



## "You never loved me..."

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You never loved me. You  
fancied the idea of me -  
the exotic foreigner who kills  
for the state - who will die for  
the state. Everyone I <sup>slaughtered</sup> killed  
is some one who wanted to wanted  
your head on a pike. How  
comforting it must have been  
- protected by a [black] warrior  
loyal

What excited you was my  
strange story: enslaved youth  
redeemed by war, fantastic  
adventures, stories of freaks and  
miracles. And you thought  
that was all there was to me -  
a useful myth - a fairy tale  
suited to the cut to suit the  
And <sup>a</sup> princess' hunger for  
real life. Not the full existence of  
her home.

John  
and  
Penelope



D. You are wrong! You believed a lie.  
And you thought I was unfaithful. Me?  
Q. ~~And you broke my hymen.~~

Q. ~~And you betray me with Mercurius?~~

I don't know. I did suspect.

Actually I don't care.

But <sup>listen to me</sup> more than infidelity ~~was~~ my

Rage was toward your self-delusion

Your requirements for a bleached  
civilized soul <sup>court manners</sup> ~~framed by violence~~ <sup>framed by violence</sup>

~~accompanied by vicious~~ <sup>framed in blood</sup>

Have you any idea what it took to  
get here? Who sabotaged me ~~kept~~ <sup>delayed</sup>

Who

Peter's  
Desdemona Schedule

2011 Feb

~~2/11~~ Nanterre

Vernon in May 2011

Paris Oct 2011

Berkley - Cal

Lincoln Ctr

London 2012

\*  
Emelia's  
silence

the way  
women  
deal

with  
self-  
preservation



promotions, took credit for my  
victories? Who fed rumors  
about my intelligence my virility  
my character Even with the  
~~blood~~ gore of their enemies  
the smell of it, the drops of it on my  
Sword Their contempt over powered  
~~their~~ what should have been gratitude  
↳ listening  
Yet Only by ~~discipline~~ perseverance  
& And a gift shreds sense of

what really matters. Kept me going.  
While you played ~~toys~~ with my reality;  
turned it into <sup>into</sup> theater,

toyed  
with it  
and

Ah, Woe is you.

O. Woe is We. This is the talk we should have  
had the 1st evening.

Talk? We were hardly alone

Hardly the reason. My love was <sup>mind deep</sup> genuine  
until —



Dear.

The pages you gave me in Paris  
moved me deeply;

language, <sup>and the</sup> lives  
literature <sup>of</sup>  
women.

Your seamless  
connections  
audience.

deserve a broad  
hope you are  
developing this work for a  
larger one for publ.

Emm

It was a pleasure talking to  
you and I hope ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> keep in  
touch w/me

Blessings.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Harwood

I am indebted to you for the  
photograph of my endowment into  
the L. G. H.

It was a profoundly significant  
award from me, as expected.

Your department handled it with  
elegance.

Please accept my compliments  
and warmest wishes.



Dear Minister Mitterrand,  
<sup>Thank</sup>  
~~I am grateful to you for the~~  
photographs of my induction into  
the L. J. H.

It ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> a profoundly significant  
award for me and, as expected,  
Your department handled it with  
elegance,

Please accept my compliments  
and warmest wishes.

Dear Mr. [unclear]

I am sorry to hear that you  
are not well. I am sure that  
you will be able to get over it  
in a short time. I hope you  
will be able to get over it  
in a short time.

Life is what it is. I am sure  
you will be able to get over it  
in a short time.

I am sure that you will be able  
to get over it in a short time.

I am sure that you will be able  
to get over it in a short time.

I am sure that you will be able  
to get over it in a short time.

I am sure that you will be able  
to get over it in a short time.

I am sure that you will be able  
to get over it in a short time.



You confound me.

Your Reception amazes me. You acquiesce to all your husband's needs, demands. Yet you admit your willingness - even eagerness - to betray him, if it leads to higher status, where is principle, honor.

Life is what it is. ~~Precisely~~ Women have to survive <sup>source</sup> ~~where~~ we cannot flourish

Collapse of virtue is not survival; it is cowardice.

I resent that coming from one who ~~at~~ had no defense against rumor or her husband's strangling fingers.

And you? The man you ~~at~~ protected ran a <sup>gleaming</sup> sword clean through your 'survival.' strategies.

Why? ~~But~~ because I befriended and supported you. ~~And this is the~~ <sup>to you</sup> Thanks I get for <sup>my</sup> years of devotion.

My appreciation for those years <sup>in no way</sup> is deep and ~~not~~ diminished by my critique.



You understand that as divided as  
we are on what ~~the~~ ~~with~~ ~~these~~ women

~~Sate~~

Obama & Clinton  
ON TV



You understood that as divided as  
we are on ~~what~~ <sup>whether</sup> women  
can ~~thrive~~ <sup>travel</sup> as men if they ~~accommodate~~  
the road men paved for us.

The differences came to naught.  
In the minds of each both our husbands  
we deserved violent death.

You said "the world is big."  
~~and~~ True. But what of it. ~~It~~

When I said I would not ~~tr~~  
for all the world

O = diarrhea

⊙ = nausea

male  
simply gives menace  
the space they require.

No matter the  
~~whatever~~ path a woman chooses  
its end <sup>should never</sup> ~~must~~ not be our fate;

be slaughter by her beloved.  
Perhaps there is a  
future ~~where~~ <sup>place</sup> somewhere  
between the battle fields of the guide of  
Amazons and Convents

where women do ~~th~~ thrive.

And are not punished for their flowering.

400  
150  
250

400  
75  
325



Where the bowed back is not hers

Where ~~reprimand~~  
~~suppressed~~ her mate  
the anger ~~at him~~ is not released  
an her ~~children~~

where the lids lowered in  
obedience ~~can see~~ lift ~~to~~ see  
the world anew

When <sup>finally</sup> sealed lips ~~open~~ they ~~are~~ <sup>or loss</sup>  
triumph not of sorrow but triumph,  
[ song duet ]

function  
w/o guile

where hands ~~the~~ that  
accustomed

① ~~the~~ <sup>per vied</sup> ~~masters~~ <sup>will</sup> beat drums instead  
[ and pluck strings ].

Shouting

801  
@ 8:00  
508

Starie  
wonder

bore the master's <sup>cup</sup>

13 169  
off air  
kries

183?

where we open our legs

do dance

169 173

64- Books

74



ms  
p. 9

Came <sup>here</sup> the demand, let us make  
a world.

You will teach me?

If you know how to laugh you  
will not need lessons. The desire  
impulse is nature's purest gift.

And what is this world we will  
make?

Surging children, watching  
men <sup>like me</sup> ~~abandon~~ <sup>put</sup> down their swords  
to dance.

And women?

- Like you. Strawberry nipples on  
④ breasts <sup>hiding</sup> ~~covering~~ a bold and <sup>loving</sup> heart.  
③ Shoulders ~~inviting~~ caresses.  
② A throat demanding my lips. mind's  
① <sup>with</sup> Eyes that cannot ~~hide~~ the sharp  
intelligence <sup>of the mind</sup>

Laughter is our teacher

And music

I love you

I adore you.

Turn away <sup>and</sup> World, while <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ will create another:  
a new one

Warriors  
needing  
love

And  
Our flesh  
is its lesson



Cassio

It's true

(3)

dissolute. That <sup>was</sup> the word  
the very word that describes  
my youth. 4 litres of wine  
I consumed before the sun was  
at the top of heaven. Following  
the its descent - well - I couldn't  
tell a soul how much I imbibed.  
Point is, it not only didn't  
interfere with my duties; it  
helped me execute them. Or so I  
believed.

(4) Trouble - - -

~~It~~ During one of my - , came the gods <sup>et</sup>

(5)

Now it's my reign. I am the one who  
decides. Iago, Othello, - - all

gone. All gone! A clean sweep that  
allows me to return Venice to its

historical

prominence. Wars will be won -  
not abandoned. Battles will prove  
our exceptional skill. And state



① Speaking of theater  
~~that~~ <sup>it</sup> is better than a weak reality. Venice  
~~that reality~~ has collapsed, all

Theater - ~~And Now~~ ~~is over~~ Venice  
has ~~become~~ a barely controlled nightmare.

Enter Camio

See previous

②

They slaw  
slaying one another like  
rivaling scorpions

Slashing ~~one another~~ <sup>their comrades</sup> with life  
tails of scorpions. But first  
the poison of weak distoyal <sup>unaware</sup> mad women  
thirsty  
hot headed and men ~~hungry~~  
for flattery

A dangerous mix <sup>godless</sup> unable to govern  
to know with absolute certainty  
~~what is best for Venice~~

But ~~within~~ <sup>my</sup> hands directed by the gods

we <sup>will prevail</sup> move forward clarity.

Perhaps a stumble here and  
there, some resisting <sup>voices</sup> over.

~~but their~~ subtly produces confusion  
So let me clear.



What <sup>has</sup> Venice <sup>become.</sup> ~~now.~~

A Comedy

This economy is known as  
Cammerment. You'll probably find it  
understand it also had the right to  
something - the end of the spectrum  
of experience.

Yet to Cammerment is to begin.

I don't intend to dismiss the past  
- these recent years on the other side  
world in hell. Left you in whereas  
willfully.

The earth is breaking apart, weather  
seems to be denying the mind's power  
Duncan's base. Whole populations  
have nothing to show, red blood  
rather than come to corrupt dictators.  
Employment is <sup>great</sup> state white man's  
march, float, as no river dash;  
upward against growth. Where  
political direction, business & think  
(8) July show - and, like that you  
puppet show is without intelligible  
language - only hits and screams.  
I've got that. No you didn't.

Government is for high entertainment  
Government is for high entertainment

But the government of our banks!

Government should have our banks!

The chess & the chess is changing

Self-Portraiture: but we can never



Thank you.

This ceremony is known as Commencement. You <sup>graduates as well as family members</sup> probably understand it also as the end of ~~something~~ - the end of <sup>this</sup> ~~a~~ defining true college experience.

Yet to Commence is to begin.

I don't intend to dismiss the past - these recent years as the chaos of the world we have left you: where

the earth <sup>seems to be literally</sup> is breaking apart, <sup>and</sup> weather seems to be dancing to music none of us can hear. Whole populations are willing to shed red, red blood rather than cover to corrupt <sup>dictatorships</sup> ~~dictatorships~~. Employment is <sup>strangely</sup> scarce while money rushes, floods, as no river does; upward against gravity. Where political discourse mimics a Punch & Judy Show - and, like that ~~pp~~ puppet show is without intelligible language - only hits and screams [ We got him! No you didn't!

~~Government is too big intrusive~~  
~~Government needs to intrude~~

Get the government off our backs!

Government should have our backs! ]

The chaos - as chaos always is -

Self Contradicting: But we can savour



1/20/21























