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A Blank Space Extended: On the Poetics of Osvaldo Lamborghini

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A Blank Space Extended: On the Poetics of Osvaldo Lamborghini

Senior Project submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College

by

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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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A Blank Space Extended: On the Poetics of Osvaldo Lamborghini

Osvaldo dijo, pensativo: '¿Por qué será que los yiros parecen seres del pasado?' Yo oí mal y le respondí: 'No creas. Mirá a Mao Tsé Tung.' Se detuvo, estupefacto, y me dirigió una mirada extraña. Por un instante, el malentendido abarcó a toda la literatura, y más.¹

-César Aira²

The aim of the masturbator is very like that of the alchemists.

-Sartre

An Introduction of Sorts

How does one begin writing about a figure as shadowy as that of Osvaldo Lamborghini? When a work so relentlessly resists fixity, legibility, meaning, morality – what, then, is left to write about? Writing about Lamborghini and his work, a corpus that tests the limits of comprehension and conventional notions of taste, will ultimately become a mirroring of sorts – or, to use a different image, a blank space for the reading subject to flow into and fill up.

This project, then, will serve two purposes: the first being an introduction for the English-speaking reader to a writer who produced some of the most violent and perplexing texts to come out of Latin America in the past century, and the second a kind of self-portrait, a delineation of my reading process, of my being read by Lamborghini.

Osvaldo Lamborghini entered my life around the end of my junior year (ca. spring 2015) in the midst of an obsession with the works of with the contemporary Argentine novelist and

¹ Osvaldo said pensively, "Why is it that hookers seem to be creatures of the past?" I heard him wrong and answered: "Not so fast. Take a look at Mao Tse Tung." He stopped, stupefied, and gave me a strange look. For an instant, our misunderstanding encompassed the whole of literature, and more.

² Unless noted otherwise in the bibliography, all citations from the Spanish are done by me for the sake of convenience.

critic, César Aira. Some research into the subject of Aira's influences led to Lamborghini. That fact alone was almost enough for me to settle on Lamborghini for a year-long project, but what really brought me in was the classification of the work itself, which seemed to shift uneasily in some interstitial space between fiction and poetry. For a writer who was deeply involved with Argentine leftist organizations and labor unions in the 1970s, it seemed like his work explored a more ambiguous relationship between politics and aesthetics. I read a few pages of *Sebregondi retrocede*, and had formed, via associations in Lamborghini scholarship with other writers like Bataille and Sade, an impression of sorts with regards to the transgressive nature of his works, but in fact, I jumped into the project more or less ignorant of what was in store for me.

A few words about Osvaldo Lamborghini and his reputation: he was born in Argentina in 1940, and died in 1985, exiled in Barcelona. Since his death, Lamborghini's works have gained enough notoriety to become the object of a fervent adoration among readers in the Spanish-speaking world with a taste for the marginal and the obscene. Indeed, the credit (or blame) for this ever-growing audience falls largely on the editorial efforts of his literary disciple, César Aira. In his lifetime, Lamborghini's entire reputation rested almost entirely upon two slim books, – *El fjord* (1969), and *Sebregondi retrocede* (1973) – along with a small collection of poems published in 1980; less known are the scattered articles and poems he published in several journals, including the one he founded with friends and fellow-writers, Luis Gusmán and Germán García, called *Literal*, which, like its French counterpart *Tel Quel*, focused on literary and psychoanalytic theory. Though his works were heralded as the efforts of an unusually prodigious talent, their limited, even clandestine, circulation in the 1970s kept him from receiving wider recognition outside of a small group of admirers in Buenos Aires. In the late 1980s and continuing into the following decades, Lamborghini's work, compiled and edited by

Aira, was reissued in four volumes collecting his stories, poems, and an unfinished novel called *Tadeys*. Aira's essays go a long way toward deflating the myth of Lamborghini as a *poète maudit*, instead putting forth an apotheosizing portrayal of Lamborghini: "...his intelligence was overwhelming. He was venerated by his friends, loved by women, and generally respected as the greatest of Argentine writers" (para. 29). His reputation, Aira suggests, is the product of Lamborghini's violent texts along with a nomadism that saw him move back and forth between Buenos Aires, Mar del Plata, and Barcelona during the last years of his life.

This reputation is best summarized by Roberto Bolaño, perhaps his most famous reader, who regarded Lamborghini with equal measures of respect and trepidation, writing of *Tadeys*: "There's no question that it's the most brutal book that I've read in Spanish in this waning century. It's incredible, a writer's dream, but impossible to read more than twenty pages at a time unless one wants to contract an incurable illness" (152). The Argentine writer and critic Leopoldo Marechal dryly noted of "The Fjord": "It's perfect. A sphere. Shame it's a sphere of shit" (Aira 304). On an anecdotal note, I once worked for an Argentine choreographer who blithely recounted her experience of seeing "The Proletarian Child," one of Lamborghini's more infamous stories, adapted into a theatrical monologue: about a third of the way in, she felt the emetic effects of the Lamborghinian encounter to be overwhelming, and fled the theater.

The two stories translated here were chosen, among other reasons, for their distinction in the author's corpus as the first two – and only two – prose narratives (a mode of classification that we will later scrutinize and torture) published in his lifetime, and as arguably his most read, discussed, and controversial pieces. Much of the available scholarship focuses on these two texts, often in tandem with writers as disparate as Mallarmé, Roberto Arlt, Lacan, Sade, and José Hernández. A restless reader, Lamborghini gained a formidable erudition in his brief lifetime,

becoming equally versed in Argentine history and literature, psychoanalysis, Marxism, and symbolist poetry. All these traditions (and several more that have gone unmentioned) are referenced, parodied, subverted, and absorbed into the seams of the text, some more clearly than others, some even inadvertently. For example, Lamborghini himself often denied any knowledge of psychoanalytic theory prior to the early 70's (after he wrote both "The Fjord" and *Sebregondi*) when he became acquainted with the works of Freud and Lacan through his friendship with Oscar Masotta, a prominent Lacan scholar. Of course, this should not preclude Freudian interpretations of Lamborghini's works, for the latter shared many parallel ideas with the school of psychoanalysis – indeed, a significant amount of the work done on Lamborghini uses the lens of psychoanalysis to examine, among other things, sexual aberrations and paternal figures resembling Juan Perón.

God Fatherland Country

"The Fjord," Lamborghini's first published story (and, barring a juvenile poem from adolescence, his first work), was written between 1966 and 1967, is an oblique allegory of Argentinean politics in the 60's. The plot involves a Sadean orgy spearheaded by "El Loco Rodríguez," a violent, paternal presence that figures as an image of Perón. Other characters read allegorically as well: Carla Greta Terón, a character who gives birth to El Loco's son, is at the same time Evita Perón and the CGT (the General Confederation of Labor, an Argentine trade union that supported Perón's populism but eventually grew critical of his cult of personality); Atilio Tancredo Vacán, the newborn, is one of the many allusions to Augusto Timoteo Vandor, a union leader aligned with the CGT, assassinated in 1969 by far-left Peronists, the same year "The Fjord" was published; Sebastian (Sebas), whose name, according to Aira, is an anagram of

the “bases” of Perón’s Justicialist Party. These characters, submitted to a violent rule from El Loco, finally unite, kill their dominator, and feast on the remains. Peronism is reduced to a violent orgy, sexuality to a clash of ideologies. But the acts of violence, mutilation, and cannibalism are also within a discourse filled with references to biblical stories, gauchesque narratives, and Freudian models of civilization. As Premat points out: “The common ground of all these elements seems to be an attempt at representing, grotesquely and tangentially, a primitive scene, an origin myth; of an origin that, instead of forming, ordering, and explaining, has an annihilating order” (58).

Beginning with *Facundo*, Sarmiento’s foundational study of gauchos in the 19th century, Argentina has built a cultural identity around the binary of barbarism/civilization. Lamborghini can be seen as constantly parodying this binary and unsettling aspects of Argentine identity. In “The Fjord,” the references to gaucho culture – beyond mentions of chickens and horses – are parodied and reinscribed into the sexually transgressive. El Loco’s erection is described as an “ox horn”; taming and mounting a horse – a test of manhood – becomes the rape of a woman in labor; and “pure, gaucho spirit” results in a cannibalistic parricide. In contrast, there is the image of civilized Europe, which the principal narrator inscribes rapturously in the arrival of the fjords:

The ships sailed slowly, booming, from the river toward the sea. The fog shrouded the stevedores’ silhouettes; but all the way from the small seawall we heard the strumming of myriad guitars, the refined singing of blonde-haired laundresses. A gallery of portraits of late 18th-century English poets glowed intensely, for a second, in the dark (8).

European civilization, as the antithesis of Argentine identity, is coded as refined, historical, and recognizable, but the music is always distant and the ships out of reach. In his essay “El escritor argentino y la transgresión: la orgía de los orígenes en *El Fiord* de Osvaldo Lamborghini,” Julio

Premat notes that European culture is no Pampean void (a “plain of jokes” as Lamborghini called it), but a “landscape of forbearers... an unlikely fjord” (60).

In the same essay, Premat uses the references to Christianity, gauchos, and Argentine history to build a Freudian reading of the text, grounded in the Oedipal myth. “The Fjord” features almost every aspect of the myth, including but not limited to: birth, maternal lust, incest, a threatening (and artificial) father, castration, parricide. The rewriting of the Oedipal myth transforms it for Argentine culture and identity into a “foundational myth, not only for the individual, but for all of society” (61). As Premat points out, this reading of civilization recalls Freud’s *Totem and Taboo*, where Freud’s hypothesis, that “primitive” civilizations have early aspects of more developed societies, forms an analogous relationship between the “prehistoric” world and the “prehistoric” psyche of the individual, leading to an explanation of Christianity as the mythical outcome of humanity’s first festival, an orgy of parricide and cannibalism. He argues:

In “The Fjord,” we find, in an undisclosed epoch, a group subjected to a masculine, sadistic, and authoritarian figure who penetrates everyone who is present and whose power is defined in phallic terms. Later, at the appearance of another order from the newly-born who immediately commits incest, we see the group revolt and kill the Boss in a pure frenzy, unsettling the established order, discovering that his body is artifice, and devouring his instrument of power. (63)

The structures of an oedipal complex that Premat fleshes out is not just a Freudian analysis of civilization, but of Argentinean history: it is the universal made particular, and the contemporary made mythical. Where Lamborghini diverges from the Freudian model is that the crime of parricide does not result in any castigation from the law; the death of the father does not become

a reference for future civilizations. After the festival, they go out “in protest,” into the public realm of history, or that which is outside of literature.

Yet in discussing the allegorical aspects of the story and its relation within a history and literary tradition of Argentine and psychoanalysis, we have left out what is perhaps most obvious to readers who will skip this introduction and jump straight into the texts. The language, an element that will be brought to the extreme forefront in *Sebreondi*, depicts an incredibly vivid scene rife with violence and corporeal fluids: “Pasty blood kept flowing from her mouth and vaginal slit. She shit incessantly the entire time” (2). To list further examples would be merely to summarize or transcribe the story in its entirety. Why is there such need for the story to be so violent and scatological? The question was brought up by my peers and professors and will undoubtedly be a central facet of the Lamborghini discourse should he, through some cruel circumstance, become a commercial phenomenon among an Anglophone readership.

I argue that this type of language pulls us away from an allegorical mode of reading and offers itself as a surface of bodily affects. Language, as Deleuze frames it, is rendered possible by “that which separates sounds from bodies and organizes them into propositions, freeing them for the expressive function. It is always a mouth which speaks; but the sound is no longer the noise of a body which eats – a pure orality – in order to become the manifestation of a subject speaking itself” (181). The Deleuzian model draws a separation between language and body, but if “The Fjord” is political in a sense other than its allegorizing of Peronism, it lies in its mission to reconstitute that link, to re-inscribe the body within language. Rather than being a literature of *militancy*, as in the writings of a contemporary like Rodolfo Walsh, “The Fjord” is a *militarization* of literature (Oubiña, 23).

In order to examine more closely the relationship between the scatological and the subversive in Lamborghini, I draw upon Dominique Laporte's *History of Shit*, which deconstructs the grammar of hygiene. Laporte's hypothesis goes that the ideal of hygiene and the ideal of a pure language come together in the State ("bourgeois by its very definition" (55)), which acts as a sewer, or a *cloaca maxima*, collecting and draining filth from view. But "just as the pearl requires the mud that cultivates it, the language of the King—pure language of virginal power—is engendered by the base languages, waste and commerce, to which it is the equivalent" (31). In this sense, Lamborghini's attentions to bodily taboos can not only be seen as a radical move to not only restore corporeality to language but also to redress vestigial structures of power that have pushed these subjects into the realm of the taboo. The density of the syntax, the lushness of the language—hypersensual but hypohygienic—belies the sordid state of what it often depicts. "When written, shit does not have an odor" (Barthes, 137). But we are prone to forget this when we read "The Fjord."

"White, dazzling. An asshole, says I"

Any attempt at summarizing *Sebregondi Recedes*, written between 1969 and 1972 and published in 1973, will be in vain, for the work—oscillating between poem, novel, and reflexive notes on writing—breaks away from many narrative conventions such as plot and characters. Characters come in and out, some unnamed, almost all of them ambiguous in their relation to the "plot." The titular character, who is perhaps the closest thing to a protagonist (not counting the narrative, multi-voiced *I* who arguably consists of several different voices, some overtly autobiographical), is not introduced until the end of the first part, and for the most part is veiled in mystery: he has a false hand; he is a surgeon occasionally hired by criminals; he likes drugs; he has a penchant for

young men. According to Aira, the character is based on an amalgamation of the Polish writer and émigré to Argentina Witold Gombrowicz, an Argentinian writer, translator, and contemporary of Lamborghini's named José Bianco, and Lamborghini's own uncle (308). But listing Sebregondi's qualities and his real-life counterparts do little to illuminate our reading of *Sebregondi*—its power has less to do with plot or psychological realism than with a progression of themes solely along a trajectory of puns, allusions, and imagistic juxtapositions.

Sebregondi consists of four parts; the third, the infamous “Proletarian Child,” was written around the same time as “The Fjord” and stands on its own. According to Aira, after the other three parts in verse were rewritten in prose to satisfy a publisher, Lamborghini inserted “The Proletarian Child” into the middle without explaining its inclusion (305). Its relationship to the three other parts of the work, which mostly read like opaque, occasionally lurid prose poems, raises questions of assemblage and framing. Is it appropriate to speak of “The Proletarian Child” independent of its frame? How do these two disjunctive elements of *Sebregondi* come together in themes or certain political attitudes?

Because “The Proletarian Child” features different characters that never reappear in the next work, because it is so shockingly transparent in its language and political references compared to the rest of *Sebregondi*, and because the narrative *I* seems to be markedly different from the autobiographical, writing *I* that crops up occasionally, I have chosen to discuss the work mostly on its own terms. At the same time, one must keep in mind that “The Proletarian Child” is in constant conversation with the rest of the pieces in *Sebregondi*, and that the two components complement each other according to a logic of contrapositives. The only other analogy that comes to mind is Lautreamont's *Maldoror* and *Poems*: the former a paean to the basest impulses in nature, the latter a collection of aphorisms on ethics and aesthetics that contradict, rebuke, and

amend the work before it. They are understood best as two parts of an uneasy whole, a round vast thing.

But even this form of reading is questioned and complicated by Lamborghini, as is any system of epistemology. In the beginning of *Sebregondi* we have a paragraph that serves as an *ars poetica* or a manual on reading *Sebregondi*:

Las partes son algo más que partes. Dejan de ser partes cuando la última ilusión de cosagrande redonda está pinchada. Desde adentro del repollo se ve la misma luz en todas partes, *pero*. No hay partes. No hay muchos muchos ni uno uno. Ni muchos ni tampoco uno solo.³

So perhaps totality is an illusion, according to Lamborghini. But neither are there parts. No unity and no diversity, only a mirage of totality and parts, wed by proximity, color, and sound associations. Herein lies the difficulty of a text like *Sebregondi* that is filled with passages like these. Unlike “The Fjord” (and “The Proletarian Child”), where the depiction of abject corporeality is unceasing, *Sebregondi* seems to lend itself to being read beyond the surface of language, only for the text to deny itself any interiority. For instance, a passage will seem to highlight itself as especially meaningful, and then will deflate any sense of transparency (“So much pain, *ay*, in the obviousness of the obvious word” (18)). Such vacillations in the text threaten to render any universal readings useless. Each piece seems simultaneously continuous and discontinuous.

In this, Aira finds a model which he argues is key to understanding Lamborghini’s entire project: the continuum. Aira applies this model to his reading of “The Fjord,” where allegorical

³ Parts are something more than parts. They cease being parts when the last illusion of the round vast-thing is pricked. From inside the cabbage the same light can be seen in all parts, *but*. There are no parts. There aren’t many one nor many many nor one one. Nor many neither only one.

meaning is “[dislodged] from its vertical paradigmatic position and [prolonged] throughout a continuum in which it ceases to be the same” (para. 17). In other words, representation can no longer be traced to a single point of origin in the world, and thus, language is broken off from its ostensible referent. Metaphor stands apart from reality, and may even inform the latter. To illustrate this, Aira cites a fragment of Lamborghini’s called “Matinales,” in which “a boy, in order to go crazy, makes a gesture that commonly represents insanity, that of screwing his finger into the side of his head” (para. 18). Without a referent, figurative meaning takes on an immanent quality where it refers to itself and nothing outside of it. El Loco is Perón and not Perón. There are parts (but there aren’t any).

The continuum is never explicitly defined, but its meaning and function is demonstrated through its relation to Lamborghini’s texts. In the simplest terms, the continuum is a theoretical concept that opens up an interpretive space where the metaphorical or symbolic object can be understood simultaneously as representing something else, and also merely referring to itself. In even more compressed terms, the continuum describes the condition of simultaneously *being* and *not-being*. This conceptual framework can be used to understand not only the interstice between verse and prose that *Sebregondi* occupies, but also Lamborghini’s views on sexuality as something inextricable from a gendered representation of the Peronist working class. Aira traces a line in which the “worker is the man who creates his own literature when he allows himself to be represented by the syndicalist... But in the same movement in which the worker becomes a syndicalist, man becomes a woman. This is the extreme avatar of Lamborghiniian transsexuality” (para. 23-24).

In truth, the logic underlying this connection between class and sexuality is elusive to me—and even Aira concedes many times the difficulty of understanding this continuum. One

way of reading the connection between unions and sexuality suggests that the individual man foregoes his agency to a union the same way a woman submits to a patriarchal world. A similar but more vivid reading goes something like this: the worker, through conceding his representation (i.e. his means of production) to a union leader, undergoes a form of castration, with his penis replaced by a pen.

The connection is made explicitly in another novella of Lamborghini's called "The Daughters of Hegel," where he writes: "I would like to be a female textile worker, so I can become...secretary of the union" (205). Elsewhere in *Sebregondi*, the sign of transsexuality only comes about in the "feminization" of homosexual bodies that a first-person narrator penetrates, and in a section called "A Woman," where an unspecified narrator writes: "I was a young woman though my breasts were somewhat full. My black hair wrapped around my nipples. My masculine mouth sucked from there" (28). But neither of these examples from *Sebregondi*, both of which point to an erasure of masculinity, make an explicit link between Peronism, class, and sexuality. They do, however, point to a type of writing that seeks to order language as a result of bodily affects.

Another association that proves helpful in understanding this form of gendered and corporeal writing comes from Hélène Cixous' theory of *écriture féminine*, a mode of writing that privileges sensual experience and non-linear writing over that of fixed, singular phallogocentric writing. As Cixous put it: "This practice [of exploring erogeneity], extraordinarily rich and inventive, in particular as concerns masturbation, is prolonged or accompanied by a production of forms, a veritable aesthetic activity, each stage of rapture inscribing a resonant vision..." (876). In other words, the exploratory nature of *écriture féminine* is akin to an act of erotic self-exploration. *Écriture féminine* is amenable to a circular, aporetic writing that favors

contradictions and rapture; the (female) body and its sensual pleasures are inscribed in a language that is tactile and thick with puns. Throughout *Sebregondi*, Lamborghini foregrounds the physicality of language, declaring the concerns of writing to be about “death and masturbation” (1). Elsewhere, he makes the link between writing and masturbating explicit: “Warm, sticky, damp. All language” (30). If Lamborghini, for all his discussion of writing as masturbation, blankness, and that which is simultaneously understood and not, can join Joyce and Genet among the ranks of male writers whom Cixous considers to be partaking in *écriture féminine*, then we can also understand the transsexual quality of Lamborghini’s writing as having to do with the male author inhabiting the feminine space of bodily pleasure.

The importance ascribed to the role of the body in all language is perhaps the most prominent theme that runs through the three prose-poem chapters of *Sebregondi*. But if there is such a thing as a centralizing image, a word that seems to hold significant weight throughout the four chapters of *Sebregondi*, including “The Proletarian Child,” it is the space evoked by the word “blanco,” which in English could be translated as “target,” “white,” or “blankness.” In *Sebregondi* these three meanings of the word are deployed; in some instances, such as “El lienzo blanco de su guardapolvo era como un blanco...”⁴ (67) the same word is used twice in different meanings. The question of what *blanco* represents – if we entertain the dull notion that *blanco* has an unchanging meaning that can be pinned down – presents a problem of interpretation, as the concept only accrues meaning through its particular uses in the text; it demands to be approached in light of the continuum outlined by Aira, where meaning is fluid and always in relation with other textual elements. But where meaning is fluid, so are the borders of the text,

⁴ “The white fabric of his coveralls was like a target...”

and perhaps one can go beyond *Sebregondi* not for a reading – a narrowing down – but for an exegesis – a mode of interpretation that allows going beyond the manifest text.

Blanco is the color of clothing on certain characters; it is also the color of the sky, the semen from Sebregondi's lovers, and in the section "Uncle Bewrkzogues," *blanco* becomes a signifier of domestic perfection, an impossible fantasy of whiteness stained with blood from a gruesome act of violence. The wish for a perfect white house is preceded by the act of strangulation "using a red tie with white spots" (43). But *blanco* is also a place, a void that is present but unknowable – much like medieval conceptions of God, where "revelation offers nothing for the grasping: it offers, rather, its *being grasped* in the *scientia Dei*, which itself remains... ungraspable," therefore producing an endless multiplication of images and meanings existing along a continuum of knowledge/not-knowledge (Didi-Huberman, 21). What is referred to when one talks of a "blankness that scrapes teeth" (*Sebregondi*, 1)? And what is meant when Sebregondi is "in the blankness of not being seen" (22)? This last phrase, in particular, interests me because it draws attention to a limit in language, which is the impossibility of conceptualizing *emptiness* and *pure white*. The space of language is *visual*, and not *visible* as Didi-Huberman would make the distinction – meaning that language, rather than being a system that delivers discrete, visible elements of signification, is pure event: it just *is*. When Sebregondi is being penetrated by his lover, he describes it as being inside a "white effusion" (20). This image of semen, as well as the sordid, specific details of bodies engaged in violence and copulation, are not signs that can be read as signifying things outside themselves and the very actions they inhabit. *Blanco* exists at the border of the corporeal and the void; as Kristeva puts it, "These body fluids, this defilement, this shit are what life withstands, hardly and with difficulty, on the part of death. There, I am at the border of my condition as a living being" (3). In Kristeva,

it is the corpse that sits at the border of object and subject, the thing that infects life with death. Similarly, in *Sebregondi*, *blanco* infects language with nonsense; language as the crime that stains the *blanco* of the blank page.

Toward a Writing of Exasperation

If “The Proletarian Child,” in its limpidity and its clear relation to an external world, reads as a respite from the poetic obscurity and dense semantic games of what preceded in *Sebregondi*, this text holds a difficulty of a different kind. Before considering the story’s formal qualities and its allusions, I feel the need to underline how much of a visceral shock the story was to read—an instance of pure physical dread that I have never encountered even in the works of Sade and Lautrémont. But after the initial shock wore off, I realized that this strong reaction on my part was rooted in a formal aspect of the narrative. I refer to Walker Gibson’s notion of “mock readers,” fictional figures to whom the narrator addresses the story. Gibson writes that every text makes assumptions about its readers, which they accept or reject on moral or aesthetic grounds. Gibson writes: “Subject to the degree of our literary sensibility, we are recreated by the language. We assume, for the sake of the experience, that set of attitudes and qualities which the language asks us to assume, and, if we cannot assume them, we throw the book away” (156). Political propaganda depends on its audience to identify with its mock reader. The mark of a sophisticated text often lies in the subtlety of its mock reader. Therefore, we read “The Proletarian Child” with disgust at the first-person narrator’s actions before we realize that the reader, too, in spectating and being recreated by the language, has been complicit, if not directly in the act of torturing and sodomizing the proletarian child, then in the act of accepting and perpetuating the logic of a class system that dooms the proletariat class from its inception.

The structure and plot of “The Proletarian Child” is relatively simple: Three bourgeois children, one of whom is the first-person narrator, gang up on the proletarian child to torture, sodomize, and eventually kill him. All of this is recounted in graphic detail, from a temporal distance, at times verging on a kind of Proustian reflection. The plot structurally resembles, and can even be seen as a monstrous parody of a short story by Esteban Echeverría published in 1871 called “El matadero” (“The Slaughteryard”). The story, one of the most studied works of Argentine literature and recognizable by virtually all literate Argentines, concerns a group of Federalists loyal to the Rosas dictatorship (1829-1852) who beat, torture, and eventually murder a member of the opposing party, the *unitarios*. The third-person narrative voice is openly critical in his depiction of the violent Federalists, and the setting, a slaughter yard where bulls are kept in order to be killed for consumption, is frequently read as a metaphor for the barbarity of the Rosas regime. Throughout *Sebregondi*, Lamborghini evokes Echeverría by his references to meat hooks. The book ends with a sex scene where Sebregondi’s lover is fixed “on a hook”; elsewhere, the line “olden meat hooks hung... rotten rhymes,” unsettles a tradition of Argentine lyric poetry grounded in beauty and liberal aspirations by turning it into a slab of rotten meat that would fit into Echeverría’s story. But the most obvious parallel comes not in the setting or linguistic details: it is in the similarity of the plots. Lamborghini’s innovation in what can be seen as a rewriting of Echeverría lies in the reader-narrator dynamic. That is, in “El matadero,” the political critique of the Rosas dictatorship is immediately obvious, even with the narrator pausing the story to tell us so; we get the sense that the author is clear and direct in his intent. But Lamborghini’s positionality is much less obvious.

When asked in a 1980 interview what he proposed to do in “The Proletarian Child,” Lamborghini answered: “I asked myself: ‘Why come out like a dumbass and say I’m against the

bourgeoisie? Why not bring bourgeoisie discourse to its limits? What will be compromised?’ Put in grammatical terms: the I.” If this comment suggests a complete suppression of the author’s voice in constructing the oppressive narrator, does it surface elsewhere? In a private conversation with Germán García, Lamborghini tearfully admitted: “The Proletarian Child is me” (55). The quote points to a few parallels between Lamborghini and his titular character: both are marked as cultural outsiders by their Italian names, and both come from working-class backgrounds – Lamborghini grew up in a middle-class family, but sunk into poverty around early adolescence when his father lost his job as an engineer for the Peronist government. Any more connections would be difficult to make not just as an analytic principle that resists reading the text as a mere result of the author’s biography but because the story denies interiority to Estropeado – not once does he speak.

Estropeado’s silence and interior blankness suggests not so much passive acceptance – there are few descriptions of Estropeado’s emotions – but a mechanistic carrying out of an oppressive class system that is reinforced by language and literature. The opening of “The Proletarian Child” resembles a gross parody of naturalism in its deterministic attitude – Estropeado is born into a cycle of squalor, and the bourgeois narrator congratulates himself on being born into his class—an absurd gesture which treats class as a choice, giving the bourgeois class a higher moral ground even prior to birth. Other parodies of different traditions of literature abound: we have already pointed out its parody of Echeverría and naturalism, but there is also, as pointed out by Dabove, *modernismo* (direct allusion to Ruben Dario⁵), and social realism (in the description of Estropeado’s emaciated physique and threadbare clothing); but by implicitly linking itself and language to a criminal act, Lamborghini unsettles not just *types* of literature,

⁵ “Yo soy aquel que ayer no más decía” (64).

but *literature itself*. By extension, the certainty of Lamborghini's positionality, and the author's ability to extend a moral judgment, are dissolved.

Prior to examining the claim that bonds the lingual act with a criminal one, it would serve well to consider Lamborghini's attitude toward language, as it is manifest in "The Proletarian Child." Seeing language as an agent engendered by a critical attitude, Dabove comments: "Without a conceivable class structure, there is no object to parody, critique, or demystify, no possibility to think in an anarchic language" (222). Only by writing in the voice of a criminal actor can Lamborghini inhabit a style that recalls familiar literary traditions, even if their forms have been complicit in communicating a violent oppression. Elsewhere in *Sebregondi*, where the form is much less conventional, working in a continuum of prose and verse, Lamborghini flirts with an authorial deterritorialization, that is, he writes from a space of "nothingness." When asked about his stance regarding populism in literature, Lamborghini answered, "If there is a place, there is no poetry. All relation with poetry comes from nowhere" ("El lugar del artista" 51). Perhaps there is, in Lamborghini's writing, no place, in the sense a fixed coordinate in time and space that determines a clear political stance, nor even "territories" in the Deleuzean sense (that is, a geographical and cultural space constituted by stable identities). But what keeps the work from floating into an unknowable void, that which encroaches upon the white page ("a blank space for treading," in Lamborghinian terms), is language, albeit a language that feels opaque and foreign. Here we have insight into Lamborghini's ambiguous conception of what I call literature of exasperation. Toward the end of "The Proletarian Child," the narrator comments: "Exasperation never abandoned me and my style confirms it letter by letter" (39). If "exasperation" is understood as a line of flight from the legible and the inhabitable, then this phrase becomes key in understanding Lamborghini's lingual project: not to represent the world

or even an Argentinean identity, but to “return opacity to language” (Brizuela and Dabove 13). His texts, with their constant references to Argentinean history and politics, but also with their rejection of ideological clarity, create a claustrophobic place: an Argentina that is nowhere. How does one reterritorialize or deterritorialize that which is constantly parodying its own identity and location? There is no sign to divorce from a context of signification – Lamborghini has done that for us. Words don’t refer to things in the world; their meanings are derived from an accretion of use-events within the text (i.e. *tin tin*, blanco). These lingual events highlight and dramatize the way in which meaning is viscerally created. In *Sebregondi*, he persistently disrupts the notion of a language as situated in a nation’s fixed territory, and by extension, engages with a much more fluid conception of meaning that resists political orders of culture as represented by conventional gestures of narrativity, emotion, and so on. The familiar language of *Martin Fierro* and Argentine slang becomes fractured and estranged in the hands of Lamborghini.

This fluidity of meaning, tied closely to an erotics of reading (which Bataille envisioned as “an encounter with the eruptive, exuberant continuity of things” (Botting and Wilson 13) is momentarily exchanged for the space of familiar literary forms. In “The Proletarian Child,” opacity is exchanged for transparency, but at a horrendous cost: literature becomes complicit in the class oppression it sets out to expose. To examine the criminal role of language, we might find it useful to look at the role of primary school in “Proletarian Child” as the setting where the bourgeois and the proletarian students are put together, only to be divided by the teacher. Before he is sent to the principal’s office for punishment, before he is raped and killed, a teacher substitutes his name with a demeaning epithet. This action is “the original violence that determines and regulates the other” (Dabove, 220). Stropani is changed to “Estropeado,”

Spanish for “damaged” or “broken.”⁶ This lingual gesture on the teacher’s part sets off the events in the story; the actions against the proletarian child by the bourgeois children are affirmed by this act, and are merely an extension of it. The teacher, whose sole appearance in this story is in this act of renaming, becomes not simply a facile metonymy for school and, in general, any authoritative institutions, but that which names, imposes, and in doing so, perpetuates the hierarchies on language and literature.

This gesture, the initial stripping of Estropeado’s identity and interiority through linguistic violence, opens up space for other forms of violence, namely the penetration of corporeal orifices. If “The Slaughteryard,” a politically charged narrative about the torture of a marginalized subject, depicts this violation of interior space as inimical to the ideals of classical liberalism, in Lamborghini interiority is conspicuously absent, suppressed by the logic of class system.

This “moribund mindset” located in the narrator decrees the act before it is even carried out: “The death of a proletarian child is a perfectly logical and natural act” (39). This recalls Deleuze’s insight into the body as a site of cultural inscription:

Cruelty has nothing to do with some ill-defined or natural violence that might be commissioned to explain the history of mankind; cruelty is the movement of culture that is realized in bodies and inscribed on them, belaboring them. This culture is not the movement of ideology: on the contrary, it forcibly injects production into desire, and conversely, it forcibly inserts desire into social production and reproduction. For even

⁶ Dabove also points out that this linguistic game of punning on names, common among Argentinean schoolboys (arguably universal among all nationalities of schoolboys) is a common trope in Lamborghini (beginning with Freud/Fjord). However, the “Estropeado/Stropani” is untranslatable, and remains so in my translation.

death, punishment, and torture are desired and are instances of production. It makes men and their organs into the parts and wheels of the social machine. The sign is a position of desire; but the first signs are the territorial signs that plant their flags in bodies. And if one wants to call this inscription in naked flesh “writing,” then it must be said that speech in fact presupposes writing, and that it is this cruel system of inscribed signs that renders man capable of language and gives him a memory of the spoken world. (168)

It almost seems as if Deleuze was referring directly to the Lamborghini story, in which, after having killed (or at least brought to the verge of death) the proletarian child, the bourgeois children wound the body with a shard of glass and a scribe, leaving his body “in the dirt road leading to the poor neighborhood of the unemployed” (40), where the violated body is to be read as a reminder, its gashes literalizing (perhaps in a redundant fashion) the cultural inscriptions of class logic. For a clearer understanding of the act, Dabove, by way of Alan Pauls, makes a keen comparison to Kafka’s “In the Penal Colony,” “where the inscription takes place in public, but the message is an intimate and mystical event... Once the revelation occurs, the remains are indifferent. None of this happens with Stropani, whose body *makes sense*” (225). The “sense” Dabove refers to is that of class logic. Estropeado’s lack of interiority makes him more a symbol than an actual character, but even in this, his condition as a signifier is determined by the bourgeois children, who act as authors when they tear open Estropeado with the scribe.

The sign of Estropeado’s docility comes up at the very end of the story when the bourgeois children carry the body back to his neighborhood and strangle him until his tongue sticks out. In this final image of Estropeado’s death, we see what was previously hidden by his silence: his tongue. But the (literally) lingual gesture, manifest in its most crude and literal form (a tongue sticking out from pressure applied by strangulation with wire), arrives as “a voice that

exhibits its strong ties to violence,” and “a language inhabited by another: the markings of the scribe/the narrator’s style” (Dabove, 227). This image marks the point where language and violence become entwined and inextricable. Estropeado never speaks, but in the blank space represented by his silence there is still an infinite potential for interiority. The real form of violence comes in the forced performance of language, grotesquely symbolized by the tongue that sticks out of Estropeado’s mouth at the end of the narrative.

Lamborghini, Augur

Language and literature, as Lamborghini forcefully envisions in “The Proletarian Child,” seek to uphold a bourgeois class characterized by structures of production, rationality, specialization, organization, and predictability, all of which come at the expense of the working class, whose existence, according to Bataille, is an affront to reason (71). However, the inherently violent element of literature sets it on the border between disorder and social *homogeneity* – what Bataille refers to as the structure of rules that characterize bourgeois societies (64). In its role in upholding class structures, literature is not dissimilar from the function of the police in the liberal state; but literature, particularly *écriture féminine*, as suggested by Cixous, can also be used to expose taboos and dwell in a place of “otherness” that is outside of meaning preinscribed by the state. Perhaps here, the relationship between “The Proletarian Child” and the rest of *Sebregondi* is best understood as a contrapuntal one: respectively, language as fascism, and language as resistance. In *Sebregondi*, this resistance is enacted as a baroque façade, a strenuous effort to avoid meaning inscribed by the culture-at-large, or what Lamborghini called “the pain in the obviousness of the obvious word” (*Sebregondi* 18). Many references are made in *Sebregondi* to

its own efforts in achieving a distinct language, a new syntax capable of expressing something for which previous forms were inadequate.

But what gives rise to the desire to form a new syntax? Lamborghini's own political situation, in which he was involved with Argentine labor unions and found himself distraught by Perón's right-wing populism and authoritarian rule, could be a starting point. Many references, both overt and oblique, are made to political torture, but it must be absolutely clarified that these two works by Lamborghini were published in 1969 and 1973, a few years before the Argentine military dictatorship, when state terrorism would disappear between 10,000 and 30,000 people associated with left-wing politics. But the years immediately preceding the dictatorship (1973-1976) were marked by Perón's exile, an absence that opened up conflicts between militant factions from both political wings. It led to a turbulent political climate, culminating in the assassination of union leader Augusto Vandor for his stance against Perón. In the same way that Bataille and Artaud, both active in the decades leading up to the rise of fascism in Europe, wrote transgressive texts that mounted an attack against the intellectual conditions that would give rise to fascism, Lamborghini finds himself occupying an oracular position in Argentinean history, where the cruelty and ideological clashes textualized in "The Fjord" and *Sebregondi* are but hints at the political catastrophes that would befall the nation in subsequent years.

A Note on the Translation

As I have argued, the use of language that characterizes "The Fjord" and *Sebregondi* are different enough from each other that the only connections that could lead one to categorize them under the same author are of a more subtle nature, having to do with an attitude regarding representations of the body as a site of transgression and an aversion toward a clear and legible

political program. Both texts provided different obstacles to the act of translation, and thus a singular method must be applied to each work, respectively.

In the case of “The Fjord,” the major difficulty in translating occurred with rendering Lamborghini’s long, sinuous sentences that read gracefully in Spanish⁷ into an equally sensual English. Throughout the revisions, I stuck close to the original syntactical structures, replete with relative clauses and the occasional eccentric flourish. Even the first sentence uses a complicated syntax: “¿Y por qué, si a fin de cuentas la criatura resultó tan miserable – en lo que hace al tamaño, entendámonos – ella profería semejantes alaridos, arrancándose los pelos a manotazos y abalanzando ferozmente las nalgas contra el atigrado colchón?” In my translation, the sentence reads: “And why, if after all the child ended up so miserable, – when it comes to size, let’s be clear – would she yield such howling, tearing out fistfuls of hair and slamming her ass fiercely against the tiger-striped mattress?” The multiple clauses in the sentence interrupt and complicate what is otherwise a simple question: “Why would she yield such howling?” Rather than clarify or rearrange the sentence to produce something that read easier, I adhered closely to the original syntax, resulting in a translation that imitates the convolutions of the Spanish.

Other than untangling the Gongoresque sentences, the other major difficulties lay in its references to a political and social climate of which I was virtually ignorant when I first came

⁷ Here I contend that the luxury of his language fits neatly into a tradition of Spanish baroque literature that begins with Góngora and continued onto the twentieth century with writers like José Lezama Lima and Néstor Perlongher, the latter who listed the characteristics of *el barroco* as: polyphony, grace, distillery, artifice, irony, etc. (135). Though Lamborghini admired these writers and shared stylistic and ideological affinities, he did not identify himself as a *neobarroco* writer and the classification is more than likely a posthumous one. This classification is cemented by Perlongher’s 1991 essay, “Ondas en El fiord y corporalidad en Lamborghini,” where he highlights the baroque and carnivalesque in Lamborghini and coins the term *neobarroso*, a play on “barroco” and “barroso” (“muddy”) that references the grotesque nature of Lamborghini’s works and its setting by the Argentine Río de la Plata.

into the project. In a sense, translating “The Fjord” became an oblique lesson in Argentinean history and politics. As Premat has made forcefully clear, “The Fjord” processes not only the vicissitudes of Peronism and left-wing groups, but the whole of Argentina as a concept built on Domingo F. Sarmiento’s civilization/barbarism dichotomy, developed in his foundational work, *Facundo*. The book, published in 1845, depicts the Argentine countryside and the Rosas dictatorship as barbaric, in contrast to the civilized and cultured states of Europe. This book which, along with José Hernández’s *Martin Fierro*, had an enormous impact on shaping Argentinean identity (indeed, its author would go on to become the seventh president of Argentina and push for modernization modeled after European countries) is directly parodied in the image of the fjord.

Ricardo Strafacce, a critic and novelist who is also the author of an exhaustive biography on Lamborghini, states, “If you don’t understand Peronism, you can’t understand Lamborghini” (Echeverria, “Tango del viudo”) but such an approach threatens to reduce the text to a set of references rather than a strange linguistic machine capable of generating multiple readings that aren’t strictly grounded in the text’s allegorical features. However, there are several references that would remain simply unintelligible without even a brief explication. It is the text’s close and fraught relationship with Argentinean politics and identity that, perhaps more than the labyrinthine prose and lurid descriptions of extreme violence, threatens to make it completely inaccessible to a North American reader with little to no knowledge of Argentina in the decades following WWII. An introduction like this one is arguably necessary for a foreign reader to cultivate a fuller appreciation for Lamborghini’s impressively compact treatment of such a complicated subject. However, unlocking the allegorical meaning of “The Fjord” should be seen

not as that which shuts out further readings, but rather as that which serves as the generative ground for even more elaborate readings.

If the textual difficulties of “The Fjord” lie on a syntactical level, the difficulties that *Sebregondi* presents to the translator are even more microscopic, with each word forming part of an elaborate chain of puns and associative meanings. Analyzing each choice I made for every translated word would be a fruitless, if interesting, endeavor; instead, I want to highlight three kinds of choices that were typical of the translation.

The first consisted of moments where the sonic effect that was produced in Spanish was lost, along with the semantic density of the word or phrase in question. In a text that’s rife with poetic devices and locutions, this is inevitable, but the dual loss can be ameliorated by compensating elsewhere in the text. An example that highlights this loss is in the following, with the word in question italicized: “El viejo loco del violín cantaba, *violón*.” A literal translation would follow as: “The old crazy man with the violin sang, *double-bass*,” but *violón* could also refer to the act of talking incoherently, which would make the sentence much clearer in meaning. Either way, the double-meaning is lost, as well as the play between *violín* and *violón*. The difficulty of translating this sentence is further compounded when one takes into account not only the alliteration of the “v” sound, but the assonant “o” sound and the marked rhythm. Ultimately, unable to replicate both the sonic pattern of the sentence and the multiple meanings of “*violón*” without rendering a major change to the sentence, I hewed to the semantic definition that seemed most intelligible: “...the violin sang nonsense.”

The second category of translation choices consists of moments when the semantic meaning of a word was judged to be less important than the aural event. These kinds of choices were extremely common, given the way Lamborghini treats meaning as a fluid material that is in

part a result of its sound and its relation to words with similar sounds. In every instance, I attempted to use a word that matched the meaning of the original, or at least was related to it, but if the opportunity came to create a sonic pattern that matched the original, even at the expense of slightly changing the words, in most instances I allowed myself to do so. I provide here one exemplary passage that occurs toward the end of “The Proletarian Child,” in an odd section that deviates from the main narrative for a more reflective tone. The phrase, “La muerte plana, aplanada, que me dejaba vacío y crispado” is rendered literally as, “Flat death, worn out, that left me empty and tense.” But the loss of the play between “plana” and “aplanada” seemed too much a prominent feature of the sentence to lose. The word “plana” is rife with different meanings, among them “plain” and “flat,” but the phrase “plana mayor” also means “top leaders,” or in idiomatic terms, “the powers that be.” It was this last meaning that allowed me to translate the image to, “Executive death, exhausted.” Though the transition from “plana” to “executive” is less obvious, it nicely parallels the alliteration that takes place in Spanish, and “executive,” loaded with connotations of class and power, does not strike me as inappropriate for a story where death, namely the void, has an almost erotic mystique that comes to consume everyone, bourgeois or proletariat.

The third kind of translation processes, which were the most entertaining to work on, were the ones where both the semantic meaning and paronomastic effect are matched almost perfectly. One notable instance of this occurs in a passage in the second chapter (“Filler”) which reads: “mar y ojo: oleaje, olear, ojear dice el perverso, pero a todo mal salobre, salaz, le llega su cuchilla de filo-doble: certera.” The first draft of my translation read: “sea and eye: whitecaps, waving, watching says the pervert, but for everything bad, brackish, and bawdy, there’s a double-edged knife: precision.” But my dissatisfaction came from the alliterative “b,” which

produced a sound much more leaden than the sibilant softness of the “s” in “salobre, salaz.” In addition, I found myself enamored with the alliterative “w,” and how its presence in the word “wave” almost gives it an onomatopoeic dimension. The physicality of this word might have to do with the greeting gesture of a “wave” (one that is, curiously enough, replicated by the homonymous relationship between “ola” and “hola”). It may also have to do with how the mouth shapes the sound of “wave,” as ephemeral as the shape of a wave crashing upon a rock.

Ultimately, the revised line reads: “sea and eye: whitecaps, waving, watching, says the wicked, but every woe, salty and smutty, meets a double-edged knife: well-aimed.” Surprisingly, given how much pressure and emphasis I have put merely on the sound of the sentence, it is relatively “faithful” to the meaning of the original; the only semantic deviance comes in the changeover from “oleaje” – literally, train of waves – to “whitecaps.” But “train of waves” or even “surge of waves” would have derailed the delicate music that takes place. If the texture of the sentence seems richer or more ornamental than the Spanish, I stress that it is merely an act of compensation for the myriad other passages in the book where the poetic richness suffers a loss in its passage over to English. This sentence can also be taken as a reminder that *Sebregondi* was originally written in verse, and thus, the poetic devices that fill the sentences to bursting make it unlike much prose styles, where there is not an undue amount of attention paid to the aural element of language.

But for all these occasions where a solution, however incomplete, was found for a translation problem, there are also those moments that cannot be translated, and that I have in fact left untranslated. The words *tin tin* appear many times throughout *Sebregondi* like a refrain, a “gaucho jangle” that comes from a famous mid-nineteenth century poem by Hilario Ascasubi called “La refalosa” (“The Slippery One”). This poem, similarly to Echeverría’s “El matadero”

(and by extension, “The Proletarian Child”), depicts a critical picture of brutal federalists torturing a *unitario*. The lyrical voice dances “the slippery one” and sings *tin tin* (rendered as “ting-a-ling” by Molly Weigel) as the *unitario*’s throat is slashed and bled out. Doubtless this ironic juxtaposition of music and violence appealed to Lamborghini’s sensibilities, but the reference might strike an Anglophone audience as obscure. “La refalosa” is resonant with an Argentinean audience the same way Poe’s “The Raven” is to an American audience. This raises the question of whether *tin tin* can be divorced from its gauchesque referent. Though Lamborghini describes it as “the jangle for every gaucho” (3), it becomes more convincing as an onomatopoeia that “cuts through language like a knife or a razor, making it *tin tin*, pushing language, already askew, to a shapeless universe of sound – never music nor rhyme” in which case there is no need to translate what is already nothing but *pure sound* beyond meaning (Brizuela and Dabove 14). In some ways, the reader who is unfamiliar with Argentinean gaucho literature has the distinct advantage of reading Lamborghini not as a masterful response to a complex tradition but as one would read, perhaps, an experimental poet where meaning is a process of construction that demands the reader’s participation. If there were any writers in English who served as models for what a translation of Lamborghini would look and sound like, they were writers like John Ashbery and Gertrude Stein, whose experiments in the prose-poem medium, characterized by opacity and an emphasis on the materiality of language, produced results that are sympathetic with Lamborghini’s project.

Given the boundless difficulties we have seen demonstrated in both texts, translations of the same text are bound to have major differences, since there is no definitive “interpretation” to Lamborghini. The complexity of Lamborghini’s texts and the challenges of translating them defy commonly used distinctions in translation theory like Friedrich Schleiermacher’s “foreignizing

vs. domestication” of the text. One can only strive to reproduce the movements and puns of the language while deciding how much strain to put on the target language. But even after repeated readings, one realizes that the games at play are impossibly subtle, that translating Lamborghini with the objective of “accuracy” can only end in abject failure. As of now, the translation is probably riddled with errors and puns that I missed. In one example that I caught only because it was pointed out by Aira in an essay, the phrase reads, “El Sebreondi con plata es un Sebreondi contento,” a phrase seemingly transparent in its meaning: “Sebreondi with money is a happy Sebreondi,” which was more or less how I translated it in the first draft. But hidden in the word “contento,” as Aira has demonstrated, is the word “tiento,” commonly used among gaucho’s to signify a piece of raw leather. What the reference does in the text is a question that Aira ignores, merely pointing to a subtle evocation. While I could not possibly carry over that exact meaning, I could imitate the game that Lamborghini plays by translating it as, “Sebreondi with cash is a Sebreondi withal,” hoping that readers will pick up on the subtle possibility of reading two words (“with all”) in “withal.”

Finally, one of the more notable issues that had been hinted at before with introducing Lamborghini to an American audience are the assumptions we share of what we hear and recognize as “good poetry.” After WWII, poetics in North America and Latin America begin to diverge. In the Anglo-American tradition – exemplified by William Carlos Williams and the early Imagist poetry of Ezra Pound, and arguably going as far back as Whitman – poetic language approximates the colloquial, the language of everyday speech. In this vein of poetry, where clarity and directness are fundamental, deliberate obfuscation and baroque flourishes are seen as excessive, even vulgar. The nature of Lamborghini’s work puts it in the realm of the *neobarroco* – a literary aesthetic that came to prominence with the writings of Severo Sarduy

and José Lezama Lima in the 1950s and 1960s. The writings of the *neobarroco* avoid traditional notions of symmetry, harmony, and straight-forward meaning; they are often dense and revel in a space of interpretive multiplicity. The fact is, Lamborghini has no obvious stylistic parallels in Anglophone literature, at least in what is widely considered to be canonical. As such, I made no attempt to make the text match a tradition that it does not fit into. Lamborghini remains stubbornly neobaroque in both Spanish and English.

For the translations, I have drawn from several different founts of Lamborghiniian criticism, but given about a year to work on the project, I was not able to explore them all, and thus there may be passages in the translation that, with more research, could be better understood and translated. Indeed, any future translation of Lamborghini will be endlessly aided by the burgeoning number of critics and scholars drawn to his works. The aim of this project – in its barest terms – was to carry my control of English and Spanish to its furthest limits, and to do what Hölderlin did with his translations of Sophocles – that is, to write Spanish in English, and therefore transform the English. Without a doubt this platonic form of the Lamborghini translation is outside my grasp – and perhaps will never be grasped – but the project of translating Lamborghini is far from finished. The mystery of the text is so strange and powerful, it cannot but produce only more readings and greater translations.

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The Fjord

And why, if after all the child ended up so miserable, – when it comes to size, let's be clear – would she yield such howling, tearing out fistfuls of hair and slamming her ass fiercely against the tiger-striped mattress? She would lunge and rest; she would spread her legs and the vaginal slit would dilate in a circle, allowing for a glance at the emergence of a rather sharp egg, the head of a boy. After each push it looked as if the head was coming out: it threatened to come out, but did not; he withdrew with a quick rifle recoil, which for the parturient meant the hundredfold renewal of all her pains. Then, El Loco Rodriguez, naked, with a fearsome whip rolled around his waist – El Loco Rodriguez, father of the intractable spawn, to clarify – planted his shoulders on the woman's belly and pushed and pushed. Nevertheless, Carla Greta Terón did not give birth. And it was clear that every time the spawn performed its agile regression, it tore – in the end – her sweet maternal entrails, her sweet belly carrying it, unable to spew it.

A new laceration was made in her ventral coffer and Carla Greta Terón instantly let out a horrifying scream that caused the bed straps to tremble. El Loco Rodriguez took advantage of the opportunity to pelt her mouth with a fistful of iron. In this fashion, he burst her lips and broke her teeth – the latter, lustrous with blood, lay around the bedhead in large numbers. Blinded by his rage, El Loco's muscles bulged and his testicles, tumid to start with, swelled even more. The veins of his neck, withal, swelled and contorted: they resembled the roots of ancient trees; a thick sweat bathed his back; his toenails bled from trying so hard to dig into the floor tiles. His entire glorious body shone brilliantly, saturated. A glimmer of fraud and neon.

El Loco cracked his whip several times; however, Carla Greta Terón's screams did not cease; but even then: they grew defiant, they took on a provocative *je ne sais quoi*. Pasty blood kept flowing from her mouth and vaginal slit. She shit incessantly the entire time. It consisted of – we must confess – fecal matter far too aqueous, even managing to cast brown tones on her hair. El Loco, by virtue of being the progenitor, carried out the kindly labor of draining the bed: he managed the shovel like an able stoker and threw the shit into the fire.

Another push. El Loco gilded her body with lashings (and hit hit hit). He also lashed at her eyes as one does with wayward horses. The rather sharp egg, then, advanced a little more, was on the verge of passing into total and definite emergence. It backslid, agile, lacerating, unhygienic. Desperate, El Loco climbed on top of Carla Greta Terón. We saw how he kneaded his cock brazenly, assuming his act before us. His cock became slowly erect; the shaft became tense, firm, solid, until taking on the exact shape of an ox horn. And throwing himself down, he entered her bloody vagina. Carla Greta Terón howled once more: perhaps she tried to make our blood run cold. However, she had no escape, not even the smallest chance of escape: El Loco was fucking her to his delight, bucking over her, jabbing his spurs and not missing the chance to slam her skull into the steely bed frame.

“Hurry! I want it!” whispered Alcira Fafó, beside me. I covered myself with the sheets up to my neck and crept away towards the foot of our cot. Once there I breathed in deeply the smell of our never washed bodies. “The forces of nature have been unleashed,” I said, and I dove headfirst into Alcira Fafó's trashy cunt. Sebastian – that is to say – my ally and companion, dear Sebas, appeared on the scene: “Long Live the Battle Plan!” he cackled from his corner. I was

going to answer him, to encourage him, but I couldn't: El Loco Rodriguez, who by now had finished his task with Carla Greta Terón, began making me the object of a piercing anal penetration, of a decisive sexual farce - and not arse, as Sebas says. For all that, worse luck was dealt to my poor friend, whose pained eyes shimmered sporadically in the corner we had assigned him, the corner where he lay - constantly - among old rags and contentious newspapers that in their moment had advocated for the Terror. (Because we never fed him, he resembled, dearest Sebas, a patient of pernicious anemia, a topology of hunger, a con-centration camp Jew - if concentration camps ever existed -, a miserable and inflated Tucuman child, famished yet paunchy.)

And so, when he announced the commencement of the feast, the feast of fucking, so to speak, he began dragging himself with his shriveled cock towards the cot where Alcira and I reveled in each other, in addition to, at my back, the abusive Loco, our Boss: we never gave dear Sebas anything to fuck, chaste against his will, completely passionless, who now dragged himself weakly towards the cot, almost brushing the tiles with his face, pausing several times to catch his life breath, and murmuring with each step "CGT, CGT, CGT..." as if to mislead, or who knows, through prayer. He propped himself up on his arms - thinner than broomsticks - and with his feet propelled himself forwards, not without a certain fervor - or, better said, with all fervor. I'll forever have the extraordinary Sebastian engraved in my memory. Together we served in the Restorative Guard, years and years ago.

And I watched him draw close even though El Loco's fierce thrusts gave me little time or desire for equable, objective observation. Dogmatic Sebastian! His gaze was poetry and

revolution. Each of his movements exuded an infinite gratitude towards us, as if we would allow him – he believed – to shake the solitude off his flesh and spirit as a dog shakes off seawater. And if we did allow him – in that direction his privileged brain began working – what did it matter that we never gave him anything to eat or fuck? What did it matter if his always empty stomach secreted that green slime, so rank it rendered unbreathable the air of our maggoty room! What did it matter if he lived between episodes of vomiting blood, disturbing even our sleep because each one of his heaving fits was a kind of faithless howl! What did it matter!

Onward comrade Sebastian, dearest friend, filthy mutt. He almost managed to touch us with his transparent hands. I was trapped in the jail formed by El Loco's arms and my head submerged in the lower abdomen of my cunty Alcira. My great love overflowed. I felt in the center of the void of my being the ejaculatory vibrations of El Loco's cock, while Alcira Fafó's clitoris, erect and furrowed, made me ring the alarm bell; but I saw, I nonetheless saw sideways how the rancid and timorous Sebastian tried to caress the firm buttocks galloping over mine, the ass of our abusive Lord and Owner. Then, at once cruel and kind, with my heel I gave El Loco's strong calves desperate little warning kicks, kicks that were justly tattling on dear Sebastian. Just as I was expecting (which may have been less?) the Boss reacted immediately. After spewing his jism in my adamic insides, he stood up and delivered a fabulous kick to my poor friend's throat: from lying over on his back, he flipped him over face-up. A total spectacle, his muscular foot, gloriously settled on the floor after the blow, sharply silhouetted against the neck of the defeated: I saw it with my own eyes, those moments so far away, Sebastian, when a sub-official discharged by the liberating faction patiently taught us Marxism.

And a little thread of drool escaped from the corner – left – of dear Sebastian’s lips. His flickering eyes wandered several times in many directions. He tried cleaning his mouth with his hand, but his severe debility made him drop the gesture: halfway there his hand could resist no longer and collapsed on his enormous belly. Crows glided over his figure, and I, aching from the recent penetration, tied up a bag of ice using the elastic from Alcira Fafo’s panties for the site of my deflowering.

And I also interceded in a fit of pietism to get El Loco Rodriguez to scare off those loathsome, vulturous birds, though one of them still had the chance to tear off poor Sebas’ right index finger with a peck and a pull. And that was pain, all the pain, and not all the pain. Sticky drops of blood welled up on Sebastian’s forehead. I ran off to cry with desperation. As in childhood: kneeling in a corner of the room, hiding my face under my armpit and breathing in the smell of goat. The cockroaches climbed up the back of my thighs and, aside from the brief obstacle formed by the bagged ice, submitted my loins to a thorough exploration. Meanwhile, El Loco Rodriguez – son of a bitch master and lord – did in fact, scare off the crows, treating them more like old friends who have gotten a little rougher with alcohol and memories of the time that was (and was best) when insurrection wasn’t necessary. And in part – like no one else – he was right: the atmosphere suddenly became heavy: “I met you at a COR⁸ reunion!”

Using an enormous T-square, El Loco opened the grimy picture window on the roof for the crows to quit this deformed and deforming room. They left one by one, dripping tears, invoking the sacred names of those felled in the struggle, in the clamor. And even with one

⁸*Comando de operaciones de Resistencia*, or the Resistance Operations Command, an offshoot of the MRP (Revolutionary Peronist Movement)

finger missing the monolithic Sebastian signed in protest. And El Loco of the Whip, breeder of Carla Greta Terón, naked as he was save for his orion, half his thorax out expelled the darkly birds to get rid of them, free from rancor. In his push: “Goodbye.”

Midway through a push Carla Greta Terón went into hysterics. All of us at once turned to the birthing bed because she, supine, began screaming: “It’s coming! That’s it, that’s that! That’s enough! Hip, Ra! Hip, Ra! Hip, Ra!” She explained in her half-tongue that her birthing was expectant— and not excreting, as Sebas says. And despite our skeptical conjectures her swallow-like body began to swell. While she was dilating she squeezed herself with her hands, from her temple on downwards, for the child to come out. “I hope it doesn’t get stuck in my parietals,” she bitched, and El Loco, no dummy. No layabout. Tied her feet to a bag of sackcloth with a wide opening for the shit child to fall in. He had put some sawdust at the bottom withal in case the head separated from the torso. Alcira measured her cunt’s dilation with a tape measure and then fucked herself with an enormous candle. I, I went toward the nearby smoke, toward Alcira’s enchanting smoke, and I came unctuously rubbing the head of my cock against the rough-cracked part of her heel. And all of us were dying to go down on or fuck or fondle or tear up each other’s assholes: with our cocks. Even the sickly Sebastian attempted a hint of a slippery smile, a true elegy to carnal quakes, to the exercise or lack thereof of procreation. Then he appeared. After tearing to shreds the chafed cunt flesh of his mother Carla Greta Terón. The shriveled head. With a tiny mouth no bigger than a pencil point. But with enormous eyes. Enormous of splendid, of sorrowful, of enormous: Atilio Tancredo Vacán, his head emerged.

“Praise be!” spewed El Loco falling to his knees upon a mound of motherfucking maize. Alcira, with open arms, received a shower of window light over her nude body, and her vagina smiled. Sebastian was kissing my feet sheathed in dirty black stockings, up to my groin – a dirty seminarian’s dirty black stockings – that, along with the scapular, constituted my entire outfit. And foreseeing what would happen I stood up without subtracting a single centimeter from my stature. It was a must-do, though the shrewd humility that characterized me sought to strangle me with my own hands. The sticky saliva flowing from my mouth soaked my body. Nevertheless, I tore all the tapestries within reach. Treacherously, of course treacherously. I mutilated the adorned scenes of good and evil, I deformed their meaning, biting at some of them with my chipped teeth. Treacherously. Out poured a syrupy juice, revolting and sweet and of a syrupy taste. Treacherously. And all of us were changed by the presence of the unchangeable Atilio Tancredo Vacán. I leapt everywhere. A new relationship! And (in!) relation. Man with man man with men men men. I even leapt through a flaming hoop, and because El Loco wanted to fuck me in midair, I released – and not relaxed, as the untranslatable Sebas says – the bagged ice: and no, I didn’t care: those weren’t times to keep up the bullshit of style! I put on a servant’s frockcoat and a dog collar. I whipped them right out, no? Cum in my eye! With all of the tapestries torn by me I reached Carla Greta Terón, who had the monster halfway out. And I gave it to her. Gave. And I told her: “Take it, go, themotherfuckingsonofawhorewhofuckingboreyou Childofathousandfuckingwhores!” Enough! And no! I then showed off (and didn’t) some canyengue tango steps; but I could not crown my dance: between premature rales, Atilio Tancredo Vacán now definitively born birthed spewed, fell into the sack with his arms and legs squished against the body, in the style of Aztec mummies. And he wasn’t dead! “Whoopee!” I shouted. “Hurrah, brothers, he breathes and moves his ass around.” Sebastian clapped and

dragged himself to the bathroom, leaving as always a trail of saliva on the floor. And he fixed himself to the leaky faucet, licking it, to fool his hunger. El Loco, bursting out of his striped skin with joy, played a festive prank; he ran up, took him by his nearly invisible legs, and dunked him headfirst in the toilet. And he pulled on the flush many times like a gold brooch. I laughed until I couldn't, twisting and dragging myself at once – I as well – toward our pissed bathroom. “Ooo, ooo, ooo! Very good!” I said. “Do it again! I'll help you out, Loco.” The boss looked at me with disgust in his eyes, and, suddenly producing a syringe, gave me an injection of pure brilliantine: intravenously. Tumbling, desperate, on the verge of fainting vomiting or shitting my guts out, I fled to the corner to compose myself, hoping Sebastian would allow himself some comment as an excuse to bite off mouthfuls of his flesh, turning him into a pure wound. Alcira said, “I want to rock Atilio Tancredo Vacán, that boy gets hard already.” “Bullshit! Take that, that and that! He's mine only!” replied Carla Greta Terón. Alcira Fafo leapt to slit her throat with a razor, but since we stopped her she screamed at Carla who by then was rolling around, fucking her son: “I hope a rabid cat gets into your cunt and scratch scratch scratches you up, you fucking bitch!” All of the glass in the house broke, shattered into pieces. The first fireball ignited Alcira's head of hair. This time, in all seriousness, it was necessary to repeat the joke played on Sebastian who, half-drowned, hiccupped out revolutionary headlines. The second fireball scorched Carla Greta Terón's left hand. It was then that my wife appeared. With our daughter in her arms, coated in her singular air of deceitful youth, she emerged, illumined and almost pure, against the backdrop of the fjord.

The ships sailed slowly, booming, from the river toward the sea. The fog shrouded the stevedores' silhouettes; but all the way from the small seawall we heard the strumming of myriad

guitars, the refined singing of blonde-haired laundresses. A gallery of portraits of late 18th-century English poets glowed intensely, for a second, in the dark. But the show was not over. It continued in other ways, chaining itself link by link. Not forgiving any emptiness, turning each eventual emptiness into a nodal point of all opposing forces in tension. The windows had broken for some reason, and lucid, critical Sebastian's eyes were fireballs. Nor was it coincidence that my hand would shatter the invisible air of her contour and, slightly injured, would extend toward the figure of my wife, though they would stop themselves halfway, clenched, turned into two reproachful fists, incapable of even a salute. She showed me her ankles: two bloody stumps. She carried in her right hand her sawn feet. And she offered them up to me, to me, who only dared to glance at them. I could not accept nor spit upon them. I looked again at the fjord and I saw, over there, on calm waters, calm and dark, small crepuscular suns bursting between clouds and gasses, one after the other. And sickles, withal, sundered eternal or momentarily from their respective hammers, and fragments of coarse tar swastikas: God Fatherland Country; and a thundering horde – in it I could discern with absolute rigor the face of each one of us – penetrating the Old Perón's orthopedic smile with flags. We don't really know what happened after Huerta Grande. It happened. Empty and nodal point of all opposing forces in tension. It happened. The action – break – must continue. And it will only engender action. My wife offers me her feet, running with blood, and I look at them. I ask myself if I figure in the grand book of executioners and she in the book of victims. Or if it's backwards. Or if we're catalogued in both books. Executioners and executed. It doesn't actually matter: these are problems for the lucid, for the critical Sebastian. He'll know to fix his weasel snout to any hole that shows humanity. We don't give him nor will we give him anything to eat. Nor to fuck. Ever. Atilio Tancredo Vacán now crawls. He sucks from his mother's teat a cobweb that cannot nourish him, stale ideology. El Loco looks

at me looking at me degrading myself as his victim: now I am fucking with him. I pass over to be his victim. But the show was not over, nor would it be.

El Loco Rodriguez forced the door open to the Chippendale room with the hilt of his whip. He took Atilio Tancredo Vacán in his arms and sat at the head of the table, rocking him. I tricked dear Sebastian into entering the room; there, I chained him to an iron shackle on the wall just for him. Alcira Fafo wanted to leave the dinner on the pretense of her cancer; give me a break; I drove a fountain pen, no more, into her breast, where it hung, barely fixed to her skin, and forced her – not fucked, as Sebastian would say – to sit to the left of El Loco. Carla Greta Terón was yet to be found, a matter found on my list of tasks because I was the maître d'. I stood, nevertheless, in front of the Topsy Triggerman, Lord and Master, awaiting orders that would arrive any minute. “Bring her only, rolling around in bed. We will baste her with sauces lest the meat affects her,” he said, repeating “ect” with a contemptful gesture, after which he flicked (scorn after scorn) the head of my cock. But there is no sorrow that can trounce me: to the bedroom I trotted, clapping my hand on my mouth and whooping like the Indians. I had a frightful slip from rushing and frolicking, the rush plenty justified because I arrived just in time: Carla Greta Terón had already filled her enormous blue plastic cup with water, and she was going to open the utility boxes where she kept a lethal dose of barbiturates. “Oh no, no,” I said, “not with barbiturates, batrachian,” and I led her to the picture window and showed her the fjord, weighed down by the moon. I took her sweetly by the hand and looked at her ass with obsessive fixity. I gulped. “See?” I said while I waved away smoke to show her a trembling assembly of mechanics on foot. “See?” I said, meanwhile letting my sinuous gaze fall on her round tits. An assemblyman walked over the padded heads of the others, prophesying: “Never shall we be

Vandoristas, never shall we be Vandoristas.” Right afterward he stood immobile and began quartering himself. Carla Greta Terón stretched herself like a cat and threw the lethal pills in the urinal. I grasped the utility box (shaped like a boat) with both hands and squeezed it against my naked chest. “If I could possess this utility box I wouldn’t care about losing everything else,” I lied. And she, the sweetheart, the incomparable Carla Greta Terón, assented with a curl of her gorgeous hair. I kneeled at her feet and kissed her buttery knees. I gripped my member and I parted her pubic hair with my fingers. We copulated. It was a quick and frenetic lay. Before going at it again she talked me into taking off my stockings and scapular, my only clothes. And stockings and scapular also went to perish in the urinal. They perished, and she and I went at it again. Perfect. What lovely breasts those of Carla Greta Terón’s. I sucked on them until I was gorged. Fucking was a great joy for both of us, fucking and coming together, motion passed unanimously. And when I came into the dining room pushing the bed, I, I was another.

At once Sebastian and I exchanged imperceptible winks with our respective (left) eyes on our faces. I witnessed with joy dear Sebastian smile for the first time since we were expelled from MARU: floating in the air was a sign that we stood at the threshold of great changes. I sat across from El Loco and tied to my neck a napkin in squares to avoid staining my nipples with grease. El Loco pressed the button; we heard the foreseeable snap and from the floorboard emerged a fountain of two meters in diameter. Visible in the center was an enormous peacock roasted on a spit, but without resorting to the vulgar business of plucking its splendid feathers. There also appeared two dozen bottles of red wine from the coast that makes me move my ears in joy. But I don’t know why – or I know too well – why my stomach closed up. Yet. My intestines began devising a forthcoming diarrhea. At the first cramp I doubled over and the

Drunk Lord and Master was now frowning at me. “Chop chop,” he said. “Chop chop,” he repeated. “Give yourself time to reach the can. I’ll warn you only once.” Oh, yes: in a revolutionary war one has to be crafty: “It’s nothing, it’ll pass soon, comrade,” I replied, putting on my best dunce impression. And ipso facto I shit myself with heart and soul. Thunderously, to top it off. A scowl of uncontainable ire darkened El Loco’s face who, with skill honed only by habit, took out a steel-toe from his belt and tied it to the end of his Whip. But astonishment held him back, because I, staring in his eyes and grinning ear-to-ear, I once more shit the fuck out of myself. Alcira Fafo bit her hand to keep from screaming, while Carla Greta Terón released her anguish by slashing away at herself with a colossal dildo. My third discharge was tremendous: I even splashed on the open sky, which afterwards looked like it was stained with creaturely footprints, though it was only shit. So then El Loco resigned himself; he came to me, dragged me by the hair through my own waste, and, prepared to punish, raised his fearsome-beautiful WHIP. The desire to secure an overwhelming victory, however, worked against him: before he began to pacify, he turned his gaze to Sebastian: he was shocked by seeing him on all-fours, angrily baring his dark green teeth. El Loco then assessed all his choices at a tiger-like speed. With an elegant kick he crippled the strategic Sebas, soon after devoting his attention to me. The first LASH flayed my left ear. I lost all my centrist warmth and I yelled, yelled in a frenzy: “Long Live the Poor of the World,” and “Down, Down with the Fat Bourgeoisie!” The second drove my sternum into my stomach wall, all covered in moss. The third tore off my testicle and I saw my blood. With her washing down the floor tiles, I began a violent reversal toward militant Sebas, who as soon as I came within his reach greeted me with a touch of sphincter breath. The Lord and Master Deadly Loco raised his whip to tighten our bond a fourth time, and like a habit I was within a hair of shitting oil. It occurred to me to call the Protective Society of the

Prototraitor, but a fierce blow was introduced to my mouth when I opened it to shout: “Help, help the shitter!” through the telephone.

Sebastian gestured, grinned, festered, parturated. I had to quickly assess the situation. Quantity turns into quality. Or I would end up enjoying El Loco’s fabulous lashes, undoubtedly. One more and to hell with the rebellion. So then the lucid, insurgent Sebastian would once more have a bad time accused as an ideologue. Once more: fasts, censored books, pinches of electric prods, chastity, including vetoes on lone homosexuality and solitary masturbation. And we were lucky, in any case: El Loco turned his attention again to Sebas, who tried rubbing a recently written pamphlet in his face. Chief Rodriguez lightly kicked frail Bastian, made a game out of sending him through the air; as Sebastian flew, El Loco speared his gaunt ass with the handle of his whip. He described his parabola by offering a silvery “ah,” later kneeling in the corner after his skull inevitably crashed into the wall: evidently, our past membership in the MRP wasn’t doing much for us.

Fatherland or death: I reacted with everything. I fixed myself to the fleshy shoulder of the armed Loco with my teeth. Freezing his eyes like a little saint, I saw the pores on his face swelling, the strangeness of each skin fiber. Like giving the earth a spin, I studied the spectrum of his flaws. I discovered he had false teeth, a cardboard nose, an orthopedic ear (made of twill). Sebastian understood what was happening and laughed at me from his corner. Atilio Tancredo Vacán was lovingly placed on the unscathed peacock and the women began dancing, wielding forks and knives: they were nude.

The blood of the Mangled came in waves through my teeth and flooded my mouth. Carla Greta Terón, turned into a rabid S, Z, K, or M, desperately pointed to the balls of our ex Lord and Master. I kned them and they shattered to pieces: they were made from fragile crystal. Sebas figured out a way to bring me the clamp. I used it to squeeze the Neutered Rodriguez's right leg, and with pleasure compelled the same leg to shrink and rarefy tremendously until it resembled the puny leg of a newborn, something repulsive. April-born Bastian submitted his body, damaged by exile, to another commendable effort: he dragged toward me the colossal revolver from the Far West that the Constricted stored in his plum crate. On handing it to me he laughed like a saint, and out of pure gaucho and guerilla spirit he insisted on mounting the gun. At a distance of ten centimeters, I aimed: the revolver's gaze focused on Rodriguez's left shoulder. I pulled the trigger. What childish glee when the shot fired! The bullet was lodged between broken bones without any exit wounds. There was an internal hemorrhage and – I warn – the leg turned black. I repeated the action, this time aimed at the Wounded's right ear. I pulled the trigger. Shot fired. His face, his entire skull turned black. Blackening even the whites of his eyes. Only his clenched teeth, grinding away in pain, remained white and lustrous. "Ai ai," mocked Alcira Fafo and Carla Greta Terón, "and don't topple him soon," they pleaded. "And push push push," they murmured, making a joke out of the bourgeoicide. Bastiansebas, freed from safety regulations, asked, "What's your name?" "Rondibaras, Asangui, Mihyrlis," I responded, and he soothed me with a decisive "sounds good" while squeezing the pus out of his bellybutton. Atilio Tancredo Vacán held a stubborn silence, but he was jerking off.

And it wasn't all a lie, something prefabricated, a spiteful representation in the structure of Rodriguez, speckled by beautiful streaks of human flesh. I aimed at one of them. I fired with a

certain sadness; the blood oozed toward me, as if begging for shelter. And if I gave it? Spiraling, the red stream tied itself around my neck like a scarf. Dogmatic, lucid Alcira chided me: “Rid yourself this instant of that repugnant-pugnacious tinsel.” Tearing myself apart, mounting on certain anxieties of the past, I ripped off the tinsel. I closed my eyes and tried resuming my work, in the last minute. And if a Front were proposed to the Moribund, a Programmatic Pact over the base of. Why not? I shivered. Now the reins of this situation were in the hands of the implacable Alcira Fafo, Amena Forbes, Aba Fihur. I was pushed off from the Bloodsoaked by a blow and a stab to the head with a sterilized burin fifty centimeters long. Rez died in the act. The revolver hung loosely from my arm. Basti looked at me and me at him: we had lived for that moment.

Arafo’s savvy shamed us. She moved like a fish in water. With impeccable and impersonal technique she ordered the quartering of the man who had just died; thereafter she made a quick movement, barely perceptible, to grab the whip, but, shrewdly, she held back. First she severed his penis, which went, spinning in the air, to Cali Griselda Tirembon; from there to the frying pan. What remained of the beautiful streak of human flesh met its final fate in our putrid toilet. Aicyrfo had the special task of dividing the streaks into small pieces with her MRP BADGE, only to make it vanish later in a second. She also cut off the withered leg and gave it to Alejo Varilio Basan, masturbation fanatic, to peel. She ate the eyes. Cagreta the entire head. I, a stiff hand. Basti in the corner lapped up unrecognizable pieces, and an army of ants disposed of the rest.

The gong rang. The Madwoman with the Badge was making it ring. The gong rang. It was her, lifting the cover of the pan and breathing in the smell with relish. She tasted the oil, now

more nutritious, with a breadcrumb and looked at us with sparks in her eyes. She struck the gong again and then clapped with the Badge between her teeth. We all sat silently at the table. She served each of us a piece of fried squash, each of us devouring it in our own way, barely murmuring things like, “Eat up with your bread.” I remember blowing my nose with my fingers and wiping boogers on my eyelashes so it looked like tears. I was perfectly aware.

The desperate row came from the living room. My wife submitted the lock on the roof window to the force of her teeth. Without feet, it was difficult for her to stand up and open the window after breaking the lock with her teeth. The lock yielded with a most austere clank. The ship departed, setting sail once more after leaving its only passenger behind. She appeared in the doorway of the dining room with her mouth shattered, without our daughter, whom she now surely hid somewhere in the port, in another ship that would soon set sail. My wife squeezed her lips. Her blue eyes silently took in everyone. She came toward me and showed her wrists: two bloody stumps. She held her sawn hands between her teeth. Without any rancor, she spit both of them onto the table. I made an effort and turned to look at them closely, eyes wide open. The left hand poised itself over the right; then the right over the left. They took a plastic flower from the center of the table and squeezed it. The petals hit me right in the face. She left, walking on her knees.

The bright inscriptions cast sporadic light onto our faces. “We Shall Never Be Bolshevik Meat God Fatherland Home”. “Two, Three, Vietnam.” “Perón is Revolution.” “Active Solidarity with the Guerillas.” “For a Broad Propeace Front.” Alcira Fafo smoked her classic after-dinner cigarette with zest. She made her puffs sync with the gaps in the prismatic lettering. I grabbed

dear Sebas by the ear and knocked him down with the weight of the flag. I helped drive the flagpole into his scrawny shoulder; it was an honor for him, after everything. Like that, we went out in protest.

October 1966-March 1967

Sebregondi Recedes

1. Gatherer Arrayed, Adrift

Parts are something more than parts. They cease being parts when the last illusion of the round vast-thing is pricked. From inside the cabbage the same light can be seen in all parts, *but*. There are no parts. There aren't many one nor many many nor one one. Nor many neither only one. No. No greater or lesser solitude. Nor more nor less than the solitude of an ear encabbaged or the runty razor blade that mutilates. *So then*. The convention is maintained, the convention that is maintained. The convention.

L

Simply, today is about seeing and feeling if and thinking if. If it is possible or not to overcome the trembling of the hands. Although here the concern is, as always – with the equable absurdity of writing – death and masturbation. Oh dream. If the letter is not unframed from the line it will have recovered a whisper of health, or a wail. But here is a blankness that scrapes teeth, a true blossoming of quondam. The accent is grave because it speaks from the same skein.

Occludingly, it stops, with the line's armor, the illustrious, slightly less than ritual hand trembling. We have recovered health – they would say. And the terror is in the aerial eighth: circular.

This paragraph, its necessity, the golden gleaming of its mantle.

Shut off, shrouded in his *mantle*. However much is said in his gesture and his strain of *canticle*/ he will recover his celebrated shadow, gloomy delay in the forest and in the forests of ruins, in the clearing where the footprint is seen. That is the thickness and the shadow. The face bloodies itself. Among the mimicry and the mending, among dactyls, the footsteps fructify at a distance. Oh royals. Creatures battered and then speared, throats slit in the middle of a *tin tin*, marked with an initial behind the ear, shrouded by their own excremental substance, speaking mummies. I am the one who just yesterday spoke, Macbeth: Our knocking has awakened him.

“I couldn’t hold up anymore, no more. Could I stand it. The loves’ armored bodies had dissolved in a mud of gold. Or if everything, or in another circular manner, anonymous in terror, had been dissolved and detached in an auriferous, auric mud.

The ex Galewski was dressed in a flannel suit the last time I saw him. I hid a gold, orthopedic sash under the unlikely gaucho belt. I walked. I walked purposefully in the false, into the reconstruction scaffolding.

El: Oh feeble shadows.

Porchia Was Insane

We're going to write a few phrases to not understand, following the thread, from the assumption of understanding. Let all delay be assessed: to gain time.

But the aim isn't, and was never to disturb for the sake of disturbing. The aim was to disturb for peace. I slashed at blood: a grand ode to peace, a gurgling song for peace, passing like that, a wisp of marbled flame (dripping) for peace.

These yesterdays, I am inspired.

These days, I am depressed. I climb out of one bottle only to fall into another. Or everything, anyway, happened, or will happen right now.

Plagued by the problem of peace Ramon came home this morning. I wasn't there. His voice came through the intercom in a sorrowful rasp. I curled up in the bathroom among so much cabbage, I said no to the mirror. *And I know, I know you're there*, your voice howlscreamed – Ramon – a Porchia of the worst kind.

Trembling. You must write gently, slowly. The oven is ready. The knife. The *tin tin* jangle for every gaucho. Last night we had a beauty: under the thatched eaves, trembling, lit by kerosene lamps. With the last coins I bought a mug of beer to get drunk with my wife Garba. Garba wasn't there, not even leaning toward the mirror. So I drank alone, if I ever say and am: then and alone.

I'm not saying, they say. Like that. It's a sentimental, sporty song: Porchia goes, stop him. Porchia comes, stop him. Stop Porchia. Stop everything Porchia. He goes. Comes. And goes. Comes. Porchia to Porchia until, at last, Porchia.

Like that. Youthful dream that dies in your goodbye! and No, it hasn't been born yet and etc. Who can stop them from arguing? And until they are lulled, and until. They. Exhaust each other. In a violent flash of lightning when the countryside is leveled and peace fails. Fails, and how it fails: – Go in peace.

Pepe goes to the factory. Pepe follows the trends. Pepe eats. This is Pepe. Confront him. This is me. Ah, yes? With a fierce galloping, causing mirrors to quiver, the Trotskyists came down hard. They gave the impression of I want to see you.

Ramon goes to the factory. Ramon follows the trends. Ramon eats. This is Ramon. Let's see, confront him. Well: – This is Pepe.

Because this is urgent, we'd need to keep holding him between, the hands. A man has to spend his days, slipping away as much as he can in being late. The *mate* is green with a silver straw. Hearts pressed in gold. The strangulating devices. Belts, elastics, rakes, whips. The incision is nailed.

But then, the Porchian calamity ensues. For example, Porchia eats up Pepe and Ramon, and goes to the factory, and sleeps with Pepe and Ramon, in their workplaces, and follows the trends –

above all, the trends – so, then, is this Porchia? Who cares? But confront it: Who cares? I don't confront. A man. A man, yes. A man should spend his days, more so in the lateness.

Ramon, your voice sounds harshly through the intercom and growls *I know you're there*, but I'm not. I take refuge in the bathroom in the mirror I remain– this is a lull – I remain embalmed among so many balms, Ramon.

I know you're there. Now it's you who hides. In the mirror? Ramon. You will force me to leave the letter for the knife. I'm going to cut you. You will oblige me. Come by my side but don't touch me. We'll study together. But I'm not touching you! That also counts as “touching.”

Ramon. I know you're there. Who? Ramon? Guinea pig?

Without Cruz, same as the Hole.

Another Song

The old, crazy man with the violin sings nonsense: “The soul is mortal, the soul, the soul, is mortal.” Divested of the last tiles, the most delayed, scattered in the living room of the slaughterhouse, I, huh, I drank transparent gin, big gulps, I joined the choir. “Is mortal, is mortal.” We were in Castelar, in the kitchen, in front of the ogive, in Don Torcuato, in the part of the Citadel colored ashen gray, shrouded in dust. In a little plink street and vanishing. Across from the mysterious militant with the split coin. That was a sign. That there be peace. Vanishing. Aim for the legs, no higher.

There's money. It's possible. It was a street. It was an old man. It was a broken coin. It was me. Him, the crazy old violinist, changed his tune. "Nonsense, too, is mortal."

Wait a little, then. Don't kill him. Careful. Down, down. Who knows, he could be a former and a current one. The years repeat themselves, careful.

The old man, fed up, now played his violin without a bow, as if the violin was a guitar. He, too, was looking for it.

A-ha.

Do it to the old man, like that: with his own strings, sound and throat.

They are mortal.

Dialogue with an Intelligent Liberal

"I wouldn't talk like that about politics. I'd put the question in different terms."

I no longer know how to talk of politics, Hm I don't know, but I can very well recount a disease: here the choleric have a lot to do with it.

“What makes you think that you are *dis-severed*, or rather, why do you feel the need to be *dis-severed*? Why do you you have the *ne-cessity* to feel bad?”

Hm, I don't know. History. Bah. It makes me feel trapped in a trap, or worse, too far away, dis. In the trap or as if outside of things that happen. And things happen and happen to me, or I'd say so, at least.

“Expressive difficulties?”

And auditory and olfactory, in coordination, in ejaculation – a green paste. I want to spit but my mouth fills up with saliva, more than necessary, sour, yes, perfect. *But*. I can't spit. So I swallow. My gut billows, I want to shit *but*. I'm also having bowel problems. Like that. The field turns yellow, whitens, white and yellow flowers. The fat faces, Katsky, are made. Special. Slash them with a razor.

“Hm, I don't know. Let's see. Why would you want to be a razor blade?”

Ah, just because. To be in the cold. To cut, clearly. Let's see. To cut precisely with any kind of militancy or to cut with everything all that is not one. A militancy. For cutting. That, at least.

That's what I say.

“What is your wife's ass like?”

Aha.

“Careful. Don’t go too far. Don’t forget that, for the living, we have the dead. Everything is in balance. What is your?”

He threatens.

“We’re not getting anywhere like that.”

White, dazzling. An asshole, says I.

“Ah, sure. You’d like to cut them, to quarter them in vertical and horizontal slashes. It’d be like, uh, fencing in a field, I assure you.’

Sure. Surely secured. A wire wile. The manus mauled. The razor. With two band-aids, between the middle and ring fingers. You sir you. Behind you: what’s that? Many must be killed to understand that there is nothing, behind. Listen. A recording, confession, document, final moment. *It’s horrible being murdered that way, without time to analyze the facts, feeling full of burning tears, remorseful tears for the things you never did and for those you stopped doing, or they’re the same, knowing that you can never explain anything because you never had the opportunity, ah.* There he felt the elastic tense up around his neck, and the microphone cut off. That’s how it is. The field drools sour, strangled saliva, some: some flowers are white, others yellow. Some. Some intelligent questions. Any intelligent questions?

“Expressive difficulties?” (He drools).

You you and I or I. What I mean to say, or at least I say: pee. Peer, pen, pensive, preiser, per, pbensiv, pbai, senere, persener, pbn.

Gatherer Arrayed, Adrift

With 300 conches in the freezer I can now call myself conch-ready for the whole year, and if not so, I’m lost. Lost, the operation of duel and loss. One, is always, circling around certain words. Until they’re captured. You never capture. Nothing and not ever.

Yes, I am lost without those 300 fresh conches. Such is the lost lost flattening of loss. The allusion to the painful, permanent loss of the world, to the. Successive losses. Strangling with an elastic strap and using all kinds of sharp instruments.

For now, though, one can’t assume, perhaps he is not lost by pure loss, but only pure rot. Perhaps the moment has not arrived, right on time, the moment for practicing an incision on the height or depth of the balls. The body is a map. So hot, all over. Perhaps we are in the moment before the grand leap – which is always for cutting someone’s throat or forcing them at knifepoint or the threat of strangulation to support his and our losses. It can also be done with a twisted shirtsleeve.

I say. They say that evil tongues say (one would have to also cut them off), which is why, and for no other reason, we cut the throat of that shadowy someone. Who now ossifies and incarnates.

Here he is. I am looking at him. Let's eat, let's eat. While the conches are placed one after another in the freezer, the glowing stars of hairflesh, birth stars, a massive feast for the desperate tongue. Meanwhile, let's eat each other. There wasn't even time to toast it a bit.

Upon reflection, it is the only worthy banquet. I understand this phrase to be the undivided flame of my sermon. Simply said, let us be leery of it happening to us. We need to have eyes in our backs.

Although loss and forgetting deepens once more. Addictions are a fortune or a disgrace, and a disgrace. Happiness is invented. The body can't bear it. *But*, and no buts, there was a dead man: his remains, because something always remains. Pieces chopped off that don't allow for reconstruction. Writing, prayer, revolution, preparation, deviation: if it's about cutting someone's throat, let's debone him. Then eat him.

But in other cases, as with the dying sunset, when dusk is a deathly corpse. But not a hero. If it has to do (and it does have to do) with driving a Ford T. of absolute loss, ñindigo, ñblue, ñocean, ñavigation. Now we're at the point of a hurrah, with a shred of unfurled sail.

And the ship sets sail. With the body's remains. False pieces.

The Winner

I fucked a guy I picked up on the subway. He was a delicate homosexual, he was like butter, and we went to a hotel he knew on *Avenida Leandro Alem*. He was cagey and too jealous, but all the same he drooled with pleasure. I placed myself between his legs after caressing him a little. We were already in bed, lying on our sides, with me on top. Halfway through, he turned around, as if tenderized, and between murmurs he asked me things. I entered slowly while he spread his ass with his hands. I swelled up and moaned. Without knowing why, I made a vow to myself, a vow to not make him finish. My promise carrying the weight, I wanted to see him come by himself, strewn over the sheets like a rag.

Nothing, and not so much nothing: the opposite. Something else went down. My bones and his soon found, found together, a kind of rhythm: music for the sake of music, music in vain. And then, then. It was a sentimental and sportive song. I began to press my body to his, then. As if it was the only thing I could obtain in life.

To this *tin tin* or not, to a dull knife. It was a sentimental and sportive song, and together we made a great drawing. Hooked, entwined, with our butch bodies. There's something missing here. And I stuck it in, deep down, digging my nails into his back. To clinch myself in the deepest depth of his ass, now, soon enough, on the point of finishing.

But when? He was biting the pillow. Trembling, he moved back. And how? He must have felt – so I say – a substantive change had entered his thing. Ah?

Seen from Behind

“It will take a long time for that thing to be said. That he will never manage to escape from what that thing is.”

A-ha, ah. I want to escape, even for a second, a flash and then back in. I no longer care about melding to my shaft, I said imprisoned, *but*. All my past attempts now roar at me from outside, *tin-tinning*: meat on a hook.

“There is, there exists, a kind of story, spread by word of mouth or refrain: three morons, beautiful in their way, and in their way intelligent, looked on dribbling at a parade. So then, filled with joy, they saw the parade parading. Someone had taken a power and now held it in his hands.”

So then, *but*. There is no option.

“The story has not ended. The morons were staring, and the sun, so blistering, melted those hands holding a power. The story is not over. The melted flesh upset the crowd.”

Of the same forceless filth. And those foolish morons ah became confused by the helplessness of desperation.

“Really, there should not have been a confusion (and remember that this is a fable). The morons would turn their eyes under their eyelids and that’s how they would see the backs of their brains.”

A half-shut *calimestroqui*.

I drool. If my drooling is interesting for you to imagine, I continue to drool. *So then*. They saw the back of their brains, looking at it like a tentacle, inept and retractable. A suction pad worthy of better use.”

Ah, cruel rat, you will not crush me with your authority. There will always be the necessary need of an act for each word. And let the story resume, because the story has not ended.

“Idiot. Idiots. The morons were a little idiotic. You’re interested (drool) and I see my drooling interests you. I drool and you’re interested in how the story ends. Because you’re interested in knowing too much: your own ending.”

If I could cut you, you yourself. I clarify it’s you and not myself: cut you up and escape, I’d slash you with a razor like cherished times and I’d run and hide: happy at having committed a crime.

But. I’m interested in knowing my own ending. I’m interested in knowing my own ending.

“Because. The story has not ended. Desperation kneeling softly and you yourself already know the end of the story.”

I recite without resuscitating: – each of the morons’ brains melted under the blistering sun. That filthy wave of frustrated thought upset everyone.

“It is said that I love the clarity of this windowless apartment, this blindness of the hand bit by the mouth, *but*. To hell with anyone who’s gullible. I don’t love anything, but the story has not ended.”

The Basin

Any child’s drawing, if looked at carefully, and though this is certainly false (all of this), reveals the influence of the father, or of the fatherly quality of the adult who has flowed toward the book through the hand of the child. If examined carefully, carefully examined. It would be possible to discover a kind of *calm* in certain strokes, however minimal. A line without quivering during the period of a sickening centimeter, without any kind of quivering. Firm, assertive, perfect. No one would find there a drop of, not even a maniac looking at the drawing with parted lips: now disposed to the *tin tin*, or with hands making esses, touching, trembling, searching for the string – two shoestrings, united, a curtain rod. From behind and a quick pull.

There is a rose-colored opinion for conforming: the drawing horrifies in the region where the father has flowed. But on the side: another centimeter. The silent vagina, mother of all silence, cameo startled sideways

.....

..... the captive *do*.⁹ These tiles are equally belated, if the task is actually different. It has to do with marching down this hall, up to the little flyer, and then taking a right, toward the portrait. Then climb up the stairs. The old man with a weathered face, a know-it-all. They force him to put on that face, to ask brashly for cigarettes. It's best to hit him first and talk later. He answers better like that and stops filing his nails. The file is no danger in his hands. The man is like virgin clay for those know how to work him. Of course.

If he's a virgin we have to break him, naturally. Of course, here they smudge themselves, fanatically shouting, "Mother! mother! mother!" They don't care about edges or walls. That's how they chain themselves. They form a long line and walk. *Tin tin*. This is the true story.

Another tile can also, but how could it, eh, be recounted. Majolica. How do you create for alcoholics, for example, a reflection of rejection toward the pristine, argentine alcohol, as a conception of the world: pristine, argentine. There is smoke in the kitchen, I clearly realize. It takes hold of the alcoholic, better said, they take him. Arms, legs, head. The first time is easy. The second, when you know, is a drama. He is given a liter of wine to drink, without breathing. He is given an emetic injection. His stomach then seems to contract. The "inside," it seems, is turned "outside." A large basin is placed under his mouth so he doesn't spill on the floor. He gushes forth stream after stream from his mouth, he sees with his eyes from the edge on edge of the basin, the cistern is blind and deep, "profound." Basins shall be filled entire, intrined with fluids, the hand's drawings that held the father in hand and, and bile.

⁹ *Do* as in solfeggio. Here, the Spanish is "El do de preso," a play on "El do de pecho." The pun does not make it into English.

L

Ex Sebreondi, found almost a decade later at the port of Guido street, port as if one was referring to a portico, as if crossing through took one to a different place, ex Sebreondi had broached, with me, terms and transactions. We didn't greet each other, barely or a little less, we didn't greet each other save for a wink: very much in passing but curiously slowing down. We understood that each kept his face composed, impossible to disturb, exchange. Gold proper of noble souls. Selbon, golden artifice. *Give your mother regards from an old addled man*, but he kept from saying it. In any case I shouldn't give anything. She's at the sea with another old man, burning soft farts in her underwear, with her feet on the shore of death: over there, those white scalps and the penholders and penknives and the ship's same wood and the wide, beastly white bird sacrificed over the territory of the waves and the smiling, unburied crowns. Quiet and scheming, in silence, ex Sebreondi finally donned an antique overcoat with a leather collar, without counting on the gloved device of his hand. The orthopedic hand, arrayed in a glove, arrayed in a coat pocket. *Wait*, but he kept from saying it, *the ex Jonch has died and the other have mostly walled themselves*. But this cage is just as big, without cavil or confine. Sebreondi passes.

The lingo.

On this bar the words seem carved backwards.

Parrying

The red dog of solitude sat at his table at the Tin of Talcahuano and Corrientes, and this was another story, different from the events in Reims, Montevideo, and Corrientes. The dog, red from solitude, was a flawless warrior, born in Zarate. And sharp was his lance, and he was sharpening it. The narrator always tells what he tells, he cannot tell anything else: he relates his voice. The Dog, the Red of Solitude, lived in hotels. Tomorrow another. And they will not speak to him of affiliations. All pronouns have been invented. Born in Zarate, rescued from the waters of the Paraná, by a hair more than a team of oxen, red was the blood that dripped from his lance: red and thick, of other fallen warriors. The Red Dog of Solitude and the Tin and the Reims. He lifts his shirt and the water is voided. The narrator aspires to not be heard with his own words. He unzips his fly, he voids himself. The Red Dog of Solitude is voided. Everything possible is exasperated.

A Tortuous Case

—So much pain, oh, in the obviousness of the obvious word. Yesterday was a day of transparent steps where sincerity and in beastly measures alike each step was a reflection, a departure, and on breaking the glass, to each of my steps, I remained absent.

Yesterday was a day of transparent steps. I walked, I reluctantly bought, beneath the bronze, a blonde novel exposed to the *Once* Market as one who will shelter the criminal in a cup who breaks a woman's neck, like a stalk, on leaving.

Yesterday was a day of decadent steps. Yesterday a day of so much transparency to see that I wanted to talk, and could not, to touch upon passing and I could not. Yesterday was quite a day!

—So much pain, *ay*, in the obviousness of the obvious word. Speak to me behind clear voices, to my vulnerable spines they sang choruses of not saying, of silencing. Choruses of blanching, choruses of unflowing, choruses of no warning – in an acceptable degree, translucent— so much pain, the *ay*, in the obviousness of the obvious word, obviously.

For a few bound counterfeit coins, I bought a certain novel under the copper. And I went strolling for so many miles I was able to forget the sweet little slaves, who: in my reverie: licked my chalice, made it flow and into it flowed. Yesterday was a day of unresplendent steps.

To the shelter of the cup the delinquent, under that singular/cellophane shelter, refloated pieces of his flesh in my drink and with my lips brushed that death: afterward I swallowed the deathly rags, along with the alcohol embestial measure.

Yesterday was a day of enduring the onrush, transparent and at the same time flamboyant. She consisted in a dull blast, in an avalanche of mysterious cocoons – drooping plant – like the novel's compass that fragility drank transparency from the cup, and, in the dead flesh, read well.

And later I read in golden letters: “Why do you still sing or hush in this chorus? From the olden meat hooks hung rhymes (and well they hunged) and they, the rhymes, were rotten.

Behold – I murmured to myself – a mirror that doesn't reflect, a dull void that doesn't duplicate, and behold a dialogue with your neighbor that can't go on, no, no further.

–So much pain, oh, in the obviousness of the obvious word. Under bronze, under copper, in the middle of the net laid out by translucent steps, I finally bought that novel. Eternally.

Glades

–Hello, hello.

Leandro Alem. He's on top of me. He struggles despite the lubrication, he pants synchronously.

I, who speak in fragments, I'm interested in one of his parts: his cock, which feels like deaf or deafening music, in my gut.

He moans in my ear and I back up to help him out. I could stand to fuck a lot: a small, inane trace of pain, and now All is inside. Now I think of his prick, in the muted, white effusion resembling the white pillow before my eyes.

I couldn't distract myself with killing a bedbug at that moment. There'll be another moment, I know: when he sees his cock filthy with shit, he'll feel a sort of nostalgia, the locked (or cocked) idea of something white, also white. But it seems to me that what he likes best is being up shit creek.

I make an effort to abstract myself. I look at the time on his watch over the electric table, brown wood. To the imagined image of his cock, I have it before my eyes. It's more "outside" than "inside." It passes through me like a lance, large and sharp. He tries to spin, but here

there's nothing to spin. He likes being up shit creek. That I gave to him, once and once more, my absurd, sealed asshole. These lines leap to sight. The tricks and candor of the man/ Never any end. Here, everything is spun, but the same can invent The Thing. For a need to think

for a need to think. For one, the need of an empty space for a screen, reflection. Glades in the woods of losses, lost. Now he sucked it and saw: him, face-up, covers his face with his forearm, he's covered his face with his forearm. To also abstract myself more. To think

and rethink each of the images. We know each other, we've met in the Eclair theater. Think. Eh, be. Images are in your head. The deafening jizz music, passes through my tongue to my stomach. Hello, hello. Now I'm writing. I can achieve, construct an ear attentive to that journey, from the tongue to the stomach. The white boxers, his, on the chair, a perfect screen

the front-fly zipper voids

the erection, the firmness and the consistency belong to images. The rest is soft and dispersed.

Nor can, could the shout order it.

2. Filler

The Marquis of Sebregondi, Arrives and Recedes

Active homosexual, cokehead (“I’m never short on patience, ass and terror,” he says), the marquis of Sebregondi, receding from his ruins ended up on these shores: anchored in Buenos Aires. I see him coming. He appears and his steps are short, measured. He returns, recedes, arrives. The marquis wears threadbare clothes and a false flower on his lapel. The rest of his beliefs smolder and smolder. From northern Italy, the mist reaches all the way here, to the humidity of these things, to this Plata River smoke. We welcomed him into the family home and the thing starts when my father turns and vanishes, vanished in this almost sinful spin, this turning around. In another tone, in another orbit (almost in a manner of speaking) with his orthopedic hand, plastic and lank, sheathed into a leatherglove, didst the marquis thoroughly hold his chin. Creaking, submissive *señor* of ragged lapels, the river Plata his enclave, his anchor, and his answer: muddy and water – the false flower wilted, sapped in serpentine table talk: like how the dulled gemstone rings no longer festooned his fingers, gleam, opal, tobacco. Behind that smoke, that cigarette, Sebregondi, cultured and cultivator, confessed: “There’s no more poetry that shocks me. However, however, however. I have not come here – or here I have not come – to take anyone’s place. My rhetoric lulls and glulls, and it’s the flash of a fragment, and is, the rumor of a memory, a purring from another time.” Declarationism space: powerfully the ruins speak, words emerge from every rift. The marquis of Sebregondi wasn’t speaking, however; rather he, vigilant, listened to that bottle: he’s listening to it. The marquis who comes from far,

far away has sat at our table, leaning in as a family on the unsteady oval: balance of words and fate. When no one was looking, in the blankness of not being seen, the marquis picked his nose right into the breach of not being seen. He spit rancid saliva through his canines along with bits of food. He chewed loudly or dug his ass into some guy's lap. He had a favorite, and with him lived in a squalid Nordic apartment: I think Arenales, Arenales, and Callao. In the story he would take the drug facing the mirror and then would joke: "I am Narcissus of the river: ruin and wither." Stock-still he looked in the mirror, all his hope confided to the breach of the mirror and the world, as if each rift was a chance for escape. He would inhabit the broken surface of the moon, or Luna, if he was offered a rift big enough to try splitting. But he didn't say, perhaps didn't even hear, these words. The waxenwhirl moon wheeled around him, grandchasm, bloody Quevedian moon: words in Spanish he knew but could not remember. Weavingly, we taught him the local lingo. Fragments from the sentence of speech, felt as oppression, as culture/condemnation, drooling his slander. But in the crackling fractures of slang and speech, in this prose, partly, cut up, the story of the marquis (ours) has not ended. In unison the three morons spoke with eyes opaque, erect. In the story, tradition of refrain or word of mouth, the submissive lapel flower wilts until falling asleep in the wine glass. Here a breath refuses, but to die. And the marquis, sleepy, spills the wine with a brusque, orthopedic hand. Jarring, another tired flower is drawn on the tablecloth. The rhetoric is restless. In turn. He admires the perfection of this concave, convex, resonant, and reticent failure. Facing the mirror, spoken mirror, the marquis picks his nose and smacks his lips. He places the white drug on a wireway and thinks about taking it. I am the Marquis of Coke, a worn-out man soaked on these coasts. I worship a god in the form of a military cadet subjected (in military school uniform) to my dom derangement. And it shows. He keeps looking. He chases himself. Look, chills here, more

threadbare lapels. Because the marquis is so old-fashioned he uses a *robe de chambre*. With classic unrestrained sympathy, wants and desires, even with a certain irrepressible bounce, he directs his measured steps towards Roxano's room. This is the scene, trust that we will not be lost. The orthopedic hand rests on the man's yellow nape, clad in a wig, waiting face-down on the bed. The marquis then unzips his fly, pulls out a fine member of fifty centimeters in length and consisting of phalangeal nodules. He makes it creak, echo. He unrolls it. He penetrates without listening to the ouches. We will witness this scene, this word. Repeatedly, this word character comes and goes. Flees and reappears.

The marquis of Sebregondi, exhausted, looks up at the flat sky.

Shrouds

This is a sea yarn and there are conflicting forces for bodies to launch themselves into the sea at the precise moment, when salvation is within grasp. Dusk falls against the planks and water pierces the wood. Today is April 8th. Saltwater, naturally well-salted, burns through the weak resistance of the luggage. We proceed. I have tied myself to the shrouds to feel the martyrdom of the shrouds. I have tried fleeing from the saffron sun. But a body tied to the shrouds draws carnivorous seagulls. I no longer resist. Proceeding. This is a tale of the sea: of a ruinous sea that shrouds me in ruins. A tale of planks, saffron-colored, carnivorous, weak, watery. The uncertain border of the earth in the sea (which isn't the earth) beats against the edge of his eyes. The ruins quarter themselves. All those figures rising from the water, torn to shreds. I would like to caress some of them, to blind myself before others. It is an old wonder: eating meat itself and vomiting

something else. It is an old wonder. Proceeding. The saltwater sings in the lining of my throat. Traveling inside the luggage are three rusty razor blades and a rope. This is a sea yarn, a faded memory. My final movements were spitting out the kerchief with the family monogram and seeing in my wallet a portrait of my companions. Afterwards I untied the rope and let the water strike at me. At me. At the shrouds.

Filler

(July, 1969...) ... making Nescafé just like my mother-in-law, whom I have not seen in two years. Stir it *so*, pour the water *so*, *this* much sugar at the bottom of the mug. Another distant kitchen, Palermo kitchen – distant from the Don Torcuato kitchen, far away from the kitchens of Castelar and Ciudadela. Not so far from a stove and two hotplates: Hotel Callao. Mother-in-law (like mother) in her kitchen. The two in their kitchens and the wife cooking. I am alone in the kitchen. I stir the Nescafé. Memory's drum revolves. The revolver, explicitly revolver, a fire to heat a certain return. What revolves possesses certain characteristics. What is revolved, the kitchens' smoke: a journey in far-away-distance. The ship, that smoke. Sea, faring. But this stew becomes uncooked upon reaching the child's lips. It dissolves in mid-air, in the smoke of the journey toward the mouth (lips...) (teeth...) (palate...) (tongue...). The stew returns. Returns-revolving. Child is not, in any case, in the features of the returned. Child implies enclosure in the kitchen where the smoke shuts off the exits. Child, wail, smoke. Tears like humid-pearls. Tears like hum-. Pearls left to dry. Humid.

The numeric order 1, 2, 3 was implied. But a brief *disorder* slipped in. Here the mother-in-law returns, stirs clearly in her kitchen despite the smoke (the order where 1 is mother, 2 mother-in-law, and 3 wife). 2 stirs the stew that we will eat if we sit at the table, if we. It returns onto the bright screen and announces: *You surprise me, preparing a rich stew for all to see so to not lose the quality, but in Italy, Lurate, almost at the border of the lake in Como, you would have seen me cook stew for many, in a bronze or copper cauldron, using a long wooden spoon to stir, and*

the familiar recluse in his nook stirs his nacreous water, spilled in pots and pans, with a gold rod he stirs: he's pissed on, he's pissed on, he's pissed on. On the fly of his PJ's. He walked down the street in his PJ's and they caught him. Soaked in urine. Gold. Praying. One prays, the other prays. One at a time, hands unfolded. On praying: the whole image blind, from blindness. Crazy (mother) beloved. Beloved, beloved. By. Poe. By the beloved son (the son's madness). Beloved, beloved. Me.

The mentally ill, in their minds, do not perceive the breeze as a uniform fabric of undecipherable threads: they perceive pearl-orbs of an unchained air coming through another air, but it is another air in the gold iron or the wooden bridge, and they perceive that. The trees' wrinkled leaves are smoothed out: the smooth winds have arrived. They perceive the smile in the feminine face with a gentle chord. Music, they see, has a feminine flesh. That sometimes lightly opens halfway and that's when it smiles. And when the feminine flesh smiles the masculine flesh changes, stays the same. Lightly it half opens || like that, and the whole face makes an indistinct about-face, and passes, through the half-open crack, the orbs in the unchained air weighed with the feathers the wind plucked off birds, to the clipped virile feminine members in a feminine world garden of

initiation in the world of music. The chorus of joy. The remnant, the complacent vaginal remnant, with its loose hair and smile. But the mentally ill, in what way are they ill? In one way or another. The smooth breezes have arrived. Cups of black Nescafé are placed on the European snow. The Italians' lake, all garden a sealed garden. The balls of unchained air terrify the mentally ill of ill minds. They are subjected to the wind (wind, breeze) of undecipherable threads. The feminine flesh, so light, does not open. Under the thread, hidden smile.

My mother-in-law, says the child, and runs into a small field melting into myriad lagoons, falling in all of them. She wears a coat from the age where the sexes were hardly distinguished, stained with mud upon reaching the kitchen: Oh, what a stew, sttew, what a ssttew. Gilded, displayed on the pile of plates scattered by the fan's knowing blades (and no one could see the movement!) over the bright screen. Ss. Sst. Ssst. Stew for eating with an old silver spoon, heavy – and not held in just any way but held like *this* – for eating after washing the mud off her coat, off her face and hands. Cloaked, hidden smile. Time to eat, time to eat. I don't want any more. You want more and. In the nook. Behind the. Behind the crucifix, between the sharp nails and the smell, between the blackberries off until the next meal, is the key, held by the beak of a clear-eyed pigeon. The beak opens and the key falls on the hand, closing upon the key. The nook has a lock and a door, a door chain. It has a door chain covered in velvet, hidden. The lock has a keyhole that turns in the edible oil and only its silence is heard: navigating from a pupil: sea and eye: whitecaps, waving, watching says the wicked, but every woe, salty and smutty, meets a double-edged knife: well-aimed. Pow, that's the sound of the knife in the air and of pure water, white and crystalline, welling up from the miracle of the toilet and sweeping away with a blow the filth that lies in bad company: urine, fakegold. The door of the nook is opened before (the muddy,

watery eyes) an orange wall with a sign in talc lettering that says (and is rapidly erased): *The novel begins here, or does not begin.* Water, air, earth, fire. The emperor and empress were built with these materials. Forms. Even with the water that wells up miraculously and controls the blows. With a tin spoon (full of holes) the stew in the nook is finally eaten. The stew spilled on a wooden plate that the familiar recluse couldn't break, frenetically. He reads the sign. Nothing to break, it will not be broken, it wil not. It is the way of a wooden plate, conforming, conformed: with a figure painted on it of a tango-dancing duck dancing a *son*, at the wil of electricity plugged to its feet. It dances the tango, a tango of creaking wood, in its own way: everyone laughs happily at the small changes. The tango: in its own terrifying way. They passed him the razor. On the false bottom of a flat plate, the familiar recluse eats the stew, scratching the false bottom with his spoon full of holes. He licks the terror and the stew is rationed to all heads: the breezes have arrived.

(Talc, its games). Plan. Plant. Planting. Planet. Anet. P.L. Mother/mother-in-law. Mother of her children. Mother/wife. Son/mother-in-law. Son: tango, his favorite music. He lives among immobile wooden birds, inedible. Father: expunged through a miracle of the tongue.

(The change is introduced). Ksvhl, snowy, Swedish mobile bird (unexpunged) turns gold, with a flap of its wings, the place of appearances. Possibly: of pairings. But no one has appeared yet. Yet, yet. Echoes. That dog lapping up water from my glass of water has on his face a gloom resembling my own face. Perhaps, it is the dog's flash of my face, another gloom of the mirror where the water (drunk) and the dog appeared, expunged through a miracle.

A Woman

I was a young woman though my breasts were somewhat full. My black hair wrapped around my nipples. My masculine mouth sucked from there. I was nourished with warmth and languidness. Certain, too, a certain touch of desperation. The red flash of gums and certain, certain feints of piercing the ends with my teeth, the bosoms' nipples. I, a young woman, was nourished in an overflow of tenderness: not so much referring to myself but rather the dream I had been dreaming from the age the dream took over me.

The Bark

Her body cried out to be discovered: the mother was the bark. But one had to wait to do it with money, for her body to cease clamoring. Clamor, and also desire. That navigating, sometimes, grazed her. The bark breaking the waters drew near. The needle synced with the record's groove. Music sundered from the groove and, in the shudder, the prose reverberated. It was the mirror of waiting. It awaited its body, which was a bark: the bark, that navigated, floated on the water in the shape of a house and had all the appearances of its grooved mother.

Callao

All speech was spoken. All speech was spok, inversely spok, with a spok tassel, with curtains of silk spok, with a handful of lace. Spok. The enveloping mother with a sword. All speech (of man alone) that drank *mate* inversely to its dream and was pained by its inverse world of its dream

spread with speech, of its inverse *mate*, inverse to the world, of its silver inverse straw, and of its No. However it did not bemoan the reverse (of its inverse, inverted world). All speech excluded him, took him for excluded. But he did not bemoan the other/side, the gold, the gilded gold of/the other. Creaking, submissive *señor*, include yourself in the retelling: averted from memory. All language. There is no sea without salty desire, but that palate no longer discerns anything. There is no shore without a fine mat (and this bloating is final). The rest of the herbs are removed from the gourds, the *mate*, if one uses the silver straw for removal. Final, final, final. Last and melodramatic. Inversely its reversal was inverted until coinciding with the inverse image. He walked as many blocks as he could with his hands in his coat pockets and a cigarette clenched between his teeth. He entered a dark theater where the others were herbs, warm, stuck to him. And there was a sea on the silver screen, and his cloudy eyes watched the images (silvery, perhaps of silver), him, him excluded from speech. Shrunken *señor*, tears like pearls, and how they, and lagoons, and how they dampened the green and silver outskirts. The sea, its waves, was a wave of anguish. And its solitude not final and yes. Warm, sticky, damp. All language. The hotel room closed above him: alone he becomes an actor. Light up the cigarette, heat up the water for *mate*, loosen the tie in front of the mirror. Gestures. They summon onlookers layered by language. One does. An audience of murmuring mouths that doesn't speak to anyone, much less to him. For now. Those pieces uncooked by words. He spies. He kneels and watches through the hole to hear talk. He alone submits himself to the whip's analysis. In the movie wagons of soldiers, in Poe dusk on the planks. He sits before the table with the flowery cloth and drinks the *mate* once more, which won't be the last. The mother appears in his inverse dream, inversely like the power of speech. The mother swings a watch hanging from her neck by a silver chain. Speak. The house was only windows, it was a fortress to sequester oneself and look. The mother broke

through that, her home, bark breaking the waves, looking up the time on her lustrous, silver watch. She helped with his moving, she expelled him in helping him, in peace. And the kiss. The kissing, absent. Ave olely, save. Aging in the skin of his hands, heels wounded with arrows. The gallows are, are his ring, the hour. And covered by his body, and at once dead by his own sword. The mother emerges, bark breaking, from the sea, in dampness. All language. Ave olely, save. O.L.

With an Orthopedic Hand, the Marquis of Sebreondi Has Now Written His Poem

“We fucked really great at night, but kept at it in the morning. The thing: the thing was the dark coffee and the rest of the cum falling, falling like threadbare curtains from the gates of his anus. This guy seemed sweet and attractive, this guy had his fruit rotting away in his heart. He had my cock in his mouth and eyes dark, low. He had a thick ass, portable, an internal rhythm in his heart, and rotten fruit of a sour taste to deposit on my tongue, which isn’t a taste deposit and in turn another gate. This guy tucked in his asshole until my cock my whole cock was lodged in, directed straight at his heart’s most fragile vein. My cock pulled out covered in mud, his shit was blue, cracked, corpuscular and lumpy, and its smoke rose toward me: a vapor: of a kitchen on fire in the morning, his guy shit was blue and when he laughs – turning his face toward me as I fuck him – my fingers play with his breasts, his hard nipples, and his asshole is studded, spangled, directed straight at my cock. And he laughs with his Argentine laugh, cutting off, like that, my furious pleasure at deflowering him. My cock inside covered in mud, it was his cock that penetrated me to the limits, to the corner where the harp no longer laughs. Reaching the limits, my heart’s internal rhythm that hangs and hangs from the gates of my anus. This guy puts

on my spurs, trades his whip with mine, has the virtue of not understanding me except for my furious pleasure. I am far away. I drink the coffee at the bottom of his eyelids. He fucks me and it's the rhyme of my own heart mounting the rhetoric on the rhyme of a well-worn rhetoric, gloomy. It is the rhyme. That rhyme. It is the man of composed violence who fucks me from a landscape that is behind me, and he rhymes me. I keep the syllable count from the thrusts of his cock. He lifts me unsteadily with his cock, even making my face touch the ceiling, my shocked and blissful facing the white sky, at last I faced silence. “

3. The Proletarian Child

Upon taking his first steps in life, the proletarian child suffers the consequences of belonging to the exploited class. He is born in a broken-down room, usually with a massive alcoholic inheritance in his blood. While the maternal author of his days casts him out into the world, assisted by an old vicious midwife, his father, the paternal author, between retches that silence the parturient's rightful cries, gets drunk with a wine thicker than the grime of his squalor.

I commend myself for the business of not being a worker, for not having been born in a proletarian home.

The father, drunk and always on the verge of unemployment, hits his son with a beating chain for hitting, and he addresses the child only to inculcate murderous ideas in him. From childhood, the proletarian child works, jumping from trolley to trolley to sell his newspapers. At school, which he never finishes, he is humiliated daily by his wealthy classmates. At home, that filthy dump, he witnesses the prostitution of his mother, who lets herself get tied up by neighborhood businessmen to hang on to her credit.

At my school we had one, a proletarian child.

Stropani was his name, but our elementary teacher changed it to "Estropeado." With kicks he was led to the principal's office each time Estropeado, addled by hunger, could not understand directions. We reveled greatly in this.

Evidently, bourgeois society takes pleasure in torturing the proletarian child, that drivel, that larva raised among terror and madness.

As years pass by the proletarian child becomes a proletarian man and is worth less than nothing. He contracts syphilis, and no sooner than falling sick, he feels the irresistible impulse to marry and spread the disease through generations. Since the only inheritance he can leave behind are his chancres, he never abstains from leaving them. He makes the beast with two backs with his illicit wife as many times as he can, and so, by dint of an alchemy I still cannot bring myself to understand (and perhaps never will), his semen turns into venereal proletarian children. Thus, the circle closes; it completes itself vexingly.

Estropeado! with his shorts held up by a single cloth suspender and newspapers under his arm, was walking toward us without noticing us, three bourgeois boys: Esteban, Gustavo, and I.

In our blood withal we carry a contempt for workers.

Gustavo blocked the sidewalk with the wheel of his blue bicycle. Estropeado stopped and watched us with apprehensive eyes, his gaze inquiring what new ignominy he would be subjected to. We weren't sure either, but we began by lighting his newspapers on fire and stripping him of the earnings he kept deep in his tattered pockets. Estropeado watched us bewilderingly, his face white with fear

oh for that fear-blanced color on cursed faces, on the semblances of the most hated workers, to see it appear without vanishing, we would have given our multicolored palaces, the air that crowned us in golden hues.

Pushing and kicking, we sent Estropeado diving into the bottom of a shallow ditch. There he was splashing face down, his face stained with mud, and. Our zeal intensified. Gustavo twisted his face in a spasm of agonizing pleasure. Esteban handed him a piece of sharp, triangular glass. The three of us dove into the ditch. Gustavo, with his arm ending in a piece of triangular glass

held high, got close to Estropeado and stared at him. I clenched my testicles out of fear of my own pleasure, scared of my own howling, agonizing pleasure. Gustavo slashed the proletarian child's face from one side to the other and then deepened laterally the lips of the wound. Esteban and I howled. Gustavo held up his arm with his other hand to intensify the force of the incision.

Don't give out Gustavo, don't give out.

That's how we would've liked to die, when rapture and vengeance inter-penetrate and reach their climax.

Because rapture brings rapture, brings vengeance, brings climax.

Because Gustavo, in the sun, seemed to brandish a glistening sword, with flashes that also managed to wound our eyes and our rapturous organs.

Because rapture was already decreed there, by decree, in those shorts held up by a single gray cloth strap, grimy and threadbare.

Esteban ripped it off, exposing the proletarian child's bare, bitterly malnourished ass to the elements. The rapture was there, already decreed, and Esteban, Esteban with a single swat, ripped off the dirty strap. But it was Gustavo who first pounced on him, the first who charged at Estropeado's body, Gustavo, who would later lead us at a mature age, all these years of failed, spoiled passion: him first, first he drove the triangular glass where Estropeado's crack began to elongate the natural cleft. Blood spread up and down, lit up by the sun, and his anus moistened readily as if to ease the act we were preparing. And it was Gustavo, Gustavo who first ran through with his phallus, enormous for his age, too sharp for love.

Esteban and I contained ourselves, our throats choked off by an anxious, desperate silence. Esteban and I. With our phalluses rigid in our hands, we waited and waited while Gustavo gave

thrusts that drilled through Estropeado and Estropeado could not shout, not even shout because his face was firmly pressed in the mud by Gustavo's strong, military hand.

Esteban's stomach twisted from anxiety, and after a fit of heaving he dislodged something from his stomach, something that fell at my feet. It was a splendid combination of bright objects, richly adorned, glaring in the sun. I bent down, incorporated it into my stomach, and Esteban understood our kinship. He threw himself into my arms, and I pulled down my pants. Through my anus I ejected. I dislodged a luminous mass that gleamed in the sun. Esteban ate it and into his brotherly arms I threw myself.

In the meantime, Estropeado was drowning in the mud, with his opaque anus scraped by Gustavo's phallus, who finally announced his rapture with a bellow. The innocence of vengeful pleasure.

Esteban and I fell upon the defiled body. Esteban drove in his phallus, recondite, fecal, and I pierced his foot with a scriber through the sole of his espadrille. But lamentably, I was not content with that. One by one, I cut off the grimy, malodorous toes from his feet, at this point of no use to him. Never again running around, running and leaping from trolley to yellow trolley. My turn was nearing but I had no desire to penetrate his anus.

"I want him to suck me," I rasped.

Esteban was struggling in his final gasps. I waited for Esteban to finish, for Estropeado's face to part from the mud so Estropeado could lick my phallus, but I had to resign myself to waiting, to arm myself in the delay. Thus all the things I did to him, in the afternoon of the waning blue sun, with a prick. I opened up a double-lipped channel in his left leg until his idle, detestable bone was exposed. It was a white bone like the others, but his bones were not all so. I sliced his hand and saw another bone, his phalangeal nodules tense, clinging to mud, while Esteban

agonized on the verge of coming. I wrapped my red tie around the proletarian child's neck and tried something. Four quick, painful jerks, withal missing the pristine, argentine finale of death. Still slipping away in demurral.

Gustavo, for his part, shouted his pleas for a fine, cambric handkerchief. He wanted to clean the sharp, rosy point of his phallus that Estropeado stained with a swirl of fecal matter. Looks like Estropeado shit himself. Between parentheses, Gustavo's phallus was enormous and aggressive. With complete independence it moved by itself like that, just like that, nodding and lunging. What's more, he pursed his thin lips as if he was about to howl now. And the sun set, the sun that set, *set*. We were illumined by the final rays in the coastal blue afternoon. Each thing that breaks and breaks within and breaks without, within and without, within and without, enters and leaves breaking, livid Gustavo watched the dying sun and demanded that cambric handkerchief, embroidered and maternal. To calm him I gave him my cambric handkerchief where my august mother's face was embroidered, surrounded by a splendid halo like sham sunrays, while I wiped my tears with that same handkerchief, and on it I spilled, years later, my first and fluttering ejaculation.

Because vengeance brings rapture and rapture vengeance but not just in any vagina, and preferably in none. With my cambric handkerchief in hand, Gustavo cleaned his aggressive prick and, like that, returned it bloody and brown. My tongue cleaned it in an instant, restoring my handkerchief to the august face, the portrait with a pearl necklace, eh. With a necklace of pearls. Right there.

Esteban rested, staring into the air after coming, and it was my turn. I got close to the shaspe of Estropeado half-buried in the mud and flipped him over with my foot. On his face gleamed the hackwork of the triangular glass. His scrawny belly shone blue and livid. His arms and legs were

drawn up, even now, after the thrashing, he was trying to protect himself. A thought he could not have had, condemned by his class in that moment. With my scribe I stretched his bellybutton with another slash. Blood ran down between his fingers. In the most brutal fashion the scribe plucked out both eyes with two and solely two exact thrusts. Gustavo congratulated me and Esteban abandoned his gesture of pondering the sun's spherical glass to commend me. I crouched. I joined my phallus to Estropeado's breathing mouth. With the five fingers of my hand I mimicked the form of a whip. I whipped away strips from Estropeado's face and imparted a simple order:

“You gotta lick it. Suck me.”

Estropeado began sucking. With scant effort, as if he were afraid of harming me, increasing my pleasure.

Another thing. Truthfully, a death never managed to vex me. Those whom I have said to love and who have died, if I ever once said it, including friends, on leaving they gave me a clear sense of liberation. It was a blank space there extended for my treading.

It was a blank space.

It was a blank space.

It was a blank space.

But it will come for me, too. My death will be another solitary birth that I don't even know if I remember.

From the cold glass tower. From where I have later contemplated the laborer's work of laying down the new train tracks. From the erect tower as if I could ever have been erect. The bodies patiently exhausted themselves over the labors of the job. Executive Death, exhausted,

that left me empty and tensed. I am he who only yesterday said and that's what I say.

Exasperation never abandoned me and my style confirms it letter by letter.

From this moribund mindset the death of a proletarian child is a perfectly logical and natural act. It is a perfect act.

Estropeado's remains would give no more. My hand felt them while he licked my phallus. With my eyes half-closed and on the verge of coming, I understood, with a single caress of the hand, that all was now wounded with exhaustive precision. The sun hid, denied its rays to an entire hemisphere, and the afternoon died. I let loose my hammering fist on Estropeado's flattened, animal head: he kept licking my phallus. Impatient, Gustavo and Esteban wanted me to finish once and for all: carry out the act. I grabbed fistfuls of Estropeado's hair and shook his head to speed up the climax. I couldn't go from there to enter into the other act. I put the scriber in his mouth to feel the cold metal next to my phallus. Until I came out of sheer thrill. Then I let the flattened animal head settle on the mud.

"Now we have to strangle him quickly," said Gustavo.

"With wire," said Esteban, "in the dirt road leading to the poor neighborhood of the unemployed."

"And so long, Stropani! Let's go," I said.

We carried the proletarian child's limp body to the agreed location. We produced wire. Gustavo strangled him under the jeweled moon, pulling on the ends of the wire. His tongue hung out of his mouth, as in all cases of strangulation.

4. The Return

And that's how it went. Violent desires to sleep with someone, with anyone, made me leap out of bed race to the kitchen drink one, two and even three cups of sapid *mate*. I smoked like someone who trills at the noise of the sun he will never hear. And I wrote, I must have been about to write, stopping while writing to, once again, seethe at the goldenicky window. But why stop? For the pain in my balls and my throat. For the edges that slip away from my fingers the moment I hold onto them. For the sun noise that would make itself heard. For the noise of desire to trills at someone else any which way.

Diminisher of the Onerous Levels

Down to the level of your dark shit the edge or farther down the thick mixture. A shipwrecked possibility of the real turned into reality. Doctor Katsky leveler of my excrement to a normal level normal and real or what could not be. Katsky might have imagined it like that: this person must be endowed with a plundered anus softly tear away that sandal in bloom that souses from the mouth of its stunning anus. No need to water like that no need to douse like that no need to douse like that and I doused. This guy said fucking Katsky pointing at me we're gonna make him leave his excrement (his drug), we'll make him leave it like the cigarette in delicate progress. He'll feel it or feel it even less than a corpse. Corpses don't feel they make themselves felt. You'll reenter the normal level of excrementation. You'll witness the pyramid shrink until it

numbs itself with the costive plain. We would wear tall wooden clogs and spend the day seated, shitting in enormous, rusted spittoons until those containers overflowed and we were brusquely thrown headlong on the ground, by sheer force of the overflowing excrement. We would even shit in small holes dug with our own hands. And I watered. What did the *marrow* of the matter consist of? Of what. Of what. I acted as if my obligation was inevitable, shit up a garden until I demolished it. A garden that was, in any case, better to have lost than to have found. Even if it is always better to lose. And of what. I watered. *This doesn't cut it* said Katsky splashing. The white fabric of his coveralls was like a target and attracted everything. Ahem ahem. His Marxist-Jew face seemed to screw up foolish patsy. You don't like my watering? My watering is my life! Never shall enough wars be invented for them. Clock. The treatment resumed. God was a witness. There was no one else. You wanted me to burst, ah? Doctor Katsky. That morning we arrived on the island and we could say rightfully. We have arrived on the island. To the coarse condition of the treatment prerecorded by the circular outline of an island. Even when that morning, that morning I had exceeded myself worse than usual. And I was off. Off any scale. And there was no accounting for the deceit in which I proposed every explanation: I shit figurines, my idols. I pile them on the costive plain. And it is *cosa mia*. And it is *cosa nostra*. You could hang yourself. You could hang yourself with your white fabric. Like I can wall myself in with this. Idol. *Ídolo*. The morning in bloom. Marxist-Jew dog. My figurines die earth swallows all violent is its element. They "pluck out their eyes with bayonets. Thosewho." Fought. We wanted to kill each other. We had to let go and I was holding on. To pieces. And not. To professions and not. No need to hold on. To the flesh water the mouth, to the procreated flesh and no there wasn't any. No need to hold onto little idols. To idol statues. AWOL. And no. No need to hold on, I don't even know. No. No. A crushing blow of No. Your face mine. It's not a

face. An amateur butcher's slashes. And not. Holding on. To the shipwreck - what a wreck!
Gone to shit in bloom and not. (Katsky!). There was no and there was no O sole mio

Uncle Bewrkzogues

There's no answer. There's no answer. There's no answer. 4) There's no answer.

There's no answer. There's no answer. 3) There's no answer. There's no answer.

I strangled her. I strangled her using a red tie with white spots. Then I had her. How costly these nuptials have been! Oh mother, oh mother, oh mother. There's no answer. 2) There's no answer. There's no answer. There's no answer. Pa look in my eyes. When I have a white house, whole-white, I swear I won't stain it with blood. I will steer clear of doing that. It will be a perfect white house upon a green hill and I. I will not murder anyone there. Barring oversights or slip-ups. This slip-up. No one shall I murder there. Killing is an abomination. Thus, no one shall I kill in the milk-white house. There will be no splattering of blood in there, not a single bone with my bite marks on it. Nor will the razor rust for morbid reasons, nor will anyone charge me with phrases of cords, the curtain cords, tied up, the tie. Cut. Nor the phrase nor the caliber of the phrase. Shoot low, at the legs no higher. I will not do anything bad there. Kill. Please. I will never kill anyone again. Even if they don't give me that white house. It could be just a roof, isolated, displaced, a hat, yes, a piece of ordinary post to rest against. No. I will not kill anyone else. No. Cunt. Those who love assassins and lunatics, I say, I would teach them to keep loving. Give me them. Yes. I will not kill anyone else. I will cut off my hands before doing so. I will not kill a child no matter how tempting their little bodies: not a single child. Killing is an abomination.

Killing, killing, killing is an abomination!

1) There's no answer.

Pa, pops, poppy, paisy, paps. Peace and postponement. 0) There's no answer. But I already said I would never kill anyone again. Dripping with tears when I received the telegram I cried like a. A lunatic. *Uncle Bewrkzogues has died*. I cried. In the most Chilean way. Death has it with others. I heart ironed with gold and braided jism. Ex I standing and hidden. But no: I will never kill again. They opened the cell in the morning. They opened another cell. From the second one the women came down. The fashion was wearing crushing chains on one's waist. They left the cell clinking their chains, clinking since the morning. The first one was of men. They came down. And here we are. That was it. If this is Pepe, perfect: this is Ramon. It's a thing, apparent. Two and one for the disposal. Women with cunts. In one row. Another row men..... a vigilant grayson. He believes the handcuffs should be adjusted like *so*. It hurts my wrists pointlessly. Just a little is enough. Jail has its advantages. Stable jail is preferable to roaming from station to station. The city is not cruel. Only an idiot can complain about an organized city. Everything is perfect. I want to be alone in the white house. Don't leave anyone lest I fall into temptation. Or yes, leave many. Although there aren't many. Not even one.

Oh mother, the wedding should have resolved in the simple civil, followed by a meal with the families. But you insisted in the fashions you called Napoleonic fashions. You took off your gold sandal and put forward your foot for me to kiss, trembling. You insisted. You smiled high and I sighed down there, struggling with the discomfort of my formal wear, the damned dress sword, the congestion of all my features. I started smoking, I blew smoke, and you gave the

order to hook up the horses, in the fashion, you went with the tulle, grazing against your bare nipples. Oh mother. Why have you made such costly nuptials if your son can't stand before you?

The canteen was full. I stood in front of the microphone with my mouth wide open, unable to sing or understand. The canteen was full. There's answer. Asking me other times what to do when there was. Nothing to do. Being in that distant kitchen looking through the distant window, looking at two trees in ogive. Being without a thing to do in every instant, there's no answer, there's no answer. Each song has its rifts. It is the singer who gets lost, *but*. There's no answer. The canteen was full. Third Part, Chapter XII. In "The Fjord," one reads, surprisingly: "It was then that my wife appeared." Thus it reads.) There's no answer. Our Father who art in heaven, schizophrenic, if it was up to me I would not have killed, it was for the others: I was too extroverted. The doorwoman pretended to block me from entering my own home, things that happen to me. We both struggled toward the elevator. She didn't want me to enter my own house. Thrown out of my house, expelled to the desolate opposite corner, I thought, I came to think: if she throws me out of my house I'll never return. Our Porker who art in manure, your place yes there I see you syrupy in lumps, if it was up to me I would have killed the others, not myself, that's enough. But I stopped myself. Introverted. Pa indulge my eyes There's no answer or there's an answer r there's an answer there's an answer here's an answer ere's an answer re's an answer e's an answer 's an answer an answer n answer answer nswer swer wer er r.

Ninth Part. Chapter II. In the novel, the marquis of Sebregondi said: "And God is this, this asshole who thinks just because he went to Military School he's gonna get out of the draft?" He said, and felt justified in his homosexuality - active - and confirmed, conformed in his severe, each time more severe need for drugs. Patience, he said. Ass and terror. He had a digital penis,

phalangeal. Orthopedic, a bright object served as his hand: they had severed it. He was hanging out over here and over there. Bacheloring, among other things. He received it first in family, until it appeared he was a gaucho. He felt about. Made his story. They put him aside. He knew a thing about surgery, and he went in with the bands to operate. Battle wounds. Him over there, his stump over there. Here. Killing is an abomination.

And difficulties in defecating and ejaculating, a green paste. And I wouldn't talk that way about politics. Uncle Bewrkzogues lowers his pants. It's a May day in warm Europe. The grass grows. Uncle Bewrkzogues lies down. Always play the key when it corresponds to anything European: they invented the key for a reason. The grass grows: again. Uncle Bewrkzogues lowers his pants and waits for the comely girl to come back from the fields. When they come we will lose the scene...

Gypsy, gypsy... Gypsy!

Papa, why do you laugh
at me? I have spoken to
you with all the honesty
I can muster. If you think I
speak nonsense please cor-
rect me. But do not laugh.
What do you laugh at? At
what I hold to be good and

sacred? Even supposing that I'm wrong, supposing this theory is superficial and erroneous, supposing I'm an idiot as you've often called me, I could be mistaken but that does not stop me from being noble and honest. I have not committed a single ignominy. I am stirred by lofty ideas. They may be wrong, but the foundation on which they stand is sacred. And neither you nor any of your friends have ever said anything to me

that could guide or influence
my life. Review your argu-
ments and present me with
some that are fair, then I will
follow you. But please: do
not laugh at me. You do no-
thing more than wound me.

Crossbeams

The rooftops are in their place. The plazas have games and are covered in grass in the spring. Here is the first fallacy. The children don't go to the plaza with preconceived ideas about playing. They often have another hazard, another hammock. When it swings the hammock can hit someone's nape, will surely hit it. Here is the atrocious death, the second fallacy. The blood in the spring covers the grass in the plaza. That little lopped life, in the end, hardly matters: on this bench two ghosts chat and a third plays dead from being hit by the hammock. There is no third or fourth fallacy. On this bench the ghosts, mutilated, seated, turn transparent. They cross through each other. Those images are sharp and they cut. Trams, yellow trams. Those images pass through or are pierced through. Like an anus that will cross (will cross) through the hole of another anus. Or rings. A game of concentric displaceable rings one passing through the other. In the hazard of spring, without hazard, much flesh was chosen by dispersion, decided to cut it into small pieces until disappearing. But they did not pass through, did not touch, did not come to touch. In the hazard of spring the blade sliced what was allowed for slicing. The blades worked. In the hazard of spring there was no certainty, no legitimacy, less hazard. The anuses puckered inward. Seated, mutilated (on wood cut into crossbeams), seated and mutilated they puckered. And those crossing crossbeams, a ghost the image of the other ghost, were the same among all. Same but not alike. The same. They were divested of the power to touch, they stayed frozen in their pose. The anus crossed through the other, questioning the notion of the abnormal. The anus was a hole meant to be cut and was the place where the other anus crossed through to cross. To not be confined to its own place. Because across. Did cross. Or would. Thus it could cross, travel from its place to the other. This is the fifth fallacy. In the hazard of spring this plaza does not bloom, at most blood flows from the fountain. The hammocks cause the death of a little lopped

life, which gushes blood and effect. If this lopped life cannot cross, they also won't be able to cut it into large crossbeams. Sixth fallacy, the years athwart. The years athwart, from that image taken like an image, from the figure of the game of concentric rings, recede: seen from that anus taken as empty and as mirror, the years athwart are crossbeams

No one will forbid Roxano from decorating his room with portraits of wrestlers. Roxano is a faggot. He's Sebreondi's lover. So no one will forbid Roxano from putting glossy photos on his wall: least of all the marquis. That's life. That's how things are arranged in the apartment of Arenales, I think, and Callao: perverse, crazy, shapeless, Roxano kisses, licks those bronze paper men. Sebreondi is in the bathroom, at the mirror, in a robe. First hit. I feel good. I am Narcissus of the river. I never looked worse than the day I saw myself with a package and some dough. The tinkling coins were lovely, like the oval morning, like the door of an inaccessible room. Forbidden. Inaccessible. Room. But the package was there. They pretended not to look, but with all calmness, in plain daylight, because people on the street are blind, took out their 9mms. Inaccessible room. Closed but as if the closure would cross it. People roam blindly through the streets. They shoot up an infinitude before their narrowed eyes. Roxano is an expert in turn with the Sevillian's razor. Roxano decks himself with flowers, but as if time, as if time did not pass. Floozy Roxano, or gay in his lingo, in an ill-fitting shirt. But always as if the closure crossed through him. Sebreondi has now dressed in the morning because this morning he has an operetta. He carries a black briefcase, but as if time did not pass, boiling in demurrals. The instruments go inside. His orthopedic hand hides in his left pocket. He hides the digital one in his zipper. He leaves. They wait. They are waiting for him. But I have to decide in the end or

trembling indecisive will be my end. Roxano has put a t-shirt of horror over his golden torso. And shorts. He plays with the Sevillian, Sevillian knife. Moving it skillfully, softly taking it out in silence. But they shine, the slashes shine in the air. The slash opens. Oversight. Sebreondi returns. He gives a gay greeting at the door.

The marquis found the Valiant parked waiting on the corner of Parana and Juncal. He did not know the driver, a guy in his 40's, dressed with the elegance of a professional. Truly his hands were of an exemplary beauty: the marquis studied them admiringly. In Olivos, end of the trip, the car stopped in front of a french-tile chalet. Galewski opened the door after making sure. The man with the lovely hands, with his back to the marquis, who entered his home, parted once more in the Valiant.

Galewski fiddled with a gold lighter in the living room. Sebreondi looked up and saw Sergio posted on the landing of the first floor with a Tommy gun, probably a Dalfia Oken made in Belgium. On hearing the movements, the murmurs, Dora Imaz slipped into her shoes and tied them as she leaped out of bed. Smiling, she came down the stairs without seeing Sergio. She smiled at the marquis as if to soothe the tragic atmosphere. As if to conceal, better said, or soothe, the general stupor produced by a shootout.

As soon as the marquis saw her he reached out his hand and she held out a white envelope. The marquis double-checked its contents: five fifty dollar bills. He marched behind Dora to the garret where Jonch was lying, riddled with bullets. It was only a matter of moments with him. Dora held onto Galewski's arm. Dora and Galewski directed an inquisitive gaze, as one should, to the marquis. Sebreondi returned a bitter grimace. With his orthopedic hand he hit his nose and told them he would do what he could, but not to hope for anything.

He prepared the instruments. Jonch's bed was covered in blood. He extracted the first bullet from the lumbar (close to lumbar) region, a .45 caliber. He extracted the second one. He placed both of them in a glass ashtray. They clinked and Dora and Galewski sighed with relief. But Jonch had died. The marquis confirmed it, ear pressed against his mute heart. Next to the body's chest, the marquis' face did not relay the effect of an answer. Galewski finally put away his gold lighter. Dora left the garret. Truthfully, she was offended.

The marquis gave the news to Sergio as he passed by the Tommy gun. The Valiant was waiting on the street. They'd have to dispose of the body.

Galewski rang up Ramon and told him to lift a pick-up. Ramon carried out the order and showed up to Olivos two hours later. Dora was swimming in the pool. Galewski and Ramon put the bundle in a tarp and carried it to the trunk, which now had its original plates switched with false ones from Goya, Corrientes province. Ramon turned on the engine and they split. In the chalet Dora drank a strong sedative. Sergio left the Dalfia Oken to rest on the living room couch.

Jonch.

A Sebregondi with cash is a Sebregondi withal. Now he's screwing Roxano. They talk while they fuck. Or chat.

Roxano: like that, just like that. Sebregondi: More, yeah, I can give you a little more.
 Roxano: Give it to me. Sebregondi: Take this, here's two phalangeal nodules, if you get me.
 Roxano: Yeah, it went *crack*, it went *crack crack*. Sebregondi: Does it hurt? Roxano: No, I'm wrapped around you like a ring. Sebregondi: A pity, my boy. In the beginning it hurt you.

Roxano: But it's no longer the beginning, it's the end. And there's no saving me. I've swallowed the whole thing. Sebreondi: Yeah, I'm gonna finish. Let me close my eyes and concentrate.

Roxano: I've gotta finish too, goddamn, I'm gonna give myself a hand. Sebreondi: When I have to operate, my one hand doesn't shake. Roxano: Me, I would tremble if I were getting operated on, but not if I were gonna open a guy up. Sebreondi: Big shot. Roxano: Yeah, I'm a bad faggot. Sebreondi: But what matters most is that you'll eat the whole thing. I'm about to come.

Roxano: I'm touching myself in a frenzy. Sebreondi: I came like a motherfucker. Roxano: Don't take it out, I'm flooding on the sheets. Sebreondi: Fine, I'll leave you strung up for a minute. Roxano: Mhmm; on a grapnel, on a hook.