

regurgitophagy

REGURGITOPHAGY

Enters stage after the third signal. OFF:

“Good-night, the performance Regurgitophagy was made possible by a Rioarte ‘art and technology’ fellowship. Thanks to it, an interface named ‘pau-de-arara’ was developed, which captures all sonorous reactions from the audience, and transforms them into electrical discharges onto the actor’s body. Please turn off your cell phones. Or turn them on. Enjoy the performance.”

Before anything else, everything. Because—unlike the avid anthropophagists—we’ve already swallowed too many things. Which is why, if they say ‘point,’ I don’t know if it’s to the point, g point, meeting point, point of sale, of no return, of view, of honor, of duty, needle point, case in point, that guy who’d prompt actors with their lines, exclamation point, boiling point, point blank, beside the point, zero point. Which is why, if they say ‘pulling,’ it can be pulling it off, pulling the plug, the trigger, teeth, strings, one’s leg, ahead, the old switcheroo, pulling it together, pulling a face, the rug from beneath your feet, pulling out all the stops, pulling your weight, a fast one, pulling punches, pulling rank, through, over, apart, back the curtain. This is the story of the butterfly that fell in love with a punch. The platonic love of a butterfly for a punch . . . and this eternal feeling of buying money, frying pans, digging shovels, photographing photos . . . exchanging what one already has for what one still has . . . Already. They don’t make used to’s like futurely

because the three stars of Orion + the seven seas are the ten commandments
and the 7 wonders of the world minus the 3 little pigs

are the 4 seasons

or the 4 knights of the apocalypse or the 4 musketeers.

because

the three stooges or the Chick Corea Trio

+ the seven Capitol Hill sins, or the 7th art of Captain Ahab’s seven-day-diet,
or the seven dwarves,

would add up to ten,

would score 10! 10!

but this, minus the moon or life

would add up to nine brothers for nine sisters

and wouldn't exceed the 12 tasks of Hercules or the Strange Pilgrims' Twelve

Stories

minus a four of Ace minus tea for two

because the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year,

minus the Jackson Five

minus three payments with no interest

minus Shakespeare's 154 sonnets

the forty thieves, the ninth symphony and the 500 miles of Indianapolis

would lead us

—even if one has to change the order of the factors or futures—

to fight

so that every P.S. has a W.C.

and not so that every V.D. has an O.K.

but so every E.R. has an A.C.

every P.C.: I.Q.

H.B.O.: T.H.C.

L.S.D.: G.R.E.

O.B.: N.Y.

I.M.F.: G.S.U.

P.T.A.: SKI

I.O.C.: B.B.Q.

FED: BUT CUT: VICK BIC: BAM V.I.P.: S.O.S.

EVERY ZAP: ZIP

BUG: P.M.S. G.L.S.: D.M.V. U.N.: D.N.A. U.F.O.: S.O.B.

RAP: RAM IT: ALLAH B.F.G.: V.J. K.K.K.: N.B.A.

TOP: TAB CAT: FAB G.N.P.: S.A.T. ZEN: JET BIG: P.H.D. POP: N.G.O.

DOG: A.T.&T.

every GOAL be STEEL

every BEEP: BOOM

very END: PEACE

so that very P.M. has a GOOD AFTERNOON

and every DISPROPORTIONABLENESS has an

ANTIESTABLISHMENTARIANISM

and every HONORIFICABILITUDINITABUS a
 SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS

You know that 'Rorschach test'? That psychiatrist's test that shows a stain, a blot on the page, and every nut immediately thinks of sex or a bat? Well, it has to do with it. Here's the deal: you get any story, love story, work story, any story you want. Then you start pushing it away, far, far away, as if it were a chain of mountains, far . . . far on the horizon. There's a distance where you put things, any thing, and it becomes real tiny, just the essential, like a shadow, an indistinct form . . . and it's either a yes or a no. Are you following? It's simple: everything, in a last analysis, is a yes or a no. It's either good or bad for you. This goes for everything. For example: think of your wife. There, did you think of her? Now throw your wife far away . . . chain of mountains far on the horizon . . . very well. Is she there? At the limit? The last shape? See that indistinct form? That teeny tiny indistinct form? Is it a yes or a no? Huh? Yes or no, man! Got it?! Think of your work . . . Now throw your work far away! Chain of mountains far on the horizon . . . very well. See that teeny tiny work? Yes or no? Yes-or-no? Think man, think! Everything in life is like that. Out of everything there can be just a no or a yes left. The world is ours! You can look. Go . . . throw the world far away and look!

267-0425, 285-1018, 556-1553, 511-3856, 259-9093, cvv, dominos pizza, debora secco, 527-3241, 286-2906, 259-0671, 274-4435, 292-4499 (77178), 558-6016, 558-7682, 259-8231, 259-5431, 287-2692, 227-1236, 294-3215 . . .

Because everything has a connection. For instance . . . bench and . . . hiccups:

bench	hiccups
park . . . no: court	fright
justice . . . no: seduce	fear
score	trembling
sex . . . no: game	movement
baseball . . . no: hunt	swing
run	ball
feet	Cinderella
shoe	

I must confess: I'm the libido incarnate. More: I only think and have sex. Since the world has a habit of work and other chores, in the absence of a woman I don't hesitate to penetrate medicine flasks, notebooks and soda cans. I've al-

ready masturbated in the computer lab, in cream cheese containers, and, with the help of a chair, I've even inserted it into the chink of the shower heater. In short, there's no live object that, seen aslant on a 'Rorschach' (that psychiatrist's test that . . .), I don't see feminine nuances. My problem began about a month ago when, after ejaculating on an electric outlet, I realized it had come to an end. There are no more virgin objects for me, and worse: having become used to this practice for some time now, I no longer feel any desire for women. I look at the house, submerged in sperm, and feel alone. From the ashtray to the toaster, from the sofa to the steak, as if crystallized, my come reflects my expressions of discontent. Yep, I guess I've reached the end. I go down the elevator and on everything I see, on streets, on cities, I see the marks of my come. There is no more sense to living. Life of come—come to nothing life.

Marry me and make me the happiest man in the world. The most handsome, the most loved, respected, taken care of . . . The one who scores the most. And the most dated man in the world, and the most married. And the most parties, travels, dinners . . . Marry me and make me the most professionally accomplished man. The most got-a-woman-pregnant man, the most father. And the most first arguments; the most new fights and same old quarrels man. Marry me and make me the most separated man in the man. The loneliest, only see-my-kid-on-weekends man. The most hit rock bottom and rebound man. The most rebuilt his life. The most met a new chick and fell in love again man . . . Marry me and make me the most "marry me and make me the happiest man in the world."

Everything in this world should be called pencil. Obviously not overnight, like with an unconstitutional amendment. But little by little, like one caresses an earlobe. And so, gradually, the pencil would take over all sentences.

—Hey man! How pencil to see you!

—How bout you? How's it pencil?

—Pen-cil! Pencil non-stop . . . Totally in pencil. And you?

—Gee, man, my mom just pencil . . .

—What a pencil . . . But hey: pencil up . . . The pencil must go on . . .

—Yeah, you're totally pencil . . . What do you say we get together for a pencil?

—It'd be Pencil!

—But it's no pencil, huh! I'm being pencil!

Imagine what a wonderful world it'd be! In the first place, it would put an end to communication problems. Secondly, it would do away with illiteracy . . . Now,

of course, pencil is only an idea—and it'd cause trouble for someone actually buying or borrowing a pencil . . . But we could have a plebiscite:

—Hey man! How money to see you!

—How bout you! How's it money?

—Mon-ey! Money non-stop . . . Totally in money. And you?

—Gee, man, my mom just money.

—What a money. But hey: money up . . . The money must go on . . .

Imagine what a wonderful world it'd be! In the first place, it would put an end to communication problems. Secondly, it would do away with illiteracy . . . Now, of course, money is only an idea—and it'd cause trouble for someone actually buying or borrowing money . . . But we could have a plebiscite:

—Hey man! How dead to see you!

—How bout you! How's it dead?

—De-ad! Dying non-stop . . . Totally in dead. And you?

—Gee, man, my mom just died.

ATTENTION

Heuristics? Gestalt?

Hermeneutics?

Wordology

Have the most important facts

of your life

revealed to you

with mathematical precision,

be they:

sexual frigidity,

lowering crop yields

drinking problems

make someone long gone come back into your life . . .

READ CLOSELY

Deeply enrooted in religion, it has devoted itself to the sacred for over 100 years. Used by spiritual callings to unveil secrets pertaining to health, love, business and success. Or failure. All of this in a deadly honest game, laid bare through the crakerjackology of fortune, in a divinatory practice as old as humanity itself. Although most distinguished in this arena, it also shines in the reading of tarot cards and of seashells. All of these allied, of course, to its extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. CRACKERJACKOLOGY has a firm manner while re-

spectfully speaking of the religion that it embraces and carries within its box as a divine obligation.

PERSONALIZED CONSULTATIONS

* CRACKERJACKOLOGY *

KEEP OUR STREETS CLEAN * DO NOT LITTER * INTERNAL DISTRIBUTION

Regurgitate: to expel, to cast out (what, in a cavity is in excess, especially in the stomach).

Phagy: to eat.

In 1922, the week of modern art took place in Brazil, a kind of armory show that changed the course of national culture. Until then, the Brazilian cultural production was almost exclusively based on the importation of European schools. Romanticism surged in Europe, Brazil reproduced the Romantic school; the Parnassian movement took place, Brazil reproduced it; and so forth. In 1928, the writer Oswald de Andrade published the Anthropophagist Manifesto: based on a scene that had actually taken place, where a colonizing bishop was eaten by Brazilian cannibal Indians, Oswald proposed that, like the Indians, Brazilians swallow the European vanguards, mixing them with our own traditions and references in order to create a genuinely Brazilian art.

And what about today? Almost eighty years after. Do we continue to 'swallow vanguards' or have we had all sorts of information—concepts, products—pushed down our throats?

(And today, do we keep on 'swallowing vanguards,' or either all kinds of information have been pushed down into our throats? Concepts? Products?)

In short, what to do with the impossibility of assimilation, the state of acceleration, the excessive information syndrome (*dataholics*), the millions of visual, auditory, daily stimulations, which increase in a rhythm diametrically opposed to reflection?

Regurgitophagy:

'throw up' the excess in order to evaluate what we actually want to swallow again.

The de-objectification of man via the critical conscience, the "programmed ignorance." I will eat when I want to what I will to.

"extra! extra! The media is over!"

for you who didn't disappear in 68 only because you weren't born yet:

pleonastic oxymorons, chaosmos, electroconvulsiontherapy . . . Pavlov

would use chemical artifices to stimulate vomiting so as to produce a conditioned reflex. the human being uses, at the most, 10% of his brain, sees 1% of all light, and hears sounds up until 20,000 cycles per second . . .

. . . we are what we eat, carnivorous chewing gum . . .

. . . In Brazil, people wear ribbons named after the Bonfim Saint from Bahia, tied around their wrists. Wishes are made with each knot that ties it on, and these are believed to come true when the ribbon falls off. A "Senhor do Bonfim" ribbon has been especially designed for the Japanese market, programmed to fall off in three days: artificially aged . . .

The Lego complex: if you are a legocentric, a legoist, everything fits in . . .

. . . finally, a cure that will take scientists years to find the illness. Which is why, if I believe in the future of humanity it's because there will always be a new Beatles song. At the dawn of day, I don't take part in the end of the world, and yet, I identify with the majority of thighs, I love everything that is strange, I only believe in exceptions.

. . . in the saunas of the Young Men's Muslim Association, and of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the heat of the discussions will come only and exclusively from the well functioning of the machinery. un-tested waves, I repeat, damaged waves head toward the beach. wingantennae, antennaewings. almost Roseanne and Marilyn Manson presenting the Fox news . . .

. . . I'd take this sentence to a deserted island. This, this sentence. Hasta la Buena Vista Social Club, Baby: alreadyet. The Big Apple: That Big Adam received from Big Eve . . . Be a patriot: go to Vietking kong. Look at the hands . . . up . . . YOURS . . . Truly. Manwo. Wohuman. Wommon. Humanwo. Wommyn. Island is a piece of man surrounded by tears on all sides. All men are islands. The jingle bells toll for thee. I become a transparent paintball, I am nothing, I stain all. Just say say say . . . NO.

. . . Nobody beats the fees. The opposite of Maximilian is minipenny. SOS (sell our souls). I was consumed by a feeling of general déjà vu: looking at the can of rosebudweisernegger, listening to Billie Holiday on ice or Nat King Cole Porter reading the unbearable lightness of being or not to be superman-at-workaholics in progress at the end of the second halftime is money can't buy you happiness is a warm gun:

in des-photography it's like this
first the flash, then the smile

the development before the click
 you remember and therefore live
 it's the little birdy that looks at you
 and all the while you're saying seeeeeeeeeeech
 Down with!!! Down with!!! Down with!!!

In an upcoming study, to be published in a respected magazine of the scientific world, not only will the existence of the mental cavity be proven, but the alarming indications of its occurrence will be shown as well. As expected, this phenomenon, which affects peoples of different countries, has, as one of its main causes, the terrible dietary trends of these populations, who are raised, for the most part, on the consumption of canned laughter from exported American TV series, sugary soap operas, and beating around the George Borscht.

In order to prevent the extraction of the organ, under risk of irreversible consequences, such as, for instance, lame thinking, one highly recommends the continuous and correct use of the brain brush and mental floss.

Let us join efforts to make the world a place with a smile that is white . . . and black and Afro-American and Afro-Asian-American and Afro-Asian-Native American and . . . with interracial breath!

I'd like to write a book in which everyone died got fucked a book of stories where adjectives and verbs were all wonderful and cruel metaphors a book that spoke of drowsy afternoons with crinkling clouds eleven year-old boys fags women and, at last, that everyone died, got fucked that every story ended with a drop of blood streaked down his body the air groping his hands and his transfigured throat or even that it ended abruptly like an impression, a still from a movie and only the music hovering over the flicker of the blank page it's that at one point she told me of the impossibilities of her depression and of how she saw no perspective and the saturation of everything her children the bills and I said but in this world everything is possible in this world everything can exist but she said no and so I said do you think in this world nobody eats shit?! That there aren't millions of people in this world who don't eat shit?! That at this very moment there isn't a young beautiful couple in buenos aires loving each other furiously in the midst of their own excrement?!? that in Bangkok a man hasn't, with one virulent spurt, just brought a right handful of shit to his mouth?!? in the Tacoma desert a solitary Indian doesn't say a prayer and doesn't lick his very own shit?!? In paris-berlin-cairo-moscow-in-every-single-place?!? In Japan

a lonely middle-aged extremely rich man big stock market investor in his high-tech apartment solemnly conveys his shit on a tray until resting it on the table romantically set to candlelight . . . that this man lives for this?!? That the stock market job is a way of keeping away suspicion so that he may invest?!? In shit?!? In desire?!? And so she asks me:

—what is the opposite of eating shit?

—sadness . . . no! frustration.

but she insists and says she wants to know in terms of taste and I make an effort to feel what the taste of shit might be like

Hel-lo? Hel-lo? Anybody on the line? Is there nobody on the line? Are we rolling? We're not rolling yet . . . But I'd like to take this opportunity to thank mom and dad, grandma and grandpa, kids—who are the future of this country—and to our youth—who are completely lost. Because it's thanks to you, thanks to you!, that I have more than 100% of the national viewing audience! Would you please give us a close-up here: can you see: the Rapist Show? 100% Now our competitors: the Murderer's Show? It's a blank. The Robber's Show? It's a blank!! The Fascist's Show? Blank!!! Blank!!! Blank!!! Only the Rapist Show has 100% of the national viewing audience!!! Thank you very much . . . May God illuminate you all . . .

But today's show is unmissable, you can't miss it . . . The tremendous Condom Camera!!! Just look at how well this episode has been worked out: we kidnapped this guy, we kept him in captivity, naked, in chains . . . He ate bread and water whenever there was any!!! Otherwise he ate only sugar . . . We tore off the nails from his feet! We put superglue in his nostrils . . . on his eyelashes . . . he was raped by five sex maniacs . . . In fact, I'd like to thank Effervescent Talents, which supplies us with its fabulous actors, and thank especially the participation of Robert DeNixon, great actor shortly to be seen in the next Hollywood movie, in a theater near you. But it's not over yet. Look at how well worked out it was! One day the guy wakes up and finds out that: the chains are unlocked and the door is open . . . He leaves, wait and see how fabulously we worked it out: taxis start passing by every five minutes . . . and no one stops!! No one stops!! But it's not over yet. . . . Stop!!! Stop!!! Stop!!! Are you sure you want to keep watching?!? Very well, the guy gets home and his building is being robbed! It's the actors of Effervescent Talents, my big thanks once again. So then there's this robber who's the most hot-tempered one . . . Robert DeNixon . . . Great character work . . . he's a talent . . . the guy didn't even notice . . . And he shoots

him straightaway in the head and at his spinal cord!!! You should see the look of joy on the guy's face waking up from his coma, and finding out he had just participated in another CONDOM CAMERA!!! Hello? Hello? Is there anyone on the line? Are we rolling? Spin the VT!

[Enter Michel and Antonio Banderas's commercial onscreen]

But let's change the course of this prose a bit, let's change the subject, because the time has come for a sketch that everyone loves . . . A sketch that has already become a part of the American family's Sunday afternoons . . . HOWLS. THE FUCKED UP'S GAME!!! VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. You already know the rules: the most fucked up, the most wretched, worthless, the most miserable wins!!! Let's call last week's champion and his companion to the stage!!! You can come in . . . VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. Excellent, excellent . . . Is he prepared to win this week as well? Yes, Mr. Rapist, he's been preparing himself intensely this week. HOWLS. You mean to say that you've prepared yourself, sir? (The candidate drooling . . .) Well, I am going to tell you that our production team has been doing its homework . . . Our production team has been doing its work and is here with a fellow who the doctor accompanying believes he will win! Says that today he's the one going home with the prize!!! HOWLS. So let the challenger come in!!! VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. What's his name? The doctor who accompanies the challenger: he doesn't have a name. Whoa, man!!! Now this is getting ugly!! I'm warning you, this week our production team has given it its all . . . This one here isn't going to be easy!!! It's going to be tuff for the winner today . . . But since our time is rather short, VIGNETTES AND HOWLS, let's get going, let's begin this competition right away. VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. What does he have? Throat cancer, replies the champion's assistant. And him? He's blind, replies the doctor who accompanies the challenger. Now you! Coronary bypass surgery. You! Asthma. You? Parkinson. You? Arteriosclerosis. Come on, folks, let's get to it! Typhus! Tetanus! Tumor! Cast-rated! Dumb! Deaf! Leper! Aids! Alzheimer! Epilepsy! Diabetes! Tuberculosis! Excellent!!! Excellent!!! Our time is almost coming to an end . . . Aaaaahhh . . . And our candidates are extremely well prepared!!!! HOWLS. A round of applause!!! VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. Now let's go straight to the part everyone likes, from Physically Fucked let's go to Socially Fucked!!! VIGNETTES AND HOWLS. You? Terrible credit. You? Name in the IRS. You! Attempted suicide eight times: took: strychnine, ant poison, insecticide, rat poison, cyanide, arsenic . . . OK, OK! And him? Also attempted suicide eight times (with spiteful

sarcasm): cut his wrists, set fire to his clothes, turned the gas on and closed the window, jumped through a closed window, threw himself in front of a moving truck, lay down on the train tracks . . . Come on, folks, I don't have all my life here . . . And the Show must go on!!!! He's a Jew! He's a Palestinian! He's black! He's a homosexual! A woman! Native American! Lives in the slums! Lives in the suburbs! Killed his wife and kids! Buried his mom and dad alive! . . . Texas Emergency Reserve! Neo-Nazi! Al-Qaeda!! CIA!! Develops biological weapons!!! Develops atomic weapons!!! Gentlemen, gentlemen! The competition is excellent, really wonderful, but unfortunately our time has run out!!! Aaaaahhhhhh . . . But they'll be back next week!!! HOWLS. For the big clincher!!! HOWLS. So prepare yourselves well, because as you know, when the dispute is this tight . . . it's the details that solve it!!! HOWLS. Diarrhea!!! HOWLS. Lice!!! HOWLS. Wryneck! Ingrown nail! Warts!!! Hiccups!!!! HOWLS. HOWLS. HOWLS. And don't forget to take care of yourselves!!! Keep yourselves alive!!! Ha ha ha!!! (Rape! Rape! Rape!) Stay tuned for the SLAUGHTER OF THE FRESHMEN!!! (Rape! Rape!) Now let's go to commercials!!! HOWLS AND VIGNETTES. COMMERCIAL BREAK.

for Luciana

at our last dinner

we sat at the table and ate in silence. The silence.

we drank wine and did not toast

there are only toasts when there are plans

that night, at that table

our last dinner was our only certainty

someone, spying at us perchance through our window

would see cutlery and cups floating over the candles

at our last dinner

we sat at the table and ate transparently

someone, spying at us perchance through our window

would see the food being digested inside us

at our last dinner

we sat at the table and ate ourselves away

someone, spying at us perchance through our window

would see us for a very short while

people are circles with two dots a line like this one like this and another like this I'd like to dissolve myself in water because more than anything more than

you love of my life more than daddy mommy and god and sex and money I love the water things can happen naturally it often happens that people say hi to me and I think they're telling me I'm high! a cocacolic slip is impossible when would anyone say "... that soda ... what's its name again ... goddammit ... that black one ... the one that looks like pepsi ..."? never! It'd be unforgivable you can forget the light on your father's age what was it again it's ok it's acceptable but the cocacolic slip is in extinction there are things that can't be hurt but it's not because of that that I haven't yet written the most beautiful thing I've ever written till today (the end of ideologies is a fallacy on the contrary today we live its zenith in my case for instance I have to fight to be a michelist melamedian and not a pre-michelist post-melamedian) it's never happened that someone's asked me "movie?" and I've understood "groovy!"

It's official, I died. I'm only here to clarify that there is no life after death. We die and that's it. Everything's over. In the exact second that we die, we lose consciousness and ... Therefore there is no soul, no reincarnation, no hell and no heaven. The obvious question, you may point out, is: how is it possible, if there is nothing after death, that, having died, I be here, seeking to confirm inexistence? It's quite simple: I'm writing this text before I die. It's a mixture of insight and prediction. The rest is left to chance and I'm betting all my cards. After all, there being nothing after death, there is nothing to describe. Only this confirmation and I am certain that, wherever I may be, I'll continue to endorse it. I'd like to take this opportunity to give thanks for having lived. XOXOs to the whole world, and I wish luck and courage to you all. See you later, folks, that is, never again!

peeling onions
I thought of you
and cried

It's official, I died. I'm only here to clarify that there is life after death. We die and that's when it all starts. Everything begins. In the exact second we die, we gain consciousness and ... Therefore there is a soul, there is reincarnation, hell and heaven. The obvious question, you may point out, is: what is there after life? It's difficult to explain. Because I'm writing this text before I die. It's a mixture of insight and prediction. The rest is left to chance and I'm betting all my cards. After all, there being life after death, I'll do my best to manifest myself and tell you every little detail. In the meantime, only this confirmation and I am certain

that, wherever I may be, I'll continue to endorse it. I'd like to take this opportunity to give thanks for having lived. XOxOs to the whole world, and I wish luck and courage to you all. See you later, that is, fancy seeing you here!

INVERSION OF THE AXIS (audience scene)

I need a volunteer, a candidate.

You no . . .

You?

No . . .

You!

Come here, man! Don't be shy!

Co-ome! Co-ome!

There you go! What's your name? Speak up, man! Are you a fag?! What's your name?!

So if you're not a fag, you must have a girlfriend . . . a wife . . .

When you're home with your wife, in private, do you like to suck farts?

Do you suck farts, man?!

You're a fag . . .

Fa-ag!! Fa-ag!!

So do the following: sing and shake your ass. Sing and shake your ass, man! Sing-and-shake-your-ass! Sing-and-shake-your-ass!

You don't know how to sing shaking your ass?! So . . .

Imitate an agouti!! Imitate an agouti, man!! I-mi-ta-te an agou-ti! I-mi-ta-te an agou-ti!!

(. . .)

SHOWS THE ELECTRICAL SHOCKS TO THE AUDIENCE

To be a Piscean, a Jew, a poet and a Carioca (someone from Rio) and to have an account at Citibank is—besides the flea behind the ear—to live the eternal and generalized *déjà vu*.

There are no novelties in the world. It's easy to hear a story and to begin to think of it as yours. More: to hear about a place, like for instance, Brookwood, and yeah, sure, great, Brookwood, fantastic, know it really well, etc. How's Billy?

A while ago I went to a street carnival. While noticing, from in between the tits of the masses, a lit window on the last floor of a neighboring building, this buffoon here was suddenly assailed with a pungent nostalgia. I even saw the old man at that window—myself—from the altitude of my eighty something years remembering me here, in the recess of youth, in between kisses and sips, in this

same street where I see myself there, reminiscing of me over here being watched from over there.

And then I was certain of the futile life. And I quaffed a half can of beer in one gulp. And I burnt my parched lips with mint tea. And I chanted a samba. And I yawned with tremulous hands. And I kissed the girl. And my old lady placed a hand on my shoulder. And I grew melancholic about the future. And I smiled remembering the past.

You who are a Taurus, Catholic, dentist, from Texas—with an account at Chase; or a Libra, Muslim, publicist from South Carolina—Britney Spears Bank; or even a Leo, atheist, actor, from L.A.—Bank of Boston, you should know, it's very strange to be a Piscean, Jew, poet, Carioca—with an account at Citibank. To have the feeling that everything you've just said has been said before. Thought of. Forgotten.

* AQUI FALTA UM TXT PARA LER: "DEUS"? ELIANA? MARIA CAR-DOSO?

REBECCA?

Because everything is a metaphor for life. Take, for instance . . . the sea. The sea is a metaphor for life. One day the tide is low, others high . . . There are days when you read the morning paper and the current of events pulls you under. And there are times when life is just plain surf . . . Because everything is a metaphor for life . . . For instance . . . a butcher's shop! Everything is there, exposed . . . But each thing has its price and you have to make your choices. So then you can ask for the butcher's advice or be a self-made . . . And so reap what you sowed: a tenderloin phase, an entire year when everything seems to be baloney, a job where you're just hitting the daily meat grind . . . a time when you just want to get to the meat of things. Because everything is a metaphor for life . . .

EVERY THING IS A METAPHOR.

BUT ONLY GOD IS HYPERTEXT.

Be there a marginal, be there a hero

when the swept winds of the curves

hit your loose screws

—with no pony tail, chignon, or pig tails:

underneath the curls of your loose screws like a sail:

be there a marginal, be there a hero

—to fly screws:

kite in a cage and loose screw.
 Substitute the quickly as pieces as possible substitute.
 Change everything: Brands new!
 The machinery urinating pubic hairs and blisters . . .
 Axle, crank, cylinder?
 Kite in a cage and loose screw.
 Condo, viaduct, slum:
 Loose screw.
 Prison, asylum, condom:
 Loose screw.
 Handcuffs, belly, trouser fly:
 Loose screw:
 Beer, weed, money, stitch . . . :
 Loose screw:
 The gear has begun to itch
 There, where the axle bites its tail
 Gel on the kite's tail
 Kite in a cage and loose screw.
 [now, all the words you can think of]
 what's the meaning of life—of machines?
 Where do they come from, where do they go?
 How do you explain their existence?
 Glass shards on their tails!
 There, where the axle bites their tails.
 Kite in a cage and loose screw . . . to fly sails:
 Be there a marginal, be there a hero

The tin-man sinks his paw on the accelerator of his automobile of meat and bones. He pushes forward into the nervous center of the unsouled city so as to cast his heart like a grenade. the mission accomplished tosses him into routine. tin-man wraps up the direction of his home in a flight propelled by cuffs on his nape, thumps on his skull—running on lethargy—as if hoisted by his pubic hairs of steel wool by tweezers. he parks in the garage of the building of meat and bones. inserts his key of meat in the lock of bone. sits on the sofa of liver and opening a dirt cheap can of blood, encrusts himself onto his cartilage television set. Sleep tin-man, sleep. push your way into this optical-fiber forest

under this sky of electric fuses. Look how beautiful the sea of gasoline is, breaking upon the bytes of the beach. dream tin-man, dream. What doesn't make you stronger will kill you. There must be a place where life is only steel, wood, iron, plastic. The world also belongs to those who only dream they can conquer it. tin-man awakens with a start. where can there be stone in this world, he wonders, I'm tired of semi-machines. he sits at his desk of fat and, recalling tomorrow, writes in his laptop of striated tissue.

rio de Janeiro
 minus 20 degrees.
 the ice-skaters gallop side-by-side on the iced mirror of the lake
 the statue of the Christ,
 almost unrecognizable,
 with the snow covering
 the back of its hands feet arms shoulders head . . .
 were it not for its correct localization and size
 one might suspect it was somebody else in its place:
 a king-kong petrified on the mount's peak
 a sphinx, standing on its feet, proposing the pantomime of its enigma
 the statue of liberty—renouncing its torch,
 its arms half-raised like wings, free;
 perhaps the Eiffel Tower, obese,
 or even a pathetic gigantic scarecrow chasing away the sun . . .
 the snow falls upon the city.
 tumbling slowly braced by the absolute silence,
 This silence that has hibernated for over five hundred years,
 lapidating the flake's helices
 for the white epiphany.
 couples on skis descend the sugar loaf.
 on the guanabara bay a father pulls his son on a sleigh.
 penguins applaud the boreal dawn on Ipanema beach
 and brazil wood may well insist on fading in poland
 and a bird to gargle in russia
 uzbekistan and its palm trees from the rainforest . . .
 siberia 40° Celsius . . .
 here,

today,
it's the snows of march that end the summer.
and no more promises.
ever again.

MICHEL MELAMED is an award-winning Brazilian artist. He is considered one of the most outstanding talents of his generation. Indeed, besides excelling in his performances as an actor, Melamed is an acknowledged playwright as well as a noted screenwriter. His innovative work is interdisciplinary in scope, featuring a mixture of artistic languages (e.g., theater, literature, TV, music, technology), and it has been shown in some of the most important cultural capitals, including New York, Paris, and Berlin. In 2013, Melamed is releasing the television series *SEEWATCHLOOK* for the Brazilian cable channel Canal Brasil. He may be reached at melamedmichel@gmail.com.

SELECTED RECENT WORKS

Television

Capitu—Rede Globo—2008

[Lead role]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XoZjXHDBatw&feature=related>

Theater

Adeus à Carne or Go to Brazil—RIO—2012

[Creator, actor, and director]

<http://vimeo.com/40138393>

password: 2012gotobrazil2013

SEEWATCHLOOK—High Line—NYC—2011

[Creator, actor, and director]

<http://www.nytimes.com/2011/10/29/theater/seewatchlook-street-scenes-at-the-high-line.html>

REGURGITOPHAGY—Public Theater—NYC—2008

[Author, actor, and director]

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMZCJC9kAx4>