

**Una muñeca de cerámica con ojos violetas que mira fijo hacia el
centro imaginándose que está viva.
(Libreto, historia, probablemente un filme)**

Créditos:

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por Miramax/Disney, Director de fotografía:
Omar Acosta, Music: ALTER EGO/Scartis-
sue, Directora de Arte: Vanessa Acosta,
Productores ejecutivos: The Rich Guys
in the Bronx

**A
Porcelain
Doll with
Violet Eyes,
Staring into
Space and Imag-
ining She Is Alive
(Script or story: prob-
ably a film)**

Tomando prestado
la plantilla de
uno de los
guiones de
Paul Aus-
ter...

Credits:

Written by Lourdes Vázquez, Trans-
lation by Bethany M. Korp-Edwards,
Directed by Lourdes Vázquez, Produced by
Miramax/Disney, Director of Photography:
Omar Acosta, Music ALTER EGO/Scartissue,
Art Director: Vanessa Acosta, Executive Produc-
ers: The Rich Guys in the Bronx.

Borrowing a template of one of Paul Auster's scripts...

CAST

In order of appearance:

Mercedes: alias Meche, Mechita, Merceditas

Antiguo Amado

Asafarfa: alias Farfi, Farfita, Asa

The Hashish Man

Pollyannas Incorporated

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Antiguo Amado

Asafarfa: alias Farfi, Farfita, Asa

The Hashish Man

Pollyannas Incorporated

1.INT. CAMA PINK

Cast: Mercedes, Antiguo amado

Enguñendo un par de pastelillos de guayaba, Mercedes entra a escena. A consecuencia de la grasa acumulada en su estómago, apenas puede mantenerse en pie. Mercedes se da vueltas agitando las manos como alas de un pavo enfermo. Cae, se levanta, vuelve a caer en su cama pink con colcha que hace juego repleta de toda clase de muñecos. Lo que no se imagina Meche es que en un instante, estos tomarían vida y se abalanzarían hacia ella: un oso peluche, una muñeca de cerámica con ojos violetas que mira fijo hacia el centro imaginándose que está viva, una muñeca con cara en forma de corazón y un par de hilachas plásticas por pelo. Merce se levanta, zigzaguea, asume posición de combate, mas los muñecos, mucho más hábiles, por ser más jóvenes, le ganan la batalla. Extrema frustración es la que siente Meche y con su par de pastelillos de guayaba (que ya han caído al suelo) vuelve y cae y cae nuevamente y de nuevo cae hasta que su antiguo amado, aquel de toda la vida, penetra en la escena. ¡Ups! Este también cae esbaratándose la cabeza y decidiendo morir de muerte

Trem

enda

Tremenda muerte.

Una de ellas lo ha envenenado convirtiendo ese santísimo hombre en un viejo que le apesta la boca, Meche ha pensado todo esto mientras logra recuperar su postura. Rebusca y busca una docena de flores secas que recuerda se encuentran metidas en un armario: “Asafarfa, ¿dónde está el bonche de flores que guardé el otro día en el armario.” Mas Asafarfa no responde.

Meche abraza al muerto

Morib

undo

undo,

hundido

En su

oscura oscuridad

Meche, a pesar de que tiene la boca llena de azúcar abraza sin ser rechazada. El hedor al alcohol que emana del cuerpo la cubre de tal forma que la Mercedes ahora, en estos momentos, alucina

Aluci

nando

grita, se estruja la ropa, patalea, y Zum!!! se acuerda

1. INT. PINK BED

Cast: Mercedes, Ex-Lover

Gulping a couple of pastelillos de guayaba, Mercedes enters. Because of the grease accumulated in her stomach, she can hardly keep her balance. Mercedes spins around and around, waving the hands like the wings of a sick turkey. She falls down, gets up, falls down again on her pink bed (with a matching quilt), which is covered with all kinds of dolls and stuffed toys. What Meche could not have imagined is that a moment later, they would come to life and lurch towards her: a teddy bear, a porcelain doll with violet eyes staring into space and imagining she is alive, a doll with a heart-shaped face and plastic barrettes in her hair. Merce stands up, weaves, assumes a fighting stance, but the dolls are much younger and therefore much more agile, and they win the battle. What Mercedes feels is extreme frustration, and with her couple of pastelillos de guayaba (which by this time have fallen on the floor) she gets back up and falls down and falls again and once again falls, until her ex-lover, the lifelong one, enters the scene. Oops! He too falls, splitting his head open and deciding to die a

Trem

endous

Tremendous death.

One of them poisoned him and turned that saint of a man into an old man with bad breath, Mercedes thinks all this by as she manages to get back to her feet. She hunts and hunts for a dozen dried flowers that she remembers are somewhere in the wardrobe. “Asafarfa, where is that bonche de flores I stuck in the wardrobe the other day?” But Asafarfa does not reply.

Meche embraces the dying man

Fail

ing

fading

foundering

in his

darkening darkness

Meche, despite the fact that her mouth is full of sugar, embraces him without being rebuffed. The alcohol stench that emanates from the body covers her so that Mercedes now, right this instant, hallucinates

hallu

cinates

del baúl con todos los escritos del Otro, detrás de la puerta de entrada a esa habitación.

Aluc

inando se apropia de ellos y dis-
parada se restralla contra la cama pink. Así es como
escribe su primer comunicado de prensa.

2. INT. RUEDA DE PRENSA

Cast: Mercedes, Asafarfa

Mercedes ahora está en el escenario del Tapia con
sus pesadas cortinas rojas, que recuerdan el voude-
ville de los años veinte. Al fondo, el paisaje es uno
de una noche sin nieve. Un par de actores caminan
la oscuridad de aquel escenario,
despacio lentos

Muy

De
s
pa
ci
o.

Lentamente.

Meche ha convocado una rueda de prensa: “Señoras
y señores...” Mas una muñeca de piel pálida ha
brincado de una de las sillas reservada a los peri-
odistas. WAIT!... no es una muñeca, es Asafarfa
vestida en un suit Armani de lana negra. Mas Asa
no se asemeja a Asa. WAIT... I got it... Asa cubre
su falta de senos con ese ropaje masculino, Asa, sin
senos. ¿Why?

“Estoy olvidada. (Se trata del statement de Meche)

No han valido las fotos,
los comentarios,
la letra roja en el pavimento

No
estoy
No
he sido
No me
tomaron
en cuenta
te fuiste,
te olvidan,
te matan

Tal vez sea que he escrito sobre desaparecidos y
gente que se pierde en la neblina, ya mutilados y sus
huesos triturados.”

En ese instante Asafarfa saca un aerosol

screams, tears at her clothing, kicks violently, and
bam!!! she remembers the trunk full of the Other’s
writings, behind the door leading into this very
room.

Hallu

cinating she grabs them and abruptly
throws herself on the pink bed. And thus she writes
her first press release.

2. INT PRESS CONFERENCE

Cast: Mercedes, Asafarfa

Mercedes is on the stage of the renowned Tapia
Theater in San Juan, with its heavy red curtains
that put one in mind of a classy bordello from the
Roaring Twenties. In the background, the back-
drop shows a snowless night. A pair of actors walk
through the darkness upstage
despacio slowly

Muy

De
s
pa
ci
o.

Slowly.

Meche has called a press conference: “Ladies and
gentlemen ...” But a pale-skinned doll has jumped
on one of the seats reserved for journalists. WAIT!
That’s not a doll, that’s Asafarfa in a black wool Ar-
mani suit. But Asa doesn’t look ... no se parece a sí
misma ... not quite herself. WAIT ... I got it ... Asa
is covering her lack of breasts with that masculine
attire, Asa, without breasts. ¿Why?

“I am forgotten. (This is Meche’s statement.)

The photos were not enough
nor the comments
nor the red letters on the pavement

I
am not
I
never was
They never
paid me
any mind
you left,
are forgotten
are killed.

Perhaps I have written about the Disappeared and

para el pelo y atomiza allí mismo su cabellera. Se levanta Asa sin senos, con la botella de spray en la mano y sube a escena. “Meche, déjame explicarte algo. Let me interject.” Meche ha respondido: “Asa: ¿cómo y por qué te arrancaste los senos?” Farfi ha dicho: “Se ha tratado de personas que han cumplido con las ceremonias sociales; pagan sus taxes a tiempo, tiran la basura los miércoles, que es día de recogido de desperdicios y asisten a las kermés sociales, saludando con un beso en la mejilla a todo el mundo. Fui aceptada creo, sintiéndome feliz de haber llegado a mi cumbre provinciana, más la cumbre soñada. Necesitaba tan solo que las Pollyannas Incorporated, aquellas lobas que dirigen el escenario del tráfico cultural desde todos los frentes, me bendicieran. Es tarde, porque éstas han organizado un sistema que incluye una cola inmensa de aspirantes al reinado-reino junto a ellas. Go in a line, go to the end of the line, a little bit like the chosen victims of a Holocaust, ready to be sent to the gas chamber.”

Asafarfa se interrumpe ella solita hacia ella misma y se acerca al oído de Meche. “I have a love-hate thing with the public.” Mercedes ha dicho: “You see! Ahí radica la ciencia; hay que acudir a la kermés sociales, a la prensa y a todo lo demás, aunque no te inviten. Hay que dejarse ver. Hay que acercarse a la mejilla *chick to chick* y tirar un beso al aire. De no hacerlo a menudo, y he dicho a menudo, puede que alguna de ellas te rechace de plano con un: ¿Y de dónde nos conocemos? Eso exactamente aconteció conmigo...yo me acerqué a la homónima y ella de plano preguntó: ¿Y de dónde nos conocemos?, mientras alejaba su mejilla con espanto.

Porque las Pollyannas Incorporated se alimentan del marketing, las encuestas y los anuncios publicitarios. Es más complejo todavía, estratifican, elitizan y organizan en perfecto orden cronológico el patrimonio, entonces organizan interminables reuniones (algo así como la Unión de Escritores Cubanos en los años setenta o Octavio Paz Inc. durante los años oscuros) y determinan lo apropiado y noble según las misteriosas guías y reglamentos y la popularidad de la audiencia.”

3. INT. HASHISH

Cast: Mercedes, The Hashish Man

Una tarde cualquiera Meche iba camino a una

others who have gotten lost in the fog, mutilated, their bones ground to dust.

At that moment Asafarfa pulls out a can of hair spray and sprays her hair right there. The breastless Asa stands up with the bottle of hairspray in her hand and climbs onto the stage. “Meche, déjame explicarte algo. Let me interject.” And Meche answers, “Asa, how did you rip off your breasts, and why?” Farfi said: “It’s about people who have fulfilled the social ceremonies; they pay their taxes on time, take out their trash on Wednesdays because that is Garbage Collection Day and go to their society kermés and fairs, kissing everyone ‘hello’ on the cheek. I was accepted, I think; I was happy to have reached my provincial peak—more than that; the peak I had dreamed of. The only thing I needed was the blessing of Pollyannas, Inc., the she-wolves who direct cultural traffic on all fronts. It’s late because they had organized all of those who aspired to reign with them in their queendom into a line. ‘Get in line, go to the end of the line.’ A bit like the chosen victims of a Holocaust, ready to be sent to the gas chamber.”

Asafarfa interrupts herself suddenly and leans over to speak into Meche’s ear. “I have a love-hate thing with the public.” And Mercedes says, “You see! That’s how you get things done. You have to go to the kermés and the press conferences and everything else, even when you’re not invited. You have to let yourself be seen. You have to lean in *cheek to cheek*, chick to chick, and blow an air-kiss. If you don’t do that often—and I mean often—one of them might stop you in your tracks with a ‘Where do I know you from?’ That’s exactly what happened to me ... I walked up to one of them ... she had the same name as me, even: Mercedes ... and she stopped me cold. ‘Where do I know you from?’ as she pulled her cheek away in fright.

Because Pollyannas, Inc., feeds off of marketing, polls and press releases. Actually it’s more complex than that; they stratify, elitize and organize our heritage into perfect chronological order; then they organize endless meetings (something like the Unión de Escritores Cubanos in the Seventies, or Octavio Paz Inc. during the dark years) and determine what is right and noble according to the mysterious rules and regulations and their audience’s popularity.”

3. INT. HASHISH

Kermés de esas. Life is full of uncertainty... uno sale para un lugar y termina en otro. Hay que estar preparado para todo. Se encontró este amigo en la calle y fue tan grata la reunión que pasaron los minutos y las horas y cuando se detuvo a pensar, se encontraba con esta persona en su habitación de hotel y encendiendo una pipa árabe. “Hashish Man, hacía tiempo, hacia tanto tiempo, tiempísimo largo que no inhalaba hashish. “¿De dónde sacaste esto, brother?” Y se le nubló el entendimiento. The Hashish Man ha contestado: “¿De dónde va a ser? De Marruecos. Es lo major que sale de Tánger. Cerca del setenta porciento del hashish en el mercado europeo sale de Marruecos. Aunque las estadísticas varían, la producción de hashish está estimada en dos mil toneladas métricas por año.” Meche ha pensado: *No es que me hubiese importado tanto detalle, pero bueno, ahí quedo con toda esa información atacuñada en mi cabeza. ¿De qué me servirá?* Hacía calor, claro este ha sido un verano como pocos. Meche se deslizó (me deslicé) en un sofa mullido (¿mulloso?). Sus ojos se toparon con un cuadro de una mujer vestida con una túnica de seda anaranjada. Enroscada en sí misma, como un caracol dentro de una concha negra, duerme una siesta y parece que se resbala hacia Mechita y ella se dispone a agarrarla. “¡Eso es lo que debo hacer! ¡Se va a caer! Debo velar de que no se caiga.”

4. INT. PROMENADE

Cast: Pollyannas Incorporated, Asafarfa, Mercedes

Mientras tanto las Pollyannas Incorporated hacían ellas sus rondas por los salones intelectuales y literarios. Todos gravitaban hacia las susodichas incorporadas, jefas celestiales de la política culturali. Todos y todas enderezaban su pose y sonreían, cuando escuchaban el cric-crac particular de sus pisadas y los aromas de sus peculiares perfumes. A veces se detenían, se acercaban hacia alguno u otro y todos, como perros falderos, lamían las extremidades de estas señoras, que en alguna ocasión creyeron-se bonitas. Posibles miembros de sororidades, aspirantes a reinas del casino de su pueblo, casaderas todas para el buen disfrute del hombre que las escogió.

Meche ha dicho: “En un planeta ligado íntimamente al hambre, nos lamemos hasta la esperanza. Es por esto que varias esperanzas fueron mansilladas allí. ¿Cómo? De esta forma: You are

Cast: Mercedes, The Hashish Man

One ordinary afternoon, Meche was on her way to one of the aforementioned kerméses. Life is full of uncertainty ... you start out heading somewhere and end up somewhere else entirely. So you need to be prepared for everything. She ran into her friend on the street and it was so wonderful to see him that minutes and hours went by, and when she stopped to think she found herself with him in his hotel room lighting a bong. “Hashish Man, it’s been a while, a long while, an incredibly long while since I inhaled hashish. Where did you get this from, brother?” And her understanding clouded over. The Hashish Man answered, “Where do you think? Morocco. It’s the best thing that comes out of Tangiers. Seventy percent of the European market’s hashish is produced in Morocco. Although statistics vary, hashish production is estimated at two million metric tons per year.” And Meche thought, *I didn’t really need that much information, but hey, here I am with all that information jammed into my brain. What good will it do me?* It was hot, of course this summer had been one in a million. Meche slid (I slid) down onto the overstuffed (overfilled?) sofa. Her eyes fell on a painting of a woman in an orange silk tunic. Curled into a ball, like a snail in a black shell, she takes her nap and seems to be sliding towards Mechita, who reaches out to grab her. “That’s what I should do! She’s going to fall! I should watch her so she doesn’t fall.”

4. INT. PROMENADE

Cast: Pollyannas, Inc., Asafarfa, Mercedes

Meanwhile, the members of Pollyannas, Inc. have been making their rounds through intellectual and literary gatherings. Everyone gravitated towards the aforementioned corporation, the divine heads of culturati politics. Every man and woman would strike a pose and smile when the particular click-clack of their high heels was heard and caught the scent of their unique perfume wafted in. Sometimes they would pause and move closer to one aspirant or another, and everyone, like lap dogs, would rush in to lick the legs of those ladies, who had once believed themselves beautiful. Possible sorority girls, candidates for the crown of Queen of the local casino, housebound for the pleasure of the man that chose them.

in. You are not. You belong, you don't. Sepan todos que la relación de amo y esclavo se da mucho por estos lares. Dame más duro que me duele, y pa' que me siga doliendo y porque no merezco tu atención, solo para que cuando me veas en la acera caliente por el sol de los tantos mediodías, me revientes tus puños en las entrañas y yo me alegre. Sepan todos que antes de y después de, nos hemos soplado la nariz arrancándole los ojos al otro. Antes
Después

Antes, después, antes después, con el ritmo de una conga martillando el piso del gran salón. En el buen espíritu a la verdad se trata aquí del gran Salón de las Ratas. Oigan todos y diganme si no tengo razón. Es que es para volverse insane, cuando el insano es el otro. Cric, Crac Cric, Crac

Cric, Crac

Cric, Crac

Cric, Crac

Cric, Crac las pisadas.”

This is what Asafarfa said. “The Incorporated are three or four, never fat, never short, never dark skin, always, tall, elegant. They don't participate in the Yari-Yari performance. Yari-Yari is for black descendents only. Are you a black descendant?”

Pollyannas Incorporated contestan al unísono: “¿Por qué queremos, nos interesa o debemos aceptar tener un black ancestor?” Abur, Abur,

Abur

Abur

Abur.

Asafarfa ha dicho: “Do you remember the reception in the President's house. Everyone was happy, having a great time. “Sí recuerdo”, ha contestado Mercedesitas. “And he said: ‘I don't remember you’.”

Meche ha dicho: “Pernoctamos por una semana juntos, él ya tenía SIDA. Hablo del que votó por el Partido Republicano y se cansó de estudiar a Shakespeare para finalizar escribiendo libretos sobre la guerra de las drogas en Miami que Van-Gogh, el sobrino aquel, logró incluir en varios documentales. Hasta que lo mataron al Van-Gogh en un puente cualquiera de Amsterdam. ¡Un acto terrorista!!!” Asa ha dicho: “They don't remember, they don't know you either. You are transparent, invisible, like exile artists from the Spanish Civil War.” Asafarfa sacó un pequeño atomizador de su cartera parecido al MAZE y se lo enchufó en la boca. No era MAZE, era gengibre en perfume para el mal aliento.

On a planet intimately linked to hunger, we feed off of hope. And thus were various hopes conquered there. How? Like this: You are in. You are not. You belong. You don't. May everyone realize that the master-slave relationship is alive and well on these islands. Hit me harder so it will hurt, and so it will keep hurting and because I am not worthy of your attention just that when you see me on the sidewalk burning hot in the midday sun, may you sink your fists into my guts and it will bring me joy. May everyone know that before and after, we have blown our noses, ripping out each other's eyes.

Before

After

Before, after, before after, with the rhythm of the conga drum thumping through the dance floor. In the honorable spirit of truth, we are not talking about the great Hall of Rats. Hear ye, hear ye; and if I am wrong, speak. It's enough to drive you insane, when the insane one is really the other person. Click, clack.

click, clack

click, clack

click, clack

click, clack

Click clack the high heels.”

This is what Asafarfa said. “The Incorporated are three or four, never fat, never short, never dark skin, always tall, elegant. They don't participate in the Yari-Yari performance. Yari-Yari is for black descendents only. Are you a black descendant?” And Pollyannas, Inc., answer as one: “Why would we want, care or admit to having a black ancestor?”

Abur, abur,

Abur

Abur

Abur.

And Asafarfa said: “Do you remember the reception in the President's house? Everyone was happy, having a great time.” “Sure I do,” Mercedes answered. “And he said: ‘I don't remember you.’” Meche said: “We slept together for a week, he had AIDS by then. I am talking about the one who voted Republican, got tired of studying Shakespeare and ended up writing libretti about the War on Drugs in Miami, which Van-Gogh's nephew managed to incorporate into several documentaries. Until Van Gogh was killed on a random bridge in Amsterdam. An act of terrorism!!!” Asa said: “They don't remember, they don't know you either. You are transparent,

5. INT. EL COLOR DE LA PELICULA

Cast: Mercedes, Asafarfa, The Hashish Man

“Asafarfa realmente me asustas cada vez que sacas las parafernalias que traes en esa cartera.” Meche dijo esto pero en realidad estaba preocupada por... ¿Habrá Meche soñado todo esto?

En
este
Ho
Tel

Hotel que sigo fumando hashish. Ha dicho The Hashish Man: “E ela é tão linda que vai me dar hashish de aniversário. Porque eu amo uma mulher bonita e precisava de hashish e não-descartáveis acostarme con ella tambien.”

¿POR ESO TE METES HASHISH?

My cama pink sostiene todos mis miedos. Ha pensando Mechita. Asafarfa ha dicho: “Do you remember also, the speech about the Latinos and the Spanish language, et settera, et settra, et cetera.” Meche se aprieta las sienes con ambas manos: “Si me acuerdo”, contestó. En ese instante el escenario aquel comenzó a rotar, clumsy, como gira aquel cubo negro en Astor Place. “It rotates? Yes, it rotates.” Y que bueno que se haya movido, porque ya comenzaba todo a ser premeditado y aburrido. Meche intentó incorporarse. Una punzada en la rodilla izquierda la obligó a doblarse en dos. Ahora le tiemblan ambas piernas. Babeó.

“Wait!”, ha dicho Asita linda. “Creo que este escenario quiere salirse del teatro. Creo que quiere partirse por la mitad, transformarse, crecerse y convertirse en yola para recorrer el mapa de los mares, sin importar que cualquiera de las Pollyannas Incorporated la olviden.”

Meche ha dicho:

“Me encontraba tranquila comiendo una barquilla de vainilla.

Me encontraba decía, tranquilamente lamiendo la bola del mantecado con mucha calma y delicia.

Chupa que chupa,
Y sucedió mi primera muerte.

Su caminar se hizo despacio,
lento, lentamente,
y lento iba, lento hablaba,
lento movía sus brazos.

invisible, like artists in exile from the Spanish Civil War.” Asafarfa pulled from her handbag a little spray bottle of what looked like Mace and sprayed it in his her mouth. It wasn’t Mace, it was ginger perfume, to cure bad breath.

5. INT. THE COLOR OF FILM.

Cast: Mercedes, Asafarfa, The Hashish Man

“Asafarfa, you really make me nervous every time you pull out one of the gizmos you carry in that handbag.” Meche said this, but in reality she was preoccupied by ... did Meche maybe actually dream all of this?

In
this
Ho
Tel

Hotel where I’m still smoking hashish. And the Hashish Man said: “E ela é tão linda que vai me dar hashish de aniversário. Porque eu amo uma mulher bonita e precisava de hashish e não-descartáveis acostarme con ella tambien.”

IS THAT WHY YOU DO HASHISH?

My pink bed holds all my fears, Mercedes thought. And Asafarfa said, “Do you remember also, the speech about the Latinos and the Spanish language, et settera, et settra, et cetera?” Meche presses her hands to her temples: “Yes, I remember,” she answered. At this moment, the set began to rotate, clumsily, like that spinning black Astor Place cube. “It rotates? Yes, it rotates.” And thank goodness it started moving, because everything was starting to feel scripted and boring. Meche tried to stand up. A stabbing pain in her left knee made her bend double. Now both her legs are shaking. She drooled

“Wait!” said the lovely Asita. “I think this set is trying to get out of the theater. I think it wants to split in half, transform, grow, and become a row-boat in which to sail the Seven Seas, without caring whether or not any of the Pollyannas forget it.”

And Meche said:

“I was calmly eating my vanilla
ice cream cone.

I said I was calmly
licking that ball of cream
full of peace and joy.

Slurp, and slurp

And thus, my first death.

Me encontraba yo conversando con
el y ellos y todos los que se irían muriendo
y todos iban cayendo. Unos detrás de otro:
los muertos, tiesos, cansados, reventados, cadavé-
ricos, esqueléticos, en color verde-gris,
que es el color de la película de la muerte,
verde gris que es el color del no regreso
del que me fui para no volver,
verde-gris, gris,
gris Mamá, que Pedro me está cucando. Pedro
cúcame
de ojos-gris de pestañas, gris de párpados,
gris de cerebro inmóvil,
gris de pez cruzando el vacío de la no existencia,
gris pedaleando las bicicletas de la Remedios La
Varo,
gris de pergamino antiguo,
gris barro ultramarino.

Tal vez por eso está enferma la hija de Car-
men y William.

Tanta muerte desparramada,
y me encontraba yo sencillamente, como ya he
explicado antes y repito, con la boca abierta, in-
tentando chupar mi bola de mantecado.
Y ahí me quedé con la mandíbula abierta,
Y con ganas de huirme,
Yo mirando como aquellos continúan
con su vida normalita,
después de cada servicio
en aquellas iglesias de patio, que parecen ataúdes
con fondo rojo.
Y estaba yo escuchando el gaitero
tocando su melodía triste.
Me encontraba yo,
divisando bien de cerca
con unos binoculares que tengo
para estas ocasiones y donde puedo
escuchar el murmullo de la gente,
las plantas y los árboles en homenaje a todos los
caídos, y puedo observar a aquellos que prenden
lazos amarillos en los zafacones, envían dinero a los
familiares, gastan una fortuna en arreglos de flores
redondas y gigantes,
como guadalupanas del norte(sin serlos).

Me encontraba yo en el medio de todo
aquel cementerio
sin poder escuchar las voces de los idos.
Porque esa ha sido mi dificultad:

His walk became sluggish,
slow, slowly,
he moved slowly, talked slowly,
waved his arms slowly.
I found myself talking to
him and to them and everyone who was dying
and everyone was falling. One after the other:
the dead, stiff, tired, burst, cadaverous, skeletal,
gray-green
which is the color of film about death
green-gray which is the color of no return
the one I left, never to come back
green-gray, gray,
gray Mama, Pedro is messing with me. Mess with
me Pedro
with your gray eyes, gray lashes, gray lids,
gray unmoving brain
gray like a fish crossing the void of nothingness
gray pedaling on one of Remedios Varo's bicycles
gray like ancient parchment
gray like underwater clay

Maybe that's why Carmen and William's
daughter is sick.

So much spreading death,
and I found myself simply, as I have explained over
and over, with my mouth open, trying to slurp my
ball of cream.
And there I stayed with my jaw open,
And wanting to flee,
Watching as they go on
with their plain little lives
after every service
in those backyard churches that look like coffins
with red linings.
And I was listening to the bagpiper
play his sad melody.
I found myself
peering closely
with some binoculars that I have
for occasions like this one, and I can
listen to the hubbub of people,
of plants, and of memorial trees for the fallen, and
I can observe those who tie yellow ribbons around
the oak trees, send money to their families, spend a
fortune on huge round flower arrangement,
as if they were from up north, from Guadalupe
(even though they're not).

no saber, desconocer porque se mueren.
Porque a decir verdad, no han sido acribillados
en el decir de la palabra,
tampoco vejados o maltratados.
Es que han caído, como ríos de hilachas,
Y desperdicios en una cámara oscura.
Entonces estaba yo...

¡Y se me cayó la barquilla al piso!
Lo poco que quedaba del helado
se desparramó por el fango.

Aterrorizada

Rrizada

Aterro

Aterrorizada

Aterrorizada

Aterrorizada

Aterrorizada

Aterrorizada

Aterrorizada quedé,

Incapacitada,

con mi barquilla de mantecado,

abandonada en la tierra y

yo sin poder saborearla, seducirla,

para que me devuelva a la vida.

Este terror se clavó en

mi pecho de donde salen filamentos

que se conectan a una máquina de coser,

y una señora cose y cose cada filamento

a un cuero.

Es un espacio watery, digital, insecure

Me encontraba yo, dentro de un enterramiento de
libros

Para ser precisa, precisamente ahí

Me encontraba yo, con un gato muerto trepado en

los documentos antiguos de una parish.

El gato se mueve por donde le da la gana. El gato

goes wherever he wants to go.

Me encontraba yo inmóvil, quieta, fija, estática,

entumecida, paralítica,

Pidiendo permiso a mis piernitas para poder dar un

paso,

dos,

tres,

mientras aquel gato, Camilo, para ser exactos, se

movía entre los muertos.”

Asafarfa ha dicho: “Do you remember what he said.

Anyway, it doesn't matter. “Tell him that in his

speech he did not mention the Puerto Ricans. Tell

him that Very Simple Fact. We where here first. We

I found myself in the middle of
that whole cemetery
unable to hear the voices of the departed.

Because this has been my predicament:
not knowing, un-knowing because they die.

Because to tell the truth, they haven't been harassed
when they spoke their words,
nor bothered nor abuse.

It's just that they've fallen, like unraveled threads,
And trash in a dark room.

So there I was ...

And my ice-cream cone fell on the ground!

The little bit that was left
melted into the snow and mud.

Terrorized

Rized

Terro

Terrorized

Terrorized

Terrorized

Terrorized

Terrorized

I was left terrorized,

incapacitated

with my ice-cream cone

abandoned in the dirt and

me unable to taste it, seduce it,

so it would bring me back to life.

That terror took root in

my chest from which the filaments

lead to the sewing machine,

and a woman sews and sews each filament

to a bit of leather.

The space is watery, digital, insecure.

I found myself, buried under a heap of books

To be precise, precisely there

I found myself with a dead cat atop the parish's

ancient documents.

The cat se mueve por donde le da la gana. El gato

goes wherever he wants to go.

I found myself motionless, still, frozen, static, swol-

len, paralyzed,

Asking my legs permission to be able to take a

step,

two,

three,

while the cat—Camilo, to be precise—moved

among the dead.”

And Asafarfa said: “Do you remember what he

arrived to Atlantic Ave. and walk our way to President and Union Streets, and like rat packs lived in tiny apartments full of cockroaches, scare of the police and the social workers. Tell them that people thought we were gypsies. People still think that. We worked and worked and worked and worked our asses (said Pedro) and shoot heroine and cocaine and bring up a gathering of children living with welfare money, shooting heroine and crack, while checking the cops, and when we saw one, only one cop, we shouted: Agua, agua, and ran the hell out of there: (which is precisely where we were) and keep running to nowhere, to the roofs, the apartments, ran to nowhere, the bathrooms, the alleys, ran to nowhere, the bodegas, the firescapes, the basements and finally to the chicks that on many occasions save us, giving us cigarettes, coffee, sex, hugging and kissing, hugging and kissing us, while our parents worked all day and night in the Brooklyn dock, in the restaurants, kitchens, in the grocery stores, as maids, nannies and whores. Tell him that when the ship containers were invented we were layout and then it was really HELL! Bebop, bebop/a trumpet as echo of our sadness. Pataka Pataka, ka ka/ the conga as well. And everything became like smoke, difficult to understand or penetrate.”

“Peace! ASA, PEACE”, ha dicho Mechita mientras inhalaba profundo su pipa árabe y la mujer aquella del cuadro se precipitaba muy despacio en su pecho de la Meche. En un principio fue agradable, pero luego se sintió sofocada. Aire, necesitaba aire. “Asa, Farfita sácame esta muerta de encima.” Y la mujer empesgostada ya encima de la Meche, con todos sus colores a cuesta y el gris pálido del cuadro alrededor. Nunca notó Meche, se fijó, apuntó o evaluó los elementos en la construcción de una pintura y aquí por vez primera vio todos los brochazos metálicos, los ocres, los naranjas, los negros, las capas pálidas de blanco sobre blanco, los corpiños y faldas naranjas entremezclados con pinceladas de azul en los ojos y el azul del y en el jarrón de flores que acompañaba a la mujer dormida. Y todo se embarró ya. Todo Bluurrr, blurrurr. En otras palabras ningún color ya correspondía con el sujeto aquel. Ha dicho The Hashish Man: “¿Con quién hablas? Estamos solos, aqui no hay nadie más que tu y yo.”

Cabaret

Des

Quat'Z'Art

said? Anyway, it doesn't matter. Tell him that in his speech he did not mention the Puerto Ricans. Tell him that Very Simple Fact. We were here first. We arrived to Atlantic Ave. and walk our way to President and Union Streets, and like rat packs lived in tiny apartments full of cockroaches, scare of the police and the social workers. Tell them that people thought we were gypsies. People still think that. We worked and worked and worked and worked our asses (said Pedro) and shoot heroin and cocaine and bring up a gathering of children living with welfare money, shooting heroin and crack, while checking the cops, and when we saw one, only one cop, we shouted ¡Agua, agua! and ran the hell out of there (hell is precisely where we were) and keep running to nowhere, to the roofs, to the apartments, ran to nowhere, the bathrooms, the alleys, ran to nowhere, the bodegas, the firescapes, the basements and finally to the chicks that on many occasions save us giving us cigarettes, coffee, sex, hugging and kissing, hugging and kissing us, while our parents worked all day and night in the Brooklyn dock, in the restaurants, kitchens, in the grocery stores, as maids, nannies and whores. Tell him that when the ship containers were invented we were layout and then it was really HELL! Bebop, bebop—a trumpet of our sadness. Pataka, pataka, ka, ka—the conga as well. And everything became like smoke, difficult to understand or penetrate.

“Peace! ASA, PEACE!” Mechita said, as she took a deep pull on the bong and that woman in the painting slid very slowly into Meche's chest. At the beginning it was present, but then Mercedes started to feel suffocated. Air, she needed air. “Asa, Farfita, get this dead woman off of me.” And the woman, now plastered on top of Meche, wrapped in all her colors with the pale gray of the room surrounding her. Meche never noticed, saw, jotted down or evaluated the elements of the painting's construction and here for the first time she saw all the metallic brushstrokes, the ochres, oranges, blacks, pale layers of white on white, the orange tunics and skirts mixed with strokes of blue in the eyes and blue on and in the pitcher of flowers next to the sleeping woman. And now everything was running together. All bluurr, blurr. In other words, none of the colors was still in its original place.

And the Hashish Man said: “Who are you taking to? We're alone, there's no one here but you and me.”

62, Boulevard de Clichy

6. INT. EXT. LAS MANDARINAS

Cast: Meche, Asafarfa

Una explosión de fuegos artificiales se produjo en el escenario, lo que obligó a Meche a dejar de flotar como barco a la deriva. Eran fuegos a la usanza vieja. Una ceremonia pomposa para proclamar el poderío de siempre. Los ojos de Meche se salieron de sus órbitas al ver aquella maravilla de luz celestial. Meche se sentía tan pequeña, pequeñísima, pequeña Mechita, ante aquel espectáculo luminoso. Y así de pequeña se incorporó y recorrió el paisaje y con gran emoción y pomposidad intentó pronunciar su statement nuevamente:

“Señoras y señores...”, pero el ruido de las explosiones del fuego celestial la han confundido: “¿Qué nos sucede? ¿Quién es mi público? ¿Para quién hablo? ¿Dónde están los periodistas?” Son todas preguntas que se quedan en el vacío. Lo que si podemos asegurar es que dos paneles con duplicadas figuras humanas vestidas de mandarinas se incorporaron a cada lado de la infortunada. Parecían reproducciones de detalles arquitectónicos de las dinastías Pi y Ling. En sus manos cargaban un largo pliego con signos chinos y en los rostros se adherían la marca del sollozo de las concubinas del rey.

Meche se levanta, abre la puerta del cuarto y sale corriendo por las escaleras de emergencia del hotel. “¿Qué me ha dado? ¿Que me ha dado? Soy una estudiante del pánico. Identifico cada síntoma y puedo describir tanto su contenido como su sustancia.” Meche corrió y corrió como cohete sin fuego. Salió a la calle y continuó su carrera por las aceras, las demás calles, los parques, los pequeños lagos y el océano, dándole patadas a los peces y a las jicoteas que felices circulaban por la vía acuática. Y ella patisuelta como Compae Conejo en el camino real, tomó un receso y se cubrió las rodillas con *Ben Gay*. He dicho, *Ben Gay*, hasta que las patas, también flacas, se le escocotaron allá calle arriba, llegando casi a Washington Heights.

“Asafarfa, ¿que tu haces por aquí? Pareces arroz con habichuelas.” Asafarfa ha dicho: “Olvídate de mi, vamos a entrar a ese Laundromat.” Y allá se fueron. Asafarfa se quita la ropa quedando completamente desnuda. El hueco en donde una vez estuvieron guindando sus senos, ahora está cubierto

Cabaret

Des

Quat'Z' Art

62, Boulevard de Clichy

6. INT. EXT. THE CHINAWOMEN

Cast: Meche, Asafarfa

A burst of fireworks exploded on the set, forcing Meche to stop floating like a drifting boat. They were the old-style fireworks: a pompous ceremony to proclaim the same old power structure. Meche's eyes bugged out of their sockets when she saw that wonder of celestial light. Meche felt so small, tiny, little Mechita, before that luminous performance. And in her tiny form, she ran across the landscape, and with great excitement and pomposity, tried to issue her statement once again:

“Ladies and gentlemen ...” but the noise of the exploding celestial fires have confused her: “What's happening to us? Who is my audience? Who am I talking to? Where are the journalists?” All her questions are left hanging in the void. What we can confirm is that two panels painted with human figures dressed as Chinawomen stood up on either side of the unfortunate girl. They looked like reproductions of architectural details from the Pi and Ling dynasties. In their hands they carried a long scroll covered with Chinese characters, and on their foreheads they wore the sorrowful mark of the king's concubines.

Meche stands up, opens the door to the room and runs out down the hotel's fire stairs. “What hit me? What hit me? I am a student of panic. I identify each symptom and I can describe both its content and substance.” Meche ran and ran like a firework that was fizzling out. She ran out onto the street and continued her race through the sidewalks, other streets, parks, small lakes and oceans, kicking at the fish and jicoteas who were happily traveling along their aquatic lanes. And her feet churning like Compae Conejo on the camino real, she took a breather and covered her knees with *Ben-Gay*. Yes, I said “*Ben-Gay*”; until her equally thin feet gave out on her up there, almost all the way to Washington Heights.

“Asafarfa, what the heck are you doing here? You look like black beans and rice.” And Asafarfa said: “Forget about me, let's go into this Laundromat.” And they went. Asafarfa takes off her clothes

por unas curitas. “Asa, no me parece apropiado que andes sin senos por ahí, recordándole a todo el mundo que ni tan siquiera te importa ser Amazonas.” Ha dicho Asafarfa: “Tengo que lavar la ropa.” Ha dicho Meche: “Farfa bruja, has quedado horrible, con esos pelos en la cabeza como de presencia de locura loca que están por encerrar en un clóset. Abur, Asa, Abur.”

Asa desnuda

Farfa desnuda y plana

Asafar desnuda y sin tetas

Adp

Adt

Da

FDp

TDA

“Asa, dime tan solo: ¿cómo te quistaste los senos?”

¿No ves que parece que yo también me los he arrancado? Me duelen, ay

Ay

Ay

Ay

Ay

Carajo, como duele.

¿Porqué no vas a comprar unos senos gelatinosos que venden en Macys?

!!!YA ME LOS ARRANQUÉ!!!!

Asa ya no tengo senos. Me los sacaste del alma.

¿No entiendes, que me hace daño? Déjate de majaderías y dime la verdad. ¿Te investaste un cáncer en tu cerebro hipocondrio?, ¿Decidiste que vas a ser macho?

¿Qué fue Asita?”

En fin, sin remedios.

(¿Quién?

¿Asa? o

¿Meche?)

7. EXT. INT. A TIN COAT

Cast: The Hashish Man, Meche, Asa

The Hashish Man se ha quedado esperando por Meche en la habitación de hotel. Se ha quedado todo este tiempo en el dintel de la puerta esperando a que Mercedes regrese. “Mercedes, ¿Vas a regresar? ¿Me has dejado con el palo al aire?” Asa, allá cerca de Washington Heights vestía un abrigo

and is left completely naked. The hole where her breasts once dangled is now covered by some Band-Aids. “Asa, I don’t think it’s appropriate for you to be walking around here without breasts, reminding the whole world that you don’t even care about being an Amazon.” And Asafarfa said: “I need to wash my clothes.” And Meche said: “Farfa, you old witch, you look horrible, with the hair on your head looking like you’re crazy, a crazy women they’re going to shut in a closet. Abur, Asa, abur.”

Asa naked

Farfa naked and flat

Asafarfa naked and without tits

Adp

Adt

Da

FDp

TDA

“Asa, just tell me this: how did you get rid of your breasts? Don’t you see that it seems that I too have ripped mine off? They hurt, oh

Oh

Oh

Oh

Oh

Fuck, it hurts.

Why don’t you go buy some of those jelly breasts they sell in Macy’s?

I RIPPED THEM OFF!!!!

Asa, I don’t have breasts anymore. You pulled them out of my soul. Don’t you understand you’re hurting me? Stop the nonsense and tell me the truth. Did your hypochondriac brain make up some cancer? Did you decide to be a man? What was it, Asita?”

In the end, it’s hopeless

(Who?

Asa? Or

Meche?)

7. EXT. INT. A TIN COAT

Cast: The Hashish Man, Meche, Asa

The Hashish Man has stayed in the hotel room waiting for Meche. He has stayed this whole time leaning on the doorjamb waiting for Mercedes to come back. “Mercedes, are you coming back? Did

de invierno cubierto de latitas decoradas con figuras taínas. Cuando se movía, respiraba o articulaba alguna frase, las latitas se movían y resonaban como campanas desafinadas. La mano capturaba una latita con un aromático café. “Meche, ¿do you want coffee? It is so good que levanta el espíritu de una jicotea.” Asa continúa hablando: “The truth is that President Roosevelt died. What are we going to do now? Are we going to lost the war? No!!!!!!!!!!!!!! !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Remember that we have a vice-president.”

Meche ha preguntado: “¿Quien?”

Asa ha contestado: “Truman, course.”

Meche ha contestado: “Truman, who? Nadie lo conoce.”

Dos tipos con máscaras africanas pegadas a su espalda pasaron del lado de ambas. Crush Crush Crush el ruido de las máscaras frotando contra la ropa Crush Crush. “Yo creo Asa que tenemos que inventar un bra de lata para ti, que vaya de acuerdo con la deco de tu abrigo.” Meche ha hablado. Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man. Sinning, sinning, need the books of hours attached to your girdle. Meche canta esta canción que se ha inventado ella sola. De su cerebro ha salido esta canción:

Can Man, Can Man,
Can Man, Can Man,
Can Man, Can Man.
Sinning, sinning,
need the books
of hours
attached to your girdle.

Asa ha dicho: “We were discussing exactly what? Baby beauty pagents? Fashion? Currency? Googles? I remember googling it. When you google it is like a family affair. You buried yourself on the web and google until you find *The KISS of the Spider Woman*. (Except in Miami.) No video store had that film.

No video store?

Let say you go to the video store and ask for *The KISS of the Spider Woman*.

What? The kid?

Nooooooooo, *The Kiss*.

The Spider on the Web?

Nooooooooooooo. No spider, No web. What a lack of sophistication.”

Meche entonces recuerda que le hace falta su cama

you leave me with my dick in the air?” Asa, up near Washington Heights, was wearing a winter coat covered with little tin cans decorated with Taino figures. When heshe moved, breathed or spoke a phrase, the cans would move and ring like badly-tuned bells.

Her hand grabbed a can of aromatic coffee. “Meche, ¿do you want coffee? It is so good, it would make a jicotea jump for joy.” Asa continues: “The truth is that President Roosevelt died. What are we going to do now? Are we going to lost the war? No!!!!!!!!!!!!!! !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Remember that we have a vice-president.”

And Meche asked: “Who?”

And Asa replied: “Truman, of course.”

And Meche replied: “Truman who? Nobody knows him.”

Two guys with African masks stuck on their backs walked by the two of them. Crush crush crush, the sound of the masks rubbing against their clothes, crush crush. “I believe, Asa, that we need to invent you a tin bra that would go with the trim on your coat,” Meche said. “Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man, Can Man. Sinning, sinning, need the books of hours attached to your girdle.” Meche sings this song, which she has made up all by herself. With her very own brain she thought up this song:

Can Man, Can Man,
Can Man, Can Man,
Can Man, Can Man,
Sinning, sinning,
need the books
of hours
attached to your girdle.

And Asa said: “We were discussing exactly what? Baby beauty pageants? Fashion? Currency? Google? I remember googling it. When you google it is like a family affair. You buried yourself on the web and google until you find *The KISS of the Spider Woman*. (Except in Miami.) No video store had that film. No video store?

Let’s say you go to the video store and ask for *The KISS of the Spider Woman*.

What?! The kid?

Nooooooooo, *The KISS*.

The Spider on the Web?

Nooooooooooooo. No spider, no web. What a lack of sophistication.”

And then Meche remembers that she misses her

pink, ahora instalada en la azotea del Smithsonian. ¿Cuánta falta le hacen sus muñecos, aunque le brinquen encima. Asa ha dicho: “I remember seen your body laying down in the pink cama. Junto a la cama un ink jet printer imprimiendo el pasado, para que no te olvides.” Meche recuerda, aunque no recuerda. Meche recuerda la azotea con la pink cama y sus guantes de piel de serpiente agarrados al ventarrón que circula allá arriba, cual imagen Quartz. I GOT IT! (Se ha acordado Meche que Emily Dickinson también fue estudiante del pánico, por eso guindaba rosas salvajes a la entrada de cuarto. También Violeta López Suria vivía dentro de su habitación con un piano y dos gatos y cuatro pájaros negros haciéndole la vida imposible.) “Asa debemos regresar a la azotea aquella antes mencionada.” Quiero finalizar mi statement. Quiero también llevarme el heater para que nos caliente.

8. EXT. CALL OPERATOR

Cast: ASA, Meche

Asafarfa ha dicho: “I have this remote control that can turn on all the TVS in my hood. It is powerful! Super. I imagine that I can turn on the TVs of the White House. This is a way of combating terrorism. Let’s see, President is watching the religious channel and PUM!!! All of the sudden he is watching one educational channel (for a change). In fact I think is a brilliant idea! It could be the future way to educate the masses as well as the WH. (Actually that is the partial truth...)” Meche escuchaba a la Asa, preocupada porque su cama pink se mantuviera estable en aquella azotea a pesar del viento. Meche ha corrido tanto para llegar a la exit del Smith que está cansadísima y para colmo se le olvidó el *Ben Gay*. Buscó y buscó hasta localizar la escalera de incendio y por allí se trepó hasta llegar a la azotea. Asa detrás de ella, con su coat lleno de latitas que sonaban como campanitas desafinadas. Lo que primero vio Meche fue su camita montada en una tarima como permanent exhibit del museo. Miró hacia el cielo brillante (en aquella ocasión). Sus muñequitos también estaban todos allí acurrucados, dormiditos. Un guardia (de esos nuevos guardias contratados con fondos del Patriot’s Act) se encontraba durmiendo, probablemente la borrachera de la noche anterior a lo alto allá en el cielo. Unos jueyes volaban, montados en una nube amarilla y pesada, un salmón y unas vacas se agar-

pink bed, which is now installed on the roof of the Smithsonian. How much does she miss her toys, even when they jump her? And Asa said: “I remember seeing your body laying down in the pink cama. Next to the bed an ink-jet printer printing the past, so you won’t forget it.” Meche remembers, although she doesn’t remember. Meche remembers the roof with the pink bed and her snake-skin gloves hanging from the strong wind that’s spinning up there, like a Quartz movement. I GOT IT! (Meche has recalled that Emily Dickinson was also a student of panic, and that’s why she hung wild roses at the door to the room. Violeta Lopez Suria also lived in her bedroom with a piano, two cats and four black birds that made her life impossible.) “Asa, we should go back to the aforementioned roof of the Smithsonian. I want to finalize my statement. I also want to take the heater so that it will keep us warm.”

8. EXT. CALL OPERATOR

Cast: Asa, Meche

And Asafarfa said: “I have this remote control that can turn on all the TVs in my ’hood. It is powerful! Super. I imagine that I can turn on the TVs of the White House. This is a way of combating terrorism. Let’s see, President is watching the religious channel and BOOM!!! All of the sudden he is watching one educational channel (for a change). In fact I think is a brilliant idea! It could be the future way to educate the masses as well as the WH. (Actually that is the partial truth...)” Meche listened to Asa, worried because her pink bed was unmoving in the roof despite the wind. Meche ran so much to get to the exit from the Smith that she’s exhausted and if that weren’t enough, she forgot the *Ben-Gay*. She looked and looked until she found the fire stairs and from there she climbed up to the roof. Asa behind her, with his coat covered with tin cans that sound like badly-tuned bells. The first thing Meche saw was her bed mounted on a platform as a Permanent Exhibit of the museum. She looked up at the brilliant (for once) heavens. Her dolls and toys were also there, all curled up asleep. A guard (one of those new guards, paid for by funds from the Patriot Act) was sleeping, probably sleeping off the previous night’s drunken revelry up there in the heavens. Some crabs were flying, mounted on a heavy yellow cloud; a salmon and some cows were hanging with

raban con mucha dificultad a las patas del crustáceo. *¿Qué significa todo esto? Cuál significativo signo sin identificar contiene?* Ha pensado Meche. Un peluchito se despertó por los ruidos que el pensamiento de la Meche atrajo. Ese peluchito inició un brincoteo vertiginoso en la cama pink, mas el guardia ni se enteró. Asa ha dicho: “He is dancing.” Asafarfa también ha dicho: “Abur, Abur my beloved butcher. He said: There is no more butchers. Smiling a Crest smile he continued: A guy came in an he was not able to break the meat. Do you know anyone? I have asked and asked. Nobody had showed up.” En esos momentos Asa extrajo un libro color púrpura de su coat lleno de tinajas *¿Por qué? Why Because...* Asa extrajo entonces un gato angora blanco y lleno de sangre con su garganta abierta y todos sus órganos digestivos al aire. *¿Por qué? Why Because...* Asafarfa Farfita Farfa extrajo una habitación entera con personajes adentro interactuando: ejemplo, una mesa en el centro mismo en donde este hombre de cabellera negra larga seducía a todas las que estaban allí: ejemplo, una mujer espeluzá como Asa misma entrando a una celda de hospital siquiátrico. *¿Por qué? Why Because...* Asa entonces extrajo de aquel coat copia fiel y exacta, un clon magnífico del guachiman que se encontraba durmiendo. *¿Por qué? Why Because...* Meche ha pensado una vez más. En aquel momento la Asa ha dicho: “El mundo anda eyaculando. Lo entiendo por la cantidad de mensajes que recibo en mi cable box. El último mensaje ha sido: *Whe Whe Call operator, Call operator, Call operator, Whe Whe Whe Whe We need to save, save, save the word or something.* Meche piensa: *Lo ha dicho Chiang Kai-Sek; la colmena de abejas no está llena de miel o wax, sino de fibras, hojas muertas, semillas, plumas, huesos de animales, paja, pedazos de tela.* Inmediatamente la muñeca de cerámica con ojos violetas que mira fijo hacia el centro imaginándose que está viva aulla AULLA A U L L A. El guardia continúa durmiendo y el guachiman clonado vigila su sueño. El león de la Metro entra a escena y ruge el rugir de

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great difficulty from the crustacean’s legs. *What is the significance of all this? What unidentified signified might the sign contain?* Meche thought. A little stuffed bear was awakened by the noise of Meche’s thoughts. The bear began jumping on the bed in a dizzying fashion, but the guard didn’t even notice. And Asa said: “He is dancing.” And Asafarfa also said: “Abur, abur my beloved butcher.” He said: There is no more butchers. Smiling a Crest smile he continued: “A guy came in and he was not able to break the meat. Do you know anyone? I have asked and asked. Nobody had showed up.” Then Asa pulled a purple book out of his tin coat. *¿Por qué? Why? Because ...* Asafarfa Farfita Farfa pulled out a white angora cat covered in blood, its throat slashed and all its digestive organs spilling out. *¿Por qué? Why? Because ...* Asafarfa Farfita Farfa pulled out an entire bedroom with little characters in it, interacting: for example, a table in the center where a man with long black hair was seducing all the women who were there; for example, a woman as hairless as Asa herself going into a cell at a psychiatric hospital. *¿Por qué? Why? Because ...* Then Asa pulled out of that coat a true and exact copy, a magnificent clone of the sleeping watchman. *¿Por qué? Why? Because ...* Meche thought once more. And at that moment, Asa said: “The world is constantly ejaculating. I know by the number of messages I get on my cable box. The last message was: *Whe Whe Call operator, Call operator, Call operator, Whe Whe Whe We need to save, save, save the word or something.*” And Meche thought: *It’s just as Chiang Kai-Sek said: the beehive is not full of honey or wax, but fibers, dead leaves, seeds, feathers, animal bones, straw, pieces of cloth.* Immediately the porcelain doll with violet eyes, staring into space and imagining she is alive, howls HOWLS H O W L S. The guard keeps sleeping and the cloned watchman watches over him. The MGM lion comes onstage and roars his roar of
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