

**FORTUNE OF REVERSAL**

Hear O Israel.

I am another I am.

In this obscure and uncertain experience of inheritance, a wound circumnavigates.

A wound flickers and gyrates in the word *another*, conceals and reveals the white page.

Within the wound of the letter O.

White becomes yellow becomes silver becomes.

A confession. A circumscription. A circumcision.

*The First Cut is the Deepest* on the radio in 1967.

Cat Stevens, now Yusuf Islam. Born Steven Demetre Georgiou. In London, July 21, 1948.

69 days after another birth: a stillbirth, a State.

A death of exile, ecstatic, in our wavering body.

This wandering exhumation, in our broken alliances, our rings, cuts.

I do not know who I mean when I say *our*.

But the I says our, will always say our. A saying that is a listening.

Hear O, etc.

*Every name in history is I.*

Every name in history is ours.

Martha Sunny von Bülow. Claus von Bülow. Alan Dersowitz. Ron Silver.

Blue bloods, blood sugar, sugar daddies, religious blood, infected blood, bad blood.

The first cut, an inscription in the flesh, a proper name, a bind.

I was born on December 13, 1980 in Newport, Rhode Island.

A desert island. *If there were anywhere but the desert.*

When the poet Joshua interrupts the course of sun he circumcises the sky.

The sun, a wound in the sky, is a scar that one must know how to recognize in oneself.

This scar, a covenant, without continuity, but without rupture.

Walter Benjamin on Baudelaire's poetry as an interruption of the world: *he circumcises time*.

December 21, 1980, my circumcision interrupted as the doctor, my *mohel*, Dr. Gerhard Meier, rushed to Clarendon Court where Sunny von Bülow suffered a severe brain injury through an overdose of insulin, assumed to be murderously administered by her husband Claus, which produced a persistent vegetative state in her until this day.

A covenant suspended, a life saved: 27 years, and counting.

*New Masters* is the record *The First Cut is the Deepest* appears on.

Steven's second record. Track 7.

Seven days represents the physical world of creation, according to Jewish mysticism.

Circumcision is performed on the eighth day as the child has transcended the physical to the metaphysical. The covenant joins body and soul, physical and spiritual.

Track 8: *I'm Gonna Be King*.

Sunny von Bülow first married Prince Alfred von Auersperg resulting in two children of this marriage, Princess Annie Laurie Kneissl and Prince Alexander von Auersperg. After Sunny's divorce from Prince Alfred she married Claus Cecil Borberg on June 6, 1966.

Claus von Bülow, having taken Sunny's name, vehemently argued to terminate her life support.

Sunny continued to breath on her own, 75 million dollars of inheritance suspended in an IV drip.

New masters, masters of war, like Judas of old.

Claus was charged with two counts of attempted murder.

After two years of a nationally televised celebrity trial Claus was pronounced guilty and sentenced to thirty years of prison. Claus appealed, hiring Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz to represent him. Professor Dershowitz and associates rendered doubtful the first trial's most damning evidence and testimony; in 1984 the conviction was reversed; in 1985, after a second trial, von Bülow was found not guilty on all charges.

Claus von Bülow referred to Dershowitz as *my Jew* throughout the appeal.

In a letter to Count Robert de Montesquieu, in 1869, Proust confessed to his mother's Judaism, a process whereby Proust recognizes the Jew in himself, almost as if he sees his shadow, and declares *my Jew*.

A shadow without a sun, a Jew without being Jewish.

Proust, an example of a half-Jew, is almost already a non-Jew.

The Jew that knows the impossibility saying *I am a Jew*.

Proust in *The Remembrance of Things Past* understands the real Jewish problem is not anti-Semitism but, rather, the converse, Judaism itself. That a Jew realizes that he *is one* not within the walls of his home but at the very moment he tries to emerge from it.

An emergence that is a shadow, not a mirror, not a stone.

The shadow of the letter O.

O like a stone.

The shade of a stone wall that obliterates the wall, the home.

No direction home, blind in a blind sunlight, the Jew is the desert, the desert is the shadow of the world.

Not a Jew, Pier Paolo Pasolini writes in his poem *Victory*:

*Drown to become more virile.*

A stone, thrown into the ocean like a vowel.

A prayer that drowns, ineffable and impossible, without consonant or constant.

Beyond the horizon of possibility, in the desert of nowhere, and nothing, something comes.

A coming that is a cutting of the present, a cut that forms a ring of promise, a promise for the *to come*, a coming to listen for, long for, not a seeing, but a sighing, a blindness that binds us to the O, the O which opens orgasm.

Hear O, the Jewish Penis, etc.

In Lenny Bruce's autobiography *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, he notes that he had once made approximately \$8,000 in three weeks, and immediately sent \$2,500 to a leper colony.

Lenny died at 40, found with a syringe and a burned bottle cap in the Hollywood Hills.

Gertrude Stein while visiting California writes *There is no there there*.

*Everybody's autobiography.*

Everybody, no body, *not the half that made me but that half in which I made what I made.*

A reparation of everybody and nobody, wavering between the writing on the wall and the dirty talk, private, pandemonium.

A language of leprosy, outcast, and burned out with the solidarity of the letter.

The letter trembles in undecidability, division, isolation: what to spell scatters over the earth, around the sun, rings, like burned bottle caps, the word *non*.

And the letter O tightening between the book-ending N.

The O narrowing, and not widening, a gyre.

The O, like the Jew, is a colony burning the consonants in its surround, rewriting the world from its own scattered ash.

The N, like walls of that colony, ready and written to collapse.

Always in that folding horizon, Genet writes that home prisons are in the shade but *the colony is in the sun*:

*Everything transpires there in a cruel light, which I cannot refrain from choosing as a sign of lucidity.*

Pasolini dead at 53. Murdered, whose sense of sexual desire was always bound up in theological and political determinations.

Gertrude Stein, a young lesbian at Radcliffe titled her term paper for a class on argumentative composition *The Modern Jew Who Has Given Up the Faith of His Fathers Can Reasonable and Consistently Believe in Isolation*.

Futility pushed to the margins is betrayal, Genet wrote in *Prison of Love*, while seducing Palestinian soldiers, a seduction that burned in the shadows, virile and unrequited, perpetual, impossible.

Proust on his deathbed at 51, lifting the white sheets over his face, a de-circumcision, suspending death through dying, preempting destruction through subtraction.

*Now I neologize Jewish and goyish. Dig: I'm Jewish. Count Basie's Jewish. Ray Charles is Jewish. Eddie Cantor's goyish. B'nai Brith is goyish; Hadassah, Jewish. Marine corps--heavy goyim, dangerous.*

Saint Genet. Saint Foreskin. Saint Heat.

Heating the knife to sterilize it before a circumcision, an ecstatic violence before and beyond the cut.

*White light, white heat.*

In this desert heat, like a blade shimmering in fata morgana, always cutting the Jew,  
holds the Jew to deterioration and delusion.

The way the word *denouement* wavers on the tongue, to untie, to be untied.

The blood red ring Adem cut for Eve, a sin, then the ecstatic violence in birth, the  
sermon of scattered glass, falling leaves.

This ring we cut an enclosure indistinguishable from its eclipse.

This is what we call Exodus.

The O of Exodus is the same O of Zion.

Like pomegranates falling from a tree.

The sky reads death, the dead seas scroll, life is only in the falling O, the concentric vortex spellbinding our tongues, our organs.

Two O's like two eyes, which must be cut out, while praying:

*O come O come we must come.*

A promise from the blinding light, a bondage that can only betray itself.

*... Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves...*

*Samson Agonistes* by John Milton, published in *Paradise Regained* in 1671 as a tragic drama of denouement, a few years after Sabbatei Zvi's conversion to Islam, it tells of Samson's eyes being cut out, and his blindness, which speaks to Milton's own blindness:

*Blind among enemies, O worse than chains.*

Samson's inner vision which is not a divine vision, a cut between the two that leads to Samson's physical blindness.

The slash in the name G-d; a slash that promises the impossibility of God, the impossibility of a G-d because of the ineffable O, impossible chains that weigh us to the earth, denying gravity, a delusion that marks a cut which denies castration.

All of life in that slash, unspelled, the horizon of paradise.

The cut between the Jewish inner vision and the divine vision promises an isolated and blind paradise.

Two visions rejoined in the ring, in the circumcision of the word, first words as last words, a self-mutilation that wavers in the perpetual promise, the impossible promise, the promise for impossibility: this is eyeless in Gaza, paradise in the unknown, in nowhere, in the anywhere *other*, the *to come*.

What body is eyeless in Gaza now? Whose vision precludes place? And in whose line of sight are those placeless?

Hear O Israel, we must cut out our eyes and let the desert light blind us once again, our exodus paved by progress, our paradise restored through reversal.

Stones must reverse to sand, soldiers to Samson, state to sun.

Sunny von Bülow's coma, a reversal that promises her redemption, a bare life that spellbinds death, a spirit whose exile sustains the body, this spiritual promise, a ring we pray and throb inside:

*O come O come we must come.*

Like Sunny, the perfect Jew obliges himself to this immanent betrayal.

A shibboleth for Zion. The resistance in misspelling.

Aleph to Zion, the tightest of rings that binds our promise to come, but a ring that has been broken by the enforced solidarity of Bets.

In the beginning, all bets are off: take one step backwards and then wait for one other.

Always approaching the hole one enters the Other, Jean Genet, stepping backwards amongst the Palestinians said that *any one who has not experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing of ecstasy at all.*

The Palestinians are sometimes called *the Jews of the Arab world.*

The Jew, The Arab.

The Palestinians are the Jews of the world.

Jerusalem is divided by the slash of injustice. Jerusalem is liberated in the comma.  
Battle for the comma. Battle for Jerusalem.

The Jew, The Arab.

The comma that suspends time: forces a look backward, while inevitably moving forward: a clash, a contravene, an interseccion.

The comma, an organ, an eye, that is cut out, skin that is cut away, what remains a promise, a blind sight.

The comma shards. The comma docks.

*Docking*, the act of placing the head of a uncircumcised penis inside the foreskin of another penis.

The letter O, also a glory hole. The ring of interdiction.

*Sex is always a vowel.*

Wayne Koestenbaum's *Best-Selling Jewish Porn Films*:

*I haven't said enough about the ragged sun  
its satisfaction in being the one to bind my life--  
to bring the filthy pieces together, -- on its way to more important tasks.*

If there were any breaks that were not also binds, there would not be the Jew.

If there were anywhere but the desert there would be the Jew.

But there is only the desert, and only the Jew, scattered filthy pieces.

The State made the desert bloom, and the Jew was found with a hammer and a gun.

The paradoxical consummation of the Jewish tragedy, the sunburned Jewish sorrow, is the embrace of the building State.

A nation in the dark shade of blooming trees and walls, over which the whistling arboretum of smoke and fire grows.

Walls built for a house, not just a home, but a temple.

And the shade of olive trees were replaced by the Temple, air conditioned.

The Jewish construction of Jerusalem in 1948 was one of Law, declaration, and human terror.

Any Jewish destruction of Jerusalem will be one of breaking the Law, anti-declaration, and divine terror.

The anti-declarative Jew, the Jew that says *I am not a Jew*, is the anticathexis Jew: the dying, but not dead, Jew: the non-Jew.

The non-Jew is a divine terror, a violence toward G-d's choice, a withdrawal, an abstention:

King Solomon in resolving a maternal struggle proposed to cut a child in half in order for the two proprietary mothers to share this baby. Of course, the true mother gave up her claim to the baby.

Before a cut, a violent suspension, the terror of abandon more revolutionary than the violence of control: the Jew is cradling this baby again, a baby with a blade hovering over him.

In Freud's *Totem and Taboo: Some Points of Agreement between the Mental Lives of Savages and Neurotics* circumcision is the symbolic substitute for castration which the primal father once inflicted upon his sons and whoever accepted that symbol was showing by it that he was prepared to submit to the father's will, even if it imposed the most painful betrayal on him.

If circumcision is the cut that symbolically binds the Jew to Jews, the cut might also be the transferred site of desire for the Jew to dislocate himself from the Jews entirely, as symbolic castration would render the reproduction of the Jew impossible.

In the impossibility of the Jew, one may begin to see the techniques for the Jewish destruction of Jerusalem.

When the bind of the Jew tightens, when the cut of the Jew is deepest, it breaks the very apparatus of the Jew; therefore, the fullest expression of the Jew, as cut, would be the annihilation of the Jew. This process of identity negation may be transferred onto geography and leaves one with the question: is the fullest Jewish expression of Jerusalem its destruction?

The answer is a rite that brings new rain, a hard rain.

The symptom within statehood, that there exists in the process of *upholding* the state, a reality which threatens and exceeds its very being is a symptom also found in the reality of the Jew.

The Jew, like the state, upholds itself, maintains a singular, golden erection within reality of present law that is always already betrayed by its own inevitable infinity, that the deeper the Law encloses a space, the closer that space is to being eclipsed by the Law.

The non-Jew, to survive this extreme enclosure and eclipse, must wander, homeless, and *dérive* toward a death that is a sacrifice to and a covenant with the infinite.

Outside the destroyed city of Jerusalem, camp smoke rises in a winded ring, these Jews, the only Jews, wander further into the desert of the real, moist from the promise of milk & honey they never knew, the dew of impossibility sweeter than anything, anywhere.

What desert sunrise shimmers on *our* horizon, is it what Moses saw on the mountain, bound by the moist ecstasy of *to come*?

And it was then and there, that Moses, not a Jew but an Egyptian, as Freud proposes, that the first Jewish circumcision was performed: the breaking of the tablets.

Another destruction that promises a future reparation; an other coming that promises the unforeseeable, the impossible.

Hear O Israel, lookout mountain, lookout sea.

The desert is nowhere, we look out from nowhere, into the unforeseeable; only in this oblivion can we destroy our signatures and cities.

The cut of the name, and the destruction of the temple, are circumcisions.

By inserting circumcision in the ring of annulation, we can deconstruct the concentric, we can void, everlasting.

The impossibility of the pure cut.

The second circumcision was performed by Moses' wife Zipporah, who took a flint and cut off her son's foreskin, and touched Moses' feet with it and said, *Truly you are a bridegroom of blood to me!*

A lookout for a coming or an event which one *allows* or *incites* to come (without seeing anything come) in an experience which is radically heterogeneous from the present.

The moisture of blood on the horizon of the blade says: *o come o come we must come.*

A bridegroom *about* to be married. This *about* is our sorrow and our salvation.

Jacques Derrida, who says that he is a Jew and never a Jew, writes how circumcision, that cutting of the surround, was first instituted by the mother, *for her, the cruelty basically being hers, and sometimes the very act of cutting off that sort of ring she had to eat the still bloody foreskin, I imagine first by sucking it, my first beloved cannibal, initiator at the sublime gate of fellatio, like so many mohels for centuries had practiced suction, mixing wine and blood with it.*

Initiator at the sublime gate of fellatio we are about to come.

Perhaps out of Freud's diagnosis of the castration fear, Derrida proposed *autofellocircumcision --the fellating of one's self, one's identity, one's source of ejaculatory production, up to the extent that one has drawn one's own penile blood and left an indelible mark; this intense introspection, this application of the most severe criticism to one's own thoughts and outpourings--the circumcising of all of one's own words is the task of the poet.*

Sunny von Bülow, covered in blood on the bathroom floor where she was found naked, with the moisture of the drawn bath covering the bathroom mirror, is a poem, and was turned into a work of art, a film.

Less vulgar, one could consider the late works of Ana Mendieta to have translated this poem into artworks.

Ana Mendieta, also murdered in the 1980s, her husband also acquitted, made anti-sculptures in which the indentation of her body in the earth created abstract negative spaces that were then filled in with blood.

The negative spaces of Mendieta's body enact both memory and futurity: a definition of Zion.

Like Mendieta's tortured sacrifices to express suffering and redemption, Sunny von Bülow's poem, is a messianic art.

Bodies sacrificed for the displacement of power: the power of the repressive and oppressive structures around them, and the power of the artist to subtract, retreat, and reverse themselves from those states.

The messianic is always already about a displacement, a wilderness.

The displacement of what has come and the wilderness of what is to come, leaving only the negative space of the present, moist and ripe for the unknown.

Two men, like two towers, were destroyed in these blood rituals of self-removal.

Two men, uncircumcised, were docked by two autofellocircumcised artists, whereby this alliance formed from a ring.

A ring like a stone, like a stone drowning in the sea, like the sea trembling before the weight of the desert mountains tightening around the earth.

The horizon between the sea and the desert is a dock where we may imagine the politics of Sunny and Ana to be a specter to pray toward.

The political *autofelloccircumcisions* of the Jew is another specter to consider against the State .

The Jew, like the State, like existence itself, is possible and finite the moment it is recognized as impossible, infinite.

The Jew, like the state, like existence itself, is visible only in the moment that it is hidden.

The wandering Jew is the hidden Jew, the hidden Jew is never lost, but lingering, circumnavigating, destroying.

In the ring of circumcision, the fist cut is the first name: *Jew*. A name that is cut from the wavering knife.

*I am another I am.*

Anti-Semitism is first and foremost a belief in the Jew, in the possibility of locating the Jew, and of course, in upholding the Jew.

Death is preservation.

Piles of glasses. Piles of shoes. Piles of hair.

Our life, a wandering exhumation.

Claus von Bülow proudly saying *my Jew* to a few friends over breakfast,  
his triumphant discovery of this little lawyer.

Freedom has a price. Freedom is on loan.

Work will set you free. Work will not set you free.

Ezra Pound associated usury with making the naturally fertile infertile: *metal is durable, but it does not reproduce itself*, he says in the Cantos.

The revulsion and aversion to abstraction is anti-Semitic.

Of course, the revulsion and aversion to abstraction is also abstract, Kafka, the hard worker, the anarchist, might have said.

Everyone thought Kafka was a joke. He was ecstatic.

*Our art is a way of being dazzled by truth: the light on the grotesquely grimacing retreating face is true, and nothing else.*

Kafka believed in the Jew, a belief like a guillotine-- heavy, as light.

Robespierre asked his executioner if he could face the sky when the blade dropped;  
where was Dershowitz then?

Dershowitz's best-selling book on the Von Bülow case is titled *Reversal of Fortune*.

*The true story of the most celebrated attempted murder trial of the decade, the cover asserts.*

*Hurtles like a steamroller...* wrote The Boston Sunday Globe in one of many positive reviews the book received.

A book that was turned into a major motion picture from Warner Bros., starring Glenn Close, Jeremy Irons, and Ron Silver.

Irons was awarded the Academy Award for Best Actor, Barbet Schroeder was nominated for Best Director, and Nicholas Kazan was nominated for the Best Original Screenplay.

Ron Silver plays Dershowitz, the young, cunning lawyer-- a performance of a Jewish intellect that replaces Woody Allen's neurotic self-deprecation with a more zealous self-confidence, (although not at all comparable to the infallible cool of an early Elliot Gould character).

*Reversal of Fortune*, the film, was released on September 12, 1990. Ten years after Sunny von Bülow was injected with a fatal dose of insulin. Ten years after I was born; but only seven years after my covenant with God was finally enforced in a hospitalized, overdue circumcision.

Seven years of counter-conversion. Seven years of facing the sky.

A grotesquely grimacing face. A sky without a sun. Primordial and nonaligned.

Ron Silver's first film was *Tunnel Vision*, directed by Neal Israel.

Silver co-founded the organization *One Jerusalem* to oppose the Oslo Peace Agreement: the organization's purpose is *to maintain a united Jerusalem, the undivided capital of Israel*.

The undivided Israel is the uncut Israel: the capital that says *I am*.

The undivided Jew is the uncut Jew: the Jew that says *I am*.

Words without a wound. Words without a page. Useless words. Dead words.

Silence cuts an alliance with the future.

The future, which can only say: *I am not.*

Silver becomes white, when air conditioned.

Whiteness like Melville's *divine spotlessness*.

Imagine God in exile: God wandering in the white space between the ink of a letter.

The letter O, for example.

Hear, O, etc...

In the ellipsis of the etc. white turns to silver.

Silver in the divine terror of daybreak.

Silver like the desert. Silver like a shadow. Shadow like a witness.

*I saw God's shadow on this world.*

I saw God's shadow on this world.

Again, Melville's whiteness: *Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it, that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color; and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows- a colorless, all-color of atheism from which we shrink?*

The shrinking Jew, the silver Jew: a visible absence, and the weight of the world in the word.

Edmond Jabés, above all, shows us how to hold the world to its word.

*The Jew faces the Jew, as a page of the book, a page of the book.*

*"...a book -- he said -- that I'll never write because nobody can, it being a book:*

*" -- against the book.*

*" -- against thought.*

*" -- against truth and against the word.*

*" -- a book, then, that crumbles even while it forms.*

*" -- against the book because the book has no content but itself, and it is nothing.*

*" -- against thought because it is incapable of thinking its totality, let alone nothing.*

*" -- against truth because truth is God, and God escapes thought; against truth, then, which for us remains legendary, an unknown quantity.*

*" -- against the word, finally, because the word says only what little it can, and this little is nothing and only nothing could express it.*

*" And yet I know"*

*" -- that the book is written against the book that tries to destroy it.*

*" -- that thought thinks against the thought that covets its place.*

*" -- that truth comes through the lived moment as the one moment to be lived.*

*" -- that the word in vanishing reveals the very distress of man who vanishes with it."*

Alan Dershowitz writing *Reversal of Fortune*, 1982.

Alan Dershowitz legitimizing torture on CNN, 2002.

Alan Dershowitz proposing to bulldoze Palestinian tents.

*Hurtles like a steamroller...* wrote The Boston Sunday Globe.

In 66 AD, Nero ordered two commands: the destruction of Jerusalem and to level the Temple.

In 70 AD, Judaism, as a political state, was destroyed, the Temple obliterated, save for one wall on the West.

The Book, the word, replaced the Temple in 70 A.D.

This replacement is also the Jewish displacement, our exile.

And the Book, the word, continues to displace: this is the writing of the disaster.

Maurice Blanchot published *The Writing of the Disaster* in Paris in December 1980, the same week as my deferred circumcision and Sunny's deferred death.

*The Jew does not believe in the disaster. One cannot believe in it, whether one lives or dies. Night; white, sleepless night—such is the disaster: the night lacking darkness, but brightened by no light.*

The Temple and the State are destroyed in each turn of the page, a white, sleepless disaster.

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Under the shade of the desert pyramids, *about to* inscribed in the dark, the non-Jew writes bright black.

*There is no explosion except the book, Mallarmé wrote.*

Therefore, we detonate the west wall with paper prayers.

A time bomb counting down, backwards, endlessly.

Mallarmé, a slave to language, says the only sublime is graffiti.

There are plants that graffiti this last wall of the temple, the writing of the disaster.

Some believe there is a divine presence wailing above the wall and that the teardrops of that divinity allow the hyssop and wild caper plants to grow in the stone.

Perhaps it is an IV bag that weeps above the wall?

Sunny, a temple, brightened by no light, except a hospital hallway, her body the last wall before oblivion.

Sunny, a temple, brightened by no light, except a hospital hallway, her body the last wall before oblivion.

Imagine the impossible books on Sunny's bedside table, only the remembrance of things past.

The destruction of the last wall in Jerusalem will occur by these impossible books.

Books like plagues, infection by disappearance, the first born, the first cut, erased, obliterated, impossible.

Inconceivable voids, a striking similar to an eraser developing a pile of its own deletion.

Sunny von Bülow striking the wild capers on her salad with a gilded knife.

Sunny's bare life gyrating around her daily injections.

A bare life, shining solitude, the void of her final silent disaster through moisturizer and needles.

Needles, like blades, blades like mirrors, mirrors covered in sheets and pillow cases.

Insulin and circumcision, our conversions sustained.

Sunny, truly you are a bridegroom of blood to me.

Insulin is a peptide hormone composed of 51 amino acid residues and has a molecular weight of 5808 Da. Produced in the Islets of Langerhans in the pancreas. The name comes from the Latin insula for *island*.

The island as ring. The ring, tightening, withdrawing.

Withdrawal and not expansion, such is the temperature of exodus, the weight of the desert.

A desert island. As if there were anywhere but the desert.

As if there were anywhere but the view of the desert from the perspective of the sea.

Ezra Pound's appraisal of Walt Whitman, *a periplum wiring*.

Ezra Pound in The Pisan Cantos. Ezra Pound in prison.

Periplum between the island of a hospital bed, and the waves of innocence breaking in the courtroom.

*Do we ask an island who are you?  
Flattered and dazzled by the sea.  
One day, to be swallowed up.*

*Fastened to nothing. Fastened to water.*

Claus von Bülow on a yacht.

Wallace Berman on his houseboat in Larkspur.

Wallace with 22 letters, black stencils dripping down a white wall, fertilizer for a graffiti  
Eden.

*Semina* making the naturally infertile fertile.

Wallace Berman's seeds, sun, stone, and rings.

Concentric chain link circles, an infinity burned in each word.

*In the beginning there was hermeneutics.*

The Jew answers a question with a question.

*You must leave now, take what you need, do you think we'll last?*

Crying like a fire in the sun, geometry is divinity.

The earth's elements hiding their truths in abstract grids, compounds.

The restoration of exiled elements, lines, filthy pieces in harmony.

Sol Lewitt surrounded by crystals at a friends loft in 1969, laughing.

Eva Hesse in leather and lace, crying.

*I am another I am.*

As if one were to hold a photograph of the sun in front of the sun.

White light, white heat.

Sabbatai Zevi in 1665 points at a page in The Torah while looking at the sun.

One year later, he converts to Islam leaving tens of thousands of his Jewish followers in apostasies.

Apostasy as restoration, the messianic as imposture.

From the abyss of the mythical gates of impurity, the messianic cuts, hacks.

The hack, a bloodless shadow of the self.

Always flickering in impossibility, the messianic, as the desert, never comes to pass.

Like a mirage, salvation is nature in open war with itself.

On the trembling front lines, Walter Benjamin commanding us *to strive for such a passing away—even the passing away of those stages of man that are nature—is the task of world politics...*

Sabbatai Zevi points at a page in The Koran while looking at the sun, 1669.

Therefore, Free Palestine.

But what is *pure betrayal*?

Hassan Sayed Nasrallah calling for *open war* with worldwide Zionists, 2008.

*Let the whole world listen. Let the whole world be open.*

Restless and devoted, Zevi's followers, lead by Nathan of Gaza, converted to Islam.

Others stayed Jewish obeying the Jewish impossibility of staying.

Gershom Sholem stayed, but like a bar of soap stays in the ocean.

*Are we to regret this* asks Francis Ponge during the French Resistance?

*Certainly not. We find it, as I say, smaller, diminished, exhausted sometimes, thin as it can be -- yet with all dignity intact...As for the ocean, an enormous amount troubled, having lost face... Which one is the victor? Etc...*

Walter Benjamin didn't stay. He *destroyed his tormented body*, as Brecht wrote.

*Eventually driven to a boundary impossible to transgress, you have transgressed a transgressible one. Empires fall.*

Edmond Jabés, always in between, in flight without movement, buried between the words pure and betrayal, imperfectly white, yellowing, like a star in a night that does not exist, like the space of not existing, exhausted and exhumed.

*I am another I am.*

The truth exists in the ring. We cut the ring, we cut for the ring.

What if this *for* were less addressed to the ring, than, for our circumscription in thought and action, to ourselves, the presumed origin of this ring.

The body's rings, holes, openings. The first cut is the deepest.

Imagine concentric circles with an explosion at the center, those curves spreading, divided, around the corners and walls of *my* life.

That what is mine, what is me, is a cut from the ring which we must return to, but a return that is a constriction, and not an expansion.

The constriction of the desert. The constriction of the stateless, spread wide and wandering.

The promise of wandering, in circles, toward a paradise at the center whose depth is increased by our enclosure.

An enclosure, in the beginning, ceaseless.

The present tense, the first word, to speak is to rejoin.

Silent, life cuts itself into letters. This we call exodus: ecstatic, undying.

The death drive is, paradoxically, the Freudian name for it's very opposite, for the way immortality appears, an uncanny excess of life.

The desert does not remove of life, but shows a movement of life in such excess it is silent, truth.

*Truth cannot be divided.  
It is shared from the beginning.  
Remains to justify the shares.*

The day circumcises the night, just as the night will circumcise the day.

A ring, the sun, the moon, the earth.

Circles covering circles, a covering that is also an erasure, a conversion.

Yusuf Islam covering *The First Cut is the Deepest* in Jerusalem, 2008.

Ramblin' Jack Elliot, covering *Waiting Around to Die* in Jerusalem.

*Revelation Through Sin*, Gershom Scholem (born Gerhard) titled his chapter on Sabbati Zevi, in Paris, 1936.

Wallace Berman naming jazz aleph, sex aleph, heroin aleph.

Sunny von Bülow's insulin needle: like the metaphysical breastplate of the Hebrew angel Metatron.

And for her nameless coma, I learned the word antinomianism.

*Together we're gonna wait around and die.*

Together we're gonna open the war.

Hear O, etc.

Nathan of Gaza, Sabbatai Zevi's hack, understood, like Sartre, that a recurrent revelation, as a perpetual revolution, is never closed, but opening, breaking, violating, tormented.

The torment of the Law is its true fulfillment, they both prophesized.

The breach of the possible and the present for the new alliance with the impossible and the infinite.

The desire for a beginning and the dread of one single end; the rupture of fulfillment.

Metatron, the celestial scribe, in between Abraham's knife and Isaac.

A sacrifice suspended, the highest Angel betraying his God, to prevent, therefore to prolong, the supreme circumcision, whose silver blade still shines and grimaces above our heads, as we face or forget the desert sun, blind in the blind sunlight.

Walls like blades in the State that sacrifices sons for blinding shade.

When the apostate Elisha ben Abuyah, also named Archer, Hebrew for *another*, entered Paradise he saw Metatron sitting down, an action that in heaven is only permitted to God.

Metatron, who led the Jews during their exodus from Egypt, says of God: *my name is in him.*

Sit down, I'm going to bury my name in you.

The opening shot of *Reversal of Fortune* is a view of mansions on the edge of the island's cliffs, from the perspective of the sea. The film's first words are Sunny von Bülow's voice-over: *This was my body.*

Cut to Sunny lying in a hospital.

Cut to Alan Dershowitz and Claus von Bülow's first meeting, Dershowitz says to von Bülow:

*You do have one thing in your favor, everybody hates you.*

Claus as the State of Israel.

Sunny, the wandering Jew.

Sunny in a hospital bed, a number circumscribing her wrist, thin, silent, hair turning from blonde to a silver white.

Semina, a persistent vegetative state-- an exile without movement, a body without organs, without blood even, being without existence.

Semina, the germ of the impossible.

Dershowitz's obsession with upholding the Law, the opposite of apostasies, attracts him to Claus von Bülow, whose appeal exemplifies the reversal of guilt, and the favor of hatred that allows the erection of innocence.

The State of Israel erecting innocence over the catastrophe of others.

Claus was rumored throughout Europe to have killed his mother and his aunt-- and that he was a necrophiliac.

Let us consider an experience of theologico-political necrophilia.

Is it anti-Semitic? Or is it precisely the experience of the Semite?

Herodotus writes in *The Histories* that to discourage intercourse with a corpse, Ancient Egyptians left deceased beautiful women to decay for three or four days before giving them to the embalmers.

Psychology dictates that fear of rejection and or fear of death transfers into a desire for the dead-- a desire for total control, which, psychologists warn may turn into a hatred of life itself.

Unlike Freud's death drive, necrophilia is not biologically determined but results from conditioning. Erich Fromm, an outspoken anti-Zionist Jew, believed that the lack of love in the western society and the attraction to mechanistic control leads to necrophilia. Other factors include; the impact of modern weapon systems, idolatry of technology, and the treatment of people as things in bureaucracy.

Shakespeare wrote on the necrophiliac desires of those committed to controlling empire; in *Julius Caesar* Act 2 Scene 2, Shakespeare writes about the senatorial conspirators immense reverence to the bloodied body of Caesar, how their general state of mind undergoes a radical transformation when it suddenly turns into thanatophilia for the slain dictator. The conspirator Decius Brutus in attempting to persuade Caesar to go to the senate, duplicitously offers Caesar a sanguine assessment of the day's outcome, and the necrophiliac imagery seduces:

*This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision fair and fortunate: Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bathed, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood, and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.*

In the stillbirth that is the State of Israel, who are the conspirators that fantasize sucking the blood of the dead Jew?

With the corpse of exile spread open, who is promised life in the tincture and stains of her bleeding, erected, body?

And whose stateless shadow preserves this stillbirth, this dying without death?

And who may exhume this ecstatic body, bring it to light, a cruel heat, a desert heat for it to fade away in?

Cut to Sunny's sultry post-post-mortem voice-over, her last words: *all this legal activity, is it in Satan's service?*

Cut to Sunny, *my Jew*.

Cut to Sunny, my bloodless shadow.

Cut to Sunny, impossible.

Cut to Sun.

Cut the sun out of the sky.

Time bleeds backward into first words.

*I am another I am.*

A confession.    A circumscription.    A circumcision.

Aleph, a reversal of fortune.

Bet, a fortune of reversal.

Aleph.

