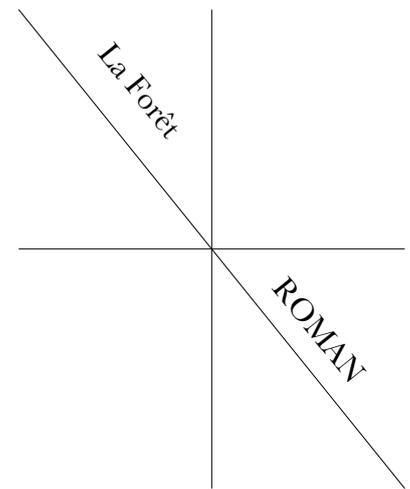


FIRST WAS ONE



Black screen

(Footage of a football field in Ostia – it looks like a place that has just been deserted. Funeral)

voice over reading in German *Der Schmerz, Der Liebhaber*

2<sup>nd</sup> of November 1994

2<sup>nd</sup> of November 1975

...

P.P.P. was killed the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November 1975, The Day of The Dead

coincidences and choices

desire of one's death

(how does one remember?)

2 12 46

48 3 06

33 1 102

8 30 32

14 126 14

132 17 43

16 42 511

704 83

170 16 39

514 700 142

612 349

17 114 02

I want them to find me with my sex hanging out with my pants stained with cum, among the weeds lacquered by blood colored liquid. I am convinced that even the most extreme acts of which I alone, the actor, am a witness, (in a river that no one can reach) will have their sense in the end.

P.P.P. – Porcile, 1974 –

‘You, David, are like a bull on an April day,’ said Eliot. ‘In the hands of a laughing boy, gently bound for slaughter.’

‘Enrique, Emilio, Lorenzo,’ said Hugo, ‘the three in my hands were, three shadows of a horse.’

‘But here it is - the forest of our life,’ said I.

‘16:90 – do not hope to write a Roman,’ I was writing down, ‘this style – that’s how impossible to write anymore.’

‘I see Bercy bridge,’ said Eliot.

‘To think about going back,’ said Hugo, ‘penser avec les mains.’

‘How does one return?’ said I.

‘How does one remember?’ said Hugo.

‘Either express yourself and die,’ said I, ‘or remain unexpressed and immortal.’

‘I see the wave bridges,’ said Eliot, ‘the same width of the two rivers. To say goodbye, to divide.’

‘I see almost a graveyard, a crow-hail,’ said I.

‘I see bridge overtroubled people,’ said Eliot.

‘I have never gone down into these downstreams of the Seine,’ said Hugo.

Adieu, France!

Adieu, France!

Adieu, France!

*Marie Stuart\**

‘You can come with me to the forest,’ said I, ‘and the French forest, it is beautiful.’

‘Yes, we went to the forest,’ said Hugo, ‘into its thick longing, its pale leaves. It was too hot, there was too little time.’

‘And you?’ said I, ‘you will say that the winter will make us closer. And I? I want to take it, (the forest), away for me. I thought we were again in the same place. You are always worried about what you are doing there, and don’t know how I feel.’

‘And I don’t know how I feel,’ said Hugo.

lands lands lands  
woods woods woods  
(we ran away)

‘But here it is’, said Hugo, ‘the forest! And we're standing at the entrance to the unknown. Pale fire leaves.’

I'm confused now. What did I want to ask you about? So this is the forest, the forest of our life. Suddenly, I call you myself. Maybe I'm in despair. Maybe there are no birds and streams do not flow in that forest (the river swollen from the tears salty)

‘You see – the world,’ said I.

‘You turn your head – but the splendid clarity of your intelligence, and the remorseless honesty of your intellect (these Latin words I owe you; these qualities of yours make me shift a little uneasily and see the faded patches, the thin strands in my own equipment) bring you to a halt. You indulge in no mystifications. You do not fog yourself with rosy, yellow clouds.’

‘Do not get distracted’, said Eliot, ‘do not consider these possibilities, these concentrations of life (and death) as something deliberate.’

‘j'etais persuadé,’ said I, ‘que des fêtes de ce genre prolongent la vie des gens, et nous font tourner dans les rets du mystère’

‘10 broken arms on my knee,’ said Hugo.

‘songs of Geneva,’ said Eliot, ‘he wanted to die in Geneva lake but he didn't like ravens there.’

‘You and your lake lands,’ said I.  
(I vaguely distinguish ...)

We never went to the Forest, as in Virginia Woolf's *lighthouse*  
My long ways  
Your intractable ways (irreducible neither by any law nor by any prohibition)

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the last words of Dostoevsky's heroes (My God, a whole moment of happiness! Is that too little for the whole of a man's life?)

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‘Was Bernard at the right or left window of the train? But the sun had not risen yet.’

‘The sun had already risen,’ said I.

He says, ‘The sun is skimming the surface of the sea.’

A patch of sunlight has appeared on the lower part of the wall, it comes from under the door, it's the size of a hand, it quivers on the stone. The patch lives for only a few seconds, then suddenly disappears, snatched from the wall at its own speed, the speed of light.

He says, ‘The sun is gone. It came and went, the way it does in a prison.’

Double – by liberation and capture  
(I was the shadow of the waxwing slain)  
Roman le Double

seven nights higher red makes for red,  
seven hearts deeper the hand knocks on the gate,  
seven roses later plashes the fountain.

forming three oppositions (time as the affectin of self by self)  
returning to the three oppositions (what can happen if my body is made this way, a certain relation of movement and rest which subsumes an infinity of parts?)

now surfaced, the oppositions (he always asks what we are capable of, what's in our power)

too rustle roar (what is common to the affecting body and the affected body?)

(incorrectly posed problem)

problem – solution (to live on the edges, at the limit of his own power of being affected)

as an opposition (It's inevitable: a blue that is too intense for my eyes will not make me say it's beautiful)

furthermore – (as a link)

hand – desire

Lets forget about it (in what do the body which affects me and my own body agree?)

A desire (for something?) – existed before its creation

***It's me, gore bloody***

Our meetings are only on the pages, and they are wet with tears, golden.

‘A summer evening’, say I, ‘seems to be at the heart of the affair.’

A poet	a tale of the sea
ravens fall	novels titles

**abandoned people –**

this whore from the Normandy coast	Yann Andréa as a bringer of death
women with big white baskets Shakespeare women	Giorgione 'The Tempest'/La Douleur

**– rescued**

**– rescuing**

<b>h</b>	MATA HARI IT IS ME (she was shot by soldiers in the morning in the yard)	heads at the cliff heads of the cliff	
Hive Ritournelle and 'a little phrase' of Proust	M. Ravel's <i>Boléro</i> : 'Archives'	Almost a graveyard, a crow-hail,	bodies in ravines

The title of the Roman / the memory of an artist, an author of letters and a lover  
Livorno  
Roma Ciampino

From Sunday to Monday, all the herbs of the world will fade  
1944

Take this weight, boy, though you hate me.  
Carry it yourself. It shines bright in the heart.  
And I shall walk lightly on, always choosing

life, and youth.

And I shall walk lightly on, always choosing

life, and youth.

And I shall walk lightly on, always choosing

life, and youth.

Возьми же это бремя, мальчик, ненавидящий меня:  
неси его ты. Вновь вспыхнет сердце  
и я зашагаю налегке вперед и вперед, всегда выбирая  
жизнь и молодость.

и я зашагаю налегке вперед и вперед, всегда выбирая  
жизнь и молодость.

и я зашагаю налегке вперед и вперед, всегда выбирая  
жизнь и молодость.