



PF

FOOD
dispatches

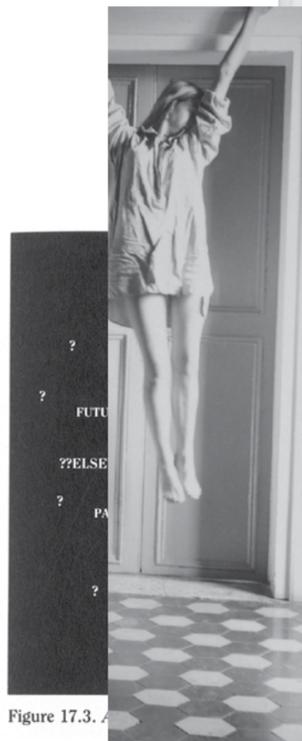
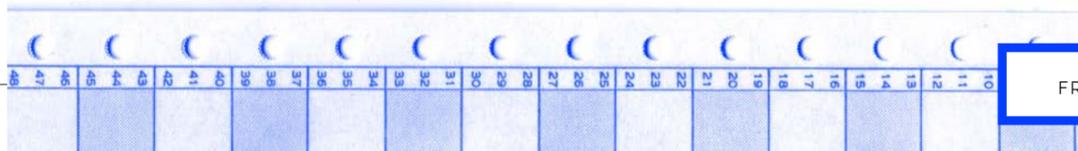


Figure 17.3.

A detail from Veronica Gonzales ▲
Peña's *Sad Passions* book cover.
Published by Semiotext(e).
Read from at *Tif's Desk* 03.23.2013



FRONT: CAMILLE HENROT

GAGOSIAN PARIS

— TRAVIS DIEHL

I write a letter on a sheet of graph paper found in a drawer in a hotel room. A tourist was found clogging a rooftop cistern. From up here a skyscraper makes a deafening sound. A cliff above a VR well spreads out like a grid, like a knitted wireframe, like some kinked antennae on a taxi. Down a hall in a communal bathroom of a migrant hotel where Wim Wenders and Bukowski stayed I drag a



dry razor over some stubble. Next to me a man agrees. He splashes some water up from a sink and towels off with a wrinkled shirt. A man takes a razor from a shaving bag and looks over and smiles. "Sometimes a shave is the best shower," he says. Scales of polished steel pour liquid light through a back windshield of a taxi cab. A drizzle downs some wires. I find a line between street level and highrise sides of some buildings, some colonnades at a head level, some striped bare glass above, a perpendicular sewer surging water and sewage through a grid. Some downtown. Like a low-grade virus, a cab moves on a line as I direct. After a night's sleep on some rough benches in a station where Bukowski and Wim Wenders waited I have a breakfast at a fruit stand. I cradle some luggage and go inside and dig a razor out of an outer pocket. In a bathroom I pour some softsoap into a hand and smear some into my stubble. Down a line of sinks a man looks over with a razor poised at his chin. "Sometimes a shave is the best shower," he says. I sit in some chilling water and through a wall some pot smoke smells like some desire. I have some fun when I'm tired in a sexless or a strange city. I tell a driver to detour through an indifference market. Someone asks me if they can take my picture. Someone must mistake me for someone. It's a city where Wim Wenders and Bukowski wandered. I take a book I'm reading, I take a book I'm reading and throw a book I'm reading out of a window of a migrant hotel where Bukowski and Wim Wenders lived. A tear and a flutter of some pages are lost in an uproar from some skylane air. At a stoplight I feel a purple pop from a flash on an outstretched spindle. I hail a cab. Inside a dim spa some corners of some tiles and fixtures flow in parallel up some walls like in a VR cabin. I crouch on a stool and dampen a new towel. I draw out a green throwaway razor from a wire basket and a woman beside me extends a leg, I look over, she has a razor and smiles, she has a wireframe of creases and a memorable face. "I was homeless," she says, "until one day in front of an opera house a taxi slowed down and a man got out, so captivated he said by some lines of my face, struck and overcome like never before or since he said, we got in a taxi and went back to a hotel where he peeked in through a door and in a towel and looking clean he shaved my legs with his razor, he said that sometimes a shave is the best shower," and it's true, like this woman I am getting ready to tell you something and when that happens there will not be a word out of place.

[Frieze, October 2000]

To : H. R. Haldeman

From: Bill Safire

July 18, 1969.

IN EVENT OF MOON DISASTER:

Fate has ordained that the men who went to the moon to explore in peace will stay on the moon to rest in peace.

These brave men, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, know that there is no hope for their recovery. But they also know that there is hope for mankind in their sacrifice.

These two men are laying down their lives in mankind's most noble goal: the search for truth and understanding.

They will be mourned by their families and friends; they will be mourned by their nation; they will be mourned by the people of the world; they will be mourned by a Mother Earth that dared send two of her sons into the unknown.

In their exploration, they stirred the people of the world to feel as one; in their sacrifice, they bind more tightly the brotherhood of man.

In ancient days, men looked at stars and saw their heroes in the constellations. In modern times, we do much the same, but our heroes are epic men of flesh and blood.

Others will follow, and surely find their way home. Man's search will not be denied. But these men were the first, and they will remain the foremost in our hearts.

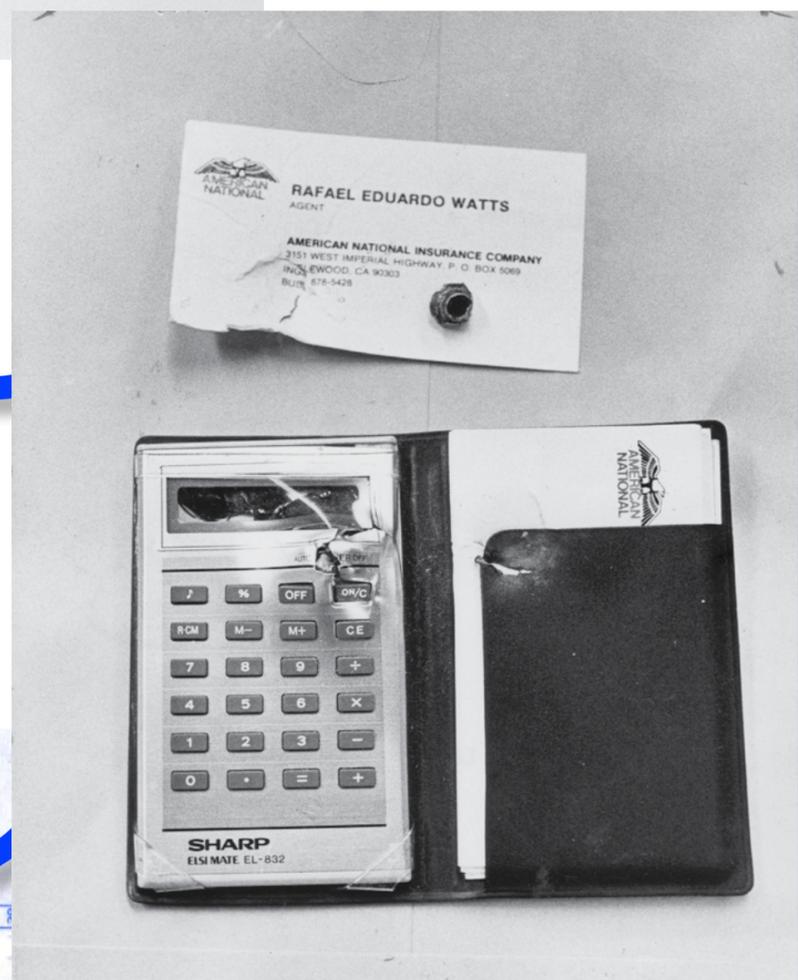
For every human being who looks up at the moon in the nights to come will know that there is some corner of another world that is forever mankind.

PRIOR TO THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT:

The President should telephone each of the widows-to-be.

AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT, AT THE POINT WHEN NASA ENDS COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE MEN:

A clergyman should adopt the same procedure as a burial at sea, commending their souls to "the deepest of the deep," concluding with the Lord's Prayer.



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▲ Saving a life with a calculator, 1983 photo by Michael Haering. The Herald-Examiner Collection, courtesy of the Los Angeles Public Library.

