

escriturario, I (*)
fear of the scarecrow

appointed chacarita (1) - the journey begins. first impression: indifference. first indelible impressions. the people act, they don't look at each other, they pass by. "I thought it was real". (I don't agree, there's nothing that makes it look like a real fall. these notes will be useful.) I don't see any more reactions. in the approaching elderly, some tiny gestures. situation: a dog smells the puppet. some enthusiasm at last! I hear "I'll bet on the 49" [the dead man]. I look at the sky. There is going to be rain.¹

[in the van.] to take notes quickly, not to think before writing. adventure.

canning and corrientes streets (2) - the city government's operative emergency retinue steps down from a vehicle. kicks the puppet in the head. the puppet pays the price for playing a real person. (classical tragedy, the vagrant always a suspect.) the violence washes my eyes. the day begins. no, traffic jam. whistle and horns choir. there was an accident up ahead. we don't want to see blood. a mobile phone rings: one of the participants was attacked in san telmo (3). also in recoleta (4).

we arrive to abasto (5), entrance of the carlos gardel (6) - eyes of the recently born that don't see. blank eyes. I recall Emilio's lapsus yesterday: "we're so used to see puppets in the streets". I get into a Mc Donald's to take pictures from there. disgust, a fly landed on my mouth. it's true!

for those coming out of the subway it's a flash of lightning. as soon as they approach the puppet, they change their minds, they decide to set it in another reality. I think about a mirror: when I come closer I steam it up with my breath, then I don't see myself = frustration.

time. I don't know what time it is. paso street (7) - odor. we are told about the policeman who played the artist, pretending to withhold passers-by as witnesses of the fake corpse. the work of art we were not expecting. now I do, I see a woman that touches the fallen's back and puts her hand away again. looks like a snail's antenna: pure instinct. feel like passing over that policeman's fucking wit.

something not assimilable in this action. between my head and I, something slips away.

callao and corrientes (8) - each one inside their own heads. note to myself a hundred times: to be firm enough to look at all things. they say that some "cartoneros" (9) approached a while ago. I ask, have you seen it? "I saw it, but I don't look at what's ugly". the more the doll looks like us, the more it bothers.

tmgsm (10) - a hanged man appeared hanging from this theatre's genealogical tree. ["us, our beggar bodies, and our fathers, shadows of beggars" hamlet.]

a citizen talks about his taxes. "give me back my money". feel like laughing. can't tell whether he is talking about the store next to us.

Tribunales (11) –

my head is full. I lost the small notebook for a moment. I found it! it was in the van. I notice: other than the authorization, there's no text for this play.

not to let what I write cool down. to eat hot bread that makes one sick. hypocrite: you began to feel a little hungry.

an old bum, old as the buildings. a begging woman that recognized, "I see myself in the near future". death is rehearsing. we will become puppets. this lesson must be looked with the body.

wind gust. the bird goes out with the wind, doesn't stay. a flock. ten pigeons, ten times a clochard. I am no longer afraid that a storm might come.

congreso (12) - what a set change in all these years. murals. frequent posture: on one side of the square the real poor. standing still, as if something dreadful happened (memory of A.Greco (13): "you are a living sculpture"). make contact with one of them: he wants the puppet's clothes. I propose he puts his on the puppet.

on the grinded brick, the puppet squashed against the floor. blind's cane. drunkard facing down. seems like a scream. the funny terrible.

there's time (I don't know what time it is) and I make conversations. they murmur, "somebody should do something" "it makes you want not to leave your house" "it is bad tasted". i think but don't say: "it's true, they need improvement. we should take clochards to the art gallery, like bussi (13b) did". some others protest "nobody does nothing around here?" police arrives, flourish. The force beneath orders.

one of the uniforms asks for my id. "why?" So disagreeable. mercenaries in Biafra. I move away and take pictures (photos of the paintings). they say they don't want trouble. the official authorization is shown, they never learn. they want to earn brownie points. "why don't you go chase criminals?" the corn seller says. they bark they'll be watching closely. they leave taking their prestige with them. we go get something to eat. at the bar, the sign SMILE, YOU ARE BEING FILMED. we must move on.

I am not happy. never happy. the whole art in this. the beautiful-intelligence⁴ aside. avenida de mayo - secretaría de cultura (14): a museum from bottom to top. – I also look and don't see anything. the puppet in its environment. too grotesque. indifferent mass to everything that is not its mania. uninteresting, it is not an obligation to watch. one must withhold oneself in order not to wish to make this people suffer. what gestures should we make to show our pain? nobody happy. if they discover the fiction they remember the present: it disturbs them.

tomorrow, or the day after, we will be puppets, until all this gets tired of being useless.

I don't understand,²

paseo colon y belgrano (15) - narcotic position. impression of being a geographical accident. facing the wall. attached. does the beggar have more body than me?

rumors. a street seller complains to me "taking us for idiots". "no, I am not proud of this either, sir". I tried to talk with him about his other problems, all his problems and mine also. words don't come out. moved, dazed.

once home, to look up several things in the dictionary.

córdoba y florida (16) - garbage and people. it's unusual to see somebody approaching. indifferent as a watch. an empty bottle bottom on the ground. the puppet next to the trash can, worthless to describe it. office workers. the wrong they do not saying neither right nor wrong. working postures, boasting too much. the true clochards don't get anything either, under the excuse that "you never know". would we be better if we hadn't been deceived so many times? un-represented.

to keep taking notes for what might be published, this is useless for me now.

the ambulance services claimed to be efficient. always. they explain that they sent assistance to some of the puppets, also out of efficiency.

⁴ written below the scratch: moral bone.

⁵ underlined in pen, in anger.

⁶ side-noted: they don't live.

plaza san martín (17) stairway. actors play alone, in broad sunlight. some say to them “how miserable”. the puppet stands out, he stands out. nobody touches it. things prick and slice. so far, in almost every puppet there was blood, in the hands. a fallen tree, made of earth a bit apart from wood. up there a little bird on a wire. somebody [a woman] that passes by, I feel she dictates in my ear “I married young”. I build a quick fiction: the corpse was her lover, she saw it lying there, being in the presence of her husband. result: indifferent tension.
 how lucky we are that what we do, doesn’t achieve any of our desires!
 the grenadiers pass by. they are the real automats. a whole dead trail behind them. makes you sad, that sight. fortunately horacio [gonzález] (18) makes me look the square better . to level up the ideas to such a green.
 plaza francia (19) – ejected from the iglesia del pilar (20), ejected from the centro cultural recoleta (21). fearful of the trick, they had to move aside, the puppet represents some kind of danger. for tourism? there are those who practice the sport of the mime and the living statues. fear of looking. an old lady seems to be defecating, gripped to a tree. she opens her mouth full of tears. black teeth. one has to pretend strenght.
 a young pigeon in the ground. must have fallen from the branch. I remember all the birds I saw today. a while ago, those sparrows seemed nuns at a convent. our puppets are scarecrows. who’s afraid of them? at the side of the graveyard, more beggars. they don’t fight. irresistible. and the biggest apathy.
 in the van, the right leg: one of those pains that delay its appearance after the hit.
 3 pm, facultad de medicina (22) – we all embrace. emilio is already spent. the sun burns our heads. time to go back. to finish describing the day:
 we could not cover all the locations. nor the woman giving pamphlets in the street reading arlt’s “aguafuertes” (23) nor the botanical garden where I was expecting to meet no gardener. anger. tomorrow at the kiosks, to see what the newspapers distort. the wrinkle in the forehead will grow, people will move away as if they were avoiding a street hole.

Luis Cano – writer
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(*)

(1,2,3,4,5) locations of the intervention

(6) subway station

(7,8) locations of the intervention

(9) cardboard collector

(10) teatro municipal general san martín (state theatre) location of the intervention

(11) tribunales (highest tribunal house of buenos aires) location of the intervention

(12) congreso (congress) location of the intervention

(13) a. greco (alberto greco) visual artist born in buenos aires in 1931

(13b) Former elected governor of province of Tucuman. Responsible for genocide during the Dictatorship.

(14) secretary of culture (building) location of the intervention

(15) location of the intervention

(16,17) locations of the intervention

(18) h. gonzález (horacio gonzález) sociologist - university of buenos aires.

(19) location of the intervention

(20) iglesia del pilar (colonial church) location of the intervention

(21) centro cultural recoleta (visual arts center) location of the intervention

(22) facultad de medicina (university of medicine) location of the intervention

(23) “aguafuertes” by roberto arlt - writer born in Buenos aires in 1900