

Issue #7

Poetic Campaign to the Desert—Critique—of the Disabled Commuter Buses

Enough of Conquests! We're tired of winning.

“The desert is that which is not certus.” That which is uncertain is that which has no certainty. From that which is uncertain there cannot be constructed a system or norm—but what is uncertain can be excluded by the norm: the norm it names as des-certus. Namely, is a zebra a stripped horse or a horse a plain zebra? And then, why does the janitor call the zebra a stripped horse and the maid, the horse a plain zebra, if both of them ride on the same consortium? Hachoo, it's not a consortium, it's a consensus, the goat sneezed, not the zebra, and the janitor and maid replied in chorus, “The goat doesn't know anything . . . It's a foppish animal.”

In order to perpetuate their calvary, the janitor and the maid generate the desert that, to conceal itself, generates the Album of Argentine Culture that, to fill it, repeatedly generates the cardboard figures of the little Argentine man that, in its articulation, generates the idolatrous gesture toward the heroic names that, to sustain the order of the Album's register, generates its transformation into lifelong pseudonyms. It's shot to hell that which, in its turn, sustains the fluxuating sign of the wimpy alienist, that same old guy, down the hall and to the right of the Album. And either by lobotomy or straight jacket or a pacifier of insulin, I beg them “let me administer a little to myself please.” The Album projects the standard happiness of the court, that consortium of Cinderellas that dance until midnight, eat partidges, live happily ever after.

The desert is believed to be the kingdom of mineral, of pure stillness, of luminous and empty vibrations. Wrong. There reigns an impossible and immortal life: the life of the body itself. Blasphemers or heretics, all of the objects of Justinian etymological passion—isn't that our Emperor?—for whom the right to terrorize is law. But the goat, the animal with only one hump, cannot be confused with the poor devils who scheme up clerical ideology: *Veni Domini Felix*. They're here! They're here! No anus to shit, no mouth to suckle. Very well, some other hole then. Either they wanted each other, don't want each other, will want each other. They'll live happily ever after.

tr. K.A. Kopple