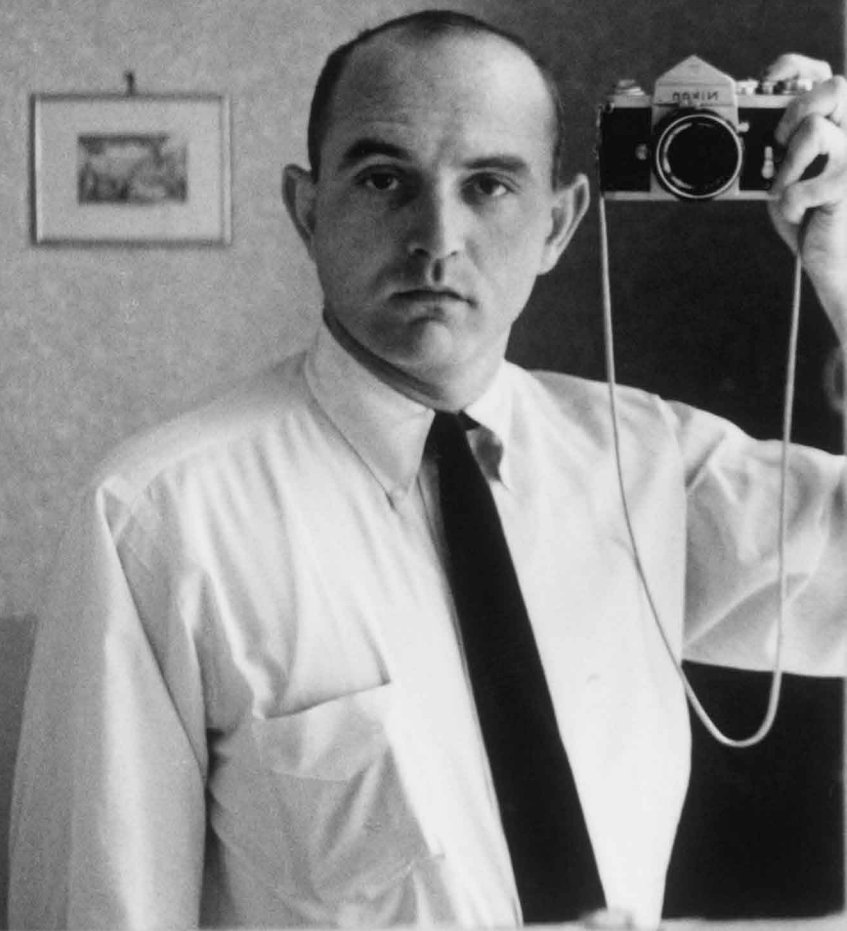


THE PHOETMESMERMAGICIAN







THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST
TELL YOU, BUT YOU DON'T
HAVE TO LISTEN.
I HEREBY SALUTE THE HEROES
IN MY MIRROR, THE WIZARD,
THE SORCERER AND THE
MAGICIAN WHO I BLAME FOR
HOW I BECAME A
PHOETMESMERMAGICIAN.





THE WIZARD

*IN 1960 IT WAS 1960 I BELIEVE
I CHANCED TO GLANCE INTO
A HARPER'S BAZAAR MAGAZINE
AND WAS STOPPED TO A HALT
BY A PHOTOGRAPH OF A NUDE WOMAN
HOLDING A MIRROR IN WHICH SHE WAS REFLECTED
WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY STANDING
BEHIND THE MIRROR (NOT!)
UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION
IT WAS INDEED NOT A PHOTOGRAPH BUT A PAINTING
BY SOME PERSON NAMED MAGRITTE
WHAT A TRICK IS THIS?!
HIS CONTRADICTIONS LED ME TO TRACK THE CONJURER
TO HIS MAISON DU MAGIC IN BRUSSELS, A LIKELY STORY
MY IMAGINATION WAS LIBERATED FROM PLATO'S CAVE
DO NOT TELL ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW
A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.*

THE WIZARD

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.
DO NOT TELL ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW
MY IMAGINATION WAS LIBERATED FROM PLATO'S CAVE
TO HIS VISION DU MAGIC IN BRUSSELS, A LIKELY STORY
HIS CONTRADICTIONS LED ME TO TRYCK THE CONJURER
WHAT A TRICK IS THIS!
BY SOME PERSON NAMED MARGRITTE
IT WAS INDEED NOT A PHOTOGRAPH BUT A PAINTING
UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION
BEHIND THE MIRROR (NOT!)
WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY STANDING
HOLDING A MIRROR IN WHICH SHE WAS REFLECTED
BY A PHOTOGRAPH OF A NUDE WOMAN
AND WAS STOPPED TO A HALT
A HARPER'S BAZAAR MAGAZINE
I CHANGED TO GLANCE INTO
IN 1960 IT WAS 1960 I BELIEVE





René Magritte

THE SORCERER

ONCE UPON A TIME WHEN I USED TO VISIT
YE OLDE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
THIS MAGNETIC NORTH DREW ME TO A STREET SCENE
PAINTED BY BALTHASAR KLOSSOWSKI DE ROLA
AKA BALTHUS
A THEATRICAL POSTURING WORTHY OF MADAM TASSAUD'S
WHY THIS ALLURE? ZUT ALORS!
THE REAL AS FAKE
OF COURSE A DREAM IS THE FAKE PRETENDING TO BE REAL
THE IMAGINATION MUST SING, OTHERWISE
ALL WE ARE LEFT WITH IS THE SILENCE
DEAD WEIGHT WITHOUT WIT, DELIGHT, OR SONGS







Beckmann 1933-



AFTER BALTHUS



BALTHUS AND SETSUKO

THE MAGICIAN

“QUID AMABO NISI QUOD AENIGMAEST”

DE CHIRICO

IS HE WHO'S SHADOW CAST LONG SHADOWS IN THE PIAZZA

HE PANTOMIMES THE FATAL FLAWS OF HUMAN CONCEITS

THE TANGIBLE ANXIETY OF OUR MELANCHOLY FATE

PALPABLE AS A CUP OF COFFEE

DISGUISED IN A MIRAGE OF MYTHS, VAPORS, GLOVES

TANGIBLE AS THE PAST

THE BEST DEFENSE AGAINST COMMON SENSE IS NONSENSE

LISTEN AS I FLOAT AND FLOWER

IN THESE MY FINAL HOURS

I HURRAH BALTHUS, MAGRITE, DECHIRICO

GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE!





14	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

19





GIORGIO De CHIRICO