



Geist

Nr. 3. Fall 2021.

Art and Literature

Kunst und Literatur

Salvo

Ayoub

Muslic

Oliveira

Ughetto

Creus

Urech

Cunha

Oechsner

Musch

Chianello

Kanke

La Grutta

Donnarumma

Djuricic

Göckeritz

Lang

Bayer

Russell

etc.



Lavinia Chianello (art above) is an Italian artist and film-maker living in Chemnitz, Germany.

Nicole Musch (cover) is a German artist living in Krumhermersdorf. galerie-krumhermersdorf.jimdo.com.

Foreword

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the third number of **Geist**. In dark times such as these, perhaps art and literature can be an antidote?

Geist is an international magazine of Art and Culture, with a German title and texts in several languages (in this edition: English, Italian, German, Arabic, Portuguese, French and Spanish). Always with English translation, of course.

In this number we have some old-timers and some new authors and artists. Fiction, poetry, essays. We try our best to avoid political or social issues, but here and there a comment on current events appears unavoidable. Still, the idea is to create something that stands the test of time and can be read at any time, now or in the future.

And, hopefully, it can also help to relieve a little bit of the anxiety that we all must feel in these trying times. Happy Fall to everybody!

And good reading.

The Editor

T. E. Creus

Published by **Contrarium**

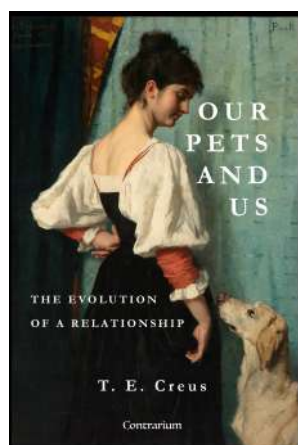
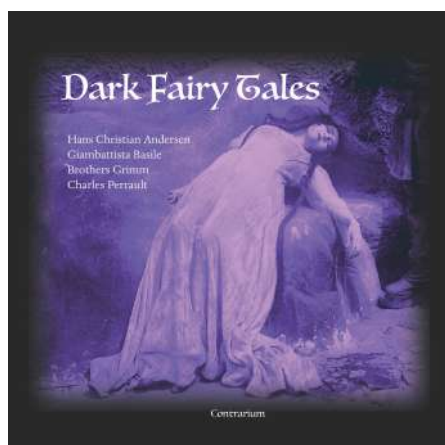
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Cosmic Telepathy

Text: Cologero Salvo

Art: Katya Kanke-Zaikanova



A common man marvels at uncommon things; a wise man marvels at the commonplace. ~ Confucius

ABOUT 20 years ago, a man, who was very active in occult and Theosophical circles, approached me with a very remarkable story.

He had met a woman with extraordinary powers. She had recently been released from the schizophrenia ward where she was being held unjustly. She claimed to be from a planet a great distance away. She revealed to him remarkable facts about the universe in general and her own planet in particular. Furthermore, in the middle of every night, she reported on her experiences of Earth life back to her own planet, on their equivalent of television via mental telepathy.

Cologero Salvo is an American writer. He blogs at gornahoor.net.

Katya Kanke-Zaikanova is a Russian artist. Her website is ktyakanke.com.

His desire was to introduce this woman to a wider audience (“for the benefit of humanity”), but he was having a difficult time convincing people to believe her and accept her with any seriousness. He then asked for my support and advice. As diplomatically as possible, I told him:

I bet they don’t believe her on her own planet either.



Immunität

Immunity

مناعة

Text: Thaer Ayoub

Art: Lia La Grutta



Wenn ich die Chance hätte,
mein Gesicht in deinen Haaren
hinzustellen,
dann rieche ich sie
Haar für Haar,
garantiere ich für mein Herz
eine Immunität
gegen alle Krankheiten
des Atmungssystems.

لو امتلكتُ فرصة
لأحطّ وجهي في شعرك
فأشمه شعرة شعرة،
لضمنتُ لقلبي مناعة
ضدّ
كلّ
أمراض
الجهاز

If I had the chance
to submerge my face
in your hair
then smell it
Hair by hair,
I would guarantee for my heart
an immunity
against all diseases
of the respiratory system.

Thaer Ayoub is a Syrian poet living in Chemnitz, Germany..

Lia La Grutta is an artist from Palermo, Italy. www.instagram.com/lialagrutta



The Joy of Being Sad

*Ai, minha dor
Sem o amargo do teu pranto
Não cantava como canto
No meu canto amargurado
Ai, meu amor
Que és agora que eu sofro e choro?
Afinal, agora que adoro
É por ti que eu canto o fado*

*Amália Rodrigues, "Fado da Saudade"
("Song of Saudade")*

THERE is perhaps nothing that the modern human tries to avoid as much as pain and sorrow - drowning in comforts, and accustomed to having food, clothes, and everything else just a click away - the pain seems like an uncomfortable intruder, and as soon as it appears it is drowned: with substances, pain killers, sex, or any other over the counter numbing solution.

Text: Naida Muslic
Art: Alessandra Donnarumma

However, that way is not the only way, and minimising pain and maximising pleasure is not the only motto to live by. Traditions and cultures around the world have developed intricate, aesthetic, and elevating ways to celebrate sorrow. Celebrating sorrow may appear as an oxymoron, but celebration of sorrow and "being happy in one's sadness" is where complexity of human spirit and emotion shows - it reveals the side of human that is satiated with life, the part of human that avoids definition, analysis, and reason. For after all - isn't the human that one being that so loves this life that he does not want to part from it, yet so tired of it, that he does everything to escape it - by working, smoking, drinking.

The simultaneous love of life, and the weariness of it, seems to be the universal human condition, and the heritage of entire humanity would perhaps, be far less, without a human being existing exactly between these two - seeking to extend himself, to self preserve, to be eternal, yet also seeking to disappear, to self destruct, to fall into oblivion.

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From Courtly Love, to German & English Romantics, to melancholy evening ragas, and taqsim, troubadours, sorrowful ballads of Scandinavia and British Isles, the heavy Russian realism novels full of both sorrow and meaning - this sentiment was cultivated and it offered redemption.

The Evening & Melancholy

"Saudade is a vague and constant desire for something that does not and probably cannot exist, for something other than the present." – "In Portugal", Aubrey Bell

The word "melancholy" has its roots in Greek - μέλαινα χολή, "mélaina cholē", which means "black bile", in Arabic it is known as سَوْدَاء "sawdā", and in my native language, we call it "crna žuč" - and it is the humour responsible for the melancholy feelings. This bile is also said to be most active at the sunset and in the evening - that's when the feelings of nostalgia, of "desire for something that probably does not exist" appear.

Sunsets are the liminal part of the day. The Sun is neither in the womb of the Night and neither is he born - at the sunset they merge into each other, and the undefined time of the day is set upon. To call it day would not do it service, and to call it night would not do it either. It is also the time of the day by which the work of the day is complete, and yet it is too early to begin with the matters of the night. So what was for the humans to do?

Apparently - in many cultures, they saw it fit to gather together and sing. To explore how and why it happens in every culture would probably be fit for a book, but a few examples will suffice for us to recognise this sentiment.

The Portuguese word "saudade", mentioned in the very beginning is said to have the roots in the Arabic word "sawda". The saudade is tightly connected with the Portuguese musical style called fado - a melancholy style that has the Portuguese guitar and emotional lyrics as its dearest friends.

In my own country, Bosnia and Herzegovina, musical style called "sevdah" has the same origin, and a very similar meaning. To "fall in sevdah" is to fall into this feeling, "sevdisati" is to yearn for someone or something - it is an inexplicable feeling of nostalgia.

Usually behind the feeling is the idea that the human being is cursed with the sentiment that no matter what is happening, and that no matter how much is accomplished or done, that there's always "something" missing, and yet that "something" escapes definition. It is impossible to pin it down, but it is "something". Ivan Turgenev, in his "Fathers and Sons", expresses this feeling: "Why is it that even when we are enjoying music, for example, or a fine evening or conversation with people we like, why does it all seem to be a hint of some limitless happiness existing somewhere else rather than a real happiness, the kind, that is, we possess ourselves?"

Sevdah or sevedalinkas were often performed in urban areas, and very often it was during the evening gatherings that people performed this type of music - these evening gatherings were known as "Akšamluci". It is not a song for daily listening, but rather requires a specific mood or atmosphere. The famous description of the sevdalinka comes from a folk joke, that says that, if you were to ask a Bosnian child: "What is sevdalinka?", the child's answer would be "Well, that's when dad's singing, and he cries!"

When a person is "in sevdah" - they do not desire to feel better or to be cheered up, it would feel like an offense - instead one seeks to explore that feeling, bury themselves inside of it, and be "happy in one's sadness", as the article on fado reports, a Portuguese man told: "You're sad and you want to be sad," he said. "You're at the office and people are trying to cheer you up, and you say 'Don't make me cheerful. Today is my pleasurable sadness day.'"

Going further East, to Yemen - there one finds "Al Ghina Al San'ani" - The Song of Sana'a - the rich musical tradition of Yemen that is also part of UNESCO's Masterpieces of the Oral and Intangible Heritage of Humanity. This tradition dates back to 14th century, and is performed during afternoon gatherings, samra marriage evenings, and other similar events.

This type of music is often performed in the window-lined room at the top of the house, and during this gathering, the performers usually chew khat - a slightly psychoactive stimulant leaf. The lyrics as well as music are often improvised - and single performance may extend for as long as the atmosphere allows.

Instead of being used to dumb feelings - the psychoactive stimulant is used to make them stronger, similarly how, in Bosnia, there is a love of strong alcoholic spirits (among Muslims as well), usually taken from a small cup, and without an intent to get overly drunk - rather just to stimulate the feelings, remove inhibitions, and have analytic brain grow quieter, and allow the sawda - the black bile to speak; pure, raw, feeling without interference of anything else.

By the time song, or evening is finished, the discomfort, the pain, subdues - as song may be about a love that has betrayed or gone away, about death, loss, or just general life weariness. Indulged and shared, it offers catharsis - the pain is not dwelled on or overly psychoanalysed, rather the feelings are felt, and given to music and wine to cure - or perhaps it is Dionysus who transforms these boundaries breaking feelings into a transcendent experience.

When a human being arrives to this world - he or she, arrives to know; to know joy, to know sorrow, to know illness - and all of it is finally, the knowledge of life, and one's own Self.

Guarded and protected from pain and sorrow - a human cannot experience the fullness of life. Feelings and emotions are the water - the nourishing component of life.

Whether we laugh or are sad, tears may appear on our eyes - the nourishing waters of our livelihoods. Overly protected, a human is not just protected from the bad, but from the experience of life itself. To truly feel alive, one must allow everything to come - only then the wealth, the abundance of life is shown, and known.

Existing between many dualities, and finding a unity between them, human is also a being that can immerse, but also detach, and look at things as an observer. When the evening comes, and song conquers the mind - this duality too, is broken - for one is deeply immersed in the feeling, so deeply that it takes over one's being entirely, yet, one is a little removed, detached from one's self - without worrying too much about tomorrow, or yesterday, or what people may say. The music takes over, one is consumed by it, yet one can also see the own self being consumed - both object and subject, both experience and the experiencer. It offers an opportunity for self-oblivion and self-indulgence at the same time, and who among humans can resist the unity of the two great pleasures?

Naida Muslic is a writer and a Platonist metaphysician from Sarajevo. She blogs at orphicinscendence.com.

Alessandra Donnarumma is an Italian artist living in Leipzig, Germany. Her site: alessandradonnarumma.com



Memórias do Decameron

Remembering "The Decameron"



Roberto Oliveira

SEMPRE que me perguntam digo que tive três grandes escolas de teatro. Na verdade, posso considerar que houveram mais escolas que foram importantes na minha formação. Participar do início do Grupo Ói Nóis foi uma grande escola. Dar aulas na Descentralização foi outra grande escola. A criação do Depósito de Teatro, tanto do grupo quanto do espaço, tem sido uma longa e valiosa escola. Mas, quando falo que foram três, me refiro ao DAD (Departamento de Arte Dramática), o Decameron e O Estranho Sr. Paulo. Hoje vou escrever sobre minha participação no Decameron.

Por diversos motivos considero ter sido uma gigantesca sorte ter sido convidado pelo Luiz Henrique Palese e pela Adriane Mottola para integrar o elenco da peça. Aquele momento em que uma conjunção de astros se alinham e você é a pessoa certa no momento certo. Como a Xuxa, por exemplo, guardadas as proporções, é claro. Ter "feito" o Decameron foi marcante na minha trajetória, tanto pelo seu caráter artístico, quanto pelo caráter formador da minha cultura e vivência de uma ética teatral.

Eu havia sido convidado pelo Paulo Flores para atuar na montagem do espetáculo Fausto. Cheguei a participar de alguns ensaios e reuniões iniciais. Assisti uma ou duas aulas ministradas pela filósofa Paulina Nólíbos.

WHENEVER people ask me, I say that I had three great drama schools. In fact, I think that there were more than three schools that were important in my training. Participating in the beginning of the Ói Nóis Group was a great school. Teaching at the Decentralization project was another great school. The creation of the Theater Depot, both for the group and for the space, has been a long and valuable school. But when I say there were three, I mean the DAD (Department of Dramatic Art), the "Decameron" and "O Estranho Sr. Paulo." Today I'm going to write about my participation in Decameron.

For several reasons, I consider it a huge luck to have been invited by Luiz Henrique Palese and Adriane Mottola to join the cast of the play. That moment when a conjunction of stars line up and you're the right person at the right time. Like Xuxa, for example, keeping the proportions, of course. Having made the Decameron was important in my career, both because of its artistic relevance, and for the general development of my culture, experience and theatrical ethics.

I had been invited by Paulo Flores to act in the play "Faust." I even participated in some rehearsals and initial meetings. I attended one or two classes taught by the philosopher Paulina Nólíbos.

Acho que o grupo estava passando por uma crise naquele momento e os ensaios foram interrompidos. E não me lembro bem como me desliguei da montagem. Lembro que fui procurado pela dupla de diretores da Cia. Teatro di Stravaganza, que me falaram sobre sua ideia maluca de encenar algumas histórias do Decameron de Giovanni Boccaccio e me convidaram para fazer parte do elenco.

Até o Decameron, eu nunca havia me imaginado fazendo uma comédia. Mas, aceitei o convite e logo estava ensaiando com a Adriane Mottola, a Angélica Borges, que atualmente é dubladora e mora no Rio de Janeiro, e o ator Marcelo Fagundes. Todos sob direção do Luiz Henrique Palese. O Marcelo ficou na peça somente no primeiro mês e foi substituído pelo próprio Palese. Bem mais adiante, quando a peça começou a viajar, entrou a atriz Liane Venturella substituindo a Angélica. A Liane foi quem mais se apresentou com a peça.

Começamos improvisando sobre várias histórias do livro que o Palese e a Adriane haviam escolhido. Tivemos aulas de bufão, de pirofagia e de italiano, já que a peça seria totalmente falada em italiano. Tudo era muito corporal então os ensaios diários eram baseados em exercícios físicos e muita preparação corporal. Logo o Palese, que era um multi-artista, estava enlouquecido com criação e produção de cenários, figurinos e com a iluminação. Então foi convidado o ator Sérgio Etchichury para ser o assistente de direção. Ele fazia a ponte com o Palese e conduzia a gente nos ensaios.

As cenas eram improvisadas em português mas assim que eram fixadas a gente começa a decorar o texto em italiano arcaico escolhido pelo diretor. Primeiro o cenário deveria ser uma linda praça medieval. Mas, um dia o Palese chegou no ensaio com a ideia de a peça se passaria diante de um carroção de madeira enorme, quase uma réplica das antigas carroças usadas pelos artistas da Commedia dell'Arte. Desenhamos uma planta baixa da carroça no piso e começamos a nos acostumar com a ideia da carroça e a peça foi se construindo.

But I think the group was going through a crisis at that time, and rehearsals were interrupted. And I don't quite remember how, but I left the project. I remember that then I was approached by the two directors of Cia. Teatro di Stravaganza, who told me about their crazy idea of staging some stories from Giovanni Boccaccio's "Decameron" and invited me to be part of the cast.

Until the "Decameron", I had never imagined myself doing comedy. But I accepted the invitation and was soon rehearsing with Adriane Mottola, Angélica Borges, who is currently a voice actor and lives in Rio de Janeiro, and actor Marcelo Fagundes. All under the direction of Luiz Henrique Palese. Marcelo was in the play only in the first month and was replaced by Palese himself. Much later, when the play began to travel, actress Liane Venturella came in, replacing Angelica. Liane was the one who performed the most with the play.

We started improvising on a few stories from the book that Palese and Adriane had chosen. We had lessons in clowning, fire eating, and Italian, as the play would be entirely spoken in Italian. Everything was very physical, so the daily rehearsals were based



on physical exercises and a lot of body preparation. Soon Palese, who was a multi-artist, was crazy about creating and producing sets, costumes and lighting. Then actor Sérgio Etchichury was invited to be the assistant director. He joined with Palese and directed

us in rehearsals.

The scenes were improvised in Portuguese, but as soon as they were fixed, we started to memorize the text in the original archaic Italian chosen by the director. First the setting would be a beautiful medieval square. But one day Palese arrived at the rehearsal with the idea that the play would take place in front of a huge wooden wagon, almost a replica of the old wagons used by the artists of Commedia dell'Arte. We drew a floor plan of the cart on the floor and began to get used to the idea of the cart and the play started to take shape.

Quando o Palese falou da carroça eu imaginei uma carroção muito grande. Pois era maior ainda. Era uma gigantesca carroça com portas, alçapão, escada, gavetas que se abriam e truques escondidos que eram revelados durante a peça. Passamos algumas noites na oficina da Epatur. Chegamos com a carroça desmontada no Teatro Renascença às 5 horas da manhã do dia da estreia e trabalhamos sem parar na montagem da carroça e todos os demais preparativos para estrear às 21 horas. No ensaio feito às pressas foi cancelada uma manobra que deveríamos fazer com a carroça. Muitas mudanças de última hora tiveram que ser feitas. Tudo ficou pronto muito perto da hora de abrir a porta para o público. O nervosismo era geral.

A peça começou. A gente tenso por causa das alterações. O público tenso porque tinha que entender italiano. A tensão acompanhou a gente até o final da apresentação porque teve portas que emperraram, ou não abriam ou não fechavam, coisas que não funcionaram. O público, quando percebeu que não precisava saber italiano para entender a peça, relaxou e riu bastante. O final de semana da estreia foi de afinação geral do espetáculo e ajustes dos inúmeros detalhes do espetáculo. Ao final do primeiro mês de apresentações já dava pra se sentir à vontade e pra perceber que a peça era muito boa de fazer e muito boa pra quem assistia.

Além de lidar com as alterações de marcação e com os “jeitinhos” exigidos pela carroça tinha a questão da nudez. Ficar nu diante da plateia não é uma coisa fácil e simples. Aliás, passamos todo o período de ensaios usando roupas de trabalho e somente uma semana antes o Serginho disse que a gente tinha que começar a ensaiar pelado como seria na peça. Foi bastante difícil e hilário. Se ficar nus diante dos próprios colegas era duro imaginem diante do público. Na estreia este se tornou o menor dos problemas. Depois a gente foi se acostumando e tudo ficou muito mais fácil.

Contrariando as expectativas a peça fez um sucesso enorme de público e de crítica. Quem assistiu com certeza ainda lembra de algumas cenas antológicas. E quem achava que com um cenário tão grande a gente não conseguiria sair de Porto Alegre, se enganou redondamente. O espetáculo fez mais de 300 apresentações e viajou por muitas cidades do Brasil, foi pra Argentina, pro Uruguai e para Portugal. Situações extraordinárias na vida de qualquer ator porto alegreense.

When Palese talked about the wagon, I imagined a very big wagon. But it was even bigger. It was a gigantic wagon with doors, trapdoors, ladders, drawers that opened and hidden tricks that were revealed during the play. We spent a few nights at Epatur's workshop. We arrived with the wagon disassembled at the Renascença Theatre at 5:00 am on the opening night, and we worked non-stop on assembling the wagon and all other preparations for the premiere at 9:00 pm. In the last rehearsal, carried out in a rush, a maneuver that we should have done with the cart was cancelled. A lot of last minute changes had to be made. We finished preparations only minutes before we were about to open the doors to the public. Everybody was nervous.

The play started. We were tense because of the changes. The audience was tense because they had to understand Italian. The tension followed us until the end of the presentation because there were trapdoors that got stuck, or didn't open or didn't close, things that didn't work. The audience, when they realized they didn't really need to know Italian to understand the play, relaxed and laughed a lot. The opening weekend ended up becoming a general tune-up of the play, with adjustments to its numerous details. At the end of the first month of performances, we could feel more at ease and realized that the play was fun for us to do, and fun for those who watched it.

In addition to dealing with all the changes and the “knacks” required by the wagon, there was the issue of nudity. Getting naked in front of an audience is not an easy and simple thing. In fact, we spent the entire rehearsal period wearing work clothes and just a week before Serginho said that we had to start rehearsing naked, as we would be in the play. It was quite difficult, and hilarious. If being naked in front of your own colleagues was hard, just imagine in front of the audience. But on the premiere, this became the least of our problems. Then we got used to it, and everything became much easier.

Contrary to expectations, the play was a huge success with both public and critics. Those who watched it are sure to remember some anthological scenes. And those who said that with such a complex stage set-up we wouldn't be able to travel away from Porto Alegre, were completely wrong. The play had more than 300 performances and traveled to many cities in Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and even Portugal. Something extraordinary for any local actor.

Uma apresentação levava a outra. Um festival levava a outro. Um produtor nos viu no Uruguai e nos levou para Recife. Uma dramaturga nos viu em Canela e nos levou pra São Paulo.

Como sempre são muitas as histórias. Os punheteiros que frequentavam o Teatro Dulcina no Rio de Janeiro. A réplica da carroça que foi feita em Portugal. A forma como ensinamos a Liane a engolir fogo. A vez que a Adriane bateu com a cabeça numa viga de concreto do teatro. Quando o Palese cortou o pé num parafuso da carroça e fez a peça com a pé sangrando. Nossas temporadas no Uruguai com todos morando num apartamento. Nossa estadia na Casa Paschoal Carlos Magno. Nossas viagens na valorosa camionete preta. E outras tantas. Muita coisa pra lembrar.

Mas, o último parágrafo é pra falar do Mário. Que Mário? O Mário Cavalheiro que era o nosso cenotécnico e iluminador. Um dos melhores iluminadores do Brasil. Gente finíssima. Um daqueles caras que se fazem importantes por serem simples do jeito que são. Como o Decameron viajou muito é claro que passamos por muitos teatros diferentes que sempre exigiam adaptações tanto na peça quanto no cenário. O Palese às vezes perguntava pro Mário: “Como vai ser aqui?” Era a deixa do Mário. Invariavelmente ele olhava para o espaço com cara de entendido, olhava para as instalações de iluminação, ficava um tempo em silêncio e dava o seu veredito: “Não vai dar. Aqui não tem jeito”. Era sempre assim. Então, o Palese com sua calma habitual lhe dizia: “Pô, Mário, a gente não pode cancelar. Dá mais uma olhada e vê se dá um jeito”. O Mário sempre dava um jeito e na hora marcada a peça começava e a gente entrava em cena.

Mas, a maior do Mário foi quando a gente estava escolhendo os sabores de pizza pra pedir e ele escolheu pizza de milho. Nunca mais ninguém quis dividir pizza com o Mário.

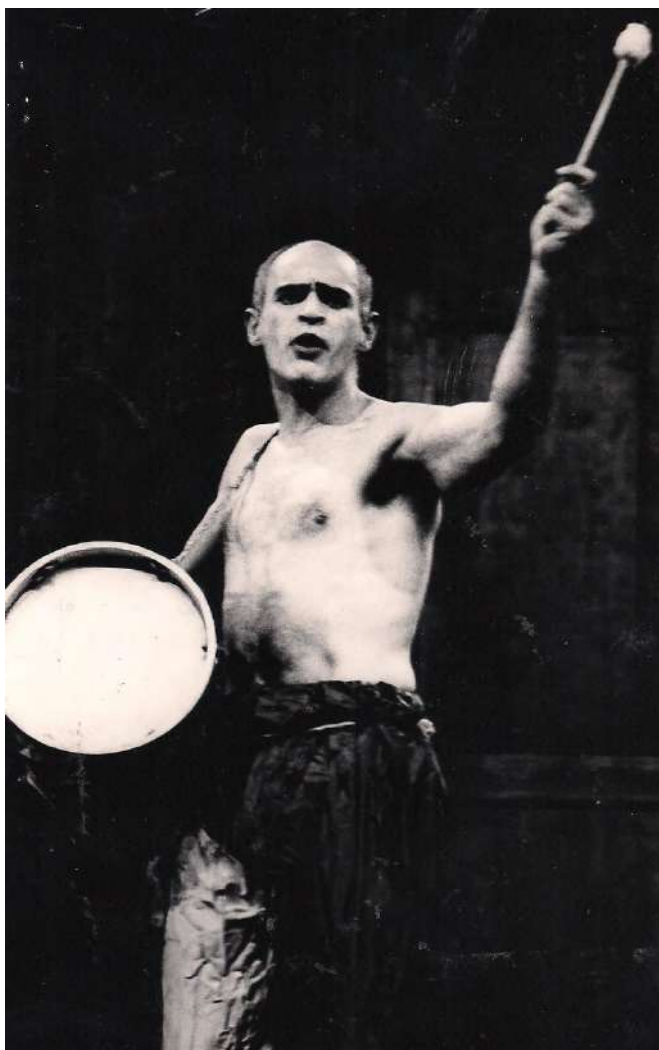
One presentation led to another. One festival led to another. A producer saw us in Uruguay, and took us to Recife. A playwright saw us in Canela and took us to São Paulo.

As always, there are many stories. The wankers who frequented the Teatro Dulcina, in Rio de Janeiro. The replica of the wagon that was made in Portugal. The way we taught Liane to swallow fire. The time Adriane hit her head on a beam on the stage. When Palese cut his foot with a wagon bolt and had to perform the play with his foot bleeding.

Our performances in Uruguay with everyone living in the same apartment. Our stay at Casa Paschoal Carlos Magno. Our trips in an old black van. And so many other stories. A lot to remember.

But the last paragraph is to talk about Mário. What Mário? Mário Cavalheiro, who was our light technician. One of the best light technicians in Brazil. Very nice guy. One of those guys who make themselves important just for being the way they are. As the "Decameron" traveled a lot, we went through many different theatre stages that always required adaptations, both in the play and the setting. Palese sometimes asked Mário: "How will it work here?" It was Mario's cue. Invariably he would look at the space with a knowing face, look at the

lighting set-up, remain in silence for a while and then give his verdict: "It won't work. There is no way it can work here." It was always like that. Then Palese, with his usual calm, told him: "But, Mário, we can't cancel. Take another look and see if you can find a way". Mário always found a way, and, always at the appointed time, the play started and we entered the stage. But Mário's biggest one was when we were choosing pizza flavours to order, and he chose... corn pizza. Nobody ever wanted to share pizza with Mário again.



Roberto Oliveira is an actor and theatre director from Porto Alegre, Brazil.



La mer et l'amer

(Rencontre de deux mondes)

The Sea and the Bitter: An Encounter Between Two Worlds

Text: Laetitia Ughetto

Art: Roberta Djuricic

SA PEAU est sèche et soyeuse. J'aime son contact. Elle sent le soleil chaud, l'herbe, mais il y a autre chose... une odeur qui reste en arrière-plan mais qui imprègne vaguement, sournoisement le reste. Un nuage de fumée, des relents de feu destructeur peut-être?

Je vois des couleurs, tant de couleurs éclatantes et qui m'étourdissent, moi qui suis habitué aux nuances d'aquarelle. Pas un mot, pas un son entre nous mais la douceur et l'amour innocent partagé d'une peau à l'autre, d'un œil à l'autre et d'une âme à l'autre.

Je savoure ce moment rare et précieux. Je l'aime avec toute sa beauté et toute sa laideur.

HER SKIN is dry and silky. I like its touch. It smells of hot sun, grass, but there's something else... a scent that lingers in the background but vaguely, slyly permeating the rest. A cloud of smoke, perhaps the hints of destructive fire?

I see colours, so many vibrant colours that make me dizzy, so used I am to the soft tones of watercolour. No word is spoken, no sound resonates between us. There is only the sweetness and innocent love shared from skin to skin, eye to eye and soul to soul.

I savour this rare and precious moment. I love her, in all her beauty and her ugliness.

Nous vivons dans deux mondes parallèles mais liés pour toujours. Nous nous côtoyons sans nous voir, et eux, sans nous respecter, sans se respecter non plus. La mer tout entière est amère de ce mépris. Pourquoi détruire un monde parce qu'on n'y vit pas? Je suis triste aussi lorsqu'ils méprisent leur propre univers en pensant le posséder. Avoir plutôt qu'être... et pourtant il faut être pour pouvoir vivre !

Je remarque les étoiles scintillantes que le soleil dessine pour nous sur les vagues, chacune plus brillante que l'autre. Il me semble que cela appelle un vœu. Je le fais en regardant le reflet des astres dans ses yeux. Un jour, nos mondes seront plus beaux, lorsqu'elle et les siens parviendront à cet équilibre qui permet de vivre heureux sans compromettre les autres.

Sa peau est douce et glissante. J'aime son contact. Elle sent le sel et les embruns. À cet instant, alors que je m'émerveille de tant de simplicité dans le partage, j'oublie qui je suis.

L'amour qui nous enveloppe est un sentiment logique et irrationnel en même temps. Naturel, on ne le remet pas en question, et pourtant il vient du plus profond de nous, remonte à la surface pour se répandre comme une vague que l'on ne peut arrêter. C'est un sentiment qui s'immisce dans chaque cellule de notre être et qui interrompt les calculs en cours et les émotions stériles d'un processeur humain qui s'emballe. C'est merveilleux mais un peu effrayant.

Le cri d'un oiseau, le soleil qui m'éblouit me rappellent à la réalité. Quel expérience magique et fugace ! En regardant dans ses yeux innocents et paisibles, je grave dans ma mémoire ce moment qui se prolonge mais qui risque de s'effiloche comme un voile de brume, des lambeaux invisibles s'envolant et se dissipant dans l'air frais. Un parfum, un son, le bleu intense de la mer, le coton dans le ciel, tout va disparaître d'une seconde à l'autre. Je le grave dans ma mémoire, il me grave dans sa mémoire.

Je suis heureuse mais la mélancolie s'invite alors que je ramène mon bateau vers la rive. Le vent se lève dans la mauvaise direction, et je dois tirer fort sur l'écoute pour réussir à reprendre de la vitesse. Mes pieds et mes mains mouillés me rendent maladroite et le froid pénétrant commence à s'incruster sous mes vêtements. L'air et l'eau étaient pourtant si doux et accueillants tout à l'heure. Les difficultés et le besoin de retrouver la sécurité de la terre renforcent ma concentration. La sécurité ? Ce sentiment de confort que l'on ressent dans un environnement connu. Je retrouve un monde connu, oui, mais...

We live in two parallel worlds that are linked forever. We rub shoulders without seeing each other, and they pass by without respecting each other, without respecting themselves either. The whole sea is bitter with this contempt. Why destroy a world because you don't live there? I am also sad when they despise their own world by trying to take possession of it. To possess, rather than to be... and yet one must be, in order to live!

I notice the twinkling stars that the sun draws for us on the waves, each brighter than the other. It seems to me that this calls for a wish. I do this by looking at the reflection of the stars in her eyes. One day, our worlds will be more beautiful, when her and her kind I will achieve the balance that makes it possible to live happily without compromising others.

His skin is soft and slippery. I like its touch. It smells of salt and sea sprays. At that moment, as I marvel at so much simplicity in sharing, I forget who I am.

The love that envelops us is a logical and irrational feeling at the same time. It feels natural, we do not question it, and yet it comes from deep within us, rises to the surface to spread like a wave that cannot be stopped. It is a feeling that intrudes into every cell of our being and interrupts the ongoing calculations and sterile emotions of a racing human processor. It's wonderful, but a little scary.

The cry of a bird, the sun that dazzles me bring me back to reality. What a magical and fleeting experience! Looking into his innocent and peaceful eyes, I engrave in my memory this prolonged moment that risks being unraveled like a veil of mist, its invisible shreds flying away and dissipating into the fresh air. A perfume, a sound, the vivid blue of the sea, the cotton clouds in the sky. Everything will disappear at any second. I engrave him in my memory, he engraves me in his memory.

I am happy but melancholy invites itself as I bring my boat back to the shore. The wind picks up in the wrong direction, and I have to pull hard on the sails to manage to regain speed. My wet feet and hands make me clumsy and the penetrating cold begins to sink in under my clothes. Yet the air and the water were so soft and welcoming just now. The difficulties and the need to reach the safety of the land strengthen my concentration. Safety? The feeling of comfort that one feels in a familiar environment. I am going back to the world I know, yes, but...

Le goût du sel dans ma bouche devient amer. Le ciel est gris et les vagues qui se fracassent sur les rochers me semblent menaçantes. Un sentiment de bonheur peut se teinter de nostalgie, de doutes d'un instant à l'autre si l'on n'y prend garde. L'amer de la mer m'a prise par surprise et les éléments m'ont rappelé la fragilité du bonheur.

Un dernier effort pour mettre l'embarcation à sec, et je remets les pieds sur la terre ferme avec l'impression que mes gestes et ce sens pratique qui nous dirige pour plus d'efficacité sont la seule réalité. La mer et les êtres qui y vivent est-elle un songe ou va-t-elle le devenir ?

Deux mondes parallèles et deux réalités qui ne se rencontrent pas se sont pourtant rejoints aujourd'hui, sans collision frontale, sans choc et sans dégât subi par l'un ou l'autre. Pendant quelques secondes ou quelques minutes, comme suspendus dans le temps, ma rencontre et moi n'avons fait qu'un, nos mondes se sont confondus et j'ai entrevu la beauté pure, l'amour et la bienveillance. Les yeux tournés vers la mer, je remercie la providence et une idée germe en moi. Se souvenir, partager pour que l'autre réalité ne disparaisse pas dans les fumées et le béton de ma ville. Un jour, peut-être, nous auront assez de sagesse pour reconnaître et respecter tout ce qui n'est pas nous. Sans la tentation du pouvoir, sans ce besoin de contrôle extrême dont le seul but est de préserver une apparence de sécurité.

Je glisse et je virevolte entre deux courants. La tiédeur une seconde fait place à la glace mais je connais bien ces profondeurs et sais retrouver une poche de douceur dans cet immense océan qui paraît si dur, et qui peut briser comme un mur de béton. C'est mon monde, il est beau et fragile, dangereux et merveilleux. Cet instant prend tout mon temps et toute ma présence car c'est comme ça que je vis. Pourtant, ma rencontre avec l'autre monde, ce sentiment de partage et compréhension, je les garde au fond de moi comme un trésor, un petit plus à ma vie même si elle ne doit durer que quelques secondes de plus.

The taste of salt in my mouth is getting bitter. The sky is gray and the waves crashing on the rocks seem threatening to me. A feeling of happiness can be tinged with nostalgia and doubts from one moment to the next if we are not careful. The bitterness of the sea took me by surprise and the elements reminded me of the fragility of happiness.

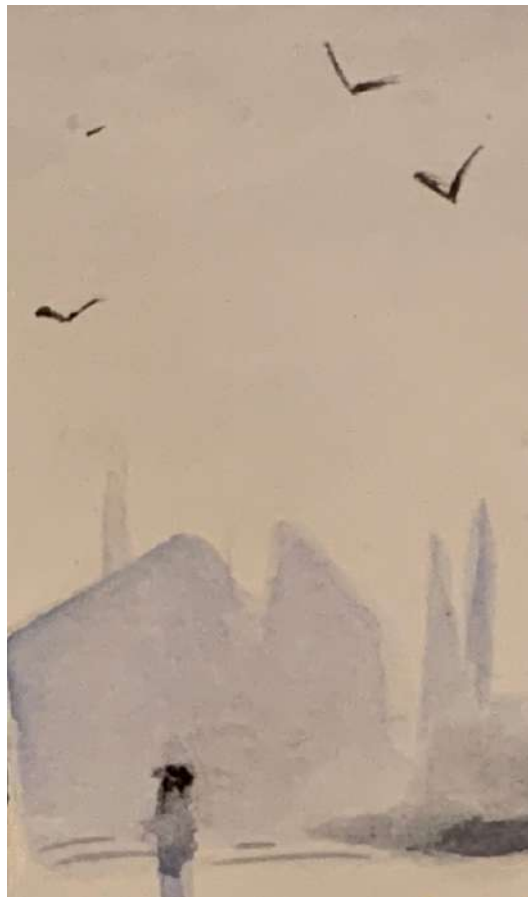
One last effort to put the boat out of the water, and I put my feet back on solid ground with the impression that my actions and this practical sense which directs us to be more efficient are the only reality. Is the sea and the beings that live there a dream or will they become one?

Two parallel worlds and two realities that do not meet have yet joined today, without frontal collision, without shock and without damage suffered by one or the other. For a few seconds or a few minutes, as if suspended in time, my friend and I became one, our worlds merged, and I glimpsed pure beauty, love and benevolence. With my eyes turned towards the sea, I thank Providence and an idea germinates in my mind. To remember, share it, so that the other reality does not disappear in the smoke and the concrete of my city. One day, perhaps, we will have enough wisdom to acknowledge all that is not us. Without the temptation of power, without this need for extreme control, the sole purpose of which is to preserve an appearance of security.

I slide and twirl between two currents. The warmth for a second gives way to the cold but I know these depths well and I know how to find a pocket of softness in this immense ocean which seems so hard, and which can break like a concrete wall. This is my world, it is beautiful and fragile, dangerous and wonderful. This moment takes all my time and all my presence because that's how I live. However, my encounter with the other world, this feeling of sharing and understanding, I keep it deep inside of me like a treasure, a little gift added to my life, even though it may last just a few seconds longer.

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Story of the Lost Cat

Geschichte der verlorenen Katze

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Art: Sarah Göckeritz

Translation: L. Ughetto

HOLLY, a friend's cat, escaped from home a few weeks ago. No one knows exactly how. Probably through the front door, which must have been inadvertently open, as it is the only logical escape route. The house is on the second floor, the balcony is protected with a net, and all windows are usually closed.

Holly was not an outdoor-type cat. She liked to play with snow in the balcony, that's true, and to hunt flies; but other than that, her main interest was to remain indoors playing with strings or little scraps of paper, getting cozy inside cardboard boxes, and watching Kurosawa movies projected on the wall.

As it is a shy cat that loves hiding, and the owner was out for a few days on holidays, her disappearance was not noted immediately. She could be hiding inside a bed or a cupboard, as she was wont to do, sometimes for hours.

But by the time my friend came back, it was clear that the cat had really escaped. Desperation ensued. How could such a shy and fearful cat survive in the harsh world out there?

HOLLY, die Katze einer Freundin, ist vor ein paar Wochen vom Haus weggelaufen. Keiner weiß genau, wie. Wahrscheinlich durch die Haustür, die versehentlich offen gestanden haben muss, denn das ist der einzige logische Fluchtweg. Das Haus liegt im zweiten Stock, der Balkon ist mit einem Netz abgesichert, und alle Fenster sind normalerweise geschlossen.

Holly war keine Katze, die gerne draußen ging. Sie spielte zwar gerne mit dem Schnee auf dem

Balkon und jagte

Fliegen, aber

ansonsten

blieb

sie lieber

drinnen,

spielte

mit

Schnüren

oder

Papier-

schnipseln,

machte es sich

in Kartons

gemütlich und

schaute sich

Kurosawa-

Filme an, die

an die Wand

projiziert wurden.

Doch, als meine

Freundin

zurückkam war

klar, dass die Katze

wirklich entlaufen

war.

Verzweiflung

machte sich breit.

Wie konnte eine so scheue und ängstliche Katze in der rauen Welt da draußen überleben?



I helped printing posters and flyers and assisted in the searches. On the first day of search, we concentrated on my friend's backyard. Strangely enough, there was a cat hanging around there, only it was not my friend's cat. Holly is a female striped grey cat; this was a male striped orange cat. He was friendly and well groomed, so I assumed it belonged to some of the neighbours, even though we had never him before.

No sign of Holly.

The next day, a call came in. Someone who had seen the "Lost Cat" posters said she had seen a similar cat in her backyard a few days ago, on the same street, just a few blocks away.

That same evening, my friend, together with her 6-year old daughter and myself, went to investigate that backyard.

There was no immediate sign of Holly there, but, strangely enough, the same orange cat from the day before was there. He followed us in our searches, not only through that backyard, but through several other backyards, front yards and empty streets. It was as if friendly Alex – as the 6-year-old promptly named him -- was helping us find Holly. An I am sure he was, in his own way. He must surely have seen her at some point. Unfortunately, he wouldn't talk.

Despite the obvious concern, there was a certain exhilarating aspect to the whole thing: walking uninvited into other people's gardens, with a flashlight, like thieves in the night, only with the assistance of a cat and a six-year old child, was also an exciting adventure, or at least a change from routine.

We called and we called for hours, but there was no sign of Holly even then. We returned, sad dejected. I went home. I prayed to Saint Mary Magdalene, protector of lost souls; perhaps it could help with lost cats, too.

Later that same night, my friend called me. Holly had returned, as mysteriously as she had escaped. As she and her children shouted the cat's name from the balcony one last time, they heard meows outside. My friend opened the front door to go down to the backyard, but before she could even get out, Holly, like a feline rocket, dashed in.

She was not dirty or smelly; in fact, someone had given her a bath and a strong perfume. We suspect that a neighbour found her and adopted her for a few days, releasing her when seeing the poster or hearing our calls.

But, because of the strong perfume, the other cat at my friend's house did not recognize her and was hostile to her for a few days. Luckily, as the smell vanished, their friendship returned.

Ich half beim Drucken von Plakaten und Handzetteln und nahm an der Suche teil. Am ersten Tag der Suche konzentrierten wir uns auf den Hinterhof meiner Freundin. Seltsamerweise trieb sich dort eine Katze herum, nur war es nicht die Katze meiner Freundin. Holly ist eine graue gestreifte Katze; das hier war ein orange gestreifter Kater. Er war freundlich und gut gepflegt, so dass ich annahm, er gehöre einem der Nachbarn, obwohl wir ihn noch nie gesehen hatten.

Keine Spur von Holly.

Am nächsten Tag klingelte das telefon. Eine Person, die die Plakate mit der verlorenen Katze gesehen hatte, sagte, daß sie vor ein paar Tagen eine ähnliche Katze in ihrem Hinterhof gesehen hatte, in derselben Straße, nur ein paar Straßen weiter.

Noch am selben Abend machten sich meine Freundin, ihre 6-jährige Tochter und ich auf den Weg, um diesen Garten zu untersuchen.

Es gab dort keine eindeutige Spur der Anwesenheit von Holly, aber seltsamerweise war dieselbe orangefarbene Katze vom Vortag auch da. Der Kater folgte uns nicht nur in diesen Hinterhof, sondern auch in mehrere andere Hinterhöfe, Vorgärten und leere Straßen, als wir durchforschten. Es war, als würde der freundliche Alex - wie ihn die 6-Jährige prompt nannte - uns helfen, Holly zu finden. Und ich bin sicher, dass er das auch tat, auf seine Weise. Er hatte sie bestimmt schon mal gesehen. Leider wollte er nicht reden..

Trotz der offensichtlichen Besorgnis hatte die ganze Sache auch etwas Spannendes: uneingeladen in fremde Gärten zu gehen, mit einer Taschenlampe, wie Diebe in der Nacht, und das alles nur mit Hilfe einer Katze und eines sechsjährigen Kindes. Das war ja ein aufregendes Abenteuer, oder zumindest eine Abwechslung zur Routine.

Wir riefen und riefen stundenlang, doch von Holly gab es immer noch keine Spur. Wir kehrten traurig und niedergeschlagen zurück. Ich ging nach Hause. Ich betete zur Heiligen Maria Magdalena, der Beschützerin der verlorenen Seelen; vielleicht hilft das auch bei verlorenen Katzen.

Später an diesem Abend rief mich meine Freundin an. Holly war heimgekehrt, auf eine ebenso geheimnisvolle Weise, wie sie weglaufen war. Als sie und ihre Kinder vom Balkon aus ein letztes Mal den Namen der Katze riefen, hörten sie draußen ein Miauen. Meine Freundin öffnete die Haustür, um in den Garten zu gehen, doch bevor sie auch nur heraustreten konnte, raste Holly wie eine Rakete herein. Sie war weder schmutzig noch stank sie; jemand hatte sie sogar gebadet und mit einem starken Parfum versehen. Wir vermuten, dass ein Nachbar sie gefunden und für ein paar Tage adoptiert hat, und sie dann freigelassen hat, als er das Plakat sah oder unsere Rufe mitbekam.

"Alex", the orange cat, has never been seen again, making me think he could be some sort of apparition, or perhaps a cat specialized in searching for lost companions – anything is possible. Cats have mysteries we'll never understand.

Who knows where Holly was? Or how she felt, or what she did during those 5 or 6 days she was away? She never gave any sign of change or trauma, but the first few days back at home, she seemed to be more affectionate and social than usual. Now she's back to her old self, hiding under the bed, playing with little scraps of paper, and watching Japanese movies.

May all those who are lost, be similarly found.

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Photo: L. Chianello. Film: "Drunken Angel", Kurosawa.

Aber wegen des starken Parfums erkannte die andere Katze im Haus meiner Freundin sie nicht und war ihr gegenüber einige Tage lang feindselig. Als der Duft schließlich nachließ, kehrte ihre Freundschaft glücklicherweise zurück. "Alex", die orangefarbene Katze, wurde nie wieder gesichtet, was mich zu der Annahme veranlasst, dass es sich um eine Art Erscheinung handeln könnte, oder vielleicht um eine Katze, die sich auf die Suche nach verlorenen Gefährten spezialisiert hat - alles ist möglich. Katzen haben Geheimnisse, die wir nie verstehen werden. Wer weiß schon, wo Holly war? Oder wie sie sich fühlte, oder was sie in den 5 oder 6 Tagen, die sie weg war, getan hat? Sie hat nie Anzeichen einer Veränderung oder eines Traumas aufgezeigt, aber in den ersten Tagen, als sie wieder zu Hause war, schien sie anhänglicher und sozialer als sonst zu sein. Jetzt ist sie wieder ganz die Alte, versteckt sich unter dem Bett, spielt mit kleinen Papierschnipseln und sieht sich japanische Filme an.

Mögen alle, die verloren sind, auch gefunden werden.



A full-page background image showing a vibrant sunset or sunrise over a calm body of water. The sky is filled with intense orange and red clouds, reflecting on the water's surface. In the distance, a small island or headland is visible, topped with a white cross. The overall mood is serene and majestic.

Juan Cóndor, ou le jardinier du vide

Juan Cóndor, or the gardener of the void

Text and Photos: Anne Urech

C'ÉTAIT un petit homme d'environ 1m55, sa langue était le quechua. Il s'appellait Juan Cóndor. Avec un tel nom, pareil à celui du noble vautour, il était prédestiné à voler et à conquérir les cimes de ce Monde. Il venait de la sierra péruvienne, du département d'Apurimac, nom qui signifiait dans sa langue maternelle "le Dieu qui parle ». Comme tous les habitants d'Apurimac, le Dieu lui parlait. Le Créateur avait choisi de s'adresser directement à tous les résidents de cette région. Il avait décidé d'en privilégier ses autochtones au détriment d'autres populations. Dieu les affectionnait particulièrement car ils vivaient dans un décor de montagnes aux sommets enneigés qui lui rappelait celui de l'Olympe.

Juan Cóndor avait hérité d'une deuxième qualité extraordinaire donc précieuse qui lui venait de ses nobles ancêtres, un don unique : celui de se déplacer dans le vide. Tel un oiseau, il avait la capacité de voler dans les airs et ceci sans être affublé d'ailes. Ce précieux cadeau lui a été transmis de génération en génération par le biais des membres aînés et masculins de sa famille.

HE WAS a little man, about 1m55, his native language was Quechua. His name was Juan Cóndor. With such a name, like that of the noble vulture, he was predestined to fly and conquer the peaks of this World. He came from the Peruvian sierra, in the region of Apurimac, a name that meant in his mother tongue "the God who speaks". Like all the people of Apurimac, that God spoke to him. The Creator had chosen to speak directly to all the residents of this region. He had decided to favour its natives over other populations. This God was particularly fond of them because they lived in a setting of snow-capped mountains that reminded him of Olympus.

Juan Cóndor had inherited a second extraordinary and therefore precious quality that came to him from his noble ancestors, a unique gift: that of moving in the void. Like a bird, he had the ability to fly through the air, and this without being winged. This precious gift has been passed down to him from generation to generation through each male firstborn members of his family.

El Señor Cóndor était venu à Lima tenter sa chance dans les années 1980, à l'âge de 12 ans. Une immigration forcée, suite aux exactions de l'effroyable groupe terroriste des guerrilleros du «Sentier lumineux», groupuscule qui se revendiquait marxiste-léniniste-maoïste et qui fit trembler le Pérou par ses actes barbares, pendant près de deux décennies. Un jour que Monsieur Cóndor se promenait dans la montagne pour collecter des plantes magiques, la quête de celles-ci lui sauvera la vie en l'épargnant d'un terrible massacre. En effet, ce matin-là à Apurimac, les sanguinaires guérilleros décimèrent toute sa famille, sans aucune raison. Juan Condor s'était retrouvé du jour au lendemain orphelin.

Mais aux deux bénédictions de Juan Condor, celles de se déplacer dans le vide et d'avoir un Dieu qui lui parle, se superposaient deux malédictions. En effet, Juan Condor, le bien nommé avait tout de même deux ennemis: le premier n'était autre qu'Abimael Guzmán dont les noms de guerre étaient "Presidente Gonzalo" ou "Comrade Gonzalo", leader du "Sentier lumineux".

Son second ennemi n'était pas des moindres, même s'il avait l'air à première vue plus inoffensif. Il n'était autre que le salpêtre, une couche de nitrates pulvérulente. Celui-ci provenait de l'océan Pacifique et se déposait insidieusement par micro-projections, tel un virus sur toutes les surfaces situées à l'orée des plages. Il avait la capacité, de faire mourir toutes les plantes vivant à ses abords en très peu de temps. Il les brûlait, et de vertes elles passaient à jaune, s'étiolaient et pour finir se flétrissaient totalement.

Il ne fût pas difficile à Monsieur Condor de trouver un emploi dans la capitale grâce à sa capacité hors norme celle de léviter. El Señor Juan était le gardien du temple des jardins terrasses de Barranco, un quartier au sud de la capitale surplombant la baie de Lima. Barranco était perché sur de noires falaises au-dessus des rives du Pacifique. Notre jardinier au nom de vautour travaillait sur les terrasses du dernier étage de l'immeuble le plus haut de la baie, une sorte d'édifice babélien. Cet immeuble comptait une dizaine de jardins suspendus, tous plus magnifiques les uns que les autres, époustouflante démonstration de la maîtrise de l'homme sur la nature.

Son travail consistait à entretenir les plantes de cette succession de jardins de Babylone au royaume des Incas. Situés à des élévations différentes, ils étaient suspendus dans le vide à une hauteur vertigineuse. Même des espèces rares d'oiseaux venaient y nicher.

El Señor Cóndor came to Lima to try his luck in the 1980s, when he was 12 years old. It was a forced immigration, following the actions of the appalling terrorist guerrilla group, "The Shining Path", which claimed to be Marxist-Leninist-Maoist and which made Peru tremble with its barbaric acts for nearly two decades. One day Mr. Cóndor was walking in the mountains to collect magical plants. Searching for such plants saved his life -- saved him from a terrible massacre. Indeed, that morning in Apurimac, the bloodthirsty guerrillas decimated his whole family, for no reason. Juan Cóndor became an orphan overnight.

But on Juan Cóndor's two blessings, of flying in the air, and having his God speaking to him, two curses were superimposed. Indeed, the aptly named

Juan Cóndor had two enemies: the first was none other than Abimael Guzmán, whose nom de guerre was "Presidente Gonzalo" or "Comrade Gonzalo", the leader of the "Shining Path".

His second enemy was by no means less dangerous, even if it seemed at first glance harmless. It was none other than saltpeter, a pulverized layer of nitrates. It came from the Pacific Ocean and was deposited insidiously by micro-projections, like a virus, on all surfaces located on the edge of the beach. It had the ability to kill all the plants living around it in a very short time. It would burn them, and from green they would turn yellow, wither

away and finally die completely.

It was not difficult for Mr. Cóndor to find a job in the capital thanks to his extraordinary ability to levitate. El Señor Juan was the guardian of the temple of the terraced gardens of Barranco, a district south of the capital overlooking the bay of Lima. Barranco was perched on black cliffs above the shores of the Pacific. Our vulture-named gardener worked on the top-floor terraces of the tallest building in the bay, a sort of Babylonian building with a dozen hanging gardens, each more magnificent than the next, a breathtaking demonstration of man's mastery over nature.

His job was to take care of the plants in these "hanging gardens of Babylon" in the late kingdom of the Incas. Located at different elevations, they were suspended in the void at a dizzying height. Even some rare species of birds came to nest there.



Tous les jours il avait la tâche titanesque d'ôter le salpêtre de toutes les plantes constamment déposé par les embruns. L'action de notre jardinier leur redonnait vie et les empêchait de mourir brûlées par cette substance corrosive. Chaque jour, il recommençait son ouvrage de zéro telle Pénélope tissant sans relâche sa tapisserie en attendant le retour de son Ulysse, voile qu'elle défaisait la nuit venue. Notre jardinier avait une patience d'ange, des doigts de fée et un cœur pur, le travail harassant ne lui faisait pas peur. Juan Condor était si heureux d'être sur les hauteurs de Lima, cela lui rappelait son Apurimac natal. Il ne se sentait bien qu'à ces altitudes. Lorsqu'il travaillait, il se déplaçait et se mouvait avec une rapidité phénoménale tel un colibri passant d'une plante à l'autre. A l'observer, on en restait étourdi. Son ballet nous paraissait surréaliste, unique, gracieux et étrange. Passant un chiffon sur les feuilles d'un palmier, le débarrassant de ce terrible salpêtre, lustrant la ramure de l'autre. Ses mains en étaient rongées par autant de sel et finissaient par ressembler à des cactus monstrueux.

Ces plantes grasses difformes similaires à des cerveaux hypertrophiés se développant de droite et de gauche en séquences successives de plis et de replis.

Ces monstrueux cerveaux exerçaient une fascination très grande sur Juan Condor et semblaient le guider par télépathie en lui permettant de léviter sur ces jardins terrasses. Lorsque Monsieur Condor les contemplait, il était comme connecté avec Dieu, le Dieu d'Apurimac.

Le fait d'être perché sur des hauteurs vertigineuses favorisait certainement la connexion avec ce Dieu. Le message de la divinité d'Apurimac pour Juan était toujours le même: "tes ennemis héréditaires ne sont pas immortels".

Every day he had the titanic task of removing the saltpetre from all the plants, which constantly deposited by the marine spray. The action of our gardener brought them back to life, and prevented them from getting burned by this corrosive substance. Every day, he began his work from scratch, like Penelope weaving her tapestry while awaiting the return of her Ulysses, a work that she undid at night. Our gardener had the patience of an angel, the fingers of a fairy and a pure heart. Hard work did not scare him. Juan Córdor was so happy to be on the heights of Lima because it reminded him of his native Apurimac. He only felt well at these altitudes. When he worked, he moved and moved with phenomenal speed like a hummingbird passing from one plant to another. Observing him, one would get dizzy. His ballet struck watchers as surreal, unique, graceful and strange. Passing a rag over the leaves of a palm tree, ridding it of this terrible saltpetre, polishing the branches of another. His hands were eaten away by so much salt that they ended up looking like a type of monstrous cactus present in many of his gardens.

These species of succulents plants, similar to enlarged brains, grow from right to left in successive sequences of folds and pleats.

These monstrous brains exerted a very great fascination on Juan Córdor and seemed to guide him telepathically, allowing him to levitate on these garden terraces. When Mr. Condor contemplated them, he felt as if connected with his God, the God of Apurimac.

The fact of being perched on dizzying heights certainly favoured his connection with this God. The message from the divinity of Apurimac to Juan was always the same: "your hereditary enemies are not immortal".



Le grand paradoxe de la vie de notre jardinier du vide était que ses deux ennemis se faisaient face et se trouvaient dans un rayon de quelques kilomètres seulement. C'était son destin de cohabiter avec eux.

En effet, le cruel Guzmán était prisonnier non loin de là, à la prison de Callao, à quelques encablures des jardins suspendus. Señor Condor sur ses toits terrasses perché pouvait apercevoir la prison où son pire ennemi croupissait, celui qui avait décimé toute sa famille par ses actes terroristes et par là-même avait scellé son destin. Notre jardinier du vide ressentait très fortement la présence du « Camarade Gonzalo » il y pensait souvent et était envahi par celle-ci chaque fois qu'il contemplait un de ces cactus monstrueux. Ces plantes grasses

le lui rappelait car Abimael Guzmán rentrait dans les sinuosités de son cerveau comme le terrorisme l'avait fait en s'infiltrant dans les méandres de l'âme péruvienne et en la brûlant tel le salpêtre toxique et corrosif. Mais Juan Condor essayait de la chasser de son esprit en redoublant d'effort au travail, en astiquant de plus en plus les plantes pour les délivrer de ce sel maléfique. Il se disait qu'au moins, en combattant un de ses ennemis, c'était déjà ça de gagné dans sa vie. Il travaillait en écoutant la radio, sur des airs de musique du folklore de son Apurimac natal, terre mystérieuse auréolée de nuages lui conférant des airs énigmatiques. Ces notes le remplissait de nostalgie.

Juan Condor entretenait tellement bien ses jardins qu'ils devenaient le lieu de passage de charognes galinacées noires, il leur attachait un message autour du cou et le vautour se rendait à la prison de Callao pour le délivrer au Président Guzmán lors de sa promenade. On n'a jamais su ce que Juan Condor lui écrivait.

Un jour, la nouvelle était tombée: le camarade Gonzalo était mort de sa belle mort, si belle puisse-t-elle être. Le passage de vie à trépas de ce sanguinaire terroriste fut un soulagement pour Monsieur Condor. Il ne lui restait plus qu'un seul ennemi à combattre, le salpêtre.

The great paradox of our gardener's life was that his two enemies faced each other and were within a radius of just a few kilometres. It was his destiny to live with them.

Indeed, the cruel Guzmán was an inmate not far from there, in the prison of Callao, a few blocks away from the hanging gardens. Señor Condor on his rooftop could see the prison where his worst enemy was languishing, the one who had decimated his whole family by commanding terrorist acts and thereby sealing his fate. Our gardener could feel very strongly the presence of "Comrade Gonzalo". He often felt it when he contemplated those monstrous "brain" cactus. The succulent plants reminded Juan

of his enemy, because Abimael Guzmán seemed to hide inside the sinuosities of his own brain, just as terrorism had infiltrated deep inside the Peruvian soul, burning it like a poisonous and corrosive saltpetre. But Juan Córdor tried to chase this away from his mind by redoubling his efforts at work, polishing the plants more and more to free them from this corrosive salt. He told himself that at least fighting one of his enemies was a victory in his life.

He worked while listening to the radio, to tunes of folklore music from his native Apurimac, a mysterious land surrounded by clouds that gave it enigmatic airs. The music filled him with nostalgia. Juan Córdor treated his gardens so well that they turned into an obligatory passage for black vultures. Once he tied a message around the neck of one of those birds and the vulture went to the prison of Callao to deliver it to President Guzmán during his courtyard walk. No one knows what Juan

Córdor wrote him.

One day, the news came: Comrade Gonzalo had died a beautiful death, if we can call a death beautiful. The passage from life to death of this bloodthirsty terrorist was a relief for Mr. Córdor. There was only one enemy left to fight, the saltpetre.





Guzmán était mort mais cela avait provoqué un débat national. L'Etat Péruvien était très embarrassé de savoir quoi faire de son cadavre de peur que des gens ne viennent vénérer ou honorer sa sinistre mémoire en décorant sa tombe. Les autorités avaient finalement décidé de brûler son corps et de répandre ses cendres dans un lieu tenu secret afin que personne ne lui rende hommage en vouant un culte à ce terrible terroriste qui était rentré dans l'histoire du Pérou par la porte de l'enfer.

Cette nuit-là, notre jardinier du vide ne ferma pas l'œil, une nuit d'insomnie peuplée de visions cauchemardesques. Des portions de cactus monstrueux étaient mélangées à des corps gisant dans un bain de sang, des balles qui sifflaient, des corps déchiquetés, là un bras démembré, ici une jambe abandonnée. Juan Condor voyageait au pays de la géhenne, une main d'un survivant implorant de l'aide, encore des cactus qui croissaient et se multipliaient à une vitesse exponentielle. Le royaume des ombres avait pris le pouvoir. Le Dieu de l'Apurimac lui avait parlé, Juan Condor avait finalement été entendu. Le destin était en marche et Juan Condor le savait. Un point de non-retour avait été atteint.

Au petit matin, notre noble jardinier décidât d'aller vérifier l'état de ses plantations et ceci beaucoup plus tôt que d'habitude. Il savait pertinemment ce qu'il allait trouver, il l'avait vu en rêve et avait tout de même décidé d'affronter son destin avec courage.

Guzmán was dead, but his death sparked a national debate. The Peruvian state was very confused about what to do with his corpse, not wanting people come to revere or honour his grim memory by decorating his grave. The authorities finally decided to burn his body and spread his ashes in an undisclosed place, so that no one would pay homage or worship this terrible terrorist who had turned Peru into hell.

That night, our gardener of the void didn't sleep. It was a sleepless night, filled with nightmarish visions. Portions of monstrous cacti were mixed with bodies lying in a bloodbath, hissing bullets, torn bodies, there a dismembered arm, here an abandoned leg. Juan Cóndor was traveling in the land of Gehenna. A hand of a survivor begged for help, more cacti were growing and multiplying at an exponential rate. The kingdom of shadows had taken power. The God of the Apurimac had spoken to him, Juan Cóndor had finally been heard. Destiny was on and Juan Condor knew it. A point of no return had been reached.

In the early morning, our noble gardener decided to go and check the condition of his plantations, much earlier than usual. He knew very well what he was going to find. He had seen it in a dream, but still decided to face his fate with courage.

Survolant ses terrasses bien aimées, ce fut un bien triste spectacle de désolation. Monsieur Condor réalisait que toutes les plantes qu'il avait vues plantées, fait croître, bichonnées, taillées, arrosées, lavées, replantées, et ceci depuis plus de 40 ans, l'œuvre d'une vie avait brûlé en une nuit. Les 10 terrasses n'étaient plus que jaune paille, il ne restait plus un centimètre de vert.

Les restes du maudit Camarade Gonzalo avaient été déversés de manière confidentielle sur le toit des jardins suspendus de notre jardinier du vide, ce lieu avait été choisi par l'état péruvien dans le plus grand secret car personne ne soupçonnerait jamais que ces cendres puissent y être déposées en ces lieux presque saints. L'air de la baie avait été contaminé par les cendres de ce vénéneux personnage. Même par delà la mort, il empoisonnait encore et encore le Pérou, il le hantait même et en était le versant sombre de son histoire.

Seul Juan Condor connaissait ce secret car il lui avait été révélé en vision lors de sa terrible nuit d'insomnie, le Dieu de l'Apurimac lui avait parlé mais Juan Condor restera muet, il se taira à jamais.

Monsieur Condor repartit dans son Apurimac natal, il n'avait plus rien à faire à Lima, sa mission était terminée. Vos ennemis ne sont jamais immortels, ils peuvent partir dans les jardins du vide mais leur souvenir vous tatoue à jamais.

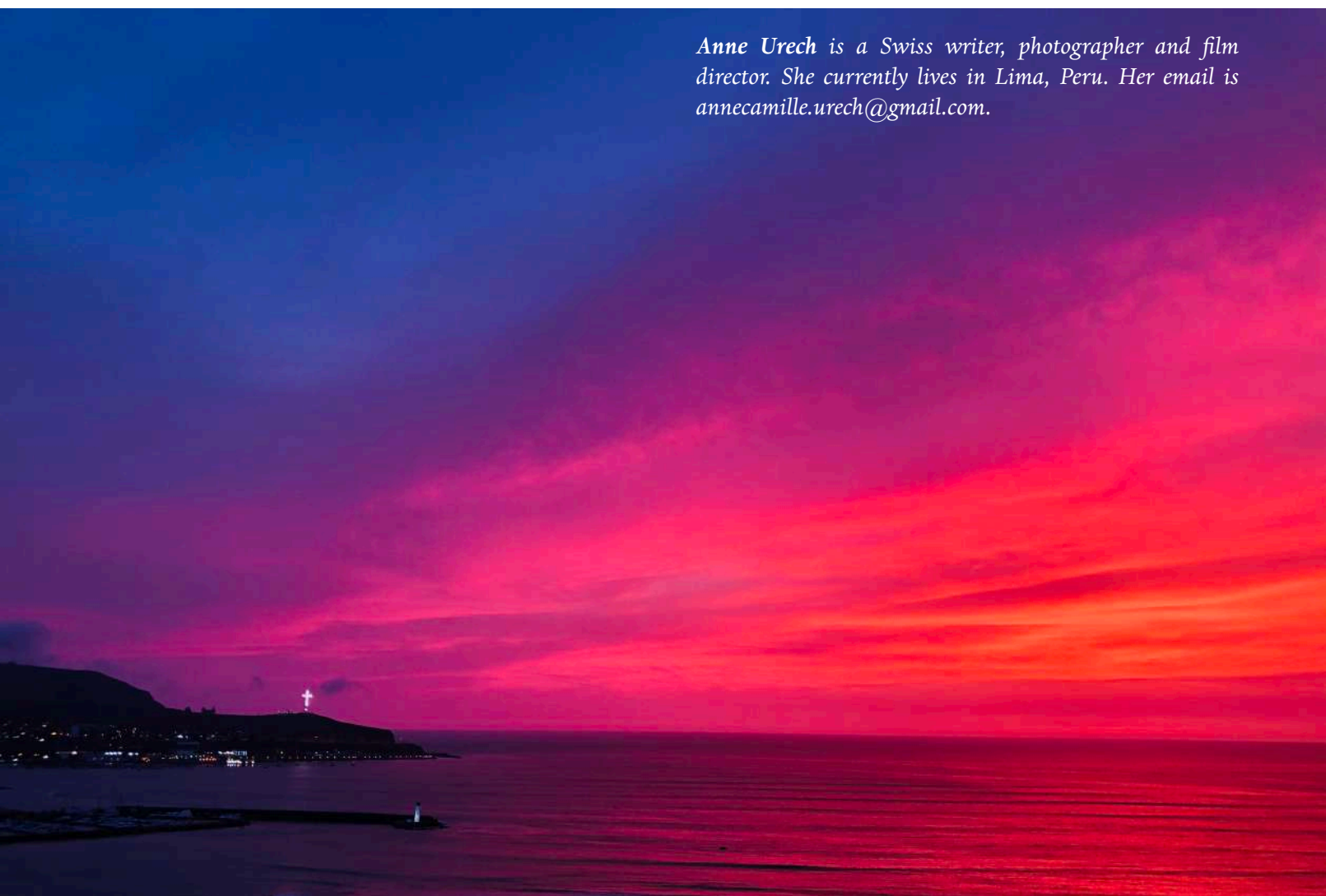
Flying over his beloved terraces, he saw a very sad spectacle of desolation. Mr. Cónдор realized that all the plants he had seen planted, grown, pampered, pruned, watered, washed, replanted, for over 40 years, a lifetime's work, had burned overnight. The 10 terraces were nothing more than straw yellow, there was not an inch of green left.

The remains of the cursed Comrade Gonzalo had been discarded confidentially on the roof of the hanging gardens of our gardener of the void. This place had been chosen by the Peruvian state in the greatest secrecy, because no one would ever suspect that these ashes could be there, deposited in those almost holy places. The air in the bay had been contaminated with the ashes of this poisonous character. Even beyond death, he poisoned Peru again and again, haunting its history with his shadow.

Only Juan Cónдор knew the secret because it had been revealed to him in a vision, during his terrible sleepless night, when the God of the Apurimac had spoken to him. But Juan Cónдор will remain silent, he will be silent forever.

Mr. Cónдор returned to his native Apurimac. He had nothing else to do in Lima, his work was finished. Your enemies are never immortal, they can go to the gardens of the void but their memory will mark you forever.

Anne Urech is a Swiss writer, photographer and film director. She currently lives in Lima, Peru. Her email is annecamille.urech@gmail.com.



Wir wollten bis Kapstadt

We yearned for Cape Town

Text: Jan Oechsner

Art: Ljubica Djuricic

Translation: Verena Russell

Wir wollten bis Kapstadt
und kamen bis Aldi
Wir wollten auf Bäume
und blieben beim Bier
Wir wollten die Ferne
und träumten nur Träume
Wir gingen in Kammern
und mieden die Räume
Wir wollten den Seegang
und blieben am Pier

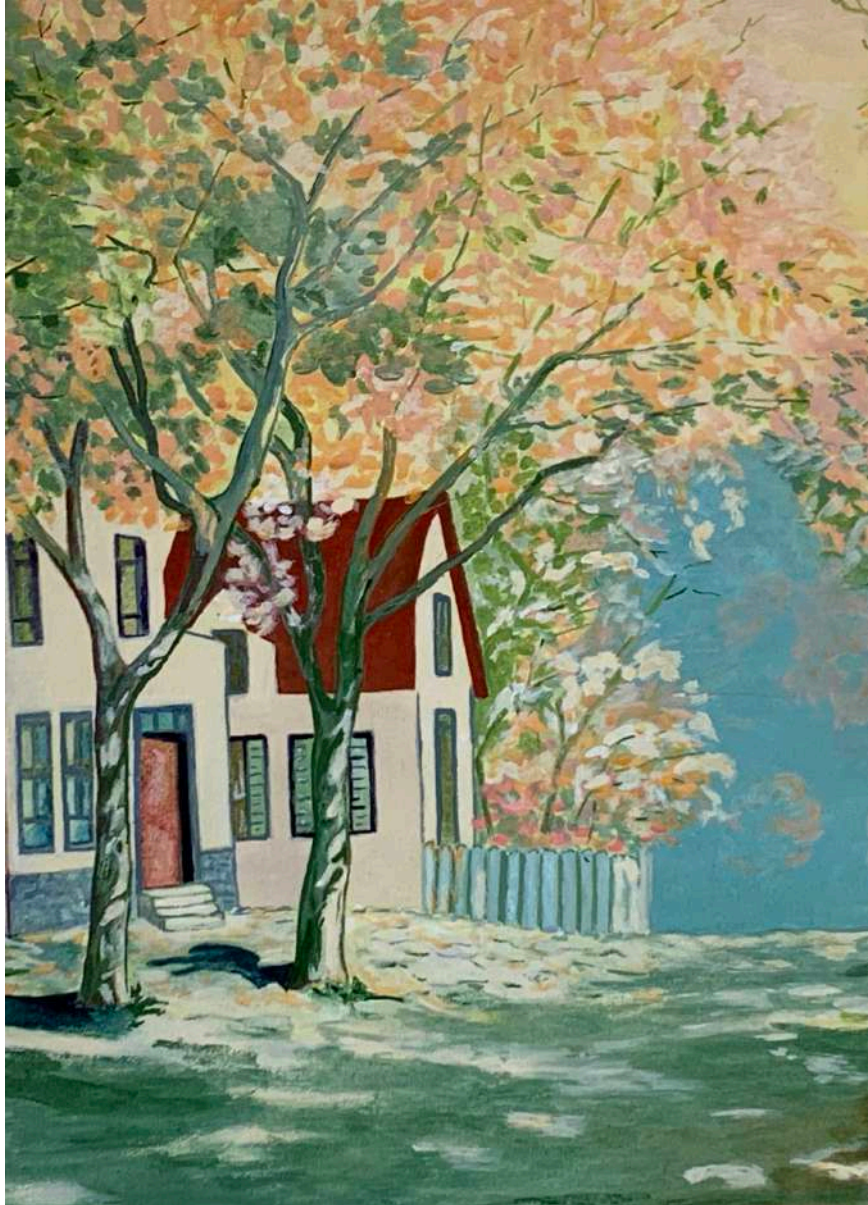
Wir wollten bis Kapstadt
und kamen bis Aldi
Wir wollten auf Reise
und gingen ums Eck
Wir wollten die Ferne
und schwiegen sie leise
Wir wollten den Bahnhof
und zählten nur Gleise
Wir schauten auf Pläne
und schauten dann weg

Wir wollten bis Kapstadt
und kamen bis Aldi
Wir wollten es greller
und malten es matt
Wir wollten die Ferne
und standen im Keller
Wir sahen den Globus
und drehten ihn schneller
Wir dachten als Sturm
und trieben als Blatt

Jan Oechsner is a German poet and filmmaker. He lives in the Erzgebirge region. His website is www.janoechsner.de

Ljubica Djuricic is a Serbian artist.

Verena Russell (translation and back cover art) is a German artist living in Chemnitz.



We yearned for Cape Town
and came to Aldi
We wanted the tree tops
and stayed with the beer
We wanted the distance
and dreamed only dreams
we went into chambers
and avoided the rooms
we wanted the seas
and stayed on the pier

We yearned for Cape Town
and came to Aldi
We wanted to travel
and went round the corner
We wanted the distance
and silenced it gently
We wanted the stations
and only counted tracks
We looked at plans
and then looked away

We yearned for Cape Town
and came to Aldi
We wanted it brighter
and painted it matte
We wanted the distance
and stood in the basement
We saw the globe
and turned it faster
We dreamt as a storm
and drifted as a leaf



Hoy

Today

Text: Alexandra Lopes da Cunha

Art: Katja Lang

Hoy por la mañana, he salido puerta afuera
He salido por no poder estar dentro,
contenida en un perímetro mínimo,
víctima accidental de paredes pintarrajeadas de blanco.
Dejé que se cerrase la puerta sin atentar si llevaba conmigo las llaves.
Dejé las llaves encima de la mesita de noche del dormitorio,
la cama deshecha, la toalla húmeda sobre la cama,
la ventana abierta, los periódicos de dos semanas sobre el escritorio
la nevera vacía, el basurero lleno.
He salido sin saber hacia dónde me iba
Desde que me fuera de allí, era lo suficiente.
Me dolía cada paso ligero que daba.
El sonido de mis tacones
contra los adoquines de las calles llenas de recuerdos
rechinaba hondo,
hacía latir descompasado mi músculo cardíaco.

This morning, I went outside
I couldn't stand to remain inside,
contained in a minimum perimeter,
an accidental victim of whitewashed walls.
I let the door close without checking if I had the keys with me.
I had left the keys on the bedside table
next to the unmade bed, the damp towel on the bed,
the windows open, the two-week old newspapers on the desk,
an empty refrigerator and a full garbage can.
I left without knowing where I was going.
As long as I could leave, it was enough.
Every step I took was painful.
The sound of my heels
against the cobblestones of streets full of memories
echoed deeply,
and made my heart beat out of tune.

*Alexandra Cunha is a Brazilian writer who currently lives in Portugal. She writes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Her blog is cindereladescaida.blogspot.com
Katja Lang is a German visual artist from Berlin. Her site is katja-lang.com*

Green Pass

Text: Giorgio Agamben

Photo: Heda Bayer



(...)Credere infatti che il *greenpass* significhi il ritorno alla normalità è davvero ingenuo. Così come si impone già un terzo vaccino, se ne imporranno dei nuovi e si dichiareranno nuove situazioni di emergenza e nuove zone rosse finché il governo e i poteri che esso esprime lo giudicherà utile. E a farne le spese saranno in primis proprio coloro che hanno incautamente obbedito.

In queste condizioni, senza deporre ogni possibile strumento di resistenza immediata, occorre che i dissidenti pensino a creare qualcosa come una società nella società, una comunità degli amici e dei vicini dentro la società dell'inimicizia e della distanza. Le forme di questa nuova clandestinità, che dovrà rendersi il più possibile autonoma dalle istituzioni, andranno di volta in volta meditate e sperimentate, ma solo esse potranno garantire l'umana sopravvivenza in un mondo che si è votato a una più o meno consapevole autodistruzione.

(...) In fact, to believe that the "green pass" means a return to normalcy is really naive. Just as a third vaccine is already being imposed, new ones will be imposed and new emergency situations and new red zones will be declared as long as the government and the powers it expresses consider it useful. And those who have unwisely obeyed will pay the price first and foremost.

In these conditions, without putting down every possible instrument of immediate resistance, dissidents need to think about creating something like a society in society, a community of friends and neighbours within the society of enmity and distance. The forms of this new clandestinity, which will have to make itself as autonomous as possible from the institutions, will be pondered and experimented from time to time, but only they will be able to guarantee human survival in a world that has devoted itself to a more or less conscious self-destruction.

Giorgio Agamben is an Italian philosopher. This is just a quotation from a longer text. His blog is at www.quodlibet.it/una-voce-giorgio-agamben

Heda Bayer is a Czech artist, actress and theatre director living in Chemnitz, Germany. More at www.chemnitzkomplex.de

