico di un canto che rimane serrato dentro la bocca silenziosa del concertista. Schumann è il primo compositore della storia che presenta al pubblico una musica che il pubblico non può sentire, che può sentire solo colui che è seduto allo strumento. Mentre agli altri, a chi si è raccolto intorno al piano proprio per ascoltare una musica *definita*, non resta che accontentarsi di una musica ombra incerta, instabile, confusa di se stessa. Non ancora baudelaireiano, lo Schumann di *Humoreske* non vede nel suo ascoltatore un suo «semblable» e un suo «frère»; si sente ancora un albatros non catturato da «les hommes d'équipage» «pour s'amuser», un poeta ancora aureolato da un'aureola tanto più sublime quanto più è avvolta da un esclusivo, individualistico silenzio.

2. Nel terzo dei *Fünf Pittoresken* per pianoforte, Erwin Schulhoff si spinge oltre. È da poco finita la Prima Guerra Mondiale, d'altronde, e l'idealismo romantico di Schumann, se vuole sopravvivere al crollo catastrofico dell'Ottocento, non può che rovesciarsi in ghigno dadaista. Schulhoff, in una sola paginetta, stravolge tutti gli ordini costituiti del pentagramma pianistico: il tempo («Zeitmaß») non è un "Allegro", un "Adagio", un "Andante", ecc.: è un tempo in cui il tempo è finito – è un tempo eterno («zeitlos»). Il metro è un 3/5 della mano destra sovrapposto a un 7/10 della mano sinistra: improbabile. O meglio, umanamente ingestibile. La distribuzione delle chiavi è invertita rispetto alla norma: chiave di basso per la mano destra, chiave di violino per la mano sinistra. Un dispetto maligno: se il brano potesse essere eseguito, il pianista dovrebbe suonarlo, dall'inizio alla fine, con le mani incrociate. Ma il brano non può essere eseguito, non nel vero senso della parola, perché la sua trasgressione più abnorme è l'assenza di una nota qualsiasi: sono presenti esclusivamente delle pause. L'indicazione in italiano: «*tutto il canzone [sic!] con espressione e sentimento ad libitum, sempre, sin al fine!*», che sarebbe perfetta per la lirica *Innere Stimme* schumanniana, qui suona come l'ultimo sberleffo. Il silenzio dell'esecutore, appena sfiorato, accarezzato da Schumann nel 1839, nei primi del Novecento è afferrato di petto da Schulhoff. E se gli ascoltatori di *Humoreske* potevano arrivare, forse, ad intuire vagamente la linea melodica soppressa grazie ad una raffinata successione di allusioni melodico-armoniche, quelli del terzo pezzo di *Pittoresken* possono, al massimo, contemplare le espressioni di sforzo del pianista concentrato in un solfeggio di pause di una difficoltà talmente vertiginosa, che il brano, di fatto, è il primo vero esempio di *Concept Music*.

Questa parodia dell'ormai ingiallito foglio d'album ottocentesco si intitola *In futurum*: vuol dire forse che il «concept» ha un significato utopico? Quando non avremo più bisogno di eseguire, di ascoltare note, la storia, allora, sarà davvero finita, il tempo sarà eterno, e il mondo sarà diventato un pacifico giardino dell'eden silenzioso...

3. Nel 1952, però, ci penserà John Cage a disilludere tutti sulla valenza utopica del silenzio. Chiuso nella stanza più insonorizzata del mondo, in un istituto dell'Università di Harvard, Cage si rese conto che, anche là dentro, continuava a sentire i rumori del proprio corpo. Giunse così alla conclusione che il silenzio assoluto non esiste, che è un paradiso negato alle orecchie degli uomini. Compose, allora, *4' 33"*, in cui l'esecutore, o gli esecutori, qualunque strumento imbraccino, non devono produrre un suono per, appunto, 4 minuti e 33 secondi. Neppure sono obbligati ad impegnarsi nella scansione mentale di pause ritmicamente intricate, alla Schulhoff: cronometro alla mano, devono aspettare, semplicemente, che passino 4' e 33". Ma il *Tacet* imposto loro dalla partitura non invita gli ascoltatori a sognare un mondo *autre* non turbato dai suoni; al contrario, è una spinta ad ascoltare ciò che, da questo mondo, raggiunge il loro udito quando la musica è zittita come arte: i colpi di tosse, le risatine di imbarazzo, la caramella scartata, la monetina che cade dalla tasca, il loro stesso respiro... Con *4' 33"*, Cage dimostra che, se non siamo condannati alla musica, siamo, tuttavia, condannati al suono: non possiamo fare a meno di ascoltare, insomma, non possiamo fare a meno di ascoltare *qualcosa*. E allora, come rispose Luciano Berio a Roman Jakobson, quando gli chiese: «Mi dica Berio, che cos'è la musica?», la musica sarà «tutto quello che ascoltiamo con l'intenzione di ascoltare musica». Silenzio compreso.

Se è così, i compositori che con le loro musiche vogliono cambiare il mondo, se ancora ne esistono, non si rifugino più nella musica inudibile: ricerchino la musica inaudita. Non quella che non si vuol far ascoltare, *ma quella mai ascoltata prima*.





Música inaudible/inaudita

Mutables modalidades de lo inaudible...

1. En *Humoreske* op. 20 para piano, Schumann en un momento pide al pianista que “toque” una melodía con la imaginación mientras las manos están ocupadas apresuradamente (“Hastig”) con el teclado. En medio de los dos pentagramas usuales, uno para la mano derecha y el otro para la mano izquierda, en efecto, improvisamente aparece un tercero en el que está escrita una melodía indicada como *Innere Stimme* (voz interna, interior). Que nadie percibe, naturalmente, más que el ejecutor en su cabeza.

Como demostró Charles Rosen en *The Romantic Generation*, lo que escuchamos emanar efectivamente de la cola del piano por veinticuatro compases, es el «eco» del murmullo íntimo que no escuchamos, el fantasma pianístico de un canto que queda encerrado para siempre en la boca silenciosa del concertista. Schumann es el primer compositor de la historia en presentar en público una música que nadie, sino aquel que toca el instrumento, puede sentir. Mientras a los demás, a quien fue hasta allí para escuchar una música *definida*, no queda sino conformarse con una música sombra incierta, inestable, confundida de sí. No aún baudelaireiano, el Schumann de *Humoreske* no ve en su oyente su «semblable» y su «frère»: se siente todavía un albatros no capturado por «les hommes d'équipage» «pour s'amuser», un poeta aún aureolado por una aureola más sublime en cuanto más envuelta en un exclusivo, aristocrático silencio.

2. En el tercero de los *Fünf Pittoresken*, también para piano, Erwin Schulhoff se lanza más allá. Hace poco terminó la Primera Guerra Mundial y el idealismo romántico de Schumann, si quiere sobrevivir a la caída catastrófica del siglo XIX, puede hacerlo sólo volcándose en guiñada dadaísta. En una sola paginita, Schulhoff concentra todas las posibles alteraciones del orden constituido pentagramático pianístico: el tiempo («Zeitmaß») no es un “Allegro”, un “Adagio”, un “Andante”: es un tiempo donde terminó el tiempo –un tiempo eterno («zeitlos»). El metro es un improbable, o mejor imposible, 3/5 de la mano derecha superpuesto a un 7/10 de la mano izquierda. La distribución de las claves está invertida respecto a la norma: clave de bajo para la mano derecha, clave de violín para la mano izquierda. Una mortificación malvada: si la pieza pudiera ser ejecutada, el pianista debería tocarlo con las manos cruzadas de inicio a fin. Pero la pieza no puede ser ejecutada, no en el verdadero sentido de la palabra, porque su transgresión más anómala es la ausencia de toda nota, es la exclusiva, absoluta presencia de pausas. La indicación en italiano: «*tutto il canzone [sic!] con espressione e sentimento ad libitum, sempre, sin al fine!*», perfecta para la *Innere Stimme* schumanniana, aquí resuena como la última mueca. El silencio del ejecutor, apenas rozado, acariciado por Schumann en 1839, a inicios del siglo XX es enfrentado por Schulhoff. Y si los oyentes de *Humoreske* podían llegar, quizá, a intuir la melodía negada gracias a una refinada sucesión de alusiones melódico-armónicas, los del tercer segmento de *Pittoresken* pueden, como máximo, contemplar las expresiones de esfuerzo del pianista concentrado en un solfeo de pausas de una dificultad talmente vertiginosa que hace de él una verdadera pieza de *Concept Music*. Esta parodia de la ya amarillenta página del album del siglo XIX se intitula *In futurum*: ¿el «concept» será utópico? Cuando no tengamos más necesidad de ejecutar, de escuchar notas, entonces la historia habrá terminado de verdad, el tiempo será eterno, y el mundo un jardín del edén silencioso...

3. Pensará John Cage, en 1952, sin embargo, en desilusionar a todos sobre la posible valencia utópica del silencio. En la Universidad de Harvard, encerrado en la sala más insonorizada del mundo, Cage se dio cuenta de que, aún allí dentro, continuaba sintiendo los sonidos de su propio cuerpo. Y llegó así a la conclusión de que el silencio absoluto no existe, que es un paraíso negado a los oídos de los hombres. Compuso entonces *4' 33"*, en que el ejecutor, o los ejecutores, cualquier instrumento sostengan, no pueden emitir sonido por, justamente, 4 minutos y 33 segundos. No están ni siquiera obligados a esforzarse en la escansión mental de pausas rítmicamente intrincadas a la Schulhoff: cronómetro en mano, deben esperar, simplemente, que pasen 4' y 33'. Pero el Tacet que se les impone desde la partitura no es una invitación a los oyentes a soñar un mundo *autre* no turbado por los sonidos; al contrario, es un impulso a escuchar eso que, de *este* mundo, llega a su oído cuando la música es callada como “arte”: los ataques de tos, las risitas de vergüenza, el caramelo abriéndose, la monedita que cae del bolsillo, su respiro... Con *4' 33"* Cage demuestra que, si no estamos condenados a la música, estamos, sin embargo, condenados al sonido: no podemos dejar de escuchar, en fin, de escuchar *algo*. Y entonces, como respondió Luciano Berio a Roman Jakobson, cuando le preguntó: «Dígame Berio, ¿qué es la música?», música será «todo aquello que escuchamos con la intención de escuchar música» (incluido el silencio). Si es así, los compositores que con sus músicas quieren cambiar el mundo, si todavía existen, no busquen más la música inaudible: busquen la música inaudita. No esa que no quiere ser escuchada, *sino aquella nunca antes escuchada*.

MASSIMO PASTORELLI

Handwritten text in cursive script, column 1.

Handwritten text in cursive script, column 2.

Handwritten text in cursive script, column 3.

