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and that bit of hell that you've taken just moves through you, like a fifth column, to clear those webs that have blocked your collective past. And if it is all fire in your mouth, what will cure it? Sugar, granulated, powdered, cubed. Just like everything, the sweet can vanquish that hell, for a while.

## WITTGENSTEIN, JASPER JOHNS, AND ME

Having read that Jasper Johns is indebted to Ludwig Wittgenstein for many ideas in his enigmatic paintings, I decided to pick up one of Ludwig's books -- just to take a look. Sure enough, there were the colors that were not colors: R for red, Y for yellow, B for blue. The rest of the text read something like: "If someone named Bill looked at the anus of a chicken and called it a horse, and the other person that stood beside Bill, called Fred, from then on told his children, friends, acquaintances that a chicken's anus was a horse, then a chicken's anus, to them, would truly be called a horse.'

I thought about this for awhile, and, I must admit, that I do know many assholes that are called by another name.
But I read on and saw a drawing, which I promptly reproduced; it is called the duckrabbit and can only be described as looking like a duck, from one angle, and a rabbit, from another.

From that day on I cannot help but to look at things, always, from a different angle. Instead of this being a poem, for instance, to me it is a poem.